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N (Io e Napoleone)

By Francesco Bruni

NAPOLEON EXILED:

TO THE ISLAND OF ELBA

Portoferraio March 4o 1814.

Same dream again.

The foulo bloodthirsty beast
is reigning over the island...

that's been reduced
to a heap of corpses...

and I kill him!

Good morningo Master Martino.

Your sister ordered me
to bring you breakfast...

Good morning, Master Martino.

Your sister ordered me...

Good morning, Master Martino.

I wonder about the recondite meaningo
perhaps a sign of fate...

- What is it?

- Your sister...

I'm not hungry!

- Ordered me...

- Take it away.

Which draws me to...

- To bring you breakfast. Good morning.

- Did you hear me?

- Yes.

- Well?

Yes.

Close the door.

Which draws me to the object
of my sacred hate.

Martino, you'll be late for class!

Why are you standing around?

Bring him breakfast...

- and help me with the mattresses.

- Yes.

Dunce, I'll come back
with the hatchet!

Sir Ferrante,

he said he isn't hungry...

I'm going to give
your sister a hand.

- What did she say?

- I don't know.

Mad.

NAPOLEON AND ME:

Good morning.

Hello.

- Good morning, how are you

- Fine, thanks.

- Good morning, buy something.

- I'll be right back.

- Good morning, Professor.

- Good morning.

Come on, come on!

So, the arrogant,
reactionary ogre...

asked Buchettino:

"How did you climb up there?"

Buchettino,

who was a free spirit...

responded... colon...

open quotation marks.

"I'd be a dullard to tell you!

You'd climb up here and eat me."

Close quotation marks.

- Pietro, bring me that paper.

- Me?

Yes, come here. Let me see.

- But I didn't do it.

- What is this?

The Army of Elba, he said so.

Bruno, who might this be?

- Our new king, sir.

- Since when do we have a king?

Napoleon will become king of Elba!

Napoleon?

For your information...

Napoleon is coming here in exile!

From the Latin word exilium...

which means, out of the city.

He was thrown out

because he's a scoundrel...

and thus, will be tried

and executed.

He deserves any death he gets.

- Why, Ferruccio?

- He's an arrogant reactionary.

Like the ogre of Buchettino, worse!

Marcellino!

- Because he's a dunce!

- Yes! You.

He's a lump of poo.

- Yes!

- He's a son of a gun!

- You.

- Son of a pig!

- You.

- Piece of poo!

- You.

- He's a fart!

- You.

- Piece of shit!

Worse! He's a traitor, tyrant,
and assassin.

An assassin who killed
thousands of young people.

In one single battle,
Imagine our island deserted.

Everybody dead.

King my foot,
he'll get the reception he deserves...

he'll be booed!

Rotten cauliflower in his face!

Dead cats and rotten onions!

Good morning, sir.

I warned you, Master Papucci...

leave your political ideas
outside the classroom.

- Are you unable to do that?

- It's painfully difficult.

I don't intend to make you suffer,
Master Papucci...

so go outside with your ideas
and say goodbye to your pupils...
who are no longer.

- Pupils?

- Yours!

Leave. You can leave now.

Forever?

In aeternis.
Okay.
I thank you.
Dear children...
goodbye.
Remember, rotten onions!
Now, children, hands folded.
"Salve regina,
mater misericordiae..."
Come, Uncle Egisto
will introduce you to His Majesty.
May 18o 1814o
the scoundrel has arrived.
At dawno
the English ship "Undaunted"...
anchored off the coast
of Bagnaia...
he set foot on the island
this morning.
I tooo wanted to look at his face...
so I joined the crowd of fools
who welcomed him...
with the blessing
of Mayor Egisto Lonzi Tognarini...
Grand Knight of Peckers.
Welcomeo Your Majesty.
I barely caught sight
of his grimace...
more foul than how it has been depicted
by ass-kissing painters.
The crowd is enthusiastic
about something worse than them...
this places more blame on he
who charms and captivates them.
The more they venerate
that bloodthirsty being...
the more I hate him.
Good morning.
- I said good morning.
- Good morning, Ferrante.
Most of the cargo has been loaded.
- Did you see him?
- No, I was busy.
Are you ready?

Brother, I'm confused.
Are you setting sail or not?
They should have cut off
his head...
but instead they make him
our sovereign.
What does that have to do
with your departure?
You're mixing work and politics.
Tell me why! I'm an imbecile!
I consider it philosophically
correct, ethical!
Politics at the expense of others...
removes you from duties
and real life, which is elsewhere.
Elsewhere, in the shop?
You lost your job, you surround
yourself with faded books...
containing no trace of reality.
- Let go of my arm!
- Answer me, are you setting sail?
Is that a question or an order?
If it's an order, let it be clear
that I take orders from no one.
Understand?
Holy Mary...
Quietly!
- Careful!
- It's your brother's lunch.
Room service! Absurd!
Careful!
- Sorry.
- He's so lazy.
plus these bales of buckwheat.
When your brother's ready,
they'll set sail.
Martino won't go.
You must go, Oreste.
I know your wife is ill...
My daughter gives birth
at the end of the month.
- May I speak to you?
- Quiet!
So, it isn't possible?

