

CHOPIN

lost then found

Original story & screenplay by

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FADE IN: RICH, DARK EARTH, AND THE SOUND OF EXOTIC MUSIC

The ethereal tones of a *Ch'in* zither (an oriental musical instrument) place us in China, or somewhere Chinese.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

1. INT. RESTAURANT - TORONTO'S CHINATOWN - NIGHT

The camera travels up from the soil, then past the deep green branches and plump leaves of a massive Jade plant. We HEAR the soothing pentatonic melodies of traditional Chinese *Wu sheng* music, and two men talking.

ZIGGY (OS)

Can you believe the size of this thing? Someone told me that Jade plants are supposed to bring you good luck.

TEX (OS)

Hey, you better have some from the get go, cause when I got one of them things, it started droppin' leaves from day one! Talk about depressin' man, these fat green blobs fallin' all over the place. And they wasn't just leaves, we're talkin' limbs! Like little hands or fingers or somethin'!

PULL BACK to reveal ZIGGY LANDSLEY - born Zygmunt Ziemiński. Ziggy is a 25 year old guy with attitude, a mop of reddish hair, and a childlike, softly contoured face. He's a music producer - a Canadian music producer - actually, Polish Canadian, but nobody knows since he left the motherland when he was five, ditched the mother tongue accent back in Grade One, and changed his name when he was fourteen (unofficially).

Seated at a little table in a restaurant with Ziggy is his buddy and main music demo singer - TEX JACKSON. Tex knows the Polish secret but then Tex has a bunch of secrets of his own. He's a black New Yorker with as much attitude, the body of a basketball player, and the voice of an angel. There's stuff about Tex he'd rather leave behind somewhere as well.

These guys really want to be Canadian, but they're not sure what being Canadian really means; but a lot of 'Canadians' aren't sure either, so hey!

ZIGGY

Don't get so graphic, Tex! We're about to eat!

TEX

No joke! It's like I had some amputee in the house. Man! You gotta have a Chinese thumb to grow one of them things!

PULL BACK further, revealing CHINESE WAITERS, and CHINESE PATRONS eating. Ziggy studies the menu ... not one word of English on it.

ZIGGY

Or order anything! You'd think they'd have an English menu.

TEX

Yeah, but the food's outta sight!

He looks around, motioning a waiter to come over.

TEX

Hey, waiter! Yeah, you!

A MINIATURE CHINESE MAN (miniature when compared with Tex, anyway) approaches and gives a little bow.

WAITER

(a major thick accent)

You l'eady to o'der?

ZIGGY

Don't you have a menu in English?

WAITER

You say what you want, we make. No need menu.

TEX

You got chicken?

WAITER

Chicken ve'y good. We make it sweet and sowaa with chi-nese veg'tables, sti' fly ...

ZIGGY

Low on the MSG, okay?

The waiter doesn't understand ...

ZIGGY

It's okay, forget it. Whatever.

The waiter takes the menus and backs away ...

TEX

Yeah, and get me a beer, a Molson
Canadian.

Reality check: This ain't Kansas, or China, it's China-town,
Toronto. Welcome to Canada! Ziggy lights up, takes a drag.

ZIGGY

Don't drink before the meeting!

TEX

Give me a break, one beer? I'll eat a
Certs after, alright?

Ziggy looks around the restaurant. Outside the window are traces
of April's muddy slush, lots of cars, and so many oriental faces
that you'd swear you were in China!

ZIGGY

I don't get it. We're in Canada for
God's sake. Why don't they just get
on with it and drop all the ethnic
shit.

TEX

Hey, don't knock it Ziggy. It's
roots, man.

(reaching for a cigarette)

Can I have one?

Ziggy pulls his pack away.

ZIGGY

What happened to yours!

TEX

(with a charismatic grin)

Did you pay for the song? So just
shut up ...

He takes one.

TEX

They're lucky to have 'em you know.
My roots ain't worth two dead flies.
Unless we go back to
(facetious)
'moothaar Afrika' ...

Tex lights up ... pensive.

TEX

Shit, man, you ever hear about
Liberia? Them slaves that went back?
Got 'em selves a country? What a mess!
They've been havin' this war over
there, you know? One of those wars
those guys at CNN forgot about? Hey,
you got some place to go back to.
Wish I had.

ZIGGY

Go back to Poland! Are you crazy?
There's nothing there but a bunch of
peasants and greedy relatives who
think everyone in the Western world's
a millionaire!

TEX

No shit ...

Their food arrives. Tex looks at it with glee.

TEX

What did I tell ya? Is this good, or
what!

They eat ...

CUT TO:

2. EXT. DUNDAS STREET - NEAR GINSENG STORE - NIGHT

The street - crowded with signs written in Chinese, street
vendors selling odd creatures one can eat, while pentatonic
melodies blaring from loudspeakers complete the illusion. Tex
notices a store specializing in Chinese tea and Ginseng.

TEX

Hey. I gotta stop here a minute.

ZIGGY

We'll be late!

TEX

Chill! One minute, alright?

They walk in.

CUT TO:

3. INT. GINSENG STORE - NIGHT

The place is brimming with exquisite - expensive! - tea sets, herbs and ginseng roots of all ages, qualities, potencies. Tex looks along the glass cases trying to see which root 'speaks' to him. Ziggy follows, annoyed. A CHINESE SALESGIRL follows the both - silently.

ZIGGY

Why do you bother? You drink, you smoke. I'd say that cancels whatever healing effects these are supposed to have.

TEX

It's a question of balance, man! You absorb some bad shit so you balance it out with some good shit.

(finding 'his' root)

Hey! That's it! What a mo-th-er!

The salesgirl takes the root out and prepares to wrap it. Tex watches over her shoulder, hardly listening to Ziggy.

ZIGGY

Seriously, this ethnic revival stuff really bugs me. I left Poland when I was five. As far as I'm concerned, I'm no more Polish than they are Chinese.

Ziggy wants to light up, but the salesgirl points to a NO-SMOKING sign.

TEX

So what are you then?

ZIGGY

An international person. Or a Canadian, I guess.

Tex pays for his root.

CUT TO:

4. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Ziggy and Tex walk down a slushy sidewalk along a residential street not far from Chinatown. Ziggy's boot squeaks - the one with the hole in it that is. Tex picks his teeth with a minty toothpick. Ziggy smokes.

TEX

Canadian. Shit! These cats can't decide whether they're comin' or goin'. The only thing they're sure about is they sure as hell ain't American!

Ziggy stops and looks at a house they pass. He checks the number against one written on a business card.

ZIGGY

We're here. Now let me do the talking, okay? You're the singer, I'm the producer!

TEX

Will you lay off?

CUT TO:

5. EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Ziggy rings the bell and they wait.

TEX

Now you're sure he's gonna pay tonight, right?

ZIGGY

I'll get the money, relax ...

Finally, the door opens ... a LITTLE GIRL in pajamas.

LITTLE GIRL

Hello!

ZIGGY

Is your daddy home?

The voice of ALI KHAN, basement music producer, travels up from what should be the family play room. Ali's another immigrant - from some hot desert place where men wear robes. Gee - it's

pretty hard to find a real Canadian - there're just so many imports!

ALI (OS)
(yelling)
I'm downstairs, come on down!

Ziggy and Tex squeeze past the little girl into the house.

CUT TO:

5-A INT. HOUSE - ENTRY - NIGHT

ZIGGY'S POV As he takes off his boots. Wow! Is that a wet sock, or what! He then checks out Ali's family in the living room. Their attitudes scream through their postures seated on the family couch - MOM's slouch, weary of the traffic up and down to the basement, the little girl's perch on the edge of the seat, curious, and the OLDER SON's retreat behind the armrest, definitely jaded, already, at thirteen. The three stare at the TV - the SIMPSONS. But are they watching? Or just trying to ignore Tex and Ziggy's late-night intrusion.

CUT TO:

6. INT. BASEMENT RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

A music studio - one of those basement jobs - cardboard box tables, mixing boards, drum machines, keyboards, and a washer and dryer, all placed in some functional arrangement. Tex and Ziggy come down the stairs - ducking to avoid the low ceiling. Ali greets them when they reach ground zero.

ALI
Hey! Come on in.

ZIGGY
Ali! My man. You're gonna love this track! We got a killer of a hook!

ALI
Let's hear it ... come on!

Ali puts Ziggy's tape in and they listen to the music demo. It's one of those basic electronic studio tracks - not one real instrument, a wall-paper beat, and Neanderthal lyrics about babes in tight dresses sung by Tex in his lusty growl.

It doesn't take long to get the gist of the music. Ali turns the volume down ... and pushes the CAT that just jumped on the mixing board, off.

ALI

I'll be honest with you Ziggy. It's got promise, but it lacks something. Sounds like you guys lay this down by the yard, know what I mean?

ZIGGY

But this is what everyone wants!

ALI

You need some kinda signature on it or it won't sell ...

TEX

Hey man, does this mean we're not gonna get your signature on the check?

ALI

You have to understand! I'm a distributor! I know what sells!

TEX

Is that right. If you sell so much, how come your studio's doin' time with the washer and dryer!

ZIGGY

Tex. I can handle this.

TEX

Man! That's what he told you the last time! I want my money! I ain't some charity singer over here!

ALI

I'm sorry, guys. I don't like it. Get me something original!

Tex waves Ali aside and makes for the stairs.

TEX

Say what? Last time you said the shit was too original! This is a fuckin' waste of time.

ZIGGY

I'm disappointed Ali, I really am.
You should seriously think this over
if you expect me to produce any more
demos for you.

ALI

No. You think over what I said! This
stuff sounds like some no-name brand
bullshit.

CUT TO:

7. EXT. TORONTO STREETS - NIGHT

Ziggy drops Tex off somewhere downtown. Both are so glum they barely say good-bye.

Ziggy then drives his beat-up second hand car home. He station surfs on the way - sampling bits and pieces of music from around the globe on the AM/FM radio. He finally finds something non-ethnic and stays there - you know, the usual post-modern pop drone that 'everyone wants'.

CUT TO:

8. EXT. QUEEN STREET WEST - NIGHT

The door to Ziggy's place is near the entrance to a trendy hang-out, with a cultural kaleidoscope for clientele.

CUT TO:

9. INT. ZIGGY'S PAD - NIGHT

Ziggy walks in to his one-room pad, and switches on the light. We are surrounded by books wall-to-wall, a keyboard synthesizer - the basic high-tech minimum to compose - and music: records, cassettes, CDs, 4-tracks, 8-tracks - music in every format used within the last 50 years.

He sits on his hide-a-bed couch, and lights a cigarette. Exotic beats from the club waft in through the window overlooking Queen Street. Only halfway through his cigarette does Ziggy notice the light on his answering machine, indicating a message. While unbuttoning his jeans he ambles over to the machine and rewinds it ...

ANSWERING MACHINE

(Ziggy's voice)

Hey! Ziggy Landsley here. Listen for the beep, then talk to me!

(beep - a pause)

(a woman, thick accent)

Hallo, excuse me, I don't know if this is right number. I am looking for Zygmunt, Zygmunt Ziemiński? If this is you, Zygmunt, please, come to your father's home right away.

(continuing in Polish)

Your father's dead. I'm sorry. I am really sorry. You must come.

Ziggy puts his cigarette out by pressing the end between his fingers, hardly registering the pain. Absentmindedly dropping the butt on the table, he freezes ... From a look of lived in comfort and security, the place suddenly seems like a tiny nest, precariously placed in a foreign land, where only a single member of the flock remains and the instinct to fly home has long since eroded.

The camera travels to find the cigarette butt lying in front of a picture in an oval gold frame. NARROW IN on the picture - a man, a woman, a young boy, all dressed in ceremonial black and seated in front of a piano. The smoke from the cigarette dies down, and with it ...

FADE TO BLACK:

10. INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darkness. Then, as a key opens the lock from outside the door, it swings open, illuminating the tiny cluttered living room of an apartment - Ziggy's dad's, now deceased.

Ziggy looks around, assuming he's alone. There is a desk and books, lots of them, like in his place. The place is decorated simply: bunches of dry wheat, some wood carvings in Pine, and then the photos - tons along the walls and in tiny oval frames on tables. They are all black and white photos, mostly from the past - fifteen, twenty years ago. The shots are predominately of that attractive woman whose picture we saw in Ziggy's place - his mom, AGNIESZKA. Often, she is playing piano on stage, or hugging what was Ziggy at a much younger age. And then there's dad, ANDRZEJ - older, dignified, his arm around the shoulders of his protégé, then lover, then wife, then mother of Ziggy, their only child.

Ziggy moves along the walls till he bumps into a piano. He opens it ... it is dusty. He plays a note or two - they are out of

tune. He sits down and starts to play - the **first few bars of a Chopin Nocturne** (E flat major op.9 no.2). The melody is quintessential Chopin: searching, hesitating, romantic, desperately emotional ... Moments later, Ziggy stops playing and brings the lid down on the keys with a crash. He sits for a moment, his head bent. Then he gets up and wanders away from the piano. He touches - remembering - a few more objects in the living room, then moves towards the bedroom. The Nocturne continues as Ziggy walks towards the bedroom.

CUT TO:

11. INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness, then the stark ceiling lamp is switched on, illuminating the room. Simple. A bed - unmade. A dresser - on it, a small Icon of the black Virgin Mary of Czenstochowa beside another portrait of Agnieszka. And a pair of worn slippers parked on the floor near the bed - evenly, as always.

Ziggy sits on the bed and runs his hand along the fluffy down comforter, encased in a white embroidered cover. But wait! He feels something under all those feathers ... it couldn't be!

Ziggy leaps up and pulls the covers away in one swift gesture. There, right there in the bed, is his father. Or what was his father - his eyes still open, staring up at the ceiling, a frail, pale face, looking older than its sixty some years. There is hardly a trace of the proud, flamboyant Leo that he once was.

Ziggy steps back in shock - no kidding! He is saved by a KNOCK at the door. Pale as the comforter he hurriedly re-covers his father's body with, he bounds out of the bedroom.

CUT TO:

12. INT. FATHER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ziggy rushes to the front door and opens it.

ZIGGY

Yes? ... Oh! Pani Halinka!

A round middle-aged woman stands there, her hands folded across her apron - PANI HALINKA, the woman who left the message. She takes note of the emotional storm brewing beneath the young man's pinched attempt at a smile.

PANI HALINKA

Zygmunt. I'm sorry. I hope I am not bothering you ...

ZIGGY

No ...

(continuing in Polish
with a cumbersome accent)

It's you that called.

She walks in gradually, as if afraid to startle the young man -
in her eyes, just a frightened boy.

PANI HALINKA

(in Polish)

Yes. Did you see your father?

ZIGGY

(in Polish)

I didn't know, I mean I didn't expect
to find him - his body - here -
still. I'd rather speak in English,
is that okay with you?

PANI HALINKA

Of course! Come, we sit.

She takes his hand with maternal concern, and pulls him to sit on
the worn sofa with her. She pats his hand in sympathy. Ziggy
could cry ... but he doesn't.

PANI HALINKA

Are you alright, Zygmunt?

ZIGGY

Yes ... I think.

PANI HALINKA

You know, I'm here for you. I help
you all I can.

ZIGGY

I'm just trying to figure out what
has to be done. I've never been in
this situation before.

PANI HALINKA

I understand. But you must start to
make arrangements right away. The
planes fly to Warshawa only two times
a week ...

ZIGGY
(pulling his hand away)
Warsaw? What do you mean?

PANI HALINKA
He never spoke to you about it? Oh
Boze! (Oh God)

ZIGGY
What? Tell me!.

He gets up to pace, walking by the door to the bedroom - where
another disturbing glance at 'the body' awaits.

PANI HALINKA
We all promise your father we make
sure he is buried in home town, with
your mother.

ZIGGY
What? Who promised?

PANI HALINKA
His friends, neighbors, me ... we all
promised.

ZIGGY
But that's crazy! If he never wanted
to go back there while he was alive,
why now?

PANI HALINKA
You didn't want to, so he couldn't.
He would never leave you here by
yourself .

ZIGGY
But I'm no longer a child!

PANI HALINKA
To a parent, you are always a child.

ZIGGY
So how am I to do this! It costs
money! I have no money.

PANI HALINKA
No problem. He save money. I give it
to you. Dollars! Enough for funeral,
for aero-plane, and for your ticket.

She pulls out a wad of undated checks from her pocket, written out to Ziggy by his father's hand.

ZIGGY

My ticket?

PANI HALINKA

Of course! You must accompany your father. We promise him also.

ZIGGY

But he's dead!

