

"Drawing Mozart"

by

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Drawing Mozart

FADE UP TO:

EXT. A STONE WALL / BRITTANY, FRANCE - DAY

And a TWISTED OLD TREE next to it. The branches are bare. CAMERA WANDERS UP A LIMB to reveal a beat-up RED KITE hanging on a branch.

INT. BRITTANY HOSPITAL / CHILDREN'S WARD - CIRCA 1972 - DAY

A CHILD'S FACE - a beautiful pale girl (4-7) is lying in a hospital bed, next to a window. Her name is MADELEINE.

THE WINDOW - Her attention is fixed on the RED KITE fluttering in the tree. Her eyes shift to a WINDOW in the wall as it is being opened by a WOMAN.

THE HOSPITAL ROOM - A NUN enters the hospital room, which we now see is full of sick children. She has several letters in her hand that she places in her pocket as she starts to work. She adjusts an IV on one child, checks on a few others and notices Madeleine looking out of the window.

A WHEELCHAIR - The nun lowers Madeleine in the wheelchair and covers her with a blanket. She pushes the girl to the open window.

ACROSS THE COURTYARD - the Woman in the window has begun to play a cello. A MUSIC TEACHER appears, a dynamic, purposeful young man in his late 20's. He repositions the woman's elbow as she plays. His eyes dart out of the window, across to courtyard to connect with Madeline's eyes. He smiles at her.

INT. BRITTANY HOSPITAL HALLWAY / NURSE'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

The HEAD NURSE is watching a French version of "GUNSMOKE" on a black and white television. The Nun shows the official-looking letters to her. They are beat up and marked "NO LONGER AT ADDRESS - RETURN TO SENDER".

NUN

(in French)

Six weeks. Where is her father? -- Now the director's letters returned.

INT. BRITTANY HOSPITAL / CHILDREN'S WARD - CONTINUOUS

MADELINE AT THE WINDOW - as she listens to the music pour into the room. Her thumb is methodically rubbing the wood of the wheelchair -- rubbing-rubbing-rubbing as if she were rubbing the finish off in time with the music.

She CLOSES HER EYES and we,

DISSOLVE TO:

AN ELEVATOR DOOR - SOMEWHERE IN 1972

ANGLE ON THE LINOLEUM FLOOR as a pair of EXTRA-LARGE COWBOY BOOTS step out of the elevator. CAMERA FOLLOWS the boots as their occupant walks down the hallway. He is stopped by a PAIR OF NURSE'S SHOES. Soon ANOTHER pair of nurse's shoes gathers, skipping around like an excited schoolgirl. Now, more and more nurses start to gather until there is a small forest of white legs. The boots push on, led by the sturdiest pair of white legs in the bunch. CAMERA travels up the boots to reveal a SIX GUN strapped to a hip, and further up, A LEATHER VEST with a SHINY STAR.

INT. CHILDREN'S CANCER HOSPITAL, TEXAS - 1972 - DAY

TRAVIS, an excited, big-eared boy in wheelchair, appears.

TRAVIS

HEY, ANDREW... Marshall Dillon -- MR. MARSHALL-DAMN-DILLON is here -- and he's a'com'n this way. He's a big'un!

And the kid wheels away in a flash. Left staring at the door is a petrified ANDREW WILTON, age six. In his hands is a CHILD-SIZED VIOLIN. He drops it and dives under the covers.

THE HALLWAY -- The cowboy boots are coming this way.

UNDER ANDREW'S COVERS -- Andrew is curled up like a snail -- wishing he could disappear. We see the silhouette of a huge dark shadow outside the sheet (it's JAMES ARNESS with the HEAD NURSE).

NURSE

Andrew -- Mr. Arness came to visit. Honey - come outa there and say hello to Marshall Dillon.

Andrew doesn't budge.

NURSE (cont'd)
 Sweetie -- Mr. Arness is real famous now -
 - come all the way out here from
 Hollywood to visit you.

OUTSIDE THE COVERS -- ARNESS picks up the violin.

ARNESS
 You play this fiddle, Andrew?

ANDREW
 (a squeak)
 ...Yessir.

ARNESS
 I bet you play real nice. You wanna play
 something for me?

NURSE
 Oh, Andrew -- Play a song for Mr. Arness.

Andrew only shrinks lower. Arness reaches into a pocket and
 pulls out a TIN STAR.

ARNESS
 That's okay. All that matters is that
 you get well real quick. Now I'm going
 to make you one of my deputies so that
 when you get better, you can help me.
 Will you help me Andrew? I'll sure need
 it.

ANDREW
 YesSIR.

ARNESS
 Okay then.

CLOSE ON ANDREW -- as we see the huge hands pin a star on the
 sheet. The big shadow steps back away from the bed and talks
 quietly to the Nurse.

ARNESS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
 What's wrong with this one?

NURSE
 You know Mr. Arness, most of the children
 in this ward face,
 (whispered)
 ...TERMINAL MALIGNANCIES. He's one of
 the lucky ones -- a simple surgery.

THE BED - The WHITE LUMP with the tin star sits quietly as
 Arness and the Nurse leave.

INT. THE DOOR TO THE ROOM -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

Andrew PEEKS AROUND the door, on crutches. He looks far down the hallway where a huge fuss is being made over the famous Marshall. Travis rolls up next to him -- we notice for the first time that Andrew's friend HAS ONLY ONE LEG. Judging by the bandages -- the amputation seems recent. It doesn't seem to dim his enthusiasm.

TRAVIS

Marshall Dillon's REAL famous 'cause he's on TV every Saturday. He shook my hand right there.

Andrew looks closely at the hand.

TRAVIS (cont'd)

And boy... those nurses sure seem to like him, huh...

Andrew looks off at the nurses giggling in the hallway.

ANDREW

Yup...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A SOUND STAGE - PRESENT DAY - HOLLYWOOD, CA - DAY

CLOSE -- The adult ANDREW WILTON. He's standing against a wall, bending over to see something. It's...

A WOMAN'S LEGS -- moving with a random, nervous energy, rocking back and forth. All we see is her legs, the top part is hidden by what seems to be part of a set. A PA wanders by and also looks -- Andrew and he are bending over in the same way.

AN AMPLIFIED VOICE

Okay -- let's go.

THREE BEEPS -- then MUSIC STARTS -- A loud BEAT. The woman breaks into a dance. CAMERA REVEALS her complete figure -- a glamorous costume, dancing with a primitive abandon. As the music continues, we recognize it as a bastardization of a famous piece of classical music. CAMERA CONTINUES BACK to reveal ANOTHER DANCER throbbing in sync -- then, FOUR MORE DANCERS are seen as the whole set is revealed -- an ornate pleasure palace of some sort.

An AMAZING BLONDE bursts onto the set, whipping her mane of abundant hair in circles. She's tall and built, squeezed into sequined tights and what appears to be a see-through blouse.

Tucked under her chin is a bright red violin. She appears to play it with a frenetic sexual energy.

ANOTHER VOICE

Hold on -- sorry then - CUT. CUT!

ANDREW

What?

(checking his watch)

What NOW?

The GAFFER hurries by.

GAFFER

Got HMI flicker.

An Italian-suited man, SIMON CLARKE --- the president of the record label, walks up behind Andrew and whispers in his ear.

CLARKE

Got the quarterly figures -- by genre.

ANDREW

And?

CLARKE

Contemporary Christian is kicking our asses. Classical is down 3%... in one fucking quarter!

ANDREW

Jazz beat us?

CLARKE

It's UP -- that bloody documentary. Why aren't we shooting.

ANDREW

HMI flicker.

Clarke waves at the see-thru-bloused Violinist (we will know her soon as SAPHRINA!) "preparing" to go again. She's rotating her head around and around, flipping her hair in circles. She smiles & waves. Clarke bounds over, air kisses her and tells her how gorgeous she is.

ANDREW (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(into a microcassette recorder)

New figures -- Classical sales down...need to brainstorm new marketing ideas for SAPHRINA!... Maybe doing a duet with Amy Grant... call MAXIM again about a nude cover shot -- underwater with the violin.

The recorder "clicks". It's at the end of the tape.

INT. CRAFT SERVICE TABLE - SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Andrew wanders over to the table, picks up a package of Smarties and unwraps them. He keeps his eye locked on the Blonde.

ANDREW

So what's an HMI anyway and why shouldn't it flicker?

CRAFT SERVICE GUY

All I know is that it's bad.

Andrew empties the whole Smarties package into his mouth.

CRAFT SERVICE GUY (cont'd)

(watching her with him)

Does she really PLAY that fiddle?

ANDREW

Well... In the same way a teenage gangster can sing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A TRAFFIC JAM / HIGHLAND AVE. -DAY

Traffic is backed up...

INSIDE A CAR -- CLOSE ON ANDREW'S FACE. He's watching the cars - in his own world. Peter, the sales manager at the label and his wife, LAURA are in the front watching the crowds of people.

PETER

Cheez -- this is worse than usual -- almost as bad as that night they had Marvin Hamlisch and Nathan Lane.

Something is distracting Andrew. He looks down to see a set of BLOOD-ORANGE NAILS dig into his knee. CAMERA follows the hand as it adjusts a skirt that has ridden way too high on a perfectly toned thigh. CAMERA TILTS up a thin arm to VERONICA, a fairly gorgeous redhead that is Andrew's date.

PETER (cont'd)

I guess you are looking forward to the concert... a big fan of the Brahms' Variations, Veronica?

VERONICA

(slowly)

I'm looking forward to just about everything about this evening.

Peter and Laura exchange looks.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - HIGHLAND AVE. - DAY

They lock up the car and head for the Bowl. Andrew and Peter carry heavy picnic baskets; Laura, a blanket and grocery bag. Veronica has only her small handbag and Andrew's free hand. Peter lingers enough to whisper into Andrew's ear,

PETER

Something horrible has gotta be heading your way. Can't you see I'm trying to be married here?

INT. THE UNDERPASS TUNNEL - DAY

They push into the crowd entering the tunnel under Highland Ave. The tunnel is jammed and the two couples have to squeeze through single file. Veronica holds Andrew's hand up over her head as she leads him through the crowd. In the crush, a voluptuous BRUNETTE finds herself pressed FIRMLY against Andrew as she's being pulled by her date. She's forced to RUB AGAINST HIM and seems to LIKE it. Andrew has one hand holding the basket and the other onto Veronica's hand -- it's like he is tied up and at the Brunette's mercy.

BRUNETTE

I'm SO sorry.

ANDREW

Me too.

And they separate, pulled apart by their dates. Just before she slips away in the crowd, she whispers to him...

BRUNETTE

I work at "Ruthless" -- on Beverly... afternoons.

And she's lost in the crowd. Andrew eases into an opening -- Veronica pulls him close to her. They push on.

As they slowly inch forward, an EERIE MUSIC fills the space. Jammed in this pile, the music burrows into Andrew's head. Finally, the crowd inches closer to the source. Andrew HAS to see who is playing.

He ducks under a tall man's arm to try to look -- his view is narrow and aslant -- he still can't see the player as the music grows louder and louder. THEN -- through a gap -- he SEES HER.

It's a WOMAN -- wrapped around a CELLO. Her legs and arms are askew as if in some kind of rapturous seizure -- her hair covers her face (we'll know her later as MADELEINE BONNARD). The music gushes out of her like water from an open fire hydrant. Many people have stopped, standing silently as if watching a glorious and terrible train wreck. Andrew lets his hand slip from Veronica's grip. He stops to listen. Peter pushes by.

PETER

We need to hurry -- they're waiting for us backstage...

What follows will slip into a DREAM-LIKE SLOW MOTION: Andrew reaches into his coat and pulls out the microcassete recorder. He pushes a button but it doesn't record -- he rewinds quickly and then pushes "record" again. He holds it out to capture some of the music.

The cellist lifts her head up... and for only a moment, OPENS HER EYES. She looks straight at Andrew. Her look dives into Andrew's brain. Her eyes have a severity that is both disturbing and comforting. It seems to shock her as much as it does him. Neither can stop looking. The crowd pushes Andrew. He can only hear her. We hear a "click". The recorder has reached the end of the tape. He's pushed forward, out of her sight.

THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL -- The group is reaching the other side, coming out in daylight. Andrew blinks in the light.

ANDREW

Hey... Uh, I want to go back and hear that cello. I'll meet you....

PETER

Look at that crowd.

ANDREW

I've got my ticket. Go on Veronica -- I'll meet you. Okay?

VERONICA

Sure...

INSIDE THE TUNNEL -- Andrew pushes back in -- it takes an effort against the flow. The MUSIC has stopped now.

ANDREW'S POV -- SHE'S GONE. He sees the can of money -- a STREET KID picks it up and slips it under his coat.

The kid pushes into the crowd and disappears. Andrew stands there, the crowd flowing around him.

EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL - DUSK

With people pushing by him, Andrew is looking for the woman. He sees something far across the street -- a woman with a cello case walking to a limo and getting in. The limo drives away. Andrew watches it disappear.

CLOSE ON THE RECORDER -- Andrew's thumb pushes "rewind". Then "play". We hear Andrew's voice... then, the EERIE SOUND OF THE CELLO, and the noise of the crowd. The tape "clicks" as it ends.

ANDREW'S FACE... and his look.

EXT. THE EXIT TO THE TUNNEL - DAY

Andrew is walking back with the crowd. Over on the side of the exit he sees the kid who snagged the can. He is hunched down besides a tree -- counting the money. He shoves it into a backpack with an odd-looking Celtic cross embroidered into it. As he takes a drag from his cigarette, he sees Andrew watching him, then quickly leaves.

EXT. THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS - EVENING

The limo is winding its way up the small streets. It pulls into a severe modernist house perched high on the hillside.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL - EVENING

Andrew is walking up the ramp to the seating, lost in thought, turning the little recorder over and over in his hand. At the top, ANTONIA is waiting for him.

ANTONIA

Hey. Stud-boy. Over here.

ANDREW

Hey Toni. Where is everyone?

ANTONIA

Sitting down. What were you doing?

ANDREW

Nothing.

ANTONIA

Saw the newest model. Much too typical for you. Don't you get tired of "young" and "firm"?

ANDREW

I'll let you know when...

ANTONIA

Is this the one that put the note on your windshield?

ANDREW

No... uh, that was another one.

They walk together.

ANTONIA

Poor misunderstood slightly-older-than-a-Boy-Wonder -- all these women and no real happiness, right?

ANDREW

I wouldn't say that.

ANTONIA

But I can hope?

EXT. THE BOX SEATS - EVENING

They join the group, Veronica, Peter and Laura. Antonia grabs tight on Andrew's arm as they enter the box. She enjoys Veronica's expression as she gets the connection.

LAURA

Hey, just in time.

PETER

Did you sign her up?

VERONICA

Who?

ANDREW

(sitting)

Industry joke -- don't encourage him..

VERONICA

Do you go to the Grammys?

ANDREW

Oh, yeah...

ANTONIA
 (to Veronica)
 Hello. Nice to meet you. I'm Andrew's
 boss.

ANDREW
 I'm HER boss... this is Antonia...

ANTONIA
 Lovely nails...

And the music starts. It's the Brahms, the Haydn Variations - a romantic, darkly sweet and lonely piece. [Note: should start with Variation VII, Grazioso].

EXT. HILLSIDE HOUSE / BALCONY - EVENING

Madeleine stands on the balcony alone. Now that we see her clearly for the first time, we see a jumble of contrasts. Beautiful -- she dismisses her beauty with a rumpled carelessness. There is something a little frightening and unstable in her manner -- something feral under the surface.

She looks out over the Hollywood Bowl far below -- it's like a distant, dim glow. The BRAHMS drifts up to her. She absentmindedly rubs the balcony rail, as if she is trying to pull all of the texture out of it. Her eyes are sightless -- she is in a place inside the music that we can't get to. She listens deeply -- swaying in an awkward, innocent way to the sound.

Far in the background, a figure of a powerful MAN appears, he's in his late 50's or early 60's, we can't tell, (we will know him as DANIEL). He stands and watches her for a moment. He glides up silently behind her. He touches her -- in an intimate way. It knocks Madeleine out of her dream-world. She comes back to earth, recognizes him... and knows what is expected of her.

His hand moves in front of her. In it, is a lit cigar. He moves it to her mouth as he kisses the back of her head. The cigar seems an ugly intrusion into her private world. After some hesitation -- she takes it into her mouth. She draws deeply on it -- and blows out the smoke. When he speaks, it is in French..

DANIEL
 (following the smoke)
Watch it curl... up.. up.

He walks to a chair and sits in it, facing away from her. She abandons the music below and walks to him.

She loosens his collar and begins to rub his shoulders obediently, her hands strong and precise.

EXT. THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL - NIGHT

Veronica's hand reaches out to take Andrew's in hers. But Andrew's mind is somewhere else -- floating with the music. His gaze drifts upward, towards the twinkling lights of the houses in the hills.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CAR - NIGHT - LATER THAT NIGHT

SLOW MOTION - lights floating across the surface of the glass... and ANDREW'S FACE as he looks out the window. We see the entrance to the tunnel glide by. Veronica's hand touches his hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - HIS BED - NIGHT

REVEAL -- VERONICA'S FACE as Andrew's head pulls away. He undresses her as he kisses.

VERONICA

What are you thinking about?

ANDREW

The Brahms. It sounded the way you taste.

She smiles... sure, it's a cheap line, but he DELIVERS it well.

ANDREW (cont'd)

(the tiniest whisper)

I... I'm crazy about you...

She wants to believe it. She doesn't. She closes her eyes as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE HILLSIDE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

LACE AT A WINDOW - and the outline of a WOMAN'S FACE. Her eyes are closed too. It's Madeleine at the window in her night clothes. The Man is asleep in the bed. The room is sparse - minimal and expensive. She turns slowly to the MUSIC PLAYING IN HER HEAD.

Round and around and AROUND... the lace brushing against her body.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE - A PAIR OF WOMEN'S HANDS. They open a portfolio and remove a collection of color comps for CD cover-art. It is artwork for "SAPHRINA!, The Album" The comps range from cheesy "swinging 60's" knockoffs to the near outskirts of soft porn.