Master, if you command me...
If you command him...
You be quiet!
Go on, I'll see you at the pier.
So I'll have to set sail,
with all the things I have to do!
Try to understand, I want to stay
and see what Napoleon does.
Are you fighting?
Diamantina, your brother won't leave
because he hates Napoleon.
- Yes.
- I hate him too...
but what does that matter?
I don't feel like leaving
for three months.
I feel uneasy and wary,
I don't know why.
Marseilles, Genoa, Barcelona,
Gibraltar, Lisbon!
- Some people would pay to do it.
- Exactly!
Don't you want to be a writer?
New worlds, customs, traditions.
A writer mustn't go
dawdling around...
he must be the eyes and voice
of his country.
I must stay here
and see what that scoundrel does...
and bear witness to it.
Uneasy and wary my foot,
I know why you don't want to leave!
What do you know?
That old, foul,
Miss Big Buns is back.
- Quiet, you idiot!
- I'll speak when I please.
You're no Jacobin,
you're just the Countess's plaything...
and she's a whore!
What are you saying, you idiot!
- She's a Baroness, not a Countess.
- She's not a whore!

How dare you, you spinster!

- How dare you?

- How you dare!

Don't you dare touch your sister!

Dreadful rats!

- You're nothing but beasts!

- What did I do?

So?

Truce! Truce!

- Truce!

- Truce! Truce!

- Shame on us, we're siblings.

- We're shameful!

What did dad say before he died?

- I know.

- Let's say it again.

- "Be a mother to him".

- "Be a father to him".

Both.

- We love you...

- Yes.

That's why we tell you
to not lock yourself in your room...

acting as if you were

Dante Alighieri and we were...

- Two lumps of sod!

- Yes.

Now be good, go pack,
and set sail.

No.

- Mirella?

- Yes.

Put all his things in a sack...
and place it outside
because I am leaving...

but you're not staying
in this house, get out!

- Ferrante...

- Don't Ferrante me!

Do as he says, actually...

I'll do it myself.

Farewell!

Ferrante...

Martino...

What a mess!
Don't go.
- Stop crying.
- I'm not crying!
Don't make things worse.
- I'm not crying!
- That's the way.
Let's go!
Farewell, brother.
Goodbye! I'll miss you.
Forgive me.
Hurry up!
Prepare yourselves!
Arms to the right.
Arms to the left.
- Good morning, master teacher.
- Alas, I'm no longer a teacher.
Good morning anyway.
Emilia?
Emilia?
- Mr. Martino.
- Is Madam in her room?
In an impossible mood!
Notary Baccelli
and Councilor Mainardi are here.
- She used unkind words with us.
- Bad words!
- You might want to return later.
- Excuse me.
Not again? Please!
That sea voyage was a nightmare,
I was sick to my stomach.
My grandmother used to say...
"For us residents of Citta di Castello,
the sea gives us rotgut."
I don't want to see anyone,
you handle everything.
I'll leave the tray and be off.
Oh my!
Oh my!
I can't believe it's you!
Welcome back.
- Are you angry with me?
- Why?

I didn't inform you I had arrived.
But I'm glad you're here,
I have something to tell you.
Me too.

- I came to say I accept.

- What?

Your proposal
that I move in with you.

- What?

- Remember? Emilia?

You said I could tend the garden
and library...
even in your absence.

Emilia?

- I accept.

- Right, I did propose that.

- Will you help me?

- You don't seem happy.

The only thing I like
about this empire is the style...
Iofly petticoat
that hides the hips and rear...
while the cupolas are on display
for admirers.

What did you want to tell me?

You're so precious
with that prickly beard.

What did you have to tell me?

My dear Martino,
we can no longer see each other...
we simply can't.

Why?

When a relationship is over,
it's over.

Over?

I'm sorry for throwing cold water
on your flames.

She's arrived,
I'll go there and say I love her...
we'll roll around on the bed
and meet again in 15 days.

Emilia!

I liked it as much as you did.

"He arrives, reads me his poetry

of rhymed couplets...
we'll kiss each other all over...
then I'll return
to my 80-year-old...
asinine Bourbon husband in Naples".

- Martino?

- Yes.

Come here.

Here I am.

We're selling it all:

Villa, farm, and mines.

- Selling, when?

- Now, right now.

The Mayor of Porto Longone,

who now goes by Maire...

is buying on behalf of His Majesty.

For him,

small Napoleon is a big deal.

- Another sign?

- Sign of what?

- Nothing.

- Come on, smile!

Don't make that gloomy face

or I'll become sad.

- Shall we toast with champagne?

- At this hour?

- I never expected this.

- I'm sorry.

I'll call for some champagne.

Pascalina?

So for you, I'm just...

A fortnightly whim?

A fortnightly whim... that's right.

Since you're kind and good,

you'd suffer if I suffered?

- Of course.

- Sure.

Don't bother suffering,

I think the same thing you do.

Goodness, what do I think?

For serious reasons,

I too must say farewell forever.

Goodbye!

- You called?

