

**FRANKIE**

by

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1

**INT. QUINTA DE SÃO THIAGO/PAUL'S ROOM - DAY**

1

We are in a simple, small but comfortable hotel room with bare white walls and worn out but well-kept hardwood floors. There's a small bed with someone seemingly asleep in it; a desk and a chair in the corner. Around the window, we see a faint frame of early morning light, but the curtains are drawn closed, keeping the room dark and tranquil.

After a few seconds, we notice a quiet but steady sound "drip... drip... drip..." breaking the absolute silence.

On the bed, PAUL GAGNE has his eyes open, awake in the darkness. A light-haired Frenchman in his mid 30's, he listens to the steady beat of water falling one drop after the next into a lonesome metal can.

He can hear a piano start to play in the distance.

2

**EXT. STREETS/SINTRA - DAY**

2

It's morning of a Fall day in Sintra, the ancient Portuguese city on the hills, not far from Lisbon. For centuries, this was the summer retreat for the local aristocracy. The ornate towers of various castles, each in its own architectural style, are seen above the more typical Colonial-era buildings that make up the heart of the town. There's green all around from its famous lush gardens. The effect is romantic - almost fairy tale.

The streets are still quiet in town. It's early in the morning. The tour buses have not yet arrived. The lucky tourists who managed to get a room in town are still asleep. Well, not all of them. JAMES "JIMMY" MANUS, a robust Irishman, early 60's, tall and gentle, strolls amongst a few LOCALS. Looking down, hands in his pockets, he is deep in thought. It's a beautiful day in Sintra, but Jimmy is unaware of his magnificent surroundings.

3

**EXT. FONTE DOS NOIVADOS/SINTRA - DAY**

3

As Jimmy turns the corner, something makes him slow down. It's nothing more than an old fountain adorned with beautiful tile work. He stops to listen to the sound of the working fountain and, as if hit by a wave of nostalgia, he slowly approaches the water stream. And as Jimmy touches the water, his eyes fill up with tears.

TIAGO (O.S.)

We call that *Fonte dos Noivados* -  
The Engagement Fountain.

4

**EXT. OVERLOOK/SINTRA - DAY**

4

Standing on top of a sloped street, an elegant older man with silver hair, adjusts his BINOCULARS, trying to get the scene down below, of Jimmy at the fountain, into focus.

The friendly looking Frenchman in his early 60's is MICHEL GAGNE. Next to him is TIAGO MIRANTE, a striking, young Portuguese guide.

TIAGO (O.S.)

The tile work is from the late 18th Century, from the reign of Dona Maria I. At that time, unmarried girls would come from all over the region to drink from this ancient fountain. They'd do this pilgrimage because there was a belief that the waters would help them find a good husband.

Michel lets his binoculars fall to his chest, and hang from their straps.

MICHEL

And did it work?

TIAGO

They say so.

MICHEL

How magnificent. If only it was so easy.

Tiago smiles benignly, then starts down the street, watched by Michel.

MICHEL

(to himself)

*Magnifique.*

5

**EXT. QUINTA DE SÃO THIAGO/SWIMMING POOL - DAY**

5

Blue water. The surface of transparent blue water trembles, projecting abstract forms.

A woman's hand touches the water, a reflection of her face, still abstract, fills the screen. She seems to be looking at herself... or at the bottom of the pool.

FRANÇOISE "FRANKIE" CREMONT, kneeling by the pool, dips one hand into the water, then the other one, making sure both wrists are wet and cool. As if part of a ritual, she then splashes water on the back of her neck. Once, twice.

Frankie gets up and, meditative, keeping her eyes down at the water, takes a deep breath. She's a striking woman, with a very short haircut, messy like a boy's, accentuating her strong features.

CUT TO:

MAYA, 15, light-skinned black, in shorts and a tank top, is lying on a lounge chair by the pool reading *Wuthering Heights*. She looks up from her book, inquisitive, recognizing something, or someone she knows.

CUT TO:

Frankie drops the bathrobe. She's topless, wearing only the bottom part of a bikini. Another deep breath, and she dives into the swimming pool.

Maya puts her book down, and watches as Frankie swims under water, and comes to the surface close to her.

FRANKIE

Good morning.

MAYA

(British accent)

There's people in the hotel, you know.

FRANKIE

I don't see anyone.

MAYA

They can take pictures.

FRANKIE

That's okay. I'm very photogenic.

Maya observes as Frankie swims away, her semi-naked body moving gracefully under the water.

A traditional Portuguese bakery with glass shelves filled with the freshest, most delicious pastries. It's all so fresh you can almost smell it. Behind the counter is LUCIANA, serving Jimmy, placing pastries in a takeaway box. Jimmy is sipping an espresso.

JIMMY

So that's four *queijadas*. And now,  
let's see... six *pastéis*, please.

LUCIANA

You look tired today. Did you not  
get enough sleep?

JIMMY

Well thank you very much.

Another SALESWOMAN, standing next to Luciana, laughs at what  
she's just heard.

SALESWOMAN

Luciana!

JIMMY

So nice to hear first thing in the  
morning!

The Saleswoman laughs some more. Luciana blushes.

LUCIANA

Sorry, I didn't... anyway, tired is  
sexy!

Luciana hands him his box of pastries.

JIMMY

I'll pretend I believe you.

LUCIANA

(in Portuguese)

*His eyes are puffy. He's been  
crying.*

(in English)

Have a nice day, Mr. Jimmy. Say  
hello to the Madame.

Luciano goes to help other customers.

JIMMY

I have terrible allergies. If you  
want to know.

LUCIANA

My husband too. It's awful this  
time of the year.

Jimmy takes another sip from his espresso, trying to enjoy  
the Portuguese morning.

INT. QUINTA DE SÃO THIAGO/IAN & SYLVIA'S SUITE - DAY

IAN ANDOH, 46, an Englishman, black, solidly built, sits on the bed, wearing shorts, holding a running shoe. He tries to put the shoe on, but it's too tight. He picks it up again, and as he loosens up the shoe laces, working meticulously from the top part down, a recurring thought manifests itself.

IAN

The whole thing is so unfair. I can't get over it. They're one of the happiest, most perfectly romantic pairs I have ever known.

Ian's wife SYLVIA ANDOH, late 30's, stands across the hotel suite, dressed in pants and a bra, picking up a shirt from an open suitcase. They must have been a happy couple at some point. Now, approaching middle age, something sets them apart.

SYLVIA

There's no perfection there. They have their grievances.

Ian puts on the running shoe.

SYLVIA

Have you seen my yellow cashmere sweater?

IAN

To think that one is suddenly taken away from the other by this... thing, this horrible thing, makes me lose faith in love itself.

SYLVIA

So romantic, all of a sudden!

IAN

Don't be cynical. We're seeing your father go from romantic bliss to tears and despair.

Ian stands up and grabs a T-shirt, but before he puts it on, he looks at himself in the mirror, and grabs his own love handles.

IAN

I have to stop with the bread.

SYLVIA

Why?

IAN  
I've gained weight.

SYLVIA  
Don't start. Please.

Ian puts the T-shirt on. Sylvia closes down the suitcase, frustrated that she can't find what she was looking for.

SYLVIA  
What day is it today? Thursday?

IAN  
Wednesday.

She goes in the drawer, grabs the first shirt she sees and puts it on.

SYLVIA  
It's impossible to pretend we are enjoying this trip. It's a brutal idea she had. For us all to come here at a time like this.

IAN  
You sure it wasn't your father's idea?

SYLVIA  
What do you think?

Sylvia goes out the door, leaving Ian alone with his weight and his shoes.

8

**EXT. PORTUGUESE BAKERY - DAY**

8

Jimmy is walking out with his box of pastries when he runs into Michel and Tiago.

MICHEL  
You beat us this morning!

JIMMY  
"I'd woken early, and I took a long time getting ready to exist."

Michel isn't sure he understands.

MICHEL  
I'm sorry?

JIMMY

Fernando Pessoa. I just can't help it. My mind swims with him whenever I'm here.

MICHEL

Jimmy, you are the only actor I know who reads anything but their reviews.

Jimmy laughs, and then offers his box of pastries.

JIMMY

*Queijadas* anyone? Or a *pastel*?

MICHEL

How is she this morning?

JIMMY

She's good, thanks. Fine.

MICHEL

And you?

JIMMY

I'm here in this magical town with the people I love most. I have no right to complain, do I?

MICHEL

I believe everyone always has a right to complain, don't you, Tiago?

TIAGO

Certainly.

The three men smile at each other awkwardly.

9

**INT. QUINTA DE SÃO THIAGO/FRANKIE & JIMMY'S SUITE - DAY**

9

Frankie, already dressed, her hair still wet, goes to the dresser and picks up a cardigan sweater.

FRANKIE

Will this one do?

As Frankie hands Sylvia the sweater, Sylvia notices a bracelet Frankie has on her wrist, and grabs her hand to take a better look.

SYLVIA

Wait a minute...



FRANKIE  
Isn't it gorgeous?

SYLVIA  
Is it real?

FRANKIE  
Pink diamonds, Colombian emeralds.  
It's Bulgari, vintage.

SYLVIA  
How come I've never seen this one  
before?

FRANKIE  
It was given to me by a man I knew  
between Michel and your father.  
There were quite a few, you know. I  
was younger than you are now. And  
very beautiful. I never wear it.  
Not because of your father - he  
doesn't care. But it's a bit  
flashy, no?

SYLVIA  
It's Bulgari.

FRANKIE  
I'm always afraid it'll get stolen  
or something, but now I'm like  
'what the hell'.

SYLVIA  
Can I try?

Frankie places the bracelet onto Sylvia's wrist. *There's a knock on the door*, but the girls are too excited to hear anything else but themselves. Sylvia admires the stones against the light.

SYLVIA  
He must've really loved you, this  
man.

The door opens and Paul comes in. He's straight out of bed, hasn't even washed his face yet.

FRANKIE  
Love? I don't know. He liked me,  
and he was rich. I try never to  
confuse money with love. He said  
the colors were perfect for me.  
Whatever that means.

Paul gives his mother a double kiss on her cheeks and goes to sit on the bed, without a word.

PAUL  
My room has a terrible leak.

SYLVIA  
Well, good morning.

PAUL  
I can't sleep.

SYLVIA  
Try another room.

PAUL  
I asked. Nothing available.

SYLVIA  
Is the water dripping on you?

PAUL  
No, it's in the corner. But still,  
it's all night, "drip... drip...  
drip..." It's impossible.

SYLVIA  
You're too sensitive.

PAUL  
You want to switch rooms?

SYLVIA  
You want to sleep with my husband?

PAUL  
Question is: do you want to sleep  
with your husband?

SYLVIA  
None of your business!

PAUL  
You started this.

FRANKIE  
Children. I haven't even had coffee  
yet.

A beat. Paul keeps staring at Sylvia, defiant, but this is a sensitive matter Sylvia would rather not discuss. All very clear to Frankie.

SYLVIA

I'm going to get some sun. You should try it sometime, Paul. Would be good for your skin.

Sylvia walks towards the door...

FRANKIE

Vivi!

Sylvia turns around, takes the bracelet off.

SYLVIA

I forgot. Sorry.

PAUL

Don't forget sun screen; especially there, on the side.

Sylvia gives him an annoyed look.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Sun can be so unforgiving to your wrinkles.

Frankie puts the bracelet back on, as Sylvia exits.

Frankie is now alone with her son Paul. She goes to the bathroom mirror and starts putting some makeup on. Paul follows her.

The conversation that follows, as will all between French mother and son, is in FRENCH.

PAUL

Je me sens hyper malheureux.

PAUL

*I'm so terribly unhappy.*

FRANKIE

Bah oui bien sûr.

FRANKIE

*Yes, of course.*

PAUL

Merci pour l'ironie!

PAUL

*You're being ironic!*

Frankie doesn't need much. Moisturizing cream, and a little eyeliner, lipstick.

FRANKIE

Paul, mon chéri, je suis mieux placée que n'importe qui pour savoir qu'elles ne sont pas toutes roses, ces vacances. Mais tu es jeune, tu as la santé, tu pars vivre à New York dans le West Village, et on profite d'une des villes le plus romantiques au monde sous un soleil magnifique. Qu'est-ce qu'il te faut de plus?

PAUL

Je crois que je suis toujours amoureux d'Anne-Shophie.

FRANKIE

Oh non pitié. Pas Possible.

PAUL

Pourquoi?

FRANKIE

Tu restes avec ces filles deux ans. Tu n'es pas sûr de les aimer, donc elles te quittent. Une fois qu'elles sont parties, bingo, tu découvres qu'en fait tu es amoureux d'elles! Béatrice, Julie, Anne-Sophie, et qui encore?!... A chaque fois c'est la même histoire! Tu tournes en rond, et quand ce n'est pas ça... enfin bref. En tous cas, il faut que tu arrêtes. Ca fait quoi, quasiment deux ans qu'Anne-Sophie et toi avez rompu? Tu ne peux plus être amoureux d'elle, ce n'est pas possible.

PAUL

Pour quelqu'un qui prétend croire à l'amour éternel...

FRANKIE

Eternel? Je n'irais peut-être pas jusque là.

FRANKIE

*Oh honey, I, more than anyone, am aware that this trip is not a happy event. But, Paul, you're young and healthy, you're moving to the West Village in New York City, and it is a sunny day in one of the most romantic cities in the world. What else do you want?*

PAUL

*I think I'm still in love with Anne-Sophie.*

FRANKIE

*Oh no, please! That can not be.*

PAUL

*Why not?*

FRANKIE

*You stay with these girls for two years. You're not sure you love them, so they break up with you. Then, after they leave, you find out you're actually in love! Beatrice, Julie, Anne-Sophie! Always the same! You're going in circles, and if you don't - anyway, that has to stop. You and Anne-Sophie split up, what - almost two years now? You simply cannot still be in love with her.*

PAUL

*I thought you were the one who believed that love can last forever.*

FRANKIE

*Forever? I don't know about that.*

PAUL  
En tout cas Jimmy et toi avez  
l'air plus amoureux  
aujourd'hui que du temps de  
votre rencontre.

PAUL  
*You and Jimmy seem to be more  
in love now than when you two  
first met.*

FRANKIE  
Mais Paul, elle t'a quitté.  
C'est absurde. Quand tu  
rencontreras la femme de ta  
vie, tu l'oublieras, Anne-  
Sophie. Tu vas voir.

FRANKIE  
*But Paul, she left you. It's  
absurd. Once you meet the  
right woman, you'll forget  
about Anne-Sophie. You'll  
see.*

PAUL  
Ah oui, tu parle comme tu la  
connais déjà, la femme de ma  
vie?

