

R I P L E Y

Episode 8

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Based on the Ripley Novels
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EPISODE 8

Rome, 1606

1 EXT. ROME, 1606 - NARROW STREET - NIGHT 1

The city looks much like it will 350 years from now, except for the absence of Fiats and Vespas and street-lights and nightclubs.

It's almost pitch black on this familiar narrow street where a trio of Roman policemen stands over a dead body. The few bystanders, criminals and prostitutes, don't seem overly disturbed with the discovery. Such an event is not uncommon in this part of town.

ROMAN POLICEMAN
(subtitled)
Bring it closer.

A lamp bearer brings his lantern close enough to illuminate the dead man's disreputable-looking face, the stab wound to his thigh severing his femoral artery, and the blood that seeps from it onto the cobblestones.

The tableau of cops standing over the body, side-lit by the lantern, look like figures in a Caravaggio painting.

ROMAN POLICEMAN
(subtitled)
It's Ranuccio.

The other policemen recognize him, too. Ranuccio Tomassoni, a pimp they've arrested many times before. Any number of people could've killed him, but they already suspect one in particular.

2 INT. ATELIER - ROME - NIGHT - 1606 2

Real life still-lives in chiaroscuro light:

Paints and brushes and palettes and empty wine bottles.

A rapping on a door.

ROMAN POLICEMAN O/S
Caravaggio!

When no one answers it, a key turns the lock and it opens revealing the landlady in her night clothes, the policemen, and the lamp bearer.

They step into the dark room, an artist's atelier, lit only by the one window not covered, allowing in a single shaft of light.

It's 'Caravaggio light,' like a Caravaggio painting - with a Caravaggio painting in it - resting on a large easel next to the table and props depicted in it.

As the lamp bearer comes deeper into the room, the lantern light illuminates other paintings leaning against the walls. And the one on the easel, unfinished, which will never hang in a museum.

3 EXT. VIA APPIA ANTICA - NIGHT - 1606 3

A horse and rider gallop along the same stretch of Via Appia Antica where Freddie's body will be found by the police in a Cinquecento centuries from now.

4 EXT. PALIANO, ITALY - NIGHT - 1606 4

The horse and rider gallop past on a narrow tree-lined road leading to a palazzo on a hilltop.

5 EXT. PALAZZO COLONNA - NIGHT - 1606 5

The exhausted horse stands tethered outside the palace.

6 INT. PALAZZO COLONNA - NIGHT - 1606 6

The exhausted rider sits alone in the sala maggiore, slouched in an ornate chair, a glass of red wine in a bloodstained hand.

He's about 35, with disheveled dark hair and a goatee, and the same face as the beheaded Goliath's that will one day hang in the Borghese.

Around him on the walls here hang some of his other major paintings in gilt frames. They, and this room, share the same dark chiaroscuro.

The servant who presumably let him in now leads a woman in a dressing gown down the stairs and through the rooms, carrying a candelabra.

She's in her mid-fifties - Costanza Colonna - patron of the arts. She comes into the grand sala and regards the man in it, now refilling his glass from the wine bottle he opened himself.

The bloody dagger beside the wine glass and bloodstains on his clothes, and on the silk-upholstered chair he sits in may concern her, but don't entirely surprise her.

Very matter of fact, subtitled Italian -

COSTANZA

What have you done now.

Caravaggio offers no more explanation than a slight shrug and a look of insouciance not unlike Tom Ripley's in his passport photo.

CARAVAGGIO

I just need a place to stay.

He sips his wine.

7

EXT. VENICE - SAN MARCO CAFE - DAY

7

The 17th century murder in Rome and escape to Paliano wasn't a dream. Caravaggio's criminality is his own, not Tom's.

But Tom has adopted a look not unlike Caravaggio, with a similar goatee, sipping from a glass of wine at one of the very few occupied tables of a San Marco cafe.

There was nothing of note in the newspapers - now read and folded and held down by Dickie's Leica like a paper-weight - leaving Tom free to gaze off at the piazza.

The day, like every day in Venice in winter, is grey, which makes it all the more beautiful. Virtually devoid of tourist, but not pigeons.

They follow in the wakes of a few locals crossing the square, scattering to the sky when a priest yells something at them.

Tom picks up the Leica and takes a moody picture of San Marco that Thomas Mann could have used to illustrate Death in Venice.

Like Caravaggio, Tom needs a place to stay. Three weeks in a hotel is long enough. He unfolds one of the papers - *Il Gazzettino* - and looks at listings of places for rent in the classified section at the back.

8 EXT. VENICE - DAY

8

A man with an iron ring of skeleton and other keys unlocks a tall wooden door, pushes it open revealing a garden bordered by stone walls covered in vines, and invites Tom to go ahead of him -

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Dopo di lei.

After you. They walk across the courtyard past a gnarled olive tree and a stone pedestal birdbath with no water in it. The garden is run down, long neglected, which is exactly as it should be.

9 INT. PALAZZO - DAY

9

They climb a flight of stone stairs that leads to the grand sala of a centuries-old palazzo, furnished in the style - and perhaps even some of the actual late Renaissance pieces - from when it was built.

A man and woman trying to clean the place up, polishing tabletops and carved chair arms, look up from their work at Tom and the agent coming in.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

(subtitled)

This is Anna and Ugo. They come with the place.

The husband-and-wife servants smile at the prospective renter.

ANNA & UGO

Signore.

TOM

Piacere.

As the servants get back to their work, Tom wanders into and around the main room, which is so large and ornate it's a shame to just call it a living room.

It's magnificent. Ancient wood beam ceilings, antique furniture on terrazzo floors and Persian carpets, arched Venetian windows trimmed with dark velvet curtains framing an impressive view of the Grand Canal.

It's also shadowy, foreboding, with candelabras and other things covered up for the winter. You can almost feel the presence of others who have lived and died here over the last 400 years, which is also what you'd want in a Venetian palazzo.

Subtitled -

REAL ESTATE AGENT
May I show you the main entrance?

TOM
What did we come in?

REAL ESTATE AGENT
The back door.

Really. The back entrance was lovely. How much more so could the front be?

10

EXT. PALAZZO - DAY

10

The agent leads Tom down a different flight of stone stairs to a damp, darkened ground floor. With one of his skeleton keys he unlocks a heavy wooden door that opens onto a private dock on a side canal.

Tom steps close to the water's edge to look at a gondola - yes, a gondola - coming past as if it was somehow cued by the agent.

Subtitled:

REAL ESTATE AGENT
Careful.

But it's too late. Tom's leather-soled shoes slip on the slick wet stones. Luckily, the agent grabs him by the arm before he falls into the canal.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Moss.

He points down at the slippery green moss that covers the stone landing and the steps that disappear into the water - three of them to compensate for the changes in the tides.

TOM

I think I'll use the servants' entrance.

The agent laughs, but Tom isn't really kidding.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

May I show you the bedrooms.

TOM

Please.

As the real estate agent locks up the heavy door, he has no idea how much the little slip on the steps terrified his client. They disappear back inside.

11 INT. PALAZZO - DAY

11

In another handsome room, Tom looks over some paperwork the agent has filled out and given him.

Subtitled -

REAL ESTATE AGENT

The lease is six months minimum.

TOM

That's fine. I may stay longer.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

You will. You'll never want to leave this place.

TOM

You may be right.

Since Tom is now Tom, he no longer carries Dickie's monogrammed Montblanc. He signs the lease with a normal pen, '*Thomas Ripley.*'

A12 EXT. POLICE STATION - PALERMO - DAY A12

A pair of policemen lead a man in handcuffs along a colonnade and into the police station.

12 INT. POLICE STATION - PALERMO - DAY 12

Lieutenant Ferrara picks up a call that's been transferred to his desk.

FERRARA
Tenente Ferrara.

The rest is subtitled -

INSP. RAVINI
It's Inspector Ravini in Roma.
Richard Greenleaf never showed
up.

Ferrara sighs, sensing perhaps this will somehow create work for him.

13 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - SAME TIME 13

Ravini on the phone at his desk.

INSP. RAVINI
Did you tell him what I asked you
to tell him?

FERRARA
I did. Word for word.

Ravini hears through the phone the slap of notepad pages being flipped, then Fararro reading -

FERRARA
Failure to present yourself to
Ispettore Ravini will force him
to take certain measures which
will be inconvenient to -

INSP. RAVINI
(interrupting him)
Fine. What I need to know now is
if he actually left Palermo. He
may not have.

FERRARA

How would I know.

Now it's Ravini who sighs.

INSP. RAVINI

You might start by checking the
place you found him at.

14 INT. POLICE STATION - PALERMO - SAME TIME

14

The look on Ferrara's face says, 'obviously,' but -

FERRARA

And then? When he's not there?

INSP. RAVINI

Then, I would say, detective, you
do some detective work.

Ferrara shakes his head. The police in Rome, to this
day, act like the city is still the center of an empire,
and everyone else is the help. Imperious and tiresome.

FERRARA

Fine.

INSP. RAVINI

Thank you.

The call disconnects.

15 EXT. VENICE - MAP STORE - DAY

15

As he did when he took the Rome apartment, Tom looks
for things to personalize his home here, peering in shop
windows on a narrow street.

He goes into one that's selling old maps and
architectural prints. He likes old maps. He can spend
hours at night looking at them, and will if he sees any
he particularly likes in here.

16 EXT. VENICE - MURANO GLASS SHOP - DAY 16

He must have found one since he's now carrying a rolled-up parchment as he looks in a window displaying an array of glass vases and bowls and animal figures made on the nearby island of Murano.

That must have been where his 'Freddie Miles' ashtray was blown. It's a shame he had to leave it in Rome. He actually for a moment thought of taking it with him when he picked up his passport and typewriter, but it felt unseemly, like taking a trophy, a big game head.

But he did love that ashtray, and sees others like it here in the window of this shop. He goes in.

17 EXT. VENICE - DAY 17

Now laden with the parchment roll, a bag from the Murano glass shop, another from a book shop, and another from a clothing shop, Tom heads home on the narrow streets, crossing little bridges over minor canals.

They're like veins running through the city, these canals, the little boats moving along them like circulating blood.

18 INT. TOM'S PALAZZO - DAY 18

Tom comes in with his purchases via the street entrance rather than the frightful canal's, and cheerfully calls out -

TOM
Ciao, Anna. Ciao, Ugo.

Anna appears at a doorway.

ANNA
Ciao, Tommaso.
(subtitled; gesturing
off)
Would you like lunch in there?

In the living room.

TOM
Si, grazie.

