

SEDUCING INGRID BERGMAN

by

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Based on the novel  
"Seducing Ingrid Bergman" by Chris Greenhalgh

July 5, 2014

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"Kiss me ... as if it were the last time."  
Ilsa Lund, "Casablanca" 1942

FADE IN:

A BLANK PAGE on an UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER -- CLICK CLACK --  
letters punched into the page -- words we will HEAR AS --

EXT. THE BEACHES OF NORMANDY - DAY

KABOOM! ARTILLERY FIRE, the STACCATO of RIFLE SHOTS and --  
HEAVY DESPERATE BREATHING --

ROBERT CAPA. A photojournalist. Dark, animalistic, originally  
Hungarian, now a man of the world. Splashes through crimson  
water, his supplies strapped to his back, helmet weighing  
heavy on his head. He wears combat clothes, but carries a  
camera instead of a gun. Trying to keep up with allied  
soldiers storming the beach. We are in the final chapter of  
World War II. This is D-DAY. It's 1944.

CAPA (V.O.)

I'm on my stomach, my head behind a  
big stone, my flanks protected by  
two soldiers lying next to me.

Capa lifts his CONTAX camera to find a FRAME: frightened  
American GIs struggle through sea sludge. The SHUTTER CLICKS.  
BOOM! Shrapnel and flesh flies across our field of vision.

CUT TO:

Capa takes cover behind a BARRIER, calmly clips out his  
camera mag and reloads film. Not flinching as stray bullets  
ZING and wood-chippings fly. This is his world, and fear  
can't ever play a part. He takes photos of SOLDIERS behind  
him ... wounded, cowering, the human cost of war.

CAPA (V.O.)

After every explosion I lift my  
head and I take a picture of the  
flattened soldiers ahead.

The German 50mm cannons open up around Capa. Forcing him to  
retreat. But one of the shots ZINGS and slices his cheek.

He drops his camera with a cry ... Capa ... on the filthy  
sand ... feeling the blood pouring from his burning cheek ...  
his hands crimson ... somebody grabs his collar -- a CAPTAIN  
helping him -- Capa gratefully grabs for his savior -- but --

BOOM! A MORTAR SHELL. Capa BLACKS OUT momentarily.

Capa, stunned, eyes open at the sky. Deaf, reality drowned  
out, among scattered bodies ... that same CAPTAIN lies a few  
feet away. Mortally wounded. Life evaporating.

Capa reaches out and grabs his hand, comforting him. The Captain, appreciating Capa's presence. And gone ...

CAPA (V.O.)

As the pattern of shells  
approaches, the captain tells me  
not to raise my head anymore.

Capa ... a moment to dwell on the Captain's death mask, then lifts his camera and takes a picture of the dead man.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Capa jolts awake in bed, startled and out of breath. He's naked. The delicate arms and legs of a WOMAN are tangled in the crumpled coil of white sheets. The room is a mess. He frees himself from under her weight and crawls out of bed.

Now jostling through empty liquor bottles and discarded clothes ... and pushes open a window ...

TITLE: "PARIS, FRANCE, Spring 1945"

He's in a room at the Ritz Hotel. Down below children run through the early morning street after a small parade of ALLIED SOLDIERS. A spirit of liberation in the air.

Capa finds the last cigarette in a packet, and lights it. As he does so, he feels another presence in the room. His own reflection in the closet door mirror. A derelict figure who carries the scars of war, coarse and weather-beaten. Now clutching a manila package. A handwritten scrawl on the back: "*Robert Capa, Life Magazine, Ritz Hotel, Paris.*"

The naked woman stirs. We'll call her VERONIQUE.

VERONIQUE

Quelle heure est-il?

CAPA

Time to wake up.

She sits up and lazily nuzzles the back of his neck.

VERONIQUE (FRENCH)

Say you love me.

CAPA

You love me.

VERONIQUE

(giggles)

Robert ...

CAPA  
 (rips open the envelope)  
 Virginie ...

VERONIQUE  
 (a pause, eyes him)  
 Virginie?

CAPA  
 I mean ... Valerie.  
 (no, then ... unsure)  
 Veronique?

But Veronique is already wounded. She huffs, suddenly full of fire, and grabs for her underwear, as he pulls out a SHEAF OF PAPER from the package --

VERONIQUE  
 My friends warned me about you.  
 They said I was wasting my time.  
 You will never be serious about me.

Capa's paper: "LIFE" magazine mast-head. A feature assignment pack, headed: "Revolution in Indonesia." Plane tickets. Plus a check for \$2,000 from Life made out to "Robert Capa".

CAPA  
 Can you cook?

A pillow hits him in the head as she gets dressed.

CAPA (CONT'D)  
 That means no.

The fiery French woman grabs the table-lamp as if to throw it at him. He bounces off the bed --

CAPA (CONT'D)  
 Hey hey relax -- ! I'm joking!

VERONIQUE  
 Of course you are. Everything is a  
 joke to you.

She sets the lamp down and searches for something.

CAPA  
 Under the bed.

She grabs her HAT from under the bed and departs, cursing him-

VERONIQUE  
 I've wasted all week with you, and  
 you didn't even take my picture.  
 (MORE)

VERONIQUE (CONT'D)

You're no good, Capa. You're going to die sorry and alone and without love because you're a sonofabitch!

The door slams shut. She's gone. Capa. Woah. Like a tornado just swept in and out of his life.

CAPA

But we were having fun!

Only silence. Capa. Alone once again. Sighs. Dumps the assignment pack next to his battered CONTAX CAMERA.

CAPA (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

Veronique ...

CUT TO:

PATHE NEWS REEL CLIPS -- Giddy local women kissing the victorious American GIs riding through liberated Paris.

PATHE MAN (V.O.)

*With the Liberation of France in hand, the allies continue to drive the Nazis back into their homeland, bringing the end of War in the European Theater one step closer ... Meanwhile in a very different type of theater, 1945 marks the occasion of the 17th Academy Awards in Hollywood, where stars of the silver screen ... etc*

We glimpse MOVIE STARS walk into Grauman's Chinese theater. The RAZZMATAZZ of the Oscars in Hollywood's Golden Age.

This ECHOES -- like a DREAM -- into --

INT. HOLLYWOOD, CA. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE - NIGHT

DREAMLIKE: A 29-year-old woman stands alone on a stage. Her back to us, facing the audience and cameras. ECHOING APPLAUSE dies down -- as we PAN AROUND -- BEHIND --

WOMAN (INGRID)

Thank you very much for my Oscar ... and I ... I hope that in the future I'll be worthy of it.

We can't quite see her because the LIGHTS DAZZLE US. But we will know her as INGRID BERGMAN. Blonde, porcelain skin. Elegant yet nervous, clutching a golden statuette -- as --

INT. BENEDICT CANYON. INGRID'S MANSION. BEDROOM - DAY

INGRID'S GREEN EYES open on a pillow, and the golden California sunlight floods her senses. She groans, shields her eyes and buries her face. She reaches out and grabs the Oscar on the bedside table to stop it dazzling her. A still moment, Ingrid lies there clutching the Academy Award.

In the b.g. we can HEAR a man grunting away.

Ingrid peeks from the pillow.

Her HUSBAND. A blur in a side-room. Performing his robotic morning exercise ritual on soft-pile carpet. He finishes and heads to the bathroom. The sound of a SHOWER OFF-SCREEN ...

TITLE: "HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA"

INT. INGRID'S MANSION. KITCHEN / DINING ROOM - DAY

Eggs and bacon SIZZLE in a frying pan.

Ingrid wears an apron. The model housewife cooks breakfast in her redwood mansion. GLADYS the nanny and MANUELA the head-maid circle the breakfast table, where we meet the HUSBAND.

DR PETTER LINDSTROM. 39. Swedish, ostensibly older, surgical in manner, a figure of matrimonial authority. He's engrossed in his notebook, adding up dollar values.

PETTER

We were only in New York for two days. When did you find time to buy so many dolls?

Ingrid puts a breakfast plate in front of PIA LINDSTROM, their 7-year-old daughter, who is playing with her dolls.

INGRID

You can never have too many dolls.

PETTER

That's very American of you.

He goes back to the figures. Ingrid, a shared smile of conspiracy with Pia and prepares breakfast for Petter. Puts eggs symmetrically on a plate. Moves them with her finger.

INGRID

Selznick's sending me to Paris.

PETTER

Yes he told me.

INGRID  
You don't mind?

PETTER  
You think you can cope alone?

INGRID  
I won't be alone. Jack Benny's going, and Larry Adler. It's for the troops, now the war is over.

She holds up a newspaper -- "WAR IN EUROPE ENDS" -- but this fails to impress Petter.

PETTER  
The war's not actually over and Selznick's only sending you there because we're about to renegotiate your deal with him. Once you've been in Paris long enough to run up a huge bill, he'll bring you back and dictate a new contract.

INGRID  
What difference will my huge bill make to him?

PETTER  
Because we'll owe him a lot of money. Even money you won't have spent. Money conjured up by his crooked finance department.

He closes his notebook with an impatient sigh; fixes Ingrid with a sharp gaze and fastidiously polishes his utensils.

PETTER (CONT'D)  
*Your* only concern should be you'll be exhausted from the trip and have gained weight from the hotel food.

INGRID  
I'll make sure to get plenty of rest and I won't eat.

She sets the breakfast in front of him. He eyes the symmetrical eggs as she licks butter from her thumb. Beat.

PETTER  
You touched it?

INGRID  
My hands are clean.



PETTER

I'll get something on the way to  
the clinic.

(pushes his plate aside,  
off his watch, to Pia)

Låt oss gå. Skola.

Ingrid, embarrassed in front of Pia and the staff, but lets it pass. Pia jumps off the chair. Ingrid gives her a school-bag with a loving kiss. Pia races out with Gladys the nanny.

INGRID

I'll be away for several weeks.  
I'll only go if you say it's okay.

Petter puts on his coat and surveys Ingrid the good wife.

PETTER

Two weeks. But you mustn't exert  
yourself, and you must ... work the  
press. Mention how much you loved  
working at Warner Brothers, how  
maybe Ingrid Bergman won't be at  
RKO that much longer-

INGRID

David won't like that.

PETTER

I'm your manager, and your husband,  
Mrs Lindstrom. I want that sneaky  
Jew to know he can't intimidate me.

INGRID

No one would dare, Dr Lindstrom.

Petter... unsure if she's being sassy or not ... draws close.

PETTER

You know, the troops don't want  
you. They want Betty Grable.

He pecks her on the cheek and marches after Pia, wiping his lips as he exits. Ingrid, smile fades, puts the kitchen utensils away -- closes the stainless steel cabinet doors, to catch her own reflection. An elegant woman. An unhappy woman.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Manuela the head-maid carries a STACK of SCREENPLAYS just arrived by messenger through the mansion. She pauses as she notices Ingrid on her knees in the KITCHEN and DINING AREA.

Ingrid, cigarette dangling from the corner of her mouth. Unkempt. She's taking her frustration out on cleaning.

MANUELA

I can have the maids do that ma'am.  
Your scripts are here.

INGRID

It's okay, I got it. Put them in my  
office, thanks.

Ingrid flicks her messy hair from her sweaty face, and keeps scrubbing on to a terse rhythm. Coping.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARIS, FRANCE - NIGHT

One of the most recognizable skylines in the world.

INT. PARIS, FRANCE. RITZ HOTEL. BAR - NIGHT

The exclusive Ritz Hotel bar is raucous. Packed with Allied forces and the international press corps.

A BANNER reads: "JUNE 6, 1945 - VICTORY!" A band plays.

A CHAMPAGNE CORK POPS to the SQUEAL of several French women.

Capa pours the crystal gold bubbles into tall flutes for the women who sit on the couches surrounding him. He's clean-shaven now, debonair in shirt-sleeves, oozing rakish charm.

CAPA

Josephine, Angelique, Mathilde,  
Genevieve, Emmanuelle ...  
(sets the bottle to ice)  
A toast. Not just to celebrating  
peace, but celebrating this man --

He grabs IRWIN SHAW, 32, a bookworm with boffin glasses, wearing the uniform of a US Army Warrant Officer.

CAPA (CONT'D)

Irwin Shaw. Who's about to become  
more famous than you can imagine.

IRWIN

(splashed with champagne)  
Well I dunno about that ...

GENEVIEVE  
Famous? *Por quoi?*

CAPA  
Hollywood, Genevieve. He's going to write motion pictures, and you could be his next star.

Genevieve, giddy, drunk, catches her breath. This close, he's magnetic. She's now enamored with Irwin.

IRWIN  
I'm only the writer.

Genevieve hiccups with a drunken gaze then abruptly kisses Irwin. Irwin falls back startled on an armchair, and she lands on top of him. Capa laughs, goes to pour himself more champagne, when he feels a tap on his shoulder. Turns to see Genevieve's blonde friend ELODIE. She holds up her empty glass with come-to-bed-eyes. Beat. Capa flashes his disarming grin -- a mischievous, infectious grin. He lifts the bottle to pour, but it's run dry. He frowns -- off the bottle --

CAPA  
You know what this is Elodie?  
(scans the party)  
A diabolical catastrophe ...

CUT TO:

Capa and Irwin -- arm-in-arm -- drunk -- through the crowd --

CAPA (CONT'D)  
When your grandkids ask what you did when we beat the Nazis you want to be able to say "I got laid."

IRWIN  
No I want to say I got on the plane home and married their grandmother.

Capa, ugh, drags his killjoy friend to the bar.

CAPA  
Marcel, over here!

MARCEL THE BARMAN  
No more for you. You have no money.

CAPA  
Just get over here, you French ass.

Marcel huffs over. Capa takes his LIFE MAGAZINE CHECK and unfolds it in front of Marcel's face.

CAPA (CONT'D)  
 What d'you see? What does that say?

Marcel grows astonished ... taking the check ... wide-eyed.

MARCEL THE BARMAN  
 Two-thousand dollars ... ? I'm not  
 a bank, I can't cash this!

Capa holds Marcel's gaze, then defiantly leaps up on the bar  
 before Marcel can stop him, and addresses the partygoers --

CAPA  
 C'mon guys, did we just beat the  
 Nazis or what? Pierre, liven it up,  
 up-tempo -- up! Drinks on me. The  
 only way anybody's leaving here  
 tonight is on their knees!

A chorus of approval from the revelers, who all pour at the  
 startled Marcel.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - NIGHT

A LIMOUSINE pulls up outside the Ritz Hotel.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Ingrid sits in the backseat, regarding the crowd of fans and  
 press outside. She adjusts the tilt of her hat, checks her  
 make-up. Prepared for a performance. Deep breath.

INGRID  
 How do I look, Joe?

JOE STEELE, 44, the mousy studio publicist, her chaperone on  
 the trip, sits opposite her.

JOE  
 Mr Selznick would be proud.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - NIGHT

The studio's burly SECURITY MEN open the limo doors and hold  
 the crowd back -- and --

INGRID BERGMAN steps out of the car to CHEERS and FLASH  
 BULBS. Her public persona -- timeless and elegant. She signs  
 autographs for a few fans. Her large TRAVEL-CASES and VALISES  
 are carried in by an army of hotel staff and RKO staff.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Irwin is on all fours in a corner of the lobby, puking his guts into an ice-bucket. Capa sits over him in concern, drunk and sweaty ... as behind them, MUSIC pours out of the bar, a STEAMY PARTY that's in FULL SWING thanks to Capa ...

IRWIN

Whenever you're leaving can't come soon enough.

CAPA

If you can survive the Germans, you can survive a few bottles of Krug.  
(as Irwin stops puking)  
You okay? You gonna be sick again?

Irwin shakes his head, he's fine. Capa hauls Irwin to his feet, pushes the puke-bucket behind a plant, and walks him back to the raucous party. [In the b.g. a hotel busboy drops a towel on the ice-bucket and removes it.]

IRWIN

You did it, didn't you? You took the Indonesia job.

CAPA

Soviets are agitating revolution.

IRWIN

You promised you'd stay in Paris. You said you'd write your book.

CAPA

Didn't work out.

Irwin. Off Capa's gaze -- Veronique in the party, pressed up to an AMERICAN GI. She notices them. She smiles with relish, puts her arms around the G.I. and kisses him. Irwin, oh.

IRWIN

She seemed such a nice girl.

CAPA

No such thing. Can you stand?

IRWIN

I think so.

A commotion distracts them.

LUGGAGE TROLLEYS SQUEAL across the marble floor. SUITCASES pushed by BELLHOPS. A flurry of bodies and activity.

Ingrid's ENTOURAGE -- security, hotel staff, assistants -- sweeping through the lobby. With purpose and discipline -- to the elevators. Capa and Irwin are momentarily swept up by the flashy entrance ... two drunken bums just watching the royal entourage ... nearer ... nearer ... now passing ...

And in the middle of it all ... a vision of a woman ... cocooned from reality, clutching flowers given to her by fans, keeping her head down and marching ahead.

Whatever Capa was doing, thinking or feeling, just stopped.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

(squints ... )

Is that ... ?

(recognizing her in a long  
silence ...)

Bob, it's ... it's-

(beat)

Bob?

Capa's no longer next to him.

Capa. His keen photographer's eye taken by a vision -- like a predatory scent. He's walking away to that entourage as it pauses by the elevators ...

That entourage, a self-contained microcosm of existence.

Where --

Ingrid, deep in her own thoughts in the middle of the circus.

Capa ... mesmerized by a vision of purity that men like him have given their lives to protect through the ages. The most delicate creature he's ever seen ...

