

LOVE'S LAST DREAMING
"A Screenplay"
by
John McIntosh

Adapted from the novel
Loves Last Dreaming
by
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FADE IN :

EXT. POLYNESIAN BEACH - DAY

Two 13 year old children with long black hair and blue eyes run along a beach. JACK, a boy and MARIPOSA a girl, each joyfully drag butterfly shaped kites.

INSERT PAINTING

An IMPRESSIONISTIC MONET-style duplicate of the children's activity.

BACK TO SCENE

From behind, SHUA-JO, sits in a high-back director's-type chair painting the children at play. He wears loose fitting white linen trousers and has long black braided hair. On his bare left shoulder is a butterfly tattoo. Around his neck he wears two halves of a silver amulet on two chains. Suddenly, MARIPOSA's kite plummets into a palm tree and becomes entangled. MARIPOSA runs to SHUA-JO, crying.

MARIPOSA

(whining)

Master Shua-Jo, Jack's kite sings with the wind, but my kite always falls.

MASTER SHUA JO

(solemnly)

You were afraid it would fall, Mariposa.

MARIPOSA

I do not understand Master. Jack pays no attention to the dangers of the wind and his kite never falls.

SHUA-JO smiles knowingly.

INSERT PAINTING

SHUA-JO'S painting morphs into the new scene.

KITE IN PALM TREE

Zoom to kite which suddenly morphs into a beautiful butterfly and takes flight into a blue sky.

BEGIN CREDITS

The butterfly flits in and around the text. Each credit morphs into a colourful part of a butterfly's wings.

END CREDITS

The wings fill the screen and become two stained glass French doors which open as if the wings are closing.

EXT. A POLYNESIAN MANSION - DAY

DANIEL GREY

I assure you Mariette, you will not regret this trip once you see the portrait. Its as if Monet himself had you in his studio.

A Polynesian housemaid greets DANIEL GREY, his wife ELIZABETH GREY and MARIETTE MOR-PHOSE, all dressed in fashionable clothing, at the door with leis in hand.

HOUSEMAID

Aloha, Mr. and Mrs. Grey. It is a pleasure to see you again.

ELIZABETH GREY

May we present Mariette Mor-Phose.

The housemaid bows and ceremoniously places leis over their heads. Annoyed, MARIETTE pulls her lei off.

MARIETTE MOR-PHOSE

I'll trade ya this thing for a double martini.

INT. ENTRANCE - POLYNESIAN ESTATE - DAY

Ignoring the insult, the housemaid smiles sweetly.

HOUSEMAID

Welcome, please follow me.

The MAID escorts the three into a huge, crowded room where an afternoon party is in progress. White noise pervades.

GRAND ROOM

The walls are covered in Monet style paintings. Casually dressed people schmooz. MARIETTE grabs a cocktail from a passing waiter and downs it. She separates from her companions, fascinated by the paintings. She is distracted by a nearby belligerent GUEST.

A GUEST (OS)

Wouldn't you just love to chuck all this
B.S. I mean, aren't you just sooo
tired of this phony dance?

MARIETTE

(thinking)

You bet I am!

MARIETTE smirks and nods her head. Her eyes are pulled to an IMPRESSIONISTIC portrait of a woman who resembles her.

Zoom to eyes in painting.

Back to MARIETTE's face which is trancelike. Under glass, the painting reflects the host, KAPPRA ADARZA, in a white linen suit and long black hair, departing to the sun drenched deck. Entranced, MARIETTE moves toward an exit.

EXT. THE DECK OF KAPPRA'S MANSION

MARIETTE winds her way around the deck from the far side of the Grand Room and sees KAPPRA leaning against the deck. His back is to her. He gazes out to sea. As she approaches him her eyes seductively scan him from toe to head in slow motion. Her breathing increases.

KAPPRA speaks with his back still to MARIETTE.

KAPPRA ADARZA

How do you like the view I arranged
for you my sad lady?

She blinks twice and her trance dissolves.

MARIETTE

(cynically - whispering)

Hunh! How does he know my mood.

MARIETTE looks past KAPPRA and sees an island which resembles a sleeping man. She is shocked and holds her hand

to her breast taking a deep breath.

MARIETTE

That island - it looks - it looks
like...

KAPPRA

...a sleeping man.

MARIETTE

I can feel it...as if...as if...

KAPPRA

...its alive!

MARIETTE

Yes! Its amazing.

KAPPRA laughs aloud still facing the sea.

KAPPRA

More amazing than you know.

MARIETTE

How's that?

KAPPRA

He is the Ancient Dreamer.

MARIETTE

Ancient Dreamer? What's that supposed to
mean?

KAPPRA

(as if talking to a child)

The locals tell the story of a great
leader long ago named Shua-Jo. He
loved the people of his Kingdom
which was radiantly beautiful - much
as it is now. The only difference being
that with his wise and ...

MARIETTE

(cynically)

... his wise and loving leadership,
peace prevailed and everyone was

happy. Right? I know how that
fairy-tail goes.

KAPPRA
(chuckling)

MARIETTE
(defensively)
I have good reason to distrust
fairy-tales.

KAPPRA ignores the cynical reference.

KAPPRA
Do you wish to hear more?

MARIETTE
Sorry. Sure, I didn't mean to...

KAPPRA
(gently)
I know.

KAPPRA pauses and sweeps his arms toward the island.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

A beautiful butterfly flits among flowers.

Zoom from above the insect's body which resembles the white linen
robe worn by SHUA-JO.

EXT. PALATIAL BEDROOM - DAY

The butterfly flits through an open window into SHUA-JO'S bedroom
landing atop the mosquito netting. It merges, into the net which
morphs into a design resembling the insect. SHUA-JO is dressed in
white linen. Around his neck is a silver amulet, worn on a single
chain.

KAPPRA (VO)
One night Shua-Jo had a dream in which
he completely identified with a
beautiful butterfly.

INT. PALATIAL BEDROOM - DAY

KAPPRA (VO)

When Shua-Jo awoke he was amazed that
He was Shua-Jo, the leader of a great
and peaceful Kingdom.

Two men dressed in deep purple robes with white rope belts enter
the bedroom.

KAPPRA (VO)

SHUA-JO explains the beauty of his
dream to two trusted advisors. He
is not certain which reality he prefers.

One advisor says, 'Master, you must chose
un-numbered fragments - almost
impossible to reassemble.'

EXT. BACK TO THE DECK

KAPPRA

But each night the dream returns
and Shua-Jo becomes obsessed with
his new identity.

INT.

BACK TO THE BEDROOM

KAPPRA (VO)

One morning Shua-Jo fails to awaken
from his dreaming. The two advisors
shake Shau-Jo, but fail to awaken him.

EXT.

AN ORNATE FLOWERED GARDEN - DAY

The two advisors, seated in meditation on either side of SHUA-JO,
who lies sleeping on an elevated granite slab. Around his neck
are two halves of a silver amulet, worn on two separate chains.

SOMBER MUSIC.

KAPPRA (VO)

His advisors go into a deep meditation
and seek to counsel him back to his
Kingdom.

Nearby, a butterfly divides again and again in pairs of black, brown, yellow, red and white. With each division the garden becomes less and less colourful.

MONTAGE

Shots of planet earth's suffering.

KAPPRA (VO)

As the legend goes, the world we know as real is a creation in the fragmented mind of Shua-Jo's dreaming. To awaken from the dream he must reunite the fragments represented by the beautiful divided amulet he wears.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BACK TO THE DECK

MARIETTE, is intrigued by the story.

KAPPRA (OS)

What do you think of the legend Mariposa?

KAPPRA slowly turns away from the sea and faces MARIETTE.

MARIETTE (sarcastically)

Fascinating, even for a fairy tale.
By the wayyyy, my name is not Mariposa,
its M-a-r-i ...

Over KAPPRA's shoulder, facing MARIETTE.

Zoom to her face...a mask of terror. She gasps and collapses onto the deck.

PARIS INT.

CLAIR DE LUNE CAFÉ - DAY - 11 MONTHS LATER

The café is empty except for MARIETTE. Depressed, she sits at a table with an empty espresso and a half full glass of Absinthe liquor. Her dress is expensive Paris chic. Her long dark brown hair is hidden under a wide brim hat. Her intricately applied make-up fails to hide her exhaustion

She glances at a JACK RUSSELL dog peaking from beneath a checker tablecloth across the room. It tilts its head. Despite her dark mood she smirks.

MARIETTE (VO)

(thinking)

Humph. Jack Russell ... Jack Russell ...
Jack, must mean something?

She raises her head slowly and her eyes are pulled into a multi-coloured MONET copy.

EXT.

ANCIENT BANYAN TREE - DAY

The painting morphs into a caterpillar on the hand of MARIPOSA. JACK stands beside MARIPOSA watching. She places her hand on the side of the tree allowing the insect to crawl off her hand.

Time lapse of caterpillar crawling up the side of the tree to a branch where it makes a chrysalis. Peering from a small opening, the caterpillar looks down at the children.

INT.

BACK AT THE CAFE

Over the shoulder of SHANTE, the INDIAN café owner, emerging from the back of the café. With long black hair, he is dressed in a white linen suit.

OMINOUS MUSIC.

He slowly approaches MARIETTE from behind. The MUSIC peaks as he touches MARIETTE'S shoulder and gently shakes her.

Facing MARIETTE, she appears to come out of her trance-like state and turns slightly toward SHANTE. He speaks with KAPPRA'S voice.

SHANTE

Wake up Mariposa. Wake up!

MARIETTE

(gasping)

END OMINOUS MUSIC.

The shock of hearing KAPPRA'S voice awakens MARIETTE for real. SHANTE's appearance changes. He is wearing a bandana, dull clothes and a restaurant apron. He speaks gently with an Indian accent.

SHANTE

Scuzee Mademoiselle Mor-Phose. I do not mean to scare you.

(pausing)

The same day-dream?

MARIETTE

(sighing)

No, no mon ami. Much different, very strange ... I ... I was ... I was a little girl. My name was Mariposa.

MARIETTE puts her hand to her heart and takes a deep breath then stands.

SHANTE, looking worried, shakes his head, embraces her and they kiss goodbye in the European style.

EXT.

MONTMARTRE - LATER

MARIETTE leaves the café and walks along a cobblestone street in the Montmartre passing an artist copying the same MONET that entranced her in the café. She smirks and shakes her head.

STAIRS

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC.

From behind, MARIETTE approaches precipitous steps leading to the town. Her shoulders heave as she sighs. Facing MARIETTE weeping, giving the impression of possible suicide.

She grasps the railing handles as if to catapult herself down the steps. She hesitates and begins weeping hysterically.

INT.

MARIETTE'S OPULENT PARIS FLAT - DAY

Facing MARIETTE, she enters her flat -

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC SWELLS -

She throws her keys onto a foyer table, which slide onto the floor and across the floor. She ignores the keys and trudges down the hall toward her bathroom. The hall is filled with MONET and MONET-style paintings. We do not see them clearly.

BATHROOM

MARIETTE slowly opens the bathroom door which has an antique mirror opposite the entry.

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC CLIMAXES.

The mirror reveals the little girl MARIPOSA.

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC LINGERS.

She recoils against the wall and slumps to the floor. Slowly, she gets hold of herself, crawls toward the door, cautiously pushes it open, stands up and looks at the mirror to see her own face, a mask of dread.

END SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC.

She sighs in relief.

Pan to the floor where intermittent tiles reveal soft pastel images of butterflies.

INT.

FOUQUETS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MARIETTE sits at a window table with her bohemian friends: JACQUES DIJON, MARIE ODETTE, MICHELLE DIJON and PIERRE ARJEUNE. Dinner has just finished and a waitress, wearing a small butterfly broach, brings coffee to the table.

We enter a dialogue in progress regarding Theatre.

JACQUES DIJON
(condescendingly)
How can the inferior mind grasp the
lofty acting talent of raw genius?

Everyone laughs and bows obsequiously.

MARIE ODETTE
(perky)
Mon Chere is presenting a one-man
play at Midnight called Deja Revue.
Shall we go?

MICHELLE DIJON
(ditzzy)
How can you have a revue with only
one actor?

JACQUES rolls his eyes and shakes his head in disbelief.

MICHELLE
What?

MARIE
You're a rat Jacques!

LAUGHTER. MARIE wacks JACQUES on his arm. MARIETTE struggles within herself to say something. PIERRE notices and encourages her with his eyes and a gesture.

MARIETTE
I...that is...well, Marie just made me
think of something very strange that
happened to me this afternoon. It's a
little embarrassing...but I
thought...

Enthusiastic encouragement.

JACQUES
Go ahead. Share your madness
Mademoiselle...you should feel right at
home with us.

MARIE
giggling)

Speak for yourself Monsieur.

LAUGHTER. MARIETTE explains her visions at the CLAIRE DE LUNE and later in her flat. PIERRE makes a face and lisps the famous LAUGH-IN cliché flawlessly.

PIERRE ARJEUNE
Very Interrrrressting!

Explosions of LAUGHTER.

PIERRE
Seriously, Mariette. I believe you may have had a genuine Other Life experience.

JACQUES
A what?

JACQUES eyebrows peak almost to his hairline.

PIERRE
(dramatically)
An Other Life experience.

JACQUES
And what is that supposed to be?

MARIE
Ignore him, Pierre, the only life he is interested in is his own.

JACQUES
(tongue in cheek)
That's because nothing is quite so interesting.

MARIE shakes her head, rolls her eyes and cackles. PIERRE, introspective, appears worried he has overstepped his boundary with his friend and benefactor-host MARIETTE.

He is 5'- 10", wears minuscule granny glasses, jeans, a black leather vest over a turtle neck and a black Beret. A dark family guilt is hidden behind impersonations.

MARIETTE

(whispering)

Pierre, what did you mean by
Other Life?

MARIETTE draws him aside. He is reticent to explain, but she presses him.

PIERRE

(hesitating)

Yesterday I met an eccentric sort of
fellow.

MARIETTE

Eccentric? Why?

PIERRE

When we met he was dressed very odd.
He was pushing someone in an old
wooden wheelchair. He looked like he
had just stepped out of the
nineteenth century.

MARIETTE

Weird!

PIERRE

Anyway, I came up behind him just
as he dropped a book on the sidewalk.

INSERT -

OLD BOOK ON SIDEWALK

END INSERT

EXT. SIDEWALK - AVENUE FOCH - DAY

A man, FRANCOIS LETAP, dressed in a nineteenth century, three piece suit, stands on a sidewalk with his back to a wheelchair talking with PIERRE.

PIERRE (VO)

Now that I think of it, it happened on
Avenue Foch, not far from your flat.

INSERT -

AVENUE FOCH - STREET SIGN BACK TO SIDEWALK

PIERRE (VO)

I picked up the book and we started
to chat.

MARIETTE (VO)

How did you get into the
Other Life conversation?

PIERRE (VO)

When I handed him the book he told
me ...

FRANCOIS LETAP

(French accent)

Thank you Monsieur. An important
work in progress ... I am a research
author of ... sorts.

PIERRE (VO)

I asked him what he was researching
... what the book was about.

FRANCOIS

Dreaming!

PIERRE (VO)

...he said.

MARIETTE's moves closer to PIERRE as her interest grows. JACQUES
bends his ear to their conversation.

PIERRE (VO)

I told him I was fascinated with the
subject and asked him to elaborate.

FRANCOIS

We are all dreamers. We dream we are
awake.

