

LAVENDER COLORED GLASSES BY ARIANNA TULL

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

The airport is new and clean. It is 1989, there is nothing that explicitly states this. We can see it only in the outfits and decor. We hear ambient airport sounds. We watch EMMETT, 57, exit a plane. Above the boarding gate reads OKC > DFW. He has just his rolling overhead bag and a small messenger bag. He is dressed casually, but nicely. He wears short sleeves and long pants with a sport coat folded over his arm. He wears a wedding band. He moves quickly and confidently to his next gate DFW > ADP. We do not focus on either sign, they are simply there.

When Emmett reaches the gate, he pulls to a stop. He stretches, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Virginia Slims. The pack is brand new - he doesn't smoke these at home. He strikes a match rather than using a lighter. As he smokes, he takes in his surroundings.

A WOMAN, 30s, reads a guidebook in a seat next to his gate. A family of four with sunburns sits across from her. They are the loudest people nearby. The Flight Attendant, LUIS, 20s, sits behind a desk next to the entry to the plane with a Stephen King book occupying his attention. A second Flight Attendant opens the door to the plane and whispers something to him. Emmett takes one extra drag from his cigarette before putting out the flame, putting the cigarette back into the pack and slipping it back into his pocket. Luis is deeply tanned with blindingly white teeth. He has a mustache. He speaks into a microphone. The speakers beep a three-note tune before he speaks.

LUIS

Excuse me. Flight Air France 5939,
Dallas/Fort Worth to Paris is now
boarding. AF 5939 is now boarding.

Emmett is the first to board. We follow him.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY.

He finds his window seat quickly. In first class. He easily places his overhead bag in the designated compartment and slides the messenger bag from his shoulder. He takes his seat and drapes his coat over his legs as if it were a blanket with the messenger bag securely on his lap, under his coat, a practice he seems to have honed over years of plane travel. He has a few short moments of bliss before the woman who sat near him follows him aboard and sits next to him.

He is from rural Oklahoma, but he has mostly outgrown the accent of his youth. She is from Anywhere, USA.

WOMAN

Who are you visiting?

EMMETT

Oh, I'm not sure yet. I'm just going to visit the city.

WOMAN

You've been before?

EMMETT

No. I used to travel for work, but the farthest I ever went was Toronto.

WOMAN

Ah.

We can feel the judgment. She is the type to believe no one can afford NOT to travel - but forgets about the price of tickets. Emmett retrieves a small phrasebook from his messenger bag.

WOMAN (CONT.)

You know any French?

EMMETT

Not much. Everything I learned in Monsieur Bradford's class left me before I left high school.

WOMAN

Oh. Well, I've never understood people who refuse to be worldly.

EMMETT

Of course.

A silence that feels like forever, but it's much better than listening to her talk. Luis enters the plane and catches Emmett's eye. Luis smiles - there is a twinkle in his eye. Emmett takes off his wedding band and slips it in his messenger bag as subtly as possible. The woman notices. She begins fidgeting, as if her seat is uncomfortable. She looks everywhere except for at Emmett. Finally, a Flight Attendant passes by and the woman grabs her arm.

WOMAN

Could I have a better seat?

The Flight attendant pauses for a moment, then looks between Emmett and the woman. She nods and escorts the woman to a new seat further back in the plane.

Emmett lets out a low breath of relief and looks back at the phrasebook. Eventually another man, JEFFERY, 30s, finds his way to the aisle seat left unoccupied. He is a nervous looking man. Emmett looks up from his book for a moment when he sits, studying the younger man as he puts his bags away. Jeffery notices and gives a small smile before pulling a small notebook from his overhead bag and taking a seat. There are numbers, letters, and symbols in a seemingly nonsensical configuration written out on the page.

Jeffery pats his pockets but cannot seem to find what he is looking for.

JEFFERY

I'm sorry, sir. Can I borrow a pencil?

EMMETT

Of course.

He fumbles in his messenger bag for a moment and produces a pencil. He hands it to Jeffery.

JEFFERY

Thanks.

EMMETT

What is that you're working on?

JEFFERY

Hm? Oh, it's an equation. I've been trying to solve it for about two years now.

EMMETT

For two years?

JEFFERY

It's a tough problem.

Luis is moving front to back of the plane with an announcement and stops just next to Jeffery.

LUIS

Hola. Air France has asked me to tell everyone on today's flight that smoking on board is now prohibited, except for a small smoking section

toward the back of the plane. Let me know if I can get you anything on today's flight.

Luis flashes a brilliant smile and a quick wink toward both of the men before moving on.

EMMETT

Why are you off to France?

JEFFERY

I'm a professor. I'm going to teach for the summer.

EMMETT

Why such a short time?

JEFFERY

I don't want to be too far from home. My daughter just turned five so she'll be starting school soon. Need the money though.

EMMETT

My granddaughter just turned seven. Five is a good age.

JEFFERY

That's what my mom said too. My daughter just started the "why" phase, though.

EMMETT

Ah, that's good though. She doesn't just accept anything, she questions.

JEFFERY

I told myself that too. Until she asked me "Daddy, how do we know we are real?" - I'm still not sure how to answer her.

They both laugh.

EMMETT

You have just the one?

JEFFERY

Just Heather, yeah. What about your granddaughter?

EMMETT

I have seven grandkids. I think the oldest is -- she must be ten by now.

JEFFERY

Shit, seven? How many kids do you have?

EMMETT

Five.

JEFFERY

God, I can't even imagine having more than one.

EMMETT

Well - it wasn't too bad. They're all pretty *independent*.

They continue to speak together for what feels like forever.

FADE TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Emmett sleeps lightly with his head resting against the window sill. Jeffery is no longer seated next to him, but his notebook remains. Emmett has the remains of his dinner in front of him.

Luis is passing by again with a cart of snacks and drinks. He stops, sees Emmett asleep, and moves to pass by, but Emmett wakes up.

LUIS

Oh, sir, I apologize. I didn't // mean to --

EMMETT

Don't worry. I'm a light sleeper.