She retreats to finish preparing it. Tom puts the bags down, crosses to the hifi, unsleeves one of his Mina 45s, puts it on and sets the needle down.

As the song plays, Tom unfurls what he bought at the little art shop. It is indeed an antique map of Venice.

He lays it across a table and to ease the curling edges using the book he just bought - a heavy Caravaggio tome - at one end, and the ashtray he bought from the Murano glass shop at the other.

It looks a lot like the one he had in Rome, the same shape, single notch for a cigarette, but a noticeably darker shade.

He pulls his clothing store purchase from its bag and removes the tissue paper it's wrapped in.

It's a dressing gown. Silk. But not paisley like the one he chose at the Brooks Brothers store in New York for Dickie when he had no taste. Dickie would like this one. Tom certainly does.

ANNA

Che bellezza.

She's referring to the robe as she comes in with Tom's lunch on a tray.

TOM

Grazie, ma quella è una bellezza.

The food she's prepared for him. She smiles and sets the tray down on a table.

19 EXT. VENICE - DAY

19

Tom throws the Brooks Brothers burgundy paisley robe in a public trash bin. Let the rats eat it.

20 EXT. PALERMO - PALAZZO SAVONA - DAY

20

Tenente Ferrara climbs from a police car and goes into the Palazzo Savona, the rundown hotel the man he knows as Richard Greenleaf was staying at.

21 INT. PALAZZO SAVONA - DAY

21

The desk clerk taps a line on the registration ledger to prove what he has already told Tenente Ferrara.

Subtitled Sicilian -

SAVONA CLERK

He checked out January 27th, as you can see.

Indeed, Sig. Greenleaf's signature is there in the ledger on that departure date.

FERRARA

Did he say where he was going?

SAVONA CLERK

He asked if there was a ferry to Tunisi that evening.

FERRARA

Tunisi.

The clerk nods. Ferrara writes it down on his little notepad.

FERRARA

Was there?

SAVONA CLERK

Yes.

While that won't be good news to Ravini, it is to Ferrara. It means he won't have to check every other hotel in Palermo, a prospect he wasn't looking forward to. He closes his notepad.

FERRARA

Thank you.

Ferrara starts to go, gets a few steps before -

SAVONA CLERK

He seemed depressed to me.

It's not clear if the look Ferrara gives the man says 'that's interesting,' or 'what are you, a psychologist?' He walks back to the clerk's desk

FERRARA
Depressed.
(the clerk nods)
In what way.

SAVONA CLERK
Lost in thought.

FERRARA
That's not really the same thing
as depressed.

The clerk shrugs.

FERRARA
Depressed like - a guilty man
might be? Remorseful?

SAVONA CLERK
I wouldn't say that. How would
I know that?

FERRARA
I don't know how you'd know
he was depressed if he was just
distracted. I was distracted
getting dressed this morning, but
I wasn't depressed.

The clerk shrugs again.

SAVONA CLERK
It seemed like he was to me.

22 INT. POLICE STATION - PALERMO - DAY

22

Ferrara at his desk again. An uneaten cornetto con
crema next to the phone he's on -

FERRARA
The man is a desk clerk who
thinks he's a psychologist and
isn't very good at either
profession.

23 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - SAME TIME

23

Ravini at his desk on the phone to Ferrara -

INSP. RAVINI
Actually, desk clerks know
everything. Desk clerks have
solved murders for me.
Depressed how.

FERRARA
He was vague, but when pressed,
finally chose the word
'resigned.'

Ravini writes in his little notebook: *rassegnato*.

INSP. RAVINI
Did he have any idea of where he
might be going?

FERRARA
North Africa.

INSP. RAVINI
What?

FERRARA
He enquired about the ferry to
Tunisi.

Ravini sighs as Ferrara knew he would. The tenente's
work may be over, but the ispettore's just got harder.

24 INT. POLICE STATION - PALERMO - CONTINUED

24

FERRARA
May I consider my part in the
investigation over then?

INSP. RAVINI
Si, tenente, grazie.

They hang up. Ferrara takes a bite of the cornetto.

25 EXT. VENICE - SAN MARCO CAFE - DAY

25

Tom, as he does every morning, has bought the Rome
newspapers *Il Messaggero* and *Il Tempo*, and now reads them
over espresso at the same San Marco cafe table.

There's been nothing new on any of the investigations for a while now, but there is today, on page two of *Il Messaggero* -

La Polizia Cerca l'Americano Scomparso

Police Search for Missing American

Of course there are now two missing Americans, but the one referred to here is Richard Greenleaf. A photo of Ravini accompanies the article, taken at the police station in Rome.

Tom begins reading the story. We're left in the dark until he reaches the first quote in it -

INSP. RAVINI V/O
Signor Greenleaf was last seen
in Palermo.

26 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - DAY

26

Ravini perched on his desk before a few reporters and press photographers. One snaps a picture of him - the same one Tom just saw in *Il Messaggero* -

INSP. RAVINI
He was requested by Rome police,
by me personally, to return here
to answer some questions. He
failed to do so.

27 EXT. ATRANI - TABACCHI - DAY

27

Like Tom, Marge, too, checks the papers every day. Standing at the tabacchi rack, she reads the same *Il Messaggero* article, and can hardly believe what the *ispettore* is next quoted as saying -

INSP. RAVINI V/O
As such, we believe he may be
attempting to evade our enquiries
- which begs the question: why?

28 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - CONTINUED

28

The reporters jot down on notepads what he says -

INSP. RAVINI
Let me state this clearly, in
case Signor Greenleaf is reading
this -

That, of course, would be quite impossible. Ravini
interrupts himself so one of the photographers can take
his picture - then continues:

INSP. RAVINI
By refusing to answer our
questions, he is exposing himself
to suspicion of participation in
the murder of Signor Malaise -

29 EXT. VENICE - SAN MARCO CAFE - DAY

29

Tom reads along with the quote in the newspaper -

INSP. RAVINI V/O
And the disappearance and
possible murder of Signor
Reeplee.

Tom folds the *Il Messaggero* like you close a good book
after a satisfying chapter, sets it on the table and sips
his espresso.

This is playing out exactly as he had hoped. Exactly
like he planned it to, if he can be so immodest.

He will sit here and enjoy the wonderful gloom of
deserted San Marco a few minutes more before starting
the next chapter.

30 EXT. VENICE - DAY

30

Tom approaches two uniformed policeman in San Marco to
ask a question he already knows the answer to -

TOM
(subtitled)
Can you tell me where the police
station is?

One of the cops points. It's right there on the square.
A couple of other officers stand outside it smoking. If
it were any closer, Tom would be inside it.

TOM
Oh. Grazie.

31 INT. POLICE STATION - VENICE - DAY

31

Now he is in it. Waiting on a chair as the desk officer he presented himself to talks to a superior across the room.

The superior, a Tenente Moretti, has Tom's passport in hand, and nods to what the officer is saying, but isn't sure he fully understands it. Eventually, he comes over to talk to Tom himself.

Subtitled -

MORETTI
You are Tomas Reeplee?

TOM
Yes, sir.

Moretti glances briefly from Tom's passport photo to Tom himself. Yes, he has the goatee now, but Moretti seems satisfied.

TOM
I saw in this newspaper I'm
believed to be missing.

The *Il Messaggero* he has in hand, folded open to the article.

TOM
It's strange when you see
something like that. What
should I do about it?

Moretti studies him another moment. Then -

MORETTI
Come with me, please.

Tom follows the tenente toward his office.

32 INT. POLICE STATION - ROME - DAY

32

Inspector Ravini is on the phone, but not to the police in Venice. This call is to someplace three times further away, and as such, a worse than usual connection.

Subtitled Italian -

INSP. RAVINI

Can you say that again?

(listens)

No, that's not correct. Is there someone there who speaks Italian?

(apparently not)

English?

Apparently not that, either, judging from Ravini's little groan. He switches to rudimentary French -

INSP. RAVINI

(subtitled French)

An American passport. Number 1-6-7-6-4-8. The name, Richard Greenleaf. Date of entry would be January 28th. Palermo to Tunisi.

(listens)

I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important.

(listens)

Yes, I know it may take some time.

(listens)

Merci.

Moments after he hangs up, the phone rings again. He answers it -

INSP. RAVINI

Ispettore Ravini.

33 INT. MORETTI'S OFFICE - VENICE - SAME TIME

33

Tom sits next to the Venice tenente's desk as he talks on the phone -

Subtitled -

MORETTI

Ispettore, this is Tenente
Moretti in Venezia. I'm sitting
here with Tomas Reeplee.

(listens)

I'm sure. His passport is on my
desk.

(listens)

He just walked in.

He listens to whatever Ravini is saying. Then, to Tom -

MORETTI

Where in Venezia are you staying?

TOM

I'm living in Venezia. I rent a
house here.

MORETTI

(into the phone)

He's living here.

(listens; then to Tom)

Where. The address.

TOM

Calle Sella Rota, Otto.

MORETTI

Calle Sella Rota, Otto.

As he waits, we know what Ravini must be doing at the
other end of the line: writing the address in his little
notebook. Then -

MORETTI

You wouldn't rather he went
there?

(listens)

I could question him here.

Like the Palermo detective, this one is also made to feel
not up to the task by his Roman counterpart.

MORETTI

Va bene.

He hangs up. To Tom -

MORETTI

Allora, Mr. Reeplee. Resolved.
An inspector from Rome will come
to your residence this evening.
He'll explain what's going on.

TOM

The inspector in the newspaper?

Moretti looks at him like, What do you care which one?

Tom nods, okay, it doesn't matter which - when of course
it matters very much if it's Ravini, since he's the only
person in the world who has seen him as Dickie and will
now see him as Tom.

He gets up to leave, but the tenente still has something
Tom needs.

MORETTI

Yes?

TOM

May I have my passport?

MORETTI

Yes, you may. Tomorrow.

The meaning is clear, 'so you don't skip town.' Moretti
drops it in the top drawer of his desk and shuts it.

34 EXT. VENICE - FERRAMENTA - DAY

34

If it is indeed Ravini who comes to see him, and Tom
knew it might well be before he presented himself to the
Venice police, there are a few things he'll need to do to
prepare for his arrival.

He goes into a small shop that says FERRAMENTA above the
door.

35 INT. FERRAMENTA - DAY

35

It's a cluttered hardware store. How a customer is
expected to find anything in particular is a mystery.

HARDWARE CLERK

Cosa desidera?

TOM
Delle lampadine.

The clerk leads him down a narrow aisle to a back corner where they shelve the lightbulbs. Tom looks through them for something specific.

