

(Name of Project)

by  
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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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(Current Writer, date)

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EXT. SEA - DAY

Tom and Dickie sit in the boat as it gets further and further away from the San Remo shore. Tom pours champagne and they toast.

TOM

To Mongeobello - the happiest days  
of my life.

DICKIE

You're cheerful today.

TOM

I'm suddenly quite happy to be  
going back.

DICKIE

Did I know you at Princeton, Tom? I  
don't think I did. Did I?

TOM

Why are you asking all of a sudden?

DICKIE

No reason. Because you're leaving,  
I guess. I don't think you were  
there.

TOM

Why?

DICKIE

I mean it as a compliment. You have  
such great taste. Most of those  
thugs at Princeton have tasted  
everything, and have no taste. I  
used to say, the cream of America.  
Rich and Thick. Freddy's the  
perfect example.

TOM

Then I'll take it as a compliment.

DICKIE

I knew it! I knew it. Marge and I  
had a bet. Do you even like jazz?  
Or was that for my benefit?

TOM

I've gotten to like it.

DICKIE

Oh, yes!

TOM

I've gotten to like everything about the way you live. It's one big love affair. If you knew my life back home in New York...

DICKIE

I'm thinking of giving up the sax. What do you think about the drums?

TOM

What?

DICKIE

So cool. This is how I found my place in Mangie. Took a boat out around the bay. The first thing I liked, I got it.

Dickie speeds up the boat, making it rock.

DICKIE

Wooh!

TOM

Come on, Dickie. Don't go crazy. Dickie, slow down!

DICKIE

Hold on!

TOM

No. Wait a minute. It's going to tip... oh, God! Stop, stop, stop!

Dickie laughs.

TOM

It's not funny. It's not funny.

Dickie stops the motor and stands.

DICKIE

San Remo! I love it here! I love it here. I'm going to move here.

TOM

I want to tell you my plan.

DICKIE

Ugh. So tell me.

TOM

Well, I thought I'd come back in the new year, under my own steam.

DICKIE

Really? To Italy?

TOM

Of course. And, I figured, now - just for argument's sake... say, I got a place. Or say we split the rent on a house. And, I could get a job. Or better still, if I got a place in Rome, and when we were there, we could be there, and when we're here, we could be here.

DICKIE

Yeah, I don't think so.

TOM

See, particularly with the Marge problem. You just blame me.

DICKIE

Marge and I are getting married.

TOM

How?

DICKIE

How?

TOM

Yesterday you're ogling girls on the terrace and today you're getting married? That's absurd.

DICKIE

I love Marge.

TOM

You love me. You're not marrying me.

DICKIE

Tom, I don't love you.

TOM

No, I - I don't mean that as a threat.

DICKIE

To be honest, I'm a little relieved you're going. I think we've seen enough of each other for a while.

TOM

What?

DICKIE

You can be a leech. You know that. And, it's boring. You can be quite boring.

TOM

Funny thing is, I'm not pretending to be anyone else and you are.

DICKIE

Boring.

TOM

I've been absolutely honest with you about my feelings.

DICKIE

Boring.

TOM

But you. First of all, I know there's something. That evening when we played chess, for instance, it was obvious.

DICKIE

What evening?

TOM

Oh sure. No, no. It's too dangerous for you to take on. Oh, no, no. What? We're brothers. Hey. And, then you do this sordid thing with Marge. Fucking her on the boat while we all have to listen? Which was excruciating. And, you follow your cock around... and now you're getting married. No, I'm bewildered. Forgive me. You're lying to Marge and then you're getting married to - you're knocking up Sylvana, you're ruining everybody. You want to play the sax, you want to play the drums...

(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)  
which is it Dickie? What do you  
actually play?

DICKIE  
Who are you, huh? Some third class  
mooch? Huh? Who are you? Who are  
you to say anything to me? Who are  
you to tell me anything? Actually,  
I really, really do not want to be  
on this boat with you. I can't  
move...

TOM  
Shut up.

DICKIE  
Without you moving.

TOM  
Shut up.

DICKIE  
It gives me the creeps. You give me  
the creeps.

TOM  
You shut up.

DICKIE  
I can't move without 'Dickie,  
Dickie, Dickie', like a little girl  
all the time.

TOM  
Shut up!

Tom hits him with an oar across the face.

TOM  
Oh, God. Dickie...

DICKIE  
For God's sake...

TOM  
Oh. Oh, God. Okay, okay. Look, we  
have to get you to...

Dickie attacks Tom, knocking him down.

DICKIE  
I'm going to kill you! Kill you!  
You're dead! You're dead!

They struggle.

TOM  
No! Stop! Stop! Dickie, please!  
Stop, Dickie.

DICKIE  
I'm going to kill you!

TOM  
Stop it!

Tom beats him to death.

TOM  
Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop.