

**MONTE CARLO**

Written by

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Based on the novel

**"HEADHUNTERS"**

by Jules Bass

**THIRD DRAFT**

November 4, 2007

**OVER BLACK:**

**ALICE (V.0.)**

Think of the future, and events  
that will have already happened.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY**

ALICE PERRY (30s), her innate and amiable authority eclipsed only by a self-consciousness about her hair, afraid perhaps that she hasn't lived up to the promise of its red color, chalks "Futur Anterieur" in precise cursive at the board.

**ALICE**

"By tomorrow, we will have flown to  
France."

She turns to face her TENTH GRADE FRENCH CLASS.  
Though Alice's make up, earrings and practical flats are simple, there is an inherent elegance to their combination that hints at a more complex, if uncharted, interior.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Who can give me an example? Paul?

NOTE: Throughout, all blocks of italicized dialogue should

be

read as in FRENCH with ENGLISH subtitles.

**PAUL**

"I will have completed the assigned translation by the end of vacation."

**ALICE**

C'est bon! Amber?

**AMBER**

I will have failed French again by the end of the year.  
Alice pauses, regarding Amber with a pained sympathy.

**ALICE**

En francais si'l vows plait?

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY**

**EMMA**

So, the definition of the derivative of the function "f" at point "x" is..?

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

EMMA LINDGARD (late 20's) rapidly scribbles a complex calculus formula at the board while all of her TWELFTH GRADE MALE STUDENTS avidly admire her shape in a tight, stylish skirt and heels. She turns suddenly, smiling brightly.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Okay! Kyle?

KYLE snaps his eyes up to Emma's face, tries to cover.

**KYLE**

Um... I guess I'm a little lost.  
If optimists see a glass as half full, Emma's is in a constant state of cheerful, blonde overflow, even when a level of wilfulness is required.

**EMMA**

Try to follow along. I really want you guys to get this! David?  
DAVID gazes back dumbly, stuck in an erotic fog.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Cindy?

**IS**

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HOME ARTS LAB - DAY**

TWO GIRLS ( 17) laugh conspiratorially, dredging woven pot holders through an egg mixture and dropping them into a sputtering pan, as the rest of the CLASS makes French toast. The girls sneak looks at MEG KELLY (30's) who tears recipes from a Gourmet magazine at her desk at the front of the room.

Dark hair pulled into a pony tail, face unadorned by makeup, Meg's natural sexiness is muted by an air of indifference. She glances up when the pan erupts in flames and the girls leap back with a shriek, shakes her head. The girls attempt to knock the pan from the burner with the handle of a broom when a pot lid bangs down, instantly snuffing the flames. They shrink back as Meg waves the lid, clearing the smoke.

**MEG**

Do me a favor, and let's just try to get to vacation.  
The class bell RINGS!

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**MEG (CONT'D)**

You can burn the school down as

soon as we're back.

**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

boyfriend Alice, a heavy bag slung over her shoulder, and her

RICHARD (30's, scruffily handsome in sweats and a coach's jersey), carrying three binders and a bag of baseball bats, exit the school among a crush of students.

snow, Together, they cross a lawn dotted with patches of late

where to the parking lot, stopping at Alice's weathered Volvo

Richard hands over the binders with a kiss.

**RICHARD**

Got practice until five thirty,  
then I'll be by.

**ALICE**

I'll see you then. Thanks.  
They kiss again and Richard takes off for the athletic fields, passing Meg as she comes from the school, waves.

**RICHARD**

Hey, Meg! Bon voyage!  
Alice offers a binder to Meg as she arrives at Alice's car.

**ALICE**

I finished our travel binders!  
Meg takes the binder, looks it over.

**MEG**

Remind me again why we're taking  
phonebooks to France?  
Alice gives her a look.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

I love my binder. I do.

**ALICE**

Where's Emma? She knows we're  
meeting, right?

**MEG**

Forgot her purse.  
(watching the students)

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**MEG (CONT'D)**

You know, for the first time in a long time, I feel just as lucky as any of these kids. They may have their whole lives ahead of them but we've got a week in Paris.

**ALICE**

Oh, that's right. I keep forgetting your life is completely over. So sad. I'm really going to miss you.

**MEG**

Funny.

**EMMA**

Well, that was a close call! They turn to see Emma. crossing the parking lot holding a quality knock-off designer handbag over her head.

**MEG**

Look at her. The only teacher in Racine County that wears four inch heels in six feet of snow.

**ALICE**

She always looks great, doesn't she?

**ME G**

**(WITH AFFECTION)**

Damn her.

**EMMA**

**(ARRIVES)**

My passport was in here!

**MEG**

Where'd you find it?

**EMMA**

Second floor girl's bathroom.  
Right where I left it. This

**MORNING--**

**(SEES BINDER)**

Ooh, binders! Great!  
Alice passes one to Emma.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

You guys were so nice to ask me to  
come with--

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**ALICE**

Emma, we're a team.

**EMMA**

I'd just be sitting around the  
condo, trolling e-Harmony...

**MEG**

The fact that you have trouble  
finding a date--

**EMMA**

I'm telling you, it's this town!

**MEG**

Gives me less than no hope.

**EMMA**

You know what we should do, Meg?  
When we're over there? we should  
all treat ourselves. Find a real  
salon. Total spa treatment. And  
I'm gonna get my hair done. Just

like this!  
She holds up a European tabloid she's pulled from her purse,

stabbing a finger at a photograph: CORDELIA WINTHROP SCOTT  
(30's), a blonde heiress deflecting paparazzi in couture.  
NOTE: EMMA and CORDELIA are Played by the same actress.

**ALICE**

Look at us.  
Meg and Emma turn to Alice, smiling.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

**(MARVELLING)**

We're really going.

**INT. ALICE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Alice's passport and a brochure emblazoned with a logo:  
Esprit de Corps Tours, sit on top of her dresser, next to a  
framed photo of Alice and Richard at the Wisconsin Dells.  
Alice struggles to close the overstuffed suitcase on her

bed,

tugging at the stubborn zipper.

**ALICE**

Come on... Please... please...

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

The zipper tears away from the suitcase with a loud RIP! is

**INT. MEG'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Meg pulls a well-worn stuffed dog from her open suitcase on  
the couch, holding it up to her daughter, FINN (6) who wears  
a spangled tutu and cowboy boots.

**FINN**

She wants to see Paris, too!

**MEG**

Finn, if Edith goes to Paris with me, she can't go to Daddy's with you.

Finn's brows come together as she considers this, then reaches for the dog.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

That's what I thought.

**(CALLING)**

Seamus!

SEAMUS, Meg's ten year old son, pounds down the stairs carrying an enormous backpack as Meg zips her bag closed.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

Toothbrush?

Seamus makes a face, drops his bag and heads back up the stairs as the doorbell rings.

**FINN**

Daddy!

**EXT. MEG'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

GLENN (30s), in a police uniform, watches Meg squeeze her children tightly.

**MEG**

**(TO SEAMUS)**

Remember. Gameboy goes to bed when you do. Nine o'clock.

**GLENN**

Seam, why don't you take your sister to the car while your mom and I talk.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**FINN**

Can we get on the radio?

**MEG GLENN**

No. No.

curb,  
Meg watches her kids run to the squad car parked at the  
just as KARYN (30's, also in uniform) emerges on the  
passenger side to meet them.

**GLENN**

And no lights!

**KARYN**

Hey, Meg!

Meg lifts her chin in greeting, but that's it.

**GLENN**

I uh... I heard from my lawyer.  
She said you'd signed your papers.  
Meg watches her kids climb in the car with Karyn.

**GLENN (CONT'D)**

Guess that makes us official, then.

**MEG**

You and me?  
(a nod to the car)  
Or...

**GLENN**

You and me, Meg.  
A beat as they look at one another, hold.

**SEAMUS**

Mom!  
Seamus reappears, charging up the walk to pull Meg down to  
his level, hugging her.

**SEAMUS (CONT'D)**

Have fun.

**INT. EMMA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Emma's packed suitcases stand neatly arranged by the door of  
the sparsely furnished, undecorated room.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**ANSWERING MACHINE**

You have no messages.

Leaning on the lip of the kitchen's bar, Emma presses the record button on her answering machine, then speaks with a put-on, coolly sophisticated, 'jet-setting accent.

**EMMA**

Hello. You've reached the home of Emma Lindgard. I'm afraid I won't be able to return your call right away, as I'm currently traveling. In Europe. But, please, do leave a message.

**TV ANNOUNCER**

". .She was known as 'The People's Princess'...

Emma turns at the counter to see Princess Diana touring an African encampment with children on the television.

**EMMA**

Ooh!

She hangs up the phone and sits herself down at the coffee table where a game of solitaire is laid next to a microwaved Lean Cuisine dinner.

She turns up the volume with the remote and gathers the cards, shuffling.

Eyes glued to Princess Diana on television, Emma suddenly shoots her hands three feet wide, rifling the cards in perfect vertical formation like a seasoned cardsharp.

**EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Alice opens the door, kissing Richard who holds up a suitcase in one hand, a bottle of champagne in the other.

**RICHARD**

Special delivery.

**INT. ALICE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Alice zips the suitcase shut and raises her arms in victory as Richard pours the Champagne into two glasses.

**ALICE**

That's it! I am good to go!

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

Richard brings a glass to Alice, nuzzles her ear.

**RICHARD**

I'm proud of you, you know.

Alice takes her glass and presses Richard down onto the bed, climbing on top of him.

**ALICE**

Like Christmas when I was a kid.  
There's no way I'm going to be able  
to sleep tonight--

**RICHARD**

Good for me.  
They kiss.

**ALICE**

I mean, how long have I been  
talking about this?

**RICHARD**

Mmm... You were reading Colette.  
In the teacher's lounge. First  
time we met. Long time.  
Alice pauses as this lands somewhere deep inside.

**RICHARD (CONT'D)**

This is just the beginning.

**ALICE**

**(BRIGHTENING)**

It feels like it.

They clink glasses and Richard watches Alice tip her glass back then stop mid-sip to peer down at the delicate diamond ring sitting at the bottom of her glass.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

**(STUNNED)**

Oh. Richard... It's so... It's beautiful...

Richard takes her glass and fishes out the ring.

**RICHARD**

Let's try it on.

**ALICE**

But, we can't even celebrate--

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**RICHARD**

What are you talking about? We're

**CELEBRATING--**

**ALICE**

But, I'm leaving. I'm--. I'm getting on a plane in the morning.

**RICHARD**

**(LAUGHS)**

Maybe I want to make sure you come

**BACK--**

(stops, sobers)

Wait. You're serious. Are you

serious? You're serious.

**ALICE**

Let's do this when I get back. In a week.

**RICHARD**

Can you hear yourself?

**ALICE**

Honey, listen, it's just the timing. I wasn't planning on this

**TONIGHT--**

**RICHARD**

Whoa. I planned tonight. Tonight was my plan--

**ALICE**

And it's great. This is great. You're great. But, Richard, I feel like I just need to do this one thing first. Then I can do the next. Then I can do this.

(off his silence)

Can you understand? There's a world I haven't even seen yet...

Alice, hopeful, searches Richard's inscrutable expression a beat, then he turns away and gets up, ring in hand.

**RICHARD**

I thought we'd be seeing it together.

(pockets the ring)

Have a great trip, Alice.

He heads for the door.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (3)**

**ALICE**

**(STRICKEN)**

Richard, come on. You're leaving?

**RICHARD**

(without looking back)

Maybe I'll see you in a week.

Alice listens to his footfalls and the slam of the front door, then falls back on the bed, striking her head on the open suitcase, wincing.

**ALICE**

**(MISERABLE)**

I'm sorry...

**PILOT (PRE-LAP)**

Ladies and Gentleman, we are about to begin our descent into Charles de Gaulle International Airport...

**INT. AIRPLANE - IN FLIGHT - DAY**

Meg sleeps in an aisle seat of the dim coach cabin where all the window shades have been drawn down, Emma dozing beside her, a game of cards laid out on her tray table.

Alice brings her seat to the upright position as instructed and sits, hyper-alert, looking at her closed window shade. A beat.

She reaches out and raises the shade a tentative crack, flooding their row with light.

She glances furtively around the cabin, then inches the

shade

higher, drawing in a sharp breath at what she sees.

She flings the shade up.

ALL OF PARIS is laid out below her; a magical nautilus-like wheel with the Eiffel Tower as its central axle.

Her breath steams the window as she drinks it all in.

She turns, eyes full, to Meg who cranes across Emma to share in the view and squeeze Alice's arm with a smile.

**EMMA**

Are we there?!

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**INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - DAY**

A CUSTOMS AGENT stamps Alice's passport with a thump.

**CUSTOMS AGENT**

Bien venue.

Alice looks up from her imprinted passport, smiles hugely.

**ALICE**

Merci .

**EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - DAY**

Alice emerges with Meg and Emma, each struggling with their luggage, onto the thronged arrivals deck.

**EMMA**

There it is! Esprit de Corps!

Alice looks to where Emma points, seeing a small sky-blue flag at the end of a long staff held by MADAME VALERY (40s, pinched) their harried tour guide in a suit of the same

blue.

**ALICE**

Excuse me, are you Madame Valery?

**O**

Madame Valery glances up from her clipboard beside their

bus.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Hi, my name is Alice Perry--

**MADAME VALERY**

**(GESTURING)**

Bags go under the bus.

**ALICE**

I'm traveling with my friends, Meg Kelly and Emma Lindgard--

**MADAME VALERY**

**(FLAT)**

I speak English.

**EMMA**

Well, that's great!

**ALICE**

We're so excited!

Madame Valery eyes Alice unfolding a map from her binder.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Now, I was hoping you could tell me  
which route the bus will be taking--

**MADAME VALERY**

**(WEARILY PREDICTIVE)**

You're not going to be a problem,  
are you?

**EXT. PARIS - DAY**

The battered Esprits de Corps Tours bus careens through the  
streets, listing wildly from side to side.

**INT. TOUR BUS - DAY - MOVING**

**MADAME VALERY**

(over bus's P.A.)

On your right...

Alice, squashed beside Meg on the over-crowded bus, whips

her

head up from her guidebook.

**MADAME VALERY (CONT'D)**

Was the Arc de Triomphe.

**ALICE**

This is ridiculous...

**EMMA**

Hey, Alice! Meg!

Alice and Meg turn to Emma across the aisle, who hooks a thumb at CARL and DEEDEE (late 60's, both stout) beside her.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Can you believe? They're from St. Paul! On their honeymoon!

**CARL**

Waited a long time for this! But, we finally made it!

**EMMA**

Alice, that's like you!

(back to couple)

We're here celebrating my friend

Meg's divorce!

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**EXT. THE LOUVRE - DAY**

The bus hurtles around the drive, screeching to a halt, bouncing roughly on its shocks at the museum's entrance.

**INT. LOUVRE - DAY**

Alice, Meg and Emma race past gallery after gallery, trying to keep Madame Valery's little blue flag in sight as it

flies

over the crowd in the distance.

Alice whipsaws her head at everything they're missing,

making

notes in her guidebook on the fly.

**ALICE**

Try to remember that! We'll double back for the Chagalls!

**INT. LOUVRE - DAY**

Madame Valery leads the charge up the right wing of the Daru staircase, past the statue of Winged Victory. Alice stops Meg and Emma in front of the statue, while Carl and Deedee try to catch their breath on the landing.

**ALICE**

**(READING FAST)**

.Also called Nike of Samothrace.  
Greek goddess Nike, meaning  
victory. Two-twenty to one-ninety  
B. C. Okay, go!  
They head for the right stairs just as Madam Valery  
reappears, descending with her group on the left.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Oh.  
Alice turns Meg and Emma around to come back down.

**DEEDEE**

Well, that saved us a climb.

**INT. LOUVRE - DAY**

Emma elbows her way out of a crush of raised cameras and cellphones to Alice and Meg who strain at the rear of the CROWD to view a painting, all but the top of its gold frame obscured.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**EMMA**

(waving her camera)  
I got it! I got it!

**INT. BISTRO - NIGHT**

Meg and Emma sit hunched over Emma's camera and its shaky, digital image of the Mona Lisa, squeezed in with Alice and the rest of their tour at too few tables.

**EMMA**

Alice, I'll e-mail it to you.  
Meg looks up, catching Alice eyeing their surroundings.

**MEG**

(re: Mona Lisa)  
At least she's smiling.

**ALICE**

(snaps to, smiling)  
What? No. I'm--. I'm just a little tired.

**EMMA**

(a happy idea)

Hey! I'll bet you have jet lag!  
We'll probably all get it!  
Meg raises a glass of wine.

**MEG**

To jet lag.  
Emma and Alice raise their glasses to toast as WAITERS plunk down identical plates of steak frites before them.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

To Alice. Best organizer. Best guide. Best friend.

**EMMA**

To Alice!  
They clink glasses and Alice is suddenly jostled, just as she's about to sip, by Carl as he turns from the table  
behind  
her, spilling her wine.

**DEEDEE**

Oh, Carl!

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**CARL**

I am so sorry!

**ALICE**

(mopping her front)

**IT'S OKAY--**

**DEEDEE**

He was just looking for the catsup-

**CARL**

If you're not using it.

As Emma passes the bottle of catsup, Meg offers Alice her napkin, and waiters sweep their plates away, replacing them with creme brulees.

**ALICE**

Oh! No. Wait. Pardon, Monsieur--

**CARL**

**(RECEIVING CATSUP)**

Merci!

He turns now, catsup in hand, to blink at the creme brulee that has replaced his own and Deedee's steaks.

Alice places a hand on Madam Valery's arm as she passes.

**ALICE**

Pardon, Madame, but...

Madam Valery slowly raises her eyes from Alice's hand.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

I'm sorry, but--

**MEG**

Are you apologizing?

**ALICE**

They've taken our dinners away--

Madame Valery taps her watch and then her clipboard.

**MADAME VALERY**

There were stragglers at the.  
museum. Now, I am behind schedule.