LUIS

Let me take those dishes from you.

Emmett sits up and helps Luis clear his dishes.

LUIS (CONT.)

Is there anything else I can get you for the night?

EMMETT

Could I have one more glass of wine?

Luis fixes Emmett a drink.

LUIS

Of course! Are you going to Paris for business or pleasure?

Emmett takes the glass of wine and sips periodically.

EMMETT

I am going for a European adventure for the summer.

LUIS

(gestures to Jeffery's seat)
And you are with your friend?

EMMETT

Oh, no. I'm traveling alone.

LUIS

A shame. No one should experience a city like that alone.

EMMETT

A city like Paris?

LUIS

A city of romance and passion.

EMMETT

I don't think it will be too bad.

LUIS

Maybe you can find someone?

EMMETT

Well - I don't know // about -

LUIS

If my layover was longer, I would have loved to show you some of Paris. Do you have a hotel?

EMMETT

No. Not yet.

LUIS

Maybe I can help you find one. Wait by

the baggage claim when you get off the plane.

Luis winks again and goes on his way. Emmett watches as he goes and finishes his drink in silence.

INT. PARIS HOTEL - DAY

Emmett is asleep, but the window shades are thrown open. He jumps awake as morning light hits him. He is covered by a sheet. His clothes still lay in a somewhat neat pile next to the bed. All of his luggage is stacked in a corner.

EMMETT

What -

LUIS

Buena dia.

EMMETT

I can't believe I slept so late.

LUIS

Jet lag is a majestic bitch.

EMMETT

How are you dressed already?

LUIS

I have a flight to Rome in a few hours. I have to be at work.

EMMETT

Ah. Sorry, // I'll get -

LUIS

There is another attendant coming in this room later tonight.

EMMETT

Okay...

LUIS

I have to go now, but you have to leave by noon.

EMMETT

Of course. I really // enjoyed -

LUIS

Enjoy Paris, senior.

Luis exits the room with his small rolling carry on. We stay with Emmett. He groans and falls back against the pillows.

EXT. OUTSIDE PARIS HOTEL -DAY

Emmett exits the Hotel. He is wearing his ring again. He looks around, trying to get his bearings, and sees the entrance to a subway.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

He carries his rolling bag down a set of stairs to the underground subway. It feels crowded, but welcoming. He finds a map and attempts to read it. He is not having much luck. Emmett is holding an ad for a hotel. It is a beautiful rendering of an old Parisian building. A SCRUFFY MAN, 20s, who looks like he hasn't slept much recently sees him and stops to try and help. He speaks in a thick French accent.

SCRUFFY MAN

Help?

EMMETT

Yes! Er- Oui, s'il vous plait! Uh --

He pauses then points at the ad for the hotel.

EMMETT

I have a room reservation here.

SCRUFFY MAN

Hotel? Je ne sais pas -- erm.

The scruffy man holds up a finger to ask for a moment, then turns and looks for someone to help. He finds a GRANDMA, 70s, and speaks to her quickly in French. He points at Emmett a few times, and she nods. She also speaks with a heavy accent.

GRANDMA

Come with me.

Emmett looks between them for a moment, then follows her. They don't talk but we continue to follow.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

They stand close together as the train sways.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY

The Grandma walks quite a bit faster than Emmett can. He is

weighed down with his belongings and she knows these streets.

EXT. OUTSIDE PARIS HOTEL - DAY

The Grandma gives Emmett a stiff nod and continues down the street. Emmett looks at the hotel and then to the ad. They hardly look like the same building, but they are. False advertisement. Emmett looks around. He doesn't see any other hotels nearby.

CLOSE ON: his watch.

It is almost five. It's better to try the hotel with false advertisement than to wander looking for another one.

INT. PARIS HOTEL - CONT

There are five men in hard hats standing around a jack hammer. They look as if they are taking a break from breaking the floor. Dust covers everything. Emmett curses under his breath.

He approaches the counter where the CONCIERGE, 20s, stands awaiting him.

EMMETT

Hi, parlez English?

CONCIERGE

Yes sir.

EMMETT

Okay! Uhm - I'd like to rent a room please.

CONCIERGE

Do you have a reservation?

EMMETT

No, I wanted // to -

CONCIERGE

Je suis désolé.

He points to a sign. Complet. He hands Emmett a brochure for an American chain hotel.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

It is a few days later. Emmett is dressed much nicer than he was when we last saw him and is wearing bracelets. He has

bifocals on. He does not have his ring on, but his tan line stays. He is exploring Paris at night. He carries an analog camera around his neck and occasionally snaps a photo. He walks by several cafes and hears snippets of conversation. He isn't meaning to eavesdrop, just to people watch.

EXT. OUTSIDE A PARIS NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

He ends up in front of a night club. There is a poster of a shirtless man holding a sign with the name of the club. Music blasts inside. Emmett thinks for a moment, then enters.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - CONT

The club is a gay bar. Emmett looks almost uncomfortable with the noise level, but he goes to the bar. The BARTENDER, 20s, wears dark clothing and has a thin mustache. Emmett tries to speak between the beats of the Euro-pop dance music. The bartender speaks with a New England accent.

EMMETT

Bonjour. Can I have - Gin tonic? S'il vous plait!

BARTENDER

No problem.

Emmett turns toward the room and tries to find somewhere to sit. He sighs and sits where he is at the bar. MARC, 31, sits next to Emmett. Marc speaks with a light accent.

MARC

Salut.

EMMETT

Bonjour.

MARC

American?

EMMETT

Yes - oui.

MARC

My name is Marc. Is black. Is trente et un.

EMMETT

(with a laugh)

I can see that you're black.

MARC

Pardon?

EMMETT

I'm Emmett. I'm um... cinq- um - fifty seven. Is there a - piano bar or anything near here?

MARC

You're gay?

EMMETT

Oui, I am.

MARC

And you are married?

Marc nods at Emmett's tan line. Emmett rubs his hands together to hide it.

