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Eat, Pray, Love

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Based on the book by
Elizabeth Gilbert

EXT. BALI -- MOUNTAIN ROAD -- DAY

We are gazing at shimmering, opalescent pink clouds. As we PULL BACK it becomes clear we are looking at the MIRROR IMAGE of the clouds in the standing water of huge rice paddies, terraced into hills.

PICK UP LIZ GILBERT, a spirited American woman, as she rides a bicycle along a narrow mountain road, steering carefully to avoid others who clog the path -- people, children, dogs, chickens. The ride is magnificent, hair-raising, a gorgeous travelogue of the mountains around Ubud, Bali. Over which:

LIZ (V.O.)

I have a friend Deborah, a psychologist, who was asked by the city of Philadelphia if she could offer psychological counseling to a group of Cambodian refugees -- boat people -- who had recently arrived in the city. Deborah was daunted by the task. These Cambodians had suffered genocide, torture, starvation, relatives murdered before their eyes, years in refugee camps, boat trips to the West where people died and their corpses were fed to the sharks -- how could she relate to their suffering? How could she help these people?

Liz arrives at a Balinese family compound, surrounded by a huge stone wall. Leaning the bike against the wall, she looks in the doorless entrance. A plump older woman, NYOMO -- with a stiff-hip limp and teeth stained red from betel nut tobacco -- shuffles over. Nyomo is slightly terrifying.

LIZ

Hi, my name is Elizabeth Gilbert, I'm a journalist from New York. I'm doing a magazine article on yoga retreats here in Bali, and I thought while I'm here I should meet a real medicine man and everyone said 'you must meet Ketut Liyer.'

(off her silence)

Am I in the right place?

The woman looks at her, through her, with shrewd eyes.

NYOMO

Wait.

As the woman turns and shuffles off --

LIZ (V.O.)

So guess what all these people wanted to talk about with my friend Deborah the psychologist? It was all: I met this guy in the refugee camp, I thought he really loved me but when we got separated on the boat he took up with my cousin, but now he says he really loves me and he keeps calling me. They're married now, what should I do, I still love him...

(beat)

This is how we are.

She turns and standing in front of her is KETUT LIYER. He is a small, russet-colored old man with almost no teeth who closely resembles Yoda. He wears a sarong and a golf shirt.

KETUT

Happy to see you. I am Ketut Liyer.

Ketut turns and starts to lead Liz to the porch of his small house. As they walk --

LIZ (V.O.)

I mean, here I am with a ninth generation medicine man and what do I want to ask him about -- getting closer to God? Saving the world's starving children? Nope. I want to discuss *my relationship*.

EXT. KETUT'S PORCH -- MINUTES LATER

Ketut studies her palm, they're seated on woven mats.

KETUT

You are a world traveler...

This is pretty obvious. Liz is completely skeptical.

KETUT

You will live a long time, have many friends, many experiences. You will have two marriages. One long, one short.

Liz is suddenly riveted to his words. With some trepidation:

LIZ

Am I in the long one or the short one?

KETUT

Also, you will lose all your money. I think in next six to ten months. Don't worry, you will get it all back again. And...

He pauses, frowning, moves her closer to the hanging light bulb to see better. She's truly unnerved now.

KETUT

You will come back to Bali and live here for three or four months and teach me English. And I will teach you everything I know.

She stares at him, overwhelmed by all these predictions.

AT THE GATE -- LATER

Liz is about to get on her bike as Ketut appears once again. He hands her a drawing.

KETUT

I make this for you.

THE DRAWING: an androgynous figure, hands clasped in prayer...but the figure has FOUR LEGS. And where the head should be, WILD FOLIAGE of ferns and flowers. A small, SMILING FACE is drawn over the HEART. Ketut deciphers it.

KETUT

Keep grounded so it's like you have four legs, that way you can stay in this world. Also, no looking at world through your head, look through your heart instead. That way you will know God.

(right into her eyes)

Which is why you came here, no?

It's an astounding revelation.

LIZ

If you're serious, mister, I'm serious.

He brushes off his hands, as if to say "it's settled."

KETUT
 (a big toothless grin)
 See you later alligator.

SMASH TO BLACK.

ONE MONTH LATER floats up on the screen.

INT. LIZ'S UPSTATE NEW YORK HOME -- BATHROOM -- DAY

HIGH ANGLE: Liz on the bathroom floor in a ratty terrycloth robe, head pressed to the bathroom tile, sobbing. This is nothing like the bright, energetic woman we just saw with Ketut.

Hear KNOCKING. Liz ignores it. Then --

MALE VOICE
 Liz, if we're actually going to
 make the drive into the city, we
 have to leave now.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

STEPHEN, her husband, takes a beat, then starts to put on his shoes. He's a thoughtful man, handsome. Liz exits the bathroom with red eyes, starts to get dressed, tries hard to pretend nothing is wrong. Stephen looks at her, then --

STEPHEN
 I'm not going to ask anymore.

She begins to get dressed in her party clothes. She can't find the words to say what she feels, it's overwhelming.

STEPHEN
 But something's gotta give, Liz.
 There are enough self-help books in
 this house to fill a small library.

LIZ
 You're right...

STEPHEN
 You've downed enough St. John's
 Wort tea to cheer up a Russian
 gulag. This is no way to live.
 (beyond frustrated)
 You're starting to look like one of
 those refugees, with the hollow
 desperate eyes...
 (a beat, softly)
 (MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
 We're starting to look like
 refugees.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON LIZ. Eyes now rimmed with smoky eye make-up, she stares at her reflection in a hall mirror -- has she masked her refugee eyes or is it worse? Stephen moves into frame behind her, taking her coat. WIDEN to reveal we are in...

INT. DELIA'S SOHO LOFT -- NEW YORK CITY -- SAME NIGHT

And the party is seen in the mirror behind them. It's a book-signing.

Walking towards Liz and Stephen is DELIA SHIRAZ, Liz's best friend, editor, and the hostess of tonight's party. She has three-month-old JACK on her hip, a glass of wine in the other. She's totally upbeat in spite of the challenge.

DELIA
 Are my tits leaking? I've got a
 double layer of nursing pads under
 here, but I don't trust 'em...

Stephen smiles at Jack as he reaches out to hold him.

LIZ
 (to Delia)
 Dry as a bone...

STEPHEN
 If you ladies will excuse us, Jack
 and I are gonna go get us some
 bourbon.

As they go off, Delia looks more closely at Liz. They're close friends, they communicate almost wordlessly.

JUMP CUTS: SEE LIZ and DELIA with other guests, meeting, greeting, the party swirls overwhelmingly around them.

DELIA
 This is Walter, you two are both
 New York Times Most Notable
 nominees...

Liz and WALTER shake. Over Walter's shoulder --

Liz sees Stephen holding Jack on his lap. It touches and pains her to see him with a baby. She turns back...

DAVID PICCOLO, a young dark-haired man, has wandered up.

DAVID

David Piccolo, I'm such a fan of
your short stories...

DELIA

David has a theater company...

LIZ

(mind somewhere else)

Nice to meet you, would you excuse
me...

David watches her go, riveted.

INT. DELIA'S BEDROOM -- A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE ON JACK, fussing, as Delia changes him. Liz watches,
the intensity of Jack's wailing penetrating her soul.

Delia takes a baby wipe, but instead of using it on Jack, she
moves close to Liz, wipes her smeared eye make-up.

DELIA

Raccoon eyes. What's going on?

LIZ

How did you know you wanted a baby?
Was there an actual moment when it
kicked in for you?

DELIA

I can't remember -- I mean, I've
had the box since before we got
married.

LIZ

What box?

Delia slides a large box from under the bed. Liz opens it.
It's filled with little outfits, handknit baby treasures...

DELIA

I've been filling it with baby
clothes for years...waiting 'till
Andy was ready to be a father.

LIZ

(looking up, blown away)

I have a box like this at home.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

It's filled with photographs and articles, from National Geographic, travel magazines, the Times travel section. All the places I want to go before I die...

DELIA

Liz, having a kid is kinda like getting a tattoo on your face. You should be certain it's what you want.

INT. CAR -- EXPRESSWAY -- NIGHT

Liz and Stephen ride in silence.

STEPHEN

Jack's a cute baby.

LIZ

You looked like two old drinking buddies...solving the world's problems down at the corner tavern.

STEPHEN

(after a beat)

So what about us? Maybe that's what we need, what's missing. The house is done, your career's on track... maybe it's time to start talking again about having a family.

She feels a rush of anxiety about these words. To spare his feelings, she grabs his hand, kisses it.

STEPHEN

What do you think?

Liz looks out the window. Her silence is unnerving to him.

INT. LIZ & STEPHEN'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Insomniac Liz stares up at the ceiling. She looks over at Stephen, sleeping. She stares, he's become a stranger.

INT. LIZ & STEPHEN'S HOUSE -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Liz wanders the long hallway in her diaphanous nightgown -- actively haunting her own house as if she no longer lives here.

She passes photos of her life; younger photos of Liz alone in remote places in local costume, posing with African men...Day Of the Dead in Mexico, with a giant squid and the fishermen on a boat, etc.

These photos give way to her wedding photo, and from then on the photographs are of her and Stephen and their dog. They reveal a real friendship but are distinctly different from the solo Liz. She stares at them, touches them, filled with grief.

She stops at --

THE KITCHEN. High end appliances, beautiful pottery. A kitchen anyone would dream of. She moves into --

THE STUDY. A cozy room filled with books, a computer. She moves to a sofa, running her hands along the taupe velveteen, a fabric she stood in line to buy.

This house, this place of security, is a lot to give up.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT -- LATER

Liz looks in the mirror, splashes cold water on her face. She has a sudden, clear thought, it seems almost rational.

LIZ
What the hell...

Wiping the snot off her face, she gets down on her knees and assumes the supplicant's pose: it's time for a conversation with someone who can hopefully relieve her pain.

LIZ
Hello, God. Nice to finally meet
you.

Then the realization -- if she's going to pray she'd better give it something real. And she does.

LIZ
Let me begin with deep gratitude
for the countless blessings you've
given me in my life...
(makes her cry)
I'm in serious trouble. I don't
know what to do. I don't know if I
should trust my heart. I keep
hearing 'tell him the truth,' but I
don't know if my truth is the real
truth -- maybe if I stay, this'll
all pass like a bad dream...
(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)
 (tired of her own chaos)
 God, help me please. Tell me what
 to do. Please tell me what to do.
 And I will do it.

There is a long stillness, during which Liz holds her breath. At the end of which, she exhales quietly, we can tell she has come to something. She rises, wiping her face with some toilet paper, then opens the bathroom door.

INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Liz creeps into bed. She thinks Stephen is asleep; he's not. He rolls over and spoons her.

STEPHEN
 Have you given any thought to what
 I said in the car?

She registers the fact that her moment to speak the truth is presenting itself right here and now.

LIZ
 Yes.

STEPHEN
 You don't want kids.

LIZ
 I don't want to be married.

It's an excruciating moment. They hold onto each other in silence, bracing for the inevitable hurt to come as we --

SMASH TO BLACK.

ON THE BLACK SCREEN: "ROME"

EXT. ACADEMY OF LANGUAGE STUDIES -- DAY

Liz exits. She waves goodbye to her new Swedish friend SOFI. A conjugation begins, call and response style, as we see Liz's journey on foot through the stunning ancient city. She is cheerful and free as A TITLE is superimposed on the screen: **SIX MONTHS LATER.**

MALE TUTOR (V.O.)
*Egli attraversò, noi
 attraversammo...*

LIZ (V.O.)
*Egli attraversò, noi
 attraversammo...*

QUICK CUTS of fabulous Roman food and uninhibited lovers interlaced with her walk across Rome.

CLOSE ON platters of curly pasta with bits of delicious meat sauce clinging to it as a waiter sets them down at a table.

CLOSE ON a man's hand as he pushes it under his girlfriend's blouse and it slides across her breast.

ANGLE ON huge lusty buttocks of ham hanging in windows.

Liz crosses a huge piazza, a speck among throngs; she's then in the middle of an open air market, a colorful rhapsody of fruits, vegetables, shoppers squeezing the produce...

Note: wherever Liz goes, always those lovers. Making-out, bodies pressed into each other. It is amusing; ultimately unsettling for her. How can you not feel like a wallflower when everyone around you is so charged with sexual energy?

EXT. TRATTORIA, PIAZZA FIUME -- A LITTLE LATER

Liz takes a seat, looks out at the square. In the distance someone approaches, waving -- a YOUNG MALE TUTOR, 20's.

MALE TUTOR (V.O.)

Voi avete attraversato, essi hanno attraversato...

CLOSE ON a plate of deep-fried zucchini blossoms, delicate and sweet as it is set down. Only LIZ'S VOICE responds now.

LIZ (V.O.)

Voi avete attraversato, essi hanno attraversato...

A fork CUTS INTO A BLOSSOM, REVEALING MELTING gorgeously decadent CHEESE. We now see the eater, this is GIOVANNI. He and Liz are mid-lunch, a bottle of wine is almost finished.

GIOVANNI

Attraversiamo...

She stares at his mouth. CLOSE on his lips, his teeth as he chews and talks. Liz forces herself to concentrate.

LIZ

Attraversiamo...what a beautiful word.

(savors each syllable)

Attra-ver-si-a-mo.

GIOVANNI

'Let's cross over?' So ordinary,
Liz.

LIZ

You've been a tutor so long you
don't recognize the beauty of it.
It's the perfect combination of
Italian sounds. The wistful ah,
the rolling trill, the soothing
ess...I love it.

Charmed, Giovanni skewers the other half of the zucchini
blossom, holds it up to her mouth. Liz opens, chews.

GIOVANNI

Squisito, no?

LIZ

Squisito.

The moment is highly charged, erotic. Liz breaks the spell by
chasing the delicious blossom with a sip of wine.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- LATER

As they approach her apartment building, finishing cups of
technicolor gelato --

GIOVANNI

Shall we continue Tuesday at five?
You are doing very well, Liz.

LIZ

Grazie...

He goes to hug her. ON HER FACE: she's determined to resist.
ON HIS FACE: he is wildly attracted to her. It's one of those
moments where all it would take is one move...

But Liz pulls away. He is a gentleman.

GIOVANNI

Good night. *Buona notte*.

LIZ

Buona notte.

She takes a beat, then enters the front door.

INT. LIZ'S ROME APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Liz lets herself into her studio apartment that is filled with piles of Italian phrasebooks and dictionaries and little else. Her white cotton sheers waft gently from the night air as she opens the window to a beautiful view of the city.

Liz watches Giovanni walk away. She reaches for her POCKET DICTIONARY, runs her hand down the C's, stopping abruptly at:

LIZ
(subtitled: celibate)
Cel-i-ba-to.

Then, as she looks back at Giovanni disappearing around a corner --

LIZ
(convincing herself,
subtitled: I am celibate)
Sono celibate, sono celibate...

-- as we hear:

LIZ (V.O.)
Every word in Italian is like a
truffle...

EXT. NEW YORK STREET -- LOWER EAST SIDE -- DAY

And we are in the bustle of Manhattan, so different from the romance of Rome, as Liz and Delia walk and talk.

LIZ
...like a magic trick.

DELIA
And it's so useful. I mean, in case Italy ever invades Ethiopia again and is actually successful, you will know a language that's spoken in two whole countries.

LIZ
Do I really need justification for taking Italian lessons?
(justifying it)
My divorce lawyer told me what I'm doing is completely normal, she has one client -- a Korean woman -- who legally changed her name to something Italian after her divorce, just to feel sexy again.

DELIA

Honey, I get it. I know you're enjoying it.

INT. DELIA'S MASTER BATHROOM -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Refugee Liz, now staying with Delia, soaks in a bubblebath, her iPod on, conjugating Italian out loud with delight.

PAN OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM -- where Delia, holding Jack, picking up toys, eavesdrops, thinking she's nuts.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET -- DAY

LIZ

You're sick of me. I'll start looking for a place --

DELIA

Liz we love having you. I'm trying to address the fact that you're beginning a new life, you're a writer. You need a real project you can sink your teeth into.

LIZ

Well what about a book about a woman who runs off to Italy to learn Italian? I could call it Carbohydrates and Conjugations -- A Divorcee's Guide to Rome.

They have arrived at A SMALL DOWNTOWN THEATER. They enter.

INT. DOWNTOWN THEATER -- LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

LIZ

Maybe she takes a lover. Or two.

They slowly move with a sold-out house into the theater.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON DAVID PICCOLO AND A WOMAN

Face to face, the woman has Liz's long curly hair.

DAVID

I think I'm falling in love with you.

He leans in to kiss her. Just before their lips meet, she turns and addresses us. She's very funny and wry.

WOMAN

Here's what he doesn't know yet --
I disappear into the person I love.
I am the permeable membrane. If I
love you you can have it all: my
money, my time, my body, my dog, my
dog's money, my dog's time...

We hear spontaneous audience laughter. WIDEN TO REVEAL:

INT. DOWNTOWN THEATER -- OPENING NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

As David and the WOMAN are playing this scene onstage, on a charming set. It's opening night and the audience loves the audacity of her rant. SPOT LIZ, sitting with Delia and her husband ANDY, she is watching intently, both delighted and uncomfortable, it's so clearly her up there.

WOMAN

If I love you I will carry all your
pain, I will assume your debts, and
project upon you all sorts of fine
qualities that you have never
actually cultivated in yourself.
Oh. And I will buy Christmas
presents for your entire family.

Laughter reaches a raucous peak as...

WOMAN

I will give you all this and more
until I am so exhausted and
depleted that the only way I can
recover is by becoming infatuated
with someone else.

INT. THEATER -- LATER

Applause as the actors come up from their bow: David looks up and out, his eyes meet Liz's as she claps wildly.

Their eye contact is electric.

INT. THEATER LOBBY -- LATER

The reception. Cheese, wine in plastic glasses. In front of a poster (THE PERMEABLE MEMBRANE, by David Piccolo based on stories by Elizabeth Gilbert) David is surrounded by well-wishers.

Liz is there, engaged in conversation as well, but her eyes go back to David. Finally he breaks away and approaches her.

DAVID

No comment? You're making me nervous.

LIZ

But you've been surrounded by fans...

DAVID

But you're the author, the only one who matters.

LIZ

(the truth)

Honestly? It unnerved me. It's unnerving when someone who's almost a complete stranger sees you more clearly than you see yourself.

David studies her, then leans in. Sexily, in her ear --

DAVID

It'd be cool to be your mirror, Elizabeth Gilbert.

Off Liz, infatuated --

INT. DAVID'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- NIGHT -- SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

TIGHT on a BEAUTIFUL PALM-SIZED STATUE OF an elephant -- GANESH, the remover of obstacles. Liz is examining it. She puts it back on his shelf, David touches her face. A moment.

He strikes a match, lights candles in several votive holders, the light illuminates a PHOTO of a MESMERIZING INDIAN WOMAN in orange robes, and a red third eye.

Liz is drawn to the photo of the woman. As David lights incense --

LIZ

She's so beautiful...

