



**A skeleton from the closet
(but not enough skeleton)
slapstick comedy**



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[Translated from the original Italian text]

LOGLINE

Did you forget your secret lover locked in your closet and find him dead? Learn how to make his body disappear, without your man knowing.

PITCH**1**

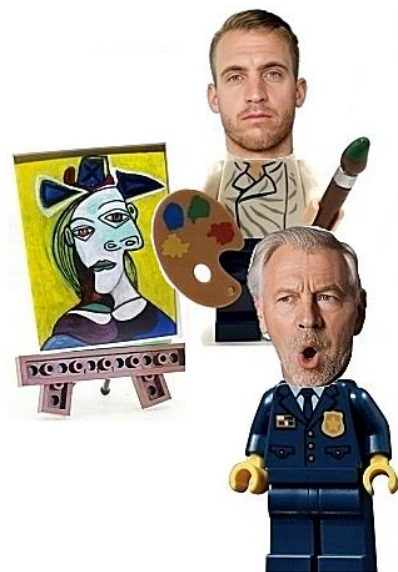
While burglarizing Jessica's house, Bozo finds the naked corpse of a man in a closet. Frightened, he collapses unconscious under the corpse that overwhelms him. The noise wakes Jessica up, terrified. When she had heard her husband Horace coming, she run to him, convinced that her lover would run off in the garden, not the closet! Now she has two bodies, one dead and one unconscious, to make disappear before Horace wakes up.

**2**

She asks her friend Daria and her boyfriend Walter for help. They leave the thief in a park, and Walter takes charge of throwing the corpse into the river. But, being student pathologist, and son of a famous surgeon, he secretly dissects the body for his thesis in his father's private clinic.

3

Horace is a loser painter who survives collaborating with the Police (drawing sketches, and sculpturing a celebration statue). But, because he's inspired by Picasso, he has a bad relationship with inspector Brumby who, after last unsuccessful sketch, decides to fire him. Horace frustrated destroys the statue and throws it into the river. But a policeman discovers and fines him for illegal dumping. Earlier from the same bridge Walter, not seen, had thrown a sack with the remains of Jessica's lover.



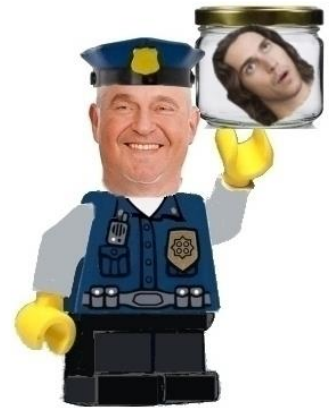


4

Jessica meanwhile is blackmailed by Bozo who, also if half unconscious, discovered her secret drama. Distraught she asks Daria for advice in a discreet place: the riverbank. But there they make the gruesome discovery: the head of Jessica's lover on the shoreline. Horrified they run away, angry with Walter for betraying their trust.

5

Brumby is an anomalous inspector. Lazy, he prefers to solve crosswords rather than investigation cases, and he can't bear the sight of blood. Fortunately, his assistant Caputo has a strong stomach, and examines the head in his place. Then, because his boss wouldn't want that find in Police station, he gets the permission to take it home, being a passionate collector (previously of beer caps).



6

Horace is not a lucky man. From the found remains of the corpse and the fine for dumping the sack in the river, he's arrested because suspected of murder and dissection, much to delight of Brumby. But Bozo is not a lucky thief either, because in a new night raid he goes to steal just into Caputo's house, he finds the dead man again (this time only his head under glass), faints again and is arrested.



7

In jail Bozo meets Horace, they tell each other their stories, and the artist realize what happened. He has the evidence to be released from jail, and Jessica, Daria and Walter are investigated. Questioned by Brumby they benefit from his mental confusion, mixing investigation report with crosswords.

Furthermore, the inspector is also distracted by Jessica's sex appeal, which sparks a rivalry between him and Caputo, that they decide to solve with a heads or tails challenge.

But the head is not from the coin..

MAIN CHARACTERS

**Horace**

A loser abstract artist. He draws identikits for the police. But Picasso is not appreciated at the police station.

**Jessica**

Horace's wife, prone to nymphomania. She often brings lovers home, relying on Horace's existential distraction.

**Daria**

Jessica's shrewd friend, she helps her hide the body of her secret lover and track down her blackmailer.

**Walter**

Daria's boyfriend, an enthusiastic pathology student, cannot resist the temptation to dissect the body before disposing of it.

**Brumby**

A police inspector with no deductive reasoning skills, who is scared of the sight of blood, causing him to vomit into his assistant's cap.

**Caputo**

Brumby's assistant, who has a strong stomach, supports him in his weakness and occasionally collects human heads.

**Bozo**

A loser thief and blackmailer, always in the wrong place at the wrong time.

**Eleutherios**

The (almost) skeleton in the closet.

THE AUTHOR



Italian author of surreal humor novels, finalist for the Italo Calvino Prize and the Solinas Award for this screenplay ("The plot has the comic charge of a Young Frankenstein, the surreal of an amplified Clouseau and the dialectical paradox of Totò")

Stage32's Script Coverage Result:

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SYNOPSIS

While **Jessica** is having sex with a casual lover, she hears her husband **Horace** coming. She runs to him and takes him outside to give her lover a chance to escape. Instead, he hides in the closet, gets stuck by the faulty lock, and dies of asphyxiation.

That night **Bozo**, while burglarizing her apartment, in the bedroom forces the closet and is crushed by the man's naked body, thus collapsing to the floor unconscious.

The noise wakes Jessica, who is in shock, tears in her eyes, pulse racing. Horace sleeps by her side, and she absolutely does not want him to know. She has two bodies to make disappear before he wakes up.

She asks her friend **Daria**, who lives in the same building, and her boyfriend **Walter**, the young scion of a well-known surgeon and himself a pathology student, for help.

The three take the two bodies away, leave Bozo unconscious in a public park, and Walter takes on the task of throwing the body into the river.

But he is in the midst of an experimental dissertation, and does not want to miss the opportunity of a body all to himself to be dissected in his father's private clinic.

Horace is an abstract and currently cash-strapped artist, who survives by drawing Picasso-style police sketches. He therefore has an adversarial relationship with inspector **Brumby**, who prefers the figurative style and doubts that sketches with two noses and three eyes are useful in capturing wanted men.

What's more, for months he has also been working on the statue to the Unknown Policeman, a prestigious commission from the Police, to be inaugurated soon.

Unfortunately, however, after a final embarrassing sketch that causes the inspector a diplomatic incident with the commissioner, Horace is fired on the spot.

Frustrated and misunderstood, in anger he destroys the statue to the Unknown Policeman, and collects its rubble in a sack. But after throwing it off the bridge over the river at night, he is stopped by a Policeman himself, who fines him and takes down his personal details.

Shortly before from that same bridge Walter had thrown, unseen, a sack with the human remains of Jessica's lover after his experiments.

Jessica meanwhile, after the shock of the body in the house, must also fend off attempts to blackmail from Bozo who, even he was half-unconscious that night, is aware of her secret.

Therefore, she decides to consult with Daria to work out a strategy, in a confidential place: the riverbank. But right there the two friends make the macabre discovery. On the shoreline is the severed head of her dead lover. Horrified, they run away in tears, mad as hell at Walter, who betrayed their trust.

Brumby is an eccentric inspector, a misfit at the Police Department, who prefers solving crossword puzzles rather than investigative cases, has no deductive logic and cannot stand the sight of blood.

So, for him the inspection on the head is a torture, and he gladly outsources it to his trusty assistant **Caputo**, who has a strong stomach.

The latter knows his chief's weakness; he knows how much it repulses him bringing that macabre find to Police Headquarters. So, he asks his permission to take it home for a few days, to collect it under formalin. He used to collect beer caps from all over the world, it was a real trauma when his wife threw them away, and he is convinced she won't touch a possible collection of human heads.

Horace is not a lucky man. In fact, from the found remains of the corpse and the fine for dumping the sack in the river, he is suspected of murder and dissection, much to the delight of Brumby, who can take revenge for his eccentricities as a drawer.

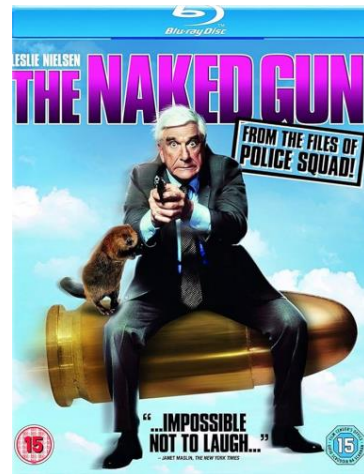
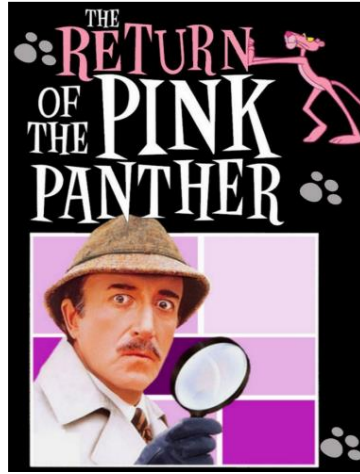
But the thief Bozo is not a lucky man either. In fact, in a new night raid, he goes to steal right into Caputo's house, finds the same dead man of the closet, but this time only his head under glass, he faints again, and is thus arrested.

In jail Horace makes acquaintance with Bozo, they tell each other their misfortunes, so the artist reconstructs what happened, and has the evidence to be released, while Jessica, Daria and Walter are investigated.

Subjected to interrogation in Brumby's office, the three friends take advantage of his mental fogginess, because he confuses crossword puzzle definitions with the

investigations report, not to mention the fascination that the winking Jessica exerts on him and Caputo. Thus, the three friends get away with house arrests, while a dispute about Jessica arises between the two inquisitors. They decide to solve it with a heads or tails challenge. But the winning head is not from the coin...

REFERENCES



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EXT. JESSICA'S BLOCK - DAY

Long shot on the block.

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM

Jessica (about 30) is making love to a handsome, long-haired guy. She, beautiful, brunette, is on top of him.

JESSICA

Come on, that's it, don't stop!
You know you're really hot, Moby?!

YOUNG MAN

(puzzled, stopping)
Actually, my name is Eleutherios.

JESSICA

No, no! Don't stop right now! Come
on, come on!

The young man resumes the action, while Jessica is at the height of pleasure. Among the moans a noise is heard.

ELEUTHERIOS

Jessica, did you hear that!

JESSICA

Fuck no! Again!!! Come on, come
on! Don't stop, Waldo!!!

ELEUTHERIOS

(continuing to push)
Ahem, my name in truth would be
Eleutherios...

VOICE OVER

Jessica, are you there?!

Jessica stops suddenly, chilled.

JESSICA

Fuck, my husband!!!

She gets up suddenly, gets out of bed, puts on a robe, grabs her clothes and rushes to the door.

JESSICA

Hurry, get dressed and run, Ozzy!
I try to block him!!!

ELEUTHERIOS

Eleuthe...fuck!

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Jessica, flustered, walks over to her husband Horace (about 35), disheveled, thin, artist's physiognomy.

JESSICA

Love, you're back early!

HORACE

Yes, aren't you glad?!

She reaches for him, embraces him with an unusual tenderness, and holds him as he heads for the bedroom.

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM

Eleutherios is at the height of his agitation, still naked. He peeks through the French window overlooking the garden, and gathers his cloths to dress.

But he hears the voices of the two very close to the door. They may come in at any moment; he does not have time to dress to escape from the garden. For now, it's better to hide in the closet.

Still naked, clothes in hand, he opens the door, slips into it and closes it behind him.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Horace notices that Jessica is agitated.

HORACE

Jessica, what's wrong with you?

JESSICA

What's wrong with me? Um, I'm nervous, shitty day at school. Come on, let's go out, take a walk, I need it.

HORACE

(looking at her, in her robe
and clothes in hand)
You're going out like that?!

JESSICA

No, no, I'm going to the bathroom
to get dressed. You wait for me
here, okay? Lie down on the couch.

He is puzzled as he sees her going to the bathroom.
Then, suspicious, he walks to the bedroom, and from the
threshold he scans the room. He finds the closed closet,
his wife's personal effects on the bed, and the half-open
French door. Everything looks normal. He returns to sit on
the sofa as Jessica comes out of the bathroom, anxious.

JESSICA
I'm ready, shall we go?

She takes him by the hand and they walk to the exit door.

EXT. JESSICA'S BLOCK - NIGHT

Few lights. Nobody on the road.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

Silence and dark. The burglar wanders around. His name is
Bozo. He's tall, slim, in his thirties, open-face, dark t-
shirt, jeans, sneakers. His flashlight illuminates
furniture, walls, paintings: abstract art.
Rummaging on the shelves, he finds a glitzy pendant. He
bites it to check if it's real gold, but it snaps in half.
Disappointed, he spits it out. Then he finds a ring on the
table, he bites and it also snaps in two. He spits it out
and swears. On the same table there's a sandwich. He sniffs
it, and then takes a bite. This time it's his molar that
breaks. He spits it out, throws the sandwich on the ground
and crushes it with his foot.

INT. SAME BLOCK, DARIA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM

Silence and soft lights. The naked bodies of Daria and
Walter cling among the sheets. She's thin and voracious,
he's attractive and exhausted.