- Get out! Now!
- Sincerity is wonderfulo Martino!
- My goodness.
I agree.?
- Pig!
- Are you mad?
You sure seized the opportunity!
Your false,
cowardly, petty sincerity!
- And yours?
- A pitiful lie.
Actually, a pathetic lie, for me!
How humiliating!
Emilia?
- Leave!
- Let's be clear.
What's there to clarify, Casinoski?
I had a Russian servant whom I called
Cretinoski, he liked it.
I know.
What's there to clarify,
you're 19 and I'm 40!
I'm 21!

I thought:

will droop and he'll leave me...
then what'll I do, kill myself?
I'll leave him so I won't suffer."
Next year my foot,
you were already planning it!
There are people waiting for me.
"O goddess,
with time thou hast fled away...
to grievous memories
abandoning me...
and to a future
faced with blinding fear."
I'll sleep here.
Does anyone mind if I sleep here?
I'll sleep here.
It's nice.
"Hear ye, hear ye, on this day...
the Great Knight
Maire Egisto Lonzi Tognarini...

summons Master Martino Papucci...
to present himself expeditiously
to confer with the aforementioned...
at the Town Hall of Portoferraio."

Are you Master Papucci?

Cosimo Bartolini, are you deranged?

Who do you think I am?

I was appointed herald,

I'm just following the rules.

- The Mayor awaits you.

- The Mayor?

Is it true your brother set sail
because you wouldn't go?

- Mind your own business.

- I asked your sister.

Now that Ferrante's at sea
and you've been kicked out...

Diamantina is alone,
so can I court her?

I've always been fond of her.

Be the personal librarian
and secretary of Napoleon?

His Majesty seeks
a man of letters...

he can dictate his reflections to.

The Mayor suggested my brother?

The pay is rather lavish...

there's also the privilege of being
in His Majesty's presence daily.

You don't know Martino,
he'd rather...

- Found him, may we see the Mayor?

- Martino?

- Here he is.

- Come along.

- Please.

- Monsieur le Maire, Master Papucci.

Come on in, please.

Sir Mayor, I'll wait right here.

Dearest Diamantina, see?

- My goodness.

- The Mayor and I are friends.

Who would've guessed?

It's the right moment...

we're a state with an Emperor
as king, we're set.
Hence, time to start a family...
What are you saying?
If I weren't me and they asked me...
"What do you think of Diamantina
and Cosimo together?"

I'd say:

Great match!"
For what?
At the St. Anna feast, we danced...
and I stepped on your gown,
you said, I remember it well...
"Damn you, may you die!"
- So?
- You weren't indifferent toward me.
Very, very...
yes, very good.
Let's go give the good news
to Monsieur Drouot.
- General?
- Yes.
Master Papucci accepts
with great honor.
Really? Well, welcome on board.
I thank you,
for this fortuitous occasion.
As you see,
Elba has more than miners...
fishermen and farmers.
You'll begin tomorrow, you may go.
- General?
- Goodbye.
- Martino, wait.
- Excuse me.
Now, let's take care of...
Wait!
- You said yes?
- So what?
- Aren't you coming home?
- I was thrown out.
Martino...
Woe is me...

I remember when we were tots...
you threw a rock at my nose,
I still have the bump.
It was then I realized
we were made for each other.
Good, don't respond hastily...
important decisions
must be pondered long and hard.
What a woman!
Maestro Fontanelli?
Argus, where is your master?
He translates Shakespeare!
Well...
Maestro?
- Maestro, how are you?
- It's been so long!
- I must speak to you.
- We'll have crudites with oil.
Jacopo kills himself...
for believing
Napoleon would free Italy.
I think Jacopo
should've killed him...
the paladin of liberty
turned despot and assassin.
Are we correcting books?
Changing endings?
Change the title too: "The Second
to Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis".
Martino!
You seem troubled, what happened?
You were thrown out of your home,
fired from work...
you dream of killing Napoleon.
What did you come to tell me?
Troubled?
My recurring dream
he gets sent here of all places...
- and finally...
- Finally what?
My date of birth,
September 9th...
is the same as Harmodius's,
the assassin of the tyrant Hipparchus...

you pointed it out to me.
Harmodius! Come now!
Do not laugh, these are
unmistakable signs from destiny...
the gods are trying
to tell me something...
If gods did exist,
do you think they'd waste time...
sending signs to Martino Papucci
of Portoferraio?
Your head is full
of harebrained ideas.
You're the one who put them there!
You must not only love liberty,
but also your fellow man...
whoever he may be,
or else anyone could say...
"Since I love liberty,
I'll kill anybody I want to."
It sounds like
you've changed your ideas.
Explain this rubbish to me, reason.
Death to the tyrant...
you once approved of this thought.
Thoughts are thought,
it's not obligatory to act on facts.
Damn it!
I'm amazed at you,
you were in Paris in '89...
you lost a son,
a volunteer soldier, in Marengo...
he has no tomb
for you to weep upon.
How dare you say such things,
you beast!
You think I'm bursting with pride...
because the Emperor
is honoring us with his presence?
Think what you will,
you break my heart but I don't care.
You've lived twenty years,
which isn't enough...
to toss them upon the heap
of other corpses who died in vain.

Go back to your family
and be at peace.

- The door is there, leave!
- Alright.
- You've truly disappointed me.
- Out! Out!

Is that you? You startled me!

