

A film directed by **BRAD ANDERSON**

# NON STOP TO BRAZIL

Written by

**BRAD ANDERSON & LYN VAUS**

WE ARE MOVING FAST OVER TURQUOISE WAVES -

- as an infectious SAMBA grows louder, LOUDER! We race toward the green hills of RIO DE JANEIRO and a white BEACH, where -

1 EXT. BEACH - RIO - **1968** - DAY 1

- a MUSIC FESTIVAL is underway. A handsome guitarist - 28, long hair, beard - plays on stage with his band:

NELSON

*Voce quer ser minha amada  
Mas nem sequer sabe meu nome  
Entao eu canto e te jogo na cara  
Fora da minha casa! Sai!*

This is NELSON DO MORRO. It's 1968. The music: a raw mix of samba, psychedelic rock and jazz called *Tropicalia...*

NELSON (CONT'D)

*Voce quer ser minha amada  
Mas me envenena com mentiras*

The raucous CROWD shouts the lyrics at dozens of SOLDIERS observing nervously on the sidelines. We realize Nelson's song is a protest addressed to them:

NELSON

*Entao eu canto e te jogo na cara  
Fora da minha casa! Sai!*

Suddenly people in the crowd unfurl BANNERS: "Get Out of Our House!"; "It's Forbidden to Forbid!"; "End Military Rule NOW!"

A bullish officer, COLONEL MATOS, orders his men to rip them down. A scuffle ensues. The crowds JEER the soldiers, singing with Nelson in a chorus of dissent.

Nelson locks eyes with the Matos. But keeps singing, passionate, fearless. His SONG CONTINUES as we --

2 EXT. ~~FAVELA - RIO -~~ **1968** - DAY 2

-- FOLLOW a VW BUS winding through a ramshackle neighborhood: Half naked CHILDREN chase the bus as it passes an ancient TREE festooned with blue flowers.

3 INT. VW BEETLE - MOVING - **1968** - SAME 3

In back, Nelson looks pensively out at the old TREE, singing now in English:

NELSON (CONT'D)

*You betrayed me when you  
Turned our morning into night  
You betrayed me when you  
Drained the colors from the world*

The bus stops. His GIRLFRIEND and some COMRADES pile in. Excitedly, she pulls something from her bag. Gives it to him.

It's a new RECORD. Hot off the presses.

She kisses him proudly. Nelson smiles at the record as we -

4

INT. NELSON'S HILLTOP HOUSE - **1968** - DUSK

4

- PAN a room where his COMRADES are making protest banners, and FIND Nelson, at his desk, writing a LETTER and singing:

NELSON

*But the yellow sun will rise tomorrow  
And then you will have to pay*

On his desk: an ARTICLE from the International Herald Tribune. A pressed BLUE FLOWER. And the RECORD:

It's titled "*Saudade*". On a beach Nelson cradles his guitar. Behind him a mysterious WOMAN silhouetted against the dawn...

NELSON

*For all my lost love songs  
And for all my sambas never played*

He slips the letter, flower and record into a CARDBOARD MAILER. Picks up the ARTICLE. Studies it for a moment. And then starts writing an address on the mailer --

CRASH! Sound of splintering wood. The GIRLFRIEND screams.

Nelson spins, face frozen in surprise, as the song CONTINUES:

5

EXT. HOUSE IN THE BRONX - **1968** - DAY

5

A MAILMAN steps onto an icy stoop with the MAILER. He knocks on the door. Behind it we hear ARGUING VOICES. And JAZZ.

NELSON (V.O.)

*You want to be my lover  
But I don't want that love no more*

A NEW YORK TIMES lays on the stoop. The MAILMAN picks it up. ANGLE ON HEADLINE - Dec. 14, 1968. "*Military Government Suspends Constitution in Brazil. Dissidents arrested*"

The door opens. A WOMAN - 30's, brassy - grabs the mail, slams the door shut, and -

6

INT. HOUSE IN THE BRONX - **1968** - CONTINUOUS

6

- continues YELLING at her sullen HUSBAND, a vet who stares blankly at his turntable. One of his arms is missing above the elbow. In b.g. a TV plays news of anti-Vietnam protests.

NELSON (V.O.)

*So I sing and shout, into your face  
Out of my house! Go!*

Finally, he cranks the volume, drowning out his wife's voice. And walks away. Enraged, she throws the mail at him -

In SLO MO the MAILER spins in the air, rebounds off a chair and slides under an enormous ARMOIRE.

NELSON (V.O.)

*You want to be my lover  
But I'll find true love in time*

As the songs fades out we MOVE IN ON the MAILER hidden deep under the armoire...

NELSON (V.O.)

*So I sing a song about my love  
A love I'll find in time...*

...and the LOUD JAZZ gives way to something softer, a more melancholy SAXOPHONE melody, that continues as we -

FADE TO BLACK:

7

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEW YORK CITY - **2008** - DAWN

7

Early morning mist hangs in the frigid air as a LONE FIGURE plays his SAXOPHONE under an old stone bridge.

Eyes shut, he plays with vigor and passion. He finishes, slowly lowers his horn. The sound echoes off in the tunnel.

This is NICK, 27, a city kid from the projects, tough, streetwise - but sensitive.

JOGGER (O.S.)

*You're damn good.*

Nick turns. A chubby JOGGER nods appreciatively. Nick shrugs. We get sense he doesn't really believe it... or care.

The Jogger holds out five bucks. But Nick doesn't take it. He's not playing for the money. Irked, the JOGGER drops it on the ground at his feet.

JOGGER  
Buy yourself a hat.

And jogs off. Nick stares dolefully at the money.

8 EXT. HOUSE IN BRONX - **2008** - DAY 8

The same house from before, 40 years later. Two GRUNTS lug a bed frame down the old stone steps to a MOVING VAN.

9 INT. HOUSE IN BRONX - **2008** - SAME 9

Nick struggles with two other movers to slide the enormous ARMOIRE away from the wall. It won't budge.

NICK  
Hold on. It's stuck on something.

He reaches under and yanks out the MAILER. It's coated with thick dust. Under the dust we can just make out the exotic stamps, and the name of the addressee: "HARRY KAMINSKY".

Curious, Nick wipes away the dust. As he does, the old cardboard disintegrates in his fingers. He's left holding Nelson Do Morro's record.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
You can toss that in with the others.

An elderly WOMAN walks by carrying some NAVY UNIFORMS. It's the same brassy woman we saw earlier - MRS KAMINSKY.

MRS KAMINSKY  
Follow me.

She leads Nick through some double doors into a DEN. He stops. It's floor to ceiling with crates of old RECORDS.

MRS KAMINSKY  
My husband loved jazz. Never cared for it myself. Too... loud.  
(sadly)  
It's funny, though. Now he's gone, I miss it.

Nick thumbs through a few records. Pulls one out, impressed.

NICK  
The mono pressing of "Kinda Blue"...

WOMAN  
Take whatever you want. I'm sure Harry would have liked it that way.

She smiles and exits. Nick gawks at the motherlode...

10 INT. HOUSE IN BRONX - FRONT HALL - LATER 10

A GRUNT takes out a last box. The BOSS steps over, glancing at his watch.

BOSS  
Where's the new guy?

The GRUNT shrugs.

11 INT. HOUSE IN BRONX - DEN - DAY 11

Nick sits on the floor of the den, surrounded by stacks of old vinyl, sorting out the "keepers" from the junk.

BOSS (O.S.)  
What the hell you doing?

The Boss looms in the doorway.

NICK  
She said I could take any ones I wanted.

BOSS  
Oh. Really? Well. Then take your sweet time, pal. We'll just go drop off this load without you.

Nick gets it. He stands, wipes his hands on his jeans.

NICK  
Alright, alright, I'm coming.

BOSS  
The hell you are! You can pick up your paycheck Friday! Had it with you slackers...

He leaves. Nick sighs, tries to takes it in stride. But we can see it stings.

He turns back to the records. Notices Nelson's RECORD on top of a stack where he placed it earlier.

He picks it up, examines the cover for a moment. Then, as an afterthought, tosses it his "keepers" pile.

12 EXT. STREETS - NEW YORK - DAY 12

Nick pushes a SHOPPING CART full of the records down the sidewalk. A couple RAPPERS bang out a beat on some overturned trash cans. They nod as he passes.

RAPPER  
Yo, Nick? Where's the horn, baby?

NICK  
Don't play no more.

They watch him round a corner. The RAPPER shakes his head.

RAPPER  
Guy was good.

13 EXT. VINYL HAVEN - DAY 13

A sign in the window: "Vinyl Bought and Sold. Positively NO CDS". The empty SHOPPING CART is parked out front.

14 INT. VINYL HAVEN - DAY 14

A cozy place crammed with thousands of records and jazz memorabilia. Cool JAZZ plays in b.g.. The owner flips through Nick's records. This is ABE NEWMAN - 60's, good natured, but gruff.

Abe's assistant, CHLOE - 21, quiet, cute - emerges from a back room with some tea. She glances shyly at Nick.

CHLOE  
Hi.

Nick nods, barely acknowledging her. Abe finishes his appraisal and sets aside a few records. He sighs.

ABE  
Best I can do is \$10 for these five.  
Another \$10 for the Mile's mono pressing.  
The rest are too obscure, scratched or just plain crap.  
(holds up a cheesy record)  
Eydie Gorme!? C'mon, Nick! You know I can't sell this.

Nick just stares at all the records, despondent.

NICK  
It doesn't matter.

Abe softens, lowers his glasses, studies his friend.

ABE  
Look Nick. If you're really this hard up, you know damn well how you beat it: play.

As if on cue, an amazing Stan Getz SAX SOLO kicks in. We get that Abe is referring to Nick's talent as a sax player.

NICK  
Well, that ain't happening.

Nick motions to all the worthless records.

NICK

Now, what am I gonna do with all *these*?

15

EXT. ABANDONED LOT ON THE EAST RIVER - DUSK

15

SPLASH! A record sinks under the frigid water of the river. Nick sits on a broken pier. He pulls another record from the cart. It's Eydie Gorme's cheesy "Blame It On The Bossa Nova"

NICK

(bitter)

Have a good flight, Eydie.

He frisbees it out over the river. Splash! He takes a big swig from a 40 oz. beer, watches the sun drop behind the dark towers of Manhattan...

All at once he leaps up, yanks record after record from the cart, furiously letting them fly -

NICK

See ya! Adios! Bye! You're free!

ANGLE UNDERWATER - colorful records spin like autumn leaves slowly, languidly, into the dark murk...

With manic zeal Nick empties the cart. He grabs the last record. It's Nelson's RECORD. He winds up. And wings it --

The record sails out... then pauses in mid air as a wind gust catches it... and blows it back. It lands at Nick's feet.

Nick laughs. Picks it up. Winds up to fling it back out when - an ENVELOPE slips from the sleeve. And drops to the ground. Nick blinks. Picks it up. It's sealed. Never opened. The name "Hannah" is written on it.

He hesitates. Then opens the letter. Pulls out a folded NOTE, yellow with age. And the dry BLUE FLOWER...

He unfolds the note. It's dated: December 9, 1968. He reads:

NICK

"Dear Hannah - Do you remember when we met, that one special night in Rio, so long ago? I made you a little samba then. I never intended to record it. But now so much has changed. For you, and for me."

DISSOLVE TO:



16

INT. NELSON'S HILLTOP HOUSE - **1968** - DUSK - FLASHBACK

16

As before: Nelson at his DESK, writing. It's his VOICE we now hear. On the walls are POSTERS for anti-military protests.

NELSON (V.O)

*My country is being led down a dark road.  
Music is our only voice. Our leaders fear  
it because it speaks the truth. They try to  
silence the singer. But they cannot  
silence the song.*

On the desk are the RECORD and the NEWSPAPER ARTICLE.

NELSON (V.O.)

*When I read of your great success in New  
York I decided to record our song. I call  
it "Saudade". It means: a longing for  
something that has disappeared. There is  
sadness in it. But also there is hope,  
hope that one day you may find again that  
which seems lost for good - a lover,  
maybe. Or a country.*

In the b.g. the COMRADES work on the BANNER - an image of Brazil surrounded by ordinary Brazilians, arms raised in protest, an image of resistance, an image of hope.

NELSON (V.O.)

*Hope! This is what my people need now. To  
know they can change their destiny.*

Nelson slips the note, flower, and record into the MAILER.

NELSON (V.O.)

*If this song gives them such hope it is  
only because you gave it to me, that one  
night, so long ago...*

Nelson picks up a pen, starts to write the address...

BACK TO:

17

EXT. ABANDONED LOT ON THE EAST RIVER - **2008** - DUSK

17

Nick finishes reading the last part aloud:

NICK

*"So, a flower and a song for you, the  
very first pressings of both! You,  
Hannah, must be the first to hear  
"Saudade". This is my heart's only  
desire. Though you are in New York and I  
in Rio, it is no matter - music has no  
borders! Com carinho, Nelson."*

He refolds the note. Picks Nelson's RECORD off the ground. Wipes it clean. Studies it, intrigued -

The cover: Nelson, and the MYSTERIOUS WOMAN on the beach...

He sniffs the blue flower. Still smells nice. He looks at the note, the name written in it: "Hannah".

We GO IN ON Nick, torn.

NICK

Damn.

PRELAP: KNOCKING ON DOOR.

18 INT. HOUSE IN BRONX - **2008** - DAY

18

Mrs Kaminsky opens the door. Nick stands on her stoop.

NICK

Remember me?

MRS KAMINSKY

Of course. The record collector.

He hands her Nelson's RECORD. The FLOWER. And the NOTE. She starts to read the note.

NICK

I found that note inside. Sorry, I read it. But only because I didn't know it was meant for you. So...

Nick waits uncomfortably as she finishes reading. Finally she looks up. He smiles awkwardly.

NICK

So. I'm real glad you're gonna finally get to hear your song, Hannah. G'bye.

He waves and turns to go.

MRS KAMINSKY

My name's Meryl. Meryl Kaminsky.

Nick stops. Turns back. They stare at each other.

NICK

You're not Hannah?

MRS KAMINSKY

No.

NICK

This isn't your record?

MRS KAMINSKY  
I assumed it was Harry's. Must have been  
some mix-up. How awful that she never  
received it...

She looks at the record for a moment... Then hands it, and  
the note, back to Nick. He takes them uncertainly.

MRS KAMINSKY  
It's a noble thing you did.

NICK  
What - ?

MRS KAMINSKY  
Coming back. Not many would take the  
trouble these days. Good luck to you. I  
truly hope you find her.

And she gently shuts the door. Nick stands there, bewildered.

NICK  
"Find her"?

He steps off the stoop onto the sidewalk. On a nearby bench, a  
YOUNG GUITARIST - 17 - is playing a catchy samba rhythm...

Nick spies a GARBAGE CAN. Looks around. Considers tossing the  
RECORD inside -

*... the guitar rhythm becomes faster...*

But he doesn't have the heart. He starts down the street.

NICK  
How would I ever find her? "Hannah"?  
Who's "Hannah"?

*... a piano melody joins the guitar...*

NICK  
Who's "Hannah"?!

... as the song **NONSTOP TO BRAZIL** swells, and we GO IN ON  
Nick's feet keeping time. The song CONTINUES as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

19

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - NEW YORK - **1961** - DAY

19

FOLLOWING a PRETTY STEWARDESS as she strides to her plane -

**PRETTY STEWARDESS**  
*Silver jet take me  
I'm all set*

- PASSING well-heeled JET SETTERS, REDCAPS, PILOTS -  
everything aglow with the glamour of the early jet age.

**PRETTY STEWARDESS**

*Take me through the sky  
Fly me to his side*

- into a WAITING LOUNGE where a banner proclaims: "Bon Voyage  
Brooklyn Chamber Orchestra!"