PAUL  
*You talk as if you knew who  
the right one might be.*

FRANKIE  
Eh bah oui, peut-être.

FRANKIE  
*I do.*

PAUL  
Bravo.

PAUL  
*Splendid.*

10

**EXT. PALÁCIO NATIONAL/SINTRA - DAY**

10

ILENE BIANCHI, a great looking woman, early 50's with  
youthful charm, and dark, winsome eyes, pulls a small carry-  
on bag up a street behind the historic Palace of Sintra.

GARY (O.S.)  
My problem is the story. If I could  
just get that right, you know? I  
think I could really make something  
good. Something great, even.

Ilene looks around as she walks, her curious and peaceful  
eyes enchanted by the views of Sintra.

GARY (O.S.)  
But I just can't get my head around  
a conventional three-act structure,  
and they want that.

She's followed by GARY TOMLINSON, a shaggy, sandy-haired  
American, mid 50's, also pulling a carry-on bag.

GARY  
Anyone who might finance it at  
least. The first act - man, that's  
something, you know? And then the  
second - isn't that enough? A third  
just seems gratuitous.

Gary is completely uninterested in the view, but Ilene knows him well, and is able to shut him out in her head. She lets him talk as they keep walking up the street.

GARY

I'm interested in all of it. Story is just one part. I see geography as destiny, you know what I mean? I'm interested in what constitutes intimacy, identity, community; how we communicate... with ourselves, with our surroundings, and how these human constructs can be rendered in image and performance.

As they turn a corner, the colorful Palácio da Pena, on top of the hill, comes into view.

GARY

Do you think it's crazy to think about shooting on 35? It would be so amazing. Ilene?

The view of the multi-colored fantasy castle is a wonder, and Ilene pauses to take it in.

GARY

Ilene? Are you even listening to me?

ILENE

Wow. They were right. Looks like something out of a fairy tale.

She looks out at the busy, beautiful town in front of her.

11

**EXT. FLOWER STAND/SINTRA - DAY**

11

A small group of YOUNG GIRLS in Catholic school uniform walk down the street. They pass Paul, who smiles, and tries his well-rehearsed Portuguese:

PAUL

*Bom dia.*

But the girls are not interested. They don't respond, but that doesn't faze Paul. He breathes the air of Sintra, looks around at his magnificent surroundings, and it makes him feel good.

Just up the street, there's a little FLOWER STAND, displaying local plants and flowers in unexpected, artful arrangements.

As Paul passes by, he notices the very pretty girl, BIANCA, early 20's, with pale white skin, dark hair, and piercing green eyes, behind the stand putting together a new arrangement.

Paul slows down. He can't believe his eyes, so he turns around and, discreetly, looks back at her. There she is, like a vision, putting together different plants, making artful arrangements.

Paul decides to walk back.

BIANCA

*Bom dia.*

PAUL

*Bom dia.*

Paul checks out the flowers, while discreetly checking out the girl. He picks up an arrangement, and smells it deeply.

PAUL

Hmmm... The smell!

BIANCA

*Lavanda* is the best.

PAUL

Reminds me of someone.

BIANCA

Someone you love.

PAUL

Someone I used to.

BIANCA

She broke your heart?

PAUL

She married somebody else.

BIANCA

Ah, I see.

She keeps working on her arrangement, while Paul chooses another to smell.

PAUL

Which one would you say is the most sensual?

BIANCA

Depends on who you're buying it for.

PAUL

A very beautiful girl. I think she'd like what you like.

She smiles, and puts down her arrangement to go assist Paul. She chooses a big bouquet, and hands it to him.

BIANCA

What do you think of this one?

They are interrupted by the arrival of a young man, JOÃO MIGUEL, bringing an armful of fresh plants and flowers. He senses something in the air, as Bianca goes behind the counter, back to her arrangement. Paul, smelling the flowers, is caught off guard.

JOÃO MIGUEL

Can I help you?

PAUL

(in scratchy Portuguese)  
*Quanto custa?*

JOÃO MIGUEL

*Quinze. Feefteem.*

Paul hands him a fifty Euro bill.

JOÃO MIGUEL

No. Feefteem. One five.

PAUL

Sorry, that's all I have.

JOÃO MIGUEL

Wait one minute. My girl goes for change.

But she is back at work on her elaborate arrangement and shrugs at his suggestion.

JOÃO MIGUEL

Bianca, please go get some change for the Señor, *ao restaurante.*



BIANCA  
 Não ves que estou ocupada?  
 Tenho que terminar isto até  
 ao meio dia. Vai lá tu.

BIANCA  
*Don't you see that I'm busy?  
 I have to finish this by  
 noon. You can go get it.*

JOÃO MIGUEL  
 O que é que se passa aqui?  
 Vai buscar o troco, que eu  
 cuido do cliente.

JOÃO MIGUEL  
*What I see, I don't like. Go  
 get change. I'll take care of  
 the customer.*

BIANCA  
 Estou a meio dum arranjo! Não  
 vou a lado nenhum

BIANCA  
*But I'm making a big bouquet.  
 I'm not going anywhere.*

JOÃO MIGUEL  
 Estou a interromper alguma  
 coisa, é?

JOÃO MIGUEL  
*Am I interrupting something  
 here? What's going on?*

Paul watches in disbelief as the whole thing escalates to a full blown argument.

BIANCA  
 Não se passa nada!

BIANCA  
*Nothing is going on!*

JOÃO MIGUEL  
 Eu conheço-te...

JOÃO MIGUEL  
*Oh, please...*

BIANCA  
 Estás louco!

BIANCA  
*You're crazy!*

JOÃO MIGUEL  
 ...eu vi os olhinhos que ele  
 te estava a deitar.

JOÃO MIGUEL  
*...The way he was looking at  
 you.*

BIANCA  
 O que é que estás pr'ai a  
 dizer? Tens de confiar mais  
 em mim, João Miguel. Só estou  
 a vender flores.

BIANCA  
*What are you talking about?  
 You have to trust me, João  
 Miguel I'm just trying to  
 sell flowers.*

Paul holds the bouquet, unsure of what to do.

PAUL  
 Please keep the change.

JOÃO MIGUEL  
 No! She goes for change.

Bianca is not going anywhere.

BIANCA  
Para lá com esses ciumes.

BIANCA  
*You have to stop being so  
jealous.*

Bianca can't hold back her tears. She starts to cry.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
Se trabalhamos juntos, tens  
que confiar em mim. Eu não  
aguento mais. Assim não  
posso. É sério que não.

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
*We're trying to work  
together, but you don't trust  
me. I can't go on like this.  
I can't. I can't.*

JOÃO MIGUEL  
Bianca. Desculpa, amor.

JOÃO MIGUEL  
*Bianca. I'm sorry.*

BIANCA  
Desculpas não chegam.

BIANCA  
*That's not enough.*

Paul surreptitiously takes off.

12

**EXT. QUINTA DE SÃO THIAGO/COURTYARD - DAY**

12

Sylvia is outside the Quinta, on a small dirt road to the side, talking on her cell phone.

SYLVIA  
(on her phone)  
I know, I saw your messages but I  
specifically asked for two  
bedrooms.  
(...)  
Oh, so I could turn that into a  
second bedroom?  
(...)  
Well, but that would cost a  
fortune. Listen, my daughter is  
going to college in a few years. I  
don't need two bathrooms. And I  
don't mind if we have to go a bit  
further West.  
(...)  
Okay...  
(...)  
For comparison maybe. It's just too  
far.  
(...)  
Thank you, talk to you soon.

Sylvia hangs up and steps to the side to look at the view. She breathes it in, and tries to make her troubles go away - it is a gorgeous place, but the tension on her face does not dissipate. Sintra's gardens and fabulous private villas seem a world away.

MAYA (O.S.)

Mom?

Maya, in shorts and a T-shirt, carries a backpack, ready for a day out.

MAYA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SYLVIA

(shows her cellphone)  
I couldn't get any reception inside.

MAYA

Is this about the flat?

SYLVIA

Why would you think that?

MAYA

'Cause you look all sneaky there. I downloaded WhatsApp for you. You can just use an internet connection, you don't need a phone line.

SYLVIA

I tried, but you have to show me how to use it.

Maya rolls her eyes.

MAYA

Dad was asking if I knew anything about a flat.

SYLVIA

Did you say anything?

MAYA

Not much.

SYLVIA

What do you mean, "not much"?

MAYA

I said I didn't know.

SYLVIA

Good.

MAYA

No, it's not good!

Maya walks away, towards another part of the garden, where she has left her books and papers on a large stone table. She begins to pack her things, when Sylvia joins her.

SYLVIA

Honey, Maya. Listen to me, let's not argue.

MAYA

What?

SYLVIA

You know your father's just fishing around. He's looking for something that isn't there.

MAYA

You're insane.

SYLVIA

Don't use that word.

MAYA

Why not? You tell me lying is the worst thing I could do, ever, and then you ask me to lie for you!

SYLVIA

Maya, you're not lying. You're just holding information. Your father shouldn't know anything before there's something real to know. I'll tell him when the time is right.

MAYA

Don't you think he knows when I'm lying?

(almost crying)

You always make me do this!

SYLVIA

I'm not making you. I'm sorry. I'm just struggling that's all. Come here baby. You're my best friend, baby. I don't want to make you unhappy.

Sylvia tries to hug Maya, but Maya is not up to it - she pulls away.

MAYA

Oh, please, Sylvia! I can't see how your moving out won't make us more unhappy!

SYLVIA

Stop calling me Sylvia! I'm your mother!

MAYA

Mother or best friend? Which one is it?

SYLVIA

Why can't I be both?

Maya starts to walk away. Then she stops, and turns around.

MAYA

Can I have some euros, please?

SYLVIA

What for?

MAYA

Just twenty. Twenty euros.

SYLVIA

Not if you don't tell me what it is for.

MAYA

I want to be independent today.

Sylvia reaches in her pocket.

SYLVIA

Here's a ten.

She hands it to Maya.

MAYA

Thank you.

Maya walks away. Fast. She leaves the courtyard and heads up the road outside the Quinta. Sylvia catches up with her, and calls out.

SYLVIA

Maya! Where are you going?

MAYA

(calling out to Sylvia  
behind her)

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)  
It's not independence day if I tell  
you.

Maya continues, and Sylvia puts her foot down.

SYLVIA  
Stop. Look at me.

Maya follows orders, stops, and turns to look at Sylvia.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)  
Don't go very far. You know we're  
all meeting at Peninha in the  
afternoon.

MAYA  
What's that?

SYLVIA  
It's a place at the top of the  
mountain, that Frankie's determined  
for all of us to see.

MAYA  
I can't promise.

Maya turns and continues on.

SYLVIA  
Maya! It's for Frankie.

Maya kicks a little rock on the dirt road.

MAYA  
Fuck Frankie! She's not even my  
grandmother.

Sylvia can't hear her. She's already far away.

13

**EXT. FONTE DOS NOIVADOS/SINTRA - DAY**

13

Ilene is by the "Engagement Fountain." She reaches out,  
cupping her hand and, thirsty, drinks a few sips of the  
water.

Paul, carrying his bouquet of flowers, passes by as Ilene is  
drinking the water. They don't see each other.

Ilene sits on the little bench that surrounds the Fountain,  
with her bag, and Gary's, next to her. She refreshes herself  
splashing some cold fresh water on her neck, on her face. She  
sits reading a *Frommer's Portugal* guide, waiting.

Ilene raises her eyes from her book, distracted, and recognizes someone on the street.

Jimmy comes down on the other side of the street, carrying his little box of pastries.

ILENE (O.S.)

Jimmy!

He sees Ilene waving, but he doesn't think it's for him.

Ilene stands up, and smiles. Jimmy can't dismiss her. It's for him, and he comes her way.

JIMMY

Can I help you?

ILENE

Yes. I'm lost.

JIMMY

I'm not a local, but - What are you looking for?

ILENE

Jimmy. It's me, Ilene.

Jimmy looks at Ilene with some recollection, but still uncertain of her identity.

ILENE

I worked with Frankie in New York.  
On Noah Baumbach's movie.

JIMMY

Ilene!

ILENE

I was her hairstylist.

JIMMY

Of course. I'm so sorry. What a small world to run into you here.  
How wonderful!

He gives her a big hug.

ILENE

Didn't Frankie mention...?

JIMMY

Frankie talks about you all the time.

ILENE

That's sweet. You know she's the only actress in all my years of working in film that I've become real friends with. But with the distance, it can be hard to keep up.

JIMMY

Just the other day I was trying to remember the name of that restaurant you took us to last time we were in New York. I wanted to recommend it to a friend.

ILENE

Which one?

JIMMY

It was a classic American steak house. Very good.

ILENE

Keen's! On 36th Street.

JIMMY

Yes, that was it. Amazing.

ILENE

You liked that mutton chop, huh?

JIMMY

I loved that mutton chop. But was that the last time we saw you? I thought maybe in London, also?

ILENE

No, I haven't been to London yet, but I'm hoping to. It's been a long time.

JIMMY

And now, "lo, Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes!"

ILENE

I just read that! How funny.

She motions with her guide book.



JIMMY

"Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden  
 intervenes  
 In variegated maze of mount and  
 glen.  
 Ah me! what hand can pencil guide,  
 or pen,  
 To follow half on which the eye  
 dilates  
 Through views more dazzling unto  
 mortal ken  
 Than those whereof such things the  
 bard relates,  
 Who to the awe-struck world  
 unlocked Elysium's gates?"

ILENE

I don't know much about Byron, I'm  
 embarrassed to say, but it's  
 beautiful.

JIMMY

Oh, I wouldn't know anything about  
 him except I had to memorize that  
 poem for my Leaving Certificate. He  
 seems to have been everywhere,  
 though. Every town in Europe seems  
 to claim him. And he had scandalous  
 affairs in each stop. In Greece,  
 they consider him a national hero.  
 As boys, we thought his stuff was  
 very sexy to read, believe it or  
 not. Really romantic.

ILENE

Sounds like a full life...

JIMMY

Well, he did die very young.

ILENE

Didn't they all? But wouldn't you  
 rather live a life full of passion  
 and adventure, even if it's short,  
 than go through an endless,  
 monotonous string of the day after  
 day after day?

JIMMY

Oh, I don't know. It's easy to say  
 life is wonderful when you go from  
 one adventure to another, but Byron  
 suffered quite a lot. Anyway,  
 that's not reality for most people.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Certainly not for me. I think that to try and find beauty in everyday life, when you might think that things are dragging on... that is kind of better. The most difficult, but the most rewarding, maybe.

Jimmy pauses. Ilene looks into his eyes, taking in his point of view, reflecting. Then she smiles.

JIMMY

What are you doing here?

ILENE

You don't know.

