

ANOTHER STORY

by

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ANOTHER STORY

Marcello sits at a table in a small room, writing. He writes with passion, the table is covered with half written pages, the wastebasket is filled with crumbled up paper and so is the floor. The only window in the room is open, revealing a beautiful Italian countryside village, the cobblestone roads flow like water between the old buildings. The village sits on a hilltop, everything is uphill or downhill, the only flat area is the piazza, in the town center.

The room is quiet. The bed is empty, the bedding is spread on the floor. The place is very dark, for the only light comes from the small window.

Marcello jumps up from the chair and starts pacing nervously. He looks out the window searching for something.

MARCELLO

Yes.

He runs back to the desk and starts writing.

CUT TO:

The chair is now in the center of the room. Marcello sits on it, his elbow on his knee, his face in his hand.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Where?

CUT TO:

Marcello has his t-shirt over his head and he is hitting his head against the wall. Not too hard but hard enough to hurt him.

He takes the shirt down and whispers to himself.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I'm a clown.

CUT TO:

Marcello is back at the desk writing, page after page.

A knock on the door breaks the silence but not Marcello's concentration. He keeps frenetically writing. Another knock.

VOICE

I know you are in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The knocking gets heavier.

VOICE (CONT'D)
C'mon, Marcello. Open up. I know
you can hear me.

Marcello finally stops, looks at the door, sweat pouring down his face.

VOICE (CONT'D)
It's Sofia, please let me in.

He walks toward the door, unlocks it and goes back to his desk writing.

Sofia pushes the door open. She has a white sun dress on, her skin is olive and her black straight hair falls gently on her shoulder, she is a Mediterranean beauty.

SOFIA
How long have you been closed in
here?

He ignores her.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
What is that?

She points to an almost empty bottle. Marcello continues to ignore her.

She walks to the wastebasket and pulls a piece of paper out.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
Can I read it?

Marcello quickly snatches it from her hand.

MARCELLO
No.

Sofia sits on the bed.

SOFIA
What's the title?

Marcello turns his back to her.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
You don't have one?! I'm good with
titles, I can help you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCELLO

Shut up.

SOFIA

I want to be the first one to read
your latest poem.

MARCELLO

Get out.

SOFIA

I know you don't mean that.

MARCELLO

I have to write.

SOFIA

I think you have been closed in
here for too long by yourself.

MARCELLO

I hate people.

SOFIA

No you don't.

MARCELLO

(screaming)

I DO.

SOFIA

You need to get out and get some
fresh air.

MARCELLO

Why? Everyone is insane outside,
you can't see that because you have
been blinded.

SOFIA

What?

MARCELLO

Show me your tits.

SOFIA

Marcello stop it. Let me read your
poem.

MARCELLO

Here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Marcello hands her the poem he has been writing. She excitedly starts reading it.

Beat.

Tears come to her eyes, she finishes the page.

SOFIA
This is beautiful.

MARCELLO
Thank you.

She smiles.

SOFIA
I love you.

MARCELLO
I know.

She stands up and pulls Marcello's hand.

SOFIA
C'mon, let's go for a walk. You need some fresh air.

MARCELLO
No.

SOFIA
Let's walk to our tree.

MARCELLO
No.

SOFIA
Let's go see the sunset then. It's going to be inspiring.

MARCELLO
I have to...

SOFIA
Please.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- DAY

Sofia is walking on a country dirt road, the grass is yellow and the sun is orange. The wind is blowing in her hair and she has a big smile on her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns around.

SOFIA
Hurry, otherwise we won't be able
to make it in time.

Marcello drags himself up the road behind her.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
It's going to be very inspiring, I
promise you.

Marcello grins and speeds up to her pace.

MARCELLO
You are so innocent.

SOFIA
(embarrassed)
Stop it.

MARCELLO
You are.

She blushes.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
You look so pure.

SOFIA
I told Giuseppe you were sick, he
said not to worry and that you can
go back to work when you get
better.

MARCELLO
Why?

SOFIA
I know you were going to forget to
go to work this week, it always
happens when you hide from the
world in that room of yours and
write.

MARCELLO
I'm not hiding.

SOFIA
Yes you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCELLO

No, I'm just disagreeing with all
the lies.

SOFIA

What lies?

MARCELLO

The world is full of lies.

SOFIA

Don't say that.

MARCELLO

It's true.

Sofia runs off.

SOFIA

You can't get me.

MARCELLO

Yes, I can.

Marcello runs after her. The road comes over a small hill
and opens on a cliff top, overlooking the ocean.

Marcello grabs Sofia. They embrace and fall on the grass.
They roll around playing.

SOFIA

Stop.

MARCELLO

What?

SOFIA

Look.

She points toward the ocean where the sun is setting. They
sit up and look at it.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

It's beautiful.

MARCELLO

The sun is getting ready to touch
the water, if you listen closely
you can hear it.

SOFIA

That's nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARCELLO

Those are not my words, I stole it
from somebody, I can't remember
who.

SOFIA

Then now they are yours.

MARCELLO

I guess.

They sit in silence admiring the beauty of nature.

SOFIA

One day you will marry me.

MARCELLO

One day, and that day may never
come.

Marcello smiles and kisses her softly on the lips.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCELLO'S BEDROOM -- DAWN

Marcello sleeps alone, covered in sweat. The alarm goes off. He jumps out of bed, throws some clothes on and runs out. It is still dark outside. A Vespa is laying against the wall outside the old building. He pushes it down the hill and jumps on it. It starts.

The Vespa moves fast through the empty streets. It comes to a screeching halt in front of a BAKERY, the only door with light coming out of it.

Marcello lays the Vespa against the wall and walks in. Marcello puts on an apron and starts pulling out trays from underneath the table. A fat, short, bald man stands in the doorway of the other room.

GIUSEPPE

Marcello. What the hell happened
to you?

MARCELLO

I'm okay.

GIUSEPPE

Sofia told me you were sick.

Marcello continues working as he talks..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

I'm better now.

GIUSEPPE

Why didn't you tell me you weren't going to show up for work?

MARCELLO

I forgot.

GIUSEPPE

You weren't sick, I know it. Sofia is just covering your ass.

MARCELLO

I was.

GIUSEPPE

You are not a very good liar Marcello.

MARCELLO

Ok, I wasn't, I was writing.

GIUSEPPE

Writing? You miss work to write? Writing doesn't pay.

MARCELLO

It will.

GIUSEPPE

You are a dreamer.

MARCELLO

Maybe.

GIUSEPPE

Keep your feet on the ground and get to work.

Giuseppe smiles.

MARCELLO

Yes sir.

Giuseppe walks back in the other room talking to himself.

GIUSEPPE

(to himself)

The youth of today has no respect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marcello smiles at Giuseppe's proverb, he's heard it before.

CUT TO:

INT. PANETTERIA (BAKERY) -- LATER

Marcello pulls out some bread from the oven and puts it in a brown paper bag. He jotts a note and staples it to the bag, then puts it in a basket filled with similar bags.

GIUSEPPE

You better start the deliveries
now, you've got a long list today.

MARCELLO

Ok.

Marcello grabs the basket and walks out. As soon as he is outside he lights a cigarette and sits on the sidewalk. He is really enjoying that cigarette, taking big long drags.

Giuseppe opens the door.

GIUSEPPE

What's going on? Are you already
on vacation?

Marcello jumps to his feet.

GIUSEPPE (CONT'D)

C'mon, move your ass.

Marcello jumps on the Vespa and speeds away.

GIUSEPPE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

The youth of today has no respect.

The sun shines on Marcello's face.

He makes his first stop, puts one of the bags on the doorsteps, and rides off.

On the second stop he rings the bell.

MARCELLO

Delivery.

A lady opens the door.

LADY

Marcello, where have you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

Around.

LADY

Stay out of trouble.

MARCELLO

Ok.

He gives her the bag and walks off.

LADY

Send my love to Giuseppe.

MARCELLO

I sure will.

He rides off.

The next three stops are all pretty much the same but the fourth one is at a newer and bigger house. He rings the doorbell.

The door opens, and Marcello enters..

A woman in her forties stands in the kitchen. She wears a nightgown and heavy make up.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Mrs. Teresa.

MRS. TERESA

I'm here in the kitchen Marcello.

He walks to the kitchen.

MRS. TERESA (CONT'D)

Where have you been?

MARCELLO

I've been around.

MRS. TERESA

I thought you had skipped town or something.

MARCELLO

I wish.

Marcello puts the bag on the table and gets ready to walk out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. TERESA
Wait a minute.

She reaches into her wallet and pulls out some money.

MRS. TERESA (CONT'D)
This is for you.

MARCELLO
Thank you.

MRS. TERESA
You are always in such a rush.

MARCELLO
I've got lot's of deliveries to do...

MR. TERESA
You talk like a good boy, but I don't think you are a good boy.

She runs her hand on his chest and starts massaging his crotch. Marcello is astonished. He stares at her hand, bright red nail polish and lots of rings, one of them, a wedding ring.

MRS. TERESA
What have we here?!

MARCELLO
Mrs. Teresa, I don't think this...

She opens her nightgown revealing her naked body.

MRS. TERESA
Hsh, don't speak. You are a bad boy.

She takes one of his hands and puts it on her left breast, they are big and white, not quite sagging yet..

MRS. TERESA (CONT'D)
You like that ah?

Marcello is hard as a rock.

MRS. TERESA (CONT'D)
You are a bad boy and I am going to punish you now.

Marcello moves away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARCELLO

I have to go.

He runs out of the kitchen and out the house, leaving her standing there half naked.

He jumps on his Vespa and takes off.

CUT TO:

He is back at the bakery.

GIUSEPPE

All good?

MARCELLO

Yes.

He drops the empty basket off.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Can I get some money now?

GIUSEPPE

You have lots of courage asking me.
You don't show up for a week and on top of that you still owe me money.

MARCELLO

I do?

GIUSEPPE

Yes, I already paid you two weeks in advance and you didn't come last week.

MARCELLO

Fine.