PIERRE (VO)

"But..." he said

FRANCOIS

...we are not.

PIERRE looks sideways at FRANCOIS.

PIERRE (VO)

At first I thought the fellow had lost it...you know, dressed the way he was, then this "we're all dreamers" stuff. But...I don't know. There was something...something about him...

INT.

BACK TO RESTAURANT

MARIETTE appears very suspicious. JACQUES appears disgusted.

MARIETTE

Another wacky French artist by the sound of it Pierre.

JACQUES

(cynically)

Yeah right! Con artist is more like it. I've heard enough of this rubbish. I'm off to my Other Life in dreamland. Whose turn is it to pay? I know it's not mine!

Jacques flings his tattered leather jacket over his shoulder. The group begins to break up.

MARIETTE (VO)

(thinking)

As usual...

(out loud)

I'll get it!

(thinking) (VO)

...why do they even bother asking?

They're all penniless.

MARIETTE pulls a wad of large bills from her purse. Her expression changes from cynical to self reproaching. She pays the waitress as tears fill her eyes. PIERRE notices but says nothing. JACQUES bows obsequiously to MARIETTE who hides her face.

JACQUES

Voila! I'm off.

JACQUES quickly makes the rounds, meting out superficial goodnight kisses. Outside, MARIE looks up, opens an umbrella and waves through the window. MARIETTE and PIERRE wave back.

EXT.

FOUQUETS RESTAURANT - SIDEWALK

PIERRE, unsettled, walks MARIETTE to her flat silently.

EXT.

AVENUE Foch - MARIETTE'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Gently grasping MARIETTE'S hands. He kisses her on the cheek with obvious affection. Confused, MARIETTE is pleasantly surprised. PIERRE stammers, then smiles sheepishly.

PIERRE

(struggling)

Did I say something to upset you?

MARIETTE.

It...its not what you think.

PIERRE ignores MARIETTE's answer.

PIERRE

Mariette ...please don't take me too seriously. In my case, Francois was probably right. I live in a world of dreams... unfortunately, most don't come true.

MARIETTE appears understanding. She gently takes his hands in hers and squeezes them.

MARIETTE

Is your life really that bad Pierre?

PIERRE

Mariette, look at the bohemians I hang out with. What kind of dream-world is that?

MARIETTE (VO)
(thinking)
He's right about that.

PIERRE
I was meant for greater things.

MARIETTE appears confused and surprised.

MARIETTE
(smiling)
What have you been hiding from me?

PIERRE
(somberly)
Never mind. I've said too much.

PIERRE chokes back tears, lifts up MARIETTE'S hands, draws them to his lips and kisses them. Without waiting for a response, he grins as a tear trickles down his cheek. He turns, and strides quickly down the sidewalk, around the corner out of sight.

MARIETTE is touched and surprised. She calls out to him but he is gone.

MARIETTE
(calling out)
Pierre? Pierre...
(trailing off to a whisper)
Could you be as fed up as I am?

MARIETTE'S expression changes quickly to skepticism. She shakes herself, whips out her keys and turns sharply toward the entrance of her building.

MARIETTE
(whimpering)
Why can't I just trust someone to tell
me the simple truth?

A THUNDER CLAP followed by hard rain as a DOORMAN opens the door for MARIETTE.

INT.

MARIETTE'S FLAT - NIGHT

MARIETTE walks to her China cabinet. She falls to her knees.

MARIETTE
(moaning)

Yes. I would love to chuck all this
B.S. Yes. I am sooo tired of this
phony dance?

MARIETTE grimaces, opens a glass panel and pulls out a full bottle of Rémy Martin and a snifter. She gets to her feet, kicks off her heels and trudges down the hallway to her bedroom.

MARIETTE'S BEDROOM

MARIETTE
(crying)

God help me...help me wake from
this nightmare.

MARIETTE becomes hysterical and fills her snifter with cognac.

LATER INSERT -

DIGITAL CLOCK ON NIGHT TABLE 1:11 AM.

A half empty bottle of Rémy Martin sits beside clock. MARIETTE sits on the edge of the bed, drops her head and the snifter. It falls to the rug as she slumps across the bed.

INT.

CLAIRE DE LUNE CAFÉ - DAY

Dreaming, MARIETTE, through the Jack Russell's eyes, looks up at herself sitting at a table as she was earlier. Her perspective changes to her body. She looks down at the JACK RUSSELL's head which morphs into JACK'S face who smiles and speaks in the voice of KAPPRA.

JACK

So...you want to chuck all this B.S.
do you...your tired of this phony dance,
are you?

From the kitchen door behind MARIETTE, SHANTE speaks as if through a tunnel with KAPPRA'S voice.

SHANTE

MARIPOSA, why don't you just wake up?

The vision fades to a grey blur as the chant continues.

SHANTE

MARIPOSA, why don't you wake up, why don't you wake up, why don't you just wake up?

MARIETTE slowly awakens to a distant RINGING that overlaps the CHANT. It becomes LOUDER as the CHANT fades. She struggles to manoeuvre her body across the bed to answer the phone.

MARIETTE MOANING, grasps the hand piece. It slips from her fingers and CRASHES onto the marble floor.

MARIETTE

Ohhh, my head. A faint voice from the phone is heard.

FRANCOIS

Hello, hello.

MARIETTE slides off the bed, plunges down beside the receiver and hollers at it.

MARIETTE

(agitated)

I'll be right there! Hold on, I'm coming!

MARIETTE reaches up, lifts the phone set from the bedside table onto the floor and picks up the receiver from the floor.

INSERT - DIGITAL CLOCK - 1:11

MARIETTE

Yes, yes! Who is this?

FRANCOIS

My apologies, Mademoiselle Mor-Phase for calling in the middle of the night.

MARIETTE

(growing irritation)

Who is this? Why are you calling? What do you want?

FRANCOIS

So sorry Mademoiselle, but there is an urgent reason for my call. You are in grave danger. I must meet with you immediately!

MARIETTE

(concerned/louder)

Danger, what danger? Who is this?

OMINOUS MUSIC

FRANCOIS

You are being watched Mariette... followed.

MARIETTE

(irritated)

By who? Who are you?

FRANCOIS

François LeTap, Mariette. An acquaintance of Pierre's. I came upon him in my carriage a few hours ago. He told me of the strange incidents you experienced earlier in the day.

MARIETTE (VO)

(thinking)

Carriage?

(annoyed)

Pierre told you about our private discussion? What do you want?

FRANCOIS

Don't blame Pierre, he spoke of it with me because I am the author he mentioned to you.

MARIETTE

(surprised)

You are that weird...that is, the author

he told me about?

FRANCOIS

The same - François LeTap. We must meet immediately. Please come to my flat.

FRANCOIS's tone is gently commanding. MARIETTE extends the phone and looks at it in amazement.

MARIETTE

Whose watching me? I don't even know you! You hardly even know Pierre. Why should I trust you?

FRANCOIS

No time to explain now Mariette. You will find me at 47 Place Esprit, Flat #22. Come at once. Francois hangs up.

Aggravated and bewildered, MARIETTE flops to the bed, drags the comforter over her and wrestles with her thoughts.

FRANCOIS (VO)

(echoing)

Decide Mariette!

MARIETTE, aggravated, throws the cover off and jumps up.

MARIETTE

(moaning)

Oh, my head! Damn! This better be for real!

EXT.

FRANCOIS's APARTMENT - NIGHT

THUNDER and a clear night sky. MARIETTE looks up, shrugs and reaches for the intercom. Before she rings, FRANCOIS answers and BUZZES the door. MARIETTE jumps back, looks from side to side then searches for a video camera. There is none to be seen.

FRANCOIS

Come up Mariette.

OMINOUS MUSIC SWELLS.

MARIETTE

(nervous/whispering)

What am I getting myself in to?

INT.

FRANCOIS'S DOOR

The hall light - on a timer - shuts off just as Mariette knocks on the door. She is in complete darkness. Already open, the door moves an inch forward.

FRANCOIS (OS)

(echo)

Back here, Mariette.

INT.

FRANCOIS'S FLAT

Unnerved, MARIETTE creeps into the dark room. A dim light shines in the distance. The light telescopes away from her as she moves toward it.

FRANCOIS (OS)

(echoing)

Follow the light Mariette.

OMINOUS MUSIC CLIMAXES.

Nervous and agitated, MARIETTE reaches the light. Suddenly her pounding headache dissolves.

FRANCOIS'S KITCHEN

A light shines from above a table and two chairs. The rest of the kitchen is in shadows. FRANCOIS'S voice is calming. He hands MARIETTE a butterfly patterned cup of tea. He is in his 60's with a youthful energy and dressed to match it.

FRANCOIS

How's your head...better?

MARIETTE

My headache...its...its gone. I can't

believe it. How did you...know?

FRANCOIS smiles calmly and ignores MARIETTE's question. He gestures to a chair as if they are old friends.

FRANCOIS

Sit down Mariette, please.

FRANCOIS stands over MARIETTE patiently while she sips her tea and unwinds. He smiles warmly, turns and reaches under a counter and produces a tattered folder. He opens it and places the contents in front of her.

INSERT -

OTHER LIFE - A PLAY

A neat stack of dry, yellowed pages with the last page number 111 - on top.

BACK TO FRANCOIS's KITCHEN

MARIETTE is shocked and puzzled.

FRANCOIS

Please dear, read aloud what is written on the last page.

MARIETTE hesitates, a bit annoyed by his instructive manner. FRANCOIS smiles patiently and gestures her to read.

MARIETTE

"Mariette creeps down the darkened hallway toward the kitchen light. It telescopes away from her as she walks... her pounding headache dissolves ... Francois hands her a cup of tea... she reads the last page of the Other Life play."

MARIETTE's face is white, she trembles. FRANCOIS sits calmly.

FRANCOIS

Drink my dear. Chaos confuses perception. The tea will calm you.

MARIETTE breathes deeply and takes a few more sips.

MARIETTE

(mumbling/exasperated)

How...how is this possible? I must
still be in that crazy dream.

FRANCOIS smiles warmly. MARIETTE, senses his compassion, wells up
and begins crying.

INSERT - PAGE 111

Tears spatter on the Play. The ink begins to run on the words
OTHER LIFE.

BACK TO FRANCOIS'S KITCHEN

FRANCOIS is seated across from MARIETTE. Without visible movement
he is behind her massaging her shoulders. She purrs. Suddenly he
appears sitting back in his chair gazing into her eyes. She
blinks, and returns his stare - alarmed.

MARIETTE

How the...?

FRANCOIS gestures MARIETTE to ignore what just happened.

MARIETTE

Who wrote this?

FRANCOIS

Can you conceive of a world without
walls Mariette?

MARIETTE

I don't understand...what's happening
to me?

FRANCOIS

Let go of what you once believed
possible. Expand your mind.

MARIETTE's eyes become heavy. She closes them for a moment then
opens them. A holographic image appears in the shadows of the
kitchen.

INT.

ELEANOR PATEL'S BED-SITTING ROOM - DAY

A woman dressed in a full length, white nineteenth century dress, sits at a roll top desk, writing with a quill pen. Her hair is medium brown and hangs below her shoulders. Her back is to MARIETTE'S view.

DR.FREDERICK PATEL (OS)
(British accent)

How is the Play progressing my dear?

ELEANOR PATEL
(British accent)

It is almost a part of me Papa.

MARIETTE'S vantage point moves over ELEANOR'S shoulder. On the top of Eleanor's writing paper there is an indistinguishable sketch of the two halves of THE SHUA-JO amulet. MARIETTE looks down at what ELEANOR has just written.

MARIETTE (OS)
(reading)

"Mariette, in shock, stops reading.
Francois sits calmly watching her
reaction."

BACK TO FRANCOIS'S KITCHEN

MARIETTE gasps. The vision fades. FRANCOIS continues to watch her calmly. She picks up her cup and sniffs its contents.

TENSE MUSIC.

MARIETTE
(demanding)

What's in this tea? Am I to believe
this woman is somehow manipulating my
life?

MARIETTE attempts to get up to leave. Francois gently but firmly gestures her to sit. She cannot resist him.

MARIETTE
(exasperated)

Is that woman watching me?

FRANCOIS

Is that what you believe?

MARIETTE

I don't have the faintest idea what
I believe Monsieur LeTap. I feel like
I'm losing my mind.

MARIETTE starts crying again.

FRANCOIS

Now you are beginning to get it!

MARIETTE looks up and abruptly brushes the tears away.

MARIETTE

(whimpering/frustrated)

What the hell is that supposed to
mean?

FRANCOIS

You are remembering, my dear!

MARIETTE

(whining/angry)

Remembering what?

FRANCOIS

Who you really are.

TENSE MUSIC ENDS.

MARIETTE remains sullen.

MARIETTE

Your going to have to do better than
that 'cause this is going nowhere.

FRANCOIS is silent for a few moments and appears to change his
focus.

FRANCOIS

I would like you to meet a friend,
my dear.

MARIETTE

Another friend?

FRANCOIS

Trust what is unfolding, my dear.

MARIETTE (OS)

(thinking)

Trust? Me trust? Humph!

(thinking/shaking her head)

He obviously doesn't know...I don't
'do' trust.

FRANCOIS smiles knowingly. MARIETTE's eyes are drawn to the ceiling light. Zoom into light.

INT.

LARGE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Zoom out from light which becomes a flood light in a huge auditorium. MARIETTE and FRANCOIS, seated in the front row. The room is packed. A man, resembling a young Albert Einstein, dressed in frumpy clothes, strides confidently toward a podium on stage.

MARIETTE

How...how are you doing this?

MARIETTE hears FRANCOIS's gentle voice in her head.

FRANCOIS (OS)

Eleanor, this the friend I wanted
you to meet.

MARIETTE

Eleanor?

MARIETTE is confused, but somehow feels a calm come over her. The room is electric with expectation. Without introductions the LECTURER begins.

ONSTAGE

THE LECTURER

Everything is made of waves and
particles...energy and information.

Humorous caricature holographic illustrations appear and continue throughout the lecture.

THE LECTURER

Think, and the wave becomes a particle
of experience, a person, a place
or a circumstance.

BACK TO MARIETTE AND FRANCOIS

MARIETTE turns to FRANCOIS with a confused expression. He smiles
patiently.

THE LECTURER

Everything experienced is a belief.
Change your belief and your
experience changes.

The lecturer turns and looks directly at MARIETTE.

THE LECTURER

Just like in a dream Eleanor.

MARIETTE (OS)

(thinking)

Why the hell is he calling me Eleanor?

LECTURER (OS)

(whispering)

Give your attention to anything...
add your belief, and it becomes part
of your reality.

MARIETTE (OS)

(Whispering/cynically)

Ya right! That's why the world's in
such a mess.

FRANCOIS (OS)

No one has ever failed to create.
Each one gives their attention to both
happy as well as ugly thoughts.

MARIETTE (OS)

(cynically)

So there's no accidents, no bad luck
no victims. We just created this entire
mess by ourselves.

FRANCOIS (OS)

Just so.

MARIETTE has an incredulous expression on her face.

MARIETTE

Rubbish.

(pausing)

Cancer and heart disease...I suppose
we create them as well?

BACK TO STAGE

THE LECTURER

Everything Eleanor. There are no
exceptions.

FRANCOIS (OS)

Most people have no idea what their
mind is creating - careless thought
is a devastating habit.