**PRETTY STEWARDESS**

*Fly me where the air of Rio sings  
All my hopes ride on your wings!*

- excited MUSICIANS mill about; a MANAGER checks his watch -

**PRETTY STEWARDESS (O.S.)**

*Make this trip non stop  
Like my heart non stop  
Bring me where he is  
Help my heart be his*

- a handsome GENTLEMAN speaks with some REPORTERS as we  
reveal a group of listeners gathered around the lounge PIANO -

**PRETTY STEWARDESS (O.S.)**

*Let us fly  
Love waits at the end of the sky  
So fly me to Brazil!*

- on the keys a WOMAN expertly guides a GIRL through the  
simple melody. The final note rings out. The woman helps the  
girl give little curtsy as the listeners applaud, charmed.  
People begin to fawn over the woman, who's smile is luminous.

This is HANNAH BELMONT - 25, beautiful society girl and  
brilliant pianist. But behind the smile something...  
restless.

The girl's MOM thanks Hannah for the impromptu lesson as the  
ORCHESTRA MANAGER steps over.

**ORCHESTRA MANAGER**

Attention everyone! Our airplane is  
finally boarding. Gate 12.

The ORCHESTRA starts filing out with their instruments.  
Hannah kneels before the little girl, smiling warmly.

**HANNAH**

Just remember what I taught you, about  
how we play - ?

**GIRL**

(touches her heart)  
From here.

(MORE)

GIRL (cont'd)  
 (then her head)  
 Not from here.

Hannah grins and gives the girl's arm an encouraging squeeze.

CHARLES (O.S.)  
 Hannah, darling - ?

She turns. The gentleman, CHARLES TRAYNOR - 30, elegant stands with a NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER.

CHARLES  
 The Daily News would like one more of me  
 with my "Star Attraction"!

He wraps an arm around her. Charles grins easily for the shot but Hannah forces a smile. She dislikes the spotlight.

Charles takes her hand and they follow the rest of the Orchestra to the DEPARTURE GATE. She looks at him askance.

HANNAH  
 "Star attraction" Charles?

He chuckles at her modesty, nuzzles into her, kissing her.

CHARLES  
 Oh, c'mon. They adore you. *I* adore you.

She smiles, but then shoots a worried look over her shoulder.

HANNAH  
 I'm worried about George. He promised me  
 he'd be on time.

Charles snorts, opening a silver cigarette case.

CHARLES  
 George? Since when has that bongo playing  
 beatnik ever been on time --

She hits him playfully. He winces.

HANNAH  
 The *timpanis*, Chaz! Not the bongos. You  
 might consider learning the difference.  
 After all, it's *your* orchestra.

CHARLES  
 Good point.

A TAXI squeals to a stop. GEORGE - 28, frumpled coat, goatee, - leaps from the back. He hurriedly pays the driver.

GEORGE  
Thanks pal! Keep the change!

And rushes for the entrance.

GEORGE  
Hold it! HOLD IT!

He rushes back. Opens the back door, pulls out a MALLET CASE -

21 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL CAUSEWAY - 1961 - DAY 21

Charles smokes as he and Hannah follow the Orchestra -

CHARLES  
Moscow I'd understand. Even West Berlin.  
But Brazil? I just can't figure how  
Shubert will make a difference to those  
people. Their idea of culture is putting a  
fruit bowl on their head and dancing  
the Rhumba.

HANNAH  
If you didn't want us going you only had  
to say so.

CHARLES  
(grumbling)  
I tried. The board over-ruled me. They're  
all "Kennedy men" these days: "Ask not  
etcetera, etcetera."

He stamps out his cigarette, moody. She studies him, curious.

HANNAH  
What is it? You've been acting odd all  
day, Chaz.

CHARLES  
Shouldn't I? You'll be half a world away.

HANNAH  
You could have come.

A sore subject. He shoots a furtive look out the windows.

CHARLES  
I've told you, darling. I'm in the middle  
of a very important negotiation --

She stops. Faces him. He looks away, evasive.

HANNAH  
No. That's not why your acting so  
strange, is it? It's something else...

Finally, he turns to her. Anguished. He pulls her into a quiet corner. Outside the ORCHESTRA is boarding a BOEING 707

CHARLES  
It's true, Hannah, I --  
(flustered)  
I wanted to wait until you returned. And I know this isn't the most opportune time but I, oh, Hannah. I... I wasn't certain before. But now I am. Yes, now I know...

The infectious ***THIS LOVE THAT I'VE FOUND (SO TINHA DE SER COM VOCE)*** swells. Hannah blushes, sensing what's about to happen.

HANNAH  
Know what, Charles?

Charles drops to one knee, and the song begins:

CHARLES  
*Yes, now I know, that my love  
All my life, I was keeping*

- removes a SMALL BOX from his jacket, opens it -

CHARLES  
*And was saving, just for you!*

- Hannah gasps at the RING inside, as the song CONTINUES-

22 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - SAME

22

George grabs a BOUQUET OF ROSES from a vendor.

GEORGE  
*Yes, my love I am saving for you  
My love, I am keeping for you.*

He rushes to the gate, pushing through the crowds.

GEORGE  
*A love no one else had before  
You could never ask me for more...*

23 INT. DEPARTURE AREA - SAME

23

Charles places the ring on Hannah's finger.

CHARLES  
*It is all the love that I found  
And after I give this to you  
There will be no more love around...*

They hug. We go in on Hannah's tears. We sense her joy. And her confusion...

CHARLES

*And after I give this to you  
There will be no more love.*

24 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL CAUSEWAY - - SAME

24

George is now sprinting to the gate -

GEORGE

*Yes, there'll be no more love to be had!  
The world will be certainly sad!  
Without love it may even die...*

25 EXT. BOEING 707 - ON THE TARMAC - SAME

25

Hannah waves to Charles from the door of the plane. CHARLES, watching her with an adoring gaze, joins the song. Both men now, singing their love for this one woman:

GEORGE & CHARLES

*And then you'll discover that I  
Was living just so you could see  
You have all the love in the world  
That I got for you and for me...*

26 INT. BOEING 707 - MOMENTS LATER

26

George moves down the aisle. He pauses as he sees Hannah. She is the object of the secret love of which he sings.

GEORGE

*You have all the love in the world  
That I got for you and for me...*

As the song ends he drops down next to her, breathless and cheerful.

GEORGE

*The bridge was a damn parking lot! Got  
these for you --*

HANNAH

*Oh George!*

She throws her arms around him, crushing the flowers.

GEORGE

*Hey! What is it? Hannah?*

They part. He sees the tears in her eyes. Then the RING on her finger. George struggles to hide his disappointment -

CUT TO:



STOCK SHOT - BOEING 707 - IN FLIGHT -

NANCY (V.O.)  
Did he get down on his knee?

27 INT. BOEING 707 - IN FLIGHT - LATER

27

A forlorn George sits next to Hannah as a group of MUSICIANS ogle her prize. He sketches in a SMALL PAD.

NANCY  
Sy went down twice before I conceded.

SY  
Figured I'd at least grab a second look  
up her skirt!

She pretends to slap him. He chortles. NANCY and SY - 50's, clarinetists - always sparring, but inseparable.

MARY  
Boy, Lem. What I'd do to wear a ring like  
that someday...

MARY - 20, flute - plants a hopeful kiss on her painfully shy beau LEM - 30, cello. They're madly in love.

NANCY  
(pointedly)  
What a shame Mr. Traynor couldn't join  
us.

HANNAH  
He really wanted to. But he's in a very  
important negotiation...

A flash of concern crosses Hannah's face. George notices, turns on the group of oglers, suddenly annoyed.

GEORGE  
Hey, give her some elbow room, huh?  
What's with you woodwinds? Don't you  
ever get tired of blowing hot air?

NANCY  
Ha ha. Very good George!

Nancy SNAPS her fingers as "applause" and, laughing, pulls Sy away. Mary touches Hannah's arm, happy for her.

MARY  
You must be over the moon!

She and Lem leave. George studies Hannah. She doesn't look over the moon.

He pulls a page from his SKETCH PAD. And slips it to her.  
It's a funny cartoon of Nancy and Sy strangling each other.  
Hannah starts to smile... then frowns.

HANNAH  
Is this how you see it?

GEORGE  
See what -- ?

HANNAH  
Marriage?

George nearly laughs. But then realizes she's serious.

GEORGE  
It's a ~~joke~~, Hannah. I couldn't be  
happier for you and Charles.

She softens. Touches his hand apologetically.

HANNAH  
I'm sorry, George. I'm just frazzled.  
Charles expects so much of me... of all  
of us... and it's all so sudden.  
(fingers the ring)  
Sometimes I feel I barely know him...

GEORGE  
What, you don't read the society columns?

She kicks him in the shin. He winces.

HANNAH  
He just wants what's best for the  
orchestra, you know that.

GEORGE  
I know, I know. I'm sure he's got big  
plans for you.

HANNAH  
You make it sound like I didn't have any  
choice in the matter.

GEORGE  
But you did. You made your choice.

She looks at him. *Is he resentful?* But he just grins --

GEORGE  
You're gettin' *married*, Hannah!

Like it's finally dawning on her. She brightens.

HANNAH  
Yes. I am, aren't I?

GEORGE

So smile would you. With that mug you'd  
think we were being shipped off to  
Siberia instead of flying off to Rio!

Hannah laughs. Feeling better. *Good ol' George...* Pleased,  
George sips his scotch, leans back. Shuts his eyes.

GEORGE

Ahhh, "Rio my love, there by the sea.  
Rio, my love, waiting for me."

HANNAH

(laughing)  
"Rio your love"? George, you've never  
been south of Hoboken!

GEORGE

But I got ears, Hannah! The *samba*!  
Haven't you heard?

HANNAH

No. Is it like... the *rhumba*?

He starts shaking the ice in his glass, creating a RHYTHM.

GEORGE

It's a Brazilian beat. A 2/4 syncopated  
rhythm. Eduardo the percussionist turned  
me on. He was born in Rio.

ANGLE ON EDUARDO, a copper skinned man staring wistfully out  
his window. His head is already moving to George's beat.

GEORGE

I'll show you: Gimme a "gong" on the 1  
and 4!

Hannah SLAPS her tray, building the beat, delighted.

GEORGE

Now a "blang" on the 3!

George TAPS his glass with his cocktail stirrer, the *samba*  
growing into the tune **SAMBA DO AVIAO (SONG OF THE JET)** as we  
ANGLE PAST EDUARDO, out the window, into the dreamy clouds...

EDUARDO

*Minha alma canta  
Vejo o Rio de Janeiro  
Estou morrendo de saudade  
Rio, teu mar, praias sem fim  
Rio, você foi feito pra mim*

28 INT. CABLE CAR - RIO DE JANEIRO - DAY 28

Thrilled TOURISTS gaze out at SUGARLOAF, the rock dome that rises over a shimmering sea and a bustling RIO DE JANEIRO

EDUARDO (V.O.)

*See the cable cars that sway  
Above the bay of Guanabara  
Tiny sailboats far below  
Dance the samba as they go*

29 INT. TAXI - MOVING - DAY 29

Hannah and George peer excitedly out at COPACABANA BEACH: the colorful bouquets of umbrellas, the crashing waves...

EDUARDO (V.O.)

*Shining Rio there you lie  
City of sand and sea and sky  
Mountains of green rising so high*

30 EXT. CORCOVADO - DAY 30

TOURISTS mill about souvenir stands that surround the giant statue of THE REDEEMER.

EDUARDO (V.O.)

*Statue of the savior with open arms  
Above the yellow sea shore.  
Sugar loaf in majesty  
Climbing from the silver sea*

31 INT. GRAND HOTEL - DUSK 31

The ORCHESTRA arriving, checking in. Sy does a double take on a leggy carioca. Nancy sees it, shoots him a warning look.

EDUARDO (V.O.)

*Darkeyed girls who smile at me  
City of love and mystery...*

The song CONTINUES -

32 INT. GRAND HOTEL - GEORGE'S ROOM - DUSK 32

- as George drops his bags on his bed and steps out on his balcony. ANGLE ON his bed, his SKETCH PAD laying there -

A breeze flips the pages, revealing SKETCHES of Hannah laughing in a taxi; reading on a couch - page after page, showing us the depth of their friendship.

A series of her playing the piano WHIRS BY, and the sketches magically animate to life, her fingers dancing across the keys, until a flurry of OMINOUS CHORDS end the song and we --

MATCH CUT:

33 INT. TEATRO MUNICIPAL SYMPHONY HALL - RIO - NIGHT 33

Hannah draped over the GRAND PIANO. Her hands dancing through the dark finale of LISZT'S HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY NO.5

The ornate HALL is packed with a "who's who" of Rio society. The CONDUCTOR lowers his baton. The last note echoes into silence... The AUDIENCE leaps to their feet in applause.

Hannah rises. Bows. The orchestra follows suit. Hannah glances at George by his *timpanis*. He mouths the word "wow".

34 EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - RECEPTION - NIGHT 34

A festive RECEPTION is underway. A BANNER with the US and Brazilian flags and the words "1961: Alliance For Progress".

We FOLLOW a WAITER carrying a bouquet as he passes a stage where a Carmen Miranda look-a-like, backed by a small band, sings a funny little SAMBA -

- PASSING by Sy flirting with a sexy Brazilian girl; Mary and Lem dancing; the PRETTY STEWARDESS from before nuzzling her Brazilian lover;

- and finally SETTLING ON two shady American "DIPLOMATS" who listen to a familiar Brazilian military man: COLONEL MATOS.

COLONEL MATOS

... I admire Mr Kennedy's idealism, but with all due respect, these little "goodwill tours" are hardly the thing to protect Brazil from Marxist influences.

AMERICAN "DIPLOMAT"

I wouldn't worry about that. Fidel's days are numbered.

COLONEL MATOS

I was not referring to Mr. Castro...

He casts an ominous look PRESIDENT DA SILVA QUADROS, who is congratulating HANNAH and the conductor, DICK.

PRESIDENT DA SILVA QUADROS

*Admiravel!* Just wonderful!

DICK & HANNAH

Thank you Mr. President.

BACK ON: the two "Diplomats". They exchange a grave look.  
Turn to MATOS. One of them hands him a business card.

AMERICAN "DIPLOMAT"  
Let's talk sometime.

BACK WITH: the WAITER handing Hannah the bouquet of roses.

DICK  
Careful! You might prick a finger.

HANNAH  
Oh Dick, stop it. I'm not a child.

She takes the bouquet and reads the TELEGRAM: "Bravo Hannah!  
STOP. Enjoy the gift in your room! STOP. Love, Charles. STOP"

HANNAH  
"Gift"?

DICK  
A Bluthner. In Rio, an actual Bluthner!

HANNAH  
A piano.

DICK  
We tracked it down at the German Embassy.  
Charles arranged that it be moved --

He sees her lack of enthusiasm. Dick takes Hannah aside,  
lowers his voice, serious again.

DICK  
Hannah, listen. You missed a couple of  
passing notes during the cadenza tonight.

Hannah turns the ring on her finger, uncomfortable.

HANNAH  
It's the ring. I'm not accustomed to it.

She glances at Dick. He stares at her oddly.

HANNAH  
I mean, I'll work on it more. I promise.

AT THE BAR --

George queuing for drinks. He overhears a stuffy Brazilian  
MUSIC CRITIC spar with EDUARDO and other YOUNG BRAZILIANS.

MUSIC CRITIC  
Uma corrupcao do samba! Os acordes nao  
batem, a letra nao e profissional, Joao  
Gilberto nem mesmo consegue cantar!

EDUARDO

Nao e sobre ser profiissional ou nao! E  
sobre cantar e tocar num novo estilo.

MUSIC CRITIC

Nao ha futuro nesta musica. E voce pode  
falar pra esse tal Jobim que eu disse  
isso.

The critic sallies off. George turns to the guy next to him.

GEORGE

What was that all about?