PANI HALINKA

But a promise is a promise ...

CLOSE on Ziggy's hands as they reach for and take the checks.

FADE OUT:

13. EXT. RONCESVALLES STREET - DAY

BLACK ... then as a shiny black hearse drives by, we see the main street of Toronto's Little Poland - Roncesvalles Street. Matter of fact, this area is very much like Chinatown, except now Polish signs decorate the streets. But to most Torontonians, they probably seem just as weird - true, no Chinese characters lined up in columns, but those consonants!

TEX (OS)

Man! You Polish cats don't believe in vowels, do ya! How the hell do you pronounce this shit?

ZIGGY (OS)

Not now. Help me concentrate!

PAN to find Ziggy and Tex walking along the sidewalk - this time one brimming with Slavic instead of oriental faces. Ziggy checks the address on a business card in his hand.

TEX

You got no sleep I take it.

ZIGGY

I knew I forgot something.

CUT TO:

14. EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

They approach the entrance to a funeral home.

ZIGGY

He's in here. Come on.

TEX

Do I have to?

Ziggy gives a feeble grin in response to his friend's attempt at cheering him up. Tex throws his arm around Ziggy and gives him a squeeze.

TEX

Come on! Let's go get us a casket!

They walk in.

CUT TO:

15. INT. FUNERAL HOME - RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

The two wait in a private reception room - just chairs, a chandelier, somber wallpaper - the fuzzy kind. Ziggy paces.

ZIGGY

What if they don't ship? Shit! What a waste of money.

He pulls the cash out of his pocket ...

ZIGGY

\$10,000. Can you believe it? I wonder how much will be left.

TEX

Man! This ain't McDonalds!

The double doors to the room swing open and MR. ETHAN McNAB, resident funeral director, walks in. Wow! A real Canadian. He extends his hand to Ziggy, they shake.

ETHAN

Mr. Landsley. Welcome.
(looks at Tex)
And?

TEX

(extending his hand)
Tex Jackson.

ZIGGY
My business associate.

ETHAN
A pleasure. Please, sit down.

They sit on the blood red armchairs - the backs very upright, overall, the kind of chair you perch on, not sit. Ziggy fidgets. Mr. McNab actually looks comfortable in his somber black suit, leaning back against the mass of red velvet.

ETHAN
Your father is resting upstairs. If you like, perhaps we could start by discussing the type of service you were envisioning.

ZIGGY
Well. I don't want a service exactly. It's rather complicated. I wonder, do you ship bodies ...

ETHAN
(interrupting)
Human remains?

TEX
Yeah. To Poland.

ZIGGY
My father's wish.

ETHAN
(beaming)
Mr. Landsley. We are the Polish ship-out specialists of Canada! If it's the wish of your loved one to be shipped to a final resting place in his homeland, we do the shipping!

ZIGGY
Great. So much does it cost?

ETHAN
One step at a time.

CUT TO:

16. INT. FUNERAL HOME - COFFIN SHOWROOM - DAY

McNab leads Ziggy and Tex around various coffins - not unlike a proud mom. The display room completes the theatrical look of the place; we have coffins, lit with spotlights as if on stage, soft music - you could swear angels were in the wings!

ETHAN

You could opt for a wooden casket with a special inner sealer, but we do recommend a more lasting model in metal. Of course, it is entirely up to you.

ZIGGY

What's the difference in price?

ETHAN

Substantial.

ZIGGY

I guess wood is okay ...

ETHAN

Of course, since you don't know what your relatives will expect, when it comes to matters of eternal rest, it might be best to err towards lasting conservation, if you know what I mean.

TEX

(whispering)

Means go with the metal.

Ziggy sighs ... this will be one long trip, one he wants to end before it's even begun.

CUT TO:

17. INT. FUNERAL HOME - BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

Ethan laboriously writes out the invoice with a fancy fountain pen. He makes a smudge - starts over. Tex sits across from Ethan and watches. Ziggy paces.

ETHAN

Now then, we have one 'eternity deluxe' metal casket ...

(looking up at Ziggy)
An excellent choice! One open-casket
chapel service, embalming and costs,
one shipping crate, consulate fees,
BONGO, and one return Toronto-Warsaw
air flight. That comes to \$9,974.50.

Tex looks up at Ziggy. They both sigh. Ziggy hands over the cash.
Ethan starts counting it.

ZIGGY
It's okay, keep the change. By the
way, who's Bongo?

ETHAN
(a giggle)
That's B.O.N.G.O.. It stands for
something in Polish. They arrange the
ground transport between Warsaw and
the final destination, Kraków in this
case.

ZIGGY
Are they reliable?

ETHAN
(plastic smile)
We ship them out. Once the remains
are released from customs in their
country of destination, that really
is out of our hands, you understand
... I'm told it's a pick-up truck of
some sort ...

ZIGGY
Pick-up truck?

The phone rings. Ethan reaches over to take it with one hand,
while extending the other to shake with Ziggy.

ETHAN
We'll see you tomorrow afternoon, and
don't worry, we have it all under
control ...
(into receiver)
McNab and Sons Funeral Home, Ethan
McNab speaking, how may I help you.

CUT TO:

18. EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Ziggy and Tex emerge from the funeral home. It's a bright sunny day. Ziggy shields his eyes from the sunlight invading his somber mood.

ZIGGY
I never spent ten thousand in one
day, you?

TEX
You'll get over it.

Two men pass them on the sidewalk - a FATHER and his SON, about Ziggy's age. They speak to each other excitedly in Polish. Ziggy watches them ...

FATHER
(in Polish)
How's the new job working out?

SON
(in Polish)
The job sucks, but the pays great. I
guess that's better than a great job
with no pay!

FATHER
(in Polish)
You talking about mine?

They laugh and walk past him. Ziggy turns to look back at them. Slowly, they vanish, the son's arm around his father.

DISSOLVE TO:

19. THE PAST: THE SAME PLACE

Ziggy's father, Andrzej, approaches.

ZIGGY (OS)
Speak English!

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
What does it matter!

Andrzej struggles to keep up as Ziggy speeds along the sidewalk.

ZIGGY
It matters. It matters to me!

ANDRZEJ
Okay - there! I talk English, but
still you don't hear me!

ZIGGY
I'm not interested. No one is! It's
dead! Dead music!

ANDRZEJ
You turn your back on years of work -
our work! Your mother...

ZIGGY
(interrupting)
There's no money in it!

ANDRZEJ
Music is not about money.

DISSOLVE TO:

20. THE PRESENT: THE SAME PLACE

Now empty, except for Ziggy staring into space.

TEX (OS)
Yo! Zig. Wake up, man!

ZIGGY
I'm coming.

Ziggy catches up to Tex.

CUT TO:

21. INT. EATONS CENTER - CROWDED RESTAURANT - DAY

Ziggy and Tex sit at the bar in a popular bar & grill restaurant,
surrounded by PREPPY TORONTONIANS. Ziggy is on his third
expresso, while Tex eats a burger and fries.

TEX
Are you sure you won't have anything?
It's on me, okay?

ZIGGY
No thanks. I'm worried about this
BONGO thing. Sound weird to you?

TEX

It's probably some sort of van. How else are you supposed to take the thing. Don't worry. A truck's a truck.

ZIGGY

You haven't been to Poland!

TEX

Neither have you, really. Mmm - this is good. You can always change your mind ...

ZIGGY

I'm not hungry.

He mixes his already cold coffee with a tiny spoon, watching it spin like a drain to an abyss.

ZIGGY

It's hard to believe. You see him one day, and then he's gone. Just like that. No going back.

Tex arches his eyebrow, glancing over at his friend.

TEX

You're not gonna go all morbid on me, are ya?!

ZIGGY

I'm serious. What if I get on that plane and never see you again, I mean who's to say I will.

TEX

Is this like a flare up of your sentimental Polish genes?

ZIGGY

Forget it.

TEX

Listen. Ziggy. Last time I saw my old man I must've been nine, so you forget it. At least you had the time. You did the best you could and now it's over. So stop chewin' the guilt and have a beer!

ZIGGY
I don't want a beer.

TEX
Have another of them black espressos
then.

CUT TO:

22. INT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

Ziggy and Tex walk past the fancy displays of various fashion stores. Finally - a shoe place. They walk in.

CUT TO:

23. INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

Ziggy looks for something to replace his 'porous' boots. He finds a pair of somewhat trendy, somewhat practical boots.

ZIGGY
These should be okay.

Tex finds a humongous, rough terrain, hiking boot. He nudges Ziggy with it, a wide grin waiting.

TEX
These might be better, you know, for
the Bongo thing?

Ziggy pushes the boot away, actually smiling for a minute!

ZIGGY
Ah shut up!

CUT TO:

24. INT. CHAPEL - AFTERNOON

Andrzej Ziemiński, surrounded by flowers, lies at rest in his sparkling 'eternity deluxe' casket. A FEW OF HIS POLISH FRIENDS talk in hushed tones as they pay their last respects. But mostly, they glance towards the back of the chapel where a pale Ziggy sits in one of the pews with Pani Halinka. She dabs her eyes with an embroidered handkerchief. Ziggy is uncomfortable - his emotions on deep freeze.

CUT TO:

25. LATER:

The chapel now empty, the lid of the casket is brought down as Ziggy watches. It lands with a soft - expensive - thud. The Polish CONSULATE OFFICIAL seals the casket with a WAX SEAL.

CUT TO:

26. INT. ZIGGY'S PAD - NIGHT

Ziggy packs his bag. He looks around the place uneasily. It hardly looks like a home one would rush back to.

He closes his bag. On second thought, he re-opens it and throws in the oval framed picture of his parents.

CUT TO:

27. INT. CAR - DOWNTOWN TORONTO - AFTERNOON

Tex drives Ziggy to the airport in Ziggy's car.

TEX

So. You ready for this buddy?

ZIGGY

Is one ever ready for something like this?

Ziggy takes in the opulence of downtown Toronto - the gold ROYAL BANK, the ROYAL YORK Hotel, the HARBOR CASTLE center - all those sights that might make underprivileged people drool.

CUT TO:

28. INT. TORONTO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - EVENING

Ziggy and Tex sit in the waiting area near the boarding gate for Lot Polish Airlines. Ziggy hands over a bunch of keys.

ZIGGY

Okay, these are for my place, these for the car. And you're not gonna collect a bunch of parking tickets, right?

TEX

Trust me ...

ZIGGY

Why am I not convinced?

STEWARDESS (VO)
We will now be boarding for LOT
Flight 106 to Warsaw, at gate 32.

ZIGGY
Well, here goes!

Tex gives Ziggy a hi-five. In the last minute he gives him a bear hug.

CUT TO:

29. INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Ziggy looks over the shipping documents. Laughter erupts among the PASSENGERS - those wearing earphones that is. Ziggy looks up at the screen where the soundless in-flight movie continues - some action flick set in the splendor of LA, with a massive pile-up of brand-new cars on Hollywood boulevard.

Ziggy put the documents in neat order and closes the file. Then, taking a sip of his black coffee, he lifts the slide-down window blind and gazes into the black night.

DISSOLVE TO:

30. THE PAST: INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A blanket of clouds creates a heavenly landscape. The sound of a man and a woman singing the melody of **Chopin's Minute Waltz (D flat major, op. 64 no. 1)**.

BOY (OS)
(in Polish)
Look mommy - another castle! And a
dragon!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL YOUNG ZIGGY (age 5) staring out the window at the clouds. He turns to face his parents in the next two seats.

His mother and father play imaginary pianos using their pull-out tables for keyboards. They compete as to who will finish the frenetic piece first. His mother does, laughing heartily.

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
I beat you ... I did!

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
That's cause you skipped a bar!

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
God forbid ...

She reaches over and gives her son's cheek a loving pinch.

AGNIESZKA
(thick accent)
Ve are goyn' to Kanada.
(in Polish)
Say it Zbmuntzik, come, say it.
(back to English)
Ve are goyn' to Kanada.

YOUNG ZIGGY
Ve are goyn' to Kanada.

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
Look! The boy speaks English!

The family is the picture of excitement. Like a little girl, Agnieszka kisses her husband on the cheek. He takes her hand, raises it to his lips, and kisses it.

YOUNG ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Why do you always kiss mommy's hand?

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
It's what Polish gentlemen do!

The sound of the boy moaning "Yeew!" as we ...

FADE TO BLACK:

31. FADE IN: THE PRESENT: EXT. WARSAW AIRPORT - MORNING

Ziggy stands at the top of the steps leading down from the plane. It is a dark, drizzly morning - all gray and damp just like he thought it would be. He steps down from the plane and hurries to the terminal building, pulling his collar up to block out the rain.

CUT TO:

32. INT. WARSAW AIRPORT - GATE - DAY

Ziggy emerges from customs directly into a sea of flowers and joyful tears as NATIVE POLES embrace their visiting relatives from Canada. His fellow passengers are quickly swallowed up by little pockets of family and move away, leaving Ziggy all alone. It is only then that he notices: the man from B.O.N.G.O.! He's been warned: "we ship 'em out, but once they arrive - well!" The driver from BONGO, STANISLAW, waits holding up a sign which spells - misspells! - SICCY LANDSLEY.

Ziggy waves to identify himself. Stanislaw approaches. He is a middle-aged man, seems nice, although he does have a strange lopsided walk. He extends his hand to Ziggy.

DIRECTOR
DRIVER
You Mister Siccy Landsley? Me
Stanislaw, from BONGO.

ZIGGY
Ziggy. Not Siccy.

DIRECTOR
DRIVER
Ziggy. Okay!

He laughs, takes out a worn pack of smokes, and offers one.

DIRECTOR
DRIVER
We go. You want?

ZIGGY
Thanks!

CUT TO:

33. INT. WARSAW AIRPORT - CARGO WAREHOUSE - DAY

Ziggy and Stanislaw stand near a huge open door leading onto the runways, and smoke. Ziggy coughs as he inhales ...

DIRECTOR
STANISLAW
Polish cigarette. Strong. Good.

ZIGGY
No kidding!

DIRECTOR
STANISLAW
Aha. He come.

Following an open vehicle loaded down with suitcases, a second approaches; on it, the crate containing the casket with Ziggy's

father, defenseless against the relentless rain pounding its wooden surface.

CUT TO:

34. INT. CARGO WAREHOUSE - CUSTOMS AREA - DAY

Ziggy and Stanislaw wait and watch as a CUSTOMS OFFICER and MEDICAL OFFICER examine the seal on the casket. Then they put a stamp on Ziggy's documents and hand them back to him.

CUT TO:

35. EXT. CARGO WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The BONGO truck pulls up; it's a pick-up, old and rusty. The brakes squeak as it pulls to a stop near the crate.

As Ziggy watches, Stanislaw loads the box in the back of the truck - an almost solo performance at that. That explains the strange walk - a hernia perhaps? Ziggy climbs in the truck.

CUT TO:

36. EXT. WARSAW DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

FROM A BIRD'S EYE VIEW, we see the pick-up truck with the box in back caught in bumper-to-bumper traffic. Ziggy notices PEOPLE pointing at the coffin. He slides down in his seat, embarrassed.

CUT TO:

37. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

The truck makes its way along a road through the countryside.

CUT TO:

38. INT. TRUCK - EVENING

Ziggy and Stanislaw ride along in silence. It's a bumpy ride. A loud THUMPING can be heard. Ziggy notices and looks back. He watches as the box beats its own uneven rhythm as it bangs from side to side on every curve they take. He looks over at the driver. The man shrugs.

CUT TO:

39. EXT. KRAKÓW - NIGHT

The pick-up truck pulls into the center of Kraków.

CUT TO:

40. EXT. HOTEL FORUM - NIGHT

Ziggy wakes up as Stanislaw pulls to a stop in front of Kraków's best hotel. He sits up, somewhat confused. Stanislaw points at his watch.

STANISLAW
Kraków. Family not come now. You
sleep - hotel.

ZIGGY
Is this where we meet them?

STANISLAW
No.

ZIGGY
We wait where we meet them.

STANISLAW
No sleep hotel?

ZIGGY
Stay with father.

Stanislaw shrugs and turns the ignition on.

CUT TO:

41. EXT. KRAKÓW STREETS - NIGHT

The truck winds through the ancient, carved, intimate streets of the old city, and finally stops several feet from a huge square that opens up ahead.

STANISLAW
Family come there.

ZIGGY
But it's so crowded!

STANISLAW
Morning, empty.

CUT TO:

42. EXT. MAIN MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

Ziggy walks into Kraków's historic Main Market Square - a symmetrical arrangement of Old Town streets departing from it.

