

R I P L E Y

Episode 4

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WHITE SHOOTING SCRIPT SZ EPISODE 4

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EPISODE 4

1 INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL / SLIVERS OF LIGHT 1

Glint off rivulets of water snaking down a dark rock wall of a cave, or cavern, or catacombs or mine shaft, to the ground below.

A rat scurries past like an apparition.

It's silent but for a faint rumble gradually increasing in volume - the motor of a machine or rolling thunder or growl of an animal.

By the time we realize where it's coming from - behind us - it's too late to run. It roars over us -

2 INT. SUBWAY - NEW YORK - NIGHT 2

Tom wakes in the crowded subway car, and it confuses him. He's back in New York and has no recollection of returning.

The bulbs on the ceiling blink, intermittently lighting the passengers crowded into the suffocating car with him.

One of them, sitting directly across from him, is the man Tom evaded at the beginning. He's wearing the same clothes and hat. Staring at Tom. At the blood on Tom's hands, which Tom now notices, too. The man smiles at Tom.

MAN WITH HAT

There you are.

Suddenly another subway car, hurtling from the other direction, thunders past, and -

3 INT. TRAIN - ITALY - DAWN 3

A train roars past this one from the other direction, like the crowded hellish subways Tom used to have to ride every day in New York.

He wakes atop the narrow bed in his San Remo to Naples sleeper compartment, and is greatly relieved to be alone in it.

He glances to the window. The other train clears, revealing trees dotting the Campania landscape. The sky is just beginning to lighten which tells Tom he'll soon be arriving at his destination.

He regards the two suitcases in the compartment. His beat-up ugly one and Dickie's nice Goyard.

He'd love to keep it and get rid of his own, but that won't fit the story he's concocting in his head to tell Marge.

He empties it of Dickie's bloody bundle of clothes and stuffs it in his own suitcase.

The conductor's voice from somewhere outside the compartment seeps in -

CAPOTRENO O/S
Napoli. Napoli.

4 EXT. NAPLES TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - MORNING

4

Passengers begin disgorging from the train cars.

Tom steps down onto the platform with the two suitcases and is almost immediately accosted by the same kid with the G.I. boots who 'assisted' him with his luggage when he first arrived in Naples, trying it again.

But Tom is no longer a just-off-the-boat tourist in a foreign land to be taken advantage of, and barks at the kid -

TOM
Sparisci.

Get lost. As the kid moves on to find less aggressive fish, Tom scans the platform. His eyes settle on a line of coupled trolley carts full of luggage awaiting lading onto a train bound for who knows where.

He sets Dickie's empty suitcase on a pile of others on one of the carts, from where, he figures, it will begin its journey into the maw of Italy's rail system to be lost forever.

As he heads to the station proper he sees a trio of policemen standing shoulder to shoulder in his path ahead.

Unlike the cops in San Remo who were doing nothing but chatting and smoking, these seem to be waiting to intercept someone getting off one of the trains.

Tom slows. There's nowhere for him to escape to, which is why the cops are where they are. Could they somehow be onto him already? Or are they waiting for someone else?

He has no choice but to continue walking toward them, and as he does, they scrutinize him. As he passes them he expects to be grabbed, but isn't.

He continues on.

5 INT. COURTYARD - NAPLES - MORNING

5

An elderly nun descends stone stairs to a dilapidated courtyard, and slowly walks past some trash cans toward a doorway open to the street.

A lone figure loiters there - Tom - his suitcase at his feet.

As the nun steps past him, they acknowledge each other matter-of-factly, she with a 'buongiorno' to him, he with a 'sorella' to her.

Once she's gone, Tom steps into the courtyard, jams his bundle of bloody clothes into one of the trash cans, and walks off with his suitcase.

We remain to consider the trash can, expecting perhaps something to happen, for someone to appear, to look into it. But no one does.

6 INT. BUS - MOVING - DAY

6

The Naples to Atrani bus makes the harrowing drive south, careening along the cliffs of the Amalfi Coast.

Tom will never get used to it. Hopefully this will be the last time he'll have to endure the rattling, diesel-burning death trap.

7 EXT. ATRANI - DAY 7

The bus deposits Tom and his suitcase and continues south.

8 EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - ATRANI - DAY 8

Tom is pleased to find the front door locked. It means Ermelinda is out and Marge isn't raiding the refrigerator and whatever else she does here when the cat's away.

It takes him a couple of tries, but he gets the correct key on Dickie's keyring to unlock the door, and carries his suitcase inside.

9 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 9

Finally, he can take a proper shower.

In a curtained bathtub, the spray washes off the last traces of dried blood in his hair, on his skin and under his fingernails, swirling in a pink eddy around the drain before disappearing down it.

10 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY 10

Tom takes one of the ice trays from the freezer compartment of the hated refrigerator, runs tap water over it, and pulls at the tray's handle, cracking the ice. He makes a gin and tonic.

11 INT. DICKIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 11

The gin and tonic rests atop the dresser as Tom finds a suitcase in Dickie's armoire, a larger Goyard sister to the one now abandoned on or stolen from some train platform in Budapest or Bucharest.

He sets it on the bed Ermelinda has made up in Dickie's absence. Opens it.

He's in no hurry. Quite the opposite. Takes his time in order to enjoy what he's doing, choosing the various items of attire he imagines Dickie would choose for a sojourn:

From dresser drawers, he gathers shirts, sweaters, trousers and scarves, careful to keep them all neatly folded as he places them in the suitcase.

He adds a nice pair of grain-leather Ferragamo loafers, and checks the armoire for anything else he's missed that he'll want.

The paisley robe he chose for Dickie that Dickie hated. He slips it from its hanger, folds it neatly and puts it in the suitcase.

The 'new' Dickie will like it.

12

INT. DICKIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

12

On the desk sit Dickie's Hermes Baby typewriter and Leica rangefinder camera.

But Tom is more interested, at least for the moment, in what's in the desk.

He pulls open drawers and gathers: an address book, letters from Dickie's parents and friends back home, some snapshots, and some stationery with Dickie's name printed on it.

Again, he doesn't have to rush. If Ermelinda returns, or, God forbid, Marge comes over again uninvited, he'll hear the gate outside warning of either's arrival.

He regards the small squat safe on the floor next to the desk. Of course he remembers the combination he saw Dickie use when they were getting ready to leave for San Remo -

He works the dial - 4-0-4-0 - and pulls open the metal door. Inside is a checkbook, some bank statements, some cash, Travelers Cheques, an insurance policy.

He cleans out the safe and gathers some of the other documents on the desk. Picks up Dickie's monogrammed Montblanc pen, which has a great weight in the hand.

More importantly, it will match the properties of ink dispersal of Dickie's signature, if some overzealous bank manager ever decides to play detective.

He puts it in his jacket pocket.

13 INT. DICKIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 13

He drops the checkbook and documents in the suitcase, along with Dickie's wallet, Rolex watch, transistor radio, Persol sunglasses, passport, and his own.

He opens a small leather box - sees it's a sewing kit. Puts it, a shoeshine brush and *Foca* shoe polish into the monogrammed Dopp kit, and sets it in the suitcase.

He glances at the room to see if he's missed anything important, sees Dickie's Borsalino hat hanging on a hook, takes it down and tries it on, considering himself in the mirror.