INT. JESSICA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bozo makes a grimace, disgusted by the abstract paintings.
Then a familiar vision: a wall safe. He tries to touch it,
but he discovers that it's not a real safe but a realistic
painting, the only not abstract.
He remains staring at it. Then with resignation he breaks
the canvas with the crowbar.

INT. DARIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daria is on top of Walter pushing her breast against his mouth.

DARIA

Mmm...

WALTER

Hey, you're suffocating me! Can you hear me?

Walter extracts a breast from his mouth.

WALTER

(fanning himself)

Daria, enough! Let me breathe for a second! I need some air...

DARIA

What's up? Don't you love me anymore?

WALTER

No, of course I do! The fact is that the breast...

DARIA

The breast what?

WALTER

When I was a baby, I was nearly killed by a breast.

DARIA

Really? Suffocated by the milk?

WALTER

No, I tied it round my neck, to hang myself...

Daria looks at him distrustful.

WALTER

Really. I suffered from depression.

DARIA

Come on! So young?

WALTER

It's hereditary. All manic depressives in my family.

DARIA

Come on! Your dad, the eminent surgeon?

WALTER

So what? Depression doesn't respect social position.

DARIA

Yes, but, just one question... What kind of breast did your mother have?

WALTER

They were long, baguette shaped, with some tattoos.

DARIA

What kind?

WALTER

Nipples. Probably to disorient me.

Daria stands up and puts on a negligee.

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bozo is on the threshold. Low lights, in the bed Horace and Jessica sleeping. He turns off the flashlight, approaches the bed and sprays the narcotic on the woman's face. But a white shaving foam flows from the can nozzle.

BOZO

(low voice)

Shit! My wife prepared my work bag and switched the cans.

He gently removes mustache of foam from the face of Jessica.

BOZO

That's why when I shaved this morning I was stunned. Fuck!

INT. DARIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daria comes back to Walter bringing two drinks.

DARIA

Wanna drink to get over the shock?

WALTER

Thank you. Then I gotta go. Tomorrow, I have surgical practice.

If I don't rest, I'll fall asleep
with the scalpel in my hand.

DARIA
Come on, you'll really cut?

WALTER
I am specializing in pathology. Do
you think it's so strange?

Daria shakes her head.

DARIA
Brrr, it gives me the creeps! Just
the idea of all that blood... I'd
faint instantly.

WALTER
Nothing more exciting.

DARIA
Sicko!

WALTER
The human body is a universe to
discover. Ah! If I only could have
a cadaver just for me!

DARIA
How gross! Do you mean if I dropped
down dead right now you would cut
me to explore me from the inside?

WALTER
Of course not!

DARIA
That's ok then.

WALTER
...I don't have a scalpel with me.

DARIA
Arsehole!

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bozo rummages in the drawers, finding some earrings. Out
of habit he bites them on the aching side and has a grimace
of pain. Then he tests them from the opposite side. They

pass the test and he puts them in his pocket. Then he finds a dildo. He bites it and he puts it in his backpack. Finally, he moves over to the closet. He opens a side door and finds jackets and trousers. Then he opens the central door. CLOSE UP on his hand that gently rotates the handle and opens the door. We see the face of the burglar that turns white with terror, eyes wide open.

Among a collection of female suits, there's the rigid body of Eleutherios, eyes wide open with foam at the mouth, hands contracted as if he has been scratching the door till the end. The shadow of his erection is clearly visible on the wall. Like a Frankenstein's monster, he staggers and collapses on Bozo.

BOZO

(throaty voice)

What the fuck!

With the burden on his rump, he stirs all fours trying to slip away from the man who grabs him from behind unaware. Their shadows on the wall seem a parody of sodomy.

BOZO

Son of a bitch!

The noises shake Horace in the bed. He looks at the shadows, while the thief remains paralyzed. But he's convinced he's dreaming, he closes his eyes and turns to sleep on the other side.

Bozo has a sigh of relief, and slowly tries to shake himself to detach the burden. But as he turns, he hits the pedestal with abstract sculpture, which falls on his head. He faints and lies on the ground, with the fragments of the sculpture around his head, and the naked corpse at his side. Wakened by the noise, Jessica shakes herself. CLOSE UP while she looks around in the dark.

INT. DARIA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walter sits on the bed while Daria is standing.

DARIA

Really would you cut me?

WALTER

(sadistic wink)

Well, at my house I've got all the equipment...

DARIA

Daddy's private operating theatre?

Daria goes in front of him, opening the negligee.

WALTER

We should try it on the operating table sometime. It'd be exciting.

DARIA

Forget it, not even dead.

WALTER

Actually, just in that case...

Her hand slides down his body, and you realize it reaches his balls, with a grimace of pain on Walter's face.

WALTER

Okay, no operating table.

DARIA

Anyway, I don't have breasts like baguettes.

Just then they hear someone knocking at the door.

WALTER

Did you hear that? Who can it be?

Daria dresses herself and moves on tiptoe into:

INT. ENTRANCE, DARIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Daria looks through the spy hole and opens immediately. On the threshold Jessica appears, alarmed and crying.

DARIA

Jessica! What's happened?

JESSICA

Help me, please! It's a tragedy!

DARIA

Calm down, Jessica! Calm down!

JESSICA

What can I do? God, what can I do?

DARIA

Come in, tell me what's happened.

JESSICA

There's a dead man in my apartment,
maybe two!

DARIA

Sweet Jesus!

JESSICA

Yes, just so. Help me, I beg you!

WALTER

Dead men?! Are you sure?

JESSICA

(staring into space)

I think so, I can't believe...

WALTER

Did you test wrist and jugular?

JESSICA

I haven't touched them. But, my
God...they seem dead.

Daria brings a glass of water.

DARIA

Take this. Drink it slowly.

EXT. PUBLIC GARDEN - NIGHT

A tall lanky man, middle-aged, wearing a trench coat is bent over a motionless and apparently lifeless man. This is chubby, a bit younger, and is lying out on a bench with closed eyes. The tall man tests wrist and jugular, and then holds a mirror close to his nostrils to see if he is still breathing. Suddenly the immobile man opens an eye. He's Caputo, assistant of inspector Brumby, the tall man.

CAPUTO

Inspector, just in case, do you
want to try with a stethoscope too?

BRUMBY

What do you mean?

CAPUTO

I mean you've already made three
checks. Aren't they enough?

BRUMBY

Caputo, how long have you been working with me?

CAPUTO

Inspector, if I remember well...

BRUMBY

I don't care, it was a rhetorical question. You should know that during the simulation everything is easy. Without blood it's okay.

CAPUTO

(standing up from the bench)

Inspector, give me that job on the corpse. I haven't stomach problems at the sight of blood.

BRUMBY

What's the cause of his death?

CAPUTO

Kalashnikov.

BRUMBY

Then there is no hope. No, Caputo, it's my job. I'll examine it.

CAPUTO

But, inspector, I'd be glad...

BRUMBY

Let's go. Where is the building?

CAPUTO

(while pointing over the road)

Just over there.

The camera moves away from the two men and flies over the trees to show the building. The two men look up, as to follow the camera movement, that recedes in a panoramic view. But it suddenly stops as soon as we hear a "fuck!" from the inspector. The camera turns back and shows a close-up of his face, with something brown.

CAPUTO

Shit of pigeons.

BRUMBY

(cleaning his face)

Shitty pigeons.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Silence and dark. Daria and Walter enter on tiptoe with Jessica, holding a flashlight.

JESSICA

Be careful where you put your feet.
If Horace wakes up, I'm done for.

The flashlight illuminates the abstract.

WALTER

What are these doodles supposed to be?

DARIA

Doodles? If Horace heard you, he'd poke your eyes out with his paint brush.

JESSICA

Horace is an abstract painter. Very abstract.

WALTER

And does anyone buy his paintings?

JESSICA

None. To survive he draws sketches for the Police.

In the middle of the room Walter bumps his forehead against a deformed shapeless statue.

WALTER

What the fuck? What is this abortion?

DARIA

(to Jessica, in a whisper)
Horrendous! What does it represent?

JESSICA

Another job for the Police, it's the monument to the Unknown Policeman.

WALTER

Have the policemen already seen it?

JESSICA

No, next month will be the unveiling ceremony.

WALTER

Call me, I don't want to miss it.

INT. KALASHNIKOV DEAD MAN'S APARTMENT, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Brumby and Caputo move cautiously. From the furniture, the paintings, the precious drapery you've the impression of an upper class house. Bent over the lying corpse on the floor are the forensic scientists. Brumby moves forward nervous, looking at the corpse from a distance, fearing an abundance of blood. He bends over it and Caputo follows him being standing. The corpse is face down.

BRUMBY

(low voice)

Such luck, Caputo. Not even a drop of blood!

CAPUTO

They spoke about a Kalashnikov... how did he die, otherwise?

BRUMBY

He could have swallowed it, couldn't he?

CAPUTO

Oh yeah, may happen. Probably like sword swallows. But I didn't know it was poisonous, could be the paint they use?

BRUMBY

Sure. It's full of lead.

FORENSIC SCIENTIST

Inspector, can we turn him over?

BRUMBY

Sure, it's your job.

The man turns the dead body over. On that side it's so riddled with bullet holes that the blood squirts on Brumby's face. He does a disgusted camera look.

FORENSIC SCIENTIST

(justifying himself)

Inspector, I don't understand, he's been dead for quite a while. Perhaps his pacemaker still doesn't know.

CAPUTO

(removing his beret)

The lead paint theory was too convenient.

Brumby tries to hold back the vomit.

CAPUTO

Inspector, how do you feel?

He has his beret in hand out of respect for the dead man. Brumby waves his hands to reassure him. But he can no longer hold back the retching. He stands up with his hand covering his mouth, desperately grabs Caputo's beret, turns his back and bows his head. Bewildered Caputo raises his eyebrows. Then the inspector recomposes himself.

BRUMBY

(giving his beret back)

Take it, Caputo, thanks. You have my permission to not wear it for the rest of this shift.

CAPUTO

(disgusted)

Gee, thanks, inspector.

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The three friends enter on tiptoe and see the dramatic scene. Daria brings a hand to her mouth, Jessica turns herself toward the wall, Walter takes a deep breath.

WALTER

What a stench! Do you have rotten eggs in your pockets?

JESSICA

It's Horace. He suffers from flatulence.

WALTER

An advanced stage, I see. Have you ever tried infusions of fennel?

The two women look at him as you do with an alien. He bends over the two lifeless bodies.

WALTER

(feeling the burglar's
jugular)

This one's alive. He's only knocked
out. He's a fucking thief!

Meanwhile he recovers earrings sprouting from his pockets
and shows them to Jessica.

WALTER

(touching the other man)

This one's dead. If we were in my
operating room, I would open him
and I could tell you what...

DARIA

Give up.

Daria gets strength and approaches the bodies.

DARIA

(pointing a finger)

Look! He's got a hard-on! How is it
possible?

WALTER

Rigor mortis.

DARIA

(to Jessica)

You were... with it...him?

JESSICA

(sarcastic)

No, with the burglar.

Then Jessica bursts into tears and Daria hugs her.

DARIA

Did you know him long?

JESSICA

No, it was the first time. Horace
was supposed to come home late...

DARIA

What was his name?

JESSICA

Um, Moby... No, wait, Waldo...
Or maybe Ozzy...

DEAD MAN

Eleu...therios, fuck!

The two women turn pale and bend down toward the dead man.

JESSICA

My God!!! But then...?!

Walter is open-mouthed. He tries to shake him, and feel his jugular again, but gets no reaction.

WALTER

Now he is really dead. 100%.

JESSICA

(pointing to the closet)

He had to escape to the garden! I don't know why he went in there! The door only opens from the outside. My God, it's a nightmare!

WALTER

He died of suffocation. For sure. Apart from spelling his name.

JESSICA

No, no, I don't want to believe it! Christ, my head is bursting!

DARIA

Are you sure you shouldn't tell Horace?

JESSICA

Daria, Do you think telling Horace would bring him back to life?

WALTER

You're suggesting to wake Horace up and tell him out of the blue: look, I have a lover, but he's occasional, don't worry. The problem is that he died. The other man passed out instead is just a thief. Can you tell it a person as soon as he wakes up?

Women shake their heads.

WALTER

... or should we bring him coffee first?

JESSICA

I've only decaf.

WALTER

Okay, let's all calm down. The first thing is to make these bodies disappear before Horace wakes up.

DARIA

Where can we take them?

WALTER

In my car, for now. But we gotta hurry, we're risking jail.

The three friends look mutely at each other in their complicity, while Daria caresses her trembling friend.

INT. KALASHNIKOV DEAD MAN'S ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The Police commissioner enters in a hurry looking for inspector Brumby, still blood stained, and Caputo, holding disgusted his beret, like a beggar.

BRUMBY

(low voice, embarrassed)

Fuck!

COMMISSIONER

Inspector, right you.

BRUMBY

Commissioner, what a surprise...

COMMISSIONER

Leave it. It's a pain in the arse.

COMMISSIONER

It's a big name. I need efficiency and discretion. Our public face is in your hands.

BRUMBY

Don't worry, commissioner.

COMMISSIONER

By the way, what's up with yours?

BRUMBY

Blood, I was cleanin...

COMMISSIONER

(to Caputo, abrupt)

And you? What's up, is your duty
beret an optional?

CAPUTO

Well, me... I can't...

COMMISSIONER

Dress it immediately. Reporters are
coming.

CAPUTO

But, the inspector...

