

R I P L E Y

Episode 7

Written  
by  
Steven Zaillian

Based on the Ripley Novels  
by  
Patricia Highsmith

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EPISODE 7

1 EXT. OCEAN - DAY

1

A school of fish swims past Dickie's body, still tethered to the cement anchor at the bottom of the sea, swaying upright like a balloon in a breeze.

But the knot slips from his ankles and he begins to float up. The watery tomb around him graduates from dark to lighter hues as he rises.

As his lolling head breaks the surface of the water -

2 EXT. TYRRHENIAN SEA - NIGHT

2

Tom wakes from the nightmare on the Naples-to-Palermo ferry slicing through the water under a not quite full moon, hunched up in his coat.

The relief he felt departing mainland Italy has long worn off. Now he just wants to reach his destination. But it looks like that won't be for a while.

He can see no sign of land in any direction. Just endless ocean. He feels nauseous from the rocking of the vessel and the diesel fumes from its droning engines, and worse, greatly ill at ease from his lifelong fear of water.

He gets up to find a deckhand. Sees a man he assumes is one from his manner of dress, but who, like most of the other passengers, is asleep.

TOM

*Mi scusi.*

The man cracks open an eye just enough to register the foreigner.

TOM

*Giubbotti di salvataggio?*

The man points vaguely off -

DECKHAND

*Laggiù.*

And closes his eyes again.

Tom wanders off in the general direction the deckhand indicated. Sees some sea-weathered wooden chests lined up against the gunwale.

He lifts the lid of one but all that's in it are coiled ropes. He tries a second chest. Some tools. Finally in the third, he finds what he's looking for - a pile of grey life vests that look like they're from the 1930s.

He untangles one from the others, slips it over his coat and knots its straps. It looks ridiculous but he doesn't care.

He returns to the spot on the ferry he claimed as his, slumps into it, and stares off at the dark waters that surround him.

3 EXT. PALERMO HARBOR - MORNING 3

The ferry approaches Palermo's harbor.

4 EXT. PALERMO - FERRY (MOVING) - MORNING 4

As the ferry motors into the harbor, Tom feels secure enough to abandon the ugly, and probably useless, life vest.

He peers ahead at the harbor and city behind it.

The ferry nears the dock, kills its engines, and nudges against pilings. Ropes are thrown, cinched and tied to iron cleats.

Other than the few dockhands, there are only two other people on the dock - a pair of policemen, standing near the gangplank - the best place to be if your intention is to intercept someone disembarking the vessel who is wanted for something.

Has Insp. Ravini discovered something in Rome in the last 13 hours to implicate Tom - Dickie - in the murder of Frederick Miles? Has he called ahead to have him arrested the instant he steps off the boat?

If so, there's no way for Tom to avoid it. He picks up his luggage and joins the line of passengers disembarking the ferry, resigned to the eventuality.

He steps onto the gangplank and then down it onto the dock, walks past the policemen without a look to them, or they to him, and keeps walking.

They're waiting for someone or something else, if they're waiting for anything at all.

5 EXT. PALERMO HARBOR - MORNING 5

Tom sets his - Dickie's - suitcase and Hermes typewriter case in the trunk of one of the cabs at the end of the dock and climbs into the back seat.

DRIVER

*Dove la porto.*

With just those words, Tom realizes he's not in Italy anymore. He *is* - he's in Sicily - but the dialect will take some getting used to.

TOM

*L'hotel Palma.*

The cab pulls away.

A6 EXT. PALERMO - MORNING A6

The taxi drives under the arches of Palermo's Mosque-like main cathedral.

B6 EXT. HOTEL PALMA - MORNING B6

The taxi pulls into the courtyard of an old once-grand hotel. The driver takes the luggage from the trunk, Tom pays him and climbs the exterior stone steps to the first floor.

6 INT. HOTEL PALMA - MORNING 6

As Tom comes into the lobby with his luggage, we recognize it as the place we saw when he called from his Rome apartment to make the reservation.

It's a little long in the tooth, its chairs showing some wear, but is still nice, ornate, its tall ceiling supported by columns.

A few guests dot the lobby, smoking, reading newspapers, characters in a Graham Greene novel.

The desk clerk, too, who took Tom's call, we recognize, and the palms in big pots on either side of his counter.

PALMA CLERK

Prego.

TOM

Ciao. Richard Greenleaf.

The clerk, like the cab driver and whatever other locals Tom may meet in Palermo, speaks in the dialect, subtitled -

PALMA CLERK

Mr. Greenleaf, welcome. How was the journey?

Before Tom can say -

PALMA CLERK

Long, yes? And at night. You're tired, I'm sure. I have your room ready, I just need your passport, which you can retrieve when you next go out. First, of course, you should rest.

The solicitous clerk taps a desk bell. Tom hands over Dickie's passport. The clerk places it in a pigeon hole in exchange for a room key on a big brass medallion.

As Tom signs the registration ledger - "Richard Greenleaf" - the clerk slaps the desk bell again to summon a bellman who's nowhere in sight.

PALMA CLERK

Armando!

They wait a few more moments.

TOM

That's okay, I can manage.

PALMA CLERK

Are you sure?

Tom is. The clerk points up.

PALMA CLERK  
Second floor.

Tom starts up the staircase with his two pieces of luggage.

7 INT. HOTEL PALMA ROOM - MORNING 7

Tom sets his suitcase and Hermes case down and takes a look out the window - as everyone does when checking into a room - at the view: The cathedral. It's fine. He doesn't plan to gaze out at it much anyway.

8 EXT. ATRANI - MORNING 8

As she does almost every day these days, Marge treks to town to the post office to check for word from Dickie.

9 INT. POST OFFICE - ATRANI - MORNING 9

She comes in and steps up to the counter, behind which the postmaster sorts mail.

MARGE  
Ciao, Matteo.

The rest is subtitled -

POSTMASTER  
Ah, Marge, can you give this to Riccardo?

He finds and sets before her an envelope from Dickie's bank in Naples, which someone there has stamped *URGENTE* - which the Postmaster points to.

POSTMASTER  
*Urgente.*

MARGE  
I don't know where he is. I was hoping there'd be something for me from him, letting me know. Is there?

The postmaster looks through mail.

## POSTMASTER

No.

She leaves disappointed, without any mail. The postmaster sifts through a pile of rubber stamps, finds the one he's looking for, inks it on a pad and hammers it on the bank envelope -

*RISPEDIRE AL MITTENTE (Return to Sender)*

10 OMIT - INT. HOTEL PALMA ROOM - DAY 10

11 INT. HOTEL PALMA ROOM - DAY 11

Since he intends, and his reservation confirmed the intention, to stay here a week, that's long enough to not live out a suitcase.

Tom is feeling good. So good that as he unpacks - hanging up shirts and trousers and jacket so gravity can help un wrinkle them - he sings quietly at Dickie's register an old folk song from one of the LPs he bought in Rome -

TOM

*Babbo non vuole, Mama nemmeno,  
Come faremo a fare l'amore?*

We are allowed subtitles: *Dad won't have it, Neither will Mom, How are we going to make love?*

He hears a whisper by the door. It's not a voice, but rather the soft 'shhh' of an envelope slipped under the door.

He stares at it, not at all sure he wants to know what it is or who it's from. Nonetheless, he goes over and picks it up.

Nothing but his name - Richard Greenleaf - his room number, and, in the corner, the Hotel Palma insignia.

He unseals it and removes a thin slip of paper. A handwritten note on a printed message form with boxes to be checked or not, depending.

A call for him. That box is checked. From - written, presumably in the clerk's hand - *Insp. Ravini*. And on the message line, written in English -

*Hope you has (sic) a good journey*

It's perfectly benign, but at the same time, isn't. A summons from a court, or search warrant, would have the same effect on Tom.

Why would Ravini bother to leave such a message, and why would it arrive so well timed to his arrival? To let Tom know the inspector is keeping tabs on him, to the hour?

12

INT. HOTEL PALMA - DAY

12

Tom comes down the stairs.

The clerk copies Richard Greenleaf's passport number onto a form, deposits it into a drawer and returns the passport to the appropriate pigeon hole.

Tom crosses the lobby past the Graham Greene characters, and sets the message slip on the desk clerk's counter.

Subtitled -

TOM

You spoke to this person?

The clerk looks at the message.

PALMA CLERK

The police inspector in Rome,  
yes.

He seems to be a little too impressed to have spoken to a Roman inspector. If he knows who Ravini is, having seen his name in the papers, has he also seen Richard Greenleaf's? If so, he doesn't let on.

TOM

Did he want me to call him back?

PALMA CLERK

No, sir.

He points to the 'call back' box on the slip, which is unchecked. Well, that's good, but Tom is still vaguely troubled.

The clerk retrieves the passport he just put in the pigeon hole, and hands it to Tom.