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**EXT. LE PETIT SOMMEIL HOTEL - NIGHT**

Esprit de Corps tour members disembark from their bus in front of a comically narrow and vertical Baroque hotel with its name in feeble buzzing neon: Le Petit Sommeil.

**ALICE (PRE-LAP)**

Look! Look at this picture and  
tell me what's different!

**INT. LE PETIT SOMMEIL HOTEL - NIGHT**

The women lower the travel brochure and its photograph of a tidy well-appointed suite, to regard the actual one in which they stand; dingy, impossibly small, crowded by an armoire that nearly meets the low sloping ceiling, with two spindly twin beds and a military-style cot.

**EMMA**

Toujour le suck-ez vous.

**ALICE**

I researched at least a million

**TOURS--**

**MEG**

Well. This is the one we could  
afford.

A beat as they consider the room and their lot in life.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

It's only five nights--

**EMMA**

Five nights? Here?!

**MEG**

And, Alice, you said yourself,  
we'll hardly ever be in our room.

**(SELLING IT)**

It'll be like camping. At Eagle  
River. It'll be fun!  
Emma opens what is essentially a closet with a toilet.

**EMMA**

Here's your outhouse, Meg. Go  
nuts.  
Alice joins Emma at the bathroom door.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Me? I'm going to try to hold it.

**MEG**

Okay, Emma. Let's just unpack--  
she turns for the luggage, nearly falling over at the weight  
of Emma's suitcase as she reaches to lift it.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

Holy--! Alice, help--  
Alice climbs onto one of the beds to help Meg lift.

**ALICE**

Emma, what have you got in here?

**EMMA**

Just the stuff you put on my list--  
(off her look)  
And a couple options.  
The bag slips from Meg's grasp, crashing onto the foot of  
the  
bed which collapses, catapulting Alice onto the cot which

flips up over her, knocking Emma into the tiny bathroom.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Hey! Come on, guys!

**INT. LE PETIT SOMMEIL HOTEL - NIGHT**

Alice gazes out a window that opens onto a narrow alley and the ugly backsides of buildings, as Meg and Emma sleep fitfully behind her.

She looks down at the cellphone in her hands, scrolling through her speed dial to stop at: 1. Richard.

She hesitates with her thumb over the "call" button.

She turns back to the miserable view, considering for a

beat,

then folds her phone away as she blinks back tears.

**EXT. PONT DES ARTS BRIDGE - DAY**

Madame Valery leads a diminished flock, bobbing her staff with its blue flag, in a forced march across the span of the ornate pedestrian bridge toward the waiting tour bus.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**MADAME VALERY**

The Pont des Arts has its name for the vast number of art students that come here to paint this famous city view...

Meg and Emma, the worse for wear, trail Madame Valery at a distance with Alice who now leads her own handful of tour members, Carl and Deedee among them.

**ALICE**

It's called the Pont des Arts because the Louvre was formally

known as the Palais des Arts...  
Madame Valery stops ahead, turning back to take in Alice and her cluster of appreciative followers.

**MADAME VALERY**

People! We must keep together!

**EXT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL -- DAY**

Alice's group circles an inscribed stone medallion with a star-shaped brass inset on the pavement outside Notre Dame.

**DEEDEE**

"Point zero. Dez roots dee France."

**ALICE**

It's from right here that all the highway miles in all of France are measured. They also say that if you stand on this exact spot, you are be destined to return to France in the future.

**MEG**

Oh, I'm in! Come on. Everyone!  
Together, they all step forward, arms entwined, laughing.

**EMMA**

I want a picture! Of all of us!  
Alice looks up as Emma breaks away, to see Madam Valery leading her dwindling group from the great church.  
Madame Valery sends her charges to the bus, then heads straight for Alice as Emma tries to enlist a JAPANESE COUPLE to take a group photo with her camera.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**MADAME VALERY**

My head count was short in the cathedral.

**ALICE**

I'm sorry. I was explaining about

**POINT ZERO--**

Madame Valery sizes Alice up and taps her staff as the group forms around them, joined by the Japanese couple.

**MADAME VALERY**

This flag? I do not carry it for my pleasure.

**ALICE**

We were just on our way inside--

**MADAME VALERY**

Well, now you may head to the bus.

**ALICE**

But, we haven't been--

**MADAME VALERY**

Which is why you must follow my flag!

**ALICE**

okay. We will. I promise. But, these people haven't seen the

**CATHEDRAL---**

**MADAME VALERY**

There are many churches on the tour.

**ALICE**

But, this is Notre Dame! They need to see this--

**MADAME VALERY**

I assure you, they will see everything they need to see--

**ALICE**

**(LOSING IT)**

Well, what's the point if it's all a big fat blur? When nobody can see anything properly? Let alone

experience it, or appreciate--

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**MADAME VALERY**

You seem quite the Paris expert,  
for someone who has never been.

**EMMA**

I'll bet she knows more about it  
than you!  
The Japanese wife frames the action with Emma's camera.

**ALICE**

I might not have ever been here  
before, but...

**(EMOTIONAL)**

I've waited my whole life for this  
trip.

**CARL**

We've waited thirty years--

**MEG**

You tell her, Carl.

**ALICE**

You keep rushing us through, like  
this is some kind of race--

**(REALLY HURT)**

And you won't even speak French  
with me.

**(SQUARES HERSELF)**

Now, I think I've been very nice.  
We're from Wisconsin. But, I'm  
telling you, I am not getting on

that bus until my friends and I  
have seen Notre Dame.  
Meg and Emma exchange looks as Alice plants herself with  
folded arms and steely resolve before Madame Valery.

**MADAME VALERY**

Perhaps, if Madame is not satisfied  
with my tour she could conduct her  
own.

**EMMA**

What'd she say?  
Alice's eyes narrow in regarding Madame Valery and all fall  
silent a beat; a crowd anticipating fireworks.  
CLICK! The Japanese wife snaps a picture of the standoff,  
the sound of the shutter triggering Alice to action.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (3)**

With lightning speed, she seizes Madame Valery's flag.

**CROWD**

Whoa!  
Madame Valery, nonplussed, reaches out to reclaim her flag,  
but Alice jerks it further away, while the Japanese woman  
snaps picture after picture.

**DEEDEE**

Carl, we're getting on the bus!  
Madame Valery lunges for the stick.

**EXT. NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL - DAY**

The bus pulls away, revealing the Japanese couple who return  
Emma's camera with a bow, Meg, and Alice holding the flag.

**EMMA**

That was fantastic!

**MEG**

"A" plus!  
Alice, cheeks flushed, watches Carl waving goodbye from the

0

bus's rear window.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

Alice, you okay?

Alice brings the staff down across her knee, snapping it in two, casting the broken ends into the gutter as she raises herself to her full height.

**ALICE**

Now, the real tour can begin!

**MEG**

Let's kick this town's ass!

Alice marches forward as a few drops of rain fall.

**EMMA**

I think it's starting to rain--

**ALICE**

Who cares? We're in Paris! What's a little rain?

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**EXT. LE MEURICE HOTEL - NIGHT**

Water pours in sheets from the sky as Alice, Meg and Emma splash down the Rue de Rivoli and duck beneath the shelter

of

the hotel's canopy.

They shake water from their arms and hair, pluck at their sopping clothes.

**PHOTOGRAPHER 1**

Cordelia!

They glance over at a few PAPARAZZI sharing the protection

of

the overhang on the far side of the entrance, as a camera flashes in taking Emma's picture.

Emma smiles, blinks, confused as another photographer admonishes the first.

**PHOTOGRAPHER 2**

You're wasting your film. That's not her.

**EMMA**

What're they saying?

Alice looks about in equal confusion, but stops short when she sees the opulent restaurant behind the window's glass.

**ALICE**

Oh.

Meg and Emma turn to gape as well at the DINERS and elegant tables inside as the rain hammers down.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

That, mes aims, is Paris.

**EMMA**

You think they'd let me use the bathroom?

**INT. LE MEURICE HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT**

marble,  
Meg and Emma step into the lobby, a palatial world of gold and flowers, as Alice confers with the DOORMAN.

**EMMA**

Wow.

0

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

**(TO DOORMAN)**

Merci.

(joins Emma and Meg)  
Okay, Emma, it's down the hall to  
the left. Meg and I'll go and get  
us a table--

**EMMA**

Meet you in there.  
Emma heads for the ladies room, gaping at the lobby.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Wow...

**MEG**

Get us a table? Alice, we can't  
afford to eat here--

**ALICE**

My treat.

**ME G**

You can't afford---

**ALICE**

(hooking Meg's arm)  
We're going to do one thing right  
in Paris. I don't care how much it  
costs.  
They turn for the dining room, passing the front desk where  
CORDELIA WINTHROP SCOTT (dressed similarly to Emma, though  
at ten times the cost) unleashes her ire on the CONCIERGE.

**CORDELIA**

And, just how do you propose I am  
to travel tomorrow, then?

**CONCIERGE**

I am sorry, but, there is nothing--  
A MANAGER enters from the back.

**MANAGER**

Mademoiselle Scott, I have checked  
and there is no sign of a package--

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: ( 2 )**

**CORDELIA**

Marvelous. I'd like to see someone who speaks English, please. If there is such a person in France. The concierge and manager look to one another and back.

**MANAGER**

This is not English we are speaking?

**INT. LE MEURICE HOTEL -- LADIES ROOM - NIGHT**

Emma swings through the door into the black marble bathroom, grabbing a towel to swipe at her wet hair. She stops abruptly, examines the towel.

**EMMA**

These are cloth!  
She takes the towel into one of the stalls, closing the door behind her just as Cordelia strides in, stops at the counter.

**CORDELIA**

**(ACID DISGUST)**

France.  
Cordelia's cellphone RINGS! and she pulls it from her purse.

**EMMA (O.S.)**

Hello?

**CORDELIA**

**(INTO PHONE)**

You would not believe these people.  
So rude!  
She takes her phone into the stall next to Emma's and closes the door just as Alice and Meg enter.

**CORDELIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

And they wonder why none of us do Paris anymore! What I've been through--. And, Daddy is being

**PERFECTLY HIDEOUS--**

Alice and Meg look at one another in the mirror, overhearing Cordelia, as they pick up towels to dry off.

**CORDELIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)**

He's making me go to Monte Carlo!

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

Emma?

**EMMA (O. S.)**

Yeah. I'm here.

**CORDELIA (O.S.)**

I don't know. Some auction. One of those foundations--. But, have I heard from them? No. And they were to take care of the plane--. Well, I'm certainly not going to go if, Wait, where are you?

**(LISTENS)**

Reykjavik? Would I need a coat?

A toilet flushes and Cordelia opens her stall door, heads  
for  
their  
the counter, oblivious to Alice and Meg who freeze with  
towels, blinking at her uncanny resemblance to Emma.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

Do you know if there's an evening flight--?

Alice and Meg turn to each other, then to Cordelia's reflection in the glass, their mouths hanging open.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

Ooh, I think I can just make it.  
No. I won't even check out here.  
It's better if everyone thinks I'm  
being a good girl and taken the  
trip down to--  
Cordelia stops when her eyes snag on Alice and Meg.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

Let me call you when I get to the  
airport. It may take awhile...  
She gives Alice and Meg a devastating look up and down.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

It appears to be raining outside.  
Quite hard.  
She picks up her purse and exits without looking back just

as

Emma opens her stall door and joins Alice and Meg, who gape  
at her with towels in their hands.

**EMMA**

Did you see those are cloth?

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**INT. LE MEURICE HOTEL - RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

**MEG**

No, Emma, I mean, exactly like you.

**EMMA**

Well, she sounded awful. And kind  
of mean.  
Alice, Meg and Emma, punchy and a little drunk, enjoy wine  
from enormous glasses as they finish their meals.

**ALICE**

(draining her glass)  
She should be ashamed. Can you  
imagine having a room here and then  
not staying in it?  
An ANXIOUS WAITER races in, refilling Alice's glass.

**EMMA**

**(PERFECT MIMIC)**

Darling, I was thinking of ordering  
this entire menu, and then not  
eating it!

The waiter retreats, joining FIVE others standing at  
discreet, fearful attention, all careful not to look at Emma  
whom they've clearly mistaken her for Cordelia.

**MEG**

We should just take it. Her room.

**EMMA**

And her trip to Monte Carlo!

**(TO ALICE)**

That's still France, right?

**MEG**

Alice, how fast can you get a  
binder going on a trip like that?

**ALICE**

**(LAUGHS)**

Oh, I'd love to see that. Us in  
Monte Carlo.

**MEG**

What's so funny about that? We got  
in here.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**EMMA**

**(MIMICKING)**

Indeed. It is pitiful how low the standards here have fallen.  
Two waiters step in to clear plates, hearing all.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

**(MIMICKING)**

Remind me to have Daddy buy this hotel so that I can knock it down.  
Alice and Meg laugh with Emma as the waiters head for the kitchen in panic.

**WAITER**

(whispers to other)  
She is a monster!

**MEG**

Emma, you could be her!

**EMMA**

**(MIMICKING)**

Darling, Meg. Always making me laugh!

**(DROPPING IT)**

Who in their right mind would ever believe that I was--

**MANAGER**

Pardon, Mademoiselle Scott?  
The three look up at the manager in surprise.

**ALICE**

I'm so sorry. Were we being too loud?

**MANAGER**

No, no, we are all very happy to see Mademoiselle Scott smile...  
A WINE STEWARD hustles up to the table with an ice bucket stand and a bottle of Champagne.

**MANAGER (CONT'D)**

Please. In apology for our earlier misunderstanding.

**EMMA**

Our misunder--?

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**MANAGER**

Your dinners as well. With our compliments...

The three women exchange glances as the steward begins to open the bottle and the manager bows, backing away.

**EMMA**

Excuse me, Monsieur?

**MANAGER**

Oui, Mademoiselle?

Emma smiles, broadly, batting her eyelashes as the steward pops the Champagne cork.

**EMMA**

**(PERFECT BRITISH)**

I so hate to be a bother, but I seem to have misplaced my room key.

**INT. LE MEURICE HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT**

CLICK! The door swings open into the dark room, framing the three drunk laughing women.

Alice fumbles for a switch, hitting the lights, and their laughter cuts abruptly at the sumptuous interior of gleaming marble, gilt and silk.

**ME G**

**HOLY--**

**EMMA**

Scheize.

Alice sees but one the thing: The Eiffel tower illuminated on the other side of a bank of French doors.

**ALICE**

A view! There's a view.

Alice races to push back the window sheers, revealing a staggering panorama of the city, the Seine, and the Eiffel tower in the pouring rain.  
The entire city of light is reflected in her eyes.

**EMMA (O.S.)**

Now this is more like it!

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**MEG**

There's whole other room in here!

**INT. LE MEURICE HOTEL - SUITE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Alice enters, steering around a tower of Louis Vuitton luggage, as Meg pulls a fresh bottle of Champagne from a bucket of ice.

**ALICE**

Wait. What are you guys doing?  
Emma launches herself onto the enormous bed.

**EMMA**

This is the room we were supposed to have!

**ALICE**

On what planet? Come on. We were only going to take a look!

**MEG**

So, we're looking.  
(pops the Champagne)  
And we like what we see.

**ALICE**

Meg!  
Meg takes the bottle and crawls up with Emma.

**EMMA**

Alice, take a break, would you? We

**WALKED EIGHTY-POINT-FOUR-SIX-SEVEN-**

two kilometers... A lot happened  
today.

**ALICE**

**BUT--**

**MEG**

(pats the bed)

Alice, how many do chances do we  
get? For something like this?

Alice considers, looks out the window at the streaming rain.

**ALICE**

Okay. But, just until it stops  
raining. Then we go.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**MEG**

(makes room for Alice)

Agreed.

Alice climbs up and together, the three pass the bottle of  
Champagne as they study the ceiling's ornate plasterwork.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

**(LAUGHS)**

I'm sorry, I just keeping thinking  
of the look on that woman's face!

**EMMA**

I'm glad I got pictures!

**ALICE**

I did surprise her--

**MEG**

Surprised me!

**EMMA**

Really loved that flag, didn't she?

**ALICE**

Poor Carl and Deedee...

**EMMA**

Do you think that if you sleep in a bed like this every night your dreams are different?  
Alice rolls to her side and the view of the Eiffel tower.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Like, are they bigger? You know?  
Do you dream a more amazing life?  
Meg kicks off her shoes, lets them drop.

**MEG**

Well... We'll never know.  
Seen from the bed, the light atop the Eiffel tower breaks through the dissipating clouds to swing a searching arc through the night sky...

**MATCH DISSOLVE**

The Eiffel tower gleams gold and orange in the morning sun.

0

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**INT. LE MEURICE HOTEL - BEDROOM - SUITE - MORNING**

A telephone rings, stirring Alice. It rings again.  
She reaches for it in her sleep as Emma sits up groggily beside Meg curled around the empty Champagne bottle.

**ALICE**

**(ANSWERING)**

Hello?

**EMMA**

What time is it?  
Alice's eyes fly open as she snaps awake.

**ALICE**

Oh, yes. Yes...

**EMMA**

**(SHAKING MEG)**

Meg, wake up. We're in trouble--  
Meg pulls herself up, sees Alice on the phone.

**MEG**

Oh, shiii--

**ALICE**

We'll be right down. Merci.  
She hangs up.

**EMMA**

We were only joking! We didn't  
mean to--!

**MEG**

We'll tell them it was a mistake!

**EMMA**

Alice?

**ALICE**

Cordelia, your car is here.

**INT. LE MEURICE HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY**

Alice, Meg and Emma attempt to conceal themselves behind  
Cordelia's tower of cases as it's wheeled from the elevator  
by two PORTERS.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

The women scurry for the exit past the desk manager.

**MANAGER**

Mademoiselle Scott!

**ALICE**

Just keep moving.

The three women increase their pace, but the manager catches up to them with an express envelope.

**MANAGER**

Mademoiselle Scott, this came for you this morning. The package you were seeking?

Emma merely blinks at the offered envelope.

