

R I P L E Y

Episode 2

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Based on the Ripley Novels
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WHITE SHOOTING SCRIPT SZ EPISODE 2

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EPISODE 2

1 EXT. ATRANI - OFF-SHORE / OCEAN - MORNING 1

Idyllic Atrani from off-shore:

Its small marina, gritty sand beach, its terraced stone houses and hotels, churches and shops improbably clinging to its rocky cliffs.

But then we're slowly descending, the surface of the water coming up, veiling the view, then cutting it off completely, smothering us in deep blue and silence as we helplessly sink -

2 INT. TOM'S MIRAMARE ROOM - MORNING 2

Tom wakes from his drowning nightmare.

Wherever he goes his fear of water accompanies him, working with his surroundings to create subconscious imagery to terrify him in ever new iterations.

How long has he been here in this room? Two days? He isn't sure.

He crawls out of bed. Goes into the bathroom. We politely wait outside it and listen to him pee into the toilet bowl.

Once it's over, we venture inside where Tom runs his hands under the sink faucet, then regards himself in the mirror.

What's he doing here? He has no real friends here. Doesn't speak the language. Something has to change.

He goes to the window. Looks out at the ocean. Then to Dickie's house on the hill. Is Marge there? Are they talking about him? Did she spend the night?

He goes back inside to get dressed.

3 EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

3

Marge emerges from Dickie's house and lets herself out the gate. As she walks off, presumably toward her house, wherever that is, Tom, shielded by the walls of an alcove out of sight, watches her go, then steps out from it and crosses the narrow street.

He clangs the bell at the iron gate and waits. Ermelinda the housekeeper eventually comes out.

TOM

Buongiorno.

ERMELINDA

Buonasera.

TOM

Sera I mean. Is Mr. Green(leaf) -

ERMELINDA

Si, si. Prego.

4 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

4

Ermelinda escorts Tom through the living room to the terrace. On the way, he drops the Montblanc pen on the desk.

Tom steps onto the terrace where Dickie lounges on a wicker chair with a coffee, a Nazionali cigarette and an Italian newspaper, looking like a romanticized painting titled, 'Expat in Paradise.'

TOM

Hi.

Dickie glances up and is not altogether successful in burying his surprise that Tom hasn't left Atrani.

DICKIE

Tom. You're still here.

TOM

I am.

And so you decided to come impose again, Tom is sure Dickie is thinking.

DICKIE

We thought maybe you left without saying goodbye.

TOM

I've been a little sick, but I'm feeling better now.

DICKIE

Oh, that's good.

TOM

Maybe I just needed some sleep.

DICKIE

That's probably it. You want some coffee?

TOM

No, that's okay.

DICKIE

You want to sit?

TOM

Okay.

Tom sits.

DICKIE

How's the Miramare?

TOM

It's good. It's fine.

They nod at each other, since that just about covers Tom's life in Atrani.

TOM

Is Marge here?

DICKIE

You just missed her. She's gone to her place to do some work.

TOM

Work?

DICKIE

She's a writer.

TOM

Oh.

Right. She's as much a writer as Tom is, he's sure.
Less of one.

TOM

A novel?

DICKIE

Travel book. About Atrani.

Just what the world needs, another one of those.

TOM

With photographs?

DICKIE

Yeah. She's a pretty good
photographer, too.

TOM

Is she.

DICKIE

Uh-huh.

Sure, she is.

TOM

So, it's - photographs and -
words.

DICKIE

Descriptions, observations,
poems - none of which she's let
me read yet - and the photos.

TOM

Poems, too.

DICKIE

I think.

Tom can't think of anything more dreadful. Or anything
else to say. Listens to the silence that envelops them.
It reaches a point where it's almost painful.

DICKIE

So what's the plan? Rome?
Sicily? You really can't go
wrong whatever you decide.

This is it. If he doesn't put an end to these 'where next' questions, their relationship, such as it is, will end. He has to do it now.

TOM

I brought you some things from
New York.

Dickie looks at him.

DICKIE

What?

TOM

Some shirts and things. And a
robe. They're at the hotel.

Dickie's quizzical look becomes an uncomprehending stare.
What could Tom possibly be talking about?

TOM

I have a confession to make.
Your father sent me over here to
try to convince you to come home.

DICKIE

My father.

TOM

I told him I'd try and I meant
it. But I have no intention of
doing that now. I completely
understand already why you want
to stay here - why anyone would.
It's perfect. Why would you want
to go back to New York?

Dickie is still trying to make sense of this.

DICKIE

He sent you like - paid your way?

TOM

Yes, but I'm going to pay him
back.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I'll get some kind of job -
somewhere - I mean, if I stay in
Europe - and send him the money.
I'm not someone who takes
advantage of people.

Actually, it's Tom's trade, but so is his ability to
mimic sincerity.

DICKIE

How do you even know him?

TOM

I don't. He found me. He
couldn't convince any of your
real friends to interfere in your
life. And I won't either. But
you should take the clothes your
mother had me bring. Then, I
guess I'll leave.

A long silence. Then Dickie laughs, and Tom - not having
realized he'd been holding his breath - breathes.

DICKIE

I can't believe he did this.
Then again, I can.

Dickie's smile is a genuine one, unlike Marge's that
tries and fails to disguise antipathy.

DICKIE

Did he tell you why he wants me
back there?

TOM

No.

DICKIE

To work at the shipyard. To
take it over when the time comes,
like a son is supposed to. The
problem with that is, I'd rather
be on a ship than watch people
make them.

TOM

Me, too.

Of course, nothing could be further from the truth, with Tom's fear of water. Dickie shakes his head at the absurdity of what his father has tried to set in motion.

DICKIE

Tom. Don't bother paying him back, it's nothing to him. It'll go on the expense account. He'll probably even write it off his taxes somehow.

TOM

You're not upset with me?

DICKIE

Of course not. I'd have done the same thing. I did the same thing. I saw the opportunity for adventure to an unknown place, and took it. Exactly what you've done.

Tom is feeling much better. Relieved. Pleased with the outcome of his plan to play it this way.

TOM

Maybe I will have coffee.

DICKIE

Ermelinda!

In a moment she appears.