DAVID

She's my spiritual teacher.

LIZ

And what does that mean exactly? She comes over a few evenings a week and reveals to you the great mysteries?

DAVID

She teaches me to see God in myself. She has tens of thousands of students, most of whom have never met her face-to-face.

LIZ

Have you?

DAVID

No. But she has an Ashram in India and I want to go.

(then --)

There's a gathering every Tuesday night, I'll take you sometime -- if you're not 'unnerved' by several hundred people meditating and chanting in Sanskrit.

David picks up her hair and begins kissing her neck.

LIZ

I want to be unnerved...

She catches her breath, turns to him. They make love, looking into each other's eyes. Candles burn and incense makes sexy lazy circles as we BEGIN MONTAGE...of the birth of a romance.

INT. DAVID'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- DAYS LATER

Liz is moving in. She has suitcases and garbage bags full of stuff, David carries in several boxes of books. They stand there, awkward and wondering how this can possibly work.

INT. VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT -- DAY

Liz exits the ladies room. She looks around, heads to the table. David exits a few beats after her. It's clear they've just had amazing sex.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK -- DAY

Dogs run around. An ACAPELLA GROUP sings doo-wop. A HIPPIE JUGGLER rides on his partner's shoulders on a unicycle. REVEAL David, perched on a bench with his guitar, singing an uninhibited acoustic version of Radiohead's "I'm A Creep" as Liz and an amused crowd watches. She finds him young and foolish but at the same time thrillingly brash and adorable.

He's a free soul. It's what she wants to be.

INT. LAUNDROMAT -- DAY

David takes Liz's laundry out of the dryer and folds each piece with care. Liz watches this amazing sight. So does an OLDER SINGLE GAL who is folding her own laundry.

OLDER SINGLE GAL
How long you love birds been
together?

LIZ
Nine weeks, three days.

He brings her intimates over in a perfect pile.

DAVID
Your underwear, my queen.

Liz turns to the older single gal.

LIZ
Can you believe it? A guy just
folded my delicates.

As the older single gal gathers her laundry to leave --

OLDER SINGLE GAL
Baby, you are in so much trouble.

Hear chanting...

INT. MEDITATION ROOM -- LATER

They chant in a large group, a song-like chant, "Om Namah Shivaya." Someone plays the harmonium; "swamis" in orange robes sit in front by a throne. On the throne a picture of THE GURU sits, surrounded by flowers. It's so harmonious, we should feel like the room could levitate.

Find Liz and David among the chanters, eyes closed. Liz opens her eyes and stares at the photo of the GURU. The eyes of the Guru are mesmerizing, Liz is captivated by her gaze.

INT. DAVID'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- NIGHT

They stare at each other in bed, faces close.

DAVID
I had no idea I could feel so
fucking close to someone.

LIZ
Let's go to India together...

DAVID

I can't afford a ticket to India.

LIZ

I can.

She moves closer and spoons him. On his face we see a flicker of nervousness about their lack of parity as the FALLING IN LOVE MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Liz and her divorce lawyer ANDREA SHAPIRO, 40, sit in a cold, perfectly appointed room a million miles above the city. Stephen and HIS LAWYER are across from them.

STEPHEN'S LAWYER

My client is simply not interested in a divorce.

ANDREA

And what would it take to interest your client?

LIZ

Don't you want another life, Stephen -- a real one with someone who wants all the things you want?

STEPHEN

I had that with you. Once upon a time you wanted all those things. I took vows. Till death. I take them seriously. This is just...
(a long beat)
...a phase.

He leans forward, impassioned.

STEPHEN

I think I've been a good husband to you. I never said no to one of your trips, you've always been free to do whatever you wanted.

LIZ

But you were always waiting, Stephen. Waiting for me to come home, to change. I tried, but I could never be the person you wanted me to be.

(then)

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

I just never had the guts to say it out loud.

STEPHEN

Frankly, I think I'm one of the few men who is capable of dealing with the confusion about who you are and what you want.

LIZ

Why can't you just admit that you don't want to live in unhappiness anymore?

(beat, getting angry)

Okay, how about this -- I'll take all the blame. It wasn't a complicated relationship where we both failed to make one another happy, you were stellar.

We begin to SLOW PUSH IN on Liz as her pain escalates.

LIZ

I'm the abject failure, I'm the one who just couldn't deal anymore with the weekends spent roaming the aisles of some box-shaped superstore of our choice, buying even more appliances on credit. Without you, yes, I will be doomed to a lonely life with my nine thousand cats. Is that what you want? Now can I go?

We PULL OUT from Liz and realize we have moved to --

INT. DELIA'S LOFT -- NIGHT

...where David, Delia and her husband Andy are listening to her bravura recounting of her lawyer office meltdown. She takes a huge gulp of wine and looks at her audience.

David is mesmerized by her energy and power. He loves it, but he's frightened of it as well. Delia breaks the tension.

DELIA

So where do things stand now?

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE -- DAY

ANDREA

We're prepared to offer half of everything, including the house, my client's retirement accounts and half of her future earnings.

Stephen's lawyer looks at him. Stephen's eyes are full of wounded rage. He shakes his head. Over which we hear:

LIZ (V.O.)

Take it all then. Everything.

INT. DELIA'S LOFT -- NIGHT

LIZ

And my left toes and all my unborn children. He still said no. It's awful to have someone you spent a decade with hate you so much.

David has been taking this in, deeply affected by so many aspects of it -- her charisma, her anger, her wit.

DAVID

He doesn't hate you. His heart is broken. You're a lot to lose.

The room stops. It's a powerful admission of his feelings.

AT THE ELEVATOR -- LATER

A moment alone between the two friends as David and Andy are involved in a spirited conversation about baseball.

LIZ

I wish you'd come with us, you'd love chanting, it purifies you.

Delia takes a beat, she doesn't want to hurt Liz, but --

DELIA

Liz, remember a couple of years ago how you threw yourself into the renovation of that kitchen? You were completely consumed with being the perfect wife and cook.

LIZ

I was trying to make it work. For Stephen.

DELIA

I feel like all this chanting and meditating stuff is the same thing in a different costume -- obsession.

Before Liz can answer Delia, David and Andy come up. The elevator door opens and Liz and David enter. Liz notices Andy looking at them, he's chuckling to himself.

LIZ

What?

ANDY

Nothing. It's just...you used to look like Stephen, but now you look like David.

She and David look at each other and in the same moment realize that yeah, they do: they're both wearing hemp.

It's unsettling. Andy grows nervous, realizing he's said the wrong thing.

ANDY

What I meant was, you know how some people look like their dogs?

The elevator door closes on everyone's stiff smiles --

INT. DAVID'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Liz comes out of the bathroom as David moves to the bed. She leans in and kisses him. Sensing something:

LIZ

What?

DAVID

I just want to go to sleep -- I promised myself I'd get back to meditation every morning at five. I stopped when you moved in.

LIZ

I never made you stop.

Silence. She gets into bed, moves very close to him. He lies very still. This fills her with terror. She moves to touch him, to connect. With patient kindness --

DAVID

Babe -- we can't have sex every night. Don't you wanna gimme a chance to miss you?

He turns off the light. She is left in the dark. Struggling with what feels to her like a giant rejection.

INT. DAVID'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- DAWN

Liz sips tea on the bed, watching David as he sits in a corner, wearing his iPod and meditating; he seems a million miles away. She is overcome with loneliness.

She turns her attention to something on the bed: her BOX filled with years of travel clippings and articles.

Liz rifles through the box as David continues to zone. A dog-eared TRAVEL BOOK on Bali captures her attention.

She opens it. Ketut Liyer's forgotten DRAWING falls out into her lap. As Liz stares at the androgynous figure with a smiling face drawn over its heart, we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DELIA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Liz paces in front of Delia, a manic whirlwind.

LIZ

I get it, Delia. I didn't get it when you first said it, but now I get it. Since high school I have been chasing a guy, falling in love with a guy, running away from a guy, crying over a guy, even choosing between two guys...

DELIA

(dry)

I think it started in junior high to be honest.

LIZ

Right. You're right. I need to find out who the hell I am. I can't expect to make another relationship work until I figure out a way to have a relationship with myself. I'm not getting any younger, it's twelve months out of my life...

DELIA

Whoa, slow down. You want to take off an entire year? And go where?

LIZ

Bali.

DELIA

You've been there, you did that piece on yoga retreats.

LIZ

I don't want to write a piece, I want to live there. For four months, just like the medicine man said I would.

(then, nervously)

But before that, I want to go to the Guru's Ashram in India. I heard her speak and I just about came out of my skin, she's so powerful. I need spiritual guidance, Delia.

DELIA

Or a really good antidepressant. You don't need a passport to escape, honey. Celexa's fantastic --

LIZ

And I want to go to Italy. Ever since I started learning Italian in your bathtub, it's been like this tiny little promise of happiness every time I open a dictionary.

(then, more excited)

I've been on David's diet of no sex and kale for months. Italians are the world's experts in beauty and pleasure, so I'm going to eat beautiful food and learn to speak as much Italian as possible.

Delia takes a moment, then with real compassion --

DELIA

What's going on with you and David?

Liz turns toward the window as we HEAR AN ALARM.

INT. DAVID'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

David slaps off his alarm clock, sits up and notices Liz is not there. As he gets out of bed, he sees her on a palette of towels on the floor, her face red from a night of tears.

DAVID

Christ. What now, Elizabeth?!

LIZ

Lying beside you is just too...
It's been weeks since you touched
me, David.

DAVID

You're scaring me, sleeping on the
floor, like a dog. I can't do this
anymore!

LIZ

Neither can I! I don't know how to
be here.

DAVID

You want to know how to be here?
Stop constantly *waiting* for
something! I need some goddamn
personal space!

LIZ

You need more personal space than a
herd of American bison!

He takes a beat, realizes he's being too cruel.

DAVID

It's a small place and I'm used to
being on my own, what can I say.

LIZ

I moved out of a four bedroom house
and an eight year marriage to share
this tiny space with you, at your
invitation! I need a little help
here!

He sits down, takes her hand. The anger melts to sadness.

LIZ

How did this happen to us? We're
miserable.

INT. DELIA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Liz turns back to the room, decides not to share this memory.

LIZ

He just needs a chance to miss me.

DELIA

You jumped in so quickly, you didn't give yourself a moment...

LIZ

When your soulmate shows up out of the blue, you don't say 'sorry, kind sir, please come back when it's more convenient!'

DELIA

You have a promising enviable career, so much support here, why run away from your life? It just seems irresponsible.

LIZ

I think living my life in a state of panic and sadness is irresponsible. Who is served by that? How does that enrich the world, or the people around me that I love? If I'm blessed with the freedom, is it really so crackpot to take a little time to solve the puzzle of one's life?

Delia knows how headstrong Liz is, how she throws herself into everything with no caution. Part of her wishes she could do the same thing, even though it terrifies her.

DELIA

Can you afford a year of wanderlust?

LIZ

I won't have anything left, but I don't care.

Off Delia, concerned about this radical plan --

INT. STORAGE BUILDING -- DAY

A unit is open, furniture, clothes, boxes are all stuffed into it as Liz closes the door and the GUY gives her the key.

LIZ
 (shook up)
 My whole life fits into a twelve
 foot square box. Wow.

STORAGE GUY
 You know how many times I hear that
 in a day? And most of 'em never
 come back for their 'whole lives.'
 We end up sellin' most of this crap
 on e-Bay.

And as he closes the door on Liz's old life --

INT. UPPER NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE AUDITORIUM -- DAY

Liz (in glasses) reads to a group of COLLEGE WRITING STUDENTS
 from her latest writing -- it's deeply personal. She looks
 thinner, paler. She's a big deal in this room.

LIZ
 'It begins when the object of your
 adoration bestows upon you a heady,
 hallucinogenic dose of something
 you never even dared to admit you
 wanted -- an emotional speedball of
 thunderous love and excitement.
 Soon you start craving that
 attention with the hungry obsession
 of any junkie. When it's withheld,
 you turn sick, crazy -- not to
 mention resentful of the dealer who
 encouraged this addiction in the
 first place but who now refuses to
 pony up the good stuff anymore,
 goddamn him, and he used to give it
 to you for free. Next stage finds
 you skinny, shaking in a corner,
 certain only that you'd sell your
 soul just to have that thing one
 more time. Meanwhile, the object of
 your adoration is now repulsed by
 you. He looks at you like you're
 someone he's never met before, not
 someone he once loved with passion.
 The irony is, you can hardly blame
 him. I mean, check yourself out.
 You're a mess, unrecognizable even
 to your own eyes.

(pause, then stark)
 So that's it.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

You have now reached infatuation's
final destination -- the complete
and merciless devaluation of self.'

She looks up. By their faces we see that the room is blown
away by her prose, the universal familiarity of the feelings.

EXT. CAMPUS -- AFTERNOON -- LATER

Liz and Delia walk towards the parking lot as an autumn wind
kicks up and leaves swirl and fall.

LIZ

I almost lost it at one point.

DELIA

That rawness is exactly where they
live. I can think of a number of
magazines that would love a piece
from you on romantic obsession...

LIZ

It's a journal entry, chicken
scratchings. I don't know what I
want to write.

She pauses, suddenly anxious.

LIZ

Oh my god, what if Stephen doesn't
sign the papers and I have to stay
here for months and go to court?
(desperate)
I wish I could just petition God.

DELIA

And why can't you? Aren't you into
the praying thing lately?

LIZ

You can't pray for something you
just want. You pray for God's will
to be revealed.

DELIA

For Christsakes, if Christ -- or
whomever it is up there in the sky
-- doesn't like your idea, he's not
gonna jump on board anyway. You
have nothing to lose.

This philosophy resonates with Liz as they get into her car.

INT. DELIA'S CAR -- LATER

Liz has her computer on her lap, she's typing furiously as Delia drives back to the city.

LIZ

(reading aloud)

'Dear God -- I realize you are busy with wars and tragedies and much larger conflicts than the ongoing dispute of one dysfunctional, mismatched couple.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DUSK

Lights glow from windows of suburban houses as the car travels. Over which her voice continues:

LIZ (V.O.)

'But it is my understanding that the health of the planet is affected by every individual on it. As long as even two souls are locked in conflict, the whole of the world is contaminated by it.

INT. DELIA'S CAR -- DUSK

LIZ

(still reading)

'Similarly, if even one or two souls can be free from discord, this could increase the general health of the whole world, the way a few healthy cells can increase the general health of the body.

Delia is impressed. Liz is having fun with this.

LIZ (CONT'D)

'It is my humble request, then, that you help us end this conflict, so that two more people can have the chance to become free and healthy, and so there will be just a little less bitterness in a world that is already far too troubled by suffering. Respectfully, Elizabeth M. Gilbert.'

DELIA

I'm not God, but you can put my name down. Who else'd sign?

LIZ
 My mother and father. And sister.
 Everyone in my family, I think.
 Everyone in Stephen's family...

The car passes an AGING HIPPIE with a parrot on his shoulder,
 changing a tire.

DELIA
 St. Francis of Assisi just signed.

They laugh. As their car pulls away into the horizon --

LIZ (V.O.)
 And my Guru just signed...and Joan
 of Arc and my fourth grade teacher,
 Ms. Carpenter...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/INT. DELIA'S CAR -- NIGHT

Delia drives, Liz is napping. Liz's eyes flutter open.

LIZ
 Michael J. Fox just signed it.

She goes back to sleep.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE -- LATER

As the car crosses the bridge, hear a PHONE RING. Liz is
 still napping, her cell phone is on the dashboard. Delia
 looks at it. Liz awakes, stoned from her nap. The two women
 look at each other, Liz answers the phone. In a whisper:

LIZ
 Hello?

INT. STEPHEN'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

STEPHEN
 I just signed the papers. And I
 never want to talk to you again.

He hangs up. Liz absorbs the bittersweet news. And as we HOLD
 on her face...

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE -- NIGHT

...the car speeds into darkness.

INT. JFK -- DAY

Liz and David hold hands as they walk toward security. Liz is a wreck about saying goodbye to him. There are so many unknowns.

DAVID

Do you know how jealous I am?
That's the thing about being a
starving actor...you never live out
your dreams except on stage. I'd
kill to be you, to travel the
world. You're my hero baby, it's so
fucking cool what you're doing.

Yeah, but what's the bottom line? She tries to be casual:

LIZ

So, we haven't talked about us. I
mean, us while I'm away.
(testing him)
Do you think we should call this a
break, see other people?

DAVID

We love each other. If it's meant
to be, it's meant to be. Don't go
into this with worries and
obligations, let yourself have the
adventure of a lifetime.

He's right, but it wasn't the answer she wanted.

LIZ

What the hell am I doing? I don't
know a single person in Rome...

DAVID

Liz. You could make friends with
dead people. You could make friends
with that guy's backpack.
(then)
What?

LIZ

Kiss me goodbye, I can't look at
you another second or I won't get
on that plane.

He kisses her. She tears herself away, turns and walks away. She hands her boarding pass to the guy at the gate without looking back. Then she takes off at a run towards the aircraft and we MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ROME TRATTORIA -- DAY

A WAITER, in a flurry of nervous pressure, rushes across the room to Liz's table. Glasses are in the air, the atmosphere is festive and merlot-dosed. Liz sits at the head, she is with her Italian posse: Sofi, Giovanni, LUCA SPAGHETTI, and a couple, MARIA and GIULIO. David was completely right, she's proven efficient at making friends.

WAITER

(whipping out his notepad;
in Italian, subtitled)

You know what you want?

Giovanni sits next to Liz, he opens his mouth to do the ordering, Liz puts her hand on him. She'll do it.

And she does...entirely in Italian, with no menu and utter confidence. (The entire conversation continues in Italian, subtitled.)

LIZ

For the table, a big platter of
carciofi all giudia Carbonara, then
pappardelle con il ragu del
coniglio, orecchiette con
guanciale, melanzana e ricotta
affumicato; bucatini
all'Amatraciana, linguine con
vongole, e trippa alla romana...

(and then)

Oh, and two more liters of the vino
sfuso from Genzano.

The waiter leaves, Liz beams.

GIOVANNI

Liz Gilbert, you are a Roman woman
now!

LIZ

Only honorary.

(then)

That's a Roman woman.

A jewelry-sodden, 40-something WOMAN clip-clops by on four-inch heels, desperately trying to keep up with a fancy little dog on a gem-studded leash. She wears a tight skirt and sunglasses resembling race cars.

LIZ

She's never, not even for ten
minutes, not worn mascara.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

I'm her opposite. I'm from what my sister calls the "Stevie-Nicks-Goes-to-Yoga-Class-in-Her-Pajamas" school of fashion.

GIOVANNI

Maybe you and Rome just have different words...

SOFI

Different words?

GIOVANNI

The secret to understanding a city and its people is to understand -- what is the word of the street?

GIULIO

Simple. The word for Rome is sex!

Giovanni agrees, he is delighted, they high five one another.

GIOVANNI

Exactly -- exactly!!!