The place is brimming with life, student cafés, tourist shops, galleries. Ziggy is taken aback. This is Poland? No way! He ambles along - tired, lonely, lost.

A group of STUDENTS runs through the square, weaving past all the PEOPLE. Leading the pack, a young woman, ELLUNIA. As she runs, some papers fall out of her knapsack. She is the first to reach the monument at the center of the square. Ziggy picks up the papers she dropped - sheet music, classical.

ZIGGY
(yelling)

Hey!

Flushed, the girl, a spitting image of his mother when she was young, turns and sees the papers that he is holding up. Smiling, she breezes up to him and grabs them.

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)

Thank you!

She kisses him on the cheek and runs off. It's as if a butterfly momentarily landed on his face.

Almost automatically, he follows her. She runs into a crowded student café.

CUT TO:

43. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Ziggy enters the smoke-filled room, full of STUDENTS. A JAZZ TRIO plays up on a small stage.

He sees Ellunia surrounded by GIRL FRIENDS at the bar. He approaches. This time, it is her purse she drops at his feet.

He picks it up then taps her on the shoulder. She turns, recognizes him, and laughs.

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)

Again! What a scatterbrain! Thanks
for coming to my rescue one more
time!

Again the kiss on the cheek but before he has a chance to say anything, she turns and heads for the stage - two drinks in her hand.

Ziggy watches as she hands one drink to the piano player, PIOTR - late thirties, a bearded, sardonic type with a lazy seductive grin. He leans over and kisses her on the lips, then as she heads off the stage, he takes time out from his chords to give her a smack on the butt. She turns - her reproach more an invitation for more.

CUT TO:

44. EXT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Ziggy comes out of the café, battling those trying to get in.

CUT TO:

45. EXT. MAIN MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

Weaving past students and TOURISTS in a party-mood, Ziggy makes his way back to where Stanislaw parked.

CUT TO:

46. INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Ziggy climbs back in the truck. Stanislaw is dozing. He follows suit and sinks back into his seat as well.

FADE OUT:

47. FADE IN: THE PAST: ZIGGY'S FATHER'S APARTMENT

CLOSE on a pair of little hands moving across the keys of a piano ... a second pair, more manly, claps out a rhythm.

ANDRZEJ (OS)

(in Polish)

One, two. One, two. That's it.

Suddenly GIGGLES, and the little hands fly off the keys. Agnieszka tickles her little son (Ziggy - age 5), much to his delight. Daddy doesn't look pleased.

ANDRZEJ

(in Polish)

Must you interrupt. You can't expect him to get anywhere if he doesn't practice.

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
You can't expect him to get anywhere
if he doesn't have time to play!
Right kitten?

YOUNG ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Ya, daddy!

The boy's little hands make a wild stab at daddy's armpit.

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
And what's this?

They all fall to the floor in one laughing heap.

FADE OUT:

48. THE PRESENT: EXT. MAIN CITY SQUARE - DAWN

The pick-up truck stands right in the middle of the main market square - now deserted. Rather dramatic choice of spot, but in this early dawn, the only drama is the flock of PIGEONS that circles above, taking temporary refuge on a monument in honor of some famous Polish dead person.

Ziggy watches the birds, his collar pulled up to protect himself from the early morning dew. Stanislaw is checking the wheels of the truck - is the air pressure low? As if that matters, given the run-down condition of the vehicle.

A pigeon circles overhead, and unexpectedly leaves a poopy-plop on Ziggy's shoulder.

ZIGGY
Shit!

The driver chuckles as he rises to his feet, and comes over to keep Ziggy company.

STANISLAW
Story say, this bird, no bird. Is
people, curse ...

ZIGGY
Pigeons are people's curse?

STANISLAW

No, no. People is bird. Bird have
curse from king.

ZIGGY

The king put a curse on the birds? I
don't get it.

STANISLAW

Is story. Legenda! Understand?

Exhausted by trying to be understood, Stanislaw gives up. They're almost close, in their special way. They're certainly of one mind as to being curious about that strange CLIP-CLOP SOUND coming from afar.

It grows louder, then suddenly, two double-horse drawn cart things emerge into the morning light, steam rising from the horses' bodies. Four horses! More than Ziggy's seen in his whole life. And we're talking major horses - like in those Budweiser beer commercials (where's Tex to share that with!).

And the carts. Well, they are primitive, but fancy in their own quaint sort of way. And then, 'the relatives' - my God, so many! All men. And what are they wearing?

STANISLAW

Górale ...

ZIGGY

You know them?

STANISLAW

Górale. People from mountain.

Now anyone whose parents have left their entire family behind somewhere can image the chill the thought of the impending encounter can bring. Ziggy is speechless - frozen on the spot. The horses draw to a stop.

FOUR MEN and A BOY jump off and before he realizes what's up, he's being hugged, kissed, and cried on. Wow! These people are so emotional, it's scary - and they're not even drunk!

Another guy with a strange limp and a face to match, BOLESŁAW, seems to be the leader. Clinging close by is his son, ANTOS', maybe seven or eight. Boleslaw approaches and extends his hand to Ziggy, then pulls him into a hearty hug.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
Zygmunt, Welcome. I'm your uncle
Boleslaw.

ZIGGY
I'm sorry, I don't speak Polish.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
What? He doesn't speak Polish?
(to the others)
So there - what did I tell you? I
told you he was ashamed of us!

Ziggy still clings to his unilingual stance. Once they realize that, it's a bit of a different story.

RELATIVE
(in Polish)
It's hard to believe this is
Andrzej's son! Look what he's
wearing!

Some laughs.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
Wait till mother finds out!
(in broken English)
I father, brother ... uncle.

ZIGGY
Oh, okay.

The entire troupe hovers attentively over the box, moving it from the back of the truck onto one of the carts. In their loving hands, it seems as light as a feather.

CUT TO:

49. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Ziggy gets to sit beside Boleslaw in the ceremonial front of the leading cart - the one with the casket. They travel in silence, staring straight ahead. But in secret, their eyes dart back and forth as they check each other out.

As they drive past an old cemetery, all the men lower their hats in respect. Ziggy notices that all the inscriptions on the

tombstones are in Hebrew. He too lowers his hat. His uncle smiles his approval.

They drive on in silence. The surrounding scenery is astonishingly beautiful - Ziggy is surprised. As he studies the landscape in detail, one tiny emotional door creaks open.

ANDRZEJ (VO)

(in Polish)

In the early morning, the dew was like a wet blanket. It was as if we were in some other world - a magical, fairy kingdom, all lush and green, with huge lilacs lining the edge of the road. And the smell! It knocked you over - no other way to describe it.

CLOSE ON THE LILACS they pass, then green grass - the sound of hoof-beats FADING.

CUT TO:

50. THE PAST: EXT. TORONTO STREET - DAY

Feet move into frame, walking across green grass ... PULL BACK TO REVEAL Andrzej and Ziggy (age 5). The boy looks up at his dad with interest and pride.

YOUNG ZIGGY

(in Polish)

What about me. Was I there, daddy?

ANDRZEJ

(in Polish)

Sometimes. But I'm thinking of the time when you weren't even a thought in our mind! Mommy was still my student. My **best** student! We didn't even know that we would marry ... but I believe it was on those trips, surrounded by the smell of lilacs, that we fell in love ... But you'll have to ask her if that's true ...

Suddenly, CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER erupts behind them. They stop and turn ... TWO BOYS (twelve and fourteen), who had been following a short distance behind, stand defiantly facing them. Then one, the older one, places his hands on his hips and goes into a mock version of the Polish he just heard ...

OLDER BOY
Szz-hlaw szz-hhvoo szz-hrro!
(bursting into laughter)
What's all the hissing, eh?! You guys
talkin' snake?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that Ziggy and his dad are standing on the grass knoll lining a bleak, urban sidewalk. The NOISE of CITY TRAFFIC bursts forth.

Roaring with laughter, the boys take off across the street, darting between cars. Ziggy pulls his dad onto the sidewalk proper - his face in an angry grimace.

DISSOLVE TO:

51. THE PRESENT: EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Hearing LAUGHTER from the back, Ziggy turns to look. The men in the second cart exchange some sort of joke. Ziggy notices Antos' sitting in the back watching the crate at his feet. The boy looks up and smiles. Ziggy gives him a shy smile in return. Taking this as an invitation, Antos' climbs in the front and parks himself on Ziggy's lap. Just like that, without a word.

BOLESŁAW
My boy. Son. You cousin.

ZIGGY
Oh yeah. Okay.

ANTOS'
Cu-zin Zygmunt! You!

The boy checks out Ziggy's digital watch - nice. He holds it up to his ear and listens ... his face growing concerned.

ANTOS'
No 'tick-tick'?

ZIGGY
No. It's digital. Di-gi-tal!

Ziggy looks at Boleslaw, hoping for an explanation from him. Boleslaw glares at the boy.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish - brusque)
Stop asking stupid questions. He
already thinks you're a half-wit!

He clicks for the horses to pick up speed. Ziggy puts his arm around the boy's waist - suddenly feeling more paternal.

CUT TO:

52. EXT. MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - DAY

The carts pull into a quaint, picturesque village at the foot of the rocky Tatra Mountains. The place seems to be carved out of the thick pine forest surrounding it.

They make their way to what, by these standards, is an estate. True, it looks strange, but quite beautiful - a distinctive dark-wood exterior, a high gabled roof, carved door ... your typical *Górale* (highlander) abode.

CUT TO:

53. EXT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

As Ziggy, bleary eyed, climbs down from the cart, he is greeted by even more relatives. His grandmother, ZOFIA, shoves a piece of dark bread with salt in his hand. Should he eat it? He does.

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
My grandson! All grown up!

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
He doesn't understand.

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
He doesn't understand? I don't understand.

BOLESŁAW
(to Ziggy)
Babcia - you father, mother.

Ziggy nods and smiles at the little woman beaming up at him with a slightly perplexed expression.

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
It doesn't matter. He's still my beloved grandson, finally home.

JAN, his grandfather, takes Ziggy's hand and shakes it - not one hint of a smile, hardly even looking at him, pathetically shy perhaps.

JAN
Father father. (Dziadek) ...

Before Ziggy can react, a waiting PRIEST with a container of holy water in his hand sprinkles him, the family, the casket. It's all so strange, Ziggy feels like he's in some slow-motion foreign movie. Taking him by the hand, Zofia ceremoniously leads her grandson into the house.

CUT TO:

54. INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Inside, Ziggy sees a large portrait of his parents performing. It stands in a wooden frame on the antique, ornate piano - elegantly draped in several lace doilies. All the mirrors are covered and much care has been taken in arranging a variety of pictures of his father under a prominent Icon of the black Virgin Mary of Czenstochowa (like the one left in his father's Toronto bedroom). Hearing somewhat agitated MEN'S VOICES coming from outside, he looks out the front door ...

CUT TO:

55. EXT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

The men remove the coffin from its wooden crate, and lift it in order to carry it into the house.

Some VILLAGE KIDS discover the play possibilities offered by the wooden crate which is left behind. They drag it away without any family members noticing.

CUT TO:

56. INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

The men bring the casket right into the living room, and place it on a table that has been prepared for it. Behind the table, a crucifix, and on either side, white candles - not lit yet. His grandparents fuss over the coffin - hardly seeming to care if it's metal, wood, or whatever.

Carefully, they break the wax seal and open the lid, giving their son's body a final few hours of fresh mountain air. They light the candles and then the WEEPING starts. Zofia leans in and caresses her son's drawn, ash-white face.

Other NEIGHBORS and RELATIVES arrive - many of them. Ziggy, exhausted, sits in the corner of the room. Does anyone realize he hasn't slept? Guess not! Maybe not sleeping until the burial is the custom in these parts, who knows. But then his grandfather, as if hearing his thoughts, calls Ziggy over.

CUT TO:

57. EXT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

The old man, fit for his eighty-some years, leads Ziggy to the neighboring house - Boleslaw's, his second son's. His grandfather's silence testifies to the fact that Boleslaw is the only one who speaks English (barely), and he's also Ziggy's father's only sibling.

CUT TO:

58. INT. BOLESRAW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jan leads Ziggy into Boleslaw's house by the back door into the kitchen. Boleslaw is bent over the sink, washing his face and neck.

JAN
(in Polish)
Let the boy get some sleep ...

Having handed Ziggy over, Jan leaves.

BOLESRAW
Want sleep? You?

ZIGGY
Yes. Is that alright?

BOLESRAW
Is okay.
(yelling - in Polish)
Grazyna ... come here!

A middle-aged woman, Aunt GRAZYNSKA, comes out from one of the bedrooms. She throws Ziggy a look - her hostility thinly disguised.

GRAZYNSKA
(in Polish)
So. This is prince charming.

BOLESŁAW
Aunt. Gra-zzynn-ka. Wife, me.

She shakes his hand - still not an ounce of warmth.

CUT TO:

59. THE PAST: INT. ZIGGY'S FATHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Young Ziggy (age 5) plays scales on the piano. His father reads, half listening. Agnieszka walks in with a letter. She holds it up to her husband's face. She is clearly upset.

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
See? I told you it would never end!
There's no running away from it.

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
What are you talking about?

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
It from Grazyna. Bolek lost his job again. He stays home all day and drinks. She wants me to call - say something to him. But what can I say? What can I possibly say?

She bursts into tears and runs into the bathroom. Ziggy watches as his father follows, trying to console her.

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
Agnieszka ... please. I'll call him.
Don't torture yourself.

CUT TO:

60. THE PRESENT: INT. BOLESŁAW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Grazynka still holds Ziggy by the hand, a sly smile, like she's got him captive now. But why?

GRAZYNKA
(in Polish)
Looks like his father. You got him in your face again, eh?

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
Shut up! Fix his room, go on.

GRAZYNKA
(in Polish - motioning)
So come ...

CUT TO:

61. INT. BOLESLAW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Aunt Grazynka leads Ziggy to a bedroom, where a pyramid of stacked pillows waits on each of the two single beds. She draws back the covers on one of the beds, lays down a pile of fresh towels and some soap, and leaves - finally!

CUT TO:

62. INT. BOLESLAW'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Ziggy bathes. The bathroom is ... interesting.

CUT TO:

63. INT. BOLESLAW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Ziggy returns draped in a towel, only to be greeted by Antos' and TWO TOWN KIDS sitting on his bed. Antos' stands, and shows off his uncle.

ANTOS'
(in Polish)
See? A Canadian.

A BOY
(in Polish)
Looks normal to me.

ANTOS'
(in Polish)
He's gonna take me to Canada. You'll see!

ZIGGY
Antos'. Your cousin needs to sleep.

He lays his face against his folded hands, miming sleep.

ZIGGY
I sleep now, okay?

Antos´ nods his understanding. He motions for his friends to follow him.

ANTOS´
(in Polish)
My cousin is tired. Come! Hurry!

The boys hurry out of the room. Ziggy lies back on the bed, exhausted, and suddenly feeling totally relaxed - like he is home! He closes his eyes, grateful for the peace and quiet when suddenly, loud mournful singing and praying starts in his grandparent's house. He covers his face with the fluffy embroidered quilt and falls asleep.

FADE OUT:

64. INT. BOLESŁAW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

Ziggy wakes up in the evening. They're still praying and singing.

CUT TO:

65. EXT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - EVENING

Barefoot in the cold evening mist, Ziggy sneaks towards his grandparent's house.

He peers in through the window. The family prays and sings, preparing for an all-night vigil around his father's casket. From the expression on Ziggy's face, it's obvious he's feeling very much like an outsider. Bolesław comes out of the house and sees Ziggy.

BOLESŁAW
You wake up? Go in!

ZIGGY
No. I don't want to bother them.

BOLESŁAW
Is you family! Go on!

He starts to walk away when on second thought he stops and calls out.

BOLESŁAW
Want come Kraków?

ZIGGY
Now?

CUT TO:

66. EXT. BOLESŁAW'S HOUSE - EVENING

Bolesław throws a plastic cover off a small 'economy' car. Ziggy is surprised to see a car - why the horse drawn carts? But I guess the casket would never have fit in something as small as this! He climbs in beside Bolesław.

CUT TO:

67. INT. CAR - KRAKÓW - NIGHT

They enter the old city.

BOLESŁAW

I do pick up. You come? Or see city.

They pass in front of the café Ziggy visited the other day.

ZIGGY

I'll go in there and wait for you. Is that okay?

BOLESŁAW

Okay.

He stops the car and lets him out.

BOLESŁAW

I come one hour, good?

ZIGGY

Fine.