JIMMY

No, I-

Gary approaches, as Jimmy and Ilene continue their conversation.

ILENE

I've been in Spain, working on the new *Star Wars* movie. We have a well deserved break.

JIMMY

*Star Wars*??

ILENE

It's actually a good job.

JIMMY

I'm sure. I didn't mean, I'm sorry.

ILENE

No, don't worry. Of course. But they pay well. And for the most part the people are nice. It's a great crew. And Spain is so wonderful.

JIMMY

Does that mean Chewbacca is going to have a new hairdo?

Ilene laughs. Gary steps in.

ILENE

Well, I tried a Farrah Fawcett on him, but in the end-

GARY  
Shush! Sorry.

Gary is instantly in the middle of the conversation. He winks at Jimmy.

GARY  
We signed a confidentiality agreement.

JIMMY  
Ok.

Jimmy isn't sure if that's supposed to be funny, but he understands that this is Ilene's friend, so they shake hands.

GARY  
It's ridiculous, but it's *Star Wars*. They are very serious about it.

JIMMY  
Uh hum.

On the other side of the street, Michel observes the scene, quietly, with Tiago next to him, smoking a cigarette.

GARY  
Hi, I'm Gary. I'm also working on the film. Second unit DP.

ILENE  
Gary, this is Jimmy, Frankie's husband.

GARY  
Wow. You're Françoise Cremont's husband? I'm a huge fan. You're a lucky man.

JIMMY  
I know I am.

ILENE  
So did you find it?

GARY  
Nobody knows. I don't understand these people, or they don't understand me. I thought we were right next to it, but apparently--

Michel steps in.

MICHEL  
Maybe I can help.

JIMMY  
Michel, this is Ilene, a good  
friend of Frankie's from New York,  
and this is...

He can't remember Gary's name, so Gary steps in.

GARY  
Gary. Gary Tomlinson.

They all shake hands.

MICHEL  
I'm Frankie's first husband.

JIMMY  
Paul's dad.

ILENE  
Of course. I've heard so much about  
you.

MICHEL  
I'm not sure I like the sound of  
that.

ILENE  
No, all good things. Frankie says  
you have the best seafood  
restaurant in all of Paris.

MICHEL  
The best? I don't know. That's very  
Frankie.

Tiago approaches.

MICHEL  
This is Tiago. A true local, born  
and raised here in Sintra.

TIAGO  
Where are you trying to go?

GARY  
Quinta da Boica.

Michel gets one of the bags, gestures for Gary to pick up the  
other one.

MICHEL  
Tiago. Quinta da Boica.

TIAGO  
Boiça (*has an 's' sound*). Not  
Boica.

MICHEL  
Yes, Boiça.

ILENE  
Ha! That's why you couldn't find  
it.

TIAGO  
Follow me.

Gary and Michel, carrying the bags, follow Tiago.

Jimmy seems to suddenly realize that he's holding a box of  
pastries, and offers one to Ilene.

JIMMY  
Would you like a pastry?

ILENE  
Please!

Ilene takes a *queijada* from the box.

JIMMY  
It's nice to see a woman in the  
movie business who will eat a  
pastry.

ILENE  
Oh, I eat everything. It's the  
reason to travel.

JIMMY  
This place is really something.  
You're going to love it.

Ilene takes a first bite of pastry.

GARY (O.S.)  
Ilene! Let's go!

ILENE  
Hmm. This is delicious.

She smiles politely to Jimmy, and catches up with Gary.

14

EXT. PENA PARK/PONTE PÉRGOLA - DAY

14

An exquisite park, with old stone gates, small lakes and views.

Sylvia carries the flower bouquet Paul bought, while he walks next to her.

SYLVIA

Are you excited about New York?

PAUL

I'm looking forward to it. But excited? I can't be excited about anything at the moment.

SYLVIA

Did you get the sublet?

PAUL

I'm not sure.

SYLVIA

How come?

PAUL

I haven't sent the documents yet.

SYLVIA

Why not?

PAUL

Since I got the news, I haven't been able to concentrate. I can't work, I can't think about anything else.

SYLVIA

When you get bad news, you should focus on the practical stuff.

PAUL

It's too overwhelming.

SYLVIA

There's nothing better to remedy an overwhelming situation than having to fill out paperwork. Did you call the number I gave you, the tax lawyer?

PAUL

Yes, I called him. What an arrogant guy.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

He says I should try to convince my mother to incorporate with me and Jimmy.

SYLVIA

I'll talk to my dad. You should talk to Frankie.

PAUL

This is the last subject I want to bring up with her.

SYLVIA

Then you'll have to pay the ridiculous inheritance tax.

PAUL

You're so...

SYLVIA

Pragmatic?

PAUL

That's one word for it.

SYLVIA

It's just life, Paul. I don't make as much money as you do. And when you have a teenage daughter, you get practical.

PAUL

Maybe.

Sylvia takes a long pause, and then braves it.

SYLVIA

I'm going to leave Ian.

PAUL

How many times have I heard this?

SYLVIA

This time is for real. I can't do it anymore.

PAUL

Is that why you're calculating your inheritance?

SYLVIA

Stop it. You can't say that to me.

PAUL  
It's just that I've been hearing  
you say this for so long. The  
timing is interesting.

SYLVIA  
You are so fucking self righteous.

PAUL  
Come to New York.

SYLVIA  
Why would I come to New York?

PAUL  
New life, new city.

SYLVIA  
It's not that easy.

PAUL  
No, it's not.

They look at each other, understanding.

SYLVIA  
This is all just so horrible. I  
can't believe it, really. I just  
can't.

Paul puts his arm around her, and Sylvia welcomes the  
gesture, and returns the affection.

That's when Paul tries to kiss her. It's a surprise for  
Sylvia, and she pushes him away, dropping the bouquet of  
flowers to the ground.

SYLVIA  
You know... that might have been  
romantic when we were teenagers.

PAUL  
Even better now. We have more life  
experience.

SYLVIA  
Sometimes I really hate you.

PAUL  
I'm serious about you coming to New  
York. I need the pragmatism. You  
need to get away from Ian.



SYLVIA

Oh, you have no sense of your privilege. If I could get a job in banking, maybe I would. But they're not hiring philosophy majors at Credit Suisse these days.

PAUL

You wouldn't want a job at Credit Suisse.

SYLVIA

Oh, wouldn't I? Don't make too many assumptions. You want to help me? Do me a favor. Talk to your mother about the incorporating idea. It'll save everybody a lot of money. It'll be good for Dad, too. And yes, if it helps my father, he will be able to help me. I'm sorry to even talk about these things, but it's true.

Paul looks at her, dismayed.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Don't judge me, Paul. Don't judge me. I am doing the best I can. So don't you dare sit there from your smug and ugly unhappiness and look down on me. At least I'm trying to change things.

She walks away, as Paul picks up the flowers.

15

**EXT. PENA PARK/GREENHOUSE - DAY**

15

Frankie and Jimmy walk through another area of the gardens. Frankie carries the box of pastries, biting with delight on a *queijada*.

FRANKIE

How does she look?

JIMMY

She looks great. Better. How long ago was that film?

FRANKIE

Five years ago. Maybe six.

JIMMY

She was too skinny when we were in New York.

FRANKIE

Maybe.

JIMMY

She just looks more mature.

FRANKIE

Arrête. Jimmy!

JIMMY

What?

FRANKIE

"Mature" is offensive! To a woman, particularly.

JIMMY

Oh, I don't know.

FRANKIE

Wouldn't it be wonderful if she and Paul get along?

JIMMY

What are you talking about?

FRANKIE

Ilene and Paul. New York can be a very lonely city. They would be good for each other.

JIMMY

Oh Jesus, Frankie.

FRANKIE

What?

JIMMY

You invited her! This is all...

FRANKIE

I think she would be just perfect for him.

JIMMY

Christ, Frankie. You're playing Cupid again.

FRANKIE

Don't "Christ, Frankie" me. You of all people should understand. I don't want Paul to end up alone.

JIMMY

Don't let the kids find out that this was your idea. They'd go mad. This was supposed to be a family trip.

FRANKIE

It still is. Family with a "Plus One," so what?

JIMMY

You come up with these crazy scenarios in your head. You think you can manipulate everything.

FRANKIE

I'm usually right.

Jimmy starts to laugh. Frankie laughs with him, thinking it's about her comment, but soon he's laughing harder. She realizes it's something else.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

What?

JIMMY

Well.

FRANKIE

What's so funny?

JIMMY

I have news for you, darling.

FRANKIE

Yes?

JIMMY

Ilene brought a friend.

FRANKIE

A friend?

JIMMY

Oh yes, Ilene is accompanied by Gary, I believe that's his name, a friend who looks very much like her boyfriend, if you want to know my opinion.

FRANKIE

*Mais non!!* She wasn't supposed to bring anyone.

Frankie is not happy.

JIMMY

*Quel* surprise.

Jimmy throws his arm around upset Frankie, and gives her a kiss: he loves her, machinations and everything.

FRANKIE

We will see!

JIMMY

Come, let's go. I want to take you to a place I've read about.

She pulls away from him.

FRANKIE

No. I'm hiking to Peninha.

JIMMY

There's more than enough time, love. We'll get there.

FRANKIE

The one thing I don't have is time.

JIMMY

Don't get melodramatic on me. Just come on, no complaining.

Jimmy takes her hand, and they walk down the path together.

16

**EXT. QUINTA DA BOIÇA - DAY**

16

Ilene sips tea, alone on the terrace of a small and beautifully renovated house, a private Quinta. There's a swimming pool down below, and a view to the immense green valley.

Gary comes out to join her; he's holding something behind his back.

GARY

I wasn't expecting this. The photos on the site don't do it justice. They should hire me to take new pictures. This place is incredible.

ILENE

This is so nice, Gary. It must be very expensive.

GARY

It's fine. George Lucas been berry berry good to me.

ILENE

To both of us! But who knows what the next job will be.

GARY

That's why I want to make this movie. I can't be a cameraman forever. I need to change gears, before it's too late.

ILENE

I hope so.

Gary pulls his hand from behind, holding a small gift box.

GARY

Here. I have something for you.

Ilene's surprised. He gives her the box.

ILENE

Oh, God.

He gives her a kiss. It's a bit clumsy.

GARY

I hope you like it.

Ilene tries to smile. She wasn't expecting this.

GARY (CONT'D)

Open it.

She does. Inside the box, a silver ring, with a small detail in gold. It's a designer ring, very modern, young.

ILENE

Gary, you shouldn't have done this.

GARY

Why? You said you liked it.

ILENE

I know I did, but still.

GARY

I walked by the store before we left Valencia, and it was still in the window.

Ilene closes the box, with the ring inside.

GARY (CONT'D)

You know what I've been thinking?

ILENE

No. What were you thinking?

GARY

I've been thinking I want us to spend more time together.

ILENE

Oh, really?

GARY

Yes. I had an idea of getting rid of my apartment in the city and just moving into the house in Water Mill full time. Making a real home out there.

Gary tries to look directly into Ilene's eyes.

GARY (CONT'D)

You could come and stay for as long as you wanted. And whenever one of us is working in the city, we could stay at your place.

ILENE

That's a lot of plans, all of a sudden.

GARY

We'd have a beautiful house on the beach, and I'd help with the rent on a nice apartment on the Upper West Side. We'd have two homes. We don't need more than that. What do you say?

ILENE

Oh. I don't know. For me Water Mill is more like a weekend place. I like it, but for the beach, and to get away.

GARY

A lot of people live there full time and still work in the city. It's really not very far. And besides, with more time in Water Mill, you could paint more, or write, or do any of those things you always say you'd like more time for. Without my apartment, we'd both save money. You wouldn't need to work so much.

Ilene looks out onto the vast view of the valley in front of them.

GARY (CONT'D)

Ilene, I'd like to be with you. For us to be together.

ILENE

Is this a proposal?

GARY

I didn't think of it that way, but I guess it is. What do you say?

ILENE

I say let's go out. We just got here. The ring is beautiful, Gary. Thank you. I love it. Thank you. Now come on, get your coat, get your camera. Let's go. Let's see where we are before we plan the future.

Ilene walks into the house. Gary stays with the view for moment, then goes inside after her.

17

**EXT. TRAMWAY - DAY**

17

An old fashioned, open TRAM crosses a bucolic green corridor of leafy trees and tall grass.

Later, it passes by a small town comprised almost exclusively of old, small white houses.

18

**INT./EXT. TRAMWAY - DAY**

18

The tram is in motion, and Maya is sitting inside, writing in a small notebook. She finishes a sentence and looks out, seeing the small town pass by.

Maya goes back to her notebook, trying to concentrate again, when she's interrupted by a couple of Portuguese boys, PEDRO and BENTO, a bit older, around 16 years old, who are sitting behind her. Pedro leans in.

PEDRO  
*O que voce está escrevendo?*

MAYA  
(hard Portuguese accent)  
*Desculpa, eu não falo...*

PEDRO  
Yes, you do. You speak very well.

Maya is able to understand that he's playing with her, and makes a bigger effort.

MAYA  
*Eu não falo portugues.*

They laugh.

PEDRO  
I see. That's ok. What are you writing?

MAYA  
Oh, it's nothing.

PEDRO  
Are you going to the beach?

MAYA  
I am.

She turns around, and looks at them. She sees that they carry boogie boards with them.

MAYA  
I take it this is the right direction.

PEDRO  
Where are you from?

MAYA  
I'm from England, the East Midlands, but my family moved to London last year. You?

PEDRO  
I'm from Porto, a few hours to the North. Bento here is from Sintra.



BENTO  
I live in Sintra. Are you here on vacation?

MAYA  
Sort of.

BENTO  
What is it then?

Maya avoids the question.

MAYA  
Hey, can I rent a boogie board on the beach?

Pedro gets up and comes to sit next to Maya.

PEDRO  
No. But you can use mine.

MAYA  
No, that's okay.

PEDRO  
Bento has one too. We can take turns.

BENTO  
Have you ever been to *Praia das Maçãs*?

MAYA  
Never.

PEDRO  
Oh, you're going to love it. I can't wait for you to see it. It's the most beautiful beach. *Praia das Maçãs*. Beach of the Apples.

MAYA  
Are there a lot of apple trees there?

PEDRO  
None. It's called "Apple Beach" because of the apple in the Bible, you know?

MAYA  
No.

PEDRO

In Paradise. The temptation. The original sin.

MAYA

The Adam and Eve apple?

BENTO

Yes, that's right.

MAYA

That's insane.

They laugh.

PEDRO

We are a very Catholic country, you know.

19

**EXT. SANTA EUFEMIA - DAY**

19

CARLINHOS, a 5 or 6 year old boy, comes from the woods near the church, playing with a small shovel, picking up fallen leaves.

