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# Romanzo Criminale

By Stefano Rulli

IN THE MID 70s  
A GANG OF HOODLUMS  
SET OUT FROM THE SUBURBS  
TO CONQUER ROME.

**WHILE FOLLOWING:**

THEIR NAIVE AND TERRIBLE DREAM,  
THEY FORMED DANGEROUS ALLIANCES.  
THEY FELT IMMORTAL.

Guys, there's a PoIice bIock !

Stop !

Hang on !

Car ahead !

- I can't do it.

- To the hideout !

It hurts here.

- Think he's dead ?

- What's that ?

- Think he's dead ?

- Andrea, what's wrong ?

I see but I don't see.

Are the PoIice comin' ?

ReIax, nobody knows about this pIace.

Did you hear

the PoIice snagged Pus ?

A shitty name he's stuck with

for his whoIe shitty Iife.

That's why we shouId pick

our own names.

I Iike Grand,

as in money, which is my main desire.

CaII me UrsuIa Andress,

her boobs are my main desire !

Aren't you aIready named Dandy ?

Yeah, Iike Fred Astaire,

eatin' breakfast in a tux.

I wanna be caIIed Lebanese,

Iike this hash,

stoned 24-7 so I don't have

to see the crap around me.

- How about you ?

- Ice.

- Why ?

- Fuck you.

- That's not a name.  
- And Dandy is ?  
The PoIice ! Let's spIit !  
Wait for me !  
Let's book, or they'II catch us !  
I'm dyin'.  
HeIp, Lebanese.  
My Ieg !  
I'm dyin'.

**CRIME NOVEL:**

**LEBANESE:**

**ICE:**

**DANDY:**

**CIRO BUFFONI:**

**BONES:**

**RICOTTA:**

**BRIGHT EYE:**

**BUFFALO:**

**BLACK:**

It feIt Iike forever.  
- You grew a beard.  
- It Iooks bad ?  
No, it Iooks good.

**LEBANESE:**

I'm pIannin' a kidnapping.  
- Have you fIipped out ?  
- No, I woke up.  
- Who'II you kidnap ?  
- Baron RoseIIini.  
He's Ioaded,  
I know aII about him,  
my parents were servants  
at his house.

- The tooIs ?
- Machine-guns, revolvers, shotgun.

Dandy and Black are in.

The rest are from the street:

Ciro, BuffaIo, Ricotta...

- The ransom ?
- 5 billion Iira.
- Does he have that much ?
- He's even got 10 !

Then Iet's ask for 10.

- NicoIa SciaIoja.
- MarshaII CoIussi.
- What happened ?
- Seven people with ski masks.
- They want 10 billion in ransom.
- No joke !

Who's here ?

The dark stinks.

Who are you ?

Do I know you ?

Please !

- I don't have any money.
- Shut up, Baron !

From first page to local news  
in less than a month.

Like the kidnapppers' ransom,

- Why ''finally'' ?
- The family agreed to pay.

At least I managed to record  
the bill numbers.

- They're gonna pay 3 billion ?
- In a few days.

But they asked for a photo  
proving he's alive.

This kidnapping seems atypical.

Meaning ?

These guys are stray dogs,  
not a gang.

- Get up !
- What ? What do you want ?

Get up and shut up !

- We're gonna take a nice picture.
- No !

Hold the paper.

I have to write my daughter...

What the fuck !

You scared, Dandy ?

You scared ?

- What about the money ?

- Take his picture.

- He's dead !

- Lay him down, he'll look alive.

Let's take his picture.

- Lay him on the ground.

- Open his eyes.

- How am I gonna take the picture ?

- Stand over him.

I can't reach.

Hold his head up,

or it'll show he's on the ground.

Lower him, cover the blood.

he thought up the plan.

Here.

- That leaves...

- 1.3 billion.

You did your homework !

- 1.3 to divvy up.

- 200 million a head.

That leaves 100.

Gambin', hookers, and cocaine !

I was thinkin'...

To each his own whim, fair enough.

Dandy, you'll get a new wardrobe.

My motorcycle's kind of rusty too.

Bright Eye and Ricotta,

Ladies, cocaine...

- And you ?

- I wanna open a bar.

I'm gettin' me a Rolex.

- I'll buy a Bazooka.

- For what ?

Then the motorcycle gets rusty,

the Bazooka jams up, and the pussy

dries out from lack of flow.

I got another proposal.

then we pool the rest.

Instead of a little each,

we'll have a lot together.

- It's a great base.  
- I want my cash.  
Gimme the cash.  
What the fuck are you sayin' ?  
He's speakin' so politeLy,  
Iisten to him, then decide.  
What's this base for ?  
To own what we aII want.  
- What ?  
- Rome.  
But Rome's huge.  
Are we smaII ?  
We'II own it through drugs,  
whores, gambIin'...  
- Bernardino Scafa owns gambIin'.  
- Not after tomorrow.  
Drugs beIong to Terrible.  
We'II destroy him.  
- You forget who Terrible is ?  
- An oId man.  
- He's 40 at most.  
- He's history, it's our turn now.  
Guys are Iinin' up to join us.  
Rat used to test drugs for Terrible,  
now he's one of us.  
- Everyone'II be against us.  
- Who ruIes Rome ?  
If everyone ruIes, nobody ruIes.  
Us against everybody, I Iike that.  
- I'm in.  
- Me too.  
I don't give a shit.  
Hands off.  
You're taIkin' about a gang,  
a sociaI group, I don't dig that.  
You dig the streets though.  
Black can do what he wants.  
Lemme get this straight...  
we buy 2.5 biIIion in junk  
and peddle it.  
- Know what'II happen ?  
- A war wiII break out.  
But we'II wage war on them,  
not vice versa.

Black, can you give us a sec ?  
From now on,  
we make decisions together.  
Nobody acts on his own,  
we're partners now.  
Get out.  
- What's the deal ?  
- I say he doesn't know shit.  
I know nothin', I was in Morocco.  
We don't know shit !  
- Who's she ?  
- My gal.  
That bitch ?  
You went to Morocco ?  
Too bad, I had some Thai stuff  
for you to test.  
Damn, I sure missed you Rat !  
You're the best tester there is.  
Gemito, I said to beat him  
but you overdid it.  
Word has it  
you're workin' for the competition.  
I could understand  
if you were with a real boss,  
Cencio, The Neapolitan, Bernardino,  
or even Frenchy.  
But you're with those deadbeats  
who kidnapped RoseIIini ?  
I don't even know  
who the hell they are !  
Tell us where those fuckers are !  
- They magically disappeared ?  
- I dunno.  
- He's tickin' me off.  
- The Neapolitan's uptight.  
I don't think I can keep him calm.  
Start talkin', Rat.  
- I don't know nothin' !  
- I wanna trust you this time.  
- Can I trust you ?  
- Yeah.  
He's all yours.  
Tell those fuckfaces  
to bow down

or they're in deep shit.