JUMP CUTS AS EVERYONE IS EATING NOW. CLOSE on plates, glistening with deliciousness. An orgy of eating and drinking: twirling pasta into a spoon, ripping off pieces of bread, feeding one another, as the conversation continues....

As she notices Giovanni feeding Sofi the way he fed her at the beginning of their friendship. She feels a slight pang.

LIZ

Surely there are some people in Rome thinking about other things than sex.

GIULIO

No. All day every day. Sex.

Everyone acknowledges this is so true.

SOFI

What's the word for New York?

LIZ

ACHIEVE. What about Stockholm?

SOFI

CONFORM. And Naples?

GIOVANNI

FIGHT. What's your word, Liz?

She thinks. It's hard.

LIZ

I don't know...I'm not sure what my life is. I thought it was one thing and now...I'm sure you've been there.

GIOVANNI

Been where?

LIZ

A painful time...? It's almost like a place on a map. And you can't imagine that you'll ever find your way to a different 'place.'

The vibe at the table changes, turns suddenly intimate.

MARIA

Sadness is definitely a place.

GIULIO

Some people live there for years.

LIZ

(taking a huge bite)

Maybe my word is GLUTTONY. When I get to India I hope it'll become DEVOTION.

GIOVANNI

No no. Only one word. Wherever you go, it goes with you.

LIZ

(braving it in Italian)

I guess I'm...

(a struggle)

...sono donna alla ricerca della sua parola --

(in English)

A woman in search of her word.

INT. LIZ'S ROME APARTMENT -- DAY

Liz unrolls her yoga mat. A slight whisper of dust rolls off it, she hasn't used it since she arrived.

She stares at it, biting her lip, searching for the discipline. And as a slow naughty grin spreads across her face, we HEAR an Italian dialtone, a ring, and then:

LIZ (V.O.)
Sofi, Liz. Let's go to Naples and
get pizza.

EXT. TRAIN STATION -- NAPLES -- DAY

The sign says NAPOLI as Liz and Sofi step out into the wild, raucous and dirty city of Naples. Crossing the street as people yell at one another, the accent and the gestures make everything obvious. Undershirts and brassieres flap in the wind. A TOOTHLESS WOMAN peers suspiciously from her window.

As they cross the street a SEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL on the back of a motorbike flips them the finger and a smile.

LIZ
(interpreting to Sofi)
Listen lady I'm only seven but I
can tell you're a complete moron
'cause I'm from Naples!!! Ciao!

EXT. PIZZERIA DA MICHELE -- A LITTLE LATER

Through the window we see the MEN shovelling pizzas in and out of the wood-burning stove looking like red-faced boilermen in the belly of a ship.

Neapolitans shove their way through the door as if looking for space on a lifeboat. Liz and Sofi join the fray, eyeing two MARGHERITA PIES moving through the restaurant.

SOFI
Do you really think they make the
best pizza in the world?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROME TRAIN STATION -- FLASHBACK

Giovanni is with Liz and Sofi, he presses an address into Liz's hand, as if handing off a CIA secret.

GIOVANNI
Go to this pizzeria, they make the
best pies on the planet. Order the
Margherita pizza with double
mozzarella and if you go somewhere
else, lie to me later and tell me
you went there anyway.

INT. PIZZERIA DA MICHELE -- BACK AT THE TABLE

The pies end up in front of the girls. We pornographically view the pizzas, and Liz and Sofi's consumption of them, which is difficult at best as the gummy crust folds over and the tomato sauce that's turned pink and foamy from the hot melting buffalo mozzarella.

This is what bliss looks like. Sofi is near tears.

SOFI

Why do they even bother trying to make pizza in Stockholm? Why do we even bother eating food at all in Stockholm?

LIZ

I love my pizza. I am having a relationship with this pizza.

They laugh. Then --

LIZ

It's really not funny, you know. I haven't exercised once since I've been here, I'm not eating enough fiber, not taking vitamins.

(another voracious bite)

I'm calling this my "No Carb Left Behind" tour.

SOFI

You needed to put on some pounds, Liz. When you first got here, you were so skinny, so sad. Now look at you.

EXT. NAPLES LINGERIE STORE -- FLASHFORWARD

Sexy intimates made of luxurious fabrics abound. Liz and Sofi stare in the window, tempted. In the glass, Liz catches a glimpse of her own reflection. She sees looking back at her a bright-eyed, clear-skinned healthy face.

SOFI (V.O.)

You look happy.

Liz starts to walk away, Sofi pulls her back.

LIZ

We've got a train to catch.

SOFI
Not for forty-five minutes.

Sofi devilishly pulls a resistant Liz into the store as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. STADIO OLIMPICO -- DAY -- LATER

Soccer's the second religion in Italy, this stadium is the church. Instead of hymns, it's a wall of sound: chant-like singing, roaring in unison, screaming at the players -- it's ritualistic worship. This is no Yankees game -- it's pure, unbridled *passione*.

On the field, "Lazio" -- Giovanni's team -- is playing. He's met them here and is wearing a sky-blue Lazio jersey. Liz watches it all, rapt. She and Sofi stick out wildly, they are the only women in the stadium. Next to her, an OLD MAN yells.

OLD MAN
(as if to his beloved son)
*Dai, dai, dai...va bene, va bene,
perfetto bravo bravo...*

LIZ
(to Giovanni)
I love this guy.
(turning to him, in
Italian, subtitled)
Excuse me, what's his name -- the
one you're screaming at?

OLD MAN
(In Italian, subtitled)
The best! Albertini, he's the one!
*Dai! Via! Via! Nella porta!
Eccola, eccola!*

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NAPLES LINGERIE STORE -- FLASHBACK

Liz peruses the sexiest lingerie in the world. Her eyes land on one truly beautiful piece, an IRIS BLUE SATIN TEDDY. The intense femininity of this place is at wild odds with...

EXT. STADIO OLIMPICO -- DAY

The crowd is going nuts and Liz is really getting into it.

OLD MAN

*Mio bravo ragazzo, caro mio,
eccola!*

Albertini gets the ball.

LIZ

(it flies out of her)
Eccola!

As Albertini falters, both Liz and the old man react along with Giovanni and the entire stadium.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Noooo!

OLD MAN

(subtitled 'Go fuck
yourself, sonofabitch!')
VAFFANCULO! FIGLIO DI MIGNOTTA!

Liz thrills as he continues yelling at his favorite.

INT. NAPLES LINGERIE STORE -- DAY

Liz is alone in the dressing room looking at herself in the iris blue teddy.

EXT. STADIO OLIMPICO -- DAY

An explosion of sound and action. The old man assumes she's one of the guys, a kindred spirit, and Liz loves it.

OLD MAN

('You don't have a heart,
you're a faker!')
*NON HAI UN CUORE, ALBERTINI! FAI
FINTA!*

Albertini gets the ball back, it's tense, everything's on the line, the whole stadium is coaxing him.

LIZ

(excited, 'Yes, yes, there
you go, beautiful')
Si si si, eccola, bello...

Albertini kicks and...

The ball is intercepted by the goalie. The fans are furious. Liz and the old man are in an absolute rage.

OLD MAN
VAFFANCULO!!!!

LIZ
VAFFANCULO!!!!

Giovanni regards her like a proud papa. Then --

OLD MAN
(Oh My God, why? Why?)
Perche? Perche?

The word strangely resonates with her.

INT. NAPLES LINGERIE STORE -- THE COUNTER -- DAY

Liz puts down her sexy purchase. And realizes there's no one to wear it for.

LIZ
Perche...

SOFI
For you, Liz. Just for you.

The salesgirl sees Liz's hesitation. A beat, then --

LIZ
I'm going to think about it.
Thanks.

Liz exits the shop without purchasing the lingerie.

EXT. LIZ'S ROME APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON -- LATER

Giovanni's little convertible pulls up and Liz gets out.

LIZ
The diet starts tomorrow.

GIOVANNI
No, no tomorrow we take Mama to my
cousin in Perugia, he's already
started cooking for the weekend.

Liz sees them holding hands, suddenly she realizes she's the odd man out. They realize it too, and feel badly for her.

GIOVANNI
Would you like to join us, Liz?

LIZ
 (covering)
 No, you guys go have fun, I'll be
 fine. I want to practice my
 Italian.

SOFI
 You won't be lonely?

Liz is silent. The question resonates.

EXT. CAR -- SECONDS LATER

Giovanni and Sofi wave at Liz standing on the curb as they drive off. Liz stands there for a moment. A look of determination crosses her face -- no, she will not be lonely. It's a choice.

She turns and walks for a bit. And then stops.

In front of her: another CHIC LINGERIE STORE.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ'S ROME APARTMENT -- THE NEXT DAY

QUICK CUTS: Liz kicks off her jeans with excitement, reaches in a pink bag and pulls out a stunning BURGUNDY SILK CAMISOLE and MATCHING UNDERWEAR.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROMAN MARKET -- SATURDAY MORNING

Liz, clearly cooking up a plan, sips on a delicious cappuccino as she peruses an array of fresh choices:

Fruits and vegetables of every kind, stalls selling baked goods, etc.

Liz runs her fingers over a bunch of fresh bright green asparagus. She picks them up, inspects them, hands them to AN OLD ROMAN WOMAN WHO smiles, then snaps them in half.

INT. LIZ'S ROME APARTMENT -- LATER THAT AFTERNOON

The asparagus is dunked into a pot of boiling water.

EXT. ROMAN MARKET -- EARLIER

Liz has the asparagus in a bag, she turns to leave. The Old Woman summons her back. She generously holds out a PERFECT PEACH, waving for her to take it for nothing.

FRUIT LADY
Nessuna carica...

LIZ
 (touched by the gesture)
Grazie.

INT. LIZ'S ROME APARTMENT -- LATER

In the kitchen area, Liz, barefoot and wearing the expensive underwear *for herself*, finishes making a perfect lunch for one.

She takes the asparagus out of the water, bites into a crunchy stalk: it's heaven.

She arranges with great care her booty from her afternoon on a plate: a few olives, several rounds of goat cheese and a slice of fresh pink salmon.

A still life. She stands back, regards it like an artist, then reaches for her phrase book, rifles through it, then finds the phrase she wants:

LIZ
 (subtitled: 'a still life
 painting')
Una pittura di vita tranquilla...

IN A PATCH OF SUNLIGHT ON THE FLOOR -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

We see the sensual pleasure of each bite as Liz sits on the wooden floor, enjoying her still life lunch for one.

She feels at great ease with herself. The grace, the beauty, the pleasure she is allowing herself to feel -- a *lack of self-consciousness* -- begins to envelop her, transform her.

She turns the pages of an Italian newspaper, learning more Italian words.

Liz leans her head back, allowing her eyes to close...

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- FLASHBACK

David sits down next to Liz. They are at the end of the fight we saw earlier. She looks up at him, depleted and exhausted.

LIZ
 How did this happen to us? We're
 miserable.

DAVID

(after a beat)

What if we just acknowledge that we have a fucked up relationship...and we stick it out anyway? What if we admit we fight a lot and hardly ever have sex anymore, but we can't live without each other. Then we could spend our lives together -- in misery. But happy not to be apart.

She looks at him. He rests his head against hers as they wordlessly surrender to this massive compromise and we hear:

LIZ (V.O.)

Dear David...

EXT. COZY ROMAN CAFE -- SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER

From across the street, A SLOW PUSH IN ON LIZ at a table, as she types an email on her computer.

LIZ (V.O.)

We haven't had any communication in a while, and it's given me time I needed to think. About myself. About us. Remember when you said we should live with each other and be unhappy so we could be happy?

INT. CAFE -- NIGHT

We reach Liz now. Typing as --

LIZ (V.O.)

Consider it a testimony to how much I love you that I spent so long pouring myself into that offer, trying to make it work. But...

She stops, how to say this?

LIZ (V.O.)

I have had some happiness of late -- unexpected, ordinary, authentic happiness. It's helped me understand that neither one of us deserves anything less. So...

Liz holds her breath, this is really the hard part.

CLOSE ON HER SCREEN. We read along, in stark letters.

LIZ (V.O.)

If you want to look for another partner in your life, you have nothing but my blessings. I love you. Liz.

Her hand comes into the frame, shaking slightly as it hovers over the SEND button. And then she hits it.

Liz drops her face in her hands. Finally, she looks up to see that one of the ALBANIAN WOMEN who works here has paused from her night-shift floor mopping to lean against the wall. The two women hold their tired gazes for a moment, then:

LIZ

This blows ass.

The woman nods sympathetically. A CAR HORN BEEPS. Giovanni is here to pick her up for their language lesson.

INT. GIOVANNI'S CAR -- NIGHT

Liz climbs in. Giovanni smiles at her.

GIOVANNI

Ciao bella, what's up?

Liz opens her mouth to respond and instead of words a sob sneaks out, and then another...a literal grief-quake.

GIOVANNI

(in English)

Is it me? Do I come late?

She shakes her head. For a moment he's simply the young boy he is -- frightened by all this.

LIZ

No it's me, I'm so sorry...

GIOVANNI

Do not apologize for crying, Liz. Without this emotion, we are only robots.

Her palms are pressed into her eyes, trying to push the tears back in. After a few beats, she tries to say something.

LIZ

I just...I...

GIOVANNI

Parla come magni. Speak the way you eat. You know, like food. Just lay it on the table. It's the Italian way.

LIZ

It's about a love story, Giovanni. I had to say goodbye to someone today.

GIOVANNI

(slowly, kindly)
I understand. I have been there.

INT. LIZ'S ROME APARTMENT -- NIGHT -- LATER

The rattle of the key in the lock. Liz enters, Giovanni behind her.

LIZ

Thank you. For everything.

GIOVANNI

You are welcome.

LIZ

How about a glass of wine? I could use one.

She goes to the cupboard, takes out two glasses and a bottle. When she turns around, Giovanni is right there.

He moves in to kiss her, but she stops him.

LIZ

Giovanni...

GIOVANNI

You know I'm fond of Sofi, but I've always had feelings for you, Liz.

She's stunned. He was attracted to her all along.

GIOVANNI

Maybe I can take your mind off your unhappiness. Just for tonight...

(then)

Attraversiamo...

She hesitates, but she can't resist. He leans in and kisses her. It's tender and sexy.

LIZ

I wanted you to do that so many times...

GIOVANNI

Why didn't you say so?

It's about to get really intense. She reaches deep inside.

LIZ

No Giovanni. Sofi's my friend. And I made a promise to myself, to be celibate for the next year.

(then)

I'm all right now. Thank you.

GIOVANNI

Buona notte, bella...

Liz just stands there. Her loneliness gives way to something unexpected -- a quiet flush of triumph.

The Eagles' "Take It To The Limit" blares along with other voices singing in charming fragmented Italian as we CUT TO:

EXT. ROMAN COUNTRYSIDE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Giovanni's car drives into the mountains. It's late November and the sun is going down. The light is thin and romantic.

REVEAL in the backseat, Liz and Sofi. In front is a grim creature swathed in old country black -- Giovanni's large mother, RUFFINA. She refuses to join in the singing.

The car ascends higher along harrowing mountain switchbacks; ancient stone aqueducts loom massive and lonely in the distance; HARVESTERS pick olives by hand, with huge nets on stilts to catch the falling bounty before it rolls down the hill; an elderly SHEPHERD tends his flock.

The car pulls up the driveway to an old house hidden in the middle of a grove of lemon trees. Luca (whom we've met in Rome) comes running out, followed by his girlfriend GIULIANA, Maria and Giulio (whom we've also met in Rome) and their twins, CLAUDIA and PAOLA, 12.

The throng adlib festive greetings. Giovanni is quite proud of his Mama, which Liz and Sofi find adorable.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The kitchen is bustling. Liz is in charge of the stuffing. She reads from an email, the conversation is in Italian:

LIZ

Okay, my mom's stuffing: stale
bread, apricots, walnuts, celery...

Everyone hustles to find ingredients.

LUCA

It's my dream -- a real American
Thanksgiving.

GIOVANNI

And the perfect way to say goodbye
to our Liz.

LATER

Liz stands next to Ruffina, who is stuffing clams like she's
been doing it all her life. She watches as Liz cooks, sees
she's no pro. With a bit of judgement, in broken English:

RUFFINA

So you're leaving tomorrow? Where
are you going -- Iran?

LIZ

India. To study meditation.

Ruffina's fish eye says it all.

RUFFINA

You are not married?

LIZ

Divorzato.

RUFFINA

Why?

Sofi nudges Liz, who is now chopping dates. Liz struggles for
the right words, then in subtitled Italian --

LIZ

We broke it.

That just doesn't cut it for Ruffina, she turns to Giovanni
who is draining the pasta on the other side of her. As Liz
moves off to uncork a bottle of wine --

RUFFINA

What's wrong with your friend, is
she a lesbian?

GIOVANNI

No mama. And she understands Italian.

RUFFINA

How's she going to find another husband on the other side of the world?

SOFI

Ruffina, if a man said I'm going to travel for a year, meet wonderful people, have great adventures and search for meaning --

RUFFINA

(interrupting)

But she's not a man.

As Maria dumps the chopped fennel into a bowl --

MARIA

That's right! Think how much more courage it takes if you're a woman...to feel entitled to your own life.

Liz moves back, touched at her friends' robust defense.

RUFFINA

You call it courage, I call it stupidity.

LIZ

I know a number of people who would agree with you. Luca, what time did you put the turkey in?

LUCA

(all innocence)

It's still defrosting.

Liz's face says it all.

LATER THAT NIGHT

At the table, a feast with no turkey. More than enough bottles of Sardinian wine. Everyone is way mellow.

LIZ

It's Thanksgiving, let's give thanks.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)
 (off everyone's confusion)
 Come on. Join hands.

And people begin taking one another's hands.

LIZ
 Sofi, you start. What are you
 grateful for?

SOFI
 I'm grateful for the benevolent
 hearts of all the Italians I've
 met...

And we PAN around the table.

GIULIO
 I thank God for my beautiful
 family...

LUCA
 I thank you all for this new custom
 of celebration and thankfulness...

GIOVANNI
 I thank God for my fantastic
 mother, my Sofi, and for my lesbian
 friend Liz...

Everyone laughs. And now we have reached Liz. They all look
 at her, wait for her to speak. She looks out on the shining
 faces of her new friends. Her eyes brim with emotion.

LIZ
 I thank god because I'm myself
 again, because of all of you.

ON the guests' faces, waiting for her to go on. She raises
 her wine glass.

LIZ
 To old and new friends. You are
 all so beautiful. You fattened me
 up, taught me about the joys of
 pleasure and red meat, I love you
 all.

As glasses clink --

LATER -- DAWN

The party has moved to the floor. Many empty bottles of wine
 and glasses are around; plates brim with clementine peels
 and sections.

Everyone is asleep on the floor, on the sofas, in the big chairs. All of a sudden a BUZZER goes off. Liz wakes up, groggy.

She opens the oven and pulls out a beautifully cooked turkey.