He produces the CONTAX compact camera he always carries and takes her picture. The SHUTTER CLOSING. OFF THE CLICK --

Ingrid. A funny feeling. Like she's being observed. But not like usual. A string ... tugging at her to look. She glances across her shoulder from beneath the brim of her hat --

-- and locks eyes with Capa. By a pillar, watching her from behind the lens ... off her sensual eyes that carry a yearning to rebel ... drawing him in.

His untamed stare runs a charge up her spine.

When lightning strikes, it strikes hard.

JOE  
Ms Bergman?

INGRID  
Hmm ... ?

Ingrid -- the elevator's waiting for her -- not sure how long she zoned out for. She blanches, the facade momentarily fell.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Oh, right.

Back in the moment, back in the role -- Ingrid Bergman beams and scoots into the elevator, the others follow. Joe sends the elevator up, and glances to what might have caused Ingrid's unusual lapse in character -- by the pillar -- just empty space. Joe dwells ... unsure what just happened.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

Studio assistants buzz around Ingrid's suite. Joe hands Ingrid an ITINERARY. She sits on the couch to inspect the regimented grid, her day planned with mathematical precision.

JOE  
We meet the press at 8am, before your breakfast with Jack Benny. He's being a little precious, wants top billing, just be aware. Then Larry Adler, and Martha Tilton ... we can squeeze them both in after the photo-shoot with the army. Do you know what you're going to do?

INGRID  
I was going to read them a play.

JOE  
To a bunch of sex-starved G.I.s?

INGRID  
It's not like I can sing and dance, and I refuse to show them my legs. I'll make it fun, don't worry.

JOE  
Mr Selznick requested you check in with him tomorrow, and to remind you no smoking and no drinking.

INGRID  
I know. Saint Ingrid. I promise. I won't disappoint the fans.

Joe. Still unsure if everything's okay with her. Nods anyway.

JOE

Good night, Ms Bergman.

INGRID

Good night, Joe.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Capa, driven by curiosity, peers through the FIRE-STAIRS DOOR ... to see Joe and security leave Ingrid's suite. Capa hides as the studio men pass the door ... and mulls his next move.

INT. INGRID'S SUITE - NIGHT

Ingrid is alone. She empties the contents of her bag in a neat ordered fashion, still in her own thoughts.

She places a picture of Pia on the bedside. She tightens the belt on her nightgown, makes hot towels and wipes her tired eyes. Removing make-up ...

Ingrid. The girl next door. Carefully examines every bottle in the suite's bar, and locates scotch. She pours herself a glass. Lights a cigarette and picks up her well-thumbed copy of the play "JOAN OF ARC" by Maxwell Anderson. She drops on the *chaise longue* and begins to read.

But she pauses. Distracted by thoughts of her strange encounter. A DISTANT BOOM of MUSIC, people yelling, a PERPETUAL PARTY surrounds her. She comes out of her daydream ... glances at the photograph of Pia ... and turns the page.

But now ... a RUSTLE.

She tenses. Cigarette and scotch in hand. To see ...

... a FOLDED NOTE being squeezed under the front door. It takes a moment for it to get through ... but there it slides.

The note, on her carpet.

Footsteps padding away.

It takes her a second to process what just happened.

Ingrid gets up and approaches the door. She regards the note for a beat, picks it up ... to see a SCRAWL on RITZ PAPER:

*"Will call you at 9pm, a veteran of love and war"*



Ingrid, surprised.

She yanks open the door and looks out ... just her security guards loitering in conversation down the hall.

INGRID

Did somebody go past my room?

CHIEF SECURITY GUY

No, Ms Bergman.

Ingrid, puzzled, closes the door. Beat. She lays the note on the table ... and returns to her chair with Joan of Arc.

Very curious indeed.

She sits there eyeing the note.

The clock ... ticks to 9pm.

Beat.

The PHONE starts to RING.

And keep RINGING.

With persistence.

A beat longer ... she sidles up to the phone ... deep breath ... game face on ... and suspiciously picks up the handset.

INGRID

Hello.

Pause. The other end wasn't expecting her to be so assertive.

CAPA (PHONE)

Ingrid.

INGRID (PHONE)

Yes?

CAPA (PHONE)

My name is Robert Capa.

He says it with a profound defiance. It's charming in its certainty. She registers the name ... and frowns.

INGRID (PHONE)

The *war* *photographer* Robert Capa?

CAPA (PHONE)

No, never. He's an impostor.

INGRID (PHONE)

But he's a veteran of love and war.

CAPA (PHONE)

It was the best I could do at short notice. I am a little drunk.

INGRID (PHONE)

Yes you are, Mr Capa.

CAPA (PHONE)

My friends just call me Capa.

INGRID (PHONE)

And my friends don't usually bribe the concierge for my room number.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Capa -- on the concierge's PHONE -- off the CONCIERGE who is counting money Capa has bribed him with. Ingrid's smart.

INGRID (PHONE)

If you don't mind, Mr Capa, you've had your fun and I have to work in the morning. Good night.

INT. INGRID'S SUITE - NIGHT

Ingrid hangs up. She crumples the note and throws it into the trash, returns to her Joan of Arc book and settles in. She looks to the phone to make sure it's staying silent. It is. Good. She takes a sip of scotch and turns the page, when the phone RINGS again. It keeps ringing. She eventually answers.

INGRID (PHONE)

Yes, Mr Capa.

CAPA (PHONE)

I was going to send you flowers and offer to buy you dinner, but I realized I can't afford to do both. So maybe we skip the flowers and I just buy you dinner.

Ingrid pauses, can't help but smile. Common sense tells her to hang up on this persistent clown ... but he's infectious.

INGRID (PHONE)

Thank you for your very generous offer, but I've already eaten.

CAPA (PHONE)

That's a relief, because when I said I could afford dinner, I lied. But I can stretch to a drink. I know a great bistro by Pont Neuf.

INGRID (PHONE)

I'm married, Capa.

CAPA (PHONE)

Bring your husband. He'll love it.

Ingrid laughs unexpectedly. An inelegant chortle that lights up her face. She swallows it, time to be restrained.

CAPA (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Did I say something funny?

INGRID (PHONE)

If you only knew my husband.

CAPA (PHONE)

Gimme his number I'll introduce myself.

INGRID (PHONE)

Are you always this forward?

CAPA (PHONE)

When there's a crisis, yes.

INGRID (PHONE)

What kind of a crisis?

CAPA (PHONE)

Look out the window.

Ingrid, puzzled now, pushes the heavy curtain to reveal big arch windows. Paris is lit up at night.

CAPA (PHONE) (CONT'D)

What do you see?

INGRID (PHONE)

Paris.

CAPA (PHONE)

On the greatest night in the history of mankind. A freedom five million people gave their lives for. Except you're in your room, in bed by nine. It's not a crisis, I'd call it a state of emergency.

She laughs again, then regards the city lights. FIREWORKS OVER THE NIGHT SKY. A MAGICAL WORLD ... of liberty and adventure ... then regards the room ... large and empty ... for a moment her smile fades as she fiddles with the pages of Joan of Arc, and the self-portrait photo of her FATHER and herself as a child she uses as a bookmark.

INGRID (PHONE)

What about my bodyguards? And my publicist. Can I bring them too?

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION. BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Capa pauses ... sensing conflict behind the tone ... eyes Irwin and the Concierge watching him, willing him to succeed.

CAPA (PHONE)

I'm pretty sure six would be a crowd. Why don't you tell them this is Capa's last night in Paris and you need to keep him company?

INGRID (PHONE)

They'd say I should be wary of photographers. Especially ones with an over-inflated opinion of their own charm.

CAPA (PHONE)

Or you could just sneak out using the fire stairs. The concierge will get you a cab. Say ten thirty?

INGRID (PHONE)

I'll tell you what, Capa. I'll say yes, and you leave me alone and never call me again.

CAPA (PHONE)

Deal.

INGRID (PHONE)

Alright, I'll see you at your bistro at ten thirty. Goodbye.

She hangs up. Beat. Pulls the phone from the socket.

CUT TO:

PITCH BLACK.

The TICKING CLOCK reads 10.30PM.

Ingrid lies in bed listening to it TICK. Tipsy from the half-empty bottle of scotch sitting on the bedside table. Mind racing. Did that really happen? Did she entertain flirtation?

She looks to the picture of Pia on the bedside table, listens to the revelry far away. And that ticking clock. Beat. She stuffs her head under the pillow to drown out the ticking.

INT. BISTRO - NIGHT

Capa pours the last of his wine. He sits alone at a corner table in a burgeoning Parisian bistro. The atmosphere smoky. The buzz of conversations. He toys with his Zippo lighter. His countenance more haunted when he's alone.

He checks his watch. It's 11.30pm. He looks to the door. It's silent. He looks to other couples in their romantic conversations with a hint of envy. Beat. He sighs, downs his drink, gets up, puts on his hat and coat.

A man accustomed to heartbreak.

INGRID

You have no patience, Capa.

Capa gives a start -- turns to see --

A demure woman behind him. Raising her head to reveal her face beneath the hat and scarf that obscure her face. In fact we'd seen her walk in already but thought nothing of it.

INGRID. Perfectly camouflaged when she wants to be. Out on a limb. But here.

INT. RITZ HOTEL - NIGHT

RKO'S CHIEF SECURITY GUY, call him STEVE, pale and worried, raps loudly on the door of Joe Steele's room. Joe opens it.

CHIEF SECURITY GUY

She's gone. She's not in her room!

INT. PONT NEUF. BISTRO - NIGHT

Capa SPARKS his zippo. Ingrid's slender fingers cup his coarse hands, lights her cigarette. They sit opposite each other at that table with a fresh bottle of wine.

INGRID

You know if I wanted to be stared at, I'd stand in the Ritz lobby.

CAPA  
You look different in real life.

INGRID  
It's the hair?

CAPA  
More that you're in color.

INGRID  
You have my attention, Capa, if you want to keep it, you have to be more clever with your repartee.

CAPA  
You have great teeth.

The line is so corny, she laughs. He flashes a mischievous grin ... reveling in the glory of her smile. She remains wary of him, not yet committing.

INGRID  
The debonair Robert Capa ... that's what Selznick calls you. He says the Normandy Landings only really exist because of your pictures.

CAPA  
Existed in more than just pictures.

Beat. She can glimpse a darkness under his jovial nature.

INGRID  
I didn't mean to make light of it,  
I'm sorry.

Breaking of GLASS. Ingrid darts a look. Somebody's dropped a bottle of wine, some French CHATTER, others helping clear up. Capa sees how jumpy -- almost fragile -- she is. A resilient girl cloaked by the veneer of respectable womanhood.

CAPA  
Look.

He pushes his glass aside and shows her a shrapnel SCAR behind his ear. Ingrid, refocused back into the Capa zone ... a tingle as he takes her hand ... she tenses ... he softens, it's okay, and places it to the scar.

CAPA (CONT'D)  
D-Day. German Howitzer 50mm mortar.  
I saw fifty men die, held the hand  
of one as he took his last breath,  
spent a month in a field hospital.

INGRID  
That's awful ...

CAPA  
I also got to jump out of a plane.

She pauses. He's gone from morose to a joke in a beat.  
Ingrid, slowly working him out --

INGRID  
With or without a parachute?

CAPA  
Which would impress you more?

INGRID  
Is it so important I be impressed?

CAPA  
How am I doing?

INGRID  
You're certainly a complicated  
fellow.

CAPA  
I prefer dramatic.

INGRID  
And I try to avoid both.

CAPA  
Really ... let's see ... you're a  
movie star who took the fire stairs  
to come drink with a no-good bum.

INGRID  
You're quite the mess I must admit.  
(chains a smoke -- )  
You said something about a  
momentous night never to be  
repeated.

CAPA  
No. I said this was a moment five  
million people gave their lives  
for. Or maybe you just came here to  
remind yourself what it's like to  
spend time with the common folk.

Ingrid eyes him, insulted, very still.

INGRID

Congratulations Capa, you're the most insightful man I've ever met. You're also ill-mannered, crude, and go out of your way to break rules without thinking that they could have terrible consequences. Which in my book makes you either a crazy bastard or a self-loving narcissist. But I guess we all have our faults.

Beat. He pours more wine for her.

INGRID (CONT'D)

And if you're trying to get me drunk, you'll fail miserably.

Capa nods okay. Whatever you want.

EXT. MONTMARTRE. SACRÉ-CŒUR BASILICA - NIGHT

The gardens of the great Sacre Coeur cathedral heaves with people running, dancing, celebrating the end of the war.

Capa helps Ingrid ungracefully climb a stone wall.

She's blind drunk.

INGRID

I've got it. I've- no, I haven't got it. Help.

A couple of locals grab her ass and shove. Capa leaps up and helps her sit up on the wall -- as another sight takes her breath away. FIREWORKS ACROSS THE CITY ... sparks of light exploding across a free, liberated metropolis. And MUSIC, wherever it's coming from, turns into 'LA MARSEILLAISE'. It slowly spreads ... until thousands of people in the city seem to sing in unison. Capa urges her to sing along with him. Ingrid, opening up, bellowing the song without grace and enjoying it, and when it's finished --

IRWIN

Bob!

Irwin -- popped up with a bunch of FRENCH GIRLS --

CAPA

Irwin! Meet Ingrid.



INGRID  
 (hiccups, oops)  
 How do you do?

Before Irwin can speak, she grabs him and slaps a kiss on both cheeks. Irwin, tongue-tied. She chats fluently in French to the girls, as they move along very boisterously.

IRWIN  
 Did you get her drunk?

CAPA  
 Yup.

EXT. SACRÉ-CŒUR BASILICA. SECOND STOREY ROOF - NIGHT

PARIS sprawled out for miles in all its relentless and reckless glory. The MOON hangs low. A BAND plays into the night in the distance ...

An empty bottle of wine lying on its side ... Capa's feet, showing Ingrid how to dance. They make an odd couple. The dark Hungarian refugee and the Swedish movie star.

CAPA  
 Move your feet this way.

INGRID  
 That's not how I do it.

CAPA  
 It's the Hungarian variation.

Ingrid, can't get the rhythm, hates doing anything wrong. She kicks off her shoes -- focused -- back in position --

INGRID  
 Come on, let's try it again.

CAPA  
 You might wanna put them back on. I might crush your feet.

INGRID  
 I'm too tall for you.

CAPA  
 Next you'll tell me you make more money ...

INGRID  
 A smart woman would never say that.

CAPA

Okay ... concentrate ... left ...  
no ... your other left ... where'd  
you learn to dance?

INGRID

My husband.

CAPA

I hate him already. Here you go.  
You've got it ... left ... left ...  
now right ... you learn quick.  
(off her close look)  
Close your eyes.  
(off her hesitation)  
Trust me.

Ingrid... not in her nature to trust ... but closes her eyes.

CAPA (CONT'D)

Now open them.

She does. She's staring up close at Capa. But something's wrong. She looks down, to find they're on the EDGE OF THE ROOF! She recoils, but he's holding her close. Paris at their feet ... her toes on the edge of the world ...

CAPA (CONT'D)

Relax ...

She's terrified ... but feels strangely safe in his arms ... a total liberation. Her delicate toes precariously on the masonry ... and for one moment, nothing else exists --

Just Capa and Ingrid.

INGRID

You've got me?

CAPA

I've got you.

Beat. She suddenly leans further back, Capa panics.

CAPA (CONT'D)

Hey-!

She pauses and peers back at him.

INGRID

Is for horses.

He strains to hold her ... as she grins at him. He pulls her back up. Now an inch apart. Almost a kiss.

The moment when a joke becomes real -- but -- VOICES down below. AMERICAN VOICES!

TWO SEDANS have arrived down below. Her STUDIO SECURITY TEAM.

CAPA  
How'd they find you ... ?

INGRID  
They always find me.

She realizes she's still in Capa's arms, and lets him go. She picks up her hat and her coat, slips on her shoes. Party over-

INGRID (CONT'D)  
I suppose you can brag to your friends now you spent a romantic evening with Ingrid Bergman.

CAPA  
Is that what this was?

INGRID  
It was ... what did you call it...?  
"The greatest night in the history of mankind".

CAPA  
The real world.

INGRID  
This wasn't the real world, Capa.

Beat. She approaches and kisses him gratefully on the cheek.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
But I liked it.

She lingers like she wants to say a lot more, but changes her mind ... backs away and disappears down the steps ... Capa looks down to see her exit the cathedral, meet her security, into the car and whisked away ... Gone. Like a dream.

CUT TO:

That UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER -- the keys CLICK-CLACKING --

CAPA (V.O.)  
I had been taking pictures of blood and war since Spain but still hadn't gotten used to it.

INT. CAPA'S ROOM. BATHROOM - PRE-DAWN

Capa jolts awake from a nightmare. Fallen asleep in a bath. A dogged copy of War & Peace. Sweaty. Stinking headache.

CAPA (V.O.)  
The photographer --

EXT. CAPA'S ROOM. BALCONY - DAY

Capa. Sober. Sits on a metal chair on the tiny balcony of his room, sunglasses shielding his eyes from the pink sunrise.

CAPA (V.O.)  
-- unable to help, only to observe.

He organizes recently developed photos in his portfolio.

These aren't pictures of war. They're pictures of humanity in times of crisis. Grotesque and compelling in their intimacy. *A Chinese boy selling cigarettes on a rail-track being built by the army. An Italian farmer and his mule facing a tank. Children playing in a crippled bomber in a Spanish street.* We're covering not just World War II, but also conflicts between Japan and China, and the Spanish Civil War.

