

THE EXILED HEART

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December 10, 2015

TITLE CARD: SOUTHERN FRANCE, NOVEMBER 1942

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Lit by a full moon, the BUZZ of a plane can be heard, slowly getting louder. Soon its silhouette appears - a twin engine 2-seater with markings of the Spanish Air Force. It descends rapidly, turning on a headlight only when it's very low. The plane lands deftly on a field in between two torches, close to a stone barn in front of which stands a man with a lantern. The pilot turns the aircraft around, cutting the engines and the light. The lantern-bearer hurries to the torches and douses them with a pail of water.

EXT. 300 YARDS AWAY - NIGHT

A BICYCLE on a gravel road; a WOMAN'S LABORED BREATHING. She stops, gets off the bike and lets it CLATTER to the ground.

EXT. SAME. NIGHT.

The pilot is ROBERTO MONLEON, 28, in headgear and a leather jacket. He walks to the stone barn with his younger brother MANUEL, 22, who carries the empty water pail in one hand and a lantern in the other.

MANUEL

Did Maria come through with the papers?

ROBERTO

Right here.

He pulls out a wad of IDs from his breast pocket and hands them to Manuel.

MANUEL

How's Mamà?

ROBERTO

Lets see... Arthritis flaring up. Doctor told her to knit less.

MANUEL

(drily)

No more Christmas sweaters? How will I get through the winter?

They reach the small stone barn.

INT. BARN. - NIGHT

Manuel and Roberto stand at the entryway. The lantern illuminates several women sitting on a bench, holding four or five young children between 2 and 8. All of them bear the fearful and exhausted look of fleeing refugees. An observant eye will notice the traces of Jewish stars removed from their clothing.

Reacting to the intimidating silhouette of the duo in the door frame, one of the children, a five-year-old boy, buries his face in his mother's dress.

MOTHER

Don't worry, Luc, these aren't the bad men.

Roberto crouches down, tapping the shoulder of the young boy.

ROBERTO

Hey Luc, do you like licorice?

This gets his attention, as well as that of the other children. Roberto pulls out several vines from his breast pocket.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

Will you be the "Captain of the Candy" and make sure everyone gets some?

He hands several vines to the boy, who proudly hands a strand to each of the other children.

MOTHER

Merci, Monsieur.

Roberto stands up. He takes Manuel's arm and talks to him just outside the entryway.

ROBERTO

(to Manuel)

There's seven of them.

MANUEL

Yes I can count too.

He turns back to the entrance of the barn and ushers everybody toward him.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

C'mon everybody. We've got to leave while it's still dark.

EXT. PLANE - NIGHT.

Manuel is helping the last of the children into the cargo hold, as Roberto shines a flashlight on them. He hears something, and swings the flashlight around, flooding a figure that has appeared behind them. In his other hand, he holds a gun.

WOMAN

Don't shoot!

The plea comes from a young woman, holding something in one arm and shielding her eyes with the other.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

"The Rabbit" sent me!

ROBERTO

(to Manuel)

What the hell?

Her BABY starts CRYING -- that's what she's holding.

WOMAN

Please!

Roberto lowers the flashlight.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

HANNAH is 22, a striking brunette, though an exhausted one.

Now we see everybody only by the light of the very low lantern and the moonlight above.

MANUEL

You took us by surprise. We weren't expecting anyone else.

HANNAH

I didn't know what else to do. "The Rabbit's" been arrested.

Manuel and Roberto exchange an alarmed look.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Please, do you have some water?
I've been bicycling for hours.

Manuel hands her his canteen.

MANUEL

What's your name?

WOMAN

Hannah.

She takes a long swig. Something in the movement reveals her beauty - the leonine tilt of her graceful neck, perhaps. She hands the canteen back, and tries to comfort the fussing baby.

HANNAH

If I feed him, he'll quiet.

She turn away and walks a few steps, then opens her breast to her baby. Robert takes the lantern and places it next to her. She turns to thank him but he is no longer there.

He is back next to Manuel. Time for business.

MANUEL

Can we take her?

Roberto considers as he lights a cigarette.

ROBERTO

We're already over by at least 50 kilos, maybe more. We may not clear the trees as it is.

MANUEL

There has to be a way.

ROBERTO

What do you suggest?

MANUEL

The girl can take my place.

ROBERTO

Will she take all the others to the safe house too? Smuggle them to Portugal?

MANUEL

She rode here all night with a baby strapped to her back, for God's sake. We have to do something.

BEAT.

ROBERTO

Fine. I'll come back for her in a night or two, when I can get some more petrol.

MANUEL (CONT'D)
Too risky. They're probably
torturing Tristan as we speak.

ROBERTO
He won't talk.

MANUEL
Everybody talks. It's over
Roberto. This is our last trip.

It's hard to argue with that. Their resigned silence is punctuated only by the sound of the baby breast-feeding.

Robert looks over at the silhouette of Madonna and child. He is momentarily transfixed by this completely peaceful moment, stolen from the war.

MANUEL (CONT'D)
This isn't just any girl,
Roberto...

ROBERTO
I know. There's something about
her.

MANUEL
What I meant to say is that she's
the sister of the friend who
recruited me to do this.

ROBERTO
The one who went to Palestine?

MANUEL
Yes. Jozka.

Beat.

ROBERTO
That friend.

MANUEL
That friend.

Pause. There is an intimate history here.

ROBERTO
Does the girl know you?

MANUEL
No... He didn't exactly introduce
me to the family...
(MORE)

MANUEL (CONT'D)

But I still want to be able to
look him in eyes after the war...
to tell him I tried to save her.

Roberto may not have understood or approved of this relationship, but he understands honor. He puts his hand on his brother's shoulder.

ROBERTO

Well, then that's what we must try
to do... I'm going to dump some of
our fuel to make the plane as light
as possible. I'll go with whatever
you decide.

He walks toward the plane.

Manuel moves forward and addresses Hannah, who is gently burping the baby.

MANUEL

Here's the situation... We want to
take you, but the plane may already
be too heavy to take off.

Hannah would cry if she wasn't so numb.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

But...

She realizes what he is going to say a split-second before he says it.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

We can take the child.

Hannah takes a step back, holding the baby even closer.

HANNAH

I couldn't! He's a week old!

LONG BEAT.

MANUEL

I'll guard him as if he was my own.

She hesitates, but still shakes her head.

Manuel doesn't have time to argue. He tried.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

All right, then... Take this at
least.

He extracts an ID from his breast pocket.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

You'll have to get a photo, but at least there's no "J" on it.

HANNAH

Thank you.

There is cash folded within it.

MANUEL

There's some money too. Mostly pesetas, unfortunately. Can you speak Spanish?

HANNAH

I'm a quick study.

MANUEL

Well, try not to speak French like a native for now, okay?

She nods.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Good luck then, Hannah. You've got a beautiful child there.

He turns and recedes into the dark. In another second, he'll be on the plane.

It's a very long second.

HANNAH

Wait!

Manuel reappears.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

His name is Marcel Tristan Padavka. He was born on September 18, and he has a birthmark behind his left knee, shaped like Italy. And he weighs 4 kilos exactly.

MANUEL

"Tristan?" "The Rabbit" is his father?

Hannah nods. Tears rolls down her cheeks onto the baby. She kisses his forehead, then somehow allows Manuel to take him.

MANUEL (CONT'D)
 There's a town down the road,
 Montauban. Do you know it?

HANNAH
 Yes.

MANUEL
 Get a post office box there as
 "Maria Castillo." I'll send word as
 soon as I can.

HANNAH
 (repeating)
Maria Castillo.

MANUEL
 You'd better get used to it. That's
 your name now.

Hannah looks at her new I.D. Manuel instinctively decides it is better to steal away now before she changes her mind.

HANNAH
 Wait! What's your name!?

At the very second the propellers switch on, raising a terrific cacophony.

MANUEL
 Manuel! Manuel Monleon!

HANNAH
 WHAT?

MANUEL
 MONLEON!

It is impossible to make out what he's yelling, but the high-pitched wail of the baby does come through.

INT. PLANE. - NIGHT

Manuel, in the copilot's seat, straps himself in. He answers Robert's unspoken query by shaking his head. Roberto nods. Manuel holds the baby close, trying to soothe him. Roberto pulls out a last piece of licorice and hands it to Manuel. Manuel manages to get the baby to suck on it.

INT/EXT. SAME. - NIGHT

Roberto peers through the windshield. The moonlight has been obscured by cloud cover.

ROBERTO
It's going to be a blind take-off.

MANUEL
You've done it before.

Then a lantern moves in the darkness: it's Hannah, running to the end of the field. She goes as far as she can, then swings the lantern left and right.

ROBERTO
Is that...?

Manuel nods yes.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
Did ask her to do this?

Manuel shakes his head.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
Valiente.

Roberto pushes down the throttle and the plane lurches forward.

EXT. SAME. - NIGHT

The plane hurtles down the field, lifting at the last possible second. Hannah throws herself onto the ground as the plane barely clears her. As it rises, it clips the top of a tree. Everyone CRIES OUT.

ROBERTO
It's all right!

As he banks to the left, he looks out the side window at Hannah's silhouette, getting smaller and smaller as the lantern becomes a dot.

EXT. FIELD. - NIGHT

Hannah stands, staring at the sky, straining to hear the plane as it fades into the darkness. Finally she can hear no more. At the same time, the lantern finishes the last of its fuel and starts to go out.

The last thing we see is Hannah falling to her knees; the last thing we hear is her ANGUISHED CRY in the dark.

TITLE CARD: MAY, 1948

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAY

Men in ties and women in hats bustle through their lunch hour. A man in a fedora hat and double-breasted suit comes out of the Times Square subway station. On another coast, he could be mistaken for Errol Flynn. We recognize ROBERTO, now 32.

INT. MIDTOWN RESTAURANT - DAY

ROBERTO is having lunch with LENORE PIERCE, a stylish New York socialite in her early 30's.

LENORE

Don't be cross, Roberto. It's not easy to be the woman who proposes marriage to a man.

ROBERTO

Then don't. I'll figure something out.

LENORE

Fine. Stay in your stupid rooming house. *Be* deported. Is that what you want?

ROBERTO

Do **you** want to be married to a man who doesn't love you?

If that stung, she doesn't show it.

LENORE

Marrying for love is overrated.

ROBERTO

For what then, to be minor Spanish nobility? My father's disinherited me, or didn't I tell you?

LENORE

Parents forgive their children all the time. Look at Daddy and me.

ROBERTO
Fascists don't forgive. I can't go
back to Spain.

LENORE
If you marry me, of course you can
go back. On your terms, with your
own money.

ROBERTO
Your father's money.

She reaches for his hand.

LENORE
Our money.

At that moment a waiter appears.

LENORE (CONT'D)
He'll have a Martini.

ROBERTO
No. Just a club sandwich and some
water.

The waiter leaves.

LENORE
Suit yourself.

ROBERTO
If the weather holds, I may have
some sightseers to fly around this
afternoon. It's not much of a job
but I do try to stay sober for
it...

He glances at his watch and she decides to get to the real
point.

LENORE
I'm pregnant, Roberto.

He is unprepared for this.

ROBERTO
I thought you couldn't...

LENORE
So did I.

ROBERTO
Am I the only candidate?

LENORE

Yes.

ROBERTO

Are you sure?

BEAT.

LENORE

Let's put it this way. I'm sure I don't want to be married to Peter Van Essen.

Lenore lights a cigarette.

ROBERTO

Not to mention his wife would probably object.

It occurs to Lenore this might be a sticking point so she tries to seal the deal.

LENORE

By the way, after we're married you can do what you want.

He would hardly need her permission, but it's good to know.

ROBERTO

So do I have to buy you a ring or have you already done that for me?

Whew.

LENORE

I hear the Jews on 47th street are full of bargains.

She opens her purse and slides several hundred dollars across the table, which he takes.

ROBERTO

You came prepared. What made you so sure I'd say yes?

LENORE

Because, in the end, you always do the right thing.

EXT. 47TH STREET DIAMOND DISTRICT - DAY

Orthodox Jews and hurried messengers compete with deliverers of take-out and honking taxis.