- Lemme see what's happenin'.

- Careful.

What'd Ciro say ?

They're all at the Full 80,

only Gemito's missin'.

Gemito is Terrible's sidekick.

He was, until I bought him.

They have no clue

where the hell we are.

They can't figure it out.

Damn right,

they forgot where they came from,

they've become domestic pets.

But we're ferocious beasts.

- What's the worse that can happen ?

- What do you think ?

- At worst, they kill us.

- We've died a million times already.

All the times we had to say 'Yes sir'

to those who treated us like shit.

You can't kill a man twice.

Thumbs up.

Dicks up too.

- Bernardino, what are you doin' ?

- I pass.

- Well ?

- It'll be quick.

What the fuck ?

Always usin' that damn rope.

Gemito.

Gross !

What's that, the dogs ?

- Where's the light ?

- Don't turn it on.

We could kill you

just like the others,

but we wanna do business with you.

We got tons of dough,

let's make a deal.

Gemito says you're a reasonable guy.

Who are you ?

Nice dogs, what were their names ?

- What'd you do to them ?



- Are you in or out ?  
Get lost, fuck off !  
Are you cryin' ?  
You're not so Terrible after all.  
- How much you wanna invest ?  
- 2.5 billion.  
I get 75/% of the profits,  
no buts about it !  
You sell us the stuff  
with a 10/% markup, we peddle it,  
you get 30/% of the profit, we get 70.  
Say you agree.  
I agree.  
- Good boy, Terrible.  
- But Uncle Carlo might not agree.  
- Who's he ?  
- He's with the Sicilians.  
The Sicilians respect Rome,  
and they demand respect.  
If Uncle Carlo wants  
to talk to us, fine.  
Arrange a meeting.  
Mind if I take your car for a spin ?  
Killing is no big deal  
for these people.  
Rome's never seen anything like this,  
right Carenza ?  
- Can you find out more ?  
- I'll try.  
- Who's in charge at the Precinct ?  
- Commissioner Scialoja.  
- What do we know about him ?  
- Everything.  
We helped him get transferred  
from Bologna.  
But he doesn't know that.  
Stairway B, apartment 10.  
No doorman.  
Goin' to Patrizia's ?  
What's this ?  
Whipped cream cake,  
you wanted to get freaky !  
Get lost !  
- I'm expecting a client.

- Me.

- No, a Japanese guy.

- He committed hara-kiri.

Take what you want.

Hold on.

The door !

- You got a pimp ?

- Mind your own business.

- Do you ?

- One guy who tried is still in pain.

- Are you seeing anyone ?

- Get off my bed.

Come here !

You're a beauty, like a Madonna.

How much are you worth ?

- You can't afford me.

- Tell me how much you want.

- All of it.

- Then take it all.

- I wanna be with you.

- I said no pimps.

I mean a relationship.

You propose, command,

who do you think you are ?

You fuck like an animal...

- Real nice !

- Then teach me.

- Teach me.

- Here we go again.

Go shower, darling.

Wait.

She's paying.

I see.

A gun from this gambling den

also shot the tire

on Baron Rosellini's car.

We didn't have much before,

but recently, in a lingerie store,

this peculiar client

paid with the ransom money.

'Peculiar' ?

She earns more in one night

than we do in a month,

Cinzia Vallesi, stage-name Patrizia.

Expulsion orders

from Bari, Bologna, etc...

Thanks, Marshall.

She spends time with this small-time  
crook De Magistris, AKA 'Dandy'.

I think he's one

of the Baron's kidnapers.

- And the bloodshed and kidnapping ?

- They're connected to the ransom.

Whoever has this money

might have dished it out

to control gambling dens

or even the drug market.

That's quite an imagination you have

but where's the evidence ?

I can get evidence,

I just need some time.

You need time.

I need evidence.

- Just give me 20 days.

- Not one day more.

- Is he always a jerk ?

- Always.

Sit !

Real nice, Slim !

Hold on, I'm workin'.

- He's a money genius.

- Like hell !

Once we get the money,

we'll need him.

- For what ?

- To make more money.

Give him one billion,

he'll earn you 1.5 billion.

- A bitter.

- With ice ?

Sit down.

If we give you one billion,

how much can you earn us ?

- How ?

- Launder it here and abroad.

Then I reinvest some in loan sharks

the rest in Terrible's heroin.

Will Terrible get pissed off ?

Better pissed off than pissed on !  
He gave me a good tip,  
we shouldn't unload the next batch  
right away.

Nothin' in the center or suburbs.

- We'll cut it 50% instead of 35%.
- Rat's the tester anyway.

When they're all jonesing, we unload  
the junk at twice the price.

- What do you think ?
- Great.

Ciro !

My brother's here.

- I thought you got out tomorrow ?
- They messed up.

They almost made me stay a day extra.

Look who's here !

Didn't he have 3 years left ?

Keep the change.

- Look what I bought back from pawn.
- Is that mom's ?

You did it, finally !

When you left me alone

in the slammer, I wanted to die.

- Who's there ?
- That girl...

The whore, Patrizia.

- Dandy ?
- Him too.
- What'll we do ?
- Let's go.

I was thinkin' of buyin' this dump.

- What do you think ?
- Not bad.

If you fix it up, it'd be a cash cow.

- Tony !
- Good evening, Attorney.
- Nice song.
- Thanks.

Good evening.

- Who the fuck is that ?
- Attorney Vasta.

I want you to meet him, he knows  
people in the Prosecutor's office.

He looks kind of uptown.  
- I can't stand uptowners.  
- He could come in handy.  
Patrizia, aren't you gonna say hi ?  
I'm dancin'.  
See you later.  
All they talk about in the slammer  
is you, Lebanese, Dandy.  
- Thanks to your bravery.  
- You mean our desperation.  
Knock it off !  
Do you want in too ?  
I'm with you till the very end,  
you're a bro.  
Quit it !  
You talkin' to me or her ?  
- Like her ?  
- Sure do, I got out today !  
- What's your name ?  
- Loredana.  
This is an old friend of mine,  
show him a good time if you can.  
I'll bust your face !  
- Can't we be together tonight ?  
- I wanna be alone.  
Let go !  
We gotta fix this,  
right now.  
What the fuck ! Let go !  
You're hurting me.  
- I gotta pee.  
- Leave the door open.  
- So you're a perv ?  
- No, I don't trust you.  
- I'll give you my word.  
- Whose, Patrizia's or Cinzia's ?  
Go to hell !  
You like it violent ?  
- No, I'm here to talk.  
- I got nothing to say to the fuzz.  
What're you doing ?  
Stop it !  
I could arrest you.  
I didn't do anything wrong.