He pauses on one fading photo:

*A PRETTY WOMAN standing with SPANISH REVOLUTIONARIES. She has a camera hanging from her neck, rebellious and defiant. A scrawl on the back: "Endre, if you're not close enough, you're not good enough. The Little Blonde, Madrid 1936"*

Capa ... off the ancient memory ... picks up the picture of Ingrid he snapped in the hotel lobby ... he takes off his sunglasses to see it better. He's captured the simplicity of an ordinary Swedish girl stuck in an extraordinary bubble.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Life Magazine's HQ twinkles proud on Manhattan's W 31 Street.

INT. LIFE MAGAZINE OFFICE - NIGHT

The staff burn the midnight oil, running to put out the next issue. Wires and images coming in from all over the world.

EDWARD K. THOMPSON, 38, the ruddy-cheeked picture editor, examines photos with an eye-glass. He's handed a telephone.

ASSISTANT

Robert Capa.

Thompson stops what he's doing. This is his most important photographer on the line.

THOMPSON (PHONE)

Bob! My god. How are you, you old scoundrel! You in Indonesia?

INT. PARIS, FRANCE. RITZ HOTEL. CAPA'S ROOM - DAY

Capa -- flicking through Indonesia papers.

CAPA (PHONE)

Not exactly, Ed.

EXT. PARIS, JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG - DAY

A USO stage has been erected in the ground of the beautiful Palais du Luxembourg. Hundreds of raucous G.I.s are going nuts over radio hall singer MARTHA TILTON.

Ingrid stands off-stage, hiding a stinking hangover, watching the hullabaloo. Ingrid toys with her wedding band, can feel Joe standing awkwardly behind her.

INGRID

Joe ... about last night ... I'd like to explain ... it was out of character ...

JOE

Nothing to explain, Ms Bergman.

Joe, a dutiful smile. The studio has her back. She smiles awkwardly. Pleased for his loyalty, though not her conscience. She's distracted by APPLAUSE -- Martha Tilton is blowing the soldiers kisses and hurrying off-stage. JACK BENNY is now introducing her.

Ingrid centers, beat, show-time. She walks out to catcalls, wolf-whistles. She beams. Saint Ingrid, clutching her book of poems, an expert smile; a sophisticated, elegant, regal air.

INGRID

My, what a charming welcome from such a handsome bunch. I'm afraid I'm not as vocally gifted as Martha or as humorous as Jack so I'm going to read you passages from a play -- Joan of Arc by Maxwell Anderson.

The G.I.s whistle and holler --

<p>G.I. Show us how you kissed Bogey!</p>	<p>G.I. 2 (waving a condom) Saint Ingrid where's my absolution?</p>
---	---

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Did your mother give you that  
balloon? Because if you have any  
rubber left after eight weeks in  
Paris you're doing it wrong.

Bada-boom. The saint has a wicked tongue. The crowd goes wild-

IRWIN (O.S.)  
You only spent one night together!

INT. CAPA'S ROOM. BATHROOM - DAY

Capa washes his dirty laundry in the bath. Irwin is seated;  
his coat, hat and a small suitcase with him.

CAPA  
She was smart, impulsive, profane,  
passionate and very sexy.

IRWIN  
She's also very married. And you  
got her very drunk.

CAPA  
We danced by moonlight on the top  
of the sacre coeur. We had fun.

IRWIN  
You had fun with Veronique.

CAPA  
I feared for my life with  
Veronique.

He hands Irwin the wet clothes, which Irwin helps hang.

CAPA (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd be happy for me.  
I'm staying in Paris, aren't I?

IRWIN  
For the wrong reason.

CAPA  
What's the right reason?

Write- IRWIN CAPA  
 -my book, okay, yeah.

IRWIN  
 This is Ingrid Bergman, war  
 propoganda. You'll upset her fans,  
 and some very powerful people.

CAPA  
 Like who?

IRWIN  
 Like David O. Selznick.

CAPA  
 Selznick? The movie producer?

IRWIN  
 RKO studio president. He owns her.

CAPA  
 (incredulous)  
 Owns her, sure.

IRWIN  
 He *owns* her. And he won't take well  
 to anyone messing with Saint Ingrid-

CAPA  
 That woman is no saint.

IRWIN  
 You know what, my friend? You've  
 finally cracked. Three years in  
 Spain, two years in Japan, five on  
 the western front, and all it took  
 was one night in Paris.

A moment's silence as they hang up clothes.

CAPA  
 So what's your plan?

IRWIN  
 I'm going to move Marian into a  
 canyon home in the Hollywood Hills.  
 Write movies, most of which will  
 never get made. Eat home-cooked  
 meals, drink Napa Valley wine and  
 make love to my wife every night.

Capa, a flash of envy at the echo of a home and family.

CAPA  
Good for you, Irwin.

IRWIN  
If you're ever in the States, I  
dunno, because the reds invaded or  
something ... look me up.

CAPA  
I will.

They continue hanging up the clothes.

INT. INGRID'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Ingrid at her dresser after the performance. Exhausted.  
Turning over the flower Capa gave her. A moment to reflect on  
a dilemma ... picks up the phone and dials. It rings ... and-

PETTER (PHONE)  
Doctor Lindstrom.

INGRID (PHONE)  
Hello Petter, it's me.

PETTER (PHONE)  
Yes?

INGRID (PHONE)  
I'd like to speak to Pia.

PETTER (PHONE)  
She's sleeping.

INGRID (PHONE)  
(pauses off her watch)  
It's too early to be sleeping.

PETTER (PHONE)  
She's sleeping. What do you want?

Ingrid, scolded; like a child.

EXT. USO CENTER THEATER. PARKING LOT - DAY

Ingrid, scarf, shades. Heels clip on the asphalt.

JOE  
Ms Bergman. Ms Bergman, wait.

Joe catches up with her by the car.



It's unclear what's going on behind those shades.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

INGRID  
I'm fine Joe, what is it?

JOE  
Mr Selznick called. He wants to  
speak to you rather urgently.  
He's cutting the trip short.

Ingrid registers the news ... deflates.

INT. RITZ HOTEL. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Capa walks to his room, tipsy, searching for his keys. He notices somebody sitting against his door.

Ingrid. Scarf and shades. Clutching her knees grimly.

INGRID  
Hello, Capa.

CAPA  
(sobering up)  
Ingrid ... ?

INGRID  
Will you invite me in?

Ingrid, lost. A coy, wary look. A darkness. A femme fatale.

INT. CAPA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Capa closes the door and turns on the light. Ingrid removes her scarf and sunglasses to reveal her eyes are raw, streaked with mascara. She regards his messy room, nothing packed.

INGRID  
You said you were leaving.

CAPA  
Don't listen to everything I say.

Capa. Seeing the strain in her face. He pulls up a chair. She sits. Capa pours her scotch, which she promptly gulps down.

Beat.

He hands her the scotch bottle. She pours herself another.

Neither taking their eyes off the other.  
 The spark of chemistry just where we left it.  
 Palpable.

CAPA (CONT'D)  
 Were you crying?

INGRID  
 Yes.  
 (off his look, reflective)  
 Sometimes I like to cry.

Off Capa's silence ... perhaps she showed too much ...

INGRID (CONT'D)  
 Selznick called. Cancelled the rest  
 of the trip. Studio wants me to  
 return home in the morning.

CAPA  
 Why?

INGRID  
 He wouldn't say.

CAPA  
 You don't want to go home.

She shrugs, a hint of guilt, and a lot of confusion.

INGRID  
 I needed somewhere to go and you  
 were the first person I could think  
 of. That's a little sad, isn't it?  
 Given we've only just met.

CAPA  
 He upset you.

INGRID  
 No that was Petter.

CAPA  
 Petter.

INGRID  
 My husband. He likes to ... punish  
 me. Keeps me from speaking to my  
 daughter when I'm away.

CAPA  
 Punish you for last night?

Ingrid ... uncomfortable in his gaze, something else on her mind ... an existential turmoil ... she pauses off the drink, then drains the glass of scotch in one gulp and sets it down.

INGRID  
I should leave.

She gets up.

But Capa grips her arm.

CAPA  
Punish you for what?

INGRID  
It's complicated.

CAPA  
You said you avoid complications.

INGRID  
Don't listen to everything I say.

CAPA  
Why did you come here?

Ingrid ... swimming in his dark eyes ...

Places her lips to his.

A soft kiss ... that lingers long after they part ...

INGRID  
Too much ... ?

CAPA  
Uh ... um ...

INGRID  
Is this what you want?

Capa ... heart pounding ... feeding off her nerves ...

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Nobody knows I'm here.

He regards her so vulnerable in this very moment ...

Wanting him.

Just two people with sexual chemistry.

Eye to eye.

And it ignites.

Push up against the wall.

This is a kiss.

This is clothes ripping.

This is sweaty flesh.

This is lust.

This is what happens when nothing else matters.

Until --

This is what a room looks like when a bomb has hit it.

Sheets, pillows, clothes, furniture, scattered.

Particles of sweat hang in the air like a fine mist.

Her soft, porcelain skin. His scarred, swarthy physique.

Entwined. Exhausted.

Staring into each other's eyes. Up close.

Ingrid sits up in bed, naked under the sheets, he lies there watching her pick up his Contax camera and examine it ...

CAPA

Be careful that's-

INGRID

The Contax II. 50mm lens. Alloy  
body, combined range-finder.  
Perfect for the Normandy Landings.  
(off his impressed look)  
My father was a photographer.

There's way more to her than meets the eye.

She weighs it in her hands, then aims the camera at him --  
CLICK. She takes his photo and grins in mischief. It lights  
up her face -- the ordinary girl from Sweden. Capa lights two  
cigarettes and hands her one. Ingrid ... studying him up  
close, forever ...

INGRID (CONT'D)

You're the first man I've been with  
since I married my husband.

CAPA

Sure.

INGRID

I need you to be discreet. Please.  
No one would understand.

CAPA

You're rich and famous, and very  
well protected.

INGRID

Which is why you hit on me.  
(off his wry look)  
Or is it because I'm married?

CAPA

Because I'm in love with you.

She pauses, not what she was expecting ... he's teasing her  
... a disbelieving smile for this rogue ...

INGRID

Love has to be earned.

She rolls off the bed and stretches out. He admires her  
physique, as she moves on, smoking, exploring the photo files  
on his desk with nonchalant curiosity ...

CAPA

Do you love your husband?

She grows reflective. Troubled.

INGRID

I like being away.

She dwells on the photographs that we saw before ... of the  
parties, of herself, of the war ...

CAPA

But you always go back.

INGRID

I miss my daughter.  
(then, unsure)  
Am I ungrateful?

A genuine question.

CAPA

People commit suicide in mansions  
all the time.

Ingrid. A strange therapy. He's not judging her. She can tell him anything ... as she flips through more photos ...

INGRID

If you were to get to know me, you'd learn I married Petter when I was nineteen. He was twenty-nine. Pia was born soon after. I signed my contract with Selznick the year after that. By twenty-five, I'd signed away my life twice. I'm what they want me to be. A wife, a mother, a breadwinner, an ingenue, a nun. But before I go, I wanted you to know that last night, up in that cathedral, I wasn't any of that. Last night ... I was happy.

Ingrid, having been turning those pages, now off Capa's gaze, a magical memory. Stirring chivalry. Before she pauses -- because she's come across the photo of "The Little Blonde" in 1936. Capa pushes the photos back into the file.

CAPA

Get dressed, go back to your room, tell your people you're staying in Paris for just a few more days.

INGRID

I can't.

CAPA

Yes you can. Tell Selznick, and your husband, that Robert Capa has given you a once in a lifetime chance to be part of a special project exploring post-war Paris.

INGRID

For Life Magazine?

CAPA

The cover of Life Magazine.

INGRID

He won't go for it.

CAPA

Forget him. What do you want to do?

Ingrid.

A question she's never been asked.

Has to delve for the confession.

INGRID  
I ... I don't know.

CAPA  
Every picture is a fantasy, Ingrid.  
And in a fantasy you live in one  
moment, then the next. That's all  
there is to it.

Capa. Matter-of-fact. Ingrid. Tantalized.

INT. INGRID'S LIMO (STATIONARY) - DAY

Joe is in the back-seat, making notes in his calendar. The driver keeps the engine running, waiting outside the hotel. The door opens and Ingrid climbs in.

JOE  
There you are, I-

He looks up, to realize Capa's climbed in too.

INGRID  
Joe, this is Mr Robert Capa and he  
has a wonderful idea he'd like to  
run by David.

JOE  
(alarmed)  
Out of the question!

CAPA  
Just call him, Joe.

Capa's certainty shuts Joe up.

EXT. LOS ANGELES. RKO RADIO PICTURES STUDIOS - DAY

RKO FORTY ACRES under sunny skies. The backlot of RKO RADIO PICTURES. The largest studio lot in the history of Hollywood.

INT. SCREENING ROOM - DAY

The dailies on a B&W movie plays on a screen. A broad-shouldered man sits watching with his executive team. His cigar smoke wafts across the projector's light.

Film mogul DAVID O. SELZNICK. 43. Stocky. Three-piece suit. Showman. Unscrupulous businessman.

A showbiz crime boss and a GLUTTON for LIFE. He's tetchy, not liking what he's seeing ... a man whose brain is never on just one problem at a time.

SELZNICK

Terrible ... unwatchable ... this is a disaster ...

KAY BROWN, 35, a Vice-President and Selznick's enforcer, enters and hands him a phone.

KAY

Joe Steele from Paris, Mr Selznick.

Selznick takes the phone -- looks to his hapless EXECUTIVES --

SELZNICK

Congratulations. You've made a terrible four-hour movie.

EXECUTIVE

What should we do?

SELZNICK

Cut it in half. Then it'll only be terrible for two hours.

(to phone)

Yes Joe, speak.

JOE (PHONE)

How well do you know Robert Capa?

Selznick, an old memory stirred. His foul mood grows fouler.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

EXT. PARIS, SUBURBS - DAY

A PARISIAN MAN runs into a LOCAL GROCERY STORE --

PARISIAN MAN

*Ingrid Bergman! Elle est ici!*

Parisian locals race out of their homes and shops into the cobbled streets of a rundown pocket neighborhood.

And this is INGRID walking down the hill of cobble-stones. Scarf. Trenchcoat. Sensible shoes. Heading to a street market--

Surrounded by a bunch of Parisian street urchins who are squabbling over chocolates Capa's bribing them with, yelling over each other to talk to and impress this tall blonde lady.



Ingrid shares chocolates with the grubby kids.

Capa, just one of the locals. Yelling for people to line up. Taking pictures. Orchestrating the whole event like a pro.

Soon word is spreading ... and a crowd is forming ... the most famous woman in the world is among them. Ingrid, overwhelmed, unused to being among ordinary people without an entourage. She warms to it, engaging the stallholders.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Joe Steele and STEVE, RKO's CHIEF SECURITY GUY roll slowly behind this fiesta. Watching Ingrid be mobbed. They're both tense. Capa has an unwelcome hold on Ingrid. Joe watches Capa stir the crowd and move Ingrid along as he takes photos ...

CHIEF SECURITY GUY

This is ... unusual.

JOE

(resentful)

Mr Selznick says it's fine, Steve.

EXT. THE SEINE - NIGHT

Capa and Ingrid. Running under a bridge to get out of the rain. Soaked. Out of sight. Alone. They kiss.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Ingrid pouring drinks for the old working men, conversing with them in French. She's fluent. She's natural.

INT. INGRID'S SUITE - DAY

Ingrid and Capa, ripping at each other's clothes once more. Making very mad and very passionate love.

INT. NEW YORK, LIFE MAGAZINE OFFICE - DAY

Capa's PHOTOS of Ingrid bringing joy to the locals in Paris -- in the hands of Ed Thompson, the Life Magazine photo editor.

THOMPSON

The Soviets are invading Asia and he's living *la bonne vie* in Paris?

## ASSISTANT

The French have gone crazy for her.

EXT. SACRE-COEUR BASILICA. SECOND STORY ROOF - DAY

Capa and Ingrid, on their high-point on Montmartre. Dancing fluidly. Elegantly. A waltz. They've found their rhythm. A sense of magical realism.

INTERCUT WITH:

- The DAYS on a CALENDAR -- TWO WEEKS PASSING.

- Capa's bathroom at the Ritz turned into a dark room. Capa develops more photos of Ingrid with obsessive care. We track his development ritual with fetishism. The liquid solutions, the salts, the glossy paper. An engineering precision.

- NEWSPAPERS going to press covering her jaunt through Paris. LIFE MAGAZINE going to PRESS. The girlishly wholesome image of Ingrid beaming off the front cover. Happy, natural.

END MONTAGE.

INT. INGRID'S SUITE - DAY

Joe flicks through the pages of the Ingrid Bergman issue of Life Magazine with a begrudging acceptance.

JOE

You can't buy publicity like this.

Ingrid, out of the bathroom, in her robe, towels her hair ...

INGRID

Capa wants us to go to Berlin.

JOE

We can't let you follow the allies into Germany. Not when your family's six thousand miles back at home. There are expectations ... and then there's your husband.

She feels the weight of his moral judgement. She notices his tie is loose. Fixes it for him ... unsure how much he knows.

INGRID

You think I've forgotten my responsibilities. Don't worry, Joe, I told him no.

She's skillfully satiated his indignation. A KNOCK at the door. Ingrid opens it to find Selznick's VP -- KAY BROWN. Grim. Severe. A couple of RKO MEN with her.