COMMISSIONER

Dress it! It's an order!

Brumby makes him a gesture to obey. Then, as the
commissioner bends over the corpse, he approaches him.

BRUMBY

(in a whisper)

It was only chicken broth.

Caputo, submissive and disgusted, empties the beret into
an ornamental pot and is going to lift it upon his head.

INT. WALTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Walter is driving, Jessica and Daria are on the back seat.

DARIA

Where are we going to leave them?

WALTER

First of all, we should drop them
in different places.

JESSICA

Do you have any place in mind?

WALTER

A park would be okay for the burglar.

JESSICA

But... if he remembers?

DARIA

I don't think he'll tell the Police
he's seen a dead body in the house
he was ripping off.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

The car stops in a deserted square, the three get out,
lift the burglar and leave him lying on a park bench.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DARIA

He's sleeping like an angel. But...
look! He's still got an erection!

WALTER

You got a one-track mind?! It was not
him. The dead man had the hard-on!

DARIA

How is it possible? Is a hard-on
contagious?

WALTER

Not the erection, but the idiocy!
This is why we should end our
relationship.

DARIA

Idiot.

WALTER

Idiot me? You're the one who talks
like an idiot! He was probably
dreaming.

JESSICA

Okay, the main point is that he
forgets about this story.

The three friends go away quickly from the park bench, and
we stay with the burglar Bozo.

CLOSE UP on his face that apparently reveals him as being
unconscious. But, as soon as he hears the car going away,
he opens his eyes and smiles with a sardonic sneer. Now he
knows what happened and how to take advantage of it.
But while he's smiling something brown falls on his
forehead. He runs his finger and sniffs.

BOZO

Fuck. Shit of pigeons.

He cleans his forehead with a leaf.

BOZO

Shitty pigeons.

INT. WALTER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DARIA

What do you think about throwing
the body in the river?

JESSICA

(sobbing)

And if they find him?

DARIA

If nobody has seen him with you,
they can't trace it back to you,
right?

WALTER

Girls, listen. The body is my job,
okay?

JESSICA

You, alone?

WALTER

Yeah. You have to go home. Horace
could wake up any time now.

DARIA

There is the broken figurine in
bedroom. We must remove any traces.

JESSICA

(to Walter)

Yes, but... where do you think
of...?

WALTER

Jessica, don't worry about it.
You're in good hands.

EXT. JESSICA'S BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

The car stops, Jessica embraces Walter.

JESSICA

Thank you, Walter, for everything.

She hugs him tight and for a long time with her DDD cup bra.

WALTER

(sweating)

That's okay... I'd have childhood trauma...

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Long shot on the building. Police cars parked.

INT. INSPECTOR BRUMBY'S OFFICE, POLICE DEPT. - DAY

The office is small, with a Venetian blind window, a filing cabinet, a basic desk with an old PC, and a heap of documents. Brumby is sitting writing something.

BRUMBY

(thoughtful, to Caputo)

How would you define a quarrel that finishes with a multiple homicide?

CAPUTO

Aberrant?

BRUMBY

No, Caputo, no moral judgments. I need a technical definition.

CAPUTO

Ah, well... unpremeditated?

BRUMBY

Mmm... good. That should do.

CAPUTO

Are you writing the report about last week's slaughter?

BRUMBY

No, it's a crossword. U-n-pre-med-it-ated. Yeah, that fits.

They hear knocking at the door.

HORACE

(meeting Caputo, on his way out)

May I enter?

BRUMBY

Ah, our artist! Please, sit down.

HORACE

I got your call. It's about the monument to the Unknown Policeman?

BRUMBY

Eh? Ah, no. There's still time for the Police district celebration. I hope that you're sticking to something figurative, okay?

HORACE

Ahem, yes... more or less... So, excuse me, why did you summon me?

BRUMBY

We need one of your sketches. Who knows, perhaps for the last time.

HORACE

What do you mean, inspector?

BRUMBY

(walking around
Horace's chair)

Mr. Ferendeles, how many years have you been sketching faces of criminals for Police?

HORACE

Three years, I would say. I suppose I've made about thirty sketches.

BRUMBY

Thirty-two, to be exact. And, tell me, do you know how many criminals we have captured thanks to your sketches?

HORACE

Ah! I would be telling you a lie...

BRUMBY

Then don't say it. I'll tell you: the answer is zero. Understood?

HORACE

I don't think that's the issue...

BRUMBY

Then what is it? You've got to stop with those abstract drawings!

HORACE

Well, I think...

BRUMBY

Mr. Ferendeles, maybe Picasso is your role model, but I can't accept any more sketches with three eyes and two noses. Okay?

HORACE

But, what about the freedom of expression...?

BRUMBY

Freedom, my arse! We have to capture criminals, not exhibit in art galleries! You're getting paid for this!

HORACE

Ahem, I'm still waiting for my back-pay, actually.

BRUMBY

Forget your back pay, for now. We are looking for a murderer and we have a valuable witness. You've got to produce a decent sketch or you're fired, ok?

Horace nods with a sad expression.

BRUMBY

(toward the door)

Caputo! Let the Kalashnikov murder witness enter.

CAPUTO

Inspector, the commissioner is urgently looking for you.

BRUMBY

Damn... Caputo, please question the witness and check the sketch is consistent.

Then the inspector exits the office.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Walter gets out of his car just parked close to an upper class building. He looks around, opens the boot and, in great fatigue, loads a wrapped carpet, tied at the ends, onto his shoulders. Staggering from the effort, the young man crosses the threshold.

INT. ENTRANCE OF THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Walter is waiting the lift while the carpet rests on the wall. The lift door opens and he drags the carpet inside. You can tell that the carpet wraps around a body.

INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

He hears footsteps at the entrance and rams a finger on the button, but the sliding door is slow, and the newcomer squeezes in. He's a tenant, skinny, middle-aged.

TENANT

Hey, Walter! So sweaty! What are you dragging?

WALTER

Ahem, nothing important...

Indiscreetly the tenant comes close to the carpet.

TENANT

Original Persian, I presume.
It's for your daddy's study hall?

WALTER

Uh, no. Ahem, yes...

As the tenant touches the carpet, Walter becomes nervous and pretends to sneeze.

WALTER

Atchoo! Oh sorry! Really, it's not Persian, I took it in a junk dealer... Atchoo! Oh sorry!

The tenant walks away as Walter approaches sneezing and scratching vigorously.

WALTER

I fear the carpet is full of fleas.

The other withdraws as he adds further sneezing attacks and scratches himself vigorously.

When the door opens, the man hurries to get out.

WALTER

Bye, sir ... please don't tell dad,
it's a surprise ... Atchoo!

INT. INSPECTOR BRUMBY'S OFFICE, POLICE DEPT. - CONT.

Caputo welcomes the witness. He's small, nervous, in his forties, glasses and sober suit: typical math professor.

CAPUTO

Please sir, sit down in front of
the draftsman.

CAPUTO

(giving Horace sketch
pad and pencil)
Horace, please be good. This time
avoid strange things.

CAPUTO

(to the witness)
We'll start with the face. How was
it? Round, oval or square?

WITNESS

Oval.

CAPUTO

(to Horace)
Face shape oval.

CAPUTO

Eyes?

WITNESS

Two.

CAPUTO

I didn't mean the number. I mean
color, eyebrows, and anything else
remarkable. Precise description.

WITNESS

(like a math professor)
Well. They consisted of two
ellipsoids on whose curved surface
there were concentric circles, the

external one of which was cinnabar
in color. About dimensions...

CAPUTO

Okay, okay.

CAPUTO

(to Horace)

Eyes two.

Horace is doing the sketch while he's listening to loud music from big headphones. He swings his head in time with music. That's why Caputo mimes the details.

CAPUTO

(holding up two fingers)

Horace! Eyes two. Okay?

When Horace rhythmically nods his head, you don't know if he's understood or is just following the beat.

CAPUTO

What about the ears?

WITNESS

The auricle extended for about the third part of the lobe section's diameter, whose surface is given by the integral...

Caputo puts his hands on his head, as if he's got a migraine.

CAPUTO

Okay, okay.

CAPUTO

(to Horace, miming)

Ears two. Okay?

Horace shows the thumb up, as to confirm that it's okay, and then he turns to the witness.

HORACE

Please keep your chin up. Good, like that.

CAPUTO

(to the witness)

And what could you tell me about his nose? Ahem... you can invoke the right to silence...

WITNESS

Sure. The bending of the dorsal cut of the nose is derived from the equation of the parabola...

CAPUTO

(low voice)

Son of a bitch...

While the witness spreads in the annoying analytical description, the music coming from the headphones rises impetuously to a crescendo, covering the words. The film accelerates in speed, you observe as in a loop the witness's raving, Caputo with a hand on his temple telling him to stop and miming to Horace, who's giving a vague signal of assent while he's drawing and rhythmically moving his head. As the music gets louder the moves of the actors are accelerated. Then suddenly everything ceases. With resolute gesture Horace removes the headphones, stands, and places the sketch on the boss's desk.

CAPUTO

Finished?

HORACE

Did you want a figurative sketch?
Here it is!

Caputo is after Horace's shoulders to take a look at the sketch. CLOSE UP on the sketch and on the witness face. The sketch is in fact a portrait, rigorously realistic, of the witness. Caputo at the moment doesn't realize it.

CAPUTO

Let me see. Two eyes, one nose, one mouth. Beautiful job! Much better than those horrible doodles!

HORACE

Leave it, that was art brut, you can't understand... More to the point, what about my back-pay?

CAPUTO

Don't worry, I'll do my best with the boss.

HORACE

Okay, I've got to go.

Horace leaves the office.

CAPUTO

(to the witness, sarcastic)
Sir, we warmly thank you for your
collaboration.

WITNESS

Could I take a peek at the drawing?

CAPUTO

No, I'm sorry. There is the privacy
law.

WITNESS

Of course, of course. Goodbye.

CAPUTO

(low voice)
Fuck you.

The witness goes out. Caputo throws a last glance at the
drawing, while the inspector enters in a hurry.

CAPUTO

Just in time, inspector. The sketch
is ready.

BRUMBY

(taking it)
Good. A real drawing finally.

CAPUTO

Horace is a smart guy, and he's
still waiting for paymen...

BRUMBY

(glossing over it)
Now it's our turn. Caputo, go and
look for this man immediately!

After the request, Caputo looks at the portrait
differently. Now finally he sees who looks like.

CAPUTO

Inspector, the man who has just
gone out resembled him quite a lot.

BRUMBY

Uh?

CAPUTO

In fact, I'd say that he is him!

BRUMBY

Shit! And you let him go away?

CAPUTO

But... you weren't here, I didn't know.

BRUMBY

Fuck! Should I tell you everything?!

Caputo lowers his head mortified.

BRUMBY

Now go...go capture him.

CAPUTO

(going toward the door)

I'm running, inspector! I'm still in time.

EXT. JESSICA'S BLOCK - EVENING

Long shot on the block.

INT. KITCHEN, HORACE AND JESSICA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Horace is sitting at table, while Jessica is standing at the stove. She's nervous, her gestures are rigid.

HORACE

How was school today?

JESSICA

Eh? Ah, school? The usual. I am so tired. Those children are little pests.

HORACE

You take your job too seriously. I've told you thousand times, how many evenings have you been giving private lessons?

JESSICA

Private lessons? Yes, sometimes...

HORACE

Almost every day, I would say. Why these children don't come here?

JESSICA

(blushing embarrassed)

They're too young, they can't get here.

HORACE

Too young, but they stay up late... I'm worried about you.

JESSICA

Wh... why?

HORACE

I don't know, you often you come back untidy, hair messed up, makeup smudged...

Jessica panicking comes back to the stove.

JESSICA

I told... they are little hooligans.

HORACE

I see.

JESSICA

But they're adorable... that's why I give them so many hugs, and the makeup, you know...

HORACE

And probably one of them is a smoker.

JESSICA

Wh...Why?

HORACE

Last week your clothes stank.

Jessica swallows while bleaching.

JESSICA

Ahem...er... Ah, yes! One of the kids covertly smokes.

Before collapsing, she tries to stop the inquisition.

JESSICA

Oh, don't worry about me... Eat up,
come on! It's getting cold.

In that invitation, Horace perceives about her mental absence. On the table there's neither warm dish, nor any food whatsoever. Eat what?

EXT. POST OFFICE - EVENING

Long shot on the building. People going in and out.

INT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bozo, the burglar of Jessica's house, gives a letter to the window clerk.

WINDOW CLERK

Certified or registered mail?

BOZO

Blackmail.

The window clerk weighs the letter and checks the price list.

WINDOW CLERK

Twelve dollars.

BOZO

What? Last time I paid...

WINDOW CLERK

There's a new tax on blackmail. You know, the financial law...

BOZO

Leave it. Please gimme back my letter.

The burglar receives the letter and goes away grumbling.

BOZO

Fucking thieves!

INT. HORACE AND JESSICA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jessica sits at the table, inhales and smiles at Horace, trying to ease her tension.

JESSICA

And... how was your work today?

HORACE

I've made a police sketch.

JESSICA

Well. Maybe we'll see some money.

HORACE

I was inspired, but that's not my place.

JESSICA

Why?

HORACE

You know, I'm focused on my portrait, and this man interferes with stupid physical details. Do you understand?

Imagine Michelangelo sculpting his David and someone waltzing around him suggesting the shape of the nose or the ears!

He would have hammered his head!