Roberto is window-shopping with the enthusiasm of a kid waiting to see the principal. The sky is now dark and threatening, and he puts his collar up against the wind. There is a CRACKLE of lightning in the sky to the south.

Roberto surveys the various storefronts across the street. "Feldstein & Sons," "Nyberg International Gems," etc. One in particular seems to catch his attention.

CLOSE SHOT: "PADA VKA JEWELERS"

The sign is flanked on either side by the silhouette of a rabbit, one turned to the left, one to the right.

Roberto crosses the street, through traffic. He is buzzed in.

INT. PADA VKA JEWELRY. - DAY

Roberto turns his collar down and takes off his hat. MAX PADA VKA is coming out from behind the counter. He is 55, genial, old-world. His accent is European, indeterminate.

ROBERTO

Thank you.

MAX

May I take your hat?

He hands it to Max, who places it with care on a rack.

MAX (CONT'D)

I heard on the radio it will be off and on. We might even get a rainbow later.

Roberto glances around.

ROBERTO

Where might your engagement rings be?

Max walks behind the appropriate counter. He does a quick, experienced appraisal of Roberto. The suit could be more expensive, but the handkerchief is monogrammed.

MAX

(gesturing)

You can't really go wrong with this selection.

Roberto peers down. The marked prices are in the hundreds.

ROBERTO
That's about right.

Max takes a tray of rings out and lays them out on the counter. On each corner of the black-velvet tray is the rabbit insignia. Roberto points to it.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
Why a rabbit?

MAX
Not a very glamorous answer, I'm afraid. It's what "Padavka" means in Czech.

ROBERTO
Ah.

A door in the back JINGLES.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Oo-oooh Papa, c'est moi!

MAX
Bonjour, Hannah! (To Roberto) My daughter.

ROBERTO
French?

MAX
Yes. After Prague came Toulouse. Before the war, of course.

Roberto stares at the rings but he is distracted. He isn't sure why.

ROBERTO
I'm embarrassed to say I can't decide what my fiancée might like... Do you think it might be possible to get a woman's opinion?

His head nods in the direction of Hannah's voice.

MAX
Certainly.

Max walks toward the back and steps behind a curtain.

MAX (O.S) (CONT'D)
Hannah?

We can hear her stop at the top of the stairs, and come back down. Max confers briefly with her at the curtain separating the main store from the back.

Hannah, now 28, walks behind the counter toward Roberto. She is still beautiful, but something about her is very different. She moves with deliberation, as if conserving energy. She is polite but not warm.

HANNAH

How can I be of assistance?

Roberto realizes who she is. He freezes, wondering if the recognition will be mutual. It isn't.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

You were looking for an engagement ring?

ROBERTO

Oh. Yes.

His stare is taken for something else. After a few seconds she takes the initiative and points to a ring.

HANNAH

That one's very pretty.

It is small, charming, in an antique setting.

ROBERTO

Mmmh... A bit discreet for my fiancée.

HANNAH

I see. This one...(looks for the right phrasing) ...calls a bit more attention to itself.

Indeed, the ring is far flashier.

ROBERTO

I'll take it.

Hannah is surprised at the easy sale, but she's not going to argue.

HANNAH

Good, then.

She takes the ring and puts the display with the others back under the glass. In that gesture, her sheer sleeve rides up just enough for Robert to see the tattooed number on her arm.

CLOSE UP INSERT: P-25622.

As Hannah stands up straight, Roberto fixes his eyes forward, hoping she didn't see him looking. She smiles back perfunctorily, but is flustered by his gaze.

The BUZZER interrupts.

Hannah presses the button to let in IDA MARKS, 50. More Queens than Manhattan, she has good bones and a genuine smile. During the ensuing exchange she closes her umbrella, takes off her coat, checks herself in the mirror.

IDA
Hello, my dear.

HANNAH
Hello, Ida.
(to Roberto)
This is Mrs. Marks. She'll help you now.
(to Ida)
This gentleman has just chosen an engagement ring.
(to Roberto)
You'll have to excuse me, now.
She'll finish up with you.

ROBERTO
Yes...of course.

Hannah disappears into the back, going back up the stairs.

IDA
(to Roberto)
She comes home for lunch and has to rush right back to her office.

Ida is a bit of a Yenta.

IDA (CONT'D)
So which ring did you choose?

Roberto points it out.

IDA (CONT'D)
Well, it's lovely. Let's find its box, then.

INT. KITCHEN UPSTAIRS. - DAY

Max is having some soup. Hannah enters. The radio on the kitchen counter is on.

RADIO ANCHOR

Jewish forces battled for control of a major road between Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem today as David Ben-Gurion repeated his insistence that the new state of Israel would declare its independence as soon as the British mandate expires on May 14th...

HANNAH

(over radio)

Any change since this morning?

MAX

(nods no)
Turn it off.

RADIO ANCHOR

...A military aid agreement with Spain was announced by President Truman--

She turns the radio off, and takes a postcard propped up next to it in her hand.

MAX

I keep rereading it too.

She puts it back, and walks over to the soup still warming on the stove.

HANNAH

I'll never get used to "Yuri."

MAX

Joska, Yuri. As long as he always calls me Papa, I don't care.

She ladles soup into a bowl and sits across from her father. He pushes over a plate on which there sits half a sandwich.

MAX (CONT'D)

Though it's not as good as when you make it. What am I doing wrong?

HANNAH

You use American mustard.

MAX

It was all you could get during the war. I guess I got used to it.

Hannah stands and takes the rest of her soup and pours it back into the pot.

MAX (CONT'D)

It's not good?

HANNAH

Of course it's good, it's Maman's recipe. I just have to get back to the office.

MAX

(pointing)

The sandwich.

She tears off a section of wax paper.

HANNAH

I'll finish it at work.

He watches as she wraps the half-sandwich up.

MAX

Promise me you'll eat that.

HANNAH

Of course Papa.

She kisses him on the head.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm going shopping with Rachel later. We'll find you some good French mustard.

EXT. STREET. - DAY

Hannah comes out of her door to the street, umbrella in hand, but it is no longer raining. She starts the walk to her office.

EXT. SAME - DAY

Roberto is on the other side of the street. He sees Hannah, and quickly steps back into a storefront doorway. He watches Hannah pass.

EXT. BROADWAY. - DAY

Hannah walks. A bit behind her, through the crowd of midday pedestrians, Roberto follows.

At the corner of 48th street, Hannah waits for the "WALK" signal. Roberto strides quickly, then slowly, appearing quite casually at the corner just next to her. He holds the wrapped box from "Padavka Jewelers."

He glances in her direction and catches her eye - it all seems quite accidental.

ROBERTO
Hello.

HANNAH
Hello.

ROBERTO
Thank so much for your help,
earlier.

HANNAH
Of course.

The light changes and they step off the curb together.

ROBERTO
So you have another job then?

HANNAH
My only job. I just went home for
lunch.

ROBERTO
What do you do, if I might ask?

HANNAH
I'm a translator.

ROBERTO
Ah.

They step onto the next curb. Hannah's building is on the corner.

HANNAH
This is me.

She enters the building as Roberto watches. He then turns back south, seeing that Max was indeed right. There is a rainbow.

INT. CORNER GROCER - EARLY EVENING.

INSERT CLOSE-UP: DIJON MUSTARD

A hand reaches for the jar. It belongs to RACHEL LEMBECK, 24. Her unruly hair resists the latest up-do, and her glasses emphasize her intellect rather than a pretty face.

RACHEL

Is this what you were looking for?

She hands it to Hannah, who puts it into her basket.

HANNAH

Now, dish soap.

RACHEL

Down here... Vel or Dreft?

HANNAH

Whichever is cheaper, I guess.

RACHEL

Vel.

She tosses some VEL into both hers and Hannah's basket. Hannah glances anxiously at her list.

HANNAH

Tea.

RACHEL

Lipton's or Gold Leaf?

HANNAH

I can't decide.

Rachel puts her hand on Hannah's arm.

RACHEL

It's just tea.

She takes a box of Lipton's and throws it in Hannah's basket.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Hannah nods.

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Hannah and Rachel walk home, bathed in the glow of a West Side late Spring sunset at their backs.

HANNAH

A man flirted with me at lunch.

RACHEL

Is that all? Must happen to you all the time.

HANNAH
Not really. Not after they see
this, at least.

She briefly extends her arm.

RACHEL
This man was different?

HANNAH
He noticed it, but...

Her shrug indicates she can't quite explain why it was
different.

RACHEL
Well, did you flirt back?

HANNAH
No.

RACHEL
Did you *want* to?

HANNAH
He *was* awfully good-looking.

RACHEL
Did he ask for your phone number?

HANNAH
Heavens, no! He was buying an
engagement ring.

RACHEL
(laughing)
You forgot to mention that little
detail.

They walk a few steps.

HANNAH
I'll tell you one thing. He's not
in love with her.

RACHEL
How do you know?

HANNAH
Because he got the most vulgar ring
he could find.

They share a moment of confessional laughter, between
girlfriends.

EXT. HANNAH'S STOOP- DAY

Some young men are hanging out, enjoying the warm evening. One of them stands up. IZZY, 23, is the kind of guy you'd never guess was a hero at Guadalcanal.

IZZY

So, you still going to the dance
this weekend?

RACHEL

I told you I was going.

IZZY

Wanna go with me?

RACHEL

I'm going with Hannah. We can take
the train out together if you want.

IZZY

Hannah?

RACHEL

Yes, Hannah.

(To Hannah)

Remember? The Palestine Benefit. In
Brooklyn.

HANNAH

(covering)

Oh, the benefit.

(To Izzy)

Yes, I'm going.

IZZY

Will wonders never cease? Hannah
Padavka, out on a Saturday night.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

HANNAH

Is that how they see me, the girl
who never goes out?

RACHEL

The *pretty* girl who never goes out
out.

HANNAH

You're just being nice. I know what
they really say.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 (stage-whispers) *She was at Ravensbruck, you know. Damaged goods.*

RACHEL
 Is that how you see yourself?

HANNAH
 Don't play psychiatrist with me, you haven't graduated yet.

RACHEL
 Just trying to be a friend, Hannah.

Hannah feels bad about her response.

HANNAH
 All right, "friend," then after dinner, come over and bring a copy of Vogue. I have to make a dress before Saturday and need some ideas.

Rachel is taken aback at the "new" Hannah.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Izzy's right. It's about time.

Rachel nods happily. They both finally open their doors.

INT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE TERRACE - NIGHT

Roberto, dressed formally, smokes a cigarette as he looks out on the beautiful view of Central Park and the twinkling city lights. Lenore appears behind him.

LENORE
 Do you have a cigarette?

Roberto reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small box.

ROBERTO
 Oh, that's right. I completely forgot. Will you marry me, Lenore?

He hands her the box, which she opens herself.

LENORE
 Well, the setting is romantic, even if you're not.

He takes out the ring and puts it on her.

LENORE (CONT'D)
You did well. It's quite lovely.

ROBERTO
It suits you.

LENORE
I'll take that cigarette now.

He takes one from his case and lights it for her.

LENORE (CONT'D)
City Hall on Thursday, so don't
make any plans. Just us and my
parents.

ROBERTO
Only the four of us? I'm sorry for
that. I bet you wanted a grand
affair.

LENORE
Oh we're having that too. Out on
the island. We're going to blame
the delay on having to get your
family over from Spain.

Roberto's playful demeanor changes immediately.

ROBERTO
My family?

LENORE
Well surely you didn't think Daddy
was going to let me marry just
anybody. He practically did
somersaults when he found out who
your father was.

ROBERTO
I told you, he's a very minor duke.

LENORE
Not anymore.

She walks off the terrace and into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM. - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

It is classy, furnished art-deco. She pulls the paper off a
coffee table and passes it to him.

LENORE
 You really should read more than
 the horoscopes. Page 4.

Roberto turns the pages and finds the article.

ROBERTO
 Mmmhh... Minister of Defense...
 Not bad, Old Man.

Roberto looks up.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
 No wonder your father was thrilled.

He walks to the bar to mix a drink. Lenore takes it out of
 his hand.

LENORE
 I'll make it, you never get the
 vermouth right.

He moves. She talks while mixing the martini.

LENORE (CONT'D)
 Do you like all this, Roberto? The
 top-shelf gin, the nice clothes,
 the penthouse apartment?