CUT TO:

68. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

As Ziggy walks in, he hears a woman singing a haunting song - half traditional ballad, half jazz. Her voice draws him in. The place is crowded as always. He makes his way closer to the stage, finally negotiating a spot with a view of the singer. It's that same girl again - Ellunia - sitting on a bar stool, her eyes closed. She is accompanied by Piotr on the piano, and the same BASS PLAYER and DRUMMER as the other night.

Ziggy closes his eyes and listens till the end of the set. Everyone claps - they have taste! The musicians take a break. They leave their instruments and head for the bar.

Ziggy eyes Ellunia. He watches as she sits at the bar with Piotr. From their body language, it's clear they are an item. She downs a shot of vodka, then excuses herself and heads for the bathroom.

CUT TO:

69. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - BAR SECTION - NIGHT

Ziggy taps Piotr on the shoulder. He turns and looks Ziggy up and down

PIOTR
(in Polish)
So what is it ... 'child'.

Ziggy ignores the insult, pretending he doesn't understand. He extends his hand for a handshake.

ZIGGY
Good evening. My name is Ziggy
Landsley. I'm wondering, do you speak
English?

PIOTR
Ya, I speak, so ...

Ziggy pulls a bar stool over and sits beside the sardonic piano player.

ZIGGY
Wonderful. Listen. I just heard that
singer in your band and I think she's
phenomenal!

He digs in his pocket and pulls out a slightly worn business card and places it in front of Piotr on the bar.

ZIGGY
I happen to be a music producer and I
would love to meet her. I mean you
never know! People get discovered in
the most obscure places!

He laughs a producer's laugh. Piotr is not impressed. He takes the business card, looks at it, puts it in his pocket, then turns his back to Ziggy.

CUT TO:

70. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Ziggy retreats to his table. He watches Ellunia return to the bar. Piotr sees Ziggy watching them, so he gives her the card, whispers something, and points at Ziggy. They laugh. Then she puts the card in her pocket and that's the end of that.

Ziggy seems to want to have more dirt rubbed in his face. He gets up and strides across the room to the bar.

CUT TO:

71. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - BAR SECTION - NIGHT

Ziggy stands beside Ellunia and starts talking without even looking at her.

ZIGGY

You really have talent, you know. I haven't heard such a distinctive sound in ages.

That gets her attention. She turns to face him.

ELLUNIA

Thank you!

Seeing it's 'the producer', the open smile turns to a sneer.

ZIGGY

People are looking for a sound with a 'signature' - and you got it. By the way, did your pianist give you my card?

Like he didn't see her get it, really!

ELLUNIA

Ya.

Ziggy beams, and extends his hand in his best debonair producer style.

ZIGGY

Ziggy Landsley. And you are?

She shakes it, and pulls hers away quickly, feeling his eyes drawing her in despite her best intentions of staying aloof.

ELLUNIA

Ellunia Dombrowska. But I have to tell you, Mr. Landsley, I'm not looking to be discovered.

ZIGGY

But wouldn't you like to get out of this provincial town?

She is insulted.

ELLUNIA

What's with you Americans anyway! You want to discover everything. Did America just appear, like that, when Columbus landed and 'found' it? No! It was there for centuries, only he didn't know about it. Like me. Here I am, and here I'll stay! I happen to like this 'provincial' town, thank you very much!

Now she turns her back on him! Okay. That was unexpected! Before retreating, Ziggy taps her on the shoulder ...

ZIGGY

That's innocent on the American charge? I'm from Canada, as you would see if you'd just read the fine print on the card.

ELLUNIA

Big difference!

ZIGGY

I really don't understand why you wouldn't be interested in advancing your career.

Putting her arm around Piotr who just sits there and glares, she pushes her purse to the floor with her elbow.

ELLUNIA

My manager is advancing my career just fine.

ZIGGY

Well, have it your way. It was a pleasure to meet you, anyway. Perhaps we can talk another time.

ELLUNIA

Ya ... perhaps.

Ziggy starts walking away.

ZIGGY

Oh, and by the way, you dropped your purse on the floor again. Maybe your manager will get it since my help offends you.

He walks away, leaving her to feel bad for having been so rude. Particularly since she now recognizes him from the other night.

ELLUNIA

(in Polish to Piotr)

Hey - that's the guy who found my purse last night.

PIOTR

(in Polish)

So?

ELLUNIA

(in Polish)

Maybe I shouldn't have been so rude.

PIOTR

(in Polish)

Don't be so naïve, kitten. I bet you it was a trick. He dropped it on the floor himself just so he could pick it up for you ...

ELLUNIA

(in Polish)

You're such a cynic!

Ziggy glances back and sees Ellunia get to her feet and follow him through the crowd.

ELLUNIA

(calling after him)

Hey, wait!

Ziggy grins to himself. Bingo! She took a bite - time to reel her in! But then he sees something up ahead which changes his expression in a flash.

Uncle Boleslaw stands near the entrance to the place - looking around, and looking totally out of place in his country garb. Seeing Ziggy, he motions for him to follow.

CUT TO:

72. EXT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Ellunia comes out of the café. She looks around, but no sign of Ziggy.

CUT TO:

73. INT. BOLESZLAW'S CAR - NIGHT

They drive by Ellunia. She doesn't bother looking into the windows of the old Polish car which passes. Ziggy only sits up once she is out of sight.

CUT TO:

74. EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

The car pulls up to Boleslaw's house.

CUT TO:

75. INT. CAR - NIGHT

As the engine is switched off, instead of silence, they hear singing.

ZIGGY
They're still at it!

BOLESZLAW
All night. Is custom.

ZIGGY
Shouldn't you be there?

BOLESZLAW
And you?

CUT TO:

76. INT. BOLESZLAW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ziggy pulls the covers up around his face. He closes his eyes. The mournful songs sound like a lullaby.

FADE OUT:

77. INT. BOLESŁAW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Ziggy emerges from the bedroom only to find a crowded kitchen. Zofia, Grazyńka and SEVERAL other WOMEN and GIRLS crowd the tiny room, preparing all sorts of dishes for the post-funeral *stypa* (feast). They all look up when they hear him enter.

GRAZYŃKA

(in Polish)

Look. The prince is up!

ZOFIA

(in Polish)

Leave the boy in peace.

(motioning to Ziggy)

Come, don't be shy ...

Ziggy tries to help - he picks up a potato and looks for a knife. All the women break out in peals of laughter. They seat Ziggy at the kitchen table. He notices the line of sausages hanging near the stove - just like in the delis of Roncesvalles street! Ceremoniously, he is served hot chicory coffee, black bread, cottage cheese, and honey. He eats - more like nibbles really - and listens in on all the comments.

GIRL

(in Polish)

Look at the dimples! Just like
Antos'!

A WOMAN

(in Polish)

He's hardly a man - just a boy!

SECOND WOMAN

(in Polish)

In more ways than one, I'm sure!

The women laugh.

CUT TO:

78. EXT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

At around noon, everyone dressed in their church going best gathers in front of Ziggy's grandparent's house. Bolesław and THREE men emerge from the house carrying the casket.

CUT TO:

79. EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DAY

The casket is carried along the main road, down the hill to the local church. The pallbearers are followed by a procession on foot, family along with various TOWNSPEOPLE - sightseeing.

CUT TO:

80. INT. VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY

The casket stands in front of the altar, lined with bunches of fresh lilacs. Ziggy, the only dry faced person in a church packed with weeping people, has a front row seat.

The priest (the same one that greeted the casket off the horse-drawn carts) leads the congregation through a prayer.

PRIEST

(in Polish)

Our father, who art in heaven ...

They all bid their farewells to the deceased. One by one, family members lean in to the coffin and kiss dad. Even little kids are lowered in and do. I guess they don't see too many American horror movies in these parts ... you know, like Night of the Living Dead?

Ziggy kneels, crosses himself in front of the casket, but forgoes the kiss.

CUT TO:

81. EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Under the weeping willows, just outside the church, against a backdrop of mountains, his father is finally laid to rest.

Ziggy watches the clumps of wet, dark earth as they land on the casket with a THUD - heavy, dark, Polish. He looks over at the plot next to his father's: It is his mother's grave - *Agnieszka Ziemska, 1946-1981. A true daughter of Poland.*

His eyes wander past the engraved words to roots leading to a dead weeping willow, its branches leafless and dry - a dramatic contrast to the lushness of life all around.

CUT TO:

82. EXT. CEMETERY GATES - DAY

Everyone leaves the cemetery except Ziggy who lingers behind, looking rather lost. Noticing how shaky his grandson looks, Jan calls him over by motioning with a wave of his hand.

CUT TO:

83. EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DAY

As everyone heads back up the hill to the grandparent's house, Jan leads Ziggy towards the woods across the road.

CUT TO:

84. EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jan and Ziggy walk in silence. Using gestures, looks and smiles to communicate, his grandfather points out where mushrooms would grow in fall ... showing which colors would be poisonous by dragging his index finger across his neck. Ziggy likes this man. He relaxes.

CUT TO:

85. EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS - DAY

Grandpa leads Ziggy to a large ancient-looking tree in the center of a clearing in the woods, and motions for them to sit. It is spring. Fresh leaves and blossoms are everywhere. Bumble bees buzz around, and then, out of nowhere, a swarm of butterflies approaches. The bright red creatures land all around them. Even right on his grandfather ...

DISSOLVE TO:

86. THE PAST: THE SAME PLACE

We see Ziggy (age 5) sitting on his grandfather's lap - his grandpa years ago that is. The butterflies came to rest on both the man and the boy during those days. The boy giggles with glee and hugs his grandpa, who returns his embrace.

DISSOLVE TO:

87. THE PRESENT: THE SAME PLACE

Ziggy leans his head on his grandfather. The old man draws his grandson into his arms, and grips him with surprising strength. Ziggy cries. The pain surfaces here, quite naturally - or inevitably.

CUT TO:

88. EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Jan and Ziggy walk back in silence.

CUT TO:

89. INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Back at the grandparent's house, the feast has already begun. Food is rolled out. Vodka is poured, and poured, and poured. A plate of food in hand, Ziggy wanders, trying to stay out of everyone's way more than anything.

ZOFIA (OS)
Zygmunt! Zygmuntzik!

He turns ... It is his grandmother, Zofia, surrounded by loving family, calling him over, her face red with drink.

Ziggy sits at his grandmother's feet as she holds court in the center of the room.

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
Play for us! Play Chopin! Boleslaw?
Oh where is he when you need him.

Boleslaw ambles over with a frown.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
What is it mama ...

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
Ask him to play! For his father! It
would make him happy.

BOLESLAW
She want you play ...

ZIGGY
Now?

BOLESLAW
Ya!

ZIGGY
Maybe later, I have a headache right now.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
Leave him alone. He doesn't speak Polish and you expect him to play Chopin!

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
He plays! How could Andrzej and Agnieszka's son not play! Your parents were stars! Tell him Bolek, go on!

DISSOLVE TO:

90. THE PAST: INT. KRAKÓW CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Agnieszka, dressed in black velvet, plays **Chopin's 2nd piano Concerto (f minor, Op. 21)** with a full orchestra.

ZOFIA (VO)
(in Polish)
Your father was brilliant himself, but he let her shine. She was his blossom!

Andrzej lives every note his wife plays up on stage. Boleslaw sits beside him, in apparent pain. He glares at his older brother - loathing the pleasure he derives from the music. Agnieszka glances towards Andrzej in the front row, her face flushed with the intensity of her passion for music.

DISSOLVE TO:

91. THE PRESENT: INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Boleslaw gulps down some vodka, that same pained expression on his face.

BOLESŁAW
She say you father adore you mother.

Zofia, her eyes half closed, continues to reminisce. Each word releases a torrent of emotions that dance across her face ...

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
Once you all left for Canada, I
thought surely I would die. My heart
would turn to stone.

DISSOLVE TO:

92. THE PAST: EXT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

A horse drawn cart pulls up outside the grandparent's house -
much smaller and poorer then.

ZOFIA (VO)
(in Polish)
I'll never forget the day your father
told us he was taking you and your
mother away. It was spring. Like now.
But a bad spring. Full of rain, and
storms. The horses pulled up in front
of this house. But it was much
smaller then. That is before he sent
so much money for us to make the
house better ... he sent much money
you know, your father ...

Andrzej, Agnieszka and Ziggy hurry to the door, trying to protect
themselves from the rain.

BOLESŁAW (VO)
(in Polish)
What does that have to do with
anything?

The cart sinks deeper into the mud as torrents of water rush down
the hill.

ZOFIA (VO)
(in Polish)
Fine. Fine. I continue. It was a
terrible, stormy day.

CUT TO:

93. THE PRESENT: INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Boleslaw laughs as Zofia continues.

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
Dark, wet, sad like the news he
brought ...

Ziggy looks from one to the other - no one bothers to translate anymore.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
What nonsense! It was the first good
day in April. Flowers were blooming.
The sun was shining! Don't you
remember?

Zofia frowns as she strains her memory ...

DISSOLVE TO:

94. THE PAST: SAME SCENE / EXT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

The family is still crouching under the door frame away from the rain.

ZOFIA (VO)
(in Polish)
Maybe you're right. Yes. Now I
remember!

DISSOLVE TO:

95. THE EXACT SAME SCENE (BLOCKING AND ALL) ON A SUNNY DAY

The rain vanishes, replaced by blossoms and singing birds. Ziggy runs up to the horses to feed them some grass. Agnieszka picks some flowers as Zofia (much younger) opens the door.

BOLESŁAW (VO)
(in Polish)
And they couldn't have been happier
to get the hell away from here!

CUT TO:

96. THE PAST: INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Zofia sits on the couch, her eldest son Andrzej at her feet. He beams from ear to ear, while her face is pale and drawn. Ziggy (age five) plays piano across the room, his mother accompanying him, but also glancing back at her mother-in-law and husband.

ZOFIA (VO)
(in Polish)
It was a miracle! You could leave.
After all that had happened, I should
have been happy. But it was wrong. I
knew it was wrong.

Andrzej throws PASSPORTS on the floor in front of his mother.

FADE OUT:

97. FADE IN: THE PRESENT: INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Zofia grows silent and sad. Ziggy leans over and whispers in his
uncle's ear ...

ZIGGY
Why is she upset?

BOLESŁAW
Long story ...

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
But your father was determined.

DISSOLVE TO:

98. THE PAST: EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Andrzej, Agnieszka and young Ziggy move away across the runway
into the night, waving.

ZOFIA (VO)
(in Polish)
Getting papers in the seventies was
impossible. But he did it. He wanted
to run away. Run away from us, from
the past, from himself.

CUT TO:

99. THE PRESENT: INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Aunt Grazynka sneers, not buying the story.

AUNT GRAZYŃKA
(in Polish)
What running away! He's still a
Polish citizen! Show him Bolek!

CUT TO:

100. INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

In a crowded kitchen, Ziggy examines the papers Boleslaw lays on the table before him - Polish citizenship papers, if only he could read them!

CUT TO:

101. INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ziggy sits in the corner of the room, his Polish papers in his lap. He watches the animated antics of his inebriated family, sharing stories, crying, laughing. Antos' sits beside him - quiet, offering silent support. Boleslaw ambles over.

BOLESRAW
(slurring)

You have no brother. Sometimes is
better to have no brother.

CUT TO:

102. THE PAST: EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS - DAY

Andrzej and Boleslaw - years ago. Boleslaw follows his older brother, screaming at him, but we can't hear what he's saying. He grabs him by the shoulder - they face each other.

BOLESRAW (VO)
If not for him, you mother still be
alive.

CUT TO:

103. THE PRESENT: INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Boleslaw continues.

BOLESRAW
On my father's life, is true.

Jan glares at his son.

JAN
(in Polish)
Control yourself Bolek! I'll have
none of this at your brother's
funeral, you hear?

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
Don't bother me, papa. You don't even
know what I said.

JAN
(in Polish)
Don't take me for a fool! Now go
spend some time with your wife -
can't you see she's all alone over
there?

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
I'm going. I'm going for God's sake.

Ziggy watches as Boleslaw goes and throws his arm around a teary-eyed Grazyinka. She buries her sobs in his chest.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
What's all this, old woman. You
missing me?

JAN (OS)
(in Polish)
Don't stand there like an ass! Come.
We drink to your father.

Ziggy turns towards his grandfather who invites him to follow to a table surrounded by men, the one with the vodka where yet another round of 99% proof is being poured.

The men lift their tiny glasses brimming with drink and raise a toast - Ziggy among them, still feeling out of place.

A RELATIVE
(in Polish)
For a father, and his son, and his
son after that.