Ingrid's smile fades ... back to Joe, who looks sheepish, knew this was coming.

TIME CUT:

INGRID (CONT'D)  
I'm not done here.

Ingrid's bags being packed under Kay's stern watch.

KAY  
Mr Selznick says you are.

Ingrid. Defiant. But stuck.

INT. CAPA'S ROOM. BATHROOM - DAY

Capa opens the black-out blinds to let light into his dark room. He pushes the window open -- and lays eyes on ...

Ingrid and her entourage leaving the hotel. Bell-hops pull HEAVY LUGGAGE into a waiting limousine. Kay and Joe, the security, and Ingrid's wide-brimmed hat floating at the center of it. Rushing to leave.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - DAY

Capa RACES out of the hotel and into the street. To see Ingrid's car about to depart.

CAPA  
Ingrid - wait -

Capa locks eyes with Ingrid in the back-seat of the limo. She's back in her cage ... as the car pulls away. Steve, the RKO security chief, blocks Capa -- as -- Kay Brown passes with a stern look and gets into the second car. Joe -- the last person to depart -- a final twist of the knife --

JOE  
Mr Selznick sends his regards.

The second car leaves. Capa's left stranded, watching RKO run an effective defense around their biggest star. Beat. He feels the Hotel staff staring. What just happened ... ?

INT. PARIS CINEMA - NIGHT

*The timeless beauty of INGRID as ILSA LUND in "CASABLANCA". In a tense scene with Bogart as Rick at the La Belle Aurore where the Gestapo are closing in ...*

*Ingrid: "Kiss me. Kiss me as if it were the last time."*

Capa. Sunk into a seat, watching her on the big screen. Living every moment of that scene, his eyes burning.

OFF INGRID'S UPLIFTING IMAGE -- WE CUT TO:

INT. CAPA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Capa lies in bed staring at the photos of Ingrid pinned to the walls. It's his turn to have insomnia. A silent clock ticking in his head. The sands of time slipping away ... into the BLACK VOID of this room ... and those timeless pictures.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES. BENEDICT CANYON - DAY

A limo.

Ingrid.

Rolls along winding canyon roads of Beverly Hills, and through the wrought-iron gates of Ingrid's home. She notices a strange car parked outside the gates -- we recognize them as RKO SECURITY on a stakeout.

EXT. INGRID'S MANSION - DAY

Ingrid climbs out of the car at the end of the drive. Facing the walk to the massive doorway.

PIA

Mommy!

Pia runs out of the house, away from Gladys the nanny, to Ingrid. They embrace.

INGRID

Look what I have for you.

Ingrid produces a FRENCH DOLL. Pia, enthralled, grabs it. Ingrid picks her up and carries her in ... notices the curtains twitch from an upstairs window -- PETER in his STUDY -- watching them ... before disappearing.

INT. INGRID'S MANSION. SCREENING ROOM - DAY

B&W PATHE IMAGE OF -- "HITLER DEAD!" THE ATOMIC BOMB being dropped on Japan. A MUSHROOM CLOUD. "JAPAN SURRENDERS!" Now President Harry S. Truman gives a speech to Congress: "We must support the free people of the world who are resisting attempted subjugation by Communism."

THE NEWS-REEL is playing in a private screening room. Petter watches while eating peanuts. Ingrid sits alongside him, watching a destabilized, changing world.

INGRID

Why are Selznick's men watching the house?

PETTER

I told him you were meeting Warner execs in Paris. And that you'll only be doing one more movie after the one with Hitchcock.

INGRID

Is that why he wanted me home?

PETTER

Yes. Until this Capa fellow made him change his mind with free publicity.

Ingrid, unsure how much he knows. Guilt, rising.

INGRID

What's the Hitchcock movie?

PETTER

Notorious.

He eyes her. Ingrid. Something welling up within. The truth.

INGRID

Petter, I ...

PETTER

Be quiet please, this is important.

The news-reel shows: *FBI DIRECTOR J EDGAR HOOVER shaking hands with HOLLYWOOD FILMMAKERS. Highlighting Hoover's belief in film as an important medium to fight COMMUNISM.*

INT. INGRID'S MANSION. PIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rain beats the window. Ingrid brushes Pia's hair before bed.

INGRID (OVER)  
 Three brushes left and three  
 brushes right. It's important to be  
 precise. Don't hurry.

Ingrid and Pia. Mother and daughter. Tidy her room, say a prayer, and share a kiss good night.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Manuela the head maid on her nightly rounds, passes the master bedroom. We can hear Petter SNORING. She checks all doors are locked. Passing Pia's bedroom, the door open. She looks in to see INGRID has cuddled up with Pia, fast asleep. The light from the windows cast a zig-zag pattern that could almost be the reflection of prison bars. A pause.

Manuela shuts the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. TERMINAL - DAY

The BORDER OFFICER flips open a REFUGEE PASSPORT. He looks at the photograph and glances up at the grizzled man in the leather jacket and combat boots opposite him.

Capa, dirty and more exhausted than Paris. He looks like he hasn't slept in months, under the sign: *"Welcome to the United States of America."*

TITLE: "HOLLYWOOD, Spring 1946 (Four Months Later)"

BORDER OFFICER  
 Coming from Turkey?  
 (off his nod)  
 How long have you been traveling on  
 a refugee passport, sir?

CAPA  
 Since the '30s.

BORDER OFFICER  
 You're Hungarian.

CAPA  
 I'm from wherever I happen to be at  
 the time.

The Border Officer doesn't seem convinced by that, but Capa gives such a shit-eating grin that he stamps the passport.

EXT. LOS ANGELES. SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

NEON LIGHTS. Bars, late night movie houses and radio halls. Tinseltown's thriving underbelly.

A TAXI pulls into the GARDEN OF ALLAH HOTEL. A residential complex for movie stars, artists, writers, singers and bums.

INT. GARDEN OF ALLAH HOTEL - NIGHT

A modern villa complex. Bellhops come and go. Capa signs the front desk register: "Endre Friedman." The FRONT DESK MANAGER eyes the signature, but doesn't bat an eye.

FRONT DESK MANAGER

We've put you in a bungalow for the single rate, Mr Capa. Other than Mr Reagan, you're the closest to a war hero we've ever had here. Gianni will help you with your bags.

Off Capa. GIANNI the bellhop takes his bag and leads him through the GROUNDS. Past the palm-tree gardens where a bunch of actors and starlets are being RAUCOUS by the poolside bar.

INT. CAPA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Capa drops his duffel-bag on the bed. Surveys the modern bungalow. He eyes a group of contemporary framed film posters on the wall -- CASABLANCA is among them. What irony. Before he notices a very modern contraption in the living area. He approaches it. It's a TELEVISION. He fiddles with the knobs. STATIC. He turns it off, eyes the massive bed ... to notice --

-- an UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER on the desk by the window.

INT. SELZNICK'S OFFICE - DAY

A POSTER is on a stand.

*DAVID O. SELZNICK AND RKO RADIO PICTURES PRESENT: Notorious woman of affairs ... Adventurous man of the world. CARY GRANT - INGRID BERGMAN - Alfred Hitchcock's "NOTORIOUS"*

Ingrid sits drinking tea watching Selznick pace energetically as he eats lunch from a lavish buffet.

SELZNICK

Hitch showed me the cut. You and Cary are phenomenal together.

INGRID  
You hated Cary.

SELZNICK  
Nobody cares about Cary. You're the  
jewel in RKO's crown. We're on to  
your next picture!

He clicks his fingers and Kay hands Ingrid a script. Ingrid regards the title as Selznick chomps away on a shrimp.

INGRID  
Arch of Triumph ...?

SELZNICK  
Spy movie. Espionage and betrayal.  
Refugees in Europe. A husband and  
wife finding each other again.

Ingrid holds his gaze... can never be sure what he's thinking  
... Kay and Joe busy themselves, being good lieutenants.

INGRID  
I just spent four months putting up  
with Hitchcock's sexual advances  
because you *promised* I could play  
Joan of Arc.

SELZNICK  
Joan of Arc, Arch of Triumph, what  
does it matter? They're both about  
Arcs and Arches.

INGRID  
David.

SELZNICK  
Blame your husband.  
(off her frown)  
The movie isn't for RKO. It's for  
United Artists.

INGRID  
(dismayed)  
You're loaning me out again?

SELZNICK  
Don't worry, I'll be there to  
supervise.

INGRID  
(dry)  
That's a relief.



SELZNICK

Our old deal expires in a year.  
 Petter is negotiating hard for a  
 very expensive new deal for you.  
 There's every chance I'll lose you  
 to another studio in two movies --

INGRID

-- I doubt that --

SELZNICK

-- so I'll need to make as much as  
 I can before you go. United Artists  
 are paying ten cents over every  
 dollar to get you on Triumph. The  
 script is terrific. They found a  
 great writer -- some guy called  
 Irwin Shaw. You met him, right?

Ingrid ... struggling to keep up with the business-talk --  
 but a blink of recognition at the name. She feels him  
 scrutinize her from behind his glasses as he eats.

INGRID

I don't think so.

SELZNICK

He says Robert Capa introduced you  
 in Paris last summer.

Ingrid. Not breaking from his glare.

INGRID

This isn't for me.

SELZNICK

You haven't read it.

INGRID

You said Joan of Arc. I want Joan  
 of Arc.

SELZNICK

Ingrid-

INGRID

Yes David.

Deep silence. Kay and Joe shuffle awkwardly. Selznick nods to  
 the door. They take their cue and promptly leave. Ingrid  
 watches the door close ... now all alone with Selznick ...  
 who finishes eating and wipes his hands in total silence.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Say it. I've been waiting for months and it's driving me crazy.

SELZNICK  
That's just your conscience.

INGRID  
What did Joe tell you?

SELZNICK  
Nothing. I had Steve go through your trash every night.

He opens a drawer and drops crumpled Ritz headed paper in front of her. Capa's note: *"Will call you at 9pm, a veteran of love and war"* Ingrid grows pale ...

SELZNICK (CONT'D)  
I told you the Oscar would go to your head.  
(then)  
Did you screw him?

She absorbs the violence of the word. But doesn't reply.

SELZNICK (CONT'D)  
How many times?

INGRID  
Nothing happened.

Selznick eyes that defiant air of a stubborn child. He picks up a cigar and makes a ritual of cutting off the end, lighting it. He lets the dreadful silence linger.

SELZNICK  
We took a blood oath, Mrs Lindstrom. A woman of substance. A virtuous wife. An illusion. And now war's over, people want to believe in that illusion. Only, they don't take disappointment very well.

Selznick holds her fragile glare.

INGRID  
I'm suffocating, David.

SELZNICK  
You want to keep playing to those adoring crowds?

He glares. Silence. There's no point arguing.

INGRID

Tell me what you want.

SELZNICK

No more acting up. No more speaking out. No more Joan of Arc. You do your job, and you let me do mine.

(off her despair ... )

If you threaten Petter's livelihood he'll give them enough ammo to destroy us both. In the press and in the courts. He'll fuck you in a way Capa never could. If you think you have no life now, wait until Heda Hopper's gossip hags and the Catholic Legion of Decency have finished with you. You're lucky I got to this before the media.

INGRID

You are the media.

SELZNICK

And I'd kill before I let anybody harm you. But I need business as usual. I have a responsibility to the owners of this studio now more than ever.

He holds up the Triumph script. Ingrid ... off the TRIUMPH script ... takes it. Selznick returns to his desk victorious.

SELZNICK (CONT'D)

And if anybody from the FBI asks to speak to you, call me.

INGRID

The FBI ... ?

SELZNICK

Joe'll drop by to brief you. Don't leave the lot until then and be careful who you speak to.

(the phone rings -- )

Blood oath, Ingrid.

He motions for her to leave as he picks up the phone.

EXT. RKO STUDIOS. BACKLOT - DAY

Ingrid skulks, head down, furrowed brow, a mess of thoughts that don't make sense. The TRIUMPH script between her crossed arms. Not noticing the whacky sights she passes:

A herd of STARLETS waiting off-set for a walk-on part. Animals with their handlers -- a bear, monkeys, an elephant. Costumers pushing a trolley filled with Princess outfits. Day-players in cowboy costumes practicing their lines.

In the b.g. the monkeys break from their handlers and run through the day-players. Ingrid stops to watch the panic. The handlers comically chase to catch the monkeys.

CAPA

They're Colobus monkeys. From Angola. Never catch them that way.

Ingrid freezes. That voice ... she turns to lock eyes with:

Capa. Looking like he stepped off an adventure movie set.

As if no time has passed.

INT. RKO STUDIOS. INGRID'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Ingrid shuts the door, locks it, pulls the curtains. She regards Capa dumbfounded, thrilled and afraid.

INGRID

How did you get here?

CAPA

Well ... I took a plane, a boat, a plane, a bus -- and oh, Turkey. I spent four months in Turkey. There was a lot of fighting.

INGRID

I mean the studio. How did you get through security?

CAPA

I climbed over the wall.

Ingrid, tears forming ... all the emotions of Paris come flooding back ... the ghost of a love she'd given up on.

INGRID

I wrote you. And I called for you. The magazine, the hotel -- nobody would tell me where you'd gone.

Capa frowns, then takes out a sheaf of letters.

CAPA

You wrote these?

INGRID  
 (surprised)  
 You didn't write back.

CAPA  
 I figured I was just gonna see you.  
 (correcting)  
 And you left me. I was getting  
 ready to take you to Berlin.

Ingrid ... swimming in his dark eyes again ... breaks into that inelegant chortle. Typically Capa. He suddenly embraces her and they kiss -- sinking with passion on the couch.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR!

JOE (O.S.)  
 Ms Bergman?

Ingrid tenses -- alarmed -- they talk in WHISPERS --

INGRID  
 Joe ... !  
 (thinks fast)  
 He can't see you. He'll tell  
 Selznick!

CAPA  
 I'm not hiding.

INGRID  
 (that KNOCKING again)  
 Just a moment!  
 (to Capa)  
Please.

Capa relents, seeing her panic -- letting her move him to the BEDROOM -- opening the window as she WHISPERS--

INGRID (CONT'D)  
 Where are you staying?

CAPA  
 Garden of Allah. Room 2-58.

INGRID  
 How can you afford that?

CAPA  
 Life owed me.

INGRID  
 Go, now. I'll call you.

He contemplates disagreeing, but relents as she kisses him.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
I'll make sure you never leave.

Capa -- pauses off that odd remark -- her mischievous smile -- a screen siren ... disappearing into the shadowy hall.

EXT. RKO STUDIOS. BACKLOT - DAY

A STUDIO RUNNER walks along carrying letters, to notice Capa fall out of the bedroom window of Ingrid's bungalow ... while on the other side, the front door opens and Ingrid lets Joe in. The kid doesn't bat an eye, just keeps walking.

EXT. GARDEN OF ALLAH HOTEL. POOL BAR - NIGHT

The bar is a riot. Music and chatter. Hollywood hedonism.

INT. GARDEN OF ALLAH HOTEL. CAPA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Capa sits at a desk staring at a blank page on the typewriter. He chains a cigarette, eyes the TELEPHONE. Which is silent. He gets up, restless. He can hear MUSIC and LAUGHTER.

EXT. GARDEN OF ALLAH. GARDEN TERRACE - NIGHT

The barman fills Capa's whisky glass.

CAPA  
Anybody call for me?

The Barman shakes his head. Capa checks his watch, deflated.

CUT TO:

Capa is now in the midst of a POKER GAME alongside IRWIN SHAW and some other notable patrons. Irwin is very different now. Horn-rimmed glasses, pencil behind the ear, a professional screenwriter. Capa. Winning the hand. Bantering with Irwin --

IRWIN  
-- you haven't stopped cheating  
since Italy --

CAPA  
-- Hungarian luck --

IRWIN

-- you're as Hungarian as my Aunt  
Mavis --

As they banter, it's like they've never been apart -- interrupted only by -- a commotion across the bar. FBI AGENTS pass through the hotel terrace carrying confiscated LEDGERS. The HOTEL MANAGER scoots after them with comic timing.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

Hoover's men. FBI.

CAPA

What do they want?

IRWIN

Communists.

Capa dwells on the FBI agents with little love.

INT. CAPA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

The lock on the front door scratches and unlocks after four or five attempts. Capa stumbles in, blind drunk. Knocks into a table. When hands abruptly grab him -- he puts up a struggle -- he's being attacked! He swings -- misses -- SLAMMED into the armchair!

Capa's eyes adjust ... studio security guards tower over ... and the light of the TELEVISION flickers.

SELZNICK is in an armchair, watching it.

*ON TV -- we see FBI Director J EDGAR HOOVER shaking hands with Senator Joseph Mccarthy and pledging support to the House Un-American Activities Committee ...*

SELZNICK

Twice I invited you to come to  
Hollywood as my guest, Bob, twice  
you turned me down.  
(off Capa's drunk stare)  
Some stunt you pulled in Paris with  
Life Magazine.

CAPA

You should have stopped it.

SELZNICK

And turn down a Robert Capa cover?  
Are you nuts?  
(then, with pity)  
(MORE)

SELZNICK (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you've fallen in love with her.

CAPA

Who?

SELZNICK

Greta Garbo.

CAPA

Garbo? No. I prefer blondes.  
(grins)  
I'm here on vacation.

SELZNICK

In this town of fakes?

CAPA

We're all pretending just a little, David, underneath it all.

Selznick bristles -- back to the TV -- Hoover wafting on ...

