

12-20-2002

Rhapsody

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Rhapsody

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts
in
The Department of Drama and Communications

by

Steven Keith Bogart

B.F.A., Tufts University, 1976
M.A., Emerson College, 1984

December 2002

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FADE IN:

INT. SYMPHONY HALL--DAY

Prokofiev's first violin concerto playing. Rectangular pristine concert hall. Sloped walls. Shallow balconies. Sixteen Greek and Roman statues rest in niches along three sides of the ceiling.

STAGE,

An orchestra of casually dressed MUSICIANS rehearsing the concerto.

TAMAS AMBRUS(57), graying along the sides and temples, confident, poised, stands at the front of the stage playing the concerto on his violin--concentrating as he looks out over the empty hall.

EXT. ZSOFIA'S GARDEN--DAY

Spring day. A large garden lush with vegetation; Nightshade, Morning Glory, Rose of Sharon, moon flowers, etc. Bees pollinate around the Rose of Sharon.

SCREEN DOOR,

The back facade of a large Victorian home. ZSOFIA AMBRUS(55), an attractive woman with gentle eyes, demurely wearing gardening clothes, stands inside the screen door looking at the garden. She pushes the door open and steps out carrying a glass of juice.

GARDEN,

She walks down a narrow brick path and sits on a small cast iron bench. She sips from the glass and watches the bees hovering around the Rose of Sharon. After a moment she notices some weeds around the base of the Rose of Sharon, and kneels down and pulls them up.

INT. SYMPHONY HALL(STAGE)--DAY

Tamas, still playing, commanding the hall with his presence. As he plays, he looks up. The Greek and Roman statues seem to be listening.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE(TV MONITOR)--DAY

Ultrasound image of a four month old FETUS.

OFFICE,

ANNA WHITE (30) light complexion, mousy blonde hair, resembling a younger Zsofia, lies on a table watching the ultrasound image. DOCTOR SARAH(40), moves the ultrasound sensor along Anna's belly.

IAN WHITE(32), laid back, dressed in a business suit, holds Anna's hand. Anna looks at Ian, determined. Ian leans over and kisses her on the head.

EXT. ZSOFIA'S GARDEN--DAY

Zsofia, still kneeling, tosses weeds onto a small pile along the path. She reaches for the juice and her hand traps a wasp resting on the side of the glass. The wasp stings her. The glass falls and shatters on the brick path. She holds her hand, wincing, almost crying from the pain. The phone RINGS from inside the house. Still grimacing, she walks towards the screen door.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE(TV MONITOR)--CONTINUOUS

Image of fetus.

ANNA (O.S.)
Mom, it's me.

OFFICE,

Anna, still on the table looking at the monitor, holds a cell phone to her ear.

ANNA
 (continuing)
 I'm looking at the baby now....Yes,
 the ultrasound. The doctor said
 it's a boy.

INT. AMBRUS KITCHEN--CONTINUOUS

Zsafia, on the phone, stands at the sink running cold water
 on her hand.

ZSOFIA
 Oh, Sweetheart, this is just
 wonderful news. Is everything okay?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE--CONTINUOUS

The Doctor takes the sensor from Anna's belly and shuts off
 the monitor.

ANNA
 (overlapping)
 Yes. Don't tell Daddy. I want to
 surprise him....Promise?

INT. AMBRUS KITCHEN--CONTINUOUS

Zsafia, still running water on her now visibly swollen hand.

ZSOFIA
 I can keep a secret, Anna....All
 right, bye, bye, Dear....I love
 you, too.

Zsafia hangs up. She turns the water off and inspects her
 hand.

INT. SYMPHONY HALL(STAGE)--DAY

Tamas, soaring through the Prokofiev, suddenly stops. The
 Conductor, MARSHALL (50), cuts off the musicians with a
 gesture, then looks at Tamas, annoyed, but remaining patient.

TAMAS
 I'm sorry, Marshall. This dynamic
 here, is sotto for the strings.

MARSHALL

I believe we were playing sotto,
Tamas.

TAMAS

Yes, however, the strings still
compete with the melody, rather
than supporting it.

Marshall thinks for a moment, looks at the string section,
then back to Tamas.

MARSHALL

(continuing)

I thought the balance was good.

Tamas shrugs. Marshall looks at the string section.

MARSHALL

However.

He shrugs.

MARSHALL

All right, my friends....sotto,
softly, without competition.

Some of the Musicians chuckle.

MARSHALL

From 115...Tamas?

Tamas nods. Marshall gives the downbeat and they play on.

INT. CAR--DAY

Ian drives. Anna sits in the passenger seat reading a blood
type diet book.

IAN

That won't help, Anna. You're going
to be a fat mama, like it or not.

ANNA

This isn't about losing weight, Mr.
Know-it-all.

IAN

Personally, I would like you as fat
as possible.

She hits him affectionately on the shoulder with the book.
She opens the book.

ANNA
Guess what the baby's blood type
will be?

IAN
What?

ANNA
I'm A negative, you're A positive,
right?

Ian nods.

ANNA
The baby will be A, AB, or B.

IAN
(laughing)
That narrows it down quite a bit.

A car swerves in front of them.

IAN
Shit....Idiot.
(to Anna)
Did you see that?

Anna remains engrossed in the book.

INT. AMBRUS LIVING ROOM--DAY

Tasteful antique decor. Zsafia lies on the sofa with a bag
of ice on her hand.

ANNA (O.S)
Mom?

ZSOFIA
In here, Anna.

Anna and Ian walk in.

ZSOFIA
What an exciting day for you two.

Anna notices the bag of half melted ice.

ANNA
What happened?

She kisses Zsafia.

ZSOFIA
Oh, a wasp stung me.

She shows her hand.

ANNA
Oh my God, Mother. Look at your
hand. We should take you to the
hospital.

ZSOFIA
It's really nothing.

IAN
Are you sure, Mom?

ZSOFIA
Yes, yes, I'm fine. Just a little
headache.

ANNA
Maybe you're allergic.

ZSOFIA
Hmm, I never was before.

ANNA
You should put more ice on it.

IAN
I'll get it.

He walks out. Zsafia stands up.

ANNA
What are you doing?

ZSOFIA
I shattered a glass in the garden.

ANNA
I'll take care of it.

ZSOFIA
Oh, Anna-

Anna walks out. Zsafia sits.

EXT. GARDEN--MOMENTS LATER

The late afternoon sun illuminates the beauty of the garden. Anna sweeps the glass into a dust pan.

KITCHEN--MOMENTS LATER

Anna, emptying the glass into the garbage.

EXT. AMBRUS DRIVEWAY--CONTINUOUS

A black Saab pulls into the driveway. Tamas climbs out and pulls his violin case from the back seat. He struts toward the front door.

INT. KITCHEN--CONTINUOUS

Anna, pouring a glass of water by the sink, sees Tamas from the window. She leaves the water and hurries out of the kitchen.

LIVING ROOM,

ANNA
(conspiringly)
He's home.

Anna sits in a chair, eagerly waiting. Ian leans against the fireplace mantle. Zsafia still sitting on the sofa.

FRONT HALL,

Tamas walks in.

TAMAS
Zsafia, I'm home.
(playful)
What's my daughter doing here?

ANNA (O.S.)
We're in the living room, Dad.

Tamas places the violin case on a chair and walks out of the hall.

TAMAS
 (overlapping)
 Technique is never enough.

LIVING ROOM,

Tamas walks in.

TAMAS
 They think they're playing sotto
 sognando.

IAN
 (teasing)
 Bad day at the office, Dad?

TAMAS
 One must envision a landscape of
 stark beauty, dark venerable pine
 forests when playing this
 Prokofiev. One must-

IAN/ANNA/ZSOFIA
 Journey with the music.

Tamas stops, looks at them smiling at him.

TAMAS
 I've said this before.

ZSOFIA
 Once or twice, Dear.

TAMAS
 I see.

He laughs and kisses Zsafia.

TAMAS
 I can't help it if I'm right all
 the time.

ANNA
 It's a boy.

Tamas looks at her.

TAMAS
 What's a boy?

ANNA
 You're going to have a grandson.

Tamas beams. He hugs and kisses everyone.

TAMAS
Well, this is news. This is some
news. A boy!

IAN
(teasing)
Get ready for little league, Dad.

Tamas stops, playing serious, looks at Ian.

IAN
We're thinking of naming him,
Slugger.

ANNA
Oh, we are not. Don't listen to
him, Daddy.

Anna rubs Tamas's back.

ANNA
We haven't decided on any names.

TAMAS
(feigning seriousness)
Anna, Slugger is good.

Everyone bursts into laughter.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT--NIGHT

The Ambrus family at the end of the meal, sipping tea, opening fortune cookies. MIKHAIL AMBRUS(84), moderately senile, mostly bald, with short gray stubble on the side of his head and face, has a playful warmth about him. He crushes a fortune cookie and pulls out the fortune.

Mikhail puts his glasses on and reads from the fortune.

MIKHAIL
"You will find peace"...in bed.

ANNA
It doesn't say that.

Everyone laughs. Tamas reads from his fortune.

TAMAS
"What grows in size the more you
take away from it."

ANNA

A hole.

TAMAS

Anna's too quick.

MIKHAIL

(overlapping)

That's an old Gypsy riddle.

IAN

What's it doing in a Chinese
cookie?

TAMAS

(to Zsafia)

How's your hand?

ZSOFIA

Much better. The swelling's down.

Tamas leans in and kisses Zsafia on the cheek.

TAMAS

(whispering)

Thank you.

ZSOFIA

(whispering)

You're welcome. Why are you
thanking me?

TAMAS

(whispering)

Because you're a beautiful wife, an
incredible mother, and for our
grandchild.

IAN

Oh!

Attention turns to Ian as he pulls tickets from the inside
pocket of his jacket.

IAN

Red Sox tickets. I thought we could
all go next Sunday.

General approval, except Tamas.

TAMAS

I'm busy. I don't think I have the
time.

A shy ten-year old Chinese BOY steps out from the kitchen carrying a violin. He walks up to Tamas and stands next to him.

ZSOFIA

Oh, yes you do. What are you doing next Sunday?

Tamas thinks for a moment then throws up his arms.

TAMAS

I guess I'm going.

The boy tugs on Tamas's shirt sleeve. Tamas looks at the boy who whispers in Tamas's ear. Tamas looks behind him to see the COOK, the MANAGER, and the WAITER watching by the kitchen door. Tamas turns to the boy. The boy lifts the violin to his neck, struggling to set it properly. Tamas helps him, and corrects his posture.

ANNA

The poor thing, the violin is too big for him.

TAMAS

He'll be fine. I was younger when I started playing.

ANNA

He already has a bruise on his neck.

TAMAS

Anna, the boy wants to play for us.
(to the boy)
Go ahead.

The boy brings the bow to the strings. Tamas fixes his fingers. The boy closes his eyes and scratches out one note at a time. Zsafia, Anna, and Ian listen with neutral faces. Mikhail's face twists with each note. Tamas closes his eyes and concentrates. The boy's rhythm picks up a little. Tamas nods, knowingly.

TAMAS

Ah, Mendelssohn.

The Cook, Manager, and Waiter listen, hopefully. The boy loses his concentration and stops. He puts his head down and turns toward his family watching by the kitchen door. Tamas pats the boy on the head.

TAMAS

Very good.

Tamas leads an applause. The boy's family at the kitchen door enthusiastically applaud.

TAMAS

May I show you something?

The boy nods.

Tamas takes the violin and plays the first few phrases of Mendelssohn's violin concerto in E minor. The boy listens with his mouth open, astonished. Tamas stops and hands the violin to the boy.

TAMAS

Now you try. From your heart.

The boy tries again, playing the first phrase a little better, mimicking Tamas's expression.

TAMAS

Excellent.

The boy stops and hands the violin to Tamas.

BOY

Please play it again, Mr. Tamas.

Tamas laughs.

TAMAS

All right.

Tamas plays the Mendelssohn. As he plays he leans next to Anna playing close to her belly.

INT. YARN SHOP--DAY

Zsafia follows behind a middle aged SALESWOMAN.

SALESWOMAN

How old is the baby?

ZSOFIA

Oh, he isn't born yet.

The Woman looks at Zsafia.

ZSOFIA

My daughter's pregnant with her first.

SALESWOMAN

That's just wonderful, isn't it?

The Woman stops at a shelf and pulls some patterns off.

SALESWOMAN

Let's see, patterns for newborns. Here we are.

She hands them to Zsofia.

INT. SUPERMARKET--DAY

Anna pushes a cart down an aisle. She checks a list and pushes on to the fish counter. She looks at the fish on ice. The FISH SELLER approaches the counter.

ANNA

Two pounds of bluefish, please.

INT. SMALL RECITAL HALL--DAY

Tamas and three other MUSICIANS of a string quartet, tuning up, readying to play.

TAMAS

I've made some changes from last time, hopefully an improvement.

They ready themselves. Tamas counts off the tempo. Suddenly Gypsy music blares in through some open windows.

TAMAS

Just a moment.

He walks to a window. Outside, a caravan of carnival trucks slowly roll down the street. One truck blasts the music from two megaphone speakers. Tamas, about to shut the window, is caught by the Gypsy melody. He leans out listening and watching.

TAMAS' POV

The trucks slowly glide down the street. On the side of the truck with the speakers is a silver-blue painting of a contorted female figure. A cellphone rings.

INSIDE THE HALL,

The musicians simultaneously pull out cellphones and check. As the ring continues they put their phones away.

CARL
(calling)
Tamas, your phone.

Tamas comes in from the window and bangs his head on the frame.

TAMAS
Ow.

The Musicians chuckle as Tamas rubs his head and walks over and pulls the phone out of his bag. He answers it.

TAMAS
Yes, what is it? Anna, I'm busy.
Make it quick.

INTERCUT BETWEEN TAMAS AND ANNA ON CELL PHONES

INT. SUPERMARKET--CONTINUOUS

Anna still at the fish counter.

ANNA
I'm sorry, Daddy. What is your
blood type?

INT. SMALL RECITAL HALL--CONTINUOUS

Tamas turns away from the Musicians.