Marcello starts the Vespa.

GIUSEPPE

Will I see you tomorrow?

MARCELLO

Will you pay me tomorrow?

GIUSEPPE

No.

MARCELLO

Ok.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GIUSEPPE

Ok what? Are you coming to work tomorrow or not?

MARCELLO

Yes.

GIUSEPPE

Are you sure?

MARCELLO

No.

Marcello rides off.

The village is becoming alive, the stores are opening and people are starting to walk the streets.

The liquor store clerk unlocks the door and finds Marcello already waiting to get in.

STORE CLERK

Good morning.

MARCELLO

Good morning.

Marcello pulls out from his pocket the money Mrs. Teresa gave him and looks at it. It's five euro. He grabs four bottles of wine, walks up to the counter and pays.

STORE CLERK

It's five seventy.

MARCELLO

I only have five.

STORE CLERK

What do you want me to do about it?

MARCELLO

Can I come back later and pay for it?

STORE CLERK

I'm not a fool.

MARCELLO

Look, I work for Giuseppe, the baker, he pays me at noon, I'll be here by one with the seventy cents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GRK

Alright.

MARCELLO

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL BOOKSTORE -- LATER

Marcello browses the pages of a book on the floor. Piles of books sit next to him. A skinny store clerk with thick glasses walks up to him.

CLERK

Can I help you with something?

MARCELLO

No.

CLERK

You better put all those books back when you are done.

Marcello ignores him.

The clerk goes back to the counter and assists some other customers.

A few moments later Marcello walks up.

MARCELLO

I have a question.

He grabs one of the business cards from the counter and shoves it into his pocket.

CLERK

What?

MARCELLO

Do you have any magazines that publish short stories and poems? Like a literature magazine of some sort?

The Clerk looks at him for a second then turns around, grabs a magazine and hands it to Marcello.

CLERK

This one is the most popular one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

Nice.

Marcello looks at it.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Do you know if they publish new
writers?

CLERK

I'm sure they do.

Marcello bends it and puts it into his pocket.

CLERK (CONT'D)

It's five Euro.

MARCELLO

Oh yes.

Marcello searches in his pockets, knowing they are empty.

He looks at the clerk then at the door.

A moment of silence.

Marcello makes a run for it.

The clerk goes after him.

Marcello speeds out the door and starts pushing the Vespa. The clerk is faster than he thought and he is right behind his shoulder, the Vespa finally starts. The clerk grabs his shirt, Marcello pulls away and jumps on the Vespa. He's safe.

CLERK

(screaming after him)

You son of a bitch.

The clerk walks back into the store and goes to the isle where Marcello was. He finds all the books still on the floor in messy piles.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Bastard.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

Marcello has a big smile as he swerves through pedestrians in the busy morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stops in front of a bar and walks in.

MARCELLO

Do you have a telephone in here?

BARTENDER

The pay phone's next to the bathroom, down the hall to the left.

Marcello puts his hands into his pockets again.

MARCELLO

It's a local call, I don't have any change. Can I borrow a coin?

BARTENDER

This is not a bank.

An old man sitting at a table sipping a cup of coffee pulls out a coin and hands it to Marcello.

OLD MAN

Here kid.

MARCELLO

Thank you sir.

Marcello walks down the hall. He pulls out a business card from his pocket and dials the number.

At the bookstore the clerk is putting away the books Marcello left scattered around. He talks to himself and curses. The phone starts ringing.

CLERK

Hello?

Back at the bar.

MARCELLO

Hi, I'm the guy that just stole a magazine from you.

CLERK

What do you want?

MARCELLO

Listen, I have no money now but I am going to be a very famous poet one day and I will send you the money back, I promise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLERK
Fuck you prick.

He hangs up.

Marcello hangs the phone up and walks out of the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD -- DAY

Marcello lays under a tree with Sofia. He reads a book as she gazes at him. She runs a hand through his hair. On the tree trunk there's a heart with the letters 'M' and 'S' inside it.

SOFIA
Why are you so pretty?

MARCELLO
I don't know. For you.

Marcello keeps reading.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
He lived in Prague.

SOFIA
Who did?

MARCELLO
Leopoldo Conte, when he wrote these poems he was living in Prague.

SOFIA
Where's Prague?

MARCELLO
In Czech Republic.

SOFIA
Oh.

MARCELLO
His words are so beautiful. There must be something magical about that city.

SOFIA
I like your words.

MARCELLO
He is the greatest poet of all time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA
I thought you were?

MARCELLO
No, he is, I'm number two.

Marcello smiles.

SOFIA
I like you better.

MARCELLO
I will go to Prague one day and write like he does, he writes about the city, about the fog and the pointy roofs, blue roofs, red roofs and white brinks. It's really magical.

SOFIA
You are so passionate.

MARCELLO
You have to be.

SOFIA
Will you take me with you when you go to Prague?

MARCELLO
We'll see.

SOFIA
What does that mean?

MARCELLO
Only if you are good.

Sofia smiles.

SOFIA
I'll be good.

Marcello kisses her on the forehead.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
I'm your muse.

INT. MARCELLO'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marcello is writing at his desk. Two empty bottles of wine are on the floor and he holds another one in his hand. He takes a big pull from it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He opens the writing magazine he stole from the bookstore and searches for the publisher's address.

MARCELLO

Rome, they are in Rome.

He goes back to his writing. He frenetically scribbles on the page, the pen starts ripping the paper, he scratches everything off then rips the page to pieces and eats some of it.

He stands up and walks in front of the mirror. He looks at it for a second, searching for something.. He still hold the bottle of wine.

He starts talking to the mirror.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Hi, Hello Mr...Mr. Big shot, my name is Marcello, I am a great poet. No. My name is Marcello, I am a modest poet. Mr. Big shot, this is the greatest stuff you'll ever read. Mr. Big shot, my name is Marcello and I am looking for a job as a janitor and maybe you have an opening for me here in you building. Ok, thanks oh and by the way I am also a poet. Mr. big shot please read my poems. Mr. big shot, I love you, I beg you, read my poems.

Marcello falls to his knees. He takes a pull from the bottle.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I am going to kill everyone with a bomb if you don't read my poems. I am going to kill all your family and all you friends.

His face is on the floor squashed against the cold tiles.

He whispers..

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I love you Mr. big shot, please love me back, that's all I ask. I want to marry your wife.

He lays motionless, his eyes about to close. The alarm goes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Marcello stands up and drinks some more wine. He walks to the bathroom and washes his face.

He walks down the stairs and gets on the Vespa.

CUT TO:

INT. PANETTERIA (BAKERY) -- MOMENTS LATER

Marcello is putting his apron on, Giuseppe sees him.

GIUSEPPE

What happened to you? You look terrible.

MARCELLO

Nothing.

Giuseppe walks up to him.

GIUSEPPE

You didn't get any sleep tonight, did you?

MARCELLO

Do you have some coffee?

GIUSEPPE

Your breath smells like wine.

MARCELLO

How about that coffee?

GIUSEPPE

There's some left in the pot, drink it and get to work fast. Ok?

MARCELLO

Yes Sir.

Marcello pours some into a cup.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

It's cold.

GIUSEPPE

It's coffee.

Marcello downs it.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marcello's doing his deliveries, the same routine, until he gets to Mrs. Teresa's house.

He rings the bell, the door opens, he walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. TERESA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

MARCELLO

Hello.

Mrs. Teresa stands in the doorway, looking exactly as she did the day before.

They look at each other in a moment of uncomfortable silence.

MRS. TERESA

The scared boy is back.

Marcello puts the delivery on the table.

MARCELLO

The bag is on the table Mrs. Teresa.

Mrs. Teresa enters the kitchen.

MRS. TERESA

You look terrible today my darlin'.
What happened to you?

MARCELLO

Nothing.

MRS. TERESA

Did I scare you yesterday?

MARCELLO

No.

MRS. TERESA

I know you want to give it to me.

Marcello rubs his crotch and makes himself hard.

MARCELLO

I know you want it.

Mrs. Teresa gets closer to him.

MRS. TERESA

You are not scared anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She touches his crotch.

He takes her hands off.

MARCELLO

I need money.

MRS. TERESA

What?

MARCELLO

I have to go to Rome and I need money for gas.

MRS. TERESA

Why are you going to Rome?

MARCELLO

That's not important.

MRS. TERESA

What do you want from me?

MARCELLO

I need thirty Euro.

MRS. TERESA

And what makes you think I am giving it to you?

MARCELLO

'Cause I know you want this.

Marcello hold his crotch.

MRS. TERESA

I don't have to pay for it.

She turns around and starts to walk away.

Marcello drops his pants.

MARCELLO

Are you sure?

She turns around and looks at Marcello, her eyes immediately fall down to his crotch. She stares and can't help sucking her lips.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Come get it you whore.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

Marcello walks out of the house and zips his pants up.

He drives the Vespa back to the bakery, Giuseppe waits on the door.

GIUSEPPE
What took you so long?

MARCELLO
I ran into a friend and started
talking, I am sorry.

GIUSEPPE
Jesus.

Marcello drops the basket off.

MARCELLO
Listen, Giuseppe, I'm not coming
tomorrow.

GIUSEPPE
What is it this time?

MARCELLO
This time I'm quitting.

GIUSEPPE
What's the matter?

MARCELLO
I'm moving to Rome.

GIUSEPPE
Rome?

MARCELLO
Yes.

GIUSEPPE
Why?

MARCELLO
To chase a dream I guess.

GIUSEPPE
It's that writing thing isn't it?

Giuseppe runs a hand over his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIUSEPPE (CONT'D)

The youth of today has no respect.

MARCELLO

I know.

Marcello jumps back on his Vespa.

GIUSEPPE

Wait a minute.

Giuseppe pulls out of his pocket some money and hands it to Marcello.

GIUSEPPE (CONT'D)

Good luck kid.

MARCELLO

Thank you Giuseppe.

Marcello gets off the Vespa and hugs him. Giuseppe hugs him back.

GIUSEPPE

Get out of here now.