TIAGO (O.S.)

Many, many years ago, at a time when the Barbarians dominated Portugal, there lived in Sintra a princess named Eufemia, who fell in love with a nice country boy.

Carlinhos runs up the road, to an open area where the quaint Church of Santa Eufemia is built.

TIAGO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Her father the King was a very tough, conservative man, and wouldn't allow the relationship with a commoner, so they had to stop seeing each other once and for all.

Carlinhos looks at the simple church, white, with a couple of small green windows, the image of a female saint on tiles to the side, and a cross at the very top. It's strikingly beautiful in its simplicity.

CARLINHOS'S MOTHER (O.S.)

*Carlinhos!! Volta!!*

Carlinhos runs back towards his mother. We get closer to the church, where Michel is standing outside, next to Tiago.

The back part of the church is all constructed in stone, very old, with a garden and another small building in the same style.

TIAGO

One day, the princess ran into the boy's mother, who told her that the boy had been struck with a very painful, debilitating skin disease. The princess -

MICHEL

(interrupting)  
Ah! Voilà!

Michel waves.

Jimmy and Frankie are walking up a dirt road, towards the church.

FRANKIE

Bonjour!

JOANA and JOÃO, two Sintra locals, carrying a picnic basket and bottles of wine, walk arm in arm, a few steps ahead of them. Joana looks back, discreetly towards Frankie, and whispers something to her husband.

Michel greets Frankie, two kisses.

MICHEL

Viens, chérie. Tiago est en train de nous raconter l'histoire de Sainte-Euphémie.

MICHEL

*Come, chérie. Tiago is telling us the story of the Saint.*

FRANKIE

What a beautiful church, so simple.

JIMMY

I told you!

FRANKIE

Bonjour, Tiago!

TIAGO

Bonjour, Senhora. I was telling them that during the time of the Barbarians--

MICHEL

It's okay, Tiago.

MICHEL  
 (à Frankie)  
 La jolie princesse s'était  
 éprise d'un garçon du peuple  
 mais le Roi son père lui  
 interdit de le revoir. Le  
 jeune homme tomba alors  
 gravement malade.

MICHEL  
 (to Frankie)  
*The good princess fell in  
 love with a commoner and her  
 father forbid their affair.  
 The boy got sick.*

MICHEL  
 (to Tiago)  
 Just keep going.

TIAGO  
 The disease spread all over - the  
 boy's body, his whole skin, was  
 full of horrible, bloody sores. The  
 princess went to see the boy,  
 against her father's orders, and  
 brought him here, where they used  
 to come to see the view. She washed  
 him in the waters from the fountain  
 and-

FRANKIE  
 His skin went back to normal  
 immediately.

TIAGO  
 No. Not immediately. He felt better  
 slowly. It took him days. Arms  
 first, then the legs, the face and  
 then--; the whole body. It was a  
 miracle.

FRANKIE  
 And people still come here to wash  
 themselves in this miraculous  
 water.

TIAGO  
 They do, because the water is said  
 to cure people of all maladies.

Frankie knows what is going on in their minds.

MICHEL  
 Where's the fountain?

Tiago points to a sign to the side.

Impatient, Frankie starts to walk the other way, down towards  
 the woods.

MICHEL  
Frankie! *S'il te plait.*

JIMMY  
Frankie!

A thought disturbs Frankie; she stops midway and turns back to respond to Jimmy and Michel.

FRANKIE  
The two of you together... it's the worst combination! I can't take it.

MICHEL  
Please?

JIMMY  
(to Michel)  
Leave it.

Michel puts his hands in prayer, imploring.

MICHEL  
Frankie, please.

FRANKIE  
Arrête ton cirque, Michel.

FRANKIE  
*Oh, Michel. You're making a scene.*

MICHEL  
Ce ne sont pas trois gouttes d'eau qui vont te faire du mal, Frankie.

MICHEL  
*It doesn't hurt, Frankie - to splash a little water.*

FRANKIE  
Je ne crois pas à ces conneries.

FRANKIE  
*I don't believe in this shit.*

MICHEL  
Ne traite pas ça de conneries.

MICHEL  
*Don't call it 'shit'.*

FRANKIE  
D'accord, pardon. Mais s'il te plaît arrête, là. Et arrête de prendre cet air accablé. Je n'en peux plus de cette tête d'enterrement. Comme si celle de Jimmy ne me suffisait pas. Regarde-le.

FRANKIE  
*Okay, I'm sorry. But please stop. And stop looking so miserable. I can't put up with the sad face. I have enough of that with Jimmy already. Look at him.*

They turn to look at Jimmy, who stands lost in his own thoughts, not listening.

FRANKIE  
(à Michel)  
Je suis à bout, là.

FRANKIE  
(to Michel)  
*I almost can't bear it.*

MICHEL  
Sois plus douce, Frankie.  
Tout ne tourne pas autour de  
toi.

MICHEL  
*Be kind, Frankie. This is not  
all about you.*

FRANKIE  
Ah bon?

FRANKIE  
*Isn't it?*

FRANKIE  
I'm going to ask you both a favor:  
at least pretend that you accept my  
fate. For the sake of this trip,  
for the family, for today, please.

Frankie turns around, and goes into the woods, leaving the three men alone in the churchyard.

20

**EXT. TAPADA DA ROMA - DAY**

20

Frankie walks through the woods. The sunlight draws geometric patterns on the ground, while playing a sometimes bright but mostly dark game on Frankie's face. What could be jarring has a calming effect on her. She pauses to enjoy the sunlight on her face for a moment, and then keeps going.

A BIG FAMILY OF LOCALS is having a picnic in an open area, surrounded by a fertile garden, and connected to a modest Quinta that sits on the edge of the woods. There is a picnic table set up under a leafy grape arbor, and a fire burning in a portable barbecue pit in the center. It's a happy event, with KIDS running around while ADULTS sit around the table eating a big family meal. Among them, the couple from the previous scene. Joana's face brightens up, and she sees something and pokes ANTONIA, her aunt, next to her.

JOANA  
Não te disse?

JOANA  
*I told you.*

The woman recognizes Frankie immediately:

ANTONIA  
*Irmã Aline. Sister Aline.*

JOANA  
Françoise Cremont.

Frankie nods and smiles, acknowledging their presence, and tries to keep going, but now the whole family is looking at her. Antonia pours some wine in a glass.

ANTONIA  
Madame Cremont!

She offers the glass to Frankie.

FRANKIE  
Oh. Thank you.

ANTONIA  
I'm a big fan.

FRANKIE  
(jokingly)  
You must have good taste in movies.

ANTONIA  
I know you from the TV.

FRANKIE  
Oh, sure. Let me guess-

ANTONIA  
*Os Arquivos do Vaticano.*

JOANA  
The Vatican Files.

Frankie raises her glass.

FRANKIE  
*Os Arquivos do Vaticano* forever!

ANTONIA  
It's my mother's birthday. She'd be happy if you can make a toast with us? She really identifies with your character Sister Aline.

21

**INT. SANTA EUFEMIA - DAY**

21

Inside the simple church, Michel is sitting, his eyes closed in prayer, in front of the small statue of a Saint.

Jimmy stands in the rear of the church, watching Michel. He takes hold of the back of a bench, uncomfortable.

Tiago stands at the side of the church, checking his phone.

JIMMY (O.S.)  
You don't really believe in all  
this, do you?

Tiago smiles.

TIAGO  
I don't know, *Senhor*. Whatever  
helps can't hurt you.

JIMMY  
I guess that's right.

Tiago pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

TIAGO  
You mind?

JIMMY  
Not at all.

Tiago offers one from the pack to Jimmy.

JIMMY  
No, no, thank you.

Tiago lights up, and they stand together, quietly.

JIMMY  
Are you married, Tiago?

TIAGO  
Yes, I am. I have a wife and a son.  
They live in Braga, in the North.

JIMMY  
I see. You're separated then?

TIAGO  
No, no, no. Just for five months a  
year. I come down here for the  
tourist season.

JIMMY  
I imagine that can be difficult.

TIAGO  
To be honest, it is. It's very  
hard. My wife, she's like my  
police.

(MORE)



TIAGO (CONT'D)

I love her, but she doesn't even like me sitting next to another woman. You can imagine what it's like when I'm here in Sintra.

JIMMY

Hmm.

TIAGO

That's why I look so tired today. I went out to dinner with a friend last night, another guide, and when I called my wife later to say "goodnight, I love you", she already knew where I'd been, what I drank, and who else was at the restaurant. It was incredible. We stayed up for hours on the phone, which is not good for my business. I have to be alert, and the days are not short, you know?

Tiago takes a long drag.

TIAGO (CONT'D)

Sometimes I don't even know why I stay married.

Jimmy just looks at Tiago. He doesn't know how to respond.

TIAGO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Señor. It's not to bother you. I am good. I am fine. Shall we move on? I will go see about your friend now, make sure we didn't lose him. This is not really a place for tourists, and it's quite difficult to find the spot of the "miraculous waters."

Tiago walks away, leaving Jimmy alone with his thoughts.

23

**EXT. TAPADA DA ROMA - DAY**

23

Frankie sits on the bench, next to ERMELINDA, a beautiful, older lady in her 80's, surrounded by the whole family, who move around loudly, rearranging themselves around the two women.

Ermelinda leans over to Frankie.

ERMELINDA

J'ai vu votre photo dans le magazine. Celle qu'ils ont prise à l'hôpital. Vous vous êtes battue comme une lionne, Madame.

ERMELINDA

*I saw your photo in the magazine. The photo in the hospital. You fought a tough battle, Madame.*

Frankie's doesn't know how to react to her comment; she smiles, with no conviction.

A young man, FELIPE, her great nephew, stands in front of the crowd with a camera, a real camera, ready to take a photo.

FELIPE

Tia, um pouquinho mais pra direita. Isso. Gustavo, fica parado!

FELIPE

*Auntie, go to the right. Gustavo, stay put!*

Ermelinda continues her whispers to Frankie.

ERMELINDA

Ma meilleure amie a vécu la même chose. C'était une femme d'une force exceptionnelle, mais je l'ai quand même perdue. Vous, vous avez gagné. Vous êtes là. Vous êtes une dame intrépide.

ERMELINDA

*My best friend went through the same thing. She was a tough woman, but I lost her. You won. You're here. You must be very brave.*

ANTONIA

(screaming, to everyone)

*Feliz aniversário, Mama!*

FELIPE

*Prontos?!*

The family raise their glasses, filled with wine, and start singing in Portuguese.

FAMILY MEMBERS

*Parabens a voce  
Nessa data querida--*

ERMELINDA

Não, não! Para. Só um momento.

ERMELINDA

*No, no! Stop. Stop! Just a moment.*

The crowd quiets down to listen to the Old Lady.

ERMELINDA  
 À maravilhosa Françoise  
 Cremont, que fez o meu  
 octagésimo oitavo aniversário  
 ficar mais alegre.

ERMELINDA  
*To the stunning Françoise  
 Cremont, who made my 88th  
 birthday a more beautiful  
 one.*

ERMELINDA  
 (à Frankie)  
 À vous, Françoise Cremont,  
 qui avez rendu mon 88ème  
 anniversaire encore plus  
 beau!

ERMELINDA  
 (to Frankie)  
*To you, Françoise Cremont,  
 who made my 88th birthday a  
 more beautiful one.*

ERMELINDA  
 (to all)  
 À la santé!

Everybody is happy, cheering and toasting.

EVERYONE  
 À la santé! Para sua saúde!  
 Françoise!

And they start singing again.

EVERYONE  
*Parabens a voce  
 Nessa data querida  
 Muitas felicidades  
 Muitos anos de vida*

*Hoje é dia de festa  
 Cantam as nossas almas  
 Para a menina Ermelinda  
 Uma salva de palmas!*

There's applause and whistles all around. It's a loud, messy and happy family moment. Frankie leans over, and gives the old lady a kiss. Felipe takes a picture.

A few SURFERS float lazily on top of their boards in the sea. As a wave rises, Pedro swims with fast strokes in order to ride it. As the surf breaks, Pedro picks up speed with his board, conquering the wave and gracefully riding it all the way to the sand.

Maya sits on a towel on the white sand scribbling in her notebook.

She raises her eyes, and sees Pedro, his face, hair and body dripping sea water. He tucks the boogie board into the sand, in front of Maya.

CUT TO:

Maya dives into the ocean with a boogie board. She braves the breaking wave with fast, strong strokes against the current, swimming all the way past the surf.

Maya floats in the ocean, on the board, blue skies above her, a restful moment before the waves crash on.

25

**EXT. PORTUGUESE BAKERY - DAY**

25

Ian, still in his running outfit, comes from inside with two coffees. He approaches Sylvia, waiting outside, and she grabs one of the two cups.

IAN

Wait. I think it's the other one.

SYLVIA

What are you talking about?

IAN

Your coffee.

SYLVIA

The cappuccino is for me.

IAN

Mine is with skim milk.

Sylvia offers him her cup, so they can switch.

IAN

Wait?

SYLVIA

Ian.

IAN

I'm confused now.

SYLVIA

For God's sake, sweetheart, you just ran four miles. A little fat won't kill you.

She picks up his cup, and makes him take hers, a little forcefully.

They walk up the street, Sylvia's cell phone rings. She looks at it, and tries to disguise her eagerness to answer it.

IAN  
Another letting agent?

Sylvia is surprised.

SYLVIA  
Look for it, Ian, and you shall  
find it.

Upset, she rushes to get away from him. He has to pick up the pace to catch up with her fast steps.

IAN  
Don't be such an ass. Maya told me.

SYLVIA  
She told you what?

IAN  
She told me. You don't have to hide  
from me anymore, Sylvia.

SYLVIA  
I don't know what she told you  
because there's nothing to tell.  
And why would you ask her, anyway?  
Why would you involve her? It's not  
some Machiavellian scheme. I'm just  
looking.

IAN  
That means you're thinking.

SYLVIA  
You can't be that surprised.

IAN  
I'm not surprised, but it makes me  
sad. What we're going through... I  
think it's normal.

SYLVIA  
I don't want normal.

IAN  
Where's Maya anyway?

SYLVIA  
I'm sure she went to the beach. She  
wanted us all to go yesterday.

IAN  
The beach??

SYLVIA  
Probably.

IAN  
Alone?

SYLVIA  
I guess.

IAN  
Why did you let her?

SYLVIA  
She didn't ask me.

IAN  
I hope it's safe.

SYLVIA  
I told her not to go very far.

IAN  
She has a mind of her own, our  
girl.

SYLVIA  
Oh yes, she does.

Ian puts his arm around Sylvia.

IAN  
Like her mother.

They walk up the road in each other's arm, a romantic couple  
on vacation for a moment.

