Gabrielle, Lost

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 Based on the novel by Lynn Case

 2nd Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. GRIMALDI VILLA - DAY – **FLASHBACK**

The sun is so blinding it blurs focus as it reflects off Lake Como on the edge of the village of Brunate. Overlooking the pastoral scene, the Grimaldi Villa nestled into a hillside, framed by rows of grapes.

Sauntering among the vines, GABRIELLE GRIMALDI (late 30s, a reformed party girl who exudes style) sighs in satisfaction. She pauses to take in the villa.

ATTORNEY (V.O.)

Your grandmother wanted you to have it.

INT. ATTORNEY’S OFFICE - SAN DIEGO - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

The ATTORNEY hands Gabrielle a copy of a will.

Gabrielle stiffens in her chair, her neatly crossed ankles and erect shoulders straightening as her eyes dart across the pages before her.

GABRIELLE

Really?

Across the desk, her Grandmother’s attorney leans forward in his cracked leather chair. She looks up.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I’m sorry. Do you mean the villa, in Italy?

The attorney smiles slightly.

#  ATTORNEY

Your grandmother used to tell me stories of all the trouble you and your brothers would get into when you would visit as children.

He shakes his head as he laughs.

 ATTORNEY (CONT’D)

I think maybe sometimes she would exaggerate.

Gabrielle doesn’t look so sure.

The attorney sobers.

ATTORNEY (CONT’D)

I will miss those afternoons with her when I would go on vacation there.

GABRIELLE

She was a dear, sweet soul. I’m sure she misses you as well. But, really, my brothers—

ATTORNEY

Your grandmother knew you would cherish the villa as she had.

He hands over another envelope. Gabrielle’s eyebrows lift as she accepts it and pours the contents into her hand -- the keys to the villa.

Gabrielle eyes fill with tears and worry over the enormity of this responsibility. She clenches her fingers tight around them.

I/E. GRIMALDI VILLA - DAY – **FLASHBACK**

Gabrielle, now a teen and in a colorful dress, follows her nose towards the open doors to the kitchen. She spots GRANDMOTHER GRIMALDI heaping food onto platters.

#  GRANDMOTHER GRIMALDI

 (calling out to her)

The sun has caught you.

Gabrielle whirls with childish delight.

GABRIELLE

 Or I have caught it?

Gabrielle steps forward and grabs a stack of plates for the table. She sniffs the air.

#  GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

Delicious as always, grandmother.

Her grandmother wags a finger.

GRANDMOTHER GRIMALDI

 It is, so you will eat.

Gabrielle laughs as she takes the plates over to an outside table and begins to lay places.

EXT. GRIMALDI VILLA – SAME

FAMILY MEMBERS sit around a massive outside table filled with the remains of a feast and nearly finished glasses of wine. CHILDREN run in the yard as the adults sit back, replete.

Gabrielle reaches forward and pours another sip of wine.

 GRANDMOTHER GRIMALDI

Not too much, Gabrielle. There is always tomorrow.

Gabrielle grins impishly, a look that is returned by Grandmother Grimaldi, who touches her fist to her lips and gives it a kiss.

ATTORNEY (V.O.)

You are now the sole holder of the deed.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - SAN DIEGO - DAY - **PRESENT DAY**

Gabrielle blinks at the tears spiking her eyelashes and laughs.

#  GABRIELLE

She was always such a sweet dear old soul.

Gabrielle closes her hand over the keys, her eyes sparkling with tears of sadness and excitement as she touches her fist to her lips.

INT. GABRIELLE’S TOWNHOUSE – NIGHT

Typical Irvine Company condo with a double garage below and main floor with kitchen and living area. Upstairs is a master bedroom suite and a second bedroom used as a home office.

The keys drop into a bowl on the granite breakfast bar as Gabrielle sets down a bag of groceries. Then she buzzes around and...

--unloads Italian meats and cheeses and several bottles of wine and champagne.

--pours the champagne into a large pot and settles it on the stove to boil.

INT. MASTERBEDROOM – SAME

--pulls a box from the closet and takes out a delicate black bustier and G-string.

--takes a shower and shaves.

--dresses in the undergarments and high heels, pulling a silk kimono on to complete the outfit.

-- adds garlic to the boiling champagne and slides two lobsters into the pot. She weights down the lid with a brick.

--sets the table with the works: fine china, crystal glasses and tapers. Sets her iPod to play romantic Italian music

Gabrielle sets a domed platter on the table. She turns at the sound of a KEY IN THE LOCK.

FRANK MANGINI, Gabrielle’s Italian live-in boyfriend and stock market whiz kid, walks through the door.

His eyes go smoky when he spots Gabrielle. He removes his coat and loosens his tie, pulls it free and drapes it over a chair as he stalks to where Gabrielle waits.

# GABRIELLE

Would you like to know what’s for dinner?

Frank pulls Gabrielle close.

 FRANK

I already do.

He kisses her, making Gabrielle breathless. Frank smiles and his eyes go to the steaming platter.

 FRANK (CONT’D)

What’s the occasion?

Gabrielle sits in the chair Frank pulls out for her. He starts to pour the iced champagne.

# GABRIELLE

I thought we should celebrate.

Frank pauses at Gabrielle’s glass, his eyes lighting up.

 FRANK

You’re pregnant?

Gabrielle waves manicured fingers at her glass.

 GABRIELLE

No.

# FRANK

Did you get that promotion you’ve been working toward?

Gabrielle uncovers a platter of asparagus wrapped in prosciutto. His favorite vegetable.

 GABRIELLE

Later, baby.

Frank picks up a spear of asparagus and bites the end.

# FRANK

Are you going to have dinner in your robe?

Gabrielle lets the shoulder slip, revealing a peek of the lingerie underneath.

# GABRIELLE

I’m sure you must be very hungry. I’ve made your family’s secret recipe.

She lifts the dome to reveal the perfectly cooked lobsters.

# FRANK

This is my favorite dinner, you know.

Gabrielle serves him and winks.

Frank gives her a devilish grin and digs in.

INT. GABRIELLE’S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT

Gabrielle shrugs out of her robe as Frank follows her into the room.

He notes a red leather bag on her nightstand and smiles.

# FRANK

You’re bringing out the toys?

Gabrielle tumbles on the bed and holds one red high heel out for Frank to remove.

He tosses the heel aside and reaches for the other.

Gabrielle picks up the bag and dumps the contents on the bed: sex toys of every size and description come rolling out on the bed.

FRANK (CONT’D)

Did you hit the lottery or something?

 GABRIELLE

You know I like to have fun with batteries.

# FRANK

Yes, but it must be a really good surprise if we’re starting with the playthings.

Gabrielle pouts.

# GABRIELLE

I need you, Frank. Now.

Frank covers her, his shirt already lying on the floor.

# FRANK

Baby, you like sex morning, noon, and night, which is why I’m always here to keep you satisfied.

Gabrielle smiles as she pulls Frank down to her.

#  FRANK (CONT’D)

 (whispering in her ear)

What’s the surprise?

 GABRIELLE

Later, baby, later.

SOME TIME LATER

The toys are scattered, and Gabrielle and Frank are panting but satisfied. Her head is nestled on his shoulder. Gabrielle lifts her hand in the air, the keys dangling down.

FRANK

Are we going away?

GABRIELLE

Any time we want. These keys are mine.

FRANK

To what?

GABRIELLE

The villa, Frank. Grandmama’s villa in Italy!

EXT. STONEWORTH DESIGN STUDIO – DAY

The San Diego sun glints off steel and glass, jutting at odd angles from the angular base of the building. A sign clearly displays the name of the firm.

INT. STONEWORTH DESIGN STUDIO - GABRIELLE’S OFFICE – SAME

Though small, it’s private, and filled with fabric samples, color charts, and design proposals on boards.

Gabrielle, now sleekly dressed for work, reaches for a jumpsuit from a rack of tagged ensembles. Her brow wrinkles as she returns it to the rack and grabs a day dress. Nope. Not better.

Gabrielle returns to a design board filled with fabric samples and artistic renderings to glean its essentials. She sighs.

# MIGUEL (O.C.)

Nothing jumping out at you?

Gabrielle smiles at her boss, MIGUEL DE ARAUJO.

GABRIELLE

Much of this works, it just doesn’t have that... special something.

 MIGUEL

You’ll find it.

#  GABRIELLE

I will. I have a crack team.

Gabrielle moves to her desk and waves Miguel into a chair. Although she moves gracefully, Gabrielle’s knees tremble under her desk. Impressing Miguel means keeping your job.

 GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

Can I send for coffee?

Miguel sits.

#  MIGUEL

I won’t be here that long.

He pauses as Gabrielle pretends a state of relaxation she doesn’t feel.

MIGUEL (CONT’D)

I was speaking with Mrs. Stoneworth this morning.

Gabrielle searches her mind, wondering what she might have done wrong.

MIGUEL (CONT’D)

She was asking about you.

Gabrielle tucks trembling hands away and forces a polite smile.

GABRIELLE

We will, of course, make this deadline.

I know the client is demanding, but that’s the kind of client I like.

MIGUEL

Yes, she is aware of that. She remarked on your excellent taste in fashion.

Gabrielle almost doesn’t hear this, her head full of worries.

GABRIELLE

Excuse me, she what?

MIGUEL

I’d like you to train in our office in Italy.

# GABRIELLE

 (confused)

Italy?

MIGUEL

You’ve heard of it? The country shaped like a fine Lucchese book?

Gabrielle laughs nervously.

GABRIELLE

Yes, I have—

Gabrielle swallows as she corrects herself.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

--had family there. I used to visit every summer.

#  MIGUEL

You’ll spend about six weeks in the city of Milan, under the tutelage of Giada Rossi. She’s top notch in the European fashion market, Italy specifically. If you do well, I may have to give you the European Market position.

Gabrielle sits, stunned.

 MIGUEL (CONT’D)

That is, if you pass muster with Giada.

Miguel rises but Gabrielle hasn’t moved.

MIGUEL (CONT’D)

Gabrielle? Would you like to train in Italy?

She scrambles to her feet.

GABRIELLE

When do I leave?

INT. DESIGN FLOOR – DAY

Gabrielle steps from her office, her head spinning. The five members of her DESIGN TEAM, including her assistant STACY, applaud. Gabrielle grins at them impishly.

GABRIELLE

 What if I’d said no?

STACY

 With us behind you? No way.

# GABRIELLE

You’re right, fellow peasants.

Now we need to slave night and day until

I leave.

Everyone’s off to pout, Gabrielle laughs.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

But lunch today is on me!

She turns to Stacy.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

Can you get me a reservation for Le Primo tonight? And then get Allison on the line.

STACY

What about Frank?

GABRIELLE

I’ll call him on my cell, but don’t tell anyone anything. I want to see their faces when I drop the bomb about my maybe promotion.

Stacy nods and grabs the phone.

INT. GABRIELLE'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BATH – NIGHT

Gabrielle and Frank stand under the shower spray.

#  FRANK

What are we celebrating this time?

GABRIELLE

I have more good news, but I’d like to wait until Allison and Will get here.

FRANK

Hmmm...

Frank runs a hand up Gabrielle’s thigh.

FRANK (CONT’D)

Group sex? I didn’t think you were into that anymore.

#  GABRIELLE

 (getting breathless)

I asked them to come fifteen minutes early. I’ve iced champagne for a toast. We’ll have to hurry.

#  FRANK

I’m more than happy to comply with madam’s request.

Gabrielle moans as Frank gets down to work.

INT. GABRIELLE'S TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM – LATER

Gabrielle applies makeup at a table.

Frank steps out of the bathroom, freshly shaved and dressed for their evening. He walks over to kiss the nape of Gabrielle’s neck.

FRANK

Almost ready?

Gabrielle turns and pulls him down to her with his tie. His eyes grow serious as she peppers his face with kisses.

FRANK (CONT’D)

Oh my beautiful Gabrielle. Marry me before I go crazy.

Gabrielle lies her head on his shoulder and sighs.

GABRIELLE

Oh, Frank.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Gabrielle giggles. Frank touches her nose.

# FRANK

Allison and Will have the worst timing.

Don’t think you get to slip away so easy.

He saunters to the door as Gabrielle watches him with admiration.

The sound of a CORK POPPING and the gentle FIZZ OF BUBBLES.

INT. GABRIELLE'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING AREA – LATER

Frank pours the champagne as Gabrielle’s best friend ALLISON SYMMS-SPEAR and her husband WILL SPEAR stand nearby.

Allison takes note of Frank’s wet hair.

#  ALLISON

Did we interrupt something?

 GABRIELLE (O.C.)

Don’t be silly. We were just getting out of the shower.

Gabrielle enters the room and winks at her friend and grabs the stem of her champagne glass.

Allison wolf whistles at Gabrielle’s dress.

# ALLISON

I’m not sure I want Will sitting next to you tonight.

# WILL

# (Will kisses his wife on the side of her head.)

You have nothing to worry about.

Allison turns smiling eyes on Will, enjoying how seriously he takes everything. She kisses his cheek and leans into his ear.

# ALLISON

I’ll give you something to worry about later.

(turning to the others)

So, what are we celebrating?

Gabrielle does a skip hop in her heels.

# GABRIELLE

Okay, everyone get a glass first.

