



Scripts.com

Fade to Black

By Davide Ferrario

Oh, yes.

The Second World War had been quite a disaster for poor old Italy.

Their Fascist leader, Mussolini, had teamed up with Hitler.

...and thought he was on a winning ticket.

Then, Benito was shot by partisans.

...and strung up by his heels in the local square.

Now, in 1948, the country is still leaderless...

...broke and heading for chaos.

Sure, the rich are still rich.

If you're not in furs, you're in rags.

People are starving and disillusioned...

...and getting angrier by the day.

Meanwhile, the black market is booming.

With a fistful of lire you can get yourself just about whatever you want.

And if you still harbor a grudge or two from the war, it's a fine time.

...to lay your mind to rest.

Certainly.

Passport.

Here.

My, uh, slimming pills.

Slimming?

We have to take these.

That will be all.

Welcome to Roma, Mr...

Welles. Orson Welles.

Thank you.

So, there I was,

Orson Welles.

The great actor-director

hitting the eternal city in '48.
I just landed a lead role in
a picture called Black Magic.
So you see, by now I'd grown
pretty accustomed to the spotlight.
Tyrone Power!
Hey, Tyrone Power.
It's true. Perhaps the
light had dimmed a little.
But don't worry. I wasn't quite
ready to relinquish my crown.
Signor Welles, has
she broken your heart?
Eh, is there
another man?
Signor Welles, do
you know who is he?
I assume you're
speaking of Rita.
Sure. The divorce
is finished, no?
The marriage is finished,
the divorce is in the works.
Are you planning to visit the Vatican
while you're here, Mr. Hayworth?
I'd hoped to get away, to forget
for a while my private pain.
But she...
...my God, she
was everywhere.
This damn costume.
Is there a problem?
It's too small.
No, no, it's fine.
You sure it's all right?
It feels tight.
No, no, no, no, no.
It's terrific. No?
Absolutely.
Absolutely.
Signor Wells.
Signor Wells.
Your Rita, she's
so beautiful, so sexy.

Isn't she?
She's my favorite
of them all.
It is such a tragedy you've
been abandoned by her.
I think you'll find it
was the other way round.
Marco, delighted to see you've
drummed up so many extras.
Well done.
No, no, no. These are not
extras, Orson. They are refugees.
Refugees, really?
Yes, of course. The city
is still full of them.
Your Occupation Army has no other
place, so I let them use my studio.
We are shooting
synch sound?
A little noisy.
Oh, don't worry. I make it quiet
when the cameras, they roll.
Let's make a picture!
Okay, hard facts. My heart was
broken and my career was on the slide.
Right now this was
all I could get.
A second-rate film with
a third-rate director.
Nefter zufu,
thousand blessing.
Oh, and the script.
From the darkness
beyond night...
...from the forbidden mountains.
...on the secret side
of the moon, behold!
Cagliostro.
See what I mean?
It's wonderful, Orson.
It's perfect.
Moby Dick. No.
The whale doesn't have to be
huge and neither does the budget.

But, you see, I had plans, many of them.
To direct a host of movies that
even now are running in my head.
Another masterpiece
was waiting in the wings.
And the chance to return
home the conquering hero.
There is my,
my Othello, of course.
Who's that by?
By William... Look, could I please
speak to Mr. Korda in person?
How could I know then
the chain of events...
...the danger,
deception and murder.
...that was about to unfold?
I'm sorry to intrude...
...but we shall be working together
this afternoon, Mr. Welles.
And I must say what a
great honor it is for me.
Please, sit down.
And, you know? We have a passion in common.
A magician.
My card.
Alessandro Dellere.
Oh. Bravo.
Oh, yes, and I hear you had a
little trouble at the customs.
Yes.
My slimming pills.
How did you...
Remarkable.
All the movie is in my head. I have
one master, one close-up on you.
Yes, but you need
to go low and wide.
You have to give it some
power when the dragoons attack!
Alessandro.
I am the director, no?
The director that commands the most
respect is the one who listens the most.