It's good. He sets it next to the suitcase.

14 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY 14

If Dickie is moving to Rome, which Tom has decided for him, it stands to reason he'd want at least some of his art supplies, so Tom obliges.

He folds up the wooden easel. Sets it in another of Dickie's suitcases. And a paint-smearred palette Dickie thought made him look more like an artist with his thumb stuck in its hole.

He rolls up a few painted and half-painted canvases lying about, but decides to leave the rest since they'd only remind him of Dickie's lack of talent, which he'd rather forget. Especially the Marge-reclining-nude.

MARGE O/S

Dickie?

Tom isn't surprised to hear her voice. As usual she was noisy with the door.

TOM

In here.

As her footsteps approach, Tom suddenly realizes he's still wearing Dickie's ring and yanks it from his finger just before she appears in the doorway.

TOM

Hi, Marge.

A moment as she regards him, and he her, knowing she's asking herself: If Dickie ditched you in San Remo, which was the plan, why are you back, packing Dickie's art supplies no less.

MARGE

Where's Dickie.

TOM

Rome.

It's as if he said Dickie's on the moon.

MARGE

Rome?

TOM

You didn't get his letter?

MARGE

What? No.

TOM

It's probably at the post office.

MARGE

I was just there.

TOM

Oh. Then -

He doesn't finish. Looks uncomfortable, but isn't.

MARGE

Then.

He pauses to tell her he's trying to put it delicately, for her sake.

TOM

He said he was going to write to tell you he's staying there for a while.

MARGE

A while meaning what.

TOM

I'm not sure. I'm not sure he's sure. Until the end of winter at least, he said.

She stares, uncomprehending.

MARGE

He's not coming back all winter.

TOM

I'm sure he'll come down to visit, and to - take care of some things.

He lets her wonder if one of those things is her. Rubberbands together a fistful of sketching pencils, charcoal sticks, and turpentine paintbrushes of various thicknesses.

MARGE

He's still going to Cortina, though.

TOM

No. He's not. He said he's going to write what's-his-name - Freddie - to tell him - but that you should go, he made a point of saying that.

MARGE

I should go. Without him. Like I'd do that.

TOM

I'm just telling you what he said, Marge.

She's thrown by all this, which is fine with Tom as he sets half-squeezed tubes of paint into the compartments of the handsome wooden case they came from and puts it in the suitcase.

MARGE

Is he staying with somebody?

TOM

In Rome?

She nods. Of course she means 'in Rome.' Tom doesn't immediately say, in order to let her think that perhaps he is, and to wonder with who.

TOM

I don't know where he's staying.

Tom lets that sit there for a moment, before 'off-handedly' delivering the next blow -

TOM

Oh, and he said you should take the refrigerator.

The refrigerator, he knows, is so much more than a refrigerator. It's Dickie's and Marge's relationship in the shape of a box.

TOM

I could help you move it to your place.

He latches the suitcase full of art supplies, picks it up and walks past her.

15 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

15

With Marge trailing after him, he carries the suitcase into the living room and sets it next to Dickie's other one. Next to that is his own.

MARGE

What did you guys do.

TOM

When.

She knows he knows 'when.' And 'where.'

MARGE

In San Remo.

Tom pauses, but not because he thinks she suspects something bad happened to Dickie there, but to allow her time to imagine something *good* happened between them - between Dickie and himself.

TOM

We didn't do anything. Out of the ordinary.
(suddenly "remembering")
We bought your perfume!

He fetches the Acqua di Regina off the desk and hands it to her, but she's not really interested in it anymore.

MARGE
(knowing Dickie must
have)

He didn't have a talk with you
about your plans.

So he was right! She was in on it, like he suspected.
He plays dumb, and enjoys it. It's fun to play dumb when
you're not.

TOM
Mine.

MARGE
Mmmm.

TOM
What do you mean.

She regards the suitcases lined up side by side like
tombstones. Knows he's up to something, just not what.

MARGE
What are you doing, Tom.

TOM
I'm doing what Dickie asked me to
do. I'm taking him the things he
wants in Rome.

MARGE
But you don't know where he's
staying.

TOM
He said he'd leave me a message
at American Express there once he
knows where he's staying. And
that's where you should write him
- if you write him.

Tom puts the Hermes Baby in its leather case.

MARGE
Are you staying with him?

TOM
For a while, I guess. Help him
get settled.

MARGE

Then.

TOM

Then - I want to go to Paris.

MARGE

You, or you and him?

TOM

Just me.

Well, that's good news to her. The only good news he's had for her. Too bad there's no truth to it.

Tom sets the cased Hermes and the Leica next to the suitcases, crossing past the Picasso above the fireplace on the way, almost like it's watching the scene.

MARGE

What about Christmas?

TOM

What about it.

MARGE

Did he say he'd spend it here if he's not going to Cortina?

TOM

He didn't say, but I don't think so.

MARGE

Why do you think that if he didn't say.

After a moment -

TOM

This is kind of awkward, Marge, because he said some things about you.

MARGE

About me. To you.

Tom nods.

MARGE

Like.

Tom casts around 'uncomfortably,' like he doesn't want to say it, but of course he relishes nothing more.

TOM

He said he's feeling he wants to be alone for a while.

If she's hurt by that, wait until she gets the Goodbye and Good Riddance Marge letter he intends to write her on Dickie's Hermes typewriter.

MARGE

But he won't be alone. You'll be there. Apparently.

TOM

He didn't mean me, I guess.

Now it's her turn to shift around uncomfortably, not knowing what to do or say. Tom is 'sympathetic' -

TOM

Do you want to - go get a drink somewhere and talk about this some more? Le Sorelle?

MARGE

No.

She leaves.

16

EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

16

From the front gate, Tom watches the one-woman show, performed by Marge, that plays out through the window of her house:

She appears on stage, crosses it to the wings, then comes back into view again.

She's pacing.

Eventually, she sits at her cluttered desk to write. Not her so-called book, or poem, or whatever else she calls writing, Tom knows. A letter to Dickie, he's sure.

Which is fine. The important thing is that she's not packing.

Bored with the play before the intermission, Tom leaves.

17 EXT. TABACCHI - ATRANI - DAY 17

They don't get many of Italy's newspapers here in Atrani. In fact, just two - Naples' *Il Mattino* and Rome's *Il Messaggero*. He drops lira coins for them in the rack cup, and takes the two papers.

18 EXT. ATRANI - DAY 18

He leafs through the papers on the steps of the church. There's no shortage of articles about crime, but nothing about a waterlogged body washing up onto shore.

He gets up and walks off, tossing them in a trash can.

19 INT. MIRAMARE HOTEL - FRONT DESK - DAY 19

Tom approaches the front desk, behind which stands the same gentleman who checked Tom in when he first arrived in Atrani.

TOM

Buongiorno.

The hotel manager remembers the guest, and that he's American, and speaks to him in English -

PUCCI

You're back. Staying with us again?

TOM

No, actually. I'd like to speak with the manager.

PUCCI

That's me.

TOM

Ah.

Tom offers his hand. The man shakes it.

TOM

A friend of mine has some things he thinks the hotel might be interested in purchasing.

20 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

20

Signor Pucci wanders around the living room looking at the furniture in it. He particularly seems to like an antique credenza.

Again, in English -

PUCCI

This is for sale?

