

R I P L E Y

Episode 6

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EPISODE 6

1

EXT. VIA APPIA ANTICA - ROME - NIGHT

1

The Cinquecento, parked where Tom left it, on the cobblestones of the Via Appia Antica next to the ruins, under the umbrella pines.

A pair of headlights appears. A car approaching on the rough road, slowing, then pulling up behind the little Fiat.

A policeman emerges from the car and walks to the driver's side of the Cinquecento. There's no one in the driver's seat, but there is one, he sees, in the passenger seat -

A sleeping man wearing a fedora hat.

The policeman comes around to that side of the car and taps the window glass.

POLICEMAN

(subtitled)

You can't park here.

Freddie fails to acknowledge the presence of the officer. He raps a little harder on the glass to wake him.

POLICEMAN

(subtitled)

Roll down the window.

Freddie doesn't, and the policeman sees why he's being ignored when the beam of his flashlight finds the gashes in Freddie's head and blood from them on the seat.

The officer doesn't recoil or gasp. He just walks back to his car and slides in, leaving the door open.

He pulls a corded microphone from its nest on the battered gray 2-way radio and clicks its button a couple times -

2 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - NIGHT 2

The officer's calm voice, submerged in static, issues from a squat, metal-louvered speaker resting next to a switchboard -

POLICEMAN V/O
Uno-otto-sette.

No one responds to the radio code because there's no one in the room. In a few moments, the speaker squelches again -

POLICEMAN V/O
Centrale. Da codice uno-otto-sette - sulla Via Appia Antica.

A man in uniform, but shirt untucked, emerges from a bathroom. Without great haste, he sits before the switchboard and pulls a desk microphone closer to him.

DISPATCHER
Avanti.

3 INT. APARTMENT - ROME - NIGHT 3

A rotary phone rings in a dark room. One of the two figures in the bed wakes enough to answer it in a whisper so as not to disturb his sleeping wife.

INSP. RAVINI
Pronto.

The inspector listens, slipping in the occasional 'allora' between whatever pieces of information the caller is relaying.

INSP. RAVINI
Ho capito. Mi sto alzando.

He hangs up, but lies there in the quiet a few more moments before dragging himself out of bed.

4 EXT. VIA APPIA ANTICA - NIGHT 4

In addition to the Cinquecento and police car, there are now two more police cars and an ambulance at the crime scene.

The headlights of a fifth vehicle, an unmarked police car, bump along the uneven cobblestones before parking behind one of the police cars.

From this one emerges a middle-aged man, not in uniform but rather a suit over a long coat. His face and manner is that of someone who has been to murder scenes before.

As he approaches the Fiat, the police officers, a coroner and attendants acknowledge him with nods and 'Ispettore,' but won't otherwise speak unless spoken to.

Ravini veers to the Fiat's driver's side and gives a cursory glance inside at the body in the passenger seat.

In subtitled Italian -

INSP. RAVINI

Who found him?

The arriving officer raises his hand.

INSP. RAVINI

Touch anything?

POLICEMAN

No, sir.

Ravini nods but may not believe him.

INSP. RAVINI

Anyone else?

They all shake their heads no.

INSP. RAVINI

(to the original officer)

The car door was like this when you got here?

The Fiat's driver's side door is slightly ajar.

POLICEMAN

No, sir.

Ravini regards them all with a withering look; waits for an answer. The coroner finally raises an ungloved hand.

CORONER

I had to check for a pulse.

The man could have said that before and realizes he should have, but Ravini lets it go, takes a handkerchief from his pocket and uses it to pull the Fiat's door open the rest of the way.

He climbs into the driver's seat and feels at the dead man's jacket pockets - careful not to disturb him any more than necessary - finds nothing but an almost-empty pack of Lucky Strikes, returns them to the pocket. No ID.

INSP. RAVINI

Nessun documento.

The officers nod and shake their heads to say, 'right, okay,' but Ravini wasn't really talking to them, only to himself.

Another pair of headlights approach. The car parks behind Ravini's. A man climbs out with a Graflex camera.

Without asking anyone's permission, he takes a wide shot of the crime scene, pops out the flashbulb onto the cobblestones and twists in another from a pocket bulging with them.

The intrusion doesn't disturb Ravini. The newspaper photographers usually arrive before he does.

He shines a small flashlight around the Fiat's interior. The beam lands on a slip of paper on the dashboard tray. He sees it's a receipt from a car rental agency and pockets it.

Finding nothing else worthy of his consideration for now, he switches off the flashlight, climbs out, pockets it.

INSP. RAVINI

(subtitled, to all)

Okay, you may remove the body,
and dust, in that order.

Ravini steps away from the Fiat to allow that activity to begin, and heads back to his car, passing the paparazzo on the way, who takes a closer photo of the crime scene.

The coroner's assistants take a stretcher from the back of the ambulance and carry it to the passenger side of the Fiat in order to get the body out.

As Ravini reaches his car, he considers for a moment the desolate environment, the pine trees and ruins dotting the landscape, then climbs in behind the wheel, starts the car, and drives south past the Fiat and other vehicles.

The flashbulb in the reflector of the Graflex ignites again, lighting up a close shot through the windshield of the body with the fedora on its head.

5 EXT. MORGUE - ROME - NIGHT

5

In a dark alley, the coroner and attendant look like grave robbers as they drag Freddie's sheet-covered body from the back of the panel truck onto a morgue gurney with cracked rubber wheels.

It's not easy, and the task is made even more awkward what with rigor mortis setting in.

They manage to get him situated well enough on the gurney. The coroner sets the fedora on Freddie's chest and they trundle him to and in past a door.

A6 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

A6

The coroner and attendant push the gurney along a long, drab corridor.

6 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

6

The place looks like it was built in the Dark Ages, and maybe was. There are no other bodies lying around, but the tools of the trade of this era are macabre enough.

The corpse lies face-up under a sheet on a metal table with a drain.

The coroner begins the autopsy, diagramming the head wounds - location and dimensions - tugging at the limbs to judge the degree of rigor mortis and thus approximate time of death, then readies a big syringe to begin taking body fluids.

7 EXT. ROME - MAGGIORE CAR RENTAL AGENCY - NIGHT 7

Insp. Ravini stands outside a small storefront in the old part of the city, smoking a cigarette.

There's very little traffic and almost no one on foot at this pre-dawn hour.

Eventually, a single headlight rakes across him as a Vespa turns onto the narrow street. It pulls over and parks near Ravini's car and a man climbs off wearing thrown-on clothes.

Even if their brief conversation wasn't subtitled, we could probably understand it just from the situation and their attitudes regarding it -

MAGGIORE AGENT

This couldn't wait?

INSP. RAVINI

No.

MAGGIORE AGENT

Why.

INSP. RAVINI

Please open it up.

The man unlocks the security grille, rolls it up, and gets the front door open. As they disappear inside, we step back far enough to see a sign on the building - *Maggiore Autonoleggio*

8 INT. MAGGIORE CAR RENTAL AGENCY - NIGHT 8

Ravini holds his little notebook open to the page he wrote down the Fiat's license plate number, displaying it to the man like a badge.

The man sifts through piles of paperwork on the other side of the counter, carbon copies of rudimentary rental agreements, looking for one that matches the plate.

In subtitled Italian -

MAGGIORE AGENT

When will I get the car back?

INSP. RAVINI
When we're done with it.

MAGGIORE AGENT
When will that be?

INSP. RAVINI
When we're done with it.

The man isn't pleased with the answer. Looks up at Ravini to say so. Then resumes his search, stopping eventually at a particular piece of paper.

MAGGIORE AGENT
Ecco -

He has found the rental agreement in question and sets it before the detective.

Ravini regards the victim's name - Frederick Miles - unless he was with someone and it's that person who is now on the autopsy table, in which case Frederick Miles might be the killer.

Subtitled -

INSP. RAVINI
Was he alone?

MAGGIORE AGENT
I don't remember.

Ravini begins writing down the information into his notebook - the customer's name and local address given: Excelsior Hotel.

MAGGIORE AGENT
Is it damaged?

INSP. RAVINI
It will need a cleaning.

MAGGIORE AGENT
We always clean them.

INSP. RAVINI
More than usual.

9 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

9

Ravini comes into the opulent lobby and crosses it to the front desk, manned, as it happens, by the same clerk who checked Tom - Richard Greenleaf - in, and out.

The inspector places his identification on the counter, something he learned long ago to cut down on unnecessary introductions and time consuming pleasantries.

The exchange is in Italian, subtitled -

INSP. RAVINI
Frederick Miles is a guest at the
hotel?

That's how Freddie's name is spelled, but Ravini pronounces it 'Malaise.' The clerk drags a finger down the register tome.

EXCELSIOR CLERK
Yes, sir.

INSP. RAVINI
May I see his passport
information.