But, Orson,
wait a minute.
When you direct, you never
listen to the actors. Never.
It is my great weakness.
And have them put an
18-mil-lens on the third camera.
And add some torches to the
background to deepen the focus. Yeah?
What third camera?
I think she
recognizes me.
He looks like the Queen.
Who is she?
One of our players.
Lea Padovani.
She's temperamental.
She's magnificent.
Orson, are you ready?
They're coming. They're coming. The army.
No, no, stop,
stop, stop, stop!
Alessandro.
Ne... Ro.
Nero.
You know Signor
Dellere how long?
I only met
him yesterday.
At the studio, we know. And we
know he gave you something, yes?
What? Oh, yes.
He gave me my, uh,
slimming pills.
Clearly a very
well connected man.
You have?
Yes.
And what did
he say to you?
He was very pleasant.
Nothing really.
How did he die?
Was it his heart?

He takes too
much drugs.
Really?
We find this in his coat.
In the dressing room.
It was opium. Very strong, very pure.
Well, he didn't seem under the
influence when I spoke to him.
He was addicted
many years.
It's an overdose.
What?
Overdose.
When he was dying, did
he say something to you?
Did he whisper
something, yes?
What did he say
to you, Mr. Welles?
Mr. Welles?
I couldn't
make it out.
Okay, Tomasso, let's go.
Back to the hotel,
Mr. Welles?
Be right there.
You in next?
Because there's definitely
something tricky going on.
Why you say that?
I got this bit player
dying in my arms.
...and he didn't look
like an addict to me.
And he was definitely
trying to tell me something.
He was whispering.
What do you mean?
What did he say?
Perhaps I owe you
an introduction.
I know who you are.
You are the
Army Occupation.

You have
invaded Cinecitta.
Ah, the camera.
I would have apologized, but I
was struck dumb by your beauty.
Americans think the world is
made so they can play with it.
The Italians own
everything worth having.
The best wine,
the best food.
Except when
we are starving.
In that case, may I
invite you to dinner?
You may not!
The bit player,
he was my stepfather.
Oh, I'm...
I guess you'll be dining
alone, Mr. Welles.
I wouldn't bet
on it, Tomasso.
What's your story
with the cops?
Fat one an old flame?
I used to work here. Criminal
Investigation Department.
You're a little
young to be a cop.
Ex-cop.
Ex-cop?
I made life difficult
for the wrong people.
So, cop, what kind
of fellow was Dellere?
Take my advice. Italy is a
very dangerous place right now.
Anger from the war.
Don't get involved.
So you think it was
a vendetta of some kind?
You have a problem
understanding my English?

No. What's going on?
Communist demonstration.
Hey, hey, wait!
Togliatti,
Togliatti.
Hey, wait.
Mr. Welles, come back.
Hey, wait.
Hey, what the hell
are you doing?
Get out of the shot.
Never know when it
might come in handy.
Come on, this
is dangerous.
You should see it
from up here, Tomasso.
It's great.
Hey, hey, time to go. Come on, let's go.
Come on.
Stay with me.
I love the spirit,
the chaos.
The Italian people,
they've been through so much.
...they really deserve
some kind of democracy.
A guy who drives in a limousine
is gonna talk to me about people?
Well, you seem happy
enough to be driving one.
Do I seem
happy to you?
Tommaso, come on,
let's get out of here.
Nero.
What do you want?
They say you held him when he died.
Come in.
We are ebrei.
Jews.
When the Nazi come,
they raid the ghetto.
Everywhere they

take people away.
He give me a paper,
Signor Dellere...
...that say I am
born a Catholic.
I see. Like a
birth certificate.
If Jews had saints...
...they would pray
to Signor Dellere.
They're ready for
you, Signor Welles.
May God protect
you, Mr Welles.
Only death.
...knows all the answers.
Stop!
Signor Dellere's
last shot.
Is no usable.
None of it.
Now I must go to the funeral,
but tomorrow we do the re-shoots.
T ell me, did the
Police see this?
Of course.
And?
They say they
see nothing.
You were
watching, right?
He put his hand up against
his neck and took it away.
And yet nobody
said a word. Why?
Nero.
What?
The last words
of a murdered man.
Did you tell the
Police what he said?
No.
Then why tell me?
They fired you,

