



Scripts.com

# Your Vice is a Locked Room and Only I Have the Key

By Ernesto Gastaldi

1

YOUR VICE IS A LOCKED ROOM

AND ONLY I HAVE THE KEY

Ah yes!

She deserved

to be compared to Mary Stuart.

No-one else has been represented

in such different ways -

as a murderer or a martyr.

But she was a woman,

a great woman.

Seems his mother was

an important actress.

Yes, she made a career

of sleeping around.

To my mother!

(Speaking French)

He misses his mother.

The Italians are like that.

What about you?

Not drinking?

Well, you sons of bitches...

Even kids use

the term these days...

Please give my wife

something to drink.

Come on!

Be generous...

To my wife!

Drink.

Maybe you'd prefer to drink

from my empty skull?

Oliviero, not like this.

- To our health, my wife.

- Oliviero!

Get it down you.

(Speaking French)

Yes, my dear,

we have a Visigoth education

here in Veneto.

I'm sorry, mistress.

Maybe I got the measures wrong.

Where are you going?

This is Brenda.

Not bad for a maid, eh?  
Losing the colonies  
and gaining a servant like Brenda  
wasn't a bad deal.  
You have a soft spot  
for black women, Oliviero?  
White males have always felt that way.  
Perhaps a black woman  
is everyone's secret dream.  
It's clothes that ruin the world.  
Naked, we're all the same.  
It's so easy for these youngsters  
to think they're something  
when it's obvious that  
they're actually nothing.  
How dare you wear that?  
Why? Doesn't seeing me  
dressed like her turn you on?  
You wanted to put on  
a show like always,  
so why not in costume?  
What was your mother to you?  
Maria the madwoman  
or bloodthirsty Maria?  
You're a whore,  
a dirty whore.  
They drink! Damn, do they drink!  
I've nothing against drinking,  
Christ knows.  
I like raising a glass now and then.  
But they never stop.  
It's every single night.  
They always have friends over,  
Mrs Molinar.  
Friends? They're the crazies  
from the campsite...  
Lunatics, Krauts  
and foreigners.  
Oh Jesus, I'm not talking about you,  
but Mr Oliviero hangs out  
with certain people...  
To think that I've known him  
since he was born!  
I was a servant in this house

when his mother  
the Countess was a girl...  
What times they were!  
Hello, Satan!  
He's the only intelligent  
animal in the area.  
Have a bit of respect  
for this poor old woman!  
Hello.  
Listen, Dario, seeing  
as you know the maid,  
why don't you put in a good word  
for me with the mistress!  
Having both of them  
would be fine with me.  
I've always liked white coffee in bed.  
Forget it. They're not for you.  
You can't even imagine  
what goes on at Villa Rouvigny.  
Dealing with international couriers  
is getting more difficult  
every day, Mr Rouvigny.  
Ordering books from Paris or London  
means waiting for months,  
when we're lucky.  
Usual place tonight?  
All right,  
but it's not definite.  
I might be busy.  
Listen, the excuse of being busy  
doesn't work with me.  
You started working on me  
over the desks at high school, sir,  
and now you'll pay the price.  
Everything OK, Mr Rouvigny?  
Of course, my dear.  
Put it on my account, Bartoli.  
Certainly.  
I wonder why Zenit  
doesn't reprint your books.  
I'd love to see them  
in the shop window again.  
You really should find  
another publisher, Mr Rouvigny.

- Goodbye.  
- Always at your service.  
I'll kill you one of these days.  
Even if I have to stuff you  
with cyanide, I'll kill you.  
How do you intend to exorcise Satan?  
With a broom?  
I just want him  
to stay away from my doves.  
Are you dining in town tonight?  
Maybe.  
Help!  
Help!  
Help!  
No!  
Oliviero.  
Oliviero!  
- What?  
- Someone's coming.  
- Someone?  
- Yes, it's a police car.  
What could they want from us?  
I didn't hear you  
come in last night.  
Brenda's not here  
so you'll have to get it. Get dressed.  
- They must be fast sleep, Inspector.  
- Yep.  
- Good morning.  
- Mr Rouvigny?  
- What do you want?  
- I apologise...  
I apologise for this unusual hour.  
I'm Inspector Farla.  
It's a bother, I know,  
but I have to ask you  
some questions.  
About what?  
Something...  
...private.  
I am Oliviero Rouvigny.  
I know you very well, Mr Rouvigny...  
at least by name.  
Even Inspectors are victims

of compulsory education...  
We occasionally read books.  
Perhaps it would be better  
if we went inside, Mr Rouvigny.  
Of course, come with me.  
I understand it won't be  
pleasant for madam,  
but I'd like to exchange  
a few words in private.  
Why? I've got no secrets  
from my wife.  
Very well.  
That'll make it quicker.  
You had a date last night  
with a shop assistant  
from the Roma Bookshop.  
Is that right?  
Who, Fausta?  
Yes...  
We used to see each  
other a lot, Inspector,  
but definitely not last night.  
I was a teacher at Tasso High School  
ten years ago  
and Fausta was one of my students.  
And they speak badly of students!  
To keep a friendship going  
with her own teacher for ten years.  
That's lovely,  
don't you agree, madam?  
Very...  
Oliviero's students  
always had a soft spot for him.  
I expect it's a high school complex.  
How much sugar?  
None, thank you, madam.  
If I understand correctly, Fausta's  
accused me of standing her up?  
Vittorio.  
She probably didn't have time.  
We don't believe she died accidentally,  
Mr Rouvigny.  
It really is Fausta.  
- But who could have...?

- Killed her so horribly?  
That's what we've got to find out.  
All we know for now  
is that she was killed  
with a curved blade,  
a sickle perhaps.  
Mr Rouvigny...  
where were you

**from 8:**

I was here in the villa.  
My wife can confirm that.  
Ah...  
I see.  
Can anyone else confirm it,  
a servant perhaps?  
We have a colored woman with us.  
It was her day off yesterday  
and she stayed out last night as well.  
- No guests in the villa last night?  
- Why?  
I'm talking about the inhabitants  
of that amusing asylum called  
The Worldwide Campgrounds.  
You know, madam,  
that the most popular  
entertainment in town is gossiping.  
No, no-one was here  
last night.  
Fine. Sorry to disturb you,  
but I don't think  
this will be the last time.  
A crime around here  
raises a lot of dust.  
You don't have any plans  
to travel, do you, Mr Rouvigny?  
- Travel? No, none.  
- I thought so.  
A writer has his world inside him.  
Anyway, don't go far from the villa.  
Of course, Inspector.  
- Goodbye, madam.  
- Goodbye.  
The bookseller probably

overheard our conversation.  
That girl tormented me for years.  
It was unbearable.  
She didn't want to accept  
it was finished.  
But thanks, anyway.  
You could have given me up  
and sent me to jail.  
I was late last night  
because I had a problem.  
- I punctured a tire.  
- I didn't ask any questions.  
Right, but you think I could  
easily cut a lover's throat.  
A bad writer  
but a good sadistic murderer.  
Who knows if  
I'll become one someday,  
and it'll be your throat's turn?  
- Don't ask questions!  
- Leave me alone.  
I had the tire repaired,  
don't you forget it.  
Be careful what you say and do,  
very careful!  
Oliviero!  
The kids from the campsite  
are here, sir.  
- Shall I let them in?  
- Send them away.  
I've already got two tarts living here.  
Get lost.  
Go away!  
The police...  
You've got to call the police!  
The police? They already  
suspect me of one murder.  
It'd be like putting a noose around  
my neck. They'll say I'm a maniac.  
- You've got to!  
- I can't, Irene.  
They'd never believe it wasn't me...  
And neither do you.  
Please help me.



We've got to do something...  
we've got to get rid of the corpse.  
- Get rid of the corpse?  
- Of course.  
Listen, Irene,  
no-one will look for her.  
We'll say she left...  
Yes, she left  
and we don't know anything.  
In the cellar...  
We'll have to hide her in the cellar,  
and no-one will ever find her...  
No-one will ever find her.  
You've got to remove the stains.  
Clean it thoroughly.  
- Why don't you bury it with her?  
- No, I can't.  
You know I can't.  
Damn, you can see it.  
Wow, what legs!  
Put it over there.  
Why you, Madam?  
Isn't Brenda here?  
- She left.  
- Left for good?  
Unbelievable.  
Why, is something wrong?  
Nothing. It's just that  
I got on well with the blonde.  
I called her 'the blonde' as a joke.  
Oh, I almost forgot, a telegram.  
Pegolotti gave it to me at the post office.  
So I did two jobs in one journey.  
- A telegram?  
- Yes. I hope it's good news.  
ARRIVING MONDAY TRAIN: 15.00  
REGARDS, FLORIANA.  
That snotty pain in the ass.  
She chose the perfect time  
to come and get under our feet.  
- Wasn't she at our wedding?  
- I think so.  
My sister brought her  
from Paris.