Everyone grabs one and holds it up to meet Gabrielle’s.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I’m going to Italy to train with the head of the Milan office for -- hopefully -- my new job as the new European market liaison to all our fashion and design departments!

# ALLISON

Oh my God! Congratulations!

The ladies clink and take a big drink.

Will’s sip is smaller.

Frank stands in surprise, his glass still in the air.

Gabrielle laughs at him and clinks her glass to his.

GABRIELLE

You’re supposed to drink, Frank.

FRANK

For how long?

GABRIELLE

Six weeks or so.

FRANK

Alone?

Even Allison looks concerned.

FRANK (CONT’D)

Don’t you think we should have discussed this?

# ALLISON

Gabrielle, that’s a long time to be away, you know, for—

Gabrielle wraps her arms around Frank’s neck.

GABRIELLE

I had to answer right then and there or Miguel would have given the job to someone else.

# FRANK

Sweetie, I’m happy for you, of course, but—

Gabrielle looks from Frank to Allison and then pouts.

GABRIELLE

I can last six weeks.

A beat and then—

ALLISON

Oh, of course, you can.

WILL

Six weeks for what?

# ALLISON

We’ll talk about it later.

GABRIELLE

Oh, just tell him: I have a voracious appetite, and, until I met Frank, I had to have sex at least once a day.

Frank turns dour.

FRANK

That hasn’t changed.

GABRIELLE

Oh course it hasn’t, my love.

You’re very good that way. Anyway, I’ll be far too busy with work to worry about all that.

She raises her glass.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

To my party days being over!

Everyone clinks and drinks to that, most obviously Frank.

Gabrielle gets an idea.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

Hey, after my internship is up, all of you can come for a visit to my grandmother’s villa!

She lifts the keys from a bowl on the counter.

Allison gives Will a look from under her eyelashes.

ALLISON

We could have Mom watch little Edgar?

Will looks at all three and takes his cue from Frank’s shrug.

# WILL

How could we miss out on Italy?

Gabrielle and Allison WHOOP!

Frank smiles crookedly, still not convinced that Gabrielle should go away on her own.

EXT. MILAN AIRPORT – DAY

Her luggage in tow, Gabrielle steps out of the automatic doors and searches for her ride in the brilliant sun.

She spots a yellow Ferrari weaving among the cars. It skids to a stop near where Gabrielle perches on her bags.

The driver exits and lifts up oversized sunglasses and sends a blinding smile to Gabrielle.

# GIA

(in Italian, subtitled)

Want a lift?

Gabrielle stands, feeling rumpled next to this sleek tomcat of a woman.

GABRIELLE

Giada?

GIA

It’s Gia.

And it is: GIADA “GIA” ROSSI, every inch the stylish Italian design expert.

GIA (CONT’D)

Get in. We have people to do and things to meet.

Gia pushes a button on the dash and the trunk opens up.

Gabrielle drags her bags over, helped by a BUSINESSMAN taken in by the two beautiful women.

GABRIELLE

Grazia.

Gabrielle gets in and puts one bag at her feet.

# GIA

Better put that belt on, sweetie.

Gabrielle reaches for the seatbelt as Gia ROARS away, leaving tire marks on the road behind them.

EXT. MILAN – SAME

As the sun sets behind the skyscrapers, the yellow Ferrari zigs and zags in and around the sights of the city.

EXT. GIA’S VILLA – NIGHT

The yellow Ferrari purrs onto the driveway, which ends with paving stones that circle a beautiful lighted fountain of a naked woman holding a flower pot.

The house has a terra cotta roof and is draped in greenery.

Gia gets out, followed by Gabrielle, who hasn’t been able to stop glancing at her new mentor. There’s something about her.

# GIA

I thought you could stay in my guest house, since you’re here a short time. It has its own private entrance and a steam bath. I sometimes use it after a night of too much wine or an overzealous companion. Besides, why stay in some lonely hotel.

Gia winks before popping the trunk and grabbing Gabrielle’s bags.

GIA (CONT’D)

That doesn’t bother you?

 GABRIELLE

Of course not, it’s your home. Very gracious of you to let me stay here.

# GIA

Let’s get you settled. Then we can decide where to go for dinner and a little night life.

Gabrielle grabs for her bags.

# GABRIELLE

I have a serious case of jet lag. Rain check?

GIA

Unfortunately, no. The team’s anxious to welcome you. So, a little wine, a little dancing, and then you sleep.

Gia grabs a bag and heads for a set of French doors.

GIA (CONT’D)

You have an hour. Try the steam bath. It’ll revive you.

Gabrielle follows with the rest of her bags.

INT. GIA’S GUEST HOUSE – NIGHT

Like a mini version of the villa, the rooms are all dark wood, plush cushions and white sheer curtains.

In the bedroom, Gabrielle’s clothes are spread on the four-poster bed as she unpacks. She’s already dressed for the evening, her hair damp from a steam in the bath.

She moves to her suitcase and takes out the last of her toiletries. Gabrielle pauses and looks through the bags, a look of panic on her face. The bag she is hoping to find isn’t there.

She grabs her cell and punches the contact for Frank.

As it stops ringing...

GABRIELLE

Baby, I forgot...

FRANK (V.O.)

(voicemail)

You’ve reached Frank. If you’re hearing this, I’m especially busy today—

Gabrielle tosses the phone away in frustration. Changing her mind, she grabs it from where it bounces on the bed.

GABRIELLE

Frank! I’m in Milan. Could you check—

#  GIA (V.O.)

(calling from outside the upstairs

 balcony of her room)

Gabrielle? Are you about ready?

Gabrielle sighs and disconnects the call.

#  GABRIELLE

(calling back)

Just about!

# GIA (V.O.)

(calling down)

Up the stairs! Double doors at the top!

INT. GIA'S VILLA - HALL – NIGHT

Outside the door, Gabrielle pauses at what must be a family portrait of a very dark Italian man, his BEAUTIFUL BLOND headed wife, and two small children.

Gabrielle smiles at the happy family.

INT. GIA'S VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM – SAME

GABRIELLE

I’m here!

Gabrielle steps into a florist’s paradise of fresh flowers, dominated by a gold four poster bed. Loads of pillows, lots of white fluffy accents.

Gia stands in the ensuite bath.

GIA (O.C.)

Can you hand me the small red and black box in the top drawer of the dresser?

Gabrielle walks to a dresser and opens the drawer. It’s filled with very personal items, some Gabrielle herself didn’t even possess.

GABRIELLE

Uh, I don’t see a red and black box.

Gia pokes her head in and grins when she sees where Gabrielle is looking.

# GIA

I hope you’re not embarrassed.

 GABRIELLE

Gabrielle holding up one item that had caught her interest from the drawer.

Not at all. I have my own little collection at home. This one looks interesting.

# GIA

I should have been more specific, my apologies.

She points to another dresser.

#  GIA (CONT’D)

Try that dresser over there.

Gabrielle retrieves the box and brings it to Gia, who steps out of the ensuite in a camisole and matching panties. Gabrielle stares. Taken back by her beauty and curves.

GIA (CONT’D)

Do you like it? I can take you to the boutique where I got it, if you like?

Gia slips on her slim red and black dress, aware that Gabrielle is speechless. Gia bends down to slip on her heels.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT – NIGHT

On several levels, the club is wood, carpet, and satin drapes. A dance floor fits in one raised corner, while a bar takes up the lowest space to one side of the entrance.

Gia pours Gabrielle a glass of wine from a bottle as they walk towards a table.

# GIA

*Mia miscela speciale di padri.*

GABRIELLE

Your father’s in the wine business?

#  GIA

*Si.* Introduce yourself to the team. We’re going to need a second bottle.

Gia waves at her DESIGN TEAM and heads for the bar. She looks back to see Gabrielle introducing herself to MARIA, SOFIA, GEORGIO, and GIOVANNI.

AT THE TABLE

Giovanni looks Gabrielle up and down, which she notices with a raised brow. He laughs and extends his hand, making Gabrielle laugh, too.

AT THE BAR

A handsome man joins Gia. This is ANTONIO, but we’ll learn more about him later.

ANTONIO (O.C.)

Is that the woman from the American office?

Gia peeks up at Antonio.

#  GIA

Delicious, isn’t she?

Gia jokingly licks her lips.

GIA (CONT’D)

You, stay away from her.

Antonio pops a few peanuts from the bar in his mouth.

# ANTONIO

I’ll have her before the end of the week.

Gia shoots him a pointed glare.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

Unless you get there first, of course.

Both look back towards Gabrielle, assessing her.

AT THE TABLE

Georgio moves up to Gabrielle, almost drooling. Gabrielle reaches out to shake his hand hoping to stop him from getting to close. He takes it and pulls her close to purr something in her ear.

Gabrielle stiffens. She pulls Georgio’s belt buckle from his waist and smiles as she pours her wine down the front of his pants.

The rest of the team bursts out in laughter. As Georgio limps away to the men’s room to clean himself up.

AT THE BAR

GIA

Maybe she doesn’t like men?

ANTONIO

Then it’s a bet. Same as always?

 GIA

Thinking for a moment. She does have the advantage with Gabriele staying in her guest house.

Of course. By the end of next week.

He leans over and kisses Gia on the forehead, catching Gabrielle’s eye from across the room.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

See you next weekend.

He nods at Gabrielle, who’s staring at them.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

As he walks away from the bar and out the door.

Bring your new friend.

 GABRIELLE

Who’s was that good looking guy you were just talking to?

HOURS LATER

The party has moved to the dance floor. Colored lights bounce off the floor and walls. Gia and her team throb and gyrate to hypnotic dance remixes.

Gabrielle stands off to one side, watching and nursing what she hopes is her last glass of wine for the evening.

Gia sways over. Gabrielle shakes her head.

GIA

What is it? Not Georgio? He won’t hold a grudge about his pants. It happens to him more often than you would think.

GABRIELLE

Then I won’t hold a grudge about what he said to me. Some men are so primitive.

Gia smiles.

# GIA

Most of them, I fear. I heard you were the original party girl of the California office. Is this not so?

Gia takes the drink out of Gabrielle’s hand and downs it in one gulp.

She grabs Gabrielle’s hand and drags her into the middle of the group.

Someone shoves a shot in Gabrielle’s hand.

 DESIGN TEAM

*Berlo, Berlo, Berlo!*

Gia makes a motion for Gabrielle to drink.

She tosses back the shot and dances with the rest of them, soon disappearing among the flashing lights and gyrating bodies.

INT. GIA'S GUEST HOUSE - STEAM SHOWER – DAY

The following morning.

Worn down by her busy night and jet lag, a naked Gabrielle stands in the doorway, wondering why it’s already full of steam. She drags herself in and sits on a redwood bench.

Gabrielle sighs and closes her eyes.

GIA (O.C.)

I told you, you would enjoy a good steam.

Gabrielle’s eyes fly open. She stands and grabs a towel from a nearby rack and wraps it around her naked body.

GIA (CONT’D)

Oh, don’t mind me. I was just leaving.

Gia, also naked, slides closer.

GIA (CONT’D)

Besides, you have quite a remarkable body.

Gabrielle doesn’t know what to make of this, feeling awkward standing there in a towel.

GABRIELLE

Thank you, I think.

Gabrielle moves to the door to leave. Gia gets there ahead of her.

# GIA

Sorry if I made you uncomfortable. Have a nice steam. We leave in an hour for the fabric mines.

Gia slips outside, shutting the door behind her. Gabrielle leans back against the wall, jittery from hormones.

She reaches out and turns the lock on the door.

EXT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS – DAY

Six sleek and modern floors with blue glass and silver metal framework.

The yellow Ferrari zooms into the parking lot and screeches into a parking space near the back.

# GIA (V.O.)

My father didn’t have the patience to teach me how to drive.

INT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - ELEVATOR – SAME

From the first floor, the dial above shows the elevator car advancing to the top floor.

GIA (V.O.)

So, he hired a professional race car driver.

INT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - TOP FLOOR – SAME

The doors of the elevator fly open, and Gia strides out, removing a scarf from her hair. She’s followed quickly by a wind-blown Gabrielle. Gia glances back.

# GIA

(laughing)

Maybe you’d like to hire a rental car?

Gabrielle nods her head as she takes in the stylish offices and smooths down her wind-blown hair: a main floor where the design team has workstations and a central table, a glass-enclosed executive suite that is Gia’s, with a small glass enclosed space next to it.

GIA (CONT’D)

That’s you.

She points to the small work area.

GIA (CONT’D)

You’ll shadow me better from there.

Gia waves at her team and strides for the central table, all business now. Everyone congregates. Taking her cue, Gabrielle joins them.

GIA (CONT’D)

These are the fabrics for the final designs?

Gia fingers a few samples.

# GIA (CONT’D)

(to Gabrielle)

We’ll want your opinion. The show’s in a few weeks.

GABRIELLE

Of course.

She eyes an easel that holds a series of drawings, her eyes stopping on an elegant pant suit.

# GIA

Come, let me show you your office before you dig in.

Gia heads for her executive suite.

INT. GIA’S OFFICE SUITE – DAY

It’s several hours later.

Gia finishes up at her desk and glances over at the team, now working furiously at the table, calling out opinions and matching samples to the various drawings.

Georgio holds up a swath of tulle.

GEORGIO

What do you think about this fabric in a deep burgundy? Or would you prefer it in—

# SOFIA

(butting in)

Or, would you prefer this softer lace silk in a carmine?