AROUND THE TABLE AGAIN

Luca slices the turkey and hands it around to people on plates, Giuliana serves coffee from the espresso pot, as the last of the feast is celebrated in quiet, silent joy.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- MORNING

The car travels home. We hear the passengers singing "Silent Night" in Italian as it disappears down a hill.

LIZ (V.O.)

True Yogis see everything in the world as a manifestation of God.

INT. MUMBAI AIRPORT -- BAGGAGE CLAIM -- NIGHT

The song continues as we are CLOSE on suitcases tumbling from the chute. Slowly reveal an exhausted Liz AT BAGGAGE CLAIM among the travellers, most of whom are Indians waiting for their baggage. It's madness, a tumble of colors and dirt.

LIZ (V.O.)

Men, women, children, turnips, bedbugs, coral: they're all God in disguise.

Liz hefts her enormous backpack off the conveyor belt and onto her back and starts off. Everywhere, signs in Hindi.

EXT. MUMBAI AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Liz gets into a taxi, telling the driver her destination by holding out a card with an address. The driver shakes his head no. She begs, he refuses, she has to get out.

LIZ (V.O.)

But they also believe a human life is a special opportunity, because only a human mind can grasp the idea of self realization.

She shows the card to another driver, he shakes his head no, but points to another driver in a less appealing vehicle.

EXT. MUMBAI STREETS/INT. TAXI -- NIGHT

Loud Indian popular music blasts in the taxi as it negotiates the streets of the city, teeming with nightlife, poverty...

LIZ (V.O.)

The turnips, the bedbugs, the coral
-- they never get to find out who
they really are. But we have that
chance.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- NIGHT

Liz stares out at the road, sees women in saris walking along the road with bundles of firewood on their heads; a bus with no headlights; an oxcart; giant banyan trees.

EXT. ASHRAM -- NIGHT

The taxi pulls up in front of the Ashram. We hear the opening bars of the morning *arati*, the first morning hymn, a very beautiful and lilting devotional song.

LIZ (V.O.)

But unless you're one of those rare
saints who are born fully
enlightened, you're going to need
some guidance on this path.

Liz pays the driver as a young man, ARTURO (in western clothes and a wool hat) approaches. We do not hear the exchange, but we know he is welcoming her.

LIZ (V.O.)

Which is why pilgrims have
travelled to India seeking
spiritual wisdom for ages. There
are many who say that Jesus Christ
lived and studied here.

EXT./INT. TEMPLE -- NIGHT

Liz takes off her shoes, kneels in an act of respect on the steps, goes inside. She takes a seat among the devotees, who are from every country, age and socio-economic group.

LIZ (V.O.)

I still find myself balking at the
word Guru. But I'm here and I
intend to put aside all the
nervousness and cross-cultural
discomfort and take this ride.

It's a formal space with marble floors. Flowers around the Guru's empty rattan throne. A PHOTO of her sits on the silk cushion. As Liz sits, she is directly across from the men. AN IMPOSING RUGGED-LOOKING MAN in his late 50's opens his eyes with the rustling. He notes her.

LIZ (V.O.)

By the way, the word "Guru" is composed of two Sanskrit syllables. The first means darkness, the second means light. Out of the darkness, and into the light...

The singing continues, we move from face to face, including those seated around the Guru's throne: a western FEMALE HARMONIUM PLAYER in a sari and a YOUNG INDIAN TEENAGER (MADHU) on drums, in a white button-down shirt.

The song being sung is SUBTITLED: *"This is perfect, that is perfect, if you take the perfect from the perfect, perfect still remains..."*

As we hear the last bars of the song, the devotees become quiet, re-arranging themselves in preparation for meditation. The room becomes still but for the sound of breath, a random sneeze or cough, someone adjusting themselves.

Liz closes her eyes, rests her hands on her knees.

CUT AWAY to the walls, huge portraits of the great saints, their faces full of light and inspiration: St. Theresa of Avila, Kabir, Jesus Christ, etc.

BACK ON LIZ: on the floor, asleep. Looking quite peaceful. A harmonium signals the end of formal meditation.

Remain on Liz dozing. After a few moments, feet surround her, people are filing out, meditation is over. Liz wakes up, totally disoriented. She is looking right into the eyes of the imposing man we saw earlier, known from now on as...

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

You're a bit of a road block, sister.

LIZ

I can't believe I fell asleep.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Yeah. Pity you're the only person in the history of the world who ever fell asleep during meditation.

Liz regards him. Would 'fuck you' fly in a temple?

EXT. ASHRAM -- SUNRISE

The sunrise over the Ashram, a majestic sight. Find Liz and SWAMI SHIVANANDA, 60's, taking a tour. Once a nice Jewish boy, he now wears saffron robes while maintaining his New York roots with a dry wit.

QUICK JUMP CUTS as they walk the paths through three or four lushly planted, beautifully maintained tropical gardens. Ancient mango, cashew, banyan and magnolia trees, orchids.

LIZ

Is the Guru here?

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

She's always here.

LIZ

I know. But is she here here?

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

She's at her Ashram in New York.

LIZ

New York? But I came all the way from New York to see her here!

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

Sounds like one of her little tricks.

Liz is heartbroken as they continue the tour, revealing --

INT. MEDITATION CAVE -- DAY

Lit only by an oil lamp.

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

The meditation cave...

A more intimate space than the formal temple. One can feel private and alone here.

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

It's open 24/7 and it's air-conditioned.

Liz regards it, attracted and slightly intimidated by it.

INT. THE KITCHEN -- DAY

Devotees chop vegetables and stir steaming vats.

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

Our food is vegetarian. There are those who claim the lentils are loaded with *shakti*, spiritual energy...

Richard From Texas is seen working, apron on, a bandana holding his hair back. Liz would rather avoid him.

LIZ

Uh huh.
(bites lip, plotting)
Is there a library?

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

A great collection of texts, both modern and ancient, but Liz ignores them as she sits at one of two computer stations.

She's typed in her server and has her email account open.

CLOSE LIZ'S INBOX: 0.

David still hasn't responded.

INT. RESIDENCE CORRIDOR/LIZ'S ROOM -- DAY

Liz and Swami Shivananda enter a monastic, simple studio with two twin beds. Out the far window see rice paddies.

Ultra-serious CORELLA appears from the bathroom -- imagine Tracey Flick from "Election" at an Ashram. She wears a big button that says "I AM IN SILENCE." She makes a little pretentious bow.

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

Corella, this is Liz Gilbert.

Liz nods, smiles.

LIZ

Where'd you get that button?

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

They sell them at the bookstore.

LIZ

I need to get one. That is exactly what I need.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

I've always been little Miss Chatty Kathy according to my sixth grade teacher, and it's time to change it up. I don't want to waste the greatest spiritual opportunity of my life being social the whole time.

(then)

See? I'm rambling. I ramble.

Swami laughs, as Corella makes a superior face that says it's not quite as easy as Liz thinks.

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

Silence is a wonderful spiritual practice, but if Corella could speak she'd tell you it's more challenging than it looks -- you might want to wait until you've been here for awhile.

Liz feels slightly intimidated as Corella leaves. Swami's not one to dish, but he can't resist an explanation.

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

Corella's very serious about her practice. Very serious.

(then)

Why don't you change into work clothes and I'll take you to your seva.

LIZ

Seva?

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

The Hindu word for selfless devotional work -- it's required of everyone who stays here.

Off Liz, we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TEMPLE -- DAY

Liz is on her knees, scrubbing the temple floor. Her expression says it all -- this is not a spa experience. Every few yards someone is scrubbing another section. Most of them are Indian teenagers, gossiping/giggling in Hindi.

Nearby the young man who plays drums is scrubbing. He stands in order to refill his bucket, walks away. His shirt is three sizes too big. As Liz watches him, her eye catches that of the girl to her left -- TULSI, 17. One lens of her glasses is shattered in a spider pattern.

TULSI

(in a lilting Colonial
English)

Is there anything in this world
skinnier than an Indian teenage
boy?

(as Liz laughs)

I'm Tulsi.

LIZ

Liz. Any advice on the best way to
scrub these floors?

TULSI

You must take it seriously, very
seriously. Remember everything you
do, you do for God and the Guru;
everything they do, they do for
you.

LIZ

Where are you from?

TULSI

The next town, my parents have been
devotees of the Guru for many
years, we spend a lot of time here.
(then, conspiratorial)
But they are trying to marry me off
-- that's the custom. Then I won't
be able to come anymore.

LIZ

And that's not what you want?

TULSI

No way -- it sucks! Do you
seriously not know how lucky you
are?

Liz sees that Tulsi is a force to be reckoned with.

LIZ

You're absolutely right. What do
you want?

TULSI

I want to study psychology, just as
our Guru did when she attended
college. And until then, I want to
be here scrubbing temple floors.

(then, with a shrug)

(MORE)

TULSI (CONT'D)

I prefer to be with God than boys my age. It's always been that way and it will never change -- they say 'oh Tulsi, you'll grow out of this,' but I won't, trust me.

LIZ

No one in my family understands my coming all the way to India, they wish I'd just go to the same church they go to.

TULSI

Do you ever look at them and wonder, what am I doing in this family, I don't resemble them one tiny bit?

LIZ

You have no idea.

Liz and Tulsi are instant and unlikely soulmates.

INT. ASHRAM LIBRARY -- DAY

Liz checks her messages: INBOX: 0. She sighs. Over which:

SWAMI SHIVANANDA (V.O.)

It is said that prayer is the act of talking to God, while meditation is the act of listening.

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

Swami Shivananda is giving an informal seminar to interested Ashramites. Liz is present, as are other familiar faces.

LIZ

Guess which comes easier for me.

Some people laugh, Corella, still sporting her SILENCE badge and taking notes, does not approve of Liz's self-deprecation.

SWAMI SHIVANANDA

(acknowledging Liz)

To quote the Bhagavad Gita: "the mind is as difficult to subdue as the wind."

INT. MEDITATION CAVE -- DAY

Liz sits in meditation with a DOZEN other devotees. She is making a huge effort to center herself. We hear her inner voice:

LIZ (V.O.)
Okay, calm the breath, draw your
attention inward. Om Namah
Shivaya, Om Namah Shivaya...

She closes her eyes....

EXT. DOWNTOWN THEATER -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Liz approaches to meet David, late. She slows with alarm as she sees him talking animatedly with A YOUNG PRETTY GIRL, 20, with great breasts. She nears, puts on a big confident smile.

DAVID
Liz, hi, this is --

LIZ
(pointedly)
Elizabeth Gilbert, David's
girlfriend.

An uncomfortable moment.

YOUNG GIRL
Hi, I'm Shannon.

DAVID
We're in scene study together.

LIZ
(too bright)
Fantastic!

YOUNG GIRL
(uncomfortable)
Well, enjoy the play.

She walks off as --

DAVID
That was rude.

LIZ
Are you sleeping with her? She's
your type, young, worshipful...

DAVID
Jesus, Liz, I have friends, okay?
Some of them have vaginas. Stop
being so goddamned insecure, it's
not attractive.

LIZ
You make me insecure.

She takes off down the street. He calls after her.

DAVID
Where are you going?

LIZ
I'm gonna go eat some kale! Shop
for tube tops!

INT. MEDITATION CAVE -- CONTINUOUS

TIGHT: Liz's eyes spring open, that memory was a knife straight to the heart, she tries to shake it off. She resituates herself, closes her eyes again as we HEAR:

STEPHEN (V.O.)
Why would you show up here without
calling?

EXT. LIZ & STEPHEN'S HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- FLASHBACK

Stephen is barbecuing with friends BILL and NANCY -- Liz lost them in the divorce. It's awkward and painful.

LIZ
Hi guys...

NANCY
Hey, sorry I haven't had a chance
to answer your email...

Liz puts her game face on.

LIZ
That's okay, I get it. I'm just
here to pick up some books, I'm
leaving for Rome in a week....

STEPHEN
What happened to the yoga prince?
(off her silence)
I'll send you your books when I get
around to it. Oh right, you don't
have an address.

INT. MEDITATION CAVE -- THE PRESENT

Liz opens her eyes again, shifts her knees so that they're in front of her.

She looks around the room, everyone is still, everyone seems peaceful but her. She closes her eyes again. Rivulets of sweat begin to bead on her brow as --

LIZ (V.O.)
This isn't good for either of us,
Stephen --

INT. LIZ & STEPHEN'S HOUSE -- LIBRARY -- FLASHBACK

Stephen is angrily pulling books off the shelf, throwing them into a box. Liz is straightening them as they land...

LIZ
All this anger and hatred...

His response is rapid and intense -- he whips around and THROWS A BOOK at the wall, Liz ducks as it almost hits her.

STEPHEN
That's all I can feel! I don't know
how to forgive you. I just don't.

EXT. STEPHEN'S HOUSE/INT. DELIA'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Delia is waiting for her. Liz exits the house with the books, gets into the car.

DELIA
Are you all right?

LIZ
I can't breathe...

INT. MEDITATION CAVE -- THE PRESENT

Liz gasps for breath. Sweating, hair matted to her scalp, cheeks flushed, she gets up and runs out as --

TULSI (V.O.)
You never told me you were married!

INT. DINING HALL -- LATER

Liz is doing some two-fisted eating as she sits with Tulsi.

TULSI
I think it is most commendable that
you ended your marriage. You seem
like a such a happy, free person
now!

Liz smiles at the irony, at which point, a tray plops down.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Man, they got mosquitoes here big enough to rape a chicken.

TULSI

Liz, have you met Richard -- from Texas?

LIZ

(food in her mouth)

Hello, Richard From Texas.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Nice to meet you, Groceries.

LIZ

Groceries?

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Yeah, Groceries. Because I've never seen anyone eat so much at one time.

Liz stares at him, his eyes are twinkling with amusement. She swallows her food, primly dabs her mouth with a napkin.

LIZ

You know, it's been a rough day and I hope no one takes it personally if I move over there and finish my disgustingly large meal in silence.

TULSI

No no, stay, I'm done.

She takes off, feeling the tension. Liz stares at Richard, is he really not taking the hint? Nope, he's *staying*.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

You looked like you were workin' through some rough stuff this morning.

(then --)

Stuff with the ex-husband?

He clearly overheard the divorce talk. A beat, there is kindness in his eyes. Maybe he's not a complete asshole.

LIZ

Yeah.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS
I've got an ex. She thinks I
changed my name to Motherfucker.

And Liz laughs, which gives him an in. A beat, then --

RICHARD FROM TEXAS
Who's David?

Liz stares -- who's this guy, a mind-reader?

RICHARD FROM TEXAS
You called out his name in
meditation yesterday.
(off her alarmed look)
It happens.

LIZ
David was...the love of my life.
He's recently become the large zero
I stare at every two hours when I
check my email inbox.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS
Been there as well, Groceries.

LIZ
(so frustrated)
The strange thing is, I just spent
four months in Rome and I arrived
here feeling so great...now it's
like I've suddenly turned into a
teenage girl. Here I am at the
source, and I feel more
disconnected than I ever did.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS
Why did you come here?

The question leaves her vulnerable, emotional.

LIZ
I just want some peace.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS
You want to get to the castle,
Groceries, you've got to swim
across the moat. And guess what --
your moat's got crocodiles, it's a
dangerous mission.
(then)
Better start swimmin'.

The truth seems embarrassing, painful, infuriating. She picks up her tray and walks to the other side of the dining hall where she sits down again, her back to him. As Richard From Texas stares at her with compassion, we CUT TO:

A MONTAGE. Under which we HEAR an intimate conversation.

INT. TEMPLE -- DAY

Liz scrubs her patch of marble with very little enthusiasm. She is wearing knee pads and a back brace.

LIZ (V.O.)

I never should have broken up with David by email. I should have done it by phone, so I could have been the one to hang up.

INT. ASHRAM LIBRARY -- DAY

Liz checks her email. INBOX: 0.

INT. DINING HALL -- DAY

Liz carries her tray, sees Richard eating, walks in the other direction.

DELIA (V.O.)

You flew across the globe to work on yourself, and all you can think of is an out of work actor?

INT. ASHRAM BOOKSTORE -- DAY

Liz looks at books, her eyes land on I AM IN SILENCE button, she lingers in front of them, attracted and curious.

LIZ (V.O.)

You know what the scariest thing in the world is? Finding out what's actually in your own mind. And being left alone with it.

INT. YOGA ROOM -- DAY

Liz does yoga with other Ashramites, comparing her own practice to Corella's stunningly perfect practice. Liz is sweating bullets, really struggling.

LIZ (V.O.)

All the things you never said to
someone, future plans that never
happened...it's like garbage you'll
never purge.

INT. ASHRAM OFFICE -- DAY

An area where people get personal phone calls. Liz sits at a
desk as Ashramites, some in robes, some not, work around her.

LIZ

You suddenly realize how broken you
are and you wonder if you'll ever
be fixed.

INT. DELIA'S LOFT -- NIGHT

Delia is feeding her fussy baby, her husband is in the next
room with sports blaring.

DELIA

I would kill to spend five minutes
alone in my mind without anybody
wanting me, needing me.

(then)

My mind is like my bathroom -- it's
my favorite place in the world, and
I don't get to hang out there
anymore.

Liz laughs. Then, biting a nail --

LIZ

Should I send him another email?
Why isn't he answering me?

DELIA

Go back to the meditation cave.
Now. Run.

LIZ

Right.

EXT. MEDITATION CAVE -- DAY

Liz blasts out, sweating again, agitated. She passes by
Richard From Texas.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

How's David doin'? Or was it
Stephen today?

She flips him the bird as she continues walking.

EXT. ASHRAM GARDEN -- ANOTHER DAY

Liz walks through the garden towards her condo building. She's just been scrubbing the temple, her hair's back, she's still wearing her knee pads, she's tired. We HEAR --

RICHARD FROM TEXAS (O.S.)

My prayers were always the same...

Liz sees, up ahead in a gathering place in the garden, Richard holding court with his friends (SEAN, strumming a guitar, Swami Durgananda, et al).

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

'Please, God, please...open my heart.' And I'd always end the prayer with 'and if you do open it, send me a sign, 'cause we both know I ain't the sharpest tool in the shed.'

Liz has reached the gathering. Richard senses her presence. Without turning to her, but extending his own brand of invitation:

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Ever done that, Groceries? Begged for a sign?

She stops, decides to engage. She can't avoid him forever.

LIZ

Sounds vaguely familiar.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Well, be careful what you pray for, 'cause you just might get it.

LIZ

So what happened -- you fall in love with the wrong woman?

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Not even close. Emergency open-heart surgery. They literally cracked my chest open...

INT. OPERATING ROOM -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

QUICK FLASHES OF: Richard on the operating table; his STERNUM being literally SAWED in half; a RETRACTOR CRANKING IT OPEN, revealing his BEATING HEART.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS (V.O.)
Cleaved those ribs away from each other and allowed some daylight in there.

On the table, Richard's EYES SPRING OPEN. HE LOOKS UP, through the harsh metallic glare of the operating lights, to see, slowly, surely, MYSTICAL ALMOST SUPERNATURAL RAYS OF LIGHT pouring gently down into his open heart cavity.