JESSICA

Yes, but...being a police sketch...

HORACE

Jessica! You sound like them! Art has no limits! Understood?

Jessica nods going with him.

HORACE

Anyway, I did a good job.

JESSICA

You'll see. With all the copies of your sketch around, some art critic will discover you sooner or later.

HORACE

No! This matter of serial copies, I can't bear it. The artwork should be unique!

JESSICA

And how would they distribute it to the Police departments in town?

Jessica stands up to take some water.

HORACE

They could move the original, as museums do with paintings and sculptures. Simple.

JESSICA

Oh, right.

HORACE

By the way, where is the figurine that was in bedroom?

Jessica, shaken, goes towards the sink.

JESSICA

What... that figurine? Ah, that on the column? Ahem, I wouldn't know.

HORACE

Are you saying it's disappeared?

JESSICA

(nervously handling a glass)

No, really... me...

While she is thinking what to say the glass falls down and crashes. Jessica takes the inspiration.

HORACE

Hey! Be careful!

JESSICA

The figurine... it's broken... I am sorry.

CLOSE UP on Horace's face having a grimace of pain.

JESSICA

(taking his hands)

Forgive me, Horace. I bumped into the column while I was shaggin... I mean sweeping... and it fell...

HORACE

(staring into the void)

The artist creates, and then...
Imagine if...

JESSICA

Michelangelo, I know.

Jessica strokes Horace's head.

JESSICA

Honey, would you like some dessert?

But she continues to be shaken and absent in his gestures. Horace takes a look to the dish with the "dessert". It's actually a sponge with rinsing of dishes.

HORACE

Honey, why don't you go to bed?

INT. JESSICA'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica carefully calls Walter's cell phone. When he answers the screen splits in two: on one side Jessica, on the other Walter in surgeon's white uniform, gloves and mask lowered from the mouth to speak.

JESSICA

Walter?

WALTER

Hi Jessica, how are you?

JESSICA

Excuse me, I just wanted to ask if you did that job.

WALTER

Yes, don't worry. What's up?

JESSICA

Oh, nothing. You know, I've got an obsession.

WALTER

I know, but try to think about something else, okay?

JESSICA

I'll try ... but where did you...?

WALTER

The river. Jessica, careful, we're on the phone.

JESSICA

Okay. I'm sorry to bother you,
Walter. Thanks again, bye.

WALTER

Don't think about it. It's okay.

Stop screen splitting. Full screen for:

INT. PRIVATE OPERATING THEATRE, WALTER'S STUDY - CONT.

Walter hangs up the phone, takes a scalpel and stares at it under the light of a lamp, having an ambiguous grimace.

WALTER

River, sure. But there is still time.

Now the camera reveals that Walter is close to the lifeless body of Eleutherios, a transformation like Jeckyll-Hyde.

INT. HORACE AND JESSICA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica, handing the cell phone, enters and observes with tenderness Horace chiseling and caressing the statue of the Unknown Policeman. Possessed by the trance of the artist, in front of the shapeless statue, he cries "Speak, speak! Why don't you speak?!"

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY

Long shot on the building, children and teachers entering.

INT. JESSICA'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica is sat on the edge of her desk, lively pupils on the benches. She is staring into space, while her pupils cackle, scuffle and throw small paper planes, except one boy who is trying to throw a paper boat. Suddenly Jessica shakes herself and returns to the present.

JESSICA

Class, what was your homework?

HER PUPILS

(in a chorus)

The human body! M'am!

JESSICA

Well. Each of you had to describe an organ of the body. Right?

HER PUPILS

Yes ma'am!

JESSICA

Well, let's see...You, Gabriel,
which organ have you chosen?

GABRIEL

The lungs.

JESSICA

So, let's talk about the lungs.

GABRIEL

The lungs serve for breathing. They
take in air, and they throw out the
dio... diodide?

JESSICA

Dioxide.

GABRIEL

Yes, the carbon dio... diodide!

JESSICA

Are they very important then, eh?

GABRIEL

Yes, if someone doesn't breathe, he
dies. For instance, if someone is
shut up in a closet...

JESSICA

(blanching)

What? Closet?... well, Gabriel.
That's enough. You may sit down.

Jessica looks around upset.

JESSICA

Camilla, which organ have you
studied?

CAMILLA

(shaking her hair)

The head.

The boys whistle and some imitate her movements.

CAMILLA

In the head there is the brain,
the thoughts and... the memories!

JESSICA

Right. And what else?

CAMILLA

(pointing to every
part of the face)

The eyes, the nose, the mouth...
and naturally the hair...

She tosses her hair like a shampoo model.

CAMILLA

The head is the most important part
of the body.

FRED

Ma'am, it's not true! The heart is
more important. I've studied it.

A boy stands up from his seat and holds his hand over his
heart as if he were a bad actor playing a love scene.

CAMILLA

No, you're wrong!! The head is the
most important. If the head stops,
the heart also stops.

FRED

Ah, that's rubbish! It's the heart
that stops when the body dies!

Camilla stands up, facing toward Fred and shaking her
head from side to side as she speaks - like a rapper.

CAMILLA

And if someone gives you a whack on
the head, don't you die?

FRED

(imitating Camilla)

No! Not if the whack isn't too hard!

CAMILLA

Ah! If the statue of Liberty fell
on your head, wouldn't you die?

FRED

Of course, stoopid! But if a figurine
falls on head I wouldn't die. Maybe
I'd pass out. Right, ma'am?

JESSICA

Figu...what? Did you say figurine?

CLOSE UP on Fred's face, apparently staring at the teacher in an ambiguous way. Jessica has another shock and the pupils look at her with curiosity.

Under the amazed expression of Jessica, there are interposed fast frame-flashbacks that show the burglar's head on the floor surrounded by the crocks of the figurine.

JESSICA

Enough, children. That's enough!
Let's move along with the lesson.

Suddenly someone knocks at her door. A colleague springs through the doorway.

COLLEAGUE

Excuse me, Jessica. The principal wants to see you, urgently.

JESSICA

Oh, God, what else?

COLLEAGUE

If you need to go, I can cover for a while.

Jessica leaves the classroom.

JESSICA

(on the threshold)

Thank you. I hope he doesn't steal too much of my time.

COLLEAGUE

(to the pupils)

Well, class, what were you talking about?

GABRIEL

About a corpse in the closet.

CAMILLA

That's not true! About a figurine dropped on the head!

Jessica hears them from outside and jolts. She impulsively reopens the door.

JESSICA

(pained expression)
We were talking about human anatomy.

The colleague, at first surprised by the pupils' replies, relaxes and invites Jessica to go.

JESSICA
(to herself)
But wasn't a class of deaf-mutes
better?

INT. INSPECTOR BRUMBY'S OFFICE, POLICE DEPT. - DAY

Brumby is sat at his desk answering the phone.

BRUMBY
It was a misunderstanding,
commissioner. One of our
collaborators...Don't worry, I'll
do my best. Have a nice...

BRUMBY
(hanging up the phone)
Shit!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, JESSICA'S SCHOOL - DAY

The principal is short, bald, in his sixties, dressed with suit and tie. He's sat at his desk watching carefully the PC screen. When he hears the knock, he recomposes himself and returns to the official pose, opening a register.

JESSICA
May I come in?

PRINCIPAL
Come in, Ms. Ferendeles. Please sit
down. There's an important and
delicate matter.

JESSICA
Please tell me.

PRINCIPAL
(standing up)
It's a very serious matter. You
know that I am rigorous when it
comes to morality, because in such
an environment with so many young
minds it's easy to set a bad
example. You know that I have

always been on the front line
against vulgarity and indecency,
because for me school is a
mission...

While the principal expounds his monologue, Jessica's thoughts overlap his voice.

To underline her thoughts, we'll use the [brackets]. In the movie they could appear as subtitles (or low voice).

JESSICA

[Is he going to accuse me of something?]

PRINCIPAL

...the nature of our pupils is
such to assimilate any form of
immorality, words and gestures...

JESSICA

[Want to see that...? No, is not
possible. I have always been
careful]

PRINCIPAL

...and I know from irrefutable
proof that you've infringed the
most fundamental norms of decency.

JESSICA

[What is he speaking about? I bet
that stupid substitute teacher has
been talking about what we got up
to during break time]
Mr. Principal, I don't understand
what...?

PRINCIPAL

The school rooms are made for
teaching in, and not for committing
licentious acts.

JESSICA

[The classrooms? Then it's not
him... we did it in the bathroom]
Mr. Principal, I assure...

PRINCIPAL

What surprises me is the
shamelessness...

JESSICA

[Could be possibly a father who came at the parents meeting?]

PRINCIPAL

...during the lesson time...

JESSICA

[Lesson time? It's not him... but then who...? Maybe the quick ones with the school janitor?]

Mr. Principal, they must be lies...

PRINCIPAL

...surprised in, ahem, I'm even embarrassed to say it, anal coitus.

JESSICA

[Anal?! So, it's easy then! It's the gardener who came last month]

PRINCIPAL

...under the eyes of an innocent...

JESSICA

[What? I locked the door!!!]

Innocent? What innocent?

No, no, Mr. Principal, please let me explain...

The principal produces several color photographs from his desk draw.

PRINCIPAL

These photos were taken by Father Innocent, from the front monastery.

JESSICA

[Ah! That Innocent! Shit!]

PRINCIPAL

He was so shocked that he almost fell off his ladder. He was cleaning the monastery windows...

JESSICA

Cleaning the windows with a camera?

PRINCIPAL

Ahem...don't digress.

JESSICA

I confess, Mr. Principal, maybe my behavior has not always been ideal. But I can assure...

PRINCIPAL

The only assurance that I would expect from you is to avoid a scandal. I have prepared this letter of resignation that you only have to sign.

JESSICA

But... Mr. Principal...

PRINCIPAL

Don't force me to disciplinary sanctions that would have worse effects for you and for the name of my school.

Jessica, hardly holding back her tears, takes the pen from the man and begins to sign submissively.

Unfortunately, the pen doesn't write.

The principal, impatient, rummages in his drawer.

PRINCIPAL

I have at least a dozen pens, but just when you need one...

JESSICA

(with disguised
superiority)

Don't worry, I've got one in my bag.

Jessica begins rummaging through her huge bag, which has no interior pockets. The only way to find the pen is to pull out all the things that are in her way. So, from the bag she extracts her personal belongings, parking them on the desk, saying "not this, not this..."

The principal stands silent and turns his gaze to the ceiling as his desk accumulates sexy lingerie, colored condoms, dildos of various shapes, latex corsets, whips. Finally, from the sack emerges the shape of a pen.

JESSICA

Here it is.

She dares a last imploring glance towards the principal's vitreous face.

JESSICA

Really... ahem... must I sign?

PRINCIPAL

I repeat, I'm sorry but it's a matter of principle. The obscenity in this school is not allowed.

The moment she shuts the door behind her, he shakes his head with blame and turns back to the PC screen. The browser is on an escort website. A naked girl with big boobs winks with a "Call me!" and a blinking phone number.

INT. INSPECTOR BRUMBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brumby and Caputo wait for the witness who has just been released. The witness enters.

BRUMBY

Sir, I apologize, I'm really sorry. Unfortunately, there has been a misunderstanding.

WITNESS

You call it a misunderstanding? You jailed me for two days because according to you I was the murderer!

BRUMBY

You are right, I'm sorry.

WITNESS

I not only came of my own accord to testify, which is an exemplary behavior...

BRUMBY

I agree. You are a model citizen.

CAPUTO

(echoing him)
... a model citizen...

WITNESS

But I've even been taken for the murderer himself! Shot at and missed, shit on and hit. Right?

BRUMBY

In a certain sense... it's true
...shit on and hit...

CAPUTO
(echoing him)
...and hit...

WITNESS
What's this? A parrot?

BRUMBY
Caputo, stop repeating everything!

CAPUTO
everythin... Eh? Ahem, excuse me.

BRUMBY
We're really mortified. If we can
do anything for you...

WITNESS
What could you do, at this point?

BRUMBY
Anything, to make amends: an armed
escort, an inspection to your worst
enemy, a city tour with Police
sirens blaring...

WITNESS
Anything?

BRUMBY
Anything, you have my word.

WITNESS
In this case, could you help me
dispose of a dead body?

BRUMBY
With pleasure! Where is it?

WITNESS
In my house. That evening, I was
just taking care of it, when I
interrupted and came to testify.

BRUMBY
You are a model citizen...

CAPUTO

... citizen...

CAPUTO
(struck by Brumby's
aggressive gaze)
Sorry!

BRUMBY
And whose was the dead body?

WITNESS
My wife's.

BRUMBY
In the sense the dead body belonged
to your wife? Or that the dead
person is your wife?

WITNESS
The dead person is my wife.

BRUMBY
(grieved, shaking his
hand)
Oh, I am sorry. My deepest
condolences.

WITNESS
Thanks. I was sure that testifying
would have been a matter of
minutes. Instead, the dead body has
been there for two days...

CAPUTO
For sure it's gonna stink.

BRUMBY
(the tone of an
insecticide commercial)
You'll have to air the room before
you can stay there.

WITNESS
I know. From you, I'd like to ask
out the favor of getting rid of the
corpse. Can you do it?

BRUMBY
Don't worry, consider it already
done. I'm curious, what was the
cause of your wife's death?

WITNESS

Oh, a domestic accident.

BRUMBY

Electric shock?

WITNESS

No, she was stabbed.