Gabrielle looks from one to the other and the fabrics in their hands. She reaches out and fingers them both.

GABRIELLE

Actually, we should try it in a carnelian.

Georgio sulks and Sofia huffs, but the corners of Gia’s mouth go up with approval.

Gabrielle’s eyes stray to Gia, who straightens her features but gives Gabrielle a nod.

Holding back her own smile, Gabrielle gets back to work.

INT. TOP FLOOR – SAME

Sofia takes a group of files delivered by an ASSISTANT. She pulls one out and walks it into Gia’s office.

Gabrielle pauses, watching Gia take the file and briefly peruse its contents.

Gabrielle rubs a hand over her forearm as she feels the hairs stand up on end.

EXT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS – NIGHT

Gabrielle steps out of the doors, enjoying the night air. She spots a white delivery truck near the side entrance.

Her mobile RINGS.

#  GABRIELLE

 (into phone)

Oh, baby, I miss you so much. You know I can’t stand to sleep alone.

Gabrielle’s eyes are still on the truck as she wonders what it’s doing there.

#  FRANK (V.O.)

 (on phone)

Did you take your little bag with you?

Gabrielle bites her lip.

GABRIELLE

Um...

FRANK (V.O.)

Baby?

Gabrielle starts as Gia steps out of the doors with keys in hand. Gabrielle turns from the truck but notes that Gia has seen it.

#  GABRIELLE

(to Frank)

I forgot to pack it.

Gabrielle follows as Gia leads the way to her Ferrari.

# GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

(to Frank)

I’ll try to find a shop over here to pick up a thing or two.

FRANK (V.O.)

I know how you can be.

GABRIELLE

Don’t worry, sweetie. I’ll call later, after I’m in bed.

Gabrielle signs off from the call and gets into the Ferrari.

I/E. YELLOW FERRARI – SAME

# GIA

You are serious about this man, no?

GABRIELLE

Yes, very much.

GIA

Ahh.

Gabrielle grabs for her seatbelt as Gia zooms out of the parking lot, missing a last view of the white truck.

INT. GIA'S GUEST HOUSE – NIGHT

Gabrielle is in bed, her mobile pressed to her ear.

#  GABRIELLE

 (into phone, breathy)

Lower?

#  FRANK (V.O.)

(on phone)

Yes, lower.

Gabrielle moves her hand under the sheets, gliding it down her body.

GABRIELLE

Hmmmm.

FRANK (V.O.)

What’s this mentor like?

Gabrielle finds a sensitive spot and pauses, a little disturbed at the intrusion of Gia on her phone sex.

FRANK

You like her?

 GABRIELLE

Oh, I don’t know.

But maybe she does. Gabrielle writhes under the touch of her hand.

#  FRANK

(voice lowering)

I miss you, baby.

#  GABRIELLE

Mmmm. Me, too, Frank. I miss you. Ah!

The breathing gets louder, the movements hotter, as Gabrielle loses all sense in an orgasm.

IN THE MORNING

Gabrielle stretches like a cat as the delicious memories of the night before come flooding back. She rolls over to grab her mobile and jumps when she sees Gia standing there.

GIA

Nice pajamas.

Gabrielle remembers she’s naked. She grabs for the sheet.

GIA (CONT’D)

No need to cover up on my account. I brought you an espresso.

Indeed, she did, but Gabrielle is still unnerved to find Gia in her room. Even Gia has the grace to look mildly abashed.

# GABRIELLE

Uh thanks. I’m going to get ready.

Gabrielle smiles tightly. But when Gia doesn’t move—

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

Alone. If you don’t mind terribly leaving...

Gia puts the espresso down on the night stand.

GIA

Yes, of course.

She turns for the door.

#  GABRIELLE

I hired a rental car yesterday. Can we stop on the way in so I can pick it up?

#  GIA

That’s easy enough.

Gia’s regained her aplomb as she twiddles her fingers in a wave before she heads out. Gabrielle feels a flash of guilt, though she’s not sure why.

#  GABRIELLE

 (calling after her)

I know, I have one hour!

INT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - TOP FLOOR – DAY

Dressed smartly in a black turtleneck, neon skirt, and black tights, Gabrielle steps out of the elevator.

Gia’s in her office already. She’s deep in conversation with a dark, middle-aged man -- RICARDO, as we will learn later. He’s loud, but Gabrielle can’t quite make out the conversation or if it’s friendly.

Gabrielle moves to the design table to see the progress. The team is already working, but Gabrielle’s eyes keep going to Gia’s office.

GEORGIO

You’re late.

GABRIELLE

A slight detour while I figured out how to work the navigation on my rental car.

Gabrielle wrinkles her nose.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

Did you get a new cologne?

Maria giggles but Giovanni answers.

GIOVANNI

It’s him.

He nods towards Ricardo. Both Sofia and Georgio give the other two a dirty look.

#  GEORGIO

 (a reprimand)

We need to reach a decision about the silk.

He fans his hand out over an array of samples. As he does, Ricardo exits Gia’s office and heads for the elevator.

When the door closes, Gabrielle leans into Georgio.

GABRIELLE

Who was that?

GEORGIO

What?

His focus is on the samples.

GABRIELLE

That meeting that Gia was having in her office. What was that all about?

Georgio moves to try a sample on a mannequin.

#  GEORGIO

Boss lady has those meetings once in a while.

Has to do with family business, not us. Now can we focus on the design, please?

Gabrielle notes his exasperation and gets back to work.

INT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - TOP FLOOR – NIGHT

Gabrielle enters Gia’s executive suite.

 GABRIELLE

I think I’m going to call it a night. You staying?

Gia looks up from her desk, glasses at the end of her nose.

#  GIA

You go ahead. I’ll call Marianno and have him let you in the villa. Tomorrow, we’ll get you a spare key.

Gabrielle smiles.

GABRIELLE

Okay, good night.

I/E. RED HYBRID / ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS – NIGHT

Gabrielle strides towards her rental, a red hybrid, noting a white truck pulling in as she gets into the car.

Gabrielle notices a delivery truck pull up to the building and wonders why they would be getting a delivery this late at night.

She sits in her car and watches the men begin to unload large wooden crates.

Gabrielle starts up the car and pulls the red hybrid pulls out of the parking lot and slows around a line of trees on the delivery side of the building.

Gabrielle rolls down the window, happy the engine is silent as she peers through the trees at the truck.

DELIVERY ENTRANCE

Two workers, RONNIE and TONY, exit the truck and then a driver, VITO, backs it up to the delivery entrance. One worker goes in a side door while the other one opens the back.

The men start to unload large wooden shipping crates into the building.

Puzzled, Gabrielle moves back toward her car. She heads back to the villa to change clothes.

Once in the guest house she hastily rummages through her clothes to find a dark outfit to sneak through the shadows, unseen. All she can find is her black tights and a black turtleneck, and off course her black six-inch spike heels.

EXT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - TOP FLOOR – CONTINUOUS

Gia stands at her office window, watching the activity below.

Her eyes follow the red hybrid as it zooms out of sight.

The elevator door opens and two men VITO and TONY

Gia stares angrily at them.

 GIA

You know you were being watched.

 VITO

What? By who?

 GIA

The American woman I am training.

 VITO

Don’t worry about her. Ronnie can take care of her.

 GIA

 (Talking sternly and waving her finger)

No! I do not want her taken care of. She is not to be involved in any way. I will take responsibility for her. Do you understand?

Standing back in shock as Gia’s tone.

 VITO

His hands up in front of him taking a step backwards.

 Bene, Bene. We will not touch her.

I/E. RED HYBRID / ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

It’s an hour later.

Gabrielle sits behind the wheel in the same spot, though she’s now she wears only the black turtleneck and tights. She has pulled her hair back into a ponytail.

She looks, but there is no yellow Ferrari in the parking lot.

Gabrielle gets out of her car and moves to the trees to get a better view of the delivery entrance.

Moments later, Ronnie, Vito and Tony bring a different crate outside and load it into the truck. Vito heads for the cab, while Ronnie and Tony see to the open doors.

Gabrielle watches the white van disappear, and then she makes for the delivery entrance. Trying to stay in the shadows.

On a hunch, she tries to lift the large delivery door. It opens, surprising her.

Gabrielle slips inside and pulls the door down.

INT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - LOADING DOCK – SAME

A few utility lights are on, but Gabrielle stays low, aware there are probably security guards in the building.

She moves up to one of the crates that was delivered a short time ago. She spots a screwdriver and wrenches it open.

Inside, Gabrielle frowns at the stacks of wine.

She tries the second and third crates and finds the same. In the last crate, she digs under the top layer of bottles and spots a different kind of wine bottle -- darker and with something that looks like a bottle inside.

Not sure what this could be, Gabrielle tucks it back into place.

EXT. GIA'S GUEST HOUSE – NIGHT

A few hours later.

Gabrielle smiles at MARIANNO, who is waiting to let her into the guest house.

#

# GABRIELLE

Thank god for onboard navigation. I never would have found this place on my own.

#  MARIANNO

*Ho apprezzato it vostok viaggio di ritormo.*

GABRIELLE

No, thank you. I won’t need anything else.

Gabrielle makes her way inside.

INT. GIA'S GUEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gabrielle kicks off her heels in the darkened space and sighs with relief. She crosses to the kitchen area and opens the fridge to grab a bottle of wine.

Gabrielle almost drops it when she turns and spots Gia sitting in an overstuffed chair.

#  GABRIELLE

Waa! Oh, geez, it’s you, Gia.

Gia reaches over and flicks on a table light.

#  GIA

Well, well, well, where have you been this evening? Did you get lost?

GABRIELLE

How long have you been sitting there?

#  GIA

I came to see if you wanted to go for some dinner, but you were already gone. I figured I would wait a few minutes for you since you didn’t know your way around yet. Where did you go?

GABRIELLE

I took a drive.

Gabrielle grabs a couple of glasses, but Gia waves her off when she makes to pour one for her.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I got dinner at Mia Mia’s.

#  GIA

Did you try the mussels?

Gabrielle pulls a receipt from her pocket.

GABRIELLE

Maybe next time. I’ll hang on to this for my taxes.

Gabrielle leaves the receipt on the counter as Gia moves closer.

GIA

Smart move.

But she’s lightening up, especially with a receipt as proof.

GIA (CONT’D)

In the morning I thought we could skip training and do a little site seeing and shopping.

GABRIELLE

I’d love to!

.

Gabrielle takes a sip of wine.

GIA

Good night then.

She sails out the door.

Gabrielle looks down at the receipt, glad she had it. Then sinks into the overstuffed chair and kicks off her heels and takes a sip of wine.

INT. GIA’S GUEST HOUSE – BATHROOM

Gabrielle sinks herself into a hot bubble bath with a glass of wine.

Sometime later

Gabrielle remembers she needs to call Frank before going to bed.

She gets out of the tub and wraps herself in a large white towel.

She picks up her cell phone and dials his number.

Frank picks up on the first ring.

 FRANK (V.O.)

 Baby, I thought you forgot about me.

GABRIELLE

Not a chance Baby.

Gabrielle snuggles into bed while they talk about her day and his day.

INT. GIA’S GUEST HOUSE – BEDROOM

Garielle wakes to the sound of her alarm.

She hits the snooze button.

 GABRILLE

 (to herself)

 Who am I kidding, time to get up and ready for work.

Gia, now sitting at the end of Gabrielle’s bed.

 GIA

Yes, as a matter of fact it is time to get your lazy American ass out of bed.

 GABRIELLE

 (jolting up in bed)

 How did you get in here?

 GIA

 You left the door open. I came in just as your alarm was going off. Here, I brought you an espresso to start your day.

Gia sets the cup down on the nightstand and takes a seat at the foot of the bed.

 GABRIELLE

 I don’t like the idea of you in here while I am sleeping, but thanks for the cup just the same.

Gia intensively looking at Gabrielle still sitting in bed.

 GIA

 Nice pajamas.

 GABRIELLE

 Pulling the sheets up to her chest.)

 Oh Shit!

 GIA

 Staring into Gabrielle’s eye)

No need to cover up just because I am in the room. You are quite beautiful you know.

Now hurry up so we can go shopping.

Gia gets up from the bed and leaves the room.

Gabrielle gets out of bed once Gia leaves the guest house.

 GABRILLE

 talking to herself)

 Shopping, good. Time buy a few things.

Gabrielle proceeds to get dressed.

EXT. GIA’S VILLA – DRIVEWAY

Gia is revving up the engine trying to hurry Gabrielle for their day of sight-seeing and shopping.

Gabrielle comes running from the house and jumping ion the passenger seat of Gia’s sports car.

 GABRIELLE

 Keep your boots on. Your expensive Italian boots.

Gia takes Gabrielle to all the swanky shops around town and sows her some places of interest.

They dine at a sweet Italian family restaurant tucked away out of town that her father helped establish before heading back to Gia’s Villa.

EXT. GIA’S VILLA – DRIVEWAY

Gabrielle and Gia exit the car.

Gia heads upstairs to her room as Gabrielle heads for the Guest house.

GIA (CONT’D)

In the morning we go to my family’s vineyard. I’m hoping you can help me prepare for my Aunt Tia’s birthday celebration this weekend.

 GABRIELLE

I would love to.

EXT. FRANCIACORTA – DAY

A community of vineyards and winemakers dating as far back as the 1500s.

