

THIRD PERSON

written by

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OVER BLACK

VOICE

(A whisper. A boy?)

Watch me.

(a woman?)

Watch me.

1 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - NEW ORLEANS -- MORNING (DAY ONE) 1

Curtains pulled, the room as dark as a cave, MICHAEL LEARY sits smoking in the boutique hotel's best non-smoking suite, the coffee cup he is using for an ashtray overflowing as he worries over the manuscript on his laptop, which sits beside a half-drunk bottle of Italian red.

Michael looks like he just heard the voice, or had a thought. He dismisses it, turns back to his computer and presses PRINT.

Pages spill into the tray of the printer. Michael pops the top off a bottle of prescription medication, shakes two into his palm and reaches for his wine glass. Leans back, his worried eyes fixed on the screen. He punches a key and the printer stops. He curses under his breath. He leans forward to read.

2 EXT. THERESA'S HOME - NEW YORK -- EARLY MORNING 2

THERESA LOWRY, 40ish, stands at the deep end of her pool, staring at the surface of the water. Classically beautiful, her marble facade shows only the slightest hint of the inner torment this simple action induces. She curls her toes over the edge, steels herself...then changes her mind and grabs her robe from the deck, cursing her cowardice.

3 INT. ELAINE'S HOME - CONNECTICUT -- EARLY MORNING 3

ELAINE, 40ish, elegant, steps into her kitchen wearing a robe, talking on her cell phone, annoyed with the caller.

ELAINE

(sarcastic)

Oh good advice, Mom; is that how you kept dad so long?.... No really, thanks for stating the obvious again; talk to you later.

She hits END and tosses her phone onto the counter. It slides along the marble and tips into the sink, where a breakfast skillet sits soaking. CLOSE ON THE PHONE -- the photo of a grinning, bare-chested young boy. The screen shorts out and goes black. ELAINE curses her stupidity and reaches in to retrieve it.

4 INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK CITY -- MORNING

4

JULIA CARSON scoops a handful of water from her bathroom sink and swallows two pills. She is attractive, 30's and harried. She doesn't appear to be a person who deals with stress well, but is making a tremendous effort. She flushes the toilet, while she speaks into her cheap prepaid cell phone.

JULIA  
(into phone)  
Sorry, I was waiting for these people--  
No, no, I'm on the way.

And at that moment her front door buzzer sounds. Julia ignores it and hurries into her bedroom. She finds her shoes next to her bed -- which is just a mattress on the floor, picks up her Casio watch from the cardboard box she uses as a bedside table. The buzzer sounds again as Julia strides into what was the dining room - now a make-shift office crammed with file boxes, legal papers and food wrappers. She stuffs a file into a shopping bag she uses as a briefcase and heads out -- pausing at the doorway of a child's bedroom -- neat, fully-furnished and beautiful. The buzzer sounds again. Julia jams her finger into the intercom button.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
WHAT?!

MAN'S VOICE  
We're here to look at the sofa for sale.

JULIA  
You're an hour late!

She takes the stairs.

5 INT. ROME FIUMICINO AIRPORT - GATE -- DAY

5

A flight is boarding; the lovely Italian GATE ATTENDANT speaks into the phone; her voice spills out of the P.A.

GATE ATTENDANT  
We apologize for the delay. Now boarding all remaining New York passengers.

She hangs up and turns back to SEAN, the frustrated businessman in the great suit who stands sweating at the counter. He is in his forties, looks tired, and is trying his damndest not to throttle the lovely gate attendant.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SEAN

I don't think you understand: I was on last night's flight.

GATE ATTENDANT

Yes, sir. Flight 734.

SEAN

-- Which was canceled because your baggage handlers went on strike.

GATE ATTENDANT

Yes, sir.

SEAN

And the woman at this desk promised I would get on this morning's flight.

GATE ATTENDANT

But she gave you no ticket.

SEAN

Because the computers were down.

GATE ATTENDANT

Ah, yes.

SEAN

And since she made that promise, I slept right over there. Now you are saying you don't have a seat for me.

GATE ATTENDANT

No, sir. The only seats we have are in business class.

SEAN

So, put me in business class.

GATE ATTENDANT

I can do that only with the approval of my supervisor.

SEAN

So, get your supervisor.

GATE ATTENDANT

I am afraid she can't leave the ticket counter.

SEAN

Okay.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

SEAN (CONT'D)

So, you are saying that the only way to get on this flight is for me to go downstairs to see her, then come back through passport control and security.

GATE ATTENDANT

Yes, sir.

SEAN

At which point, this flight will have left.

GATE ATTENDANT

Oh yes, certainly.

SEAN

(annoyed, re: heat)

Aren't airports all over the world air conditioned?

GATE ATTENDANT

I believe yes.

SEAN

(counts to ten in his head)

Fine. I'll upgrade using my points. Can I do that?

GATE ATTENDANT

Of course.

SEAN

...Can I do that now?

GATE ATTENDANT

At the ticket counter.

SEAN

(beat, he gives up)

When is the next flight?

GATE ATTENDANT

Tomorrow at eight in the A.M.

SEAN

Can I get on that plane?

GATE ATTENDANT

I am sure, yes. You just need to see the gate attendant, as our computers are down.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

She said that without a trace of irony.

SEAN

You know there is a reason why nothing gets done in Italy?

GATE ATTENDANT

Excuse me, Sir.

She picks up the phone and speaks into it as Sean stares.

GATE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

This will be a final call for Alitalia Flight 702 to New York....

He turns and walks away with his carry-on bags as she continues the announcement.

6 EXT. NEW ORLEAN'S AIRPORT -- DAY

6

ANNA BARR, late 20s, moves up in the taxi line pushing a cart-load of luggage. If one were to struggle to find only one word to describe her it would be sensual. Hair in a ponytail, she wears sunglasses, a small-brimmed hat and comfortable traveling clothes. The TAXI DRIVER steps out to help her with her luggage.

7 EXT. ROME FIUMICINO AIRPORT -- DAY

7

A very heavy police presence; a bomb sniffing dog pays Sean some passing interest. He finally gets a taxi. He climbs into the back seat.

SEAN

A business hotel. Someplace close. Per favore.

ITALIAN TAXI DRIVER

No.

SEAN

No?

ITALIAN TAXI DRIVER

Hotels here very bad. I take you someplace nice. The real Roma.

SEAN

I don't want the real Roma. I want air conditioning.

ITALIAN TAXI DRIVER

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

SEAN

Do YOU have air conditioning?

ITALIAN TAXI DRIVER

Yes, is on.

SEAN

Is on? Think you can turn it up?

ITALIAN TAXI DRIVER

Is bad for gas. Wait, you see, it gets very cool.

8 EXT./INT. TAXI - NEW ORLEANS STREETS -- DAY

8

START CLOSE ON A MANUSCRIPT as delicate fingers trace the lines, finds one of them offensive and STRIKES IT OUT. The pen slips as THE TAXI BRAKES HARD.

DRIVER

Sorry, Miss.

ANNA throws a look outside, sees they are getting close.

ANNA

Jesus.

She pulls off her sweatshirt, unsnaps her sports bra and dips down below the seat. The DRIVER glances in the mirror to see her come back up wearing a lacy bra, stuffing her arms into a designer blouse. She catches the driver watching and flashes him a smile before the car moves on.

9 INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM -- DAY

9

Julia checks her watch, as a train pulls up. Not hers. She looks to the man next to her.

JULIA

Is the express train not running?

The man nods to the notice on the post. Julia reads it -- not the clearest statement, but the gist is that there are no express trains at this station today. She turns back to get on the train but the doors close.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Come on!

The train pulls out without her.

10 EXT. ROME - AREA NEAR CENTRAL TRAIN STATION -- DAY 10

The radio blasts the news in Italian. Sean has his head out the window, trying to catch a breeze. He is almost decapitated as the driver swerves dangerously around several dark-skinned IMMIGRANTS crossing the street illegally. They jump out of his path and scream at him. The driver screams insults at them and drives on. Sean notices the long line of immigrants outside a government office, and milling around in groups.

11 EXT. CENTRAL STATION AREA - ROME HOTEL -- DAY 11

The cab stops; Sean digs for his wallet as the driver gets out and retrieves the luggage. Not the most picturesque area of Rome.

SEAN

Sixty euros. Sure glad we avoided the pricey airport hotel.

ITALIAN TAXI DRIVER

(nods to bar across street)

You like pizza? Best pizza in Roma.

Sean takes his carry-on bags and steps into the hotel lobby.

12 INT. RICK'S LOFT - ARTIST'S STUDIO - BROOKLYN -- DAY 12

We are in an incredible loft, the kind you only have if you are a very, very successful artist, the entire top floor of an old factory. Rick dips his son's hand in a bucket of red paint.

JESSE

Yuck!

RICK

Don't say yuck, this is daddy's work.

JESSE

(laughing)

Yuck!

Sam, Rick's girlfriend, enters smiling.

RICK

You calling my art yuck?

But Jesse's mood is changing fast.

JESSE

I don't like it.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

RICK  
Okay. Spread it on the canvas.

JESSE  
I want it off my hand.

RICK  
So spread it on here. Like this.

Rick shows him how to do it.

JESSE  
I don't want to.

RICK  
Come on, you can do it.

JESSE  
Wipe it off.

RICK  
Wipe it off on here. We put the  
paint on then pull this off and see  
what's underneath. It'll be a big  
surprise.

Jesse wipes his hand on Rick's shirt.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hey! What's with that?!

JESSE  
I want it off!

Rick grabs a rag and thrusts it at his son.

RICK  
Fine! Wipe it off!

SAM  
Give me your hand.

Sam wipes Jesse's hand as Rick walks off. He turns and looks back, knowing he screwed up. Sam nods for him to come back -- he does and she gives him a small, loving kiss, letting him know everything will be okay. This is why he loves her.

13 INT. SUBWAY CAR -- DAY

13

The car comes to a halt between stations. Julia looks around - what now?? The conductor makes an announcement requesting passengers' patience, as there is construction on the line. They will be moving again in a few minutes.

14 INT. ROME HOTEL ROOM -- DAY 14

A large room, old but surprisingly well-appointed. However, by the look on Sean's face we can tell it's boiling. Sean repeatedly flips the switch on the air conditioning unit under the window. Gets nothing. Resigned, he turns and exits the room.

15 EXT. ROME HOTEL -- DAY 15

Sean steps out onto the sidewalk. His taxi driver stands leaning against his car, talking to a MAN in a black leather motorcycle jacket with a red stripe down the sleeves who has his back to the hotel. The taxi driver sees Sean, smiles and waves. Sean returns it with a false smile.

SEAN

(calling)

Made enough to retire, did you?  
Glad I could help.

The driver smiles back. Sean crosses the street.

16 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NEW ORLEANS -- DAY 16

Those having coffee outside this boutique hotel pay no attention to the taxi driver who removes Anna's luggage and steps to the rear passenger door and raps on the window.

DRIVER

Ready, Miss?

Anna cracks the door. The driver opens it to reveal a fabulous pair of legs. Gracious fingers struggle to zip up a black skirt, toes are strapped into a pair of killer heels, then those same hands jam Uggs and traveling clothes into a carry-on bag. Her feet find the curb, her hand takes the driver's and Anna steps out, transformed.

ANNA

Thank you.

She gives him a smile -- better payment than a tip. The driver passes her bags to the doorman as Anna enters the hotel lobby.

17 INT. PIZZERIA, ROME -- DAY INT. PIZZERIA, ROME -- DAY 17

The decor is cheap and garish. Posters of local teams adorn the walls. As Sean enters, a tinny voice from a plastic box affixed to the door announces "Pizza Marco," as it does every time someone steps through. Sean takes a stool and throws a look to the ceiling fan that does nothing to cool the room. The bartender nods.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MARCO

Che prendi?

SEAN

You have beer?

The bartender takes one off the shelf.

SEAN (CONT'D)

COLD beer.

MARCO

No cold.

SEAN

What about Coke?

He reaches for a can of Coke off the same shelf.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You don't have anything cold?

MARCO

What you want?

SEAN

Give me the beer.

The bartender uncaps a warm bottle and puts it on the bar. Sean sips. Then hears a door in the back open, sees a woman step out of the bathroom. MONICA. She looks like a tawdry version of Sophia Loren - loud clothing, cheap costume jewelry, bad makeup, dark complexion.

As she returns to her stool Sean notices the plastic bags and worn luggage by her feet. She snatches up a pay phone before she sits, checks there is a dial tone and replaces it on the hook. Satisfied, she motions for the bartender to pour her another drink. The bartender motions for the money. She slaps it down. The bartender opens a small cooler and Sean notes the frigid air escaping. The bartender retrieves an icy bottle of Limoncella and refills Monica's glass. He watches her drink. Monica notices.

MONICA

(in Italian)

You have a problem?

SEAN

Sorry?

MONICA

You want something?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

SEAN  
One of those. What is that?

MONICA  
(to marco)  
Dagli un bichiere di Limoncello.

Sean drinks, smiles.

SEAN  
(to Monica)  
Thanks.

MONICA  
Sorry.

SEAN  
No problem.

MONICA  
You are the first man who wants me  
for my Limoncella.

SEAN  
Oh, I doubt that.

She looks back at him, surprised by his charming come-back.  
She drinks, as does Sean.

18 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- DAY

18

Michael sits staring at the manuscript on his computer screen.  
The phone on the desk rings, he answers. Listens.

MICHAEL  
Does she appear to be armed?  
(beat)  
Humor, which apparently doesn't travel  
more than one floor. Send her up.

He drops the phone back onto its cradle, stares at the screen  
again. Presses print. Once again pages spill into the  
printer tray. He forces himself to stand and walk into the  
closet, coming back with a Valentino bag. He places it on  
the sofa. Thinks about it; not all that pleased with himself.

19 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ELEVATOR -- DAY

19

As the elevator rises, Anna smiles and blushes at a memory  
of her and Michael together. The man across from her notices  
and smiles. He steps out on the fifth floor, leaving Anna  
mortified.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

The door opens on the sixth and Anna struts the length of the hall -- she lets her face flush with anticipation -- and then, realizing she is losing control, she pushes those feelings down into her stomach. She tugs her manuscript from her bag and curls it in her hand.

20 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- DAY

20

Michael opens the door to Anna.

ANNA

You really had to fly me here on points?

He stares at her, whatever he felt gone in that instant.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(offering manuscript)  
Do you want to read it?

MICHAEL

(confirming)  
Do I want to read your short story.

ANNA

Deadline for submissions is next Friday.

He turns and walks away, letting the door close on her. She catches it and steps in.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You said if I came you'd read it.

MICHAEL

(refilling his glass)  
Drop it anywhere. Nice seeing you.

ANNA

(changing tactics)  
You going to offer me a glass?

MICHAEL

And watch it turn to vinegar? I don't think so.

ANNA

So, you want me to leave? After I just flew all the way here.

MICHAEL

On points. If I cared I would have paid cash.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

A smile forces its way onto her lips. He notices.

ANNA

You don't even want to have sex?

MICHAEL

Appreciate the offer; thanks anyway.

He grabs his blazer and pulls it on.

ANNA

You know how much that turns me on?

MICHAEL

(heading for the door)

Sadly, yes.

ANNA

...Okay.

