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Piazza Fontana: The Italian Conspiracy

By Marco Tullio Giordana

1 PADUA, 1969. - Have these? - Yes. - It's for a dishwasher. - I need fifty. - I'll order that many from Bologna. - Then do so. DEDICATED TO HOT AUTUMN A house is a right! A house is a right! MILAN, TEATRO LIRICO Agnelli, Pirelli, liars and thieves! Agnelli, Pirelli, liars and thieves! A house is a right! A house is a right! More to the right. Right... slightly left. No, up a little more. Let's decide though. Hello. Chief Allegra. I'm sorry, he's out. I'm kidding, here he is. My regards to your wife. I see, on my way. Panessa, why didn't they give them an escape route? Captain, wear this, they're serious. Go tell them. Easy! What are you doing? I'm a journalist! Stop, I'll handle this. - I'm sorry, Nozza. - I'm much sorrier. - You okay? - I was better before, thanks. I don't like this, everyone's too hyper. How did it happen? There were tons of people, smoke... They smashed his head in with a pipe, the bastards. Who were they? Did you find the pipe? - What the fuck's he want? - I'll handle this. Why's that officer's weapon out? Take it away. - What's the kid's name? - Antonio. Antonio Annarumma. Enough questions, leave him alone. Let's cover him. ROME, VIA TRIONFALE - Should I come, Minister? - No, thank you, wait here. I wonder what role the Lord has assigned me in the midst of this stormy sea. I can't understand it, Father, I can't see it. Looking at my fellow men, I see just indiscipline and vanity, cunning, no sense of community, no love, except for self-advantage, cowardice, opportunism, violence instead of ideas. I often think the only dignity lies in things, trees, stones, nature. Sometimes I think Italy needs a catastrophe to destroy all we've piled on it, housing projects, cars, cement, and make it a desert, the naked earth as before, so nature can take over and start again from the first forms of life, from the first man, the first fire. Regarding this cataclysm, Father, I feel I'm ready to be... the first victim. My son, this is... the sin of pride. Or despair. I'll read you Saragat's message: "The brutal murder of a 22-year-old police officer Antonio Annarumma, born to a family of farm workers in one of the poorest regions in Italy, Avellino, was killed in the line of duty as a defender of democratic law. This must be a warning to all to isolate these criminals and not let them do harm". This Nozza, he always sides with the protestors. Annarumma wasn't murdered, two jeeps collided head-on, there's also some French television footage. All this in the ENI newspaper, a paper we pay for. I understand, Mr. President, but also to speak of murder, as in your telegram... that's why I suggested prudence. Prudence? With the country in flames, and the barracks in revolt! Washington's concerned about your underestimation of the Communists, President Nixon told me clearly he doesn't like your opening to the Left. The Americans simplify. Too many Italians vote Communist to refuse to consider talking to them. Nonsense, we have to respond, not talk. Democracy's in peril, the Nation risks ruin. Mr. President, I've always admired your love for the great German poet Goethe. - So? - You know what Goethe said better than I: "The burning of a farm is a tragedy, the ruin of

the Nation... just a phrase." MILAN, GHISOLFA ANARCHIST CLUB "The middle class should tremble, we prefer bombs..." Are you an idiot? You're the idiot, anarchists have always used bombs. Against kings and hangmen, not just to fuck around. You write this after the train bombings and comrades' arrests? Are you an instigator? Cardinal Pino, the others may be afraid to say it, but lots of them think like me. Say it, come on! Get out, get out of here! We're better off without people like you. Our Roman comrades are better, you're all priests. Someday you'll explain why I'm out and Sottosanti's in! He was in the Foreign Legion, "Nino the Fascist" till 3 months ago! So what? A guy realizes, changes his mind. Bye comrades, you're with Cardinal Pinelli and Nino the Fascist. - I was told to come to you. - Come in. Close the door, thank you. I'm here to get a license for a pub... Have a seat, Rovelli. - You know me? - This is the Political Division, we know all you anarchists. "Sandpaper." Why did you call it that? It's not a political club, it's a place for drinking, dancing... - A strange place for an anarchist to open. - Why? - Just is. The papers are in order, there's no reason to refuse a license. I've spent lots on remodeling, put yourself in my shoes. And you in mine, so we can help one another. Another bomb exploded. That's fifteen this year. Nothing to do with us. Here are the events you've claimed responsibility for, with different signatures but all your comrades' doing. Since April we've arrested lots of your comrades... I know nothing, I'm the least important of all. - And who's the most important? - We're all equal, there is no head. And Giuseppe Pinelli? He's only the most experienced, a kind of father to us. Okay, I'll get busy on this license, but if you hear about a comrade lighting fireworks, whistle. I can't whistle, or sing either. When on that vile September 8th the traitor abandoned the Nation, the 10th Flotilla arose from the sea and took arms to the cry of "For Honor"! Our 10th Flotilla... An Italy with workers always on strike and where nothing works, where priests want to marry, women divorce, young people use drugs, an Italy with no respect, where authority counts for nothing, where they kill cops, is this the Italy you want? Who is this "pretty bird"? MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR SECRET SERVICE - CIVILIAN BRANCH It comes from Calabresi. - That Captain in Milan. - I know him, he's good. - What's this songbird's name? - A.B., Anonymous from Bollate. No... Know my alias when I worked for the CIA? Delilah, with an "h" at the end. Don't laugh! An alias should be evocative, feminine, passionate. - Do you like Opera? - Yes. What about "Anne Boleyn"? Great queen, great woman. This one's gone off to Rome to stir up trouble, he's put his own little group together. What is he, a dancer? - What about the rest of the troupe? - Let them dance, for now. ROME, MARCH 22ND ANARCHIST CLUB Excuse me. Can't we ever start a meeting on time? What's up with you Romans? I'm from Genoa, Merlino's from Rome. - It's my fault, sorry, Pietro. - Sorry... C'mon, let's start. It's Captain Calabresi, can I speak to your husband? - Six... - Tenths. - Nine... - Hundredths. It's Captain