ANTONIA

Here's the comps -- our DARLING in a variety of pouty poses and stunning tableaux.... here she is in Swinging, see-thru-bloused London... with nipples... and version two, with the nipples airbrushed out. Here she's a contemplative waif née junkie... this is the Tigress Look, a-la Siegfried and Roy, and here she is in a desperate jungle setting with only her shiny white violin and G-string to protect her from the agitated natives.

ANDREW

Nice. I like the heroin junkie and 60's thing... and I'll take mine with nipples, please.

ANTONIA

Can't you surprise me, JUST ONCE! That's really all a girl asks for. I was pulling for the Siegfried and Roy.

ANDREW

So -- we pick one today?

ANTONIA

Don't bother -- some idiot in legal gave her... in the words of her contract... "Significant consultation" on the design. I have to show these to her at lunch today.

ANDREW

You and her at lunch discussing her nipples? I'd give anything to be a mouse in your pocket. Of course if she had pockets...

Antonia packs up the comps.

ANTONIA

Not only can you NOT be there, but I'm not even going to tell you the good stuff afterwards. You have enough joy in your life already.

ANDREW

Oh, please. I'll pay you.

ANTONIA

(walking out)

You don't have anything I want...

ANDREW

Hey -- what do you know about the cello?

She pauses, eyeing him for clues.

ANTONIA

Why?

ANDREW

I'm dumb -- educate me....

ANTONIA

Well -- there's YoYo Ma, Du Pré, Cassals - - the usual gang. I think Piatigorsky was the most perfect -- he WAS his cello... but his best was never recorded. He's hardly known today. There's a small repertoire of concertos that have been recorded over and over. The cello is one of the hardest instruments to play -- the instrument closest to the human voice in tone and range... Then there are the stories -- Cassals was known to leave blood all over his fingerboard after a concert, if that's dramatic enough for you. It's all about touch... POWER and RESTRAINT at the same instant.

ANDREW

So, Bravo... you really know about music.

ANTONIA

We were all in love once upon a time. Now don't rat me out. It's a lot easier being a marketing slut and pretending not to care.

ANDREW

I never KNEW.

ANTONIA
So -- why the curiosity?

ANDREW
I'm trying to sign a new cellist.

ANTONIA
Well -- cello reliably sells. It has that erotic angle -- you know -- legs wrapped around a large vibrating THING. It's a young, studly MAN, I assume?

ANDREW
A woman...

ANTONIA
(sarcastic smile)
OH! Surprised me again!

EXT. BEVERLY BLVD. - DAY

Andrew is leaning against a wall, watching something. It's CANDICE , the brunette from the tunnel. She's working in a clothing store, talking to a customer.

INT. THE STORE - THE COUNTER - DAY

She turns around to see Andrew. Her eyes dance a little when she recognizes him.

CANDICE
Hi.

ANDREW
Hey.

CANDICE
You look familiar.

ANDREW
Really?

CANDICE
Oh yeah -- the tunnel. At The Bowl.

ANDREW
Was that YOU?

She's not dumb -- she's getting the game.

CANDICE
Yeah. Candice.

ANDREW

Andrew... and of all the people who work here, I walked up to you. Well, I need some advice. Maybe you can help me.

CANDICE

I might.

ANDREW

Tell me, what do you think of this?

He hands her a bag containing several boxes. The bags bears the name of an expensive store.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Go on, open them up.

She opens the boxes. Inside are beautiful clothes, a complete outfit. Just her colors.

CANDICE

They're beautiful. (looking at the labels) Nice clothes. Who are they for?

ANDREW

That's the thing -- they are for my Mom. It's her birthday. But, I don't know -- I don't think they are very Mom-like.

CANDICE

(looking at the tag)
Your mom is a size four?

ANDREW

I don't know sizes -- it sounded good?

CANDICE

I'm a size four.

ANDREW

Really! Imagine that... but my Mom doesn't seem to be anything remotely like you. Do you mind...

(he half-hugs her)

No. Mom is kinda well, more volume there... you are really firm and... compact and... uh, you know... and she's, well... not as much.

She smiles, then walks to a rack s l o w l y -- knowing he's watching the walk.

CANDICE

Look, maybe your Mother would like something like this. And it's one size so you can't go wrong.

ANDREW

Great! I hoped you'd help me.

CANDICE

So you'll take these back. Barney's huh? Nice.

ANDREW

Oh, jeez... I hate to, because that saleswoman was SO HAPPY to make the sale... She needed the commission, kept talking about her kids... and well, I'd feel horrible. And I don't... uh, have a girlfriend...

CANDICE

Oh?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ANDREW'S FACE -- a big smile.

ANDREW

Come on. One more time, once more around.

CANDICE -- she rises from the table, dressed in the outfit he bought her. Does a little twirl and sits down.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Fits you perfectly. Weird, huh?

CANDICE

Weird.

(her eyes gaze into his)

Let me tell you -- You were almost trying too hard.

ANDREW

What do you MEAN?

CANDICE

I said ALMOST.

And she takes his little finger in her hand.

INT. THE HOUSE ON THE HILL - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on a 1970's era record player. The record is at its end. A WOMAN'S HAND -- long red nails, the fingers loaded with rings - reaches in and re-starts the record. The music is something dance-able, in an old-fashioned style.

SHADOWS drape MADELEINE'S face -- she is laying on the floor. She is playing with the lacy end of a tablecloth, brushing it across her face, watching the pattern of the candlelight on the ceiling. We notice the shadows of two figures dancing. We hear a SOUND -- A PUFFING STEAM SOUND. A MINIATURE STEAM TRAIN glides into the room entering through a small door in the wall and riding on track embedded into the floor. The woman squeals with delight at its appearance. The train stops near the dancing couple and carries a big masculine ashtray. A well-smoked cigar is deposited into it, and it steams away.

A WOMAN'S FACE. She's striking -- but in a weary, seen-it-all, ex-showgirl kind of way. She is dancing close to the man. She's not the kind of girl who would give you her real name anyway, so we'll call her TIFFANY.

TIFFANY

That train is real cute.

They turn to reveal the face of DANIEL, coolly handsome and magnetic. The woman glances at Madeleine under the table.

TIFFANY (cont'd)

Is she just gonna WATCH us?

DANIEL

Don't worry my love, that is just my little crazy friend. She is NOT a dancer, are you dear?

Madeleine is quiet.

DANIEL (cont'd)

I take care of her. She's helpless.

TIFFANY

Is she mental?

DANIEL

Deliriously so, I think. She bothers you?

TIFFANY

It's your nickel, sweetmeat.

DANIEL

Five, six, seven, eight...

And they return to the dance. They move well in a polished, erotic tango fashion.

DANIEL (cont'd)

Tiffany, my darling -- it is so hard to find a woman with your kind of breeding anymore.

TIFFANY

(coolly)

Why, thank you, Mr. D. I'm fixing to start blushing.

DANIEL

I can see that.

Madeleine, now curled up under the table, watches them. She can only see their legs as they glide across the floor, their hips pressed deeply into one another. We notice Madeleine's left hand, pressing invisible fingerings with the music. After a moment, she stirs to get up.

THE PARLOR - a dark room that opens up to the living room. Her cello sits there in the blue light of an open window. Madeleine goes to it, sits, and pulls it between her legs. She plays an improvised counter-melody to the music from the record player. CAMERA moves around her as she dissolves into the music. The only light on her spills in from the open window and the cool California night. In the background, Daniel and the woman come into view, he has her on the floor now, making love to her.

CLOSE - THE WOMAN. Daniel is kissing her neck, moving downward, unbuttoning things. The woman's thoughts are not with him -- her eyes are locked on a mirror, on Madeleine's image as she plays the cello in the moonlight.

MADELEINE'S FACE - she opens her eyes. THERE IS DANIEL, kneeling in front of her.

DANIEL (cont'd)

Play it.

She looks hard at him trying to understand.

TIFFANY

Hello -- what's happening over there, baby?

DANIEL

Do you understand? An artist captures every experience and stores it away.

Madeleine's eyes glisten -- she understands.

TIFFANY
HELLOOOOOO...

Madeleine starts playing again. It is an eerie, twisted-up melody. CAMERA DRIFTS TO THE WINDOW and the moonlit trees beyond, swayed by a soft breeze.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The same cool light is illuminating the profile of Candice in Andrew's bed. The ONLY SOUND we hear is her quick, rhythmic breaths. Andrew watches her face, he moves his hand and touches her brow. After a long, long moment, she opens her eyes and looks at him and smiles.

CANDICE
Wheew...

ANDREW
Hello.

CANDICE
Oh, MY... and you?

ANDREW
I'm fine.

CANDICE
Really...

ANDREW
Yeah. No reason to rush.

CANDICE
That's a switch.

ANDREW
You are glowing.

CANDICE
(studying him)
You are messing with me, aren't you?

She surrenders a smile of resigned contentment... and kisses him.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. A PATIO RESTAURANT - THE NEXT DAY

VERY CLOSE - as a pair of sunglasses are taken out of a breast pocket and placed over Andrew's eyes. He smiles.

ANDREW

...and she screamed?

An amazing dessert is set on the table. Three forks dig into it. Andrew, Antonia and Peter are finishing lunch. They all have sunglasses on.

ANTONIA

Kind of a pinched piglet-like squeal. Out loud. At The Ivy. "OOeeewwww!" she said, "My beautiful breasts are defaced".

PETER

She paid good money for those things...

ANDREW

...I told you -- keep the nipples.

ANTONIA

Basically she hated everything. Not "sexy enough". The jungle stuff was the closest.

ANDREW

That's it -- we're going with the heroin addict look.

ANTONIA

I hate her. But YOU'D probably still sleep with her.

PETER

If I was single... of course. I mean she's not the perfect woman... but she does have -- you know -- a kind of pound-the-headboard thing going there.

ANTONIA

Okay -- so describe "the perfect woman"?

PETER

There is no such thing to the connoisseur.

ANDREW

Almost any woman can be wonderful in several thousand different ways.

PETER

...it's like describing the perfect wine.

ANDREW

...or baseball player. There might be only the... "Perfect RELATIONSHIP".

ANTONIA

Okay -- enlighten me.

PETER

It STARTS with the drunken decision to run away to a small tropical island and ENDS 48 hours later as you cram her bikini and makeup in a bag and drag her out of the shower to catch the last plane back to civilization.

ANTONIA

That is so pathetically juvenile.

ANDREW

No -- I say the perfect relationship with a woman STARTS when you first find a way to make her laugh... and ENDS when she asks you to meet her parents.

ANTONIA

And you guys wonder why lesbianism is so fashionable these days...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHLAND AVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL - AFTERNOON

Andrew stands in the sunlight -- alone. He walks from his parked car.

INT. THE UNDERPASS -- AFTERNOON

It's dark. And out of the darkness emerges the outline of Andrew's face. It is quiet except for the distant traffic sound. Nothing there.

[NOTE: A distinctive piece of STRING MUSIC starts here, sweet and sad. In the scenes to follow, it DOMINATES the soundtrack]

EXT. THE UNDERPASS - AFTERNOON

Andrew wanders into the bright sunlight. He pulls the recorder from his pocket and plays the piece of music next to his ear for the three hundredth time. He looks south on Highland Ave. towards the heart of Hollywood.

EXT. THE CORNER OF HIGHLAND AND HOLLYWOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

Andrew walks around the corner, mixing into the sea of tourists, junkies, wanna-bees and blue collar types. He walks down Hollywood Blvd., looking for something -- any kind of clue in the maze of rock star paraphernalia, fast food and Monroe and Dean images. He notices the giant Dinosaur on the top of the building on the corner. [NOTE: There is absolutely no street sound by now, just the dream-like MUSIC.]

AHEAD -- is an IMAGE he recognizes. A backpack with the EMBROIDERED CROSS on it. He hurries closer. It is the STREET KID who took the money cup in the tunnel. He catches up to him. We can't hear what is being said, because the MUSIC is overwhelming every other sound. The kid seems skeptical at first - but Andrew keeps talking. He gives the kid some money. The kid leads Andrew down the street.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - LATE AFTERNOON

A residential neighborhood. They turn up a side street.

EXT. RUNYAN PARK ENTRANCE - LATE AFTERNOON

The kid leads him into the park. He points up an abandoned road that leads up into the hills.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLTOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Andrew walks up the hill - he's almost to the top. He stops and looks. It's a long walk.

AT THE HILLTOP is a woman. It's Madeleine is playing her cello.

CLOSE, MADELEINE'S FACE, eyes closed, flying, as she finishes a phrase. She opens her eyes. There is Andrew standing in front of her, out of breath. The look on his face is a wonderful mix of triumph, fear and rapture.

ANDREW
(after a breath)
Hello.

She looks up and locks eyes with him. Nothing is spoken for a long time. It almost becomes comical, when she finally murmurs,

MADELEINE
Was I bothering you?

ANDREW
Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIMOUSINE - DAY

CLOSE ON THE SEAT -- THE CELLO is strapped tightly in the seatbelt.

Andrew sits next to the cello -- facing Madeleine. It's awkward. She stares at him in silence.

ANDREW
I've never heard anyone play like that.

Nothing. She looks at her feet.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Your music, do you write it?

His legs are crossed, his shoe resting on the cello case. She glares at it until he takes it off.

MADELEINE
What do you play?

ANDREW
Me? Violin. A while ago.

She reaches over and takes his left hand. She touches the tips of his fingers, looking for callouses. Nothing. She gives him a look. We notice that her right hand has normal-looking nails, except for the thumb which is cut shorter than a man's. The left hand is the opposite, a normal thumbnail and extremely short nails on the fingers. She releases his hand and sits back. She doesn't believe him.

ANDREW (cont'd)
It was a long time ago.

MADELEINE
Your hands have forgotten. You still like music?

ANDREW
Of course.

MADELEINE

Me also.

He's out of the pilot seat here -- a new situation for him. He doubles the charm, leaning forward and looking into her eyes.

ANDREW

Look -- I saw you in the underpass... at the Bowl and haven't been able to.... I mean -- there's something about you... your playing. It's wonderful. Look, I'm a Senior VP with Muse Records. I want to talk to you about recording for our label. I don't know your training but I think you have something missing in the marketplace...

Lightning flashes across Madeleine's face. It's as if Andrew had pulled a gun on her. She speaks loudly in French.

MADELEINE

*Joseph -- take this man away from me!
Right away!*

ANDREW

What? What did I say?

EXT. SOME STREET IN HOLLYWOOD - DUSK

As the limo pulls over. Andrew gets out. The limo leaves quickly. Andrew's eyes follow it as it drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANDREWS OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS - Andrew is at his desk, talking on the phone, looking over artwork design, talking to a co-worker. He's in the routine... but something inside his eyes is detached. The SOUND is abstract and revealing -- it fades seductively between the REAL WORLD and the distant call of a CELLO.

EXT. PATIO RESTAURANT - DAY

Andrew is having lunch with Candice. He's trying hard to concentrate -- she's trying to be everything he wants in a woman. The DAMN CELLO goes on and on in his head...

INT. GYM -- HOLLYWOOD YMCA - DAY

A basketball flies through the air in SLOW-MOTION and into a player's hands. He tosses a quick bounce pass to Andrew under the basket. He muffs it, loses the ball. He stands there, panting, as the players rush up the court.

THE BENCH -- he sits there, drenched in sweat watching the game.

EXT. BACK STAIRS, YMCA - DAY

Andrew is running up and down the stairs behind the YMCA, with headphones on. We hear the ROCK MUSIC -- a distorted electric thing. He seems like he is trying to push everything out of his head. A curious and disturbing CELLO LINE crowds its way into the music. Exhausted, he takes off the headphones and walks in small circles around the courtyard -- a storage area crowded with old gym equipment and pool chemicals.

EXT. THE HILLSIDE HOUSE'S GARDEN - DAY

THE MUSIC CONTINUES -- and we see Madeleine playing it. She is joined by a small group of other musicians, a VIOLINIST and HARPIST and a HORN PLAYER. The music is a jubilant jazz/classical mix, an eclectic and brilliant confection. Daniel is playing the host to a select group of listeners who are seated around the garden. Madeleine glances at him as she plays... and basks in his approval.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. YMCA POOL - DAY

A BLUE EMPTY SCREEN -- Andrew glides into view on his back. He's too tired to swim. He just floats there -- the MUSIC CONTINUES, wrapping itself around his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHLAND AVE - THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL - DUSK

People are making their way towards the Bowl for another concert. Andrew scans the crowd, looking for someone. He is alone. He walks down into the tunnel.

INT. THE TUNNEL - DUSK

He pushes through the crowd. We HEAR some kind of STRING MUSIC through the crowd.

Andrew pushes hard against the flow, towards the music. He gets there, breaks through to the musician. It's some guy playing the viola.

EXT. WALKWAY TO THE BOWL - DUSK

He is scanning the crowd obsessively for her. There's a lot of people. He sees a binocular booth, rushes to it, grabs a pair.

BINOCULAR SALESPERSON
Five dollars please -- and driver's
license.

He digs it out of his wallet and gives it to her. He scans the crowd with the binoculars.

THRU THE BINOCULARS -- looking from woman to woman.

EXT. THE SEATING AREA

He stands scanning the crowd, as people walk past, looking oddly at him.

THRU THE BINOCULARS -- a WOMAN... HER? No. Another woman with similar hair... NOT her.

He breathes, tries to collect himself. WHAT'S WRONG with him? Far away, on the steep hill behind the stage, he sees a FLASH OF WHITE. Someone is laying out a blanket on the hillside. He looks through the glasses. It's a COUPLE... it LOOKS like her... IS it? The couple kiss. Is it HER? They break. No -- it's not. THEN -- blocked by a BLUR -- someone in his way. They STAY there -- come CLOSER even. A BLURRY EYE in the lens. What's the deal?