**MEG**

Take it. Just take it.

**EMMA**

**(SNATCHING IT)**

Thanks again!

They break for the door, but the manager follows.

**MANAGER**

I'm afraid there may still be some

**PHOTOGRAPHERS OUTSIDE--**

**EMMA**

What?

**EXT. LE MEURICE HOTEL - DAY**

As they emerge, the manager and doormen hustle Alice, Emma and Meg towards a waiting car and driver, as paparazzi call and shoot from across the boulevard.

**ALICE**

Thank you so much but I think we'll

**WALK--**

**MANAGER**

**(LAUGHS)**

But, you can not walk to the airport.

**ALICE**

**(STOPS FAST)**

The airport?

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

A beat, as Emma and Meg look to Alice for direction and the frenzied calls of the paparazzi increase.

**INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY**

**ALICE**

It's fine. It's fine. We'll just have him drop us off...

Alice and Meg look out the back window at the manager who waves them farewell, the doorman shooping photographers.

**MEG**

They really do think she's her...

RIP! Alice and Meg spin to Emma as she spills the envelope

's

contents.

**EMMA**

What? I want to know where we're going.

**ALICE**

We're going back to our hotel--

Emma holds up an itinerary with a big mischievous grin.

**EMMA**

No. We're going to Monte Carlo!

**ALICE**

No. We're not.

**MEG**

**(TAKING ITINERARY)**

Let me see that--

**EMMA**

Alice, what's "prive?" Is that like an airline?

**ALICE**

Emma, for crying out loud. Meg, you want to help me out here?

**MEG**

Hold on... I'm reading...

**EMMA**

See? Meg wants to go. Don't you, Meg?

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

No, Meg, doesn't.  
Meg looks up from the itinerary, shrugs.

**MEG**

Trip's paid for, whether that girl takes it or not.

**ALICE**

Oh! And somehow that magically makes taking it right?

**EMMA**

What's the worst that could happen?

**ALICE**

I can think of a lot of things--

**MEG**

You're in charge. You want to go back to that hotel, okay by me. A beat while Alice looks between Meg and Emma, trapped.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

Totally your call.

**EMMA**

**(FULL-ON CORDELIA)**

And, darling, we'll completely understand if you feel we shouldn't go.

**EXT. AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY**

The car drives across the wide stretch of runway on a trajectory for a waiting private jet.

**INT. PRIVATE JET - IN FLIGHT - DAY**

The women swivel around in their plush seats at the POP! of cork as a STEWARD opens a bottle of Champagne.

a

**ALICE**

Okay. We go. We take a look around. We get on a train and come right back...

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 36.

**CONTINUED:**

**MEG**

Anything goes wrong, we say it was  
a language thing, that we didn't

**UNDERSTAND--**

**EMMA**

Now, I like that idea, because it's  
true!

They fall silent as the steward appears with glasses of  
Champagne, wait for him to retreat.

**ALICE**

Go, look, come right back. It's a  
good plan.

Alice, Meg and Emma clink glasses.

**MONTAGE:**

**EXT. AIRPORT - NICE - DAY**

The steward helps the women from the plane, where another  
UNIFORMED MAN waits on the tarmac to escort them further.

**INT. NICE AIRPORT - DAY**

Their escort opens a door ahead of them to a roof deck, wind  
spilling in to the stairway they climb.

**EXT. NICE AIRPORT - ROOF DECK - DAY**

They emerge onto the deck, Emma squealing and grabbing Alice  
when she sees their waiting helicopter.

**INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - IN FLIGHT - DAY**

Alice, Meg and Emma delight as the helicopter banks along  
the coast, the Mediterranean glittering in blue and green below.  
A craggy ridge falls away and all of MONTE CARLO unfolds in  
step upon step of coral rooftops, cream and gold.

**END MONTAGE.**

**EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - DAY**

Alice, Emma and Meg step from a limousine, blinking in the  
bright sunlight to take in the square in front of the hotel,  
its fountain and the adjacent casino.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 37.

**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

Okay! What do we want to do first?  
Check out the palace, or the beach?

**MEG EMMA**

Beach! Palace?!

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Let's find a map--

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Mademoiselle Scott!

They turn as JEAN-PIERRE MICHAND (late 30's), sophisticated  
in jeans and a sportscoat but with a warm bohemian air,

comes

down the steps, an oversized envelope tucked under his arm.

**EMMA**

Well, bon jour me.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

You made it! I was getting a  
little frantic--. When I did not  
hear from you--. So I sent your

**TRAVEL--**

(laughs at himself)

But, you are here.

(off her blank look)

Forgive me. Jean-Pierre. Michand.

With the foundation--

He pauses in shaking Emma's hand as his eyes land on Alice  
with friendly curiosity, a charge.

**JEAN-PIERRE (CONT'D)**

Welcome--. I---. I didn't realize  
you would be bringing--

**EMMA**

Oh, I'm sorry! This is Alice Perry  
and Meg Kelly. Two of my dearest  
friends. Visiting from America!

**ALICE**

**(SHAKING HANDS)**

Hello.

Jean-Pierre has trouble pulling his eyes from Alice as he  
shakes Meg's hand.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

It is a pleasure to meet friends--

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**EMMA**

I'll say.

Emma sneakily indicates Jean-Pierre's empty ring finger to  
Alice and Meg as he consults his wristwatch.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

**(WHISPERED ASIDE)**

No ring.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

I'm terribly sorry, but, I am  
already late for a meeting--

**MEG**

We won't keep you--

**JEAN-PIERRE**

I just wanted to make sure you  
arrived safely and that I was here  
to greet you.

**(AN AFTERTHOUGHT)**

Oh. And, of course, to deliver

your invitations for the week, and  
the foundation's report--

**EMMA**

Invitations for the week--?

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Various events. Leading up to the

**AUCTION--**

**(THE WATCH)**

Again, I am so sorry, but, I am  
reluctant to keep His Highness  
waiting.

**EMMA**

His Highness?

**JEAN-PIERRE**

The Prince. But, we will see each  
other at the casino for tonight's  
game. Please, bring your friends--

**ALICE**

You are very generous, and we'd  
love to, but, I'm afraid Cordelia  
has other plans this evening--  
Jean-Pierre turns, charmed by Alice's perfect French, and  
alarmed by this news.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (3)**

**JEAN-PIERRE**

**BUT--**

**ALICE**

We're very sorry--

**JEAN-PIERRE**

**(MOUNTING ANXIETY)**

Perhaps we have misunderstood each other. Mademoiselle Scott--. She must be there for tonight's game. The prince. His Highness has asked to be seated across from her--

**EMMA**

What's he saying? Which prince? Jean-Pierre looks imploringly between the three.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Please. It is for the foundation.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

Within a glossy brochure: A collage of "snapshots" shows happy African children grouped outside their new school; raising their hands at their desks in a pristine classroom; finding their country on a glossy globe.

**ALICE**

**(ANGUISHED)**

Oh, would you look at these kids?

**MEG**

No, I can't. I can't stand it. Emma reads to Alice and Meg from the brochure in the seating area of their luxurious suite, enjoying none of it, nor the incredible balcony view of Monte Carlo's marina and bay.

**EMMA**

"With your help The Michand Foundation is able to sow the seeds of education, transforming lives, families, and villages, one child at a time..." She didn't say anything about a school!

**MEG**

Schools, with an "s." More than one.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

**(MISERABLE)**

In Africa.

**MEG**

That horrible, irresponsible girl!  
I've never stolen a thing in my  
life, now I've taken a trip from  
school children.

**ALICE**

In Africa.  
Meg hangs her head.

**EMMA**

Reykjavik! That takes some nerve!  
They're counting on her for a  
charity auction and she doesn't  
even show up!

**ALICE**

Only she did.  
Emma reaches for a gigantic wrapped fruit basket.

**EMMA**

She did?

**MEG**

Do not touch that!

**ALICE**

You, Emma. If you're Cordelia.  
They've seen you. You're here.

**EMMA**

Well, I can't go to that thing  
tonight.

**(A BEAT)**

I don't have anything to wear.  
The phone RINGS! and Emma snatches it up before Alice can.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

**(PERFECT BRITISH)**

Hello?

Alice gestures for Emma not to say anything, to hang up.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

**(INTO PHONE)**

Oh yes, please. Send it up... Um.

Yes, all of it. Everything. Thank  
you, ever so. Merci!

She hangs up and holds a beat before turning to Alice.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

My luggage is here.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

Alice and Meg stand in front of the tower of Louis Vuitton trunks and cases while Emma idly thumbs the combination lock of a steel briefcase in her lap.

**ALICE**

Okay. But, just for tonight. And,  
that's it.

CLICK! Alice and Meg look to Emma, holding the now open briefcase, eyes wide.

**EMMA**

Lucky guess?

**O**

A necklace of diamonds and enormous yellow stones sparkles like a constellation from within the case's velvet lining.

**ALICE**

**(CLOSING IT)**

No jewelry.  
Emma nods.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Then it.all goes back.

**MEG**

Dry-cleaned.

**INT. LES CASINO DES MONTE CARLO - NIGHT**

The gaming hall's towering ornate doors are opened by TWO  
DOORMEN for Alice, Emma and Meg to make their big entrance  
in  
Cordelia's couture chiffon, silk and organza.  
Heads held high, backs straight, they strike a remarkable  
tableaux as they pause in unison at the top of the room's  
raised landing to survey the swirl of roulette wheels and  
the  
tony European jet set.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

At first glance they look spectacular, but under closer  
scrutiny one can read Meg's composed discomfort in wearing a  
dress that is too tight, nearly spilling her breasts, and  
the  
self-consciousness Alice endures in a dress made daringly  
short by her height.  
But, this is because we know them; to all other eyes they  
not  
only belong here, they own the room.  
They glance at one another, eyebrows up: "We're here!"

**EMMA**

Don't you feel like we've won  
something already?  
Jean-Pierre comes to greet them with PRINCE DOMENICO DA  
SILVANO (30's, movie-star handsome), both in tuxedos,

offering a hand to escort Emma down the few steps.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Mademoiselle Scott, you made it!  
Emma withholds her natural smile, placing just the tips of  
her fingers in Jean-Pierre's palm with exaggerated hauteur.

**EMMA**

Enchante.  
Jean-Pierre assists Meg and Alice, Meg clutching the top of  
her dress, Alice anxiously keeping the skirt of hers in

place

with a hand as she steps down.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

And Mademoiselle Margaret Kelly and  
Mademoiselle Alice Perry--

**(FOR ALICE)**

I am very glad you were able to  
come this evening.  
Alice nods, blushes and tries to cover.

**JEAN-PIERRE (CONT'D)**

May I present His Highness, Prince  
Domenico Da Silvano?  
Prince Da Silvano bows from the waist.

**DOMENICO**

**MADemoiselle SCOTT--**

**EMMA**

Please, call me "Cordelia."

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**DOMENICO**

If you will call me "Domenico."

**EMMA**

I shall certainly try.  
Domenico escorts Emma out onto the casino floor as Jean-Pierre touches Alice's elbow.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Shall we?  
Alice and Meg allow Jean-Pierre to lead them, following Emma as GAMBLERS break from their games to track these three elegant women gliding smoothly through the room.

**MEG**

(aside to Alice)  
I may as well be topless.

**ALICE**

Please. I'm mooning everyone behind us.

**INT. LES CASINO - PRIVATE GAME ROOM - NIGHT**

A DEALER unseals a new deck of cards as Domenico pulls out a chair for Emma at the room's enormous game table.

**EMMA**

Oh, but, I really wasn't planning on playing this evening. I so much prefer to watch--  
Emma looks to Alice and Meg for help as Jean-Pierre leads them to the far side of a low railing to view the game.

**DOMENICO**

**(A WINK)**

This I do not believe about you.  
He turns to the eight other PLAYERS (of various ages and genders, but all rich) clustered at the room's small bar.

**DOMENICO (CONT'D)**

Ladies and gentlemen? Shall we begin?  
The other players make obligatory introductions and take up positions at the table as Jean-Pierre offers Alice and Meg tall upholstered stools to sit.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

Alice moves to sit, but then remembers her skirt, looks to Meg who is unable to even raise a leg in her tight dress.

**ALICE**

**(TO JEAN-PIERRE)**

Easier to see if we stand.  
Jean-Pierre hands them both a glass of Champagne.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

And why aren't you playing?

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Ah. I play behind the scenes.  
Like Robin Hood, I take from those  
who have more than enough, for  
those who have nothing but need.

**(LAUGHS)**

Also, I do not play because I have  
no money of my own.  
Alice smiles, charmed by his candor, but then stops.

**ALICE**

They're playing for money?  
(turns to Meg, flat)

**IS**

They're playing for money.  
Together they turn to see Emma happily arranging the cards  
she is dealt in her hands.

**DOMENICO**

Cordelia, why don't you do us the  
honor of setting this evening's  
stakes?  
Emma glances over to Alice and Meg who look back at her,  
ashen, and turns to the players who smile expectantly.

**EMMA**

Oh. Um. Okay...  
She takes her handbag into her lap, opens it, looks.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

**(A GUESS)**

Alright. Why don't... Why don't  
we start at ten?

A shocked player sputters into his drink.  
Emma places a twenty Euro note on the table.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

That is if anyone is able to make  
change.

A beat.

Jean-Pierre, Domenico and all the other players burst out  
laughing and Emma smiles, laughing too, but shoots a  
desperate look to Alice and Meg.

**DOMENICO**

Marvelous!

He signals an ATTENDANT over as Emma's shoulders relax.

**DOMENICO (CONT'D)**

Please bring Mademoiselle Scott a  
rack of chips.

**(TO EMMA)**

Two hundred?

**EMMA**

**(BIG GULP)**

Um. Sure.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

You would not know it, but she is  
very funny.

**MEG**

A riot.

Domenico casts a glossy chip into the pot.

**DOMENICO**

Mademoiselle Scott starts us at ten thousand a hand.

Alice and Meg freeze, their champagne glasses sliding from their hands, while Emma's eyes grow as large as all the zeroes on Domenico's chip.

**DOMENICO (CONT'D)**

You must be feeling very lucky.

**INT. LES CASINO - PRIVATE GAME ROOM - NIGHT**

**DEALER**

Mademoiselle Scott? It is your call.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

Emma sits locked in a cool stare-down over the top of her cards with Domenico across from her at the tensed table. Meg downs a glass of Champagne in one gulp, snagging the

back

of the WAITER's jacket, hauling him back for a refill. The waiter turns to Alice, who pats at her face with a damp napkin, struggling to breathe.

**MEG**

(takes bottle from waiter)  
I should probably keep this.

**DEALER**

**(PRODDING)**

Mademoiselle?  
Emma places her cards face down before her, appears to fold.

**EMMA**

Well...  
She moves her hands to the stacks and stacks of chips beside

her, and pushes them to the center of the table.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

0

I'm all in.

The other players gasp and Alice fails to suppress a whimper as she grasps Meg's pouring hand, spilling Champagne,

drawing

Jean-Pierre's attention.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Are you alright?

**ALICE**

Great. I'm just--. Excuse me.

Alice slips around the railing and heads for Emma as two players fold in near tears, leaving just Emma, Domenico and

a

DOWAGER (60's) in the game.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

I'm terribly sorry to interrupt.

But, Cordelia, you look a little overheated... Why don't we--?

**(WHISPERS LOW)**

.Have you completely lost your mind?

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**EMMA**

**(WHISPER BACK)**

Hey. Don't distract me. I'm in the middle of a hand--

**ALICE**

Emma! That isn't Monopoly money!

**EMMA**

Relax. I've got it under control--

**ALICE**

And this isn't the mathletes finals  
in Kenosha!

**EMMA**

Jean-Pierre, would you be a dear  
and get Alice some water?

**(TO ALICE)**

You're the one that got us into  
this--!

**ALICE**

What?!

**DOMENICO**

I will see you, Cordelia.  
Domenico pushes his own mountain of chips to the pot in the  
center of the table and Alice buries her face in her hands  
when the dowager folds her cards.

**EMMA**

(whisper to Alice)  
Now, go sit down and try to be  
cool, would you? Jeeze! Let me  
handle this.  
Alice moves back to her stool, tries to smile as she takes  
the water Jean-Pierre offers.

**MEG**

What'd she say? What'd she say?

**ALICE**

**(SICK)**

We're going down, Meg. Going down  
hard.

**DEALER**

Mademoiselle. Your Highness. Your  
0 cards, please.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (3)**

Alice and Meg turn helplessly to the game table.

**DOMENICO**

Ladies first.

**EMMA**

After you. Please.

Domenico can hardly contain his gloating as he reveals his three aces.

**DOMENICO**

I am very sorry, Cordelia.

A beat, then Emma shrugs.

**EMMA**

Well. It is just a game after all.

She turns her cards over and fans them on the table felt: A royal flush in the suit of hearts, ace high.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

I do hope there are no hard feelings.

The other players cheer as Domenico's smile crashes.

Emma shrieks with delight, turning to Alice and Meg who grab each other, barely keeping themselves from pitching over, glasses spilling, as the other players applaud.

Emma rakes in the Everest of multi-colored chips with both arms, laughing as she's congratulated.

**DOWAGER**

You must play often, Miss Scott.

**EMMA**

Oh, a little, online. But, this is so much more fun!

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Domenico and Jean-Pierre, each toting buckets of chips, escort Alice, Emma and Meg to the elevator, all giddy.

**DOMENICO**

Not even a last drink in the bar?

(CONTINUED)

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**CONTINUED:**

**EMMA**

It's been such a splendid evening,  
I am reluctant to press my luck any  
further.

**MEG**

Yeah. Good call, Cordelia.  
DING! The elevator arrives and the doors open as Domenico  
leans in towards Emma.

**DOMENICO**

Then you must promise to dance with  
me at my party tomorrow.  
Emma evades Domenico by stepping onto the elevator.

**EMMA**

Oh, Delmonico--

**DOMENICO**

"Domenico."

**EMMA**

I would not miss it for the world.