HOOVER (ON TV)

*... I favor unrelenting prosecution because one of the most dangerous plots ever instigated for the overthrow of the United States has its headquarters in Hollywood ...*

SELZNICK

Stay out of her head, Bob.

CAPA

How am I gonna do that?

SELZNICK

You're smart, you'll figure it out. And stay off my studio lot. I won't speak to you about this again.

Capa soaks up Selznick's souring mood ... the mogul gets up and motions for his guys to get going.

CAPA

What does the "O" in "O" Selznick stand for? It's always bugged me.

SELZNICK

It stands for nothing.

Off Selznick's dangerous glare ... before he closes the door and is gone. Off Capa -- off the TV --



INT. INGRID'S MANSION. STUDY - NIGHT

Ingrid peers through the curtains at Petter in the driveway below -- with more men in suits -- FLASHING BADGES -- FBI. They're in deep conversation. One of the agents -- whom we will come to know as SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE RICHARD HOOD, looks up. Ingrid pulls back not to be seen.

INT. STAIRWELL LANDING - NIGHT

Ingrid looks down over the bannister as Petter comes back into get his hat and coat.

INGRID  
Is there a problem?

PETTER  
The FBI want me to go with them to  
their offices downtown.

INGRID  
But it's late.

PETTER  
Go to bed. Could be all night.

He departs. The sound of the engine. Cars leave. Silence.

INT. PIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ingrid bathes Pia with the nanny's help and puts her to bed.

INT. INGRID'S STUDY - NIGHT

Later. Petter still not back. Everybody else asleep. Ingrid picks up the phone. A moment. And then she dials.

INT. GARDEN OF ALLAH HOTEL. CAPA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Capa stirs. Still on the floor. How long has he been here? He squints at the phone ... RINGING ...

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - NIGHT

Capa stands in a lay-by at night, observing the twinkling lights of the Valley. Nothing else stirs. A RED COUPE pulls up on the gravel behind him.

Ingrid climbs out.

INT. CAPA'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Capa's Ford zooms up the Pacific Coast Highway in POURING RAIN. Capa behind the wheel. Ingrid at his side. His eyes scan the rear-view mirror ... the road is clear. Beat. He holds her hand. A moment of solitude.

CAPA

Of all the gin joints, in all the towns, in all the world, she walks into mine.

She double-takes. He cocks an eyebrow. She breaks into a grin at the cornball line. The moment of humor passes. She rests her head back on the seat and thinks. A moment of silence.

INGRID

Kiss me.

His turn to double-take. Her turn to be cornball ... with a soft sigh, but somehow sensuous, her head back on the seat.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Like it's the last time.

Off Capa. Her yearning. The CASABLANCA play-acting ratcheting up sexual tension. The FORD rolls up to a MALIBU BEACH-HOUSE.

INT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE - NIGHT

Capa and Ingrid stumble in from the rain -- KISSING -- months of longing spilling over into a passionate embrace -- falling onto a rug on the wood-floors of the living room -- can't get enough of each other. As they kiss, out of breath ... nuzzle.

INGRID

-- I'm cold --

Capa -- the gentleman -- gets up and throws logs onto the fire, stoking it, gets it ROARING -- as she kicks off her shoes, pushes back her slick hair and unhitches her skirt --

INGRID (CONT'D)

-- where are we -- ?

CAPA

-- Irwin's place -- bought it with his first paycheck --

Capa pauses as she eyes him in that dark flickering glow -- the siren, calling him -- a beat of conscience perhaps ...

CAPA (CONT'D)  
Where's Petter tonight?

INGRID  
He went to see the FBI. He won't be back until very late and I'll be at the studio long before he wakes up.  
(seeing his hesitation)  
We sometimes go days without seeing each other.  
(changes subject, guilty)  
Is there anything to drink?

Capa cocks a wry look and shows her a bottle of scotch. Beat. She breaks into a goofy grin and nods. He pours two glasses.

CAPA  
I know hardened revolutionaries who can't put away scotch like you can.

INGRID  
(taking the glass)  
The poem always crushes the poet.

CAPA  
Safer to live in the dream.

INGRID  
My dream's not much fun to live in.

They regard each other across the glow of the flame. And now ... he's moving in -- pushing her over -- sliding on top. Kisses her. She gets courage -- and abruptly rolls him over -- sitting on top. Blink, and it's a lioness. He rolls her back again -- and suddenly she's under him again -- and suddenly the vulnerable girl once more.

CAPA  
Let's go for a swim.

INGRID  
We'll freeze.

CAPA  
So we'll freeze together.

EXT. MALIBU. BEACH - NIGHT

Ingrid races after Capa splashing naked into the moonlit Pacific Ocean, like he once did through the crimson waters of Normandy. It's freezing -- they HOWL and YELL and LAUGH with the cold. She grabs onto him, play-wrestling in the surf. They eventually fall and roll in the sand. Flesh. Hair.

Water. Their limbs slick. Until eventually they're making love in the twilight on the beach ...

INT. BEACH-HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Early morning. The sun is shining. Music plays from a radio. Ingrid -- wearing Capa's shirt -- pulls stuff out of the cupboards. Making tea in a pot and setting out the table on the terrace. Capa makes an Italian omelet with great skill.

Eggs, tomatoes, zucchinis, parsley, basil -- chopped, cooked.

A sensual kind of post-play. He's making a mess, she's cleaning up. He forgets where he put a utensil, she's holding it out to him. She embraces him as he holds the spoon for her to taste. Her eyes widen, it's very good ...

CAPA

Tuscan omelet. This Italian private taught me after the allies took Naples. It was his mother's recipe.

INGRID

(can't help but ask ...)  
Is he dead?

CAPA

No! He went back home to his mom.

Ingrid. Carving bread now. Something on her mind ...

INGRID

Who was the girl, Capa?

CAPA

Which girl?

INGRID

The one in the photo. In Paris.

Capa pauses as he dishes the omelette.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Was she a photographer like you?

CAPA

Why d'you say that?

INGRID

She had a camera.

A longer pause. He's momentarily tensed ...

CAPA  
We worked together in Spain.

INGRID  
Must have been more than that if  
you carry her picture with you.

CAPA  
Don't be jealous.

INGRID  
Don't be silly.

But she is jealous, a little.

CAPA  
She's dead.

Ingrid stops. Death falling so naturally and matter-of-fact  
from his lips as he goes back to chopping.

INGRID  
(unsettled ... )  
I'm sorry.

CAPA  
Don't be. She liked taking pictures  
of war, and insisted on running  
into danger. It was inevitable.

INGRID  
How did she die?

CAPA  
Crushed by a tank. Madrid '37.

He finishes chopping. An awkward beat. Off her stare, he  
grabs her by both arms and kisses her on the forehead.

CAPA (CONT'D)  
Let's eat!

He sweeps past with the plates. Ingrid, thrown.

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

Capa and Ingrid eat breakfast. It's a playful affair. They  
feed each other and make a mess. He toys with her, she toys  
with him -- offering each other food, but then stealing a  
kiss. At one point, she's got a big splurge of tomato sauce  
on her face, and it turns into a food fight -- which she  
escalates -- until he's covered with his own omelet --

CAPA

Okay okay! You win!

She kisses him, before throwing him a towel. The laughter subsides ... Capa lingers on her sparkling green eyes ...

CAPA (CONT'D)

Run away with me.

INGRID

Yes let's.

CAPA

We'll travel the world. From Khartoum to Timbuktu.

INGRID

You mean from war to war.

She cleans up -- back into the KITCHEN -- [continuous -- using both exterior and interior locations]

CAPA

No. We can swim with dolphins off the Bay of Bengal. Or trek through the deserts of Kenya, where you'll see White Antelope so rare, it's made men lose their minds.

INGRID

You can also swim with the dolphins in the ocean out here and hike the haunted Native American trails of Yosemite. And you can do them both in a single day.

CAPA

I'm serious.

INGRID

(grins)  
So am I.

CAPA

You're not happy here.

He is serious. Ingrid. Reality, intruding ... grin, fading.

INGRID

(matter-of-fact)  
And you've never been responsible for a child.

(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)

You've never brought an innocent life into this awful cruel world, where little girls are preyed on ... and then strive to make sure she might grow up so privileged and secure that she'd never have to worry about any of it-

(off his look)

The house is in Petter's name. So are the bank accounts. The studio owns my image rights and my contract. I don't even have any real friends here. But Pia. She has friends. She has a school. She has a home, and a trust, and the illusion of a mother and father who love each other.

CAPA

For now.

INGRID

(at pains to explain)

If I left here, I'd also never be able to act again. Would you be happy never taking another photograph?

CAPA

Sure.

INGRID

Don't say something you'll regret.

CAPA

I have no regrets.

INGRID

Then stay. You like to live in the moment, don't you?

CAPA

On my terms.

INGRID

Well maybe this is something that may lead to something else. The reason I'm going to leave now and go home isn't just because Petter will ruin my life if he finds out, it's the guilt.

CAPA

There's nothing to be guilty about.

INGRID

I have a moral reputation to uphold. But divorce isn't out of the question. People understand when there's a good story to tell. Real love, Capa. A romance. And maybe one day ... a family.

She floated this obtuse thought to see his reaction ... and if anything's going to frighten him it's this.

CAPA

They're feeding off you like some kind of institution and I won't become part of it.

Ingrid. Senses he's judging. Defends herself.

INGRID

I signed with Selznick because I wanted to act. I came to Hollywood because I had nothing else and David said he'd make me a star. And he promised I'd play Joan of Arc.

CAPA

Joan of Arc?

She takes a copy of Joan of Arc from her bag, hands it to him.

Capa flips through the dog-eared pages, notices the bookmark -  
- the B&W self-portrait of Ingrid and HER FATHER --

CAPA (CONT'D)

Your father?

INGRID

It was his favorite play.

CAPA

He had a good eye.

INGRID

I was his favorite subject.

CAPA

Where's he now?

INGRID

Died when I was fourteen.

CAPA

Your mom raised you?



INGRID

She died when I was three.

CAPA

(processing, ironic smile)  
You were an orphan?

INGRID

Like a Charles Dickens novel, yes.  
But I had acting. And everything I  
have, I made. Me. Nobody else.  
(recites Joan of Arc)  
One life is all we have and we live  
it. But to sacrifice what you are,  
to live without belief, that is a  
fate more terrible than dying.

For a moment, she is Joan of Arc, sensual and uplifting. He's held by her strength. She smiles sheepishly, girlishly --

INGRID (CONT'D)

Selznick calls it a stinker. He  
refuses to option it.  
(off his silent scrutiny)  
Don't pity me.

CAPA

I wasn't.

Ingrid. Feels him judging her. Or perhaps that's just her judging herself. A soft scowl. Feeling exposed. Gets dressed.

INGRID

The debonair Robert Capa. Always  
ready for the next bar or the next  
war, no matter how late the hour or  
how unattractive the conflict. Who  
doesn't seem to take joy from any  
of it because he only ever seems  
alive when he's taking pictures of  
corpses. I just can't figure out  
why. Or why he came here to pick  
apart my life.

That hurt Capa. Beat.

CAPA

(matter-of-fact)  
Because it's a prison.

Ingrid ... a flicker of truth ... buttoning her shirt ... as she comes close ... her intuitive gaze boring into him ...

INGRID

I choose to live in it.

CAPA

A bird gets used to its cage.

He eyes her in silence. Ingrid, hurt, trying to figure out what's going on behind those twinkling dark eyes ...

INGRID

Was it the girl, Capa? Was she the one who left you with such a high opinion of women?

She said that to make it hurt. And it did. Because Capa goes to reply, but for once in his life he can't summon a retort or wise-crack ... she nailed him.

INGRID (CONT'D)

David's opening Notorious in Cannes in a week. I'll have to leave town to attend -- Petter too.

Capa contemplates, then sits on the VERANDA CHAIR and puts his feet up, unfurling the newspaper, with his back to her.

CAPA

I'll see you later.

She surveys his indefatigable spirit, his insatiable hunger for her, and she feels bad. She sighs, softening...

INGRID

I'm ... I'm sorry ... what I said was mean and I'm not a mean person-

CAPA

This is the part you take the car and drive home.

Ingrid stops. There's no humor in his voice. He's telling her to go home. Back to her prison. She absorbs it ... feeling an upswell of rejection ... puts on her hat and strides out.

Capa listens to her angry heels clipping away. The car starts, GROWLS and drives off furiously. Before he realizes she's forgotten her Joan of Arc book.

INT. RKO RADIO PICTURES STUDIOS. COSTUME DEPT - DAY

Ingrid. A clothes horse with a grim countenance. Circled by MIRRORS. Trapped by COSTUMERS buzzing around her.

Pushing her into various outfits. Skirts, blouses, coats, shoes -- the Costume Designer taking photos -- marked up ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

Petter sits on a chair in front of her, scrutinizing every change. Shaking his head yes or no. Ingrid glances at the men standing in the smoky shadows behind him. There's the film's director LEWIS MILESTONE, 50s, a diminutive Jewish Russian-American emigre -- in conference with IRWIN SHAW, the writer.

All being watched by Joe Steele. Nearby. Silent.

PETTER

You'll need to lose more weight.

INGRID

I'm eating cottage cheese and fruit-

PETTER

Lose the cottage cheese.

EXT. MALIBU. BEACH - DAY

Capa gives a start - AWAKE. A nightmare. Of war. He stirs. A CLANK ... he's among empty bottles of booze. Water lapping at him. He struggles to sit up -- to find he's on the beach, the surf surrounding him -- empty bottles around him. A furry tongue and a stinking hangover. He looks genuinely puzzled. How the hell did I get *here*?

INT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE - DAY

Capa struggles in, and sticks his head in a bucket of ice.

INT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Capa lies on the bed, reading JOAN OF ARC. Engrossed. He pauses and lays it on his chest, listening to the waves lapping the shore. A peaceful ocean, so far from the beaches of Normandy. Capa ... lingering on the dark solitude.

CUT TO:

Capa frantically rifles through his WW2 picture-file. He lays the pictures out on the polished wood floor. A MOSAIC of some of the most important turning points of history, from the stark point of view of the common man.

*A French farmer burying his horse. An American GI with a pistol marching a German soldier through the snow. An American Gunner, shot on a balcony. Blood oozing in a puddle.*

He sits there looking at his own history. Capa finds the picture of the "Little Blonde" woman from 1930s Spain. He holds it up as he lights a cigarette ... and sets the match to the photograph.

The picture of the woman ignites.

He drops it into an ash-tray and watches her burn.

CUT TO:

Capa -- in the middle of the room cross-legged -- a notebook and a pen -- furiously writing.

CAPA (V.O.)

There was no reason to get up in the mornings any more.

INT. RKO STUDIOS. INGRID'S BUNGALOW - DAY

There's a knock at Ingrid's door. She opens it while studying her Triumph script to find a delivery boy with a package. She takes it and closes the door ... rips it open to find Capa's dog-eared copy of "WAR & PEACE". A moment of surprise. She turns the page ... to see a scrawl in Capa's handwriting: "While I'm alive, I must live and be happy."

It stirs her ...

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

PATHE NEWS-REEL -- *Soviets on the March. Stalin watches his Armies on parade. HEADLINES of RUSSIA getting the bomb. INTERCUT with labor unrest in America -- 1946 National Strikes -- building atomic weapons. The Cold War Begins.*

CAPA (V.O.)

The letters on the headline were unusually fat: War in Europe Over.

*Ingrid Bergman at the Cannes Film Festival. In between her husband and Selznick. NOTORIOUS opening to a worldwide smash.*

CAPA (V.O.)

All I could do was pack my bags too, knowing all that would now stand between war and peace would be our quickly fading memories.

INT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE. STUDY - DAY

Capa hauls in the Underwood typewriter from the hotel and sets it up in the study.

TIME CUT:

Capa -- hammering on that Underwood like a man seeking religion. He's avoided this for so long that once started, he can't stop. Photos everywhere -- paper stacking up --

CAPA (V.O.)  
Love and war, a single continuum.

INT. A HOTEL SUITE IN CANNES, FRANCE - NIGHT

Ingrid lies in a hotel bed in the south of France, reading "War and Peace" with a torch. She's devouring the pages, fascinated, her imagination stirred. Petter snores and rolls; his heavy arm grabbing her and spooning her. It's violent and possessive in the most subtle of ways.

CAPA (V.O.)  
Knowing that all those alive would  
fast forget.

INT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE. STUDY - DAY

Capa paces with a sheaf of typed pages, and a pencil, annotating heavily and crossing out. He sets the pages down. A whole chapter. A sense of ACCOMPLISHMENT. Therapy. Beat. His gaze falls on that Joan of Arc book. He frowns.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. IRWIN'S HOUSE - EVENING

That copy of JOAN OF ARC by Maxwell Anderson, in Capa's hand, as he hikes up the winding driveway to Irwin's house in the Hollywood Hills. He rings the DOORBELL. A PREGNANT WOMAN opens it. This is IRWIN'S WIFE --

CAPA  
(smiles)  
Hello, Marian.

EXT. IRWIN'S HOUSE. YARD - EVENING

Irwin and Capa sit in conversation over the book. Irwin is listening intently to whatever Capa's saying -- as Marian brings them drinks. Capa -- the gentlemen -- helping her.

EXT. INGRID'S MANSION. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Ingrid, sitting by the pool in her bathing suit, at the lunch table -- as she finishes "War & Peace". Closes the book. A somber reflection ... Pia is on her lap, now squirming away running off to play with her friends in the pool.

