

Only You
Screenplay
by
Diane Drake

SUPER: 1968

On a darkened living room, a huge summer moon spilling silver through a window.

We move slowly across the mantelpiece where a pair of candles glow, illuminating family photos. Weddings two, maybe three generations back -- brides in white, their young grooms at their sides, frozen in time. As we pan, we hear two VOICES offscreen: a BOY'S and a GIRL'S.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Stop pushing it. You're not
supposed to force it. You're
supposed to just let it happen.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)
I'm not pushing it, you're pushing
it.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
I am not.

Silence. Until,

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
You're pushing it again.

An exasperated sigh.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Well, hurry up. My foot's falling
asleep.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Mo-mmm. Larry's pushing it.

Mom?

MOM (O.S.)
(from the next
room)
Larry, don't push it.

And now, we finally pan over to discover two KIDS playing with a Ouija board. For future reference, the players are FAITH (age eleven), and her brother LARRY (ten).

LARRY
I'M NOT PUSHING IT.

FAITH
Wait. I have to write this down.

A groan out of him. She grabs a piece of paper and starts scrawling out a series of letters.

FAITH
Grandma told me everybody has a soul mate.

FAITH
But most people never find theirs,
most people settle. I'm never
gonna settle.

She gazes up as the ripe summer moon slips behind a bank of clouds.

FAITH
This way I'll know the name of the
man I'm supposed to wait for.

The arrow continues to move around the board, stopping on various letters which she copies down.

LARRY
Yeah, but, what if this guy lived
a billion, trillion years ago?
Like, what if he was a cave man,
and now he's dead?

FAITH
Don't be stupid, Larry. If he's
my destiny, then, obviously, he
has to be alive.

Another letter.

LARRY
Yeah, but, what if he doesn't live
here? Like, what if he's a
cannibal in New Guinea or
something?

FAITH
If I live here, then he lives here.
Fate wouldn't make a mistake like
that.
(beat)
And stop talking. You're gonna
ruin the spell.

Another pause. Another letter. Then... Ever the devil's advocate,

LARRY
(whispering)
Yeah, but... but, Faith, what if
he does live here, and one day you
just walk past him on the street?
I mean, you don't hear his name,
you don't get a chance to introduce
yourselves. You practically bump
straight into each other, but you
never even know it?

Right in his face,

FAITH
We'll KNOW.

LARRY
Okaaaaayyyy.

The arrow comes slowly to a halt. And she writes down the
final letter, as the moon again breaks through the clouds,
throwing a bright white beam of light directly onto the name
which reads:

FAITH (O.S.)
(a whisper)
Damon Bradley.
(she looks up,
spellbound)
He's the one.

Beat.

LARRY
Goodie. Can I ask about the Series
now?

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

A screaming face. Whirling lights. A local carnival. The
small-town traveling kind.

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER.

Up on the ferris wheel, a bunch of JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL BOYS
are distinguishing themselves by hurling water balloons down
at carnival-goers. Among the participants is Faith's brother
Larry.

PULL DOWN from them to "MADAME DIVINA'S FORTUNE TELLING
BOOTH". "Know Your Fate". Clustered in front of it are a
bunch of JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS.

We should recognize Faith as one of them. Another girl,
LESLIE, is egging a friend on.

LESLIE

Go on, go on...

(to the rest)

She wants to know if she's gonna marry Alex.

GIRL #2

I do not. I'm not gonna marry Alex.

(obviously)

He doesn't even have a car.

LESLIE

But he's got pretty eyes. That means your kids would have pretty eyes. You can always get a car later, but you can't always find pretty eyes. You gotta think ahead.

GIRL #3

Who cares about pretty eyes, Leslie? I'm telling you, stocks, bonds, real estate -- that's what you wanna look for in a man.

GIRL #4

(dismissing)

Heh...

GIRL #3

What then?

GIRL #4

(the voice of authority)

Definitely sex.

Somebody else pipes up,

GIRL #5

My mom told me you gotta want the same things out of life. Have the same values, be able to communicate.

They all turn to look blankly at this poor, misguided soul.

GIRL #5

I'm just telling you what she said.

They're still looking at her.

GIRL #5

It's not like I believed her or anything...

FAITH

I think you're all wrong.

LESLIE

What do you think the most
important thing is, Faith?

There is not a doubt in her mind.

FAITH

True love. I believe there's one
special person out there who's
meant for each of us. And when
your eyes meet, it'll be magic and
you'll both know it instantly.

A couple of dissenters roll their eyes.

FAITH

(turning to another
friend)

Don't you think so, Kate?

KATE's looking at the ground, trying to sound casual.

KATE

I don't know, I guess I never
really thought about it...

(in her next
breath)

Is Larry here?

FAITH

(she couldn't care
less)

Yeah. He's around somewhere.

Up above, Larry takes careful aim, then sends a water balloon
torpedoing their way. It hits the ground between them with
an enormous SPLAT. They SCREAM.

INT. FORTUNE TELLING BOOTH - NIGHT

We move past them, through a beaded window and into the booth
where a disheveled older WOMAN, MADAME DIVINA, is paging
through a copy of "Scientific American".

There's a TAP at the door. She checks her watch. Curses.
She shoves the magazine in a drawer, then hoists a bowling
ball, the kind with the iridescent swirls in them, onto an
opening in the center of the table, carefully positioning it
so the three holes aren't visible. She flicks on a flashlight
above it. Crystal ball.

Back outside, the girl everybody-thinks-is-going-to-marry-Alex
is nervous.

GIRL #2

But what if she tells me something
bad? I don't want to hear anything
bad...

KATE

They never tell you anything bad.
Nobody'd ever go to them if they
did.

The door opens. The WOMAN'S imposing hulk casts a shadow down
over them. They look up.

FORTUNE TELLER

Who knocked?

Like deer in the headlights.

GIRL #2

(pointing at Kate)
She did.

KATE

(pointing at girl
#2)
She did.

Nobody moves, until,

FAITH (O.S.)

I did.

Faith looks at her friends, shrugs, then gamely ventures
inside past the beads and sits down.

FORTUNE TELLER

What's your name?

FAITH

Faith.

FORTUNE TELLER

(lighting a candle)
What do you wanna know, Faith?

FAITH

Um, just basic destiny stuff, I
guess. But-- I don't want to hear
anything bad.
(beat)
If that's okay.

Madame Divina starts laying out a series of tarot cards.
Suddenly there's a loud KNOCK at the back door. Faith jumps.

FORTUNE TELLER

(dismissing)
Spirits.

She lays down a couple more cards. Then a persistent
"PSSSSTTTT", "PSSSSTTT". More BANGING.

FORTUNE TELLER

(hollering)
Harry, I'm outta change.

More KNOCKING. Harry is determined. Annoyed, Mme. Divina finally gets up.

FORTUNE TELLER
How come I always wind up next door
to the freak show?
(as she goes)
Just because they're midgets does
that mean they don't have to go
to the bank like the rest of us?

She lumbers to the back of the booth, throws open a back door and looks down.

FORTUNE TELLER
What?

Inside, Faith is nervously eying the cards. Her friend KATE peeks in through the beads.

KATE
(mouthing the words
and pointing)
Is that a bowling ball?

Faith doesn't understand. Kate mimes a bowling motion, swinging her arm. Faith shrugs. As the woman returns, from outside we overhear,

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Kate. Larry wants you.

LARRY (O.S.)
I do not.

Kate grins, ducks out. Mme. Divina sits back down. Closes her eyes. Fingers the ball, entranced.

FORTUNE TELLER
Something is coming to me. I'm
getting... a name.

Faith leans forward.

FORTUNE TELLER
(straining)
This name is very important to
you... Da-- David. No-- no...

A faint breeze flutters through the room and the candle starts to flicker.

FORTUNE TELLER
Damon.

Faith's heart skips a beat.

FORTUNE TELLER

His name is...
(her eyes pop open
with startling
intensity)
Damon Bradley.

It is, of course, the same name.

FAITH

Omigod. Omigod.
(getting up)
I have to go.

She seizes Faith's hand.

FORTUNE TELLER

Just a minute--

Faith freezes.

FORTUNE TELLER

Your destiny's two dollars.

Faith pulls out two bills, drops them on the table. Bolts
for the door. But the woman stops her again.

FORTUNE TELLER

Hey--

She leans in very close and pulls Faith toward her. We should
sense that this is not part of the act. This is for real.

FORTUNE TELLER

The truth is, no matter what the
cards say, you make your own
destiny. Don't wait for it to come
to you. You understand?

Faith nods. Still in shock.

FAITH

Can I be excused now?

CUT TO:

SUPER: TWENTY YEARS LATER -- SATURDAY NIGHT

We hear pouring rain. But what sounds like rain is actually
the shower, as we pull back to find Mitzi Gaynor washing that
man right out of her hair. "SOUTH PACIFIC" is on television.
We pull back even further to reveal three WOMEN watching.
A big Saturday night. There's a lot of chocolate on the
table.

The women are: the adult FAITH. Attractive, a little dreamy.
The walls of her apartment are adorned with reproductions of
famous works all featuring a similar theme, Rodin's "The

Kiss", Botticelli's "Birth of Venus", etc. Bookshelves are crammed with volumes of poetry. She's absentmindedly pulling the petals off a bouquet of flowers on the table.

Also in attendance: KATE, her childhood friend turned housewife and sister-in-law. Kate is a pragmatist. She's clipping coupons out of the newspaper as they watch. And, doing her nails, LESLIE. Big hair. Good heart. Not the sharpest tool in the shed.

As the movie cuts to a commercial,

LESLIE

I'm just saying I think it would be a good idea.

KATE

(dubiously)

Date police...

LESLIE

Yes. A guy who says he's gonna call, then doesn't, ought to get slapped with a citation, that's all.

Faith glances at Kate. They're used to Leslie.

LESLIE

(blowing on her nails)

Anyway, like I said, I've given it a lot of thought and I've finally narrowed it down.

(beat)

A heterosexual with a job.

FAITH

Well, I don't think it's asking too much to want to feel it in my head and my heart and my body and my soul all at the same time, and to have that feeling to be mutual. Pass the M&Ms please.

Her friends groan. They're used to Faith. Kate hands the candy over.

LESLIE

Not as long as you're not hoping to find it on planet Earth.

KATE

Leslie's right, Faith. You've got to start being more practical. Do you know what the statistics are, the marriage odds for women your age?

FAITH

I don't believe in statistics.

KATE
You're an accountant for cryin'
out loud.

Faith holds out both palms, gesturing that her point has been made.

KATE
What about that guy you work with,
Mike what's-his-name?

FAITH
(shaking her head)
No. He smokes.

KATE
How about the other one? His
friend.

FAITH
Just moved in with his girlfriend.

KATE
(brightly)
How about that guy at the bank?

Faith pops another M&M.

FAITH
Scientologist.

KATE
(deflated)
Oh.

Beat.

KATE
So, you gotta be a little flexible.
Look at your brother and me.
Larry's not perfect, neither am
I. But we work it out. We're not
unrealistic in our expectations,
and we have each other.
(setting down her
scissors)
I think you've got the Door Number
Three Syndrome.

FAITH
Don't tell me, Oprah did a show--

LESLIE
Yeah, I saw that. Like on Let's
Make A Deal. You've got the Amana
freezer and you can keep it, or
risk it on what's behind Door
Number Three. Which usually turns

out to be a donkey.

Faith looks at Kate.

FAITH

I don't have an Amana freezer.

KATE

It's a metaphor. It's women who always think there's some unknown out there that's going to be better than what's in front of them. And instead wind up with nothing.

FAITH

Metaphorically, I still don't have an Amana freezer.

KATE

I think if you're honest with yourself, you'll admit you've had a chance at a number of Amana appliances in your lifetime.

She knows there's probably some ugly truth to this. Luckily, the PHONE RINGS. Faith picks it up.

FAITH

Hello? Hi, Larry.

(beat)

Yeah, she's here. Hold on.

(turning to Kate)

It's your husband.

INT. LARRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

LARRY, Kate's husband, Faith's brother, is at the kitchen table, munching the last crumbs out of a bag of potato chips and watching television.

LARRY

Kate, you're still there? I thought you'd be on your way home by now.

INT. FAITH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

KATE

You miss me?...

INT. LARRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

LARRY

Uh, yeah. Sure.

(gazing forlornly
into the
refrigerator)

Honey, did you forget the guys are coming over tonight?

KATE (ON PHONE)

No, why?

LARRY

(helplessly)

Well, there's nothing here to eat.

INT. FAITH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Over the movie, we hear yelling -- Kate's half of the fight -- in the background. Then the SLAMMING of the receiver.

When she comes back into the room, the "Some Enchanted Evening" number is on. Faith is mouthing the words. Kate starts picking up her coupons.

FAITH

Is everything okay?

KATE

Yes.

(glancing at the
tv, annoyed)

You know all the shrinks on Donahue say that all those love songs about some enchanted evening are just a cruel hoax that feeds people's fantasies.

FAITH

(a little
plaintive)

But somebody wrote those songs.

KATE

So, what's your point?

FAITH

Just that they came out of somebody's experience is all.

KATE

No, Faith. They came out of somebody's imagination.

EXT. FAITH'S DOOR - NIGHT

Faith walks her friends to the door, opens it.

FAITH

I wish you didn't have to go so early.

KATE

(still annoyed)

Yeah, well, Larry and his friends are hungry.

(relenting)

And I did say I'd try to pick something up.

LESLIE
And I told Ted I'd be home later
if he wanted to stop by.

FAITH
I thought you said you thought he
had a date.

LESLIE
Well, after that.

As they talk, a slight GUY, one who might best be described
as, well, non-descript, walks by and heads into his apartment.

NON-DESCRIPT GUY
How's it going?

FAITH
Pretty well, Dwayne. How about
you?

DWAYNE
Can't complain.

He closes his door. Kate looks at Faith. Who shakes her
head.

FAITH
No.

KATE
Is he married?

FAITH
No.

KATE
Is he gay?

FAITH
I don't know. I don't think so.

KATE
So?...

FAITH
So, he's not my type.
(beat)
Let me walk you to the elevator.

They walk.

KATE
What's he do?

FAITH
I don't know, Kate.

KATE

You don't have any idea?

FAITH
He's a podiatrist or something.

KATE AND LESLIE
(in unison)
He's a doctor?

FAITH
Look, there's no chemistry there,
okay? There's no... thrill.

KATE
"Thrills"? That's what you're
waiting for? You know how long
that lasts? Besides, how do you
know? Have you ever been out with
him?

FAITH
No. He's never asked me.

KATE
Why don't you ask him?

FAITH
Why should I ask someone out who
I don't want to go out with in the
first place?

KATE
If you've never been out with him,
how do you know you don't want to
go out with him?

LESLIE
(almost more to
herself)
I thought he was kinda cute...

Faith sighs. Mercifully, the elevator doors finally open.
Kate and Leslie get in. As the doors close,

KATE
Take a chance, Faith... None of
us is getting any younger...

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Faith re-enters her apartment. The answering machine light
is blinking. She plays the message back as she gets ready
for bed.

ANSWERING MACHINE
Hi, honey. It's Mom. I just
wanted to apologize if I upset you
at brunch today.

To herself in the bathroom mirror,

FAITH
If you upset me at brunch today?

ANSWERING MACHINE
(correcting
herself)
For upsetting you at brunch today.
Now, you know I don't think you're
a failure. And if you never get
married, that's perfectly fine with
your father and me.

Faith is applying eye cream. She leans in closer, carefully
examining the lines around her eyes.

ANSWERING MACHINE
Of course you're not a freak.
You're right, plenty of people
aren't married.
(trying to be
supportive)
The guy who cuts my hair isn't
married. Hey... maybe you tw--
(a voice in the
background)
He's gay.
(her mother)
Oh. Never mind. Anyway, if you
want to spend the rest of your life
alone, well, that's your choice.
And I respect it. I just want you
to be happy, that's all.
(beat)
Hold on, your Dad wants to say
something.
(male voice)
Good fruit salad today, Faith.
(Mom takes the
phone back)
We'll talk to you soon, sweetie.

The machine shuts off. Faith gets into bed. Reaches for the
light. Then, remembering something, gets up.

There's a daily calendar lying on her dresser. She rips off
the top page, crumples it into a ball, drops it into the
wastebasket.