Your niece must be at least 20 now.

Right.

- Hey!

- What did I do?

You touched me here!

Well, it's big, but it doesn't  
break any boundaries!

What a cheek!

Giovanna, welcome back!

If you'd touched the old woman's ass,  
I'd have cut your hand off!

Soldiers. What do you expect  
when there are no brothels anymore?

She wasn't on it.

Let's go.

What an idiot! First she invites herself,  
then she makes us  
come out here for nothing.

It's just as well.

Hello, Oliviero!

Thanks. Bye.

- Bye.

- Bye.

I hitched.

The lieutenant was very kind.

He had to go to the airport  
but he made a detour for me.

- Why the face?

- I'm shocked. Are you...?

Floriana, yes...

be careful with shocks.

At your age you might  
have a heart attack!

- How are you, Irene?

- Fine, dear.

No need to ask how you are,  
you look wonderful.

Let's go. The sooner we get to the villa,  
the sooner we can have a drink.

- Give it to me, I'll carry it.

- Thanks.

- How many rooms are there?

- Too many.

But we've emptied a lot of them.

They were dangerous.  
One of these days  
the roof will fall in on our heads.  
I've never had that feeling.  
I've never had a roof of my own.  
Being a genius doesn't pay,  
does it?  
Oliviero's sure the novel's dead.  
In truth it's he who's dead.  
He hasn't been able  
to write a sentence for years.  
The only thing he can sell  
these days is the furniture.  
It's only a cat.  
A beautiful one too.  
You're scared of it?  
It's called Satan.  
It was his mother's.  
- Aunt Esther's?  
- Yes.  
Oh...  
Well, well,  
a black stocking!  
What's it for, Irene? A fetish?  
Give it to me!  
It was left by a girl  
we used to have here.  
She left, but she wasn't  
much of a maid.  
Coming, Flo?  
So, in Paris you lived  
in a commune?  
Yes, for six months.  
What did you do there?  
Just about everything.  
Hear that, Irene?  
A commune would do you good.  
Where the women  
are everyones.  
Where the men  
are everyone's!  
He's a bit retarded about sex  
and terrified of impotence.  
Literary impotence, of course.

Sex is an activity that only interests  
those who have imagination  
as well as the means.  
Irene has neither.  
Hasn't the tired illustrious writer  
forgotten something?  
What?  
The means and imagination, yes...  
and something else.  
Go and see who it is.  
Good evening.  
The gate was open.  
They told me to deliver  
this to you.  
- Thank you. Goodnight.  
- Goodnight.  
- What is it?  
- I don't know.  
- You sent it out to be cleaned!  
- No, I didn't.  
Let's go upstairs.  
No Oliviero, I beg you!  
Irene.  
Irene!  
Oliviero?  
- What's going on?  
- Nothing, nothing serious.  
Irene isn't feeling well.  
She's a bit tired, that's all.  
- Perhaps she needs something?  
- No!  
She doesn't need anything.  
I told you, she's just tired.  
We don't have any servants.  
I'm tired too.  
It was a tiring journey.  
I'm going to bed.  
Who is it?  
I'm sorry, but I need to get  
some old notes from that wardrobe.  
Need some writing paper?  
No, I'm just writing down  
some addresses.  
Like your niece, do you?