BRUMBY

And you call that a domestic accident?

WITNESS

Yes. Besides being a teacher, I am a knife thrower in a circus. But I also perform at home, upon request.

The witness hands over a small card to Brumby.

WITNESS

This is my visiting card. I give discounts for parties, military personnel and senior citizens.

BRUMBY

Thanks, I'll tell my friends, definitely.

WITNESS

As I was saying, I usually practice at home with my wife. Probably last time I was particularly nervous.

BRUMBY

It can certainly happen. Did you hit her in a vital point?

WITNESS

Yes, in ten vital points.

BRUMBY

Ten? Don't tell me! Do you mean you can throw ten knives all at once?

WITNESS

Noo! What do you think I am? The octopus man? At home I use only one knife. I throw it, then I recover it from the deadly wound, and then I throw it again.

BRUMBY

It must be tiring, isn't it?

WITNESS

Yes, ten times to and fro it's hard, you lose your concentration. Moreover, my wife after the first mortal wound, begins to get floppy, so she moves.

BRUMBY

Well then, if you allow me, to make amends I'd like to give you a set of ten sharp throwing knives. You can train yourself to throw them all at once.

WITNESS

Oh, thanks. Very kind! Then for the disposal of the dead body, shall I wait for you?

BRUMBY

Yes, I'll immediately send a couple of officers.

WITNESS

(shaking the
inspector's hand)
Then I'll wish you good day.

BRUMBY

It has been a pleasure. Don't ever stop doing your citizen's duty. We need people like you.

Left alone, Brumby breathes heavily, scratches his forehead, and throws away the knife thrower mathematician's business card.

INT. INSPECTOR BRUMBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brumby goes round nervous in the room. Caputo is standing in a corner.

BRUMBY

Caputo, did you call our fucking artist?

CAPUTO

He's on his way. Please inspector,
relax.

BRUMBY

Relax? Do you realize how far in
the shit he's dropped us? Calm, you
say? I could twist his neck!

Brumby brings in the easel used for the sketches to the
center of the room.

CAPUTO

What're you going to do, inspector?

BRUMBY

I'll place there all of our
artist's drawings, one on top of
the other.

CAPUTO

But he asked to get them back for
an exhibition.

BRUMBY

Exactly. Instead, I'll put them on
this easel. Maybe I can't?

Caputo raises his hands.

BRUMBY

Do me a favor. Can you bring me the
drill from the utensils room?

CAPUTO

Immediately, inspector.

Meanwhile someone is knocking at the door.

BRUMBY

(low voice)

Speaking of the devil...

BRUMBY

(snarling)

Come in!

HORACE

Good morning, inspector. Did you
call me?

BRUMBY

Yes, please sit down.

HORACE
Is it about the Unknown Policeman?

BRUMBY
(mysterious smile)
No. I wanted you to see my artistic
performance, you being a fine
connoisseur.

HORACE
Oh, my easel! I'm really surprised...

BRUMBY
Tell me, which tool do you
generally use for your scrawl...
ahem... sketches?

HORACE
Well, in the beginning a pencil,
then a brush.

BRUMBY
(showing a collection
of brushes and pencils)
Like these?

Brumby starts to break them one by one.

HORACE
But... what are you doing?!

BRUMBY
Give up your brushes, it's ancient
stuff! Come on, Ferendeles! An
innovator like you!

Horace looks at him incredulous.
Caputo enters and hands the drill to his boss.

BRUMBY
Have you ever used a drill to
express yourself?

HORACE
(nervous)
N...no.

BRUMBY
Well, you'll see it now. Ready?

Horace is mute and cold, he has an ugly foreboding. Brumby switches on the drill, and it starts to buzz. Then he approaches the easel on which, overlapped one on top of the other, are all of Horace's sketches. Finally, he starts drilling and edges of broken paper begin to flutter around the hole made by the drill. Then he goes on deeper and deeper. Finally, the shreds come to land at the artist's side, who realizes the nature of the slaughter.

HORACE

What are you doing? Are you crazy?
My drawings!

Brumby aims the rotating drill toward Horace as he approaches.

BRUMBY

Don't come any closer! Don't
interrupt the artist in his
performance!

Horace brings his hands to his temples. At the end of his job, Brumby kicks the easel over and jumps on it to complete his devastation. Horace observes him mute. Then the inspector, red-faced from the effort, glares at the artist with an air of challenge.

BRUMBY

What do you think? Am I post-
modernist enough?

HORACE

You are seriously crazy.

BRUMBY

And you are a fired draftsman.

HORACE

What? How... fired?

BRUMBY

Fired. Dismissed. Sacked. We don't
need your services anymore.

HORACE

But you can't...

BRUMBY

Why can't I? You're a loser! And
with your sketches we're losing
face in public!

HORACE

You have destroyed my artworks...

BRUMBY

Your works belong to the Police Department. Besides, they've let me express myself in a live performance. By the way, if you want to collect the remains of my masterpiece, you're welcome.

HORACE

You have to pay me my back pay...

BRUMBY

Back pay? Ah, ah... Please, go away till I'm in a good mood. With your sketches I could jail you for insulting the authorities.

HORACE

And... and the statue to the Unknown Policeman? I have been working on it for two months. I've almost finished.

BRUMBY

I can suggest a place where to put the statue, but it wouldn't be polite. Naturally that order is revoked.

BRUMBY

(to the door)

Caputo! Please take this gentleman out.

INT. BEDROOM, JESSICA AND HORACE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Horace and Jessica are stretched out in bed looking at the ceiling. CLOSE UP from the ceiling on their faces. Silence for some seconds. Then they both speak.

HORACE/JESSICA

(simultaneously)

I've been fired.

A puzzled expression appears on their faces and they turn toward each other.

HORACE/JESSICA

Whaaaaat?

JESSICA

Yes, just like that.

HORACE

Why?

JESSICA

Ahem...I suppose because of my
didactic methods.

HORACE

Absurd! After you've sacrificed
your free time, after you've spent
your nights with them... after...
after... you worked your ass off!

JESSICA

Exactly that.

Horace's puzzled look is a pressing solicitation.

JESSICA

I mean as a metaphor.

They both come back looking at the ceiling.

JESSICA

And what about you?

HORACE

I told the inspector to fuck off.

JESSICA

But... why?

HORACE

He's a hysterical dickhead.

JESSICA

Had you done anything wrong?

HORACE

Nothing.

Horace feels Jessica looking at him questioningly.

HORACE

Okay, what can I do if both criminal
and witness look alike?

JESSICA

I knew that sooner or later... it was not the job for you.

Horace sighs.

JESSICA

And now? How can we scrape along? Maybe you could ask your granny. She's loaded.

HORACE

Here we go again! Maybe you forget she's stingy and does not give anything, even if I die of hunger.

JESSICA

But if you explain her your situation... she's your granny!

HORACE

Enough, Jessica! As long as she is alive, I will not ask her for anything. We only have to wait...

JESSICA

...that she dies, I know this song...you're her only heir and one day our fucking life will flip over like an omelet...

HORACE

I'll stop with these fucking sketches. Finally, I'll buy a real atelier. Better, with all that money I'll buy a museum, you bet.

JESSICA

Enough dreaming. At this point why don't you try selling some sketches?

HORACE

All destroyed, lost! Brumby is a fucking crazy!

JESSICA

And the statue to the Unknown Policeman?

HORACE

Ah, that! You have reminded me that
I have to do something. I'll be
right back.

Horace gets up from the bed. He walks into:

INT. JESSICA AND HORACE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Horace reaches the statue to the Unknown Policeman, that
is a shapeless piece of marble.

He takes a hammer and moves to strike, but he hesitates
and puts his hand on his heart: he can't do it. At the end
he covers the statue with the cloth, and he finally finds
the courage to strike.

He strikes repeatedly and with violence. After that he
removes the cloth with delicacy to verify the devastation.
But the fruit of his casual hammer strikes is surprisingly
similar to Myron's discus-thrower.

HORACE

No, it's not possible! This is a
provocation!

He covers the statue and restarts hammering even harder.
Then he uncovers it but Michelangelo's statue of David
appears.

HORACE

What the fuck...

Then he covers the statue yet again, and starts to hit
with the utmost violence, gripping the hammer with both
hands.

Under the cloth the statue gradually collapses.

Finally! When he lifts the cloth, he is sure he sees only
rubble, but he finds garden dwarfs.

HORACE

Fuck. I'll finish tomorrow.

He leaves the hammer and, distraught, moves to:

INT. BEDROOM, JESSICA AND HORACE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JESSICA

What was that noise?

HORACE

(lying down)

Nothing, last finishing touch to
the Unknown Policeman.

Jessica's cell phone rings. She picks it up and remains without words for the anguish. Then she gets up from the bed. She walks into:

INT. JESSICA AND HORACE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

JESSICA

Who's speaking?

JESSICA

But... it's not true... there has been no dead man...

JESSICA

(trembling voice)

But who are you? You're crazy.

JESSICA

Me... me... I didn't want...

JESSICA

And what if I don't come?... Hey, where are you?

Tears of nervousness come from the eyes of Jessica and melt the showy makeup, creating some slipstreams. After having stared into the void for some seconds Jessica phones Daria. During the phone call the camera shoots on the girl who's speaking at that moment.

JESSICA

Daria, help me!! I need you!

DARIA

Jessica? What's up?

JESSICA

The burglar! The burglar called me!

DARIA

Shit... and what did he want?

JESSICA

He wants to blackmail me, Daria! He wants to speak to me personally. He says he has proof!

DARIA

Will you go there?

JESSICA

I can't avoid it!

DARIA

Stay calm, you'll see it's only a bluff. I'll come with you.

JESSICA

He wants to speak to me alone.

DARIA

Okay, then I'll keep an eye on you from a distance. Just remind yourself he can't do anything to you. Anything he says you simply have to deny. Show him you are safe and strong.

JESSICA

I already know I'll be scared as shit. He said he saw it all! My... the cadaver...

DARIA

Shh! Don't talk about it on the phone, okay?

Right, she hadn't thought about that! Now she feels surrounded by spying bugs. So, she corrects her narrative, while the state of undoing of her makeup is more and more grotesque because of the tears.

JESSICA

(out loud)

Yes, yes, I understand, it's obviously a joke ... sure ... a joke, ah, ah!

DARIA

For sure.

JESSICA

I probably misspoke. Sorry! You probably understood *cadaver*, err, err ... but I meant *get over*!!

DARIA

Right, Jessica.

JESSICA

I meant I must get over my stupid fear. Hmm, err... it will be a joke! There's no cadaver...ha, ha!!

DARIA

Okay, Jessica, let's hang up now. Come round to my place soon, so we can talk about it.

At the end Jessica's tearful face transforms itself into a threatening mask of makeup, not unlike the devilish look of Gene Simmonds of the rock group KISS.

EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

Horace's car is moving along the desert streets.

INT. HORACE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Horace is driving alone. CLOSE UP on his face.

HORACE

Fuck off everyone! That shitty inspector, the school principal, the statuette, this asshole with dazzling headlights.

He reacts with an inelegant gesture towards a big car.

HORACE

No more Unknown Policeman! I created it, and destroyed it with my own hands. Fuck off everyone!

EXT. CITY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Horace's car stops at the entrance of the bridge on the river.

INT. HORACE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He's about to go out when he stops. You can see from far a human outline that drags a burden in a black envelope.

HORACE

Incredible! There's a queue... someone else has had my same idea.

EXT. RIVER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The man dragging the bulky sack is Walter. He reaches furtively the parapet of the bridge with a furtive expression. With a big effort he lifts the sack, he looks around, and finally he lets it fall in the river. Then he runs back to his car and drives away.

INT. HORACE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

HORACE

Who knows, maybe he's a
misunderstood artist too.

EXT. RIVER BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Horace drives to the center of the bridge. Then he goes down, opens the trunk, grabs a great and heavy sack and drags it toward the parapet. After he pauses for a while in concentration like a weight lifter. Then he bends, he lifts it up, he staggers for some steps under the weight, and he finally lets it fall in the river. You can hear the loud noise of the dive, after which he collapses some seconds upon the parapet to recover his breath. But soon after he is chilled by the strident and prolonged sound of a whistle. A district policeman on a bicycle approaches him. He's short and fat, middle-aged, in his uniform.

HORACE

Damn!

HORACE

(to the policeman)
'evening cop, tell me...

POLICEMAN

(offended)
Cop?!

HORACE

Ahem... I meant officer...

POLICEMAN

What are you doing here at this
hour?

HORACE

Ahem... I'm leaning on the
parapet...

POLICEMAN

What for? It looks like you're out
of breath.

HORACE

Eh, yes, right. I didn't feel well, stomach problems... I thought I might throw up.

POLICEMAN

(mistrustful)

Ah! But you couldn't?

HORACE

Ahem... no, I feel better now.

POLICEMAN

Strange, because I heard you throw something big, judging from the noise it made falling in the river.

HORACE

Really, well, you know...

POLICEMAN

Can you explain that noise to me?

HORACE

Well, you're right, actually I did throw up, it was noisy. At dinner I ate too much: stuffed chicken, pork crackling, baked peppers...

POLICEMAN

...garbage bag...

HORACE

...garba...what?

POLICEMAN

Hey, youngster! Are you taking the piss out of me?! Does it say *Imbecile* on my cap?

Horace does not care to contradict him, so he leans toward his cap.

HORACE

No, I can't read anything.