LENNY DALE

*Bossa nova.*

The guy is dancer/performer LENNY DALE. He can't stop tapping  
his toe to the music.

GEORGE

*Bossa Nova?*

LENNY DALE

Means "new thing". The old squares don't  
get it. It's the *samba*, but cooled down  
with a little Gringo west coast jazz.

GEORGE

You're American.

LENNY DALE

Lenny Dale's the name.

NANCY (O.S.)

Bastard!

They turn, just in time to catch Nancy throw her drink into  
Sy's face as the sexy Brazilian hurries off.

Dale hands George his CARD. The words: "DALE! BOSSA! YEAH!"  
and a photo of Dale frozen in an antic dance maneuver.

LENNY DALE

Every Tuesday night in Bottle Alley. You  
oughtta come see me. I sing. I dance.

(whispers)

I do amazing things with a duck...

MOMENTS LATER --

George approaches Hannah, holding two *caiprinhas* --

GEORGE

I just met the strangest cat -

HANNAH  
I'm going to my room, George. G'night.

GEORGE  
What? Why?

HANNAH  
To practice. Dick told me I dropped a few notes during the cadenza.

He senses her unhappiness. And it kills him. He playfully tries to lighten the mood.

GEORGE  
Well, I forgive you.

She stares at him, his kind face, and she looks like she'll break into tears any second. His smile drops.

GEORGE  
What is it? Hannah...?

She disappears. George, holding the two drinks, perplexed --

SY (O.S.)  
Hope there's alcohol in one of those...

A morose Sy steps up. George gives him the other drink. The two men turn to the band and sip their *caiprinhas* in silence -

We GO IN ON on the BAND, past the Carmen Miranda look-a-like -- and SETTLE on the UKULELE PLAYER.

It's NELSON DO MORRO. Seven years younger. Clean cut, boyish. But still sexy. He plays with great skill, but little enthusiasm. The song CONTINUES as we GO IN ON NELSON'S FACE -

ABE (V.O.)  
Never heard of him.

CUT TO:

35 INT. VINYL HAVEN - 2008 - DAY

35

Abe is scrutinizing Nelson's record as Nick watches. An old Carmen Miranda song plays in b.g.

ABE  
No label info. Mint condition...

NICK  
Never played, Abe.



ABE

Right. That letter seems to indicate it's a test pressing. In those days they used to strike a few copies to QC the sound...

NICK

That's what I was thinking.

ABE

If it's rare it might be worth something. Chloe?

CHLOE sits behind the computer, engrossed in Nelson's NOTE.

ABE

Oh, Chloeeee...?

She looks up, startled. Surprisingly, her eyes brim with tears. The note has deeply affected her. We GO IN ON NICK, uncomfortable as he registers this. Abe is oblivious.

ABE

See what else we have by Do Morro. Meanwhile, lets give it a listen, shall we? See if this guy's any good?

Abe steps over to his turntable. Nick follows.

CHLOE (O.S.)

Nick?

He shoots her a wary look. She's holding up the note.

CHLOE

He wanted Hannah to hear it first...

Nick steps over to her, trying to be reasonable.

NICK

I know. I know what you're thinking. But that would mean finding her, some woman in her, what, 70's? Maybe lives in New York? I'm down to 1 or 2 million people.

Chloe's eyes bore into him. Abe opens his turntable...

NICK

This record could be worth something.

Chloe doesn't blink. Abe lifts the needle arm...

NICK

I need the money... I...

He's wilting under her stare. He shoots a look at Abe. Abe is resting the needle onto the spinning "Saudade"...

Over the speakers we hear a HISS... then a resonating GUITAR CHORD... a cascade of PIANO NOTES --

NICK (O.S.)  
Wait! Hold it! Stop!

Nick marches over, pulls the needle off the record.

ABE  
What? What's wrong?

ON NICK, spooked by his reaction. He re-sleeves the vinyl. Glances at Chloe. She gives him a sweet smile. Then returns to her computer.

Abe looks at Chloe. Then back to Nick. He smirks.

ABE  
Never pegged you for the sentimental type.

NICK  
I just - I mean, we don't necessarily need to hear the song.

ABE  
Yeah, and I don't necessarily need to buy it either. And you don't necessarily need the money -

CHLOE  
I got something on google.

They both turn to her. She reads off the screen:

CHLOE  
"Nelson Do Morro. Born 1940. Popular in late 60's. 1967 anthem "Want To Be My Lover" was rallying cry for millions of Brazilians protesting military dictatorship..."  
(confused)  
But no mention of "Saudade".

Abe looks up, interest piqued.

ABE  
Really? Nothing?

CHLOE  
No. But we do have his "Want To Be My Lover" LP. In *Brazilian Beat*, under *Bossa Nova*.

Abe pulls Nick to the bin. The bin is decorated with photos of bikini-clad girls, beaches, old bossa record covers.

Abe starts rifling through the bin. Then pauses on one record. He stares at it, lost in a memory.

ABE

Rose Cohen. Carnegie Hall. 1962. First time I ever took a gal to a jazz show...

He hands Nick the record: a recording of the first American bossa nova concert in 1962. We GO IN ON the cover art...

ABE (V.O.)

Also the first time any of us heard bossa nova. Jobim, Gilberto, Carlos Lyra. Man, these Brazilians blew us away!

As the colorful record covers flip by we HEAR the distant echoes of bossa classics: "Girl From Ipanema", "Desifinado", "Corcovado" etc.

ABE (V.O.)

No one heard music like it before. It was radical. Romantic! Didn't matter you couldn't understand the lyrics - you just knew what the songs were about...

(on a roll)

And the harmonics! Those inverted chords, tritone intervals, weird progressions --

Chloe throws him a look. He coughs, takes a breath.

ABE

Point is, after that show in '62, two things happened changed the world forever. One. I married Rose Cohen. And two. America fell for bossa nova.

He slips out an LP. Glances at it. Hands it to Nick.

ABE

'Course, the second the American A&R sharks smelt blood that was that. It became a fad. Bubble gum pop. Worse! Elevator music!

Nick examines the Do Morro's "Want To Be My Lover" LP. The cover is psychedelic, political. Not like the romantic imagery on "Saudade".

NICK

I'll take it.

Abe pulls Nick aside.

ABE

Nick, you're not seriously thinking about trying to find this woman are you?

(MORE)

ABE (cont'd)  
I got Japanese collectors who'll pay four  
figures for rare Brazilian vinyl.

Nick looks up, can't hide his interest. Abe nods.

ABE  
Sometimes more...

Nick looks at "Saudade", torn. The image of Nelson, the  
mysterious WOMAN silhouetted behind him...

NICK  
I don't know. I find him, maybe I can  
find her, right?

CHLOE (O.S.)  
That's going to be a bit difficult...

They turn to her. She reads off her computer:

CHLOE  
"Nelson Do Morro was "disappeared" by  
Brazil's military government in 1968".

NICK  
"Disappeared"?

NELSON  
*You want to be my lover  
But you barely know my name*

36 INT. CLUB - EVENING

36

The protest song **WANT TO BE MY LOVER** plays on a DJ's  
turntable. The club is small, but funky. In the back is a  
small stage for musicians.

It's still early. Nick sits alone at the bar studying the LP  
and the single, side by side - Nelson's entire life's work...

NELSON  
*So I sing and shout into your face  
Out of my house! Go!*

KIM (O.S.)  
What a shame.

NICK  
Yeah, this guy died fighting for what he  
believed in.

Behind the bar KIM - 30's, gorgeous, tough - finishes  
Nelson's note.

KIM

I meant of all people that destiny could have chosen to find her it had to be *you*.

Nick throws her a look. There's history here...

KIM

You honestly think you'll stick this out?

NICK

Yeah, Kim. Maybe I will.

KIM

Hey, HiHat? Ever tell you about my half blue kitchen?

At the turntable DJ HIHAT - 30's, dreads - isn't listening, too absorbed in the song.

NICK

I ran out of paint.

KIM

You ran out of interest!

HI HAT

(re: *Want To Be My Lover*)  
This guy was good, Nick. Surprised I never heard of him. It's like early *Tropicalia*: Caetano Veloso, Gilberto Gil...

But now Nick isn't listening, stung by Kim's accusation.

KIM

So, how are you gonna find her?

NICK

I dunno.

KIM

Did you play it? Gotta be clues in the lyrics, right? He wrote it for *her*.

NICK

I tried... couldn't. She's supposed to hear it first...

His sincerity bothers her. She really looks at him now and sees just how down and out he is. She leans in, softening.

KIM

Nick, listen. Anytime you wanna come back, your monday night slots still open.

He glances at the empty stage. Shakes his head.

NICK  
It's not about money.

She jabs a finger at a CUSTOMER I.O.U list by the register.

KIM  
Uh, that two hundred dollar beer tab over there disagrees, Sweetie --

NICK  
C'mon, cut me some slack.

KIM  
Okay, so what is it about?

NICK  
I play to play. No other reason.

KIM  
Well, you aren't playing. Maybe you need another reason.

He turns to her.

NICK  
I had one...

She was the reason. She shakes her head.

KIM  
Oh no! Don't do that! We had a good time while it lasted. But you never been able to see anything through, Nick, even before we met. So, if you're not inspired or something, don't go blaming me. Take a walk in the desert, drop some acid, whatever, but don't go pinning that on me!

She walks away, leaving Nick to stew in his thoughts.

HI HAT (O.S.)  
These are fat grooves! Check this one -

HiHat spins another cue from the LP. A rollicking samba beat:

NELSON  
*It's the flight of that kite  
It's the blue of the tree  
It's the kick of the ball  
In the hush of the night  
It's the wind blowing free.*

HI HAT  
We needs beats like this, Nick! Loop a track like this one over your horn...

To demonstrate he begins scratching on the turntable, building a cool tempo. Suddenly Abe enters, followed by Chloe. Nick looks up, surprised to see them.

NICK

Abe?

ABE

I called my biggest collectors of Latin vinyl. Not one owns that Do Morro single. Even better, not one of 'em has even heard of it. They're real curious, Nick.

(beat)

I already got a bid.

Hihat steps over now, interested.

HI HAT

How much?

ABE

(excited)

Tell 'em, Chloe.

CHLOE

(flat)

Three grand.

HI HAT

Damn!

ABE

More once they see it. Once they play it.

Kim walks over now, curious. Everyone looks at Nick expectantly. He rubs his face, torn. Chloe watches with concern.

HI HAT

Three g's? Nick, we could finish the recording for that. Three g's!

KIM

C'mon Hihat, you heard him, it's not about the money.

Nick glares at her. She throws back a cool smile. Chloe checks out Kim, sensing the history there. We see her jealousy. She glances at Nick. He's looking at her. Embarrassed, she looks away quickly.

NICK

I'm not gonna sell it, Abe.

Chloe looks up, surprised. Abe throws up his hands.

ABE  
 Won't sell it. Won't listen to it. Hey, I  
 got an idea -  
 (picks up the record)  
 - anybody need a doorstop?

Nick points to the label on "Want To Be My Lover".

NICK  
 Ever hear of Miller Records?

ABE  
 Sure. Ralph Miller. Real iconoclast.  
 Produced lots of important protest music  
 in the 60's. Went belly up in the 80's,  
 though. Disco.

Nick reads from a gimmicky "Seal of Approval" on the LP.

NICK  
*"At Miller Records my talent scouts comb  
 the planet, meeting exciting new  
 musicians, bringing their music back to  
 you - the talented listener."* And this -

Nick reads a passage from Nelson's Note.

NICK  
*"When I read of your success in New York" -*  
 - \_ Miller Records is in New York. The Brill  
 Building.  
 (beat)  
 Maybe Hannah worked for him?

ABE  
 For Ralph Miller?

NICK  
 That's why she was in Rio. She was --

NICK & CHLOE  
 A talent scout.

They look at each her. Smile. Abe is dubious.

ABE  
 You think this woman discovered Do Morro?

NICK  
 I don't know, Abe. But Miller wrote the  
 liner notes for "Want To Be My Lover".  
 Chances are he was involved with  
 "Saudade" too. Might remember something.  
 (beat)  
 Why not? It's worth a shot, right?

Off Chloe, beaming -



37 EXT. BRILL BUILDING - BROADWAY - DAY 37

A revitalized Nick pushes through the entrance.

38 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY 38

Nick presses the button for "Miller Records". As he ascends we hear a tinny MUZAK version of **GIRL FROM IPANEMA**.

We GO IN ON Nick's ironic smile as the "elevator music" GETS LOUDER, A WHOLE LOT BETTER and, suddenly, magically, we --

CUT TO:

39 EXT. CAFE VELOSO - RIO - 1961 - DAY 39

At an outdoor table ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM strums the song on his guitar as his collaborator VINICIUS DE MORAES sips a scotch. The two gaze at a parade of bikinied girls passing by-

JOBIM

*Olha que coisa mais linda  
Mais cheia de graça  
É ela menina  
Que vem e que passa  
Num doce balanço  
Caminho do mar*

Vinicius watches a TOUR BUS roll by. Inside: HANNAH'S BEAUTIFUL FACE gazing wistfully out.

JOBIM

*Tall and tan and young and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema goes walking  
And when she passes, each one she passes goes -*

VINICIUS

(re: Hannah)

*Aaaaaah !*

40 INT. TOUR BUS - MOVING - SAME 40

The ORCHESTRA gazes out at the SAND, THE SEA. THE GIRLS.

JOBIM (V.O.)

*When she walks, she's like a samba  
That swings so cool and sways so gentle  
That when she passes, each one she passes goes  
"Aaaaaah !"*

Hannah stares out at FRUIT VENDORS, KIDS WITH PAPER KITES. George stares longingly at her as he picks up the song:

GEORGE

*Ooooh, but I watch her so sadly  
How can I tell her I love her?*

41 EXT. JARDIM BOTANICO (BOTANICAL GARDENS) - DAY 41

George and Hannah stroll past an explosion of COLORFUL FLOWERS, down an avenue lined with TOWERING IMPERIAL PALMS

GEORGE

*Yes, I would give my heart gladly  
But each day as she walks to the sea  
She looks straight ahead, not at me*

42 EXT. CORCOVADO - DAY 42

The ORCHESTRA climbs up to the REDEEMER STATUE.

JOBIM (V.O.)

*Tall and tan and young and lovely  
The girl from Ipanema goes walking  
And when she passes, I smile,  
But she doesn't see.*

George and Hannah head onto a LOOKOUT PLATFORM. Far below is the shimmering sea.

GEORGE

*She just doesn't see  
No, she just doesn't see me...*

The song FADES as Hannah turns to George, grabs his hand.

HANNAH

Oh isn't it marvelous!

GEORGE

Feels like we're ten miles high.

HANNAH

It reminds me of when you snuck us into Carnegie Hall. Remember? And you -

GEORGE

- climbed up onto the catwalk.

HANNAH

Scaled! Like Sir Edmund Hillary!

GEORGE

You did too.

HANNAH

Only after you pressed and pressed.  
You're always pressing me George!

GEORGE

Just wanted to show you how small the audience is from up there. So when you play the place you won't be intimidated.

HANNAH

Play Carnegie Hall? Stop being silly.

Exotic DRUMMING drifts up from the nearby *favelas*. Hannah shuts her eyes, letting the rhythm wash over her.

GEORGE

It's nice to see you smile again.

HANNAH

It's good to get off stage. To be honest, sometimes I feel I'm already married... To Mr Bluthner. And Mr Steinway...

GEORGE

(playing along)  
How does Mr. Traynor feel about this?

HANNAH

He's content with the arrangement.

George gazes at her lovely profile. Then -

GEORGE

Have you ever considered not doing it?

HANNAH

Not doing what?

GEORGE

Performing.

HANNAH

What a question.

She tries to look indignant. But can't hide a certain fear in her eyes. George struggles to explain himself.

GEORGE

What I mean, Hannah, is, sometimes life gives us with... choices. For example, I love playing the timpanis. But I also love to paint.