And turns out the light.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A vast audience of PEOPLE, all clad in ridiculous get-ups.
Faith is wearing a chicken suit. Her Mother is there, in an
octopus costume. Kate and Larry are Siamese twins. Leslie
is dressed as a radish. MONTY HALL steps up to Faith.

MONTY HALL
So, which one is it gonna be,
Faith? Will it be... Door Number
One?...

DWAYNE, the podiatrist, peeks out from between the curtains
of Door Number One. Waves. The CROWD goes WILD.

MONTY HALL
Door Number Two?...

The distinct BRAYING of a DONKEY can be heard emanating from
behind Door Number Two.

MONTY HALL
Or Door Number Three?...

A complete mystery. This one seems to glow.

ALL
(chanting)
Take Dwayne! Take Dwayne!

CAROL MERRILL is running an arm sensuously along Door Number
One.

FAITH
(nervously)
Door Number Three?

Murmurs of dismay ripple through the crowd. The curtains
part. To reveal a shriveled OLD CRONE, covered in cobwebs,
who bears an unsettling resemblance to Faith. The crowd BOOS.

INT. FAITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Faith shoots up in bed, in a cold sweat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Faith exits her apartment and heads down the hall, carrying
a wastebasket. She opens the garbage chute, lifts up the
basket, but as she tilts it, her hand slips and a multitude
of crumpled little balls, all those days, go spilling out onto
the floor. She just stares down at them, on the edge. When,

O.S.
You need some help?

She looks up. It's Dwayne.

FAITH
I do...

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

It's on a little BRIDE AND GROOM atop a massive wedding cake,
rotating to an endless loop of "We've Only Just Begun".

O.S.
Okay, it's settled.

Pull back to reveal Faith on the other side of the bakery case.

FAITH
This one, in vanilla. He wants
vanilla.

INT. CAR - EVENING

Kate and Larry are dressed up. Driving through a thunderstorm.

LARRY
This is the last one before the
wedding, right?

KATE
Right.

LARRY
And we didn't have to bring another
present?

KATE
No.

EXT. DWAYNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A party. Champagne corks POP, MUSIC plays, GUESTS circulate. We move around the room, picking up snatches of conversation. Dwayne is leading Faith around by the hand. Thrusting her ring finger into people's faces.

She's embarrassedly playing along.

DWAYNE
That's right. Six grand. Can you
believe what they get for these
things? I'm telling you, it's
highway robbery.

He pats her ass proprietarily.

DWAYNE
But she's worth it.

Her mother watches, beaming. Other elderly RELATIVES come up to her, offering their congratulations.

ELDERLY RELATIVE
(sotto, to her
mother)
We'd almost given up hope, dear.

In another corner,

KATE

Not only is it tacky, it's
exploitation.

LARRY

It's not exploitation. These
people wanna sell and I wanna buy.
How are golf clubs exploitation?
(to a woman nearby)
She takes one night class and
suddenly she's a socialist.

KATE

Sociologist. And because.
(ticking them off)
Pawn shops are just like
prostitutes, farm auctions and coal
miners. They're all for sale, but
none of 'em would be if they
weren't desperate for the money.

LARRY

We're all desperate for the money,
doll. That's what made this
country great.
(to the woman
again)
Back me up on this Candy, am I
right?

KATE

Don't call me doll, Larry. I hate
it when you call me doll.

LARRY

You used to love it when I called
you doll.

KATE

You said it differently then.

CUT TO:

Dwayne's got a captive audience and is holding court near the
front door. Faith is across the room, a tray of food in her
hands. The DOORBELL RINGS.

DWAYNE

(ignoring it)
...I'm not kidding. All over the
metatarsus. Corns the size of your
fist-- and this fungus...
(searching)
You know the way tuna fish looks
when it's been in the back of the
refrigerator for about six months?
Anyway--

His listeners start silently returning their hors d'oeuvres
to the serving trays. The doorbell RINGS some more.

DWAYNE
(to Faith)
Honey, could you get that? I'm
in the middle of a story here--

Faith sets down the tray. Goes to the door. Outside is
Leslie.

LESLIE
Sorry I'm late. I was waiting for
a phone call.

Faith welcomes her in, introduces her to some other guests.
Larry comes over to congratulate his sister, gives her a kiss.
As he walks away,

KATE
(contemptuously)
He begged me to marry him. I
didn't even want to marry him.

FAITH
(not unkindly)
Yes you did.

KATE
Well, I wouldn't've if I hadn't
thought I was in love.

Off her look.

KATE
He tricked me. He was really fun
back then. And he was so cute...
(beat)
How was I supposed to know that
ten years down the road he'd turn
out to be an idiot?

Dwayne pops his head in.

DWAYNE
Hon-ey, picture time.

Faith gets up to follow him. As they go, he turns to her,

DWAYNE
You gonna leave your hair like
that?

Her hair looks exactly as it has all evening. But she's
anxiously trying to somehow rearrange it as the FLASH POPS,
and the FRAME FREEZES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOORWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

The party's over. They're saying goodnight to the few

remaining guests. The door closes one last time. Faith starts cleaning up, picking up plates, etc. Dwayne's standing in the bedroom doorway, unbuttoning his shirt, already getting ready for bed.

DWAYNE
This was really nice.

FAITH
It was, wasn't it?

DWAYNE
You did a terrific job, honey.

FAITH
(pleased)
Thanks.

DWAYNE
(putting his arms
around her)
And just think... This is only
the beginning.

He kisses her forehead. Releases her. Heads for the bedroom.

DWAYNE
Oh, sweetie, you won't forget to
pick up my cleaning tomorrow, will
you?

She starts to respond, but-- he's already disappeared. A distant roll of thunder rumbles through the room. The candlelight flickers. And the rain descends.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A sea of white, with a tiny face drowning in it. Massive sleeves, an enormous hoop skirt, tiers of cascading ruffles drenched in acres of white sequins.

FAITH
I feel like the Good Witch of the
North.

Kate's helping Faith try on her gown and veil.

KATE
Come on, it's not so bad.

FAITH
Look how big it makes me look.
(she looks down)
I look like an Alp.

KATE
I think it was sweet of him to pick
it out.

FAITH

I know... It was.

Kate positions the veil on her head.

KATE

But what?

FAITH

(sighing)

Oh, I don't know. I guess it's just not quite the way I always thought it was going to be. You know, like in the movies.

KATE

That's the problem. When you're a kid you think life is gonna be like the movies. Dreams come true, the good guys win, people live happily ever after... all that crap. Turn.

She turns. Kate continues adjusting the veil, pinning it.

KATE

But one day you wake up and realize you've been had. Of course life isn't like the movies. That's why there are movies.

FAITH

Yeah. I guess you're right.

(beat)

I really like the wallpaper we picked out for the den.

But Kate's just getting warmed up.

KATE

Let me tell you something about love. There are no prince charmings, there are no glass slippers. Love is hard work.

FAITH

I know. You're right.

KATE

People have problems, insecurities, flaws-- and you have to learn to compromise, to overlook, to forgive. It's not settling, Faith, it's life. Real life.

Okay...

FAITH

I understand, Kate.

(beat)

What do you think of this garter?

KATE
(careening out of
control)
I mean, just how long are you going
to cling to this childish illusion
that it's all supposed to be
perfect? Well, guess what?...
It isn't. Not for you, not for
anybody.

Kate slams the pins down, scattering them. A long beat of
silence.

FAITH
(quietly)
Kate, is something the matter?

KATE
(shakily, staring
up at the ceiling)
Larry brought me flowers last
night.

FAITH
Is that bad?...

KATE
I think he's having an affair.

She buries her face in her hands.

CUT TO:

They're sitting down. Faith is handing Kate kleenex.

FAITH
Okay. Now. Have you talked to
him about this?

Still looking down, Kate mutely shakes her head, "no".

FAITH
Have you seen him with someone?

KATE
No... I can just tell.

FAITH
After all, he is my brother, and
I know he can be kind of a jerk
sometimes, but I know him pretty
well, and I really don't think--

The PHONE RINGS.

FAITH
(reluctantly)
Don't move.

Faith gets up and tries to head into the kitchen, but the unfortunate combination of the big dress and the small doorway stop her. She tries a variety of approaches before finally turning the hoop skirt on an angle and suspending part of it over her head, enabling her to squeeze through the doorway just far enough to knock the receiver off the hook and grab it.

FAITH

Hello?

There's a lot of noise on the other end.

FAITH

Hello? Is anybody there?

PHONE

(louder, over the
noise)

Dwayne Pinsley? I'm trying to
reach Dwayne Pinsley.

FAITH

He's not in at the moment. Can
I take a message?

PHONE

Who's this?

FAITH

(trying to wrench
herself free from
the doorway)

This is his fiancée. Who's this?

PHONE

Oh, hi. I'm an old high school
buddy of Dwayne's. I was in town
this weekend, was hoping to stop
by and surprise him. But I've gotta
catch a plane so I'm afraid I'm
not gonna be able to make it.

Kate, wiping her eyes, mouths "who is it?" Faith shakes her head.

FAITH

(wanting to get
off the phone)

I'm sure he'll be sorry to hear
that. Who should I tell him
called?

PHONE

My name's (lots of noise)

FAITH

I can hardly hear you. Could you
spell that?

Kate hands Faith a pencil and the back of an RSVP card. And letter by letter, we watch Faith scrawl out a name which, for the second time in the movie, we realize spells "Damon Bradley".

The receiver clatters to the floor.

FAITH
(dumbstruck)
Damon Bradley...

PHONE
Right. Thanks a lot. And
congratulations. It's not easy
finding love these days.

He's about to hang up. She's shaken out of her stupor. Grabs the phone up off the floor.

FAITH
WAIT!! Where are you?

PHONE
I'm at the airport. Why?

FAITH
Uh-- in case Dwayne wants to try
to reach you.

PHONE
Well, he'd have to hurry. My
flight leaves at four o'clock.

She checks her watch. It's 3:15.

FAITH
(like a shot)
Where are you going?

PHONE
I'm on my way to Venice. Why?

FAITH
(anything to keep
him on the phone)
Venice? I love Venice. With the
boats, right?...

PHONE
(he's distracted)
Huh? Uh, yeah-- I've gotta run.
Tell Dwayne hi. Maybe someday we
can all get together.

Click.

FAITH
But wait-- Hello? Hello??

But there is only a dial tone. She stands there clinging

desperately to the receiver. A woman adrift in a life raft who's suddenly seen a ship appear, then disappear back over the horizon.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Faith, still in her wedding gown, is racing to her car. A crazed gleam in her eye. Kate is tagging after her.

FAITH
It's a miracle.

KATE
It's a coincidence.

FAITH
The woman at my dry cleaners
believes there's no such thing as
coincidence.

Kate looks at her. So what?

FAITH
(breathlessly)
Okay, okay, but don't you think
it's a weird coincidence? Doesn't
it seem like somebody's trying to
tell me something? And not only
that, take a look at this...

Faith pulls a clipped copy of the day's horoscope from her purse. Kate scans the column.

KATE
Taurus: "Today can be a fresh start
and a new beginning."
(dropping it to
her side)
Come on Faith, they all say that.
In my case it means I'm gonna empty
the dishwasher.

She snatches back the paper, undeterred.

FAITH
I just want to get a look at him,
that's all.

EXT. ROADWAY - AFTERNOON

Faith is driving like a maniac, her hoop skirt crammed in over the edge of the dash, blocking the lower half of the windshield.

EXT. AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Faith screeches to a halt in the passenger loading zone, somehow manages to muscle the round hoop into an ellipse, and springs out the door.

She mashes herself into one of those glass-partitioned revolving doors, but gets stuck, making a few revolutions before a couple of PASSERS-BY help pry her out on the other side.

She scans a departure screen for the flight to Venice and buttonholes a SKY CAP. He points to the distance.

She hikes up her gown and starts sprinting through the airport, jumping luggage, can-can-ing through the turnstiles, dodging kids, running up the down escalator.

INT. ALITALIA CHECK-IN COUNTER - AFTERNOON

Faith flings herself across the counter.

FAITH
(breathlessly)
Flight 417. Is it still here?

The CLERK gives her the once-over. He hasn't seen this ploy in awhile.

CLERK
May I see your boarding pass,
please?

FAITH
I-- I must've misplaced it.

CLERK
I'm sorry, but without a boarding
pass we can't let you on the plane.

She starts digging through her purse, at the same time slowly inching her way past the little rope they put up to block people.

FAITH
(a smile)
I'm sure I've got it here
someplace...

He smiles back. And tightens the rope.

CLERK
Great. Because, like I said, until
you find it, we can't let you on
the plane.

FAITH
(panic rising in
her voice)
You don't understand. The man I'm
supposed to marry is on that plane.

CLERK
Okay, ma'am, just a moment.

He picks up his phone.

CLERK
Yeah, this is Mario over at
Alitalia.
(sotto)
We've got a 237 on our hands here.
Uh huh. Yeah. Thanks.

He hangs up. The engines can be heard revving outside.

CLERK
(back to her with
a plastic smile)
It'll be just a moment.

We see a SECURITY GUARD approaching. The Clerk starts waving him over. Meanwhile, CREW MEMBERS off an arriving flight are entering through a side door. Using her dress as a shield, Faith manages to wedge a foot in it.

As the clerk turns to address the guard, she darts out and starts sprinting across the tarmac for the plane-- where they've just finished pulling the portable stairs away from the cabin door.

As the plane starts to taxi, the GROUND CONTROLLER waves frantically at her to get out of the way. With an anguished cry, she sinks to the ground as the jet SCREAMS overhead.

INT. AIRPORT BAR - AFTERNOON

CLOSE on a shooter of tequila. A white-gloved hand picks it up and downs it. When,

O.S.
Okay, where's the nut in the dress?

The BARTENDER casts a sympathetic glance towards the end of the bar. Points. She's a pitiful figure, this bride in her torn wedding gown getting bombed all alone.

SECURITY GUARD
(taking her by the
arm)
Look, ma'am, we agreed not to press
charges. But I'm afraid we're
gonna have to ask you to leave.

The bartender turns to her.

BARTENDER
Can you drive? Do you want us to
call you a cab?

FAITH
(not at all fine)
No, thank you. I'm fine.

She gets up shakily.

BARTENDER
I think we better call you a cab.
(picking up the
phone)
Where is it you want to go?

Her eyes drift to the DEPARTURE SCREEN. There's another flight leaving for Venice in one hour. And a sudden light in her eyes.

Kate is on the telephone.

KATE
But you're afraid to fly.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Faith is at a pay phone. Feeling no pain.

FAITH
It was my New Year's resolution
to overcome it.

KATE (ON PHONE)
But it's July.

FAITH
It's still the new year...

KATE (ON PHONE)
What about your job?

FAITH
I have vacation time coming to me.

KATE (ON PHONE)
You don't have a passport.

FAITH
That's where you're wrong. I got
one nine years ago. I just never
had an opportunity to use it.

KATE (ON PHONE)
Because you were afraid to fly.

FAITH
Would you stop saying that? I need
you to do me a really big favor.

INT. KATE & LARRY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

KATE
Does Dwayne know about this?

FAITH (ON PHONE)
Of course not. I told him I was
going to visit a great aunt. And
don't tell Larry, either.

Kate glances disdainfully over at Larry, who's engrossed in the Home Shopping Club in the next room.

KATE
How could I tell him? I'm not even
speaking to him.

EXT. DWAYNE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kate and Leslie are there. Kate knocks. No answer. She pulls a key from beneath the mat and opens the door.

She calls out Dwayne's name. No answer. Nods to Leslie.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Faith, still in her bridal gown, is waiting impatiently at the TWA terminal entrance. Finally, she spots Kate and Leslie in the distance, carrying a suitcase. She rushes to them.

FAITH
(anxiously to
Leslie)
Were you able to find it?

LESLIE
At the very bottom of Dwayne's
closet.

Faith clenches her fist in victory.

LESLIE
But... there wasn't a regular
yearbook picture of him in there.
He must've been absent that day
or something.

Faith's face falls.

LESLIE
However, he was in the marching
band.

Faith brightens again, as Leslie pulls a contact lens case from her purse. She unscrews one side, empties the contents into Faith's palm. A fuzzy little image the size of an eraserhead. Damon Bradley, age 17, in the shadow of a tuba. Faith holds the virtually microscopic black and white speck up under her nose, examining it lovingly.

FAITH
(touched)
Thanks, Leslie.

Then, ever so carefully, places it back into the case, puts the case in her purse, and reaches for her suitcase. Which Kate is still holding onto.