The clerk finds it in the drawer all the guests' passport information is kept and presents it to Ravini, who jots down its number, 'Inglese,' and the city of issue, 'London.'

INSP. RAVINI
He's alone?

EXCELSIOR CLERK
I believe so.

INSP. RAVINI
The room number?

EXCELSIOR CLERK
204.

Ravini gestures for the clerk to take him to the room. They cross to the grand staircase guarded by the lion statue. As they start up them, we peer down from above.

10 INT. EXCELSIOR HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING 10

A hand knocks on the door marked 204. No one answers. The desk clerk slips an Excelsior key with a brass ring stamped 204 in the lock -

11 INT. EXCELSIOR SUITE - CONTINUOUS 11

The room is a mess - not ransacked, just untidy with clothes strewn over chairs and on the floor amidst dirty room service plates and glasses, empty liquor bottles and full ashtrays.

The desk clerk is appalled. Ravini just surveys the suite's main room before crossing to the bedroom door.

He pushes it open. Another mess. And the shape of a person in the bed under the covers.

Ravini knocks on the door he just opened to wake the person, but there's no resulting movement in the bed.

A second murder?

Ravini comes around the side of the bed to get a closer look. Doesn't see any blood. Nor a face. It, too, is under the blankets.

He notices scribbled on an Excelsior notepad next to the phone on the nightstand, *Monserato 34*, and pockets the page.

He takes his pen from his jacket and gently pokes the body's hip area. The 'corpse' stirs and pulls away the blanket just enough to see past it.

Unstartled, he squints at Ravini, who sees that it's a man in his late twenties.

INSP. RAVINI

Signor Malaise?

When the young man speaks, it's in English with a Swiss-German accent -

MAX

What? Who are you?

12 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - ROME - MORNING

12

Tom, asleep on the sofa in his clothes. A richly deserved sleep. A peaceful sleep in the living room of his Roman apartment, undisturbed by sounds or regret or dreams.

He doesn't hear the front door open, which he left unlocked apparently. It's impossible to discern in the darkness the identity of the figure who steals in and softly closes the door.

As he crosses through the room - and it is a he, we can tell that much from his form - there's a faint squeak in time with his steps. We stay behind him, and look down at slumbering Tom with him.

FIGURE
(a soft whisper)

Tom.

Tom doesn't stir.

FIGURE
(a louder whisper)

Tom.

Tom still doesn't stir.

The figure takes a step closer and we hear the squeak, or squish, again. We consider his shoes - Ferragamos - and little pools of water around them.

FIGURE
(a little louder)

Tom. Wake up.

Finally, Tom's eyes slowly open and see, standing above him, soaking wet in his shirt and trousers - smiling benevolently - Dickie.

DICKIE
I swam!

Tom bolts awake. Dickie isn't there, of course. No one is there. The room is deserted apart from himself. Dark. Quiet. Just faint whispers of traffic outside.

Tom takes a moment to try to recollect where he is, and when it is.

Is it the morning after the long night that so drained him getting rid of Freddie's disgusting carcass? Or has he slept the entire day and next night? He can't be sure.

His eyes settle on the ashtray resting where he left it, on the side table, a fine piece of glass - a fine murder weapon as it happens.

He hauls himself off the sofa and goes to the window. Looks out. Sees nothing out of the ordinary out there.

He pads to the bathroom. Twists the sink tap, cups a handful of water and touches it to his face like gently daubing a wound.

He glances to the tub with all the bloodied towels and clothes in it.

Then to the mirror. His reflection looks nothing like Dickie. He just looks like Tom, shadowy as a Caravaggio figure, wishing last night was a dream.

13 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

13

The clothes he was wearing when he disposed of Freddie aren't blood-soaked, but there is enough on them to not keep them around.

In the kitchen, he stuffs them and the gloves and the bloody towels and washcloth to the bottom of a paper bag filled with garbage.

14 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

14

Tom emerges from his apartment with the bag.

As he walks down the stairs, the neighbor who peeked out his door at Tom last night is coming up them carrying his own bag, a grocery bag - the elevator still stuck on the second floor.

As their trajectories intersect, Tom offers a polite nod and 'ciao' and resists the temptation to look back over his shoulder to see if the man is doing the same.

15 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING 15

The padlocked chain again dangles on the trash area gate. Tom considers putting his bag of bloody articles in one of the trash cans there, but not for long.

He shouldn't dump it at his residence, but also shouldn't have to go to Timbuktu. A few blocks away should do.

He goes out the back way past the trash area.

16 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING 16

He finds an alley he likes with some trash cans in it, and drops the bloody bag in one of them.

17 INT. MORGUE - MORNING 17

Ravini comes along the long, drab corridor.

Then down an angular staircase to the morgue itself where the coroner, finished with his examination of the body on the table, washes his hands.

We politely wait at the doorway, allowing them privacy for their conversation about the results of the autopsy, the number of blows to the head, possible blunt objects, and the high level of alcohol in the body, presumably.

18 EXT. NEWSSTAND - ROME - DAY 18

Tom stands at a giornale stand looking down at folded newspapers on racks.

He doesn't need to buy any to scour their inner pages. If the violently murdered body of a British citizen has been discovered it would be on the front page. It isn't. Pleased, he walks off.

19 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 19

The workmen are back, their tools spread out, working on the elevator that's on the ground floor now.

Signora Buffi is near them, at the foot of the stairs as Tom comes into the building, done with his morning errands.

SIG.RA BUFFI
(subtitled)
Sorry, Riccardo, it's broken
again.

Of course, he knows that better than anyone, having learned of it the hard way.

TOM
(subtitled)
Is it? That's okay.

As he's about to step past her to take the stairs, they both see at the same moment the dried-blood paw prints on the marble.

SIG.RA BUFFI
(subtitled)
What's this.

She regards Tom. Then looks off to her cat.

SIG.RA BUFFI
(subtitled)
Lucio. No more mice.

As she wipes at the bloody prints with one of the workmen's rags, Tom starts up the stairs. The cat watches him.

20 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

20

Tom knows it will only be a matter of time before the body is found, but does it matter?

So what if there are stories in the papers about Frederick Miles' demise? What does that have to do with him? How could the police surmise he was with him? They can't.

Still, he's a bit anxious, casting around his apartment, uncertain if he should hang around Rome or skip town for a while.

He consults the *Pagine Gialle* book next to the rotary phone.

Flips to the T's - to *Traghetti* - and finds an ad for a Naples ferry service company called *Tirrenia*. He dials, listens to it ring and connect.

TOM

(subtitled)

Yes. What are your departure times to Palermo?

21 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

21

It's not as much fun for Tom packing this time. It hardly matters which of Dickie's clothes he takes since the purpose of the trip is more about leaving a place than the excitement of getting to one.

He latches the Goyard suitcase, brings it into the living room, and begins gathering other things he needs to take - Dickie's passport, Travelers Cheques, some cash.

The phone rings. Tom stares at it.

Who could possibly be calling him? Who has the number besides Signora Buffi? Nobody. Freddie didn't even call it.

Tom lets it ring. It keeps ringing. It seems like it will never stop ringing.

Tom crosses to his front door as the phone continues to ring -

22 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

22

He emerges from his apartment and peers down the open elevator shaft to the ground floor. He can't see anyone, but hears a phone set down and the ringing in his apartment stops at the same time.

From this distance, Tom can't make out the conversation that follows, but maybe Signora Buffi is telling whoever it is that the tenant she just called for them, whether he answered or not, is indeed home. She saw him go up there. He's either napping, or not answering the phone.'

In a moment, Tom see two men appear by the elevator cage below. One wears a policeman's uniform.

SIG.RA BUFFI
(subtitled)
The elevator's not working.

Clearly. The guys are still working on it. The policemen start up the stairs.

23 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

23

Tom comes back in and surveys the living room. What should he do - what can he do - what does he have time to do - before they arrive?

He definitely shouldn't be leaving town. He carries the suitcase to the bedroom, shoves it under the bed, returns and looks over the living room again.

What should he be doing when they 'interrupt' him? Whatever it is, it should appear to be what he always does, but what is that? What does Dickie do at this time of day when he's not Tom, or vice-versa?

As he thinks, he can hear, even with the door closed, the echoing footfalls of the men's shoes on the stairs, getting louder as they climb them.

It dawns on Tom: Dickie paints! Sort of.

He squeezes some paint from a tube onto the palette. Sets the painting Freddie signed *Picasso* aside and props one of Dickie's onto the easel. He brushes a few strokes of paint on it, smears a little on his hands, rolls up his sleeves.

He should turn the radio on. Or put a record on. But before he can do either, the knock comes.

Tom collects himself. He shouldn't call out asking who it is. Someone like himself who has nothing to hide would just answer it.

With the paintbrush prop in hand, Tom goes to the door. Opens it revealing the two men to him. The one in front, not in uniform - the others' superior, Tom surmises - addresses him:

INSP. RAVINI
Signor Greenleaf?

