

R I P L E Y

Episode 5

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EPISODE 5

1 WATER / TREVI FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

1

Tom's dreams almost always involve water.

This time it's the water of a fountain - the Trevi Fountain at night - and a statuesque blonde woman in a black strapless dress wading across it, thigh-high.

It's a beautiful, surreal image until it's spoiled by a man's voice -

FELLINI O/S
(Italian, subtitled)
Turn around.

The woman can't hear him over the din of the cascading water, or doesn't understand Italian, and asks in Swedish-accented English -

ANITA EKBERG
What?

FELLINI O/S
(Italian, subtitled)
Turn around and say your line.

ANITA EKBERG
What is he saying?

And now we see all the lights, the camera, and crew members standing around. It's not a dream - it's the filming of *La Dolce Vita* - from Tom's point of view standing with other curious people at the periphery.

The script supervisor calls out in Italian-accented English -

ISA MARI
Turn around and say your line.
'Marcello! Come here!'

She does as she's told.

ANITA EKBERG
Marcello! Come here!

Marcello Mastroianni, sitting off by himself, looking bored, smoking, ignores her and everyone else.

FELLINI O/S
(Italian, subtitled)
Get closer to it!

ANITA EKBERG
What?

Tom watches from a distance as Fellini, seated in his director's chair, is handed a bullhorn, which really spoils the mood -

FELLINI
(Italian, subtitled)
Get closer to the waterfall!

ISA MARI
Get closer to the waterfall!

ANITA EKBERG
How much closer?

FELLINI
(Italian, subtitled)
In it!

ISA MARI
In it!

ANITA EKBERG
In it?

She'd rather not. Her hair will get wet and who knows what might happen to her strapless dress under the falls.

ANITA EKBERG
How about this?

She puts her hands in the cascading water. It looks all right to Tom - and to Fellini, apparently, since he makes no more pronouncements with the bullhorn.

Marcello is only half-watching the filming, looking insouciant, smoking his cigarette with a white kitten in his lap.

2 EXT. ROME - CAFE - DAY 2

Someday, perhaps, he'll no longer have to check the newspapers for articles about sunken boats and washed up bodies, but not yet.

At his favorite cafe, with a Negroni and cigarette, looking just as insouciant as Mastroianni, Tom leafs through Rome newspapers, but sees no mention of any skullduggery in San Remo in them.

It's time 'Dickie Greenleaf' starts living in Rome like a Roman instead of a tourist.

He turns to the classified ads.

3 EXT. ROME - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 3

Tom regards a brass panel outside an apartment building on a narrow street that lists the last names of the residents, arranged in two columns like uneven teeth.

One of the teeth is missing - no name by its button. The top tooth is the apartment manager's. Tom presses its corresponding button and waits with his marked up *Il Messaggero* folded under his arm.

A woman's voice issues from the intercom speaker -

SIG.RA BUFFI

Si?

TOM

*Buongiorno, sono venuto a vedere
l'appartamento.*

Nothing for a moment. Then a buzz that unlocks the door. Tom pushes it open -

4 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 4

As he steps into the ancient building's lobby, its landlady, a pleasant-looking middle-aged woman, emerges from her ground floor Portiere apartment.

In time, Tom will appreciate how strategically placed it is. From its glass-paned door she can note everyone who comes and goes - and she does. No one sneaks in or out of the building without her knowing.

She seems pleased with the appearance of the prospective tenant. He looks like a respectable young man of means, dressed in Dickie's grey suit.

In Italian, subtitled -

TOM

How do you do. My name is Richard.

SIG.RA BUFFI

You're English?

TOM

American. I hope that's not a problem.

SIG.RA BUFFI

Not at all. I like Americans. English -

She gestures, 'not so much.'

TOM

Oh, good. Is this a convenient time to see the apartment?

SIG.RA BUFFI

Yes, yes.

She gets her keys and leads him toward the elevator.

SIG.RA BUFFI

But we have to take the stairs.

And Tom sees why as she leads him there: Two men working on a cage elevator, one atop a ladder, the other below, smoking, their tools strewn around the floor.

With a *you-know-how-it-is* shrug -

SIG.RA BUFFI

Italia.

As Tom follows her up the staircase which wraps around the elevator shaft, he has the sensation of being in an Escher drawing.

On one landing they pass a woman carrying a small dog down. At another, a neighbor peers from behind a cracked door to see who the climbing footsteps belong to.

Tom smiles pleasantly at both of them, but there's something a bit eerie about them and the place itself. The clanking of the workmen's mallets on whatever they're pounding on echoes up.

They reach the fourth floor landing and Signora Buffi puts a key in a door lock -

5 INT. APARTMENT - ROME - CONTINUOUS

5

The apartment itself relieves whatever misgivings Tom had on the way up to it.

A generous foyer leads to a large living room. Signora Buffi opens the shutters throwing light on the furniture - an eclectic mix of old and new pieces, not unlike those in Dickie's Atrani house.

As she moves through the other rooms - bedroom, bath, and kitchen - opening the shutters there -

Subtitled Italian -

SIG.RA BUFFI

What do you do, Riccardo?

TOM

My family owns a shipbuilding business in New York.

That impresses her, as it was meant to.

SIG.RA BUFFI

Ships.

TOM

Boats. Yachts. But I'm in Rome studying painting.

She nods hesitantly.

SIG.RA BUFFI

Artista.

Tom nods. A painter isn't as good as a shipbuilder for a landlady, but maybe the young man doesn't need to work at all.

Back in the living room, she shows him there's a hi-fi. Then -

SIG.RA BUFFI
And there's a phone.

TOM
I saw that in the ad.

SIG.RA BUFFI
A phone is very hard to get.
It takes months to have one
installed.

She picks up the receiver of a heavy black phone so Tom may appreciate the wonder of its dial tone, then hangs it up and looks back at the place with him -

SIG.RA BUFFI
So what do you think?

Dickie would like this place. Therefore, so does Tom.

TOM
I think it's perfect.

6 INT. SIGNORA BUFFI'S APARTMENT - DAY

6

Tom is pretty sure that like him, Signora Buffi lives alone. There's nothing in the place to indicate anyone shares it with her - except a napping cat.

At a little desk, she copies his name - 'Richard Greenleaf' - from the altered passport onto a lease, along with the passport number.

SIG.RA BUFFI
Riccardo. Greena. Leafa.

In Italian, subtitled -

SIG.RA BUFFI
It's you and family?

TOM
Just me.

SIG.RA BUFFI
You're single.

He is, which pleases Signora Buffi in more ways than one.

SIG.RA BUFFI

The lease is six months minimum.

TOM

That's fine. I may never leave
such a beautiful apartment.

He takes out his wallet, thick with cash.

TOM

Is it all right if I pay the
first two months in advance?

No one has ever offered her rent in advance, but it
certainly is all right.

SIG.RA BUFFI

Of course.

He counts the money out. She re-counts it, notes the
amount paid on the lease, and hands it to him. He uses
his Montblanc pen to sign it, 'Richard Greenleaf.'

TOM

Grazie, Signora.

SIG.RA BUFFI

Signorina.

7 INT. TOM'S ROOM - HOTEL BOLIVAR - ROME - NIGHT 7

Tom packs Dickie's clothes into the nice suitcase,
careful not to wrinkle them.