DICKIE

Caffe per Tom.

5 INT. TOM'S MIRAMARE ROOM - DAY

5

As Dickie lifts away the tissue paper from the last of the Brooks Brothers shirts and socks Tom brought over -

DICKIE

I'm not ungrateful, but my mother doesn't seem to realize the best shirts in New York are imported from here.

He stacks the shirts on top of each other.

TOM

And this -

Tom presents him with the tissue-wrapped robe almost as if it's a gift from him, which in a way it is since he chose it without any direction from Mrs. Greenleaf. Dickie unwraps it, and laughs.

DICKIE

Of course, she'd choose this one. Who, Tom, tell me - who in the world would ever wear a purple paisley robe? My god it's awful.

It's like a stake to Tom's heart. But Dickie doesn't notice, as overcome with incredulity as he is with his mother's - Tom's - terrible taste.

DICKIE

But thanks for carting it and this other stuff all the way over here for her. That was nice of you.

TOM

You're welcome.

A silence. Except for the robe misfire, Tom feels this is going well.

DICKIE

Did my father mention my painting?

He did, of course, disparaging it in no uncertain terms, but Tom shakes his head.

TOM

No.

DICKIE

I happen to be pretty good at it, though he'd be the last to say it.

Tom lets Dickie wallow in his father/son thing. He himself never has - since he hasn't had one since he was 5 years old, if that story was true - but knows that every other son loves to do it.

DICKIE
You want to see them?

TOM
Your paintings? Very much.

6 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

6

Dickie leads the way into his artist's studio, as it were.

There's an easel, a work table, sofa, several canvases stretched over wooden frames lying about, squeezed paint tubes and cans of brushes and other accoutrement someone who calls himself a painter would acquire to help sell the notion.

Tom wanders over to the easel on which rests a half-done nude of a woman reclining in an unnatural position, head tilted up, hand to her ear.

DICKIE
That's one of Marge.

TOM
Ah.

Tom nods at it appreciatively, but it isn't good in his, or anybody's opinion.

If Dickie hadn't said it was Marge, there'd be no way of knowing. There's no resemblance at all. Compared to this, a purple paisley robe belongs in a museum.

DICKIE
Some of my landscapes.

He gestures to a line of painted canvases on the floor propped against a wall that are just as unremarkable as "Marge in Repose" -

Various mundane angles on Atrani, all with the same monotonous colors, the kind of so-called art you'd walk past in Times Square - or any tourist street in the world - and not give a first glance, let alone a second.

TOM
Ah.

Dickie gestures to a larger canvas -

DICKIE

From my abstract period.

Tom winces. He didn't think it could get worse, but this is: Crooked "mouth" and uneven "eyes" crowned with "hair" - so, "Marge" again, after being put in a blender.

TOM

Ah. Yes, that's good.

DICKIE

Thanks.

Suddenly, Tom feels better about himself. He can't paint either, but he at least knows what a painting is, which, apparently, Dickie doesn't.

But it also depresses him. He had thought - he had wanted - Dickie to be more than this.

DICKIE

I know I'm not a great painter, yet. But I enjoy it.

Yet? Never.

TOM

Yes.

What else is there to say? The truth? That it's unfair someone this untalented can have a trust fund allowing him to live this kind of life? Tom smiles to hide the grimace on his face.

7 OMIT - INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

7

8 EXT. ATRANI - DAY

8

Dickie and Tom walking up Atrani's steep narrow steps, Dickie with a bottle of Chianti in hand.

DICKIE

She's probably still writing, but will get such a kick out of the Greenleaf scheme, she won't mind the interruption.

Tom nods, but more at his certainty that Marge is a "writer" like Dickie is a "painter."

9 EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE - DAY 9

They come through a gate and cross a narrow walkway leading to a house that's much smaller than Dickie's. Smaller and more unkept, overgrown.

There's a clothesline hanging across the path leading to the front door which Tom has to duck under to avoid contact with Marge's wet tomato-colored bathing suit and some blouses and bras clothes-pinned to the line.

DICKIE

Ciao-ciao!

Dickie goes in the unlocked door. Tom follows after him, stepping over a garden hose Marge couldn't be bothered to coil that tries to trip him.

10 INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 10

Of course she's not working. Dickie's greeting brings her out of the kitchen, pleased that he's come to visit. Then she sees Tom.

TOM

Hi.

MARGE

Hi.

DICKIE

Tom has a very funny story to tell.

MARGE

Does he.

DICKIE

But let's get this open first.

The bottle of wine, which he takes with him as he and Marge go into the kitchen, leaving Tom alone in the room, which must be the only one in the house since her unmade bed is in it, too.

He regards some paintings on the walls that are clearly Dickie's, then looks at her "writer's" desk, a disorderly table awash with notes and, as he suspected, run-of-the-mill snapshots of Atrani.

Honestly, everything about the place is disorderly. Either she's too cheap or really can't afford a maid like Dickie can, and has no skill or interest in doing the simplest housework herself.

There's a pair of knitting needles attached to a half-finished shawl or sweater or whatever it's going to be, and a mess of skeins of yarn. Of course, she knits.

Tom can hear her in the kitchen whispering something - about him, no doubt - as Dickie rattles around a drawer for a corkscrew.

11 INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - LATER

11

Tom has made it to the end of his narration of the 'Greenleaf Affair.'

TOM
... and here I am.

DICKIE
(to Marge)
Can you believe that? Even if you knew my parents, you'd never think they'd go this far.

Dickie laughs as he refills his wine glass. He's on his third. Tom's on his first. Marge hasn't touched hers.

She's looking at Tom a little blank. There's something about the story she doesn't understand.

MARGE
Who was the guy in the bar?

DICKIE
A private detective! My father hired a private detective!

MARGE
To find Tom.

DICKIE
Yes!

The whole thing amuses Dickie far more than Marge.

MARGE

Are you hard to find, Tom?

His look to her is as withering as hers is to him.

TOM

I'd just moved, so I guess so.

She nods, but his answer doesn't dull her suspicions of him.

MARGE

Why'd you wait to tell Dickie?

DICKIE

What difference does that make?
You're missing the point of the
whole saga, Marge. It's about
my father, not Tom.