38 INT. PALAZZO - DAY

38

Tom comes into the living room with a bag from the hardware store. Sets it down on the desk, picks up Dickie's Hermes typewriter and leaves with it.

We wait, listening to his footsteps fade, then silence, then his approach as he returns.

He's carrying his Underwood typewriter and places it where the Hermes was. He sits, rolls in a thin sheet of plain stationery and types -

TOM V/O
Dear Aunt Dottie - You know how
much I love getting your letters.
Your last one was no excep -

He stops there, mid-word, where he will have been when Ravini arrives and knocks on his door 'interrupting' him. He gets up.

39 INT. PALAZZO - NIGHT

39

If you're going to light like Caravaggio you'll want to start with darkness, which is why we can barely see Tom alone in the living room, moving around it.

He switches on a table lamp. Then the rest of them, one by one. There's no overhead lighting - he doesn't have to worry about that - but still he finds the level of brightness with all the lamps on is too much.

He switches off a few and stands back to again consider the room as a whole. It's better, but he needs to refine it further.

Which chair will Ravini sit in? In Rome, Tom well-remembers, the ispettore didn't wait to be invited to sit; he gravitated to and took for himself the most comfortable chair in the apartment.

Here that would clearly be the late 19th Century worn brown leather club chair.

And if he sits there, which he surely will, where would Tom naturally sit to speak to him? The less comfortable 18th century Baroque chair with its velvet seat and back and scrolled arms and legs.

He sits in it and looks at the empty club chair, then goes over and sits in it and looks at the Baroque chair where he will sit.

The lamp next to it casts too much light.

He takes the bulbs he bought at the *ferramenta* from the bag. They're all lower wattage than the ones here, which is why he bought them.

He replaces the 60-watt bulb that's in the lamp next to the Baroque chair with a 25-watt, then adjusts the lamp's position on the table so it will throw more oblique sidelight on him when he sits there.

In order to disguise the obvious drop in brightness of this one lamp, he replaces the bulbs in some of the other lamps with similarly low-wattage ones, and stands back again to evaluate his work.

It's good. Such moody chiaroscuro befits an ancient palazzo like this one. He should leave it like this all the time.

Just one more touch he can't resist: he moves the Murano ashtray he bought at the glass shop off San Marco from the desk to the side table next to 'Ravini's chair.'

EXT. VENICE - NIGHT

A shop just off San Marco displays wigs styled after current Italian movie stars - Gina Lollobrigida, Silvana Mangano, Sofia Loren.

Tom comes in and has a look around.

INT. PALAZZO - NIGHT

A strange still life: On a bedroom dresser rests a comb, scissors, bottle of spirit gum, some clipped hair, and a bald wig head.

40 INT. PALAZZO - NIGHT

40

Tom sits alone in the dimly-lit living room, in the velvet chair, the lamp casting his face in half-light.

His hair - the trimmed wig - is long bohemian in style, and he sports a full beard as well now.

He can hear Anna leading someone up the ground floor stone stairs and across the terrazzo floor of the main hall, their voices echoing through the grand palazzo -

ANNA O/S
(subtitled Italian)
Signor Reeplee is expecting you,
Ispettore. In the parlor.

INSP. RAVINI O/S
Grazie, Signora.

Feeling just a tinge of anxiety, Tom gets up from his chair to face his 'visitor.' Ravini walks in alone.

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

No flashing of badges or demands for passports, but he does regard Tom a moment.

TOM
Si accomodi, la prego.

Ravini steps into the darkened living room and switches to English, as he does with all Americans -

INSP. RAVINI
I hope I have not interrupted
anything important.

TOM
Not at all. I was just writing a
letter home.

Ravini can see from where he stands the just-started letter in the typewriter with the bold Underwood logo on it on the desk.

INSP. RAVINI
I may sit?

TOM

Please. Anywhere.

Ravini considers the sofa and chairs and, of course, chooses the worn leather club chair. Tom sits back into the Baroque chair's half-light.

INSP. RAVINI

Nice place.

TOM

Thank you. I like it.

Ravini nods and goes into his routine with his little notebook - fishing it from his pocket and leafing through it to find where the notes leave off.

Watching him, it's all Tom can do not to answer the ispettore's first question before he asks it -

INSP. RAVINI

I may smoke?

TOM

Of course.

Ravini lights a cigarette and draws the Murano ashtray on the side table a little closer to him.

Tom notices - and loves - Ravini's slight hesitation as he notices the similarity to the Rome ashtray - and then its different shade - before he sets his cigarette in its single notch.

He regards Tom a moment, and Tom holds the look. If Ravini suspects anything is amiss Tom dares him to figure it out. Eventually -

INSP. RAVINI

So what's this all about, you are wondering. First let me say I am pleased to see you are alive.

TOM

What?

INSP. RAVINI

Often, missing means dead.

TOM
I don't understand.

INSP. RAVINI
Your friend Signor Greenleaf
didn't tell you the police wanted
to speak with you?

TOM
When.

INSP. RAVINI
When you were last in Rome.

TOM
No.

INSP. RAVINI
When were you last in Rome.

TOM
Mid January.

This news seems to confound Ravini, which Tom knew it
would.

INSP. RAVINI
That is not what he told me.
Why would he lie about that?

TOM
I have no idea.

INSP. RAVINI
I do.

TOM
Why.

INSP. RAVINI
Why do people lie? To hide a
truth.

Ravini makes a note.

INSP. RAVINI
Did you see Marjorie Sherwood
there at this time?

TOM
Very briefly.

Ravini nods, but not because he understands.

TOM

Did she say I didn't?

INSP. RAVINI

No, she said you did, but I didn't believe her. I believed Signor Greenleaf, and now see I shouldn't have.

TOM

Why didn't you believe her.

INSP. RAVINI

Because you were not where she said you were staying.

TOM

I stayed at Dickie's apartment.

Tom can see Ravini's investigation falling apart.

INSP. RAVINI

When was this?

TOM

It was just one night. Just before Dickie left for Palermo.

INSP. RAVINI

Oh.

Now it's making sense. Sort of. He didn't see Signor Greenleaf that night. Maybe no one is lying. He takes a drag from his Alfa, returns it to the ashtray notch, and is grateful to move on to another topic -

INSP. RAVINI

So. The fact we sit here settles one important matter. You were not killed in a boat.

TOM

Sorry?

INSP. RAVINI

You did not read about this in the newspaper?

TOM
I've been in small towns mainly
before I came here.

INSP. RAVINI
Small towns. So not Genoa.

TOM
Genoa? No.

Ravini shakes his head to himself. Well, there's a lie
Richard Greenleaf told him in Rome.

INSP. RAVINI
A boat was found in San Remo
at the time you were there with
Signor Greenleaf. Sunk. With
bloodstains. Naturally, when you
were missing - missing as far as
we knew - we thought it might
have been your blood.

TOM
Mine.

Ravini nods.

TOM
Dickie didn't tell you I saw
him after San Remo? I brought
him some of his things from
Atrani.

INSP. RAVINI
Atrani. My wife is from Atrani.
A beautiful place. But too many
stairs.

Tom smiles, amused how Ravini uses his wife's
'birthplace' - which is now both Atrani and Cortina - to
make the kind of conversation that puts interviewees at
ease, in hopes, no doubt, of then catching them off-
guard.

TOM
Yes.

They nod at each other.

INSP. RAVINI

Yes, he did tell me you brought him some things to Roma but I had no reason to believe him. In any case, here you are. Not dead.

He smiles at that happy fact.

INSP. RAVINI

Perhaps it was fish blood. In the boat.

He smokes.

INSP. RAVINI

You are one of the few people who knows Signor Greenleaf who is willing to talk to me. His other friends are extremely unhelpful. An Italian trait, I'm afraid - especially around Napoli - the unwillingness to talk to police.

TOM

I'm happy to.

Ravini taps an ash into the ashtray.

INSP. RAVINI

When I spoke with him in Rome after the murder - you do know about the murder of Frederick Malaise -

TOM

Yes, I read about it.

INSP. RAVINI

Yes. After it, Signor Greenleaf was very cooperative with me. Or so I thought. So I permitted him to leave Rome, as long as he promised to let me know his whereabouts in Palermo. He failed to do this. He then left Palermo, again without telling me. Now it seems he has left the country.

TOM

To where.

INSP. RAVINI
North Africa, I think. Tunisia
Immigrazione is rather careless,
but I have reason to believe he
has gone there.

Oh, good. They must have interviewed the Palazzo Savona
desk clerk.

TOM
It's not possible he's just off
by himself somewhere? He does
that sometimes. To paint.

INSP. RAVINI
To paint. Yes, I've seen his
paintings.

He nods as he pictures the one on the easel at the Rome
apartment, then shakes his head.

INSP. RAVINI
No, he has not gone off to paint.
No, I am certain his travels are
about something else.

TOM
Like what.

INSP. RAVINI
What do you think.

TOM
I have no idea.

INSP. RAVINI
Like a suspect in a murder.

Tom lets that sit a moment, since that's what a friend
would do.

TOM
You really think he had something
to do with what happened to
Freddie Miles?

INSP. RAVINI
Is he not behaving as such?

Tom doesn't want to agree, since, again, a friend wouldn't, but of course he has engineered everything to lead to this very conclusion.

INSP. RAVINI

And there is a witness.

The confidence Tom was just feeling a second ago, evaporates.

TOM

To what.

INSP. RAVINI

Two men. One very drunk. The other propping him up against a car. The same as Signor Malaise' body was found in, a Cinquecento. We cannot say for sure the other man was Signor Greenleaf, but this was very near his apartment.

Tom almost wishes they put him in a lineup, since he no longer looks, acts or feels enough like Dickie to be picked out of one.

INSP. RAVINI

You knew Signor Malaise.

TOM

Not really. I only met him once. In Naples last year when I was staying with Dickie in Atrani.

INSP. RAVINI

But just meeting him once was enough for you to not like him, according to Signor Greenleaf.

TOM

That's true.

INSP. RAVINI

He tried to suggest you may have had something to do with the murder of Signor Malaise.

Tom, of course, remembers doing that as Dickie in Rome, and now isn't sure it was such a great idea. He tries to look as one should upon hearing such a thing. Hurt.

TOM

Me.

INSP. RAVINI

Yes. But I saw it for the lie it was.

Well, that's good.

INSP. RAVINI

Is it possible, do you think, they had an argument?

TOM

I wouldn't know.

INSP. RAVINI

You wouldn't know if they did that night, but perhaps you know if there were any issues between them.

