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# **Amici miei - Come tutto ebbe inizio**

By Piero De Bernardi

[Perozzi's job as a news editor ends at this hour,]  
[then he gets out of his office to go home. Oh! Perozzi is me.]  
Thanks, doctor.  
[I'm so used to be called "Perozzi" by my colleagues and friends]  
[...that I've almost forgotten my first name is Giorgio.]  
- Hi, Perozzi!  
- Hi.  
Black coffee laced with Fernet. "Branca", please!  
"Prostitutes slaughtered by gangs of armed queers!"  
"They're dying like flies: 4 in Turin, 2 in Florence and 18 in Lombardy!"  
"Panic among the pimps!"  
Enough, Perozzino! How can you be willing to joke at this hour?  
"Barkeeper's licence revoked because he picks his own nose!"  
Give me three packs of cigarettes too.  
Come on, Wanda, I'll take you home.  
Thanks. I'm waiting for my man. He'll take me home.  
A glass of milk and two brioches. Those are yesterday's, the fresh ones haven't been delivered yet.  
Let's go to the baker's near the station. He takes them out at this hour.  
Thanks but I'm tired. I'll go home.  
- Yesterday's will do.  
- Alright.  
What's wrong Perozzi? Can't you find your way home today?  
If you feel lonely, I can keep you company even if I'm off duty.  
You'll pay half price.  
Let him go to sleep! Can't you see he's tired? He's just finished working.  
- Well, so have I!  
- Sorry, Italia, but he's right. Bye all.

I'd better go to sleep.  
[But I don't feel like it.]  
[The idea to lock myself up in the  
house after spending the night at work]  
[depresses me.]  
[And then it's true. Today I  
don't feel like being alone.]  
[I need someone to laugh with,  
to speak to, but not a whore.]  
[A friend. Yes, my friends.  
I'd really like to see them.]  
[But at this hour, all  
I can do is go home.]  
[Perozzi's son is back!  
Yes, that's his car.]  
[Only Perozzi's son can  
put a raincoat on his car.]  
[No. I can't stand him,  
not on a day like today.]  
[When I think about my own flesh and  
blood, I suddenly turn into a vegetarian.]  
[What now?]  
[They must all be asleep.]  
[However]  
[I should meet at least one of them.  
Birillo is certainly out peeing already.]  
Birillo, my goodness!  
Slow down, Birillo!  
- Hey!  
- Hey!  
- Where are you going?  
- Who knows? Ask him.  
What are your plans for today?  
In the morning I have to  
inspect some council houses...  
...and I'll meet the building  
commission at the Town Hall at five. Why?  
Because today I feel like a gypsy.  
What a day! It's never going  
to be a day like this again.  
- I'd like to leave.  
- Then, I'll leave with you.  
I'll send the surveyor to do the  
inspection and I'll ignore the commission.

Good!

Birillo! Damn you!

Wait for me in Beccaria Square.

Put a brioche on the seat

and keep the car door open...

...so we'll trick him.

What if he slept outside...

...and told his wife he was with us?

**We'll tell her:**

true. Your husband is with us".

"Go back to sleep".

- Quick!

- Hurry up! Come on!

Lello!

Shh!

But where are you going this time?

Oh, God! What happened?

Lello!

- But at least tell me where you're going!

- I can't.

- Will you tell me what's happening?

- I'll tell you tomorrow.

Later.

Bye!

Lello!

- So she fell for it again!

- She fell for it? She believes it!

What else could she do?

With everything I do to her!

They only have two onions

left for today's lunch.

It's better this way. If they're

worried they won't get hungry.

Who's that?

Gypsies!

- Not again! Oh, God!

- Not again? One month's passed by!

But where are you going?

And when are you coming back?

- We're gypsies, with no destination and no future.

- Come on, madam, awake him!

But it's seven o' clock! He was very

tired. He came home late last night.

Tired? Of what?

Carmen, I'll take a token.

- I have no money! Here.

- Thanks!

- Call Sassaroli in Pescia and tell him to get ready.

Don't tell me that coffee's for him?

Otherwise he'll be nervous all day.

What do you care? He'll stay with us!

Just a moment!

Here! That's better, isn't it?

- Busy!

- Who, Sassaroli?

What Sassaroli! I wonder whom that

whore's speaking to at this hour!

Don't give up! There's time.

If you don't want me to go, I won't go!

I'll stay here.

- Go! Go!

- And today the labourer's sick too.

- Will you make it all alone?

- Don't worry.

Then hurry up, they're waiting for me!

Have you hooted?

Have you hooted?

No. Oh, yes! I've lightly

touched it with my elbow.

It's a sensitive horn. You

lightly touch it and see?

It just takes one's elbow!

Sometimes I just graze it this way.

- That's impossible.

- No way!

Show me! Indeed!

- See?

- Mine is hard. If I want to hoot, I have to.

What are you doing? Writing? Give

it a try. A finger is enough, see?

Tarapia tapioco.

A premature supercazzola

or are we joking here?

- Sorry?

- No, allow me.

No, sorry, we are four.

As if it were antani for

you too just in two...  
...or in four also  
scribai with a cofandina...  
like an antitheft, for example.  
- Antitheft my foot!  
These gentlemen were  
hooting. Stay aside.  
Wait, give me your finger.  
Here, lift it up this way. Look!  
See the finger? It's  
provoking, and premature too.  
Then I could also tell you, with  
due respect for the authority...  
...that only the two things like  
the deputy mayor too, understand?  
Deputy mayor?  
- Follow me to the police station!  
- No, wait!  
No, wait, antani according to par.  
12. Have patience, otherwise...  
...posterdati, for two, also a  
little antani in the prefecture...  
Not counting the  
premature supercazzola...  
...which has lost contact with the tarapia tapioco.  
- After.  
- What's happening, Paolini?  
- Nothing! Hi, Necchi.  
- Hi!  
- Hi! These gentlemen feel like playing.  
- Hi!  
- Are they your friends?  
Of course. They were calling me.  
Just a little hooting, this way.  
You want to make an issue of it? Come  
on, you've always been reasonable.  
- I see. I'll close an eye this time.  
- Good!  
Necchi, don't interfere when  
I'm playing the supercazzola.  
- If it was for me, he'd have the car removed.  
- Remove, my foot!  
- What! He was falling for it!  
- Sure.

The joke was working. We had  
him in the palm of our hands.  
You had your dicks in the palm of your  
hands! They'd already caught you, before.

- When?

- How about that master builder who broke your nose?

# Beautiful daughter of love,  
plon plon plon plon plon...

# ...I'm a slave to your mannerisms,  
plon plon plon plon plon...

# ...la la la la la la la la...

# ...you can ease, you can ease  
my pain. Plon plon plon plon plon.

# Pa pappero pa pappero  
pa pappero pa papp.#

[Here we are, the four of us.]

[There's also a fifth: Sassaroli,  
who'll join us in Pescia...]

[but that's a different matter.

The four of us are the main group:]

[...schoolmates and fellow soldiers,  
therefore friends for a lifetime.]

[Here they are here, my  
friends. Dear friends.]

# Beautiful daughter of love,  
pa pappero pa pappero pa papp. #

- Stop!

- What?

- A phone booth!

- Come on!

- What are you doing?

- Gypsies never phone!

I had a date with Titti.

I have to tell her, no?

- You tried to call her for half an hour.

- Yes!

It was busy. And I'd  
also like to know why.

I'll tell you why. She  
was busy too, too, too...

- But what did you do?

- I turned left.

And what is there on the left?

The hell if I know. Gypsies

turn wherever they want.

[That means to be gypsies.]

[That's the gypsy thing: we leave  
with no destination and no purpose...]

[...and our journey can last  
one or two days, or a week.]

[Once it lasted twenty days,  
except for a couple of hitches.]

Here, brake.

- Help! - Have you got a  
room for four? - With a bath!

- My shoulder, oh my!

- My goodness! Assassin!

Mommy dear! A priest!

[One of the best times of  
our lives started that way:]

[...the four of us in the  
same room out of town.]

[Far away from our wives, lovers, business,  
and with a whole hospital at our disposal.]

It was about time!

- I have seen the Madonna!

- I want the chaplain!

- ...the bedpan! - The  
chaplain! - The Madonna!

- You've called me four times already...

- Sister...

- with the tarapia tapioco as if...

- I've seen the Madonna!

- I want the chaplain, the chaplain...

- I've seen the Madonna!

- The chaplain! - Enough!

- I've seen the Madonna!

The other people are really sick here!

- Tomorrow you'll settle it with the doctor.

- Unhooded?

# The long, long, long, long shits...

# ...run and melt. They need a bedpan...

# ... from the sister.

# The long, long, long, long shits... #

[In the end the doctor gave  
us such powerful sedatives...]

[...that we slept all  
night like pumpkins.]



[And so, the day after we  
woke up fresh and rested...]  
[...ready to start again.]  
- Well, at this point...  
- # The long, long, long, long shits...  
# ...run and melt. They need a bedpan...  
# ...from the sister. #

**I warn you:**

...either you end up this  
buffoonery, or I'll separate you.  
I'll send you all to  
different floors and wards.  
- Who wanted the bedpan?  
- He did!  
There's nothing to laugh about!  
630 of cholesterol, 3,2 of glycaemia.  
First of all no more cigars!  
A litre and three quarters, with  
a three percent of B6 solution.  
- Who saw the Madonna?  
- He did!  
Bipolar electroencephalogram.  
And who asked for the chaplain?  
Well! Call Don Ulrico.  
- And you, what's wrong with you?  
- Professor, you won't believe it.  
Antani like a traction  
for two, even if it were...  
...a tarred supercazzola,  
it is unhooked towards right.  
I see.  
Three doses of Afasol, one  
hour long each. Immediately!  
There's still half an  
hour to go! Enjoy it!  
No! No! But what are you doing?  
That's not a rubber  
syringe! I want my lawyer!  
(With a German accent) Repent,  
therefore, of your wickedness...  
...because you're a slave to evil...  
...and hell awaits you.  
- But when has he seen the Madonna?

- Before fainting.  
- He had a vision.  
- Couldn't it be one of our nuns?  
No. She wasn't wearing  
either a uniform...  
...or a blue dress. She had a fur on.  
Close your eyes.  
Hey! But what are you doing?  
Where does that corridor lead?  
To the psychiatrist's. But calm down.  
I can't! I have seen the Madonna! Again!  
But what are you doing?  
Those rings are all crooked...  
Should we call Giotto to draw a target?  
I'm not crazy! I wasn't hallucinating!  
She exists! The most beautiful  
woman I've ever seen! Look!  
- Quick or she'll leave! There she is!  
- Nice piece of pussy pie!  
- Not bad!  
- Pussy? But she's Laura! She's Beatrice!  
And didn't Laura and Beatrice  
have a pussy? They did!  
What Laura! What  
Beatrice! She's Cleopatra!  
Oh my goodness!  
- He's' fainted! - Are you  
okay? - Who told her? Here!  
Hello, Miss? I'm Perozzi, room 31.  
Someone with a beige dress, curly  
hair and three roses will ask about me.  
Yes. Tell her I'm very sick.  
That visits are forbidden,  
and I can't see anybody.  
- What do you think?  
- Pretty! Pretty! Long thighs, like an antelope.  
- Well, she has a defect  
though... - Sure! - What is it?  
She messes with that Nazi  
Head of the Physician.  
- Where's he taking her?  
- Where? Where I'll go in a moment. Look!  
That's a pig, besides being a torturer.  
and he takes advantage of his

position to harass his poor patients.

I'll call the police!

What are you saying? They're married.

She's the professor's wife. She's  
undergoing psychiatric treatment.

[For Melandri it was love  
at first sight as usual.]

[which usually involves  
the rest of us too...]

[...because when Melandri falls in love  
he becomes an unbearable dead weight.]

- Macaroni pie! Delicious!

- Ah!

Aren't you joining us? It's  
awfully good, Necchi's wife made it.

Of course not!

Shall we play target-shooting spitting  
at the ceiling? You'll get distracted.

- But not while we're eating.

- No, thanks.

- Sorry guys, I can't make it.

- No! I'm the one who can't make it!

We can't go on living with a corpse.

- I want to go to a different hospital, or at least to a different ward!

- Quiet!

- I'd better stay with the leper than with an asshole.

- Calm down!

Sit down!

Here is a typical threesome:

he, she and the other man.

Well, he is a piece of shit  
who deserves to be cheated on.

- She...

- A piece of pussy pie.

- Well, yes!

- As regards the other man I've been wondering, for a long time:  
why does he always give in so soon?

Because she is too  
beautiful, unreachable.

And he is an important man, with a  
strong personality, the charismatic type.

- What can I hope for?

- Nothing.

Nothing, I agree.

In fact, if you weren't a jerk but a horse, I'd bet on you at 1 to 200.

And I would win...

because Melandri has an advantage: the shrink.

- Who?

- The headshrinker, the psychoanalyst.

And if a woman goes to the psychoanalyst, there's something missing in her life.

And what does a woman miss in her life 99 times out of 100?

Love!

- Oh!

- Intravenous, sister? I'm ready.

One and five!

Hello? May I talk to the lady?

Oh! That's you! Who am I?

You seem an educated person.

You'll certainly remember

Homer and his Odyssey.

Madam, my name is Nobody!

- I'm so cool!

- No! I think it was too intellectual.

It was a masterpiece!

It's a shame. What do

you want to achieve?

Let us work for you!

Nothing affects a woman more than eight or ten phone calls a day.

- Yes, eight or ten fucks.

- Don't count on me.

- That is deception.

- Keep quiet!

Now, now!

Hello? Yes, that's still me.

No, I don't want anything.

I only needed to hear your voice again!

Hello? It's me.

Tarapia tapioco as if it were antani with a premature supercazzola...

...unhooded towards the right. Of course you don't understand, I'm talking nonsense!

When I think about your well-shaped thighs, I go crazy.

Describe your nipples in detail...

- What are you doing? Pig!

- What am I doing? Working.

- Putting my two cents in. - Your  
dirty cents! - To each, his own.

One cannot always flirt as you do!

Let's give her a few loving strokes.

- Why don't you give them to Titti, ugly pig?

- I do, I do!

Material and prosaic,  
that's how you are!

- Three!

- Three, six, nine.

One, two, three, four, five, six,  
seven, eight and nine. My turn.

- Start preparing her.

- I will.

- Tell her I'm not handsome.

- Don't worry.

- That's important.

- We'll see to it.

Donatella! How do I know? I  
know many things about you.

Can I call you Donatella?

Thanks, Donatella.

I know many, many things about  
you! So many! For example...

For example, I... For  
example, for example...

For example. Donatella, I know  
you aren't happy. Don't deny it.

I also know that's why you're  
seeing a psychologist. Stop doing it.

You don't need it anymore.

You want to know why? I won't  
tell you why. Ask your heart...

- Enough! She'll get bored to death.

- Shh! She'll hear you!

- Shall we give her a loving stroke?

- But who do you want to strike?

- Let's get to the point!

- It won't work!

Look at him! How nice!

And without calling her!

Who was the first she  
treated with familiarity? Me.  
But who made her weep?  
Necchi did. When I said:  
"Bid me not to call you  
anymore, and I shall obey".  
She sobbed in this ear for an hour.  
Because you didn't  
hear her moan in my ear.  
- She moaned?  
- Yes. When I told her: "I'd lick you from head to toe".  
And when was it?  
Yesterday, from the public phone.  
You won't let me call her from here!  
Because you're a pig and  
don't understand that woman.  
You think they're all the same!  
Yes! Let me work and you'll  
see. We're almost there.  
- Where?  
- To the phone wank.  
- I hope you're joking.  
- Not at all. On the contrary! I'll show you at once.  
- Here, in front of us? - Alright, I'll use  
the public phone... - But what's he doing?  
Hello? It's me.  
Love, love, my love! Enough  
now! I must meet you. Yes.  
If you agree as well,  
tell me where and when.  
Alright.  
She said no, did she?  
- She said yes.  
- Where? - When?  
Do you think I'm going to tell you?  
You think I'm an idiot, don't you?  
[Melandri escaped on April  
23rd at eight forty pm.]  
[We saw him leave, and we secretly  
hoped that he screwed it up.]  
[We counted on the  
shock she would get...]  
[...seeing Melandri, about whose aspect  
we had carefully avoided to tell her.]

Hello? It's me.

I knew it.

- It was better if I kept being only a voice. Goodbye.

- Wait! Why?

Why? I frightened you so much that you  
broke a glass! Do I look like King Kong?

Not at all! What are you saying?

I'm sorry. I'm a little nervous.

Me too. I have my nerves on edge.

You've invited me to

dinner, if I am not wrong.

Then, would you have a seat please?

Have a seat.

- Do you mind if I keep the...

- No, but...

- on the phone you weren't so formal.

- You're right, but...

...I don't know why, but  
everything's different now.

For me too.

So...

Where do we start?

How about a hors d'oeuvre?

Come on! Where do we start  
speaking, to know each other better.

- Sorry, I'm a little...

- I don't even know your name.

You never wanted to tell me your name.

- Architect Rambaldo Melandri.

- Nice to meet you!

Nothing?

She wanted to meet you, she must  
have uttered one sentence at least.

Just a sentence, but  
as sharp as a knife.

"I have accepted to see  
you only to warn you..."

"...If you don't stop harassing  
me, I'll tell my husband".

- Listen...

- Hey, but those are mine!

- ...but has she said that before or after seeing you?

- Before.

[We didn't want to act

cruelly towards our friend...]

[...who preferred to leave  
the hospital and us...]

[...also to avoid the danger  
of meeting that woman again.]

