

NOTORIOUS:  
THE INGRID BERGMAN STORY

Teleplay Adaptation  
by  
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Based on the book  
"Notorious: The Life of Ingrid Bergman"  
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"Notorious: The Ingrid Bergman Story"

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. A LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

INSERT CARD:

**March 15, 1945**

over a dark, dimly lit street. A TAXI CAB whooshes past.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - A WOMAN'S HAND

smooth and beautiful but tense, thumb rubbing anxiously against fingers.

MAN'S VOICE

Darling, you're fidgeting.

His accent is Swedish. His LARGE HAND covers the WOMAN'S as his SILHOUETTE leans close to hers.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And don't wrinkle your forehead. It makes you look childish.

He lets out a sigh as the TAXI wends its way through dark streets.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You shouldn't worry so much about not having a new dress this evening. If anyone notices they'll be happy to see how well it still fits you. We can't afford to buy a new dress for every pound you put on. Here we are.

The car swings a U-turn on the open boulevard. The WOMAN leans forward into the light revealing a

STUNNING BEAUTY

a silver screen portrait in color, the dazzling lights before her eyes lifting her spirit with anticipation.

EXT. GRAUMANN'S CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

The TAXI comes to a stop. The doors are opened. The WOMAN steps out onto the RED CARPET to the blinding white light of continuous FLASH BULBS and shouts and screams of excited fans. "Miss Bergman! Over here!!" "Miss Bergman!!"

INGRID BERGMAN

smiles and waves with both perfect poise and girlish wonder as her tall Swedish husband DR. PETTER LINDSTROM leans close to ear - whispers something that causes her to lift her chin and stand up straight.

We stay on Ingrid and Petter as they walk up the red carpet passing a RADIO COMMENTATOR we can barely hear above the cheering crowd.

RADIO COMMENTATOR

...the thunderous roar echoing off the walls of your living rooms, ladies and gentlemen, is for the reigning queen of Hollywood, the woman voted three years in a row Photoplay's top female star. And she's every bit the star tonight, so radiant, so beautiful...

The man's voice fades out as Ingrid and Petter disappear into the THEATER CROWD - many of the men in MILITARY UNIFORM

INT. GRAUMANN'S CHINESE THEATER - NIGHT

The audience is invisible behind the bright and blinding lights as movie actress JENNIFER JONES reads from a card:

JENNIFER JONES

Bette Davis for "Mr. Skeffington" - Warner Brothers.

(APPLAUSE)

And, finally, Barbara Stanwyck for "Double Indemnity" - Paramount Pictures.

More APPLAUSE as Miss Jones fumbles with the envelope.

CLOSE ON - INGRID

nervous with anticipation, squeezing the hands of both her husband, PETTER, and her producer DAVID SELZNICK seated on either side.

JENNIFER JONES

And the winner is... Ingrid Bergman for "Gaslight"

But Ingrid just sits there, unsure she's heard correctly.

SELZNICK

It's you, Ingrid. It's you!

Ingrid looks to Petter who leans over and kisses her.

PETTER

Go get it.

Petter rises to let her pass and we follow her up the aisle until she climbs the steps to where Jennifer Jones hugs her excitedly on the narrow stage in front of the movie theater's gold velvet curtain.

JENNIFER JONES

Ingrid, what can I say? Your artistry has won our vote and your graciousness our hearts. Congratulations!

Jennifer hands her the Oscar, steps back from where Ingrid stands directly under the RADIO MICROPHONE.

There is no podium in front of her, just the painted plaster OSCAR STATUETTE she clutches close to her.

INGRID

(nervous)

Thank you so much. I'm deeply grateful for this award. I'm particularly glad to get it this time. You see... I just started a picture with Bing and Mr. McCarey. Since they've both won Oscars, I'm afraid if I went on the set without one, neither of them would speak to me.

The LAUGHTER from the audience makes Ingrid relax as we-

CUT TO:

INT. GRAUMAN'S THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

Ingrid is even more relaxed as she continues talking freely, still holding the Oscar close as photographs are continuously flashed.

INGRID

These producers, these studio men are always telling me what I can and can't play. "Oh, you're too nice to play a barmaid" and then I play one in Dr. Jekyll. And then they say: "Oh, a barmaid could never play a nun."

(CONT'D)

Well now I'm playing a nun. I look forward to the next part they tell me I could never play.

Ingrid steps away from the microphone beaming with pride and confidence.

She finds her way through the crowd to her husband's side.

PETTER smiles to her. For a moment it appears he's going to pay her a compliment.

PETTER

Darling, you needn't chatter on like that. You have a very intelligent face. Let people think you're intelligent.

Ingrid's "intelligent face" falls slightly, her spirit momentarily deflated by her husband's words.

INT. HOLLYWOOD NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The band plays wild SWING MUSIC as we stay

CLOSE ON - PETTER LINDSTROM

dancing precisely, but with no connection to the woman he's with. As Petter swings his partner past a BOOTH, he blurts out something in Swedish.

PETTER

Ingrid. Det ar din tredje cocktail ik vall!

We stay on the booth to reveal that

INGRID

is sitting there along with DAVID SELZNICK, JENNIFER JONES, JOE STEELE (her publicist) and KAY BROWN (her agent).

INGRID

(tipsy)

His counting is off. This is my fourth cocktail.

KAY BROWN

And you haven't danced with him even once tonight.

INGRID

Why should I, Kay?

(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)

When I can rest my feet and rent out my husband's artistic skills to the highest bidder?

(to Selznick)

Isn't that how it works, David?

Ingrid smiles to David Selznick who resents the meaning. *huh?*

SELZNICK

Ingrid. You're drunk.

INGRID

Oh, it doesn't matter! Petter doesn't care at all with whom he dances, just how well he executes the steps.

KAY BROWN

Watching him for the last hour, I'd say "perfectly."

INGRID

He wouldn't accept anything less of himself. Or anyone else...

SELZNICK

Would you, Ingrid? Accept anything less of yourself.

INGRID

That sounds like a sales pitch, David. I'm in no mood for a sales pitch.

SELZNICK

We have a successful partnership. Your husband is making it very difficult to renew it.

INGRID

What do you have in mind I do?

SELZNICK

Talk to him.

INGRID

You know he doesn't listen to me.

SELZNICK

I know it's your career, Ingrid. Not his.

Ingrid swirls her drink

INGRID

And I know only what I read in the movie magazines. "Ingrid Bergman is the ideal mother and dutiful wife who loves, honors, and obeys her husband."

JOE STEELE

That's how you had me write it, David.

INGRID

See, Mr. Selznick? Even your own publicist is giving you up.

SELZNICK

First of all, Joe Steele is not my publicist. As of last year, he's his own man.

JOE STEELE

Happily, my own man.

SELZNICK

And second of all, that "dutiful wife" image is something we sell to the public and is not to be taken any more seriously by an actress than a part she plays in a picture.

INGRID

Are you actually suggesting I stand up for myself? Be my own woman?

SELZNICK

Yes, for God's sake.

INGRID

In the same way Joe here is his own man?

David Selznick hesitates. Joe Steele laughs.

JOE STEELE

I don't think he means that.

INGRID

I don't think so either.

(downs her drink)

All I want, David is to play interesting and challenging roles with excellent directors. You've helped me with that and I'm grateful. As long as I can live comfortably, the money business I can leave to Petter.

Ingrid puts her arm around Selznick.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
I'll talk to him.

INT. LINDSTROM HOME - NIGHT

As we follow them into their home and in towards the back of the house, PETTER is already agitated by his conversation with INGRID.

PETTER

Of course Selznick doesn't want to give you up! He rents you out for five times what he pays you and now the contract is up. I'm surprised he didn't get on his knees and beg you to sign again.

INGRID

He's our friend, Petter, and he knows the picture business. "Gone with the Wind" was no accident.

PETTER

Ingrid, darling. The picture business isn't that difficult to know. It's just business.

Ingrid stops at a BEDROOM DOOR.

PETTER (CONT'D)

Don't wake her.

INGRID

I won't. I only want to make sure she's covered.

We follow Ingrid into:

INT. PIA'S BEDROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

Still holding her OSCAR STATUETTE, INGRID tiptoes in quietly, leans over to kiss her sleeping daughter.

PIA, seven years old, turns suddenly in her bed, fully awake and beaming with excitement.

INGRID

Pia. You were pretending.

PIA

Can I see it, Mama?

Ingrid looks to the door, puts the Oscar statuette in Pia's hand, turning on the bedside light so she can see it.

PIA

It's not shiny like I thought it would be.

INGRID

It's plaster with gold paint. When the war's over I can trade it in for a real one.

Pia runs her fingers over his flat stern face.

PIA

He looks so cross.

INGRID

Someone told him to stand up straight.

Petter whispers loud from the hall.

PETTER

Ingrid! What did I say?

Ingrid switches off the light, kisses Pia who whispers in her ear.

PIA

He looks like papa.

Ingrid smiles to her daughter, she walks to the light of the open door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INGRID'S REFLECTION

her hair pulled back in bright, white light - almost luminescent as a NUN'S HOOD is pulled tightly over her head by a woman's hands.

INT. MAKE-UP DEPARTMENT - DAY

A PRIEST acting as a technical adviser watches closely as INGRID'S HEAD is dressed.

INGRID

The scarf is a little tight.

PRIEST/ADVISOR

It's not a scarf, Miss Bergman. The proper name is a "wimple." You should know that.

Ingrid bristles at the scolding, but smiles with polite warmth.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

We follow Ingrid in full nun's habit and "wimple" as she makes her way onto the brightly-lit exterior for the St. Mary's School.

She stops at her first mark in front of BING CROSBY.

INGRID

How have you been, Bing? We haven't had a chance to talk in awhile.

BING CROSBY

Fine.

*huh?*

Bing looks away - unwilling or unable to say more than that.

CUT TO:

THE CLAPBOARD CLAPPING

then:

INGRID

(to Bing Crosby)

Oh, thank you, Father O'Malley.

She clasps her grateful hands together, then turns away to leave.

CLAPBOARD

INGRID

Oh, thank you, Father O'Malley.

CLAPBOARD

INGRID

Oh, thank you, Father O'Malley.  
Thank you.

CLOSE ON - INGRID

readying herself for another take. The CLAPBOARD STRIKES.

INGRID

Thank you, Father O'Malley. Thank you with all my heart.

Bing looks at her crossly, whispers:

BING CROSBY

That's not the line--

But before the crooner/priest can finish, Ingrid Bergman wraps her arms around him and plants a big wet kiss on his lips.

DIRECTOR

Cut!! CUT!! For God's sakes cut!

Bing stumbles back like he'd just been assaulted. The PRIEST/ADVSIOR runs onto the set.

PRIEST

Now-now Miss Bergman! A Catholic nun would never kiss a Catholic father! No! This will not do!

Ingrid looks around at all the commotion she's stirred, then breaks into a wide, playful grin.

EXT. INGRID'S CAR - DAY

It's a sunny spring day in Beverly Hills where INGRID and PIA are laughing together in the open air of Ingrid's convertible.

INGRID

Then they all just stood there and stared at me - it seemed like an eternity - until finally everyone laughed.

PIA

Are they going to put it in the movie like that?

INGRID

Oh nooo. It would never get past the Johnston office.

PIA

Whose office?

INGRID

Eric Johnston. He and his people watch every single movie to make sure everything is decent and moral before they're allowed to be shown to the public.

PIA

Mama! A Policeman!

INGRID

(laughing)

Yes, Sweetheart. You could call him that.

Ingrid is rolling a right turn through a STOP SIGN when she finally sees what her daughter sees already. She stops.

A MOTORCYCLE COP dismounts to approaches the convertible, lowers his sunglasses recognizing the famous film actress.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Miss Bergman. I'm surprised at you doing something like that.

INGRID

I'm sorry, Officer. I wasn't paying proper attention.

PIA

Papa's going to be so angry.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Well, it isn't the worst infraction I've seen today. But I'm afraid it's going to cost you five dollars.

PIA

Five dollars? Oh no! Please don't. My mother doesn't have five dollars.

INGRID

Ssshhh... Pia, sweetheart. It'll be okay. You don't need to worry.

PIA

She can't pay that. You can't make her pay that.

The cop looks at Ingrid blankly.

MOTORCYCLE COP

Do you mean to tell me that Ingrid Bergman doesn't have five dollars?

PIA

No! She doesn't! She doesn't have five dollars!

Pia is wailing now and the Motorcycle Cop just stands there, watching in amazement as Ingrid comforts her grieving child over a five dollar traffic ticket.

INGRID

Pia. You don't need to worry about these things.

He folds his ticket book closed, walks back to his motorcycle.

INT. LINDSTROM HOME - DAY

INGRID still has her arm tight around PIA as they come into the house.

PETTER stands up. His face is cross.

PETTER  
What's the matter with her?

INGRID  
(whisper to Pia)  
Go to your room, Darling. I'll be with you in a moment.

Pia walks past her father, too frightened to look at him. Petter waits for an explanation.

INGRID  
I rolled through a stop sign.

PETTER  
You were ticketed?

INGRID  
No. The officer took pity on us.

PETTER  
But your carelessness upset Pia.

INGRID  
No, it wasn't that.

PETTER  
Did you see this?

Petter has quickly changed the subject, holding up a MOVIE MAGAZINE.

INGRID  
No. Do I want to? If they misquoted me again--

PETTER  
--the picture.

She looks at the MAGAZINE ARTICLE about her.

INGRID  
Oh dear. My eyelids are drooping. I was so tired that day.

PETTER  
The picture was taken here. In our home.

INGRID

It's only my face, Petter.

PETTER

The fabric behind your head. It's this chair. Here.

Petter points accusingly to a high-back chair in the living room.

INGRID

Yes. I'm sorry, Petter. I said I was tired that day. Joe Steele needed a photograph that afternoon. I didn't want to drive all the way back to the studio.

PETTER

But we have a rule!

INGRID

I know. No photographs or interviews in our home. But it was only a close-up and I was so tired from working, I didn't think.

PETTER

You didn't think I'd find out?

INGRID

(shouting)

I didn't think it mattered!

Ingrid has raised her voice to her husband and the room is now silent.

INGRID

I made a mistake and I apologize. But everyone makes mistakes. You make mistakes. I make-

PETTER

I make mistakes? Is that what you're saying now?

INGRID

Well, yes. You do sometimes... Don't you?

PETTER

No! I think carefully before I do something. I weigh it. I ponder over it, then I decide. I don't make mistakes.

Ingrid stares at Petter for a long moment, as if suddenly a stranger to her.