Whatever Oliviero Rouvigny's  
state might be today,  
married or not, decadent or not,  
Floriana is willing  
to bring pleasure into his life  
in the name of depravation.  
Listen... how come you  
decided to come here?  
I've wanted to come here  
since I found out Aunt Esther died.  
And what did you  
find out about me?  
The usual stuff.  
That since you got married  
your mind's been frazzled.  
That you're a pig,  
an alcoholic, a drug addict,  
etcetera, etcetera...  
Etcetera, etcetera...  
Tell me. Is it true you slept  
with your mother in her bed?  
I mean when you'd grown up?  
Is it true you're a two bit tart?  
Well, it could be two bits well-spent...  
Irene!  
Why did he lock you in here?  
He told me you weren't well.  
- Can you make it to my bedroom?  
- Yes.  
- Where is he?  
- I just heard him go out.  
Bloody hell, why didn't  
you ask for help?  
He's a damn sadist.  
You don't know,  
you don't know.  
- He's sick, he scares me.  
- You mean he's mad?  
Sometimes he doesn't know  
what he's doing.  
Come on, let's go to my room.  
I knew Oliviero's family  
were crazy,  
but he really must see a doctor.

No, no.  
No doctors, no outsiders.  
Irene, I want to help you.  
You've got to trust me.  
What's going on?  
The police came  
a few days ago.  
They'd found the body of a woman  
who'd been was murdered.  
Now you know everything.  
But you can't live with someone  
you think is a murderer.  
I beg you, Floriana, not a word  
to Oliviero about what I told you.  
If he thinks...  
my God, he'd kill me.  
Not while I'm here.  
You're burning up.  
You've got a fever.  
You've nothing to worry about.  
I won't say a word.  
I'm on your side,  
you know.  
You're so sweet.  
- But now...  
- What?  
Now you know everything  
you'll want to leave.  
And you'd be right.  
I haven't even considered it.  
We two must be allies.  
Stay united.  
Why are you doing this?  
Yes?  
Oh, good evening, sir.  
Giovanna's just arrived  
from Brescia today.  
Oh yes, she's just like a lioness!  
Yes, tomorrow.  
Tonight?!  
She's tired, poor girl,  
there's been a rush...  
Yes, sir.  
See you tomorrow, sir.

Complete discretion, sir.

Goodnight.

Madame, I'm really tired.

I'm going to bed.

Goodnight, my girl.

Tomorrow starts well:

50,000 a time!

Goodnight.

- Goodnight, madame.

- Get some rest.

Madame, is that you?

Sleeping beauty,

got any cream?

Sleeping?

I'd like to wake up with you.

And the cream?

First class.

Really fresh and appreciated

throughout the area.

- You're not Italian, are you?

- Half and half.

I see, so they've conned

another woman.

There was a black woman before you

who said she was equal

but they got her to be their servant.

Maybe that's why she left.

- You knew her well?

- Like peas in a pod.

- Sorry, do you understand Italian well?

- So she left you?

She disappeared.

One fine morning she was gone.

As long as she didn't

end up like Giovanna...

Meaning?

- Good morning, Mr Rouvigny.

- Good morning.

I'm racing a bike on Sunday.

If you come you'll see

I'm not that sleepy...

They like me, they like me,

that's for sure!

European integration's not bad.

Don't you agree, Mr Rouvigny?  
I'm sorry, Inspector, but I've been  
really out of touch for a while.  
Integration of what?  
Here we are in a peaceful Veneto town,  
with German beer,  
Scottish whiskey...  
...and atomic condiments  
for everyone.  
That's the trouble with you  
intellectuals... pessimism.  
Is there anything to laugh about?  
I didn't think the Homicide Squad  
was a school of humor.  
No, quite the opposite.  
We do what we can  
with what we've got.  
Exceptional equipment...  
Just think, our forensic scientist's  
even got a magnifying glass!  
But, joking apart,  
I must apologise to you.  
Apologise? Why?  
- About Bartoli.  
- Ah.  
- The bookseller.  
- His real name's Liguori.  
He escaped from Boretto  
Psychiatric Prison eight years ago.  
He killed the two girls  
in a fit of madness.  
Good, so you won't have  
any more problems, Inspector.  
But that's the thing about problems.  
They never end.  
Now my dear wife knows  
that I didn't kill the girl.  
Now she knows, but a woodworm's  
eating into her brain.  
The woodworm's working away  
and says he was the murderer,  
that the murderer sleeps  
next to her in bed.  
- Leave me alone! You're drunk!