Calabresi. - What's the matter? - Some men are here for daddy. I'm here, Captain, is something wrong? No, I just wanted to have a friendly chat. I'm going to the station, I have the night shift. Don't worry, we'll take you. The night of the train bombs, August 8th, were you on duty? That again? You already asked. I was off shift. You're obsessed with this. Maybe you're not involved, but the club's got kids, they don't think of the consequences. - I don't say you're like them... - But I am. If they're reckless, I peck them, like a hen with chicks. Are you a hen to Valpreda too? The dancer? How's Valpreda figure here? - Is it true you kicked him out? - It's true, and so? Why? What did he do? Our business. He was playing up to another guy's girl, private stuff. What moralism... I'm supposed to believe it? Your choice. And what can you tell me about Feltrinelli? - Met him recently? - I don't know anything about Feltrinelli, you see him more than me, do I have to say it in Chinese? At least admit he kicks some money to you. He finances all leftist groups, you must have gotten some. You don't risk compromising yourself if you tell me. Doesn't make you a rat. Hungry? Would you rather eat or go to bed? What is it? - Nothing. - Nothing? Well? The Captain knew I kicked Valpreda out. - We've got a rat. - Who could it be? If I knew, he'd be out. Is something going on at the club or are the boys...? I don't think so, but the guys might not tell me everything. Dear Giannettini, you're a journalist, an expert in strategic studies, esteemed by our military secret service cousins. But also a right-winger, deeply, intimately on the Right. Why did you want to see me? I know you're off to the Veneto, sent by the SecretServices, and I don't want to irk our military cousins. I don't want information, just to know more about certain people. We infiltrate the Right and the Left like a knife through butter, but these Fascists in the Veneto region are strange, I can't figure them out. Well, you Christian Democrat? What do publishers say about your thesis on Cline? It's tough, I'm waiting... I'll publish it, you'll be the top author of my publishing house, with our friend Hitler and comrade Mao. - Great company, an honor! - Right, you Christian Democrat! - But hurry and finish it. - You mean it? Yes, if you wait for the big publishers, you'll die first. - I don't know how to thank you. - Why should you? - Remember our fun boarding school? - What sad years! Who's the guy who wanted to fuck everyone in the ass? - Manlio, "the Educator". - Educator of my balls, that fag bastard! Lucky you were there to defend me. What time is it? I have to go to the station, sorry, Guido. - Please sit down. - And the others? - They're coming. - Send these guys away. Everyone out. Sometimes I wish I were blind like them. It's unbearable to see so many things. I just wish they didn't exist. Christianity has filled our bellies with nauseous good feelings. Every crack in the order of the universe should be eliminated. What's that idiot doing? Make him stop. Guelfo! Thank you for coming. It's not our first meeting here, but today we have a long-awaited guest. He has important documents, guaranteeing support for us. The situation's in our

favor, action on the trains was a success, and pinned on the Reds. What we've been planning can now happen, Italy's wandered in the dark for years, with no ideals. It's us, sons of these gray, forgetful provinces, who've been called upon. Many are ready to follow us, just waiting for the first shove, they'll all follow us, Italians follow a strong voice. Comrades, silence. Publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli. MILAN, STATE UNIVERSITY You all know him. I have no doubt: the coup d'etat in the making is being modeled on the Greek one of two years ago. The take-over of strategic centers, control of the factories and means of communication, curfews, suspension of constitutional guarantees, arrest and deportation of political opposition. To do this, the first step is to feed the tension in the country, radicalize the conflict, in factories, schools, universities. That's why I invite you to think of concrete forms of resistance, even armed. Greece wouldn't have met that end, if the Left had organized instead of trusting the king and the relics of democracy. It should have armed the masses, in Lenin's words: "Democracy is the rifle on the shoulders of the workers." You, young people of the student movement, will be decisive in the war between the classes. Pinelli. Are we dating, you're always following me? No, I was just curious. What does a railway worker, who earns very few lira a month, have in common with a billionaire playing revolutionary? An affinity for the least among us. The ones at the bottom, those who've been cut out? Why did you say you didn't know him? I don't, I came to hear him. I don't even agree much with what he says. You don't agree? Not even when he says: "Look for forms of resistance, even armed"? That's how you know things, you have spies everywhere, well done! I don't like your tone. You don't like my tone. Got a minute? As you can see, no pistols, no machine guns, no bombs. Of course, some may think even books are weapons, luckily, publishing them isn't a crime yet. Not even these? You don't have to buy them, you choose, no one forces you. Do you like books? Do you read? Sure, Pinelli. Do you think cops are, by definition, ignorant? Then take this one, it's my favorite. Merry Christmas. It talks about when the party's over, how, when we're gone, we can say what we couldn't when alive. I'd like to say lots of things too. Then join us, the door is open for comrade Calabresi. I'll think about it. But first free the anarchists jailed with no evidence. If they're in, it's for something. Where there's smoke, there's fire. Depends who lights it. Allow me to do the same. Here, it's about China and Russia, the countries that had revolutions. I don't know if you'd like living there. Dictatorships where they even count your trips to the john, I hate them as much as the Fascists. Right, you're anarchists, you don't want the State at all. The English write that a coup d'etat is being readied in Italy, like the one in Greece. Colonel, what can you tell me about this article? I believe the country is running a certain risk. "Different from revenge, a dish served cold, coup d'etats, especially here, are served hot." Written by Guido Giannettini, a journalist on the

Services' payroll. But who's at the top of these subversive plots? They're autonomous realities, with different strategies and objectives, like when you throw a stone in water and get concentric circles. Do you think the Carabinieri might be involved? The base, its middle ranks and part of the higher ranks are loyal, but I know several officers go to meetings of New Order or Prince Borghese's National Front. - Bye, Pietro. - Bye, guys. You're going all the way to Milan in this jalopy? - Sure you'll get there? - Pietro always gets there. I have to see a judge for a leaflet I wrote on the Pope, - imagine that! - Incredible. Have a safe trip. This is officer Ippolito, put the chief on. Sir, I wanted to inform you that Valpreda's left for Milan, he's got a bag, I don't know what's inside. He should be there tomorrow morning. Yes, sir. THE INNOCENT PARIS, DECEMBER 12th 1969 The vote is still undecided. The speech which Aldo Moro, Italy's Minister of Foreign Affairs and president of the Commission, is about to give, should be decisive. Not only did the Greek military junta not intend to guarantee restoration of democratic freedom in its own country, it is also working to establish similar dictatorships in other European countries. And so, to confirm our refusal of all attacks on democracy, and a "no" to the repetition of dark, devastating experiences, Italy votes for the ousting of Greece from the Community. Excuse me. The keys. I've never liked Sottosanti. Sottosanti got Tito and others out of San Vittore Prison. He's come all the way from Sicily! Is that why you're off to the bank? He wants money for his testimony? No, it's to reimburse expenses! I'm going to the bank to get my Christmas bonus. - I don't like it, you're wrong. - That's enough! I know if I'm doing right or wrong. Pino! It's cold. FRIDAY DECEMBER 12TH Come with me to Piazza Fontana. A boiler... a lot of dead and wounded. Nozza, what are you doing here? I was close by, on the streetcar. They say it was a boiler. A boiler doesn't do a thing like this, a war does. Cerri! Well? It's an extremely powerful bomb. I found a piece of the fuse. I've never seen anything like this. There was an unexploded bomb in the Commercial Bank. Three devices went off in Rome, no victims. A bomb at the Workers' National Bank, two at the Altar of the Nation. How many dead at Piazza Fontana? - 14, but others are critical. - My God. Minister, don't take your booked flight, follow emergency protocol. You heard about the bomb near the Opera? I'm going there. Please, give us your impressions. We're gathering the evidence. Besides the piece of fuse, there are parts of a timer. And this smell of disinfectant? It's typical of glycol, it's in dynamite, blasting jelly. - Sir, you may be wounded. - Why? It was stuck up on a wall right here, in Piazza Cordusio. AUTUMN FOR A LONG STRUGGLE There was a box with wires next to it, maybe a timer. An anarchist poster and wires, meant to leave a signature. It wouldn't be the first time. - And huge this time. - Want a list? The Courthouse, the department store, the Senate. Those were firecrackers, this is a bomb, people died! Is it logical to lay claim to a massacre? I agree with the President, this requires exceptional