ROBERTO
 Are you trying to marry me or buy
 me, Lenore?

LENORE
 I'm trying to secure our future.

She taps her stomach.

LENORE (CONT'D)
 Daddy can sell a lot of aircraft to
 Franco. So you need to patch
 things up with your family.

The doorbell rings and the door opens.

RONALD PIERCE
 (o.s.)
 Yoo-hoo! It's your mother and me!

LENORE
 I'd act like I'm in love if I were
 you. Daddy mentioned something
 about your own plane as a wedding
 present.

He puts his arm around Lenore's waist to face her parents, both around 60. RON is genial, shrewd; did quite well for himself during the war. ELAINE is soignee, perfectly dressed - - you'd never take her for a former chorus girl.

ROBERTO
Hello Ron, Elaine.

Lenore holds out her ring finger.

LENORE
It's official!

ELAINE
Oh darling, Congratulations!

RONALD
That's fine, just fine!

Elaine hugs Lenore and Ronald shakes Roberto's hand, kisses his daughter.

RONALD (CONT'D)
This calls for champagne!

INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE BUILDING. - DAY

"Alliance Translation" is engraved on the glass doors of the office which Roberto enters. There at the front desk sits Hannah, on the phone.

HANNAH
...We'll be seeing you then. (She hangs up). May I help you?

ROBERTO
Hello. I don't know if you remember me.

BEAT.

HANNAH
Of course I do. It was only last week.

ROBERTO
I remembered you worked in this building... I have some official documents that need to be translated.

HANNAH
I see.

He hands Hannah a folder.

ROBERTO

From my military service in Mexico.
I could do the translation myself,
but they need to be notarized. You
can do that, right?

HANNAH

That's right.

INSERT: Documentation of Mexican Air Force Training Record,
ID, Certification, Licenses, Commendations, a Newspaper
article.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The "Aztec Eagles?" I didn't even
know Mexico was in the war.

ROBERTO

The Air Force, mostly. My unit flew
in the Philippines.

The door opens behind Hannah to reveal her boss, YELENA
MAKAROVA. She is in her 30's, light-haired, with a Ukrainian
accent.

YELENA

Hannah, it's one.

HANNAH

You go if you want. I brought a
sandwich.

YELENA

We talked about this. No working
through lunch.

Roberto tries to be helpful.

ROBERTO

It's a beautiful day out.

YELENA

Exactly. Why don't you give me
those?

Hannah hands the folder to Yelena.

YELENA (CONT'D)

Just give us a call next week or
come by.

ROBERTO
That's fine.

Hannah gets up and takes her purse from the drawer. Yelena slides into her chair, smiling politely to Roberto, who holds the front door open for Hannah.

INT. HALLWAY. - DAY

Hannah and Roberto wait for the elevator.

ROBERTO
Quite the slave-driver, your boss.

She suppresses a smile, trying not to be charmed. The elevator doors open.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

A moment of silence. Then:

ROBERTO
Would you care to go to lunch?

She raises an eyebrow.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
Strictly business.

HANNAH
Really?

ROBERTO
You're welcome to enjoy yourself,
of course, but I do have a
legitimate proposition.

EXT. THE TERRACE RESTAURANT - DAY

They are sitting at some outside tables.

HANNAH
You wanted to talk business?

ROBERTO
Have you ever heard of a company
called Pierce Aeronautics?

HANNAH
Vaguely. Are you a pilot there?

ROBERTO

An executive. We're about to sell a lot of aircraft to Spain and I've been asked to take a hand in the negotiations.

HANNAH

I think I heard something about an agreement on the radio.

ROBERTO

That's right. There'll be a lot of paperwork that needs translating, contracts and the like. I thought maybe your agency could handle it.

A waiter appears and sets down lemonades and sandwiches. Hannah takes the moment to really look at Roberto. She'd never really noticed how sharp a man can look in the right suit before.

WAITER

Will there be anything else, Sir?

Roberto appraises his harmless drink.

ROBERTO

I think I'll have a martini after all.

The waiter looks at Hannah.

HANNAH

I'm fine.

The waiter leaves. Roberto catches her gaze, and they lock eyes for a long second before looking away.

ROBERTO

So, have you ever been to this restaurant?

HANNAH

Here? Oh no.

ROBERTO

Would it be so unlikely? A pretty girl like you must get asked out a lot.

HANNAH

Second time I've heard that this week.

ROBERTO
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to
presume.

HANNAH
I have to be honest with you Mister
Monleon.

ROBERTO
Please, call me Roberto.

HANNAH
I don't think we can do the
translation work.

ROBERTO
Because I paid you a compliment?

HANNAH
No. Because the War Department will
almost certainly want it done in-
house. It's all part of a defense
treaty isn't it?

ROBERTO
Why don't you let me worry about
defense treaties and the like? I'm
actually quite well-connected.

HANNAH
I just didn't want you to waste
your time.

The waiter comes with his martini, sets it down.

ROBERTO
Am I wasting my time?

BEAT.

HANNAH
Probably. Do I have to remind you
how we met?

For a second he thinks she remembered the actual first time,
but then she taps her ring finger.

ROBERTO
Oh. That.

HANNAH
Don't you want to marry her?

ROBERTO
It's complicated.

HANNAH
Evidently.

He didn't really want to go down this path.

ROBERTO
Let's talk about you.

HANNAH
You'll be bored to tears.

ROBERTO
I doubt it.

HANNAH
I work a lot. I read a lot. I don't go out much--or at least not enough, according to my friend Rachel. But I'm making an effort.

ROBERTO
I hope *this* is not too much of an effort.

HANNAH
Like you said, it's just a business lunch.

They smile in tandem at the fiction.

ROBERTO
May I ask you something?

HANNAH
Of course.

ROBERTO
Why didn't you get out of France when your father did? I noticed on the ring box..."established 1939."

HANNAH
That's exactly why he opened the store. It was the only way left for Jews to get visas--own a business here. The rest of us were supposed to join him.

ROBERTO
But you never did.

HANNAH

We had the visas, but not a health certificate. My mother was diagnosed with tuberculosis.

ROBERTO

Oh.

HANNAH

We couldn't leave her, of course. My brother and I.

ROBERTO

What happened to him?

HANNAH

Joined the resistance. Escaped to Palestine eventually. He's there now.

ROBERTO

And your mother?

HANNAH

She died in 1941...in her own bed at least.

Roberto senses it's time for a change of topic, and lights a cigarette while thinking up one. Another couple get up from the table next to them, leaving a newspaper behind. Roberto leans over and takes it, looking for something.

ROBERTO

Do you believe in astrology, Miss Padavka?

HANNAH

Does anybody, really? Do you?

ROBERTO

When you've had to navigate by the stars as often as I have...

He finds the horoscopes.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

Let me guess, you're a...Gemini?

HANNAH

Libra.

ROBERTO

Of course. Libras are the best with languages, did you know that?

Roberto looks straight at her while "reading" it.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

"Libra: If a handsome Aries invites you to lunch, say yes. He may have a very good reason for getting married that have nothing to do with love."

HANNAH

Let me see that.

She takes the paper from him.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

"Aries: Your inquisitive nature will win you a new friend."

ROBERTO

Has it?

HANNAH

Perhaps.

ROBERTO

So what does yours really read?

At that moment the man who left the newspaper comes back for it.

HANNAH

Are you looking for this?

STRANGER

Yes, thank you.

She hands it to him.

ROBERTO

Well, what did it say?

HANNAH

"There are no free lunches, so any handsome Aries in the vicinity should get the check."

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Across the ceiling is a huge banner. "ISRAEL - BIRTH OF A NATION, NOW AND FOREVER."

A young man with circular glasses is on stage, surrounded by a crowd of 20-something revelers. He is both earnest and a bit of a firebrand, but not bad-looking at all.

DANNY

I just got a report from the door.
We raised 472 dollars tonight, all
of which goes to support the new
land of Israel!

The crowd cheers.

INT. SAME. - NIGHT

Close to the stage are Izzy, Rachel and Hannah. Rachel nudges Hannah.

RACHEL

That's the one I told you about.
Danny Lefkowitz.

INT. SAME. - NIGHT

DANNY

You all heard Ben-Gurion announce
the creation of a new independent
state earlier.

Cheers.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, this means war with
those who would see us thrown into
the sea. My friends, we did not
survive the Nazis to be drowned by
the Arabs. So we will celebrate
tonight, but tomorrow we fight!

He jumps off the stage as the band begins playing "Hava Nagila." Dancing circles form, one of which into Rachel presses the reluctant Hannah.

RACHEL

Just do as I do!

Hannah hasn't even noticed that Danny is her partner on the other side.

DANNY

Like this!

He crosses one leg over the other and twists, and Hannah does the same.

DANNY (CONT'D)
That's right!

In spite of herself, Hannah is swept up into the celebration.

INT. SAME. - LATER

At a table away from the music sits Hannah and Rachel. Danny approaches with Izzy, who like Rachel, cleans up pretty good.

IZZY
Care to dance, Rachel?

RACHEL
(to Hannah)
Do you mind?

Hannah gives her blessing. As soon as Rachel gets up, Danny slides into her seat.

DANNY
Hello again.

HANNAH
Hello.

DANNY
I don't suppose you'd like to dance?

HANNAH
You suppose wrong.

He stands and offers Hannah his hand. She takes it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
My horoscope said to try new things this week.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

DANNY
Don't be nervous, I promise I won't step on your feet. Dancing lessons, every week after Hebrew school for years.

With that he brings her onto the floor.

The music is the instrumental of "I Wish You Love." It's slow, but not too slow. Danny can throw in a few turns but still keep her in a close frame.

INT. TOULOUSE APARTMENT. 1941 - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Hannah is dancing with TRISTAN, 22, to "*QUE RESTE-IL DE NOS AMOURS*" (French original of "I Wish You Love") on the radio. Tristan is tall, gallic, handsome. The windows of the room are blacked out, on a table lies a half-drunk bottle of wine next to the empty plates of meager feast. It is cold, and Tristan has draped his greatcoat over Hannah's shoulders. He adjusts it to make sure she is warm.

TRISTAN

Tomorrow, you go into hiding.

HANNAH

Shhh...

She nestles against him, stealing a moment against the war, slow dancing to Charles Trenet.

INT. DANCE HALL - NIGHT - 1948

Hannah has stepped on Danny's feet.

DANNY

Oops!

HANNAH

Sorry. I was somewhere else.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

SWING music plays in the background, drifting from inside the gym. A few couples lean against the wall; some political types argue at a fence.

DANNY

So, Rachel tells me you're a bit of a linguist.

HANNAH

By American standards, I suppose.

DANNY

How many languages do you speak?

HANNAH

Let me see. I grew up speaking French, of course. My parents argued in Yiddish, so I picked up some of that, and then ended up doing well when I took German in High School.

DANNY
French, Yiddish, German. That's
three.

HANNAH
I loved Latin and so the other
Romance languages came very easily.
Spanish and Italian, primarily.

DANNY
Four and five and six.

HANNAH
Well, no one really *speaks* Latin.

DANNY
Not true, the Jesuits talked behind
my back all the time at Fordham.
What else?

HANNAH
My brother and I spent the summers
outside of Prague with my
grandparents.

DANNY
So Czech, then. Slovak?

Hannah shakes her head.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Thank God, I was almost
intimidated. So that's seven, then?

HANNAH
Not quite. Polish, but that was
later... And don't forget the
language we're speaking in.

DANNY
Oh, well, fine, if that's the way
you want to play it. Then I also
speak Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and
with the right girl, a little
Manhattan.

HANNAH
And Hebrew! What about all those
years before dance class?

DANNY
Forgot every word 20 minutes after
my *bar mitzvah* speech.

HANN

You're going to need it if you go to Palestine, aren't you?

DANNY

Not for a while yet. It seems good fund-raisers are harder to find than good fighters.

They come near to a GROUP at a cafeteria table speaking in Yiddish and English. One MAN in particular seems to be holding court, and ONE OF THE WOMEN watches him intently, noticed by Hannah.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Seems to be my lot in life. During the war I joined the Navy, and they had me designing submarines in Connecticut for the duration...

Hannah isn't listening.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hannah?

HANNAH

That table over there...do you know them?