She turns and he follows him to the door.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Quite the suite. Had a lot of women  
in here?

He opens the door and holds it for her.

MICHAEL

Just the requisite amount.

She hesitates in the doorway.

ANNA

When can I expect your notes?

MICHAEL

I'm pretty busy.

ANNA

Okay.

She kisses him on the cheek, lingers near his ear, then breaks  
and turns away.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Nice seeing you, too.

She takes one step into the hall, he grabs her arm and pulls  
her back into his. He tries to kiss her. She avoids his  
lips.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

ANNA (CONT'D)

This isn't really mentor-ly behavior.

He pulls her legs up around his waist and carries her into --

THE BEDROOM

and tosses her on the bed and is on top of her. He tries to kiss her; again she avoids his lips. He yanks up her dress and takes her. He thrusts deep inside her. She lets out a sharp gasp of involuntary delight.

21 INT. PIZZERIA, ROME -- DAY

21

It's even hotter, if that's possible. Monica makes notes on her small pad -- as if she is planning her life. Sean is starting to feel no pain. He signals to the bartender.

SEAN

Another, please. In fact, how much for a bottle?

MARCO

Cosa?

SEAN

How much dinero por la bottle of Limoncello?

Monica has to smile as the bartender stares at him, mystified.

MONICA

(in Italian)

How much for the bottle.

MARCO

(in Italian)

Tell him thirty-five euros and I'll give you five.

MONICA

(in Italian)

Twenty-five and I don't want your money.

MARCO

(in Italian)

No, you'll get him drunk and make your money later.

MONICA

(in Italian)

Are you calling me a whore?!

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

SEAN

Hey-hey-hey! Quando dinero?

MONICA

Twenty-five euros.

SEAN

Great. We'll take a botteille.

The bartender scowls at Monica but places a new bottle on the bar. Monica smiles to herself, seeing how Sean defused the situation. Sean pours a glass for the bartender.

SEAN (CONT'D)

There you go. Grazi. Pass it around.

MARCO

(in Italian)

To your health. And wear two condoms.

SEAN

You're very welcome.

Monica doesn't rise to the insult. Sean downs his Limoncella.

MONICA

You know that is alcohol.

SEAN

I'm starting to become aware of that.

Which elicits another small smile from her. Sean offers her more Limoncello. She demurs. Sean downs a small glass, takes a moment. He takes his cell from his pocket and checks a message.

SEAN (CONT'D)

My daughter.

MONICA

(after a moment)

How old?

SEAN

Ten.

MONICA

(a moment)

Mine is nine.

SEAN

Great age.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

MONICA

(beat)

I haven't seen her in two years.

SEAN

I'm sorry.

A small smile escapes her lips.

MONICA

I see her tomorrow.

(re: Limoncella)

I'm celebrating. I never drink.

SEAN

I can see that. To your daughter.

MONICA

To yours. Salute.

Sean can't help but be infected by her smile and grins back. A moment. The ancient PAY PHONE on the bar CLANGS. Marco reaches for it but Monica snatches it up first.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Pronto.

MARCO

(in Italian)

You don't answer my phone!

She ignores him, snaps her fingers and motions that she needs a piece of paper. Marco ignores her. It's hard to hear with the loud game on the TV.

MONICA

(into phone)

Stop-stop! One minute!

Sean searches his jacket pockets and finds a pen. Monica grabs it and mimes: "No paper??" She digs in her bag, pulls a 20 euro note out of an envelope full of cash and writes on it: a phone number. Sean watches curiously.

MONICA (CONT'D)

(into phone/Italian)

What time? I don't have a phone, I will call you. Fine.

She hangs up, shoulders her bags and heads for the door.

Sean watches her go, wondering about the meaning of brief encounters such as this.

22 INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

22

GINA, a very pregnant assistant, raps and opens the door.

GINA

She's here.

THERESA, power suit, stands packing her briefcase. She checks her watch as Julia enters, flushed and sweaty.

JULIA

I am *so* sorry.

THERESA

I have to be in court, Julia. I thought we talked about this.

JULIA

It really wasn't my fault --

THERESA

It never is. I spoke with Judge Hartnett, he's agreed to a second psychiatric assessment.

JULIA

That shrink hated me before I even walked in.

THERESA

Let's make a better impression with this one, because his statement was really damaging.

JULIA

Did the judge even look at the report? It was an accident! How many kids have died because of dry cleaning bags?! I was right there! I saved his life!

THERESA

Julia! You failed the lie detector test!

JULIA

I was the one who insisted on doing it!

THERESA

And I told you it was a bad idea.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

THERESA (CONT'D)

(as Julia is about to object)  
It doesn't matter! Right now we  
have to convince the judge that you  
are stable enough to at least get  
visitation again.

JULIA

What's the hurry? It's only been  
twelve months!

THERESA

You haven't been helping yourself.  
Did you get a job?

JULIA

Did I get one? I've had three!

THERESA

You have to be able to keep one,  
Julia!

JULIA

It's all over the internet! You try  
sitting in an office while your "co-  
workers" are whispering about how  
you tried to kill your son.

THERESA

Do you want him back?

JULIA

What kind of question is that?

THERESA

Then plug your ears, bite your tongue  
and keep a job. We need a positive  
report. Gina will give you the  
address. Four o'clock tomorrow.

JULIA

Great. My first day and I have to  
ask to leave early.

THERESA

Use that smile of yours.

JULIA

(that's a laugh)  
Right. Thanks.

And Theresa hustles out.

23 INT. PIZZERIA, ROME -- DAY

23

MARCO is on the phone, talking animatedly. Sean hears "Pizza Marco" as the door opens. He looks, hoping Monica has returned, but it's a couple of Marco's buddies. Sean takes another drink then glances to the seat at the far end of the bar where she sat -- and notices a small backpack on the floor. He steps to it and picks it up, shows the bartender.

SEAN  
She left this.

MARCO  
Cosa?

SEAN  
The woman; this is her bag.

Marco's face goes white.

MARCO  
Bomba.

SEAN  
What?

MARCO  
Bomba! Bomba!

The patrons exit as Marco grabs his cell phone and heads for the door.

SEAN  
It's not a bomba!

But the bartender is already on the phone to the police.

MARCO  
Luigi, una zingara ha lasciato una  
borsa Cazzo, mandi qualcuno!  
(etc.)

SEAN  
Oh Jesus Christ.

Sean watches as the bartender and the old man cross the street join the taxi driver.

Sean places the backpack on the bar, opens the top zipper.

24 EXT. ROME - HOTEL -- DAY

24

The man from the front desk comes out and joins the other curious neighbors who have gathered around the bartender who is on the phone with the police.

MARCO  
(telling police he has a  
bomb in his pizzeria)

A neighboring BUSINESS owner who speaks English sees Sean alone in the pizzeria. He crosses toward him, calling:

BUSINESS OWNER  
Mister, you must leave the pizzeria!  
It is a bomba!

Sean picks up the open backpack and storms out of the pizzeria towards them.

BUSINESS OWNER (CONT'D)  
No, no, mister! Leave it!

The NEIGHBORS see him coming and start to yell at the idiot.

SEAN  
It's not a bomb! Look!

The bartender and others YELL at him not to come closer.

BUSINESS OWNER  
Mister, put it down!

SEAN  
It's not a bomb! It's children's  
clothing! Look for yourself!

Sean digs his hand into the open backpack and pulls out a small dress and pair of sneakers. The business owner reluctantly checks it out, then turns and calls back to Marco.

BUSINESS OWNER  
(in Italian)  
It's not a bomb. It's shoes.

MARCO  
(yells back in Italian)  
It could be a shoe bomb!

SEAN  
What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BUSINESS OWNER

He says it could be shoe bombs.

SEAN

It's not shoe bombs!  
 (shows him shoes)  
 Does it look like a shoe bomb?

BUSINESS OWNER

(calls to Marco in Italian)  
 It's not shoe bombs.

MARCO

(in Italian)  
 Are you the bomb squad? Do you know  
 what shoe bombs looks like?!

BUSINESS OWNER

(argues in Italian)  
 It's children shoes! How much would  
 they blow up?! You are causing  
 trouble for nothing! Why are you  
 scaring away my business?!

NEIGHBORS take sides in the argument. Sean sees this could  
 take forever. He hands the backpack to the desk clerk.

SEAN

Keep it in case she comes back. I'm  
 going to go look for her.

The business owner takes the backpack and continues his  
 argument from the middle of the street as Sean jogs off in  
 the direction of the train station.

OLD MAN

(in Italian)  
 See? He's running away! He knows  
 it's shoe bombs!

The argument rages on.

25 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- DAY

25

Michael steps out of the shower and snatches a towel.

ANNA (O.S.)

I'm not the one with the Pulitzer  
 Prize --

MICHAEL

-- and for his first book; kind of  
 amazing when you think of it.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

ANNA (O.S.)  
-- and none since --

MICHAEL  
-- jealous bastards --

ANNA (O.S.)  
-- but explain this to me: doesn't  
one write a journal in order to  
understand oneself?

MICHAEL  
Thinking of keeping one?

He glances in the bathroom mirror, sees Anna lying half-naked on the bed, her bad mood a distant memory. He doesn't notice that she is reading his journal. It's a distinctive book with a bright cover.

ANNA  
No. Just don't understand why you  
call yourself "He"? "He thought  
this; she said that."

MICHAEL  
You aren't supposed to be reading  
that.

ANNA  
Don't want me to know how much you  
missed me?

He lunges and grabs it. She screams and laughs. He tosses it in the safe in the closet and locks it.

We FOLLOW ANNA into the living room. She spots the manuscript pages on the floor and starts picking them up.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
(re: his manuscript)  
I thought you already sent the book  
to your editor.

MICHAEL  
There are no more editors; I sent it  
to my publisher

ANNA  
(re: pages)  
So?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

Michael enters wearing only his jeans. He takes the pages and drops them on his desk, along with a pile of previous versions.

MICHAEL

So, he's reading.

ANNA

(re: pages)

So, what are you doing?

MICHAEL

Waiting for you to notice the bag on the chair.

She turns and spots the Valentino bag. She scampers to it, yanks out the box.

ANNA

Oh my God. I love it!

MICHAEL

(laughs)

You haven't even seen it.

ANNA

Doesn't matter, I love it!

She tears it open and pulls out an incredible dress and squeals in delight, doing a little dance as she tugs off her clothes and pulls it on as Michael smiles. She turns to the mirror and twirls. Michael watches, enchanted by her child-like glee. She turns and throws her arms around his neck.

ANNA (CONT'D)

She may have something for him, too.

MICHAEL

Really?

ANNA

She may have been carrying it for six weeks. Waiting to decide if you're worth it.

MICHAEL

Want to tell me what it is?

ANNA

Make me.

He leans in to kiss her, she moves her face and he finds her neck.

26 INT. ROME CENTRAL STATION -- DAY 26

Sean searches, but there are too many people and too many trains and he doesn't know her destination.

27 EXT. ROME CENTRAL TRAIN STATION -- DAY 27

As Sean exits he notices the MAN IN BLACK LEATHER JACKET with the red stripe sitting astride his motorcycle. Sean eyes him suspiciously, then sees the man wave at a WOMAN coming out of the station with a bag. Sean crosses the street.

28 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- LATER 28

Michael sleeps naked on the bed. Anna dresses. Her cell phone pings. She checks the text, considers just deleting it. COME TO ME, MY LOVE. She considers erasing it, but instead types: CAN'T. WITH A GIRLFRIEND. She lies there for a second, disturbed, then gets up and dresses.

29 INT. ROME HOTEL ROOM -- DAY 29

Sean stares at his laptop. He hits ENTER again. And again the screen says "You have no internet connection." He steps to his window to get some air, looks out at the street below.

30 INT. PIZZERIA, ROME -- DAY 30

As Sean returns he hears raised voices from inside. As he enters he sees Monica, open backpack in hand, arguing with the bartender. Several other neighbors now sit at the bar watching the theater.

MONICA

It could be under the counter! It could be in the trash! You're not doing anything; just look!

MARCO

I looked! There's nothing here!

MONICA

If you looked you would find it! It has to be here!

SEAN

What's going on?

MONICA

(in English)  
My money! It was in my bag.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MARCO

Maybe it's in another bag.

MONICA

It's not in another bag!! I told you it was in here!!

MARCO

Why are you yelling at me? Yell at him! He was the one alone with it.

She turns to look at Sean.

MONICA

You had my bag?

SEAN

For two seconds! I was looking for you!

MONICA

I don't care who took it; I just want my money!

SEAN

Did you check your wallet?

MONICA

It's five thousand euros!

MARCO

She had five thousand euros but no cell phone.

MONICA

Don't make me call the police. Just give me my money and I'll leave!

MARCO

You're calling me a thief? In my own restaurant?

MONICA

(explodes)

You call this a restaurant?!  
Cockroaches refuse to eat here!  
Give me my money!

MARCO

Okay! Out!

He comes around the bar. Sean tries to step in between them.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

SEAN  
Just settle down.

MARCO  
Fucking zingera insults my restaurant.  
(in English)  
You out, too.

He pushes past Sean and grabs Monica, forcing her toward the door. Sean is too stunned to move.

MONICA  
Keep your hands off me!!

MARCO  
(using the word "zingera")  
Dirty gypsy, you are lucky I touch  
you at all!

As Marco manhandles her:

MONICA  
(to Sean)  
You're just going to look at him?!

SEAN  
Hey, come on!

MARCO  
OUT!

MONICA  
FUCK YOU! GIVE ME MY MONEY!

Marco pushes her out the door and onto the street. Sean stands there shocked as Marco struts back in cursing, again using the word "zingera." Sean heads for the door and...

31 EXT. PIZZERIA -- CONTINUOUS

31

Steps out to see Monica sprawled on the sidewalk, shoving children's clothing back into the bag. The clothing is neatly folded, some with price tags. She ignores her bleeding elbow.

SEAN  
Are you okay?

She ignores him. Sean picks up clothing and hands it to her; she snatches it from his hands and strides off. He considers what to do, then follows.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Excuse me? Miss?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

She ignores him and keeps walking. She doesn't want to turn and show him that she is crying.

SEAN (CONT'D)

The train station is the other way.

MONICA

If I don't have money, why do I need a fucking train?!

SEAN

Do you need money for a ticket?

MONICA

(stops suddenly)

You want to help? GO GET MY MONEY!!

And she wheels and storms off again.

SEAN

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have left the bag.

MONICA

Or stole my money.

SEAN

Lady, if I stole your money, why would I come back?!

MONICA

My daughter's money. Ask her to forgive you, not me.

SEAN

(flustered)

I didn't -- ! Let's go back there right now! We'll talk to the police and get your money!

MONICA

Really? They are going to believe me? Leave me alone!

She stops at the intersection, looks back and forth, as if trying to decide which way to go.

SEAN

Where are you going?

(she doesn't respond)

What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

She ignores him, keeps looking, as if one of the streets will give her the answer. She looks lost, her impenetrable facade crumbling before his eyes.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I feel really bad about what happened.  
And I'd like to help you.  
(she still doesn't look)  
My name's Sean.

She finally looks at him, and allows him to glimpse the depth of her anguish and uncertainty.