EXT. GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

RICHARD FROM TEXAS
It was like God was sayin', 'How's that for a sign?'

Everyone's blown away by this story. As they sit there absorbing it, Madhu (the skinny boy) comes running up.

MADHU
Excuse me, Miss Gilbert. You have a phone call.

INT. DAVID'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- NIGHT

David sits, uneasy. He's a guy, this is something he's been putting off for weeks.

DAVID
I know it's been awhile, I'm sorry...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ASHRAM OFFICE -- DAY

Liz is on one of the phone lines. She is stunned, shook-up.

LIZ
Oh no, no problem, things are so amazing here, I'm busy day and night, the meditations are so deep and beautiful...
(realizes she's rambling)
Anyway. You got my email...

DAVID

Yeah. I know that must've been hard to write, and I haven't responded because...

(an excruciating pause)

It's hard to say this.

LIZ

You're seeing someone.

DAVID

Yes.

A long pause, her heart is in her throat. Then --

LIZ

Is it serious?

DAVID

I don't know yet.

LIZ

Are you in love with her?

Silence.

LIZ

Who is she, do I know her?

DAVID

(with emotion)

Liz, this isn't about her.

(then)

It's about us. You know that.

The last words she can speak before losing it completely:

LIZ

I know.

EXT. ASHRAM GARDEN -- LATER

Richard From Texas walks into the garden. He sees Liz from behind, sitting alone on a marble bench, her back straight and to him. She is utterly still. He walks towards her.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Check you out. Never seen you this focused...

He comes around in front of Liz to find tears streaming down her face.

The kind of grief in which there is no resistance, no hysteria, just release. He sits on the bench for a moment, unsure what to say, how to comfort her. Then:

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

You need a Thumbs Up.

EXT. INDIAN TOWN MARKET -- DAY

About twenty minutes from the Ashram. Cows mill about, some even lie in the road, enjoying their sacred status as cars and trucks swerve to avoid them out of respect. At the road, WOMEN wearing jewel-colored saris swing sledgehammers, busting up rocks. Mangy stray dogs wander aimlessly.

Across the street: the market, a dusty little building with a table and chairs in front, at the moment occupied by Liz and Richard.

An older Indian man sets a bottle of Thumbs Up down at the table with two straws. It's an Indian soft drink. He opens it with a bottle opener.

Liz reaches for the Thumbs Up, is about to take a sip when Richard takes it from her, places the straws into it.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

The number one rule in India:
never touch anything but yourself.

LIZ

(sipping)
God almighty, this stuff is five
times sweeter than Coke.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

I think it might have
methamphetamines in it -- you'll be
seein' double soon.

She hands it to him. They sit for a minute, handing it back and forth like two old drunks passing the whiskey bottle.

LIZ

Okay Richard, time's up. If you've
got something to say, say it.

Richard stares out at the road, he's given this real thought.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Groceries, someday you're gonna
look back on this moment of your
life as such a sweet time of
grieving.

(MORE)

RICHARD FROM TEXAS (CONT'D)

You'll see that your heart was broken but your life was changing and you were in the best possible place in the world for it -- surrounded by grace. Take this time, every minute of it. Let things work themselves out here in India.

LIZ

I thought I was over him. But I love him.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

So love him.

LIZ

But I miss him.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

So miss him. Send him some love and light every time you think of him, and then drop it. You're just afraid to let go of the last bits of David because Liz Gilbert is scared to death of what will happen if she's really alone.

LIZ

I've been alone for five months!

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

I'm not talking about who you're bonkin' in your bunk, I'm talking about who's livin' in your head with you.

Liz has decided she's not going to get mad, she's going to accept the wisdom. But it's hard to hear.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

If you clear out all that space in your mind that you're using to obsess about this guy, you'll have a vacuum there -- a doorway. And guess what the universe will do with that doorway? It'll rush in -- God will rush in -- and fill you with more love than you ever dreamed of.

LIZ

(can't take it anymore)
What do they sell over there?

INT. LOCAL SHOP -- MINUTES LATER

Filled with beads and statues, the odd piece of furniture and rugs. Richard is holding up a sari, looking at Liz.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

This is your color, Groceries.

Liz is staring at a statue of Ganesh, the sacred elephant, seriously struck by it, emotional. As she picks it up, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- FLASHBACK

Liz takes one of many Ganesh statues from his shelf (she has just arrived in David's apartment for the first time).

DAVID

Ganesh. The elephant god, the remover of obstacles.

She smiles as she puts the statue back on the shelf, David touches her face. It's like lightning goes through her.

SMASH CUT BACK TO:

INT. LOCAL SHOP -- DAY

Where on the counter, a DOZEN of the small Ganesh elephants have been arranged. Liz is buying out the place. Richard From Texas mosies up and is shocked.

LIZ

(self-deprecating)

The remover of obstacles. I need a lot of them.

SALESMAN

Speaking of elephants, there is a rogue elephant on the loose in the area -- he was with the carnival. They say he's very unpredictable and volatile.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

That only makes him more attractive to her.

Liz shoots him a look, pays, is handed her bag of obstacle removers. As she puts on her sunglasses to exit --

LIZ

The thing I don't think you understand is that David was my soulmate. I truly believe that.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Oh, I'm certain he was.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD --- LATER -- SUNSET

They walk along the road, the moon rising on the horizon.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

People think a soulmate is your perfect fit, and that's what everyone wants. But a true soulmate is a mirror, the person who shows you everything that's holding you back, so you can change your life. A true soulmate tears down your walls and smacks you awake. But live with a soulmate forever? Nah. Too painful.

LIZ

How'd you get so goddamn smart, Yoda? I'll bet it was the hard way.

She's struck a chord, but he's not giving anything up.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Don't change the subject. David's purpose was to get you out of your marriage, tear down your ego, he got you here. That was his job, he did great, now it's over. And thank God for it.

They continue down the lonesome road. We are on their backs.

LIZ

So how long before this grieving phase passes?

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

You want a date you can circle on your calendar? You got some serious control issues, Groceries.

She shoves him, half mad, he stumbles.

LIZ

Fine, I do, I admit it. But I bet most people can't see that when they first meet me.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Honey, Ray Charles could see your control issues.

He puts his arm around her -- finally friends -- as they disappear into the horizon.

CLOSE ON A SLIDE SHOW OF PHOTOS ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

They are all of seventeen-year-old-boy, RIJUL. Over which:

LIZ (O.S.)

That's him?

TULSI (O.S.)

That's him. He's hideous!

INT. COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

An upset Tulsi is showing Liz photos of her fiance.

LIZ

No he's not. He's kinda cute.

TULSI

(scathing)

He's a Sagittarius, he studies computer programming in Delhi and he has very good grades. And his family is very very wealthy.

INT. TULSI'S FAMILY HOME -- DAY -- FLASHFORWARD

CLOSE ON TULSI, surrounded by women dressed to the nines in gorgeous bejewelled saris and jewelry. As TULSI'S MOTHER lowers a headdress over her hair, Tulsi is very solemn.

REVEAL Liz, part of the wedding party, dressed in the sari Richard picked out. She smiles compassionately at Tulsi.

LIZ (V.O.)

Actually, Sagittarians are supposed to be sweet and gentle souls...

INT. COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

TULSI

No. He will be very conceited and dictatorial. My life is over at seventeen...

LIZ

What if you just said you wanted to wait?

TULSI

Liz, if I wait I will no longer be considered a suitable wife! It has always been this way. My parents believe that by choosing me a good husband they have given me the greatest gift, the ultimate expression of their love -- I cannot possibly say no. This is something you cannot understand!

INT. TULSI'S FAMILY HOME -- DAY -- FLASHFORWARD

Liz is being made-up and bejewelled along with the other young women in the wedding party. She looks up as Tulsi, looking quite grown-up and beautiful, leans in and puts her finger in a small container and anoints her forehead with a "bindi" -- the red dot. Her third eye.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

Liz holds Tulsi as she sobs in her arms.

LIZ

Have you ever discussed your feelings about marriage with the Guru?

TULSI

Of course. She is Indian, Liz. She says I must do what my parents tell me to do!

So it's official. Tulsi is getting married. As Liz tries to comfort her young friend, knowing there are no other options for her, we CUT TO:

UNDER MUSIC: a sequence of moments at the wedding, intercutting in time. Always present are Liz and Richard From Texas -- beautifully groomed and looking fine in a raw silk Indian-style shirt.

IN THE GARDEN: the groom's family arrives, escorting RIJUL who rides the TRADITIONAL WHITE HORSE. He wears a turban with a brooch pinned onto it and a wreath of flowers around his neck. He looks young and nervous.

Tulsi, surrounded by her wedding party, observes this arrival, she also wears a huge wreath of flowers. The groom is led to a small stage where Tulsi awaits him.

ON THE STAGE: Tulsi and Rijul face one another, holding their wreaths, not knowing how to look into each other's eyes. They place them on one another, signifying their acceptance of each other as husband and wife. It's awkward -- they are children. Family members and friends look on, moved.

THE DANCING: wild and happy. Liz watches from the sidelines with Richard From Texas, tossing back her drink, swept up in it all. A YOUNG BOY comes over and asks her to dance, she goes off with him as Richard grins.

THE BONFIRE: the priest ties the end of the Rijul's kurta together with Tulsi's sari, the knot signifying the sacred wedlock. They rise and begin to circle the fire.

THE DANCING: Tulsi's parents dance. Tulsi and Rijul dance. Liz dances with the young boy. Richard watches, taken with her spirit and beauty, it makes him slightly melancholy.

THE BONFIRE: the young bride and groom continue to circle the holy fire (in fact it is seven times). Liz and Richard watch with the other guests as Rijul speaks the seven promises to be fulfilled in their new married life.

CLOSE ON LIZ, moved by this ceremony.

THE DANCING: as the festivities continue, Liz is dancing with her little friend. She is twirling in a crazy circle, looking melancholy, as we HEAR the music turning from an Indian rock beat to a strangely familiar American eighties song, over which:

MALE VOICE

Please welcome to the dance floor
for the very first time...

INT. A CHARMING CONNECTICUT COUNTRY INN -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

Wedding guests are gathered around the dance floor.

WEDDING SINGER

...Mr. And Mrs. Stephen--

The blast of trumpets from the band drowns out the rest of the announcement as the band sings:

BAND
WHOO HOO!

The song is the band's horribly bad cover of Kool and the Gang's "Celebration." All eyes are on Liz -- a blushing bride in a sweet white wedding dress and her handsome young groom Stephen as they share a curious glance -- "Celebration?" After a moment's hesitation they step out on to the dance floor to raucous (for Connecticut) applause.

LIZ
(sotto, to him, panicked)
They're supposed to be playing our song, this isn't our song.

STEPHEN
(a tight smile)
Smile -- nothing we can do about it now. Come on, let's see that white man overbite...

Before Liz can go give the wedding band a piece of her mind, Stephen starts dancing in a wild, geeky white man overbite fashion. It cracks her up. It cracks the entire place up. The dance is on. Liz suddenly gets into it.

On her face, we see that right now, in this moment, this is the best of this man. And she loves him.

As they dance like banshees, everyone CLAPPING:

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. TULSI'S FAMILY HOME -- GARDEN -- LATE AFTERNOON

Liz, needing air after this memory, breaks through the crowd where everyone is CLAPPING wildly. Liz heads...

INT. HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON

And stops as she enters a room lined with gifts, envelopes of money. It's silent and magical, the metallic exotic papers gleaming in the light of the pink Indian sun.

Tulsi is suddenly at her side, also needing an escape. Liz grabs her hand, they silently stare at the loot.

LIZ

I owe you a wedding gift. I didn't know what was appropriate -- I want to get it right.

Tulsi looks at Liz, she has a longing to talk to her privately one last time. Suddenly Rijul enters, impatient.

RIJUL

The car is waiting, we must go now.

TULSI

(sharply, to Rijul)
I need to talk to my friend Liz.
Put the bags in the car, please.

Rijul runs off to do her bidding and she turns back to Liz.

TULSI

There is only one gift I want from you. It is that you set yourself free. I cannot ever be free the way you can. Please, Liz, get rid of all your unhappiness and guilt about your divorce and have a free and fantastic life! And write me letters about all your marvelous adventures.

They hug each other.

LIZ

I promise.

EXT. HOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Tulsi and Rijul exit in a car covered with blossoms. As Tulsi waves at Liz and drives off into her future, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/INT. CAR -- LATE AFTERNOON

Richard From Texas drives as he and Liz return to the Ashram after the wedding. She stares at nothing out the window.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Thinkin' about your own wedding?
(off her nod)
Me too. Always happens at weddings
-- you end up thinkin' about
yourself.

LIZ

Tulsi isn't the only one with an arranged marriage -- I had one, too. It was all about my family -- trying to be who I thought they wanted me to be. And it was me who arranged the whole thing. No one forced me into anything.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

And now you can't forgive yourself.

LIZ

To be honest, I'm waiting for him to forgive me. Release me.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Waiting for him to forgive you is a damn waste of your time, Groceries. Forgive yourself.

LIZ

(as this lands, then --)
I am just waiting for the day when you tell me your story.

But he drives on in silence.

EXT. ASHRAM -- LATER

Liz is emotionally spent as they walk inside the gates.

LIZ

Goodnight, thanks for driving...

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Follow me.

LIZ

I'm tired, Richard.

But he's walking quickly, and she can't resist following him. He keeps going, until they get to a building at the back of one of the gardens we haven't seen. Richard opens the door and enters, heading up a set of stairs.

LIZ

Where the hell are you taking me...

EXT. ROOFTOP -- SUNSET

They step out onto a ceramic-chip rooftop that glitters in the setting sun like the bottom of a reflecting pool.

It's a gorgeous 360 view of this rural part of Southern India. An umbrella of mango trees in one direction, rice paddies in another, a shimmering village beyond. Liz is blown away.

Richard moves to the edge of the roof, looks out. He's got something he needs to get off his chest. After a silence --

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

It's not a pretty story, Groceries.
But it's pretty classic. Too much
booze...

INT. RICHARD'S HOME -- DAY -- EIGHT YEARS AGO

It's Thanksgiving and Richard sits at the head of the dinner table with his WIFE, YOUNG SON and DAUGHTER, and other family members. He's drunk and everyone is silently uneasy as he tries to carve the turkey. He looks up and sees them all watching him. It humiliates and enrages him. He throws the platter at the wall, food and all, barely missing his daughter, then pushes back and staggers away from the table.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS (V.O.)

Too many drugs, too much mindless
cheating...regret...

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY -- THAT SAME NIGHT

A BLUE HAIREED GIRL is in the doorway, Richard hands her a wad of cash and she hands him a small packet of drugs. There is a visual interchange between them, wordless. She opens the door wider, he saunters in.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS (V.O.)

An ocean of regret...

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE -- DAY

Richard, out of it and sucking on a beer, screeches around the corner in his truck, honky tonk music playing. His son is driving his Hot Wheels in the driveway as Richard pulls in. He doesn't see him.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DUSK

LIZ

Did he die?

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

(shakes his head no)
The toughest part is, he still
thinks I hung the moon.

He looks out at the horizon.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

So here's the deal -- you're gonna stay here 'till you forgive yourself. The rest'll take care of itself.

LIZ

Is this where you forgave yourself?

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Best I could, Groceries. Best I could.

She smiles as he walks away, the wind blows around her like a flag. Stay with her a few moments. CUT TO:

She is lying down on the still warm tiles, looking up. The first star appears. There is a rustling near her...

ON LIZ as she turns her head...

THE GURU is next to her.

THE GURU

I thought you could use a little help. Richard wasn't terribly specific.

As she talks, it's as if time is compressed -- the sky changes to lavender and plum, it's cooler and darker...

THE GURU

With all your heart, forgive him, forgive yourself and let go. When the karma of a relationship is done, only love remains...

As we PULL AWAY see Liz is alone on the roof. The sky is dark now and completely filled with glittering stars. Liz sits up, looks over: the group of musicians that play in the Temple (sitar, harmonium, tablas, etc.) are gathered at one corner of the roof playing a song -- "Harvest Moon."

And into the frame walks Stephen.

STEPHEN

I believe this is the song they were supposed to play at our wedding.

He holds his hand out and they begin to dance. Both are very emotional as they turn in a silent lazy circle.

LIZ
I did love you, Stephen.

STEPHEN
I know. But I still love you.

LIZ
So love me.

STEPHEN
I miss you.

LIZ
(Richard's words)
So miss me. Send me some love and
light every time you think of me,
then drop it. It won't last
forever, Stephen...

STEPHEN
I wish it were so easy.

LIZ
It is. Believe me...

They hold each other close. And then as Stephen pulls away,
his lips brush her cheek and we CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Liz is alone on the roof. She walks over to the edge, looks
out at the amazing sight of this place. The huge stand of
mango trees sway together in the night breeze. The sun is
about to rise. A quiet happiness overwhelms her.

INT. MUMBAI AIRPORT -- GATE -- DAYS LATER

Liz holds onto Richard From Texas in a bear hug. It's their
final goodbye.

LIZ
Now that you're going, who's gonna
kick my ass every day?

They pull apart. The way he looks at her, we can tell he will
miss her terribly. She feels it.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I know, you've got bills to pay,
houses that need to be built....

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

I'd stay till the monsoon carried me away if I could.

An emotional pause, and then Liz breaks it.

LIZ

So, I think I'm gonna do some travelling -- there are so many places I've dreamt of seeing. The Taj Mahal, and of course I want to ride an elephant in--

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Damn girl, stay at the Ashram. *Do the work.* The Taj Mahal will be there forever.

LIZ

The man is gettin' on a plane but he still thinks he's the boss of me.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Groceries, do me a favor. Move ahead with your life, will ya? Find somebody new to love. After all, baby, you know what they say -- best way to get over someone is to get under someone else.

LIZ

(blushing)

Go back to Texas, Richard.

RICHARD FROM TEXAS

Might as well. 'Cause I ain't getting any prettier just standin' around here.

They smile at each other and he turns and walks away. Off Liz, watching him disappear --

INT. ASHRAM BOOKSTORE -- DAY

CLOSE ON the button "I AM IN SILENCE." Reveal that Liz has just paid for it and is putting it on her shirt.

She takes off towards the dining hall. As she goes, we follow her through the gardens where friends wave, greet her in passing.

SEAN

Hey Lizzie, we still on for lunch?

She points to her badge, her pride obvious.

SEAN

Oh, gotcha.

Liz beams serenely -- this is her dream: to be That Quiet Girl with the mysterious elusive smile. Madhu rushes up.

MADHU

Excuse me Elizabeth, they're asking you to report to the Seva office if you don't mind, please.

INT. SEVA OFFICE -- DAY

Liz stands before longtime devotee and Seva Director, SHARON.

SHARON

We're taking you off the floor scrubbing team. There are about a hundred devotees arriving tomorrow from all over the world for a ten day retreat and we'd like you to be the Key Hostess.

Liz is dumbstruck. Key Hostess?