KATE
I can't believe we did this. Do

I have to remind you that your wedding is in six days?

FAITH

Look, I know you think this is irresponsible of me, but think how much more irresponsible it would be to marry the wrong person.
(more)

FAITH (Cont'd)

What if Dwayne and I aren't really meant to be? Is it fair of me to waste his life?

Kate reluctantly lets go. Faith starts walking through the terminal, pulling clothes from the suitcase.

They follow her into the ladies' room, where Faith changes clothes.

LESLIE

I think she's right. You shouldn't let a chance like this slip by. What if he's really The One?

KATE

Les-lie, he's not The One. She's never even met this man.
(to Faith)
You mean to tell me that you've spent your whole life waiting for somebody with this name--
(qualifying it)
this name you got from a Parker Brothers game when you were eleven--

FAITH

No, I haven't. And you forgot about the fortune teller.

KATE

My God, you have...

Faith hands her gown and car keys to Leslie.

FAITH

Thank you so much.

KATE

You're just going to fly to Italy and start combing the streets?

FAITH

(pulling a cocktail
napkin from her
purse)

He was on his way to Venice, right?
I called the tourist bureau and

I must've called every hotel in
the city, but I found where he's
staying.

(more)

FAITH (Cont'd)

(giddy)

And I've made a reservation.

Kate shakes her head. They exit out of the restroom and head
towards her gate.

KATE

You don't even know what he looks
like. You don't speak the
language. You don't know your way
around. This is a total stranger,
in a foreign land.

She's starting to get a little caught up in this.

KATE

A foreign land full of millions
of Italian men... speaking Italian
with Italian accents and those huge
brown eyes and that silky olive
skin...

FAITH

How hard can it be? I'll land
there, I'll go to his hotel, I'll
introduce myself, and--

KATE

Live happily ever after.

FAITH

Maybe.

Off Kate's look,

FAITH

Look, until today, I had forgotten
all about this. And chances are
I'll find out he's not for me and
I'll come home and marry Dwayne
and never bring this up again.
But what if this is the real
thing, Kate? What if this is the
real real thing?

She steps aboard the escalator.

FAITH

Wish me luck.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Leslie is behind the wheel of Faith's car, driving it home.
Kate is at the wheel of her station wagon, driving it back

home. When at the last opportunity to recircle the airport, Kate suddenly cuts the wheel.

INT. AIRPORT WAITING AREA - NIGHT

CLOSE on a Let's Go, Italy guide, an Italian-English Dictionary, and a copy of How to Make a Man Fall in Love with You}. Faith is waiting at the gate. She's packing the books into her suitcase when the glitter of her ENGAGEMENT RING catches her eye. She looks around, before furtively sliding it off. She opens the coin purse of her wallet and is placing it inside, when a pair of shoes appear in front of her.

O.S.

Will you loan me some clothes?

Startled, she looks up. Kate is standing there, holding her passport.

KATE

(shrugs)

I keep it in the glove compartment
in case of emergencies.

FAITH

You're coming with me?

Kate nods. Faith throws her arms around her.

KATE

I'm not saying I think it's a good
idea. But if you're going to
insist on doing this, I don't think
you should go alone. You need to
be sensible about it.

Their flight is announced. They get up and start walking towards the gate.

FAITH

You're right. The key is to go
about this sensibly. Logically.
Rationally.

As they go,

FAITH

Did I tell you I figured out we
both have the same number of
letters in our names?

INT. JET - NIGHT

As the plane slowly taxis, the FLIGHT ATTENDANTS go through their standard litany of disaster. As usual, everybody is ignoring them. Except for one passenger, who is looking slightly green.

KATE

You okay?

FAITH
Sure. I'm fine. I don't know why
I never did this before. I mean,
what's the big deal?

The plane starts picking up speed.

FAITH
Except for the fact that I could
lose my job.

The landscape is beginning to blur.

FAITH
I could lose Dwayne.

They're rocketing down the runway.

FAITH
(suddenly clutching
Kate's arm)
I'm afraid to fly.

The ear-splitting SHRIEK of a jet engine as the plane takes
off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARCO POLO AIRPORT, VENICE - LATE AFTERNOON

The two women enter the terminal. Kate is jet-lagged and a
little dazed. Faith is like a kid on Christmas morning.

FAITH
We're here, we're here, we're here!
I can't believe we're really here.

As they make their way to the baggage claim they're instantly
subjected to the Italian male's tendency to treat every female
in sight as if she were the first woman he'd ever seen in his
life. Faith looks around ingenuously,

FAITH
You know what?... It seems like
there's a lot more available men
in Italy.

Kate rolls her eyes, grabs Faith by the elbow and steers her
out of there.

EXT. DOCKS, PIAZZALE ROMA - SUNSET

Our first view of Italy which, visually, is meant to be
idealized. A place where the light is always golden, and the
streets are full of magic and romance. It's not the real
Italy, it's the Italy of guidebooks. Of memories and
dreams...

They stand at the edge of the docks which lead to the floating

city. Faith looks around.

FAITH
Now what do we do?

KATE
The book said they have boats that
are like taxis...
(scans LET'S GO)
Vaporettos.
(looking up)
What's the name of the place we're
staying again?

FAITH
(cheerfully pulling
out the cocktail
napkin)
It's called... the Gritty Palace.

KATE
"Gritty"? Is this gonna be one
of those youth hostel dives jammed
with backpackers who don't believe
in deodorant?

FAITH
I don't know... Maybe. Think of
it as an adventure.

Faith spots a vaporetto. As they dash towards it, somebody
pinches Kate.

KATE
Ow! What the--

She looks behind her. The only person in the immediate
vicinity is a NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY, looking innocent. She WHACKS
him.

KATE
Cretin.

They step aboard just as the boat takes off, and Faith gazes
out into the distance, leaning out across the railing.

FAITH
Oh, look Kate, look how
beautiful...

And it is... as they sail toward the splendor that is Venice
at twilight.

EXT. THE GRAND CANAL - TWILIGHT

Magic hour. They float past ancient pallazi, their crumbling
facades rejuvenated in the gentle evening light. Gondoliers
glide by. Candlelit windows cast shimmering patches of gold
down onto the water. It's just like the movies... Eventually
the DRIVER calls out,

TAXI DRIVER
Gritti Palace.

Faith can barely contain herself as they pull up alongside one of the most elegant and expensive hotels in Venice. Former home to Hemingway and Maugham. Dock lanterns glow, beckoning them into its sumptuous surroundings.

FAITH
This is pretty ni-iice...

Kate smiles, then realizes,

KATE
(grabbing Faith's
arm)
This is a Lifestyles hotel.

FAITH
What?

KATE
"Of the Rich and Famous". Of which we are neither. Are you out of your mind? We can't afford this.

FAITH
(looking up at it)
Are you sure?

KATE
Yes.
(folding her arms)
Cathy Lee Crosby stayed here.

FAITH
Well, we're here. And more importantly, he's here.
(stepping forward)
We'll cut back on everything else.

She thanks the driver. Pays him. Steps off the boat. Kate doesn't move.

FAITH
Kate. It's one night.

She still doesn't move.

FAITH
They take credit cards.

She's a statue.

FAITH
We get frequent flyer miles.

EXT. GRITTI PALACE ENTRANCE - TWILIGHT

They enter the elegant lobby of the restored 15th century palazzo.

FAITH
I'm so glad I got up the nerve to do this. All my life, I've waited for men to call. Waited for them to ask me out. Waited for them to make the first move. Well, no more of that. I am finally taking charge of my own destiny.

They arrive at the CONCIERGE's desk.

FAITH
(sotto)
You ask what room he's in, okay?

CONCIERGE
Buona notte.

KATE
Hello. Reservation for Faith Corbett, please.

He nods, starts punching something into his computer. Kate pulls something from her purse.

KATE
And put it on this.

CLOSE on a CREDIT CARD which reads "LAWRENCE CORBETT". Faith looks at her. Kate flashes a wicked smile.

KATE
And, could you please tell us what room Mr. Bradley is in?

CONCIERGE
(politely)
I'm sorry. Mr. Bradley has already checked out.

The three cruelest words in existence, "already checked out".

FAITH
(disbelieving)
Excuse me?

CONCIERGE
Mr. Bradley left about a half hour ago. He said his plans had changed unexpectedly. Would you prefer an interior or exterior room?

FAITH
(dazed)
He couldn't have checked out-- I was supposed to meet him here.

CONCIERGE
I'm very sorry. Perhaps you
misunderstood?

He rings for the bellboy.

FAITH
(trying not to
panic)
Are you absolutely sure he's gone?
Maybe you made a mistake. You
must've made a mistake. Could you
check again? Please? Sir?

His polite veneer wearing thin, the man pulls a key from the
honeycomb of slots behind him.

CONCIERGE
Room 217. Would you like to go
up and check under the bed?

She doesn't respond. He replaces it.

FAITH
Well, which way did he go?

The man stares at her blankly.

FAITH
Nobody here has any idea which way
he went?

CONCIERGE
(icily)
Once they pay the bill, we don't
usually follow them.

Kate leans across the counter and grabs him by the collar,
pressing her forehead to his.

KATE
Maybe you don't understand.
(like she's
possessed)
My friend was supposed to meet him
here.

He starts to wrestle with her. Faith steps in to help pry
Kate's fingers from the gentleman's neck.

FAITH
(to him)
Excuse us.

He's still coughing as Faith leads her away from the desk into
the lobby.

KATE
Well, he was rude.

They sit down.

FAITH
I can't believe we came all this
way and he's gone.

KATE
You gave it your best shot. You
tried.

FAITH
(a whimper)
We lost him?...

Kate nods sympathetically.

KATE
You wait here. I'm gonna go get
us a room for the night.

Devastated, Faith stares vacantly into space.

FAITH
I'll never meet the man of my
dreams.

KATE
(to herself as she
goes)
You and the other 99% of the women
in the world.

As Kate heads back toward the check-in desk, Faith gets up
and approaches the DOORMAN. She pulls the contact lens case
from her purse. Unscrews one side and holds it out in front
of him. He starts laughing. She darkens. He sobers, rattles
something off in Italian, gesturing toward the distance.

EXT. STREETS OF VENICE - NIGHT

The two women race along, over bridges, under streetlamps.
Faith is holding the case out in front of her sister-in-law.

FAITH
Just once more, so you'll be sure
to know what to look for.

KATE
Faith, I've seen it already, okay?
If I spot somebody who's got a head
that's an eighth of an inch around,
standing underneath a tuba, I'll
recognize him from the photo.
Otherwise, I'm telling you, it's
not gonna do me any good.

Faith starts stopping people on the street, holding out the
case, encouraging them to peer in. Some of them look at her
like she's nuts, a few shake their heads, one MAN finally
stops. Examines it carefully.

FAITH
(anxiously)
Did you see him? Do you recognize
him?

TOURIST
(looking up,
smiling)
Candid Camera, right?
(he starts waving)
Where is it?

She snatches it away. Continues on. But the crowd jostles her. She is bumped hard from behind. And the photo goes floating out into St. Mark's Square. Frantically, she gets down on her hands and knees, trying to keep people from trampling it.

KATE
What are you doing?

FAITH
(without looking
up)
He fell out.

Reluctantly, Kate gets down on all fours, too. Faith spots the little face lying about two feet away. She strains to reach out, when a SHOE mashes down on her hand. It lifts back up, taking the photo with it, stuck fast to the sole.

Faith struggles to her feet, scooting after the MAN who's moving at a fast clip. She fights her way through the crowd, tracing his footsteps, crouched to make sure it's still there.

He's heading toward the edge of the canal. Is about to step aboard a gondola, when Faith stands up and grabs his shoulder from behind. He turns.

FAITH
(breathlessly)
Excuse me, sir, I'm sorry, but I
think there's something that
belongs to me stuck to the bottom
of your shoe.

Confused, the guy looks down. Faith reaches for his foot.

FAITH
Do you mind if I just--

She takes the shoe, turns it over, twisting the man's leg and knocking him off balance in the process. Sending him toppling into the water.

FAITH
(peering down from
above)
Oh, I'm sorry...

But the shoe is still in her hand. She turns it over, and sure enough, the tiny image is still perched there. She licks a finger and triumphantly picks it up like a crumb. Success... Until a big gust of wind comes up, whisking the little likeness into the Grand Canal.

INT. GRITTI PALACE LOBBY - NIGHT

A puddle of water is forming on the marble floor.

O.S.

It wasn't like I did it on purpose.

Faith is dripping. Looking like her world has come to an end. She's holding a phone book, as Kate drops tokens into a pay phone.

KATE

You can't really blame him for being upset. It was an Armani suit.

FAITH

Did I or did I not offer to have it cleaned?

KATE

I don't think he understood what you were saying. What's the airport number?

A MAID walks by, wheeling a cart. Suddenly, Faith's eyes light up.

FAITH

No...

She takes the receiver from Kate's hand, hangs it up.

KATE

I just got a dial tone--

FAITH

The guy at the desk said he only left about a half hour ago, right?

KATE

So?

FAITH

So, maybe his room hasn't been cleaned yet. Maybe there's something in there that might help us. Maybe they'll let us go in and take a look around.

They both turn to look at the concierge. Look back at each other. Shake their heads. Kate picks up the phone again. Faith takes it from her, hangs it up again. Looks pleadingly

at her friend. Beat.

KATE
I am not breaking into anybody's
room.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

A wad of LIRE changes hands, as a MAID opens the door to room 217.

INT. ROOM 217 - NIGHT

It hasn't been cleaned. In fact, it looks like a cyclone hit it.

KATE (O.S.)
So far, I'd say we're looking for
a rich slob.

Kate stands with her hands on her hips, surveying the scene. Faith spots a wastebasket in the corner. She runs over to it, picks it up, peers in.

FAITH
Ah ha!...

KATE
What'd you find?

FAITH
(charmed)
A Butterfinger wrapper.

KATE
A rich, possibly fat, slob.

FAITH
(hopeful)
Maybe there's fingerprints on it?

KATE
We're not looking to arrest the
man, Faith, we're trying to locate
him.

FAITH
Oh. Right.

She drops it. Starts digging through the wastebasket again.

DISSOLVE TO:

A small pile of garbage spread out on the floor -- an apple core, a couple more Butterfinger wrappers, some tissue, an empty shampoo bottle, a soap wrapper. Nothing very helpful. There's only one more crumpled piece of paper yet to be examined.

FAITH

This our last hope.

She says a silent prayer. Unfolds it.

FAITH
We're saved!

KATE
What is it?

FAITH
(saints be praised)
A phone message.
(beat)
Only--

KATE
Only what?

FAITH
Only, it's in Italian...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON the phone message and a hand holding it.

O.S.
(impatiently)
So what is this? He owes you
money?

Pan up to the annoyed Concierge.

FAITH
No... it's just very important
that I find him, okay?

CONCIERGE
Why?

FAITH
Because.

Beat.

KATE
Look, it's very simple. When she
was eleven years old, she got this
name--

Faith elbows her.

FAITH
(suddenly choking
up)
He's my brother.

Kate looks at her.

FAITH

(holding back
tears)
Yes, my long-lost brother. See,
uh, we were separated when we were
very young. The last time I saw
him we were just babies, but I've
recently found out that he's here
in Italy. And I'm here trying to
find him.

That's the ticket.

FAITH
You could say I'm sort of looking
for my other half.

She smiles nervously.

KATE
And she's going to be married in
five days, and it would mean so
much to her if she could find him
before her wedding day.

Teary-eyed, Faith nods.

FAITH
(pleading)
All I ask is that you just call
this number and ask if they know
him, if they have any idea where
we might find him.

He looks at her.

CONCIERGE
And then you promise you'll go
away?

She nods energetically.

CUT TO:

FINGERS DIALING. As she and Kate wait,

KATE
(sotto)
Your brother?

FAITH
What was I gonna do? Tell him the
truth?

CONCIERGE
(into phone)
Ai Monasteri?
(beat)
Va bene.

He's on hold.

KATE
A monastery?

Faith is looking stricken.

CONCIERGE
(coolly)
It's a store. In Rome.

She heaves a sigh of relief. He goes back to the call.

CONCIERGE
Si. Sto cercando Damon Bradley?...
(beat)
Si. Si. Grazie. Ciao.

Hangs up. They look at him expectantly.

CONCIERGE
(handing back the
message)
He said he thinks a woman he works
with knows him. Her name's Anna.
But she won't be in 'til tomorrow.

