

R I P L E Y

Episode 1

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EPISODE 1

New York City, 1960

1 INT. UNDERGROUND - NIGHT 1

A quartet of headlights on the front of a subway engine car splash beams of light on the track and rock walls of the tunnel ahead.

2 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT 2

Empty but for one rider, Tom Ripley, swathed in an overcoat fraying at the edges, asleep.

3 INT. UNDERGROUND - NIGHT 3

From around a bend in the tunnel comes a tidal wave of water that rushes toward the train. Just before impact -

4 INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOVING - NIGHT 4

Tom wakes, crammed into a seat between two passengers in what is in fact a very crowded subway car.

He calms himself from the water nightmare. Regards the torsos and arms and hands and faces of the other riders packed into the car with him, their postures weighted down from their miserable existences.

As the train pitches through its tunnel under the city, light bulbs overhead blink off and on taking photographs, as it were, of his fellow passengers on their hopeless journey in this carriage to hell.

Most repulse him. The rest bore him. People, okay, with lives and ancestries, perhaps even interesting ones, though Tom doubts it.

They make this trip twice every day in these rumbling coffins, just as hopelessly doomed as they were yesterday and will be tomorrow.

Which is, unfortunately, true of himself as well, he knows.

The tunnel widens and a second train is suddenly hurtling parallel alongside the first - the local to Tom's express.

The screech of its metal wheels on the rails draws his glance to the windows - and now he regards these doomed souls - jammed into their own carriage like cattle in a lurching slaughterhouse pen.

His eyes settle on a man hanging onto a strap in the parallel train, only because the man seems to be looking his way. Dark hair, mustache, rumpled suit, hat.

Tom thinks he sees a flicker of recognition on the man's face - or rather that look just before recognition when you're trying to place somebody - but Tom is sure he doesn't know him, which is unnerving.

His view of the man on the other train is suddenly interrupted by the sooty blackness of a steel wall thrown up between the two tracks. But moments later, the tunnel opens up again and there the man is, still looking Tom's way.

Who is he? Someone Tom owes money? Someone hired to track him down? A police detective? Whoever he is, Tom is sure, can only be bad.

Tom gets up and wades into the awful sea of humanity in the center of the car, using them to shield the man's view of him.

As he takes hold of an overhead strap and looks back to the other train car, he sees through the slivers between the coats on the bodies around him the man moving in the same direction Tom has moved, trying, it seems, to keep him in view of the shifting train cars.

As both trains approach Union Square Station, Tom moves closer to the exit doors, in order to be among the first off, then decides to continue on further, toward the car ahead of his.

As he does, he glances to the occupants of the other train to see if the man is doing the same, but can no longer see him.

Tom slides the train's connecting door open and is hit with the deafening grinding din of the train's wheels on the tracks.

He cautiously ventures onto the yawing steel floor between the cars, which unsteadies him. The rock walls and bundles of fat cables racing past are close enough to touch, and he's tempted to, but doesn't. He manages the forward car's door open and shuts himself into this even more crowded casket.

5 INT. BOWERY STATION - NIGHT

5

The local and express trains arrive at the same time, slowing to a stop against opposite sides of the station's center concrete platform, which is sloshing with its own seas of the damned.

As commuters de- and entrain, Tom isn't sure if he should get off or stay on. The man, whoever he is, could be waiting for him to step onto the platform, or could simply cross it to Tom's train and cuff him here.

Tom gets off just before the doors close. Moves with a river of people making its way to exit stairs, pulling up the collar of his overcoat to the noise of the trains departing.

As he climbs the stairs, he's tempted but doesn't risk looking over his shoulder. He's safer in the middle of this pack of people, as revolting as they are.

6 EXT. BOWERY STATION - NIGHT

6

Tom emerges with his shield of bodies, which begins splintering off in different directions.

More vulnerable now, he quickens his pace as he heads for the corner, rounds it where it's darker ...

And runs.

7 INT. TOM'S ROOM - LES - NIGHT

7

Tom's room is nothing more than a room. Not even a bathroom - that's down the hall, shared with the other transient occupants of this bleak SRO rooming house.

He lets himself in, drops the room key on a cluttered desk, crosses to a window, and parts the dingy roller shade enough to look out.

He peers down past the fire escape grating at the Lower East Side street below to see if he lost the guy. Doesn't see him, but knows that doesn't mean he's not there, lurking in the shadows somewhere.

He finds a semi-clean glass amidst dirtier ones next to a two-burner hotplate and pours some cheap whiskey in it. Sips at it without sitting down or taking off his coat.

He returns to the window to look out again, and now, reasonably satisfied there's no one there, allows himself a respite, perches on the edge of the bed, and thinks.

Who could that have been? Was he even really looking at Tom? Or just blankly gazing out the train window as people do? Whatever the case, he was right not to wait around to find out.

He drinks.

8

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

8

Wearing a suit and tie, the only one of each he owns, Tom smokes on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 9th Street, waiting, perhaps, for someone.

He casually observes a mail carrier come along 9th, dropping mail in the front door slots of the Greenwich Village townhouses on it.

He drops his cigarette, grinds it into the concrete with the toe of a scuffed shoe, and heads toward a ground floor door of an apartment building, timing his arrival just ahead of the mail carrier's.

A discreet brass plaque next to the door reads: Dr. Marvin Katz. Tom slips a key in the lock, but doesn't turn it. Makes a little show of noticing the mail carrier coming up behind him.

TOM

Good timing.

He holds out his hand and the mail carrier puts some mail in it.

TOM

Thanks.

He turns away to finish locking or unlocking or whatever he's doing with the door as the mail carrier continues on down the street, then quickly sifts through the envelopes, holding a few to the sky.

The door suddenly opens from the inside, revealing an old woman, a patient of Dr. Katz's presumably, leaving.

TOM

Let me help you.

He smiles as he holds the door open for her, helps her up the three steps, waits until she's out of sight on 9th Street, returns to his inspection of the mail. He likes two of the envelopes, pockets them and drops the rest in the door's mail slot.

9 EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

9

Tom loiters across the street from his dingy SRO with its 'Rooms to Let' sign. He wants to be sure neither the man from the train, nor anyone else, is waiting for him.

He regards an old man walking his dog past some bums, then crosses the street.

10 INT. ROOMING HOUSE LOBBY - DAY

10

Tom comes in, approaches the clerk, a grim man at a grim desk behind a cage, reading a NY Post.

TOM

Anyone come by for me?

CLERK

No.

TOM

What's that.

He points to a wooden rack of pigeon holes, to one with something in it.

CLERK

Oh, yeah, someone did.

He hands Tom a business card. The name on it means nothing to him, but at least it doesn't have an NYPD logo on it.

TOM  
What'd he look like.

CLERK  
Look like.

TOM  
Dark hair. Mustache. Hat.

CLERK  
Could have.

The clerk is useless. Goes back to his newspaper. Tom heads for the stairs with the mysterious, no doubt regrettable card.

11 INT. TOM'S ROOM - DAY

11

Tom slices open the two newly-acquired Dr. Katz envelopes. Removes a check from each. Paperclips them to their envelopes and sets them on his desk, allowing us a proper look at what's on it -

Ballpoint and fountain pens, pencils, erasers, typing paper of various weights, carbon paper, stationery with letterheads - Arcturus Insurance Co., McAlpin Collection Agency, US Internal Revenue Service - and some fake New York drivers licenses.

Also, an adjustable date stamp, ink pads and rubber stamps with boldface messages like BALANCE DUE - PAST DUE - FINAL NOTICE - and a black portable Underwood typewriter.

Tom's a forger.

He slips carbon paper between two sheets of McAlpin Collection Agency stationery and rolls it all into the Underwood. He types the date - October 12, 1960 - and:

*Dear Mrs. DeSilva -*

TOM V/O

According to our records, there is an outstanding balance on your account with Canal Street Chiropractic in the amount of \$42.50.

12 INT. CHIROPRACTIC OFFICE - DAY

12

An elderly woman we can suppose is Mrs. DeSilva lies face down on a medical table in an examination room that could be from the prior century.

A man with rolled-up shirt sleeves and a beard like Charles Darwin's stands over her, pressing all his weight down on her back as a skeleton with a severely curved spine, hanging from a metal stand, looks on.