DANNY

Some. Recent arrivals.

HANNAH

The girl at the end?

DANNY

Madeleine, I think her name is.

Hannah's pulse races with the confirmation.

HANNAH

Mado. I was with her in the camp.

DANNY

Do you want to speak to her?

She does, but is overwhelmed at the prospect.

HANNAH

Not here. Not now. Could you take me home please?

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE. - NIGHT

Danny's car crosses from Brooklyn to Manhattan.

INT. CAR. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Danny, at the wheel, glances over at Hannah. She seems to be fending off what we might now call an anxiety attack.

DANNY
Are you okay, Hannah?

HANNAH
Not really.

DANNY
Would a drink help?

Danny pulls a flask from his breast pocket and hands it to her.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I took it off Izzy before he ruined
his chances with Rachel.

Hannah takes it from him tentatively. What the hell. She takes a swig, then tries to hand it back.

DANNY (CONT'D)
One more. Strictly medicinal.

She has another, then lets the glow permeate.

HANNAH
Thank you. That does feel better.

She hands it back.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Do you have her number, Danny?
Mado's?

DANNY
I can get it.

HANNAH
Please.

EXT. 46TH STREET. - NIGHT

Danny and Hannah speak on the sidewalk in front of her stoop.

DANNY
I'm glad I finally met you again,
Hannah Padavka.

HANNAH
"Again?"

DANNY
I was there at the pier in '46,
greeting refugees. I happened to
stand with your father.

HANNAH
I must have looked a fright.

DANNY
Just a little shell-shocked.

The light in Hannah's apartment goes on and Max appears at the window. Hannah waves. Max's return wave says "Don't mind me, you kids talk all you want." He withdraws from the window.

HANNAH
I told him not to wait up.

DANNY
That wasn't very likely.

HANNAH
I'd better go in.

She puts out her hand, just in case he was about to try to kiss her. (He was.)

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Thank you for the ride. For looking
after me tonight.

He shakes her hand.

DANNY
Of course.

She turns and heads up the stairs. As she reaches the door:

DANNY (CONT'D)
Hannah?

She turns.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Please consider volunteering at the
office. We could use a translator.

Hannah nods. She puts her key into the door and slips in.

INT. PADAVKA APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hannah comes in, puts her keys on the kitchen table, then
crosses to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Max is turning off the radio.

MAX
I stayed up for Ben Gurion's
speech. Very exciting.

HANNAH
Yes, the dance turned into quite a
celebration.

MAX
How about some schnapps, to toast
the new state of Israel?

HANNAH
I don't mind.

The bottle is already out, and the shot-glass next to it has
been recently used. Max takes another glass from the cabinet
and fills them both up.

MAX
L'chaim.

HANNAH
L'chaim.

They clink and drink.

MAX
So, Danny Lefkowitz. Nice-looking
fellow.

HANNAH
You remember him?

MAX
Remember him! I know Danny well. He
didn't tell you?

HANNAH
Something about standing together
when my ship arrived.

MAX
I guess he was being modest.

HANNAH
About what?

MAX
Danny was head of the Refugee
Section of the American Red Cross.
One of the few who could get over
there in '45. He found you in that
Swedish hospital.

She searches her memory bank.

HANNAH
The New York accent. That's what I
remember. I'd never heard English
like that before.

MAX
That was Danny. I think he's had
his eye on you ever since.

HANNAH
Oh Papa. You speak such nonsense.

Max grabs the schnapps bottle and pours.

MAX
Another?

HANNAH
Why not?

They clink...

MAX
To Danny?

HANNAH
To Danny.

...and drink.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Now off to bed with you. You'll
have a terrible headache in the
morning as it is.

MAX

All right.

He stands up.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hanushka?

She looks at him expectantly.

MAX (CONT'D)

No nightmares tonight.

HANNAH

(lifts empty glass)

Who knows? Maybe schnapps is the cure.

INT. PLANE. NIGHT. 1942

The sky FLASHES with lightning. The rain and wind pick up.

MANUEL

We're flying into the storm.

ROBERTO

I can't land anywhere else.

THUNDER. Two children in the back clutch their mother as Hannah's child wails in Manuel's arms.

MANUEL

Isn't that Las Robles?

ROBERTO

Look for the clock tower.

MANUEL

There!

ROBERTO

Just a few minutes then.

MANUEL

(looking at his watch)

Esteban should be signaling now.

They strain to see through the rain, until a dreadful noise changes everything. It is the SPUTTERING of the engine.

ROBERTO

Mierda! NO!

The engine cuts in and out, consuming the last of the fuel. A gust of wind buffets the plane into tilting. The passengers scream, thrown about as the plane teeters. With all of his strength, Roberto tries to steady the steering control, but is fighting a losing battle.

MANUEL

Look!

In the distance, a light flashes.

ROBERTO

That's Esteban!

MANUEL

C'mon children, let's sing!

One of the mothers waveringly starts in with a well-known camping song about shepherds bringing in the flock during a storm.

HELENE

*Il pleut, il pleut, bergère
Presse tes blancs moutons*

Gradually the others join in, with as much courage as they can muster.

ALL

*Allons sous ma chaumière
Bergère, vite, allons...*

The plane dips and heaves, and Roberto struggles to bring it even with the ground. There is no more singing, just screaming.

ROBERTO

Hold on everybody!

Manuel prays, as he holds the baby as tightly as possible.

The plane crash-lands. It's a blur of SHATTERING NOISE.

INT. ROBERTO'S LIVING ROOM. - NIGHT - 1948

Roberto wakes up from the nightmare, disoriented.

He gradually gets into a sitting position, lights a cigarette, tries to clear his head.

INT. BEDROOM. - NIGHT.

Roberto has changed his shirt and combed his hair. He looks in on Lenore -- she's sleeping heavily.

INT. LIVING ROOM. - NIGHT.

A note on the coffee table reads: "L - Bad dream. Took a walk to clear my head. Go back to sleep.- R"

The front door CLICKS shut.

INT./EXT PADAVKA APT/STREET - NIGHT.

Alone, Hannah is dancing to "Stardust" on the radio. She sways, twists, circles -- the empty shot-glass taking the place of her partner.

At the window, it takes a moment before she notices a man smiling up at her from the sidewalk. Embarrassed, she starts to close the curtains, then realizes that this man is no stranger.

EXT. BUILDING STOOP - NIGHT

A warm, beautiful night under a bright moon. Hannah sits next to Roberto, who has just downed a schnapps. Hannah hands him the second glassful.

HANNAH

Here, take mine. You need to catch up.

Roberto smiles and downs her shot.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

If I tell you something, promise you won't laugh?

ROBERTO

I wouldn't think of it.

HANNAH

I've never been drunk before.

ROBERTO

Now why would I laugh at that? It's charming.

HANNAH

I never really understood what the fuss was about... But I do now. I feel quite wonderful.

ROBERTO

How many have you had?

HANNAH

Four. Two with my father, and then another just before you caught me dancing in the window like Mata Hari.

ROBERTO

That's three.

HANNAH

(laughing)

It is, isn't it? I was never good at math.

ROBERT

Well, as someone who is far too used to this elixir, I advise you to relish this moment. It will never feel quite this delicious again.

HANNAH

"Delicious." What a marvelous word.

Roberto pours himself a shot.

ROBERTO

So we're equal.

He downs it.

HANNAH

Roberto?

ROBERTO

Yes?

HANNAH

Why are you here?

ROBERTO

I told you. I like to take walks.

HANNAH

At one in the morning? Standing on my particular corner?

ROBERTO

Well, unlike you, I'm rather good at math. At gambling, at least. I made a little bet with myself that the odds were so against me seeing you at your window at this hour, that if it happened, it would be fate.

BEAT.

HANNAH

Fate.

ROBERTO

Do you think me foolish?

HANNAH

Let's see. You come here on the one night in ten thousand that I am actually at my window at one in the morning, dancing no less, drunk for the very first time... Now if that's not fate...

His apprehension turns into a smile, matched by hers. The kiss that ensues is inevitable.

INT. MONLEON ESTATE. BEDROOM - DAY - 1942

Cuts and bruises punctuate Roberto's swollen face, and his arm is in a cast. His eyes open to see his mother, sitting by his bed, looking as if she's been holding vigil for days. At the end of the bed stands his father, staring like a cold statue.

ROBERTO

Mamà.

CORA

Si, querido.

ROBERTO

How long have I been here?

CORA

Three days. You broke a rib and your arm, but you are okay.

ROBERTO

Manuel? The others?

GENERAL MONLEON

They're all here, in soft beds with
goose-down quilts and feather
pillows. The Monleon Hospital for
Smuggled Jews and Bolsheviks is
doing a brisk business.

CORA

Hector, please.

ROBERTO

Hello, Father. Warm and cuddly as
ever I see.

The General moves closer to the bed, so Roberto can see him
perfectly despite his swollen eye.

GENERAL MONLEON

I gave you everything you wanted.
Money, clothes, even flying
lessons. But that wasn't enough,
was it? You always had to defy me,
always.

ROBERTO

Where is Manuel?

GENERAL MONLEON

You infected him with your
subversive ideas. And now you've
killed him. Him and all the rest.

ROBERTO

(to his mother)
Is that true?

Senora Monleon nods.

GENERAL MONLEON

God has spared you, so I suppose
must I. In two days you will be
placed on a freighter to Mexico--

CORA

--Hector, he cannot travel!

GENERAL MONLEON

--He cannot stay! May I remind you,
Cora, that he stole a plane from
the Spanish National Air Force. I
am committing treason by harboring
him as it is.

CORA
He is your son.

GENERAL MONLEON
He is a traitor. And for all I care
a U-Boat will sink him.

Cora stands to face her husband. She lifts her hand to strike him. With the reflexes of a jaguar, his own hand intercepts hers at the wrist. Slowly he lowers her arm, maintaining a vise-grip. Roberto tries to move, but is clearly in too much pain.

GENERAL MONLEON (CONT'D)
Come with me, Cora.

CORA
He needs me.

GENERAL MONLEON
Maria will take care of him. Come
with me.

Keeping his grip on her with one hand, with the other he opens the door and forces her out of the room.

Into the room comes MARIA, dark-hair, late 30s, with a tray of soup.

MARIA
Now, now, can you eat something for
your old friend Maria?

Roberto covers his face. He can't stop the tears.

EXT. PIER 90 - DAY - 1948

The SS QUEEN ELIZABETH looms majestically, as passengers slowly make the descent down the catwalk.

EXT. SAME. - DAY

In the crowd, Roberto waits, flanked by Lenore, and her parents.

LENORE
Do you see them?

ROBERTO
(pointing)
There.

EXT. SAME. - DAY

On the deck of the boat, the General and Cora Monleon scan the crowd for Roberto. Cora locates him and waves.

EXT. SAME. DAY - MINUTES LATER

Roberto's parents make their way down the catwalk. When they reach the receiving area, Roberto comes to greet them.

ROBERTO
Hola, Mamà!

She opens her arms and they embrace. Tears roll down her face.

CORA
Roberto.

Roberto disengages long enough to face his father.

ROBERTO
Papà.

He shakes his hand and they kiss on both cheeks. The General's eyes glisten. He has clearly softened.

GENERAL MONLEON
Hijo mijo.

Behind them, Roberto recognizes a woman in her early 40s, dressed modestly, holding the hand of a 5 1/2-year old boy.

ROBERTO
Maria?

MARIA
Si, Senor!

They clasp hands as one would a loyal family servant. The little boy grabs her leg.

ROBERTO
And who's this?

MARIA
Manolito.

ROBERTO
Did Esteban finally make an honest woman out of you?

Maria nods.

MARIA

We named him after your brother.

Roberto is touched. He kneels down.

ROBERTO

Quanto años tienes?

Manolito holds up 5 fingers.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

Almost a man!

The boy enjoys this.

CORA

Your father is quite attached to him actually. We both are.

RONALD

Well, don't you think you should introduce us, Roberto?

ROBERTO

Of course!

The Pierces step forward to meet the Monleons and greetings begin.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Hannah is sitting at a booth of a modest diner across from MADO, the survivor she recognized at the dance. They are holding menus.

HANNAH

This is on me.

MADO

If you want.

HANNAH

I still owe you two bread rations, after all.