I came to get some books.

Wait!

Please, don't leave me alone!

Don't leave me alone.

- Why are you crying?
- You always leave me here alone.

My dear sistero

my faraway brother...

father was right.

You were more than a mother
and father for me.

But for youo I was never a son
or affectionate brother.

Destiny has handed me
a more burdensome task...

which you'll learn of
upon reading these words.

I don't expect your forgivenessso
but I beg you for mercy.

You're here, good thing!

I'm leaving.

- Good day.
- Farewell.

That which led to such a firm
decision for a nature like mine...

which never shined
because of this...

was the disdain
for his ominous undertakings...

for the bloodbath
he dragged Europe through...

for having imposed
his hideous persona...

upon each of us
to venerate or hate.

Furthermore for the Italian
patriots he betrayed.

Henceo for all of this...
I raise a castigatory hand
to obliterate him.
What pretty words,
I don't understand a thing!
As for your childreno
which I hope you'll have someday...
I beg you to tell them their uncle
immolated himself for their freedom.
With loveo your brother Martino.
Yes, "immaculated",
like the Virgin Mary.
Not immaculated, immolated.
Luigina, what does obliterate
and castigatory mean?
I have no time for such things.
Good morning.
I am Martino Papucci.
- Sir, follow me, please.
- Excuse me, sir.
This way.
His Majesty
is very anxious to meet you.
Come on.
Please, this is the new librarian,
Martino Papucci.
Search him.
That's not necessary.
He's only the librarian.
Go in.
Please.
- I'm only the librarian.
- True.
I am Martino Papucci,
kindly announce my presence.
Please, announce my presence.
You've been announced, lad.
You are requested to reorganize
documents and memos...
by era and topic...
and to transcribe reflections.
It's a tranquil task
I will carry out with pleasure...
with your help, Marchino.

Martino.

- Nice name.

- Thank you.

Always have pen and paper in hand.

You look at me?

Is there something excessive?

Is there something missing?

Speak.

More paunch, less hair?

Eyes... do I still have eagle eyes?

Between you and me...

I don't believe

I ever had eagle eyes.

Enough!

In the morning, I will tend
to useless and important issues.

In the afternoon,
we will work here each day.

It's past noon and I am hungry.

Are you?

Please, lemonade!

Lemon stimulates the appetite
and stops water from fermenting.

Hence, the abdomen doesn't swell.

- Leave now.

- Yes.

Martino is my name!

I even took off my hat!

Would you announce me?

Idiot!

Moron!

Imbecile!

He didn't "oblisterate"
or immolate himself, thank you!

Dish of the day, please.

Today we have macaroni
with sausage and broccoli...

a delicious dish!

- Well?

- What?

- Did you see him?

- Who?

Him! What's he like?

- What do you think he's like?

- Did you speak to him?

Seems he wants

a troop of guards from Elba.

Put in a good word for me...

No need to, he'll enlist anyone,
elderly and children.

There'll be lots of work...

he wants to build

a breakwater barrier.

He'll bring public lighting,
garbage collection.

Since we're becoming
an imperial power...

we'll have to put on airs.

- Bravo.

- That's right.

Imperial power?

What are we, England?

That's an island too!

You'll see how much money...

traffic and commerce come our way.

- It's a miracle!

- A miracle in Elba.

- Not eating?

- I lost my appetite.

It's so delicious.

- What happened?

- He's getting too big for his boots!

That's right.

Where is it?

Diamantina?

Diamantina?

- Yes?

- Where's the key to my desk drawer?

I don't know.

You're obsessed

with being the key master!

I said I don't know.

Why don't you look for it?

You're always trying to take care
of everything.

- What did he say?

- I didn't fully understand...

Why doesn't that path

follow the coastline?
Well actually...
it's always been that way.
Perhaps because
the terrain below is rocky...
while up here it's smooth.
We'll blast through the rock,
ever heard of black powder?
We'll straighten out the path.
Pure genius!
Genial! Genial!
It'll take half a day less
to go from Portoferraio to Marciana.
- Extraordinary.
- Extraordinary.
- How come you never thought of that?
- That's right.
We never thought of that...
Inspector, architect, surveyor...
- descend...
- Yes, sir.
- Observe...
- observe...
- measure...
- measure...
and straighten the path!
On the double!
Aren't you going?
Your Majesty,
I'll dash right down there!
Hey, wait for me.
There, got it!
If it were clearer
I'd be able to see the coast.
Corsica.
My brothers and I would hunt
for seashells...
to give to mother.
Careful, step away from there...
this wind is dangerous.
I was looking for a pencil.
It's true, our only happy moments
are from childhood...
but recalling them is sad.

The day we lose our passion
for seashells...
a passion for ourselves sets in...
which leads us toward vanity...
until death.

Today's compendium?

- Compendium?
- Read me what I said.
- "Blast through the rock..."
- No, my thoughts!

"A throne is nothing
but a velvet adorned platform."

Next one.

"France will always be
a great nation.

What else?

Those who have intense
and constant will, always succeed."

Enough. Thank you.

What's going on?

Majesty, there's a crowd.

The road is blocked...

- we'll clear the way.
- Alright.

It's market day.

The market!