Jan clinks glasses with his grandson and they gulp down the drink. Ziggy nearly chokes on it. Everyone laughs. Several hands descend on Ziggy's back, slapping it to stop the coughing, only making matters worse.

CUT TO:

104. LATER: INT. GRANDARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Still they reminisce. The guitars come out. They sing - those soppy sentimental tunes that make Ziggy wince. Music seems to run in this family. Ziggy manages to sneak away from the gathering.

CUT TO:

105. EXT. VILLAGE ROAD - NIGHT

In the dark, Ziggy walks down the hill towards the cemetery. The SINGING slowly FADES in the distance, replaced by the sound of WIND.

CUT TO:

106. EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

As the TREES CREAK AND SWAY in the wind, Ziggy lays a single flower on the graves of each of his parents. He watches the wind in the willows ... the lights coming from the house up on the hill. Finally, he sits on the dark earth, wet with night dew, draws his knees up to his chin, and closes his eyes ...

FADE OUT:

107. INT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

The house is still a mess. Some of the younger women from last night tidy up. Jan and Zofia sit back on the couch, nursing their headaches. It's more than the pain of a hang-over that ails them. It's the remembering that their son is gone - a realization which would floor any parent. Zofia cradles a portrait of Andrzej as a boy in her hands. Ziggy walks in with Boleslaw, throwing light into the interior of the room, forcing his grandparents to shield their eyes.

BOLESRAW

(in Polish)

Mama? He's leaving. He's come to say good-bye.

ZOFIA

(in Polish)

What nonsense. Don't scare me like that, Bolek!

BOLESRAW

(in Polish)

I'm serious.

Zofia looks up, pale. Unknown to Ziggy, this is like a re-run of his father's departure. She stares at the young man standing awkwardly to the side - Ziggy, but in her mind his image merges (**dissolves**) with that of her son Andrzej ... Unexpectedly, Zofia gets up and marches to the kitchen.

ZOFIA

(in Polish)

So let him go. What's it got to do with me.

Ziggy looks over at his uncle ...

ZIGGY

What did she say?

BOLESŁAW

She say good-bye.

Jan and Ziggy exchange a look. Then the old man gets up to follow his wife into the kitchen.

JAN

(in Polish)

He'll be back.

CUT TO:

108. EXT. KRAKÓW MAIN MARKET SQUARE - EVENING

Boleslaw's tiny car pulls into the main market square.

Ziggy, Boleslaw and Antos' get out of the car and stand awkwardly in silence for a moment. Then Boleslaw reaches over and hugs Ziggy, patting him on the back in a manly display of affection.

BOLESŁAW

You take good care. Yes?

ZIGGY

I will.

Ziggy glances over at Antos' who stands off to the side, trying to remain aloof. Ziggy motions for him to come over with his finger. He takes his digital watch off his wrist and hands it to the boy.

ANTOS'

(in Polish)

For me?

ZIGGY
So you're never late for school,
okay?

The boy hugs his cousin.

CUT TO:

109. INT. CAR - EVENING

Antos' waves and stares through the back window and sees his cousin Ziggy, waving back, grow progressively smaller as they drive away then turn the corner, leaving him out of sight.

CUT TO:

110. EXT. MAIN MARKET SQUARE - EVENING

Ziggy sits down at the foot of the large monument in the center of the square, and in the safety of anonymity, away from the prying eyes of family, he takes his Eastern Europe on the Loose book out from the bottom of his bag - it's the one written by Berkeley students "who know what cheap travel is all about" the caption on the cover says. He flips through the book until he finds a listing for a modest hotel.

CUT TO:

111. INT. MODEST HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Ziggy checks in at the front desk. A PORTER takes his bag upstairs while Ziggy heads straight out to look for action - anything to take his thoughts off all this, to forget his grandfather's eyes.

CUT TO:

112. EXT. KRAKÓW STREETS - NIGHT

Ziggy walks around the old town. Kraków is splendid by night. A city frozen in the past - oozing with history, much of it dark, bloody, painful.

CUT TO:

113. EXT. JAGIELLONIAN UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Ziggy walks through the Jagiellonian University - one of Europe's oldest, the alma mater of the astronomer Copernicus (as a monument or plaque indicates ?) Many STUDENTS sit on the grass relaxing in the early evening. Some play guitars, others sing.

There is that intimate yet vibrant mood that only an old university campus such as this can harbor.

CUT TO:

114. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Invariably, Ziggy finds himself sitting at a table back in the same café. Ellunia is on stage, singing. A slightly inebriated girl, MONICA, watches him from a nearby table. She's nice looking - who needs a stuck-up singer anyway. Ziggy looks at her and grins to himself.

Monica looks up as two double vodkas descend on the table in front of her.

Ellunia finishes her set and steps down from the stage. She looks across the room and sees Ziggy preparing to drink a shot of vodka with Monica, their arms interlocked. They giggle, down the clear liquid, then laugh. Ziggy looks around for the waitress ... his eyes stop when he sees Ellunia across the room. He waves, then looks away. Nonetheless, a moment later he can't help but glance back to see what Ellunia is doing.

He sees her sit at a table with the other musicians. Piotr glares across the room and puts his arm ostentatiously around his girl.

Monica's fingers walk across the table towards Ziggy then up his arm. That gets his attention.

MONICA

I want more. I am so very thirsty I
think I will die!

And then she leans her head on the table, to try and steady her dizziness.

ZIGGY

So more it is!

Monica sits up at attention as the vodkas arrive. They both drink another two shots in succession. Now not only the girl is swaying back and forth, so is her companion! Monica gets up from the table unexpectedly.

MONICA

I must go pee-pee. Oh excuse me!
(giggling)
I go nose to powder, yes?

ZIGGY

Don't powder it too much or it might
disappear ...

Ziggy sits back as Monica meanders to the bathroom, stumbling left and right. Feeling someone staring down at him, he looks up. Ellunia looks down at him, her arms crossed across her chest. She's not pleased. She slides into Monica's seat.

ZIGGY

It's the diva herself! What an honor!

ELLUNIA

You're drunk.

ZIGGY

With good reason.

ELLUNIA

Oh really, so you're so fragile you
wilt if I reject you?

ZIGGY

Is that why you came over? To remind
me?

ELLUNIA

No. But I should warn you about your
new friend.

ZIGGY

You don't approve? What a pity.

ELLUNIA

I'm very serious. Be careful.

ZIGGY

Why? What will she do to me?

ELLUNIA

It's what you'll do to her that's the
problem. You better mean business if
you flirt with her.

ZIGGY

You mean like monkey business?

She rolls her eyes in the air and leans in towards him and starts
to tell the story with great drama ...

ELLUNIA

When Monica was sixteen, she ran away with a foreign man. Desperate for love, she followed him to his country. At first everything was good, but once she grew up and started making more demands, the foreigner threw her out. So now here she is, a drunk, heartbroken girl, stuck right back where she started from.

Ziggy is drawn in ... but is he listening? He seems more intent on staring into Ellunia's big green eyes.

ZIGGY

That's really sad. But what's that got to do with me?

She leans in even closer and continues, as if telling a grave secret ...

ELLUNIA

You must ask yourself - did she do this because she is a poor East European person, looking for a better life? Or because two generations of women in her family had lived without love, abandoned by their husbands, and her thirst for it was so intense that it blinded her judgment. And if she did it once, would she not do it again? So be careful! Or you'll have a vine around your foot that you can't cut off without removing the foot along with it!

She sits back and stares - waiting for him to absorb it all.

ZIGGY

Wow. You really get right to the point, eh?

Monica returns. She greets Ellunia with a foolish smile - she's too drunk to really care about anything.

MONICA

(slurring)

Ellunia! Come drink with us! This is Zig ... Ziggy. Zig-zag-ziggy!

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
Don't be stupid and sit before you
land on your face!

Ellunia gets up and gives Monica her seat back - helping her down into it. As she does, she whispers to Ziggy ...

ELLUNIA
Think about what I said. In life,
everything has a price. Can you pay
this one?

At the musician's table, Piotr is getting restless. Ellunia returns to him.

CUT TO:

115. EXT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Students pour out of the place.

CUT TO:

116. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - BAR - NIGHT

The place is starting to close down and everyone is leaving. All except Ziggy and Monica - they remain at the bar.

ZIGGY
Come on, be a pal, one more for me
and my friend, for the road...

BARTENDER
(in Polish to Monica)
Listen, Monica. Get your friend out
of here before I call the cops!

MONICA
(in Polish)
But Eddy! Just one more. I'll pay you
tomorrow. Promise! I swear on my
father's ashes ...

BARTENDER
(in Polish)
You don't even know if he's dead.

MONICA
(in Polish)
That's a detail ...

Ziggy watches, understanding, and remembering what Ellunia told him.

CUT TO:

117. EXT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Ziggy and Ellunia are the last to stumble out. The bartender shuts the door after them. It is a cool night. Ellunia and Piotr wait outside - not noticed by either Ziggy or Monica.

ZIGGY
So where to darlin', east, west,
north or south. How's about south ...
like the birds ...

Suddenly, Piotr grabs Monica by the arm.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
So little one, drunk again!

ZIGGY
Excuse me! But if you haven't
noticed, she's with me.

PIOTR
You, go home ...

Ziggy tries to pull Monica out of Piotr's grasp.

ZIGGY
Wanna be a tough guy, eh? What's the
matter, want my girl too?

Ellunia puts her hand on Ziggy's arm gently.

ELLUNIA
Is his sister. Leave them. Come. I
take you back to your hotel.

ZIGGY
Sister!? Your sister?! I love it!

Ellunia pulls him away from Piotr and Monica. Piotr holds his sister upright but his attention is on Ellunia.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Don't be ridiculous. I'll take him if
you want.

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
It's okay. Take her home.

Ellunia digs in Ziggy's jacket pocket for his hotel room key.

ZIGGY
Hey ... that's mine ...

She lifts it out of his reach, like away from a child, then reads
the hotel name on it.

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
It's not far. Go on. I'm sure your
mother is really worried by now.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
We don't even know this guy ...

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
Look at him! What's he gonna do? He's
like a lost sheep looking for home.
Maybe it's me you don't trust!

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Ah, do what you want. You will
anyway.

Piotr drags Monica off brusquely.

CUT TO:

118. EXT. KRAKÓW - STREETS - NIGHT

Ellunia and Ziggy weave through the dark cobblestone streets.
Ziggy flirts - if you could call it that in his condition!

ZIGGY
So what gives? No lousy piano player
... just you and me under a Kraków
moon ...

The looking up at the night sky makes him lose his balance. He stumbles and falls to his knees.

ZIGGY

Oh oh! Now there, see? Already I'm on my knees before you ...

ELLUNIA

Hold my arm or you'll break your nose next time!

She helps him up, then they continue arm-in-arm.

ZIGGY

You're no fun ... no fun at all.

ELLUNIA

You need sleep - not fun!

ZIGGY

You know what? You remind me of Texas ...

ELLUNIA

Texas?

ZIGGY

Yeah ... black as coal, with the voice of an angel. You'd like him I know that for sure. Hell, you and Tex are the best singers I have ever heard and I've heard plenty, you know? You're so good! Hey! Sing something for me ... anything ... come on!

ELLUNIA

You are crazy, you know that?

CUT TO:

119. INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Ellunia leads Ziggy across the lobby towards the stairs. She glances at the guy at the registration desk who is staring at her with a disapproving look.

ELLUNIA

(in Polish)

He's pissed, okay? Want me to leave him in the street?

CUT TO:

120. INT. ZIGGY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ellunia deposits Ziggy on the bed. He mumbles, not really aware of what's going on - everything a blur. While he drones on, talking to her as if she were Tex, she removes him shoes and socks, and manages to put him under the covers.

ZIGGY

I'm telling you buddy, no matter where you go, you're always alone, man. A-lone. Solo. Can't count on anything. One day they're giving you shit, and then next thing you know, they're just this limp lump in the bed and there you are, throwing earth on top of their eternity deluxe - picture it! Dark wet earth, right on him! You'd never dare if he were alive and now you stand there throwing it at him, thump... thump...thump...

He snuggles into the covers and falls asleep. Ellunia likes him. He's sensitive, this Canadian. Once Ziggy is fast asleep, she tucks him in.

On her way out she deposits Ziggy's hotel room key on the table - right on the envelope with his Polish citizenship papers, without noticing.

She closes the hotel room door gently, leaving pitch black.

CUT TO:

121. EXT. SMALL SQUARE - DAWN

VIEW FROM A WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE SQUARE as Ellunia walks across the square towards the door of her apartment building. She disappears inside. PULL BACK as the curtains are drawn, revealing Piotr in an undershirt and underwear, glum, smoking a cigarette.

FADE OUT:

122. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Ziggy and Monica sit at their table drinking. Ziggy looks across the room and sees something which makes him drop his glass in shock ... His father, wearing a dark suit, stares at Ziggy from

across the room. He approaches and stands looking down at his son.

ANDRZEJ
You're ashamed of me!

ZIGGY
No ...

ANDRZEJ
So give your father a hug, son ...

Ziggy stands, knocking his chair back in terror.

ZIGGY
NO!

ANDRZEJ
You can't run away from me, don't you
know that?

As the father turns, we see that his suit has no back - like those put on cadavers in caskets.

CUT TO:

123. INT. ZIGGY'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Ziggy's eyes fly open as he sits up. Slowly, he manages to remember what happened. Ellunia is gone - not a trace.

CUT TO:

124. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - MORNING

Ziggy walks in. The place is totally different in the morning. Piotr is sitting at one of the tables - grumpy as hell. Ziggy walks up to him.

ZIGGY
Hi.

PIOTR
What do you want ...

ZIGGY
I wanted to thank your friend - for
taking me back to the hotel and all
that - I was really out of it!

PIOTR

I tell her.

ZIGGY

I'd like to thank her myself. It's the least I can do.

PIOTR

She not here.

ZIGGY

I see that. So tell me where I can reach her.

PIOTR

Sorry. This is not possible.

ZIGGY

Don't give me a hard time, alright? I just want to apologize. So help me.

PIOTR

Help yourself!

Ziggy sits at a table across the room from Piotr. He drinks his black coffee, smokes (not his first as the ashtray betrays), and glances towards Piotr. His rival is pretty much doing the same - drinking black coffee, smoking, and glancing across at Ziggy.

Ziggy's puts his cup down extra hard, and the liquid spills. As he mops it up with a napkin, he notices ... CLOSE ON PAPER PLACE MAT where *Ellunia Dombrowska* is printed beside a picture advertising her nightly shows. Yes! There is a God! He grabs the paper and exits.

CUT TO:

125. EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Ziggy in the phone booth. CLOSE ON PHONE BOOK as his finger scans the page ...

ZIGGY (OS)

Dom ... Dombrowska ... here we are
... oh my God!

This is not Toronto - there's like, thirty of them here? Ziggy puts a handful of change on top of the phone and starts dialing. Some other student travelers, with the same tourist book as his, line up outside the phone booth. Eventually they leave. Ziggy

does his pitch in Polish! But his accent being so thick and strange, the response he gets isn't friendly.

ZIGGY
(in Polish!)
Good morning, is Ellunia home? CLICK
.... (coins in, dials) Hello, is this
the home of Ellu ... CLICK ... (coins
in, dials) Hi. Can I speak to Ellunia
...

He pulls the phone away from his ear as someone at the other end screams at him in Polish ...

ZIGGY
Guess that's not it ...

He hangs up, puts more coins in and dials again.

CLOSE ON PHONE BOOK where red lines across the page indicate he's called more than half of the Dombrowskis already.

ZIGGY (OS)
(in Polish)
Good morning. Is Ellunia home?

CUT TO:

126. INT. ELLUNIA'S HOME - DAY

A middle aged woman - MRS. DOMBROWSKA, Ellunia's mother - holds the receiver with a puzzled expression, not recognizing the voice.

MRS. DOMBROWSKA
(in Polish)
She's out ... who is this?

CUT TO:

127. INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Ziggy tries to keep his voice calm although his body spells major excitement.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I'm a friend of a friend from Warsaw
(searching for a line) ... I have
some sheet music for her!

CUT TO:

128. INT. ELLUNIA'S HOME - DAY

The mother buys the line - it sounds reasonable.

MRS. DOMBROWSKA

(in Polish)

Oh! Well, she's at the Music Academy,
practicing! - Very well - My pleasure
- You're welcome.

As she hangs up, we see a photo in an oval gold frame on the table - Ellunia at the piano, lost in song. The resemblance to Ziggy's mother is unmistakable.