THE LECTURER

Eleanor. Change your beliefs...and
your unhappy dreams will disappear.

MARIETTE (OS)

(agitated)

Ridiculous. Nonsense.

(pausing)

And why are you two calling me
Eleanor anyway?

(angry)

I want to know what's the point of all
this. If I'm in some sort of danger from
this woman Eleanor, why don't you just
say so?

A flood of emotion rushes through MARIETTE. The room fades and is
replaced by another.

INT.

ELEANOR PATEL'S BED-SITTING ROOM - DAY

Eleanor lies on a divan. An extended male hand places a cold
compress on her head. Her appearance is simple but similar to
MARIETTE'S.

DR.PATEL (OS)
Breathe Eleanor, breathe. Here, take
some tea.

ELEANOR sips tea from an identical cup to MARIETTE's. MARIETTE
watches from over Dr. Patel's shoulder.

DR. PATEL (OS)
Do you feel well enough to tell me
what you saw this time, my dear?

OMINOUS MUSIC SWELLS

ELEANOR
Ye...yes ... I think so.

ELEANOR appears exhausted.

ELEANOR
She cannot accept ... wha ...
what she is experiencing.

DR. PATEL
Does she feel threatened?

ELEANOR
I...I don't think so...not yet.

DR. PATEL
Very good...very good.
(smiling and nodding)
Rest my dear,

As ELEANOR's eyes close, MARIETTE's open.

BACK TO FRANCOIS's KITCHEN

OMINOUS MUSIC FADES

FRANCOIS
How do you feel, my dear?

MARIETTE
(shaken/disoriented)
What did her papa mean by 'threatened' -
is he watching me?

FRANCOIS ignores MARRIETTE's question. She attempts to stand but cannot.

MARIETTE
(startled)

Hunh! My legs...they're sleeping.

MARIETTE becomes alarmed. FRANCOIS places his hand on hers. Instantly she calms.

OMINOUS MUSIC ENDS.

She moves her legs which have returned to normal.

FRANCOIS

Tell me about 'your' father
MARIETTE.

MARIETTE
(rudely)

Why?

FRANCOIS remains calm and presses her.

FRANCOIS

To help you understand the danger you
are facing.

MARIETTE wrestles with her desire to know and her need to hide her feelings.

MARIETTE (OS)
(thinking)

Damn! I hate this.

(pausing/bitterly)

Money and happiness were not married in
my family. At 22, I inherited enormous
wealth...after...

FRANCOIS

...your parent's tragic death.

MARIETTE

My mother's death was tragic...

(hesitates)

I, I told you I had good reason to...

FRANCOIS

...distrust?

FLASHBACK EXT.

PARIS MANSION - DAY

MARIETTE's mother kisses her father good-bye, a chauffeur helps her into a ROLLS ROYCE and the car drives off.

INT.

OPULENT STUDY - LATER

MARIETTE, a young child, hides behind a sofa. A woman enters, embraces her father and hands him a letter. The woman departs and her father reads the letter. He breaks down and weeps.

MARIETTE (VO)

(welling up)

The bastard. He had time for a mistress
but never for me.

SEVERAL YEARS LATER - MARIETTE IS 22

MARIETTE looks for a book in the study and finds her father's letter's. She looks at the MARSEILLES post-mark and becomes furious. She throws the letters to the floor, kicks them across the room, pauses, quickly gathers them up and walks from the room.

INT.

MARIETTE's MOTHER's DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

MARIETTE places the stack of letters under papers on her mother's dressing table.

MARIETTE (VO)

I found his lover's letters and...

I left them...

FRANCOIS (VO)

...where your mother could find them.

LATER

MARIETTE's mother finds the letters.

BACK TO FRANCOIS's KITCHEN

MARIETTE

(weeping)

And then, and then...they, they...

FRANCOIS

...died in a car crash...and you
blame yourself.

MARIETTE (whispered scream)

Yes! Yes! If she hadn't found the letters
and confronted him...she might still
be alive!

MARIETTE weeps in sorrow. FRANCOIS holds her hand and allows
MARIETTE to release her grief.

MARIETTE

(sniffling)

I drowned myself for 10 years in a
thousand distractions. Drugs, booze,
crazzy living...I spent millions ...
I have no idea where that money went.
A smoke-screen...just an ugly mask to
hide my miserable life.

FRANCOIS

And now?

MARIETTE drifts into a reverie of the transition into her new
life.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

- PRIVATE PLANE from KAPPRA's estate in catatonic state,
- convalescing in MARSEILLES NURSING HOME
- workers closing MARSEILLES VILLA
- workers opening AVENUE Foch FLAT
- walking in the MONTMARTRE
- coffee at CLAIRE DE LUNE
- meeting JACQUES DIJON
- JACQUES introducing her to friends at a BOHEMIAN CLUB

-dinner at FOUQUETS with the group
-drinking coffee and Absinthe by herself at CLAIRE DE LUNE

MARIETTE (VO)

That was 'til a year ago. Since then
I've isolated myself here in Paris trying
to make sense of my life.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

BACK TO FRANCOIS'S KITCHEN

FRANCOIS

What broke the spell my dear? Again,

MARIETTE drifts into a reverie as images of meeting KAPPRA ADARZA
swiftly flit through her mind.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- FLASHBACK -POLYNESIAN MANSION
-the B.S comment
-the PORTRAIT
-the ANCIENT DREAMER ISLAND
-KAPPRA, looking out to sea
-an explosive light and blacking out

MARIETTE (VO)

(breathing heavily)

I'd...I'd rather not discuss it...I...
I think its time I left.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

BACK TO FRANCOIS'S KITCHEN

FRANCOIS (gently)

This is where you belong, my dear.
Your room is down the hall. Follow me.

Once again MARIETTE allows FRANCOIS to take control as he escorts
her down the darkened hallway. He opens a door. A TIFFANY LAMP is
already switched on. The room feels like it has been prepared for
her arrival.

INT.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

FRANCOIS

(unceremoniously)

The bathroom is across the hall my
dear.

FRANCOIS kisses MARIETTE on the forehead like a loving father.

FRANCOIS

Pleasant dreams, my dear.

The decor is eclectic. Butterflies are intricately carved on the corners of an OLD ARMOIRE. A MONET copy of "THE PICNIC" hangs over the bed. MARIETTE is momentarily drawn into it.

The woman in the painting becomes ELEANOR. The bearded man beside her seems familiar. Another man standing in the background resembles FRANCOIS. MARIETTE blinks, lies down, closes her eyes and instantly becomes a witness to the events after she collapsed on KAPPRA's deck.

EXT.

KAPPRA'S DECK - DAY

KAPPRA crouches beside MARIETTE's body and places a towel gently under her head. He raises his eyes to the WITNESS - MARIETTE. His face is angelic, sensitive and powerful.

MARIETTE

He sees me? ...Of course he sees me ...
what do I expect - I'm dreaming.

KAPPRA

Which dream are you referring to?

MARIETTE

(mystified)

Why...why do you look so different? Last
time I met you, I was terrified ...I
mean, just look at my body lying
there.

KAPPRA

Don't you know yourself when you look in the mirror?

MARIETTE

What do you mean?

KAPPRA

You saw what you hated about yourself.
(shocked)

God, judging by my reaction, if that's true I must have been carrying one hell-of-a-lot of guilt.

MARIETTE looks KAPPRA up and down curiously.

MARIETTE

Do I know you?

KAPPRA

Eleanor, don't you know yourself when you look in a mirror.

MARIETTE's body stirs. KAPPRA departs and quickly returns with DANIEL and ELIZABETH GREY. A woman, who looks like ELEANOR and a man who looks like PIERRE join them.

BACK TO THE BEDROOM

MARIETTE awakens to the aroma of freshly baked croissants and coffee. Her eyes open slowly as FRANCOIS appears out of nowhere and opens her drapes. Sunlight pours in like honey.

FRANCOIS

A little nurturing heals the wounded spirit my dear. This way to a breakfast made in heaven.

FRANCOIS opens a door in MARIETTE's room leading directly to the kitchen. The kitchen is warm and bright with a Bed-and-Breakfast coziness - completely different from the previous night.

FRANCOIS sweeps his arm toward the door and bows like a waiter. He turns his head sideways toward her and grins.

FRANCOIS' s KITCHEN

FRANCOIS pulls a chair out for MARIETTE. She exhibits a carefree spirit.

MARIETTE

(thinking)

This is like a dream come true.

FRANCOIS

Which dream are you referring to?

MARIETTE

(giggling)

Were you eavesdropping in my dreams
monsieur LeTap?

FRANCOIS

Perhaps everything you have experienced
has been a dream, my dear...

(grinning and laughing)

except this of course.

INSERT - VASE OF ROSES

FRANCOIS hands MARIETTE the vase containing 11 roses of every possible color.

MARIETTE (OS)

(spoofing)

I suppose you cut these flowers
from Eleanor's garden this morning,
monsieur LeTap?

FRANCOIS (OS)

How did you guess, m'lady?

BACK TO FRANCOIS' s KITCHEN

MARIETTE appears years younger, lighter, refreshed. She revels in the sensual delight of the meal, savouring every morsel. FRANCOIS revels in her revelling.

FRANCOIS

What do you think Kappa was trying to
tell you.

MARIETTE

(munching)

He told me I saw my own self-hatred in his face.

FRANCOIS

Did you? MARIETTE I don't see how that's possible. In any case, I blacked out...since then nothing has been the same.

PIERRE

Was that an improvement?

MARIETTE

That's a matter of opinion I guess. I think I just traded one nightmare for another.

FRANCOIS

Opinions don't reveal Truth, my dear.

MARIETTE looks confused.

MARIETTE

It's a mad cycle I've always believed truth was a relative thing...just a matter of opinion.

FRANCOIS

Which...

MARIETTE

(laughing)

So how is Truth found?

FRANCOIS

Truth reveals Itself as errors are corrected. Then it shines through the dream.

MARIETTE

No wonder I'm in the dark.

(slightly nervous)

So...if we're talking Truth, tell me ...is KAPPRA somehow involved in...

you know...is he having me followed?

FRANCOIS

Is that what you believe?

INSERT - BUTTERFLY TIPPED SPOON

FRANCOIS stirs his coffee. MARIETTE's eyes become fixed on his spoon. Suddenly she is pulled into a vision.

EXT.

COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A nineteenth century carriage drawn by two white horses suddenly rears as a swarm of butterflies sweeps in front of them. They panic, moments later the carriage overturns. A man and a woman lie dead beside the road.

Just beyond the man is a little girl with a head wound and her legs pinned under a wheel. A man beside her moans, calls her name, then dies.

THE MAN

Eleanor, my love.

BACK TO FRANCOIS'S KITCHEN

MARIETTE

(in a daze)

She can't walk can she?

FRANCOIS

(ominously)

Her injuries healed, her mind did not!

MARIETTE

She's insane?

FRANCOIS

Obsessed! Determined to live the life she believes she has been denied.

MARIETTE

(hesitating)

FRANCOIS, I mean no disrespect. In fact,

I think...I can't even believe I'm going to say this... I think I'm actually beginning to trust you.

FRANCOIS beams.

MARIETTE

Its just that...that I have to ask something that's bothering me.

(pausing)

God, this is really hard for me 'cause I've never got this close to anyone before...

FRANCOIS

Are you certain about that?

MARIETTE gives FRANCOIS a queer look. He exhibit's a father's gentleness.

MARIETTE

Are you, that is...somehow connected to Eleanor...if she exists that is?

FRANCOIS

As much as any of us exists, yes, in a manner of speaking...I am.

MARIETTE becomes uncomfortable.

FRANCOIS

Fear not my dear, you are our prime concern.

MARIETTE

Our prime concern?

At that moment there is a THUNDERING KNOCK at FRANCOIS's door.

FRANCOIS

Brace yourself, my dear. You're in for it now!

FRANCOIS laughs and heads for the door. The pounding continues. MARIETTE is exhilarated. She attempts to stand and finds her legs have gone to sleep again.

UNCLE RAJ
 (British/slang-Indian coloured speech)
 So, where is she Franko?

The stranger's footsteps THUD down the hallway like sledgehammer blows.

An almost wild-looking man fills the kitchen entrance. He is the bearded man in the MONET painting. MARIETTE beams as she recognizes him.

MARIETTE
 (gasping)
 Uncle Raj, Uncle Raj, it's you.

MARIETTE throws herself into his outstretched arms. She almost disappears within his embrace. She cries tears of joy.

MARIETTE
 (thinking)
 How do I know him? My God, maybe
 I am dreaming.

UNCLE RAJ
 Which dream would that be deary?

MARIETTE
 (stammering)

UNCLE RAJ
 I see she's rememberin' Franko. Good
 sign brother, good sign.
 (serious tone)
 Hasn't found the amulet yet, has she
 brother?

MARIETTE
 What amulet?

UNCLE RAJ
 No matter deary. Everything ya need comes
 to ya when ya need it.

UNCLE RAJ releases MARIETTE and peers down into her eyes. MARIETTE is momentarily confused by his statement, then melts into his loving glow.

MARIETTE
(thinking)

Where...when?

UNCLE RAJ
See you're gettin' 'round pretty good in
this body, Ellie. Like playin' this part
do ya?

MARIETTE pulls away...again confused.

UNCLE RAJ
Still foggy, are ya deary? That's the
beauty of true rememberin'. Ya don't
haf to understand anything. Ya just grab
the moment and surrender into the wonder
of it.

UNCLE RAJ waves his arms around like heavy construction
equipment. The lumbering giant matches his size with
gracefulness.

FRANCOIS
Have a seat, brother.

Without visible sign of movement, UNCLE RAJ deftly lands in the
seat opposite MARIETTE's. He folds his hands and radiates a take-
charge attitude. FRANCOIS leans against the counter.

UNCLE RAJ
Right cha are, Franko.

MARIETTE
(confused)
How...how did you...do that? I mean...
and why are you calling me Ellie?

The two men look at each and break out laughing.

UNCLE RAJ
Still got some blank spots have ya,
deary? Well, don't fret none, after
all, that's what this whole darn
world's about, isn't it?

MARIETTE
(perplexed)

Hunh?

Again the brothers break into uproarious laughter. MARIETTE shakes her head and smirks.

UNCLE RAJ

I'll be havin some of that special
mind bendin tea Franko.

MARIETTE

(alarmed)

What did you say?

UNCLE RAJ

Same as yers Ellie. How'd ya think ya
got here anyway?

UNCLE RAJ and FRANCOIS stare intently at MARIETTE to see how she will react to their alarming revelation.

MARIETTE (VO)

(thinking)

Am I a fool to trust these two, what
if they are in league with this
Eleanor character...maybe they're trying
to use me.

(panicking)

Oh God! My inheritance, is that it?

The two men weep and howl with laughter.

UNCLE RAJ

Money Franko! What would we do with
money?

MARIETTE is sullen, but unable to contain herself, joins their mirth.

UNCLE RAJ

Drawn to MONET, aren't you
M-A-R-I-E-T-T-E? What fer, do ya
think?

MARIETTE

As a matter of fact yes, always have
been. The great Impressionist.

UNCLE RAJ

"Xactly, my dear...
Impressionism!
(emphasizing)
Not the real thing!

MARIETTE is awestruck. She is overtaken by a surge of emotion. Her eyes glaze over and she goes into another vision. We see her face ethereally.

EXT.