The yellow Ferrari zooms along at a more relaxed pace, as if even the car is taken by the picturesque late summer scenery.

The car slows to enter a long driveway.

I/E. YELLOW FERRARI / CASA ROSSI – SAME

Gia steers through an old brick and iron gate and glides onto the long, looped driveway bordered by grape vines.

She pulls onto the round drive in front of her family home, which sports a fountain in the middle of a woman holding a basket of grapes, much like Gia’s but not as provocative.

The house is a two-hundred-year old brick beauty with wood trim. The second floor boasts large French doors, each with its own balcony. A six-car garage is off to the left.

Gia brakes in front.

#  GIA

So, what do you think? Kind of big, huh?

Gabrielle nods, admiring the setting not so different from her

own villa.

GIA (CONT’D)

You can’t see them from here, but there are stables beyond the house. We could ride out to see the vineyards in the morning.

GABRIELLE

(Looking at the white peacoks on the lawn)

It’s all very beautiful. Did you grow up here?

#  GIA

Mostly. It needed a lot of work for many years. My father had it renovated for my mother. She had just finished redecorating before she died.

 GABRIELLE

That must have been hard.

#  GIA

It has been more than five years. I still miss her but I have adjusted. Okay, enough sadness.

Gia gestures towards the back of the car where groceries are stacked behind the seats.

GIA (CONT’D)

Let’s get this stuff inside and into the kitchen then I will show you to one of the guest rooms.

INT. CASA ROSSI - KITCHEN – DAY

Gabrielle and Gia place the groceries and several bottles of champagne on a butcher block counter.

Gia gestures towards a door.

#  GIA

Why don’t you get a few bottles from the wine cellar -- something for dinner tonight -- and I’ll get started here.

GABRIELLE

Sounds like a plan.

Gabrielle leaves Gia to start cooking.

INT. CASA ROSSI - WINE CELLAR – SAME

In the gloom, Gabrielle examines a series of cubbies that all hold Casa Rossi wine, but a different vintage is in each one.

She hears MALE VOICES coming from a door that is ajar at the end of the cavernous room.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Two weeks late?! You must crush them! Now, not later, not next week!

#  ANTONIO (O.C.)

Yes, Papa, I will take care of it.

Antonio steps into the main room with Gabrielle. She doesn’t recognize him as the handsome man from the night at the club, but he recognizes her.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

Hello? And who might you be and why are you in my wine cellar?

He’s made his way to Gabrielle. He reaches above her, leaning ever so slightly in her direction, to grab bottles of wine.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

Try this one. It was a very good year for us.

He hands her two bottles.

#  GABRIELLE

You make this wine? It’s one of my favorites.

#  ANTONIO

That’s good to hear. Now, who are you and what are you doing in my wine cellar?

#  GABRIELLE

I’m Gabrielle. Gia invited me for her aunt’s birthday party. She asked me to come down and select a few bottles of wine for the dinner she’s making.

ANTONIO

Gia is cooking? We’re in for a real treat. I must go see what she has planned.

Antonio bounds up the stairs, leaving Gabrielle holding the two bottles he selected.

INT. CASA ROSSI - KITCHEN – DAY

When Gabrielle steps upstairs, Antonio is gone and Gia is deep into preparing pasta dough. She gives Gabrielle an assessing look, aware that Antonio spoke with her in the cellar.

# GIA

We’ll do some of the canapés today. How are you at cooking?

GABRIELLE

I can handle the lobsters for tonight.

She places the bottles of wine in the fridge to chill.

#  GIA

Oh no, I have a secret family recipe for those.

Gia smiles and hands Gabrielle a rolling pin.

INT. CASA ROSSI - DINING ROOM – NIGHT

An Italian feast is spread across the large table which is set for four, one place at the head, two on one side and one on the other.

Gia’s father SALVATORE ROSSI (60s, robust and charming) takes his place at the head after seating Gabrielle and Gia on one side of the table.

#  SALVATORE

 (to Gabrielle)

Grimaldi? Good old Italian name.

 GABRIELLE

Yes, sir, my grandmother lived here.

SALVATORE

Salvatore, please.

Gia places her napkin on her lap.

SALVATORE (CONT’D)

We will wait for Antonio.

Gia nods, deferential to her father’s wishes.

GIA

Why is he late?

ANTONIO (O.C.)

I was taking care of business, Papa, remember?

Antonio kisses his father’s cheek and takes the chair opposite Gia and Gabrielle.

#  GIA

My older brother Antonio, who tells me he was rude and didn’t introduce himself in the wine cellar.

#  ANTONIO

You will excuse me, of course, for the oversight. It couldn’t wait.

Gia shoots Antonio a look but his eyes are on Gabrielle.

 GABRIELLE

Apology accepted.

Feeling shy, Gabrielle studies him from under her lashes. Antonio’s gaze warms.

Gia looks between the two, her eyes narrowing. Antonio ignores her as he lifts the platter of lobsters.

#  ANTONIO

 (winks at Gabrielle)

Secret family recipe.

He hands the platter to Salvatore and it continues around the table as each diner takes a portion.

#  GABRIELLE

My boyfriend likes his cooked this way as well. It was his mother’s recipe.

Antonio raises a brow to Gia, wondering about the boyfriend. She shrugs as the platter goes to Gabrielle.

#  SALVATORE

This boyfriend must be a good Italian boy if he knows about lobsters in champagne.

GABRIELLE

He is.

SALVATORE

So, tell me young lady, what exactly do you do?

Gabrielle is about to speak when Ricardo enters the room and picks up a bottle of wine to pour.

SALVATORE (CONT’D)

Ricardo, this is just family tonight.

Ricardo replaces the bottle, nods to Salvatore, and exits.

#  GIA

Papa, I’m training Gabrielle to do what I do.

#  SALVATORE

Why, my Gia? Are you quitting your job?

# GIA

No, I got a promotion.

SALVATORE

I see.

He lifts his glass.

SALVATORE (CONT’D)

(Looks to Gabrielle)

To that we should drink. Then we must dine on this fine meal Gia has prepared for us.

Gia cooks just like her mother.

Salvatore makes the sign of the cross. The others follow and then lift their glasses.

INT. CASA ROSSI - KITCHEN – DAY

It’s the following morning.

Gabrielle finds Gia already at work on food for the party.

GABRIELLE

Ready to give me that tour on horseback?

GIA

I’m afraid I’m stuck here in the kitchen, or I’ll never be ready for the party tomorrow.

Antonio turns from pouring a cup of strong Italian coffee.

 ANTONIO

I can take you on the tour.

#  GIA

If Gabrielle doesn’t mind, you mean?

Gabrielle notices a look pass between the siblings.

GABRIELLE

Well, if you don’t mind, Gia?

Gia shrugs her shoulders, but apparently not happy with her brothers offer.

GIA

A tour guide is a tour guide.

#  ANTONIO

Well then, let’s head to the barn and have Pauly saddle us a few horses.

#  GABRIELLE

Let me grab a coffee, and I’m all yours.

Gabrielle places a cup under the machine and misses the raised eyebrow Antonio shoots at Gia, who dices onions forcefully.

I/E. STABLES – DAY

Antonio stands with PAULY, who has saddled two horses for their ride. Gabrielle gives the beasts an admiring gaze as she joins them.

#  ANTONIO

This is Rumaldi. My pride and joy.

Gabrielle notes the decorative reins in Antonio’s hands. She runs a hand down the flank of the second horse.

 GABRIELLE

Who might this pretty one be?

#  ANTONIO

Isabelle. She is two years old and very mellow. Do you know how to ride?

With Pauly’s assistance, Gabrielle hops astride. She takes the reins and rides off towards the grape vineyards.

Antonio grins and sends Rumaldi after her.

EXT. VINEYARD – DAY

Sensing the layout, Gabrielle keeps in the lead as she circles the Rossi property, past acres of vines and a number of barns and service buildings.

Antonio stays in pursuit. He’s happy to let Gabrielle stay in front for the moment so he can admire her fine riding skills.

EXT. STAND OF TREES NEAR A RIVER – DAY

Gabrielle spots Antonio almost upon her. She reins Isabelle in, dismounts and ties her to a tree.

Antonio slows Rumaldi and dismounts. He gives the horse a pat and ties him to a nearby tree. He gives Gabrielle a stern look and she laughs.

GABRIELLE

I used to spend my summers at my grandmother’s house in Lake Cuomo. She had horses.

Entranced, Antonio moves closer, but Gabrielle’s eyes are on the river.

#  GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

What a beautiful place to grow up.

Antonio stands just behind her. He reaches for her hair, which stirs in the breeze, and moves a lock from her shoulder and smells its aroma then releases it.

#  ANTONIO

Why do you travel alone?

Gabrielle turns, curious at his soft tone. She leans back on the tree behind her.

GABRIELLE

I’m not alone.

#  ANTONIO

Who is here to protect you?

Gabrielle looks up into Antonio’s eyes, mesmerized.

 ANTONIO (CONT’D)

You are quite beautiful.

He cups her cheek with his hand. He slips it behind her neck and pulls Gabrielle forward for a kiss. Gabrielle kisses Antonio back, wrapping her arms around his neck as she leans into him.

#  ANTONIO (CONT’D)

Do you... want this to happen?

Gabrielle keeps kissing him, moving in closer. She feels bolts of electricity with him as she feels with Gia.

Antonio pulls her blouse from her jeans and unbuttons it exposing her lace bra and delicate breasts. He reaches a hand up to her breast and cups it gently.

Gabrielle groans, lost in the moment. She arches her back as Antonio kisses her neck, down between her breasts and slowly kissing her stomach. He falls to his knees.

Gabrielle opens her eyes and looks down. Her jeans are undone and Antonio is licking her navel.

Gabrielle pushes him back.

#  GABRIELLE

(too loud)

I have a boyfriend!

Gabrielle flings herself towards Isabelle, mounts and kicks the horse into high gear. Her blouse flapping open in the wind.

In their wake, Antonio still kneels before the tree, blinking in confusion, while Rumaldi chomps sweet grass at the river’s edge.

INT. CASA ROSSI - KITCHEN – DAY

Gia is chopping vegetables when she hears the THUNDERING HOOVES, which end before Gabrielle appears.

Without a word, she storms through the kitchen, holding her blouse closed but still pulled out from her pants.

Gia watches her go, her eyes narrow when she hears the TROMP of Gabrielle on the stairs.

Gia’s eyes go wide when an upstairs door SLAMS.

Gia moves to the still open kitchen door.

I/E. KITCHEN / COURTYARD AND STABLES – SAME

Gia hears another horse THUNDERING in.

She watches Antonio ride in, his face a mix of concern and frustration.

Gia cocks her head to one side. Did he or didn’t he? Deciding he didn’t, Gia moves back to close the door.

Antonio doesn’t see Gia as he stops Rumaldi just at the edge of the vineyard. He looks at Gabrielle balcony, then races back towards the vineyards.

INT. CASA ROSSI - ROSE GUEST ROOM – SAME

The room deserves its name with tasteful wallpaper and drapes in shades of pink and cream. There is a fragrant bouquet of old English roses on the night stand.

Gabrielle lies back on the bed, her eyes on the ceiling.

They don’t flinch at the KNOCK on the door.

GIA (V.O.)

Gabrielle? Are you okay? What’s wrong?

Gabrielle ignores her.

When she hears RETREATING FOOTSTEPS, Gabrielle rolls over to grab her phone. She punches the contact for Frank.

FRANK (V.O.)

You’ve reached Frank. If you’re hearing this—

Gabrielle cancels the call. She needed to hear his voice, even his voicemail. She needed to rein her reality back in.

INT. CASA ROSSI - KITCHEN – DAY

A few hours later, Gabrielle is elbow-deep in seafood and pasta as she helps Gia, who is cleaning squid.

#  GIA

Could you hand me that towel?

Gabrielle spots the hand towel and passes it over.

GIA (CONT’D)

Would you like to make the coating for these once I’ve chopped them up?

Gabrielle shrugs. When Gia seems to want more of an answer--

GABRIELLE

Sure. Fine.

#  GIA

Flour is over there.

Gia points, her eyes on Gabrielle’s back as she retrieves the canister.

GIA (CONT’D)

How was your tour of the vineyard?

GABRIELLE

Okay, I guess.

#  GIA

Gabrielle. You seem upset. Did you have a good ride with Antonio?

Gabrielle stills at the innuendo and then recovers when she sees nothing but concern on Gia’s face.

GABRIELLE

What else do you need for the batter besides flour?

Gia gives her hands a quick rinse and moves to Gabrielle.

GIA

What happened with you and Antonio?

GABRIELLE

Nothing special. Not worth discussing.

#  GIA

Huh. The party starts at around six, so you have the rest of the afternoon to hide in here or do something else.

GABRIELLE

I’m happy to help.

# GIA

Fine. Four cups of flour.

Antonio walks in the back door.

Gia notes Gabrielle glance his way and a tell-tale blush before she goes back to measuring.

ANTONIO

May I speak with you a moment?

 GIA

I’m busy right now, can’t you see?

#  ANTONIO

I was speaking to Miss Grimaldi.

He gestures to Gabrielle, who stiffens.

GABRIELLE

I’m busy right now.

Gia looks between the two of them -- the preoccupied look on one, the heated gaze from the other -- and waves towards the cellar door.