What do you know about Dandy ?  
I'm tired,  
I had a rough night.  
Right, your clients,  
your work.  
Men coming and going.  
Are you a sadist ?  
Do you get off  
on tormenting women ?  
- Knock it off, Cinzia.  
- Don't call me Cinzia.  
- Wanna fuck ? Call me Patrizia.  
- Fine.  
One of your clients is paying you  
with ransom money.  
The hostage is dead,  
a life sentence case.  
I bet you know who it is.  
Give me the name  
and I'll leave you alone.  
I don't know anything.  
They come and pay, that's it.  
I don't know.  
Even if I did, I wouldn't tell you.  
Who is it ?  
I can't.  
I can't, I'm with a client.  
Hold on, I'll come down.  
Is it Dandy ?  
No, even worse.  
I'm leaving.  
When you see us leave,  
get dressed and go.  
You didn't give me the name yet.  
You're wasting time,  
you won't find  
what you're looking for here.  
Well ?  
Isn't it a beauty ?  
It's on sale,  
Big enough for a brother ?  
- Fuck you !  
- Wanna work the streets forever ?  
- I don't work the streets.

- Like it ?  
We'll put it in your name,  
just come with us to the lawyer.  
- You'll give it to me ?  
- A sunk investment.  
Whatever you earn is yours.  
But no more blowjobs  
to whoever shows up at your door.  
The deal is, as of tomorrow,  
you're Dandy's gal.  
Take me home.  
We made you an offer, say yes or no.  
- What if I break the deal ?  
- That's unforeseen.  
You haven't asked me to fuck you yet,  
how come ?  
Are you fags ?  
'Cause you're just a whore.  
And if you don't knock it off,  
you'll be a dead whore.  
Lebanese asked if you want it,  
so say 'Yes, thank you.'  
Got it ?  
- Well ?  
- He said well !  
I'll shit on you.  
Motherfucker !  
- She bites like a dog.  
- Almost bit off my finger.  
Patrizia !  
- The building...  
- Fine, I accept.  
Gimme a minute.  
He's not in.  
- Where did he go ?  
- To a friend's.  
- Who might you be ?  
- Roberta.  
- Are you his girlfriend ?  
- No, I tutor him.  
- I live upstairs.  
- I'm his brother.  
Come outside.  
See how you're talkin' ?

How ?  
All prim and proper.  
That's the effect  
teachers have on you ?  
She ain't no teacher.  
What's so special about her ?  
She ain't a whore.  
- Why do we only hang with whores ?  
- People like us, from Oxford...  
We were waitin' for you.  
- She says you're a dunce.  
- That's not true.  
If you flunk again,  
I'll rip your head off.  
I won't flunk.  
What is this ?  
What the fuck is this ?  
I donated blood,  
got free coffee and croissants.  
Good deal.  
Stay away from deals.  
Got it ?  
- A new scooter.  
- For me ?  
Like it ? Go take a spin.  
- Right on !  
- Press the pedal.  
You don't know how to start it ?  
Know him ?  
Cesare Rocchi, AKA Lebanese.  
- He's your friend.  
- Friend ?  
- Don't think so.  
- What'd he do to you ?  
To me ? Nothing.  
His whole life's in here,  
he lived at Baron Roseilini's  
as a kid.  
Now he's rich  
and spends time with you.  
You want me to spy ?  
Forget it, I'm a serious person.  
Let's not call it spying,  
we'll call it 'chatting',



I'm talking with a survivor,  
that's what you are.  
A gift from a friend, it stopped.  
What a rip-off, never trust friends !  
- Why did they let you live ?  
- What time is it ?  
Just give me ten words  
and Lebanese  
will get a life sentence.  
So ?  
What do you say ?  
It's workin'.  
Rocchi, come get some air.  
My name's Carezza,  
I'm here because you risk  
a very long sentence.  
For what ? I'm innocent, unemployed.  
I live off disability payments.  
- For Roseini's kidnapping.  
- Who ?  
Roseini.  
What do you want from me ?  
A Commissioner's on your trail,  
some bills were spent by a woman  
to whom you signed over a building.  
Big trouble.  
- But I can help you.  
- Who sent you here ?  
Who are you ?  
A guard, a cop,  
who the fuck are you ?  
A guy who helps out the State  
once in a while.  
You wanna get me outta here ?  
The rest is just babbie.  
If we get busy,  
you'll be out in two weeks.  
The bills were decisive evidence.  
How'd they disappear ?  
Who cares about your internal  
investigation, Lebanese's free now.  
Fuck you !  
This car turns me on.  
Only me and the Prince of Torlonia

have one.

I drove mom to the market with it,  
everybody was starin'.

Here he is.

- Am I gettin' married ?
- Someone important's expectin' us.
- Who ?
- Uncle Carlo.
- Did you contact him ?
- He called us.

We're doin' Rome big time !

We'll juice it !

We'd like to embark  
on a joint venture.

You don't know what that is,  
it doesn't matter,

Slim can explain it to you.

You pay cash on arrival  
for the loads.

The profits are yours,  
it's a deflationary operation.

it's not easy to move it.

- Are you sure ?
- Yes, Uncle Carlo.

Does Terrible know about this offer  
you're makin' us ?

- No.
- Odd, he knows everythin'.

He knew where I was  
when they arrested me.

He wasn't always like that,  
believe me.

Now he's nothing but trouble,  
and in these cases

we say...

only the living cause trouble.

Cheers.

Come get me in half an hour.

Mind if we keep you company ?

- He didn't hear you.
- It burns.
- What'd he say ?
- I didn't get it.

Wanna smoke ?

It's late, I gotta go.

- How about you ?

- Comin'.

Bye, Terrible.

To Lebanese, this club, and us !

Dramatic news.

The Christian Democrat President,

Aldo Moro,

has been kidnapped in Rome

by terrorists.

The five agents who escorted him

are apparently all dead.

Here are the first special editions.

Contact those hotheads

we've been following.

How about the guy we released

from prison ?

You saw what happened at

the Spanish Steps, he's dangerous.

- Is he the boss ?

- Yes.

Set up a meeting and be careful.

- See, I kept my word.

- Am I supposed to thank you ?

No, but here's some advice,

next time pick a more discreet place

to resolve your matters.

- What do you need ?

- Do you read the newspapers ?

I watch TV.

- The country's at war.

- I heard.

He's the one who sprung him

from the slammer ?