EMMETT

No, I - It's complicated.

MARC

You live here?

EMMETT

No, I'm from the United States. Je suis Americain.

MARC

Quel hotel?

EMMETT

One a few blocks away. You're from Paris?

MARC

Oui.

The bartender has circled back around and is in front of Emmett again.

EMMETT

What would you like to drink?

MARC

Biere, s'il vous plait.

The bartender pours a beer and places it in front of Marc.

MARC
You're with someone?

EMMETT
No. I'm here alone.

MARC
Eaten dinner?

EMMETT
No. I was hoping there would be food
at whatever bar I ended up at.

MARC
I can take you to restaurant?

EMMETT
You don't want to stay?

MARC
I'm no good at dancing.

EMMETT
What kind of restaurant?

MARC
Is -- good food.

EMMETT
You've sold me.

INT. EMMETT'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marc is sleeping under a heavy duvet cover. Emmett sits in one of the many arm chairs with a side table next to it. He wears a hotel bath robe. He has a piece of paper laying on the table with a pen, he is trying to write something. Instead, his focus is entirely on the wedding band he keeps taking off and putting back on. He looks between it and Marc several times. After he finally puts the ring back into his bathrobe pocket, he stares down at the paper for a few moments. He isn't entirely sure what to write.

He hesitantly picks up the pen and writes. He does so slowly and unsure. There is no voiceover.

May,

But he cannot seem to find the words he is looking for.

INT. EMMETT'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

It has been another few days. Emmett sits alone in his room. He is fully dressed and has his journal open on his lap. He sits on the bed. He is just finishing an entry. We see the words, but hear no voiceover.

David seemed to love the idea of traveling here, but I think he got the romanticized idea from film. I never could get him to stop talking about Goddard...If he could see Paris, he would be disappointed just as I am.

When he finishes the last word he shuts the journal and places it on the night stand. He stands and stretches then exits. We follow.

EXT. PARIS STREET - CONT

He begins a slow adventure in the streets of Paris. Again, he listens in on conversations only by accident. He passes a proposal, but continues on his way without stopping. He finds himself back at the same club as a few nights ago.

INT/EXT. PARIS NIGHT CLUB/PARIS STREET - CONT

It is closed for another few hours, but the bartender is already inside. Emmett knocks at the door timidly, and the bartender comes over. He opens the door just barely. It is the same bartender from a few nights ago.

BARTENDER

Can I help you?

EMMETT

You're American?

BARTENDER

So are you.

EMMETT

Are there any - calmer places to get a drink around here?

BARTENDER

You're in the wine country. Throw a stone, it'll hit a bartender.

EMMETT

I mean - well, accepting places.

BARTENDER

Not that I know of, but I pretty much
live here so.

The bartender sizes Emmett up, then opens the door a little
wider.

BARTENDER

Don't tell anyone, but I can fix you a
quick drink before we open for real.

EMMETT

I couldn't put you // out like -

BARTENDER

No problem. I promise. Come on.

Emmett hesitates, but nods and steps inside.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - CONT

Emmett takes a seat at the bar, and the bartender pulls out a
glass.

BARTENDER

What do you drink?

EMMETT

Anything is okay. Your favorite?

BARTENDER

I like an old fashioned.

EMMETT

That works perfectly.

The bartender nods. He quickly makes two drinks and Emmett
watches in silence. When he is done, he slides one to Emmett,
then takes a seat next to him.

BARTENDER

You okay?

EMMETT

Sure.

BARTENDER

Look, I see a lot of upset people
every day. The music is loud enough I
never get to ask how they are so -
just this once humor me. What's up?

EMMETT
I'm on vacation.

BARTENDER
From your wife?

EMMETT
How -

BARTENDER
Your tan line is pretty gnarly.

EMMETT
Ah. Well, yes.

BARTENDER
How long have you been married?

EMMETT
Since 1960.

BARTENDER
She doesn't know?

EMMETT
I expect she suspects, but... I
haven't said anything.

BARTENDER
Ah. Gotcha.

EMMETT
I've had affairs, but she thinks
they're not with -

BARTENDER
She thinks you're unfaithful but not a
friend of Dorothy?

EMMETT
Exactly.

BARTENDER
Why'd you come to Europe?

EMMETT
My -- friend wanted to come.

BARTENDER
You came without him.

EMMETT

He died.

BARTENDER

Oh, I'm sorry!

EMMETT

It's okay. It was a year ago and expected, so.

BARTENDER

Was he sick then?

EMMETT

(he has never told this)
For a short while. We were on and off... more off than on and one day he called to tell me --

BARTENDER

Gotcha. I'm sorry.

EMMETT

It's really okay. I just figured - I don't know what I figured. Just wanted to get away from it all.

BARTENDER

A regular here just passed recently as well. Not the same, I know, but - I saw him lose so much weight so quickly. I had no idea people could shed weight like that. He didn't look too good the last time he was here, then I got an invite to the funeral about a month later. Took everyone by surprise I think.

EMMETT

I saw David only once in the hospital. I couldn't go back. He was only thirty. Always teased me about being older -- we both figured that I'd die first, but I guess...Fate is cruel like that, isn't she?

BARTENDER

Do you want another drink?

EMMETT

I'm okay. Sorry for storming in here

early.

BARTENDER

Don't worry about it. This place is
much nicer when it's quiet.

They both sit in silence. Emmett looks at the bartender for a short while. The bartender studies his hands. Emmett starts to lean toward the Bartender, but he jumps up and away from Emmett. Emmett stands hurridly.

EMMETT

I'm sorry, // I -

BARTENDER

I'm straight. I should've -

EMMETT

You work here? But you're not --

BARTENDER

They like to hire straight guys.
Something about making sure the crew
doesn't hook up with the regulars.
Less drama.

EMMETT

I'm sorry.