TAMAS
(quickly)
My blood type? Uhm, B...of course
I'm certain. I have to go.

He turns off the phone.

TAMAS
Sorry.

Tamas sits and picks up his instrument. The others pick up their instruments.

INT. SUPERMARKET--CONTINUOUS

Anna, confused, stares off still holding the phone. The Seller hands her the wrapped fish.

SELLER

Miss.

Anna still staring.

SELLER

Hello, Miss.

Anna looks at him. She takes the fish, drops it in the cart and pushes it through the store. She bangs into a display of soup cans which crashes to the floor. A supermarket EMPLOYEE hurries over and picks up the cans. Anna walks away leaving the cart in the aisle.

INT/EXT ZSOFIA'S CAR--SAME

Lots of trees, lawns and beautiful homes. The wind gusts and blows the tree branches. As Zsafia pulls into the driveway she notices Anna's car parked on the street.

INT. AMBRUS FRONT HALL--CONTINUOUS

Zsafia walks in carrying a couple of bags brimming with yarn.

ZSOFIA

Anna?

ANNA (O.S.)

I'm in the garden, Mother.

Zsafia drops her purse and carries the bags with her.

INT. GARDEN--CONTINUOUS

Anna sits at a small table. Zsafia walks out. She plops the bags on the table and takes out the patterns and yarn.

ZSOFIA

I found these adorable patterns for the baby. And isn't this yarn beautiful? Now if you don't like the colors we can always return them.

Anna smiles. Zsafia shows her the patterns.

ZSOFIA

One to two months, three to six months, and six to nine months. I learned my lesson when I had you.

Zsafia, having taken everything out of the bags, starts to put the yarn back. Anna watches. The vegetation and flowers sway as a gust of wind picks up.

ANNA

Am I adopted?

Zsafia looks at Anna.

ZSOFIA

Adopted? My word, Anna. Where'd that come from? Don't you think we'd have told you something like that?

ANNA

I don't know.

The wind gusts again and the patterns fly all over the garden. Zsafia tries collect them.

ZSOFIA

Oh, Dear.

Anna sits preoccupied, a puzzled look on her face.

ZSOFIA

Oh Honey, can you help me?

Anna retrieves a pattern and walks over to Zsafia at the far end of the Garden.

ANNA

Something doesn't make sense.

Zsafia, has collected three of the patterns.

ANNA

Daddy's blood type is B, and yours is O, right?

ZSOFIA

Yes, I believe that's right.

ANNA

Are you sure?

ZSOFIA

Yes.

ANNA

But if Daddy is B and you're O. I can only be O or B. But I'm A.

Zsafia remains silent for a moment.

ZSOFIA

How did you come up with this?

ANNA

My blood type diet book has calculation tables.

ZSOFIA

Anna, you can't trust some diet book.

The final pattern swirls and dances in the wind. The pattern catches on a bush. Zsafia walks over, grabs it and walks to the table at the front of the garden. Anna follows.

ZSOFIA

I don't know what all this blood type stuff means.

ANNA

Either Daddy is not my real father or you're not my real mother, or you're lying and I am adopted.

ZSOFIA

Anna, now stop it, this is ridiculous. I'm your real mother and Tamas is your real father.

A sudden recognition and look of concern crosses Zsafia's face.

ANNA

What?

ZSOFIA

Nothing.

Zsafia folds the patterns.

ANNA

Mom, what just happened?

Zsafia remains silent.

ANNA

Mom?

ZSOFIA

I've had enough of this absurd conversation.

ANNA

But--

ZSOFIA

Anna!

Anna looks at Zsafia, confused. Zsafia avoids looking at Anna.

ANNA

You're not telling me something.

ZSOFIA

There's nothing to tell.

Zsafia folds the patterns. Anna watches for a moment.

ANNA

I have to get home.

She stands and walks into the house. Zsafia remains in the garden staring off. The wind gusts grabbing one of patterns. She lets it fly off.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

Ian sits with Anna on the bed, compassionately rubbing her back. Anna embraces a pillow, her eyes bloodshot from crying. She's calming down. Ian kisses her on the shoulder, the cheek, then the top of her head.

ANNA

I can't tell him. It would kill him.

She bursts into tears. Ian holds her.

EXT. FENWAY STADIUM(YAWKEY WAY)--DAY

Tamas and Zsafia stand at the entrance gate scanning the crowds of FANS walking into the ball park.

BARKER (O.S.)

Programs here. Get your Programs.

TAMAS
Where the hell are they?

The STAR SPANGLED BANNER begins from inside the stadium.

ZSOFIA
They're probably stuck in traffic.

TAMAS
We were stuck in traffic.

Zsafia sees Ian coming toward them.

BARKER (O.S.)
Programs. Programs here.

ZSOFIA
Oh, there's Ian.

Ian waves a Red Sox cap. Anna and Mikhail follow behind, both sporting Red Sox caps.

TAMAS
They all look ridiculous in those hats.

They arrive.

IAN
Sorry, we were buying these.

He hands Tamas a Red Sox cap.

TAMAS
I'm not wearing this.

Anna takes the hat and puts it on Tamas's head.

ANNA
Yes, you are.

She hugs him. Ian puts the hat on Zsafia's head.

IAN
You too, Mom.

Zsafia tries to make eye contact, but Anna avoids her.

IAN
Let's go.

He leads the way into the stadium.

INT. STADIUM, MEZZANINE--DAY

Along right field near Pesky Pole. The stadium is full, the first inning in progress. Ian leads the way to the seats. Anna is stuck sitting between Zsafia and Tamas. Tamas looks at the field, then up at the crowded stadium.

IAN
This is great, isn't it?

Zsafia smiles. Tamas grunts.

MIKHAIL
(to Tamas)
Who's up?

TAMAS
How would I know?

Zsafia leans into Anna.

ZSOFIA
(whispering)
Anna, please don't tell your father
what we talked about the other day.

Anna remains silent, staring at the field in disgust.

TAMAS
I think I'll get a beer.

MIKHAIL
I'll have a beer and a hot dog with
mustard and relish.

ANNA
Is a hot dog good for you, Grandpa?

MIKHAIL
No.

Tamas stands.

TAMAS
Where do I go?

ZSOFIA
You sit, Tamas. Anna and I will go.

ANNA
(quickly)
Ian and I will go.

She takes Ian's hand.

ANNA
Come on.

Ian stands.

IAN
Do you want anything, Mom?

ZSOFIA
No thank you.

Zsafia watches them leave. Tamas and Mikhail stare at the field.

MIKHAIL
Do you know who's up, yet?

TAMAS
A batter, Dad. A batter.

BEER CONCESSION,

Anna and Ian at the counter. A scruffy SELLER looks at Ian.

IAN
Four beers, one hot dog with
mustard and relish.

SELLER
Only beer, Buddy.

IAN
Four beers then.

ANNA
(quickly)
Three. I don't want one.

SELLER
The lady knows best. Three beers
eighteen bucks.

Ian pays and hands one beer to Anna. He takes the other two and they walk away from the counter. Anna turns and hands Ian her beer.

ANNA
I can't do this. I'm going home.

She walks away. He fumbles trying to hold three.

IAN
Anna! Shit.

He looks around and hands the beers to a Man with a big gut standing near by.

IAN
Here. Enjoy.

The Man takes the beers. Ian runs after Anna.

MEZZANINE--LATER

Zsafia and Mikhail still watching the game. Tamas looking around. Suddenly a Red Sox player hits a home run. The crowd jumps to its feet erupting into cheers. Tamas and Zsafia remain seated.

TAMAS
(over the cheers)
Thirty minutes.

ZSOFIA
What?

TAMAS
They've been gone thirty minutes.

Zsafia remains silent. The crowd settles in.

TAMAS
(standing)
I'm going to look for them.

BEER CONCESSION AREA,

Tamas searches up and down the walkway. The Man with the gut leans against a wall, drunk. Tamas takes out a cell phone and presses speed dial. No answer. He struts toward the Mezzanine entrance.

MEZZANINE--MOMENTS LATER

Zsafia and Mikhail still watching. Tamas makes his way to them.

TAMAS
Presto, they're gone, disappeared.
What the hell is going on?

ZSOFIA
Maybe Anna felt sick and--

TAMAS
She wouldn't just leave. They would
have told us.

In the background, a Beer Seller moves down the steps from
above.

BEER SELLER
(overlapping)
Beer here.

TAMAS
Come on.

Mikhail gestures to the Seller who hands Mikhail a beer.

TAMAS
We're going to Anna's.

Mikhail gestures to the seller that Tamas will pay.

ZSOFIA
I'm sure they're still here. We
should wait.

BEER SELLER
Hey, Sir!

TAMAS
Zsofia, it's been almost an hour.

BEER SELLER
Sir!

Tamas turns.

BEER SELLER
That's six bucks for the brewskie.

Tamas looks at Mikhail drinking the beer, and pays the
Seller.

TAMAS
Dad, come on we're leaving now.

MAN
Sit down, Fella. I can't see the
field.

Tamas looks at the man, then to Zsofia.

TAMAS
This is incredible. We're going to
Anna's right now.

ZSOFIA
Maybe I know why Anna left.

TAMAS
What's that?

ZSOFIA
Anna has some silly thing in her
head about blood types.

Tamas looks at her, then sits. Zsafia hesitates. In the
Background, a hot dog SELLER moves past them.

HOT DOG SELLER
Hot dogs here.

ZSOFIA
I don't think we should discuss
this here.

TAMAS
(sarcastic)
Where would you suggest, center
field?

ZSOFIA
Maybe we should go home.

Mikhail nudges Tamas. Tamas turns to Mikhail who holds a hot
dog. He points to the Seller.

MIKHAIL
I didn't bring my wallet.

Tamas looks at the Seller.

SELLER
Five bucks.

He pays the seller and turns back to Zsafia.

TAMAS
Zsafia, please, just tell me.

ZSOFIA
Anna thinks she might not be your
daughter.

TAMAS
 (shouting)
 Anna thinks what?

ZSOFIA
 Shhhh.

TAMAS
 Where in God's name did she get
 that idea?

ZSOFIA
 A book.

He looks at her, confused.

TAMAS
 We're going to Anna's.

ZSOFIA
 I don't want to go.

TAMAS
 Stay then. You and my father, stay
 and watch this stupid game.

He walks away. She follows after him.

INT. STADIUM WALKWAY--DAY

Tamas, like a determined ox, struts down the ramp onto the
 walkway. Zsofia catches up to him.

TAMAS
 (mumbling)
 Not her father. Where does she get
 these ideas?

Tamas plows on. Zsofia has to run to keep up with his long
 strides.

ZSOFIA
 Tamas.

TAMAS
 What is it, Zsofia?

ZSOFIA
 (blurting it out)
 She might be right.

Zsofia puts her hand to her mouth as Tamas stops dead in his tracks and turns to her. Red Sox fans walk in both directions as Tamas and Zsofia stand in the middle of the walkway. He pulls her to the wall. Inside the stadium, an organ plays, Take me out to the Ball Game. Fans sing along.

TAMAS
(overlapping)
You better tell me now.

Zsofia hesitates.

TAMAS
Please.

ZSOFIA
A long time ago I-I had an affair.

Tamas stares at her.

ZSOFIA
You were on tour with the symphony.

Tamas looks at her in shock.

ZSOFIA
I'm sorry. Oh God, it was a
mistake. I was-

TAMAS
You've got to be kidding me. You've
got to be fucking kidding me.

He paces. She watches, helpless.

ZSOFIA
Please let me explain, Tamas.

TAMAS
Are you telling me that some guy
you slept with ages ago could be my
daughter's father?

ZSOFIA
I don't think it's true.

TAMAS
How do you know? You were screwing
this schmuck while married to me.
Jesus Christ, Zsofia, what did you
do?

She touches his arm.

TAMAS
Who was he?

ZSOFIA
It was one time. It was only one
time.

TAMAS
Apparently one time was enough.

Tamas walks away as Zsofia watches.

EXT. MEZZANINE--DAY

Mikhail still watching the game, turns to a man sitting
behind him.

MIKHAIL
Who's up?

MAN ONE
Nomar.

MIKHAIL
Oh. Nomar rules.

INT. AMBRUS BEDROOM--NIGHT

Tamas, wearing his tuxedo, stands in front of a mirror fixing
his shirt. He gives up and sits on the edge of the bed half
dressed.

Zsofia, dressed in a beautiful black gown walks in and sees
Tamas staring off.

ZSOFIA
You have to hurry, Tamas.

He doesn't move. She buttons his shirt and fixes his tie.

TAMAS
I don't think I'll go to the
reception after.

ZSOFIA
You'll feel differently after your
brilliant performance.

TAMAS
I suppose.

INT. SYMPHONY HALL--NIGHT

Zsafia and Mikhail sit in the audience. Zsafia reads her program. An empty seat is next to Mikhail.

The audience applauds as Marhsall and Tamas, in a black tuxedo, walk on stage, bow and move to their places.

Marshall checks with Tamas who nods, then raises his baton and the concerto begins. The string section starts with a low tremolo, then Tamas plays the opening austere melody. He looks out over the audience.

TAMAS' POV

He catches Zsafia's face(out of habit, she's been sitting in the same section for years). He looks away and finds Anna's empty seat.

Back to Tamas playing on stage. Suddenly he loses his place and has to stop. Tamas looks at the stunned audience. Zsafia and Mikhail hold their breath.

TAMAS

My apologies.

He turns to the orchestra.

TAMAS

I'm sorry.

He turns to Marshall.

TAMAS

From the beginning, please.

MARSHALL

Of course.

Marshall taps his baton. The orchestra prepares to play. Marshall looks at Tamas who nods. The concerto begins again as before.

Tamas plays the melody. He looks up at the Greek and Romans statues which seem to mock him. His eyes fall on the empty seat. He wells up. Tears release onto his cheeks. His eyes fall on Zsafia.

He stops playing. He brings the violin and bow to his sides. He stares out, taking in the dumbfounded audience.