TOM

No, but -

Again the hesitation in order to elicit from Ravini -

INSP. RAVINI

But -

TOM

I'm not the right person to talk about Dickie's personal life.

INSP. RAVINI

I think you are. You can perhaps offer insights into his character we could not otherwise know. Sometimes this is more important than physical evidence.

Ravini waits for Tom to say something, but he doesn't.

INSP. RAVINI

Signor Greenleaf never talked to you about - affairs of the heart?

Tom shakes his head no. He's not going to talk about it.

INSP. RAVINI

I will say it then, since you won't. I cannot dismiss the possibility that Signors Greenleaf and Malaise were perhaps - involved.

Tom won't confirm or deny the possibility, which is an intentional tilt toward confirmation.

INSP. RAVINI

I say this not because of anything you've told me, but because of Signorina Sherwood.

TOM

She said something about that?

INSP. RAVINI

No. The situation says it. Signor Greenleaf moves to Rome, leaves her in Atrani, does not tell her where he's living. Yes, it could be he simply tired of her. But remember, I spent a good deal of time talking with him.

Is he saying he found Dickie - Tom as Dickie - gay? As Tom considers that, he realizes that of course he would. His mimicry of Dickie in Rome was that good.

TOM

You don't think it's possible the reason you can't find him is because something happened to him?

INSP. RAVINI

To him.

(Tom nods)

That someone has murdered him. Why would you say that?

TOM

The checks I read about. Forged by someone, they said. Someone who might have done something to him.

INSP. RAVINI

Check. Not checks. It was one check. And no, it was not a forgery. This was confirmed by a letter he wrote to the bank. Not by what he said in the letter, but what it was typed on. Typewriter flaws can be as good as fingerprints. It was his typewriter. An Hermes with a slightly raised "E." No thief would think to do that.

Actually, one would, and did. And, in fact, he still has the stolen typewriter upstairs in the armoire in his bedroom at this very moment.

INSP. RAVINI

So. He has no alibi for the night of the murder. He has refused to present himself for questioning. He has gone - someplace - and not to paint - where he ignores all newspaper accounts about him being missing. And tells no one, not even you, where he is.

And that seems to be that. Dickie's guilt in absentia.

INSP. RAVINI

I know you don't want to believe the worst about your friend, but those are the facts.

Ravini snuffs out his cigarette in the Murano ashtray.

A41

EXT. TOM'S PALAZZO - NIGHT

A41

As they cross through the dark courtyard -

INSP. RAVINI

Thank you for talking with me, Tommaso. Your insights are valuable. I will tell Tenente Moretti to have your passport returned to you here in the morning.

Ravini extends a hand for Tom to shake. As Tom shakes it, both hands are hit by light from the lamp next to the door.

We see the band of lighter skin on the finger Tom used to wear Dickie's ring on. And so might Ravini. But he doesn't say anything except -

INSP. RAVINI

Buonasera.

TOM

Buonasera.

He leaves. Tom closes the door after him and listens to his footsteps fade on the cobblestones of the alley.

It couldn't have gone better. The ring thing was nothing. Ravini thinks Dickie killed Freddie and is on the lam because of it, and suspects Tom of nothing but being a loyal friend. He should celebrate.

Inside, Tom picks up the phone. Gets a line.

TOM

*Gritti Palace. Il ristorante,
per favore.*

In a moment, someone there, at the most expensive restaurant in Venice, picks up.

TOM

*Vorrei un tavolo alle 21.30...
per uno ... Ripley - R-I-P-L-E-Y
... grazie.*

He hangs up and goes off to change into nicer clothes.

41 EXT. ATRANI - CAFE - DAY

41

Marge, at a table at the Atrani cafe, looking at a headline in *Il Messaggero*.

Translated, it reads -

Missing American Thomas Ripley Found Alive and Well in Venice

As she reads the article, she becomes aware of a man in a parked car. He has a camera that he lifts every few moments and seems to point in her direction.

We might expect her to get up to leave, or at least bring the newspaper up enough to shield her face from the man's long lens, but she does neither.

Instead, she combs her fingers through her hair, puts her not-quite-designer sunglasses on, leans back a little in the chair and crosses her legs to appear more relaxed, more 'photogenic.'

She's not running from the paparazzo. She's posing!

42 EXT. VENICE - NEWSSTAND - DAY

42

There are no paparazzi here. They took all the photos they needed of 'Missing-Now-Found-Tom-Ripley' two weeks ago.

Outside a newsstand near San Marco, Tom sees that the newspapers are refocused on Dickie. And that the weekly magazines, too, are now getting into the act.

On the spinner racks, *Oggi* and *Le Ore* have stories about - *Dickie, il playboy in fuga* (*Dickie the Playboy Fugitive*) and *Dickie in Esilio: Ma dove?* (*Dickie in Exile - but Where?!*)

43 INT. PALAZZO - DAY

43

Tom has bought the magazines, and leafs through *Oggi* in the comfort of 'Ravini's chair' with a drink.

The headline in the article inside reads, *Dov'è Dickie? adding, Foto Esclusive di Marjorie Sherwood, fotografa freelance*

Tom isn't sure what amuses him most - the photo credit - that she managed to peddle some of her snapshots - or just how awful they are:

A large photo of Dickie's relaxing on a beach chair, taken from behind. Another of his erstwhile boat taken from too far away. Others of Dickie in Atrani that are blurry or ill-framed or overexposed or all three at once.

There are a couple better ones if not for the subject - Marge - taken by Dickie obviously, but still credited to her.

Tom could have guessed she'd find a way to exploit the tragedy of Dickie to her advantage - she probably invited the first paparazzo who took a picture of her over to her house for a drink! - but she could never guess how deftly Tom has exploited it, too.

The door knocker raps but he doesn't get up to see who it is; he has servants for that. As he continues to read *Oggi*, he can hear the door open and moments later close, but nothing of the brief exchange between.

Ugo comes into the living room.

UGO
(subtitled)
This just arrived.

He hands Tom an envelope. No postmark or stamps. The only thing written on it, in elaborate calligraphy, is -

Sig. Thomas Ripley

Tom turns it over. Someone has hand-sealed it with melted black wax embossed with a crest.

The seal is so exquisite it's a shame to break it, but he does, and finds inside on weighty Venetian paper an invitation to attend a party at *Palazzo Araldi*, signed by *Count Vittorio Araldi* himself.

Tom doesn't know what to make of it, but is there any way one can ignore a personal invitation from a Venetian Count?

44

INT. PALAZZO ARALDI - DAY

44

We understand when we see this place that 'palazzo' is a vague word. Tom's 'palazzo' could fit in one corner of this one.

It's grand and is on the Grand Canal, where it has sat for centuries.

If Tom imagined from the invitation that Count Araldi would be in a receiving line wearing some kind of outfit of nobility - and he did - he'd have been wrong.

Vittorio is just 23 years old. His sister, Contessa Aria, just 27. Both wear Italian designer clothes that could have been taken from the wardrobe trailer of *La Dolce Vita*.

Their many guests, too, are young. None over 40. Artists, art collectors, actors, writers, and those who do nothing at all but live off dwindling fortunes made ages ago by ancestors.

Italian pop music plays from a hifi. Cocktails and expensive wine from the cellar is consumed in abundance. It's as if the kids have taken over while their parents are out of town for the weekend.

Tom has never been comfortable at parties, but has never been a featured guest at one, which he seems to be here, sitting on a velvet sofa with a gin and tonic, surrounded by a coterie of admirers.

Newspapers and copies of the Oggi and Le Ore magazines about Dickie litter the coffee table along with art books.

All subtitled Italian -

ACTRESS

Where do you think Deekee is?
You know, don't you.

TOM

I don't, but if I had to guess,
some remote corner of Italy. Or
the South of France. Painting.

ACTRESS

He paints? I haven't read that.

TOM

He's a very good painter. He
studied with Di Massimo.

None of them knows Di Massimo - since he doesn't exist -
but they pretend they do, nodding.

ACTRESS

Wow ...

TOM

He painted a portrait of me once.

ART AGENT

I would be interested in representing him. *Especially* if he killed Miles. His paintings would bring a higher price. Oh, I hope he did.

Tom isn't sure which he finds most tasteless - the comment, the smiles from some of the others that follow it, or that the man brought his lap dog to a party - but only says -

TOM

I'll let him know if I hear from him.

ACTRESS

It's all so exciting.

45 INT. PALAZZO ARALDI - LATER - DAY

45

The thrill of 15-minute-fame is wearing off quick. Tom needs a drink. As a bartender pours him a fresh gin and tonic -

MINOT

It's all very boring, isn't it.

Tom glances to a man standing by himself with a glass of red wine, and is reminded of the time long ago at Raoul's in New York when Mr. Greenleaf's private detective tracked him down.

The comment was in English, though where he might be from is not immediately apparent to Tom, or us.

MINOT

So much money and so little else. I just come for the Chateau Margaux. Don't tell anyone. Reeves Minot.

He offers his hand. Tom shakes it.

TOM

Tom.

MINOT

Oh, yes, I know.

Minot smiles like one con man to another, but it doesn't bother Tom in the least since he can tell just as easily that Minot is one, too.

MINOT

You've met our host, the Count?

Tom can see the Italian playboy across the room with his sister and some friends.

TOM

Just to say hello.

MINOT

He races cars. The Contessa produces films. In other words -

He shrugs to say, You know what I mean.

MINOT

You're the new blood their anemia needs.

Minot sips his Margaux. Tom, his gin and tonic.

MINOT

You're from New York.

Tom nods.

MINOT

But you live in Italy now?

TOM

I keep a place in Venice. You?

MINOT

When I'm not somewhere else, yes.
At the moment, yes.

TOM

What do you do?

MINOT

That's a good question.

And one that Minot doesn't immediately answer.

MINOT

What do I do - what do I do.

He says it like he has to think about it, as perhaps he has in the past to the police or even Interpol.

MINOT

I know! I'm an art dealer!

He smiles at the lie, though, in fact, we may learn, it's not entirely untrue.

MINOT

Yes, that's it. You? The articles never say your profession. Only 'loyal friend of the fugitive' and so on.

Tom lights a cigarette and looks right at Minot.

TOM

I'm an art dealer, too.

Minot smiles. Tom Ripley, as Minot suspected he'd be, is a kindred spirit and not afraid to admit it, at least not to a fellow crook like Minot, perhaps because he may one day need his services.

MINOT

I thought maybe you would be. I can usually tell.

TOM

So can I.