Before either of them can say another word, Emmett rushes out of the club.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

It is the next day. Emmett is dressed for travel again. Nice, but comfortable. He has his ring on again. A black cat crosses in front of him as his train arrives. He watches it cautiously, then steps forward to board a train to Budapest.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Emmett sits on the train in a window seat - it is nearly empty. He has a Hungarian to English dictionary out.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

A few hours have passed. There are more people around Emmett now. It is beginning to feel crowded.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

The train is absolutely full. It finally pulls into a station and Emmett struggles to get from his seat to the train doors. He passes by what feels like a hundred people.

EXT. TRAIN STATION IN BUDAPEST - NIGHT

Emmett exits the train wearing the same clothes he had on the Paris train platform. The sky is dark and the people who exited the train with him seem to know exactly where they are going. Emmett walks to a map of the city, but he can't seem to read it. He looks around helplessly. He starts walking one way with no sense of direction.

EXT. BUDAPEST BUSINESSES STREETS - NIGHT

He walks for a short time before someone speaking Hungarian walks past him.

EMMETT

Excuse me, do you know...

The Hungarian does not stop or even recognize someone is talking to them. Emmett sighs and continues on his way. Finally, he happens to walk past a bus stop.

EXT. BUDAPEST BUS STOP - CONT

KAROLY, 41, wears a sweater vest and pressed khakis stands at the bus stop. He turns to watch as Emmett approaches. Hungarian Pronunciations in parentheses.

KAROLY

Szia. (sea-YA)

EMMETT

Do you speak English? Angolul?

KAROLY

Szerencses vagy. (seren-CHAISE VAG)I
am an English professor!

EMMETT

Oh, you're kidding! Thank you. Do you
know of any hotels near here?

KAROLY

No - well, there are a few, but they
are all full up. You have a
reservation?

EMMETT

No, I suppose I thought there'd be one available.

KAROLY

I have a spare room, if you like?

EMMETT

Oh - um. I wouldn't want to put you out.

KAROLY

Don't worry. I'm Karoly (CAW-away). I have three people with me.

EMMETT

Family?

KAROLY

No. Revolutionaries.

EMMETT

Oh, you're...really?

KAROLY

Anyone with a brain is a revolutionary.

The bus arrives.

KAROLY (CONT)

Come with me. You can stay a few days. You're very lucky to have arrived in Hungary today.

Karoly boards the bus quickly. Emmett hesitates - but he has no other choices. He climbs up after Karoly.

INT. BUS - CONT.

Karoly pays for his bus fare with the proper bills, Emmett pays with a franc. The bus driver looks at him with a strange look, but accepts the fare. Emmett and Karoly find seats on the bus. The bus lurches forward.

EMMETT

I'm Emmett, by the way.

KAROLY

Good to meet you Emmett. Welcome to Budapest.

INT. KAROLY'S HOME - NIGHT

Emmett and Karoly finally arrive at Karoly's home. It is a simply decorated apartment with three bedrooms. The living room has a mostly open concept, from the front door we can see the kitchen and a small dining table. TALAL, 62, sleeps in a huddle on the couch. Bottles of Brandy surround him. Next to him in a cushy arm chair GERGELY, 37, sits with a half empty bottle of Brandy. In the kitchen SANDOR, 31, cleans the dishes from dinner.

Every underlined word is to be spoken in Hungarian.

KAROLY

This is Emmett, he will stay in the third room for a few days.

GERGELY

He is paying, right?

KAROLY

Of course. He wanted to see the revolution here.

SANDOR

American?

KAROLY

Yes, and he only speaks English. Sorry about that. This is Sandor (shan-DOOR), Gergely (GER-gay), and Talal(TAH-lal) is the sleeping one. Only Talal and I speak English, but they are very -- good men.

SANDOR

What are you saying about us?

EMMETT

How do I say thank you to them?

KAROLY

Köszönöm (COOS-an-em).

EMMETT

Köszönöm. So much.

KAROLY

I can show you to the extra room.

Karoly helps Emmett carry the bigger of his bags into the

third bedroom.

INT. THE THIRD BEDROOM - NIGHT

EMMETT

There are four of you and only three rooms. I don't want to put any of you out.

KAROLY

This is Talal's room. He never sleeps in here, always on the couch. He might come in for clothes in the morning, but he might not.

EMMETT

But what about the other two?

KAROLY

Sandor and Gergely are -- coupled. I'm not sure how you would say it in English.

EMMETT

Oh! They're gay?

KAROLY

Yes.

EMMETT

But I thought that was illegal here.

KAROLY

Like I said, we are *revolutionaries*.

INT. THE THIRD BEDROOM - DAY

Emmett sleeps in the center of the bed. Talal enters. This is the first time we get a good look at him. He looks unkempt. His clothes are wrinkled and he has not shaved for a few weeks at least. His mustache is longer than the rest of his beard. His hair is unruly and he wears thick glasses. He moves as quietly as possible and opens a dresser drawer to get fresh clothes. The sound wakes Emmett up, who shoots to a sitting position. He calms when he sees Talal. Then remembers who's room he is in. Talal doesn't seem to care - this isn't the first time someone has crashed in his room. Talal speaks in a heavier accent than Karoly.

EMMETT

Sorry! Karoly said that // I could -

TALAL
No worrying. I just need new clothes.

EMMETT
I can leave // if you -

TALAL
Stay. I need a shower.

EMMETT
What time is it?

TALAL
No clue. The boys are all asleep.
Before noon?

EMMETT
Ah. Thank you.

Talal nods stiffly and leaves the room.

INT. KAROLY'S HOME - DAY

We see Emmett leave the bed room, fully dressed now. He has his camera around his neck. He wears short sleeves and his hair is neatly combed. He goes to leave the apartment, then realizes he doesn't know where they are. He sits on an armchair. He waits only a short while before Talal goes from the bathroom back to the third bedroom with a towel around his waist. He looks better already.

Emmett finds a magazine on the coffee table and opens it to read. He doesn't read Hungarian. He puts the magazine away and crosses his legs. Waiting for a guide.

INT. KAROLY'S HOME - DAY

Karoly finally exits his room and sees Emmett waiting.