measures. What do you mean by exceptional measures? Temporary suspension of constitutional rights, extension of judicial custody and simplification of investigating procedures. All of which are provided for by the Bill on Public Safety. But not used since World War II. And you're the Defense Minister? Great defense! And you the Minister of the Interior? Great control of things. Minister Restivo has put his finger on the wound. Facing such serious facts, there are no other solutions. The decision made here must be agreed upon by the entire government, we can't sign such a serious act without hearing from Moro! Moro, always Moro. You can't decide without cues from Moro. He's in Paris. Excuse me, Mr. President, pardon me all of you, I have to go on TV to read a statement, and I even have a fever, but first I'd like to say I'm very worried. In two days, the Right will hold a big demonstration, don't you think it might be appropriate to prohibit it? Oh no, if you won't declare a state of emergency as the President requests, then, everyone has the right to demonstrate! Move along! You don't allfit. - How many dead? - Fourteen, for now. We're not involved, why take us in? Now you're telling us what to do. Follow us on your scooter? - Where are you going? - I'm with the others. ..strong action, immediately undertaken, and the certainty that I, in the name of this government, MESSAGE OF THE PRIME MINISTER MR. MARIANO RUMOR give to the Nation at this time, that no stone will be left unturned to discover and punish those who destroyed so many lives and wounded the souls of us all. - I didn't catch the name. - Stefano Delle Chiaie. Prince, sir, Mr. Delle Chiaie to see you. ..moments of tension and social conflict, but here we are looking at crimes which are organized with cold determination. We must, my citizens, recognize ourselves in the law, feel part of a community which can lose itself if not united under the law. Didn't you say Rumor would proclaim a state of emergency? Well, are you pulling back? What have these idiots in Milan done? They said "a resounding event", and it's the massacre of civilians? - It's a war. - Silence, don't use that word. Soldiers can say it. Butchers cannot. - Licia, did you hear the radio? - No, why? There was a bomb, in a bank, they say many died. Oh, God. We were all taken to headquarters, don't worry, it's just a routine check, but they'll keep us here all night. Send Mom, so she can bring you my paycheck. - Bring it when you get back. - Okay. - See? - C'mon, move it. The bomb was set to cause many victims, under the table, in the middle of the room. I found the metal fragments of a box amidst the debris, identical to the one found in a bag at the Commercial Bank, German trademark, Jewel. Then there's a fuse and a timer, makes you think of a double-primer, a bit strange. Excellent work, but we'd best take it all to Rome to the Central Criminal Division, I'll do it. Why, we're perfectly able to... Rome's better. Give it all to the professor, and the Ministry will handle it. You from the Political Division... you, Calabresi, put these Bakunins you picked up under pressure. Make them sing, I want them chirping like the finches on the lovely island of Ventotene.

They're convinced Pietro's involved in this somehow. Valpreda might be nuts, but I don't believe he'd plan a massacre. But when you kicked him out... I said we were better off without him, but it was a political evaluation. What's the situation like out there? What are they saying? Does anyone think it was one of you? Anarchists are lots of things, there are the tough guys... - Let's have a few names. - Keep going. There's lots of talk, they say you're looking for Valpreda. Well? I saw that it worried Pinelli. Why? Does Pinelli know anything? - I didn't say that. - You say he knows more than he says. I didn't say that, I said I think... - I guess that Pinelli... - I think, I guess... You're not telling me anything. What does Pinelli know? What does he know about Valpreda? Days ago, I saw him at the club, typing a letter to a comrade in Rome and he was warning him about Valpreda. - We're starting to make sense. - But that's all I know! I swear Pino isn't involved. Do you realize the bomb squad set off the other bomb? It's near the Opera House, could have been another massacre. It may have been evidence of a link to ones in Piazza Fontana and Rome! - Would you like to see the bag? - Of course I would! Captain, just who I was looking for. Why this request to search Feltrinelli's home? Mr. Prosecutor, do I have to tell you who Feltrinelli is? I know very well, but give me evidence, give me a motive. - What do you have against him? - Hypotheses and intuition. Intuition! A crowd of anarchists are being held, and I'm told nothing. Their lawyers told me on their way here. Why are you holding them? They've been planting bombs all year, many are in jail. But we're investigating this bomb. Is there objective proof against those anarchists? They seem to have claimed responsibility. We found this just blocks from the bank. I'm not convinced. Let's get it examined at the specialized center in Paris. - We'll send it. - No, the Prosecutor's office will. Send it to my office. Why the mistrust? You're talking to public officials. You're also talking to a public official, don't be offended. Send it all to my office and we each do our own job. Goodbye. Don't let it get to you, he's young, he'll come down a peg, like everyone. Here are the papers for Basel. An Italian emigrant told a Swiss newspaper there'd been an attack in Milan. - It'll take you two days. - Me? I should go to Basel now? It seems he's a guy from Feltrinelli's circle. This is a very delicate matter and you're the only one I trust. It was about 4:30 p.m., the bank's lobby was crowded, it was market day today, and on Fridays the week's negotiations are concluded. A boom and a flash devastated the building. A hole, about a meter in diameter, opened in the floor, where customers were carrying out transactions. Victims were aided by people from the nearby square in Milan... PARALLEL INVESTIGATION Merlino, I have here your statements to the police and to the prosecutor, I'd like to check some things with you. Do you confirm you're part of the "March 22nd" anarchist group? Yes. How many people are there? Regulars... six, seven. You said seven? Yes, like the seven kings of Rome, the seven deadly sins, the seven wonders, the seven

samurai... Seven of you want to start a revolution? The apostles weren't many more. We know one of you liked toying with explosives, who was it? - If you know, why ask? - Just answer, I'll explain, maybe. The guy from Milan, that dancer, Pietro Valpreda. Tell me about him. Can I have coffee? Pietro kept explosives in a hole on Tiburtina Road, but you won't find a thing, he took it all away a week ago. Who's to tell me you're not telling tales? You decide. Do you confirm you're officer Salvatore Ippolito infiltrator in the March 22nd Club, known to the anarchists as Andrea from Genoa? - I confirm. - Please sit down. Where's Valpreda now? In Milan, he left Rome the other evening, said he wanted to be in Milan for the morning of the 12th. - What for? - Maybe... for what he did? You're testifying as a public official. Do you know for sure... No... I'm sorry. It was just a supposition. Listen closely. We know you went to Greece with right-wing extremist leaders invited by the Greek military junta. Isn't that curious company for an anarchist? Yes, back then I was right-wing, but the Student Movement made me change my mind and I never saw them again. Not even Stefano Delle Chiaie, head of the National Vanguard? Weren't you close friends? We were, but I cut off all contact. Officer Ippolito, in your opinion, is Merlino on the Right or Left? He always speaks as an extreme leftist at the meetings, but still sees people from the Right. - Like who? - Stefano Delle Chiaie, head of the National Vanguard. I even made a report on one of their meetings held on the 11th. The day before the massacre? You're sure? December 11th, Colonel, I'm sure. I ran into Mario Merlino on the street on the 11th, just by chance, I hadn't seen him in years. Since you went to the Greek junta to get instructed? I don't know what you're saying. Sure you do. Their documents are clear, you must infiltrate leftist groups and push them to violent action justifying military intervention. Merlino pretends to be an anarchist and maybe you met the day before the bombing for last-minute details. - Conjecture, no proof. - What can you say about Junio Valerio Borghese? Prince Junio Valerio Borghese. A hero, a soldier. What relationship does the National Vanguard have with Borghese's National Front and with New Order? Brotherhood and disagreement, if you can understand that. There are loads of friends here, good comrades, but they're up there with lots of ugly faces! The Political Division clumps them all together, lefties and righties. These guys, for example, are from New Order, - this guy's a Fascist from Rome. - No, he's no Fascist, I saw him at the train station with Sottosanti. What? When? A few weeks ago. - What were they doing? - Saying hello, then he gave Sottosanti a package. You're sure? Get a good look, this is Di Luia... - a Fascist friend of Delle Chiaie's. - Pinelli. Let's have another go. - Move. - Keep an eye on that. I've already told you, how many times do I have to say it? On the 12th I left home at 2 p.m., I went to the coffee shop, I stayed there until 5:00 or 5:30, playing cards with two friends, Magni and Pozzi. They confirm it, but they're your friends. The barman says you had coffee with a guy he

doesn't know - and then you left. - Maybe he couldn't see me from the counter. Well, didn't Pozzi just confirm it? Let's say you're telling the truth, what did you do then? I went to the Ghisolfa Club, at 6 p.m. I left there on my scooter and got to the Scaldasole Club, where you were waiting. Is it credible the anarchists were preparing a thing like this and you, who know everything, were playing cards? They weren't preparing a thing.

TIGHTENING THE HUNT FOR THE CRIMINALS Just smoke. The usual round-up of anarchists, they keep them, then release them. Hoping for people like Rumor to proclaim a state of emergency... They all expected who-knows-what. - Who's "they"? - All our brothers, those jerks! They called off the protest in Rome to avoid an incident, what geniuses! People are dead and they're scared of an incident! They've no thought for the funeral of those wretches. And if the brothers go to Milan instead of Rome? What happens if they impale the Reds, one by one? THE RED CONNECTION - How did it go in Switzerland? - A false lead. - What's happening here? - We released most of the anarchists, but a taxi driver popped up. He thinks he carried the bomber, - guess who he looks like. - Anyone we know? Valpreda, we already caught him. I can't wait to see the jerk who framed me. - Welcome back, sir. - Where are they taking him? - To Rome, the judges want him. - Why to Rome? The last bomb went off at the Altar of the Nation so all the investigations are transferred. Friday afternoon at 4:15, I was in Piazza Beccaria, when this guy comes up with a bag that looked heavy. He gets in and says to take him to the bank in Piazza Fontana. He says: "Drop me off at the bank, I'll meet a guy, then you'll take me to Via Albricci." Please sit down. - May I? - Please. Via Albricci is about five blocks from Piazza Fontana. Isn't it crazy to take a taxi just five blocks? Yeah! I thought so too. But Valpreda has Burger's disease, has trouble walking. A guy planting a bomb tries not to be noticed. This man doesn't seem like one to invent stories, huh? He took my taxi! If he'd taken another I'd be better off. No, it's good he took yours, so you'll get the reward. You think? - Have anything to drink? - Later, let's continue. He got into your taxi... We went to the bank, he went in and when he came out, he had no bag. - And this was the person? - I already told the Carabinieri. I want you to tell me too, this was him? If not, it looked a lot like him. Not "looked like", is it him or not? Then... it's him. In composed, dignified pain, Milan says a final goodbye to the victims of Friday's attack at the National Bank of Agriculture. The immense crowd gathered here expresses the dismay, the outrage, the pain of all Italians. On the doors of the Duomo, simple words: "Milan bows to the innocent victims and prays for peace". MILAN BOWS TO THE INNOCENT VICTIMS AND PRAYS FOR PEACE THE INTERROGATION You wrote this check. Sottosanti cashed it right away. Why didn't you tell me you'd met on the 12th? - I didn't think it was important. - I'll decide what's important. It was a reimbursement, he'd come up from Sicily to testify in favor of comrades in jail. A reimbursement. Or the price of false testimony? - Or worse? - Worse

what? Are you accusing me? Are you guys nuts? Everyone knows what I think of violence. Let's say that's so. Why didn't you tell me you met Sottosanti? Why? So you wouldn't go weaving a story, in fact, you're doing just that. Something doesn't convince me. You're not telling it straight. And it wouldn't be the first time. I don't get what you mean. Your train ticket. It says on August 8th, the day of the train bombs, you were in the station, you left for Rome, and we know why. - Why? - You met Valpreda. To do him a favor, I took him some materials for a business he set up with a few comrades making art nouveau lamps. Art nouveau lamps. Really? I took him beads, colored glass... Who do you think we are? Beads, colored glass... who'd believe that? How does a night four months ago figure in? Are you accusing me of the train bomb or the one at Piazza Fontana? What the fuck do you want? I've been locked up here for three days. Keep your hands off me. Let's do this: sign a statement where you declare that Valpreda often expressed the need for violent action, - and it ends here. - I'm not signing any statement. You have nothing on Valpreda and you want me to serve him up? Are you crazy? I'm not talking anymore. Valpreda and the taxi driver are on their way to Rome for the line-up, all we lack is Pinelli's statement. - Pinelli knows a lot, he'll give in. - He won't talk. We have to try "The Fake". Tell him that Valpreda confessed and then watch his reaction. He's no kid, he won't fall for it, we need something more solid. Make it up, whoever wants to believe it will, and that's from a guy who's seen many San Gennaro miracles! Trust me, Pinelli is no smarter than the Neapolitans. I've been here 72 hours, you let me sleep just 4, no food, questioning me day and night, with what right? Your right to keep me expired ages ago! Your alibi fell apart ages ago, too many contradictions. Say it, you don't want to frame me or Valpreda, you want to pin this on Feltrinelli. Who'd believe a couple of anarchists dreamed up so ambitious a plan? But if they're Feltrinelli's puppets, it makes sense, right? Captain, suspend everything, Valpreda confessed, he planted the bomb, he was in that taxi. I don't believe it. - It's not true. - He signed it, they just sent a copy from Rome. - I'll go get it. - Captain. You know, the anarchists aren't involved with the bomb and these deaths. If that were so, it would be the end of Anarchy. I don't believe you. I don't believe any of you, it's false! You want me mixed up in this! You're Fascists! That's enough. - Think you'll screw me? - Be a good boy. - Oh, yeah, that's me. - What? - Should I translate? - What do you want? - Shut up! TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN MILAN VALPREDA CONFESSES BEING BOMBING PERPETRATOR What happened? Oh, God! - He jumped. - What? He jumped? - He fell, we tried to stop him. - He jumped. Hurry! What are you saying? Get back, don't touch him! He's still breathing, did you call the ambulance? - He was yelling... - And so? We all tried to stop him. It was smoky, we opened the window. He wanted to smoke, he fell, we weren't able to stop him. Shut up! This can't happen. He isn't moving. Captain, he asked for a cigarette, he got up, went to the window