#  GIA

Now you, go on and get out of my kitchen, or I won’t have everything ready on time.

Gabrielle pauses in her work, unsure.

GIA (CONT’D)

It’s alright, I can handle this for now.

Without looking at Antonio, Gabrielle dusts off her hands and heads for the wine cellar door.

He opens it for her, causing a momentary pause in Gabrielle’s step.

INT. CASA ROSSI - WINE CELLAR – DAY

In the same spot they met before, Antonio stops a few feet from Gabrielle. He reaches out to pull her closer. She backs up a step.

#  ANTONIO

(softly)

What happened, Gabrielle? Why did you run away from me?

He reaches forward to grab Gabrielle’s elbows. She doesn’t resist but she doesn’t look at him either.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

We had such a... a beautiful moment... and you ran away. Why?

Gabrielle shakes her head and tries to pull free. Antonio holds her until she looks up at him.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

Are you afraid of me?

GABRIELLE

No.

#  ANTONIO

Good. I won’t hurt you.

Antonio waits for more, and then he leans in and kisses Gabrielle on the lips.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

What you do to me.

#  GABRIELLE

I’m not free. I told you that.

ANTONIO

It is this boyfriend?

GABRIELLE

I am to be married. So, please leave me be.

Gabrielle breaks free and marches back up the stairs.

Antonio watches her go, the pain of her rejection sharp on his features.

EXT. CASA ROSSI - REAR COURTYARD – NIGHT

The sun sets behind the grapevines as the first GUESTS arrive for the party. A band warms up, and tables are filled with the food Gia has prepared.

Gabrielle wears a deep red form-fitting dress as she stands with Salvatore. An older gentleman TONY ROSSI joins them.

#  TONY

Don’t tell me you are getting married again to this beautiful creature?

#  SALVATORE

Don’t be ridiculous, Tony, this is Gia’s friend Gabrielle Grimaldi from America.

Tony takes Gabrielle’s hand and presses it to his heart. They are joined by his wife RONNIE ROSSI, who helps AUNT TIA on her way to the tables.

#  RONNIE

Ignore my husband. He forgets he’s taken.

TONY

Taken? Have you seen this beautiful creature?

As the others laugh, Gabrielle joins in.

#  SALVATORE

Gabrielle, you have met my brother

Tony and his wife Ronnie.

This is--He pulls Aunt Tia forward.

SALVATORE (CONT’D)

--Tia. My favorite sister and Gia’s aunt.

#  GABRIELLE

Aunt Tia, Happy Birthday!

Gabrielle steps forward, unaware of Gia at a distance, watching them.

A FEW HOURS LATER

The party is in full swing, the food eaten, guests dancing, and Aunt Tia is still holding court at one of the tables.

A glass of wine in her hand, Gabrielle moves away from the party and slips through a green archway towards the many parked cars in the front courtyard and along the grass near the stables.

EXT. FRONT COURTYARD

Gabrielle sways to the band as she walks until she spots the white delivery van near the six-car garage.

She doesn’t hear Antonio come up behind her. He holds a bottle and a glass.

ANTONIO

More wine?

He holds up the bottle. Gabrielle studies him a moment.

#  GABRIELLE

Where did you come from?

Gabrielle barely resists glancing at the van because it seems like Antonio came from that direction.

#  ANTONIO

The party, same as you.

Gabrielle holds up her glass, swaying again to the song from the band.

GABRIELLE

*Grazie.*

Antonio pours for Gabrielle and tops off his own.

She watches him but isn’t sure if he’s lying or not.

Antonio places the bottle down in the grass.

ANTONIO

You like music, no?

#  GABRIELLE

(RE: the band)

They’re very good.

#  ANTONIO

Only the best for Aunt Tia.

Would you like to dance?

Without thinking, Gabrielle steps into Antonio’s arms. They sway together, still holding onto their wine, cautious after their morning together.

The moment the song is over, Gabrielle steps back.

#  GABRIELLE

Thank you for the lovely dance. I must go back now.

Gabrielle heads back for the house.

#  ANTONIO

Do you ever stay in one place?

Gabrielle can’t help herself, she flashes a smile over her shoulder and returns through the archway to the party.

Antonio picks up the bottle of wine and follows her.

BACK AT THE PARTY

Gia watches as Gabrielle returns.

She addresses the group around her.

#  GIA

*Che diavolo? Mi scusi un attimo, per favore?*

The others nod or smile as Gia heads back the way Gabrielle came and slips through the archway.

INT. STABLES – NIGHT

Gia finds Antonio leaning over the gate to Rumaldi’s stall. She pauses a moment -- she’s never seen him like this.

#  GIA

What’s the matter with you?

When Antonio doesn’t answer, Gia wraps him in a hug from behind.

#  GIA (CONT’D)

What happened this morning?

Antonio lets out s pitiful sigh.

#  ANTONIO

This Gabrielle, she is different. Magnificent. A goddess and a teasing little vixen.

Antonio turns to face his sister.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

I must have her.

Gia laughs.

#  GIA

Well, that’s the bet, no?

On Antonio’s downtrodden look, Gia pounces.

GIA (CONT’D)

She turned you down, didn’t she? Like a jet plane to the side of the mountain, you go down in flames!

She slaps Antonio on the back, but he’s not laughing.

GIA (CONT’D)

Hey, what gives?

Antonio takes a long drink and then—

#  ANTONIO

I’m calling dibs. You can’t have her.

Antonio finishes the bottle in one long drink. He throws it into the stall with Rumaldi and heads back for the party.

Gia watches him go, bewildered.

EXT. CASA ROSSI - REAR COURTYARD – NIGHT

From the dance floor, Gabrielle sees Antonio searching for her, though he hasn’t spotted her yet.

She hurries over to Aunt Tia to say goodnight and then hustles towards the house, aware that Antonio has just spotted her.

INT. CASA ROSSI - STAIRWAY – NIGHT

Gabrielle hurries up the dimly lit stairs, glancing back to make sure she’s not being followed

INT. CASA ROSSI - ROSE GUEST ROOM – NIGHT

Gabrielle locks the door behind her and hurries to the bed.

She hears the STEPS ON THE STAIRS.

She hears the RATTLE OF THE LOCK on her door.

She waits, eyes on the door, for what’s next.

After what seems like an eternity later, Gabrielle hears FAINT STEPS back down the stairs.

She shivers, frightened and turned on in equal measure.

A FEW HOURS LATER

Dawn is lighting the sky outside.

Gabrielle wakes with her phone clutched in her hand. She rises and presses the contact for Frank.

As it rings, she moves to the window to admire the sunrise.

FRANK (V.O.)

You’ve reached Frank...

Gabrielle drops the phone when she spots Antonio standing by a tree and watching her window. His tie is undone, and he holds one long-stemmed rose in his hand.

Rattled, Gabrielle steps back and pulls the curtains over the view.

She searches for the phone and ends up on the floor with the phone pressed to her ear.

#  GABRIELLE

Please call me as soon as you get this message. Please, baby.

Gabrielle disconnects, hoping Frank can hear the desperation in her voice.

She places the phone on the table next to her bed. She notices a single red rose laying on the table.

I/E. YELLOW FERRARI / ROAD TO MILAN – DAY

Gia lets the car purr along the motorway at a steady clip. She looks over at Gabrielle, but her head is turned towards the window.

#  GIA

Do you think we should stop and get something to eat before getting in?

Gabrielle is silent.

GIA (CONT’D)

What is wrong with you? You haven’t said more than a few words all this way.

Gia gestures at the expanse before them.

GIA (CONT’D)

You could at least comment on the view.

Still, Gabrielle doesn’t move.

Gia sighs, but then she hears Gabrielle’s breath moving in and out in a steady fashion.

Gia shakes her head.

GIA (CONT’D)

And now you sleep. What is going on in that pretty little head of yours?

GABRIELLE

I’m a little homesick. It will pass.

Gabrielle turns her head.

#  GIA

You need to get with a man. It’s all over your face.

Gia chuckles.

GIA (CONT’D)

I know a great place to go for that sort of thing. Very private and discrete.

Gabrielle turns back towards the window. She rolls her eyes when Gia can’t see.

GABRIELLE

Those days are over for me.

# GIA

You’ve done it before?

GABRIELLE

Before I met my boyfriend, I was... up for anything.

Gia glances over, unsure what all this might mean.

#  GIA

Men? Women? Both at the same time?

Gabrielle doesn’t answer.

GABRIELLE

It doesn’t matter, Gia. That girl doesn’t exist anymore.

Gia drives on, but neither of them is sure this is the truth.

INT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

It’s the end of the day. The elevator is headed down.

Gabrielle rides down with Sofia.

SOFIA

What a Friday, eh?

Gabrielle still struggles with her malaise.

SOFIA (CONT’D)

Penny for your thoughts, I believe is the American phrase, no?

Gabrielle’s lips turn up, but there is no smile behind her eyes. Realizing that Sofia isn’t fooled, Gabrielle sighs.

SOFIA (CONT’D)

I think you need a party to lighten up. Dance away your pain, eh?

Gabrielle holds up a hand to stop this idea as the elevator hits the first floor.

GABRIELLE

What I need is a night at home.

# SOFIA

Have you not been home every night this week?

#  GABRIELLE

I mean my home. In America.

Sofia leans over and kisses Gabrielle on the cheek.

 SOFIA

Same place as before. Eight o’clock. I’ll tell the others.

The doors open.

INT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEAD - FIRST FLOOR – CONTINUOUS

Sofia turns around as she strides out of the doors. She taps her wristwatch.

SOFIA

Don’t be late.

Sofia heads out the double doors.

Gabrielle follows more slowly, realizing that a night out might do her good and help her forget about her romantic life for a time.

EXT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS – SAME

Gabrielle steps outside and heads for her car.

She spots the white delivery truck, which gives her something else to think about.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT – NIGHT

Gabrielle enters and spots Georgio pestering a BLONDE on the dance floor, while at a small table, Maria talks nose to nose with a DELIVERY GUY from work.

Gabrielle searches for Sofia but doesn’t see her anywhere. She slips onto a bar stool and hails the BARTENDER.

GABRIELLE

Pinot Grigio?

GIA (O.C.)

Make that two.

Gia takes the empty stool next to Gabrielle, who doesn’t look happy to see her. She leans in and whispers in Gabrielle’s ear.

#  GIA (CONT’D)

So, feel any better today?

Gabrielle stiffens as an electric shock goes through her body. She covers by taking a sip of her wine.

GIA (CONT’D)

Why don’t you admit it? Antonio got to you.

Gabrielle bristles at the wide grin on Gia’s face.

GIA (CONT’D)

Don’t try to deny it. He told me, you know?

But Gia’s baiting her, hoping Gabrielle will spill some clue as to why she and Antonio are acting so strangely.

#  GABRIELLE

Nothing happened between us. If he said something did, he is lying to you.

#  GIA

Antonio has never lied to me. He didn’t say exactly, but look at you. And him?

Gia throws her hands in the air.

GIA (CONT’D)

He is acting very strange. You did something to him, that much I know.

Gia sees the anger swirling in Gabrielle’s eyes. She motions to the BARTENDER, who nods when Gia gestures towards a door.

GIA (CONT’D)

Come with me.

Before Gabrielle can protest, Gia grabs her by the arm and pulls Gabrielle into a private office.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gia closes the door and gets right in Gabrielle’s face.

#  GIA

Tell me what happened. I want to know everything.

Gia bites out every word.

#  GABRIELLE

 (snapping back)

What does it matter? It will never happen again.

Gia jerks back, as if slapped. She softens.

#  GIA

Gabrielle, you are a beautiful woman.

She reaches out to lay a hand on Gabrielle’s upper arm.

GIA (CONT’D)

You should share yourself with the world, not just with this one man so far away.

As she speaks, Gia runs her hand up and down Gabrielle’s arm.

GIA (CONT’D)

If he is so devoted to you, why did he let you come to Italy all alone, knowing how beautiful and desired you were bound to be? I am sure you have the same effect on people in America that you have had here, am I not right?

GABRIELLE

He trusts me to be here without him.

Gabrielle pulls away from Gia’s stroking hand.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I do not belong to him like some possession. I belong only to me. I do not answer to anyone only me.

Gabrielle throws her hands in the air much like Gia did earlier.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I do not answer to anyone but me, understand?

Gia grabs her hands and holds them to Gabrielle’s sides.

Hot and angry eyes meet hot and angry eyes.

Without breaking eye contact, Gia places a hand under Gabrielle’s chin and kisses her on the lips, on the cheek, a more passionate kiss on the mouth.

Gabrielle tries to control her pent up passion, but Gia leans close to whisper in her ear.

# GIA

I have wanted you since I picked you up at the airport.

Gabrielle grabs the end of Gia’s hair and pulls it back so she can kiss her more deeply.

BEGIN MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

--The yellow Ferrari speeds to Gia’s Villa and burns rubber in the drive.

--Gabrielle and Gia look intensely at each other as they make their way inside.

--They pause on the stairs, starting on clothes, slowing the pace.

--Clothes litter the stairs in a path to Gia’s bedroom.

--They stand in the shower, washing, touching, no words, only eyes to communicate what they desire.

--Gia towels off Gabrielle but she takes the towel away to dry Gia. She pulls Gia towards her bed, eyes promising more than they shared in the shower.

--In the dark on the bed two figures make love, each rising above the other. MOANS and SIGHS as they learn one another.