didn't they?
Huh.
Back to the hotel.
I say we
join the convoy.
Some people would say
this is not your business.
These are
people's lives.
Yes?
Real people.
I'm a director,
Signor Moreno.
People's lives
are my business.
Besides, I'm, uh,
addicted to mystery.
Look at her.
Breathtaking.
Is that the mother?
I think I recognize her.
Aida Padovani.
Aida Padovani, of course.
The silent movie star.
What's the joke?
No, no, no.
Nothing.
It's not every day you find them
all staring into the same grave.
Hey, look.
Were you a friend
of the deceased?
Pete Brewster.
Hey there, buddy.
Last time I saw you was
in a brothel in Sao Paolo.
Really? I didn't
think anybody saw me.
So, how the
hell are you?
I'm sorry about
Rita. Damn shame.
Yeah.
So, you're here with

the State Department?

That's right. Trying to get these guys back on their feet after the war.

The Friendship Programme, they call it.

Friendship?

You know, shipping in food, bicycles, clothing, you name it.

We're even helping them set up a new government.

You follow the politics at all?

Not really, I just read the graffiti.

The election's next month and there's almost a hundred parties competing.

It's a mess. That's why we're getting behind these new guys, the Christian Democrats.

They, at least, have a vision of the future, not squabbling over the past.

In fact, well...

we're putting on this big show as part of the election campaign...

...and I was wondering...

Go on.

I was hoping you might do your magic act.

I saw you do it for the troops in '42, remember? Fantastic!

Yeah.

Oh, I don't know, Pete. I'm here working on a picture, you know.

Yes, of course.

I'll keep a slot open, just in case.

Sure.

And by the way, you still owe me a drink.

Surely not.

It's good to see you.

What did your pal have to say?

He's not my pal. He's a brute, he's an asshole.

He have a name?

Mainardi.

Ugo Mainardi.
Calls himself
a Communist.
What's he doing here?
He told me they had
some business together.
Dellere had some
information wanted.
Did you ask him what
kind of information?
I did, yeah.
What did he say?
"Go fuck yourself. "
Charming.
I think it's time for me to pay
my respects to the grieving family.
The lovely Padovanis.
She'll never have
dinner with you.
What?
So, if you're not a
Communist, what are you?
Me? I'm nothing.
Come now, Tommaso. I think you need
to work on your self-esteem a little.
Or maybe you could
just lend me some?
Tomasso.
Hey.
Wait here.
Ferenc, no.
Shit.
The timing is
not an accident.
They knew we'd be
at the funeral.
Nothing seems
to be missing.
It looks like they were
looking for something.
Something particular.
Well, the Police
will be here soon.
What? What is it?

Mr. Welles, mother...
...is not convinced the
Police are being so helpful.
If you mean you think there's something
suspicious about Alessandro's death...
we're inclined to agree.
He was murdered
for sure.
And we are going
to find out who by.
My medicine.
Thank you.
Then, one morning.
I hear some cars
pull up outside.
They break in the door.
I hear jackboots
in the hall.
Cesare, my first husband, he tried to resist.
...and the Nazis,
they shot him.
They took Lea and I.
They interrogated us.
And then this handsome
actor appears like an angel.
Alessandro?
He gave us false
birth certificates.
...to say we
are not Jews.
"Age cannot wither her. "
Cleopatra.
I'm sure you
were wonderful.
Oh!
Oh.
Your Messalina.
You saw it?
Huh? No.
But it's legendary.
But you must come
and see it some time.
It was Alessandro's
favorite.

And perhaps when, uh, the
circumstances are kinder...
we might combine
it with dinner.
Dinner?
How could I resist?
All magicians, you know, have
something up their sleeve.
Giuseppe Albergini.
That's a
Christian Democrat.
Cardinal Sfogliano.
Count Montenegro.
He died last week.
Really?
Yeah. You didn't
read about it?
Gunned down in
his Mercedes.
Gianni Braschiatti,
that's the, uh...
The investor
for the film, yeah.
Ermano Pontecorvino.
That's another Christian
Democrat. He's-he's dead, too.
Mm.
What?
Orson Welles.
Yes. Mr. Peter Brewster.
Yes, this is
Orson Welles.
I'm a friend of his.
Ah. Would you please let
him know that I called?
It's very, very
urgent. Thank you.
I have no idea why he had
such a thing or what it means.
Does the name Nero
mean anything to you?
My mother takes
drugs for her pain.
Opium.