HANNAH

It's not as if you can't do both.

GEORGE

True. But do you ever wonder? How different your life could be? If you chose differently?

She looks at him, suddenly aware of his hidden feelings. And, perhaps, for the first time, of similar feelings of her own. Her mouth opens as if to say something --

LAUGHTER interrupts them. They glance at Mary and Lem, cuddling like two lovebirds. The moment is broken.

HANNAH  
This conversation is silly. What would I possibly do if I weren't performing?

GEORGE  
Whatever made you happy.

HANNAH  
I am happy!

Her insistence somehow rings hollow. George nods slowly.

HANNAH  
Look. You're a wonderful painter George. But that's a hobby. Like teaching is for me. I enjoy it very much. I do. But...

Hannah can't hide the hint of regret in her next words:

HANNAH  
We can't change who we're meant to be.

She turns to him. And he sees that sadness in her eyes... Feeling responsible, he grabs her by the hand and pulls her towards the SOUVENIR STAND, determined to cheer her up.

GEORGE  
C'mon! Tonight a couple of us are sneaking out to hear some local music.

HANNAH  
Oh really? The samba?

GEORGE  
A new kind of samba. Called *bossa nova*.

HANNAH  
*Bossa nova...*

GEORGE  
And you're going to be my date!

Hannah face brightens... then frowns.

HANNAH  
I have the Embassy recital. Charles arranged it with his diplomat friends.

GEORGE  
But it's our night off.

HANNAH  
Not for me.

GEORGE  
We'll call you in sick! Touch of the flu!

HANNAH  
It'd have to be the Bubonic plague.  
Otherwise Dick would have my head.

GEORGE  
(undeterred)  
I'll find someone to fill in for you...

HANNAH  
You're sweet George. But who? I'm the  
"star attraction", you know that.

AT THE SOUVENIR STANDS --

YOUNG BOYS hawk their wares. A glum Sy browses a table of local instruments, TAMBORIMS, BERIMBAUS, AGOGOS. Nancy picks up a gourd CUICA. She pulls it. It squeals. She giggles.

NANCY  
I'll take it.

SY  
Here, allow me.

He opens his wallet. Nancy reaches for her purse.

NANCY  
Can the gallantry, Sy.

He closes his wallet, chastened. And walks away...

ERASMO - 10 - a street urchin in dirty pants and an EYEPATCH hands Hannah a BAMBOO FLUTE. She gives him money. He shakes his head, points to the flute. Hannah looks confused.

NELSON (O.S.)  
He wants you to play him a *cancao*.

NELSON DO MORRO stands behind the tables removing small musical instruments from a wood crate.

NELSON  
A song. He'll try to copy it, *Senhora*. If he can, then you give him the money.

Hannah thinks. Then expertly trills out a passage from CHOPIN. Nelson stops unpacking, listening. She finishes, hands Erasmo the flute and gently shows him how to do it.

HANNAH  
Like this. You see?

He tries it. It's slow, awkward, but with her encouragement, he begins playing a serviceable Chopin...

HANNAH  
You have it! Wonderful!

She turns to George, beaming at her little accomplishment. Nelson watches them both, impressed. And curious...

As Erasmo plays, another boy starts slapping a *tamborim* - CHING! CHING! Erasmo can't help himself - he abandons Chopin. Starts blowing a local MELODY. Other kids join in...

... and a little SAMBA fills the air!

Nelson gives the bamboo flute to Hannah. His face lights up with a beautiful grin. Hannah blushes. And exits...

He watches her go as the *tamborim* CHING! CHING! becomes -

CUT TO:

43

INT. MILLER RECORDS - **2008** - DAY

43

- the RING! RING! of a TELEPHONE. A RECEPTIONIST picks up -

RECEPTIONIST  
Miller Records? ... I'm sorry, he can't talk right now...

We're in a sleepy waiting room unchanged since 1986. Nick inspects a wall of PHOTOS: a young RALPH MILLER in his fiery heyday, with everyone from Bob Dylan to Dizzy Gillespie.

The RECEPTIONIST, 50's, cool, hangs up. Turns back to Nick. She returns Nelson's letter.

RECEPTIONIST  
Look. This letter's sweet. But I told you, we don't just give out employee information without written consent.

NICK  
But -

RECEPTIONIST  
Sorry.

Standoff. Nick scans her desk. Sees a photo of two kids.

NICK  
They're beautiful. Your daughters?

RECEPTIONIST  
Oh, you're cute... Granddaughters.

NICK

No! Really? I wouldn't have thought...

He smiles at her. She gives him a wry smile back.

RECEPTIONIST

You're gonna have to do better than that.

NICK

You have a mother, Agnes?

RECEPTIONIST

Well as a matter of fact I do.

NICK

I don't.

(beat)

I was raised a ward of the state. I believe the woman in that letter

"Hannah" could be my mother. If I can find her, if she's even alive, well -

(beat)

It'll make my young son very happy to know he has a grandmother.

Nick lays it on thick and he's good! She squints at him, uncertain. But cracking a bit. She nods at her computer.

RECEPTIONIST

I got 51 years of employment records in there. And without a last name...

Nick's shoulders slump. He turns away. She sighs.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay. Okay. Take a seat.

NICK

Thanks! And while you're at it, can you check your catalog?

(holds up "Saudade")

See if you ever released the record?

RECEPTIONIST

Boy, we're just full of requests today.

NICK

One more.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, please, *anything*.

NICK

I need to see Mr. Miller.

44

INT. RALPH MILLERS OFFICE - 2008 - DAY

44

Nick steps into a dim room cluttered with stacks of vinyl, photos, mementos. An LP spins silently, the song long over.

RALPH MILLER - 79, long grey hair - grumbles as he tries to clip a cigar. He's an aging bohemian.

NICK

Hello? Mr. Miller? My name is --

RALPH MILLER

Assist me here, son.

His voice is like gravel. Nick steps over. Takes the clipper from his trembling hands. Clips his cigar. Lights it for him.

RALPH MILLER

Cubanos... difficult to find... goddamn embargo...Castro -- Who the hell are you!

NICK

Sir, my name is --

Miller BANGS his cane on the floor. Nick jumps.

RALPH MILLER

Castro loved Nina Simone! Hell, I introduced them. It was summer, 1973 and - and -- Who the hell are you!

NICK

My name's Nick. I was hoping you could help me. I found this record and --

Ralph grabs "Saudade". Frowns at it for a long moment, memories stirring. He grumbles incoherently.

RALPH MILLER

Eight hours... no discipline... minor key.

He starts to laugh as he hands the record back. Ralph's clearly in the throes of senility. Nick sighs.

NICK

Well. Thanks for your time --

He heads for the door.

RALPH MILLER

Ipanema Recording studio... 1968.

Nick freezes. Turns back.



RALPH MILLER  
 Brazilians... No discipline... Eight  
 hours. For a goddamn single?! Time is  
 money. My money!

NICK  
 That's right! You *did* produce it.

RALPH MILLER  
 Nelson Do Morro... a good man... but a  
 goddamn love song?

NICK  
 Did he, did Nelson ever mention anything  
 about the woman who inspired the - ?

BANG! goes the cane. Nick flinches.

RALPH MILLER  
 They had Jobim for love songs! Gilberto!  
 But Nelson? Nelson was fire! He was  
 goddamn musical artillery! He was --

Ralph stops. A regretful memory coming back. Slowly he rolls  
 the cane in his hands, pensive.

RALPH MILLER  
 ... never got a chance... a shame...

Ralph puffs on the cigar, faraway. Nick leans in, beseeching.

NICK  
 Mr. Miller. Please. Nelson wrote the song  
 for a woman named Hannah. Do you know who  
 that is?

Ralph's brow furrows, as if scanning his memory. But he says  
 nothing.

NICK  
 Did he ever mention anyone named Hannah?  
 (nothing)  
 Can you tell me *anything* about the  
 recording - ?

RALPH MILLER  
 Minor key.

NICK  
 Sorry?

An amused smile grows on Ralph's face.

RALPH MILLER  
 Minor key! Minor key!

As he laughs we TIGHTEN on a B/W PHOTO: young Ralph Miller, cigar in mouth, posing with Nelson De Morro and his band...

45 INT. RECEPTION - 2008 - MOMENTS LATER

45

Nick steps out, bewildered.

RECEPTIONIST  
Not what you expected, huh?

Nick takes in a PHOTO of Ralph, exuding youth, vitality...

NICK  
What happened?

RECEPTIONIST  
What d'you think? He got old, the music  
stayed young.  
(beat)  
No one named "Hannah" ever worked here.

Nick turns to her, disappointed. A dead end.

RECEPTIONIST  
And we never released that record.

NICK  
You positive?

RECEPTIONIST  
Would have been a bit hard. Says here the  
masters were destroyed. In 1968.

ABE (V.O.)  
That's great!

46 INT. VINYL HAVEN - 2008 - DAY

46

An excited Abe stands with Nick, Chloe and Hihat.

ABE  
Means you gotta be holding the only  
existing copy! Lemme get on the horn with  
Mr. Fujita, see if he'll up his offer.

He disappears into the back room. Chloe turns to Nick.

CHLOE  
Did he say *anything* that made sense?

NICK  
I asked about the recording. All he said  
was "minor key, minor key". Over and  
over. Any idea what that might mean?

CHLOE

The key of sadness and melancholy...?

HI HAT

The key he played the song in. How does that help? Face it Nick, you got a blue flower, a note and record you won't play. You're not gonna find her.

Undeterred, Chloe scans the liner notes on "Want To Be My Lover".

CHLOE

Listen to what Miller wrote:

(reading)

"Do Morro *blends the sensual caress of the samba with the angry bite of the protest song.*"

(beat)

Nelson wrote protest music. But "Saudade" seems to be some kind of love song.

HI HAT

Yeah? So?

CHLOE

What changed him?

HI HAT

She did. They were lovers. It's obvious.

Nick absently picks up the pressed BLUE FLOWER. Smells it.

NICK

I dunno. Maybe its more like a thank you?

HI HAT

Yeah. For for the ol' bing bang.

NICK

No. Something else. Something she did for him...

Nick looks at Chloe. She at him. For a moment they find they can't take their eyes off each other --

ABE (O.S.)

Okay. Everyone sit down.

Abe steps out of the back room, a weird grin on his face.

NICK

Why?

ABE

Mr. Fujita raised his offer.

HIHAT  
How much?

ABE  
Fifteen grand.

Stunned silence. Everyone is floored. A PIANO solo starts...

ABE  
This offer won't last, Nick. He said  
he'll pull it in 24 hours.

As Nick absorbs this the PIANO solo gets LOUDER, and we -

CUT TO:

47 INT. HANNAH'S HOTEL ROOM - RIO - **1961** - DUSK 47

- where Hannah sits at the Bluthner - which nearly fills the room - practicing her scales.

The phone RINGS. She answers it.

CONSIERGE (V.O.)  
*Bom Noche*, Ms. Belmont. The car will  
arrive at seven.

HANNAH  
*Obrigado.*

She hangs up. In the silence we hear DRUMMING drifting in from outside. Hannah steps to the window...

The sun is sinking behind the hills from where the seductive *batucada* has grown more insistent, as if beckoning her out...

She glances at a table stacked with BOUQUETS, absently turning her ring. She stares at the BAMBOO FLUTE, the DRUMMING getting louder, LOUDER, as we GO IN ON HANNAH, weighing some decision --

DICK (V.O.)  
I don't think you'll be disappointed, Mr  
Ambassador.

48 INT. AMERICAN CONSULATE - RIO - **1961** - NIGHT 48

A formal banquet hall. On stage, a grand piano. Embassy STAFF mill about seating DIGNITARIES and GUESTS. The U.S. AMBASSADOR sits down next to his WIFE and the conductor DICK.

DICK  
She's being groomed for great things, I  
can assure you.

A movement behind the curtain. The lights dim. An expectant hush. A figure emerges and steps into the spotlight --

It's LENNY DALE. He carries a large glass bowl. In the bowl is a duck. He bows politely.

DALE

Ms. Belmont apologizes for her absence.  
She is feeling a touch under the weather.  
But, as the show must go on --

He nods to another MUSICIAN who has hijacked the piano, and together they launch into a whimsical version of **THE DUCK (O PATO)** -

LENNY DALE

*O Pato! The duck was dancin' by the water  
The rythm made him think he oughta  
He was dancin' to the samba, the samba, the samba*

Dale dances up a storm with the duck. We GO IN ON the mortified face of DICK --

49 INT. HOTEL - OUTSIDE HANNAH'S ROOM - SAME 49

-- as a VALET knocks on the door. It opens a crack.

VALET

Your aspirin Ms. Belmont.

LENNY DALE (V.O.)

*O Gooso! The goose was gamely swimming by  
He paused and gave the dance a try*

Hannah's hand, adorned with RING, reaches out, grabs the Aspirin. She murmurs "thank you", and shuts the door --

50 INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - SAME 50

-- it's MARY, the flutist. She drops the pills, runs to her boyfriend Lem, undressing --

LENNY DALE (V.O.)

*The bossa nova had him dancin'  
The new thing, the new swing!*

-- leaps in his arms, laughing, covering him with kisses.

51 INT. TAXI - MOVING - SAME 51

Hannah and George in back,, laughing, as the lights of Rio sail by. Hannah, gorgeous in a black evening dress.

LENNY DALE (V.O.)

*A lovely swan swam by in all her majesty  
Then she loosened up  
Guchiku, Guchiku said that swan*

52 EXT. FESTIVE STREET - NIGHT

52

DANCERS and DRUMMERS fill the street. Swept along by the celebration are George, Hannah, a glum SY and a few others.

LENNY DALE (V.O.)

*She joined the duck and goose  
And did the samba too*

George swings Hannah. She throws her head back, laughing.

LENNY DALE (V.O.)

*You should have seen  
The kind of samba she could do!*

53 EXT. SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

53

Our group untangles themselves from the celebration and slips into a narrow side street. Hannah beams.

HANNAH

That was simply amazing!

GEORGE

Just your average night in Rio!

The MUSIC fades behind them as they stroll down the empty street. George stops, looks down at a hand drawn map.

GEORGE

Should be right up here...

HANNAH

Well, come on then Mr. Slow Poke!

She grabs his hand, drags him forward. They turn a corner. And stop at the top of a DEAD END ALLEY.

SY

This is it? Where are the people?

HANNAH

Where's the music?

George looks at his map again, confused.

GEORGE

This has gotta be it, "Bottle Alley"...

They all look down the alley, discouraged. Garbage cans line one side. A few young MEN loiter about smoking...

SY

They got the alley part right...

HANNAH

Wait. Listen.

Everyone goes silent. We hear it now: muffled singing... distant guitars. And then... applause...growing louder -

GEORGE

That sounds like --

Suddenly doors BANG open. And CROWDS of well-dressed *Cariocas* spill into the alley, talking, laughing.

A new ANGLE reveals the small clubs hidden along the street BOTTLE'S BAR, LITTLE CLUB, BACCARAT, MA GRIFFE.

It's between sets. *Cariocas* are club hopping, not wanting to miss any action. Two drunk NAVY SAILORS spot the group. One strides over. He looks familiar, has a Bronx accent.

NAVY SAILOR

You American?

HANNAH

Yes.

It's HARRY KAMINSKY, Meryl's glum husband, seven years younger, alot more carefree. Both arms. This is pre Vietnam.

HARRY KAMINSKY

C'mon then! Joao Gilberto's about to go on at Baccarat. Ya don' wanna miss it! He's the cat created bossa nova!

George looks at Hannah. Hannah looks at George. Grinning they all head into the crowd as **SAMBA DA MINHA TERRA** erupts --

54

INT. BACCARAT CLUB - NIGHT

54

JOAO GILBERTO

*Samba da minha terra  
Deixa a gente mole  
Quando se dança  
Todo mundo bole*

JOAO GILBERTO sits on a stool, barefoot. He pulls his guitar one way, sings the other. His voice is soft as velvet.