SHARON

You will be the only person they can communicate with if something is going wrong. And we ask that you don't actually participate during meditations, we need you to watch over the flock, make sure everyone is all right.

(then, a smile)

We call the person who does this job Little Suzy Creamcheese. You'll need to be social and bubbly and smiling all the time.

A deep breath as Liz says goodbye to her dreams of That Quiet Girl. She removes her silence button, extends her hand.

LIZ

Madam, I'm your girl.

EXT. ASHRAM COURTYARD -- DAY -- FLASH FORWARD

Liz is sitting at the welcome table with a different badge. It reads "Hello, My Name Is Liz Gilbert." The line of PEOPLE waiting to talk to her represents easily thirty different countries. It's over 100 degrees. Most of these people are disoriented, like they just woke up in the trunk of a car with no idea what they're doing here.

QUICK CUTS of the new arrivals as Liz listens and writes on her clipboard with her easy charm and compassion.

ASIAN BUSINESSMAN

My luggage was lost in Kuala Lumpur...

BLOND SOCCER MOM

Is the water here safe to drink?

PORTUGUESE HIPPIE

(with hippie girlfriend)
My girlfriend has terrible diarrhea.

LIZ

(a pro at this)
No worries, we'll get her hooked up with our on-site doctor. And here.

Liz hands her one of her Ganesh elephant statues.

LIZ

The remover of obstacles. Enjoy your stay.

The Hippies are thrilled by this little token of affection.

INT. TEMPLE -- DAY

The room is full. Everyone is deep in meditation, only the sound of breathing and sneezing and coughing -- there is a powerful state of collective bliss. COME AROUND on Liz, on a chair in the back. Doing her job, Liz looks around, trying to stay alert, struggling to keep herself from slipping into meditation. She can't fight it. Stay with her as she goes under, she goes deep in spite of herself.

Silence.

PEACE.

We stay on her, listening to the quiet. After a good while:

LIZ (V.O.)

So the holy truth of the whole adventure here in India is in one line: God dwells within you...as you. God's not interested in watching a performance of how a 'spiritual person' looks and behaves. The Quiet Girl who glides silently through the place with a gentle, ethereal smile -- who is that person? It's Ingrid Bergman in 'The Bells of St. Mary's'. Not me. God dwells within me. As me.

INT. ASHRAM -- DAY -- A FEW WEEKS LATER

Liz hugs goodbye to her friends -- the swamis, Madhu, and of course, Corella, who strangely, comically, weeps hysterical buckets. Liz finds her completely touching.

LIZ (V.O.)

I found my word, by the way.
ANTEVASIN. It means "one who lives
by the border."

EXT. GARDEN -- DUSK

Liz sits on her suitcase, alone, waiting for her taxi. She writes on her open computer

LIZ (V.O.)

In ancient times this was the person who abandoned his worldly life to live at the edge of the forest...

Suddenly, a LIGHT RUSTLING from the trees. Liz ignores it.

LIZ (V.O.)

...to be close to the spiritual masters who lived deep in the woods.

And then quietly, AN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK ENTERS THE FRAME and gently knocks her computer closed.

Liz jumps back, terrified, as she sees A ROGUE ELEPHANT that has wandered into the garden through an opening in the wall.

LIZ (V.O.)

He renounced the comfort and solace of family life in order to seek enlightenment.

Liz looks at him, starts to laugh with wonder as she realizes she has manifested in some way her own real life Ganesh.

She slowly creeps forward, begins to tenderly pet the carnival escapee. His eyes are full of ancient wisdom, gentle trust. He's an antevasin, too.

SMASH TO BLACK.

ON THE BLACK SCREEN: "BALI"

EXT. BALI AIRPORT -- SUNSET

The tropical sunset is a sensual mix of intense purples and fuschia as a GARUDA AIRLINES passenger plane comes off the water and in for a landing. The airport is verdant.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- BALI -- DAY

REVEAL Liz biking just like in the beginning; same road, same rice paddies, same gorgeous terrain.

LIZ (V.O.)

The antevasin is an in-betweenener.
Caught between the worldly and the
godly...a border-dweller.

We hear a few bars of Marvin Gaye's "Sexual Healing" which precedes an ORANGE KARMANN GHIA, as it whips around the mountain curve, dodges dangerously around Liz and disappears, the music with it.

LIZ (V.O.)

Living in sight of both worlds...

EXT. KETUT'S HOUSE -- DAY

Liz arrives at the gate, parks her bike. She knocks.

LIZ (V.O.)

...but always looking toward the
unknown...

At which point Nyomo opens the gate.

LIZ

Hello, I'm Liz Gilbert, I'm here to
see Ketut Liyer. I came about a
year ago...?

Nyomo shows no sign of recognition as she turns exactly the way she did the last time and leads Liz in, directing her to a bench where she sits, in sight of...

THE PORCH, where Ketut is tending to a FAMILY of patients:

A MOTHER balances a three-tiered basket filled with fruit, flowers and a roasted duck on her head, Carmen Miranda-style, as her baby screams and rubs his mouth in pain. Ketut writes something on a pad, hands it to the mother as he explains to her in Balinese. Liz is fascinated.

NYOMO

(proud of Ketut)

Child tormented by demon.

LIZ

It looks like he's teething.

NYOMO

(glares, then --)

Yes, teeth too. For that he recommend red onion juice, but for demon, he say make offering of small pig and a piece of cake mixed with special herbs.

Liz is shocked. Animal sacrifice?

NYOMO

No worry, family eat pig for dinner. God take what belong to God, man get the food.

Ketut blesses the baby with water. THE BABY puts out his hands to receive the water, sips it, splashes the rest on top of his head and smiles trustingly at this toothless old man.

Ketut pours the rest of the holy water into a plastic sandwich bag, ties it with a twist and gives it to the mother. She removes the headdress and places it on the porch. She and the family leave happy with the bag of holy water. Nyomo directs Liz to step up and greet Ketut.

LIZ

Hello, Ketut.

KETUT

I am very happy to meet you.

He bows, gestures her to sit on the same woven bamboo as last time, then takes her palm.

KETUT

You are a world traveller, you have two marriages, one long and one short...

LIZ
 (jogging his memory)
 I came to see you about a year ago,
 Ketut.

KETUT
 You girl from California?

LIZ
 (spirits tumbling)
 No, I'm the girl from New York.
 I came asking for your help because
 I wanted to get closer to God.

KETUT
 (shrugs)
 Don't remember.

CLOSE ON LIZ, devastated, confused about what to do now. She turns back to Ketut, fighting tears. Her last desperate stab.

LIZ
 You told me I should come back here
 to Bali. You told me to stay here
 for three or four months. You said
 I could help you learn English and
 you would teach me the things that
 you know.

He continues to listen, smiling and shaking his head.

LIZ
 (takes the picture out)
 You drew me this.

He stares at it, then at her, then at it and then at her. A Roman candle of recognition sparks to life in his mind.

KETUT
 YOU! YOU! I remember YOU! You sad
 girl from New York.
 (then, with triumph)
You Liss! You came BACK!

As her heart nearly bursts with excitement and laughter --

LIZ
 Yes, I came back!

KETUT
 You! You! You!

LIZ

Me! Me! Me!

The depth of her relief takes her by surprise.

KETUT (CONT'D)

So long ago we meet! Last time you have too much worry, too much sorrow. Last time, you look like sad old woman. Now you look like young girl. Last time you ugly!

Nyomo nods, she agrees that Liz was ugly.

KETUT (CONT'D)

Now you pretty! Why so different?

LIZ

(laughing)

Well, I spent a wonderful four months in Rome, just enjoying myself. And then I went to an Ashram in India, where I began a more serious spiritual life.

KETUT

Now we put together.

LIZ

Exactly, that's why I'm here.

KETUT

(proudly)

Ketut good for that.

NYOMO

What you give him?

LIZ

Do you still want me to teach you English, Ketut?

KETUT

(eyes sparkling)

English later, Liss. First, better idea.

EXT. KETUT'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Ketut and Nyomo drag out a worn old trunk. Ketut beckons Liz, she moves to the trunk as he opens it.

CLOSE ON: old, lined notebooks and ledgers -- aged by decades of mildew and mice, the pages resemble piles of autumn leaves. They are filled with tiny handwriting in ancient Balinese-Sanskrit and intricate drawings. Liz is in awe.

LIZ

Oh my God, how old are these?

KETUT

From grandfather. Very important spells, Liss. Also, mantras, cures...thousand years worth! All I have, all I know, right here.

As he goes to turn another page to show her, it RIPS.

LIZ

I'm no medicine man, but I think this book is dying. I could take them into town and copy them.

NYOMO

(fierce)

No. You don't take.

Ketut nods at Nyomo, who hands Liz a clean Kermit the Frog notebook and a Bic pen.

KETUT

You copy here, better Liss. I take nap now. I very old.

As she watches him shuffle off inside --

LIZ

How old are you, Ketut?

KETUT

101. Or maybe 64, don't remember.

And he disappears.

EXT. PORCH -- LATER

Nyomo sits on the trunk, watching Liz like a prison guard overseeing a chain gang. Liz is hunched over, sweat pouring off her brow as she carefully finishes her first page. She stretches, shakes out her cramped hand.

LIZ

This'll take the rest of my life.

NYOMO
 (couldn't care less)
 He make you pretty, find you
 husband, you work hard for him.

LIZ
 That's not exactly what I came for.

NYOMO
 Everybody need husband.

Liz realizes Nyomo is a brick wall. An idea begins to form.

LIZ
 Do you think I could have a glass
 of water?

NYOMO
 Finish second page first.

LIZ
 I'm not used to the heat, I'm a
 little woozy...

NYOMO
 (with a sigh)
 Keep making copy. I get water.

The ploy worked, Nyomo trundles off. Liz quickly sneaks a
 bundle of original pages from the bottom of the trunk into
her backpack. Just as she zips it, Nyomo reappears, holding
 a glass of water.

NYOMO
 He say you do enough for today,
 come tomorrow, he give you
 instruction on many things.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A KEY BEING HANDED OVER

INT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- DAY

Liz is with a REALTOR. They are looking at a small cottage --
 open-air, Balinese-style modern. Nature is reflected in the
 dark woods, the soft neutral tones and colorful ikat accents.

REALTOR
 I'll give you very very good deal.

The Realtor throws open the doors and Liz enters...

EXT. GARDEN -- CONTINUOUS

A Garden of Eden. Every kind of fruit tree, every color of bougainvillea and every other equatorial flower blossom imaginable. A huge lazy stray CAT sits on a chaise, overseeing everything. There is even a goldfish pond.

LIZ

It's paradise. For less than a month of taxis in New York.

REALTOR

Everything's cheap here now. Nobody come since terrorist bombing.

CLOSE ON A hand drawing with a crayon. We are on --

EXT. KETUT'S PORCH -- DAY

As he draws a vertical line intersected by a horizontal line.

KETUT

People in Bali understand, in order to stay happy, must always know where you are. Every moment.

Liz and Ketut sit in chairs, he is dispensing the wisdom she came for. He makes a circle at the intersection of the two lines: the vertical...

KETUT

Right here is perfect balance.
Right at meeting of Heaven.
And Earth.

...and the horizontal line. As Liz soaks this in, we CUT TO:

INT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- DAY

QUICK CUTS: Liz wakes up with rooster sounds; sunrise behind her, Liz takes an outdoor shower, surrounded by flowers and vines. It's liberating, sensual, over which:

KETUT (V.O.)

Not too much God, not too much selfish. Otherwise, life too crazy. You lose balance, you lose power.

MORE EXPERIENCES: A serene Liz does yoga in her house; later, as Liz cuts a papaya off a fruit-laden tree --

KETUT (V.O.)
 In morning do meditation from
 India. Serious. Very serious.

Liz meditates, Ashram-style, in the garden as the cat sleeps
 in her lap. The cat sits up suddenly, Liz opens one eye, they
 watch a heron fly into a nest in a nearby palm.

KETUT (V.O.)
 In day, you enjoy Bali, then in
 afternoon come see me...

EXT. BALI -- DAY

Liz watches Gamelan musicians play in a town square. She is
 holding her bike, having stopped to listen. She hops back on
 and we FOLLOW HER to a COPY STORE.

INT. KETUT'S HOUSE -- DAY

CLOSE ON Liz's hands, stealing more ancient pages from
 Ketut's chest, slipping them into her backpack.

INT. COPY STORE -- DAY

See the ancient pages on the Xerox machine, crisp new ones
 coming out.

INT. KETUT'S PORCH -- DAY

CLOSE ON Ketut's face, still talking:

KETUT
 End of day, you do new meditation.
 Very simple. Sit in silence and
 smile.

LIZ
 I feel balanced already.

KETUT
 Not so easy, Liss. Smile with face.
 Smile with mind. Even smile in
 liver. See you later, alligator.

INT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- LATER

REAR VIEW: Liz in the meditation position on the floor. Come
 around to find her smiling...as wide as we've ever seen a
 human being grin.

Her face hurts from this smiling. She's really pushing it. She finally dissolves in laughter as we hear Marvin Gaye's "Got To Give it Up."

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- DAY

The orange Karmann Ghia we saw on Liz's recent arrival is the music source. The driver is a salt-and-pepper-haired Brazilian man who sings to the song as he takes the curves.

He's goofy and off-key as he croons the song at the top of his lungs, drumming the beat on his steering wheel...but sexy because he's trying so passionately.

Meet Felipe.

EXT. FOREST -- SIMULTANEOUS

Liz rides her bike through a small forest on her way to the mountain road. Monkeys swing in the branches.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- DAY

Felipe turns up his music as the Karmann Ghia suddenly hits a bump. His tape skips, then stops. As he navigates, confident the way a man is when he has taken a winding dangerous road a thousand times, Felipe looks down to see what has happened to his beloved Marvin Gaye.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Liz's bike emerges from the edge of the forest and turns onto the mountain road.

A series of QUICK CUTS: CLOSE ON Felipe, pushing the eject button, shoving the tape back in.

Liz comes around a curve.

The Karmann Ghia veers across the line slightly.

CLOSE ON LIZ, realizing Felipe's car is headed towards her.

Felipe looks up, sees Liz. He jerks the wheel.

Simultaneously Liz turns her bike to avoid him. She hits a bump and --

FLIES OFF, rolling down the embankment. HEAR the screech of brakes as...

The Karmann Ghia is stopped in the middle of the road, the door is open and a shocked Felipe is running towards Liz.

FELIPE
Are you all right?

REVEAL Liz...scraped and shook up, but alive.

LIZ
What the hell's wrong with you?!

Liz limps around, trying to see if her leg's okay. Felipe is seriously worried now as Liz rolls up her pants and looks at her knee, it is bloody and raw.

FELIPE
Please let me take you to a doctor.

LIZ
I'm *fine*.

FELIPE
It looks bad...

EXT. KETUT'S PORCH DAY -- SAME DAY

CLOSE ON Liz's knee, Ketut studying it.

KETUT
...very bad, Liss. What happened?

Nyomo is close by, sweeping.

LIZ
This idiot ran me off the road, I fell off my bike.

KETUT
(excited)
A man? He rich?

LIZ
(exasperated)
I'm not interested in him, Ketut. I've had enough hit and run experiences with guys to last me a lifetime, okay?

KETUT
This very hot. You need healer.

LIZ
But you're a medicine man.

NYOMO
No, you need Wayan.

Liz looks up at her, why is she always interfering?

EXT. TRADITIONAL BALINESE HEALING CENTER -- DAY

Liz rides her bike up to a storefront, surrounded by potted plants and a sign saying Traditional Balinese Healing Center.

A blackboard advertises a "Multivitamin Lunch Special."

INT. TRADITIONAL BALINESE HEALING CENTER - DAY

Herbs bubble on a stove. TUTTI, an eight-year-old Balinese girl in pigtails, serves up a bowl of this liquid.

FOLLOW HER as she carries it gingerly across this clinic/restaurant/residence to Liz, as she sits showing her wounded knee to WAYAN NURIYASIH -- a striking Balinese healer with a wide smile and shiny hair to her waist. This tiny space is filled with herbs, healing charts, two tables and chairs and a curtain separating the sleeping quarters.

As Wayan places hot banana leaves on Liz's knee, Tutti hands the bowl to Liz.

WAYAN (CONT'D)

Drink this. Jamu. Better than antibiotics.

A flicker of doubt shows in Liz's eyes. Wayan sees.

WAYAN

Trust Wayan. I studied Balinese medicine many years. Ask anybody, everybody knows Wayan.

Liz smiles at Tutti, who watches carefully as she takes her first sip. Liz makes a terrible face.

LIZ

Does she make you drink this?

Tutti nods, cracks up. Liz is drawn to her.

LIZ

My name's Liz, what's yours?

TUTTI

Tutti.

LIZ

Nice to meet you, Tutti.

TUTTI
Are you married?

LIZ
(after a hesitation)
No.

WAYAN
You sure? Not even once?

Can this woman see right through her?

LIZ
Okay, there was the one time.
But when I tell people in Bali I'm
divorced, I can see it upsets them.

WAYAN
Me too, divorced. I can see
somebody divorced. Divorce is so
sad. Make you an outcast.

As Wayan removes the banana leaves and applies a different green goo, she jiggles Liz's kneecap. Then, eyes narrowing --

WAYAN (CONT'D)
You have no sex in loong time,
baby. I can tell by your knee.
Cartilage. Very dry. Hormones
from sex lubricate joints.

Now Liz is truly spooked, Wayan is right about everything.

WAYAN
You need a good man, I pray for
you. We sisters.

At which point, a sexy, glamorously outfitted woman enters the shop, this is ARMENIA. Tutti throws her arms around her.

TUTTI
Armenia! Armenia!

WAYAN
(to Liz)
Armenia's from Brazil.
(then)
Armenia, this is Liz, from New
York. Liz divorced, needs a man.

Liz is ready to scream from this constant, comical assault.

ARMENIA

Lovely to meet you Liz.

(to Wayan)

Do you have time for a banana root hair treatment?

(to Liz)

It makes the hair long and lustrous, like Cher circa 1975.

Tutti runs off to mix the hair treatment as Wayan continues discussing Liz with Armenia as if she's a piece of fruit.

WAYAN

She has nice face, nice body, but she wear this broken tee-shirt...

(back to Liz)

You want to be sexy, like Armenia? Like Cher?

LATER

As Liz and Armenia sit together, hair wrapped in banana root juice. Armenia is a woman of the world.

ARMENIA

There are so many delicious men here, we'll find you someone.

LIZ

(has to laugh)

For the last time, guys, that's not what I'm looking for.

WAYAN

Then what you searching for, honey?

LIZ

Myself.

Wayan registers this, oddly relates, as --

ARMENIA

That's fine, sweetheart. But why come to Bali if you don't want a love affair? That's like going to Rome and saying you don't care for pasta. You have a nice dress?

LIZ

One.

ARMENIA

Put it on tonight and come to the Beach Shack at nine. I'll introduce you to everyone, the expats, the locals, you'll dance, you'll love it. It'll be fun.