26

**EXT. JARDIM DA VIGIA - DAY**

26

Ilene walks fast, ahead of Gary, who struggles a little  
trying to catch up.

GARY  
You're walking so fast. We're not  
in New York City, you know. You'd  
think you're trying to get away  
from me.

ILENE  
I'm just a little thrown, that's  
all.

GARY

Ilene, please, slow down.

Gary stops, giving Ilene little option but to do so as well.

GARY (CONT'D)

Listen to me. I've spent the last ten years of my life going wherever work took me. I used to get so excited about going to a new place - Iceland, Patagonia, Vancouver! - but now I'm tired. Not tired, but I have a strange feeling. Emptiness. I'm home, the sun goes down, and... I think I just feel lonely. Do you ever feel that way?

ILENE

No. Not really. I like being by myself. I always have, even when I was a kid. I get home after two months away, and I'm happy to be by myself. I have my books, my magazines, my kitchen, my bed, my friends when I want them. I feel content.

GARY

I guess I don't. I'm not content. I want change. I don't want to just continue like it's all going to last forever. I want to start something new. With you. New for both of us. We have to admit we are in the middle, Ilene, or past the middle. It's not really the time to coast, is it?

ILENE

Gary, you just need to make your own movie.

Ilene proceeds, starts to walk again.

GARY

No, that's not what I need. Maybe I will, maybe I won't.

They approach the end of this green, lush walkway, and suddenly they're in the middle of a road, where cars and loud Tuk Tuk's, ride by.

GARY (CONT'D)

But I'm ready to settle down, Ilene. I love you. I love being with you. You know I don't care about marriage, that's not important to me. But being with you is. It is important to me. And Water Mill could be the answer. There's a lot of space there. I could turn the garage into a new studio for me, and then you could have the second bedroom inside all for yourself. I would knock before entering. I promise. What do you say?

A MEGA TOURIST BUS invades the screen, and stops right ahead of Gary and Ilene. It's door open, with a mechanized, loud *oomph!*

Ilene's attention veers towards the CROWD of TOURISTS, who descend upon the road, happy and excited.

A moment later, she finds herself in the middle of the crowd, which seems to have multiplied itself.

Ilene lets herself be taken away by the movement of the crowd.

Gary looks out, but soon he can't see her anymore.

GARY

Ilene? Ilene? Ilene!

27

**EXT. PENA PARK/CHAPEL MANUELINA - DAY**

27

Michel and Jimmy walk through a sunny area in the park, in the middle of a conversation.

MICHEL

...just as the sun rises every morning, and the night comes at the end of the day, I was certain Frankie and I were going to be together forever. So when one day she told me she was leaving, I wondered, how is it possible? When we got married, I believed in those vows. 'Til death do us part, and all of that.

JIMMY

You always were a good Catholic.



MICHEL

You know, until today, I hadn't been inside a church in a long time. But yes, I was raised in a very Catholic family.

They continue walking.

MICHEL (CONT'D)

Frankie and I were so young. And I was scared. I didn't know if anything was going to work out. The restaurant. Frankie. My relationship to my own family. It's hard to remember now - we remember mostly the fun, the exciting parts - but it was scary to be young, no?

JIMMY

Oh yes.

MICHEL

You never met my father, did you?

JIMMY

I don't think so.

MICHEL

He was tough. He was in the Resistance, you know, a real hero. And a real Catholic. Marriage for me was a life saver.

JIMMY

That's not very sexy, is it? A woman wants to feel desired, not needed for survival.

MICHEL

Not just women. We do too. But at that time, I didn't know that. I couldn't imagine my life without Frankie. And yet, today I know that her leaving was the best thing that ever happened to me. I met Thierry. I finally allowed myself to fall in love with a man.

JIMMY

That must have felt good.

MICHEL

Times were different, you know. The way I was brought up and everything. It wasn't easy for me, but Thierry was very persistent.

JIMMY

I remember the day you called to tell Frankie.

MICHEL

Frankie acted so shocked, I almost gave her an Oscar.

JIMMY

That was not a performance. I was there.

MICHEL

But, please. She should've known.

JIMMY

She didn't.

MICHEL

Amazing how people sometimes choose not to see what's right in front of them.

JIMMY

She told me she never knew, which means that your performance must have been very convincing. You should have got the Oscar.

Michel laughs, then continues.

MICHEL

She was very worried about Paul. Thierry and I. How it would affect him.

JIMMY

She's still very worried about Paul, but not because of you. She can't see him as anything but a small child in need of constant guidance and protection. Kids have to be left to find their own path. Certainly my daughter has. Sylvia never looked at me for any direction, even when she was a little girl.

They pause. A quiet moment of reflection between them.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I liked Thierry, by the way. I really did. What happened?

MICHEL

I don't know. Maybe the restaurant. Late nights. Other men. Alcohol. We gave it our best.

JIMMY

I know that.

They approach a small chapel, where Tiago is waiting for them. He steps forward, and greets the two men with his proud expertise.

TIAGO

The Capela Manuelina was built by Jeronimo monks in the sixteenth century. This used to be a sacred space for meditation and reclusi--

MICHEL

(to Tiago)

Just a minute, my dear.

(to Jimmy)

Jimmy, after Frankie...

JIMMY

Please.

MICHEL

...things might change. After. If there's somebody, and I hope there will be--

JIMMY

Michel.

MICHEL

Life takes turns, you know. Things change.

JIMMY

I don't know what "after Frankie" means. There's no "after Frankie" for me.

There's some tension, and Tiago feels it might be better to leave the two men alone.

TIAGO

I'm going to talk to the guards,  
and see if we can get inside.

MICHEL

Let's go, Jimmy.

Jimmy doesn't seem very interested.

MICHEL (CONT'D)

I'm told there's some beautiful  
Arabic tile inside.

JIMMY

(to Michel)

No. You go. I'll catch up with you  
later.

28

**EXT. PENA PARK/CASA DO JARDINEIRO - DAY**

28

Gary is walking alone, when he recognizes someone in front  
and picks up speed.

GARY

Frankie!

Frankie is walking alone right ahead. She turns, as Gary  
approaches, his right hand extended, greeting her.

GARY (CONT'D)

Bonjour, Frankie, Françoise. I'm  
Gary. I'm here with Ilene. We  
arrived this morning.

FRANKIE

Ah! You're the friend.

GARY

She told you about me?

FRANKIE

No, she didn't. My husband did. I  
guess you met him earlier.

They shake hands.

GARY

Such a pleasure to meet you.

Frankie and Gary walk along the road, side by side, making  
small talk.

GARY (CONT'D)

I'm working with Ilene on *Star Wars*. I'm the second unit DP.

FRANKIE

That must be a lot of work.

GARY

I'm tired, and thankful for this break.

FRANKIE

First time in Sintra?

GARY

First time in Portugal. We have been shooting for almost a month now, and when Ilene told me you were here, I said 'let's go'. I'm a big fan, you know.

FRANKIE

I'm a fan of Ilene's. She's been a good friend.

GARY

We met on another film we did together. *The Void*. I was the Principal DP on that. We've been hanging out, you know.

FRANKIE

I'm not sure what that means.

GARY

I love Ilene.

FRANKIE

Ah. That's something.

GARY

Frankie, Ilene says. May I call you Frankie?

FRANKIE

That's what my friends call me.

GARY

You look even better in person, you know. Do people tell you that?

FRANKIE

You're being kind.

GARY

No, it's true. You know, I wanted to talk with you about something, if we can find the right time. I have a film project that I want to direct.

FRANKIE

Your first time directing?

GARY

Yes, well, no. But my first feature. I've been thinking about it for a long time. And I've shot over 18 films for other people. I'm ready to start, you know. And I think you and I share a taste in a certain kind of cinema. It's about an opera singer who loses her voice.

FRANKIE

Ha. That's funny.

GARY

I think you'd be perfect for it.

FRANKIE

I can't sing.

GARY

But that's it! She loses her voice. It's almost like silent film acting, and I can't think of anyone more expressive for the role. Like Greta Garbo.

FRANKIE

Or Fatty Arbuckle.

Gary laughs, uncomfortably.

GARY

Can I can send you the script?

FRANKIE

If you'd like. When are you thinking of shooting this?

GARY

It's not going to happen now. I need a year, at least, to prepare.

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

If we're going to collaborate I think it's better to be up front with you, it's going to take time to get it together. You know the business. I'd say realistically it will be a year, a year and a half, before we start shooting.

FRANKIE

I see.

Frankie takes a deep breath. They walk side by side in silence for a moment.

GARY

You know, Frankie. I'm going to take time off to work on this film. I have a house in Water Mill, that's just under two hours from New York, it's a beautiful place. I've invited Ilene to come live with me. Don't you think it would be a good idea for her to settle down a little bit? Not travel so much. Not work so much on projects she doesn't really care about?

FRANKIE

Does it matter what I think?

GARY

You know her well.

FRANKIE

But does it matter? If you've invited her, then you should know. Ilene is the kind of woman who'll tell you straight to your face what she thinks. No bullshit, Ilene. And no bullshitters. She doesn't have time for people who aren't very real, very sincere, you know? That's why I like her.

Gary doesn't know quite how to respond.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go look for my son. I haven't seen him since the morning, and this was meant to be a family vacation.

She walks away, leaving Gary alone among the trees and the silence.

29

**EXT. PRAIA DAS MAÇÃS/CLIFF - DAY**

29

The cliffs at the end of the beach. Maya, wearing only a long T-shirt over her wet beach clothes, hikes/climbs the tricky part of a ledge. She places one foot on a rock, while one hand tries to hold on to a higher mark on the ledge. She makes sure the one foot is firm on the rock, while looking for a safe step for the other foot. She climbs up for a second, but not sure of her next step, strides back down. That's when a helping hand enters frame.

Pedro extends his arm and pulls Maya up. As she climbs, she steps with the wrong foot, and falls into his arms, clumsy. They smile, a bit disconcerted.

Maya and Pedro walk hand in hand on this rocky path high up, at the end of the beach. They are away but not far from the sand, surrounded by the ocean. They stop to look at the view; the long golden sand beach, and on the other end, a rocky cliff crowned with small, charming white houses, typical Portuguese.

MAYA

Is that still Sintra?

PEDRO

That's Colares, actually.

MAYA

It's so pretty.

PEDRO

I knew you would like it. If you like, I can buy you a postcard.

Maya faces the view, breathing in the moment. Pedro comes from behind, and puts his arms around her. She holds his arms, welcoming the gesture.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

I used to come here with my parents and my sister every summer. My whole life, until I was thirteen.

MAYA

And then what happened.



PEDRO

My parents got divorced. My vacations were divided between time with Mom, then time with Dad, and there was no time left for this Apple Beach anymore.

A SEAGULL flies overhead, and dives into the water. A wave crashes in the ocean down below.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

But then I met Bento in Lisboa last year. We played football against each other in a national tournament. His school won, but we became friends after, and he invited me to visit him in Sintra.

Pedro turns Maya around. They're face to face, and she gives him a kiss. Pedro smiles, happily surprised, and soon after they kiss again, this time a long, slow one, both discovering the pleasure of each other's mouths.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

I have a confession. The real story of this Apple Beach has nothing to do with Adam and Eve. I'm sorry. Can I tell you?

MAYA

It's okay. If you'd like.

PEDRO

They say that the Ribeira River, over there, used to carry down apples from the farms in Colares all the way to the coast, and they would end on the beach down here. But the thing is, I've never seen one single apple tree in Colares, so I don't believe this story. There aren't any apple farms in Colares.

For Maya, he talks too much. She kisses him again.

After another long moment, he pulls away, and looks at her with near wonder.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

When can I see you again?

MAYA  
(laughing)  
But I'm still here.

PEDRO  
I know, but I miss you already.

She smiles, happy.

30

**EXT. SEQUOIAS ROAD - DAY**

30

Paul is walking alone on the road, appreciating the view and enjoying a peaceful moment. He carries the beaten down bouquet of flowers.

FRANKIE (O.S.)  
Paul!

He turns around, and sees his mother rushing down to be with him.

FRANKIE  
Paul. Attends. J'arrive.

FRANKIE  
*Paul. Wait. I'm coming.*

He opens his arm, and embraces his mother when she comes close. They hold each other for a long moment, strongly. The conversation between them is all in French.

PAUL  
Tiens, c'est pour toi. Elles sont un peu défraîchies, mais bon.

PAUL  
*These are for you. They've seen better days, I know.*

He hands her the flowers.

FRANKIE  
Ca tombe bien, moi aussi.

FRANKIE  
*That's perfect, so have I.*

PAUL  
Allez, ça mérite quand même un selfie.

PAUL  
*Let's take a picture.*

He pulls out his phone.

FRANKIE  
Ah non, tu as vu ma tête?

FRANKIE  
*Oh no, not with this hair.*

PAUL  
Arrête. Tu es super belle  
aujourd'hui.

PAUL  
*C'mon. You look so beautiful  
today.*

FRANKIE  
Tu dis ça pour me faire  
plaisir.

FRANKIE  
*You're just saying that.*

PAUL  
Non, c'est la vérité. Tu es  
magnifique. Tiens, tourne-toi  
par là, avec le paysage  
derrière nous.

PAUL  
*But you do. You look  
wonderful. Come here, turn  
this way. With the view  
behind us.*

Accepting the compliment, Frankie combs her hair with her hands quickly, before positioning herself for a photo. Paul puts his arm around her, and takes a selfie.

FRANKIE  
On en prend un autre.

FRANKIE  
*One more.*

She changes her angle slightly. Another click.

FRANKIE  
Envoie-le à Jimmy.

FRANKIE  
*Send it to Jimmy.*

PAUL  
A vos ordres.

PAUL  
*Right now.*

They start walking, side by side.

FRANKIE  
Je n'ai pas très bien dormi.

FRANKIE  
*I didn't sleep very well.*

PAUL  
Encore te migraines?

PAUL  
*Headaches again?*

FRANKIE  
Atroces. C'est de pire en  
pire.

FRANKIE  
*Awful. They're getting worse.*

PAUL  
Prends te cachets.

PAUL  
*Take the pills.*

FRANKIE  
Mais je le prends.

FRANKIE  
*I am.*

PAUL  
Augment la dose.

PAUL  
*Take more.*

FRANKIE  
Ce n'est pas comme ça que ça marche. Il faut que j'en parle au Dr. Bernhard. Tu sais, ils sont déjà très forts.

FRANKIE  
*It's not like that. I have to talk to Dr. Bernhard. They're very strong, you know.*

PAUL  
Et alors? À ce stade...

PAUL  
*So what? At this point.*

Paul talked without thinking, and his comment hits Frankie the wrong way. Her eyes tear up, and she looks away, trying to hide them from her son. But he knows.