8 INT. HOTEL BOLIVAR - ROME - DAY 8

The same clerk prepares Tom's hotel bill.

In English -

BOLIVAR CLERK

Has the ex-fiancee tracked you
down?

TOM

No, but it's only a matter of
time. I'm going to Firenze, like
you suggested.

BOLIVAR CLERK

If she appears, I'll say you've gone to Paris, or any other place other than Firenze you like.

TOM

Paris would be good.

BOLIVAR CLERK

A lot of hotels there to keep her busy.

He presents the bill. Tom pays it in cash.

TOM

Thanks for everything.

BOLIVAR CLERK

My pleasure. Sorry to see you go, Signor Greenleaf.

Tom leaves with his luggage.

9 INT/EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

9

A taxi lets Tom off in front of the building's open doors. As he walks in with his luggage past gargoyles, the sound of the taxi driving away summons Signora Buffi to her door. Seeing Tom's luggage she unhappily reports -

SIG.RA BUFFI

(subtitled)

I'm sorry, Riccardo, it's still not working.

TOM

That's all right.

As he comes past the same two men still working on the elevator and starts up the stairs with his cases, Signora Buffi's cat watches him.

10 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

10

Tom transfers Dickie's clothes from the Goyard suitcase to the armoire in the bedroom.

Takes the Hermes typewriter from its leather case and sets it on the desk in the living room.

Neatly places around it his stationery, correspondence, writing and forgery supplies.

Sets out his toiletries on a shelf in the bathroom. Regards himself in the mirror a moment. Straightens his collar.

TOM

Buongiorno.

11 OMIT - INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 11

12 INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS - ROME - DAY 12

Tom steps up to one of the clerks at the counter.

TOM

Buongiorno.

He presents his passport - his own passport. The clerk opens it to note the name - Thomas Ripley - more than the photo.

TOM

E' arrivato qualcosa per me?

The clerk goes off to check for any mail. Returns momentarily with two envelopes which she presents to Tom - one with the Hotel Miramare logo on it, the other with 'Carlo' scrawled in the return address corner.

TOM

Grazie.

13 INT. BANCA D'ITALIA - ROME - DAY 13

Tom sits with the Rome Banker who types his real name and passport information on a new accounts form in triplicate, with carbons.

ROME BANKER

(subtitled)

What will you be opening the account with, sir?

Tom extracts bank checks from the envelopes he just picked up at American Express - the furniture and boat money from Pucci and Carlo respectively - made out to him - and hands them over.

The banker notes the amounts - it's a lot - especially the one for the boat - almost two and a half million lire, about 35,000 US dollars in today's money.

The man totals the two on an adding machine, types the combined figure on the form, rolls it out, and places it before the new customer.

ROME BANKER

Va bene. Firmi qui.

With Dickie's Montblanc pen Tom signs the new account form -

Thomas Ripley

14 OMIT - INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY 14

15 INT. NEGOZIO DI OROLOGI - ROME - DAY 15

Tom is back in the watch repair shop to pick up the Rolex. The old repairman slides it out of a small cloth bag onto a velvet pad. As Tom holds it to his ear, we see the RG inscribed on the back. He smiles. It's ticking.

TOM

Perfetto. Grazie.

The man presents him with the bill.

16 INT. RECORD SHOP - ROME - DAY 16

Tom flips through 45s in the 'M' bin of the shop's pop music section. Finds a few by Mina and pulls them out.

At the counter he pays for them, along with some other 45s and LPs, including the one by Tony Renis he used to listen to at Dickie's house, '*Quando, Quando, Quando.*'

17 EXT. ROME - DAY 17

Tom strolls along Via dei Coronari, a narrow street near Piazza Navona, lined with antique shops, carrying his records in a little bag.

18 INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - ROME - DAY 18

It's like he has stepped into the prior century - a cluttered shop that seems not to have been dusted since then.

Gilt frames and mirrors, soot-darkened paintings, lamps with silk shades, gold cherubs and other statuary stacked haphazardly from floor to ceiling creating perilously narrow aisles.

Tom wants something to personalize his new apartment, to consecrate his new life in Rome.

He's drawn to a weighty Murano Sommerso glass ashtray resting amidst other items on a scarred table.

There's no price tag on it, but Tom wants it whatever the cost. It's stunning.

He takes it to the old antique dealer's desk to buy.

19 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 19

Returning with his purchases, he notices that Sig.ra Buffi has put a slip of paper that says 'Greenleaf' in the slot on the panel next to his apartment button.

The odds of someone walking past and seeing it are slim to none, but Tom removes it, and walks in past the gargoyles.

20 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY 20

The hi-fi plays the Mina record.

A Nazionale cigarette burns in the Murano ashtray, which is on the desk next to Hermes, the keys slapping ink on a sheet of Dickie's stationery -

TOM V/O

Dear Marge -

The voice is Dickie's -

TOM V/O

Yes, I loved the scarf. All the more so because you made it. I'm wearing it now.

Of course, he isn't. He unceremoniously threw it away in the trash a while ago.

TOM V/O

As for my plans, I don't exactly know. I'm studying with a painter named Di Massimo, who is a good and patient teacher.

He takes the cigarette and ashtray, gets up and wanders around his nice apartment. As he does, the sound of the typewriter keys fade -

TOM V/O

I'm giving up the idea of an apartment in Rome, for the time being, at least.

He sets the ashtray on the side table next to his favorite chair and sits.

TOM V/O

Di Massimo is going to Sicily for a couple months, and I may tag along in order to continue my lessons. After that, I'm not sure. Which is fine. Having no real plan suits my present mood.

He puts his feet up on the coffee table and smokes.

TOM V/O

I hope the book is going well. I'm sure it is. Soon it will be on the shelves of the Strand.

Back at the typewriter -

TOM V/O

I'll write again when I know more. Until then, missing Atrani - and you. Dickie.

He pulls the letter from the Hermes, signs it *Dickie*.

21 EXT. ROME - DAY 21

Tom drops the letter in a mailbox.

22 INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS - ROME - DAY 22

Tom in the line of a different Amex clerk. He presents his passport - Dickie's passport.

TOM
(subtitled)
There's a suitcase here for me.

As the clerk goes off to fetch it, he steals a glance at the other clerk - the one who knows him as Tom Ripley - who glances his way.

The other clerk returns with the suitcase Tom sent from Naples in November.

TOM
Grazie.

He carries it out.

23 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 23

As Tom, arriving, comes past the open Portiere door, Signora Buffi has good news for him -

SIG.RA BUFFI
(subtitled)
It's working!

Tom sees the elevator workmen in her office with her, where she's paying them.

TOM
Fantastico.

And it is since not only is he burdened with the suitcase, but also mitered slats of wood for making frames and a roll of canvas he has purchased at an art store.

The cat, now curled up on the bench by the elevator, watches Tom get the gate open, and himself and his stuff in the cage. He pushes the 3 button, and ascends.

24

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

24

He's unpacked the art supplies he sent from Dickie's house, along with the rolled-up canvases which he has stretched onto frames.

He's completed a couple of paintings of his own, of the views outside his window, and stands at the easel working on another.