TAMAS

I-I-

He looks at Zsofia, then toward the wings of the stage. He looks back at Marshall apologetically. He walks slowly off stage. Marshall tries to be inconspicuous.

MARSHALL

Tamas? Where are you going?

Tamas disappears into the wings.

Zsofia looks on devastated. Mikhail stares at the stage.

INT. SYMPHONY HALL SIDE ENTRANCE--NIGHT

Tamas, still in tuxedo, walks past an old SECURITY GUARD to the outside door.

GUARD

Finished already, Mr. Ambrus?

TAMAS

Yeah, finished.

Tamas pushes open the door.

EXT. SIDE DOOR--CONTINUOUS

Tamas walks onto the street, turning North onto Massachusetts Avenue.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE--CONTINUOUS

He walks past store fronts and some preppie looking TEENAGERS hanging out around a liquor store. One of them approaches Tamas.

TEENAGER

Excuse me, Sir. Would you be willing to buy for us?

Tamas ignores the kid and continues up the street.

TEENAGER

(sarcastic)

Have a nice evening, Sir.

Tamas passes a very pregnant WOMAN holding hands and laughing with her HUSBAND.

Coming to a corner, Tamas steps into the street without paying attention to the red traffic light.

A car SCREECHES to a stop a few feet from Tamas. Tamas stops, almost unaffected, looks at the glaring DRIVER, then at the street, and seeing cars moving past in both directions, backs up to the corner. The car drives on. Tamas walks off in another direction.

EXT. CHARLES RIVER BANK, MASS AVE BRIDGE, BOSTON SIDE--NIGHT

Tamas walks down to the river bank. He pulls off his tie and throws it away. He sits on the grass next to the underbelly of the bridge. Some ducks swim along the edge. Tamas looks across at the city lights, staring, not really focusing.

GRUFF MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Man.

Tamas looks toward the voice coming from under the bridge.

VOICE

You got any change?

A dirty hand, palm out, slips from the shadow and catches the light of a street lamp from the bridge above. A HOMELESS MAN's weathered and bearded face is slightly illuminated.

Tamas digs into his pocket, pulls out a handful of change and drops it in the hand. The hand and face recede into shadow. After a moment.

HOMELESS MAN

You gotta cigarette?

TAMAS

No.

HOMELESS MAN

You don't gotta cigarette?

TAMAS

I don't smoke.

Momentary silence.

HOMELESS MAN

What's your problem, did you walk out on your life or something?

Tamas remains silent.

HOMELESS MAN
I did that once. Walked out on my
life.

TAMAS
What happened?

HOMELESS MAN
Voila!

A moment.

HOMELESS MAN
That's French.

TAMAS
Thanks.

HOMELESS MAN
Can I have your jacket?

TAMAS
No.

HOMELESS MAN
I'll pay you a quarter for it.

TAMAS
I need my jacket.

Tamas can hear the Man counting change.

HOMELESS MAN
A dollar.

TAMAS
You want to buy my jacket with the
money I gave you.

HOMELESS MAN
I'm no beggar.

Tamas takes off his jacket and holds it out. The hand takes it. Tamas turns his gaze to the river. The hand reaches out with a dollar in change.

TAMAS
Keep it.

The hand recedes.

HOMELESS MAN
You're sure you don't have a
cigarette?

TAMAS
Yeah.

EXT. AMBRUS FRONT DOOR--NIGHT

As Zsafia approaches the house, she hears the phone RINGING.
She hurries to the door, opens it and rushes inside.

INT. AMBRUS FOYER--CONTINUOUS

Zsafia picks up the receiver.

ZSOFIA
Tamas?

A female voice on the other end.

VOICE
Hello, my name is Joyce Temins from
the Boston Globe. May I speak to
Mr. Ambrus, please?

Zsafia hesitates.

ZSOFIA
He's not taking any calls.

TEMINS
Are you Mrs. Ambrus?

ZSOFIA
Yes.

TEMINS
Can you tell me what happened
tonight? Why did your husband walk
off the stage in the middle of the
performance?

ZSOFIA
I can't speak for my husband.

TEMINS
Mrs. Ambrus, please, this is no
small thing.

ZSOFIA

No comment. No more calls.

Zsafia hangs up. The phone immediately rings again. She hesitates, but picks up anyway.

ZSOFIA

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE

Zsafia, it's Carl. Is he all right?

ZSOFIA

Carl. Yes. He's all right, but we can't talk right now.

She hangs up, and before she can catch her breath the phone rings. She stares at it for several rings, then picks up and listens.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Zsafia, I just heard. Oh my God, what's going on?

Zsafia hangs up. The phone rings. She picks up, hangs up, immediately picks up and leaves it off the hook.

EXT. CITY STREET--DAWN

Tamas drags himself down the empty street, eventually turning into an apartment building.

INT. MIKHAIL'S BATHROOM--MORNING

Mikhail stands over a toilet trying to take a piss. He waits but nothing happens. Finally he pisses as the door BUZZES. Mikhail continues to piss. The Buzzer again.

MIKHAIL

Let me finish.

INT. MIKHAIL'S APARTMENT--CONTINUOUS

A one bedroom apartment. Simple furnishings, uncluttered but lived in. A Red Sox cap hangs on a hook behind the door. The toilet FLUSHES.

EXT. MIKHAIL'S APARTMENT DOOR--CONTINUOUS

Tamas, drawn and ragged, leans against the door frame. The door opens.

MIKHAIL
Where did you go?

Tamas steps inside.

MIKHAIL
Everyone was waiting.

TAMAS
I'm staying with you.

Tamas drags himself down the hall. Mikhail watches for a moment, then shuts the door. Tamas walks past the bathroom, the bedroom, and toward the living room.

LIVING ROOM,

Tamas plops onto the sofa. He leans back and closes his eyes. Mikhail walks in.

MIKHAIL
I wanted to hear to Prokofiev.

Tamas remains silent.

MIKHAIL
How long are you staying?

TAMAS
I don't know.

MIKHAIL
You should go home to your wife.

Tamas falls asleep in an upright position. His mouth opens-- a light snore. Mikhail walks out of the room.

INT. ZSOFIA'S KITCHEN--MORNING

Zsafia, tired eyes, messy hair, sits at a table eating a piece of toast and sipping tea. The door bell RINGS. Her heart races as she walks out of the kitchen.

FRONT HALL,

Zsafia walks to the door, and about to open in it, decides to peek out the window.

ZSOFIA'S POV

Marshall stands at the door holding a violin case. He rings the bell.

Zsafia hesitates, collects herself, then slowly opens the door.

MARSHALL
I'm sorry to bother you, Zsafia.

He hands her the violin case.

MARSHALL
I believe this belongs to Tamas.

They stand in silence, Marshall expecting to be let in.

MARSHALL
I must talk to Tamas.

ZSOFIA
He doesn't want to see anyone.

MARSHALL
He's here then?

Zsafia nods.

MARSHALL
I insist on speaking to him.

ZSOFIA
I really can't let you in,
Marshall.

MARSHALL
You don't understand my
predicament. We have many
performances scheduled. What is the
entire symphony supposed to do?

ZSOFIA
I don't know.

Marshall takes a deep breath.

MARSHALL
What happened to him?

ZSOFIA
(annoyed)
Marshall, you have to go now.

MARSHALL
Zsofia!

ZSOFIA
I'll tell him you were here.

MARSHALL
That's not good enough.

ZSOFIA
I'm sorry.

Zsofia shuts the door.

EXT. AMBRUS FRONT DOOR--CONTINUOUS

Marshall walks away, furious.

INT. AMBRUS STUDY--CONTINUOUS

Zsofia sits in Tamas's chair holding the violin case.

INT. MIKHAIL'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Tamas sound asleep on the sofa.

BEGIN DREAM

EXT. FIELD--DAY

Tamas stands in field.

Scattered throughout the field, like guards at their post, a la Rene Magritte, are the sixteen Greek and Roman statues from the ceiling of Symphony Hall. The sound of an audience applauding.

A large stage sits in the field. Marshall and the entire symphony orchestra wait, ready to play.

A MAN walks onto the stage carrying a violin. Tamas moves closer trying to make out the man's face, but it remains in shadow. The man is about to play the violin when Tamas jumps onto the stage and grabs it from him. The man laughs.

Marshall conducts the Prokofiev first violin sonata.

Tamas is forced to play as Zsofia walks onto the stage and passionately kisses the man. Tamas plays desperately. The Greek and Roman Statues burst into flames. Suddenly Tamas is on fire. He watches himself burn.

END DREAM

EXT. MIKHAIL'S APARTMENT DOOR--LATE AFTERNOON

Anna opens the door with a key and walks inside.

INT. MIKHAIL'S APARTMENT--CONTINUOUS

She walks down the hall passing Mikhail's bedroom. She stops and looks at her grandfather sleeping in his street clothes on top of the covers. An alarm clock rests next to his ear. Anna continues down the hall.

LIVING ROOM,

Anna walks in and sees Tamas sleeping in his tux(minus jacket). Relieved, she goes to him and kneels by his side. His hand hangs off the edge of the sofa. She gently strokes it. Then she lays her head on the side of the sofa against his belly.

Tamas opens his eyes. He sees Anna.

TAMAS

Hi, Sweetie.

Anna turns around and hugs him.

ANNA

I was so worried about you. Are you okay?

TAMAS

Yes.

ANNA

I'm sorry, Daddy. This is all my fault.

Tamas sits up.

TAMAS
Nonsense. This is your mother's
doing. It's your mother's fault.

Anna remains silent.

BEDROOM,

The ALARM sounds. Mikhail sits up, turns off the alarm,
climbs out of bed and grabs the accordion on the floor by the
wall.

LIVING ROOM,

Tamas and Anna sitting on the sofa. She strokes his forearm.

ANNA
Are you hungry? I can make you
something.

TAMAS
No.

ANNA
Do you need anything?

TAMAS
Just some rest.

She hugs him.

ANNA
I love you.

FRONT DOOR,

Mikhail hurries out the door.

INT. FILM SOCIETY SCREENING ROOM--EVENING

An accordion plays.

ON THE SCREEN,

The final images of Vilma Banky and Rudolph Valentino in, The
Son of the Sheik:

IN THE NIGHT DESERT,

The son of the Sheik(Valentino) strangles the villain on the desert sands. The villain dies. Valentino takes his true love(Vilma Banky)and lifts her onto his horse. He climbs on. A passionate kiss. They ride off into the night.

SCREENING ROOM,

Mikhail finishes playing. The audience applauds. The room lights pop on. Tamas stands and waits in the back as some SENIORS pat Mikhail on the back.

EXT. STREET--NIGHT

Tamas walks down the street carrying a bag of groceries. At the end of the street he comes upon a street performer, a BRIDE(Theresa), standing frozen on a plinth, wearing white face, a black wig, and a long, antique wedding gown. She holds a small vase with fresh daisies.

A Gypsy girl, LILY, adorned with piercings and tattoos sits near the Bride. As Tamas walks by he looks at the Bride for a moment.

LILY

If you give me a dollar she'll give you a flower.

TAMAS

Oh.

LILY

For a moment the chaos of the world will stop and you can see your own heart.

TAMAS

That's worth a dollar, isn't it?

LILY

Definitely.

Tamas gives Lily a dollar. She folds it into a large wad of one dollar bills. The Bride comes to life with a slow grace, delicately lifts a flower out of the vase and hands it to Tamas, then freezes again. Tamas looks at the flower, the Bride and Lily.

TAMAS

Thank you.

Tamas turns to walk away.

LILY
You have to eat it.

TAMAS
What's that?

LILY
You have to eat the flower or it
won't work.

TAMAS
Eat it?

The Lily nods. Tamas looks at the Bride. The Bride slowly
nods and freezes. Tamas eats the flower.

TAMAS
When do I see my heart?

Lily shrugs.

LILY
Maybe today, maybe some other time.

Tamas walks away.

LILY
(calling)
That's cool. Definitely cool.

EXT. JAZZ CLUB-NIGHT

Tamas, still holding the bag of groceries, peers into the
window of the club. Muffled Jazz resonates from inside.

TAMAS' POV

A jazz quartet plays Coltraine's, My Favorite Things in the
half empty club.

INT. JAZZ CLUB--MOMENTS LATER

Tamas sitting at a corner table, sipping a beer, listening to
the quartet. The groceries rest on a chair next to him.

On the small stage, the SAX PLAYER gestures to a group of
GYPSY MUSICIANS sitting near the edge of the stage.

The Gypsies encourage a violinist in the group to go on stage(ad lib; "Get us going, Peter." etc.)

PETER, a hearty, fun-loving man in his thirties, adorned with several earrings, steps onto the stage with his violin. He places the cigarette dangling from his mouth between the strings at the head of the violin.

Peter says something to the Sax Player who then tells the quartet. They play a sexy ballad(something like Ellington's, Chelsea Bridge). Peter improvises and takes his turn soloing. He adds a subtle Hungarian Gypsy flavor to the ballad. His friends listen, all smiles and nods.

Tamas watches, drawn into the mood of the music and the playfulness of the musicians.

Lily and the Bride walk into the club. The Bride, still in white face, holds the gown and wig in her arms. They walk over to the Gypsies' table and sit. They wave to Peter.

EXT. PARK--DAY

Zsafia sits on a bench. A large bag rests by her side with a violin case jutting out. She watches some TODDLERS and their PARENTS playing in a sandbox, on a slide, and on a swing set.

A BOY, eighteen months old, stands up in the sandbox. He looks around, and his eyes fall on Zsafia for a moment. Zsafia smiles and waves. The boy turns away. After a moment, the boy looks again. Zsafia gives him a huge smile. He turns away quickly.

Anna walks into the park and approaches Zsafia.

ANNA

Hi, Mom.

Zsafia stands and hugs her.

ZSOFIA

What a nice idea to meet here.

ANNA

I thought it would be good to get out of the house. I'm worried about you.

They sit.

ANNA

Why don't you do something?

ZSOFIA
I just want to squeeze that little
boy over there.

ANNA
Mom, are you listening to me?

ZSOFIA
Yes, what am I supposed to do?

ANNA
Some volunteer work or something.
Maybe at a church.