Meg collects the buckets from Domenico and steps on.

**MEG**

Great meeting you, your Highness.  
Good times. Really.  
Jean-Pierre places his buckets in Alice's hands, a certain  
frisson to the simple exchange.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Tomorrow night?

**EMMA**

Wait!  
Before Alice can respond to Jean-Pierre, Emma takes one of

the buckets from Alice and hands it back to him.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

You must keep this one. For your foundation.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

But, your family has already been

**SO GENEROUS--**

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**ALICE**

She really believes in education.  
The doors start to close.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Good night, then.

**DOMENICO**

And, welcome to Monte Carlo.  
The doors close, leaving Jean-Pierre and Domenico to gaze fondly where the three women had just been.  
They both sigh and turn for the bar, when they hear shrieking  
from the elevator as it rises above them.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

Alice, Meg and Emma jump up and down, screaming like girls at  
a slumber party, chips flying everywhere.

**MONTAGE:**

**EXT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY**

Alice, Meg and Emma burst through the salon doors into the street, their hair color richer, eyes brighter, a new lightness to their step; vivid, brilliantly polished versions of their essential selves. Heads turn as they set out together.

**INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY**

The wings of a brass-framed three-way mirror spin and spread in a swirling kaleidoscope of shifting reflections: Alice, Meg and Emma work their way through an increasingly spectacular and audacious series of combinations, dresses and gowns, modeling for each other as they are tended to by SHOPGIRLS and SEAMSTRESSES...  
--Alice twirls in a navy dress with white polka dots.  
--Meg slaps her own ass with a laugh, admiring herself from the back in a pair of pencil thin sexy black jeans.  
--Emma glows in a pale lavender strapless satin gown.

**END MONTAGE:**

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**INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY**

Alice, Meg and Emma watch as a number of their dresses are boxed and a CASHIER writes them up.

**SHOP GIRL**

Would you like these put on your account, Mademoiselle Scott?

**ALICE**

No. Thank you, we'll be paying

**CASH--**

**EMMA**

But, it would be darling if you could have them sent round our

hotel.

**MEG**

Wait. You know what, on second thought, I'm not getting these-- She pulls the pair of jeans from her pile of clothes.

**EMMA**

But, they looked amazing on you!

**EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY**

**MEG**

Where was I ever going to wear them? Seriously?

**EMMA**

You wear them here! Anywhere! Alice, you tell her-- Alice opens her mouth, but stops herself as the three wander the crowded market stalls heaped with fountains of flowers

in

every color, breads, fresh produce, trinkets and souvenirs.

**ALICE**

No. I'm not going to tell you what to do.

**MEG**

Thank you. It's silly, anyway. They're just jeans. I want to find something for the kids--

**EMMA**

Oh, Meg! Look! For Finn!

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

Emma leaps to one of the stalls, seizing a profusion of

plastic jeweled tiaras displayed alongside photographs of Princess Grace. She places a tiara on her head, modeling.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

How perfect is this?!

**ALICE**

Even better!

Alice holds up a pair of pink satin toe shoes, swinging them from their ribbon laces.

**INT. SHOE REPAIR SHOP - DAY**

A SHOP OWNER (60's) slips a pair of freshly polished men's shoes into a paper bag, placing them on the counter in front of Richard, who pulls out his wallet.

**RICHARD**

**(REMEMBERING)**

Oh. And the suitcase.

The shop owner retrieves Alice's mended suitcase from a nearby shelf, a tag on the zipper.

**RICHARD (CONT'D)**

How much do I owe you for that?

**EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY**

Richard exits the shoe repair carrying Alice's repaired suitcase, headed for his car.

**GLENN**

Hey, Richard!

Richard glances up to see Glenn crossing the parking lot

with

Seamus and Finn, pushing a cart piled high with groceries.

**CUT TO:**

Richard finishes helping Glenn and the kids transfer grocery bags to the open trunk of Glenn's squad car.

**GLENN (CONT'D)**

**(CLOSING TRUNK)**

So, we'll see you at seven then--

**RICHARD**

And that's two with sausage, extra sauce, no onions--

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**SEAMUS**

Thin crust.

**RICHARD**

Got it.  
Richard picks up Alice's suitcase.

**FINN**

Are you going to France, too?

**RICHARD**

No. I just--  
Glenn turns, noticing the suitcase for the first time.

**GLENN**

Whoa! Hold on! You're going to  
surprise Alice--?

**FINN**

I love surprises!

**RICHARD**

What? No, I---

**GLENN**

Oh, man, I win!  
Richard blinks as Glenn claps him on the shoulder.

**GLENN (CONT'D)**

Meg and I've had this bet going:  
She thought it would be on Alice's  
next birthday, but I knew it was  
going to be this trip to France!

**RICHARD**

Glenn, listen--

**GLENN**

Don't worry! I won't blow it for  
you! I won't call anyone, ruin the

**SURPRISE--**

**(PLAYFUL PUNCH)**

You sly dog! You've probably  
booked the best suite in Paris. Am  
I right? Got the ring, the whole  
show--. This is so you!

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**RICHARD**

(confused, but flattered)  
So...me?

**GLENN**

Sure! That's why Alice loves you.  
You get how much this trip's meant  
to her; now, you're just putting  
the icing on the cake. The big  
gesture, you know? Not too  
dominating: Supportive. Loving!  
(shakes his head)  
You're the man, Richard. Big  
props.  
Glenn pulls Richard into a big happy bear hug.

**GLENN (CONT'D)**

Congratulations.

**RICHARD**

Glenn. She said, no.

**EXT. OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY**

BERNARD ROCHAND (late 30's), an appealing Frenchman in a

worn

sportscoat, pauses in collecting leeks when he spots Meg on the other side of the open stall. He watches as she surveys the rich array of fresh produce, lifting a tomato to her nose, inhaling with a private smile. Meg bites into the tomato, spurting juice onto her cheek and down her front.

stopping She looks up as she attempts to wipe the juice away, when she catches Bernard smiling with amusement. Meg rolls her eyes with self-deprecation and moves on along the line of stalls.

to Bernard pays for his purchase and follows, finding Meg at another stall where a FRENCHWOMAN tries to communicate how

prepare the fish they both admire. Meg nods, not entirely understanding, but getting enough of it to gesture responses. The woman grabs some newspaper, wrapping the fish, and thrusts it towards Meg with a smile.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**MEG**

Oh, no. No. I'm sorry. I'd like to. But...  
The woman is confused, vaguely insulted.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

I don't have a kitchen. No place to cook.

**BERNARD**

She is only a visitor. Without a kitchen. But, it is a beautiful fish. Maybe next time.  
Meg turns to find Bernard beside her.

**BERNARD (CONT'D)**

I have explained.  
Meg hesitates uncertainly before this friendly stranger.

**MEG**

Well, thank you...  
She smiles at the woman and starts to walk away, only to

find

Bernard falling into step with her.

**BERNARD**

You are American.  
Meg glances at Bernard and away, uncomfortable, but curious,  
drawn by his warmth and the familiar greetings he exchanges  
with various vendors as they walk.

**MEG**

From Wisconsin. Yes.  
Bernard reaches a handkerchief from his jacket for Meg.

**BERNARD**

You cook in Wisconsin?  
Meg uses the handkerchief to blot the remaining tomato

juice.

**MEG**

I try. But... We don't have even  
half of this at home.  
She points to a tray of miniature lobsters.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**MEG (CONT'D)**

Like those. I've only seen them in  
magazines.

**BERNARD**

Ah, langoustines. Many ways to

**PREPARE THESE--**

**MEG**

I'd go for a saute, being a  
Midwestern gal.

**BERNARD**

Court-bouillon.

**MEG**

**(IMPRESSED)**

Poaching.

**BERNARD**

With sea water. Amazing.

**MEG**

So, you cook.  
Bernard dips his head modestly.

**BERNARD**

As you say, "I try."  
(offers his hand)  
Bernard. Rochand.  
Meg shakes his hand and returns the handkerchief.

**MEG**

Meg. Kelly. Thank you again for

**YOUR HELP--**

**BERNARD**

And, how long are you in Monte  
Carlo, Meg?  
Meg's brow furrows slightly and she turns to head back.

**MEG**

I need to find my--. . My friends  
are around here somewhere...

**BERNARD**

I will help you find them. We can

**WALK TOGETHER--**

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 57.

**CONTINUED: (3)**

**MEG**

**(LAUGHS)**

Look. It was nice to meet you--

**BERNARD**

"Bernard."

**MEG**

Yeah. But, I'm gonna walk myself.

Thanks, though.

She slips into the moving crowd, leaving Bernard to watch as she meets Alice and Emma further up the street.

He holds a beat, then turns when called to by a vendor.

**INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Glenn paces as Richard holds the phone at his desk, the Esprit de Corps Tours website on his computer's screen.

**RICHARD**

It's been two days and it didn't occur to you to call anyone?

**EXT. PALAIS DE CHAILLOT - DAY**

Madame Valery, cellphone to her ear, leads the few remaining members of her flock down the wide steps, across the Seine from the Eiffel tower.

**MADAME VALERY**

She refused to follow my instructions. She sabotaged my tour. Ruined it for everyone!

**RICHARD**

Wait. Alice did? Alice Perry?

**MADAME VALERY**

She took my flag!

**CUTTING BETWEEN:**

**RICHARD**

But, if their luggage is still there, then they're missing--

**GLENN**

Missing? What the--?

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**RICHARD**

How do I get in touch with the police?

**GLENN**

Hey, I'm the police!

**RICHARD**

Are you the police in France?

**MADAME VALERY**

The police? Monsieur. Nothing could keep her from seeing Paris her way. Believe me. She was very determined.

**RICHARD**

**BUT--**

**GLENN**

What's she saying?

**MADAME VALERY**

You are the husband, yes?  
Richard hesitates, looks to Glenn.

**RICHARD**

**(FIRMLY)**

Yes. I am the husband.  
Glenn nods emphatically.

**INT. VILLA DA SILVANO - NIGHT**

A cascade of yellow and gold balloons washes over Alice as she dances with Meg and Emma to a Euro-trance-pop beat at the center of the crowded dance floor. Emma screams with delight in a new dress and plastic tiara, batting balloons as Domenico who spins her away. Alice watches with heightened vigilance as Emma dances with her prince and blows a kiss to Alice and Meg.

**MEG**

Alice, she's fine...

**(MARVELING)**

Look where we are! Can you even remember the last time we danced like this? It's gotta be-Martha Lapland's wedding--

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 59.

**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

Actually, sometimes Richard and I go to Madison's on Saturdays--

**MEG**

(stops dancing, laughs)  
The gay bar?

**ALICE**

(shrugs, matter of fact)  
They've got the best music.

**MEG**

I am so butting in on that.  
Alice laughs and spins, crashing directly into Jean-Pierre.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

And I was looking for you!  
From the edge of the dance floor, NIKOLAI LUDOVIC (late  
30s),  
and  
squat, bald, completely nondescript but for his white tie  
tails, watches Emma ardently.  
He stops a waiter, taking his tray of Champagne flutes.

Emma spins to find Nikolai at her elbow, grinning, holding  
up  
this offering, and she takes him for a waiter.

**EMMA**

Ooh! Thank you! I'm so thirsty!  
Nikolai remains planted, holding his tray with a smile,  
watching with bright eyes as Emma drinks.  
She lowers her glass and her full attention snags on  
Nikolai,  
warm,  
really registering his presence now as she searches his  
gentle eyes.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

It's a wonderful party, isn't it?  
Nikolai nods and offers her another glass of Champagne.  
Alice, dancing with Jean-Pierre, subtly repositions herself  
in order to keep an eye on Emma.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Cordelia, she can take care of  
herself, yes?

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 60.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**ALICE**

What? Oh, yeah, of course...  
Meg dances by herself, having a great time, taking in the room, the music and the people, when a handsome MAN begins to match her moves, insinuates himself. She smiles but shakes her head as she moves away, turning her back to evade him. Another gorgeous MAN sidles up to Meg, joining her solo dance, wiggling his eyebrows invitingly.

**MEG**

No, thanks.  
She moves off only to be met by GIORGIO (40's, sexy, Euro-suave) who smoothly steps in.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

**NO--**

**GIORGIO**

**(GRINNING WIDE)**

Yes! Giorgio!

Nikolai Emma slips away from dancing with Domenico, moving to who remains with his tray at the ready, brightening at her approach, lifting a glass.

**EMMA**

Don't you need to, like, circulate?

**NIKOLAI**

Ya znal, chto naydu tebya.  
Emma blushes as though showered in compliments.

**EMMA**

Really?

**PENELOPE**

**(FLAT)**

Cordelia Winthrop Scott.  
Emma turns, still smiling, to find PENELOPE PENROSE (late 20s, British), frail and bird-like, but attempting to hold a warrior's stance with her shoulders thrown back.

**EMMA**

Yes?

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 61.

**CONTINUED: (3)**

**PENELOPE**

Do you not know who I am?  
Emma's smile falters as she glances furtively about.

**EMMA**

Um. 'Course I do... Hi.

**PENELOPE**

Penelope. Penelope Penrose.  
Penelope's chin quivers as she reads Emma's blank look.

**PENELOPE (CONT'D)**

I spent a year in hospital--

**EMMA**

Hospital? What happened?!

**PENELOPE**

You did! You happened!  
Alice swivels around at the raised voices, spots Penelope facing Emma.

**ALICE**

Excuse me!  
She dodges away from Jean-Pierre, hooking Meg's arm in passing, yanking her away from Giorgio as she heads for

Emma.

**PENELOPE**

Don't pretend you don't remember!  
Third year at Le Rosey! You threw  
my luggage in the pool. Set fire  
to my mattress. You cut off all my

**HAIR--**

**MEG**

What? That's awful!

**PENELOPE**

While I was sleeping

**EMMA**

She did that to you?

**ALICE**

**(CORRECTING)**

Cordelia! How could you?

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 62.

**CONTINUED: (4)**

**PENELOPE**

That was just the first night.

**ALICE**

Say you're sorry, Cordelia.

**(WHISPERS)**

And let's get out of here!

**EMMA**

Alice, no--. Wait a minute--

**PENELOPE**

(to Alice and Meg)  
she turned all my friends against  
me... They had to send me away...  
To live with the nuns--  
Emma grabs Penelope by the shoulders.

**EMMA**

Now, you listen to me, Penelope  
Penrose. You have no idea how long  
I've waited for this moment.  
Penelope flinches, preparing for a beating.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

But, I had no way of finding you  
after you left us, and...Oh, Penny.  
Don't you see? Don't you know that  
I was just jealous?  
Alice and Meg exchange looks.

**PENELOPE**

**(SMALL)**

Jealous?

**EMMA**

You were so smart. So clever and

**BEAUTIFUL--**

**PENELOPE**

I was ugly--

**EMMA**

No, Penny. I was ugly. I was a  
monster.

**PENELOPE**

Penny Pignose. That's what you  
called me--

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (5)**

**EMMA**

Because, I knew I could never  
compete! Not with anyone as  
special as you.

**PENELOPE**

You thought I was special?  
Emma looks at Penelope, nods emphatically.

**EMMA**

You want to know what I've waited  
for all these years, Penelope  
Penrose?  
Penelope shakes her head almost imperceptibly.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

To do this.  
Emma opens her arms wide and pulls Penelope into a hug.  
She looks at Alice and Meg over Penelope's shoulder, and  
then  
back  
closes her eyes with genuine emotion for a beat, pulling  
to smile into Penelope's grateful, tear-streaked face.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Now... Friends?

**INT. BISTRO - LATE NIGHT**

**DOMENICO**

(raising a glass)  
To friends! old and new!  
Emma seizes Penelope's hand from across the table, placing  
it  
song.  
in Domenico's as she drunkenly sings the old Girl Scout

**EMMA**

"Make new friends and keep the old,  
one is silver and the other's  
gold!"  
Alice and Jean-Pierre lean toward each other intimately'  
across the packed, lively table of PARTY-GOERS.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

But, no one really lives here.  
Monte Carlo. It's like Hong Kong.  
People merely come and go. People  
like me. Well, and then, people  
like yourself.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 64.

**CONTINUED:**

Alice nods to a WAITER who arrives to refill her Champagne glass, pouring as Jean-Pierre speaks.

**ALICE**

People like me?

**JEAN-PIERRE**

People with money. This is why I come. I help assuage their guilt when I remind them that there are children in this world who do not have clean water to drink, while they drink Champagne.

**ALICE**

And that works?

Jean-Pierre blinks, then bursts out laughing.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

I take myself far too seriously.

**ALICE**

No. I'm sorry, I didn't mean--.  
I've seen the pictures of the schools. The work you do is

**ADMIRABLE--**

**JEAN-PIERRE**

And I'm afraid I talk about it because I myself am not that interesting...

(a hand on her arm)

I'd rather know about you.

**ALICE**

**(TRAPPED)**

Oh. Well. You know. I...do what I can, here and there. A little

volunteer work...  
She turns to her Champagne, rolling her eyes at herself.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Oh, brother.  
Meg sits further down the length of all the tables laid end to end, beside Giorgio, who has pulled his chair close, draping an arm casually across the back of hers.

**MEG**

Okay, wait. You're a man, right?

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 65.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

Giorgio laughs.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

Yeah, I know: I'm funny. But, see if you can answer something for me. Ten years you're married, to the girl you dated in high school. I'm talking the girl you lost your virginity to, the one who gave you two great kids that you're just crazy about. Then one morning, what? You wake up, and out of the blue, it's like, "Oh, hey, honey, I think I'm in love with this other woman..."

**(PAUSES)**

His patrol partner.  
A beat as Giorgio shakes his head sadly.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

I thought I was his partner.  
Giorgio takes Meg hand, more in comfort than come on.

**GIORGIO**

Your heart feels betrayed.

**MEG**

(telling a secret)  
I feel like I failed.

**GIORGIO**

I tell you this: A man...he will  
always love the mother of his  
children.  
Meg blinks, taking this in.