I guess, looks like an accountant.

He's comin'.

- That guy creeps me out.

- We don't have to marry him.

- Did he say what he wanted ?

- He made it clear.

He said we gotta find out

where Moro is.

What ?

He said the interested party

would be grateful.

- And who's that ?

- Fuck if I know !

- Who sent him ?

- The State.

A State suit.

He knows too much about us.

Comin' in ?

If we find Moro what's in it for us ?

Right !

He said to find him first.

- The State does stuff like this ?

- Even worse.

Patrizia could help us, with all  
the government guys she sees !

We can snoop around the arms market.

The Red Brigades get weapons  
from the Russians !

No way, from the Palestinians !

My ass !

We'll use our own means.

Grab the ladies.

Police, let's see some ID.

Stand by.

- Get dressed.

- Cover yourself.

- Get out, this is my house.

- Wow, you've made progress.

You take pictures here  
and send them to the wives ?

Or is this where

you play with Dandy ?

You have no idea who comes here,  
if you even try to seize it...

- You think I'm afraid of Dandy ?

- I'm referring to your friends.

Just try to seize this place,  
you'll end up 6 feet under.

What friends ?

I'd like to give you

Down boy, I don't work anymore.

At school I only liked emperors,  
Augustus, Titus, Hadrian...

- Not me, they were crazy guys.

- But they had big ideas.  
No, they all ended badly.  
Not in wars, but for bullshit.  
Maybe that'll happen to us too.  
You think you're an emperor ?  
You got some delusions of grandeur !  
Just like everyone  
who changed history.  
- Like ?  
- Mussolini, Hitler...  
- Even Stalin.  
- Don't forget Mao Tse-Tung !  
He's a Communist but he's got balls !  
Dictators,  
what's wrong with being a dictator ?  
- I ain't down with dictators.  
- I know.  
Think I don't know you ?  
I know you better than anyone else.  
True.  
Leave a message,  
we'll call you back.  
We found the table you requested  
in the Portuguese area.  
Call me back  
and I'll give you the details.  
Where were you going ?  
To Testaccio.  
For what ?  
To tutor a boy.  
All these boys can't be good for you.  
Now what'll he do ?  
Where are we going ?  
To Ostia.  
Can we go back to Rome instead ?  
I'll take you somewhere.  
What do you do ?  
- For what ?  
- For work.  
Where do you work ?  
I own a construction company.  
- What's this ?  
- The Madonna of the Pilgrims.  
Mary is holding the baby,

showing him to the pilgrims  
who are asking for grace.  
Because Jesus  
is a symbol of salvation.  
Caravaggio added the white sheet  
as a premonitory sign,  
as if it were the shroud.  
He's telling us  
Christ will die young.  
In fact, the Madonna is sad.  
She looks proud to me.  
What ?  
The Madonna looks proud.  
Like it ?  
It's well made.  
If Caravaggio saw you,  
he would've painted you  
instead of the Madonna.  
I don't know how reliable  
the information is,  
but we have to follow any lead.  
The house where they're holding  
the President prisoner  
should be near Portuense...  
- Never mind, stop everything.  
- Why ?  
Call off the investigation.  
Very well.  
- Are you Franco Tritto ?  
- Yes, who's speaking ?  
The Red Brigades.  
We're carrying out  
the President's last wishes,  
communicating to his family  
where they can find  
the body of Aldo Moro.  
What should I do ?  
- Can you hear me ?  
- Please repeat.  
I can't repeat.  
Tell the family  
they can find  
Aldo Moro's body  
on Via Caetani.

It's the second right on  
Via deIIe Botteghe Oscure.

- Understand ?

- Yes.

You'll find a red Renault 4 there.

License plate starts with N5.

- Should I call them ?

- No, go there personally.

- I can't.

- You can't ?

- You must.

- I beg you, no !

I'm sorry, but if you call  
we wouldn't be carrying out  
his last wishes precisely.

Talk with my father, please.

These images

risk becoming repetitive,

but the cameras

are in a fixed position.

The Police removed Moro's body.

- It's me.

- What ?

- I'm goin' to Full 80, and you ?

- Stayin' home.

- Why ?

- I got stuff to do.

Shoot yourself !

Hold on.

I brought a gift

for your new place.

Let's go.

- This is Michelangelo.

- I know.

This is God's hand,

this is the hand of Adam and Eve,

and this is the hand of someone...

who loves you.

Are you sure ?

You sure you're sure ?

I'll sacrifice myself then.

- Who is it ?

- Write down this name, Novellara.

Got it.

We gotta whack someone.

- His name is...

- I don't wanna know.

I bought a house  
in an unknown place.

If anything happens to Ice or Dandy  
and I'm not around, take them there.

Why am I tellin' you ?

You're the only one  
who doesn't care about money,  
maybe 'cause you always had it.

With all the dough we got now,  
the others forgot  
they came from the streets.

- Ice didn't forget.

- He's got other things on his mind.

Whose turn ?

Who authorized Black  
to take two pieces ?

Lebanese, to do a favor.

We're lucky to have  
such handsome guys.

They're not that handsome,  
I've had better.

What kind of favor ?

A wooden coat,  
Black's the carpenter.

He's gotta go to Bologna,  
pick someone up and drive him north.

But before arrivin' Black's  
gotta give him his last rites.

You're too in love,  
you'll suffer when it's over.

- Why didn't anybody tell me ?

- He doesn't trust you anymore.

- Huh ?

- You're too in love, he said.

Fuck that !

Before dozens of men,  
women, and children,  
innocent victims of those  
who declare themselves to be  
heirs of Fascist killers  
and mortal enemies



of our democracy...  
Let's take off,  
we'll go live in France or England.  
What do you think ?  
Why did you want to see me here ?  
'Cause this is where it started  
and where it'll end.  
I don't like what's happenin'  
or what I saw in Bologna.  
Why were you in Bologna ?  
- Let's settle the score, I want out.  
- There is no out.  
Says who ? You sold yourself off  
to politicians.  
- I didn't know about Bologna.  
- So I was right.  
They're just usin' us,  
they'll bleed us then throw us away.  
- I wanna leave on my own two feet !  
- Don't jerk me around.  
Politics has nothin' to do with it !  
- You lost your head over her.  
- What are you sayin' ?  
You screwed up a friendship.  
Me and you were brothers.  
Now he wants out !  
We had a deal, 'forever'.  
- Those rules don't count anymore.  
- This leg counts.  
This leg counts, forever.  
I wrecked my leg  
to save you and Dandy.  
Did you hear what I said ?  
Did you, Judas ?  
If I'm Judas,  
gimme my 30 pieces of silver  
and the end.  
If anything's missin', ask Slim.  
Move !  
Who is it ?  
This is 5 million,  
count it if you want...  
Your 5 plus 35, on my word.  
Fuck ! I pass.