TOM

Si.

INSP. RAVINI

Sono l'ispettore Pietro Ravini.

Tom nods as any innocent person would to an unannounced visit from a police inspector - untroubled but naturally curious.

TOM

Si?

Ravini, for his part, is more courteous and deferential than we've seen him before.

INSP. RAVINI

Posso entrare?

TOM

Certo.

INSP. RAVINI

Grazie.

Ravini comes in, followed by the police officer, who Tom can tell already is simply window dressing. It's the detective he will need to be careful with.

Tom closes the door and turns to see that Ravini has stepped up to the easel to consider the painting on it.

INSP. RAVINI

Lei è un artista?

TOM

Uno studente di belle arti.

The look on Ravini's face - which Tom can't see from behind him - agrees. The person who painted this isn't an artist. He - Ravini - could paint better than this. He turns away from the easel to face Tom.

INSP. RAVINI

Posso vedere il suo passaporto?

TOM

Certamente, ma posso sapere di cosa si tratta?

Ravini doesn't say what it's regarding. Just -

INSP. RAVINI

Il passaporto, per cortesia.

Tom drops the paintbrush in a coffee can of turpentine and goes to get his passport - Dickie's - which is where he left it, on the desk - right next to his own -

Two passports! Ravini can't see them from where he stands by the easel, but can clearly see Tom, forcing him, without knowing, to make a Lady or Tiger choice.

Without looking inside either passport, he nudges one under the Hermes with the other and takes that one to Ravini.

As he holds it out, Ravini considers the gold ring on Tom's finger, and perhaps its nail and the others on the hand for any remnants of unwashed dried blood.

INSP. RAVINI

Bell'anello.

Nice ring.

TOM

Thank you.

Ravini accepts the passport and opens it. The name is *Richard Greenleaf*. The photo is Tom. But will he look at it closely enough to see it's a forgery?

Unlike the hotel clerks and bank tellers, Ravini does consider the passport more closely, glancing from it to Tom, then takes from a pocket his little notebook and cheap pen.

He leafs to a page not already covered with notes, and jots down the passport information. If he's troubled by anything about the passport, he doesn't say. Only -

INSP. RAVINI

E' Americano.

TOM

Si.

He closes the passport and hands it back to Tom.

INSP. RAVINI

I will speak English then, so there is no confusions.

But he doesn't say anything - in English or any other language for a moment. Is he waiting, Tom wonders, for him to say something? Eventually -

INSP. RAVINI

I may sit?

TOM

I'm sorry. Of course. Please.

INSP. RAVINI

Grazie.

Ravini sits in the chair of his choosing, the most comfortable one he sees, next to the side table on which rests the Murano ashtray Tom couldn't bring himself to part with.

Tom takes another chair. The uniformed policeman, one in a corner, like a bit actor in the wings awaiting his one line, if that.

INSP. RAVINI

I may smoke?

TOM

Yes, of course.

Ravini taps a cigarette from a pack of Alfas, lights it, takes a drag and sets it in the notch of the ashtray.

INSP. RAVINI

Allora. You are a friend of Frederick Malaise.

TOM

Of Freddie Miles?

Ravini gestures, Okay, fine, if that's how you want to mispronounce it.

TOM

Yes.

INSP. RAVINI

He was here yesterday with you, is that not so?

How much do they know? How could they know even that much?

TOM
Yes. Is he all right?

INSP. RAVINI
The corpse of Signor Malaise was
found on the Via Appia Antica.

TOM
What?

INSP. RAVINI
Yes, this is so. He was killed.

Tom is acutely aware of Ravini's attention to his
reaction to the news, looking for any deceit in it.

TOM
How?

INSP. RAVINI
Bludgeon.

TOM
Bludgeoned?

INSP. RAVINI
Struck on the head by some heavy
instrument.

Ravini taps the ash of his cigarette in the heavy
instrument itself - the ashtray - the murder weapon.

TOM
My God.

Ravini nods at the seriousness of it, and by extension,
this interview.

INSP. RAVINI
At which time he arrives here.

TOM
Late afternoon.

INSP. RAVINI
The hour.

TOM
Around four, or five.

INSP. RAVINI

Four? Or five.

It occurs to Tom that Signora Buffi might have already told Ravini what time Freddie arrived.

TOM

Four.

INSP. RAVINI

At which time does he leave.

The thought - How accurately can they determine time of death - slightly delays Tom's response.

TOM

I'm not sure exactly. We were drinking. He was. Quite a lot. Around eight or nine.

Ravini waits for Tom to be more precise.

TOM

Nine.

Ravini scribbles in his notebook.

INSP. RAVINI

Where does he go when he leaves this apartment.

TOM

I don't know.

INSP. RAVINI

He did not say.

TOM

No.

INSP. RAVINI

Nothing of the Via Appia.

TOM

No. Why would he go there at night?

INSP. RAVINI

This is what I ask myself.

Tom watches Ravini pull the ashtray a little closer to him, pluck the cigarette from it, take another drag and return it to the notch.

INSP. RAVINI

But you think he is able to drive, even after this drinking.

TOM

Yes. I would've gone with him if I didn't think so.

INSP. RAVINI

As would I with a friend.

TOM

Yes. Was he robbed?

Ravini doesn't say, only writes in his notebook. Tom glances off to the uniformed policeman who is now taking a look at the painting on the easel and not liking it any more than Ravini did.

INSP. RAVINI

Your friend Mr. Malaise was a good friend for you?

TOM

A friend. Not a close friend.

INSP. RAVINI

No?

TOM

I hadn't heard from him for a couple of months. He invited me to Cortina at Christmas, but I didn't go.

Absolutely true. It's good to mix in the truth with the lies. It helps with the lies.

INSP. RAVINI

Cortina. My wife is from Cortina.

TOM

Is she.

INSP. RAVINI

Yes. A beautiful place. A bit posh. But you did not go. Why.

TOM

Can I be honest?

INSP. RAVINI

Please.

TOM

Sometimes his holiday things turn into a week a drunken debauchery.

Ravini tries to picture such a thing. To himself as he writes it down -

INSP. RAVINI

De-bau-chery.

- and takes his time making another entry in his notebook. Is he writing a novel?

TOM

When was he killed?

As soon as it's out of his mouth, Tom regrets it, and Ravini's glance up to him from his notebook to him makes it worse. Why would that matter to him?

INSP. RAVINI

That is not yet known.

Tom shakes his head in a way he hopes conveys great regret for something.

TOM

I should have gone with him.

INSP. RAVINI

But you did not. So what did you do?

TOM

After he left?

Ravini nods, of course that's what he means - what's your alibi, in other words - the pen in his hand poised over the notebook again to write down whatever Tom's answer is.

TOM
I stayed here.

INSP. RAVINI
All evening. All night.

TOM
Yes. No.

Tom can't imagine them finding the man with the dog, but they might talk to his neighbors, including the one who caught a glimpse after he had cleaned up the blood on the stairs.

TOM
At one point I went for a walk.

INSP. RAVINI
At which time.

TOM
It was late. One or two in the morning?

INSP. RAVINI
One? Or two.

TOM
One.

INSP. RAVINI
You took this walk alone.

TOM
Yes.

INSP. RAVINI
To where.

TOM
Just around the block.

Ravini nods. Smiles. Smoke curls from his cigarette in the ashtray.

TOM
Do you think -

Tom hesitates, for a reason, for the sake of the performance, and as he does, Ravini regards the ring again the way Tom used to look at it on Dickie's finger, coveting it perhaps.

TOM

Do you think it could have been someone he picked up?

INSP. RAVINI

That is something he would do?

TOM

You've found nothing that might point to that?

Ravini shrugs the way Italians sometimes shrug, making you feel stupid for asking such a thing.

INSP. RAVINI

For instance.

TOM

He was robbed you said.

INSP. RAVINI

He was robbed you said. I did not say.

They consider each other.

INSP. RAVINI

Yes, he was robbed ... But sometimes people are robbed to make it seem they were robbed when they were not.

TOM

I guess so. But -

Again, the intentional hesitation -

TOM

I don't know how to say this -

Ravini just waits.

TOM

Freddie sometimes had - relations with - strangers.

INSP. RAVINI

Strangers.

TOM

That he would meet. At a club.
Or on the street. Who you might
call - unsavory.

Ravini raises an eyebrow.

INSP. RAVINI

Un-savory.

Tom nods.

INSP. RAVINI

Woman, do you mean, or men?

TOM

(pause)

Men.

Ravini looks like that could be a lead, but Tom can't be
sure it's not an act, like his own.

INSP. RAVINI

I am making that note.

He does so, and with that, closes his notebook.

INSP. RAVINI

Thank you, Signor Greenleaf. If
I need to speak with you farther
the next few days, I will call
you here. I have the number.