FAITH
So. How do we get to Rome?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SUNRISE

Somewhere in Tuscany. Where the landscape looks like one of those old Renaissance paintings. Undulating hills, sun-dappled olive groves, vast vineyards, crumbling farmhouses. They speed into the frame aboard a vespa. Faith is at the handlebars.

KATE
(over the wind)
Couldn't we just have taken a
train?

FAITH
(shaking her head)
The book said they have a lot of
rail strikes in Italy.

FAITH
This way we're in control.
Besides, look how pretty this is.
We're really getting to see the
countryside.

They speed off. And a BUG smacks straight into Kate's mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER. The front wheel of the vespa is rotating very slowly. That's because they're pushing it. In silence, until,

FAITH
(quietly)
I told you a liter was less than
a gallon.

KATE
(snapping)
We would've had enough gas to get
us there if you hadn't gotten us
lost. Besides, a kilometer is less
than a mile.

FAITH
Right. So we should've been able
to cover more of them.

Silence.

KATE
Boy, we sure are seeing the
countryside, alright.

Beat.

KATE
I'm hungry.

FAITH
You know, no offense or anything
Kate, but I think I'm starting to
see Larry's side of the story.

KATE
What's that supposed to mean?...

FAITH
Nothing.

They plod along again in silence.

FAITH
(throwing up her
hands)
I thought all roads were supposed
to lead there anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER STILL. They've stopped to rest. The sun is beating
down mercilessly.

Faith gets up, stands at the side of the road, arm and thumb
extended.

KATE
I don't know that we should be
accepting any rides from strangers.

Faith just looks at her.

FAITH
You expecting somebody you know?

KATE
Well, you don't have to get snippy
with me.

FAITH
Sorry.

After a beat,

KATE
(wounded)
So, what exactly is Larry's side
of the story, anyway?

FAITH
I don't know, Kate. I just said
that. I'm sorry. I'm just on
edge.
(gazing into the
distance)
I'm afraid we're losing him.

KATE
(staring vacantly
ahead)
You think he misses me at all?

FAITH
'Course he does.

KATE
You know, when Larry and I got
married, I thought we were so lucky
we found each other so early.
People talk about spending their
lives together, how many of them
really get to? But maybe I was
wrong. Maybe sooner or later
everything wears out.

Faith turns to look at her sister-in-law. She goes over and
kneels down next to her.

FAITH
Remember in junior high, when I
had that Halloween party? And we
were playing Twister. And it
landed on right-hand-red, and there
was only one red spot left. You
reached for it, but you started
to fall.

FAITH
And instead of taking it, Larry
reached out to catch you. He let
you win. Larry never let anybody
win. That's when I knew. He was

a goner.

Kate is idly doodling in the dirt with a twig.

KATE

That was a long time ago.

FAITH

And you know what I thought then,
Kate? I thought, I hope someday
I have somebody who loves me that
much.

(a confession)

I still hope that.

Still looking down, Kate smiles ruefully.

KATE

That you'll find someone who'll
let you win at Twister?

She looks up, eyes full of doubt. Faith nods solemnly.

KATE

He went out and bought himself
men's cologne the other day. Did
I tell you that?

FAITH

(concerned)

Larry bought himself cologne?

KATE

Polo.

Uh-oh.

Faith puts a consoling arm around her, and they sit there in
the Tuscan countryside. In quiet contemplation of the
capriciousness of life and love.

INT. SQUASH COURT - DAY

Dwayne and Larry are playing. Larry's clothes are very
wrinkled.



LARRY

So, she just takes off on me. No
warning. No explanation. Just
this message on the machine, "I'm
leaving you. Take the clothes out
of the dryer." I mean, what'd I
do?

Larry smacks the ball.

DWAYNE

I don't get it. She hasn't seen
her since she was a kid, now just
because she's dying, all of the

sudden she's gotta see her again?

LARRY

She's been acting weird lately,
though. I shoulda seen it coming.
Babbling on and on and on about
"communication". Like I don't know
how to communicate.

DWAYNE

Let's face it. Sooner or later
we all die.

LARRY

Exactly.

After a beat, Larry stops the ball.

LARRY

Who's dying?

DWAYNE

Your great aunt.

LARRY

What great aunt?



EXT. COUNTRY ROAD IN TUSCANY - DAY

They're walking again, both holding thumbs out now. And their
prayers are answered. A bright red FERRARI comes screeching
to a halt about ten feet in front of them. They exchange a
look. Faith dashes towards it. Peers in the window,
converses with the driver a moment, then waves Kate over.

KATE

(lugging the
suitcase)

You really think this is safe?

An interior shot of the car reveals a NUN behind the wheel.

FAITH

I'd say so...

Kate takes a look inside,

KATE

God, the Catholic Church is even
richer than I thought.



She climbs in, and the car PEELS OUT.

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - DAY

The Ferrari zips into the Eternal City. A wonderland of color
and history.

Baroque fountains spout cool, clear water; kids play soccer
in the ruins; lovers kiss in secluded corners; elegantly

stylish men and women sip espresso in sidewalk cafes, engaged in conversations, flirtations, negotiations. All the world's a stage.

They screech to an abrupt halt directly in front of,

SISTER MARGHERITA
Ai Monasteri.

They get out and are still thanking her profusely, standing at the side of the car with suitcase in hand, when there is a whisper from behind,

O.S.
Do you believe in love at first sight?

Faith freezes. Gazes heavenward.

FAITH
(like an oath)
Yes.

She turns. To discover that God is a practical joker. The guy is talking to Kate. Slicked back hair, ponytail, a lot of leather. He looks awfully young.

KATE
I'm married.

YOUNG ITALIAN STUD
(good-naturedly)
I know, I saw your ring. This is no problem. I only want for us to be friends.

Uh huh.

YOUNG ITALIAN STUD
I am Giovanni.

He kisses Kate's hand.

GIOVANNI
And you are?...

KATE
(in spite of herself)
Kate.

GIOVANNI
You are looking for a place to stay, no, Kate?

KATE
No. Well, I don't know. Well, maybe. Later.

GIOVANNI

This is your most lucky day. My
family runs a pension not three
blocks from here.

What a coincidence. She looks at Faith. In spite of herself,
she's a little charmed, flattered by him. As they continue
up the steps,

GIOVANNI
(suggestively)
I wait here for you.

INT. AI MONASTERI - DAY

Inside, a hushed environment, reminiscent of a monastery.
The store sells liqueurs, etc. made by monks. Faith
approaches the counter, behind which one of those inordinately
fashionable Italian WOMEN is positioned.

FAITH
(almost whispering)
Hello. Uh, do you speak English?

WOMAN BEHIND COUNTER
(demure smile)
A little.

FAITH
Thank God. I'm looking for Anna?

WOMAN BEHIND COUNTER
I am Anna.

Overjoyed, Faith extends a hand.

FAITH
Anna, I'm Faith. You don't know
how happy I am to meet you. You
see, I'm trying to find someone,
and--

KATE
(perusing the
merchandise)
Her brother.

FAITH
Right. My brother.

ANNA
(sweetness and
light)
Your brother. Fratello tuo.

FAITH
Yes. Right. Si. My fratello.
And, I was thinking that maybe
someone here, well, you, might know
him. His name is Damon Bradley?...

The woman's eyes narrow.

ANNA
Damon Bradley.

FAITH
(more thrilled)
Yes. You do know him?

Anna slams her espresso down on the counter.

ANNA
E' un porco!

FAITH
Excuse me?

She starts ranting in Italian. Faith pulls out her dictionary and starts flipping frantically through it. Kate comes over with a handful of little bottles.

KATE
What did you say to her?

FAITH
(still flipping)
I don't know. I just asked her
if she knew him and all of the
sudden--

KATE
What's she saying?

Faith shoots her a look.

KATE
Oh.
(beat)
Wait a minute--

Kate rushes to the door,

KATE
Hey, Giovanni...

He comes running. Kate hustles him inside and over to Faith.

KATE
(to him)
My friend is looking for her
brother and she thinks this woman
knows where he is. Can you tell
us what she's saying?

GIOVANNI
She's saying he's a-- a--
(snapping his
fingers, he can't
think of the word)
porco.

KATE

A porco?

GIOVANNI

(then suddenly)

A pig! A pig!

(to Faith,
apologetic)

She's saying he's a pig.

Anna's starting to throw things.

GIOVANNI

A very large pig.

FAITH

Ask her if she knows where he is?

GIOVANNI

Sa dov'e' lui?

She screams for about a minute. He turns to Faith.

GIOVANNI

No.

FAITH

Ask her if she knows how I might
reach him? If she has a telephone
number?

GIOVANNI

Ha un numero di telefono?

She yells some more.

GIOVANNI

She did, but she...

She rips a napkin into shreds.

GIOVANNI

...misplaced it.

More yelling.

GIOVANNI

He thinks she's going to meet him
at Mezzaluna tonight, but she--

ANNA

HAH!

She hits her inner elbow with the edge of her other hand, in
the Italian version of the finger.

GIOVANNI

...has a prior commitment.

FAITH
What's mezzaluna?

GIOVANNI
A restaurant. In Piazza Navona.

FAITH
(ecstatic)
That's it. That's it. That's all
I need to know.
(to her and
Giovanni)
Bless you, thank you, thank you.

The PROPRIETOR rushes in from the back of the store, makes
her apologize to the nice customers.

ANNA
(grudgingly)
Sorry.

PROPRIETOR
(that's better)
Cosi va bene.

As Faith heads toward the door, she yells after her,

ANNA
I'm sorry your brother is a pig!

KATE
(with the bottles)
Who is it I pay for these?

CUT TO:

EXT. AI MONASTERI - MOMENTS LATER

As they emerge from the shop and head down the stairs, Kate
is looking skeptical.

FAITH
All that proves is that she wasn't
the woman who was meant for him.

Faith throws her arms around her in celebration, dancing in
the street.

FAITH
And now we know where he's gonna
be.

EXT. PENSION - AFTERNOON

ANGLE ON a sign, "PENSIONE DIVINO AMORE". Giovanni is helping
them carry their things into the hotel. He leads them to
their room, opens the door. Faith enters. As Kate follows,
he momentarily pulls her aside,

GIOVANNI

(apologetically)
I must leave town for two days.
Was unavoidable. But, day after
tomorrow,
(with import)
I return...

He places the key in her hand. Holding his own there longer
than necessary.

INT. PENSIONE ROOM - LATER

Faith is in the shower. Kate's got an Italian smorgasbord
arrayed before her. Is browsing "How to Make a Man, etc.".

EXT. PENSION - EVENING

They're on their way out the door, dressed to the nines. As
Kate turns their key in to the desk, Giovanni whispers in her
ear,

GIOVANNI
Forty-eight hours...

Nods meaningfully.

EXT. PIAZZA NAVONA - NIGHT

They emerge from a cab into a dreamlike landscape, illuminated
by the lights Bernini's Fountain of the Four Rivers and the
strolling FIRE-EATERS performing in the piazza. Everything
seems to be moving in slow motion.

FAITH
All of the sudden, I'm feeling kind
of nervous.
(wringing her
hands)
God, I hate blind dates. Why
couldn't we just have arranged
marriages in America?

KATE
You're right. At least that way
you could spend the rest of your
life blaming your parents instead
of yourself. Smile.

Faith smiles. And they enter the restaurant -- a sea of
frescoes, flowers, crystal and silver, all awash in
candlelight. "Some Enchanted Evening..."

From Faith's POV we see various and sundry men acknowledge
or appear oblivious to her expectant face. A smile here, a
glance there. He could be any of them. Or none of them.

FAITH
(through her smile)
Let's get a drink.

They take a seat at the bar. Unbeknownst to them, an extremely handsome MAN at a table on the terrace is eying them intently.

KATE
Aren't you going to ask the
maitre'd if he's here?

It's all come down to this. A whole lifetime of waiting, searching, hoping...

FAITH
(suddenly chicken)
I sort of wanted to wait to see
if maybe he'd notice me first?

KATE
You've travelled over six thousand
miles and now you're gonna play
hard to get?

The MAN from the terrace is getting up. Is coming their way. Kate elbows her. "Some Enchanted Eeeevening"...

KATE
(sotto)
He's a god.

He approaches.

ADONIS
Excuse me, I hope you don't think
I'm being too forward. I'm here
waiting for a friend, but I
couldn't help noticing the two of
you.

Faith is giddily kicking Kate under the table, but no words are coming out. Kate steps in.

KATE
We noticed you, too.

It's really happening.

ADONIS
I was wondering if you might be
persuaded to join me--

It really is...

KATE
(getting up)
We'd love to.

ADONIS
(extending a hand)
Great. I'm Guiseppe Romano.

Faith's face falls.

CUT TO:

They're back at the bar by themselves.

KATE

So what's in a name? I wanna join him. I don't see why we can't join him.

FAITH

I told you. If he sees me here with another guy, he's gonna think I'm here with another guy. I just don't want to send any confusing signals.

Kate glances back over at him. Waves.

KATE

(to Faith)

Well, how come we're always looking for guys for you?

FAITH

Because I'm the one who's single.

KATE

(sulking)

I never even got to be single.

FAITH

Sure you did.

KATE

Not if you don't count the sixth grade.

FAITH

Okay, okay. You join him. But first will you ask if he's here?

We watch from a distance as Kate gets up and approaches the MAITRE'D. He gestures towards a booth on the other side of the room. She thanks him and makes a beeline back to the bar.

KATE

He's heeeeeerrre...

FAITH

(nervously looking around)

Oh my God. Where?

KATE

He's sitting in the fourth booth down, on the left hand side, with his back to us. He's wearing a navy jacket. If you turn around, you can see part of his right

elbow.

FAITH
(not moving a
muscle)
Is he looking at us?

KATE
(glancing over her
shoulder)
Nope.

Faith tries to peek around without being too obvious. And slips off her bar stool, almost knocking over the drink of the person next to her. She grabs it, awkwardly climbs back onto the stool. Then pulls out a compact and checks out the view.

FAITH
(like she's twelve)
Oooooo, I can see his sleeve...

After a beat.

FAITH
I guess I should just go over and
introduce myself, huh?

Kate nods. Faith puts the mirror away. Starts to get up.

FAITH
(sitting back down)
Who do I say I am?

CUT TO:

Moments later. Having gotten her story straight. She gets up again.

FAITH
Right, right... Okay..
(suddenly seized
with self-doubt)
You don't think he's gonna think
I'm too aggressive?

KATE
Faith. So far you've trailed the
man halfway around the globe. At
this point, I don't think another
fifteen feet is gonna tip the
scales.

FAITH
Right. Okay... It's meant to be
right?
(a deep breath)
This is it.

She straightens her skirt. Starts to walk toward him again,

when,

KATE

Faith--

FAITH

(turning anxiously)

What?

KATE

Good luck.

Faith smiles gratefully back at her. Kate motions, "go on"... Then turns back towards Guiseppe. Faith collects herself. A woman with a mission. Begins striding purposefully towards him.

Focused only on that special arm as, with each step, a little more of it comes into view.

Only a few more feet. There is nothing between her and him now but that WAITER with the enormous tray of pasta coming from the other direction. But, alas... In a collision worthy of inclusion in the "agony of defeat", the tray and all its contents go sliding down over her. All eyes turn her way, and she stands there, paralyzed in an agonizing moment of dead silence. Then, with an anguished howl, she dashes to the ladies room. Kate gets up and goes rushing in after her. And, back out in the restaurant, a pair of feet get up and step gingerly over the remains of somebody's angel hair pasta.

Seconds later, with an enormous wet orange spot on her dress, Faith bursts out of the ladies room. And discovers he's gone.

The women bolt out the door, just in time to glimpse a man in a navy jacket disappear down the subway stairs in the distance. In hot pursuit, Faith flings off her heels and sends them flying. One of them BONKS a PASSER-BY, another MAN clad in a white shirt and carrying a navy jacket, on the head. We may get only a brief look at this guy, but it's enough to establish that while he may not be drop-dead gorgeous, any woman with any sense wouldn't kick him out of bed for munching saltines either. There's an undeniable warmth in his eyes.

But Faith doesn't see him at all, because as he bends down to pick up her shoe, he disappears from sight in the crowd, and she races madly past him. Down the subway stairs, into the tunnel-- and into a mob.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

She battles her way through the throng, hopping up and down to try to get an overview, but there is no sign of him. She dashes from car to car, pounding on windows, calling out his name. Until, in a sudden whoosh, the doors close, and the train speeds off into the night.