Ingrid takes off her sunglasses and looks to the kids playing. She ponders the picaresque beauty of the redwood mansion ... and then Petter -- across the table from her, reading the newspaper as he eats with precision, cutting every morsel into a symmetrical piece ... and it grates her.

INGRID

I don't love you, Petter.

Petter pauses, absorbs her gaze, then back to his food.

PETTER

I know.

INGRID

And you don't love me.

PETTER

I have affection for you.

INGRID

You're content with that.

PETTER

The kind of love you're looking for is an illusion propagated by women.

INGRID

I am a woman.

PETTER

And being discontent is in your nature. When Selznick wanted you to leave Sweden and come out here alone, I said okay. Every night when Pia asked for her mother, I was there. For nine-months, alone.

Ingrid. A look of guilt, but insulted; now a rare defiance.

INGRID

And you've done rather well. The best seats in the house. The best room at the inn.

PETTER

I've earned it.

INGRID  
Even if we're unhappy.

He finishes eating, disinfects his hands and shrugs.

PETTER  
We're married.

He motions for Manuela to take his plate away.

INT. INGRID'S MANSION. STUDY - DAY

Ingrid sits at her desk, revising her lines in her screenplay. Manuela looks in.

MANUELA  
Will you be needing me, ma'am? I was going to finish early today.

INGRID  
No thank you, Manuela. I'll get Pia from school myself.

Manuela nods and departs. Ingrid peers out of the window ... to see Petter packing his golf clubs with some friends and driving away. She's alone again.

EXT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE - DAY

Ingrid's car arrives. She gets out and gingerly hurries into the beach-house, anxious not to be seen.

INT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE - DAY

Ingrid enters.

INGRID  
Capa?

Silence. She takes off her coat and hat. Kicks off her shoes. Instantly relaxes. More at home here than her own house.

The beach-house is deserted. The KITCHEN and the LIVING ROOM are a mess -- Capa's mess. She sighs, ties back her hair, rolls up her sleeves and starts cleaning.

Cleaning and cleaning.

From one room to another.

Switching on the radio. Some kind of CLASSICAL MUSIC playing.

Ingrid. The domestic goddess with a touch of OCD. Cleaning and bouncing around the beach-house -- putting Capa's clothes, trash and dirty dishes away.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Ingrid cleans around the UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER. Stacking his cameras, the photographic equipment, his photos spread around -- in a functional, happy zone, the music soothing her soul, taking control of her life ... a fantasy wife to Capa.

She stacks the pages and pages of writing. She tries not to read them, but she can't help herself ... she runs her fingers over the oak desk ... the shocking photographs of war and humanity in crisis ... the words of his memoirs ... and though she knows she shouldn't ...

She sits at the desk. In his chair. In his shoes.

Reads the first words:

*"There was no reason to get up in the morning anymore ..."*

Words we've heard, but she's reading for the first time, becoming engrossed. When she notices -- his passport -- lodged under the Underwood. She takes it out and opens it.

To the photo page. But the name isn't Robert Capa.

It's **"ENDRE FRIEDMAN"**

Ingrid frowns. Endre ...

She looks around, searching for more clues. Her gaze falls on the ash-tray, and a burned photo inside it -- that same photo of the blonde girl. She extracts what's left of it ... one corner still intact ... she can make out a note: *"Endre, if you're not close enough, you're not good enough."*

EXT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE - EVENING

Capa's car arrives and he gets out, to see Ingrid's car still in the driveway. He checks his watch, it's an unusual hour.

INT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE - EVENING

Capa enters ... the house is dark and quiet ...

CAPA

Ingrid?



No response. He turns on the lights, and moves through, to find her sitting in the --

STUDY. Waiting for him.

Capa. Not sure how to feel about the intrusion.

CAPA (CONT'D)  
Why were you sitting in the dark?

INGRID  
I was going crazy at home.

Capa regards the spotless study. Everything gleaming.

CAPA  
I can see that.

Even his handkerchiefs -- perfectly folded. Awkward silence. He heads to the bureau and puts his papers away --

CAPA (CONT'D)  
You - uh - cleaned.

Yes she did.

INGRID  
I can't live with Petter any more,  
and I can't risk Pia's future on an  
unknown quantity. I need to know  
what happens next.

CAPA  
I want to stay and I want to go.

INGRID  
Not everything has to be a joke.

CAPA  
Not every joke has to be funny.

INGRID  
You want love, but you don't want  
commitment.

CAPA  
Your idea of commitment.

INGRID  
So right now we're in your fantasy.

CAPA  
Perhaps.

INGRID

Let me tell you about my fantasy.  
I don't need to be saved or buried  
in lofty ideals -- I only want to  
be loved. For me. If you can't give  
me that, then you should pack up  
and leave. Because I'm falling in  
love with you, but I can't let you  
ruin everything I have. I won't let  
you break my heart.

Ingrid, firm ... though holding out for him ...

CAPA

I love you, Ingrid.

INGRID

Then tell me the truth, Endre.

Capa. Freezes. She holds up his passport.

INGRID (CONT'D)

That's your name isn't it? Your  
real name. Endre Friedman. Of  
Budapest Hungary?

Ingrid hands him the passport. Capa. Off the photo. Feeling  
her gaze boring into him -- he's suddenly very vulnerable.

INGRID (CONT'D)

If you're not close enough, you're  
not good enough.

Ingrid's lips, the Little Blonde's advice.

A flicker of damage behind his dark eyes.

Capa absorbs the pain ... the silence ... and then-

CAPA

Endre died in Spain.

INGRID

Did you love her?

CAPA

I thought I did. Then I met you.

INGRID

What happened?

CAPA

I wasn't very good at taking pictures, and she wasn't very good at selling them. So we made Robert Capa -- her photos, my act. He's all I have left.

INGRID

It's easier to live in the fantasy.

Capa lingers on it. A decision already made.

CAPA

I've decided to stay.  
 (off her surprise)  
 To finish my book.  
 (beat)  
 We can see how it goes.

Ingrid ... off the book ... off the proposition ... a compromise ... she's wary, but hopeful ...

INGRID

What changed your mind?

CAPA

You.

Said with conviction. Ingrid, firmer --

INGRID

No more war, promise me. Not here. If you're serious about us -- be smart and be patient. We have to ride out the next movie and plan.

CAPA

I'll need a job. I'm out of money.

INGRID

You could always shoot stills on Triumph.

CAPA

(it's an idea, but ...)  
 Selznick won't let it happen.

INGRID

Selznick isn't everybody.  
 (riffing now -- )  
 Call Life magazine, tell them Robert Capa's shooting Hollywood. Then go to United Artists and sell them your services.

(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)

Selznick won't be able to touch you because you'll be protected by another studio. Your stills will be worth more than this crummy movie ever will.

Capa ... seeing her unending faith in him ...

INGRID (CONT'D)

Pictures can also capture beauty, Capa.

Her shrewd gaze, drawing him in. She's sexy as hell.

INT. RKO STUDIOS. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

A teacup is set down on a saucer --

Meet FBI SPECIAL AGENT-IN-CHARGE RICHARD HOOD. 35. Soft-spoken. A metronome-like attention to detail. Something of the Gestapo about him. We saw him at Ingrid's house. Beside him is ERIC JOHNSTON. 40s. President of the Motion Picture Association. With other austere, government suits -- meeting with Selznick, Kay and other RKO executives.

SELZNICK

The FBI's getting final cut over my dead body. It's censorship.

JOHNSTON

Senator McCarthy and Mr Hoover have the Motion Pictures Association's support, David. All the studios.

HOOD

The truth is, Mr Selznick, we can't have any more movies where the banker is the villain, or the common man is made out to be some kind of hero. We're dealing with Communists, and they've created the biggest propaganda machine the world has ever seen.

SELZNICK

Listen, son. We entertain folks. You know how hard that is already with the Hays Office in my ass? They can't kiss, they can't touch, they can't fuck.

Hood flinches. Selznick dropped the f-bomb for reaction. He is interrupted by Joe, who enters and whispers in his ear --

JOE  
 United Artists hired Capa to shoot  
 stills on Triumph.

Off Selznick, surprised and concerned --

INT. UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS. SOUND-STAGE / SET - DAY

A sound-stage on the United Artists lot. The crew work.  
 Cameras on cranes. Lights. Props. We're filming "TRIUMPH".

TITLE: "February, 1947"

Capa sits opposite Pia Lindstrom off-stage. He's holding up a piece of tissue between them, the child's eyes transfixed. He puts the tissue in a paper bag, blows it up and gets her to POP it. He reaches into the burst bag and takes out the tissue ... now perfectly formed into an *origami rose*. He presents the flower to the over-awed young girl with the sweeping curtsy of a master magician. Pia laughs.

Ingrid. Dressed as the dark and sumptuous Joan Madou, in character on set, as the cinematographer holds up the light meter to her face. She hears LAUGHTER. Glances over at Capa bonding with Pia over his magic trick. Ingrid ... smiles ... he's the illusion of a father.

TIME CUT:

Petter appears next to the camera to watch a scene mid-flow.

Ingrid's in a GLAMOROUS DRESS. Sensual. The camera close ... her co-star is the actor CHARLES BOYER. Two lovers standing on a false balcony with a fake Arc de Triomphe in the b.g.

INGRID

I want to believe that I'm married  
 to you, and we still love each  
 other, even after twenty years.

BOYER

There's no use planning Joan. I  
 can't marry you. I'm a refugee  
 without a passport.

Somebody yells "CUT". The scene breaks. And we're out. Filmmakers reload the magazine. Ingrid, tears in her eyes, exhales a heavy breath -- she had to dig for that one -- acting's not easy. CLICK. She is caught off-guard by Capa. She pulls a funny face for his lens and gives a blushing tell-tale smile, a glimpse of the girl ... before she's looking for her mark on the ground, recomposing herself.

Petter. Watches Capa prowling off-stage, chronicling the making of a motion picture ... his lens firmly FIXED on Ingrid. Now a word being exchanged between his wife and this rugged stranger, a joke, she laughs, Capa moves on.

As the First AD calls "*First positions everybody. etc*", Capa meditatively switches out and adjusts his lenses for the next set-up. He feels Petter alongside him. The tall pale Swede towers over the tanned Hungarian, who remains unfazed ...

PETTER

The stills photographer doesn't rank very high on a movie set, Mr Capa. I'd appreciate it if you didn't talk to her. You're just another man with a camera.

Capa feels Petter's glare ... notices Pia approaching. He swallows his urge to knock this guy out, nods in submission.

INT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE - DAY

Capa drops a document on the desk. Ingrid frowns ... off Capa ... off the paper ...

**"Joan of Arc, feature film rights option deal - 1940 -- with SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURES"**

He watches her expression change ... into confusion ...

CAPA

It's a contract. The film rights to Joan of Arc -- owned by David. O. Selznick. He acquired them in 1940.  
(off her silence)

I got Irwin to call this writer guy -- Maxwell Anderson's -- agent. I thought maybe we could get the rights for you, so you could do something with it after RKO. But Selznick's tied them up. Insurance against you ever leaving him.

Ingrid. Processing coolly. An ice-cold head prevailing ...

INGRID

You shouldn't have interfered.

CAPA

He's manipulating you.

INGRID

If RKO finds out I'm trying to pick up rights on my own, I'll never work in this town again.

CAPA

Selznick isn't everybody.

INGRID

It's Petter we have to worry about.

Capa, hadn't thought of that.

SEQUENCE OF SHOTS:

- Capa taking pictures of Ingrid through the glass, as she rehearses on the veranda. She's completely lost in character.
- Capa develops Ingrid's pictures ... hanging up the one where she's making a funny face for him.
- Capa typing his memoirs. His typed pages stack up.

INT. UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS. SOUND-STAGE - DAY

Ingrid acts the same scene she was rehearsing. Looks off-set; no sign of Capa.

DIRECTOR

They've changed the pages. You want to go again?

INGRID

Who's they?

He points to the MEN IN GREY SUITS in conversation with Irwin over the script.

DIRECTOR

The government.

INT. UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS. SOUND-STAGE - DAY

Capa walks across the empty set, fiddling with his camera as the crew cranks up for another day. He looks up and stops.

Selznick. Seated by the film camera. A king on a throne. Jotting in a note-pad. Kay and Joe behind him in conversation. Selznick looks up to see Capa ... and then smiles sweetly. Capa ... moves along ... coiled and unnerved.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The cast and crew have a collective dinner. Capa is with the cinematographer, showing his Contax camera, passing lenses around. He sneaks a look at Ingrid ... who catches his eye from a faraway table ... both go back to their conversations.

Capa notices Petter sitting next to a STARLET. Making her laugh and surreptitiously slipping her a note. Petter realizes Capa has busted his little illicit move. They eye each other coolly ... before Capa glances away.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Petter drives Ingrid and Pia home. A veil of silence.

PIA  
Look, papa, I did it.

Petter glances into the rear-view mirror to see Pia holding up an *origami rose* she's made.

PETTER  
That's beautiful.

PIA  
Capa showed me how.

Petter eyes Pia, then Ingrid, with a thin smile.

INT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE - NIGHT

Capa peers through the beach-house blinds, in the middle of night. A CAR sits out in the street. We glimpse RKO SECURITY inside ... Capa pulls back, not to be seen. A deep frown.

He's stewing in her prison and it's an impossible feeling.

EXT. PARIS-STREET SET - DAY

Rain buckets down from a rain machine. Ingrid and Boyer are under the torrent, acting out a scene. Someone yells "CUT!"

SELZNICK  
Let's do it again.

Ingrid, drenched. But a trooper. She starts again.

JUMP CUT:

Someone yells "CUT!". And now Selznick --



SELZNICK (CONT'D)

Go again.

Ingrid, soaked by the perpetual rain machines, shivering now. She trudges back to her mark with a glance to Capa. Capa looks to Selznick who isn't even looking up from his papers.

JUMP CUT:

The scene again. Someone yells "CUT!"

SELZNICK (CONT'D)

(without looking up)

Another one.

DIRECTOR

I think I have it.

SELZNICK

Do it again.

INGRID

For god's sake, why?

SELZNICK

Because it's not perfect. You don't want it to be perfect?

Selznick and Ingrid. A shared commitment to excellence whatever the cost. She trudges back to do the scene again.

Capa. A bystander. A feeling he has come to resent now. Selznick motions for him to keep taking stills of the set. Capa does so. The scene again. Irwin. Joe. Kay. Petter. The director. The crew. All silent. As Selznick puts Ingrid through brutal paces. We see the reactions of the ordinary crew ... as --

SELZNICK (CONT'D)

Again -- !

CAPA

She's gonna get sick.

PETTER

She'll be fine.

DIRECTOR

We should take a break.

SELZNICK

You don't have the shot.

SOUND MAN

I can't use the sound, guys. Her teeth are chattering.

SELZNICK

Fix it in post.

Capa eyes Selznick, then Ingrid on set ... staring into the black. She's miserable. No glamor, just punishment. Gone into a personal head-space to survive. His fingers tighten around the camera, no longer content taking a photo. Beat. Capa.

Snaps.

Walks through the people, onto set -- picking up a coat like a matador's cape as he marches across the set to Ingrid --

-- who looks up to see him nearing -- and --

Petter -- turns to see Capa is now talking to Ingrid ... whatever sweet nothings he's whispering into her ear brings her back to reality -- putting the coat around her shoulders--

Capa -- lighting a cigarette for Ingrid -- to hear footsteps -- and an alarmed and angry Petter marching coming towards them -- bearing down.

PETTER

I told you to leave her alone.

The moment Petter pushes Capa away and lays a hand on Ingrid--

Capa GRABS HIM by the neck -- in a controlled rage -- calmly, deliberately and very violently walks him away and pushes him backwards, sprawling into a lighting rig that collapses with a CRASH! Sparks fly. A small fire breaks out, which set-hands race to extinguish.

A SHOCK reverberates across the set.

Capa. A calm cauldron of rage and natural violence. Standing with his fists clenched over Petter like a prize-fighter ... as Petter cups blood from his nose --

PETTER (CONT'D)

You're crazy--!!

Capa ... calm in the sight of the blood ...

PIA

Papa ... ?

Pia. Staring aghast at the blood running from her dad's nose.

Capa ... off Pia ... watching a violent man ... returning to reality ... to look to Ingrid ... and his heart melts ... because she looks shocked. Her child traumatized. Her perfect world fractured. Disappointed and hurt by his loss of control. Capa watches Ingrid help the prostrated Petter to his feet ... and Selznick, who is just *watching* him.

Capa. Shame. Flooding in. He goes to help Ingrid-

CAPA

I-

INGRID

You should leave.

She's not looking at him. Beat.

CAPA

I'm sorry.

She doesn't reply. He drops his head and walks out.

INT. INGRID'S MANSION. RECEPTION - NIGHT

Ingrid patches up Petter's nose. Both his eyes are black.

PETTER

I'm not a fool.

He holds her gaze with disgust.

PETTER (CONT'D)

Try to divorce me, I'll fight it.  
Try to walk, I'll destroy it. In  
the press. In public. All of it.

A quiet savagery.

INT. INGRID'S STUDY - NIGHT

Ingrid alone on the chaise-longue. In empty silence. With her scotch, quietly reading Joan of Arc again, as --

Pia ... peeking through the doorway ... been there awhile, ventures in ... to see her mom has been crying ... Ingrid holds her tight, appreciating her daughter's presence ... now an upswell of injustice -- and Ingrid -- lip curls and-

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SMASH!

Expensive porcelain dinner plates. SHATTERING on the marble tiling one at a time. Ingrid picks up another -- and -- SMASH! Breaks one more. Calmly. Deliberately.