Let us go to the market too.

Come, Martino.

Long live Napoleon,
you're number one!
You blow them all away!

Thank you.

- May I?
- Be my guest!

In France we call this "renette".

How much is it?

- Two silver coins for a case.
- So expensive.

For you, they're free.
For him, they're free.
He's Napoleon!
Down with the English,
long live Napoleon!
Look at the eyes of these people.

They see the reflection
of themselves...
and their desire to be uplifted.
To sum up,
has Napoleon chosen the multitudes...
or have the multitudes
chosen Napoleon?

- Well?

- He doesn't want to eat.

- Open up.

- Leave me alone.

You used to despise him,
now you spend all day with him...
and you treat your family
like strangers.

Fine, starve yourself!

What is happening to me?

I hesitate and waste opportunities...
now even my objects are missing.

It's as if the gods
after having incited me...

now enjoy cluttering my course
with obstacles.

Or perhaps

they are testing my will.

I can do it...

Dear Mary! Martino!

Or perhaps they

want to choose the moment...

I must merely be prepared
to receive another sign...

this time it'll be unequivocal
and definitive.

You come along too, lad.

- Where are we going?

- To Pianosa...

reconnaissance and boar hunting.

I think the wind will help us.

Grab the pans, dried codfish,
and onion stew.

Trackers and hunters this way!

Beloved Majesty, notre soleil!

Notary Bonci Baccelli,

historic leader of Elba's hunters.

I yearn for your command!
Let us go.
Let us go.
Your Majesty used to come here
with your esteemed father.
Sadly, it's true.
Our only happy moments
are from childhood...
but recalling them is sad...
because a passion for ourselves
has set in...
which leads us toward vanity...
until death.
That's the meaning of life
in a nutshell.
I'm speechless!
In position for hunting.
On our way, mouths sealed
because boars have keen ears.
As if the boars
are waiting for him!
Two rifles are weighing you down,
give me one.
Thank you.
Isn't that better?
In position.
Let the hunting begin,
unleash the hounds.
If you ask me,
there's something brewing.
- The boars are approaching?
- No way!
The other night
they had us unload a sailboat...
five heavy coffers,
I think they were full of money.
Yes.
They were taken away on wagon
in the night.
I bet they're part of a secret plan
against the English.
Weapons?
There's never been
so much boat traffic...

day and night, as you've noticed.

I have.

I'll go take a look.

Beware of vipers.

Why are you here?

Boars...

There are no boars.

There are no boars.

Positions are there.

- The boars are down there.

- Down there.

If there are any.

The hunt is over.

It's over.

- I'd better take the rifle.

Yes.

Because...

It's beyond meo Your Majesty...

there's usually

an abundance of game here.

At least we got some fresh air,

worked up an appetite.

Aren't you hungry?

I command the troops

to attack the dried codfish.

How funny!

Your Supremacy,

we nominate you honoris causa...

one of us, a rough and tough Tuscan

of the woods and coast.

Hurray!

If Your Supremacy consents,

I'll recite my lyrical poem

about our passion for stomping turf

and hunting game.

- It's lovely.

- Let's start.

"At every minute of the day,

with fervent hearts we make our way...

one eye open, the other closed,

finger on the trigger we are posed...

with attentive ears we prowl,

to hear the boar's growl.

- When suddenly..."

- Short, but effective. Bravo.
- You should write more, let's eat.
- Thank you.
Let's eat.
- He liked it!
- Very much!
Majesty, it's unbelievable,
terrible...
the boars ate evetything.
Nothing works on this damn island!
The bread, salami,
cheese, galantine!
While you were up there,
in one second they came...
Shoot him!
Then we'll roast and eat him.
He was kidding!
He's so funny he slays me!
Lovely...
we're snacking together.
How odd, we attribute grace
to the sparrow...
and fierceness to the lion...
yet they both devour live beings,
insects or lambs.
What's the difference?
Are you not writing?
Should I write that the sparrow
is as cruel as a lion?
If you don't mind.
You were speaking
of fallen soldiers.
The two themes are connected.
Nature says the strongest
overcome the weakest. So...
Write...
During the crucial point of a battle,
he who uses unexpected artillery...
is sure to win...
with no worries of fallen soldiers.
What is it?
How is that possible?
I just told you.
Position the troops

so they're easily gathered.
How is it possible to not worry
about fallen soldiers?
How is it possible to not worry
about fallen soldiers?
War can be written about,
it can't be waged as it's written.
What impedes us from considering
war and death one in the same?
Fear! It obliges us
to think about victory.
Woe is you if you write that.
You cannot imagine the pride...
and desperate joy
of the many people I saw die.
- Thousands of people!
- I know!
Don't meddle in my anguish...
stupid boy, how dare you!
Everything's fine, thank you Ali.
I'm sorry...
but I can't bear hearing you
apply arithmetic...
to my pain.
Tell Marchand to bring some cognac.
Have you forgiven me?
Of course! Yes, yes.
I've heard some rumors about you...
about our little teacher...
- You rascal!
- The Baroness...
- Can I serve you?
- Sure.
I hear she's rather beautiful.
- Cheers.
- Cheers.
We're friends...
I have the honor of her friendship.
You're quite the gentleman too.
So you're a master in the classroom
and in the bed.
His mother and sister Paolina
are here too.
- They're so stylish.

