

THE CIGARETTE OF ANTONIO

SAN POULO

By

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Bachelor of Science

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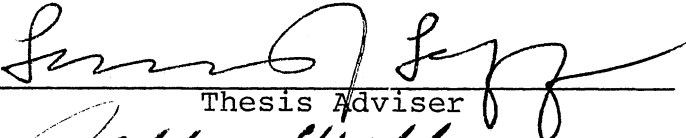
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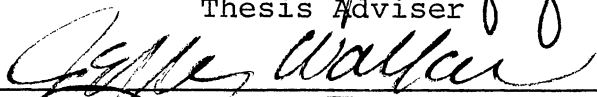

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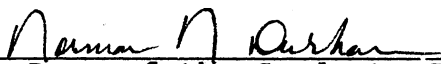


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SAN POULO

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## PREFACE

Although screenwriters have never been treated as well as other "cogs in the dream factory,"<sup>1</sup> they are a well-paid group that do contribute substantially to the filmmaking process. No matter if one screenwriter or twenty screenwriters work on a specific project, a film begins as words written on a page. Even if the central idea did not originate with the screenwriter, he develops the material, organizes it, and places it into a workable form. He then submits his work to a producer or a director who will complete the work, usually by placing a certain personal stamp upon it.<sup>2</sup> Even though the screenwriter's function has technically terminated at this point, the author of a tightly constructed screenplay can still make his presence felt. A well-written screenplay challenges the producer and the director to provide complementary visuals to complete the screenwriter's vision of the material. Ideally this situation should exist if the screenwriter is assumed to be the creative force in the film, but usually the interpreters of the material will have a greater impact since they will physically be on the set during the shooting and editing of the film. Since I am in the privileged

position of interpreting an unproduced screenplay, though, I can explain the particular vision that The Cigarette of Antonio San Poulo reveals and my three-tiered theory of movie reality (lowered reality, mirror-reality, heightened reality) on which the screenplay was built.

William Miller notes that "Realism is the dominant mode of narrative in film. . . [thus film is] highly suited to rendering objects, persons and their actions; it is about as close to actual experience as any medium."<sup>3</sup> What Miller neglects to mention is what he means by realism. Before any meaningful discussion of realism can take place, a definition of the use of the term must be outlined. In his discussion of the Italian Neo-Realist films of the post-World War II period, David Overbey suggests that "film must of necessity be manipulated by someone which implies that whatever 'reality' is recorded on film is different from, and is only a fragment of, the endlessly wide and complex 'reality' of common existence."<sup>4</sup> For the purposes of this discussion, reality shall be defined as having two interrelated properties: first, the proximity of the image on the screen to our common existence, what Siegfried Kracauer calls "the transitory world we live in,"<sup>5</sup> and second, the believability of the characters and the actions presented on the screen. If the setting is an actual place within our physical world and the characters behave consistently as people with their personalities would, the film would be

"realistic," The closer the images on the screen parallel the physical world, the closer the audience will identify with the film. The second property is much more difficult to convey than the first. To achieve verisimilitude, a filmmaker must provide a seduction of belief; he must provide as much detail as possible to allow the audience to make a leap of faith that the characters and actions portrayed on the screen could possibly exist and function within our physical world. If tied tightly to the first property of realism, the believability of the characters and their actions will be easier to achieve since the emanation from the real setting will overwhelm the characters and aid in the audience's leap of faith. In this scheme at least, the primary responsibility of the screenwriter is to provide as much realism as possible within his screenplay.

The lowered reality level of my three-tiered theory concerns the functions of the filmmaker. It is here that a filmmaker develops his story and orders the reality that his finished film will provide. The term lowered is not used in a pejorative sense, but in the sense that a film lowers reality by forcing a certain comprehensibility and concreteness that life usually does not provide. Film tries to impose some order and meaning to the "crowded. . . trivialities of the day."<sup>6</sup> The filmmaker carefully chooses which details and events to portray in a film to illustrate that life has some meaning

and wholeness to it. Within a film, the audience is given a unified experience by the logic of the finished film which usually presents a problem and then proceeds to solve it. Time is compressed so that the audience can easily digest the story that is being presented and become emotionally involved with the story.

Hugo Münsterberg, one of the earliest film theorists, wrote that "to picture emotions must be the central aim of the photoplay."<sup>7</sup> Basically, the intent of a film is to engage an audience emotionally with its story, action, and characters first, and then to have the theme or message of the picture arrive to the audience through its emotions. Kracauer suggests that "while the theatergoer watches a spectacle which affects primarily his mind and only through it his sensibility, the moviegoer finds himself in a situation in which he cannot ask questions and grope for answers unless he is saturated physiologically."<sup>8</sup> The audience must be touched emotionally before it can be mentally stimulated. In more practical terms, Constance Nash and Virginia Oakey stress that a screenwriter's task "is to use the magic of the medium to spellbind your audience."<sup>9</sup> A screenwriter must use every means at his disposal within the context of his script to engage his audience, to captivate them so that his intent can become clear. André Bazin writes that "a film is always presented as a succession of fragments of imaged reality on a rectangular surface of given proportions, the

ordering of the images and their duration on the screen determining its impact."<sup>10</sup> The screenwriter must order his script towards the greatest impact on his audience. The purpose of lowered reality is to grasp the audience and hold it within the theater so that it can receive a unified experience.

In The Cigarette of Antonio San Poulo, reality is lowered by the use of a strong deterministic plot--the characters all appear in the right place at the right and wrong times to propel the story forward. The Cigarette of Antonio San Poulo provides almost too much purely emotional stimuli: quite a lot of graphic sexual encounters, a thrilling opening by fire, extreme violence, and a heart-pulling miscarriage. Although all of these items were not injected merely to produce a strong reaction within the audience, the frequency of occurrence and placement within the screenplay was deliberate in terms of audience reaction. The emotional stimuli served not only to keep the audience interested in the story, but also to draw them closer to the characters by allowing them to feel along with the characters. If I had stopped at this level, I would be merely manipulating my audience and providing mere stimuli, not developing the film to provide the audience with any insights into modern life.

Structurally, various elements were included within the script to aid the audience in following the story.



Every character has a double within the screenplay; in the case of Cesare and Antonio there exists more than one. Signore Facci and General Jones not only are similar types of individuals, but they also provide contrast to Antonio and General Holland. Teresa and Megan also function as mirror doubles since each have the same personal troubles with their men. This doubling aids the audience in aligning their feelings toward the characters and understanding the conflicts presented in the story. Since one of the major conflicts in the script concerns the argument about allegiance to a country, Italy or the United States, Antonio's scenes are American in texture and pacing (visceral and fast), but slowly alter as the film continues to indicate his inner change. Almost all of Cesare's earlier scenes are presented in a European fashion (contemplative and slow) and lead out of and into Antonio's scenes to indicate Cesare being closed in by Antonio and his warped set of values. Cesare's scenes are given a Neo-Realistic feel, portraying the little things that an ordinary man's daily life are made up of, to reveal his character and to be consistent with the setting, which is Italy. This setting leads directly to the second level of movie reality which adds to the concrete statement that a film wishes to make.

Mirror reality primarily concerns the image that

is presented on the screen. Walter Benjamin suggests that within a theater the audience is seduced by the screen and does not notice the fact that mechanical equipment exists which recorded and now presents the cinematic picture; thus, the distance between what appears on the screen, the work of art, and the world of the audience is minimal.<sup>11</sup> The audience will accept what is presented on the screen because "the objective nature of photography confers on it [the screen] a quality of credibility absent from all other picture-making."<sup>12</sup> Since the image upon the screen is consistent with itself and also consistent with the physical world around the audience, the audience will accept that the image is real. Bazin writes that "film sought to give the spectator as perfect an illusion of reality as possible within the limits of the logical demands of cinematographic narrative and of the current limits of technique."<sup>13</sup> The audience can be directly engaged with the film since it reveals to them what their lives look like. The more a filmmaker tries to mirror reality, supposedly, the more the audience will respond to the characters and story.

A screenwriter can only suggest the uses of mirror-reality. He can note that certain scenes must take place in real settings. He can provide the script with many outdoor scenes and settings which must be shot on location. The screenwriter, also, can incorporate as

much local color as he can within the script that directly points to a particular place at a particular time. All of these details must not only be as exact as possible, but also consistent within the screenplay.

The Italian Neo-Realists embraced a "moral" position as to their use of realism. David Overbey explains the moral aspect involved in their attempt as "'seeing things as they are' accompanied by a corresponding analysis in order that the whole of reality might be understood," but what they never did was analyze the world around them.<sup>14</sup> The Neo-Realists hoped to show what was happening to their country and its people by reducing the artifice of cinema and highlighting the normal activities of common men in real settings with real emotions to show the dignity and humanity of every man. They wanted to present stories, as Overbey writes, "which would grow organically from the particular environment, problems, character, emotions and mentality of the Italian people, almost as an expression of a popular soul, and which would, at the same time, be truly national in origin. Such art should then flow back and nourish its original source."<sup>15</sup> Mirror-reality presents an audience with a clear picture of itself that it can either embrace or reject, but its highest purpose is to show what exists in the physical world.

Since The Cigarette of Antonio San Poulo is set entirely in Italy, I have tried to put it into the context

of past and present Italian cinema. In an earlier draft, the ending was not as upbeat as it is now. Stephen Harvey notes that Italian movies' speciality used to be "spicy cynicism. . . Modern life was a farcical mess and womankind was an alluring menace, these movies said, but you might as well shrug your shoulders and keep speeding down the autostrada towards a future that would most likely only be worse."<sup>16</sup> These feelings exist within the screenplay, but they have been transferred from Cesare to Antonio, especially in Antonio's last scene as he laughs off his arrest. I also have kept in mind the main current of Italian films, which Harvey writes are "agnostic films about mortally baffled people, as equivocal about the genre rules which sustained Italian movies for so long as their protagonists are over the political and cultural assumptions which have guided post-war Italian life till now. They willfully confound our expectations, not just from one reel to the next but often within the same shot."<sup>17</sup> The Cigarette of Antonio San Poulo shares these modern concerns of Italian cinema both in terms of the character's assumptions about modern life, and in terms of the screenplay's blending of different styles of filmmaking, especially Italian and American. I have done this intentionally to give the audience a richer experience.

In the screenplay, mirror-reality is used to high-

light the particular settings and to highlight the characters. The first kind of mirror-reality that I placed on the screenplay is a reality based on my personal experiences. The major reason for the use of my own life is due to the semi-autobiographical nature of the screenplay. I have always wanted to write a story based in and around the city of my birth, and I have long wanted to illustrate the clash between America and Italy that exists in the mind of a young educated immigrant. A subtle working of parts of my personality into both of the major characters, Antonio and Cesare, was done to show this clash of identity that I feel every immigrant has had to deal with growing up in a country other than his birth, especially when the second country is totally alien to him or his family. Thus, Cesare's farm is an actual place which looks exactly as it is described in the script, for it is my ancestral home in Ceccano. All of the places that the characters move about in are images of reality. Cesare's flashbacks are based on events which I witnessed in 1969. Even a minor detail such as Antonio's choice of cigarette brand is based on a real-life option--I smoke Merit cigarettes. The mixing of my personal reality into the screenplay enhances the experience since these items have a certain consistency and specialness that are revealed within the script. As they are special to me, I have tried to make them as special to the audience. Even if the film's

audience does not know that certain items within the script are tangible to my life, they should connect with the "specialness" of the personal things enough that the audience will be aided in its leap of faith.

The second kind of mirror-reality that I used was reliance on incidents that have occurred in our physical world. The incident that is the centerpiece of the screenplay, General Holland's kidnapping and rescue, is based on the Dozier kidnapping and rescue, which also inspired the creation of the screenplay (especially the newspaper accounts of Dozier's imprisonment in which he was forced to listen to rock music--a type of music that he does not enjoy, but I do immensely). The immolation of the courier which opens the screenplay is not based on a direct incident, but was created by meshing the constant barrage of terrorist bombings and the recent incident concerning the man who set himself afire before two television newsmen and their camera to protest his unemployment. The audience, I hope, will not think it impossible that such an act could occur.

The third kind of mirror-reality concerns the mental states and actions of the various characters, especially Antonio. I have tried to make the situations of the characters consistent with their stations in life. Cesare speaks slowly as a peasant farmer would; his occasional lyric speeches are explained by his having been raised

in America and attending Columbia University. The mere fact of his having been educated in America does not negate his status as a peasant farmer since it is made very clear in the script that he did not finish his degree, and has lived as a peasant farmer for almost fifteen years. Antonio's inconsistency not only fits his character, but also shows his fundamental flaw. Although he calls himself an anarchist, he actually knows very little about the principles and history of anarchism. If he is anything, he is a criminal, a crazed barbarian set on doing what he pleases. In his The Doctrine of Anarchism of Michael A. Bakunin, Eugene Pyziur writes of Bakunin's idea of using criminals to hasten the revolution.<sup>18</sup> Since the object of the script was to not only show the inadequacies of labelling people but also show the warping of principles to suit one's own ends, the influences of Italian politics and anarchist theory were used only to deviate from.<sup>19</sup> The major importance was the common understanding of terms and how people can twist these ideals to suit their own actions.

Carlo Levi's Christ Stopped at Eboli and Edward C. Banfield's The Moral Basis of a Backward Society provided background into the mind of the Italian peasantry, but resulted in no particular scene or tangible presence in the finished screenplay.<sup>20</sup> Carlin Romano's note that

Antonio Gramsci, the man considered the father of Italian communism, "emphasized the impact of individual actions and thoughts on history, [and] believed seizing power must always be secondary to seizing the popular mind"<sup>21</sup> was influential in shaping Cesare's character. Luigi Barzini's From Caesar to the Mafia also resulted in various echoes in the script. His description of Julius Caesar aided in the shaping of General Holland's character, especially in the kidnapping scenes; so did his note that young men and women have "a natural liking for revolution: there is nothing like a revolution to liberate the top echelons quickly and thoroughly,"<sup>22</sup> which helped in the shaping of Antonio's gang. Also, his section on Giacomo Casanova aided in the construction of Antonio's character. He writes that Italians are perceived as excelling in "dubious" fields such as diplomacy, intrigues, and shady business dealings, and that "the possession of a knack to correct and embellish the appearance of life may at times tempt some Italians to utilize it to mystify their neighbors for their own private advantage. But something always prevents an Italian from achieving a lasting, world-wide, stupendous swindle. He is usually the victim of his own machinations."<sup>23</sup> This description perfectly encapsulates Antonio. The "reality" of these books assisted in the presentation of a more coherent and cohesive portrait of not only the characters but also of Italy.



The Cigarette of Antonio San Poulo uses mirror-reality to connect the screenplay to the audience on a deeper level by summoning connections to modern life through real-life settings and current events, forcing readers to ponder the actions of the screenplay and relate their observations to their attitudes and perceptions of the physical world. Even the esoteric connections to reality, my borrowing from personal experiences and family stories, do not separate the audience from the material since the universal qualities of mirror-reality are present as well as the direct qualities, for it is the very universality of mirror-reality that makes it effective. Also, this very universality leads the spectators to the third tier of movie reality.

The third tier of movie reality mainly concerns the spectators and their interaction with the screen. Reality is heightened first by the fact that the spectators are in a darkened theater with a large group of almost faceless strangers who make their presence known throughout the filmic experience, and second by the spectators' interaction with the events projected upon the screen. Bazin writes that

Alone, hidden in a dark room, we watch through half-open blinds a spectacle that is unaware of our existence and which is part of the universe. There is nothing to prevent us from identifying ourselves in imagination with the moving world before us, which becomes the world.<sup>24</sup>

The possibilities of reality are enlarged, expanded upon the curtain on the wall because someone has had the skill and money to present it on a screen. Miller states that "every drama has a larger-than-life quality even as it seems to naturalistically portray real life."<sup>25</sup> The events within the film may as closely resemble our physical world as possible, but the fact of projection negates the intention of reality. Kracauer notes that "Strangely enough, it is entirely possible that a staged real-life event evokes a stronger illusion of reality on the screen than would the original event if it had been captured directly by the camera."<sup>26</sup> Film's very power to get at the essential elements of any conflict through pictures enhances the story by heightening it beyond itself into a universal struggle, and through the image the film reveals the hidden "reality" that the objectivity of the camera portrays.

In a film, as in all arts, the spectators see and hear a great deal more than the artist intended. All of the contributors to a film are removed from the finished film because a new component has been added, the audience. Even if the audience members do not "understand" what the filmmaker intended, they still in some way provide the finished film with a meaning, a sign, an idea that pushes the film into a higher reality, a reality in which meaning is formed through interaction. The

spectators can add to our detract from a finished film depending not only on their individual prejudices, predilections, and personalities, but also from the collective aura that emanates from the seated mass within the darkened theater. As Bazin writes, "it is the mind of the spectator which is forced to discern, as in a sort of parallelepiped of reality with the screen as its cross-section, the dramatic spectrum proper to the scene."<sup>27</sup> The audience completes any film by its interaction with the screen and its very presence.

In constructing The Cigarette of Antonio San Poulo, I tried to heighten the reality by allowing the future spectators to choose who to identify with throughout the screenplay. Bazin notes that "Italian neorealism contrasts with previous forms of film realism in its stripping away of all expressionism and in particular in the total absence of the effects of montage. . . . neorealism tends to give back to the cinema a sense of the ambiguity of reality."<sup>28</sup> The spectators are not handed a simple story that gives them everything; they are allowed to choose and interpret. In the screenplay, I humanized all of the characters as much as possible; the audience is forced to consider each character as an individual not as a representation of some type. For Kracauer, "the cinema, then, aims at transforming the agitated witness into a conscious observer."<sup>29</sup> The screenwriter must not merely titillate his audience, he

must also engage the audience as a partner in the creative process.

The objective nature of the cinema allows spectators to choose since the world is presented to them in a visual manner. Kracauer suggests that film has a purpose: it can both "corroborate" and "debunk" our impressions of our physical world. Film, thus, can redeem our physical world by revealing it to the audience:

Film renders visible what we did not, or perhaps even could not, see before its advent. It effectively assists us in discovering the material world with its psychophysical correspondences. We literally redeem this world from its dormant state, its state of virtual non-existence, by endeavoring to experience it through the camera.<sup>30</sup>

Because of the spectators' position within the theater, they can interact with the projected image in a positive way. Benjamin writes that film

extends our comprehension of the necessities which rule our lives. . . it manages to assure us of an immense and unexpected field of action. . . [film burst our] prison-world asunder by the dynamite of the tenth of a second, so that now, in the midst of its far-flung ruins and debris, we calmly and adventurously go traveling. With the close-up, space expands; with slow motion, movement is extended. . . Evidently a different nature opens itself to the camera than opens to the naked eye-- if only because an unconsciously penetrated space is substituted for a space consciously explored by man. . . Here the camera intervenes with the resources of its lowerings and liftings, its interruptions, its enlargements and reductions. The camera introduces us to unconscious optics as does psychoanalysis to unconscious impulses.<sup>31</sup>

Thus, we, as spectators, can be freed from our daily physical world and allowed to experience life in parts that are really strong wholes; through film we can gain perspective, choice, and change. Film can be an important tool to view reality through, not only as the filmmaker wants us to view it, but also as we can view it ourselves: in knowledge there is power, and in power there is action.

Together this triumvirate of filmmaker, image, and spectator forms the complete film, the finished film that touches lives, explains reality, and expands the pool of knowledge from which concrete change can emerge. The key words that define heightened reality must be "choice" and "change," for it is the hope that even if the spectators do not receive concrete answers that at least they will get questions that will force them to ponder the physical world that they live in. Film mediates between the spectators and the physical world and can fundamentally change our perspective.

In The Cigarette of Antonio San Poulo, I have tried to open up the physical world as much as possible by providing as many varied and different characters as possible with as many different locations as possible. My purpose is to give the audience as rich an experience as possible. The audience is allowed the greatest freedom in assimilating the "reality" of the story. I actively tried to present the spectators with consistent characters, an emotionally engaging story, a strongly

visual presentation, and enough freedom to perceive the physical world. I wanted to express through the screenplay the discontentment of the common man with the political gamesmen who are at the center of our political sphere and the triumph at the personal over the public. I have, I hope, balanced my three levels of movie reality so that future readers and viewers of my story will accept what I have written and gain some insights into our world. If the screenplay is ever filmed, I probably will have no control over what the final images and reactions to the film will be, yet I have constructed a tight screenplay. As a screenwriter, my job is finished.

I would like to thank Dr. Jeffrey Walker for his comments and for giving me a deeper appreciation of early American literature, which, astonishingly, helped in the preparation of this thesis. I also wish to thank Dr. Peter C. Rollins for his numerous suggestions. Especially, I thank Dr. Leonard Leff for his time, patience, and knowledge, which have greatly increased my own.

I also owe a good deal to Michael and Debi McDonough, Robert Hasenfratz, Farhat Iftekharruddin, Gautam Kundu, R. K. Nandyal, Richard Barnes, George Wittmer, Judas Riley, and a few others who, though having no tangible contributions to this work, did provide an outlet for me during the writing process and kept me slightly sane.

Also, I should like to thank my typists, Sue Denman and Cynthia McDonald, for all their assistance

and time. A special mention to Jane Halaska and Mary Kay Atkins, two special women who affected me during the composition of this thesis and will probably never know how much they meant to me.

Finally, I would like to thank and dedicate this thesis to my entire family, those in America and those in Italy, especially Maris, Barbara, Anthony, Matthew, Maria, Rosato, and Lena. Of course, the main people that I thank are my parents, Vincent and Lorraine, who a little over a quarter of a century ago decided to make the big move to the United States and bring their small son to the land of opportunity.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Michael Sragow, "Ghost Writers: Unraveling the Enigma of Movie Authorship," Film Comment (March-April 1983), p. 11.

<sup>2</sup> Usually the director is accorded primary position in any discussion of film since it is he who is physically on the set during the shooting of a film and makes the day-to-day decisions about how the finished film will look. In America, this auteur theory derives from Andrew Sarris, "Notes on the Auteur Theory in 1962," Film Culture (Winter 1962-63). I am not trying to supplant the position of the director or the producer in my discussion, but since I am dealing with an unproduced screenplay, my purpose is to reveal how a screenwriter can affect the finished version of a film. Recently many books have been published about the craft of the screenwriter and his position within the filmmaking hierarchy. Among the current books dealing with the screenwriter are Richard Corliss, Talking Pictures: Screenwriters in the American Cinema (New York: Viking Press, 1973); John Brady, The Craft of the Screenwriter (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1981); and William Goldman, Adventures in the Screen Trade (New York: Warner Books, 1983).

<sup>3</sup> William Miller, Screenwriting for Narrative Film and Television (New York: Hastings House, 1980), p. 76.

<sup>4</sup> David Overbey, "Introduction" to Springtime in Italy: A Reader on Neo-Realism, ed. and trans. David Overbey (Hamden, Connecticut: Archon Books, 1978), p. 20. See also Pierre Leprohon, The Italian Cinema, trans. Roger Greaves and Oliver Stallybrass (New York: Praeger Publishers, 1972).

<sup>5</sup> Siegfried Kracauer, Theory of Film: The Redemption of Physical Reality (New York: Oxford University Press, 1960), p. 38.

<sup>6</sup> Hugo Münsterberg, The Photoplay (1916; rpt. New York: Arno Press, 1970), p. 159.