Mado looks at her quizzically.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What I charged for teaching you your inmate number in German.

MADO

Ah... But that was a completely fair deal! I wouldn't have made it through my first roll call without you.

HANNAH

Still. I should have done it for free.

The Joan Blondell-ish waitress puts down water and takes out her pad.

WAITRESS

What can I get you, ladies?

MADO

Tea, please.

HANNAH

Make that two. And lets have some cake shall we?

MADO

You choose.

HANNAH

Two slices of chocolate, then.

WAITRESS

Got it. I'll get your tea straight away.

She takes their menus and leaves.

HANNAH

So Danny tells me you were with your fiancé Saturday night.

MADO

Yes. Marek.

HANNAH

Polish?

Mado nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Where was he?

Mado is about to answer, but stops herself as the waitress comes and puts down the cups of tea.

WAITRESS
Your slices will be right out.

She leaves.

MADO
(as if exhaling)
Auschwitz.

BEAT.

HANNAH
Do you ever talk about it? The
camps?

MADO
What could we tell each other we
don't already know?

HANNAH
Not just him. Do you ever talk to
about it to anyone else?

MADO
Americans? Do you really think they
want to hear?

HANNAH
I think they're afraid to ask.

MADO
Aren't we afraid they'll ask?

The waitress sets down their slices.

WAITRESS
Enjoy. The cake is to die for.

Her choice of expression is a little jarring but funny too.

HANNAH
These American portions might just
kill you.

MADO
At least there's always something
to take home.

HANNAH
Or carry around in your purse.

MADO
You too?

HANNAH

It's terrible. I don't even eat it half the time. I just like to know it's there.

They both take a bite.

MADO

Heavenly.

HANNAH

So, how did you meet him? Marek.

MADO

On the boat coming over.

HANNAH

Romantic.

MADO

Hardly... Not an ounce of privacy.

HANNAH

You'd just met. Why would you need privacy?

MADO

Why do you think?

HANNAH

(realizing)

Oh.

MADO

Have I scandalized you?

HANNAH

Me? You must be joking.

MADO

Oh. I forgot.

HANNAH

It's just that... the idea of sex again... it's still a bit hard to imagine.

MADO

It surprised me too, frankly. But suddenly I felt desire again. And when we make love, for a few minutes sometimes I even stop thinking about the camp.

HANNAH

I found out the other night that
schnapps helped.

The waitress reappears.

WAITRESS

Will there be anything else ladies?

MADO

You don't serve alcohol do you?

WAITRESS

Just beer.

HANNAH

(scrunching her nose)
After chocolate?

MADO

We'll just take the check.

The waitress has it ready, puts in on the table, and leaves.

HANNAH

I'm going to use the restroom.
Don't you dare touch that check.

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Hannah and Mado are walking to the subway.

HANNAH

Listen... when I told you about my
son, I thought... well you remember
how sick I was.

MADO

I remember.

HANNAH

You're still the only one I've
told.

MADO

Not even your father?

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH

So don't say anything to Marek, or
Danny, okay?

MADO

Of course not... But you know,
Danny might be able to help you.
That what he did for the Red Cross.
Find people.

BEAT.

HANNAH

Or find out they're dead.

MADO

Yes. Sometimes.

More walking.

HANNAH

Do you ever wonder why you
survived?

MADO

I used to. All the time. Then one
day Marek said: "Survival's just a
bad habit some of us picked up."

This squeezes a wry smile out of Hannah.

EXT. STREET ENTRANCE TO TIMES SQUARE SUBWAY. NIGHT.

MADO

Now, can I get something off my
chest?

HANNAH

Of course.

Mado opens her purse, revealing some chocolate cake wrapped
in a napkin.

MADO

While you were in the bathroom. I
couldn't help myself.

This brings a big smile to Hannah's face. They hug tightly.

HANNAH

Thanks for tonight.

MADO

I'll see you at the dinner, okay?

Hannah nods. Then Mado disappears down the steps.

INT. BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Lenore and Roberto are undressing from the dinner clothes and getting ready for bed.

LENORE
Can you unzip me?

Roberto does.

LENORE (CONT'D)
I need a lady's maid like your mother.

ROBERTO
Have you suddenly become a lady?

Lenore ignores the crack.

LENORE
At the very least, when the baby comes, I **am** going to get a nanny.

She looks at herself in her slip, feels the beginning of a mound at her stomach.

LENORE (CONT'D)
I definitely have to get the wedding dress taken out.

ROBERT
Isn't that why brides hold bouquets in front?

Again, she ignores him.

LENORE
I thought your parents' first day here was a great success. Your father's nothing like you described, by the way.

ROBERTO
He's changed. That little boy's had quite an effect on him.

Lenore sits at her vanity, starts to remove make-up. She has a thought.

LENORE
You don't think that's really your father's child do you? With Maria?

Roberto is taken aback, vaguely annoyed. This take on things is typical Lenore.

ROBERTO

I suppose it's possible.

Lenore shrugs. She doesn't really care. She's already moved on to her unadorned reflection in the mirror.

LENORE

God, I'm old.

ROBERTO

You're all of 34.

LENORE

To have a baby, that's old. I don't want to look like Maria when our child is five.

This gratuitous swipe gets under his skin.

ROBERTO

Fine then, why don't I just fly you down to Cuba this weekend and you can see that doctor we've heard about. Get it all taken care of. Maybe we can get an annulment to boot.

LENORE

Oh calm down! Jesus, that Spanish temper of yours.

ROBERTO

You have no idea some of the things Maria did for us during the war. She gave us her own identity to use for French Jews. Real Spanish papers, not fake ones.

LENORE

Did she sleep with men she despised just to get information from them?

ROBERTO

Oh yes, such sacrifices you made. If memory serves, you had an amazing talent for finding the best-looking military attachés in Mexico City.

She throws her hairbrush at him. Amazingly, he catches it. The unexpected moment breaks the tension. She starts laughing and he joins in.

LENORE

I can't believe you caught that.

She sits on the bed next to him.

LENORE (CONT'D)

I don't even know what we're fighting about.

ROBERTO

You were mean to Maria.

LENORE

It's just that...I thought I'd feel differently by now. My sister was so happy when she was pregnant. But all I can think is that I'll never do anything important again.

ROBERTO

Like in Mexico?

LENORE

Like in Mexico.

ROBERTO

(patting her stomach)

This one could be very important. You might even have a future President in there.

LENORE

I could raise a President.

He puts his arm around her.

ROBERTO

Absolutely.

She feels better. They kiss, lightly.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

Let's get to bed. Big sightseeing day tomorrow.

EXT. CIRCLE LINE CRUISE. - DAY

The Pierces and the Monleons, plus Maria and Manolito, are taking the tourist boat around Manhattan.

It is a beautiful day. Manolito runs around in his cute little shorts being a 5-year old as Roberto "chases" him and thrills him when he catches him. Lenore, sitting in between the General and Maria, watches with a strained smile. Suddenly she seems a bit green, stands and excuses herself, rushing to find the restroom.

Manolito points at everything--bridges, skyscrapers, the other boats--as Roberto teaches him the words for them in English. Roberto glances over to see Lenore moving at an oddly fast clip. He tells Manolito not to move from the railing and sits next to Maria.

ROBERTO

Is Lenore okay?

MARIA

Upset stomach. Does she get seasick?

ROBERTO

No. Its something else.

They exchange a glance. He lowers his voice.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

Did you get morning sickness?

MARIA

No, I didn't.

Roberto nods. They both watch Manolito.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Roberto, there's something I need to tell you.

EXT. FIELD. SPAIN - 1942. DAWN.

In the fog, lanterns emerge from the woods. ESTEBAN, 40, MIGUEL 30, and MARIA, 36, arrive in the midst of the wreckage, examining the haphazardly strewn bodies. One by one, they check for signs of life, until Esteban reaches Roberto. He feels for a pulse.

ESTEBAN

Maria, Miguel, over here! It's Roberto!

Miguel is carrying a rolled up stretcher and lays it down.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)
He's alive. Let's get him to the
barn for now.

The men roll him on the stretcher as he moans.

MIGUEL
I think he's the only one who made
it.

Esteban nods grimly. They lift the stretcher, as Maria
lights their way with a lantern. But something makes her
stop, holding her hand up.

ESTEBAN
What's wrong?

MARIA
Shh!!

They stand still.

There it is, barely audible but unmistakable, the sound of a
baby CRYING.

EXT. BOAT. DAY - 1948

ROBERTO
Why didn't you tell me back then? I
thought I'd killed everybody.

MARIA
I couldn't risk it. Maybe you knew
his father, or an aunt, someone who
would take him away.

Manolito appears.

MANOLITO
Take who away, Mamà?

MARIA
No one, my precious.

She puts him on her lap, holding him close.

MARIA (CONT'D)
(looking at Roberto)
Not ever.

INT. AMERICAN ZIONIST COMMITTEE OFFICES. - LATE AFTERNOON

There is a large open room with tables full of flyers, cabinets, telephones. The workers have left for the day. Danny can be seen through the glass, at a desk in a back office. He is on the phone, leaning back in his swivel chair. He spies Hannah and motions her toward him. She opens the door and he gestures for her to sit, holding up his index finger to indicate he'll be ready in a minute. (Hannah is carrying a purse and a manila envelope.)

DANNY

Yes, we agree on how to proceed on this...Excellent, I'll see you then. (He hangs up) I wish I could tell you who that was.

HANNAH

I can keep a secret.

DANNY

Let's just say he's far richer than you'll ever be, but nowhere near as pretty.... Please, sit.

She does. As he speaks he cores an apple.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Don't mind me, I've had no time to eat.

HANNAH

Please.

DANNY

So how's your Czech?

HANNAH

(taken aback)

Oh. I didn't bring any money.

DANNY

(smiling)

Not that kind of check. "Czech."
As in the first half of Slovakia.

HANNAH

Oh. Of course... It's all right. As long as I can consult my father.
Why?

DANNY

The Luftwaffe used to build Messerschmitts down at the Skoda Factory, and now Prague's willing to sell some to the Israeli Airforce.

HANNAH

Ironic.

DANNY

Isn't it? Anyway, these are the documents that need translating.

He slides a folder over to her, but she takes it rather tentatively.

DANNY (CONT'D)

That's why you're here, isn't it? To volunteer?

BEAT.

HANNAH

Why didn't you tell me about the first time we really met?

He stalls for just a second, not expecting this curve ball.

DANNY

We didn't really "meet." I interviewed you, then the nurse told me to let you rest.

HANNAH

I was recovering from typhus. Everything was a blur.

DANNY

Or I wasn't very memorable.

All true, but it wasn't really what she wanted to know.

HANNAH

By the way, how did you find me? I'd been in the camp under an assumed name.

DANNY

Good engineers make good detectives, I guess. I found a lot of people that trip.

Hannah puts the manila envelope she's been holding on his desk.

HANNAH
That's actually the reason I'm
here.

Danny pulls a folder out of the envelope and looks inside.

DANNY
"Roberto Monleon." Who's this?

HANNAH
A translation client. What's in
there are his documents from '43
on. I'd like to know what he did
earlier in the war.

DANNY
May I ask why?

HANNAH
I'd rather you didn't.

Danny decides to play it cool.

DANNY
All right. Just one more question,
and it's easy, a simple yes or no.

Hannah nods.

DANNY (CONT'D)
This engagement dinner for Marek
and Mado. Do you have a date?

INT. ROBERTO'S ROOMING HOUSE - DAY

It's the modest room in Jackson Heights that Roberto never spent much time in, from the looks of it. Dressed casually, he is packing up a few boxes. One is already full of clothes, and the other is slowly filling with books. He tosses the pulp fiction in a paper bag, but lingers over a particular hardcover. He comes upon an evident favorite, opens it to a random page, and starts to recite.

ROBERTO
*"Quiero pedirte perdon
por esta decepción
de no poder amarte
con todo mi corazón--"*

He is interrupted by a knock on the door. Odd. He never has visitors. He walks to the door and opens it, revealing Hannah.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
This is a surprise.

HANNAH
Shall I leave?

ROBERTO
No, I didn't mean that.

He takes her arm and gently tugs her forward, checking the hallway before he closes the door.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
My landlady can be nosy. How did you find me here, anyway?