Manuela and the maids race in to see --

Ingrid hurling another plate at the wall. SMASH! Ingrid Bergman has lost her mind. As she SMASHES the PLATES --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. GARDEN OF ALLAH HOTEL. CAPA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Capa packs his bag. Irwin sits watching the TV.

CAPA

This town's the biggest shit I ever stepped in, Irwin.

IRWIN

You've only got two gears. Attack or retreat.

CAPA

Everything I've done, I've done for her. I don't know what else to do.

IRWIN

She's put a lot of time and risk into you. She'd even marry you, which considering you're quite the asshole is a real achievement.

CAPA

When did you become a romantic?

IRWIN

Call her.

CAPA

There's nothing left to say.

Capa hands him a thick MANUSCRIPT. Beat. Irwin blanches.

IRWIN

You wrote your book ... !

CAPA

It'll need editing. And a title.

Irwin -- over-awed at Capa's weighty memoirs in his hand -- watches his friend organize photo files ...

IRWIN  
She loves you, Bob.

Capa and Irwin. An unusual reversal of roles ... Capa lingers on the JOAN OF ARC OPTION CONTRACT ... but his mind is on his own battle. The matador, the cavalier, stirred ... won't go away quietly. A dark look, and he zips up his bag.

EXT. BEL AIR. SELZNICK'S MANSION - NIGHT

David O. Selznick's Holmby Hills mansion is lit up. Music and fireworks into the night.

A sign at the gates: "ARCH OF TRIUMPH, WRAP PARTY"

Selznick walks down the steps with Joe and Kay, watching valets meeting cars. Guests arriving. And --

FBI AGENTS parked outside the grounds. They ID guests driving into Selznick's compound. Selznick's security stand on the threshold. The FBI agents can't enter.

KAY  
They're trying to intimidate us.

JOE  
What do we do?

Selznick holds AGENT HOOD's gaze across the grounds.

SELZNICK  
Send them champagne.

INT. SELZNICK'S MANSION - NIGHT

Rivers of champagne. Dancing girls. A sweaty dancefloor. A beautiful, rambunctious Hollywood crowd. Selznick pours champagne for the starlets in cocktail dresses--

SELZNICK  
If my wife could see me now, she'd divorce me! Wait, what am I saying? She's divorced me already!

The girls laugh. Selznick laps it up ... but notices Ingrid on a sofa making polite conversation with a passing guest, nursing a drink with little enthusiasm ... occasionally looking to the door as guests enter ... seemingly wishing somebody to walk in. Petter meanwhile, is letting loose on the dance-floor with some floozy. Selznick lingers ...

INT. SELZNICK'S STUDY - NIGHT

Selznick turns on the table-light, opens his cigar box and picks out a Havana. He lights it, and stops. There's a shadow sitting in the high-backed armchair.

Capa. A brooding silence.

SELZNICK

I don't remember inviting you.

The SOUND of the PARTY in the b.g. as the two adversaries eye each other. Capa drops the JOAN OF ARC CONTRACT on the desk.

CAPA

She repaid whatever debt she had to you a long time ago.

Selznick registers the contract ... then Capa ...

SELZNICK

You're a studio boss now.

CAPA

Make it her last movie, I'll leave town. You'll never see me again.

SELZNICK

And make you a martyr.

CAPA

Afraid you can't control her?

SELZNICK

She's a movie star, moron. I've never controlled her.

Selznick doesn't break Capa's stare, moving on to drop ice into a glass --

SELZNICK (CONT'D)

All I've ever done is protect her.

CAPA

Obviously.

SELZNICK

(irritated by the tone)  
You got lucky, Bob. You chased enough tail in Paris until you landed a prize piece of ass. But you didn't ask yourself, what are you gonna give the world's biggest movie star?

(MORE)

SELZNICK (CONT'D)

(no reply)

This is her studio. Her sweat. Her movies. Her walls, and she keeps them up. Why? Because the thought of being alone frightens her more than actually being alone. And Joan of Arc is a story she tells herself to make it seem like more than just an insatiable need to be loved, or good-old-fashioned naked ambition.

CAPA

Let her make the choice.

SELZNICK

(amused by Capa's turmoil)

You're as clueless about love as she is about war. You want her to save you, to give all those wars a meaning. Only she can't. You can't live in her world, and she'll die in yours.

Selznick, off the contract, dumps it in the trash.

SELZNICK (CONT'D)

Get out of my house.

Silence. Capa stares at Selznick's back ... against the balcony window, it's like an emperor over an empire.

CAPA

You were right. The 'O' does stand for nothing.

Capa pushes out. Frustration brimming into combat mode.

EXT. SELZNICK'S MANSION. GARDENS - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC. A SWING BAND. The hedonistic party is fun yet grotesque. The last days of Sodom and Gomorrah.

We're in Capa's microcosm. Pushing through the throng, swimming urgently through the bodies. He spies Steve and RKO security looking for him, keeps out of sight, keeps moving.

Ingrid, dancing stiffly with some Hollywood stiff. Making polite small-talk we can't hear. She feels a hand pushing the guy away, sweeping her around, cutting in.

CAPA

Excuse me.

Capa -- swirling her away -- a matador in full flow --

INGRID  
(gasps)  
Capa.

Her heart lifted. Capa has thrown off the shackles -- one eye on the people turning to look at them -- as up close -- that intoxicating scent of adventure. Selznick's security is closing in through the crowd.

CAPA  
You remember the Hungarian  
Variation?

INGRID  
Left left right.

Capa swirls Ingrid into the middle of the dance-floor. In front of the band. A ripple through the bodies and whispers --

Robert Capa and Ingrid Bergman. Eyes locked.

Dancing an elegant waltz in plain sight.

Petter, Joe, Kay, Irwin, everybody who saw what had happened on the set ... slowing down to watch.

Selznick steps out onto his balcony and looks down on the spectacle of the Capa Bergman duo on the dance-floor.

In their bubble, in public.

CAPA  
Is your husband the jealous type?

INGRID  
He doesn't like my leading men.

Capa lingers on her searching gaze.

CAPA  
I came to say goodbye.

She doesn't know if he's being genuine, or if he's testing her. Either way, she's already made up her mind.

INGRID  
I want to leave.

Off his surprise, as they dance and spar ... Ingrid... seeing his hesitation ... finding her own courage to be impulsive.



INGRID (CONT'D)

You and Pia are all I have. I owe it to both of you to live in the moment. You were right, there's nothing for us here.

CAPA

Where would we go?

INGRID

New York.

Capa wasn't expecting that ... keeps them moving ... all eyes on them together in a quiet moment in the dance ...

INGRID (CONT'D)

Selznick has no influence there and I won't let Petter stop me.

(then, a whisper)

Joan of Arc opens off-Broadway tomorrow night. I'd love to see it.

That yearning look in her eyes, that first drew him in. Her endless capacity to surprise him.

CAPA

Then what are we waiting for?

(beat)

We can make plans when we're in New York. We'll find a place to live, and a school for Pia.

Ingrid. Realizes what he's telling her. Her heart skips. She looks around at the world around her, then nods. Decisive.

The music ends. He dips her. Spontaneous applause. As people move in to congratulate them, Capa and Ingrid, a final stolen glance and he spirits away. Through RKO security and past the cuckolded Petter who looks on drunk and puzzled.

CAPA (CONT'D)

See you 'round doc.

EXT. BEL AIR. SELZNICK'S MANSION - NIGHT

Agent Hood and his agents man their roadblock at the main gate for the guests. Trying to make as much of a nuisance of themselves as publicly as possible. One of his agents nudges him to a car parked down the street.

They watch Capa leap over a wall out of Selznick's grounds and get into the car, and drive away. Eager to leave this place far behind.

Hood registers Capa ... watches the car disappear down the winding mountain road with curiosity ...

CUT TO BLACK.

CAPA (V.O.)

It was Christmas Eve and the sky was full of stars. We stopped the tanks for the night and I passed around my silver flask of brandy. Men who had once been killing Germans began to sing ... but then like the Star of Bethlehem, the German guns opened up a final time.

PATHE NEWS-REEL -- *the FBI making MASS SUMMONS and ARRESTS of Hollywood artists. Marching them before the HUAC committee where congressmen hurl abuse at them. It's a violent, authoritarian freak show we all know too well.*

PATHE MAN (V.O.)

*This week, Congress voted overwhelmingly to cite any individual unwilling to cooperate with the McCarthy inquiry's investigation into socialist sympathies in Tinseltown.*

The hammer has fallen.

HOWARD HUGHES. *Yes, that one. He's in his 40s. A gaunt angular face. Doing business. Meeting with J Edgar Hoover.*

PATHE MAN (V.O.)

*Meanwhile, billionaire aviation magnate Mr Howard Hughes acquired RKO Pictures with a pledge to the American government to purge the last remaining studio of all those suspected of having communist ties.*

INT. SELZNICK'S OFFICE - DAY

A newspaper HEADLINE -- "HUGHES BUYS RKO. SELZNICK OUT! HUGHES TO SHAKE UP STUDIO!"

Selznick sets the paper down on his desk, shell-shocked. His party is over.

TITLE: "April, 1947"

INT. MALIBU. BEACH-HOUSE - DAY

Irwin -- sleeves rolled up, a BABY over his shoulder -- opens a letter to see fatal words: "*Irwin Shaw ... to appear before ... the House Un-American Activities Committee ...*" Capa drops his bag by the front door and puts on his jacket.

CAPA

What's that?

IRWIN

Subpoena. House Un-American Activities Committee. I guess Hoover gets to control everything after all.

(sees Capa's concern -- )

Don't worry. If I survived a few bottles of Krug, I'll survive this.

EXT. RKO STUDIOS. BACKLOT - DAY

MASS DEMONSTRATION of WORKERS. Banners protest Howard Hughes' takeover of the studio. POLICE break it up with batons.

Kay Brown walks past this carrying a bag. She's passing a long line into the COMMISSARY, which has become an audit center for the big purge at RKO. Fired staff file out with brown boxes that contain their worldly possession.

Kay arrives at Ingrid's bungalow. Ingrid smuggles her in.

INT. INGRID'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Ingrid opens the bag Kay had given her. Clothes. Personal items. She zips it up, grateful.

KAY

That's everything you asked for.

INGRID

Pia?

KAY

She's with her nanny. I'll make sure she's okay.

INGRID

It's only for a few days. As soon as we're in New York, I'll make plans for her to join us.

Ingrid peers out to see the general chaos on the studio.

KAY

Selznick's off the lot. Hughes has already purged two thirds of staff and ordered every movie in the studio archives to be recut.

INGRID

What about Joe?

KAY

(shrugs, doesn't know)  
How're you getting to New York?

INGRID

RKO's plane. The pilot owes Capa a favor from the war.

KAY

He's resourceful.

INGRID

He can be.

KAY

Hughes bought the studio for Saint Ingrid. He won't be happy when he finds out you're gone.

Ingrid, the implications sink in; pauses, a second thought.

INGRID

Am I doing the right thing, Kay?

Beat. Kay nods; an unlikely ally validating her decision.

INT. INGRID'S MANSION - DAY

Petter returns home from the clinic, taking off his coat.

PETTER

Ingrid?

Silence. He strides through the house, room to room.

PETTER (CONT'D)

Ingrid?

No Ingrid. The kitchen door opens, and the NANNY enters with Pia. The nanny nods to him and shepherds Pia to her playroom. He notices Manuela.

PETTER (CONT'D)

Have you seen Ingrid?

MANUELA  
She left, Dr Lindstrom.

As OVER WE HEAR --

APPLAUSE!

EXT. NEW YORK CITY. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

That Manhattan skyline ... the applause getting louder ...

INT. NEW YORK. OFF-BROADWAY THEATRE - NIGHT

APPLAUSE! A stage performance of Joan of Arc has just finished, and the audience is applauding. Ingrid and Capa, anonymous among the audience, standing in ovation. The cast come out for a bow. The playwright -- MAXWELL ANDERSON -- wire-rim glasses, bow-tie. Ingrid looks to Capa and beams gleefully. He swells with pride at her happiness.

INT. MANHATTAN. BILTMORE HOTEL. SUITE - DAY

Capa and Ingrid lie on the imperial bed, nuzzling. New York City stretches behind them through the window.

CAPA  
You could play Joan on stage. You don't need a studio for that.

Ingrid nods. This is a realistic plan.

INGRID  
You could get a job at Life Magazine, here in New York.

Capa dwells on it ... then nods. That's realistic too.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
I can get press people to tell the world we're together. Lawyers to file for divorce and custody of Pia-  
(brushes his face ... )  
I could send you to work every day, where you'd take pictures of beautiful things ... then you'd come to see me on stage every night-

Capa observes her in silence. Her eyes have welled up. Tears of happiness. So much expectation ...

INGRID (CONT'D)

I love you.

Capa. Words he's wanted to hear. The weight of responsibility-

CAPA

Call the playwright. Tell him you  
want to take his play to Broadway.  
I'll call the magazine.

Capa's refocusing her, bouncing off the bed with vigor.

INT. LIFE MAGAZINE. LOBBY- DAY

Capa adjusts his tie in a mirror as he waits. Behind him people come and go -- and on the walls hang larger than life covers of LIFE MAGAZINE. He surveys the beautiful women gracing some of the covers -- Katherine Hepburn -- Rita Hayworth -- Bette Davis -- Lauren Bacall -- and there ... his picture of INGRID BERGMAN.

Capa regards the image ... seems so long ago now ...

ITALIAN MAN

(thick Italian accent)

They are complicated creatures.  
Beautiful, but complicated.

An ITALIAN MAN stands alongside him, drinking an espresso while he waits. He's paunchy, balding, mid 40s, but with a playful air and a twinkle of suave Italian romanticism.

CAPA

Yeah, women.

ITALIAN MAN

No, actresses. You never know quite  
what role they are going to play.

(now ... peering at  
Ingrid's photo ...)

She has such marvelous bone  
structure. Like Swedish oak. And  
those eyes ... *mio dio* ...

The Italian man sighs and gulps his espresso.

ITALIAN MAN (CONT'D)

I suppose the trick is to let them  
take you where they will.

CAPA

Where's that?

ITALIAN MAN

To whatever comes after love.

The guy sets down his cup as a SECRETARY steps out to get him. Capa regards him picking up his briefcase.

CAPA

Life.

ITALIAN MAN

'Scusi?

CAPA

Life comes after *love*.

ITALIAN MAN

I guess it's a pity one can't live in both at the same time.

CAPA

Why not?

ITALIAN MAN

Because you can't lie forever.

The Italian Man. So suave. So sorted. So matter-of-fact.

Capa. Kind of likes this guy ...

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Mr Rosellini?

The SECRETARY now holding the door open --

ROSELLINI (ITALIAN MAN)

*Si si .*

(pats Capa on the arm...)

By the way, it's *familia*. After love ... is *familia*.

ROBERTO ROSELLINI tips his hat with a knowing look -- one guy to another -- and disappears. Capa dwells on the empty space.

THOMPSON (O.S.)

I can't do it. No way.

INT. LIFE MAGAZINE OFFICES - DAY

Capa is in Ed Thompson's office, resolutely sunk into the chair. The Life Magazine photo editor stares with incredulity-

CAPA

Nazis went, communists came. A world war became a Cold War becomes global nuclear war-

THOMPSON

You're not that guy.

CAPA

I need you to give me something here. Something in New York.

THOMPSON

No.

Capa stares. Thompson motions for people to come in. A bunch of assistants enter with BAGS of MAIL which they proceed to empty on the floor at Capa's feet. Capa, cocks an eyebrow. Thompson makes a show of picking one up and reading it out.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Dear Mr Thompson, my name is Jorge from Chile. I've seen Robert Capa's photos in Life. I would like to know how I can become-

CAPA

Ed.

Thompson picks up another. Capa sighs.

THOMPSON

Dear Mr Capa, I was so moved by your photos of the abandoned orphans in Liepzig that I'm going to enlist in the Red Cross-

CAPA

Stop.

THOMPSON

You've got one commitment. War to war. Moment to moment. That's your fate. You'll die on a domestic desk faster than on any battle-front.

We can see the DILEMMA in Capa's eyes. Thompson isn't telling him an opinion, but an absolute truth. Thompson gets it.

THOMPSON (CONT'D)

But I guess you already knew that.



INT. BILTMORE HOTEL. SUITE - NIGHT

Capa jolts awake -- startled -- out of breath. He's naked. In bed. The delicate arms and legs of a woman are tangled in the crumpled coil of sheets. It's Ingrid. It's night. He eyes the opulence, his sleeping angel, and puts his head down. He lies there in the twilight ... now nuzzles up to her and holds her tight, reminding himself that she's still there.

Yet all he can hear is the TICKING CLOCK; tormented like Ingrid was once in her Paris hotel. Ticking into the gloom.

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A taxi drives down a main street.

INT. TAXI (MOVING) - DAY

Capa and Ingrid sit in silence.

CAPA

You spoke to the playwright?

INGRID

Yes, he was very agreeable. A rather charming man actually. I didn't think I'd be so nervous.

CAPA

All you need to do is tell him how much you love his play. How you were born to play Joan of Arc.

She nods, comforted. He's strangely silent.

INGRID

When will you hear from the magazine?

CAPA

Soon.

INT. OFF-BROADWAY THEATRE - DAY

Capa follows Ingrid past the deserted box office, through the corridors, where they pause momentarily.

INGRID

How do I look?

CAPA

Sublime.