Me too.

Can I get another one ?

Two.

I'll see you.

Two nines.

Flush.

I'm sick of playin', see you.

- Yeah, but...

- What ?

- You forgot something.

- No.

The money.

- I decided not to pay you.

- Huh ?

Down boy, be quiet,

you're worthless even as a dog.

I killed your master

and you didn't say a word,

I threw you a bone, and here you are.

- What ?

- Forget it.

Just forget it.

Lebanese, enough already.

That's up to me !

Whatcha tryin' to teach me ?

Snakes like him sicken me.

But the world's full of 'em.

Take the money.

Go on !

Everyone pays back debts.

Emperors don't.

Help, Lebanese !

My leg !

What is it ?

They found this on him.

A few appointments, no names.

Nine stab wounds in the urinal

by the restaurant.

'NoveIara, pay back.'

They found a body there recently.

With burned fingertips.

If I say August 2nd ?

Bologna train station.

Contact Bologna Police headquarters.

Here are the check books,  
the bank books.  
If you wanna take a look...  
All the accounts are in here.  
Outflow, income...  
It's no time to talk about money,  
but that's my job.  
Ice, Lebanese told me  
to pay off your share.  
Not now.  
- He said you wanted...  
- Shut up !  
Whatever.  
- What did you find out, Aldo ?  
- That damn game !  
- Damn poker.  
- Who was it ?  
I talked to Ricotta,  
to Buffalo...  
- Tell me who did it !  
- Gemito.  
I went by his place,  
he already split.  
I'll find him one day  
and burn him alive.  
You won't do shit.  
You'll come tell me.  
Slim, go home.  
Go tidy Lebanese's villa,  
get rid of the stuff  
before the Police show up.  
We gotta stay cool  
or everything'll go down the tubes.

**ICE:**

Bingo.  
That beast has a wife like her ?  
He even cheats on her.  
- What the fuck !  
- The kid...  
Cool it !  
- His brother ?  
- He knows nothin'.  
We drowned one cousin

and broke the other one's bones.

TeII Ricotta to finish off

his brother.

- Where's Gemito ?

- I dunno !

That son of a bitch

even dumped my daughter !

Talk or I'll fuck up your other leg.

You could invest in Sardinia,

in safe land.

The money flew to Switzerland

in the fall

and came back like birds

in the spring.

A heap of dough.

People from Milan.

- How much of an investment ?

- A 10 digit figure.

But you have to handle the deal

in Sardinia,

we gotta breathe down their necks.

No deals for now,

we can't leave Rome.

Profit will increase 300% in no time.

We gotta avenge Lebanese, right ?

Revenge is a noble sentiment,

but try doing both things.

Gemito comes first.

He's been missing for months,

let it go.

He made a bad move,

you'll get revenge in time.

You're shedding lots of blood,

too much.

Believe me,

too much is the enemy of fair.

I don't give a shit about fair.

It's impolite to speak that way

to a white-haired man,

as if to say my words

aren't worth shit.

Gimme a break.

- Relax.

- I'm outta here.

Where are you goin' ?  
Uncle Carlo,  
he didn't mean to disrespect...  
but we never had a family like yours  
that tells us what's right  
and wrong.  
We're from the streets,  
we want in on the deal.  
All right.  
How long have you been here ?  
A half hour.  
Come here.  
I've been waiting for you.  
I'm takin' you out of here.  
- Freeze !  
- You're breakin' my arm.  
Piece of shit !  
What am I accused of ?  
Attempted homicide,  
kidnapping, and arson.  
Search the house.  
I get it,  
the gas station guy said it was you,  
you say he's wrong.  
I don't care about him.  
Let me tell you a story.  
- A fairytale ?  
- No, a real story.  
It begins in Bologna  
and ends in Novara.  
August 2nd, the day of the massacre.  
That day you rented a car  
from Bologna to Rome.  
We found a suit you bought  
near the train station.  
The clerk recalled selling it  
to a dusty man  
who said it was a miracle  
he survived.  
Why the fuck were you in Bologna ?  
I was waitin' for a client  
who was buyin' a place in Rome.  
I even helped pull people out  
of the rubble.

- Is that a crime ?

- No, it's not.

Novara, NoveIIara...

I've never been there.

We found an unidentified corpse  
in NoveIIara.

I say he died because he knew  
something important.

I know it wasn't you,  
because you were in Rome  
earIy in the afternoon.

But whoever did it used your guns,  
a WaIter P38.

'Your' guns ?

Your gang's guns.

I knew this was a fairytaIe !

Did you put this on the record ?

WiII it be much Ionger ?

'Cause fairytaIes bore me to death.

Shithead !

sounds Iike a fairytaIe to you ?

BoIogna wasn't a gang thing,  
it was yours.

Quit bustin' my baIIIs  
and go Iook at the Ministry,  
or right upstairs.

Maybe you'II find the bomb timer  
says ''ItaIian RepubIic''.

What the fuck are you saying ?

Here we go !

This is Lebanese's.

Remember it ?

You were buddy-buddy with him.

Look here.

Where the fuck is it ?

August 2nd, what's it say ?

'NoveIIara, pay back',

what's that mean ?

It means ''Ieave the dead in peace''.

Do you Ieave them in peace ?

Aren't you searching for Lebanese's  
kiIIer to get him back ?

- I don't get what you're sayin'.

- No, you don't.

You're looking at 20 years in prison,  
and with a pretty girl like yours,  
it would be a real pity.  
If you don't talk,  
you'll forget what she looks like.  
Commissioner...  
I never even confessed to God,  
why would I confess to you ?  
Look at you !  
- Look at the shape you're in !  
- Never mind.  
- Lemme see your arm.  
- Never mind.  
Tell Dandy these guys  
don't have jack on us.  
- He's gotta get me an alibi.  
- All right.  
I saw Roberta.  
She left me the keys to your place  
and left.  
- What'd she say ?  
- Nothin'.  
She saw the papers, the TV,  
they said lots of trash  
about you, Lebanese...  
She got scared.  
- Did she say where she's goin' ?  
- She didn't say anythin'.  
- Remember to do what I asked.  
- Okay.  
Don't be an ass.  
I'll try.  
Well ?  
Nothing to say ?  
You're aiding Italy's  
most ferocious gang,  
with dozens of deaths.  
Do you realize it ?  
You can't hold me  
for false testimony.  
My lawyer's already pressing charges.  
You weren't with Ice that night,  
he's in love with his girlfriend.  
People don't just come to me

to make love.