HANNAH
The address was in your file. Which I forgot to bring, ironically. It was supposed to be my excuse to come here.

He motions her to a card table with two chairs.

ROBERTO
Can I get you anything? And by "anything" I mean a glass of water or a tumbler of scotch. Both warm, I'm afraid.

HANNAH
Perhaps a glass of water, thank you.

He talks as he takes two lone glasses from a forlorn cupboard, fills one up with water and the other with a some scotch. Hannah looks at the book he was reading before she knocked.

ROBERTO
Pablo Neruda. His poetry is quite beautiful.

She reads silently, her brain clicking away. Roberto sets the glasses down and sits, waiting for her to finish, and certainly not expecting this:

HANNAH

*"I hope you can forgive me
for the pain that I will cause,
but I could not find within me
the love that you had sought--"*

Roberto takes the book from her, looking at the text to make sure his mind isn't playing tricks on him.

ROBERTO

How did you do that?

HANNAH

I guess I didn't tell you I spoke Spanish.

ROBERTO

There is that. But you translated it instantly! Perfectly!

Hannah was showing off a bit.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

I'm amazed. Truly.

He regards her with a new fascination. Suddenly self-conscious, she looks around the room.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

Not exactly a penthouse, is it?

HANNAH

You needn't explain.

ROBERTO

And yet I'm going to. I'm marrying "up," as the expression goes. The new job comes with the new father-in-law.

HANNAH

And penthouse.

He nods.

ROBERTO

By the way, the work I promised you...that's real. But it may take a little longer than I thought.

HANNAH

I don't care about that.

She looks at him steadily. He takes a swig of scotch.

ROBERTO
You must think me quite a heel.

HANNAH
If I thought that, I would have
just thrown a rock through the
window.

ROBERTO
What *do* you think then?

BEAT.

HANNAH
Maybe I will have some scotch.

Roberto pours the last of the bottle into his glass, and
pushes it toward her. She takes a decent sip.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
I thought you didn't want to lead
me on... Any more than you already
have, that is.

ROBERTO
(lifting his glass)
Touché... You didn't know I spoke
French, did you?

That damned charm of his.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
So, why did you come?

She considers. The liquid courage is thankfully kicking in.

HANNAH
You've... awakened something in me.

Her meaning is clear. He looks him in the eyes and he moves
toward her. They are face-to-face and he speaks quietly.

ROBERTO
It's true, you know. I don't want
to hurt you--

She initiates the kiss that cuts him off. He responds with
passion.

A thunderstorm begins outside, and inside.

INT. ROOMING HOUSE. 1948 - DAY

Hannah and Roberto lay in bed together. He smokes, she lays on his chest.

They are quiet, listening to the steady patter of the rain. Hannah looks up and takes the cigarette from him, drawing on it, then hands it back to him.

ROBERTO

I didn't think you smoked.

HANNAH

I don't drink scotch either, but today I'm trying just about everything.

Her little half-shrug is endearing. Roberto puts out the cigarette.

ROBERTO

Such short acquaintance, and you're already picking up my worst habits.

Hannah laughs.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

What?

HANNAH

Something my friend Mado said.
"Survival is just a bad habit some of us pick up."

Out in the hallway, the phone RINGS ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES. Roberto looks at Hannah as if to say no one ever calls him there.

They hear the landlady pick up the phone.

MRS RAMIREZ

(accented English)

Hello?... Just a minute...

We hear her STEPS padding down the hallway. She knocks and then speaks through the door.

MRS RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

Señor Roberto... La Señorita Pierce para usted.

ROBERTO

Gracias, Senora Ramirez.

He says "Gracias" with a slight lisp on the "c" -- as a Castilian speaker would.

Roberto gets out of bed, puts on a robe.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

He leaves the room. As Hannah starts to dress, she hears his voice through the door.

ROBERTO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hello...I had more books than I
thought... Of course I realize...
Yes, I'll be home soon.

We hear him hang up, and walk down the hall. He opens the door and sees that Hannah is almost dressed.

HANNAH
I have to get home. I'm going to an
engagement party tonight. At The
Terrace no less.

ROBERTO
Lenore and I are also due out for
dinner. My parents are here.

HANNAH
From Mexico?

This catches him off guard.

ROBERTO
No, from Spain actually.

Roberto lights a cigarette, taking his time.

ROBERTO
Hannah.

She looks at him expectantly, but whatever he was going to say, he thinks better of it.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
I'll drive you in.

HANNAH
No, I'll take the train.

She moves to the window.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
See, the rain has stopped.

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

CU - PHONOGRAPH - The needle drops onto a record. As the Andrews Sisters' "BOOGIE-WOOGIE BUGLE BOY" blares out, we pull back to see both Rachel and Hannah in their slippers. Two fairly glamorous dresses lie on the bed, and Hannah is putting on an earring in the mirror. In her reflection she sees the outstretched hand of Rachel, accompanied by a look that says, "What have you got to lose?" Hannah turns to her and considers. Indeed. Why the hell not? She takes Rachel's hand.

Clearly Rachel's done some jitterbugging. She starts easy but Hannah's a quick learner. Before we know it, they are bouncing around the room like dance contestants, and there's one more new thing that's Hannah's tried today.

INT. LIMO. - NIGHT

In the back sits the General, as Roberto holds open the door and helps out Lenore, who looks a little wobbly.

LENORE
(to Roberto)
Never again. This kid is it.

Cora Monleon comes out after.

CORA
I have just the thing. Old family
remedy.

ROBERTO
My mother will fix you right up,
Lenore.

LENORE
Are you coming?

ROBERTO
No, my father and I are going to
have our own little bachelor party.
Isn't that what Americans do?

Lenore's hand says "Whatever." A black doorman opens the door to their building.

GENERAL MONLEON
We'll see you soon, my dear.

Cora kisses Roberto on the cheek and walks into the hotel. Roberto gets back in the car.

GENERAL MONLEON (CONT'D)
Let just talk for now.

Roberto leans forward to the driver.

ROBERTO
Central Park is good.

He closes the glass divider.

GENERAL MONLEON
I like this city, I like it very
much.

ROBERTO
So do I.

GENERAL MONLEON
Maybe we can make Madrid this
beautiful again one day.

ROBERTO
How is Spain these days, Papa?

He takes a moment to consider the question.

GENERAL MONLEON
Ashamed, I'd say. We look at
Europe, and think, by God what did
they do to each other, and then
look around and say, by God,
exactly what we did to ourselves.

The General pulls out a cigarette case, offering one to Roberto and taking one himself. Roberto lights them both, then rolls down the window to let the smoke escape.

GENERAL MONLEON (CONT'D)
I was very angry when Manuel died.
I took it out on you.

ROBERTO
You were angry at me before then.

GENERAL MONLEON
Angry. Jealous.

ROBERTO
Why?

GENERAL MONLEON
Because Manuel looked up to you and
not to me.

ROBERTO

But you're wrong. It was me who looked up to him. You think I flew Jews out of France because I thought it was the right thing to do? I did it to show him I wasn't just a spoiled brat who flew for whichever side had the fastest planes.

GENERAL MONLEON

(ruefully)

Exactly who I taught you to be.

ROBERTO

You taught him too Papa. He certainly didn't learn right and wrong from me.

GENERAL MONLEON

Some children turn out well because of you and some in spite of you.

BEAT.

ROBERTO

You've always known Manolito was the baby that survived the plane crash, haven't you?

GENERAL MONLEON

Maria told you, then.

Roberto nods.

ROBERTO

She wanted me to know I wasn't the only survivor of the crash.

GENERAL MONLEON

I'm sorry I sent you to Mexico believing that. It was terrible of me.

ROBERTO

Maria also told me you're the boy's legal guardian.

GENERAL MONLEON

Maria was afraid someone would come to take him after the war. A relative of the mother, or something. I did it for her.

ROBERTO

Not just her.

GENERAL MONLEON

No. I intended to make him my heir.
At the time, I didn't know God
would bring you back to me.

Roberto puts a hand on his knee. The General clasps it. Men being men, the moment lasts just that.

GENERAL MONLEON (CONT'D)

Let's have a drink somewhere I can
look at beautiful girls. We can
raise a proper glass to your
brother and I can tell you what
that idiot Franco wants.

Roberto opens the divider and leans forward to the driver.

ROBERTO

The Terrace please.

(to his father)

If Franco is such an idiot, why are
you his Defense Minister?

GENERAL MONLEON

Because he promised me if I worked
out a good deal for Spain I could
be Ambassador to the United States.
(off Roberto's reaction) And your
mother wants to be near her
grandchildren.

ROBERTO

Grand**child**, probably. Lenore is not
a fan of being pregnant.

GENERAL MONLEON

I was including Manolito. I want
him raised here. America is the
future.

EXT. 5TH AVENUE. - NIGHT.

Hannah walks with Danny, both dressed to the nines. Behind
them are Rachel and Izzy.

DANNY

Is it true you suggested this
place?

HANNAH

Yes, actually. It's a bit pricey but Marek has a rich American uncle, it seems.

DANNY

By the way, I had a bit of luck with the name you gave me. It appears on one of the lists we keep.

HANNAH

Lists?

DANNY

We always ask survivors to tell us if they were saved or hidden by someone. We're planning to honor them one day, in a museum.

HANNAH

Roberto's on that list?

DANNY

Not exactly.

He says a name, but a car honks at just that second and obscures it.

HANNAH

Who?

DANNY

Manuel Monleon. Roberto's brother, I assume. He smuggled Jews from France to Spain and then disappeared in '42.

Hannah's eyes widen. Her mind races.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Does that help?

She doesn't answer. She doesn't even hear him.

INT. THE TERRACE.- NIGHT.

The restaurant where Roberto had his first lunch with Hannah turns into a swanky nightclub at night. At a table in one corner are Marek and Mado, and an older couple. In walk Danny and Hannah, and behind them Rachel and Izzy. The four make their way to the table, where the men stand up and Marek makes introductions.

We watch from across the room, with Roberto, sitting with his father at a table for two. The General can't help but notice that Roberto's eyes are fixed on Hannah, who is truly striking tonight.

GENERAL MONLEON

Do you know that girl?

ROBERTO

Which girl?

GENERAL MONLEON

The pretty one you're staring at.

ROBERTO

Yes, a little. She's done some work for me. Translation.

GENERAL MONLEON

Oh. Translation.

ROBERTO

What's that supposed to mean?

GENERAL MONLEON

Only that you used to be a better liar.

ROBERTO

It happens to be true.

GENERAL MONLEON

But it's not the whole truth, is it?

BEAT.

ROBERTO

You don't want the whole truth.

INT. THE TERRACE. - NIGHT.

At Hannah's table across the room, Marek is giving a toast. He's a little tipsy, but has a natural storytelling flair. You certainly get what Mado sees in him. (He clearly learned English from an Englishman -- and quite well.)

MAREK

So, there we are, on this huge, oily, creaky boat, crowded with sad, penniless refugees, and I swear to you, we are the only two passengers on deck, because we are the only two passengers, Jew or Gentile, who are not retching below, hopelessly seasick.

MADO

He's not exaggerating. Much.

MAREK

I figure we have two choices: ignore each other, which would have been a little awkward; or get married and have lots of children... who probably end up joining the Royal Navy.

Everybody laughs. Mado puts her hand up.

MADO

But wait, here's the amazing thing. Those were also the first words he said to me. Seriously. "Well, we can ignore each other, or get married."

MAREK

It's true, I did.

MADO

And right then, I decided I would marry him. Because he made me laugh... And neither of us had laughed in a very long time.

It is a poignant observation that silences everybody, but only for a moment.

MAREK

To my future wife, who I intend to make laugh until we are both old and gray.

ALL

Awww...

All the men stand - Danny, Izzy and portly Uncle Yaakov, and lift their glasses to Mado, as do the women (Hannah, Rachel and Yaakov's wife.)

At the moment Hannah brings her glass to her lips, her eyes land on Roberto across the room.

INT. SAME. ACROSS THE ROOM. - NIGHT

Roberto tips a cigarette girl several dollars.

CIGARETTE GIRL

Thank you!

GENERAL MONLEON

Now, you're just showing off.

ROBERTO

Well? Is she looking over here?