JOAO GILBERTO

*Quem não gosta de samba  
Bom sujeito não é*

HANNAH eyes the sexy Brazilians - heads, arms, legs moving with silky abandon, at one with the music.

JOAO GILBERTO

*É ruim da cabeça  
Ou doente do pé*

We sense Hannah's reserve slowly melting. We GO IN ON HER FOOT. Imperceptibly it yields, moving to the beat...

55 INT. BOTTLE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

55

TAMBA TRIO

*Dia de luz, festa de sol e  
um barquinho a deslizar No  
macio azul do mar.*

Three impeccably dressed MEN, side by side on the tiny stage. The song **O BARQUINO** moves like a racing heart!

TAMBA TRIO

*Tudo é verão e o amor se faz  
Num barquinho pelo mar que desliza sem parar  
Sem intenção, nossa canção  
vai saindo desse mar e o sol*

HANNAH and George swaying to the sensual rhythm...

56 EXT. BECO DAS GARRAFAS (BOTTLE ALLEY) - NIGHT

56

George and Hannah hurry excitedly towards another club...

TAMBA TRIO (V.O.)

*Beija o barco e luz... Dias tão azuis...*

57 INT. MA GRIFF - CONTINUOUS

57

CARLOS LYRA

*Por que tão linda assim não existe, a flor  
Nem mesmo a cor não existe, e o amor  
Nem mesmo o amor existe*

GEORGE steals a look at Hannah soaking up the romantic longing of Carlos Lyra's **COISA MAIS LINDA**. He pulls out his PAD, a pen and, unseen, quickly begins working on a SKETCH.

58 INT. ANOTHER CLUB - CONTINUOUS

58

ALAIDE COSTA lets go with **SAUDADE FEZ UM SAMBA** -



ALAIDE COSTA

*Deixa que o meu samba  
Sabe tudo sem você  
Não acredito que o meu samba  
Só dependa de você*

HANNAH steals a look at George, caught up in the pulsating drumming. He looks handsome, gazing at the stage...

ALAIDE COSTA

*A dor é minha em mim doeu  
A culpa é sua o samba é meu  
Então não vamos mais brigar  
Saudade fez um samba em seu lugar*

Hannah smiles. But there's something uncertain in her smile, as if behind her affection for George she's becoming aware of a new stronger feeling, something she fears admitting.

59 EXT. BECO DAS GARRAFAS (BOTTLE ALLEY) - NIGHT

59

An exuberant Hannah pulls George into another club.

ALAIDE COSTA (V.O.)

*Saudade fez um samba em seu lugar*

60 INT. BACCARAT - NIGHT

60

A black PIANIST begins a sensuous melody. A figure steps on the dim stage with a guitar. A happily blotto HARRY KAMINSKY leans over to Hannah and George and whispers -

HARRY KAMINSKY

*Watch out! This guy'll steal yer heart,  
then break it in two!*

The spot light pops on, illuminating -- NELSON DO MORRO.

Hannah smiles, recognizing him from *corcovado*. He strums a few chords. Then starts into the heart wrenching *OUTRA VEZ*.

NELSON

*Outra vez sem você  
Outra vez sem amor  
Outra vez vou sofrer  
Vou chorar até você voltar*

WE GO IN ON Hannah, mesmerized.

NELSON

*Todo mundo me pergunta  
Porque ando triste assim  
Ninguém sabe o que é que eu sinto  
Com você longe de mim  
Vejo o sol quando ele sai*

*Vejo a chuva quando cai  
Tudo agora é só tristeza  
Traz saudade de você*

Nelson and Hannah lock eyes. He finishes in English and it's like he's singing the song for her and her alone.

NELSON  
*Once again without you  
Once again without love  
Once again I will suffer  
I will cry until you return*

Nelson finishes to huge APPLAUSE. He stands, bows.

SY (V.O.)  
I still don't get why it's called "Bottle Alley"...

61 EXT. BOTTLE ALLEY - NIGHT

61

SY and some others are having a smoke, looking askance all around them at what has become a festive party.

Men begin drumming on trash cans, car hoods, each other! A hypnotic *batucada* begins. Women begin singing and dancing!

NELSON stands with a couple female admirers. But his eyes are on Hannah. He watches her and George approach the others...

HARRY KAMINSKY (O.S.)  
Outta my way! Let me at em!

Harry Kaminsky pushes through the crowd and wobbles up to Nelson. Gives him a big bear hug. Nelson laughs as Harry scribbles an address on a COCKTAIL NAPKIN.

HARRY KAMINSKY  
You ever get up to the Bronx, ya look me up, brother! Okay? *Mi casa su casa!* Here.

CLOSE ON Harry dropping the NAPKIN into the sound hole of Nelson's guitar...

Nelson doesn't notice. He's too fixated on HANNAH --

HANNAH  
Isn't this *bossa nova* glorious!

GEORGE  
Glad you came?

CRASH! Everyone looks up. An OLD CARIOCA leans out her window, glowering. Other OLD WOMEN lean out holding bottles -

OLD CARIOCA  
(in Portuguese)  
*It's one in the morning!*

REVELER  
*Corra! Run!*

CRASH! CRASH! Bottles raining down like hail. Everyone runs.

GEORGE  
(grabbing Hannah's hand)  
*"Bottle Alley"!*

They run, giddy. Hannah stumbles. She pulls off a shoe. The heel's broken. She pulls off the other shoe, gives them to him and follow the crowd to the main avenue along the beach.

62

**EXT. AVENIDA ATLANTICA - MOMENTS LATER**

62

Hannah and George, alone now, lost in the swirling crowd of DANCERS that continues down the street moving to a raucous and festive *batucada*.

All at once Hannah stops, turns to George. And hugs him. He looks at her, startled.

GEORGE  
What was that for?

HANNAH  
Thank you.

GEORGE  
For what?

HANNAH  
For pressing me! For being such a good spirit! For... for being you!

George gazes at her, his heart bursting to open up.

GEORGE  
*Nao sou eu e voce.*

HANNAH  
(delighted)  
George! And now you're learning Portuguese! What does it mean?

GEORGE  
*Nao sou eu e voce.*  
(he looks up at her)  
*It's not me. It's you.*

Hannah smiles, touched. Magically, the swirl of DANCERS fall into SLO MO. The SINGING fades. A new RHYTHM begins -

GEORGE

Voce. It's you who makes me this way.  
Voce. It's you who makes me happy.

She shakes her head. Pokes him in the chest, playing along.

HANNAH

*Nao sou eu e voce.*

Suddenly George grabs her and spins her as **VOCE** kicks in -

GEORGE

**The lialacs sigh at the sight**

HANNAH

*Voce!*

GEORGE

**When you go passing by**

HANNAH

*Voce!*

GEORGE

**I know the reason why  
But how can I explain to you?**

He dips her to the ground, she laughs, exhilarated.

HANNAH

**Can you explain the sea?**

GEORGE

*Voce!*

HANNAH

**A sparrow in a tree?**

GEORGE

**Or why somebody cares for  
you!**

She spins him around, they turn together.

GEORGE

**You look in someone's face**

HANNAH

*Voce!*

GEORGE

**And find your loving place**

HANNAH

*Voce!*

GEORGE

**Two waiting arms to hurry to**

HANNAH

*Voce!*

GEORGE

**Theres no explaining love  
Or all the wonders of  
How I love Y - O - U.**

Hannah blinks.

She slows down. Stops. She stares at George with questioning eyes. He swallows hard, meets her gaze -

GEORGE  
I love you Hannah.

Suddenly, DANCERS are pressing in from all sides. The spell broken. Hannah pulls away, stricken.

Jostled, George struggles to explain his heart...

GEORGE  
I know it's too late... I know how things  
are. I know Charles can give you... he can  
give you anything...

DANCERS swirl between them, separating them.

GEORGE  
All I can give you is what I feel, right  
here.  
(pressing his heart)  
But, I'd love you no matter what, Hannah,  
no matter what you do and...

Hannah backs into the swirling CROWD.

GEORGE  
... and all I'd want is for you to be  
happy! That's all I'd ask, Hannah! That  
you be truly happy!

She disappears behind some DRUMMERS. All at once George is  
pulled into the throng, swept along like a cork in a stream,

GEORGE  
Hannah! Hannah! I had to tell you...!

HANNAH, torn with emotions, walks onto the beach. GEORGE,  
fighting the crowds, strains to catch sight of her -

GEORGE  
Hannah!

He stumbles out of the throng, breathless. She's gone...  
George, distraught, clutching Hannah's shoes.

63 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

63

Hannah stands by the waves. In b.g. the *batucada* CONTINUES.  
She stares at stars reflected in the black water, the joy of  
the song lost on her.

VOICE  
*Mestra! Mestra!*

She turns. Erasmo leads several STREET KIDS toward her.  
Hannah quickly wipes away the tears, manages to smile.

HANNAH  
Well hello there.

BOYS  
*Mestra! Mestra!*

She kneels down to their level, takes one of the boys hands.

HANNAH  
I'm sorry. I just don't understand -

VOICE  
They call you their "teacher".

Nelson steps from the shadows, guitar slung over his shoulder. He puts a hand on Erasmo's head.

NELSON  
I believe you made an impression *Senhora*.

Hannah stands. Face to face with the handsome Brazilian.

HANNAH  
As did you. Is he your son?

Nelson laughs, translates for the boys. They fall to the sand giggling. He looks at Hannah, shakes his head 'no'.

NELSON  
They are from my *bairro*. I get instruments for them to sell. They learn to play. And they make a little money...

HANNAH  
That's beautiful.

NELSON  
It is a small thing. But maybe they will not become pickpockets. Or join the army. Maybe they will become musicians instead.

Hannah is touched. Erasmo says something. Nelson laughs.

HANNAH  
What did he say?

NELSON  
He says you are *bonito* - beautiful, like *Iamanja*, the goddess of the sea.

Hannah blushes because she can tell Nelson believes it too. All at once she remembers she is supposed to be upset.

HANNAH  
I must get back to my hotel.

She hesitates. He glances at her feet, wet from the surf.

NELSON

Come! We will go to Nara's. Her apartment is near. She has many shoes.

HANNAH

Thank you. But I can walk. Goodbye.

She waves to the BOYS and starts walking away. Nelson and Erasmo watch her. She gets about 20 feet and...

HANNAH

Oh!

...drops to the sand. Nelson rushes over. Gently takes her foot in his hands and gingerly removes a tiny sliver of glass. He throws it in the sea.

NELSON

*Vamos, menina flor!*

Before she can protest he lifts her up in his arms.

NELSON

I am Nelson Do Morro!

HANNAH

I - I am Hannah Belmont.

He carries her towards the tall apartments that line the beach. As the boys dance, the old *batucada* music is joined by a MODERN CLUB MIX, and we --

CUT TO:

64

INT. MUSIC CLUB - 2008 - DAY

64

The catchy SONG fills the small club. Hihat is playing the song off a demo tape for Nick to hear -

A pulsing SAX SOLO joins the song. It's great! A couple MUSICIANS setting up on the stage nod to the beat.

HI HAT

Hear that? Hear your playing? You were blazing that day. You had it!

But Nick isn't listening. He's watching Kim at the end of the bar flirt with one of the musicians. Hihat is suddenly angry.

HI HAT

Look. This ain't just *your* problem, Nick. I sunk alot of my own time and money into those sessions too. Feel me?

NICK

I know -

HI HAT  
 Then let's finish the demo! Sell the  
 record. 15 G's, man! Pick up your horn.  
 We can go back in the studio next week.

Nick watches dolefully as Kim laughs with the Musician.

HI HAT (O.S.)  
 Show her you care about something for a  
 change, hell, maybe she'll even come  
 back.

Nick ponders the possibility. He listens to their demo -

NICK  
 It's good.

HI HAT  
 Damn right. I produced it -

NICK  
 But it's dance music, Hihat.

HI HAT  
 You got a problem with dance music now?

NICK  
 No. But *this* song --

Nick holds up the "Saudade" single, finding his voice.

NICK  
 Nelson wrote this song because he wanted  
 people to fight to change their lives. For  
 the better. He believed a song could do  
 that, give them hope!

HI HAT  
 Thought it was a love song?

NICK  
 It's more than that, it's -

HI HAT  
 (cutting him off)  
 You don't know *what* it is! You haven't  
 played it!

Nick looks away. Exasperated, Hihat digs into him.

HI HAT  
 You really wanna find her? Then play the  
 damn song. The key's gotta be in the  
 song! Just! Play! It!

Nick glances at Kim. She's watching him with a curious smile.  
 He starts to smile back. But she turns away, to the musician.



Nick clenches his jaw. Making a decision...

NICK

Okay.

HI HAT

What?

NICK

Okay, let's hear it.

He passes the record to Hihat, who is momentarily surprised. But then he shrugs, grumbling.

HI HAT

About time.

Hihat pops out the demo tape. The club goes dead quiet. Kim and the others turn to see what's happening.

HIHAT puts "Saudade" on his turntable, lifts the needle, and rests it on the spinning record...

We GO IN ON the anxious face of Nick as we HEAR --

A HISS... a resonating GUITAR... a cascade of PIANO NOTES --

CHLOE (O.S.)

Wait! Stop!

Chloe rushes into the club. Instinctively, Nick lifts the needle off the record, stopping the song.

She steps up, holding some papers, breathless. Nick and HiHat stare at her, puzzled.

NICK

Chloe...?

CHLOE

You said Ralph Miller kept repeating the words "minor key"?

NICK

The key the song was played in.

CHLOE

I thought so too. But then I started thinking about how jazz guys are always giving each other nicknames - "Dizzy" Gillespie, "Toots" Theilmanns,

HIHAT

The "Bird".

CHLOE

What if Miller meant a nickname?

NICK  
 "Minor Key"?

CHLOE  
 In Portuguese, it's "*tom menor*".

She hands him a PRINTOUT. It's a short BIO on "Brazilian pianist *Tom Menor* AKA '*Minor Key*' and a PHOTO of an old black guy jamming on a piano. Nick scans his credits --

NICK  
 He played on "Want To Be My Lover".

CHLOE  
 He must have played on *Saudade*, too.

NICK  
 And Miller remembered him, from the recording...

She nods. He looks up at her, touched by her persistence.

CHLOE  
 He may remember something about Hannah.

HIHAT  
 (dubious)  
*If you can find him. If he's even alive --*

She pulls out another PRINTOUT: music listings. Nick reads:

NICK  
 "Tom Menor aka '*Minor Key*'. Every Tuesday and Thursday at the Samba Lounge."  
 (incredulous)  
 That's on Canal.

CHLOE  
 He moved here after '68. Alot of Brazilian musicians did.

Nick laughs at their good fortune.

NICK  
 It's Tuesday, right?

CHLOE  
 (grinning)  
 All day.

Nick carefully pulls the record off the turntable and slips it under his arm. Kim approaches. He takes Chloe's hand.

NICK  
 Let's go!

Kim and Hihat watch them leave. Hihat rolls his eyes. But Kim is struck by Nick's new found sense of purpose...

On the stage, a drummer starts a DRUM ROLL, as we -

CUT TO:

65

INT. NARA LEAO'S APARTMENT - RIO - **1961** - NIGHT

65

- where a young BRAZILIAN finishes the DRUM ROLL.

We are in an elegant LIVINGROOM. Young Brazilians drink, smoke, play guitar: an exuberant after hours jam session!

At a piano JOBIM himself fiddles with a melody as we go into

NARA LEAO'S BEDROOM

Hannah sits on the bed, barefoot. Young NARA LEAO hands Nelson a pair of shoes from her closet.

NARA LEAO

Please. I have three pair just like them.

HANNAH

But I couldn't...

Applause from the LIVINGROOM.