- 7 Münsterberg, p. 112.
- 8 Kracauer, p. 309.
- 9 Constance Nash and Virginia Oakey, The Screenwriter's Handbook: What to Write, How to Write It, Where to Sell It (New York: Barnes and Noble Books, 1978), p. 40.
- 10 André Bazin, "An Aesthetic of Reality: Neorealism," What is Cinema?, Vol. II, ed. and trans. Hugh Gray (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971), p. 30.
- 11 Walter Benjamin, "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," Illuminations, trans. Harry Zohn (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc., 1968), pp. 235-236.
- 12 André Bazin, "The Ontology of the Photographic Image," What is Cinema?, Vol. I, ed. and trans. Hugh Gray (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1967), p. 14.
- 13 "An Aesthetic of Reality," p. 26.
- 14 Overbey, p. 10.
- 15 Overbey, p. 12.
- 16 Stephen Harvey, "Toppled Gods," Film Comment (March-April 1983), p. 32.
- 17 Harvey, p. 32.
- 18 Eugene Pyziur, The Doctrine of Anarchism of Michael A. Bakunin (Milwaukee, Wisconsin: The Marquette University Press, 1955), pp. 80-84. See also Daniel Guérin, Anarchism: From Theory to Practice, trans. Mary Klopfer (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1970); Anthony Masters, Bakunin: The Father of Anarchism (London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1974); and Albert Weisbard, The Conquest of Power: Liberalism, Anarchism, Syndicalism, Socialism, Fascism and Communism, 2 Vols. (New York: Covici Friede Publishers, 1937). One of the striking similarities between Bakunin and Antonio lies in the fact that both were extremely flexible in terms of tactics and both advocated action.
- 19 My screenplay was not intended to carefully chart the political life of Italy, but to reveal how various individuals of various national origins deal with the country in which they are situated. Some understanding of the rise and consequences of fascism in Italy was needed to properly reflect the state of the country.

Among the books consulted on fascism were Renzo De Felice (an interview with Michael A. Ledeen), Fascism: An Informal Introduction to its Theory and Practice (New Brunswick, New Jersey: Transaction Books, 1976); W. Y. Eliot, The Pragmatic Revolt in Politics: Syndicalism, Fascism, and the Constitutional State (New York: Howard Fertig, 1968); David D. Roberts, The Syndicalist Tradition and Italian Fascism (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1979); A. James Gregor, Italian Fascism and Developmental Dictatorship (New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1979); and Alexander De Grand, Italian Fascism: Its Origins and Development (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1982).

Although Antonio calls himself an anarchist, he actually has no firm grasp of the theory behind his label. In an earlier draft of The Cigarette of Antonio San Poulo, Antonio was the hero and had a grasp of what exactly he was doing, but in the final version he is a pathetic figure. Strains of anarchist theory do exist in the final script, but have been reduced to highlight the individuality of the characters. Among the books consulted include Georges Sorel, Reflection on Violence, trans. T. E. Hulme (1915; rpt. New York: Peter Smith, 1941); David C. Rapoport and Yonah Alexander, ed., The Morality of Terrorism: Religious and Secular Justifications (New York: Pergamon Press, 1982); Terry Perlin, ed., Contemporary Anarchism (New Brunswick, New Jersey: Transaction Books, 1979); and Robert Paul Wolff, In Defense of Anarchism (New York: Harper Torchbook, 1970).

<sup>20</sup> Carlo Levi, Christ Stopped at Eboli, trans. Frances Frenaye (New York: Harper Torchbooks, 1970); Edward C. Banfield, The Moral Basis of a Backward Society (Glencoe, Illinois: The Free Press, 1958).

<sup>21</sup> Carlin Romano, "But Was He A Marxist?" The Village Voice 29 March 1983, p. 41.

<sup>22</sup> Luigi Barzini, "Julius Caesar," From Caesar to the Mafia (New York: Bantam Books, 1971), p. 13.

<sup>23</sup> Barzini, "Casanova," pp. 33-34.

<sup>24</sup> Bazin, "Theater and Cinema--Part Two," What is Cinema? Vol. II, p. 102.

<sup>25</sup> Miller, p. 87.

<sup>26</sup> Kracauer, p. 35.

<sup>27</sup> "An Aesthetic of Reality," p. 28.

<sup>28</sup> Bazin, "The Evolution of the Language of Cinema,"

What is Cinema?, Vol. I, p. 37.

29 Kracauer, p. 58.

30 Kracauer, pp. 300-308.

31 Benjamin, pp. 238-239.

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FADE IN

EXT. - BUSY STREET IN DOWNTOWN ROME - DAY

We are looking at an extremely busy section of Rome: women walking with their purchases, businessmen with their briefcases, soldiers on their way to lunch, various other people on their way to appointments.

In foreground we see a long concrete stairway. On either side of the stairs there is a great stone barrier that every five steps rises another foot--this barrier provides a place for sitting. On one tier sits

AN ELEGANTLY DRESSED MAN. He is in his middle to late thirties, longish hair, and has on a well-tailored white suit. He is sitting on one of the tiers, back leaning on the next one, smoking a cigarette, seemingly oblivious to everything that is going on around him.

Out of one of the buildings emerges

ANOTHER MAN, fortyish, dressed in a dark grey suit. Manacled to his wrist is a set of handcuffs that binds him to a large black briefcase. He is a very professional-looking man with a hard expression on his face indicating determination. Although distant from the stairway, he seems to be coming towards it.

ANOTHER MAN, dressed as a peasant, who is carrying a large barrel of some liquid, is walking in the direction that the professional man is coming from. This man seems unsure of his movements, the barrel is unwieldly. He is also sweating.

He, accidentally, bumps into the PROFESSIONAL MAN, dumping a bit of the liquid within the barrel on him.

THE BARREL MAN apologizes profusely as he tries to wipe the liquid from the man.

The professional man is quite upset, but waves the barrel man off. Disgust registers on the professional man's face.

The barrel man offers money to pay for the damages.

Cont.

The professional man, noticing that people are starting to look, takes the money, and hurries on.

The barrel man wipes his brow, but stops quickly. He tosses his bandana into the barrel and pulls another kerchief from his pocket and furiously wipes the spot on his brow again. He nervously picks up his barrel and rushes on.

The elegantly dressed man on the stone tier heats up the end of his cigarette.

As the professional man is flush with the elegant man, he takes one last drag on his cigarette. As he blows a column of smoke into the air, he flicks the cigarette out into the street.

The cigarette hits the professional man.

Immediately flames engulf the professional man.

The elegant man removes himself from the tier, straightens his suit, lights another cigarette, flicks the wooden match away, and walks up the stairs into the building, calmly

As people rush down the stairs to see the burning man.

At the top of the stairs, the elegantly dressed man turns and looks. He smiles, turns, and enters the building.

INT. - RESTAURANT WITHIN THE BUILDING - ABOUT SAME TIME

The restaurant is very elegant, very ornate, and high class.

At one table, we see a MAN about the same age as the elegant man, except he is dressed in an old suit that ill fits him. His hair is on the greyish side, his moustache is tainted with grey and red hairs intermingled with the dark black that is its natural color. His suit is made of coarse wool and is dark; his hair is of moderate length, but looks as if it has been cut and kept by local hands. He not only seems extremely out of place in these surroundings, but is very uncomfortable as well. His eyes dart about the place, looking for something or someone that he recognizes.

At another table, an AMERICAN GENERAL sits imperiously. He is dressed in his best uniform, adorned with many medals. He is impatient with the service; he is impatient with everything, especially

THE ATTRACTIVE FEMALE REPORTER who is plying him with questions. She is in her late twenties, dark long hair, nice brightly-colored dress. She seems very intelligent and

Cont.

alert, and not at all put off by the General's seeming distraction.

The General, when he occasionally looks at her, eyes her coldly, paying no attention to her.

THE ILL-DRESSED MAN watches the pair.

The General, without moving his head, finally notices her body! His eyes scan her as if she was a battlefield; there is a slight twist to his mouth.

The ill-dressed man smiles at the sight. He is amused.

THE HEAD WAITER walks up to the General's table and whispers something into his ear.

The General, who is emotionless, smoothly excuses himself and exits quickly.

At the doorway, the General bumps into the elegantly dressed man (it seems as if the elegantly dressed man purposely bumped into him).

The General brusquely mutters something to the man and rushes out.

The elegantly dressed man scans the restaurant. His eye hits on his lunch guest.

The ill-dressed man notes the presence of the elegantly dressed man. At first he does not know who he is, but his face turns to recognition after a moment.

ELEGANTLY DRESSED MAN

Ray!

ILL-DRESSED MAN

Ray? Mananga.

ELEGANTLY DRESSED MAN

English, my brother, English.

ILL-DRESSED MAN

Ciao, fratello.

ELEGANTLY DRESSED MAN

Christ, speak English.

ILL-DRESSED MAN

Hello, Antonio.

Cont.

ELEGANTLY DRESSED MAN

How you doing, Ray?

ILL-DRESSED MAN

Cesare. Use the full form. This is not America.

ANTONIO

Damn straight. (pause to look around)  
What a dump, huh?

CESARE

It is expensive, yes.

ANTONIO

Expensive? Hell, you couldn't afford to eat here unless I picked up the tab.

CESARE

How can you . . . ?

ANTONIO

Money's easy to get. People just shower it on you if you give them the right pitch.

CESARE

What exactly do you do, for this money, I mean?

ANTONIO

Do? Lots of things. I won't bore you with details, but I do a lot of traveling. If you know what I mean?

CESARE

No, I do not. Are you a criminal now?

ANTONIO

Shit, you kidding? No, no, I do things for people . . . little jobs here and there.

CESARE

In Italy?

ANTONIO

Yeah, and America.

CESARE

Recently returned from America?

ANTONIO

Yeah, you ought to see the country now. A lot different than the last time you

Cont.



ANTONIO cont.

were there. It's crazy, I tell you, a  
real wild kind of place. Rhythms.  
Movement. Flash.

CESARE

No thank you.

ANTONIO

You ought to come with me next time.

CESARE

What kind of man are you? You don't even  
ask about the family.

ANTONIO

Oh, yeah. How's Angelina?

CESARE

She is good.

ANTONIO

Good. Now, like I was saying, America's  
changed. It's easy to explain in one way,  
but hard in another. It's like it was in  
the sixties when we were hot, remember.

CESARE

bends low over his drink.

CESARE

I try not to.

ANTONIO

Hey, come on, snap out of it. They got  
this Reagan guy in and . . .

CESARE

I do not believe you! You do not even  
ask about your son.

ANTONIO

Freedom! Yeah, how's he doing?

CESARE

His name is no longer Freedom. It is Antonio.

ANTONIO

How could you? Antonio? Jesus Christ, what  
a boring name! Well, how's the little bastard  
doing?

Cont.

CESARE

You amaze me.

ANTONIO

He is one.

CESARE

That is not the point. He is your son;  
your flesh.

ANTONIO

He's the son of that whore.

CESARE

Jennifer was not a whore. You may not  
have married her, but . . .

ANTONIO

But the bitch didn't get rid of the kid.  
It's not my fault he was born. I still  
don't see why you feel you have to raise  
him. It's not your responsibility.

CESARE

Who is responsible?

ANTONIO

It's hers! Can I help it she O.D.ed.

CESARE

Yes, you could have helped.

ANTONIO

Don't give me that shit. You wanted the  
kid; you got him. I don't see how you can  
feed him along with your brood.

CESARE

He is well taken care of.

ANTONIO

Yeah, on a peasant's earnings. (pause to  
light another cigarette) Why don't you cut  
this charade? Join me. Come back to Amer-  
ica. You don't belong here, just like I  
don't.

CESARE

Italy is our home--we were born here.

ANTONIO

Maybe. But were raised there

Cont.

CESARE

(sadly) I can never go back there.

ANTONIO

You sure as hell can. Christ, you always were an idiot. Couldn't even finish your thesis.

CESARE

What was the point?

ANTONIO

The degree, motherfucker, the degree. Shit, you could be teaching in any university in the States with your credentials.

CESARE

No.

ANTONIO

I don't believe you, at all. One simple paper; one study.

CESARE

There was no point in it.

ANTONIO

I read part of the son-of-a-bitch; it was good. Damn good. Nobody ever covered anarchism like you did.

CESARE

But that was the problem, Antonio, I saw no reason to write it. If I believed in what I wrote, then there was no reason to write anything.

ANTONIO

is miffed. He turns in his chair and crosses his legs.

Meanwhile the waiters are discussing something very vehemently. Some leave and exit.

Various customers depart quickly to go to the front of the building.

ANTONIO smiles.

CESARE

Why did you want to see me? It has been five years since I saw you last.

Cont.

ANTONIO

Want a cigarette? Merits. Best damn brand in the world. Only get 'em in America. (slight laugh) Damn thing is that they're impossible to put out: they almost never go out.

CESARE

No grazie, I am trying to quit.

ANTONIO

You're always trying to quit. (pause) I want you to join me; get back into the mainstream.

CESARE

No. I have the family to support.

ANTONIO

That fucking farm. Dump it. Why the hell do you think dad moved to America? To get the fuck away from this life. To give us something better.

CESARE

Father loved this land.

ANTONIO

He could've cared less. Christ, these people aren't ours anymore, if they ever were. We're Americans--raised and schooled. "Oh say can you see . . .

CESARE

By birth, we are Italian. By choice, I am Italian once again.

ANTONIO

By choice, I'm a fucking human being. But if you gotta be anything, American's the thing.

CESARE

I cannot believe you.

ANTONIO

The secret is to nominally align yourself with the dominant ruling class, grab what you can from everybody, and do what the fuck you please.

Cont.

CESARE

This is your ideology?

ANTONIO

Nothing better. Look at this suit, silk. Worth more lira than you pull in in a year. I go where I want, do what I want, live life to the fullest. That's better than you.

CESARE

Not better. Different.

ANTONIO

You of anybody in this fucking country should understand. I'm talking revolution. Anarchy running rampant--blood in the streets. Power.

CESARE

You are talking violence and craziness. You are no anarchist. You could care less.

ANTONIO

I care about me. Politics is my means.

CESARE

You know nothing about politics.

ANTONIO

No, I didn't major in it in college like you; I went into English, the immigrant's dream major. With me, you can help yourself. And, if you're still the ideologue, the world.

CESARE

No. I have responsibilities.

ANTONIO

(angered) Shit. (pause) Let's just eat. I'll handle the tab, and I'll get you back to your precious farm before nightfall. No arguments. (very loudly) Waiter! Waiter!

The General reenters the restaurant, extremely upset. He pauses by his table.

The female reporter bundles up her equipment and follows.

The General says nothing and continues on toward the other exit, which leads to a large room.

Cont.

INT. - ROOM OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

The room is furnished well with a huge podium in front of it. Around the room are very comfortable chairs arranged in front of the podium. The room looks set up as if a speech is to be given, which is what is about to transpire.

The General seats himself in a chair on the stage next to the podium. He sits as if he were a king.

The reporter seats herself in the first row off to the side. She is hastily jotting down notes.

ITALIAN BUSINESSMEN begin to stream into the room, talking to each other and laughing.

AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN dressed in a tuxedo with a red sash across his torso walks to the stage and talks to the General, who nods at his words as if he were nodding to a lower echelon military officer.

ELDERLY MAN

(in broken English) The speaker today for our forum will be one of America's NATO officers in our country. It is my pleasure to introduce General Lamont Eugene Holland.

The businessmen applaud and take their seats as the General haughtily walks to the podium. He stands at the podium in parade rest position, hands clasped behind his back, and surveys the businessmen. He waits until there is absolute silence.

HOLLAND

This afternoon while engaging in a pleasant lunch I was startled from my seat by a disgusting incident. While I calmly ate my lunch in a free country, terrorists murdered a government courier who was on route to this very assembly to deliver top secret documents to me. He was not simply murdered, but immolated in front of this very building which withstood the combined efforts of both the Allied and Axis forces. We can only guess who these fiends may be, we can certainly guess their objective--the total destruction of Western civilization as we now know and love it. My speech will be short, my message clear. NATO and the United States will not tolerate such actions on the part of clandestine individuals who not only shun the usual

Cont.

means of protest, but manipulate situations and events for their own benefit. The window of vulnerability has been thrust open; we mean to close it: to seal it as tight as God sealed the Ten Commandments. God is with us in our struggle against heathens and fools. (pauses to drink some water) There will be no question and answer session. Thank you.

The General leaves the podium and stage, briskly walk/marching out.

The businessmen are confused.

The elderly gentleman, as confused as the rest, rises and walks to the podium. He stands a moment, clears his throat to allow him time to think, then applauds.

The confused businessmen do likewise.

One businessman, quite young, ducks out through a side door.

The reporter hurries after the General.

INT. - RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

THE YOUNG BUSINESSMAN enters the restaurant. He shakes his head "no" to an oncoming waiter. He spots Antonio and Cesare quietly finishing their lunch.

Antonio notices him. His eyes seem to be asking him a question.

The young businessman nods.

Antonio's face beams with a crooked smile.

Cesare notices the exchange, but decides to say nothing.

Antonio watches his brother finish his lunch--a thought forms in his mind. He lights a cigarette.

EXT. - OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

A brand-new black limousine with American flags attached to its hood awaits the General. A CHAUFFEUR dressed in his best Army clothing stands outside.

ATTENDANTS lift the charred remains of the courier from the sidewalk and place them into the ambulance.

Cont.

The General stands on the top step watching the attendants. He salutes as they place what is left of the courier into the ambulance.

WORKERS begin to scrub the remains off of the sidewalk and pour foam over the area to put out what remains of the fire.

CARRIBINERI question people on the street.

The General enters his limousine.

The reporter, out of breath, enters the scene.

The chauffeur waves her away.

The limousine drives off a few feet, stops, then returns.

The General exits, looks at the reporter's leg, and invites her into his car.

The limousine drives off.

INT. - TRAIN STATION IN ROME - AN HOUR LATER

Cesare and Antonio wait on the platform.

CESARE

Any message for your son?

ANTONIO

Tell him to fight. It's a rough world and the more you fight, the more you get.

Cesare bows his head and gets on the train. No outward sign of goodbye.

Antonio raises his hand to wave, but stops himself. He motions in a "go to hell" way and walks off.

Cesare turns, sadly, and watches his brother walk off.

Out of the shadows, a BLACK MAN of about the same age as the two takes a few steps forward, he waves as the train pulls out of the station. He seems sad that he not only did not get the chance to speak to Cesare, but also that the train has left without him.

INT. - NATO HEADQUARTERS IN ROME - AROUND THE SAME TIME

The General enters the main room.

Cont.



EVERYBODY snaps to attention.

The reporter looks around curiously. She has never seen this room before and is quite interested.

MAJOR BAKER

Begging the General's attention, no one but authorized military personnel may . . .

HOLLAND

Stow it, Baker, this woman is with me. She knows that any information that she acquires here is classified and will not be broadcast unless cleared by me personally.

MAJOR BAKER

Very good, sir. (he salutes)

HOLLAND

(to reporter) Do you understand?

REPORTER

Si.

HOLLAND

Good. Wait here.

Holland walks up to the officer on duty and they exchange information.

The reporter looks around the room, although she does not move from her spot. The atmosphere is very tense and very professional, so much so that no one pays any attention to her at all.

The General and the officer on duty exchange some harsh words.

The reporter's eyes seem to soak in all the information that they can. Curiously, she seems more interested in the room than an ordinary reporter would be.

The General sharply walks away from the officer on duty. He walks past the reporter, his mind somewhere else, seething in his anger.

The reporter hurries after him.

EXT. - OUTSIDE OF NATO HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER.

Cont.

Outside of the building, SEVERAL TELEVISION REPORTERS are gathered. They are of various nationalities, but prominently Italian and American.

The General exits the building, followed closely by

The female reporter, who stands back a step or two while the

Television reporters shout questions and point cameras at the General.

The General raises his hand to stop the babel effect. He points to an AMERICAN REPORTER.

AMERICAN REPORTER

Abrams. ABC News. General Holland, do you have comments concerning the incident this afternoon?

HOLLAND

As of yet, we have not determined who may be responsible, but we do know that this reprehensible act was the work of subversives and terrorists. We do not believe that this was the work of one man.

ITALIAN REPORTER

Bennini. Italian News Service. Do you have any suspects?

HOLLAND

None that we can reveal to the press at this time.

Angle on

A position farther back and a little upward. The voices garbled.

Suddenly we see a gunsight enter into the frame--the hairline directly atop General Holland.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - ABOUT SAME TIME

In the corner of an old room, the black man who stood at the train station leans against a corner. Above his head we see spiderwebs and cracked plaster. The look on his face is one of disillusionment and distress. A red band crosses his close-cropped Afro hair; old army fatigues wrap his body. He stands with a smoldering marijuana cigarette

Cont.

in one hand, while his other clasps the wrist of the hand holding the joint.

EXT. - OUTSIDE NATO HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

The gunsight is still lined up on the figure of the General. We see the female reporter still standing off to the side; she carefully notes every word the General utters.

The camera pulls back along the axis of the gun.

We notice that we are looking at the General on television.

Antonio sits in an old stuffed chair, holding his gun trained on the image of the General. His eyes are wild.

ANTONIO

Die!

Antonio pulls the trigger and a silent blast erupts and shatters the television screen.

Black man in the corner is totally disgusted.

BLACK MAN

Fucking asshole.

ANTONIO

Who you mean? Him or me.

BLACK MAN

Both of you motherfuckers.

ANTONIO

That's no way to talk to your boss, RAOUL.

RAOUL

You ain't my fuckin' massa, white boy.

ANTONIO

You sure?

RAOUL

Sure as I be breathing fire.

ANTONIO

But I hold the gun.

RAOUL

You ain't that stupid, San Poulo; no, you ain't that stupid.

Cont.

Antonio cocks the rifle.

ANTONIO

Maybe so, maybe so. But you don't run this place.

RAOUL

Who the fuck'd want to? Man, I don't even know why I'm here.

ANTONIO

I thought I did.

RAOUL

You don't think; you never do.

ANTONIO

(calling) RENALDO!

Into the room walks a YOUNGER BLACK MAN, dressed exactly as Raoul. He stands at attention. He is a Vamaican.

ANTONIO (cont.)

(to new man) Who you fighting for?

RENALDO

I be fightin' for Ethiopia. Payin' back.

ANTONIO

You don't give a fuck for Eth . . .

RAOUL

Cut it!

ANTONIO

Sound reminiscent?

RAOUL

Man, you sure ain't funny no more.

ANTONIO

Let me see. You said to be back then after I . . .

RAOUL

I said, you right, white boy.

ANTONIO

Yes, I remember now. (to Renaldo) That's all.

Renaldo salutes and exits.

Cont.

RAOUL

Who the fuck is that? Your new boy?

ANTONIO

Raoul, we've been friends a long time.

RAOUL

Friends? Never. Comrades? Maybe.

ANTONIO

So what are we?

FEMALE VOICE (v.o.)

Sons-of-bitches.

Antonio and Raoul turn to look at the source of the comment.

Leaning against the door is the female reporter that we saw earlier with the General. She no longer looks the curious reporter; her face has hardened and her entire manner has changed.

ANTONIO

Teresa. Why are you? I told you . . .

TERESA

The pig is in some kind of top secret meeting. I am invited to a cocktail party at the embassy.

ANTONIO

Good. Come and give me a kiss.

Teresa's mouth moves to a wry angle. She walks to Raoul. She looks him hard in the eye. Then she reaches up and grabs his head. She removes his bandana. Walking back to her original spot, she ties it onto her own head.

Raoul smiles.

ANTONIO (cont.)

You've had your fun. Come here.

Teresa stands, bandana on her head, arms folded across her chest, legs slightly apart.

Raoul laughs.

Antonio, angered, jumps from his chair, grabs Teresa, throws her to the ground, and begins running his hands up and down her body while kissing her face hard.

Cont.

Teresa struggles.

Raoul dives into the fray and tries to pull Antonio off.

Antonio pulls out a long blade and points it at Raoul's throat.

Raoul freezes.

Antonio sits up atop Teresa's struggling form.

Raoul tenses.

Antonio smiles villainously. He slaps Teresa hard, tossing her head violently to the side.

Antonio tosses the knife over Raoul's head and gets off of Teresa. He begins walking towards the door.

Raoul's eyes dart to the dagger.

Antonio spins, crouches on one knee, pulls a gun from his boot, and fires at the dagger--shattering it.

Raoul freezes, tensed like a jungle cat.