- Then why ?

- They come to get dirty.

Did Dandy ask you to come ?

You're Ice's alibi.

Will you kill for them next time ?

- Bitch.

- Fuck you !

Free yourself of Dandy

once and for all.

Just admit he sent you here,

I'll lock him up and you'll be free.

I make men dream,

not die in a four-wall cell.

When did it happen ?

I see, in a clinic.

Inform the judge.

- The lady...

- Let her in.

- How was your night in jail ?

- Fine.

Always fine...

You can go.

Sign.

Don't look at me,

I'm a mess.

You're never a mess.

- Did he believe you ?

- Yes.

Good job, baby.

I'm your whore, not your alibi.

- Do I treat you like a whore ?

- No, but you bought me.

- What are you sayin' ?

- I know.

- Listen...

- I don't want to listen.

What're you lookin' at ?

I'm handsome, huh ?

I know lots of guys like you:

superficial, ignorant, heartless.

Maybe you're in deep shit

by accident,

but I know you don't like it.



- Are you done ?

- Yes.

Can I get a cigarette ?

Never mind.

You're free this time.

Someone you know, Patrizia,  
said you were with her.

I can't prove it's not true.

You're a killer

and a drug trafficker,

that dust is just merchandise to you.

Dickheads who shoot up, right ?

- What do you know about them ?

- More fairytales...

Fairytales.

But you know one of them for sure,  
your brother Gigio.

They found him

with the needle still in his arm.

Sign and get lost.

No point in rushing,

Gigio didn't wait for you !

It's your fault he's dead.

- He wanted to be like you.

- Get off !

He wanted to be like you !

Close that door.

I'm takin' you outta here,

I won't leave you here.

I'm takin' you home.

Sorry about Gigio,

I'll find out who his dealer was,

I swear.

I got some important news,

Uncle Carlo found Gemito for us.

What do you wanna do ?

- Can I have some sambuca ?

- Right away, honey.

With milk ?

- The spoon ?

- It's already stirred.

Go take a look.

Dandy, give us a hand !

Where are you ?

- Who'd Lebanese come here with ?

- Dunno.

He said he liked the silence.

Were these books his ?

- They're still wrapped.

- Maybe he bought them in bulk.

Ever look someone in the eyes  
after you shoot him ?

I have,

it's like they take off their mask.

A worthless guy becomes bold,

a brave guy cries,

a godless guy prays.

Wonder how we'll be

when it's our turn ?

Ice !

You're here.

How's it goin' ?

Nobody followed me, I was careful.

Scialoja's got the special treatment  
planned for me,

he may hate you,

but he hates me more.

- He thinks I was at Gemito's too.

- What an ass !

- It didn't seem like you were there.

- Is that supposed to be funny ?

Then tell me why you didn't shoot  
when the cops showed up.

Shootin' cops is bad luck.

They were wipin' us out

and you just took off.

When I took off

you were already on Aido's bike

and the others got snagged,

it was pointless to play the hero.

That's a crock of shit.

Get your hands off me !

You didn't give a fuck

about avengin' Lebanese.

Here we go again.

Let go of the past

and start thinkin' about the future.

You can't erase the past,

so leave the dead in peace.  
Is that Uncle Carlo's line ?  
He's got you trained like a poodle.  
What'd you say ?  
Everything's fallin' to hell,  
I wanna show you what's happenin'.  
- What's this ?  
- Lebanese's accounts.  
The sums don't match up with Slim's.  
- So ?  
- So, he's a vulture.  
- You wanna kill him too ?  
- You handle him, got it ?  
- You can make up for last time.  
- You're paranoid.  
- You backin' out ?  
- No, I'll kill Slim.  
While you're here decidin'  
who lives or dies,  
the others are cashin' in.  
- Huh ?  
- They cut the heroin even more.  
They sell the rest and pocket it,  
that's why kids like Gigio die.  
- Gimme names !  
- Aldo Buffoni.  
No fuckin' way !  
Not Aldo.  
We went dancin' last night.  
- Up all night, huh ?  
- You know how it is...  
Damn, I'm winded from walkin' uphill.  
- You can't hack it, huh ?  
- Nope !  
- But you manage to dance.  
- Why don't you come too ?  
- We'd have a blast.  
- Right on.  
Lemme rest, that hill killed me.  
Look what I bought myself.  
The stuff inside is killer,  
want a hit ?  
You don't get it.  
Get what ?

Have a hit.

- Hey !

- You don't get it.

- What'd I do ?

- You resold our stuff on your own.

You don't get it.

I swear...

Look at me.

I made a mistake, I know.

Let's consider it a loan,

I'll pay it back.

I knew this would happen !

I knew it...

I'm supposed to trust friends

like you ?

It won't happen again,

I'll pay back every last cent.

Everyone knows what you did.

Right, but me and you

shared everythin' in prison,

cold, heat, hunger, lice.

I wanted to tell you

who gave the stuff to your brother,

Rat did.

I'll take care of him if you want.

Want me to go to Brazil with Sonia

and disappear ?

What should I do ?

Go to Brazil with Sonia,

but don't ever come back, got it ?

You gotta disappear forever.

Yeah, forever. Hug me.

Gimme a kiss then piss off.

My smile can chop up guys like you

more than this can.

The light bulb

finally went on in here.

There was no way

Lebanese drained his bank account.

You did it.

Where should I start ?

I'll chop off a hand, a foot,

or that thing you only use to piss ?

You won't find another

who moves money like me.  
Oh really ?  
I should've told you,  
but Ice was there...  
- Hey, I'm not Ice.  
- That's why we're talkin'.  
I don't wanna talk.  
Ever seen a Lamb's head ?  
I could split you open in two.  
Commissioner SciaIoja please.  
Patrizia.  
Just Patrizia.  
I reinvested Lebanese's money.  
You reinvested it for yourself,  
shithead.  
If you want in, Iemme talk.  
I need to see you.  
Me too.  
If you want in, we'll do it together  
but without Ice.  
He doesn't understand  
what money laundering's about.  
I can't work with him,  
but you understand me.  
Only one of you is fit to be boss,  
and that's you.  
Even Uncle Carlo said so.  
He did, for real ?  
I swear.  
I talked to Ciro,  
he's still cryin' over his brother.  
I convinced him to take his money  
and hit the road.  
So it's all set.  
All set.  
- Is Slim still alive ?  
- Yes.  
- So you two made a deal.  
- What are you sayin' ?  
Hey buddy,  
I may be a hermit in the woods  
but I'm not green.  
I would've blasted you both  
if I wanted to.