LIZ

I can't dance with my knee like this.

WAYAN

Knee not a problem, Liz. You see.

INT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- LATER

TIGHT: Liz peels the bandage slowly off her wounded knee then let's out a little gasp.

Miracle of miracles, the brutal gash is almost completely healed. As Liz stares at it in awe --

LIZ (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You should see my knee right now...

INT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- MAGIC HOUR

Liz waters exotic potted orchid plants as she talks.

LIZ

It's almost completely healed! This woman, I wish you could meet her Delia, she's human Cipro.

DELIA'S VOICE

She sounds like a trip.

Liz's CELL PHONE is on speaker nearby.

DELIA'S VOICE

If it's better and you can boogie even slightly, you should go to that party, Liz.

LIZ

I don't want to shave my legs, okay? How about that.

(then, the truth)

I really don't think I'm over David. Maybe I never will be.

SILENCE. Liz looks over at the phone, defensive.

LIZ
What aren't you saying?

DELIA'S VOICE
(trying to be delicate)
I saw him, Liz. He was at Walter's
birthday party.

LIZ
Was he alone?

DELIA'S VOICE
No. He brought her.
(a beat)
She's so different from you, Liz.

LIZ
What does that mean -- he seemed
happy?

DELIA'S VOICE
Yes.

The pain of this hits Liz where she lives.

LATER

Liz, in front of the mirror, in a pretty dress, finishes off
her lipstick. Then, she puts on Ketut's Liver Smile and she's
out the door.

EXT. SHACK -- NIGHT

A nightclub -- more specifically, a shack on the sand, not
far from the water covered in romantic twinkle fairy lights.
The trade winds waft off the ocean and move through the open
windows. Music from a REGGAE BAND OF LOCALS pours out.

Liz bicycles up, peers inside. She sees Armenia on a crowded
dance floor, moving like a fabulous wild animal.

INT. SHACK -- NIGHT

It's where everyone hangs out: tourists, locals, expats of
every nationality, young and old. Liz goes up to the crowded
bar, feeling out of her element after the last months in
India -- she'll need some liquid courage. She calls out to a
gorgeous young bartender.

LIZ
A shot of Don Julio silver, please.

As she waits she looks out. The band is finishing up their set, the musicians are putting down their instruments, among them a BLOND BONGO PLAYER who meets Liz's eye and grins. She gathers her courage and kind of smiles back.

As she downs her shot, Marvin Gaye's "Got to Give it Up" suddenly comes on over the loudspeakers. And then:

MAN'S VOICE

They're playing our song.

She turns. *Oh God, it's him.* Felipe, the man who ran her off the road, has sauntered up to the bar right next to her.

Liz takes a beat, then coolly --

LIZ

That's funny. I would've thought our song was "She'll Be Comin' Around the Mountain."

FELIPE

This is the one I was listening to when the tape jammed and I leaned over to fix it and ran you off the road.

LIZ

Did you tell them to play it?

FELIPE

No. I make them tape mixes. Can I buy you a drink?

LIZ

I don't drink with men who make mix tapes and wear tropical-themed shirts.

She signals the bartender for another shot. Felipe studies her. She really is beautiful and apparently, a spitfire.

FELIPE

How's your knee?

LIZ

I'm not hiking up my skirt to show you anything, mister.

The bartender slides her shot in front of her.

LIZ

What are you drinking?

FELIPE

Darling, I'm a full catastrophe of a Brazilian man. I don't drink, don't dance and I can't play soccer or any musical instruments.

Liz turns smoothly, she has his number.

LIZ

I'm sure there are some things you do very very well.

She tosses the shot, looks out on the dance floor. Everyone's moving to Marvin. At which point, Armenia dances up.

ARMENIA

Liz! I see you've already met Felipe. Of course. He's the first one to notice a pretty new face.

(then, to Liz)

He's our resident Casanova...

(then, tipsy)

I have the perfect man for you.

(pointing to:)

Isn't he charming? Ian. A Welsh bongo player, isn't that fabulous? And doesn't he look like Sting?

IAN's the musician who smiled at her. Liz is slightly confused and embarrassed by all the mixed signals and options she's encountering tonight.

FELIPE

I had the same thought, Armenia -- our Liz apparently has an eye for the younger ones. I think Mike over there is a better option.

He points to a YOUNG PREPPY MAN, sitting with a group.

FELIPE

He's French. Quite a talented architect.

LIZ

(rising to the challenge)

Felipe, is it? Maybe you think choosing a man for a woman you don't know is sexy. But actually, it's just rude.

She looks past Felipe at the bartender and suddenly has a realization -- flirting is fun. With a grin --

LIZ
Keep 'em coming, bartender man.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR -- LATER

Liz and Ian are dancing. INTERCUT dancing with Liz doing more SHOTS, and Felipe watching her, charmed by her. The sequence becomes more frenzied, chaotic, until...

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT -- LATER

Ian and Liz stumble down towards the waterline, it's a low tide, she dances in her own footsteps, very drunk, she feels a pull towards the ocean. Ian has other ideas.

IAN
No dude, not too close.

He pulls her back from the water. She's a handful.

IAN
Tonight we'll just look at the water. Tomorrow I'll take you to a nicer beach and we'll go swimming.

He unbuttons his shirt, puts it down for her to sit on. She is whirling, body and mind. As she manages to land on it...

LIZ
Armenia says everyone should have a love affair in Bali. Do you agree, dude?
(dies laughing)
We keep calling each other dude, dude!

IAN
Love affairs are very good things.

He moves close, pushes her hair away so he can kiss her.

LIZ
I should be at home meditating.
Smiling in my liver...

As his lips get close to her she turns her head away quickly:

...and HURLS right into the sand.

IAN
(not thrilled)
I think you need to go home.

He pulls her up, she tries to walk. After a few moments:

LIZ

You just go on. I'm going to lay down for a little while. Really. I could not be more serious.

LATER...ON THE MOON.

It's got a haze around it now. The tide is up.

Liz is lying on the beach, out cold. RACK FOCUS and pick up FELIPE as he is exiting the club. He stops a moment, sees something, it's a color, the color of Liz's dress.

ON LIZ

Still sleeping. Feet walk into frame. Then --

MALE VOICE

Darling, you're about to get swept out to sea.

Liz opens her eyes slightly, sees him above her.

LIZ

I've had a little too much to drink...

Felipe reaches down and pulls her up.

FELIPE

Let's go...

She is standing but her legs won't hold her, she is about to fall. He catches her, puts her arms around him, and picks her up. He carries her off down the sand, until they disappear into blackness.

INT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- MORNING

Liz sleeps like the dead. Hear the FRONT DOOR OPENING. Her eyelids flutter open, she sees Felipe entering, holding a plastic container with a straw.

LIZ

Oh my God...

She sits up, hungover and wary as he comes into the bedroom.

FELIPE

Good morning.

Her head is throbbing. *What does he want? How horrible does she look?*

LIZ

Did you run me over again?
What are you doing here?

FELIPE

I've brought you Wayan's famous hangover cure. You had a bit too much to drink last night, I drove you and your bicycle home.

LIZ

How embarrassing.

He smiles. She tastes the drink. It's tough going down.

FELIPE

I left my number and address by the phone. In case you need a tour guide. Drink up.

And he turns and walks out. As she watches him go, suddenly realizing how broad his shoulders are, how handsome he is, she bites her lip and we hear:

LIZ (V.O.)

The word today is romance.

EXT. KETUT'S PORCH -- DAY

Liz sits with Ketut, hanging out. Nyomo sits off to the side, busy peeling potatoes, pretending not to listen.

LIZ

What can you tell me about romance, Ketut?

KETUT

What is this, romance?

LIZ

You know. Being in love. Kissing and sex and marriage -- all that stuff.

KETUT

I not make sex with many people in my life. Only with my wife. You want to know how I find my wife?

Liz looks over at Nyomo, but Nyomo won't look up.

KETUT

When I am boy, I love this girl.
Very beautiful, but not good
character. She like money, she
chase other boy, she never tell
truth. She leave me -- I am very
broken in my heart. I pray and pray
to spirts, they say this is not
your true match, be patient. You
understand, Liss?

Boy does she understand. It's as if he's talking about David.

KETUT

So I be patient and then I find my
wife. Never once we argue. Always
harmony. Harmony is balance, Liss,
like I trying to teach you. Maybe
romance is harmony, too. When she
die, I very sad in my mind.

LIZ

Nyomo isn't your wife?

KETUT

Nyomo? She wife of my brother who
die. When my wife die, she look
after me, make cooking, cleaning,
religious ceremonies. She my wife
in every way but we don't make sex.

LIZ

Why not?

He turns to Nyomo, who lets out a big belly laugh.

KETUT

Too OLD, Liss! Ketut too old, take
nap now.

He disappears inside and Liz looks over at Nyomo, seeing her
through different eyes. Nyomo turns to tidy up, Liz quickly
stuffs more copies of Ketut's medicine man spells in her bag.

EXT. FELIPE'S HOUSE -- DAY -- LATER

Liz, in sunglasses, stands in front of an elegant example of
Balinese architecture. She knocks on the door. Felipe
answers, ruffled and less Casanova-like, in glasses.

LIZ

Hey Mr. Tour Guide -- show me what
you got.

EXT. LIZ'S GARDEN -- DAY

A vain, colorful tropical bird spreads his feathers proudly as if preening, then looks down from his perch at...

Liz, meditating. CLOSER, we see she is pale and sweaty. She rises, dizzy, touches her abdomen.

LIZ

Shit.

INT. WAYAN'S SHOP -- DAY

CLOSE ON Wayan, studying what's in front of her.

WAYAN

You sick from making too much sex!

COME AROUND, it's Liz. She buries her face in her hands and groans as Wayan boils one of her potions.

LIZ

I'm so embarrassed...

WAYAN

Don't be, honey. Bladder infection common after no sex then too much sexy times. Drink this.

Wayan hands over her toxic-tasting potion, Liz drinks, makes a face. Wayan raises an eyebrow.

WAYAN

Who you make sex with, Liz?

EXT. ROCK ABOVE THE BEACH -- SUNSET -- FLASHBACK

Felipe and Liz sit on a rock, looking out at the Indian Ocean. We hear their voices as we MOVE CLOSER AND CLOSER, the conversation is easy and relaxed.

LIZ

Before you moved here and started your jewelry business, did you live in Brazil?

FELIPE

Yes. For twenty years -- my wife travelled with her job and I stayed home with the children.

LIZ

A good feminist husband. And then?

FELIPE

The children were grown and Bali seemed like the perfect place to recover from a divorce -- it was a difficult one.

Their common ground comforts her, makes her want to open up.

LIZ

My heart was broken so badly the last time it still hurts.

FELIPE

That's a good sign, having a broken heart.

(then)

It means we have tried for something.

INT. KETUT'S HOUSE -- FLASHBACK

Liz has taken Felipe to see Ketut. Ketut studies Felipe's palm, Felipe gets a kick out of this old medicine man.

KETUT

He a good man, a very, very good man. Not a bad man, Liss -- a good man.

Liz is a little embarrassed.

KETUT

You two get married? Have babies?

LIZ

We're just friends.

She looks at Felipe nervously, he smiles, she looks away. Ketut studies Felipe's palm some more, then --

KETUT

You are a world traveler...

LIZ

He says that to everyone...

FELIPE

Actually, he's right. My passport has forty countries stamped on it.

Liz is quietly amazed to find someone else who is as comfortable in the world as she is.

LIZ
 (boasting, flirting)
 Got you beat, buddy -- mine has
 fifty one.

EXT. OCEAN - ANOTHER DAY -- FLASHBACK

Felipe and Liz are two heads bobbing, treading water far out
 in the ocean. The travel game continues.

LIZ
 You know what I absolutely loved
 about the Isle of Man?

FELIPE
 Eating "spuds and herrin'" in a pub
 near the Fairy Bridge.

LIZ
 You're good.

FELIPE
 And you are *Magra-falsa*.
 (explaining)
 Slender and elegant from a distance
 but up close, round and fleshy.

LIZ
 (splashing him)
 Do not say another word.

FELIPE
 This a good thing! You have a
 lovely body.

LIZ
 God bless Brazilians.

She swims away, he follows.

EXT. BEACH -- LATER THAT DAY -- FLASHBACK

She sleeps on the beach, sand on her sun-kissed face. After
 a few moments she opens her eyes.

Felipe is lying close, watching her sleep. His hand comes
 into frame, wiping the sand off and tucking her hair behind
 her ear. They look at each other. After a bit:

FELIPE
 Should we have an affair, Liz?
 What do you think?

INT. WAYAN'S SHOP -- DAY

Wayan is adding something that looks like thick black hair to her infection-fighting concoction as she hears the tale of Liz and Felipe. Her eyes are gleaming with excitement.

WAYAN

So you make sex on the beach?

LIZ

No. I told him --

EXT. BEACH RESTAURANT -- ANOTHER NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

LIZ

(a little tipsy)

Look -- I'm like a cake that just came out of the oven and needs more time to cool before it can be frosted.

REVEAL Felipe across from her, intoxicated by her. The remains of a fresh-caught fish dinner on their plates, Felipe pours the last drop of wine into her glass as --

LIZ

I don't want to lose control of my life again.

EXT. MT. BATUR -- DAWN -- FLASHBACK

They walk down the mountain in tandem, using walking sticks.

FELIPE

I think you need to let me make my case now.

They have arrived at a small temple off the tourist track.

INT. TEMPLE -- MOMENTS LATER

It's a sacred, quiet spot. Liz and Felipe sit facing one another in profile. Behind them the morning mist.

FELIPE

I understand that this year is about your search for balance between devotion and pleasure, which is why you're here in Bali.

(off her nod)

I can see you've been doing a lot of devotional practices.

(MORE)

FELIPE (CONT'D)

But so far, I'm not sure where the pleasure has come in.

LIZ

(after a moment)

I ate a lot of pasta in Italy.

FELIPE

Pasta, Liz? Pasta?

LIZ

Point taken.

FELIPE

I know what you're worried about. Some man is going to come into your life and take everything from you again. I promise...I won't do that.

EXT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- THAT NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

The Karmann Ghia idles in front of Liz's house.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS -- FLASHBACK

As Felipe reaches across to give her a goodnight kiss. She allows herself to be drawn towards him, but at the last moment she ducks her head and tucks her cheek up against his chest. He holds her for awhile, longer than is considered just friendly. He gets it, he knows how to enjoy it, he presses his face into her hair. She sees his brown, muscular arms under his linen shirt.

Suddenly, she pulls away -- she is not ready to go there. She touches his face, heads into the house.

INT. WAYAN'S SHOP -- DAY

Liz, feeling much better, drinks another sip from another potion as Wayan feels her forehead.

WAYAN

Your fever finally broke, honey.

LIZ

Yes, it certainly did...

INT. FELIPE'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT -- FLASHBACK

Jazz plays lowly. Liz is at the refrigerator, putting away the leftover feijoada. Felipe comes up to her, closes the refrigerator door and is right in front of her as she turns around. He sticks out his hand, a gentleman.

FELIPE
It's time, darling.

There is no resistance, she has been finally and totally hypnotized by his kindness, patience, gentleness, sexiness. He kisses her against the refrigerator, deeply, sweetly, then pulls back, takes her hand and leads her out, to:

INT. FELIPE'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER -- FLASHBACK

Huge open doors overlook the quiet rice fields. He parts the white curtain of mosquito netting surrounding his bed and guides her in. We see through the sheers as he undresses her...

Linger a moment as they make love. He studies her, worships her, touches her face and says one thing over and over:

FELIPE
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful,
beautiful, beautiful...

INT. WAYAN'S SHOP -- DAY

WAYAN
Now I have a fever!

Liz tries to smile, but she looks very vulnerable. Wayan regards her, suddenly no longer the bawd, but the sister.

WAYAN
I understand. You afraid, you don't
want to lose Liz -- only happy when
he happy, always sad when he sad.
Love is scary, dangerous. I
understand. Happen to me.

(then)

I did everything I could. I pray
every day. But husband bad man. I
had to get away from him.

She pauses, parts her hair to show scars on her head.

WAYAN
This is from where he hit me with
motorcycle helmet. Always, he hit
when he is drinking and I don't
make any money. My daughter, she
beg me to leave him.

Liz's eyes instinctively look over at Tutti, she is holding a SHINY BLUE TILE like a sacred object. Whispering to it.

WAYAN

I finally did when he beat me so hard that I lose my second baby, the one in my belly.

Tutti looks up, solemn.

TUTTI

I said, 'I think you should get a divorce, Mommy. Every time you go to the hospital you leave too much work around the house for Tutti.'

WAYAN

She was four years old when she say that.

This rips Liz's heart out as she looks at the little girl. But Wayan has moved on as she cleans up her potion mess.

WAYAN

Don't feel bad about Felipe. Everybody need sex, honey.

(then)

Make people do funny things. Everyone gets like that, at beginning of relationship. Want too much happiness, too much pleasure, until you make yourself sick. Even to Wayan this happen at beginning of love affair. Lose balance.

PUSH IN on Liz, so struck by the parallel with this woman, as:

LIZ (V.O.)

Dear friends and loved ones. My birthday is coming up soon.

INT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Liz, on a mission, is feverishly typing an email.

LIZ (V.O.)

If I were home, I'd be planning a stupid expensive birthday party, and you'd all be buying me gifts and bottles of wine.

The writing explodes out of her.

LIZ (V.O.)

A cheaper and more lovely way to celebrate would be to make a donation to help a healer named Wayan Nuriyasih buy a house in Indonesia.

INT. DELIA'S LOFT -- DAY

Delia and Andy (who is holding Jack) stare at the computer.

LIZ (V.O.)

She's a single mother. In Bali, after a divorce, a woman gets nothing, not even her children. To gain custody of her daughter Tutti, Wayan had to sell everything, even her bath mat, to pay for a lawyer.

Delia covers her mouth, overcome by this Dickensian tale.

LIZ'S (V.O.)

For years they've moved from place to place. Each time, Wayan loses clientele and Tutti has to change schools.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- TEXAS -- DAY

Richard From Texas, in a hardhat, reads his email off a PDA as jack-hammering goes on around him. He shakes his head and smiles, this is just like her...

LIZ (V.O.)

This little group of people in Bali have become my family, and we must take care of our families wherever we find them.

EXT. ROMAN CAFE -- DAY

Sofi and Giovanni read the email off a laptop.

LIZ (V.O.)

Today I saw Tutti playing with a blue tile she had found in the road near a hotel construction site, her eyes were closed. She told me --

INT. WAYAN'S SHOP -- EARLIER THAT DAY

Tutti holds out her sparkling blue tile.

TUTTI

Maybe if we have a house some day,
it can have a pretty blue floor
like this. That's my dream.

INT. RUFFINA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Plastic covers all the furniture, frugal Ruffina sits at a table in front of a giant '80s computer, reading her email.

LIZ (V.O.)