Marcello speeds off with his Vespa.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCELLO'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Marcello pulls out his clothes from the closet and shoves them in a brown bag.

The door swings open, it's Sofia.

SOFIA

What are you doing?

MARCELLO

I'm packing. I'm leaving.

SOFIA

Where are you going?

MARCELLO

I am going to Rome.

SOFIA

When are you coming back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

I don't know.

SOFIA

Why are you going to Rome?

Marcello walks to his desk and shows her the writing magazine.

MARCELLO

See, their offices are in Rome, I'm going to sell my poems to them and maybe become a writer for the magazine.

She inspects the magazine.

SOFIA

You have no money, you don't know anyone in Rome, don't do stupid things.

MARCELLO

I have eighty euro.

SOFIA

Don't go.

MARCELLO

I have to.

She starts emptying his bag.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Stop it!

SOFIA

No, You can't go.

MARCELLO

Stop it.

Marcello grabs her and pushes her away.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

This is my chance, I don't want to stay here.

SOFIA

Why? I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCELLO

I can't be a delivery boy for the rest of my life, I'm sick of this life.

SOFIA

Stay with me.

MARCELLO

You don't understand, this is about my life, I have to get out of here now.

SOFIA

But I love you.

MARCELLO

I have to go.

SOFIA

Then I'm going with you.

MARCELLO

No.

SOFIA

Yes.

She starts crying.

MARCELLO

Sofia, I have to go alone. I don't need you.

SOFIA

Don't say that.

Marcello grabs all his writing from a drawer and puts it neatly in a leather bag.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Don't leave me Marcello.

MARCELLO

I have to.

SOFIA

No you don't.

She falls to the floor and starts sobbing.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

Don't leave me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Marcello grabs his stuff and heads out the door.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
I am going to kill myself if you
leave me.

MARCELLO
Goodbye Sofia.

Marcello jumps on his Vespa and rolls down the hill.

CUT TO:

Marcello rides along the coast. The scenery is spectacular.
The sun slowly goes down.

CUT TO:

He stops at a gas station to fill up.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROME -- EVENING

By the time Marcello gets to Rome the sky is pitch black and
filled with stars.

He stops in front of a small hotel and walks in.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

A fat lady sits at the desk.

FAT LADY
What do you want?

MARCELLO
I'd like a room.

FAT LADY
It's twenty, paid up front.

MARCELLO
Twenty? That's expensive.

FAT LADY
Go somewhere else then.

MARCELLO
This place is a shit hole. I'll
give you five.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAT LADY

Not a chance, you little prick.

Marcello walks out as...

MARCELLO

Bitch. Fuck you.

EXT. HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

He gets back on his Vespa and drives around searching for a hotel.

He drives by prostitutes and transvestites and stops next to one, not sure of the prostitute's gender.

MARCELLO

Hi.

She turns around, revealing a pretty face, a very young one. The girl has blond hair and big blue eyes. Her skin is pale white, she is eighteen at the most.

PROSTITUTE

It's ten for the mouth and fifteen for the pussy honey.

MARCELLO

No, I just need information.

PROSTITUTE

I'll do you good baby.

MARCELLO

Do you know of any cheap hotels around here?

PROSTITUTE

C'mon, I'll give you the pussy for ten.

MARCELLO

No thanks, I'm not interested in your body right now but I sure would appreciate it if you could give me some tips on a cheap hotel.

The prostitute is now annoyed.

PROSTITUTE

Try the Oasis, it's on Via Garibaldi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

Where's that?

Now she is even more annoyed.

PROSTITUTE

Left at the first light then right.

MARCELLO

Thank you.

He speeds off then hits the brakes and goes back to her.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

What's your name?

PROSTITUTE

Quit wasting my time, I have to work.

MARCELLO

I just want to know your name.

PROSTITUTE

Bamby.

MARCELLO

Bamby like the cartoon?

PROSTITUTE

You got it.

Marcello pulls out from the bag one of his poems and signs it: "To Bamby the princess of the night."

He hands it to her.

BAMBY

What is this?

MARCELLO

I'm a poet, it's one of my poems.

She looks at him with disdain..

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Hold on to it, one day it's going to be worth lots of money.

He rides off.

CUT TO:

EXT. OASIS HOTEL -- MOMENTS LATER

The place is a true shit hole. Cheap Sixties red furniture with yellow wallpaper and green carpet fill the lobby.

A black man sleeps at the desk holding a lit cigarette.

MARCELLO

Excuse me.

The man keeps sleeping. Marcello taps him.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

The man wakes up.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I need a room.

MAN

By the hour or all night?

MARCELLO

What?

MAN

Do you have a hooker or not?

MARCELLO

No, I'm alone.

MAN

It'll be seven fifty, in advance.

Marcello pays him. The clerk starts searching through the keys in a drawer..

Marcello looks around the lobby. A television set is on, playing only static as a fat man sits in a chair watching. He's wearing a wife beater and shorts, fat coming out from all over the place.

MAN (CONT'D)

It'll be room 212, on the second floor.

MARCELLO

Thank you.

Marcello climbs up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The room is disgusting. A small mattress sits in the middle of the room. The carpet is red except for a few black spots, probably dead roaches.

Marcello is too tired to worry about that. He falls on the bed and closes his eyes. Sweet dreams.

CUT TO:

INT. OASIS ROOM 212 -- MORNING

Marcello is showering.

He gets out of the shower, throws his clothes on and walks down to the lobby. An old lady is at the counter.

The fat man still sits, watching the static.

Marcello hold up the writing magazine and points to it as he speaks to the lady.

MARCELLO

Do you know where 3456 Largo
Leonardi is?

The old lady raises her head slowly and peeks at Marcello through her reading glasses.

OLD LADY

Take Via Veneto down...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROME STREETS -- DAY

Marcello rides through the city traffic. He is always too close to the cars and runs a couple of red lights. A true Italian driver.

He stops in front of a big building and parks his Vespa. He climbs up the stairs holding his leather bag.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Marcello approaches the receptionist.

MARCELLO

Hello.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

I'm here to see...
(read from magazine)
Mr. Cuneo.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

MARCELLO

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST

What's your name?

MARCELLO

My name is, Mr. Smith.

The receptionist looks at her appointment book.

RECEPTIONIST

I don't see you here.

MARCELLO

How about Mr. Brown, sometimes I
use my wife's maiden name for...

Looks around.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

...For security reasons.

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry, it's not on the book.

MARCELLO

There must be a mistake.

RECEPTIONIST

Hold on a second, I'll check with
his secretary.

The receptionist picks up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Yes, I have a Mr. Smith, or Brown
here to see Mr. Cuneo. Ok, thank
you.

She hangs up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but Mr. Cuneo is really
busy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCELLO

C'mon please, can you help me out here.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry.

MARCELLO

I need to see him, I'm a writer.

RECEPTIONIST

Sorry.

MARCELLO

C'mon, help me you bitch.

The mood changes..

RECEPTIONIST

I'm gonna have to ask you to leave now or I will have to call security.

MARCELLO

Fine.

Marcello storms out the door pissed.

EXT. BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Marcello comes out of the building and stands in front, looking up. He notices a public phone across the street and walks to it. He opens his magazine and searches for the number. He finds it and dials.

He finds the cover story in the magazine and reads the name of the author: Roberto Capece.

MARCELLO

Yes, hello, I'd like Mr. Cuneo's office. I'll hold.

The receptionist transfers the call to Mr. Cuneo's secretary.

Marcello lowers his voice and makes it scratchy.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Yes, hello, Mr. Cuneo please. This is Roberto Capece. Ok, thanks.

Marcello cups his hand around the phone to cover the sound of the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Hi, it's Roberto, I know, I have a big cold. I'm ok thanks. Listen I need a big favor from you, my cousin is in town, from my mother's side and he is a great poet. I'd love if you could give him a few minutes today. As soon as you can. Great, I'll send him down, his name is Marcello. Thank you so much.

Marcello hangs up the phone, runs across the street and back up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

The receptionist gives him a dirty look.

RECEPTIONIST

I am going to call security right now.

MARCELLO

Mr. Cuneo is expecting me.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure he is.

MARCELLO

Just tell him Marcello is here.

RECEPTIONIST

Get out of here.

Marcello walks past her and starts walking down the hall. The receptionist runs after him.

He reads the name plates on the doors until he finds 'Cuneo'. He runs in.

The door takes him into a small waiting area. There's a black leather couch and a secretary sitting at her desk.

MARCELLO

Hi, I'm Marcello.

SECRETARY

Oh yes.

The receptionist storms in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, he ran by me, I already called security.

SECRETARY

It's okay Rose, he has an appointment.

RECEPTIONIST

Really?

MARCELLO

Yes, Rose, it's okay, thank you.

She walks out, furious.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. CUNEO'S OFFICE.

The man sits at a big desk, chewing on a straw. He is fat and has a big mustache under his nose.

MR.CUNEO

Marcello, right?

MARCELLO

Yes sir.

MR.CUNEO

What have you got for me?

MARCELLO

Mr. Cuneo, I'm going to be honest with you, I am here to sell you some poetry. It's great poetry.

MR.CUNEO

Let's see.

Marcello opens his bag and searches in it. He pulls out his favorite one and hands it to him. Mr. Cuneo takes it and starts reading.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROME STREETS -- MOMENTS LATER

Marcello slams the bag to the sidewalk. He steps on it and walks away. He comes back and picks it up, he is talking to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

We are not looking for new writers
at this time. Fucking prick.

A guy is standing at a corner smoking a cigarette.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Excuse me, is there a bookstore
around here?

CUT TO:

He jumps on the Vespa and speeds off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOKSTORE

Marcello walks out holding several magazines. He opens one
and searches for addresses.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Marcello, riding through Rome.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE NUMBER TWO

A different office from the one we saw before but very
similar. The receptionist has a very high pitched voice.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, we accept submissions by
mail only.