NARA LEAO

Hurry! Tom and Vinicius are about to play their new song!

Nara gives Nelson an excited peck on the cheek and exits. Nelson slips the shoes on Hannah's feet. They fit...

Nelson laughs as he pulls her up, she stumbles into his chest. She pulls back. They stare at each, embarrassed...

LIVINGROOM -

Everyone crowds around the piano. He leads Hannah over. A pretty GIRL smiles at him. He kisses her, whispers in her ear. She laughs. Hannah smiles at Nelson's easy charm...

At the PIANO, Jobim begins to play a familiar SLOW MELODY. Nara leans on the piano, eyes shut, soaking in his playing.

VINICIUS DE MORAES keeps time with a box of matches.

Hannah smiles, drawn to the music as it swells. Nara stands up, and starts into **INSENSATEZ (HOW INSENSITIVE)**.

NARA LEAO

*A insensatez que você fez  
Coração mais sem cuidado  
Fez chorar de dor  
O seu amor  
Um amor tão delicado  
Ah, porque você foi fraco assim  
Assim tão desalmado  
Ah, meu coração quem nunca amou  
Não merece ser amado*

Hannah shuts her eyes, soaking in the lovely melody.

NARA LEAO

*How insensitive  
I must have seemed  
When he told me that he loved me...*

GO IN ON HANNAH, her eyes opening, the English lyrics suddenly making her think of George's earlier confession... and her own reaction.

NARA LEAO (CONT'D)

*How unmoved and cold  
I must have seemed  
When he told me so sincerely  
Why? He must have asked  
Did I just turn and stare in icy silence.*

All at once Hannah looks as if she'll faint.

NARA LEAO

*What was I to say  
What can you say  
When a love affair is over*

HANNAH

Excuse me.

She hurries out a sliding door. Nelson follows her onto THE BALCONY

Hannah sucks in the fresh air. Nelson shuts the glass door

NELSON

You do not like the song?

HANNAH

No. I do. I just... I just need some air.

He helps her sit on a bench overlooking the beach.

The song CONTINUES as they gaze over the sea. Below the BOYS kick a ball in the sand. Nelson points to some distant rocks.

NELSON  
 That is where I go. Every morning. To  
 play my guitar...  
 (playfully)  
 The sun rises to hear me sing!

HANNAH  
 Your song... I liked it very, very much  
 He stares out into the darkness, suddenly troubled.

NELSON  
 What did you like?

HANNAH  
 I suppose I liked how it made me feel...  
 Nelson nods slowly, a hint of regret in his voice.

NELSON  
 You must thank Jobim then. He wrote it.  
 (re: Jobim)  
 Tom, Vinicius... They write the songs. I  
 simply play them.  
 He quietly strums his guitar. Hannah looks at him, curious.

HANNAH  
 Have you no songs of your own?

NELSON  
 Many. But they are in here.  
 (points to his head)  
 And not in here.  
 He slaps his guitar.

HANNAH  
 Then you must find your muse. To set them  
 free.  
 He turns to her, taken by her charm.

APPLAUSE from the inside as the song finishes. They watch as  
 everyone congratulates Jobim and Vinicius on the new song.

NELSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 It is good in Brasil now. They sing of  
 good things - of love, smiles, flowers...  
 Someone starts to jam on the piano again.

NELSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 One day they will go to America and teach  
 Frank Sinatra to sing *bossa nova*, no? But  
 it is the way it should be.  
 (MORE)

NELSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (he starts to strum)  
 Music must have no borders.

Hannah blinks. Somehow these words resonate with her. A smile grows on her face. She turns to him.

HANNAH  
 I think I feel better now.

Nelson nods, takes her hand. They stand. He lingers a moment, gazing at her lovely profile.

NELSON  
 You are very beautiful... And very *triste*.

She gently pulls her hand away. Throws him an admonishing look. An amused glint in his eyes.

NELSON (CONT'D)  
 You must not be ashamed, *Bonita*. In  
 Brasil melancholy is a national pastime!

He strums a lilting phrase from **SAMBA DA BENACAO -**

NELSON (CONT'D)  
*É melhor ser alegre que ser triste*  
*Alegria é a melhor coisa que existe*  
*É assim como a luz no coração*

ON HANNAH, swept up the simple song.

NELSON (CONT'D)  
*Mas pra fazer um samba com beleza*  
*É preciso um bocado de tristeza É*  
*preciso um bocado de tristeza Senão,*  
*não se faz um samba não*

Hannah stares at him, breathless. It's like she's under the spell of the song. He touches her hair,

NELSON (CONT'D)  
 Vinicius wrote that...

... leans his face towards her...

NELSON (CONT'D)  
 ...it means the most beautiful sambas...

... his lips inches from her own.

NELSON  
 ...must have a little sadness in them.

A breeze wafts in. Hannah snaps out of it. Steps back, finding her composure.

HANNAH

It's - it is so late. And I really need to get back to my hotel...

Nelson sighs, even as he nods his head compliantly.

NELSON

Of course. But I must walk you. Rio is very, very dangerous at night...

She glances at him with concern. Is he serious?

NELSON

There are young lovers and musicians on the loose!

He grins, offering his hand. She hesitates. Then takes it. They walk into the -

LIVINGROOM

- past the piano. Nelson gives the pianist a friendly little pat. It's the young TOM MENOR. He grins, watching them exit. We GO IN ON his fingers, riffing a tune, as we -

CUT TO:

66

INT. SAMBA LOUNGE - NEW YORK - **2008** - DAY

66

- older fingers, on another piano, playing the same riff. On stage, an older TOM MENOR is warming up for the night's show.

The place isn't open yet. A BARTENDER preps his bar. A SOUND ENGINEER futzes with his board. We HEAR yelling from the --

FRONT ENTRANCE

Where a poster declares: "Tonight: Pianist *Tom Menor* with Special Guest!" A harried MANAGER is arguing on his cell. He bangs out the front door looking for some privacy -

As the door begins to swing shut -

Nick catches it. Pulls it open. And he and Chloe slip past the distracted MANAGER and scurry into the club, unnoticed.

They move to the stage, where Menor's little riff has grown into the melody for the song **ESPERANCA PERDIDA**.

Behind Menor a curtain stirs. Singer BEBEL GILBERTO steps out holding a coke. She adjusts the mic, does a sound check:

BEBEL GILBERTO

Check. Check. A bit more volume, please.

The ENGINEER raises the volume. And she begins to sing:

BEBEL GILBERTO

*Eu prá você fui mais um  
Você foi tudo prá mim  
Fiz de você o meu céu  
Minha razão, meu tudo enfim*

In the darkness, side by side, Chloe and Nick stand motionless, seduced by the music. Chloe sneaks a shy look at Nick, the lyrics telling us her true feelings.

BEBEL GILBERTO

*The beautiful things of life  
Lost all their meaning because  
Because I just don't have  
You to love...*

The song finishes. Nick slowly turns to Chloe, an amazed look on his face. She looks away, embarrassed.

On stage, Bebel gives a few instructions to the SOUND ENGINEER as Menor rises, and steps over to -

THE BAR

Nick and Chloe arrive as Menor takes out a bag of tobacco.

NICK

Mr. Menor?

TOM MENOR

Yes?

NICK

That was just amazing. That song...

TOM MENOR

*Obrigado.*

NICK

My name's Nick. This is Chloe. We have something you might be interested in.

He hands him "Saudade".

NICK

You played with Nelson Do Morro on it, didn't you?

The old pianist studies the record silently. He nods.

NICK

Did Nelson ever tell you who he wrote the song for?



TOM MENOR

No.

NICK

But did - did he ever mention an American woman, a woman named "Hannah"?

Menor turns the record over in his hands, frowning.

TOM MENOR

I don't remember no woman, no.

Nick visibly deflates at the bad news. He glances at Chloe, disappointed. Menor slides the record back to Nick.

TOM MENOR

But I do remember the session.

Nick and Chloe look up, all ears. Menor rolls a cigarette.

TOM MENOR

It was a few weeks before they took him away. It was the first time any of us saw Nelson look, what is the word...  
*nervosa...nervous...*

CUT TO:

67 INT. RECORDING STUDIO - RIO - **1968** - DAY - FLASHBACK 67

Nelson's BAND sits around killing time. At the piano a bored Menor plays the same note - PING PING PING - over and over.

A man sits on a drum case reading the paper, puffing impatiently on a cigar. It's the young RALPH MILLER.

TOM MENOR (V.O.)

*...we were all nervous. It was bad in Brasil for us... many musicians already left to avoid arrest. But Nelson would not go... his songs were the voice of the protest... and it weighed on his heart...*

Menor glances at Nelson. He looks as he did at the start long hair, a beard. He is scribbling changes on the sheet music. He seems tired, uncertain.

BACK TO:

68 INT. SAMBA LOUNGE - NEW YORK - **2008** - DAY 68

At the BAR, old Menor licks the rolling paper.

TOM MENOR

After the coup in '64 you could not write music that criticized the government. So you wrote in code. This was Nelson's gift. He'd write a song about kicking out his girlfriend, but the girlfriend was really the government, you see?

Menor chuckles.

TOM MENOR

Nelson had many girlfriends.

CUT TO:

69

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - RIO - **1968** - DAY - FLASHBACK

69

Nelson scribbling away, making last minute changes.

TOM MENOR (V.O.)

*...But by '68 the government was smarter. They understood the trick... it was more difficult to write good songs...*

Ralph suddenly throws his paper on the drum case, stands.

RALPH MILLER

Minor Key? Enough with the one note samba! You're giving me a damn migraine!

Menor stops plinking. The other PLAYERS chuckle. Ralph steps up to Nelson and pulls the sheet music from his hands

RALPH MILLER

Enough futzing, Nelson! Time's money. My money! Let's record, goddamnit!

He signals the TECHNICIAN in the booth. The BAND begins getting prepared. Menor glances at Nelson again -

TOM MENOR (V.O.)

*I remember that day well. I was worried. I thought Nelson had lost his gift.*

As Nelson picks up his guitar he glances at the NEWSPAPER Ralph tossed on the drum case.

It's the International Herald Tribune.

His eyes narrow on an ARTICLE. We can't SEE what he sees, but he is very surprised. He grabs the paper, astounded.

WE GO IN ON NELSON, his smile growing as he reads...

BACK TO:

70

INT. SAMBA LOUNGE - NEW YORK - **2008** - DAY

70

At the BAR, Menor strikes a match, lights his cigarette. He takes a long, luxurious toke...

NICK  
Well? Had he?

TOM MENOR  
*Que?*

NICK  
Lost his gift?

Menor exhales. He studies Nick for a long moment.

TOM MENOR  
You play, don't you?

Nick blinks, surprised - and flattered by Menor's deduction.

NICK  
Yeah. I do.

TOM MENOR  
Then you know: You do not lose a gift.  
You only hide it, from yourself. Until  
you are ready to find it again.

We GO IN ON Nick, Menor's words hitting home. Menor picks up the record, examines it with a mix of curiosity and sadness.

TOM MENOR  
Never knew it got pressed. You heard it?

NICK  
No.

TOM MENOR  
When you do, you let me know.

Bebel Gilberto steps up, gently pulls the cigarette from Menor's mouth, stubs it out.

BEBEL GILBERTO  
C'mon Menorito. Let's get ready.

Menor grins impishly, puts his arm around Bebel. Leans down towards Nick.

TOM MENOR  
You let us know, *sim?*

Nick nods as he watches them disappear backstage.

MANAGER (O.S.)  
Hey!?

Nick and Chloe turn. The MANAGER is storming over, pissed.

MANAGER

How the hell d'you get in here -- !?

71 EXT. SAMBA LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

71

The MANAGER slams the door in their face. It's getting dark, beginning to sleet. They start down the sidewalk, dejected. Neither knows exactly what to say. Finally -

CHLOE

Look. There gotta be other players on that session. We can find one of them and-

NICK

Sorry to drag you into this.

CHLOE

What? You didn't drag me - hey, where are you going?

But Nick is already crossing the street, walking away.

NICK

I don't know.

Chloe watches him disappear into the growing darkness.

CHLOE

Nick!

ANGLE ON NICK'S FEET, splashing through a cold puddle as we -

CUT TO:

HANNAH'S FEET, in Nara shoes, walking on wet cobblestones.

72 EXT. FAVELA - RIO - **1961** - NIGHT

72

Hannah and Nelson walk up a steep winding street. Erasmo and the others BOYS follow behind, kicking a soccer ball.

NELSON

We will pass through my *bairro* to get to your hotel. It is faster. In Rio sometimes we must go up to go down!

HANNAH

This is your neighborhood?

Hundreds of shacks cling to the steep hillside. Small fires glow inside. This is poverty like Hannah has never seen. Yet even here, a girl's plaintive SINGING drifts through the air.

NELSON (CONT'D)

*Sim.* It is a poor place. But still there is always music. All day and all night.

HANNAH

It's lovely. What is she singing about?

NELSON

Mother's teach it to their daughters. It is a song to help her forget.

HANNAH

Forget what?

NELSON

The sadness of her life.

The sky opens. A drenching tropical shower falls.

NELSON (CONT'D)

*Hurry!*

They duck under a OLD TREE growing from a crumbling wall. It's the same one we saw at the start: a twisting trunk that branches up into a canopy of beautiful BLUE FLOWERS.

HANNAH

It looks like we're stuck.

NELSON

It will end soon...

He plucks a BLUE FLOWER from a bough. Gives it to her.

NELSON

The *jacaranda* tree. No matter how old the tree, the flower always smells young...

We GO IN ON Hannah as she smells it. She shuts her eyes. Relishing the fresh aroma, the cool rainy night...

She opens her eyes. He is standing close. She feels the heat from his body through her wet dress...

NELSON

On the beach? Why were you crying?

She looks away. Thinking of George, his declaration.

HANNAH

It was... I don't know... the music.

Nelson nods, as if he understands.

NELSON

Yes. The music... But they are simple love songs, that is all. They cannot change anything.

She looks at him. Something burns behind his eyes.

HANNAH

Is that what you want to do? Change things?

NELSON

Look around. Things need to change, no?

They watch the BOYS, half naked, play in the dirty street.

NELSON (CONT'D)

I was like them. I also had *nada*. Until I learned a song... And now I am standing under a Jacaranda tree, in the rain, with a beautiful woman!

He laughs. But Hannah is suddenly serious, thoughtful.

HANNAH

You think to learn music is enough?

NELSON

I think in Brasil it is one way --  
(passionate)  
Why must they learn songs that only make them forget this life? They must learn songs to help them change it.

She stares at him, moved by his conviction.

ERASMO (O.S.)

*Fim!*

The BOYS beckon them out. The rain has ended. The sky visible now, a deep purple as dawn approaches.

NELSON

Ahh! Why do good things never last long here? The rain, love, the night? Come!

He takes her hand and they sidle off, up the hill. After a moment Hannah turns to him.

HANNAH

Teach me one.

NELSON

*O que?*

HANNAH

One of your *cancaos*. Show me a song.

He slows down, suddenly self-conscious. Hannah ribs him.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Show me!

He hesitantly strums a COUPLE CHORDS on his guitar...

NELSON

I cannot just pull a song from my head --

HANNAH

Not from there!

(touches his chest)  
From here.

NELSON

*Amor?* A love song? *Nao!* I will never  
write a love song.

She smiles at his stubbornness.

HANNAH

Then just show me what you care about.

He strums a FEW MORE CHORDS, a melody forming...

NELSON

I do not know... the *bairro*.

HANNAH

What about the *bairro*?

The MELODY becomes more full...

NELSON

It is simple things.

HANNAH

Show me.

Nelson gestures to an ancient white washed wall...

NELSON

It's the white of that wall.

A boy on a rooftop lets the wind take his paper kite...

NELSON

*It's the flight of that kite*  
*It's the blue of the tree*

Erasmus kicks the ball - KUNK KUNK - adding to the rhythm.