But she isn't missing the point. He is. Tom's stock may have risen with Dickie, but not with her. She looks at Tom.

MARGE

Have you decided what you want to
see next?

TOM

Excuse me?

MARGE

In Italy.

Can she really be so impolite?

TOM

No, I haven't.

MARGE

There's a lot to it.

TOM

I'm sure there is. But I'm
thinking about staying here a
while longer first.

She nods. Silence. Then -

DICKIE

You know, Tom, if you are going to be here longer you should stay at my place. Why spend money at the Miramare when I have extra rooms? Even if it is just my father's money.

Tom is almost as stunned as Marge by Dickie's offer.

DICKIE

Unless you prefer having your privacy at the hotel.

TOM

No. No, I'd like that. Thank you very much.

DICKIE

There's a bed and some furniture in the cellar we could drag up to one of the bedrooms. If you'd like to.

Tom is perfectly aware of what Marge's silence is trying to say to Dickie, but he isn't, or doesn't care.

TOM

I'm sure I'd like to.

Tom smiles.

12 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

12

Tom and Dickie lug an iron bed frame up to one of the spare bedrooms, push it against a wall, lay its single mattress on it.

The place is spartan - just the bed, an old armoire, small desk and chair, and Tom's luggage - but Dickie can help that:

DICKIE

The walls need something.

Tom agrees. Maybe the Picasso?

13 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 13

Tom stands back as Dickie hangs a trio of his awful landscapes on the bedroom walls. At least he didn't choose the nude of Marge.

DICKIE

Better?

Tom nods. Perhaps he'll learn to just ignore them.

TOM

Much.

14 EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 14

Marge finds them out on the terrace, enjoying some soppressata salami, prosciutto, bread and amaro.

DICKIE

Marge! Get a glass.

(off)

*Ermelinda! Un altro bicchiere,
per favore!*

MARGE

She's gone. I let myself in.

DICKIE

Oh. How long have we been out here?

Tom shrugs, though he knows exactly how long.

DICKIE

(to Marge)

Well, we're done working.
Rewarding ourselves with some
amaro. Here -

He tries to fill his own glass for her, but the bottle is empty.

MARGE

That's okay.

DICKIE

I have another bottle.

MARGE

It's okay. I'm fine.

She sits.

TOM

We're going to Naples tomorrow.
Want to come?

She looks at Dickie. Then at Tom, who smiles pleasantly.

MARGE

I should work.

TOM

On your book.

MARGE

Yes.

DICKIE

Come on, Marge. Come with
us. I'm showing Tom his first
Caravaggio at the Misericordia.

MARGE

I've seen it.

DICKIE

You've seen it once. Once isn't
nearly enough.

MARGE

I was at Le Sorelle.

DICKIE

What?

She doesn't repeat it.

DICKIE

When.

MARGE

Now.

Dickie seems confused. Then it dawns on him.

DICKIE

Oh.

(to Tom)

(MORE)

DICKIE (CONT'D)

We were having dinner.

(to Marge)

I'm sorry, I forgot. Let's go.

MARGE

They were closing when I left.

DICKIE

Did you eat something? You want
some prosciutto?

MARGE

No, it's okay.

Tom hates people who say 'it's okay' when what they mean
is 'it isn't okay.' Silence. Then -

DICKIE

You want to see the room we
fixed up?

MARGE

Maybe later.

15 EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 15

Tom stands at his bedroom window watching Dickie walk
Marge home. He can't hear them, but Dickie is probably
still apologizing while she complains about Tom.

It amuses him.

16 EXT. NAPLES - DAY 16

The Atrani bus delivers them to the same street that
Tom first boarded it when he arrived.

Dickie, wearing his Borsalino hat, knows where they're
going and navigates the streets confidently with Tom in
tow.

17 INT. BANCA D'ITALIA - NAPLES - DAY 17

Tom waits as a teller converts Dickie's monthly trust
fund check into American Express Travelers Cheques and
cash.

He watches as Dickie pulls the Montblanc pen from his jacket pocket and flips through the booklet, signing in the teller's presence the top line of each check, then pockets them, a receipt, the cash, the pen and his passport.

18 INT. PIO MONTE DELLA MISERICORDIA CHURCH - NAPLES - DAY 18

Everything about Caravaggio's "Seven Works of Mercy" holds Tom spellbound:

Its light and shadow and dark drama. The expressions. The sinewy muscles of those that are unclad. It's as if real men and women were taken off real streets to enact the scene, which they were.

Dickie watches his friend's obvious fascination, and is pleased he could inspire it.

DICKIE V/O

He painted it when he was 36.
A year after he murdered a man in
Rome.

19 EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - NAPLES - DAY 19

Tom's spoon stops stirring the sugar cubes in his espresso cup.

TOM

Murdered a man.

DICKIE

Umm, a pimp whose prostitutes he used as models. He fled to Malta and then Palermo, painting some of his greatest works while on the run.

TOM

Really.

DICKIE

They finally caught up with him here in Naples, beat him up, disfigured his face and left him for dead.

TOM

Who did.

DICKIE

Who knows. Friends of the pimp.
Colorful life. And death.

TOM

I want to see more of his
paintings.

DICKIE

I'll take you Rome sometime.
Some of his best ones are there.

TOM

I'd love it.

This is perfect. Just the two of them - no Marge -
sitting in a Naples cafe making plans for the future -
until the moment is spoiled by an interloper -

FREDDIE O/S

Dickie.

Tom glances to the voice and its owner approaching them.

DICKIE

Freddie. Come stai.

FREDDIE

Benissimo.

He embraces Dickie. All but ignores Tom.

DICKIE

What are you doing here.

FREDDIE

Just passing through. Me and
Max. How are you? How's Marge?

DICKIE

Good.

FREDDIE

Working on her book?

DICKIE

At this very moment.

Finally Freddie's look drifts over to Tom.

FREDDIE

And this is.

DICKIE

Tom. Tom, Freddie Miles. Tom's
come over from New York.

Tom would rather not have to shake Freddie's hand, but
there it is hovering before him.

FREDDIE

(mechanically)

How you doing.

TOM

Fine.

DICKIE

Sit down. You want a coffee?