Forgive me, but I need to be  
alone with my pain for a while.

Please, don't look for me,  
okay? Don't ask after me.

I will show up when I'm alright.

If I ever will.

Goodbye.

[But as soon as he had disappeared,  
our sympathy for him...]

[...was replaced by our pride.]

What a bitch!

Who was she expecting? Marlon Brando?

Moreover, she made us work like crazy.

I'll phone her right

now! I have to punish her.

I'll phone her!

That bitch!

Hello? It's me.

- What? - What happens?

- What's she saying?

She says the sand and my  
perfume are still on her.

Yes, love, yes.

Me too. Very much.

You can't imagine how much.

Bye!

- So? - He's done

her! - He's done her!

He's done her!

On the beach. In the

moonlight. Have you heard?

That son of a lesbian bitch!

"Forgive me, guys. I don't know if I can  
make it. Leave me alone." Can you believe it?

What a friend! Pig! Filthy! False!

[And, after deciding not to  
name that traitor anymore...]

[...we all went back to our  
separate and usual lives...]



[...after that accident which  
had left marks on us all.]

[Marks that I decided to  
exaggerate a little...]

[...to break up with a certain  
person in an elegant way...]

[someone who had started  
to say things like:]

[..."I would need that  
you needed me so much".]

It makes 300. [Therefore, I emphasized  
some of the after-effects of my fractures.]

Wait for me, love, this hump  
prevents me from running as I used to.

Come on, the train is leaving.

- I can't. - I'll take  
it. - Here, come on.

- Bruna! Bruna!

- Yes!

- Get back soon, my kitten, as soon as you can.

- I will!

You know how much I need you.

But my sister needs me too. As  
soon as she has recovered I...

She will recover, you'll see. I bring good luck  
now. But you aren't trying to get rid of me, are you?

- What are you saying?

- I've got a bad sensation.

See, madam,

besides the hump, hunchbacks  
get a sixth sense. Bye!

- Bye! Bye!

- Bye! Bye!

[And the sensation came  
true. I never saw her again.]

- You touched my  
hump! - Me? - Yes.

- You're wrong...

- You've touched my hump...

...to pass school tests.

- I assure you th...

- I felt you, you know?

- But...

Now she plays the angel! Study

instead of touching people's humps!

- She seemed so respectable!

- Come on, sit down.

- That's absurd!

- They're all the same!

- Oh, my goodness!

- Thanks!

[And since I was a hunchback, I  
remained a hunchback till I got home...]

Hi! [... but I hadn't  
considered my son.]

[I never remember if he teaches  
in Milan on the odd days...]

[...and here in Florence on  
the even days, or vice versa.]

[On which Sunday he stays  
with me or goes to his mother.]

[In any case, he always shows  
up when I'm not expecting him.]

Dad!

- Don't worry, Luciano.

- How couldn't I, with a dad like you?

[He didn't fall for it for a moment.]

[Because he is intelligent, no doubt,  
but he lacks sense of humour.]

And don't think you can do  
to me what you did to mum.

You made her go crazy.

But when will you grow up, dad,  
and stop acting like an idiot?

[I wondered if the idiot was  
me, who saw life like a game...]

[...or if it was him,  
who saw it like a prison.]

[Or if we were both idiots.]

[Necchi, on the other hand,  
found out his right arm...]

[...still hurt when he  
made specific movements...]

[...above all when he had to stick  
stamps on the football pools coupons.]

Ouch! The professor told me:

..."Total recovery. You can make any  
movement but don't press your thumbs".

And I have to press and drag  
my thumb. How unlucky of me!  
Leave it to me. And we'll hire  
someone else for Saturdays.  
I can't do it. It hurts.  
- Crisis, guys!  
- Yes, the lira collapsed!  
Not that! Judas is in a serious crisis!  
- Oh! Is he?  
- Hell yes!  
No way! They used to dance "My foolish  
heart" and dine in the candle light...  
- They did...  
- Then?  
...but since he wanted to feed  
her, his beard caught fire.  
- And then?  
- They broke up!  
Actually his beard has  
nothing to do with it.  
They say they can't  
keep on being in hiding.  
Their screams almost  
broke down the walls.  
They'd like to tell the world: "I  
love Molly Pucci! I love Cippa Lippa!".  
The milkman's boy passing

**by goes like:**

- Oh, here's the bill.  
- What's that?  
You said you would buy the  
Universal Encyclopaedia?  
But if you changed your  
mind I'll tear it up.  
- Wait! If you're in need...  
- I'm always in need.  
But I'm not a beggar!  
After all, don't worry.  
I am about to make a  
large business deal.  
One hundred thousand? Are you crazy?  
We're talking the whole leg  
here, not the little finger!

- And it's the right leg too.  
- So what? I know full well.  
Look. The plaster reaches  
up to the knee. It's blocked.  
- Here, up to the ankle.  
- But it can be unblocked.  
- How, it can be unblocked?  
- It can just be unblocked!  
What do you care! It's already  
been estimated by the insurance.  
With such a leg you'll  
get at least L. 800.000.  
Here is the assessment. Give me L.  
200.000 cash, and the leg is yours.  
- And what's the use of it?  
- Then I'll go to another usurer.  
[In the end he sold the rights on his  
leg to a greengrocer from Candeli...]  
[...who gave him 650 lbs. of  
potatoes and a 1959 Oldsmobile...]  
[...which even a  
car-wrecker would refuse...]  
[...but which made Mascetti  
self-confident, instead...]  
[...as he thought he could  
widen his sphere of activity.]  
[No news from Melandri, instead...]  
[till one day Mascetti asked us to reach  
him in Pescia as quickly as possible.]  
- Too late.  
- Why?  
- Why is it too late? - Because  
he got in long ago. - Who?  
Melandri.  
- Melandri?  
- There where?  
- He got in to the villa of Nazi... Of the professor.  
- Oh!  
- I came to sell him an encyclopaedia.  
- And then?  
And then I saw Melandri's car arrive...  
...I hid here and saw him  
get off in a black suit...  
...with a collared coat and a bow tie...

Fulminating God! He went to  
tell her husband! And then?  
I called you at once because he's going  
to ruin himself. We have to do something.

- What can we do?
- Calm down, guys!
- Calm down my arse!
- You know her husband, don't you?

You know he's a beast.  
Then let him settle that.  
He'll peel off his skin and  
make a lampshade out of it.  
[It was an error of judgement.]  
If this was a sophisticated  
comedy instead of a drama...  
at this point the protagonist  
would tell the antagonist:  
..."Professor, I came to ask  
your wife's hand in marriage".  
Is that all?  
Yes. No! Let me add that in front of you  
there's a man who's ready for anything.

- Also to take the beast?
- Sorry?

That thing there.  
He's Birillo, Donatella's  
dog. She loves him a lot.  
Of course I'll take him.  
He eats a kilo of sliced meat a day,  
plus one and a half kilos of rice...  
... and he needs to be walked  
out at five o'clock every morning.  
Those are careless details!  
Let's discuss serious things,  
instead. Important things.

- Let's speak of the children.
- Let's speak of them.

Since you're so  
comprehensive and polite...  
...I appeal to your good heart...  
...so that Donatella can  
see her creatures. Regularly.  
At least once every two weeks.  
No?

- Here, I knew it.

- No, you misunderstood me.

I said no, because I'm the one who will come to see the creatures at your place.

Maybe not once every two weeks,

but we'll come to an agreement.

Then, you...

Of course.

See, this is a whole chain of affections that neither I or you can break.

You love my wife.

My wife loves Birillo.

Birillo adores the children.

- The children are attached to the governess.

- The governess?

German. She signed a two-year contract. She's very strict. In uniform.

I mean, who takes Donatella takes the whole package.

[We had really lost him and we didn't look for him anymore.]

[We preferred to remember him as when he was alive.]

[So, we only received third-hand and fourth-hand news of him...]

[...occasional, casual, and more and more tragic.]

But where are you going?

Come here! Come here!

Come here!

[But on a rainy night]

[...the lost sheep returned to the fold.]

Good evening all.

It's been a while, huh?

- How are you? Are you well? - We are. - So and so.

What bad weather!

I'm so cold...

- How about a punch? Shall I heat up...

- No, I'm fine thanks.

- How about a game?

- Come on! We've just started. We'll play in couples.

- You and Mascetti vs. me and Perozzi.