NELSON (CONT'D)

*It's the kick of the ball*  
*In the hush of the night*  
*It's the wind blowing free.*

Hannah smiles. It's a simple, whimsical song, describing the sights of this *favela*, the sadness, the joy...

NELSON (CONT'D)

*It's the feel of the stones  
On the soles of our feet  
It is all of these things*

A man passes on a bike - RING RING; a rooster CROWS; a boy rolls his hoop - CLINK CLINK!

NELSON (CONT'D)

*Broken bike! Chicken coop!  
Girl you like! Boy and hoop!*

His singing grows more confident as each new SOUND melds into the song. They pass women scrubbing clothes - CHH! CHH!

NELSON (CONT'D)

*It's those women, those four  
Hanging dresses to dry  
In the light of the dawn*

A man HUMS as he daubs paint on statues of saints...

NELSON (CONT'D)

*It's that man in his store  
Painting statues to buy  
Hoping hope is not gone*

A church bell DONGS; fish SIZZLE; a little girl CRIES...

NELSON (CONT'D)

*Wake up late! Fish to fry!  
Rice on plate! Tears to cry!*

Now Erasmo and the BOYS lift their bamboo flutes and join in. It's the melody Hannah taught them on Corcovado. It melds perfectly with Nelson's samba. Hannah is touched.

HANNAH

Chopin! They're playing Chopin...

NELSON

*It's this colorful square  
Those old men and their chess  
It's the fruit seller's cart*

They pass an OLD WOMAN kneeling before a shrine.

NELSON

*This old woman in prayer  
Kneeling down to confess To  
the love in her heart.*

They are near the bottom of the hill, entering back into the waking city. And the rhythm begins to slow...



NELSON (CONT'D)  
*It's this song, it's the beat  
 As we walk down this slope  
 There is love on this street  
 And so here there is hope*

Nelson winds the song down, whispering the last words...

NELSON (CONT'D)  
*There is love  
 So there's hope...*

He lowers his guitar. His eyes brim with wonder. He turns to Hannah. She's inspired him to write his first song.

ERASMO (O.S.)  
*Bom! Bom ! Glorioso!*

Nelson and Hannah laugh. An electric charge between them. Then, a glow on her face. The sun peaks over the horizon. A ray of light seems to break the magic spell -

HANNAH  
 I really need to get to my hotel now.

NELSON  
 But we are already there.

She turns. Sure enough they are across the street from her hotel. She turns back to Nelson.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 Nelson?

NELSON  
 Yes?

HANNAH  
 Why haven't you asked about me? About why I am here? About what I do?

He stops, looks at her for a long moment.

NELSON  
 But I know already what you do.

HANNAH  
 But how? I haven't told you.

NELSON  
 No. But you showed me...  
 (takes her hand)  
 My teacher.

ERASMO  
*Mestra! Mestra!*

*Teacher...* Nelson kisses her hand. Tears well in Hannah's eyes as she gently pulls away. She bends down and kisses Erasmo goodbye.

HANNAH

*Adeus.*

Nelson and Erasmo watch as she hurries towards the HOTEL.

73

INT. GRAND HOTEL LOBBY - EARLY MORNING

73

Hannah rushes to the elevator, not noticing George who is asleep on a couch, clutching Hannah's shoes...

CHARLES (V.O.)

Dick was worried sick, Darling...

74

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - LATER

74

Hannah dresses for the evening's concert as she speaks with Charles on the PHONE.

HANNAH

I'm sorry Charles. I think it was the heat.

CHARLES (ON PHONE)

You must learn to better take care of yourself, Hannah.

She stops dressing, lowers herself onto the piano stool.

CHARLES (ON PHONE)

I patched things up with the embassy fellows. So you needn't fret about that. What matters is that you feel better.

She plinks a piano key. The RING is back on her finger.

HANNAH

Yes. I think I do now...

75

INT. CHARLES'S OFFICE - NEW YORK - INTERCUT

75

Charles stands with his back to us in his lavish office, arms outstretched, a TAILOR fitting him for a new suit.

CHARLES

Do you know what I'm looking at right now?

He is looking at a framed PHOTO on his desk - the two of them at some formal cocktail party.

CHARLES

You and I at your mother's soiree. Do you remember?

HANNAH

Of course I do Chaz.

CHARLES

It's the night I became the luckiest man in the world... the night I met you.

Hannah is touched. But senses he's holding something back. Charles brushes aside the TAILOR, turns to us.

CHARLES

Tell me you love me, Darling.

HANNAH

But, of course --

CHARLES

I have some marvelous news! I couldn't tell you before, didn't want to give you false hopes...

(excitedly)

Darling, Leonard Bernstein wants you to open the fall season as his soloist.

Hannah is stunned. She stops plinking the piano.

CHARLES

Hannah? Did you hear what I said?

HANNAH

Yes.

CHARLES

The New York Philharmonic. Carnegie Hall!

HANNAH

It's... it's marvelous Charles.

Charles appraises the tailoring job as he passes a mirror.

CHARLES

That's the real reason I couldn't be there. I was in negotiations with Bernstein. The papers are already abuzz about the engagement. Now this! We're walking on air!

Hannah steps to the window, gazes out at the setting sun, saying nothing. Charles picks up on her silence.

CHARLES

Now, none of this is formal. Yet. It is *your* choice, Hannah.

(MORE)

CHARLES (cont'd)  
 I made that abundantly clear to  
 Bernstein...  
 (heartfelt)  
 But Darling, it is time for you to  
 stretch your wings! To show not just  
 Brooklyn, not just Brazil, but the *whole*  
*world* your greatness! You must know that  
 I will do anything, *anything*, in my  
 powers to see that you achieve that  
 greatness! I love you Hannah. I love you  
*that* much.

We GO IN ON Hannah's uncertain smile as a REQUIEM swells...

76

INT. TEATRO MUNICIPAL SYMPHONY HALL - NIGHT

76

Hannah brilliantly plays the requiem to a packed hall.

She's crying, fighting emotions she can no longer ignore her  
 heart is being pulled in too many directions...

She watches her fingers as they effortlessly negotiate the  
 keys. Then, faintly, we hear a beat: CHIKA - BOOM - CHIKA -

Hannah looks over at George, surprised.

He is slapping out the beat on the timpanis! - CHIKA - BOOM  
 CHIKA - BOOM!

Then Sy and Nancy join in on clairinet! Mary on flute! Lem on  
 cello! Then the violins!

Hannah laughs as the ORCHESTRA plays a wonderful *bossa nova*  
 INSTRUMENTAL! She shuts her eyes, mood lifting, and joins in -

CUT TO:

GEORGE watches her play: eyes shut, she plays the requiem.

BACK TO:

HANNAH, lost in her reverie, playing the imaginary samba.

A SAXOPHONE has joined the song, elegant counterpoint to her  
 piano. The song CONTINUES in this way as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

77

INT. BAR - **2008** - NIGHT

77

- where we find Nick, on stage, illuminated by a single spot  
 light, playing his saxophone to the dark, empty bar...

The two instruments - sax and piano - wind around each other  
 in the darkness, creating a poignant duet across time...

The song slows. Nick finishes with a flourish of his horn.  
Silence returns to the empty bar. Then... applause.  
Kim steps out of the shadows wearing her coat.

NICK  
Thought I was alone.

KIM  
(holding up her wallet)  
Forgot this.  
(beat)  
How'd you get in here?

NICK  
You gave me the keys. Once.

She notices at the record laying next to his sax case.

KIM  
Find her?

NICK  
No.  
(beat)  
You think I still have a chance?

She looks up. He's gazing at her, a sly look on his face.  
Then both laugh at his not so subtle suggestion. Then fall  
back into awkward silence. Kim motions to the record.

KIM  
I hope you're not doing this for of me?  
Trying to prove something? You don't need  
to prove anything to me, Nick.  
(beat)  
Maybe you need to prove something to  
yourself, I don't know, but...

She actually takes his hand, imploring.

KIM  
But if you need money, Sweetheart, then  
forget about that record. Just play like  
you did, here, on a packed Friday, for  
paying customers, and everyone's happy,  
Nick! Nick....?

But she sees that her enthusiasm is lost on him. He's not  
listening. Kim sighs. She drops his hand.

KIM  
Or not... Lock up when you go.

Nick watches her disappear into the shadows. He bends down. Starts placing his SAXOPHONE into it's case as we -

CUT TO:

78 INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - **1961** - SAME

78

Hannah places the small BAMBOO FLUTE into her suitcase. She's packing. A KNOCK on the door. She sighs, opens it -

HANNAH

Please. I said no more flowers --

It's George. He hands her her shoes. The heel has been fixed.

GEORGE

Good as new.

They trade awkward smiles.

GEORGE

Are you coming to the terrace? Sy's buying everyone cocktails.

HANNAH

Because it's our last night?

GEORGE

No. Nancy let him out of the dog house.

Hannah allows a small laugh.

HANNAH

I think I'll stay and pack.

GEORGE

Would you like company?

HANNAH

I don't think that's a good idea. Do you?

He shakes his head. Turns to go. Then turns back -

GEORGE

The thing is, Hannah... What I said... I don't expect you to understand it. I'm not really sure I do myself.

HANNAH

But I do understand.

GEORGE

You do?

HANNAH

Yes.

She locks eyes with him, needing him to see it her way.

HANNAH

It was the music, George.

George nods, pretending to understand. A slow, down tempo version of **JAZZ 'N SAMBA (SO DANCA SAMBA)** FADES IN...

GEORGE

Yes. Of course. You're right. The music.

HANNAH

This... bossa nova. This jazz and samba.

GEORGE

So seductive...

HANNAH

So bewitching...

79 INT. GEORGE'S ROOM - LATER

79

GEORGE

*The Jazz 'n'Samba*

GEORGE packing, laying his Timpani mallets into his suitcase.

80 INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

80

HANNAH

*The Jazz 'n'Samba*

HANNAH packing, laying her shoes next to the bamboo flute...

81 EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

81

Everyone having cocktails. Sy and Nancy, reunited again...

GEORGE/HANNAH (V.O.)

*Hear it all around*

*The Jazz 'n'Samba the Jazz 'n'Samba sound*

82 INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - BALCONY - NIGHT

82

Hannah gazing down at the festivities on the terrace

GEORGE/HANNAH

*The Jazz 'n'Samba, the Jazz 'n'Samba*

*Swingin'soft and low*

*The Jazz 'n'Samba, the Jazz 'n'Samba, go!*

She turns and looks towards the distant BEACH.

83 EXT. VINYL HAVEN - **2008** - NIGHT

83

Holding Nelson's record, Nick walks into Abe's.

GEORGE/HANNAH (V.O.)

*Jet from Rio, nonstop USA  
This new sound came one day  
And it's clear that it's here to stay*

84 EXT. RIO STREETS - **1961** - NIGHT

84

Hannah walks the empty streets toward the beach

GEORGE/HANNAH (V.O.)

*It's Jazz'n'Samba  
It's so refreshing  
Like a new perfume*

85 EXT. IPANEMA BEACH - **1961** - DAWN

85

GEORGE/HANNAH (V.O.)

*It's Jazz'n'Samba  
It's Jazz'n'Samba, ummm!*

NELSON, sits on the rocks playing softly on his guitar as Erasmo watches. Suddenly the boy looks up and sees Hannah approaching. He leaps up and runs over to her excitedly.

ERASMO

*Mestra! Mestra!*

She laughs as Erasmo grabs her hand. And pulls her to Nelson... Nelson stops playing. They look at each other.

NELSON

I think he would like another lesson...

They both laugh. Then grow silent. Stare out at the sea.

HANNAH

*I know why you've never written a love  
song, Nelson. You have not yet truly been  
in love.*

Now he sees the RING on her finger. He looks at her.

HANNAH

*I am going back to America today. To get  
married.*

Nelson nods. Then smiles. There's no regret in it.



HANNAH

I wanted to say goodbye. And to tell you that I enjoyed meeting you. I was feeling a bit... lost. You helped me find my way.

He kisses her hand. She smiles.

HANNAH

You have a wonderful gift. And I know there are good things coming for you.

NELSON

And for you. He will make you very happy.

Hannah stares at him, perplexed. *How does he know...?*

NELSON

I saw you. Under the Redeemer.

He's referring to George. She starts to shake her head 'no' --

NELSON

*We cariocas*, we have an eye for such things. I saw it in the way you looked at him. And he at you. You will make each other *mui contente*.

Now Hannah blushes, confused. *Does Nelson see a truth she cannot...?* He begins to strum his guitar.

NELSON

Hannah. My *mestra*! You were wrong about one thing - I did write a *cancao*. For you...

GO IN ON his hands as he strums the familiar opening CHORDS of "*Saudade*" --

CUT TO:

86

INT. VINYL HAVEN - **2008** - DAY

86

CLOSE ON Nick's hand passing "*Saudade*", the record, to Abe. By the register Chloe watches with a heavy heart.

ABE

It'll be in good hands, Nick. I happen to know Mr. Fujita keeps his collection in a climate controlled vault deep in a salt mine in Hokkaido and --

NICK

Wait.

He opens the record to get Nelson's NOTE. Abe stops him.

ABE  
 Sorry Nick. Note's part of the deal. I  
 told Mr. Fujita the whole sob story.  
 Turns out he's an old softee. Actually, I  
 was able to squeeze another grand out of  
 him 'cause of it --

Chloe glowers at him. Abe looks at his feet, chagrined. He  
 takes an ENVELOPE from the register. Gives it to Nick.

ABE  
 Your advance. Until Fujita's check comes.

Abe takes the record and scurries into the back room.

Nick takes the envelope and turns to go. As he passes Chloe  
 he stops. He holds out his closed fist to her. Opens it -

In it is the BLUE FLOWER.

Chloe gasps. He gives it to her. And heads out...

CUT TO:

87 INT. BOEING 707 - **1961** - NIGHT 87

Hannah watches the clouds out her window.

Across the aisle, George watches her, anguished.

88 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - ARRIVAL AREA - USA - NIGHT 88

Excited activity as the ORCHESTRA say their good-byes.

SY insists on carrying Nancy's bag. She scoffs at his new  
 gallantry. Then puts an arm through his. And they walk out.

MARY and Lem approach Hannah, who is being helped into her  
 coat by Dick. Mary leans in, whispers --

MARY  
 Look for me when you throw the bouquet.

GEORGE steps over, carrying his mallet case. He gives her a  
 folded PIECE OF PAPER. She looks at it curiously.

GEORGE  
 When you weren't looking...  
 (his heavy smile)  
 See you at rehearsal.

He hugs her quickly. And heads toward the TAXI STAND

Hannah unfolds the piece of paper --

It's a SKETCH of her that night in bottle alley, her face ecstatic as she listens to the bossa nova music.

She looks up at George walking away. For the first time she understands the way he has always seen her – a woman poised on the edge of her own happiness.

DICK (O.S.)  
Come on, Hannah. Let's go.

Dick is pulling her suitcase to the exit. A LIMO has pulled up. Charles, looking handsome and glowing with pride, emerges into the flashbulbs of PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Hannah looks at Charles. Hannah looks at George. She is frozen at a crossroads, two possible futures before her...

The suitcase wheels CLICK, CLICK, CLICK on the floor, creating the slow samba rhythm for **ONCE I LOVED (O AMOR EM PAZ)**.

We GO IN ON HANNAH. And then, from her heart, slowly:

HANNAH  
*Once I loved*

CHARLES waving to her. Mouthing the word "Darling!"

HANNAH  
*And I gave so much love to our love  
You were the world to me*

She turns from Charles to GEORGE.

HANNAH  
*Once I cried*

GEORGE looking back at her over his shoulder.

HANNAH  
*At the thought I was foolish and proud  
And let you say goodbye.*

We GO TIGHT on Hannah. A glimmer of resolve in her eyes.