32 EXT. NEW ORLEANS - BAYONA RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

32

The two lovers steal looks at each other from across their courtyard table. Michael can't help but marvel at Anna.

ANNA

Stop smiling.

MICHAEL

Why?

ANNA

It's annoying. And people are looking. So, can you read it tonight?

MICHAEL

(amused)  
You're relentless.

ANNA

I need to know if it's good enough.

MICHAEL

Has anyone else read it?

ANNA

I gave it to James Stanton.

MICHAEL

Really? How do you know James?

ANNA

He introduced himself.

MICHAEL

He did.

ANNA

At Jason Ferris's opening.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

MICHAEL

I can't leave you alone in Manhattan.

ANNA

Please. Anywhere.

MICHAEL

James is a hell of a writer.

ANNA

He certainly is.

MICHAEL

So, what did James have to say?

ANNA

He hasn't read it. We're having drinks next week.

MICHAEL

What a relief. If you have James' opinion, you don't need mine.

ANNA

That's not true. Most editors are older -- I need to know what older people think.

MICHAEL

Then we'll look for someone old to read it for you.

ANNA

You'll do.

MICHAEL

But what if it's no good? I'll have to stop loving you.

ANNA

Oh, don't worry, I'll stop first.

MICHAEL

I'm sure you will.

She can't help but smile. He can't help but smile back.

ANNA

Stop smiling.

MICHAEL

You first.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

ANNA  
I'm not smiling.

MICHAEL  
Me, neither.  
(beat)  
Wouldn't smile.  
(beat)  
Someone might see.

The waiter approaches. Anna hides her smile in her lap.

33 EXT. ROME - STREET -- NIGHT

33

Monica sits on the curb, finishing a piece of pizza, surrounded by her bags. Sean returns with a Coke and another slice of pizza. He hands her the Coke and sits beside her.

SEAN  
You sure you don't want anything else?

She breaks off a strand of hair and uses it as dental floss. Sean stares, charmed. He's never seen anyone do that before.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
The money was for your daughter?  
(no response)  
What did she need it for?

MONICA  
Someone put her on a boat. That was five thousand. To get off the boat is five again.

SEAN  
What happens now?

She doesn't respond.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Where's her father?  
(no response)  
You are not an easy woman to get to know.

MONICA  
(sarcasm)  
And you are my new best friend.

SEAN  
(beat)  
What if I could get you the money?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MONICA

I'm not worth five thousand euros.

SEAN

Did I say I wanted to fuck you?

MONICA

You have a nice suit for a priest.

SEAN

And you don't look like a whore to me.

MONICA

(that touches her)

So, you know a lot of whores?

SEAN

Been one most of my life.

(beat)

What's a Zingera?

MONICA

Dirt. Someone who makes a game of cans.

SEAN

What?

MONICA

A can game. Someone who takes your money.

SEAN

So, he thought you were lying.

MONICA

So do you, which means you are very stupid to be here.

SEAN

Do I look stupid?

He makes a show of cramming the remaining half of his pizza in his mouth and trying to chew. She almost smiles.

MONICA

You look a little stupid.

SEAN

(with a full mouth)

Best pizza in Roma.

34 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NEW ORLEANS -- NIGHT

34

Michael and Anna walk beside each other, not touching. It's a warm night, so there are a lot of people out. They both steal looks at each other; a lot of sexual tension here.

ANNA

So, if you sent your book to your publisher, why are you still working on it?

MICHAEL

Because something's bothering me about it.

(echoing her with a smile)

I'm not sure if it's good enough.

ANNA

Oh please, you're brilliant, only reason I'm with you.

MICHAEL

So you're with me?

ANNA

(ignoring that)

You want me to read it?

MICHAEL

Not yet.

ANNA

Not even going to tell me what it's about?

MICHAEL

Okay. It's supposed to be about a man who can only feel through the characters he creates.

ANNA

(playfully)

You should be able to write the hell out of that.

MICHAEL

(smiles)

Well, it keeps trying to become something else.

ANNA

Am I in it?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

MICHAEL

I write about what I know.

ANNA

And you know me?

MICHAEL

I fictionalize what I can't  
comprehend.

ANNA

That's a lot of fiction.

(beat)

So, you're going to read mine tonight?

MICHAEL

I had other plans for tonight.

ANNA

If you don't start becoming useful  
I'm going to dump you.

MICHAEL

You've been saying that for two years.  
Don't see it happening.

ANNA

Really?

(beat)

Watch me.

35 INT. ROME HOTEL - LOBBY -- NIGHT

35

Sean and Monica stand across from the desk clerk.

ROME DESK CLERK

I'm sorry, signore, we have no more  
rooms. Big football game.

Monica turns and exits, having expected this.

36 EXT. ROME HOTEL -- NIGHT

36

She gets out the door before Sean catches her.

SEAN

Hey.

MONICA

They have rooms. But not for me.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

SEAN

Then take my bed, I'll sleep in the chair.

MONICA

For how long?

SEAN

All night!

MONICA

(considers, then)

No. I sleep at the train station.

And she turns and walks off down the sidewalk. Sean watches her, believing he's met the most stubborn woman in the world. Sean turns to the door.

37 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

37

Michael and Anna enter. Michael presses the button for TOP FLOOR. Anna presses the number 2.

MICHAEL

You didn't.

ANNA

Don't start.

MICHAEL

You said you were coming to spend the week with me.

ANNA

Did I say in the same room? Enough people are talking about us already.

MICHAEL

Darling, if you don't want to be seen with me, why did we just go to the best restaurant in town?

ANNA

-- Please, that's NOT the best restaurant.

MICHAEL

(amused)

Ok. You win. Stay here, but come to my room.

ANNA

Why is this funny to you?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MICHAEL

I just don't understand you, baby.

ANNA

You're never satisfied. It's not good enough I flew all the way here just to be with you.

MICHAEL

So, be with me.

She just walks off. Michael punches the button for his floor.

38 INT. ROME HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

38

Sean sits near the open window, trying to suck in some cool air from the sweltering night. His cell phone to his ear.

SEAN

Ralph, stop. I'm booked on the eight o'clock flight.

RALPH (O.S.)

(sarcastic)

Tomorrow night; fabulous. Tell me again why you didn't fly business?

SEAN

Tell me why I don't get a bigger cut.

INTERCUT WITH:

39 INT. OFFICE - GARMENT MANUFACTURER - NEW YORK -- DAY

39

Meet RALPH, Sean's partner.

RALPH

You're the only man I know who can squeeze a hundred and ten pennies out of a dollar. Just email me the goddamn photos!

SEAN

And you'll email me the check?

RALPH

Thirteen years, have I ever screwed you? Sean, I need them at least two weeks before their show or they are worthless.

40 INT. ROME HOTEL ROOM - BACK WITH SEAN

40

SEAN  
 (with a smile)  
 Tell you what: you can pick me up at  
 Kennedy and I'll give them to you  
 then.

RALPH  
 You are a trip. I'll be there.

Ralph hangs up. Sean looks around the room, checks his watch,  
 wonders.

41 INT. ROME CENTRAL TRAIN STATION -- NIGHT

41

Monica sleeps sitting more-or-less upright on a bench,  
 surrounded by her bags, using one of them as a pillow.  
 Footsteps approach, and the sound of roller-board wheels.  
 Sean steps in and sits beside her. Monica opens her eyes.

MONICA  
 You must need sex very badly.

He shrugs but still doesn't look at her.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
 Are you married?

SEAN  
 Yes.

She gives him a look as if to say "That explains it."

SEAN (CONT'D)  
 You?

She gives him a look, scrunches up the bag she was using as  
 a pillow and lies down on the bench, her head near his legs.  
 She lies there a moment, tries to get comfortable but the  
 bench is too short.

MONICA  
 Do you mind?

SEAN  
 (stands)  
 No, I'll sit somewhere else.

MONICA  
 Are all Americans so stupid? Sit.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

He does. She bunches her pillow, places it on his legs and lays her head on his lap. She closes her eyes. She would never admit how good this feels. They stay like that, her drifting off to sleep, him staring out at the empty station.

42 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ANNA'S ROOM -- LAT AT NIGHT

42

Wearing comfortable pajamas, Anna sits on her bed, worrying over the manuscript. She tosses it down, picks up her phone, checks for messages; none interest her. She makes a decision, digs her slinkiest black slip out of her luggage.

43 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- NIGHT

43

He opens the door to Anna, who wears a hotel robe.

ANNA

I wanted to see how the reading was going.

MICHAEL

Haven't started yet.

ANNA

Oh.

MICHAEL

Thanks for checking.

He feigns closing the door.

ANNA

I also wanted to return your robe.

She takes it off and hands it to him.

MICHAEL

Thank you. Did you want to come in?

ANNA

No. Unless you don't have anyone to turn the pages for you.

Michael looks over his shoulder into his room.

MICHAEL

She left. But you're not dressed for it.

She slips the straps off her shoulders and the silk hits the carpet.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Pick it up.

She does.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hand it to me.

She does. He closes the door on her. She bursts out laughing and pounds on his door.

ANNA

(whisper)

Open the door!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

MICHAEL

Sorry, tired. Comes with old age.

WITH ANNA IN HALL

ANNA

(laughing)

You have my key!

It appears under the door. She snatches it and scampers off laughing, trying to cover herself.

ANNA (CONT'D)

You are such an asshole!

She pushes through the stairwell door and bounds downward.

44 IN MICHAEL'S ROOM

44

Michael smiles to himself and heads to bed.

45 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

45

The desk clerk watches the security monitor as Anna makes it to her door and into her room. He smiles to himself; just another night in the hospitality business.

46 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ANNA'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

46

Anna rummages through her bag and finds a worn man's T-shirt, probably Michael's. She pulls it on and drops onto her bed. She leans back against the headrest and allows herself to think of him, and how happy she is in this moment. A thought strikes her, she finds her purse and digs out a gift box. Opening it we see the beautiful, expensive watch that she bought for him.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

Staring at it, a tear forms in her eye. She suddenly becomes angry -- with herself -- realizing she has lost control.

She takes the watch, strides into the bathroom. She pulls the stopper, fills the sink, and then drops the watch into the water and walks back to bed.

She picks up her blackberry and scrolls through it -- finds a message from DANIEL. She considers, then opens it.

It reads: FLYING TO MIAMI. JOIN ME.

She deletes it.

47 INT. ROME CENTRAL TRAIN STATION -- DAWN

47

Sean sits exactly as we left him, awake, Monica sound asleep on his lap. He reaches over, eases off her shoes and places them on the floor.

Silence, except for the sound of her snoring. Sean looks down at her, smiles. She shifts slightly and the snoring stops. He looks up and out at the train station, and suddenly his thoughts drift to a dark place -- someplace so dark it almost brings him to tears.

He slips his phone from his pocket, puts it to his ear and listens to the message: his 11 year-old daughter, MEGAN.

MEGAN'S VOICE

Hi Daddy. It's me, Megan. Mommy said we could turn the heater on for the pool but I had to ask you. Can we, please please? I miss you. I'm sorry I didn't feed Choo-Choo. I love you. And...that's it. Bye.

He presses stop, considers, checks that Monica is still sleeping, and then autodials the number 2.

48 INT. A HOUSE - SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA -- NIGHT

48

A comfortable family home. The phone rings. A shadow falls over the answering machine. It beeps and we hear:

SEAN (O.S.)

It's me. You're probably asleep. I'll try tomorrow.

Click. A slender hand reaches in and hits DELETE.

49 INT. ROME CENTRAL TRAIN STATION -- DAWN 49

Sean slips his phone back into his pocket. He checks. Monica is still sleeping.

50 EXT. MERCER STREET - SOHO, NY -- DAY (TWO) 50

Carrying a dry cleaning bag, cell phone to her ear, Julia awkwardly pries open the door to the employees' entrance.

JULIA

I can't keep talking, I'm almost out of minutes. Yeah, laugh; it's hysterical. You're not serious, you're canceling on me again?

51 INT. MERCER HOTEL - EMPLOYEES AREA -- DAY 51

Julia enters the locker room,

JULIA

You read something, didn't you? What?... I am not being paranoid!

She spots GERRY, her boss and friend, and waves hello.

JULIA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Because he's rich and famous.

She kisses Gerry on both cheeks. He looks uncomfortable.

GERRY

You can't be on the phone at work.

JULIA

Sorry, sorry, right off. I have to go. Can you do Sunday? What do you mean you don't know? Okay, I gotta go.

(hangs up)

Really sorry about that. I have no friends left. They either think I'm a child-killer or they're tired of hearing me talk about it.

(to passing maid)

Hi. Julia.

The maid nods and exits.

GERRY

You sure you want to do this?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

JULIA

Are you kidding? I can't even pay my lawyer bill. He made me quit working to have a child, then when I'm too old to book a job he cuts off my support.

GERRY

Hardly too old.

JULIA

(with a smile)

Look at this face.

GERRY

Then let me give you a job at the front desk.

JULIA

Gerry, how many people I know stay here?

(corrects herself)

Used to know. I just want to be invisible. People never look at maids. I didn't.

GERRY

Okay. Get changed and I'll show you around.

JULIA

You are an angel; you know that.

She gives him a hug. Gerry extricates himself, already regretting his decision. She hesitates before telling him:

JULIA (CONT'D)

...I have to leave early today.

(off his reaction)

It's a court-ordered meeting with a shrink, it won't happen again. I mean, I'll try my very best not to let it. I just....

Her facade cracks; her feelings so close to the surface.

GERRY

It's okay. It's okay. Just get your work done.

JULIA

I will. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

She starts to hurriedly undress, as if he isn't even there.

GERRY

Locker room is there.

She smiles, embarrassed by her mistake and exits.

52 EXT. ROME - BANK -- MORNING

52

Sean steps out with an envelope, wheeling his roller-board and suit bag, expecting to see Monica. He looks up and down the street, nothing. Suddenly an orange twenty year old Fiat Punta sputters up and Monica leans on the passenger seat and calls to him.

MONICA

You stand in the street with money?

He gets into passenger seat. Leaving the door open.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Show me.

He hands her the envelope. She counts feverishly.

SEAN

Where did you get the car?  
(ignores him and counts)  
They just counted it.

She gives him an "are you that stupid?" Look & keeps counting.

SEAN (CONT'D)

So, you pick her up in Naples?  
(no answer)  
How far is that?

MONICA

Depend on traffic, an hour and thirty,  
why?

Satisfied the money is all there, she puts it back in the envelope. Sean holds out his hand.

MONICA (CONT'D)

You aren't giving it to me?

SEAN

I am.

MONICA

Then why do you want it?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

SEAN

You can have the money, but I have to go with you.

MONICA

That wasn't the deal.

SEAN

There was no deal. I'm not getting anything out of this.

MONICA

You think I'm lying? You think I am stealing your money?

SEAN

I'm *giving* you my money.

MONICA

You are not giving it; you want it back!

SEAN

I want to make sure you get there with it.

MONICA

And you are going to protect me?  
Like you did in the bar?  
(that stings)  
These are endangered people.

SEAN

(tries not to smile)  
All the more reason you shouldn't go alone.

MONICA

(pretending to understand)  
You want to help, but your way.

SEAN

Sorry; that's the deal.

He holds out his hand. She slaps the envelope in it.

MONICA

Get out.

SEAN

But--

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

MONICA

GET OUT!