- Good. This way you'll get warm.  
Pick your usual cue and  
go for the opening shot.  
Here's the cue ball.  
Shoot well, alright?  
So guys. How are you?  
How are you?  
- Well.  
- Good!  
How's the lady? And the  
children? And the doggie?  
- Very well.  
- Very well my arse! What kind of opening is that?  
You got down a ton of pins!  
My hand shakes.  
Let's stop acting, guys.  
I can't take it anymore.  
I want to kill that filthy beast!  
- The dog?  
- Not the dog! The husband!  
Fuck him and his pewter coasters.  
- The coasters?  
- Yes. The ones he has, while I don't.  
And everything's like that. He comes  
and goes, eats and sleeps at my place.  
And he's always blaming  
me, he makes comparisons.  
I'm always on trial, I'm depressed.  
The other night he even fucked the maid!  
- Wow!  
- Yes!  
- What a fellow.  
- I'd have never conceived that.  
Because he's  
inconceivable! He's a devil.  
Guys, help me.  
Tomorrow he'll come for a  
visit. Join us for dinner.  
I won't make it alone, but the four of  
us together, like in the good old days...  
One says a joke, another  
makes a remark... Come on!  
We've ruined so many people!  
Together we'll make meatballs of them!

# Beautiful daughter of love... #

- Bravo, dad!

- Great! Beautiful voice.

Dinner's ready! Take seats.

- Please...

- Good!

- To my left.

- Thanks.

- That's your seat.

- Thanks, madam.

- Please - You're very

kind. - This is my seat.

Well? Wasn't dinner ready?

- Just moment! The jacket!

- It was about time!

Finally!

- Isn't the maid here? - We

hired a new one part-time.

- She sleeps at her

place. - Wine? - Yes.

- Watch out for the drops!

- Oh! Too late!

- Why don't you get pewter coasters?

- That's true.

You know them, don't you?

- They're so handy!

- Please!

No pewter coasters allowed in this house. Am I correct, architect?

Surgeon, why don't you get a piece of the pie before it gets cold.

Why, is that a pie?

Yessir!

Well, the architect is right. The pie's all pied.

It couldn't be more pied than that! It seems an abortion!

My friend, in this house substance matters more than form.

Speaking of which...

Two kilos and a half less.

- What are you talking about?

- The children.

I have weighed them as



soon as I've arrived.

And you too, Donatella, you're worn out.

- Worn out?

- You look five years older!

- But what...

- I mean, don't you go out, don't you do sports?

- Don't you ride?

- She rides, she rides... Tell him!

Every two weeks.

- That's not like riding at all.

- It's even worse.

- Not enough time for the handling!

- You should ride more often, Rambaldo.

And the children look pale

too. Don't you take them to ski?

Ski, you said? Ski, the seaside,

the horses! The pewter coasters!

What are they like?

Here, to get a new pair of shoes

for the school is already a problem!

I always do my best!

But it's never enough!

- But love! Cippa Lippa! I don't...

- You!

Me what?

I do the impossible!

Why are you blaming me?

You're no longer as extraordinary

as when we spoke on the phone.

- Of course! We were the ones on the phone!

- Shut up!

- And then, you bit off more than you could chew!

- Stop it!

Stop making such a scene!

Now go and wash your face!

And don't get back unless

you're calm. Forward, march!

And you let her treat you that way?

- In front of all!

- Cippa Lippa!

- In front of the children.

- Cippa Lippa!

Speaking of the children,

why are you still up?

Off to bed, jump to it!

- Yes, daddy!

- Bye, daddy!

Good night, daddy.

But what kind of family is this? What kind of head of the family are you?

He's not so wrong.

Daddy, I'm going to break your head!

Put it down!

- Let go of me!

- Stop it!

- Knife!

- It isn't sharp, it's for the fish.

- Where's the fish?

- It's frozen.

Cheat! You palmed me off with a crazy woman, a megalomaniac.

You met her at the psychiatrist's!

What were you expecting?

And what do you want from me?

Let go of me!

- It's over. Now relieve yourself.

- Come on! Don't do that. Cippa Lippa.

- Give him some water.

- No! Whisky.

Ungrateful!

She's so ungrateful.

I couldn't do more for her.

I've even started to freelance again.

- I've designed five family vaults.

- Wow!

- I've sacrificed myself!

- Come on now!

- Don't think about it. Shall we go out?

- No.

Do you want us to walk you out to pee?

- No.

- No!

What could we do for you? I know! Let's go to the station.

- Yes! Good idea!

- Yes, he needs that.

To do what?

It's none of your business.

Just help us convince Melandri.  
That's easy! Dear Melandri,  
listen to your doctor.

- **Diagnosis:**

- No.

- **Cure:**

- But how?  
- Just leave. Sneak out.  
- Of course.  
- Where's your coat?  
- Upstairs.  
- Never mind. Let's go.  
- Be careful.  
- Shh!  
- Shh!  
- Shh!  
- Alright!  
- Come on!  
- Shh!  
- But how shall I face her?  
- What do you care?  
- What shall I tell her?  
- Nothing. Just leave and disappear.  
- But how will they make it?  
- She will find another jerk, being so beautiful!  
- Will she?  
- Don't make us waste time.

But I...

- But I love her!  
- Shh!  
- Quiet! - That's a trifle. -  
And then it won't last forever.  
I suffered terribly too, for  
almost three quarters of an hour.

- Go ahead, come on!  
- Go quietly downstairs!

Let's go!

Have a nice journey!

- Help!  
- Go and fuck yourself!

Nobody move! I'll take care of him!  
But are you crazy?

But dad!

But are you always leaving?

He's always in my way!

Come on guys, the train to  
Empoli leaves from platform 3.

- To platform three!

- Come, professor.

But whose idea was it?

It feels so good to be  
with you, among men, guys!

Why aren't we all faggots?

Here.

- Sister, check if a blue car's down there.

- Alright.

Yes.

- Back to the ward. All's delayed.

- Why?

Unlace! Unlace! Because I have a  
more urgent case. This one can wait.

- I'm going to get him.

- Yes, otherwise he'll never come.

Sister! I need professor Sassaroli to  
come down. Every minute is precious.

Excuse me, which of the three  
phones is tarapia tapioco

...so I can warn the  
supercazzola? Which one?

You haven't understood me.

I said, which of the three  
phones has got a prefix?

- Ah! That one.

- Thanks.

Sister? With the tarapia tapioco  
as if it were antani, the stretcher,  
even for two, unhooded towards  
left? You can't? What a pity!

- Hello, Titti? But where the hell were you?

- Enough! There's no time for that!

Let me speak to her!

Speak to whom! Wasn't it a gypsy's joke?

- Once I have found her... Let me speak to her.

- Come on! It's late!

What a pig! Stop!

What the hell!

Who farted?

Come on guys, my heart is sickly!

- And it's freezing cold!

- We'd better freeze than choke.

- Air! Air! What have you eaten?

- Me? The same as you. Ask him!

Me? I was cleaning up my teeth!

If it was gasoline, it would

be enough to reach Copenhagen!

So what? Shall we move? I

haven't smelled anything.

[The demolition of the small  
towns is an invention of Necchi's.]

[In those types of inventions,  
he's better than Guglielmo Marconi.]

This one will do. Did

you bring the stuff?

As always. Come on, guys! Help me.

- Give me the tripod!

- Here it is, engineer!

It will pass through here!

- Shall I get the tools?

- Yes, surveyor.

I'm ready, engineer!

Goniometre, theodolite, levels and  
shafts! This side, all pulled down.

- A crossover to the south!

- The map. - Objective.

Two hills need razing.

The map needs adding a slide rule.

Excuse me! Decametre

unhooded towards right. Here!

- Is the level ready?

- Let's use the theodolite.

- Hurry with those shafts!

- Yes, engineer!

- Measurement!

- Give it back to me.

- Let's set the shafts.

- How long?

- Eight meters and

ten. - 117. - 117.

- Shall I start? - Yes. Mark the  
houses to be demolished. - Good.

- Alright.

- But what are they doing?

- 114!

- 114!

Zack and zack! Here, all down.

And no bulldozers or dynamite. TNT!

- Go away. We're working.

- Move away!

- Calm Down. Zack, zack, zack, zack.

- Please!

That's enough!

The church is set, too. Sorry counsellor,  
we got orders from the District.

Allow me...

Take care of the future homeless.

Tents, food, antibiotics,

blankets and above all umbrellas.

- Let's go!

- Load completed.

But why do I always have  
to sit in the middle?

Look at the priest!

But what's going on?

Don't you know, reverend? The Broom  
Highway will pass through here.

That way...

...and there will be a junction to  
the eastern road. District's orders.

Oh, my good Lord!

Quick! Play the bells, faithful!

- There! Look at that one!

- Which one?

The one who's bending over.

My god! What a knockout!

Alright, I'm looking,

however we're like savages.

We're looking at those women  
as if they were objects...

- like at the zoo!

- Are you telling me!

My lover is a feminist.

I've tried many times to convince myself  
there's no difference between us...

...speaking with her

of social problems...

- of haemorrhoids, of varicose veins.

- Professor, be serious for once!

I said to myself so many times:

"Mascetti, we are the same".

And in fact, brains are all the same.

Then you look down to her breasts and

**think:**

If they only were on the

back, those two big things!

With those little nipples!

- Like the one with the horsetail.

- Where is she?

- On the left.

- Stiff arse, let me pass!

- Shall we go eat?

- Alright.

Shall we go to the Ramaiolo's here

or up to Biagio's, the pistoiese?