TOM V/O

We trust this is an oversight, and that you will remit payment to the above address, as the matter has now been referred to our collection agency.

13 INT. TOM'S ROOM - CONTINUED - DAY

13

The Underwood's keys slap at the paper -

TOM V/O

Failure to settle the account in a timely fashion will require us to impose a 10-percent late charge. Sincerely -

A couple of carriage returns to allow room for a signature, and Tom types - *George McAlpin*.

He rolls the completed letter and its copy from the typewriter and signs it. Rolls in a McAlpin Collection Agency envelope, types Mrs. Rose DeSilva and the address from her check on it, rolls that out, puts the carbon copy of the letter in.

He presses a rubber stamp to his red ink pad and hammers the envelope BALANCE DUE.



14 EXT. STREET - DAY 14

Tom drops the DeSilva letter in a public mail box and continues down the street to a bar with a sign above the door: 'Raoul's'

15 INT. RAOUL'S - DAY 15

Tom comes in. Crosses to the bar. Stands at it. He prefers standing to sitting since getting up from sitting takes a moment, which could be the moment that makes the difference between freedom and handcuffs.

TOM

Gin and tonic.

As he waits for his drink, he surveys the place for anyone he knows, hoping he won't see any. His glance ends on a man he doesn't know seated alone at the far curve of the bar, a face like a car salesman.

The bartender sets Tom's drink in front of him and moves off. Taking a sip of it, he tries not to look at the man at the other end of the bar, but like the guy on the train, this one seems to be looking at Tom, too.

Who are they? Cops? Perverts? Of the two, he'd prefer perverts. What do they want?

The man picks up his drink and, to Tom's dismay, brings it with him to where Tom is. Tom ignores him, or rather feigns to, as the man sits on the bar stool next to him.

AL

How's it going.

Tom keeps his head down, his eyes on his gin and tonic.

TOM

Fine.

AL

Al McCarren.

Al's hand enters Tom's periphery. He shakes it as perfunctorily as he can.

TOM

Tom.

AL

Tom Ripley?

Tom doesn't answer - glancing instead to the back door, calculating the distance, weighing the odds of his escape - but his non-answer is as good as a 'yes' to Al.

AL

You're a hard man to find. I wasn't at all sure I'd find you here, but didn't have much else to go on. No address, phone, office. Just a couple of places people mentioned you might be, like this.

TOM

What people.

AL

Friends of yours, I guess you could call them. Acquaintances at least.

Nothing from Tom, other than an attempt to appear less nervous than he is, which in fact he's good at and always has been.

AL

I'm a private detective, Tom.

Tom's reaction is no greater than if the man has said 'I'm a used car salesman, Tom,' but he feels paralyzed as his mind reels.

AL

I was hired to find you and give you this.

Al takes a business card from his shirt pocket - not the same as the one left at the rooming house - and places it next to Tom's drink. It reads:

*Herbert Greenleaf, Long Island Shipyard*, beneath which is an 8-spoked ship's wheel logo and phone number - none of which means anything to Tom.

AL

Mr. Greenleaf would like to talk to you.

TOM  
I don't know who that is.

AL  
I didn't think you did. Why  
would you?

Al sips his drink. Is he enjoying seeing Tom squirm, or  
is it just Tom's imagination?

TOM  
Talk to me about what.

AL  
I wouldn't know. Something  
personal. He did say there could  
be money involved. For you.

A brief flicker in Tom's eyes that might be noticed by  
those who know him well, and maybe by astute detectives.

TOM  
To do what.

AL  
He didn't say. As I said.

Tom can't for the life of him fathom what this could be  
about.

AL  
Can I tell him you'll give him a  
call?

TOM  
No.

AL  
No? Can I tell him you'll think  
about giving him a call?

TOM  
Tell him anything you want.

AL  
Fair enough. I've done what he  
asked me to do, so whatever else  
there is, is between you and him  
now.

The private detective downs his drink and sets some bills on the bar, enough for both of them.

AL

Drinks on Mr. Greenleaf.

And he leaves. Tom watches after him. Glances down at the business card. Doesn't touch it. Sips his gin and tonic.

A16 INT. TOM'S ROOM - DAY

A16

Reflected in his dresser mirror:

Tom lying atop his bed in his clothes.

From there he regards the rusty pipes under the sink against the wall - the electrical cords draping from the ceiling light like a spider web to power his table lamps and fan - the silhouette of the fire escape outside his window.

16 INT. TOM'S ROOM - DAY

16

Tom takes a shoe box from a shelf.

Sits at his desk with it. Drops a check clipped to its envelope in, and sifts through the other stolen mail in the box, examining postmark dates.

He selects one he likes - addressed to Dr. Katz - and sets it on his desk. Draws a thick New York City White Pages directory before him and leafs through its flimsy pages.

He finds the page with the name on the check on it - Charles Reddington - and jots down the phone number on a prescription pad he stole from some doctor.

17 INT. ROOMING HOUSE - HALLWAY / PHONE - DAY

17

At the end of the narrow hallway, Tom drops a dime in the slot of a pay phone and dials the number he wrote on the pad.

As he listens to it ring, he has to shift slightly to allow a man in his underwear into the disgusting communal bathroom. A voice on the phone -

MR. REDDINGTON

Hello.

TOM

Mr. Reddington?

MR. REDDINGTON

Yes.

TOM

This is George McAlpin, following up on the notices sent to you.

MR. REDDINGTON

Excuse me?

TOM

The late notice sent on the 14th of July, and the second notice sent on the 14th of August.

MR. REDDINGTON

To me?

TOM

To you at -  
(reading off the check)  
3201 21st Street, Apartment 5B,  
Astoria.

Nothing from Mr. Reddington.

TOM

Are you saying you didn't receive them?

MR. REDDINGTON

I didn't.

TOM

Neither of them.

MR. REDDINGTON

No. Who are you again?

Tom can tell from the man's voice that he's in his 70s, or 80s. They're always the best. You don't even have to answer their direct questions, just roll right past them -

TOM

Okay, well, there's no way I can know for sure you got them or not, but now we're speaking, so hopefully the matter can be settled.

MR. REDDINGTON

What matter.

TOM

The balance and late charges, sir, of your account with Doctor Marvin Katz.

MR. REDDINGTON

What balance. I paid him.

TOM

You did?

MR. REDDINGTON

Yes.

TOM

Cash or by check.

MR. REDDINGTON

Check.

TOM

Mailed?

MR. REDDINGTON

Yes.

TOM

It was not received.

MR. REDDINGTON

Well, I sent it.

TOM

Is that why you ignored the late notices?

MR. REDDINGTON

I didn't receive any late notices. I don't understand this.

TOM

Mr. Reddington, I can tell you're getting agitated. There's no reason to.

MR. REDDINGTON

Is there someone I can talk to about this?

TOM

You can talk to me. You're talking to me. If you wish to speak to someone else, that would be an attorney. But this can be taken care of without legal action against you. Do you have a carbon of the check?

MR. REDDINGTON

A carbon? No.

TOM

Do you have a statement from your bank showing it was cashed?

MR. REDDINGTON

I don't know.

TOM

I do. It was not. If you'll take a look at your statement, or check with your bank, you'll see that's the case.

Silence on the phone. Then -

TOM

Mr. Reddington, I want to give you the benefit of the doubt. If you indeed sent the (check) -

MR. REDDINGTON

I sent it -

TOM

You sent it - fine - so I'm willing to say it got lost in the mail.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

That the two late notices sent to you were also lost in the mail is more of a stretch, but I'm willing to say they were, too, in order to move on. Okay?

Nothing from Reddington.

TOM

Okay, what you need to do now is this: contact your bank to verify for your own peace of mind the check was not cashed. Put a stop payment on it. Issue a new check for the original amount owed, plus the 10 percent late fee - which brings it to 27 dollars - made out and sent to - do you have a pen?

MR. REDDINGTON

Yes.

TOM

To McAlpin Collection Agency,  
Box 8742, 421 8th Avenue, NYC.

The man in the bathroom flushes the toilet. Tom cups the receiver to muffle its sound, and his own groan of dismay that someone as clever as he has to live in such squalor. He waits for the man to move down the hall before -

TOM

Do you need me to repeat that?