He snuffs out his cigarette in the ashtray and gets up.

INSP. RAVINI

Arrivederci.

Tom gets up.

TOM

Actually - I was planning to go
to Palermo.

INSP. RAVINI

When.

TOM

Tomorrow.

INSP. RAVINI

No, no, no. It is important you do not do that. You may know who is such-and-such a person, who the person is in relation to the diseased, and so on.

Why did Tom say he was planning to leave town? He could've just left. Ravini hadn't said he couldn't until he - Tom - brought it up.

TOM

I'm sure Freddie has friends here in Rome who knew him better than I did, who would know that.

INSP. RAVINI

Ah.

Ravini takes out his notebook and poises his pen over it to write down this lead -

INSP. RAVINI

Which friends.

TOM

I don't know, I just think so.

In that case, Ravini doesn't care. Puts his notebook away. Starts to go. Stops. Looks at Tom and asks, as if Tom has already told him, but he forgot -

INSP. RAVINI

Why did he come see you?

TOM

Just to say hello.

INSP. RAVINI

Just to say hello. Okay.

All Tom can manage is an anemic nod.

INSP. RAVINI

You may not go to Palermo, or any elsewhere, until I inform you otherwise. I am sorry if you made travel plans.

(MORE)

INSP. RAVINI (CONT'D)

Perhaps you have still time to
cancel them for at least a part
refund.

Ravini allows the officer to open the door for him.
Glances back to Tom.

INSP. RAVINI

Next time answer the telephone
when it rings.

Ravini leaves, followed by the officer.

The door closes and Tom listens to their footfalls
descending the stairs.

He didn't do terribly - he's not in jail - but it
wasn't a bravura performance either.

He notices Ravini's cigarette still smoldering in the
ashtray. He snuffs it out and crosses back to the door -

24

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

24

He goes to the landing to peer down. Sees Ravini at
the ground level speaking to Sigora Buffi again by the
elevator, maybe asking her if she knows what time Signore
Greenleaf's friend arrived - and left - yesterday.

He hands her a card and finally leaves.

25

EXT. ROME - NEWSSTAND - NIGHT

25

Tom is back at his local newsstand looking down at
the papers on the racks. This time every one of them
has on its front page above the fold a tale of murder,
accompanied by black and white night photos from the
crime scene - the Cinquecento and police vehicles.

BRITANNICO UCCISO IN VIA APPIA

SCIOCCANTE OMICIDIO DI UN TURISTA BRITANNICO

L'ULTIMA NOTTE DI FREDERICK MILES

This last one - *Il Mattino* - has a grisly Weegee-esque
photo of Freddie slumped in the passenger seat of the
Cinquecento, wearing the fedora.

26 EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

26

Tom at a table outside his favorite cafe, reading the newspaper articles. Some subtleties of the language escape him, but he understands the salient facts he sees -

No clues yet -
No fingerprints yet -
No suspects yet -

Ravini may have been taciturn with him, but hasn't been with the press, apparently. It looks like he's told them everything he knows about the killing, including mention of '*his traveling companion Maximilian Yoder,*' and, to Tom's horror, '*close friend of the deceased, Richard Greenleaf.*'

He glances up from the paper to the piazza. Two days ago it and the rest of Rome was a place of great beauty. Now, it's ominous.

27 EXT. ROME - NIGHT

27

If the crime beat writers know his name, it's only a matter of time before they'll figure out his address. Even Freddie could.

Tom feels like he did back in New York, having to look over his shoulder to make sure no one was following him home to his Lower East Side SRO.

He comes around the corner of his street and slows to survey it for newspaper photographers, in case they've already located the apartment of the 'friend of the deceased.'

He sees a man near it, just standing there smoking a cigarette, but then the man walks away. Tom pulls up his collar and approaches his building.

28 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

28

As Tom comes past the Portiere door he sees Signora Buffi at her little desk with her cat curled up on it next to her.

She's reading one of the same newspapers he just read - the one with the Weegee-like photo of dead Freddie - and looks up from it to Tom, who smiles a little uneasily. Was she waiting for him?

In Italian, subtitled, both of them -

SIG.A BUFFI

This is the man who visited you.

Tom is kind of obliged to sit with her at her desk.

TOM

Yes. But I didn't know him as well as they say there.

In her newspaper.

SIG.A BUFFI

The newspapers always get things wrong.

TOM

In America, too. In every country, I imagine.

SIG.A BUFFI

Thieves killed him, if you ask me.

TOM

Me, too.

(pause)

Signora - I wonder - if any of these newspaper writers or photographers come here looking for me, if you would -

SIG.A BUFFI

I'll throw them out.

That's what he wants to hear.

TOM

I was going to say you could say I'm not in, (but) -

SIG.RA BUFFI

No, I'll throw them out.

TOM

Okay. That would be fine, too.
Thank you.

He gets up to leave.

SIG.A BUFFI

He wasn't a close friend?

TOM

No. A friend of a friend of a
friend.

SIG.A BUFFI

Then I can say it. He was not
very nice to me.

TOM

He wasn't very nice to me either.

He crosses to the stairs and starts up them.

29

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

29

Tom dumps the ashtray of its cigarette butts, washes it
and returns it to the side table.

The phone rings.

He stares at it. Doesn't want to answer it. It could
be anyone. It could be a journalist. But it could also
be Ravini, who warned Tom not to ignore a call from him.

He has to pick it up, and does, as Dickie -

TOM

Pronto.

VOICE

Hello? Dickie?

Tom doesn't recognize the voice, or the accent that
might be German or Swiss German.

MAX

It's Max Yoder.

If he had said it's 'Max,' Tom would know that he -
Dickie - knows him fairly well, in which case he could
respond appropriately.

But saying 'Max Yoder' could mean he barely knows him, or doesn't know him at all, apart from perhaps seeing the name in the paper.

So how to play it? Hello Max? Who? He tries:

TOM

Max.

MAX

How are you. It's been a while.

There we go. That's something.

TOM

Yes. How are you.

MAX

Not very well under these circumstances. Can I come see you?

TOM

Are you in Rome?

30

INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

30

The man who Ravini woke in Freddie's hotel suite is now on a phone in it.

MAX

Yeah. The Excelsior. You can come here if that's better. So we can talk.

TOM

About Freddie.

MAX

Yeah. I mean - what happened?

TOM

I wish I knew.

MAX

He went to your place, right?

31 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

31

Nothing from Tom. How much does this guy know?

MAX

That's where he told me he was going. That's what I told the police.

So that's how the police got onto the name Richard Greenleaf. From this meddler, who barely knows Dickie.

MAX

But where is it? Freddie wrote it down for me but the inspector took it. I could come there.

TOM

Max, I can't really talk now. The police are coming over to talk to me again.

MAX

At night?

TOM

It's a murder investigation.

MAX

Right. Yes. But - did Freddie seem okay to you? Or -

TOM

Did he to you?

MAX

He seemed fine to me. In Cortina and here. We missed you there, by the way. In Cortina.

TOM

I couldn't come. I wish I had now.

MAX

What did you two do?

TOM

Here? Nothing much. Had a couple drinks and he left.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I have no idea what happened after that. Maybe he gave someone a lift and they pulled a gun on him.

MAX

He wasn't shot with a gun.

TOM

No, I know, I read the (papers) -

MAX

A blunt object! In the head! Can you imagine?

TOM

I can. I can't.

32 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL SUITE - CONTINUED

32

A pause as Max perhaps wonders if he heard that right.

MAX

I agree with you someone must have made him drive out to the Appian Way. Of all places. No one goes there late at night.

TOM

No, they don't. Listen, Max, I have to (go) -

MAX

I have to leave tomorrow, but can I see you in the morning before I go.

TOM

The police said you could go?

MAX

Go where?

TOM

Wherever you're going.

MAX

I'm going to Spain. They didn't say anything about not going.

33 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

33

Well, that means something. That Tom - Dickie - is a suspect. Why him and not this Swiss-German or whatever he is? It could've been him!

MAX

So I see you before?

TOM

Sure. Hang on -

Tom carries the phone, its long cord dragging behind him, to the front door.

MAX

Where should we meet? Your place? Or -

Enough already. Tom knocks on his own door.

TOM

They're here. The police.

He opens the door for its sound effect.

TOM

(to the 'police')

Mi scusi, Ispettore, solo un minuto.

(to Max)

The Excelsior in the morning is fine. Ten.

(to the 'police')

Entrare. Prego.

Tom hangs up phone.

34 EXT. ATRANI - BEACH - DAY

34

It's not a beach day. It's not a beach season. It's overcast and cold, but there Marge is, in the same spot Tom first met her and Dickie, only now she's alone.

She's not in her swimsuit. She has a sweater - that she probably knitted - wrapped around her hunched up knees.