He drops the binoculars. IT'S MADELEINE. She's standing right in front of him, dressed in something elegant. She smiles. She touches his head with her hand.

MADELEINE
So, you like Mozart also?

Before he can move, or even think, she's off. A few steps and she clasps onto a man walking away. It's Daniel. And the way she takes Daniel's arm breaks Andrew's heart.

What does he do? NOTHING. He watches as they move through the crowd and down the aisle to a box seat. They sit together. Andrew watches Daniel kiss her on the neck.

THE STAGE -- The CONDUCTOR comes out. There is applause. A Pianist bows and sits. The piano starts.

A delicate, heart-bending phrase followed by a haunting clarinet solo and the orchestra's caress. [It is Mozart's Piano Concerto No.23, K.488, middle movement, Adagio.]

Andrew wanders down towards the stage. He finds a place to stand near the boxes. He watches them. He's an odd sight, a disheveled, distressed man staring at the audience with binoculars as the orchestra swells.

THROUGH THE LENS -- Madeleine is sitting upright, listening to the music. She has the look a starving person would give a banquet table. Her body seems to ride the music, like a leaf on the sea.

THEN -- she starts to FEEL his stare. She looks around. She sees him watching her. She stares back; her expression is calm, unreadable. Her look jolts him. But he can't put the glasses down -- they are locked together in the dark swirl of the music. A long time they hold this -- the CAMERA jumping closer and closer into each of them.

FINALLY -- SHE GETS UP -- whispers something to Daniel and walks out of the box, not looking at Andrew. She walks down towards the stage opposite from where Andrew is standing and disappears.

EXT. THE BACK OF THE BOWL - NIGHT

Andrew is walking so fast it is almost a run. He gets to the part of the stage where she disappeared. It's dark by now, the colored theatrical lights are changing from blue to magenta to pink.

EXT. A STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

An area just off-stage, full of odd pieces of scenery and instrument cases. He walks in, out of breath. She's there waiting. She swallows him up in her arms. They kiss. It's passionate, but somehow delicate and consuming and sad. The theatrical lights bathe them in color in time with the music. They collapse on the floor together, her legs wrapped around him, him holding her face in his hands, smothering her forehead, eyes and cheeks in kisses. She kisses him sweetly on the mouth and whispers:

MADELEINE

A restaurant. AFTER... Sixth and Western.

She jumps up and starts to leave.

ANDREW

Wait, WAIT... what's your name?

MADELEINE

Madeleine.

And she rushes out. She's gone. He lays back in the sea of instrument cases and stares at the night sky.

ANDREW

I'm Andrew.

INT. KOREATOWN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A POT OF BOILING WATER -- A pair of chopsticks swish a thin slice of meat into the water.

Madeleine dips the beef in a murky sauce, she's lightening quick with the chopsticks. She and Andrew sit at the counter of a "Shabu-shabu" restaurant, the kind of Asian restaurant with boiling pots at each place. The restaurant is lit in dull florescence and decorated in a shabby nautical theme.

ANDREW

Hungry?

MADELEINE

Always.

She studies his face for a moment. She grabs his chin with the chopsticks. It's funny, but not to her. He tries not to notice the Korean waitress giving him the eye.

MADELEINE (cont'd)

Your chin is good. Do you like it?

ANDREW

...yes.

MADELEINE

You look very thoughtful. Is it true?

ANDREW

Is what true?

She taps his forehead with the chopsticks.

MADELEINE

Are you true?

It throws him a little off balance...

ANDREW

I want to be.

MADELEINE
Where were you a little boy?

ANDREW
Originally? Oh, Texas.

MADELEINE
Texas! Cowboy.

ANDREW
I live here now.

He changes the subject.

ANDREW (cont'd)
So.... what is the story with you and that man? Is he your father or Uncle or something?

Her eyes flash at him.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Husband? Boyfriend? White Slaver?

MADELEINE
He takes care of me. It's better that way. It's a price. Most prices worth paying are small.
(she can see she's pierced him, she backs off)
Listen! Hear that? I love that sound.

ANDREW
What sound?

MADELEINE
That lovely rhythm... THERE. No, you don't hear? The "chopchopchop".

He looks and sees a cook cutting vegetables in the back part of the kitchen with a chef's knife. It does have a fascinating sound, when you notice it. Madeleine is listening, her eyes closed. She's oddly lost in her sonic dreamworld -- the kind of oddness that makes normal people uncomfortable.

ANDREW
Madeleine...
(bringing her back)

MADELEINE - She opens her eyes -- slowly -- and looks at him.

MADELEINE
It's nice.

She smiles. A plastic lighthouse on the table catches her eye. She picks it up.

MADELEINE (cont'd)
I like these. Do you like these?

ANDREW
Lighthouse? Well, I guess.

MADELEINE
It makes me think I should remember the light. It seems dark everywhere.

ANDREW
It's not that dark.

MADELEINE
You probably see everything clearly -- those practical American eyes, cutting through the fog.

ANDREW
No...

She holds up the lighthouse to her face like a small child. Closing one eye, she looks through the tiny plastic windows at him.

MADELEINE
You're blurry.

ANDREW
So... When did you start playing?

MADELEINE
You are interviewing me?

ANDREW
No, I just... I'm interested. I want to know about you.

She puts down the lighthouse and moves her face towards his.

MADELEINE
It is not possible to speak successfully about everything.

ANDREW
Try.

She takes a drink, and looks at him.

MADELEINE

I'm boring. Because everything is boring to me but music.

ANDREW

Tell me about your cello.

MADELEINE

(shrinking)

I can't say.

ANDREW

Would you try?

She frowns -- WORDS are the WORST thing he can ask from her. She knits each word together in careful loops...

MADELEINE

It is made of only wood, varnish, wire and hair. Maybe I would say it is more human than... what we have become. What humans USED to be before they became what they are now. But it is my eyes...

ANDREW

What does it feel like to play?

MADELEINE

Like... COLOR -- rings inside rings inside rings. Squares in circles in triangles... TOUCHING each other. The patterns of color comfort me. The friction of the strings warms the cold inside me. I sleep when I play... I mean DREAM... it is dreaming with wings.

She scowls as if she has spilt a can of paint all over a new carpet. There is more to tell but it's impossible.

For Andrew, it's a peek into a garden he will never enter. She knows it too. She touches his forehead. A new song comes on the RADIO. A classic torch song. (It could be a haunting love song like "AT LAST") The music electrifies her. She stands up and pulls at his hands to dance. He's embarrassed. She leans close to his face.

MADELEINE (cont'd)

PLEASE dance with me, Andrew.

There's no way he can resist. He rises and holds her. They dance, like a couple at a high school prom. The Korean ladies stop gabbing and watch. It doesn't matter -- Andrew is looking in her eyes and the world has disappeared anyway.

She buries her face into his chest. He smells her hair. After a few moments -- he can whisper,

ANDREW
What's WRONG with you anyway?

MADELEINE
Everything.

A TONE SOUNDS. It's from Madeleine's purse. She ignores it as long as she can, then breaks away and digs out a mobile phone. She reads the text on the screen.

MADELEINE (cont'd)
I have to go.

She dials a number.

MADELEINE (cont'd)
Oui?
(she picks up a menu, looks on
the back)
5820 Western. Oui.

She smiles at Andrew. He has the dull, surprised look of someone who has just been shot in the stomach.

EXT. SIXTH STREET, KOREATOWN - NIGHT

Madeleine sits on the hood of a truck. Andrew is milling around on the sidewalk, uncomfortably.

ANDREW
He's going to come pick you up?

MADELEINE
The chauffeur. You want to leave?

ANDREW
(lying)
No. You mean HIS chauffeur.

MADELEINE
This way we get to speak a little more.

ANDREW
So... he calls, and you come?

MADELEINE
Like a puppy.

ANDREW
You love him I guess.

MADELEINE

Of course.

Another one right in the gut. He kicks at the tire. Maybe it's a French thing.

MADELEINE (cont'd)

I love all men.

ANDREW

Kind of like the Pope, or UNICEF.

Oblivious -- she starts digging through her purse.

MADELEINE

I had a wonderful time tonight.

The Doris Day-ness in her voice makes Andrew smile. Madeleine produces a blue "sharpie" pen. She hikes up her skirt -- WAY UP revealing her thigh. Andrew is taken aback. Both thighs are COVERED WITH BLUE MARKS. At first they seem like horrible bruises or scars -- until you realize they are small hieroglyphics she has drawn on herself. It's repulsive, and yet somehow, disturbingly and beautifully artistic. Holding the sharpie cap in her teeth, she begins to draw on her thigh. A curvy, whimsical set of lines.

ANDREW

What are you DOING?

MADELEINE

These are my little amateur tattoos. I remember with them.

ANDREW

What are you drawing?

MADELEINE

Mozart, and our dance.. and you.

ANDREW

You are DRAWING Mozart?

She takes his hand, pulls him to her and puts his fingers on the new marking. He's embarrassed a bit -- people are watching as they pass by.

MADELEINE

(all subtext)

Feel it?

ANDREW

Yes.

He takes his hand away. There is a slight blue stain on his finger.

ANDREW (cont'd)
What do they all mean?

She examines herself.. and in doing so, can't help but flash her panties to all the people walking down the street. Andrew moves close to cover her.

MADELEINE
This was that morning the sun was streaking through the mist, I was in a car... the light made flashes through the palm trees... This was a pancake I ate at the Farmer's Market, this is that Brahms that came from the Hollywood Bowl. (smiles) It's my private diary. I can't read it all to you.

He pulls her skirt down.

ANDREW
That's okay.
(and then...)
The Brahms?

She sees the limo coming. She grabs his arm, pulls up his sleeve and scribbles a series of large numbers on it in bold blue strokes.

MADELEINE
Tomorrow afternoon.

The limo pulls up. She jumps off the car and into the limo without looking back.

ANDREW alone on the sidewalk, watches the limo disappear in the traffic. He looks down at his hand -- at the blue stain on his finger. He touches it to his lips.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. THE TEXAS CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK - 1972 - DAY

A pair of child's hands, dripping in blue paint -- finger-painting. The CHILD ANDREW is making a swirling blue sky with gold stars. On the black and white TV a 1960's teenage musical is playing. The boy looks up as the HEAD NURSE and another YOUNGER NURSE come in. The Younger Nurse can't help but eye Andrew as she works. Both have empty cardboard boxes and a look in their eyes that Andrew has not seen before.

One nurse removes the sheets from the bed opposite Andrew's. The other puts a cowboy hat, toy guns and other toys in a box.

SIX-YEAR OLD ANDREW

What are you doing? That's Travis's stuff.

HEAD NURSE

Travis is going home.

SIX-YEAR OLD ANDREW

But he is getting his operation. He's at the operation now.

HEAD NURSE

He's gone home already. He's very happy to go home, Andrew. He's not going to be able to say goodbye... but he said to tell you he sure liked being your friend.

SIX YEAR OLD ANDREW

Okay.

HEAD NURSE

You are gonna be FINE now, you see that Andrew? You are the lucky one.

SIX-YEAR OLD ANDREW

Yes ma'am.

Through all of this the Younger nurse can't bear to look at him. Andrew looks at the wheelchair, decorated to look like a stagecoach. The Marshall's tin star is attached to it. The Nurse puts the box in the seat and wheels it out.

ANDREW -- as the boy tries to understand what happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT (PRESENT) - DAY

Andrew is sitting on his couch alone. He stands. Then he sits. Nervous. The BUZZER sounds. Andrew opens the door. Madeleine is standing there with her cello case. She walks in without a word.

ANDREW

Hi.

She goes to the couch. She rubs the upholstery. It must pass judgement because she lays down on the couch, holding the cello on her belly. She's like a teenage boy watching TV.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Gee, can I get you anything? A remote control? Six pack? Pretzels?

MADELEINE
(taking him literally)
No thank you. Nice furniture.

ANDREW
Thanks.

Then the awkward silence. Andrew tries to think of something.

MADELEINE
Nervous.

ANDREW
Me? No... why?

MADELEINE
No - I am.
(scowls)
I like you.

ANDREW
Oh.

MADELEINE
I should not have said that.

He sits next to her on the floor.

ANDREW
NO. It's perfect the way you said it. I MUST seem like I like you too. Right? I act like an idiot in front of you, don't I? That's the universal sign.

She softens -- laughing at some memory of him.

MADELEINE
Yes... But, you see, I don't WANT to like you.

He leans forward. She puts her hand on his lips and looks into his eyes.

MADELEINE (cont'd)
I don't want to dance those old dances with you. I want to make up a new dance.

His eyes tell us he knows exactly what she means.

MADELEINE (cont'd)
I've been to too many dances.

ANDREW
Maybe those were rehearsals.

In her eyes, a gate is lifted. She pulls him towards her and kisses him on the forehead, sweetly, yet erotically. He moves closer... and bangs his head on the cello case.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Are you going to play this thing?

MADELEINE
No.

ANDREW
You should record you know... you have a brilliant future.

MADELEINE
NO. Please don't ask me Andrew.

ANDREW
I don't get it... why? Don't you know how many good, no, GREAT artists would love to get a recording contract? I can help.

MADELEINE
I PROMISED. It would be the end of everything. Please don't ask me again. PLEASE. This is just a hobby.

ANDREW
Hobby? Who did you promise? (off her eyes) The cello?

MADELEINE
Now you want to laugh at me...
(a beat)
Do you want to see her?

ANDREW
Sure.

She unzips the soft case. It's like she's unzipping her insides, exposing something private and delicate. The cello is rather unspectacular, with a dull finish. It is worn in spots and nicked up.

ANDREW (cont'd)
She's been around.

MADELEINE

Yes.

She plucks the C string. A DARK, MELLOW TONE fills the room, then drifts away. She takes his fore-finger gently and precisely in her hand -- and makes him PLUCK the string. The TONE floats up and away. He doesn't know what to say.

ANDREW

How old is it?

MADELEINE

Almost a hundred and thirty. She was made in Milan.

ANDREW

Please play it.

MADELEINE

No, not here. Oh! The sun!

A shaft of direct sunlight from the window is touching the instrument. She sits up and cradles it away from the light. She smiles at him. He sits back and looks at her in an un-rushed, relaxed way that we have never seen before. She gets up, lays the cello on its side in the shadowy part of the room, then curls up with him on the floor, her head in his lap.

ANDREW

What is it, a vampire?

She only gives him a look he can't quite decipher. Just then her pager goes off. She looks towards it, then decides to ignore it.

MADELEINE

I'm so tired.

ANDREW

Go to sleep.

MADELEINE

Okay.

She closes her eyes. He hovers over her, touching her forehead with her fingertips.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF ANDREW'S APT. - LATE AFTERNOON

Madeleine crosses the street, she looks back and waves.

INT. ANDREW'S APT. WINDOW - LATE AFTERNOON

He waves after her.

EXT. THE HILLSIDE HOUSE - DUSK

Madeleine is walking up the hill and into the gate of Daniel's house. There is a mechanical, OBSCENE SHRILL.

EXT. DANIEL'S MINIATURE TRAIN YARD - DUSK

The SOUND is the miniature train's STEAM WHISTLE -- Daniel is riding his train towards Madeleine, standing on a platform like a surfer, with a remote control in his hands. He glides over to Madeline and stops in front of her. The image is comic and menacing -- a smiling father figure on the surface, a coiled snake underneath. He silently smiles at her, as if sniffing her for clues. (The conversation that follows is in French)

DANIEL

I gather you didn't receive my message.

MADELEINE

I went for a long walk.

DANIEL

With your cello?

She nods. The snake tightens inside Daniel.

DANIEL (cont'd)

Get on, dear.

She climbs on the caboose. The train starts to move. Madeleine holds on tight to her cello case. Daniel is smiling at her, standing backwards facing her, his eyes drilling into her.

AHEAD ON THE TRACKS -- is a LOW HANGING TREE LIMB. Madeleine sees it but Daniel doesn't. It is sure to hit Daniels in the back of his head, and at this speed, with a serious force. Madeline watches passively as the train speeds for it. CLOSER STILL, and Madeleine stays silent -- she stares at Daniel, hoping her eyes don't betray her.

JUST BEFORE THE BRANCH HITS -- Daniel bows gracefully and the LIMB PASSES SAFELY -- it's a smooth rehearsed bow. A chill dashes through Madeleine -- she's failed the test.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - THE NEXT DAY

A MICROPHONE. Then a face in front of it -- a WOMAN'S FACE -- a no-nonsense, kick-your-ass Slavic peasant face. MUSIC starts. It's a bassy, dance-able, synthetic version of Beethoven's "Ode to Joy". The woman starts to sing... in Bulgarian. A gaggle of Bulgarian backup babes are shrieking a counter-melody at another microphone. It's PIERCING -- the sound alone could make a golden retriever's head explode

INSIDE THE BOOTH -- Clarke, Andrew's boss, is hovering over the engineer.

CLARKE

More top end... I want a wetter sound.

Andrew slips in the door. He nods at his boss and watches the session.

ANDREW

THAT'LL keep you regular.

CLARKE

Get's your attention, right? We've already got them booked on The Today Show.

ANDREW

I'm sure Beethoven will be pleased.

CLARKE

He'd have my balls for barbecue... Hey there... what do you like? "Deaf No More - Bulgaria Does Beethoven" or "Ludwig von Bulgaria"?

ANDREW

Can I sleep on it?

The engineer stops it. He pushes a button.

ENGINEER

Let me adjust that mic, love.

And he slips out into the studio.

ANDREW

Uh, Simon -- I need to tell you, I've found this new artist, a cellist... she's SPELLBINDING -- a phenom -- a real virtuoso... but not just technical like these kids coming up now. She has THE GIFT... you want to cut your spleen out listening to her..

CLARKE

We've got Shakuzi -- a label can't support more than one cellist. There's no audience.

ANDREW

(lying)

I hear EMI is sniffing her up -- I'd hate to lose a future star. And this is BEYOND the usual audience, this is "The Thing" -- it's what we have been looking for.