FREDDIE

I want a drink, but just a quick
one. I have a train to catch.

Freddie sits. Glances off -

FREDDIE

Cameriere. Cinzano.

Freddie's eyes slide back to Tom to consider him really
for the first time, then slide away.

FREDDIE

I know you from somewhere.

TOM

I don't think so. I think I'd
remember.

FREDDIE

Would you.

TOM

Umm.

FREDDIE

No, we met somewhere in New York.
Where. Bob Delancey's maybe.

TOM
I don't know who that is.

FREDDIE
No, I think it was there, at his
apartment. On Stanton Street. A
party. I'm pretty sure of it.

TOM
Don't know him. Sorry.

Freddie nods, fine, but thinks he's right.

FREDDIE
(to Dickie)
How do you know each other.

Dickie isn't going to get into the real reason -

DICKIE
We met here.
(points off)
In Atrani.

A waiter sets down Freddie's Cinzano. He takes a sip.
Without really looking at Tom -

FREDDIE
What do you do in New York?

TOM
Nothing now. I live here.

FREDDIE
Before.

TOM
Accounting.

Freddie nods, but somehow doesn't believe it.

TOM
You?

DICKIE
Freddie's a playwright.

TOM
Oh.

FREDDIE

Umm.

Right. Like Dickie is a painter and Marge is a writer. It's pathetic.

TOM

I was going to guess something like that.

FREDDIE

Were you.

Just a little nod from Tom.

FREDDIE

Why.

TOM

I don't know.

Freddie, like Marge, has Tom figured and doesn't like him. Which is fine with Tom. Freddie directs his attention back to Dickie as if Tom isn't there.

FREDDIE

Here's the thing. I'm renting a big place in Cortina in December. You and Marge have to come, and why wouldn't you. Christmas in the Alps. Say yes.

DICKIE

Yes.

FREDDIE

Yes? Good. We'll ski and drink ourselves to death.

DICKIE

Perfect.

Freddie glances back to Tom - who he has pointedly not invited to Cortina.

FREDDIE

Tom what.

TOM

Ripley.

FREDDIE

Ripley.

Tom nods. Freddie nods as he studies him.

FREDDIE

Okay.

20

EXT. PALAZZO - NAPLES - LATE AFTERNOON

20

The Italian singer Mina performs in a courtyard bordered by the walls and steps of a centuries-old palazzo under a starry night sky that's almost too magical-looking to be real.

With her clear soprano voice, she could sing arias, but has chosen to be a pop star.

Sitting with Dickie at one of the tables, drinking from their second bottle of wine, Tom is mesmerized listening to her. It's the most beautiful, haunting voice he's ever heard.

But if she's singing to anyone in particular in the young bohemian crowd, it isn't Tom. It's Dickie.

21

EXT. NAPLES - NIGHT

21

The song continues as they walk along a street.

As they come around a corner they collide with a girl their age, knocking her to the cobblestones. Dickie is quick to help her up, apologizing in Italian -

DICKIE

We're so sorry. I didn't see you. Are you okay?

TERESA

I'm okay. I'm fine.

DICKIE

You're not. Look -

Some blood drips from her knee. Dickie is quick to take off his shirt and get down on his own knees to wipe at the blood.

She looks to Tom, and smiles, liking, apparently, the medical attention Dickie is showing her.

DICKIE
Where are you going? We'll
escort you.

TERESA
It's not necessary.

DICKIE
I insist.

TERESA
The trolley, home.

DICKIE
You're not taking the trolley.
You're taking a cab.

A22 EXT. NEARBY STREET - NAPLES - NIGHT

A22

Tom stands off by himself as Dickie helps Teresa into an idling taxi.

DICKIE
Where's home?

She gives the driver an address and Dickie hands him money - quite a lot, Tom notices, until the driver is satisfied. The girl says something to Dickie and the taxi drives off. Dickie watches after it.

DICKIE
Did you hear what she said?
We're the nicest Americans she's
ever met.

TOM
I'll say. You gave the driver
enough to take her to Rome. He's
splitting it with her now.

DICKIE
It's worth it to hear that from a
pretty girl. Isn't it?

TOM
Sure it is. I like girls.

The comment strikes Dickie as odd, but maybe he didn't hear right and lets it go. He glances at his watch - a fine piece Tom can't help but notice - a Rolex.

DICKIE

We missed the last bus.

22

INT/EXT. BUS - MORNING

22

It's the next morning. They look like they slept in their clothes. As the bus careens along the narrow road that clings to the cliffs of the Amalfi Coast -

TOM

Do you think you really will go to wherever it was that guy said his place was.

DICKIE

Freddie? Probably. It gets dreary down here in winter.

Tom just nods.

DICKIE

Why.

TOM

I don't know how you could stand to be around someone like that. He's such a fraud.

DICKIE

Why do you say that.

TOM

Because it's obvious. He's no playwright. Just someone who comes from money.

DICKIE

Well, that's true. His family owns hotels, and he's got a place in the south of France.

In Freddie's voice -

TOM

*You and Marge have to come.
We'll ski and drink ourselves to
death.*

Dickie stares at him.

TOM

What.

DICKIE

That was very good. You sounded
just like him.

Tom shrugs. He's long known he has a skill for mimicry.
He glances off.

DICKIE

Tom.

TOM

What.

DICKIE

I come from money. So am I a
fraud?

TOM

You and he couldn't be more
unlike.

Dickie smiles. He does like Tom.

23

EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

23

As they come through the back yard they see Marge -
waiting on the side terrace, looking like a Girl Scout
and den mother at the same time.

MARGE

I was getting worried.

DICKIE

Why.

MARGE

Why. Because it's today and
anything can happen in Naples.

As they get closer -

MARGE

Something did happen in Naples.

Dickie's bloody shirt.

DICKIE

It's nothing. Stumbled on the
cobblestones.

Tom smiles to himself, enjoying the lie, or what he
thinks it means, that Dickie doesn't want to mention the
Italian girl to Marge.

DICKIE

But something did happen in
Naples. I ran into Freddie.
He's invited us to Cortina for
Christmas.

MARGE

Us.

DICKIE

Us. You and me and Tom.