ROLLS ROYCE ON A MARSEILLES COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The ROLLS has a sound proof, closed glass partition. MARIETTE's father, ANDRE MOR-PHOSE is driving. Her mother MADALANE sits beside him. A 22 year old MARIETTE is in the back seat chatting gaily with an unknown man who is in shadows.

ROMANTIC MUSIC.

INSERT - BACK SEAT - PLAYBILL - "ANOTHER LIFE"

BACK SEAT

MARIETTE

I just loved the Play, even though
it was sad.

UNCLE RAJ (VO)

(echoing)

Love lives in deep sorrow when
imprisoned Mariette.

FRONT SEAT

ANDRE MOR-PHOSE

My love, words can never explain the
weight you have lifted from my heart.
All these years...my secret...my
terrible secret...it has been
almost unbearable.

(sobbing)

I am so sorry for the heartache I have
caused you my love. Can you ever forgive
me?

MADALANE MOR-PHOSE

(sensitively)

Of course my love. Your selfless dedication to your sister has been saintly. But now... the time has come to forgive yourself.

Tears stream down ANDRE's face. He nods, puts his arm around MADALANE and draws her near.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- a teenage JASON cares for a younger sister
- the sister strays away
- she has an accident leaving her retarded
- Jason secrets her away to a Nunnery
- he visits her as they both age
- JASON, teary eyed
- reading her childish letters in his study
- JASON hiding the letters
- MARIETTE finding the letters

END SERIES OF SHOTS

BACK TO THE ROLLS

MADALANE

Your sister's simplicity has become her gift my love...as is this strange gift she gave me.

OMINOUS MUSIC swells - ROMANTIC MUSIC fades.

ANDRE and MADALANE turn and kiss just as a large LORRY begins to pass a vehicle in the oncoming lane. MADALANE toys with half of the SHUA-JO amulet around her neck.

EXT.

NUNNERY COURTYARD - DAY

A child-like middle aged woman with long dark hair, and blue eyes smiles sweetly and hands half of the SHUA-JO amulet to MADALANE.

MADALANE (VO)

I feel as if it is somehow drawing your heart closer to mine.

BACK TO ROLLS

ANDRE beams just as the ROLLS smashes into the Lorry. MARIETTE's parents lay dead. MARIETTE's legs are pinned under a wheel. The unknown man lies beside MARIETTE.

UNKNOWN MAN

(gasping)

Eleanor...Eleanor...my love.

The man loses consciousness. MARIETTE screams. The screen fades to a blur. MARIETTE's bedroom slowly comes into focus.

INT.

MARIETTE'S BEDROOM - HER FLAT

UNCLE RAJ (VO)

Lost you were deary...nearly too far to rescue. But now...

MARIETTE (VO)

(whispering/unconscious)

Uncle Raj, I could feel their love. How could I have been so blind? The... other man...he was...I can't...remember ...

INT.

MARIETTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

MARIETTE's eyes blink open. She is stretched out over her bed, heart pounding, drenched in perspiration. She curls into the fetal position, weeping.

MARIETTE

(lamenting)

Was any of it real?

MARIETTE stares at the half empty bottle of cognac on the floor. Just then the phone rings. She notices the ringing is coming from the floor. Her laughter is wild as she realizes she is not crazy. She hangs over the bed and answers the phone.

MARIETTE

(laughing wildly)

Hello! Hello! Is that you Francois,
Uncle Raj...is that you?

PIERRE

Mariette? This is Pierre. Are you
alright?

MARIETTE

(disappointed)

Oh Pierre, its you.

PIERRE

Yes, yes, its Pierre. Is something wrong?
You took a long time to answer.

MARIETTE

No, no, don't worry, I was in a deep
sleep. What time is it anyway?

PIERRE

Its after one. Mariette...Mariette, could
you meet me for a late for lunch. I
have something very important to discuss
with you. Will you...I mean, do you think
...

Usually annoyed by PIERRE's self deprecating manner, MARIETTE
looks at the digital clock...

INSERT - DIGITAL CLOCK

Clock registers 1:11 PM. She senses this recurring time is a sign
she should meet with him.

BACK TO BEDROOM

MARIETTE

Ya, sure. That's fine. Pick me up in
half an hour?

PIERRE

(surprised)

Wonderful! Great! I will see you in half
an hour.

MARIETTE has a renewed energy. She quickly runs through her
bathroom routine, dresses in a simple frock and takes a quick

glance at herself in a full-length mirror. Her image is replaced momentarily by another.

EXT.

A SUNLIT MEADOW - DAY

From a distance, laughing, MARIPOSA runs gaily toward her. A glow surrounds her.

BACK TO MARIETTE'S IMAGE

MARIETTE beams, departs and heads toward her door. As she opens it, in the corner of her eye she spots a red cane, topped with an ivory butterfly hand-hold. She hesitates, shakes her head and leaves. PIERRE is waiting for her outside her building.

EXT.

OUTSIDE MARIETTE'S BUILDING - DAY

MARIETTE

(high pitched voice)

Pierre? Here already?

(chuckling)

Did you sleep on my doorstep last night?

MARIETTE blushes, looking like a girl on her first date.

EXT.

PHONE-BOX - DAY

PIERRE in phone-booth beside pastry shop making a call AVENUE DE FOCH sign in the background.

PIERRE (VO)

(shyly)

I was...er, in the neighbourhood and when I called I was just across the Avenue.

MARIETTE

What were you doing in this area, Pierre? You don't live anywhere near here.

PIERRE

(hesitating)

Well, to tell you the truth, I was here much earlier and phoned, I thought perhaps you were out so I waited to call again.

MARIETTE

Well, you're here now.

MARIETTE reaches over and kisses PIERRE. She is surprised at herself as her heart beats faster.

MARIETTE

(sighing/thinking)

Something has changed...

MARIETTE hears FRANCOIS's voice in her head.

FRANCOIS (VO)

What you think about expands, my dear.

MARIETTE excitedly looks from side to side expecting to see FRANCOIS and UNCLE RAJ.

PIERRE

Expecting someone else MARIETTE?

MARIETTE

(musing aloud)

Of course. Now that I know what actually happened with my father... how could I ever think the same again.

PIERRE

Your acting very strange Mariette. Is something wrong?

MARIETTE

Hunh? Oh, no...I mean yes, I hope so. I mean definitely, things are different...much different.

PIERRE looks slightly confused but delighted at MARIETTE'S cheerful expression. Her expression changes again to excitement.

MARIETTE

No answer? You said there was no answer when you called.

(giggling/rambling)

That means it all happened, its true, its real, its...but why am I still here?

PIERRE

(concerned)

MARIETTE, are you sure you are alright?

MARIETTE

(distracted)

Never better, never better. Say, what was it you wanted to discuss with me anyway.

PIERRE relaxes and joins in MARIETTE's buoyant mood.

PIERRE

Let's go to Fouquets Mariette, shall we? It's close, and it's my treat.

PIERRE speaks with a confident, take-charge attitude. MARIETTE is startled by his change of character. She tingles and shivers in delight.

MARIETTE

This must be important! Wow, sure, I mean, lets go. Lead the way.

EXT.

FOUQUETS - DAY

MAITRE'D greets PIERRE as a favoured patron. PIERRE whispers something to him. MARIETTE looks on in joyous puzzlement. The MAITRE'D, who obviously knows MARIETTE well, gives her a quick wink.

MAITRE'D

(graciously)

This way Monsieur Arjeune.

INSERT - RESERVED SIGN

BACK TO FOUQUETS

It is a beautiful summer day. The MAITRE'D escorts the couple to the only remaining patio table and removes a reserved sign. Celebrities smile and nod to MARIETTE as she moves toward her seat.

A CORNER TABLE

MARIETTE

(laughing)

Pierre! Reservations? What's going on?

INSERT - RED ROSE ON SILVER TRAY

BACK TO TABLE

Although the restaurant bustles with activity, a WAITER arrives instantly. He hands MARIETTE a single red rose on a silver platter and places two glasses on the table, then pours champagne.

WAITER

Pour tu, Mademoiselle Mor-Phose.

INSERT - GLASSES CLINKING - ARC DE TRIOMPHE BACKDROP

PIERRE (OS)

A toast MARIETTE, to happy dreams!

MARIETTE breaks out laughing in disbelief. The WAITER remains waiting for the couple to order.

MARIETTE (OS)

I will definitely drink to that.

BACK TO TABLE

PIERRE

Do you need a little time Mariette?

MARIETTE

Yes, yes, just a moment.

PIERRE

If you don't mind, I will order now.

(grinning)

I will have a the largest cappuccino you can create!

MARIETTE

Okay PIERRE, what's up! This must be some kinna news. You're acting wonderfully strange.

PIERRE looks off in another direction in mock indifference.

MARIETTE

(giggles)

C'monnn. Tell me, tell me, tell me!

PIERRE jumps up and waves wildly.

JACQUES - WALKING ON SIDEWALK ACROSS THE STREET

JACQUES looks over at PIERRE and glares at him.

PIERRE (OS)

Look Mariette, its Jacques.

(waving)

Jacques, Jacques - over here.

(confused)

He looked right at us and gave me a dirty look. What's up I wonder?

BACK TO TABLE

MARIETTE (VO)

(casually/without thinking)

Different dream I guess?

PIERRE turns, watches JACQUES disappear around the corner, looks back at MARIETTE and laughs nervously.

PIERRE

Dream? What dream?

MARIETTE shrugs.

MARIETTE

Never mind...its not important. So tell me, what's the big news.

EXT.

MARIETTE'S APARTMENT ENTRANCE - DAY

LETTER lying on apartment building steps. PIERRE stoops down, picks it up, reads it with a surprised look and puts it in side his leather vest.

PIERRE (VO)

Okay, okay. Oh, by the way, when I got to your door, a letter addressed to you was lying on the landing. It must have somehow fallen out of your letterbox.

BACK TO TABLE

PIERRE reaches inside his open black leather vest and produces the letter. MARIETTE glances inside her building where the owner's mailboxes are located.

MARIETTE

(thinking)

Strange...the mailboxes are inside the building.

At that moment, PIERRE'S Cappuccino arrives. The waiter looks to MARIETTE for her order.

MARIETTE

Sorry, no. Just a moment more please.

Out of the corner of her eye MARIETTE notices the cancelled postage stamp is 01-1-1900 from England. She grins and shakes her head.

INSERT - POST MARK ON LETTER

MARIETTE (OS)

(whispering)

Oh...I get it...

(pausing)

...what am I talking about? I don't have a clue what this means.

BACK TO TABLE

PIERRE

Any idea who its from MARIETTE.

MARIETTE

(glancing at post-date)

Maybe. Someone I haven't seen in a while.
So, Pierre, your big news... please.

PIERRE

Well, you're not going to believe
this, but...

MARIETTE bursts out laughing. PIERRE grins. MARIETTE laughs even harder.

PIERRE

What?

CLOSE UP - PIERRE'S MILK MOUSTACHE

BACK TO TABLE

PIERRE's Cappuccino has given him a milk moustache. MARIETTE points to his mouth, picks up a napkin, hesitates and smiles. PIERRE holds up a soup spoon and stares into it.

MARIETTE

Hmmm. I'm not sure, but I think that's
an improvement.

PIERRE

Do you think so? Maybe I'll keep it
then.

(laughing)

Ookay, here goes then. You know the
author I told you about?

MARIETTE's attention immediately peaks.

MARIETTE

Yes, yes. Tell me.

PIERRE gives MARIETTE a weird look, surprised she is so interested.

MARIETTE

Go on, go on. Please.

PIERRE

Well, for some reason I cannot imagine, he must have thought I had talent. I don't know why because we never really discussed acting. You know what I mean, we just talked about that spooky stuff I told you about last night.

MARIETTE
(groaning)

Last night?

PIERRE

What's wrong? Did I say something wrong?

MARIETTE (VO)
(thinking)

It must have been a dream after all. Today should be one day later.

(masking disappointment)

No, really, Pierre, go on. Its okay, really.

PIERRE looks doubtful but continues, gradually slipping back into his enthusiasm.

PIERRE

Mariette, the point is...I mean the news and why I wanted to see you right away...is because he somehow arranged for me to audition for a part ...a real part.

(growing enthusiasm)

Not just one of those back street, one-week-wonders Mariette. This is a real part.

MARIETTE
(half-heartedly)

Really, Pierre, that's wonderful. What is it?

INSERT - PLAYBILL "THE MAN OF LA MANCHA"

PIERRE lays the PLAYBILL on the table from the same production in

a different city.

PIERRE (OS)

Mariette, it's not just a part, it's the 'lead' in a major musical, "The Man of La Mancha."

BACK TO TABLE

MARIETTE

(shocked)

What? Francois got you an audition for The Man of La Mancha?

PIERRE

Yes, isn't it incredible...and wonderful?

(hesitating)

But, Mariette I didn't tell you his name. How do you know his name?

MARIETTE

You must have Pierre. Never mind that now, tell me more.

PIERRE

Well, I haven't sung in a while, as you know, so I'm taking a brush up lesson with my voice teacher this afternoon.

MARIETTE is delighted because "The Impossible Dream" is one of her favourite songs.

MARIETTE

What...what did you say? "The Impossible Dream?" You said, "The Impossible Dream?"

MARIETTE's mind goes wild like a set of tumblers in a bank vault. PIERRE grins and nods.

MARIETTE (VO)

(thinking)

Dreams. There has to be a message for me in Pierre's news.

(excited)

When did you learn of this? Did Francois

call you?

EXT.

PIERRE'S BUILDING - DAY

A woman rings the bell. She leans on a red cane with a white hand-hold.

PIERRE (VO)

No, actually I found out about it from his daughter. She delivered the Play to me in person early this morning. I don't have a phone, as you may recall.

MARIETTE (VO)

Yes, yes, of course. I remember.

PIERRE (VO)

She walked with a limp and a cane and I could swear I have seen her before.

BACK TO TABLE

MARIETTE

(excited/demandingly)

A cane, a cane...did she give you her name Pierre, what was her name?

PIERRE looks shocked at MARIETTE's sudden change of attitude.

PIERRE

What's wrong, Mariette? Is something wrong?

MARIETTE

Sorry, sorry, please forgive me. I'm just so happy for you, that's all.

PIERRE

(hesitating)

Yes, she told me her name right away.

MARIETTE

Eleanor. It was Eleanor wasn't it?

MARIETTE suddenly realizes she has said too much.

PIERRE's jaw drops.

PIERRE

But Mariette, how could you know that?

At that moment the waiter returns. MARIETTE breathes a sigh of relief. She scans the menu quickly then breaks out laughing.

MARIETTE

(pointing)

I'll have this. Look PIERRE.

INSERT - MENU - FINGER POINTS TO THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM DESSERT

They both laugh.

PIERRE (OS)

Incredible. It must be a sign.

BACK TO TABLE

The excitement leads to an explanation of PIERRE's upcoming audition turning into a lively theatre discussion including several guests at other tables. The "ELEANOR" subject is forgotten.

MARIETTE

Pierre, I have been meaning to ask you something.

PIERRE, in a gay mood, raises an eyebrow, tilts his head slightly.

MARIETTE

I know you were terribly excited about the audition, but why did you think to call me about it?

PIERRE

To be perfectly frank, I was very nervous and not sure if I was good enough for such an important role. I'm, well, you know... just a frustrated artist hiding on the stage.

MARIETTE is shocked, but warmed by PIERRE's open honesty.