TOM

All of it. Make a list of what the hotel might want and a price and send it to me in Rome care of American Express. I'll give it to my friend and one of us will be in touch with you.

PUCCI

Your friend is in Rome.

TOM

He is.

PUCCI

You handle his affairs.

TOM

I do.

Pucci nods, okay, but isn't sure he believes this arrangement is on the level. Still, it might benefit him.

He moves on, drawn like Tom was when he was first in this room - and like Carlo was - to the Picasso. He gets closer as if to see if there's a signature, but it's for show. He knows what it is.

PUCCI

This, too, is for sale, whatever it is?

Tom smiles at Pucci's amateurish attempt to con a con man.

TOM

Whatever it is?

PUCCI

Si?

TOM

No. It's not for sale.

21 EXT. CARLO'S PLACE - SALERNO - DAY 21

Tom has found the address Carlo scribbled down when he was at Dickie's house but doesn't see anything that looks like a business. He hears muffled voices behind a pair of old wood doors, and approaches them -

22 INT. CARLO'S PLACE - DAY 22

As Tom comes through the place, he and we see evidence of Carlo's 'business' - fencing stolen goods - paintings, statues, antiquities, jewelry, cigarettes, etc.

Tom follows the voices to a back room where he finds Carlo and a few of his guys, surrounded by more stolen goods. They stop talking when they see him.

TOM

Ciao, Carlo, come va?

CARLO

(subtitled)

Too late, Tomma. I found someone else for the Paris job. Sorry.

TOM

(subtitled)

That's okay. I have something for you.

Carlo tells the trio of disreputable guys with him to leave, and they do. Tom sits. For matters like this, matters of business, his Italian won't do. It's pretty good now, but he feels too agreeable in Italian. He switches to English -

TOM

You know anyone who might want to buy a boat?

CARLO

Which kind of boat.

TOM
Twenty-five foot Laurent Giles
Vertue.

CARLO
It's your boat?

TOM
My friend's.

CARLO
Your rich friend who's afraid
of me?

Tom kind of nods and shrugs.

TOM
He wants three million lire for
it. Nothing less. From which
he'll pay you a commission.

CARLO
I can do that. Twenty percent.

TOM
That won't work. He's paying me
ten. Thirty's too much.

CARLO
Why is he paying you anything if
I be the one selling it.

TOM
Because you won't be the one
selling it without my say-so.

Carlo likes Tom's larcenous spirit, but has to think
about this. He decides -

CARLO
It's no worth it to me for less
than twenty percent.

TOM
Carlo. This is what I do for a
living, what I did in the States,
arrange the sale of things. I
set the fees.

CARLO

And do you know what I do for a living?

TOM

I have a pretty good idea. Twenty percent, split between us, ten each, is as high as I'll go.

CARLO

You'll go.

TOM

He'll go.

CARLO

Sorry. Twenty for myself.

TOM

Okay, well, ciao.

Tom gets up to leave. Is almost to the door when -

CARLO

Tommaso.

Carlo is waving him back his desk. Tom returns to it, but we stay by the door, too far from them to hear what they discuss - or what Carlo agrees to - but we know.

23 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY 23

From somewhere in the house issues a faint pounding. Ermelinda follows it to -

24 INT. DICKIE'S STUDIO - DAY 24

Where Tom, who isn't what anyone would call a handyman, endeavors to do the best he can with a building project:

Hammering together a rectangular pine frame a little larger than a window pane.

ERMELINDA

Tommaso -

He turns to see her. In Italian, subtitled -

ERMELINDA

Lunch is ready.

TOM

Actually, Ermelinda, I need to talk to you. Riccardo said he's going to write to tell you himself how much he appreciates all you've done for him, but asked me to give you this in the meantime.

Tom takes an envelope from the inside pocket of his jacket lying next to his work and hands it to her. She sees there's some cash in it, which confuses her.

ERMELINDA

What is this for?

TOM

He's still in Rome, and isn't sure if he's coming back, so your services won't be needed anymore.

She's not sure what to say about such a perfunctory dismissal and Tom doesn't want to give her a chance to make any attempt at it -

TOM

Grazie, Signora.

He returns to his work. The less said the better. Let her think whatever she wants. What can she do about it? Nothing. She regards him as one does someone up to no good, but leaves.

25 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

25

Tom takes down the Picasso and sets it in the wooden shipping box he made. Miraculously, it fits.

He hammers pre-sawn protective pieces of plywood on the top, unrolls an adequate length of butcher paper, wraps it up and binds it with twine.

26 EXT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

26

Tom isn't taking the awful bus again.

He's hired a taxi to take him to Naples and helps the driver put the three suitcases and the crate into the trunk.

He sees no sign of Marge as he climbs into the back seat, but knows she could easily be lurking around.

As the taxi drives away from Dickie's house -

A27 INT. DICKIE'S HOUSE - DAY A27

- we remain behind to regard still-life images of it:

A terrace arch. A Moorish window. Light falling across the dining room table. Idyllic view of a calm sea. And the blank space on the wall where the Picasso used to hang ...

27 EXT. NAPLES - AMERICAN EXPRESS - DAY 27

The taxi pulls up to the Naples American Express office. The driver opens the trunk.

TOM
Questa, e questa.

The driver removes what Tom pointed to: Dickie's suitcases with the art supplies in it, and the crated Picasso.

TOM
Mi aspetti qui.

The driver nods. He'll wait. Tom carries the stuff inside.

28 EXT. NAPLES - FARMACIA - DAY 28

The taxi delivers Tom to a small shop with a green cross outside it.

29 INT. FARMACIA - DAY 29

Tom comes in and greets the shopgirl behind the counter:

TOM
Buongiorno. Parla inglese?

SHOPGIRL

No.

TOM

(in English)

Oh. Okay, well -

The rest is in Italian -

TOM

I'm here on a treasure hunt.

SHOPGIRL

Excuse me?

TOM

My fiancée isn't feeling well.
She's at the hotel. I'll spare
you the details. She'll be fine.
Anyway, she's sent me out to pick
up some things for her. She gave
me a list.

He presents her with the list of items he scrawled in a
'feminine' hand on the back of the postcard. Looking it
over -

SHOPGIRL

I have it.

TOM

Which.

SHOPGIRL

All of it.

TOM

You have it all?

SHOPGIRL

Yes.

But Tom can't be sure if she's talking about the items,
or herself.

TOM

Wonderful.

SHOPGIRL

Come.

Tom follows her down a narrow aisle as she begins gathering the items, taking them down from shelves and cabinets -

Kleenex packet, compact mirror -

SHOPGIRL
When is the wedding?

TOM
Next June. If we're still together. I'm kidding. Next June.

Manicure scissors, beautician's scissors, comb -

SHOPGIRL
You should marry in Italy. In Venezia. Have you been there?

TOM
I haven't, but I hope to.

SHOPGIRL
It's very romantic.

She gives him a smile. She's flirting with him. An almost-married man! Ah, Italy. He loves it.

She takes down a double-sided eyebrow comb and spoolie brush -

SHOPGIRL
You could do it on a gondola under the Bridge of Sighs. So if you change your mind at the last minute you can push her in.

This is a woman after his own heart!

TOM
Perhaps I should reconsider my engagement.

A sly smile for him as she takes down the last listed item and sets it with the others on the counter - ladies hair oil.