Antonio gets up, brushes himself off, spits on the floor, and exits.

RAOUL

This shit's gotta stop.

Teresa rises as best she can and wipes her bleeding mouth with the back of her hand.

Antonio returns bearing food on a tray with rollers.

ANTONIO

Come, my friends, let us eat.

INT. - THIRD CLASS TRAIN CAR - A LITTLE LATER: DUSK

Cesare sits quietly in his seat finishing a small sandwich and occasionally drinking from a small wine bottle that is passed to him by an OLD MAN seated next to him. Cesare gives him the other half of his sandwich.

The old man smiles and tips his hat. He motions to Cesare to drink. He voraciously eats the half sandwich.

Cont.

OLD MAN  
Dove via?

CESARE  
 Ceccano.

The old man seems happy. He points to himself.

OLD MAN  
 Frosinone.

Cesare nods smiling, a Paisan.

The two men exchange pleasantries as the train roars southward.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Antonio, Raoul, and Teresa are eating by the cart.

Antonio is in his large stuffed chair, one leg hooked over the left armrest. He is eating his food with his hands, a chicken leg in his hand. His demeanor is smug; his eyes dart between his two dinner companions.

Teresa is seated on the floor, cross-legged in a yoga position. She uses her knife and fork and is almost daintily eating her food. Occasionally her eyes move to look at Antonio, but quickly move back to her food when their eyes meet. The tenseness in the air forces her to concentrate on her food.

Raoul stands eating the other chicken leg with his hands. As with Antonio, his eyes dart around the room, but they do not merely center on the other two figures. He also looks at the door, the windows, the television set, which runs constantly in this room, and the corner in which he stood--his eyes seem to gravitate there more than anywhere else.

INT. - THIRD CLASS TRAIN CAR - LITTLE LATER

The old man is sleeping peacefully, clutching the now-empty wine bottle in his elongated hands.

Cesare stares out of the window at the passing countryside and the flashing lights. His face is locked in remembrance. Mists seem to whirl; the meeting with his brother has engaged his mind--memories of the past seem to surge forward, memories that Cesare had thought were confined to the past.

Cont.

FLASHBACK - EXT. - SQUARE IN DOWNTOWN ROME - NIGHT

Cesare's mind returns to 1969 and his entrance into Rome.

In a brand new flat, four persons are driving through the crowded street. An OLDER MAN is at the wheel, next to him is a much younger Cesare--bearded, long haired, and with beads hanging from his neck.

In the back seat, a much younger Raoul, also bearded and bearded, sits holding A CHILD, ANTONIO'S YOUNG SON, of about one and a half years, in his lap.

In the middle of the square is a large raised platform covered with YOUNG MEN. Each attempting to give a speech. Raised red banners cover the stage, pictures of Marx, posters of Mao, and various other symbols cloud the hastily-put together stage. SOME OLDER MEN are also on the stage, but only one of their number tries to give a speech. Some YOUNG ITALIAN WOMEN also are on the stage, but none of them tries to speak. Most of their clothing is very hip for 1969; they would be considered European radicals, the hippies of the European continent.

The CROWD listening to the speakers, or trying to listen to the speakers, is vast, and the crowd is largely composed of youths. Some of the assembled are as loud if not louder than the speakers. Others wave flags and banners. Applause rings out; shouts fill the air.

Cars are jammed on the streets.

Cesare's eyes dart over the scene--first with happiness, then with a sadness of experience.

DRIVER

Disgraziade.

CESARE

Perche, Zio Gaetano?

GAETANO says nothing, but he spits out of the window.

RAOUL

Man, can you believe this shit? Like we always thought it'd be.

CESARE

No. (resignedly) Not anymore.

ONE YOUNG MAN begins leaping from cartop to cartop waving a huge red flag.

Cont.



Some DRIVERS cheer him on; others curse.

Gaetano tries to surge forward and knock the young man over.

CESARE

No!

Gaetano snaps out of his rage, sees an opening to a side-street, which is only blocked by a wooden barricade. He floors the auto and drives through the barricade and to safety from the mob.

Cesare sees a YOUNG WOMAN clad in an American flag walking down the other end of the sidestreet. His eyes widen as he notes that their car is zooming towards her--faster than she can run.

Cesare grabs the wheel from his uncle's hands and swerves to the right.

Gaetano slams on the brakes before they crash into the right wall, inches before the woman.

The woman gives the occupants the finger and sticks her tongue out; then hurries off.

Cesare sits sweating.

Cesare is pulled from his flashback/day dream by a snore from the old man. Sweat is beaded on his brow; he quickly pulls out his kerchief and wipes it. His breathing is heavy.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - HALF-HOUR LATER

Antonio is still seated in the big stuffed chair, his leg over the left armrest.

Teresa and Raoul are in the same place as the scene before. They are finished with their supper.

Antonio claps his hands twice, like a king of old.

Renaldo enters carrying a tray with a large bottle of wine and three glasses on it. He begins to move as if he were going to serve.

Antonio jumps up from his chair and takes the tray from the confused Renaldo.

Cont.

Teresa and Raoul remain still--no concern on their faces.

ANTONIO  
(to Renaldo) Please be seated.

Antonio motions to the chair in which he was previously seated.

Renaldo is hopelessly confused. He looks pleadingly to Teresa and Raoul.

Neither makes any kind of sign with their mouths or eyes.

Raoul crosses his arms.

Renaldo sits, carefully. He is poised, ready to leap out of the chair if Antonio desires.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
Today we celebrate. Renaldo, today you  
are one of us. Totally.

Antonio begins pouring the wine. He hands Renaldo the first glass.

Renaldo beams with pride.

Raoul's stoic face turns a shade of bemusement.

Teresa laughs and claps her hands as Antonio hands her a glass.

Antonio offers Raoul some wine.

Raoul shakes his head solemnly "no."

Antonio shrugs and places the glass at Raoul's feet.

ANTONIO  
Drink!

Teresa and Renaldo drink.

Antonio hoists the bottle up over his shoulder and drinks from it.

Raoul does not move.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
You do not drink? Fine way to treat  
blood.

Cont.

RAOUL  
Ain't no blood a' mine.

RENALDO  
Hey, mon, take easy.

RAOUL  
Shut up, boy. You got nothing to do  
with this.

ANTONIO  
Don't he now?

RAOUL  
This 'tween me an' him, sucker.

RENALDO  
Who him?

RAOUL  
Just keep that black jaw a' yours shut.

ANTONIO  
Something troublin' you . . . boy.

RAOUL  
You bet your ass, white boy.

ANTONIO  
(pointing to the happy Teresa) If it's  
about earlier, look at Teresa. She's  
got the joke.

RAOUL  
That's the trouble, man, this ain't no  
joke. You be the joke.

Renaldo begins to rise in his seat and reaches for a knife  
secreted behind his collar.

Antonio motions to Renaldo to stop.

ANTONIO  
Why? Because I try to make my people  
happy? Because I see no point in Renaldo  
serving us wine? Nobody serves here.  
Everybody serves in this house.

RAOUL  
Yeah. You. What you think you are--some  
Mad Hatter at a fuckin' tea party?

Cont.

ANTONIO

You don't know a fuck about anything, do you? If what you're yapping about is true, how come nobody else joins you?

RAOUL

'Cause I ain't leadin' nothin'.

ANTONIO

(his eyes burning) Well, I am. A cause greater than your petty discomforts or my inadequacies. I'm trying to free the world from its apathy, its ostrich-like acceptance. Man, I'm leading the world to freedom.

RAOUL

Man, you ain't leadin' nothin' such. Shit, you don't know Gorribaldi.

ANTONIO

Do I have to?

Teresa rises and steps between the two men. She raises her glass to Antonio.

TERESA

More wine.

Antonio's face cracks with a crooked smile.

ANTONIO

Yeah. More wine.

Antonio intentionally nudges Raoul's glass with his foot, spilling the dark red contents over Raoul's boots. He then turns and begins refilling Teresa's glass.

Raoul's anger rises to boiling point as he stares at the wine flowing around his boots.

RAOUL

Goddam motherfucker! You cut it, man, you cut it in fucking two. Who said wasting was part of the plan?

Antonio is bemused by Raoul's outburst.

ANTONIO

Don't know. It just came to me. Visions, maybe, of . . .

Cont.

RAOUL

You're turning this scene into a fucking nightmare, San Poulo.

ANTONIO

Oh. And what strategy would you pursue, oh my brilliant tactician?

RAOUL

Not a fucking public burning!

ANTONIO

Reminds you of Selma?

Raoul makes a move forward.

Teresa's eyes plead with Raoul to calm down, not to provoke Antonio further. The look does not show concern with Antonio's behavior, but with Raoul's. If anything, she is devoted to Antonio.

Raoul stops, gathers his thoughts, and returns to his corner of the room.

Antonio smiles wickedly and drinks.

EXT. - RAILWAY STATION AT CECCANO - NIGHT

The train from Rome pulls into station--not smoothly as an American train would, but with spurts, and jumps, and jolts. The train snorts and sounds like an old man plopping into his wheelchair after a "long" trip to the television to switch channels.

INT. - THIRD CLASS TRAIN CAR - SAME TIME

Cesare is awakened with a jolt as the train pulls in. He notes that his companion has departed, but left behind his empty wine bottle.

A WOMAN across the aisle looks condescendingly at Cesare and his bottle.

Cesare makes a face at the woman.

The woman turns up her nose and looks the other way.

Cesare looks out of the window and spots a red fiat in the street. He smiles. He rises from his seat, collects his

Cont.

ancient coat. He looks at the bottle, then at the woman. He smiles again--a mischievous thought in his head. He places the wine bottle next to the woman.

CESARE  
Quello che bello bambino.

WOMAN  
Disgraziado.

Cesare laughs as he exits the car.

EXT. - OUTSIDE TRAIN - NIGHT

A YOUNG MAN of about fifteen or sixteen leans against a red fiat. His eyes light up as he sees his uncle emerge from the train. Although dressed as a young farmlad, he is very thin and handsome. His hair, tousled and shiny, is dark blond and his features are more American than Italian.

Cesare kisses the lad on both cheeks.

The lad does the same and hugs the man.

YOUNG MAN  
Come va, zio?

CESARE  
Buono, Antonio-piccolo.

ANTONIO-PICCOLO  
Tu viaggio?

CESARE  
(nodding quietly) Andiammo casa.

Antonio-piccolo bows his head, understandingly. The beam in his face has been replaced by a kind of melancholy. He gets into the car after opening the door for his uncle.

Cesare touches the lad's hand and nods understandingly.

Antonio-piccolo tries to smile. He gets into the other side of the car.

They drive off, quietly.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - NIGHT

Cont.

Raoul is in his corner again, leaning against the wall with a marijuana cigarette in one hand while the other covers his wrist. His eyes still prowl the room.

Antonio stands, looking deeply into the television set.

The program on the set is an old F.B.I. show dubbed into Italian. The program concerns a political kidnapping.

Teresa sits on the floor, seemingly meditating.

Renaldo still sits in Antonio's chair. He feels powerful in the chair and semi-mimes being king. He likes the feeling.

Antonio turns and scans his crew. A grin breaks over his face. He walks to Teresa, picks her up, and kisses her hard on the mouth.

Teresa reciprocates with abandon.

They slowly lower themselves to the floor.

Raoul's mouth twists in disgust. He turns his eyes away.

Renaldo claps his hands after looking at the pair.

A TALL BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN enters into the room. Across her head is a red bandana; on her body is a pair of fatigue pants cut into shorts and a blue work shirt tied at the midsection. She walks up to Renaldo.

Renaldo smiles brightly.

She slaps him hard across the face.

Renaldo falls out the chair and onto the floor.

She turns and looks at Raoul.

Raoul smiles and winks.

She leaves.

Antonio, noticing the scene with his eyes while his mouth works, rises.

ANTONIO

Get off the floor, you lazy bastard.  
Get the troops assembled. Pronto! I  
have a plan.

Cont.

Renaldo scrambles to his feet and hurries out after saluting.

Teresa, upset, returns to her yoga position.

Raoul's smile fades--this is it!

EXT./INT. - THE RED FIAT! - NIGHT

Antonio-piccolo and Cesare ride quietly through the streets of Ceccano. The town is not very large, more a big village than a town. The buildings are made of cheap plaster, a brownish-blue tint on every one of them. In the background, we see houses built up a hill, all old and dilapidated. Cattle move around, as do chickens, dogs, and cats. There seems to be a large wall enclosing the town--a wall that has no end and seemingly no beginning: fencing in what little there is. The wall has various pieces of past posters and announcements violently pasted and ripped upon it.

Cesare stares out of the window of the car. His mind drifts again.

FLASHBACK - SAME PLACE - 1969

The car with the younger Cesare, Raoul, and Baby Antonio, driven by Gaetano, cruises through the streets of Ceccano during the day. The street is populated with women bearing bundles, crying children, men off to work, and people just on the streets because there is nowhere else to be. It is early morning. On the wall are brand new posters of Chairman Mao--lines and lines of them.

Gaetano mutters something.

RAOUL

What he sayin'?

CESARE

He says that some, shall we call them bastards ruined the wall.

RAOUL

What? Them posters? Look good to me.

CESARE

Seems they ruin the beauty of the place or something.

Cont.



RAOUL  
(looking around) Some beauty.

CESARE  
It's alright. This is my home.

RAOUL  
Shit, I seen better. (pause) But I  
seen worse, too.

Cesare snaps out of his daydream/reminiscence. He looks over at his young nephew who is driving extremely fast (nothing unusual in that) and moving to the music on the cheap tape recorder on his lap--loud rhythmic rock and roll music. Cesare nods that all is good and continues looking out of the window.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is filled with ten more people besides Raoul, Teresa, Renaldo, and Antonio. Along with the black woman that we saw earlier are TWO OTHER WOMEN, YOUNG ITALIANS, AND FIVE TOUGH-LOOKING YOUNG ITALIANS. The final member is the Barrellman who we saw earlier: A MIDDLE-AGED ITALIAN MAN, balding. They are all dressed in tight dark clothing, with black wool pull-over hats on their heads. They stand in the room, talking to each other, and generally doing nothing.

Antonio looks at each member of his troop--feet spread apart, hands clasped behind his back.

ANTONIO  
Cleo! Order the troop to attention.

The tall black woman whom we saw earlier salutes and walks up to stand next to Antonio. She turns toward the assembled.

CLEO  
Revolution Yesterday!

The assembled, except Teresa and Raoul, snap to attention crisply.

Cleo turns to Antonio.

CLEO (cont.)  
Assembled. (pause; a smile) Man.

Antonio smiles and touches Cleo's chin with his fingers.

Cont.

Raoul still stands in the corner. He takes a long drag from his joint.

Teresa continues her yoga--her upper teeth biting down hard on her lower lip.

Antonio turns sharply and watches television.

The assembled stand still.

Cleo's eyes roll upward: another of Antonio's wierd whims.

INT. - EMBASSY RECEPTION ROOM - ABOUT SAME TIME

A cocktail party is in progress. Various people chatter about within the room: MILITARY OFFICERS, EMBASSY PEOPLE, VARIOUS AMBASSADORS, ITALIAN AND AMERICAN BUSINESSMEN, THE WIVES OF THE OFFICERS AND BUSINESSMEN, AND SOME UNKNOWN BEAUTIFUL WOMEN DRESSED ELEGANTLY.

General Holland appears at the doorway.

Immediately the military officers snap to attention.

CAPTAIN

Attention.

HOLLAND

At ease, captain, this is a party, isn't it?

The assembled laugh and continue their interrupted conversations.

Holland grabs a drink from a WAITER serving a seated couple. He downs the drink in one gulp.

ANOTHER WAITER approaches him.

Holland takes another drink and places his empty on the tray.

HOLLAND

Grazie.

The waiter nods his head in thanks and continues on.

AN OVERWEIGHT MIDDLE-AGED MAN in a tuxedo walks up to Holland.

MAN

General Holland. Remember me. Stanley Moreland.

Cont.

HOLLAND

(faking it) Ah yes, Mr. Moreland. How have you been since . . .

MORELAND

Brechtesgarten. Last summer. You and your lovely wife . . .

HOLLAND

Yes, yes. And how is your wife?

MORELAND

Fine, fine. Gee, she'd love to see you again. Under the weather, you know. (sips) I heard about that nasty business this afternoon. A pity.

HOLLAND

A damn shame, I call it.

MORELAND

Oh yes, I agree. This whole country's overrun with these terrorist types. You can't even sightsee anymore without a bodyguard. A damn nuisance.

HOLLAND

Europe is scared, Mr. Moreland, damned scared. How would you feel if Soviet nuclear missiles were aimed at your home?

MORELAND

I don't have to worry about that, General, I live in Connecticut.

HOLLAND

What exactly do you do for a living, Mr. Moreland?

MORELAND

Defense contracts.

HOLLAND

So, you do care about the state of military matters.

MORELAND

More or less. It's a living.

HOLLAND

Correct. You and I both, sir are in the

Cont.

HOLLAND (cont.)

business of living, and making sure that our allies live.

MORELAND

Well, I didn't exactly . . .

HOLLAND

No need to be modest. Confidentially, we may be the most useful people here. Look at them--most of them are slugs, feeding off each other, feeding off the people. No, sir, this kind of life is not for me. This phony peace talk and arms talk. I am not a man who likes to cross words in the conference room; I long for action. It has been too quiet on the international front, Mr. Moreland.

MORELAND

Quiet? Everything's so topsy-turvy right now, I get confused as to who's fighting who.

HOLLAND

Minor skirmishes; nothing of importance.

MORELAND

The Middle East? Europe's anti- . . .

HOLLAND

Of no consequence. The big picture is yet to be resolved; no movement has been made in almost forty years to change the structure of global politics. It is still Us against Them.

MORELAND

Us and Them?

ITALIAN BUSINESSMAN (v.o.)

The Soviets and Americans.

AN ELDERLY ITALIAN BUSINESSMAN dressed impeccably joins the two gentlemen.

HOLLAND

Who might you be, sir?

ITALIAN BUSINESSMAN

Pietro Facci.

Cont.

MORELAND

Facci? I've heard of you. Hm, let me see, yeah, you're with the police, aren't you?

FACCI

Formerly, signore, I am retired now. Occasionally I still assist.

MORELAND

Glad to meet you. Bob Townshend's said terrific things about you.

FACCI

(shaking his hand) Ah, Signore Townshend was a good friend. How is he these days?

MORELAND

Great. He's working for the Washington Post now, senior columnist or something like that. He and I go way back, same class at Yale.

FACCI

He was a good Roma correspondent. I liked him very much, honest man. (to Holland) And you, Generale?

HOLLAND

Holland. I imagine I am pleased to meet you, although I am not a supporter of your police.

FACCI

Oh, why is that, Generale?

HOLLAND

Damned disorganized. If you had a good police force, your country would be able to control these terrorists.

FACCI

You refer, of course, to this afternoon's incident?

HOLLAND

Damned straight. You don't see flagrant violations of law and order in the United States.

FACCI

(smiling slightly) No, the reports of the

Cont.

FACCI (cont.)

bombings in New York by the Puerto Ricans are greatly exaggerated, then.

HOLLAND

(perturbed) You Europeans are all alike--damn Americans; it's always the Americans' fault.

FACCI

Signore, you take me incorrectly. I merely wish to tell you that terrorism is prevalent in our world. It is not confined to Italia alone.

MORELAND

But yours are more famous.

FACCI

I defer to your humor, Signore Moreland, yet I beg to differ. The definition of terrorism is broad, which creates problems when assigning good or evil.

Holland notices an incident by a service door.

AN ELDERLY WAITER is debating with a YOUNG GIRL who works in the kitchen. She is agitated about something, she seems about twenty years old, quasi-attractive in her uniform.

Holland's eyes gravitate to her legs--unshaven. He is interested.

FACCI (cont.)

And you, signore, what is your opinion on this matter?

HOLLAND

(moving his gaze to Facci) Sir, terrorism in all forms needs to be crushed, squashed from existence. There is no place in western civilization for anarchists.

FACCI

Ah, I, with your indulgence, disagree with you, Generale. Western civilization has always had a healthy relationship with anarchism. If you look at history, signore, you will see . . .

HOLLAND

No. History does not condone anarchism. The

Cont.

HOLLAND (cont.)  
duty of every able-bodied man is to shun  
such subversive theories.

FACCI  
Ah, but what of actions?

HOLLAND  
Action? Action is the mainstay of demo-  
cracy. No civilized country stands still  
as progress continues.

FACCI  
Thus, in your cosmology, change is in-  
evitable and good.

HOLLAND  
(distracted by the girl re-entering the  
kitchen) Not all change is good; change  
for the sake of change is destructive.

MORELAND  
Wish I knew what you two were talking  
about?

HOLLAND  
If you will excuse me, gentlemen, I  
have something to attend to.

FACCI  
Of course, Generale Holland.

MORELAND  
Maybe now we can get back to the party.

FACCI  
With your leave, shall we refill our  
glasses?

MORELAND  
Now you're talking, Mr. Facci.

Holland walks toward the kitchen door.

Facci and Moreland walk towards the refreshment table.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - NIGHT

The assembled are still at attention. Most are totally si-  
lent: their faces cold and indifferent.

Cont.

Cleo does not stand at attention. A randy intelligence is betrayed by her stance and her gleaming eyes. Her position within the group is much greater than that of those standing at attention, and she knows it.

Raoul's position by the corner remains the same. He is quietly smoking another marijuana stick, but his muscles are tensed--ready to strike at any moment.

Teresa continues her inner mantra, yet her eyes move toward the leader of the group.

Antonio stands, feet spread apart, like a powerful demagogue. His eyes bore into the television set, taking everything in, but ultimately seeing nothing. The F.B.I. program on the kidnapping is coming to a close.

Raoul makes a slight move as

Antonio's hand goes to his pocket. He extracts a remote control device, points it at the television set as if it were a scepter.

Raoul relaxes his tension.

Antonio's device causes the channels to flip by quickly. Eventually resting on an interview program, taped weeks earlier, which features General Holland.

Antonio's lip curls and his eyes light up. An idea!

EXT. - CESARE'S FARM - NIGHT

The car transporting Antonio-piccolo and Cesare winds up the long dirt road towards Cesare's home. The house is situated atop a large hill, which seems like a hill only because the hills behind it are larger and more overpowering. The place is very old and has not been modernized since before the Second World War.

The house is old; made of plaster, wood, and bricks. It has remained the same for more than half a century--repairs have been added when absolutely needed, and the repairs do not match the rest of the house in terms of design or color. To the right, an addition has been tacked on, more like stapled on.

Next to the house, on the left, is a large barn that appears in worse condition than the house. Next to it is a large corral, its fencing made of rotting railway ties. A few animals, cats, chickens, goats, amble about.

Cont.



A dirt road, next to the corral, winds its way upward toward one of the farm lands, badly pockmarked.

At the door of the house, illuminated by the light of the kitchen, stands ANGELINA, Cesare's wife and Antonio-piccolo's Aunt. She looks much older than her age, which is younger than Cesare's, would suggest. Her dress is a ratty print that badly needs washing. In her hand is a dirty towel, which she is using to wipe her wet hands. Her hair is long and very much out of place--strands hanging over her face. She is not very attractive, but the agelines and the fat do not hide that she once was very attractive if not beautiful. Concern haunts her face, and a sense of anger.

The car pulls up next to the house and stops.

Antonio-piccolo and Cesare exit.

Cesare looks at his wife, then, with concern, at his nephew.

CESARE

Dormi. (waves his hand to the nephew's muted question) Damani.

Antonio-piccolo kisses his uncle. He walks to his aunt, kisses her, then enters the tacked-on addition.

Cesare stands, breathing and collecting his thoughts. He walks to his wife.

Angelina has not budged an inch since her appearance.

CESARE

I am back.

ANGELINA

What did he want?

CESARE

Niente.

ANGELINA

I do not believe you.

CESARE

E la verita.