She closes her eyes - she can't bear to look at longer.

DISSOLVE TO:

The famous "key" shot from Hitchcock's "Notorious."

INT. MANSION IN BUENOS AIRES - NIGHT

Starting high above an elegant soiree, the camera moves slowly down behind Ingrid ending with an

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

of a KEY she's hiding in her hand.

CLOSE ON - INGRID'S HAND

being kissed by Cary Grant's lips as the same KEY is slipped into his.

INT. PRODUCTION CODE OFFICE - DAY *type*

A PROJECTOR clatters away in *he* infamous "Johnston Office."

TWO CENSORS

in silhouette stand in front of the screen closely watching CARY GRANT and INGRID BERGMAN kiss and nibble at each other while Grant has his ear to a telephone.

CENSOR #1 clicks a STOP WATCH.

CENSOR #1

The first kiss is 2.5 seconds - the second is 2.8. Neither goes over three and the "whispering" and "nuzzling" in between isn't prohibited. Technically, there's no code violation.

CENSOR #2

There has to be, dammit. This is provocative, indecent, and obscene! Run it back again.

The Projector reverses, plays the steamy close-up backwards.

INT. LINDSTROM HOUSE - NIGHT

INGRID stares for a long moment into the FIRE, gathering up her courage to say something difficult.

INGRID

Petter. Give me a divorce.

PETTER looks up suddenly, shocked by the perfunctory, matter of fact request.

PETTER

You're seeing someone?

INGRID

No. No. There's no one else.

PETTER

Yes. I know how it is in Hollywood. How people share their beds like they share a table at the studio commissary.

INGRID

I haven't--.

He looks at her skeptically. She stops herself.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Not here.

Petter shoots up, paces angrily.

PETTER

This is ridiculous! We have a wonderful home and a child together and you want to tear that all down. Ingrid, it makes no sense.

INGRID

We're not who we used to be. We're not two people who should be married anymore.

(a beat)

I'm not happy.

PETTER

And you would be happier living by yourself?

INGRID

I wouldn't be alone. I would be with my daughter.

PETTER

You want to take my Pia away from me?

INGRID

I'm her mother, Petter. We would live close by. There's no reason we couldn't be friends.

PETTER

Two children in a play house. Ingrid, this is a fantasy.

INGRID

I have to do something.

PETTER

I won't permit this. Not a divorce.

INGRID

I can barely stand-

The TELEPHONE RINGS suddenly.

PETTER

Let me get that.

But Ingrid picks it up with petty defiance.

INGRID

Hello.

Petter leans forward, unsure, untrusting.

INGRID

That's quite all right. It's much later there than it is here.

(listening)

Yes, I'd love to come to Broadway. What is your play about?

Silence as Ingrid nearly drops the phone, her hand jumping up to her heart.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Yes, yes, I'll do it. I mean, of course I should read it first because everyone will think I'm mad if I accept without reading, but I can almost swear to you I'll do it. Thank you. Yes - please. Send it out immediately.

Ingrid hangs up the phone.

PETTER

Ingrid. What is it?

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A big Hollywood Party. The BAND is big. The dancing is good. The guests are dressed to the nines.

INGRID moves through the crowd looking for someone - DAVID SELZNICK - whom she finds sitting alone at a table.

Ingrid sit down next to him. He is taken aback. Uncomfortable.

INGRID

I'm leaving for New York tomorrow to do a play.

SELZNICK

I've heard. Joan of Arc.

INGRID

They're calling it "Joan of Lorraine," but, yes, I'm finally getting to play the part I've always dreamed of playing.

SELZNICK

Will they be burning you at the stake every night?

INGRID

Are you wishing they will?

He nods.

INGRID

Wish me luck instead, David.

SELZNICK

You'll need more than luck with a New York audience. They're not kind to big Hollywood stars on their stages. And to come back here with bad notices there--

He shakes his head.

INGRID

I'm sorry we couldn't come to an arrangement to continue working together.

SELZNICK

You divorced the wrong man, Ingrid.

INGRID

Perhaps. But I don't live in fear of you.

He looks at her again, her brutal sincerity melting his hardened pose.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Wish me luck. Please. I don't want to leave knowing you're angry at me.

SELZNICK

Good luck.

He gets up leaving Ingrid alone at the table.

INGRID (V.O.)

(whispered)

The night is over.

INT. ALVIN THEATER - DAY

INGRID is praying on her knees as "Joan of Lorraine" in rehearsal.

INGRID

My jailers have worn themselves out tormenting me, and have gone to sleep. And I should sleep, but the bishop's questions come back to me over and over. What if I were wrong? How do I know my visions were good.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALVIN THEATER - NIGHT

INGRID remains on her knees in FULL COSTUME now and in front of a packed, and dead quiet theater.

INGRID

When I spoke with my own voice nobody listened, nobody heard me, yet, was it honest to assume ways that were not my own? I know there's to be no answer. I can expect no answer now, after I have betrayed and denied my saints.

FADE TO BLACK:

In BLACKNESS we hear the ROAR of the AUDIENCE APPLAUSE.

INT. HOTEL LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

With her assistant RUTH and her agent KAY BROWN on either side of her, INGRID is curled in a chair in the ladies room sobbing, shaking with tears.

RUTH

The audience loved the play. They loved your performance. And they loved you.

KAY BROWN

And the word is the reviews are going to be fabulous. You did it. You proved you're not just a star, but an actress.

Ingrid nods, she knows.

KAY BROWN (CONT'D)

So... It begs a question.

INGRID

Yes?

KAY BROWN

Why are you crying?

INGRID

I don't know. But I am.

KAY BROWN

Everyone's waiting for you, Ingrid. They're wondering where you are.

Ingrid slowly stands up, dries her eyes, composes herself in the mirror.

INGRID

Then we musn't keep them wondering. Vi Svenskar visar inte vara kanslor infor andra.

Standing tall, Ingrid leaves the Ladies Room.

KAY BROWN

You speak her language, Ruth. What did she say?

RUTH

"We Swedes know how to hide our emotions in public."

INT. ASTOR HOTEL - NIGHT

The CROWD parts for INGRID as she makes her way through the party, all eyes on her.

She smiles, waves, accepts congratulations, kisses hellos, giving no hint that just moments before she was broken down in tears.

In the midst of this crowd, INGRID is drawn to something that interests her. JOE STEELE and several others are listening to a man named BOB CAPA telling a story.

BOB CAPA

It's an Italian film made in Rome during the war. In my life I've never seen anything more real and more alive projected onto a movie screen.

Ingrid enters the circle and all conversation stops.

JOE STEELE

Ingrid. This is Bob Capa. The famous war photographer, famously without a war to photograph.

Joe notices an electric familiarity between them.

JOE STEELE (CONT'D)

You two know each other?

INGRID

(nervous, covering)

We've met. In Paris, I think.

BOB CAPA

June 1945.

INGRID

Yes, Mr. Capa. Please. You were talking about a film?

Bob Capa continues, but he can barely keep his eyes off Ingrid.

BOB CAPA

Halfway through there's a scene where the lead actress, the star is watching her lover being taken away by the Nazis. She's so passionate for him she can't be held back. She breaks free and runs after this truck carrying away her lover to certain death, the man she was going to marry that very night.

JOE STEELE

So what happens? Her lover pulls her aboard, commandeers the truck, and they escape into the forest to prepare for the climactic fight against the Nazis?

BOB CAPA

You're thinking Hollywood, Joe.

JOE STEELE  
I try my best. Well don't leave us in  
suspense. What happens?

CUT TO:

A MOVIE SCREEN

and the grainy black & white image of a WOMAN (Anna Magnani)  
chasing after a truck, screaming her lover's name.

ANNA MAGNANI  
Francesco! FRANCESCO!!

MACHINE GUN FIRE. She falls flat to the ground, dead.

INT. WORLD THEATER - NIGHT

INGRID gasps seeing this next to JOE STEELE in this tiny New  
York art house theater.

INT. RUSSIAN TEA ROOM - NIGHT

INGRID and JOE STEELE in a booth. Ingrid barely touches her  
dinner, distracted, overwhelmed by what she's just seen.

INGRID  
It makes our pictures look silly, Joe.

JOE STEELE  
Our pictures make a lot of money.

INGRID  
I'd rather be remembered for one great  
and true film like that, then all our  
money-making hits.

JOE STEELE  
Don't tell Kay that. She'll have you  
locked up.

INGRID  
This man, Rossellini, to have made  
something that magnificent, he must be an  
extraordinarily wonderful human being.

JOE STEELE  
He's definitely talented. And  
resourceful. Apparently he filmed part  
of it while the Germans were still  
occupying Rome.

INGRID

It's more than that.

JOE STEELE

How can you know? You don't know anything about Roberto Rossellini.

INGRID

I know because I've seen his film.

Joe Steele let's out a sigh.

JOE STEELE

I didn't tell you this, Ingrid. But a priest approached me the other day at the theater. He so much believed in you as Joan of Arc he wanted you to pose for a statue of his beloved saint to be placed in front of his parish church.

INGRID

Dear God, Joe. I hope you said "no."

JOE STEELE

I chastised him. I said a woman and her art are two different things and should never be confused.

INGRID

Are you chastising me? You think I'm making the same mistake with Roberto Rossellini?

Joe considers it, answers the question carefully.

JOE STEELE

I think you're dreaming you're not a star. And that you can slip away and make a small artistic Italian film without the world crushing it with attention.

Ingrid nods, realizes he is right - and she isn't happy.

INT. ALVIN THEATER - NIGHT

On stage, INGRID has her ARMOR put on in preparation for the great battle. From this simple, austere theater stage, we-

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Fifteenth Century FRENCH SOLDIERS storm across fake grassy plains to attack a PAINTED PLYWOOD FORTRESS.

INGRID is "Joan of Arc" in full body armor at the head of the siege in this big Technicolor® production.

INGRID

Charge! In the name of God, charge!!

After the last soldier crosses the camera the DIRECTOR (VICTOR FLEMING) yells:

DIRECTOR

Cut! Back to first positions!

Ingrid and the armored soldiers stroll back across the set.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Producer WALTER WANGER looks incredulous at INGRID, still dressed in FULL BODY ARMOR, walking back to her dressing room.

INGRID

I threw it away, Walter.

WALTER WANGER

A birthday invitation from Louella Parsons and you just threw it--?

INGRID

I couldn't get it to the wastebasket fast enough. I hate the power that gossiping woman has, she and the other one.

WALTER WANGER

Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons can make or break a picture - this picture, my picture - just by what they write in their columns. She's keep track of who will be there and who won't - and you will.

INGRID

I won't, Walter. I can't play that silly game anymore. I'm sorry.

Walter stops, frustrated. Ingrid keeps walking.

WALTER WANGER  
I'm sending flowers to her from you!  
I'll have my writers make up a good  
excuse!

INT. THE LINDSTROM HOME - DAY

INGRID appears exhausted from a long day of shooting as we follow her from the front door into the

DINING ROOM

where PETER and PIA are seated for dinner, their finished plates being taken away by the COOK.

INGRID  
Peter. I told you I would be home at  
seven O'clock.

PETER  
You have your schedule, darling, and we  
have ours.

CLOSE ON - PIA

looking up to her Ingrid apologetically, prisoner of her father's petty manipulations.

PETER (CONT'D)  
There's a special supper for you in the  
kitchen. You're welcome to bring it in  
and join us.

We follow Ingrid into

THE KITCHEN

where she removes some tin foil from a plate to reveal a meager serving of Cottage Cheese, Over-cooked Cauliflower, and a peeled, sliced pear.

Ingrid stares at the COLORLESS STARVATION PLATE, then covers it again with the tin foil.

DISSOLVE TO:

A FLICKERING BLACK & WHITE IMAGE

of INGRID laid out flat and motionless on a hospital bed. We hear the DIRECTOR whisper.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Remember Ingrid, you're paralyzed from your husband's bullet. It's too late for your lover to save you.

She nods. The CLAPBOARD CLAPS in front of the camera.

INT. EDITING ROOM - DAY

While scene from plays on the Moviola behind him, publicist JOE STEELE whispers loudly into a TELEPHONE. (On the soundtrack we hear Ingrid's dying voice saying "Ti amo, Ti Amo.")

JOE STEELE

Out here they're still trying to cut down "Arch of Triumph". So far they've turned a four-hour disaster into a two hour monstrosity. How is she Kay? How's Ingrid enjoying her vacation?

KAY BROWN (O.S.)

She's gone to a few plays, trying to decide what she's going to do next. But you know, Joe.

EXT. NEW YORK 42<sup>ND</sup> STREET - DAY

INGRID walks alone on the snowy New York street, bundled up for the late winter. She seems in no hurry - perhaps unused to and enjoying being alone.

KAY BROWN (V.O.)

Ingrid is changing. She's growing away from everything she used to be, and she knows it. She said it to me herself.

Ingrid stops at a small MOVIE THEATER, and "art house" with a poster outside advertising the film: "Paisa" - "A New Film from the Director of 'Open City'" - ROBERTO ROSSELINI.

The famous movie actress takes a long look this, then walks up to the tiny BOX OFFICE.

INGRID

One ticket, please.

The TICKET TAKER is reading a magazine, glances only briefly at Ingrid as she takes her fifty cents and slides her ticket under the glass.

But that brief glance is all it takes for young woman to double-take.

TICKET TAKER

My God. Ingrid Bergman!

The Ticket Taker jumps up out of her chair, pressing her face against the glass to see the famous actress disappear into the dark theater.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. THEATER - DAY

Rehearsals for "A Streetcar Named Desire". A young MARLON BRANDO shouts up to a balcony window: "Stella!! Hey, Stella!!"

In the back row of the theater, IRENE SELZNICK whispers to INGRID.

IRENE SELZNICK

One night I just sat up in bed and told David, "the jig is up. I want out." You should have seen him, the big movie producer groveling on the bedroom carpet, promising to break off some love affair with what's her name. Well, I didn't know anything about any affair. I was just sick of him. Sick to death, of the whole business, sick of Hollywood.

INGRID

It's contagious.

IRENE SELZNICK

Then write him a letter.

INGRID

Who?

IRENE SELZNICK

Roberto Rossellini. Tell him you like his movies and you want to work with him.

Ingrid is taken aback.

IRENE SELZNICK (CONT'D)

You think he's going to say "no" to Ingrid Bergman?

INGRID

I hadn't thought of approaching him myself.

IRENE SELZNICK

Why not? Be bold. Be a movie star. For God's sakes, Ingrid, you need a change.

INGRID

What if he needs a change?