- It's true.

Silence.

Mr. Papucci?

Mr. Papucci?

This is for you, it's urgent.

We could go eat

some fritters with sugar.

Enough, don't overdo it.

- Be happy that you took me to mass.

- Alright.

Where's that madman going?

Martino?

- Some biscuits and sweet wine, why not?

- Stop it.

Where is she?

Hello.

- What a surprise!

- I couldn't resist.

I just disembarked,

I wanted to see your home.

Since I can't see you anymore,

I can picture you in your settings...

in your bed...

with your books, toy soldiers...

your wooden top!

With your rag bear, how sweet!

- What's its name?

- I didn't even know I had that.

- May I keep it?

- Go ahead.

Thank you.

I'll call it Martino.

The cordial you requested.

Thank you.

You may leave, dear.

- Close the door.

- Yes, sir.

Sweet thing, she's in love with you.

- Who?

- The servant, didn't you notice?

Mirella? Oh, please!

Listen to what

I'm forced to hear and write...

"In war the best calculation

of genius is audacity.
An army is a sword
with glory as its hilt."
- Read, it's amusing.
- I hear he's fond of you.
That's absurd, I hate him.

This is sweet:

acted out by two people".
He's a true expert
of the human psyche...
not just a bloodthirsty strategist...
he's also an expert of medicine,
naval engineering...
and noodle soup.

Let's act out this folly,
me and you.

Make love?

Yes.

What's going on here?

- Madam surprised me.

- Good evening.

Good evening.

A surprise? You surprised me!

- What manners!

- I could say the same for you!

How dare you barge
into someone's room?

Someone who?

Dear Madam,

I'm the lady of the house.

You're a rather boorish
lady of the house.

That's true.

- You're a harlot!

- It's better than being a spinster!

Who, me? I'm betrothed.

- To whom?

- To whomever I want.

To him!

Cosimo Bartolini?

- But I thought that...

- I changed my mind.

He's not a winner,

but most men aren't.

Especially once
you've married them.

- Thank you.

- You should see my husband...

- Why?

- We even hit each other once.

He wanted his mother's portrait
above the bed...

she looks like a witch!

Dearest Diamantina...

excuse me, I'm thrilled
about the news you just gave me.

Simmer down,

the Baroness was talking...

go wait downstairs.

Sure, we'll talk

about our matters after.

Downstairs, you half-witted dope!

Take a seat.

- You were saying about your husband?

- He's never acted his age...

he's 80, remove the zero

and he's 8.

His mother still makes him soup
and feeds him.

- Horrific! Why not leave him?

- And eat bread and flies?

Better a poor husband,

you can leave him with no regrets.

Or even a young handsome one

like Martino.

It's true.

But it's too late for me now,

I'm old.

You're a rosebud!

You've lost weight too.

Out of sadness, seeing my home

half-empty like that...

They've removed

most of my furniture.

Enough whining, I'll leave now.

Why don't you stay the night?

I was invited to stay

with Count Pallavicino.

Head to Marciana at this hour,

no such thing!

The sheets are fresh

and the bed is big enough.

- Thank you.

- No, thank you!

I'm honored to have made

your acquaintance.

My respects.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Martino, behave with the Baroness now.

- Go away.

Why are you here?

I was waiting for that chat

people have...

when they make important decisions.

Move it, you half-wit pinhead!

Will you help me?

Yes. Yes.

Kiss me, this is our last time.

Last time.

This and this.

Will the Baroness be needing this?

Take it just in case.

- Want a hand?

- No, thank you.

Why are you still here?

Go away! Please go away.

I'll take them inside.

Don't worry, I won't tell anyone.

Thank you.

You have to hold tight.

Careful with the painting of Baron

Mimi and his beloved mother.

Okay, alright.

Pascalina, hurry we're shivering!

Do you know Martino and I

are no longer together?

Stop it.

When I go back to Naples,

we'll never see each other again.

Stop it.

Isn't he delightful?

Too bad he's always cross.

- Do you know why?

- Enough!

Because he despises Napoleon.

- Enough, what does she care?

- She cares and how!

Pascalina is Corsican,
she was the Bonaparte's servant.

What can I say?

I loved him like a son.

Sit down,

tell us what he was like as a child.

What was he like?

A lad who was obedient, kind...
and very sad.

Many a night

I woke up to console him...

because he cried in his sleep.

- How old was he?

- Nine, ten.

But through the years,
he didn't change.

When his father, hoping
to be forgiven by the French...
for having supported
independence...

decided to send him
to military school in Paris...
he was devastated.

He was 16...

he didn't want to go!

He was afraid

of moving to another land.

He was ashamed

he spoke French so poorly.

Poor thing!

I'll bring more water.

Blockhead!

Piece of shit!

Martino!

- What happened?

- A disaster.

Bastard, how can you say such a thing

with that idiotic face!

- Not the onions!

- With the onions.

- Diamantina, what happened?

- Ferrante was shipwrecked.

We don't know that,

I just relayed the news.

With that moronic smile!

"There was a tragic, violent storm...

hope Ferrante's all right."