**GIORGIO (CONT'D)**

Now you must kiss someone else.

**MEG**

**(LAUGHS)**

Oh, I see--

**GIORGIO**

To break the spell. You must!  
Then you will be free.  
A plate of beautifully arranged langoustine is placed on the  
table in front of Meg.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 66.

**CONTINUED: (3)**

**MEG**

Oh, I'm sorry, 'I didn't order--  
She looks up to find Bernard standing in chef's whites.

**BERNARD**

(smiles, nods)  
Madame Kelly.  
He heads toward for the kitchen before she can say anything.  
Emma pours sloppy glasses of Champagne for her companions as  
though playing a game of tag, spilling wine.

**EMMA**

And you're my friend...and you're  
my friend. . .and you're my--  
She turns with the bottle to find Nikolai who has  
materialized beside her on the long banquette.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Oh, hey! You were at the party!  
Do you work here, too?  
Nikolai cheerfully shakes his head, holds up her purse.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Oh! Did I forget that? Wow, what  
a lifesaver! Thanks!

**NIKOLAI**

Ti takaya vaskhititel'naya.  
Emma sets the bottle down to concentrate on Nikolai.

**EMMA**

You're not from here, are you?

**(OVER-ENUNCIATING)**

I'm Emm--. My name is Cordelia.

**NIKOLAI**

(points to himself)  
Nikolai.

**EXT. STREET - PRE-DAWN**

Alice and Jean-Pierre walk along, side by side, their hands  
nearly touching, among the rest of the restaurant party.  
Alice looks up, taking in the bowl of pre-dawn sky, and  
glances over at Jean-Pierre who watches her.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 67.

**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

The stars are still out.  
Ahead, Emma breaks away from Penelope and Domenico, leaving  
the two to walk on together as she comes back toward Alice.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Where's Meg?

Alice looks around and sees Giorgio walking alone among the strolling party guests.

**ALICE**

I thought she was right behind us--

**INT. BISTRO KITCHEN - PRE-DAWN**

Bernard takes a tray of dishes from his FATHER (70's, striking resemblance) who enters from the dining room.

**BERNARD**

Papa, sit down. Rest.

**INT. BISTRO - PRE-DAWN**

Bernard enters with the tray, stopping when he sees Meg examining a menu by the front door of the empty bistro.

**MEG**

**(SLY SMILE)**

You do cook.

Bernard shrugs, smiling as he comes forward.

**BERNARD**

You enjoyed your meal?

**MEG**

Adding the fresh orange; nice.

Bernard nods, accepting the compliment.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

But, a little fennel would've been  
"wow."

**BERNARD**

Next time, you cook.

**EMMA**

Meg! What are you doing? Come on!

We're going to watch--

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 68.

**CONTINUED:**

Emma and Alice stop short just outside in the street,  
pausing  
as they sense they've interrupted.

**ALICE**

We were--. We're going to watch  
the sunrise.  
Meg hesitates, turning between her friends and Bernard.

**BERNARD**

**(SMILES)**

You should not miss it.

**EXT. STREET - PRE-DAWN**

Alice and Emma walk with Meg down the narrow street at the  
end of which the party guests stroll and Jean-Pierre waits  
for Alice, with Penelope, Domenico and Nikolai.

**ALICE**

The guy from the market?

**EMMA**

He is so cute! And a cook--!

**MEG**

Chef .

**EMMA**

And you're single now!  
Meg slows to a stop, stands a beat.

**MEG**

**(QUIETLY)**

I'm single. I'm single, now.

**ALICE**

You know, Julia Child didn't take  
her first cooking class until she  
was thirty seven.

**MEG**

**(SMILES)**

I told you that.

**PENELOPE**

It's coming, Cordelia! The sun!

0

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 69.

is EXT. PLACE DE CASINO -- DAWN

Alice, Emma and Meg, arms linked, round the corner into the square with the rest of the party guests, just as the very edge of the sun crests the horizon of the open sea.

Alice turns to Meg and Emma, sharing this moment so far beyond anything they could have dreamed.

**MEG**

We'd be getting up now.

**ALICE**

If we were home.

**EMMA**

But, we're not.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

Cordelia!

The spell is broken by a TRIO OF PAPARAZZI who spring to

life

by the hotel's entrance.

**PAPARAZZI**

Cordelia! Cordelia!

**EMMA**

Oh, good! I want a picture! Of the three of us! All of us!

The paparazzi swarm from the steps towards Emma.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

By the fountain!

She runs for the sprays of water, pulling Alice and Meg, and the paparazzi meet them, flashing away.

Leaning against the fountain's balustrade, Emma gestures for everyone to join them.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Penelope! Come on. I want one

with everybody!  
Penelope, Domenico and Jean-Pierre join with other members  
of the group and Emma lines them all up.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Okay! Ready? One, two--

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 70.

**CONTINUED:**

She spots Nikolai observing at a short distance.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Wait! Wait! Niki!  
He shakes his head, bashful, but Emma gestures him over,  
swinging her arms wildly.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Nikolai, you, too! I need all my  
friends--Whoops!  
Her feet zip out from beneath her and she sails backwards  
over the balustrade, reaching for Alice and Meg, pulling  
them with her as the camera's flash.

**SPLASH!**

**EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - DAY**

A 747 airliner touches down on the tarmac.

**INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY**

Alice's repaired suitcase tumbles off the conveyer belt.

**RICHARD**

Excuse me. Pardon me.  
Richard skirts around a man with a newspaper to retrieve the

bag and heads for customs.

As Richard exits, the man folds his newspaper to its bold headline: SCOTT MAKES A SPLASH!, and a huge photograph of Emma, Alice and Meg laughing together in the fountain.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

Emma enters from the bedroom in a swimsuit and wrap, to find Alice hanging up the desk phone.

**EMMA**

Alice, have you seen my sandals?

**ALICE**

Okay, there's a two o'clock and a four o'clock train to--

**EMMA**

Train? Where are you going?  
Alice looks up and takes in Emma's costume.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 71.

**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

Where are you going?

**EMMA**

I'm going to the beach. With Penelope.  
Meg enters through the suite's door carrying a bakery bag.

**MEG**

Breakfast is here! There's this fantastic bakery around the corner. I've already had three brioche. And I saw the greatest little shop for the kids, but they weren't open

**YET--**

(off Alice's look)  
What's going on?

**(TO EMMA)**

What happened?

**EMMA**

I don't know. She's talking about  
train schedules...

Emma trails off as she and Meg and Alice look between each  
  
other in confusion, each processing for a beat.

**ALICE**

We need to start packing, right?  
If we're going back to Paris--

**EMMA**

Back to Paris?

**ALICE**

That was the plan--

**MEG**

What plan?

**EMMA**

We're not staying for the auction?

**ALICE**

We were just going to come down,  
take a look around and--

**MEG**

That was before we knew it was for  
a charity. Remember the kids?

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 72.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**EMMA**

In Africa.

**ALICE**

The ones we stole a trip from? The kids who are paying for this room?

**MEG**

Alice, what's with you? We'll pay for the room--

**EMMA**

We're rich!

**ALICE**

So, I'm the only one worried about the fact that we're lying to everyone we've met?

**MEG**

Lying? To who? Jean-Pierre?

**EMMA**

You're the one who said we had to go to the casino--

**ALICE**

And now I'm apparently the only who's worried we might get caught.

**MEG**

She's in Iceland.

**ALICE**

One of her friends is bound to find out, or her family--

**MEG**

What friends?

**EMMA**

I've got friends.

The doorbell rings and they turn their heads in unison, then look to each other with sudden alarm.

A beat.

Emma goes to the door, finding Penelope, also dressed for

the

beach, who holds up the newspaper with it's fountain photo.

(CONTINUED)

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 73.

CONTINUED: (3)

**PENELOPE**

Have you seen?

**EMMA**

Oh, my god! We look great!

(ushers Penelope in)

Alice, look!

Alice takes the paper, Meg reading over her shoulder.

**MEG**

(LAUGHS)

We have got to get that in the yearbook.

**PENELOPE**

Yearbook?

**ALICE**

Penelope, could you excuse us?

**PENELOPE**

Oh. of course. Where--?

Alice shows Penelope to the bedroom, closes the door and spins to face Emma and Meg.

**ALICE**

(HUSHED PANIC)

This is what I'm talking about!

This is why we have to go--

**EMMA**

Doesn't it mean we have to stay?

**MEG**

Oh, this is so typical. Just

because it's not on your map,  
'cause you didn't plan it--. We  
all agree to take this adventure  
and then you won't jump.

**ALICE**

I won't--? Jump?  
Meg drops into a chair, mumbling an aside to herself.

**MEG**

Now I know how Richard must feel.  
Alice comes to a full stop and gapes at Meg, stung.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 74.

**CONTINUED: ( 4 )**

**ALICE**

Richard...?

**MEG**

**(FEEBLE APOLOGY)**

I'm just saying...

**ALICE**

Well, you're sure one to talk.  
Meg's eyes flick up to Alice.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

You can't even bring yourself to  
buy a pair of jeans anymore--

**EMMA**

Okay, you know what? Let's just  
pack. It's not fun anymore.  
Alice, if you think we should go,  
then that's what we're gonna do.  
You're in charge.  
Meg scoffs, an exasperated exhale.

**ALICE**

No way. Not anymore I'm not. You want to go to the beach? Go to the beach. You want to go the market? Go! "Liberte, egalite, fraternite!"

**EMMA**

What does that mean?  
Alice snatches up her purse and heads for the door.

**ALICE**

It means everyone should do exactly what they want.

**MEG**

Exactly.

**EMMA**

Alice, wait! Where are you--?  
You're not going back to Paris--?

**ALICE**

**(RIGHTEOUS)**

Me? No. I'm going to have an adventure.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 75.

**CONTINUED: (5)**

She exits, slamming the door behind her.  
A beat.

**MEG**

(off Emma's look)  
Don't look at me like that.  
The door opens, and Alice re-enters, striding across the  
room  
for the desk, not looking at either Emma or Meg.

**ALICE**

I just--. My guide book.

She picks up her book and crosses back to the door.

**EXT. LE PETIT SOMMEIL HOTEL - DAY**

Richard steps from the hotel with a MANAGER (50's) who  
pantomimes that he recognizes Alice from the snapshot  
Richard shows him, but has no idea where she could be.  
Richard pulls out a map to point at a random spot and the  
manager gestures up the street, down the street, shrugging:  
She could be anywhere.

**EXT. GRIMALDI PALACE - DAY**

Alice, amid a crowd of tourists, only half watches the  
changing of the guards outside the palace gates.  
She snaps herself out of her distraction with a shake of her  
head and turns to the marked pages in her guide book.

**CARL**

Alice?  
She glances up to find Carl and Deedee from the tour.

**DEEDEE**

We thought that was you!

**ALICE**

Oh! Carl! Deedee!  
Alice is surprisingly overcome and impulsively throws her  
arms around both of them.

**DEEDEE**

Well, we're sure surprised to see  
you, too!

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 76.

**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

But, what are you doing here? How did you--?

**CARL**

Well, when we saw how you stood up to that Madame Valery--! If Alice can do that, we thought, what the heck's holdin' us back? This is our honeymoon!

**DEEDEE**

I was scared, but then, well, you only live once! And as long as we've got each other--

**CARL**

We've got everything, right? Alice blinks, unaccountably teary eyed.

**ALICE**

Yes. That's right.

**CARL**

Sometimes you've just gotta follow

your heart. Be bold: Let the rest take care of itself.

**EXT. PARIS - ARC DE TRIOMPHE - DAY**

Richard stands with his map beneath the arch where all roads come together in a spinning roundabout of bleating car horns.

He looks down the length of the Champs Elysees, overwhelmed. The Japanese couple from Notre Dame approach Richard to ask directions and he shrugs helplessly, pressing the map on them, and steps out as a crosswalk signal turns to green.

**EXT. MONTE CARLO - STREET - DAY**

Alice embraces Deedee and Carl beside a waiting taxi.

**CARL**

Tell the girls we would have loved to see them, but--

**DEEDEE**

Italy calls! And Greece! We're even thinking of hitting Turkey! Imagine! We'll send you postcards.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 77.

**CONTINUED:**

0 Alice puts her friends in the taxi, closing the door as Deedee scrolls the window down.

**ALICE**

Enjoy every second of it!

**DEEDEE**

You, too, honey!

**CARL**

Bon voyage!

The car pulls away, Carl and Deedee turning in their seats

to

wave at Alice through the rear window.

Alice waves until they are out of sight and slowly lowers

her

hand, standing alone in the street.

A beat.

Alice sighs and pulls out her guide book, unfolding a map as she looks up to gather her bearings.

She takes in the quiet street, the view of the ocean, then looks back at the map in her hands.

She straightens up, a new look of purpose on her face, and crosses the street to toss her guide book and map in the trash can on the corner, striking out unaided down a narrow twisting street hung with vines and flowers.

**EXT. MONTE CARLO - STREET - EVENING**

Alice rounds the corner of one street into the tight intersection of two narrow alleys in the fading twilight. She looks around, cheeks flushed, hair pasted to her forehead, lost in a maze of dilapidated walled courtyards

and

apartment blocks; home to the city's service workers.

She hesitates, then forges ahead down one street until she sees that it dead ends, and she doubles back.

**EXT. MONTE CARLO - STREET - EVENING**

alley,  
Alice suppresses panic as she walks briskly up a steep  
high in the hills, trailed now by a small stray DOG.  
She stops, turns to the dog that also stops then sits.

**ALICE**

is Go. Go home.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 78.

**CONTINUED:**

She turns and starts forward, the dog following.  
Alice stops again, turns, and the dog sits.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Don't follow me. I have no idea  
where I'm going...  
The dog cocks its head in comment.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Okay?  
Alice turns to climb the street's incline.  
The dog follows.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Penelope, dressed for the evening, gets up from reclining on  
the bed to join Emma who models a gown before a mirror.  
The two regard Emma's reflection, cocking their heads in an  
identical manner at precisely the same time.  
Penelope draws a necklace in gesture, indicating Emma's bare

collar bone.

Emma turns, lit by an idea, and pulls the 'steel briefcase  
from its hiding place beneath the bed.

**INT. BISTRO - EVENING**

Meg opens the door from the street, stepping inside, wearing

the sexy jeans she hadn't bought the day before.  
Bernards's father makes his way to meet her with menus.

**EMILE**

Madame?

**MEG**

Just one.

He leads her to a table along the wall and holds out a  
chair.

Seated, Meg follows him with her eyes to the kitchen where  
Bernard works furiously at the stove, tossing the contents  
of

a sauce pan with an expert flick of his wrist.  
Bernard glances out to the dining room, seeming to sense Meg  
before knowing he'll find her there.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 79.

**CONTINUED:**

0 Meg matches the broad smile that sweeps Bernard's face.

**EXT. CAFE - PARIS - EVENING**

A pair of strolling LOVERS draw Richard's attention as he  
massages his stockinged foot at a sidewalk table.  
He watches them stop, kiss, then continue on their way.  
A WAITER returns with Richard's change on a plate and

Richard  
fits his shoe back on his foot, gathers his things to stand.  
He stops when he notices the front page of a newspaper

folded  
on a chair at the next table.  
He quickly unfolds it to the photograph of Alice and Meg

with  
Emma in the fountain, scans down to the caption: Cordelia  
Scott and friends in Monte Carlo. Hotel de Paris, etc...

**EXT. MONTE CARLO - STREET - EVENING**

Alice feeds the little dog a scrap of meat as she eats a  
kabob, seated on the curb by a street vendor's food cart  
around which ALGERIAN MEN lounge in plastic lawn chairs.

lot

The dog looks at her avidly, hungry for more.  
Alice holds her kabob stick out for the dog to eat,  
surrendering her dinner with pleasure.  
As Alice sips from a bottle of beer, a soccer ball bounces  
off the curb and rolls to a stop beside her.  
She looks up as a ragtag BAND OF KIDS call from the dusty  
across the street, asking for their ball.  
A beat as Alice regards the ball.

**INT./EXT. YACHT PARTY - EVENING**

Emma wears Cordelia's elaborate necklace, standing alone,  
within a throng of PARTY GOERS, all conversing in French.  
she nods and smiles absently, though she's clearly lost, out  
of her element, when Giorgio approaches.

**GIORGIO**

Where is Meg? I do not see her.

**EMMA**

No. I... I don't think she's  
coming. I'm sorry.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 80.

**CONTINUED:**

Emma drifts away to the ship's rail where she turns to  
survey the party, smiling wistfully at Penelope and Domenico  
locked in intimate conversation.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

Cordelia! There she is! Cordelia!  
The trio of paparazzi putter alongside in a small boat,  
peppering the yacht with their camera flashes.  
Emma looks out at them, without her usual animation.

**PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)**

Smile, Cordelia! Please, smile!  
Emma waves, but can't seem to manage that smile.

**NIKOLAI**

Ty v poryadke?

Emma turns to find Nikolai standing beside her in white tie, a piece of cake extended in one hand, a fork in the other. Emma's eyes light up as if a switch has been thrown and the flash of a camera records her huge, dazzling smile.

**EMMA**

Niki.  
He bows slightly, offering the cake.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

You work here too? You never get a night off...  
He smiles, shaking his head, hands her the cake.

**NIKOLAI**

Ya sa-meey shas-li-veey che-lo-vek  
na zem-le, pa-ta-mu chto u me-nya  
yest' tee.  
Emma hangs on every incomprehensible word.

**NIKOLAI (CONT'D)**

Vy menya panimayete?

**EMMA**

Oh, Niki... I'm so glad you found me.

0

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 81.

**INT. BISTRO - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**MEG**

Seamus. He's ten. Built a website for his fourth grade class. Now he's got actual clients. And that's Finn, the prima ballerina. She'll be six in June--  
Emile examines photographs of Seamus and Charlotte from

Meg's

wallet while she refills their glasses at the kitchen table and Bernard works at the stove.

**EMILE**

Elle est coquin, oui?