PAUL  
Excuse-moi Maman. Je suis vraiment désolé.

PAUL  
*I'm sorry, Maman. I'm so sorry.*

FRANKIE  
Mais il n'y a pas de quoi.

FRANKIE  
*Nothing to be sorry about.*

PAUL  
C'est juste que je ne veux pas que tu souffres.

PAUL  
*I just don't want you to feel any pain.*

FRANKIE  
Tu as raison. À ce stade, qu'est-ce que ça peut faire?

FRANKIE  
*You're right. At this point, who cares?*

PAUL  
En tout cas, tu as l'air reposée.

PAUL  
*Anyway, you do look rested.*

FRANKIE  
Je suis payée pour faire semblant.

FRANKIE  
*I'm good at pretending.*

Frankie takes her bracelet off. Paul notices her admiring it, before she offers it to him.

FRANKIE  
Tiens. Je voudrais te le donner.

FRANKIE  
*Here. I want you to have this.*

She pushes the shiny bracelet into his hands.

PAUL  
Je n'en veux pas.

PAUL  
*I don't want this.*

He tries to give it back.

FRANKIE  
Il vaut au moins vingt mille euros. Si je te le donne maintenant, tu n'auras pas de droits à payer plus tard. Mets-le à l'abri dans un coin sûr et comme ça d'ici quelques années, le tour est joué, c'est à toi. Personne n'y verra que du feu.

FRANKIE  
*It's worth at least twenty thousand. If you take it now, there won't be any taxes later. Just put it away somewhere very safe. Then in a few years, voila, it's yours. No one will know the difference.*

PAUL  
Oui mais je n'en veux pas.

PAUL  
*I don't want it.*

FRANKIE  
Il plaira peut-être à ta future femme.

FRANKIE  
*Maybe your future wife will like it.*

PAUL  
Avant ça il faudrait déjà que je me trouve une copine, tu ne crois pas?

PAUL  
*I'd first need to find a girlfriend, don't you think?*

FRANKIE  
C'est cher la vie à New York, tu sais.

FRANKIE  
*New York can be very expensive, you know.*

PAUL  
J'y vais avec un très bon boulot, comme je te l'ai déjà dit. Je sais que ça te dépasse, mais je gagne extrêmement bien ma vie.

PAUL  
*I have a good job. You know that. I know it's hard for you to believe, but I make a lot of money.*

FRANKIE  
Je sais. Et je n'approuve pas.

FRANKIE  
*I know. I don't approve.*

PAUL  
Que tu approuves ou pas, ça m'est égal.

PAUL  
*I don't care if you approve.*

She forcefully hands him the bracelet.

FRANKIE  
Bon allez. Prends-le.

FRANKIE  
*Here. Take it.*

Paul holds the bracelet, finally, but looks at it without much care.

FRANKIE  
Il y a autre chose dont it faut qu'on discute. Cette histoire de trust dont a parlé Sylvia. L'argent, c'est ton domaine. De quoi il s'agit?

FRANKIE  
*There's something else we need to talk about. This incorporating idea of Sylvia's. Money is your business. What is she talking about?*

PAUL  
Pour ça il faudrait qu'on prenne rendez-vous avec un avocat, quelqu'un qui maîtrise vraiment le sujet. Ça ne se règle pas comme ça et on n'est pas obligés de parler de droits de succession maintenant. Si on est en vacances c'est justement pour oublier tout ça.

PAUL  
*I think we should just set up a meeting with a lawyer, someone who really understands the situation. These things are complicated. We don't need to talk inheritance taxes while we're here. It's a vacation from all of that.*

FRANKIE  
C'est pourtant vité réglé. Tout ce que j'ai, c'est l'appartement de Paris. Je l'ai déjà mis en vente, et j'ai l'intention de léguer ce que je vais en tirer au Conservatoire.

FRANKIE  
*Not much to talk about. All I have is the apartment in Paris. I've already put it on the market. I intend to donate the proceeds to the Conservatoire.*

PAUL  
Ah bon? Tu leur en fais don? Et Jimmy, il le sait déjà?

PAUL  
*Really? You're giving it away? Does Jimmy know?*

FRANKIE  
Mais, oui. Bien sûr. Toi, tu n'as pas besoin de moi. Tu me l'as déjà parfaitement fait comprendre. Jimmy s'est très bien débrouillé, il a mis ce qu'il lui faut de côté. Sylvia peut compter sur Ian. Je suis sûre qu'il a gagné encore plus d'argent que toi.

FRANKIE  
*Yes. Of course. You don't need me. You've made that perfectly clear. And Jimmy's saved plenty from his own work. There's more than enough there. And Ian will take care of Sylvia. I'm sure he's made even more than you.*

PAUL

Sûrement. Je ne suis pas en train de me plaindre, Maman. Je n'ai aucune envie de vivre à Paris. Si tu veux faire don de l'appartement, vas-y. Simplement... je suis surpris. Il vaut tant que ça de toute façon?

PAUL

*I'm sure. I'm not complaining, Maman. I don't want to live in Paris anyway. It's fine for you to give the apartment away. I'm just... I'm surprised. Is the apartment really worth that much money anyway?*

FRANKIE

J'en demande trois millions. Tu connais le quartier.

FRANKIE

*I'm asking three million. You know the neighborhood.*

PAUL

A mon avis tu te trompes.

PAUL

*I think you're mistaken.*

FRANKIE

Ne me dis pas que je me trompe. Tu n'as pas à me rabaisser comme ça. Ca n'est vraiment pas nécessaire. Et ensuite le Conservatoire s'est engagé à créer une bourse Françoise Cremont pour les apprentis comédiens.

FRANKIE

*Don't tell me I'm mistaken. Don't put me down like that. It's not necessary. It's not. And the school has promised they would set up a Françoise Cremont Scholarship for young actors.*

PAUL

Ah d'accord...

PAUL

*Ah. I see.*

FRANKIE

Je sais que c'est vaniteux de ma part. Mais c'est ça que je veux, et je prends mes dispositions en conséquence. J'ai besoin que tu t'assures qu'ils le feront bien. Tu peux me promettre de t'en occuper, Paul?

FRANKIE

*It's vanity, I know. But I want it, and I'm planning for it now. I need you to make sure they do it. Can you promise me that, Paul?*

PAUL

Qu'ils feront bien quoi?

PAUL

*They do what?*

FRANKIE

Qu'ils créeront bel et bien cette bourse!

FRANKIE

*Set up the scholarship!*

PAUL

Non mais arrête, là! On dirait que tu parles d'une bande d'escrocs.

PAUL

*Oh, please. They're not crooks.*

FRANKIE  
 Quant au reste, il n'y a pas grand-chose. Je le donne au fur et à mesure.

FRANKIE  
*The rest, there's not much. I'm giving it away as I go.*

Paul looks at the bracelet again. This time, the light hits it's precious stones, and it shines brighter: it seems to hold more value than just a few seconds before.

FRANKIE  
 Tu as vu Ilene?

FRANKIE  
*Have you seen Ilene yet?*

PAUL  
 C'est qui Ilene?

PAUL  
*Who's Ilene.*

FRANKIE  
 Mon amie Ilene. Elle est arrivée.

FRANKIE  
*My friend Ilene. She's here.*

PAUL  
 Ilene. Celle dont tu parles tous le temps.

PAUL  
*Ilene. The one you always talk about.*

FRANKIE  
 Oui. Mon amie chef-coiffeuse. Elle a énormément de talent. Et puis elle est maligne comme tout, et elle me fait rire. Je suis sûre qu'elle te plairait.

FRANKIE  
*Yes. My hair stylist friend. She's so talented. Smart, she makes me laugh. I am sure you'd really like her.*

PAUL  
 Elle habite à New York...

PAUL  
*She lives in New York.*

Frankie nods.

PAUL  
 Et elle n'a pas de mec.

PAUL  
*And she's single.*

FRANKIE  
 Ah ça, je n'en sais rien. Mais elle est très jolie. Elle est beaucoup plus jeune que moi.

FRANKIE  
*Ah, that-- I don't know. But she's very pretty. She's much younger than me, you know.*

PAUL  
 Et comme par hasard elle débarque à Sintra en même temps que nous.

PAUL  
*And she happens to be in Sintra at the same time that we are here.*



FRANKIE

Elle travaille en Espagne.  
C'est juste à côté.

FRANKIE

*She's working in Spain,  
around the corner.*

PAUL

C'était censé être des  
vancances en famille!

PAUL

*This was supposed to be a  
family vacation!*

FRANKIE

Elle est sur le tournage du  
nouveau *Star Wars*. C'est  
énorme! Donc tu vois, quand  
je te dis qu'elle est  
douée...

FRANKIE

*She's on the new Star Wars  
movie. It's a major job.  
Shows you how good she is.*

All of a sudden, the bracelet feels heavy on Paul's hand.  
He's clearly very upset, and he tosses the bracelet up and  
down.

PAUL

C'est marrant. La plupart des  
mères trouvent que personne  
n'est jamais assez bien pour  
les fils.

PAUL

*Funny. For most mothers,  
there is never anyone good  
enough for their sons.*

FRANKIE

Je ne sais pas de quelles  
mères tu parles. Pas la  
mienne en tout cas. Du moment  
qu'il était un homme et pas  
juif, elle était ravie. Ca  
lui était même égal qu'il  
soit homo.

FRANKIE

*I don't know what mothers you  
are talking about. Not my  
mother. As long as he was a  
man and he wasn't a Jew, she  
was perfectly happy. She  
didn't even care if he was a  
homosexual.*

They pause, angry.

FRANKIE

Paul, toute ta vie je t'ai  
toujours donné tout ce que tu  
as voulu, et pourtant tu n'es  
jamais content de rien. Rien  
ne te suffit jamais. Aucune  
femme. Aucun homme. Aucune  
mère. Aucun père.

FRANKIE

*Paul, I've given you  
everything you've ever wanted  
your whole life, and yet you  
are never satisfied with  
anything. Nothing is enough  
for you. No woman. No man. No  
mother. No father.*

In one quick gesture, Paul throws the bracelet away, far away  
down the hill.

FRANKIE

Paul?! Mais tu es malade??

FRANKIE

*Paul?! Are you crazy??*

Paul turns around and walks away from his mom, furious. Frankie takes off, goes running down the hill, dropping the bouquet of flowers behind her.

31

**EXT. RUA RIGUEIRINHO - DAY**

31

Paul is still fuming, walking with firm, fast steps, when he runs into Sylvia.

PAUL

There you are.

SYLVIA

Yes, I'm late. I'm meeting Ian for lunch in town.

PAUL

I just came from talking with Frankie.

SYLVIA

And?

PAUL

The level of manipulation is beyond anything I can fully explain. And by the way, she's selling the Paris apartment, so don't get your hopes up. She's getting all her ducks in a row, as the Americans say. You knew she would leave nothing to chance.

SYLVIA

What do you mean she's selling the apartment?

PAUL

It's already on the market, and she's made up her mind. She's leaving everything she's got to the Conservatoire, which is not much, it turns out, besides the apartment.

The news stops Sylvia cold in her tracks. She leans on the ancient, moss covered rail wall that accompanies the road.

SYLVIA

Seriously? That's absurd.

PAUL

She worked her whole life. She can do whatever she wants with her money. And what she wants is to be remembered. She's setting up the Françoise Cremont Scholarship Fund for poor and needy actresses. That's what she wants. I'm sorry her death won't help you leave your boring husband, but I quite like the idea.

Sylvia picks up her pace, walking fast away from Paul.

PAUL

Sylvia. Sylvia!

32

**EXT. SEQUOIAS ROAD - DAY**

32

Ilene walks by herself in the woods. This is a more primitive, more chaotic part of the hills. The trees are taller, their canopies denser, and the light struggles to reach the ground. Ilene allows herself to get lost in the colors, the shades and light of nature.

A sound brings Ilene's attention back to the earth. She looks to the side, behind a bush, and sees a woman on all fours, sweeping fallen leaves around with her hands.

It's Frankie, combing through the foliage, looking for something. A shiny point a few feet away makes her frantic for a second, until she realizes it's nothing but an ordinary rock. She looks up, and sees Ilene.

ILENE

What did you lose now, Frankie darling?

Ilene extends her hand, but Frankie isn't ready to get up yet.

FRANKIE

If you stumble upon a Bulgari bracelet, it's mine.

ILENE

Seriously?

FRANKIE

Emeralds, rubies and diamonds.

Ilene goes down on the ground and looks around her, and so does Frankie. They can't find anything.

They're both on all fours, now face to face, and they start laughing.

ILENE  
You're joking.

FRANKIE  
I'm not.

ILENE  
What happened?

FRANKIE  
My stupid son.

ILENE  
Paul?

FRANKIE  
It's the only one I have. Help me  
up here. I've looked everywhere  
already.

Ilene gets up, and extends her hand. Frankie holds it, and as she gets up, she falls into Ilene's arms.

FRANKIE  
Oh Ilene. It's so good to see you.

ILENE  
It's good to see you.

Frankie's face looks more pale than normal. Her eyes lose sight, her lips lose their color. She feels suddenly dizzy.

ILENE  
Frankie.

FRANKIE  
I'm okay.

Frankie tries to stay up, but her legs get weak.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Help me.

Ilene rushes to hold her friend, but as she does, Frankie starts to fall down.

ILENE  
Frankie!

Ilene still tries to hold her up, but once she notices it's serious, and Frankie is actually falling, she lets her to the ground, carefully, holding her head so it doesn't hit anything.

ILENE (CONT'D)  
Oh my God. Frankie!

Frankie lies on the ground, as her eyes roll back, and the muscles in her body jerk rhythmically for a second. Ilene stands back, desperate, unsure of what to do.

33

**EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

33

Ian and Sylvia sit at a restaurant in the city of Sintra. He's served a salad by the WAITER, while Sylvia picks on bread and butter at the table.

IAN  
You're not going to eat?

SYLVIA  
I'm not very hungry.

Ian digs into his meal.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)  
I'll have a glass of wine. Waiter!

The Waiter comes back, while Sylvia is looking at the menu.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)  
(to the waiter)  
A glass of *Planalto*, por favor.

The waiter takes the menu, and leaves.

Ian looks down at his plate, and sticks his fork into a big chunk of lettuce.

IAN  
Regardless of what I feel, and of what I think you feel, we have a home and an amazing daughter, and... maybe it's my personality, I don't know... I didn't grow up like you. All of you. I don't have the same expectations maybe. I'd like to think that our life together, our family, is the most important thing.

Sylvia wasn't expecting this. She takes a sip of Ian's white wine.

IAN (CONT'D)

Of course I can fantasize once in a while what my life would be like if I had made different choices. That's normal. It's human. But actually going through a divorce? It hasn't crossed my mind.