He does. She guns the engine and squeals off. He stands there in shock. He was so sure he had the upper hand.

53 INT. MERCER HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

53

A housekeeper, MARGARET, shows Julia how to make a bed.

MARGARET

Lift and tuck. Tight. Like this.

JULIA

(already overwhelmed)

Right. Got it.

They place the cover on the bed, fluff the pillows and tidy up the desk, under:

MARGARET

You always do the list. Soap, shampoo, everything on the list. Desk -- notepaper, under ten sheets you toss it; pen, it's all on the list. So you doing this for a movie or something?

JULIA

What do you mean?

MARGARET

You're not a housekeeper; you like an actress?

JULIA

No.

MARGARET

You never had a job before, I can tell you that.

JULIA

Ha! I worked.

MARGARET

As a model or something, right?

JULIA

I acted a bit. I was on a soap opera. Years ago.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

MARGARET

No shit.

JULIA

I got the job because I could cry on cue.

MARGARET

Which one?

JULIA

As The World Turns.

MARGARET

No, you weren't.

JULIA

I wasn't?

MARGARET

I watch it all the time, you weren't on it. So what is it, you just got out of jail?

JULIA

...Yes.

MARGARET

I can always tell. No shame in it.

JULIA

Thank you.

MARGARET

You just gotta learn to work faster, we're already an hour behind.

They exit to the HALL and step past their carts to the room across the hall.

JULIA

Faster?

MARGARET

(knocks on next door)  
Housekeeping.  
(as she opens it)  
Last one and you're on your own.

She opens the door and they enter to see a room in complete disarray. Julia steps into the bathroom and is met by the overwhelming smell of vomit.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: (2) 53

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Come on, Princess Di.

54 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- MORNING 54

Michael wakes and dials Anna's room. She answers.

MICHAEL  
Sleep well?

She hangs up. He's enjoying this way too much.

55 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING 55

Michael sips his coffee and reads her manuscript. He flips back a couple of pages, troubled.

56 EXT. ROME - STREET NEAR BANK -- MORNING 56

Sean walks, wondering if he made a mistake and should have given her the money. The Punta pulls up and brakes hard.

MONICA  
Get in.

Sean tosses his luggage in the backseat and climbs in.

57 INT. FIAT PUNTA - DRIVING -- MORNING 57

The car is moving before the door is closed.

MONICA  
You don't need to get home to see  
your wife and daughter you love so  
much?

SEAN  
(as she swerves)  
Can you --?

She pulls another even more dangerous move, scattering scooters. She looks at him and dares him to ask. He looks away. She glances at the rearview mirror.

MONICA  
Ay, Madonna!

While driving she reaches into the backseat, searches her plastic bags, ignoring the drivers who weave past her honking and yelling. She finds what she is looking for -- a gaudy rosary with a laminated postcard of a saint hanging from it. She drapes it over the rearview mirror, kisses the saint.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

SEAN

Now I am without fear.

She veers into the roundabout, ignoring the traffic that somehow parts just enough to avoid collisions.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Jesus Mary and Joseph.

58 INT. MERCER HOTEL - TOP FLOOR SUITE -- DAY

58

The colors, decor and style of furniture are totally different, but the rooms are laid out almost exactly as Michael's suite in New Orleans.

Julia works, sweating. She grabs half an uneaten sandwich off the guest's tray and shoves it in her mouth as she finishes the bed.

She checks the bathroom, grabs the trash bag and heads out to the living room.

Her cell phone rings and she puts down the trash bag by the desk to answer it. She looks at the message on the phone screen:

YOU HAVE 2 MINUTES LEFT. PLEASE RECHARGE. She ignores the message and answers the phone.

JULIA

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

59 INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

59

Theresa is grabbing files and stuffing them in her briefcase.

THERESA

Gina's water broke and I have to be in a deposition in twenty minutes.

JULIA

What's wrong?

THERESA

Other than that? Nothing. Dr. Gertner had to move the meeting to her office. I'll text you the address.

JULIA

I'm almost out of minutes.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

THERESA

What do you mean?

JULIA

It's a prepaid phone and I'm almost out of minutes. And I'm not supposed to be on it.

THERESA

Okay, write this down.  
(gives her address)

60 INT. MERCER HOTEL - TOP FLOOR SUITE -- CONTINUOUS

60

Julia snatches the last piece of note paper from the pad on the desk crowded with manuscript pages and writes down the address. She reacts to the sound of the door opening.

JULIA

I gotta go.

She hangs up as the GUEST enters. In trying to pocket her cell phone before the guest sees it, she knocks over the dish he is using for an ashtray.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Oh God. I am so sorry. I'll get it cleaned up right away.

We never see the guest in focus but we could swear it's MICHAEL's VOICE.

MALE GUEST

It's okay. I shouldn't have been smoking in here.

Panicked, Julia grabs the portable vacuum and cleans up the ashes. The guest stoops to pick up the butts.

JULIA

I can do this, really. I'll come back and finish when you're done.

MALE GUEST

It's fine. I'm just going to mess it up again.

JULIA

You're very sweet. Thank you.

She takes the trash bag and exits.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Have a nice day.

And she exits.

61 INT. MERCER HOTEL - CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

61

Julia pushes her cart to the next room, checking her watch.  
She knocks on a door.

JULIA  
Housekeeping.

She unlocks the door and enters. She doesn't notice a FEMALE GUEST, who reminds us of Anna, step off the elevator and head in this direction.

62 INT. MERCER HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

62

Julia opens the door -- sees the room is a shambles. She checks her watch. Almost three o'clock.

63 EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

63

The tiny Fiat makes the best time it can.

64 INT. FIAT PUNTA - DRIVING SOUTH -- CONTINUOUS

64

Sean dials the radio, trying to find a station he likes.  
Monica keeps throwing him searing looks.

SEAN  
So, where did you learn English?

She motions impatiently to the radio. He turns the dial, finds a jazz station. She isn't happy but says nothing. Sean notices a sign that indicates Naples with a left arrow.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
(pointing)  
Turn left.  
(off her look, he points:)  
The sign. See?

She turns right. He looks back.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Look back. There's another one.

Monica flips the dial and finds a cheesy Italian pop song. She turns it up all the way to drown him out. Soon she can't help but belt out the song -- completely off key. Sean watches her and smiles.

65 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- DAY

65

Michael pours himself a glass of wine and turns to Anna, who takes a seat on his sofa. She actually looks very nervous.

MICHAEL

Want some?

ANNA

That bad, was it?

MICHAEL

You really want to hear what I have to say?

ANNA

(sarcastic)

No, let's talk about something else.

MICHAEL

It's well-crafted, your structure is clever --

ANNA

Oh God.

MICHAEL

You don't want to hear it.

ANNA

No, please.

MICHAEL

I just can't find you in it.

ANNA

Not all writing is psychoanalysis.

MICHAEL

I guess I wish you'd written about something more personal. This is beautiful, but cold.

ANNA

Surprisingly, what you always accuse me of being.

His cell phone rings.

MICHAEL

It's Elaine. I have to take it.

She shrugs as if she could care less. He answers.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, how are you doing?

Intercut with:

66 INT. ELAINE'S HOME - CONNECTICUT -- AT THAT MOMENT

66

Find ELAINE, beautiful, 40s, on her portable kitchen phone. We notice a child's colorful paintings on the fridge. She toys with her new cell phone.

ELAINE

I lost my phone.

MICHAEL

Oh, that's a drag.

ELAINE

I went to the store and they gave me a new number.

MICHAEL

You could have kept your old one.

ELAINE

I got all... I was having a coffee after my pilates class and Leo called to ask about my credit card statement and I asked him about our finances and --

67 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- AT THAT MOMENT

67

Anna snatches her manuscript from his desk and starts writing on the back of it. Michael walks casually out of the room into the bedroom.

MICHAEL

Leo is a worrier, don't listen to him.

ELAINE

He said we took out another loan.

MICHAEL

It's not a big deal.

ELAINE

Then I should have known about it!

MICHAEL

Yeah. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

ELAINE

Are we in trouble?

MICHAEL

We're always in trouble; we live well. We make it through, right?

ELAINE

Yes.

MICHAEL

Then we will this time, too.

ELAINE

Are you sure?

MICHAEL

I'm meeting with Jake this week, he loves the book, we'll be fine. Everything's fine.

ELAINE

...Okay.  
(a moment, then:)  
Is she there?

MICHAEL

No. I told you, it's over; I broke up with her.

ELAINE

You break up every time you see each other.  
(beat)  
Swear it. Swear she isn't there.

Michael looks through the crack in the door at Anna, writing.

MICHAEL

I swear.

ELAINE

And I should believe you?

MICHAEL

Yes.

ELAINE

(beat)  
I thought I'd start cleaning out the garage.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

MICHAEL

No, don't, I'll do it.

ELAINE

I was moving things around and I found that BB gun you bought Robbie.

MICHAEL

Where? We looked everywhere for that.

ELAINE

...I hid it well.

MICHAEL

(beat)

What else is going on?

He wanders back into the living room. He gives Anna an "I'm sorry" look; she stares daggers at him. He sits.

ELAINE

You have that sound in your voice.

MICHAEL

Sorry, I was in the middle of a thought when you called.

ELAINE

Do you want my new number?

MICHAEL

Oh, of course. Shoot.

ELAINE

555-8232.

Michael reaches for the desk notepaper holder, but it is empty. He spots the piece of notepaper, the phone number in Julia's tiny writing. He flips it over and writes.

MICHAEL

Got it.

ELAINE

Okay. Talk soon.

MICHAEL

Bye.

And he hangs up. Elaine sits there a moment.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (3)

67

IN MICHAEL'S SUITE:

Michael enters his wife's new cell number in his phone. He looks to Anna.

ANNA  
(puts it away)  
Amazing. You took the call right in front of me.

MICHAEL  
I didn't know which would be worse.

ANNA  
So you did both. Are you this disrespectful to all women, or just those you say you love?

He crumples the paper and throws it in the wastepaper basket.

MICHAEL  
I need you to stop attacking me.

ANNA  
If you needed that you wouldn't be with me. I've never met anyone who wants to be punished more than you do.

MICHAEL  
You didn't like what I said about your story.

ANNA  
You don't think I see what you do?

MICHAEL  
What do I do?

ANNA  
Try to break me down, piece by piece, all my defenses --

MICHAEL  
That's a lot of defenses.

ANNA  
(gathers her things)  
You are such a prick.

MICHAEL  
I was trying to help you!

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (4)

67

ANNA

I've seen your help. Fuck you.

MICHAEL

Fuck me?? Fuck you!

Michael storms out of the hotel room, leaving before she can, slamming the door behind him.

Anna twirls around, wanting to lash out and finding no object. She reaches in the wastepaper basket, retrieves the crumpled piece of paper and leaves.

68 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ANNA'S ROOM -- DAY

68

The door flies open and Anna charges in, flattens the paper on her desk, reads the phone number he wrote and dials. It rings once. She hangs up, crumples the paper in her fist and holds it to her mouth. Her eyes search the room desperately for answers that aren't to be found.

69 INT. FIAT PUNTA - DRIVING -- DAY

69

Monica drives. The scenery is spectacular, but Sean doesn't notice. He is watching her, almost mesmerized. She feels his eyes on her.

MONICA

What?

SEAN

Nothing.

He looks out his side window, but is soon drawn back to her.

MONICA

What am I doing wrong now?

SEAN

Nothing. It's just...

(off her look)

Your hair. It's beautiful.

She likes the compliment but pretends she doesn't.

MONICA

All men love my hair.

70 INT. MERCER HOTEL - ANOTHER HOTEL ROOM -- DAY

70

Margaret straightens the bed as Julia enters in a rush, her face as pale as the sheets.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

JULIA  
Can I ask you a huge favor?

71 INT. MERCER HOTEL - WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM -- DAY 71

Julia tugs off her uniform and pulls on the clothes she brought in the hanging bag -- something presentable. She digs into the pockets of her uniform and pulls out used tissues -- but no piece of note paper. Shit. She snatches up her keys and cell phone and dashes out of the room.

72 INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - OUTER OFFICE -- DAY 72

The phone rings, but there is no one there to answer it.

73 INT. MERCER HOTEL - TOP FLOOR CORRIDOR -- DAY 73

Julia hurries down the hall. She hangs up, finds THERESA'S CELL number and pushes send. The MESSAGE: NO TIME REMAINING. She knocks on the MALE GUEST's door. Announces:

JULIA  
Housekeeping.

She unlocks it and enters.

74 INT. MERCER HOTEL - MALE GUEST'S SUITE -- CONTINUOUS 74

JULIA  
Hello?

No answer. She runs to the overflowing desk and searches it -- there are so many papers, it could be anywhere -- but it's not. She checks the wastepaper basket. Empty. Her mind reels. She runs for the door.

75 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR LOBBY -- DAY 75

The door opens and RICK steps out with DR. GERTNER. Theresa, sitting nearby, looks up, as does Sam, Rick's girlfriend, who has been reading a magazine. Theresa checks her cell -- no messages.

RICK  
I appreciate your time.

DR. GERTNER  
You are very welcome

Rick heads to the waiting area as Dr. Gertner looks to Theresa.

75 CONTINUED:

75

DR. GERTNER (CONT'D)  
Where is your client?

THERESA  
Caught in traffic, won't be long.

Gertner checks her watch and steps back into her office.

ANGLE ON RICK AND SAM

RICK  
(whispers to Sam)  
Did you see her come in?

SAM  
I don't think so.

RICK  
Amazing.

SAM  
Should we go?

RICK  
No, let's wait.

He sits and picks up a magazine. Theresa checks her cell phone again.

76 INT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY

76

The man behind the counter hands her a phone card.

JULIA  
A TEN dollar card.

MAN BEHIND COUNTER  
No ten dollar. Twenty.

Julia looks in her wallet -- she has about 24 dollars. She hands him the twenty and dashes out in search of a cab.

77 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

77

Having walked a distance away, Theresa finds Julia's cell number and dials.

Rick watches, barely hiding his smile. Sam sees it and is slightly disturbed by the joy Rick is taking in this.

78 EXT. SIXTH AVE AND PRINCE STREET -- DAY 78

Lots of people try and flag down cabs. Julia scratches the tab off the per-pay card and tries to type in the code while keeping an eye out for cabs. One finally stops and Julia almost shoves a man out of the way to get in it.

JULIA  
Sorry, it's an emergency.

79 INT. TAXI CAB -- CONTINUOUS 79

JULIA  
Seventy-second Street.

CABBIE  
What's the address?

JULIA  
(while punching in code)  
I don't know. Just drive.

CABBIE  
What's the cross street?

JULIA  
I don't know!

CABBIE  
East side or west?

JULIA  
Will you just go?! Uptown!

The cabbie shrugs and heads up Sixth Avenue.

80 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS 80

Theresa gets Julia's voicemail.

THERESA  
(sotto)  
It's Theresa. Where the hell are you?

81 EXT. SIXTH AVE AND 20TH -- DAY 81

A parking lot. Theresa's phone goes to voicemail.

JULIA  
(into phone)  
I lost the address. Call me.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

She hangs up and checks the meter, it's already at six dollars. She spots a subway entrance.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Is it like this all the way?

CABBIE

I don't even know where we're going!