Yes, it's in the 'Greenleaf-style,' as are the others, but he can't resist making it better. He could probably do that with his eyes closed.

Tony Renis sings 'Quando, Quando, Quando' from the hi-fi.

Life is good.

But then his doorbell rings - the one connected to the panel outside the building - the one next to the button next to the only apartment number without a name - and his paintbrush stops midstroke.

Tom stares at the bell here. No one has ever rung it before. He pictures Marge standing out on the street, but it's unlikely she is. It's probably just a solicitor he can ignore, and does.

He returns to his painting, adding brushstrokes to the landscape on the canvas as the song finishes, fading out.

As Tom crossed to the hi-fi to turn the record over, he hears through the walls the elevator motor begin lifting the cage, the rattle of its frame against the shaft getting louder as it rises past the lower floors to his.

He hears it clunk to a stop. Hears its gate open and shut. Hears footsteps approach on the marble floor in the hall. And the rap on the door.

He freezes in place with the 45 record poised in his hand, feeling a bit faint as he stares at the closed door.

Perhaps he can ignore this as well. In fact, what else can he do? He certainly can't answer it without knowing who it is.

VOICE

Dickie.

Dickie. Not Deekee. So not an Italian.

Tom crosses to the foyer and regards the closed door. Another rap on the door, louder this time, and -

VOICE

Oh, Dickie. It's Freddie.

Freddie. Freddie. Who the hell is Freddie? Then Tom remembers - that dreadful friend of Dickie's he met in Naples at the cafe.

How on earth did he get here? No one knows Tom - Dickie - lives here.

The door rattles a little, but Tom had the presence of mind to lock the deadbolt.

FREDDIE

Come on, open up. The landlady just told me you're here.

Tom slowly crosses to the door. Turns the deadbolt and opens the door enough to see Freddie's face inches from his own, each trying to make sense of the other's presence.

TOM

Dickie's not here right now. He went out.

FREDDIE

Where.

TOM

I'm not sure. Maybe you could come back in a while.

FREDDIE

Maybe I could wait for him here.

That's the last thing Tom wants, but does it matter in the end if Freddie waits or comes back? In either case, he won't be seeing Dickie.

Still, he doesn't open the door.

FREDDIE
So can I come in?

Tom kind of nods and smiles as his stomach cartwheels.

TOM
Of course.

Before Tom even has the door fully open, Freddie comes in past it, and him, and looks the place over like he's casing it.

Tom takes the opportunity to look it over himself, though there's nothing he can do if there's something amiss in it.

FREDDIE
It's Tom, right?

TOM
Right.

FREDDIE
Tom *Ripley*.

Like it's fun to say. Or an obvious pseudonym.

FREDDIE
We met in Naples.

TOM
I remember.

He remembers like you remember nightmares.

FREDDIE
You're staying with him?

TOM
No, I just came over to visit.

FREDDIE
You come over and he leaves,
okay.

TOM
He had an errand to run, he said.

Freddie nods, but doesn't seem to believe him, though Tom can't imagine why he wouldn't.

FREDDIE

I see he's been painting.

Freddie comes past Tom's desk to take a look at the painting on the easel Tom suddenly realizes he's wearing Dickie's ring. Everything he has on is Dickie's, but it's the ring Freddie is most likely to recognize.

Tom puts his hands behind his back, pulls the ring off and pockets it. Freddie glances in at the bedroom, then back at the painting.

FREDDIE

(re: the painting)

Not bad. He's getting better.

Tom almost smiles. The compliment, even from someone like Freddie, pleases him.

FREDDIE

Can I have a drink?

TOM

I'm not sure what's here.

FREDDIE

I can see what's here.

A console atop which rest bottles of gin, vermouth, Pernod, chianti.

Freddie helps himself. Pours some gin in a glass. Doesn't offer to pour Tom anything.

FREDDIE

You have the same shoes Dickie and I have.

The Ferragamo loafers on Tom's feet.

TOM

Do I? I don't think I've seen Dickie's.

FREDDIE

Oh, he wears them all the time.

TOM

I bought these in New York.

FREDDIE

New York.

(Tom nods)

I won't ask where in New York.
Where in New York.

TOM

I don't remember.

FREDDIE

We bought ours in Florence.

Tom nods again, that's 'interesting.' Freddie sits with his drink on the sofa, taps a Lucky Strike from a pack and lights it.

He's clearly not going anywhere, so Tom sits. And watches in a silence as Freddie surveys the room again, sensing perhaps that something is awry.

TOM

You know, I just remembered -
he said he was meeting someone at
Otello's. Do you know where that
is? Just off Piazza della
Rotonda. You could probably
catch him there.

Freddie says nothing in reply. It's as if Tom said none of it. He, Freddie, just takes a drag off his cigarette and sets it in the notch of an ashtray. Eventually -

FREDDIE

You said an errand. Now it's a
meeting. Okay.

TOM

Both, I guess.

Freddie studies Tom for a long moment.

FREDDIE

So what's going on, Tom?

TOM

I'm not sure I know what you
mean.

FREDDIE

With Dickie. Not telling anyone what he's doing, where he's staying.

TOM

He told me.

FREDDIE

He told you. But not me. Or Marge. Or anyone we know. Just you.

TOM

I think, from what he's said to me, he just wants some time on his own. Not that he's on bad terms with Marge.

FREDDIE

He'll be on bad terms with me if he stands me up again.

TOM

He didn't stand you up. He's just out.

FREDDIE

Cortina. You were there when I invited him. When he said he'd come. He never showed up. Never wrote to say why. No word. Nothing.

It was stupid of Tom not to write Freddie as Dickie, to make some excuse for why he wasn't going to Cortina. He had meant to. He just forgot.

TOM

He didn't write you? He told me he had.

FREDDIE

Nope.

They regard each other.

TOM

Then how'd you know where he was?

Freddie looks at him for a long moment, and Tom doesn't like it at all. It's a look that says, What's it to you? Eventually -

FREDDIE

The phone.

He points to it.

FREDDIE

It's not in any phone book yet,
but I called the phone company -
they had the address.

The phone. The phone Signora Buffi was so proud to offer Tom. The damn phone he's never used and doesn't need is what brought Freddie here.

FREDDIE

Are you sure he's on good terms
with Marge?

TOM

As far as I know.

FREDDIE

And with you?

TOM

With me what.

FREDDIE

She's on good terms with you?

TOM

I can't imagine why not.

Freddie nods as he sips his drink and studies Tom, then snuffs out his cigarette in the ashtray and gets up, Tom thinks, to leave.

Instead, Freddie refills his glass with gin and wanders around looking at things in the room like he's some kind of detective.

FREDDIE

You're living here with him,
aren't you.

TOM

No.

FREDDIE
No? Dickie wouldn't be caught
dead in that.

The infamous paisley robe draped across a chair.

FREDDIE
So where are you living.

TOM
Just traveling.

FREDDIE
Where.

TOM
Around Italy.

FREDDIE
Where.

TOM
Around.

Freddie nods again as he looks down at the Hermes typewriter on the desk, and the two passports next to it.

FREDDIE
Otello's, huh?

TOM
That's what he said.

FREDDIE
Maybe I will go there.