The policeman has a camera look like Oliver Hardy.

POLICEMAN

Less talk! You vomited a giant bag of rubbish!

HORACE

Okay, okay, I apologize. I was wrong... the garbage cans were full. I regret...

POLICEMAN

(taking out his book of fines)

Congratulations, great sense of civic duty! Puah! And what did the sack contain?

HORACE

Oh, nothing. Personal effects.

POLICEMAN

Maybe I was not clear enough. It was not curiosity. You must tell me the contents of the sack.

HORACE

Ah, well... you'll never believe it... it contained a monument devoted exactly to you.

POLICEMAN

Ah, very funny!

HORACE

Seriously! I'm an artist.

POLICEMAN

Don't piss me off, okay?
You don't even know my name...

HORACE

Oh, I didn't mean you personally...what's your name?

POLICEMAN

Youngster! I ask the questions, not you! Anyway... Benjamin.

HORACE

I didn't mean you Benjamin. I mean your role.

POLICEMAN

Uh?

HORACE

It was the monument to the Unknown
Cop. Sorry, I meant Unknown
Policeman.

POLICEMAN

Ah, well. And why did you throw it
away?

HORACE

Ahem, the statue didn't come out
right...

POLICEMAN

Listen, what you did is serious.
And given the circumstances I
could take you to the Police
Station for questioning. But
you've found me in good mood, so
I'll simply issue a fine for
infringement of the legal
provision...

Horace swears silently dissimulating.

HORACE

(sarcastic)

Thanks, cop... officer!

POLICEMAN

What's your name?

INT. CROWDED CAFÉ - DAY

Jessica and Bozo are sat at a table.

JESSICA

(resentful)

What do you want from me?

BOZO

30,000 bucks for my silence.

JESSICA

(out loud)

Are you crazy? Where do I get
30,000 dollars?

People in the café turn toward them. The blackmailer feels their looks and is embarrassed. So, he pretends to be an interior designer.

BOZO

Lady, 30,000 dollars is the minimum to renovating your apartment...

Feeling that people shifted their attention, he leans toward her with harsh voice.

BOZO

Remember that I saw everything!
The corpse in your closet...

JESSICA

(out loud)
Are you joking? What closet are you talking about?

Again, heads turn in their direction.

BOZO

(out loud)
Don't you want the wall closet?
It's a fashionable solution,
ma'am.

People divert their attention.

BOZO

Look, don't howl, and don't piss me off, because if there is someone that has something to lose, that's you!

JESSICA

(out loud)
What are you saying? Are you joking? Losing what?!

Again, people turn toward them annoyed.

BOZO

(out loud)
Ah, didn't I tell you? There is a pipe in kitchen that's losing pressure...

People turn away, casting hostile looks.

BOZO

For the last time, I'm not
kidding! And keep your goddamn
voice down!

JESSICA

(still provocative)
Down what?! I absolutely don't
want...

People start protesting to the waiter.

BOZO

Down?! Yes ma'am, the attic should
go down by half a meter...

BOZO

(while he gets up)
10,000 bucks is my final demand.
You better have it by next week.

Bozo moves along the tables to go out from the café.
Jessica face changes to a worried expression.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

In the street the man brushes by Daria, who follows him
with her look as he walks away. Daria phones Jessica, still
in the café.

INT. CROWDED CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

Jessica is sitting at the table in the bar, while in the
background we can see Daria outside, through the glass.

DARIA

What did he say?

JESSICA

He wants money, a lot of money. As
I thought. I did as you said.

DARIA

Too much. A little bit more and
they would have thrown you out.

JESSICA

He's a motherfucker, he doesn't
give up.

DARIA

Don't worry, now I'll follow him.
Then we'll know where he lives.

JESSICA

Please don't do anything
dangerous, be careful. I'm heading
for the riverside, you know where.
My head's splitting.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

Bozo catches a bus, and Daria keeps on his trail.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

We follow the course of the river. Jessica, sitting on the bank, is looking away. While she's thinking she takes handfuls of sand and lets it run out between her fingers.

INT. ON THE BUS

With his blackmail business temporarily suspended, our man revisits for a fleeting moment his first love: the deft, gentle art of the pickpocket.

Unfortunately, however, he has lost his touch. As soon as he tries to slip his hand into the bag of an old woman standing with her back to him, she turns and starts beating his forehead with the leather bag with painful metal studs. The onlookers attack him and push him away. Bozo jumps off cursing, still followed at a distance by Daria.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Jessica stays immovable in meditation. While she dips her hand in the sand, she extracts it holding a single hair among the fingers. She points her attention on the hair, has a nervous expression.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bozo takes an alley on foot. Daria follows him carefully maintaining the distance. The alleys are deserted and they give an impression of degradation and danger. The man turns in another alley, Daria after a while loses his tracks. She is nervous while she's walking on the pavement. But she doesn't want to give up.

CLOSE UP on her face while you can hear strong the echo of her heels. When she stops the echo stops, when she starts up the noise starts again. Her face expresses surprise and fear.

The reason is revealed by the camera, which slowly comes down stopping on her shoes. She is wearing sneakers. Where the hell is that heel clicking noise coming from?

She takes a step on her tip toes, and you hear the tap of a heel. Then she looks around and runs backward to understand who's making the sound of her footsteps, peeking inside front gateways.

She finally sees in a courtyard a cobbler repairing a pair of boots. Daria takes a step towards him as he's hammering a sole, and recognizes the sound that's been upsetting her. Another step, another stroke, same sound. Then, as she accelerates, he unwittingly increases the frequency with his hammer. The girl draws her breath with relief.

DARIA

Excuse me, I am looking for
someone.

The cobbler raises his dulled eyes.

DARIA

Tall, in his thirties, thin, and
with an earring on his left ear.

COBBLER

Ah, he's Bozo the blackmailer.

DARIA

That's him. And he's also a thief.

COBBLER

In the sense he asks too much for
his work?

DARIA

No, in the sense that he goes out
at night to steal from apartments.

COBBLER

Ah, yes, that too! That job
however is only part-time, never
invoiced. But I think he's booked
up until the end of this month.
What do you need from him, theft
or blackmail on commission?

DARIA

I'm sorry, but who are you?

COBBLER

I'm his agent.

DARIA

Ahem, I wouldn't know...I should know his rates...

COBBLER

(passing her a card)

Right. This is his business card. There is also his website where you can find services and rates. Right now, we're offering a three-for-two deal.

DARIA

Three for two?

COBBLER

Yes. Burgling three apartments but fencing the goods only from two of them.

DARIA

(faking interest)

I'll think about it. Thanks, see you.

Daria returns to her rubber steps, this time jumping as a Ginger Rogers, trying to put the cobbler out of time, but without success.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

Jessica, crouched down on her knees, is still trying to pull the single hair. The soundtrack accents a sense of restlessness when a shadow is perceived coming close to her shoulders, while she's listening to music on her headphones, unaware. At the end a hand appears on her shoulder. She turns frightened. It's Daria.

DARIA

So? What are you doing?

JESSICA

Fuck it, Daria! I was having a heart attack! Did you find anything out?

Jessica slips off the headphones, laying them on the sand.

DARIA

Everything under control. Now I've
all the info: address, phone
number, website.

JESSICA

Great! What would I do without you?

DARIA

(sitting on the sand
beside Jessica)

And what about you?

JESSICA

Same as ever. I thought maybe I
should go away, make a radical
change.

DARIA

Don't talk bullshit. It's just a
dark period. With a shock like
yours, it's normal to be depressed.

JESSICA

You want proof? Look at this hair.
What does it make you think of?

DARIA

Huh! Someone who lost it. An
energetic brush-up.

JESSICA

Not me. At first sight I thought
it belonged to a head buried in
the sand.

Jessica tries to pull the single hair out of the sand.

DARIA

Come on, leave it! Oh, mother!
Maybe you really need a vacation.

JESSICA

Yes, with what money?

DARIA

You were telling me that Horace's
grandmother...

JESSICA

She's cheap. Until she dies, we
don't see a buck.

DARIA

Instead that poor guy in the closet...

JESSICA

The wrong people die. I feel bloody guilty.

DARIA

Come on, think of something else.

JESSICA

(still digging)

So lend me a hand. I'm curious: what could be holding it back?

DARIA

Are you serious?

JESSICA

Come on, please. Just a minute.

DARIA

You're becoming paranoid, I swear!
Come on, move.

She tries an energetic tug without effect. Then she digs in deep, raising heaps of sand over Jessica's music player, without their seeing it. She carries on, her hand going deeper and deeper, until she finally feels something.

JESSICA

What's there? A crab?

DARIA

There is something that's blocking it. It's not a crab. Oh! I've grabbed a wisp of hair!

JESSICA

Whaaat?

Daria immerses her entire forearm and pulls, pulls, until in a whirl of sand and gravel she reaches the root of the hair. Then with effort she pulls out the hand from the sand grasping a head.

JESSICA

Is it a... is it a... doll's head,
isn't it??

Terrified Daria lets it fall on the sand, and gets up.

DARIA

It's human, merciful mother!

Jessica gets up, holds her face in her hands and starts jumping on the spot.

JESSICA

My God! My God! It's not possible!!!

By instinct the two girls embrace trembling.

DARIA

Ca...calm, Jessica. Stay ca...calm.

JESSICA

His face!! Have you seen his face?

DARIA

No, let's get away!

JESSICA

(looking at the head)

He's... him! Him! Eleuuuu...!

DARIA

The man in the closet!

They come closer. Overcoming the disgust, they attentively look at the head, while the irritation is growing.

JESSICA

But Walter what...?

DARIA

Fucking maniac! Imbecile! Crazy surgeon!

JESSICA

(tears in eyes)

Damn sadist!!! Poor, poor Eleuu...

DARIA

I'm sorry, Jessica! That asshole is always caught up in his experiments!

JESSICA

I told you I didn't feel safe with him.

DARIA

I can't believe it! How could I imagine I'm the girlfriend of such a shithead?!

CLOSE UP on the head on the sand looking at the sky, while the two girls set out, and Daria hugs Jessica who cries.

DARIA

(in distance)

But this time he will hear me!
Shit! I swear he will hear me!!!!

EXT. RIVERSIDE - NEXT DAY, AFTERNOON

The camera is shooting from the sand level, where is the cut head. You can see the legs of Brumby and Caputo.

CAPUTO

Inspector, how do you feel?

BRUMBY

(mumbling, hand on his mouth)

Well...uhm...well...ough!

CAPUTO

What?

BRUMBY

(uncovering for a second his mouth)

Well, well. Don't break my balls, do your job.

The camera shows Caputo dressing a miner helmet.

CAPUTO

Inspector, in case of stomach problems don't worry.

BRUMBY

(alluding to the helmet)

I told you. That's not regular.

CAPUTO

But it's vomit-proof. My regular beret is still in the launderette.

BRUMBY

Okay. Examine the head, come on.

CAPUTO

Yes, inspector. Let me see.

The inspector turns away and tries to think of something else. To distract himself, he starts singing Gangnam Style.

CAPUTO

(recording the audio
report)

He's a man in his thirties having
the head severed with precision
probably with a scalpel. The head
has traces of blood...

BRUMBY

Please, Caputo, for pity's sake!
Could you avoid explicit terms?

CAPUTO

But, inspector...?

BRUMBY

Do you want me fill the helmet up
right now?

CAPUTO

Okay, I'll be more delicate.
He's a man in his thirties, with
the head not perfectly placed in
its natural position...

BRUMBY

Well, much better. Go on with a
more neutral voice, please.

CAPUTO

(pretending to be a
stage actor)

The cold dull limbs rest austere,
and the ashy face is enveloped by
indomitable and tired hair...

BRUMBY

Good, more pathos.

CAPUTO

The languid iris is turned to the
cloudy sky in everlasting
indifference...

BRUMBY

I like it! With a deeper voice.

CAPUTO

... under the neck, the diaphanous
jugular is cut, with the pendulous
veins and...

BRUMBY

Hey! Not like that. Lighter...

CAPUTO

... and the truncated vertebra
shows its dried reddish-purple
blood...

BRUMBY

(hand on the mouth)

Not like that! Imbecile! Damn
mummer! Groogh!

The screams of the inspector shake Caputo, and he comes
back into himself.

CAPUTO

Inspector, I'm sorry but... it's
for the report!

BRUMBY

Okay, go on.

Brumby put his fingers in his ears and, while Caputo evokes
bloody scenes, he sings *Gangnam style*, moving in rhythm.

EXT. CITY STREET - AFTERNOON

Daria, Jessica and Walter walk along a quite desert
suburban road.

JESSICA

(to Walter, sarcastic)

You made a fucking mess!
Congratulations!

DARIA

You're a fucking sadist, you are!
Fucking liar and sadist!

JESSICA

Why didn't you tell us of your intentions?

WALTER

Tell you? Come on! And would you have let me do my experiments? I doubt it.

DARIA

Experiments? Fucking butchery, you mean.

WALTER

Could you explain to me what's your problem? I promised that I would throw away the body, and I did! What's the difference to you, whether it's whole or in pieces?

DARIA

What difference?! The same that exists between an accidental death and the monster of Milwaukee! You are a monster!! Monsteeeeeer!!

Daria with hysterical reaction starts storming him with punches.

JESSICA

(looking around)

Daria, please, stop it.

WALTER

Daria, be calm! I know that you won't understand me, but it was a unique opportunity! I am doing an experimental thesis on anatomy, and if I succeed...