But I don't give a shit anymore,  
do what you want.  
I'll never wage war on you.  
I found Roberta,  
she works at a gallery.  
I can bring her here or...  
here's the address.  
I should've told you,  
allowed you to make a decision.  
Know what they say about you ?  
Yeah.  
I had nothing to do with Bologna.  
You wanted to build  
our relationship on lies ?  
I didn't want to lose you.  
You make my heart race.  
- Just leave me alone.  
- I need you.  
Let me live my life in peace.  
Let me live in peace.  
I'm sorry.  
I thought a lot  
about the last time we met,  
when you arrested me  
then released me.  
Why ?  
To nab Dandy ?  
No.  
Why'd you caress me ?  
What do you want ?  
Don't say anything.  
Help me catch Dandy.  
Follow Rat.  
We want to save your life,  
they're waiting for you outside.  
Ice didn't put a hole in your head,  
but Dandy will.  
Unless you help us lock them up.  
If you leave and they're outside,  
you're a dead Rat.  
- Don't intimidate my client.  
- I'm not intimidating him.  
Do you want to leave ?  
Fine, we'll let you go.

If you have special requests  
for your burial, tell Colussi.  
Go, you're a free man.  
Don't say anything.  
Commissioner,  
I wanna dismiss my lawyer.  
Think it over.  
I demand a written retraction  
of the accusation.  
- The interrogation is over.  
- No, and piss off !  
Don't say anything.  
Calm down.  
You did the right thing.  
- Will you help me ?  
- That's why we're here.  
I belong...  
to a criminal organization.  
It's true.  
Calm down,  
we can't understand you.  
Breathe and tell us everything.  
I belong...  
For years I've belonged  
to a strong and extensive...  
...criminal organization.  
I'm in charge of assuring  
the drug quality.  
I know them all.  
Gambling dens, land, buildings,  
they even bought themselves a club.  
Nobody's ever bothered them,  
except for you  
because they're friends  
with the mafia, terrorists,  
and with some cops.  
Ice wants me dead,  
Dandy's in charge now.  
Leave Dandy,  
the police are coming to get you.  
Here are your fake documents,  
disappear for a bit.  
Lebanese's villa's not a good idea.  
We'll take you to Corsica and see

what we can do about the trial.

Stop.

If you open this cell, I'll kill him.

Send him back to the office.

- I'm sorry, Bones.

- Me too.

**DANDY:**

I'm sick of bein'

a previous offender,

I want my Police record

to be whitewashed.

So if I quit,

I can leave through the front door

and end this Police nightmare.

-But SciaIoja's still your nightmare.

-That's why I called you.

He's obsessed with us.

We're guilty of everything,

so we got nothin' to lose.

- What do I do ?

- Two things.

First, SciaIoja,

but it's gotta look like an accident

or Uncle Carlo'll flip out.

Not easy, he's always escorted.

Do what you can,

the Sicilians think only they

can kill cops and judges.

- Who else ?

- A banker from Milan.

A prick who's buggin'

some of our friends.

Your friends, the Masons

who run around in aprons.

Those dickheads

who play with compasses, hoods,

and membership numbers.

I even got a number.

Once at a meeting

a guy said 'Brother Mason' to me.

To me, get it ?

If only my dear ol' dad heard that,

he wanted me to be a mason...



What did SciaIoja want ?

- Same oId questions.

- Don't buIIshit me.

Dandy asked me to kiII him.

I don't care about your reIationship

but I wanna know if Dandy asked me

because of Ice, Lebanese,

aII the others in jaiI,

or if it's just a guy thing.

If it's for our guys, I'II kiII him,

if not, settIe it yourseIves.

I'm gonna move in with you.

ReaIIy ?

Yeah.

But put the house in my name,

I wanna be the boss at home.

The house is yours.

The house isn't enough.

What eIse do you want ?

Do you want me forever ?

Then don't touch the Commissioner.

- TeII BIack to back off.

- Why ?

- Why do you care about that Iouse ?

- I don't.

But when he questioned me that time,

he treated me weII, Iike a Iady.

- 'Cause he was scared of me.

- Maybe, but don't kiII him.

AII right.

Swear.

- Swear on the baby we'II have.

- I swear.

Now fuck me good.

Here's the maiI and the paper.

That's urgent, from Corsica.

- Something wrong ?

- Same oId things.

It's a memory from a few years ago.

I'II be going.

The car is on its way.

Signor Danconi ?

WorId champions !

ItaIy wins

MaiI !

For you.

I'II keep writing,

maybe one day

you'II answer me.

Ricotta, you're becomin' famous.

Thanks, guard.

There's BuffaIo too.

'A triaI against a new crime  
connected to terrorism, mafia...'

'The Assize Court of Rome  
decIares AvoIio Francesco, Ice,  
Sopranzi CarIo, Ricotta,  
Moneta Giovanni, Bright Eye,  
CaIisi MarceIIo, Bones,  
Buffoni Ciro,  
and MirabeIli RomoIo, Rat,  
guilty of the aforementioned crimes  
and condemns them

to the foIIowing sentences:

Ice, 30 years reCIusion,

Ricotta, 30 years,

Bright Eye, 7 years,

Bones, 5 years,

Buffoni Ciro

Rat, 1 year and 3 months.

And payment of court fees...'

Bravo, Rat !

'Furthermore,  
the Court dismisses the case  
against PascaIe Settimio,  
AKA BuffaIo,  
as he is deemed  
to be of unsound mind,  
thus shaII be detained in a hospitaI  
for the criminaIIy insane.

And IastIy, the Court absoIves  
De Magistris Bruno, AKA Dandy,  
due to Iack of evidence.

The Court rejects  
the remaining requests.'

Court is adjourned.

Gimme this bottIe,

you drink too much.

You talk too much.  
You had to get drunk tonight ?  
You're the one who got a clean slate,  
I'm still the same.  
Don't, honey.  
I got plans for you too,  
you'll be an actress.  
In porno films !  
Thanks, good night.  
That's too much.  
Play that song about friends  
for me again.  
There's been an accident  
near Castel Sant'Angelo,  
a woman in a state of mental  
confusion asked for you...  
What happened ?  
- Take her to the hospital tomorrow.  
- Don't tell me what to do.  
Paolo, call Dr. Mainardi.  
Call me down, honey.  
Behave.  
Honey, it's me.  
Thanks for tonight,  
but you should thank me  
you're still alive.  
Actually, you should thank her,  
because when you threw us all  
in the slammer,  
she told me you treated her  
like a lady,  
and she thought I believed her.  
Everyone thinks I'm a bigger ass  
than I am.  
Get out of my house now.  
Mia.  
My cousin wrote to me.  
Ice, this is for you.  
Put it on the table.  
This one's addressed to you.  
My love,  
I saw you behind those bars.  
I can't imagine you'll be  
in prison all those years,

I can't bear it.