KAROLY
First to rise?

EMMETT
I hear it makes a man healthy,
wealthy, and wise.

KAROLY
Talal woke you?

EMMETT
Accidentally. I wanted to explore the

city, but I wasn't sure if I would be able to make it back here alone.

KAROLY

I can take you to the center of the city. I have meetings today, but when they are done I can show you back here.

EMMETT

When are they done.

KAROLY

Seven in the evening.

EMMETT

Perfect. Is there a good place for breakfast first?

KAROLY

I will take you to money exchange, then you can eat out.

EMMETT

Excellent. Thank you.

A song plays during the following shots. Something folksy and acoustic. A song from Emmett's childhood.

INT. BUS - DAY

Emmett and Karoly sit next to each other as they travel. Karoly talks animatedly, though we don't hear what he is saying.

EXT. BUDAPEST STREET - DAY

They exit the bus and start walking. Karoly points something out and Emmett looks like he is loving the tour. They pass two policemen who don't look to pleasant.

EXT. BUDAPEST STREET - DAY

Emmett stops to take a picture of a relief bust - Lenin. Karoly doesn't seem much happier about the bust than he did about the police.

EXT. BUDAPEST STREET - DAY

Two young men shove past Emmett and Karoly as they turn a corner, then break into a run. Karoly yells something after

them with a small grin.

EXT. BUDAPEST BUSINESSES STREETS - DAY

Karoly gestures to a building and says something to Emmett. Emmett nods and enters the building. Karoly waits for just a moment, then goes on his way.

The song ends.

EXT. BUDAPEST BUSINESSES STREETS - DAY

Emmett exits the building, tucking bills away. 12,238 Hungarian dollars. Just \$200 USD. He starts down the street. He sees a NEWSBOY, early teens, yelling on a street corner with a bundle of papers. He approaches quickly.

EMMETT

How much?

NEWSBOY

What?

Emmett holds up one of his newly exchanged dollars. The newsboy turns his head, then nods. He holds up ten fingers. Emmett nods back and hands over a bill. The boy gives him a newspaper. The date reads Junius 15, 1989.

Emmett makes it halfway down the street before realizing that he can't read the paper. He folds it and puts it in his messenger bag. He turns back around and takes a photo of the newsboy yelling on the corner.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Emmett takes a photo of another group of statues. He sees two men pass by, both in their 20s. He looks for a moment, their finger tips touch for just a moment - one of them struggles to keep back a smile, but they continue on their way. Emmett raises his camera to get a quick photo of the two men.

Just as he clicks the shutter, another group of men arrive. All in their late teens and early 20s. They begin shouting at the couple. The couple ignores them and continues walking with a sizable distance between them. Emmett cannot understand what they are yelling, but he knows. The couple leaves the park followed by the group of boys. Emmett hesitates then starts after them as well.

EXT. BUDAPEST STREET - CONT

The group is getting progressively closer to the couple on the sidewalk just outside the small park. Emmett hesitates a few yards away. The couple has begun to respond, one of the two men taking a step toward the ring leader of the gang.

The ringleader hits the man square in the nose, and the other members of his group begin hitting and kicking both men in the couple. Emmett takes one confident step forward. Then a hesitant one. Then he stops. He takes a shaky breath. He wants to step in and help the couple, but he cannot seem to convince himself to.

He turns and walks quickly the other way.

He slips into the first alleyway he comes across.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONT

He leans against the brick wall and takes another breath. He slides down to sit on the concrete and cries.

EXT. BUDAPEST BUSINESSES STREETS - NIGHT

Emmett returns to the place that Karoly had left him earlier. He tucks a roll of film into his bag. It is the sixth he has filled today. He sits on a bench to wait. He puts his head in his hands, still shell shocked from the bashing he witnessed earlier. He has been on the verge of tears for hours now - angry at himself for running. After a moment, he pulls his wedding band from his pocket and plays with it for a moment. He slips it back onto his finger. A POLICEMAN, 30s, walks past, then turns to look at Emmett. Emmett doesn't notice for a few short moments.

POLICEMAN

Why are you on the streets?

EMMETT

I'm sorry, I don't//speak -

POLICEMAN

American? Standup. You have contraband?

EMMETT

Yes, I'm - I'm sorry I don't // speak.

POLICEMAN

Shut up and stand.

Karoly appears just as the policeman reaches to grab Emmett's shirt.

KAROLY
He doesn't speak Hungarian.

POLICEMAN
You know this American?

KAROLY
I am renting a room to him.

POLICEMAN
He has contraband. I am taking it.

KAROLY
He has nothing. Stand up, Emmett.

Emmett obeys quickly.

POLICEMAN
You're an idiot.

KAROLY
At least I didn't join the soviets.

POLICEMAN
That's why you're an idiot, Karoly.

KAROLY
The revolution has already started,
Denes. The soviets won't defile our
country any more. Now go, before I
tell the American embassy you are
trying to steal from one of them.

The policeman glares at Karoly for a moment. He knows that Karoly would embellish the truth to get him in trouble. He leaves, grudgingly.

EMMETT
You knew him?

KAROLY
Small city.

INT. KAROLY'S HOME - NIGHT

Emmett and Karoly enter, both silent after the days events. Talal sits on the couch where he slept the night before. He

looks much neater after his shower earlier. His beard is more neatly trimmed, but still long. He has already begun to drink. Karoly sits next to him.

Emmett sits on the arm chair more tentatively.

KAROLY

It begins tomorrow.

TALAL

A hot day for a revolution. We
couldn't have picked a day earlier in
the year?

KAROLY

No. You didn't get to meet our guest
last night. Talal, this is Emmett.

TALAL

I met him this morning. I have a
comfortable bed, I hope.

EMMETT

Yes, thank you for letting me stay
there.

TALAL

Of course. I feel more at home here.

KAROLY

Don't drink so much, we are meant to
be ready for the morning.

TALAL

Stop mothering me. Do you want some,
American?

EMMETT

Yes, Please.