DARIA

(covering her own ears)

I don't even want to know it!!!
You are a monster and a liar!

WALTER

(to Jessica)

Really, I don't understand! From the body parts they will never trace back to you!

JESSICA

That's not the point! It is not pleasant to find your dead lover's head in your hands. It's a shock, do you understand?!

DARIA

You should have told me! Idiot! If you love someone you have to share everything!

WALTER

Even a necropsy?

DARIA

Yes, even a nepso... nesco... that fucking thing!

WALTER

Okay, I apologize. I'll remember, next time.

JESSICA

Come on, I beg you, now let's make peace.

DARIA

No. I'm still pissed as hell.

JESSICA

Come on, Walter. Hug her, give your hand.

Uncertain Daria looks askance at him, waiting for a conciliatory gesture.

WALTER

Okay, no problem.

Walter has his hands in the large pockets of his coat. In pulling out his hands, another hand fall to the ground.

WALTER

Sorry, I had saved this hand for another experiment, but I don't know if I'll do it.

He picks up the severed hand and hides it again in his pocket. The girls look at him open-mouthed, speechless. Walter tries to ease the tension and embarrassment.

WALTER

(looking into Daria's eyes)
Can I give you my original hand?

EXT. RIVERSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Brumby has just finished singing *Gangnam style*.

CAPUTO

Inspector, now we also should look
for the rest of the body. Do you
agree?

BRUMBY

You say? Well, be quick please,
because a cold wind is rising.

Caputo starts to dig in the surroundings, part with the
hands, part with the helmet. Brumby, standing closer, looks
at him in face, trying to realize from his expressions the
proximity to their goal. After a while Caputo stops and
has an interrogative grimace.

BRUMBY

Have you hit something? The human
trunk?

CAPUTO

I wouldn't know. It's surely
something small. I'm afraid the
body is not whole, but dismembered.

BRUMBY

Shit! We'll be here till night-
fall.

CAPUTO

(touching something)
I don't understand what it is.

BRUMBY

You've the disgust written on your
face.

CAPUTO

Really? Please inspector, can you
give me a mirror?

Brumby extracts a courtesy mirror from his pocket and passes it to Caputo, who looks at himself. On his forehead, in childish handwriting, you can read the word "DISGUSTT".

CAPUTO

Ah, okay. It's my child who's learning to spell. Sometimes while I'm asleep he writes on my face with invisible ink. It comes and goes with the tides.

BRUMBY

Anyway, there's only one T in disgust. And let's hurry, 'cause I'm infering from your face that the tide is rising.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The two girls react to the new shock.

DARIA

Enough! I'm finished with you.

JESSICA

Please, throw that hand away.

WALTER

Okay, okay, forgive me. No more anatomy in your presence.

JESSICA

Come on, Daria. He's a crazy surgeon, but you know he loves you. And he's generous.

DARIA

But... Jessica, do you think he's a normal person? He takes scalpels with him to the cinema, too.

JESSICA

Walter, come on. Look me in the eyes. Promise me you won't do this shit again.

WALTER

Promise.

JESSICA

And now I'm waiting for a kiss of reconciliation.

Walter kisses Daria chastely on her cheek.

WALTER

Forgiven?

DARIA

Forgiven.

WALTER

And now let's go for dinner all together. I'm starving.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Caputo is going on digging.

CAPUTO

Bad news. It's not a human trunk. It should be a part of the body.

BRUMBY

Which part? Femur? Ulna? Radius?

CAPUTO

(extracting the object)

What intuition, inspector! You almost guessed it. Not exactly a radio, some kind of music player.

BRUMBY

Does it work?

CAPUTO

It looks new.

BRUMBY

Well. Keep digging, and see if you can find some headphones. Better than speakers. In the office they complain if my music's too loud.

Caputo goes back digging with hands and helmet.

BRUMBY

Come on! Go deeper!

CAPUTO

Nothing to do, inspector. There's an obstacle in the way.

BRUMBY

What kind?

CAPUTO

It seems like a human trunk.

BRUMBY

Fuck off! Now what can I do, without headphones?

CAPUTO

Don't worry about that, I'll have a look in the flea market.

BRUMBY

I hope so. In this case let's go.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Along the road Jessica and her friends meet a sign pointing out a restaurant with a wooden hand attached above.

WALTER

Do you think this would do for dinner?

JESSICA

Okay by me. It should be ha...

DARIA

No, please, don't say!

JESSICA

Handy!

They all burst out laughing, and move in that direction.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Long camera shot on the riverside by evening.

CAPUTO

Boss, where should we put the head?

BRUMBY

In its natural place, the helmet.

As they are walking, Brumby is tormented by the head dangling in the helmet.

CAPUTO

Inspector, you've the anxiety written on your face.

BRUMBY

Really? Where did I put the courtesy mirror?

CAPUTO

It's a metaphor. You've no kids at home.

BRUMBY

Right. It's the nuisance of keeping this crap with me in the office.

CAPUTO

Please inspector, may I bring it home?

BRUMBY

Are you joking?

CAPUTO

I'm serious.

BRUMBY

Why? What would you do with it?

CAPUTO

I'd collect it. In a jar of formaldehyde.

BRUMBY

But weren't you collecting beer bottle tops?

CAPUTO

Yes, inspector. Don't remind me. I had a thousand of them, from all over the world! But one day my wife threw them away!

BRUMBY

What a pity.

CAPUTO

For me it was a trauma. I went into analysis for quite a while.

BRUMBY

I can imagine that.

CAPUTO

Instead with human heads I'm safe.
She wouldn't touch it.

BRUMBY

Well, okay. Take it home until the investigation is over.

CAPUTO

(happy like a child)

Thank you very much, inspector! And for the headphones no problem, I'll find some as soon as possible!

The two policemen walk away from the riverbank.

EXT. PERIPHERAL CITY AREA - NIGHT

Long shot on a poor block. Nobody in the street.

INT. CAPUTO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bozo has just entered and moves carefully in the living room. The flashlight shines on tasteless paintings and furnishings. He meets a mother of pearl figurine and a silver ashtray, which he puts in his backpack. Then he finds a pendant. To check if it's made out of gold, he takes a bite at it. A sharp pain forces him to desist.

BOZO

Shit! I gotta see a dentist!

He slips the pendant in his backpack and goes on. Suddenly another light crosses his flashlight. He is frightened, ready to run away. But there are no voices, no movement. So, he approaches the source of light and finds a miner's helmet. Bozo turns off the light on the helmet.

BOZO

Maybe a bad contact of charger.

Near the helmet there is a framed picture in which we recognize Caputo and his wife. Down by the couch he finds a piece of pizza in a dish on a little table. He swallows it in one bite. Next to it there's a glass, in which some

ice cubes seem to float. He instinctively starts drinking. He is about to swallow when he realizes that the presumed ice cubes are in reality a denture. Bozo spits everything out immediately, and smooths his tongue with the back of his hand, like a cat.

Then he realizes that on the couch there is an old woman sleeping, probably the owner of the denture. Under the shower, she wakes suddenly. She is Caputo's grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER

Who's there? Who are you?

BOZO

(crouching and taking
her hand)

Ahem... don't worry, lady.
Everything is under control. You
simply fainted.

GRANDMOTHER

But...who are you?

BOZO

Who am I? I am... I am the doctor,
don't you remember?

GRANDMOTHER

Which doctor? I know my doctor very
well!

BOZO

Shhh! I'm from the emergency
medical services...you didn't feel
well.

GRANDMOTHER

(aloud)

But...what are you saying? I'm
healthy as a fish!

BOZO

(in a low voice)

Fish? Well, for sure the denture is
the swimming part of you.

GRANDMOTHER

Where is my grandson?

BOZO

Shh! Please, lady! Are you sure
you're healthy? I see a worrying
bulge on your forehead...

GRANDMOTHER

(touching her own forehead)
Really? Where?

BOZO

(approaching her)
Let me see.

She exposes herself to the examination. The man bows his
head, takes a run-up and headbutts her.
She passes out, and he lays her down on the couch.

BOZO

Everything happens to me.

EXT. BRUMBY'S BLOCK - NIGHT

Long shot on the block. Few lights. Nobody on the road.

INT. BRUMBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The inspector is lying in bed dressing his pajamas and
pince-nez. Under the faint light of a bedside lamp he's
solving his crossword puzzles.

INT. CAPUTO'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a drawer Bozo finds a ring that seems to be gold. He
brings it to his mouth but, remembering the pain of last
attempt, he stops just in time, he contemplates it
doubtful, and at the end he has an idea. He returns to the
old lady's glass, takes the denture and, holding it like
a puppeteer, uses it to bite. The false ring breaks.

BOZO

Fuck! Where the hell I ended up?

He's disgusted by the ring, but admired by the denture,
and puts it in his backpack.
He finally turns toward the bookcase that faces the couch.
He searches along the shelves from bottom to top, while
the music emphasizes the tension, till the dramatic
surprise. At the climax, his attention is caught by a
glassy container inside which you can distinguish the
famous head under formaldehyde.

CLOSE UP on Bozo horrified and open mouthed, being incapable to making a sound. Then he feels dizzy, his look darkens. You can hear the load thud of his fall.

INT. CAPUTO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Caputo hears the noise and wakes up suddenly. He picks up his gun from the night table and getting out of bed he sets out tiptoeing, showing up in pajamas and beret with the tassel, in Foreign Legion style. He walks into:

INT. CAPUTO'S LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

Handling the gun, he moves with abrupt and awkward motions, like a Starsky or Hutch with sciatica, bumping his knee against the edge of a chair. He finally discovers the unconscious burglar in front of the couch, close to his grandmother. With one hand he points the gun against him, while with the other he slaps him. The burglar wakes up.

CAPUTO

Who are you? What happened?

BOZO

Uh? Sorry, I fainted from shock.

CAPUTO

Shock? What shock?

Caputo looks around and his gaze rests on his grandmother.

CAPUTO

I understand. She's no oil painting.
She's almost ninety years old.

BOZO

No, I didn't mean her. I meant the
head on the bookcase.

CAPUTO

Ah, that! It's a gift, a small
gratification from my job.

BOZO

Like a bonus?

CAPUTO

Something like that.

BOZO

So, what's your job? Headhunter?

CAPUTO

Not exactly. But I help in drawing heads.

BOZO

Uh?

CAPUTO

For Police sketches.

BOZO

You're a po...poli...policeman?

CAPUTO

Exactly. Popoliceman.

BOZO

And I suppose you'll want to know what I'm doing here at this time...

CAPUTO

If you want you can tell me here. Or later in the Police Department.

BOZO

I'd prefer it here. Really, it's difficult to describe myself in a few words...

CAPUTO

I'll help you. It's one word.

BOZO

Oh, thanks.

CAPUTO

Well, let's spell the word. It starts with B.

BOZO

B?...mmm... I wouldn't know.

CAPUTO

Okay, the second letter is U.

BOZO

B-U?... Ahem, maybe... builder?

CAPUTO

(aiming the gun at him)

Wrong answer! Try again. You are a
B-U-R...

BOZO

Bursar?

CAPUTO

(pushing the gun under
his chin)

Wrong again! I'll give you last
possibility. You are a burg...burg...

BOZO

Burg...?

CAPUTO

I don't mean Burger King delivery
man!

INT. BRUMBY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brumby is solving a crossword.

BRUMBY

Burg...burg...seven
letters...mmm...Burglar!

INT. CAPUTO'S LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOZO

Are you going to call me burglar?

CAPUTO

What else?

BOZO

I'm sorry you have such a poor
opinion of me. Really, I think
you're over simplifying.

CAPUTO

How?

BOZO

First of all, I am a blackmailer.
Burglary is just a part-time job.
And I don't even invoice for it.

CAPUTO

Ah, in that case I'll arrest you
for blackmail.

BOZO

Excuse me, why? Did I blackmail you?

CAPUTO

Well, not actually.

Caputo starts thinking of another charge. Meanwhile his grandmother wakes up and starts moaning.

CAPUTO

Granny, what do you want?

GRANDMOTHER

Ohi, ohi! My forehead hurts.
Someone has given me a head butt.

CAPUTO

Go back to sleep, it's still night.

GRANDMOTHER

I'm telling you someone has bashed
me on the head.

CAPUTO

You dreamt it. Granny, please don't
break...ahem...I'm busy.

GRANDMOTHER

Don't you believe me? He was tall...

CAPUTO

(to Bozo)

Hang on a moment, please.

Caputo crouches in front of his grandmother as Bozo did before, and he takes her hands.

CAPUTO

Well, granny, where does it hurt?

GRANDMOTHER

I've already said. On my forehead.

CAPUTO

Where? Here?

While he's asking her Caputo gives her a head butt, as Bozo did before. The old lady faints again.

CAPUTO

My grandmother. That's the only way
to shut her up.

BOZO

I know.

CAPUTO

Ah! Were you that man?

BOZO

(offering to shake hands)

Yes. It's a pleasure.

The policeman ignores the hand in mid-air.

CAPUTO

So, I've found the charge on you:
assault on an elderly woman.

BOZO

Assault? But...?! You did the same!

CAPUTO

So what? I am her grandson.

BOZO

You mean I can only head butt my
own granny?

CAPUTO

Maybe an aunt too, if you wish. You
should check the Civil Code...

BOZO

It's a bit restrictive, though...

CAPUTO

The law is the law. Now if you give
me five minutes to get ready, I'll
take you to the Police District.

