

(Name of Project)

by
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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
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INT. RIPLEY'S BATHROOM, VENICE. NIGHT.

Ripley's in the bath. Marge knocks on his door

MARGE (O/S)

Tom, I need to talk to you. It's urgent.

Ripley, irritated, opens the door, his towel wrapped around his waist. Marge is white. She's wearing a robe. She's slightly breathless.

MARGE (CONT'D)

I found Dickie's rings.

RIPLEY

What?

MARGE

You've got Dickie's rings.

RIPLEY

I can explain.

He can't. His eyes dart. Marge holds up the evidence.

MARGE

Dickie promised me he would never take off this ring.

RIPLEY

Let me put on some clothes and then we can talk about this.

MARGE

I have to tell Mr Greenleaf. I have to tell Mr Greenleaf. I have to tell Mr Greenleaf.

RIPLEY

Marge, calm down, you're being hysterical.

MARGE

He promised me. I swear I'll never take off this ring until the day -

RIPLEY

Shut up! Shut up!

His towel slips off from his waist.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

I'm wet, Marge, I've lost my towel,
I'd really like to put my clothes
on. So go and pour us both a drink,
will you?

She goes off obediently, a zombie. He shuts the door. Immediately he starts looking for something, anything, to kill Marge with. He's got a shoe but it feels too light. He opens cabinets, drawers - nail scissors, nothing - then picks up his straight razor and considers it in the mirror.

INT. RIPLEY'S SITTING ROOM, VENICE. NIGHT.

Marge is leaving, coat on, as Ripley comes out of the bathroom.

RIPLEY

Marge? Where are you going?

MARGE

(like a creature caught in
headlights)

I was looking for a needle and
thread. I wasn't snooping. I was
looking for a needle and thread to
mend my bra.

RIPLEY

The scent you're wearing. I bought
it for you, not Dickie. The thing
about Dickie. So many things. The
day he was late back from Rome - I
tried to tell you this - he was
with another girl. I'm not talking
about Meredith, another girl we met
in a bar. He couldn't be faithful
for five minutes. So when he makes
a promise it doesn't mean what it
means when you make a promise. Or I
do. He has so many realities,
Dickie, and he believes them all.
He lies. He lies, that's his...
half the time he doesn't even
realize.

A SMALL RED STAIN is appearing on the pocket of his robe. As he speaks the stain spreads. He looks at it absently.

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

Today, for the first time, I've
even wondered whether he might have
killed Freddie.

(MORE)

RIPLEY (CONT'D)

He would get so crazy if anybody contradicted him - well, you know that. Marge. I loved you - you might as well know - I loved you, and because he knew I loved you, he let you think I loved him. Didn't you see, couldn't you see? I don't know, maybe it's grotesque to say this now, so just write it on a piece of paper or something, and keep it in your purse for a rainy day. Tom loves me.

MARGE

(as if she'd heard
nothing)

Why do you have Dickie's rings?

His hand goes to his pocket. HE'S GOING TO HAVE TO DO IT.

RIPLEY

I told you. He gave them to me.

MARGE

Why? When?

RIPLEY

I feel as if you haven't heard anything I've been saying to you.

MARGE

I don't believe you.

RIPLEY

It's all true.

MARGE

I don't believe a single word you've said.

Marge is shivering. Ripley, ominous, advances, she retreats.

RIPLEY

You're shivering, Marge. Can I hold you? Would you let me hold you?

Marge panics, backed up against the door. She screams and turns straight into the arms of a startled PETER who's come back to visit Ripley, and is unlocking the door.