But she's still running after it. Desperately. Until it finally vanishes around a corner, out of sight. And she sinks

to the ground, arms outstretched in the darkness... in vain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PIAZZA NAVONA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON an abandoned shoe. A hand picks it up.

KATE (O.S.)
I found one.

The two of them are wandering the piazza. Faith puts the shoe back on and, with one bare foot, limps over to a table. Her dress is stained, her nylons are run, a few stray noodles still cling to her hair. Basically, she's a disaster.

As they sit down,

KATE
Well, nobody can say we didn't try.

FAITH
(not hearing this)
Okay, here's what I think. We find out what all the subway stops for that train are-- the subway system's really not that big in Rome, we could narrow it down and--

KATE
(not believing this)
And then what, Faith?

FAITH
And then... we rent a truck, or a car, either one, and we set up a loudspeaker, and we drive through the surrounding areas, and we page him.

Simple as that. Kate just stares at her, dumbfounded.

FAITH
What?... My hair?

When,

O.S.
I like the style. I just don't think this color works for me.

They look up. It's the STRANGER in white with her other shoe in his hand.

FAITH
Oh.
(reaching for it)
Thank you.

DAMON

Allow me.

He kneels down and places the shoe on her foot. Then gazes up into her eyes.

FAITH

Thanks very much.
(back to Kate)
So what do you think?

Kate looks at him. Kind of charmed.

KATE

That was really sweet...

FAITH

I meant about my idea.

KATE

I think it's time we got some professional help.

FAITH

(nodding)
Like a detective.

KATE

No... Like a psychiatrist.

FAITH

(looking around)
Don't be silly. How's a psychiatrist gonna find him?

He's still kneeling there.

FAITH

(to him again)
Thank you.

Now go away. He sits down at a table nearby. Stares over at Faith. She spots an Italian policeman, or CARABINIERE, standing at the edge of the piazza.

FAITH

I'm gonna go see what I can find out about speaker rental.

She gets up, the STRANGER gets up, as if to follow. She looks at him like he's nuts.

FAITH

Excuse me.

Steps around him to head toward the cop. He sits back down.

DAMON

(to Kate)
So, what's the story with your

friend?

KATE
(watching her in
amazement)
My friend has lost her fucking
mind...

DAMON
What's she doing?

Kate turns to him,

KATE
She's trying to find out where she
can rent a loudspeaker.

DAMON
What for?

KATE
So she can drive through the
streets of Rome paging the man of
her dreams.

He laughs.

DAMON
No, really. What's she doing?

KATE
Really. She thinks he's here.
Even though she's never met him.
Even though she's never laid eyes
on him.

DAMON
(still not
believing her)
Seriously.

Kate just looks at him.

DAMON
Oh. Well, what's wrong with that?

He gazes over at her, gesticulating wildly in the distance.

DAMON
Only... if she's never met this
guy, what makes her think he's
perfect for her?

Kate just shakes her head. Don't ask.

DAMON
Were they pen pals?

KATE
No.

DAMON
Is he some kind of celebrity or something?

KATE
No.

DAMON
Did he do some anonymous good deed for her?

An exasperated sigh.

KATE
She got his name off a Ouija board when she was eleven.

She holds out her palms. What can I tell you?

A beat. Then,

DAMON
What is his name?...

Faith comes trudging back, in tears.

FAITH
He said it would take at least six months to get a permit for a loudspeaker. And, you have to get the Pope to approve it.

Defeated, she picks up her purse.

FAITH
Let's just go.

Kate puts her arm around her and they start walking. The STRANGER grabs his jacket off the back of his chair. Tags after them.

DAMON
(anxiously)
Will you be staying in Rome long?

She doesn't respond.

DAMON
Your friend said you were looking for someone?
(at her side)
Maybe I can help you track him down. I speak a little Italian. And I have a friend who works at the embassy. Maybe we could--

She's trying to wave down a TAXI.

FAITH

Thank you, but I really don't want any help.

DAMON
What's his name? I'll look into it for you. I could give you a call.

A CAB slows to a stop in front of them.

FAITH
Look, I appreciate the offer, but--
She reaches for the door. He's standing in the way.

DAMON
Just tell me his name...
She blows her nose noisily.


FAITH
(to get rid of him)
Damon Bradley.

He stares at her.

DAMON
(stunned)
But, that's-- I'm Damon Bradley...
Still wiping her nose, she notices the jacket in his hands, then looks up into his eyes. The wind rustles through the trees.

FAITH
You're...

He nods. Amazed.


FRANCESCA
And you're the biggest mess I've ever seen.


She reaches for her hair.

FRANCESCA
I find that very attractive.

And she faints. Dead away.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Having regained consciousness, Faith is across a candlelit table from him. They're engrossed in conversation. In each others' eyes. Tables around them have all emptied. A waiter in the background is trying to prop his eyes open.


DAMON'S MOTHER
...Coming so close and yet just missing each other. Do you know

what I mean?

Does she know what he means...

DAMON'S MOTHER

There's this poem by Rilke, I don't remember the whole thing, but it's about that. About waiting for that person, and wondering if you'll ever find them. And the last line of it goes, "Who knows? Perhaps the same bird echoed through both of us, yesterday--"

FAITH

--separate, in the evening..."

DAMON'S MOTHER

(slowly,
spellbound)

Yes.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE. To the Beatles' "I Will"

PENSION DIVINO AMORE - Faith hops out Damon's car. He waits. She dashes inside, practically skipping.

Moments later, having changed clothes, floats back out and they take off again. Up above, Kate watches wistfully out the window.

DRY CLEANERS - Dwayne is there trying to pick up his stuff. The CLERK is holding out a ticket. "You have to have one of these."

THE FORUM - The sun is coming up over the ruins. Faith and Damon stroll through them. Damon pulls out a "doggie bag". Sets down a little container of pasta for the wild cats that roam Rome.

MCDONALDS - Rome's golden arches. Kate is munching on a Big Mac, and working on a postcard: "Dear Larry,". Somebody cruises by her table, snakes out a hand, reaching for her purse. Without so much as an upward glance, she flicks out a leg and trips him.

CAMPO DEI FIORI MARKET - The enormous outdoor market where everything from orchids, to watermelon, to live eels and octopus are in abundant display. Damon buys Faith a gardenia. She puts it in her hair.

GIOLITTI - A gelateria. Kate's eating ice cream. Still working on the postcard: "Dear Larry". Nothing more. Finally crumples it up.

THE SPANISH STEPS - Faith and Damon are sitting on the edge of the steps watching the street show that is Rome, when a LOCAL approaches with a Polaroid. Selling pictures. They

pose.

FAITH
My hair's kind of a mess, isn't
it?

DAMON'S MOTHER
Your hair... is perfect.

He leans in and kisses her. And from this angle, except for
the clothes, they look an awful lot like Rodin's version, as
the FRAME FREEZES.

CLOSE on the photo. She looks up from it.

FAITH
You don't think this is just
infatuation, do you?

FRANCESCA
Oh no.
(beat)
Do you?

FAITH
No.

He takes her hand. Both a little unnerved, they walk. Until,

DAMON'S MOTHER
But... just to be sure, maybe we
ought to shatter each other's
unrealistic images of perfection.
You know, each of us admit
something embarrassing about
ourselves.

FAITH
Okay. Good idea. You first.

FRANCESCA
Me first? Alright, well,
(beat)
Something embarrassing, right?
Something we don't want to admit
in public.

She nods. He thinks a moment. Then,

FRANCESCA
(sheepish)
I'm a liberal.

She looks at him with amazement.

FAITH
I'm a liberal!

FRANCESCA
(disbelieving)

No...

FAITH
(solemnly)
My car bumper has never held a
winning sticker.

They gaze deeply at one another.

FRANCESCA
Well, as long we both know we're
going into this with our eyes wide
open...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VIA MARGUTTA - TWILIGHT

A lantern-lit street of 18th century facades. A faint breeze
stirs the trees above. Strains of opera float out a window.
Faith is looking around. Finally, though they're not
overlooking anything,

FAITH
You're right. This is a really
pretty view.

He smiles.

DAMON'S MOTHER
Not this.

He leads her out to the center of the street. Tilts his head
back. She follows and they walk, with their necks craned
back, like two drunken sailors, like two kids.

DAMON'S MOTHER
This...

And up above, in the houses and apartments lining either side
of the street, visible through the unshuttered windows, are
gilded ceilings and candlelit vaults of angels. And beyond
those, the star-studded, indigo summer sky.

It's all a matter of how you look
at it.

INT. PENSION BAR - NIGHT

Kate's down at the bar, talking to the Italian BARTENDER.

KATE
So, you're saying you think I
should call him.

He draws a beer.

BARTENDER
He is your husband, no?

KATE

Yes, but... He was having an affair.

BARTENDER

Si.

So what? He picks up a napkin and sets the glass down on it.

KATE

The point is, he was sleeping with another woman.

Beat.

BARTENDER

Uh huh.

How much clearer can she make it?

KATE

They were having sex.

Finally, it dawns on him.

BARTENDER

(nodding gravely)
She was your sister.

KATE

No, she wasn't my sister.

BARTENDER

(shaking his head
in sympathy)
Your mother.

KATE

Of course not.

BARTENDER

(another stab)
Your grandmother?

KATE

Look, she wasn't a relative, okay?
I don't know who she is.

Big deal. He rolls his eyes and dismisses it with a wave of his hand.

KATE

So, how much longer 'til Giovanni gets back?

EXT. THE TREVI FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

It's all lit up. And deserted at this late hour. The water glows, ethereal blue. They sit at the edge, bare feet dangling in. Damon picks up one of her shoes.

DAMON'S MOTHER
I think I'll have it bronzed.

She smiles. Then sobers.

DAMON'S MOTHER
What?...


FAITH
I feel like I've been wandering
in the desert for as long as I can
remember. With nothing but
emptiness around me, wind and
sun... And suddenly, out of the
blue, somehow I've found the oasis.

He takes her face in his hands. Solemnly, almost mystically,
kisses her eyes... her mouth...

Until,

FAITH
There is one other thing you should
know about me.

FRANCESCA
Nothing you could say would change
the way I feel.

FAITH
I'm engaged. I'm supposed to be
married in two days. 

FRANCESCA
Except possibly that.

She gets up. Heavy with guilt.

FAITH
And, he's a friend of yours. It's
Dwayne.

FRANCESCA
Dwayne?

FAITH
Dwayne Pinsley. From high school.
That's how I knew you were here.
When you called, from the airport.

DAMON'S MOTHER
Oh, right. Dwayne.
(beat)
You're engaged to Dwayne?

FAITH
(like she's trying
to explain an
affair)
It just happened. I didn't plan

it. I was alone. And he was...
there. But now everything's
changed. I owe it to him to let
him know. I need to tell him.

DAMON'S MOTHER
You're sure...

FAITH
I've never been more sure of
anything in my life.

He smiles.

DAMON'S MOTHER
Good.

FAITH
Let's find a telephone.

DAMON'S MOTHER
Sure-- But, before you do that,
since we're putting all our cards
on the table, I have a confession
to make, too.

She pauses,

FAITH
Okay.

He looks at her worriedly.

FAITH
Don't be afraid. You can tell me.

DAMON'S MOTHER
You're sure...

FAITH
We found each other, didn't we?

DAMON'S MOTHER
(hesitantly)
Yes. We did.

FAITH
(a whisper)
It's alright... this is our
destiny.

He takes a deep breath.

DAMON'S MOTHER
Okay. Okay, the thing is... I'm
not exactly... I mean-- only in
the most literal sense-- I'm not
Damon Bradley.

The fountain just dropped twenty feet.

FAITH
(staring straight
ahead)
What?

DAMON'S MOTHER
My name isn't Damon Bradley. I
just told you it was Damon Bradley.

FAITH
(numbly)
What is it?

PETER
It's Peter Wright.

He heaves a sigh of relief. Draws her to him again.

PETER
Boy, am I glad that's over with.

She's frozen. He's noticing this. Until she extricates
herself from his arms.

PETER
(to himself)
I had a feeling this was gonna be
a problem.
(to her)
You're upset, right?

She shoots him a look. Starts putting on her shoes.

PETER
Everything else is true. I swear.
I am a liberal. I do live in
Boston. I am a zoologist. I did
see "Local Hero" fifteen times.
I am single. I don't believe in
Scientology and I don't smoke.
But, okay, I admit it, mea culpa,
I lied about one little thing.

She runs out to the street. Starts waving for a cab.

FAITH
One little thing? You call your
identity one little thing?

Following after her,

PETER
You've never lied?

Beat.

FAITH
That's not the point.

PETER

You said whatever it was you would understand.

FAITH

That was before I found out what it was.

A taxi approaches.

PETER

You're leaving?

No response.

PETER

Wait-- Let's put this in perspective. You're going to let a few little letters keep us apart?

No response. The cab stops.

PETER

(grasping at straws)

Look, if the name's that much of a problem, why don't you just call me that? It'll be my nickname.

She opens the taxi door.

FAITH

(on the brink of tears)

How could you do this to me?

PETER

(innocently)

I'm in love with you.

FAITH

Oh, come on... What kind of an excuse is that?



And this time, the door SLAMS in his face.

EXT. PENSION LOBBY - NIGHT

The cab pulls up. Faith gets out, drags into the hotel, looking shell-shocked. From the bar, Kate spots her and rushes over.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PENSION BAR - MINUTES LATER

Kate and Faith are both at the bar, staring off into the distance. Getting bombed.

KATE

Yeah. Sociopaths. They're able to figure out what you want them to be and then they act like that.

FAITH
(tearfully)
But how could he know? He only just met me.

KATE
Men have ways.

Kate shakes her head.

KATE
What a drag. You finally met the man of your dreams and he turns out to be a pathological liar.

Faith wails.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's on the telephone.

PETER
Still busy? Okay, can I leave another message, please?
(beat)
Alright, the message is, would she rather have the wrong guy with the right name or the right guy with the wrong name?
(beat)
No-- no, no. They alternate, see? It's the wrong guy--

INT. PENSION ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on the receiver, off the hook. Faith is in bed, wide awake, staring mournfully up at the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PENSION ROOM - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

Kate is on her way out the door. She opens it-- to find Peter outside in the hallway, carrying a bouquet of flowers the size of a refrigerator.

PETER
(moving past her)
I have to talk to her.

KATE
She's not here.

PETER
Where is she?

KATE

She went out to check into skywriting. I can't believe you lied. Is this a genetic thing, men will say anything just to get laid?

PETER

No! That's not fair. That's not it at all. Look, something somewhere got screwed up. Maybe some metaphysical wires got crossed. I may not have the right name, but I was there. I'm the guy. I'm-- skywriting??

She eyes him skeptically.

KATE

You didn't think this would be a problem?

He starts pacing.

PETER

It was an emergency. I only lied that night because it was the only way I knew to stop her. I knew if I didn't, I'd never see her again.

KATE

Good strategy.

PETER

Do you know I wasn't even supposed to be in Rome? My boss was supposed to come to this conference, and at the last minute he got the measles. The measles. Who gets the measles at forty-three? So they sent me. And I wasn't supposed to be in that piazza that night either. I'd gone to the movies, only it was sold out. So I was wandering around. Just wandering... When I got hit in the head with this shoe.

He gazes out at the Roman skyline,

PETER

And then I saw her. And all I know is, when I looked in her eyes I saw something... light. And life and passion and yearning. And something else I can't even put my finger on, something I'd never seen before--

KATE

Mania.

PETER

Whatever. And I thought, please God, give me a sign, give me some way to keep this woman from getting into that taxi and disappearing from my life forever. And He did. She told me the name. Granted, it wasn't my name, but it was a start.

He turns to Kate.

PETER

And if that's not destiny, I don't know what is.

KATE

(touched)

That's really romantic.

She places a consoling hand on his shoulder,

KATE

Too bad she hates your guts.

Starts leading him toward the door.

PETER

It's just a name for chrissakes. The whole thing is so ludicrous. For all she knows, this guy could be the biggest loser on the face of the planet. He could have a criminal record.

(throwing up his hands)

He could think Ronald Reagan was a great president.

Kate shrugs.

PETER

I mean, realistically, what are the odds that this is a terrific guy?

KATE

(flatly)

Ten billion to one.

Beat.