Julia pulls all her cash and change out of her purse and shoves it through the window.

CABBIE (CONT'D)

This is five dollars.

JULIA

Give me your address and I'll send you the rest.

CABBIE

Just get out of the cab.

She does. She runs for the subway entrance as...

82 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR LOBBY -- DAY

82

Theresa sees Julia's message and presses Send as....

83 INT. SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

83

Julia swipes her Metrocard and flies through the turnstile and onto the waiting train. This time she is in luck.

84 EXT. NAPLES - NEAR PORT -- DAY

84

The Fiat pulls up in front of a bar. Monica holds out her hand for the money. Sean opens his door.

MONICA

Where are you going?

SEAN

With you.

She stares at him defiantly, then flings open her door and storms across the street, ignoring on-coming traffic. He steps back as a car screams past, horn blaring. She is already in the bar before he gets halfway across the street.

85 INT. NAPLES BAR -- CONTINUOUS

85

Sean spots Monica standing next to a scruffy-looking character perched on a barstool: call him CARLO.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

He eyes Sean as he approaches. Monica stares daggers at Sean.

MONICA  
Give him the money.

CARLO  
American?

SEAN  
Where's the girl?

CARLO  
This is your girlfriend?

SEAN  
We have the money, where is the girl?

CARLO  
You don't have the money.  
(to Monica)  
You didn't tell me you had an American  
boyfriend.

MONICA  
(angrily, to Sean)  
You see what's happening, don't you?

Sean slaps the envelope on the bar.

SEAN  
There's the money; where's the girl?

CARLO  
That's not the money. The money is  
twenty-five thousand.

Monica turns and storms out of the bar.

SEAN  
She said five! That's five!

CARLO  
Five was for her. Now there's you,  
and you can afford more.

SEAN  
Why am I not surprised?

Sean takes the envelope and exits.

86 EXT. NAPLES BAR -- CONTINUOUS

86

Sean turns and walks purposely off down the sidewalk, away from the bar. He is suddenly SLAMMED forward. He barely keeps from falling; turns and sees Monica, livid.

MONICA

You see! You see what you did?!

SEAN

What I did? I may look stupid, but you don't think I know when I am being conned?

MONICA

FUCK YOU!! FUCK YOU, AMERICAN!  
GIVE ME MY MONEY!

SEAN

YOUR money?

MONICA

GIVE IT TO ME!

Sean tugs the envelope out of his pocket and slaps it into her hand. She rips it open and searches the bills, finds the twenty euro note she is looking for and shoves it in his face.

MONICA (CONT'D)

This is his phone number! I wrote it on there! Do you know his number? Did you write that?

Sean is speechless.

MONICA (CONT'D)

No. You stole my money.

She crams the twenty with the scrawled phone number into his hand.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Souvenir of Rome.

And she wheels around and struts off. Sean stands there, watching her go. He wants to call out, say something, but doesn't know what. He watches her get in her car and drive off. Suddenly remembers:

SEAN

(yells)  
My bags! My camera!!

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

But she doesn't stop.

87 INT. WEST 72ND STREET STATION -- DAY 87

Julia hits send as she runs up the escalator. It finally rings.

JULIA

Theresa?

88 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR LOBBY -- DAY 88

Theresa steps away to take the call.

THERESA

Hold on.

RICK

(whispers to Sam)

It just gets better and better.

He's too involved to notice the way that Sam is looking at him. It's as if she doesn't quite recognize him, and is asking herself why.

ANGLE ON THERESA

THERESA

(whispers into phone)

You're half an hour late!

INTERCUT WITH:

89 EXT. MANHATTAN - UPPER WEST SIDE -- DAY 89

As she steps out of the station and looks around.

JULIA

I know, I'm close. Where are you?

THERESA

72nd and Park.

JULIA

Oh God.

THERESA

Where are you?

JULIA

The west side.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

THERESA

Get in a cab. I'll go talk to her.

JULIA

I don't have any money!

THERESA

What?!

JULIA

I used it on my phone card.

Theresa hears that Julia is about to have a complete breakdown and takes charge.

THERESA

Get in a cab.

JULIA

But--

THERESA

I'll meet you downstairs. Just get in a cab!

Julia looks around for a cab, spots one and dashes across the busy street to get to it.

90 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR LOBBY -- DAY

90

Theresa strides toward the closed door to Dr. Gertner's office, not bothering to look at Rick, who can't hide his glee.

91 EXT. MANHATTAN - UPPER EAST SIDE -- DAY

91

Theresa shoves money at the driver as Julia gets out of the cab.

JULIA

I am so --

THERESA

Don't.

Theresa turns and strides back to the building, Julia running after her, her heels twisting on the pavement.

92 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR LOBBY

92

SAM

I'm going to the bathroom, and then I'm going to leave.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

RICK

Oh, okay, sorry, I just... You know, you try and tell people who someone is, and they don't believe you. I mean, this is her. She doesn't give a shit about anything but herself.

(beat)

I'll call Jimmy, we'll meet you out front.

Sam nods and exits into the bathroom as Rick punches the elevator button. The elevator opens and Theresa strides out. Julia sees Rick. He shakes his head and gets in as she steps out.

93 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DR. GERTNER'S OFFICE -- DAY

93

DR. GERTNER

Forty-five minutes is not late, it is a no-show.

THERESA

She had an emergency! She's here!

DR. GERTNER

And I have an appointment! And I DID do my homework, Ms. Lowry. I don't have to see your client to know she exactly fits the profile of someone who would commit this sort of act.

THERESA

You won't even see her before --?

DR. GERTNER

That was her choice. Good day.

Theresa simmers and turns on her heel.

94 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 12TH FLOOR LOBBY -- DAY

94

Julia waits. Theresa slams open the door to the lobby.

JULIA

Will --

THERESA

No. No, she won't. And if I weren't working for you, I wouldn't be here either. How could you be so irresponsible?!

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

JULIA

I left as early as I could -

THERESA

I'm sure you did. I don't know what really happened with your son, Julia --

JULIA

-- What do you mean?

THERESA

-- but maybe it doesn't matter. Maybe there are some people who just aren't supposed to be parents.

JULIA

(unable to comprehend this)  
You're my attorney!

THERESA

Forget it. I'll do what I can --

JULIA

Forget you just said I tried to kill my son?!

THERESA

Say you didn't! You weren't there, Julia! Your son almost suffocated and you were someplace else.

JULIA

In the next room! I saved him!

THERESA

And where were you today? This should have been the most important thing in your life, but you weren't here. And after a second negative report, you'll be lucky if you ever see your child in person again. Maybe he deserves better. Goodbye, Julia.

And Theresa storms out. We can see she knows she went way too far, and this is something other than professional.

Julia staggers into the bathroom. Theresa slams her fist repeatedly into the elevator button.

95 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WOMEN'S ROOM -- DAY

95

Sam sits in a stall deep in thought, smoking a cigarette, which appears to be a secret habit.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

She hears water running and tosses her cigarette in the toilet. Then the sound of someone sobbing. She sneaks a look under the stall and sees Julia's legs as she slides down the wall onto the floor, weeping inconsolably. Sam isn't quite sure what to do. She finally eases open the door, hoping to sneak out. Sitting on the floor, destroyed, Julia is in her own world and doesn't notice Sam. Sam tiptoes to the door, but stops and turns to look. She can't just leave this woman like this.

SAM

Are you okay?

Julia looks up, sees her.

JULIA

What?

SAM

Is there anything I can do?

There's no answer to that. Feeling the need to do something, Sam digs in her bag for tissues and hands them to her.

JULIA

Thanks.

She doesn't bother wiping her face. A moment.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Do you work here?

SAM

No.

JULIA

Do you think it's okay if I sit here for a while?

SAM

Sure.

Sam doesn't leave.

JULIA

You can sit, too.

Sam half smiles. Sits beside her.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Do you have kids?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

95

SAM

No.

JULIA

There should be some kind of warning.  
If you're really happy, and something  
is gonna happen that will destroy  
everything. Some kind of warning.  
So you can change.

After a moment.

SAM

I have to go. Someone's waiting.

JULIA

Okay.

SAM

You want to walk out with me?

JULIA

Not yet. Thanks. You're very kind.  
I wish you were my friend.

Sam nods, exits, leaving Julia sitting on the floor.

96 EXT. 72ND STREET -- DAY

96

Sam gets into the back of the waiting SUV.

RICK

Sorry. I shouldn't have brought  
you.

SAM

It's okay.

RICK

(to driver/bodyguard)  
Okay, Jimmy.

The SUV pulls out.

97 EXT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL -- NIGHT

97

Michael drifts back from his long walk. He steps through  
the front door.

98 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - LOBBY -- NIGHT

98

A MAN who could be MICHAEL passes in the foreground on the  
way to the elevators.

(CONTINUED)

- 98 CONTINUED: 98
- As he moves off we see Sean at the desk, handing his credit card to the desk clerk.
- DESK CLERK
- Your bags?
- SEAN
- No bags.
- 99 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- NIGHT 99
- Michael opens the door and steps into the living room, almost expecting her to be there.
- 100 EXT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT 100
- Sean stands on his small balcony, speaking on his cell.
- SEAN
- I didn't lose it, I just don't have it.... I'll get it back, I will send you the photos!... When I can!
- 101 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT 101
- Michael turns on the shower and steps in.
- 102 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT 102
- Sean washes his shirt in the sink.
- 103 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT 103
- The phone rings.
- 104 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT 104
- Michael sits on the bed, hotel phone to his ear.
- RECORDED VOICE
- The guest in this room is not --
- He hangs up.
- 105 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT 105
- Anna sits on her bed with her notepad. She looks to the phone, secretly hoping he will call again.
- 106 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT 106
- Sean sits listening to the message on the speaker of his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

MEGAN'S VOICE

-- I'm sorry I didn't feed Choo-Choo.  
I love you. And...that's it. Bye.

BEEP.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Recorded...one hundred and nineteen  
days...ago. To save, press one...

He presses ONE.

107 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

107

Sean flattens the twenty note and dials the number on it.

CARLO (O.S.)

Pronto.

SEAN

I can get you the money.

108 INT. DUANE REED -- NIGHT

108

Julia stands in the aisle of the all-night drug store, before her a display of cheap stuffed animals. She chooses a small bear. Then sees a rabbit she likes and takes it, too. Then chooses a third, and a fourth, until she has so many in her arms she can barely hold them.

ANGLE ON CASH REGISTER

Julia waits. The woman behind the counter looks up from the register.

COUNTER WOMAN

Sorry, it's declined.

Julia chooses half.

JULIA

Try again.

COUNTER WOMAN

(checks, then)  
Declined.

JULIA

(chooses one)  
Try again.

COUNTER WOMAN

It's not going to --

(CONTINUED)

- 108 CONTINUED: 108
- JULIA
- Try again!
- 109 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT 109
- Anna looks at the phone again -- it still doesn't ring. She picks up her cell phone and thumbs through her text messages. Finds one from DANIEL. "Come to me, my darling." She stares at it.
- 110 INT. WESTERN UNION OFFICE - NAPLES -- MORNING (DAY THREE) 110
- Sean sits in a chair waiting. A clerk steps up to the window and calls him:
- CLERK
- Signore?
- 111 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- MORNING 111
- Michael twists out of the comforter and reaches for the phone. He dials her room.
- ANNA
- Yes.
- MICHAEL
- How are you?
- ANNA
- Good, thanks.
- MICHAEL
- Breakfast in bed?
- INTERCUT WITH:
- 112 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ANNA'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 112
- Evidence of a half-eaten croissant and a dead cappuccino sit beside the overnight bag she is packing.
- ANNA
- Can't, sorry. I have to run.
- MICHAEL
- Run? Where?
- ANNA
- Miami.
- MICHAEL
- For the day?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

ANNA

I don't know. I'm going to miss the plane.

MICHAEL

You're leaving me without an explanation and you're only concerned that you're going to be late for your flight?

ANNA

I'm not talking to you when you're like this.

She slams the phone down and zips up her bag.

113 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - TOP FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

113

Michael flies out of his room, finds the stairs and bounds down them.

114 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR -- CONTINUOUS

114

Anna hurries along the corridor and presses the button on the elevator. The stairwell door opens and Michael steps out, red-faced.

MICHAEL

Who's in Miami?

ANNA

Don't be pathetic.

MICHAEL

Who?!

ANNA

A friend!

MICHAEL

A male friend.

A man steps up to wait for the elevator.

ANNA

It's none of your business! I have a life! My life! Not just yours!

MICHAEL

Don't do this to yourself.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

ANNA

To myself? My God, the ego. You don't think I know exactly what I am doing?

MICHAEL

(to waiting man)

It's two floors! Take the stairs, you lazy bastard!

The man scurries off. Anna tries to follow him. Michael stops her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I am asking you not to go.

ANNA

(mocking him)

Because you care about me? That's so nice. Do you really think that was the first time I read your journal?

MICHAEL

You have no right --

ANNA

About this "poor young girl and all the men who take advantage of her."

The elevator arrives. She ignores it now, taunting him.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Do you know why she chooses married men, especially ones who love their wives? Because she can leave any time she wants, they mean nothing to her. No matter how long she's "with" them.

She steps into the elevator and stares at him. He stares back at her, destroyed by her words. She sees the extent of the damage and appears to take pleasure in her victory.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Big kiss.

The door closes.

115 INT. JULIA'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

115

Julia wakes to the shrieking alarm clock. She looks like death.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

She pulls herself out of bed, shakes a Valium into her hand, swallows it dry and forces herself to stand and head to the bathroom.

116 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- DAY 116

Curtains are pulled. Michael sits motionless in the dark.

117 INT. NAPLES - SECOND BAR -- DAY 117

Sean steps in, scans the dark room, spies Monica at the far end of the bar. He sits and waits, places his phone on the bar. It suddenly rings.

118 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- DAY 118

Michael snatches up his cell phone from the end table. He sees the readout and is disappointed: "JAKE LONG, Publisher." Michael answers it.

MICHAEL

Hey.  
(beat)  
Here?

119 EXT. PARK - WARF DISTRICT - NEW ORLEANS -- DAY 119

Dressed in jogging gear, JAKE LONG stretches his calf muscles against a tree. Michael stands nearby, in his regular clothes.

JAKE

Fucking conventions, all you do is sit and eat. You really going to run like that?

MICHAEL

(lighting a cigarette)  
I'm not much of a jogger.

JAKE

(walking with him)  
You gotta quit those. How's Elaine?

MICHAEL

Great.

JAKE

Amazing woman. How she's coping, I'll never know. How's Anna?

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

MICHAEL

She would die that you're asking.  
She thinks nobody knows about us.

JAKE

(laughs)  
She is a thing of beauty.

MICHAEL

I was actually going to call and  
tell you not to read my book yet.

JAKE

Finished it on the plane. Couldn't  
put it down. We're not going to  
publish it.

MICHAEL

It needs to be completely reworked.

JAKE

It has nothing to do with the quality  
of the writing. The story is great,  
the characters are wonderful. The  
business has changed, and I don't  
know how to market it. Some other  
house is going to snatch it up and  
it's going to make a fortune and we  
are going to be jealous as all hell.  
But until then...consider ghosting  
a self-help cook book, we'll put a  
reality star's name on it and make a  
fortune together.