On her towel is a journal, or what she 'writes' her book in, or drafts of love letters to Dickie.

But all she's doing now is nothing, just gazing blankly out to sea.

The only things moving are gulls flying inland in anticipation of a storm, and the Atrani boatkeeper's little motorboat ferrying a couple from the jetty to their sloop.

But it isn't their sloop, Marge sees, that they arrive at and board. It's the *Pipistrello*.

Her confusion is soon replaced with concern. She gets up and, leaving her stuff on the beach - there's no one around to steal it, and who would anyway? - walks with purpose to and onto the jetty.

She makes it to the boatman's mooring at the same time his motorboat arrives. As he climbs out, ties the boat up, and gets himself onto the jetty, their conversation is in subtitled Italian -

MARGE

Who's that on Dickie's boat?

GIULIO

It's their boat. They bought it.

MARGE

That's impossible.

GIULIO

No. I sold it to them myself for Dickie, per his instructions.

MARGE

I don't believe that.

GIULIO

Madam -

MARGE

(in English)

Don't call me madam, Giulio.

GIULIO

Marge -

Back to subtitled Italian -

GIULIO

It was a normal transaction.

MARGE

Was it? Where's the money.

GIULIO

Dickie has it. It was sent to him in Rome. Through an agent, I believe.

MARGE

What "agent."

GIULIO

That I don't know.

Marge casts around, not knowing where to go from here with this.

GIULIO

It was all very legal, Marge. There's nothing strange, except maybe that he didn't tell you. But maybe that's not strange either.

MARGE

What's that supposed to mean.

Giulio shrugs that Italian shrug we've seen before that says 'you should know, I shouldn't have to say,' but she wants to hear it.

MARGE

What.

GIULIO

You are thinking what I thought at first, he would never sell his boat. And that's true, unless he decided he's not coming back to Atrani.

She leaves.

A35

INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - DAY

A35

If this boat thing isn't on the level, all Marge can do about it is alert Dickie. And the only way she can do that is to write to him, which she has done.

She folds the handwritten letter into an envelope and addresses it to *Richard Greenleaf, American Express, Via del Corso, Roma.*

35 EXT. ATRANI - LATE AFTERNOON / EVENING

35

She drops the stamped envelope in the iron mailbox outside the post office, and continues on, walking past shops that are closing, the proprietors pulling down the security grilles.

She stops. She has noticed on the rack outside the tabacchi the front page of *Il Mattino*. The gory photo of a bloody man wearing a fedora. The last two words in particular jump out at her from the headline -

L'ULTIMA NOTTE DI FREDERICK MILES

She picks it up and starts reading the article. The tabacchi owner comes out to bring the rack in and close up. She hands him a coin but otherwise doesn't move. He locks up as she stands there reading.

Close on the paragraph that contains the same phrase that Tom so unhappily read:

- '*amico del defunto, Richard Greenleaf*' -

36 EXT. CLIFF / COVE - MORNING

36

A shepherd wearing an open vest and flat cap herds a little flock of sheep along a winding dirt road dotted with olive trees, cloaked in mist.

It's a rustic image you could imagine taking place all over rural Italy.

But one of the sheep ruins the shot, straying from the others. The shepherd leaves the herd to right the errant sheep's course, and easily does, but then looks off, and we see -

He's standing on a coastal cliff.

Something has caught his attention in the cove below, just offshore. The distinct shape of a small boat under shallow water, filled with rocks -

37 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - MORNING 37

Close on Tom asleep in bed. We expect him to bolt awake, but he doesn't. For once, perhaps, it isn't a dream.

38 EXT. COVE - MORNING 38

A trio of San Remo policemen stands around smoking as some laborers they've engaged, having emptied enough of the rocks from the scuttled boat to float it just above the surface of the water, now pull hand over hand at a thick rope tied to its rusty prow ring, drawing it to shore.

The shepherd, too, is on the beach, without his flock, watching the maritime operation.

The boat's hull and outboard motor propeller scrape against the reef, then the gritty-sand sea bottom just offshore, then the finer sand of the beach.

The policemen step up to consider it, one ahead of the other two, the highest-ranking one, Sergeant Trento, who looks down at it.

Even with the boat being under water as long as it has, the sea has not completely erased the large dark stains on the wood planks.

39 INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL - MORNING 39

Max Yoder sits in the lobby with a suitcase at his feet. Eventually, he gets up and crosses to the front desk clerk.

MAX

You're sure there's no message for me.

EXCELSIOR CLERK

There is no message.

Max returns to the chair and continues to wait for Tom, who of course has no intention of showing up, checks his watch, gives up, and carries the suitcase out to a taxi.

40 EXT. SAN REMO - BEACH / BOAT RENTAL - DAY 40

The boat, towed here from the cove and now completely emptied of the rocks, lists on its keel on the jetty above its sister boats bobbing in the water.

As one of the same policemen from the cove takes pictures of it with a bulky camera - including the dark stains in it - a press photographer snaps pictures of the scene.

The lead officer, Sergeant Trento, talks with the boatman. Like Ravini, he too has a little tablet, in which he writes down what the boatman has to say.

No one bothers to translate for us, but we hear within the boatman's statement the words, 'due giovani uomini,' and 'parlava inglesi,' and, touching the thinning hair under his cap, 'capelli castani.'

The sergeant asks something we don't catch at all, and the boatman consults a sea-weathered register on a small plank 'desk,' finding in it the date those foreign thieves stole his boat.

41 EXT. SAN REMO - DAY 41

The three policemen emerge from a hotel, walk past a mostly-deserted sidewalk cafe, and enter the next hotel in the line of them along the beachfront.

42 INT. SAN REMO HOTEL - DAY 42

We recognize the lobby - and the desk clerk - the same one who, when Tom left San Remo, wished him an ominous 'buon viaggio'

His discussion with the San Remo policemen standing before him naturally is in Italian, subtitled -

SGT. TRENTO

The date in question is 12
November.

The clerk dutifully checks his ledger, flipping several pages back to November to the names of the hotel's guests registered on the 12th and a few days on either side of it.

He swivels the big book 180-degrees on the counter so the sergeant can read the entries right-side up.

HOTEL CLERK
Do you know what nationality?

SGT. TRENTO
English or American.

Most of the names are Italian. Some German and Spanish. Very few that are obviously English or American.

SGT. TRENTO
Do you remember this one?

He points to a name. The clerk reads it upside down.

HOTEL CLERK
Yes. I had to summon a doctor for him.

SGT. TRENTO
Why.

HOTEL CLERK
Heart. He was very old.

SGT. TRENTO
No. Not old. These were younger men.

The clerk rotates the ledger back to face himself to consider the names, running a finger down the line of them. He taps one.

HOTEL CLERK
Greenleaf.

The officer leans over the book to try to read the name upside down. Apparently neither of them has read the Rome homicide stories, at least not closely enough for the name to register, unusual as it is.

SGT. TRENTO
Was he was with another young man?

HOTEL CLERK
Two had the room, yes.

SGT. TRENTO
You have their passport
information?

HOTEL CLERK
Of course.

The clerk riffles through a folder of papers, finds the one with the passport numbers for Richard Greenleaf and Thomas Ripley transcribed on it, and presents it to the officer, who speaks the names and he writes them down -

SGT. TRENTO
Green Leaf and Reep Lee.

HOTEL CLERK
Has something happened to one of
them?

SGT. TRENTO
To one of them? Why would you
say that?

HOTEL CLERK
No reason. Other than two
checked in but only one checked
out.

The San Remo sergeant looks at the other policemen, then back to the clerk.

SGT. TRENTO
Which checked out.

The clerk shrugs.

HOTEL CLERK
I don't know.

43 INT. TRATTORIA - ROME - NIGHT

43

Tom would much rather be dining at the venerable and expensive La Campana, or Checchino dal 1887 or Harry's Bar, but he shouldn't risk it.

Too many celebrities at those places, which is fine were it not for the fact they draw press photographers to them like magnets.

He should lay lower, in an unspectacular trattoria like this one to eat at. And he needs to eat. It feels like it's been days since he has.

He has the only two evening papers with him at the table, which so far, to his satisfaction, have no follow-up stories to the first lurid coverage of the Miles homicide.

He pauses his search long enough to knife at his *costoletta di vitello*. Washes it down with a sip of chianti and begins leafing through the second newspaper.

He suddenly stops. Stares at a photo of the San Remo policemen standing around the small outboard boat on the jetty, and the headline -

Barca Affondata Macchiato di Sangue Ritrovata Vicine San Remo

He doesn't need it translated, but perhaps we do -

Bloodstained Sunken Boat Found Near San Remo

He reads the article with even more horror than those that named him in connection with Freddie's murder. We don't bother to try to read it, we know what it's saying, we saw the boat's discovery, and more.

As Tom reads, his hand reaches for his glass and accidentally knocks it over, splashing the remaining bit of red wine onto the tablecloth.