CLARKE

Andrew -- "The Thing" the REAL THING comes once, maybe twice a century. I really don't think... we've already had Cassals and Du Pré... AND YoYo Ma. There's not another due for about forty years...

ANDREW

...LOOK! Don't DISMISS her -- you don't KNOW.

CLARKE

OKAY, Andrew. Let me remind you that you are green to this business. A five HUNDRED year old business. Paganini was "THE THING"... people STOOD ON CHAIRS through his entire concerts. Others swore he had sold his soul to Satan because of his gift -- he didn't even get a Christian burial because of the rumors. Liszt was also "THE THING"... women fainted and tore at his clothes, fought each other to get his used cigar butts. They threatened SUICIDE. Will anyone threaten suicide over this girl's playing?

ANDREW

ABSOLUTELY.

The way he says it takes him back. He studies Andrew's face.

CLARKE

Oh. I see -- so you've got... an INVESTMENT.

ANDREW

No.

CLARKE
WORSE? Not YOU...

ANDREW
Absolutely not. LOOK -- this girl lives in a world I can't EVEN SEE -- but her gift is searing. It's not personal with me, really. I'm a pro.

CLARKE
Are you sure?

ANDREW
Yes -- it's not personal.

The third and final denial. The engineer enters the room.

ENGINEER
Cocka-doodle-do folks, let's get this bird in the oven.

CLARKE
(to Andrew)
Okay, okay... let me hear the tape.

ANDREW
There is no tape... she won't record.

CLARKE
Won't record? Do you think that might cause a slight complication to a corporation that sells RECORDED music?

ANDREW
I'll fix it -- I'll get it...

ENGINEER
Okay love -- let's hear how that sounds...

And the SCREECHING starts again. Andrew starts to leave. Clarke collars him at the doorway.

CLARKE
(under his breath)
If she IS real, it could happen very quickly. She opens for a rock act, then the House of Blues, a couple of legit appearances for the critics... Sir Albert Hall and Carnegie maybe. There's the Olympic Opening Ceremonies coming up with slots open... that's a GLOBAL audience. Then the debut album hits. BIG. A TV drama guest appearance...

(MORE)

CLARKE (cont'd)
 maybe a shooting victim or unwed mother
 on one of those hospital shows... and
 then finally, we could shut up those
 fucking kids in pop and show them how to
 really MAKE an artist. ...that's IF...

Andrew smiles, but a slice of FEAR flashes through the triumph
 in his eyes.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - DAY

He's driving. The cell phone rings.

ANDREW
 Hello. Oh, MADELEINE. Hi. Yes.
 Really. Today? Now!? You are there
 NOW? Uh -- hold on...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Andrew's car does a U-turn in traffic.

INT. ANDREW'S APT. HALLWAY - DAY

Andrew walks to his door. Madeleine is curled up on the floor,
 leaning against his door. She smiles at him.

INT. AN INDUSTRY RESTAURANT - DAY

SAPHRINA is there, WAITING. Her eyes narrow as she sees Andrew
 and Madeleine.

ANDREW
 Saphrina! Andrew Wilton -- nice to see
 you again.

SAPHRINA
 Sure.

ANDREW
 This is my... uh, Madeleine... Madeleine
 -- as YOU KNOW -- Saphrina is going to be
 Muse Record's top violinist -- EVER.

MADELEINE
 Hello. I work on Andrew.

ANDREW
 WITH -- she works with me... she's from
 our Paris office.

SAPHRINA

Oh, France. I worked there. Or sorta there... the cruise ship docked at one of those French towns, Monte Carlo or something.

MADELEINE

You played on a boat?

SAPHRINA

I started out in the chorus and then had my own act. I played the "Orange Blossom Special" in this cute little two-piece. It was a shit job but you gotta do that stuff to get to where you wanna be. Right? It's all about dues.

Madeleine smiles faintly, staring closely at Saphrina as if looking for the seams in her head.

SAPHRINA (cont'd)

Anyway -- that brings me to the point. Did you approve the music video cut?

ANDREW

It's just an off-line -- it's not the final.

SAPHRINA

Sure, but there's all this ARTY crap. We need more sexy stuff with me. Where is all that stuff with me playing in the shower -- Tommy said that was hot-looking.

MADELEINE

You put your violin in the shower?

ANDREW

It was a little TOO sexy -- most of the outlets for this kind of music would never run it. I mean, that thing you were doing with the bow... I mean I LOVED it, don't get me wrong, but...

SAPHRINA

Oh, screw fucking VH1 -- cut a PG version for them. I need this hot and sexy for our sell-through video. Do you think those boys are gonna buy it for the MUSIC?

ANDREW

What sell-through?

SAPHRINA

Jeeze, Andrew, you ARE out of the loop.

MADELEINE

You put your violin in water?

SAPHRINA

It wipes right off. Glossy Paint.

ANDREW

What do you mean, "out of the loop"?

MADELEINE

You PAINTED your violin?

ANDREW

I AM "the loop".

SAPHRINA

Talk to Tommy -- there IS a sell-though video. And a roll-out booked on the Playboy Channel. They are paying for that shoot I'm doing with the horses next week on Catalina. It's a Lady Godiva thing... VERY sexy.

MADELEINE

(screaming)

STOP PLEASE -- STOP EVERYONE!

Silence. Including everyone in the restaurant.

MADELEINE (cont'd)

The WATER. What if it... cracks?

SAPHRINA

What?

MADELEINE

(on the verge of tears)

the... VIOLIN.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - DAY

Madeleine is crying inconsolably. Andrew is driving.

ANDREW

I'm sure they are the cheapest possible, bad sounding, all new, third-world violins MADE.

MADELEINE
 (in between sobs)
 Someone... MUST... STOP... HER!

It's comic and tragic at the same time because she really is heartbroken.

ANDREW
 Oh, hey...

He stops the car. He takes her in his arms. She falls into a deep series of sobs.

ANDREW (cont'd)
 It's okay. Really dear. Look. I'll make sure she doesn't hurt any more of them. We'll get plastic or fiberglass or some kind of thing -- not real violins...

MADELEINE
 (sobbing)
 No... cat... gut?

ANDREW
 No -- no gut. No gut at all.

INT. ANDREW'S BEDROOM - DAY

A soft rain is coming down outside. They are both in bed. Madeleine is awake, Andrew has drifted off to sleep. She looks at him for a moment. Studying. He is covered by a comforter, but a foot sticks out.

The foot has an ugly childhood scar on it that makes the foot look deformed. Madeleine slides off the bed to have a closer look. She reaches her hand out and just lightly -- traces the outline of the scarring with her fingertip. She touches her chest, running the tip of her finger across a faint scar that runs along her breastbone.

She stands up and pulls the comforter off him, leaving him uncovered on the bed. She wraps the comforter around her like a cocoon. She twirls a bit, then glides across the room like a giant burrito. She bumps into a stack of flat, neat boxes stacked up from the floor. The sound makes Andrew wake; he pulls a sheet over himself.

ANDREW (cont'd)
 Are you getting in trouble over there?

MADELEINE
 I found your scar.

ANDREW

I found yours too.

MADELINE

I know... I have no career in
pornography.

ANDREW'S VOICE

But talent, nevertheless.

She sits on the floor and opens a box. Inside are carefully printed B&W photographs of men and women. They all seem to be candid, couples embracing at school dances and weddings, couples saying goodbye at train stations, bus stops and airports, couples sitting at tables together, in each, the focus is clearly on the woman's face. Andrew, wrapped in the sheet, sits next to her.

ANDREW

Those are old. I haven't shot anything
in a while.

MADELEINE

You made these?

ANDREW

Yes.

MADELEINE

All these women... with men.

She looks closely at a woman embracing a man. He is smiling, but her face betrays something more desperate.

MADELEINE (cont'd)

These seem sad.

ANDREW

I like to catch their faces when they
know the man they are with can't see
them. That's when you see everything.

(he leafs through them)

Contrary to what most men think -- women
are good at hiding how they feel.

Madeleine looks at him for a beat, several thoughts flashing through her eyes. She smiles.

MADELEINE

How would you know?

INT. ANDREW'S APT. - DAY

CLOSE -- A CIGAR BOX. Inside is an old Leica camera. Andrew hands it to her. She holds it gently, looks through it. This is his "cello".

ANDREW
Feel it? It has a wonderful weight.

MADELEINE
Yes. a human machine.

ANDREW
Listen...

He pushes the shutter. A precise, muted "click" is heard.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Perfect. Kind of like that "chopchop"
sound...

She smiles, takes the camera from him and kisses his hand.

INT. UNION STATION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

Andrew and Madeleine walk through the mostly deserted main room. He carries the Leica around his neck.

ANDREW
You have to understand -- I used to wait
for hours and hours for a chance to take
those pictures. It isn't easy.

MADELEINE
Nothing good is. Do you think anyone can
just sit down and play Mozart?

ANDREW
No.

MADELEINE
Those pictures, Andrew, they are
beautiful -- why would I think they were
easy? The ordeal of making what we make
gives them beauty. When a mother suffers
in labor that baby is most beautiful of
all.

ANDREW
But look -- it's not like Europe -- train
stations in America are empty.

MADELEINE

There is someone.

There is -- a BIG MAN standing to the side looking over a train schedule.

MADELEINE (cont'd)

Bring your camera -- we'll make a picture together...

ANDREW

Wait...

Madeleine walks towards the large man. Andrew's flustered at first, but as he watches her walk to the man and start talking to him, something softens and connects inside. She IS amazing. He smiles and wanders towards them, adjusting the aperture on his camera. He stops ten feet away, raises the camera and silently clicks off a few frames as Madeleine embraces the man, her eyes smiling towards Andrew.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM / UNION STATION - DAY

A SHORT SERIES OF SHOTS of Madeleine talking to and embracing all shapes and sizes of men on the platform by the train. Andrew snaps pictures from a distance. One man gets a little carried-away and Andrew has to come to Madeleine's rescue.

EXT. ANOTHER END OF THE PLATFORM / UNION STATION - DAY

They sit together on a step. Andrew rewinds his camera.

ANDREW

You are a natural. I'm betting you never had trouble getting men's attention.

MADELEINE

More the other way around. I just kind of hear them in the back of my ear. Like a fly.

ANDREW

I can see the trail of broken hearts now... All the way back to... where are you from?

MADELEINE

Brittany. Then I moved as a girl. To Central America.

ANDREW

Is that common... Immigrating from Europe to Central America?

MADELEINE

Probably not. Where in Texas did you live?

ANDREW

The boonies. It's called the Rio Grande Valley. You wouldn't know it.

MADELEINE

I don't know, I want to SEE in my mind. It matters where a person is from, do you agree? It tells me the person's story.

ANDREW

Well, you know Texas...

He takes a pebble and draws the outline of the state on the step.

ANDREW (cont'd)

...it's got the Panhandle, and the Red River and East Texas over here, the Big River runs all the way down on the west... to a sharp point, South Texas. That very tiny tip is where I was born, next to Mexico, the farthest point south in the US. It's isolated -- they had a Civil War battle down there months after the war was over -- they were so far away they didn't know to stop. So all those men died, for nothing... I'm boring you, I'm sure.

MADELEINE

(studying him)

What is at the tiny tip?

ANDREW

Oh... sand on a skinny little island. And a lighthouse.

MADELEINE

Ahha... I like lighthouses.

ANDREW

Yeah.

MADELEINE

I just want to see that lighthouse on the tiny tip of Texas.

ANDREW

It's not that great. I'm sure California has much nicer ones.

MADELEINE

I want to see your lighthouse.

He has some reason he'd rather not talk about it.

MADELEINE (cont'd)

You must speak Spanish.

ANDREW

I know a word or two.

MADELEINE

I speak Spanish.

(Spanish)

I dream every night of your eyes and ears and mouth and heart, my love. I want to wrap you up and carry you in my pocket forever.

(English)

Do you know what I said?

A BEAT -- Andrew takes her in. What is he thinking?

ANDREW

No.

MADELEINE

I said I am growing fond of you. Look a train is coming...

A COMMUTER TRAIN is pulling into the station. She watches it like a kid. He tries to regain her attention.

ANDREW

It takes a lot of words to say that -- it's not a very efficient language.

MADELEINE

(in French)

I dream every night of your eyes and ears and mouth and heart, my love. I want to wrap you up and carry you in my pocket forever.

ANDREW

I'm starting to get the feeling.

Her PHONE SOUNDS. Andrew freezes. Madeleine takes it out and TOSSES IT ONTO THE TRACKS, just as the TRAIN PASSES BY them. She jumps up and pulls him down the ramp into the station.

CLOSE ON THE TRACKS as the train rumbles past. A PAIR OF BOOTS steps onto the track and picks up the battered pager. The boots belong to a MAN WHO HAS BEEN FOLLOWING THEM.

REDCAP

HEY, YOU -- You're not allowed on the tracks.

The man doesn't bother answering. He pockets the battered phone and walks into the station.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE HILLSIDE HOUSE - DUSK

A cab lets Madeleine out. She walks towards the house with the city settling into twilight behind her.

INT. THE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/PARLOR - DUSK

Madeleine wanders through the house without turning on the lights. She goes to her cello in the parlor and sits down to play. There's something urgent about her. She wants to capture something before she loses it.

EXT. THE HILLSIDE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DANIEL'S CAR rolls into the gate. He gets out and hears the MUSIC coming from the house. He listens. It's intricate and bittersweet -- different from anything we have heard her play before. He walks inside.

INT. THE HOUSE, PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

He walks past her and lays MADELEINE'S BATTERED PAGER on the table next to her. Her eyes are closed. She keeps playing. As he walks past her, but her eyes follow him.

DANIEL

Whatever happened, I can hear it in your cello.

(and pausing, just as he walks out the door)

It's good.

A CHAIR NEAR THE PARLOR - Daniel sits, just out of her sight. A darkness passes over his face. He unties and re-ties his shoes, methodically. Then, he listens to the cello. He puts his head back and closes his eyes, and gives himself up. The MUSIC is intoxicating...

INT. A RENT-A-DARKROOM FACILITY - NIGHT

And the MUSIC CONTINUES as the CAMERA TRAVELS DOWN A ROW OF B&W PICTURES. They are hanging to dry in the darkroom's magenta light. Each photograph is of Madeleine with the men at the train station. Her expression is different in each; dark, happy, pensive, lost, joyous... But her EYES are the same in each picture; they shine like fire.

INT. THE HOUSE ON THE HILL - PARLOR - NIGHT

Madeleine is asleep on the couch. She opens her eyes.

THE WINDOW -- DANIEL, smoking a cigar, watching her.

DANIEL
(in French)
*I think you need a little holiday
darling. Maybe you should visit your
family.*

He stands up and walks towards her. He places a platinum American Express card on the table by her.

DANIEL (cont'd)
*Do you remember what you were like before
you came here?*

Her brain dances back to a shadowy memory. Her face shows it. Daniel takes her cello in his lap -- there is a certain menace in the way he holds it.

DANIEL (cont'd)
*And what SHE sounded like... How you two
HATED each other? How I showed you her
heart?*

She is silent. He leaves.

INT. THE MUSE RECORDS OFFICES - THE NEXT DAY

FOLLOW A WOMAN'S PAIR OF FEET walking quickly through the hallways and through the lobby. She breaks out into a run and the CAMERA MOVES up to her arm as she GRABS A MAN by the coat just as he is slipping into the men's room. She literally DRAGS HIM OUT and throws him against the wall. It's Andrew.

ANTONIA
The Bitch-with-the-Violin. The COVER.
What is it? NOW. DEADLINE WAS
YESTERDAY.

ANDREW

Junkie.

ANTONIA

No, really.

ANDREW

Really.

ANTONIA

It was a joke you know. We were goofing around.

ANDREW

A joke to you, brilliant to me. It will work.

ANTONIA

Clarke will SHIT.

ANDREW

Let him. He'll change his mind when the pre-orders come in. I gotta go.

ANTONIA

Hold on... I haven't seen you in DAYS. And you are... WHO ARE YOU?

ANDREW

(meaning the toilet)

I mean I really HAVE to go.

ANTONIA

You stand here and PISS IN YOUR PANTS until you talk to me.

He slips out of her grasp and into the toilet.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Antonia follows him inside. A guy is at the urinal.

ANTONIA

You are THIS far away from hurting my feelings. And THAT -- is really hard to do.

ANDREW

(as he steps up to the urinal)

...Sorry.

ANTONIA

What's WRONG with you?

ANDREW
What if I said "everything".

ANTONIA
I officially hate you this instant.

ANDREW
(quietly)
I am okay. Hang with me. I'm just off
my game a bit. I'll be back... it's
nothing serious.

And he zips up and flushes.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Go with the junkie -- let me see the
final after lunch.

INT. ANDREWS OFFICE - DAY

Antonia is going through the papers on Andrew's desk -- looking for something. There are several "post-its" on the frame of his computer screen. One is triple-traced and covered with doodles - a PHONE NUMBER. She dials it. It's a pager. She punches in her number.

INT. ANTONIA'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

She's sitting at her desk when the phone rings.

ANTONIA
Hello.

MADELEINE'S VOICE
Hello?

She pauses, but just for a moment.

ANTONIA
Do you know Andrew Wilton?

EXT. THE HILLTOP OVERLOOKING LA - THE NEXT MORNING

MADELEINE'S FACE

MADELEINE
Yes.

ANTONIA -- she stares back at her, squinting in the sun.

ANTONIA
So... I'm Antonia

MADELEINE
I'm Madeleine. Are you his girlfriend?

ANTONIA
No. Just friend. He chain-smokes
girlfriends.

Madeleine smiles and nods, like a child who doesn't understand the answer. Antonia looks at the vista.

ANTONIA (cont'd)
Well, I must say... you have a fairly
developed sense of the dramatic.

MADELEINE
Everyday I play here. Four o'clock.

ANTONIA
Why?

MADELEINE
The shadows are right. See over there...
the light on the canyon? And the
sparkles of light in the sky --
airplanes flying in a row -- everybody
coming to Los Angeles. They never stop
coming. Ever wonder why?