(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)

What if he comes to Hollywood and becomes like every other European director who comes to Hollywood?

IRENE SELZNICK

Believe me, they're trying. David's trying, but Rossellini is Italian through and through. To work with him you'd have to take a vacation in Italy.

INGRID

I could... I learned German to make movies. I learned English. Why couldn't I learn Italian as well?

IRENE SELZNICK

Write the letter, Ingrid. I'll get you his address.

Ingrid still mulls it over, is still unsure as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

An Awards Luncheon. The audience APPLAUDS as President HARRY TRUMAN presents to INGRID the Woman's National Press Club Award.

Ingrid takes the podium as the applause dies down.

INGRID

Thank you. Thank you, President Truman and the ladies of the National Press Club. This means so much to me, especially since it was given for my work on the theater stage.

Ingrid pauses as she looks out into the crowd of tables.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I must be frank with my opinion this afternoon. The production of honest films in America is being severely hampered by industry censorship, interference by the government, and by an insatiable hunger for shallow, escapist entertainment. This is not a climate for serious work.

No applause. The room is silent. Ingrid continues her speech but it FADES OUT as we hear her in VOICE OVER:

INGRID (V.O.)

Dear Mr. Rossellini. I saw your films, Open City and Paisa, and enjoyed them very much. If you need a Swedish actress who speaks English very well--

CUT TO:

INT. THE LINDSTROM HOUSE - DAY

Standing by the fireplace, PETTER reads the same letter while INGRID is seated below him.

PETTER

(reading)

--who has not forgotten her German, who is not very understandable in French, and who in Italian knows only "ti amo", I am ready to come and make a film with you. Best Regards, Ingrid Bergman.

Petter reads it over again to himself silently.

PETTER

"Ti amo?"

INGRID

From "Arch of Triumph". It means "I love you."

Petter stares at her for a moment, making her uncomfortable.

PETTER

We need to mail this right away.

INGRID

Are you sure?

PETTER

We could be the first to get him to Hollywood. A Rossellini-Bergman picture? I could make a deal, maybe even with David Selznick - this time on equal terms.

Petter pulls open the drawer, takes out a Postage Stamp.

CLOSE ON - THE LETTER

as it is stamped and sealed in Petter's hands.

INT. MINERVA FILMS OFFICE - DAY

An Italian SECRETARY holds the SAME LETTER in her hand, amazed at what she reads. She can't dial the TELEPHONE fast enough.  
RING. RING.

ROSSELLINI (O.S.)

Roberto.

SECRETARY

Mr. Rossellini. This is Minerva Films.

ROSSELLINI (O.S.)

Minerva Films?! I'm not talking to you.  
You cheated me. You robbed me blind on  
"Open City."

SECRETARY

No, please. We received a letter for  
you.

ROSSELLINI (O.S.)

Throw it away!

SLAM. She quickly redials.

SECRETARY

It's from an actress.

ROSSELLINI (O.S.)

I work with real people, not actresses!  
Especially not ones who would come to me  
through such disreputable scoundrels.

SECRETARY

You don't understand. Her name is--

SLAM. She redials.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

--Ingrid Bergman!

Silence. The Secretary smiles believing she's finally gotten  
his attention.

ROSSELLINI (O.S.)

Ingrid who?

Her smile falls away.

INT. LINDSTROM HOME - DAY

DOORBELL RINGS. Door opens to reveal a Western Union Man with a TELEGRAM in his hand.

WESTERN UNION MAN  
Telegram for Miss Bergman.

INT. LIVINROOM - DAY

INGRID opens the TELEGRAM with the nervous anticipation of a school girl. She waits a moment before she reads aloud.

Hands opening telegram.

INGRID  
It's from Italy.

PETTER  
What does it say?

INGRID  
(reading)  
I just received with great emotion your letter which happens to arrive on the anniversary of my birthday as the most precious gift. It is absolutely true that I dreamed to make a film with you and from this moment I will do everything possible. I will write to you a long letter to submit to you my ideas.

SMASH CUT TO:

INGRID'S HANDS (DAYS LATER)

opening a THIN BLUE ENVELOPE that indicates international mail. She reads the letter silently while PETTER waits to hear.

PETTER  
Darling. What does he say?

INGRID  
He's telling how he was driving in the Italian countryside and came across a tall barbed wire fence. There were women inside, Polish, Yugoslav, Latvian, who were driven away from their native countries by the war,

(reading)  
"and now they were just turning in the field like mild lambs in a pasture.

(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)

A guard ordered me to go away. One must not speak to these undesirable women. Yet... at the further end of the field, behind the barbed wires, far away from the others, a woman was looking at me - alone, fair, all dressed in black. Heeding not the calls of the guards, I drew nearer."

Ingrid clutches the letter, looks up to her husband.

INGRID

Oh, Petter, this is so much what I wanted to do.

PETTER

Do what? It's nothing more than a drive in the countryside. A woman behind barbed wire.

INGRID

It's real. It's not packaged, or sweetened, or censored. It's simply real.

Petter looks at Ingrid for a long moment.

He wraps his arms around her, possessing her with his embrace, kissing her on the forehead in a fatherly gesture.

PETTER

This can be a new beginning for us, Ingrid. With my doctor's salary now, we can afford for you to make changes in your career. We can afford for you to take chances. And we can afford to build onto our house.

INGRID

Build? What for, Petter?

PETTER

For our baby. Remember? The little playmate for Pia.

INGRID

(remembering)

"Pelle."

PETTER

Yes. Pelle will be his name if he's a boy. Let's hope he's a boy. A boy would be perfect.

Ingrid nods her head pressed against her tall husband's chest, then pulls away.

INGRID  
He'll be in Paris in August.

PETTER  
Roberto Rossellini.

INGRID  
We'll be in London for the Hitchcock movie. We could take a short trip down to Paris to meet him there.

Petter let's go his embrace, back to business.

PETTER  
We could negotiate the deal. Yes. I'll send him a cable. I'll arrange everything.

CUT TO:

INT. ALBERGO LUNA CONVENTO - AMALFI COAST - DAY

CLOSE ON - A SILVER TRAY

on which rides a TELEGRAM being carried through the hotel's restaurant by a WAITER.

The WAITER carrying between tables in the hotel's restaurant leans down to a SEATED MAN whom we only see from behind.

WAITER  
Signor Rossellini. You say if you receive a telegram from Miss Ingrid Bergman it is to be given to you privately. Here it is.

The SEATED MAN takes the telegram, reluctantly tips the waiter as the WOMAN seated across burns with hot jealousy - the woman we may recognize as ANNA MAGNANI, the star of "Open City."

ANNA MAGNANI  
Ingrid Bergman? Ingrid Bergman?

The Italian Actress takes the serving fork and spoon off a big plate full of SPAGHETTI-

SEATED MAN  
No... Anna!

She picks up the plate and hurls it directly into the camera as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. A PARIS STREET - NIGHT

INSERT CARD:

August 28, 1948

A FRENCH TAXI speeds down the wide boulevard.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The buildings in the background - especially the Eiffel Tower across the river - suggest we're in Paris, France.

Dressed in their finest, PETTER and INGRID ride down the Champs-Elysees to the George V hotel. Petter grasps his wife's hands.

PETTER

You're fidgeting.

INGRID

I'm nervous. I want it to go well.

PETTER

You're the biggest film star in the world. He has more to gain and lose than you do. Relax. Let him do the talking.

INGRID

I'm realizing I've never heard his voice. I don't really even know what he looks like.

PETTER

Does it matter?

Ingrid doesn't answer. Petter lets it go.

INT. GEORGE V HOTEL - NIGHT

The door opens to reveal a lavish suite where film producer ILYA LOPERT greets INGRID and PETTER warmly:

ILYA LOPERT

Miss Bergman, Dr. Lindstrom. May I introduce you to Rudolph Solmsen, Mr. Rossellini's European representative.

As they make their greetings, Ingrid looks past MR. LOPERT and MR. SOLMSEN into the room to see

A BALDING MAN

in a suit two sizes too big for him nervously picking food off the lavishly set dinner table.

Physically, he is unremarkable and the hint of veiled disappointment registers briefly on Ingrid's face.

But then he turns, and looks directly at Ingrid.

Then he becomes ROBERTO ROSSELLINI, the great Italian film director, smiling warmly, welcoming her with outstretched arms.

ROBERTO

Ingrid.

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI grasps both her hands and at that moment Ingrid drawn in completely. She is smitten -- and Petter sees it.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. GEORGE V HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

There is still some awkwardness and tension in the air as the four men and one woman find their places at the round table set up in the Hotel Suite.

PETTER pulls out a chair for INGRID who watches ROBERTO adjust the pants of a baggy suit.

ROBERTO

You noticed that my suit is too large for me.

Ingrid smiles nervously. Robert sits down across from her.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

You see I'm always on a diet, up and down the scale.

INGRID

I understand that. Completely.

Ingrid laughs gently, and whatever ice was left is broken - except with Petter whose stern glance she catches - as though she had said the wrong thing.

CLOSE ON - A WINE BOTTLE (LATER)

flowing from glass to glass. Roberto pours, can't keep his eyes off Ingrid as the other men discuss business.

ILYA LOPERT

No. No. We could never raise that kind of money for an Italian film.

PETTER

You don't understand. With my wife's name attached it's a whole new ballgame.

RUDOLPH SOLMSEN

Ballgame? This is a film.

PETTER

It's an expression. What I'm saying is it's a whole new set of circumstances.

The only two people not engaging in this conversation are INGRID and ROBERTO. Ingrid notices Roberto's discomfort with it.

PETTER (CONT'D)

Now let's talk about some salary figures. Nothing exact, but if we can all get in the same ballpark.

RUDOLPH SOLMSEN

Ballpark again?

INGRID

Let's talk about the story.

PETTER

Darling, these are important matters that need to be settled first.

Roberto nods, takes over the meeting.

ROBERTO

Do you remember the refugee woman I described in my letter?

INGRID

With the black dress, behind the barbed wire.

ROBERTO

I went back to find her in the camp. I had official permission, so I was allowed to go inside this time. But she wasn't there. She had married an Italian soldier she met through the barbed wire and gone home with him just so she could stay in Italy. He took her back to his home, a tiny island village under the giant angry volcano Stromboli. She married this man she barely knew, just to escape her prison. Shall we go there together and find our story?

PETTER

Do you have a script written?

ROBERTO

I have a title: "Terra di Dio."

INGRID

"God's Earth."

Roberto smiles. Ingrid beams at getting it right.

PETTER

But with no script, how--

ROBERTO

--How can I have a script if I don't yet know what happened to this woman? Yes-- yes I could have my writers make up some sugary story, force a sweet artifice onto an undiscovered truth.

INGRID

No. Don't.

Roberto smiles to her, reflects as though looking at her were giving him inspiration.

ROBERTO

But maybe, right here tonight, we can imagine this Latvian girl-  
(looking at Ingrid)  
-so tall, so fair, in this island of fire and ashes. Maybe we can see her amidst the swarthy fishermen, amongst the women with the glowing eyes, pale and deformed by childbirth. Our girl has no means to communicate with these people who speak a rough dialect, and no means either to communicate with her new husband.

INT. HOTEL SUITE (LATER)

ROBERTO continues his heated pitch as the guests have retired to the couches of the suite's sitting room.

ROBERTO

She followed this man, being certain that she had found an uncommon creature, a savior, protection after so many years of anguish - and now the joy to remain in Italy, this mild and green land. But instead she is stranded in a savage land, all shaken up by the vomiting volcano, and where the earth is so dark and the sea looks like mud saturated with sulfur. And the man lives beside her and loves her with a kind of savage fury. He is just like an animal not knowing how to struggle for life and accepting placidly to live in the deepest misery. The woman tries to rebel and tear herself away.

(MORE)

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

But on all sides, the sea bars the way and there is no possible escape. Frantic with despair, she entertains an ultimate hope of a miracle that will save her - not realizing that a profound change is already operating within herself. A profound understanding.

PETTER

An understanding of what?

ROBERTO

She understands the power and complete freedom of she who possesses -- nothing. And understanding that simple truth an intense feeling of joy springs from her heart. The end.

The room is silent. Roberto refills Ingrid's glass as well as his own. He clinks glasses with her, but her glass shakes.

He notices this - he smiles.

ROBERTO

So! Do we make the picture? Yes or no?

PETTER

Well. There's still a lot to be arranged. We haven't even discussed Ingrid's bonus and our percentage of the film's profits.

As Petter speaks, Roberto picks up a SINGLE ROSE from table arrangement.

ROBERTO

(plucking the petals)

We make it. We don't make it. We make it. We don't make it. We make it. We don't--

INGRID

--Roberto.

Roberto stops. The room is silent.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I shall be honored to have a part in it.

Petter shoots her a sharp glance.

PETTER

Ingrid.

Still holding the rose, Roberto watches as Petter motions Ingrid into the next room, speaks heatedly to her with inaudible whispers.

Roberto glances to the other men, Ilya and Rudolph, who look away, embarrassed at the marital spat.

Roberto puts the rose back into the flower arrangement as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WARDROBE - DAY

CLOSE ON - A CORSET

tied tight around INGRID'S WAIST by disembodied hands. A White Satin Victorian Era DRESS is lowered over her body.

INT. MAKE-UP - DAY

Under the bright lights, Ingrid's face is powdered while the final touches of her frilly Victorian hair-do are completed with the careful placement of a PEARL TIARA.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

An elaborate single-shot scene from Hitchcock's "Under Capricorn".

INGRID moves about the room, reciting a monologue while the camera tracks her every turn.

In the foreground we see the dark silhouette of ALFRED HITCHCOCK watching carefully what he's set up.

INGRID

I've done him many, many wrongs. Wrong to love him, wrong to marry him. A burden when he was trying to save his soul in this new country. Why should he not hate me?

Stage hands move furniture in and out of place, but halfway through the speech, Ingrid steps a half-second too soon hitting a table and sending a CANDELABRA crashing to the floor. A table cloth ignites.

HITCHCOCK

Cut!

The FLAMES are quickly put out with a FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

INGRID

Hitch! It's impossible! I can't make every step perfect and say every line perfectly and still be natural. This is a big elaborate machine you have constructed for no other reason than to prove to everyone what a big elaborate machine you can construct. I can't just be a piece in it, Hitch! I can't be myself!

HITCHCOCK

(in silhouette)

Ingrid... It's only a movie.

Ingrid stares at the dark silhouette, resentful at being dismissed so summarily.

