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**Death Is Beautiful:  
Michele Soavi Directs  
Dellamorte Dellamore**

By Michael Frost

-Hello? -It's me. Am I bothering you, Francesco? -Don't worry. Had to get out of the shower, sometime. Hold on a minute, Franco. You were saying, Franco? Nothing, just calling to see how you're doing. You know how things are. Life goes on! Gnaghi!

-Gnaghi! -Gna? -I've been shouting at you for hours! He's Chigini, the surveyor. -Twelfth row, third grave, right? -Gna. Grave three. Here we go. I know you've heard this before. But this time, my dear Chigini, it is forever! Rest in peace. Oh, my back! What a waste of good marble! We'll never fix it. All this fancy packaging. I don't know why they don't just cover the graves with dirt! The gun! I forgot the fucking gun! -Eat! -Gnaghi! Give me the spade! Gnaghi, give me the fucking spade! Eat! There we go. You know the rest, Gnaghi. My name is Francesco Dellamorte. Weird name, isn't it? Francis of Death. Saint Francis of Death. I've often thought of having it changed. Andrea Dellamorte would be nicer, for example. I'm the watchman of the Buffalora cemetery. I don't know how the epidemic started.

Some people, on the seventh  
night after their death,  
come back to life: I  
call them "Returners".  
But, frankly, I can't understand  
why they're so anxious to return.  
The only way to get rid of them  
is to split their heads open.  
A spade will do it, but  
a Dum-Dum bullet is best.  
-Come and have a glass of wine.  
-Gna!  
Is it the beginning of an invasion,  
does it happen in all cemeteries?  
Or is Buffalora just  
an exception? Who knows?  
And in the end, who cares?  
I'm just doing my job!  
Good morning, Engineer!  
-How are you doing today?  
-Fine, Miss Chiaromondo. And you?  
-The cemetery is open, isn't it?  
-For you, anytime.  
Oh, hello, cutie! Here. How are you?  
He's happy. He likes  
it when the sun shines.  
I'm not an engineer!  
And you're no cutie!  
Poor Gnaghi! On his ID it reads,  
"distinctive visible marks: all".  
He has a passion for dead leaves.  
Can't stand when the  
wind blows them away.  
Oh, well. We all do what we  
can not to think about life.  
Requiescat in pace. Amen.  
The most beautiful living  
woman I have ever seen!  
Will I see her again?  
I just came to water the flowers  
on your poor father's grave.  
Husband.  
How long has he been dead?  
-Two weeks. -Thank goodness.

-What? -I mean, I'm very sorry.

-Have you no respect for pain?

-I know how these things are.

-In time, pain heals.

-It's not healing a bit!

He was wonderful! He

was a wonderful lover.

Incredible... tireless...

He was fantastic!

I messed it all up. I've lost

her. Will I see her again?

BUFFALORA CITY HALL.

Hey, Franco!

Franco is the only living

person who even calls me.

I stop by his office to remind

myself what he looks like.

You can't live on memories alone.

It's for you. Sign as usual.

You got a pen?

-No.

-Hold on a sec. Here we are.

-Did you have any visits last night?

-A couple, yeah.

All this extra work. It's

much if they pay me any more!

-Tell the mayor.

-Tell him, then what? They'd close the cemetery.

-Goodbye job and goodbye house.

-Come on, who would believe you?

I don't care if you don't believe

me. You're not the one who pays me.

I believe you.

-You're right. At least have him pay you the overtime.

-Good!

-Let's go to the mayor, then.

-It's not that easy.

First you have to fill out an M3 form.

Report with an M3 form... Forms.

-I can speed things up for you.

-It's easier just to shoot them.

One M3 form.

-Going to get our willies wet tonight?

-Some of us, yeah.

At a certain point you realise you know more dead people than living. Sorry about the other day, I was a bit crass. I didn't mean to be. My name's Francesco Dellamorte. This is the only job I could get, even with a degree in biology! Anyway, we all end up here sooner or later, don't we? I got a great little house. Want to see it? I don't live alone, I've got a helper, Gnaghi. He's a real conversationist. The cemetery's small but it has got a marvellous ossuary. An ossuary! I have never seen anything so... exciting! Neither have I. -It's like in my dreams! -This is my dream. -I couldn't ask for anything more! -Me neither. You know, you've got a real nice ossuary. Thanks. You will allow me to return, won't you? -You will allow me to kiss you just once, won't you? -No. Not like this. Like this. No! I must be faithful to the memory of my husband! I can't! I can't. It's not my fault. It's this place. I feel strange tremors. It's not the cold, I'm not afraid. This place wants me to... It's forcing me to... I don't want to! I don't want to! I can't!