ZSOFIA
I don't belong to a church.

Zsafia watches the Boy.

ZSOFIA
I was thinking about organizing a
baby shower for you.

Anna laughs.

ANNA
A baby shower?

ZSOFIA
Expectant mothers have baby
showers.

ANNA
Not this expectant mother.

Zsafia enthuses more.

ZSOFIA
Oh, you are your father's daughter,
aren't you?
(quickly)
You wouldn't have to do a thing.
Give me a list of the girlfriends
you'd want to attend and I'll take
care of the rest.

ANNA
I don't think I want a baby shower,
Mother.

They sit quietly for a moment.

ZSOFIA
I won't tell you. It would be a
surprise.

ANNA
Please don't. I've had enough
surprises lately.

They avoid each other, watching the toddlers.

ANNA
What was he like?

ZSOFIA
What, Dear?

ANNA
My biological father. What was he
like?

ZSOFIA
Oh Anna, do we really have to talk
about this? I didn't know much
about him. He was nice at the time.

ANNA
I was thinking I might look for
him.

ZSOFIA
I don't know where he is.

They watch some of the parents leave with their toddlers.
Finally, Zsafia reaches over and hands the bag to Anna.

ZSOFIA
His violin. I cleaned it. I mean, I
wiped it down a little.

Anna takes the bag places it on her side of the bench.

ZSOFIA
How is he?

ANNA
Fine.

ZSOFIA
Is everything all right with the
baby?

Anna nods.

ZSOFIA

And you?

ANNA

(snapping)

Everyone is fine, Mother.

Zsafia turns away hurt. After a moment, Anna touches Zsafia's hand.

ANNA

I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean to snap at you.

Zsafia tries not to cry.

ZSOFIA

It's all right, Dear. I can understand why you're angry.

ANNA

I'm not angry.

Zsafia stares out.

ZSOFIA

What am I going to do without him?

INT. JAZZ CLUB--NIGHT

Tamas and Mikhail sit at a table next to the Gypsy musicians. Mikhail dons a Red Sox Cap. Some of the Gypsies are on stage performing with the Jazz quartet. Peter sits at a table, 'into' the music. Mikhail leans over to Peter.

MIKHAIL

He's a violinist, too.

PETER

What's that, Pop?

Mikhail gestures for Peter to come closer.

PETER

You're not going to kiss me, are you?

Mikhail pulls Peter's arm. Peter leans in. Mikhail whispers in his ear. Peter looks at Tamas, for a moment, then back to Mikhail.

PETER

Him?

Mikhail nods. Peter stands and walks behind Tamas. He holds out his violin and bow to him. Tamas looks at Peter, surprised.

PETER

I hear you're the Man.

TAMAS

The Man?

PETER

The Dude, Mr. Joe, Heifitz
reincarnate, Itzak's better half.

Tamas looks at Mikhail, who feigns innocence and stares at the stage. Peter makes another gesture with the violin.

PETER

Please.

TAMAS

No, thank you.

PETER

Open mic night's for anyone, even
the greatest violinist.

TAMAS

I'm not so great.

PETER

I was talking about myself.

Peter laughs and pats Tamas on the back.

PETER

Come on, Itzak. Have some fun.

Tamas hesitates. Mikhail turns to Tamas with a teasing glint in his eye.

MIKHAIL

Don't do it.

TAMAS

I'm not.

MIKHAIL

You're no good at this music.

Tamas looks at Mikhail.

MIKHAIL

Too stiff.

Tamas smirks. Musicians on stage play Ellington's, The C Jam Blues. Tamas takes the violin from Peter.

TAMAS

Call me Tamas.

Tamas steps onto the stage. He is a bit awkward but he takes his time. A trumpet player finishes a solo, then nods to Tamas.

Tamas is caught off guard and misses his entrance. The musicians continue playing waiting for Tamas. They all cue him and he plays. He finds a groove. Peter and some of the other musicians shout encouragement.

A smile grows on Tamas' face as he finds himself having a great time. He plays with more energy, becoming ecstatic. Then Tamas jumps off the stage and plays like a man possessed, with joyful abandon.

The Audience and Musicians laugh and applaud in the spirit of the moment. The piece finishes. Tamas stands in the middle of the audience, elated. Peter walks over, slaps Tamas on the back and shakes his hand.

PETER

Fuck Itzak, that was somethin' else.

Tamas hands Peter the violin.

PETER

We come down here every Thursday.
Join us whenever you want.

TAMAS

Thanks.

EXT. ZSOFIA'S GARDEN--DAY

Weeds grow around some of the smaller flowers.

EXT. REVERE BEACH--DAY

Tamas, growing a beard, sits on some rocks about thirty yards from the water.

Mikhail, in bathing suit, black and white striped bathing cap, nose and ear plugs, stands waist high in the ocean. A wave crashes over him. He remains standing.

Tamas steps off the rocks and walks down the beach.

A LITTLE LATER,

Tamas still walking on the beach. In the distance, a carnival has set up in a field above the beach front. A Ferris Wheel towers above the carnival. CROWDS of families surround the area. Tamas hears Gypsy MUSIC coming from the carnival.

INT. CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW TENT--DAY

Tamas and Mikhail stand at the back of the tent. About one hundred PATRONS; families, children, sit along wooden benches.

Peter and the other Gypsy musicians walk onto the stage in a corner where their instruments are set up. They make a few quick checks. Tamas stares at Peter, incredulous. Mikhail elbows Tamas.

MIKHAIL
Serendipity.

Mikhail shrugs, then looks at the exit to the tent.

On cue from Peter they play an introduction, something Hungarian, distinctly Gypsy. As they play the back curtain on stage parts in the middle.

CONNIE, a contortionist in her early forties, looking more like early thirties, dressed in silver and blue spandex, steps out. She waits between the curtains for a moment.

Without fanfare, but alluring non-the-less, Connie walks to the front of the stage and stops. The music stops.

Taking her time, she stares over the heads of the audience, letting anticipation build. A sustained note from Peter's violin begins, heightening expectation.

Slow, deliberate, with a hypnotizing grace, Connie bends over backwards until her chest rests flat on the stage floor, her head facing the audience, chin resting on the stage. The audience reacts in unison.

AUDIENCE
Oh!

Connie's feet remain flat on the stage close to her ears. Her hands extend out from her sides and she holds her ankles with each hand. Audience ad lib reactions such as: "Oh My God," "Gross," "Great coffee table," etc.

Tamas, mesmerized, watches as Connie now shuffles herself closer to the edge of the stage.

Now she pushes her feet forward and lowers them below the edge of the stage. "Gasps" from the Audience.

Tamas turns to Mikhail who is gone. He looks around for a moment, but quickly returns to watching Connie.

Connie moves into a full split with her torso bending backwards until her head touches the floor. The audience applauds.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL--DAY

Mikhail sits alone in a Ferris Wheel box car, holding a daisy. As he floats up, he eats the flower. The car stops at the very top of the wheel. Mikhail stares out at the ocean.

MIKHAIL'S VISION:

A beautiful naked WOMAN dances on the water.

END VISION

Mikhail still staring at the ocean.

EXT. CARNIVAL MAIN AREA--DAY

Tamas searches through the crowd of kids and families. He walks past Lily and the Bride working a crowd. He stops near one of the many game booths. A slick KID, around nineteen works the booth.

KID
(to Tamas)
Hey G, three balls for two dollars.

Tamas ignores him.

KID
Hey G, you listenin'?

Tamas looks at him.

KID

Win somethin' for your wife, your
mother, your mistress. Win
somethin' for your little girl.

TAMAS

Have you seen a thin old man about
eighty-four years old?

KID

Take a look around G. Tons of old
guys.

Suddenly, Tamas is aware of all the old men walking around,
some alone, some with families and grandchildren.

KID

Now, how about a go?

The Kid holds out the balls. Tamas walks away.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL TICKET BOOTH--A LITTLE LATER

Tamas, impatient, stands near the booth. A line of CHILDREN
wait to ride the Ferris Wheel. The wheel moves behind Tamas.
A car floats by with Mikhail sitting alone. Some children
standing near Tamas point at Mikhail and giggle. Tamas turns
and looks where they are pointing and sees Mikhail in the car
floating up.

INT. FILM SOCIETY SCREENING ROOM--EVENING

Mikhail's accordion music.

ON SCREEN,

A scene from Destiny's Child. The placard reads:

"Carter learns of the loss of his wife and child."

Image of CARTER in the office, a destroyed man.

SCREENING ROOM,

Tamas sits in the back of the room watching the film. He has
a full beard. While the film plays, he stands and quietly
walks out.

INT. ANNA'S LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Anna sits at a table in front of a computer. She stares at the screen. The screen shows a website with the title, People Search, and underneath, the name, Jonathan Traber 112 Summer Street, Greenfield, Massachusetts. Telephone number unlisted.

She copies down the address on a note pad.

INT. JAZZ CLUB--NIGHT

The music is a wild rendition of Ellington's, Caravan. Tamas, Peter and several of the Gypsy musicians are on stage playing with the quartet.

Marshall sits at a table in the middle of the smoke filled club. The mood is celebratory. Marshall watches Tamas in disbelief. He struggles with the smoke, at times coughing and holding a handkerchief to his mouth.

On stage, the musicians finish playing and the Audience cheers. Tamas shakes Peter's hand and pats several other musicians on the back.

Tamas, almost out of breath, sweat dripping from his face, steps off the stage and works his way to Marshall. They shake hands.

MARSHALL

I don't believe it.

TAMAS

(sitting)

That was exhilarating.

Marshall coughs. Tamas wipes his brow with a handkerchief. On stage, the musicians play something quiet.

MARSHALL

So, you're a Jazz musician now?

TAMAS

No, not really.

MARSHALL

No. Then, what are you?

TAMAS

Just a musician.

MARSHALL

I see. From a great classical violinist to no categories.

Tamas shrugs.

MARSHALL

What the fuck are you doing, Tamas?

Marshall coughs.

TAMAS

I'm just playing. Having fun. Maybe doing what I want. It's liberating.

MARSHALL

Liberating? You look like a Goddamn maniac.

He coughs more, holding the handkerchief to his mouth.

MARSHALL

You're too good to waste away in second rate jazz clubs. I'd like you to come back.

TAMAS

(interrupting)

I can't.

MARSHALL

I have to fill your position permanently.

TAMAS

(quickly)

Fill it.

MARSHALL

Christ, Tamas! Who the hell do you think you are?

TAMAS

I can't go back to a lie.

MARSHALL

A lie? A lie. You arrogant bastard. Is my life a lie? Are all your colleagues living lies? What kind of bullshit are you talking about?

Patrons look at them.

TAMAS

Take it easy Marshall.

MARSHALL

You let everyone down. Your colleagues, the audience, music.

TAMAS

It's not something I planned on.

MARSHALL

You're a fuckin' misanthrope, Tamas. And for no reason that makes any damn sense.

Marshall coughs.

MARSHALL

I have to get out of here before I cough my lungs up.

Marshall stands.

MARSHALL

Whatever you think you're doing, Good luck with it.

Marshall walks away. Tamas watches Marshall walk out of the club. He turns his attention to the stage.

EXT. JAZZ CLUB--NIGHT

Tamas walks out of the club and down the street a little. He sees a billboard wall covered with posters. A poster advertising Tamas playing the Prokofiev has a tear down the middle and graffiti scrawled across it. Tamas stares at the poster.

Suddenly two MUGGERS come from behind and throw him against the wall.

TAMAS

Hey, what--

The Mugger pushes Tamas' face harder into the wall.

MUGGER ONE

Shhh, don't say a word.

One mugger holds Tamas while the other pulls the wallet from Tamas' pocket.

They turn him around and Mugger One punches Tamas in the mouth. Tamas falls to the ground holding his face.

As Mugger Two reaches for Tamas' violin case, the Gypsy musicians walk out of the club laughing. Tamas grabs the case and holds onto it.

MUGGER ONE

Let's go.

They run off. Peter sees Tamas on the ground.

PETER

Is that Tamas?

Peter runs to him.

PETER

Tamas, you okay?

TAMAS

I think so.

PETER

What happened?

The other musicians come over.

TAMAS

They took my wallet.

PETER

Can you stand?

Peter helps him stand. Tamas pulls his hand from his mouth and looks at the blood.

TAMAS

Is it bad?

Peter looks at Tamas's lip.

PETER

Not too bad. Come on.

They help Tamas down the street.

EXT. CARNIVAL TRAILER AREA--NIGHT

The carnival is quiet. Crickets and the ocean can be heard in the distance.

Connie and a few Carnies sit around a small fire, peacefully sipping from cups, and playing cards. A bottle of whiskey sits on the ground. The sound of SPUTTERING ENGINE invades the quiet.

Headlights illuminate the area as an old station wagon pulls in. Connie watches as the Musicians and Tamas climb out.

Peter guides Tamas to a canopy jutting off a small trailer. Behind them, several of the musicians join the Carnies around the fire. They gesture toward Tamas as they speak to each other.

Lily watches from a trailer window.

Tamas and Peter sit beside a table. Peter looks at Tamas's lip.

PETER

Your lip looks like it's about to give birth.

Behind them, Connie approaches.

CONNIE

Is he all right?

PETER

He's good to go.

CONNIE

Let me see.

Connie leans in to Tamas.

PETER

Connie, Tamas. Tamas, Connie.
(whispering)
But we call her stretch.

CONNIE

(to Tamas)
I'm sorry you found this joker.

Peter laughs. As Connie looks at Tamas' lip, he finds himself gazing into her glistening deep brown eyes. Self-conscious, he looks away.

TAMAS

You should see the other guys. Not a mark on them.

CONNIE

Stay here.

Connie walks into the trailer. Peter walks over to the fire.

Tamas looks around at the trailers, then up at the Ferris Wheel silhouetted against the sky.

Connie steps out of the trailer carrying a bag of ice.

CONNIE

Hold this on your mouth.

Tamas takes the ice. Peter walks over, places a cup down in front of Tamas and pours some whiskey.

PETER

Try some of this.

TAMAS

I feel a little ridiculous.