EXT. LINDSTROM HOME - DAY

HAMMERS pound on NAILS. We're behind the Lindstrom house where CARPENTERS are framing a one-room extension to the building.

PETTER argues with a BUILDING CONTRACTOR holding over blueprints open in his hands.

PETTER

(over the hammering)

We can't have a door that opens out to the swimming pool! This is a baby's room! His first steps will be right into water!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The HAMMERING seems just as loud inside as INGRID is laid out on the couch with a BAG OF ICE over her head.

She flinches with every nail pounding until she covers her ears with two couch pillows. In the MUFFLED SILENCE we hear:

ROBERTO (V.O.)

Dear Miss Bergman. I don't know whether my words will have the same power of the images, but I send you today a short synopsis of my story, assuring you that, some days of writing the script are good and some days are bad, my own emotions have been strong and intense as never before.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The NAIL HAMMERING continues outside as INGRID paces the kitchen, eating a RED APPLE, reading the LETTER.

ROBERTO (V.O.)

I wish I could speak to you in person about the men and women of Stromboli Island, that humanity so primitive but made so wise by the experience of centuries. One could think that they live simply and poorly just because of that knowledge of the vanity of everything we consider civilized and necessary.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Thanksgiving dinner. Friends and family talk and laugh. But INGRID's mind isn't fully there,

ROBERTO (V.O.)

At every step our poor woman is torn between feelings of proud rebellion and other feelings of obedient submission that are dictated to her by an unknown inner voice hidden in her soul.

EXT. WESTWOOD VILLAGE - NIGHT

Ten year-old PIA is shopping with INGRID, still deep in thought.

ROBERTO (V.O.)

Her divine antagonist will reveal himself only after leading her to the summit of despair, and after forcing her to invoke the light of Grace to free her from her inhuman solitude.

PIA

(whispers)

Mother.

Ingrid looks down to her daughter as though woken from a reverie.

INGRID

What is it, sweetheart?

PIA

I know what I want for Christmas.

In the window of a TOY SHOP is a large STANDING COW wearing an Apron embroidered with the name "Elsie."

Ingrid looks from the cow, back to her DAUGHTER'S FACE glowing at the possibility of possessing it.

INT. LINDSTROM BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dressed for bed, PETTER can't believe what he hears.

PETTER  
Seventy-five dollars for a toy cow? What about the bicycle we discussed?

INGRID  
She doesn't want a bicycle. She said so.

PETTER  
But a bicycle is practical. It's something she can use.

INGRID  
We can afford both.

PETTER  
Ingrid. Darling. It makes no sense.

INGRID  
I agree. It makes no sense. Would it be possible for her to receive this one thing for no other reason than it's what she wants? Couldn't we do that? For Christmas?

PETTER  
Christmas isn't a holiday away from having good sense. The answer is no.

Petter gets into bed, turns out the light to signal the end of the conversation.

PETTER (CONT'D)  
A telegram arrived this evening from Roberto Rossellini.

INGRID  
Where is it? I'd like to read it.

PETTER  
I already replied.

INGRID  
You read it?

PETTER

Of course I read it. Your business is our business, Ingrid. He said he's coming to New York to accept an award for "Open City" next month and suggested he come out to Hollywood to discuss the film.

INGRID

What did you say?

PETTER

I said it was a splendid idea. I even suggested he stay with us. In the guest house.

Ingrid is overwhelmed, can't believe what she's hearing this from her husband.

PETTER (CONT'D)

It will prove to everyone we're in business for ourselves. We're in control and we don't need studios or producers to make a picture.

Still Ingrid says nothing, just nods her head.

PETTER (CONT'D)

I knew you'd be pleased. Now come to bed.

Ingrid climbs slowly into the bed with Petter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INGRID'S HAND

very CLOSE-UP, writing on a piece of stationery the very words we hear.

INGRID (V.O.)

Dear Roberto, From today on there are no more flowers for you to pluck: Good script, bad script-

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROME APARTMENT - DAY

ANNA MAGNANI suspiciously watches ROBERTO ROSSELLINI putting on his clothes, tying his tie.

INGRID (V.O.)  
 --Good script, bad- It does not matter!  
 I am very happy.

ANNA MAGNANI  
 Where do you think you're going?

ROBERTO  
 Nowhere special, Anna. I thought simply  
 I would take your dogs for a walk.

Anna continues to watch suspiciously as Roberto attaches the long LEASHES to TWO DOGS.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

ROBERTO hands the dog leashes over to the DOORMAN along with a WAD OF MONEY.

The Doorman retrieves two PACKED SUITCASES from behind the counter.

EXT. ROME AIRPORT - DAY

A "TWA" PROP PLANE takes off into the sky above Rome.

ROBERTO (V.O.)  
 Ingrid, I arrive today in New York.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

M.O.S. - AUDIENCE breaks into a thunderous APPLAUSE as

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI

ascends to accept an AWARD under the banner: **"New York Film Critics."**

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BILLY WILDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

M.O.S. -- INGRID makes her way through a very crowded Hollywood Party.

INGRID (V.O.)  
 (whispers)  
 Waiting for you in the Wild West.

Hardly an eye doesn't at least glance at her, mostly longer than a glance as she graciously kisses greetings, offers familiar "hellos" to the best in Hollywood.

Ingrid continues through the crowd, desperately looking for someone who isn't there.

Her path is suddenly blocked by a handsome, CONFIDENT MAN, half a head taller than her.

HOWARD HUGHES  
Why are you ignoring me?

INGRID  
Ignoring you requires effort, Mr. Hughes.  
I don't recall exerting any.

HOWARD HUGHES  
Oh, cruel, Ingrid. And you're supposed  
to be sweet.

INGRID  
And gracious, and modest, and a good  
wife.

HOWARD HUGHES  
Not always so good, from what I hear.

Hughes looks at her knowingly.

HOWARD HUGHES (CONT'D)  
I like what I hear. I want to hear more.

Ingrid smiles, tries to get past him. Hughes blocks her path by pressing his hand against the wall.

HOWARD HUGHES (CONT'D)  
What do you dream of, Ingrid? Name it  
and I'll buy it for you.

INGRID  
Freedom, Howard. I want freedom.

HOWARD HUGHES  
It's yours.

Howard Hughes lifts his arm allowing Ingrid to pass. It is at this moment she sees:

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI

just arriving to the party, escorted by PETER LINDSTROM.

PARTY GUESTS shake his hand, appear to be complimenting him, fawning over him, but he seems unimpressed with both the attention and the famous people it's coming from.

Roberto is bored, uncomfortable, out of place until he catches INGRID'S EYE and his face suddenly comes to life.

Clear across the room, he smiles warmly to her - puts his hand over his heart.

INT. LINDSTROM GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT

Late at night. ROBERTO lays his suitcase on the guest house bed while INGRID takes some towels down from the cupboard.

INGRID

Fresh towels and a face cloth. You can put them in the hamper when you're through with them.

Roberto smiles, looks at Ingrid. They are alone together but there is nothing else for her to do here.

INGRID (CONT'D)

It's such good news, isn't it?

ROBERTO

Good news?

INGRID

About Mr. Goldwyn.

Roberto shrugs - he doesn't know.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Roberto. The man you met tonight.

ROBERTO

I met many, many men tonight. They all seem the same to me.

INGRID

But Sam Goldwyn can make our picture. And he wants to. He loved "Open City." He just needs to see one other film of yours before he draws up contracts.

Roberto nods - he's happy but it doesn't mean a lot to him. He looks out the window to the main house.

ROBERTO

You're building something?

INGRID

A nursery for a new child.

ROBERTO

Are you-?

INGRID

Oh no-

She instinctively touches her abdomen indicating pregnancy.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Petter wanted to build the room first.  
Before--

Ingrid looks away, doesn't want to say anymore about this.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Do you have children, Roberto?

Roberto's expression darkens. His usually friendly smile disappears.

ROBERTO

I have a son. His name is Renzo like my brother. My other boy, Romano... he would have been ten years old next month.

Roberto looks at Ingrid, her face realizing.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

He had a stomach infection. My little boy survived the war, the food shortages and the bombing; but he didn't survive being sick.

INGRID

Roberto... That's tragic. To lose a child.

ROBERTO

For many months after he died, I had a tree picked out on the road I drive. I raced my car back and forth past that tree, each time knowing all it would take for me to--

He make turns an imaginary STEERING WHEEL. Ingrid flinches slightly.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

I hear his voice, still. Like a ghost. But there are a lot of ghosts in Europe now - a lot of children gone. In that way, I'm like everyone else.

Roberto opens his suitcase on the bed. Ingrid stands there, silently watching him unpack.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MOVIE SCREEN

with the TITLE in black and white:

This film is dedicated to  
the memory of my son Romano

--Roberto Rossellini

INT. SAM GOLDWYN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two-dozen well-dressed and well-heeled HOLLYWOOD GUESTS sit in supreme comfort of couches and chairs while watching brutally realistic images from after the recent war.

- Starving, homeless Europeans descend on a FALLEN HORSE to cut fresh meat from its carcass.
- A YOUNG BOY struggles to find food in the bombed-out rubble of a city.
- The same YOUNG BOY falls to his death from the shattered remains of a building.

The MUSIC SWELLS with the desolate poignancy of the images while we see the FACES in the screening room: Shocked, uneasy, and then finally relieved when "THE END" fills the screen.

The LIGHTS come up and the room is absolutely quiet.

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI sits frozen in the front row of chairs, staring at the blank screen. In the back of the silent screening room

INGRID leans forward, looks around for a reaction, but no one makes eye contact with her, not even PETTER sitting next to her.

A GUEST (O.S.)  
(barely a whisper)  
Was that the most depressing thing you  
ever saw?

Ingrid stands up suddenly, and now all eyes are upon her as she walks what seems like a mile between the chairs of the other guests.

She leans down over Roberto, puts her arm around him, and kisses him gently on the cheek.

There's a HUSH in the room, shocked, inaudible WHISPERS as we-

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

EXT. LINDSTROM BACKYARD - DAY

Bright and sunny for late January. ROBERTO and INGRID are having lunch by the pool when PETTER comes out onto the terrace. Ingrid sees the distress in her husband's face.

INGRID

Is it bad?

PETTER

Goldwyn pulled out completely. No contract. No distribution. No picture.

Petter drops down at the table. Roberto offers him something to eat but he shake his head.

PETTER (CONT'D)

Without a script or even a solid story and after the way it all went down at the screening, none of us should be surprised, should we?

ROBERTO

I have a surprise. My European distribution has been cut off, at the same time your government won't honor my Italian currency.

Petter is shocked. Roberto grins, shrugs, downs his Orange Juice

INGRID

I'm sorry, Roberto. That's awful.

PETTER

How can you be so relaxed?

ROBERTO

Are you asking me to leave?

PETTER

Heavens no.

ROBERTO

The sun is shining. I'm surrounded by beauty. I have an actress and a story to tell.

(MORE)

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

There are no Nazis marching in the street outside.

(he shrugs)

I am happy.

PETTER

We need a script, Roberto. And we need it now.

INGRID

Petter. We've discussed how Roberto works.

PETTER

Ingrid, Darling. If we're going to find a buyer--

ROBERTO

--We'll find a script.

PETTER

You don't find a script. You sit down and write one.

ROBERTO

I will find one.

PETTER

Where?

EXT. ROOSEVELT HIGHWAY (P.C.H.) - DAY

Ingrid's CONVERTIBLE speeds up the Pacific Coast Highway with ROBERTO reclined in the passenger seat.

We can't hear their conversation, but whatever they're saying it's making them laugh; they are having a wonderful time just being together.

INT. BROWN DERBY RESTAURANT - DAY

INGRID is having lunch with LEO MC CAREY, the director of "Bells of St. Mary's".

LEO MC CAREY

I know what's going on between you and Rossellini.

INGRID

You know we're looking to make a picture together.

LEO MC CAREY

Ingrid, you're falling for him because he's the exact opposite of Petter. Go to Vienna. You'll find guys with the flowers and the hand-kissing bit who make Rossellini look like an amateur.

INGRID

Thank you, Leo, for your concern. But Roberto's never kissed my hand nor given me flowers. He has told me a story for a picture.

EXT. INGRID'S CONVERTIBLE - DAY

ROBERTO stares at INGRID's beautiful profile against the backdrop of the Pacific Ocean.

INGRID (CONT'D) (V.O.)

It's a picture I want to be in.

But the blueness of the ocean turns to a dark green as the sun disappears behind a cloud.

EXT. MALIBU INTERSECTION - DAY

The CONVERTIBLE is stopped at an intersection when the RAIN starts coming down. INGRID and ROBERTO laugh as they try to get the top down over their heads.

A SEDAN pulls up beside them. The WOMAN behind the wheel appears to recognize them.

WOMAN

Well, well, well. Look at the two love birds making their nest.

INGRID

Oh! Hello, Mary.

MARY BENNY (Jack Benny's wife) brings a pretend camera to her face, clicks a pretend picture. She grins, drives away with the green light.

But the little joke has tempered the mood, made Ingrid uneasy as she drives forward in the pouring rain.

INT. LINDSTROM HOUSE - DAY

The RAIN is continuous as INGRID and ROBERTO come rushing in through the front door, laughing again that they're half-soaked.

The HOUSEKEEPER is there to whisper:

HOUSEKEEPER

Miss Bergman. There's someone here to see you. He insisted I let him in.

Ingrid makes her way into the living where a MAN sits in a large chair silhouetted by the fire.

INGRID

Mr. Hughes. I hope you haven't been waiting long.

HOWARD HUGHES leans forward in the chair.

HOWARD HUGHES

Ingrid. You're all wet.

INGRID

Yes. Who expects rain in Hollywood? Mr. Hughes, this is Roberto Rossellini--

HOWARD HUGHES

(interrupting)

--I've bought you a film studio.

INGRID

Pardon me? What have you done?

HOWARD HUGHES

I've bought a film studio for you, Ingrid. RKO. It's my present to you. Are you happy?

INGRID

Are you joking?

HOWARD HUGHES

Ingrid. You know I'm not joking.

(a beat)

How much money do you need to make this picture?

Ingrid looks to Roberto who seems uneasy, distrustful, as if the devil himself had offered the deal.

INGRID

Don't you want to hear the story first?

HOWARD HUGHES

(shaking his head)

Are you beautiful in it? Are you going to have wonderful clothing?

INGRID

No. I'm playing a displaced person in some horrible camp. I'm going to wear the cheapest things you ever saw.

HOWARD HUGHES

Hmm... What a pity.

But his disappointment is brief as his smile rises again.