Alessandro got them from
a man he called Nero.
Do you know where
we might find him?
Sandro was a very
private guy sometimes.
I know this woman. She
worked for me in the force.
She knows all the dealers. I can contact her.
Orson!
Orson, you
remember Gianni?
Gianni Braschiatti.
Yes, of course. I never forget an investor...
...though there are many that
would like to forget me.
We were just wondering if you have
thought some more about my proposition.
What proposition?
Oh, a picture?
I was contemplating
the Bard.
Shakespeare!
Yes. A screenplay adaptation.
Shot for the first time
on location in Italy.
A wonderful idea, Orson. The
Merchant of Venice perhaps?
No.
Romeo and Juliet?
No. Othello.
You would make
a splendid Moor.
So, wh-what do you
think, Gianni, uh?
Signor Welles will
direct Othello, hm?
By William Shakespeare
here in Italy.
And you and
your friends.
will give us lots
and lots of money.
Hm?

I, uh...
Well, um...
we will do it.
Mr. Brasciatti.
You see, Othello was
a military genius.
And the powerful
don't trust genius.
They may respect it...
...may envy it.
They may use it for their own
purpose, but don't trust it.
When I first went to Hollywood,
I might as well been a Moor.
I had a legion of lagos,
all plotting my downfall.
It's a waste of their
time, of course.
I'm perfectly capable
of destroying myself.
Stop the car.
Wait, wait.
No!
No!
Down, down!
Brasciatti.
At least this time we can be
sure it wasn't an overdose.
Yeah, and if you give to us
sooner the list, Signor Brasciatti.
...he might still be
walking around.
Maybe. And maybe if you looked a
little closer at the Dellere case...
...you would have found
the list yourself.
Gentlemen.
I owe you my life.
No big deal.
You know my informer?
Yes.
She's got a
lead on Nero.
Mr. Welles, do you believe

it's a Russian plot?
Is it true you were working
undercover, Mr. Welles?
Maybe it was
the Russians?
How does it feel
to be a hero?
A hero? Well, I don't know about that.
The American Government
is paying you, Signor Welles?
Surely not.
Must be good to be back on
the front pages, Mr. Hayworth.
You could have got
yourself killed.
Yeah, and saved somebody else
the trouble. What did I do exactly?
You just foiled
a Communist plot.
Plot? What plot?
Remember these guys?
Yeah, from the funeral.
Ugo, Ugo, that Communist guy.
Seems they'd do just about
anything to win the elections.
Really?
Everyone on the list is either
Christian Democrat or Democrat supporter.
What's it got to do with me?
Why do they wanna kill me?
'Cause you're a Yank.
We're backing them, too.
These people hate that.
Your assassination is a neat way
of making these feelings known.
The higher the profile,
bigger the headline.
Haven't they ever
heard of Tyrone Power?
You'll be fine.
Good morning,
Mr. Welles.
James Dunn, your
Ambassador here in Rome.

Allow me to introduce Signor Cava
of the Christian Democrat Party.
And Monsignor Pressner
of the Vatican.
Signor.
The great and the good. I'm honored.
We must thank
you, Mr. Welles.
You have done this country
a truly great service.
I'm only too pleased
to see justice done.
We are hoping you might also
honor us, uh, with your magic show.
Uh, Mr. Brewster, he
tell us so much about it.
Strengthen the bond
between nations.
For the election campaign?
Part of the Friendship
Programme, exactly.
Friendship, yes. You
help us win the election...
we help you make
your wonderful films.
Oh. You mean financing?
Why not?
You don't like them, huh?
What? Christian Democrats?
Yeah.
Nice shiny suits.
Meaning?
They still have their
black shirts in the closet.
My guess is half of them
were Fascists in the war.
Tell me something, Tommaso. Were you born
cynical or did you have to cultivate it?
So, back to the hotel?
What do you think?
Uh, I think we still
have a loose end.
Tombolo? What
happens in Tombolo?