**MEG**

Oh, she's no chicken. She's not  
scared of anything--

**BERNARD**

**(LAUGHS)**

Not a chicken. He says, she looks  
like a rascal.

**MEG**

No idea where she gets that...  
Meg lifts her glass with a sly smile as Bernard brings  
plates  
of food to the table.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

But, that's a nice word for it.

**EXT. MONTE CARLO - DIRT LOT - NIGHT**

**ALICE**

I'm open! I'm open!  
Alice sails down the makeshift soccer field as one of the  
kids passes the ball to her, chased by the others.  
She dodges and kicks the ball through the goal to score.  
Her "team" jumps and cheers, as do a collection of  
spectators  
who have gathered to watch this tall red headed woman in a  
summer dress racing around the dusty lot with a band of  
kids.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Go! Go!

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 82.

**CONTINUED:**

dog

Alice races back down the field with her team, the little running along and barking from the sidelines.

**EXT. BISTRO - ALLEY -- NIGHT**

**BERNARD**

But, she is perfectly safe.

**MEG**

Yeah. No. No way.  
Bernard straddles a beat up moped, motor running, as Meg shakes her head emphatically.

**BERNARD**

I can not take you, if you will not get on.

**MEG**

What do you want me to tell you?  
I'm not getting on that thing.  
Bernard fixes her with a level look, which Meg mimics.

**BERNARD**

**(AMIABLY)**

C'est bon. Au revoir.  
He swings a leg over the moped, revs the engine.

**MEG**

Hold on.

**EXT. MOPED - NIGHT - MOVING**

Meg hangs on to Bernard as they zip along the beachfront drive and turns her face to the wind with a smile.  
She surrenders to the ride, the sheer fun of it, laughing.

**MEG**

How do you say "faster?"

**INT. BLUE RIBBON RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Bernard and Meg, flush from their ride, enter the kitchen through a back door, to be hailed by a half-dozen CHEFS crowded around a table littered with dishes.

**IS**

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 83.

**CONTINUED:**

**BERNARD**

The best chefs of Monte Carlo.  
They come here to drink and show  
off. The end of every night.  
HENRI (60's, a bear in chef's whites) lumbers towards them.

**HENRI**

No! No! No! We are only cooks  
allowed here!

**BERNARD**

Ah, but, this is why we've come! I  
have finally found someone who can  
teach you how to cook!

**(INTRODUCING)**

This is Meg, from America.

**(TO MEG)**

And this is Henri, the worst  
egotist, my mentor.  
The two men embrace, merrily kissing each other on both  
cheeks, then Henri pulls Meg under his arm.

**HENRI**

(turns to the table)  
A chef from America! Come to flip  
hamburgers!

**INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT - MOVING**

Jean-Pierre drives an open silver sports car full of PARTY  
GOERS down the twisting streets, when he sees the commotion  
and crowd around the dirt lot.  
Then he spots Alice running-around.

**EXT. MONTE CARLO - DIRT LOT - NIGHT**

Alice sticks like glue to a kid with the ball, maneuvers in, steals the ball, and doubles back in the opposite direction, racing up the field as the crowd laughs and claps. She passes the ball to kid who drives it to the goal,

scores.

Alice looks up from the game at the tapping of a car horn to see Jean-Pierre honking in celebration as he leans against the car with his GUESTS, enjoying the game. Alice stops to wave, and takes the ball full in the face.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 84.

**CONTINUED:**

Jean-Pierre's smile winks out as Alice drops and he races from the car as worried kids and spectators form a circle around Alice's prone body. The little dog licks Alice's face and she opens her eyes. She leaps up as Jean-Pierre crosses the lot.

**ALICE**

I'm up! I'm up! Let's go!  
She sets off down the field with the kids.

**EXT. YACHT - PRE-DAWN**

Empty and half-filled glasses, bottles litter every surface along with plates, ashtrays, crumpled napkins. Emma sits on the lower landing deck, legs in the water,

shoes

in her hand, looking out at the lights. Nikolai moves his legs in the gentle current beside her, tuxedo trousers rolled, while he concentrates on working a napkin into intricate folds. Emma turns to look back at the silent boat.

**EMMA**

It doesn't seem fair. Leaving you

to clean up all alone.

**(THINKS)**

I'll help. But, you've really got  
to talk to your boss.  
Nikolai laughs, shaking his head.

**NIKOLAI**

Ya ryadom.

**EMMA**

It must get kind of lonely  
sometimes... Not being understood.

**(PAUSES)**

I know how that can feel.  
Nikolai holds up the napkin he's transformed into a crown  
adorned with flowers and the wire cages from Champagne

corks.

Emma looks at him, her face soft and vulnerable, open, as  
Nikolai places the makeshift crown on her head with care.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 85.

**CONTINUED:**

**NIKOLAI**

**(HEAVILY ACCENTED)**

My princess.  
They look at one another for a beat, then simultaneously  
turn  
to the sea and the frail sky, awaiting the sun.

**EMMA**

**(SOFTLY)**

You get me.  
Nikolai looks down at his hand on the edge of the deck next  
to Emma's, and turns it palm up in invitation.  
Emma places her hand in his.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

You get me.

**INT. BLUE RIBBON - PRE-DAWN**

Meg tries to follow the discussions and familiar teasing of the chefs as they pass plates, goading her to taste. She looks over at Bernard, who smiles as he holds his hands up at the scene, his boisterous friends, the food; as though

to say "this is good, enjoy."

Meg relaxes her shoulders and gives in to the spirit of the table, spears a bite of food and lifts her glass to Bernard.

**CUT TO:**

Meg and another chef, locked in a chopping duel, plow through onions at a blinding pace, their knives flashing, creating

an

escalating staccato on their cutting boards.

Meg sweeps her onion from her board to a pan, and slams her knife down in victory as all the chefs erupt with applause.

Henri seizes Meg's hand, raising her arm in the air, and presents her with a bottle of wine.

Meg turns to Bernard, beaming, thrilled, utterly happy, as the other chefs clap her on the back, shake her hand.

**INT./EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - ROOF - PRE-DAWN**

Jean-Pierre opens the door at the top of the fire stairs, revealing the open sky, turning back to take Alice's hand.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 86.

**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE (V.O.)**

What's the most amazing place  
you've ever been?

**JEAN-PIERRE (V.O.)**

Hard to say. There are many.  
Alice steps out onto the hotel's roof with Jean-Pierre's  
jacket over her shoulders.

**ALICE (V.O.)**

Well, Africa, then. How often do  
you get to go?  
He leads her around the maze of skylights to the front of  
the building that faces the sea and the lightening sky.

**JEAN-PIERRE (V.O.)**

Not enough. Mostly I am on planes.  
To the places where sunlight and  
parties make people generous.

**EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - ROOF - MOMENTS LATER**

Alice's smile flickers with a vague disappointment as she  
leans against the hotel's crown beside Jean-Pierre.

**ALICE**

That seems a shame...

**JEAN-PIERRE**

But, I can think of one place I  
have never been. It is in my  
imagination only, so it is very  
special.  
He places an arm around Alice as they take in the view.

**JEAN-PIERRE (CONT'D)**

It is just a small town, in a vast,  
open space. Maybe in the middle of  
America. There are people there  
like yourself, who are kind. And  
children who have everything they  
need.  
Alice turns to Jean-Pierre as he takes a strand of her hair  
in his fingers, and they hold a beat, looking at one  
another.

**JEAN-PIERRE (CONT'D)**

In my mind, it is bordered by  
fields that are green.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 87.

**CONTINUED:**

far  
0 Alice breaks the moment by turning her head to search the horizon just as the rising sun crests the open sea.

**EXT. YACHT - DAWN**

Nikolai shrugs himself out of his formal shirt to stand before Emma in nothing but starfish printed boxer shorts. He lifts his hands: This is me. Here I am. Emma hesitates, then lets her gown fall around her, bare except for her panties, the necklace, and her napkin crown. Nikolai pushes himself off the side of the boat at a run, hiking up his legs into a cannonball. SPLASH! He surfaces and turns back to the boat just as Emma dives in with a SPLASH! She swims to Nikolai, pushing him under in a child's game, and he pops up, spitting water like a fountain. They laughs and Emma loops her arms around him. A beat as they sober.

Emma pulls Nikolai close to her, and they kiss. On the landing deck, Emma's gown shimmers in the morning sun with Nikolai's crown and Cordelia's yellow gem and diamond necklace nestled among its satin folds.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - HALLWAY - DAWN**

Alice, still wearing Jean-Pierre's jacket, walks down the hall with Jean-Pierre close beside her, neither speaking. She turns to him when they reach the door of her suite. A long beat stretches, full of every possibility.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Come with me.

**ALICE**

What?

**JEAN-PIERRE**

To Dubai. I leave the day after--.  
What is today? Friday? I leave tomorrow. You could come too. You wouldn't need to bring anything.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 88.

**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

But--. Jean-Pierre...  
(a near confession)  
You don't know me.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

This is why I ask. I would like to  
know you, Alice. Very much.  
Alice regards him a beat, then slowly pulls his jacket from  
her shoulders.

**ALICE**

Before this, I'd never even been to  
France.  
Jean-Pierre blinks and Alice laughs, as much at herself.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

It's true. Just kept putting it  
off. Always managed to find an  
excuse. But, really, it was that I  
was afraid. That it couldn't ever  
live up to the France I'd imagined.  
And if it did... Then I'd never be  
able to go home.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

And, now?  
Alice gently places Jean-Pierre's jacket in his hands and  
steps near to kiss him on the lips.

**ALICE**

But, thank you.  
She turns and opens the door with her key as Jean-Pierre  
smiles ruefully.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

For everything.  
Alice steps into her room and closes the door.

**EXT. NICE AIRPORT - DAY**

Richard exits the plane, walking down a mobile stairway onto the tarmac, carrying Alice's repaired suitcase.

0

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 89.

**INT. NICE AIRPORT - DAY**

Richard stands at the information counter, conferring with  
an ATTENDANT in his broken French.

**RICHARD**

Excusez-moi...I'm looking for the train. To Monte Carlo.  
Behind him, Cordelia strides through a set of doors to stop directly at Richard's back as she searches the terminal and hisses into her cellphone.

**CORDELIA**

Yes, Daddy, I'm here. No, I do not see a driver. Yes, I am looking!  
The attendant points over Richard's shoulder to an exit. Richard begins to turn in Cordelia's direction, but the attendant corrects him, pointing the other way.

**RICHARD**

Merci.  
He picks up Alice's suitcase and heads off just as a UNIFORMED DRIVER approaches Cordelia.

**DRIVER**

Mademoiselle Scott?

**CORDELIA**

Where have you been?  
The driver leads her away, neither she nor Richard having taken note of the nearby newsstand and its display of  
today's front page: Emma on the yacht wearing Cordelia's necklace.

**EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - DAY**

Meg zooms the moped around the fountain a last loop, Bernard on the back, before jerking to a stop in front of the hotel. Bernard steadies the moped as Meg climbs off.

**ME G**

Well, this is me. Back to the old Grimaldi suite.

**BERNARD**

**(WITH REGRET)**

I have to open the restaurant.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 90.

**CONTINUED:**

A beat as they face each other, neither knowing how to end the evening, how to say goodbye.

**MEG**

Thank your father for me?

**BERNARD**

I will, Meg.

**MEG**

Thank you.

Meg hugs him briefly, awkwardly, then turns for the steps.

**BERNARD**

Goodbye, Meg.

Meg stops, holds a beat with her back to Bernard.

Then she turns and marches to him with purpose, seizing his face in both her hands and kisses him passionately.

She releases Bernard, who staggers against the moped, catching himself just before going over, as she turns again for the steps, an enormous smile on her face.

**IS**

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

Alice sits on the edge of the bed with the hotel phone, idly looking out at the sparkling bay and anchored boats.

**ALICE**

(leaving a message)

Well, I wish you were there. Or here. I wish you were here, Richard. I do... Because I keep thinking, no matter what I see, I'm only seeing half of it. Because we're not seeing it together...

Meg lets herself in the front door and heads for the bedroom, stopping when she overhears Alice on the phone.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

I'm sorry, Richard. I hope you'll be there when I get home...

Because that's all I want.

Alice hangs up the phone, so lost in thought she doesn't see Meg standing at the door.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 91.

**CONTINUED:**

**MEG**

**(SOFTLY)**

Hey.

Alice looks up, smiles to see her friend.

**ALICE**

Oh. Hey--

(taking Meg in)

Hey! You bought the jeans! They look great--!

**MEG**

(tearful, comic)

Alice, I am so sorry! For what I

said. About you. And Richard. I didn't mean any of it! I love you. I don't know how I would've gotten through the past six months if it weren't for you--

**ALICE**

No. It's okay. You were right--  
(bursts into tears)  
Oh, Meg! I made a huge mistake!

**MEG**

Wha--?

**ALICE**

Richard asked me to marry him--

**MEG**

Wait. What? When?

**ALICE**

I told him we should wait a week!

**MEG**

No. You didn't--

**ALICE**

I did! He surprised me!

**MEG**

Alice...

**ALICE**

I'd imagined him asking me a million times, but then when he did, I just panicked. suddenly all I could think about was the trip.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 92.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

That I hadn't already been to France. It was like this wave, all the years, and chances I'd had but didn't take, they just crashed down on me: And I hadn't seen anything but the end of Lake Avenue. The only clear thought in my head was, "this guy is so wonderful, how can he marry half a person?"

**MEG**

But, Alice. You were going. We were on our way.

**ALICE**

I thought he was asking me to make a choice. But, he wasn't. He wasn't doing that at all. It was me. Because I couldn't believe he loved me just for who I was. France or no.

**(PAUSES)**

All I had to do was say, "yes."

**MEG**

Honey, Richard knows you... It might feel like it's over. But,

it's not.

**ALICE**

**(CRYING)**

I really ruined it this time...  
The suite's doorbell rings and they both look up.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

Alice opens the door for Emma who stands up from retrieving the morning paper just outside the door.

**EMMA**

(hands off paper)  
Thanks. I couldn't find--. I musta left my key someplace...  
(on a cloud)  
But, what does it matter, really?  
When I already have everything I'll

ever need...

Alice exchanges a look with Meg as Emma swans across the suite to tear open on the fruit basket, pluck out an apple, and drape herself across a chaise.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 93.

**CONTINUED:**

is EMMA (CONT'D)

Mooooorning, Meg...

(back on track)

For the first time in my life,  
everything makes perfect sense, you  
know?

**MEG**

I'm trying to follow you--

**EMMA**

I'm in love! I am! Oh, you guys,

I'm in love with Niki...

Nikolai... Nikolai. And, I don't  
care if he is just a busboy. Or  
waiter. Whatever he is...

Alice unfolds the paper, taking in the image of Emma wearing  
Cordelia's necklace.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

It's funny if you think about it.

I could have had a prince. A real  
one. But, I wanted my Niki--

(a big bite of apple)

Hey. Why are you guys crying?

This is good news!

**ALICE**

I thought we said no jewelry--

**EMMA**

No--? What jewelry?

**MEG**

What?

Alice holds up the newspaper.

**EMMA**

Ooh, that's a good one!

**ALICE**

The necklace, Emma!

Emma's face clouds as she distractedly reaches a hand to her bare collar bone, then flicks her eyes up to Alice.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Emma, where's the necklace--?

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 94.

**CONTINUED: (2)**

Emma leaps up and races to the window, throwing the doors 0 wide as Alice and Meg dash after her onto the balcony.

**EMMA**

The yacht! There! I left it on--!

**MEG**

Are you kidding me?!

**PHOTOGRAPHERS (O.S.)**

Cordelia! Cordelia!

They look directly down to the base of the hotel where the trio of paparazzi call as Cordelia emerges from a limousine. Alice and Meg look at each other, stricken.

**EMMA**

Oh, hey. What's she doing here?

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - LOBBY - DAY**

up

Cordelia strides across the lobby, passing WORKERS who set for the auction, and arrives at the front desk. A busy DESK CLERK glances up, brightening happily.

**DESK CLERK**

Mademoiselle Scott!  
Cordelia looks at him with typical, withering disdain.

**CORDELIA**

The driver was late.  
The clerk's smile falters, fades.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

Hello? I'm checking in.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

Alice, Emma and Meg race around, frantically grabbing clothes, stuffing them into shopping bags.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - HALLWAY - DAY**

DING! The elevator doors open and Cordelia steps off with a BELLHOP toting her bags, as her cell phone rings.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 95.

**CONTINUED:**

**CORDELIA**

**(ANSWERING)**

Hello?!

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

The three women scramble though the suite, collecting, straightening, smoothing in a blind panic.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - HALLWAY - DAY**

The bellhop stops outside the door with Cordelia.

**CORDELIA**

Beijing? Oh, I want to come! Will you wait for me?

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS SUITE - DAY**

CLICK! Alice, Meg and Emma freeze in their tracks at the very center of the suite, their heads swinging toward the door when they hear the key inserted from the other side.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - HALLWAY - DAY**

The bellhop opens the door, holding it wide for Cordelia who marches in to the room...

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

.where everything, impossibly, appears to be in place.

**CORDELIA**

I can be there in, say, a day--

**(TO BELLHOP)**

I was meant to have a suite.

**(INTO PHONE)**

Of course, they've screwed this up as well--. Who else is going? The bellhop opens the bedroom doors, revealing the tower of Cordelia's luggage, crowned by the reassembled fruit basket. Cordelia, unimpressed, indicates the bags the bellhop holds.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

Put those with the others--

**(INTO PHONE)**

Wait, wait!  
She spins away for the French doors, twisting their handles, and throwing them wide.

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**EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - DAY**

Cordelia steps to the railing, completely unaware of Alice, precariously perched atop the adjacent balcony's railing, back pressed against the face of the hotel.

**CORDELIA**

**(INTO PHONE)**

Stavros is supposed to be here,  
isn't he? I don't see his boat!

Alice carefully turns to Meg and Emma who look back her with  
desperate faces from the balcony on the far side of

Cordelia,

where they balance with their shopping bags.