ANTONIA
Beats me.

Antonia looks over the city.

ANTONIA (cont'd)
I used to walk my dogs up here before I
put them to sleep. Whew... What a
shithole.

MADELEINE
No... I LOVE it. It is a wonderful
place. Everything is possible here.

ANTONIA
But most of what is possible is ugly and
horrible and demented.

MADELEINE
Why don't you leave if you dislike it.
The world is large.

ANTONIA

And what, get out of show business?

(Madeleine doesn't get the
joke)

That's an old American joke. Never mind.
So... are you going to play that cello?

MADELEINE

I don't know you well enough to play in
front of you.

ANTONIA

You are letting all these good shadows go
to waste

MADELEINE

Yes.

Enough small talk. Antonia finds a plastic bucket. She turns
it upside down and sits on it as demurely as she can.

ANTONIA

(in French)

You are French?

MADELEINE

Yes.

ANTONIA

I've never seen him like this.

MADELEINE

Yes.

ANTONIA

Is he going to marry you?

MADELEINE

Yes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. METRO RED LINE STATION - DAY

Andrew is standing on the platform as the train pulls in.
Madeleine is on a car and waves at Andrew. Andrew steps on the
car and sits next to her. She has her cello case with her and a
backpack.

ANDREW

Well I came. I've never been down here.

MADELEINE

Did you bring it??

ANDREW

Yes -- I had to go home and dig around to find it.

He hands her his passport.

MADELEINE

Thank God.

ANDREW

So see - I'm legal... can we get lunch now?

MADELEINE

Andrew. Do you believe life is a journey?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GROUND FROM A PLANE ABOVE - DAY

GREEN -- SPEEDING PAST IN A BLUR. It's a forest of pine trees. Then -- AN OPENING -- a jolt of ORANGISH-RED DIRT ROAD -- then TINY HOUSES with tile roofs -- then the SHADOW OF THE PLANE as it lands on the airstrip. We are in GUATEMALA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

EXT. GUATEMALA AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

They leave the plane and walk down the steps. Andrew surveys the third-world ambiance.

ANDREW

So. Where IS this restaurant?

EXT. THE GUATEMALA CITY AIRPORT - DAY

ANDREW'S FACE - He's trying to make a call on his cell phone. No luck. He puts it away and looks at something that makes him grimace.

Madeleine struggling to wedge her cello case in the back seat OF a tiny rental car, a tiny Asian model.

ANDREW

I can't believe I LEFT THE COUNTRY -- Hell -- LEFT THE CONTINENT without telling the office where I went.

(MORE)

ANDREW (cont'd)
I had a full schedule of meetings. Say --
can't I help you?

MADELEINE
No I must do it.

ANDREW
Okay...

She goes back to the job.

ANDREW (cont'd)
So tell me again why your parents came
from France to live here?

MADELEINE
They traveled. It's a very old place,
Guatemala. My father hates anything new.

ANDREW
Like a new boyfriend for his daughter?

MADELEINE
(throwing him a look)
It is possible...

She's trying to push the seat down far enough to slide it in --
no go. She starts pounding on the car roof in frustration.
Some KIDS are standing around, watching now.

ANDREW
Can I help at ALL?

MADELEINE
(after catching her breath)
Andrew -- I HAVE to do it -- if you do it
and I become afraid for the cello -- I
might speak harshly to you.

Andrew looks at her, she's a mess in her wrinkled clothes and
hair in her face. She couldn't look more beautiful.

ANDREW
Why don't YOU hold your cello, and I'll
do some tactical maneuvering.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CAR -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

THE CAR SEAT is lifted out of the car by Andrew. The crowd of
children APPLAUDS POLITELY.

Madeleine slips the cello in the back seat, its end sticks out of the window. More APPLAUSE. She attaches the seat belt.

ANDREW
(to the kids)
See? Yankee know-how.

Madeleine watches, smiling, as he high-fives all the kids.

EXT. THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS OF GUATEMALA - AERIAL - DAY

FLYING ACROSS the amazing countryside. We see the tiny car winding it's way up a road in the mountains.

EXT. STREET IN CHICHICASTENANGO - DAY

Chichicastenango is an ancient Mayan town high in the mountains. The streets are full of people -- many of them diminutive Mayan people wearing clothes made from vivid handwoven fabrics.

EXT. A CROWDED STREET - CHICHICASTENANGO - DAY

Madeleine and Andrew are walking together. There is FOLK MUSIC playing. People seem to be gathering on the street. Madeleine carries the cello. Andrew stops her.

ANDREW
Can you trust me with it?

He means the cello. Madeleine stares at him, struggling inside - - it seems to be more of a monumental decision than normal reason would allow.

The commotion in the background catches up to them now -- we can see it is a PARADE OF INDIAN DANCERS in masks and lavish costumes. The music and energy seems to wash over them like a wave. She is still as a stone in the midst of it all. Finally she gives the cello to him.

ANDREW (cont'd)
I'll never let it out of my hands. Okay?
Don't worry.

MADELEINE
(releases a tight smile)
Very well.

He holds on to the cello tightly and looks towards the parade. Some of the dancers have animal masks, birds and jaguars, and costumes made up of brightly colored feathers -- others have "conquistador" masks, with elaborate beaded costumes and swords.

Andrew watches this ancient ritual --it's like he has traveled back in time a thousand years.

Madeleine eyes him for a moment, and a dozen thoughts seem to wash over her as she studies his face (amidst them... is one fear?). Finally she reaches out and touches his hand. She nods "let's go". She pushes through the middle of the parade. Andrew hesitates, then follows, giving apologetic looks to the jaguars and conquistadors as they scurry through their dance.

EXT. CHICHICASTENANGO CENTRAL PLAZA - DAY

Andrew catches up to Madeleine as she enters the plaza. There is a busy market in full swing. He's out of breath.

ANDREW

Whew -- what's the altitude here?

MADELEINE

High.

ANDREW

Okay... where are we going in such a hurry?

MADELEINE

To Church.

And she moves quickly through the crowd. Andrew stops for a minute -- partly to catch his breath -- and partly because he is overwhelmed by the scene in front of him.

The busy market has dozens of stalls, filled with indigenous brightly-clothed Mayan Indians, each pattern signifying a different village. Beyond that, an ancient, white-washed SPANISH CHURCH rises through a fog of incense burning in small altars on it's steps. Women sit on the steps selling arm-loads of fresh lilies.

EXT. SANTO TOMAS CHURCH STEPS / CHICHICASTENANGO - DAY

Madeleine waits for Andrew at the bottom of the steps, which are covered with Mayan women selling flowers and bowls of burning incense.. She smiles at the look on his face.

ANDREW

Amazing. It's old?

MADELEINE

Very, very, old. Only a little after Columbus. A Mayan Temple was here before.

Andrew starts to walk up the steps.

MADELEINE (cont'd)
Stop!

ANDREW
What?

MADELEINE
You can't go in there -- it's only for
the Maya.

Andrew looks around at all the eyes on him.

MADELEINE (cont'd)
Europeans have to go in the side door.

ANDREW
Where do the Americans go?

INT. SANTO TOMAS CHURCH / CHICHICASTENANGO - DAY

Madeleine, Andrew and the cello come into the dark church sanctuary out of the bright light of the courtyard. It is filled with candles, incense and a statue.

MADELEINE
That statue... he's St. Tomas.

ANDREW
Thomas -- he's the one that didn't
believe, right?

MADELEINE
He believed at the end.

She smiles, looking inside him. He tries to decipher.

MADELEINE (cont'd)
Men must sit on the left.

And she slides into an open pew. Andrew wanders to the other side of the church, careful not to step on the small altars of flowers and candles that litter the floor. He sits in the back, cradling the cello in his arms.

He looks over towards Madeleine, kneeling and praying. She has thrown herself into prayer with the same emotional intensity she plays the cello. In an American setting it would be embarrassing -- but here, among these people and the passion of the setting -- Madeleine fits in. It is Andrew, sitting uncomfortably straight, head analyzing everything he sees -- who seems out of place.

As he is watching, the church bell RINGS -- it jolts Madeleine, in the way a noise makes a dreaming person jump. She puts her head back, drinks in the narcotic sound of the bells reverberation off the 500 year old walls. Sound is a drug to her, and she's deeply indulging. As the sound fades away, she stands, crosses herself and slips out of the pew. She looks around in a panic, looking for Andrew -- is he gone!? She smiles when she sees him waving at her.

EXT. SANTO TOMAS CHURCH STEPS / CHICHICASTENANGO - DAY

Madeleine and Andrew walk together into the market. It is busier than before. Folk Music is playing, kids are running and crowds of people mill through the narrow passageways. He's still carrying the cello.

ANDREW

Thanks for taking me there.

She grabs his arm, kisses his hand.

ANDREW (cont'd)

What did you pray for?

MADELEINE

Something's coming. Something feels like it is upside down. Do you feel it too? Something cold.. and in a circle. So many things swirling around, it's hard to see. Can you SEE them Andrew?

He can't lie on this one -- not here.

ANDREW

No. I'm sorry.

MADELEINE

Oh.

ANDREW

Are you still glad you brought me?

Madeleine at that moment seems to lose her attention -- as if some unseen drama is reaching a peak around her. She takes a step or two away from Andrew, reaching to listen to something.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Madeleine.

Then... she's back. She turns to him.

MADELEINE

I've been waiting to bring you here. For
a very long time.

And Andrew looks into her eyes -- and is locked there. She's glowing. There is something eternal in her eyes -- the kind of eternity the heart swallows whole, but the head runs from. The kind of eternity that seems to last forever in the small moment it inhabits.

Suddenly, OFF-CAMERA, there is a LOUD AMPLIFIED VOICE. Words announcing something urgently in the local Mayan dialect. It obviously means something important to the crowd, who start STREAMING PAST Andrew and Madeleine, towards the voice. Madeleine and Andrew are stuck as the villagers pass by them, like two trees caught in a flood.

Madeleine wants to kiss him, or wants HIM to kiss HER. She's wafting in a sweet, awkward way. Drama is etched across her face -- as if this one kiss were the boundary between doom and redemption.

Finally, Andrew reaches out with one hand and pulls her to him -- as the crowd and chaos thickens around them. He kisses her.

CUT TO:

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - CHICHICASTENANGO - NIGHT

A BLANK SCREEN. THEN WE SEE, IT ISN'T BLANK -- IT'S SKIN -- MADELEINE'S LEG. A blue marker draws a curvy line on it. CAMERA REVEALS the hand of the artist -- it's ANDREW.

AN OLD RECORD PLAYER an LP sleeve sits by it -- MOZART.

Andrew finishes his doodle. He kisses it.

MADELEINE

Your lips are blue.

She kisses him. She can't STAND it... She pulls off her dress, throws him on his back and climbs on him.

MADELEINE (cont'd)

Ohmygod.

ANDREW

YES...

MADELEINE

(not the way he expects)
Oh my GOD.

ANDREW

WHAT?

MADELEINE

That viola is flat -- Oh Mary and Joseph -
- hear that?

She climbs off him and runs to the record player, cursing in French.

ANDREW

MADELEINE... HURRY. PLEASE.

MADELEINE

I'll try the other. The Brahms

ANDREW

(praying)

Please God -- let it be IN TUNE...

She slaps the other LP on -- it's the same variations as the first scene at the Hollywood Bowl... PERFECT. She slinks across the room and climbs on top of him. SLOWLY.

ANDREW (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Brahms one... Mozart zero.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHICHICASTENANGO STREET - DAWN

The sun is coming up over the plaza. It's deserted. Then, at the other end of the plaza we SEE A FIGURE, it's Madeleine carrying her cello case.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CHICHICASTENANGO - DAWN

ANDREW -- he turns over in bed. She's not there. He hears a sound...

THE WINDOW as he looks down into the plaza.

EXT. SANTO TOMAS CHURCH STEPS - DAWN

Madeleine plays alone on the steps, a soulful bluesy sound. Some Mayan women come towards her, loaded with baskets of flowers, They start to unload them on the steps around her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SHORE OF LAKE ATITLAN, A VILLA - DAY

A place so beautiful it seems like something out of a myth. A deep blue lake with a distant volcano on the other side. The rental car pulls up to a rambling villa made of bits and pieces of adobe, wood, tile and tin. There is a battered French flag flying over it and an ancient Citroen sitting in front.

Madeleine leans out of the window and lets out a strange, half-operatic shriek, half Tarzan-yell.

At that, an excited cascade of MUTED FRENCH VOICES stirs inside the villa. The doors burst open and the family emerges: RENEE, Madeleine's Latin mother, HENRI, her imposing and very French father, MARGARITE, her twenty-something sister and MARIA, a young Mayan woman with her three year old BOY. There is also an assortment of dogs. Madeleine leaps into her father's arms and he twirls her around, kissing her. There's so much kissing and weeping between the mother and daughters and the dogs barking that it's a blur. Then -- they all disappear back into the house and close the door.

Leaving Andrew outside alone...

A chicken scratches quietly in the dirt. Andrew starts to take out the seat to remove the cello. Inside, he hears the sounds of SINGING and LAUGHING. He removes the cello and stands uncomfortably, looking around.

A piglet wanders over to sniff at the cello.

Then there is the sound of a new commotion from inside as they realize they left Andrew outside. The whole family marches back out to get the American. Madeleine composes herself, then steps forward to take Andrews arm.

MADELEINE

(in French)

*Father, this is my lover, Mister Andrew
Wilton.*

(in English)

Andrew, this is my Father, Henri Bonnard

ANDREW

Hello

HENRI

...Hello.

(to her)

No French? Spanish?

She wags her head.

HENRI (cont'd)
 Apology. My English is not good.
 Welcome.

ANDREW
 No it's fine. Thank you.

MADELEINE
 My mother, Renee. Mother, Andrew Wilton

Renee studies him as a smile creeps over her face. She looks at her daughter, then embraces Andrew.

RENEE
 (in French)
Welcome Andrew Wilton

ANDREW
 Hello...

MADELEINE
 And this is my sister, Margarite.

Margarite takes him by the arms.

MARGARITE
 (in French)
Momma - I want an American man!

And she plants a big kiss right on his lips -- and keeps it planted. Madeleine has to pull him away from her. She scolds her in French.

MADELEINE
 And this is Maria.. and little Tomas.
 (she takes the baby from her
 arms)
 ...who has grown so muy grande!

ANDREW
 Hello, hello.

HENRI
 WELL... let's start our dinner.

EXT. PATIO OF THE VILLA - DUSK

CLOSE on a cutting board. A chef's knife is cutting onions expertly -- it's a similar "chopchopchop" to the restaurant in Koreatown. CAMERA TILTS UP to reveal Madeleine doing the cutting. It's an unexpected glimpse of her that is almost shocking in its normalcy. Andrew is watching her, standing on the other side of the patio.

She glances up and smiles at him, then returns to speaking in Spanish to Maria, who is grinding seeds in a mortar next to her.

EXT. THE LAKE'S EDGE - DUSK

Andrew walks out towards the water. He looks out at the lake where some fishermen are pulling in a net. Henri walks up and stands next to him. It's more than a little awkward.

HENRI

The fishermen...

ANDREW

Yes. It's unspeakably beautiful here.

HENRI

Yes. It is old.

ANDREW

Yes. Madeleine told me.

HENRI

Very, very old.

ANDREW

Is it dangerous here? Don't you worry?
I mean I have heard...

HENRI

And you live in America? The murder
capital of the entire planet! I don't
see how you live there.

ANDREW

It's not so bad. (a thought) I uh, hope
I am not imposing here. Madeleine
insisted I come.

HENRI

It is not a serious problem.

He nods his head. Silence.

HENRI (cont'd)

Are you a musician?

Is this a trick question?

ANDREW

I did play the violin. As a kid.

Henri nods, trying hard to hide his disdain.

HENRI

I STILL play the violin. We will play. Tomorrow morning. Myself and the women. We always played Mozart in the mornings when Madeleine was here.

ANDREW

I'd love to hear that.

HENRI

If you must hear, you will be welcome.

Silence.

HENRI (cont'd)

I did not know Madeleine even liked boys. I thought only the cello.

ANDREW

That seems unrealistic. Your daughter is beautiful... and brilliant.

HENRI

Do you think she cares? What man can give her what the cello does?

(redirecting)

We don't encourage her with men. She can be taken advantage of... she floats in the air... her brain. She doesn't fit in this world. And her heart -- it is easily hurt. I worry about her in America.

ANDREW

So. Why did she leave here?

More silence.

ANDREW (cont'd)

What brought you to Guatemala?

HENRI

I played in a small orchestra and also taught music, but my father died and left me some money -- I had a friend who traveled here... so I wandered... and found myself here...

He abruptly stops talking about it. Almost TOO abruptly. We hear A CALL -- It's Madeleine calling them to dinner.

EXT. PATIO OF THE LAKE HOUSE - EVENING

A big table. A feast. A formal French dinner in the wilds of Central America. Henri mumbles a short prayer in French and everyone starts eating and talking at the same time. Henri takes a bottle of French red, and carefully pours each of the glasses. Assessing the sharp glance of his wife, he lifts his glass.

HENRI

(mixing French/English)
Tonight, we honor our dear Madeleine -
*The prodigal - come home again. We love
you Madeleine.* And her very American
friend... uh, Mister Wilton. Welcome to
Guatemala -- and health to you.

Madeleine is delighted -- like a girl at her wedding. Everyone drinks.

RENEE

(Spanish)
And to *THE KITES!*

HENRI

To the kites...

MARGARITE

(in French)
*How have they survived without you,
Madeleine?*

They drink again.

ANDREW

Kites?

MADELEINE

It's a surprise!
(to her mother)
Tell me about the baby.

RENEE

She is eating well -- and yes -- they are
going to name it MADELEINE.

MADELEINE

A namesake!
(to Andrew)
My sister. Marie -- she lives in
Scotland. Oh.. I want to see her!

ANDREW

Baby Madeleine?

MARGARITE

And the Baptism is next week. We can't go, Papa says.