She pulls herself tall and strides into the empty AUDITORIUM.  
A single man potters in the Joan of Arc set.

INGRID

Mr Anderson -- ?

She climbs the steps as the figure turns --

INGRID (CONT'D)

-- hello, we spoke on the phone.

-- but it's not Maxwell Anderson --

It's JOE STEELE. Dark suit. More severe than we remember him.  
Ingrid stops. Beat. Surprised.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Joe?

JOE

Hello, Ms Bergman.

Capa freezes too, as he notices RKO SECURITY appear around  
the auditorium. Blocking the exits. We're trapped.

INGRID

What's going on?

JOE

Howard Hughes sent me. Seems  
there's nobody left at RKO.

Ingrid, playing catch-up, but now ... the magnitude of what's  
happening sinks in ... into dark betrayal. Capa notices  
somebody else enter ... SPECIAL AGENT HOOD. He stands off-  
stage, just quietly observing ...

JOE (CONT'D)

That's Special Agent Richard Hood  
of the FBI's Hollywood Bureau. He's  
here to make sure I give you this.

(produces and reads an  
official letter)

You, Robert Capa, formerly Endre  
Friedman, formerly Hungarian, now  
nothing definite, are considered an  
enemy alien of the United States.

He hands it to Capa with satisfaction.

JOE (CONT'D)

You're to deliver your cameras to the FBI's New York Branch tomorrow - along with your passport -- and surrender to questioning.

CAPA

For what?

JOE

Communist sympathies.

INGRID

He's not a communist.

JOE

And Robert Capa isn't even his real name. He's a work of fiction.

Joe, who never liked Capa's errant manner. Enjoying putting him on his ass. Ingrid -- off Capa, who looks vulnerable ...

INGRID

That's none of your business, Joe.

JOE

Mr Hughes would like you to return home and resume your career at RKO. Reconcile with your husband and sign a new long-term contract. Dr Lindstrom is very upset at the prospect of having been abandoned.

Ingrid goes to retort, backed into a corner and ready to fight, but Capa puts a hand on her arm. She swallows her fury and turns away ... as Capa squares up to Joe.

CAPA

They'd have sent you here for more than just that.

Capa, reading Joe's cards. Beat. Joe produces a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE wrapped in a BOW, along with a Joan of Arc POSTCARD, and places them on the table in front of Ingrid.

JOE

We have acquired all rights to the play. The stage. The screen. Radio. But the good news is Mr Hughes would like to mount the most lavish cinematic adaptation the world has ever seen.

(as Ingrid double-takes)

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Joan. A paragon of the American Dream. The Warrior of God.

INGRID

The Warrior of God?

JOE

And he wants you to play her.

CAPA

A poster child for a phoney war.

JOE

If there's one thing Mr Hughes hates, it's a communist.

Ingrid stares intently at Joe. Feeling hatred bubbling up ...

JOE (CONT'D)

You'll never play Joan of Arc anywhere else.

INGRID

Why, Joe?

JOE

For the past two years I've worked overtime to keep your affair from going public. A woman with a loving husband and innocent child, caught in a filthy scandal with a man of unparalleled immorality. A man without a country. Who caused you to betray our nation's morals at a time when America itself is under attack from those who want to destroy our way of life.

Capa and Ingrid. Silent in the face of his moral judgment. Joe picks up the Joan of Arc postcard -- and flips it over for Ingrid -- on the back is a phone number.

JOE (CONT'D)

Selznick wanted to stop you, but he didn't have the power. Hughes does and will go out of his way to destroy you. You'll lose Pia. Your wealth. You'll never act again. And Mr Capa will never take another picture for publication. Not in America. If he manages to avoid jail that is. Perhaps you can get married. A husband and wife at last. Don't wait long to call him.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)  
 He can be very impatient.  
 (beat, softly to Ingrid)  
 Please do the right thing.

Capa and Ingrid watch Joe and the men leave the theatre.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL. SUITE - NIGHT

Ingrid is slumped in defeated silence on the floor, against the wall; turning the postcard in her hand, tormented by her dilemma. Capa sits hunched on the armchair watching her. Their opulent suite now just four walls. A long silence.

INGRID  
 It's only acting.

Beat.

CAPA  
 You want me to say it's only pictures?

His stare unsettles her. She grows firm, trapped ...

CAPA (CONT'D)  
 I didn't get the job.  
 (off her puzzled look -- )  
 Ed refused.

INGRID  
 Why didn't you tell me?  
 (he's moving, restless)  
 You can go back and ask him again.

CAPA  
 I can't.

INGRID  
 You can try another magazine.

CAPA  
 I can't. Not now.

INGRID  
 We can fight this. Together.

CAPA  
 There's only one person you need to fight for --

INGRID  
 Pia's got me.

CAPA

No she doesn't. I've got you -- the liar -- the scoundrel --

INGRID

-- stop --

CAPA

-- who when the right war comes along will leave you --

INGRID

A lie.

CAPA

Told by an impostor.

INGRID

You won't make me choose.

Capa. Seeing the flicker of hope still in her eyes. The only way out is to crush it.

CAPA

They won't use me against you.

Pressure drop. Ingrid ... seeing his torment ... her heart breaking ... in the face of reality ... and she hesitates. And that's all he needs to know he's gotten through. A moment of silence ... time for Capa to be honest ...

CAPA (CONT'D)

One day, whether we're together or not, when the next war comes, I'll go out there, and I won't come back. And I can't die thinking it was all for nothing.

INGRID

You're not going to die.

CAPA

I am.

She pauses, seeing the truth in his eyes ... lingers off his matter-of-fact gaze. He looks so certain. She watches him get to his feet and hold out his hand out to her ... an angel reaching down from heaven ...

CAPA (CONT'D)

Come on ...

She swallows her doubts, unsure where this is going ...

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL. SUITE. BALCONY - NIGHT

Capa throws open the balcony doors and leads Ingrid out. She steps to the granite railings, delicate feet on marble, looking out at MANHATTAN'S TWINKLING SKYLINE at night. So SERENE this high up, so different from Paris ... but if you blink, it could be Paris.

She feels Capa's arms closing around her in a warm embrace. The cool wind blowing her hair. A momentary magic ... she sinks into his arms ... closing her eyes. They stay like that for a moment, before his soft voice in her ear ...

CAPA

I need to know there's something worth fighting for. If we met for no other reason than the time we already had -- if this was our fate -- then that makes us the luckiest two people on earth. You might not recognize it now, but you will one day. And you'll be happy knowing you didn't let them compromise it, or destroy it -- or make you give up what you love and who you are to hold on to an illusion of it. You'll look back and say, I stood up proud, and I roared.

He is talking about their love, but he could be talking about his entire life; an irrevocable certainty in his own destiny. Ingrid, starting to see his logic ... wipes her tears.

INGRID

I don't know how.

CAPA

Yes you do.

INGRID

You want me to call Hughes.

CAPA

I want him to think he's won. And then ... you're going to fly, Ingrid.

INGRID

Not without you.

CAPA

I have to go where they want.

INGRID  
I'll come with you.

CAPA  
You can't.

INGRID  
Why not?

CAPA  
Because you're all I have. And you  
have to set an example.

INGRID  
For who?

CAPA  
For Pia.

Silence. She realizes he's clutching the bottle of champagne Hughes had gifted them ... Capa, sad eyes, but a warm grin as he rips open the foil.

INGRID  
What are you doing?

CAPA  
Celebrating the death of our love.

A self-aware corny quip --

INGRID  
You're crazy.

CAPA  
Yes.

Capa pours two glasses, and holds out one to her ...

CAPA (CONT'D)  
We're going to start by drinking  
his champagne.

Ingrid can see the matador behind his red eyes and wry grin. A pause, before she takes it from him, and raises her glass to his toast ... though her hand is heavy like lead ...

And they drink simultaneously, gulping the whole glass down.

Capa SMASHES his EMPTY GLASS on the balcony floor. Ingrid, surprised -- then a conspiratorial grin and -- SMASHES her glass too. A thrill of being free ... of two people being strong in the face of impending doom.



INGRID

I'll always love you.

CAPA

I'll never love anyone else.

An eternity in that silence; standing with New York, and the whole world at their feet ...

... before their lips come together ... and they kiss. Not a kiss of passion or desire. Something much deeper, almost spiritual ... deeply sad yet powerfully uplifting.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Capa escorts Ingrid out to the tarmac where a plane sits on the runway. Joe and the RKO men wait alongside it.

Capa and Ingrid stop. She looks to him for strength. Capa nods; she can do this. Ingrid grows firm, a frown for the RKO men across the tarmac. She marches off to the plane alone.

Capa watches her clipping away, a firm self-confidence in her manner -- like she's inherited Capa's steel -- and she's not seeing ... his tears. He coarsely wipes them away, embarrassed, even though there's nobody here to see. Grieving for the end of an adventure. For the end of love. Having given up everything to set her free ...

INT. INGRID'S MANSION - DAY

Petter on the couch with a newspaper: "INGRID BERGMAN TO PLAY JOAN OF ARC" when the front door opens and Ingrid strides in.

They regard each other. Back here again.

He gets up awkwardly, but with expectation ... beat. She just closes the door and walks away down the hall, carrying her case. Her FOOTSTEPS CLIPPING away, with a strange confidence.

INT. NEW YORK CITY, FBI OFFICES, RECEPTION - DAY

FBI AGENTS stir in RECEPTION because --

COMBAT BOOTS on the ground. A man back in the war-ready get-up of a combat photographer -- practically a soldier -- entering and crossing to the RECEPTION DESK -- towards --

A stiff FBI AGENT at RECEPTION -- surprised by CAPA'S CAMERAS CLUNKING in front of him.

Looks up to see CAPA leaning over him with nonchalance -- dropping his refugee passport as he lights a cigarette --

CAPA

Robert Capa. I think you're expecting me.

All stunned eyes on Capa -- as he knavishly blows smoke.

EXT. RKO STUDIOS - DAY

A town-car pulls up in front of the administrative building. Petter opens the door. Ingrid climbs out. She's wearing a sober suit. A businesswoman. Studio executives [whom we don't recognize] wait by the doors.

INT. RKO STUDIOS. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY

A sign on the door: JOE STEELE, ACTING PRESIDENT.

Four copies of a STUDIO EMPLOYMENT CONTRACT are laid out on the conference table in front of Ingrid.

JOE

Four copies. One for you, one for the studio, one to be filed with your attorney, one to be filed with ours. I'll sign on behalf of RKO.

Joe uncaps a pen and holds it out.

She surveys the faceless executives in the room, then Petter, and finally ... an EXECUTIVE who is in a corner of the room on a TELEPHONE. She takes the pen.

INGRID

I'd like to speak with Mr Hughes.

Beat.

All eyes to the Executive on the phone. He obviously has Howard Hughes on the other end, monitoring the signing.

Ingrid. Beat. Sets down the pen. She won't sign until they give in to her demand. Joe sighs and nods.

A phone is placed in front of Ingrid. She picks up the receiver and places it to her ear ...

INGRID (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Mr Hughes.

HUGHES (PHONE)

Ingrid.

The gravely voice of HOWARD HUGHES. 42. A reclusive, troubled tycoon. The voice of God.

INGRID

When we spoke briefly on the phone in New York, I accepted your terms without speaking frankly. May I remedy that?

HUGHES

By all means.

INGRID

(starts quiet, picks up volume and confidence)

I've always lived my life a certain way ... worried by what people might think of me, and how if they didn't, I'd never be able to live with the consequences. I always wanted them to like me, because -- heavens -- I don't know -- the fear of what could happen if I didn't please everybody. But then again, what's the use of doing what you love, if it doesn't come from love.

HUGHES

I couldn't agree more.

Ingrid. Summoning courage.

INGRID

I'll sign this contract, I'll commit whatever you want, but eventually, and you won't know when, I will embarrass you. I'll speak bluntly, and act honestly. And when I'm done, I'll leave. On my terms. I need to know you understand what I just told you.

A long pause.

HUGHES

You're an employee of this studio, Ms Bergman.

INGRID

I think I'm more than that.

HUGHES  
And that's what?

INGRID  
A woman, Mr Hughes, and I'll answer  
to no man.

Silence greets her.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
Goodbye.

She hangs up on the billionaire. A hushed silence.

She places the pen on the contracts and signs them one at a time. Everybody too stunned to speak. They watch her pick up her hat and get up. A final glance to Petter.

INGRID (CONT'D)  
I'm going for a walk.

She puts on her hat and leaves the office.

EXT. RKO STUDIOS - DAY

The men look down from the windows of the President's office, watching Ingrid stroll out of the administrative building and down through the studio lot.

Petter watches her grow distant ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VIETNAM. RURAL WARZONE - DAY

TITLE: "Vietnam, 1950"

CAPA in a trench in Vietnam (FRENCH INDOCHINA). He's ignoring the explosions and gunfire, reading through his scrapbook of newspaper cut-outs --

-- "JOAN OF ARC FLOPS!" -- the RKO picture with Ingrid Bergman is critical and financial disaster.

-- "INGRID BERGMAN: DIVORCE!" -- "... abandoned her marriage and eloped with Italian film director Roberto Rossellini ..."

We SEE PICTURES of her obstinate, with the Italian man we met in the lobby of Life magazine. Capa frowns ... then smiles at the irony ... as if this validates his belief that it was all fated. And next to them in a picture is PIA.

The text: ... *Senator Edwin Johnson denounced Ingrid Bergman on the senate floor today as a horrible example of womanhood and a powerful influence for evil, following her departure from Hollywood with Italian film director Roberto Rosellini*"

The final headline he's pasting in reads:

"INGRID BERGMAN EXILED FROM THE UNITED STATES, LEAVES FOR ITALY." And a photograph of her leaving with Rosellini.

AS OVER WE HEAR --

CAPA (V.O.)

We sent our last stories and waited around press headquarters of the US First Army ...

EXT. ITALY, A MEDITERRANEAN ISLAND. BEACH - DAY

TITLE: "Stromboli Island, Italy, 1952"

A book being read. "*Slightly Out of Focus*" by ROBERT CAPA

Ingrid sits on a rock by a film set, turning the pages of Capa's memoirs. She's a little older now, but a lot surer in her manner. No longer Ingrid Bergman. Just Ingrid.

His V.O. fades into hers --

INGRID (V.O.)

All the war journalists were there. Those who had followed war all the way from North Africa, and many new ones too. The new ones wrote fantastic stories with great enthusiasm ...

She's reading the book to PIA, who is now a teenager. Ingrid's four-year-old son ROBERTINO is playing in the sand, while twin two-year-olds -- INGRID and ISABELLA -- are with Rosellini on the film-set in an idyllic family setting.

EXT. VIETNAM, DIRTY MOUNTAIN ROADS - DAY

TITLE: " ... 1954"

Capa is on the back of a US ARMY CONVOY JEEP in Vietnam. He's reading about the HUAC TRIALS in LIFE MAGAZINE. The HEADLINE: "*MCCARTHY'S CLIMATE OF FEAR DISCREDITED*" ... "*President Truman speaks out publicly against "witch-hunts"*" ...

As we HEAR OVER -- Ingrid's voice dissolve into Capa's --

CAPA (V.O.)

... but the old-timers were quiet,  
nursing their hangovers. The same  
hangovers they had nursed since it  
all began.

The Jeep comes to a halt. They've broken down. Soldiers race to fix it. The faint POP POP of GUNFIRE and FALLING MORTAR becomes audible up ahead ... over the hills a BATTLEFIELD.

CAPA (V.O.)

I was content knowing I'd taken the  
photo of the last man to die --

Capa ... drawn out of his thoughts by the echo ... staring at the horizon on the hill ... his eyes searching, forever restless ... into that SUNRISE ...

CAPA (V.O.)

-- in a war I could only hope would  
be the last we ever fight.

He jumps down from the Jeep and ventures off on foot, leaving the convoy behind, the soldiers too busy to notice.

Capa. Camera in hand.

Walking up the hill. Following the siren's song.

He seems for the first time happily resigned to his fate ... as he disappears over the hill, and into the hopeful sunrise.

INT. PARIS, THEATER. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Close-up on BLONDE HAIR being SCISSORED.

Ingrid's hair. Being cut into the boyish bob.

TITLE: "Paris, 1954"

She's almost 40. Being helped into a costume of armor by stage-hands for a stage-performance of Joan of Arc. She's instructing everybody -- telling them what she wants. The assurance of experience, independence and middle-age.

As she moves, however, exchanging a joke with the crew, her eye catches a newspaper on the table ... among a bunch of publications ... she pauses ... her smile ... fading ... into a quizzical frown ... she picks it up.

An ad for ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S "REAR WINDOW". A REVIEW for her performance of Joan of Arc on the Paris stage. But that's not what she's seen ... she's looking at what's below it ...

A picture of Robert Capa. His happy-go-lucky twinkle, the expressive eyebrows and the cigarette clamped cockily to the side of his mouth, staring out at her.

And the legend below it:

**"War Photographer Killed by Landmine in Vietnam."**

INT. PARIS THEATER. STAGE - NIGHT

Ingrid waits behind the curtain, in the darkness.

In her solitude. In her own grief.

The actress. Composing herself. The battle-mask.

The curtain now rising and the THUNDER of APPLAUSE washing over her as she observes the audience and the lights ... then calmly and confidently steps out on stage to receive it.

Ingrid.

Joan of Arc.

The LIGHTS SPARKLING OFF HER ARMOR ... which DAZZLE US ... and wash over us as we ...

FADE TO BLACK.