and jumped. I tried to stop him. He jumped. Leave him alone, I'll handle him. Leave him alone, out. - What did you hear? - What did you hear? Out of here, everyone out, move! Tell me what you heard. Tell me. You can tell me, you have to tell me. Tell me. Mrs. Pinelli? We're journalists. Something must have happened at Police Headquarters. - At Headquarters? - Hasn't anyone told you? - No, why? - There's been an accident, your husband's in the hospital. Excuse me, I must get back to my division. - Go, Lieutenant. - Excuse me. Journalists are downstairs, we must agree on a version. Agree on a version? Before understanding what happened? He jumped, Captain, that's what happened. Right, Panessa? We didn't do anything to him, it was smoky, the open window, no one touched him. We'll say it was an accident. The tension, the exhaustion, the smoke, he hadn't eaten, he felt ill, he leaned against the open window... he fainted. - Sorry, but it won't work. - Why? A guy under questioning falls from a window... No one will believe it. Who's the judge? Oh no, it's Paolillo. We can't even count on an objective judge. No accident at all, he jumped because he'd been found out, he felt lost. - Suicide as admission of guilt. - Guilty of what? He admitted nothing, there's nothing against him. But he knew, he was covering up, and when he saw the game was up, he jumped. That's how it went, isn't it? If not, and I neither know nor want to know, if it didn't go like that, no one will ever trust a uniform again, understand? Do you understand? Will someone please answer that phone! I'm Licia Pinelli, why didn't you call me... Ma'am, we're all busy, please excuse me, I'll call you back as soon as I can. Doctor, excuse me, I'm Pinelli's mother. I'm Mrs. Pinelli. Doctor, please... "It's the end of Anarchy!" he shouted, ran to the window and with a feline spring he jumped out the window. An officer tried to grab him, but was left holding a shoe. - He put it back on in flight? - I don't understand. My colleague Palumbo from Unit says he had both his shoes. What can Mr. Palumbo know? When did he get there? I was already there, I saw him first and he had both shoes. This death doesn't please us at all. Pinelli was starting to talk, to admit things, the interrogation concerned the names of his friends, names which I can't give you. - Who conducted the interrogation? - Mr. Calabresi. Captain, how did it go? I wasn't in the room, my colleagues were contesting a few contradictions. What contradictions? Several things didn't add up, he saw he was lost and jumped. What evidence did you have on him? Miss Cederna, may I first compliment you, I'm an admirer of yours... a very fine pen. You're very kind, would you also be kind enough to reply? There were requisite reasons. - Perhaps you mean "well-grounded"? - Well-grounded. Well-grounded reasons. Pinelli was heavily suspected and he didn't hold up, anyway Captain Calabresi will explain better. Now, please excuse me, it's 3 a.m. and Mr. Allegra and I must brief the Minister. Excuse me again, goodnight to all. Please excuse me. Come, Lieutenant. Captain, why wasn't his wife informed? We journalists told her, shouldn't you have? We had to get him to the

hospital, we'd have gone to her later. - Once he'd died? - What? When he couldn't say anything? I respected Pinelli, he was a decent person. You respected him, he was a decent person... but Chief Guida says he was heavily suspected for requisite reasons. Which of the two Pinellis is the right one? Why did they cover him like that? Tell them to take that sheet off, I want to see him! I want to see all of him, I want to see what they did to him. Not sleeping? I've been upset all night, I couldn't sleep. The baby's agitated, I don't know why. I heard the radio, what happened? Didn't the radio say? Do they know? Because I don't. I wasn't there, I wasn't there. Sorry. Goodbye, beautiful Lugano oh, my sweet land today, sent off without reason the anarchists go away... Ma, you mustn't cry, that's what they're waiting for. - Who? - Them. Let's not give them the satisfaction. Several hours ago, the Services issued a false document, the authorities won't have a true picture of the situation, which, instead, you will find in my report. But are you sure this Merlino, the day before the massacre, met the head of the National Vanguard, Stefano Delle Chiaie? It's been double-checked. So, infiltrating the anarchists were both neo-fascist elements... And the secret service. Subversive movements on the Right and Left have always been monitored. Shouldn't they have prevented the bombs, and not let them explode? Someone thought they could be exploited. Five years ago Italy came very close to a coup d'etat. President Segni, perhaps more than he'd intended, let himself be compromised. I was Premier and Saragat was Defense Minister, we faced Segni. Saragat threatened him with high treason, the only crime a Head of State can be prosecuted for. Segni was struck ill, and collapsed. It's sad... to see an elderly person suffer. I trust you, I want to trust you, but you're not investigating my husband's death, am I right? Yes, it was decided that the event occurred a few seconds after midnight. I went off duty at midnight, so the inquiry was assigned to others. Do you think justice is just? Yes, ma'am, justice is just. Then if someone lied, you'll find out, right? I want to file a report against the chief of police, I don't accept what they said about my husband, he wasn't involved, he wasn't a fanatic, he hated violence, and he wasn't one to commit suicide, I know it. THE NATIONAL INTEREST After the sad affair of Pinelli, public opinion questions if it might all be a horrible set-up, they're baffled and want to know the truth. Not only are Socialists and Communists asking, but also Liberals, Republicans, a great part of the Christian Democrats, and even His Holiness. Circulating in these days is an evocative, yet terrible expression: State Massacre. Heaven forbid this expression gains strength, on the other hand, the security apparatus, the secret services, we don't know who they really answer to, to the Ministers, as by law, or to you, Mr. President. This counter-investigation of yours doesn't convince me at all. It points to the Right, you say? Investigators in Milan and Rome seem to think the opposite. If that's what you think, Mr. President, I'll trouble you no further. Wait.