I can't!  
No! No!  
Don't be afraid. It's just ignis fatuus.  
Why here? Why on your  
poor husband's grave?  
I've never kept anything from him.  
We trusted each other implicitly.  
He would have liked to know.  
Well, if that's the case...  
-These lights!  
-Let them watch.  
What's better than watching  
two lovers making love?  
Just to have a bit of privacy.  
Sorry, the lady wants stars only.  
It's never been like this  
before. With anybody but you.  
No-one will ever make us part.  
Gnaghi, the gun!  
I can explain, listen to me! You  
have always been so understanding!  
That's life.  
It's nothing, my love. You're fine.  
-Great! Just when I don't need it any more!  
-Gna...  
Don't just stand there,  
go call Dr. Vercesi!  
Go on, get the doctor! Go on, move!  
Nothing will separate  
us. I swear. Nothing!  
Nothing will separate us.  
Nothing, my love. Nothing!  
-Not even Death.  
-Not even Death.  
Dellamorte? Are you  
in there? Dellamorte!  
Jesus, you scared me to death!  
-You're looking for me, chief Straniero?  
-Dr. Vercesi called.  
-What happened last night?  
-Why are you asking me? She's dead.  
I know she's dead, but  
how did that happen?  
-Her husband.

-Sure!

He came back from the dead, raped her then beat her to death, right?

-No, he didn't rape her.

-You always crack me up, you know?

-Dr. Vercesi, are you spying on us?

-Here's the certificate.

Her heart stopped from fear, it wasn't a bite that killed her.

She died while making...

you know... Doing it.

You know what that means, my boy?

I'll have to look somewhere else for the creep who killed her.

-You're no longer a suspect.

-Why not?

You know what I mean.

Don't make me say it.

Go on, you can say it. I

don't mind. I'm impotent!

Don't use that word. A young man like you, at your age!

-Did she have any relatives?

-No. No relatives, no friends.

Well, I have to say that... Shit!

This is definitely not my style.

-Can I keep her here?

-If you pay for the funeral...

You can do whatever you want with her.

-Does that wrap it up?

-But a killer's on the lose.

The weather's changing, at last!

I can't forgive myself for having lied to you.

I don't have a degree in biology.

I didn't even finish high school.

I haven't read more than two books in my whole life.

One... never finished.

The other's the phone book.

I don't want her to become a Returner.

I don't want to see her again.

-No!

-Yes, my love.

-Don't make me do it!  
-But you do it so well!  
-Not to you.  
-It will be better with me than with the others.  
Gna?  
You do it.  
Go on! If you finish fast,  
I'll buy you an ice cream.  
Here comes the Unforgiven!  
The man whose dick's so  
small he needs tweezers!  
Way to go!  
-He could become a woman. That'd solve it!  
-You can sew it back!  
They can stitch it right on if  
you've got one to start with.  
Forget it, I started that rumour.  
The more they laugh, the  
further away they seem.  
You can never be too different, Gnaghi.  
-Maybe you can.  
-Engineer!  
Engineer! Come, have a seat.  
-Well, well. What a surprise.  
-It's a miracle to see you here.  
It's a miracle seeing  
you here, Mr. Mayor.  
So, how are things,  
down at our cemetery?  
How do you think they are?  
Population's shrinking.  
You are lucky, my dear engineer.  
You can't imagine how  
things are at the town hall.  
Now that the elections are upon  
us, it is chaos! Right, Inspector?  
-Nobody wants to lose their job!  
-I was hoping for a New Deal.  
-Daddy, what's this?  
-This is my assistant, Gnaghi.  
He's sweet! Will you buy him, Daddy?  
That's great! It even knows how to cry.  
Gnaghi, don't stay so close to  
her. Could you move over, darling?