- He was laughing!

- I didn't want to alarm you.

- I'm sure they're not all dead.

- Shut up, idiot!

- Miserable!

- Not the codfish!

- Miserable! Idiot!

- Easy with the dried codfish!

- Relax.

- That man...

Everything is fine.

That man brought a curse

upon this island.

- Me?

- I'm talking about N.

- N?

- I don't even want to say his name.

Who gave you the news?

Sailors from Livorno

who arrived this morning...

they found the Santa Marina

dismasted near Majorca...

the lifeboat was gone...

I just relayed the news.

- Laughing!

- I wasn't laughing!

One disgrace after another,

now Mirella too...

Why? What does Mirella do?

She doesn't want to stay here,

she left for her grandmother's...

this morning at dawn.

- Why?

- How should I know?

Calm down.

- Calm down.

- Poor Ferrante! I wonder what happened.

What?

It's my fault,

I should've left instead of him.

- It would've been the same.

- Exactly...

- See, he's laughing! He's laughing!

- No!

I'm trying to lift your spirits,
turtledove.

Now that we're engaged,

I feel responsible for you.

Engaged my foot,

the turtledove is dead!

I've changed my mind.

Laugh now you moron!

She dumped me?

She dumped me!

Goodness, my heart...

- No, no, no.

- Sorry.

Carry on.

I'd better not, I'll ruin it.

How proud I was

when they told me...

Beethoven composed it for me.

- Actually...

- I know!

Then he changed his mind,

like many did.

Many...

Write it down.

What?

Napoleon cries.

Write that?

Yes, son, we'll let everybody know!

Write...

On January 23, 1815...

Napoleon Bonaparte

declares himself...

reformed, remorseful...

no, repentant, write repentant

and that's that.

Don't write that's that.

Alright.

You bring out the sincerity in me.

- Ad posteritati notum 'facere'.

- Facere.

Right! Facere.

Latin rouses the anguish

of my days in military school.

There's a notebook

in the secretaire.

Thank you.

"I'm always surrounded by men...

I abandon myself...

to the impetus of my dolefulness.

Which way is it facing?

Toward death."

Toward death!

I was 17 and I wanted to die.

I was hateful!

I was ridiculous

with my Corsican accent.

I hated them all.

I hated France.

- I should write this.

- Yes! No...

No, write:

"I wasn't fond of France".

No, no, no.

I'm hungry, let's have a snack.

Marchand? Snaks!

Damn!

Am I still the traitor

Beethoven repudiated his love for...

even though I'm now convinced

he was right?

Sit down.

Doesn't repentance count?

Should it be content with itself?

I can tell you're thinking

something.

Say it.

You can't expect repentance

to be rewarded immediately.

That is true...

my friend.

- Aren't you hungry?

- No.

Watch.

Sorry.

Alright. Thank you.

I guess his Majesty would like to attend another concert this evening.

Please, Campbell.

Please.

I adore my guardian!

Colonel Campbell, I adore him!

- Grab today's work.

- Yes, sir.

I heard about your brother...

I had a message sent

to all the harbor offices.

Thank you!

Everything will be fine.

I hope so.

- I'll write a few words to my wife.

- Yes.

I have a wife

and a three-year-old son.

I'd like my son here, not her.

He's beautiful and blond.

I wonder what language he speaks,

French or German?

See you tomorrow, Majesty.

What is it?

I thought I saw...

What is it? Who's there?

- Come on!

- Alert!

- Alert!

- Alert!

What were you going to do?

Murder! Murder!?

Let's take him.?

Call all guards!?

Come on, don't do that.

Don't think about it.

I'm sorry, Emilia.
I got him arrested.
Martino.
My teacher!
Damn me!
Madame? We have a visitor...
My God.
My friend!
I was searching for you.
- Ali told me.
- A gift for you.
It's only mother of pearl, but it's
worth more than what you saved...
this old shell of a king.
Heavens!
I come bearing trinkets
in a home which contains a treasure!
Please excuse the invasion...
it's an old habit of mine...
I'm honored by your presence.
- Majesty?
- Yes.
I know the person
you had arrested.
I know...
and I know you care for him.
He's an exceptional person.
- He lost his son in...
- Marengo, I know.
What will you do to him?
Poor thing,
what will they do to him?
Nothing. The war is over.
No more death, no more blood.
- Am I right?
- Yes, Majesty.
Thank you.
My God.
How are you?
Fine, thank God!
I never stopped thinking about you.
Dearest Pascalina...
you've always been in my heart.
What honor.

Ferrante!

Ferrante!

Easy there!

We were so worried about you!

You crushed me!

Big brother!

- Little brother.

- You stink...

but you look nice with a beard.

Let's go home.

Dearest Ferrante,

we were all so concerned!

- Bartolini, why the kisses?

- We're family now, tell him.

Now's not the time!

- Alright.

- Let's go home.

- Can I carry your bag?

- You'll carry nothing.

- What's this about "we're family"?

- Tell you later.

- It's not set in stone!

- I'll lead the way, enter.

At one point,

we see a brig pass by...

we get up and shout out "help"!

Nothing, we were on our last legs.

When we'd lost hope,

they turned back and came to get us.