This counter-investigation must be stopped, it can't be made public, it's destabilizing. Then others should also stop the drift this country is experiencing. Attacks have been going on for months now, spreading panic, injuries, now even death. This is because young right-wing extremists find cover and complicity in the secret services. These young people are mere pawns, but those who infiltrated them, who took them to the brink of the abyss, those who conspired, have no justification. No one... no one conspired. I... have always defended democracy, the Republic. Of course... Ours is a young democracy, still fragile, it needs air, light, to breathe. If I made public what I've just let you read, a civil war would break out, because for many the very idea would be intolerable that a part of the State covered for or endorsed this horror. That's why we won't do anything. We'll force a cover-up, like cats with their excrement. But you, Mr. President, if you should ever sense around you authoritarian pressures or temptations, ignore them. Aldo... it would be best if I fell ill like Segni, right? I came to give you my best wishes. Merry Christmas, Mr. President.

THE VENETO CONNECTION It must have been the end of October, we were returning from a nightclub, a little drunk, and as he was driving me home, to Arcade, Ventura began talking to me about "naive fireworks", that's what he called the bombs on the trains. He said they were amateur stuff, but the group would get equipped to do better. At a certain point, he reached over to the dashboard. It was a dishwasher timer. He said, if connected to a battery and the right explosive, it could blow up a whole building. Excuse me, Professor, you're a decent person, you teach, you're a Christian Democrat councilman for the town... You hear someone say for months we should be like Greece, who talks about bombs on trains, for which they've arrested evidently innocent anarchists. And you do nothing? You don't report it to the Public Prosecutor? I thought he was making it up, making himself look big. If you'd reported him sooner, maybe he'd not get a life sentence. I'm not reporting him, I'm saying what I heard him say. If you summon him, Giovanni might tell you it was all made up! Do you realize the responsibility on your shoulders? All those deaths, those who'll live as invalids? With all these things, you have friendship concerns? I want to be clear: if you take back what you've just said I'll accuse you of aggravated slander. That's 4 years in jail. What should I do, counselor? Tell me. Free yourself of this anguish, have faith in justice. Listen... let's make a deal, first we need to know who this friend really is, this Ventura. I propose that you record all his words, so neither of us will decide his fate, it will be Ventura himself, with what he tells us, who'll convict or clear himself. A friend! I tell you certain things and you talk to the cops. - It's not like that. - Don't fuck around with me. - It's not like that! - Don't fuck around with me! We didn't need this. You rat, you talked! - I'll break your neck, bastard. - You don't understand. They said some asshole was ratting us out to the Prosecutor, - I can't believe it was

you! - It wasn't me, they know it all! What do they know? I'll crush your head with my own hands, like a walnut, but slow. Franco, let him talk. Do you know if they're spying on us? I don't remember what they know or they don't, I don't know! I don't remember, I don't know... more details, you fucking professor! Say something precise: what do they know? What did you tell them? It wasn't easy getting these reports, Treviso isn't like Rome. This Professor Lorenzon is incredible. First he accuses, then recants, then his tongue untwists, and he even makes recordings, like 007... We have to recruit him! It's the prosecutor that worries me, we don't need another pain-in-the-ass like Paolillo. Yeah. I'd say to interrupt the little story in Treviso and set it in Rome. It's complicated getting the investigation moved to the capital? They write I'm with the CIA, that I was trained in the United States. Here's my passport: I went to Spain on my honeymoon and to Basel, where you sent me yourselves. You know all the times they write "Fascist Police Chief" only because I directed the Ventotene exile? Listen, newspapers are to read and forget. I want to sue Lotta Continua. The Police and the Ministry should too. - The Police... - Aren't you offended too? A trial is a trial, anything can happen, slight discrepancies may come out, slightly different versions. They accuse me of torturing Pinelli, killing him with a karate chop, then throwing him down there. They write it outside my house, yell it at my wife on the phone. CALABRESI, YOU ARE THE ACCUSED What does your wife say about suing? She's against it, she says to drop it. Look, Gigi, listen to your wife, don't give her sleepless nights. Where's the weapons deposit, the timer, the receipt, - the proof he didn't invent it all? - Why should I? Your Honor, you can see he's a failure, a compulsive liar, sent by that other poor liar of a prosecutor... Watch your terms, I won't allow attacks on colleagues. Professor, I'm sorry, but your statements are not backed by evidence. There's nothing concrete in the recordings, I feel I can't go to trial. Actually, I must warn you, and your lawyer will confirm it: you risk indictment for defamation. TELL THE TRUTH MILAN, OCTOBER, 1970 Silence! We're in a court of law, I demand decorum. The Political Division and representatives of the Left in Milan can confirm it: Pinelli and I were on friendly terms. - Liar! Some friendship! - Quiet! Go on, Mr. Calabresi. The evening we took him in he followed us on his scooter, there was no room in the police car. Moreover, and I want to emphasize, the questioning on the 15th was calm, laid back. Laid on the ground! Quiet, or I'll clear the court! I'm the investigating judge in Treviso, Giancarlo Stiz. - I have a few questions. - About what? About tapes you recorded a while ago regarding Ventura. - Yeah, and so? - Could we continue this conversation inside? I read Judge Calogero's inquiry, I have to decide whether to close it, but I'm still not convinced. The conversations, recorded thanks to you, were transcribed by an officer from Alcamo, a Sicilian. With all due respect for Sicilians, what could he know about discussions between northerners from Treviso? Nothing at all. I want

to listen to those recordings with you, will you help me? I've already risked slander over this thing, why should I listen to you? I was here, I couldn't see Calabresi's door, but I could see Allegra's door very well. If Calabresi had gone there, I'd have seen him. Officer Panessa, to the witness stand. Maybe Valitutti didn't see the Captain go by because he was looking the other way... maybe sleeping. All I know is, the Captain wasn't in the room for the suicide. But hadn't Mr. Calabresi just tried what in jargon is called "The Fake"? Didn't he tell Pinelli that Valpreda had confessed? - He'd told him earlier. - When earlier? I think in the first questioning, at 7 p.m. What are you saying? You weren't even present at that time, you've sworn it. Maybe the Captain told me. Officer Panessa, think before you speak, you're a step from an accusation of perjury. Lieutenant Lograno, why was a Carabinieri officer present - for the questioning? - In complex investigations, various units co-operate. I see. Once Pinelli fell, you were the only one to run to the courtyard, why? - I hoped something could be done. - My question was another. Why were you the only one to go, and the others stayed in the room? Your Honor, the question is not pertinent. We're discussing here if Mr. Calabresi was slandered or not, not which stairs police forces went up and down on. Listen closely, I need a favor, tomorrow I have an appointment in Rome but can't go. Take pen and paper, write this number: 853015. Got it? Call, Guido will answer, tell him I'll get in touch. What Ventura's saying seems clear: he's talking about an appointment in Rome, to call a phone number, Guido will answer. But in the transcript it only says he has an appointment, there's no name or phone number. Whole chunks of conversation are skipped, we must review the tapes. You know these people, help me understand what's behind these phone calls. - Is it useful? - It's useful. Professor, excuse me, Lotta Continua wrote that Pinelli received a karate chop, this bruise should show that, proof of a bulbar lesion. What can you tell us? The bulbar cannot be injured by a karate chop, it's technically impossible. This oval bruise is not due to a blow received. To what, then? It's typical of a body left for more than four hours with the head resting on the morgue block. It's present on all corpses. Mrs. Pinelli, your husband's lower limbs showed abrasions which might be the sign of a violent fight. By chance, had you seen them before? Yes, he hurt himself playing with our girls. I'm not afraid of the truth, not me. If I know the truth, I tell it. Want my impression of this trial? It won't get to deliberation. Your lawyer will challenge the judge, too acquiescent with Pinelli, and he'll terminate the proceedings. I don't want that, it would mean starting over. But there's one sure thing: you were wrong to bet everything on Valpreda. I'd bet ten years' salary, the one who planted that bomb, wasn't him, but someone else. - Who? - Nino Sottosanti. Sottosanti has an alibi: he ate lunch with Pinelli and at 4:30 he took a bus out of Milan. But no one saw him get on. Nino Sottosanti, aka Nino the Fascist, a legionnaire, a neo-Nazi until