No one comes to clean it up. In a place like this, you clean up your own mess.

44

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

44

As Tom approaches his building, he sees something that makes him slow and then stop - a man on a Vespa is parked right in front of it. He's half-turned away, but Tom can still make out the Graflex camera on his lap.

Tom turns around and walks back the way he came, to circle his building to get to the back of it.

45 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

45

Tom drops down from a high stone wall into the building's back garden, only to find the gate to the courtyard locked.

To get to the courtyard, he'll have to scale another stone wall. With some effort he manages to pull himself up it, and continues down steps leading past the backside of Signora Buffi's apartment.

The noise he's made - noises of an intruder - brings her to her window, squinting out at him in the darkened courtyard.

SIG.A BUFFI

Riccardo?

TOM

Signora -

He crosses back to speak to her at her window.

TOM

(the rest subtitled)

There's a man with a camera out front. I had to come around back.

SIG.A BUFFI

Newspaper camera?

TOM

I think.

She's appalled. Closes the drape. Emerges from her apartment armed with a broom.

SIG.RA BUFFI

I'll take care of him. Go to bed.

She strides toward the building's front door with the broom in hand and the clear intention of dealing with the paparazzo in the manner his ilk deserves.

As Tom climbs the stairs to his apartment, he hears some muffled shouting and cursing from outside, and has to smile as he listens to the Vespa sputtering away.

46 INT. POLICE STATION - SAN REMO - DAY

46

Two of the newspapers about the murder in Rome are atop a desk here, and someone, the San Remo sergeant probably, since it is his desk, has underlined in the article of one of them - '*amico del defunto, Richard Greenleaf.*'

He's on a phone, on hold, waiting for his call to be transferred. Someone picks up.

SGT. TRENTO
*Ispettore Ravini? Sono il
sergente Trento da San Remo.*

47 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - DAY

47

The uniformed officer who was with Ravini at Tom's apartment crosses the station with a newspaper in hand and sets it on the inspector's messy desk, folded open to the page about the scuttled boat.

Ravini, on the phone, glances down at the photo of the boat on the jetty and *Barca Affondata Macchiato di Sangue Ritrovata Vicine San Remo* headline as he jots down in his notebook the information he's being told, presumably by his counterpart in San Remo, including the name - and we see it as he writes it -

RIPLEY

He listens for a few more moments. Then -

INSP. RAVINI
Grazie, sergente.

He hangs up. Taps his pen as he thinks. The officer watches him, and, finally, speaks his one short line -

ROME OFFICER
Che succede?

INSP. RAVINI
Ancora non lo so.

He isn't sure what's going on. He's still trying to make sense of what he learned on the call. He picks up the newspaper, takes a look at the photo of the boat, drops it back down.

He pulls his jacket from the back of his chair, deposits the little notebook in its pocket, and heads off with the officer trailing after him, passing another policeman picking up a ringing phone.

DESK OFFICER
Questura Centrale.

He listens to whatever the caller is asking, or telling him.

DESK OFFICER
Quale caso?

He listens again.

DESK OFFICER
(subtitled)
That would be Inspector Ravini,
but he just left.

48 INT. NAPLES POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

48

The desk officer here listens on his end of the call to what his counterpart in Rome adds, then -

NAPLES OFFICER
Va bene, grazie.

He hangs up and looks at the person sitting there. Marge.

Subtitled -

NAPLES OFFICER
The inspector on that case is
out. Call later.

MARGE
When.

NAPLES OFFICER
I don't know.

49 EXT. NAPLES POLICE STATION - DAY

49

Marge emerges from the building at a complete loss for what to do. Hang around Naples to try to call the Rome police station again later? Go back to Atrani?

50 INT. NAPOLI CENTRALE STATION - DAY 50

Marge stands before the Departures board, looking up at times for the trains to Rome.

51 INT. HOTEL PALMA - DAY 51

A desk clerk we haven't seen before answers a ringing phone in a sleepy hotel decorated, if we notice, with potted fan palms.

PALMA CLERK

Pronto.

TOM V/O

Buonasera.

(subtitled)

I'd like to reserve a room,
beginning tomorrow.

The voice wades in long distance static, but sounds like Dickie. The clerk's voice has a Sicilian accent. Both are subtitled -

PALMA CLERK

Certainly, sir. For how many
days.

TOM V/O

A week.

PALMA CLERK

Certainly. For how many people.

TOM V/O

Just me. A single room.

PALMA CLERK

Certainly. Your name, sir?

52 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME - DAY 52

Tom on his phone here.

TOM

Richard Greenleaf. G-R-E-E-N
L-E-A-F.

There's a pause, and Tom can't be sure it's because the desk clerk recognizes the name, or is merely checking an occupancy chart.

PALMA CLERK
I may confirm, Mr. Greenleaf:
one single room, for one week,
checking in tomorrow.

TOM
Grazie.

PALMA CLERK
Grazie a lei.

Tom hangs up.

53 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - DAY

53

The same Rome desk officer as before answers the same phone.

DESK OFFICER
Questura Centrale.

He listens.

DESK OFFICER
(subtitled)
The inspector isn't here.

54 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

54

Tom, on his phone here in his apartment.

TOM
(subtitled)
I'd like to leave him a message.
This is Richard Greenleaf. If he
wishes to reach me, he can do so
at the Hotel Palma in Palermo.

Tom listens. Then -

TOM
Greenleaf. Green. Leaf. *Ha
scritto bene?*

The officer seems to have it.

Tom hangs up, goes into the bedroom and drags the suitcase out from under the bed. Brings it into the living room, sets it down and goes to get the Hermes.

The phone rings.

Should he answer it? It couldn't be Ravini calling him back so quickly. Could he be coincidentally calling from somewhere other than the police station? So what if he is, Tom has left the message for him.

He doesn't answer it. He gathers the things on the desk he needs to take - Dickie's passport and Dickie-signed Travelers Cheques, the Hermes.

He sees his own passport where he left it, under the typewriter, pulls it out and drops it in one of the desk drawers, shuts it, and latches the Hermes in its case.

As he's setting it next to his suitcase he hears footfalls on the stairs. Two ascending pairs, the same timbre to the leather soles as the last time Ravini and that other cop visited him.

He hurriedly lugs the suitcase back to the bedroom and shoves it under the bed. Returns to the living room and puts the Hermes back on the desk and opens its case.

The footsteps stop and there's a knock on the door.

Tom collects himself and answers it, revealing, in the exact same arrangement as last time, Ravini, and slightly behind him, the mute uniformed officer.

The inspector regards Tom with a withering look.

INSP. RAVINI

Your telephone is not operating any better than the elevator? Or you have ignored it again.

TOM

I was in the bathroom.

A likely story.

INSP. RAVINI

I call to be polite. Next time, I can come up unannounced if you want.

TOM
I'm sorry. Please come in.

They come in. Ravini gravitates to the same chair as before and sits in it without being invited to. Tom sits on the sofa. The officer, the same chair in the corner as before.

INSP. RAVINI
You have seen the newspaper?

TOM
Which.

Instead of answering, Ravini lights a cigarette and pulls the infamous ashtray on the side table a little closer to him again, noticing, perhaps, it has been washed.

TOM
Is there something new in the case?

INSP. RAVINI
The Malaise case?

TOM
Of course.

INSP. RAVINI
No. Another situation has come up. Concerning another friend - if you can believe.

TOM
Of mine?

Ravini nods.

INSP. RAVINI
Tomas Reeplee.

How could they know anything about Ripley? Yes, they found the boat, Tom knows that from the newspaper he says he hasn't read, but did they also check every hotel in San Remo?

TOM
Tom Ripley. Yes, I know him. He stayed with me in Atrani a short time. What situation.

Ravini only takes out his little notebook and pen, licks a thumb, pages through it to the next blank one, and writes down, over-enunciating the word -

INSP. RAVINI

A-tra-ni. When.

TOM

A couple of months ago.

INSP. RAVINI

And he is now where?

TOM

I don't know. Probably New York. He said he was going back there. It's where he's from.

INSP. RAVINI

He and you.

TOM

Yes.

Tom notices that the detective doesn't write any of that down.

INSP. RAVINI

So he is in New York, you think.

TOM

Probably. Yes.

INSP. RAVINI

He is not. And he is not in any other city outside Italia per *l'Immigrazioni*.

Tom watches Ravini tap the first ash into the clean ashtray.

INSP. RAVINI

So, when he was with you in Atrani, this is before or after your trip together to San Remo.

So they have checked the hotels there.

TOM

Before. I came here after.

INSP. RAVINI

After San Remo, you came to Rome,
and he - didn't go to New York.

TOM

I guess not, if you're sure of
that.

INSP. RAVINI

I'm sure. You and he left San
Remo on the same train?

Tom hesitates. Should they have been on it together?