MARCELLO

This is different... Please.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

Marcello throws his bag on the sidewalk, picks it up and get
back on the Vespa.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING THREE

A SHORT CURLY HAired GUY with a big nose sits on the sidewalk smoking a cigarette. His face and hands are dirty.

Marcello pulls up and parks the Vespa. The guy stares him down. Something about him is suspicious. But Marcello has no time to waste and continues on into the building.

INT. OFFICE NUMBER THREE

It's all the same, after you have seen one publishing office you have seen them all.

MARCELLO

I am a great poet, can't you understand?!

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry but...

MARCELLO

I beg you I have to see him.

RECEPTIONIST

It's not me but...

MARCELLO

I love you, give me a kiss, c'mon.

She looks at him, astonished, then she smiles.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Fontana is out of the office today, if you leave it with me and leave me a contact number, I promise I'll give it to him tomorrow.

MARCELLO

Really?

RECEPTIONIST

Yes.

Marcello pulls out ten pages and hands them to her.

MARCELLO

I'm staying at the Oasis, room 212, here is the number. Thank you so much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

No problem.

Marcello is about to walk out then turns around and pulls another poem out of his bag.

MARCELLO

What's your name?

LINDA

Linda.

He signs the poem: "There is still some kindness left in this world. To Linda." He hands it to her.

MARCELLO

This is for you.

LINDA

Thank you.

He walks out. She reads the dedication, her eyes sparkle.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING THREE

He walks out to the sidewalk. He looks around and steps out to the street.

The Vespa is gone.

Marcello runs to the corner. Nothing. He kicks the wall. He runs his hands through his hair.

MARCELLO

Son of a bitch.

He grabs a random pedestrian by the shirt collar and screams in his face.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Where is my Vespa?

The man looks at him frightened. Marcello lets go of him and adjusts his shirt.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Sorry.

The man walks away muttering.

Marcello starts walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The walk is long and painful. The sun goes down and the streetlights come on.

He keeps walking, he tries to cry but can't.

He pulls out a bill. It's all crumbled up. He looks at it and walks into a liquor store.

He walks out with a paper bag and an open bottle of wine.

He drinks as he walks.

As he walks by the prostitutes and transvestites he knows he is getting close to the Oasis.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

The Hotel is uglier than ever tonight. The black man sits at the counter.

MAN

You have to pay for the night pal.

Marcello pulls out a bill and some change, searching his pockets.

MARCELLO

There.

MAN

Ok.

Marcello looks around the lobby. The fat guy is no longer sitting there.

MARCELLO

Did the fat guy get bored of watching static?

MAN

What fat guy?

Marcello doesn't answer and walks up to his room.

CUT TO:

INT. OASIS ROOM 212

He sits on the bed and opens another bottle of wine. He looks at the clock. Two forty in the morning.

He pick up the phone and dials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

Sofia, hey it's Marcello, did I wake you? I'm sorry. They stole my Vespa. I'm alright. I loved that Vespa. Yes, I'm drunk, what do you think?

He takes a big pull from the bottle.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I'm at this hotel called Oasis, it's on Via Garibaldi, it's not a really good neighborhood, it's actually pretty bad. I have to go.

He hangs up the phone and walks to the bathroom. He goes on his knees in front of the toilet and throws up.

He washes his face and returns to the bedroom, throwing his drunk body on the bed. Sleep comes fast.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING THREE -- DAY

The elevator door slides open and a man wearing a suit walks out. He is in his early forties, black long hair and tanned skin.

LINDA

Good morning Mr. Fontana.

MR. FONTANA

Good morning Linda.

LINDA

A young man came by yesterday and dropped some poems off.

She hands him a folder.

MR. FONTANA

Did you read them?

LINDA

I did.

MR. FONTANA

What did you think?

LINDA

I'm not an expert in poetry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. FONTANA

Ok. I'll take a look at it.

LINDA

The writer was so passionate about it.

MR. FONTANA

That's good.

Mr. Fontana grabs the folder and walks into his office.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROME STREETS -- DAY

Marcello walks around with a look of desperation on his face, searching for his Vespa. He looks at the many scooters speeding by through the streets of Rome.

He walks past a supermarket with a Vespa parked outside, a newer model than his.

He walks up to it and looks at it, it's a really nice one.

He looks around, no one is watching, he leans on it and puts his hands on the handle-bar.

MAN

What are you doing?

Marcello swings his head around to find a tall man holding grocery bags and a helmet standing right behind him. He lets go of the Vespa.

MARCELLO

It's a nice Vespa.

MAN

Sure it is.

The man puts his helmet on and rides off. Marcello follows him with his eyes.

MARCELLO

It's a really nice one.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING THREE -- DAY

Linda, the receptionist, sits chewing on a pencil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The intercom buzzes, she answers.

LINDA
Yes Mr. Fontana.

MR. FONTANA
I read the poetry. This is not the
kind of stuff we publish.

LINDA
Ok, thanks.

She hangs up and looks disappointed.

The intercom buzzes again, she answers it.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Yes.

VOICE
Hey Linda, it's Paolo from
accounting, I am trying to find the
name of the plumbing company to
write that check but I can't seem
to find it, do you still have their
business card?

LINDA
Why don't you leave it blank and
I'll fill it in when I find the
invoice?

VOICE
That sounds good. It was nine
hundred and eighty, right?

LINDA
Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. OASIS ROOM 212 -- DAY

The clock says one thirty. The sun comes through the window,
bright and hot.

Marcello walks out of the room.

He walks through the lobby and waves to the old lady at the
desk. Before he's out the door...

OLD LADY
Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

Yes?

OLD LADY

There's a message for you.

Marcello walks up to the desk.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

It's from a Mr. Fontana.

He snatches the note from the lady and runs out.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING THREE -- DAY

Linda fills in the plumbers check with MARCELLO'S NAME. She folds a letter around it, puts it in an envelope and seals it.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING THREE -- DAY

Marcello jumps down off the bus and runs into the building and up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING THREE

Marcello stands in front of Linda's desk panting. She smiles.

MARCELLO

Hi, I got the message, I'm here to see Mr. Fontana.

LINDA

He already left for the day...

MARCELLO

He did?

LINDA

...but he left this for you.

She hands him an envelope.

Marcello opens it, the letter reads:

"Dear Sir, I am very pleased to have read your poems, you have a true and rare talent. Our magazine has decided to publish all nine of your poems. Please find enclosed a check for nine hundred and eight euro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thanks for the poems and keep up the writing. From now on you can submit your work by mail...

Marcello looks at the check and jumps with joy.

MARCELLO

I'm rich.

LINDA

Congratulations.

MARCELLO

Thank you.

He kisses her on the cheek and runs out. She watches him as he runs off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Marcello is jumping around on the sidewalk, laughing and smiling. He looks around and spots a bank. He puts the check in his pocket and walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. LIQUOR STORE -- EVENING

Marcello walks up to the register holding three bottles of wine and a bottle of champagne. The CASHIER rings him up.

CASHIER

It'll be thirty one.

MARCELLO

Here's forty, keep the change.

The cashier looks at him with surprise. Marcello grabs his bag and walks out.

CASHIER

Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Marcello waves a cab and gets in.

MARCELLO

To the Oasis please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAB DRIVER
Sure thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. OASIS HOTEL

Marcello get out of the cab.

MARCELLO
Keep the change my friend.

He enters the Hotel.

INT. OASIS HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

A tall, SKINNY GUY is at the counter.

MARCELLO
Hello.

SKINNY GUY
Hello.

MARCELLO
Are all your rooms the same?

SKINNY GUY
No, we have singles and doubles, we
also have a suite on the fifth
floor.

MARCELLO
I'll take the suite for tonight,
I'll transfer my things from 212.
Is it okay?

SKINNY GUY
Sure, it's seventeen.

MARCELLO
Here is a twenty my friend, keep
the change for yourself.

SKINNY GUY
Thanks, it's room 404.

The guy hands him the key. Marcello grabs it and hurries up the stairs.

Room 404 is a shit hole twice the size of the previous shit hole. In the room there's a couch, a coffee table and a television set, and today everything looks good to Marcello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sets his things down and sits on the couch. He turns the tv on. Static, he changes the channels but it makes no difference.

He changes his clothes and runs out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Marcello runs down the street, prostitutes and transvestites are the only people out on the sidewalk. He approaches a TRANSVESTITE.

MARCELLO

Excuse me, do you know Bamby?

TRANSVESTITE

Sure honey, she's around the corner.

Marcello runs around the corner and spots her. He walks up to her.

MARCELLO

Hi.

BAMBY

You again.

MARCELLO

Yes.

BAMBY

What's up?

MARCELLO

Come with me to my hotel room.

BAMBY

Do you have money?

MARCELLO

Yes.

She looks around.

BAMBY

Where's your Vespa?

MARCELLO

Someone stole it. I figured we'll take a nice walk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at him with disgust and walks away.

BAMBY
I don't have time.

MARCELLO
Wait a minute.

BAMBY
I can't walk there, I can do three
or four customers in that time.

MARCELLO
Listen, how much is it to buy you
for the whole night?

She thinks about it for a second.

BAMBY
It's forty.

MARCELLO
Ok, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The door swings open and Marcello walks in followed by Bamby.

MARCELLO
It's the best they've got in this
place.

BAMBY
What a shit hole.

MARCELLO
I know.

Bamby walks up to Marcello and starts undoing his belt.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
Wait a minute, sit down.

She sits.

Marcello pulls out the bottle of Champagne and starts to open it.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
We are celebrating.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAMBY

What are we celebrating?

MARCELLO

I sold my poetry today.

BAMBY

I read the poem you gave me.

MARCELLO

What do you think?

BAMBY

It's beautiful.

MARCELLO

Thank you.

BAMBY

Who is it about?

MARCELLO

This girl I know. Most of my poems
are about her.

BAMBY

You must really love her.

MARCELLO

I do.

BAMBY

What happened?

MARCELLO

She's too good for me. To pure.

A moment of silence...the cork pops.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I don't have any glasses, I hope
you don't mind.Marcello takes a pull from the bottle. He hands it to Bamby
who does the same.