(beat)

I really should...

(starts off)

Let's have dinner when you're back.  
Bring --

MICHAEL

Don't lie to me, you son of a bitch.

JAKE

(turns back, bristling)  
I'm a son of a bitch?

MICHAEL

I've known you how long? Don't you  
dare lie to me.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

JAKE

(accepts this, then:)

Your first book was great because it was brutal and honest and raw. It took risks, it was dangerous. You were struggling to understand yourself, and you weren't afraid to let us see all the horrible parts inside. I don't know if you got comfortable or scared, but all you have now is a collection of losers making various excuses for your life. They go in circles, nothing changes -- you can't finish anything in your own life, fine; stories need resolutions. I published your last book because of what happened. I was trying to be a friend. I can't do it again.

MICHAEL

Wow. That's....

He can't find the words. Finally:

JAKE

Give my love to Elaine.

He turns and jogs off, leaving Michael standing there.

120 INT. NAPLES - SECOND BAR -- DAY

120

Sean and Monica still sit at opposite ends of the bar. Sean checks his watch and then his phone. When he speaks there's an edge in his voice.

SEAN

I'd like to get my bags back, if it isn't too much trouble.

MONICA

I sold them.

SEAN

You sold my bags?  
 (off her look)  
 My clothes? What about my camera?  
 (off her look)  
 Oh Jesus. Jesus H. Christ.

She doesn't bother to respond. The door opens and Carlo swaggers in.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

CARLO

Richie Rich! Good to see you. I love that comic book. And there is my beautiful Monica.

(saunters down bar)

Are you two fighting? Come, kiss. Monica is a very good kisser.

He gropes her. She just stares at him.

CARLO (CONT'D)

Such a healthy girl. Richie, come here. Feel this.

Sean picks up the plastic shopping bag containing the cash, walks down and faces Carlo.

SEAN

You want to count it?

Carlo gives him a look: of course. He opens it and flips through the stacks. The one other customer in the bar meets Carlo's eyes, and looks away.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Where's the girl?

CARLO

You're always asking the wrong question. You don't want to know where she is, you want to know IF she is. If she exists. Am I wrong?

MONICA

Please, Carlo, you have the money...

CARLO

You meet a woman in a bar, she takes you to a man who demands a fortune. You give it. Why? You don't know the woman, you don't know the man, you don't know if she's lying; maybe they both are. This girl you are paying for may not even be real. You have to be thinking that. So, why Richie?

Carlo pockets the money.

MONICA

Carlo, please --

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2)

120

CARLO

Shut up.  
(to Sean)  
Why?

Sean just stares at him.

SEAN

Where's the girl?

CARLO

You want me to answer your questions  
but you won't answer mine.  
(beat)  
Okay, if you can get twenty-five,  
you can get fifty.

SEAN

That's it. That was the deal. You're  
not getting a penny more.

CARLO

We'll see. I can wait.

MONICA

(in Italian)  
Give her to me! Where is she?!

CARLO

With my friend. He's enjoying her  
company.

Monica hits him and curses.

Sean tries to understand what is going on -- is this real,  
an act? Carlo has had enough and slaps her hard.

Sean takes a swing and connects, knocking Carlo to the ground  
and surprising everyone, even himself. Monica starts  
viciously kicking Carlo.

MONICA

Give her to me! Give her to me!

Carlo gets to his feet. Sean grabs her and restrains her.

CARLO

You hit me? Good. Now it's a  
hundred.

Monica flails to get to him.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (3)

120

CARLO (CONT'D)

A hundred thousand or she is working  
the street tomorrow.

MONICA

She's nine years old!

CARLO

So, you know how much she's worth.  
(to Sean)  
She has lips just like her mother.

And he turns and exits. Monica follows, first cursing him  
and then pleading. Sean heads for the door.

121 EXT. NAPLES - SECOND BAR -- DAY

121

Sean comes out to find Monica walking away. He looks for  
Carlo, gone.

SEAN

I don't have that kind of money.

MONICA

Did I ask you?!

She keeps walking. Sean stands, determined not to follow  
her. He does, of course.

122 INT. MIAMI HOTEL LOBBY -- DAY

122

Anna uses the house phone. She waits for an answer.

ANNA

Hi, I'm here. Come down and we'll  
get something to eat.  
(beat, tries again)  
I really am hungry.  
(beat)  
Okay, for just a minute.

She hangs up.

123 INT. MIAMI HOTEL - HALLWAY -- DAY

123

Anna waits nervously in the hall. We've never seen her look  
so frail and uncertain, so much like a little girl. The  
door opens and DANIEL stands there. He is a man with a kind  
face in his early 50s. He smiles.

DANIEL

There's my girl.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

He holds out a hand to her, she takes it. He pulls her gently into the room and into his arms. Her eyes flick over his shoulder as he kisses her neck and runs his arm up her back, under her blouse. She buries her face in his shoulder.

124 INT. RICK'S LOFT -- EVENING 124

Rick and Sam eat in silence. Sam steals a look at Jesse, who plays with his food.

RICK  
Jesse?... Jesse?... Jesse?

Jesse ignores him. Rick reaches out and grabs the hand with the spoon. A little too hard.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Eat your food.

Realizing he grabbed it too hard, Rick lets go. Jesse goes back to playing with his food. Rick shares a look with Sam and stands. He walks off to

HIS STUDIO

Where he picks up his paints and tries to lose himself in his work. He hears:

JESSE (V.O.)  
Watch me.

Rick turns to see his son standing a distance off.

RICK  
Sorry? Watch you do what?

Oddly, Jesse just stands there. Rick's cell phone rings. He turns to answer it.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hello?

He looks back to Jesse, he's gone.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hey, Kirk. What did she say?

125 EXT. NAPLES STREET -- EVENING 125

The Fiat is parked in front of a tenement. Sean sits in the passenger seat, waiting. He gets out and heads in.

126 INT. COURTYARD OF TENEMENT -- EVENING 126

It's something out of another world. Sean moves along, looking very out of place.

127 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER -- EVENING 127

Michael strolls aimlessly, lost in his thoughts, occasionally glancing into the shops. Couples pass, arm in arm, making him feel all the more alone.

128 INT. COURTYARD OF TENEMENT -- EVENING 128

Sean stops in front of an open apartment door.

129 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER -- EVENING 129

Michael stops at a florist. Thinks. Enters.

130 INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT -- EVENING 130

Sean steps in cautiously. It's doubtful he has ever experienced this level of poverty. He finds Monica tearing apart the room.

SEAN

What are you looking for?

(no response)

Do you live here?

She finds the box she was looking for, opens it to reveal a rusting revolver. She hides it in her pocket and pushes out past Sean.

131 INT. HIGH-END FLORIST SHOP -- EVENING 131

Michael stops by the roses. Stares. A SALESWOMAN approaches.

SALESWOMAN

May I help you?

MICHAEL

Some white roses.

(beat)

For my wife.

132 EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT 132

Monica gets in the Fiat and tries the key. The engine grinds. Sean gets in, knowing she will take off without him.

SEAN

So, you're going to shoot him?

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

132

She ignores him, cranks the key -- it won't turn over.

SEAN (CONT'D)

He sees that gun, he's just going to laugh.

MONICA

Why did you take my money?!

SEAN

I don't know.

She starts hitting him. He grabs her hands.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I don't know! It was stupid. Maybe I wanted a reason to see you again, or to save the day or something -- Do we always know why we do things?!

MONICA

Or you just wanted my money.

She tries the key again -- same result.

SEAN

You tell me why you left it there! Because nobody "forgets" something that important. You wanted me to take it. Didn't you? You wanted me to feel guilty, so you could use me. Because that is what you do, use men. Don't you?  
(beat, yells)  
Don't you?!

MONICA

(beat)  
I knew five thousand wasn't enough; when I went to get her he would want more. Five was all I could save.  
(beat)  
Carlo hates me. Old story. But there was no one else who'd bring her. I thought double: ten, maybe twenty.

SEAN

You saw the suit. "Richie Rich."

MONICA

I don't know who that is.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (2)

132

SEAN

You thought I had money.

MONICA

(scoffs)

And you don't?

SEAN

Look at the label. I rip off Italian designs to sell to sweatshops. You picked the wrong guy.

MONICA

...No, I didn't.

SEAN

How did you know I just wouldn't keep it?

MONICA

You have good eyes. I knew you would want to help me. Or her. I don't know why. Why?

(he doesn't respond)

I didn't think Carlo would be this greedy.

(has to smile)

And I didn't think you'd hit him.

SEAN

(smiles a little too)

Neither did I.

MONICA

(trying to hide her pleasure)

That was very stupid.

SEAN

(grows dark, re: her)

I've done stupider things.

Cranks the key, the engine grinds under:

MONICA

Fuck you! It's my daughter! She is alone and scared; what would you do?

He opens the door and gets out. Walks to the front of the car.

SEAN

Open the hood.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: (3)

132

She does nothing.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Open it!

He stares at her. She pops the hood. He does something she can't see.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Now.

She cranks the ignition. It starts. He closes the hood and gets in.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Show me the gun.

MONICA

You want to take it.

SEAN

Show it to me.

She shoves the revolver at him. He pulls back the hammer.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Cylinder's jammed, rusted shut. It won't turn so it won't shoot.

MONICA

You know everything.

SEAN

Weapons Specialist, Marine Corps; it won't fire.

MONICA

He won't know that.

SEAN

He will when he shoots you and you don't shoot back. You take a gun to a fight and you can't pull the trigger, you are a fool.

(offers it to her)

Up to you.

She looks at the gun, believes him, doesn't take it. She looks out her window, not wanting him to see that her world is collapsing. She turns off the car. He puts the gun in his pocket.

133 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - LOBBY -- NIGHT

133

Sean leads Monica past the front desk toward the elevator.  
The Desk Clerk notices and intercepts them.

NAPLES DESK CLERK  
Signore, you have a single room.

SEAN  
We're together.

NAPLES DESK CLERK  
Then Signora must register. Please.  
Your papers.

SEAN  
She lost her papers. They were  
stolen.

NAPLES DESK CLERK  
I am very sorry, Sir, but --

SEAN  
No, you're not sorry yet, but you  
are about to be. This is my wife.  
She is staying with me tonight and  
we are leaving tomorrow, together.  
And if you don't believe me or have  
even the slightest objection, I will  
show you exactly how an American man  
reacts when you are disrespectful to  
his wife.

Off the clerk's stunned look...

134 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

134

Monica lies under the sheets, wearing her robe, eating some  
of the take-out food they brought. Sean returns from the  
bathroom, wearing his pants under the hotel robe. He fluffs  
a pillow and makes a bed in the chair. She watches with  
amusement as he tries to find a way to get comfortable.

MONICA  
You can sleep on the bed.

SEAN  
No, I'm good here.

MONICA  
I won't attack you.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

SEAN

(smiles)

How can I be sure?

MONICA

You aren't my tip.

SEAN

Type.

MONICA

You see? I can't even say it.

Sean nods. Gets into bed, his back to her, as close to the edge as he can possibly be. She lies there, watching him.

MONICA (CONT'D)

So, you are a thief.

SEAN

Businessman.

MONICA

But you steal clothes.

SEAN

Designs. And I don't steal. I pay people who have...advance knowledge.

MONICA

So, you are a spy?

SEAN

(amused)

Yeah.

MONICA

A clothing spy?

SEAN

Yeah.

MONICA

That's too sad. I prefer to think of you as a thief.

A moment.

MONICA (CONT'D)

No one ever called me that before.

SEAN

A thief?

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

134

MONICA

A wife.

He let's that hang there.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Were you going to punch him, too?

SEAN

(smiles)

Go to sleep.

MONICA

Okay.

She kisses him on the neck. Twice. He turns a little, kisses her on the forehead. They stare at each other for a moment...and then he takes her -- fiercely, desperately -- and she completely surrenders to him.

135 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

135

Sean steps out of the bathroom, naked except for a towel around his waist. He sees she is sleeping and picks up his cell phone, exits onto the small balcony.

136 INT. ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE - NEW YORK -- DAY

136

Sean's accountant, LARRY, answers his own phone; it's that small of an office.

LARRY

Hello.

INTERCUT WITH:

137 INT./EXT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- DAY

137

Overlooking the port.

SEAN

What did you find out?

LARRY

Sean, this is crazy, I'm not going to let you do this.

SEAN

It's not your money, Larry. How much?

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

LARRY

After your wife and the lawyers' bills, with your half of the pension plan, everything -- a little over eighty thousand.

SEAN

That's it?  
(beat)  
Okay. Send it.

LARRY

Sean!

SEAN

Larry. Thank you for caring. Send it.

He hangs up.

ANGLE ON MONICA

lying in bed, her back to him as he comes back in, her eyes open.

138 INT. MIAMI HOTEL - ROOM -- NIGHT

138

Daniel sleeps, sprawled naked on his stomach. Anna lies awake on the edge of the bed, quietly torturing herself. She slips out of sheets and picks up her clothes.

139 INT. RICK'S LOFT -- MORNING (DAY FOUR)

139

Sam lies in bed, troubled, awake on her side, as Rick dresses behind her.

140 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- MORNING

140

Monica dresses in the bathroom. She peaks out through the door, sees Sean naked, pulling on his clothes. She looks away before he turns, and wonders why she is being so shy and uncomfortable.

141 INT. MERCER HOTEL - EMPLOYEES AREA -- MORNING

141

Julia goes through the motions of putting on her uniform.

MARGARET

How you doing today, princess?

JULIA

Fine. Thanks.

142 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL -- MORNING 142

Anna rides the elevator up, her smeared makeup making her look like a ghost. She no longer makes any attempt to keep her private torment a secret, and the hotel employee can't help but steal glances at her. He holds the door for her when it opens. Anna finds her key and walks the hall, somehow managing to make her legs move. The only way she can keep herself from shattering is to convince herself that she will be safe if she reaches her room. But she knows that isn't true; that she threw away her one hope for happiness when she left yesterday. She slips the key in her lock and steps in and...

143 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ANNA'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 143

...She stops dead. Tears explode from her eyes as she sees:  
White roses. Hundreds of them.

144 INT. NAPLES BANK -- DAY 144

The BANK MANAGER returns with a cardboard box. He opens it and shows Sean the contents -- a large pile of euros.

SEAN

Thank you.

Sean removes the twenty-five thousand from the plastic bag and places most of it in the box, under:

BANK MANAGER

Can I call someone? Perhaps a bodyguard? I love my city; they are good people, but hard to trust.

SEAN

I'll be fine, thanks.

He places the box in a plain paper shopping bag and exits.

145 EXT. NAPLES BANK -- DAY 145

Sean comes out with his shopping bag and walks off.

146 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- DAY 146

Michael sits staring at his computer, Jake's words running through his mind, mixed with his thoughts of Anna. We can tell he hasn't slept. There's a weak knock on the door. He moves quickly to open it. Anna stands there, nose running, her face awash, her eyes angry.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

ANNA  
HOW CAN YOU BE SO WEAK?! HOW?! HOW  
CAN YOU LOVE ME?!

He pulls her into his arms, so hard they barely keeps their balance. They hold each other so tight that neither can breathe.

She searches for his lips, devouring him. He resists, knowing what she is doing.