Another smile. Minot likes Tom even more than he thought he would. And, honestly, Tom feels much more comfortable with him, a crook, than he does with the aristocrats.

MINOT

If you ever want to discuss, say, art -

He shuffles through a small deck of business cards with just a phone number on them - each with a different country code on it - selects one.

MINOT

Give me a call.

He hands Tom the card. Has the bartender refill his wine glass.

MINOT

Now I must mingle. The price of
the wine. Pleasure to meet you,
Tom.

And he walks off with his glass of Margaux.

Tom glances down at the card, which reads simply -
Venice, Tel. 5528

46 INT. SIGNORA BUFFI'S APARTMENT - ROME - DAY

46

The mail for the building's residents always arrives
tied together with string. It's up to Sig.ra Buffi to
separate it by apartment, which she does now.

She stops on an envelope addressed to her. It's
postmarked *Palermo*. Handwritten where a return address
would naturally go is - *R. Greenleaf*

She opens it. Takes out a letter with cash folded
inside it. The letter is typed on Dickie's personal
stationery. She begins to read it, but we only stay
long enough to hear -

TOM V/O

*Cara signora Buffi, spero che le
cose vadano bene -*

47 INT. PALAZZO - VENICE - DAY

47

A phone is ringing, but like the door, Tom doesn't have
to answer it - Ugo will, and does - as Tom leafs through
his handsome Caravaggio book. The map he bought, framed
now, rests on an easel.

Ugo comes into the living room.

UGO

Signorina Marjorie.

Tom isn't at all surprised like he was in Rome when
Marge called him. He sets his beautifully illustrated
book on the coffee table, open to the page he was on,
crosses to the foyer and picks up the phone receiver.

TOM

Pronto.

MARGE

Tom? It's Marge.

Both play the part of old friends who have no issues with each other -

TOM

Hi, Marge.

MARGE

Who was that? Who answered the phone.

Who does she think it would be? His boyfriend?

TOM

Ugo, the butler.

MARGE

The what?

TOM

Where are you?

A48

EXT. SANTA LUCIA TRAIN STATION - VENICE - DAY

A48

She's on a pay phone just outside the station that sits on the Grand Canal.

MARGE

At the train station.

TOM

Here? Santa Lucia?

MARGE

Yeah.

TOM

Well, great. I'll come pick you up.

MARGE

You don't have to. I've got almost no luggage.

TOM

Nonsense. You'll never find the place by yourself.

MARGE

I think I can. It's by Chiesa
San Vidal, isn't it?

B48 INT. PALAZZO - CONTINUED

B48

Of course she knows where it is - from Ravini, or the newspapers which print his address like there's no such thing in the world as privacy.

TOM

Okay, if you insist. Watch your
step on the vaporetto!

He hangs up. Surveys the living room for anything of Dickie's he may have left lying around, though is pretty sure he hasn't.

But there are the magazines with Dickie's likeness on the coffee table, which, under the circumstances, seem rather macabre. He puts them in a desk drawer.

C48 INT. PALAZZO KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

C48

Tom goes to the kitchen. As he comes in, Anna and Ugo, sitting at a little table eating lunch, stop whispering.

Subtitled -

TOM

Anna. A friend's coming over and
we'll probably get dinner out, so
you and Ugo can have the rest of
the day off.

ANNA

A young lady?

That must have been what they were whispering about.

TOM

As a matter of fact.

ANNA

Bravo, Tommaso!

TOM

It's not like that. She's just
an old friend.

Anna nods, okay, but doesn't believe it any more than Ugo does. Tom has yet to have any visitors in his home - except the police.

48 INT. PALAZZO - DAY

48

Tom uncorks a bottle of red wine. Not the best one he has - not by far, not for Marge - and sets it and two glasses on the coffee table.

He sits and waits. Lights a cigarette. Feels a little uneasy, not knowing what Ravini has told her or she has told him, if anything.

The door knocker slams against its plate harder than necessary. Tom shakes his head in dismay. Gets up to let her in.

A49 EXT. PALAZZO - DAY

A49

Tom opens the garden door.

TOM

Marge. So good to see you.
Come in. That's all you've got?

The one small suitcase and raincoat in her hands. He takes both, to be gracious, and perhaps more to the point to avoid hugging her.

MARGE

Look at you.

The goatee.

TOM

Why not.

He escorts her across the courtyard.

B49 INT. PALAZZO - DAY

B49

They climb the stairs into the main hall. Naturally, she's stunned by it.

MARGE

This is all yours?

TOM
You can rent these places for a
song in the off-season.

MARGE
And a butler?

TOM
And a maid. They both come with
it.

MARGE
I don't believe it.

Tom's not sure if she means she doesn't believe it
like, 'What a great deal,' or, 'I don't believe you.'
As they come into the living room -

TOM
Wine?

MARGE
Sure.

As he pours her a glass, she gravitates, as everyone
does, to the Moorish windows looking out on the canal.

MARGE
Beautiful.

He hands her the glass, takes the comfortable leather
club chair before she can, and pours himself a glass.
She sits with hers on the sofa.

TOM
Oh, I saw your photos in the
magazine. They were very good.

MARGE
Thank you. They were actually
in two magazines. *Oggi* and *Le*
Ore.

TOM
Really. I only saw one. But
cin-cin.

He taps her glass with his to congratulate her on her
'success,' which he still finds utterly exploitive and
tasteless. As far as she knows, her boyfriend could be
at the bottom of the ocean.

MARGE

I spoke to Mr. Greenleaf.
He's terribly upset, as you can
imagine.

TOM

How could he not be.

MARGE

He'll probably want to come up
here and talk to you.

What is she talking about?

TOM

Come up here?

MARGE

He's in Italy. In Rome. Talking
to the police.

Slightest pause from Tom.

TOM

I hope he does come up. Anything
I can do to help. Though I don't
think he likes me much.

She smiles a little, gratified she's not the only one.

MARGE

Frankly, he doesn't. He thinks
you took advantage of him. And
Dickie.

As does she, of course.

TOM

I'm sorry he feels that way. I
never took anything from Dickie.

In fact, he took everything.

She sips her wine.

MARGE

Have the police talked to you?

If she saw Mr. Greenleaf in Rome, she probably also
saw Ravini again, who could have told her he talked to
Tomas Reeplee. Is she trying to catch him in a lie?

TOM
I talked to them here. An
Inspector - ?

MARGE
Ravini.

TOM
Ravini. Yes, I think that was
it.

MARGE
Did he tell you about his so-
called witness?

TOM
The one by Dickie's apartment?

She nods.

MARGE
Maybe it's true who he saw was
Freddie. And Dickie with him.
But what does that prove?

TOM
That Dickie was helping him to
his car. So what.

MARGE
Exactly. It doesn't say he
murdered him.

She gulps the rest of her wine. Tom watches her refill
the glass.

MARGE
Did he tell you about the
travelers checks?

The travelers checks. What would Tom know about
travelers checks, other than he stole, cashed and is
paying for this place with them.

TOM
No.

MARGE
Dickie cashed thousands of
dollars in Travelers Checks just
before he left Palermo.

TOM

Does that mean something?

MARGE

Well, it doesn't seem like something you'd do if you were going to kill yourself.

TOM

Who's saying that?

MARGE

Ravini says he can't rule it out. What an awful man.

TOM

He seemed okay to me. But I'm sure he's wrong about that.

MARGE

So am I. Dickie wouldn't do that. But I am worried about him.

TOM

I'm sure he's fine. He's probably sitting in a bar in Tangier drinking mint tea and has no idea what's going on here.

She nods and drinks.

TOM

He didn't happen to write you from Palermo, did he?

MARGE

No.

Tom nods, thinking about something he doesn't ask, or pretending to.

MARGE

Why.

TOM

I'm just wondering what kind of state of mind he was in there. Did you write him?

She doesn't say, but of course he knows she did.

TOM

I'm not trying to pry. It's just - he was probably pretty vulnerable then - after Freddie, and the way the police were treating him.

MARGE

I did write him. It wasn't a horrible letter, but it wasn't very nice either, I'm sorry to say.

She's such a bad liar. Even if Tom hadn't read her vile letter, he could tell she's lying.

TOM

You don't think something like that could have -

He doesn't finish. Let her fill in the blank, like psychiatrists have you do.

MARGE

Pushed him over the edge?

Tom's shrug says, No - maybe - yes?

MARGE

Honestly, I don't know what I meant to him.

(pause)

Do you?

His silence, he hopes, says he 'doesn't want to say.'

MARGE

It's okay, Tom, I can take it.

Tom nods, and tries to be 'delicate.'

TOM

I think he worried about you. Because - it was one of those situations where two people expect different things from the relationship. I think he wanted a more casual one. I think he didn't want to get married.

MARGE

Married! I never asked him to marry me.

TOM

He may have thought it's what you wanted.

And of course it was. She refills her glass again.

MARGE

Seriously, who died.

A silence as Tom looks at her.

TOM

What?

MARGE

This place. It's a palace. And two servants?

She reads his look as, 'Okay, you've caught me.' But she hasn't.

TOM

My aunt.

MARGE

What?

TOM

My Aunt Dottie. Who raised me after my parents died in a car accident when I was five. She died.

Before, they died in a boating accident, now it's a car accident. Maybe neither is true. But Marge is taken aback. And feels terrible, as he wants her to.

TOM

You think those you love will live forever, but they don't.

MARGE

Tom, I was kidding. I didn't really think something like that happened. I'm so sorry. I'm so embarrassed.

TOM

It's okay. She had a good long life.

But he lets her squirm a little longer before -

TOM

It's not a lot of money, but I thought it might be okay to treat myself a little after how I've been living this winter, like a gypsy. She would've wanted me to, I think.

MARGE

Where *have* you been after I saw you? You *disappeared*, according to the papers.

TOM

Well, not with Tom. I mean not with Dickie.

She looks at him. What did he just say? Did she hear right or has she had too much to drink? He just carries on, which is always the best way to cover a mistake.

TOM

You probably thought I was with him, but I saw him about as much as you did all winter.

MARGE

I didn't see him at all.

TOM

I barely did.

It's hard for him to tell if she's doubting that, or still thinking about the Tom/Dickie slip.

TOM

I was off by myself in Umbria. Assisi, Perugia.

She reaches for her glass and knocks it over splashing wine all over Tom's cherished Caravaggio book.

MARGE

Oh, no.

He hurries off to get a hand towel - like he did when he had to clean up Freddie's blood - and returns with it to find Marge holding wet pages up as if that could accomplish anything.

TOM

I got it.