When I was in Italy, I learned a word -- "Tutti," which in Italian means "everybody." So that's the lesson, isn't it? When you set out in the world to help yourself, sometimes you end up helping...
Tutti.

Ruffina wipes a tear away and reaches for her checkbook.

INT. FELIPE'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Thick coffee pours from an espresso machine as able hands pull the handle down to make a perfect cup. It is Felipe, we follow him as he brings two espressos into...

INT. FELIPE'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Liz is at her computer, excited as he puts the cup down.

LIZ

This is unbelievable! Everyone's answering, everyone wants to help!

FELIPE

You did promise them all you'd match any donation. Your generosity shamed them, darling.

LIZ

Is that cynicism I detect?

FELIPE

Always, but I'm proud of you. How much have you raised?

INT. WAYAN'S SHOP -- DAY

Wayan's face is a mask of intense emotion, almost like grief.

WAYAN

Tell me again.

Liz is holding all the emails in her hand.

LIZ
 (grinning from ear to ear)
 Eighteen thousand American dollars.

As Wayan looks at this thick batch of emails, she bursts into tears. Tutti begins to dance around like a wild child.

WAYAN
 Please Liz! If any of these people
 come to Bali, they must never stay
 at a hotel! OK? Promise to tell
 them -- we call it the House for
 Everybody!
 (overcome)
 I can have a library! And a
 pharmacy!

TUTTI
 And I can have a birthday party!

Liz is just laughing with joy now as Tutti executes a
 fabulous fake faint, swoons to the floor.

EXT. BY A RIVER -- DAY

The water moves swiftly over rocks, FIND Wayan, Felipe and
 Liz looking at the piece of land. Wayan faces the water, then
 whirls around, a darkness on her face.

WAYAN
 No. Bad *taksu*. Ghosts everywhere.
 Everyone know ghosts live in river!

She walks off towards the Karmann Ghia. Felipe is amused.

EXT. ROAD, OUTSKIRTS OF UBUD -- DAY

A sweet little plot overgrown with vines on the edge of a
 rice field. No river in sight. Liz, Felipe and Wayan sit
 looking at it from the Karmann Ghia. Liz smiles -- this is
 awesome, right? But Wayan shakes her head.

WAYAN
 Demons. This property full of angry
 demons.

Liz lowers her sunglasses, frustrated. The car takes off.

EXT. SMALL SHOP ON A CORNER -- UBUD -- DAY

The trio walk up in front of a shop, painted, a second story, a real family home. Liz is thrilled, this is the ticket.

LIZ
It's so perfect!

WAYAN
Only somebody who want to go
bankrupt or die young live in house
on corner!

As she stalks off for the car, Liz starts after her -- time to try and reason. But Felipe gently stops her.

FELIPE
Darling, don't. Don't try to get in
between the Balinese and their
taksu.

(off her look)
The spirit of a place. But I must
say, Wayan's sense of *taksu*, even
by Balinese standards, is supremely
acute.

LIZ
And I thought getting a divorce in
New York was difficult.

EXT. ANOTHER PLOT OF LAND -- DAY

Wayan, Felipe and Liz wade through a rice paddy to get to a parcel of land.

FELIPE
According to my Balinese friends,
this property has excellent *taksu*,
it's a great bargain and it's very
close to town.

WAYAN
I not see any problem.

LIZ
Great, let's buy it.

WAYAN
Not so fast, Liz. I need to consult
priest to find auspicious day to
buy. But first, need to wait till
auspicious dream.

LIZ

Wayan, look -- I'm leaving in three weeks. We need to get this done -- how soon can you arrange for an auspicious dream?

We see this news that Liz is leaving hit Felipe, as Wayan goes to the car and gets in, ready to take off...

WAYAN

We go now to temple with offering, pray for auspicious dream.

Liz, excited, follows with Felipe. He seems troubled now.

FELIPE

I didn't know you were leaving in three weeks.

LIZ

I told you I was leaving at the end of August.

FELIPE

What are you going back to, Liz?

That stops her cold. He's right, but it seems controlling.

LIZ

What do you mean, *what?* My *life*, Felipe. My friends, my career.

(then)

Did you think I was going to stay in Bali forever?

An awkward silence, then she takes off after Wayan, slightly freaked at herself for snapping at him, too confused and embarrassed to apologize. As she approaches the car...

WAYAN

I forgot. No temple for a week, I not allowed in. My time of month.

Off Liz's frustration --

INT. WAYAN'S SHOP -- DAY

Wayan plies Liz's hair with banana root, clucking over her.

WAYAN

Felipe such a good kind man, Liz, he the best man in Bali, you give him such a hard time.

LIZ

Wayan, how am I going to go home
and face my friends and tell them
you still don't have a home?

Wayan is quiet for a moment, then --

WAYAN

Liz, the farmer call me, he say he
must ask his wife for permission to
break up the property. She only
want to sell the whole thing.

(then)

Maybe I need more money...

Liz is shocked. Wayan's eyes can no longer meet Liz's.

LIZ

Wayan, I don't have any more money.

WAYAN

I go to see mystic, Liz. He go
into trance and tell Wayan to buy
whole parcel to make really good
healing center. This is destiny, he
say, and if Wayan could have whole
parcel of land then maybe some day
build a nice fancy hotel there too.

Off Liz's dumbfounded face --

LIZ'S VOICE

Can you believe it? It's gone from
wanting a house to a whole *hotel*.

INT. RICHARD FROM TEXAS'S HOUSE -- DAY

He's reading her latest email. On the screen, one last line:
"what do you think?" Richard laughs, starts typing.

INT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- DAY

Liz checks her email. She has one, from Richard From Texas.

"SHE'S FUCKING WITH YOU, GROCERIES."

EXT. UBUD MARKET -- DAY

Swarming with people, vendors. As Felipe and Liz shop --

FELIPE

Darling, of course she's fucking
with you.

(MORE)

FELIPE (CONT'D)

Since when does a Balinese man need to talk to his wife before making a business deal? She wants the whole parcel now, and she wants you to buy it for her.

INT. FELIPE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT -- LATER

As they make love, the conversation continues.

LIZ

She was my *friend*.

FELIPE

It's the way of life here, trying to get the most money out of visitors. It's a survival tactic.

(then)

Where were we...?

INT. FELIPE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Liz is reading on the sofa. Felipe reads at the other end.

LIZ

Either Wayan's ripping me off, or she isn't.

FELIPE

I understand the culture of poverty. I come from it. You've given Wayan more money than she's ever seen in her life and it's making her crazy.

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

Liz reels in a fish. As she takes it off the hook...

LIZ

See, I'm thinking oh, we've caught so many wonderful fish, let's invite Wayan and Tutti over and grill them, and then I think no, I don't trust her anymore...

FELIPE

You mustn't get angry. If you get angry you'll lose her and that would be a pity because she's a marvelous person and she loves you.

LIZ
 But you said she's fucking with me.
*You don't fuck with people you
 love.*

They look at each other, then look away. Is she doing that with him? Is he doing it with her?

EXT. FELIPE'S HOUSE -- LATER

The fish are marinating in a huge platter of herbs as Felipe puts them on the grill.

FELIPE
 I've seen it so many times.
 Westerners who live here end up in
 one of two camps. Half keep
 playing the tourist, 'oh the lovely
 Balinese, they're so sweet, so
 gracious...' as they continue to
 get ripped off. The other half get
 so frustrated with being ripped off
 they start to hate the Balinese.
 And that is a shame, then you've
 lost all these wonderful friends.

MOMENTS LATER

The table is set, candles lit, Liz serves up the cooked fish.

FELIPE
 Here's what you need to do: take
 control back. Play a game with her,
 like she's playing with you.

LIZ
 I don't want to play a game.

FELIPE
 You'll be doing her a favor, she
 really needs a home. So be
 strong...and call her a bullshit.

LIZ
 (laughing)
 A bullshit?

FELIPE
 It's the worst thing you can call
 someone in Bali.
 (MORE)

FELIPE (CONT'D)

In this culture, where people literally bullshit each other a dozen times before breakfast, to actually *call* someone out on their bullshit is an appalling statement.

She looks at him, feeling a sudden rush of love for him.

LIZ

It's very interesting, the way you see things. It's like you have four feet on the ground.

The words hang there a moment, then:

FELIPE

So we've figured out Wayan's life. Can we go on vacation now, please?

EXT. DOCK -- DAY

A local fisherman's sailboat is at the dock, the fisherman, YUDHI, is readying the boat, packing it with a cooler, life jackets, etc. RACK FOCUS, the other side of the dock:

Felipe leads an amused Liz toward the boat, which is difficult because he's blindfolded her.

LIZ

Where are you taking me?

FELIPE

Trust that I know you well enough to make a plan you will love.

They arrive at the boat. His whisks the blindfold off as --

FELIPE

Liz, meet Yudhi, he's going to take us to my favorite little island, drop us off, and come back for us next Tuesday. I have the perfect camping spot, just you and I and four hundred parrots.

Liz stares at this whole preparation, uneasy. He hops in.

LIZ

Hi Yudhi -- Tuesday?

He's confident and virile as he and Yudhi work wordlessly in sync, prepping the voyage. He picks up on her resistance.

FELIPE
Everything okay?

LIZ
I guess I'm just used to travelling
by myself, making all the
decisions. I didn't bring my
camping gear...

FELIPE
(proudly)
I've packed for two.

LIZ
So you've got camping gear for two?
Am I just one in a parade of women
you've taken to your island?

He looks up, surprised. Thinking this is a simple case of
female jealousy, he is touched and responds lovingly.

FELIPE
I've never taken anyone else. Only
you.

She stares, confused, trying to figure out why it feels as if
he's inviting her into his dungeon -- it's irrational.

FELIPE
I want to tell you something. I
believed I was perfectly happy in
my boring life here. But I wasn't,
I was simply killing time until you
came along.

She wonders how to say this is *not* what she wants to hear.

FELIPE
Here's my idea. I was going to
save it for tonight as we sit by
our fire on the beach, but I think
this is the moment:
(beat, into her eyes)
I have to be in Bali because my
business is here, and you need to
be in New York because that's where
your life is.
(another pause, then)
What if we try to invent a life
that's divided between the two
places?

This is turning into her worst fear.

LIZ

Why would you want to do that?

FELIPE

Because I'm in love with you.

LIZ

(it comes tumbling out)

But I don't want an attendant knight! I love being treated well, but it's terrifying -- you're making dinner for me while I'm writing in another room asking myself over and over, 'am I capable of being somebody else's sun, somebody's everything?' I can't be the center of your universe.

He looks at her for a long moment, then with real understanding of who she is right now:

FELIPE

Have I asked you to be my sun, Liz?
Have I asked you to be the center
of my life?

He sticks out his hand.

FELIPE

We'll talk about it tonight.

But she won't -- can't -- get in the boat.

LIZ

I can't take a trip right now. I haven't been home in five days, I haven't been to see Ketut in weeks, when I meditate all I hear is you whistling some happy Brazilian samba.

(with emotion)

I was feeling so together, and then I met you and now I'm losing myself again. I found something, and I can't give it up. If I did, trust me -- you wouldn't love me anymore.

(beat)

I'm sorry. But I can't do this.

She takes a beat, exits down the dock. As he watches her disappear from his life, we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

CLOSE ON LIZ, WEARING SUNGLASSES.

She calmly and dramatically takes them off, as if preparing for a duel, then directly to camera --

LIZ
My friends think you are a
bullshit.

INT. WAYAN'S SHOP -- DAY

Come around on Wayan, gasping as if punched in the windpipe.

WAYAN
Honey...I am not a bullshit!

LIZ
I know. But they don't believe me.
Every day they send me emails.
'Where is Wayan's house? Where is
my money?' Now they think you are
stealing their money, using it for
something else.

WAYAN
I am not stealing Liz, you must
believe, I am not stealing!

Wayan is freaked as Liz forces herself to continue the game.

WAYAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to put you in a pickle,
honey.

LIZ
Wayan, this is a very big pickle.
My friends are angry. They're
saying if you don't buy the land
before I go back to the states...
then I must take the money back.

WAYAN
(panicked)
I find land now. Don't worry, very
fast I find land. Maybe today!

LIZ
You must, Wayan. Your daughter
needs a home. This is no time to be
a bullshit.

Liz walks out. Off Wayan --

EXT. NEW YORK -- NIGHT

A dream-like aerial shot. The city beckons Liz home.

EXT. SOHO STREET -- NIGHT

A man's foot steps from a taxi onto a silvery, rainy bit of street. He stops, turns, a high-heeled foot steps out.

It's Felipe and Liz, dressed elegantly, on their way into a chic restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

The music's loud, the mood is upbeat as Liz and Felipe enter. Close on her face, full of anxiety as they walk to a table.

AT THE TABLE

It feels strange, awkward as they look at menus, try to negotiate this new part of the relationship.

ON A GLASS OF WINE

As Liz picks it up, she looks to her right. There, across the room at a table, is The Guru, with a group of friends. She laughs and picks up a wine glass to toast Liz.

THE GURU

Enjoy...

Liz's eyes flood with joy and relief as the pounding bass line in the restaurant thumps and --

INT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- MORNING

Liz wakes up from this dream, the pounding bass is in fact someone pounding on the door. Liz rouses herself, trying to shake off the dream as she gets out of bed.

Liz opens the door, it's Wayan. She's breathless.

WAYAN

All done. Look!

(waving a document)

Certificate of ownership! The farmer's wife give him permission to sell half! It's notarized! I ordered the materials, I talked to the workers, they start early next week, so you can see!

(MORE)

WAYAN (CONT'D)

(tears are spilling out)

I love you more than my own life!
More than this whole world!

Liz, so joyous and relieved to see that her plan worked, takes Wayan in her arms and they hug, both weepy now.

LIZ

I love you too. And I can't wait
to be a guest in your new home!
(then, just to be sure,
pointing to the document)
And can I have a photocopy of this?

EXT. WAYAN'S LAND -- DAYS LATER

Liz, Wayan and Tutti, their arms around each other, watch as construction workers lay the foundation for the new house.

INT. LIZ'S BALINESE COTTAGE -- NIGHT

Liz begins to pack her bags for the long trip home. On her bed, we see the accumulation of her travels:

The sari Richard From Texas made her buy; a bottle of Wayan's banana root hair treatment; travel books on Rome, India.

And finally, a picture a tourist snapped of her and Felipe, at the temple, both beaming. Liz stares at it for a long beat, puts it in her suitcase, zips it shut.

EXT. CLIFF ROCK -- DAY

The same one Felipe and Liz visited. A solitary Felipe sits alone, staring out at the vast ocean.

EXT. WAYAN'S NEW HOUSE -- DAY

Wayan burns sage all around the wooden shell of her house in progress. FIND Liz and Tutti, sitting on the ground, pouring over an array of blue tile flooring samples.

Tutti finally, carefully makes her choice, holds out a shining azure tile to show Liz.

LIZ

It's beautiful.

Tutti stares up at Liz, overwhelmed that her dream is coming true. Liz holds her, so moved, as she and Wayan share a look.

EXT. BALI ROAD -- DAYS LATER

TIGHT on a bicycle basket, loaded with a shiny wrapped gift. Liz swings into Ketut's yard, puts up her kickstand.

INT. KETUT'S HOUSE -- DAY

CLOSE ON LIZ. Slowly, with great fanfare, she presents the wrapped gift to Ketut and Nyomo.

LIZ

For you. A goodbye present.

Ketut, confused, slowly opens the present, pulls out --

A LEATHER-BOUND BOOK. All his spells and mantras, beautifully copied, preserved forever.

He can't comprehend it. He flips through the book, studies it like a child. Nyomo's chin begins to tremble.

Slowly, Ketut looks up at Liz, years of struggle and sorrow in his face.

KETUT

Liss...you heal me.

LIZ

You healed me too, Ketut. If it wasn't for you, I would've never come back to Bali.

(with emotion)

I would have never come back...to myself.

Overcome, Nyomo jumps up, full of the love she's withheld.

NYOMO

Liss, you want coffee? Water? I roast you a pig...

LIZ

(laughing)

Coffee would be great.

Nyomo bustles off to get it.

KETUT

You fly back to America soon?

LIZ

In two hours. Have you ever been on an airplane, Ketut?

KETUT

Ketut can't fly on airplane, Liss.
Ketut have no teeth.

Liz can only laugh.

KETUT

You are good friend to me. You like
daughter. When I die, you will come
back to Bali, come to my cremation.
Balinese cremation ceremony very
fun -- you will like it.

LIZ

(choked up)
Okay.

KETUT

You still smile with your liver...
like I tell you?

LIZ

Yes, Ketut.

KETUT

You still meditate like your Guru
in India teach you?

LIZ

Yes.

KETUT

You happy now with God?

LIZ

Yes.

KETUT

You love your new boyfriend?

A long pause. Then, sadly --

LIZ

I ended it, Ketut.

KETUT

Don't understand, Liss. Why you do
this?

LIZ

I couldn't keep my balance.

Ketut regards her seriously, then takes her hands in his.

KETUT

Liss, listen to Ketut. Sometimes...
to lose balance for love...is part
of living balanced life.

Liz just stares.

EXT. KETUT'S HOUSE -- DAY

Liz slowly heads for her bike, in a daze from Ketut's words.
Liz begins to RUN down the path.

LIZ (V.O.)

I've come to believe in something I
call "The Physics of The Quest" --
a force in nature governed by laws
as real as the laws of gravity. The
rule of Quest Physics goes
something like this --

Liz gets on her bike, her heart racing.

LIZ (V.O.)

If you are brave enough to leave
behind everything familiar and
comforting, which can be anything
from your house to bitter old
resentments...and set out on a
truth-seeking journey, either
externally or internally --

Liz races away.

EXT. BALI ROAD -- DAY

Liz pumps her pedals wildly, hair flying behind her.

LIZ (V.O.)

And if you are truly willing to
regard everything that happens to
you on that journey as a clue --

EXT. FELIPE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Liz arrives, jumps off the bike, runs toward the house --

LIZ (V.O.)

And if you accept everyone you meet
along the way as a teacher --

INT. FELIPE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Liz moves through the house, room to room, searching for him.

LIZ (V.O.)
 And if you are prepared -- most of
 all -- to face and forgive some
 very difficult realities about
 yourself --

Liz scribbles Felipe a note.

LIZ (V.O.)
 Then the truth will not be withheld
 from you.

She props the note on a table. It reads: "Meet me at our
 dock at sunset. Liz."

EXT. DOCK -- SUNSET

CLOSE ON FEET walking down the dock. Reveal Felipe, excited
 but wary, as he reaches a boat at the end of this pier,
 finding --

Liz. She's packed the boat with essentials for a journey. As
 they look at each other --

LIZ (V.O.)
 I can't help but believe it...given
 my experience.

A long beat, then eyes shining --

LIZ
Attraversiamo.

FELIPE
 I speak five languages...but not
 Italian.

LIZ
 (with emotion)
 It means "let's cross over."

Felipe takes her hand, steps into the boat.

As they sail off toward the beautiful sunset, we...

FADE OUT.