SHOPGIRL
Perhaps.

30 INT/EXT. NAPLES TRAIN STATION - DAY 30

Tom pays the taxi driver and carries his traveling luggage - Dickie's suitcase and his own - into the station.

31 INT. NAPLES TRAIN STATION - DAY 31

At the ticket window -

TOM

*Sei biglietti per il treno
dell'una per Roma. Prima classe.*

TICKET CLERK

Sei?

TOM

Si.

The clerk prepares the six tickets. Tom pays for them with cash.

32 EXT. NAPOLI CENTRALE STATION PLATFORM - DAY 32

As a luggage trolley trundles past Tom toward the station, he drops his plain suitcase into one of the carts to be lost forever.

33 EXT. ITALY - RAILROAD TRACKS - DAY 33

We're on the tracks and can hear the train, but can't see it. Suddenly, it roars over us from behind.

34 EXT. ITALY - DAY 34

We're alongside the train as it heads north.

35 INT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY 35

Alone in the compartment he bought out, Tom luxuriates on one of its velvet bench seats practicing the signature on Dickie's passport, using the Montblanc pen, writing it several times on a sheet of Miramare stationery.

He's quite adept at it. He's been signing other peoples' names for years. More importantly, perhaps, it makes him feel more like Dickie.

A knock on the compartment door just before it opens, revealing a conductor.

CAPOTRENO 2

Biglietti.

Tom gives him one. The conductor punches and returns it and glances to the opposite seat on which rests Dickie's suitcase.

CAPOTRENO 2

Non c'è nessun altro?

TOM

Solo io.

He's alone. The conductor seems satisfied, leaves. And as the Campania countryside slides past the window, Tom leafs through the Michelin Guide he found on Dickie's bookcase, noting Rome's more expensive hotels.

36 INT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

36

Tom emerges from the compartment with the farmacia bag in hand and makes his way down the narrow corridor to the WC.

It's locked. Someone in it. He waits. In a moment it opens, revealing a heavysset man who, honestly, shouldn't be allowed on trains, in Tom's opinion. He has to press himself against the corridor wall to allow the heavy man to squeeze past.

37 INT. WC - TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

37

Tom sets the farmacia items on a metal shelf just below the mirror.

Folds open Dickie's passport to the page affixed with his photo, and props it up on the shelf.

He uses the double-sided eyebrow comb to try to thicken his eyebrows more like Dickie's, with only marginal success.

The WC door knob rattles, followed by a knock.

TOM

Occupato.

He waits. Listens to footsteps fading. Then -

He tucks a stiff hand towel around his collar like a bib. Turns on the sink faucet and wets his hair.

Uncaps the bottle of ladies hair oil he bought for his 'sick fiancée back at the hotel.' Runs some it through his hair with his fingers and combs it to slick it back more like Dickie's in the passport photo. Sets the bib aside.

But it's the expression on Dickie's face that's more important. It isn't the practiced insouciance Tom had to work so hard to present in his own passport photo.

Dickie's is easygoing, effortless, which takes some effort to mimic when you haven't lived the carefree life of a shipbuilding tycoon's wayward son.

Tom molds his reflected features in the mirror into an approximation of the look and replies to someone he has just been 'introduced to' -

TOM

That's right. Dickie. Dickie
Greenleaf ... Yes, I live in
Rome. I have an apartment here.
I keep an apartment here.

The look may not be perfect, but the voice is.

Tom regards 'his Dickie' in the mirror, satisfied with him.

38

EXT. ROME TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

38

Passengers, some with luggage, some without, begin climbing down onto the platform.

We don't see Tom among those emerging from the first class car, but then realize that the gentleman holding the handle of the Goyard suitcase is Tom.

Everything about him is different - his posture, his gait, his manner, how the dead man's suit drapes from his frame, how the Persol sunglasses fit his face and shade his eyes - his overall joie de vivre.

He got on the train in Naples as Tom, and is stepping off it in Rome - complete with the broken Rolex watch on his wrist, and too-loose gold ring on his finger - as Dickie.

It's as if Tom Ripley has disappeared.

39 INT. TAXI - ROME - DAY 39

In the back of a taxi, Tom takes in his first glimpses of his new home - Rome!

40 EXT. ROME - DAY 40

The taxi pulls up before the grand Excelsior Hotel.

Tom, who as Tom would trundle his own luggage, lets one of the bellmen manage it, since that's what Dickie would do, and pays the driver, adding on a nice tip.

41 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - DAY 41

We get our first look at the cavernous lobby of this 5-star hotel as Tom does -

The glossy checkerboard marble floors, the sparkling chandeliers dangling from the high ceiling, the carved accent chairs that belong in a 17th Century royal palace or museum, the centerpiece floral arrangement the size of a Fiat Cinquecento.

They wouldn't allow someone like Tom to set foot in this place, but they warmly acknowledge someone like Dickie as he crosses to the mahogany-paneled front desk.

EXCELSIOR CLERK

Signore, buonasera.

TOM

*Buonasera. Vorrei una stanza.
Deluxe.*

EXCELSIOR CLERK

Subito.

As the clerk checks to see which deluxe rooms he has available, Tom removes his - Dickie's - leather passport holder from his breast pocket and sets the passport itself it on the ebony counter.

EXCELSIOR CLERK

Per quanti giorni?

TOM

Due settimane.

EXCELSIOR CLERK

Perfetto.

As Tom writes Dickie's name and Atrani address in an encyclopedia-sized ledger, using Dickie's Montblanc pen, the clerk flips through Richard Greenleaf's passport to jot down its number.

He doesn't look at the photo, but even if he did, its resemblance to Tom, he's confident, is close enough for those who don't know either of them.

Tom signs the giant register 'Richard Greenleaf' with flamboyant, accurate flourishes to the 'R' and 'G.' and the man glances down at it.

EXCELSIOR CLERK

Grazie, signor - Green Leaf.

TOM

Grazie a lei.

The clerk presents him with a 4-inch skeleton key attached to a large, heavy, crest-shaped brass pendant embossed EXCELSIOR ROMA and the room number.

EXCELSIOR CLERK

Trecentodue.

A porter with gloves is already waiting with the young man's luggage.

EXCELSIOR CLERK

Benvenuto a Roma.

A42 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - DAY A42

The porter, with Tom's luggage, leads the way past a stone lion guarding the hotel's grand staircase. From above, looking down, they climb to the first - the noble - floor.

42 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EXCELSIOR - DAY 42

As the porter opens the shutters and light spills in, Tom sees that the room is unbelievable -

Lacquered parquet floor, rich wallpaper, chandelier, ancient paintings in gilded frames, thick crimson drapes cinched with braided gold tassel ties, lovely views.

On the porter's way out, Tom tips him.

TOM

Grazie.

A43 INT. HOTEL ROOM - EXCELSIOR - DAY A43

Tom didn't ask how much the room costs per night, and the desk clerk didn't offer, but whatever it is, Dickie can afford it, at least for a while.

And why shouldn't Tom treat himself to a luxurious respite after all he's been through?

He lovingly unpacks his clothes - Dickie's clothes - hanging the shirts in the armoire, placing the socks and underwear in mahogany dresser drawers.

Dickie may have hated the burgundy paisley robe, but Tom - as Dickie - likes it and drapes it across the bed, then begins laying out Dickie's personal things atop an ornate dresser.