If for no other reason than to prove Tom's lying. But Tom has an answer for that eventuality, too -

TOM
I'll tell him you came by in
case you miss him. Where are you
staying?

FREDDIE
The Excelsior.

TOM
I'll tell him.

Silence. Then -

FREDDIE

Okay.

Tom reads a lot into the simple 'okay,' and the knowing look that accompanies it.

He escorts Freddie to the door.

TOM

Nice to see you again.

Freddie just smiles like he knows the pleasantries - and everything else Tom has told him - is a lie.

He leaves. Tom closes the door. Listens for the elevator gate to open and close and for the motor to start up. As it does -

25

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

25

Tom emerges from his apartment and goes to the landing to watch the elevator descend.

He moves to the part of the landing that affords him a view all the way down.

From here, he watches Freddie emerge from the elevator at the ground floor and cross to where Signora Buffi is sweeping the tile floor.

Tom can only faintly hear their conversation, her side mainly -

SIG.RA BUFFI

(subtitled)

... he's there, I saw him ...
Signor Greenleaf ... Signor chi?
... no, signore, he has not gone
out ... I'm sure ... I'm sorry
but you're wrong ...

As she moves off to continue sweeping, Freddie just stands there motionless, trying to work something out in his head, Tom imagines, or worse, figuring it all out.

As Tom peers down at him, his hands unconsciously twist at the stair rail like it's someone's neck.

Freddie turns around and crosses back to the elevator. As it begins to rise, Tom returns to his apartment and -

26 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

26

He steps in, closes the door and turns the deadbolt.

Other than that, he has no idea what to do. Keep lying? Keep insisting Dickie is at Otello's? Or somewhere else? Wait for Freddie to drag him downstairs to present him to Signora Buffi and ask her who he is?

He pictures that scene as if it's happening - the three of them down there outside her apartment as she insists to Freddie -

SIG.RA BUFFI

(subtitled)

That is Signor Greenleaf.

Here in the apartment he hears the elevator reach the fourth floor landing, Freddie's footsteps approaching his door, and the inevitable knock on it.

Tom tries to compose himself. Regards the closed door. There's another knock and -

FREDDIE

It's me, Tom.

Tom finally goes to answer it. Unlocks the deadbolt and opens the door with a look on his face of absolute innocence.

TOM

You forget something?

FREDDIE

No. I was just talking to the landlady again.

Tom's look says, So?

FREDDIE

Can I come in?

TOM

Sure.

Freddie comes in past Tom, goes straight to the bar console, pours another drink in another glass, and seems to regard the apartment and the things in it with a new understanding. His survey of it ends on Tom.

FREDDIE

She says Dickie is the only one here.

TOM

He is. I told you. I don't live here.

FREDDIE

He's the only one here now, she says.

TOM

I don't understand.

FREDDIE

She saw him come up. She's sure.

TOM

He's not here. Obviously. She must not have seen him leave.

FREDDIE

When he went to Otello's.

TOM

Yeah.

Freddie nods, but not because he believes it.

FREDDIE

She seems to me like someone who sees everything.

Tom neither agrees or disagrees.

FREDDIE

So, Tom. What's going on.

TOM

What's going on with what.

FREDDIE

With you and Dickie.

Nothing from Tom.

FREDDIE

Marge has some theories, but I think she's on the wrong track. She didn't talk to Bob.

TOM

Who's Bob.

FREDDIE

Delancey. In New York. I called him.

Tom kind of shrugs, So?

FREDDIE

We did meet at his place. He remembers it as well as I do. You're the only one who doesn't remember. Why is that.

TOM

I just don't. Sorry.

FREDDIE

Okay. I don't care. I think you do, but it doesn't matter. He told me some things about you.

TOM

He barely knows me.

FREDDIE

Accounting, Tom?

TOM

What?

FREDDIE

That's what you told me you did. In Naples.

TOM

That's right.

FREDDIE

You're sticking with that?

TOM

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Freddie gets up and wanders deeper into the room by the desk and easel.

FREDDIE

I'm talking about what Bob said, what you really do, which apparently is whatever anyone needs.

Nothing from Tom. As Freddie looks down at the two passports and other forgery items on the desk -

FREDDIE

False ID, bank letter, notary seal, whatever it is, talk to Tom, he said, he'll get it for you.

Nothing from Tom. Freddie dabs a brush in some paint on the palette and adds some touches to the painting.

FREDDIE

Is that why you left New York? Before someone could arrest you?

Nothing from Tom. As Freddie paints -

FREDDIE

Where is he.

TOM

Who.

FREDDIE

Who do you think I mean? And don't say he's at Otello's since we both know he isn't.

TOM

I'd like you to leave.

FREDDIE

I bet you would.

Silence as they regard each other.

FREDDIE

Can I see your watch?

The Rolex Tom should've taken off when he took Dickie's ring off, but didn't think to. He holds his arm up for a second to display the face, then drops the arm back to his side.

FREDDIE

No, I mean what you know I mean.
Can you take it off so I can see
the back of it. So I can see the
initials R-G on it.

Nothing from Tom.

FREDDIE

His Rolex, his clothes, his
Ferragamos. What else you got,
Tom? His money? His Picasso?

TOM

You really should go.

And he really should. If he knew Tom better, he'd know
that and would leave without another word.

FREDDIE

Okay, I'll leave. I'm leaving.

But first he signs the painting 'Picasso' in the corner.

FREDDIE

Then I'll be back with the police
and if you're not here, who
cares. You won't get far.

Freddie sets the brush on the easel and crosses the
living room. As he passes, Tom picks up the heavy Murano
ashtray, follows him into the foyer and brings it down on
Freddie's head just as he pulls the door open -

The blow doesn't accomplish as much as Tom hoped it
would. Freddie isn't knocked out. He doesn't collapse.
He merely turns to face Tom with a confused look on his
face, and takes a few staggering steps toward him -

Tom brings the ashtray down on him again, and this time
Freddie goes down face first onto the floor -

Tom closes the door, stands over the body - if it is a
body, if Freddie is indeed dead, which Tom can't really
tell. But he can see some blood beginning to pool around
the head.

He hopes he's dead. Another blow will produce more blood to have to clean up. It would also risk fracturing the ashtray he likes so much, which is still in his hand.

He steps over Freddie and sits on his leather chair with his back to him.

There's some blood on his own shirt, but he either doesn't notice it, or doesn't care.

He regards the ashtray - not like, 'What have I done?' but rather, 'Is it chipped or cracked or in any other way damaged?' which would be a shame.

It isn't. Bloody, yes, but completely intact. Though not designed for the purpose he has used it, it has performed beautifully.

He takes it to the kitchen. Turns on the faucet and runs cool water over it, rubbing at the blood with his fingers and watching it swirl down the drain.

He dries it with a dishtowel and takes it back to the living room. Places it where it belongs, on the side table next to his favorite chair.

He stands over Freddie again. Nudges an arm with his Ferragamo loafer. Freddie doesn't stir.

He wonders, perhaps, how loud was that. Loud enough for any of the neighbors to hear?

He has no idea. In the moment of it, he heard nothing, but Freddie's body falling to the floor must have been as loud as a sofa tipping over.