CUT TO:

129. EXT. MUSIC ACADEMY - DAY

Ziggy finds the place. Amazing what a challenge will do to a guy! After taking in the elegant exterior with an appraising look, he goes in.

CUT TO:

130. INT. MUSIC ACADEMY - DAY

As he wanders through the long corridors of the Music Academy, he hears various melodies coming from behind the rows of solid oak doors. Some are sung, some played on piano, or violin, or cello. This is where his mother and father studied! He even finds their pictures on the wall among a collection showing the stars from among the past members of the Academy.

CLOSE ON THE PICTURES ... his mother, the same picture they had at home. Under it is engraved *AGNIESZKA ZIEMSKA (1946 - 1981)*. Then there is one of his father as a much younger man. The caption engraved below reads *ANDRZEJ ZIEMSKI (1927 -)*.

CLOSE ON PLAQUE as Ziggy takes out a pen and scratches the year marking his father's death on the metal. As he finishes writing the date, he HEARS someone down the hall playing that favorite **Chopin Nocturne** of his.

He follows the sound of the music down the corridor until he finds the right door. Eyes closed, ear pressed against the heavy oak door, he listens. STUDENTS walk by, hardly noticing.

ELLUNIA (OS)

Ziggy?

Ziggy jumps back from the door with an expression on his face like a child caught with his hand in the cookie jar. He looks at her. She grins.

ZIGGY

Hi!

ELLUNIA

What are you doing here?

ZIGGY

I wanted to thank you for the bedtime story.

ELLUNIA

You're the one with the stories! Funeral stories, so morbid, o jej!

ZIGGY

God. Is that what I was saying?

ELLUNIA

It's better I don't tell you. Yes?

ZIGGY

You're probably right. But seriously, I did want to apologize. I'm not usually ...

ELLUNIA

Enough. No apologies. Just tell me. How on earth did you find me?

He pulls out the page from the phone book - all marked up.

ELLUNIA

Oh my! You must have spoken to my mother! I'm impressed - what did you do, get an interpreter?

ZIGGY

I got lucky.

ELLUNIA

Don't be too sure! So tell me - how long will you stay in Kraków?

ZIGGY

Only a few days. I'm locked into one of those cheapie charters.

ELLUNIA
Do you have friends here?

ZIGGY
I have you ...

ELLUNIA
Me? You're alone! No wonder you've
been drinking like crazy! We fix
this, alright?

ZIGGY
Great!

CUT TO:

131. EXT. MUSIC ACADEMY - DAY

As usual, she leads him down the street - her walk cheerful and bouncy as compared with his somewhat melancholic stomp.

ELLUNIA
I take you to all the places for
lovers of music, alright?

CUT TO:

132. EXT. KRAKÓW - NEAR MARIACKA TOWER - DAY

They pass near the famous Mariacka Tower.

ZIGGY
You really love it here, don't you.

ELLUNIA
Kraków is my soul. For some people it
is like this. They are tied to their
place of birth in a way which is hard
to explain. That is how it is with
me.

ZIGGY
I find that so hard to understand.
Don't you feel trapped?

ELLUNIA
Of course not ...

She is interrupted by the sound of a TRUMPET playing the *Heynal* melody from the top of the Mariacka Tower.

ZIGGY

What's that?

ELLUNIA

All the clocks in Poland are set to
this time ... listen.

The melody is vivid, mounting, and then stops abruptly, without
warning.

ELLUNIA

There ... now it is noon.

ZIGGY

Why does the it end like that, in
mid-phrase?

ELLUNIA

There is a story. I tell you. Long
ago, a Tartar army was approaching
Kraków, ready to invade. But a guard
at the top of the tower, he saw, and
tried to warn the people. He sounded
his trumpet, his cries wrapped in
melody ... when suddenly, he was
shot! The song stopped there, on that
very note.

ZIGGY

And you think I'm morbid!

ELLUNIA

It's beautiful. I think every death
is a sacrifice. We just have to
discover it's meaning.

ZIGGY

Not every death, come on. That's so
melodramatic.

ELLUNIA

Didn't anyone close to you die? And
then their death opened the door for
you to discover something?

ZIGGY

(uneasy)

I don't know ...

ELLUNIA
That's their parting gift!

CUT TO:

133. INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY

In an open space in an industrial building, some of Ellunia's MUSICIAN FRIENDS practice.

VARIOUS SHOTS as Ellunia leads Ziggy from floor to floor, where different bands are practicing. The bands range from rock, folk, jazz, classical baroque - you name it. She introduces him to her friends. Ziggy relaxes with each introduction. They have a beer, share a smoke. It's as if he's known them for ages.

ON THE LAST FLOOR: Ziggy listens to the music, eyes closes. Ellunia comes up behind him and puts her hand gently on his shoulder. He looks back at her, acknowledging his enjoyment with a smile, and closes his eyes again. They both listen. He leans back against her chest. Absentmindedly, she strokes a lock of hair off his forehead. As the song ends, they break apart, suddenly self-conscious.

CUT TO:

134. EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - AFTERNOON

By the time they emerge onto the street, Ziggy is transformed.

ZIGGY
Some of those guys were amazing! Have they recorded?

ELLUNIA
Some yes, some no. Some don't even care. They play for the love of it.

CUT TO:

135. INT. KRAKÓW CHURCHES - AFTERNOON

Ellunia and Ziggy disappear in the CROWD gathered in one of Kraków's churches for the *Days of Organ Music* Festival, which returns to the city each spring.

Ellunia reaches for Ziggy's hand so they won't lose each other in the crowd. They watch the shiny organs reach for the heavens with their majestic sound.

CUT TO:

136. EXT. PARK - EVENING

A flock of pigeons lifts off and flies up into the air. Ziggy and Ellunia walk along a path in a park leading to the Wisla River which winds through the center of Kraków.

ELLUNIA

Listen ... hear that?

She mimics a melody sung by a bird.

ZIGGY

You're not interested in my offer but you'd audition for birds?!

ELLUNIA

This is true. It takes much more talent to be a bird!

Then she grows serious.

ELLUNIA

So tell me about Canada, about your family.

ZIGGY

Not much to tell. I consider myself an international person, really. The Canadian part is just the paperwork.

ELLUNIA

Oh ya? So you fell off the moon or something? Or do your roots stem from somewhere on this planet.

ZIGGY

Why does everyone get into this roots thing with me! My friend Tex, he's always harping on it.

ELLUNIA

Maybe it's time you listened.

CUT TO:

137. EXT. ALONG WISLA RIVER - EVENING

They find a secluded spot along the Wisla river, cradled by weeping willows, and sit down. They watch the water in silence for a while, slowly leaning closer to one another till their

shoulders are touching. Ellunia breaks a branch off one of the weeping willows caressing the water. She studies it carefully, twisting it between her fingers.

ELLUNIA

You see this branch? It knows where it comes from in every cell of its body. It knows the smells, the tastes, the history - all that is stored in the earth. So you take a little cutting, like this, and you plant it somewhere else - say Africa, that's a very different place, no? Okay, so you plant it. But remember! It's still the same plant from Poland! So it grows roots. New roots, in its new home. And what will be the first thing these roots will look for?

ZIGGY

Water?

She swats him playfully with the wet branch.

ELLUNIA

No!

ZIGGY

(grinning)

Sorry ... just an idea ...

ELLUNIA

The roots are thirsty, but for home, for what they know - for the soils of Poland! The roots have this genetic memory you see, and they will search for the same tastes, the same smells, the same type of history and experiences that made them. They do it by instinct, without even knowing it. And if they find enough familiar ingredients in this new soil, they will survive. If not, kaput.

Again, the index finger across her neck, like his grandfather did when pointing out poisonous mushrooms. Ziggy is taken in by her story.

ZIGGY

Is this true?

Suddenly, she laughs.

ELLUNIA

I don't know. Ask a gardener!

ZIGGY

You're making fun of me.

ELLUNIA

No. I'm sorry. Seriously. I believe we all have a history. In us, our parents, grandparents, great-grandparents ... they all have a place, a voice. But if we are deaf to it, we walk through life blind. Not aware of why we like what we like ... or fear what we fear. Isn't it better to know what those little roots are thirsty for as they dig deeper and deeper into the ground?

He smiles to himself.

ZIGGY

Okay. So what does this tell you. When I was a kid, I used to play these hiding games. We'd be driving, and I would imagine the kind of secret shelter I would make for myself in the corner of each underpass. Or, I could hide in my room for hours. I'd bring a piece of bread, like a ration, and just sit there, hiding. That's crazy, eh?

ELLUNIA

So you're from Europe, then! All those wars? It has to be. Come on, admit it.

ZIGGY

Well, maybe several generations back. Who knows.

CUT TO:

138. EXT. KRAKÓW STREETS - EVENING

As the sun sets in the evening sky, Ziggy and Ellunia, now openly hand in hand, walk back to the café.

CUT TO:

139. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Ziggy and Ellunia walk in. The place is already crowded. Piotr is playing piano up on stage. He glares at the two as they walk in. Ellunia and Ziggy sit right near the stage. While the bass player does a solo, Piotr leans over to Ellunia - ostentatiously ignoring Ziggy ...

PIOTR
(in Polish)

You're late!

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)

I know. Sorry. Ziggy tracked me down all the way to the Academy to apologize for last night. Can you believe it? The least I could do is show him around.

The men exchange a glance but hold on to their little secret.

CUT TO:

140. LATER:

Ellunia sings. Half the time she sings directly to Ziggy, as if he were the only one there. Piotr tries to interrupt by breaking into unexpected solos on the piano, forcing Ellunia to break her concentration and glare back at him. Ziggy just stares and stares at her, dreamy eyed. If he wasn't so anti-romantic, we'd think he was in love!

CUT TO:

141. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - BAR SECTION - NIGHT

While the band takes a break, Ziggy brings Ellunia to the bar. It is extremely crowded. Not only is there a line-up ordering drinks, but they have to yell to be heard. Ziggy taps her on the shoulder ... pointing to the door.

ZIGGY
(yelling)
Want to get some fresh air?

ELLUNIA
(yelling back)

Good idea.

Piotr watches as Ziggy and Ellunia slip out of the place.

CUT TO:

142. EXT. MAIN MARKET SQUARE - NIGHT

Surrounded by students and tourists, Ziggy and Ellunia find a spot sitting on the steps of the monument in the middle of the square. He smokes. She holds her arms. This is a cold night and neither of them has their jacket.

ZIGGY
Cold?

ELLUNIA
A bit. But is okay.

ZIGGY
I don't even have my jacket. Wait. I know!

He moves to sit on a step above her and puts his arms around her. She leans back, all snug.

ELLUNIA
This is nice. Thank you.

ZIGGY
You're the one keeping me warm!

CLOSE ON ELLUNIA as she half whispers, knowing he'll hear, but not wanting to take responsibility for what she's saying.

ELLUNIA
I wish you weren't leaving so soon.

ZIGGY
Me too.

She looks back at him.

ELLUNIA
Must you?

Instead of answering, he kisses her gently on the lips. She snuggles into his arms and they hold each other.

CUT TO:

143. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Piotr sits at the band's table, impatiently staring at the door as he waits for them to return. The bass player notices.

BASS PLAYER
(in Polish)

Watch it ...

PIOTR
(in Polish)

Mind your own fucking business.

BASS PLAYER
(in Polish)

Fuck you ...

PIOTR
(in Polish)

Ya, ya ...

The bass player walks off in a huff. Piotr downs his drink. But then he notices something. He looks around to make sure no one is looking, then leans over to Ziggy's chair where his jacket is hanging, and slides his hand in the pockets. He finds Ziggy's hotel room key and takes it.

CUT TO:

144. EXT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

As Ziggy and Ellunia approach the café entrance, Ziggy grabs her and pulls her into a kiss again.

ZIGGY
I hate going back in there ...

ELLUNIA
What can we do?

ZIGGY
What about later ...

She leans in towards his ear and whispers something. He smiles. He is about to say something but she puts her finger against his lips - it's a secret! They disappear inside again.

CUT TO:

145. EXT. ALONG THE WISLA RIVER - NIGHT

In total darkness, Ellunia cuts through the branches obscuring the shore of the river. Suddenly, someone comes up behind her and takes her around the waist. She screams ...

ZIGGY

It's me!

She turns and falls into Ziggy's arms ...

ZIGGY

Who did you think it was, the boogey man?

ELLUNIA

Boogey man?

ZIGGY

Never mind. I can't believe you're here. Am I dreaming?

ELLUNIA

We both ...

They kiss.

CUT TO:

146. INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Piotr steals through the lobby and heads upstairs, Ziggy's hotel room key in hand.

CUT TO:

147. EXT. ALONG THE WISLA RIVER - NIGHT

Ziggy and Ellunia back through the bushes to the clearing between weeping willows, out of sight of any park paths. They drop to their knees before one another ...

CUT TO:

148. INT. HOTEL - OUTSIDE ZIGGY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Piotr opens Ziggy's hotel room door and enters.

CUT TO:

149. EXT. ALONG THE WISLA RIVER - NIGHT

The lovers lie down by the river. The water flows past them, as if marking the passage of what time remains for them to share. They take it slow, not wanting to rush, each not wanting to demean the other to merely a sexual conquest. Ellunia strokes Ziggy's face as he leans over her.

ELLUNIA

I feel like I've known you my whole
life ...

ZIGGY

Haven't you ...?

Their lips meet in a kiss.

CUT TO:

150. INT. HOTEL - ZIGGY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Piotr switches on the desk lamp. He sifts through the papers lying on it and finds the envelope with the Polish birth certificate!

PIOTR

So Ziggy Landsley is Zygmunt Ziemski
... well, well.

He reads the papers in detail ... the addresses on the envelope, everything. Then he grabs the lot and runs out of the room without even bothering to close the door.

CUT TO:

151. EXT. ALONG WISLA - NIGHT

Ziggy and Ellunia lie naked on the ground, their bodies intertwined like the roots of the trees sheltering them from strangers. They sleep. The camera explores their bodies as if they were a nature still-life, a landscape.

CUT TO:

152. EXT. PIOTR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A light in the window. The curtain is pulled back and we see Piotr staring out onto the street below, smoking up a storm.

CUT TO:

153. INT. PIOTR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Piotr puts his cigarette out in an ashtray full of butts. He grabs the near empty bottle of vodka and takes a swig.

MONICA (OS)

(in Polish)

Piotr! Go to sleep. She's not worth it.

PIOTR

(loud - in Polish)

It's alright. Don't worry little sister.

(softly - in English)

Maybe is me who is not worth it.

He looks out the window again where the first rays of dawn are appearing.

DISSOLVE TO:

154. EXT. KRAKÓW - DAWN

The sun appears on the horizon, filling the sky with soft spring colors.

CUT TO:

155. EXT. ALONG WISLA - DAWN

Ziggy and Ellunia look like some abstract painting, shifting tone as the light changes across patches of bare skin peeking through the mosaic of clothes thrown across their bare bodies, sheltering them from the cold. Eyes opening ... Ellunia's. She pushes Ziggy's hair from his face, like opening a curtain to a smile which awaits.

ELLUNIA

(in Polish)

Through the wide field, the deep blue Wisla flows. Bowed weeping willows doze in the valley ...

ZIGGY

What is that, it's beautiful ...

ELLUNIA

A poem about moments like now. It's one of my favorites.

She studies his face.

ELLUNIA

What is it ... you're worried.

ZIGGY

You can tell.

(a pause)

What do you see in me, Ellunia?

ELLUNIA

A lost little boy.

ZIGGY

Do you have a home for me?

She smiles, playing with the weeping willow branches dipping into the water ...

ELLUNIA

Maybe. Maybe I feel the need to offer you this, because it's my grandmother living through me. My mother's mother. She lost her son in the war.

ZIGGY

(almost to himself)

A long lost son ...

And they kiss.

CUT TO:

156. EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Laughing, still wearing last-night's clothes, Ziggy and Ellunia board a bus bound for Wieliczka.

CUT TO:

157. INT. BUS - DAY

Ellunia is as excited as a little girl showing her best friend her favorite things.

ELLUNIA

You can't come all the way to Kraków and not see Wieliczka. It's one of my favorite places ... you'll see!

Ellunia points out various sites as they drive through the countryside. Ziggy glances around at all the other Polish STUDENTS in the bus.

One starts singing a song. Others join in - Ellunia too. She tries to get Ziggy to join in. He does and for a moment, you could swear he was just one of them, and not the foreigner he keeps trying to remain. The SONG continues as we ...