PIERRE (hesitating)
You probably don't know this, but I er,
trust you...
(nervously)
and, well, I've been sort of...well sort
of sweet on you since Jacques introduced
us last year.

PIERRE is visibly relieved to have spilled the beans about his feelings. He grins sheepishly.

FLASHBACK BACK TO ROLLS ROYCE

MARIETTE again sees her father and mother hugging just before their accident.

BACK TO TABLE

MARIETTE sighs, as something wonderful stirs within her. Tears come to her eyes and she reaches for PIERRE's hand.

MARIETTE
I, I'm just a little overwhelmed Pierre.
A lot has happened since we last spoke
and, well, I'm having some strange
feelings myself. But, er, but putting
that aside for a moment...this audition
is huge leap for you.
(thinking) (VO)
My God, I sound like Francois and Uncle
Raj.

At that moment a butterfly flits in front of their table, lands on a perfume advertisement attached to the trunk of a nearby taxi.

BACK TO TABLE

MARIETTE shakes her head, laughs and draws PIERRE's attention to it.

INSERT - BUTTERFLY ON TAXI ADVERTISEMENT

The sign introduces a new woman's perfume called: "YOUR DREAM by PIERRE DE PARIS."

PIERRE (OS)

Unbelievable. I guess there's no doubt
then, is there?

BACK TO TABLE

PIERRE leans across the table, pulls MARIETTE's face to his, and
kisses her passionately on the lips. Eyes closed, MARIETTE is
breathless - heart pounding.

PIERRE looks off into space smiling, engrossed blissfully in
reverie.

INSERT - GIGANTIC DESSERT ON TRAY

The waiter arrives as MARIETTE casually picks up the letter
PIERRE found, and cuts it open with her knife.

WAITER

Your dessert Mademoiselle Mor-Phose.

MARIETTE looks at the IMPOSSIBLE DESSERT stunned. She stares in
reflection.

INSERT - MARIETTE's HANDS OPENING THE LETTER

Without looking, she pulls out a single sheet of yellowed paper,
unfolds it, and glances down.

MARIETTE (VO)

(gasping-reading)

"She looks down at the Impossible
Dessert reflecting on the opportunity
just presented to Pierre."

BACK TO TABLE

MARIETTE looks from side to side and turns the note over. There
is another message written in ball point ink.

FRANCOIS (VO)

(reading)

"Remember Mariposa, if you can
dream something...you can create it.
All dreams are possible." - Francois.

PIERRE notices MARIETTE's fascination.

PIERRE

Anything important?

MARIETTE

Oh...just a reminder from a friend... something. By the way, Pierre, what time is your singing lesson?

PIERRE looks at his watch and his eyes pop open. He breaks out SINGING.

PIERRE

(singing)

Oh my God, it's in fifteen minutes. I'd better get going nowwwa.

(laughing)

Sorry, you haven't even started your dessert yet my love.

MARIETTE

Go, go, silly. Your audience waits.

PIERRE laughs, stands and twirls around, walks around the table and gives MARIETTE a big hug.

PIERRE

Oooh, I feel sooo good...and...sooo excited. They kiss passionately and slowly pull away with a longing stare.

MARIETTE

(thinking)

My God. Is this real?

PIERRE (VO)

(thinking)

I hope I'm not dreaming.

Both laugh nervously.

MARIETTE

Hey fella, you didn't tell me when and where the audition is.

PIERRE

Tomorrow, 11:00 AM, at the

Theater Passe Murielle. Do you think you can you make it?

MARIETTE

I wouldn't miss it.

PIERRE

Oh my God, this is wonderful. See you then.

Confidently, PIERRE kisses MARIETTE on both cheeks, squeezes her hand, quickly glances at the bill, drops some franc notes on the plate and waves good-bye as he hops over a carnation hedge onto the sidewalk.

PIERRE

Until tomorrow, my love.

MARIETTE looks down at her IMPOSSIBLE DESSERT, laughs and shakes her head. She bends down, picks up her handbag and from the corner of her eye sees a woman walking with a red cane leaving the restaurant through the main entrance.

INSERT - RED CANE

From the back, a woman limps to a waiting taxi. MARIETTE rushes toward her as her taxi speeds away.

DOORMAN

I am sorry Mademoiselle Mor-Phose,
your sister just left.

MARIETTE

(puffing)

I don't have a...

INSERT - RED CANE MARIETTE'S FLAT ENTRANCE

BACK TO FOUQUETS

MARIETTE

...never mind, I'm sure I'll see her
later.

MARIETTE watches the taxi disappear, shakes her head and heads toward AVENUE FOCH. She nears her building and feels a pull to her left.

EXT.

ANTIQUÉ BOOK SHOP - DAY

MARIETTE heads toward the shop. There is a Café on one side and an Apothecary on the other. An elderly woman comes out of the shop dressed in nineteenth century clothes.

OLD LADY

(British accent)

Oh, helllo deary. Nice to see you
again. Sorry I can't chat this time,
I'm in bit of a hurry.

MARIETTE looks stunned. The woman disappears around a corner. Nervously, she enters the nineteenth century shop. It is musty, dark, and cluttered. She is about to leave when a shop keeper calls from behind a bookcase.

HAROLD JACKES

(Cockney accent)

Be right with you, mum.

A portly little man emerges with reading glasses hanging off the end of his nose. He wears a tight collared shirt that makes his face look like it will explode at any moment. There are food stains on his light coloured bow-tie.

JACKES

Ah, right ya are, mum. Right on time,
I see. Yer book's in. Got it
right here...somewhere...

HAROLD searches through the clutter, dragging his feet and knocking over books.

JACKES

Somewhere...ah yes...here it is
beside Kitty's basket...sorry 'bout the
smell ...Kitty's gettin' older, ya
know.

MARIETTE displays mixed emotions of amusement and hysteria.

JACKES

Here we are, mum.

JACKES wipes the old book on his trousers and hands it to MARIETTE. She opens her purse resisting the urge to break out in explosive laughter.

MARIETTE

How...how much do I owe you, sir?

JACKES

Oh no mum. No charge, no charge. No, no, no. Not after the way yer Papa took care of me last summer. Just a little thank ya mum. There ya go now...hope it's what yer looking for.

JACKES bows and hands the book to MARIETTE. She holds the book in a daze and reads the title, "THE BUTTERFLY - TOTEM OF TRANSFORMATION."

MARIETTE

(stammering)

Why, thank you very much, Mr. ...
Mr. ...

JACKES

Jackes Jackes, mum... 'member, Harold Jackes. But just calls me Mickey. Everyone does they do...no reason to...always did though, since I first opened me eyes is my guess. It's a bit potty if ya asks me, but there ya go, Mickey it is.

MARIETTE

Er yes, yes, of course. Excuse me. I forgot for a moment.

MARIETTE turns and grabs the door latch.

JACKES

No harm done, mum. Just happy I could be of service once again. MARIETTE Well, uh, I guess I'll be off then.

JACKES

Visit us again any time, mum, anytime. Bye the bye then.

JACKES waves and closes the door as MARIETTE scans the book cover again. She heads across the street toward the back of her building.

MARIETTE (VO)
(whispering)
Incredible. Butterflies everywhere.

EXT.

BACK OF MARIETTE'S BUILDING

MARIETTE shoots a quick glance back just before entering the rear of her building. Sandwiched in between the Café and the Apothecary is a gaily coloured flower shop.

MARIETTE (VO)
(thinking)
Unbelievable. I hope this is a positive sign.

INT.

MARIETTE'S APARTMENT - REAR ENTRANCE

MARIETTE enters a humid stairwell. Holding the book in one hand and her handbag over her shoulder, she climbs three flights.

INSERT - MARIETTE'S FINGERS STUCK TO OLD LEATHER ON 3RD LEVEL STAIRWELL

The fire door opens and MARIETTE jerks sideways to avoid being hit. The sudden movement dislodges the book cover from its binding. The book drops to the floor. A small angelic looking child, MARIPOSA, with long black hair, emerges from behind the door.

INSERT - BOOK COVER TORN OPEN

SERIES OF SHOTS

- MARIETTE wearing sunglasses sitting alone on a park bench
- children playing
- children at a zoo
- children on a merry-go-round -MARIETTE joyfully watching
- smiling
- wiping tears away

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

BACK TO SCENE

MARIPOSA

I'm sorry, lady. Did I break your book?

The child's blue eyes penetrate MARIETTE'S eyes.

MARIETTE (VO)

(thinking)

Its her. I can't believe it.

(gently)

Don't worry, little one, it's just
a book.

MARIPOSA

(pointing)

Don't forget your paper.

MARIETTE turns and sweeps her eyes around the stairwell.

MARIETTE

Where, little angel? I don't see it.

MARIPOSA

(urgently)

Under that big bag. It fell out of the
part that's broke.

MARIETTE turns, crouches, reaches behind the bag and finds the
letter.

MARIETTE

Thank you, angel, but how did you see it,
the book fell before you came around
the door?

There is no reply. MARIETTE turns and the child is gone. MARIETTE
in shock, crumples to the floor, chest heaving with eye filled
with tears.

MARIETTE

(whispering)

God, I hope nothing's waiting for me
in my flat.

MARIETTE creeps cautiously toward her door with key in hand.

FLASHBACK

The moment MARIETTE left her apartment and saw the red cane.

BACK TO DOOR

MARIETTE holds her breath while turning the key in the lock. She slowly pushes the door open and peeks around the corner.

She appears ready to bolt. Zoom to where cane was.

INT.

MARIETTE'S FLAT - LATER

MARIETTE

(whispering)

Thank God. No cane. So far so good.

(shouting/hesitatingly)

Anyone here?

SERIES OF SHOTS

-MARIETTE frantically searching through every room of her flat.

-MARIETTE locks door from inside of bathroom.

-MARIETTE laughs, shakes her head and unlocks it.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

INT.

MARIETTE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

MARIETTE

Huh. As if asking would make a difference.

MARIETTE does a 360 degree sweep of the nurturing environment of her bathroom and begins to run a bath. Mirrors are everywhere. As steam gradually fills the room, MARIETTE recognizes the quantity of mirrors.

MARIETTE

Humph. Why do I have so many mirrors

I wonder?
(mood change/shouting defiantly)
I'm in here if you want me.

MARIETTE reaches for a burlap bag of bubble bath. The package is stencilled in butterflies. She shakes her head.

MARIETTE
Of course.

MARIETTE pours it in and enters the hot bath. Slowly, she allows herself to relax into the moment. RHYTHMIC SOUND from spa bubbles rises. Sense of euphoric surrender pervades. MARIETTE appears to float above a cloud.

MARIETTE (VO)
Mmmm.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-Ethereal images of her conflicting life flit below.
-MARIPOSA momentarily skips across a meadow dragging a butterfly shaped kite.

INSERT - KITE BACK TO CLOUD

MARIETTE has replaced the child.

MARIETTE (OS)
(joyfully)
Could this child be me?

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

A faint TAPPING SOUND begins, rising slowly. SHUA-JO slowly materializes within the cloud facing toward a wall with a stick in hand.

SHUA-JO
(solemnly)
Critical this is Mariposa - when the
Eagles gather, the center is near...
the circles intermingle. Confusion draws
its veil around the weak. Beware, the
slumber grows when threatened. Take
care, else be drawn again to the
outer circle.

MARIPOSA (OS)
When will this occur?

SHUA-JO
Then and now.

MARIETTE (OS)
(whispering)
How can something be "then and now?"

SHUA-JO turns and looks directly at MARIETTE. He is a magnificently radiant creature emanating great strength and love.

SHUA-JO
Timeless, is the circle of Truth.
It draws near but is here always and now.
It is beyond your dreaming. You dream
within it, yet it dwells within you.

The man turns and resumes his tapping. MARIPOSA materializes, turns and faces MARIETTE. She too radiates the deepest love. A close up of MARIETTE reflects the child's love and joy.

HEAVENLY MUSIC SWELLS

MARIPOSA
This is now. Only dreams use time
and direction. The center approaches. Stay
in the center, Mariette, and sleep no
more. Stay in the center where Love
abides.

The figures fade and disappear.

BACK TO BATHROOM

MARIETTE turns the bubble jet off. She drains the tub, gets out and wraps in a towel. The steam fades. She approaches the door, reaches for the handle then hears a loud THUD.

OMINOUS MUSIC SWELLS.

She jumps back startled, then again becomes defiant.

MARIETTE
Who's there?

HALLWAY FOYER

MARIETTE flings open the door and THUNDERS down the hall defiantly.

OMINOUS MUSIC CLIMAXES.

In the foyer she finds an antique wooden wheelchair on its side, one wheel is still spinning.

MARIETTE

(shouting fearfully)

Well, I suppose that explains the
cane

(pausing)

...what the hell am I talking about?
I have no idea what it means?

ELEANOR (VO)

(calmly)

You do, Mariette.

MARIETTE spins around quickly looking for the source of the voice.

MARIETTE

Where are you, damn it? And what are
you doing in my flat?

ELEANOR (VO)

I am closer than that Mariette.

MARIETTE

(demanding)

What's that supposed to mean?

ELEANOR (VO)

(Francois' voice)

Just go with the flow of it Mariette.

MARIETTE brightens.

MARIETTE

Francois? Is that you Francois. I
miss you...and...

ELEANOR (VO)
(Francois' voice/abruptly)
Never mind that now.
(gentler)
Just go with the flow of it.

MARIETTE
(angry)
Your not Francois. I don't know who you
are, but I'm not listening to you. Get
outta my head...now.

SHUA-JO (VO)
Focus, Mariette, focus on the center
where love dwells.

BACK TO BATHROOM TUB

MARIETTE's face is under water. She begins choking.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-quick images of her conflicting life.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

BACK TO TUB

MARIETTE grabs the tub handles and lifts herself up, choking. She
gets out and sits naked and panting on the floor.

MARIETTE
(sobbing)
God, I don't know what to believe.
Tell me...pleassse. What is real? What
is real?

HEAVENLY MUSIC SWELLS

MARIETTE lifts her head, tears streaming down her cheeks. She
wipes her eyes, still blurred, she sees something written in the
fogged mirror.

INSERT - LOVE - WRITTEN ON FOGGED MIRROR

END OF INSERT

MARIETTE's vision gradually clears. Zoom to word LOVE.

MARIETTE (OS)
(joyful whispering)

Love.

MARIETTE'S BEDROOM LATER

INSERT - DIGITAL CLOCK 1:11 AM

MARIETTE tucks into bed. An almost empty water bottle sits beside the digital clock and telephone.

BACK TO BED

MARIETTE slowly closes here eyes and immediately goes into a vision.

EXT.

A FIELD - DAY

MARIETTE witnesses PIERRE, dressed as DON QUIOTE, sitting atop a giant steed, lance at the ready, pointed toward a windmill.

Zoom to windmill which morphs into a helpless looking PIERRE.

SHUA-JO (VO)
(solemnly)
Which do you prefer MARIPOSA?

BACK TO BEDROOM - DAY

INSERT - DIGITAL CLOCK 11:11 AM

BACK TO BED

MARIETTE's eyes blink open. She rolls over and glances at the clock.

MARIETTE
(moaning)
Damn. I'm late. I wanted so much to be there for him.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-MARIETTE hurriedly dressing
-DOORMAN hailing a taxi
-MARIETTE arriving at theater
-line-up of actors in front of theatre

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT.