three months before converting to anarchy and, especially, as many say, Pietro Valpreda's look-alike. - It's an old story. - Maybe so, but recently a colleague went to the taxi driver with a shot of Sottosanti and asked who it was, he said: "Valpreda!" This explains why the bomber took a cab for just a few blocks. He does something odd so the driver will notice him. Nice story, why don't you write it? I have, but the editor doesn't want to publish it. He likes it, but feels he can't. Like your superiors: they respect you, but leave you out in the cold. The anarchist poster was just like one for May in France. I asked to have it analyzed in Paris, remember? Interpol sent their report to me too, they didn't know I'd been removed from the investigation. I've kept them here to remind me that justice is one thing and those who should enforce it are another. To think I reprimanded Mrs. Pinelli for having doubted that justice is just... What did the French say? That they were both printed by Aginter Press. The name rings a bell? The first secret service briefing gave it as an anarchist group. Instead, it was a Right-extremist agency, specialized in infiltration operations and financed by Fascist governments in Greece, Spain, Portugal... and even part of NATO's secret services. And Police Headquarters in Milan knew everything. Headquarters? I never knew anything. But your superiors, Guida and Allegra did. So did that professor here from Rome on the evening of the 12th, sent by the Secret Services, meaning Prefect D'Amato. They knew, but judged it irrelevant and they took me off the investigation. Who is it? What you said the other day has made me think, I've re-read the preliminary investigation, the theory that Sottosanti planted the bomb can't be ruled out. I'm glad I sowed the seed of doubt. You worked on Valpreda's alibi. It showed that the taxi driver wasn't precise. And you interviewed those who'd seen him in Rome after the massacre. A couple of witnesses, I considered them unreliable: his ex, who had it in for him, and an ex-con. Also, some of his comrades, with no reason to have it in for him, they all say he was in Rome the day after the massacre. Let's say that's true, what does it mean? Something important must have made Valpreda return to Rome, maybe to settle accounts with whoever set that trap for him. Why didn't you ask yourself that? Why didn't you and other journalists get to the bottom of this instead of collecting signatures against me? You've got it in for these anarchists but it was to frame them! You don't care about the trap Valpreda got into. There are lots of traps in this affair, one's for you. I recently discovered this and I'd have brought it to you. It comes from an agency very close to the Secret Services, it's the document that launched the hoax, and was then picked up by the papers, stating that you were trained by the CIA. The newspaper didn't invent it, the Ministry did. EXPLOSIVE Great, good, good for you, excellent! You turned my home and office upside down a while ago finding nothing, now you're here again? It's not your money, it's always stupid citizens like me who pay. Sir, look, it says "Vitezit". - Is it medicine? -

No, an explosive. I've never seen that paper, it was put there to frame me. I'll give you a few clues to jog your memory. These instructions are enclosed in a box with 25 kilos of explosive. Why tell me? My trade is books. The only explosives I know are the thoughts of Nietzsche, Marx, Evola, Pound, Cline. A box of this kind was stolen in December near your house and so was its instruction sheet, which we find in a drawer at your place. You're in deep trouble, if you know something you should say it. Or I'm under arrest? No, you'd already be. Today you're a free man. I can't say about tomorrow. So, can I go? Please. Let's go, Counselor. One moment, there's a number in Lorenzon's agenda... here it is, it's a number in Rome, he says you gave it to him to call a certain Guido to say you couldn't meet him, who's this Guido? I don't know, I know no Guido except Lorenzon. You said it was all okay, Stiz is on my back, I'm in the shit, you gotta get me out! It won't take long to confirm the Guido in the agenda's you. Seen all the strange suicides lately? The janitor in Padua fell down the stairs, Prince Borghese's treasurer drowned in a puddle, the professor from Rome went out the clinic window. What did they have in common? A crisis of conscience? - Trying to scare me? - No, trying to reassure you. If the prosecutor insists, we'll help you escape. Aren't you afraid they'll get to you? I'm an animal that leaves no trace. Yeah, like a snake. Electric Controllers Ltd. Your company promised me you do nothing but delay, I'm in a rush, so no more wasting time, when will you send them? - Like to take a seat? - I'd rather stand. - Your lawyer? - I'm my own. Since you're a lawyer, why did you need 50 timers? They were for Captain Hamid of the Algerian secret service, for action in Israel. Where does this captain live? - I have no idea, he came to me. - You have no idea... I might think this Captain Hamid is the fruit of your imagination. I don't know how to help you. This is identical to one you bought. A timer like this triggered the bomb at Piazza Fontana, recognize it? The trouble is I don't recognize you, neither you nor your justice. You magistrates, or rather "minus-trates", are the kings of empty-handedness. Electric Controllers of Bologna sold 56 timers, so there are another 6 around. Prove it was my timer at the bank and you'll win. CALABRESI MURDERER There were a thousand boxes, but I was scared, I couldn't keep them. It wasn't the first time Giovanni asked me to do risky things. What risky things? In the fall, after the train bombs, he asked me to buy metal boxes, the wooden ones he'd used for the attacks hadn't created the compression he wanted. Wait, you mean the bombs that exploded on trains last August that the anarchists are accused of? The anarchists were accused but it wasn't them. Tell me about these metal boxes, did you buy them? I refused, but when I went to the publishing house, they were there, someone else had bought them. Remember the make? German-made... Jewel. From the Prosecutor in Treviso to the Prosecutor in Milan. Besides the criminal charges pending on Franco Freda and Giovanni Ventura, already accused of organizing the April 1969 attacks

at the Fairgrounds and the Central Train Station in Milan, and, in the same year, on August 8th and 9th, those on trains, the above-named are also charged with the attack in Milan on December 12, 1969, on the National Bank of Agriculture, Piazza Fontana. The papers are returned to you for the competence of your court. Good for you, well-done! Long live democracy!