-Would you tell your daughter to move over?

-Of course.

-Sometimes Gnaghi gets a bit excited.

-I'm sure he's fine.

-What's he doing? Dancing?

-No, he's about to...

-What are you doing, Valentina?

-He threw up on me, Claudio!

New fact. Would you

like to go for a ride?

I knew you'd understand.

Take off!

One of these days I have to  
talk to you about the cemetery.

The youth of today!

They're so... emotional!

Come on, Gnaghi, get in, for  
God's sake! Just get in the car!

It's not the end of the world.

It didn't even bother her!

She understood it was just a  
demonstration of your affection.

It's not the first time you  
threw up over a woman, is it?

Come on, Gnaghi, get in!

Look, first love doesn't count.

It's last love that counts.

Nobody came today. I was a bit  
bored. Not even the admiral.

He's just disappeared!

Let's hope tomorrow.

-Come again and stay awhile.

-He was such a distinguished man!

He always used to bring  
me a touch of Sambuca!

Come on, Gnaghi! You'll  
get over it, you'll see.

Time passes, nothing seems the same.

It just gets worse!

God, is it ever difficult  
trying to make you feel better!

What would you do with the Mayor's  
daughter? She's only a child!

That's not true.

You're not a child. You're  
a year older than I am.

Anyway...

One day you'll settle down with  
some poor creature like yourself.

What do you care? They all  
end up here sooner or later.

Often sooner than later.

Faster! Open it up!

-If Daddy could see us now!

-He'd kill me.

Claudio! Off we go!

Go! Go!

-Yeah! -Hang on!

-Eat our dust!

Four motorcycles, the Mayor's  
daughter was on one of them.

Her head was sliced right  
off and had to be sown back.

The bikes crashed into  
a bus loaded with scouts  
on their way back from church.

Slaughter of the innocents!

And they were all so young.

They felt their life was ahead  
of them, but it was passing by!

-Well, you've got your hands full.

-More than you know.

Gnaghi, we're going to  
need a lot of bullets.

Claudio! Take me with you!

Don't leave me all alone!

Take me with you, my love!

Nasty tart! My son wasn't with you!

-He was promised to the Mayor's daughter!

-But he loved me!

-Liar!

-He was mine, he loved me, only me!

-Have you no respect for a mother?

-We're born to die.

Born merely to die! Do you remember?

Just yesterday, she was  
alive, happy. Do you remember?

Dear Gnaghi even threw up on

her and she took it so well!  
And now, she's gone. Right  
on the eve of the elections!  
I'd better get the pickaxe and shovel.  
Pumpkin, how could you do this to me?  
Is it true that the dead come back  
to life here at night? Tell me!  
-Who told you that?  
-Is it true or not?  
-What if it is?  
-I've got to see Claudio again!  
-I have to know whether he loved me or her.  
-I'll let you know.  
-No, wait!  
-Go away! I haven't got time for the living.  
Gnaghi?  
Gnaghi! They came back  
sooner than we thought!  
Gnaghi, wake up!  
Gnaghi, watch out!  
Gnaghi, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to.  
Time's up. I want you upstairs,  
ready in 5 minutes, okay?  
Oh, no! What's she doing here?  
-Visiting hours are over!  
-No one'll ever take me away from him!  
-Get the fuck over here, quick!  
-No, Claudio!  
No, Claudio! Take me with you!  
Stupid cow!  
Come on!  
Please, wait!  
Claudio, please, take me with  
you! Tell me you only love me!  
Please!  
Claudio?  
You only love me, right?  
Damn! Always shoots to  
the right when it's cold.  
Gnaghi!  
No, stop! He's only eating me!  
-Move aside.  
-Mind your business, I'll be eaten by whoever I please!  
This is my business, they pay me for it.