TOM

*Grazie.*

Tom heads back to the stairs.

13 EXT. ROME - NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 13

Ravini shows a picture of Freddie - a copy of his passport photo acquired from the British Embassy - to a bouncer outside a nightclub.

The burly guy doesn't recognize him, shakes his head.

As Ravini moves on to the next nightclub, we hang back, as if sensing this ancient narrow street might have some significance.

14 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - NIGHT 14

Ravini enters after his unproductive night at the clubs.

DESK OFFICER

*Un testimone.*

He points to a man sitting in a chair. Ravini doesn't know him, but we do. It's the man who was walking his dog when he encountered Tom with Freddie next to the Cinquecento on the night of the murder.

15 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - LATER - NIGHT 15

The witness sits next to Ravini's desk, the inspector, at it. He doesn't have his little notebook out and won't bother with it unless and until the guy has something noteworthy to say. In Italian, subtitled -

DOGMAN

I read the newspapers and realized I may have seen him.

INSP. RAVINI

Where.

DOGMAN

Via di Monserrato.

The street we and Ravini know "Dickie's" apartment is on.

INSP. RAVINI

What time.

DOGMAN

Around midnight.

It's not the right time. At least not according to what Richard Greenleaf told Ravini.

INSP. RAVINI

And what were you doing?

DOGMAN

Taking my dog for a walk.

INSP. RAVINI

At midnight.

DOGMAN

He always has to go at midnight.

Ravini nods, but everyone is a suspect to him until they're not, even those who come in with 'information.' And this one seems uncomfortable just being in a police station. Perhaps because he's been in too many of them, in handcuffs, if Ravini had to guess.

DOGMAN

He has a condition. Something to do with his kidneys. He has to pee more than the average (dog) -

INSP. RAVINI

Fine. What did you see.

DOGMAN

Two men leaning against a car.

INSP. RAVINI

This caught your attention for some reason, two men just leaning against a car?

DOGMAN

Well, not until I read the papers. Then I thought maybe I saw something.

INSP. RAVINI

What kind of car.

DOGMAN

Cinquecento.

He could've seen it that night, or a photo of it in the papers. Ravini isn't sure why he asked.

INSP. RAVINI

What color?

The photos in the papers of course were black and white.

DOGMAN

Color? I don't remember.

Ravini's look says, No? The man shrugs.

INSP. RAVINI

So. One of these men leaning against this car you think was the victim?

DOGMAN

(with a 'maybe' nod)

He was thin. His face I couldn't see well. It was dark and he was wearing a hat.

INSP. RAVINI

What kind of hat.

DOGMAN

Borsalino.

Well, that's something. Freddie was wearing such a hat when Ravini saw him later that night at the crime scene, but there were pictures of it in the papers, too.

INSP. RAVINI

And the other one? Not as thin, I guess, or you would have said two thin men.

DOGMAN

The other was what I'd call average-sized.

INSP. RAVINI

Light hair? Dark hair?

The man shrugs.

DOGMAN  
I don't remember.

INSP. RAVINI  
Beard? Mustache?

DOGMAN  
I don't know.

Nothing from Ravini.

DOGMAN  
Why are you looking at me like  
that. I didn't see his face well  
- it was dark.

INSP. RAVINI  
Anything else?

The man thinks.

DOGMAN  
He was American.

INSP. RAVINI  
How would you know that.

DOGMAN  
Because I spoke to him. He spoke  
to me.

INSP. RAVINI  
In English.

DOGMAN  
Italian. With an American  
accent.

INSP. RAVINI  
And the thin one?

DOGMAN  
He didn't talk. He was very  
drunk.

If the average-sized man was Richard Greenleaf, that's  
not what he told Ravini. He said Miles wasn't very drunk  
- that if he was he would've driven. Maybe he did.

That is worthy of the inspector's notebook. He takes it  
out and flips to the next blank page.

INSP. RAVINI  
What did the other one say.

DOGMAN  
I said, Do you need help there?  
He said, No thank you, we're  
fine.

INSP. RAVINI  
And then?

DOGMAN  
I said, Okay, and kept going.

INSP. RAVINI  
Which side of the car were they  
leaning on?

DOGMAN  
Which side? The driver's side.

INSP. RAVINI  
And you saw them get in?

DOGMAN  
No.

INSP. RAVINI  
You saw them drive off?

DOGMAN  
No. I don't know what they did.  
I went home with Enzo.

INSP. RAVINI  
Who?

DOGMAN  
My dog. Enzo.

INSP. RAVINI  
I thought your name was Enzo.

DOGMAN  
It is. It's his name, too.

End of story, apparently. But it's something.  
Greenleaf, if it was him, understated the level of  
Malaise's intoxication - and the time he left - if this  
man is correct. Why.

INSP. RAVINI  
You're sure it was midnight.

The man nods.

16 EXT. PALERMO - CAFE - DAY 16

If Ravini is playing games with him with that message, Tom might be able to figure out what the game is if there is anything new on the Miles case in the papers.

At a cafe table he leafs through the only two they get here from mainland Italy - Naples' *Il Mattino* and Rome's *Il Messaggero*.

He sees nothing in them about Freddie's murder, the San Remo boat, or Tom Ripley's 'disappearance.'

Pleased, he sets them aside, sips at his Cinzano and consults the Palermo chapter in the pocket guidebook he bought with the newspapers, marking a few things in it he'd like to see.

17 EXT. PALERMO - VESPA RENTAL - DAY 17

Tom rents a Vespa, paying the deposit with a Richard Greenleaf Travelers Cheque, countersigning it accurately, if he does say so himself.

18 EXT. PALERMO - DAY 18

Now he's on the little motor scooter negotiating the 14-kilometer winding climb up narrow Via Bonanno Pietro to the rocky mountains above Palermo.

19 EXT. MONTE PELLEGRINO - DAY 19

A 17th century baroque church built against - indeed nestled into - a jagged mountain cliff. Tom crosses a courtyard to its tall, arched wooden doors.

20 INT. SANTUARIO DI SANTA ROSALIA - DAY 20

The churches in Rome impressed Tom with their cavernous interiors, but this one actually is a cavern.

The walls are rock, embedded with ancient tree roots. The uneven floor, 400-year-old stone pavers honed to a glistening shine by the shoes of sixteen generations of worshippers.

It's like a grotto - it *is* a grotto - with water seeping from the rock ceiling - dripping into a network of askew sluices.

He walks down the aisle, drawn to the altar as you are meant to. A large cross sits atop it, and behind it, a marble statue of Saint Rosalia bathed in glowing light.

But as impressive as that is, it's not the main attraction.

The thing Tom has come to see here resides within a bronze case with glass sides a little larger than a casket: The Tomb of Santa Rosalia.

Inside it rests Gregorio Tedeschi's human-scaled sculpture of Palermo's patron saint, covered in gold leaf a hundred years later by Charles III, King of Sicily.

The female figure reclines against a marble rock in an uncomfortable position, head tilted back, dazed eyes staring upward, hand resting awkwardly against an ear as if to try to hear something, lips parted as if about to say something.

Looking at it Tom is amused. It's the exact same pose Marge assumed in that first awful painting Dickie showed Tom in his Atrani studio.

Dickie stole the pose!

21 INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - ATRANI - DAY 21

Marge is in repose here, napping on her sofa in a similar position in the middle of the day - anything to avoid writing.

22 EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE - ATRANI - SAME TIME - DAY 22

Inspector Ravini climbs the steep steps leading to Marge's house perched above the village.

He comes through the gate and, like Tom the first time he came here, has to navigate around the blouses and bras pinned to the clothesline that obstructs a direct path to the front door.

He knocks and waits. In a few moments, she opens it.

INSP. RAVINI  
*Signorina Sherwood?*

MARGE  
*Si?*

INSP. RAVINI  
*Ispettore Pietro Ravini della  
polizia di Roma.*

He inclines a slight bow like 'at your service,' but the situation is in fact very much the opposite.

23 INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - DAY

23

Alone in the living room, Ravini regards some paintings on the walls that look a lot like those he saw in Signor Greenleaf's apartment in Rome. Bad.

MARGE  
*Ice?*

He can see her beyond the doorway of the kitchen, standing before a refrigerator - Dickie's refrigerator that she took after all. She called to him in English, so he answers back in English -

INSP. RAVINI  
*Ice? No, thank you.*

He hears the crack of a metal ice tray and some cubes clinking into a glass, and wonders perhaps if she heard him correctly, then glances down at the desk, the piles of disorganized notes and poems and snapshots of boring angles on Atrani.

MARGE  
*That's a book I'm writing.*

He looks up from the junk on the desk to see her coming in from the kitchen with two glasses.



INSP. RAVINI

A book. You are an author?

MARGE

Yes.

She hands him the iceless drink and keeps the one with the cubes in it for herself.