CONNIE

(smiling)

You look a little ridiculous.

Tamas laughs and stops abruptly.

TAMAS

Ow! I shouldn't laugh.

Connie guides the ice back to Tamas' mouth.

CONNIE

Keep it there.

EXT. CARNIVAL TRAILER AREA--DAWN

Tamas sleeps on a cot under the canopy. The sound of an occasional gull calling. Smoke floats across the area.

BEGIN DREAM:

EXT. SAND DUNES--DAY

Tamas stands at the edge of the dunes, a serene ocean behind him. A gull flies overhead and CALLS OUT. Tamas looks up at the gull and follows it until it lands on top of a Ferris Wheel. Smoke rises up, obscuring the Ferris Wheel.

Tamas looks down and sees Connie emerging out of the smoke. She stares at him. Another gull flies past Tamas' head.

Tamas sees Marshall kneeling on the ground in the middle of a coughing fit. Marshall looks at Tamas accusingly as the smoke envelops him and he disappears. Connie contorts her body as more gulls fly into Tamas' sight.

Suddenly, hundreds of frantic gulls SCREAM and scatter in different directions.

END DREAM

EXT. TRAILER AREA--CONTINUOUS

Tamas waking to the commotion of Carnies hurrying out of trailers, half dressed, some still in underwear, pulling up jeans, etc.

VOICE (O.S.)
(overlapping)
Fire! Fire, everyone!

Tamas sits up as Carnies run towards the tent. Connie steps out of a trailer in a bathrobe. She sees the smoke and flames.

CONNIE
Oh, no.

She runs toward the tent. Tamas jumps up and follows.

EXT. TENT--CONTINUOUS

Flames burn along an electrical wire running up the side of the tent.

INT. TENT--CONTINUOUS

Smoke engulfing the area. Flames devouring one side of the tent.

EXT. SIDE SHOW TENT--CONTINUOUS

Flames.

Everyone, including Tamas, tries to put out the fire, throwing buckets of water on the flames, and discharging small emergency fire extinguishers.

Bucket brigades form from trailer water tanks to the tent, using jars, plastic and metal buckets, cooking pots, coffee cans.

Peter and some others try to run inside the tent, but they are overwhelmed by smoke and flames.

PETER
(screaming)
Fuck!

SIRENS sing in the distance.

EXT. SIDE SHOW TENT--LATER

Charred pieces of tent hang from the blackened metal tent pole. The stage still standing, is half burned, the metal frame intact. The musicians, defeated, soiled, sweep the area with brooms.

Peter carries a garbage barrel across the lot towards a dump pile. He walks past Tamas sweeping and working hard to help. Tamas stops for a moment and watches Peter empty the barrel onto the pile. A large unshaven man, PAULIE, strides with authority toward Peter.

TAMAS' POV

Peter and the Man argue: no words can be made out, only tones. Others around the area stop and watch for a moment, then continue the clean up. The Man walks away.

On Tamas looking away and sweeping.

INT. AMBRUS BEDROOM--DAY

Zsafia angrily rips through a closet, pulling out all of Tamas' suits, ties, and shoes. She stuffs them into a large plastic garbage bag.

She moves to a dresser, pulls open a drawer and throws all Tamas' socks into another bag.

EXT. CITY STREET--DAY

Zsafia's car rolls down the street.

INT. ZSOFIA'S CAR--CONTINUOUS

One full trash bag occupies the front seat, and two more in the back seat. Zsafia drives past a line of HOMELESS PEOPLE waiting to get into a Soup Kitchen.

Next to the Soup Kitchen she sees a Good Will Clothing Outlet. She parks in front of it and turns off the engine. She stares at the front of the building and suddenly bursts into tears.

An old HOMELESS WOMAN walks by and looks at Zsafia. She stops and approaches the window.

HOMELESS WOMAN
What's the matter, Dear?

Zsafia looks at her.

ZSOFIA
Thank you, I'm all right.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Allergies.

ZSOFIA
(trying to smile)
Yes.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Why don't you come inside and have
a nice cup of tea?

She points to the Soup Kitchen.

ZSOFIA
You're very kind, but I think I
should go home.

HOMELESS WOMAN
It's very nice in there. Nice
people. You don't have to feel so
alone.

Zsafia blows her nose.

HOMELESS WOMAN
Things are never as bad as they
seem.

Zsafia remains silent.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Okay, then. Take care of those allergies.

She walks away. Zsofia composes herself and starts the engine.

INT. ANNA'S CAR--DAY

Ian drives. Anna sits in the passenger seat looking at a map.

EXT. CAR--SAME

The car glides down the road and passes a sign: Welcome to Greenfield.

EXT. SUMMER STREET--MID DAY

A typical small New England town neighborhood shaded by large oak and maple trees with homes running close together on both sides.

Anna's car slowly turns onto the street. The car stops half way down, and pulls alongside the curb on the left side.

INT/EXT. CAR--CONTINUOUS

Anna and Ian stare at the house across the street. A mailbox reading Traber 112, stands at the edge of the property. A maroon Ford Taurus station wagon occupies the driveway.

IAN

It would've been easier if you sent him a letter first.

Anna and Ian climb out of the car.

EXT. TRABER'S HOUSE--CONTINUOUS

They walk across the street as the door to the house opens, and JONATHAN TRABER, a short heavy-set middle-aged man steps out. He wears casual clothes and holds a camera.

Anna stares at him. At first, Traber ignores them as he fiddles with his camera, but then notices that Anna and Ian are staring at him. He looks up at them.

TRABER
Can I help you?

They turn back and look at him.

ANNA
Uhm-

IAN
Yes, sorry, we were just perusing
the neighborhood. We're thinking of
moving to Greenfield.

TRABER
Great little town, Greenfield.
Conservative, quiet. Where are you
from?

He walks up to them.

ANNA
Boston area.

TRABER
Boston. I used to live in Boston
many years ago. My wife and I hated
it. I'm John Traber.

He shakes Anna's hand.

ANNA
Anna White.

TRABER
Nice to meet you, Anna.

IAN
Ian White.

TRABER
Ian.

They shake hands.

TRABER
If you have any questions, I could
try to answer them.

ANNA
Oh, uhm, how are the schools?

TRABER

Very good. I see you've got one in the oven.

He laughs.

ANNA

Yes.

TRABER

I love children. My wife and I are about to take our grandchildren to a little Fair at our church. Say, why don't you tag along with us?

ANNA

That's very kind of you.

A six-year old BOY, and a five-year old GIRL run out of the house onto the front porch.

TRABER

There they are. Excuse me. Kodak moment.

Traber directs the kids to pose on the front porch as he steps onto the walkway and fusses with the camera. MRS. TRABER, a handsome woman in her fifties, steps out of the house.

CHILDREN

Nana, Nana. Take a picture with us.

Mrs. Traber poses with the children. Traber takes another picture. Anna and Ian watch.

IAN

Cute kids.

TRABER

My turn.

Traber gives his wife the camera and switches places. He puts his arm around the children and smiles. Mrs. Traber snaps the shutter. They all step off the porch as the children race to the station wagon and jump in.

TRABER

Susan, this is Anna and Ian White.

ANNA/IAN

Hi.

MRS. TRABER

Hello.

TRABER

They're thinking about moving to Greenfield. I told them they should come to the Fair.

MRS. TRABER

Yes. It's very nice.

TRABER

Why don't you follow us in your car?

The Trabers climb in the station wagon. Ian and Anna climb in their car. The station wagon backs out of the driveway and drives down the street.

INT. IAN AND ANNA'S CAR--CONTINUOUS

Ian starts the engine.

ANNA

Wait.

IAN

They're expecting us to follow them.

ANNA

This was a mistake. I'm not going to upset another family.

The station wagon stops down the street.

IAN

He doesn't know who you are.

ANNA

I know. Let's go home.

Traber backs the station wagon up the street. He sticks his head out the window.

TRABER

Is something wrong?

IAN

No, no. We decided to head back. Sorry.

TRABER
Some other time, then. Look us up
if you move here.

IAN
Thanks.

Traber drives off. Ian looks at Anna.

IAN
Are you all right?

Anna nods.

EXT. TRAILER AREA, CANOPY--NIGHT

The musicians and Connie sit at a table, exhausted, with heavy hearts, eating some food.

CONNIE
Peter, what did Paulie say to you?

PETER
(mild mocking)
"No more campfires on the grounds.
It's the law. That's what I was
told."

MUSICIAN
Bastard. It was an electrical fire.
It wasn't us.

PETER
It doesn't matter. We have no tent.
We can't perform. We might as well
pack up and go.

CONNIE
Can't we get another tent?

PETER
Not this season. It could take
months for a tent to arrive.

They sit in silence, staring out, slowly eating, giving up. The heavy quiet is interrupted by violin music. They look up to see Tamas standing on the stage playing what sounds like a Bach sonata for solo violin.

The music floats over the area. As Tamas' austere, rich music moves them, they rise and walk to the stage area and listen.

Tamas plays. Then in the middle of an eloquent musical phrase, he throws in a Hungarian Gypsy folk riff. They all laugh.

Tamas plays classically again, then throws in another Hungarian riff. More laughter. As Tamas plays, Peter runs to his trailer. The drummer claps a rhythm with his hands.

Peter returns with his violin and joins in. Then the bass player joins in. The drummer changes his rhythm to something Flamencoesque. He uses the stage for more sounds and textures.

Lily and Theresa run in and throw daisies onto the stage, and join in the dancing.

Connie dances, not contorting, but free, sexy and graceful. Now Connie dances near Tamas. Tamas responds musically and their spontaneity together becomes a playful duet.

Suddenly, the back of the stage collapses. They all stop playing and look.

TAMAS

Oh, shit.

They break into laughter.

EXT. AMBRUS FRONT YARD--AFTERNOON

The sharp contrast of bright sun and deep shadows fall across the house and yard.

INT. ZSOFIA'S GARDEN--SAME

Weeds dominate the vegetation.

INT. AMBRUS BEDROOM--SAME

The shades are drawn, leaving the room in shadow. Baby clothes, and other infant items such as sneakers, booties, rattles, and teething toys, form piles on a chair and the floor. The trash bags filled with Tamas' clothes sits a corner.

Zsafia sleeps under the covers.

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL--DAY

Anna and Mikhail sit together in one of the boxcars. Anna looks out over the carnival. Mikhail holds a photograph in his hand. He looks at it.

INSERT PHOTO:

A younger Mikhail posing with his beautiful wife.

On Mikhail looking at the photo and Anna looking down at the carnival below. Mikhail looks up and stares at the ocean.

MIKHAIL'S VISION

The naked woman dancing on the water. Now beckoning Mikhail.

END VISION

On Mikhail staring at the ocean.

Anna still scanning the carnival grounds.

ANNA'S POV

Tamas and Connie stand next to each other by the performance area as the Ferris Wheel floats down.

EXT. SIDE SHOW STAGE AREA--CONTINUOUS

Tamas and Connie relaxing, drinking bottled water. Behind them, the main tent pole remains, decorated with strips of patterned cloth blowing against the open sky. Connie's costume is slightly undone. She holds her hood, fidgeting with it from time to time.

CONNIE

Anna is very beautiful. Obviously she doesn't take after you.

TAMAS

(humourless)

Lucky for her. I'm kind of a homely guy.

CONNIE

You're very serious.

Lily walks over to them.

LILY
(to Tamas)
Hi.

She puts her arm around Connie, who does the same.

TAMAS
Hi.

CONNIE
What are you up to?

LILY
Nothing.

CONNIE
I know that look in your eye.

LILY
Actually, I thought Tamas could
help me and Theresa.

TAMAS
Me? What could I do?

Lily whispers in Tamas' ear.

TAMAS
All right.

LILY
You will? Awesome. I'll tell
Theresa.

Lily runs off.

CONNIE
She doesn't take to people easily.

TAMAS
She's a nice kid.

CONNIE
(teasing)
So when are you planning on running
away and joining the carnival now
that we've worked our magic on you?

TAMAS
I couldn't do that. I have to be
here for my daughter.

CONNIE
She's about six months, isn't she?

TAMAS
Yes.

CONNIE
My son ran away from the carnival.
I made him go. Now he's studying to
be a doctor.

TAMAS
Where's his father?

CONNIE
I was never married.

TAMAS
I see.

Tamas looks away.

CONNIE
Does that bother you?

TAMAS
No, no, but it must have been
difficult for him without a father.

CONNIE
My son had many fathers and
brothers, Aunts, Uncles. Lily is
like his little sister. I helped
Peter raise her after her mother
ran off. The Carnies are family. We
take care of each other.

TAMAS
I get the point.

They make eye contact and Connie smiles in a friendly manner.

CONNIE
It would be nice to have
grandchildren.

Lily runs to them carrying some items of clothing.

LILY
Come on, Tamas.

Tamas looks at Connie.

CONNIE

I better get ready for the next show.

Connie walks away. Lily walks over to him.

LILY

Here, put this on.

She holds up a bandanna.

LILY

It goes on your head like this.

She ties it on his head.

EXT. CARNIVAL ENTRANCE AREA--MOMENTS LATER

Theresa dressed as the Bride stands on a box, frozen, holding a small vase of daisies. Tamas stands near her, trying to stay frozen, the bandana tied to his head. Lily works the crowd of people coming and going.

LILY

A song and a flower for a dollar.
Right hear, Folks. Pay a dollar,
escape the chaos. Time stops for
only one hundred pennies.

Anna and Mikhail approach them. Anna sees Tamas standing frozen near the Bride.

ANNA

How long do you think Daddy can
stay frozen, Grandpa?

Tamas looks at Anna and winks.

Mikhail stares at the Bride. Anna pays Lily a dollar.

The Bride comes to life, and with her, Tamas, who plays, Pop Goes the Weasel. Anna laughs as the Bride hands her a daisy, and returns to her frozen position. Tamas stops playing in mid phrase and freezes.

LILY

A dollar to hear the rest of the
song.

EXT/INT. SOUP KITCHEN--DAY

Zsafia, disheveled looking stands at the window looking in. Several HOMELESS PEOPLE sit at tables, eating. A family with several children occupy another table.