Freddie didn't invite Tom, but Dickie just did. She
smiles, but isn't pleased.

MARGE

It sounds like fun.

DICKIE

Good! I'll let him know.

They all go inside.

24

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

24

Tom sits with a local - Fausto - taking an Italian
lesson. Judging from his relative ease with it, it's
not his first. Some weeks have likely passed.

TOM

*E' un piacere conoscerla.
Voglio presentarle il mio amico
Dickie.*

FAUSTO

*Bravo - ma, we don't say 'voglio'
so clear. More like 'voio.'*

TOM
Voio presentarle il mio amico.

FAUSTO
*Perfetto. Bravissimo. Sei
portato per le lingue Tommaso.*

TOM
*Come diciamo in inglese:
"portato."*

FAUSTO
Knack. You have a knack with
language.

TOM
Sei un bravo insegnante.

Fausto is a good teacher.

FAUSTO
Grazie.

25 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

25

At the little desk in his bedroom, Tom types a letter on his Underwood to Mr. Greenleaf.

TOM V/O
Dear Mr. Greenleaf, I'm writing
you with good news. Richard is
wavering about spending another
winter here.

26 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

26

Of course, Dickie is doing nothing of the kind. He's at his easel in his 'studio,' painting Tom's portrait.

TOM V/O
It's a delicate matter dealing
with him, as I'm sure you know.
One can't push him.

Tom can't see the painting from where he poses. He knows it will be awful, but very much likes the feeling of having Dickie pay attention to him like this.

TOM V/O

It takes many conversations to get him to change his mind about anything, but I am making progress -

27 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

27

An Italian language album plays on a record player in the living room as Tom, alone in the house, stands before the Picasso, sipping a martini he has made himself.

TOM V/O

As promised, I will do everything in my power to convince him to come home to you, hopefully by Christmas.

Tom comes out onto the terrace with his drink and peers down at the beach.

TOM V/O

All my best wishes and good thoughts to you and Mrs. Greenleaf. Sincerely, Tom.

He can see Dickie and Marge down there in bathing suits, supine on towels, sunning themselves. With them this far away, Tom can almost convince himself this is his house.

TOM V/O

PS - I've not yet spent the money you gave me, but it is running low. Perhaps you could send a bit more. A money order to Dickie's address in Atrani would be good. Thank you.

28 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

28

Tom pulls the finished letter from the Underwood typewriter and folds it into an airmail envelope.

29 EXT. ATRANI - DAY

29

Tom knows when someone is following him.

It doesn't matter how clever they think they are. This one is a swarthy man, some twenty or so steps behind him as he walks through town with his letter to Mr. Greenleaf in hand.

He drops it in the *Poste* box outside the post office, and continues to a tabacchi, outside which he pauses to see which newspapers are on the racks.

30 INT. TABACCHI - DAY - SAME TIME 30

From inside the tabacchi looking out, we see what Tom knows without having to see - the man passing behind him.

As someone else enters the shop through its beaded curtain, Tom picks up copy of Naples' *Il Mattino*, drops a coin in the cup that's there for that purpose, and walks off with into the piazza behind him, the beads still quivering -

31 EXT. ATRANI - DAY - CONTINUOUS 31

Tom crosses the piazza to a cafe. Sits. To a waiter -

TOM
Un campari, per favore.

Tom sees the man standing across the piazza smoking a cigarette. If his intention is to rob Tom it won't be in some narrow back alley, he'll have to do it here in the public square.

He opens the *Il Mattino*. Reading is good for his Italian. His Campari is delivered. He sips at it and waits.

The man approaches. Sits at another cafe table and orders an espresso. Glances to Tom, who feels like he's back at Raoul's with that private detective eyeing him.

CARLO
Come va?

TOM
Bene.

The man gets up and comes over like the detective did.

CARLO

Posso sedermi?

Tom gestures, sure, if you want, sit. The man does, and extends a hand.

CARLO

Carlo.

TOM

Tom.

CARLO

Tu sei americano.

TOM

Si.

CARLO

Mi piacciono gli Americani.

He likes Americans. Tom's nod says, 'fine, what do you want?'

32

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

32

Tom finds Dickie in his studio, painting.

TOM

Want to go to Paris?

DICKIE

What?

TOM

I was talking to a guy at Giorgio's. He'll give us a hundred thousand lire apiece.

DICKIE

To do what.

TOM

To go to Paris.

DICKIE

What are you talking about.

TOM

All we have to do is take a suitcase there for him, and then stay as long as we want.

DICKIE

A suitcase.

TOM

Yeah.

Dickie looks at Tom like he must be crazy.

DICKIE

You can't be serious.

TOM

I am. Just come meet him. We talked in Italian, so I only got the gist of it.

DICKIE

I don't want to meet him, whoever he is.

TOM

What am I supposed to do with him then?

DICKIE

Nothing. Forget you had the conversation.

TOM

He's downstairs.

Dickie stares at him.

DICKIE

You brought this guy to my house?

TOM

Why not.

They come down the stairs to find Carlo in the living room, standing before Dickie's Picasso, admiring it.

TOM

Carlo! *Ti presento il mio amico*
Dickie.

CARLO

Come va.

Dickie just nods, fine. Carlo looks him over, sizing him up. Everything about him - his Italian linen shirt, his ring, his vanity, and especially his unease - says to Carlo 'trust fund,' which amuses him.

He raises an eyebrow at the painting.

CARLO

Picasso.

Nothing from Dickie.

34

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

34

Ermelinda delivers a tray of drinks to Dickie, Tom and Carlo in the living room.

Her look to Dickie says what he already knows - you shouldn't have someone like this in your house - before she leaves them to their conversation.

It's in Italian, with subtleties of idioms Tom has yet to learn, so he doesn't catch all of it:

CARLO

Tommaso explained to you what we spoke about?

DICKIE

Why don't you tell me.

CARLO

Okay. It's not complicated. Tomorrow, the next day, whenever, you both meet me at the train station in Naples. I'll have two tickets for you, half the money - 50 thousand lire each - and a suitcase. You take it to Paris, deliver it to the address I give you, where you'll get the rest of the money, and -

He slaps his hands together to say, '*and that's that, done.*'

DICKIE

What's in the suitcase?