THEATER PASSE-MURIELLE - LATER

MARIETTE glances at the line-up of people.

MARIETTE
(whispering)
Humph. Hopefuls.
(thinking/ with sincerity)
May all your dreams come true.

INT.

THEATER

MARIETTE takes an aisle seat halfway down the orchestra section. Auditioning activities are going on. She waits anxiously for PIERRE to come on. PIERRE taps her on the shoulder from behind. Surprised, she turns to find him beaming.

PIERRE
(excited)
We did it, sweetheart. We did it.

The casting crew up front turn, laugh and in unison, give PIERRE a thumbs up.

MARIETTE (stammering)
I...I can't believe it. You got the part?

PIERRE
(surprised)
But Mariette, you heard them. Didn't you think I got the part when the casting director said "Pierre. You've nailed it?"

MARIETTE

Uh, yes, yes, that certainly should have told me you got the part, but...

PIERRE

(laughing)

But what? PIERRE is elated, glowing from head to foot.

MARIETTE stands and the two embrace tightly. They pull away. MARIETTE is shaking.

PIERRE

(elated)

It was your smiling face Mariette... beaming up at me from the front row. I was filled me with unstoppable confidence. While on stage I was Don Quixote. I just knew I owned the part.

PIERRE's eye's glass over.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-ANDRE ARJEUNE, PIERRE's father, in hospital gown,
-ANDRE staring at MONET copies on his office wall,
-ANDRE painting and drinking in his home frustrated,
-ANDRE operating on a small boy
-intoxicated,
-ANDRE being dismissed from medical practice,
-ANDRE throwing himself into THE SEINE,
-the parents of the child consoling PIERRE's mother,
-the child, with long black hair, now simple, giving PIERRE's mother half of the SHUA-JO amulet.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

BACK TO SCENE

PIERRE toying with the Shua-Jo amulet around his neck, unseen by MARIETTE.

PIERRE

(eyes glazed over)

If I never actually got to play the part, I feel like an enormous load has been

lifted from my shoulders.

MARIETTE

I am sooo happy for you, Pierre. You'll
blow the audience away.

INSERT - RED CANE LEANING AGAINST A SEAT UP FRONT

MARIETTE glances at the cane, looks back at PIERRE with concern,
looks back and the cane is gone.

BACK TO SCENE

PIERRE

What Mariette? What is it. Your face is
white as a...

(pausing)

Oh God. The Other Life. Is...is that
it?

MARIETTE nods. Tears fill her eyes. PIERRE draws her near. He
pulls away slightly and kisses her lightly on the forehead.

PIERRE

I have to tell you something...I've
been holding out on you.

MARIETTE pulls away alarmed.

MARIETTE

Pierre, you too?

PIERRE

Yes, yes. We must talk.

(relieved)

Oh my God. As strange as it sounds, I feel
so relieved. I was so worried you would
think I was nuts. That's why I was
so hesitant to the other night.

MARIETTE

(laughing insanely)

Nuts? Nuts? You thought I would think
you were nuts? That's hilarious...wait
till you get the details of...

PIERRE suddenly embraces MARIETTE and kisses her passionately.

They continue to embrace.

PIERRE

(whispering)

Whatever it is darling, I am here for
you.

MARIETTE, still embracing PIERRE, sobs. The two pull away and walk toward the exit. Both have a hopeful expression as if embarking on an exciting adventure.

EXT.

PARK ENTRANCE ACROSS FROM THEATER - DAY

The two cross the street and enter the park. There is a poster advertising PANTOMIME BY THE POND which is about to begin.

PIERRE

Lets head toward the show...we can just
make it.

PIERRE buys a balloon with "I LOVE YOU" written on it. He gives it to MARIETTE with a bow.

PIERRE

(giggling)

Now I can tell the world how I feel.

Arriving at the show, children gather round the artist who begins to walk up invisible steps. The children clap and scream in glee.

MARIETTE (VO)

(thinking)

What a beautiful dream. Can this be real?

The artist quickly turns and looks into MARIETTE's eyes with an exaggerated smile holding his hands to the sides of his face.

MARIETTE

Pierre, do you believe we create our
own reality?

PIERRE

I used to believe nothing I wanted would
ever show up...but now, I don't
know.

MARIETTE

I know what you mean. But, if its true...
if we really do create our own reality...
it changes everything I ever believed.

PIERRE

In what way?

MARIETTE

(astonished)

It means there's no such thing as a
victim.

PIERRE

I don't know Mariette...maybe your right,
but it sounds a little extreme.

MARIETTE ignores PIERRE's reluctance to go with the flow of her
revelation. The two walk toward a bench by the pond. They sit,
arms intertwined. MARIETTE's eyes are pulled into a tree.

INSERT - A CHRYSALIS

MARIETTE (VO)

(thinking)

What are your dreams, little one?

BACK TO BENCH

PIERRE

What I'm going to tell you will
probably sound like the ravings of a
madman.

MARIETTE

What else is new?

PIERRE

(concerned)

Pardon me.

MARIETTE

No, no. I didn't mean it that way.
Its just that...like you said, I don't
know either what's real anymore...

MARIETTE hears UNCLE RAJ in her head.

UNCLE RAJ (VO)
(laughing)
You've got that right deary.

MARIETTE
Did you hear that?

PIERRE
Hear what darling?

MARIETTE
Never mind. What did you want to tell me?

PIERRE
Remember when I walked you home the other night?

MARIETTE
...Nothing's been the same since.

PIERRE
(smiling/pausing)
You've got that right. Anyway, later that night François telephoned me. He said I should meet him immediately. He said he had something really important to tell to me.

MARIETTE immediately appears alarmed and suspicious.

MARIETTE
What did you say? He phoned you that night...to meet immediately?

FLASHBACK

MARIETTE at entrance to FRANCOIS's building the night she met him.

BACK TO PARK BENCH

PIERRE
I know, I know. I don't have a telephone so how could he have telephoned me?

MARIETTE

That's not what I meant, but now that you mention it, how did he telephone you?

PIERRE

I told you, you might have trouble believing this but...

MARIETTE

...You'd be surprised what I might believe now.

INT.

LUXURY MAYFAIR FLAT - nineteenth CENTURY DÉCOR - NIGHT

PIERRE, wearing a subdued air of confidence, with neatly trimmed black beard, dressed in three piece nineteenth century suit, answers telephone.

PIERRE (VO)

Well believe it or not...when I heard the telephone ring, there is no way I could not have been surprised.

MARIETTE (VO)

Why's that?

PIERRE (VO)

Because I was no longer in my little flat here in Paris...I was in a beautiful flat in Mayfair, London.

MARIETTE (VO)

(shocked)

Mayfair? He called you in Mayfair?

BACK TO PARK BENCH

PIERRE

(rolling his eyes)

See, I told you you'd think me crazy.

MARIETTE

(grinning/rolling her eyes)

If your crazy then so am I...

PIERRE

(smiling/relieved)

Okay. Okay, so I asked François what was so important that it couldn't wait until the morning. He claimed he couldn't explain on the phone, and said,

FRANCOIS (VO)

"Just come over right away."

MARIETTE

(laughing)

Sounds familiar.

PIERRE

I seemed to know and trust him, so I did as he asked.

EXT.

ROW HOUSING UNIT - EALING UK - NIGHT

The UK PIERRE RINGS door-bell. The UK PIERRE morphs back and forth into the PARIS PIERRE. His confidence melts, replaced by deep concern.

PIERRE (VO)

When the ringer sounded I felt something was terribly wrong.

BACK TO PARK BENCH

Subtle JAWS-type BEAT swells while PIERRE speaks. MARIETTE has a vision of MONET's "En Norvegienne" which suddenly materializes across the pond. The woman standing in the boat glares at her ominously.

MARIETTE

(heavy breathing)

What Pierre? What was wrong?

BACK TO UK

PIERRE V/O
(nervously)

While I waited for him to answer...I ...
I had a frightening daydream... about
being a...being a poor French actor living
in Paris.

BACK TO PARK BENCH

MARIETTE realizes PIERRE is somewhere else and cannot see what she is seeing. She grows increasingly nervous as the boat draws nearer.

JAWS-type BEAT increases. Camera view is over woman's shoulder to MARIETTE.

MARIETTE
But Pierre, that's who you are...
(nervous laugh)
At least who you were...

EXT.

MONTMARTRE CAFÉ - DAY

PIERRE unshaven, drinking wine at grungy café on a grey, drizzly day.

PIERRE V/O
I began shaking. Not because of the
vision, but because of the possibility
of poverty and failure.

APPROACHING BOAT

From the boat, now near the shore, zoom to MARIETTE in terror hiding behind PIERRE and shaking in fear. JAWS-type BEAT peaks.

INT.

DOCTORS SURGERY - LONDON - DAY

UK PIERRE dressed in a white doctor's gown with upper class patient.

PIERRE V/O
You see, in London, I am a nineteenth

century doctor with a highly successful medical practice. When François came to the door he immediately took hold of me and said, "Relax, my friend, all is well."

BACK TO PARK BENCH

Instantly the mood calms. The approaching boat disappears. MARIETTE breathes deeply and returns to PIERRE on the bench.

PIERRE

(turning head to speak)

The London François is a middle-aged country doctor, the natural medicine sort. And my name is Dr. J.H. McAya. François worked in my surgery a few days a month. But his name is not François...it's Patel...Dr. Franklin Patel.

Brief SHOCKING SOUND as MARIETTE sees a holographic vision of the name Patel transposed into LeTap. She is slightly unnerved, realizing the possible implications.

MARIETTE

And his daughter, obviously its Eleanor.

PIERRE

Yes, yes...Eleanor...the girl with the cane that delivered the Play to me.

FLASHBACK

MARIETTE sees the overturned wheelchair in her flat.

BACK TO SCENE

PIERRE

François, that is Dr. Patel, told me Eleanor had been in a wheelchair for years and had just begun to walk with the aid of a cane.

MARIETTE

Pierre, this will definitely sound

paranoid, but I believe Eleanor is...
is somehow trying to take my place..

PIERRE
(sceptical)
That is wild...but if you really...

MARIETTE
Never mind, its far fetched...I know.

PIERRE is uncomfortable with the subject and seeks to change the mood.

PIERRE
(chuckling)
I suppose this means we're in this
dream together now, my love.

PIERRE stands up, bows and offers his hand to MARIETTE.

PIERRE
Shall we be on our way then, m'lady?

MARIETTE stands and curtsies.

MARIETTE
(giggling)
Why thank you, kind sir.
(amorously)
Shall we go to my place.

PIERRE smiles affectionately. The two walk toward the park exit.

EXT.

TAXI - LATER

They enter a taxi. While climbing in, MARIETTE drops her handbag upside down spilling its contents. PIERRE scoops up the contents and finds the old book.

PIERRE
I'm sorry, my love, but it appears this
book cover came off when you dropped
your handbag.

MARIETTE

Actually it happened yesterday. Could you have a look inside the book. There should be a folded piece of paper in it.

PIERRE

"THE BUTTERFLY TOTEM OF TRANSFORMATION."
This looks like a very old copy. Are you interested in butterflies, my love?

MARIETTE

They're definitely interested in me lately.

FLASHBACK

PIERRE relives the moment the butterfly landed on the taxi advertisement.

BACK TO TAXI

PIERRE

I think I know what you mean.

INSERT - YELLOWED PIECE OF PAPER

PIERRE (OS)

Ah, here it is...looks very old and delicate. Maybe we should wait until we get to your flat. If we hit a bump it looks like it could fall apart.

BACK TO TAXI

MARIETTE

You're probably right.
(grinning mischievously)
We can wait a little longer.

The two look at each other longingly as the double meaning of the statement becomes clear. They embrace and kiss.

MARIETTE

(thinking)

Oh God...can I realllly be falling for this man?

SHUA-JO (VO)

Stay in the center Mariposa, where
Love abides.

The taxi pulls up to the AVENUE FOCH flower shop.

EXT.

FLOWER SHOP - SIDEWALK - LATER

View of front of FLOWER SHOP

PIERRE (OS)

Here we are, driver.

MARIETTE and PIERRE on sidewalk. She giggles and shakes her head.

MARIETTE

This is where I got this book.

PIERRE

Really. Do they have a rare book section
on insects?

MARIETTE

Sort of.

PIERRE

Wait here my love, I'll just be a
moment.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-MARIETTE wined and dined by men around the world,

-various scenes of conflict with men

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

BACK TO FLOWER SHOP - SIDEWALK

MARIETTE smiles and sighs as PIERRE emerges from the shop with a bouquet of white sweetheart roses. He hands them to MARIETTE with an anxious look. A single tear trickles down her cheek.

MARIETTE

Thank you, darling, but you look
concerned. What is it?

PIERRE

(pouting)

Mariette, they were already waiting for you. And there was this a card...

MARIETTE

(giggling)

Don't worry silly...let's see who left them for me.

INSERT - THE CARD WITH PICTURE

The card has a picture of two white sweetheart roses...stems intertwined. MARIETTE reads the card.

MARIETTE (OS)

"Stay in the center where love abides, ...where all things are possible."

BACK TO SCENE

PIERRE

Do you know what it means, my love?

MARIETTE

(pausing - gazing at Pierre)

I'm not sure...I think so.

INT.

MARIETTE'S FLAT - KITCHEN - LATER

INSERT VASE OF FLOWERS

Roses in beautiful multi-colored crystal vase with a subtle butterfly pattern etched in the glass.

BACK TO SCENE

MARIETTE takes PIERRE's hands and gazes deeply into his eyes.

MARIETTE

Before we look at the message my love,
I need to say something.

(whispering)

I don't really understand any of the

strange things that have been happening to me...but, it's as if somehow...I dreamed them all up. That does sound crazy, doesn't it?

PIERRE

(slightly nervous)

I don't know what is real and what isn't anymore my love.

MARIETTE

(laughing)

Francois would say, "Now your getting somewhere."

PIERRE

(joining laughter)

That sounds crazy.

MARIETTE carefully pulls the message from the old book and hands it to PIERRE.

MARIETTE

Go ahead, my love, you do the honors.

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC SWELLS.

PIERRE nods solemnly as if they are about to open a sacred text. He carefully lifts up one end of the paper and pulls it open to reveal a drawing with a message beneath.

PIERRE

(gasping)

I...I can't believe it.

MARIETTE

What, my love? What is it?

PIERRE reaches inside his high button shirt and pulls out a chain.

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC CLIMAXES.

On it hangs half of the SHUA-JO amulet. MARIETTE's jaw drops. Suddenly, she rushes from the kitchen, returning moments later. She holds out her closed fist, slowly opens it to reveal the

other half of the Amulet on an identical chain. They face each other speechless.

MARIETTE

(whispering)

Pierre...Pierre...read the message.

PIERRE sniffs the air. He sniffs the roses, then the paper.

PIERRE

(grinning)

Roses...not the flowers...it's from the message...it's amazing.

MARIETTE smells the paper. She smiles, her eyes rolls and she sighs deeply. Heavenly. PIERRE places the two amulets together, which fit perfectly. He lays them on the message side-by-side the drawing. Suddenly, both of them experience a jolt. They laugh and stare at the joined Amulet. The Amulet is a circle with the yin/yang symbol as the pupil of an eye. There are grooves on the circle like on a coin.

Two grooves look like open doors. There is a subtle watermark of a rose behind the eye.