**BELLBOY (O.S.)**

Mademoiselle?

**CORDELIA**

**(INTO PHONE)**

Majorca?! Hold on.

She does a quick turn, marches inside.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

The bellboy stands expectantly by the front door.

**CORDELIA**

Yes?

He nods, not quite with his hand out, but waiting.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

If you're done, you may go.

The bellboy turns but hesitates in catching a quick glimpse  
of Alice, fleet as a gazelle, as she passes the open doors

on

the balcony behind Cordelia.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

I said, you can go.

He bows a retreat, backing out the door.

**EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - DAY**

Alice climbs across to the next balcony where Meg tries the handles of another set of French doors.

**MEG**

They're locked!

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 97.

**CONTINUED:**

They each look about for a route of escape.  
Emma looks down, on the heads of the unsuspecting paparazzi while Alice scrutinizes the facade above.  
Alice looks at Meg.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

No. Forget it.  
Alice laces her fingers together, turning to Emma.

**ALICE**

Emma, help.

**MEG**

**ALICE---**

**ALICE**

You're first. There's a door on

**THE ROOF--**

**EMMA**

The roof?!

**EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - ROOF - DAY**

Shopping bags swing up over the edge of the roof, landing in profusion, followed by three sets of gripping hands.  
Alice, Meg and Emma haul each other over the hotel's crown, the view of the ocean and the yachts in the bay behind them.

**EXT. MOTOR BOAT - AT SEA - DAY**

A BOAT DRIVER in uniform passes a captain's hat to Nikolai,

who places it on his head as they speed towards the marina.

**EXT. DINGHY - AT SEA - DAY**

Meg turns to get a gauge on the distant yacht as she and Alice labor with the oars of a fisherman's dinghy.

**MEG**

Why'd they have to park so far out,  
anyway?!

**ALICE**

One point five million Euros, Emma!

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 98.

**CONTINUED:**

**EMMA**

I said I was sorry! You think I  
would have worn it if I knew how  
much it cost?  
Busy fighting, none of them notice as Nikolai's boat passes  
fifty feet off their side.

**MEG**

What am I going to tell my kids?!  
How am I'm going to explain to  
Glenn that we're in a French jail?

**ALICE**

For the auction, Emma!

**MEG**

My kids'll be in college when we  
get out! They won't even know me.

**EMMA**

None of us knew that, Alice--

**MEG**

Trespassing. Burglary. Oh, god.  
Grand larceny, by trick and

**DECEPTION--**

**ALICE**

For the children--!

**EMMA**

In Africa. I know!

**MEG**

I'm standing in a stolen boat!

**EMMA**

Well, sit down then!  
Nikolai's wake hits the dinghy, rocking them hard.

**EXT. MONTE CARLO TRAIN STATION - TRACKS - DAY**

Richard steps off the train, with today's paper wedged under the arm that carries Alice's suitcase.

**EXT. YACHT - DAY**

The dinghy strikes the side of the yacht and the three women scramble to their feet, grasping the side of the boat.

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 99.

**EXT. YACHT - DAY**

**EMMA**

It was right here!

**MEG**

Oh, I can't believe this...  
Meg doubles over, hands on her knees as Emma stands over the empty spot on the landing.

**ALICE**

Are you even sure you took it off?

**EMMA**

Definite "yes."

**ALICE**

Well... Were you this close to the edge? I mean, it could've fallen--

**MEG**

Do not even say it!

**EMMA**

O You know, I'm getting a little tired of this. Just because I

**SOMETIMES FORGET--**

**ALICE**

Emma, we're not talking about a pair of sunglasses!

**MEG**

We don't have time for this! Let's just split up! Alice you go fore, Emma take the aft, and I'll check the cabin.  
Emma glares at Alice with steely, narrowed eyes.

**EMMA**

Alright. Fine.

**(PAUSES)**

Which way is aft?

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - LOBBY - DAY**

The clerk looks up as Nikolai arrives at the front desk.

**CLERK**

Yes?

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 100.

**CONTINUED:**

**NIKOLAI**

Ya khotel by perepisyvat'sya s vami.

**CLERK**

Excusez moi, monsieur?

**INT. YACHT - DAY**

Alice, Meg and Emma reconvene in the cabin's salon, each coming from a different direction.

**MEG**

Nice boat. No necklace.

**ALICE**

Where is he, anyway?

**EMMA**

He just works here. I don't--  
(an idea forming)  
You don't think he could have taken it, do you?

**MEG**

Who knows?! I mean, is there anyone who understands a word he says?!

**EMMA**

**(STRICKEN)**

Oh, this could all be my fault! He probably thought he needed it, to finance our new life together. The temptation was just too much for

**HIM--**

**ALICE**

Emma, it's your fault because you wore it in the first place!

**EMMA**

He works like fifteen jobs already! You don't know what it's like being around rich people all the time--

**MEG**

Actually, we do.

**IS**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 101.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - LOBBY - DAY**

Nikolai picks up the hotel phone as he removes Emma's room key from his pocket.

**NIKOLAI**

**(TO OPERATOR)**

Pozhalujsta.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

**CORDELIA**

**(INTO CELL)**

Gratitude, Mummy. That's what I'm talking about. It's just so unfair the way Daddy assumes I've nothing better to do than--

The hotel phone rings, interrupting her complaint.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

Hold on.

She picks up the ringing telephone at the desk.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

What is it? What?

**(LISTENS)**

I cannot understand you.

She hangs up, heads for the fruit basket with her cell.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

Mummy, Mummy, I'm just saying I wish someone, anyone, would consider my feelings. Just once.

She snatches up an apple from the basket without looking.

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

You go ask him how much he thinks a simple "thank you" might cost. She hangs up her cell with a sniff and raises the apple, stopping when she sees where Emma has eaten. She recoils, dropping the apple, which rolls across the carpet and hits one of Emma's sandals beneath the desk. Cordelia approaches, looking down to discover the other sandal in the wastebasket, along with Emma's broken plastic tiara, room service dishes, and the newspaper.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 102.

**CONTINUED:**

Cordelia pulls the newspaper from the trash, curiosity turning to shock as she takes in the huge torn photograph of Emma wearing her necklace.

**EXT. DINGHY - AT SEA - DAY**

The women paddle back towards the Marina.

**ALICE**

Well, we're just going to have to talk to her.

**MEG**

Oh, yeah, that was the first thing that struck me about her. How reasonable she seemed--

**EMMA**

(seizing on the idea)  
Yeah, we'll just explain.

**MEG**

We should have sailed that yacht right back to Wisconsin--

**EMMA**

**IS**

**(SELLING HERSELF)**

it was an accident. This whole

**THING--**

**MEG**

You think she'd fit in one of those trunks of hers--?

**ALICE**

Meg?

**MEG**

Just thinking out loud.

**EMMA**

You never know. She might understand.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

Cordelia slams the steel briefcase onto the bed, scrabbling at the combination lock.

CLICK! She rips the lid open to reveal the empty velvet lining and she SCREAMS!

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 103.

**EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - DAY**

Richard pays a taxi driver, taking Alice's repaired suitcase, and mounts the steps directly behind Domenico escorting Penelope through the revolving door.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - LOBBY - DAY**

Domenico and Penelope head for the ballroom entrance and Richard arrives at the front desk, just as the clerk's phone begins to ring.

Richard holds up the newspaper with Emma's photo.

**RICHARD**

I need to find this woman--

The clerk puts up a finger as he lifts the receiver.

**CLERK**

Une moment, Monsieur. Pardon.

phones  
lobby's

Behind Richard, Nikolai crosses from the bank of house  
for the elevator, stopping to pluck a flower from the  
arrangement.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

**CORDELIA**

(on hotel phone)

Send security! Immediately! This  
is Cordelia Winthrop Scott. I've  
been robbed!

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - LOBBY**

another,

Nikolai steps into the elevator, the doors closing, just as  
Alice, Emma and Meg throw themselves through the lobby's  
revolving door.  
At the desk, the clerk hangs up one phone to pick up  
stalling Richard again with his finger.

**CLERK**

Pardon.

**(INTO PHONE)**

**SECURITE--**

The clerk stops, spotting Emma as she, Alice and Meg, sprint  
past the front desk and Alice wipes out, tripping over her  
own suitcase on the floor beside Richard.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE**

Oh!  
Richard whips around to see Alice spread-eagled on the  
marble floor as Meg and Emma slide to a stop.

**RICHARD**

Alice?

**MEG ALICE**

Richard! Richard--?

**RICHARD (CONT'D)**

Alice!

**EMMA**

Wow! Richard!  
Richard drops down to help Alice as she struggles up,  
dizzily finding her feet to stand.

**RICHARD**

Honey, are you alright--?

**ALICE**

You got my message.

She hugs Richard tightly.

**RICHARD**

I had no idea where you were. I  
looked all over Paris, but, I

**COULDN'T FIND--**

**(NOW HEARING)**

What message?

**ALICE**

You went all the way to Paris?

**RICHARD**

A week's an awfully long time.

**MEG**

Longer in France.

**CLERK**

Excusez moi, Mademoiselle Scott?

**EMMA**

Hey, Francois! How are you--?

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**CLERK**

**(UTTERLY CONFUSED)**

You--? You still need security?

Alice and Meg's heads swing in the clerk's direction.

**CLERK (CONT'D)**

You are still robbed?

**ALICE**

No!

(dials it down)

A misunderstanding. We're fine.

She's fine.

**(TO EMMA)**

You're fine, right?

**EMMA**

Super fine.

**ALICE**

Richard, we've got to--

(sighs, in love)

I can't believe you're here--!

**MEG**

But, we've got a little situation--

**EMMA**

(grabbing Alice's arm)  
It'll just take a minute! We'll  
have her right back!

**MEG**

Don't worry about a thing!

**RICHARD**

(holds up newspaper)  
Like this?

**ALICE**

**(KISSES RICHARD)**

I'll explain everything! I  
promise!  
They take off for the elevator.

**EMMA**

Boy! Does he love you.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (3)**

**ALICE**

**(GLEEFUL)**

Did you see he fixed my suitcase?

**EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - HALLWAY - DAY**

Nikolai rings the doorbell.

**CORDELIA (O.S.)**

Oh, thank god!  
Cordelia opens the door to Nikolai, who holds out the room  
key and flower with a smile as her brows come together.

**NIKOLAI**

Lechu k tebe na krylyah lyubvi.

**CORDELIA**

Security?  
They look at each other in confusion, Nikolai's smile  
fading,  
Cordelia with mounting alarm.  
She slams the door in his face.  
At the end of the hall, the elevator doors open for Alice,

Emma and Meg, as Nikolai removes the necklace from his  
pocket  
and reaches to ring the suite's bell again.

**EMMA**

Niki!

**ALICE**

The necklace!

**MEG**

Don't touch that bell!  
They race down the hall towards Nikolai, who gapes,  
perplexed  
by the sight of Emma.

**EMMA**

Oh, Niki! I knew it! I knew it!  
I believed in you the whole time!

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

Cordelia hides behind the drapes with the hotel phone.

**CORDELIA**

Yes! Police! This is Cordelia  
Winthrop Scott.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

In the Grimaldi Suite at the Hotel de Paris. You must come straight away. I've been robbed! And now some horrible, foreign man--! I believe someone is trying to kill me!

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - HALLWAY - DAY**

Emma kisses Nikolai as she pushes him onto the elevator.

**EMMA**

Wait for me in the lobby, sweetie.  
Down in half a second--

**NIKOLAI**

Ya tebya lyublyu.

**EMMA**

I know. Me, too.  
The doors close and Emma sprints back down the hall to Alice and Meg at the door.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Okay! Do it!  
Alice rings the bell.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

the Cordelia approaches the door cautiously and spies through peep hole at the back of Meg's head.

**CORDELIA**

Yes? Who is it?

**MEG**

(voice dropped low)  
Security, Madame.

**CORDELIA**

Finally--!  
She opens the door.  
A beat where Cordelia focuses on Alice and Meg first, possibly remembering them, then she registers Emma. She blinks, completely nonplussed.

**ALICE**

We can explain.

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**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - LOBBY - DAY**

The elevator doors open and Nikolai steps off just as the revolving door begins to spin, spitting uniformed POLICE OFFICERS and their CAPTAIN into the lobby. The clerk looks up and hustles around the desk to meet them.

**CLERK**

Pardon? Is there a problem--?

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

We received a report of an attempted murder in the Grimaldi Suite. Cordelia Scott-- Richard, sitting nearby, looks up at the mention of Cordelia's name, at the same time that Nikolai takes a seat at the far end of the same sofa.

**CLERK**

No. No. It is robbery. But, Mademoiselle Scott said it wasn't. Jean-Pierre, checking lists at the ballroom's entrance, the commotion and Cordelia's name, joins the group.

notes

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Excuse me. What's--? Mademoiselle Scott has been robbed?

**CLERK**

No. She said, not.

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

She said someone was trying to kill her! We are going up! Richard seems to debate getting involved as the police, the clerk and Jean-Pierre head for the elevators. Looking over, he notices Nikolai, who smiles and nods.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

**CORDELIA**

You can save your "sorrrys" for the

**POLICE--**

**EMMA**

The police--?

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**CORDELIA**

You robbed me!

**ALICE**

But, the necklace is right here--!

**CORDELIA**

You stole from me--!

**EMMA**

**ONLY BORROWED--**

**MEG**

We haven't taken anything--

**EMMA**

And, we dry-cleaned the dresses--  
Meg and Alice wince, look daggers at Emma.

**CORDELIA**

**(ICY DISGUST)**

You wore my clothes?

**EMMA**

Well... For the children.

**CORDELIA**

Wha--? What children?

**MEG**

In Africa.

**ALICE**

**(IMPATIENT)**

This whole thing is for charity.  
Your necklace is for the auction.

**CORDELIA**

Well, there will certainly be no

**AUCTION NOW--**

**EMMA**

But, that's not fair! It's not the

**CHILDREN'S FAULT--**

**ALICE**

Look, you weren't here. Everyone  
thought she was you--

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**CORDELIA**

**(INCREDULOUS LAUGH)**

Thought she was me? Who could  
possibly believe--?

**ALICE**

They all did.  
Cordelia looks at Alice a beat as this lands with her.

**MEG**

(drives it home)  
Every one of them.

**CORDELIA**

But, look at you!  
Emma takes a step towards her doppelganger, facing off.

**EMMA**

Well, look at you!

**ALICE**

**EMMA--**

**CORDELIA**

**(DRIPPING CONTEMPT)**

Common country cows playing dress  
up. Pretending to be something  
you're not. Trying to be something  
that not one of you could ever hope

**TO BE--**

**EMMA**

You mean miserable?  
Cordelia blinks.

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Or a petty, spoiled, selfish--

**CORDELIA**

**(REELS BACK)**

You--!

**EMMA**

Bitch!  
Cordelia slaps Emma across the face.  
Alice and Meg gasp and they all stand a beat in shock.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED: (3)**

Emma raises a hand to cup her cheek as Alice and Meg turn slowly to Cordelia, their faces set like warrior masks.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - HALLWAY**

DING! The elevator doors open and the police spill out, followed by the clerk and Jean-Pierre.  
They hear a SCREAM! and break into a run.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

Alice shoves Cordelia roughly into a chair, thrusting her back down as she tries to struggle up, points at Emma.

**ALICE**

You apologize to her right now!

**CORDELIA**

Apologize--?!

**ALICE**

You know, I feel sorry for you--

**MEG**

I don't.

Cordelia scoffs and Alice leans over her, menacing.

**ALICE**

Because no matter where you go, no matter where you jet to in this world, you are still going to be you.

(points to Emma)

And, let me tell you; she is who you want to be!

The all freeze when a BANGING erupts at the door.

**POLICE CAPTAIN (O.S.)**

Mademoiselle Scott? It is the police! Open up!

Alice claps a hand over Cordelia's mouth, looks to Meg.

**EMMA**

(mouths the words)

The police?

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**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - HALLWAY - DAY**

The police captain pounds on the door again, motioning for the clerk to use his pass key.

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

Mademoiselle? Open this door!

**ALICE (O.S.)**

Coming! Just a moment, please!  
The captain grabs the key from the clerk and turns the handle, just as Alice coolly opens the door from within.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

Bon jour.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - DAY**

The police enter, followed by Jean-Pierre and the clerk.

**ALICE**

**(FEIGNED SURPRISE)**

Cordelia, it's the police.  
Emma turns her head from the mirror she faces.

**EMMA**

Oh, no! This is going to be so embarrassing. Please tell me you didn't run all the way over here just for me.

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

You said there was someone trying to kill you--

**CLERK**

It was a robbery, but, no.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Alice, what's going on?

**ALICE**

A terrible misunderstanding. You see, she couldn't find her necklace.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

**(PANICKED)**

But, you have it?

**IS**

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

Emma turns, holding the necklace up to her throat.

**EMMA**

Yes, but, Jean-Pierre, would you be a dear and help me? I can't seem to manage the clasp. Jean-Pierre senses something amiss, but steps to assist

Emma.

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

We heard a scream--

**ALICE**

When she found it--

**EMMA**

**JUST NOW--**

**ALICE**

She was so happy--

**EMMA**

Relieved! I screamed with delight.

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

And there is no one that wants to

kill you?

**EMMA**

**(LIGHTLY JOKING)**

Well, I can't speak to that.

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

You said on the phone--

**ALICE**

She said she would die. If she didn't find it--

**EMMA**

The necklace!

**ALICE**

Yes!

Alice turns her brightest smile to the captain.

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

And this is the necklace? For the auction?

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

**JEAN-PIERRE**

**(CHECKING)**

It is.

He looks back and forth between Alice and Emma.

**JEAN-PIERRE (CONT'D)**

Very lucky.

**EMMA**

Extremely! Think of all the

schools we'll build!  
(to charm captain)  
Do you like it?

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

(falling for it)  
Allow me to escort you,  
Mademoiselle. As a precaution.  
Emma, spots one officer poking his way toward the bedroom.