SYLVIA

Never?

IAN

No.

SYLVIA

Well, I can't say the same.

They sit in a silence for a moment.

IAN

So then you must know that there's only one 'ground' for divorce under British law, which is that the marriage has irretrievably broken down. Five facts may constitute this ground: adultery, unreasonable behavior, two years separation, if both parties consent; five years separation, if only one party consents, and two years desertion.

Ian pauses, and eats a small bite of his meal.

IAN (CONT'D)

I've been faithful to you, Sylvia. It would take a long, very expensive legal battle to try and prove unreasonable behavior on my part, which I think would be your only possible path.

SYLVIA

I never thought about getting into a battle with you.

IAN

So I'm glad we're having this conversation, because I wouldn't just let you go, Sylvia. You'd have to take me to a court of law, that's what it would take.

SYLVIA

God, you did more research than I did.

IAN

Of course I did. I called a lawyer. What do you expect me to do? He made some calculations for me.

SYLVIA

Calculations!

IAN

I like to be prepared. You must have made calculations, yourself, but this is what we came up with. In the unlikely event that you are granted a decree Absolute, since you don't have a salary, your alimony would get you, according to our calculations, a one bedroom in Upper Edmonton, maybe a two bed/one bath in Lower Edmonton.

The Waiter arrives with Sylvia's glass of white wine.

SYLVIA

That's where Maya's kick boxing instructor lives.

IAN

Is she the Bolivian?

SYLVIA

Yes.

IAN

Then, maybe. That would make sense. I hear Lower is very popular among South American immigrants.

Sylvia takes a sip of her wine, and gets up.

SYLVIA

I'm going to go.

IAN

You don't want to go with me to pick up Maya?

SYLVIA

No. I want to go see the *Regaleira*.

IAN

You want to go see the *Regaleira*. I see. What is the *Regaleira*, may I ask?

SYLVIA

It doesn't matter.

IAN

No, that's right. You're right, Sylvia. It doesn't matter.

Sylvia turns around, and heads out. Ian, disappointed, picks up her glass full of wine.

34

**EXT. CAMINHO DA FONTE DOS AMORES/BOIÇA ROAD - DAY**

34

Ilene has her arm around Frankie, as they walk out of the woods.

ILENE

Shouldn't we call a doctor?

FRANKIE

I'm fine, Ilene.

ILENE

You sure?

FRANKIE

I was down on my knees for so long, when I got up I just felt faint for a moment.

ILENE

You didn't just faint, sweetie. You had a seizure.

FRANKIE

Was it really?

ILENE

Yes. You scared me to death.

FRANKIE

I'm so sorry.

ILENE

No. It's just that I had no idea what to do.

Ilene lets go of Frankie, but keeps an eye on her.



They walk out of the woods, and into the road.

ILENE

You sure you're okay now?

FRANKIE

Yes. I just feel a little cold.  
Don't you?

ILENE

Let me take you to your hotel.

FRANKIE

It's not far, I think.

It's a narrow road, and a SMALL GROUP of HIKERS come walking from the opposite direction, Ilene and Frankie get squeezed on the side of the road.

ILENE

Has this happened before?

FRANKIE

I have one of these every other day now.

ILENE

But I thought you were fine.

FRANKIE

I was. After the treatment, I had two years completely cancer free. I went back to work, and it was great. I made two films, back to back, in England and in France.

ILENE

You told me you were exhausted.

FRANKIE

Yes, but only because it was a long shoot, the one in Bath, and we had to be outdoors in the winter. It wasn't easy, but it was wonderful. And I felt fine.

ILENE

And you did the series after?

FRANKIE

Just one episode. They brought me back for one episode.

(MORE)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

It was supposed to be quick and easy, but I suddenly started to feel nauseous. I knew there was something going on, so I was reluctant to go see my doctor. I finished the work. And then I went to see him.

Ilene blanches, feeling bad news about to hit.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

I don't want to go into all the details, but the cancer has spread, it's everywhere.

ILENE

Oh, Frankie.

FRANKIE

They don't think I'll see the New Year.

Ilene looks around her, the nature and the skies, looking for something to say, but she can't say anything.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

The difficult part for me is seeing people cry, so please don't cry. I wanted you to come here, because I want you to meet my family. I want us to have a good time, which for me now means just time together.

Ilene throws her arm around Frankie.

ILENE

I'm going to miss you terribly.

FRANKIE

I know you will.

Ilene squeezes her even tighter.

ILENE

Are you still cold?

FRANKIE

I'm okay.

ILENE

Do you have any idea where we are?

Frankie looks around the road, trying to find her way.

ILENE (CONT'D)

Oh no. Why did I trust you?

Frankie laughs. They've been through this before.

FRANKIE

I have no sense of direction!

A Tuk Tuk passes by, noisily, with no passenger. Frankie sees it and immediately makes a gesture for it to stop.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

35

**EXT. SEQUOIAS ROAD/TUK TUK - DAY**

35

Frankie and Ilene ride on the back of the Tuk Tuk through the roads of Sintra. It goes fast, and it's not the most comfortable vehicle... but they laugh when they have to hold on to each other, as the Tuk Tuk goes into a sharp turn. Around them, the lush mountains of Sintra, its exotic palaces, its sublime tiled walls and its crumbling old houses.

Frankie and Ilene have to talk loudly to be heard.

FRANKIE

I met your fiancé.

ILENE

Fiancé? Did he say that??

FRANKIE

He says he wants to marry you.

ILENE

Oh God.

Frankie laughs.

FRANKIE

And he wants me to be in his movie. He's going to give me a script.

ILENE

Damn Gary. I'm sorry, Frankie. I told him not to do that.

FRANKIE

I told him I would read it, but it better be the starring role!

ILENE

Of course it is. He adores  
Françoise Cremont. He really has  
seen all your movies.

FRANKIE

He has a lot of plans, this Gary.

ILENE

He's a sweet guy, actually. We've  
had a lot of fun together. And I  
think the script will be good. He's  
deeper than he seems, believe it or  
not.

FRANKIE

But you know he's not the right one  
for you, Ilene. You must.

ILENE

But is there 'the right one' for  
me?

FRANKIE

Of course there is.

ILENE

I don't know. I feel like I've been  
looking my whole life!

FRANKIE

*"Trouve avant de chercher."*

Ilene looks at her, not following.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

*"Find it before you look for it."*  
It's something Jimmy says. One of  
his famous quotes. Paul Valery. Or  
Breton, I think.

The annoying noise of the mechanized three-wheeled taxi  
accompanies the beautiful ride.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

*"Trouve avant de chercher."*

ILENE

*"Trouve avant de chercher."*

36

**EXT. CAMINHO DA FONTE DOS AMORES/BOIÇA ROAD - DAY**

36

Gary walks down a remote, long road, alone, oblivious to everything around him.

An OLD PORTUGUESE MAN walks by with his DOG, and as they pass by, the dog barks at Gary, bringing him back to the moment.

OLD PORTUGUESE MAN

(to his dog)

*Quieto! Não faça isso.*

(to Gary)

*Desculpe.*

Gary smiles politely, as the Old Man and the dog pass by.

And now, with the dog's bark far away, there is a strong silence surrounding Gary. He can hear the trees move, and the wind, with piercing clarity. He is alone with himself in this beautiful place, in Sintra.

37

**EXT. QUINTA DA BOIÇA - DAY**

37

Ilene comes out of the house, onto the terrace. She takes in the view of the lush valley below, a moment on her own to reflect on the tough news of the day.

GARY (O.S.)

Ilene!

It's Gary, coming towards her, from the front gate of the Quinta.

As he approaches her, Ilene walks towards him and, unexpectedly, she falls into his arms.

GARY

Oh, baby.

Gary, surprised by her emotions, tightens his embrace.

GARY (CONT'D)

Oh, honey, sweet girl. Don't worry.  
It's okay. It's okay.

ILENE

It's not...

GARY

Shhh...You don't need to say anything.

ILENE

When I came here... I wasn't expecting so much.

GARY

I know. Me either. This place is really more to dream than to talk about.

She looks at him with compassion.

GARY (CONT'D)

I don't know if it's the mountain air, or these beautiful surroundings, I don't know... but I realized today that love is all that matters. Not money. Not jobs, or movies. Or even companionship. I know it's cliché, but for the first time I understand it's only love that matters.

Ilene listens intently. This is turning out differently than she expected.

GARY (CONT'D)

I'm going to leave, Ilene.

ILENE

But we still have a couple days off.

GARY

I know we do, but I'll stay in Lisbon for a night or two. It's supposed to be a great town.

ILENE

Gary, I'm sorry-

GARY

There's no need to apologize. My feelings for you... if it's not reciprocal, it's silly to pretend. I'm too old for that. Besides, I understand how much you value your independence. Stay here and enjoy your friends. That's what you came here for.

ILENE

Gary, when you shoot your film, I'll come work on it.

GARY

No, I don't think that's a good idea anymore. I hope you understand.

ILENE

Oh. Of course I do. I understand.

Gary turns to go.

GARY

I should go pack. I have a car coming soon.

He goes into the house, leaving Ilene alone on the terrace.

38 **INT. QUINTA DE SÃO THIAGO/FRANKIE & JIMMY'S SUITE - DAY** 38

In her hotel room, Frankie is sleeping. Her pale white skin barely covering the veins below, she looks fragile, vulnerable, and so different than she has throughout.

Jimmy sits in a chair by the bed, watching her closely, listening to every movement, every breath.

After a long moment, he stands, and starts to take off his clothes. He carefully hangs his pants on the back of a chair, then his shirt on a hanger.

He goes to the bed, and gets in beside Frankie. Then he turns, and puts his arms around her.

She feels his body close to hers, and turns towards him.

They start to make love, quietly, passionately.

39 **EXT. TRAVESSA DE SANTA MARIA - DAY** 39

Ilene walks along the road.

MICHEL (O.S.)

Ilene!

Michel approaches, followed by Tiago and Paul.

MICHEL (CONT'D)

I don't think you have met my son, Paul.

Introductions are made, they exchange handshakes.

MICHEL (CONT'D)

We were going to go get some coffee and *patisserie*. Do you want to come with us?

ILENE

No, thank you. But I'm planning to meet Frankie later. At the top.

TIAGO

Peninha.

MICHEL

(to Ilene)

Yes, good, then we'll see you there.

They come to a split in the road.

TIAGO

It's this way.

Tiago and Michel take the turn, but Paul hesitates behind.

PAUL

Papa, je vous rejoins.

PAUL

*Papa, I'll catch up with you.*

MICHEL

Oui oui, bien sûr. Prends ton temps.

MICHEL

*Of course, of course. Take your time.*

They disappear, leaving Ilene and Paul alone. They begin to walk together.

ILENE

I hear you're moving to New York.

PAUL

And you live there, is that right?

ILENE

Twenty three years. Do you know where in the city you're going to be living?

PAUL

I don't know.

ILENE

I thought your mother told me you had already found a place.



PAUL  
My mother thinks she knows  
everything. She has all these  
plans, you know.

ILENE  
Of course. She's in a hurry.

Paul seems a bit surprised at Ilene's comment.

PAUL  
So you know.

ILENE  
Yes. I'm so sorry. If ever you need  
anything-

PAUL  
We'll be fine by ourselves, thank  
you.

Ilene is taken aback.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

ILENE  
You know your mother invited me  
here.

PAUL  
I know she did. She wanted us to  
meet. She's afraid I'm going to end  
up alone in New York City.

ILENE  
Maybe she just wanted to see me.  
Frankie and I are good friends, you  
know.

PAUL  
Can I tell a story, about Frankie?

ILENE  
I'm not sure I want to hear it,  
Paul. It's not necessary.

PAUL  
But I want you to hear it. It will  
help you understand our family a  
little better. You see, Jimmy's  
always had a thing for Portugal.  
We're all thankful to him for that.  
It's a gift he gave us: Portugal.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

This is probably our fifth or sixth time to come here together. And Sintra particularly, you know they came here on their honeymoon, don't you? That is their second honeymoon. They had each had others before. But when my mom first started seeing him, he took us on a trip to the Algarve. Have you been?

ILENE

Never.

PAUL

*Praia da Falésia*, beautiful beach south of here, and twenty years ago, before the Portugal renaissance, or destruction, depending on who's talking, it was almost deserted. Really gorgeous. Mom, Jimmy, and Sylvia, his daughter Sylvia. Have you met, Sylvia?

ILENE

No, I haven't.

PAUL

She's lovely, a little damaged, but lovely. We all went to the Algarve together. Mom had moved to London, but only for a short time, for a film, but clearly she and Jimmy were also testing the waters, for the new family to be. A family vacation was decided, and off we went. I barely spoke any English at the time. I was just your average French schoolboy, so as you can imagine I was very nervous. Excited, but nervous. Particularly because of Sylvia. I had met her a couple of times, and, really, you might not know it now, but she was the most beautiful girl ever. She was, she is - a few years older than me. I was maybe fifteen, and she was eighteen or nineteen. She had a woman's body already. A beautiful body. When I saw her in a bikini, oh my God... And I was such a boy! Anyway, it was summer, and hot, and she and I would spend the whole day on the beach together.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Maybe I don't need to go on. You get the picture, right?

Ilene doesn't answer. Paul continues.

PAUL (CONT'D)

One night, Mom and Jimmy went out to dinner, and we said, Sylvia and I, we were going to stay home, and watch TV. They were showing the movie *Grease* on TV. You remember.

(sings *Summer Lovin'*)

*Tell me more, tell me more, did you get very far.*

Ilene chuckles.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I don't know what got into me, because I was actually a very shy boy, pimples, and skinny, and very uncomfortable, but I got up and I started to imitate John Travolta. I grabbed Sylvia so we could dance together, and she screamed! Not because she didn't want to. No, she was sun burned. And so, naturally, I offered to put some lotion on her shoulders. She took her shirt off.

A GIRL trotting on a HORSE comes their way, following a BLONDE TRAINER, who holds the reins of her horse with white gloves.

PAUL (CONT'D)

When my mom and Jimmy came back, we were having sex on the couch. Me and my soon-to-be step sister.

The riders come fast, and Paul and Ilene have to make space for them to pass by on the road.

PAUL (CONT'D)

As you can imagine, that was the end of this new family idea. I was sent back to live with Michel in Paris. And my mother moved to London. To live with Jimmy and Sylvia. And that was that.

Ilene takes it in.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You see, in Portugal, I lost my  
mother once already. It only seems  
fitting that I'm here again now.

He stops, and looks at Ilene more closely.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
She's right about one thing: you  
are very attractive, you know.

ILENE  
Is that a compliment?

PAUL  
Maybe. My mother would like us to  
get married.