There's a KNOCK at the door. She opens it. It's Giovanni -- with a single rose.

GIOVANNI

Guess who-oooo...

He sees Peter and the other flowers.

GIOVANNI

Oh.

KATE

(quickly)

Giovanni, this is Faith's friend,
Peter.

GIOVANNI

Oh, hello.

(to Kate)

I just came by to see if you wanted
to join me for a drink, but--

KATE

I'd love to.

She heads for the door.

PETER

(pleading eyes)

Please. You've got to help me.

She considers him.

KATE

I'll see what I can do.

INT. COCKPIT OF A TEENY TINY PLANE - DAY

Faith is strapped into the passenger seat of a miniscule
two-seater. White-knuckled. Staring wide-eyed out the window
at a faint trail of vapor.

FAITH

(over the roar of
the engine)

Are you sure people are gonna be
able to read this?...

The pilot nods. The plane goes into a dive. Faith's eyes
roll back in her head.

EXT. PENSION TERRACE - DAY

Kate and Giovanni are at a table, overlooking the domes of
the city, bathed in the honeyed late afternoon light.
Giovanni's pointing out the sights. A plane buzzes overhead.
Kate looks up. Some faint gibberish is being scattered to
the wind. She shakes her head. Giovanni takes her hand.

KATE

(a little
nervously)

Don't you have to be getting back
to work?

His eyes sparkle.

GIOVANNI

It's siesta.

KATE

Oh.

GIOVANNI

You see, in America they care for work, they live to work. But in Italy, they care for food, for love, for pleasure...

His lips graze her wrist.

KATE

How old are you?

GIOVANNI

What do the years matter? I've known you for centuries...

INT. PENSION LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Faith enters. Her hair looking like she stuck her finger in a light socket. She's handed an enormous stack of messages. Peter, Peter, Peter, etc. There are a lot of cross-outs.

She forces herself to drop them into the trash on her way up the stairs. Then opens her door and sees the flowers. She fingers one, momentarily softening, then turns resolute. She pulls her suitcase from beneath the bed and is unzipping it when Kate enters, grinning from ear to ear.

KATE

Hi-iii...

FAITH

Hi. Where've you been?

KATE

Sightseeing...

(sobering as she realizes)

What're you doing?

FAITH

Packing.

KATE

Why?

FAITH

Because I've been kidding myself. Because I realized you were right from the beginning. This whole thing was just a wild goose chase.

KATE

So, you've had a little bad luck.

FAITH
A little bad luck?

KATE
Okay, a lot of bad luck. But that means the odds are probably in your favor now. This is no time to give up.

Faith smiles wanly. Starts pulling stuff out of drawers.

FAITH
Why do they read kids fairy tales in the first place? Children are very impressionable, you know.

KATE
So you're just quitting? Just like that?

Faith pauses.

FAITH
I thought you were the one who didn't think I should've come in the first place.

KATE
I know, but...

FAITH
It was a ouija board, remember?

KATE
(softly)
...and a fortune teller.

FAITH
Yeah, well, obviously it wasn't meant to be. I've got forty-eight hours. I can still make it home in time to marry Dwayne and try to forget any of this ever happened.

KATE
What about Peter?...

FAITH
Peter? Peter was a mistake. An imposter.

FAITH
The last dead end in a long series of dead ends that I am relieved to finally be leaving behind.
(glancing up)
May as well start packing, our

cab's gonna be here in an hour.

KATE
Who said I was going?

FAITH
What?

KATE
I'm just not ready to go home quite
yet, that's all.

There's a tap at the door. Giovanni pokes his head in.

GIOVANNI
You ready, Kate? Oh, hi, Faith.
Did you do something different to
your hair?

Kate shakes her head.

KATE
He promised to take me on a tour
of the fountains...
(beat)
But I don't have to go.

Faith looks at the two of them. Realizing.

FAITH
No. No, you go ahead.

KATE
You sure you'll be okay?

FAITH
I'm sure. And Kate, thank you for
coming. Thank you for being such
a good friend.

KATE
(squeezing her
hand)
I'll be back before you leave.

She and Giovanni exit. Faith picks up the telephone.

FAITH
Long distance operator, please.

INT. DWAYNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The phone rings. The answering machine picks it up.

PHONE MACHINE
"Hi, it's Dwayne. Don't be a heel,
leave a message."

Beep.

DAMON (O.S.)
Hi, Dwayne. It's me. I'm just
calling to say I'm on my way home.

INT. PENSION DIVINO AMORE - SUNSET

Faith's eyes drift to the window.

FAITH
The situation here is looking
pretty hopeless. I guess she's
given up.
(catching herself)
So, it's Flight number 966. It
gets in at one tomorrow. I'll see
you then.

Click.

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - TWILIGHT

Faith is taking the same walk that was so magical the night
before. But it's not the same. She takes a few steps, tilts
her head back, and-- trips. She's holding her foot in pain
when,

O.S.
Kate told me you were going home.
Is that true?

She looks up, sees Peter. Turns around and starts limping
briskly back towards her hotel.

PETER
(tagging after her)
Is it?

No response.

PETER
(realizing)
You're limping.

FAITH
I know I'm limping. I stubbed my
toe.

PETER
Are you okay? You want some help?

FAITH
NO.

PETER
You are leaving, aren't you?

No response.

PETER
Why can't you just tell me?

FAITH

If it's any of your business, yes.

PETER

Yes?! To be married, I suppose.

FAITH

Yes.

PETER

To the foot doctor.

FAITH

Yes.

He stops in front of her. Looks her straight in the eye.

PETER

Why?

A long beat.

FAITH

(stepping around
him)

Because I know who Dwayne is, and
he's reliable and stable and wants
to marry me.

PETER

(dismissingly)

He's safe.

FAITH

So?! Is there something wrong with
loving somebody who's safe?

PETER

(following her)

Does he love you?

FAITH

He wants to marry me, doesn't he?

PETER

You didn't answer my question.

FAITH

(exasperated)

Why are you asking me this?

PETER

Because I'd like to think at least
one of you feels that way. Does
he know who you are?

He touches her arm. She pulls it away.

PETER

(utterly serious)
You stubbed your toe, don't you
think that's a sign?

FAITH

What?

PETER

He's a podiatrist. Pain is your
body's way of telling you something
is wrong. Your toe is trying to
tell you not to do it.

She rolls her eyes, continues limping.

PETER

There must be something I can do,
something I can say to make this
up to you?... Just tell me what
it is, I'll say it. I'll do it.
I don't want you to hate me.

FAITH

(softening, she
stops)

Look, Peter, I don't hate you.
But what we had was an illusion.
Mutual wishful thinking. We both
wanted to believe it for awhile,
but it was all founded on a lie.

PETER

So?

FAITH

So it wasn't real.

PETER

What about the oasis in the desert?
Are you telling me that was a lie?

FAITH

No, that wasn't a lie. That was...
(almost more to
herself)
a mirage.

She looks at him. Then, softly, sadly,

FAITH

Don't you see?... We're not the
ones who are meant to be.
(earnestly)
You're the man of somebody else's
dreams.

PETER

Because I don't have the right
name?!

She starts walking again.

FAITH
I'm going home. I never should've
come here in the first place and
I'm going home.

He calls after her.

PETER
Fine. Okay. Forget me. Leave
me out of it. But don't go
throwing your life away on somebody
you don't love.

FAITH
(she turns)
Who says I don't love him?...

A long beat.

PETER
I see. Well then, go home. Get
married. I hope you'll be very
happy.

And he walks quickly away, disappearing into the shadows.
She starts to call after him, but he's already gone.

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Faith is waiting in the lobby as a CAB pulls up outside. We
watch from a distance as she hugs Kate goodbye. The DRIVER
comes in, picks up her bag, and she drags out the door behind
him.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Faith is staring forlornly out the car window as the driver
gets in, turns over the engine. They're pulling away when
SOMEONE runs out into the street, arms waving madly.

PETER
(running alongside
the window)
You can't go.

The cab is speeding up.

FAITH
Why not?



PETER
Because. I know where he is.

It SCREECHES to a halt.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Peter's helping her bring her things back inside.

PETER

(out of breath)

I went back to that restaurant and I spoke with his waiter, just on an off chance, you know, and, anyway-- he knew the name of the guy's hotel. So, I called there, they said he left yesterday. But, apparently he comes here every year, always follows the same route. He always goes from here down the coast to the Le Sirenuse hotel in Positano. I called. And they told me he's checked in.

FAITH

Where's Positano?

PETER

It's in the south. I've still got my rental car. I can get you there by morning...

FAITH

Oh no, I don't think that would be a good idea.

PETER

Look, I know there's no going back for us. That's not it. I just want to make this up to you. Clear my relationship karma. And I know the area, I've got some cousins down there. Please. Let me do this for you. Let this be my gift to you.

She searches his eyes.

FAITH

Why?

PETER

Because-- I want you to be happy.

INT. DWAYNE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The answering machine is recording Faith's message.

DAMON (O.S.)

Dwayne, you're still not there?...
I was really hoping we could talk.
(more)

DAMON (Cont'd)

(beat)

I wanted to tell you she's made

an unexpected recovery, but she's
a little confused and she needs
me to stay here one more day. Just
to be sure.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Kate's in the lobby.

KATE
Peter found him?

FAITH
Yes. Isn't that amazing?

Kate looks over at him. He shrugs.

KATE
Amazing...

FAITH
He's down in someplace called
Positano. Peter says we can make
it there by morning.

As they head out the door, Peter turns quietly to Kate,

PETER
(relishing this)
He's travelling with his mother...

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

They speed down darkened the highway, Faith and Peter in the
front seat, Kate and Giovanni in the back. The wind in their
hair.

PETER
The guy at the hotel told me he
always wears a gold medallion, and
usually has a book or magazine with
him.

FAITH
(to herself,
encouraged)
He likes to read...
(to him)
Did he mention anyone in
particular?

Beat.

PETER
Uh, I'd rather not say.

FAITH
Tell me.

PETER

I'd really rather not say.

FAITH
Please. I need to know.

PETER
(giving in)
Mickey Spillane.

FAITH
(a little unnerved)
Mickey Spillane?

PETER
Or Hustler.

The car shoots down the road.

EXT. AMALFI COAST - DAWN

They drive past sheer cliffs dropping off to silvery rocks, azure seas, transparent depths. Around hairpin turns skirting the Gulf of Salerno, before finally winding into the impossibly beautiful seaside town of Positano. An enchanted land of steep hillsides overgrown with lemon trees, jasmine, bouganvilla... cliff hanging villas... emerald and sapphire grottoes... cerulean skies... heaven on earth.

EXT. LE SIRENUSE HOTEL - DAY

Another "Lifestyles" hotel. An elegant old villa perched above the village and the deep blue sea. The four of them head for the desk, where Kate cheerfully plunks down Larry's credit card.

KATE
Joan Collins stayed here.

FAITH
(to concierge)
Is Damon Bradley here?

CONCIERGE
Si. A la piscina.

He gestures towards the terrace.

PETER
He's out by the pool right now.

FAITH
(nervously)
Right now?

PETER
Oh, and I forgot to tell you. He's here with his mother.

She checks her hair, starts adjusting it in the reflection of a window. Then peeks around the corner.

ANGLE ON a MAN reclining on a lounge chair. We start at the feet which don't quite reach the end of the chair. Move up the legs, past the pot belly, to, sure enough, an enormous gold medallion resting on his chest. A fringe of hair skirts the perimeter of his head -- and his back.

A copy of Mickey Spillane's latest rests on a table next to him. He's lying back, eyes closed. This is Damon Bradley. This is Him...

Peter smiles broadly. Faith's face falls.

KATE
That's him?!

Faith elbows her.

KATE
That's the guy you've been waiting
for all these years?

PETER
(eating this up)
Aren't you gonna go introduce
yourself?

FAITH
(not particularly
anxious to)
Of course.

She doesn't move.

PETER
Do you want me to do it?

FAITH
NO.

She takes a good look. Swallows hard. Reluctantly approaches.

FAITH
Hi...

He doesn't look up. She stands awkwardly over him, looking back at Kate for support.

FAITH
Uh-hem, excuse me, hello...

He cracks one eye, squints up at her.

MAN AT POOL
You're in my sun.

FAITH
(hopping out of
the way)

Oh. Sorry.

He closes his eyes.

FAITH
Pardon me, but...

He squints up again.

MAN AT POOL
What?

Beat.

FAITH
(like an idiot)
Do you have the time?

He eyeballs her like she's some sort of curious life form.

MAN AT POOL
Do I look like I'm wearing a watch?

He doesn't.

FAITH
No, I guess not. I just thought
maybe--

When someone at the edge of the pool calls out,

O.S.
Hey, Damon.

But the person she's talking to doesn't respond. Instead, somebody else, another MAN who'd been doing laps in the pool, emerges.

HIM
Yeah?

This is no ordinary mortal, this is a living monument to mankind. He could've modeled for Michelangelo. Mel Gibson feels like Jo-Jo-the-Dog-Faced-Boy next to this guy. The guys in the Calvin Klein ads-- okay, let's say he looks like one of those guys.

Kate's eyes shift to Peter, who suddenly sobers.

Back at the pool, a LITTLE KID is talking to Damon.

LITTLE KID
Thanks for letting me borrow this.

The kid sets the Spillane tome back on his chair.

HIM
No problem.

He gets out and starts toweling off, a halo of sunlight

glistening off his tanned, muscular body; reflecting in the deep green pools of his eyes. She grabs hold of a nearby chair as her knees start to give way.

FAITH
(barely audible)
You're Damon Bradley?

HIM
Uh huh.

Oh. My. Goddd.

It's now or never. She takes a deep breath. ~~Lets it out.~~

FAITH
Excuse me.

It's never. She goes running back inside.

KATE
(whispering loudly)
Whatareyoudoing?!

FAITH
(spinelessly)
What if he doesn't like me?

KATE
It means you're a completely
worthless excuse for a human being,
and the fates have all conspired
to make you miserable.

FAITH
My God... you're right.

KATE
Faith, I'm kidding.
(stopping her)
Is this how you plan to get what
you want from life? When you
finally find it, you turn and run
away from it?

She gazes fearfully back out to the terrace.

PETER
Hey, if she doesn't wanna meet him,
she doesn't wanna meet him.

Kate glares at him. Takes Faith by the shoulders.

KATE
You have overcome everything it
took to get here. Every obstacle
to reach this moment. This fateful
moment. Now, it's in your hands.

She points toward the terrace.

KATE
Is that what you want?

Is this a trick question?

KATE
Then go get it.

EXT. POOL - MOMENTS LATER

He's picking up his things.

O.S.
Hi again...

He looks up.

HIM
(perfectly
friendly)
Hello.

FAITH
(nervously
fingering her
necklace)
Beautiful place...

HIM
Sure is.

A pause.

FAITH
Been here long?

HIM
Just since yesterday.

FAITH
I just got here, too. Not
yesterday. But, just now. Today.
Just a few minutes ago.
(looking around)
Yeah, we just got here... I mean,
I just got here. I'm single.

He looks at her. Uh huh.

FAITH
(chickening out)
Well, I'll probably be seeing you
around, then.

She starts to skulk away.

HIM
(politely)
I hope so.

She pauses, turns,

FAITH
I was wondering...
(not looking at
him)
Do you have dinner plans?

HIM
Tonight?

FAITH
(her eyes
tentatively meet
his)
Any night.

HIM
Well, not exactly...

FAITH
Would you be willing to have dinner
with me?

A slow smile creeps across his lips. Why not?

HIM
Sure.

FAITH
(somehow
maintaining)
You would? Really?

He nods.

FAITH
Okay. Okay, how about I meet you
at the restaurant at the base of
the stairs at, say, 8:30?

A smile that would melt Nome in January,

HIM
I'll look forward to it.

FAITH
(backing away)
Okay. Good. See you then, then.

She's about to trip over a chaise lounge.

HIM
Wait.

FAITH
Yes?

HIM

Aren't you going to tell me who
you are?

FAITH
(stepping forward)
Oh, Faith. My name's Faith.

HIM
(extending a hand)
It's a pleasure to meet you, Faith.

He takes her hand. Kisses it. Peter rolls his eyes.

She turns around and dashes back inside. We hear an
ear-splitting SHRIEK of excitement come from inside the hotel.
Damon smiles to himself.