He sits on the sofa to inspect Dickie's Leica. Tom is no photographer, and has never used a camera as beautiful - and expensive - as this one, but maybe he can figure it out.

He takes it to the window and snaps a couple of photos of the view.

He feels fantastic. Settled in his new home. About to start - already starting! - his new life.

He's in Rome!

43

INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

43

Tom descends the grand stairs in Dickie's suit and fedora, sets his room key on the front desk counter, and starts for the front doors to enjoy his first evening in Rome.

EXCELSIOR CLERK
Signor Greenleaf.

Tom comes back. The same clerk retrieves a slip of paper from Tom's room's pigeon hole and hands it to him.

EXCELSIOR CLERK
Un messaggio.

Tom regards what's written on the slip like its an eviction notice - which it may as well be - two words written in the calligraphy script all 5-Star hotel desk clerks are made to learn -

Marge Sherwood

Tom doesn't move for a long moment, and when he finally does, it is only to lift his head to consider the clerk with a grave expression.

EXCELSIOR CLERK
Brutte notizie?

Bad news?

TOM
Yes. She called? Or she came by.

The man points to the little box on the slip that is checked - '*telefono*' - and since Tom asked the question in English, switches to it as well -

EXCELSIOR CLERK
She called.

TOM
You spoke to her?

EXCELSIOR CLERK
I spoke to her.

TOM
What did she say?

EXCELSIOR CLERK
She seemed relieved to know that you're here, and said it's urgent you get in touch with her.

He points to another little box on the slip that he checked - URGENTE - to prove he did his job correctly. Tom nods.

TOM
Yes, I'm afraid it is urgent. It means my mother's health has taken a turn for the worse.

EXCELSIOR CLERK
I'm sorry to hear.

TOM
Did Miss Sherwood say anything about coming to Rome?

EXCELSIOR CLERK
No, sir.

But that doesn't mean she won't, Tom knows. He can't risk it. For the clerk's sake, he casts around as one would when receiving such *brutte notizie* about a loved one.

TOM
I'm sorry, but I have to check out immediately.

EXCELSIOR CLERK
I understand completely. You must attend to your mother. I hope it is not as serious as it seems.

TOM
Me, too.

EXCELSIOR CLERK
I will send a porter up to help you with your luggage.

TOM
Thank you. And if Miss
Sherwood calls again before I
reach her, just tell her I'll be
in touch with her as soon as I
can.

Tom sets a gratuity of lira notes on the counter. The
man pockets them.

EXCELSIOR CLERK
I will make a note. And will
prepare your bill.

Tom looks at him.

TOM
(pause)
I just checked in.

EXCELSIOR CLERK
Yes.

TOM
(pause)
Fine.

Tom starts to go - he has to pack and leave this Eden
now - and pay for it - thanks to Marge! As he heads off,
the clerk notes the date of Mr. Greenleaf's departure -
the same as his arrival - in very neat handwriting - in
the ledger.

Tom starts back up the staircase past the lion.

44 EXT. ROME - NIGHT

44

Another taxi takes Tom south, away from the upscale
splendor of the Via Veneto, winding along ever-narrowing
streets deeper into the old part of the city.

45 EXT. ROME - HOTEL BOLIVAR - NIGHT

45

The taxi delivers Tom to the Hotel Bolivar, or as near as
a car can get to it, at the bottom of a steep flight of
stone steps.

Tom pays the driver and lugs his suitcase up the steps to
the hotel.

46 INT. HOTEL BOLIVAR - ROME - NIGHT

46

It's not the Excelsior or the Hassler, or even the Inghilterra, but it suits the gentleman again signing a big registration ledger, 'Richard Greenleaf.'

Marge won't find Tom here, and he won't bump into any of 'his' friends like Freddie. Those spoiled brats wouldn't be caught dead in a 3-star hotel.

He was stupid to go a hotel as well-known as the Excelsior. He should have come here in the first place.

The desk clerk, who is not as smartly-dressed as the one at the Excelsior - and looks like he was asleep until moments ago - jots down the number of Mr. Greenleaf's passport and returns it along with a room key attached to a ridiculously big medallion.

BOLIVAR CLERK

Prego.

No porter is waiting with the signore's luggage. Tom lugs it up the stairs himself.

47 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOLIVAR - NIGHT

47

There's nothing terribly wrong with the room. It's comfortable enough. A bit long in the tooth. There is, at least, a bit of a view out the window.

Tom is fairly certain the letter he saw Marge write has yet to arrive at the American Express office, but even if it has, he imagines Dickie hasn't so quickly picked it up.

He can imagine anything he wants since he is Dickie now, and Dickie has more important things to do than check his mail every day at American Express.

He has already set up the desk with Dickie's Hermes Baby and now, seated at it, rolls in a sheet of his RG stationery.

TOM V/O

Dearest Marge -

Tight on the keys slapping ribbon ink onto the paper - the "e's" in 'Dearest' and 'Marge' slightly raised above the other letters - which is the reason Tom brought it.

TOM V/O

I apologize for not writing sooner. Hopefully, you spoke to Tom and he told you I'm in Rome, so you haven't worried about me.

The voice is not Tom's. Or rather it is, but is closer in timbre and inflection to Dickie's than his own.

Dickie once commented how much Tom sounded like Freddie when he imitated him, and would be amazed - if he weren't decomposing in seawater - at how much Tom sounds like him here.

TOM V/O

Speaking of Tom -

48 EXT. ROME - AFTERNOON

48

To think: it was only a few days ago he was a wet, wretched, bedraggled killer willing himself to appear nonchalant as he walked past the people at the cafes and the policemen standing by their car in San Remo.

TOM V/O

You were on the wrong track about him. What you were saying about him.

Now he *is* nonchalant, strolling past cafes here in the ancient city in Dickie's Italian-cut suit and Borsalino fedora hat. If you didn't know, you might think he *was* Italian.

TOM V/O

He's not a bad guy. He has nothing to do with us in any case. I hope you realize that.

49 EXT. ROME - CAFE - AFTERNOON

49

Now he's at an alfresco table of a cafe in the Piazza di Pietra, sitting with one trousered leg casually draped over the other, and his jacket draped over his shoulders, watching the passeggiata.

TOM V/O

As for us, please don't think
I'm running away from anything,
or from you.

This is Rome in the sartorial splendor of La Dolce Vita, Marcello Mastroianni and Anouk Aimee, the smart suits with narrow ties, the little black dresses, the Vespas, Persol and cat-eye sunglasses day and night, indoors and out.

Tom watches it all through Dickie's Persols. Lifts his glass of Campari and soda. Sips.

TOM V/O

I just think a little time
apart will help us understand
how we really feel about each
other.

50

EXT. ROME - SAN LUIGI DEI FRANCESI - AFTERNOON

50

Tom regards the exterior of San Luigi dei Francesi church. There's nothing all that noteworthy about it, by Roman standards.

Can this place really contain what his pocket guidebook says it does? Not just one, but three Caravaggio paintings?

TOM V/O

I'm sorry about Christmas in
Cortina, but I don't think we
should see each other that soon,
and hope you don't hate me for
it. Love, Dickie.