Ilene is silent.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Do you think you are the marrying  
type?

ILENE  
Not to you.

PAUL  
I didn't think so.

An uncomfortable moment between them.

ILENE  
When are you moving?

PAUL  
I don't know now. Everything is a  
bit up in the air, as you can  
imagine, scheduling-wise.

ILENE  
If it was soon, I would have been  
happy to introduce you to a few  
people in New York, but I don't  
think I'll be there all that much  
longer.

PAUL  
Oh no. Pity!

ILENE

Yes. I got an offer to work on a series, in London, in fact, for the BBC. I need a break from New York - I've been there too long.

PAUL

I see.

ILENE

I was so looking forward to telling your mother, but now I can't. I just can't.

PAUL

Yes, I understand.

They stand for a moment, together. Nothing more to be said, it seems.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm going to go now, and catch up with my father.

ILENE

Ok. I'm sure I will see you later.

PAUL

Yes, I'm sure we will.

Paul walks off, back in the direction of Michel and Tiago. A few feet away, he turns, and calls out to Ilene.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Ilene.

She turns and stops.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Thank you for listening.

She smiles, this time warmly, before they walk their separate ways.

40

**EXT. PRAIA DAS MAÇÃS/BEACH - DAY**

40

It's still bright on the beach, but the sunlight is more gentle, casting long shadows as it approaches the horizon. Some seagulls fly above the surf, only to dive in head on, hunting for fish. On the sand, only a few groups of families or friends, not as crowded as before.

Maya and Pedro come walking along the surf, side by side. They don't hold hands, but walk very close to each other, in silence, watching the waves break. Each is very aware of the other's body next to them; as Maya's arm swings, it gently rubs Pedro's, and she prolongs the moment, feeling his skin against hers, extending a finger so it can hold his finger for a brief moment, playfully, romantic.

Pedro looks at Maya, as they continue their stroll on the sand, too self conscious to hold hands, but full of desire.

41

**EXT. PRAIA DAS MAÇÃS/BEACH - DAY**

41

A GROUP OF EIGHT BOYS and TWO GIRLS sit in a circle on the sand, with towels, backpacks, beer bottles and cigarettes scattered all around. All attention is on Bento, Pedro's buddy from the tram, who reads from a notebook.

BENTO

"What is love if not blazing flames? I asked Grandpa, will he ever get over losing Frankie. Will he ever let go. "You're asking the wrong question", he said. "It's not about getting over, or letting go." He put his arm around me, and I wondered how this could possibly be about anything else. "It's about honoring what happened," he said. "You met a person that awoke something in you. A fire ignited."

There's laughter all around. Bento continues.

BENTO (CONT'D)

"The work is to be grateful. Grateful everyday that someone crossed your path and left a mark on you." When Grandpa left, I looked at my reflection on the water, and wondered; who will be the one to ignite this fire inside of me?"

(comments)

Wow!!

More laughter, louder. Bento can't see that, behind him, Maya and Pedro are approaching. He continues to read:

BENTO (CONT'D)

"And when it happens, I want to hold him and kiss him, our bodies melting into each other, our hearts beating as one."

Maya can still hear the last words. She recognizes her words, and jumps in to grab the diary from Bento's hands.

MAYA

What are you doing??

Caught by surprise, Bento tosses the book to another friend, and this friend to another.

Maya runs around, trying to grab it from them.

PEDRO

(in Portuguese)

*Stop it! Guys!*

When one of the BOYS plays with Maya, swinging the book around her face like bait, and then tossing it away to another friend, the unexpected happens: Maya pushes the boy hard, and he falls to the sand.

Maya dives ready to fight some more. It's a complete surprise, and the boys try to hold her back. Some of them laugh.

Pedro gets into the mix, and a fight amongst them ensues. There's a scream, and laughter, punches and sand throwing all around.

The book falls on the sand, and Maya immediately grabs it. She then grabs her backpack and walks away. Pedro pushes one of the boys who continues to laugh, and they fight on the sand. Through an arm lock from the boy, he sees Maya going away.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Maya!

Jimmy is lying on the bed, his eyes closed. In the distance, a piano plays softly. Jimmy opens his eyes, listening to the music.

43

INT. QUINTA DE SÃO THIAGO/LIBRARY - DAY

43

The grand library with an old piano in its center, where Frankie is playing music she knows so well.

A CLEANING LADY from the hotel, walks by carrying a bag full of laundry. Frankie smiles, but the lady lowers her head, shy and discreet.

Jimmy enters, and stays by the door frame, admiring the scene, as Frankie continues to play.

Her hands glide through the different keys with the ease of someone who's trained, but not a professional. She makes a slight mistake, but keeps going, as Jimmy comes to sit next to her on the stool. She moves a bit to give him space.

JIMMY

Beautiful.

Frankie looks into his eyes, as she keeps playing, and sees that he's actually crying, under a forced smile.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

FRANKIE

Don't be. It's sad. It's very sad, indeed.

JIMMY

Yes.

The song comes to a natural end, and Frankie reaches to close the piano, but Jimmy stops her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

How about one more.

FRANKIE

No, I'm going to go for a walk, if you don't mind. I'll meet you all at Peninha.

Frankie gives Jimmy a small kiss on his head, then gets up from the stool and leaves.

Jimmy, alone with the piano, the empty room, and the silence. Until he strikes a key, any key.



44      **EXT. QUINTA DE SÃO THIAGO/FRONT GATE - DAY**      44

Frankie comes out of the Quinta, and heads up the long sloping driveway towards the road.

45      **EXT. PRAIA DAS MAÇÃS/TOWN - DAY**      45

Maya runs through the streets of the small beach town.

46      **EXT. CAMINHO DOS CASTANHAIS/SINTRA - DAY**      46

Frankie goes up a path towards Sintra, bordered by an old stone wall, with graffiti etched into the rock.

As she goes up the steep incline ahead of her, she pauses for a second, catching her breath, but soon starts again, with determination.

47      **EXT. TRAMWAY - DAY**      47

Sitting on the tram, Maya is lost in her own thoughts, of the beach, and the day, behind her.

48      **EXT. SEQUOIAS ROAD - DAY**      48

Leaving the woods behind, Frankie walks onto the road where, earlier, she had her argument with Paul.

After she takes a few steps on the road, she sees something that makes her pause.

In front of her, the beaten up bouquet of flowers is still on the ground, oblivious to the people and the traffic that pass by. Frankie picks it up, and smells the flowers. The scent of lavender instantly brings memories back to her.

49      **INT./EXT. TRAM/TRAM STOP - DAY**      49

The tram makes its way back into the city of Sintra.

INSIDE THE TRAM: Maya sits on the aisle, looking at sights.

MAYA'S POV FROM THE TRAM: The little center of town has been taken over by TOURISTS and BUSES, its cafés and gift shops filled with people from all over the world.

Ian is coming around the corner towards the final Tram Stop.

INSIDE THE TRAM: Some people start to get up and gather their things. Maya recognizes someone on the street, and waves.

Ian waves, but notices that Maya is waving at someone else.

He looks in that direction, and sees Sylvia coming his way. She waves to Maya.

Ian and Sylvia, husband and wife, meet, and wait together for the tram to come to a stop.

Maya steps off, and onto the platform. She embraces her mother so tightly, that Sylvia is a little thrown.

50

**EXT. PENINHA SANCTUARY - DAY**

50

Ilene walks beside a long wooden rail covered in moss of various tones, going up the hill, creating a dirt path.

As she enters the canyon, Ilene runs into Jimmy, surrounded by magnificent rocks in this mostly desolate area. The wind is constantly blowing, and a mist has started to form.

ILENE

How did you find Frankie?

JIMMY

Beyond recovered.

ILENE

She's a star.

JIMMY

Yes, I know. It's wonderful... and complicated.

ILENE

I can imagine.

JIMMY

You know, people seldom say "no" to Frankie.

ILENE

I know. She must have been very disappointed with my visit.

JIMMY

She wasn't expecting you'd show up with a boyfriend.

ILENE

Ex-boyfriend.

Jimmy looks at Ilene, and raises his eyebrows. Ilene laughs.

ILENE (CONT'D)

As soon as we got here, he proposed to me.

JIMMY

And?

ILENE

He's going back to Lisbon, tonight.

JIMMY

Poor Gary.

ILENE

Oh, I don't know. Don't get the wrong idea about me, or anything. I'm not some kind of femme fatale.

JIMMY

You must do as you feel.

ILENE

Did someone famous say that?

Jimmy laughs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No, just me.

ILENE

I guess it's true. I have to be true to myself. But now I admit I regret it a little. It means I'll have to start up again that phase of drinks and meals, and dates with men I hardly know. I'm starting to think maybe I'm too old for it.

JIMMY

Careful there. If you're old, what am I.

ILENE

It's completely different for you, men. The older you are, the more attractive you get.

JIMMY

Is that right?

ILENE

Oh, you must know. I'm not going to name names, but you had a good fan base in New York.

JIMMY

Really?

ILENE

Really.

Ilene smiles.

JIMMY

You know, maybe you need a change. Take some time off. Travel.

ILENE

Maybe. I've always loved New York. Really had a love affair with it for the longest time. But lately I find every little thing about it irritating. The amount of people, the constant development, the noise, the terrible subways.

Now Jimmy laughs.

ILENE (CONT'D)

It's true! All my favorite restaurants are gone, or going soon.

JIMMY

Not Keen's!

ILENE

But you can't eat at Keen's every night.

JIMMY

Why not?

Ilene laughs again. It feels good to talk honestly.

ILENE

You know, it's funny. If Gary had proposed to me in New York, maybe I would've answered differently. But here, I don't know. There's something about this place. I actually felt strong.

(pause)

(MORE)

ILENE (CONT'D)

You know Jimmy, I hope to be in London before the end of the year. There's a job, and it's for several months. I hope I can be a support for Frankie. And for you.

JIMMY

When will you be there?

ILENE

Soon. I'm waiting to hear confirmation from the production.

JIMMY

Please, let me know. I'd love to show you around.

Ilene stands still, and hugs herself, tightening her sweatshirt around her shoulders, protecting against the wind. She turns to Jimmy, who is now face to face with her.

ILENE

It's gotten chilly all of a sudden.

JIMMY

I know. I get it now why people say that Sintra is the place where winter goes to spend the summer.

Ilene laughs.

ILENE

I'm not sure I understand that completely, but it sounds true.

Jimmy takes off his jacket.

JIMMY

Here take this...

ILENE

No, please. I'll be fine....

JIMMY

.....I can't watch you shaking like that....

ILENE

...It was just silly not to bring something with me.

JIMMY

.....I could be held responsible if something happens to you.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Even if this will be a touch big  
for you, it will at least keep you  
warm.

He puts the jacket over her shoulders, and she wraps it  
around herself.

They stand silently for a moment.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Shall we continue up, and see if  
the others have arrived?

ILENE

Yes. Of course.

They start walking together, higher up the hill.

51      **EXT. PENINHA SANCTUARY - DAY**

51

On top of the hill, Frankie moves slowly along a terrace  
outside the abandoned sanctuary, a yellow building with  
crumbling walls. The wind blows and a mist surrounds her, as  
she walks along. But Frankie is paying no attention to  
nature. Instead, she is observing the scene taking place  
below.

FRANKIE'S POV: Frankie sees Jimmy and Ilene. They look good  
together, and there's a lightness in Jimmy we haven't seen  
before.

The wind blows a strong gust, and Frankie has to hold the  
fragile wooden rail hard.

FRANKIE'S POV: Jimmy takes his jacket off, and puts it over  
Ilene's shoulders.

She is an unexpected witness to this gentle action, and the  
future that it might herald.

52      **EXT. PENINHA SANCTUARY - DAY**

52

At another spot on the hill, Michel stands with his  
binoculars to his eyes. He drops them, and we can see in his  
face that he has seen everything.

53      **EXT. PENINHA SANCTUARY - DAY**

53

Paul is walking up the road, when he passes by the ruins of  
an old house. He slows down when he sees a COUPLE making out  
against the walls.

The hands of the WOMAN caress the back of the MAN's head. She is wearing a shiny bracelet.

Paul comes closer. He can't believe his eyes, but there's no mistake: this is Frankie's bracelet, on this woman's wrist, as she strokes her man's head.

The couple is suddenly aware of Paul's presence, and they pull apart. They are the flower sellers, Bianca and her boyfriend João Miguel, who were last seen fighting earlier on. They see Paul, and decide to leave.

Paul keeps on his way, but turns around to catch a glimpse of the couple walking hand in hand, going down the road. The Vendor steals a kiss on the Bianca's neck, while she laughs, very much in love.

54

**EXT./INT. PENINHA SANCTUARY/ABANDONED CHAPEL - DAY**

54

We see a small chapel perched on top of the hillside.

Frankie is inside, an abandoned ruin made of stone walls and wooden floors. Instead of doors and windows, just their gaps between walls.

It's dark, quiet and there's nothing to see, like a death chamber. Frankie touches the walls, feeling the rock, and listening to her own footsteps. She sees a stream of water running down the old wall. She extends her hand, and feels the water on her skin.

Outside, a few clouds fly by against the still blue sky, taken by strong winds.

Frankie hears a sound, and in the rear of the chapel, almost in darkness, she sees Tiago, with his cell phone and a lit cigarette.

He and Frankie look at each other for a moment, warily, and then Frankie starts moving slowly, leaving the Sanctuary, and heading towards the light outside.

55

**EXT. PENINHA SANCTUARY - DAY**

55

Frankie walks outside the chapel, and onto a rocky pasture.

The wind blasts and a cloud blows intermittently against the sky. She tightens up her jacket, protecting herself against a sudden chill.

She walks ahead, to the edge of the cliff in front of her, and the long drop below.

Frankie looks out to the sea. Time stops for long moment.

And then she turns to see what's behind her.

Coming to meet her from different directions are Jimmy and Ilene, and Paul. Not far are Ian and Sylvia, with Maya behind them. In the rear is Michel, with Tiago helping him navigate the rocks and the climb.

And then, as if always, Jimmy is beside Frankie. He puts his arm around her. She feels his presence, his body, his weight, and then -- before the others have even fully arrived to see the view -- Frankie is ready to go, ready to continue.

FRANKIE

*On y va?*

And without pause or hesitation, she leads Jimmy and the rest back towards the town, back towards what's ahead for her, for all of them.

As she arrives at Michel, he puts up a fuss for a moment as to missing the view. But Frankie insists, and he and Tiago turn around and follow the rest, as the head down and away.

Clouds come and go.

And then, the sky clears up momentarily, and we marvel at the spectacular view of the sun setting on the entire Sintra coastline down below - the mountains, the towns, the tree tops, the white beach, and the infinite ocean.