INT. - CESARE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cesare walks past her into the house. He takes the bottle of wine from the table, pours some into a glass, and drinks.

Cont.

Then he sits at the unbalanced table.

The kitchen is full of old appliances. Hanging from the ceiling are three large chunks of dried ham--flies buzz about the meat. In one corner of the kitchen is a brick oven. Nothing is very new. On one wall is an old poster with the year 1969 written across the top--the picture on it is of the New York City Skyline.

Angelina enters. She tosses the rag into the sink. She takes a glass from the cupboard, fills it with water from a green bottle next to the sink, and seats herself across the table from Cesare.

ANGELINA

Do you want to talk . . . ?

CESARE (curtly)

Not really.

ANGELINA (unruffled)

(drinks) Then we will not talk of it until you are ready. (pause) The birth is coming.

CESARE

(excited) But you are . . .

ANGELINA

Not me, the cow.

CESARE

Oh, thank God. I had thought the baby would be premature. (drinks) I will attend to the cow.

Cesare leaves the kitchen.

Angelina sadly watches him leave. She pushes back her hair.

INT. - BARN - SHORT TIME LATER

Cesare looks at the cow lying on the straw in the barn. It looks as if it were in pain. Sadness crosses Cesare's face. He takes a rag from out of a standing pail of water, and he begins to rub down the cow's hide. He knows that the birth will be hard on this old cow. His only happy thought is that the cow's milk after the birth will be rich and will command a higher price at the market--money badly needed by the family.

Cont.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - NIGHT

Antonio stares straight into the eyes of his troops. His eyes are sparkling with a new idea; a new plan.

Raoul drops his marijuana cigarette, crushing it with his foot without looking. He crosses his arms across his chest and assumes the position of one asking "Okay, smart guy, let's hear it this time."

Teresa rises from her yoga position and stands at attention next to Antonio.

ANTONIO

What the hell are you doing at attention like a bunch of imperialists? Christ Almighty, we're anarchists nor reactionaries.

The assembled at first are confused. They look at each other. Then at Cleo.

Cleo, who has been in an alternate position, gives them a look that indicates that they should get out of attention quickly.

The assembled move and stand or sit variously around the bare room.

Antonio smiles. He nods appreciatingly at Cleo, eyeing her body.

Raoul's look of disgust returns.

Antonio walks to Cleo and kisses her passionately on the lips.

Cleo, with mischievousness in her eyes, gently takes and squeezes his testicles.

Antonio ceases and steps back.

ANTONIO (cont.)

As in love, as in war, always be ready to defend yourself. Watch Cleo; she's the brightest of all of you bastards.

Cleo's face beams with pride. She lifts the hand that did the deed high, showing everybody.

Teresa's eyes burn with hatred and jealousy.

Cont.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
That was good, Cleo. (pause) But I  
could've slit your throat.

Cleo's hand descends quickly.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
Still, I admire your . . . can I call  
it balls.

Antonio laughs.

The assembled laugh.

Raoul and Teresa do not move.

INT. - BARN - NIGHT

Cesare cares for the cow. The birth is some time in coming.

CESARE  
Angelina! Veni presto!

Cesare holds the head of the cow lovingly as his mouth moves  
in silent prayer.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - NIGHT

Antonio stops laughing suddenly.

The assembled follow.

ANTONIO  
Children, I have a plan. It should've  
popped into my head this afternoon, but  
it took the box (pointing to the tele-  
vision) over there to knock it in.

Antonio glances at each member with a smile.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
What'd you say to a good old fashioned  
kidnapping? How's that for tricks, my  
comrades.

The assembled cheer.

Cleo gives Antonio a big kiss on the mouth.

Teresa surges forward and pushes Cleo away.

Cont.

Cleo rises from the floor with a long stiletto from her boot. She springs cat-like upon Teresa.

The two women wrestle on the ground.

Raoul makes no move this time. He looks at Antonio.

Antonio looks deeply into Raoul's eyes. Anger rises.

ANTONIO  
(without a move) Fermeta!

The two women stop--cold.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
Get the fuck off the floor. This is no  
time for fighting amongst ourselves.  
Jesus.

The two women shuffle off to their original positions.

Cleo remains on the floor. With hate in her eyes, she replaces the stiletto into her boot, staring coldly at Teresa.

Teresa breaths wildly, her nostrils flaring at Cleo.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
Enough of that. Both of you. Up.

The two women rise.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
(voice turning childish) Now kiss and  
make up.

Teresa and Cleo look puzzled.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
(strongly) Do it!

The two women kiss each other on the mouth. They hold.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
Buonissimo.

Teresa bites Cleo's lip hard.

CLEO  
Bitch!

Cleo reaches for her stiletto.

Cont.

Antonio's gun is pressed to her temple.

ANTONIO

Now, now, girls, we have work to do.

Antonio moves to press his lips against Cleo's. His tongue darting in and out of her mouth.

Cleo is appeased.

ANTONIO

Teresa. You have done us proud.

Teresa is confused.

ANTONIO (cont.)

You've sealed your position with us.

The assembled cheer, even Cleo.

Teresa smiles brightly.

ANTONIO (cont.)

Our target, my children, look at the box.

The talk show with General Holland on it is still on.

ANTONIO (cont.)

A NATO General. Think of it? A statement burns here if I ever saw one.

RAOUL

Yeah, fuckin' crazy.

ANTONIO

The great black stone face speaks. Some sage advice from our master ideologue. And why is my plan so crazy?

RAOUL

Maybe the plan ain't, but with you leading, it'll crack, man, crack in a billion . . .

ANTONIO

What's your problem, man?

RAOUL

You the problem, San Pulo. You and this fucking circus here.

ANTONIO

The gang? They're the best bunch . . .

Cont.

RAOUL

They nothing! Shit, open your fucking eyes. They just following you 'cause there's nothing better for them to do.

ANTONIO

They're following me to get to the top quicker. Revolution, that's our credo. A good revolution'll clean the air, give youth a chance. Opens up the opportunities, you see. And in a depressed economy, my boy, getting to the top as quick and as easy as possible is all! I can do this.

RAOUL

But revolution ain't no fucking game, no goddamn Alger story. What you saying is . . .

ANTONIO

Victory. That's what I'm selling here. And look at them; they're buying it, buying it all.

The assembled cheer in a loud voice.

The middle-aged man, though, does not cheer as loud--gears turn in his head.

Teresa notices the lack of enthusiasm, but does nothing.

ANTONIO (cont.)

You and me, we built this up. Though I need your brains, man, if you want out, you got it.

RAOUL

I never came in.

ANTONIO

(angrily) Then take your black ass and hit the road, Jackoff.

Raoul stares hard at Antonio.

RAOUL

Man . . .

Raoul turns sharply. He rips his shirt off of his back and tosses it backwards over his head as he departs.

Cleo is a bit saddened by the event; she thought Raoul was sexy. Cont.

Teresa is also concerned, but her concern is deeper than Cleo's.

ANTONIO

Renaldo!

Renaldo steps up, snaps his heels, and salutes.

ANTONIO (cont.)

You are now first in command. First man in the bunch. (his eyes scan the troops) Any complaints?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

But Antonio, he's the freshest member . . .

ANTONIO

Silencio! Renaldo is my second.

ASSEMBLED

Aye!

ANTONIO

(wry smile) Buono. Prepare yourselves. In one week from tonight we strike. Men--do not shave. I want us to look like the grubbiest bunch of bastards Holland's ever seen. Tonight is the beginning of our ultimate triumph!

The assembled cheer.

INT. - BARN - NIGHT

Cesare works furiously to see that the birth is handled properly.

Angelina and Antonio-piccolo help as best they can.

Cesare's mind seems to be not only occupied with his task, one that he has performed many times, but also with the past that has seemed to have decided to pick today to come rushing back to him.

The calf is born - it is dead.

The looks of happiness at the birth on Angelina's and Antonio-piccolo's faces fade.

Cesare cradles the bloody dead calf to his chest. He rocks back and forth muttering words of anger, pity, and prayer.

Cont.



He lays the calf down gently. He walks to the other end of the barn, sits in a pile of straw, and cries.

Angelina touches Antonio-piccolo's arm, indicating that he should go back to bed.

Antonio-piccolo nods, teary-eyed, and departs.

Angelina places the lamp on a post and walks over to her husband.

Cesare grabs hold of her dress and cries.

Angelina seats herself next to Cesare and holds his head to her breast as he cries. She whistles a light tune to ease his pain: she does not understand why this event has touched him so, but she knows that she must comfort her husband. A tear falls from her eye.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is empty except for Teresa and Antonio.

Teresa stares into Antonio's eyes.

Antonio stares into hers.

Teresa bites her lip hard, causing blood to flow from the wound. She walks to Antonio, grabs his shirt, and tears it open. Then she steps back and does the same to her own: her breasts are exposed.

Antonio holds out his hand and gently fondles one of the breasts. Then he violently grabs it, squeezing hard. He pulls Teresa close to him and kisses her hard.

They throw themselves on the floor, ripping each other's clothing off. They engage in violent sex.

In the middle, Antonio pulls back.

ANTONIO

Cocktail party. You were invited.

Teresa breathing hard holds herself up by her elbows.

TERESA

But . . .

Antonio gets up, trying to rearrange his torn clothing.

Cont.

## ANTONIO

We finish when you come back.

Antonio walks out of the room.

Ext. - AMERICAN EMBASSY - NIGHT - HOUR LATER

Holland and the girl from the kitchen hurry out of the embassy and into the General's car. They seem careful not to be seen.

Teresa, dressed in her reporter garb, is hurrying up the sidewalk. Although she is in the background, she sees that it is the general.

INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM IN HIS HOUSE - NIGHT

The girl stands, still in her uniform, by the side of the General's bed. She is slightly giddy and unrelated to her surroundings. She stands kind of drunkenly, occasionally giggling a little.

Holland enters, dressed in a bathrobe that is emblazoned with his initials, a silk bathrobe. A determined look on his face. He pours himself a glass of bourbon and downs it in one gulp, shaking it down a bit.

Holland walks up to the giggling girl. He puts his finger to his mouth trying to quiet her giggling.

She puts her hand to her mouth trying to stifle the giggling.

Holland reaches up and begins unbuttoning her blouse.

Occasionally she still giggles a bit, but controls it quickly.

We see Teresa's face in the window watching.

Holland, after removing her blouse, lifts her arms so that they are reaching into the air. He caresses her hairy armpits--he is happy.

Teresa's face shows a mixture of bafflement and aversion.

Holland removes her dress and stockings. He runs his hands up and down her unshaven legs--again, happiness on his face.

Teresa cannot believe what she is witnessing.

Cont.

Holland throws back his robe over his shoulders--he is naked. He picks up the naked girl and walks to the side of the bed--carefully placing her into it.

INT. - ROOM NEXT TO SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Another room in the same building, even worse than the main room, houses the sleeping quarters of Antonio's troop. Sleeping bags line the floor. Pegs on the wall hold the uniforms of the group. Next to the door sleeps Cleo on her back; her sleeping bag half unzipped.

Antonio enters: he is naked. He walks to Cleo, looks down at her as he stands straddled on the bag over her head.

Cleo awakens and looks up at the imposing figure of Antonio. She reaches up to him.

Antonio climbs into her sleeping bag.

INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The General is atop the girl, pumping violently.

The girl struggles and moans and screams.

The General reaches underneath the bed and pulls out a white pearl handled Colt .45. He places it between her eyes.

The girl screams.

The General finishes at the same instance. He nuzzles her armpit. His nose tingles. He leaps out of bed.

HOLLAND

You filthy pig!

Holland cocks the gun and points it at her.

HOLLAND (cont.)

Get out of that bed and clean it up.

The girl falls out of the bed, scrambling on the floor.

Teresa, still at the window, is revolted by the sight that she has just witnessed. Her head disappears from the window.

HOLLAND (cont.)

I give you an honor and you repay me

Cont.

HOLLAND (cont.)  
with this! Who do you think you are?

Holland kicks her as she scrambles across the floor.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - NIGHT - HOUR LATER

Teresa enters the room, still disgusted at what she saw. The expression on her face still shows revulsion. She pushes back her long hair and scans the room--no Antonio.

Teresa walks down the hall and peers into the common bedroom. She looks down and sees Antonio sleeping peacefully in the bag with Cleo. His face is happy; Cleo's face slightly smiling triumphantly--she has gotten Antonio.

Teresa pushes back her hair--her face hardened; a resolve.

EXT. - MOUNTAINS - LATE INTO THE NIGHT

Raoul walks with the mountains stark behind him--the moon bright in the sky, he is dressed in a dark turtleneck sweater, dark suit, and a rich black skimmer on his head. He is heading southwards. About him is silence, the peaceful silence of the countryside, punctuated occasionally with the sounds of night animals.

EXT. - CESARE'S FARM - DAY - ALMOST A WEEK LATER

Cesare walks around his farm. He releases the animals from the barn and lets them into the corral.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - DAY

Antonio watches as his troop open some large cases.

Renaldo pulls out a lightweight machinegun, he waves it high.

Antonio smiles.

EXT. - FARM - DAY

Cesare is hooking up his donkey cart.

Around the farm we see various children running about.

Cont.

Antonio-piccolo and ROBERTO, Cesare's eldest son of about twelve, are helping Cesare get the cart ready.

MARTIN, the second eldest son of about ten, collects the receipt from the milkman who has just picked up a load of milk from the farm.

BEATRICE, the eldest female child of about eight, plays with her two sisters FRANCESCA (6) and LUISA (3). They toss a very deflated dirty ball around and chase chickens and ducks.

Angelina tries to feed the fowl by throwing feed around the yard.

The milkman on his cart waves at Cesare as he departs.

Cesare waves back.

The girls chase after the cart as it departs.

Angelina yells at the children to come back.

Antonio-piccolo and Roberto sit atop the cart.

CESARE

Remember to make sure to water the crops  
and keep the . . .

ANTONIO-PICCOLO

Si, zio, noi sapere.

CESARE

(slapping the donkey's rear) Andare.

The two boys laugh as they go.

Cesare smiles.

CESARE

(to Martin) Tu?

MARTIN

Si, io sapero, l'animale.

CESARE

(smiling) Si.

Martin departs to take care of the goats up in the mountains.

Cesare checks his pockets and cannot find what he is looking for. He turns to Angelina.

Cont.

CESARE

Dov'e . . . ?

Angelina stands with the car keys in her hand, wiggling them and smiling.

The girls dance around their mother singing.

Cesare smiles in return, kisses his wife, takes the keys, and climbs into the red Fiat. He drives off.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - DAY

Teresa is checking the guns. She holds a single-bolt rifle and looks through the sights.

Antonio walks up behind her and puts his arms around her, caressing her breasts.

Teresa turns her head, looks coldly at Antonio, and pulls back the bolt on the gun.

Antonio steps back.

ANTONIO

Okay, what's this shit?

TERESA

Niente.

Antonio walks away confused.

INT. - BOTTEGA JUST OUTSIDE OF CECCANO - DAY

A small country store just outside of Ceccano. A SHOPKEEPER watches a card game--a very intense card game, CHILDREN walk around clutching their MOTHER's dresses as their mothers shop.

The card game is tense, FOUR PLAYERS sit across the table; one hand above the table holding the cards, the other underneath the table.

Cesare enters the BOTTEGA. He sees that the men are holding knives under the table. In this game, any irritation or mess-up by any player causes instant retaliation. Although it is a simple game of Scopa, the stakes for this card game are high, very high. Cesare is not disturbed at all by the sight--it is normal here.

Cont.

Outside the BOTTEGA are various other tables. Seated at one are TWO ELDERLY VILLAGERS. Before them is a large jug of wine, almost empty.

FIRST VILLAGER  
San Poulo, San Poulo, veni qua.

Cesare turns in the doorway and looks. He smiles and exits.

CESARE  
Matello. Borsetto. Come sta?

MATELLO  
Buono, Buono. Tu?

CESARE  
Io sto bene.

BORSETTO  
I hear you saw your brother.

CESARE  
Si.

MATELLO  
The rumors? They are true?

CESARE  
What rumors?

BORSETTO  
They say your brother is a (pause to look around) terroriste.

CESARE  
I do not know anything about that.

MATELLO  
Be careful, San Poulo, trouble comes.

CESARE  
You have been saying that since my father was a boy.

MATELLO  
Your father was a good boy, wild, yes, but good. Never should leave Italia.

CESARE  
You did not feel that way back then.

Cont.

MATELLO..

I grow old; I get wise. I live there once, Stati Uniti, no like. Push, push, push, no for old Matello.

BORSETTO

Your brother?

CESARE

I know nothing; I do not ask.

MATELLO

You fit right in, San Poulo; you fit in too good.

CESARE

Mi scusi . . .

MATELLO

Go on, do your shopping.

BORSETTO

But the terroriste?

MATELLO

Terroriste be here domani. Bevo!

Cesare enters the BOTTAGO as the two men drink.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - DAY

The assembled check out their new lightweight weapons.

Antonio stares out of the window--he feels that something is missing. He turns and looks into the corner where Raoul usually stood--nothing. He looks at Teresa, who no longer seems interested in him. Sadness, an incredible sadness overcomes Antonio.

Cleo comes up to Antonio; she shakes her weapon at him, symbolizing strength and their victory.

Antonio looks at Teresa who shows no emotion or interest. He reaches out to hug Cleo, but she steps back and pulls the weapon on him.

Cleo laughs: it was a joke--she is alert.

Antonio nods and fakes a smile.

Cleo kisses him and toddles off.

Cont.



Antonio returns to his window and stares.

INT. - GENERAL'S OFFICE AT NATO HEADQUARTERS - DAY - SAME TIME

Holland stares out of his office window--an incredible sadness grips him. He cannot understand why. Perhaps the inactivity of a desk job is bothering him again; maybe he thinks of his wife and their "problem," a problem that she knows nothing about, fully.

Baker enters the room quietly and puts some papers on Holland's desk.

Holland does not turn, but knows that the major is there.

HOLLAND

Baker

BAKER

Yes, sir.

HOLLAND

It's damn quiet out there.

BAKER

Middle of the morning, sir.

HOLLAND

Not that, major; I mean the air, can't you feel it?

BAKER

No, sir.

HOLLAND

(turning around) Well, it isn't important. (shuffles the papers) I see nothing on the incident of last week.

BAKER

Nothing to report, sir, no clues.

HOLLAND

Who's honchoing this? Us or the Italian police?

BAKER

I believe that the Italian police are, sir.

Cont.

HOLLAND

No wonder we're getting no action. Can't we send one of our boys over?

BAKER

Not unless we want to upset the Italian police, sir. Even covertly . . .

HOLLAND

Damn. In the old days, major, we would've . . .

Baker has a look on his face as if he knows what's coming.

HOLLAND (cont.)

Forget it. (pause) How does my schedule look for the rest of the day?

BAKER

Very light, sir, you . . .

HOLLAND

Spare me the details. I plan to leave early tonight; work at home. That doesn't conflict with any state dinners, or god forbid, embassy cocktail parties?

BAKER

No, sir, according to the calendar . . .

HOLLAND

You may go, major.

BAKER

(saluting) Very good, sir.

Baker exits.

Holland returns to staring out of his window by spinning his chair and leaning back in it with his hands folded behind his head. That feeling of sadness prevades.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - DAY

Antonio still at the window. He shakes his head, hopefully shaking the sadness out. He turns to his troop, thumb up-raised.

ANTONIO

Tonight!

Cont.

EXT. - CESARE'S FARM - LATE DAY

Cesare returns in the red Fiat.

The three girls appear, jumping and laughing.

Cesare gives them some of the packages.

They run into the house with their precious packages.

Cesare stands next to the car and looks at it. He runs his hand over the top.

Angelina comes next to him: concern on her face.

ANGELINA

You like the car?

CESARE

I thought it was a bribe (laugh) or a carrot?

ANGELINA

Che?

CESARE

For Antonio-piccolo. I thought his father sent it to entice the boy. (pause) But in Roma, he said nothing, did not even ask about the boy.

ANGELINA

You were right.

CESARE

About what?

ANGELINA

It was a bribe. (pause) For you.

Cesare gives her a disbelieving and skeptical look.

CESARE

What good would such a gesture be? Idiotic.

ANGELINA

(looking at her husband's hand on the car-top) Is it?

Cesare notices his hand and quickly removes it.

Cont.

CESARE

Perche?

ANGELINA

Let us say he understands you.

CESARE

Do not be silly.

Cesare takes her in his arms and kisses her.

Angelina backs off after the kiss, pats her hair in place, looks around, and walks toward the house.

Cesare takes a deep breath. He turns and looks at the car; then looks at his wife entering the house. He looks at the car keys.

The donkey cart with Antonio-piccolo and Roberto returns.

Cesare yells Antonio-piccolo's name and throws him the keys.

ANTONIO-PICCOLO

Grazia, zio.

CESARE

Per tu e Roberto. Il regalo.

Cesare walks towards his house, smiling.

EXT. - AGAINST THE MOUNTAINS - DUSK

Raoul still walks southward against the mountains and the sky. But this scenery looks more familiar--similar scenery to that which we saw on Cesare's train trip.

INT. - SHABBY-LOOKING ROOM - NIGHT

Antonio is prepared. His face is bearded with a rough exterior. In his mouth is that ever-present cigarette. He is dressed in camouflage fatigues, black boots on his feet. Two black chalk marks are on either cheek moving from temple to chin. He removes a Zorro-like mask from the top of the television set and ties it onto his head. He then places a revolver in his belt, checks the knife in his boot, and checks his machinegun. He turns to look at his troop.

Most are dressed in the same type fatigues as he is. None of these are wearing masks. Their berets are black.

Cont.

Teresa is dressed in a black outfit. She does wear a mask like Antonio's and her beret is red, a symbol of their now former relationship. She is standing in a rebellious position. She is smoking a cigarette. Her attitude is one of not caring about this kidnapping, or caring about Antonio at all. Why she is still with the group is a mystery. She does watch the middle-aged man; he is too nervous.

Antonio wonders about the same: but he knows that Teresa has never failed before and would never put herself in jeopardy.

Cleo is dressed in her usual outfit: her job is to go to the final destination of the kidnapped General and prepare the place.

ANTONIO

Let's go.

They all file out of the door.

Teresa hangs back and waits for everybody to leave--even Antonio, who is usually the last to leave.

Antonio looks at her before moving. From the look on her face, he decides to go before her.

INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holland is stretched out on his bed dressed in his bathrobe. He is on the phone, but his body is active--foot moving, hand playing with the phonecord, his other hand shuffling papers.

HOLLAND

. . . yes, dear, I'm sorry you have to be in New York, too. No, I can't fly to New York to be with you. (pause) No, there's too much work here; I can't take a trip just now. (pause) You don't need me to help you with your father; I'd just be in the way. (pause) I know nothing about art. (pause) Yes. (pause) Of course, I wish I could be with you, too.

The kitchen girl enters the room pushing a tray of food. She is dressed in one of the General's spare dress shirts. She seems calmer than the other evening, tamed. Perhaps the General's promise to make her his mistress and shower her with gifts has changed her demeanor.

Cont.

Holland smiles as she enters--he could care less about the call and his face shows his discomfort and lack of attention. The girl's legs seem to be all that occupy his mind.

HOLLAND (cont.)

. . . Sorry, dear, but an important Italian diplomat has just come to the door. I must rush. (pause) Yes, yes, next week. (pause) No, I won't send Major Baker to pick you up; I'll do it in person. (pause) Yes, yes, I love you, too.

Holland hangs up the phone. He grabs the girl and pulls her onto the bed. She laughs as he caresses and kisses her.

The girl tries to feed the General, but food does not seem to be on his mind.

Holland holds up the food. His eyebrows arch: something naughty is in his mind.

The girl throws back her head and laughs.

Holland joins her in her laughter; he reaches into her shirt.

EXT. - HOLLAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT - HOUR LATER

Various members of Antonio's crew are stationed about the house. Some are cutting the phone wires and other wires. Others are stationed by the door and walls.