- Yes, I'm drunk  
like I was drunk that night.  
But it wasn't me  
who killed the black maid.  
I didn't kill that dirty negro.  
I didn't kill her, it wasn't me!  
So why don't you tell the police?  
Let me...  
You're crazy, you're crazy,  
you're killing me...  
You're killing me...  
Let me go...  
Dario Luisetti, number 7,  
has taken the lead on lap 5  
and looks like he's got the race.  
In second place, number 3:  
Armando Gardiglia.  
In third, Lucio Tarmaglio.  
Then there's the Spaniard  
Luis Soler-Borrego...  
Come on! Quick!  
Brilliant!  
Come on! Great!  
Go on!  
Attention please!  
A surprise change!  
Number 7, Dario Luisetti,  
has stopped at Broom Bend  
with mechanical problems,  
and he could be out of the race.  
Lucio Taramaglio's taken the lead,  
followed by Luis Soler-Borrego,  
but Armando Gardiglia's  
attacking on the bend as well...  
Damn! Excuse me,  
where's Broom Bend?  
Down there.  
Thanks.  
Son of a bitch!  
Piece of shit!  
Did you really have to break down  
three laps from the finish!  
Hi, motor-biker!  
Look at this!

I've been preparing for this  
bloody race for three months  
and the piston jammed  
just when I was winning!

- What's a piston?

- You can get lost as well!

Come back, Floriana...

I'm sorry.

This race meant everything to me.  
Understand? Everything!  
Everything?

See, they're on the last lap...

Let's go.

- Here we are.

- Where?

This is a good spot.

A double parka and a North Pole style  
sleeping bag against rheumatism.

Come on.

Don't tell me  
you come here to make love?

Why not? Where should we go,  
the Grand Hotel?

And it's more romantic here.

Mind your head.

The bed will be ready in a second.

Did you bring  
the black girl here too?

Still on about her?

Jealous, are you?

Come on. Get undressed.

It's not cold.

Come on, hurry up.

How many zips have you got?

God, you're taking your time!

Wow... if I win the lottery  
I swear I'll get a maid just like you.

Come on. Let's seal ourselves inside  
and never come out.

Come here.

I like you.

We might or might not do this again,  
but no complications, understand?

Who's there?

What do you want?

I'm the rag and bone woman.

I'm here for the bottles.

Go away,

go away!

- So, when will we meet up again?

- Who knows...?

- Didn't you like it?

- Of course...

Well, tell me when you're free.

- I'm always free. Bye.

- Bye.

You'll give me a heart attack!

What are you doing here

in the dark?

What's up?

What's happened?

A terrible thing, Flo.

That bloody animal...

I'm scared,

I'm really scared.

Only you can help me.

Calm down, Irene,

calm down.

Explain what happened.

Yes...

that bloody animal,

that diabolical bloody animal.

Irene.

- Is she dead?

- Oh, shut up!

Why did you buy

those disgusting things?

Disgusting?

It's a matter of taste...

Satan loves sheep's eyes.

Come on Irene,

it was nothing.

Why don't you go and get her

a cardio-tonic; or something?

Satan's on heat as well.

He hasn't been seen

since yesterday.

If life had given me

someone like you,  
everything would  
have been different.  
How young you are...  
- Go away, bloody animal!  
- Calm down, it's all over.  
They scared you but it was nothing.  
Have a drink.  
Don't be scared.  
He hasn't realised yet.  
And luckily the cat's disappeared.  
Was the black girl dressed like this  
when you killed her?  
I'm definitely not Mary Stuart  
but then you don't have  
Lord Leicester's face.  
I learnt something reading this book  
about the 'bloody letters'  
and the battle  
between the two queens...  
Edifying, isn't it?  
What did Irene tell you?  
That she shares her bed  
with a crazy, alcoholic murderer?  
No, nothing like that.  
The poor woman's terrified  
because of everything  
that's happened.  
- And you?  
- I'm keeping my eyes wide open.  
When I saw you yesterday  
in the hay loft...  
Of course I saw you!  
Who else could it have been?  
I wanted you inside  
the sleeping bag.  
- Didn't you want to as well?  
- You really are the little whore  
I thought you were.  
And are you really the pig  
they say you are?  
Take that thing off.  
Why don't you take it off  
with your own hands?