Talal hands a bottle to Emmett, who takes a small drink and immediately grimaces. Karoly and Talal laugh. Karoly takes the bottle from Emmett and goes to the kitchen. He returns with a glass cup and pours some for Emmett to drink.

KAROLY

It's strong, we should have warned
you.

EMMETT

It's fine. Thank you.

TALAL

What do you do in America?

EMMETT

I'm retired. I used to sell computer supplies at IBM.

TALAL

Retired? Hmm - you just travel?

EMMETT

Sometimes. This summer, yes. What do you do?

TALAL

I disappoint my two mothers.

EMMETT

You have two mothers?

TALAL

My mother and Karoly.

EMMETT

Ah!

KAROLY

Your mother is dead, you can't disappoint people who don't exist.

TALAL

She exists. She just doesn't breathe.

EMMETT

But for work?

TALAL

I was a professor. Arithmetic. Same as my father.

EMMETT

Really? Mine was a farmer.

TALAL

When did your father die?

EMMETT

When I was twenty.

TALAL

Ah. He loved his country?

EMMETT

I - well, I suppose he did.

TALAL

So did mine. He died for his country.

EMMETT

My brother was in the military. The navy, in the second world war.

TALAL

The Russians strung my father up in the square.

EMMETT

Oh.

KAROLY

You're scaring him. What's gotten into you?

TALAL

Revolution. That is why we riot now. The Russians killed - millions. I think.

EMMETT

I'm sorry.

TALAL

We will never get it back, you know.

KAROLY

What are you talking about, you old drunk?

TALAL

We will never have Hungary the way it was. You are too young to remember. I was a boy then. The Soviets took it all from us. We won't have it again.

EMMETT

You can, of course you can. Nothing is so broken that you cannot fix it.

TALAL

The Hungarian people are.

Talal settles back into the couch cushions and stares at nothing. Emmett adopts a similar pose.

KAROLY

Ignore him. He is a -- pessimist.

INT. THE THIRD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emmett sits at a small writing desk. We see a pile of post cards to his children. We see some addressed to Karen, Debbie, Lily, Christopher, and Judith. These are all the cards he's written since arriving in Europe, he hasn't had a chance to send them yet. He pulls a piece of hotel stationary toward him. The one he wrote after his night with Marc in Paris. It still has only one word written.

May,

He looks at it for a long while but cannot find anything to write.

FADE TO:

EXT. BUDAPEST STREET - DAY

We hear Emmett's voice as we see everything.

Emmett walks next to Karoly and Talal as they push through a crowded street. Emmett takes a photo of a statue being toppled.

EMMETT (V.O)

Dear Christopher,
I will be home soon. I am in Budapest at the moment. I'm not sure if you have seen any news from here, but it feels like absolute chaos. It's revolution!

EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE - DAY

There are hundreds of thousands of people in the square. Emmett has lost his friends in the crowd. He continues to take photographs of everything he can, but he can't see much.

EMMETT (V.O)

They buried someone in the square, and I was there for it. I couldn't actually see anything, but I was there. Nagy Irme, I think, was one of those reburied. All the people killed by the Russians in 1956. Just to think, they've been under Russian rule since your sister was born!

EXT. BUDAPEST STREET - DAY

Emmett has found Sandor and Gergley. They stay a healthy distance from each other but shout something at the top of their lungs. They jump to see over the crowd.

EMMETT (V.O)

Over six hundred people were named as those being reburied after spending three decades in a mass grave. I think there were 200,000 people with me to watch, at least that is what the news said. I think it must have been closer to 300 or maybe 400,000 people in reality. There wasn't a place you could step without running into someone.

EXT. A DIFFERENT PARK - NIGHT

Emmett is alone again. He is surrounded by people. He has stopped taking photos, he is out of film. He lets the crowd take him where they are going.

I wish you could have been here to see it with me...

INT. THE THIRD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emmett finishes writing the postcard.

EMMETT (V.O)

Anyway - If you made it through all these pages you know I still love you. If you didn't, then you may not know but I do anyway.
-Dad

He looks at the card for a short moment, then places it on the stack of cards meant for his children.

He looks again at the letter meant for his wife. He pulls it

toward himself once more and manages to write something.

**May,
I do love you, but**

He stares down at the page again. He sighs and crumples the paper. He throws it away and goes to bed.

EXT. OUTSIDE KAROLY'S HOUSE - DAY

It has been a few days. Emmett is fully packed and he closes the door firmly behind him. He has the stack of postcards in one hand. He places the postcards into his messenger bag. He still wears the ring on his left hand. We follow as he heads back toward the train station. The bus is not operational today. Instead, he hired a taxi which sits just in front of the house.

INT/EXT. TAXI/BUDAPEST STREETS - DAY

There are still hundreds of people in the streets. Emmett watches them as the cab passes by them. This is a huge moment in history, and Emmett can't help but feel jealous of them.

INT. BUDAPEST AIRPORT - DAY

We see Emmett go through a lot of the same motions as he did in Dallas. He stands by his gate and smokes - this time an older pack of Marlboro Reds. He smoked these at home.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

He sits in a window seat with his messenger bag on his lap. He does not speak to the MAN, late 30s, who sits next to him.

INT. AMSTERDAM AIRPORT - DAY

He stands at a desk with a RECEPTIONIST, 50s, behind it.

RECEPTIONIST
Do you mind staying near the red light
district?

Emmett shrugs

EMMETT
As long as it is safe.

We see her make a call, but Emmett focuses on his left hand. He still hasn't decided if he will take off his ring while in Amsterdam.

INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

Emmett finally enters a bar. He looks confused, and he goes to the BARKEEP, 20s.

EMMETT

Excuse me, I'm looking for the
Vakantie (va-KANTZ-ee) hotel?

BARKEEP

Ah. You have reservation?

EMMETT

I just made one while at the airport.
A woman called --

BARKEEP

Of course. What is the name?

EMMETT

Hoyt.

The barkeep flips open a book behind the bar and reads through something quickly.