Antonio is stationed by the General's bedroom window.

Teresa is next to him. She is reminded of her previous night on the ledge when she spots the same girl sleeping in the General's arms. Her first impulse is to kill them both in their sleep. She looks at Antonio, seeing his hunger for the kidnapping. She bows her head: is she any better than that girl? If she is, she does not feel so at this moment.

Antonio's eyes seem to burn through his head, through the window, and right into the General and his mistress' heads.

INT. - FARM KITCHEN - NIGHT - ABOUT THE SAME TIME

Cesare and his family are seated around the kitchen table eating dinner. A meager meal of spaghetti. They pray.

Cont.

The children are laughing and playing as they eat.

Cesare and his wife eat very quietly: looking at the children often. Cesare's thoughts and his wife's, though, are not the same.

INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Antonio bursts through the window.

Some of his men come rushing in through the main door.

Antonio fires a burst of gunfire above the heads of the General and his mistress--inches above.

Holland reaches down for his colt.

Teresa is there with her gun at his head.

Holland moves his hand back to above the bed. He places both hands on his head.

The girl is frightened.

Renaldo steps forward and slaps her hard.

RENALDO

Boutanna.

Antonio waves his gun at Holland, signaling him to climb out of bed. He smiles.

INT. - CESARE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - SAME TIME

Cesare looks up from his dinner and sees a figure in the doorway. He rises from the table and walks toward the door.

The figure blows a puff of smoke forward.

Cesare recognizes the man. From the look on his face, he is extremely happy to see this particular person.

Raoul steps into the light: a bright smile on his face.

CESARE

Raoul!

RAOUL

Hey, Cess, how's it hanging, brother?

Cont.

They shake hands in the old "brother" handshake.

Antonio-piccolo leaps from his seat and comes towards Raoul.

RAOUL (cont.)

What do you say, Tony the piccolo? Been blowing the old horn a lot, little brother?

Raoul slaps Antonio-piccolo's outstretched hand.

The other children are also excited.

Antonio-piccolo hugs Raoul.

RAOUL (cont.)

Save it, okay.

Raoul walks to the table and Angelina, who has not risen.

RAOUL (cont.)

Signora San Poulo, mi scusi questa ingresso.

Angelina shakes her head indicating that it is no trouble. She takes Raoul's outstretched hand.

Raoul smiles: things are not usually this easy with Angelina.

Angelina rises and points to her chair: Raoul is to sit there.

Raoul looks to Cesare.

Cesare nods "yes" to his wife's offer.

Raoul doffs his cap and sits.

Angelina prepares a plate of spaghetti for Raoul.

The children place all their attention on Raoul.

Cesare, smiling brightly, seats himself at his place.

RAOUL

(smiling) Aw, it's good to be back.

Cesare smiles nodding.

Angelina looks over at her husband and Raoul: concern is on her mind.

Cont.



INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holland stands in the middle of the room--naked. His hands are atop his head. He stands proudly at attention, not worrying about his nakedness or anything but staying alive in an honorable manner.

The girl is nervous, blood dripping from her lip. She tries to cover herself, but

Renaldo keeps using his gun to push her hands away. He laughs.

The rest of the force stands around the two, weapons trained on them.

Antonio is smiling at the General--no movement at all, except from his cigarette.

Teresa can stand this display no longer. She slings her gun over her shoulder, grabs a wool bag, and places it over Holland's head. She ties the string tightly around his neck. Then she pulls a knife from a wristlet and cuts a small airhole on the top. She turns and looks at Antonio, and in a disgraceful manner salutes him with the knife.

Antonio still does not move.

Teresa decides to speed things along even faster. She pulls the sheets off the bed and wraps them around the General's body. She pulls the cords from the drapery and ties them around Holland's body and arms. She moves to the girl.

ANTONIO

Leave her. Renaldo, you take her . . .  
and have fun.

Teresa curls her lip to Antonio, but does not move to help the girl.

ANTONIO (cont.)

Take him out of here.

Some of the crew sling their weapons and lift the General. They carry him out after one ties a white slip of fabric around the wool headcovering to tie off the General's mouth. They exit.

Everybody else leaves.

Antonio looks at Teresa--again she is leaving last.

Cont.

Renaldo eyes the girl, who is scared to death.

Teresa, after Antonio has gone, clubs Renaldo in the back of the head, knocking him flat on the floor.

TERESA  
(to girl) Correre!

The girl at first stands shaking.

Teresa points her gun at the girl.

She turns, jumps from the window, and runs away--naked.

Teresa counts to herself.

TERESA (cont.)  
Aiutare!

Two of the crew re-enter, guns drawn.

TERESA (cont.)  
She clubbed Renaldo and ran. Help me  
get him out of here. Presto.

The two men gather up Renaldo and they drag him out.

Teresa looks out the window, notes that the girl had gone, smiles, and turns to leave.

INT. - CESARE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

The children have gone to bed.

Angelina does the dishes in the sink.

A jug of wine sits on the table: three glasses are set up at the table. The ones in front of the two men are partially empty; the third glass is full.

Raoul sits smoking a cigarette.

Cesare looks longingly at the cigarettes.

Raoul picks up his pack of cigarettes and motions an offer.

Cesare's eyes dart to Angelina, then to Raoul. He shakes his head vehemently "no."

Raoul resumes his story.

Cont.

RAOUL  
 . . . I split. Couldn't take his shit  
 no more. (pause) I know I promised you,  
 man, but . . .

CESARE  
 I saw him the other day; I knew that  
 something was wrong.

RAOUL  
 Man, I thought he really believed in  
 what you and I . . . (he looks at  
 Angelina, who keeps doing her cleaning)  
 . . . believed in. But, shit, the man's  
 gone loony, straitjacket city, Jack.

Angelina drops a dish hard into the sink.

RAOUL (cont.)  
 I take it, signora, you don't jive  
 too much with your brother-in-law.

ANGELINA  
 Since he is family, I hold my tongue,  
 but I do not speak to him either.

RAOUL  
 I hear you there, sister (pause) Scusi.

ANGELINA  
 No apologies, you too are part of the  
 family.

Angelina returns to her work.

CESARE  
 What made you finally break with him?

RAOUL  
 No, promised myself I wouldn't get you  
 involved in that shit. I made that  
 promise a long time ago.

CESARE  
 It was a long time ago.

Cesare nods his head sadly.

RAOUL  
 (lightening up) Remember the old days?  
 Marching in the South; marching in  
 Washington. The SDS. My buddies, the

Cont.

RAOUL (cont.)  
Panthers. "Get out of Vietnam," "Civil Rights--Yesterday," "Right on!"

Angelina turns and looks very concerned at her husband.

CESARE  
No, I do not want to remember. The Columbia days--they are over and best forgotten.

RAOUL  
(softly) It wasn't your fault, man.

CESARE  
Yes it was. It was all our fault.

RAOUL  
We did some good. I'm the first blood to tell you that it wasn't what we had in mind before, during, or after, but, man, we had an impact.

CESARE  
Yes, an impact on Bobbie's head.

Cesare buries his face in his hands.

Raoul reaches over and pulls his hands away. He pours Cesare some wine.

RAOUL  
Shit, it wasn't your fault that she died. Goddamn you, holed up for fifteen years over a death you could've never stopped from happening. Fuck, man, wake up.

Angelina steps forward and waves her hand "no" to Raoul.

Raoul nods to Angelina.

Cesare takes a big swallow from his glass.

RAOUL (cont.)  
I'm hitting the sheets, brother. But 'fore I go let me tell you I think you're wrong. Trying to erase the past is not only wrong, but it's fucking dangerous. I know you haven't been there in fifteen years, but you ought to see America--they're trying to

Cont.

RAOUL (cont.)  
 forget and, goddamn it, if it ain't all  
 coming back like that fuckin' bird from  
 the ashes you used to tell me about.

CESARE  
 (softly; muttering) Phoenix.

RAOUL  
 Yeah, the fuckin' huge Phoenix. You  
 think on that if you're going to think  
 on anything. (to Angelina) Dormire bene,  
 signora. (to Cesare, touching his arm)  
 I'll sleep in the barn; you take care.

Raoul exits.

Angelina walks toward Cesare to comfort him.

Cesare waves her off. He pours another glass of wine.

Angelina, very concerned, leaves the room and goes to bed.

EXT. - STREETS OF DARKENED ROME - NIGHT

A dark van driven by Teresa cruises through the streets.

INT. - VAN - NIGHT

Antonio sits back, his feet atop the form of Holland which  
 is on the floor of the van, face down.

Renaldo awakens and rubs his head.

Antonio lights up a cigarette. He nudges Renaldo and rubs  
 the young man's head.

Renaldo smiles with a "sorry" look.

Antonio laughs, pats him on the back, and offers him a ciga-  
 rette. He passes his cigarettes around.

They all laugh and take cigarettes.

EXT. - VAN - NIGHT

The van passes down a long quiet street. The sound of  
 laughter voiced over the image.

Cont.

INT. - NATO HEADQUARTERS IN ROME - MORNING

The room that we saw earlier in the film is abuzz with activity. News of the General's kidnapping has reached the NATO Headquarters, and all personnel are busy looking at the information at hand and crosschecking information.

INT. - SECRET HIDEOUT - MORNING

A bare room in the hideout. A single lightbulb hangs from a long thin cord. It shines brightly, illuminating the cracked walls, peeling flowery wallpaper, and buzzing flies.

Holland sits in a wooden chair tied to it with thick strands, the sheet still wrapped around him. The woolen hoodlet and white choke-gag are also still in place. He occasionally tries to shake loose, but to no avail.

Antonio enters the room, dressed the same as the other evening. He lights a cigarette. In the other hand he holds a large black bag.

Antonio removes the wool hoodlet and gag.

Holland adjusts his eyes to the bright light. He takes deep breaths. He stares at Antonio.

ANTONIO

Buon giorno.

HOLLAND

Are you the leader?

ANTONIO

There are no leaders here. You generals are all alike.

HOLLAND

I demand to be released immediately.

ANTONIO

Man, you can't demand nothing. Just sit back and relax. Want a smoke?

HOLLAND

I do not smoke cigarettes. I will accept a cigar, though. I suppose you have the finest Havanna.

ANTONIO

I don't believe you, man. What kind of shitass do you take me for? Havana.

Cont.

HOLLAND

All of your kind derive their ideology from the Evil Empire.

ANTONIO

Evil Empire? You got to be shitting me, man? I'd rather shoot a hole in those motherfuckers than in you.

HOLLAND

Don't try to lie to me, boy.

ANTONIO

You are an incredible asshole, you know that? (pause; shakes his head) I don't know why I bother. (pause) Oh well, I brought you some entertainment.

Antonio pulls out a set of headphones from his bag.

ANTONIO (cont.)

Like the design? Radio controlled. We beam a signal in and you receive. Very simple electronics project. You know, I was thinking of going into electronics and physics when I was in college, but I got bored. (laughs) Ended up in English.

HOLLAND

And where was that?

ANTONIO

Don't try that shit with me. Where? (pause) Okay, I'll spill. Columbia. Columbia University.

HOLLAND

I could tell by your garb that you were a South American.

ANTONIO

Fucking idiot. Columbia University in New York City. Goddamn, I was raised in Little Italy. Man, you do need an education.

Antonio places the headphones over Holland's ear. He holds one cup away from Holland's ear.

ANTONIO (cont.)

I'm going to give you an education in music. Heavy on the punk stuff--loud,

Cont.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
angry, biting social comment if I ever  
heard it. And a dash of reggae to smooth  
the waters. Enjoy.

Antonio lets the earcup fall back onto Holland's head. He  
departs.

Holland tries to shake the earphones off, but they are  
tightly wedged on his head.

The music blasts forth.

Holland's eyes widen. The music is painful to the poor man.

EXT. - CESARE'S FARM - MID-MORNING

The beat of reggae fills the air.

Cesare, Antonio-piccolo, Roberto, and Raoul are working on a  
threshing machine. The machine is old, very old. It has  
been in the family for almost three generations, purchased  
before the War, hidden from the Germans and Americans alike,  
and repaired many many times since. In the area, the ma-  
chine stands as the San Poulo family's greatest asset and  
business concern.

Antonio-piccolo and Roberto move to the beat of the music as  
they work.

Raoul smiles: he likes both the music and the work. We  
note that Raoul is very familiar with the machine: he has  
been here before.

RAOUL  
How the harvest look this year?

CESARE  
Buono. And about time. With devaluation  
and inflation and all the other -ations,  
we can barely survive.

RAOUL  
Then why don't you do something about it?

Cesare puts his fingers to his lip, looks at the young men,  
and shakes his head "no."

Raoul moves closer to Cesare: both are atop the machine.

Cont.



RAOUL (cont.)

(whispering) Man, you see something wrong, you do something about it.

CESARE

If I have learned anything these past years, it is that a man must first survive, fill his belly with enough food to talk tall and proud before he can try to change the bigger issues.

RAOUL

Your goddamn brother talks big, but no way is he going to change anything. All that viva la raza, il popolo shit. Think that sucker believes in anything or anybody? A fucking game, that's what it is.

CESARE

His ideas are not so foolish; it is his actions that are.

RAOUL

You fucking hit it there, man. Goddamn motherfucker thinks he's king of the fucking world. Pisses me off to see him shitting away everything we started. Fucking waste of time.

CESARE

Antonio tries to be someone he is not.

RAOUL

What you mean?

CESARE

Perhaps he is not a leader. His ideas are good, but he needs guidance.

RAOUL

I thought that was my fucking job!

CESARE

No. He may need to follow, not take advice.

RAOUL

Sounds like Brumley's old saying in school about leaders being thrown out of the people, not self proclaiming themselves.

Cont.

RAOUL (cont.)

You saying Antonio fucks up because he set himself up?

CESARE

It is possible.

RAOUL

Shit. Never thought about it like that. Wonder why that's true?

CESARE

Circumstances demand it. It is usually someone that the authorities would least expect, but in retrospect, someone they should have suspected years before.

Raoul looks into Cesare's face. For some reason, he seems to him in a different light, a glow, dare he think it, a halo.

CESARE (cont.)

(snapping out of it) Basta! We will be late if we do not hurry.

Cesare calls to the young men to finish up.

INT. - HIDEOUT ROOM - AFTERNOON

Holland sits listening to the music--he is still not used to the pounding beat, but he has seemed to have come to some kind of terms with it.

Antonio enters. Over his mask, he has placed sunglasses. Still the cigarette dangles. In one hand is a bottle of clear liquid.

Antonio sets the liquid by Holland's feet. He pulls back one earcup and listens. His foot taps to the beat. He removes the headphones and tosses them on the floor--no regard for the equipment.

ANTONIO

How's it going, Lem?

Holland's reaction is surprise: Lem is his nickname and only used among friends.

ANTONIO (cont)

What's wrong, Lem, ain't we friends anymore? Music too loud?

Cont.

HOLLAND

Vicious propaganda.

ANTONIO

Yeah, and they play it on the BBC every night, and in America, too. (pause) Well, not all of it, but they do play it.

HOLLAND

No wonder our country is getting weak.

ANTONIO

Chill out, Lem. I come in here for pleasant conversation and you give me this crap. Lighten up, will'ya.

HOLLAND

Friends do not tie each other up; they converse like human beings.

ANTONIO

(laughs) My old friend'd say that is exactly how human beings talk.

Antonio claps his hands. He sits on a table in a corner of the small room: a newly placed table.

Renaldo enters, salutes, and stands at attention.

Antonio nods to Holland.

HOLLAND

Soldier! Untie me at once.

Renaldo salutes, puts down his gun, and begins untying the rope. He stops suddenly. He turns to look at Antonio.

ANTONIO

(disgusted) Get out of here.

Renaldo quickly grabs his gun and leaves.

ANTONIO (cont.)

(nodding to the door) My second in command. It's hard to get good help these days.

Antonio finishes what Renaldo started.

HOLLAND

I have a similar problem at NATO.

Cont.

ANTONIO

There you go, freedom.

HOLLAND

(rubbing his wrists) I will not thank you for your hospitality.

ANTONIO

Hold on, Lem, you can't leave just like that. Now we're even; well, as even as I'll let us be. Sit down; drink.

Antonio hands him the bottle of clear liquid. He lights a cigarette.

Holland eyes him suspiciously. He sniffs the liquid, sensing nothing. He looks at Antonio's face which is smiling and puffing intensely on the cigarette. He places it near the opposite corner.

HOLLAND

No, thank you.

Antonio flicks his cigarette into the bottle.

It bursts into flames on contact!!

Cleo rushes into the room with an extinguisher.

ANTONIO

Put that out, will you, my dear.

Cleo sprays the flaming bottle.

ANTONIO (cont.)

Thank you, you may leave.

HOLLAND

Attractive woman. You . . . ?

ANTONIO

Everybody's! This is not a rigid society here, Lem, people do as they please. If I want her, I got here. If I don't, anybody else can take her. Doesn't matter.

HOLLAND

That, sir, is immoral.

ANTONIO

And that little strumpet in your bed last night, what was she? Getting

Cont.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
 indoctrinated? (waves off Holland's denial) Don't give me any crap explanation. You're a hypocrite. Admit it and go on. I do it all the time.

Antonio smiles and replaces the headphones. He waves over the back of his head as he departs. He turns before exiting.

ANTONIO (cont.)  
 Oh, if you've any ideas about ditching the phones, the room's wired. I'll blast it in even louder. I'd take the headphones--you get the beats and the lyrics better.

Antonio departs.

Holland slams one fist into his hand.

EXT. - FARMLANDS OF CECCANO - AFTERNOON

Cesare and Raoul stand atop the treashing machine and stuff the grain into the aperture.

Roberto and Antonio-piccolo stand below and pitchfork the grain up to the two men.

VARIOUS OTHER MEN, THE OWNER AND HIS RELATIVES, help gather the grain and pile it. SOME OTHERS take the finished bales and stack them on waiting carts.

All men have hard, determined looks on their faces--but the work is good, and pride also crosses their faces as the sweat pours from their bodies.

Raoul actually seems to be enjoying himself immensely.

INT. - HIDEOUT - DUSK

Another room, just as dreary as the General's room. Around the room various members of Antonio's crew are killing time: playing cards, cleaning their guns, reading comic books.

Teresa stands by the doorway. Gun held high. Her face is tense: her eyes dart about the room. If anything happens, she is ready. She looks at the middle-aged man--he too is tense.

Cont.

None of the others seem very concerned: all are basically idle.

Antonio sits in a large chair in his usual leg-over-the-arm-rest position. He is incredibly bored by what he sees. Since Teresa has closed off all relations, he has become even more bored. Raoul's departure has also sucked some of the zest. He looks at Cleo, who lies on the floor on her stomach, leafing through a picture magazine: she means nothing to him at all.

Antonio sees one of his men pushing the food tray through the hallway. The food is untouched.

ANTONIO

Enrico! What are you doing?

Enrico stops and enters the room.

ENRICO

He does not like the food. I am bringing it back to get him what he wants.

ANTONIO

Jesus Christ, he's our prisoner--not our fucking guest!

ENRICO

I am sorry, sir, but he insisted . . .

ANTONIO

(amused) Okay, okay, sit down. I'll handle this.

Antonio laughs to himself as he walks to the tray.

INT. - KENNEDY AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY - SAME TIME AS PREVIOUS SCENE

A TALL LONG-LEGGED BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN HER EARLY THIRTIES stands receiving her ticket from the counter. She is dressed in a fine beige dress. Her hair is long and silken, the color of red roses. Her eyes are bright and her smile attractive. She is General Holland's wife, MEGAN O'DONNELL HOLLAND, a former Miss America of Irish extraction.

Major Baker comes up to her.

BAKER

Mrs. Holland. I am very . . .

Cont.

MEGAN

Yes, I know. (muttering to herself) Lem promised.

BAKER

Excuse me, Mrs. Holland?

MEGAN

Nothing.

BAKER

My orders are that I am to escort you back to Rome.

MEGAN

I don't need protection, do I?

BAKER

The Army deems it necessary, Mrs. Holland.

MEGAN

Well, then, do you have your ticket?

BAKER

All arranged, Mrs. Holland.

MEGAN

Oh well, get my bags and let's go. The plane leaves in fifteen minutes.

BAKER

Very good, Mrs. Holland.

Megan smiles slightly as Baker gathers up her bags. To her, the army is a very strange organization--much too careful when it does not need to be. Although slightly perturbed by Baker's presence, she is happy about her bemusement since it is her first break from worrying about her husband's safety. She hopes that the rift in their marriage can be repaired after his rescue; she will give him a chance to improve the lines of communication, but only one more chance.

EXT. - CESARE'S FARM - NIGHT

Angelina gathers the children. It is time for bed.

They run and play as they come into the house.

Angelina stands in the doorway and looks down the hill. She sees the bright lights in the distance and knows that her husband, child, nephew, and husband's friend are still

Cont.

working. Worry crosses her face: worry about the future, and worry about the past. She touches her stomach--the sixth kid quietly growing within her. She pushes back her hair and tries to smile--but nothing seems worth smiling about.

EXT. - FARMLAND - NIGHT - LATER

The work is done. THE MEN sit at a hastily erected table next to the imposing machine. The men talk, drink, and laugh. The occasion is joyous: the spirits high--the field has been harvested.

Cesare, occasionally, has a sad look on his face.

Raoul carefully watches his friend and cheers him up when darkness crosses his face.

Antonio-piccolo and Roberto are extremely elated--they are accepted as full grown men amid the company of other men. Thus, their joy is doubled. Still they play childish pranks on one another, such as tipping the glass as one tries to drink.

INT. - HOLLAND'S ROOM IN THE HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Antonio sits smoking on the table in the room.

Holland finishes his meal and takes a long drink from his glass.

HOLLAND

Not bad. Reminds me of NATO Headquarters cafeteria in Rome.

ANTONIO

Don't try your foolishness with me, Lem; I'm not one of those idiots.

HOLLAND

No, you're correct; you're not an idiot. A fool, perhaps, but not an idiot. I do recognize quality.

Holland raises his glass to Antonio in a toast.

ANTONIO

We're not very different from each other, you know.

Cont.



HOLLAND

No, I do not know.

ANTONIO

Stop being a damn fool. You know we're the same. We both crave action; we both have to deal with incompetents; we both believe in one essential thing--ourselves.

HOLLAND

I believe in my country.

ANTONIO

Bullshit. I've read up on you. A real competitive son-of-a-bitch. I know your kind.

HOLLAND

Kindred spirits, eh?

ANTONIO

Maybe. I admit we don't align ourselves in the same causes, but we do it for the same reasons. You don't give a fuck for America or any of that crap.

HOLLAND

Thus, you don't believe a word of what you espouse.

ANTONIO

I didn't say that. I'll admit to bending it to my own personal whims, but I'm better than you, Lem, I really believe most of the shit I say.

HOLLAND

Then you're a bigger fool than I am.

ANTONIO

I doubt it. I said I believed most of it, not that I lived it, or would want to. (pause) Our kind need each other in this godforsaken world. Without you, there wouldn't need to be a me.

Holland ponders Antonio's theory. He pours himself another glass. Offers to pour Antonio a glass, and upon his nod of acceptance, does so. Under his exterior, the general is intrigued by this man. He must crush him like a bug, but he knows him. Yes he knows him well.

Cont.

HOLLAND

A toast then.

Antonio raises his glass, smiling as he does.

Holland smiles knowingly.

They drink.

INT. - NATO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The place is still alert. Papers shuffle, people move back and forth between machines.

At the front of the room stands GENERAL JONES, a higher ranking officer than Holland. He is a no-nonsense administrator, older and more solidly Army than Holland. His eyes take in every detail: his brain sharp.

JONES

Major Baker.

BAKER

(snapping to attention) Yes, sir.

JONES

Do you know a Signore Facci, major?

BAKER

No, sir. But I can get the information through the embassy. He is a frequent guest of . . .

JONES

Then do it, major. Immediately.