HOWARD HUGHES (CONT'D)

In our next picture we'll make sure you look great. It'll be a marvelous picture with RKO and you can make it with whatever director you like.

Hughes looks at Roberto for the first time.

HOWARD HUGHES (CONT'D)

But you have your little fun and then you'll come back to me, and we'll make a great movie.

Hughes walks toward the door.

INGRID

We haven't said "yes", Mr. Hughes.

He turns around at the door with a look like "who are you kidding?" He looks directly at Roberto, his new employee.

HOWARD HUGHES (CONT'D)

Get started right away. I want cameras rolling by the end of next month.

And with that Howard Hughes is out the door.

INT. LINDSTROM GUEST HOUSE - DAY

ROBERTO is packing the suitcases while he can hear PETTER and INGRID quarreling in the main house.

PETTER

Why are you even hesitating, Ingrid? This is a perfect arrangement. A very generous offer.

INGRID

You know what he wants with me.

PETTER

I know you're a grown up woman. You can handle yourself with Howard Hughes.

INGRID

I don't like the man.

PETTER

You don't have to like him to take his money.

Roberto closes his suitcase, looks up to see Petter crossing the pool area to approach the guest house.

The Italian director greets him with a warm smile.

ROBERTO

Petter. How can I thank you for your generous hospitality?

PETTER

You're welcome, Roberto.

ROBERTO

No. No. When I get home my pockets will be full, but here I have no more than two pennies.

PETTER

(incredulous)

You want to borrow money to buy me something?

ROBERTO

You and Ingrid and Pia. And also for my son. Something from America.

Petter takes out his wallet and counts out some BILLS for Roberto.

PETTER

Three hundred dollars?

ROBERTO

Grazie. That's very generous. When I get home I'll wire it back to you.

Petter looks at Roberto, is about to say something when Roberto shakes his head.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

I know there's been talk. Gossip about me and Ingrid. But it is no more than that. I want you to know you that when she arrives in Italy three weeks from now, you can trust me to protect her.

Petter looks at Roberto, unsure exactly what that means. He doesn't say anything, just nods his head.

EXT. WESTWOOD VILLAGE - NIGHT

ROBERTO is exuberant with a wallet full of money and his arms full of packages as he stops in front of the TOY SHOP with INGRID.

ROBERTO

Wait. Wait. I see the perfect present for little Pia.

Roberto points directly to the STANDING STUFFED COW. Ingrid shakes her head, horrified.

INGRID

No. Not that. Anything but that, Roberto.

ROBERTO

You don't' think she'd like it?

INGRID

She'd love it, but Petter has already said "no."

ROBERTO

It's a present. How can he say "no?"

INGRID

If you buy that, Roberto, he'll completely misinterpret. He'll think...

ROBERTO

Nonsense.

Ingrid grabs hold Roberto's arm to keep him from going into the toy shop. He sees the fear in her eyes. The fear of Petter.

INGRID

Please, Roberto. Don't.

EXT. LINDSTOM HOUSE - DAY

A TAXI DRIVER puts Roberto's suitcases into the waiting cab while PIA rips the wrapping off the STANDING STUFFED COW.

PIA

How did you know? This is what I wanted. This is what I really wanted!

Pia gives a big hug to ROBERTO who grins at INGRID while PETER fumes at what he sees.

Roberto shakes Petter's hand, kisses Ingrid gently on the cheek.

ROBERTO

Grazie. Grazie. See you in Rome.

Roberto climbs into the cab, that disappears down the driveway. As Pia runs back into the house with her cow leaving Ingrid and Petter standing there for a silent moment.

They have nothing to say to each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LINDSTROM HOUSE - HOUSE ADDITION - DAY

An INTERIOR DECORATOR holds two samples of different WALLPAPER up for INGRID to decide.

DECORATOR

This wallpaper would be perfect if you knew you were going to have a boy. But this one would be quite excellent for either.

Ingrid doesn't like doing this, doesn't like being in this room.

DECORATOR

When are you expecting?

INGRID

I'm not. I mean, not yet. Either is fine. Whatever you decide.

The Decorator watches Ingrid walk away, disappear down the long dark hallway.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UNION STATION - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

The NIGHT TRAIN is just about to leave. On the platform, INGRID kneels down to PIA who can't help but cry.

INGRID

Pia, dear. Mama's gone away to work before and you haven't cried so. You see? I only have two bags. I can't be gone for very long.

The PORTER lifts the TWO SUITCASES into the train.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Perhaps when school is finished, you and Papa can come visit me on the island. There's a giant black volcano there. It's angry and spits lava into the air. It will be like nothing you've ever see before.

(whispers in her ear)

It will be an adventure.

Ingrid kisses Pia softly on the cheek.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Mama loves you always.

Pia calms as Ingrid tentatively and politely kisses Petter.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Good-bye, Petter.

Ingrid backs away, climbs into the TRAIN CAR.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

As the lights of the city rush past, INGRID leans her head against the dark window, wiping her eyes under her sunglasses, crying quietly.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

INGRID is asleep when the plane lands, wrapped in a blanket, leaning against the window.

CLOSE ON - ROBERTO

coming into an empty plane. He finds INGRID standing in the aisle alone, unsure, irresolute until she sees him.

Roberto kisses her gently on each cheek, whispers in her ear:

ROBERTO

Je t'aime.

INGRID

(she smiles)

What time is it?

ROBERTO

Midnight. We're not alone.

Roberto helps her to the door.

EXT. CIAMPINO AIRPORT - ROME - NIGHT

FLASHBULBS explode like lightning as INGRID and ROBERTO step out from the plane and descend the stairs into a

SWARM OF PHOTOGRAPHERS

shouting in Italian, trying to squeeze in for the best shot of Italy's new prize.

But Roberto is a hearty blocker, pushing away the cameras with his arms and fists.

It is a violent, frightening affair until they get to Roberto's RED FERRARI SPORTS CAR and roar off into ROME.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROME STREET - DAY

The day is sunny and bright as ROBERTO moves the red sports through ancient streets of ROME lined on all sides with CROWDS SCREAMING: "Hurrah, Roberto!! Hurrah, Roberto!!)

ROBERTO

They have declared a holiday today!

INGRID

For what reason?

ROBERTO

For you! For me! For everything we will do together!

Hand-painted SIGNS stand out in the passing crowd: "Ti Amo, Ingrid" and "Rome loves Ingrid"

INGRID takes it all in, the sights, the colors, the cheering crowds. It is beautiful and unreal - like being in a fairytale - and here beside Roberto, She is thoroughly enchanted.

EXT. ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The landscape is vibrant and green as the RED FERRARI wends its way along the curving roads - an ANCIENT CASTLE looming on the hill above them.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ABBEY OF MONTE CASSINO - DAY

A STUNNING VISTA at a site of ABSOLUTE DEVASTATION.

INGRID and ROBERTO are led by a PRIEST through the bombed out ruins of a 6<sup>th</sup> Century ABBEY.

PRIEST  
What took centuries to build was  
destroyed in one night...

The PRIEST'S VOICE fades as Ingrid and Roberto only see each other now.

INT. ROBERTO'S SPORTS CAR - DAY

The deep blue water of the Amalfi Coast races by as ROBERTO speeds his car along the ancient and narrow road.

INGRID puts her hand on his. Their fingers intertwine.

INT. ALBERGO LUNA CONVENTO - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - ROBERTO'S PROFILE

gently coming down to kiss INGRID on the lips. In dreamlike perfection, they are making love against the backdrop of the moon over the night ocean.

CLOSE ON - A PEN

coming to paper, writing in perfect cursive: "*Petter, Dear*".

INGRID (V.O.)  
It will be very difficult for you to read  
this letter.

EXT. A CASTLE - AMALFI COAST - DAY

ROBERTO and INGRID walk hand in hand along the ramparts of the castle.

INGRID (V.O.)  
It was not my plan to fall in love and go  
to Italy forever. After all our plans  
and dreams you know this to be true.

A PHOTOGRAPHER leans out from his hiding place to snap a picture of the lovers.

INT. DEVELOPING ROOM - DAY

Under the red light, a WHITE SHEET of PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER is slipped into a tray of developer.

INGRID (V.O.)

I thought maybe I could conquer the feeling I had for Roberto when I saw him in his own milieu, so different from mine.

A Black & White IMAGE gradually appears on the submerged paper: ROBERTO and INGRID holding hands like lovers

CLOSE ON - THE PHOTOGRAPH

being slipped into an addressed "Air Mail" envelope: **LIFE MAGAZINE.**

EXT. AMALFI VILLAGE - DAY

ROBERTO walks by himself with Ingrid's SEALED LETTER in his hand.

INGRID (V.O.)

But it turned out just the opposite. The people, the life, the country is not strange. It is what I always wanted.

Roberto kisses the small, thin envelope, then drops it in the MAIL BOX.

INT. LINDSTROM HOUSE - DAY

PETTER LINDSTROM stands alone in the empty, freshly wallpapered NURSERY - reading the LETTER from his wife.

INGRID (V.O.)

My Petter. I know this letter falls like a bomb on our house, our Pelle, our future, our past so filled with sacrifice and help on your part. And now you stand in the ruins and I am unable to help you. Poor papa - but also, poor mama.

The letter trembles in his hand. He uses every bit of his immense self-control to keep from breaking down.

But PIA is standing in the doorway, frightened to see her father like this.

PIA

Papa, what's the matter?

Grief turns to a vicious flash of anger. He waves letter.

PETTER

Your mother has left us.

PIA

Mama? But she said...

Petter holds Pia close as though he couldn't bear to let her go.

PETTER

No, Pia. She isn't coming home.

Pia's body quivers as he sobs in her father's arms.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

FADE IN:

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

A LIFE MAGAZINE

flies across the room, just missing JOE STEELE who looks blankly at WALTER WANGER - the man who threw it.

WANGER

What is she saying about this?

JOE STEELE

Nothing to me.

WANGER

Is it true?

JOE STEELE

Is it a surprise?

WANGER

Damn it, Joe, I'm financially invested. I am neck deep in a motion picture about Joan of Arc. And now my beloved saint is schtooping some Italian in front of the whole world.

JOE STEELE

Can't be good for ticket sales, I would imagine.

WANGER

It's a disaster. Joe, I need a denial from her. Angry and unequivocal.

JOE STEELE

Ingrid won't lie.

WANGER

She has to.

JOE STEELE

She won't.

WANGER

Then get her to change her mind.

JOE STEELE

I'm her publicist, not her father. She's not a little girl.

WANGER

Just tell her the truth! Tell her what she can't see through those starry-eyed lovers eyes. Tell her the shit has hit the fan in America.

CUT TO:

INGRID BERGMAN MAGAZINE

pictures being ripped angrily from a bedroom wall and thrown in a WASTEBASKET.

WALTER

Tell her that all over this country every columnist every radioman every preacher on the pulpit is screaming betrayal!

CUT TO:

A RADIO MICROPHONE

and an ANNOUNCER'S LIPS pontificating words we can't hear.

WALTER

P.T.A. groups, sewing circles, church socials are all chattering "boycott!" of anything and everything that's Ingrid Bergman, including and especially my movie: Joan of Arc.

AN ANGRY MINISTER

waves a LIFE MAGAZINE with Ingrid Bergman on the cover as JOAN OF ARC.

BACK TO SCENE

where Joe Steele isn't hearing anything he didn't already know.

JOE STEELE

You expect me to change her mind?

WALTER

I expect you to remind her what she's giving up. I expect that to change her mind.

JOE STEELE

Millions of Americans get divorced every year, Walter.

WALTER

Millions of Americans aren't a person  
millions of Americans strive to be like.

JOE STEELE

You don't think there's any part of  
Ingrid's private life she can call her  
own - and do with as she pleases?

Walter Wanger shakes his head, presses his INTERCOM

WALTER

Not my part.  
(into intercom)  
I need to send a cable to Stromboli  
island now.

EXT. MESSINA HARBOR - DAY

A well-used, FORTY-FOOT FISHING BOAT motors slowly out of the harbor.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - DAY

This old, stinking boat is filled with FILMING EQUIPMENT.  
ROBERTO directs the film crew stowing the MOVIE CAMERA for  
passage while

INGRID

stands at the bow, not looking back to the shore receding  
behind her.

WALTER WANGER  
(V.O.)

The malicious stories about  
your behavior need immediate  
contradiction from you.  
Because I believed in you and  
your honesty, I made a huge  
investment endangering my  
future and that of my family  
which you are jeopardizing if  
you do not behave in a way  
which will disprove these  
ugly rumors broadcast over  
radio and press throughout...

(FADE OUT as we: )

JOSEPH BREEN  
(V.O.)

In recent days, the American  
Newspapers have carried  
stories to the effect that  
you are about to divorce your  
husband, forsake your child,  
and marry Roberto Rossellini.  
These reports are the cause  
of great consternation among  
large numbers of people who  
have come to look upon you as  
the first lady of the  
screen...

(FADE OUT as we: )

DISSOLVE TO:

ROBERTO AND INGRID

huddled close in serene SILENCE as the sea is darkening with the end of day. Up ahead, the dark cone of STROMBOLI VOLCANO comes into view.

ROBERTO

The ancients believed the Stromboli Crater was the gateway to Purgatory.

Ingrid says nothing, but huddles closer to Roberto, her eyes never leaving the looming black crater.

THE STROMBOLI VOLCANO

fills the screen as the boat is now nearing the island.

LEW WASSERMAN (V.O.)

Pack your bags, Kay!

INT. KAY BROWN'S APARTMENT - DAY

KAY BROWN, Ingrid's agent, is on the TELEPHONE.

KAY BROWN

Where to, Lew? I don't want to go anywhere.

LEW WASSERMAN (O.S.)

The island of Stromboli. Your girl's going to wreck herself if you don't do something.

KAY BROWN

I'll call her.

LEW WASSERMAN (O.S.)

No phones there. Mail only once a week. She's not returning any cables, and her husband is on his way to Italy to try see her privately.

EXT. ROME AIRPORT - DAY

PETTER

descends the steps of AIRPLANE into a hungry pack of REPORTERS. He stops to read a brief statement (we can't hear it) that every pencil scribbles down word for word.

LEW WASSERMAN (V.O.)

Make sure that happens.

EXT. STROMBOLI ISLAND - DAY

From a rocking boat, a FISHERMAN lowers KAY BROWN as best he can into a foot of beach water.

KAY BROWN

Damn! My shoes!

Kay wades up to the beach, her MINK COAT dragging in the water. POOF! POOF! Her suitcases bounce off the sand, the fisherman having just thrown them from the boat.