INSP. RAVINI

A book about - ?

MARGE

Atrani.

The look on his face is the same as Tom's when he first heard about this. Just what the world needs. Even his response is the same -

INSP. RAVINI

Ah.

He looks around for the most comfortable chair in the room, sees none, settles for the least uncomfortable-looking one and sits in it. She takes another.

INSP. RAVINI

I may smoke?

MARGE

Of course.

We're used to his routine now, but she isn't. She watches him light an Alfa, pull the nearest ashtray a little closer to him, and set about the business of finding where he left off in his notebook. Then -

INSP. RAVINI

You knew Signor Malaise.

MARGE

Yes. He was a friend. Of Dickie's really. But mine, too.

INSP. RAVINI

Who.

MARGE

What?

INSP. RAVINI

Deekee?

MARGE

Dickie Greenleaf. Richard.  
You've spoken to him. Haven't  
you?

It's the first he's hearing the diminutive, or saying  
it, or writing it as he does now, spelling it the way he  
says it -

INSP. RAVINI

Deekee. Yes, I spoke to him.  
It's how I knew to come speak to  
you.

MARGE

What did he say about me.

Ravini would rather not get into that, but he has to say  
something, so he lies -

INSP. RAVINI

Only that you also knew Signor  
Malaise, since that was the  
question I asked him: Who else  
knew Signor Malaise. When is the  
last time you spoke to him?  
Signor Malaise.

MARGE

Oh, not for a while. August I  
think? We were supposed to see  
him at Christmas, but didn't.

INSP. RAVINI

We.

MARGE

Me and Dickie.

INSP. RAVINI

Here?

MARGE

No. Cortina. For a week.

INSP. RAVINI

Cortina is nice. Especially  
around Christmas. But expensive.

MARGE  
Freddie could afford it.

INSP. RAVINI  
Why did you not go?

MARGE  
I don't know, to be honest.  
Dickie just decided not to.

Ravini has been at this long enough to know that when someone says 'to be honest,' what follows is usually a lie.

MARGE  
It was kind of mysterious. To be honest.

There it is again, which is why Ravini has written nothing down in his notebook since 'Deekee.'

INSP. RAVINI  
He told me he did not go because he thought it would be a week of debauchery.

She laughs.

MARGE  
Dickie said that? I've never heard him use that word. And I can't imagine why he would about Cortina. All you do there is ski.

INSP. RAVINI  
Not drink?

MARGE  
Well, yes, but -

She shrugs like, Who doesn't do that.

INSP. RAVINI  
May I ask you to describe your relationship with - I can't call him Deekee - with Richard.

MARGE  
He's my boyfriend.

Ravini nods, but it's more to say, Do you want to clarify that, since Dickie - Tom - put it differently, emphasizing the 'ex-'. But she doesn't.

INSP. RAVINI

I guess I'm confused. You live here in Atrani, and Rome?

MARGE

No. Just here.

INSP. RAVINI

But he lives in Rome. He has an apartment. With a lease. So -

MARGE

We're just taking a little time for ourselves. For him to study painting and me to finish my book.

INSP. RAVINI

Ah.

It's not true, he knows, even though she didn't add 'to be honest.'

INSP. RAVINI

His painting. Yes.

Ravini glances to what must be one of Dickie's awful paintings in the room, then back to her.

INSP. RAVINI

Did you know he was with Signor Malaise the night he was killed?

She doesn't care for his suspicion of Dickie, however slight it may be.

MARGE

Yes. I read the papers. So?

INSP. RAVINI

So he was the last to see Signor Malaise alive.

MARGE

No, the killer would've been the last to see him alive.

Ravini smiles, Okay, fair enough.

INSP. RAVINI  
You've spoken to him recently?

MARGE  
No. I went up to Rome to see him  
but he wasn't there.

INSP. RAVINI  
When.

MARGE  
Last Wednesday.

Dickie, Ravini knows, was there last Wednesday. He  
didn't leave Rome until Thursday. Was he avoiding her,  
or is she lying again for some reason?

INSP. RAVINI  
Last Wednesday, and you didn't  
see him.

MARGE  
I just said I didn't. He left  
Rome. Tom told me.

INSP. RAVINI  
Tom. Who is Tom.

MARGE  
Tom Ripley.

The pen in Ravini's hand stops writing mid-note, mid-  
word - '*mercole-*'. He looks up at her.

INSP. RAVINI  
You spoke to Signor Reeplee?

MARGE  
Yeah.

INSP. RAVINI  
On the phone?

MARGE  
No, at a cafe.

INSP. RAVINI  
In Rome.

MARGE  
Off Via della Pace.

Ravini's investigation of the Miles murder is what brought him down here, but now, suddenly, here's an unexpected lead in the Ripley disappearance.

INSP. RAVINI  
He is staying in Rome, or -

MARGE  
Yes.

INSP. RAVINI  
Do you know where?

MARGE  
A hotel on -

She tries to remember what Tom told her, and does -

MARGE  
Via dei Coronari. He didn't say  
which.

Ravini writes down Via dei Coronari, underlines it, closes the notebook and snuffs out his cigarette.

INSP. RAVINI  
Grazie, Signorina. I will let  
you get back to the writing of  
your book - which sounds ...  
fascinating.

He gets up from the uncomfortable chair to leave.

MARGE  
Do you know where Dickie is?

A hesitation as Ravini perhaps thinks how he'd want someone to answer that question if it came from an ex-girlfriend of his.

MARGE  
Please.

INSP. RAVINI  
Palermo. L'Hotel Palma.

MARGE  
Thank you.

24

INT. HOTEL PALMA ROOM - DAY

24

We're moving slowly along the floor toward the bathroom doorway, beyond which we can see Tom in a bathtub talking to himself in his own voice -

TOM

I shouldn't be in this position.  
It shouldn't be my job.

As we get closer to the doorway, we see he's not alone in the bathroom. There's someone else there, but we can only see from this angle wet trouser legs and sockless Ferragamo shoes.

TOM

You should be the one to talk to her, not me. I mean, what am I supposed to tell her?

And now we see him, Dickie, risen from his watery grave, seated on a dressing stool.

DICKIE

The truth. That it's *her* I'm running away from. Why can't she get that through her thick skull?

TOM

I can't say that.

DICKIE

Then put it some other way.

Tom thinks about how else to put it. Eventually, in a kind voice -

TOM

It's not fair to you, Marge, or to me, that Dickie isn't having this conversation with you. I've asked him to several times, but he ignores me.

Now Marge is there, where Dickie was, wearing the same clothes as when Tom first met her in Atrani, listening to what he's telling her.

TOM

I can't let it go on like this anymore.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

I like you too much to sit back and watch what's going on. It's not right. But isn't it clear? He didn't tell you where he was staying in Rome, or where he was going when he left Rome. I tried to tell you there, but couldn't find a tactful way to say it. He didn't leave because the police were driving him crazy. He hadn't even left Rome when I saw you. He was still there. He told me to go meet you at that cafe. I know you don't want to believe that his feelings for you have changed. But they have.

He regards the devastated look on her face. Then slides down in the tub to submerge his head. Pulls himself back up and runs his hands over his face and through his hair.

Marge, of course, has 'left.'

25

INT. PENSIONE - ROME - LATE AFTERNOON

25

It's not a fleabag, but also isn't the Excelsior, or even the Bolivar, let's put it that way.

Its desk clerk is not in any kind of uniform. Neither is Ravini, of course, as he leafs through his notebook to a particular page and displays it like a badge.

The clerk squints at the name Ravini wrote down in it and underlined: Thomas Ripley

PENSIONE CLERK

Tomas Reeplee.

INSP. RAVINI

(subtitled)

Exactly correct.

By now, we're used to hotel desk ledgers as big as encyclopedias. The one here is the size of a magazine. The clerk runs a finger down the list of names on the current page.

Subtitled -



PENSIONE CLERK

He is not a guest.

INSP. RAVINI

You're certain the name of every guest is noted.

PENSIONE CLERK

Yes, of course. It's the law.

And he seems proud of it, modest as his ledger may be.

INSP. RAVINI

What about last week. Wednesday of last week.

The clerk flips back a few pages to the day in question and runs his finger down those names.

PENSIONE CLERK

No.

Ravini doesn't seem surprised. Perhaps this isn't the first pensione he's checked.

INSP. RAVINI

Okay, if he happens to check in sometime in the future please let me know.

He sets on the counter a card with his name and the Roma police insignia on it. The clerk recognizes the name and is a bit atingle to find himself 'involved' in the case.

PENSIONE CLERK

I read about your investigation in the papers, Ispettore. This Reeplee is a suspect in the murder?

Ravini won't answer that, but does offer this -

INSP. RAVINI

I commend you on your record-keeping. Arrivederci.