BAKER

Sir!

Baker salutes and hurries off.

COLONEL

Begging the general's pardon, but . . .

JONES

Button it, colonel. I want the best on this case. Makes our Army look bad to have one of our own kidnapped in his own house. Especially when the information is broadcast all over Rome by a naked teenybopper.

Cont.

COLONEL

She was twenty, sir.

JONES

Don't interrupt me, colonel! Have you secured the girl and the story? Makes the Army look bad. Damn that Holland.

COLONEL

Yes, sir. She has . . .

JONES

I don't want to know the details, colonel. I want it done.

COLONEL

It has, sir.

JONES

Good! Now get me a cup of coffee. And make sure that Baker and Signore Facci are escorted to me directly. That is all, colonel.

COLONEL

Very good, sir.

The colonel salutes and departs.

Jones places both hands on the desk and leans forward. He is extremely agitated by the Holland kidnapping. Although he does not like Holland, he does like the Army and does not like to see it made a fool of.

INT. - CESARE'S KITCHEN - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

Angelina sits quietly in the kitchen looking through the newspaper. She catches the headline about the kidnapping of Holland. Although the paper is a day or two old, it does feature a description of the kidnappers as given to the press.

Angelina is disturbed. Although she is not absolutely certain, she senses that the kidnappers are known to her, and the kidnappers are known to her husband, known quite well. She considers tearing the paper up, but thinks better of it.

INT. - HEADQUARTERS - DAY - ABOUT SAME TIME

Megan stands next to General Jones. She is concerned.

Cont.

MEGAN

It's been three days, Tom, and so far no clues, no nothing.

JONES

Megan, we're doing all we can. Personally, and this is off the record, this is the best thing that ever happened to Lem.

MEGAN

How can you say that?

JONES

Look, you know that I don't care for your husband very much, but I do care about you. Something like this will upgrade his position in the department. (raises his hand to stifle her) Hear me out. This incident will either get him a more active assignment or get him transferred back to the States. I know you've been having problems lately, and, well, this may help work them out.

MEGAN

I see what you're doing, Tom, thanks. But I . . .

JONES

Just keep in mind that I've put aside my personal feelings in this matter and I'm doing everything possible to speed Lem back home.

Jones spots Facci and motions to him.

JONES (cont.)

Let me get someone who can fill you in much better. Mrs. Holland, Signore Facci.

FACCI

Sono molto contento di incontrari.

MEGAN

Pleased to meet you.

FACCI

I will speak English since most Americans are more comfortable with their native language.

Cont.

MEGAN

Thank you.

FACCI

I have been engaged to aid your Army in finding your husband. Unfortunately, we have not found him.

MEGAN

Are there any clues?

FACCI

None that will help, I am afraid. I do have a contact with, shall we say, a most disreputable organization. If anyone can find your husband, they can.

MEGAN

But . . .

FACCI

In this business, the less questions, the better. I hope you will understand.

MEGAN

Somehow I do, Signore Facci.

FACCI

Please, perhaps you may permit me to escort you to dinner. I do this for professional reasons, signora, so that I may discover some insignificant piece of information that may help us in securing your husband's release.

MEGAN

If you think it will help, yes. Please call me Megan, though; I so hate formalities.

Facci is taken aback at this suggestion.

MEGAN (cont.)

Something wrong?

FACCI

No, no, Signora Holland. Shall we say eight o'clock?

MEGAN

Yes, that would be fine. Have I said . . .

Cont.

FACCI

No, it is nothing. Thank you for your co-operation.

Megan leaves.

Facci returns to his papers.

INT. - HOLLAND'S CELL - DAY

Holland sits in the chair, headphones intact. His arms are crossed; he does not like it in this cell. His mind courses as to how to escape, but nothing tangible enters.

Teresa enters the room bearing a tray of food. She has altered her uniform. There is a large slit down each leg, from her waist to her ankles; also, a large slit from her shoulder to her wrist. The skin is exposed. Her mask is still in place; her hair is up.

Holland's eyes widen. Perhaps Antonio has seen fit to give the general some of what he has bragged about getting. Aside from that, the sight of a woman is something new--all his dinner-bearers have been men. He does not recognize Teresa.

Holland removes his headphones. He points to the table.

HOLLAND

Please, sit, signorina.

Teresa coyly places the tray in front of Holland and sits atop the table. She crosses her legs, exposing more flesh.

HOLLAND (cont.)

It's been so long since I've seen a pretty face. Hm, what's the word, bello.

TERESA

(seductively) I speak English. (raising eyebrows) Quite well, in fact.

HOLLAND

Superb! Well, now, bright and beautiful. (pause) Are you one of this band?

TERESA

No, no, I am just a slave here.

HOLLAND

The pity. Someone as lovely as you should be a queen, on a throne. Such legs . . . Cont.

TERESA

(cutely) Oh, I have not been able to take care of myself as I do.

HOLLAND

Oh, no, no, you are perfect as you are. (pause to look around) Is this room bugged?

TERESA

Bugged?

HOLLAND

Wired for sound, I mean. Can anyone hear us?

TERESA

Only God, Signore Generale.

HOLLAND

Fine, fine. Would you like to help a poor old man who is very sad?

TERESA

How could I help you? You cannot escape.

HOLLAND

No, that's not important right now. I mean comfort me in my direst hour.

TERESA

How may I do that, signore?

Holland rises and walks up to her. He caresses her legs, working his way up.

Teresa kicks him onto the floor. She pulls a stiletto from her boot and places it at Holland's throat.

TERESA (cont.)

You filthy pervert! I saw you! I saw you that first night with that poor girl! If she was my sister, I'd cut you, I'd cut you good.

Holland screams for help.

TERESA (cont.)

Shut up! Nobody'll come rushing in here to help you, you slime.

Antonio rushes in and pulls Teresa away. He slaps her hard across the mouth. Cont.

The knife flies from her hand.

ANTONIO

What the hell do you think you're doing?

Teresa dabs her bleeding lip. Pure naked hatred on her face.

TERESA

This pig deserves to be gutted.

ANTONIO

This pig, as you call him, is our ticket to immortality.

TERESA

Maybe yours, but not mine. He's a filthy pig who treats his women like . . .

ANTONIO

I get it. You tried to seduce him, and he'd have no part of you. You like violence, right now that blood on your lip is . . .

Holland reaches for the knife.

Teresa jumps and kicks him in the head, knocking him to the floor. She picks up her knife and places it back into her boot.

TERESA

I'm through. Don't try to stop me or I'll gut you. I could've let him do it for me, but I'm not totally over you yet. I'm through.

Teresa walks away. Before the door, she turns.

TERESA (cont.)

One last word to cut us completely. Listen carefully, Oh Signore Anarchiste, watch the old swine. Did you hear me? Watch him.

Teresa leaves.

Antonio looks at the door as it slams.

Holland lies on the ground holding his head and moaning.

Antonio helps him to his chair.

Cont.



ANTONIO

Women.

INT. - RESTAURANT (SAME AS IN OPENING) - NIGHT

Facci and Megan are seated at the same table as the General and Teresa were seated earlier in the script. Their dinner is almost over. They are both having a good time.

FACCI

You are delightful. (an embarrassing pause) Megan.

Megan touches his hand.

MEGAN

Thank you. (laughing) You were saying?

FACCI

Ah, before your story?

MEGAN

Yes.

FACCI

(calmly) We have reason to believe that an incident which occurred one week prior to your husband's kidnapping is connected. A horrible crime--a man was burned to death. But what intrigues us is that it seems to have been well-planned and coordinated. Plus, your husband was there, and the man was carrying papers for him.

MEGAN

(concerned) Were these same men after my husband? Was the fire intended for him?

FACCI

That I cannot say. (pause) There is an organization, rather loosely constructed, rumored to exist.

MEGAN

Not Red Brigade?

FACCI

No, not as well known. These people have no known name, no slogans, no, as you say in America, p.r. They move by whim; the whim of their leader. There is a rumored

Cont.

FACCI (cont.)

name, but no one has ever proved anything, or found him. This incident is their most important--the rest, or those attributed to them, were small, gestures you could call them.

MEGAN

Is that supposed to be reassuring?

FACCI

No, but it does give you an idea of whom we are dealing with.

MEGAN

Besides the man last week, have they ever killed anyone?

FACCI

To our knowledge, no. But then, they have also not kidnapped anyone either.

Megan quickly looks down.

INT. - CESARE'S KICHEN - NIGHT

Angelina is making dinner.

Around her feet, the two youngest girls scurry about.

Raoul enters.

RAOUL

Cesare sent me on ahead. They be here in a little while.

Angelina sends the children outside. She points to a chair so that Raoul will sit down.

Raoul sits, wondering what is up now.

Angelina takes the newspaper and hands it to Raoul. She stands before him with her arms crossed.

Raoul tries not to show any sign that he understands, but he is amazed that Antonio actually went through with his crazy plan, and even more amazed that he did not botch the kidnapping.

ANGELINA

What do you know of this kidnapping?

Cont.

RAOUL

I don't dig you.

ANGELINA

Antonio? He is responsible?

RAOUL

Look, mama, do you really wanna know?

ANGELINA

If it affects my husband, yes.

RAOUL

Okay, only 'cause I respect you. One of the things I split with your brother-in-law over was something about a kidnapping. Yeah, about this cat right here. Could be a coincidence, I don't know. I'll tell you this, though, the man is whacko. You know, blown.

ANGELINA

Why? Why did he do it?

RAOUL

I hate to tell you this, but I think I got an idea about it.

ANGELINA

Yes.

RAOUL

I think he did it to get a rise out of your old man.

ANGELINA

Che?

RAOUL

Just get his brother off his ass.

ANGELINA

But . . .

RAOUL

For years, he's mumbled something about saving him.

Angelina turns her back.

ANGELINA

He never did like me.

Cont.

RAOUL

He ain't alone in the hate department,  
is he? (no reply) Tony didn't mean you;  
he meant Italy.

ANGELINA

To Antonio, I am Italy.

RAOUL

That's plain stupid. The man just wants  
his brother with him. He kind of admires  
him, you know, admires him in the old days.

ANGELINA

What is past is passed.

RAOUL

You can't put everything in past tense;  
you lose the future, and you lose the pre-  
sent.

ANGELINA

Can you help me?

RAOUL

It's about time you realized I'm your  
friend. I know in the past you haven't  
exactly been signora hospitality, but  
I don't blame you none. We friends?

Angelina smiles and slaps Raoul's outstretched hand.

Raoul smiles.

EXT. - OUTSIDE NATO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

All is quiet, a lone figure walks the street nervously. His  
head turning every which way, scared to death of being seen  
or of being followed. He spots the steps to the front door  
and moves towards them. It is the middle-aged man in  
Antonio's gang.

A female steps out from a bush holding a knife. She ges-  
tures to the man to come close. It is Teresa.

TERESA

You come to turn them in.

MIDDLE-AGED

No, no, I come to spy.

Cont.

TERESA

You come to lie.

MIDDLE-AGED

No, I . . .

TERESA

Have you told anyone yet?

MIDDLE-AGED

I . . .

TERESA

Talk, your last breath is soon in coming.

MIDDLE-AGED

Yes, yes, I call on telephone.

TERESA

Did you give the location?

MIDDLE-AGED

Some, some, not all. I lead; they pay. I split.

TERESA

You will split alright.

Teresa stabs the man, but not deep enough to kill him. She pushes him onto the steps. She disappears into the night.

INT. - CESARE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cesare, Roberto, and Antonio-piccolo enter the kitchen: they are laughing and in high, yet tired, spirits.

Raoul and Angelina are seated at the table. The looks on their faces indicate that they want to talk.

Cesare tells the two boys to go to bed.

They leave.

CESARE

What is the problem?

Raoul tosses the newspaper to Cesare.

Cesare looks at the front page and reads the story. He does not understand, but has some idea. He hopes that he is incorrect.

Cont.

CESARE

Antonio?

Raoul nods his head in assent.

Cesare seats himself down, age suddenly pounding on his weary bones. He cannot believe that Antonio would do such a thing.

CESARE (cont.)

Perche?

RAOUL

Take it easy, Cess. Like I told you the other day, your brother's . . .

CESARE

No, I cannot believe this. It is not him. He . . . He . . .

RAOUL

We're sure that's him. Now, what we want to know is, what are you going to do about it?

CESARE

I . . . I must go to Rome. Find him and make him give himself up.

RAOUL

(looking first to Angelina) That's exactly what we're afraid of. Man, you can't do no good there. Shit, I don't even know where the first place to look is, much less where he could be hanging out. Could be the goddamn Colosseum for all I know.

Cesare looks up at Angelina.

Angelina's face is one of concern, mixed with anger about Antonio. Her eyes implore Cesare to forget the whole thing.

Cesare stares blankly at the floor, wringing his hands. He arises, a bit confused and out of touch.

CESARE

The goats. I must get the goats.

He ambles out, very absent-minded and lost.

Raoul looks at Angelina: he will follow Cesare and help him in everyway that he can. He leaves.

Cont.

Antonio-piccolo enters and places his arms around his aunt's head. Anger is written on his face: anger at whoever has made her feel this way.

INT. - NATO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Jones, Facci, and various other officers are having a serious discussion.

COLONEL

Before he died, sir, he did give us the location. Nothing more, sir.

JONES

Have the troops been alerted?

FACCI

If I may interrupt, Generale, I forwarded the information to the carrabinieri. I would rather the Italian police rescued Generale Holland.

JONES

Good thinking, Signore Facci. Good thinking.

FACCI

The informer was a member of a secret organization . . .

JONES

Yes, Signore Facci, I was briefed on your contacts. Disreputable, but effective.

FACCI

One of the few times their number and ours exchange information willingly.

JONES

Hate to say it, but we owe them one.

FACCI

No, Generale, they owe us. They always owe us.

JONES

Yes, I understand, signore. (pause) When will . . . ?

FACCI

Soon, I believe. I will be assisting in the rescue. I shall leave now, if I may. Cont.

JONES

Good, good. Will you report to me directly after the exercise? Success or failure?

FACCI

There will be no failure, Generale.

Jones nods his head in assent and understanding.

INT. - ITALIAN POLICE - NIGHT

The preparations are underway to recapture Holland.

Modern equipment is within sight and the men who are assembling it seem very professional, competent, and knowledgeable.

Facci enters. He refuses the body armor or a weapon.

EXT. - HILLS BEHIND CESARE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cesare tries to herd the goats, but his mind is elsewhere.

Raoul stands a bit aloof, not interfering in Cesare's work or state of mind. He occasionally leads a goat in the right direction.

INT. - HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The phone rings. It is the only outside contact that Antonio has permitted.

Antonio answers it. He listens closely: his eyes pop. He quickly glances out of the window and sees some men assembling. He hangs up quickly, and darts to Holland's room.

He bursts into the room.

ANTONIO

Your day of salvation is at hand, Lem. Unfortunately, I must go. See you in the funny papers, Lemmy.

Antonio darts out of the room.

Holland is confused for a moment; then he crouches--could this madman mean that death was coming. His eyes scan the room looking for airholes through which poison gas will

Cont.



flow. He sees none. He braces himself next to the wall beside the door, pieces of the broken chair in his hand. No one will kill him easily if he has anything to say about it.

EXT. - HILLS BEHIND CESARE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

While herding the goats, one misshapen one runs from the herd.

Raoul chases it, but it eludes him and runs off into the darkness.

Cesare sadly looks to where the goat disappeared. He smiles and seems to be cheering on the goat: his thoughts of his brother escaping. But sadness creeps back in and he bows his head as he continues herding the goats.

INT. - ANTONIO'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The police burst into the hideout through the front door, the windows, and from the ceiling.

The crew reach for their weapons and try to shoot.

The police cut them down effectively and efficiently.

Cleo jumps from her sleeping bag, knife held high, but is killed in mid-jump.

The place is a mass of smoke and blood.

One policeman kicks open the door to Holland's cell, peers in, and enters.

Holland clubs him over the head.

Facci walks in, calmly.

FACCI

Ah, Generale Holland, how very good it is to see you again. You are well?

Holland harrumphs and burshes past Facci haughtily.

HOLLAND

Who's in charge here? I demand to be taken to NATO immediately.

Cont.

Facci pulls out a gold cigarette case, extracts a cigarette, taps it thrice on the case, places it into his mouth, and lights it.

FACCI

I am, General. My car awaits. Shall we?

Holland storms out of the room, paying no attention to the bodies.

Facci sighs, takes a puff, and follows slowly.

FACCI (cont.)

See that no reporters enter this room. See that everything is photographed and cleaned by daybreak.

POLICEMAN

Si, Signore Facci.

INT. - ITALIAN BUSINESSMAN'S APARTMENT IN ROME - NIGHT

The Italian businessman whom we saw signal Antonio after the General's speech earlier in the script is comfortably resting in a chair, listening to Verdi, and looking over some papers.

VOICE

Ciao, Vico.

Vico turns, frightened.

VOICE (cont.)

Do not be afraid. (stepping from behind the curtain) It's only me.

Vico sighs with relief; then starts up in his chair, even more frightened. It is Antonio!

ANTONIO (cont.)

I only need a place to shower and shave. See, I don't even need to borrow any of your clothes; I borrowed some from the store down the street. By the way, do you still have my papers?

VICO

Si.

Cont.

ANTONIO

Good. Lay them out on your bed while I take clean-up. Don't worry, I'll only be here thirty minutes. Lighten up, nobody can link us up.

Vico nervously wanders into his bedroom.

Antonio laughs and feels his beard--it must go.

INT. - NATO HEADQUARTER'S DEBRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Jones and Baker sit across from Holland in the debriefing room. Facci stands next to the door, calmly smoking.

Holland is dressed in a robe; he has just taken a shower and cleaned up. He has left his beard alone, though.

HOLLAND

Did you get them all?

Jones looks at Facci.

FACCI

According to your description and our information, the leader has disappeared.

HOLLAND

Disappeared! That bastard knew you were coming. How?

FACCI

That I cannot comment on, Generale Holland, but I would assume it was the same person who killed our informer.

JONES

Lem, is there anything else you can tell us?

HOLLAND

Not a damn thing; nothing else that would help you find this bastard.

FACCI

Generale Holland, I would like to show you a photograph. A rather poor one, taken many years ago, but is of a man who we believe may be the leader of your kidnapers.

Cont.

Facci shows Holland a picture taken almost twenty years ago.

The face on the picture is of Antonio during his schooldays at Columbia. His hair is very long as is his beard.

FACCI (cont.)

About three years ago, Signore Townshend, the Robert Townshend that Signore Moreland and I were discussing at the embassy the other week, and I followed a lead on this man. No one has been able to prove that we may have been correct.

HOLLAND

What kind of picture is this?

FACCI

I believe that it is what you Americans call a yearbook picture. It never officially appeared, but we acquired it from an old girlfriend of this gentleman's. A Robin Johnson.

JONES

Works in the State Department here in Rome. Good looking woman, married to Edgar Johnson, the mystery writer. Good people.

HOLLAND

I'm not sure, but if you cut some of this hair, put a two week's growth of beard on him, and aged him twenty years, it could be him. Where is he?

FACCI

That, we do not know. Five years ago he was a translator of American newspapers, essays, and novels here in Rome. Since then, nothing.

HOLLAND

How can a man just disappear?

JONES

The only other person who'd know is dead. His constant black companion killed in the rescue.

HOLLAND

Are you sure everybody is accounted for but him?

Cont.

FACCI

From your description of the number and sex, yes. You have not miscounted, have you?

HOLLAND

Hell no. I never miscount.

Holland has though, he has neglected to mention the girl in the sexy outfit, Teresa, due to embarrassment. He rubs the bruises on his face.

FACCI

Was there much torture?

HOLLAND

Damn straight, Facci. They forced me to listen to some kind of damned subversive music. Called it punk or something or other.

Baker chuckles a bit.

Jones leans back in his chair.

JONES

Find anything funny, major?

BAKER

No, sir. I know of the music that the General speaks of, sir. Personally, I like it very much.

HOLLAND

Damned army's going to hell in a bucket.

JONES

That's enough, Lem. Major Baker, get these notes typed up. I want them on my desk at 0-700.

Baker salutes and leaves.

JONES (cont.)

Lem, Megan knows you're safe and she's at the house. Go home, get some rest, we'll talk tomorrow afternoon.

HOLLAND

But, Tom . . .

Cont.

JONES

That's an order, Holland. She's been worried sick.

Holland salutes, but not very respectfully.

HOLLAND

Yes, sir.

FACCI

Would you care for a ride, Generale Holland?

Holland mumbles something and brushes past Facci on the way out.

JONES

Don't mind him, Signore Facci, confinement does that to a man.

FACCI

I do not think that confinement is his only problem, Generale Jones.

JONES

(laughs) You might be right. Personally, I never liked the son-of-a-bitch much.

Facci smiles and nods knowingly.

JONES (cont.)

How about a drink before we continue, signore?

FACCI

I think that we deserve one, Generale.

JONES

You're my kind of man, Signore Facci.

FACCI

(smiling) Pietro.

JONES

Tom. I'll call you Pete, okay.

FACCI

As your American forces said during World War II, okie-dokie.

Cont.

EXT. - MOUNTAINS - DAYBREAK

Antonio flees southward across the same path that Raoul took. Except, the skies are threatening with lightning and clouds. Antonio does not seem to mind--this is his element.

INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Holland sits up in his bed, head resting on a pillow against the headboard. He touches the bulletholes still embedded in the headboard.

Megan exits from the bathroom dressed in her finest silk nightgown. She looks absolutely stunning. She looks lovingly at her husband, walks in front of line of vision, and stands there seductively.

Holland smiles, but it is a smile mixed with regret and something else.

Megan drops her nightgown and climbs into bed. She kisses him all over his face and her hands caress his body.

Holland, at first, seems very interested. He actively engages. Then, suddenly, he stops.

MEGAN

What's wrong?

Holland turns over on his side--back facing Megan.

HOLLAND

I don't know. Maybe it's the shock of being free again. Maybe . . .

MEGAN

(angry) Maybe, maybe, always maybe! Christ, do you realize how long it's been.

HOLLAND

Honey, I . . .

MEGAN

What the hell is wrong with you? Is it me?

HOLLAND

(turning towards her) No, dear, its just that I . . . well, don't ever.

Cont.

Megan gets out of bed and picks up her nightgown.

MEGAN

You needn't worry about me. I'll sleep  
in the guest room. Good night.

Megan storms out of the bedroom.

HOLLAND

Megan. (pause to hear door slam) Damn.

Holland punches the pillow.

EXT. - UPPER FIELD OF CESARE'S FARM - EARLY MORNING

Cesare is checking on the crops. The sun has barely risen in the sky. He stops by the bomb that was dropped during World War II, landed in this field, and has never exploded. Half of it sticks out like a grim reminder of the war and the state of present world. As usual, he hits the top of it for good luck. He continues inspecting for bugs, and he continues his burning thoughts of the past weeks.

VOICE

Looks pretty good this year.

Cesare turns with a start. He sees his brother Antonio sitting atop the bomb, smoking his cigarette.

ANTONIO (cont.)

Aren't you glad to see me? I didn't  
wait five years this time.

CESARE

What do you want?

ANTONIO

Don't you know?

CESARE

You want me to get involved with your  
scheme.

ANTONIO

Ah, I never could fool you, could I?

CESARE

I would not go for your kind of life or  
follow you.

Cont.



ANTONIO

Why not? What do you got here? This ain't the life for you; you're a doer, a revolutionary like me.

CESARE

No. I am a farmer, poor, but happy.

ANTONIO

You try too hard to be Italian.

CESARE

Yes. But you try too hard to be an American.

ANTONIO

Fuck!

CESARE

See what I mean.

Antonio laughs at his brother's joke.

Cesare smiles also.

Antonio pulls out another cigarette. He offers Cesare one.

ANTONIO

Oh, I forgot, you're trying to achieve purity of lungs or some such nonsense. I don't believe all that cancer shit. Do you?