INT. STROMBOLI HOUSE - DAY

The FISHERMAN carries her bags in while KAY looks around the medieval accommodations.

KAY BROWN

So this is how the biggest movie star in the world is living?

The fisherman nods, proudly.

KAY BROWN (CONT'D)

Right. Yeah. Well, where's the bathroom?

The fisherman doesn't understand. Kay mimes a flushing motion. He still doesn't understand. She mimes pulling down pants. He smiles, points a tiny building outside the house. Kay goes absolutely white at the idea.

KAY BROWN (CONT'D)

What about bathing? Or showering?

She mimes washing herself. The fisherman takes her to a small bare closet-sized room with a hole in the ceiling.

He mimics pouring buckets of water through the hole in the ceiling, then mimics a woman washing her hair.

KAY BROWN

Dear God. I have died and gone to hell.

EXT. STROMBOLI ISLAND - NIGHT

KAY watches filming of a night scene at a mock-up of the DISPLACED PERSON'S CAMP.

INGRID is dressed in plain peasant clothes talking with an ITALIAN SOLDIER through a TANGLE OF BARBED WIRE.

We can't hear the words but their frustration is palpable when they try to kiss through the barbed wire. They move their heads to touch lips, but they can't.

The soldier deftly opens a gap in the barbed wire, moves in quickly to kiss Ingrid when:

ROBERTO  
Cut! Cut! No! No!

INT. STROMBOLI HOUSE - NIGHT

ROBERTO  
No! No! No!

ROBERTO paces angrily around the table at which KAY and INGRID are seated.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
If you are in a room for just one minute with this man, he will change your mind. He has control over you.

KAY BROWN  
He's still your husband, Ingrid. Everyone knows that. The world knows that. He won't grant you a divorce until you see him.

Ingrid is exhausted, overwhelmed, confused what to do. She looks to Roberto who is resolute in his opposition.

ROBERTO  
No!

CUT TO:

INT. MESSINA HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Roberto's pacing is replaced by PETER's. He too is angry, agitated as he stands over INGRID huddled against the open window.

PETER  
Have you looked in a mirror, Ingrid?  
Have you seen what this is doing to you?  
You're emaciated!

INGRID  
Finally I'm what you always wanted me to be.

Roberto's RED FERRARI races by down the narrow street, right under the open window.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I no longer sneak down to the kitchen at night for ice cream. There is no kitchen. No ice cream. No need.

Petter looks at her as though this were news to him.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I'm not afraid to tell you that now.

Roberto's FERRARI races by the window again going the other direction.

PETTER

Does he have to do that?

INGRID

Apparently so.

PETTER

Can't you--?

INGRID

Control him?

Petter doesn't say it, but that's what he means.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I would love for him to stop this. My head is throbbing, Petter. I'm very tempted to throw myself out this window to get him to stop.

PETTER

Why is he doing it?

INGRID

He can't bear the idea of losing another person he loves. He'd rather die. He's afraid I'm going to leave with you.

PETTER

Are you?

INGRID

No. But I'm not sure I could if I wanted to. He has men stationed at every exit of this hotel to prevent you from taking me.

PETTER

And this is what you want? Being a prisoner? Being with this man?

Ingrid looks her husband directly in the eye.

INGRID

I love him, Petter.

Petter is speechless. He sits down.

INT. MESSINA HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It is dark now as PETTER and INGRID remain in the room.

PETTER

No. It's just an infatuation. As soon as you step into our home, and see our daughter, you'll forget all about this Italian.

Roberto's FERRARI races by again.

INGRID

Petter. I'm not going back to live there.

PETTER

And you expected to take Pia away?

INGRID

Part of the time. Not while she's in school.

PETTER

She doesn't go to school. The teasing became too much.

INGRID

Oh God, I'm sorry.

Petter he looks her directly in the eye with piercing intensity - the first hint how difficult he plans to make this for her.

PETTER

She's not yet old enough to travel by herself. If you wish to see her, you'll need to come home. And when you come home, that is when we'll talk about this divorce you're asking me to grant you.

Petter stands up, straightens his clothes.

PETTER (CONT'D)

That is all I have to say to you

The FERRARI races by one more time.

CUT TO:

EXT. STROMBOLI ISLAND - DAY

M.O.S. ROBERTO is shooting a scene with INGRID and about five or six "Local Actors," all of whom have speaking parts.

But the scene is chaos as all the locals keep missing their cues.

INGRID (V.O.)

Dear Joe. This way of making realistic pictures leaves you dead by the realistic roadside. And to only have amateurs to play with when you have as little patience as I have!

We see Ingrid finally explode at Roberto, all her pent-up frustrations finally coming out.

INGRID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But all the hardships I take gladly when I work with somebody that really is remarkable.

CLOSE ON - ROBERTO

tying STRINGS to the toes of all his Local Actors.

INGRID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Never has Roberto hesitated one second in front of a setup. He writes the dialogue just before the scene. He chooses the people a couple of hours before the work. He is full of new ideas, unafraid and with an authority that makes the whole crew adore him. His anger, if something goes wrong, can only be compared with the volcano in the background. His tenderness and humor come like a surprise immediately after.

CLOSE ON - ROBERTO'S HANDS

pulling each STRING at the right time for the "actor" to say his or her line.

INGRID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I understand well that people call him crazy. But so are all people called if the dare to be different, and those are the people I have always loved.

The crazy remedy works, the locals say their lines at the right time, and INGRID beams with relief and admiration.

EXT. ROME STREET - DAY

JOE STEELE stands alone on the ROMAN BOULEVARD waiting for someone or something to arrive.

JOE STEELE (V.O.)

Dear Ingrid. I look forward to seeing you in Rome, hoping you are rested and relieved the shooting of the Stromboli film is finally completed. There is, however, one, minor, annoying bit of business I believe needs doing during my visit.

A TAXICAB stops in front of Joe. He opens the door to let out

HEDDA HOPPER

the famous gossip columnist, decked out in high-heels and fox furs.

JOE STEELE (V.O.)

Your favorite Hollywood gossip columnist, Hedda Hopper is flying to Rome for the sole purpose of seeing you there.

Joe greets Hedda with forced enthusiasm.

EXT. BETWEEN BUILDINGS - DAY

JOE STEELE escorts HEDDA HOPPER through the narrow passages between buildings.

JOE STEELE (V.O.)

I fear the damage Hedda can wreak in her column if you refuse to see her will be much greater than anything she might report from a face-to-face interview. Please, I beg of you, give her a few minutes of your time.

They stop at a door. Joe knocks.

INT. INGRID AND ROBERTO'S APARTMENT - DAY

INGRID is seated on the couch across from HEDDA HOPPER, just bubbling over at the having this exclusive interview.

INGRID

Hedda, it's so good of you to come all this way to see me.

HEDDA HOPPER

You look absolutely ravishing, Ingrid.

INGRID

I must apologize for missing your wonderful birthday party last year. I heard it was grand.

Ingrid catches Joe Steele's warning glance.

HEDDA HOPPER

The that was Louella Parsons', dear.

INGRID

I'm so sorry, Hedda. I wasn't thinking.

HEDDA HOPPER

It's quite all right. We're often confused. Well... So.

(an uncomfortable  
silence)

What's this I hear about you being pregnant?

Ingrid blanches. So does Joe, looking closely at his client.

INGRID

Pregnant? Good heavens, Hedda. Do I look pregnant?

Ingrid stands up, shows off her figure.

HEDDA HOPPER

Not at all, Ingrid. You look lovely.  
(jotting down a note)

And I'll make sure my readers know the truth.

JOE STEELE

There's none in that rumor, I assure you Hedda. I'm planning to sue the Italian paper that printed it.

HEDDA HOPPER

A lawsuit? Joe. That seems rather extreme.

JOE STEELE

A rumor like that is extremely damaging. It has to be answered.

Now Joe notices Ingrid looking at him - as though she were trying to tell him something unpleasant.

INGRID (V.O.)

Dear Joe...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MELROSE AVENUE - DAY

It is late in the afternoon as JOE STEELE drives through the CHRISTMAS DECORATED gates of RKO PICTURES.

INGRID (V.O.)

This is for your eyes alone. If again somebody prints news that I am pregnant, do not sue them as you so bravely wanted to here in Rome - for you will surely lose your case.

INT. HOWARD HUGHES'S OFFICE - DAY

HOWARD HUGHES stares coldly across his desk at JOE STEELE.

HOWARD HUGHES

She's pregnant? My Ingrid is pregnant?

Joe nods.

JOE STEELE

I'm the only one she's told.

Howard Hughes nods silently - wracked with jealousy.

HOWARD HUGHES

She lied to Hedda Hopper.

JOE STEELE

She dodged the question artfully. Hedda made an assumption, a wrong assumption - the same one I made.

HOWARD HUGHES

Why are you telling me?

JOE STEELE

The baby's due in February. If you can get the film into the theaters before then, maybe it can have a good run before-

HOWARD HUGHES

Before what?

JOE STEELE

Dr. Lindstrom is refusing to give Ingrid a divorce until she comes to America. But if she's seen in public now she can't hide her condition. And if the baby's born before the divorce, before she's free to marry Rossellini, it will be-

HOWARD HUGHES

-a bastard!

JOE STEELE

Illegitimate. And your picture would be banned. Picketed. God knows what else.

HOWARD HUGHES

It would raise quite a ruckus, wouldn't it?

JOE STEELE

You think you can get the picture cut and in the theaters before then?

Howard Hughes thinks, nods.

HOWARD HUGHES

I'll see what I can do, Joe.

CLOSE ON - HOWARD HUGHES

still simmering over the news he's heard as he watches JOE STEELE walk to his car in the December twilight. As we pull back we see a TELEPHONE pressed to his ear.

HOWARD HUGHES

Louella Parsons. It seems a Christmas gift for you was just delivered to my office.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

JOE STEELE passes a newsstand as the late edition of the LOS ANGELES EXAMINER is dropped on the sidewalk.

He sees the headline:

**INGRID BERGMAN BABY DUE IN ROME!**

Joe picks up the paper with a trembling hand.

JOE STEELE (V.O.)

(whispers)

Dear Ingrid... Forgive me.

END OF ACT V

ACT VI

FADE IN:

INT. HOWARD HUGHES' OFFICE - DAY

HOWARD HUGHES moves quickly past MOVIE POSTER PROOF PAINTINGS set up on easels:

- Ingrid and the Fisherman/Husband attempting to touch their lips through the barbed wire.
- Ingrid and the Fisherman/Husband on the bow of a boat, the volcanic island in the distance.
- Ingrid on her knees in prayer, near the edge of the crater.

HOWARD HUGHES

No. NO. NO! NOOO!!!

Hughes picks up the PRAYER PAINTING and hurls it across the room.

HOWARD HUGHES

I want heat! I want sex! I want eruption!

The POSTER ARTISTS look at each other.

POSTER ARTIST #1

But, Mr. Hughes. There is no hint of sex in this movie.

POSTER ARTIST #2

They hardly touch each other.

HOWARD HUGHES

Screw the movie! You morons! It's the scandal I'm selling!!

CUT TO:

A GIANT MOVIE POSTER

showing a VOLCANO ERUPTING with sexual ferocity. **"STROMBOLI!!"**  
**-- "Raging Island! Raging Passions!"** A MAN and an Ingrid-looking WOMAN embrace in a passionate kiss.

A single EGG smashes hard against the woman's face.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

More eggs fly as a dozen or so PROTESTERS scream at a thick line of MOVIE GOERS wrapped around the theater, waiting to get in.

PROTESTER

You're buying tickets to the gates of hell! You're filling the purse of the filthiest of women! She's nothing more than a common whore!

The other protesters start a chant that gains momentum.

PROTESTORS

Whore! Whore! Whore! Whore! Whore!  
Whore! Whore! Whore! Whore! Whore!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROME APARTMENT - DAY

As the chanting of "Whore! Whore!" reverberates and fades like a distant echo, a very pregnant INGRID stumbles in the kitchen, clutches her ROUND BELLY from a sudden labor pain.

INGRID

Roberto. It's time.

ROBERTO wraps his arm around her, tenderly helps her to the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

INGRID is sweating with deep and rapid breathing as TWO NUNS attend to her late stages of labor. One holds her shoulders while the other wipes the sweat off her forehead with a cool cloth.

Ingrid Bergman is bathed in light, almost angelic in her pain as we hear in angry VOICE OVER:

MINISTER (V.O.)

The vile actions of Ingrid Bergman are a stench in the nostrils of decent people!

INT. AMERICAN CHURCH - DAY

An angry MINISTER lets loose on the pulpit.

MINISTER

She is a disgrace to the finer  
sensibilities of womanhood!

CLOSE ON - A RADIO MIKE

and pursed lips reading:

DR. VINCENT PEALE

Ingrid Bergman has disqualified herself  
from her profession and should be purged  
from the screen.

INT. A TOWN HALL - NIGHT

A MAN stands up to read from a PETITION.

PETITIONER

We the undersigned demand that any and  
all films by Ingrid Bergman be banned  
inside the city limits of-

CLOSE ON - A QUICK SUCCESSION OF FACES:

ANGRY FACE #1

Atlanta!

ANGRY FACE #2

Philadelphia!

ANGRY FACE #3

From the entire state of Indiana!

CLOSE ON - A PRIEST'S HAND

on the round belly of a PREGNANT WOMAN.

ANGRY VOICE

Everything about this vile woman should  
be ripped from our community!

The PRIEST'S HAND rips open the PREGNANT WOMAN'S DRESS to  
reveal

A NEWSPAPER CAMERA

wrapped in a pillow. Shouts in Italian. The PHOTOGRAPHER,  
posing as a HUSBAND grabs his CAMERA and takes off into the  
hallways of:

EXT. VILLA MARGHERITA HOSPITAL - ROME - DAY

The entrance is swarming with JOURNALISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS - one of them climbing the DRAINPIPE in the vain hope of capturing the winning picture of Ingrid.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY

NUNS and PRIESTS chase PHOTOGRAPHERS flashing pictures into every room, provoking SCREAMS from the unsuspecting.

INT. INGRID'S ROOM - DAY

The SCREAMS of the others segue into INGRID'S as her labor climaxes in excruciating pain.

INT. UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER - DAY

Senator EDWIN JOHNSON stands to address a packed silent chamber.

SENATOR JOHNSON

When Roberto Rossellini the love pirate returned to Rome smirking over his conquest, it was not Mrs. Petter Lindstrom's scalp which hung from the conqueror's belt--

INT. INGRID'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - ROBERTO

lifting his NEWBORN CHILD from INGRID'S BREAST. His hands quiver with joy - his eyes well up with tears as he hold the child up to the light.