MR. REDDINGTON

No. I wrote it down.

TOM

Is there anything else I can explain?

MR. REDDINGTON

No.

TOM

Thank you, Mr. Reddington.

Tom hangs up. That went fairly well.



18 EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - NIGHT 18

Tom stands before the window of a closed antique shop. A painting resting against an ornate chair has captured his attention.

He doesn't know a lot about art, and doesn't own any, but he knows what he likes: paintings like this one, so aged by centuries that it's hard to clearly discern their subjects lurking in sooty darkness.

Since he's here, he may as well check the store's mailbox slot. He flips it open and sees nothing on the floor inside, doubts he could fit his hand in it anyway. It's just a habit, like people who check coin returns of pay phones.

As he straightens up, he sees in the reflection of the glass a man across the street doing nothing but standing there smoking a cigarette.

Dark hair, mustache, hat - but he can't be sure if it's the same man from the train. He'd have to turn and look directly at him to know, and he's not about to do that.

Instead, he hurries off.

19 INT. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT 19

He paces. Looks out his window again. He's either being followed or is losing his mind.

He looks down at his desk. Notices the card that other man, that private detective, gave him on it. He picks it up. Tosses it down. Picks it up again. Sits with it on the edge of the bed.

20 INT. ROOMING HOUSE - MORNING 20

He's back at the pay phone down the hall. Drops a dime in the slot. Dials the number on the business card. It connects with a woman's voice -

SECRETARY  
Long Island Shipyard.

TOM  
Thomas Ripley for Mr. Greenleaf.

SECRETARY

Mr. Ripley.

TOM

(pause)

Yes ...

SECRETARY

Where are you? Mr. Greenleaf  
will send a car.

TOM

Excuse me?

21 EXT. LONG ISLAND SHIPYARD - DAY 21

A chauffeur-driven car glides to a stop near the docks.  
Tom emerges from the back of it, cleaned up for whatever  
this is about.

22 INT. LONG ISLAND SHIPYARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS 22

As Tom crosses from the car to the giant open doors of  
the nearest shipyard warehouse, he sees a man waiting for  
him at it who looks like he could be a Mafia underboss.

SHIPYARD MAN

Mr. Ripley.

(before Tom can say  
anything)

Follow me.

Tom and his escort come through the warehouse past the  
raised hull of a large sloop, table saws cutting timbers,  
machines fabricating metal parts, workers at long tables  
varnishing wood and polishing brass.

They climb an open flight of metal stairs leading to a  
catwalk overlooking the factory floor. Tom is admitted  
into the anteroom of an office, but we stay outside its  
wall of glass, and from here watch as -

A secretary leads Tom into a large maple-paneled office,  
where a businessman - Herbert Greenleaf presumably - gets  
up from behind his desk to welcome him.

23 INT. HERBERT GREENLEAF'S OFFICE - DAY

23

Tom and Herbert Greenleaf in a comfortable seating area of his office. The secretary hands Tom a glass of soda water with ice, and leaves, closing the door behind her.

MR. GREENLEAF

Thank you for coming, Tom.  
I hope your encounter with Mr. McCarren at the bar wasn't uncomfortable for you. How did he conduct himself?

TOM

Fine.

MR. GREENLEAF

That's good.

Silence as they consider each other.

MR. GREENLEAF

So what is this about you're wondering. It's about Richard.

Tom's expression is blank. The name means nothing to him, which seems to surprise Greenleaf.

MR. GREENLEAF

I was told you're a friend of his.

TOM

I'm sorry. I don't know who that is.

MR. GREENLEAF

He's my son. Maybe you know him as Dickie.

TOM

Dickie ... Dickie, yes, I'm sorry, I think I have met him, but - who said we were friends?

MR. GREENLEAF

One of his other friends. I don't recall which. They said you knew him, but didn't know where you were exactly.

(MORE)

MR. GREENLEAF (CONT'D)

They mentioned Raoul's as  
somewhere you sometimes went.

TOM

Okay.

MR. GREENLEAF

So you do remember him.

TOM

Yes. But it's been a while. How  
is he?

MR. GREENLEAF

That's a good question. I don't  
really know. He's been in Europe  
for years. We get the occasional  
postcard, my wife and I, but  
other than that -

He shrugs. Tom nurses his soda water, slightly  
distracted by the nice gold signet ring Mr. Greenleaf  
wears on a finger.

MR. GREENLEAF

Tom, we need him to come home.  
It's time, he's too old for this.  
And so am I. I'm not going to  
live forever. But nothing we say  
means anything to him.

TOM

Is there some reason he doesn't  
want to come back?

MR. GREENLEAF

He says he prefers living there.  
He says he's painting - before it  
was writing - but he's no painter  
- or writer, I can tell you that.  
Sailing and drinking and avoiding  
his responsibility to take over  
the family business is all he's  
doing.

TOM

He doesn't have a job there.

MR. GREENLEAF

A job? No, and let me tell you  
why.

(MORE)

MR. GREENLEAF (CONT'D)

A man works to provide for his family. He hopes he does well enough to ensure the security of his children. But there's such a thing as too much money, Tom. It's a curse. It blunts ambition. Richard doesn't work because he doesn't have to. He lives off trust money we stupidly put in place for him, which we can't legally cut off now.

The same slight flicker in Tom as when McCarren mentioned in Raoul's there could be money involved.

TOM

Whereabouts in Europe is he?

MR. GREENLEAF

Italy now. Some place around Naples called Atrani. Where from what I can gather there's nothing to do but sit on the beach.

TOM

And paint.

Mr. Greenleaf laughs. He likes Tom.

MR. GREENLEAF

Tom, I'm going to be honest with you. You're the first of Richard's friends who's been willing to listen to me. They all seem to think doing even that is somehow being disloyal to him.

Tom still has no clue what Mr. Greenleaf wants from him, but he's come this far, so -

TOM

What can I do?

MR. GREENLEAF

Richard has always been influenced by the opinions of his friends. If someone like you could talk to him, it would have far more effect on him than anything I or his mother could say.

TOM

I'm not sure he'd even remember me.

MR. GREENLEAF

That may be a good thing. Less of a setup, so to speak.

Tom tries to imagine what he might say in a letter to someone he hardly knows.

TOM

Okay. I could write to him if you want, and tell him whatever you want me to tell him.

MR. GREENLEAF

I don't think that would accomplish much.

Then Tom doesn't know what the man is talking about.

MR. GREENLEAF

What line of work are you in, Tom?

TOM

Insurance.

MR. GREENLEAF

Are you. Well, there's always a need for that. Sales?

TOM

Accounting.

Mr. Greenleaf, as Tom imagines someone like him with a ne'er-do-well vagabond son would be, is impressed.

MR. GREENLEAF

I don't suppose you have any vacation time coming up, or could take a leave of absence.

TOM

You mean - to go there?

MR. GREENLEAF

To talk to him face to face.  
Of course, I'd take care of your  
expenses in addition to a salary,  
that goes without saying.

With all his schemes in play like a juggler's knives,  
Tom may have to get away from New York before someone  
hauls him off to jail one of these days. Still, it's  
kind of crazy.

MR. GREENLEAF

Will you think about it?

Tom nods that he will, but commits to nothing more.

A24 INT. TOM'S ROOM - MORNING A24

Tom makes his bed. He may live in squalor, but still has  
some dignity.

B24 INT. TOM'S ROOM - DAY B24

He stands at his window looking out at the city. The  
overcast sky reflecting in the glass seems like a weight  
on it.

24 EXT. 8TH AVENUE POST OFFICE - DAY 24

Tom climbs the steps to the imposing gothic-columned  
facade of New York City's main post office.

25 INT. 8TH AVENUE POST OFFICE - DAY 25

Standing before a wall of brass post office boxes, Tom  
works the combination dial of one - No. 8742 - opens it,  
and extracts a couple of envelopes.

Both are hand-scrawled in aged hands with McAlpin  
Collection Agency. One from Charles Reddington, the  
other from someone with even shakier writing he can't  
make out.

26 INT. BANK - DAY

26

He's at a tellers window, endorsing the backs of the two checks, signing them 'George McAlpin.'