HENRI

SO... Mister Wilton -- what is it that you DO in Los Angeles?

ANDREW

I work for a recording company -- classical music. That's how I met Madeleine -- I heard her play.

He could have told them she was an interrogator for the Gestapo and gotten a warmer response. Everyone quiets. The women glance at Henri.

MADELEINE

(in French)

Don't worry Papa...

Andrew looks around at their faces. He manages a grunt and looks down at his plate.

ANDREW

So this is goat cheese? It's wonderful.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO OF THE VILLA - EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Andrew is asleep on a makeshift couch on the patio under mounds of brightly colored Indian fabric. A chicken (yes, the same chicken) is standing on his shoulder, picking at his scalp. He waves at it with his hand. It's the MUSIC that finally wakes him.

EXT. LAKE ATITLAN SHORE - MORNING

There is still a mist hanging on the lake-shore, and in the edge of the mist, a string quartet playing Mozart (K387 in G maj, pt.III, Adante). Madeleine is playing her cello, hunched over and subdued, her father is playing first violin and her sister the second, with her mother playing viola. The music is darkly joyous and soaring. Madeleine's cello guides and anchors the piece soulfully. In the smiles and glances of the four as they play, there is a union in the music that is quite indefinable -- as if four souls were dancing sublimely together.

The effect of the fog is both magical and intimidating. Andrew sits on a tree stump far enough away not to be noticed and watches the sound as it seems to pull the morning sun out of the lake. Hidden in his lap, his microcassete recorder is recording. He lifts his Leica to his eye and snaps a photo.

EXT. A VILLAGE MARKET - DAY

Andrew is carrying a basket in which Renee is piling fresh vegetables. Madeleine and Margarite are a few yards away shopping. Madeline's mother is haggling with a vendor over some tomatoes in perfect Spanish.

ANDREW

So... are you from Spain, Mrs. Bonnard?

RENEE

No. I am from Guatemala. I learned French for my husband -- and the girls -- English is not as easy.

ANDREW

So you met your husband in France?

RENEE

No... Here. I have never been to France. But our daughters went -- all, I mean, but Madeleine.

Andrew sorts through this. He watches the people in the market.

ANDREW

I feel like I can't even remember Los Angeles.

RENEE

This is the way humans live... We grow our food, make a home, weave clothes to wear, raise children, listen to the seasons glide by their door.

ANDREW

Why did she leave here? I don't get it. If I could stay here.

RENEE

You could. Just listen to your voices.

ANDREW

Naw... I couldn't.

Her eyes pierce right through him.

RENEE

Madeleine follows her voices. If you listen to her play, you can hear them. They are like little ghosts.

ANDREW

So, voices made her leave.

RENEE

It is possible.

Madeleine bounds back over to him and slips something around his neck. It's old colonial silver on a chain -- a simple cross. Renee watches Andrew closely.

ANDREW

It's beautiful. Thank you.

MADELEINE

You are welcome.

She smiles and turns. She follows Margarite to another vendor. Andrew watches as she tosses glances to him.

RENEE

You are going to marry her?

ANDREW

(he's caught)

She's the most alive person I've ever met.

RENEE

You mean her playing.

ANDREW

She IS her music.

RENEE

Really? You know this? Madeleine is hanging by a thread. A strong wind and she's gone.

ANDREW

I know how musicians are. They are different. I just believe the whole world needs to hear her...

RENEE

...and at that instant she would be lost forever. You have heard people say that music is their life? It is an old cliché, yes?

(MORE)

RENEE (cont'd)

Madeleine LIVES because of her music -- she would have been lost to us long ago without it. The music is her purpose -- her sacrament. She's conquering devils with that bow of hers.

(drilling in)

In YOUR world, to be famous is to be worshiped -- it is blasphemy to refuse it. But your world's rules do not apply here. To HER, her sacrament would be defiled by selling it. Does a priest sell the wine from the altar?

ANDREW

I don't know very much about the traditions you believe in. But I do believe that some people are given gifts and that they are obliged to SHARE those gifts. Think of those people who aren't even born yet, who through recordings, would be touched by her gift -- don't they deserve to hear what she makes?

RENEE

Who CARES about THEM? They can all live nicely without ever hearing her voice. Let them buy some other recordings! I only care about Madeleine.

CUT TO:

EXT. A PIER INTO THE LAKE - LATE AFTERNOON

Madeleine walks with Andrew out onto the small handmade pier. The sun is warming the side of the volcano across the lake. Madeleine smiles at him and starts to undress. Andrew is a little unnerved by this, sure that Henri will appear at any moment with a bludgeoning devise. Still, he says nothing as her eyes never leave his. She's quickly down to her slip and panties, and dives in the water. Andrew strips down to his boxers and dives in after her.

ANGLE FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE -- UPWARDS as the two of them swim around each other in lazy circles. They dip under the surface of the water and chase each other to the bottom.

EXT. THE LAKE-SHORE - DAY

Madeleine and Andrew are sitting in chairs, still in their underwear, Madeleine with her cello and Andrew with her sister's violin.

ANDREW

Really... it's been too long.

MADELEINE

No. Never too late. You can play the open strings?

ANDREW

Sure.

MADELEINE

Fine. "E". Draw it...

He plays the E string. It's a little weak, but clear. She plays her "E", which embraces his like a silk glove. They start playing. Soon they are playing quarter notes together. Madeleine embellishes with little phrases that wrap around his simple one-note playing. She calls out the other strings to him; "'A", "D" and "G". A nice little duet develops. Andrew is aflame. He's PLAYING with her and the music is sweet! He plays with as much passion as his skill can allow. Madeleine watches him concentrate -- and encourages him softly in French. (Note: The phrases Madeleine plays should reflect the "love theme" of the score).

AT THE HOUSE -- The girls; Renee, Margarite and Maria, are huddled together, watching secretly. Henri comes and joins them, standing next to his wife.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO OF THE VILLA - DAWN

Andrew is asleep on a the couch on the patio, entangled hopelessly in the Mayan fabric. A chicken (yes, the SAME chicken) is asleep on his legs. Maria's three year old boy approaches Andrew with a small bell. He rings it in his face.

BOY

(in Mayan)

Kites! Kites! Kites! Kites!

Andrew wakes -- the chicken runs away. Leaving a brown egg.

EXT. THE VILLA - DAWN

They are loading up the cars for the trip. Andrew, Henri, Renee, Margarite and Maria and her son are all there. Andrew sleepily loads in the cello as if on auto pilot.

ANDREW
They like to fly their kites early in
this country.

Everyone piles into the cars, Andrew and Madeleine in the tiny
rent-a-car, everyone else in Henri's Citroen.

HENRI
Drive VERY carefully... and follow me.

And he zooms off like a madman. Andrew gives Madeleine a look.

ANDREW
GoodMORNING!

EXT. A STREET IN SANTIAGO (SACATEPÉQUEZ) - DAY

Andrew is at a beat-up pay phone in the rugged Mayan village.
It's a feast day -- there is a crowd and noise everywhere.

ANDREW
YEAH... I'm okay.

ANTONIA'S VOICE
Where ARE you?

ANDREW
GUATEMALA. I'm in a little town in the
mountains.

ANTONIA'S VOICE
WHERE?

ANDREW
GUA-TE-MALA. It's a country. South of
Mexico.

A flood of obscenities come out of the earpiece.

INT. ANTONIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Antonia on the phone.

ANTONIA
What are you doing? Everyone has been
looking for you! You had better be a
prisoner of some sort.

ANDREW'S VOICE
I can't explain... It's important. I
need the whole week.
(MORE)

ANDREW'S VOICE (cont'd)

Can you cover for me? My time is almost out on the phone... No more coins...

ANTONIA

I'll try. Things are crazy here. What do I tell Clarke? (click) Andrew?
ANDREW?

EXT. THE SANTIAGO CEMETERY - DAY

Andrew walks through the archway and into an ancient hillside cemetery. It is alive with people and action and energy. The ground is freshly swept and the bright orange earth is arranged in neat mounds covered with flowers and evergreen boughs. The mounds are graves -- and the families are sitting on them, picnicking and drinking. It's oddly festive.

Andrew drifts among them, looking for Madeleine. Men pass him with a GIGANTIC ROUND KITE, probably fifteen feet tall. It is decorated with an elaborate patchwork of colored tissue paper.

THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL -- several teams of men are trying to get their kites in the air, with mixed results. Andrew recognizes Henri working with one team. As a kite soars upwards... the crowd CHEERS MADLY as if they were at a football game. They all GASP in unison when one falls to the earth. Andrew has wandered towards the bottom of the hill. A giant kite soars above him, then dips like a diving bird, swooping at him. He DUCKS as the kite just MISSES HIS HEAD and smashes into the ground. The crowd roars. Andrew smiles weakly. He sees some people waving at him from on top of the hill. It's Madeleine on top of an ancient crypt. Margarite is sitting below. They are waving and laughing.

EXT. SANTIAGO CEMETERY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Andrew lays back against the crypt and takes a drink from a bottle of local liquor. He looks up at the sky.

LOOKING UP -- is Madeleine's face, looking down. She smiles and drops a flower down on his head.

ON TOP OF THE CRYPT -- Madeleine returns to her chair and cello. She plays an impromptu accompaniment to the kites that soar and careen around the sky. When one launches on a gust of wind... she plays a flurry of notes as it rises.. then a tragic whirlwind as it crashes to the earth.

Andrew sits with Margarite against the crypt, sharing the bottle and watching the show.

ANDREW

This is a gas. Why are they all so happy?

MARGARITE

Don't you celebrate All Saint's Day?

ANDREW

Not really -- Halloween is our thing.

RENEE

We never want to forget those who have gone on... on this day we want to be with them, eat and drink with them...

THE SKY -- Filled with kites.

MARGARITE

And fly kites. To try to be close to the lost ones.

Suddenly, there is a BIG CHEER. It's Henri's team -- they have finally gotten their kite up in the air. Henri looks towards Madeleine -- who waves towards her father.

ANDREW

I still don't get why she left this for the way she lives in LA.

MARGARITE

How does she live in Los Angeles?

ANDREW

She's YOUR sister -- you should ask her.

MARGARITE

She's only in a way my sister.

ANDREW

What do you mean?

MARGARITE

(quietly)

Not by blood.

(hesitates, then breaks)

My father found her from a hospital in France. Her mother had died and her father left and she was sick. He paid the hospital bills and adopted her. That's the reason she left here, she came across some of her mother's things Papa had saved. She wouldn't speak to anyone - then, one day she was gone. It took you to bring her back.

Andrew does not know what to say.

MARGARITE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Don't tell Papa I told you. Or Mamma. OR
Madeleine.

INT. THE VILLA / MARGARITE'S BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

DARKNESS - A sliver of warm light plays across Madeleine's sleeping face. She's in bed with Margarite. Andrew leans in and kisses Madeleine on her neck. Her eyes flutter open. Her eyes spark when she looks into his eyes. She kisses him deeply, grabbing his hair in her hands.

ANDREW
I HAVE to go back. I've got to beg for my
job. If I don't leave now I'll miss my
plane.

She kisses him again, hungrily.

MARGARITE -- she's awake now, watching them.

ANDREW (cont'd)
When will I see you again?

MADELEINE
Soon. I promise.

He kisses her again -- her neck -- the scar between her breasts. He unbuttons her. It's getting carnivorous.. She pulls him into bed. He stops, breathlessly.

ANDREW
I CAN'T... my plane...

He kisses her on the forehead and leaves.

Margarite opens an eye and watches him leave... then looks at her sister. Madeleine realizes her sister has been watching. She gives her a look (Aaaurggg!!). She pulls a pillow close to her chest.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MUSE RECORDS OFFICE / CLARKE'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE - THE MICROCASSETTE PLAYER is playing. It's Madeleine's family quartet at the lake.

Clarke is sitting on his desk, scowling.

CLARKE

I can't tell enough about the cello. The violins are just so-so. I need a proper solo recording.

ANDREW

Okay. I'll get it...

CLARKE

You have THREE RELEASES this month, and four coming up while you play A&R Man and chase a woman around the world who doesn't want to be recorded, for a label that already has a star cellist... Don't hang yourself with this extra rope...

ANDREW

But -- if I'm right -- YOU'RE the genius.

The intercom sounds,

SECRETARY'S VOICE

Mr. Clarke -- it's Ms. Saphrina "exclamation-mark"... Third time she's called. She seems... you know.

CLARKE

Oh, bloody HELL. See the shit you have left behind, Wilton? (to her) Mr. Wilton will get it at the couch.

Andrew sinks into the couch, picks up the phone.

ANDREW

(smoothly)

Saphrina... hey, gorgeous... How is the man-eating business? No, come on... I'm more fun to talk to than Mr. Clarke any-day. Yes, I was out of the country, always working for you, Saphrina. Big doings in Latin America. How do you feel about playing a violin painted to match the Mexican flag? Well, i think it's white, green and red. I THOUGHT you would like that. You are our pot of gold, you know that? Okay...

Clarke scribbles something on a pad -- he holds it up to Andrew. It reads: "IF I HAVE TO SPEAK TO THAT BITCH AGAIN -- YOU ARE F-I-R-E-D!" Andrew smoothly smiles and waves back to him. Clark scribbles again: "YOU THINK I'M KIDDING?" Andrew shakes his head "no".

ANDREW (cont'd)

Uh-huh. I have a meeting scheduled with promotions to discuss that very thing. We are all here for the same reason... to make YOU very, very famous... no I'm deadly serious -- famous artists make us positively giddy... like a bunch of teenaged girls. (he shoots Clarke a horrified look) Yes, we can meet. Uh... today?

Clarke is smiling now, FINALLY.

EXT. CALIFORNIA PLAZA / DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

The plaza has one of those computerized fountains that spurts out little emissions of water in the air in a kind of rhythmic "squirt-ballet".

Andrew is at a table, nursing a coffee and watching the fountain. Saphrina walks down a long stairway, dressed in something ridiculously tight. Andrew stands as she approaches the table.

ANDREW

Hi Saphrina.

SAPHRINA

Hello Wilton.

(she sits)

Have you seen the art?

ANDREW

I'm head of marketing... I approved it.

She whips out a CD mock-up.

SAPHRINA

I look like a drug addict waif loser.

ANDREW

It's right for the album.

SAPHRINA

AND there's almost no cleavage. I should be the fucking marketing VP at this label.

ANDREW

That's harsh.

SAPHRINA

Wilton - Teen-age boys DON'T want to have sex with a dirty drug addict... they want to have sex with a healthy, sexually promiscuous, smiling, clean, American girl. In fact, that is the desire of several key demographic wedges.

ANDREW

Do you subscribe to ADWEEK?

SAPHRINA

Teenage boys buy 42% of all music products in North America... the largest single segment. NO ONE is selling classical music to them. It's a growth opportunity. Can't you see? Teenage Boys. Not WAIF, SLUT. It's so SIMPLE. Are you listening to me?

INT. SAPHRINA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Andrew is on the couch ... Saphrina moves over him like a cat.

SAPHRINA

The problem with you Wilton, you don't know what you're selling.

She unbuttons her top, swinging her rather amazing breasts out over him.

SAPHRINA (cont'd)

Getting the idea?

ANDREW

Somewhat.

SAPHRINA

They are real. Do you see?

ANDREW

I see

SAPHRINA

I have about another five years to work these -- then the sagging... then the surgery... I can deal with them -- I'm a realist. But I want them all to remember them the way they are now. Perfect.

ANDREW

Saphrina - you are paranormal.

She straddles him, and moves in for the kill. Her lips are a
against his ear.

SAPHRINA

(methodical)

I want YOU, to help make ME, the highest
selling classical artist in the history
of the planet. I wanna kick those three
fat old tenors' asses from here to La
Fucking Scala..

ANDREW

Did I tell you I'm... uh, engaged?

She bites his ear lobe. It's not working.

SAPHRINA

Oh, really?

She puts the breasts away. Like holstering a gun.

SAPHRINA (cont'd)

That psycho frog?

ANDREW

Yeah.

SAPHRINA

She's cute. Congratulations.

ANDREW

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andrew enters the apartment and flops in a chair. He reaches
over to the speaker-phone to check his voice mail.

CANDICE'S VOICE

Hey, Cowboy... where ARE you? You left
your thing here... Bye. (click)

ANTONIA'S VOICE

I WANT SAPHRINA DETAILS, AND I WANT THEM
NOW! (click)

MADELEINE'S VOICE

Bonjour. Oh, Andrew... you sound so
SERIOUS on this machine... Well, it is so
perfect you see... don't miss it!

(MORE)

MADELEINE'S VOICE (cont'd)

Oh - the way she sounds in this place ,
my cello, she is so happy and loves the
damp Scottish weather. The baptism will
be in this very, very old and very, very
beautiful chapel in Rosslyn. On
Saturday... you MUST come, be with me --
please come! I will meet every train at
the Edinburgh station from Glasgow on
Friday until you arrive. Come! (click)

Andrew pushes a button to rewind.

MADELEINE'S VOICE (cont'd)

(replay)

...and very, very beautiful chapel in
Rosslyn. On Saturday... you must come --
please come! I will meet every train at
the Edinburgh station from Glasgow on
Friday until you arrive. Come! (click)

Andrew sits, stares at the carpet for a moment. He thinks --
tapping his fingers on the desk. It's one of those decisions a
man makes in a instant that can change the rotation of the
planets. He opens his wallet and takes out a list of phone
numbers. He dials.

ANDREW

Hodson please. Evan? Andrew Wilton in
Los Angeles. What time is it there?
Look, I've got a little emergency -- I
need to do a field recording. Well, I
knew you could. Look, it's a special
situation...

EXT. WAVERLEY STATION, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND - DAY

It is grey and drizzling. The train pulls into the station.
People get off and walk to the station. As they clear they
reveal Madeleine -- standing there alone. She is all in grey
except for the bright Guatemalan wrap around her neck. Her eyes
scan the last people getting off the train until the platform is
empty and the conductor closes the doors. No Andrew.