But the real issue is what to do with the body.

Of course he didn't give a thought to that - any more than he did when he clubbed Dickie to death with the oar in the boat in San Remo - only to stop Freddie from leaving the apartment.

Now Tom has to get him out of the apartment, and he hasn't a clue how. As much as he hated being in that boat on the ocean, it was better than this.

Tom regards the pooling blood around the head, which looks like a halo now.

He kneels down, takes Freddie's beautiful scarf from around his neck, and places it in the pool of blood.

He takes it to the bathroom and rinses it out in the sink. Returns to the body with it, kneels to lay it back down in the blood, stands back up.

He sits back down in the chair to think. Glances to the windows. Checks the watch Freddie wanted to see the back of. Just after 4:30.

So there's nothing he can do with the carcass now. He'll have to wait for nightfall - deep into the night, in fact - and can only hope whichever Italian coroner eventually examines the body can't determine time of death too accurately.

He returns to the body and stands over it.

To do what he needs to do next, he'll need to turn it over, which he doesn't relish doing.

But he manages it, and Freddie, now on his back, stares up at Tom with dead eyes.

Tom kneels down and carefully lifts at a lapel of Freddie's jacket like it's the tissue paper Italians wrap everything in. He sees the top of Freddie's passport poking up from one of the breast pockets.

He's about to pull it out when he notices the blood on his own hands.

He crosses to the bathroom and washes the blood off his hands in the sink, dries them with a bidet towel and leaves it there.

He returns to the body, kneels, and pulls the British passport from the pocket.

He leafs through it. Entry and exit stamps from dozens of countries. He regards the photo. And notes the last name, which until now he didn't know: Miles.

He finds a wallet in another pocket with quite a lot of lira in it. The pack of Lucky Strikes. And a key ring with just two keys on it, both stamped 'Fiat.'

There's no indication of what year or model of Fiat, or if it's a rental car or not. Tom wouldn't know one Fiat from another on sight anyway.

Still, it is a car, and a plan begins to form in his mind.

He pockets the keys and returns everything else to Freddie's pockets.

He returns to the bathroom, unbuttoning his bloodied shirt. Drops it in the tub and crosses to his bedroom.

He takes a clean shirt from the armoire. Buttons it as he crosses back to the bathroom. Regards himself in the mirror to see if there's any blood on his face.

There isn't, but his hair is a little disheveled. He combs it with his fingers and -

He comes through the living room, steps over Freddie's body, takes an overcoat from the foyer hall tree and lets himself out, closing the door on us.

He didn't seem to notice the sprays of blood on the foyer picture and wall Freddie slammed into when he was hit with the ashtray.

27

INT. 4TH FLOOR HALL - CONTINUOUS

27

Tom knows the temperamental elevator is working - he heard it when Freddie came up - both times. He doesn't care about it now, but it will be a godsend later.

He pushes the button to summon it. Watches the cabled weights descend as the elevator car rises from the lower floors to his. He gets in and presses the ground floor button.

As the cage descends, he hears a door close somewhere below it. Then the elevator stops on the 2nd floor and Tom sees one of his neighbors on the landing just outside it with an empty wire folding grocery cart.

He pushes opens the gate open for her.

TOM

Buonasera.

NEIGHBOR

Buonasera.

(subtitled)

It's working.

TOM
(subtitled)
It's a miracle.

And it is. Especially when you have a corpse in your 4th floor apartment that you somehow have to get rid of.

She gets in, closes the gate and doors, and presses the ground floor button even though that's where the elevator is already going.

As it descends Tom smiles pleasantly. The neighbor smiles pleasantly.

The cage settles at the ground floor. Tom politely pushes open the gate again.

TOM
Prego.

NEIGHBOR
Grazie.

They cross together past the Portiere office to the building's front door. Tom holds it open as well for the woman. Such a nice young man.

NEIGHBOR
Grazie.

Tom glances over his shoulder and sees what he always sees when he - or anyone - leaves or arrives - Signora Buffi noting it from her open apartment door.

He waves. She waves. He leaves.

We stay as she watches after him, perhaps wondering why his guest isn't with him.

28

EXT. ROME - APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

28

Like most streets in Rome, the one outside Tom's apartment building is only wide enough to allow parking on one side.

He regards the cars and Vespas there. He's never had any reason to notice before - but does now - that nearly every one of the cars is a Fiat.

He moves from one to the next as casually as a good car thief, slipping Freddie's key in the door locks.

It's a tedious undertaking with the stalling he has to do because of passersby, but he eventually reaches one where the key pops the latch button.

Tom steps back and stares at the car unhappily.

It's a Fiat 500 - a Cinquecento - one of the smallest cars known to man. Two seats - two cylinders - nothing more than a motorcycle, really, encased in thin metal.

It looks like a toy. How is he going to get Freddie's body in it?

At least it's not too far away. Tom relocks it and starts back to the apartment building.

29 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

29

The noise of the front door, as usual, summons Signora Buffi to the open door of hers.

Tom waves again to her. She waves back to him again, and is perhaps relieved that he isn't going to leave his visitor alone in the apartment.

Tom crosses past the elevator to the trash area to make sure the gate there is unlocked. It is - the chain with its open padlock dangles there - which is good since this is the best way to get Freddie out of the building unseen. Out the back way.

He returns to the elevator. As he rides it back up to the 4th floor, the cat watches it ascend.

30 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

30

The silent apartment. Then the muffled clunk of the elevator reaching its destination, the gate opening and closing, and footsteps in the outside hallway.

The lock turns in the door, and it opens, revealing Tom.

He steps in, shuts and locks the door behind him, and only now notices the blood on the foyer picture and wall.

He regards it unhappily. More work.

With his overcoat still on, he steps over the body without looking down at it, goes into the kitchen, wets a dishtowel in the sink, squeezes it.

He comes back through the living room, steps over the body, wipes at the blood in the foyer with the dishtowel.

He returns to the body. Looks down at it. There's a halo of fresh blood from the gashes in the back of the head, and the scarf is soaked with it.

He shouldn't have bothered mopping up until the blood stopped seeping. If there ever is a next time he will wait before cleaning up blood.

He picks up the scarf, lays the dishtowel where it was, takes the bloody scarf to the bathroom and drops it in the bathtub.

He returns to the living room to his favorite chair. Sits. Thinks about what the story is if he ever has to tell one to the police.

His eyes settle on the gin glasses Freddie drank from - the first on a side table, the second on the coffee table - and the ashtray his cigarette burned in.

Are there clean fingerprints on the glasses? He can't tell from here, but he'd like there to be.

He gets up, takes the glass from the coffee table to the kitchen, sets it in the sink.

He crosses to his bedroom. Finds one of Dickie's monogrammed handkerchiefs neatly folded in a drawer.

He takes it back to the living room, and picks up Freddie's other glass with it.

Kneels on the floor with it next to the body. Sets the glass and handkerchief down and takes Freddie's right hand in his, and -

He hesitates. Shakes his head in dismay. There's blood on the dead hand from touching the side of the head when he was first struck with the ashtray - and some of it is on Tom's hand now from holding it in his.

He gets up, crosses to the bathroom. Washes the blood from his hands in the sink.