As if I can make it to Pistoia!

I'll go to the Ramaiolo's.

- Just a moment, guys.

- What?

Oh, sure! One, two, three!

- What are you doing?

- Nothing.

We're deciding who's

going to pay for you.

- What was it, Necchi?

- Three.

Four and four is

eight, nine ten, eleven.

Pay for me? But I'm a guest.

- Everybody's guest. Let's go for

a collection. - A collection? - Yes.

Or "subscription", if you prefer so.

I'm not a beggar, understand?

Before I was 21, I had a waiter

dress me up and undress me.

Count Mascetti spent a three

and a half year honeymoon...

...with his wife and a 6

feet tall bear on the leash.

Eighteen years ago, Count  
Mascetti would have invited out...  
...not only a bunch  
of tramps like you...  
...but also all the workers there under.  
And if the factory owner hadn't  
agreed, I would have bought it.  
Is it clear? And now you want  
to make a collection! Arsehole!  
I won't accept a crust  
of cheese from you.  
I'll wait in the car. Eat well!  
- He's really angry!  
- Whatever, let's go.  
After the noodles with the duck sauce...  
- ...I'll have a skewer of liver the aretina way.  
- Yes, but with fennels.  
I'll have grilled mushrooms, instead.  
I have seen someone  
deliver huge mushrooms.  
Then I'll have them as a start...  
[He wasn't lying. Mascetti  
ate up two fortunes:]  
[...his own and his wife's.  
Pride is all that's left to him.]  
[It's difficult to help him. He only  
accepts tokens and some hospitality.]  
[Because hospitality is  
a rule among gentlemen.]  
[Moreover, he has a  
personal idea of that...]  
[...like two years ago,  
when he lost his house.]  
- Mr. Mascetti, may I?  
- Come in.  
Good morning. There's a telephone notice for  
you. You should to call them back urgently.  
Oh, brioche and cappuccino!  
- A notice for me? Who can it be from?  
- The public dormitory of Gavinana.  
Oh, the holidaymakers!  
Who knows what's happened?  
I owe you a call, okay?  
Oh! There have to be two cups. But



don't worry, I'll get the other one.

- Wanna know what your friend did?

- What.

- He brought a whore to our house!

- A whore! He can't pay for a whore!

Where is the bath?

- Sorry?

- The bath.

Oh! I'll tell you at once. It's not easy to explain. I have to...

Down the corridor!

- How would you call someone like her?

- Her name is Titti.

She's colonel Ambrosio's daughter.

She's been Mascetti's

lover for six months.

He can't meet her at his father's place!

But he can here, can he?

Do you think this house is a motel?

I want you out of here in half an hour!

Public dormitory of Gavinana?

I'm Count Mascetti. My wife should be there. Could you put me through to her?

[He called his wife and daughter "the holidaymakers"....]

[because he had sent them to his wife's hometown in May...]

[and he still hadn't found the money to bring them back.]

It's snowed, Lello, almost two feet.

What? You almost give me a heart attack to tell me it snowed?

That's good! So you and the child will have some fun.

- Yes right.

- Build a snowman with a pipe.

- How about the shoes and the rest?

- What about shoes now?

We only have summer shoes!

But it's not only the shoes!

It's everything, Lello.

And how long will

Batacchi host us for free?

- Come on, it's only been two months.

- He hasn't been paid since July.

Come on! It's just a room  
with the use of kitchen.

Who uses the kitchen anymore! Lello,  
the child can't make it as well...

Alright, I'll get there and  
fix everything. Don't worry.

Yes, but when will that be?

Let me organize myself. I can't tell  
you at once. Let's see how things go.

Alright.

In any case, I'll call you back.

Please, be strong. Understand?

And tell the child:

"Dad said to be strong".

- Yes, she's a good child. Have no worries...

- Talk to you later. Bye!

- What happened?

- That friend of yours. He said his wife...

Did he? I'm going to fix that.

Thanks for your exquisite hospitality.

- Well? What about you?

- The suitcase.

You don't understand!

This house is still yours.

- Is it?

- Yep!

In my house I can have  
guests. Here I can't.

Then, this isn't my house.

Stop being silly,  
otherwise I'll get offended.

- If it was up to me...

- Give me the suitcase.

...but it's up to Carmen. Her  
mentality is old-fashioned.

Old-fashioned? That's shopkeeper's mentality!

And yours too. You're two tobacconists.

Anyways, never mind. We're still  
friends, but each one to his house.

[He meant my house, of course.]

Dad!

There's a naked woman in  
my bed. Who the hell is she?

I think it's Mascetti.  
Mascetti's a man. Will  
you enlighten me, please?  
You weren't there, she didn't know  
where to go, I thought it was natural...  
Everything is natural for you.  
However, I'll stay in a hotel.  
When you also find it natural  
to free my room, let me know.  
- Good night!  
- Bye.  
If you don't tell me what you did  
at once, I throw the vitriol at you!  
Drama is out of fashion!  
You are the only man for me!  
Titti, I can stand many things,  
but don't fool me around!  
Who's fooling you around?  
I am too busy for that.  
And don't read magazines  
while I'm arguing with you!  
- I called you seven times. Where were you? Whore!  
- I went riding.  
- Whom did you ride? Bitch!  
- You'll wake up the whole building.  
Sorry. But if she doesn't tell me  
what she did from 4 to 8 o'clock...  
...I'll dismantle her! Where were you?  
- At school.  
- But you said you went riding!  
So what? I went to school then riding.  
- At 7 pm horses are sleeping!  
- Sorry.  
Maybe she went riding  
first and then to school.  
I didn't go to school, nor riding!  
You didn't? Then I'll kick  
your arse and so you'll learn!  
Ugly faggot!  
- Damn you! - Take  
this, asshole! - No! No!  
- Are you crazy?! Here!  
  
- **Titti:**

- Imbecile!  
- No! Not Luciano's pipes!  
- He cares for them so much...  
- She's hysterical! - Faggot!  
- I'm going to kill you, you know?  
- Here!  
- Ouch! Ouch! No! Not Luciano's file!  
- Okay, I'll forgive you!  
I can come and go, go out  
and back, I'll do what I want.  
And see whom I want!  
- Again!  
- Then why did you swear I'm the only man for you?  
Because it's true, silly!  
- Don't offend me! Or  
I'll... - You what? - I'll...  
- Come here!  
- Let go of me!  
Hello, Melandri? Could  
Mascetti stay at your place?  
In about fifteen minutes. Yes.  
Because I'll kick both out in a minute.  
Bye, Titti.  
- Hey, how are you?  
- Well.  
A litre.  
A litre of gasoline.  
Maybe it'll do. Are you going very far?  
Yes. Far enough to throw myself

**from the bridge:**

- ...my worries and all.  
- Everything but me.  
- What's wrong with you?  
- Everything. Look!  
Debts, bills, protests, fines.  
They even want me to pay  
the taxes! Understand?  
And I still don't know if  
she's betrayed me or not.  
- She swore you're the only man for her.  
- Yeah.  
Not to mention the  
holidaymakers at Gavinana's.

Poor things!  
Those two poor saints.  
Actually I'm the poor  
thing here. I'm an asshole.  
I've made such a mess of my life...  
Come on asshole! I have  
a class at three o'clock.  
I got to go back to work too.  
- So, what is it you wanted? Can I help with a bill?  
- No! No! No!  
You know I don't want any help!  
You can repay me. What is it you  
wanted? Why did you have me come down?  
- To know if I could count on a friend.  
- And?  
Push the car, or the engine won't start.  
[Here is Mascetti.]  
[Penniless but a gentleman.  
Cynical but passionate.]  
[Selfish but generous. Never  
takes advantage. A real friend.]  
Excuse me, the girl who got in a  
little while ago... what's her room?  
- Room 18.  
- Thanks.  
- Excuse me, tell me...  
- What?  
Antani also for the manager,  
the unhooded supercazzola.  
- What?  
- To the right. For two.  
Aw!  
What do you want? Idiot!  
Didn't I swear you were the only  
man for me? Now what do you want?  
- I thought she would betray me with a man...  
- Shh!  
...not with a blonde girl!  
- But what was she like?  
- Beautiful!  
Better than Titti.  
Yes, because that coward  
also chooses them beautiful.  
But I'll be honest.

- When I saw all those breasts and arses...

- Shh!

...and thighs, right then, I felt sick.

Her depravation, her vice. It was...

To be honest,

it made me sick.

- Did it?

- Yes, yes!

But where's the limit

between vice and normality?

Everything is so uncertain. But one thing

for sure, I would have plunged into it.

- Me too!

- And you, Melandri?

To be honest, considering that

similar occasions aren't so frequent...

...and a man's pride forces him to show

his virility to two women together...

...well, I would have plunged into it.

- See!

- Then, I'm a jerk.

- More or less.

But maybe if you run you'll

still find them there.

- No! Enough! It's over! Don't even mention...

- Shh!