EXT. POSITANO - DAY

The jet-setters have Sardinia, this is a resort with bohemian
roots and small town charm. A barber sets his chair in the
street outside his shop. A workman is polishing the bronze
mermaid out in front of "Siren Travel".

"Two Gentlemen from Verona" is being performed at the
community theatre. Housewives open shutters, shopkeepers
sweep storefronts of fruit stands, pottery and linen shops.
Men carry armloads of flowers, boxes of lemons and gleaming
fish to market. Children play at the edge of the sea.
Mayberry in Italy.

Kate and Giovanni are down at the beach, frolicking in the
water.

And Faith is strolling through town, floating on air. She
spots a dress in a clothing store window.

INT. CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

Faith emerges from a dressing room in something summery and
flowing. She looks beautiful.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SUNSET

A jar of green goo. Faith's plastering one of those green
clay masks to her face. Her dress is hanging on the door.
She's got rollers in her hair. She and Kate are getting ready
for dinner.

FAITH
Did you see his eyes? I've never
seen eyes that green. And he was
so nice. Did you see how nice he
was? He was really nice.

There's a KNOCK at the door. She freezes.

KATE

I thought you were meeting him
there?

Panicking, Faith dashes to the bathroom, starts frantically
rinsing off the mask.

FAITH
That's what I thought.

Kate opens the door. It's Peter.

KATE
Oh, it's you.
(to Faith)
It's only Peter.

PETER
Thanks.

KATE
Sorry...

Relieved, Faith steps out from behind the bathroom door, still
wiping green stuff off her face.

FAITH
Hi, Peter.

PETER
Hi.

An awkward beat.

FAITH
Come on in.

He does.

PETER
So. You found him.

FAITH
You found him. I don't know how
to thank you.

He shrugs.

PETER
Well, it looks like we both luck
out. I just met somebody myself.
Somebody my aunt introduced me to.

FAITH
(a little
surprised)
Oh. That's nice.

PETER
Yeah.

Beat.

PETER
And she's a knock-out, too.

FAITH
Well, good. Good for you.

PETER
Anyway, that's why I came by. I
need to fix this button. Do you
have a needle and thread?

This is pretty transparent, but she politely plays along.
As she starts looking through her stuff, he starts idly
fingering their toiletries. Smells her perfume, etc.

PETER
So, you're going to dinner?

She nods.

PETER
Where are you going? Just-- out
of curiosity...

FAITH
Just to that place down at the
bottom of the stairs. Nothing
fancy.

She hands him the needle and thread.

PETER
Oh, thanks.
(really trying)
Well, have a good time.

FAITH
(heartfelt)
You too.

As he exits,

PETER
Hey--

FAITH
What?

PETER
Nice dress.

FAITH
(gracious and
indebted)
Thank you, Peter. Thank you so
much.

He nods and leaves. She looks at Kate.

Faith emerges from her room and starts down the steep hillside stairs that lead to the village. Lights along the shore are beginning to glitter; a warm breeze flows in like silk. It's the sort of moment and sort of place where all dreams seem within reach.

Down below she can see him waiting for her outside the restaurant door. She pauses a moment to take it all in. He looks up and sees her. Blows a kiss up to her. She practically swoons.

As she arrives at the foot of the stairs, he takes her hand,

HIM
You look like a goddess.

INT. BUCA DI BACCO RESTAURANT - TWILIGHT

A open-air place, overlooking the sea. Waves crash. Moonlight glistens on the water. Guitarists stroll by, singing sentimental Neopolitan ballads. It's all almost too good to be true. They're led to a table and he pulls out her chair. The perfect gentleman. A WAITER comes over to welcome them. Asks if they'd like a drink.

HIM
(to Faith)
Wine?

She's a little giddy.

FAITH
Sure.

HIM
(to the waiter)
Brunello di Montalcino, '85,
please.

Back to her.

HIM
(leaning forward)
You know, I noticed you out at the
pool even before we spoke. I could
sense the chemistry between us.

FAITH
(a little
flustered)
Really?

HIM
(bedroom eyes)
Really...

DISSOLVE TO:

The WAITER arrives with the wine. Pours. She raises a glass.

FAITH
Well, to-- new friends.

HIM
And more...

They toast.

FAITH
So, I guess you're probably
wondering why I asked you to
dinner...

He sets down his glass.

HIM
Not really. Happens to me all the
time.

An awkward laugh. It probably does. Damon picks up his menu,
scans the prices.

HIM
Well, fuck me.

She must be hearing things.

FAITH
Excuse me?

HIM
Nothing.
(clearing his
throat)
Prices are a little steep here,
aren't they?

FAITH
Don't worry about it. You're my
guest.

She picks up her menu.

FAITH
What looks good?

HIM
(perusing it)
Hmmm... Well, the scampi sounds
good...

FAITH
You like shrimp? I like shrimp.

Small world.

They're still pondering their options when another COUPLE
stroll in and are led to the table directly next to theirs.
It's Peter and his date, FRANCESCA. And this time he was

telling the truth. She's stunning. All suntanned legs and skintight spandex. Beaming, he pulls out her chair. Faith just stares at him. As he moves around the table to sit down, his eye catches hers.

PETER
(sotto)
What?...

FAITH
(hissing)
What are you doing here?

PETER
We were hungry.

She turns her back on him.

HIM
(looking up from
his menu)
So what do you think?

FAITH
(distracted)
Uh, the scampi sounds good to me,
too.

O.S.
Damon. There you are.

An ELEPHANT OF A WOMAN approaches, Damon waves her over.

HIM
(to Faith)
I didn't think you'd mind...

She proceeds to plant herself at their table.

HIM
Faith, this is my mother.

FAITH
Oh, hello.

HIM
Mommy, this is Faith.

Trying to conceal her surprise, Faith politely extends a hand.

FAITH
Nice to meet you, Mrs. Bradley.

Peter drops his napkin, leans over towards Faith to retrieve it,

PETER
(whispering into
her ear)
"Mommy"?

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER. Their food has arrived. Francesca is rubbing Peter's leg under the table. Faith is trying to ignore this.

FAITH

So, you say you've been to Italy before?

HIM

A few times. It's kind of an annual tradi--

PETER

(to Damon)

Pardon me, but could we borrow your salt?

Faith glares at him.

HIM

Sure.

He hands it over.

FAITH

You were saying...

PETER

(to Damon)

Boy, that looks tasty. What is that?

HIM

(chewing)

Scampi.

DAMON'S MOTHER

Damon. Not with your mouth full.

PETER

Scampi, huh? I love scampi. I practically always get it in these seafood places. Is that good scampi?

Damon nods. Swallows.

HIM

You want to try some?

PETER

(pleased with himself)

Sure. I'll trade you some of my pasta.

They start cheerily exchanging portions.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER STILL. The candles have burnt low. The plates are being cleared. Francesca and Peter are feeding each other dessert. Giggling. Damon snaps his fingers at a waiter.

HIM

El checko, por favor.

Annoyed, the WAITER totals up their tab and starts to hand it to him. Damon motions towards Faith. She takes it, starts pulling out lire as he and his mother get up.

PETER

Say, I saw where they had motor boats for rent down in the harbor. Why don't we all go for an evening cruise around the bay?

FAITH

I don't know if that's such a--

DAMON AND HIS MOTHER

(in unison)

Great idea!

Faith is still counting as Damon and his mother, Peter and Francesca all head for the door. She finally finishes, hurries to her feet to catch up with Peter,

FAITH

(at his side)

Why are you doing this?

PETER

I just wanted to keep an eye on you. The guy's a total stranger, remember?

FAITH

So were you.

PETER

Exactly.

(beat)

Besides, no hard feelings. You found somebody. I found somebody. I thought we could double.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM TERRACE - EVENING

Kate and Giovanni are dining outside on the vine-covered terrace.

GIOVANNI

This is back when I was in school, you take those tests, you know? They said I should go into physical therapy.

(he takes a bite)

Or wood-working.

She looks confused.

GIOVANNI
(simply)
I'm good with my hands.

The phone RINGS.

KATE
Hold that thought.

Kate goes inside to pick it up.

KATE
Hello?

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Faith at a pay phone outside the restaurant.

FAITH
Kate. Thank God you're there.
I need help.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

KATE
Uh huh... Okay, we'll be there.
How is he, anyway?

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Faith glances over at Damon -- as he pinches a woman walking by.

FAITH
It's still a little too early to
say...

EXT. A BOAT IN THE TYRRHENIAN SEA - NIGHT

Kate and Giovanni are here. Damon's mother is in the corner. Snoring. Damon is pontificating on global policy to Peter.

HIM
Irregardless of the politics. It's
time we stopped dicking around.
I'm telling you, nuculear is the
only way out.

PETER
But don't you think that's a little
short-sighted?

KATE
(sotto, to Faith)
Not only is he a momma's boy and
a fascist, he says "nuculear" and

"irregardless".

FAITH
No one's perfect, Kate.

KATE
And he is living proof.

FAITH
No, I think maybe you've been
right. I think I may have been
too critical in the past.

Damon BELCHES loudly.

KATE
Faith, if I may say so, you picked
a helluva time to come to this
realization.

HIM (O.S.)
Human rights, shmuman rights.

FAITH
(hope springs
eternal)
Maybe I can change him.

KATE
I thought this was supposed to be
the one guy in the world you
wouldn't need to change.

They stare over at him.

FAITH
Maybe if I kiss him I'll feel it.

KATE
Or maybe it'll turn him back into
a toad.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER. Francesca is idly running her fingers through Peter's
hair.

FAITH
Well, what about books? You like
Hemingway? You gotta love
Hemingway.


PETER
The Sun Also Rises. For Whom the
Bell Tolls. The Old Man and the--

HIM
He's alright. For a closet homo.

Faith's jaw muscles tighten slightly as she tries to take this

in stride.

FAITH
How about music? You like
classical?

PETER 
The Boston Pops. Season tickets.

Damon yawns.

FAITH
Well, how about those old romantic
movies with those great stars, huh?
Like Audrey Hepburn.

PETER
Actually, I think I prefer
Katherine Hepburn.

HIM
Audrey was cool.

Finally. She smiles. Damon SPITS noisily over the side.

HIM
Too bad she didn't have any tits.

DISSOLVE TO:

Kate is listing things. Faith and Damon are nodding their
heads, yes and no. Never in unison.

KATE
Baseball. Carmelcorn. Organized
religion. Sting. Grape-flavored
candy. The Marx Brothers. Long
foreplay. Gardening. Drum solos.
Dogs. Mai tais.

DISSOLVE TO:

Kate, checking her list.

KATE
Amazing. With the exception of
fruitcake, which, let's be honest,
everybody hates,
(looks up)
you two have absolutely nothing
whatsoever in common.
(re-checking her
list)
That's got to be almost
statistically impossible.

Francesca and Peter are up towards the bow of the boat,
cavorting, hanging on each other. Faith is facing them, with
her back to Damon.

FAITH
(not wanting to
look)
What's he doing now?

Kate peers over her shoulder.

KATE
He's tearing the wings off a moth
and making it walk around.

Faith buries her head in her hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

Faith is standing at the railing alone, gazing out at the open ocean. When she feels someone sidling up next to her.

HIM
So, what are we waiting for?

FAITH
What?

HIM
Let's face it. You want me.

He places a hand on her breast. She lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM. Peter comes running to her rescue. Hauls off and decks him.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Peter and Giovanni are forcibly dragging Damon off the boat, down the dock. Still onboard, she and Kate watch them go, in a daze.

FAITH
(numbly)
He's a jerk.

KATE
Yes. He is.

FAITH
I spent my whole life waiting for
a creep.

KATE
Yup.

FAITH
I came all the way to Italy in
search of a weasel.

KATE
(still watching
them go)
When you could've found one in
America.

Francesca steps past them off the boat.

FRANCESCA
Do not feel bad. He was scum.

EXT. LANDING - NIGHT

After the men are out of earshot, we see Peter pull this guy aside. And surreptitiously hand him an envelope.

HIM
You didn't think that last bit with
the bugs was a little over the top?

PETER
Not at all. You were perfect.

Handing him another envelope.

PETER
And thank Mrs. Walker, too.

EXT. BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Faith and Kate are still there, unloading a groggy Mrs. Bradley. She goes tottering down the dock, as Peter returns.

PETER
You okay?

FAITH
Yeah.

PETER
(sympathetically)
I guess he turned out to be kind
of a loser, huh?

She sighs, nods.

PETER
I'm sorry.

FAITH
I feel like the world's biggest
idiot.

He finishes securing the boat.

PETER
Why should you be embarrassed?
He was the jerk.

She doesn't believe this, but appreciates the gesture.

FAITH
In spite of the way it all turned
out, though, I want you to know
how much I appreciate your helping



me find him. I would always have wondered what might have been.

He pauses.

PETER

Yeah.

(then)

Well, was the least I could do.

FAITH

No, it was more than that. It was very generous of you. It was very kind.

His eyes meet hers. From the landing, Francesca calls after him impatiently.

PETER

(reluctantly)

I better go.

Faith's eyes shift between the two of them.

FAITH

Sure. I understand.

He touches her shoulder.

PETER

Promise me you won't leave without saying goodbye.

FAITH

No. Course not.

And with that, he gets up, steps off the boat and heads down the pier with Francesca clinging to him. She watches them walk away.

KATE

So...

FAITH

So. I guess I've got a wedding to go to.



Faith steps off the boat and walks down the pier, a solitary figure, who finally disappears in the mist.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Faith is packing. She picks up her "Let's Go Italy" guide, and the polaroid of her and Peter falls out. "The Kiss". She sighs. Tucks it back inside the book. She picks up her wallet, opens the coin purse, reaches in to pull out her ENGAGEMENT RING. As she does, something else falls to the floor. Dwayne's DRY CLEANING TICKET. She stares down at it. Then takes the ring, places it back in her wallet. And picks up the telephone.

INT. HER MOTHER'S HOME - DAY

Her mother is sobbing hysterically. Larry is there. Dwayne is there. Leslie is there. Leslie's eyes meet Dwayne's meaningfully.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

Kate and Giovanni are walking down the pier, hand in hand. He stops her, leans her up against the railing, and plants a massive kiss on her. After she's managed to catch her breath,

KATE
Giovanni, I want to thank you.

GIOVANNI
I thank you.

He goes to kiss her again.

KATE
No, you don't understand. It's been wonderful meeting you. But... I have a husband. I have two kids at camp. I have a life I have to go back to.

GIOVANNI
You don't have to go if you don't want to...

KATE
But I do want to.

He realizes where this isn't going. Tries another tack.

GIOVANNI
(hurt)
You think I'm just one of those Italian Casanovas. The guys who try to seduce every woman who comes their way. Who prey on unhappily married women. Who lure unsuspecting--

KATE
Giovanni.

GIOVANNI
Huh?

KATE
That's exactly what you are.

Beat.

GIOVANNI
Is it that obvious?

She smiles.

KATE
Thank you for making me feel
wanted.

She turns, and heads up the stairs. Alone. After a beat,

GIOVANNI
Kate.

She looks back down,

GIOVANNI
It was my pleasure.

And he starts down the street. Passes an outdoor cafe. With
an attractive woman in it. ANGLE ON the WOMAN.

O.S.
Do you believe in love at first
sight?...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Faith is in bed. In the darkness. The door opens.

FAITH
Kate is that you?

KATE
Uh huh.

FAITH
I didn't expect you back so soon.

Kate closes the door.

KATE
Well, I realized, if you're getting
married, you're gonna be needing
the maid of honor, right?

FAITH
Actually, no. There's not going
to be a wedding.

KATE
Oh.


Beat.

KATE
Well... I ought to be getting home
anyway. The kids'll be back from
camp soon. The house is probably
a mess.

FAITH

And Larry?...

KATE
What about Larry?

FAITH
I don't know. I've just been
thinking... maybe this destiny 
thing is more of a do-it-yourself
operation. Maybe the things that
are meant to be are the things we
want badly enough to fight for.

The room is quiet. You can hear the waves in the distance.

KATE
Maybe...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

It's a glorious morning. Birds chirp. The sea shimmers in the distance. Faith is standing outside a hotel room door. She takes a deep breath. Knocks. It opens. Peter.

PETER
Hi.

FAITH
Hi. Are you... busy?

PETER
No.
(beat)
Are you're leaving?

FAITH
No. I just came by to apologize.

He looks at her questioningly.

FAITH
It seems like ever since I found
out about this guy, this name, I've
been kind of crazy. Like I was
on drugs or something.