The living dead and the  
dying living are all the same.  
Cut from the same cloth.  
But disposing of dead  
people is a public service.  
Whereas you're in trouble if you  
kill someone when they're alive.  
Wait!  
This way they'll be together forever.  
I'm sentimental!  
Patience, Gnaghi. In love, it's  
the waiting that's the best part.  
You have to learn how to wait.  
-What's your name  
again? -Gna. -Gnaghi.  
I'm Valentina.  
Haven't I seen you before?  
Oh, yeah. Now I remember.  
You threw up on me. How sweet!  
But I like shy boys. And  
you never say no to a kiss.  
Take advantage. I'm in  
no position to refuse.  
Besides, I don't think  
I'd refuse anyway.  
False alarm!  
It was only a cat.  
No use you try and  
help me, little thing!  
If I can't do it, imagine you!  
Putting this skull together...  
is one of the most difficult  
things in the world.  
You know, you really are  
disgusting when you eat, Gnaghi!  
Yes, you're right. It all does get  
mixed up in the stomach in the end.  
What is it?  
That wasn't a cat...  
We can't! I'm alive...  
And you are dead.  
I'm not prejudiced, my love.  
I killed her.  
I killed her!

I killed her.  
The first time, when her husband  
bit her, she wasn't really dead.  
When she woke up, and I  
shot her, she was alive.  
I killed her. I killed the  
only woman I ever loved.  
I shot her with my eyes  
closed, didn't aim for the head.  
That's why she came  
back. God, what an idiot!  
Now I'm infected, too. Will  
I be a Returner when I die?  
Who knows if Gnaghi...  
No, poor Gnaghi!  
He'd never have the guts to  
crush my skull with a shovel.  
I'm not dead, you idiot!  
A bite can't kill you!  
Good morning, Engineer!  
Miss Chiaromondo, I'm not an engineer.  
-Are you or not the watchman of this cemetery?  
-Of course I am.  
You are therefore an  
engineer. By the way...  
Which of these do you think  
would be better on my tombstone?  
-Both.  
-I like the opinion of a handsome young man!  
Goodbye, Engineer!  
Good morning, cutie!  
But that's the phone  
book! Are you crazy?  
That is my favourite reading!  
We have the new ones but we don't  
have to throw the old ones away.  
These books are classics!  
-Gnaghi!  
-Gna!  
Stop killing the dead. They're mine.  
If you don't want the  
dead coming back to life...  
why don't you just kill the  
living, shoot them in the head?

Are you listening to me?  
-Hello?  
-This is the Town Hall.  
-Franco, how are you?  
-Bored. Am I disturbing you?  
-No, you never disturb me.  
-Just called to talk about the scandal.  
-Gnaghi, the door!  
-All that crap. What did you say?  
-What the hell was that?  
-Nothing, I'm just working.  
-What?  
-You know, daily grind.  
You're telling me. Sometimes  
I feel like shooting myself.  
How's everything in your life?  
How are dear Mara and Cinzia?  
Sometimes I wonder if  
they really exist, Franco.  
I mean, you do have a wife  
and daughter, don't you?  
I only ask 'cause...  
sometimes I think you've made it all up.  
Franco, you do make me laugh.  
You'll get out one day.  
-Buffalora will be nothing but a bad memory.  
-Yeah, or maybe not.  
If only I could get unstuck.  
I feel like a fly on fly paper.  
You'll see, Franco.  
Mara's going to get tired of you.  
And Cinzia will grow up to  
hate you. Then you'll be free!  
Free to see what the rest  
of the world looks like.  
What do you think the rest  
of the world looks like?  
-The rest of the  
world? -Uh-uh.  
Who knows if the rest  
of the world even exists!  
At times I get ahead of my work.  
Work!  
Dellamorte!

Dellamorte!

Gnaghi!

Francesco Dellamorte...

Where were you between

**11 and 12:**

In bed.

Any witnesses?

I was talking to my friend Franco  
on the telephone and I fell asleep.

-What happened?

-Some fucking maniac killed seven people in town.

More work.

Well, you got to go to jail  
unless you have an alibi.

-Why?

-Your car was seen driving around the streets last night.

-Impossible. No one can drive that wreck apart from me.

-Actually...

I don't think it was you. I  
think it was your assistant.

-Gnaghi can't even roller-skate.

-Neither can I, so what?

I want to question him immediately.

God, the weather's gone bad.

Please...

-Let me talk to him first.

-Tell him to come right out, will you?

Don't you ever clean that  
place? Jesus Christ, it stinks!

When all is sad, when you're  
alone, it feels so bad.

You wait again for love to start,  
to feel the beating of the heart.