He lightly dabs at what used to be a beautiful double-page illustration of *The Crucifixion of St. Peter* - the apostle being dragged off on a rough-hewn cross - which is pretty much how he feels at the moment.

MARGE

I'm so sorry, Tom.

TOM

It's okay. It's just a book.

He hates her.

MARGE

Let me help.

Help? She could help by hanging herself from the dome of the Basilica di San Marco.

TOM

It's fine. Don't worry about it.

He takes the ruined book over to his desk, if only so he doesn't have to see it and think of her, and sets it next to his just-started prop letter to Aunt Dottie still in the typewriter.

MARGE

I should just go my hotel.

TOM

You reserved a room already?

MARGE

From the train station. The Accademia.

TOM

The Accademia is good. I was going to say you could stay here, but in that case.

MARGE

Really?

He looks at her. Could he have been any more obvious it wasn't an actual invitation?

MARGE

Thank you. I'll just cancel the room.

She turns away and - unbelievably - pours herself another glass of wine.

MARGE

I'd love to see the rest of the place.

49 INT. PALAZZO - DAY

49

She carries her wine glass behind Tom, with plans, no doubt, to spill it on a priceless Persian carpet.

TOM

My room.

A normal person would politely peer in from the doorway. She goes in and wanders around it. Is she going to start opening drawers next? Look under the bed?

She'd better not since Dickie's Goyard suitcase is there. We watch from there - under the bed - as she follows Tom out of the room and across the main hall to another room.

TOM

Your room.

She does the same thing here, like it really is her room.

MARGE

It's really nice.

It is. Fully furnished, like the rest of the place, with antiques. The thought of her flinging her bra over the 16th century giltwood chair in it tonight makes Tom sick.

50 EXT. PALAZZO - DAY

50

Close on moss tendrils swaying in dark water.

We rise up out of the water to see the stone steps of the palazzo's side canal landing exposed by a low tide.

Tom unlocks the heavy wood doors. Marge steps past him to have a look closer to the water's edge.

He watches her shoes step onto the mossy top step, and pointedly doesn't say 'be careful.' With any luck she'll slip and crack her head.

In fact, she does slide a little on the slimy stone, but catches herself. She squats down to peer into the dark depths, then off at the canal itself.

MARGE

So romantic.

He has a fleeting urge to kick her in.

51 INT. PALAZZO - DAY

51

Alone in the living room, Marge wanders around it with yet another glass of wine in hand as Tony Renis' 'Quando, Quando, Quando' plays on the hifi.

It's like when Tom wandered around Dickie's house in Atrani, looking at the art on the walls and the books on the shelves. She ends up at Tom's desk. Picks something up from it as -

In the bathroom, Tom rinses and wrings out the wine-stained hand towel.

MARGE O/S

Tom?

What does she want now? He hangs up the ruined towel and returns to the living room.

MARGE

This is tonight.

She's got an invitation in her hand.

TOM

Is it? I get a lot of those.

MARGE

From Peggy Guggenheim?

TOM

I believe it's from her daughter,
not her.

She looks closer at it.

MARGE

Pegeen Guggenheim. Oh. Still,
we should go.

Tom had wanted to, but then Marge showed up, and if there's anything in this world he'd rather do less than go to a fancy cocktail party with her, he can't think of it.

TOM

I'm not sure I'm up to it.

MARGE

Oh, come on. Who knows who'll be there.

She's unbelievable. So much for poor Dickie, wherever he is.

52 EXT. PALAZZO VENIER DEI LEONI - NIGHT 52

Though it was built in the 18th century, Peggy Guggenheim's palazzo on the Grand Canal looks much newer. And like a mausoleum.

53 INT. PALAZZO VENIER DEI LEONI - NIGHT 53

The guests at the private party - again mostly young - drink in rooms with mid-century furniture and works by Miro, Klee, Mondrian, Magritte, Ernst, Dali.

And again Tom is a kind of celebrity, but is beginning to feel more like an objet d'art, to be displayed until everyone gets bored and moves on to the next one.

ARTIST

I have a theory. Dickie has traded passports with someone - a Neapolitan fisherman or a Roman vender - so that he can go off and lead a quiet life. That's why no one can find him.

(MORE)

ARTIST (CONT'D)

And it's this guy who forged the bank checks. So if the police can find him, they'll know the name Dickie's using.

TOM

The trouble with that idea is the so-called forgery was in January and lots of people who knew Dickie saw him in February.

ARTIST

Who.

TOM

Well, I did for one.

ARTIST

So you say.

Everyone laughs. Tom just smiles.

ARTIST

I'm joking.

TOM

I know you are.

Tom wants to leave, and would love to without Marge, but knows he can't. He glances around for her. Doesn't see her. Just Peggy's little dogs.

TOM

Excuse me.

As he leaves the little party group to go find Marge so they can get out of here -

ART CRITIC

I think he's dead. Murdered by the forger.

54

EXT. PALAZZO VENIER DEI LEONI - NIGHT

54

Marge is out in the sculpture garden, dressed in the best clothes she owns, holding court -

MARGE

After *Oggi* came out with my photographs in it I was contacted by two New York publishers about my book.

STARLET

Is it about you and Deekee?

MARGE

It's about Atrani. It's photographic.

Marge is too drunk on martinis to read the looks that everyone always has - and has now - about the prospect of yet another travel book.

MARGE

But my next book will be about him. And me. Our life together.

Tom comes up beside her.

TOM

Excuse us.

He ushers her aside, next to Koenig's *Chariot* sculpture.

MARGE

What are you doing, I was talking to people.

TOM

We should go.

MARGE

I don't want to go yet.

TOM

Marge, no one here cares about Dickie.

MARGE

Yes, they do. They want to know everything about him.

TOM

To distract them from their boring lives. That's all.

MARGE

I disagree.

TOM

It's unseemly of us to let them use him like that. It makes me sick.

MARGE

I want another drink.

TOM

You've had enough. Let's go.

55 EXT. VENICE STREET - NIGHT

55

The only way Tom will get her the two blocks to the vaporetto dock is to shoulder her weight like he did Freddie's.

MARGE

I want to take a gondola back.

TOM

No, it'll take forever.

MARGE

Please. Please, Tommy.

Tom sighs. Hailing a gondolier won't be nearly as easy as a New York cab driver.

56 EXT. VENICE - GONDOLA (MOVING) - NIGHT

56

Sitting close together on the upholstered loveseat of a gondola, they could be mistaken for a romantic couple, since that's how every couple looks on a gondola on the Grand Canal late at night under the moon.

Marge's eyes are closed. She might be asleep. Tom isn't, and the gentle rocking of the glorified canoe makes make him feel a little sickish.

He's not sure how long he can he stand it. The expanse of water between where they are and where they're going seems interminable.

He fixates on the gondolier's oar dipping in and out of the water, barely disturbing it.

He'd love to borrow it long enough to bring it down on Marge's head like he did on Dickie's.

Her legs relax and a thigh touches against Tom's, repelling him. He pulls it away.

A57

EXT. CANAL WIDMANN - NIGHT

A57

The gondola navigates a narrow canal.

TOM

There.

The gondolier oars to where Tom is pointing, to his palazzo's dock.

TOM

Marge.

He nudges her awake.

TOM

We're here.

He helps her out onto the mossy steps and pays the gondolier, who then oars away from the palazzo's little dock.

Tom pulls at the wood door and only now realizes it's locked. Marge sees the problem and laughs.

MARGE

You didn't bring the key.

TOM

No, I didn't, and you know why?
Because it's this long and as
heavy as a revolver, and I don't
take gondolas home.

He calls off to the gondolier -

TOM

*Signore, per favore, torni
indietro!*

GONDOLIER

Non posso, signore!

TOM

Ho dimenticato le chiavi!

GONDOLIER

Mi dispiace! Ho finito il turno!

The gondolier points to his wrist, his watch, he's done for the night.

GONDOLIER

Prendete un'altra gondola!

Tom looks at Marge but doesn't say, *This is your fault*, though clearly it is.

MARGE

It's funny.

If you're as drunk as she is maybe, but it isn't to Tom.

MARGE

Someone will come along.

That's unlikely on such a narrow canal at this hour. There are certainly none in sight. But there is a locked gate at the far end of the dock.

TOM

We can climb that and go around to the front. I have that key.

MARGE

I'm not climbing that. It has spikes.

TOM

I'll help you. It'll be easy.

She's not interested in climbing anything. She leans against the wall.

TOM

Fine. I'll go.

MARGE

Can you leave your coat?

He hates to give it up, but takes his coat off and puts it over her shoulders.

MARGE

Thank you.

Tom leaves her there. Climbs the gate, drops down to the other side. As he starts down an alley, she lays his coat on the wet steps and sits on it.

Coming down the alley, to himself -

TOM

Tommy? Don't call me Tommy.

B57 EXT. PALAZZO - NIGHT

B57

From above, from inside the palazzo, we see Tom let himself in the street door and cross the courtyard below.

57 INT. PALAZZO - NIGHT

57

He comes up the stairs, takes the heavy skeleton key off a tray in the hall, descends the other interior stone stairs to the lower ground level.

He crosses to the dock doors. Opens one wide enough to see Marge beyond it, her back to him, sitting on the slimy steps - *on his cashmere coat!* - which is surely ruined now.

It would be so easy. Bash her head against the wet stones and roll her body into the canal.

And for a moment, he's in -

58 INT. MORETTI'S OFFICE - VENICE - LATE AFTERNOON

58

- sitting with Tenente Moretti at his desk.

TOM

She said she wanted to wait for me there. I thought she'd be fine, even though she'd had a lot to drink. She must have slipped and hit her head.

MORETTI

They can be very slippery, canal steps. The moss.

TOM
I kept calling to her, thinking
she'd come up out of the water
any second -

59 EXT. PALAZZO - NIGHT

59

But he's still at the door, looking at Marge, her back to him, still sitting on the step, on his coat.

TOM
Got it.

She turns to his voice. Sees him standing at the open door with the ridiculous key.

MARGE
Oh, good.

She gets up, comes past him, and starts up the stairs. She didn't even pick up his wet coat. He goes out to the edge of the dock and retrieves it.

60 INT. PALAZZO - MORNING

60

Tom, in his silk dressing gown, pushes open the spare room's door. Marge is asleep, and - as he expected and dreaded - has thrown her wet clothes and underwear over the giltwood chair.

He shakes his head in dismay. Someone raps the door knocker downstairs. He pulls the bedroom door closed.