No...

What's wrong?

Irene!

Irene.

Where did these come from?

Would you mind  
answering me, Irene?

I couldn't find the old ones  
so I bought those.

- Strange.

- Why?

I haven't seen the cat for two days.

He hasn't even come in to eat.

Don't you think it's strange?

What did you do to him?

Did you hurt him?

You're crazy. Why would I?

Why would you?

I know why.

Because you've always hated him,

because my mother liked him,

because he belongs to me,

because he's mine,

which you'll never be,

because you're a whore,

a dirty bloody whore!

I beg you, Oliviero.

I can't stand it.

Stop scaring me...

I'd just have to dig

these in a bit, just a bit...

You're hurting me...

Excuse me, sir.

- Yes? Oh, good morning Mrs Molinar.

- Good morning.

I want to speak to the police chief.

The police station's right there

in front of you.

- Thank you. Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

You wish he was dead,

don't you?

I've noticed your life's hell,

so why do you stay?

He'd never let me go.  
Maybe you're wrong.  
Last night he told me  
he wanted to kill you.  
No. Then he'd destroy  
what entertains him,  
his victim.  
He just wanted to scare you.  
All he wants is to get into your bed.  
He already has.  
Jealous? You're jealous?  
No, not in the way you think.  
He's a failure... not only  
as a writer, and he knows it.  
He hides it from himself.  
Maybe this is  
what caused all the problems.  
Maybe you haven't thought  
about ending it for good.  
It wouldn't take much.  
No?  
No. You're spoilt for choice...  
Ideas like a picnic with a tragic ending.  
A leap into the ravine,  
the inconsolable widow...  
Romantic, isn't it?  
Now I've found you  
I can't stand her anymore.  
I can't carry on  
being stuck between  
a hysterical woman  
and an erotomaniac.  
If you continue  
I'll leave this house.  
Go away now.  
Irene could come in any minute  
and I don't want to be involved  
in one Of your unique spectacles.  
This time I swear  
I'll get rid of her.  
I've already thought  
about how to do it,  
but please don't leave me.  
I've re-opened

that hole in the cellar.  
There's room for her too.  
- This time I'll really do it.  
- You're drunk.  
I told you to leave.  
You're spying on me,  
you dirty scumbag.  
I'll break your neck!  
Watch out or I'll kill you!  
- What do you want?  
- Come down!  
- I can't.  
- I've got a race.  
- I have to leave tomorrow morning.  
- So?

Why don't you come with me?  
The race is in Cesenatico  
and if I do well  
I'll be taken on for track races.  
I'll wait for you at 7:00  
on the bridge.  
Come on! We'll have fun!  
Get lost or you'll wake everyone.  
Only if you say you'll come.  
All right, all right. I'll come.  
Bye.

KILL HER AND HIDE HER  
IN THE CELLAR WALL  
So you took a decision.  
I was beginning to wonder if you'd do it.  
I... I don't know what...  
Look, look! He really wanted to kill me.  
He'd already prepared the hole  
in the cellar next to the other girl.  
You can tell that to the court.  
In any case you'll get life, my dear.  
You know, judges are  
almost always married  
and it's unlikely  
they'll absolve a wife who's...  
Understand?  
They defend their privileges.  
My mother told me Aunt Esther  
had some very valuable jewels.

Where do you hide them?  
You can tell me,  
now that it's all mine.  
Floriana, please don't  
talk to me like that.  
Those jewels are yours.  
You can have them.  
I don't care about that stuff...  
But don't betray me.  
All right, partner.  
Let's get rid of him.  
Here, they're all here.  
I don't even know what they're worth,  
and I don't want to know.  
Well, they're in bad taste,  
but they're worth a lot.  
Aunt Esther made all her lovers  
give her jewels.  
Take them. They're yours.  
I should go now.  
No, not yet, please.  
I'm scared.  
You'll have to get used to it,  
sooner or later.  
Sooner would be better.  
What will you say  
about good old Oliviero?  
That he left,  
he went abroad,  
and then... I don't know.  
- I'll leave the villa.  
- Fine...  
It's been a really lovely holiday.  
Bye.  
Floriana, please stay.  
At least for tonight.  
I beg you, don't go.  
All right, just tonight.  
No.  
I know more pleasant ways  
to help you sleep.  
Floriana.  
Floriana!  
Floriana?