TELLER

You have an account with us, Mr. McAlpin?

TOM

I do not.

He doesn't because he never uses the same bank twice. He pushes the endorsed checks to the teller.

TELLER

You have identification?

TOM

I do.

He takes a fake New York drivers license from his wallet and gives it to her. She steps away from the window with it and the checks and walks them over to a desk behind which sits her supervisor.

The man regards the license and checks, but doesn't initial them. Instead, he glances up to regard Tom at the tellers window, then back down to the checks.

As Tom waits, he glances to a security guard seated in a chair, looking like he might fall asleep.

When he looks back to the supervisor's desk, the man is putting on his reading glasses to take a closer look at the license.

He then gets up, but not to talk to Tom. Rather, he takes the checks and license deeper into the bank, to the frosted glass door of his supervisor's office.

Tom watches the two silhouettes confer behind the glass. The teller waits outside it with a phony smile meant to say to Tom that nothing's amiss, but clearly something is.

He hates the thought of having to leave the forged license here, even if it isn't perfect. It'll mean a lot of work.



He'll have to go to see Bruno, pay for a new one, wait for it, order new stationery and wait for it - but now the supervisor's boss is picking up a phone - probably calling the cops - and Tom has seen enough.

As the frosted glass office door opens and the first man emerges from it, he sees that 'George McAlpin' is gone.

27 INT. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT 27

Not so unnerved as annoyed by what happened at the bank, Tom paces in his prison of a room, then gathers up the McAlpin Collection Agency stationery - which is useless now - and tosses it in a metal-wire wastebasket under the desk.

28 INT. ROOMING HOUSE - MORNING 28

A rusty shower nozzle spits lukewarm water on Tom's head. It almost makes him nauseous to be barefoot and naked in this grimy-tiled stall thousands of derelicts have been in before him.

The water pressure dwindles. Then stops altogether. Tom looks at the nozzle. Then down at the drain, from which water starts coming up - rising quickly over his ankles - sloshing over the shower curb -

29 INT. TOM'S ROOM - MORNING 29

Tom wakes from the water nightmare in his single bed.

A30 INT. TOM'S ROOM - DAY A30

He sits on his window sill in an undershirt, cigarette in hand, staring out, thinking, perhaps, about his so-called life.

30 INT. TOM'S ROOM - DAY 30

He stands before the old mirror atop the scarred dresser, raking a comb with missing teeth through his wet hair.

On a whim, he tries parting it on its unnatural side. Doesn't like the effect he thought he might, and changes it back to its normal side.

Tom tries on a pair of cheap non-prescription glasses from a box of them. Isn't sure they add a desirable air of intelligence. Sets them back down.

He puts on a gray dress shirt, buttons two of its buttons, assesses his reflection.

He exchanges the shirt for a plain white one, again buttoning just two of the buttons, and regards himself in the mirror.

This one is better. He buttons the top button. Unbuttons it. Buttons it again. Wraps a black tie around the collar and knots it.

This, he decides - if he can push from his mind the pathetic surroundings - is the image of a successful man who travels the world.

31 INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

31

Tom sits in his dark suit and tie before a plain backdrop, trying to look comfortable as a man behind a camera on a wooden tripod focuses on him.

TOM

Just a second.

He's going to have to live with this passport photo for ten years; it has to be right.

He sits up straighter. Smiles. Relaxes the smile. Loses the smile. Cocks his head slightly. Uprights it. Shifts to present a slight three-quarter angle.

He drops his head and imagines which facial muscles he needs to use in order to create a pictorial definition of insouciance.

He lifts his head with that expression on his face and the photographer snaps the shutter.

32 EXT. ONE FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT 32

A uniformed doorman stands under the green canopy of Harvey Wiley Corbett's 27-story art deco masterpiece overlooking Washington Square Park.

33 INT. ONE FIFTH AVENUE PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 33

Mr. Greenleaf, his wife Emily and Tom at a dining room table laid out with three settings of china and crystal, linen napkins on their laps. A maid attends them with dinner.

EMILY

Are you from New York, Tom?

TOM

I am.

EMILY

You went to college here?

TOM

No. Princeton.

EMILY

Princeton.

TOM

Yes, ma'am.

EMILY

That must have made your parents very proud.

Tom nods with the wistful expression he has perfected over the years, the prelude to the sympathy that always follows any discussion of his parents.

MR. GREENLEAF

Tom's parents died when he was young, Emily.

EMILY

Oh, my lord.

Tom knows she wants to ask how, but can't bring herself to any more than Mr. Greenleaf could when Tom told him about his parents.

TOM  
They drowned on Long Island  
Sound. A boating accident.

EMILY  
Oh, my lord. Oh, you poor dear.

Tom puts on his brave face, since he knows that's what everyone likes to see at this point.

EMILY  
Well, they would've been proud of  
you. Very proud, I'm sure.

TOM  
Thank you.

Tom is accustomed to the silence that always ensues,  
and how everyone is appreciative when he ends it, which  
he always does -

TOM  
I'm fine, Mrs. Greenleaf. It was  
a long time ago.

EMILY  
Yes.

Whether any of this is true about his parents we may  
never know, which is as Tom prefers it.

34 INT. ONE FIFTH AVENUE PENTHOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

34

As the maid clears the table, Emily leafs through a  
photo album with Tom sitting next to her on the sofa in  
the parlor, Mr. Greenleaf in a chair.

Dickie as a towheaded infant. Toddler Dickie taking his  
first steps. A ghastly photography studio picture of him  
dressed as Blue Boy.

The pictures get a little more interesting when they show  
Dickie in his teens and twenties, but not much.

EMILY  
I haven't gotten around to  
pasting these in yet.

Loose snapshots and postcards from Europe. Dickie on a trolley in Belgrade. Dickie with the Eiffel Tower behind him. Dickie sitting at a Berlin cafe.

EMILY

These are - what's it called?

MR. GREENLEAF

Atrani.

Tom regards these photos more closely. Dickie waist-deep in crystalline blue water - Dickie at a small cafe - Dickie pulling a rowboat onto the sand of a beach - none of them framed all that well.

In the background of some of these are houses perched on cliffs overlooking the sea. In all of them Dickie is strikingly handsome, looking content, living the kind of ne'er-do-well ex-pat life Tom can only dream of.

EMILY

This is Marge something-or-other. Friend or girlfriend, who knows.

It's a snapshot of a woman in a bathing suit. She's not unattractive, but compared to Dickie she's a blight on the idyllic landscape, in Tom's opinion.

He notices Emily staring at another picture of Dickie sitting on a terrace with a glass of wine, looking into the camera, looking at her, as it were. She seems in a kind of trance.

TOM

Mrs. Greenleaf?

Nothing from her. She's like a statue on the sofa.

MR. GREENLEAF

Emily. Maybe it's time for bed.

She nods. Sets the snapshot down. Gets up.

TOM

It was a pleasure meeting you,  
Mrs. Greenleaf.

EMILY

Bless you, Tom.

As Mr. Greenleaf escorts her from the room Tom watches after them, pockets the photo and wanders around looking at things like he's at The Met, which would like to have some of these items, he imagines.

Chinese vases. Oil paintings in gilded frames. A polished marble obelisk. Gold candleholders. Crystal ashtrays. A walnut burl wood humidor. A sleek Dunhill lighter.

It's all Tom can do to stop himself from putting the lighter in his pocket. Luckily, Mr. Greenleaf returns just before he does.

MR. GREENLEAF

It's taking its toll, obviously.  
She's heartsick. Richard's our  
only child.

He pours two brandies. Puts one of the snifters in Tom's hand.

MR. GREENLEAF

You know why I chose you for  
this, Tom?

TOM

Because I'm the only one of  
Richard's friends who'd listen,  
you said.

MR. GREENLEAF

Not exactly. It's more that -  
unlike them you're a working man.  
I was a working man. I still am.  
I have things now, like this -  
(the penthouse)  
- but I still go to work every  
day, like you. We know the value  
of work. Richard and his friends  
don't. They've never worked a  
day in their lives.

They nod at each other. Mr. Greenleaf looks at Tom hopefully.

MR. GREENLEAF

Are you still game?

TOM

Yes, sir.

Mr. Greenleaf crosses to a writing desk, gathers some things from it and returns to Tom.