CARLO

It makes no difference. No one is going to stop a couple of American tourists that look like you.

DICKIE

Dope, guns, stolen art, what.

CARLO

It's not your concern.

DICKIE

It's very much my concern.

CARLO

It isn't your friend's. He didn't even ask.

Dickie glances to 'his friend,' who remains eager to make this work, then back to Carlo who is looking at the ring on Dickie's finger. Like it does Tom, it interests him. Then -

CARLO

Tomma.

TOM

Dimmi.

Carlo switches to English -

CARLO

Sadly, your friend is not the right man. You, yes. Him, no.

TOM

No, he's right for it. We both are. He's just thinking about it.

DICKIE

No, I'm not.

Carlo glances to Dickie, then back to Tom with a rather sinister smile.

CARLO

Look at him looking at me like a policeman who wants to arrest me.

TOM

No, he isn't.

CARLO

No, you're right. No like policeman.

(Italian, subtitled)

Like a man afraid he's about to be eaten by an animal.

The look Carlo gives Dickie adds, '*and you should be afraid,*' which unnerves Dickie further. To Tom -

CARLO

We can still do business, you and me, but not him. There is no need to discuss this anymore with him or in front of him.

(Italian, subtitled)

At some point in life, his balls were cut off.

Carlo jots down a Naples address on a scrap of paper, hands it to Tom, downs his drink and gets up. To Dickie -

CARLO

This is a nice villa.

As he heads for the door -

CARLO

(o/s)

Grazie, Signora!

The front door closes behind him. Dickie looks shaken up as he stares at the closed door, listening to the gate clang, then looks at Tom.

DICKIE

What's the matter with you.
Are you crazy?

TOM

Why would you say (that) -

DICKIE

The man is Camorra. You know what that is?

TOM

No.

DICKIE

Mafia. Naples Mafia.

TOM

How do you know.

DICKIE

Because, Tom, it's obvious.

Nothing from Tom. Dickie's rebuke has stung him.

DICKIE

I want to think you wouldn't have done this if your Italian was better, but I'm not so sure. Is this the kind of thing you do in New York?

TOM

No -

DICKIE

The kind of people you hang out with there? He treated you like a kindred spirit.

TOM

No, we hung out with the same people. It's how we met.

DICKIE

I still don't remember it.

Dickie seems to reevaluate Tom, perhaps even to question if Tom has been lying about everything all along, and it's all Tom can do to endure it.

TOM

Don't look at me like that. I'm not crazy.

DICKIE

Then what is this.

TOM

I thought you'd think it'd be fun. It could've been fun.

DICKIE

To do a 'job' for gangsters.

TOM

To go on an adventure together.

DICKIE

To end up in prison together.

TOM

Okay, now you're just - forget it.

Tom looks down at his shoes, embarrassed, and doesn't want to look back up for fear to find Dickie still upset with him.

TOM

Can you not tell Marge about this? She doesn't like me very much as it is.

DICKIE

Why is that, do you think?

TOM

I don't know. I'm nice to her.

DICKIE

No, you make an effort to be, which isn't the same. Which is worse actually.

TOM

That's not true. I like her.

Dickie's look to him says, sure.

TOM

I do.

35

EXT. LE SORELLE - NIGHT

35

The restaurant is open-air on the beach. At a table with plates of picked-over seafood sit Dickie and Marge and Tom.

MARGE

You're teasing me.

TOM

I'm not. I really want to know. I'm impressed you're doing it. I've never written a book. Dickie hasn't. Have you?

DICKIE

Certainly not.

MARGE

To be honest? It's not going so well. I'm trying to describe this place that's so -
(she hunts for the word)
See? I can't even find the words just sitting here talking.

She's still hopeless to Tom, but the effort he's making now is less obvious than before.

TOM

Can I read what you have so far?

DICKIE

She won't show it to anyone.

TOM

I mean, I'm no book editor, but I did work for one, at Harper and Row.

MARGE

You did?

TOM

I read plenty of manuscripts there that needed work.

MARGE

Really.

Tom nods.

TOM

If nothing else maybe I'll accidentally say something that gets you thinking in a different way. I'd love to try.

As Marge glances to Dickie, whose look to her says, *See, he's not so bad*, Tom gestures to a waiter, scribbling in the air for the check, and takes out his wallet.

TOM
I've got this.
(to Marge)
What do you say?

36 INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

36

Tom and Dickie watch Marge gather sheets of typed pages from the mess of them and the photos on her desk. No wonder she needs help. She can't even find what she's written.

She eventually gets them in some semblance of order and presents the small stack of papers to Tom like it's the pillow of a ring bearer at a wedding.

MARGE
I'm scared.

TOM
I'm sure it's wonderful.

37 EXT. ATRANI - NIGHT

37

Tom has the manuscript pages of Marge's 'book' in his hand as he and Dickie climb steps on their way back to his house.

DICKIE
That was good, Tom. You're trying.

TOM
I wasn't just trying. I'm interested in what she's doing. She's wrong about me.

DICKIE
In any case, you made her happy.

TOM
Well, that's good.

38 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

38

Tom sits at a desk leafing through Marge's Atrani manuscript, groaning at every paragraph.

He'd love to slash a big X across every page, but instead forces himself to jot a few small comments in pencil in the margins.

It's a chore, and of course is meaningless - the so-called book is hopeless - but he's sure it'll accomplish what it needs to, which has nothing to do with making it any better.

39 EXT. ATRANI - BEACH - DAY

39

The beach, where Marge has the marked-up manuscript in her cross-legged lap, reading Tom's comments to herself, as he, on the towel next to her, gazes out at the sea.

He's no longer the ridiculous figure in a Speedo like when he met her. He's wearing casual pants and a linen shirt like Dickie's, sunglasses like Dickie's, looking like he belongs here.

As she reads the penciled notes -

MARGE

This is really helpful.

TOM

Is it?

MARGE

Everything you're saying here is right. And this! What you wrote here in the margin.

TOM

Which.

MARGE

'Atrani is like a place in a dream that becomes even more dreamlike when you wake.'
That's so perfect.

TOM

It's yours. Take it.

MARGE
Really?

TOM
Sure.