We were elated,

but we get on board and...

They were pirates!

The same thing happened

to my mother's uncle!

They sent us below deck, four days

and nights of bread and water...

we arrive in Algiers. You should see

how nice it is, Martino.

Nice!

Even if it was terrifying,

they took us to the medina...

and sold us to a merchant,

Mustafa...

a good man!

He made us unload bales
of fabric day and night...
but we ate well together...
there were musicians and dancers...
what beauties...
The famous bayadere beauties, right?
- Would you shut up!
- I'll shut up.
- Who decided he's family now?
- It's not set in stone.
Brother, an experience
worth writing a book about.
- Write!
- I learned lots of Arabic words.
It means "My love, I love you."
What were you up to?
Shut up,
you've never even been there!
What's going on outside?
Everybody's running toward
the fortress.
In positions!?
Present arms!?
Brogi?
Falaschi?
Foresi?
The son of Beppe the miller.
- What's your name?
- Lucianino, Maestro sir.
- Stop it.
- That's right.
Aren't you ashamed?
- The condemned cannot speak.
- Silence! Shut up!
- He told us to be ashamed.
- Shut up!
You start off as bootlickers
and end up assassins.
Look who's talking, Maestro,
you wanted to kill!
Don't call me Maestro!
Did I teach you to become beasts?
We shouldn't kill anyone,
not even Napoleon, he's done good!

- Silence! Shut up!
- He's a good man.
Look at the good he's done to me.
You asked for it!
I agree with him,
we shouldn't hurt people.
Tell it to those cowards.
I repeated the right ideas to you
over and over...
but you have heads
and hearts of stone.
- Stop it! Stay back!
- You shut up!
He can't speak!
You think shooting people
doesn't make us suffer?
- We do it if it's necessary!
- Get ready!
Obey your commander,
that's all you know how to do.
- Slaves!
Prepare arms! Attention!
Do as he commands, you duffers!
Shoot, you animals, you beasts!
Ass-kissers!
What are you waiting?
Shoot!
Happy now?
Maestro, did you get
what you wanted?
No!?
No!?
Damn you all!
Assassins!
Traitor!
Assassin!
Assassin! Assassin!
Death to the tyrant.
Long live freedom.
He fled...
He fled!
He fled!
Where is he?
Where is he?

Where is he?
Damn him, he pretended he'd construct
roads and buildings...
Champagne for two!
He must've slept with some whore...
Dearest Martino...
I've longed to write you every day
but never had the nerve to...
so much time has passed...
who knows how much longer
I'll have to tell you this...
I allowed myself to be conquered
by the Emperor...
because I was certain
I had conquered him.
You fell for it tooo don't deny it.
That man is conquered
by himself only.
- Enough, I'm getting soaked.
- But so am I!
You're subordinate, get soaked.
- Get off your high horse!
- He thinks he's family too...
Boss, all set,
the wagon's almost loaded.
- Go then.
- It's raining.
- So get wet.
- Can't I wait a bit?
- Go!
- I'll get sick.
After we fled from Elba...
in 100 days he formed an army...
he wono torchedo killed...
he was defeatedo
and sent to a remote island...
let's hope it's forever this time.
But meanwhileo
there were 70o000 more deaths.
The load for Porto Longone
is setting sail.
Good job.
Very well, good.
I've just finished chapter 54...

the arrival in Algiers.

- What chapter did you read up to?

- 50.

Bravo, thank you.

Last night I wrote about
when we were sold at the market.

You're blocking my flow.

Talk to me later.

Here. Martino?

Remember,

your opinion means a lot to me.

I've written 300 pages

and my head's still chock-full!

We'll make another trip

for the barrels of Aleatico wine.

You handle it,

you're good, thank you!

I'll come for the pages later.

"Suddenly, a vessel so grand
appeared before our eyes...

A grand vessel."

My Waterloo

occurred shortly after his.

If we crossed paths

you wouldn't recognize me.

I have gray hairs

and more wrinkles around my eyes.

I'll take that.

Give me him, you'll scare him.

He's mine too. Darling?

Isn't he the spitting image
of my father's uncle?

- You're sick, you half-wit.

- Look at his profile.

When I feel sado I hope

you're not as precious anymore...

my dear Martino.

I hope you've grown bald

and have a potbelly.

If you write back

I beg you to tell me it is so.

Actually there's no need to reply.

Let's forget about it and remain

what we were for each other.

Farewello Emilia.

How nice, breakfast in bed!

Thank you.

- Did you sleep well?

- He kept kicking!

You can feel him now.

He can't wait to get out.

How odd.

Where was it again?

Your sister found it
under the donkey's hay.

Odd!

I'm so happy!

Really, really happy!

GIORGIO FONTANELLI

MAESTRO AND PROFESSOR

Goodbye, Maestro.

"He felt destiny imposed
a new task upon him...
a definitive task."

"He said goodbye to his family
and left for St. Helena...
but he got there too late."

IT WAS MAY 6, 1821

"...MAN IS NOT RESPECTED

FOR HIS GARMENTS

BUT FOR HOW MANY TYRANT'S SCALPS

HE HANDLES." S.E. V RASPINI

Ripleyen:

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