PETER
I know the feeling.

FAITH
Yeah... Well, anyway, I also
wanted to tell you, I'm not getting
married.

PETER
You aren't?

FAITH

No. I mean yes, I'm not. I decided to call it off. Well, actually, it was kind of mutual.

PETER
Well. Congratulations.

FAITH
Thank you.
(beat)
So, since I have a few more days of vacation left, I was wondering if maybe you'd want to do something sometime. I mean, you know, if you don't have... other plans.

PETER
Are you asking me out?

Beat.

FAITH
Yes. I am.

PETER
(gently)
In that case... no...

She looks down at the ground. Nods.

PETER
I don't have other plans.

She looks back up.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Kate goes to the desk for her key. The concierge hands it to her, along with something else. An envelope.

KATE
What's this?

CONCIERGE
From an admirer...

She hesitantly opens it. Inside is a college catalogue. A note: "Please turn to page 51". Puzzled, she opens it to page 51. The Sociology section. A class is circled: "Trans-gender Modes of Communication in Post-Modern Society". And another note in the margin: "You want to take it with me?" LARRY steps into view from around a corner. She looks up. Tears in her eyes.

EXT. THE STEPS - DAY

Peter and Faith are overlooking the sea, towards Capri.

PETER
You can't come to Southern Italy

and not see the Blue Grotto.

FAITH

I just need to run up and get my
bathing suit.

PETER

Okay. I'll meet you at the dock
in ten minutes.

As she dashes off,

PETER

Hurry...

EXT. POSITANO VILLAGE - DAY

Faith is on her way back to her room. She passes the community playhouse where two teenage kids are up on ladders, suspending a banner across the stairs announcing a new play: "The Odyssey". One kid accidentally drops his end, and it goes fluttering down across her path. Faith stops to retrieve it and is handing it back up to him when she glances at the window where the eight-by-tens of the play's stars are being changed. The new star of the show is noneother than Damon Bradley. Only his name isn't Damon Bradley. It's LEONARD GILINSKY. She stares at the photo. And suddenly has trouble breathing.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Peter is waiting at the dock. Checks his watch.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Faith is packing. Furiously hurling stuff into a suitcase. Peter shows up at the door.

PETER

Is something the matter?

FAITH

GET OUT!!

Backing behind it,

PETER

(sotto)
I'd call that a yes.
(peeking around
the corner)
Do I get a hint?

FAITH

You want a hint? I'll give you
a hint. You are the lowest, most
despicable, most reprehensible form
of reptilian swine--

PETER

There's no such thing.

FAITH

What?

PETER

Reptilian swine. There's no such thing. Reptiles aren't swine.

FAITH

Who cares?! You hired an actor??

PETER

I don't know what you're talking about.

(a nervous beat)

Who told you that?

FAITH

No one had to tell me. He's starring in the local play.

A bead of sweat rolls down his neck.

FAITH

You did, didn't you? You got somebody to pretend to be him? Tell me the truth. For once.

He takes a deep breath.

PETER

Alright. The truth is... I thought we had something here.

FAITH

I can't believe you did that!

PETER

And I can't believe you are so stubborn and so blind as to let some stranger, some phantom you've never even met destroy it.

FAITH

(turning on him)

You're the reason I never met him. You knew it was the thing I most wanted in life and you sabotaged it.

PETER

I sabotaged it? You're the one who lost him, remember?

FAITH

Well, I might've found him again if I hadn't left Rome to make this pointless trip down here with you.

PETER

As I recall, you were on your way home. And I didn't want you to go so, yes, I told you a little white lie.

FAITH

A "little white lie"? A "little white lie"?

PETER

What would you call it?

FAITH

I would call it-- unforgivable.

Silence.

PETER

Don't you think you're overreacting just a little here? We're talking about love, okay? Let's be rational.

FAITH

Rational?! Love is not rational! Are you crazy?

PETER

(throwing up his hands)

Yes. I'm crazy. You have driven me crazy. No one in their right mind would go to this much trouble to win over someone as insane as you. Did it ever, even for one second, occur to you how much work it was to set all this up? How many arrangements had to be made? How many players had to be coordinated?

FAITH

Gee, I'm flattered. What an incredibly romantic gesture. Cancel the roses, I've decided to lie to her instead.

PETER

Very funny.

FAITH

No, it isn't. I called off my wedding all because of you.

A beat.

PETER

(touched)

Really?...

FAITH
(realizing this
herself for the
first time)
Yes.

Then,

PETER
And this is the thanks I get. I
did you a favor. You never wanted
to marry that joker in the first
place.

FAITH
That's not the point.
(realizing she's
just given herself
away)
And what if I had wanted to?

PETER
If you had wanted to, you'd have
gone home.

Then, more calmly,

PETER
Look, I just thought if you finally
got rid of this obsession with this
name, if you could get it out of
your system once and for all, then
maybe you'd be able to stop waiting
and open your heart to someone
real. Granted, ideally, me. I
didn't do it to hurt you. I did
it for you.
(beat)
I did it for us...

FAITH
There is no us.

His eyes harden.

PETER
Oh, that's right. There's only
him. Mr. Perfect Imaginary Man.
You know, I gave you more credit
than you deserved. The truth is
you're in love with the fantasy.
You're afraid of something real.

And he storms out the door.

EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

CLOSE ON a pile of cornball souvenirs. A little gondola.
A little colosseum. The little liqueur bottles.

Kate and Larry are at a table. She's been collecting things for him all along the way.

LARRY

Are you kidding? All that stuff was for you, Kate. It just seemed like you were mad at me, so I thought maybe if I-- I hate Polo...

Kate smiles. In love with him all over again.

LARRY

There's just one thing I still don't understand.

She looks at him.

LARRY

I don't have a great aunt in Italy.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Peter, carrying his suitcase, turns in his key to the concierge. Signs his bill. And resignedly exits out the door.

ANGLE on the mermaid out in front of "SIREN TRAVEL". Inside, Faith is waiting in line. She steps up to the window. On the other side of the counter is Damon. That is, is Leonard.

FAITH

You...

LEONARD

(a little uneasy)
Hi there...

FAITH

Before you start picking your nose, I know he put you up to it.

He looks disappointed.

LEONARD

It was the moth stuff that gave it away, didn't it?
(to himself)
I knew that was too much.

FAITH

No, you gave a very convincing performance. And you'll be pleased to know that your eight-by-ten glossy is now on display at the local playhouse.

LEONARD

My picture's up?

He conveys this to a co-worker in Italian. They exchange

high-fives.

FAITH
(glumly)
Congratulations.

LEONARD
Thanks.

FAITH
So, this is what you do? I mean
when you're not playing other
parts?

LEONARD
I take it things didn't work out
between the two of you?

She shakes her head.

LEONARD
That's a shame.

She shrugs. Heh.

FAITH
Yeah, well... Anyway, I'm here to
pick up my ticket. TWA, Flight
877.

He starts punching it into his computer.

LEONARD
Is this your first trip here?

She nods.

LEONARD
It's an amazing place, don't you
think?

FAITH
Amazing.

LEONARD
Smoking or non-smoking?

FAITH
Non.
(beat)
Please.

He nods.

LEONARD
Lots of history. For example, did
you know, according to legend, this
coastline used to harbor Sirens?

FAITH

Hm.

LEONARD

Beautiful women who could lure men
to their destruction with their
singing. Nobody's ever really seen
them and lived to tell about it.
But, I don't know. An awful lot
of ships wrecked on those rocks.

He shrugs. Hands her her ticket.

LEONARD

Well. Have a good trip.

She nods. Distant. And we stay on her face.

INT. CAR - DAY

Peter places his suitcase in the car. Gets in. Tosses
something out the window. A dead gardenia.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

Kate and Larry. Larry starts choking on his Campari.

LARRY

Damon Bradley? That's why you're
here?

KATE

What? You know him?

LARRY

(chuckling
nervously)

It was just a joke. I was pushing
the arrow. I wanted to get to the
next question. I wanted to find
out who was gonna win the Series.

KATE

Are you saying you just made the
whole thing up? The guy never even
existed?

LARRY

He existed. He was some kid I knew
from Little League.

(musing)

He was a real jerk.

(he looks up at
her)

You say he's a friend of Dwayne's?

KATE

(nodding)

Went to high school with him.
But...

KATE
what about the fortune teller?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL NIGHT - NIGHT

Twenty years ago. A young Faith is sitting across from the fortune teller. There's a pounding at the back door.

This time we stay with Madame Divina, following her as she gets up, marches to the back of the booth and throws open the door. Standing there is Larry. He whispers something in her ear as he hands her a five dollar bill.

LARRY (V.O.)
I thought she'd get a kick out of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

LARRY
It was a harmless little prank.
Who in the world would've thought
she'd spend her life waiting for
this guy?

KATE
Larry, you've got to tell her.

LARRY
I can't tell her. She's called
off her wedding. She'll never
speak to me again.

He looks up pleadingly.

LARRY
You tell her.

Faith bounding up the steps. She races to Peter's room. Pounds on the door. No answer.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Faith dashes to the desk, runs into Kate and Larry.

FAITH
Larry! What are you doing here?
(realizing)
Mom sent you.

LARRY
No.

He puts an arm around Kate.

LARRY

I came after the woman I love.

KATE

He missed me.

Faith smiles. He puts his other arm around her.

LARRY

The two women I love. How are you,
Faith?

She's a little surprised by this outpouring of affection.

FAITH

I'm fine.

(to Kate)

Have you seen Peter?

KATE

He's gone. He told me what
happened. He just left for the
airport.

FAITH

Larry, did you rent a car?

LARRY

Yeah--

KATE

Faith. Larry has something he
wants to tell you about Damon
Bradley.

Larry is violently shaking his head "no". Kate jabs him.

KATE

I'll leave you two alone.

She exits the room. Stranding him.

FAITH

Larry, can I borrow your car keys?

LARRY

Faith, this guy you think is Mr.
Right, he's... not what you think--

FAITH

Don't worry, it's a long story,
but I know who he is. I know where
to find him.

LARRY

But, Faith--

FAITH

Please, Larry. I have to hurry.

She spots the keys lying on the table. Grabs them, bolts for

the door.

FAITH
I'll bring it back as soon as I
can.

LARRY
(calling after her)
But Faith--

FAITH
What?...

Beat.

LARRY
(chickening out)
It's the red Fiat.

INT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Kate and Faith's room.

KATE
She what?!

LARRY
She said she knew where to find
him, and then she grabbed my car
keys, and--

KATE
And you didn't tell her?

LARRY
She didn't give me a chance.

Kate pins him with her eyes.

LARRY
Well, you never know...
(lamely)
Maybe they'll hit it off...

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF THE LE SIRENUSE HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Kate is yanking Larry into a taxi.

LARRY
What do you mean we have to stop
her before she does something
crazy?

EXT. AMALFI DRIVE - DAY

Faith goes screeching around a curve. A few beats later, the
TAXI follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS OF ROME - DAY

Faith speeds through the tangled web of Roman traffic. Kate and Larry in close pursuit.

EXT. ROME AIRPORT - DAY

Faith screeches to a halt in the passenger loading zone. Dashes inside. Scans the DEPARTURE SCREEN for a flight to BOSTON. Finds it: AMERICAN AIRLINES, GATE NUMBER 7, "ON TIME", at 5:00. She checks her watch. It's 4:57. She starts racing down the corridor.

INT. JET - DAY

Aboard the plane, Peter is settling into his seat.

INT. AIRPORT CORRIDOR - DAY

A vending machine. SOMEBODY at it with his back to us pushes the Butterfinger button. The "SOLD OUT" light blinks on. A FIST starts banging on machine. Faith sprints by. Oblivious.

INT. GATE 7 - DAY

Faith rushes to GATE #7. Slaps something down on the desk in front of the CLERK.

FAITH
Boarding pass.

Blows past him. He sticks out an arm.

CLERK
I'm afraid you're too late, m'am.

She stops. Breathing hard. Uncomprehending. He looks at the pass.

CLERK
And this isn't for this airline,
either.

Faith turns to the window to see the portable stairs once again being pulled away from the cabin door. Deja vu. She notices a side door. Only this time there are MEN with MACHINE GUNS standing guard directly outside it. This, after all, is Rome.

With her hands pressed plaintively against the glass, she watches as the plane taxis away from the gate toward the runway, to join the LINE-UP of other PLANES waiting for take-off clearance. This jet, which we'll call "Peter's" jet, is fifth in line.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Kate and Larry come barrelling in.

INT. AIRPORT GIFT SHOP - DAY

Faith is buying one of those little portable Igloo ICE CHESTS. With an "I Italy" logo. And an enormous roll of MASKING TAPE.

A JET takes off. Peter's jet moves up a notch. Three to go.

INT. GATE NUMBER 7 - DAY

CLOSE ON the ICE CHEST. With a lot of tape wrapped around it. And large lettering, "MEDICAL EMERGENCY" "DO NOT OPEN." And a little red cross. It looks pretty tacky.

O.S.

A heart transplant?!

FAITH

That's right. She's been waiting
a long time.

The clerk picks up the ice chest, starts trying to examine it. Faith stops him.

FAITH

I'm afraid I can't let you do that.
Hearts are very fragile.

Somebody else comes up. A SECURITY GUARD. He and the clerk start conversing Italian.

OUT THE WINDOW --

Faith sees another jet take off. Two to go.

INSIDE --

Faith is anxiously looking from one authority to the other, vainly trying to follow their conversation. Finally the guard turns to her,

CARABINIERE

Who are you?

FAITH

I'm the cardiologist.

The Clerk eyes the ice chest suspiciously.

CLERK

You didn't have that with you
before.

(to the guard,
pointing to the
chest)

Prima non l'aveva con se.

FAITH

It was late in arriving.
(with import)

But it's here now.

CARABINIERE

Do you have any I.D.?

FAITH

Look, I've given you my credit card, my passport number. I've paid for the flight. Now, while you two sit here cross-examining me, someone's future is hanging in the balance.

OUT ON THE RUNWAY --

The last jet in front of Peter's is given clearance. It races down the runway and disappears into the sky. And Peter's jet taxis into position. ENGINES REVVING furiously.

INSIDE --

A whole flock of AIRPORT PERSONNEL are now conferring. A crowd of other ONLOOKERS have gathered. A few of them start mumbling opinions.

FAITH

It's a heart, for godssakes. You guys are Italian. Don't you get it? It's the greatest gift one human being can give another. Are you telling me you're going to stand there and deny her the chance of a lifetime?

A GUY in the crowd with a "Dianetics" book in one hand and a cigarette in the other, tosses in his two cents,

ONLOOKER

Let the nut go...

CUT TO:

INT. JET - DAY

PILOT

Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm afraid we've got a temporary delay. We have a medical emergency and are going to have to head back to the gate.

Passengers groan. The engines wind down, and the plane taxis off the runway, back toward the terminal.

EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

The portable stairs are being wheeled back toward the cabin door. Faith is waiting inside. Triumphant. When,

LOUDSPEAKER

Damon Bradley. Signore Damon
Bradley. E pregato di recarsi
all'ufficio informazione.

For a moment, for just a fraction of a second, she hesitates.

LOUDSPEAKER
Damon Bradley. Mr. Damon Bradley
please meet your party at the
information booth.

Then we see the decision has been made. Ice chest in hand,
she strides confidently out the door toward the plane, without
a backward glance.

INT. AIRPORT INFORMATION BOOTH - DAY

Kate and Larry are waiting there.

O.S.
Larry Corbett?

Larry turns,

It's the smoker with the "Dianetics" volume.

STRANGER
I thought that was you.
(he extends a hand)
Damon Bradley. Remember me?

He calls to a woman nearby,

DAMON BRADLEY
Honey...
(to Larry)
This is my wife, Arlene.
(to her)
Larry and I played in Little League
together.

INT. JET - DAY

Faith walks up the steps and through the cabin door. She
spots Peter seated about halfway back. But he doesn't see
her. He's staring blankly out the window. She makes her way
to the open seat next to him. He looks up. Does a double
take.

FAITH
I brought you something. Something
I didn't want you to leave without.

She sits down. Hands him the ice chest. Puzzled, he opens
the cover. Inside is a little chocolate heart. He takes it
out, looks at it.

PETER
I was hoping for the real thing.

FAITH
I brought you that, too.

He looks at her.

PETER
You do know you're insane.

Beat.

PETER
I love that in a woman.

And the plane takes flight. As we,

FADE OUT