GENERAL MONLEON

The girl you hardly know? Yes.

INT. SAME. LATER.

Danny and Hannah are dancing. She's pretending to enjoy herself, and Danny is too infatuated to see that's she not.

DANNY

I hope Mado isn't cross at you.

HANNAH

At me? Why?

DANNY

Isn't the rule to never outshine the bride?

HANNAH

Only at the wedding.

More dancing.

DANNY

It looks like the dress cost you an arm and a leg.

HANNAH

Just an arm.

DANNY

Worth every penny.

He swirls her around with a flourish as if to emphasize it, and Hannah sees Roberto leaving the room, casting a glance her way as he does.

HANNAH
There's only one problem.

DANNY
What's that?

HANNAH
There was no money left over for
new shoes and the strap's about to
come off this pair any second.

INT. SAME. NIGHT.

Danny returns to the table alone.

RACHEL
Hannah off to the powder room,
Danny?

DANNY
She may be a while. She's got to
get a heel glued or something.

INT. THE TERRACE - UPSTAIRS. - NIGHT

A plush lounge where patrons looking for an intimate tete-a-tete can smoke and drink, or wait for their dates to finish in the restroom. Hannah comes up the stairs and rounds a corner.

ROBERTO
Hannah.

She stops and turns to look at Roberto.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
I was hoping you'd find me.

He reaches to touch her arm, as if to pull her toward him, but Hannah is stiff, all business.

HANNAH
Is my son dead or alive?

He takes a moment to recover from the surprise, but he knows he must tell the truth.

ROBERTO
Alive.

HANNAH
Where is he?

ROBERTO
With a wonderful Spanish family.

HANNAH
Do they know about me?

ROBERTO
(shakes head)
They think you were on the plane.
It crashed that night. Only the
baby survived.

HANNAH
And you.

Their silhouettes are framed by the terrace behind them.
Through the French doors, the lights of Times Square flash.

Hannah SLAPS him. He brings his hand to his face, but says
nothing.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
What's your game, Roberto?

ROBERTO
No game, I swear.

She is sarcastic, unforgiving.

HANNAH
You tracked me down with no
intention of telling me who you
were? Or were you waiting for just
the right moment--after you slept
with me, but before you got
married? Maybe never? Sounds like
a game to me.

ROBERTO
It wasn't like that at all.

HANNAH
An experiment, then? Let's see if
a woman who's been to hell can
still feel anything? Really, a
fascinating question when you think
of it. *What's stronger, love or
memory?*

Her accusations hang there, like daggers. Roberto is
devastated, doesn't know what to say.

Then from behind, a voice.

RACHEL
Hannah, is everything okay?

Hannah's fugue state is pierced. She turns to Rachel, but can't even form a sentence. From somewhere, Roberto pulls out a cover story.

ROBERTO
Thank you so much, Miss Padavka.
You can drop off that translation
work tomorrow if you'd like, at my
Manhattan address. I'll already be
off to the wedding, but my sister-
in-law and nephew will be there.
He's just five. Five-and-a-half.

Rachel seems to have walked into a strange conversation, for sure.

RACHEL
Wow, everyone's getting married
these days.

ROBERTO
I'll leave you to your friend, Miss
Padavka. So nice to run into you.

He nods goodbye and heads down the stairs.

RACHEL
That was odd.

HANNAH
Just a client. I'll explain later.

RACHEL
Everyone's waiting for you. How's
your shoe?

HANNAH
My shoe?

RACHEL
Never mind.

INT. ROBERTO AND LENORE'S DOORMAN BUILDING - DAY

The African-American doorman, THOMAS, is playing a game of hide-and-seek/monster with Manolito. He stands at the open door and whistles, feigning that he can't see the boy sneaking up behind him. When he spies Manolito, Thomas then roars and chases the little boy into the lobby and down a hallway.

Hannah, holding a folder, enters the building. She looks at the directory, then walks to the elevator. It opens immediately and she gets in. At the sound of the DING, Thomas comes forth.

THOMAS
I'm sorry Ma'am, I should announce you.

HANNAH
That's all right. I know where I'm going.

Manolito appears at his leg, but hides shyly behind it before Hannah actually sees him.

THOMAS
The little one likes to play.

INT. HALLWAY. - DAY

Hannah stands outside of the door of Roberto and Lenore's apartment and knocks. Maria opens the door.

MARIA
Yes?

HANNAH
Is Roberto Monleon here? I have some important papers for him.

MARIA
He's not here right now, *Señora*. But I can take them.

Hannah didn't plan this well. But she is literally saved by the bell, when we hear the elevator "ding" behind her. It opens and Manolito shoots out, followed by the doorman. The little boy runs past Hannah and his mother into the apartment.

THOMAS
I think he has to tinkle Ma'am!

MARIA
Gracias, Tomas.

THOMAS
That's a sweet little boy you got there.

He gets back into the elevator and it closes.

Manolito pipes up from the bathroom.

MANOLITO (O.S.)

We played hide-and-seeK Mommy and he was the monster but I wasn't scared except I didn't want to pee in my pants.

Meanwhile we hear the stream of urine. Maria smiles awkwardly.

MARIA

(to Hannah-rushed)

Excuse me.

We STAY ON HANNAH as she listens to the ensuing exchange. She can barely breathe. She drinks in every word, but her eyes reflect a racing mind.

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

Mi amor, mind your manners.

MANOLITO

Sorry, Mommy. I'm finished.

MARIA

And in America we flush every time.

MANOLITO

Even after *pipi*?

MARIA

That's right. (Flushes) Now wash your hands. And dry. What a good boy you are.

We can hear her give him one of those "I'm going to eat you up" kisses that makes him giggle. They come out of the bathroom.

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

Why don't you draw a picture, and then I'll make you a snack, all right sweetheart?

She returns to the waiting Hannah.

MARIA (CONT'D)

If you leave them with me, I'll be sure Roberto gets the papers.

Hannah doesn't seem to hear her at first.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Miss?

INT. SAME. - DAY.

Maria's hand is outstretched. Hannah comes "back" to where she is, standing in the doorway. Slowly, she hands the envelope to Maria, her mind groping for something, anything to say. It comes.

HANNAH

I'm sorry. Could I trouble you for
a glass of water?

Indeed, it sounds like she needs one. Maria smiles awkwardly but ushers her in.

MARIA

Of course.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Manolito sees Hannah.

MANOLITO

You were downstairs!

Hannah looks at his beautiful brown eyes and feels like she is about to faint. She touches the wall to steady herself, and manages a smile.

HANNAH

That's right.

When he runs to the table, she sees the splotch on the back of his left knee. Her heart stops. It really is him.

Maria fills a glass with water and extends it to Hannah.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

What an unusual birthmark your son
has.

Maria stiffens, her protective instinct kicking in. She pulls back the glass of water.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Behind his knee. Shaped like Italy,
don't you think?

Suddenly the air is thick. Maria glances nervously over at Manolito, then lowers her voice to not be overheard.

The following exchange is like a duel - slow, deliberate.

MARIA

You're very observant.

HANNAH

It's not the kind of thing one forgets.

MARIA

Who are you?

HANNAH

You know who I am.

MARIA

She died in the crash.

HANNAH

I never got on the plane. There was only room for Marcel... *Manolito*.

BEAT.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Ask Roberto. He'll tell you.

Maria's mouth goes dry. The moment she always dreaded is suddenly here.

She takes the glass of water she filled for Hannah, and dumps it in the sink. Then she refills it, and drinks. She puts the empty glass on the counter, remaining partially turned away from Hannah.

MARIA

Did they send you to one of those camps?

HANNAH

Yes.

MARIA

Was it as bad as they say?

Hannah's silence answers that question. Maria turns from the sink to face her.

MARIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that. Truly. But I will never give up my son.

HANNAH

I'm glad to hear it.

Maria didn't expect that.

MARIA
What do you want then?

HANNAH
A promise.

MARIA
Yes?

HANNAH
One day, you'll tell him the truth.

Maria is silent, looks away.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
(steely)
You owe me that much.

Maria finally nods her assent. After a long second, she refills the same glass with water, and hands it to Hannah. Hannah drinks, silently sealing their pact.

Manolito gets out of his chair and walks toward them. He hands Hannah his drawing.

CU: It's a New York skyline, illuminated by a big orangy heart-shaped sun. In the center is a building with several stick figures in front. There's a black doorman and a dark-haired little boy, and two women - one with fair hair like Hannah and one with dark hair like Maria.

Hannah voice is full, cracking.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
How beautiful. May I keep it?

Manolito nods yes. She reaches out and gently touches his head. The tenderness of five years in one gesture.

He smiles but is suddenly bashful and runs back to his chair.

MARIA
Perhaps you'd better leave now.

Holding the drawing to her chest, Hannah walks to the door and opens it. Then she turns and looks back, but Maria blocks any view of her son.

Hannah closes the door, but not all the way. She listens through the crack that remains.

INT. HALLWAY. - DAY - CONTINUOUS

MANOLITO (O.S.)

Mamà, when is Uncle Roberto coming back? He makes me laugh.

MARIA (O.S)

We're going to see him and Auntie Lenore in just a few hours! They're having a big party!

MANOLITO

Will there be ice cream?

MARIA

Even better! Lots and lots of cake!

Hannah gently finishes shutting the door, afraid of getting caught.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL. DAY.

Hannah sits, holding the drawing in her hands. She sobs.

INT. LOBBY. - DAY.

Hannah is walking out as the doorman gets up to open the door. He sees the drawing in her hand.

THOMAS

Did the little one make that for you?

Hannah nods, showing it to him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

He sure is talented!

HANNAH

He gets it from his father.

Thomas points to the drawing.

THOMAS

There's Senora Castillo...and me...and I think that's you!

HANNAH

Yes, I think it is...Excuse me, did you say "Castillo?"

THOMAS
That right. Senora Castillo.

Hannah nods, takes the drawing.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You have a good day now, Ma'am.

HANNAH
Thank you.

She takes the drawing back and emerges onto the street. But she is far away from New York.

INT. BUS. - DAY - 1942

Hannah stares vacantly out of the window. She holds the heel of a baguette, cracking off small pieces and chewing them, making the hard bread last as long as possible.

The bus arrives in a village. The bus stops, and a woman with a baby and a young son get on. Hannah only notices them when the lady - YVETTE - sits next to her, awkwardly trying to fit her son between her legs while holding the baby and a small lumpy sack.

MICHEL
(to mother)
I'm hungry.

YVETTE
We'll have some soup at home.

Hannah looks back at her and their eyes meet. The mother holds up her small bag.

YVETTE (CONT'D)
A half-an-hour on the bus for three lousy potatoes...

MICHEL
And and onion.

YVETTE
Yes, Michel, and an onion.

Hannah gives the last of her bread to the young boy.

HANNAH
Here. I'm not really hungry.

YVETTE
Are you sure?

Hannah nods.

YVETTE (CONT'D)
Thank you. (To Michel) Say thank
you to the nice lady.

BOY
Merci, Madame.

Hannah gestures to the baby.

HANNAH
A girl or a boy?

YVETTE
(nodding to baby)
A girl. My sister's. Died in
childbirth, poor thing.

HANNAH
Oh, I'm sorry.

YVETTE
She didn't have to either, if you
ask me (lowering voice) Germans
deported the only doctor in town.
Doctor *Cohen*.

The bus starts to slow down.

BUS DRIVER
Checkpoint! Get your papers ready!

INT. SAME. 5 MINUTES LATER.

Two French policemen move down the aisle, checking papers. A few rows in, one man in his 50s gets special scrutiny. Policeman #1 gestures to Policeman #2, then shows him the man's papers.

POLICEMAN #1
You'll have to come down to the
station. Please exit the bus,
Monsieur.

MAN
I'm on a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

POLICEMAN #1
Then I am sure we'll have you on
your way in no time at all.

The second policeman signals out the window to two others stationed outside, dressed in the menacing black uniforms of the French *Milice*. Despair in his face, the man slowly gets up and is escorted off the bus by the second policeman. The first policeman continues down the aisle, checking papers. When we get to Hannah, we see her with a shawl discreetly covering the fact that she's breast-feeding Yvette's baby.

POLICEMAN

Papers, please.