MICHAEL  
It's okay. It's okay.

He lifts her in his arms and carries her to his bed.

Again she tries to escape into sex. He won't let her. He just lies with her, cradling her in his arms and lets her cry like a little girl.

147 EXT. PORT OF NAPLES -- DAY

147

Sean walks down a side-street toward the water. He slips his hand in the pocket of his jacket, feels the butt of the gun.

A motorcycle pulling up down the street gets his attention -- and he stops dead.

It's the same motorcycle he saw outside the hotel in Rome; the same one he saw at the train station - the driver wearing black leather with a red stripe. The driver doesn't appear to notice him. He takes off his helmet and Sean sees his face: Carlo. Sean pushes himself up against a wall, just in time. Carlo looks around, then leaves the bike and walks down the steps to the port and disappears from view.

Sean watches, trying to control his racing heart.

A police car pulls up at the cafe across the street. Two local cops get out and swagger inside.

148 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- DAY

148

They lie spooned under the covers.

ANNA  
I can't believe you bought me all  
those flowers.

MICHAEL  
Didn't.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

ANNA

You didn't?

MICHAEL

Got them on points.

(off her look)

A LOT of points.

Anna almost smiles.

ANNA

Why do you love me? I am horrible  
to you.

MICHAEL

Your smile.

ANNA

(disappointed)

That's it?

MICHAEL

That's everything.

ANNA

I don't know what that means.

She smiles nonetheless. It is beautiful and infectious,  
like a child. It disappears in a moment as she drifts into  
thought. She finally gets the courage to ask...

ANNA (CONT'D)

Would you like to know? Who I was  
with?

MICHAEL

It doesn't matter to me.

ANNA

It might.

MICHAEL

It won't.

ANNA

(beat)

If you ever want to know, I will  
tell you.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2)

148

She snuggles into his shoulder, kisses his cheek, then whispers in his ear:

ANNA

I'm afraid. I'm going to ruin it.  
I always do. Every time you're good  
to me.

(beat)

I'm going to hurt you.

He cradles her closer. Her phone rings. She picks it up.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I need to take this.

MICHAEL

Okay.

He gives her a small kiss and walks out of the room. Now alone:

ANNA

Hi.

Intercut with:

149 INT. MIAMI HOTEL - ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

149

DANIEL

Where did you go?

ANNA

I'm sorry. I had to get back to my  
friend.

DANIEL

I'm just glad you came.

(beat)

Come back.

ANNA

I'm with someone. He's really good  
to me.

DANIEL

Tell me it's not him.

ANNA

You don't know him like I do.

DANIEL

I know him better. He's just using  
you, sweetie.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

Anna takes that in; realizes with some pain that the irony is lost on Daniel.

ANNA

(a moment)

Can you do something for me?

DANIEL

Anything.

ANNA

(becoming overwhelmed)

It's really important.

DANIEL

Anything.

ANNA

Can you forgive me?

DANIEL

Forgive you for what?

ANNA

You know what.

DANIEL

Baby, none of this is your fault.

ANNA

Yes, it is.

DANIEL

It's just love, baby. It's not my fault or yours.

That just killed her.

ANNA

Goodbye, Daddy.

DANIEL

Come back to me. I need you.

And that drove a spike through her heart. She softly presses  
END.

ANGLE OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM DOOR

Michael stands beside the door, having heard.

150 EXT. PORT OF NAPLES -- DAY

150

Monica parks near the port and steps out of her Fiat. She glances to her left and notices Sean sitting at a table at the cafe across the street. She takes in the police car and the two cops having lunch. She hesitates and then crosses to Sean.

MONICA  
Are you coming?

SEAN  
Sit.

MONICA  
He'll be waiting. She's waiting.

SEAN  
They can wait.

She throws a look to the cops and sits, uncomfortably. Sean nods toward the motorcycle parked on the far side of the street. Monica looks, shrugs. The waiter approaches.

MONICA  
Nothing.

He retreats. She looks at Sean, wanting an answer.

SEAN  
That's his bike. Your friend, Carlo.

MONICA  
So?

SEAN  
He was in Rome. On that bike.

MONICA  
In Rome.

SEAN  
Outside the pizza place. And at the train station. He must have been watching in case I tried to leave with your money. But I came back.

MONICA  
You are making no sense, let's go.

She rises. He grabs her wrist. One of the cops glance over, barely interested.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

SEAN

The best way to get someone to trust you is to admit you can't be trusted. That was good.

(beat)

So, what is he, your husband? Boyfriend?

MONICA

(scoffs)

That's why they're here? To arrest me?

(to cops)

Policeman, this man needs you to arrest me.

He smiles at her bravado.

SEAN

They look like they understand English?

Lets go of her hand. She walks off. He holds up the bag.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Miss, you left your bag.

MONICA

Play your own games.

SEAN

You don't want it? I'm giving it to you.

She steps back to him, angry.

MONICA

You think I'm stupid? You give me the bag, they take me to jail.

SEAN

No, it's yours.

He places it on the table.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You can take it and go, or you can take it and come with me.

MONICA

With you?

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (2)

150

SEAN

Yes.

MONICA

Where?

SEAN

Anywhere.

MONICA

You would take me? Knowing what you think you know?

SEAN

You have a bag of money, I would be a fool not to go with you.

MONICA

What about my daughter? I should just leave her?

(beat, Sean hesitates)

But you don't think she exists. You think this is all a "con" game.

SEAN

I'm going to choose to believe you.

MONICA

...Why?

SEAN

That's my business.

(beat)

Take it.

She looks at him, glances at the police. She carefully takes the strap and holds it by the side. He looks in her eyes and knows she is going to leave. And it will be the last time he sees her.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Do you want the gun?

MONICA

You told me it didn't shoot.

SEAN

I might have lied.

She smiles, a dark smile. Then turns on her heels and walks away. He almost gasps. Through the window he watches her cross the street and disappear down the steps toward the port.

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED: (3) 150

He turns and walks away, trying not to think about what he just did, and what a fool he is.

151 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - MICHAEL'S SUITE -- NIGHT 151

Michael stares at his computer, trying to ignore the cheesy pop song blaring from the stereo. Anna dances past, singing, wearing only lingerie. Michael has to yell to be heard:

MICHAEL

You're going to get us kicked out!

ANNA

Don't care!

She keeps singing.

MICHAEL

I take it you're happy.

She dances around his chair, shaking her blackberry.

ANNA

Maybe I got a call!

MICHAEL

James liked your pages?

ANNA

Would I be dancing because of James?

MICHAEL

Who?

ANNA

Maybe he sent it to St. Martin's Press. Maybe the EDITOR of the Minotaur imprint wants to meet me!

MICHAEL

I thought Minotaur only did crime fiction.

ANNA

Who cares?! It's St. Martin's Press and he wants to meet me! You see? SOMEONE thinks I'm good!

Anna SCREAMS in delight. Michael smiles. She flings open the french doors and dances on the balcony.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Dance with me!

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED:

151

MICHAEL

People will see.

ANNA

I DON'T CARE!

She turns and dances by herself, singing. Michael watches. A sadness comes over him. He turns back to his computer and writes, as she continues to dance and sing to the people in the street below. He watches her reflection in the wine glass on his desk.

152 INT. MERCER HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING (DAY FIVE)

152

Julia makes a bed, her face expressionless, her body having taken over as her mind shut down.

153 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- MORNING

153

Sean opens the curtains, squints at the sun, stares out at the city.

154 INT. ST. CHARLES HOTEL - ANNA'S ROOM -- MORNING

154

Beaming, Anna packs up her clothes. She checks her purse, looking for her phone. She finds the piece of note paper she took from Michael's desk. She looks at Elaine's number, thinks about where her mind was just a couple of days ago, crumples it and tosses it toward the waste basket. She doesn't notice it miss and hit the floor. She picks up the house phone and dials reception.

ANNA

If anyone calls, I'm moving to suite  
620: Leary. And I will need some  
flowers brought up. Thanks.

She steps into the bathroom, finds the watch in the trash basket -- the crystal fogged with water. She shakes it off, sticks it in her pocket and exits.

155 INT. MERCER HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR HALL -- MORNING

155

Julia steps out of a room. We hear a door close. A woman passes with her bags, her dress swaying -- *is that Anna?* Julia pushes her cart to the next door, knocks.

JULIA

Housekeeping.

156 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- MORNING 156

Sean sits on the bed, staring at his phone. He hears the door open and looks.

SEAN

Not now, thanks.

HOUSEKEEPER'S VOICE

Scuse, signore.

157 INT. MERCER HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR HALL -- MORNING 157

Julia closes that door and goes to the next room, Anna's.

JULIA

Housekeeping.

She raps and enters.

158 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- MORNING 158

Sean presses 1, to listen to messages.

RECORDED VOICE

You have...no saved messages.

Stunned, he hangs up and tries again.

RECORDED VOICE (CONT'D)

You have...no saved messages.

He dials three digits, gets an operator.

AT&T OPERATOR

AT&T, how can I help you?

159 INT. MERCER HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING 159

Although the furniture is modern, the room is laid out exactly as Anna's was, with flowers everywhere. Julia empties the trash in the bathroom then moves to the bedroom.

160 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- MORNING 160

AT&T OPERATOR

I'm sorry, sir, messages are erased automatically after a hundred and twenty days.

SEAN

But you have it saved somewhere, right? I mean, it isn't just gone.

161 INT. MERCER HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING 161

She tips the waste basket into the trash bag and then notices the crumpled note paper on the floor; picks it up. The red ink on the back sends a chill down her spine. She opens it and sees the address she wrote. Her mind fractures. She is instantly overcome.

162 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- MORNING 162

AT&T OPERATOR

I'm afraid --

SEAN

No, you have to have it somewhere.  
You have backups.

AT&T OPERATOR

I am sorry. Is there anything else  
I can do for you today?

Sean listens.

AT&T OPERATOR (CONT'D)

Sir?

He smashes the phone against the desk until it is shards.

163 INT. MERCER HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING 163

Julia swings around, accidentally knocking over a vase of flowers in the process. Seeing it go down sets her off. She pulls over the chair, heavy with flowers, flails at the vases and flowers, smashing them, petals flying everywhere, she pulls over the desk....and finally collapses on the floor, beside the toppled desk. The phone shrieks.

164 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- MORNING 164

Sean stares at the pieces of the broken phone.

165 INT. MERCER HOTEL - HOTEL ROOM -- MORNING 165

Julia looks to the open door -- sees Margaret, the other housekeeper, staring in from the hall, stunned by what she sees. Margaret turns and walks away.

Julia flattens the crumpled note paper on her lap. For the first time sees the phone number scrawled on the back. Rage rises inside her and she focuses it on the number. She picks up the phone and dials the number.

166 INT. ELAINE'S HOME - CONNECTICUT -- DAY 166

Elaine sits at the kitchen table with her checkbook, unable to concentrate on the bills in front of her. She is clearly troubled. She hears her cell phone ring, sees the read-out: St. Charles Hotel. Despite her conflicted feelings, she smiles, knowing it must be Michael.

ELAINE

Hi.

There's no response.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Michael?

167 INT. MERCER HOTEL ROOM 167

Julia listens, now unsure why she called or what to say.

ELAINE

Michael?

168 INT. ELAINE'S HOME - CONNECTICUT -- CONTINUOUS 168

And then it hits her and takes her breath away.

ELAINE

Oh God. It's you.

(beat)

Say something. Please. Just tell me you're with him. I need to know.

169 INT. MERCER HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 169

Thrown by the raw need she hears in Elaine's voice, Julia is suddenly ashamed she called.

JULIA

I'm sorry. Wrong number.

And she hangs up.

170 INT. ELAINE'S HOME - CONNECTICUT -- CONTINUOUS 170

ELAINE

No! Please! No!

But the call has been disconnected. Elaine shatters like crystal.

171 INT. MERCER HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 171

Julia looks to see Gerry standing slack-jawed in the doorway. Julia stands and walks out past him, too embarrassed to say anything. She leaves her cart and unbuttons her uniform, pushing open the door to the employees area.

172 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- DAY 172

Sean sits in the chair, Monica's gun on the table beside him. He makes a feeble attempt to piece his phone back together, then drops it in the trash. And just sits.

173 EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NEW ORLEANS -- DAY 173

Jake sits on a bench reading an outline. Michael waits nervously, eying the conventioners that come and go.

JAKE

Jesus.

He keeps reading.

JAKE (CONT'D)

This is good.

(beat)

It's a lot of work.

MICHAEL

I can get it done in three months.

JAKE

She was fucking her own father? Thirteen, fifteen years-old, it's sick but I understand. What is she, twenty-five?

MICHAEL

It's fiction.

JAKE

And so well disguised. Does she know you're doing this?

(Michael doesn't answer)

People are going to know this is Anna. Six months from now she'll be the punch-line at every cocktail party. You can do that to her?

MICHAEL

It was the weakest story; this the strongest choice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(beat)

If she was brave she would have  
written it herself.

Jake stares at him; hands him back his pages; stands.

JAKE

We're going to make a lot of money.

(beat)

I ran into a friend from St. Martin's  
Press. He wants to ask Anna out,  
but wanted to know if you were still  
seeing her.

MICHAEL

(takes this in)

Did he say anything about her story?

JAKE

He hadn't read it.

Jake considers a moment, then walks off. Michael finally  
sits.

174 EXT. RICK'S LOFT -- DAY

174

Julia stands in front of Rick's building, clutching the  
stuffed animal she bought at the drugstore. She presses the  
buzzer and waits.

RICK'S VOICE

Hello.

JULIA

Can I come up? Please?

RICK'S VOICE

...Jesse's not here.

JULIA

Please.

175 INT. RICK'S LOFT -- DAY

175

Julia sits awkwardly on the edge of a chair, the stuffed  
animal on her lap. Rick stands, not happy she is here.

RICK

You can leave it for him. I'll tell  
him you brought it.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

JULIA

You know I didn't do it, right? I mean, it's just us here. You know.

RICK

What do you want, Julia?

JULIA

Tell me you know. You hate me, I cheated on you --

RICK

-- I don't care.

JULIA

Yeah, you do. I hurt you and I am really sorry. I thought you didn't care. But you know, you know I would never hurt Jesse.

RICK

I know you can convince yourself of anything.

JULIA

You know.

RICK

You think this was a game? You think I just wanted to get even because you "hurt" me? Thanks for coming by. Always feel better seeing you.

Julia's facade shatters and she explodes into tears.

JULIA

Please. I'm not a bad person.

RICK

You want to feel sorry for yourself, do it somewhere else.

JULIA

Where?! I haven't got anyplace else. I have nowhere to go --

RICK

Enough.

JULIA

Please. I just need to be able to see him.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (2)

175

RICK

You see him.

JULIA

On Skype? I need to touch him. I'm his mother.

RICK

I can't. Not alone.  
(not unkindly)  
You tried to hurt him, Julia.

JULIA

I didn't.

RICK

Yeah, you did. You can't face it, but you did.

JULIA

How do you know that? Why are you so smart? Even the police said I didn't do it!

RICK

They said there wasn't enough proof to prosecute. That's not the same thing. Child services wouldn't have taken Jesse away from you if they didn't think you did it.

JULIA

Really? You don't think it is because you are rich and famous and have big attorneys and I'm nothing? No, that couldn't be it!