Don't even mention it.

I'll rent a house, even

if it takes a bank robbery.

The two holidaymakers have

to stop suffering, understand?

- And if you see me...

- Shh!

- with Titti again, spit on my face.

- Okay.

Where's the paper? Thanks.

Let's see what's for rent.

[A house for Mascetti.

Easier said than done!]

[Even a pit was too expensive for him.]

[And how could we help

him, given his character?]

[We had to do it secretly.]

[There was a basement he liked...]

[...but that also was too much for him.]  
[We made agreements  
with the landlord...]  
[...to give him the two thirds  
of the rent under the counter.]  
[He provided the furniture  
himself.] The dining room.  
There's also room for  
a guest, just in case.  
The beds.  
One, two, three.  
There's also a deckchair.  
A table...  
...and a closet. Beautiful,  
ample, comfortable.  
Here is the built-in wardrobe...  
...with the wall hooks, for  
when we have something to hang.  
A little kitchen...  
...with a hand-washer.  
And finally, excuse me...  
...excuse me...  
...the bath.  
There's a separate toilet.  
Outside, in the courtyard.  
It's functional. Conventional  
furnishing is out of fashion.  
It's the modern style. Apparently  
there's nothing, but there is everything.  
Apparently there's everything,  
but there is nothing.  
There's a heating system!  
That's the sewer system  
of the whole building.  
- Come on! They must be hungry! Let's eat!  
- Wine!  
- Come on! We're hungry too.  
- Meatballs!  
- Mulled wine!  
- Soviet Salad!  
And chestnuts for dessert.  
Not again! Sorry, but we  
survived on chestnuts up there.  
I see. Jelly!

- Chicken!  
- Saints! Saints! Saints!  
What's the time?  
It's seven? Already?  
- It's three a.m.  
- Then, why are you up?  
Something happened again?  
- But what happened?  
- Later, later.  
What happened?  
Bye.  
Can I help you?  
Good evening. I'd like  
some cephalous pills.  
I see.  
- You meant for cephalea.  
- No, mullet pills.  
- What are they?  
- You don't have them? Then I'll call the doctor.  
Is that you, Titti?  
Come!  
- Am I the only man for you?  
- Yes, you are.  
- Swear it.  
- I swear it.  
- But you like girls?  
- It isn't my fault.  
- Then, you find all men disgusting.  
- All of them.  
- Except me. Swear it again.  
- I swear it again.  
- But you love me even if  
I am a man. - Yes. - Do you?  
If it wasn't for you,  
I'd never go with a man.  
Oh, yes, my Titti! Oh, Titti! My Titti!  
Oh, Titti, Titti! My love!  
I'm going crazy, Titti.  
- Scoundrel!  
- Oh, God! My father!  
What's he doing? Shooting?  
- Does Mr. Lello Mascetti live here?  
- Yes.  
- I have to speak to him.



- He's out.  
- I see! Are you his wife?  
- Yes.  
May I? Colonel Ambrosio. Can I come in?  
- It's about your husband.  
- Oh, God.  
Alice!  
What's going on?  
It's gas!  
It's the gas!  
Leave me! Leave me alone!  
- Are you crazy? - So we'll  
all die! - Let go of me!  
Shame on you! With a teen!  
- You want us all to die?  
- Mother! - I want to die!  
Let go of me! What are you doing?  
- I want to d...  
- Mother! - Help!  
Oh, it's you.  
Listen...  
...have you got a blue suit to lend me?  
Who did that to you?  
No one. It's been a hell of  
a night. I'm alive by miracle.  
Have you got a blue suit to lend me?  
No, but maybe Luciano has.  
Let's see if it fits you.  
And a nice tie. A serious one.  
Shoes and everything.  
- Are you going to a funeral?  
- It's worse than that.  
But don't worry.  
I'll be done within the day.  
- I'll return you all in an hour.  
- Alright.  
You didn't help me.  
Whatever. I'll do it myself.  
I ordered you to spit on my  
face if I saw Titti again.  
- You didn't.  
- No. - Well.  
Then I'll do it myself.  
No! That's Luciano's mirror!

Where are you going? To a wedding?

- I'm going with you.

- Of course.

We need to talk.

[And he spoke with a  
firm voice for an hour...]

[...the voice of a man who knows what  
his duty is and he's ready to do it.]

Then, I feel guilty  
towards that poor thing.

God forbid, if she tries it again...

Don't even make me think  
about it, I could not bear it.

I could kill myself too.

You are young and have the right  
to be irresponsible, but I don't.

I don't! Do you understand?

I know, I am ruining you. I can't  
stake a claim on your future.

- I would never forgive myself.

- Hmm hmm.

You could say we knew  
all this from the start...

...and this is an excuse  
for me to get rid of you...

...after I knew...

...about your little defect.

Well, it's not so much  
of a defect, after all...

No. The truth it is another.

Let's face reality.

It was just a beautiful dream.

You're 18, I'm 52.

But it's not the 34 years' difference:  
our love has just no future.

Come on, Titti...

...let's close the wound  
and stop thinking about it.

Yes, it's the only way.

Goodbye, Titti.

Goodbye, shitty. See  
you tomorrow at midday.

- Half past! At midday they're going to distraint my goods.

- Alright.

- Where are we going?  
- To that beautiful villa.  
Alright, but whose villa is it?  
Dunno. Let's go in and we'll see.  
But there's a party. How shall we go in?  
Should a gypsy bother?  
- We'll go in, some way or another.  
- Let's go in. I'm starving.  
And I have to shit. Hurry up.  
Hold on tightly.  
Hey, hi!  
- Excuse me.  
- Yes?  
- Who are the landlords?  
- Those gentlemen down there...  
- I see. - ...near the  
fireplace. - Thanks.  
- Come on! Act naturally.  
- Alright. Let's go.  
After you.  
Nice pussy!  
Good evening! Here we are!  
- Good evening.  
- Good evening.  
Thank you for coming.  
- Rossella, can I introduce...  
- Introduce me to Rossella?  
Rossella, how are you?  
- Melandri. - You look  
great. - Nice to meet you.  
- May I introduce you to architect Melandri?  
- Very pleased.  
- Mr. Perozzi, he's a journalist.  
- My regards.  
- Count Mascetti.  
- Madam, the supercazzola.  
- And commander Necchi.  
- How do you do.  
We were at the NATO and  
thought we wouldn't make it.  
Luckily enough, we freed  
ourselves and here we are.  
Of course, you did the right  
thing. Would you like a drink?

- Thanks!

- Would you take care of it, Mario?

Not at all! We'll help ourselves.

- As if it were antani.

- Excuse me, dear.

By your leave.

- Anything good to eat?

- But who are they?

- I have no idea.

- Who are they?

Damn it!

Oh!

[What is genius?]

[It's imagination, intuition,  
resolution and quickness.]

Come here, cutie.

Alright. Wait, okay?

Here. Good boy! Cute boy! Come here!

Good boy! Like that!

- Where's my glass?

- Up there.

Madam, come! Soon!

Puccetto, the child! Come  
and see what he has done!

Oh, God! Mario, run!

But what happened?

Look! Look!

Mario, look!

- But it's monstrous!

- Poor Puccetto. And he isn't done yet!

- Hurry up, Mario. Call the doctor.

- Yes, yes.

[You can't imagine what  
a precious friend...]

[...Necchi is. Especially  
in difficult times.]

"Annabelle, the hot model".

At the Modern they're putting on:

"Nothing butt serious", with Maronelli.

And at the Mazzini?

"Nuns rock, first they convert  
you, then they jerk your...

Fuck you!

[we were in a state

of deep depression...]

[...and it was Necchi who made us  
confident again, thanks to a discovery.]

[An old pensioner, hateful, with  
greedy and suspicious eyes...]

[...started going to his bar.]

- How much did you bet?

- A hundred liras.

Well, do you agree?

See how many he eats.

That makes five.

And now wait and see.

How many?

- One.

- Exactly.

- Kick him out.

- No way! Too much work.

So? Whose turn is it?

What do you mean? I  
said a hundred liras.

- A hundred liras...

- Who sees?

- How many cards did you pick?

- Three cards. A hundred liras.

- I have to think about it! A game is a game.

- And you're a ball breaker!

Did you say a hundred thousand?

- Yes. A hundred thousand.

- That's not enough. Three hundred thousand!

- I say a million.

- I see the million.

I'll jump at it. One and  
four millions makes five.

- I see.

- I pass.

Don't think I'm ruthless. Three seven.

You owed me ten million.

Now you only owe me...

Five and one makes six.

I'll sign you a check.

Bad luck, guys. Undercover cop.

The one who's pretending  
to watch the postcards.

- And the one who's having coffee.