MR. GREENLEAF

Then here you go.

He hands Tom travel documents -

MR. GREENLEAF

The ship and trains reservations.

A booklet of American Express Travelers Cheques -

MR. GREENLEAF

Your expenses.

A second booklet of Travelers Cheques -

MR. GREENLEAF

And your salary. If you find you need more, all you have to do is say, and I'll wire it.

Tom doesn't count the cheques. He can tell by their thickness it's more than enough.

TOM

This is very generous, thank you.

MR. GREENLEAF

You're doing us the favor, Tom.  
So thank you.

35 INT. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

35

Tom comes in. Sets one of the recent snapshots of Dickie he stole from the Greenleafs on his desk.

Now that he's alone he can count the Travelers Cheques.

They're in \$20 denominations - 40 in each packet- \$1,600.

And to think, he almost threw away the business card what's-his-name-the-private-detective gave him that night at Raoul's.

He moves his forgery tools to one side of his desk to clear a spot, sits at it and begins signing the top line of each cheque in an elegant hand: *Thomas Ripley*.

36 INT. 8TH AVENUE POST OFFICE - DAY 36

Once again he's at the wall of brass P.O. boxes. Gets his open and is delighted to discover an envelope from the US Department of State in it.

He unseals it and carefully removes the passport it contains.

The thick green cover that feels rich in his hands. Gold embossed eagle that he touches with a finger. Blank pages awaiting the stamps of poker-faced customs officers at exotic ports of call the world over.

And, best of all, the photo of its bearer, in black and white, projecting precisely the image Tom has strived and failed to achieve his entire life - until now.

Everyone around him is in movement, but he remains still, admiring his official self.

A37 INT. TOM'S ROOM - DAY A37

Tom sits at his desk adding the required information on his passport in ink. His full name - Thomas Ripley - his address - which he makes up - and who to contact in case of emergency - which, after a moment, he leaves blank.

37 EXT. MADISON AVENUE - BROOKS BROTHERS - DAY 37

The elegant sandstone face of the Brooks Brothers building, where it has stood since 1915.

38 INT. BROOKS BROTHERS - DAY 38

The place is as close to a Mens Only private club as a store can be, where generations of gentleman have come to be assisted by generations of obsequious salesmen.

Tom has never before set foot in the rich wood-paneled store, of course, and is intercepted the moment he does by a crisply dressed salesman who instinctively senses he doesn't belong here.

SALESMAN

May I help you.



TOM

Yes. Mrs. Emily Greenleaf asked me to come by.

The man's attitude immediately changes.

SALESMAN

You're Mr. Ripley.

TOM

I am.

SALESMAN

Right this way, sir. We have Richard's things set aside.

He leads Tom to a walnut table on which some shirts, scarves, socks and belts have been laid out.

SALESMAN

How is Dickie?

TOM

He's fine, thanks.

SALESMAN

Still traveling the globe.

TOM

Yes.

SALESMAN

He's greatly missed here.

The man snaps his fingers to summon someone to begin wrapping the purchases in tissue paper.

SALESMAN

The only thing Mrs. Greenleaf wasn't sure of was the color of the dressing gown. She said she'd leave that up to you.

He gestures to four silk bathrobes hanging on side by side stands, identical but for their color: navy blue, scarlet, British racing green, and some kind of purple with a paisley pattern and fringe-end belt.

TOM

Oh, I think the maroon.

SALESMAN

The burgundy.

TOM

The burgundy, yes.

SALESMAN

Are you sure?

What Tom isn't sure of is if the man knows Dickie well enough to know this isn't his taste in colors, or that he's being contrary for the sake of it. But this is the one Tom would choose for himself.

TOM

Definitely.

If the man's nod were words, they'd be 'okay, whatever you say.' He lifts the burgundy bathrobe with its hanger from the stand, folds it and lays it on a sheet of tissue paper.

39 INT. TOM'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 39

Tom packs two suitcases on the bed - one with the tissue-wrapped items for Dickie, the other with his own depressing clothes and toiletries.

He hesitates. Takes one of the Brooks Brothers shirts from 'Dickie's' suitcase and adds it to his own. No one will notice.

40 EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 40

He throws the rest of his clothes, some old pairs of shoes, empty whiskey bottles and rotting fruit in trash cans in the alley.

41 INT. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT 41

At his desk, Tom gathers up the IRS and Arcturus Insurance Co. letterhead stationery, fake licenses, PAST DUE and FINAL NOTICE stamps and ink pads, and deposits it all in the wire wastebasket.

The Underwood typewriter, of course, he will need no matter what the future holds for him.

He settles it in its travel case, snaps the latch and drops it into his suitcase on the bed.

42 EXT. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT 42

Tom strikes a match and, using the stationery for kindling, gets a fire going in the wastebasket he has set on the iron-grate fire escape landing outside his window.

Huddled next to it, he takes envelopes clipped with uncashed checks from the shoe box, and feeds them one by one into the flames in the metal basket.

It's cathartic - burning up one's petty criminal past, destroying the evidence of his schemes that has kept him awake more nights than not.

Some of the burning pieces of paper rise out of the flames like some kind of levitation trick, floating up into the dark sky like fireflies, before burning out.

43 EXT. UNDER THE OCEAN - DAY 43

Silence. Twin propellers the size of Tom's rooming house. They're still, but then there's a hum of engines, and the giant propellers begin to rotate, churning up the sea.

44 EXT. RMS QUEEN ELIZABETH - DAY 44

Most passengers, if they are on decks, are port or starboard, or at the bow to look off what lies ahead for them - ocean.

Tom, instead, is at the aft railing, enjoying the receding view of the last discernible relief of New York's skyline.

Perhaps, if all goes well, he'll never have to see it again.

45 INT. TOM'S STATEROOM - DAY 45

The door opens. A steward holds it for Tom.

As they enter, Tom takes in the first class stateroom's fine appointments - velvet-upholstered chair and writing table, Tiffany lamp, crystal drinking glasses, tulips in a vase, a silver tray on which rests fine toiletries. Indicating that -

STEWARD

In case you wish to freshen up,  
sir.

The man hands Tom the key. Accepts the tip Tom holds out. Leaves, shutting the door behind him.

Tom sits on the crisply made bed. Likes the feel of the sharp crease of its sheet.

His luggage is already here. Also, a gift basket wrapped in yellow cellophane.

Tom unties its bow and parts the cellophane. Finds inside a little envelope atop a mountain of stuff, and inside that, a handwritten card.

MR. GREENLEAF V/O

Bon voyage and bless you, Tom.  
All our good wishes go with you.  
Emily and Herbert Greenleaf.

Tom regards the pears and apples and grapes and chocolates, and diminutive bottles of liqueurs, and is almost overcome. No one has ever been so kind to him as the Greenleafs.

46 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - EVENING

46

There's no land in sight now, only the glowing ship lights and their reflections in the water as the liner crosses the Atlantic.

47 INT. RMS QUEEN ELIZABETH - EVENING

47

Tom browses at items in the ship's First Class haberdashery. Scarves, belts, handkerchiefs, cigarette cases and lighters, carved walking canes. Everything in the place is gorgeous in that sophisticated Man of the World way.

HABERDASHER

May I help you, sir?

TOM

Yes.

48 INT. TOM'S STATEROOM - EVENING

48

He's made a purchase and removes it from its bag. Parts the tissue paper it's wrapped in, revealing an English wool cap.

He stands in front of a mirror and puts it on. Depending on how he angles it, he can be a country gentleman, a sports car enthusiast, a French writer, a thug, or an American eccentric.

TOM

Greenwich, Connecticut, mainly... No, I haven't been back to the States in years... It's a firm that involves a good deal of travel... Well, I'm quick with figures, always have been... It's a pleasure meeting you.

49 EXT. RMS QUEEN ELIZABETH - DAY

49

Tom strolls the decks with his hat at the 'country gentleman' angle, returning smiles in his direction with a faint, but pleasant smile.

He passes people reclined on deck chairs, reading, others playing shuffleboard, others strolling past him.

In truth, he doesn't really want to meet any of them. Who he might be in their imaginations is more satisfying to him than who they might discover him actually to be.