INT. THE CALEDONIAN HOTEL - PARLOR - DAY

Madeleine is sitting by herself, in a corner, having tea. A
piano quartet is playing Brahms. She stares at the cello. The
MUSIC CONTINUES, over the following scene...

EXT. WAVERLEY STATION, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND - DAY

Madeleine is again standing, watching the people get off the Glasgow train. It's raining now. As the last passengers walk by her, she sees him. She's frozen in her spot... Andrew walks over to her, takes her head in his hands and kisses her. She lets him kiss her -- a quiet, peaceful surrender -- her arms at her side like a rag doll.

EXT. STREET MARKET / EDINBURGH - DAY

VERY CLOSE - AN ANTIQUE PHOTOGRAPH in a silver case, and droplets of rain gathering on it. It's a picture of a girl, six or so, wrapped in tweed and tartan, starring at the camera. She's dark-eyed, like Madeleine, with something wild inside. She stands by some kind of ancient standing stones in a barren field.

DEALER'S VOICE

You get that wet, you'll buy it.

It is Madeleine who is holding it, she squeezes back under the tarp that blocks the rain off the vendor. Andrew is next to her.

ANDREW

Where was that, Stonehenge?

The Antique Dealer takes it, looks carefully.

DEALER

Them's the Callanish Stones... Outer Hebrides... a far out in nowhere. I don't know about the girl.

MADELEINE

I want it.

She digs out some money as Andrew wanders to the next booth. It's antique jewelry. A woman is watching him.

THE CASE -- a set of old wedding rings. Golden and set in a tattered box.

ANDREW

Can I see those please?

MADELEINE -- still standing in the drizzle, looking at the picture of the girl. Andrew's hand reaches out and takes hers, pulls her to him gently. He slips the gold ring on her left finger.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Does it fit?

She stares at her left hand for a long moment... a married lady's hand. She answers,

MADELEINE

Yes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A COTTAGE SOUTH OF EDINBURGH - NIGHT

It's raining. There are bright lights inside the cottage, and laughter.

INT. COTTAGE / DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Two women's voices babbling on in French. An academic-looking man, ALAN McDONALD is preparing coffee. He gives a knowing smile to someone across the table.

Andrew returns a weak smile. He has the uncomfortable look Americans have when people speak a foreign language around them. Andrew looks over to watch Madeleine and her sister, MARIE, who is nursing her baby girl, BABY MADELEINE. He digs the silver case out of his pocket, opens the picture to Alan.

ANDREW

Alan... what do you make of this?

ALAN

The Callanish stones... they're famous, but so far away no one ever goes there. My family's from Sky, near Lewis where they are.

MADELEINE

I LOVE this picture. I want to go there. I want to stand there, Andrew, and have you take my photo where she is standing. You MUST.

ALAN

There's plenty of legends about that place... they are old as Stonehenge or older, no one really knows how they came to be. One local belief is that any marriage consummated in the middle of the ring... will be happy forever.

ANDREW

Ahhh. That must be why Madeleine bought
it for me... It's my engagement present.

That hits like a silence bomb. Finally Allan pumps Andrew's
hand and beams.

ALAN

Congratulations there... wonderful!

ANDREW

And we would like you to marry us!

ALAN

Oh, well... surely. I'd be honored.

MARIE

Does Mama know?

ANDREW

I told her.

MADELEINE

YOU did? Me too.

MARIE

and Papa?

MADELEINE

I think we will ring him.

MARIE

I still have Mama's wedding dress here.

Marie's eyes are glued on her sister who is flushed with
happiness. Their eyes meet. Marie bursts into tears.
Madeleine holds her.

Alan takes the baby out of her arms, who has started to cry. He
smiles at Andrew.

ALAN

You'll have one of these in no time.

INT. ROSSLYN CHAPEL - MORNING

A92□ tiny, ornate medieval chapel. Alan is the Vicar, presiding
over the baptism of his own daughter. Madeleine and Andrew are
the god-parents, Marie is holding the baby, dressed in a perfect
white gown. Andrew is out of his element, trying to keep up in
the prayer book.

ALAN

(to Marie, Andrew and
Madeleine)

Dost thou, in the name of this Child,
renounce the devil and all his works, the
vain pomp and glory of the world, and all
the covetous desires of the same, so that
thou wilt not follow, nor be led by them?

THE THREE

(reading)

I renounce them all; and by God's help,
will endeavour not to follow, nor to be
lead by them.

This is completely uncharted water for Andrew... He sails
onward, bravely.

ALAN

Dost thou believe all the Articles of the
Christian Faith, as contained in the
Apostle's Creed?

THE THREE

I do.

ALAN

Wilt thou then obediently keep God's holy
will, and walk in the same, all the days
of thy life?

THE THREE

I will, by God's help.

ALAN

Oh merciful God, grant that the old Adam
in this child may be so buried, that the
New Life may raise up in her Amen.
Grant that she may have the power and
strength to have victory, and to triumph,
against the world, and the flesh; and to
live in the Spirit. Amen

Madeleine looks at Andrew.

ALAN (cont'd)

Grant Lord, that these parents and god-
parents, dedicated to thee by this office
and ministry, may also be endued with
heavenly virtues, and everlastingly
rewarded through thy mercy, O blessed
Lord, who dost live, and govern all
things, world without end. Amen.

Alan turns and looks at his daughter and wife. He takes the baby in his arms.

ALAN (cont'd)
Name this Child.

MARIE
Madeleine Anne McDonald.

He takes a sea-shell, and with water from the baptistry, pours water on the baby's forehead three times while saying:

ALAN
I baptize you, in the name of the Father,
the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

He holds Baby Madeleine up in the air, and looks into her face.

ALAN (cont'd)
Madeleine Anne McDonald, you are sealed
by the Holy Spirit in Baptism and marked
as Christ's own, forever. Amen.

An Acolyte takes a tall candle, and lights it from an altar candle. It slowly takes the flame, and burns brightly. He hands the candle to Andrew. Andrew stares into the flame... a slight breeze jostles it. He cups his hand to protect it.

INT. ROSSLYN CHAPEL - A SHORT TIME LATER

THE CELLO - Madeleine's hand picks it up. Its scarred body slides between her legs.

THE PEW - Andrew is looking at Baby Madeleine in Marie's arms next to him. He turns to look towards the altar. Madeleine has just sat down to play. She arranges the cello and sits up straight. She breathes.

IN THE BACK - a man reaches silently under the pew and turns a switch on a tiny DAT machine. A red light glows.

MADELEINE - hunches over the cello, and draws the bow across the strings. The sound fills the stone chapel. She plays a Gaelic piece: darkly rich and moody and bright and hopeful somehow played with an exquisite heart and intelligence. (maybe a Brahms arrangement in Gaelic style or the "love theme")

UNDER THE PEW -- the red light is signaling the music is being recorded. CAMERA follows a mic cable up the wall where a tiny microphone has been discreetly hidden.

Marie and Andrew sit there listening. The baby is asleep. She takes his arm in her hand. Andrew still holds the lit candle. Madeleine plays intently, tucked away in her world...

EXT. THE LAWN OF THE CHAPEL - DAY

There is a small tea given for the baptism. The sun has broken through. Alan and Marie are being congratulated by the congregation. Madeleine is near them, holding her cello case. Andrew stands at a distance and watches them, his eye slips over to the chapel as he sees the man leave with his recording equipment. He walks over to Madeleine.

ANDREW

That was... glorious.

MADELEINE

Did she sound good?

ANDREW

Like an angel. I'm going to have a surprise for you...

MADELEINE

Really? Oh, Andrew, what is it?

Marie and Alan approach them.

ALAN

Alright you two... you two are going to have to split up now.

MARIE

You are not supposed to see too much of the bride the day of her wedding -- it's bad luck.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSSLYN PUB - DAY

Andrew and Alan are having a beer.

ALAN

Nervous?

ANDREW

No.

Alan nods and takes a sip of his beer -- he's struggling with something.

ALAN

How long have you known Madeleine?

ANDREW

You'll think it's crazy -- weeks.

Alan's wheels are spinning -- he can't find the right way to say what he needs to.

ALAN

Madeleine is... different.

ANDREW

I know.

ALAN

VERY different.

ANDREW

I know... I understand you and Marie must be worried. You can trust me. I'll take care of her.

ALAN

Are you going to live in Los Angeles?

ANDREW

I don't know. I don't know ANYTHING. This is all like being swept away in an underground river... I have no clue as to where I will surface.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROSSLYN CHAPEL - NIGHT

The chapel is full of candles. [There is MUSIC through out this brief scene, and although the characters may speak, all we hear is the MUSIC]. This is what we SEE:

- MARIE walks down the aisle with MADELEINE. She is a vision in her mother's antique gown. It's cold, we see their breath as they walk.

- ANDREW watching her. She joins him at the altar, and lifts her veil.

- THEY PRAY, kneeling. Alan has a hand on each of their heads.

- THEIR VOWS.

- The RINGS. Madeleine slips the ring on Andrews left hand.

- Alan takes their HANDS, clasps them together, and binds them together tightly with a purple sash. He holds their hands tightly together and prays.

- THEY KISS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL BED - NIGHT

MOONLIGHT - and Andrew holding Madeleine in bed.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. CALTON HILL - EDINBURGH - MORNING

A gusty day. Madeleine and Andrew walk on the hill with Old Town and the Castle behind. Andrew stops to take in the view.

MADELEINE

Thinking of Los Angeles?

ANDREW

(laughs)

No. I mean... yes. In a way.

She starts fussing with his collar. Buttoning the top button.

MADELEINE

How?

ANDREW

I don't have a plan. I've never not had a plan.

She takes off a silk scarf around her neck and wraps it around his neck. She puts it under his collar like a tie.

MADELEINE

Plans are overrated.

She ties the scarf into a bow tie. He looks vaguely like a 19th century dandy.

MADELEINE (cont'd)

When you are well dressed, you don't need a plan.

She kisses him.

INT. THE CALEDONIAN HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A SHADOW ON THE WALL -- It's Madeleine playing her cello. A rambling, discordant, disciplined, MODERN melody (a-la T. Monk).

CLOSE -- A HAND TAPPING THE BEAT on a pillow. Andrew is drowsing in a rumpled bed. He watches her, then lays back and closes his eyes.

INT. A SOUND LAB IN EDINBURGH - DAY

CLOSE on a MACHINE. An unmarked COMPACT DISK is ejected. A hand writes on the cover with a blue sharpie: "A. Wilton". It goes into a POUCH and is handed to a another set of hands -- along with two EXPRESS ENVELOPES of similar size.

INT. THE CALEDONIAN HOTEL - DAY

OVERHEAD SHOT as a Delivery Person carries the POUCH into the hotel. He goes to the desk, opens the pouch and hands the CD to the Concierge. We see the words, "A. Wilton".

INT. THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND - DAY

Andrew is staring at a painting -- something old and Dutch. He looks around the gallery. He is alone, except for a Guard. He wanders into the next room. No Madeleine -- he enters another.

HIS POINT OF VIEW -- we see a pair of legs, then Madeleine's body sprawled out on the marble floor. At first he is afraid she is hurt, then realizes she is staring up at a Rembrandt. She sees him, and pats the floor next to him for him to join.

Andrew looks around - no one's watching. He lies next to her. They don't speak for a moment.

ANDREW

Who's the old guy?

MADELEINE

The FATHER... that's the Prodigal Son
come home.

ANDREW

He's the one that spent all of his Old
Man's money partying?

MADELEINE

Yes, and he is very sorry...

Andrew is distracted -- a MIDDLE AGED SCOTSWOMAN has come into the gallery and is rather appalled that these two foreigners are sprawled out across the marble floor.

MADELEINE (cont'd)
After he lost everything - he finally
came home,

Andrew stands up...

ANDREW
Let's see something else...

He pulls Madeleine up. She sees the woman.

MADELEINE
It's wonderful from down there... you
should try it.

And they leave. The woman stands there -- snorts a bit -- looks at the painting. She looks around the empty gallery... then sheepishly, she lies down on the floor where Madeleine was. She smiles.

INT. THE CALEDONIAN HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Madeleine and Andrew and Marie and Alan are having dinner.

ALAN
So where are you off to?

ANDREW
We've got a sightseeing thing going on
tomorrow...

MADELEINE
...Then we are going to the Hebrides.

ANDREW
Then to Lewis, to see the standing
stones.

MARIE
You two look very happy.
(she studies them)
I am... happy for you.

ANDREW
Thank you.

Marie reaches out and squeezes Madeleine's hand.

ANDREW (cont'd)

I wanted to thank you... for the wedding... and for asking us to be Godparents to little Madeleine. And to thank you, I have this.

He opens a bag and takes out a portable CD player, and headphones. He hands them to Alan. He smiles at Madeleine, who smiles back, curiously. But there is something there -- behind her eyes. Alan opens the player and looks at the disk. There is no marking -- just that green marker. He puts on the headphones and pushes a button. His expression is quizzical, like he can't quite place it. Then his expression changes. He smiles broadly.

ALAN

That's it! Beautiful.
(takes the phones off)
How did you?

Madeleine can't stand it... she takes the headphones from Alan. She fumbles, putting them on.

ANDREW

Now, I sent it on to the A&R head in London... who went CRAZY over it... and it's going to LA. But it's completely up to you, you know, there is no pressure...

A moment as she LISTENS... then her eyes widen as she recognizes it -- HER playing. She takes off the headphones. She composes herself and smiles.

MADELEINE

Nice...

ANDREW

Did you like it? You sound incredible...

She can't answer.

ALAN

How did you do that?

ANDREW

An associate helped me. A SURPRISE. A gift -- I have a copy for you Alan.

(to Madeleine)

Did you hear what I said about the executive in London? He loves you. He wants to book you at a concert in London. Just you, and maybe a pianist. We'll have to get the accompaniment arranged...

(MORE)

ANDREW (cont'd)
 Seriously. A real concert -- in the most
 important musical city in the world.

Marie picks up the headphones -- she listens.

MARIE
 (softly in French)
 Oh dear God...

She looks at Madeleine -- who is avoiding her gaze. She's
 pushing her food around on her plate.

ANDREW
 Okay -- well -- so you don't like
 surprises.
 (to Alan)
 She has this thing about recording...
 (to Madeleine)

I just wanted to show you it's PAINLESS. I want to show the
 world what a genius you are .

His words sound hollow. The sisters trade looks.

MARIE
 ANDREW -- without her knowing...

ANDREW
 Look -- we can forget the whole thing. I,
 myself, can't get those notes out of my
 head. A hundred years from now, when we
 are all gone, without a hint that we ever
 existed -- shouldn't someone be able to
 HEAR that sound?
 (to Madeleine)
 Look. It's yours -- I don't want to
 change it or turn it into something else.
 Okay? It's just -- this is the only
 thing I can give you. I work for a record
 company for Christ's sake...

Madeleine stares at her lap. Andrew shuts up.

MARIE
 It's HER playing... Not yours Andrew.

ANDREW
 That's right. (to Madeleine) But what can
 I give you besides this. You don't need
 anything but that cello.

INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Andrew is shaving. Bright sunlight pours through the window. The radio is on.

ANDREW
Can you believe that? A beautiful day.
Sunshine. In Scotland of all places.

He steps into the room.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Hey, did you hear that?

Madeleine is still in the bed. Buried under the cover. He sits next to her.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Sleepy?

He pulls the covers aside to reveal her face. She's ashen.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Are you okay?

MADELEINE
I need to rest some more -- go down, have
some breakfast. I'll be up soon.

ANDREW
Alright.

He touches her forehead, gently. She looks at the corner of the room. The cello sits in its case, leaning in the corner. Andrew notices the direction of her gaze.

ANDREW (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I can find a doctor, you don't want to
get sick on your honeymoon do you?

She pulls his shirt-tail -- until he topples on the bed on top of her. She kisses him.

EXT. MELROSE ABBEY -- MELROSE, SCOTLAND - DAY

The RUINED ABBEY stands starkly in the bright light, casting dark shadows. Tall Gothic arches longing for their missing roof.

Andrew is walking, looking up. He's in good spirits.

ANDREW
Hey, Madeleine -- look at this...

MADELEINE -- stuck in between the shadow and the light.
Standing still.

ANDREW -- sees her. The site chills him. He walks quickly over to her.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Madeleine... what's wrong?

MADELEINE
(she puts on sunglasses)
Nothing. I was looking at the light. It's
funny here. Do you see?

ANDREW
No...

INT. ULLAPOOL B&B - THE NEXT MORNING

Madeleine is curled up in a bed, alone. She is under the covers, except for a leg sticking out.

HER FACE -- under the covers as a shaft of light hits it.

ANDREW'S FACE -- peeking in, He's holding some hiking boots.

ANDREW
The ferry doesn't leave 'till five.
Enough time to climb a mountain. Maybe
the exercise will make you feel better.

MADELINE'S EYES -- she looks at the boots, then at him

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - STAC POLLAIDH - DAY

Andrew and Madeleine reach the top. Madeleine seems pale and small.

ANDREW
There -- do you see. Lewis. Out there is
the mist.

Madeline stands close to him. He wraps her in his arms.

ANDREW (cont'd)
I guess we'd better get down. The
ferry...

MADELEINE
Can I rest? Just a minute.

A ROCK - They sit. Andrew wraps his coat around her.

ANDREW

Did the exercise help?

MADELINE

I just can't get my breath. See what you do to me?

He smiles, wraps his arms around her.

ANDREW

Here we are.. On a mountain. The name of which I cannot pronounce... Married... In some town in Scotland I've never heard of. You have WRECKED me!

MADELEINE

(in Spanish)

Everything you say is true.

ANDREW

Now what?

MADELEINE

NOW we LOOK. Light, water, mountains.

(she leans back into him)

I hear your heart beating... music. NOW is fine, NEXT is nothing...

That may be fine, but there's a kink inside Andrew that is getting more twisted. He settles in and squeezes her, buries his face in her hair.

ANDREW

I'm jealous of you, you know. Your contentment.