BAMBY

So, did you make lot's of money?

MARCELLO

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BAMBY

So how about giving me my forty
now.

MARCELLO

You are all business.

BAMBY

I sure am.

Marcello pulls out of his pocket twenties and hands them to
her. She puts the money into her purse.

BAMBY (CONT'D)

What are you going to do with the
money you made?

MARCELLO

I'm going to Prague.

BAMBY

Why?

MARCELLO

That's where Leopoldo Conte did
most of his writing.

Bamby is about to say something..

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Before you ask, Leopoldo Conte is
the greatest poet of all time.

BAMBY

Interesting.

Marcello starts staring at her face.

BAMBY (CONT'D)

Quit staring.

MARCELLO

I want you to wash off your make
up.

BAMBY

What?

MARCELLO

Can you please wash you face?

BAMBY

Ok.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She walks into the bathroom, washes her face and comes out.

MARCELLO

Thanks.

Marcello take a hit from the bottle and starts kissing Bamby. She pushes him away.

BAMBY

I usually don't kiss on the mouth.

MARCELLO

I guess you can make an exception.

BAMBY

I guess not.

He strokes her hair.

MARCELLO

Is that a wig?

BAMBY

What do you think?

MARCELLO

Can you take it off?

BAMBY

No.

MARCELLO

Please.

BAMBY

Listen, I'm a working girl and that's that.

MARCELLO

Take it off. Please.

She turns around and takes her long blonde wig off. She has short black hair.

BAMBY

There.

MARCELLO

You are so...so...

BAMBY

Average?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MARCELLO

Innocent.

She smiles.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Can I kiss you?

BAMBY

No.

He kisses her passionately yet she doesn't put up a fight and lets herself go.

Marcello stops.

MARCELLO

I just thought...nevermind.

BAMBY

What?

MARCELLO

I'm here kissing you and you probably had hundreds of cocks in your mouth.

She looks at him, surprised.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Life is very strange.

He starts kissing her again.

CUT TO:

A montage of them getting drunk and making love.

CUT TO:

The sun enters brightly through the two windows in the room cutting it in half. Marcello sleeps alone, half covered by a white sheet. A knock on the door makes him almost jump out of bed.

He closes his eyes, convinced he was dreaming. The second knock brings him back to reality.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

What?

VOICE

Marcello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARCELLO

Yes.

VOICE

It's me.

Marcello looks around the room searching for Bamby with no luck. He puts on his underwear and opens the door.

SOFIA stands there, holding a backpack. She has a red sun dress on and a big smile on her face.

MARCELLO

Sofia?

SOFIA

Surprise.

MARCELLO

What are you doing here?

She hugs him and kisses him on the cheek.

SOFIA

Aren't you happy to see me?

MARCELLO

Yes but...

SOFIA

You sounded terrible on the phone, so I got on the first bus and came to rescue you.

MARCELLO

I'm much better now.

Marcello throws a shirt and pants on..

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I sold some poems.

SOFIA

You did? To whom?

MARCELLO

To the Corriere Giovane, they will publish 'em next month.

SOFIA

Oh my god, that's great.

She hugs him tightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MARCELLO
Let's go eat.

SOFIA
Sure.

MARCELLO
I'll take you to a nice place.

SOFIA
I'm so excited.

Marcello starts packing his things. Sofia notices the empty bottles of wine and champagne.

SOFIA (CONT'D)
You have been drinking a lot.
That's not good.

MARCELLO
I know.

Marcello heads for the door.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
Let's go.

The old Lady is at the desk reading a gossip magazine.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
I'm checking out.

OLD LADY
Alright, sign here.

Marcello signs the book.

MARCELLO
Can you call me a cab?

OLD LADY
Sure.

EXT. HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Marcello walks outside and sits on the sidewalk with Sofia. The sun is high and shining in their faces.

SOFIA
Are you coming back home?

MARCELLO
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOFIA

Why did you check out then?

MARCELLO

I am going to Prague.

SOFIA

What? I came all the way here to take you back home, you are not going to Prague.

MARCELLO

Sure I am.

SOFIA

Why are you doing this to me?

MARCELLO

You, you, you. Why does it always have to be about you? Why can't it be about me?

SOFIA

It's about us.

She's about to cry.

MARCELLO

Don't you start crying.

Marcello stands up.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I am going to leave you right here if you start crying. I swear I'll leave you.

She stops.

SOFIA

Ok, I'll stop.

Marcello sits back down. A moment of silence.

SOFIA (CONT'D)

It's not always about me, it's about us.

MARCELLO

There's no us.

SOFIA

Why do you say that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCELLO

Why are you always around me? Why
don't you get your own life?

SOFIA

'Cause I care.

MARCELLO

Well, stop caring.

Sofia stands up and walks away crying.

Marcello sits, silent.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Shit.

He stands up and goes after her.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, c'mon, stop it. Come
back.

A cab pulls up to the hotel.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Look the cab is here, let's go eat.

She turns around.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's go.

SOFIA

Why?

MARCELLO

If you come with me I'll read you
my new poem in the restaurant.

SOFIA

Fine.

They get in the cab and ride off.

CUT TO:

INT. TRASTEVERE RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

The restaurant is next to the Tevere river. The tables are
covered with red table cloths. They sit on the terrace right
on the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sophia looks at the menu.

SOFIA
This is a really nice place.

MARCELLO
You can have anything you want.

CUT TO:

As they eat..

SOFIA
Remember what you told me.

MARCELLO
What?

SOFIA
You said you were going to read me
your last poem.

MARCELLO
Ok.

Marcello pulls a page from his leather bag and hands it to Sofia.

SOFIA
No, you said you were going to read
it to me.

MARCELLO
Alright.

Marcello starts making sounds with his voice, it sounds like some oriental language.

SOFIA
What's that?

MARCELLO
I wrote this one in Chinese.

She smiles and takes the poem from him and reads it.

Beat.

She puts the page down.

SOFIA
Is it about me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCELLO

I don't know.

SOFIA

Aren't they all?

MARCELLO

Maybe.

She has a misty look in her eyes.

SOFIA

I'm coming to Prague with you.

MARCELLO

No.

SOFIA

Please.

MARCELLO

No.

SOFIA

I love you.

MARCELLO

I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRASTEVERE RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

Marcello and Sofia walk out of the restaurant. She's holding his arm.

MARCELLO

I have to make one more stop before
I go to the train station.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING THREE

Marcello walks into the building holding flowers. Sofia waits on the sidewalk with the bags.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING THREE -- CONTINUOUS

Linda sits at the front desk talking on the phone. Marcello walks up to her and hands her the flowers. A big smile appears on her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO
Thank you for everything.

LINDA
It was a pleasure.

MARCELLO
Goodbye.

LINDA
Come back soon.

MARCELLO
I'm off to Prague, I'll write.

LINDA
Okay.

Marcello walks out. He runs down the stairs..

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING THREE -- CONTINUOUS

..And out to the sidewalk..

Sofia smiles when she sees him.

MARCELLO
Ok, we can go.

They walk down the sidewalk holding hands. Marcello suddenly stops and looks at the corner where the same SHORT, CURLY HAired GUY from two days prior is standing and talking with some other guys.

As soon as he recognizes Marcello, he starts running.

Marcello drops the bags.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
(to Sofia)
Wait here.

Marcello runs after the guy.

The short guy is fast and knows his way around, but Marcello has longer legs. They cross streets and dodge cars.

The short guy climbs a wall and runs in an alley, Marcello is right behind him. The alley is tight and a car comes from another small street obstructing the way. The short guy jumps it but Marcello grabs him by the sweater.

They are both out of breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHORT GUY

Let go of me.

MARCELLO

I know you took it.

SHORT GUY

I don't know what you are talking about.

MARCELLO

I know you stole my Vespa.

He shoves Marcello and breaks free. Marcello kicks his leg, and he hits the ground. The short guy stands up and swings at Marcello but misses. They scuffle, tossing each other around and ripping each other's clothes.

Finally Marcello swings a hard one and hits him on the jaw.

The short guy hits the ground.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Stop fighting man.

The short guy sits up and wipes a little drop of blood from the corner of his mouth.

SHORT GUY

What do you want from me? Why don't you leave me alone?

MARCELLO

I know you stole my Vespa two days ago. I just wanted to let you know that you can have it.

SHORT GUY

What?

MARCELLO

Yes, you can have it, I don't need it anymore, but I know you stole it and no one is going to play me for a sucker. Understand?

He gets to his feet.

SHORT GUY

Alright.

MARCELLO

Ok, you can go now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHORT GUY

Thanks.

They walk their separate ways. Marcello turns around.

MARCELLO

Hey.

SHORT GUY

What?

MARCELLO

How do I get back?

SHORT GUY

Take a left there then right, and
your second left is Via Pace,
that's where we started.

MARCELLO

Thanks.

SHORT GUY

No problem.

Marcello walks off. He straightens his clothes and hair as he walks.

CUT TO:

Marcello returns to Sofia.

SOFIA

What happened?

MARCELLO

Nothing.

SOFIA

What was that about?

MARCELLO

Justice.

He winks at her.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's go.

CUT TO:

They get out of the cab in front of the train station.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Here is some money. Take the bus
and go home.

SOFIA

Take me with you please.

MARCELLO

I can't. I have to go alone and
write.

SOFIA

But I inspire your writing.

MARCELLO

Listen, I'm going to Prague by
myself, I don't want you around.
Goodbye.

He starts to walk away, she grabs his arm.

SOFIA

I know you love me.

MARCELLO

I almost forgot.

He give Sofia five euro.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Give this to the guy that works at
the bookstore of Via Croce, tell
him it's for the writing magazine.

SOFIA

Why?

MARCELLO

Just do it. Okay?

SOFIA

Fine.

MARCELLO

I have to go.

SOFIA

If you love me take me with you.

MARCELLO

I don't love you. Goodbye.

Sofia's eyes fill with tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SOFIA

I hate you.

Marcello walks into the station. Sofia runs off in tears.