He walks toward the tall iron-hinged wooden doors -

51

INT. SAN LUIGI DEI FRANCESI - CONTINUOUS

51

The door creaks open, silhouetting Tom in backlight, and for a few moments we're not allowed to see what he sees, only his eyes peering in.

The inside of the church, belying its unremarkable exterior, is extraordinary:

High-arched marble columns finished in gold, supporting a long barrel ceiling that's also gold, gives a kind of forced perspective that draws you into its deserted, shadowy nave, cold and clammy as a tomb.

TOM V/O

PS, I hope you like the perfume. It was hard to find. I'd almost given up when Tom found it. He said, Oh, Marge is going to be so happy.

Tom regards a pedestal that looks like a birdbath. Is this holy water? He dips the tips of his fingers in it, but doesn't cross himself, just shakes the water off.

He starts slowly down the center aisle past rows of wooden pews, square columns on either side, and large gilt-framed paintings darkened by age.

Are these the Caravaggios? Tom doesn't know for sure, but suspects not. They have less dimension than the one he saw at the Museo di Capodimonte in Naples with Dickie.

He reaches the apse and sees that it's here, to the left of the altar, close to God, they've put the Caravaggios - three of them - shrouded in darkness.

He notices a small metal box with a slot for a coin, drops one in, and the paintings light up -

The Calling of St. Matthew on the left - *The Inspiration of St. Matthew* in the center - and on the right, the best of them - *The Martyrdom of St. Matthew* - a tableau so real that its subjects seem to be in movement.

Tom gets lost in its details - the figures' pained expressions, their hands and feet and the ropy muscles of their half-clad bodies - almost feeling that he's a participant in the dramatic, violent scene.

MAN

Caravaggio.

The low voice startles Tom. He thought he was alone in here. He has no idea who the man by the sanctuary door is, but from his simple manner of dress, figures he's a sexton, a bell ringer, or a gravedigger.

MAN

La luce.

The man comes closer. His aged Roman face is one that Caravaggio would've liked to use as a model. He points a gnarled finger to the Martyrdom painting; its chiaroscuro.

MAN

Sempre la luce.

The light. Always the light.

Tom nods. The man studies him for a long moment. Then retreats back into the shadows and through the rear door, leaving Tom, once again, alone in the dank church.

The timer on the coin box runs out and the paintings go dark.

52 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOLIVAR - CONTINUED - NIGHT 52

Tom rolls the finished letter out of the Hermes.

Signs it 'Dickie' and folds it neatly into an envelope.

This is just the first step of all the things he needs to take care of, but the others, which he'll begin to do tomorrow, will be more pleasurable.

53 EXT. ROME - NIGHT 53

Tom drops the now-stamped envelope addressed to 'Marge Sherwood, Atrani, Italia' into a public mailbox.

It should have been the first thing he did in Rome, to discourage her from looking for him - indeed of finding him - at the Excelsior.

At least it's done now.

54 INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS - ROME - DAY 54

Though he despises it, Tom wears the English tweed flat cap to pick up his - not Dickie's - mail. The Amex clerk presents him with two envelopes, along with his passport.

AMEX CLERK

Signor Reepley.

TOM

Grazie.

Tom takes the envelopes to a pleasant sitting area.

In the one with the Miramare Hotel logo on it, he finds a list of the items of furniture in Dickie's house Signor Pucci is interested in purchasing, along with the prices he's willing to pay.

The second envelope contains just a slip of paper that reads simply - *Carlo* - with a Naples phone number.

55 EXT. STREET - ROME - DAY

55

Tom feeds a pay phone with *gettoni*, dials the Naples number, waits for the call to be picked up.

CARLO

Pronto.

TOM

Carlo?

CARLO

Tomma. Ciao, bello.

In English -

TOM

How are you. Can you hear me okay?

56 INT. CARLO'S PLACE - SALERNO - SAME TIME

56

Carlo is alone in a back room, phone to his ear. Around him is his eclectic array of stolen goods.

CARLO

Yes. How is Rome.

TOM

Fine. Have you found someone?

CARLO

There is a small issue.

57 EXT. STREET - ROME - CONTINUED

57

Tom sighs. He knew there would be. How could there not when dealing with a Camorra gangster?

CARLO

The boat keeper has found a buyer for the boat at the price you set.

TOM

Why is that an issue?

CARLO

It isn't really. Just that he expects a commission, too.

TOM

You're right, it's not an issue. You can split yours with him.

CARLO

No.

TOM

Did I ask you to involve the boat keeper?

CARLO

If you knew about selling boats you would have.

TOM

But I didn't. And frankly, I doubt you spoke to him.

CARLO

I did spoke to him.

TOM

Yeah? What's his name.

CARLO

His name? Giulio.

TOM

Uh-huh. Giulio the boat keeper.

CARLO

Yes. Giulio the boat keeper.

There's a pause before -

CARLO

I can tell him no if you want.
We can let his buyer go. But be
prepared for the boat to be sit a
long time. No one wants a boat
in winter.

TOM

Carlo.

CARLO

Yes.

TOM

You found a way to get the
twenty-percent you wanted. I
almost admire that. Almost.
Send me a bank check to American
Express, Rome.

CARLO

Minus Giulio's commission and
mine.

TOM

Don't push the story.

CARLO

Did you say send it to you?

TOM

Yes. A Banca d'Italia check.

CARLO

Not to your friend.

TOM

To me. He's traveling.

CARLO

Now who's telling a story?

TOM

Shall we forget the whole thing,
Carlo? Shall I get someone else
to sell it?

CARLO

I will send a bank check in your name.

TOM

And it's Ripley, R-I-P not R-E-E.

A pause as Carlo, presumably, writes it down.

CARLO

I like you, Reepley. We should do more business together.

TOM

Send the check and we'll see.
Ciao.

He hangs up. Walks off.

58 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOLIVAR - NIGHT

58

Tom at the desk. The Hermes' misaligned keys type -

TOM V/O

Dear Mom and Dad -

Again, the voice is almost Dickie's, in his faintly lugubrious tone that is neither warm nor unwarm, as Tom imagines Dickie's would be with his parents: tepid.

TOM V/O

I'm in Rome, looking for an apartment for the winter. As soon as I'm settled, I'll send you the address.

Unlike his letter to Marge, meant to quickly cauterize some bleeding, this one needs to lay some groundwork for a more ambitious goal.

59 EXT. ROME - NIGHT

59

Tom walks along a narrow street. From somewhere plays a recording of Silent Night.

TOM V/O
I'm sorry to miss another
Christmas with you in New York,
but I'm trying to work some
things out before I come home.

A60 EXT. STREET - ROME - NIGHT

A60

Tom comes along another almost deserted street.

TOM V/O
I got your letter.

The letter Tom watched Dickie read in the street, and shared with Marge at her house, which he later took from Dickie's desk when he packed his things.

TOM V/O
I appreciate your concern about
Tom, but have to say you're wrong
about him.

A priest in a long cape - the only other person on this street - passes Tom from the other direction.

TOM V/O
He's done exactly what you sent
him here to do, and has, in fact,
helped me.

60 EXT. PONTE SANT'ANGELO - ROME - NIGHT

60

Tom walks away from Castel Sant'Angelo along the bridge, under its statues of angels clutching whips, nails, the crown of thorns, the cross.

TOM V/O
I don't know if you know this,
but he's an orphan.