Grabs two bidet towels, wets and wrings one out in the bathtub, and takes it and the dry one back to the living room.

He kneels again and carefully washes Freddie's hand with the damp bidet towel like it's something valuable, something sacred, neither of which it is, and dries it with the other bidet towel.

Fairly sure there's no longer any blood on it, Tom wraps the fingers around the glass to produce good prints - hopefully not so good that it's unnatural - then lets go of the hand.

It slaps against the floor like a dead fish.

Tom sets the bidet towels by the body - he'll no doubt have to use them again before he's done - pinches the lip of the glass with the handkerchief, and returns it to the side table.

He picks up the gin bottle and a clean glass from the bar console. Takes them to the body, kneels again beside it, pours some gin into the glass.

He hadn't noticed before, since it didn't matter before, that Freddie's mouth is closed. That's unfortunate. It means he has to do something even more disgusting than holding the corpse's hand.

He pushes his bare fingers past the lips and works them between the teeth enough to pry the mouth open a little, then tips the glass into it.

The mouth just fills and overflows like a sink with a clogged drain, spilling down Freddie's neck and onto the floor, mixing with the blood.

He needs to open the gullet somehow.

He refills the glass with gin, then takes hold of a shock of Freddie's hair from the back, and lifts it.

The face, with it's half-opened mouth and dead eyes, looks a lot like the severed head in Caravaggio's *David with the Head of Goliath* that Tom, and we, saw at the Borghese Gallery.

And Tom's face looks like David's in the painting, his calm gaze peering down at the giant he has just slain and now grasps by the hair.

Tom picks up the glass and pours gin into the maw. He wants it in Freddie's stomach for a coroner to find, more than Freddie drank when he was sitting in Tom's chair.

Most of it goes down. He waits a moment before giving Freddie another 'swallow.' He sets the glass down and tries pouring more into the mouth from the bottle.

He lets go of Freddie's hair, letting the head thud to the floor, and quickly wipes the saliva off his fingers with the handkerchief, shivering at the foulness of it all.

He pockets the handkerchief. Takes the bidet towels to the bathroom and drops them in the tub.

He returns to the corpse, picks up the gin bottle and glass and sets them back on the bar console.

It's exhausting, all this; Tom could use a drink himself. But not gin. Not from this bottle that has been in this dead man's mouth.

He pours himself a glass of chianti from an opened bottle. He's about to sit with it on the leather chair when he notices blood on his trousers from kneeling in it.

He sets the wine glass next to the ashtray.

Takes off his coat and drapes it on another chair.

Takes Dickie's silver cigarette case and Dunhill lighter from a pants pocket and sets them next to the ashtray and wine.

Strips down to his underwear and sits on his favorite chair.

He lights a cigarette. Sits there smoking, resting. Looking at the place on the sofa Freddie sat - and about to take a sip of chianti - something occurs to him.

He gets up and walks back to the body. Finds Freddie's cigarettes in one of the pockets. The logo on the pack amuses Tom. Lucky Strike. Could Freddie be any less lucky?

Tom taps two of the cigarettes from the pack and returns it to the pocket.

He takes them - and his own cigarette, the Dunhill and glass of wine - to where Freddie sat on the sofa. Sits. Holds the Lucky Strikes over the lighter flame, but they don't light. The flame just blackens the tips.

He dreads putting them in his mouth, even though they were never in Freddie's. He sets them between his teeth and sucks the lighter flame to the tips only as much as necessary to make them burn.

He sets them on the rim of 'Freddie's' ashtray on the end table. Watches the thin columns of smoke rise.

A check of the Rolex on his wrist tells him it's almost 5:00.

The idea of sitting here for hours with a corpse less than ten feet away doesn't please him, but what choice does he have? He can't be dragging bodies around in daylight.

He glances to the empty leather chair. Regards it in a silence. Then speaks to it -

TOM

What time? I'm not sure exactly. I think he left around eight. Or nine? Something like that.

Satisfied with his answer to the question he hopes he'll never be asked, he settles back on the sofa, sips at his chianti, smokes his Nazionale.

Wisps of smoke from Freddie's Lucky Strikes rise from the ashtray like from a little campfire as Tom waits for nightfall.

- | | | |
|----|---|----|
| 31 | EXT/INT. NEGOZIO DI OROLOGI - ROME - NIGHT | 31 |
| | The shop where Tom had the Rolex fixed. There are several clocks in the window, and in the shop itself, all showing midnight, or thereabouts. | |
| 32 | OMIT - EXT. ROME - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT | 32 |
| 33 | OMIT - INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS | 33 |

34 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

34

A tableau -

Tom's empty wine glass on the coffee table.

Freddie's almost-empty glass of gin on the side table.

The three unlucky Lucky Strikes, burned down to nubs, snuffed out in the ashtray.

The body in the same spot and position on the floor as before.

In the bedroom, Tom finishes dressing in dark clothes. Sits to shoehorn his stockinged feet into the Ferragamos with Dickie's tortoise shoehorn, and notices some blood on them.

He goes to the bathroom, wets some toilet paper from the bidet faucet, wipes the blood from the shoes and flushed the paper down the toilet.

He returns to the bedroom and puts on his least favorite coat - the one he used to wear on the New York subways he so detested.

He finds in a dresser drawer a pair of fine-leather English driving gloves - Dickie's, of course - and slips them into the coat's side pockets.

He comes into the living room. Regards Freddie on the floor.

It's time to try what he's been dreading for the last seven hours - to lift him. And he has to do it in what he's wearing, ruining a second set of clothes.

He drags Freddie into the foyer and props him up to a sitting position against the wall. What's all this talk about rigor mortis? There's none of that as far as Tom can tell.

He pulls Freddie's arm around his own shoulder, grabs hold of the clammy wrist, grits his teeth and -

As he lifts Freddie to a limp standing position, Tom staggers under the weight. It's like trying to lead a blackout drunk dancing partner -

He 'walks' Freddie toward the door.

With his free hand, he opens it enough to look out at the corridor, sees no one, hears no one, and opens it wider.

He takes his keys from a table next it. And his Borsalino hat - Dickie's. He loves the hat, but he has to sacrifice it. He puts it on Freddie's head and pulls the back of it down over the biggest gash and matted hair.

He readjusts the limp arm around his shoulder to better distribute the weight. Manages Freddie into the hallway. Closes and locks the apartment door with his free hand.

He heads for the elevator, supporting the rakish fedora-sporting 'drunk.'

The cage isn't there. He should have summoned it before bringing Freddie out here.

He pushes the button now, and the motor growls as the elevator rises from below.

It arrives. Tom gets the gate open, muscles the corpse into the elevator with him, and presses the ground floor button.

The elevator car descends. Passes the 3rd floor landing. Approaches the second -

And stops.

Tom presses the ground floor button again. Nothing. He hits it again. Nothing. Tries the 1st floor button. Nothing.

He can't believe it. The erratic elevator has chosen the absolute worst time to stop working. Two flights up no less.

He can't hold Freddie up any more. Let's him slump to the floor of the cage. Looks down at him. Pulls open the elevator doors, which bump against his head.

Tom steps onto the 2nd floor landing, reaches back in to grab hold of one of Freddie's wrists and pulls him out of the cage.