CUT TO:

INT. TERMINI TRAIN STATION -- LATER

Marcello is at the cashier.

MARCELLO

One ticket for Prague.

The cashier starts typing.

CASHIER

Would you like first or second
class sir?

MARCELLO

I'll take first.

CASHIER

Alright.

MARCELLO

Actually give me second.

CASHIER

Fine. The total comes to one
hundred and twelve Euro.

Marcello hands him the money.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

You will have to change train in
Vienna, all the information is on
the ticket.

The cashier hands Marcello the ticket.

MARCELLO

Thanks.

He walks to the train and gets on.

As the train starts moving we see Sofia standing outside the
window. Marcello doesn't see her.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERMINI TRAIN STATION -- CONTINUOUS

The train slowly moves out of the station.

We see the train riding through beautiful Italian countrysides. It rides day and night, through the Alps and into Vienna.

INT. VIENNA TRAIN STATION -- NIGHT

Marcello gets off the train and searches for the next one.

He walks to the next train and gets on.

CUT TO:

INT. PRAGUE TRAIN STATION -- MORNING

Marcello steps down from the train and starts heading toward the exit. The station is really crowded, business men speed by with their briefcases, kids run around in packs like wild dogs, every ten yards someone approaches him and tries to sell him something. He finally makes it to the exit.

The city is beautiful and the gothic style of the buildings captures the attention of the young traveler. He walks up to a kiosk and buys a map.

CUT TO:

BLACK..

INT. ROOM 116 VLATAVA HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

..A door swings open, Marcello walks in and opens the window. The room is right on the Vlatava river. It's a big room, the furniture is very old and neatly arranged.

Marcello pulls some papers out and sits at the desk, he look out and tries to write, nothing comes out, he hits the table with his fist and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF PRAGUE -- CONTINUOUS

He walks through the streets of Prague with a bottle of wine in his hand, over a bridge, under an arch, and on to a small street. He drinks as he walks.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 116 VLATAVA HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Back in the room, he sits at the desk, drunk and tired, he tries to write but can't. He manages to put down a few words then reads it back and throws it in the waste basket. He walks up to the window, opens it and looks out. The city is beautiful, the lights glow in the night fog. Everything is still and quite, only the sound of water echoes in the dark.

MARCELLO

C'mon Prague, give it to me.

He leans out and takes a big breath. He goes back to the desk. Nothing. He walks back to the window.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Fuck you Prague.

He closes the window shut and lays on the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRAGUE -- DAY

Marcello is sitting on the sidewalk on a bridge. Puppeteers capture the attention of kids, a man on the other side of the bridge plays the violin, his shoes have holes in them.

A painter paints the view as he sees it on a canvas, people walk by occasionally glancing at the still wet colors.

Marcello sits alone in a corner with a note pad and a pencil. He thinks, he wonders, he looks at the sky. He can't write.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- EVENING

Marcello wanders the streets helpless holding his pad and pencil. He finds himself in front of a bar and walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Marcello sitting at the bar.

MARCELLO

I big glass of wine.

The bartender pours the drink..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
 (holding the glass)
 What's there to write about in
 Prague?

The bartender looks at him confused.

BARTENDER
 I don't know.

MARCELLO
 I don't know either.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 116 VLATAVA HOTEL -- NIGHT

Marcello paces around the room, he mumbles to himself like a mad man. He knows he looks like a mad man.. He enjoys it.

MARCELLO
 Maybe I'm just a fool. Yes, I'm a
 fool. No I'm not. You are a fool.
 Who? You. Who? You. You mean
 you? No I mean you. But we are
 the same person. So what, I can
 say you are a fool.

He sits on the bed almost exhausted from his fast pacing.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
 I am crazy. What was I expecting?
 I don't know.

He lays down and turns the light off.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
 Good night.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Marcello walks holding a bottle of wine. He occasionally takes a pull from it.

When the bottle is empty he walks in to a bar...The Triska bar.

CUT TO:

INT. TRISKA BAR

He sits at the counter, the bartender asks him something in Czech.

MARCELLO
Sorry, I don't speak Czech.

The bartender smiles.

BARTENDER
No problem, Prague is an international City.

The bartender laughs.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
What'll it be?

MARCELLO
Alright, how about a shot of Vodka?

The bartender pours it, Marcello downs it.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Marcello looks to the other end of the counter where two girls are sitting. They occasionally look at him and giggle. One is a redhead and one is a brunette. They are both young and pretty.

Marcello walks over and sits next to them.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
Hi.

The brunette answers.

BRUNETTE
Hi.

MARCELLO
What's your name?

BRUNETTE/EVA
I'm Eva and she's Bianca.

MARCELLO
Eva, Bianca, I am drunk.

They laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you.

EVA

Nice to meet you.

MARCELLO

Why don't you girls show me around
Prague?

EVA

Ok.

MARCELLO

Great, let's go.

They stand up and walk out together, Marcello looks back at the bartender and smiles.

They walk on either side of Marcello, laughing and pretending to be his tourist guide. Eva points to a building.

EVA

This is a building, with doors and windows, a unique characteristic of Prague's architecture.

MARCELLO

Very nice.

EVA

This is a street light, they give light to the street.

They laugh.

MARCELLO

Is there a liquor store around here?

Eva nods and leads him down a tiny cobblestone street.

There's a liquor store two blocks down, Marcello walks in.

He walks out holding four bottles of wine. He opens one and offers it to the girls. They both take a big hit and give it back.

The night is foggy and cool, they walk over one of the many bridges in Prague. They barely stay on their feet. Marcello falls on the sidewalk and starts laughing. Eva tries to help him up, she falls on top of him. Bianca laughs and keeps laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Let's go to my room.

EVA

Ok. Where is it?

MARCELLO

I don't know.

EVA

Let's find it.

They get to their feet and start walking.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 116 VLATAVA HOTEL -- LATER

Marcello opens the door, they walk in.

MARCELLO

You guys really know the city well.

BIANCA

(looking around)

This is a nice place.

MARCELLO

Thanks.

Eva jumps on the bed, Bianca explores the room, Marcello keeps drinking.

EVA

What do you do?

MARCELLO

I'm a writer.

EVA

A writer? What books have you written?

MARCELLO

None. I am actually a poet.

EVA

Nice.

MARCELLO

Maybe one day I'll write a book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVA
Will I be in your book?

MARCELLO
I don't know.

EVA
I'd like to be in it.

MARCELLO
Fine, you are in.

EVA
I want to read some of your poems.

MARCELLO
Not now.

EVA
Yes, now.

Marcello stands up and pulls a page out of his bag, he lays it on the desk.

MARCELLO
Here.

Eva sits down and starts reading it. Bianca keeps wandering around, Marcello keeps drinking.

Eva turns around and wipes a tear from her chin.

EVA
I like it.

MARCELLO
I'm sure the fact you are drunk helped.

She smiles.

EVA
Let's fuck.

MARCELLO
Ok.

Eva walks up to him and sticks her tongue in his mouth.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
Wait a minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVA

What?

MARCELLO

(pointing to Bianca)

What about her?

Eva smiles.

EVA

She likes to watch.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 116 VLATAVA HOTEL -- LATER

Marcello sleeps holding Eva, Bianca is on the floor, her eyes are closed and her head is on a pillow.

Eva opens her eyes and quietly sneaks out of bed. She walks up to Bianca and taps her. As Bianca opens her eyes Eva puts her hand on Bianca's mouth to prevent her from speaking.

Eva starts going through his stuff looking for money. They whisper to each other..

BIANCA

In his pockets.

EVA

Where are his pants?

BIANCA

I don't know, you are the one who took 'em off.

EVA

Right.

Eva walks to the other side of the bed and picks the pants up off the floor.

Marcello's eyes suddenly open.

MARCELLO

What are doing?

She drops the pants..

EVA

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marcello jumps out of bed. He looks around the room, it's very dark. He walks over to the windows and opens the shutters.

MARCELLO

You were trying to steal my money.

EVA

No.

He picks his pants up and puts them on.

MARCELLO

I don't believe this. Are you a whore?

EVA

No.

MARCELLO

Get out of here. Get out of here before it get nasty.

They get out and close the door. Marcello looks around the room to make sure nothing is missing. He throws his shirt on. There's a knock. He opens the door, Eva stands in the doorway.

EVA

Hi.

MARCELLO

What do you want?

EVA

I'm sorry.

MARCELLO

Forget it.

EVA

We needed the money. I'm not a whore.

MARCELLO

Ok, just leave.

EVA

Don't be mad. Let's go to breakfast.

MARCELLO

I don't think it's a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EVA

C'mon.

MARCELLO

Where's your friend?

EVA

She went home. It's gonna be just me and you.

Marcello runs a hand on his face.

MARCELLO

Fine.

They walk out together.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING

Marcello sits at a small table with Eva. Two cups of coffee and some pastries are on the table.

They sip their coffee silently, finally it is Eva to break the uncomfortable silence.

EVA

Why are you in Prague? Are you on vacation?

MARCELLO

No, no vacation. I'm here to write.

EVA

Why Prague?

MARCELLO

My favorite poet, the best poet to ever live wrote most of his poetry in Prague, he lived here. Leopoldo Conte.

EVA

I studied him in school, we all do around here.

MARCELLO

I don't understand how he could write here. I can't write for shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

There's nothing magical to me about this city.. Sure it's pretty. But that's about it.

EVA

You met me.

MARCELLO

Yes, and you tried to rob me.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -- DAY

The Park is very green and humid. A couple of dogs run around and a couple of kids ride their bicycles, just like any other park.

Marcello and Eva sit on a bench facing each other.

EVA

I go to school, university.

MARCELLO

That's nice.

EVA

Did you go to a university?

MARCELLO

I didn't even finish kindergarten, I failed the second year twice then dropped out.

She looks at him surprised.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. I didn't go to a university, I wasn't much of a school person, too many rules.

They kiss.

EVA

Why don't you write a poem about me?

MARCELLO

I can't write any more.