Why not. He stole it from Steinbeck, but it'll be her funeral if her book is ever published.

MARGE
I think I know what to do with all of it now.

But she doesn't throw it in the sea, which would be the only reasonable thing to do.

TOM
I'm glad.

MARGE
Thank you, Tom. Really.

TOM
Thank you for trusting me with it.

DICKIE O/S
Il Pipistrello!

They glance up to see Dickie coming toward them from the town side of the beach with a bottle of white wine.

DICKIE
What do you say. Right now.

TOM
What is that?

DICKIE
My boat!

Tom looks sick as he glances to it moored offshore.

DICKIE
That is if the author and her editor are done for the day, or even if they aren't.

MARGE
Tom's a wonderful editor. Did you read his notes?

DICKIE

No. He, like you, wouldn't let me. It's your secret, all of it, between the two of you. Let's go. It's perfect out there.

Out there is the vast watery grave Tom stares at.

Dickie pulls Marge up by her hand. As they head toward the dock, Tom picks up his towel and follows after them, dreading what's about to happen.

40

EXT. TYRRHENIAN SEA - DAY

40

It should be exhilarating. The breeze is strong, filling the mainsail and thrusting Dickie's boat at a good clip.

But to Tom it's torture. They're halfway between the mainland and the island of Capri - so in no man's land - and every time the prow cleaves the swells he feels worse.

Dickie leaves the tiller in Marge's hands to see what's up with Tom. Finds him down in the cabin.

DICKIE

Are you okay? You don't look so good.

TOM

I'm okay.

DICKIE

Are you feeling sick?

TOM

No, it's just - the ocean kind of makes me nervous.

DICKIE

What are you talking about, you came over on a boat, across a lot more ocean than this.

TOM

A ship so huge you could forget you were on one. This is a boat.

DICKIE

Don't worry. I'm a good sailor.

He pats Tom's knee as he gets up to return to Marge.
Just loud enough for Dickie to hear -

TOM

I have a fear of water.

Dickie looks back.

TOM

I can't swim.

DICKIE

You're joking.

Tom isn't. And feels stupid.

DICKIE

Not at all?

TOM

Not very well.

DICKIE

Okay, I'm going to teach you,
but until then -

Dickie rummages around a teak storage case and comes up with an old lifejacket, slips it over Tom's head and ties its straps around him.

Tom feels and probably looks ridiculous in it, like a child, and it doesn't do anything to allay his fears. He should've kept his mouth shut.

The only thing that would make him feel better would be if Marge fell overboard - which he imagines.

41 EXT. ATRANI - DAY 41

It's the next day. Tom and Dickie walk through town under an overcast sky to the post office.

42 INT. POST OFFICE - ATRANI - DAY 42

They come in. It's empty as usual. He goes up to the little counter.

DICKIE

Ciao, Matteo.

POSTMASTER

Riccardo, come stai.

TOM

Benissimo.

The postman looks for their mail. Finds an envelope addressed to Dickie, but that's it. No mail for Tom.

POSTMASTER

Per te niente, caro Tomma.

43 EXT. ATRANI - DAY

43

As they come out of the post office -

DICKIE

I'm going to go see Marge. Maybe go for a swim.

Tom expects him to add, 'want to come?' but he doesn't.

TOM

Okay.

DICKIE

Take this home for me?

His mail.

TOM

Sure.

He puts the envelope in Tom's hand.

DICKIE

See you later.

Tom watches after him as he walks away.

44 EXT. ATRANI - MARGE'S HOUSE - DAY

44

Marge's house slides into view, but is partly blocked by the laundry she never seems to take down.

Tom, here to spy on them, does and doesn't want to see what they're doing in there.

He comes around the laundry for a clearer vantage and sees them framed in a window, like actors on a stage, on her sofa.

Dickie's arm is around her waist. Her face is tipped up to him, her eyes closed, lost in ecstasy as he kisses her.

Why did Tom come here to witness this? It disgusts him. Dickie doesn't love her. Why is he doing this?

And this is just Act I. He doesn't want to see the rest of the play.

He turns away from the distasteful performance and starts down the steps.

45 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

45

Tom comes in and sets the letter on a tray on the desk where Dickie keeps his mail.

Then picks it back up again to regard the return address. It's from a Naples branch of Banca d'Italia.

He can hear Ermelinda working in the kitchen.

Holds the envelope to the window light, but can't see its contents. Runs a fingernail along the flap to see if it's well-sealed. Not too.

46 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

46

As Ermelinda cleans up in the living room, Tom heats a tea kettle on the stove in the kitchen, holding the bank envelope to the steaming spout.

47 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

47

Sitting at the little desk in his bedroom, Tom opens the envelope.

Inside is a bank slip letting Dickie know his \$1,200 monthly transfer from Wendell Trust Co., New York, has been received and deposited into his Banca d'Italia account.

Without quite knowing why - old fraud habits die hard - Tom begins jotting down both account numbers on a sheet of RMS Queen Elizabeth stationery -

ERMELINDA O/C

Signor Reeplee -

Startled, Tom turns. She's right there, in the doorway. Can she see what's on the desk from there?

ERMELINDA

Sto uscendo. Vado al mercato.

She had to come up here to tell him that? Who cares if she's going to the grocery store.

TOM

Va bene.

But she doesn't leave. Just looks at him, or to what's on the desk, which he's pretty sure she can't really see from where she is.

TOM

Che c'è?

ERMELINDA

Niente.

Nothing. She leaves. Tom waits until he hears the front door open and close, then finishes writing down the account numbers, refolds the bank statement, slips it back into the envelope.

48 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

48

In Dickie's studio, Tom uncaps a jar of rubber cement, brushed a little on the envelope flap, and reseals it.

49 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

49

Tom sets the envelope on the desk tray.

Then pours himself a glass of wine and walks around the living room with it like he's at a museum opening. The Dickie Greenleaf Museum:

He regards the spines of books on bookshelves and Dickie's collection of Italian LPs and 45s. Considers one with a handsome young man on its cover who looks like Fabian.

Tom puts the 45 on the hifi and sets the needle down. As Tony Renis's hit song 'Quando, Quando, Quando' begins playing -

Tom moves to its bossa nova beat as he looks at the art on the walls, and the Picasso, of course. Maybe he should take it and just go. Disappear.