You don't want
to go there.
Well, you don't seem
too keen yourself.
So much of the art of cinema
died when sound was introduced.
You really think so?
Oh, yes, I know so.
But a great performance
always survives.
And here's the finale.
Messalina. The Joan Crawford of ancient Rome.
And how like
your daughter.
Same profile.
Ribbons of dreams.
So, Marco, I hear you are to make a film
of Othello with Mr. Welles. Is it true?
Yes, indeed. The preparations have begun.
I hope you gentlemen are
considering my daughter.
She would make
the perfect Desdemona.
Mother, please.
I'm only saying what it's obvious.
You are the genuine article, after all.
I'll certainly
keep her in mind.
Good evening,
everybody. Aida.
Hello.
Lea, have
you forgotten?
No, I'm ready.
Excuse me, everyone.
Mother, I'm sorry,
I did tell you.
I know, I know.
Enjoy yourselves.
Where are you going?
We're going dancing.
You want to come?
You should take Signor Welles.
Show a bit of the town. Hm?

Uh, I don't think so.

Of course, why not?

You must come.

She isn't seeing Glenn
Ford, she's seeing Aly Khan.

Of course, my even greater
star is Veronica Lake.

Do you know her?

Yes.

Oh, she is
so, so, so...

Short.

Like a ray
of sunshine.

Her skin is like cream
and her hair is pure gold.

Your Desdemona, she should
have the golden locks.

Did Lea say
we saw your films?

No!

And?

Um, they surprised me.

Surprised you? Good surprise or bad surprise?

Well, if they were bad, I
wouldn't have been surprised.

Come on.

I have to go.

Could you see Stella
gets safely home?

Yes, of course.

Is Rita?

No.

No, it's...

It's not Rita.

I got you, Mr. Welles.

You make a lot of trouble.

Big fucking trouble.

I think maybe it's time for you to die, yes?

Is no the Communists.

We no make this list.

We no make those killings.

If we want you dead,

you'd be dead long time.

Orson?

Tombolo.

Is they who is
trying to kill you.

Orson, are you okay?

Tombolo.

After the war, all the outlaws,
the gangsters, collaborators...
...the prostitutes, deserters,
they moved out of Rome.

They took refuge
in the woods.

They call it
Tombolo but...

...this is not a town.

It's a disease.

So, tell me.

In the war.

...the Fascists brought
people here to torture them.

People, huh?

Only ghosts.

Only ghosts.

Some of these ghosts,
they won't lay down.

They still breathe
the same air we breathe.

You're out of your
fucking depth.

That may very well be where
I'm most at home, Tomasso.

The name Nero? No.

Can I help you, gentlemen?

My name is Joe.

Follow me.

Hey, baby!

We got company.

This here is Flavia.

Yes, I believe
we've met.

So, where's Nero?

That's me.

Giuseppe Nero.

Joe Black.

So, gentlemen,
what's the deal?
Have you ever heard of,
uh, Alessandro Dellere.
You got some kind
of accusation to make?
Down! Get down!
You bring the cops?
You set me up?
No.
What's happening?
A raid. Military
Police. Stay quiet.
Rounding up deserters. Ain't
never gonna catch Joe Black.
Thank you.
Why would I kill Mr. Dellere when he
was gonna get me back to the States?
He was?
Sure. He was gonna get me
a passport and everything.
I heard he prepared fake
papers for Jews during the war.
For a price, yeah.
What's more...
...after you got it, you might
have to keep on paying.
He saved Jews
to blackmail them?
I'm telling you, Mr. Dellere was
into all kind of monkey business.
Got into some bad shit.
Wanted me to go in with him.
Even threatened to turn me in if I didn't.
I politely
threatened him back.
What kind
of deep shit?
Hell, man, why
should I tell you?
Look, Joe, I...
I know
important people.
Ambassadors, State

Department people.
People that can help
you get back home.
We got a deal?
You could give
me your word.
You got it.
Follow me.
What is it made
you run, Joe?
I was in Transpo,
fifth Army.
Seen a bunch of my friends
get blown into little pieces.
Then they pulled us
back behind the lines.
...and I see the Nazi son of
a bitches been killing us.
...getting treated
better than we are.
So, one day
I go on leave...
...get a little drunk...
...and I don't come back.
Here we are.
So Dellere was
blackmailing these people?
Let's take a
closer look.
That's where
we part company.
Joe.
Thank you.
Wait.
Come on.
Come.
Okay.
What's in those boxes?
Tommaso!
Wait, I wanna see.
Let's go.
Orson. Orson!
I'm telling you, Pete, there were
enough guns to start a revolution.