He heads out -

26 EXT. ROME - LATE AFTENNOON 26

Ravini comes out of the modest building onto the street in the area Marge told him the pensione Tom was staying at was on.

There are others with signs above their unremarkable entrances - hotel-this and pensione-that. Ravini walks the short distance to the next one and disappears inside it.

27 INT. HOTEL PALMA ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 27

Tom has Dickie's Hermes set up on the room's secretary desk. Rolls in a sheet of RG stationery and adjusts it in the platen until it's straight. And types -

TOM V/O

Dear Mom and Dad. I don't know if the news made it to the New York papers, but maybe Marge has gotten in touch with you -

28 INT. RISTORANTE - NIGHT 28

A wine cellar with rock walls, where a sommelier finds a particular bottle of wine - *Vega Sicilia Unico*, from Northern Spain - and blows some dust from it.

TOM V/O

If neither of those things happened, then you'll be hearing about it first from me here.

29 INT. RISTORANTE - NIGHT 29

In a restaurant that looks like a cavern, and is, a sommelier displays the bottle's label to the young well-dressed man who ordered it.

TOM V/O

A friend of mine was killed in Rome. You don't know him but his name is Freddie Miles.

Tom, alone at the table, nods to the sommelier who uncorks the bottle and pours a bit in a glass. Tom sips it and nods again. The sommelier fills the glass.

TOM V/O

The police act like they know what they're doing, but I don't think they do. They've arrested no one for this terrible crime.

30 INT. RISTORANTE - NIGHT

30

In the kitchen, the *capocuoco* plates the antipasti himself, as he would for any customer who orders such an expensive bottle of wine.

TOM V/O

The whole thing has upset me greatly, and the police have made it even worse by not allowing me to leave the country.

He arranges the *soppressata*, roasted red peppers, eggplant *caponata* and Sicilian almonds on the plate, drizzling them with virgin olive oil.

TOM V/O

They say it's because I may be able to help them in their investigation, but at the same time they make me feel like a suspect.

31 INT. RISTORANTE - NIGHT

31

A waiter follows the *capocameriere* through narrow hallways to the cavern room and sets the antipasti plate, and another with a mound of *porcini risotto* on it, down on Tom's table.

TOM V/O

They're awful. As is the tabloid press here, making the murder of my friend into macabre entertainment.

32 INT. RISTORANTE - NIGHT

32

The *capocuoco* in the kitchen now arranges a trio of whole fishes on a plate, and again drizzles them with olive oil.

TOM V/O

So I've left Rome. I had to get away from it all. I'm not sure where I'm going. I might meet up with Di Massimo, my painting instructor. Or just go somewhere to be by myself for a while.

33 INT. RISTORANTE - NIGHT 33

Tom knifes a piece of one of the fishes onto his fork and, European style, tastes it without transferring the utensils from hand to hand. It's delicious.

TOM V/O

I'm not sure how all this will resolve, but for the moment at least I'm okay, considering.

34 INT. RISTORANTE - NIGHT 34

The waiter again follows the *capocameriere* to the table, this time with a plate of roasted miniature artichokes that he sets before Tom.

TOM V/O

I'll write again when I'm feeling better. Love, Richard.

35 INT. RISTORANTE - NIGHT 35

And finally, a plate of *formaggi e frutti* is brought out to Tom as the *capocameriere* pours him a short glass of grappa.

TOM V/O

PS - The only true consolation I got from anyone in those dark days after the murder was from Tom. He's a good person.

Tom sips the grappa.

36 EXT. PALERMO STREET - NIGHT 36

Tom drops his letter to the Greenleafs in a mailbox.

37 INT. BANCA D'ITALIA - NAPLES - DAY

37

We've seen this angle on the interior of this bank before. It's from where Tom stood watching Dickie sign for his monthly trust fund allowance.

Then we're near the branch manager's desk where he dials a phone. On the desk is the envelope the Atrani postmaster stamped *RISPEDIRE AL MITTENTE* - Return to Sender - next to the bank's *URGENTE* stamp.

Also on the desk is a newspaper open to an article about the Miles murder in Rome, with the headline, *Nessun Nuovo Indizio nell'Omicidio Miles* (No New Clues in Miles' Murder), with a macabre photo of Freddie's body on a morgue table.

The manager's call connects.

BRAGANZI

*L'ispettore Ravini, per cortesia.*

38 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - SAME TIME

38

The desk officer on the phone here -

DESK OFFICER

*Un momento.*

He transfers the call, and the phone on Ravini's desk rings, but he's not at it.

The officer who sometimes accompanies the inspector, leaning against a different desk, regards the ringing phone and eventually goes over and picks it up.

ROME OFFICER

*Pronto.*

He listens. The rest is in subtitled Italian -

ROME OFFICER

No, he's out ... I don't know where, I can take a message for him if you want.

Listening to the caller, he jots down his name - *Sig. Emilio Braganzi* - and *Banca d'Italia, Napoli*.

ROME OFFICER  
This is regarding what.  
(listens)  
What kind of fraud.

He listens to a rather lengthy explanation. Then -

ROME OFFICER  
I know where Signor Greenleaf is.

39 EXT. PALERMO - CAFE - DAY

39

The same newspaper on Tom's cafe table here, folded open to the same page.

He's already read it and is now leafing through his guidebook. And he's in luck. There's one Caravaggio in Palermo.

He underlines its location: Oratorio di San Lorenzo. Leaves some lira coins under the saucer of his espresso next to the receipt. Puts a fedora on his head and gets up from the table, taking the two newspapers with him.

As he walks off in search of the chapel, he doesn't notice a man who gets up from another table just after him. It could be a coincidence. Or not.

40 EXT. PALERMO - DAY

40

The chapel, if Tom can find it, is somewhere in the Kalsa, the Arab quarter of Palermo, a maze of narrow streets fronted by centuries-old Byzantine buildings, some with Arabesque touches.

As he walks, dropping the newspapers in a trash can at some point, he's unaware of the man from the cafe half a block behind him.

Ahead, Tom sees what the guidebook says is his destination - but it doesn't seem like it would be - a rather plain 3-story stone building at 1 *Via Immacolatella*.

41 INT. ORATORIO DI SAN LORENZO - DAY

41

Tom comes in and is again struck by the contrast of the chapel's unexceptional exterior to its remarkably ornate interior.

It's gorgeous, with high walls of white marble entirely covered with intricately carved figures placed in scenes.

There's no aisle formed by pews, just long wooden benches placed along the two side walls.

Tom approaches the apse across an unbelievably complex mosaic floor. Above the altar hangs the only painting in the place - *La Nativita*.

It's a dark and brooding nativity tableau that required Caravaggio to engage the services of five Roman hoodlums, a prostitute, and an out of wedlock infant as models.

Tom stands there for a long time admiring it, longer than we think we'll have the patience for, but finally he turns and starts back across the mosaic floor to leave.

The man from the cafe is now seated on the long bench against one of the chapel walls, looking down in prayer at the folded hands in his lap. As Tom passes him, neither looks at the other.

Tom opens the tall wooden doors and steps outside.

42 EXT. PALERMO - DAY

42

The man has Tom in sight ahead, but when he reaches the next corner, he has vanished. He looks around but doesn't see Tom anywhere.

He gives up and turns to walk off the other way. In a moment, Tom emerges from an alcove.

Of course Tom knew he was being followed. He's been followed much of his adult life - usually by policemen and creditors who are more adept than this guy, whoever he is.

Now Tom follows him, and he'll do a much better job of it, through the serpentine Kalsa streets toward Palermo Harbor.

At the edge of the Arab quarter, where the man has led Tom, the architecture changes abruptly - from Arab ghetto to post-WWII industrial.

Still unaware he's being followed - and not pretending as Tom was - the man enters a large unadorned building, and Tom sees what it is from its sign:

*Giornale di Sicilia*

The guy must be a tabloid reporter who has somehow discovered that *l'amico della vittima Frederick Miles* - Richard Greenleaf - is in Palermo.

A43 EXT. HOTEL PALMA - DAY

A43

Returning from his gumshoe work, Tom climbs the courtyard's exterior steps.

43 INT. HOTEL PALMA - DAY

43

Tom crosses to the front desk to pick up his room key.

PALMA CLERK

*Come sta signore?*

TOM

*Ca bonu, grazie.*

The clerk is delighted with Tom's attempt at Sicilian.

PALMA CLERK

(subtitled)

Ah, that's good, my Sicilian friend. You're a quick study.

Tom isn't all that 'bonu,' or 'bene,' but what else can you say to a clerk who is always so cheerful in that easy-going Mediterranean way.

He sets Tom's key and an envelope on the counter. 'Richard Greenleaf,' the Palma's address, and cancelled stamps. Tom recognizes the handwriting from personal letters he took from Dickie's desk in Atrani. Marge.

MARGE V/O

Dear Dickie -



44 INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - ATRANI - DAY 44

She sits at her cluttered desk writing the letter in longhand.