He pauses to lean against the railing to gaze out at the vast ocean, hoping he's gotten used to the thought of its awful dangers.

He hasn't. It still terrifies him. He steadies himself, then heads back for his stateroom, lest he faint.

50 INT. TOM'S STATEROOM - NIGHT

50

He lifts the lid of a leather writing box embossed with a crowned 'E.' Removes a similarly marked fountain pen, ink well, and sheet of RMS Queen Elizabeth stationery.

He dips the pen in ink, poises it over the paper, and begins to write.

TOM V/O

Dear Aunt Dottie. No, this is not another letter to inform you of a change of my address.

An old framed sepia photograph of a benign-looking elderly woman rests on a dresser somewhere, in Tom's imagination, at least.

TOM V/O

As you can see from the stationery, I am aboard Her Majesty's QE. An unexpected business offer which I will not go into here.

51 INT. DENTAL OFFICE - DAY

51

But now kindly Aunt Dottie lies reclined in a dental chair with her mouth open as a dentist readies an almost medieval-looking drill in an old macabre dental office.

TOM V/O

I'm sure you noticed I didn't cash your last little check. Did you conclude I must therefore be dead?

The dentist steps on a pedal on the floor to turn the drill on. Whirring, it disappears into Aunt Dottie's mouth.

TOM V/O

I am not, but you needn't send me any more. They were always far insufficient for the price you extracted for them.

The drill grinds into the enamel of a tooth, strikes a nerve, and Aunt Dottie screams.

52 INT. TOM'S STATEROOM - NIGHT 52

Oh, if only it were true, and not just in Tom's imagination. He dips the fountain pen in the ink well and continues to write -

TOM V/O

Of course, this will deny you the opportunity to remind me of my shortcomings, which I suppose will leave you with nothing else to do in life. In any case, you're free of me now ... and I of you. Tom

He underlines his name and sets the pen down. A pulsing in his head grows loud -

53 EXT. RMS QUEEN ELIZABETH - DAY 53

The prow of the ship, cleaving the water.

Tom alone at the stern, looking off at the vast ocean to the horizon.

There's no one around him, but he can hear from somewhere unseen the clinking or silverware, and piano music, which he ignores.

From out of nowhere, comes a mountain of a wave that engulfs the great ship -

A54 INT. RMS QUEEN ELIZABETH - MORNING A54

Tom wakes from the water nightmare in the bed of his stateroom. Glances to its porthole windows, then goes to them to look out. The seas are calm.

54 EXT. RMS QUEEN ELIZABETH - DAY 54

Tom naps - or rather pretends to nap - on a teak deck chair, the English cap on his head, an Italian language book splayed on his chest, listening to the voices of other passengers, most of them European.

He hears certain English- and French-accented voices emerge from the others. Perhaps they're real. Perhaps imagined -

## VOICES

He's terribly serious, isn't he... Is he American... I think so, but he doesn't act like an American... Most Americans are so *noisy*... He must have something very important on his mind to keep to himself as he does ...

Every so often he hears a giggle, and knows where it's coming from without opening his eyes. Two young English women daring each other to come over and introduce themselves to him.

It's like music.

55 INT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

55

Tom continues to enjoy his First Class treatment, compliments of Mr. Greenleaf, ensconced now in a private sleeping compartment, gazing out at the Swiss Alps sliding past his window.

A knock, and a customs official comes in, hands Tom his passport, leaves.

Tom excitedly leafs through it to find the new entries - the cancelled Cherbourg stamp and the *Repubblica Italiana* entry stamp - then looks back out his window.

He's becoming accustomed to the luxury. But this is the last of it.

56 EXT. NAPLES TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - LATE AFTERNOON

56

The moment Tom detrains to the platform he is hit with noise and chaos.

Everyone seems to be arguing. Everything seems to be a serious, unsolvable problem.

As Italians rush around him, he turns to watch luggage from the train thrown into trolley carts, witnessing the moment his own bangs against the rails of one of them.



57 INT/EXT. NAPLES TRAIN STATION - LATE AFTERNOON 57

Tom stands at a currency exchange window, looking decidedly unlike the confident man in his passport photo. The clerk taps at an adding machine and returns the passport with some lira.

TOM

Thank you. Atrani? Do you happen to know when there's a bus or -

CURRENCY CLERK

*No. Il prossimo.*

As the next person in line nudges Tom away from the window, a kid wearing G.I. boots appears out of nowhere and grabs the handles of the American's luggage. Tom tries to protest that he doesn't need help with his luggage but the kid's already walking off under its heavy burden, jerking his head to say, Follow.

TOM

The bus is this way?

KID

*Si, si, si. Andiamo.*

Let's go. Tom has little choice. Follows the kids out past some parked taxis outside the station. Perhaps the bus stop is walking distance.

58 OMIT - EXT. NAPLES TRAIN STATION - NIGHT 58

A59 EXT. STREET - NAPLES - DUSK A59

The kid deposits Tom's luggage in the trunk of a lone gypsy cab on a back street. The driver closes it, tips the kid, climbs in behind the wheel. The kid waits for a tip from Tom, too. Gets it and leaves. Tom reluctantly gets in the back seat and the taxi speeds off.

59 INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT 59

Tom watches the meter numbers flip. Thousands of lira. Glances out at the dark streets.

TOM  
How much further?

DRIVER  
*Cosa?*

Tom sighs.

60 EXT. NAPLES STREET - NIGHT 60

The taxi delivers Tom to a deserted street. There is a bus stop, but that's about it. The businesses around it are closed. The driver sets the luggage on the ground, takes the fare from Tom, and drives off.

Tom tries to decipher the *Sorrento-Positano-Salerno* schedule sign. Doesn't see Atrani on it. Notices a wet discarded "*Orario*" schedule on the ground and tries to decipher that, but can't. He sits down on the bench. Pulls his collar up. Waits. Closes his eyes.

A61 EXT. NAPLES STREET - MORNING A61

Tom, prone on the bench now, wakes to see a few people boarding an idling bus. He's not sure it's the right bus but hurriedly gathers his luggage and boards it anyway.

61 EXT. AMALFI COAST - DAY 61

An old bus with stripped gears and a sign above the windshield that reads *Sorrento-Positano-Salerno*, follows the Amalfi coastline, always well above it, careening along a narrow road cut into the rock cliffs.

62 INT. BUS - MOVING - DAY 62

Tom wishes he could enjoy the glimpses of scenery afforded, but it's impossible. Every bend in the road promises a new precipitous plunge and watery death.

Instead, he thumbs through a small Italian phrase book, but that soon proves to be impossible as well, making him carsick.

When he finally does dare to look out the window, he's rewarded with an unbelievable vista: a village of boxy houses perched on cliffs, cascading down to the sea below.

It's stunning, like a dream - until the driver downshifts and announces in a gravelly voice -

BUS DRIVER

Atrani.

63 EXT. ATRANI - DAY

63

Tom is the only one to disembark. The driver grinds the gears, and the bus leaves him at the side of the road in a cloud of diesel exhaust.

He stands there looking after it. Has no idea what to do next. Picks up his luggage and walks down some steps into a sleepy piazza. Sees an enamel sign over an arched doorway that says *POSTA*.

64 INT/EXT. POST OFFICE - ATRANI - DAY

64

He comes in, sets down his suitcases. The place is deserted. Above him, slowly turning blades of an old ceiling fan merely move the heat around.

He approaches the room's only customer window, behind which no one sits. Regards an ancient service bell on the counter. Taps it once.

In a moment, a man emerges from the back room.

POSTMASTER

*Prego.*

TOM

Richard Greenleaf?

POSTMASTER

*Come?*

TOM

Do you know -

Tom consults his phrase book.

TOM  
*Dove - vivere - Richard  
Greenleaf?*

POSTMASTER  
Ah, Deekee, si.

The Postmaster beckons Tom to follow him outside.

POSTMASTER  
*Su.*

TOM  
Pardon me?

The man points up.

POSTMASTER  
*Sopra. A piedi. Le scale. La  
grande villa. Su, su. su.*

Before Tom can ask anything else, he has returned inside.  
Tom goes back in.

TOM  
Signore - may I -  
(indicating his luggage)  
Leave my -

POSTMASTER  
*Bagaglio? Si, si.*  
(Italian, subtitled)  
But not there where someone will  
trip over them.