EVA

You should try.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

Leopoldo Conte wrote about the city, and about seasons and about people. All my poems are about one girl.

EVA

Really? Who is she?

MARCELLO

She's dead.

EVA

Did you love her?

MARCELLO

I don't know.

EVA

Did you make love to her?

MARCELLO

No. I've always been afraid of wasting it.

EVA

I could love you. Could you love me?

MARCELLO

I guess.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Marcello and Eva walk up to the hotel.

EVA

Here you are. I have to go to class tonight.

MARCELLO

Will I see you again?

EVA

Yes.

MARCELLO

When?

EVA

Tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO
Until tomorrow then.

She kisses him and starts walking away.

EVA
Think about me and write.

MARCELLO
I'll do my best.

She turns and walks away.

Marcello is about to walk into the hotel when he hears his name in the distance.

EVA
Marcello.

He turns to her.

EVA (CONT'D)
I think I love you.

He smiles and walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 116 VLATAVA HOTEL -- NIGHT

Marcello sits on the bed drunk.

He walks to the desk and sits down. He tries to write, after a few words he scratches the whole paper and rips it up. He starts again then rips it up, another one and another one.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

He walks into the bathroom and looks in the mirror. He spits in the mirror then goes back to the desk. He draws some circles then his head falls on the desk.. He's asleep.

A car honking in the street wakes him up. He raises his head and looks out the window.. It's morning.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

He walks to the bathroom and throws up, washes his face and walks out.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

A fat lady with blond hair sits at the desk, she is laughing and sipping from a cup, she's talking to what looks like a mail man, a Czech mail man. Marcello walks by and out to the street.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 116 VLATAVA HOTEL -- LATER

Marcello walks in holding a typewriter, some papers and two bottles of wine. He sets the typewriter on the desk and sits down. He's about to start typing but decides to first open the window and does so.

He opens the bottle and takes a hit. He starts typing.

He finishes the page, takes it out and read it.

MARCELLO

This is garbage.

He throws it in the wastebasket, takes the last hit from the bottle and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. VLATAVA HOTEL -- NIGHT

The street is empty and the rain is coming down hard. Marcello lays on the other side of the street, his face on the sidewalk, holding a bottle of wine. He's as drunk as he is wet. From his viewpoint we see a pair of woman's shoes appearing.

VOICE

What are you doing here?

He raises his face toward the voice. It's Eva.

MARCELLO

(mumbling)

Hey Eva.

EVA

Let's go up.

Eva helps him to his feet and walks him to the hotel.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 116 VLATAVA HOTEL

She helps Marcello to the bed.

EVA
What is that?

She points to the typewriter.

MARCELLO
It's a typewriter.

EVA
I know that, did you just get it?

MARCELLO
Yes, I wanted to write a novel.

EVA
What happened?

MARCELLO
I didn't.

She kisses him. Marcello looks at her.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
Let's fuck?

EVA
Let's fuck.

CUT TO:

Marcello wakes up as Eva is getting ready to leave.

MARCELLO
Where are you going?

EVA
School.

MARCELLO
Did you steal my money?

EVA
No.

MARCELLO
Will I see you tonight?

EVA
I can't tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

Tomorrow then?

EVA

Sure.

She walks out. Marcello falls back to sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRAGUE STREET -- DAY

Marcello walks up to a big church. He looks up to the magnificent architecture then decides to enter. He's about to get through the door when he swings around and walks away.

He stops, looks back and smiles, looks up one more time, then walks in.

INT. PRAGUE CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS

The big and cold cathedral is almost empty. The colored glass fills it with a yellow light, a big crucifix divides the main hall in half. On one side there are two statues of the Virgin and two small chapels, untouched by the century. The opposite side, the left one, is covered with fresco representing the tedious journey of Jesus. The confessional booths are evenly spread, two on each side.

Marcello sits on a long bench in the back. He puts his hand together and lowers his eyes to the ground. He whispers.

MARCELLO

Dear Jesus. How are you? I haven't seen you in over ten years. I'm not so good. I came to Prague to find inspiration for my writing but all I found is...is...I don't know what I found but it's not inspiring. Why are you doing this to me? I'm a good guy, I always try to do good. Why did you give Leopoldo such great words here in Prague and you took my words away from me. You bas...

A hand taps his shoulder. He turns around, it's an old priest.

PRIEST

Would you like to confess my son?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

I better not.

PRIEST

Are you a son of god?

MARCELLO

I think so.

PRIEST

When was the last time you
confessed?

MARCELLO

I was eleven.

PRIEST

Come with me.

MARCELLO

Ok.

They walk to a booth and take their places.

PRIEST

What troubles you my son?

MARCELLO

Father. I don't believe in
anything anymore. I believe today
because it's convenient, I didn't
believe yesterday, I probably won't
believe tomorrow. Today I was
hopeless so I came in here. I came
to ask Jesus to give me back my
words.

PRIEST

Your words?

MARCELLO

Yes, I write poetry but since I
came to Prague I haven't written
anything worth re-reading.

PRIEST

Son, you are suppose to tell me
your sins during confessions.

MARCELLO

Well, I don't have any but I can't
wait till Christmas to ask Jesus
for a miracle so I am doing it now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRIEST
I understand.

The priest gets out of the booth.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Marcello and the Priest are sitting on a stone bench in a little park next to the church.

MARCELLO
Maybe I just don't have anyone to talk to anymore. I mean to 'really' talk to.

PRIEST
Just start talking, someone will stop and listen. Sometimes that's what you have to do in life.

MARCELLO
What do I do about my inspiration?

PRIEST
It will come to you.

MARCELLO
When?

PRIEST
I'm just a Priest, not a fortune teller.

MARCELLO
What if it never comes back?

PRIEST
Change professions.

MARCELLO
Poetry is not a profession, it's a destiny.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 116 VLATAVA HOTEL

A GIRL is straightening up the bed, her skin is tan and her hair is as brown as her eyes. A knock on the door. The girl looks at the door. A second knock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE
Are you in there?

The door opens, it's Eva. She finds herself standing in front of the girl.

EVA
What are you doing here you fucking bitch?

Before the girl has time to say anything, Eva grabs her hair and pulls it, the girl slaps her, they scuffle.. Marcello walks out of the bathroom with a hand towel wiping his face, he sees the two girls going at it.

MARCELLO
What's going on? Stop it.

He tries to separate them but with no luck.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)
Eva stop it.

Eva manages to shove the girl out the door and shuts it.

EVA
Who was that fucking bitch?

Marcello doesn't answer.

EVA (CONT'D)
Well, who the fuck was she?

Beat.

MARCELLO
You just beat up the cleaning lady.

Eve puts a hand to her mouth.

EVA
Oh shit.

Marcello opens the door, the girl is gone.

EVA (CONT'D)
Get dressed, we are going dancing.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

The club is crowded, smoky and hot. Marcello is at the bar with Eva doing shots. The girl can hold her liquor and so can he.

Marcello sits at a booth, his mind is somewhere else. Eva dances in front of him in a very sexy way.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 116 VLATAVA HOTEL -- MORNING

Marcello sits on the bed, his eyes are barely open. Eva gathers her stuff and kiss him goodbye.

EVA

Ok, I'll see you tomorrow, tonight
I can't, I have class.

MARCELLO

Ok.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRAGUE CHURCH -- DAY

Marcello sits on the same stone bench with the Priest.

PRIEST

It sounds to me like you have lost
hold of things.

MARCELLO

Yes, probably. I'm not sure who I
love and who really loves me.

PRIEST

I think you can find the answers to
all you questions in the bible. Do
you read the bible?

MARCELLO

I did once. Did you find any
answers in the bible?

PRIEST

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

It's always like this with you priests, in order to convince me I have to have faith. I don't have lots of faith.

PRIEST

Love is a form of faith in a way, faith in the person you love.

MARCELLO

I guess you can see it that way.

The priest stands up.

PRIEST

Oh well, I better get going.

MARCELLO

What am I suppose to do now?

PRIEST

I don't know.

The priest walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Marcello walks, searching for something. He looks at a sign and smiles. Triska bar.

It's the same bar he met Eva at. He's about to walk in when from the window he sees Eva sitting with Bianca and two guys, they are laughing and drinking.

Eva sticks her tongue down one of the guys's throat.

Marcello is in shock and walks away.

He starts walking along the river, the fog is thicker than usual, that doesn't bother him. He walks and walks, then walks some more.

The road takes him to a dirty neighborhood. The houses are falling apart and some of the street lights are out.

Prostitutes walk the sidewalk. The first one is a black girl, tall and built.

PROSTITUTE 1

Do you want some action?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

No thanks.

He crosses the street.

PROSTITUTE 2

Hey honey.

She is probably three times his age. She's very skinny with way too much make up, her pink lipstick matches her very short miniskirt.

MARCELLO

Hey Grandma.

PROSTITUTE 2

Fuck you.

MARCELLO

Same to you.

The next one has a great body and her clothes cover very little of it, she's wearing a green wig, she's way over thirty but still pretty.

PROSTITUTE 3

Hi cutie.

MARCELLO

Hi.

PROSTITUTE 3

Do you want to ride?

MARCELLO

I'll pass thanks.

Marcello walks past her then turns around and looks into her big blue eyes.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I'm a poet.

PROSTITUTE 3

What?

MARCELLO

I'm a poet that can't write.

She looks at him confused.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

How much?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PROSTITUTE 3

Ten.

MARCELLO

Five.

PROSTITUTE 3

Ok.

MARCELLO

I don't have a room anywhere near here.

PROSTITUTE 3

It's ok, we can go right around the corner.

MARCELLO

Let's go.

They walk down a dark road. She makes a right into a yard and into what was once a house; there is no roof and there are only three walls standing. Piles of bricks lay on the ground.

PROSTITUTE 3

How do you want it?

Marcello looks around. She pulls a blanket out of a hole in the wall and lays it on the ground.

MARCELLO

We wont need that. Just put your hands against the wall facing it and spread your legs.

PROSTITUTE 3

Alright, give me the money first.