61 EXT. PALAZZO - MOMENTS LATER

61

Tom pulls the courtyard door open revealing a man standing next to a bicycle.

BICYCLE MAN
Tommaso Reeplee?

TOM
Si.

BICYCLE MAN
Un telegramma.

The man hands it to him and rides off. Tom closes the door. Opens the telegram. It reads -

AM AT THE DANIELI
WOULD LIKE TO SEE YE
H. GREENLEAF

62

INT. PALAZZO - DAY

62

Marge comes down the stairs to find Tom - dressed now - having coffee and reading the morning paper Ugo and Anna always bring him.

TOM
How do you feel?

MARGE
Awful. Hungover.

She slumps onto the sofa. Tom calls off -

TOM
Anna -

Anna appears at the doorway.

TOM
Un caffè doppio per la signorina.

ANNA
Subito.

TOM
This came early this morning.

Tom hands Marge the telegram. She reads it to herself. Then -

MARGE
'Would like to see ye.'

They look at each other.

MARGE
The 'ye' is kind of -

TOM
Creepy.

She shrugs, 'kinda.' Anna brings out a moka pot and pours her an espresso.

MARGE

Grazie.

TOM

We should probably get over there pretty soon.

MARGE

I shouldn't go.

TOM

Of course you should.

MARGE

It says 'ye,' not 'we.' After all.

Tom smells a rat. Has this all been prearranged between Mr. Greenleaf and Marge - and maybe even Ravini - as some kind of trap?

63 INT. HOTEL DANIELI - DAY

63

Tom comes into the lobby from the street. He's put himself in a nice suit. Climbs the hotel's Byzantine staircase that feels to him, under the circumstances, like stairs to the gallows.

64 INT. SUITE - HOTEL DANIELI - DAY

64

It's a magnificent suite, but Tom can't appreciate it under the circumstances.

As Mr. Greenleaf pours two snifters of brandy, Tom has a feeling of deja vu like he's back in the One Fifth Avenue penthouse, back when things were good between them, which was - and it's hard to believe - just six months ago.

MR. GREENLEAF

I was hoping you'd come alone.
I saw as much of that Marge as I care to in Rome. What do you think of her?

He puts one of the brandies in Tom's hand, and takes a swig of his own.

TOM
I don't really know her very well.

MR. GREENLEAF
Well, neither do I, but don't you find her - tiring?

TOM
Sometimes.

MR. GREENLEAF
Honestly, I think she was after one thing from Richard. You know what I mean.

Of course, he means Dickie's money. Tom shrugs, maybe. Mr. Greenleaf drinks to help wash away the bitter taste of Marge Sherwood. Then, and it sounds as ominous as the telegram's 'ye' -

MR. GREENLEAF
Well, Tom. This is a strange end, isn't it.

They regard each other.

TOM
End?

MR. GREENLEAF
You living in Italy, and Richard - wherever he is.

Tom nods at the 'irony.' They sit with their brandies.

MR. GREENLEAF
I talked to the police in Rome. That inspector-whatever-his-name is.

TOM
Ravini?

MR. GREENLEAF
He didn't come right out and say it but you can tell he thinks Richard killed that young man.
(pause)
Do you think he's capable of such a thing?

TOM

No. Do you? You know your son a lot better than I do.

MR. GREENLEAF

But I don't. And it's my fault. I never tried that hard to really know him.

Silence as Tom watches the reverse version of the father-son thing he once watched Dickie wrestle with.

MR. GREENLEAF

Do you think he could have done something to *himself*?

TOM

I don't want to think so. I'm sure he's fine.

MR. GREENLEAF

Are you?

TOM

He must be. I can't imagine him -

He doesn't finish, which is the best way to allow Mr. Greenleaf to imagine Dickie committing suicide, and the various ways he might do it.

TOM

As I told the police, he might just be off painting somewhere.

MR. GREENLEAF

With Di Massimo! It's ludicrous. No one has ever heard of him. I think Richard just made him up to make me think he was serious about his painting.

Tom doesn't dispute that possibility; it's why he invented 'Di Massimo.'

MR. GREENLEAF

Which I should have taken seriously.

Silence. Then -

MR. GREENLEAF

How did he seem to you when you last saw him?

TOM

He seemed - under some stress - to be honest.

MR. GREENLEAF

Yes. He did in the last letter we got from him, too. He said he was fine. But he wasn't.

(pause)

And he wasn't when I met you, Tom. I was very worried about him then, and had been for quite some time. His state of mind. His emotional well-being. His - self-knowledge, I'll call it.

Does he mean his sexuality?

MR. GREENLEAF

It's the real reason I sent you here to bring him home.

TOM

I'm sorry I failed to do that.

MR. GREENLEAF

So am I.

They study each other. And Tom sees Mr. Greenleaf as he must have looked when he wrote that dismissal letter to Tom.

TOM

I don't think you should give up hope.

MR. GREENLEAF

I haven't. Yet.

65

INT. RAVINI'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - ROME - DAY

65

Ravini opens an envelope with a Palermo postmark, the same one Signora Buffi received from her tenant, Richard Greenleaf, which she has now brought here to the police station.

Subtitled -

SIG.RA BUFFI

I didn't think too much about it
until I read those stories in the
newspapers that he's disappeared.

Ravini takes the single sheet of Dickie's personal stationery from the envelope. Unfolds it. Notes the misaligned "e" in the first typed line as he begins reading the letter to himself.

66 INT. PALAZZO - VENICE - DAY 66

Marge is intent on wearing out Tom's welcome.

She's staying another night, and is using up a lot of the palazzo's hot water filling the bathtub she's in.

Finally, she twists the faucets off -

67 INT. PALAZZO - SAME TIME 67

Tom holds a metal ice tray under a stream of water from the kitchen faucet -

68 FLASHBACK TO 68

The cafe in Naples, when Dickie and Marge were trying to decide which refrigerator to buy.

DICKIE

Tom. It's the opposite of what
you're saying.

TOM

The opposite is freedom. A
refrigerator isn't freedom.

69 BACK TO TOM'S KITCHEN 69

The tap water streaming onto the ice tray makes the same cracking noise as when a frozen lake gives way under your feet just before you fall in and drown -

70 INT. PALAZZO - SAME TIME 70

Marge comes into 'her' bedroom with a towel wrapped around her like a sarong. From her suitcase she pulls out her last change of underwear, only to find the clasp of the bra torn and hanging like a bird's injured wing.

71 INT. PALAZZO - SAME TIME 71

Tom dumps the ice cubes from the tray into a martini shaker and carries it out to the living room.

72 INT. PALAZZO - SAME TIME 72

Marge comes into Tom's bedroom with just a shirt on, looking, presumably, for some thread to fix the torn bra clasp with.

On the dresser sits the sewing tin Tom took from Atrani.

As she crosses barefoot to the dresser, we watch again from under the bed, next to Dickie's suitcase, which Tom should have gotten rid of long ago.

Marge opens the tin - which she doesn't seem to recognize - and sifts through the spools of thread and needles, but stops when she sees something odd in it.

73 INT. PALAZZO - SAME TIME 73

Tom pours gin and vermouth into the shaker, shakes it like a maraca, and pours two martinis.

MARGE O/S

Tom?

She's at the bottom of the stairs behind him, still in just the shirt, the sewing tin in her hand.

MARGE

I was looking for a needle and thread.

It's annoying she didn't ask before just rummaging around his room, but he tries not to show his irritation too much.

TOM

That's fine, there's some in there.

MARGE

Dickie's ring is in here.

She plucks it from the tin. Silence as a hundred scenarios play through Tom's head, none with a good ending.

TOM

Right, I forgot I put it there.

She slowly comes into the living room. He leaves the martinis where they are and slowly crosses it.

MARGE

Why would you put it anywhere?
Why would you have it?

TOM

Because he gave it to me.

She can't imagine Dickie doing that. The ring is his most personal possession. Tom glances down at the heavy Murano ashtray on the side table where he's standing.

TOM

Not 'gave' to me. Not to keep.
To keep safe.

MARGE

What are you talking about.

TOM

When he went to Palermo.

Tom picks up the ashtray.

TOM

He said he was worried he might get robbed there.

Tom dumps the cigarette butts and ashes from the ashtray into an antique wooden waste basket, like he may as well clean up while they talk.

MARGE

He never worried about that before.

TOM

He'd never been to Sicily before.
It concerned him. He said.

He steps closer to her, the ashtray at his side as if he's forgotten it's there.

MARGE

Oh, Tom.

She knows. Two more steps and it'll be the last thing she knows.

MARGE

He knew he wasn't coming back.

Tom stops. What did she say?

MARGE

Is that why? Did he already know what he was going to do to himself?

She's so brilliant in her own way that Tom could kiss her! But all he does is set the ashtray down.

74

INT. PALAZZO - DAY

74

Tom sips his martini as Marge speaks quietly on the phone in the foyer. Mainly she's listening. All Tom - and we - hear of her side of the conversation is the end of it -

MARGE

Okay. I will, Mr. Greenleaf.
Bye.

She hangs up. Comes into the living room.

TOM

What'd he say.

MARGE

He thinks the same thing I do.
He wants us to come over. He's with a private detective from New York, who says he knows you.

Tom, who was feeling pretty good up until now, FLASHES BACK to Raoul's bar in New York City when he was tracked down by the private detective, Al McCarron -

AL
You're a very hard man to find.

BACK IN THE PALAZZO, Marge picks up the ring from the table and slides it onto her finger.

75 INT. SUITE - HOTEL DANIELI - DAY

75

Mr. Greenleaf solemnly regards the ring in his hands now.

MR. GREENLEAF
I gave it to him when he turned
21.

Everyone else here - Tom, Marge, the NY detective Al McCarron - sit there letting Mr. Greenleaf take as long as he wants with the ring and his reverie. Then -

AL
May I see it?

Mr. Greenleaf hands it to the detective, who regards it a moment like Ravini did in Rome when he first saw it and even makes the same comment -

AL
Nice ring.

He hands it back to Mr. Greenleaf, and looks at Tom -

AL
Can I speak to you a moment?

Tom can think of nothing he'd rather do less.

TOM
Of course.

They get up. To Mr. Greenleaf -

AL
Excuse us.

76 INT. HOTEL DANIELI PARLOR - DAY

76

Seated on a sofa that matches the one Tom sits on across from him, Al takes his time lighting a cigarette in the same manner Ravini always does - tapping it from a pack, lighting it, taking a drag, drawing the nearest ashtray closer to him and setting the cigarette in its notch.

But Tom doesn't find any of this amusing, having no idea what the detective has discovered, from Ravini or on his own about Tom's involvement in his various crimes.