BARKEEP

You are in Room 10. Top of the stairs.

The barkeep takes a key from the wall behind him and hands it to Emmett then presses a button behind the bar. It buzzes loudly, and a door to Emmett's right unlocks. He gets the clue and goes to the hotel.

INT. HOTEL HALLS - DAY

He climbs three flights of stairs, but still only sees rooms 8 and 9. The stairs are steep already, but he sees a ladder built into the wall with a number ten fashioned beside it. He sighs heavily and goes up into his room.

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREET - DAY

Emmett exits the Hotel bar. He is wearing new clothes, it is the next day. He starts to wander the canals with his camera. He takes several photos of the water and boats and the houses that seem to lean over the streets.

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREET - DAY

Emmett passes by a YOUNG MAN, 20s, who sizes him up then calls out a price by the hour. Emmett turns and aims his

camera. The young man poses. Emmett moves on.

EXT. AT THE CANAL - DAY

Emmett sits next to a LOCAL, 80s, on a bench just next to the water. They nod to each other, then both look at the water. Emmett takes a deep breath.

EMMETT

Do you speak English?

LOCAL

No.

EMMETT

But you speak enough to know what I just asked?

LOCAL

No.

EMMETT

I'm gay.

LOCAL

No.

EMMETT

My wife doesn't know. I left. A month and a half ago, I left for Paris because my dead -- I don't think I can really call him my boyfriend. He wanted to go to Paris. Then I wanted to see the revolution in Hungary. And now I'm here. I'm not sure why I'm here.

LOCAL

No?

EMMETT

No. David died and I just had to escape, I think. I have five kids and I'm old and --

Emmett looks at the old Local for a moment.

EMMETT (CONT.)

Well, I'm not as old as I could be. I know I have to go home but I don't know how. I can't be someone I'm not,

I can't create a persona. I can't -
He doesn't know what he wants to say.

EMMETT (CONT.)
I saw a revolution. I saw the end of communism in Hungary. And I saw two gay men nearly killed for walking next to each other and I did *nothing*. I don't know what I was supposed to do. Something, I suppose. I should have asked 'what would Harvey Milk do' and done that. Instead I ran away. I ran to Amsterdam. Ha! I ran away from running away. I put my ring back on like -- like it's a baby blanket. I can't be married to a woman, but I can pretend to protect myself. I'm a coward.

The local looks at him strangely. They both look at the water for another few long moments.

EXT. AMSTERDAM CAFE - DAY

Emmett has made a huge circle around the city. He enters the outside area of a café. He takes a seat at a table next to two men. GREG, 30s, and JAMES, 30s, are both tanned with sun bleached hair. Both watch the street as people pass by. They look up as Emmett sits. One of them seems to recognize him.

JAMES
Hey, are you a native?

EMMETT
Me? Uh -- well, no. I'm visiting.

JAMES
Us too. What hotel?

EMMETT
(hesitantly)
The one just across the canal.

Emmett points and we see the hotel bar.

JAMES
No shit! Vakantie?

EMMETT
That's the one.

GREG
We're in three.

EMMETT
I'm in ten.

JAMES
Damn! They really made you work for it, huh?

EMMETT
I suppose they knew I needed the cardio.

GREG
The lady at the airport who made our reservation told us we'd be on the edge of the red light district. I kinda think we're right in the middle of it.

EMMETT
I'm inclined to agree with you there.

JAMES
Who cares, Greg! We wouldn't like people watching if it was just all the tourist hating locals.

GREG
You're lucky you got me out here during the day. I think I'd die of a panic attack if we were out here at night.

JAMES
It's not so scary, ya wimp. It's exciting!

GREG
Yeah, where else can we get offered heroin and cocaine?

JAMES
Where else can we see all the young and dumb guys high off their asses?

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Emmett enters the bar from the hotel. He sits and he orders a double Gin and Tonic in broken Dutch. For a few short moments

he is alone with just the Barkeep. Suddenly a group of five men enter from the street, and with them comes an explosion of noise. They are loud, rowdy, and very British. They are already all drunk.

GUS, late-20s, is getting married. This is his bachelor party.

PETER, mid-20s, is his best man.

SHAWN, mid-20s, is the most sober of the group, though that is not saying much.

DAVID, mid-20s, has a bandage around his wrist from an earlier hijink.

ANDREW, early-20s, is Irish.

The five men pile against the bar, all talking over each other.

DAVID

Alright, then. Give us a // Bass Ale.

PETER

This man is getting MARRIED!

GUS

Aye! Getting married. The ol' ball and chain

PETER

Couldn't convince me to // give up freedom.

ANDREW

Oy, shut it. You'll be married the second Eliza looks your way.

GUS

That's right, mate. You'll be swept off your pretty // little feet.

PETER

Not even if she paid me mates. You can't tame a wild tiger and you can't marry an Armstrong man!

DAVID

Come off it. We've heard you pining for her all damn weekend.

They start to shuffle toward a both in the corner of the bar. Only Shawn remains. He pulls out his wallet and rifles through it, looking for the appropriate bills.

SHAWN

Sorry mate, we're havin' a bit of a pub crawl. We just want ten shots of whiskey and five beers of - whatever you've got on tap. Then we'll be on our way.

Emmett tries not to eavesdrop on the four men piled into the small booth. He cannot seem to help himself. The bartender looks between the men and Shawn before starting to pour the drinks and placing them on a small tray.

EMMETT

Big energy in your crowd.

SHAWN

Yeah - we're from this Amateur football league. Usually calls to big personalities.

EMMETT

Amateur footballers?

SHAWN

We've all got day jobs. We just play football every few weeks.

EMMETT

Ah, of course.

SHAWN

You alone over here?

EMMETT

I'm just - having a drink before heading up to bed..

SHAWN

Ah, that's shit. It's not even midnight yet.

The barkeep finishes pouring drinks and slides the tray across the bar carefully to Shawn, who takes it with a small, awkward smile.

SHAWN

Well- Cheers.