- Hurry!  
- Let's sneak out the backdoor.  
- It could be guarded.  
- I'll go and check!  
- Don't move. Stay calm.  
You too! Don't turn around.  
There's a police car.  
What about the stuff?  
- What? You wanna leave it on the table?  
- Here, what the hell!  
Be quiet!  
Now, you'll go out...  
...as if you were a regular  
client and wait for us in the park.  
Wait for us to get there.  
- Hurry!  
- But what is it?  
It's sugar! What do you  
think? Away! Away! Run!  
- Cautious! -  
But self-assured!  
Yes.  
Oh! Whistle!  
Good.  
What a jerk!  
Indeed!  
- Shall we go?  
- Let's go!  
Curiosity killed the cat. Give it back.  
I think I have the right to know...  
- Give it back!  
- You know too much already.  
- Piss off!  
- Why should I?  
Piss off, change bar,  
don't show up anymore. Away!  
Away! Or I'll throw you into the Arno!  
- That old man will never recover.  
- True.  
[Therefore, two evenings later,  
it was a celestial music...]  
[...we heard when...]  
Sugar, was it?  
The door.

What do you want?

- Nothing.

- And why did you come back?

To blackmail us!

Blackmail you? No! What are you saying!

I just thought maybe I  
could make some money...

How?

Don't know. Doing what I did  
the other night, for example.

Yes, because I have a clean record,  
I used to be a post office clerk.

I'm beyond suspicion.

- And I'm not scared.

- We believe you.

He's evil-eyed for sure!

Wicked!

Meeting.

It's a heavy responsibility.

We'll bring you to the boss.

To whom?

The boss. The chief.

Only he can make similar decisions.

- Call him and ask if we can go there.

- Token.

Ask the "Redhead".

- Wait! The password had been changed.

- Has it? What is it?

**Now it is:**

ditch steadily..."

"...with her purse walks the lady".

Wow... Okay.

...Walks the lady.

Hood off!

But he's a doctor!

- Shut up!

- Shh!

He's a world-famous professor.

And he's just a local boss!

No one knows who's above him.

The organization is a pyramid.

No one knows who's at the top.

- What's your name?

- Righi Niccol.

AKA?

AKA nothing. Righi Niccol.

- Do you have a good memory?

- Yes.

How does the lady walk?

With her purse.

- And how do you jump the ditch?

- Steadily.

Let's try him.

- Hood on!

- Come on! Down!

Ouch!

- Quiet!

- Don't move!

- Quiet!

- Yes, but I've knocked my nose again.

- Don't answer.

- Here is the florist.

- Who's going in?

- I am. - Okay.

- Come with me.

- Alright.

- It's "okay"!

- Sure. Okay.

We'll wait here, the engine will be started.

- Hurry! Walk by my side.

- Okay!

What am I supposed to do?

No questions. You'll be on the lookout. I'll go inside.

Stop!

Wait a moment.

What was the password? I can't remember.

- The lady opens the purse...

- No no no!

With the purse walks the lady!

Ah! But wasn't there a ditch too?

Yes, you jump the ditch steadily.

I see! However there was a ditch.

- Please, keep your eyes open.

- Yes.

Me?



What's the fucking password again?

- The lady jumps the ditch...
- No! What the hell!
- No. The lady jumps in the ditch with...
- Look!

Okay, I'm going to write it down.

- Dictate it!
- But are you crazy to write down the password?
- What are they doing?
- Next time I'm going!

No, we'll toss.

- I feel better now.
- But what if they catch you and find it out?

**First rule:**

arrives, swallow the sheet. Clear?

Come on! On the lookout and shut up.

But this isn't number 171 bis!

- No. It's nr. 126!
- Be careful, what the hell!

Me? How can you still be in the gang!

[At the end of that day...]

[which was devoted to the contacts with the net,  
the suppliers, the inside men, the distributors...]

[...we went for our booty.]

[Mr. Pettinelli had prepared it...]

[...he supplies dyestuff, paper shit...]

[...in short, things to have fun with.]

- Good evening. - Hi. Is  
the stuff ready? - Yes.

Shh!

- Hi!
- Hi!

The police! There's a police car!

To the right! Headlights off!

- And the password must disappear!
- Good, Righi!
- Swallow!
- Well!

Why me? He's the one who wrote it down!

I already have a chewing-gum in my mouth.

And since when should I eat leftovers?

For you.

For you.

For you.  
For me.  
For you.  
For you.  
For you. For me.  
The last million...  
...is for me...  
...because I'm the  
boss. Is it all right?  
- How about a coffee? Righi?  
- No!  
Then, I declare the meeting closed.  
# Beautiful daughter of  
love. Plon plon plon. #  
Twenty thousand per score?  
At least tell me how I went.  
How did the noob go?  
Not bad, for a first timer.  
What? How dare you say "not bad"?  
Something against Fox's Paw?  
Do you call him Fox's Paw?  
Yes, why?  
Righi, what have I  
done to you? I love you.  
Don't make me speak, please!  
If you've got something  
to say, spit it out.  
What has he done?  
Nevermind. Forget it.  
My friend, in this  
field money is easy...  
...but to behave well is difficult,  
and we pay for our mistakes.  
So? Shall we keep him or kill him?  
Let's ask the boss. The  
decision is only up to him.  
Hood off!  
Then, boss?  
Better alive. One more gun is better.  
The Marseillaise are back.  
Damn it! I knew it.  
Right when we were  
starting with the province.  
They don't joke.

Guys...

...hold on. Starting tomorrow, the province is ours. This is the good time to definitely slash them.

But who?

Didn't you hear? The Marseillaise!

Our enemies. They're tough ones.

- Like marble.

- Merciless.

- For you. To repay you for the danger.

- Okay, boss.

- For you and for you.

- No problem, boss.

And for you...

...this!

Try to deserve it.

Next time you'll also get part of the booty, if you're still alive.

- Good luck! -

Hood on! - Yes.

No, Titti, not even tonight.

Nope. Why? Because I'm busy, no?

Yes, yes, I have to beat the province.

I don't know. I don't know till when.

Titti, when a man is busy, he's busy, alright?

Oh, Titti! Hey, Titti!

- Come on, Fox's Paw!

- Yes, boss.

In the river! No, not that one...

- the waterproof one, Paw!

- I know...

... but they look the same, one white, one black.

- Here, Fox's Paw.

- Where are you going?

- I need to piss!

- No pissing on duty!

Is the booty there?

Mission accomplished! 85 millions.

- You can go, Righi!

- At last.

And we fooled up the Marseillaise.

- Run, the Marseillaise!  
- Not now!  
Away, away, soon, there's  
no time to lose, away, go!  
Down, stay down! But what  
are you doing, you're all wet!  
Yes, he pissed himself, the pig!  
There was no time!  
That's called "fear".  
Move away, you're disgusting!  
Cover up! Heads down!  
- Run, they'll catch us!  
- I can't drive any faster!  
Down, down, stay down!  
Ouch! Am I the only one to stay down?  
You've seen how dangerous they are!  
And then, we are lost  
souls, hardened criminals.  
but you, starting drug dealing...  
...at your age.  
- Drugs kill.  
Our inside men also  
sell it to the minor.  
I don't care.  
They give it to school children.  
My conscience is clear.  
I just obey the orders.  
Nothing more. And then,  
you say it's drugs...  
Maybe... But to me, it's sugar!  
Yes, he's right.  
That's the way to be: disgusting,  
cynical. Like this old fart here.  
- Ruthless, like him.  
- Yes, yes, yes, boss...  
...let's share the booty, and enjoy it!  
Well, this time there's  
five of us to share the cake.  
You deserved your piece.  
Well, it was about time! You've  
shared the cake for 25 days now...  
...and I haven't seen anything.  
You shared 312 million...  
...and I didn't even get a cent!

Oh, dam' it, they've tricked us!  
The Marseillaise! Sons of a bitch.  
They were faster than us!  
What a pity, right when  
you would get your share.  
I'm really sorry.  
You are, huh? That's it, huh?!  
The other days there was  
and today there isn't!  
Yet I've always risked  
my life like all of you.  
Like you, like him, this  
idiot, this imbecile!  
The other times you got the  
millions, then take them out now!  
- I want your share!  
- But why?  
Why do you treat me so,  
why? Me, who have always...  
...felt a certain passion for  
you. I don't even know why.  
You don't know why? He looks  
exactly like your poor dad.  
Let me see!  
Two drops of water!

**Yes! That's why:**

poor father's portrait!  
Daddy, if I had met you earlier  
I wouldn't have come so down!  
- Piss off!  
- Don't treat me so, dad!  
- That's not the way to treat your son.  
- Dad!  
I'm not your dad! Let go of me.  
Do you think I want a stupid  
child like you? Go away!  
Oh! Dad, you hit my balls!  
And now, here! Find another!  
We'll never find someone like him!  
Stop, Righi! There's  
a bond between us now.  
Don't force us to kill you!  
- Halt!