HIGH TENSION SEGRATE, MARCH 14th 1972 - Have you identified him? - No, he had an ID card issued to Vincenzo Maggioni, but it looks false. Can you reconstruct the fingerprints? He's all burned, I don't think so. EDITOR FELTRINELLI RIPPED APART BY TRINOL IN MILAN Did you know it was him? I thought so right away, then the lab confirmed it. - Hadn't he fled Italy? - Yes, he'd gone underground. - Was he involved with the bank bomb? - No. I don't think so. But was it an accident or was he murdered? What do you think? You'll end up bad too, you'll be a suicide too... - Sure, good. - Like Pinelli, you bastard. Wrong number. We're crazy to want kids in a world like this. - Welcome to the eastern front. - How are you? Not bad, you? The expert's report is thorough, but something's not right. He thinks there was blasting jelly in the Jewel box in Piazza Fontana, I think the quantity of jelly the Jewel can hold couldn't create that chasm in the floor. But the bomb was under a very heavy table, that might have compounded the effect. It doesn't explain that devastation. Another thing struck me: the newspapers said there were pieces of a timer and a fuse, usually one excludes the other. But here in the report the fuse has disappeared, they only speak of a timer. Right after the explosion, while you were in the bank, how did you feel? - We were in shock. - Physically, I mean. I had a tremendous headache, maybe due to the strong smell. - What smell? - Like almonds. Why? An almond smell and headache are typical of plastic explosives, very low in blasting jelly. - What explosive was it? - Trinol I'd say, like in Vitezit. But Trinol's not easy to find, only we in the military have it. - It came from a base. - Or illegal arms trafficking. There are lots of underground tunnels and rivers here. A farmer sank into a grotto with his tractor, he made a discovery he never should have. What you're going to see, officially, doesn't exist. - What is it? - A weapons deposit. Arms, munitions, explosives, stuff to arm the resistance against a Communist invasion. - Who knows about this? - Very few: NATO officials, the Carabinieri, the secret services. Maybe someone on the secret services' payroll, someone who decided to use these bombs before an invasion. Forget you've seen it, like I have, and I suggest you forget all the rest too. - Hello. - Hello, Prefect. How come you're in Milan? So, this is it, the famous room. I liked your composure at the trial, impeccable, despite the racket. I'm sorry about the trouble you had, this affair needs to come to an end. I have an offer for you. I'd like you in Rome, with me. - Rome? - Return to your lovely city, take your family to the sun. Milan doesn't like you, come away. Rome, though, likes me? The story about the CIA training in America came from your office at the Ministry. An incredible case of

homonymy: Calabrese was another official's name. If it comforts you, I've removed the person responsible for this sloppiness. It doesn't comfort me, because the story's still around. We'll make it stop. Come and work with me, you'll be my right-hand man. It's time to make way for the young. - Just think, I wanted to see you. - We were made to get along. - The job's yours. - I wanted to discuss my idea on Piazza Fontana. Tell me, I'm listening. An expert says, to make such a hole would take 6 kilos of explosive, if we mean blastingjelly. The metal container could hold only four. - How do you explain that? - How does the expert explain it? And especially, who is he? He can't. I tried to explain it. There were two bombs, not one. Two bags, two bombs. The first was blasting jelly, low potential, with a timer, it has a characteristic disinfectant smell. It's a symbolic bomb, meant to explode when the bank's closed, no deaths or injuries. Who put it there? Valpreda, like they all say? Go on. The second bomb comes into play, this time the smell is different: almonds, bitter almonds, high-explosive trinitol triggered by a fuse. That's the bomb of the massacre, when it explodes, it sets off the other one too. The bomber is a Fascist, looks a lot like Valpreda, he wants to be noticed by the taxi driver, to be recognized, to be taken for Valpreda, so the anarchists will take the blame. Maybe he planted it, a Fascist who'd infiltrated the Ghisolfa Club, or him, a friend of Merlino and Delle Chiaie. Or this other one, one of Freda's collaborators. All on the Right, all infiltrators and all of them look a lot like Valpreda. The trinitol comes from NATO deposits trafficked by members of New Order. A perfect plan: two bags, two bombs... one offender, the anarchist dancer, the ideal culprit. Listen... what a story, what an imagination! Since we're spinning yarns, listen to this: not only two bags, two bombs, but also two different factions. The first bomb is like you said, it should explode when the bank's closed and make noise, not victims. It's to be attributed to Valpreda, who probably doesn't know anything about it, not at all. That's the bomb to be planted by a look-alike, maybe even one of your three. That bomb is highly-regarded even in our institutions, because it scares people, it stirs up public opinion, preparing it to accept a change in the Constitution which would bring an end to the chaos, the strikes. But at the international level someone thinks it's not enough, they want a real dictatorship, like in Greece. These are the ones who plant the second bomb, the one to cause deaths. Who are "the ones"? The most extremist part of NATO, some sectors of our armed forces, some members of New Order on the payroll of the American military's secret services, executives in the American Embassy linked to right-wing extremists. And you? What did you do? Do you really think that public officials could have wanted so many innocent victims? You covered it all up, that's what you did. Just fairytales, both your story and mine, both very attractive. Like in all fairytales, there's always a grain of truth, but that grain, you understand, can't be told. Why not? Because the war's

not over, actually, it's just beginning. The best is yet to come. We're all on the front line, some do the clean work, others the dirty work. I'm not a cleaning company, I'm a police officer, my war is against criminals. - Did you have a bad dream? - No. You were talking. Would your father still give me that job in his company? I can see myself delivering sportswear to big shots. - Are you joking? - Why? When this investigation's over I'm leaving the police force. - I don't believe it, you love your work too much. - You'll see. - Did you forget something? - No. I wanted to change my tie, this pink one... is it better? - They're both horrible, go. - Thank you.

THE PIAZZA FONTANA MASSACRE HAS NO GUILTY PARTIES AFTER 33 YEARS OF TRIALS ALL THE ACCUSED HAVE BEEN ACQUITTED IN 1992 THE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE IN MILAN REOPENED THE CASE AND INCRIMINATED DELFO ZORZI, CARLO MARIA MAGGI, CARLO DIGILIO AND OTHER NEO-NAZIS THEY WERE FOUND GUILTY BUT ACQUITTED UNDER APPEAL AND BY THE SUPREME COURT IN THE SENTENCE THE COURTS RECOGNIZED FREDA AND VENTURA AS GUILTY BUT NO LONGER PROSECUTABLE THE VICTIMS' FAMILIES WERE ASKED TO PAY THE EXPENSES OF THE TRIAL FOR THE DEATH OF GIUSEPPE PINELLI THE POLICE WERE ACQUITTED OF ALL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE CALABRESI MURDER EX LOTTA CONTINUA MEMBERS, LEONARDO MARINO, OVIDIO BOMPRESSI, GIORGIO PIETROSTEFANI AND ADRIANO SOFRI WERE CONVICTED ALDO MORO WAS ASSASSINATED BY THE RED BRIGADES ON MAY 9TH, 1978 FOR ITALIAN JUSTICE ALL THESE CASES ARE CLOSED