**EMMA**

(seizes captain's arm)  
Oh, but, yes! Would you? What an  
entrance I'll make! So dramatic!

Alice, are you coming, dear?  
Jean-Pierre takes Alice's elbow as Emma leads the captain  
and  
the rest of the group from the suite.

**ALICE**

Let me just grab my purse.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Alice opens the door as narrowly as possible.

**ALICE**

You okay in here?  
Meg sits on top of Cordelia who is tied to a chair with a  
scarf, the fruit-basket apple jammed in her mouth.

**MEG**

We're great. But, now you can add

**KIDNAPPING--**

**ALICE**

**(RE: CORDELIA)**

Well, don't tell her that. Throw  
me a purse.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - LOBBY - DAY**

DING! Richard and Nikolai both look up as the elevator doors open and Emma emerges led by the police captain. Nikolai leaps up.

**NIKOLAI**

Moy angelochek?

Richard jumps up when he sees Jean-Pierre escorting an anxious Alice from the rear of the battalion.

**RICHARD**

Alice?

Alice winces as she sees Richard approaching, at the same time Nikolai rushes to Emma.

**EMMA**

Niki, I'm sorry. It's just going to another minute.

**NIKOLAI**

Ya sdelayu vsyo, chto smogoo--

**EMMA**

Perfect! That sounds good.

Emma is led to the ballroom by the captain as Richard meets Alice and Jean-Pierre in the center of the lobby.

**ALICE**

(quick, preemptive)

Richard, this is Jean-Pierre, Jean-Pierre this is Richard, my fiance--

**RICHARD JEAN-PIERRE**

**(BLINKS) (BLINKS)**

Fiance? Fiance?

Jean-Pierre offers his hand to shake, smiling knowingly.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Ahh... A pleasure to meet you. You've come for the auction--?

**ALICE**

Yes! He came all this way!

Richard tightens his grip on Jean-Pierre's hand.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**RICHARD**

Alice? Who is this guy--?  
Alice breaks Richard's vice grip with a bright smile.

**ALICE**

I told you, that's Jean-Pierre!

**(TO JEAN-PIERRE)**

He's exhausted! It's such a long  
trip!  
Richard flicks his eyes narrowly at Jean-Pierre.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

**(DEFLECTING)**

I believe we are ready to start.  
Shall we go in?  
Alice loops an arm through Richard's to follow Jean-Pierre,  
but jerks to a stop when Richard doesn't budge.

**RICHARD**

Is there something I need to know?  
Alice looks at Richard, reading his face, and smiles.

**ALICE**

No. There's isn't.  
She leads Richard through the ballroom entrance only to be  
stopped by an ATTENDANT.

**ATTENDANT**

Pardon, Monsieur, invitation--?

**ALICE**

He's with me!  
As Alice pulls Richard through to the ballroom, Nikolai  
steps  
to the reception table behind them, producing an elaborate

invitation from inside his jacket.

**ATTENDANT**

Oh! Monsieur Ludovic! Welcome!  
As Nikolai is ushered into the auction with great fanfare,  
the lobby's revolving doors turn and Bernard enters,  
carrying  
Meg's bottle of wine.

0

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**0 INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY**

a  
Meg, holding the apple, sits facing Cordelia, still tied to  
chair, the two glaring at each other.

**CORDELIA**

You will never get away with this.

**MY FATHER--**

**MEG**

Believe me, nothing would make me  
happier than having a little talk  
with your father--  
Both their heads swing toward the door when the bell RINGS!  
Meg jumps to Cordelia, stuffing the apple in her mouth just  
as she opens it to scream.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - HALLWAY - DAY**

Bernard looks up when Meg opens the door a crack.

**MEG**

Bernard...?  
He holds out the bottle of wine.

**BERNARD**

We forgot your prize.

**MEG**

Oh, I...

She glances back into the room behind her, carefully obscuring Bernard's view through the half open door.

**BERNARD**

I have come at a bad time?

**MEG**

No. No, Bernard, that's not it.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Cordelia kicks her legs against the floor, straining against the scarf as she tries to overturn the chair.

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - HALLWAY - DAY**

**MEG**

I'd invite you in, but--

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

THUMP! They both hear Cordelia's chair hit the floor inside and Bernard darkens.

**BERNARD**

I think--. You are busy. I think  
now I go--  
Meg reaches out to stay him with a hand on his arm.

**MEG**

No. Bernard, wait--  
CLICK! Meg and Bernard both turn their heads to look down the corridor when Cordelia sticks her head out the bedroom door into the hall.  
A beat as Cordelia and Meg lock eyes.  
DING! The elevator doors open at the end of the hall, closer to Cordelia.

She looks back at Meg for an instant then bolts as Meg leaps past Bernard into the hall.

**MEG (CONT'D)**

Hey! Stop!

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - BALLROOM - DAY**

Emma models Cordelia's necklace on a stage for over a hundred GUESTS with Domenico fielding bids beside her.

**DOMENICO**

The bid is three hundred thousand!  
Alice stands just off to the side on the floor below, between Richard and Jean-Pierre, with Penelope.

**RICHARD**

so, they all think she's this Cordelia Scott because...

**ALICE**

It's for a school, Richard--

**RICHARD**

In Africa.

**NIKOLAI**

**(HEAVILY ACCENTED)**

Five hundred!

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

All the heads in the room turn with an excited murmur as Nikolai steps to the front of the assembly.

**DOMENICO**

Five hundred thousand!

**ALICE**

Oh, no...

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Yes !

**EMMA**

**(TO HERSELF)**

No.

Nikolai smiles up at Emma as ANOTHER GUEST raises a  
Champagne glass in bidding.

**DOMENICO**

Five hundred, five hundred fifty  
thousand!

**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - SERVICE STAIRS - DAY**

Bernard races to catch up as Meg flies down the stairs.

**BERNARD**

But, Meg! Why do we run?  
Meg stops on a landing, turns.

**MEG**

Bernard, you should stop. You  
really don't need this. I may be  
going away for a long time--

**BERNARD**

To America?

**MEG**

Something like that. Look, this is  
where we should say "au revoir."  
Bernard smiles and pulls Meg to him, kisses her.

**BERNARD**

But, I must see how this ends!  
0 He grabs her hand and they plunge down the stairs  
together.

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**INT. HOTEL DE PARIS - BALLROOM - DAY**

**NIKOLAI**

Eight hundred!  
The crowd applauds happily.

**EMMA**

Niki. What are you doing?

**NIKOLAI**

Vsyo, chto ya de-la-yu, lish dlya.

**EMMA**

Well, don't. Just stop, okay?

**JEAN-PIERRE**

**(ALARMED)**

Why is she stopping him?

**ALICE**

**(MISERABLE)**

He doesn't have any money. He's  
just a busboy, but they're in love-

**JEAN-PIERRE**

That's Nikolai Ludovic--

**ALICE**

He means no harm--

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Alice. Lithuania?

**ALICE**

Yes?

**JEAN-PIERRE**

He owns it.  
Alice blinks.

**DOMENICO**

The bid stands at eight hundred

**THOUSAND EUROS--**

**EMMA**

No! No. Ladies and gentlemen, I'm

terribly sorry, but, there's..

**(TO NIKOLAI)**

Honey, you can't bid on this, okay?

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**EMMA (CONT'D)**

Put your hand down, and I'll be done in a second. Then we can go.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

Mon dieu!

**ALICE**

Emma!

Jean-Pierre reacts to Alice's "Emma!" as she breaks away.

**RICHARD**

Alice--!

She climbs the stage to Emma before the baffled audience.

**EMMA**

Alice, he doesn't understand. It's like a foreign language to him--

**ALICE**

Actually, it's not. Let him bid.

**EMMA**

But, he'll get in trouble--

**ALICE**

He's fine. Let's just get this

**THING DONE--**

**NIKOLAI**

One million!

**EMMA**

Nikolai! You cannot bid against yourself!

**DOMENICO**

One million Euros!

**EMMA**

No! Stop! Stop! I'm sorry. I can't... I cannot allow this sweet, wonderful man to buy this necklace, because...  
(finds the courage)  
It is not mine to sell.

**CORDELIA**

No. It is mine..

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (2)**

The crowd gasps, stepping back to reveal Cordelia in the center of the ballroom, backed by all the police, just as

Meg

.and Bernard enter, skidding short when they see the crowd.

**MEG**

Oh, shhhh--

**EMMA**

Merde.  
Richard, Jean-Pierre, Penelope, and Domenico all swing between the two "Cordelias," as Meg makes her way forward with Bernard.

**CORDELIA**

Arrest those women! They are imposters!

A wave of comment sweeps the confused crowd.

**PENELOPE**

Wait!

Alice Penelope steps up onto the platform, shielding Emma and  
as the police come forward and Meg climbs up.

**PENELOPE (CONT'D)**

These are not imposters! These are  
my friends!

**CORDELIA**

Penelope Pignose?!

**PENELOPE**

And, you were never anyone's  
friend.

Alice takes in the escalating situation, steps bravely  
forward to the front of the stage.

**ALICE**

It's true!

A ripple of exclamation sweeps the dumbfounded crowd.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

We're not who we said we were.  
We're... We're only high school  
teachers. From Racine, Wisconsin.

**(CONTINUED)**

Monte Carlo Draft 3 - November 4, 2007 123.

**CONTINUED: (3)**

**CORBEL IA**

(turns to captain)  
There! You see?

**ALICE**

We'd never been anywhere. And we  
took a trip, that didn't belong to

us... Because, well, because you  
thought we were... important. And  
that she was Cordelia...  
Richard smiles at Alice, supporting her with his gaze.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

We wanted to help.

**MEG**

**(TO BERNARD)**

We never meant to mislead anyone--

**EMMA**

**(TO NIKOLAI)**

Or hurt anyone--

**ALICE**

We're very sorry. And, we're  
willing to face the consequences,  
whatever they are... But...  
She turns to Meg and Emma as a smile blossoms.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

But, this was our adventure.

**MEG**

And it was an excellent one.

**ALICE**

We wouldn't change a minute of it.

**EMMA**

Not for anything in the world.  
Richard takes the pulse of the frighteningly still crowd,  
hesitating police, the charged air in the room.

the,

**RICHARD**

one million five hundred thousand!  
The crowd gasps and Alice gapes at Richard.

**(CONTINUED)**

**CONTINUED: (4)**

**RICHARD (CONT'D)**

Why not go big?

**PENELOPE**

One million six hundred thousand!

**EMMA**

Penny, you don't have to...

**PENELOPE**

Friends. Right?

**DOMENICO**

Excellent! We have a bid for one million six hundred thousand! Cordelia whirls to the police captain amidst applause.

**CORDELIA**

Why are you just standing there?! Arrest them!

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

Arrest them? For what? They seem very nice.

0

**DOMENICO**

One million six hundred thousand! Do I have another bid?

**CORDELIA**

They confessed! They're imposters! They stole my necklace!

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

That necklace? But, it is here, no?

**CORDELIA**

They kidnapped me!

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

And yet you are here. I see no problem. Everyone is very happy--

**CORDELIA**

Excuse me, but, I'm not happy!

**POLICE CAPTAIN**

Ah, but, this...

**(GALLIC SHRUG)**

I can do nothing about.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (5)**

**NIKOLAI**

Three million!  
The crowd erupts, giddy, their applause escalating.

**DOMENICO**

Three million Euros!

**EMMA**

Nikolai! No...

**ALICE**

Emma. It's okay.

**EMMA**

How? How can it be okay?

**ALICE**

He's rich.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

**(LEAPING IN)**

SOLD! To Monsieur Nikolai Ludovic!  
For three million Euros!  
The crowd cheers, overwhelming a forgotten Cordelia as it

rushes forward to hoist Nikolai up on the stage.  
At the same time, Alice breaks through the throng to jump  
down and wrap her arms around Richard.

**ALICE**

Richard...

**RICHARD**

**ALICE--**

**ALICE**

Take me home?

**RICHARD**

Anywhere you want, Alice. We'll go  
anywhere you want.

They kiss as Meg finds Bernard who shakes his head with a  
broad smile, holding out the bottle of wine.

**MEG**

Oh, good. I could use a drink.

**BERNARD**

First prize. To the champion.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED: (6)**

Nikolai takes Emma's hands in his up on stage.

**EMMA**

(scared, shaky)  
Niki? What's going on?

**NIKOLAI**

Ya das-ta-nu to-be zvyoz-dee.  
Emma nods, without any real understanding, as he indicates  
the necklace.

**NIKOLAI (CONT'D)**

Is my gift. For you.  
Emma's eyes slowly come into focus as it all becomes  
clear-and she FAINTS.

**EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - DAY**

Together, Alice, Meg and Emma offer an envelope fat with Euros to Jean-Pierre. They stand, with Richard, Bernard, Nikolai, Penelope and Domenico, beside a waiting sedan at the base of the hotel's steps where the trio of paparazzi shoot away.

**ALICE**

This is for our room. And the trip down.

**MEG**

The rest is for the schools. Jean-Pierre hesitates in accepting the envelope, but Alice presses it on him.

**ALICE**

Please.

**JEAN-PIERRE**

You are all extraordinary women.

**(TO RICHARD)**

I wish you much happiness.

**RICHARD**

**(SHAKING HANDS)**

Thank you. Meg turns to Bernard, holding up the bottle of wine, as Richard places Alice's suitcase in the trunk with their shopping bags.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**MEG**

You come to Wisconsin, we'll drink this in my kitchen.

**BERNARD**

Yes.

They embrace and Meg turns with Alice to Emma who stands arm in arm with Nikolai.

**ALICE**

Now, Emma, you're sure about this?

**EMMA**

I'll call you both as soon as I know. They may have to get a sub at school for a couple of weeks, but, oh, you guys, I swear it sounded like a proposal!  
Alice and Meg turn to Nikolai who grins and nods away.

**NIKOLAI**

Yes! Yes!

**0 EXT. HOTEL DE PARIS - FRONT DRIVE - MOMENTS LATER**

Richard  
head  
doors  
Jean-Pierre closes the car's door with Alice, Meg and inside, stepping back to join Emma, Nikolai, Bernard, Penelope and Domenico, who watch as the car pulls out. Together, they wave their friends away. Jean-Pierre shakes hands with Nikolai and kisses Emma, tips his head in farewell to Bernard, then enters the hotel with Penelope and Domenico. Emma and Nikolai shake hands with Bernard, then turn and for the marina, trailed by one of the paparazzi while the other two pause to reload their cameras. As Bernard hops on his moped to zip away, the revolving turn and Cordelia steps out, talking on her cellphone, followed by a train of bellhops and luggage.

**CORDELIA**

Yes, Daddy! It was a huge success--  
She stops suddenly, as if struck, and her expression of perpetual anger melts away as she listens, blinks.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**CORDELIA (CONT'D)**

**(DEEPLY MOVED)**

Thank you? You're, you're welcome.  
One of the paparazzi raises his camera to take her picture,  
but another places his hand over the lens.

**PAPARAZZI**

That's not her. That's the other  
one.

**INT. NICE AIRPORT - TERMINAL GATE - DAY**

fro.  
Alice sits between Richard and Meg at the departure gate,  
each lost in their own thoughts as TRAVELERS pass to and

A long beat.  
A small smile finds its way onto Alice's face and she gently  
lowers her head to rest it on Richard's shoulder.  
Richard finds Alice's hand and squeezes it in his own.

**INT. NICE AIRPORT - JETWAY - DAY**

totes  
Meg walks down the jetway in her skinny jeans, a bounce in  
her step, shopping bags in one hand, the bottle of wine  
gripped in the other, as though headed for a party.  
Behind her, Alice carries her shopping bags and Richard  
Alice's suitcase.

**ALICE (V.O.)**

"I used to wander aimlessly,  
Wanton my goal, grievous my  
plight./Your dear hands led me,  
guided me."  
Alice encircles Richard's waist as they walk, and he slings  
an arm around her shoulder, kisses her hair.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. ZAMBIA, AFRICA - DAY**

linen,  
Under a beating sun, Emma, dressed in immaculate white  
holds hands with Nikolai as a MOB OF LAUGHING CHILDREN and  
their TEACHERS greet them outside a new Marchand Foundation

schoolhouse.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**ALICE (V.0.)**

"Over the far horizon, night/  
Glowed with the pallid hope of  
dawn./Your eyes' glance was my  
morning light."

A YOUNG GIRL presents a length of brightly woven fabric,  
draping it over Emma's shoulders as Emma picks the girl up  
and the other children lead Emma and Nikolai inside.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY**

A bulletin board in Meg's classroom is covered in African  
fabric, photographs and letters, all under a banner that  
reads: Food Drive for Our Sister School - Zambia.

The two students who had cooked their pot holders sort

canned

goods beneath the board, while Meg cooks, surrounded by the  
rest of her CLASS.

**ALICE (V.0.)**

"No sound - save his own tread  
upon/The ground - to ease the  
wanderer's heart./Your voice  
encouraged me: 'go on!'"

**0**

A STUDENT carefully scoops spices with a measuring spoon,  
holding it out for Meg to add to her pan.

She ignores the spoon, instead reaching to pinch some spice  
with her fingers and encourages the student who follows her  
example.

**INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY**

Alice moves freely around the center of the circle of desks

her STUDENTS have formed, reciting by memory.

**ALICE**

"Yes, my heart - dark, cowed, set  
apart,/Alone - bewailed its dire  
distress./Sweet love, with its all-  
conquering art."

The entire classroom hangs on her every word.

**ALICE (CONT'D)**

"Joined us as one in joyousness."

A beat as she and her class float on the last phrase of Paul  
Verlaine's poem.

**(CONTINUED)**

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**CONTINUED:**

**AMBER 0**

**(HALTING FRENCH)**

Mademoiselle Perry, what was it  
really like?

Alice refocuses to smile at Amber and survey all the faces  
of  
her students for a beat.

**ALICE**

Everyone should go. At least once  
in their life.

**(PAUSES)**

There's a whole world for you to  
see.

**FADE OUT.**

**FINISH**