Gnaghi!

I had a terrible dream: I was in  
town and killed seven real people.

Hey, remember me?

Dellamorte! You've  
got important visitors!

There comes a time when all is sad,  
when you're alone, it feels so bad.

You see, Engineer, after this  
massacre the voters are furious.

They've been voting for  
you for fifteen years.  
If we don't find this maniac,  
chief, there won't be a sixteenth!  
What's your daughter got to do with it?  
The whole town is in mourning.  
I'll show them I'm grieving too.  
I'll have some pictures  
taken of the body  
and put a blow-up on  
my election posters.  
And underneath something like: "If  
you've had a death in the family,  
vote for someone who suffers like you".  
-What do you think?  
-Well, you know, it's a thought!

**Or:**

lost all other happiness".  
Ready to shoot?  
So what do I do? Take  
one from the neck down?  
Engineer! What's the meaning of this?  
-Daddy! Daddykin! -Did you get  
that? -I don't know. It depends.  
Daddypie!  
Valentina! Pumpkin!  
-The plot thickens!  
-Pumpkin, where are you?  
Where are you?  
Your Daddy's here!  
-Where are you?  
-Stop blabbering and come on in!  
Coming.  
Here I am, little one!  
-Jesus, it stinks in here.  
-It's my fault, Daddy.  
Oh, my God! Valentina!  
-What are you doing on TV?  
-I'm rotting fast, Daddy.  
You, stuttering monster! You're  
the one who hurt my little girl!  
-No, he loves me!  
-Step aside. I command you, as your Mayor!



With your consent, I'd  
like to marry Gnaghi.

-This horrible thing?

-I'm not such a great catch either, Daddy.

-Not as long as I've got a breath in my body.

-All right.

We'll fix that right away.

-Help me, Engineer!

-I'm not an engineer.

I'm sorry Gnaghi.

She was really beginning  
to... go off a bit, wasn't she?

He's dead?

-He's dead. Who took a bite out of his neck?

-Not me or Gnaghi.

Take a mould of our teeth.

You'll see they won't match.

-Who did it?

-Relax, it won't be your first unsolved case, will it?

Hold it!

Come on, Gnaghi.

The world's full of girls like  
that. And they've got bodies, too!

By the way... Do you know what  
my mother's maiden name was?

You'd never believe it if I told you.

She was called Dellamore.

That means "Love".

You're not the only person in  
the world who's lost a lover.

Get down!

-What do you think? Get down from there.

-Forget it, Engineer.

-Go home.

-You should set a good example. Get back to your coffin!

You can't stop me.

You owe your job to me.

-Remember?

-Get down or I'll shoot.

You can't. I'm the Mayor!

Ex.

-Mister Dellamorte? -What?

-I'm Civardi, the new Mayor.

-Why the barbed wire? Do they climb in at night?

-No.  
-They climb out, sometimes.  
-Would you mind coming down?  
You reported an epidemic  
which affects the dead.  
You claim they come to life  
within seven days of burial.  
-It says so, right here.  
-An M3 report.  
-Didn't you fill it  
out? -No. -Oh, splendid!  
So you'll provide us with a denial.  
Just sign here.  
Franco must have sent  
it. What a nice thought!  
Nothing happened. Nothing ever happens.  
If the press got hold of the story,  
Buffalora'd be a laughing stock...  
and you'd lose your job.  
My personal secretary.  
-Mr. Dellamorte. -A real  
pleasure, Mr. Dellamorte. -Thanks.  
You and I are going to get  
along just fine. Goodbye.  
Your name. I didn't get your name!  
Will I see her again?  
Hi!  
God!  
I'm sorry.  
I didn't mean to frighten you.  
I was expecting someone else.  
Miss! Miss!  
Ever since I got to town, strange  
things have been happening to me.  
It's as if I've been here before.  
And that grave, and you, Mr. Dellamorte!  
It's as if I've known you forever.  
It's as if I've loved you forever!  
You love me, too?  
Why? Who else is there?  
I love you as well.  
I love you, I love you!  
I've heard what they say about  
you in town. Is it true that you...

I mean, you can't...

-No, that's town gossip.

-Because I can only love an impotent man.

Yeah, it's true.

I like men...