RICK

Yeah, it could. But I know you, Julia. I've seen you go down the well.

JULIA

I would never do anything to him!

RICK

Not when you are being yourself.

JULIA

Please. Just let me be with him sometimes.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (3)

175

RICK

Tell me. Tell me you know what you did. Then at least I will know that there is hope that you can change.

JULIA

How do you get to play God?! Who gave you the right?! I gave you everything. I gave up everything to have him.

RICK

Tell me and I'll let you see him. Not alone, but you can visit.

Julia struggles with this, looking out the window at something she doesn't want to face. Rick coaxes gently.

RICK (CONT'D)

Just tell me.

JULIA

Okay. I did it.

RICK

(gently)

No. You're just saying that because you want to see Jesse. You need to look at what you did, what you don't want to face, and you have to tell me the truth.

Julia is about to fall to pieces.

JULIA

I didn't --

RICK

Julia. If you admit what you did, you can change. If you don't, I will never be able to trust you.

(beat)

Tell me. It'll be okay.

She holds it together and finally speaks.

JULIA

He was in the closet, playing with the dry cleaning bags. Pretending he was a ghost. And I kept telling him not to. And he never listens. You know that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (4)

175

JULIA (CONT'D)

And you were never there. You were at some gallery or with your fancy friends and I was there with him! It was always just me and him and me and him and I had to show him what could happen. I had to protect him. I had show him.

(she disappears into the moment)

I am so sorry. So, so sorry.

RICK

Okay.

(beats)

Thanks.

JULIA

It'll be okay?

RICK

Yeah. It will.

(beat)

But you'll never see Jesse again.

JULIA

-- What?

RICK

Get out.

JULIA

You said --

RICK

Get out before I hit you.

JULIA

I lied! I made that up! I said it so you'd let me see him!

Rick grabs her and drags her toward the door.

RICK

Out. Now.

JULIA

Stop!! I lied!! It was an accident!  
AHHH!

The bedroom door down the hall opens and Sam steps out, having heard the screaming.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (5)

175

SAM

Rick?

He ignores her, keeps dragging Julia kicking and struggling, somehow still impossibly holding onto the stuffed toy. Jesse steps out of the same room and sees his mother.

JESSE

Mommy!

JULIA

Jesse!! Help mommy!!

Sam steps forward. Jesse stands paralyzed.

JULIA (CONT'D)

No! Please! Not in front of Jesse!!

No! You can't! I lied! I lied!!

Rick shoves her into the elevator. Sam grabs hold of Rick.

SAM

Stop it! Stop it!

RICK

(wheels on her)

She did it! I told you she did it!

Jesse runs into the elevator and into his mother's arms. Rick turns as the door closes.

RICK (CONT'D)

Jesse!

It closes a heartbeat before he can stop it.

IN THE ELEVATOR

Julia slams her fist into the LOBBY button.

IN THE LOFT

Rick bolts down the hall toward the stairwell door. He twists the bolt, puts his shoulder to the door -- locked. He twists the other one and it opens.

IN THE STAIRWELL

Rick hurls himself down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED: (6)

175

IN THE LOFT

Realizing what she's done, Sam turns to the security monitor on the wall and the IMAGE of mother and son, curled in the corner of the descending elevator.

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR

Julia whispers something to her son.

IN THE STAIRWELL

Rick leaps down the stairs, hitting the landing wrong, twisting his ankle and collapsing in pain into the neighbors trash cans. He pulls himself up, shoves the cans aside and keeps going. He finally gets to

THE LOBBY

and runs out just in time to see Julia fleeing through the front door. He starts after her, then hears his son crying. He turns back to see Jesse in the elevator, clutching the stuffed animal. He scoops up his wailing son and tries to soothe him. He pushes the button to his penthouse loft and the elevator ascends.

IN THE LOFT

Sam watches them on the monitor.

176 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- DAY

176

Sean dials the phone on the desk. It rings on the other end.

177 INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE -- DAY

177

Theresa hears the ringing phone, looks to her assistant's office; her temp is on the phone and not picking up. She answers.

THERESA

Theresa Lowry.

SEAN

Hi.

She recognizes his voice, freezes.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Thanks for picking up.

INTERCUT WITH:

178 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- DAY

178

THERESA

I didn't know it was you.

SEAN

I just wanted to see how you were doing.

THERESA

(dead cold)

I'm fine Sean, how are you?

SEAN

I don't know what to do, Terry. I don't know how to forgive myself.

THERESA

That's good.

(beat)

You know how long she was talking about showing you that she could swim? Whenever you got back from wherever you were?

SEAN

Please don't.

THERESA

She would do anything to get your attention. All you had to do was watch her. But you couldn't even do that. You walked away to take a phone call.

SEAN

It was thirty seconds! She wasn't in the pool! I was gone for thirty seconds!

THERESA

I never asked you: did you make that deal? Did you get the contract, Sean?

(beat)

You keep trying to forgive yourself. I never will.

And she hangs up. Sean slowly replaces the receiver. He lifts the rusty revolver, pops open the chamber, sees there are only two bullets. He snaps it closed and spins the cylinder, then puts it on the side-table.

179 INT. RICK'S LOFT - ARTIST'S STUDIO -- DAY

179

Rick sits staring at the canvas that he and Jesse were working on. He tests the tackiness of the paint. He hears a noise and sees Jesse pat up to him holding a glass of milk. He offers the glass to his father.

RICK  
(takes it)  
Thanks.

Jesse turns and walks off into the living room, passing Sam, who stands in the doorway.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Does he not want this?

SAM  
It's for you. He asked me to pour it.

RICK  
He did?

SAM  
She asked him to take care of you.

RICK  
Who?

SAM  
In the elevator. She asked him to take care of you.

RICK  
How do you know?

SAM  
He told me; when he asked for the milk.

RICK  
Did he say anything else? Did she saying else to him?

SAM  
No.

RICK  
Didn't tell him she was sorry?

SAM  
No.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

RICK  
...Yeah, she wouldn't.

A moment. Sam turns and leaves him. Rick sits there, troubled by his thoughts.

180 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - LOBBY -- DAY

180

Sean stops at the front desk on his way out. His shirt is stained and crumpled; he looks like he hasn't slept.

SEAN  
I'll need another night.

DESK CLERK  
Your wife will be joining you?

SEAN  
Yes.

The desk clerk nods. An afterthought:

SEAN (CONT'D)  
You know where I can buy a shirt?

181 INT. LAW OFFICE - NEW YORK -- DAY

181

KIRK, Rick's attorney, cradles his phone on his neck as he packs his briefcase. His assistant hands him something

KIRK  
Rick, I'm late for something. Think about it and we'll talk tomorrow.

INTERCUT WITH:

182 INT. RICK'S LOFT -- DAY

182

Rick is on the phone, agitated.

RICK  
No. Just give it to her.

KIRK  
You spent twelve months and a fortune to keep her from seeing him and --

RICK  
It can be supervised at first, just do it. She's not going to hurt him.

KIRK  
You don't--

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

182

RICK

Yeah, I do. Just let her see him.

He hangs up, steps into the other room and sees Sam reading at the table. She glances up, and in her brief look we know that their relationship has been so damaged that nothing will ever be the same again. She goes back to her book.

183 EXT. CAFE - FRENCH QUARTER -- DAY

183

We aren't sure where we are - we are close the screen of Michael's laptop. He pages to the next chapter.

184 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - NAPLES - SEAN'S ROOM -- DAY

184

There's a knock on the door. Sean opens it, wearing a ridiculously bright shirt, expecting the maid. Monica stands there. She was about to say something -- but she sees his shirt and can't help but smile.

MONICA

You have a new shirt.

SEAN

Yes.

MONICA

It's nice.

SEAN

Thank you.

MONICA

You waited for me.

SEAN

Yes.

MONICA

I gave him the money.

She waits to see how he reacts. He doesn't.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Will you still take me?

SEAN

I don't have anything left.

MONICA

Will you take me? Without any questions, just take me?

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

SEAN

Yes.

MONICA

Okay.

But neither moves.

SEAN

Is she safe?

A tear forms in her eyes -- knowing that he believes her, despite all the evidence.

MONICA

You are fool to have believed me.

185 INT. RICK'S LOFT - ARTIST'S STUDIO -- DAY

185

Rick stands at his paint-splattered desk, phone to his ear.

186 INT. JULIA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

186

The phone rings as the camera moves through the apartment, which is now bare of furniture. It finds the front door ajar and catches just a glimpse of Julia exiting with a suitcase.

187 INT. RICK'S LOFT -- DAY

187

Close on the phone as Rick hangs up. We cut wide and oddly RICK ISN'T THERE. It's as if he just disappeared.

188 EXT. THERESA'S HOME - BACKYARD -- DAY

188

Theresa drops a towel on the deck by her bare feet.

189 EXT. CAFE - FRENCH QUARTER -- DAY

189

Michael sits at a corner table in a cafe, a dead cappuccino beside his laptop. His face, always clean-shaven, is now bearded, but it's his eyes that surprise us. He looks worn out. He edits this paragraph: SHE CURLED HER TOES OVER THE EDGE OF THE POOL AND STARED AT THE MONSTER SHE'D BEEN UNABLE TO FACE. He changes MONSTER to BEAST.

190 EXT. THERESA'S HOME - BACKYARD -- DAY

190

Theresa gathers all her courage and dives in and swims underwater. Long, beautiful strokes. Oddly, she doesn't surface, just disappears as...

191 EXT. CAFE - FRENCH QUARTER -- DAY 191

Close on Michael's keyboard - He scrolls down to the next chapter.

We read: ITALIAN POP MUSIC BLARED FROM THE CRACKED SPEAKERS. LAST WEEK SEAN WOULD HAVE LUNGED FOR THE DIAL TO TURN IT OFF.

192 INT. FIAT PUNTA - DRIVING - ITALY -- DAY 192

Sean drives, tapping time to an Italian pop song on the radio. He notices Monica watching him from the passenger seat.

SEAN

What?

MONICA

Your hair. It's beautiful.

SEAN

All women love my hair.

Monica's smile broadens until she is beaming. She turns to look in the back seat and can barely keep from crying she is so happy. Sean's eyes flick to the REARVIEW MIRROR -- and in it he sees A NINE YEAR OLD GIRL -- the spitting image of Monica, smiling back. The song changes to "AMERICANO."

193 EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY 193

Monica screams in delight and sings along in pure joy. Sean and the girl in the backseat join in, as the car drives off toward the horizon.

194 EXT. CAFE - FRENCH QUARTER -- DAY 194

Michael looks up from his computer as his phone rings. He checks the readout and answers.

MICHAEL

Hi.

195 INT. ELAINE'S HOME - CONNECTICUT -- CONTINUOUS 195

Elaine towels herself off as she steps in from the backyard and removes her swim cap.

ELAINE

How are you doing?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Good. Did you finish reading?

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

She puts her towel down on the counter beside a manuscript that reads "Third Person."

ELAINE

Last night. It's very good.

INTERCUT WITH:

196 INT. CAFE - FRENCH QUARTER -- CONTINUOUS

196

MICHAEL

You're not just saying --

ELAINE

It's good.

MICHAEL

Thanks. I know it must have been hard for you to read.

Michael looks up and sees ANNA in the distance. She wears a simple white dress, almost no makeup. She looks very content and much more comfortable with herself. She is shopping at some outdoor stalls, bins of fabulous old books. She notices him looking and gives him a big, beautiful smile.

ELAINE

(with an edge)

How her smile lit up the room? Yeah, why would that bother me?

MICHAEL

I'm sorry. If I trusted anyone else --

ELAINE

Stop trying to get sympathy, Michael. I'll probably read this conversation in your book, too. You really don't feel a thing, do you?

He doesn't respond - there is nothing to say. Eventually:

ELAINE (CONT'D)

You going to send it to Jake?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

Michael types THE END.

ELAINE

Is she there?

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

MICHAEL  
(looks up to see Anna)  
No.

ELAINE  
You lying again?

MICHAEL  
She left a couple of months ago.

ELAINE  
You told her?

The ancient bookseller picks a book from the bin and hands it to Anna.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
-- that you're writing about her and her father?

Anna looks at the book quizzically - it is identical to Michael's brightly-colored journal.

MICHAEL  
No.

Anna opens it and reads the handwritten pages.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
She read my journal.

Anna turns and looks straight at Michael. Her face is smeared with tears, a look of unbelieving horror on her face.

ELAINE  
Wow.  
(beat)  
I almost feel sorry for her.

Michael watches as Anna is destroyed right there before him. It's a memory, but it's still hard to look in her eyes.

He averts his gaze and attaches the manuscript to an email.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
I should go. I'm getting cold; I just came in from a swim.

MICHAEL  
I'm glad you're using the pool again.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: (2)

196

ELAINE

(gazing at it)

You haven't seen the backyard in a while. The lilies are in bloom. It really is beautiful.

(beat)

It happened in a moment, it wasn't your fault.

MICHAEL

I know.

He presses SEND and closes his laptop.

ELAINE

Then maybe two years is long enough to blame yourself.

This next statement costs him a lot:

MICHAEL

I was thinking of coming home.

ELAINE

Do it.

MICHAEL

Maybe after the book fair.

She knows that's an excuse.

ELAINE

I won't always be here, Michael.

MICHAEL

(tortured)

...How?

ELAINE

I'm sorry?

But we see that he can't, and he won't.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Michael?

VOICE

Watch me.

Confused, he looks back up to ANNA and the book seller. She whispers something that sounds very close:

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: (3)

196

ANNA

Watch me.

She turns and walks off into the crowd.

ELAINE

Are you there?.... Michael?

Overcome by the urge to find her, Michael stands and moves off in pursuit of Anna.

197 EXT. FRENCH QUARTER -- IN THE NARROW STREET AHEAD

197

Anna strides purposely, putting as much distance as she can between herself and the nightmare behind her. She doesn't bother to hide her tears from the tourists she passes.

MICHAEL

quickens his pace - catches a glimpse of her in the crowd.

HIS POV

He gets a glimpse of her in the crowd ahead -- but it isn't Anna -- it's JULIA, carrying her suitcase. She turns the corner.

MICHAEL

walks faster, fighting the crowd, turns the corner.

HIS POV - NEXT STREET

There she is in the crowd again -- but now it's MONICA. She turns the corner and it's ANNA again.

MICHAEL

desperate to get to her, breaks into a run -- he rounds the corner into

A LARGE SQUARE

packed with people -- he can't find her in the crowd. He stops in the middle of the chaos, circles desperately, and as he does EVERYONE IN THE SQUARE DISAPPEARS. When he stops he sees

A YOUNG BOY

sitting on the fountain, wearing a swimsuit, looking at him; the boy whose photo we saw on Elaine's phone: ROBBIE.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

197

ROBBIE

Watch me.

MICHAEL

is stunned and overcome by the sight. He falls to his knees.

THE YOUNG BOY

beams at the sight of his father; an incredible smile.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Watch me, daddy.

MICHAEL

forces away his tears and smiles back.

MICHAEL

I'm watching.

Michael sits on the cobblestones and watches what we cannot see. And now PEOPLE appear in the crowded square, walking past him, paying no attention to the man smiling at children who frolic in the fountain.

the end