He leaves it where it is and looks at what else is on Dickie's desk. The Hermes typewriter. The Leica camera. The Montblanc pen. Some mail, opened and unopened.

He regards a half-typed envelope next to the Hermes. Sees a flaw in the alignment wherever an "e" is typed. They're slightly raised.

Tom rolls a clean sheet of RG stationery in and types 'The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog' to confirm that it's this typewriter with this flaw. He pulls it out and pockets it.

Outside, it starts to rain.

50

INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

50

Another Tony Renis song drifts in with Tom as he brings his glass of wine with him into Dickie's studio. He sits on the worn velvet sofa and from there regards the latest half-finished 'R. Greenleaf masterpiece' resting on the easel.

He gets up and goes to it. Squeezes some paint from a tube onto a palette and adds a few brushstrokes to the ghastly painting.

Dickie will never notice - nor that Tom has in fact improved it - but if Tom really wanted to do something meaningful for the world, he'd burn it.

He adds a few more touches, drops the brush in an *Illy* coffee can of turpentine, and wanders out.

51 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

51

Tom wanders into Dickie's bedroom.

Crosses to the dresser. Sets his wine glass on it.
Regards the items on it:

A gentleman's things: comb and hairbrush and shoehorn,
all tortoise, monogrammed cufflinks, a tin of *Foca* shoe
polish, silver cigarette case. He touches each of them.

Dickie's passport is there, too, in a fine leather
holder. Tom leafs through its pages of customs stamps,
then back the front page with its black and white photo
of Dickie with a breezy expression on his face.

Tom tries to mimic the expression in the mirror and does
a pretty good job of it.

He returns the passport to its leather holder and opens
the doors of the antique armoire. Separates the hangers
to see each of the jackets and trousers and ties.

He selects a suit and lays it out on the unmade bed.

Pulls open a dresser drawer and chooses a white shirt
Ermelinda has folded, and lays it on the bed.

Opens another drawer to choose a pair of socks and
underwear.

The rain is really coming down now, snaking down the
windows as Tom undresses, taking everything off until
he's naked.

He puts on Dickie's underwear. His socks. Trousers.
Shirt. Jacket. Ferragamo loafers. And regards his
image in the dresser mirror.

It all fits - and suits him - perfectly.

He walks the length of the room and back, with Dickie's
easy gait and posture.

He steps back up to the dresser mirror, and again regards
his reflected image. Then speaks to it:

TOM

Marge. I'm sorry. But you
must understand. I don't love
you. We're friends. That's all.

The timbre of his voice is remarkably like Dickie's.

TOM

Don't cry. That's not going to work, Marge. Stop it.

(pause)

Because you're interfering. With Tom and me.

He looks 'at her' in the mirror with the same disapproving expression Dickie had for him after the Carlo debacle, waiting for her 'response.'

TOM

No, no, no, not that. It's not like that. We're not *that*.

She 'says something' that he disagrees with.

TOM

No, there's a bond between us. Can you understand that, or are you just going to keep making accusations? Do you understand anything.

Lightning and a rumble of thunder draw Tom to the terrace door. He looks out at the rain. At the sea.

DICKIE O/S

What are you doing?

Tom turns to see Dickie in the bedroom doorway, wet from the rain, staring at Tom dressed up in his clothes.

TOM

Dickie, I'm just -

But he can't think of a single thing to say in his defense. Just stands there helplessly as more thunder rumbles outside.

Dickie comes into the room and walks past Tom to the armoire. Takes a shirt and pair of trousers from it, presumably to change into from his wet ones.

As he comes back past Tom -

DICKIE

I'd appreciate it if you got out of my clothes.

He leaves, closing the door. Tom stands motionless, staring after him, listening to his footsteps descend the stairs.

Tom slowly unbuttons the shirt, his fingers clumsy with mortification.

52

EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

52

Dickie sits alone in the villa's dilapidated pavilion that overlooks the sea, an iceless drink next to him on the stone bench.

Tom emerges from the house in his own clothes and crosses the yard to it. Stands there not knowing what to say, and Dickie doesn't help him, barely acknowledging his presence.

TOM

You guys didn't go swimming I guess.

Nothing from Dickie.

TOM

Were you on the beach when the storm broke?

Nothing from Dickie.

TOM

Dickie, I feel sick about what just (happened) -

DICKIE

Look. Let me make this really clear. I'm not queer.

Tom is too stunned by the comment to respond.

DICKIE

I think you think I am.

TOM

I never thought you were.

DICKIE

Well, Marge thinks you are.

Now Tom is even more stunned.

TOM

What? Why.

DICKIE

If she were here to see what just transpired upstairs, I'd say it was that, but since she wasn't it must be something else.

Tom casts around uneasily. Then -

TOM

She's saying that because she's jealous.

DICKIE

Jealous. Of you.

TOM

Yes of me. She had you all to herself before I showed up. Now we do things without her.

Dickie doesn't disagree.

TOM

But even that's not the real problem.

DICKIE

What's the real problem.

TOM

She loves you more than you love her.

Dickie is about to say something when Ermelinda comes past with a grocery bag and umbrella. She disappears into the kitchen with the bag.

TOM

It's true, isn't it.

DICKIE

What she said or what you said.

TOM

What I said. She loves you more.

Nothing from Dickie.

TOM

When you walk together, who takes
whose hand?

DICKIE

Maybe it's true but it doesn't
mean I don't care for her. I
care about her very much.

TOM

I understand.

DICKIE

We're very good friends. And you
try not to hurt your friends.

TOM

Of course.

Dickie looks out at the rain pinging the bay.

TOM

Dickie.

DICKIE

What.

TOM

I'd rather leave than break up a
friendship.

Nothing from Dickie.

TOM

Do you want me to leave? I'll
leave in the morning if you want.
I'll leave tonight if you want.

DICKIE

Let's just let it go.

Tom would love to do that, but *will* Dickie let it go?
He looks like he might mean it.

He heads back to the house, taking his drink with him,
leaving Tom alone at the pavilion, the rain dripping down
its columns like tears.