END MONTAGE.

INT. GIA'S VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM – DAY

Strong sunlight floods the room when Gabrielle wakes from her night of passion. She looks over at a sleeping Gia, a growing sense of shame covering over her.

SLAM!

The sound of the front door makes Gabrielle’s eyes go wide.

GABRIELLE

Ahh, fuck!

Gabrielle looks frantically for her clothes, but there’s nothing.

She’s grabbing a wet bath towel from the floor when—

GIA

Good morning.

Gabrielle throws the towel around herself and stamps her feet at the satisfied, almost amused look on Gia’s face.

GABRIELLE

What the hell, Gia! Where are my clothes?

Gia grins.

#  GIA

On the stairs, don’t you remember?

Gia’s grin widens.

The door is thrown wide and Antonio stands there, fuming at the sight before him.

#  ANTONIO

What the hell have you done?

Gabrielle thinks he means her, though Antonio is glaring at Gia.

 GABRIELLE

I HAVE A BOYFRIEND!

She stomps out of her room for the stairs.

#  ANTONIO

 (to Gia)

You just couldn’t keep your hands off, could you?

#  GIA

You had your chance to win the bet, but you failed.

Both glare at one another, unaware for a moment that Gabrielle stands in the door with her clothes in her hands. All the anger and shame has drained from her.

#  GABRIELLE

You two had a bet on me?

For a beat, neither one knows what to say.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

This is one fucked up family.

Gabrielle disappears.

ANTONIO

You just had to bed her, didn’t you?

Gia gets out of bed, wrapping the sheet around her.

 GIA

Fratello, it wasn’t like that.

#  ANTONIO

Well, that’s sure as hell what it looked like to me.

Gia sits back on the bed, taking in her brother’s agitated state.

#  GIA

I had no intention of going on with our bet once I had seen the state you were in after your morning ride in the vineyards.

Antonio barks out a laugh.

Gia holds up a hand.

GIA (CONT’D)

And she said nothing. We got into a heated discussion over what had happened between the two of you. One thing led to another and I kissed her.

ANTONIO

So, you admit it. It was your fault.

# GIA

I was taken in by her beauty. And, she kissed me back.

Antonio looks sick.

ANTONIO

Spare me the details of your conquest.

# GIA

She is better than you could ever have imagined.

Disgusted, Antonio backs out of the room.

EXT. GIA'S GUEST HOUSE – DAY

Gabrielle drags her bags behind her as she races for her red hybrid.

I/E. RED HYBRID / GIA’S GUEST HOUSE – SAME

Gabrielle sits behind the wheel, lost in thought.

She raises a hand and slams it down on the steering wheel.

#  GABRIELLE

You stupid, stupid girl!

She slams the steering wheel again, grits her teeth and presses the ignition.

Gabrielle peels out of the drive, taking a cue from Gia’s race car driving.

Antonio stands in the drive behind her, a pained expression on his face.

Seeing him in the rearview mirror, Gabrielle hits the gas.

EXT. GRIMALDI VILLA – NIGHT

The sun has set and a steady rain has begun.

The red hybrid pulls through the iron gates and meanders up the drive. It slows to a stop before the villa.

RUBIO, one of the caretakers, steps outside in a long yellow raincoat. He has an umbrella in his hand.

When he is over the driver’s side door, Gabrielle gets out. Rubio tips his hat to her.

#  GABRIELLE

Rubio, you didn’t need to come out in the rain.

RUBIO

That is what I do for the mistress.

Gabrielle and Rubio share a sad moment over the loss of Grandmother Grimaldi. He hands her the umbrella.

RUBIO (CONT’D)

She trained me well.

He moves to the open trunk to lift out Gabrielle’s bags.

She moves in to help as she holds the umbrella.

GABRIELLE

You do her great credit. I’m so glad you and Lizette stayed on. The place wouldn’t be the same without you.

As they grab the bags to go inside. Gabrielle’s phone RINGS. She ignores it.

She spots LIZETTE waiting at the door and gives her a relieved smile.

LIZETTE

What a day, but the storm isn’t here yet.

I put your things in your grandmother’s old room.

GABRIELLE

Oh. That sounds fine.

But Gabrielle feels unsure.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I miss her so.

#  LIZETTE

She would want you to be happy.

Gabrielle tries to smile, but this is almost her undoing.

LIZETTE (CONT’D)

Tomorrow I’ll tell you all the news from the village.

Gabrielle hugs Lizette, hiding the tears that have gathered in her eyes.

INT. GRIMALDI VILLA - MASTER BEDROOM – NIGHT

Gabrielle looks around the room, memories flooding in as she prepares for a shower.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - ENSUITE – SAME

The shower is running and filling the room with steam. Gabrielle clears a spot in the mirror and stares at her reflection.

GABRIELLE

Why Gia? The one woman that could make or break your career.

Gabrielle turns her face this way and that, not seeing an answer to her question.

Not liking what she sees, she strips off the rest of her clothes and gets under the spray, hoping to wash off what happened.

From the bedroom, her phone RINGS but she ignores it.

EXT. GABRIELLE'S TOWNHOUSE – DAY

A breeze stirs the air of another sunny San Diego day.

INT. GABRIELLE'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING AREA – SAME

Frank holds his phone to his ear as he paces. Frustrated, he disconnects the call and makes another.

# FRANK

 (into phone)

Hey Will, this is Frank. Has Allison heard from Gabrielle in the last few days?

# WILL (V.O.)

 (on phone)

I don’t think so. You sound worried.

#  FRANK

We haven’t spoken in two days. I’ve tried her cell. No luck. Just voicemail.

INT. ALLISON AND WILL’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Will plays blocks on the floor with their son EDGAR.

#  WILL

Aren’t they getting ready for a big fashion show?

INTERCUT CONVERSATION:

#  FRANK

I tried the company, too. You know how Gabrielle is. Do you think she met some guy—

#  WILL

Frank, get a grip. Gabrielle loves you.

FRANK

I’m going to fly over there.

 WILL

Now? Aren’t we going for the show?

 FRANK

You know her past as well as I do.

#  WILL

Why don’t we meet at the bar this afternoon and watch the game? Around one o’clock?

 FRANK

The Chargers are playing?

# WILL

Man, you do need a distraction if you have to ask. I’ll see you at one.

INT. SPORTS BAR – DAY

The place is filled with screens and an AFTERNOON CROWD ready to watch them.

Franks enters, looking for Will. He glumly takes a seat and nods at the barman BUTCH (60s, retired firefighter).

#  FRANK

Hey, Butch. How’s business?

Butch frowns at Frank, because it’s obviously great. He knows his client so he grabs Frank’s favorite beer and places it before him.

BUTCH

Where’s that good-looking girlfriend of yours?

#  FRANK

On a business trip in Italy for a few weeks.

Frank takes a slug of his beer.

BUTCH

Unchaperoned?

Frank looks even more glum.

BUTCH (CONT’D)

No wonder you look worried, my dumbass friend.

Frank leans into the beer, thinking

.

 FRANK

She doesn’t like sleeping alone.

#  BUTCH

How’s saying that supposed to make it all better?

#  FRANK

You’re right. When Will gets here, tell him I had to book a plane.

Frank puts his money on the bar and strides out.

I/E. GRIMALDI VILLA – DAY

Gabrielle nurses her first cup of coffee as she stares out at the fog over the lake from inside the back-screen door.

EXT. GRIMALDI VILLA - BACK PORCH – SAME

Gabrielle pushes the screen open and steps outside, pulling her sweater closer around her though it isn’t really cold. She takes a seat in a chair and studies the fishing boats dotted here and there.

Lizette steps outside with the coffee pot and another cup. She tops off Gabrielle’s cup without asking and then pours one for herself. She sits in the neighboring chair, her eyes on Gabrielle.

#  LIZETTE

Something tells me this is not a holiday. Tell me, my child, why are you hiding here?

Gabrielle pauses before beginning, warring with shame at her actions.

 GABRIELLE

I did something stupid.

#  LIZETTE

Young people always do something stupid.

This earns Lizette a soft laugh before Gabrielle sobers.

GABRIELLE

I may lose the man of my dreams.

LIZETTE

What happened?

GABRIELLE

Do you remember Frank? He came a few years ago for a visit. He’s been asking me to marry him for a few years now.

#  LIZETTE

But you keep saying no.

GABRIELLE

I never can say yes. I love him with all my heart, but I am afraid of the things I have done.

LIZETTE

Does he not know of your past?

GABRIELLE

Some, not all.

Gabrielle shakes her head.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

We’ve not been apart since we met. I didn’t think it would be a problem, but I missed him more than I could handle. I met this one man—

LIZETTE

Ahh, I see.

GABRIELLE

No, I was able to stop it before it went too far. I made sure to avoid him after that.

#  LIZETTE

You can’t feel guilty about that. You come to Italy, a romantic country, everyone falls a little in love here.

#  GABRIELLE

That’s not the problem.

LIZETTE

Oh?

#  GABRIELLE

I couldn’t resist his sister.

LIZETTE

Oh.

GABRIELLE

Who is my mentor here. When she met me at the airport I instantly had an attraction for her, but I thought it was just friendship. The more we worked together the friendship grew. Then when she invited me to her family villa for a party, I started to fall for the brother. Things started to get out of control after that.

Gabrielle sucks in a ragged breath.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I had been missing Frank. Gia and I got into an argument and then she kissed me and...

LIZETTE

It went from there.

GABRIELLE

Her brother saw us. Now, Frank will leave me.

Lizette sees that Gabrielle is crying quietly. She gets out of her chair to hug her.

LIZETTE

All is not lost, my child. This was very common in my day. I myself even had an occasion to...

Lizette pauses.

LIZETTE (CONT’D)

But this is about me, my dear. You will not lose your love. You’ve not done anything truly bad.

GABRIELLE

I have been with women before, with many people. That all stopped when I met Frank. How will I tell him?

LIZETTE

My child, you need to forgive yourself before you can seek forgiveness from anyone else. Accept what you have done, understand why you did it in the first place.

Lisette gazes at Gabrielle, pounding this point home.

LIZETTE (CONT’D)

Then you must talk to this Frank. All will work out as it was meant to be.

GABRIELLE

It’s not that easy.

LIZETTE

Oh, but it is.

Lizette kisses Gabrielle on the forehead.

LIZETTE (CONT’D)

That is all you need to do, my child.

Lizette stands and picks up the coffee pot and her cup. She leaves Gabrielle on the porch to think it over.

Gabrielle takes a walk into town. She spends a few days at her villa before returning to Milan. Taking in some sites around Lake Cuomo and reminiscing.

INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL, MILAN - LOBBY – DAY

Gabrielle turns from the desk with a key in her hand. She follows the BELL HOP to the elevators. He brings the cart with Gabrielle’s luggage to a halt so they can wait.

INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL, MILAN - ELEVATOR – SAME

Gabrielle takes the moment to lean close to his ear.

#  GABRIELLE

 (in Italian, subtitled)

I am hiding from my husband. Please tell no one I am here.

He nods as he accepts an exorbitant tip.

Gabrielle’s cell RINGS.

She looks relieved when she sees it is Frank.

# FRANK (V.O.)

 (on phone)

I’m coming to see you.

Panic and delight flash across Gabrielle’s face.

# GABRIELLE

 (into phone, in English)

When?

FRANK (V.O.)

In two weeks. It’s the soonest I could book a flight.

It sounds like he’s pouting.

FRANK (V.O.)

I tried to come earlier, but I’ll make it in time for your fashion show.

GABRIELLE

That’s good. Frank?

FRANK (V.O.)

Yes?

Gabrielle holds the phone close as the elevator BINGS that it has arrived.

#  GABRIELLE

I don’t know why I thought I could come to Milan without you.

Gabrielle sighs as she follows the bell hop into the elevator. She ends the call as the elevator doors close.

INT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - TOP FLOOR – DAY

The elevator doors open and Gabrielle, now dressed for work, steps out, trying not to appear as nervous as she feels.

She nods at Georgio, Maria, and Sofia, at work at the design table, and spots Gia on the phone.

Gabrielle sees Gia’s look of disbelief but ignores it as she moves to her desk and tucks her purse into a drawer.

The day continues in a blur, with Gia on the phone in her office and Gabrielle back and forth with the team and working in her office.

INT. GABRIELLE’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Gabrielle stretches her shoulders, glad the day is over. She’s reaching for her purse when Gia comes through the door.

She’s smiling, which unnerves Gabrielle even further.

#  GIA

We thought you had returned home to America.

Gabrielle doesn’t return Gia’s smile.

#  GABRIELLE

I figured the best way to resolve this and put everything back in order was to get away for a few days.

Gia takes a seat.

#  GIA

Where have you been? We were worried.

 GABRIELLE

Too much has happened for me to stay at your villa any longer.

#  GIA

When I first met you at the airport, there was something about you that I liked.

Gabrielle wishes she could stop Gia’s confession, but she can’t help wanting to hear it.

GIA (CONT’D)

The more time we talked and the more time we spent together, the more attracted I was to you. You intrigued me.

Gabrielle feels the pull between them until—

GIA (CONT’D)

But when my brother met you it all changed. You became a challenge, a conquest. It got all very out of hand very quickly. I’m very sorry for that.

Gabrielle grabs her purse.