The fedora falls off and rolls down a couple of the stairs -

Tom just stands there, still holding onto Freddie's wrist, listening for any stirring behind any of the 2nd floor doors.

He hears nothing except his own breathing.

He retrieves the hat and puts it on his own head.

Takes hold of Freddie's ankles and walks backwards down the stairs, the head smacking the marble risers, opening the gashes in it, leaving smears of blood.

Tom stops. Climbs the four or five stairs to get above Freddie. Takes hold of his wrists, pivots the body, and drags it down that way, the shoes slapping against the stairs instead of the head.

One of Freddie's loafers comes off. Tom fetches it and puts it back on the foot. Drags the body by the wrists again, making it almost to the 1st floor landing before the other loafer comes off.

Tom takes the other shoe off and stuffs both of them in his coat pockets.

He should have thought to do that in the first place, since now, as he continues down the stairs, Freddie's bare feet hitting each riser barely make a sound, just his own shuffling Ferragamos.

He makes it to the ground floor and drags Freddie to the building's back trash area - only to find the chain padlocked into place on the gates now.

He's going to have to go out the front with the body, past Signora Buffi's apartment.

As he approaches it, he sees that its door is closed, but knows it could open at any time. The cat, curled up on the bench outside the door now, watches him come past shouldering Freddie.

Tom cracks the front door to peer out at the street. Sees no one loitering there. Leans Freddie against the wall to put his shoes back on, transfers the fedora from his own head back to Freddie's, and opens the door -

35

EXT. ROME - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

35

Tom steps out onto the street - there are few sidewalks in the old part of Rome - with Freddie draped around him like a drunk friend.

Hopefully, that's what this looks like.

There are few street lamps, which is the only fortunate thing to work in Tom's favor.

As they move along past the facades of the buildings, Freddie's shoes drag at skewed angles on the cobblestones that threaten to pull them off again.

Tom hears footsteps behind him and glances over his shoulder at a man walking down the middle of the street.

He glances Tom's way, but then gets in a car, starts it and pulls away.

As Tom is nearing the Cinquecento, he loses his grip and Freddie slumps to the ground, the hat coming off. No one is there to see it, thank god, but Tom has to get the carcass back up quickly before someone does.

He continues with his burden, struggling to make it to the Fiat.

He hears footsteps behind him again, leans Freddie against the wall of a building, brings his face close, kisses his cold lips.

A woman passes with just one quick glance their way. She doesn't want to see any more than that.

Tom waits until she's gone to rearrange Freddie's weight again around his shoulders and continues toward the Fiat.

He finally reaches the little car, braces Freddie against its passenger door, and fishes into his own trouser pockets for the key.

Before he can get it in the door lock, a man walking a dog approaches, looking in Tom's direction.

Tom has to acknowledge him, and does with a pleasant smile he hopes will dull any curiosity the man might have.

It doesn't.

DOGMAN
(subtitled)
Can I help?

No one in New York would offer to help, or in this case, meddle.

TOM
(subtitled)
No, it's okay, thanks.

DOGMAN
(subtitled)
Is he all right?

TOM
(subtitled)
He's fine. Too much to drink is all.

The man nods. Continues on with his dog.

Tom waits until they're out of sight, then unlocks the Fiat's door.

He manages to stuff Freddie in onto the passenger seat and shuts the door.

He takes out the handkerchief and wipes his prints from the handle. Comes around to the driver's side putting on Dickie's gloves.

He gets in. The interior of the Cinquecento is just as ridiculously tiny as the rest of it, not much bigger than a casket, and here he is, in it with a corpse.

He puts the key in the ignition, depresses the clutch, and the little engine coughs to life.

As he pulls the little Fiat onto the street, a horn blares as headlights flood the interior from behind -

Tom sticks a hand out the window and waves it to say, 'Sorry,' and pulls away.

36 EXT. ROME / FREDDIE'S FIAT - NIGHT

36

Tom hadn't thought this through past getting Freddie to the car, and the car away from the apartment building.

Where to drive it to is still a question.

But just having the body on the seat beside him instead of on the floor of his apartment is a relief.

He drives down narrow streets. There's almost no traffic. He almost feels like he's alone in Rome.

As he takes a curve in the road, Freddie's body tips against him. Tom pushes him back upright.

A37 EXT. ROME STREET - NIGHT

A37

Tom drives down another street. Too late for him to do anything about it, he comes upon an accident involving a car and motorcycle, blocking the road ahead.

Worse, there are a couple of policemen there, dealing with it.

As Tom slows to a stop, one of the cops glances his way. Tom avoids his eyes by looking to Freddie, and speaks to him in Italian -

TOM
(subtitled)
You feeling any better?

Tom nods as if Freddie has said something in reply, and then glances back out the windshield.

One of the cops is helping the cyclist to his feet. The other glances back in Tom's direction.

Freddie starts to drift again toward Tom. He nudges him upright again as subtly as he can, and speaks to him again -

TOM
(subtitled)
It's okay. It's an accident.
We're almost home.

The cops drag the motorcycle from the intersection just enough to allow cars to pass. One of them signals to Tom to proceed.

Tom drives past them.

37 EXT/INT. ROME / FREDDIE'S FIAT - NIGHT

37

The little Fiat approaches Piazza Venezia and the monument to Vittorio Emanuele II, the massive Brescia marble structure celebrating the unification of Italy.

Tom navigates its roundabout and continues down Via dei Fori Imperiali, passing the ruins of the Forum that lead to the Colosseum -

This isn't the ideal way to tour the monuments of Rome - with a corpse beside you - and Freddie can't appreciate them at all.

A38 EXT/INT. VIA APPIA ANTICA / FREDDIE'S FIAT - NIGHT

A38

At Piazzale Numa Pompilio, Tom pulls the Fiat off the paved road, onto a narrower one that leads to Via Appia Antica - the 400 mile road built in 300 BC to link Rome with Brindisi at the heel of the boot on the Adriatic.

It's the perfect place to leave a body. No businesses, no apartment buildings, no people - only the occasional streetlamp or car.

It's a rough road, cobblestoned, with ruins on either side, and stone pines and cypress trees standing like sentries.

Tom eventually pulls to the side of the dark road, the tires bumping to a stop on the cobblestones.

He just sits there, staring out the windshield at the trees and tombs, looking for anyone - lovers, teenagers, drunks - who might be around.

He sees nothing of the kind, only the headlights of an approaching car that passes without slowing to consider the parked Cinquecento.

Once it's gone, Tom adjusts the fedora on Freddie's head and climbs out of the Fiat, leaving the key in the ignition.

If someone wants to steal it with a body inside, what does he care? Let them.

As he walks north, back the way he came, he takes off the gloves and pockets them.

We stay back and consider a tableau of the little car, parked under the canopy of an ancient gnarled pine tree.

Its interior lights up as another car passes.

The headlights then pick up Tom from behind, silhouetting him.

He drops his head to stare down at the cobblestones in case the driver glances to his rearview mirror once he passes - if he passes.

He does. But then Tom hears the rhythm of the car's tires on the cobblestones slow.

The car stops thirty feet ahead of him, and idles.

Tom stops walking and lifts his head. He can't see the car's driver any better than the driver can see him, but Tom waits for him to reconsider whatever he's thinking - helping or hurting him.