Of course Tom does know they know that - he told them when he had dinner with them in their One Fifth Avenue penthouse. He also knows he didn't tell Dickie.

TOM V/O

And how he speaks about this has reminded me of the importance of family, which I'm ashamed to say I almost lost sight of until he arrived.

He comes upon a beggar holding out a cup.

TOM V/O

Somehow out of all my friends, you picked the right one to send.

Tom hands the beggar some lira, not so much because it's almost Christmas, but because it's what Dickie would do, and continues on.

TOM V/O

I love and miss you both -

61 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOLIVAR - CONTINUED - NIGHT

61

Tom rolls the paper out of the typewriter, picks up the Montblanc pen, but hesitates signing the letter.

TOM

(mumbles)

Dickie ... or Richard.

He's never seen a letter from Dickie to his parents, or has he? Maybe he did that night at the Greenleafs' when he was being shown photographs of Dickie.

He can picture himself in the penthouse and has a vague recollection of some postcards among the photos that Mrs. Greenleaf showed him, but can't see their signature on them in his mind.

He shuffles through the letters he took from Dickie's desk in Atrani. There are two from his parents, and they both begin, 'Dear Richard.'

He signs his letter to them, 'Richard.'

62 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

62

A cement anchor rests on the sea bed, pocked with sea moss from being underwater so long.

A rope knotted to the rusty iron ring embedded in the cement rises up amidst tall stalks of kelp like jungle trees.

The other end of the rope is still tied to Dickie's ankles. His body, upright, sways in the ocean currents like a helium birthday balloon tied to a ribbon.

63 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOLIVAR - DAY 63

Tom wakes in his Bolivar hotel room, and for a moment is uncertain if the image of Dickie in the ocean was a dream or a premonition or reality.

There's one way to find out.

64 EXT. NEWSSTAND - ROME - DAY 64

Unlike little Atrani, Rome has all of Italy's major newspapers - *Il Tempo*, *Il Giorno*, *Il Messaggero*, *Il Mattino*, *La Nazione*.

Tom gathers them up and places them on the newsstand counter to pay for them.

65 EXT. ROME - CAFE - DAY 65

At a sidewalk cafe table, Tom leafs through one of the newspapers, looking for any mention of the discovery of a scuttled, bloodstained boat, or worse, a floating body.

He sees nothing of the sort, and moves on to the last paper. Stops at a small article inside with a headline that includes the words "San Remo" in it.

But it's just about a robbery at one of the casinos.

He finishes his espresso, pockets the guidebook, drops the newspapers in a trash can and heads off, pleased with himself and the world.

66 INT. FOTOGRAFO - ROME 66

Tom sits before a camera, getting his picture taken.

67 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOLIVAR - DAY

67

Hotel clerks are cavalier about scrutinizing passport photos. Bankers, Tom imagines, less so.

He sits at the little secretary desk like he used to back in New York when he was carrying out his collection agency schemes.

He's at it again here, with some items he's bought, content to once again be engaged in an activity he's so familiar with. Forgery.

He carefully glues his new passport photo over Dickie's. Signs it 'Richard Greenleaf' along one edge, and stipples the faint red Department of State dots along the other.

It's not perfect, and lacks the embossed seal, but it'll have to do.

He sets it aside to dry. Begins leafing through the documents he took from Dickie's desk and safe, separating those related to banking from personal correspondence.

He regards a year-end Banca d'Italia statement. It shows monthly transfers of \$1,200 from something called Wendell Trust Co. in New York, and monthly withdrawals by 'Richard Greenleaf' of the same amounts.

The latest transfer, he sees, was made a few days ago, and, of course, hasn't been cashed.

It looks like Dickie kept little in savings, living like there's no tomorrow, since there would always be one for him. The infusion of money from his trust fund is never-ending, at least as long as he's alive.

Tom will have to keep Dickie 'alive' as long as possible.

68 EXT. ROME - DAY

68

Tom regards the stately columned facade of Banca d'Italia.

69 INT. BANCA D'ITALIA - - ROME - DAY

69

He fills out a withdrawal slip in the amount of \$1,200. Adds Dickie's account number, jotting it down on the slip from memory.

He gets in line. Glances to the bank guard, who glances back at him. Moves up in the line, and eventually to a teller's window.

TOM

Buongiorno.

TELLER

Cosa posso fare per lei.

Tom slides the no nonsense teller the withdrawal slip, along with his passport - Dickie's. Two of the numbers of the account tell the teller the location of the customer's branch.

TELLER

Napoli. Un momento, prego.

The teller takes the slip and passport to the bank president or manager or whatever he is, sitting behind the biggest desk in the place.

He dials a call as the teller waits. Reads aloud the account number and amount of the withdrawal to a Naples bank officer, presumably, who checks the account status, presumably.

Tom can imagine a drawer of a file cabinet down in Naples opening, a hand plucking a folder from it, shutting it.

The manager here is given verbal authorization and an authorization number, which he jots onto the withdrawal slip with his initials.

ROME BANKER

Perfetto. Grazie.

He hangs up. The teller returns to Tom with the slip. Fills out a receipt - in triplicate what with the carbons - including the customer's passport number - and pushes the booklet to Tom.

TELLER

*Una firma per cortesia.
Leggibile.*

Tom takes Dickie's Montblanc pen from the breast pocket of his jacket, like Dickie did at the Naples branch, and signs the top copy of the receipt with it - firmly as instructed.

The teller counts out a pile of lira, sets one of the signed receipt slips next to it, and returns the passport - having never looked inside it.

TOM

Grazie mille.

The teller calls for the next in line. Tom walks out past the guard.

70

INT. NEGOZIO DI OROLOGI - ROME - DAY

70

An ancient watch repairman has removed the back of Dickie's Rolex to have a look inside through a jeweler's loupe lodged in his eye.

In Italian, subtitled -

WATCHMAKER

This has been in water.

TOM

It fell into the sink.

The man looks up at him with the loupe still clenched in his eye socket.

WATCHMAKER

Salt water.

Tom doesn't have a quick explanation, and so doesn't offer one at all.

WATCHMAKER

It's stolen, this watch?

TOM

No. As you can see, my initials are on it.

Tom takes Dickie's passport out to prove it, but the man has returned to inspecting it. He doesn't really care if it's stolen or not, as long as he's paid to repair it.

TOM
Can you fix it?

WATCHMAKER
Maybe.

71 INT. JEWELER'S SHOP - ROME - DAY 71

Tom watches as another old man in another old shop works to slightly size down Dickie's ring, fusing the band back together with a torch.

72 INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - MORNING 72

Through the window of her living room, Marge is at her mess of a desk, writing a letter in longhand -

MARGE V/O
Dear Dickie -

73 INT. HOTEL BOLIVAR BATHROOM - MORNING 73

Finishing a shower in a curtained tub, Tom turns the faucets off.

MARGE V/O
Well, this is a bit of a surprise. Rome?

He dries off and wraps the towel around his waist.

MARGE V/O
It makes me wonder what happened in San Remo. I guess not what we talked about.

He combs his wet hair with Dickie's tortoise comb.

MARGE V/O
I asked Tom and he was perfectly vague about it. Everything about Tom is perfectly vague - intentionally so, if you ask me - or haven't you noticed?

He admires himself in the mirror.