SENATOR JOHNSON (V.O.)

--It was her very soul! Now what is left of her has brought two children into the world - one has no mother; the other is illegitimate. Under United States law, no alien guilty of moral turpitude can set foot on American soil.

INT. U.S. SENATE - DAY

Senator Johnson concludes his speech.

## SENATOR JOHNSON

Since both these alien characters, Ingrid Bergman and her illicit lover Rossellini, are guilty of moral turpitude, they cannot set foot on American soil under our immigration laws!

The packed SENATE GALLERY rises in a loud and sustained APPLAUSE that FADES OUT as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LINDSTROM HOUSE - DAY

PIA LINDSTROM, a year older than when we last saw her, but looking many years more mature sits in the living room, looking out the back windows at her father PETTER gardening alone.

She opens a book she's holding, removes an OVERSEAS LETTER already opened once.

INGRID (V.O.)

Pia, I want you to know that I have NEVER NEVER said that I would give up my child. I love you, Pia, sweetpie, and if it now is a long time we have not seen each other (and it might still be some time as I cannot now come back to America) it does not mean that we will never see each other. I am going to have a little house here in Italy, I am going to have a little room called Pia's room and whenever you come, it is there ready for you.

Pia refolds the letter, puts it back into the book

CLOSE ON - PETTER

at the kitchen sink, washing all the mud and dirt off his hands from gardening.

INGRID (V.O.)

Dearest Petter, I could not wait any longer for you to finish the court proceedings. I have applied and been granted a divorce in the country of Mexico--

INT. MEXICAN COURTROOM - DAY

Two MEXICAN LAWYERS stand next to each other while a MEXICAN JUDGE directs questions to each of them in Spanish.

INGRID (V.O.)

--where Roberto and I will be married by proxy, that is, by a Mexican judge and two lawyers who will stand in for us and take our legal vows.

When the Mexican Judge pronounces (in Spanish) the two men married, they look at each, but don't kiss as we--

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN CHURCH - NIGHT

INGRID and ROBERTO kneel and exchange rings in an empty church filled only with candlelight.

Roberto checks his watch as the minute hand clicks onto the hour. He nods. They kiss now, for the first time as husband and wife.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. LOS ANGELES COURTROOM - DAY

In an empty courtroom, PETTER LINDSTROM stands with his lawyer in front of a JUDGE.

JUDGE

In the matter of Dr. Petter Lindstrom versus Mrs. Ingrid Bergman, the divorce is hereby granted.

No emotion from Petter as the Judge looks over another document.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Dr. Lindstrom, regarding your plans to take you daughter Pia to London for her first visitation with her mother; is there any chance the state of California could permanently lose jurisdiction in this matter?

Petter shakes his head adamantly.

PETTER

No, your honor. My daughter will not be taken away from me. She will never be out of my sight.

EXT. ILCHESTER PLACE - LONDON - DAY

INGRID steps out of a LONDON TAXI to see across the street

PIA AND PETTER

approaching from the corner. Even at this distance Ingrid is overwhelmed at the sight of her.

INGRID

Pia...

She crosses the street without looking. A CAR HONKS, swerves around her.

As Ingrid approaches her now thirteen year-old daughter, PIA backs away, cowers behind her father's shoulder. PETTER looks at Ingrid coldly.

PETTER

Pia, dear. Say a proper hello to your mother. You haven't seen her in two years -- and three months.

Pia obeys her father, steps toward Ingrid.

PIA

Hello, mother.

Ingrid wraps her arms around her with unchecked emotion.

The TOWNHOUSE DOOR in front of which they're meeting suddenly opens. A tall, handsome Englishman steps out.

INGRID

Oh, David. Hellooo. You remember Pia and Petter?

INT. ILCHESTER TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

A well-set DINNER TABLE. PIA, INGRID, PETTER and their hosts DAVID LEAN and MRS. LEAN. The table is absolutely silent.

PETTER

Mr. Lean. Mrs. Lean. I want to thank you for letting us stay with you. It's very kind.

David Lean is suddenly uncomfortable. He looks at Ingrid as though there had been some misunderstanding.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

DAVID LEAN speaks quietly to PETTER who is now very agitated.

DAVID LEAN

I sincerely apologize, Petter. We only have the one bedroom. Quite frankly, I wasn't expecting you'd want to stay here.

PETTER

I can't leave them alone. No. Not overnight.

DAVID LEAN

They won't be alone. We'll be here with them.

David sees that Petter doesn't trust him.

DAVID LEAN (CONT'D)

What exactly is your concern, Petter?

PETTER

That I won't be let back in the house.

DAVID LEAN

Well, then. If I gave you a key, would that set your mind at rest?

Petter considers it cautiously, then nods his head.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (DAWN)

First light of the early morning. INGRID and PIA are sound asleep in the bedroom.

We move out the window to see PETTER quietly opening the front door with his key.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (DAWN)

A SERVANT walks down the hallway, passes PETTER sitting on a chair outside Ingrid's room.

EXT. HYDE PARK - DAY

INGRID and PIA walk in the park together while PETTER stays about twenty steps behind them.

Pia glances back to see where her father is, then asks her mother:

PIA  
 Mama. How is my little brother,  
 Robertino?

Ingrid is moved immeasurably by the question.

PIA (CONT'D)  
 Is he walking yet?

INGRID  
 Oh, yes! All over the house. He's so  
 exhausting, I can't keep up with him.

PIA  
 What does he look like? Is he handsome?

INGRID  
 He's a darling. I sent you a picture.  
 Didn't you get it?

Pia looks again back at her father watching from a distance.

PIA  
 No. I didn't.

INT. ILCHESTER TOWNHOUSE - DAY

INGRID and PIA sit together on a couch watching TELEVISION on a  
 tiny round black & white screen.

Ingrid gets up suddenly, walks into the next room where PETER  
 is still standing guard.

INGRID  
 It's so silly, you sitting in here!

Petter looks up from his chair. It only takes that one look.  
 Ingrid goes back in, sits down next to Pia.

Petter storms into the room - he is agitated, not sure what he  
 wants to say.

PETTER  
 I'm going to take Pia away with me now.  
 Say good-bye to her. We're leaving.

INGRID  
 I was promised a week with her. One week  
 after two years.

Pia doesn't look up, stares straight ahead at the TV.

PETTER

I've changed my mind. I want to go to Sweden. I told you in the first place that's where we'd be!

INGRID

Outside. Please.

INT. HALLWAY - (CONTINUOUS)

PETTER follows INGRID into the hallway.

INGRID

I can't go to Sweden. Not now, with everything. It would be unbearable for me. I thought you understood that.

PETTER

I understand that you've ruined my life, Mrs. Rossellini.

INGRID

Petter, she can hear.

PETTER

Did you know I had a professorship in my hand? The University was just about to offer me, but then changed their minds for one reason. The scandal. My name in the papers. That was the only reason!

INGRID

Please stop. Please don't upset her.

INT. TV ROOM - (CONTINUOUS)

PIA can hear everything in the hallway but doesn't take her eyes off the TV screen.

PETTER (O.S.)

And this after everything I've done for you. After all the sacrifice, this is what I get? Oh, stop crying. You have no right to cry.

CLOSE ON - PIA

her eyes welling up with tears, but never leaving the direction of the TV.

PETTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Damn it, Ingrid. Would you stop crying?

EXT. ILCHESTER TOWNHOUSE - DAY

PETTER waits inside the LONDON TAXI. Both INGRID'S and PIA'S eyes are dry now as they part company.

Ingrid kisses her daughter gently, whispers in her ear.

INGRID

We'll meet again soon.

Pia smiles, nods, but clearly doesn't believe it. Ingrid watches her get into the taxi as though she were watching her die.

EXT. CHANNEL FERRY - DAY

While the ferry rides the dark choppy water back to the continent, INGRID sits curled up alone in a deck chair.

She hides her identity with a head scarf and sunglasses, but she can't hide that she is sobbing.

People pass by, glancing with sympathy to this crying woman, but leaving her alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES COURTROOM - DAY

PIA LINDSTROM - 14 years-old now - is on the witness stand being questioned by a LAWYER. (The presiding JUDGE is a woman, Mildred T. Lillie)

LAWYER

Miss Lindstrom. When you told your mother that you loved her and missed her on your visit to London a year ago, am I to understand you only said that to be polite?

Pia glances past the lawyer to her father PETTER sitting alone at the respondent's table.

PIA

I don't believe I said I missed her. I mean, maybe I did.

LAWYER

Do you understand what this case is about and what your mother seeks to do by petitioning the court?

PIA

She wants me to go to Italy.

LAWYER

But you realize, do you not, that your mother is not asking you to come live with her, but just to visit some of the time you're not in school.

Pia seems to confused.

PIA

Yes.

She looks again to her father who motions her to look at the lawyer.

LAWYER

Have you ever written your mother letters in which you told her that you loved her?

PIA

I always sign them "Love, Pia."

LAWYER

And does that express the way you feel about her?

PIA

It's just the way I end the letter. I don't really... I don't really know her.

LAWYER

Miss Lindstrom, whether or not you know your mother very well or whether you will have the opportunity in the future to know her well, do you love your mother?

PIA

I haven't seen her enough to really love her. I mean, my father has mostly taken care of me.

Pia is confused what to say, but doesn't dare look at her father again. She shakes her head.

EXT. VILLA MARGHERITA HOSPITAL - ROME - DAY

PIA (V.O.)

The answer is "no."

At one time crowded with hordes of journalists, the outside of the hospital is devoid of any human presence.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Where there were once nuns chasing photographers, there is now no one - just an empty hallway.

PIA (V.O.)  
I don't love my mother.

From one of the rooms we hear a LOUD CRY OF ANGUISH.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Attended by NUNS, INGRID is in the final stages of labor.

We hear a baby's GASP, then a loud CRY.

INT. ROSSELLINI HOME - SANTA MARINELLA - DAY

INGRID is home now, laid back on the bed with TWIN BABIES in her arms. She kisses each one softly on the head -

INGRID  
Good morning, Isabella. Good Morning,  
little Ingrid.

Two year old ROBERTINO jumps onto his mother's lap to see closer his new sisters.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Good morning, Robertino. Careful.

She looks past her children to ROBERTO pacing with a TELEGRAM in his hand.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
What is it, Roberto?

ROBERTO  
Your petition to have Pia visit. It was denied.

The maternal joy in Ingrid's face suddenly evaporates.

INGRID  
I have to see her, Roberto.

ROBERTO  
They said "no." There's nothing else we can do.

INGRID  
I have to go there.

ROBERTO

To America?!

Ingrid doesn't answer, but he knows what she means.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

They will arrest you at the airport, take you away in handcuffs for being a - what is they said? - an "immoral alien."

INGRID

They won't. It's been two years. No one cares anymore.

ROBERTO

That could change in a second.

INGRID

I have to go.

ROBERTO

You can't go. We have no money for you to go there.

INGRID

Then I'll make money. I'll make a movie.

ROBERTO

What do you mean you'll "make a movie?" You make movies every year!

Ingrid can't say it, but she doesn't have to.

INGRID

Roberto...

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

My films made money in the past and will make money in the future.

INGRID

But not right now. And now is when we need money. Federico has said that I need only call him.

ROBERTO

No! Absolutely no! You will not work with that traitor Fellini!

The TWIN BABIES start crying from the shouting. Ingrid tries desperately to quiet them.

INGRID

What about Signor Visconti? He said any time--

ROBERTO

--You are my actress! You are part of my vision. I can't loan my vision out to the highest bidder! I can't rent you and take money like some  
 (grimacing with utter  
 disgust)  
 Hollywood producer!

INGRID

You wouldn't have to "rent" me, Roberto.

ROBERTO

What do you mean? That's what you're asking.

INGRID

I'd earn my own salary. It would be paid to me.

Roberto simmers, paces, the babies continue to cry.

ROBERTO

No! No!!

SMASH CUT TO:

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI (3 YEARS LATER)

still pacing angrily as FIVE YEAR-OLD ROBERTINO chases the TWIN THREE YEAR-OLD GIRLS around the living room.

ROBERTO

Absolutely not!

He storms out leaving INGRID (3 years older) alone with the GIRLS who jump into her arms for refuge.

Distressed and lonely, she hugs them tight along with Robertino who jumps into her lap.

END OF ACT VI

ACT VII

FADE IN:

EXT. SANTA MARINELLA - VERANDA - NIGHT

A warm Summer night. INGRID sits out on the veranda with an older French gentleman, JEAN RENOIR. He smiles to five year-old ROBERTINO who hides shyly behind his mother.

JEAN RENOIR

You know, Ingrid. I don't think I've ever seen such a handsome boy.

INGRID

Thank you, Jean.

She gives her boy a hug and a kiss.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Sometimes I look at him and think about the priest who visited me from America just after he was born. He sat right there and told me that it was my duty as a woman to go back to America accept my penance publicly, and beg my husband for forgiveness. And I looked at him right there and asked him, "What about my baby boy? What's to happen to him?" And he said, "Put him in an orphanage and forget about him. These kind of mistakes happen all the time. They happen more than you know." Well. I couldn't show him the door quickly enough. Oh, my beautiful boy.

She kisses him again and he runs away.

JEAN RENOIR

Ingrid. Do remember back in Los Angeles you asked to work with me? You asked to be in one of my films?

INGRID

Several times.

JEAN RENOIR

Do you remember what I said?

INGRID

You said I was too big a star.

JEAN RENOIR

And that I will wait until you are falling because it happens to all careers in Hollywood, and when it happens to you I will be there with the net to catch you.

INGRID

Yes, Jean, that was sweet.

She notices him taking a MOVIE SCRIPT from his SATCHEL.

INGRID (CONT'D)

What is it?

JEAN RENOIR

(putting the SCRIPT in  
her hand)

The net to catch you.

Ingrid is overwhelmed, holds the script preciously like it were some sacred text.

JEAN RENOIR (CONT'D)

I want you to come and do a film with me in Paris.

INGRID

Oh, Jean. I don't know what to say. It's been so long since I had a script in my hand, with the whole story and every word all - written.

But her expression darkens as she realizes.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Roberto will say "no" when I ask him.

JEAN RENOIR

Then you won't ask him. I will.  
(calling into the house)  
Roberto!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

ROBERTO is confused, disarmed by the question coming from the great French director.

JEAN RENOIR

I beg you.

Roberto rolls his eyes up, shrugs like it's no big deal.