He gestures, and Tom moves them.

POSTMASTER  
*Va bene.*

The man returns to the back room.

65 EXT. ATRANI - DAY

65

Tom has lost sight of his destination as climbs ever-narrowing stone steps. After several switchbacks, he miraculously finds himself approaching a villa.

It's quite grand, Moorish, with gardens and a terrace overlooking the sea.

He reaches it, doesn't see an obvious door to knock on,  
and so calls out -

TOM

Hello?

In a moment, an Italian woman emerges from the house  
wiping her hands on an apron. A tip of her head asks,  
What is it?

TOM

*Per favore* - Mr. Greenleaf?

ERMELINDA

*Giu.*

Recognizing Tom's uncomprehending foreigner's nod, she  
repeats it more emphatically.

ERMELINDA

*Giu.*

She points in the direction from which he just came, but  
Tom still isn't sure what she means.

ERMELINDA

*La spiaggia.*

Tom doesn't know what that means either, but looks to  
where she's pointing - to the ocean. *Giu* must mean down.

ERMELINDA

*Capisce?*

Tom considers the great distance to reach the beach,  
which is where he just came from.

TOM

*Si. Grazie.*

She goes inside.

66

EXT. ATRANI - DAY

66

Tom makes the long trek back down the steep stone steps.  
*Giu, Giu, Giu.*

67 EXT. ATRANI - DAY 67

He reaches the piazza where the post office and a few shops are. Realizes he can't show up dressed as he is since it wouldn't make sense for the story he's worked out.

He regards a tiny place with some linen shirts and women's bathing suits in the window.

68 INT. SHOP - ATRANI - DAY 68

Tom emerges from a bead-curtained changing room, barefoot, wearing a tight black and yellow Speedo.

TOM  
Do you have anything else?  
Altre? Altri?

SHOPKEEPER  
Altri? Si, si.

She holds up two worse ones on hangers.

TOM  
This one's okay. Va bene.

He pays for the one he's wearing at the counter, bundles his shoes and socks in his clothes, and -

69 EXT. ATRANI - CONTINUOUS 69

He steps outside onto the cobblestones, which until now he didn't realize were wet and rough. He sees the shopkeeper coming toward the door, perhaps, he hopes, to help him.

TOM  
Excuse me. Sandals?

SHOPKEEPER  
*Cosa? Sandali? No.*

The shopkeeper locks the door and flips a little sign hanging on it to the side that says, CHIUSO.

Tom puts on his black socks and brown dress shoes, rebundles his clothes and carries them to the *POSTA* to leave them with his suitcases.

But now there's a sign there, too: CHIUSO

70 EXT. ATRANI - DAY - CONTINUOUS 70

Carrying his bundle, he trudges across the piazza and through the arches toward the beach.

71 EXT. BEACH - ATRANI - DAY 71

The beach is just like it was in the photos Emily Greenleaf showed him - gorgeous, deserted as it is - but the truth is Tom hates beaches almost as much as he fears oceans.

As he stands where the cobblestones meet the sand, looking across the beach for the face from those photos - which is the only actual recollection he has of Dickie - he's unaware of the amusement he's providing some local Italians drinking at a little cafe:

He may as well be from another planet in his bumblebee Speedo, shoes, and ghostly pale skin. It's mortifying.

Venturing onto the sand, he sees that there are no tourists. Indeed, he hasn't seen any in Atrani. It must be off season, or a place tourists don't wish to visit.

He does see someone further on who could conceivably be Dickie - supine, head resting on a folded towel - next to someone who could conceivably be that woman from the photo, her head resting on his stomach - both napping.

A little transistor radio near them plays an Italian pop song.

As Tom nears them, he sees to his dismay that Dickie isn't wearing a Speedo - or any swimsuit - just casual pants and a shirt, and Tom rues his choice of attire.

She's dressed similarly - Capri pants and shirt - though Tom pays scant attention to her appearance since she's not who he's come to find.

As he comes past them, he slows, and glances back, as if surprised to stumble across someone he knows in such a faraway place -

But they're so serene lying there asleep - this moment in their lives more perfect than any in his will ever be - he's not quite sure how to disturb it. Eventually -

TOM  
Dickie Greenleaf?

Dickie rises to his elbows and nudges his Persol sunglasses to his forehead to regard the ridiculous creature in the Speedo and dark dress shoes, clutching his bundle of clothes.

DICKIE  
Yes ...

TOM  
Tom Ripley.

Dickie clearly doesn't recognize the name any more than he does the owner of the name.

TOM  
From New York. We met at Bob Delancey's place. Or Joel's, or - somewhere. It was years ago. What a coincidence.

DICKIE  
(pause)  
Tom-what-is-it?

TOM  
Ripley.

Dickie nods hesitantly.

DICKIE  
This is Marge. Marge, Tom Ripley.

MARGE  
How do you do.

She's American. And since she is, Tom can read her. It's subtle, but he catches a faint smirk in her smile, or thinks he does.

TOM  
Fine, thanks.

Silence. Then, eventually -



DICKIE

You're staying in Atrani, or - ?

TOM

I wasn't planning to, but look at it. I've never seen anything like this.

Tom looks up at the cliff-nestled houses, but only to legitimize the comment - scenic views don't actually do much for him - and this one, frankly, isn't all that scenic - then back to Dickie.

TOM

You don't seem to remember me.

DICKIE

No, I - it's just - I haven't been back to the States in so long, I -

TOM

It's okay.

Silence. Tom knows they're waiting for him to say goodbye and move on, but he doesn't. Marge tries to save her boyfriend, if that's what he is to her -

MARGE

I'm going in to cool off. Anyone care to join me?

DICKIE

I will. Tom?

TOM

Uh -

They're up, shedding their clothes to the swimsuits they have on underneath, and walking to the shore. Tom certainly doesn't want to go in, but supposes he must for appearances. Why else would he have put this stupid swimsuit on.

He takes off his shoes and socks. Hates the way the sand feels on his feet as he navigates the slight decline toward the water. It's not even sand. It's grit between your toes, like gravel. Is every Italian beach like this? Like a gravel pit?

By the time he reaches the gravel pit's lapping waterline, Dickie and Marge are already quite far out. Excellent swimmers, both of them.

Tom ventures out until the water is to knees. Any further would risk a terrible outcome. He doesn't know how to swim.

He stands there stupidly. Can see the two of them talking as they float around in the distance - perhaps about how to get rid of him before dinner - but can't actually hear them.

72 EXT. ATRANI - DAY

72

There was no graceful way to ditch Tom, which is good, but it has meant he now has to walk up the stone steps again.

Well ahead of him are Dickie and Marge, both back in their pants and shirts, climbing effortlessly side by side.

DICKIE

You okay back there?

The steep incline - climbing it again - is making Tom dizzy and nauseous, but, using what little breath he has, he grunts something meant to indicate he's fine.

73 INT/EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

73

Tom wanders alone around a large living room with glass-paned doors opening onto terraces.

The furniture is a mixture of Italian antique, Danish midcentury, and bohemian pieces, some tall bookcases and a fireplace.

On a desk is an Hermes Baby portable typewriter, Leica rangefinder camera, personal stationery and some writing instruments including a nice fountain pen.

It's a Montblanc, of course. A Meisterstuck 149, inscribed 'RG' in gold. Probably a birthday gift from Dickie's parents, if Tom had to guess.

Tom has put his shirt on and taken off his shoes, so, hopefully, he looks somewhat less the absurd tourist.

He can hear a shower, which he assumes Dickie is in since he can also hear Marge speaking Italian to the housekeeper in the kitchen.

Does she, Marge - what a name - live here, too, he wonders. With 'Mr. Greenleaf?'

Tom is drawn to a cubist painting in a simple frame. It's signed P-I-something-something-O. Could it really be a Picasso?

Marge emerges from the kitchen with a tray.

MARGE

To the terrace.

A74 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A74

Marge leads the way up some stairs.

B74 EXT. TERRACE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

B74

Tom follows her out there. She hands him one of the three martinis she's made and keeps another for herself.

TOM

Thank you.

MARGE

You're welcome.

They sip and nod at each other.