But their manhood terrifies me...

I can't stand the thought  
of them having a...

I mean, you understand...

-It's a sort of phobia I have.

-I don't have one.

I don't have anything at all.

Will you marry me?

I'm getting married.

I'm really getting married. Don't  
pretend you didn't hear everything.

Yeah? Why not? Go ahead, explain...

-God gracious! What are you saying?

-You heard me.

My dear boy, you must be very run  
down, I'll give you some pills.

Dr. Vercesi, I'm serious.

Look, I'm not going to be  
intimidated in my own surgery.

The waiting room is full of people  
with honest diseases. -I'll pay.

Yes, I know, but...

How can I? I mean,  
everybody knows that...

you haven't got one.

I see. You have got one.

When would you like me  
to relieve you of your...

-... problem?

-Now.

What are you waiting  
for? Get on with it!

Now what?

I don't want an anaesthetic.

-It's not an anaesthetic.

-What is it, then?

One shot of this, it'll be  
as if you've never had one.

It lasts for over a month. Look...

Please, don't make me cut it  
away. Today I'm just not up to it.  
What are you doing? Turning over?  
-I have to give you the shot in the front.  
-Front where?  
Hold still, I'll just make a puncture.  
That fucking butcher! Must've  
given me some kind of infection.  
Gnaghi, I'm hovering  
between life and death!  
Yeah, you're right. I suppose  
I'm used to this condition.  
That's her, don't let her  
in. Tell her I'm not here.  
I don't want her to see me like this.  
I must see Mr. Dellamorte. I've  
got to speak to him, is he in there?  
I'd give my life to be dead!  
Gnaghi, it doesn't hurt  
anymore! I think I'm better.  
When did that happen?  
She was our nicest client.  
The best always die first!  
Where've you been?  
I thought I'd go mad. If you  
only knew what happened to me!  
If you only knew what happened to me!  
I must talk to you.  
-We'll always be together.  
-Yes, my love, yes.  
-I don't know how to say this to you. But the mayor raped me.  
-No!  
Wait! I liked it. Not the violence, no.  
But after that we did it again  
nicely. So that I'd forgive him.  
It was wonderful! Do you understand?  
This means I'm cured. I  
don't have a phobia any more.  
I can't marry you, now.  
I'm going to marry him. That  
doesn't mean anything, though.  
Nothing's changed between  
us. I still love you.  
You know that. I just love

you in a different way.  
But you're important to me. He  
knows. I mean, about you and me.  
He's a wonderful man. He said  
he's happy we can be friends.  
We can still see each  
other. Nothing's changed.  
Everything's just as it was.  
Everything!  
You look for Death in the clear night,  
you tell her you still love her.  
That you are her slave,  
that she's still your queen.  
Death, death, death the whore.  
No, I'd only do it for the fear.  
I'd come back just to  
experience the same fear again.  
To be afraid, always to be afraid.  
Hi!  
Is that white BMW outside yours?  
We're on foot. Could you give us a lift?  
It's not very far.  
Go on!  
I'm Magda.  
And this is Laura.  
How far is it?  
This is where we live.  
With another girlfriend.  
Do you want to come up for a drink?  
Come on, you're not afraid  
of two college girls, are you?  
Make a wish. I grant wishes.  
I want you to fall in love with me.  
But I'm already in love with  
you. Haven't you noticed?  
It's cold in here!  
If you'd like to wash,  
there's a sink there.  
I didn't mean your face, silly!  
I don't know whether I can do it.  
I've been taking some medication.  
I don't think your  
medication is working.  
Do you love me?