Phone call from
Washington, sir.
Not now.
You think it's
the Communists?
First the hit
list, then this?
I guess they're not happy with
the occasional assassination.
Maybe they're
looking for civil war.
You really think
they're that organized?
Sure.
Now they've hooked
up with the Russians...
wouldn't surprise me if this whole
thing wasn't cooked up in the Kremlin.
L-I don't think
it's the Communists.
Yeah, that guy with Mainardi, I mean,
you know, he could have killed me.
Do something for me.
I don't care who does what
to whom in this country...
...but you're an American citizen.
That means you are my responsibility.
And you're so lucky not to be floating
face down in the Tiber right now.
So, please, finish
your lousy movie.
...and try to stay out of
trouble for five minutes.
Maybe you're right.
I know I'm right.
It is a lousy movie.
I'm only kidding.
Sweet of you to care.
Don't kid yourself.
You die on my turf...
...you foul up my report. Some
people have got work to do.
Will you do
something for me, Pete?

If it's sensible.
This guy, Joe Black...
I made him a promise that
he could get back home.
It would mean
a lot to me.
Joe Black?
I'll get on to it.
Thanks.
Orson.
Behave yourself.
No!
He saved me, you know,
my mother and me.
Maybe he got caught up with bad people.
Okay, the truth.
I always felt there
was another side to him.
A side even my
mother did not know.
A kind of shadow.
But I never dreamed.
I'm so tired.
So tired.
You're beautiful.
It gives me wonder,
great as my content.
To see you
here before me.
O, my soul's joy.
I think I'm in love.
I think you're confused.
Oh, no.
As I look
into your eyes...
I begin
to understand myself.
Is that a
quotation, too?
Oh, no.
Maybe some day.
It's okay.
I probably
won't slap you.

If you say go, I go
without argument...
without complaint.
Go then.
Now.
Okay.
Lorenza.
That's a wrap.
Now is the time for
serious business.
Now is the time to give the
world your noble Moor, Othello.
Yes. Actually, I've,
um, begun casting.
May I introduce you.
...my Desdemona.
Of course.
The genuine article.
Marco.
You are serious?
Yes, of course.
And you will be a
wonderful Desdemona.
We will be
wonderful together.
For I fear my soul hath
her content, so absolute.
Good evening, Mr. Welles.
Word is, Mr. Welles, you've been snooping
about the place. Asking too many questions.
Is that right?
What kind of questions?
Now, that's what
I mean, see?
You're planning to do your next
picture in his country, I hear.
A Shakespearean tragedy.
Yeah. Othello.
I guess the real tragedy
would be it didn't happen.
Maybe not such a great idea mixing
with your Commie pals in public.
It's terrible.
You see what I'm saying?

Look how much
weight I've put on.
But you see the
ramifications, I think.
They say there's a new
era dawning in the States.
There's gonna be a major
shake-out, they say.
Names are gonna be named.
Careers are gonna be ruined.
And if these were to end up in
the hands of the wrong people, huh?
You're ahead
of me, Mr. Welles.
You're a very
persuasive man, Mr...
Luciano.
Luciano?
Yeah. So, hey...
...be a good boy, stop
with the snooping...
...just do your
little magic act...
...and maybe you and the Bard will
get to do business after all.
And the good news is we've got even more
stars from back home to make an appearance.
Tyrone Power, no less.
Mr. Welles, do you have everything
you need for the performance?
Let me see. Hopefully
a captive audience.
A beautiful assistant.
The finance
for my next picture.
Who needs a stage? I
should be walking on air.
It is an alliance
of some kind.
The Mafia, the Fascists,
the Christian Democrats.
A conspiracy.
Those weapons in Tombolo,
it isn't a Communist plot.