And he heads over to his very loud friends. We follow Shawn, but Emmett continues to eavesdrop from the bar. He has his small leather-bound journal on the bar in front of him now.

PETER

Alright then, Shawn?

DAVID

What'd you// get for us?

ANDREW

What kinda beer is that?

GUS

Who //cares!

SHAWN

I think // it's -

PETER

It's shit, who cares.

DAVID

Right then, lads. Cheers to the boy
//of honor.

GUS

I'm no boy!

PETER

To the bachelor's last days of
freedom.

ANDREW

And to Mary. God bless her soul.

SHAWN

Poor girl has to deal with this chap
forever.

ANDREW

And who deserves that?

DAVID

To Mary.

ALL

Cheers.

They all clink their shot glasses against the bar table and down it. Then again with the second shot. They stack the shot

glasses messily on the tray and pass around the beers.

ANDREW

Where to next?

DAVID

I think I saw another pub across the pond.

PETER

America?

DAVID

No// across // the -

GUS

You're dumb as shit, //
mate.

ANDREW

The water, Pete.

PETER

Shit, you're right.

SHAWN

Across the canal // next?

DAVID

The pond.

GUS

Aye, across the water.

Peter and Andrew are both already out of beer. Gus works on catching up, but can't drink as fast. David forgot he's got a beer in his hand. Shawn has taken a few sips, but is trying to be sober.

PETER

Drink up, bachelor! We've got to get
you a woman soon.

GUS

I've got // a woman.

DAVID

Not one that'll let you do **anything**.

SHAWN

They don't let you do // anything.

PETER

Why wouldn't they?

ANDREW
Have you seen his mug?

DAVID
Don't be cruel to the man!

ANDREW
My sympathies to the ladies.

GUS
To the *LADY*. I've got a woman, mates.

PETER
Pity to her.

Gus finishes his drink and places the glass down a little too hard. The glass shatters, and all five men jump up with a shout.

David sweeps up the glass into one place on the table as Shawn goes up to the bar again and asks for a towel to clean the table.

We stay with Emmett as Shawn goes to clean. The men continue to be loud as Emmett nurses his gin and tonic. Shawn hurries back to the bar and pays the tab with an apology as the men shout.

PETER
Across the pond!

SHAWN
Hey, at the bar! Come with us then.

It takes a moment for Emmett to realize they are speaking to him.

EMMETT
I --

GUS
The bachelor demands it! No single men
hiding during the party.

The four men at the table gesture for Emmett to join them.

EMMETT
Of course.

We follow the group of five - now six - out of the bar and into:

INT. SECOND BAR - NIGHT

We see them enter and sit at the bar as an upbeat folksy song plays.

We watch them sit and throw back shots. They fight with big smiles.

EMMETT

Look, America fought just as hard as
// anyone else --

DAVID

Come off it! You only fought because
the Japs bombed your island.

GUS

It's called Hawaii, // dumbass.

SHAWN

It doesn't matter who fought better
than who, it happened forty years ago.

EMMETT

My brother fought in that war. An Army
Airman!

PETER

Jesus, how the fuck old are you?

EMMETT

You should never ask a gentleman his
age.

CUT TO:

We watch them all clink beer glasses, then:

INT. THIRD BAR - NIGHT

They throw back shots again.

Andrew chugs a full pint of beer as fast as possible. David cheers him on. Peter talks to a sex worker. Shawn clenches his jaw. Only Emmett notices.

INT. FOURTH BAR - NIGHT

Another round of shots. Peter can hardly stand, but he leans on Shawn for support as the men talk.

ANDREW

And I'm just saying that the boy scout scene is dumb, okay? We already *know* he's afraid of snakes // why -

DAVID

Come off it! It's not about the snakes, they have to show his dad.

GUS

Wait! When were there snakes in Star Trek? I thought it was just Shatner mumbling the whole time.

SHAWN

Indiana Jones, mate. *Indy* is afraid of snakes.

The men break into laughter.

INT. FIFTH BAR - NIGHT

Another round of shots.

Peter nearly stumbles into a glass door, but Gus pulls him back away from it. He pushes Peter toward the group's table, but Peter almost trips and falls into Emmett. Emmett moves to catch him, but Peter recoils and stumbles over his words

PETER

(to no one in particular)
I'm not a fucking fag.

Shawn is there quickly to lead him to the table.

PETER

I love women, I'm a woman lovin' man.

SHAWN

I know, mate.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The group has finally made it back to Emmett's hotel. He's nowhere near as drunk as the rest of them, but he isn't exactly sober either. Peter is incoherent and leans on Shawn who is extra gentle with him.

EMMETT

Thank you for bringing me along.

DAVID
See you next // time.

GUS
No next time!

ANDREW
Ah, so none of the rest of us get a
stag night?

GUS
You all have to go to Vegas or Paris.
Amsterdam is *mine*!

Emmett watches them round a corner, then he finally heads to
inside.

INT. ROOM TEN - NIGHT

Emmett sits on the edge of the bed and thinks for a short
moment. He fiddles with the ring on his right hand. He stands
and picks up his room phone, then replaces it on the
receiver. He sits at the desk and pulls his journal out and
begins to write. Another song plays as we watch him write.
There is no voiceover. Underlined words he crosses out.

I Shawn loves Peter this is undeniable

In a way that can never may never be expressed

A loss for them both for both Shawn and Peter

and the women they will one day hurt marry.

He shuts his journal. He turns off the desk light.

INT. ROOM TEN - DAY

Emmett is fully packed again. It is a few days later. He has
his journal out. He looks at what he last wrote, then turns
the page. We do not hear anything as he writes.

**July 3, 1989
I'm finally headed home today. It's
been one month and four days exactly
since I left -- I still haven't
written to May.
I'm dumb like that...**

He looks at the page for what feels like a long while, then
closes it and packs it away.

He stands, gathers his things, and goes to head downstairs - and ultimately home. He pauses at the door and looks down at his ring.

He takes the ring off.

The End.