He pays her, she turns around, and pulls up her miniskirt, her ass is magnificent, hard and tan. She slips down her panties then puts both hands against the wall. Marcello stands behind her, spits on his hand and wets her.

PROSTITUTE 3 (CONT'D)

C'mon baby, shove it in my pussy.

He slides it into her easily, she pushes down to take it all in. The stroking begins.

PROSTITUTE 3 (CONT'D)

Oh yes, oh yes baby, give it to me hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Her voice is fake and so is she. They move faster and faster. Marcello shows no emotions on his face. He suddenly stops.

PROSTITUTE 3 (CONT'D)

What's the matter honey?

MARCELLO

There's no poetry in this.

PROSTITUTE 3

What?

He closes his pants and walks away.

PROSTITUTE 3 (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you?

He doesn't answer, his figure disappears in the fog.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER WALK -- MORNING

Marcello opens his eyes. He's laying on a bench. The sun has just come up and the sky is still grey. He looks around, the outskirts of Prague are not pretty, trash is on the side of the street, some houses are still destroyed from the second big war. He starts walking.

A man with a bicycle is about to pass by.

MARCELLO

Excuse me.

The man ignores him and peddles on.

A man is opening a newsstand, Marcello walks up.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Vlatava hotel?

The man shakes his head and walks into the kiosk. Marcello walks on.

A young guy, in his late teens, a gypsy type starts walking next to him.

GYPSY

Nice shoes.

MARCELLO

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GYPSY

Can I have 'em? I'll give you mine.

MARCELLO

No thanks.

GYPSY

How about your jacket?

MARCELLO

No. Do you know where the Vlatava hotel is?

GYPSY

No. Give me your jacket.

The Gypsy grasps Marcello's sleeves. Marcello shakes him off.

MARCELLO

Get out of here. I'm not giving you my jacket.

GYPSY

C'mon, give it to me.

Marcello keeps walking and ignores him.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

Do you have any money?

MARCELLO

No.

The kid screams something and two other kids the same age and just as miserable catch up and start walking along.

GYPSY

This guy's got money and he doesn't want to give it to us.

GYPSY 2

How come you don't want to give us some?

Marcello ignores them.

GYPSY 3

Look at those shoes.

GYPSY

C'mon man, give us your shoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

One of the kids hits his legs trying to make him fall down, Marcello stumbles a bit and walks on. The kids laugh.

GYPSY (CONT'D)
(to Gypsy 2)
I like the jacket.

GYPSY 2
Yes, c'mon, give us the jacket.

Marcello speeds up and so do they.

MARCELLO
Leave me alone, I'm really sick.

GYPSY
What do you have?

Marcello thinks about it for a second.

MARCELLO
I have writer's block.

GYPSY
What is that?

MARCELLO
It's very contagious so you better
leave me alone.

GYPSY 2
Give us some money.

One of the guys pushes him.

GYPSY
Give us some money, c'mon.

Marcello stops.

MARCELLO
Alright, you wanna go motherfucker.

Marcello swings at the tallest one of the kids, it's a hard one on the nose. The kid falls on the sidewalk, blood starts pouring down his face. The two other kids run off. Marcello runs after them for a few yards then stops. He walks back to the kid bleeding on the sidewalk. He looks around then picks him up and sits him on a bench. The kid is holding his bleeding nose, Marcello pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and hands it to him. The kid uses it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Shit. I'm sorry. I'm a poet not a
bully, well at least I 'was' a
poet.

GYPSY

What?

MARCELLO

What's your name?

GYPSY

Slatvo.

MARCELLO

Listen Slatvo, I'm sorry. You
probably have a big gypsy family
with guns and I would really
appreciate it if you wouldn't tell
'em to kill me.

Slatvo smiles.

SLATVO

You got a good left hand.

MARCELLO

Thanks, it's my writing hand.

Marcello looks at his nose.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

It doesn't look broken.

SLATVO

(touching his nose)

It's not.

MARCELLO

Your friends abandoned you.

SLATVO

They'll be back with knives and
steal pipes.

MARCELLO

I should probably get out of here?

SLATVO

Yes.

MARCELLO

Ok. Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Marcello is about to walk away.

SLATVO
Where are you going?

MARCELLO
I have to go to the Vlatava hotel
but I don't know how to get there.

Slatvo stand up.

SLATVO
I'll take you there.

MARCELLO
Thanks.

They walk off together.

CUT TO:

EXT. VLATAVA HOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Marcello and Slatvo walk up to the hotel.

MARCELLO
Thanks.

SLATVO
No problem.

Marcello takes off his jacket and gives it to Slatvo.

MARCELLO
Here, take it.

SLATVO
Thanks, now I can tell my friends I
stole it from you.

MARCELLO
Do that.

Marcello walks into the hotel.

He opens his room's door, the first thing he sees is the typewriter. He looks at it and smiles. He packs his stuff and walks out leaving the typewriter on the desk.

INT. LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Marcello at the front desk checking out. He picks up the bill and reacts, the tab is higher than he expected.

CUT TO:

INT. PRAGUE TRAIN STATION -- EVENING

Marcello walks up to the teller.

MARCELLO

One for Rome.

TELLER

First or second?

MARCELLO

Second.

TELLER

It'll be one hundred and eight.

Marcello pulls out his money, he empties both his pockets on the counter, then starts searching in the bag. He find some coins.

MARCELLO

I have sixty two fifty.

TELLER

Next.

MARCELLO

Listen I have to get back home.
Please.

TELLER

There's nothing I can do.

MARCELLO

If I stay here I can't write, if I
don't write I die.

TELLER

Next.

MARCELLO

I beg you.

The teller shakes his head, Marcello walks off infuriated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands in the center of the station, both hands in his hair. He looks around then starts running.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRISKA BAR -- NIGHT

Marcello runs up to the door and walks in.

INT. TRISKA BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Marcello looks around, the place is almost empty. He sees Bianca but not Eva. He walks up to the counter, Eva walks out of the bathroom. She sees him and gives him a big smile.

EVA

Where have you been?

She kisses him, he pushes her away.

MARCELLO

I have to talk to you.

EVA

What's the matter?

MARCELLO

Let's get out of here.

EVA

I can't, I'm here with friends.

She points at the table where Bianca sits with two older guys in suits.

MARCELLO

Come out with me for a second.

EVA

Ok.

She motions to her friends and walks out.

EXT. TRISKA BAR -- CONTINUOUS

He grabs her arm.

MARCELLO

I need fifty Euro.

EVA

What do you want from me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

I need you to give me fifty Euro.

EVA

You're crazy. What do you need the money for?

MARCELLO

I have to buy a train ticket and go home.

EVA

I'm a student, I'm not rich. What are you thinking?

MARCELLO

Stop lying to me, I know you are a whore. I know you work this bar.

She tries to walk away, Marcello pulls her back.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I saw you.

EVA

So what, leave me alone.

MARCELLO

I need fifty euro, you owe it to me.

EVA

How's that?

MARCELLO

All the lies, not to mention you tried to rob me.

EVA

I don't have fifty euro.

MARCELLO

I'm sure those two older guys do.

EVA

I'm not that expensive.

MARCELLO

Well steal it from them.

She thinks about it for a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Please. You said you thought you loved me.

EVA

I did.

MARCELLO

Please.

EVA

Ok, meet me here at two AM.

She turns to walk away.

MARCELLO

If you stand me up, I'll find you and I'll kill you, I swear I'll kill you.

She turns toward him and smiles.

EVA

Relax.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRISKA BAR -- LATER

The bar is closed and Marcello stands in front, it's cold. He looks at his watch, it's two fifteen.

MARCELLO

Fucking bitch.

Eva appears from around the corner with a big guy. He's really fat and tall, his face is puffy and red surrounded by a crown of thin blonde hair.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Oh shit.

The fists in his pockets tighten. He looks over his shoulder to make sure it's all clear in case he has to run away.

She tells the guy to wait there and walks up to Marcello. She pulls some money out of her little purse.

EVA

Here.

Marcello looks at the money, it's fifty Euro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO

Thank you.

He looks over her shoulder.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

Who's that?

EVA

My cousin.

MARCELLO

Yeah right.

Marcello picks up his bag.

EVA

How come you're in such a rush to get back home?

MARCELLO

I have to get back to my inspiration.

EVA

The girl in your poems.

MARCELLO

Yes.

EVA

I thought she was dead.

MARCELLO

I lied.

CUT TO:

INT. PRAGUE TRAIN STATION -- LATER

Marcello walks on to the train.

The train starts moving as the sun comes up on Prague. He looks at Prague fading away from the window, smoking a cigarette.

MARCELLO

(to himself)

Goodbye Prague.

CUT TO:

EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE -- AFTERNOON

A big blue bus pulls up to the small village. It stops and as the door opens Marcello jumps down and runs up the street.

He runs past the bakery, Giuseppe is sitting outside smoking. He smiles and mumbles something, shaking his head.. Marcello knows what he is mumbling.

Marcello comes to a door and bangs on it. A lady opens up.

MARCELLO

Where is Sofia?

SOFIA'S MOM

She's not here. What's the matter Marcello?

MARCELLO

Where is she?

SOFIA'S MOM

I don't know.

Marcello leaves his bags and starts running.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Marcello runs up the dirt road, the wind is blowing in his hair. Sofia is sitting under their tree, she sees him and her eyes are in disbelief. She slowly stands up. Marcello runs up to her and kisses her.

They kiss passionately.

MARCELLO

I'm sorry.

SOFIA

I forgive you.

She grabs his hand and walks her to the cliff top, the sun is setting, they sit down.

She puts her head on his shoulder, holding his arm. His eyes are almost in tears.

MARCELLO

I couldn't write. Leopoldo Conte wrote about pointy roofs and fog, about seasons. He wrote of Prague.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I couldn't. I guess I'll write of
yellow hills and small windy
cobblestone streets. And about
you.

Sofia looks at him and smiles.

MARCELLO (CONT'D)

I love you.

SOFIA

I know.

THE END.