The driver, on second thought apparently, wants no part of whatever this is, not with a stranger on this lonely stretch of road, and drives on.

Tom starts walking again.

B38 EXT. CLAUDIO AQUEDUCT - NIGHT

B38

Tom walks along the ancient aqueduct begun by Caligula, finished by Claudius. Up ahead, he sees some lights in the windows of an inn or tavern.

38 EXT. NEAR CLAUDIO AQUEDUCT - NIGHT

38

It's an inn and a tavern. And there's a taxi parked outside it. The driver, asleep, wakes at Tom's tap on the passenger window.

TOM

Al centro?

The driver nods. Tom gets in. The taxi pulls away.

39 EXT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT 39

Tom's eyes meet the driver's in the rearview mirror.

When the man looks forward again, Tom looks down at his shirt front and pants, something he should've done before he got in, to check for any blood on him.

There is some, but it's probably too dark in the backseat for the driver to see any of it, even when the occasional passing streetlamp briefly lights up the interior.

They drive in silence, the same streets Tom took with Freddie, heading north now past the Colosseum, the Forum and Mussolini's 'wedding cake.'

40 EXT. ROME - NIGHT 40

The taxi lets Tom off in a piazza that's deserted this late at night.

He pays the driver with lira from his wallet - Dickie's - and starts walking.

But once the taxi disappears, Tom turns around and walks the other way, taking narrow streets to his own, and lets himself into his apartment building.

41 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 41

He crosses past Signora Buffi's apartment leisurely, like someone simply back from a walk. Her cat on the bench watches.

He starts up the stairs. Hears nothing behind the doors of the apartments nearest the landing of the first floor, but sees some blood on the stairs before reaching the second floor landing.

He takes out his handkerchief and wipes at the blood, but then sees more on the landing itself where he pulled Freddie out of the useless elevator.

The handkerchief is insufficient for the job.

42 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 42

He comes in and goes straight to the kitchen. Rinses the bloody dishtowel in the sink, squeezes it out and takes it and a dry one with him heads for the door -

43 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 43

There are drops of blood on the marble floor right outside his apartment, and more on the 4th floor landing where he put Freddie in the elevator.

He wipes it all up, comes down the stairs to the 2nd floor landing, and cleans up the blood there.

He steps into the stalled elevator cage and finds quite a bit of blood there.

He wipes at it, gets back out, wipes at the stairs Freddie's head hit against, and retraces the rest of the path of the awful journey he took to drag the body out the building.

He comes past the closed Portiere door, past the bench the cat is still curled up on, and continues to the front door.

There's a bloody smudge on the wall where he leaned Freddie before taking him outside. He wipes it clean - as clean as he can - returns to the stairs and starts up them again.

At the second floor landing he hears a lock turn and quickens his pace. He hears a door open but doesn't look back over his shoulder.

If the neighbor peering out sees anything of him, hopefully it will only be his legs and loafers, and only a brief glimpse at that.

He stops on the 3rd floor to create the impression that whoever the neighbor saw lives on it, and not the 4th floor.

He hears the door close and lock, and continues up the stairs.

44 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

44

Tom comes back in. Wipes up the blood on the foyer marble floor he dragged Freddie across, then tosses the bloody dishtowels in the kitchen sink. He'll rinse them out - and throw them out - later.

He comes back into the darkened living room. Takes his wine glass to the bar console and refills it with chianti from the bottle.

He sets it next to the Murano ashtray. Drapes his coat over the other chair. Sits in his favorite, the leather one. Lights a Nazionale cigarette from the silver case and reviews in his mind everything that has happened, looking for any mistakes he might have made.

As he brings the wine glass up for a sip, the hand it's in stops -

He's thought of something - and it's not some minor detail. It's significant. A huge error he has made.

TOM
(whispers)
Goddamn it.

Angry with himself for his stupidity, he mashes the cigarette in the Murano ashtray and gets up to leave, grabbing his coat from the chair.

45 EXT. ROME / TAXI - NIGHT

45

Tom approaches a parked taxi outside a hotel near the Pantheon. The driver in it is asleep. Tom taps on the side window closest to him.

TOM
E' libero?

CAB DRIVER
Si.

Tom climbs in back. The driver starts the car and the meter and pulls away.

46 INT/EXT. TAXI/ROME - NIGHT 46

Again past the Forum, and the Colosseum - which Tom now has no desire to ever visit.

47 EXT. NEAR CLAUDIO AQUEDUCT - NIGHT 47

The taxi delivers Tom to the inn. Tom pays the driver, gets out, and again waits until the cab is out of sight before continuing on foot toward the aqueduct.

48 EXT. VIA APPIA ANTICA - NIGHT 48

The same tableau as before - dark sky, cypress trees, Cinquecento - only this time the silhouetted figure on the uneven cobblestones is walking toward the car, not away from it.

When Tom gets close enough to make out its interior through the small back window, he's alarmed to see it's empty.

He can't imagine what has happened in his absence, and looks around at the ruins and the trees to see if anyone is watching him.

He sees no one and continues on, coming around the car to its passenger side.

Nothing has happened. Freddie is still there. He has just tipped over onto his side, onto the gear shift knob, the hat resting on the driver's seat.

Tom puts his gloves back on and opens the door. As he reaches in and rights Freddie, he sees that rigor mortis is setting in now. He's not as stiff as a board, but he's getting there.

Tom goes through the corpse's pockets - finds its passport and wallet - the reason he has come back all this way.

Freddie was killed - the evidence will suggest - in the course of a robbery.

As Tom pockets the passport and wallet, Freddie tips over the other way, the door side, out of the car, his head striking the cobblestones, reopening the wounds.

Tom hefts him back in, reaches over him to get the hat, puts it back on him and slams the door closed before he can fall out again.

Tom starts walking back the way he came, taking off the gloves.

At least no cars drove past this time.

49 EXT. ROME - NIGHT 49

Another taxi delivers Tom to a small piazza. Tom pays the driver and heads off.

A50 EXT. ROME - STREET - NIGHT A50

As Tom comes along a deserted street, he pauses at a sewer grate fitted into the cobblestones. Romans are so proud of their water systems, but Tom could care less if they're good or not.

He empties Freddie's wallet of its cash, pockets it, and drops the wallet and passport between the iron bars of the grate.

50 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 50

Tom lets himself in.

Sheds his coat and drapes it on the chair.

Sits with his glass of Chianti.

He doesn't think he's missed anything, but he should check again after he's had some sleep.

Nothing will happen before then. It could be days before Freddie's body is discovered.

He should change his clothes, and get rid of them, and the dishtowels, and anything else with blood on it while it's still dark and deserted in Rome. But he doesn't feel like it. He's too exhausted.

It's almost 3:00am according to his Rolex and he doesn't even have the strength to make it to the bedroom. He'll sleep right here. Why not.

He kicks off the Ferragamo loafers. Sips his wine.
Relaxing, finally, he rests his head on the back cushion
and closes his eyes.

51 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

51

The closed Portiere door. The cat no longer on the
bench outside it. The stalled elevator at the 2nd floor
landing. And at the bottom of the marble stairs -

Some bloody paw prints.