CUT TO:

158. EXT. MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - DAY

Piotr parks his car at one end of the village and walks towards Ziggy's grandparents' house. We see him walk to the door and knock. Moments later, Zofia appears. She looks at the man - apprehensive - not recognizing the stranger. But Piotr extends his hand and says something. Her face breaks into a smile and she invites him in.

CUT TO:

159. EXT. SALT MINES - DAY

Ziggy and Ellunia disappear into the mouth of the mine, along with the busload of rowdy students.

CUT TO:

160. INT. SALT MINES - DAY

Slowly, they descend deep into the earth, down 53 flights of stairs. They emerge in the 3 kilometers of corridor carved out by generations of miners.

ZIGGY

Oh my God! I've never seen anything like it!

ELLUNIA

Isn't it wonderful? It's like we're in the heart of the earth. Come ... this way.

They explore the various exhibition chambers, where galleries, halls, chapels, and numerous sculptures were carved and hewn in the salt rock. Ziggy notices people kissing one particular sculpture - that of a gnome.

ZIGGY

What are they doing?

ELLUNIA

There is a legend. If you kiss him,
you will be married before the end of
one year.

ZIGGY

So kiss it ...

ELLUNIA

(suddenly shy)

No! You kiss it!

So he kisses it! Ziggy? It leaves a slight white powdery residue
on his face. She laughs and wipes it off.

ZIGGY

Now it's your turn!

ELLUNIA

No way!

She starts to run, he chases after her, like two kids.

CUT TO:

161. INT. ZIGGY'S GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Piotr, a tray of tea and cakes before him, sits on the couch
beside Zofia. Proudly, she shows him various photo albums of
Ziggy, his parents, his life.

ZOFIA

(in Polish)

Such a musical family. It's in the
blood.

Piotr listens, attentive, responsive, kind - the ultimate sly
snake.

PIOTR

(in Polish)

That's exactly what our readers would
like to know.

He picks up a picture and finds something written on the back.
CLOSE ON A THE BACK OF THE PHOTO where it is written in English
...

**FOR BABCIA ... FROM 'ZIGGY' (ZYGMUNT). I CHANGED MY NAME TO ZIGGY
LANDSLEY. DO YOU LIKE IT?**

Piotr's hand turns the picture around ... where we see Ziggy, as a teenager, on Roncesvalles Street in Toronto.

PIOTR (OS)
(in Polish)
That's a nice one. The young
immigrant. Maybe Babcia will let me
use this one in my article?

She pours more tea.

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
Take it. Go on. But I have lots more,
better than that!

CUT TO:

162. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Ziggy and Ellunia amble into the café, already late for her show. Ellunia is too far gone to even hide her affection for Ziggy anymore. Piotr is playing some jazz, keeping the place entertained. Ellunia blows him a kiss.

CUT TO:

163. LATER:

Piotr comes down for his break and joins Ellunia and Ziggy at a table.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Well, well. You decided to grace us
with her presence after all.

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
Piotr. Not now. Please.

PIOTR
You right. Here ... we drink. Drink
to Poland, yes?

He pours a round of vodkas. He stares at Ziggy as he raises his glass ...

ZIGGY

To Poland. And to all of you.

Piotr slaps his knee and laughs, truly amused.

PIOTR

(in Polish - loud)

You should be ashamed of yourself
Ella. But that's good - your
boyfriend has lots to be ashamed
about too ...

(to Ziggy - in English)

Isn't that right?

ELLUNIA

(in Polish)

He doesn't understand. Lower your
voice!

Piotr takes another drink then turns to Ziggy ...

PIOTR

So, Ziggy! Why you don't like you
real name, Zygmunt, such a nice
Polish name. Are you ashamed of where
you come from? Eh?

(switching to Polish)

You son-of-a-bitch!

Ziggy pales. He turns to Ellunia and shrugs.

ZIGGY

I don't know what he's talking about.

PIOTR

Liar! Here. Maybe this help you
remember!

Piotr slams the birth certificate on the table, then the photo
from Toronto, then Ziggy's hotel room key. He rises ...

PIOTR

Oh, and Babcia say hello. She give me
the picture. She say she miss you -
you only stay two days and go back to
Canada already. Such a pity.

Piotr walks off. Ellunia turns beet red as she looks at the
papers, the picture, the back of it. Then she looks up at Ziggy.

ZIGGY

I can explain.

She jumps up from her seat and moves back, tears welling up in her eyes.

ELLUNIA

(in Polish)

Don't you ever, ever talk to me again. Do you understand?!

She runs out of the café altogether. Only Monica and Ziggy are left at the table. He looks at her - a pleading expression on his face.

ZIGGY

Monica ...

MONICA

(in Polish)

Fuck off!

She too gets up and leaves. HIGH ANGLE on Ziggy as he remains seated. All around him, the tables are brimming with people. His is the only empty table - an island unto itself. Ziggy gets up and rushes out of the place.

CUT TO:

164. EXT. KRAKÓW STREETS - NIGHT

Ziggy wanders through town in a daze. There are PEOPLE walking everywhere in the old city. He looks for somewhere private ...

CUT TO:

165. EXT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Ziggy ducks into the shadows of a tunnel. He watches people at the end of the tunnel, walking by in the soft glow of old-fashioned streetlights, inaccessible like a picture postcard. He leans into the darkness, hiding like a trapped animal.

CUT TO:

166. EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF KRAKÓW - NIGHT

Ziggy walks away from the city center along a main road. Seeing a truck approaching, he tries to hitch a ride. The truck pulls to a stop and the door opens. In the back are crates of chickens and other produce. Ziggy leans in.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I'm going about forty kilometers
north. It that on your way?

CUT TO:

167. INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Ziggy climbs in beside the driver.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Thanks.

DRIVER
(in Polish)
You speak Polish very well. Where are
you from, America?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I'm from here.

The driver looks at him like he's strange.

CUT TO:

168. EXT. VILLAGE MAIN ROAD - DAWN

Ziggy jumps out of the truck at the edge of his village. He makes
his way down the road towards the cemetery.

CUT TO:

169. EXT. CEMETERY GATES - DAWN

As Ziggy approaches the gates, he hears a shovel hitting dirt,
and a man talking. He walks up slowly and peers through the iron
gate. Boleslaw is busy digging out the dead weeping willow.
Stopping occasionally, resting his hands on his hips, he talks to
the two graves of Ziggy's parents.

BOLESLAW

(in Polish)

I wish I could still hate you. But for what? Look at you! Dead. The both of you. You can't steal someone's life Andrzej. She knew that. She paid of her own will. But you ... look at you. In the grave before our parents!

He plants his foot at the base of the dead tree and pushes. The tree groans, tilts, then falls to the ground with a heavy thud.

ZIGGY (OS)

(in Polish)

Uncle?

Boleslaw turns and sees his nephew standing before him.

BOLESLAW

(in Polish)

What's this?

ZIGGY

(in Polish)

I heard what you were saying ...

BOLESLAW

(in Polish)

So you speak Polish now, well well. When did this miracle happen?

ZIGGY

(in Polish)

I always did. I just didn't want to say.

Boleslaw lets out a hearty laugh.

BOLESLAW

(in Polish)

Spying on your own family. I like that. What were you after, family secrets?

ZIGGY

(in Polish)

I didn't realize there were any.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
Aren't you supposed to be back in
Canada feeding your dog by now?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I don't have a dog.

Boleslaw sizes him up. He bends down and grabs the fallen tree.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
Here. Grab it. Now you pull - I'll
push.

They move the tree towards the fence where an ax lies waiting.
Boleslaw wipes the sweat off his brow.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
No bullshit. Tell me - why are you
here?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I didn't know where else to go. I'm
all confused, uncle.

CUT TO:

170. LATER:

Ziggy and Boleslaw rest, sitting on the ground and sharing a
smoke. Around them are the remains of the dry weeping willow, now
all cut into small pieces.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
And you think you love this girl?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
If this isn't love, I don't know what
is!

Boleslaw rises to his feet and motions for Ziggy to follow.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
Come. I have something to show you.

CUT TO:

171. INT. BARN - MORNING

As Boleslaw throws the doors open, light streams into the barn. The big horses look up as the two men walk in. Boleslaw gives one some oats, showing Ziggy how.

BOLESRAW
(in Polish)
You feed the others.

While Ziggy feeds the horses, his uncle digs under the hay in a remote corner of the barn. After some effort, he pulls up a strange looking box - safely hidden for years apparently.

BOLESRAW
(in Polish)
Come! Come here.

Ziggy ambles over as Boleslaw spits on the wooden and silver box, then wipes it clean (well, it's the thought that counts) with his sleeve. He hands the box to Ziggy.

BOLESRAW
(in Polish)
Go on, open it.

Ziggy's expression reads: Is this the family treasure? Cautiously, he flips it open - a virtual Pandora's box. And there, cradled in red velvet, are two duel pistols. They are antiques, but very real, and very deadly - still. Ziggy looks up at his uncle in confusion.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I don't understand.

But his uncle is busy rolling up his pant leg. There, right under the knee, the whole leg is misshapen and scarred - like from a bullet wound. Boleslaw looks up at his nephew and smiles.

BOLESRAW
(in Polish)
Do you know how this happened?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
No. Someone shot you?

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
I'm not surprised they didn't tell
you. If it were Antos', I wouldn't
tell him either. Your father said
some things are best left forgotten.
The loser never forgets though.
Remembering is all he has.

CUT TO:

172. THE PAST: EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY

We return to the same scene seen earlier (p. 54) but we can hear everything being said. Andrzej marches across the open field, followed by his younger brother - this time we clearly see the pistols in their hands.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
What's the hurry? You won't run away
from the truth!

Boleslaw grabs Andrzej and spins him around.

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
It happened! I can't change that! Why
can't you just forget!

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
You'd like that, wouldn't you. Like
you forgot about me!

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
I'm sorry! What else can I say!

Boleslaw backs away, waving the pistol in the air.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
Fuck you! Fuck you and your apology.

Finally the right distance away, Boleslaw stops and yells across the field.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
On the count of three!

ANDRZEJ
(yelling back in Polish)
Bolek. I'm begging you. Call off this
madness!

Boleslaw ignores the plea ...

BOLESRAW
(in Polish)
One ... two .. three!

On the count of three, Boleslaw closes his eyes, lifts his pistol in the air, and shoots. Suddenly, as he is struck, he grabs his knee and falls to the ground. Realizing he's been tricked, Andrzej drops his pistol and starts running. As he reaches Boleslaw, he sinks to his knees beside him ...

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
Bolek! You crazy fool ...

CUT TO:

173. THE PRESENT: INT. BARN - DAY

Boleslaw sits back chewing on a piece of straw, a smug look on his face.

BOLESRAW
(in Polish)
I told you sometimes it's better not
to have a brother!

Ziggy is downcast.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I can't believe it. I'm so sorry!

BOLESRAW
(in Polish)
You're sorry. It's not your fault!
Nor your mother's. He was her
'professor'! She worshipped him! She
would never have betrayed me. But
once he opened the door, she had no
chance. Can you imagine? We were to
be married! I don't blame her. But
she always blamed herself. That's why
she came back.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I though she came back because her
mother was dying ...

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
Your grandmother was dying for the
next six years, and still, she died
with a cigarette in her mouth! It was
an excuse.

CUT TO:

174. EXT. FIELD - DAY

Ziggy and Boleslaw walk through the same field where the two
brothers fought years before. CLOSE IN on the long grass as they
walk through it ...

BOLESŁAW (OS)
(in Polish)
You know the one thing I'm grateful
for? It's that my brother gave her an
international career. I could have
never given her that. She glowed when
she talked of it!

CUT TO:

175. THE PAST: EXT. FIELD - DAY

GRASS CLOSE-UP, then Agnieszka sinks down into it and sits.
Boleslaw sits beside her.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
Why are you here Agnieszka?

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
To see you.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
I can't believe you even have the
time. So how does it feel, being an
international star?!

She looks away ...

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
Great! Just last month, I was in
Boston playing with the Philharmonic.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
I'm happy for you. Really.

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
If you truly are, then you'll stop
all this nonsense and get yourself
under control.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
What are you talking about?

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
Grazyna's been writing to me for
years. I thought maybe if you and I
had it out ...

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
That woman's always looking to poke
her nose where it doesn't belong.

Now it is he who looks away, trying to hide the truth.

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
You'll never let this go, will you.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
Why don't you? You wouldn't be here
if you could!

She looks down, defeated.

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
Fine.

CUT TO:

176. THE PRESENT: EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jan comes out of the woods. He is shocked to see his grandson with Boleslaw.

JAN
(in Polish)
What's this? What happened?

BOLESRAW
(in Polish)
Seems you were right, father!

The grandfather notices the box of pistols in Ziggy's hand. His face clouds over in fury. He glares at Boleslaw.

JAN
(in Polish)
What's he doing with those?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
It's okay grandpa. It's good he told me.

JAN
(in Polish)
He speaks Polish? What a scoundrel!

The old man is amused. He boxes Ziggy's ears affectionately.

JAN
(in Polish)
And who does the sly streak come from
- your mother or father?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Both it seems!

As Ziggy and the two men walk along in silence, he sees an attractive rock in his path, picks it up and throws it across the field ...

CUT TO:

177. EXT. ALONG WISLA - DAY

The rock lands in the river. PULL BACK to reveal Piotr, standing at the edge of the water. PULL BACK to reveal Ellunia beside him. She puts her hand on his shoulder gently.

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
Piotr. Please!

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Don't. Nothing you can say will undo
it.

CUT TO:

178. EXT. GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Ziggy leans out of his uncle's car before they hit the road. His grandparents stand by the car.

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
Is it worth going there? What's the
point of digging up the past!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
The past heals!

ZOFIA
(in Polish)
Already he's a philosopher!

CUT TO:

179. INT. CAR - DAY

As they drive past Boleslaw's house, Ziggy notices his Aunt Grazynka, holding the curtains open and looking out the window, a tortured expression on her face.

ZIGGY (OS)
(in Polish)
What's with Aunt Grazynka?

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
She was the same way then!

DISSOLVE TO:

180. THE PAST:

The camera moves from Boleslaw to the passenger seat but instead of Ziggy, we see his mother Agnieszka sitting there.

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)

Forget what I did to you! Just look
what you're doing to her!

BOLESRAW (OS)
(in Polish)

Don't change the subject. I keep
telling you this it not the time to
go to Katowice!

ANGLE on Boleslaw - younger, the same age as Agnieszka.

BOLESRAW
(in Polish)

Those miners are all part of
Solidarity! They'll impose martial
law any day I tell you!

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)

Say what you want. I'm going.

BOLESRAW
(in Polish)

For God's sake, don't be stupid. Even
you own father is saying not to come!

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)

But when he sees me, he'll be happy.
So stop obsessing and drive!

CUT TO:

181. THE PAST: INT. KRAKÓW TRAIN STATION - DAY

Agnieszka and Boleslaw walk along the platform beside the train
destined for Katowice, now boarding.

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)

My God, I'm so thirsty! Be an angel
and get me a soda, will you Bolek?

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
There's no time!

AGNIESZKA
(in Polish)
Yes there is, please? I'll save us a
seat. Go on!

Agnieszka watches as Boleslaw limps down the platform, turning back uneasily. She waves and smiles a radiant smile. Boleslaw disappears in the crowd of the main station. Agnieszka's smile fades and a drawn expression replaces it.

CUT TO:

182. THE PAST: INT. KRAKÓW TRAIN STATION - FOOD STALL - DAY

Boleslaw holds a soda in his hands, impatiently waiting for his turn to pay.

ANNOUNCER (OS)
(in Polish)
The train for Katowice is now
leaving. Clear the platform.

Boleslaw drops the soda and runs back towards the train - given his limp, there's no way he will make it in time.

CUT TO:

183. THE PRESENT: INT. TRAIN - DAY

Boleslaw, seated inside a train compartment, looks out the window, sadly remembering.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
That's the last time I saw her - on
that platform. No one could have
stopped her.

Ziggy sits across from his uncle and both look out the window at the changing landscape ... green fields give way to the outskirts of an industrial city - smog, nuclear energy reactors, factories ...

ZIGGY (OS)
(in Polish)
You know uncle, since we are telling
the truth, I must tell you, my mother
never played a piano other than the
one in our apartment. And her career?
It was as chief baker at the local
deli!

Boleslaw looks over at Ziggy, amused despite himself.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
Your mother couldn't bake to save her
own life!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I guess the standards drop across the
Atlantic.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
So she loved him not just for the
music. Is that what you're saying?

CUT TO:

184. EXT. KATOWICE MINES - DAY

Ziggy and Boleslaw read a plaque commemorating the miners that
died in the 1981 uprising when martial law had been imposed on
Poland. Boleslaw runs his finger across the eight names, finally
stopping at one.