**REVENGE:**

**REVENGE:**

Who's in there?

Why did you want me to stay?

Did you want to kill me too?

**REVENGE:**

**REVENGE:**

Floriana, what are you going to do?

Floriana!

Floriana.

Now I'm sure she'll be

at the bridge at 7:00.

- She has no choice.

- Yes...

And it'll be the end

and the beginning of everything.

You got the end you deserved,

but I'm sorry you suffered so little.

I just hope

there's something after death...

...so you'll be able to know

how long my revenge took!

I killed your bitch of a mother.

I had that dirty black girl killed.

You'll rot with her for eternity!

Can you hear me, Oliviero?!

Yes, it was me who had her killed

so new suspicions

would fall on you

after you'd already been accused

of that other crime.

It was easy...

It was easy

with your alcohol-ruined memory

to make you lose confidence

in yourself.

I destroyed you.

Day by day,

day after day.

And I'd have continued

to kill you little by little,  
if I hadn't realised you  
wanted to kill me too.  
I hope some part of you  
is still alive somewhere,  
and that you'll suffer for eternity!  
It all went off without a hitch.  
Don't worry, it was even easier  
than the black girl.  
And the jewels?  
- Did you recover all of them?  
- All of them.  
She'd put them in a plastic bag.  
Bitch!  
Thought she was really shrewd.  
The problem is the two corpses.  
Why? It was just a road accident.  
I mean the two bodies in the cellar.  
They could be found.  
Come here, Walter.  
I want to show you something.  
We've got to bring them here at night.  
Agreed?  
Deep enough?  
I've nothing to add.  
You always have good ideas.  
Good afternoon, madam.  
We were just about to leave.  
No-one's home.  
- Good afternoon.  
- Good afternoon.  
Here again?  
I mean... what else is there?  
My husband left this morning.  
- I don't know when he'll return.  
- Just a formality.  
A serious crime has been reported.  
- A crime?  
- Yes.  
You tormented a cat.  
- A cat?  
- Yes.  
Incredible, but we also have  
to deal with such things.

Old Mrs Molinar,  
the rag and bone woman  
who used to be in the service  
of the Countess Esther,  
your husband's mother... you know?

- I remember her.

- She has officially reported a crime.

Let me explain.

That bloody animal massacred  
all my doves, so...

Yes, I understand.

But I said to myself we should go  
and speak to the Rouvignys,  
and then we'll calm down  
old Mrs Molinar.

She's a good woman at heart.

I just need to write a report.

- Do you need to come inside?

- Yes, please.

- Would you like something to drink?

- I shouldn't,

but I don't consider myself  
to be in service  
when I'm dealing with cats.

Thank you.

Here.

To your health, madam.

And to the cat's.

- That's him, isn't it?

- Yes.

Did you hear that?

The cat's realised  
we've come here about him.

Bloody animal! I... I...

I'm scared of him.

Believe me, Inspector.

No, don't bother...

It seems to be coming  
from that door.

Yes, the cellar.

But it's always closed.

No, it's open.

If we find him  
we'll take him away for you.

No, no.

My husband's very fond of him.

He'd get angry if the cat  
was gone when he returned.

From the way he's meowing  
it sounds like he's injured.

We'd better take a look.

He's not here.

Stuff from '48.

Barolo, Merlot,  
Cabernet,

a Brunello from '36.

There's no cat,

but the meowing came from here.

This is worth a fortune.

I don't know.

I know nothing about wine.

- Found anything?

- No. I'd say he's not here.

I'd be delighted

if you accepted at least one.

Oh, no, that's too generous, madam!

- And maybe your husband...

- He will be happy.

- Please take it.

- Well, how could I refuse?

Thank you.

There's a hole in the wall here!

It looks like it's been dug from inside,  
and the plaster's fresh.

He's in there,

he's in there!

That bloody animal's in there!

Madam!

Madam, don't overreact, please.

He wants me dead.

He wants to destroy me!

That demon is...

Satan! Satan!

ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ACTUAL EVENTS  
OR PERSONS IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL