

Melodie En Sous Sol

by
William Mager

6th Draft

William Mager
Les Ombrees
Rue Marat
Moret Sur Loing
Melun CEDEX
Paris, France

Wmager@mac.com

EXT. PROMENADE CAFE, MONGIBELLO

CU on POSTCARD.

A hand comes into frame and signs it with a FLOURISH. We track back from the postcard to reveal ROCCO, admiring his handwriting. We continue tracking out to a wide shot of a cafe on the promenade of Mongibello, a village south of Naples, known to the French as *La Reine De La Cote Opale*.

Rocco is young, lithe, dressed in linen slacks, a cotton shirt, an expensive looking blazer. He is handsome, but he knows it.

He is accompanied by SILVANA, a wealthy lady in her late 50s. Her expensive clothes do not compensate for her sour expression and air of bitterness.

ROCCO
(cheerfully)
So, we're in Mongibello!

Rocco takes out an antique pocket watch. He holds it to his ear, listening to it. He looks at it, then at Silvana.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
Two hours, 46 minutes on the
train from Rome. That's not bad.

Silvana scoffs, lighting a cigarette.

SILVANA
I'd have preferred the plane.

Rocco shrugs. He puts his hand on Silvana's arm.

ROCCO
Why don't you go back to the
hotel?

SILVANA
A day off for you?

Rocco looks impassive. Silvana smiles and nods. Opening her purse, she takes out 500 Euro and leaves it on the table. She pecks Rocco on the cheek as she leaves.

SILVANA (CONT'D)
Don't be late back tonight.

Rocco watches her go, then pockets the money and walks OS.

EXT. MONGIBELLO STREETS

Rocco weaves through the crowd, disinterested, aloof. Suddenly, he sees her. MARIE. She is beautiful, and Rocco is suddenly, for the first time in his life, totally lost.