MARGE V/O

Hopefully, this reaches you.  
The police were decent enough  
to tell me what you would not -  
where you're hiding out.

45 INT. HOTEL PALMA ROOM - DAY 45

Tom smiles as he reads the letter at the desk in his room.

MARGE V/O

It's pretty obvious to me by  
now why you can't face me. And  
why Tom lies for you. Why don't  
you just come out and admit you  
can't live without your little  
chum?

Tom almost laughs out loud.

MARGE V/O

What do you think, I'm some  
small-town hick who doesn't know  
about these things? I only wish  
I knew this about you sooner, so  
I wouldn't have wasted a year of  
my life.

Oh, this is wonderful. He couldn't have hoped for anything better.

MARGE V/O

I doubt our paths will cross  
again. Thanks for the so-called  
memories. Marge.

He doesn't tear up the letter like the last one. He refolds it, returns it to its envelope and sets it on the desk. He will cherish it forever.

46 EXT. MARGE'S HOUSE - ATRANI - DAY

46

The uniformed policeman who informed the Naples bank manager where he could find Sig. Greenleaf, climbs the steps, traverses the bridge and ducks under the things hanging from Marge's badly placed clothesline.

He knocks on her door and waits. In a few moments, it opens, revealing her.

ROME OFFICER  
Signorina Sherwood?

MARGE  
*Si?*

She notices that the patch on his shoulder includes the word Roma, and perhaps wonders why he's come all this way from there.

ROME OFFICER  
*E' permesso?*

MARGE  
(pause)  
*Si.*

47 INT. MARGE'S HOUSE - DAY

47

He may have been silent much of time we've seen him before, but no more. Standing by her desk with all the junk on it, he speaks to her - and she to him - in Italian, subtitled -

ROME OFFICER  
You know Inspector Ravini.

MARGE  
I met him.

ROME OFFICER  
Yes. He'd like you to come to Rome.

MARGE  
Why.

ROME OFFICER  
To speak with him again.

MARGE

He can't come here to talk to me?

ROME OFFICER

He made the drive and climbed all those steps once. As a courtesy. He's not going to do it again.

Ravini is done with courtesies? What could that mean, she wonders.

MARGE

What's it about?

ROME OFFICER

He didn't tell me.

But she's sure, looking at him, that it's not true.

MARGE

Well, I'm not sure I can just drop everything and go to Rome right now.

ROME OFFICER

Everything.

MARGE

My work. My book.

The officer glances down at it - such as it is - the scraps of paper and snapshots on the desk. Perhaps he's heard about her 'book' from Ravini.

ROME OFFICER

It's a police investigation, Signorina.

His seriousness makes it clear she has no choice in the matter, but she either fails to see that, or doesn't wish to.

MARGE

If I had a car it would be less of a problem, but between the bus and the train -

ROME OFFICER

I have a car. Way down there.

MARGE  
I'm going with you?

ROME OFFICER  
The Inspector insisted on this arrangement.

MARGE  
Really.

ROME OFFICER  
Yes.

MARGE  
When.

ROME OFFICER  
Now.

48 EXT. NEWSSTAND - PALERMO - DAY

48

Tom now has to check three newspapers on the racks, if you can call the tabloid *Giornale di Sicilia* a newspaper.

And sure enough, there it is -

*IL SOSPETTO OMICIDA RICHARD GREENLEAF AVVISTATO A PALERMO*

Murder Suspect Richard Greenleaf Spotted in Palermo

Murder suspect? Says who? This so-called journalist with the byline who can't tail someone properly? None of the other papers, the real ones, have dared to call him a suspect.

This tabloid can't even print a proper picture. The accompanying photo is a blurry one of Tom coming down the hotel's exterior stairs, shot from behind the courtyard banyan tree.

It's a terrible picture, but that's good. His features under the fedora's brim can't really be made out. It could be anyone -

But you can perhaps tell which hotel it is from the angle, he realizes. Certainly anyone working or staying there could, and probably half of Palermo's citizens, if they cared to try.

49 INT. HOTEL PALMA - DAY

49

Tom comes in with the tabloid under his arm. There's also a copy of it lying on the front desk counter, but that doesn't necessarily mean the clerk has read it.

TOM

*La mia chiave, per cortesia.*

PALMA CLERK

*Subito, signor Greenleaf.*

If the clerk has read it, he doesn't let on. He merely fetches the room key from the pigeon hole like he always does, along with an envelope.

PALMA CLERK

(subtitled)

This arrived for you.

What now? Tom doesn't want more mail. The clerk sets it in front of him and raises an eyebrow like a mystery novel fan when the plot thickens -

PALMA CLERK

*Urgentissimo.*

Well, not exactly. *URGENTE* is stamped on the envelope, not *URGENTISSIMO*. Still, it can't be good. It's from Dickie's bank in Naples.

Tom smiles like, *Oh, everything is urgente with banks, it's nothing, as his stomach turns.*

TOM

*Grazie.*

As he heads for the stairs with it, he notices that one of hotel guests is reading the Palermo tabloid. And as he passes, the man elbows his wife to look at him. She does. And Tom sees she does.

50 INT. WENDELL TRUST CO. - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

50

A man who looks like a lawyer, and is, sits behind his desk with his hands clasped on it the way lawyers do when they tell clients sobering news like, 'There's nothing left in your mother's estate.'

He's looking directly at the client, which is us -

## LAWYER

Dear Mr. Greenleaf. Our Fraud Department has reported to me that it's their opinion the signature of January on your monthly trust remittance, number 8747, is invalid. Believing this may have escaped your notice, we hasten to inform you of the irregularity so that you may confirm our opinion that said check has been forged. Further, we have called this matter to the attention of Banca d'Italia, Naples.

51 INT. HOTEL PALMA ROOM - DAY

51

Tom is hunched over the desk here, reading a carbon of the letter with the letterhead *Wendell Trust Company* - in no-nonsense typeface - above the text.

LAWYER V/O

Sincerely, Edward T. Cavanach.  
Esquire.

Tom is aghast - with the news and the only slightly veiled politeness of the URGENTE communique - and now that he's alone with it, instead of with a smiling desk clerk looking on, he doesn't have to hide his dread.

He takes a second letter from the envelope, and -

52 INT. BANCA D'ITALIA - NAPLES - DAY

52

The branch manager we saw call the Rome police to learn the whereabouts of Richard Greenleaf, sits at his desk in the same position as the lawyer in New York, and, also like him, looks right at us -

BRAGANZI

(subtitled)

Most esteemed signor. It has been called to our attention by Wendell Trust Company of New York that there exists doubt regarding the authenticity of your signature of receipt of your January remittance.

53 INT. HOTEL PALMA ROOM - CONTINUED

53

Tom hunched over this second letter now, with its much more elegant, scrollwork *Banca d'Italia* letterhead.

BRAGANZI

(subtitled)

In the case that the signature in question is in fact valid, we urge you to promptly visit our Palermo branch in order to present your identification and complete a new signature card for our records.

Everything heretofore with these letters has been cause enough for alarm, but now there's this -

BRAGANZI

(subtitled)

In the meantime, we have deemed it proper to inform the police of this matter.

'Have deemed,' it says, not 'will deem.' They have already contacted the police. Which makes the letter's overly polite closing all the more chilling -

BRAGANZI

(subtitled)

Most respectfully, and obediently yours, Emilio D Braganzi, Secretario Generale della Banca d'Italia, Napoli.

Tom sits back in the hard chair to stare at the wall, but sees -

54 INT. BANCA D'ITALIA - NAPLES - CONTINUED

54

Emilio D. Braganzi looking at him from behind his desk in Naples -

55 INT. WENDELL TRUST CO. - NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUED

55

And Edward T. Cavanach, Esq. looking at him from behind his desk in New York.

56 INT. HOTEL PALMA ROOM - CONTINUED 56

How can this be? The signature Tom forged in January was a good one! They're all good! Could this be some kind of elaborate ruse concocted by Ravini?

He sets the letter down. Crosses to the windows and parts a curtain enough to look at the street below, and sees down there the reporter who followed him, who he in turn followed, who has now followed him here.

He's standing with another man holding a Speed Graphic camera at his side, smoking and occasionally glancing up to Tom's floor.

Tom hates to have to change hotels. He likes this one. But what choice does he have? *Everyone* knows he's here. Ravini, Marge, bankers, journalists, photographers, nosy guests. He needs a less well known place.

He starts to pack.

57 EXT. HOTEL PALMA - NIGHT 57

As the desk clerk Tom has become quite fond of sets his luggage in the trunk of an idling taxi, he notes the two men still there, still smoking.

The taxi driver shuts the trunk lid. The clerk climbs the hotel's front exterior stairs.

A58 INT. HOTEL PALMA - NIGHT A58

The clerk returns to the lobby where Tom waits to hear his report.

Subtitled -

PALMA CLERK

They're still there, so come with me.

B58 INT/EXT. HOTEL PALMA - NIGHT B58

The clerk leads Tom down a back staircase.

From there, they can see the reporter and photographer beyond the waiting taxi.



TOM  
Thank you for everything. I  
wish I could stay.

Tom tries to put a handsome gratuity in the clerk's  
hand, but he won't take it.

PALMA CLERK  
No, no, no. Good luck.

Tom walks briskly to the waiting cab and climbs in back.  
The *Giornale* guys spot him, but it's too late. The only  
photo they get is of the back of the taxi driving away.

58 EXT. VIA DEGLI SCHIOPPETTIERI - PALERMO - NIGHT 58

The taxi comes along a dark street in an unfashionable  
neighborhood and pulls up outside a portico. Tom pays  
the driver and carries his luggage through it.

It's called the Palazzo Savona, but palatial it's not.  
It's a rundown pensione. If Tom can find it. The stone  
steps are byzantine and confusing.

59 INT. SAVONA - NIGHT 59

The desk clerk here doesn't seem to recognize the name  
Richard Greenleaf, or his face. He hands Tom a room key  
attached to a small fob.

Italian, subtitled -

TOM  
(pointing up)  
Which floor?

SAVONA CLERK  
(pointing down)  
Down.

Tom heads off with his luggage.

60 INT. SAVONA ROOM - NIGHT 60

Tom's descending footfalls on unseen stairs echo as we  
regard a door at the end of a narrow darkened room. The  
door opens, revealing him.

He tries the light switch. Only one of the bulbs in an old chandelier lights.

The room is even worse than Tom expected from the hotel's exterior and lobby. It's almost as drab as his Lower East SRO was. And it's in the basement.

He has to stand on a chair to part the shabby curtain of the room's high window, and is rewarded with a view of eye-level cobblestones.

He shuts the curtain.

61 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - NIGHT

61

Marge's long drive in silence in the police car with the officer has reached its final destination: Ravini's desk.

She watches him thumb through his notebook, like he did at her house, like he does everywhere, and wonders if it is meant to annoy her further. The sound of the pages flipping is certainly annoying.

In English -

INSP. RAVINI

Thank you for coming.

MARGE

You're welcome.

He smiles. Does she think she had a choice? She's American, so maybe she does.

MARGE

Have you made some kind of progress on the case?

INSP. RAVINI

Which.

Which? Which other could she possibly mean?

MARGE

Freddie's murder.

INSP. RAVINI

It remains under investigation.

He back-folds his notebook to flatten it, to better accommodate the notes he will write.

INSP. RAVINI  
You mentioned Tomas Reeplee when we spoke, but I don't think you said how it is you know him.

MARGE  
This is about Tom?

Ravini's silence says, Please answer the question.

MARGE  
He stayed with Dickie in Atrani for a while.

INSP. RAVINI  
I see. So you got to know him there.

MARGE  
As much as I'd like to.

INSP. RAVINI  
Why do you say that, if I may ask.

MARGE  
Tom is - he's one of those people who takes advantage of people. He took advantage of Dickie.

INSP. RAVINI  
In what way.

MARGE  
He came to Italy, moved into Dickie's house, never paid for anything, and just - wouldn't go away.

INSP. RAVINI  
Yet that's exactly what he has done.

MARGE  
No, he hasn't. He's in Rome, as I told you, still hanging around wherever Dickie is.

INSP. RAVINI

But Deekee - okay, I will call him that - he is not in Rome.

MARGE

I'm sure Tom is just waiting for him to get back so he can keep using him.

INSP. RAVINI

Clearly, you don't like Signor Reeplee.

MARGE

I don't like saying bad things about anyone, but no.

Ravini nods. Keeps nodding. And it suddenly dawns on her -

MARGE

Did he have something to do with Freddie's murder?

INSP. RAVINI

Would that surprise you?

MARGE

You know what? It wouldn't. Dickie told me they met in Naples last year, and Tom really didn't like him.

INSP. RAVINI

He told me the same thing. Now both of you have - about Signor Reeplee's opinion of Signor Malaise. But about Signor Reeplee himself, Deekee says he is a very good person. The opposite of what you say.

MARGE

He says the same to me, and I have no idea why.

Of course she does, but she's not going to get into that with Ravini.

MARGE

He knows what Tom is. He wanted him to leave. To leave him alone. To leave us alone. We talked about it.

Ravini nods, but not necessarily because he believes any of it.

INSP. RAVINI

Why did you lie to me about seeing Reepley in Rome?

MARGE

What?

INSP. RAVINI

He is not in Rome. Not now, and not when you said he was.

MARGE

Yes, he was. I saw him.

INSP. RAVINI

You saw him and he was staying on Via dei Coronari, or so you said.

MARGE

Or so I 'said?'

INSP. RAVINI

I checked every hotel and pensione on Via dei Coronari. I was surprised they all kept good records. That's helpful in police investigations. Tomas Reeplee stayed at none of them.

MARGE

It's what he told me. He probably lied. It wouldn't be the first time.

INSP. RAVINI

Why would he lie about that.

MARGE

Because it's what he does. He's a *liar*. It's his profession.

INSP. RAVINI  
Signorina. You sent me on a  
useless errand. I don't have  
time for that. I have a lot to  
do.

MARGE  
I'm not lying.

He gives no indication that he believes her. Just nods.

INSP. RAVINI  
What are your plans.

MARGE  
What do you mean, my plans.

INSP. RAVINI  
In Italy.

MARGE  
Honestly? I'm thinking about  
going home.

INSP. RAVINI  
To New York.

MARGE  
Minnesota.

INSP. RAVINI  
Ah.

It's unlikely he could find Minnesota on a map.

INSP. RAVINI  
You cannot.

MARGE  
Excuse me?

INSP. RAVINI  
You must remain in the country  
until I inform you otherwise.  
May I see your passport.

MARGE  
Why.

INSP. RAVINI

So I can notify *l'Immigrazione* in case you think I'm not serious.

She can see that he's serious, but isn't sure why.

MARGE

Am I some kind suspect in this?

Ravini just holds out his hand for her passport.

INSP. RAVINI

I assume you have it with you.

She does. She just can't believe what's happening here. She fishes it from her purse and gives it to him. He jots down the passport's number in his notebook and returns it to her.

INSP. RAVINI

Thank you for coming to Roma to speak with me. I apologize that I cannot have my officer drive you back to Atrani. You will have to take the train ... and the bus.

And with that, she is unceremoniously dismissed.

62

EXT. PALERMO - BANCA D'ITALIA - DAY

62

The Palermo branch of Banca d'Italia is a massive baroque edifice constructed of stone blocks, at once beautiful and brutal, something Mussolini would love.

Tom loiters across the street like a thief casing it, though is better-dressed than most thieves, in Dickie's fine suit, Rolex, ring.

He's trying to work up the courage to do what the bank letter 'urged' him to do, to come in and straighten out this so-called forgery matter, mumbling to himself the kind of thing he'll say, if they don't immediately put him in handcuffs -

TOM

(subtitled Italian)

No, no, it's no inconvenience...

(MORE)

## TOM (CONT'D)

In fact, I commend you for your attention to the security of your customer's money.

He drops his Nazionale cigarette on the sidewalk, mashes it out with the toe of his Ferragamo loafer, and crosses the street.

63

INT. BANCA D'ITALIA - PALERMO - DAY

63

It's like a palazzo on the inside, too, a cavernous atrium with thick columns supporting the high ceiling.

Tom crosses to one of the free-standing marble counters atop which rest neat stacks of deposit/withdrawal slips, and pens.

He goes through the motions of filling out a deposit slip with the Montblanc but is actually just scrutinizing the bank officers at the desks, one of which will conduct the Inquisition.

He also considers the guards, and checks to see if in addition to them there are any Palermo policemen hanging around, in case something goes wrong and he has to flee.

A customer with one of the bank officers finishes whatever the transaction is, shakes the banker's hand, and walks off.

Tom regards the empty chair. Crumples the slip and pockets it. Takes out his passport and the bank letter, and with them in hand begins the long walk toward the waiting chair.

His leather soles - and those of others walking on the terrazzo floor - echo like the whole place is underwater. Like he's underwater.

Halfway there he decides not to go through with it. Not because he can't - he knows he can convince them the signature is his - but for another reason:

They could know more than they let on in the letter. This could be a trap.

He leaves.



64 INT. SAVONA ROOM - DAY

64

Tom sits before Dickie's Hermes typewriter. Rolls in a thin sheet of Dickie's own stationery and stares at it like an author waiting for inspiration for the first line of his novel.

Exactly what he writes is less important than the fact it's being written on this particular typewriter. Surely both institutions have in their files something Dickie has written to them on it with its flawed raised 'e,' which to Tom's mind is even better than a signature.