TOM

Have you been here long, Marge?

MARGE

Almost a year.

She drifts to the railing and stands there looking off. She's put a long shirt on - one of Dickie's Tom presumes - over her bathing suit.

MARGE

My house is over there.

Thank God for that, that she has her own place, but there's no way Tom could know which one she's pointing off at, even if she were to describe it, which she doesn't. They all look the same to him.

Tom pretends to see it with an 'Ah.'

MARGE

That's Dickie's boat.

Tom looks to some sailboats that all look the same to him, too, bobbing at anchor in the bay, and pretends to see the one she's pointing at with another 'Ah.'

He imagines she'll think of something else to point out that he won't be able to discern, but instead just stands there, having run out of things to talk to Tom about, sipping at her martini.

DICKIE

Martinis. Perfect.

Dickie steps out onto the terrace looking refreshed in a different shirt and duck trousers, his wet hair slicked back, and takes the third martini.

DICKIE

Cin-Cin.

A perfunctory tip of his glass on the way up to his mouth.

MARGE

I'll see if Ermelinda needs some help with lunch.

And at the same time abandon you, Dickie, to deal with your so-called friend from New York.

They watch her go, listen to the silence she leaves them in, sip their martinis.

DICKIE

Which hotel are you at?

TOM

I haven't checked into one yet.

Tom is fairly certain there are three or four bedrooms in this big house so maybe Dickie will invite him to stay in one of them.

DICKIE

Try the Miramare. Not Sergio's.  
I mean, if you're planning to  
stay.

TOM

The Miramare.

Dickie nods.

74

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

74

Lunch has been served: Pasta, salad, plate of bread,  
wine. There was no way of getting rid of Tom, so here he  
is with them. Tom regards another painting in this room,  
just to distract himself from the uncomfortable silence.

DICKIE

You like art?

TOM

I do.

DICKIE

Then you're in the right place.  
You can spend a lifetime looking  
at the art in Italy. You like  
Caravaggio?

Tom doesn't know who Caravaggio is, but nods.

DICKIE

Here's what you have to do.  
See every Caravaggio here. I'll  
give you a list of the museums  
and churches they're at.

TOM

That would be great, thanks.

Dickie's ring catches Tom's attention. Gold with a green  
stone in it.

MARGE

Dickie paints.

TOM

I know, his -

Tom catches himself just before the word "father" makes it out of his mouth. To Dickie -

TOM

I think you told me that back in the States.

DICKIE

Did I? If I did I was lying. I've always wanted to, but didn't really take it up seriously until I came here.

TOM

I'd love to see them sometime.

Dickie nods 'uh-huh,' but that's it. Tom looks down at Dickie's ring again in another silence before -

DICKIE

Tom's going to stay at the Miramare.

By the time Tom has lifted his reverie from the ring, he catches only the tail end of a weary look exchanged by his hosts.

MARGE

That's good. Better than Sergio's.

DICKIE

That's what I said.

MARGE

(to Tom)  
It's nice.

Tom nods. Silence.

75

EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

75

Only Dickie has been polite enough to see him out to the back gate. Marge is in the house, probably watching them like a spy.

TOM

Thank you very much for lunch.

DICKIE

My pleasure. We'll do it again -  
if you end up staying.

How many times are they going to say that? Do they  
really think he hasn't gotten the point?

TOM

I look forward to it.

DICKIE

Me, too. Bye.

TOM

Bye, Dickie.

Dickie is already walking back toward the house.

A76 EXT. ATRANI - DAY

A76

Tom makes his way down the endless stone steps.

76 EXT. ATRANI - POST OFFICE - DAY

76

Tom stands outside the post office, which is still  
closed. Do these people take four-hour lunches? He  
will learn in time they do.

It's a sleepy town to say the least, this Atrani, its  
slumber, at this time of day at least, interrupted only  
by the occasional passing Vespa and echoing toll of a  
church bell.

He's put his pants on over his Speedo, and feels a  
little less awkward for it as he idly thumbs through  
his phrasebook.

Finally, the Postmaster appears, steps past Tom to get to  
the door, and unlocks it.

TOM

*Buongiorno.*

POSTMASTER

*Buonasera.*

He points to the low sun as he goes in.

77 INT. POST OFFICE - DAY 77

The man flips the sign around to its APERTO side. Tom comes in after him to gather up his luggage.

TOM

*Grazie, per, uh - tenere -*

POSTMASTER

*Non c'è di che.*

TOM

*Grazie.*

POSTMASTER

*Prego.*

The man heads for the back room.

TOM

Scusi. Dove - Hotel Miramare?

POSTMASTER

Su.

He points up before disappearing into the back room.

78 EXT. ATRANI - DAY 78

Tom's like a pack mule again, burdened with his two suitcases, trudging up more steps. He reaches a kind of intersection of steps, isn't sure which way to go, chooses one at random, keeps climbing.

A79 EXT. MIRAMARE HOTEL - DAY A79

He reaches the top of some steps and sees 'Miramare' in faded paint on a wall outside a door.

B79 INT. MIRAMARE HOTEL - DAY B79

He has to climb internal stairs to get to the lobby.



79 INT. MIRAMARE LOBBY - DAY

79

As the hotel manager jots down Tom's passport number - without bothering to look inside at his wonderful photo, Tom notices - Tom fills out a registration ledger making up a New York address for his residence.

He's using Dickie's monogrammed Montblanc pen. Not that he's stolen it. Borrowing something without asking isn't the same as stealing. He'll return it and Dickie will never notice it was gone, Tom is sure.

PUCCI

*Camera sei.*

The man places a room key marked "6" on the counter that's attached to a bronze medallion the size of a salad plate. It makes a heavy clunk.

80 INT. TOM'S MIRAMARE ROOM - DAY

80

Tom gets the door unlocked with the laughable key, and, dragging his luggage in, mumbles to himself -

TOM

If you end up staying... if  
you're planning to stay... if  
you're going to *impose*  
yourself...

The harrowing bus ride, Atrani's steep punishing steps, the grit in his shoes, Dickie's and Marge's cool reception - all of it catches up with him all at once.

He collapses on the single bed.

81 INT. TOM'S MIRAMARE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

81

Vespas buzzing like flies wake him. Still in his clothes, he lies there listening to the little motor-bikes, and for a moment doesn't know where he is or how long he's been here, then does, and drags himself off the bed and into the bathroom.

He fills a glass from the tap. As he's drinking it, he notices a glass bottle of water on the sink. What has he done? Is he going to get sick? He dumps the tap water, refills the glass from the bottle, and considers his reflection in the mirror -

Who is this person? The same nobody he was in New York. More of a nobody.

He pads back into the room with the glass of water. Crosses to a window. Tries to find Dickie's house and does. It's bigger than those around it.

Is Marge still there? He doesn't see her, or Dickie, on the terrace, or behind any of the windows.

He hears a very distant female laugh - as American as a spoken sentence - and traces it to a little boat motoring across Atrani's bay.

He sees Marge in the boat, in a skirt and blouse now, along with Dickie in his shirt and trousers. A boatman guides it toward an anchored sailboat, presumably the one Marge pointed out to him.

It's a 25-ft. Laurent Giles Vertue with a long-unvarnished teak cabin and single mast with a tied-up sail. Would you call it a sloop or a yacht or what, Tom wonders, but only for a moment since he doesn't really care.

On its bow, written in faded paint: *Pipistrello*.

He watches as Dickie climbs aboard first, in order to help Marge on, then waves to the Italian who motors back toward the beach, and sets about unfurling the sail.

It catches the breeze. Dickie sits on a bench at the tiller. Marge sits next to him. Does she take his hand? Tom can't tell from here.

As he watches the boat glide across the bay, he realizes he's seeing them on a typical day, perfectly content with their lives in a world in which Tom doesn't exist.

They'll do this, then have a stroll through town, aperitifs at a cafe, then dinner, and ... will she spend the night with him?

No wonder Dickie doesn't want to go home, back to New York's noise and grimy subways and deadbeats and whatever responsibilities his father is trying to impose on him.

That isn't life. This is. What Dickie has.

As the distant lilting laughter wafts to him on the breeze, Tom is stabbed with a pang of self-pity and loathing. And a realization:

He wants to be Dickie.