TOM

Yes.

INSP. RAVINI

Yes, of course. If you did not,
you would be able to say which he
got on - where it was going - if
you left at the same time.

TOM

We did.

Not exactly, Tom knows Ravini knows if he, or someone,
talked to that weird San Remo hotel desk clerk.

INSP. RAVINI

You did.

TOM

Yes.

Ravini makes a note.

INSP. RAVINI

So it was on the train or when
you got off it that you last saw
Tomas Reeplee.

Tom almost says 'yes,' but doesn't.

TOM

No. I saw him in Rome a few
days later.

INSP. RAVINI

In *Roma*.

This seems to be a revelation to Ravini, or at least a clue of some kind.

TOM
He brought me some of my clothes
from home.

INSP. RAVINI
From Atrani.

TOM
Yes.

INSP. RAVINI
That was kind of him.

TOM
Yes, it was. He's a nice person.

INSP. RAVINI
You could not bring these clothes
yourself for some reason.

TOM
I had a reason, yes.

Ravini waits to hear it, but Tom doesn't say anything.

INSP. RAVINI
You should share this reason with
me.

Tom pauses to suggest he doesn't know how to put it, but he knows perfectly well how to.

TOM
It concerns a woman.

A slight raise of Ravini's eyebrows to the uniformed cop says, This investigation keeps getting better.

INSP. RAVINI
A woman.

TOM
A girlfriend. An ex-girlfriend.

INSP. RAVINI
Her name?

TOM

Marjorie.

Ravini writes down 'Margiori' and twirls his pen in a tiny circle to ask, And the rest?

TOM

Sherwood.

Ravini writes the last name down correctly.

INSP. RAVINI

Margiori Sherwood. She is in Atrani at that time?

TOM

At that time and still.

Ravini fetches his cigarette from the ashtray and smokes as he thinks, or pretends to think.

INSP. RAVINI

So. Signor Reeplee brings your clothes to Roma -

TOM

And some other things. My art supplies.

INSP. RAVINI

Ah, yes.

Ravini glances to them and the painting on the easel, which has not progressed since the last time he was here, he notices.

INSP. RAVINI

It is then, when he delivers these materials, that he lies about going back to America?

TOM

I'm sure it wasn't a lie.

INSP. RAVINI

But it is then that he says this?

TOM

No. He mentioned it in a postcard.

INSP. RAVINI
A postcard. From -

TOM
Genoa, I think it was.

INSP. RAVINI
Genoa. After he left Roma.

Tom nods.

INSP. RAVINI
May I see this postcard?

TOM
I don't know that I kept it.

INSP. RAVINI
Look, please.

Tom gets up and goes through the motions of looking in the desk drawers for a postcard that doesn't exist, shuffling through the other mail he stole from Dickie's desk in Atrani, now primarily used as set dressing.

INSP. RAVINI
No?

TOM
No. Sorry. I don't see it.

INSP. RAVINI
Ma Genoa. I am writing that down.

And Tom watches him do so as he returns to the sofa.

INSP. RAVINI
So. The situation is, Signor Greenleaf, that Signor Reeplee has not left Italy, and there is no record of him registered in any hotel since October. And only one then.

He flips back several pages in his notebook.

INSP. RAVINI
L'hotel Miramare, Atrani.

TOM

He stayed there when he was
visiting me.

Ravini nods and flips at the pages, back to the one he
was on before.

TOM

How can you check every hotel?

INSP. RAVINI

I am a detective.

Ravini smiles. He doesn't dislike Tom, Tom can tell.
He would dislike Dickie, Tom is pretty sure, but Tom as
Dickie is hard to dislike.

INSP. RAVINI

No, I cannot check every hotel.
But hotels in the major cities -
including Genoa - yes. You, for
instance, stayed at the Excelsior
Roma. Not long ago.

TOM

I did.

INSP. RAVINI

Yes. But only a very short time.
It's expensive.

TOM

It is. But that's not why.

INSP. RAVINI

No?

If Ravini hasn't already talked to the desk clerk
there, Tom is sure he will at some point, and so tells
him the truth about why he left -

TOM

Miss Sherwood. She found me
there.

INSP. RAVINI

Ah.

Ravini's glance to the officer says, That's why, as if
they had both wondered about the reason.

INSP. RAVINI
I understand now.

TOM
So I moved to the Hotel Bolivar.

INSP. RAVINI
Yes, I know. But Signor Reeplee -
nowhere do I find him.

TOM
More likely than a hotel, he's
at a pensione. He doesn't have a
lot of money.

INSP. RAVINI
Pensione. Oh, I hope not. They
are more *imprudente* about record-
keeping. As you might imagine.

Of course Tom can imagine. It's why he said it. And
Ravini perhaps suspects as much.

INSP. RAVINI
Did you take a boat ride?

TOM
Excuse me?

INSP. RAVINI
A boat ride. In a little boat.
Yourself and Signor Reeplee. In
San Remo. A little *escursione*
around the port.

Only the slightest hesitation from Tom before -

TOM
Yes. We did.

INSP. RAVINI
It was not returned.

TOM
The boat we rented?

INSP. RAVINI
The same, yes.

TOM
Of course we returned it.

INSP. RAVINI

The boat keeper says no.

TOM

He's mistaken.

INSP. RAVINI

Mistaken? He's a boat keeper.
He keeps track of boats. It's
all he does. All day long.

TOM

We brought it back.

INSP. RAVINI

He gave you receipt? He says he
does this routinely.

TOM

I believe he did.

INSP. RAVINI

It would be wonderful if it is in
your desk.

He points to the desk.

TOM

I'm sure it isn't.

INSP. RAVINI

You are sure of this without
looking.

TOM

Yes.

Ravini sighs, *That's unfortunate*, but doesn't seem
surprised in the least.

INSP. RAVINI

So. If you returned the boat
and it then disappeared, it is
whoever rented it *after* you the
boat keeper should be angry at.

TOM

Disappeared?

INSP. RAVINI

Disappeared, and then not.

TOM
I don't understand.

INSP. RAVINI
This boat was found sunk with
rocks, stained with blood, and
no anchor.

Tom tries on a look of incomprehension. Ravini regards him with a bland expression Tom fears hides more than he has let on.

TOM
My God.

Ravini nods.

TOM
Blood.

Ravini nods again as he studies Tom.

TOM
It couldn't be fish blood?

INSP. RAVINI
Fish blood.

TOM
No?

INSP. RAVINI
You fish? In Atrani?

TOM
No.

INSP. RAVINI
It is not fish blood.

Ravini snuffs out his cigarette in the ashtray.

INSP. RAVINI
So. Someone is dead in Rome.
Someone may be dead in San Remo,
killed in a boat that is sunk to
try to hide bloodstains. And
Signor Reeplee is missing. This
is the situation.

Tom stares at Ravini because it is the natural thing to do under the circumstances.

TOM

Are you saying you don't believe me that I saw Tom Ripley in Rome, after San Remo?

INSP. RAVINI

Oh, no. I do not say that. No indeed. I have come to no conclusions. I make no accusations. I only say there is one dead man and one missing man - and that you are the last known to see both.

A long look from Ravini before he closes his notebook and gets up, the officer's cue to stand, as well.

INSP. RAVINI

And to prove my sincerity, I allow you to travel to Palermo, as you requested, as long as you let me know where you stay there.

Tom is not taken in by Ravini's apparent largesse. The man says he doesn't fish, but he does.

TOM

The Hotel Palma.

INSP. RAVINI

Oh. You know already?

TOM

As I said, I planned the trip before.

INSP. RAVINI

Before my intrusions.

TOM

You haven't intruded, and I thank you for allowing me to go.

INSP. RAVINI

Di niente.

As Ravini writes it his notebook, he over enunciates it -

INSP. RAVINI

L'ho-tel ... Pal-ma.

He closes the notebook and gestures to the uniformed officer that it's time to go, and starts to go, but then stops as a thought occurs to him, or seems to.

INSP. RAVINI

Did Signor Reeplee know Signor Malaise?

Oh, this is good. Why didn't Tom think to bring this up himself? He can tell the truth, and the truth will speak volumes -

TOM

He did know him. He met him in Naples. He didn't like him, though.

INSP. RAVINI

No? Because -

TOM

He just didn't like the way he looked. Or his personality. Or his voice. Or his money.

Ravini nods thoughtfully. Signor Greenleaf knows to a surprising degree Signor Reeplee's opinions. He turns to go again.

INSP. RAVINI

I will inform you at L'hotel Palma if we locate Signor Reeplee.

TOM

Please do.

INSP. RAVINI

Va bene così. Buona sera. E buon viaggio.

Ravini and the silent police officer leave. The door closes and Tom takes a few long breaths to try to steady his rapidly beating heart as the footfalls on the stairs fade.

The loud ring of his phone startles him. He debates if he should answer it, and eventually does.