It's a plot against the Communists.
It's a plan to destroy them.
In case they win
the elections, huh?
Yeah.
It has the ugly
ring of truth.
We gotta do something.
Elections are next week. Orson,
you have to go to the newspapers.
Now, just a second.
We have to blow this wide
open. They won't listen to me.
No. Tomasso, I can't.
What?
Your country,
it's... it's a tragedy.
It's tearing itself apart. It's not
as if I haven't done my bit to help.
What are you saying?
You gotta draw
the line somewhere.
It's-it's your
career? Is that it?
You-you're afraid of losing
the money for your movie?
It's not just
a career, Tomasso.
Because of your big Mr. Welles career you're
gonna sit on your fat ass and do nothing?
What I'm trying to do is avoid being rubbed
out by one of your homicidal compatriots!
We're this far
because of you.
Jesus, you-you people...
...you come over here, you-you piss with
our country, you piss with our women.
Piss?
Now you're gonna go
and suck Democrat dicks.
The truth is, is that this is your own
private little war that you're fighting.
Finally, what's it
got to do with me?

You're right. Fucking
American. I quit.
Crazy Italians.
That include me?
Absolutely.
I have a reputation, a
responsibility as an artist.
You understand?
I understand. Maybe it is not your fight.
Look, I sympathize, but...
if Othello goes down the pan...
...it's not good for
either one of us.
Who knows?
Maybe your movie is not the most
important thing in the world.
What? It's our movie.
Look, I was wondering, do you
have time for a cup of coffee?
Uh, a little
busy right now.
I've just got the costume
designs for Desdemona.
I thought you might wanna see
them. You're gonna look great!
Orson, I'm
really not sure.
But they're wonderful. You should take a
look at the set designs. They're fantastic!
Understand this. Italy is not
a location. She's my country.
She has suffered enough.
Yes, but...
Yes?
No, please, Signor Borghera, come in.
So?
They never
found the killer?
That's right.
Maybe they weren't looking
in the right places.
Look at the third mirror.
There.
Watch for the figure

in the cloak.
Who's behind that mask?
I thought the set
would block the cameras.
But your specialty, Mr.
Welles, this low angle.
He could be so tender.
He nursed me...
...brought me opium
for the pain.
I thought maybe
he loved me, too.
Maybe a little.
But then, one day, I found the
needle with enough in it to kill me.
Seems he could wait
no longer for my money.
And, so, I ran to the studio,
and I ran to the set and...
I ask you
only one thing.
Please, let me
tell my daughter.
Very well.
Will you go to
the Police now?
I'm not so sure.
In the current climate...
...a crime of passion has a
certain refreshing charm.
You like?
It's perfect.
It's so exciting, Orson.
Is there a problem?
Sometimes you get the feeling that you've
got a handle on things, and then suddenly it.
...all becomes confusing.
Do you ever get that?
Most of the time.
Look older...
...fatter...
...fear growing
behind the eyes.
Of what you are afraid?

Afraid of
being found out.
Discovering I'm
a nothing.
An empty box
of tricks.
And a coward.
My poor, sad Orson.
We are all ugly
sticks of shit.
But at least we
have our dreams.
It's a blessing.
Yes. I'm a film maker
for Christ's sake.
What do they
expect of me?
What? What is it?
Yes?
Joe Black's dead.
What?
Military raid.
This time
they found him.
This time they
knew where to look.
Shit!
Bullet in the head.
Tell me something.
Do you know how to use
one of these things?
Let's make a picture.
That signal will be sent
when you vote tomorrow.
Vote Christian Democrat.
...and the Friendship
Program will proceed.
Vote Christian Democrat.
...and see your country
rise to prosperity!
You hear them? I think
they're ready for you.
What? You nervous?
I'm fine.

Get out there.
Knock 'em dead.
I'll give it a try.
Thank you. Thank you.
Samboco sisters.
Say, Pete.
Yeah?
Any news on Joe Black?
Fifth Army guy, sure. He'll be on his
way back home by now, safe and sound.
Thanks.
That's what I
wanted to hear.
It's nothing.
And now, ladies
and gentlemen...
I give you Orson Welles,
The Great Orsini...
who has graced our
shores to heal the heart.
...that has been broken by the
incomparable Rita Hayworth.
My beautiful
assistant Stella!
The Great Orsini, huh?
Now, if you could
cook those things...
...put them on a table with a fine
bottle of wine, I'd be impressed.
Signor Cava,
please, come up.
Oh, no. He's gonna drag some poor
innocent Italian into the act.
Or maybe not
so innocent.
Who knows?
Easy, fella.
You're showing
your roots.
Fascist.
You see, it's all about
diversion and subterfuge.
They get you
looking one way.