CESARE

Yes, I believe that they are harmful. Especially American cigarettes. I read that there is a certain percentage of their makeup that is considered secret. The story also said that this secret percentage may be composed of anything from chocolate to marijuana. (pause) Only in America, I suppose.

Antonio laughs.

ANTONIO

Yeah. Suppose you're right. (pause) We're funny that way, Cesare. Born right here in this ratty place, schooled in America. You came back to stay; I just hang out now and then. Which one of us do you think's got it right.

Cont.

CESARE

Perhaps we have both chosen the right path for ourselves.

ANTONIO

I don't know; I really don't know.  
(pause; change of mood) Hear about my latest mischief.

CESARE

I am sorry to say, yes.

ANTONIO

Didn't work. Busted. Flat. Someone spilled or something screwed up, I don't know.

CESARE

Then whatever you were trying to do is finished, lost.

ANTONIO

No, man, don't you follow your history-- you always lose the first battle. All the victors have fucked up real bad the first time on the field.

CESARE

Why?

ANTONIO

Simple. You win first time out, your men get complacent. You lose, they fight like hell.

CESARE

So, you will win, then?

ANTONIO

In the bag, Ray, in the bag.

CESARE

Hm. (pause) Thank you for the history lesson. I have work to do.

ANTONIO

You don't hear me, do you? I'm fighting a just cause. If something isn't right, you tear it down, destroy it, and then you rebuild. You cleanse the world of these bastards and these shit institutions. Just like the American Indians

Cont.

ANTONIO (cont.)

used to burn their fields clean before they planted for the next year. A clean slate.

CESARE

No, you do not try to change, to correct-- you merely destroy. Man cannot destroy everything around him.

ANTONIO

Why not? It's been done for centuries.

CESARE

Again, no. There is change. Look at the soil, these crops--here is change. In nature, change is a constant. In life, change happens, but in a personal way: new romances, births, growth, marriages, and, yes, even death. Change is a slow process, a steady growth.

ANTONIO

C'mon, that's just personal stuff. It doesn't mean anything.

CESARE

Yes, it is personal, but everything, no matter what it is, is political. There is a political dimension to marriage, to birth, to death. You have said it yourself. Politics is everywhere and in everything. But you must try to understand that change starts right here. True change. Once you understand the cycles of natural change, you can plan the larger changes within society. A slow growth, Antonio.

ANTONIO

You're a fool, my brother, a real fucking fool.

CESARE

Perhaps. Perhaps. But look at our . . . my country. A new government every other month, does it essentially change anything? No. The people live, work, and die--they go on. Eventually they will effect true change by the mere process of living and growing. It is they who create the change that pushes the country forward, not the idlers in Roma.

Cont.

ANTONIO

You really believe that shit, huh?

CESARE

I have to, otherwise I am not alive.

ANTONIO

You might have a point, I don't buy it all, but might have something there. (laugh) Might've made a better thesis.

Cesare smiles.

ANTONIO (cont.)

I don't believe it--a smile after I mention your thesis. Goddamn! Guess you don't need me around. I figured . . .

CESARE

I do need you around, but as a brother and as a father to your . . .

ANTONIO

Don't start in on that shit again! Fuck, this was a mistake. We're not going to see each other for a long time. I think this time I'm too hot. They may even come asking you questions.

CESARE

Me?

ANTONIO

Part of my original backup plan. Don't worry, just a lot of questions. (pause) I'm not going to change, you know.

CESARE

Is there anything . . . ?

ANTONIO

Not a thing.

Antonio begins to move off; he stops.

ANTONIO (cont.)

Oh, take care of the kid. Give him the car; it was meant for you, jog your brain, you know.

Cont.

CESARE

I gave it to him and Roberto, my eldest.

ANTONIO

(sadly) Yeah, that's great.

Antonio disappears into the crops.

Cesare sadly watches him go. He is freed from his concern, part of his concern at least. His demons have almost been quelled, almost.

Raoul walks out from the other end of the crops.

Cesare notices him.

CESARE

You heard?

RAOUL

Yeah.

CESARE

Did I . . .

RAOUL

For you, man, you did yourself proud.  
You did us all proud. You want to get  
back to work now?

CESARE

(smiling) Let's go, man.

Raoul smiles and tosses his arm across Cesare's neck. The two men laugh as they walk down the hill towards the house.

INT. - NATO HEADQUARTERS - DAY - WEEK LATER

Holland is pacing around in his office. He is trying to argue his point-of-view to

Jones who sits at Holland's desk listening patiently.

JONES

Lem, you're due back at the Pentagon.  
You can't stay here anymore. Orders.

HOLLAND

Orders. Damn it, Tom, I have to find  
that goddamn red and bust him good. I  
have to.

Cont.

JONES

You can't. The Brass wants you back.

HOLLAND

Damnit, when I have a chance to actually do something useful . . .

JONES

Useful to you, not to the Pentagon.

HOLLAND

I have to do it, Tom, can't you see that.

JONES

The Army has no place for personal vendettas. Christ, Lem, just hop the next flight out, take Megan with you. She's been looking . . .

HOLLAND

You leave her out of this.

JONES

What is it? Trouble at home?

HOLLAND

(agitated) No! How dare you think such a thing.

JONES

Just asking, cool down, Lem. You trying for a one-star heart attack?

HOLLAND

No sarcasm, Tom. I'm going to find that bastard. And if I buck you, the Pentagon, and Foggy Bottom, I damn well will.

Holland storms out of his own office.

Jones sighs and pushes a button on the intercom.

JONES

Baker? Patch me through to the Pentagon.  
(pause) Who? Get anybody ranked higher than me. (pause) No, it shouldn't take too long.

INT. - RESTAURANT (THE SAME ONE) - DAY - LATER

Cont.

Megan is seated at a table, sipping on her drink, and continually looking at her watch.

Holland enters, angrily and briskly walking. He plops himself down across from Megan and buries his head in the menu.

A MAN IN AN ELEGANT SUIT who is sitting at the bar turns and lowers his sunglasses a bit to watch. The man is familiar looking.

MEGAN

Well?

HOLLAND

Well, I'm still ordered Stateside.

MEGAN

When do we leave?

HOLLAND

You can. I'm staying.

MEGAN

That anarchist again. Can't you let that be?

HOLLAND

No. (pause, softly) Look, honey, that's what's been bothering me nights. If I can catch him, it'll solve all our problems.

MEGAN

Fat chance. (she looks around; secretly) You had the problem long before he came into your life.

Holland slams the menu down on the table.

HOLLAND

If you feel that way about it, I'm leaving. You can eat alone; I'm going to find that son-of-a-bitch.

Holland gets up and marches out.

Megan crosses her arms and leans back.

As Holland exits

The man at the bar cruises over to Megan's table, drink in hand. He speaks with a slight Italian accent, sexy-like.

Cont.

MAN

Excuse me, signora, do you eat alone?

MEGAN

Not if I can help it.

MAN

Oh, you misunderstand my English. You like company, no?

Megan looks up at the man, he is attractive. She looks at the door and remembers her husband.

MEGAN

Even though, I think you're a gigolo, sit down.

MAN

(smiling) No gigolo, I a guide.

MEGAN

Just what I need, laddie.

Megan hands the man the menu.

MEGAN (cont.)

Guide me through this.

The man nods and complies.

Megan smiles: maybe she has found a way to get her husband to pay attention to her.

INT. - POLICE STATION - DAY

Holland bursts into the office of the chief of the CARRIBI-  
NERI. He is surprised to see Facci standing by the desk.

FACCI

My friend has gone to lunch. I am waiting for him. We can wait together.

HOLLAND

All I want is information, and I think it's in that file you're paging through.

FACCI

Ah, the San Poulo file.

HOLLAND

That his name?

Cont.



FACCI

(reading) Yes, Antonio San Poulo. Very interesting life. Born in Ceccano, a small town about one hundred kilometers south. Raised in your New York City, attended good schools, very bright, received degree in English Literature from Columbia University.

Holland grabs the file from Facci's hands.

HOLLAND

Yes, yes. Active in SDS, Students Against the War, all those subversive groups. Probably an environmentalist, too.

FACCI

No, his interests never veered in that direction.

HOLLAND

Says here he has a brother who lives in this town of Ceccano. Even that's subversive, sounds like Chicanos--damn wetbacks.

FACCI

Generale, Ceccano is an old and proud village--some great soccer players and a writer, I believe, came from there.

HOLLAND

Have your people talked to this brother?

FACCI

There is no point; he knows nothing of this. He is a quiet man with a large family and only a farm.

HOLLAND

Call the police in this Ceccano and tell them to bring him in. I'll go down there personally to talk to this . . . Cesare. What a name. Talk to him and get the truth. If he knows, he'll tell me.

FACCI

I do not have the authority. My friend may have it, but he is in agreement with me on this matter.

HOLLAND

Damned bureaucracy.

Cont.

Holland exits. He notices a high level officer. He talks him into believing that Facci and the chief have agreed to send a request to the Ceccano police to hold Cesare San Poulo until he arrives. The officer believes the general: he is dazzled by the uniform.

INT. - CAB - AFTERNOON

The man and Megan are driving in back of a cab. They have been together for several hours and look in very good spirits. It seems as if they have been drinking quite heavily, also.

The man, at one point, looks out of the window and sees a woman that he thinks he recognizes.

The woman seems to be Teresa--a much healthier-looking Teresa.

The man is startled, but the cab cruises by so fast that he loses sight of her.

Megan pulls the man closer to her, whispers something into his ear.

They both laugh loudly.

The cabdriver looks straight ahead, shaking his head at the antics of an American and a gigolo. Somedays his job is just too weird.

INT. - CESARE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cesare, Raoul, and Angelina sit around the kitchen table, laughing and playing with the children. Cesare occasionally pulls Angelina close to him, hugging her. The danger has passed--Cesare feels better about himself, his choice, and his future. Some change must happen--perhaps a run within the political system. The future seems fine.

The sound of a car starting up reverberates in the darkness.

Raoul jumps from his seat and springs to the door. He watches the red Fiat drive off. He thinks that he sees a woman at the wheel.

Cesare appears next to him, questions on his face: could it be Antonio?

Cont.

Raoul, recognizing the muted question, shakes his head "no." But a deep concern creases his face.

Cesare sighs--perhaps the trouble is just beginning.

INT. - CECCANO POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Holland argues with the police. They must bring Cesare in for questioning.

The POLICE CHIEF, a bored man who is very overweight, waves his arguments aside.

CHIEF

Domani. Domani mattina.

The chief rises from his desk and walks out. He does not like this brusque man. He will do his duty, but he does not like it very much.

INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Megan and the man enter the bedroom. The man turns off the lights. Megan stands quietly, dropping her purse onto the floor. Only the occasional lightning and streetlamps illuminate the pair.

The man walks up and faces Megan. He caresses her neck. He kisses her softly on the mouth; then he kisses her neck. His hands move to her dress and slowly unbutton it, kissing the exposed skin as he moves downward.

Megan's face is flushed and exhilarated. She knows exactly what she is doing--pleasure, pure, naked, unexpurgated pleasure: pleasure that she has not felt for a long long time. Perhaps after tonight, she can continue her resolve to win back her husband's affections, but these thoughts do not interfere, not tonight.

INT. - CESARE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is no nicer than the rest of the house--the bed is the same one on which each of his children were born. The only nicety is the dressing table, which is quite new and has Angelina's things upon it. A large rosary hangs above the bed on the wall.

Cesare and Angelina lie in bed. Cesare, with love in his eyes, kisses his wife. He places his hand on her exposed

Cont.

stomach, trying to hear the baby. He looks up at Angelina's beaming face; he kisses the stomach.

Angelina cradles his head upon her stomach.

EXT. - STREETS OF CECCANO - NIGHT

Holland walks the street. A storm is coming--the sky is dark and lightning occasionally appears. His mind races on the question of Antonio and the possible information from his brother--he will get some information. He spots a red Fiat parked on a sidestreet. Next to the car is a beautiful young woman: He does not recognize that it is Teresa.

Teresa's face is heavily made up--her dress is that of an extravagant, but common whore. She stands enticingly.

Holland, with a smile, walks up to her. His eyes pleading for sex.

Teresa knees him in the groin and pulls out a long stiletto: She means to finish him off.

A POLICEMAN accidentally passes. He notices the bent over General and the sparkle of the lightning on the blade. He blows a whistle and runs toward the pair.

Teresa quickly kicks the General and dashes into the car. She is gone before the policeman arrives.

The policeman tries to help the injured man.

Holland waves him violently away. He staggers up--cursing under his breathe.

INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Megan and the man sit up in the bed. Both smoke cigarettes.

The man reaches over and gently massages her breast.

Megan kisses him on the mouth--long.

MAN

Beautiful. You are lovely. (suddenly he becomes distant)

MEGAN

Something wrong?

Cont.

MAN

(sadly) Bad experience in past. Many.  
Not gentile. Maybe I miss.

MEGAN

Bad experiences? You must be kidding  
me? That was . . . wonderful.

MAN

Grazia. I no can tell you what my life  
is like.

MEGAN

Hush. I ask no questions. Tonight is  
ours.

MAN

Yes. (kiss) But I must tell you.

MEGAN

What?

MAN

I not what I appear. I . . . I  
anarchiste.

MEGAN

I wouldn't care if you were the one  
that the papers talk about.

MAN

What if I were?

MEGAN

Nothing I can do about it. Unless you  
plan on killing me.

MAN

Me? No, no, never.

MEGAN

Anyway, I can sympathize with a real re-  
volutionary. Fighting for a just cause,  
you know. My parents were from Northern  
Ireland originally. Catholics. Sometimes  
I wish the IRA would win, kick those nasty  
British out. But the violence bothers me,  
you know what I mean.

MAN

A little, I think. In Italia, is almost  
social norm.

Cont.

MEGAN

In America, too; in America, too.

MAN

Mio fratello, my brother, says that  
man must, how you say, begin with the  
personale.

MEGAN

Pretty good point. You agree?

MAN

I begin to see little, but I not con-  
vinced.

Megan's right hand disappears beneath the sheets, while her  
left pulls the man close.

MEGAN

Let me try to convince you.

The man smiles and kisses her.

EXT. - CESARE'S FARM - MORNING

Cesare, Raoul, Roberto, and Antonio-piccolo are preparing  
the threshing machine for the day's job.

Angelina feeds the chickens and ducks.

The other children play.

A police car pulls into the area. The police chief pulls  
himself from the much-too-small automobile. He gestures to  
Cesare.

Cesare motions for Raoul and the others to remain. He walks  
up to the police chief.

Raoul watches the pair. The chief is extremely polite and  
apologetic, or so it seems to Raoul. Raoul sees Cesare nod  
in acceptance. Raoul jumps from atop the threshing machine.

Cesare walks to Angelina, he says that he must go with the  
police chief--something to do with Antonio.

Angelina's hands go to her breast, clutching her dress.

Cesare takes her hand--"do not worry" his eyes say.

Raoul and Antonio-piccolo take position to fight.

Cont.

Cesare waves them off.

CESARE

Go. I will be with you later. Do not  
be late.

Raoul nods in acceptance. They return to the machine.

Cesare climbs into the police car. He takes one last look  
at his wife. He smiles.

Angelina tries to form a smile as the car drives off.

INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The man, dressed in his suit, wheels in a tray with break-  
fast on it.

Megan, still in bed, turns and looks at the man.

MEGAN

My, you do think of everything. Give  
me a kiss, sweetie.

The man kisses her on the mouth.

MEGAN (cont.)

Why the clothes? You got other appoint-  
ments?

MAN

I got to go. Last night got me thinking  
and, uh, I got to go do some more.

MEGAN

What happened to your accent?

MAN

(slight laugh) Never had one, really.  
You see, Meg, I'm the guy that kidnapped  
your husband. Um, I thought, since he  
got away, I'd . . . uh . . .

MEGAN

(angry) Fuck his wife!

MAN

Yeah, originally something like that.  
But . . .

Cont.

MEGAN

Oh, I get it, you've changed your mind.

ANTONIO

Yeah. Maybe I'm doing too much thinking lately, but I just don't feel in the mood for killing.

MEGAN

Oh, a little sex calms the beast, huh?

ANTONIO

No, not that. (pause) Maybe I am nutty. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have told you, but I thought . . .

MEGAN

Why don't you get the fuck out of here!

ANTONIO

Yeah . . . maybe . . .

Antonio shakes his head and leaves. At the door, he reaches for a cigarette. He has none, he turns and sees them on the night table. Looking at Megan's face, he thinks better of getting them. He leaves.

Megan's burning eyes dim. She laughs a little--now that he has gone, she sees the humor of the situation. She will grant the man that he was enjoyable in bed. She covers her laughter with her hand--Lem would go crazy if he ever found out. The thought pleases her more than it should.

INT. - POLICE STATION - DAY

Cesare is seated in a chair in the middle of the chief's office. His eyes dart between his two questioners: his body tense.

Holland paces around Cesare. Anger haunts his face--he projects his feelings for Antonio upon this man. If he cannot get the anarchist, maybe the brother will do.

The police chief sits on the window ledge, very uncomfortably, and smokes a crooked cigarette.

HOLLAND

(barking) Where is your brother?

CESARE

(tired) I have told you; I do not know.

Cont.



HOLLAND

You lie!

CESARE

I do not. (looks to chief) Tell him, please, you have known me many years.

CHIEF

He is a truthful man. Most poor men are truthful.

HOLLAND

Poor men are the worst liars that I know of. Look, you filthy beggar, where is he?

CESARE

I do not know. Anyway, it is no business of yours. He did not evade the draft, so your Army has no hold over him.

Holland slaps Cesare hard--knocking him to the floor.

The police chief stirs: he cannot allow this kind of behavior in his station, especially to a man he knows is innocent and is honest.

Holland pulls out his pearl handled colt and points it at the chief.

HOLLAND

Stay out of this, you damned dago.

The chief's eyes turn red, but he makes no movement. When he has the chance, he will make the General pay for his insult.

Holland slaps Cesare again. He looks accidentally, at the window. He sees the girl from the other evening--make-up gone.

Teresa smiles and disappears.

HOLLAND (cont.)

(to chief) Did you see her?

The chief shakes his head "no." He thinks that the General has not only gone crazy, but is seeing things now.

HOLLAND (cont.)

It was that girl! That girl from last night, and I'm sure it was the same girl Cont.

HOLLAND (cont.)  
from those anarchists. Talk, you son-of-a-bitch! Where is he?

Holland replaces his gun in his holster and begins beating Cesare violently, tossing him about the room.

The police chief rushes into the fray to stop the General.

Holland slaps him aside and continues his beating.

EXT. - A FARM IN CECCANO - DAY - ABOUT SAME TIME

As the men work on the harvest, one of the workers from the farm catches his hand in the machine.

Raoul jumps from atop the machine and pulls the man away

As Roberto turns the machine off,

Another man runs to get his car--they must bring the man to town to see the doctor.

Raoul holds the bleeding man and tries to stop the flow of blood. He senses that something is wrong--a bad omen.

INT. - POLICE STATION - DAY

Holland continues to beat Cesare. He yells "where?" over and over again.

Suddenly the front door to the chief's office explodes.

Holland is knocked over. In the smoke, he sees a female figure enter and pull Cesare out.

Holland rises and tries to make it to the door, gun drawn. Through the smoke, he sees someone get into a red Fiat. He fires his gun at this person.

A cigarette flies from behind the wall of the police station. Upon hitting the car, the car bursts into flames!

Holland falls backwards into the police station from the heat and force of the blast.

Holland looks at the police chief who is suffering under the weight of the door and wall. A thought suddenly hits him: the police chief will tell about Holland's "interrogation" of Cesare and his firing of his gun. He cannot allow the

Cont.

chief to tell. He grabs the chief's gun and shoots him twice--once in the head and once in the chest. There, he thinks, I'm safe.

Holland runs out yelling for help.

The car bearing Raoul and the injured man rushes by. Raoul looks out and sees the burning car and smoking police station. He is startled, confused, and angry.

EXT. - OUTSIDE CESARE'S HOUSE - DAY

Angelina is hanging clothing in back of the house. She hears the explosion and looks out upon the town. She sees the flames leaping high. Something within her moves--she senses that something drastic has happened.

EXT - CEMETERY - DAY

Rain falls on the cemetery as the MOURNERS gather. A closed casket is on a small platform before a large mausoleum which has the name San Poulo etched in stone upon it. We see the resting places of Cesare's mother, father, and grandparents.

Angelina stands, tears flowing, next to the casket.

Raoul helps to keep her from falling over atop the casket.

The children stand; the youngest clutching their mother's dress.

Holland, in full dress uniform, stands to the side. He is extremely agitated and upset. He does not want to be here. He looks over to

Jones, who stands with SEVERAL OTHER OFFICERS. Jones gives Holland a look that suggests Holland had better be on his best behavior or else.

Signore Facci is also there--his eyes are slightly wet. He glances at Holland and is sickened by the show of no remorse on the General's face. He is also disgusted with the story that Holland spun about the police chief's death: the chief was an old friend of Facci, who does not believe a word of the story.

The PRIEST intones the burial rites.

INT. - NATO HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Cont.

Baker answers the phone in Holland's office. His eyes widen as he listens to the message.

BAKER

Yes. (pause) Alone. (pause) Yes.

Baker hangs up the phone, checks his gun, thinks about telling anyone, shakes his head no, and departs.

EXT - CEMETERY - DAY

The priest continues the final rights.

Behind another of the mausoleums, we see a shadowy man partially obscured.

Next to him is an equally obscured woman.

EXT. - FIELD OUTSIDE OF ROME - DAY

Baker arrives and stands by a stone hole in the ground. He is nervous and fingers the flap over his gun.

A cigarette lights by a tree.

Baker does not see the cigarette.

Antonio walks up behind Baker and pulls the gun out of Baker's holster.

Baker spins to see his attacker.

ANTONIO

Boun giorno.

BAKER

Give me back my gun.

ANTONIO

You're Lemmy's assistant, aren't you?

BAKER

I assist General Holland.

ANTONIO

Right. (pause) So you could be considered his representative? Am I right?

BAKER

(skeptical) You could say that.

Cont.

ANTONIO

Do you know what this hole in ground is?

BAKER

No? I . . .

ANTONIO

Shhhh. This hole was an ancient Roman mausoleum--they buried their dead under here. The top stone's been gone for decades. Fascinating place.

BAKER

You asked me here to look at a ruin?

ANTONIO

Not just any ruin, major. Yours!

Antonio pushes Baker into the hole.

Baker stumbles on the stone steps and falls into the hole.

Because of the age and the bones, the entire place is covered with flies and various other insects, a cloud of death reaching the fourth step from the bottom.

Baker screams as the insects eat him alive.

Antonio smiles. He tosses the gun into the hole. Then turning and walking away, he flicks his cigarette over his head and into the hole.

EXT. - CEMETERY - DAY

Cesare's casket is placed into the hole reserved for it.

INT. - CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ROME - DAY

Megan lights three candles under a picture of the Madonna. She kneels down and prays. Her prayers are for the poor man that died in that town down south. She also offers a prayer for herself--for her sin and for her shunning of the faith.

EXT. - CEMETERY - DAY

The rain has lightly started to fall: the ground is becoming moist. The mourners file past the grieving family.

Cont.

Angelina tries to hold back her tears to thank the mourners.

Raoul stands close, helping her in any way that he can.

Signore Facci approaches her: he offers her any help that he can. He hands her a card with his name and number.

Angelina thanks the kind sir.

Jones approaches; his eyes betray his sorrow at this incident--a sorrow from one human being to another, a shade of true compassion.

Angelina thanks him.

Holland appears before Angelina.

Raoul's temper flares--his eyes betray his thoughts.

Angelina looks at Holland. She sees no remorse, no sorrow, no feelings at all except for impatience. Her feelings get the better of her and she strikes the General repeatedly on the chest with both her hands.