Yes, if you stay all night.  
All my life, too.  
Come on!  
-Let's rest a bit.  
-Why? You've come three times already.  
Twice. The third one was faked.  
She's sleeping, she's been  
studying all day, she's got an exam.  
-I just wanted to get some wine.  
-Sit down, I'll get you some.  
Did Laura tell you you can pay me?  
-Pay you?  
-School's expensive, my friend.  
-I have to pay you?  
-We don't have a scholarship.  
Besides, it's only 100,000 lira.  
She told me she loved me.  
That's 150,000.  
-She wants me to stay the night.  
-200.000.  
-Is a cheque all right?  
-It's money, isn't it?  
Hurry, darling.  
I'm cold. Come and warm me up.  
I need your warmth.  
Warm me up.  
Coming, love.  
Now you'll be warm forever.  
-Help!  
-This time I'm really through with love.  
I bet you'd like to know where  
I was between 1 and 3 last night.  
I know, here we are.  
I won't tell anyone about this  
cheque. That's why I came here.  
We're both worldly men, aren't we?  
-But that's a proof against...  
-Who? We arrested the culprit.  
He set fire to the house, got  
home, killed his wife and daughter.  
Then turned himself in. He's at  
the hospital, psychiatric ward.  
Somebody's stolen my crimes!  
Sir?

-This section's closed.  
-I've come to see the killer.  
But you can't go in  
there. He's in a coma.  
-He drank a bottle of iodine.  
-I have to take his measurements.  
Franco!  
You looked a lot better the  
last time we talked on the phone.  
Thief!  
You're a thief!  
You may have killed your wife  
and daughter, I'll give you that.  
But it was me who knocked  
off the three girls!  
What are you doing, stealing my murders?  
What kind of fucking  
friend do you think you are?  
I suppose you thought you  
were doing me a favour.  
-Put that out immediately, smoking is not allowed in here!  
-Shut up.  
He's in a coma, he doesn't even notice.  
Shit!  
What did you say?  
Everything's shit. The only  
thing that's not shitty is sleep.  
-What are you doing on the floor, sister?  
-She's praying.  
Friend of yours?  
He hasn't got any relatives, and  
the coma he's in is irreversible.  
-Give me a signature and I'll pull the plug now.  
-Fuck off!  
Here you go, put it back in there.  
I won't let you die until  
you give me an explanation.  
Why did you steal my murders?  
Don't you think anything I do counts?  
-Oh, my God! What happened?  
-They killed each other.  
It was a settling of scores.  
-Don't you believe  
me? -No. -Tough! -No!

Sorry about that.  
So... don't you have anything  
to say to your only friend?  
Who are you?  
I don't know you. I  
don't know who you are.  
Go away! Go away!  
Dellamorte, wait! For God's sake, wait!  
Another maniac's on the loose, he's  
on the fourth floor killing people.  
He shot three. You've got a gun.  
Good, so you can defend yourself.  
Take my advice and get the  
hell out of here, quick!  
Straniero! It was me!  
You and I are both the same.  
We kill out of indifference.  
Out of love, sometimes.  
But never out of hate.  
Now I don't know who's dead or alive.  
I'm sick of killing.  
So I'm leaving the game, brother.  
Dellamorte Dellamore bids you  
farewell and he's on his way.  
Where to?  
Better get out of here.  
Even the statues are talking.  
Where do you think you're going,  
if you can't see the  
difference between life and me?  
Gnaghi, you're not bringing that.  
That coffin is not coming with us.  
Yeah, I missed that one. Don't  
worry, I'll get the next one.  
Calm down, I know  
every bump on this road!  
There's one.  
Look!  
I've never been this far.  
We made it, Gnaghi!  
Who could've imagined this?  
Wider than all the streets  
of Buffalora put together.  
It never seems to end.



Hang on, Gnaghi.  
Past this tunnel is  
the rest of the world!  
What do you think the rest of  
the world looks like, Gnaghi?  
Can you imagine?  
You're right. It's beyond imagination.  
I should have known it.  
The rest of the world doesn't exist!  
Gnaghi!  
Gnaghi, you weren't hit that hard,  
come on! I'll take you to the car.  
Come on! Why are you going  
on like this? Come on, man!  
Get up, I'll take you  
to the car. Come on, man!  
Get up.  
What? Gnaghi!  
Gnaghi!  
Don't leave me alone, now! Gnaghi!  
Oh, God!  
Death, Death, Death comes sweeping down,  
filthy Death, the leering clown,  
Death on wings, Death by surprise  
veiling evil from worldly eyes.  
Death that's born as Life succumbs,  
while Death and Love, two kindred drums,  
beat the time till Judgment  
Day, an actor in a Passion Play,  
without beginning,  
without end evermore, amen.  
You're my best friend.  
I didn't even realise it.  
Could you take me home, please?  
Gna.