PIERRE

Mariette, do you have a magnify-glass? There is something written on the line that separates the yin/yang.

MARIETTE opens a drawer, pulls one out and hands it to PIERRE.

INSERT - MAGNIFY-GLASS OVER COIN

BACK TO SCENE

SHOCKING SOUND.

MARIETTE turns white as a sheet. She puts her arm around PIERRE's shoulder to balance herself.

PIERRE

What is it my love? What is wrong?

MARIETTE

(whispering/ shocked)

Adarza. It says Adarza.

PIERRE

Adarza? That sounds familiar. Why does the name frighten you my love?

FLASHBACK

MARIETTE quickly narrates over the entire incident at KAPPRA'S mansion including her later vision.

MARIETTE (VO)

I attended a party at Kappra Adarza's Mansion. A painting that looked like me, seemed to pull me out to his deck. He told me a legend about an Ancient Dreamer then turned and faced me.

It was the most terrifying face I've ever seen. Then I had a vision in which he was beautiful, wise and gentle. Kappra Adarza was the catalyst that brought me back to Paris. Since then, my life has changed completely.

END OF FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

PIERRE

(astonished/excited)

Mariette, I think I know where I've heard the name Adarza. I had a bit part in an Indian play just before we met. I believe the name Adarza means 'mirror' in Sanskrit.

MARIETTE

(gasping)

Kappra asked me, "Don't you know yourself when you look in a mirror?"

PIERRE

That's incredible.

(reading the message)

"In the heart of the rose lies Truth. Stay in the center where Love abides."

MARIETTE
(gazing out window)
Read the rest Pierre.

INSERT - THE MESSAGE

PIERRE (OS)
"The single eye perceives clearly within
the center. Multitudes of errors, borne
of countless seasons, are but mists
of dreams, gone in a moment of
timelessness. All that remains is Love."

BACK TO SCENE

MARIETTE's face is seen angled through a wall mirror.

MARIETTE
I, I think I get it.
(trance-like)
Everything I've experienced in the last
few days points to a world made of
dreams. When we focus only on Love,
the hateful possibilities that make our
lives a nightmare, dissolve.

PIERRE remains momentarily silent, staring at the paper.

PIERRE
The rose...it must stand for love. And
the yin/yang for union...union of the
male and female opposites. The
single eye...perhaps focus... Since
the message says to stay in the center.
But the doors...what do they mean I
wonder.

OMINOUS MUSIC SWELLS

MARIETTE
The danger Francois and Uncle Raj tried
to warn me about...it must be about
the danger.

PIERRE
(alarmed)
Danger? What danger my love?

FLASHBACK

Woman approaching in boat

MARIETTE (VO)
(pausing)

Eleanor...

BACK TO SCENE

PIERRE
(shocked)

Then, Dr. McAya...if I'm supposed to
be connected to him...then...I must be
part of her plot.

END OF OMINOUS MUSIC

MARIETTE nods solemnly while re-arranging the roses. The attached
card falls from the vase upside down. There is a message on it.

MARIETTE
(reading)

"See you at Fouquets tonight at 7:00PM.
From the center of Love. - Francois and
Uncle Raj.

MARIETTE looks at Pierre beaming. PIERRE embraces MARIETTE,
laughs uncomfortably and hugs her.

PIERRE

But darling, are you sure we can trust
them now that we know they were
Eleanor's guardians?

MARIETTE
(laughing)

Trust? Huh. That's the last thing I
would usually suggest. But yes, I believe
its exactly what we must do.

PIERRE hugs MARIETTE close. Their simmering romantic emotions
come to a boil and they kiss passionately.

BEDROOM - LATER

The two make love. Afterward they lie in each other's arms, lost
in heavenly bliss, as if a lifetime of disappointment has just

evaporated. As they slowly disentangle PIERRE's face morphs back and forth into KAPPRA's. MARIETTE turns away, hiding her shock and confusion from PIERRE.

MARIETTE

(slightly nervous)

Would you like a snack, it's several hours until we meet Francois and Uncle Raj? I'm full of love darling, but sure ...why not?

SUBTLE EERIE MUSIC

MARIETTE heads for the kitchen and Pierre goes to the bathroom. From above the bed, deepening shadows on the tangled sheets slowly reveal the shape of a chrysalis.

END EERIE MUSIC

GRAND ROOM

The two snuggle up on a love seat with their snack.

MARIETTE

I've been meaning to ask you darling, what was the urgency that took you... that is Dr. McAya, to meet Dr. Patel in the middle of the night.

Pierre lays his head on MARIETTE'S lap and closes his eyes.

PIERRE

Dr. Patel stays with an old Indian friend on visits to London. I met him there with his brother Raj. Apparently, he and his brother were orphaned at thirteen when their parents died in a...

MARIETTE

Let me guess...a carriage accident.

PIERRE

Exactly. Why am I not surprised you knew that?

(pausing)

...anyway, the old Indian, a mystic of some sort and counsellor to their

parents, adopted the boys. Raj followed their guardian's path and Dr. Patel became a country doctor.

INT.

ROW HOUSING UNIT - EALING UK - INDIAN TONE - NIGHT

DR. PATEL, UNCLE RAJ and an OLDER INDIAN HOST greet DR. MCAYA and serve him a sweet tea. The mug is the same as ELEANOR's and MARIETTE's.

PIERRE (VO)

(accent slowly becomes British)

I relaxed after my tea and closed my eyes.
A moment later I had a vision of a
man singing an inspiring song...

INT.

THEATER PASSE-MURIELLE - DAY

PIERRE is on stage in costume SINGING "THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM."

THE FRONT ROW

Various casting people are smiling and nodding their heads.

MUTED SINGING

DR. J.H. MCAYA (VO)

I think it was called The Impossible Dream. For some strange reason Eleanor, of all people, was a few rows from the front. I seemed to identify with the singer and was greatly inspired by her presence.

SINGING ENDS

DR. MCAYA (VO)

The director yelled; 'Pierre, you've nailed it.'

BACK TO LONDON HOME

DR. PATEL

J.H. you have just had a preview of a
Déjà Vu.

BACK TO MARIETTE'S GRAND ROOM

MARIETTE sits listening enthralled. She holds PIERRE'S hand as
his head lays in her lap.

BACK TO LONDON HOME

DR. MCAYA

How can I see the future as if it's the
past? That makes no sense.

DR. PATEL

They are both the same.

Dr. MCAYA (VO)

If that wasn't strange enough, he referred
to me as Pierre...

DR. PATEL

Anything is possible in a dream Pierre.

BACK TO MARIETTE'S GRAND ROOM

DR. MCAYA (VO)

I told him I thought that was utter
nonsense.

MARIETTE (VO)

(giggling)

That's what I used to think.

PIERRE blinks and comes out of his trance.

PIERRE

I...I heard it all. You too?

MARIETTE

Yes, my love.

(laughing)

That Dr. McAya is a real snob, isn't
he?

PIERRE
(laughing)

And how. And I'm supposed to be him?
God help me.

In a FLASH, MARIETTE has a vision of PIERRE standing opposite DR.MCAYA. Although similar in appearance, they are polar opposites in every other respect.

MARIETTE
(whispering/musing)

I wonder if Eleanor and I are two sides of
a coin as well.

PIERRE
What did you say my love?

MARIETTE's eyes glaze over.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- the JACK RUSSELL DOG
- JACK
- HAROLD JACKES
- butterflies
- on Francois' spoon
- on Francois' armoire
- swarming in front of ELEANOR'S carriage
- on taxi advertisement
- on burlap bubble bath

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

MARIETTE
(still whispering/musing)
There must be a link...but what?

PIERRE recognizes MARIETTE is having a vision.

PIERRE
What do you see my love?

MARIETTE
(staring blankly)
Where did you get your half of the
Amulet Pierre?

PIERRE

(hesitating)

My...my mother gave it to me. She told me
the little boy that...that my...

(tears flow)

MARIETTE comes out of trance.

MARIETTE

What, what my love? What boy?

INT.

FACILITY FOR DISABLED CHILDREN - NIGHT

PIERRE'S mother receives the half Amulet from a beautiful, but
simple little boy with long black hair and blue eyes.

PIERRE (VO)

(sniffling)

My father, he was a brain surgeon...
and like me, a frustrated artist. You know
where that leads...alcohol, escape...
not a good combination in the operating
room.

BACK TO SCENE

MARIETTE

Artist? You really are an artist Pierre?
You told me that before, but I thought it
was just rhetoric.

MONTAGE

-MARIETTE's flat,

-MONET's,

-coffee table MONET books,

-knickknack's with MONET prints,

-MONET pillow cases,

-PIERRE standing in front of a MONET in MARIETTE's hall.

PIERRE (VO)

Impressionism, right?

MARIETTE (VO)

Monet.

PIERRE (VO)

Same here. Didn't you ever notice me
staring like a puppy dog in front of
your hallway of Monet's?

(sighing)

It was like being a kid in a candy
store-museum.

END OF MONTAGE

MARIETTE

So your father made a mistake operating
on the little boy?

PIERRE

He was disgraced - thrown out of
medicine. But it was the little boy
that pushed him over the edge.

EXT.

THE SEINE - NIGHT

Police fish a body out of the river

PIERRE (VO)

(tears flow)

They found him in the Seine.

MARIETTE (VO)

And you've carried the guilt?

PIERRE (VO)

Until you my love...until you.

BACK TO SCENE

The two embrace and kiss. MARIETTE gets up and heads for the
bathroom, then turns.

MARIETTE

(grinning impishly)

I'm going to have a bath before we
meet Francois and Uncle Raj...want to
join me?

FRANCOIS
(beaming)

This is definitely heaven.

MARIETTE

I'll take that as a yes. By the way,
why didn't your father follow his
dreams?

PIERRE

My grand-parents pressured him... artists
had no prestige in their eyes.

MARIETTE

(in unison)

Sounds just like Dr. McAya's story...
Destiny drowned in his parents
unfulfilled dreams. What a waste.

INT.

BATHROOM

MARIETTE runs a bubble bath.

PIERRE (VO)

It's a nightmare...I know.

MARIETTE

(sighing)

I agree. I know something about
nightmares too.

MARIETTE steps into the bath.

MARIETTE

(pouting)

It's ready darling...and I'm getting
lonely.

PIERRE enters the bathroom and joins MARIETTE. The two are
playfully romantic.

PIERRE

What about you my love? Your half of
the Amulet. What is your story?

MARIETTE narrates her parent's bitter saga almost joyfully as she metaphorically washes the past from her mind.

MARIETTE

Incredibly like yours darling...a gift, to
my mother from a simple girl...

DOOR RINGER SOUNDS -

SUSPENSEFUL OMINOUS MUSIC

PIERRE wraps a towel around himself and heads for the door.

INTERCUT MARIETTE in the tub and PIERRE walking down the
hall PIERRE to the door.

MARIETTE continues speaking. PIERRE answers the door. It is
ELEANOR. She appears identical to MARIETTE down to the clothes
MARIETTE had on earlier. She places her fingers to her lips.
PIERRE is in shock.

ELEANOR

(whispering)

Shhh. Don't say anything darling. You
are being duped. While you were reliving
your moment with Dr. Patel...Eleanor took
my place. It was the tea, we were
drugged.

PIERRE

You warned me. But how...I mean...
what happened?

MARIETTE

And after my mother found the letters
...

ELEANOR

(urgently/whispering)

Later darling, no time right
now. Quickly...get dressed and get
the Amulet...we'll sort this out
with Francois and Uncle Raj.

PIERRE scurries to the bedroom, grabs his clothes and hurriedly
dresses as he retrieves the two halves of the AMULET from the
kitchen.

MARIETTE

So, when father's sister gave mother her
half of the Amulet...

ELEANOR puts the half AMULET on and gestures PIERRE to do the same. At the moment the AMULET pieces are placed around PIERRE and ELEANOR's necks OMINOUS MUSIC CLIMAXES - all three experience a jolt.

END OF INTERCUT

FRONT DOOR

PIERRE and ELEANOR quietly leave the flat.

BACK TO BATHROOM

MARIETTE in shock, slowly gets out of tub. We see her feet and pan to the back of her head as she walks toward the mirror. She screams.

MIRROR

The mirror shows no image.

INSERT - THE AMULET MESSAGE - APPEARS IN THE MIRROR

KITCHEN

MARIETTE is instantly in the kitchen in ghostly form. The message hangs over the counter. She peers under it and reads another message.

MARIETTE (VO)

(as if from a tunnel)

"Beware. When the Amulet is one, the
Ancient Dreamer struggles with his
slumber. The distraction of the dreaming
is great and devious. Stay in the
center where love abides, else be drawn
back into the dream."

OMINOUS MUSIC

MARIETTE (VO)

(gasping)

Eleanor...she stole my body. God help

me. What shall I do?

OMINOUS MUSIC ENDS

EXT.

FOUQUETS - NIGHT

ELEANOR and PIERRE enter FOUQUETS and are escorted to MARIETTE's favorite table.

CHEERFUL MUSIC

BACK TO KITCHEN

From over his shoulder, SHUA-JO stands behind MARIETTE. They speak through thought.

SHUA-JO (VO)

Mariposa, if you knew that you
were responsible for every detail in
your world, that you were its creator,
how would you change it?

MARIETTE turns and faces SHUA-JO. Her face lights up as if she has seen an angel.

MARIETTE (VO)

(nervously with urgency)
I don't know what to do. Tell
me... please...tell me what to

SHUA-JO (VO)

You have arrived at a crossroads. There
are no clear signs directing the course
you should to take. Only you can direct
your own dream.

INSERT - THE INVITATION TO MEET AT FOUQUETS

MARIETTE sees the invitation to meet at FOUQUETS in her mind and is at the restaurant instantly.

INT.

FOUQUETS - NIGHT

All patrons are in suspended animation except FRANCOIS and UNCLE RAJ, who glance at MARIETTE and smile subtly. They are seated at MARIETTE's favorite window table with PIERRE and ELEANOR. SHUA-JO and MARIETTE stand beside the table observing.

MARIETTE (VO)

What comes next?

SHUA-JO (VO)

A dreamer, in truth, is a witness,
observing her own imaginings and
believing they are real.

MARIETTE (VO)

What is real then?

SHUA-JO (VO)

What is real cannot be threatened.

MARIETTE (VO)

I don't understand.

SHUA-JO (VO)

You must choose between love and fear.
The choice may seem obvious...
(solemnly)
...nonetheless, the dream is a
clever deceiver.

The four at the table become animated with the rest of the room.

PIERRE

Are you all right, Mariette?
You look slightly dazed. Maybe you'd
better hold off on the wine.

ELEANOR

No, no...I'm fine, darling. I just felt
as if a rush of wind passed straight
through me.

FRANCOIS and UNCLE RAJ grin and glance at SHUA-JO who bows in respect.

PIERRE

(concerned)

Did you have another vision my love?

ELEANOR

I, I don't think so, I think I'm
just a little distracted by this
incredible restaurant.

PIERRE

(confused)

But you come here all the time my
love ...you've been around this life
forever.

ELEANOR, entranced, ignores PIERRE as her eyes sweep the room
like a little girl in candy store. FRANCOIS and UNCLE RAJ become
increasingly amused.

SHUA-JO (VO)

Deprived of her dream, Eleanor has
created a new one.

MARIETTE (VO)

(agitated)

Ya, at my expense.

SHUA-JO (VO)

There are no victims Mariposa.