Zsafia walks in.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN--CONTINUOUS

Zsafia looks around and finally steps into the food line. Two women serve food behind the counter. MOLLY, late forties, smiles as she fills a frail MAN'S(ELI) plate with mashed potatoes, gravy and some meat.

ELI

My son's taking me home tomorrow.

MOLLY

He is?

ELI

Yeah.

MOLLY

That's wonderful, Eli.

ELI

Yeah.

He walks away as another man, DONNY, toothless, unshaven, holds his plate out.

DONNY

Marry me, Molly.

He smiles, showing all his gums. Molly fills his plate.

MOLLY

Donny, I told you, I'm already married.

DONNY

You're taken.

MOLLY

I'm taken.

DONNY

Break a fella's heart. I'll try again tomorrow.

MOLLY
All right, Donny. Have a good rest
of the day.

Before Donny walks away he turns to Zsafia standing behind him.

DONNY
She's my one and only. Are you
married?

ZSOFIA
(hesitating)
Yes.

He walks away. Zsafia steps up to the counter.

MOLLY
Tray and plates in the corner on
your right, Honey.

ZSOFIA
Oh, no. I'm sorry. I was wondering
if they need any volunteer help.

Molly looks at Zsafia.

LATER,

The lunch time line is longer. Behind the counter, Zsafia, with a white cooks apron around her dress, serves food to an old woman, MARY.

MARY
What's your name?

ZSOFIA
Zsafia.

MARY
What? Sophie?

ZSOFIA
Zsafia.

MARY
I'm Mary. Pleasure to meet you,
Sophie.

An OLD GUY in the back of the line leans forward.

OLD GUY
Move it, you old prune.

Mary gives the guy the finger.

MARY
(sweetly)
Thank you, Sophie.

Mary walks to a table. Zsafia continues serving.

BACK OF KITCHEN--LATER

Zsafia helps Molly and the other server clean up, putting dishes away, wiping down counters, etc.

INT. FILM SOCIETY SCREENING ROOM--EVENING

Audience members walking into the room, taking seats, mingling. Mikhail limps in. Tamas follows behind carrying Mikhail's accordion. A youngish WOMAN working for the Film Society, approaches Tamas.

WOMAN
Is he all right to play?

TAMAS
Yes, thank you.

WOMAN
What happened?

TAMAS
Gout. He forgets to take his medicine.

WOMAN
If there's anything I can do, let me know.

She walks away. Mikhail sits in the designated chair. Tamas hands him the accordion.

MIKHAIL
It helps to play.

TAMAS
I know, Dad.

MIKHAIL
It helps the pain.

TAMAS
I'll see you after the film.

Mikhail pulls Tamas close.

MIKHAIL
Rudolph Valentino in Cobra. It's a
good one.

Tamas walks to the back. The audience settle in. The room
lights go out. The screen fades in the count down.

ON MIKHAIL

Staring at the screen. He plays, the light on his face
changing with the film.

ON SCREEN,

Opening sequence with Gypsies serenading in a small town
square.

ROOM,

Tamas watching.

EXT. CARNIVAL AREA--NIGHT

Gypsy music plays.

Game booths lay collapsed and stacked in the lot. Carnies
load trucks. The Ferris Wheel rests in pieces stacked on a
large truck.

TRAILER AREA,

The Gypsy band playing. Tamas intoxicated, now wearing an
earring, plays with them, having the time of his life. Some
Carnies dance and joke with each other. They finish a song,
and immediately, Lily sings a haunting Gypsy folk song.

Tamas listens for a moment then quietly sits on the edge of
the stage. He looks at all his friends listening to Lily. As
she sings, she walks to Tamas, takes off a bracelet and
places it around Tamas' wrist. She walks back to the front of
the stage continuing the song.

Tamas looks at Connie's trailer. The light inside is on. Connie's silhouette appears at the window, brushing her long hair. Tamas watches. Lily's song floats through air.

INT. CONNIE'S TRAILER--CONTINUOUS

Connie brushing her hair. She hears a soft knock at the trailer door. Tamas stands and walks to the trailer.

EXT. CONNIE'S TRAILER--CONTINUOUS

Tamas stands at the door.

CONNIE'S VOICE

One moment.

The door opens. Connie's hair hangs along her shoulders. Tamas heart jumps.

CONNIE

Tamas. Finished playing with the boys?

TAMAS

Yes.

Tamas wobbles a little.

CONNIE

I was about to go to sleep. We have a long trip in the morning.

TAMAS

I wish you were staying.

CONNIE

Do you want to come in?

Tamas steps inside. Connie closes the door. Suddenly Tamas kisses her. She doesn't kiss back, but she doesn't fight him either. Tamas stops and looks at her.

CONNIE

Is this what you really want, Tamas?

He looks down.

TAMAS

You're a wonderful woman.

CONNIE

(gentle)

My home isn't here. I don't stay in one place for long. That's my life. The life of a Carney. We disappear.

TAMAS

I know.

He kisses her again. She kisses back and leads him to the bed. They sit on the edge and kiss more. She stops.

CONNIE

It's strange that you've devoted so much time getting close to people that don't stay.

Connie waits for a response, but Tamas is silent.

CONNIE

Will you come with us?

TAMAS

No.

CONNIE

But you want to make love to me?

TAMAS

Yes.

She slowly unbuttons her blouse. They embrace. He kisses her and they take off their clothes. As Tamas tries to make love to her, he is unable to get an erection. He gives up.

TAMAS

I'm sorry.

He sits up.

CONNIE

You're a good man, Tamas. But your sadness is too painful.

TAMAS

Too much alcohol. I'm sorry, Connie.

He puts on his trousers and staggers out of the trailer.

EXT. CONNIE'S TRAILER--NIGHT

Tamas walks behind the trailer and lies down in the grass. He falls asleep.

BEGIN DREAM:

EXT. BEACH(BIRD'S EYE VIEW)--DAY

Tamas floats above the surface.

TAMAS' POV

He looks down and sees Peter and the other Gypsy musicians playing music(Gypsy Tango) and dancing. Now he notices Mikhail in front of everyone, leading the way down the beach with his accordion.

Off to the side, Connie, bent over backwards, walks like a crab.

Anna walks underneath Tamas, holding a string in one hand connected to Tamas' waist.

BEACH SURFACE,

Suddenly everything is silent. Tamas stands on the sand, alone. He takes a step and his leg sinks three feet. He takes another step and his other leg sinks. He walks through the sand struggling with each step.

Tamas looks to his right along the shore and sees a line of elegantly dressed people, in tuxedos, suits and formal dresses and gowns. They hold concert programs in the their hand and talk softly to each other. The women fan themselves. The line moves forward slowly.

Tamas looks past the line down the beach and sees the Ferris Wheel. He struggles through the sand and finally collapses. He hears the sound of an audience's murmur before a concert. He looks up.

TAMAS's POV

The Ferris Wheel towers directly above him; every inch of the structure is covered with the elegant patrons.

Tamas struggles to his feet and finds himself standing in a field of daisies that seems to go on in all directions forever. The Greek and Roman statues stand in the field. An empty stage sits in the middle.

A pregnant bride walks onto the stage. She lifts her veil, revealing Zsofia's face. Tamas runs to her. He takes her in his arms and kisses her. When he pulls away he sees Connie's face.

END DREAM

EXT. CARNIVAL AREA--DAWN

Tamas stands at the edge of an empty lot near a field of daisies. The Carnival trucks pull away down the road. Peter drives past in the Gypsy truck. He waves.

Connie drives by in her Trailer. Lily and Theresa sit in the front with her. Lily waves to Tamas. He watches the caravan of trucks disappear down the road.

EXT. SOUP KITCHEN--DAY

Molly and Zsofia serving food. Zsofia serves to a young MOTHER and a six-year old GIRL.

MOTHER
(to girl)
What do you say?

GIRL
Thank you.

ZSOFIA
You're welcome, Sweetheart.

They move along to a table. A Bum steps up wearing a tuxedo jacket. Zsofia stares at the jacket. He waits patiently, without looking at her.

ZSOFIA
May I look at your jacket?

The Bum looks at her, then holds his jacket open, posing as if he were a model.

BUM
You know where I got it?

Zsofia looks at the label.

BUM
Know where?

ZSOFIA
No.

He gestures for her to come closer. She leans in.

BUM
Some fucked up drunken dude gave it
to me. Pretty suave, wouldn't you
say?

ZSOFIA
Yes.

BUM
The man makes the clothes.

She serves him.

BUM
(walking away)
Merci.

Zsafia watches him sit at a table alone.

MOLLY
Are you okay, Hun?

Zsafia nods.

MOLLY
It can take you by surprise,
especially after the first few
times.

Zsafia smiles.

MOLLY
They become like our loved ones.

Zsafia wells up as she serves the next person.

EXT. CITY STREET--DAY

Zsafia walks down the street. As she approaches her car,
arguing can be heard from above.

WOMAN'S VOICE
I've had it with you and your
little slut girlfriend.

MAN'S VOICE

Baby, come on.

Zsafia looks up to see a WOMAN in her thirties with her back to the window. Several potted plants sit on the window ledge.

WOMAN

You're a liar.

MAN'S VOICE

Just listen to me, Baby.

WOMAN

Why, Billy? Why aren't I good enough. Why'd you marry me if you can't keep you're dick in your pants?

She reaches for a flower pot on the ledge, and as she grabs one she accidentally knocks another off the ledge.

WOMAN

Why, Johnny?

She throws the plant at him as the other plant falls and smashes onto Zsafia's car, cracking the windshield.

MAN'S VOICE

(overlapping)

Jesus Christ, will you shut up for one second. Let me explain myself, Goddamn it.

Zsafia stares at the car, the shattered pot, and the small flowered plant on the hood. She looks up and the woman disappears from the window. The arguing can be heard, but no words can be made out, just the sharpness of voices.

Zsafia looks at the plant. The plant's flowers and stems lay scattered on the hood. She walks around the front of the car, and gently picks up the plant.

EXT. ZSOFIA'S GARDEN--LATE AFTERNOON

The garden still overgrown by weeds.

Zsafia looks through a stack of clay pots along the side of the house. She chooses a pot and pours soil into it. Carefully, she parts the earth in the pot and tenderly places the plant into the soil.

She adds more soil and water from a pitcher. She slides a stick in next to the plant and ties a piece of string around the stalk and stick.

INT. AMBRUS KITCHEN--CONTINUOUS

Zsofia places the dying plant in the kitchen window. The afternoon sun streams in catching the haggard stem.

EXT. REVERE BEACH--DAY

Tamas and Mikhail walk along the shore. Mikhail still limps a little, but not badly.

They pass three CHILDREN digging a hole in the sand with toy shovels. Tamas stops and watches for a moment as Mikhail walks on. The children work quickly, making the hole wider and deeper.

Tamas looks up and sees Mikhail a little further along, staring at the ocean.

Tamas leaves the children and walks to Mikhail. He stands next to his father and looks out at the ocean. Mikhail turns and faces the sand.

TAMAS

I'm a wind bag, with an overblown sense of self-importance. I'm too old to start over and young enough to want to.

Mikhail kneels down and sculpts something. Tamas turns and looks at Mikhail.

TAMAS

Dad, are you listening to me?

Mikhail continues sculpting.

TAMAS

Dad.

Tamas turns back to the ocean.

TAMAS

(under his breath)
Christ.

Mikhail puts the finishing touches on a relief sculpture of a naked woman. Tamas looks at the sculpture. Mikhail stands, looking at his creation.

MIKHAIL
Not dying before your mother.

TAMAS
What?

MIKHAIL
That was a mistake.

Mikhail lifts his arms, spreads them open, and falls face down onto of the sculpture. Tamas watches, incredulous.

EXT. ZSOFIA'S GARDEN--DAY

Two HOMELESS MEN work in a garden, digging everything up, filling wheel barrels with weeds and plants.

INT. AMBRUS KITCHEN--CONTINUOUS

Zsafia places two glasses of lemonade on a tray with some cookies. The plant on the window has sprouted a new leaf. She carries the tray out of the room.

EXT. ZSOFIA'S GARDEN--CONTINUOUS

Zsafia walks out with the tray.

ZSOFIA
It's hot, why don't you take a break.

Both men stop work and walk over to her.

MAN ONE
You twisted my arm.

They reach for the lemonade and cookies.

MAN TWO
Thank you, Ma'am.

They drink and eat the cookies.

MAN ONE
What are you gonna do after we clean it up?

ZSOFIA
I'm not sure, yet.

MAN ONE
Keeping a garden is hard work.

MAN TWO
How about one of those rock
gardens? You know, the Japanese
kind. They're peaceful and simple.

ZSOFIA
That's a very nice idea.

MAN ONE
Yeah, rocks don't need much
attention.

They return to the work.

INT. FILM SOCIETY SCREENING ROOM--EVENING

Mikhail playing.

ON SCREEN,

Eternal Love (1929) John Barrymore and Camille Horn.

Marcus' cabin: Marcus(Barrymore) stands in front of a door. The door slowly opens revealing Ciglia(Horn). They can't look at each other. Slowly she walks towards him and takes his hand. He looks at her. She turns to him.

They stare into each others' eyes. He begs forgiveness and falls to his knees hugging her legs. Tears stream down her face as she stares off, hopeless. After a moment, she reaches down, cups his face with her hands and lifts him up to her. He searches her eyes, then embraces her.

INT. JAZZ CLUB--NIGHT

Zsafia walks in looks around and sees Tamas on stage. She watches and listens for a moment then walks to a table and sits.

His heart not in it, Tamas plays to a half empty house. The trumpet player solos.

After a moment, Tamas sees Zsafia. He stares at her, dumfounded, then looks away, making eye contact with the trumpet player who gives the lead to Tamas.

Tamas solos with passion, putting his all into the music. The other musicians are suddenly more energized. The audience comes alive.

Zsafia finds herself smiling.

LATER,

The musicians are breaking down the equipment. Tamas sits with Zsafia. They avoid contact but try to seem relaxed.