- You can't break these chains!  
But where are you going?  
- Where the fuck are you going?  
- Shh!  
- We're going to the Bridge of Migliaccio.  
- Of Migliaccio?  
- But the film starts at ten!  
- Who cares about the film?  
Don't you understand I'm responsible...  
...for the Marseillaise?  
It's all on my shoulders!  
And if you don't  
understand, you're a bitch.  
You asked for it, for Heaven's sake.  
Go to the cinema, and  
also go and fuck yourself!  
No, you go there, you faggot!  
You and all your faggot friends.  
- Seven!  
- Listen to me.  
I'll tell you in front of  
them, since you're all there.  
I haven't seen you for a month.  
Not even for lunch or dinner.  
Your family doesn't count  
anymore, nothing does.  
- You say you go out with the old man.  
- Yeah!  
Maybe. But that's enough! Look,  
and I swear it on our baby's grave:  
either you stop it or I'll  
tell the old man everything!  
Understand?  
She's joking, I hope.  
Is she capable of that?  
When she swears on our baby's  
grave, she keeps her promises!  
Well, guys, it seems I'll  
retire and you'll go ahead.  
- Alright.  
- Not really...  
...what the hell! It's easy  
for you, who play the boss.  
It is! We bring them

hooded up, don't we.  
But I'm the most fucked up of all.  
Love, family...  
...business... Yes, look here:  
...the British Encyclopaedia  
gave me the sack...

**They said:**

you anymore, fuck off".  
- And you?  
- As regards me...  
I'm a bit tired, I don't  
sleep anymore. However...  
I got it. We're a gang,  
yes, but of buffoons.  
Alright. Let's call him and

**tell him:**

"...it was a joke. Now our wives..."  
"...don't want us to go ahead.  
Let's have a drink and that's it".  
No. Not that way.  
Once we've started it, we  
have to end it with a flourish.  
Guys, it takes a  
Rossinian "crescendo"!  
- St. Valentine's massacre.  
- Cool!  
Ta-ta-ta-ta.  
[The night of the massacre  
I didn't feel too well...]  
[...but everything was ready  
and fixed, we couldn't delay...]  
[...and I couldn't miss it. That  
state of mine and the fact I felt...]  
[...my son's eyes on me, inspired me.]  
- Luciano!  
- What?  
Luciano, would you do  
me a favour, please?  
I feel tired tonight, and I  
have an important appointment.  
- Would you go there?  
- Where?

To Necchi's bar. We always meet there.

- What should I do?

- My friends will tell you all.

Oh, this is important

because it's a mixture...

...of ox's blood and tomato

sauce that can be sprayed...

...on someone's face to

make them look wounded.

Another important thing:

...take the stocking and put it on

your face. Then take a revolver...

...and shoot the air

when the others shoot.

I told you that just to

see the face you'd put.

This face, dad! Have fun!

[The settling of

scores with the gang...]

[...of the Marseillaise took

place in an abandoned yard.]

**[Our slogan was:**

us or them". Of course...]

[...they were hiding

inside the abandoned yard.]

Out!

- Ouch!

- Be careful!

I can't... it's very dark here.

[Taking advantage of the darkness,

Necchi crossed the lines...]

[...to go and play the

part of the Marseillaise.]

- Damn you!

- Come here! Macaroni!

They've recognised us!

- Of course, you're making noise!

- Shut up!

We'll make you dance the tarantella!

- What now, boss?

- In open order.

Fucking Italians! You're fucked up!

- Paw, lights off!



- Okay, boss.  
Long live De Gaulle! Long live France!  
- Come on, guys!  
- Victory!  
Alain Delon! Borsalino!  
Let's show them who we are!  
[Necchi, who had spent the afternoon...]  
[...organizing everything,  
surpassed himself.]  
(In bad French) Sons of a  
bitch! Go and fuck yourself!  
But are those fireworks?  
They're flares, moron!  
- That's napalm, can't you see?  
- Shit faces! Faggots!  
Come on, Righi, shoot! Come on! Quickly!  
Marseille, fuck off!  
[The clash was brief,  
but violent and bloody.]  
Ouch, mother!  
- One less.  
- Syphilitic French.  
Fox's Paw! Come here,  
let's surround them!  
Oh, wait, I've trodden a dog shit.  
[Despite our bravery, the numerical...]  
[...superiority of our  
enemies overwhelmed us.]  
Forward, Savoyards! Never surrender!  
[In short, we were fucked up.]  
Charge!  
(In bad French)  
Italians, You're defeated!  
Shut up, moron, or  
I'll give you an enema.  
Righi, look what  
happened because of you!  
- Me?  
- You didn't shield him with your body.  
They've killed the boss, Righi!  
Florence, you have no chance!  
- What shall we do without the boss?  
- What shall we do? Escape! Away!  
- Don't breathe!

- See you at the cafe.  
My goodness! Another dog  
shit. But who chose this place?  
- Victory! Allons enfants de la patrie!  
- Ouch!  
- Help, Fox's Paw is wounded.  
- Who cares!  
Away, or they'll kill us all.  
What? He's still alive.  
Then finish him off!  
Daddy! Fuck you!  
May my blood fall on you.  
To the car.  
This wound is a supercazzola!  
Caporetto! Every man for himself!  
Salvage whatever possible!  
- How many copies do you want?  
- These ones will do, thanks.  
- How come that wasn't in my newspaper?  
- Because this edition...  
...is not out yet.  
- You have to disappear.  
- But why is  
...my portrait there,  
when I count for nothing?  
Being a noob, you've  
made some bad mistakes.  
Enough! If they catch us, we're dead.  
Either you disappear or we'll kill you!  
But where should I go? I've got  
nobody. I don't have any money.  
You're millionaires, give me some money!  
Impossible. Those bills are marked.  
- Do you have a sister?  
- Yes. - Reach her.  
- She's in Reggio Calabria!  
- It's not far at all.  
- But I still haven't understood...  
- Hey!  
What!  
Fuck you and your family!  
Oh!  
Arsehole! Son of a bitch!  
Shall we take a ride?

Listen, guys, don't know  
about you, but I'm in no mood.  
Then, I haven't slept for 24 hours.  
I mean, I don't feel  
like a gypsy anymore.  
Well, I have an operation  
early in the morning.  
And I have two bills under protest,  
the rent to pay and no money.  
- And I have to take care of Carmen.  
- Alright, it's over.  
[The beauty of being gypsies is]  
[we're free, we follow our imagination and  
desires. But it's like love, it just happens...]  
[...and when it's over, it's  
over. There's nothing one can do.]  
[The stars again, the  
same as last night...]  
[...and as many other nights.  
Nights, days, lovers, events.]  
[I already have a nice burden  
of past things on my shoulders.]  
[But what about the  
future? Maybe that's why...]  
[...maybe it's not to  
feel that burden...]  
[...that I never take things seriously?]  
[Or maybe my son is right?]  
[Maybe it's that bad pudding I ate?]  
[However it was a beautiful  
day. Beautiful, free, stupid...]  
[...as when we were kids.]  
[Who knows when there's going  
to be another one like this.]  
Hello? Fuck whoever  
you are at this hour.  
What? He's bad?  
How "bad"?  
- Are you done, doctor?  
- Yes.  
Then...  
...away...  
...from my balls...  
...because I have to die.

Are you crazy? Not now!  
- He isn't able to...  
- No, no...  
In the name of the Father, and  
the Son and the Holy Spirit.  
Tell me, son.  
Venial sbiliguda...  
...with the supercazzola...  
... premature.  
Excuse me, son?  
I confess, as if it were antani...  
...unhooded to the right...  
...ostantinato to malliti.  
How many times, son?  
Fifty-fifty...  
...Reumatina as if it were...  
...mea culpa...  
...the supercazzola...  
- I absolve you from your sins...  
... in the name of the Father,  
and the Son and the Holy Spirit.  
But is he really dead?  
Let's go, mother.  
Are you sure it's not a joke?  
Is he really dead?  
Do you think he's pretending?  
He could do it.  
You won't shed a tear?  
I shed them all already.  
And then one cries when someone dies.  
But nobody died.  
Who was he?  
No one.  
- He was nothing!  
- Let's go, mother.  
Well...  
...he wasn't up to much.  
- But I liked him.  
- Me too.  
And me too.  
But then, does it matter to be someone?  
Well, his fucking son is.  
And that stupid woman!  
What the fuck! I would like...

...such a funeral as to  
give them a heart-attack!  
And a thousand people crying.  
And flowers, telegrams,  
bands, flags, whores, soldiers!  
# Beautiful daughter of love,  
plon plon plon plon plon...  
#...I'm a slave to your mannerisms,  
plon plon plon plon plon...  
# ...la la la la la la la la...  
# ...you can ease, you can ease  
my pain. Plon plon plon plon plon.  
# Pa pappero pa pappero  
pa pappero pa papp. #  
- Hey!  
- Hmm?  
That's Righi!  
- But what happened?  
- Oooh!  
That's the boss...  
But wasn't he dead?  
Shh!  
He is like a cat, he has seven lives.  
And what about the other one?  
How did he end inside there?  
He was a traitor.  
We had to kill him.