MARIETTE (VO)

(emotions rising)

No victims? No victims? She stole
my body...and my love. I finally
surrender my distrust and open up... and
look what I get for it.

FRANCOIS (VO)

Is that what you believe?

MARIETTE (VO)

Francois? Francois? You can hear me?

FRANCOIS (VO)

Anything is possible.

MAREITTE (VO)

(wounded)

Your telling me I had something to do
with the mess I'm in.

FRANCOIS (VO)
You have been told, you are observing
your own imaginings.

MARIETTE (VO)
So your saying what's happening isn't
real?

UNCLE RAJ (VO)
As real as ya believe it is deary.

INSERT - ELEANOR'S RED CANE LEANING AGAINST ELEANOR'S CHAIR

BACK TO SCENE

PIERRE notices the red cane. He studies ELEANOR'S fascination
with her surroundings. He begins to panic.

UNCLE RAJ
(grinning)
Seen a ghost, have ya Pierre?

Various aspects of the restaurant begin changing appearance. A
nineteenth century atmosphere blends with current day.

MARIETTE (VO)
What's happening?

SHUA-JO (VO)
Eleanor is having difficulty holding
her attention in one dream.

FRANCOIS'S dress and appearance changes to Dr. PATELS'S. PIERRE'S
face goes white. ELEANOR glances at DR. PATEL.

ELEANOR
Papa...you look like...pa...

PIERRE
(thinking/panicking)
My God. This is not MARIETTE.

Surprised, MARIETTE hears PIERRE'S thoughts.

MARIETTE (VO)
Francois, can I speak with him?

DR. PATEL and UNCLE RAJ smile.

PIERRE (VO)

My love? Mariette? Is that you? Are you
Here?

The room has almost completely changed to a nineteenth century version of FOUQUETS. Carriages of the period drive by outside the window. Lamp lights are gas. Occasionally, a modern car drives past.

UNCLE RAJ (VO)

(chuckling)

This is really gettin interestin.'

MARIETTE (VO)

(urgently)

Pierre. I'm here darling. I'm here.

PIERRE's appearance morph's into DR. MCAYA's

UNCLE RAJ

Dr. McAya, I presume?

PIERRE

What's that, Dr. what?

ELEANOR

(nervously forceful)

Don't be rude darling, you know
perfectly well who you are.

MARIETTE (VO)

(agonizingly)

Pierre, don't let her trick you, she'll
steal your body.

PIERRE's loose body language changes to the constrained look of DR. MCAYA's.

DR. MCAYA

(confused)

Did you say something my dear? I thought
I heard voices for a moment.

ELEANOR looks around and smiles with satisfaction. DR.PATEL and UNCLE RAJ watch the drama play out without reaction.

ELEANOR

Nothing but the hum of this lovely restaurant you've brought me to my love.

MARIETTE (VO)

(panicking)

Francois, Uncle Raj...why don't you do something?

UNCLE RAJ (VO)

Its yer dream deary. Don't blame us if ya don't like it.

The entire scene has changed to nineteenth century.

MARIETTE (VO)

(moaning)

But where has Pierre gone?

SHUA-JO (VO)

He is still here.

MARIETTE (VO)

But...this is...

(realizing what's going on)

That means Eleanor and I are...

DR. PATEL (VO)

Two different aspects of the same person...like in a dream. Pierre landed the part of Don Quixote because in that moment, he was Don Quixote.

MAREITTE (VO)

But why is Pierre buying into the part of Dr. McAya?

UNCLE RAJ (VO)

Fit's the dream he's had most of his life, it does. No big stretch for him.

FLASHBACK

MARIETTE relives the vision while unconscious on KAPPRA's deck.

KAPPRA

Who do you think you are looking at,
my dear? Don't you recognize yourself
when you look in the mirror?

END FLASHBACK

FLASHBACK The lecture attended with FRANCOIS.

FRANCOIS (OS)

(whispering)

Intend a thing - give it your attention
with belief, and it comes alive.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

MARIETTE (OS)

(sobbing)

But Pierre...my Pierre...he is lost to Eleanor.

ELEANOR pushes away from the table.

ELEANOR

(chirpy)

I shall be back in a moment gentlemen.
I must powder my nose.

All three men stand. DR. MCAYA pulls her chair out for her.

DR. MCAYA

And a lovely nose it is my dear.

DR. MCAYA lightly touching the end of her nose. ELEANOR stands
and kisses him on the forehead. She picks up her cane and walks
off. MARIETTE follows her.

UNCLE RAJ (VO)

(laughing)

Don't get lost in time, deary.

MARIETTE enters the lady's room with ELEANOR who walks to a
mirror. Standing beside her, MARIETTE places her focus on
ELEANOR's eyes. A moment later she hears ELEANOR's thoughts.

ELEANOR

(thinking/beaming with joy)

I don't care if this is a dream...
its a heavenly dream. Everything I
ever wanted is coming true. I can walk,
I have a rich life in a romantic city and
Dr. McAya has become my beau.

MARIETTE (VO)

If I can hear her thoughts by focusing on
her eyes...that is my eyes...maybe I can
get my body back if I can merge with
it. After all, I'm more used to it than
she is.

MARIETTE begins to merge with her body. ELEANOR starts shaking
URGENT MUSIC SWELLS.

MARIETTE (VO)

(excited)

Its working...its working. I'm going to get
PIERRE back too.

Suddenly, SHUA-JO is standing behind ELEANOR who is shaking
violently as other women gather round.

SHUA-JO

Are you certain that is your true desire?
Can you feel her joy? Do you seek to
take this from her.

MARIETTE (VO)

(indignant)

Her joy? Her joy? What about mine? She
stole my body...she...stole my life...

SHUA-JO (VO)

Did your father also steal your
life?

SERIES OF SHOTS

- bundles of JASON's letters
- MARIETTE drinking at a stand-up bar
- JASON's sister offering half Amulet to NICOLE
- lorry about to smash into ROLLS

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

MARIETTE releases ELEANOR who collapses to floor. Women come to her aid.

SHUA-JO (VO)

ELEANER replaced one dream with another more to her liking. Neither is more real than the other. Do you wish to do the same?

MARIETTE (VO)

(humbled)

But now I have nothing...

SHUA-JO (VO)

You have all you require to create your own dream.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- PIERRE and MARIETTE lunch at FOUQUETS
- PIERRE and MARIETTE at THEATRE PASSE-MUREILLE
- PIERRE and MARIETTE in the park
- PIERRE and MARIETTE making love

MARIETTE (VO)

What dream...Pierre is the best thing that ever happened to me?

SHUA-JO (VO)

Is he? You see...he has chosen a dream more to his liking.

MARIETTE (VO)

(sobbing)

I believed he loved me...how could he turn away from me?

-PIERRE's face morphs into KAPPRA's, then back again.

SHUA-JO (VO)

He has not turned away from you...

MARIETTE stands beside herself and PIERRE in bed as he becomes KAPPRA. Slowly, she becomes aware of what this means.

MARIETTE (VO)

Its...its not possible...it can't
be...

FRANCOIS (VO)

Everything is possible Mariposa.

MAREITTE (VO)

Pierre is Dr. McAya and Kappra? And...
I am Eleanor and the little girl
Mariposa?

FRANCOIS (VO)

Is that what you believe?

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

BACK TO TABLE

ELEANOR, DR. MCAYA, FRANCOIS and UNCLE RAJ sit eating and
chatting as if everything is normal. MARIETTE and SHUA-JO stand
beside table.

MARIETTE (VO)

(nervously)

I'm afraid...Kappra scares me.

SHUA-JO (VO)

How much joy have you missed in life
because of fear?

MARIETTE slowly looks at ELEANOR and DR. MCAYA and back again and
comes to a revelation.

MARIETTE (VO)

(dramatically)

Everything real.

(pausing)

What now? What do I do now?

SHUA-JO (VO)

Stay in the center where love
abides Mariposa.

SERENE MUSIC - MARIETTE closes her eyes and her life (aspects of
the story until now), flashes before her. A MANTRA SWELLS as the
scenes role.

KAPPRA (VO)
(monotone)

Stay in the center where love abides . . .
Stay in the center where love abides . . .
Stay in the center where love Abides . . .

MARIETTE (VO)
(thinking)

I know that voice...its...Kappra. Why does
he frighten me so much?

Kappra's MANTRA FADES slightly.

FRANCOIS (VO)

Fear has ruled your life Mariposa. You
can only experience what you believe
is real.

MARIETTE (VO)

But without fear where would I be?

FRANCOIS (VO)

Awake Mariposa. Awake.

MARIETTE (VO)
(anxiously)

I am afraid of what I would find.

FRANCOIS (VO)

That is why you dream. Go with the
flow Mariposa. Go with the flow.

MANTRA SWELLS a few repetitions then MARIETTE joins in.

MARIETTE/KAPPRA (VO)
(monotone)

Stay in the center where love abides...
Stay in the center where love abides...
Stay in the center where love abides...

The rote of the love MANTRA winds down replaced by the constant
ROLLING SOUND of the ocean waves. As the final scenes role, they
fade, replaced by a new scene.

EXT.

KAPPRA'S DECK - DAY

MARIETTE finds herself on KAPPRA's deck when and where she collapsed. KAPPRA's face is resplendent. He extends his hand. The hand we see is a child's. We see the child's eyes. They radiate innocent beauty and power.

MARIETTE/MARIPOSA

Is it you...is it really you Kappra?

KAPPRA I am, my love...it is I.

(cautioning)

Be still my love...your dreaming has been deep.

MARIETTE/MARIPOSA stands and looks at her body which morphs into a grown woman, a resplendent version of MARIETTE.

MARIPOSA

It seemed so real my love...how could

I have believed a dream was real?

SERIES OF SHOTS

-MARIETTE sits in the back seat of the ROLLS,
-KAPPRA sitting beside MARIETTE in back of ROLLS,
-The ROLLS smashes into the Lorry,
-MARIPOSA is pinned under a wheel and is bleeding from a head wound,
-KAPPRA lies beside MARIPOSA and appears to die,
-MARIPOSA SCREAMS and passes out,

KAPPRA (VO)

It was...because you believed it.

MARIPOSA (VO)

But why, for what purpose my love.

KAPPRA (VO)

Your body healed, but the shock of believing your love was killed before your eyes was too much for your mind to accept.

-KAPPRA standing over MARIPOSA in hospital, in a coma,
-a signed picture of a young EINSTEIN with her parents sits on the side table. A caption reads: "Create your dreams."
-DR. MCAYA, MARIPOSA's DOCTOR, and ELEANOR, obviously her twin sister, stand beside him,
-MARIPOSA waking from coma failing to recognize KAPPRA, her

DOCTOR or her SISTER,
-KAPPRA speaking to DR. MCAYA and ELEANOR.

DR. MCAYA
(gravely)

Her injuries are healing
Monsieur Adarza...but her mind, is in a
very delicate condition. To push her
to remember after what she has
been through...I am sorry monsieur, but
she could lose her mind completely.

-ELEANOR weeping

ELEANOR

I love you so Mariposa. I will keep
watch over you wherever you are my sweet.

DR. MCAYA

Monsieur Adarza, I believe this would be
a wise decision. Let her sister keep
watch over her... and when the time is
right, we will come together again, and...
hopefully ...bring her back to you.
Immerse your love for her into your
painting monsieur...and one day... perhaps
one day...

-KAPPRA, weeping, accepts DR. MCAYA's advise
-KAPPRA painting in his POLYNESIAN MANSION
-MARIPOSA living in her parents estate in MARSEILLES

KAPPRA (VO)

You could not accept my death and the end
of our beautiful Love, my angel...
you blotted me from your memory and created
a new reality to hide within.

MARIPOSA (VO)

But how were we able to find each
other?

-shots from her decadent life

KAPPRA (VO)

You spent 11 years transferring your

buried pain to hating your father. Despite having just learned the truth about him, you had become accustomed to placing your anger there. It was easier for your wounded mind to keep that lie alive than to face the horror of Love lost, just as it was finally within your grasp.

-MARIETTE meets ELIZABETH and DANIAL GREY at the CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

KAPPRA (VO)

Then, a year ago you met our old friends from Art College, the Grey's, at the Cannes Film Festival. They saw that there was a glimmer of memory in your meeting. They contacted me and together we devised a plan for them to encourage you to come here, based on my portrait that looked so much like you.

-MARIETTE, with the GREY'S at the entrance to the Mansion.

MARIPOSA (VO)

But my love, since falling to your deck I have spent a year in Paris... I have made friends, had a lover, been stalked and...and...it all seemed so real.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

KAPPRA

Only moments in the timeless realm of dreams my love.

The two join hands and draw slightly closer. CRASHING TIDE in the distance. MARIPOSA is distracted. The SOUND of the TIDE draws her mind to the beach. Suddenly, she is standing on the beach.

EXT.

BEACH - DUSK

It is dusk and the sun, masquerading in its multi-coloured gown, blinks from the horizon like the flit of a butterfly. Just as the

moon, full, in a cloudless sky, floods the ocean with its reflective brilliance. MARIPOSA appears, standing alone by the shore. She swings around joyfully in 360 degree sweeps.

MARIPOSA
(calling out gaily)
Kappra, my love?

EXT.

BEACH - NIGHT

KAPPRA instantly appears. She delights in the ease of his company. Like seamless dancers, the two stroll beside the LAPPING WAVES which match their rhythm precisely. The moon light glints off the half Amulet necklaces they wear.

MARIPOSA
How could I ever have been afraid of you
my love?

INSERT - LIGHT SPRINKLES OF RAIN ON THE OCEAN

The ocean seems alive - JOYFUL MUSIC

BACK TO BEACH

In slow motion they stop, turn and face each other the MUSIC blends with the soft LAPPING SOUND of waves. They stand on the edge of the shore, feet just touching the water's reach as it tickles their toes.

KAPPRA
As the ocean is aware of its majestic
power and beauty it welcomes the
merging drops of rain, Love has
swallowed your sense of fear my
love.

MARIPOSA
I feel its power, my love.

THE OCEAN

Graphic of rain drops welcomed back into the ocean.

KAPPRA V/O

And as the ocean absorbs the rain drops,
the last dreaming of Love is always
Love as It returns to Its Source.

BACK TO BEACH

The scene gradually morphs into an ethereal paradise as they look into each other's eyes.

INTERCUT - THE TWO HALF AMULETS

The two screens come together as the two halves merge.

END INTERCUT

They embrace and as they pull away - BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT their necklaces have merged and the AMULET is one. The two morph into a butterfly which flits away above the ocean.

EXT.

BEACH - DAY

The butterfly lands in a palm tree and morphs into MARIPOSA's kite. It dislodges and flies into the air. JACK and MARIPIOSA run gaily down the beach in unison with their kites.

MARIPOSA

(shouting joyfully)

Master Shua-Jo, its free, its free.

SHUA-JO V/O

Yes, my love. I am finally free.

INSERT - PAINTING

The painting resembles the new scene. Shua-Jo has gone and a beautiful butterfly rests on top of the painting.

FADE OUT WHITE ON BLACK SCREEN

"Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tzu, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I was Chuang Tzu. Soon I awakened, and there I was, veritably myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a

man dreaming I was butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man."

BEGIN CREDITS

MONTAGE

Behind the credits are MONET-STYLE paintings along MARIETTE's hallway. The paintings are pictures of scenes that have occurred in the story.

END