He brings his hands to the keys and begins tapping at them, typing the date, Wendell Trust Co., its New York address, and -

TOM V/O

Dear Mr. Cavanach. In regard to your letter concerning my January remittance: I signed the check in question myself and received the money in full. If I had missed a check, I would of course have informed you at once, and can assure you there has been no fraud. Sincerely -

He racks the carriage a few times to allow space for a signature and types -

Richard Greenleaf

He pulls the letter from the Hermes and signs it. It's good. Short and sweet.

65 INT. SAVONA - DAY

65

In a little room with peeling wallpaper, the clerk sifts through stamps in a drawer.

He brings them to the front desk, on which he places the correct amount of postage for a letter to the United States.

Subtitled -

TOM

Add it to my bill, thanks.

SAVONA CLERK

Cash, please. Sorry.

Tom pays him. Licks the stamps, puts them on the envelope, and uses the desk pen to underline a word he typed in capital letters on it.

SAVONA CLERK

You can leave it here.

With some other mail littering the end of his counter.

TOM

No, thanks, I'll take it to the post office.

SAVONA CLERK

Urgente.

The clerk points to the word Tom underlined, but honestly, who's he to offer such a remark?

TOM

Just business.

SAVONA CLERK

Ah.

Tom starts to leave with the envelope and pen.

SAVONA CLERK

La penna.

Tom returns it to the counter, and the clerk watches him walk out.

66 EXT. - PALERMO - DAY

66

Tom drops the letter in a public mailbox.

67 EXT. VIA DEGLI SCHIOPPETTIERI - DAY

67

As Tom approaches the Savona, he slows. Two policemen, one in uniform, stand outside a police car, smoking. They see him.

FERRARA

Signor Greenleaf?

This one comes up to him and displays a badge.

FERRARA

*Sono il tenente Enrico Ferrara,  
della Polizia di Palermo.*

TOM

*Mi dica.*

Like, okay, what.

FERRARA

(subtitled)

Perhaps we could speak in  
private.

68 INT. SAVONA - DAY

68

Tom picks up his key from the desk clerk, who watches him - as do some guests sitting in the lobby - cross to the stairs with the police inspector and officer.

69 INT. SAVONA ROOM - DAY

69

Tenente Ferrara doesn't have a little notebook, or at least doesn't produce one for this meeting. Nor does he smoke. He just sits with Tom as the officer stands in a corner of the dismal room, looking on.

FERRARA

I received a call from Ispettore  
Ravini in Roma. You are familiar  
with him.

TOM

We've met.

FERRARA

He says you have a habit of not  
answering telephones.

TOM

I've received no calls from him.  
I don't even have a phone here.

FERRARA

You did at the hotel you told him  
you would be at.

TOM

I had to change hotels.

FERRARA

You must inform him if you changed hotels. This was the understanding. You did not - which created investigatory work for me on his behalf.

TOM

I planned to inform him today. I'll call him now, if there's a phone upstairs I can use.

FERRARA

No need.

TOM

I don't understand. Why would he call me and not want me to call him back?

FERRARA

Because he wants to see you in Roma.

Tom just looks at Ferrara, then nods, but not in such a way that says, Fine, but rather to buy a moment to think.

FERRARA

He apologizes for interrupting your vacation, but he has some important questions concerning a friend of yours.

TOM

I've told him everything I know about Frederick Miles. He knows that. There's really nothing more I have to say about him that would be helpful.

FERRARA

It's not about Signor Malaise. He wishes to speak to you about Tomas Reeplee.

Tom hesitates, but only for a moment.

TOM

What about him.

FERRARA

You have not read the papers.

TOM

Not today.

Ferrara doesn't elaborate on what might be in them.

FERRARA

The Inspector would like you  
to travel to Roma immediately.  
He added -

Now he takes out a little notepad so he can quote the  
*ispettore's* exact words he wrote down -

FERRARA

- that failure to present  
yourself to him in a timely  
manner will force him to take  
certain measures which will be  
inconvenient for both him and  
you.

He closes the notepad and looks at Tom.

FERRARA

So I may tell the Inspector you  
will be in Roma tomorrow? There  
is a ferry to Napoli tonight.

Tom doesn't immediately agree. Eventually, though,  
he nods, okay. Ferrara gets up and pockets his little  
notepad.

FERRARA

Good. I will relate.

The Palermo police leave.

70

EXT. PALERMO - NEWSSTAND - DAY

70

Tom at a newspaper rack on the street, buys a *Giornale di Sicilia* and an *Il Messaggero*. Hopefully, something in them will tell him what the *tenente* was talking about.

71 EXT. PALERMO - CAFE - DAY

71

He leafs through the papers at a table at a different cafe.

In the *Giornale di Sicilia*, there are no new surreptitiously-taken photos of him, and nothing else alarming.

He picks up Rome's *Il Messaggero* and sees a headline on the second page that's so startling he can do nothing but stare at it for several moments -

*Americano Thomas Ripley Disperso e Temuto Morto*

American Thomas Ripley Missing and Feared Dead

There's a photo of the infamous San Remo boat - this time on the beach of the cove where it was found, with the San Remo policemen standing around it - but no photo of Tom, thank God.

As Tom reads the article, we try to along with him, but only catch a few of the phrases, translated for us -

... bloodstained boat in San Remo

... foul play suspected in the disappearance

... friend of the missing man, suspect Richard Greenleaf

... now wanted in connection with a second possible murder

The entire situation has gotten dire. What has Ravini found?

He sets the *Il Messaggero* down and thinks. What is he going to do now? For sure it can't do what he promised the tenente.

He can't meet with Ravini now that he knows about the forged checks, which might be the evidence that has led him to his suspicions, not to mention whatever Marge may have told him.

He hates to consider it, but could this be the end of Dickie Greenleaf? Of him as Dickie Greenleaf?

The thought of going back to being Tom, plain old Tom, is almost too much to bear, but what is Dickie now? Not his usual carefree self, but someone who is suspicious of everyone, afraid of being followed and photographed, wanted in connection with a murder, and now a possible second murder.

How much fun is it being him?

Another, more upbeat thought stops him. Something that might make this awful predicament bearable. If it will work. It might. He gets up.

72

EXT. PALERMO HARBOR - DAY

72

Tom regards a board listing destinations and departure times for the ferries. He's interested in two of them, both of which have a night crossing. One is to Naples. The other, to Tunis, Tunisia.

Some passengers from a ferry that has arrived change various currencies for lira at a foreign exchange window on the docks.

So does Tom, countersigning the remainder of Richard Greenleaf Travelers Cheques in a booklet for \$2,000 in lira.

73

INT. SAVONA - EVENING

73

Tom comes in from the street and approaches the front desk wearing a troubled expression.

If the clerk had to describe it - and Tom expects he will at some point - to the police - which is the reason for it - he might call it: 'resigned.'

The clerk sets the room key on the counter, but Tom doesn't pick it up. Just stands there 'thinking.'

Subtitled -

SAVONA CLERK

Something wrong?

TOM

I have to leave. I know I'm booked for the rest of the week but -

He trails off, as if to finish the sentence, to give the reason for his leaving, is too painful.

TOM

Sorry.

SAVONA CLERK

It's all right. You want to leave when.

TOM

Do you have the ferry schedule there?

The clerk looks for it amidst paperwork on and in the drawers of his front desk, but it isn't there.

He retreats to the little room with the peeling wallpaper, goes through drawers there, finds the ferry schedule and returns with it to the front desk.

SAVONA CLERK

Dimmi.

TOM

Is there one tonight to Tunis?

Tom, of course, knows there is, he just saw it on the board on the docks. The clerk checks a ferry schedule.

SAVONA CLERK

To Tunis. There is. At 21:00.

TOM

Okay, then, yes, I'm leaving now. You can prepare my bill.

SAVONA CLERK

Yes, sir.

But Tom doesn't leave, with or without his key, just nods, more to himself, lost in thought - some terrible weight bearing down on him - all for the clerk's - the police's - and eventually Ravini's - benefit. Finally -

TOM

Thank you. I should pack.



He allows the clerk a moment more to appreciate his dark mood, then picks up his room key and shuffles off toward the stairs, knowing the man must be staring curiously at his back.

74 INT. SAVONA ROOM - EVENING

74

Tom lays out everything he's packing on the bed, separating the things that bear the RG monogram from those that don't, creating two distinct piles.

In one: Dickie's wallet, Rolex watch, Dunhill lighter, cufflinks, Montblanc pen, Dopp kit, passport, ring.

Tom stares at the ring for a long moment. Everything else, okay, but the ring? He plucks it from the pile and drops it in his trouser pocket.

He puts the rest of that pile in a cloth shoe bag and sets it in the suitcase. The rest, the things without Dickie's initials, he places directly in the suitcase.

75 INT. SAVONA ROOM - NIGHT

75

The packed suitcase sits by the door.

Tom is at the room's desk, fingers on the Hermes' keys. He types the date on a sheet of Dickie's personal stationery, then begins the letter itself. It's in Italian, but we're allowed to hear it in English -

TOM V/O

Dear Signora Buffi,  
I hope this letter finds you  
well. And I apologize that I am  
writing it instead of talking to  
you in person ...

76 INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

76

Tom sits in back with a stamped envelope bearing the printed initials RG in the top left corner, addressed to Sig.ra Buffi, Via di Monserrato 34, Roma.

TOM

(subtitled)

Pull over here, please.

The car pulls over. Tom gets out. Drops the letter in the slot of a cast iron box marked POSTE and gets back in the taxi.

77 EXT. PALERMO HARBOR - NIGHT

77

The taxi delivers Tom to the docks, where two ferries idle, one on either side of it.

He pays the driver. Takes his suitcase and the Hermes typewriter case from the trunk. Carries them toward and past a couple of policemen. Reaches the *Tirrenia* ticket window.

Since he inquired with the hotel desk clerk about the departure of the ferry to North Africa, we expect him to say to the ticket clerk, 'Tunis.' Instead -

TOM

Napoli.

TIRRENIA CLERK

*Uno?*

TOM

*Si.*

He pays for the ticket and boards the Napoli-bound ferry with his luggage.

78 EXT. TYRRHENIAN SEA - FERRY (MOVING) - NIGHT

78

The prow cuts through dark water.

Tom, wearing a life vest over Dickie's beautiful suit jacket, can just make out some distant twinkling lights of Palermo to the south, but nothing but open seas ahead of him to the north.

He's found a private spot to look at the vistas, and, more importantly, to carry out the next step of his plan - to bury Dickie's things.

He opens the suitcase and takes from it the cloth bag containing them. Opens it to take one last look at the items, handling each like a rare jewel.

Dickie's Rolex watch that he ruined in San Remo, but then repaired in Rome -

Dickie's beautiful gold Dunhill lighter that he used to burn through the rope knot that enabled him to dump his body from the boat -

Dickie's gold cufflinks Dickie caught him wearing in Atrani, one marked R, the other G -

Dickie's Montblanc pen which he has used so many times to sign his name, *Richard Greenleaf* -

Dickie's passport with the signature Tom is so adept at copying, regardless of what banks say -

Even though he knows that Dickie - Tom as Dickie - has to disappear now, it's hard for him to actually do it.

He looks down at the black water. Once he drops these coveted possessions overboard into it, who will he be? Tom. Just Tom.

Still, he knows it's the wise thing to do. Nothing of Dickie's can ever be found in his possession again. All trace of Dickie has to be destroyed, sunk to the bottom of the sea like Dickie himself.

But he can't do it. He can't part with them. He puts the items back in the cloth bag, places it back in the suitcase, and latches it shut.

79 EXT. MOLO BEVERELLO - NAPLES - MORNING

79

The sun is just coming up as the ferry arrives.

Tom disembarks with the other passengers. Walks past a pair of policemen with his luggage. Sets it in the trunk of an idling cab and climbs in back.

TOM

*Stazione Centrale.*

80 EXT. NAPLES TRAIN STATION - MORNING

80

Tom has made it to the front of the ticket line, waits for the clerk to gesture to him, steps up to its window.

But we stay back with the others waiting in the line, too far to see or hear what destination Tom buys a ticket for.

81 INT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY 81

Tom is in a first-class compartment, but not alone. Three other men share it, businessmen seated opposite, who are more interested in their newspapers than him.

One of the papers is folded in such a way that the headline - *Americano Thomas Ripley Disperso e Temuto Morto* - and the photo of the boat on the beach - faces out toward Tom.

He glances out the window at the countryside.

82 EXT. ROME TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY 82

The train pulls into Rome's main station.

83 INT. TRAIN - DAY 83

The Italian businessmen gather their few things. Tom waits for them to finish before taking his own luggage down from the racks.

84 EXT. ROME TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY 84

As he steps down from the train, we might wonder why. We're as aware of the situation as he is, and Rome is the last place we'd want to be if we were him.

Yet here we are, walking alongside him on the platform toward two more policemen.

We pass them without being stopped -

85 INT. ROME TRAIN STATION - DAY 85

We continue with Tom to an area marked with a sign that reads -

*Deposito Bagaglio*

He hands over his two pieces of luggage to a clerk there, who tags them for storage and returns to Tom two claim stubs. You pay later.

86 INT. TAXI - MOVING - ROME - DAY 86

Tom sits in back as the taxi drives across Rome.

87 EXT. ROME - DAY 87

Tom has the cab drop him near Piazza Farnese. We get out with him, but then lose sight of him down one of the narrow side streets.

88 EXT. VIA DI MONSERRATO - ROME - DAY 88

Like the *Giornale di Sicilia* reporter waited outside Hotel Palma, Tom waits down the street from his own apartment building.

He'd love to go in and see Signora Buffi, make up stories about his Sicily trip to entertain her, then go up to his apartment and live happily ever after.

Only that can't happen now. He can't be seen by her here. He drops his cigarette and mashes it out with his shoe. A few more butts are there. He's been here for a while.

Eventually, the front door opens and there she is with a little collapsible wire cart on wheels, bumping it down the one step to the sidewalk.

He knows she'll wheel it off in the other direction - the grocery store's direction - and she does. He crosses the street and goes in -

89 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 89

Tom walks past the shut Portiere door, and Signora Buffi's cat which watches him cross to the elevator. A 'Fuori Servizio' sign - Out of Order - hangs from its cage.

Tom starts up the stairs. Passes a door at the second floor landing moments before it opens. If his neighbor who emerges sees him at all on the next flight above, it can't be well enough to know it's him.

She starts down the stairs with her little dog on a leash.

90 INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY 90

He comes in. Goes straight to the desk to get what he came for. His passport - Tom Ripley's passport - which he finds where he left it, in the top drawer.

He pockets it and goes into the bedroom. Takes his portable Underwood typewriter - Tom Ripley's typewriter - from the bottom shelf of the armoire, and brings it back into the living room.

There's nothing else he can think of that he needs, except his Mina and Tony Renis 45s next to the hi-fi.

He picks them up, and the Underwood, and leaves, locking the door behind him.

We stay inside, listening to his steps descending the stairs, and consider - as we did when he left Dickie's villa - still-lives of the things he's leaving behind -

His books and art supplies, his paintings and those on the walls, his favorite chair - which was Ravini's, too - and the light falling across the Murano ashtray ...

91 OMIT - INT. TAXI - MOVING - ROME - DAY 91

92 INT. ROME TRAIN STATION - DAY 92

Tom peers up at the Departure board.

Then we wait in a line as he buys a train ticket to wherever he's going next.

Then we follow him over to the *Deposito Bagaglio* area where he trades the claim stubs pinched in his fingers with the fee and a gratuity for his stored luggage.

Then we wait again as he takes it aside, opens the suitcase and puts the portable Underwood and the records in it.

93 INT. TRAIN - MOVING - DAY 93

He's in another first-class compartment, but alone in it this time, having apparently bought it out like he did when he first came to Rome.

He's still dressed as he has been all day, in Dickie's fine grey suit, placidly gazing out at the scenery passing by the window.

94 EXT. STAZIONE DI VENEZIA SANTA LUCIA PLATFORM - DAY 94

An arriving train's passengers disembark.

We see Tom, nicely dressed after his long day of travel.

As he carries his luggage along the platform in the wake of his fellow arriving passengers, there's nothing to it that seems noteworthy to him. It looks like every other station he's seen in Italy.

Even the pair of policemen, standing ahead of him smoking, look like every other policemen he's seen on every other train station platform. He passes them.

95 EXT. STAZIONE DI VENEZIA SANTA LUCIA - DAY 95

As Tom emerges from the station, its modernist canopy frames his first view of the Grand Canal, with Chiesa di San Simeone Piccolo centered like a jewel in a setting.

96 EXT. GRAND CANAL - VAPARETTO - MOVING - DAY 96

Unlike every other body of water, this one doesn't frighten Tom. It can't be very deep, and isn't very wide. Even he could probably thrash his way to the cement banks if he happened to fall in.

As the vaporetto motors into a lazy turn and the Grand Canal is properly revealed to Tom, the anxiety he's had since he left Palermo begins to drain from his body, replaced with awe as he sees -

Venice. Its ancient Gothic and Byzantine architecture. All the boats plying the canals - the small barges laden with produce - mahogany water taxis - the gondolas, which Tom of course has seen in kitschy paintings, but never thought would actually be here.

Looking at it all from the railing of the vaporetto, Tom can hardly believe such a magical place exists on earth.

And it's his new home.