MARGE V/O

You say he's not a bad guy, but I don't like him. How can you not see he's using you.

He slips the ring on his finger, puts the paisley robe on, and leaves the bathroom.

MARGE V/O

Is he queer? I don't know. I don't think he's normal enough to have any kind of sex life.

A74 INT. HOTEL ROOM - BOLIVAR - MORNING

A74

Her letter lies atop the contents of the package that accompanied it - a scarf, but not one he, or anyone in their right mind, would ever wear. Her knitting is as uneven as her book writing.

MARGE V/O

But I have to say you act kind of ashamed around him. What's that about?

Still in his robe, Tom taps a spoon at the shell of a soft-boiled egg in a little pewter egg cup. Sharing the tray is a cornetto, espresso, and aqua minerale.

MARGE V/O

You were concerned about your father's opinion of Tom, but now seem to be ignoring it.

Tom cuts the food on the plate the European way, without transferring the utensils from hand to hand. Sips his espresso.

MARGE V/O

That was a warning, Dickie. Why are you ignoring your father's warning?

B74 INT. HOTEL BOLIVAR - MORNING

B74

Tom has come down to the hotel's library room, and is ensconced in a comfortable chair reading the morning papers, the scarf draped around his shoulders.

MARGE V/O

As for us, as you put it, I can bear the few weeks without you here, Darling, but I do miss you.

He gets up to consider the books on the shelves, their dusty spines. They all look interesting. He selects one - *The Ambassadors* by Henry James, an Italian edition, *Gli Ambasciatori* - and sits back down with it.

MARGE V/O

Everywhere I look I see signs of you. The little olive tree we planted outside my window. The books I borrowed from you and never returned. The -

TOM

(quietly interrupting)
Blah, blah, blah.

As he leafs past the title and copyright pages and preface to the first page -

MARGE V/O

Thank you for the perfume. It's lovely. Though I'm not at all sure I believe Tom found it.

74 EXT. BOLIVAR HOTEL - DAY

74

Tom comes out of the hotel, still wearing the awful scarf, and descends the steps under the hotel sign.

MARGE V/O

Is he still there, or did he return to the States like he said he would? I've said enough about what I think of him and so won't say more here. It's just a question.

A75 EXT. TRE ARCHI ALLEY - ROME - DAY

A75

He comes around a corner into an alley where a cook scrapes piles of fish skeletons from plates into a trash can.

MARGE V/O

Please let me know what your plans are. I don't even know if you're still in Rome. Are you? Maybe I should just come up and find you!

Close on Tom as the cook finishes dumping the scraps and returns inside.

MARGE V/O

I hope you like the scarf, darling. I spent many nights making it for you. I won't say lonely nights. Love, Marge.

Tom throws the scarf into the trash can with the fishbones.

75 INT. HOTEL BOLIVAR - DAY

75

Tom approaches the front desk.

TOM

Buongiorno.

BOLIVAR CLERK

Buongiorno, Signor Greenleaf.

The man sets his room key on the counter. But Tom doesn't take it. Just stands there, like there's some problem.

BOLIVAR CLERK

Yes?

Tom decides to keep the conversation in English, so there's no mistake what he wants.

TOM

Can I speak to you about something.

BOLIVAR CLERK

Is there a problem with your room, sir?

TOM

No, the room is fine.

Tom beckons the clerk closer, lowers his voice.

TOM
It's about a woman.

BOLIVAR CLERK
Isn't this always.

TOM
I recently broke up with my
fiancee, but she doesn't want to
accept it.

BOLIVAR CLERK
Ah.

TOM
Yes, I met someone else.

BOLIVAR CLERK
Ah. Italiana?

Tom's pause allows the possibility it could be an
Italiana or an *Italiano*.

TOM
So I'm kind of hiding out here.
From my fiancee.

BOLIVAR CLERK
Ex-fiancee.

TOM
Ex-fiancee.

BOLIVAR CLERK
As would I.

TOM
Yes, but I'm concerned she might
try to find me. Even if it means
checking every hotel in Rome.

BOLIVAR CLERK
She knows you're in Roma.

TOM
She does. And I'd rather not
have a scene. Especially not in
your hotel.

BOLIVAR CLERK
She can be unpleasant.

TOM
And loud.

The man nods, thinks.

BOLIVAR CLERK
Maybe you should go to Firenze.
Or Venezia, even further.

TOM
No, I like it here.

Tom produces one of the Leica snapshots of Marge. He sets it on the counter. The man takes a brief look at it. Eh.

TOM
So my question to you is ... if
this young lady comes in and asks
about me, can you say I'm not
here.

The clerk seems to ignore the request, to busy himself with something unrelated to the conversation, glancing at the guest ledger, running a finger down the list of names, then looks back up at Tom.

BOLIVAR CLERK
I'm terribly sorry, Miss, there
is no Mr. Greenleaf here.

TOM
Bravo.

The clerk inclines a slight bow. Tom sets some lira bills on the counter, a gratuity for the performance.

BOLIVAR CLERK
Grazie.

TOM
Grazie a lei.

Tom picks up the snapshot of Marge. The clerk pockets the money. A successful outcome for both.

TOM
Ciao.

BOLIVAR CLERK

Ciao.

Tom leaves.

76 EXT. FOTOGRAFIA - ROME - DAY 76

Tom can be seen through the window of the little photography shop no wider than a car, paying for the roll of film from the Leica he's had developed.

77 EXT. ROME - PONTE UMBERTO - DAY 77

Tom sits under the bridge, its travertine arch framing the Tiber and St. Peter's Basilica in the distance like a classical Italian landscape fresco.

He's leafing through the snapshots. About half of them are those he took - the view from his Excelsior room, the Trevi Fountain and other Roman sights, Piazza di Pietra, some beautiful people there, and some of the narrow streets Tom prefers to boulevards.

But the rest are those that were in the camera when he stole it. Marge, on the Atrani beach and around town, taken by Dickie, presumably, and similar ones of Dickie taken by Marge, which aren't as well-framed.

It's these he lingers on, the ones of Dickie. Dickie looks so happy that it almost breaks Tom's heart to think of him as a soggy corpse swallowed by the sea.

78 INT. GALLERIA BORGHESE - DAY 78

Tom wanders through a hall of the museum past statues and busts. They're all well and good but he's come here to find something in particular.

He sees it up ahead, Caravaggio's *David with the Head of Goliath*, above a small group of Italian tourists and a docent. Tom stands to the side of them to study it.

It's a shadowy painting of a teenaged boy holding a sword in one hand, and in the other, clutched by its hair, a severed, bleeding head.

The expression on the head, Goliath's, is clear. He's stunned by what has happened to him, his mouth half-open, his dead eyes staring. But the expression on the boy, David, is more open to interpretation.

In subtitled Italian -

DOCENT

Four years after the murder of Ranuccio Tomassoni in Rome, Caravaggio was still a fugitive. It was during this time - perhaps even the last year of his life in 1610 many scholars believe - that he painted his David With the Head of Goliath ... In the painting, Caravaggio chose to link the killer and victim by portraying David as compassionate - even loving - the way he gazes at the severed head of Goliath. And he made this bond even stronger by using himself as the model for both. Both are Caravaggio's face. Young and old.

The tour group moves on, leaving Tom alone with the painting.

He stands before it for a long time, gazing at the two faces of Caravaggio.