BOLESLAW
(in Polish)
There. That's your grandfather. I
guess he's considered a hero ...

DISSOLVE HIS VOICE TO THAT OF A NEWSCASTER ...

NEWSCASTER (OS)
To some, they are heroes. Once again,
eight miners ...

DISSOLVE TO:

185. THE PAST: INT. ZIGGY'S FATHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andrzej, glued to the TV screen, watches the evening news. The room is dark except for the electronic glow from the set.

NEWSCASTER (OS)
... were killed in Katowice, as
martial law continues in Poland. And
now, sports ...

He switches the TV off. We hear Ziggy (10 years old) ...

ZIGGY (OS)
Tata? What about mom?

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
I don't know Zygmunt! I don't know!

ZIGGY (OS)
Can't we call grandma?

ANDRZEJ
No! We can't call! Understand? We
can't call!

From the boy's POV, we see Andrzej storm out of the room and slam the door to his bedroom. We see Ziggy's hand reach out and switch the TV on again ...

NEWSCASTER (OS)
Only nine days before Christmas and
already Toronto retailers are
predicting a record year as sales are
booming!

Ziggy switches off the set and remains immobile in the dark.

FADE OUT:

186. THE PRESENT: INT. KATOWICE MINES - DAY

Ziggy and Boleslaw emerge from the shadows into the mine - hardly the touristy, cheerful place he visited with Ellunia. They tour in silence.

CUT TO:

187. EXT. DOWNTOWN KATOWICE - DAY

The two men share a smoke, sitting at the foot of a monument in the central part of town.

ZIGGY

(in Polish)

Why wasn't my mother's name on that plaque?

BOLESŁAW

(in Polish)

She wasn't a member of Solidarity. She was a foreigner. They say it was an accident.

ZIGGY

(in Polish)

What kind of accident?

BOLESŁAW

(in Polish)

Nobody knows. All I know is that people who feel guilty do reckless things.

CUT TO:

188. THE PAST: THE SAME PLACE - NIGHT

The exact same spot but now it is 1981. A Solidarity demonstration is in course. Suddenly, Agnieszka comes bursting out from a side street and in front of the mob. Eyes wild, flushed, traces of blood on her hands, she lets herself be swept along with the crowd, vanishing in its midst.

FADE OUT:

189. THE PRESENT: EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Boleslaw and Ziggy plant a new tree in the spot of the old weeping willow. When they are finished, they both stare at it. Ziggy takes out his cigarettes, then on second thought, he hands the pack to Boleslaw.

ZIGGY

(in Polish)

Here. I just quit.

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)

No shit!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Will you drive me to Kraków?

BOLESŁAW
(in Polish)
What will you do?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
The right thing.

CUT TO:

190. EXT. STUDENT CAFE - NIGHT

Ziggy waits in the shadows outside the café. It is closing time as people stream out of the place. He sees Piotr leave with Ellunia.

CUT TO:

191. EXT. KRAKÓW STREETS - NIGHT

Ziggy follows Piotr and Ellunia from a safe distance behind. Piotr rushes ahead.

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
Slow down!

He turns and glares at her.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
For what! You hardly spent three minutes with me all night!

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
What do you expect? When you treat me like shit!

PIOTR
(in Polish)
How should I treat you when half the
club knows what you did - you're a
slut, you know that?

She slaps him. He slaps her. Ziggy looks away, unable to
intervene - not yet!

CUT TO:

192. EXT. ELLUNIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Without a word, Piotr drops Ellunia off at her house. Once she is
inside the door, he continues. Ziggy waits, then follows.

CUT TO:

193. INT. HALLWAY - PIOTR'S BUILDING - NIGHT

As Piotr puts the key in his door, someone taps him on the
shoulder. He turns and sees Ziggy.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
What the hell!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I want to talk to you.

Piotr mocks Ziggy's Polish ...

PIOTR
(in Polish)
What's that? I don't understand you
... you want to walk?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I want to talk!

Piotr shoves him up against the wall.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
What do you want to talk about, you
son-of-a-bitch!?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I want to make a deal ...

PIOTR
(in Polish)
You're in no position to make deals,
asshole!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I give you Canada, in exchange for
Ellunia ...

Piotr retreats, taken aback.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
What? ... You're crazy!

He slams the door and disappears inside his apartment. Ziggy bangs on the door ... nothing. So he sinks to the floor and sits back against the wall.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I'll just sit here and wait till you
talk to me ...

CUT TO:

194. INT. PIOTR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Piotr is listening.

ZIGGY (OS)
(in Polish)
I don't care if it takes all night!

He looks around the meager apartment, thinking.

CUT TO:

195. INT. HALLWAY - PIOTR'S BUILDING - NIGHT

The door opens and a solemn Piotr leans out and looks down at Ziggy on the floor.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Even if that were possible, how do
you know she'll take you back?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I'll take my chances.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
You'd risk it all for her ...?

Ziggy gets up and faces Piotr ...

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Who's to say that if our roles were reversed, you wouldn't do the same thing ... don't ask me how, Piotr, but I'm convinced. Only if we switch will both our lives bear fruit ...

PIOTR
(in Polish)
What's all this nonsense ...

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Look beyond yourself, think of your family ... mine ... you know I'm right.

They look deep into each other's eyes for a moment, then Piotr takes Ziggy's hand and grips it in his ...

PIOTR
(in Polish)
It's not that I don't care for her you know ...

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Maybe it's because you do care ...

CUT TO:

196. EXT. FORGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Piotr knocks at the door of an old house, Ziggy beside him.

FORGER (OS)
(in Polish)
Who is it?

PIOTR
(in Polish)
It's Piotr ... with the Canadian.

The door is unlocked and swings open.

CUT TO:

197. INT. FORGER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The FORGER, an old man in thick prescription glasses, works on the papers before him on a large table. At his disposal are Ziggy's passport, Polish birth certificate, and Piotr's papers. While he works, Ziggy look around the room at the remnants of what was once an active underground business in the days when travel was more restricted.

PIOTR (OS)
(in Polish)
Hey! Get over here and look at this!

A beaming Piotr lifts two passports from the table - one Canadian, one Polish.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
There. Now didn't I tell you he was a
genius?

Ziggy looks ... CLOSE ON INTERIOR OF PASSPORTS: we have one Polish passport for a Zygmunt Ziemski, and one Canadian for a Ziggy LANDSLEY - but with Piotr's photo where Ziggy's was.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
So now there's two of me, and none of
you!?

PIOTR
(in Polish)
What the hell ... I never was a very
memorable guy anyway!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
And I was?

Piotr grins as he pulls a wad of cash out of his pocket. He hands it to the forger.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
You breath a word of this and I'll
make sure the police is at your door,
got it.

CUT TO:

198. INT. PIOTR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Piotr packs while his mother, sister and Ziggy look on. The women are sad. His mother cries.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Calm down mama! You know it's for the
best.

MONICA
(in Polish)
What do you expect! First dad, now
you?

PIOTR
(in Polish - to Ziggy)
You see what I have to deal with?

CUT TO:

199. EXT. PIOTR'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Piotr loads his bags in the back of the car. His mother and sister, in their house-coats, look on - the reality of it all sinking in. Piotr throws his keys to Ziggy and moves to bid farewell to his family.

CUT TO:

200. INT. CAR - DAWN

Ziggy watches from inside the car as Piotr hugs the two women, both in tears, then climbs in the car.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
So drive! Before they change their
mind.

CUT TO:

201. INT. CAR - OUTSIDE KRAKÓW - DAY

Piotr looks out the window in silence while Ziggy drives. As he changes gears, he strains the clutch. Piotr grabs the gear shift out of Ziggy's hand ...

PIOTR

(in Polish)

Hey! Easy with that! This isn't a lazy American!

ZIGGY

Alright! Calm down, will ya?!

PIOTR

And if something happen to my mother or sister I be the first to kill you, yes?

The clutch sticks again.

ZIGGY

Fine! What's with this fucking thing!

Piotr grabs the clutch, puts the car in gear without a word.

ZIGGY

Thanks ...

Piotr pulls a cigarette out of his pocket and lights up. After a moment, he extends one to Ziggy ...

PIOTR

Want one?

ZIGGY

No. I quit.

PIOTR

(in Polish)

Oh ya? Hey. I'm sorry. I guess I'm a bit nervous about all this.

ZIGGY

No sweat. Me too.

PIOTR

(in Polish)

What's with the English? I was just getting used to your fucked-up Polish!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Hey - it's a hell of a lot better
than your English!

PIOTR
(in Polish)
What do you expect! I'm doing my
best!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Give it time! Everything needs time
to grow!

PIOTR
(in Polish)
There! Already you sound like her and
you're not even married!

They both laugh.

CUT TO:

202. INT. WARSAW AIRPORT - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Ziggy is on his third coffee.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Again. What street do you live on?

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Kween?

ZIGGY
Right. And your phone number?

PIOTR
(in Polish)
How the hell should I know!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Shit! How many times do I have to
tell you!

PIOTR
(in Polish)
How the hell should I know?!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Look. Tex will pick you up. He knows everything about me that needs knowing. Here - I'll write you a letter of introduction.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Are you nuts? What if they read it at customs!

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Oh yeah. No wait, I'll write it as if it's from you!

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Did you get kicked in the head by a horse? That doesn't make sense.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Okay, fine. Just tell him you're my half-brother.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
And he'll believe me?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Sure! He's got more half-brothers than he can count.

They clink coffee cups as if they were champagne glasses. They grow silent as they stare at each other.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Are you ready for this?

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Is one ever ready for something like this?

CUT TO:

203. INT. WARSAW AIRPORT - NEAR GATE - DAY

Piotr hesitates. He turns back.

PIOTR
(in Polish)
I'm not sure I can ...

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Look at it this way, one Canadian
left the country, one came back. So
he's a little older, so what!

PIOTR
(in Polish)
Ten years?

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
Two weeks, ten years? What's the
difference?

Ziggy shows Piotr a hi-five.

ZIGGY
That's it! Now get out of my face!

PIOTR
Fuck you too!

Ziggy watches as Piotr hands his boarding pass to the STEWARDESS. He turns back to look at Ziggy one last time, fear clearly etched on his face, then disappears through the gate - a fresh green immigrant on the way to the promised land. Who knows, maybe he will take root where Ziggy didn't.

CUT TO:

204. EXT. PIOTR'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Ziggy parks in Piotr's usual spot.

CUT TO:

205. INT. PIOTR'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Ziggy uses the keys he's been given to open the door to Piotr's place. Monica and her mother are not home but already, he's been adopted, as is clear by the plate of food that has been left on the table for him as a surprise.

CUT TO:

206. INT. PIOTR'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Ziggy showers.

CUT TO:

207. INT. PIOTR'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Ziggy dresses for the night - in his best clothes.

CUT TO:

208. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Ellunia is singing, her voice weak and sad - she's hardly in the mood. There's a new piano player - he isn't very good. As she sings, she looks across the room. She sees Ziggy walk in, approach the stage, and sit at a table right at her feet. She blushes and looks away.

CUT TO:

209. INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - AT THE BAR - NIGHT

Ellunia, sullen, sits at the bar. Suddenly, someone grabs her hand - it's Ziggy! He lifts it to his lips and kisses it, just like his father. While his eyes are closed as he surrenders to the moment with his entire self, Ellunia smiles - a smile that runs for cover as his eyelids draw open.

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
What are you doing here?

ZIGGY
I was thirsty for home.

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
I thought you came from the moon.

ZIGGY
I finally came down to Earth.

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
Well, what's good for you is bad for
me, cause I lost the best piano
player I ever had!

ZIGGY
What do you mean?

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
What! As if you don't know! Piotr! He
just up and left. Even his mother and
sister don't know where he is. Just
like his father. Amazing, isn't it?

ZIGGY
I'm sorry to hear that.

ELLUNIA
I'll bet!

She turns her back on him.

CUT TO:

210. LATER: STAGE

Most people have already left the club as Ziggy ambles over to the stage. Ellunia is nowhere in sight. He sits at the piano and caresses the keys gently. He closes his eyes to compose himself for a moment, then finally ready, he lays his hand on the keys and launches into that special **Chopin Nocturne**. He plays with love, feeling, but most of all, with understanding.

As Ellunia comes out of the bathroom, she looks towards the stage and can hardly believe what she sees. She approaches slowly and sits beside Ziggy on the piano bench. She listens, captivated, then leans her head against his shoulder as he plays ... CLOSE ON Ziggy's hands on the keys ...

CUT TO:

211. THE PAST: INT. MUSIC ACADEMY - A PIANO ROOM - DAY

PULL BACK to reveal Agnieszka as a young student at the Academy, playing the same Nocturne for her illustrious professor, her hands dancing across the keys.

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)

Yes! Yes!

Andrzej closes his eyes and listens, following each nuance of the heart wrenching melody. As Agnieszka comes to the end of the piece, she looks over at her teacher. Andrzej opens his eyes - they are filled with tears.

ANDRZEJ
(in Polish)
Now that was Chopin ...

Agnieszka rushes over to her teacher in his armchair. She hugs him, then kisses him repeatedly on the cheek. Before you know, to both their surprise, teacher and student melt in their first kiss - a kiss of respect blossoming into love.

ANDRZEJ
Agnieszka ...

CUT TO:

212. THE PRESENT: INT. STUDENT CAFÉ - NIGHT

Only when Ziggy lifts his hands away from the keys, having finally played the thing to the end, Ellunia whispers to him in English.

ELLUNIA
Ziggy ... I didn't know!

He whispers back ...

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
It's Zygmunt, and I didn't either!

As the music of Chopin continues ...

CUT TO

213. INT. TORONTO AIRPORT - NIGHT

Piotr comes out of the International Arrivals gate. Gone is the tough, sardonic manner. Instead, we have the quintessential immigrant, ready to start a new life - his innocent eagerness etched in his every move. Tex scans the arriving passengers. Given where they are arriving from - the heart of Eastern Europe - he's the only black person waiting to greet someone. Tex is

starting to look a little distressed when Piotr walks over to him
...

PIOTR
Hallo. You Texas?

TEX
Tex ...

PIOTR
Ziggy send me ... understand?

TEX
No!

CUT TO:

214. INT. ELLUNIA'S PARENTS' HOME - DAY

Ellunia and Ziggy sit on a couch in her parent's house.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I feel home in Kraków ...

ELLUNIA
(in Polish)
At home! You add a new ending when
you use the noun in that context.

ZIGGY
(in Polish)
I feel at home?

The parents nod, happy with the new addition to their family.

CUT TO:

215. INT. PIOTR'S HOME - DAY

Monica runs in, waving a letter in her hand.

MONICA
(in Polish)
Mama! It's from Piotr!

She rips the letter open and reads as her mother runs in from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. Monica looks up, ecstatic...

MONICA
(in Polish)
He has a job! He says by next summer,
I can come!

CUT TO:

216. INT. ZIGGY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tex and Piotr sit in Ziggy's apartment - drinking beers. The place looks different - the books and tapes are gone, replaced by posters of various bands on the walls.

TEX
Say what? So now you're Ziggy, and
Ziggy's Zygmunt?

PIOTR
Ya! Exactly!

Tex cracks up.

TEX
That sly mother! I never knew he had
it in him!

PIOTR
Ya, neither him!

Tex digs in his pockets.

TEX
Well, I guess I should give you these
then!

He hands over a pile of unpaid parking tickets.

PIOTR
What is this?

TEX
Oh, just a few unpaid parking tickets
on your car ...

PIOTR
This is not my problem! Ziggy pay
this ...

TEX
Bingo! ... Ziggy!

Piotr grins - caught. They laugh. Quickly, the seeds of a new friendship are sown.

CUT TO:

217. INT. MODEST COUNTRY HOUSE - DAY

We see Ziggy at the piano, playing a new composition - in a style totally uncommon for him, original, yet catchy in what promises to be a commercial sort of way. We recognize his books and tapes on the walls beside him.

Some of the MUSICIANS that were in the lofts Ellunia took him to are around him, improvising along on their instruments. Ellunia is arranging flowers at the other end of the room, humming along, occasionally offering a melody to the others.

ELLUNIA

(in Polish)

Hey ... try this ...(she sings)

ZIGGY

(in Polish)

Ya ... that's great, eh guys?

... the Canadian 'eh' thrown in with the Polish! Outside the window, flowers bloom, while against the clear blue sky, a flock of pigeons rises. And so the story ends, as music is born and a new branch in the family tree blossoms in this, its first spring.

ROLL CREDITS ...