INT. KAY BROWN'S OFFICE - DAY

KAY BROWN slams down the phone and screams.

KAY BROWN  
The spell is broken! The spell is  
broken!

She spins a complete revolution in her office chair.

INT. 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY FOX - PRODUCTION CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Production Chief DARRYL ZANUCK turns his chair towards KAY BROWN excitedly pacing his office.

KAY BROWN  
Finally, finally! She's working with a  
director that isn't Rossellini! I know  
Ingrid. Once she has a taste of this--

FOX EXEC  
--Don't do it, Mr. Zanuck. She's poison.

ZANUCK  
No.  
(thinking)  
She's perfect. Get her the script.

INT. PLAZA ATHENEE HOTEL BAR - PARIS - NIGHT

Russian director ANATOLE LITVAK is seated in a corner booth with INGRID looking very elegant tonight - and very alive.

Litvak, nervous before the great film star, puts a THICK SCRIPT in front of Ingrid.

INGRID  
(reading title)  
"Anastasia."

LITVAK  
It's the story of a lost Russian princess  
who comes out of obscurity to reclaim her  
birthright, but no one believes in her.

Ingrid looks the Russian director straight in the eye.

INGRID  
Yes.

INT. ROME APARTMENT - DAY

ROBERTO is seated on the large sofa, agitated, but trying to keep his cool. The CHILDREN are home and play freely in the house.

INGRID

But that's not all.

ROBERTO

There's something else? You want to twist the knife a little more?

INGRID

After the filming in London, I've agreed to do a play in Paris.

ROBERTO

You can't, Ingrid.

INGRID

It's called "Tea and Sympathy," it's entirely in French, and they want you to direct it.

ROBERTO

I know that play. It's garbage. I would never direct that play.

INGRID

Please, Roberto. I was hoping you would.

ROBERTO

No! It's impossible! Who's going to be with the children while you're making a movie in London and putting on a play in Paris?

INGRID

I was hoping part of the time-

ROBERTO

--I'm going to be in India.

Ingrid looks at him with utter surprise.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

There's a documentary film. Good money. They want me to direct. I'll be gone.

INGRID

That's great news, Roberto.

ROBERTO  
But it spoils your plans, no?

INGRID  
No. I'll take the children with me.

ROBERTO  
You can't! They belong at home!

INGRID  
They'll be at home. With me. In London  
and Paris.

Roberto shoots out of his chair.

ROBERTO  
This is absolutely wrong! I forbid it.  
End of story.

INGRID  
I was telling you my plans, Roberto. Not  
asking your permission.

ROBERTO  
This is insanity. You're ruining our  
home.

Roberto grabs his CAR KEYS from a bowl on the counter.

INGRID  
Where are you going?

ROBERTO  
I'm going to drive. Drive right into a  
tree. I have had enough of this! Of  
everything!

INGRID  
Do you really want to leave your children  
without a father?

ROBERTO  
You're giving me no choice!

This is where Ingrid would break down and do as he wishes. She  
doesn't.

INGRID  
All right, then. You drive into a tree.  
I'll make some tea.

Ingrid goes into the kitchen, puts the KETTLE on the STOVE.

INT. ROBERTO'S FERRARI - NIGHT

ROBERTO races his deafeningly loud FERRARI much too fast for the curves of the narrow CITY STREETS.

He skids a turn, heads straight into a WALL as we--

CUT TO:

A CLAPBOARD

(with the movie title "ANASTASIA" printed on it) slamming closed with a loud CLAP!

INT. LONDON SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The ROAR of ROBERTO'S FERRARI continues over INGRID playing a ballroom scene across from a bald YUL BRYNNER.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBERTO'S FERRARI - DAY

ROBERTO pushes the curves of this coastal road, looking like he might plunge into the sea with every turn.

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS THEATER - DAY

INGRID practices her lines in a dress rehearsal for the play: "Tea and Sympathy." The words are French, but we can barely hear them over ROBERTO'S FERRARI ENGINE.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBERTO'S FERRARI - DAY

The pitch of ROBERTO'S ENGINE goes higher and higher as he pushes the speed on the fast straight country lane.

The SPEEDOMETER NEEDLE hugs the upper limit, the TACH is fully in the red. The steering wheel shakes. It looks as though any moment the car is going to spin, tumble, and explode.

But it doesn't as it loses speed, SPUTTERS, finally comes to a stop - completely out of gas.

ROBERTO tries to start it again. But it is hopeless. There is nothing left to burn. He slams his fist on the steering wheel as we--

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS THEATER - NIGHT

The ROAR we hear now is the APPLAUSE for INGRID at the final curtain call.

Ingrid basks in the glory of the moment until she looks over into the wing of the stage to see

ROBERTO

clapping two times before squeezing his hand under his folded arms in bitter disapproval of Ingrid's success.

ROBERTO (V.O.)  
I'm going to India.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

INGRID and her THREE CHILDREN watch ROBERTO walk away down the platform carrying a single SUITCASE.

A TELEPHONE RINGS.

CUT TO:

INT. RAPHAEL HOTEL - PARIS - NIGHT

INGRID rolls over in bed to answer the PHONE.

INGRID  
(groggy)  
Hello.

ROBERTO (O.S.)  
Ingrid... Have you read the papers?

INGRID  
Roberto! Yes. I have. Thank you for calling.  
(struggles to wake herself)  
Isn't it wonderful? The New York Film critics voted me the best actress for 1956. And I received my first Oscar nomination in eight years. There's no way I can be there, but the picture is doing very well.

ROBERTO (O.S.)  
No, Ingrid. That's not what I meant.

INGRID  
What did you--?

ROBERTO (O.S.)  
There's a rumor being reported that I'm having a love affair with Sonali Das Gupta, the young producer on the film. I want you to know there's no truth to it.

Silence.

ROBERTO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Do you understand what I said, Ingrid?

INGRID  
Yes.

Ingrid clutches the phone against her chest, her eyes closing as she speaks again.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Good-bye, Roberto.

She hangs up the phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - RAPHAEL HOTEL - DAY

VERY CLOSE ON - INGRID

washing herself in a BATHTUB with a European LOOFA PAD wrapped around her hand. She scrubs the rough sponge over every square inch of her body, rinsing away the dead skin so that the new radiates clean.

The moment is sensual, while at the same time spiritual as the bathroom is absolutely quiet except the dropping of water into water, echoing gently off the marble walls. But then--

Seven year-old ROBERTINO bursts into the room in his pajamas! He has a TRANSISTOR RADIO pressed to his ear.

ROBERTINO  
Mama! Mama! They are talking about you!

The boy holds out the RADIO. Ingrid sits up in the tub to hear CARY GRANT'S VOICE.

CARY GRANT (O.S.)

(over radio)

I have no way of knowing the exact depth and degree of her emotion when she finally hears the news that she has received this, but...

Ingrid's breath quivers as she realizes:

CARY GRANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dear Ingrid, wherever you are, if you can hear me now--

INGRID

I'm in the bathtub, Cary!

CARY GRANT (O.S.)

--I want you to know that each of the other nominees and all the people with whom you worked on "Anastasia" and everyone here tonight send you our congratulations, our love, our admiration, and our deepest affection.

The APPLAUSE pushes the limits on the tinny speaker on the radio.

ROBERTINO

Why are you crying, Mama? You won. You should be happy.

Ingrid pulls Robertino close and kisses him.

INGRID

I am happy. I am very happy.

EXT. PARIS AIRPORT - DAY

Surrounded by JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS, INGRID quickly and eagerly ascends the stairs to a JET AIRPLANE.

INT. JET AIRPLANE - DAY

INGRID rushes past the pretty FLIGHT ATTENDANT into what she now sees as an

EMPTY AIRPLANE

All the passengers are gone. Ingrid's face falls with confusion and disappointment until she hears behind her:

A VOICE

Mother?

Ingrid turns suddenly to the Flight Attendant who isn't that at all. It is PIA LINDSTROM - a grown and beautiful eighteen year-old woman.

Ingrid's breath leaves her as she closes the distance, holds this mirage firmly between her hands.

INGRID

Oh... Pia. I didn't... Look at you!  
Look at you!

Ingrid holds her daughter tight for a long moment.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Seven years is too long. It's much too long.

Ingrid looks at Pia's face again.

INGRID (CONT'D)

We're not alone, dear.

PIA

I know, Mother. I'm ready.

Ingrid offers Pia her arm.

EXT. JET AIRPLANE - DAY

INGRID and PIA descend the stairs, arms linked, to the ROAR of CLICKING CAMERAS.

They make their way through the jungle of PRESSING REPORTERS into a waiting CAR.

INT. INGRID'S SUITE - RAPHAEL HOTEL - DAY

PIA looks around at her mother's temporary home. INGRID watches her pick up the OSCAR STATUETTE from the side table.

Pia looks at it proudly, admiringly.

PIA

This one shines.

INGRID

It's real gold, now. Not painted plaster.

PIA

(looking closely at the Oscar)

He still looks cross.

Pia looks to her mother with a bittersweet memory of what that means.

Ingrid picks up a SMALL PAINTING leaning against the wall. It is beautifully framed, but not much bigger than a postcard.

INGRID

I just bought this yesterday from an art dealer in the Latin Quarter. My friend Jean Renoir, his father was a painter.

PIA

I know that, Mother. He's very famous.

INGRID

This isn't one of his best or most famous works but I love it. And I love it even more because - besides some small personal things - it's the very first thing I bought with my own money.

PIA

Since your separation from Roberto?

Pia takes the small painting in her hand, looks at it closely.

INGRID

No, Pia. Ever. This is the first thing I've ever bought with my own money.

Pia is frozen. She looks at Ingrid with complete disbelief.

PIA

Mother. Your whole life?

INGRID

Yes, dear. You know how it's been for me.

Pia carefully puts the painting back down, suddenly overcome with emotion as though the full poignancy of her mother's life were suddenly coming clear to her.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Pia. What is it?

PIA

I'm so sorry, Mama. I'm so-  
(she chokes on the  
words)

I always worried about Papa, how bad he felt alone. I had to protect him. In the courtroom, I never meant to say-

Pia is sobbing now. Ingrid wipes her tears with a white handkerchief.

INGRID

You don't need to apologize, Pia. I understand, and I understood then. If there's one thing I've learned from this is that I never ever believe what I read in the papers.

The daughter chokes out a laugh.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Your father forbid me to tell anyone this, but whenever a patient couldn't afford his surgery, he would secretly perform it for free. And one time he paid to have a war refugee brought over from Europe to America just because his story moved him. Pia, I want you always to believe your father is a good man, because he is, I know he is. He just wasn't good to me; at least not most of the time.

PIA

Was Roberto good to you?

INGRID

When he wasn't angry, yes, he was the most loving, generous man in the world. He'd give away the shirt off his back.

(thinking)

In fact, he'd give away everyone's shirt.

Pia breaks up laughing. Ingrid kisses her tenderly on the cheeks as the door suddenly opens and THREE CHILDREN rush into the room.

ROBERTINO and the TWIN GIRLS rush up excitedly to Pia.

THE CHILDREN

Pia! Pia!

DISSOLVE TO:

A BLACK & WHITE T.V. SCREEN

showing ED SULLIVAN standing before the camera.

ED SULLIVAN

Ladies and Gentlemen, it appears Ingrid Bergman will be coming back to visit America soon and we have an opportunity to have her on our show to talk about her new film. Now, she was quite a controversial figure seven years ago so I was thinking it might be a good idea to poll our viewers to see if you think she has suffered enough for her sins and done enough penance and should be on the show, or if no, she should not be on the show. You decide.

CLOSE ON - A TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD

lighting up and OPERATORS frantically patching in calls.

OPERATOR

The Ed Sullivan Show. How may I direct your call?

CLOSE ON - A MAILBAG

with a massive number of LETTERS being poured out over a table.

INT. PRODUCERS OFFICE - DAY

Two nameless FLUNKIES look over the results.

PRODUCER #1

Fifty-eight hundred viewers want her on the show, sixty-four hundred don't. And these were very angry "don'ts".

PRODUCER #2

I guess America didn't forget.

PRODUCER #1

Or at least the America that writes letters and makes phone calls.

Their voices fade as we--

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. A LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

INSERT CARD:

April 3, 1959

A SEDAN drives past on the dark boulevard.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

INGRID sits alone and in the back seat of the chauffeured car.

She remains in silhouette until the car makes a u-turn and she leans forward into the light to reveal her poise and beauty at the age of forty-three.

On REVERSE ANGLE we see what she sees:

The PANTAGES THEATER lit up with searchlights and a bright marquee that reads: 31<sup>st</sup> ACADEMY AWARDS.

INT. PANTAGES THEATER - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Dressed beautifully in a wide-skirted dress, INGRID paces nervously, reading from notes in her hand.

PIA (O.S.)  
You're fidgeting, Mother.

Ingrid looks up to see PIA standing in front of her, herself dressed beautifully in a formal gown.

INGRID  
Oh, Pia. You came down from school!

PIA  
I wouldn't miss tonight. Not for anything.

INGRID  
You know I'm not up for any award this year. You know I'm just presenting.

PIA  
I know this is your first time back in Hollywood.

INGRID  
Yes.

PIA  
You're nervous.

INGRID  
Yes. It's hard for me not to feel like a stranger here now.

PIA  
You have friends in the audience.

INGRID

Dear friends. But that would only be a few hands clapping in a three thousand seat theater. The rest would be the silence heard round the world.

PIA

I'll clap extra loud for you, Mama. But whatever happens, however they respond, promise me you'll walk out proudly.

Pia kisses her mother warmly on the cheek.

PIA (CONT'D)

Because you have done nothing wrong, Miss Bergman, and have no reason at all to ever be ashamed.

Pia offers one last smile of support, then disappears.

CLOSE ON - INGRID

standing straight, perhaps too straight as she is a little nervous watching CARY GRANT introduce her to the audience.

CARY GRANT

For the past two years I've appeared here as a stand-in for a great actress and a great lady. Tonight I relinquish my job by happily saying "Welcome back, Ingrid Bergman!"

Ingrid steps out into the blinding bright lights. The THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE is nearly instantaneous. Cary Grant gives her a gentle hug and she takes to the podium waiting for the generous applause to die down.

INGRID

Thank you. Thank you all. It is so heart-warming to receive such a welcome.

But the APPLAUSE gets louder as one by one the assembled luminaries rise to their feet.

INGRID (CONT'D)

I feel that I am home.  
(her voice cracks with  
emotion)  
I am so deeply grateful.

The APPLAUSE only gets louder as more and more people rise to their feet.

FADE TO BLACK