HANNAH  
*Then one day*

On her feet. A small step forward...

HANNAH  
*From my infinite sadness you came  
And brought me love again*

Another step, walking with purpose. But towards whom...?

HANNAH

*Now I know  
That no matter whatever befalls  
I'll never let you go*

Hannah, striding purposefully towards her future...

HANNAH

*I will hold you close  
Night and day...*

CUT TO:

89

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - 2008 - DAWN

89

At his spot under stone bridge, Nick plays the song's melody on his sax. We HEAR a GUITAR in b.g. that accompanies him.

HANNAH (V.O.)

*Because love is the saddest thing  
When it goes away...*

The song finishes as Nick lowers his sax. But the GUITAR CONTINUES. Nick looks over. At the other end of the tunnel. A young GUITARIST plays a complicated little coda, showing off.

Nick laughs as the kid finishes.

Curious, he walks over. We recognize the kid. It's the YOUNG GUITARIST we met at beginning. Nick gives him a friendly nod.

NICK

Thought I was the only one knew about  
this place?

YOUNG GUITARIST

Word gets around.

NICK

Yo, you're good.

YOUNG GUITARIST

You too. Oughta play together more.

Nick shrugs. Takes some bills from the envelope. Looks around for somewhere to put them.

NICK

Guy once told me to buy a hat --

YOUNG GUITARIST

Ah, I'm not out here for money.

Nick looks at the kid. He's sincere. Nick nods.

NICK

I get it. You play to play, right?

The kid nods. Nick slips the bills back in the envelope.

NICK

Guess I'll have to find another way to  
launder this stuff then. Dirty money...

The kid gives him a funny look. Nick laughs, waving it off,  
but we can tell he still feels bad about his decision.

NICK

Well. See you around.

He slings his sax over his shoulder, starts walking away. The  
kid watches for a beat. Then calls out after him.

YOUNG GUITARIST

Yo! Where'd you learn how to play so  
good?

Nick shouts back over his shoulder.

NICK

Taught myself! What about you?

YOUNG GUITARIST

Hannah's School. In Harlem.

NICK

Oh yeah? Is that like ---

Nick freezes. He turns around. Slowly.

NICK

Hold on. What did you just say?

YOUNG GUITARIST

I went to Hannah's School of Music. Up in  
Harlem.

NICK

Hannah's? *School?*

90 INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

90

Nick rips through a YELLOW PAGES. Stops on a page. His eyes  
widen in amazement.

91 INT. VINYL HAVEN - DAY

91

Nick bursts in, waving the phone book page.

NICK  
Wait! Don't sell it!

He drops the ENVELOPE of money on the counter.

NICK  
I found her, Abe! The clue was in the  
note the whole time --

With one finger Abe pushes the money back to Nick.

ABE  
Sorry Nick. Too late. Chloe's dropping it  
off at the post office right now.

92 EXT. STREET - DAY 92

Holding a MAILER, Chloe walks to the post office.

93 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY 93

Nick runs, dodging pedestrians, swerving around cars.

94 EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY 94

Chloe pauses, stares uncertainly at the Post Office. Resigned to her task, she pushes through the doors...

95 INT. POST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 95

Nick slams through the doors. Scans for Chloe. Doesn't see her. Hurries to a window, shoves past a waiting CUSTOMER.

NICK  
(breathless)  
A package ... going to Japan! A girl just  
dropped it off! So tall, dark hair,  
pretty -- no, make that *real* pretty,  
beautiful!

CHLOE sits on a nearby bench hidden behind a column. She looks up, hearing Nick describe her...

NICK (O.S.)  
Please! You couldn't forget her face...

On CHLOE, smiling to herself. The CLERK is unmoved.

CLERK  
Get in line sir or I'm calling security.

NICK  
But you can't send that package!

The CLERK picks up a phone. Nick, pleading.

NICK  
It's not supposed to go to Japan! It's  
supposed to go to *Harlem*! I have the  
address right here! I -

Nick sees a SECURITY GUARD approaching. He retreats. And  
heads quickly towards the exit -

CHLOE (O.S.)  
Nick.

Chloe steps out from behind the column. Nick approaches her  
with a relieved smile.

NICK  
Chloe.

But his smile fades to disappointment as he sees she's empty  
handed. She looks at him for a long moment. Then -

CHLOE  
I knew you couldn't do it.

NICK  
Couldn't do what?

She removes her shoulder bag. And pulls out the MAILER.

CHLOE  
Give up.

CUT TO:

A WEATHERED SIGN reading: "HANNAH'S SCHOOL OF MUSIC"

96 EXT. HANNAH'S SCHOOL - HARLEM - DAY

96

Nick and Chloe stand before a funky Victorian brownstone.  
Students come and go carrying instruments, books etc.

Nick glances at the page torn from the phone book. A small AD  
for the school: Above the address is the school's motto:  
*"Music has no borders"*

FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR (V.O.)  
It was way ahead of its time...

97

INT. HANNAH'S SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

97

A MUSICAL CACOPHONY as Nick and Chloe follow a FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR - pretty, 40's - past numerous classrooms.

FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR

A progressive music school, serving an underprivileged neighborhood, where tuition is *free*!

In the CLASSROOMS, STUDENTS of all ages, from many backgrounds, all learning a common language - music.

FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR (O.S.)

Most of our costs are covered by our sponsors and grants. Keeping it all going isn't easy -

They pass a big fund raising THERMOMETER on the wall. The "Goals" have yet to be reached...

FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR

But the school was founded on the principle that no one should be denied the chance to let music enrich their lives. We sponsor kids from all over the world, actually - sixteen countries. It's our motto --

NICK

Music has no borders.

She flashes a smile at him.

FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR

Right!

As they approach a CLASSROOM the cacophany simplifies into a simple PIANO number --

98

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

98

A WOMAN'S HANDS guide an INDIAN STUDENT on piano. Together they finish the last notes of a familiar Chopin piece...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Wonderful! I'll see you next Tuesday!

The STUDENT exits, passing Nick, Chloe and the Administrator as they enter. The woman sits at the piano, facing away.

FEMALE ADMINISTRATOR

Mom? He says he has a package for you.

Nick takes a cautious step forward into the room.



NICK

Hannah?

The woman turns on her stool It's Hannah - 70's. Her hair is white, pulled back in a bun. But her eyes still gleam with a youthful curiosity.

HANNAH

Yes?

CUT TO:

A turntable NEEDLE-ARM lurching over a spinning record. And LOWERING onto the first vinyl groove...

A resonating GUITAR CHORD --

99

INT. IPANEMA RECORDING STUDIO - RIO - **1968** - NIGHT

99

-- fingers strum the guitar, tentatively, as if trying to remember. Then strum some more, the start of a song --

RALPH MILLER (O.S.)

Hold it. What's that? Nelson?

The music abruptly stops. As before, Nelson sits behind a mic. RALPH MILLER stares at him from the RECORDING BOOTH.

RALPH MILLER

That's not what's on your cue sheet?

Nelson seems lost in thought. He stares at the *Herald Tribune* Ralph left on the stool. At last we SEE the ARTICLE...

"A Music School Opens in Harlem". A PHOTO of young Hannah standing proudly before the school sign with the address and Nelson's own words: "Music has no borders"

CLOSE ON NELSON, moved, remembering.

He looks up. A glimmer in his eye. At the piano Menor watches him quizzically.

NELSON

I want to try something different.

He plays the familiar opening CHORDS of "Saudade". He nods to the BAND, encouraging them to join in.

NELSON

Vamos Amigos! It's an easy tune! It's about a girl...

This time he plays with conviction. The other players join in one by one. Ralph sighs, presses RECORD on the reel-to-reel.

And the SONG begins...

DISSOLVE TO:

The HERALD TRIBUNE ARTICLE, the photo of Hannah standing before her school. We're back at the start of our story...

100

INT. NELSON'S HILLTOP HOUSE - **1968** - DUSK

100

Nelson finishes his note to Hannah. He puts it and the record in the CARDBOARD MAILER. He glances at the ARTICLE...

NELSON (V.O.)  
*My wish for you, sweet happy life  
 May all the days of the years that you live  
 Be laughing days*

He starts to copy Hannah's name and the school's address onto the mailer, gets as far as the first two letters: "HA - "

CRASH! Sound of splintering wood. The GIRLFRIEND SCREAMS.

COLONAL MATOS stands in the doorway with several SOLDIERS. We MOVE IN ON Nelson's face, grim, but defiant to the end...

NELSON (V.O.)  
*My wish for me, sweet happy life  
 May all the night times that follow my days  
 Be dancing nights*

MONTAGE of SOLDIERS ripping down posters; burning the MASTER TAPES; smashing Nelson's GUITAR --

- a COCKTAIL NAPKIN, the one Harry Kaminsky stuffed inside, flutters out of the guitar and lands on the MAILER...

CUT TO:

Later. A YOUNG SOLDIER walks through the ruins. He lifts the MAILER out of the debris. Steps into the light. He's young, barely a teen, wears an EYEPATCH -

It's ERASMO, now 17. He looks down. Sees the NAPKIN...

NELSON (V.O.)  
*You showed me then, I show you now  
 This song I sing is from my heart  
 Just because you showed me how*

CUT TO:

The letters "HA" on the mailer: Hannah's unfinished address. Next to it, the NAPKIN with HARRY KAMINSKY'S address...

101 EXT. FAVELA - **1968** - NIGHT 101

Sitting alone on a white wall, Erasmo copies Harry Kaminsky's address onto the MAILER, a mistake that will lead the record, 40 years later, into --

102 INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE - **2008** - DAY 102

-- the HANDS OF HANNAH. Holding the record.

NELSON (V.O.)

*My wish for us, sweet happy life  
May all our sorrows be gone and our hearts  
Begin to sing*

She sits on a couch next to an old turntable, gazing at the record cover, at the image of Nelson on the beach...

DISSOLVE TO:

103 EXT. IPANEMA BEACH - **1961** - DAWN 103

...Nelson sings the final lyrics of "Saudade".

NELSON

*And if a song can make it true  
I'll sing each day 'til I bring  
This happy life to you...*

The final chord dissolves into the SHUSSH of breaking waves. Hannah stares at Nelson, deeply moved. She leans forward. And kisses him. A kiss of gratitude, a kiss of goodbye, a kiss for what could never be. They part.

She walks off as the sun breaks over the horizon. She tosses a last look over her shoulder. It's the image so familiar to us: a woman silhouetted against the dawn, looking back -

It's the record cover of "Saudade"...

Nelson watches her disappear. He picks up his guitar. And walks into the gathering dawn.

The SHUSSH of the beach surf becomes the...

104 INT. HANNAH'S OFFICE - **2008** - DAY 104

... HISSSS of the needle spinning on the last groove.

Hannah lifts the needle off the record. She brings the BLUE FLOWER to her face. She smells the lovely fragrance...

105

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

105

Nick examines a framed copy of the HERALD TRIBUNE ARTICLE. He steps up to a wall displaying a SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

HANNAH'S DAUGHTER

My father has an eye, don't you think?

Nick nods. We can't see the PHOTOS but from his expression we can tell they are wonderful.

A door opens. Hannah enters from her office. She walks up to Nick, smiling with gratitude. And offers him back the record.

NICK

But he wrote it for you...

HANNAH

And now I've heard it.

She holds up the NOTE and the BLUE FLOWER and glances at her daughter, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

HANNAH

I *will* keep these...

NICK

But the song is *yours*.

Hannah waves a hand as she steps up to the wall of PHOTOS.

HANNAH

Oh, that was so long ago. I didn't know alot about alot of things. Especially about myself.

(re: PHOTOS)

Nelson gave me more then a song. He gave me a chance to see where I really wanted to take my life.

Now we SEE the PHOTOS: Image after image of Hannah around the world - India, Japan, Africa - teaching children music. In each image she gets a little older but in each she is content, making a difference... a life fulfilled.

She turns back to Nick. Motions to Nelson's record.

HANNAH

I believe that was Nelson telling me I'd returned the favor.

NICK

But he wanted you to have it.

HANNAH

I think he wanted more, don't you?

Nick looks at the record back in his hands, the heavy weight of responsibility.

NICK

But... what am I supposed to do with it?

HANNAH

Listen to the song, Nick. I'm pretty confident you'll figure something out.

(beat)

After all, you found me.

We GO IN ON NICK a possibility beginning to dawn on him, like he's finally seeing his greater sense of purpose...

The familiar opening of "Saudade" kicks in, but remixed with a PULSING, MODERN BEAT, as we -

CUT TO:

106 INT. AIRPORT - ARRIVAL AREA - **1961** - NIGHT

106

As we last left her, HANNAH striding purposefully forward...

GEORGE watches as Hannah steps up to -

CHARLES. Hannah hugs him tight. George nods sadly to himself, resigned to her choice. He climbs into the waiting TAXI...

Hannah and Charles part. A CHAUFFEUR opens the limo door. She gazes at Charles. A long moment. Then reaches out -

And returns the engagement ring.

FEMALE SINGER (V.O.)

*My wish for you, sweet happy life  
May all the days of the years that you live  
Be laughing days*

Hannah steps away from Charles. Moves to the TAXI, the MUSIC tempo picking up, a smile growing on her face, as we -

CUT TO:

107 INT. HANNAH'S HOME - ROOFTOP STUDIO - **2008** - DAY

107

Old HANNAH, the same smile, as she walks up to a silver haired man working at an easel surrounded by dozens of PAINTINGS. She wraps her arms around him. He turns.

It's GEORGE.

FEMALE SINGER (V.O.)  
*My wish for me, sweet happy life  
 And may the night times that follow the days  
 Be dancing nights*

They kiss and we MOVE PAST THEM to a wall and a picture:  
 George's SKETCH of the young Hannah. On her face, that smile  
 that portends such happiness as we...

CUT TO:

... the same smile on the face of old Hannah. Standing next  
 to an enraptured GEORGE amidst a captivated AUDIENCE. We are -

108

INT. CONCERT STAGE - NEW YORK - **2008** - NIGHT

108

A BANNER hangs above the stage: an image of Nelson's record  
 and the words: "Music Has No Borders: A Benefit for Hannah's  
 School of Music". On stage we see the singer: BEBEL GILBERTO

BEBEL GILBERTO  
*You showed me then, I show you now  
 This song I sing is from my heart  
 Just because you showed me how*

TOM MENOR jams on piano; the YOUNG GUITARIST on guitar; HIHAT  
 works his turntable, sampling old bossa grooves. A SAX SOLO  
 eases in like a thing of beauty. We SWOOP over the stage and  
 land on -

NICK, leaning into his horn. Confident, in his element. We  
 PAN the cheering crowd, picking out: a happy ABE; old RALPH  
 MILLER leaning on his cane; KIM; HANNAH and GEORGE -

And CHLOE, swaying to the samba rhythm. Nick finishes his  
 solo, smiles down at her. She smiles back, deep in love...

BEBEL GILBERTO  
*My wish for us, sweet happy life  
 May all our sorrows be gone and our hearts  
 Begin to sing*

We ANGLE on a table in back where hundreds of brand new CD's  
 are being sold.

It's "Saudade".

The song CONTINUES as we GO IN ON on one CD cover: Nelson,  
 the woman, and the beach -

DISSOLVE TO:

109

EXT. BEACH - RIO - **2008** - DUSK

109

The same beach today. Corcovado rising behind the modern city. A RADIO is playing Nick's new version of the song...

Some families from the *favelas* are having a picnic, eating, drinking, dancing. A cheerful scene, colored by the music.

BEBEL GILBERTO (V.O.)

*And if a song can make it true  
I'll sing each day 'til I bring  
This happy life to you.*

A little GIRL sits on her FATHER'S lap. He holds her small hand in his own, guiding her as she shakes a matchbox to the Brazilian rhythm of Nelson De Morro's rediscovered song.

FADE TO CREDITS