GABRIELLE

Well, it happened. It’s over and now let’s get back to my training so I can finish up here and fly back home, shall we?

Gabrielle gets up to leave.

#  GIA

What if I desire more than that?

This stills both of them for a beat.

#  GIA (CONT’D)

You can’t sleep with me like that - do what you did to me -- the way you made me feel. How could you not expect me to not want more of you after that?

#  GABRIELLE

Gia, I can’t sit here and lie and say I don’t feel the same way about you. The passion, the heat, the intense electricity between us almost uncontrollable. The way you were in bed was nothing short of magnificent and mind blowing. . .but--

GIA

But? But?!

GABRIELLE

But... Frank. I love him more.

Gabrielle moves to the door.

#  GIA

Frank? Is that the boyfriend?

Gabrielle turns to face Gia, resolute.

GABRIELLE

We need to pretend it never happened, otherwise I’ll fly home immediately. And, Frank Mangini, by the way, is the man I’m going to marry.

Gabrielle heads out the door, leaving a fuming Gia behind her.

I/E. GIA'S OFFICE / ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Gabrielle turns off her office light to head home for the day.

Gia see her light go out and leaves her office.

Gia

 Hold up, I will go down with you.

Gabrielle waits by the elevator.

 GIA ((CON’T)

 I wanted the chance to talk about the other night.

 GABRIELLE

There isn’t anything more to say. It happened, it’s over it will never happen again. Nothing to talk about.

The elevator reaches the lobby and the two women get out.

 GIA

You know it isn’t just that easy. I want to be with you. I didn’t know it at first, but after that night it all was so clear.

 GABRIELLE

You know that is not possible. I am with Frank. He is the one I want to be with.

Gabrielle makes her way to her little red hybrid.

Gia holds the phone to her ear.

#  GIA

(into phone)

Yes, Ricardo, everything you can get on this Frank Mangini from America.

She slams the phone closed.

Gia moves to the window of the lobby and sees Gabrielle walking out towards her car. She also spots the white delivery truck.

Gia’s eyes go flinty when she sees Gabrielle’s head turn in the truck’s direction before she gets into her little red rental car.

Gabrielle drives through the streets of Milan. Watching to make sure she isn’t followed back to her hotel.

EXT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS – NIGHT

The white truck sits in front of the delivery door. Tony and Ronnie load a crate into the truck as Vito waits in the driver’s seat.

Behind the line of trees, Gabrielle leans on the red hybrid.

The truck pulls away.

Gabrielle, carrying her oversized purse, moves quickly to the delivery door.

She opens it slightly and rolls underneath.

INT. DELIVERY ENTRANCE – SAME

Gabrielle rises to her feet and moves to a group of eight cartons.

She pulls a hammer from her bag and begins checking each of the cartons and then hammering them shut when she’s finished.

The first few are full of clothes for the design show. Gabrielle can’t resist holding a dress up to admire its lines.

She moves on to the other crates, finding more clothes and family wine.

In the second to last crate, Gabrielle finds another funny wine bottle with a bottle inside. She holds it up to the light, a puzzled frown on her face.

Both bottles appear to contain wine, or some other powder or liquid.

Gabrielle bites her lip, wondering what to do, and then she tucks the bottle into her purse and hammers the carton shut.

INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

Gabrielle pulls the bottle from her purse and locks it in the safe.

She moves to the desk and opens her laptop. She Googles

“Smuggling in Italy” and a bunch of articles appear. Gabrielle digs into the research.

LATER

Gabrielle exits the bath with a towel around her body.

She wipes away the steam from the bathroom mirror.

 GABRIELLE

 (to herself)

 You need to stop this and choose one!

Gabrielle chastises herself for letting thoughts of Gia invade her thoughts and heart once again.

She glances over at the open laptop, mulling over what she’s learned.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

GABRIELLE

Yes?

She moves to the door to peer through the peep hole.

Peephole View: A YOUNG WAITER stands with a tray of food and a large pot of coffee.

YOUNG WAITER

Room Service.

Gabrielle lets him in, moving quickly over to close the laptop and shove it out of the way.

The Young Waiter follows with the tray, which he places on the desk.

GABRIELLE

*Appen si puo lasciace il tavolo ci.*

Gabrielle hands him a generous tip, noting the boy’s eyes are on the laptop. He looks at the cash in his hand.

YOUNG WAITER

*Venti dollari*!

He bows from the waist and lets himself out the door.

Gabrielle opens the laptop to see large headlines about a drug cartel. She frowns.

#  GABRIELLE

Hope he can’t read English.

She heads for the door to lock it.

LATE THAT NIGHT

Gabrielle is snuggled down in the bed. She opens her eyes and sees Frank beside her. They begin to make love.

Frank rises above her, and Gabrielle moans. She closes her eyes in ecstasy and then opens them to find GIA RISING ABOVE HER.

Gabrielle rolls away and onto the floor. She grabs for the light and turns it on. She’s in her hotel room -- alone.

She looks at the clock: Six a.m.

Gabrielle sighs and gets up to ready herself for work.

#  GEORGIO (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

Yes, the ribbon.

INT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - TOP FLOOR

MARIA

You are crazy.

Maria points to Georgio’s head.

#  MARIA (CONT’D)

Up here. Ribbon makes it look...

She spots Gabrielle approaching the design table.

GABRIELLE

Frumpy?

MARIA

Exactly.

Maria gloats while Georgio looks like he smells something bad.

Gabrielle’s eyes are on Gia’s office, which is empty.

GABRIELLE

No Gia this morning?

GEORGIO

She texted me and said she had family business.

GABRIELLE

Today?

#  MARIA

We have five outfits confirmed so far, and she reminded us to stay on schedule.

Georgio turns beet red.

#  GEORGIO

We would have had one more done if you two would let me place this ribbon on the back of the jacket!

#  MARIA

No ribbon! We already outvoted you on that!

GABRIELLE

Alright then, so we need to finalize several more, and we can have the models ready for tomorrow’s photo shoot. So, let’s get down to business.

Gabrielle turns her attention to the rack of new garments and away from the steam pouring out of the other two.

EXT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS – NIGHT

Sofia and Gabrielle step out of the building.

#  SOFIA

The outfits you chose should be wonderful for the photo shoot.

 GABRIELLE

I think they’ll do Gia proud.

#  SOFIA

She’ll get all the credit, you know, even though she never came in today.

#  GABRIELLE

Gia’s our leader. The fact that we kept on schedule and pulled together some great pieces is because of her. It is because of her guidance we were able to do well.

#  SOFIA

She’s got you, hasn’t she?

Gabrielle gives her a sharp look, but Sofia is shaking her head, lost in thought.

# SOFIA (CONT’D)

There is a sort of magnetism to Gia. We all feel it. I would do anything she asked of me.

Sofia shrugs, clearly stating a fact without the innuendo

Gabrielle suspected.

Sofia gets in her car and drives away.

Gabrielle waves and heads for her rental, pensive after the conversation with Sofia.

I/E. RED HYBRID / ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS – SAME

Gabrielle is reaching for her seatbelt when a pair of hands grab her from behind and pin her back against the seat.

Before she can scream—

#  TONY

Gia wants to see you.

Gabrielle looks in the rearview mirror and spots Tony and VITO in the backseat.

GABRIELLE

Why didn’t she tell me herself?

TONY

Don’t know. Maybe she thought you wouldn’t come.

# GABRIELLE

This is ridiculous. Get out of my car.

# TONY

Gia didn’t say what condition you had to be in when we deliver you.

The color falls from Gabrielle’s face.

TONY (CONT’D)

So, shut it up.

Tony pulls a bag down over Gabrielle’s head as Vito appears at the driver’s door and opens it. He pulls Gabrielle out.

Vito comes around the car to tie Gabrielle’s hands behind her.

He leans in to her ear.

#  VITO

Now, behave yourself and nothing will happen to you, do you hear me, Signorina?

Gabrielle nods.

INT. GIA’S COUNTRY HOUSE - LOUNGE – NIGHT

The room is more comfortable than Gia’s villa, with a large gray sofa, light pink walls, and a picture window that overlooks the back garden during the day.

Gabrielle sits alone on a chair, her hands still tied behind her and the bag on her head. She works at her bindings, but the knots hold fast.

She hears RAPID FIRE AND ANGRY ITALIAN and then a BANG as the door to the room opens wide. She flinches.

#  GIA

Oh my god, Gabrielle! I am so sorry. I had no idea those stupid idiots would do it like this.

Gia pulls the bag from Gabrielle’s head. Gabrielle is mussed and mad as a hornet.

GABRIELLE

What the hell! You sent your henchmen to kidnap me!

GIA

I didn’t think you’d come.

#  GABRIELLE

You didn’t even ask. What is wrong with you?

Gabrielle stands up quickly, her hands still bound behind her. Gia rushes forward to steady her.

#  GIA

Here, let me untie you.

GABRIELLE

Where am I?

#  GIA

My country house. Your car is here, so you can leave anytime.

Still kneeling behind Gabrielle as she unties her hands, Gia gestures at the room.

GIA (CONT’D)

I wanted to share this with you, let you see the real me. Not the person I have to be at work or with my family, the real m.

Her hands free, Gabrielle turns around to stand facing Gia.

She looks deep into Gia eyes.

Gia places a hand on Gabrielle’s cheek and then they are kissing again.

Gabrielle leans in, overwhelmed by the passion surging through her.

Gia breaks the kiss and looks into Gabrielle’s eyes. She takes her hand and leads her towards the door.

GABRIELLE

Where are we going?

GIA

My bedroom.

EXT. GIA’S COUNTRY HOUSE – NIGHT

It’s past midnight.

Gabrielle tiptoes out the front door, spots her car, and heads over with keys in hand.

She takes one last look at the house -- regret, confusion, self-loathing, she doesn’t know what to think.

INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL – MILAN – HOTEL ROOM

Gabrielle enters her room and strips out of her clothes and enters the shower to wash away her shame once again.

She exits the shower, wipes away some steam from the mirror.

 GABRIELLE

 (talking to her reflection)

 Now what? Eh?

She looks at herself in the mirror for a moment.

 GABRIELLE

 (to her reflection)

 You’re no help.

INT. ITALIAN DESIGN HEADQUARTERS - TOP FLOOR – DAY

At her desk, Gabrielle, dressed in a chic pantsuit, clacks away on her laptop. She looks up and spots Gia at the design table in conversation with Maria.

Gabrielle watches as each of the team members gives Gia a hug or a kiss on the cheek before moving to the elevator to await its arrival.

Gabrielle closes her laptop pulls her purse out of its drawer and rises.

When the elevator door closes on the entire team, Gia strides for Gabrielle’s office.

GABRIELLE’S OFFICE

Gia stops Gabrielle before she can get to the door.

GIA

You fuck me and sneak out afterwards! What the hell, Gabrielle!

Before Gia can move, Gabrielle slips around her and heads through—

GIA’S OFFICE SUITE

Gia follows Gabrielle, who is headed to the elevator door—

#  GIA

The first time I got you into my bed and then you ran away in the morning, I figured you didn’t want to be with me, but then this time... you...

MAIN DESIGN FLOOR

Gabrielle veers towards the elevator, walking fast, keeping furniture between them.

#  GIA

... you conquered me! I have never let anybody do that.

Gabrielle hits the elevator button multiple times trying to hurry it up.

#  GIA (CONT’D)

Do you want to be with me or not?

Gia gets between Gabrielle and the elevator doors.

 GABRIELLE

Gia, come on, stop this!

#  GIA

Tell me what you want. No more games between us.

The elevator BINGS.

When the door opens, Gabrielle’s mouth pops open at the sight of Antonio.

Gia turns around to look.

GIA (CONT’D)

Not now, Antonio! You need to leave.

Antonio barges out of the elevator to confront his sister.

ANTONIO

Get away from her!

Antonio pulls Gia by the arm, standing nose to nose with his sister.

#  GIA

You have no business here!

ANTONIO

I have as much right as you!

The doors of the elevator start to close. Gabrielle slips inside and starts hitting the button for the first floor.

 ANTONIO (CONT’D)

It seems I was right on time.

The elevator doors close.

Antonio and Gia turn to look.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

Where is she?

They realize Gabrielle has gone down. Gia stabs at the elevator button, but the car is gone.

#  GIA

Grrrrrrr! Now see what you did!

Gia punches Antonio in the arm.

#  ANTONIO

I came to tell you the delivery was short a bottle. Papa isn’t happy.

#  GIA

That’s impossible, unless one of the goons took one.

#  ANTONIO

Tio Ruben questioned them. They didn’t know anything. Not that they ever will now.

Gia shrugs.

#  GIA

So, there are job openings in your department now.

ANTONIO

Yes, and a missing bottle that must be found.

Gia’s eyes narrow as she thinks.

INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL ROOM – DAY

Gabrielle stands in the threshold. The place has been ripped apart, mattress and blankets all over the floor. Dresser emptied. Toiletries scattered.

# GABRIELLE (O.C.)

I don’t know how they found me.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY – DAY

An FBI AGENT and an AMERICAN CONSULATE are questioning Gabrielle as she sips a coffee. The FBI Agent holds the bottle from the safe, while the American Consulate takes notes from behind his desk.

AMERICAN CONSULATE

You’ve stumbled upon one of the largest cocaine smuggling operations in Italy.

Gabrielle sits back in her chair, stunned.