TOM

Pronto.

MARGE

Oh, Dickie.

It's bad enough she somehow found his number, but worse that he answered the phone as Dickie. He switches to his own voice and hopes for the best -

TOM

Is that you, Marge?

MARGE

Tom?

TOM

Yeah. How are you?

Nothing for a moment, and Tom knows why. He told her in Atrani that he'd only be in Rome a few days to help Dickie get settled, and here he is, still at Dickie's apartment.

MARGE

You didn't go to Paris.

TOM

I did. I came back. Dickie asked me to, after - you've read about Freddie.

MARGE

It's unbelievable.

TOM

I know.

MARGE

Let me talk to him.

TOM

He's not here.

MARGE

The woman said he is.

TOM

What woman.

MARGE

The landlady. I'm downstairs.

Tom, for once in his life, is apoplectic.

55 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

55

As Ravini and the uniformed officer come past the open Portiere door where Marge is on Sigora Buffi's phone, her back to them -

INSP. RAVINI

(to Signora Buffi)

Grazie, Signora.

The policemen continue on without noting Marge, nor she them.

TOM V/O

He's not here. He left.
Maybe the back way to avoid
photographers.

MARGE

Photographers?

TOM V/O

Ask the landlady about them.

Marge doesn't. And Signora Buffi doesn't understand a word of this in English, just looks on unhappily, perhaps jealous of this visitor?

MARGE

I'll come up and wait for him.

56 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUED

56

This is a disaster. He tries, if only to stall -

TOM

He won't be back for quite a
while.

MARGE

Where'd he go?

TOM

Marge, I'm glad you're here, I was hoping you'd come so we could talk. I just need to dress. I just got out of the shower. Meet me at - there's a little cafe just off Via della Pace - in twenty minutes?

There's a pause, but Tom knows she has to be too confused by everything to be too suspicious of him. Just resigned.

MARGE

Okay.

TOM

See you there.

He hangs up, but doesn't move.

He's already dressed, of course, but it wasn't a complete lie. He's dressed in Dickie's clothes and now has to change into his own.

He hates that, but he has no choice. He returns to the bedroom and pulls out a shirt from 'his' side of the armoire.

He strips Dickie's shirt off and puts his own on, then fishes from the armoire the hat he bought on the ship that brought him to Europe.

He regards himself in the dresser mirror. The hat is ridiculous - he would never buy such a thing now - but he keeps it on and leaves the room.

57 OMIT - INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 57

58 EXT. STREET / CAFE - DAY 58

The street is devoid of tourists this time of year.

Tom looks off to the cafe where Marge sits alone at one of the very few occupied alfresco tables, looking forlorn.

The image of her in that state, under this gloomy overcast Roman sky, pleases him.

He has half a mind to turn around and leave her like that. More than half a mind. It would be just like Tom, in her low opinion of him, to do such a thing, to stand her up at such a vulnerable time for her.

But he starts toward the cafe. Is halfway there when he suddenly realizes he's wearing Dickie's Rolex and ring. He takes them off and pockets them just before she looks up and sees him approaching.

He waves. She doesn't, but at least stands. Both would rather not hug, but neither can avoid it under the circumstances.

TOM

Marge. It's great to see you.

They sit.

TOM

Did you order something?

MARGE

No.

TOM

Cameriere.

A waiter comes over in no hurry.

WAITER

Prego.

Tom gestures to Marge, who doesn't care what she orders.

MARGE

Caffe.

TOM

Due. Per me doppio.

The laconic waiter meanders off. Tom watches him go, then glances back to Marge, who is looking at his hat he has set on the table.

TOM

Dickie thinks this hat makes me look like an English sheep farmer but it's sentimental to me. I bought it on the ship over.

She's not interested. There's only one thing on her mind.

MARGE

Where is he?

TOM

I don't know. He's been very upset - with the news about Freddie - and with the police. They keep hounding him, like he knows something he doesn't.

MARGE

I spoke to them.

Tom tries to look like it doesn't concern him.

MARGE

It's how I found out where the apartment was. I begged them.

So that's how she found him. The Italian police and their amiable disregard for privacy.

MARGE

What did you mean, not back for quite a while.

TOM

I mean that he left with a suitcase.

MARGE

And he didn't tell you where he was going?

TOM

He said he didn't know. Just that he had to get out of Rome.

MARGE

Why.

TOM

Marge. Obviously, he had nothing to do with what happened to Freddie but he was the last to see him. The last to see someone who turns up dead is always a suspect.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

And the police, apparently, haven't been shy with him about that. And he's tired of it.

It's not a bad story. And why would it be? It's nonfiction.

MARGE

So he - left.

TOM

Yeah, but he said he'll let me know where he ends up, and I'll let you know as soon as I know.

MARGE

Let you know, like call you at the apartment?

Is she really still concerned with that? Dickie and Tom's living arrangements? He doesn't show it, but it amuses him.

TOM

No, I'm not staying there. A postcard to the little hotel I'm at on Via dei Coronari.

MARGE

How long are you staying there?

She doesn't care about 'there,' Tom knows. It's how long he's staying in *Italy*, she always wants to know.

TOM

I don't know.

The espressos arrive. The waiter tucks the little register slip under Tom's saucer.

MARGE

What about the boat?

How could she know about the San Remo boat vis a vis he and Dickie? There was no mention of them in the article. Could the police have told her about that, too?

TOM

The boat.

MARGE

Dickie's boat. I talked to
Giulio.

TOM

Giulio.

MARGE

The boat keeper.

Tom figured Carlo was lying about the boat keeper
commission business. Apparently, he wasn't.

TOM

Oh ... What'd he say?

MARGE

That Dickie sold it, which he
would never do. He loves that
boat. Giulio had some vague
story about some broker whose
name he couldn't remember,
supposedly.

TOM

Well, I don't know who that
would be, but Dickie did sell it.
He told me he was going to. And
his furniture.

This is the worst possible news to Marge, and her
reaction is unbelievable to Tom. Dickie's friend has
been murdered, Dickie has disappeared, and all she can
think about is her crumbling relationship with Dickie,
that he's never going back to Atrani and her.

TOM

Where are you staying?

MARGE

I'm not. I didn't bring
anything. I just came up.

TOM

So, back to Atrani?

MARGE

I guess.

She really doesn't know what to do. She's lost.

Tom calmly sips his espresso.

59 EXT. ROME TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY 59

Tom watches from the platform as Marge boards a train bound for Naples - a second-class car, of course - and walks its length to an unoccupied window seat.

He waves to her to say, I'm still here, I didn't scamper away the second you boarded, I really did want to see you off.

She only manages a weak wave back, which doesn't surprise him. No matter how nice he is to her, she's incapable of displaying any gratitude.

The train begins to move. Tom turns and strides away.

Good riddance.

60 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY 60

Tom tosses the stupid flat cap aside.

61 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY 61

He's on the phone, giving someone an address -

TOM
*Via di Monserrato, trenta
quattro.*

He waits for some kind of confirmation.

TOM
Venti minuti? Bene. Grazie.

He hangs up.

62 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 62

Finally, he's out of here. Carrying his suitcase and the Hermes down the stairs. He sees Signora Buffi's cat, napping on the bench outside her door, which is open.

He creeps past it to the front door, outside which idles the taxi he just called for.

He glances to either side of it for any Vespas with guys with cameras on them, and doesn't see any. He opens the door -

63 EXT. VIA DI MONSERRATO - CONTINUOUS 63

- and quickly crosses to the cab and climbs in back.

TOM
Roma Termini.

The cab drives off.

64 EXT. NAPLES TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT 64

Tom climbs down from a first-class car with his two pieces of luggage. He changed on the train and is now wearing the same beautiful suit as when he arrived in Rome.

The same street urchin who, months ago, tried to 'help' him with his luggage, tries again.

TOM
Fuori dalla palle.

Fuck off. The urchin does. Tom continues on.

A65 EXT. NAPLES TRAIN STATION - NIGHT A65

Tom climbs into the back of a taxi.

TOM
Molo Beverello.

65 EXT. NAPLES HARBOR - NIGHT 65

The taxi pulls up to the harbor. Tom pays the driver and carries his suitcase and typewriter to a kiosk. There's no one in line. To the clerk -

TOM
*Traghetto notturno per Palermo.
Uno.*

66 EXT. NAPLES - FERRY (MOVING) - NIGHT

66

Tom is not alone on the ferry as it motors from its mooring, but almost. The 13-hour overnight is the least popular booking to Palermo, which is fine with him.

He finds a nice secluded vantage point aft, from which to appreciate the twinkling lights of Naples reflecting off the water.

It feels good to be leaving mainland Italy and all the drama of Freddie and Ravini and San Remo and Marge, like the feeling he had on the RMS Queen Elizabeth, watching the New York skyline recede.

Hope.