MADELEINE

Why shouldn't I be content, I have everything I want.

WATER... BREAKING ACROSS THE BOW OF A SHIP

We hear Madeleine's cello...

EXT. THE FERRY DECK (MV ISLE OF LEWIS) - AFTERNOON

Madeline is playing in a corner of the bow of the ship. She's hunched over the instrument, pulling every vibration out of the wood and into her body.

Andrew sits a few feet away. But he might as well be on another continent. He watches her with eyes that don't reveal themselves.

SUDDENLY, in mid-phrase. Madeline stops. Andrew looks up. She's looking at him. Her face is full of life.

MADELINE
Wouldn't coffee be nice?

ANDREW
Sure. Can I get you some?

MADELEINE
I'll go too.

ANDREW
There will be a line -- stay here with your cello. I'll be back with the coffee.

As he stands, her arm reaches out towards him. He takes it and kisses it...

ANDREW (cont'd)
I'll just be a minute.

INT. FERRY - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Andrew wanders through the ship, he stands in a long line at one snack bar, then loses patience and searches out another one on another deck. There is an even longer line there -- and he admits defeat and stands at the end.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRY CORRIDOR- DAY

As Andrew walks back with two coffees. There is a small crowd of people at the end of the corridor A CREWMAN runs past him and pushes through the crowd. Two more crewman rush by, carrying a bright yellow evacuation stretcher.

ANDREW -- it hits him.

EXT. ON DECK - DAY

There, inside a circle is Madeline, being strapped into the evacuation stretcher. A HELICOPTER SOUND is now heard. EVERYTHING'S A BLUR. A NURSE is talking to Madeline, The SHIP'S CAPTAIN is there too. Andrew pushes through. He rushes to Madeleine and touches her face. Her eyes flutter.

The SOUND of the Helicopter now is DEAFENING. The crowd has been moved away and cable has been snaked down from the chopper.

The crewmen attach the cable to the corners of the stretcher. Andrew looks down and sees Madeleine looking at him. She smiles.

CAPTAIN

All Clear please. SIR, all CLEAR.

ANDREW

I'll be there...

(the stretcher starts to rise)

I love you.

And she's gone, pulled away into the noise and wind of the chopper. The stretcher sways in the gale and one hand slips over the edge of the stretcher and waves.

The Medivac crew loads the stretcher into the craft and it flies away.

She's gone.

The Nurse touches Andre's arm. She hands him something. It is Madeleine's red Guatemalan scarf.

NURSE

They are arranging to get a boat for you.
Stay here.

The helicopter disappears into the clouds. The nurse is gone. Tipped on its side, pushed under the bench is Madeline's cello. He picks it up and holds it. Some passengers are looking at him. He doesn't exactly know where to go.

INT. SURGEON'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Andrew sits in a chair, still as stone. A SURGEON shuffles through some papers.

SURGEON

Surgery started at 18:52. Pulse was very low. Time of death, 17:20. As I am sure you were aware, Mrs. Wilton had a congenital heart defect -- the "Atrial Septal Defect". It means that some blood coming from the lungs, leaks through an opening in the wall of the heart, and returns to the lungs. It's sometimes called a "hole in the heart". Her childhood surgery did not completely address the problem.

He looks at Andrew, adjusts his tack.

SURGEON (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

ANDREW
Thank you.

SURGEON
I understand she was a musician.

ANDREW
Yes.

SURGEON
Where did she play?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROSSLYN STREET, BUS STOP - TWO DAYS LATER - DAY

Cold and grey. Andrew sits on a bench. He is smoking a cigarette. Coming up the road, a bus. It stops. A couple of people get off, then HENRI APPEARS. Andrew puts out his cigarette and stands.. Henri slowly walks up to Andrew. Their eyes lock... for a long moment. Then Henri sits and digs through his old backpack. Andrew doesn't know what to do. He sits next to Henri. After a bit of digging, Henri produces a lump, wrapped in tin foil. He hands it to Andrew.

ANDREW
Thank you.

HENRI
Tamales. My wife made them for you.

Andrew stares at the lump.

HENRI (cont'd)
Are you alright?

He nods.

ANDREW
I could have arranged for her ticket. And Margarite.

HENRI
They prefer to be by the lake.
(studies Andrew)
Madeleine was always in danger. Her time was always short. She knew that. Her heart was damaged. She was sick when I met her, in a hospital.

Henri takes a yellowed newspaper clipping from his pocket and hands it to Andrew. It's in French. He squints at it.

HENRI (cont'd)

(taking the clipping, reads)

"France lost a rising musical star this week in the automobile accident death of Isabelle Deglise, 24, the nation's most highly acclaimed and promising young violin virtuoso. Scheduled to make her first recording next month with the Orchestra of the Paris Opera, Madam Deglise died in an early morning accident in rural Brittany, following a local concert. Her husband, Claude Deglise, who was not injured, was charged with operating an automobile while intoxicated. "Her contribution to music is lost forever" said M. Devoso of the Paris Conservatory. Madam Deglise is survived by a daughter, Madeleine..

He stops in the middle of it, and hands him the paper.

INT. ROSSLYN CHAPEL - DAY

THE SERVICE -- a BLUR of IMAGES; distant voices and music. A plain casket is near the altar, with Madeleine's scarf laid across it. Alan leads the service. Andrew, Marie and Henri sit together.

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - DAY

JUST THE FAMILY as the casket is lowered into the open grave.

A DISTANCE AWAY -- and unnoticed -- a HUGE BLACK SEDAN sits, its engine running.

ANDREW -- he notices the sedan.

INT. MACDONALD COTTAGE - NIGHT

The baby is crying. There's a some food and a few people milling about. Andrew, Marie, Alan and Henri are there. No one seems to have anything to say. Andrew walks toward the door.

EXT. MACDONALD COTTAGE - NIGHT

Andrew sits on the steps. He opens the silver case and looks at the PHOTO OF THE GIRL by the standing stones.

INT. ROSSLYN CHAPEL - THE NEXT DAY

A WOMAN'S HANDS PLAY A PIANO... it's the opening piano solo of the MOZART PIANO CONCERTO (K.488, middle movement).

ANDREW'S FACE -- The SOLO ENDS and the DARK TONES OF THE ORCHESTRA take over -- a tonal swirl of heartache and melancholy and light.

ANDREW'S HAND - His thumb is rubbing the wood of the pew obsessively -- pulling the texture out of it. SUDDENLY, THE MUSIC IS RIPPED APART.

PIANIST

(loudly - as if for the third time)
Helloo... That's the end... The
orchestra plays there. SIR? There's no
piano part. Am I to continue?

He looks at her as if she were speaking another language. THERE IS NO ORCHESTRA -- except the one that was playing in Andrew's head.

ANDREW

Oh... yes. Again please.

She watches him for a moment, then starts over. Andrew raises his eyes to look out of the window.

THE LEADED GLASS -- and outside, a dark, blurred figure.

THE PIANIST -- she looks up to see Andrew just leaving.

EXT. THE CHAPEL - DAY

Andrew rounds the corner and stands to watch something. He just sees the dark overcoat of DANIEL slip into the sedan and dive away. Andrew watches him drive away, then walks over to his rental car and quickly gets in. He follows him.

EXT. THE CAMERA OBSCURA BUILDING, EDINBURGH - DAY

Daniel goes into the building Andrew watches from his car.

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA ENTRANCE - DAY

Daniel pays a fee and enters.

INT. CAMERA OBSCURA DARKROOM - DAY

It's a small round room -- dark except for the projection of the city of Edinburgh on one wall. No one seems to be in the room. Then, DANIEL steps out of a shadow into the projected image. Stonework, roads and silently passing cars glide across his taunt face.

DANIEL
So. What is it?

Now face to face with him... Strangely -- Andrew feels the rage desert him.

ANDREW
I am...

DANIEL
I know who you are.

ANDREW
I just wanted to know... anything...
about her.

Daniel coils up in contempt.

DANIEL
You don't deserve to know anything. You
couldn't even see what she was. Don't
follow me again or I'll go to the police.

ANDREW
PLEASE.

DANIEL
You are the dull little boy who steps on
the butterfly... then cries that it no
longer flies for him to chase. Well,
she's gone. What did you lose? You
don't even know. What was she struggling
to achieve? What mountains had she
climbed? Did you ever wonder? Ever ask
her? Ever listen to her speak when she
played?.

Andrew can say nothing. The silent image of the city has now drifted onto him... a busy sidewalk of people crossing his face and chest.

DANIEL (cont'd)
She was becoming the EMBODIMENT of music,
in a way modern performers only get a
HINT of... a GLIMPSE! She was THERE.
You don't even know what I'm saying.
(MORE)

DANIEL (cont'd)

And here's the humorous part... did you even imagine the level LOVING YOU brought her to? I always knew I wasn't the one. But at least I got what I wanted.

The self-hatred in Andrew's eyes is spilling out. Before he can strike out -- Daniel LUNGES FORWARD and PINS ANDREW AGAINST THE WALL.

DANIEL (cont'd)

But...YOU she LOVED. And it was like the final ingredient for her.

(quietly)

...You missed it all.

And he leaves Andrew alone in the dark.

INT. A ROUGH EDINBURGH PUB - NIGHT

Andrew is at a small table drinking alone. Drinking too much. Two women sit near him, and one is flirting with him aggressively. Her name is AGNES.

AGNES

Come on love... join us.

He does.

ANDREW

Hello ladies... godinheaven -- you are both beautiful. I have always heard about women in Scotland. Come all the way from fabulous Hollywood, California? (this sends them into giggles) Can I buy you whiskies... myself included?

AGNES

There Katherine... He's an angel, see? I told you. And MARRIED. Oh, don't be married Mr. Charming.

ANDREW

I'm NOT.. recently single. Very recent.

This brings a hearty response from the two women. Agnes starts a long monologue on her ex -- as Andrew polishes off his whiskey. CAMERA DRIFTS AROUND THEM and WE SEE the darkened glass at the front of the pub... and ANDREW'S REFLECTION.

HE DOES TOO -- and as Agnes and her friend go on and on, he CAN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF THE WRETCHED BEING IN THE GLASS.

FINALLY -- HE HURLS HIS GLASS AT THE WINDOW.. And in a gush of obscenities, LUNGES AT THE GLASS. He kicks at it, and in a final burst of self-hatred; SLAMS HIS FIST THROUGH A PANE OF GLASS. There are shrieks, and the people scatter... a bartender comes over and throws Andrew to the floor, cursing at him. Andrews hand is a BLOODY MESS, a deep gash at the wrist -- blood pours out.

CUT TO:

A DULL, BUTTERMILK SKY - BLANK - Then, A KITE drifts across the frame. We are back at:

EXT. THE ROSSLYN GRAVEYARD - SEVERAL DAYS LATER - DAY

Andrew sits on Madeleine's newly carved headstone, flying the kite. He is unshaven and looks a decade older. His left hand has a thick bandage. He looks up in the sky at the kite shuttering in the wind. Then, something catches his eye.

There -- at the road -- is ANTONIA. She walks over to him and embraces him -- holding him tight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A MUSIC ACADEMY - EDINBURGH - DAY

Antonia, Andrew and the HEADMASTER are walking down the hallway. The headmaster motions for them to walk through a classroom door, but Andrew stops them,. He looks through the small window in the door. Antonia looks too.

INSIDE -- A YOUNG CELLIST, a girl of about twelve, is playing Madeleine's cello. An instructor watches. The sound is rich -- but it's not Madeleine.

ANDREW and ANTONIA -- as they watch.

EXT. WAVERLEY STATION, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND - DAY

MUSIC continues. Andrew kisses Antonia goodbye on the cheek. She wants to stay and take care of him -- but there is no hope of him letting her do so.

ANTONIA

Would she want you like this?

(at a loss)

When are you coming back?

He doesn't answer -- just pulls her tight to himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

A GRAVEL ROAD - and the sound of footsteps. We are on:

EXT. THE ISLE OF LEWIS - ONE MONTH LATER - DAY

Andrew walks. He has the gait of a man who has been walking a long way. And alone. He carries a backpack with a sleeping bag.

He stops, and squints at the horizon. He takes out a flask and takes a swallow.

THE HORIZON - The glow of a setting sun, and something else... the fingers of the ANCIENT STANDING STONES, reaching up into the sky.

EXT. THE CALLANISH STONES - DUSK

Hands creating a small pile of stones. At its top, Andrew balances his old Leica. He checks the framing. He opens the silver case and looks at the picture of the girl -- then at the stone in front of him. It is the SAME STONE, separated by perhaps eighty years. He pushes the self timer on the camera and stands in front of the stone. "Click".

EXT. THE CALLANISH STONES - THAT NIGHT

Andrew pushes himself deep into his sleeping bag. It is dark and the towering stones are awash in moonlight. He takes another sip from his flask and lies back -- looking at the sky.

ABOVE -- The tip of the stones and the night sky beyond -- ablaze with stars and the mottled glow of the Milky Way.

ANDREW -- he closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CALLANISH STONES - DAWN

Andrew is asleep in the dim first light. There is a thick fog hanging over the grass -- so thick that the stones themselves stand like frozen, half-seen giants.

What happens next is ABSTRACT, and DELUSIONAL... and extremely VIVID...

A face leans over Andrew's. It is a woman -- wearing a billowing white dress. She has volumes of dark hair in ringlets. She kisses Andrew. He awakens. Somehow, he is more relieved than surprised. He returns her kisses.

She straddles him -- kissing him faster -- his eyes, his forehead, his mouth, his neck. She unbuttons her top. He kisses her chest. She pulls away to unzip his sleeping bag, and pull it away, revealing his body.

She straddles him again -- laying herself gently upon him, like a butterfly landing on a flower. Her arms, body and hair engulf him. She slowly strokes his face. She breathes him in. Andrew undoes himself and slips her dress up.

Her legs are bared. We see that they are covered with marks; BLUE TATTOOS -- hieroglyphics -- Celtic designs -- swirling unknown shapes. He pulls the dress up further -- above her thighs and hips and belly -- now thick with marks -- her body a tapestry. It's hard to see her face now -- everything is a blur of hormones and dense liquid emotion -- they couple, and make love. She holds so tight to him that their movements are slow and small and powerful. They climax in a swirl of musical breaths and movements.

They are still -- very still, holding each other. Through the strands of her hair, above, Andrew sees the stars... the planets, the Milky Way.

EXT. THE CALLANISH STONES - ANDREW'S FACE - NIGHT

HE OPENS HIS EYES. There are the stars above. But no woman.. He is alone in his sleeping bag on a clear, dark night.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SKY -- BLUE -- DAYTIME -- NOTHING

THEN -- a row of TALL PALM TREES flicker pass the screen, as seen from a car.

EXT. ROAD, LOWER RIO GRANDE VALLEY, TEXAS, WEEKS LATER - DAY

Andrew is driving a rental car through farm fields and citrus groves. He is clean shaven and quiet. His hand is still bandaged, but the wrap is small and neat. The FINGERS of his hand are PRESSED UNNATURALLY AGAINST HIS PALM -- the damage to the tendons is permanent.

[We hear an arrangement of the Brahms Op. 83 Adante, which continues prominently over the next few scenes.]

EXT. FRUIT STAND - DAY

Andrew stops the car and gets out. A hand painted sign says "VALLEY RUBY REDS". He looks through the fruit, putting some in a bag. An elderly Mexican gentleman, PABLO, is watching him. Finally, the man says in SPANISH,

PABLO
(Spanish)
Aren't you the Wilton boy?

He answers back in easy Tex/Mex,

ANDREW
(Spanish)
Yes sir -- Senior Gonzales?

PABLO
I haven't seen you in years... Come to see your Papa?

ANDREW
Yes sir.

PABLO
What the hell have you been up to?

ANDREW
I got married.

PABLO
Mary and Joseph - What did you do that for?

CUT TO:

EXT. A HOUSE - LOS FRESNOS, TEXAS - DAY

The house has seen much better days. He goes up and knocks on the door. A Latin Woman in a nurse's smock answers the door.

INT. LOS FRESNOS HOUSE - DAY

Andrew steps inside the house. He nods at someone.

A FRAIL MAN IN WHEELCHAIR is connected to a bottle of oxygen. He stares back at Andrew, blinking as the light from the open door pierces the dark room.

ANDREW
Hi Pop.

He sits in a chair.

MR. WILTON

Andy?

ANDREW

...yes sir. I'm home.

MR. WILTON

I thought you weren't comin' back 'till I was six feet under.

ANDREW

I miscalculated.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAFE, LOS FRESNOS - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Andrew is sitting alone, eating a plate of enchiladas, reading the paper. He's almost alone in the restaurant.

We HEAR a sound, a familiar SOUND; "chopchopchopchop". Andrew looks back into the kitchen and watches the cook dicing onions on a board. Someone sits down at the table and breaks him out of his daydream. It's the CAFE OWNER, a woman in her late sixties, RUBY. He drops his left hand out of view.

RUBY

Andy? Little Andy Wilton?

ANDREW

Yes, ma'am. Hi, Miss Ruby.

RUBY

What the hell are you doing here? See your Papa?

ANDREW

Yes Ma'am. Thought I would hang out for a few weeks.

From the look in her eyes... we get a hint of what that means.

RUBY

So you two speaking again... That's real good. What have you been up to in California? You still think your hometown is full of a bunch of dumb hicks?

She smiles at him.

ANDREW
No ma'am. I'm all grown-up now.

RUBY
(she touches his head)
That's my boy.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Andrew is paying at the counter.

RUBY
Come back now.

ANDREW
Of course... I'll take one of these too.

He takes a postcard from a rack and places it on the counter.
It's a picture of a short, solid LIGHTHOUSE.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SKY - SEAGULLS

CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO REVEAL:

EXT. THE PORT ISABEL LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

The lighthouse in the postcard.

It's not dramatic -- but it is solid and beautiful in it's own way.

Andrew stands there -- looking at it. He walks up the steps and touches the door with his bandaged hand. He turns, sits on the steps, and looks out over the bay.

THE END