ZSOFIA
How's your father?

TAMAS
A little more senile, but he's pretty good.

ZSOFIA
He's getting old.

TAMAS
Yes.

Zsafia looks at the stage.

TAMAS
His gout's been acting up.

She turns back to him.

ZSOFIA
Oh, that's painful, isn't it?

TAMAS
It can be.

ZSOFIA
Tell him I send my love.

They remain silent for a moment. Zsafia looks around the club..

TAMAS
You seem different. You look good, though.

ZSOFIA

You look, I don't know, with that beard, and earring. I don't think I've ever seen you with a beard.

TAMAS

You don't like it.

ZSOFIA

No, it suits you.

TAMAS

I was thinking of shaving it.

Awkward pause.

TAMAS

What've you been doing with yourself?

ZSOFIA

Not much. I've been volunteering at a soup kitchen in the city. I serve lunch to the homeless.

TAMAS

No kidding?

ZSOFIA

No. I feel needed there, like I'm helping in some small way.

TAMAS

That's surprising.

ZSOFIA

(annoyed)

What do you mean?

TAMAS

That you would do that kind of work. I mean, good for you, Zsofia.

Tamas clears his throat.

TAMAS

Excuse me.

ZSOFIA

I was thinking about selling the house. Maybe we should sell it.

TAMAS

Oh.

Tamas looks down, then over at the musicians on stage.

ZSOFIA

We'd have to get a lawyer, of course.

TAMAS

Of course.

ZSOFIA

To figure everything out between us.

TAMAS

When would you like to do this?

ZSOFIA

Maybe soon. After Anna's baby is born.

Tamas hesitates.

TAMAS

So you want a divorce?

ZSOFIA

It seems like the logical thing. We're already separated, aren't we?

TAMAS

Yes.

ZSOFIA

I don't want to live alone in the house anymore.

TAMAS

Sure, sure. I understand.

A momentary silence.

ZSOFIA

I think I should go now.

She stands. Tamas stands.

ZSOFIA

Good night, Tamas.

Zsafia walks out. Tamas watches. One of the Jazz musicians walks by Tamas.

MUSICIAN
Great chops tonight.

EXT. CITY STREET--DAY

Tamas stands on the sidewalk across the street from the Soup Kitchen playing Pablo Sarasate's, Zigeunerweisen.

INT/EXT. SOUP KITCHEN--CONTINUOUS

Tamas can be seen through the large window at the front of the space.

Zsafia serves to a small line of homeless people. The door opens and violin music floats in as a homeless person enters. No one really reacts to the music. The door shuts.

The door opens again. The music floats in. Zsafia stops serving for a moment. The door shuts. The music invades faintly from outside. Zsafia continues serving.

EXT. STREET--CONTINUOUS

Tamas still playing. Mary, the old homeless woman, stands next to Tamas listening, conducting to herself. She takes a nickel from her pocket and tosses it into Tamas's violin case resting on the ground.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN--ANOTHER DAY

Zsafia, wearing a different dress, serving behind the counter. She looks out the street window.

ZSOFIA'S POV

Rain pouring down on Tamas playing the violin.

EXT. SOUP KITCHEN--CONTINUOUS

Tamas playing, Zigeunerweisen.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN--ANOTHER DAY

Tamas, set up in the corner of the dining area, playing to a crowd of homeless people, listening and eating.

At the counter, Zsafia serves, smiling and greeting different people.

Tamas finishes Zigeunerweisen and everyone bursts into a standing ovation, cheering, hooting, hollering.

Tamas looks at Zsafia who walks out from behind the counter and approaches him.

ZSOFIA

What are you doing?

TAMAS

Serenading you.

ZSOFIA

Oh, well you're out of tune. You don't sound good.

Tamas smiles.

TAMAS

My strings are still soggy from the other day.

ZSOFIA

Your brain is soggy. You can't keep doing this.

TAMAS

They like it.

ZSOFIA

I don't.

She walks away toward the counter. He follows her.

TAMAS

Since when?

ZSOFIA

Since...I don't know.

She walks behind the counter and continues serving. Tamas follows her behind the counter.

TAMAS
I don't believe you.

ZSOFIA
Tamas, please.

TAMAS
Don't you remember?

Some of the people in the food line lean in to listen.

ZSOFIA
Remember what?

TAMAS
Why I still love you?

ZSOFIA
No, why?

TAMAS
The gentleness in your eyes. Your
generous heart.

ZSOFIA
Tamas, please go. I'm very busy.

He smiles and smells the food.

TAMAS
Your cooking.

ZSOFIA
I'm serious. I can't talk about
this now.

Tamas stares at her, his good humour turning to anger.

TAMAS
All right.

He walks out from the counter, picks up his violin and moves
to the door.

HOMELESS PERSON (O.S.)
Play something else.

ANOTHER PERSON (O.S.)
Yeah, play 'Danny Boy.'

General encouragement from everyone. Tamas stops and looks at
them, then at Zsafia who doesn't look up from her work.

Someone sings 'Danny Boy.' Everyone else chimes in. Tamas walks out of the door.

CHARLIE, an old bum, steps up in front of Zsafia.

CHARLIE
I love your cooking, too.

Breaking down, Zsafia drops a serving spoon into a food tray, and turns away sobbing.

EXT. AMBRUS BEDROOM--NIGHT

Zsafia reads in bed. The door bell RINGS from downstairs. She climbs out of bed and looks out the window to see Tamas standing at the front door.

INT. FRONT HALL--CONTINUOUS

Zsafia, tying off her robe, opens the door.

TAMAS
I saw your light on.

ZSOFIA
Come in.

He steps inside. She closes the door.

ZSOFIA
Would you like something?

TAMAS
Yes. I need to talk to you.

ZSOFIA
No, I mean, would you like some coffee or-

TAMAS
Coffee, if it's not any trouble.

Zsafia walks into the kitchen. Tamas walks down the hall.

STUDY,

Tamas looks around. He sees the wooden music stand in the corner next to the bookcase filled with music books and scores. He walks out.

GARDEN DOOR,

He stops at the door, turns on the light and looks out.

TAMAS
What happened out there?

ZSOFIA (O.S.)
Oh, the garden?

TAMAS
Yes.

ZSOFIA
I thought it would be easier to
sell the house if it was cleaned
out.

Tamas walks into the living room, turns on the light and
sits. Zsafia walks in with the coffee. She hands him the cup
and sits. He sips the coffee.

ZSOFIA
This feels strange.

Tamas puts the cup down.

TAMAS
I'm sorry. I mean, what I want to
say is, I'm sorry about everything.
All the trouble I caused you.

ZSOFIA
I think I caused the trouble.

They look at each other, awkwardly.

TAMAS
I mean what I'm saying.

ZSOFIA
Yes, you always mean what you say.

She looks away.

TAMAS
Zsafia.

She looks at him.

TAMAS
I want to come home.

Zsafia gasps, almost as if her heart suddenly stopped. Her eyes well up, she doesn't look at him.

ZSOFIA
(apologetic)
Excuse me.

Turning away, composing herself.

ZSOFIA
What do you want?

TAMAS
I want us to be husband and wife
again.

Zsafia turns back to Tamas.

ZSOFIA
Just like that.

TAMAS
I made a mistake.

ZSOFIA
No, Tamas. It was my fault. I had
the affair.

TAMAS
I don't care about that now.

Zsafia stares at the plant on the window sill. She remains quiet, thinking. Then, still staring at the plant, she struggles, holding her composure, and speaks almost in a whisper.

ZSOFIA
You threw our marriage away. Thirty-
four years. Like it was a broken
string on your violin.

TAMAS
That's not fair. It wasn't easy.

ZSOFIA
What was our marriage to you?

Tamas struggles to find an answer.

TAMAS
For Christ's sake, Zsafia. I didn't
just walk out on you. I walked out
on my career.

ZSOFIA

I was so lonely our first few years. You toured all the time, and when you were home, I seemed to be always in your way.

TAMAS

You could have come on the tours.

ZSOFIA

I asked once. You said it would be difficult to concentrate on your music.

TAMAS

I always loved you, Zsofia. I still do. I've forgiven you.

ZSOFIA

You've forgiven me?

TAMAS

Yes.

ZSOFIA

You deprived me of any opportunity to redeem myself. The way you left. The way you just walked away.

He reaches for her hand across the table.

TAMAS

Zsofia.

She pulls her hands away.

ZSOFIA

I feel good about myself. And I want to be a support for Anna. That baby is everything to her. I can't complicate my life with you coming back.

She cries.

ZSOFIA

I can't.

Tamas hesitates.

TAMAS

Don't you still love me?

Zsafia hesitates.

ZSOFIA
I don't know.

They sit in silence.

EXT. FRONT DOOR--NIGHT

Tamas steps off the front step as the door shuts behind him.

EXT. FRONT YARD--CONTINUOUS

Tamas walks to his car. He turns and looks at the house. The downstairs lights turn off. He climbs in his car, starts the engine and drives away.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. MIKHAIL'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

Mikhail dancing while playing the accordion.

INT. ANNA'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

Anna, lying on her back in bed, giggling. Ian leans into her stomach. He kisses her belly, then gently knocks on it.

IAN
Hey kid, you in there?

He knocks again and rests his ear on her belly.

IAN
He says he's there. What's that?

Ian looks at Anna.

IAN
He wants out.

He listens again.

IAN
All right, I'll tell her.

He looks at Anna.

IAN
He'll be out soon. He just needs to
finish packing and clean up the
place.

Anna smiles. Ian rests his head on her belly as Anna runs her fingers through his hair.

INT. MIKHAIL'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

Mikhail still playing.

BEGIN MIKHAIL'S FANTASY:

Mikhail's young wife from the photograph, in a flowery dress, dancing around him as he plays.

END FANTASY

INT. AMBRUS KITCHEN--NIGHT

Zsafia pruning and watering the potted plant.

INT. MIKHAIL'S BEDROOM--NIGHT

Mikhail dancing alone in the bedroom.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LAKE--DAY

Ian and Anna glide along in a row boat, Ian at the oars.

ON SHORE,

Zsafia sits in a small folding lounge chair facing the lake, Behind her, a picnic blanket has been spread, with a cooler.

The rowboat heads towards the shore. Zsafia watches.

MOMENTS LATER,

Ian helps Anna out of the boat. They walk up to Zsafia. Ian collapses on the blanket behind them. Anna sits in the chair next to Zsafia.

ZSOFIA

It would be better if he didn't
come.

ANNA

You promised, Mother.

ZSOFIA

You can't force happiness, Anna.
Besides, we can be happy. Just not
together.

ANNA

There he is.
(waving)
Daddy.

Tamas walks along the lake carrying a bottle of wine and a
baguette. He arrives at their spot.

ANNA

What took you?

TAMAS

Am I late? Hello, Zsafia.

ZSOFIA

Hello, Tamas.

TAMAS

How's everybody?

ANNA

Are you hungry?

TAMAS

Sure.

ANNA

Good. I packed all kinds of things
for us.
(to Zsafia)
Mom?

ZSOFIA

I could eat something.

Anna takes the bread and wine from Tamas and waddles to Ian
on the blanket. Tamas laughs.

TAMAS

She walks like a duck, doesn't she?

ZSOFIA
Well, she's eight and half months
pregnant.

Tamas stops laughing.

TAMAS
Thank you. I hadn't noticed.

IAN
Did we pack a corkscrew?

Anna reaches into the cooler and hands him a corkscrew. She takes out some glasses as Ian opens the wine.

ANNA
Mom, Dad, come have some wine.

Tamas walks over and sits on the blanket. Zsafia walks to the blanket but remains standing.

ANNA
Sit down, Mom. Everybody scoot over
and make room.

ZSOFIA
I'd rather stand, Dear.

Anna hands glasses out to everyone. Ian fills Zsafia and Tamas' glass, then his own.

ANNA
Ian, just a little drop for the
toast.

Ian pours a little wine in Anna's glass.

ANNA
Enough.

Anna and Ian look at each other, smiling. Ian puts his arm around her.

ANNA
Go ahead, Honey.

IAN
No, no, you do it.

She kisses him on the cheek.

ANNA

We decided to name the baby,
Thomas, after you, Daddy.

Tamas, visibly moved, remains silent.

IAN

To Thomas.

They all clink glasses. Tamas and Zsafia avoid looking at each other. They drink. Tamas gulps down the whole glass.

IAN

Let's eat.

Anna reaches into the cooler and pulls out plates of food.

LATER,

The bottle of wine is empty. Zsafia now sits in the lounge chair near the blanket. Tamas sits next to Anna. Ian stands facing all of them.

IAN

My brother-in-law thinks he's a carpenter, a house painter, an electrician, and a plumber. Four months later they're still living out of boxes.

TAMAS

The house must have needed the work.

IAN

Not according to my sister.

ZSOFIA

Your poor sister.

TAMAS

I admire your brother-in-law. He's doing it for himself.

ZSOFIA

It would be easier for them to hire someone.

Tamas turns and looks at Zsafia.

TAMAS

A man is allowed to make his own home.

Zsafia holds her ground keeping eye contact with Tamas.

ZSOFIA

He's destroying the house.

TAMAS

Is that what he's doing?

ZSOFIA

Yes.

(to Ian)

Can they afford to hire someone?

IAN

Uhm,

TAMAS

I'm sure he wants to do it himself.

Ian, incredulous, looks at Anna who helplessly watches her parents.

ZSOFIA

For someone who never did anything around the house, you have an awful lot to say.

TAMAS

Are you calling me a hypocrite?

ZSOFIA

Yes, I am.

TAMAS

What does it matter? They'll be no house soon enough.

ANNA

Mom, Dad. Please stop.

Tamas turns away, furious, then turns back to Zsafia.

TAMAS

I was working, wasn't I?

ZSOFIA

And when you weren't working, you were working.

TAMAS

What does that mean?

ZSOFIA

It means, everything is about you.
It means, what does Tamas need?
What will make Tamas happy? It
means, I dedicated my life to you
and your damn career.

TAMAS

Yes, because you felt guilty.
Because you cheated on me. And my
damn career, by the way, gave you a
beautiful home and a life.