Yvette hands hers over. As if to prepare to reach for her own papers, Hannah starts to take the baby off her nipple. The baby WAILS. Hannah immediately lets her resume breast-feeding. She looks up apologetically to the officer. The young mother gestures nonchalantly to Hannah.

YVETTE

(nonchalantly)

That's my sister.

The policeman takes a second to decide whether he's going to play by the book or not. With a tiny shrug, he decides not to bother and moves on.

HANNAH

Thank you.

YVETTE

Thank **you**. That's the first decent meal the baby has had since her mother died.

HANNAH

I have papers. I just... Well I have to get a new photo.

YVETTE

You needn't explain. By the way, my name's Yvette. What's yours?

Beat.

HANNAH

Marie. Maria, actually.

INT. PDAVKA APT. - NIGHT.

Max, Ida, Rachel and Izzy are playing gin rummy. Hannah is at a small desk by the window, working.

The foursome picks and discards.

MAX

Are you sure you don't want to play, Hanushka?

IZZY

Yeah, you work too much.

HANNAH

It's not work. This is a translation for the Zionist Committee. Papa, you are going to have to go over this, my Czech is so rusty.

MAX

Of course.

IDA

Are you sure you don't want something to eat, dear? There's plenty of leftover Chinese in the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.

Hannah puts an egg-roll on a plate, and a bit of rice. She heats some water.

HANNAH

Does anyone want some tea?

RACHEL

I'd love some, Hannah!

The door buzzer rings.

MAX (O.S.)

Awfully late for visitors.

Hannah opens the door. Danny stands there, open telegram in hand. Hannah see it, and gasps.

HANNAH

Joska's dead, isn't he?

DANNY

No, no, your brother's fine. This isn't about him.

MAX (O.S.)

Hannah, who's there?

DANNY

It's me, Max! Danny! I've come to talk to Hannah!

HANNAH

(still recovering)

What is this about, then, to almost give me a heart attack?

INT. HANNAH'S BEDROOM. - NIGHT

Hannah and Danny sit on her bed.

DANNY

I've been asked to take a post. In Israel.

HANNAH

(playful)

Minister of Fundraising?

DANNY

Military Intelligence.

HANNAH

(sincerely)

Congratulations, Danny.

But he doesn't seem so happy about it.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Isn't this what you wanted?

BEAT.

DANNY

Marry me, Hannah.

HANNAH

What?

DANNY

I'm asking you to marry me.

LONG BEAT. Hannah stands up, paces. It takes her a moment to figure out the chief sticking point.

HANNAH

But I'm not in love with you, Danny.

DANNY
 Friendship is an excellent basis
 for marriage.

She tries another tack.

HANNAH
 You barely know me.

DANNY
 Don't I?

BEAT.

HANNAH
 There's something I need to tell
 you.

She sits on the bed.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 I...

DANNY
 What?

If she was going to tell him about her son, she changes her
 mind.

HANNAH
 Have you ever really looked at
 this?

She points to the number on her arm.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
 Do you see the P? It stands for
Politische. "Political Prisoner." I
 wasn't arrested as a Jew, but as a
 member of the resistance. I was in
 Ravensbruck as a Communist. A
 Spanish Catholic one at that.

DANNY
 So?

HANNAH
 Only Gentiles could get privileged
 assignments at the camp. Being a
 clerk, working in the kitchen,
 anything indoors, really. I was an
 interpreter.

DANNY

Is this something you're supposed to feel guilty about?

Hannah shakes her head. Clearly that's not her point.

HANNAH

Some of the inmates who weren't Jewish were arrested with a child who they brought with them to the camp. Some of them thought they would be released soon, some of them were married to Jewish men and so the child was a *mischling* - there were different reasons. The children were taken to a special barracks -- the SS told the mother they would be reunited after quarantine. What could you do but believe them? The guard would offer the child some bread and jam to not put up a fuss and off they would go like the first day of school, waving. "I'll see you later Mommy."

DANNY

God.

HANNAH

The woman were quarantined for two weeks. Deloused. Tattooed. Forced to learned the rules of the camp over and over and over. Roll call, marching, saluting, waiting in line, how long you had to piss in the morning... All the terrible petty nonsense that could mean life or death over absolutely nothing.

Danny is silent, now.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It was my job to accompany the *aufseherin* - guards, but higher up-- to each new quarantine block and translate these instructions into whatever the language was of this new group of arrivals. Sometimes I'd see one of the mothers and try to tell her with my eyes not to ask about her child, but of course she always did.

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Then I would close my eyes because the answer was always a whip across the face of the poor woman. And then she'd have to stand at attention and apologize or receive another. And another. You get the idea.

Hannah looks out the window for a moment, as if she'll see something there to help, then continues.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

One *aufseherin* in particular became terrified of contracting typhus, which got very bad, so she began to send me into the barracks alone to read all the rules in whatever the language was of that transport. Then a mother might be brave enough to plead with me to find out about her child, and sometimes the block kapo would let her.

The noise of the traffic outside punctuates the silences, then transmutes into a cacophony of languages inside Hannah's brain, different women pleading in German, Polish, Italian, Czech, Dutch...

INTERNATIONAL VOICES

*Wo ist meine kinde?...Moze wu
znajdujeccie mój córka...Si chiama
Marco, ha sette anni... Podívejte
se, mám krouzek...J'ai de l'or, je
l'ai caché...Kunt u me helpen?*

DANNY

Did you?

Hannah is pulled out of her reverie.

HANNAH

What?

DANNY

Help them?

Long beat.

HANNAH

I took their ration of bread, or the hidden ring they'd had stuck up their insides or a gold tooth they pulled out themselves...

(MORE)

HANNAH (CONT'D)

and I'd trade these things for a carrot, or a piece of soap, or a even pair of underwear, once.

DANNY

And what did you find out about their children?

HANNAH

(flash of anger)

What do you think? You were there after the war. How many children did you find who survived the camps? None at Ravensbruck. I promise you.

Danny hangs his head for making her say what he knew.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

But I did have to say something to the mothers, didn't I? So I would go back and tell them: "I couldn't get to the children's barracks, but I spoke to a nurse who works there and she said they've all had sweaters and milk from the Red Cross this week." I would make up all kinds of things. And even the ones who knew I was lying sobbed in my hands with gratitude, because for a few minutes I had given them hope.

She look into his eyes.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I hated them for that.

Danny meets her stare, and does not flinch.

Long beat.

DANNY

Did you think I would judge you for what you did to survive?

HANNAH

Just take me off the pedestal you've put me on. I can't bear it.

Danny nods his assent.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Then I'll marry you.

EXT. LONG ISLAND. - DUSK

Hannah is getting out of a cab at the end of a road that winds down to the Pierce estate, on whose grounds workers are taking down yesterday's tents. She talks to the driver, who heads alone down the rest of the way, to the big house.

We see the driver get out of the cab, and knock. A butler opens the door, and the cabdriver hands him a note. The butler nods and disappears into the house. Hannah hides behind the stone wall and bushy tree that straddles the entrance from the road.

The driver comes back down the road. He stops at Hannah, and she reaches in to give him some money. He thanks her and drives off.

Hannah peeks out and sees Roberto coming down the driveway. She steps out to reveal herself. He is wearing the same basic outfit he wore when cleaning out the apartment, but the slacks are gabardine, the shirt is silk, the sweater cashmere. It is a subtle reminder of the permanent change in station that has come with his marriage.

Roberto arrives to Hannah, and they clasp hands, moving toward each other tenderly. They do not kiss, but let the tips of their heads touch.

ROBERTO

I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything.

HANNAH

No. I came here to thank you.

ROBERTO

You saw him.

HANNAH

Yes. Did Maria tell you?

ROBERTO

No. She won't look at me. She's so afraid.

HANNAH

You're the only witness, aren't you?

ROBERTO

Is that what you want Hannah? Do you want me to help you prove the boy is yours?

She looks up at him.

HANNAH
Would you do that for me?

ROBERTO
If you asked.

Hannah detaches from him. She paces, wrings her hands.

HANNAH
And why wouldn't I? Why shouldn't
I?

ROBERTO
Because every time the boy cried
himself to sleep, you'd hate
yourself and me for having helped
you.

She knows he is right.

HANNAH
I'm going away.

ROBERTO
Where?

HANNAH
To Israel. I'm getting married.

He shouldn't be surprised, but he is.

ROBERTO
Do you love him?

She looks him straight in the eyes.

HANNAH
How can I?

We think they will kiss, then, behind Roberto, Hannah sees something. She quickly moves out of view. Roberto turns around and sees little Manolito on a tricycle, determinedly wheeling in their direction. From the front door the butler makes eye contact with Roberto, who waves to acknowledge that he'll watch the boy.

As the butler closes the door, only then do we see, behind him, Lenore. Hers is not the expression of a jealous woman, but a fair one. Roberto held up his part of the bargain, after all.

ROBERTO
 (to Hannah)
 Wait here. I have an idea.

EXT. SAME. DAY. - MINUTES LATER

Coming up the driveway is the arresting visual of Roberto on a motorcycle. Attached to it is a sidecar in which sits Manuel, ecstatically serious. Both are wearing the appropriate headgear and goggles. They stop at Hannah.

ROBERTO
 (in Spanish - to Manolito)
 Capitan Quixote de la Mancha, this
 damsel in distress needs a ride to
 the train station. Shall we give it
 to her?

Manolito nods enthusiastically.

EXT. ROAD. - DAY

Roberto drives the motorcycle, as Hannah sits in the sidecar, Manolito on her lap. The sun is low in the sky, bathing the coastline in its summer glow. Roberto grins at Hannah, the wind in her hair, who delights in holding Manolito, himself rapt by an adventure so much better than tricycling.

It is a perfect stolen moment, existing entirely in the present. None of the heartache of the past or the future is real, or even thought about, for a few precious minutes.

EXT. LIRR TRAIN STATION. DUSK.

Roberto parks the bike and gets out. Manolito hops out and Hannah follows him.

MANOLITO
 (to Hannah)
 Your stomach is flatter than Aunt
 Lenore's!

ROBERTO
 Manuel!

MANOLITO
 It's true!

Hannah and Roberto exchange a look. She understands now why he's married Lenore.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM. DUSK.

On a bench, Hannah sits next to Roberto. In a field of weeds and scrub off to the side of the platform, Manolito chases fireflies.

HANNAH

For a few moments there, I allowed myself to imagine you two were coming with me.

ROBERTO

I thought of it too. I'm thinking about it now.

Hannah shakes her head.

HANNAH

Your child will need you. And so will mine.

The train starts to appear down the track. Manolito appears next to them.

MANOLITO

The train, Uncle! Are we getting on?

Roberto kneels down.

ROBERTO

No, *muchachito*. The pretty lady is getting on.

Hannah also kneels down, eye-to-eye to Manolito.

HANNAH

Do you know what an invisible friend is?

Manolito nods yes. Then no.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It's a playmate only you can see. Nobody else, just you.

Manolito smiles. He gets it now.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I want to be your invisible friend. Would you like that?

Manolito nods.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Every time you have no one to play with, you just think of me, and I will be right there -- even if no one else can see me.

MANOLITO

But I'll be able to?

HANNAH

That's right.

MANOLITO

And you'll play with me?

HANNAH

Whatever you want.

The train has pulled in. The conductor cries out from the platform.

CONDUCTOR

ALL ABOARD TO PENN STATION! ALL ABOARD!

Roberto picks up Manolito.

ROBERTO

Will you do me a favor? Will you kiss the pretty lady goodbye for me?

Manolito leans forward and kisses Hannah. She steals a last hug.

MANOLITO

Now you kiss her.

ROBERTO

All right.

Roberto puts Manolito down. He pulls Hannah toward him, and they kiss long and passionately as the names of the stations on the way to New York are called out by the conductor.

CONDUCTOR

...Babylon, Jamaica, and Penn Station...ALL ABOARD!!

Hannah pulls herself away, and steps on the train. It pulls away. In classic style, she moves up the aisle until she reaches the end of the car. Concurrently, Roberto runs down the platform with Manolito until they can go no farther. Tears stream down Hannah's cheeks, but she smiles and waves.

Roberto and Manolito wave back, until the train is out of sight, and she is truly invisible.

CREDITS.