AMERICAN CONSULATE (CONT’D)

We’ve been trying to crack them for years. You fell right in the thick of it.

GABRIELLE

Lucky me. I’d feel safer at home in America, away from these people.

FBI AGENT

We’ve been following the family for years and need to catch them red-handed.

GABRIELLE

Gia’s family?

FBI AGENT

You were fortunate they didn’t catch you looking around. Those men you saw in the delivery truck have disappeared -- not a good sign for their health.

Gabrielle goes pale.

#  GABRIELLE

I can’t believe this of Gia. She’s... I thought she was...

AMERICAN CONSULATE

She’s a drug smuggler. We were hoping we could persuade you to help us.

Gabrielle’s brows shoot up in shock.

GABRIELLE

Help you? How?

INT. GIA'S OFFICE SUITE – DAY

Gia is putting down the phone when Gabrielle enters and takes a seat across from her.

#  GABRIELLE

Can we talk a few minutes?

Gia cocks her head to one side as she studies Gabrielle: the short dress, the carefully applied makeup.

#  GIA

Maybe you want to discuss why you ran away

last night? Maybe you want to discuss why you tease me one minute and hide from me the next? Or, maybe you’re here because the fashion show is tomorrow and you don’t want to lose the chance to take over my job.

Gabrielle lets Gia wind down.

GABRIELLE

I work hard and the company knows it. If they don’t, I can get another job.

#  GIA

You didn’t answer my first two questions.

GABRIELLE

Actually, no, I don’t want to discuss why I ran away, but maybe yes, I’d like to address why I have been fickle.

GIA

Really? Go on, you have my undivided attention.

Gabrielle takes a deep breath.

GABRIELLE

I was attracted to you the first moment we met. You made me forget about Frank and gave me courage to be my old self -- someone I had forgotten existed.

#  GIA

# There is nothing wrong with being yourself.

GABRIELLE

The fact remains that I gave my heart to another, and you... infiltrated it and made me fall for you as well. This just cannot be. I cannot love both of you.

#  GIA

Are you telling me you are in love with me?

#  GABRIELLE

I love Frank as well. As much as I love him, I love you in slightly different ways and for different reasons. Do you understand what I am trying to say?

#  GIA

All I hear is that you love me.

Gia’s face break open in a wide, generous smile.

GABRIELLE

Please understand I can’t choose right now. We have the fashion show tomorrow.

#  GIA

You need to choose after the show.

 GABRIELLE

Let’s focus on that now. After it’s done, I’ll decide.

GIA

Agreed.

Gia comes around her desk to kiss Gabrielle on both of her cheeks. Gabrielle holds one cheek pressed to Gia’s for a moment.

# GABRIELLE

Frank is flying in tonight.

Gia pulls back, still smiling.

# GIA

But you are here with me until then. Shall we get back to work?

Gabrielle nods and follows Gia as she heads out to the design table.

The office descends into a flurry of activity as final preparations are made to get the clothes to the show, packaging outfits together and lining them up on racks.

Gabrielle tries to keep a speculative look off her face as she watches Gia, a pro at her job but also a drug kingpin.

NEAR THE END OF THE DAY

Ricardo gets off the elevator and takes a file in to Gia, who is back at her desk.

From the floor, Gabrielle watches as she opens it and reads, her expression changing to one of surprise. Gabrielle returns to work as Gia’s eyes find her.

In a mirror, Gabrielle can see the surprise and sadness on Gia’s face. Gabrielle feels a prickle down her spine as she wonders what that file might contain.

In a rush, Gia pulls her purse out of her desk and heads for the stairs. She stops when she gets to the door.

#  GIA

See everyone tomorrow at the show.

Gia waves, without making eye contact with anyone, and heads down the stairs.

INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL ROOM – NIGHT

The room has been put back together. A plainclothes POLICE OFFICER finishes checking it over and moves to the door.

Gabrielle comes in.

#  POLICE OFFICER

I’ll be right down the hall.

Gabrielle lets the police officer let herself out when her phone starts to RING.

#  FBI AGENT (V.O.)

 (on phone)

Were you able to convince her?

Someone KNOCKS on the door.

GABRIELLE

That must be Frank.

#  FBI AGENT (V.O.)

You haven’t told him anything?

GABRIELLE

No, but you guys better be there to explain the whole thing, or I won’t testify at the trial.

Someone KNOCKS again.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I’ve got to go.

Gabrielle hangs up and moves to the door.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

Who is it?

Gabrielle feels a rush of butterflies, glad to see Frank but nervous as well.

Another KNOCK.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

Just a minute.

She leans in to peer through the peep hole. There is a LOUD CRASH as the door bursts open.

Two GOONS rush in and grab Gabrielle while another two GOONS surround them, providing no escape. One puts tape over Gabrielle’s mouth and the other a blindfold over her eyes.

Her protect police guard has been knocked out and lays in the hotel hallway.

INT. TRICKED OUT VAN – NIGHT

In addition to a bench against one wall, the space is filled with monitors and computer devices.

Gabrielle sits on the bench. A HAND reaches over and rips the tape off her mouth.

# GABRIELLE

Just fucking great! How many times can you get kidnapped in Italy in one visit?

ANTONIO (O.C.)

I don’t know. How many?

Gabrielle recognizes the voice.

GABRIELLE

Who is that?

Antonio removes the blindfold. Gabrielle’s eyes go hot when she sees Antonio.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

Fuck you and your whole family!

#  ANTONIO

This is for your own safety.

Gabrielle takes a look around the van, seeing the bank of computers and all the high-tech gear.

#  GABRIELLE

Your family is serious about this stuff, aren’t they?

#  ANTONIO

This van isn’t mine. It belongs to Interpol.

Gabrielle shifts her gaze back to Antonio.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

I work for them -- have been for the last ten years.

Gabrielle raises one brow in disbelief.

GABRIELLE

Isn’t that a conflict of interest?

ANTONIO

I need you to believe me.

#  GABRIELLE

Like how you were so attracted to me, but it was nothing but a bet?

#  ANTONIO

Gabrielle, there is one thing you should not question in your mind.

That day you kissed me by the vineyard? You changed me. You stirred something in me no other woman has. Just remember that I will run to your side if you ever change your mind.

Gabrielle stares into Antonio’s eyes, seeing the truth of this. He turns away with a small smile and waves at the van driver.

ANTONIO (CONT’D)

Fancy, huh? That wine bottle you turned over to the American consulate finally gave us the proof we needed.

GABRIELLE

Then, why don’t you go get them?

#  ANTONIO

The fashion show. We’ve received word that a big shipment is going to be handed off then. All the key players will be in attendance, on camera, when the bust goes down.

Gabrielle rubs at the tape marks on her face.

 GABRIELLE

Why kidnap me?

#  ANTONIO

Those men who took you belong to my family. Gia and my father will get word that I have you. No one will look for you or blame you when the bust goes down.

#  GABRIELLE

What about the fashion show?

ANTONIO

Gia will make excuses if she thinks the family has you.

#  GABRIELLE

But, oh no! What about Frank?

A KNOCK on the van door then it opens.

 ANTONIO

It’s time for you to go back to your room now. Remember, you do not go to the show tomorrow. A police unit will be with you for your safety.

INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL ROOM – LATE THAT EVENING

There is a knock at the door.

Gabrielle rushes to open it, revealing Frank, who steps in and pulls Gabrielle into his arms. She holds on tight, but he can feel the tension in her body.

FRANK

Hey, what is it?

GABRIELLE

I’m so glad to see you.

#

# FRANK

Me, too, but—

GABRIELLE

No, Frank. I have some things to say... some things to tell you.

Frank looks into Gabrielle’s eyes, seeing the dread there.

Gabrielle sits him down and tells him the whole story. Gai, Antonio, everything shameful detail

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I’m supposed to forgive myself, but I can’t until I’m honest with you.

Frank sits and listens intensely. When Gabrielle is done, he pauses and thinks for a few moments.

 FRANK

I knew about your past. I am please to hear you tell me now that that part of you is over.

Frank and Gabrielle embrace.

INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL ROOM – NEXT MORNING

Frank AND Gabrielle laying in bed, naked.

There is a knock at the door.

Gabrielle is startled due to resent events.

 GABRIELLE

 Shhh. . . Hide in the bathroom.

Franks scrambles from the bed and goes into the bathroom.

Another knock at the door.

 ALLYSON

Gabrielle, I know you’re in there, open the door.

Relieved, Gabrielle open the hotel room door. To see her friend Allyson and her husband Will standing in the hall

 ALLYSON

 (Scolding)

Who is in here with you? You know Frank has been going crazy thinking you have found someone over here.

Allyson pushes her way into the room thinking she will find someone.

She looks around the tosseled room. Sex toys here and there around the room.

Allyson

Unfucking Believable!

Will follows her into the room.

Gabrielle stands back, amused by her protective friend.

There is a noise from the bathroom.

 ALLYSON

 (Giving a shameful look)

Unfucking believable! Alright you, come out of there this instant.

The bathroom door opens slowly and out steps Frank

Gabrielle smiles, Allyson and Will looks Surprised.

Frank, wrapped in a towel.

 FRANK

 I took an earlier flight.

INT. FASHION SHOW VENUE - BACKSTAGE – NIGHT

Moments from walking Gia’s designs onto the runway, MODELS,

MAKEUP ARTISTS, HAIR DRESSERS, and Gia’s team bustle about making sure everyone and every item of clothing is perfect.

PRE-SHOW MUSIC blares from the speaks, getting the models and the outside audience in the mood to wow and be wowed.

The muffled sound of an announcer and then the music shifts into high-gear.

The first model steps up to the line, dressed head-to-toe in Italian leather. With a wave from Georgio, she’s off.

INT. FASHION SHOW VENUE - RUNWAY – SAME

Gia is in the front beside Salvatore. The space next to her is empty, as it was for Gabrielle.

The model glides past, taking Gia’s attention away from the empty seat.

INT. FOUR STAR HOTEL BAR – SAME

Frank, Gabrielle, Allyson and Will sitting at a table in the elegant hotel bar watching the fashion show on television.

The program is interrupted with breaking news as Frank leans over to pour himself another beer.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tonight, at the world event fashion show, where all the hottest designers from around the world gather to show their latest designs, we bring you the largest cocaine bust ever in the history of Italian news.

ONSCREEN: Several DRUG KINGPINS from around the globe and members of the ROSSI CARTEL are loaded into the back of vans, including Salvatore and Georgio.

Gabrielle points at Georgio.

#  GABRIELLE

I didn’t know he was involved.

Frank looks up at the screen as he takes a sip of his beer. He chokes.

FRANK

Tio Salvatore?

Frank points at the television.

FRANK (CONT’D)

That’s my uncle Salvatore they’re putting in that police van. And that’s my cousin Giada!

Gabrielle returns her attention to the screen to see Gia being loaded into a vehicle.

GABRIELLE

Your cousin?

FRANK

Have you met them?

Gabrielle goes pale. Without a word, she picks up her purse and walks out of the bar. Leaving a bewilder Frank, Allyson and Will.

INT. CHURCH – NIGHT

Although the hour is late, several WORSHIPPERS light candles.

Gabrielle sits in a pew, staring at her hands, not sure how to find forgiveness.

She sighs, trying to let the peace and tranquility of the old building in.

An ELDERLY ITALIAN WOMAN stops by Gabrielle on her way back from lighting a candle.

ELDERLY ITALIAN WOMAN

(in Italian, subtitled)

All is not lost. You will find your way.

Gabrielle watches her go, and then her eyes go back to her hands.

She hears a noise and finds Frank standing beside her.

#  FRANK

You know that app on our phones that lets us know where the other one is?

GABRIELLE

You found me.

FRANK

Looks like I did.

Frank takes a seat.

FRANK (CONT’D)

What can be so bad that you had to run from me? Is it because my family was all over the news? I can assure you, I am not like them.

Gabrielle shakes her head.

GABRIELLE

You remember last night when I told you about the man at the riverbank?

 FRANK

Yes, but we are all past that now.

#  GABRIELLE

And I told you about what happened at the villa with that woman?

Frank nods.

 GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I always wondered why I would be attracted to them, why I felt so lost. Since I met you, I hadn’t been interested in anyone.

 FRANK

You were alone... and lonely.

GABRIELLE

Yes.

Gabrielle turns to Frank, a light of understanding on her face.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

Turns out, according to that news cast, they’re your cousins.

Gabrielle’s eyes return to her hands.

GABRIELLE (CONT’D)

I didn’t know. But I should have. The secret family lobster recipe, the intense electric friction that reminded me of how I feel for you...

Gabrielle trails off, afraid to look at Frank or hear what he might have to say.

Frank stands.

#  FRANK

We can solve this problem right now.

Gabrielle looks up at him.

Frank is holding out his hand.

FRANK (CONT’D)

Marry me, marry me right now, right here in this church.

Gabrielle’s eyes fill with tears. Frank gently pulls her to her feet.

FRANK (CONT’D)

Right now.

#  GABRIELLE

Are you sure you still want me?

FRANK

Absolutely.

Gabrielle cries in earnest, nodding vigorously as Frank crushes her to him for a kiss.

INT. OLD ITALIAN CHURCH

Gabrielle and Frank are standing at the alter holding hands in front of the priest.

Allyson and Will are standing beside them as they are married.

FADE OUT.