Holland pushes her away: he cannot understand this woman. A memory flashes of Vietnamese women during the war with their bombs. His push is harder than the act merits.

Angelina slips on the wet ground and falls on the ground hard.

Raoul pushes Holland away and quickly bends to help Angelina.

The children gather around their mother.

The mourners make a move towards the fallen widow.

The obscured man makes a move to show himself.

The obscured woman holds him back and pulls him away: it is time for them to depart.

Jones grabs Holland and pulls him away from the people. He gestures to Holland to get the hell out of here fast.

Holland, confused, turns and runs off.

Jones gestures for one of the officers to follow Holland.

Angelina's breathing becomes hard and difficult. The baby has been injured due to the stress and the fall.

Cont.

Raoul gathers Angelina up in his arms and runs towards the cars. Her safety is uppermost in his mind: the safety of his best friend's wife.

The children run after them.

INT. - CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ROME - DAY

Megan prays.

EXT. - CESARE'S FIELD - DUSK

The sun is illuminating the half-buried bomb in the field.

Holland appears: it is as if he has been walking, wandering for hours. He looks up at the bomb. The sight reassures him slightly, and he smiles. He glances around.

Holland is surprised to see a girl standing in the middle of the crops--the same girl that he has been seeing.

Holland jumps when a hand touches his shoulder; he grabs the hand and flips the person over his shoulder. He looks in the direction of the girl--she is gone. He looks down to see that he has flipped a CAPTAIN.

HOLLAND

What are you doing on the ground, captain?  
And why the hell are you following me?

The captain stands up and salutes.

CAPTAIN

Captain Hollis, sir. I was acting on orders from General Jones, sir.

HOLLAND

(returning salute) At ease, captain. What does he think I am, some child? Don't answer that, captain, I've had enough from smartass lower officers.

CAPTAIN

I wouldn't think of it, sir.

HOLLAND

How long are you supposed to nursemaid me?

Cont.

CAPTAIN

Until you are safe in Rome, sir.

HOLLAND

Safe? Does the General think my life is in danger?

CAPTAIN

I cannot answer that, sir. (salutes) Please, sir, let me escort you back to Rome.

Holland glances at the field again: no sign of the girl.

HOLLAND

Okay, captain, carry on.

CAPTAIN

Very good, sir, please follow me, sir.

Holland follows the captain to his jeep.

INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Raoul paces back and forth in front of Angelina's room.

The children sit quietly on a bench near the wall. Almost all the children are quiet: Francesca and Luisa cannot sit still.

ROBERTO

Francesca. Luisa. Fermita! Beatrice, guardare esse.

Beatrice tries to quiet the younger girls.

A doctor exits from Angelina's room looking at a chart.

RAOUL

Doctore?

The doctor shakes his head: there is not much hope.

Raoul crushes his cap within his hands. He seats himself by Antonio-piccolo and Martin; he hugs them both.

Roberto sits stolidly: he is the man of the family now. He must be strong and guard his family.

INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cont.



Megan enters the room and turns on the light. She is deep in thought, but the sight before her shocks her out of her funk.

Antonio stands. Perpetual cigarette in his mouth, camouflage fatigues, and his red beret. His look is hard. He is armed with a pistol wedged into his belt and a knife in his hand.

MEGAN

This time you come to kill.

ANTONIO

Not you, only your husband.

MEGAN

I know you won't think I mean it, but I was sorry to hear about your brother. I prayed for him; it might not be worth much so I lit a candle, too. Maybe God will listen to a lapsed Catholic if she prays and lights candles.

ANTONIO

I do believe you. It doesn't change anything, but I believe you.

MEGAN

Do you have to kill him?

ANTONIO

Can't think of anything else to do.

MEGAN

But here? In his own bedroom?

ANTONIO

It started here. It will end here.

MEGAN

Damn it. He's in Ceccano at the funeral. I doubt he'll be back.

ANTONIO

(voice softening) I could wait.

Megan ponders for a moment.

MEGAN

No. I promised myself something these last few days. You weren't part of it.

Cont.

ANTONIO

Is he?

MEGAN

No, that's over with. I've tried to give him the benefit of every doubt, but I can't anymore. The last few days I've done some looking, hard looking at my husband. I don't even remember why I married him in the first place anymore. But I know that I'm going to leave him.

ANTONIO

You could wait. I'll make you a widow.

MEGAN

I can't live with him; I didn't say I wanted him off the planet!

ANTONIO

As with all women, you have no choice.

MEGAN

You're wrong, Antonio. That is your name, isn't it? You're so goddam wrong.

Megan turns and shakes her head. Her back is towards him.

MEGAN (cont.)

You and Lem deserve each other. Christ. (pause) I told you the other day to get the fuck out of here. I don't want to have to say it again.

Antonio swallows hard. He replaces the knife in his boot. He puts his cigarette out in the ashtray on the night table. He walks to the door, pausing for a second by Megan, but words do not come to his mouth. He leaves.

Megan closes her eyes and thanks God that she is still alive and held her ground.

INT. - ANGELINA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Angelina lies in her hospital bed, tubes running from her nose and veins to various contraptions. The equipment is not new, merely functional. The only sound within the ground is the slow breathing of woman and machine. The low hum of the equipment is barely audible.

Cont.

A shadowy figure steps from behind the long window curtains. Although his face is obscured, light glistens on his wet eyes. He walks close to Angelina and looks down at her face.

Angelina's eyes open and she sees the face of her visitor. A wide, but weak, smile opens on her face. Her hand tries to move up to the visitor.

The visitor takes her hand and squeezes it. He kneels beside the bed, his head on her hand, tears flow.

Angelina tries to reach over. And touch his head with her other hand.

The visitor looks into her face.

Angelina's face shows that she will live: she must live. And, with the visitor's arrival, she has the will to live.

The visitor touches her stomach.

Angelina's eyes close: sadness.

The visitor rises and his eyes almost glow in the dark due to the intense anger that seethes.

Angelina tries to reach him.

He turns and grasps her hand. He pats it gently and kisses it. Then, he bends low and kisses her on the forehead. He fades back into the shadows.

Angelina smiles.

The doctor enters the room. He is astonished to find Angelina awake. He checks all the gadgets and smiles at her, nodding his head--she may pull through.

INT. - NATO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Holland storms into the headquarters, followed closely by Captain Hollis.

Only a few people are on duty. But the light burns in Holland's office.

CAPTAIN

But, sir, my orders specifically . . .

Cont.

HOLLAND

Captain, did your orders indicate that you could override the authority of a general in the Army of the United States?

CAPTAIN

No, sir.

HOLLAND

Then, just follow me into my office while I gather some papers to take home. Can you do that?

CAPTAIN

Of course, sir.

HOLLAND

Good. Maybe you'll show me that you deserve that commission on your uniform.

Holland walks into his office and sees Jones sitting at his desk. Jones sits with his feet on the desk, leaning back holding his head with one hand, the other hand holds a small document. He is troubled.

HOLLAND

Excuse me, but this is still my office.

JONES

Oh, why don't you shut up, Lem?

HOLLAND

Pardon me?

JONES

In my hand I have a bit of information about your aide, Major Baker.

HOLLAND

Good news, I hope, like he's being transferred out of my service.

JONES

(wearily) Oh, he has been transferred.

HOLLAND

With my luck, it's to a good post. Some post that I'd deserve more.

JONES

(angry) Are the Pearly Gates really your idea of a better post?

Cont.

HOLLAND

What?

JONES

Major Baker was killed early this evening. Our information points to one Antonio San Poulo, assumed kidnapper of General Lamont Eugene Holland, first class son-of-a-bitch.

HOLLAND

Hold it right there, Tom . . .

JONES

As of this moment, it is General Jones to you. (pause) This young man died because he was your aide. Your part in the death of this man's brother caused him to retaliate. Since he couldn't get you, he struck at your aide. (looking Holland in the eye) He plans to make you pay. Pay by killing those around you.

HOLLAND

Preposterous, sir.

JONES

Oh, no, we have reason to believe that a man entered your residence and exited said residence. Luckily, Megan was unharmed or bothered, but I damn well will not let your wife die for your foolishness. How dare you disobey direct orders and disrupt the Italian police force for your own personal vendetta against a man who is almost a section eight case--a man who's been quiet up till now.

HOLLAND

If you believe my interference caused him to return, sir, you are sadly mistaken. I've spoken to this man; he is restless, prowling for some kind of action . . .

JONES

Enough. I don't need your advice, opinions, or even your voice. I've never liked you much, Holland; I've tolerated you because our wives are friends, and because I think your wife's a hell of a woman, much too good for you. But here the line is drawn. I want you on the afternoon flight to New York.

Cont.

JONES (cont.)

I'll handle all your paperwork and take care of the details. Go home, sleep it off, Holland, and pack. Do you hear me mister?

HOLLAND

(angry) Yes, sir!

JONES

And take that chip off of your shoulder. You'll be lucky if the Brass doesn't lock you away in the Pentagon to rot till your retirement. Now, get out of my sight.

Holland salutes in a very disrespectful manner and departs.

INT. - HOTEL ROOM IN ROME - NIGHT

Antonio sits in a dirty hotel room, the room is cheap and dirty. The ashtray next to Antonio is full of cigarette butts, some are littered on the floor next to it. He pulls his knife from his boot and examines it with the light from his cigarette. It is all he has left: everything else is gone, taken from him. No more Raoul, Teresa, parents, and now, no more Cesare. Whatever held him to the earth is gone. Perhaps, he thinks, Megan could have . . . no he rejects that idea. He throws the knife into the wall.

EXT. - STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT

Holland sits in the car--arms crossed in anger. His mind races and seethes on the information that Jones has related. How is it his fault that Baker died, or Cesare, or anyone for that matter? He was acting in the best interests of his nation, can't they see that.

Holland looks out the window of the jeep. Maybe the streets of Rome can ease his mind. He is startled to see that girl again, walking down the street as calm as any civilized person.

HOLLAND

Stop this jeep!

The captain puts on the brakes, just a reaction to an order. Before he can realize what he has done,

Cont.

Holland leaps from the jeep and runs down the street to catch the girl, but she has disappeared once again. He looks all around, but she is gone. What does she want, he nervously thinks, what the hell does she want from me?

INT. - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The children are asleep in the bench.

Raoul, Roberto, and Antonio-piccolo are still awake. All three sit worrying, quiet.

A nurse walks up to the family.

NURSE

Lei chiamarsi (looks at envelope) Raoul?

RAOUL

Si, signorina.

The nurse hands Raoul the envelope. Her look is one of sorrow and compassion about Angelina.

Raoul nods in gratitude.

RAOUL (cont.)

Tanto grazie, signorina.

Raoul opens the envelope and reads the letter enclosed. His eyes grow wide--the news is unexpected.

RAOUL (cont.)

Goddamn!

Everyone in the corridor looks.

Raoul cannot contain his joy.

RAOUL (cont.)

That son-of-a-bitch, Jesus Christ, goddamn.

Roberto looks at his father's friend with concern in his eye.

Raoul hands him the letter.

Roberto's eyes grow wide. He looks almost disbelievingly at Raoul, who nods "yes, it's true." Then, he looks at Antonio-piccolo.

Antonio-piccolo looks at the letter. He, too, is amazed.

Cont.

RAOUL (cont.)

Look, take the kids home. I'll hang around. Everything'll be great now.

The two young men nod their heads yes, smiling. They bundle up the children.

Raoul sits, his face beaming. He should have known it all along--Cesare is alive!

INT. - SLEAZY HOTEL ROOM IN ROME - NIGHT

Teresa enters her recently rented room. This room is even worse than Antonio's former headquarters or his recent place. She tosses the key on an old sidetable. A voice startles her.

VOICE

Ciao, Teresa. Such wonderful accommodations.

Teresa turns to see her guest: it is Cesare. He is lying on the bed.

TERESA

You gave me a fright.

CESARE

You kill me in the eyes of the world, and resurrect me in this place. Why?

TERESA

I was trying to kill that bastard general; you were in the way. So, I decided to play with his head--make him believe you were dead. I do have a plan.

CESARE

Do not include me. Tomorrow I will see Signore Facci, straighten this out with him.

TERESA

And I thought you were the smart one in the family.

CESARE

What do you mean?

Cont.



TERESA

I've freed you from responsibility.  
Now you can get revenge on this bastard  
general for what he's done to you and  
your family.

CESARE

Yes, I want revenge, but not your  
kind of revenge.

TERESA

Mine is swifter, and easier.

CESARE

Violence is never easier. I learned  
this a long time ago.

TERESA

Don't give me that old veteran of the  
sixties routine. I've heard enough  
about it from Antonio and Raoul. My  
plan involves no violence--none that  
we have to do. You'll pop up wherever  
the general is. It'll scare the piss  
out of him. Soon, you won't even have  
to be there; his mind will put you  
there itself. Beautiful, huh?

CESARE

Stupid. You saw the general at the  
funeral. He could care less about me  
or anything but himself. It will not  
work.

TERESA

Then we'll do it to your brother.

CESARE

Antonio is much too smart for this kind  
of trick. No, you have learned nothing  
from Raoul, and you only embraced  
Antonio's crazy notion of anarchism.  
(pause) But let us say your plan does  
work, what do I receive?

TERESA

A new life. Freedom from bastards like  
those two. (pause to slide one leg on the  
bed) And me.

Cesare laughs slightly.

Cont.

CESARE

(trying to stop his laughing) I am sorry. You have been with Antonio too long, Teresa, too long.

Teresa sharply stands and walks into the bathroom, slamming the door.

Cesare still chuckles a bit. He notices a pack of cigarettes on the night table, he removes one and lights up a wooden match from a box next to the cigarettes. He does not light the cigarette. His mind ponders on Teresa's crazy plan as he plays with the unlit cigarette and the match.

Cesare knows that Teresa's plan is crazy, but his old instincts return--even after fifteen years, his mind is still sharp on political matters. While the sound of the shower roars in the background, Cesare's mouth turns from bemusement to an insidious grin: he has an idea and it will work!

Teresa exits the bathroom toweling herself off. She notes the change in Cesare's expression and the lit match.

CESARE

Come, child, you have much to learn and little time to assimilate it.

Teresa wonders what Cesare has in mind, but she likes the change.

INT. - GENERAL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Holland is packing his bags. He is not happy.

Megan enters the room, smoking a cigarette.

MEGAN

I'm not going with you, you know. My lawyer will contact you about the divorce proceedings. I don't want any trouble on this. It's over.

HOLLAND

And damned glad, I am. I'm sick of hearing everybody say what a wonderful wife I have, and what a shit I am. Go, get your divorce, but don't expect anything from me, ever.

Cont.

MEGAN

Don't worry, I'm glad to be rid of you.

HOLLAND

Good. Same for me.

Holland angrily walks to the table by the window to collect some things. He sees a familiar figure outside of the window.

Teresa stands on the sidewalk across the street in a blue dress slit up the side, leg out. She blows a kiss to Holland.

HOLLAND

Goddamn.

Holland rushes out.

MEGAN

Chasing another skirt?

Holland steps back and slaps her hard. Then leaves.

Megan rubs her cheek: her eyes burning. That little love-tap will cost him plenty.

EXT. - STREET IN FRONT OF HOLLAND'S HOUSE - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Holland scrambles around in the street looking for the girl. Again, she has disappeared. But his eyes are caught by the sight of a ghost!

Cesare stands down the street, big as life. He smiles at Holland. Then ducks down the sidestreet.

Holland steps back--astonishment on his face. After a moment, he feels not only foolish but incredibly gullible. He chases after the disappearing figure.

Holland turns the corner in time to see Cesare enter a cab. He quickly hails one and orders the driver to follow.

INT. - NATO HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Jones opens a letter recently delivered to his office. He is extremely interested in its contents. He presses a button on the intercom.

Cont.

JONES

Hollis, get my car brought around to the front of HQ. Pronto.

Jones picks up the phone and dials a number.

JONES (cont.)

Signore Facci? General Jones, here.  
Are you very busy today? (pause) Good,  
I'll be by in half an hour. I've some-  
thing you'll be very interested in.  
(pause) Oh, you got one, too. (pause)  
Fine.

INT. - ANTONIO'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Antonio exits from the bathroom wiping his face on a towel. He walks to the window to let some fresh air into the room. He spots Teresa standing on the street. She is wearing the same dress as in the Holland scene.

Teresa gestures to Antonio to follow her. Her wink is seductive.

Antonio quickly grabs his red beret and sunglasses and leaves the room.

EXT. - HOTEL - DAY

Antonio exits in time to see Teresa get into a cab. He rushes to a car parked in front of the hotel. He hurriedly hot-wires the car, always glancing up to make sure that he does not lose that cab.

Antonio gets the car started and zooms out, almost striking a woman crossing the street with a small wheeled shopping cart.

EXT. - HOLLAND'S CAB - DAY

Holland's cab stays directly behind Cesare's car.

Holland is jittery in his seat--can it be true; is he still alive?

EXT. - ANTONIO'S CAR - DAY

Cont.

Antonio stays close behind the cab containing Teresa. For a moment, Antonio thinks that his eyes have betrayed him because in a cab that passes him perpendicularly, he imagines that he sees Cesare sitting in it. This cannot be true. He tries to get his mind back on Teresa.

EXT. - COLOSSEUM - AFTERNOON

Antonio drives up to the Colosseum. Why, he wonders, is she bringing him here of all places. As he parks, he watches Teresa leave the cab and walk into the massive structure.

INT. - COLOSSEUM - AFTERNOON

Holland wanders around, scanning every man in the massive ruin. Where, Holland wonders, did he go? He spots Cesare far ahead of him climbing up to another tier. He runs after him.

INT. - COLOSSEUM - AFTERNOON

Antonio wanders about looking for Teresa, scanning every woman in the place. Where, he thinks, did she go? He spots her several feet away climbing to a higher tier. He runs after her.

INT. - UPPER TIER OF COLOSSEUM - AFTERNOON

Holland looks around for Cesare. Looking down, he sees Antonio climbing up. Hatred rises in his gut. He hears a voice call his name. He looks up to see a man standing at a higher tier in the shadows.

The man tosses Holland a gun.

Holland catches the gun, checks the ammunition: the clip is full. He looks up to thank the man, but he has disappeared. Now, he thinks, I can get them both.

INT. - COLOSSEUM - AFTERNOON

Antonio looks around for Teresa. Looking across the vast cavern, he sees Holland stalking the tier. Hatred rises in his gut. He hears a voice call his name. He looks up to see a man standing on a higher tier in the shadows.

Cont.

The man steps out of the shadows and tosses Antonio a gun: it is Cesare.

Antonio catches the gun thrown by his brother the ghost. He checks the ammunition: the clip is full. He looks up to thank his brother, but he has disappeared. Thank you my angel-brother, he thinks, I can kill that bastard general and take care of Teresa.

INT. - COLOSSEUM - AFTERNOON

The next section is a montage of the general and Antonio stalking each other throughout the upper, less-visited section of the Colosseum.

Teresa suddenly appears between the two of them.

They lunge forward and fire.

Teresa jumps out of the way.

The bullets enter the bodies of the two men. They stagger forward and fall. Each reclining on a stone pillar across from the other.

They sit, holding their blood in, breathing heavily. They stare at each other.

They point their gun at each other.

They fire.

Only clicks are heard--no bullets emerge from the barrels.

Cesare walks out from the shadows. Unlit cigarette in his hand.

CESARE

I took the precaution of giving each of you only one bullet. I've a few things to say to both of you before you die.

HOLLAND

Why didn't you stay dead? I should've known the two of you planned this.

ANTONIO

Some plan! I've a bullet in me, too, you fascist.

HOLLAND

Shut up, you anarchist.

Cont.

CESARE

Gentlemen, gentlemen, please.

The two men are silent: they listen to Cesare.

CESARE (cont.)

I'm tired of both of you. I am sick of fascists and of anarchists, of revolutionaries and reactionaries, of freedom fighters and government troops. Gentlemen, if I am sick of these things, so are the people. The people of the world, the people of Italy are tired of being a board for your games. We are tired of children such as you playing with our lives in the balance. We would like to be left alone. Capisco?

There is a silent pause.

HOLLAND

So you leave us here to die?

ANTONIO

Yeah, as if that'll help the world.

CESARE

Gentlemen, neither of you will die; I have seen to that. If I did, it would do no good. If anarchists found Antonio, they would hide his body and claim responsibility for your death, Generale Holland. A victory for them. . . . If your forces, generale, found you, they would claim victory over the anarchists and terrorists. A great victory for their side. No, gentlemen, none of these two alternatives will happen. You both shall live, and everyone will know who you are and what you have done. I thank you for your time. L'Colosseo e vostro.

Teresa disappears into the ruins.

Cesare stops and walks up to Antonio. He reaches into Antonio's pocket and removes a pack of Merits.

CESARE (cont.)

You won't need these anymore.

Cesare disappears into the shadows.

Cont.

Antonio bursts out laughing uproariously.

Holland is totally confused.

General Jones and Facci enter the scene.

JONES

General Holland. Antonio San Poulo, I presume.

FACCI

You are both under arrest.

Italian police and medical personnel enter and carry the two away.

Holland's face has fallen: disgrace.

Antonio continues to laugh.

JONES

About the other matter?

FACCI

I shall attend to it.

Jones smiles at Facci, who returns the smile: here are two men who not only respect and understand each other, but are fair and just.

INT. - HOLLAND'S HOUSE - DAY

Megan sits at a desk looking at a resume.

MEGAN

You come highly recommended, Signorina Vitelli. Signore Facci's recommendation alone would predispose me to hire you.  
(pause) Yes, I think you'll do. You and I should make a good team.

We see that it is Teresa that Megan is hiring.

TERESA

Si, signora, I'll be the best secretary that you ever had.

Megan closes her folder and smiles at the girl.

Cont.



MEGAN

Your first duty is to arrange a trip for us to Ceccano. There's a family I would like to meet and help.

EXT. - CESARE'S FIELD - DAY

Raoul checks the crops. His grasp of the day-to-day functions of the farm is quite complete, and his enjoyment of his new life is as full and as overpowering as Cesare's had been. He sniffs the fresh air and looks into the warm, bright sky. It will be a good Fall.

VOICE (o.s.)

Buon giorno, Raoul. Come va?

Raoul turns to see a robed monk standing before the half-buried bomb.

The monk's face is lowered. Slowly, the head rises and Raoul is astonished at who the monk is.

RAOUL

Cesare! Goddamn, am I glad to see you.

Raoul embraces his friend.

CESARE

All is well?

RAOUL

Sure, sure. The boys be doing so good that I sent them on solo. I be joining 'em later. Damn, they be glad to see you.

CESARE

Not yet.

RAOUL

What you talking about?

CESARE

Io sta morte; io remanero morte. (pause)  
Technically, at least. I saw Angelina last night; she looks well. Coming home soon, she tells me.

RAOUL

Yeah, she doing good. 'Cept I'm sorry about . . .

Cont.

CESARE

Do not speak of it. She and I will endure. Heartache is part of life here-- it never goes away. (pause) Perhaps now that I am dead, I can do something. Make new friends; learn new things. Use my eyes.

Cesare pulls a pack of Merit cigarettes out of his robes. He places one in his mouth and lights it, then he offers one to Raoul.

Raoul nods his head, smiling with pride. He recognizes the message and the gesture. He does not take a cigarette--he waves it away for the moment. Raoul knows that Cesare is trying to indicate that upon his "resurrection" that he will be more active. Raoul is proud, also, that it is with his help that the farm will grow while Cesare can aid the growth of his country.

CESARE

I must go now. I leave my family in good hands. Kiss the children for me. Tell Angelina, I will not be gone long.

RAOUL

Take care of yourself, brother.

CESARE

I will try. Arrivederci, Raoul.

RAOUL

Hang loose.

The two men shake hands next to the bomb.

Cesare looks at the bomb; then kicks it. He smiles at Raoul.

Raoul laughs out loud as Cesare disappears into the field, smoke rising upward.

FADE OUT

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