I don't want to lose hope  
of seeing you again.

How is it ?

Mainardi,

I need you to do me a favor.

We've always been good to you,  
given you plenty of coke,  
we need somethin' from you now.

Find some way to get Ice out of jail.

How ?

I heard a guy in the slammer injected  
himself with infected blood.

- Got any patients with sick blood ?

- Sure.

- If we inject him with that blood...

- He'll get out of jail.

But then he'll die.

- Ice knows that, he wants to do it.

- I can't.

You think it's easy for me  
to kill a guy who's like my brother ?

You think I like askin' you  
to get me this poison ?

I'll smash your head  
if you don't say yes,

I'll count to 3 !

Now that's more like it.

Are you sure ?

Do it.

We'll start the therapy after.

Hi.

Come here.

- Can she come in my room ?

- No.

We'll just go back here then.

It's been ages.

Ages, my love.

I'm pretending.

The wheelchair, the illness,  
it's all to get out of jail  
and be with you.

What ?

- Wanna go away with me ?

- How ?  
I planned it all with Dandy.  
I get out tomorrow  
then we'll go to France.  
I sold everything to bribe  
the judges, cops, nurses.  
We're broke,  
but we got a house in France.  
Time to go.  
I put the fake documents  
in Bones' cousin's taxi,  
he knows how to get you  
to the border.  
See you, right ?  
Take care, brother.  
This is yours, remember ?  
I don't need it.  
You take care, got it ?  
Lunch is almost ready.  
I'm not hungry.  
CONVICT RELEASED DUE TO ILLNESS

**HAS DISAPPEARED:**

I'm very satisfied  
with my horse.  
Leave Dandy,  
the Police are coming to get you.  
- It's the same voice.  
- The same.  
Here's the report.  
'Eugenio Carenza,  
businessman.  
Bankrupt twice,  
never condemned.  
Involvement  
in the Student Movement.  
Trips to South America  
and Czechoslovakia.  
Then nothing for five years.  
And now involvement  
in arms traffic'.  
CENTER FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH  
Honey, are you home ?  
You're in the bathroom ?

Sorry for the wait, have a seat.  
To what do I owe this visit ?  
To the fact that our paths  
have often crossed  
and this is odd  
considering I deal with criminals  
and you deal  
with something different.  
Through rumors, declarations,  
phone calls,  
objective confirmations,  
we've uncovered some rather  
disturbing things about you.  
- Are you here to arrest me ?  
- Not yet.  
I'll request an investigation  
to uncover who you really are.  
I'll tell you myself  
and spare you the worthless slander.  
I'm a servant of the State.  
Due to my job,  
I interact with the bad, like you do.  
The signals I've been gathering  
for some time  
indicate it will all end soon.  
The division of the world,  
the Berlin wall,  
under whose shadow I grew old,  
shows evident cracks,  
and will be torn down soon,  
covering the political class of  
the past 50 years with its rubble.  
I'll leave one minute before  
the earthquake.  
Don't waste your time  
removing me,  
history will do that.  
But rather,  
how did you let ice  
slip through your fingers ?  
My admiration for you wavered,  
I hope you don't disappoint me again.  
For example, tomorrow,  
Buffalo will be on leave

from the criminal asylum.

Do you know what

this gentleman will do ?

I certainly do,

he'll attempt to kill Dandy.

Good, and you must impede him.

- Impede him ?

- Yes.

I came to say you'll be in handcuffs

soon and you give me orders ?

No orders.

Impeding the murder of

an innocent citizen is your duty.

Wanna go out tonight ?

No.

What's wrong ?

Nothing, honey.

Hold me.

Undress me like a baby.

I've done lots of dumb shit

but when I first saw you

and for the rest of my life,

you've been the most

a guy like me could hope for.

You know me, but there's a lot

I didn't tell you.

One is that I am sick

and when my time comes,

I want to be alone...

I want to spare you

the pain, the blood,

everything that comes

before we go.

Go do the job you love

but gave up because of me.

I can picture you,

with your glasses,

your high backside

among statues, paintings, books,

antique and beautiful things.

I can picture you, honey.

My love.

- Nice, they Grecian ?

- No, Louis XVI.

I wanna live in the center again,  
my father got kicked out on his ass  
years ago !  
Wrap up these Louis things.  
Goodbye Mike.  
Berlin, the border between  
the two Germanies is open...  
Coffee please.  
Here you go.  
- How much ?  
- 200 Lira.  
Thanks.  
Commissioner Scialoja please.  
Tell him it's Ice.  
Maybe you don't get it,  
I'm turnin' myself in,  
I'll tell you everything.  
Who we really were,  
who we knew, who protected us.  
They're big names.  
I only ask one thing,  
no hassles at the airport.  
I just need a few hours,  
then I'm all yours.  
' 'This is my resignation letter.  
I'm walking out on tiptoe.  
In the future there will be no  
need for people like me  
because there won't be  
a democracy to save,  
just private interests,  
battles for more power,  
more money.  
The few files I take with me  
regard men who must save  
themselves from the storm,  
black souls, mercenary captains.  
Yet,  
as we've already seen in history,  
they'll be the rulers  
of the chaos.' '  
This is where everything started.  
We stole a car behind that building  
when we were kids.



It was Lebanese, Dandy, me,  
and Grand.

Poor Andrea,  
he left us that same night.  
It was a night like this,  
all ominous and cloudy.  
Maybe his death was a sign  
telling us to be good  
or we'd end up like him.  
Instead we thought  
it was better to die like him  
than punch a timecard  
for the rest of our lives.  
- What'd you tell him ?  
- That his wife wants to reconcile.  
But she wants to do it  
in front of a priest,  
at that church you named.  
Go there early tomorrow morning...

- Where's the piece ?  
- In there.  
Did you really get married ?  
I did.

Who the heck married you ?  
A nutcase.  
She's so short  
she looks like my spare tire.  
But she loves me.  
I'm happy for you.  
Let me off here.

- Here ?  
- Yeah.  
- What's here ?  
- Nothing.

Honor to you.  
I have a meeting with the priest,  
is he in ?  
He won't be in today.  
Looks like a settling of scores.  
Hello, Scialoja.  
What a pity,  
he could've been helpful.  
Perhaps.  
May I congratulate you on becoming

the new PoIice Chief ?  
Cover that body !  
Ice !  
Bastards !  
Where'd you go ?  
Some dent, what happened ?  
Andrea run, the PoIice's comin'.  
Ice, what happened ?  
Lemme see you run !  
Run, the PoIice !  
I'm runnin' !