He imagines Al in his NY PRIVATE DETECTIVES OFFICE, a place Tom has never been, but has seen them in film noir movies, and so imagines it that way. Al speaks to him from 'there' -

AL

Where does all the money come from, Tom. Tell me about the San Remo boat - in detail. How did you really come into possession of the ring? You think I'm a fool? You think I'm blind? You killed Dickie, didn't you. You killed them both.

BACK AT THE DANIELI -

Al scrutinizes Tom. And, finally -

AL

So. Mr. Ripley. Tell me about Dickie.

TOM

I'm not sure what you mean.

AL

I'm asking you to tell me everything you know about him. As a person. I'll keep it in strict confidence.

TOM

All right. He comes from a wealthy family, as you know. He came to Europe years ago to get away from it.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

From his father especially, who had expectations Dickie knew he could never live up to. He said he wanted to be a writer, but never wrote anything. He said he wanted to be a painter, but knew he'd never be that either. He wondered if he would ever be good at anything. He tried to act like it didn't matter. That he didn't care. That he was content to live off his family's money, with no direction or responsibility in his life. But he wasn't. Everything about him was an act. He knew he was supremely untalented. He knew his father disapproved of him and that weighed on him greatly. He knew his girlfriend Marge loved him, and that he couldn't love her the way she wanted him to. She knew why, and he knew she knew.

Tom leaves it at that, but only to draw from Al -

AL

Why.

TOM

Because he loved me.

Al doesn't seem terribly surprised to hear this.

TOM

He confessed it to me in San Remo. It's why he took me there, and not Marge. To tell me he wanted to live with me.

AL

And you said?

TOM

Something awful.

FLASHBACK TO -

Tom and Dickie in the San Remo boat that day, small against the vast ocean and sky.

TOM
I told him I found him pathetic.
And that I wanted nothing more to
do with him.

BACK TO THE DANIELI

TOM
I wish I hadn't said it like
that. It hurt - him.

Another silence.

AL
Do you think he killed Freddie
Miles?

TOM
I can't say I'm sure he didn't
any more.

AL
Do you think he's killed himself?

TOM
I'm afraid he might have.

AL
I think he has. And now with
what you've said, I have a better
understanding why.

Al takes an envelope from his pocket and sets it on the coffee table between them. It's addressed to Signora Buffi, from R. Greenleaf, postmarked Palermo.

All Tom can think is - *What took her so long to take it to the police* - but he merely opens it and takes from it the letter that he, Tom, wrote to her as Dickie.

As he reads it to himself, the portraits on the walls of Venetian nobles watch him.

77

INT. SUITE - HOTEL DANIELI - DAY

77

They are back with Marge and Mr. Greenleaf in his hotel suite. Al has a little notebook in his hands, like Ravini always does.

AL

The facts we know are these:
The last time anyone saw your son
was when he checked out of the -
(glances at the notebook)
Hotel Savona in Palermo. The
clerk there said he asked about
ferries to Tunisia - so we can
assume that's where he was
headed. The clerk also said he
seemed depressed. Resigned.

Al lets that sink in, and continues -

AL

There's no one who can say they
saw him after that. And there
have been no communications from
him - except for one letter - to
his landlady in Rome - who with
concern for his wellbeing, took
it Inspector Ravini, who gave it
to me to bring to you.

It's in Tom's hands.

AL

It was mailed from Palermo on
January 27th - the night he left
for Tunisia. There's no record
of him arriving there. So
somewhere, between Sicily and
North Africa, on the ferry - in
the middle of the night -
something happened.

He lets them imagine Dickie jumping overboard.

AL

The landlady doesn't speak
English, which is why he wrote it
in Italian. Tom. Please read it
to Mr. Greenleaf.

Tom unfolds the letter in his lap and reads it aloud,
translating it -

TOM

Dear Signora Buffi - I hope this
letter finds you well.
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

And I apologize that I am writing it instead of talking to you in person. I've decided to give up the apartment. I love it and I appreciate all you did for me to make it feel like home, but I am not coming back to Rome.

(pause)

I'm sorry to just leave like this, and enclose some money here to cover the costs you'll incur by having an empty apartment until you can rent it.

(pause)

As for the things in it - my clothes and books and art supplies, you can sell it, or throw it away. You'll certainly want to throw my paintings out. They're worthless.

Mr. Greenleaf looks down, like he's heard enough, but there's more -

TOM

There's mail there, too - both personal letters from family and friends, and business correspondence, banking and so on. You can throw it all away. I don't need any of it anymore.

(pause)

Where am I going? I'm not sure about that, or what I'll do. To be honest, I feel kind of lost. I know the reasons, but won't burden you with them, except to say I have some deep regrets about some things that have happened. Some things I have done.

(pause)

Thank you for being so kind to me. You are one of very few who has been. Sincerely, Richard.

Silence in the room. No debate whether or not it's a suicide note. It's obvious Mr. Greenleaf is resigned to the fact.

MR. GREENLEAF

Well, I guess this makes things
pretty clear.

No one disputes it. Not even Marge, who looks shell-
shocked - probably because Dickie chose to write to his
landlady and not her, Tom is sure.

78

EXT. SANTA LUCIA TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

78

Marge and Mr. Greenleaf will be on the same train to
Rome, but certainly in different class cars. For now,
they're on the platform with Tom like characters in the
final pages of the final chapter of a mystery story
written by him.

TOM

Please give my love and
condolences to Mrs. Greenleaf.

MR. GREENLEAF

I will. You should take this.

Dickie's ring.

TOM

No, I can't keep that.

MR. GREENLEAF

Yes, you can, and you should. He
wasn't afraid of it being stolen.
He knew he wasn't coming back.
That's why he gave it to you.
Take it.

TOM

Are you sure?

MR. GREENLEAF

I'm sure. If he'd wanted me to
have it, he would have said so.

He puts it in Tom's hand.

TOM

Thank you.

MR. GREENLEAF

Thank you, Tom. And let me say I'm sorry there was a moment there I doubted your motives. I see now that the sincere young man I met and liked in New York is who you are. I wish you all good things.

As Mr. Greenleaf starts off to the first class car with his suitcase, Marge approaches Tom.

TOM

You okay?

MARGE

I will be.

TOM

Will you be going home?

MARGE

I think so. I think it's time.

TOM

Well, take care of yourself, Marge.

MARGE

You, too.

Tom makes a supreme effort to hug Marge, which is no less awkward for her to return.

She heads off for a second class car. As soon as she boards, Tom walks off to the station and the rest of his life, feeling good, blessed, divine.

And slips the ring on his finger.

81 EXT. VENICE - SAN MARCO CAFE - DAY

81

Tom at his favorite cafe table at San Marco.

He wears a nice Italian suit, but none of the accoutrement of Dickie Greenleaf. He no longer needs it since he is now the perfect amalgam of Tom and Dickie on the inside.

He's done with the newspapers - there's nothing of interest in them anymore now that Dickie and he aren't news - sips a Campari as he looks off at the glistening rain-slicked piazza.

A hundred pigeons take flight as a man crosses the square. He approaches Tom, and it's probably not until he sits down that we recognize him.

It's the man from the Palazzo Araldi party - the "art dealer" - Reeves Minot.

MINOT

What a dreary day.

TOM

It's perfect. Wine?

MINOT

Of course.

Tom signals to a waiter.

TOM

Vino rosso per il mio amico.

The waiter nods and goes off to get it.

TOM

How is it.

MINOT

I think you'll be pleased.

Minot takes a passport from a jacket pocket and slides it across the table to Tom. Tom takes a look.

It's a British passport in the name of 'Timothy Fanshaw' with several pages of entry and exit stamps and a nice photo of Tom, the new Tom, Tom as he is now, not who he was when he got his first passport photo taken in New York.

TOM

It's very good.

MINOT

Pascal's been at it a long time.

Tom takes out his wallet to pay the balance of what he owes Minot for the forged passport, but waits until the waiter sets down his wine and walks off again before handing the cash to him.

MINOT

I like the name. Timothy
Fanshaw. Cin cin.

They drink.

82 INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS - VENICE - DAY

82

Tom waits at a counter. In a moment, a clerk emerges from a back room with a package. We've seen it before, but will be forgiven if we fail to remember it.

It's about 24x34-inches, 4-inches thick, wrapped in butcher paper, tied with twine.

The addressee is Sig. Timothy Fanshaw, American Express, Venezia.

The clerk hands it to Tom along with his newly forged passport.

TOM

Grazie.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CLERK

Grazie a lei, Signor Fanshaw.

83 INT. PALAZZO - DAY

83

Tom sets the hifi needle on his Mina 45.

Pours himself a glass of red wine and takes it with him as he moves around the living room switching on lamps.

They still have the low-wattage bulbs in them, though he no longer has anything to hide. He just prefers the more dramatic light they cast.

He cuts the twine from the package with a knife and unfolds the butcher paper. Inside is the wooden picture crate he made in Atrani so long ago.

He pries off the plywood top with a knife's edge, revealing the Picasso he stole from Dickie's house back in early December after San Remo.

It's worth a fortune but he's not selling it, not now anyway; he's prepared the wall where he wants it to hang.

He hangs it there, straightens it, then sits with his wine by the fireplace, directly in front of the cubist painting, as Mina's haunting voice fills the place.

Sitting here in his 15th-century palazzo, bathed in chiaroscuro light, Tom can see in Picasso's fragmented figure pieces of himself and his schemes.

He even looks like Caravaggio in Costanza Colonna's sala maggiore with a glass of wine in *his* hand, after killing a man in Rome 350 years ago.

But there's no blood on Tom's hands.

INT. ROME POLICE STATION - DAY

It's months later. Maybe even a year.

Inspector Ravini is in his office, on the phone, as the Rome Officer brings in his mail, sets it on the desk, leaves.

Ravini hangs up and sifts through the envelopes to the largest one, covered with US stamps.

He opens it and is amused to find a paperback book inside called -

My Atrani
Marjorie Sherwood

He can't believe she actually finished her book - and got it published - and neither can we. On the title page inside, Ravini sees she has scribbled a generic *Best Wishes, Marge*

And on the next page finds the dedication. It reads -

*for Richard Greenleaf
with whom I shared my waking
dream of Atrani*

Below the words is a photograph of a handsome man on a beach - who looks nothing like the Richard Greenleaf the inspector questioned in Rome.

Ravini glances up from the book, completely thrown.

If this is Richard Greenleaf, who on earth was that in the Rome apartment?

The End