while they pull off some
devilish deception somewhere else.
A last cigarette.
Why not?
Take the Yankee cigarette,
take the Yankee candy.
For what the Yanks will take from
you ain't quite so doodle dandy.
Democracy and Friendship.
Or is it smoke
and mirrors?
For I could tell you
tales of villainy so dire...
...of lies and murder done
beneath the banner of freedom.
And one such shocking
tale indeed I'll tell.
...of an evil pact
committed to destruction.
And of a warehouse crammed
with guns and ammunition.
Tonight, beneath the stars...
...beneath the stars
and stripes.
And it begins.
...in Tombolo.
So, where are
these guns?
Not one of your better
tricks, Mr. Hayworth.
Damn!
We should go.
Need a ride back
to town, Mr. Welles?
I have a car.
Oh, but I insist.
Mr. Welles, please.
Where are you
taking him?
I'll be fine.
You lied to me,
every step of the way.
I was trying to take
care of you, Orson.

Like you took
care of Joe, huh?
What, you'd rather we hand this place over
to Stalin on a fucking plate, is that it?
Forgive me, I didn't
know it was ours to hand.
Pete, you're backing the guys we
were at war with three years ago.
Not ideal, but
it's all there is.
You need to see
the big picture.
This is not about Italy.
This thing is worldwide.
...and it's a major
threat to freedom...
...a major threat
to democracy.
No one wants the
Communists in power.
Except maybe the people. Don't
you think they should decide?
No.
No. No!
You want I
should waste him?
How you'll explain that? I'm an
American citizen, for Christ's sake.
Pull over.
No!
No!
You call
yourself American?
Listen, he's just another name
on that list. I say we waste them.
Let the Reds
take the rap.
You got something to say about
that, Mr. Welles? Something smart?
Christ, Pete,
stop him!
You gotta stop him.
I don't have to stop anything.
You heard what he said.

You're just a
name on a list.
How can we
possibly shoot you.
when you played such a
sterling part for Uncle Sam?
You know that list?
When we first planted it and you made
such a big splash with it in the press...
well, it was more
than I could've hoped.
You know the best part?
Originally, you weren't even
on the list. You know why?
You're not that important.
You were kind
of an afterthought.
You're not worth
the bullet, Mr. Welles.
Don't judge me.
The war never stopped,
it just went underground.
And we simply
have to win.
Now it's all about sacrifices and
whether you're tough enough to make them.
Maybe you made
too many, Pete.
I remember when you had
a soul, not just a job.
You're entitled
to your opinion.
It's a free country.
Fuck you, Orson.
Fuck you, Pete.
Is he bad?
I mean,
how is he?
Great Orsini.
How are you feeling?
Only pain.
I'm sorry.
You should be.
Fucking Americans.

Crazy Italians.
I came to say goodbye.
Going home?
Wherever that is.
I'm-I'm sorry.
Oh, no, Tomasso.
I'm-I'm...
I'm sorry...
I cannot drive you
to the airport.
Next time.
Next time.
Quite a fellow.
Not too bad yourself.
Italy needs more
men like him.
Orson, I...
And so do you.
Very gallant, Orson.
You think you know
what's good for me?
You son of a bitch,
you know nothing about me.
You spoke to my mother?
Yes.
And you believed her?
She admitted it.
She confessed.
She always was
a great actress.
What?
What do you mean?
I saw the rushes.
I can understand
your mistake.
I mean, you say yourself
how much alike we are.
And anyone
can wear a mask.
It was Alessandro turned
my father over as a Jew.
It was Alessandro
had him killed.
My mother and me, you

see, we both have a motive.
What a good
daughter you are.
Yes. Maybe.
One who avenged
her father's death.
Who knows?
Do you want me to
tell you the truth?
Is that what you want?
No.
Don't spoil it.
And what in the
end did I do?
I made a crummy picture,
and not a lot of difference.
It's not as if things would've been
any better had the Communists got in.
Same shit, as my pal
would say, different flies.
Still, one hell
of a trip.
So that just
about wraps it up.
And when people ask me
if all this was true...
well, like I say...
...if you're looking for facts,
pick up the history book.
Just be sure
to check who wrote it.