ANNA

Can we change the subject, please?

TAMAS

Did you know your mother wants to
sell the house?

Tamas stands.

TAMAS

You are an incredibly selfish
woman.

ZSOFIA

And you still have a swollen ego,
self-righteous and arrogant.

TAMAS

I see. Then this must be how you've
always felt.

ZSOFIA

No, it's not.
(she cries)
I loved you. My life centered
around you.

TAMAS

Like your affair.

ZSOFIA

No.

TAMAS

Then why'd you do it, Zsafia?

ZSOFIA
 (screaming)
 I don't know. I'm sorry. I'm so
 sorry. What do you want from me?
 What?

She falls to her knees. Anna comforts her.

Tamas walks away towards some trees behind them.

ZSOFIA
 What did you expect, Anna?

INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM--NIGHT

Zsafia and Tamas sitting away from each other. Tamas trying to relax finally stands and paces for a moment, then sits again. Zsafia takes knitting out from a bag. Tamas looks at her.

TAMAS
 What are you doing?

ZSOFIA
 Staying calm. You might try it.

TAMAS
 I don't knit.

ZSOFIA
 I meant staying calm.

He stands and paces.

TAMAS
 Did you know they were naming the
 baby after me?

ZSOFIA
 No.

TAMAS
 It was very thoughtful of them to
 do that.

ZSOFIA
 You are everything to Anna. You
 always have been.

TAMAS
 And she is everything to me.

Zsafia remains silent and knits.

TAMAS

I feel like we're having Anna again.

ZSOFIA

You could go home if you want. I could call you when the baby is born.

TAMAS

I'm not going anywhere.

Silence.

TAMAS

You could go home, and we could call you. How's that?

They glare at each other, briefly.

TAMAS

Who was he?

ZSOFIA

What?

TAMAS

You're lover, back then.

ZSOFIA

Let's not fight, Tamas. Our daughter is about to give birth.

Tamas about to say something else decides to back off.

INT. HOSPITAL BIRTHING ROOM--NIGHT

The sound of a BABY crying.

Anna lies on the bed, exhausted, in the afterglow of birth. She watches the NURSE on the other side of the room cleaning the baby. Ian standing near Anna, sits on the side of the bed and kisses Anna.

IAN

You're amazing.

The nurse carries the baby over and hands it to Anna. Anna holds him close to her.

NURSE
Congratulations.

She walks away as Ian and Anna coddle the infant.

INT. WAITING ROOM--NIGHT

Zsafia dozes. Tamas sits with his head in his hands. Ian walks in.

IAN
Don't you want to see your
grandson?

Tamas looks up. Zsafia opens her eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY--NIGHT

Tamas, Zsafia, and Ian stand at the baby's crib watching him sleep.

EXT. BROWNSTONE--DAY

A moving truck pulls away from the curb.

INT. APARTMENT--DAY

An empty apartment with boxes piled in the middle of the room. The sofa from the Ambrus house sits against a wall with a small table and some chairs.

Zsafia walks in carrying the potted plant, now flourishing. She looks for a place to put it down and finally places it on the window sill. She looks out the window at the city.

INT. INFANT CARE--NIGHT

Anna sleeping on a cot next to the baby's crib.

INT. MIKHAIL'S LIVING ROOM--NIGHT

Ian, Tamas and Mikhail sitting in silence.

TAMAS
When will they know what's going
on?

IAN

The baby has another battery of tests tomorrow, including a liver biopsy.

TAMAS

A liver biopsy? What's wrong with his liver?

IAN

(breaking down)

Shit.

As Ian struggles, Tamas pours him a whiskey.

INT. HOSPITAL INFANT CARE--NIGHT

Thomas lies in a small crib hooked up to a heart monitor and an IV. Anna sits with him, stroking his back, kissing his hand.

Zsafia walks in with a cup of vending machine tea. She hands it to Anna. Zsafia looks at the baby, then sits next to Anna. Anna rests her head on Zsafia's shoulder.

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINING ROOM--DAY

Tamas sits with his shirt off. A DOCTOR walks into the room.

DOCTOR

Hello Mr. Ambrus. I'm Doctor Roberts.

They shake hands.

TAMAS

Hello.

DOCTOR

Your daughter tells us that your blood-type is B.

TAMAS

Yes.

DOCTOR

Good. We'll send you for some blood work shortly. We'll also have to do some other tests.

TAMAS
Do what you have to.

DOCTOR
Anna also said that you are not her
biological father.

TAMAS
No.

DOCTOR
We'll have to see how the tests go.

The doctor puts the stethoscope in his ears and moves behind Tamas.

INT. INFANT CARE--DAY

Mikhail sits with the baby. The baby holds his index finger. Ian, Anna and Tamas stand near the entrance to the room.

TAMAS
They can do this thing, take part
of a liver and give it to the baby?

ANNA
Yes.

IAN
I think you should tell him.

Anna looks at Ian.

IAN
He'll find out sooner or later.

TAMAS
Tell me what?

ANNA
It's not important right now.

IAN
We found Anna's biological father.

ANNA
Ian!

IAN
We're thinking of contacting him.

TAMAS
What for?

ANNA
I'm sorry, Daddy.

TAMAS
(exploding)
Why are you contacting this
schmuck?

Mikhail looks up at them.

ANNA
I don't want to.

IAN
The baby has a better chance if he
matches.

Anna sits down trying to hold it together, as things escalate
between Ian and Tamas.

IAN
It's his biological grandchild.

TAMAS
Biological schmiological. He has
nothing to do with us. I'm the
grandfather. This is my family.

IAN
We have to do what's best for the
baby.

He turns and looks at the baby.

ANNA
Daddy.

She stands and touches his arm.

TAMAS
I want him to have my liver.

ANNA
So do we Daddy, but-

He turns back to them.

TAMAS

You think this guy's going to donate part of his liver to total strangers?

IAN

He might. He seems like a nice guy.

She turns and sits, trying not to cry.

ANNA

Ian!

TAMAS

I see. So you've already contacted this creep.

IAN

He wasn't creepy. He actually seemed pretty nice. Didn't he, Anna?

ANNA

Yes. I guess.

TAMAS

When did you see him?

ANNA

Daddy, please don't get so upset.

TAMAS

When?

ANNA

A while ago.

TAMAS

And he knows who you are?

ANNA

No. I didn't tell him.

TAMAS

Why not?

ANNA

He's married and has grandchildren. I didn't want to upset his family.

IAN

We have to try, Dad.

EXT. JONATHAN TRABER'S HOUSE--DAY

Tamas stands at the front door and rings the bell. The door opens to Traber.

TRABER
If you're soliciting, we're not interested.

TAMAS
No, nothing like that. Are you Jonathan Traber?

TRABER
Yes.

TAMAS
My name is Tamas Ambrus.

They shake hands.

TRABER
What can I do for you, Mr. Ambrus?

TAMAS
I'm hope you might be able to help me.

TRABER
Do I know you?

TAMAS
You knew my sister, Zsafia. Zsafia Ambrus.

Tamas looks at his face for some recognition.

TRABER
I don't think so.

TAMAS
Zsafia. You met her thirty years ago.

TRABER
I don't recall any Zsafia. Frankly thirty years ago is a long time.

TAMAS
You had an affair with her.

TRABER

Excuse me?

TAMAS

She became pregnant with your child, who has recently given birth to a very sick baby. He will die without a liver transplant.

Traber listens, dumbfounded.

TRABER

I'm sorry, I don't know what you're talking about.

TAMAS

I'd expect that you would at least consider donating a portion of your liver to save the baby's life.

TRABER

You would?

TAMAS

Yes.

MRS. TRABER (O.S.)

Who's at the door, John?

TRABER

(calling)

It's all right, Dear.

(to Tamas)

Look, Mr. Ambrus. I'm a responsible member of my church and community. I love my wife. I don't cheat on her. I have my own family and grandchildren to worry about. I'm sorry for your misfortune, but this has nothing to do with me.

TAMAS

What's your blood-type?

TRABER

What kind of idiot are you? I don't know you or your sister, now get the out of here before I call the police.

TAMAS

Would you please tell me your blood-type.

Traber shuts the door.

TAMAS
Please, Mr. Traber.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE--NIGHT

The baby lies on a table, hooked up to monitors. A Nurse watches over him.

INT. PRE OP--DAY

Tamas lies in a bed naked under a sheet. Anna, Ian and Mikhail stand next to him.

The ANESTHESIOLOGIST walks in exuding optimism.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST
Cocktail hour, Mr. Ambrus? We have
a lovely combination of ambrosias
today, guaranteed to send you to
Never-Never land.

The Anesthesiologist hooks the sedative to Tamas' IV as Tamas looks at Anna.

She hugs him.

ANNA
I love you.

She releases her embrace, teary-eyed. Ian touches Tamas on the arm.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST
Ready.

Tamas nods.

The Anesthesiologist rolls Tamas out of the room. Anna and Ian watch Tamas disappear around a corner.

INT. OPERATING ROOM--DAY

Tamas is wheeled into the room. The sedative is kicking in as Tamas' eyes glaze over. An oxygen mask is placed over his mouth. Tamas struggles to keep his eyes open. The light sound of air releasing from the oxygen tank mixes with the garbled voices. Tamas falls asleep.

BEGIN TAMAS' DREAM

EXT. REVERE BEACH--DAY

Luminous. The hissing of the oxygen becomes the sound of wind and waves crashing onto the shore.

Tamas' head sticks out of the sand. Three toy shovels lie in front of him. Gypsy music fades in becoming louder and clearer. Tamas' body rises up from the hole in the sand until he is floating about ten feet in the air.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW,

He looks down and sees Peter and the other Gypsy musicians playing the music and dancing.

Anna walks underneath Tamas, holding a string in one hand connected to Tamas' waist.

TAMAS' POV

In the other hand she holds another string. Tamas follows the string up and finds baby Thomas attached and floating next to him.

EXT. FIELD OF DAISIES--DAY

Tamas watches Lily picking daisies and tossing them into a large basket. She turns to Tamas and smiles. He looks closer at the basket. The basket is filled with pieces of liver and flower petals.

Suddenly Tamas is alone in the field holding his violin. He lifts the violin to his neck and plays a passionate Gypsy song.

Tamas feels a sharp pain in his side. He falls to his knees.

TAMAS' POV

He sees a blue sky for a moment, then doctors wearing surgical masks appear looking down at him until his view of the sky is covered.

END DREAM

INT. TAMAS' HOSPITAL ROOM--NIGHT

Tamas sleeps, hooked up to a heart monitor and IV. Zsofia walks in carrying her potted plant. She places the plant on a table near Tamas, then approaches his bed. She touches his hand and looks at him.

ZSOFIA

You've done a wonderful thing.

Tamas remains sleeping. She walks out of the room.

INT. MIKHAIL'S LIVING ROOM--DAY

Zsofia's plant sits in the window.

Mikhail rests on the sofa watching Anna and Tamas playing with the baby on the floor.

Tamas shakes a rattle. The baby stares at it. Then it bursts into a big smile. Anna and Tamas laugh.

Mikhail stands and walks into the bedroom.

BEDROOM,

Mikhail takes the photograph of his wife off the table and lies down with it holding it on his chest. He closes his eyes.

BEGIN MIKHAIL'S FANTASY

EXT. REVERE BEACH--DAY

Mikhail, at his present age of eighty-four, stands at the edge of the water looking out at his young, naked wife floating in the water, gesturing for him to come in.

He takes off all his clothes and walks into the water. He paddles out to her. They embrace and kiss.

END FANTASY

INT. MIKHAIL'S BEDROOM--DAY

Mikhail, on the bed, motionless, seeming to be smiling.

EXT. CEMETERY--DAY

Tamas stands at the side of a grave. Anna stands next to him holding the baby. Ian next to her and Zsafia next to him. A few seniors from the film society stand on the other side of the grave.

The baby giggles.

Tamas looks at the Seniors and thanks them for coming. He nods to the cemetery workers waiting off to the side. Tamas turns to walk away. The rest of the family follows. Ian and Anna walk off. Tamas follows behind them.

Zsafia walks up to Tamas and walks by his side. She puts her arm through his. He looks at her for a moment as they walk to their cars.

Before Zsafia climbs into her car, she kisses the baby, then turns to Anna and Ian.

ZSOFIA
I'll see you this weekend.

Anna hugs Zsafia. Ian kisses her on the cheek. Anna and Ian climb in their car.

Zsafia turns to Tamas.

ZSOFIA
Would you like some company?

TAMAS
I'm all right.

ZSOFIA
Why don't I give you a call later.

Tamas nods.

TAMAS
Thank you.

Zsafia climbs into her car. Tamas steps back as she drives off. He climbs in the car with Anna, Ian and the baby. They drive off.

INT. FILM SOCIETY--EVENING

Tamas's solo violin playing. Hysterical laughter from the audience.

ON SCREEN: Images from Chaplin's, The Kid.

The Kid throws a couple of rocks and breaks a window.

ROOM,

Tamas playing.

ON SCREEN,

The man collecting money from the woman after replacing her window. Suspicious Cop watching. The Man walks away, cop follows him. The Kid runs along side the man. The man pushes the kid away with his foot several times.

ROOM,

Tamas playing, accenting the humor and pathos, matching and supporting the actions of the characters. The audience bursts into laughter again.

In the back of the room, Zsafia is laughing so hard, tears are falling.

ON SCREEN,

The Man, after replacing window glass for another woman, flirts with her. She flirts back. The Cop, from around the corner, walks into his house. He comes to window and Sees the Man flirting with his wife. He grabs the Man. The Man struggles free and runs. The Kid runs off with the Man. The cop chases them.

ROOM,

Zsafia Laughing with the audience. She looks at Tamas. They make eye contact. Tamas plays.

FADE OUT.

VITA

Steven Bogart was born on January 21, 1954. He grew up in New York City and moved to Boston, Massachusetts in 1972 where he received his B.F.A in painting from Tufts University and The School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. He received his M.A. in theater from Emerson College and currently teaches drama at Lexington High School in Lexington, Massachusetts.