BOZO

Oh, please don't bother. I'll get
there by myself. I know the way.

CAPUTO

I'd prefer to accompany you. I'll
earn points for my bonus.

BOZO

One more severed head?

CAPUTO

No, a Christmas cake. Heads only
crop up from time to time.

Caputo handcuffs the thief to a leg of the table. As a precaution, he handcuffs the latter to the leg of his grandmother, and goes to the lavatory.

Bozo can move a little and look around.

Pushed by the morbid curiosity, he turns to the bookcase again and, covering his eyes with his hand, he tries again to glance through the gaps between his fingers, as you do with horror movies, just in case he was mistaken earlier.

BOZO

It's definitely him!

Bozo opens wide his eyes, then he blanches again, his sight darkens, and he faints again falling on the old woman.

EXT. JESSICA'S BLOCK - NIGHT

Long shot on the block.

INT. JESSICA AND HORACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Horace and Jessica are lying in bed looking at the ceiling.

JESSICA

You too lost sleep? What's up?

Horace has a satisfied expression.

HORACE

I'll be rehired by the Police.

JESSICA

Really? Did they call you?

HORACE

I've received a summons.

JESSICA

And do you think it's for that?

HORACE

What else? After sacking me, they won't have been able to find another sketch drawer. For sure.

JESSICA

(looking at the ceiling)

Well, at least for the money.

HORACE

I can't wait to see Brumby's face when he'll be forced to hire me again.

JESSICA

Please, honey, don't assume anything. Be concrete.

HORACE

Don't worry. I'll only request a pay raise, for my back pay and the Unknown Policeman.

JESSICA

Come on, let's hope.

HORACE

Enough depression! Finally, I feel excited, full of energy. And...

Horace begins to caress the Jessica's shoulder blade, and then go up to touch her tits.

JESSICA

Horace, this is not the time.

Horace removes his hand reluctantly and comes back staring at the ceiling. CLOSE UP only on his face.

HORACE

The fact is, you know, adrenaline for the job...I'm feeling creative and excited... and I mean...

JESSICA

Horace, this is not the time!

While the face of Horace stares at the ceiling, you understand his hand comes back to touch Jessica gently.

HORACE

Hey, now that I think of it: how long has it been since we...?

He's sure that she is only cold for now. Just enough time for a new strategic approach. While the camera takes a close-up of Horace staring at the ceiling, from the movement of his arm you can realize he has begun again

caressing who's at his side. But now he feels his touch doesn't find resistance anymore, so he makes a smug look. With a slow progression and an inexorable tactile game, the caresses become bolder and persistent.

HORACE

I knew you wanted it too...

He decides to finally turn to embrace her. But his close-up reveals something strange as a crunch of rubber and a hiss of compressed air are heard. When the camera slowly opens to a medium shot, next to Horace gazing at the ceiling, there is now no longer a glimpse of Jessica, but a sexy blow-up doll, open-mouthed, staring into space.

HORACE

Bitch!

INT. INSPECTOR BRUMBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Brumby is interviewing an aspirant sketch artist, a confident young man, skimming through his book of sketches.

BRUMBY

(contemplating a drawing)

And would you consider this one a face sketch?

ARTIST

Not properly. That is a still-life with watermelons and coconuts.

BRUMBY

Ah, I see.

BRUMBY

(looking at another drawing)

And might this one pass as a face sketch?

ARTIST

No. That is a Descent of Christ from the Cross.

BRUMBY

Descent? Like a deposition?

ARTIST

Yes, it's a sacred theme.

BRUMBY

Mmm... We're involved in depositions too, but the deposition occurs later, in court.

The other nods open-mouthed.

BRUMBY

Dear young man, as an artist I suppose you've never had any dealings with the Police.

ARTIST

Not exactly. In alphabetical order - assault, bankruptcy, burglary, drug trafficking, extortion...

Brumby raises an eyebrow.

ARTIST

...homicide, kidnapping, urinating in a public place...

BRUMBY

I meant professional relationships with Police.

ARTIST

Like corrupting a public officer?

BRUMBY

(getting nervous)

Okay, leave me your resume. We'll be in touch.

ARTIST

Thank you, boss. May I start calling you that?

BRUMBY

(sarcastic)

No, just call me daddy.

BRUMBY

(meeting Horace while he's dismissing the artist)

Mr. Ferendeles. Come in, please.

HORACE

I received your invitation.

BRUMBY

It's called summons. Please sit down.

EXT. JESSICA'S BLOCK - DAY

Long shot on the block and the traffic along the road.

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Blinds closed, soft lights. Two bodies embrace under the sheets. CLOSE UP on Jessica lustful. In the beginning the camera doesn't reveal who's the man. Suddenly Jessica stops thoughtful, while the man is going on.

JESSICA

Hey, don't you feel guilty?

CLOSE UP on the man: he's Walter.

WALTER

Because of the dead man?

JESSICA

Because of Daria. She's your fiancée, and my best friend. I feel guilty.

WALTER

(distracted, horny)

Mmm...uh? Guilty? For the cadaver?

JESSICA

Again? I'm talking of Daria, your girlfriend.

WALTER

Ex-girlfriend! I've already told you. We broke up. She says I'm a maniac, just because I carry a scalpel with me all the time.

JESSICA

Would you agree that's not normal?

WALTER

Jessica, I have to practice! And the operating room is not enough! The other night she got pissed off in the restaurant when I took it out to cut the steak.

JESSICA

Well...is that all?

WALTER

No, I wanted to break her pimple too, with the tip. There she dropped me and walked away.

JESSICA

Ah, okay. So, it's over...

WALTER

Yes, but if you're uncomfortable and feel bad we'll stop here.

JESSICA

(stroking him)

No, okay. Just don't pull it out if stay with me. The scalpel, I mean.

They restart having sex.

INT. INSPECTOR BRUMBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Horace is sitting in front of Brumby.

BRUMBY

(ironic)

We made a mistake with you. We shouldn't have let you go.

HORACE

(proudly)

Oh, it doesn't matter. The main point is that I am here now.

BRUMBY

Ah, sure! So, do you know the reasons for this summons?

HORACE

I can imagine them.

BRUMBY

Well. That will save us some time. And... have you anything to say?

HORACE

I have brought my pencils and brushes. I'm ready to start.

BRUMBY

(amazed)

You mean...? Are you ready to draw
a self-portrait?

HORACE

(amazed too)

A self-portrait as a test?

BRUMBY

It doesn't seem a bad idea.

HORACE

No problem. Just to make you happy.

BRUMBY

(giving him a small mirror)

Take this too.

You see Horace in accelerated motion that draws a self-portrait looking at himself in the mirror under the vigilant eye of Brumby. At the end Horace gives his self-portrait to Brumby, who contemplates it with admiration.

BRUMBY

Very well. I would say it's a
perfect likeness.

HORACE

Actually, I have sharpened the
technique of the realistic portrait.

BRUMBY

I'd call it an identification. You
know, here in the Police District
we identify suspects.

HORACE

Sure. But in my case, it's a port...

BRUMBY

(looking at him in the eyes)

Identification! Here we identify
the suspects.

Horace suffers an inquisitorial stare.

BRUMBY

Sketches of criminals, of murderous
cynics, even of sadists that make
chop up their victims' bodies...

HORACE

Yes, it could happen.

BRUMBY

And they even throw everything into the river under the eyes of a cop...

HORACE

You say cop to your fucking...
Oh! I'm sorry!

Horace looks annihilated at Brumby who looks at him accusatory.

HORACE

River, policeman... But, is it a joke? You don't want to accuse me of...?

BRUMBY

Exactly! Mr. Ferendeleles, you're under investigation for murder, dissection and unauthorized disposal of a human corpse. You were fined for discharge to river.

HORACE

But what...? Murder? It was that damn statue of the Unknown Policeman!

BRUMBY

Ah, ah! Very funny. Tell that to the judge, he'll die laughing.

Horace has a fit of dizziness. After a while he tries to pull himself together. Caputo enters in the meanwhile.

HORACE

And... whom would be the man I had killed and dismembered?

BRUMBY

Ah... you'll know in good time. We'll have an identification parade.

HORACE

That is?

BRUMBY

Uh? I don't know exactly. In detective films they call it that.

CAPUTO

It's a line up.

BRUMBY

Caputo! Who gave you permission to speak? I was just saying that. It's a line up. Sure!

CAPUTO

Sorry, inspector.

BRUMBY

Please escort Mr. Ferendeles. This time not outside, but inside!

Brumby sniggers at his own joke, while Caputo comforts Horace with a pat on the back, exiting from the office.

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica is on top of Walter pushing her breast against his mouth.

WALTER

Hey, you're suffocating me! Can you hear me?

JESSICA

Mmm...

Walter extracts a breast from his mouth.

WALTER

Jessica! Let me breathe for a second!

JESSICA

What's up? Don't you like me anymore?

WALTER

Of course I do! The fact is that...

JESSICA

That?

WALTER

When I was a baby, I was nearly killed by one of them.

JESSICA

It's called tit.

FADE OUT.

INT. INSPECTOR BRUMBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Caputo comes back in the office.

BRUMBY

Caputo, I need a favor, please bring me back the head.

CAPUTO

The head? Which head?

BRUMBY

The one I gave you!

CAPUTO

But... inspector... it was a gift!

BRUMBY

I know, I'm sorry, now we need it.

CAPUTO

But ... I've become attached to it by now. It was also useful as a burglar alarm.

BRUMBY

How?

CAPUTO

The burglar I brought in yesterday fainted after seeing the head.

BRUMBY

I'm sorry, we need it. Ferendelez wants to know his presumed victim. I have to show him the head.

CAPUTO

Why? Doesn't he trust you?

BRUMBY

Obviously not. He's a skeptic.

CAPUTO

What a pain in the arse! With all due respect.

BRUMBY

Will you go and dig on the riverside?

CAPUTO

For the headphones? Don't worry, inspector, I said I'll pick them up in the flea market...

BRUMBY

It's not for the headphones. It's for the victim's body. Now we should reconstruct it. I'll even have to attend the autopsy.

CAPUTO

(ironic)

Attend the autopsy? In that case the miner helmet won't be enough. If you want, I could find my grandpa's wheelbarrow.

BRUMBY

Very funny. Caputo, have you ever heard of offense to a superior officer?

CAPUTO

Offense? Yes, try in-sul-ts. Crossword puzzle?

BRUMBY

No, seven days in solitary confinement.

Caputo understands, salutes with a military flourish and moves toward the door.

BRUMBY

Please, Caputo, find the rest of the body. When the case is closed, I'll give you back the head.

CAPUTO

Promise, inspector?

BRUMBY

Promise.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY

The prison courtyard resembles a school playground. The camera pans over various groups of tough looking prisoners playing children's games.

In one group they're playing the handkerchief game. Both competitors reach the handkerchief, held up by a companion, from opposite positions at the same time. Then they start quarrelling.

PRISONER 1

I was first!

PRISONER 2

No, I was!

PRISONER 1

You liar! I caught it first!

The squabble degenerates into a fight. The two take out some clubs and they hit each other's heads, until they are both ko'd. In another group they are playing hopscotch.

PRISONER 3

Hey! You've stepped on the line!

PRISONER 4

Are you fucking with me?! You lying fuck!

PRISONER 3

Liar me?! You shit-head bastard!

The squabble degenerates in a fight and the two prisoners stab each other.

In a third group two prisoners are skipping with a rope. They both stop and they start to quarrel.

PRISONER 5

I won! I done more jumps than you!

PRISONER 6

Oh yeah! That's a bunch of bullshit!

PRISONER 5

Bullshit?! You're a fucking bullshit!

The squabble degenerates into fight. The two take out some guns and they shoot each other until they collapse on the ground.

Finally, the camera slowly moves from those groups to the face of Horace that stays thoughtful looking into space.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Long shot on the building. Outside there are ambulances and stretcher-bearers.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Brumby wanders uncertain through the corridors of the hospital, wearing the usual trench coat and bringing Caputo's miner helmet. The corridors are white, with neon lights.

BRUMBY

(to a passing nurse)

Excuse me, where do they carry out the autopsies?

NURSE

Down this corridor, first on the right, then second left, after the Burns Unit.

Brumby goes down the corridor, nervous and careful, ready to turn his gaze away from truculent scenes.

Along the corridor from both sides many stretchers pass by from which patients leave rivers of blood. At every passage Brumby covers his eyes with a hand, but then, pushed by morbid curiosity, he peers at them and he collapses immediately against the wall suppressing the urge to vomit.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Bozo, previously arrested by Caputo, comes close to Horace.

BOZO

Hey, psssst! Are you interested in a file?

HORACE

I don't have a computer with me.

BOZO

I mean an iron file.

HORACE

To saw the bars?

BOZO
(taking a manicure file
from his pocket)
No. For fingernails.

HORACE
I'm not interested. Possibly, I
could need one to saw the bars.

BOZO
Is a power saw okay?

HORACE
What!?

BOZO
Come with me.

In a corner of the courtyard is a bench housing some bulky
tools. Among them is a 1,200-watt circular saw.

HORACE
But how do you...?

BOZO
Today is market day. The new
director doesn't want inmates
buying online.

HORACE
(weighing the saw)
Ah! But I'm just afraid that 'this
thing makes too much noise...

BOZO
If you want, I also have a silent
drill.

HORACE
(shaking his head)
For heaven's sake! The drill brings
back ugly memories.

BOZO
What memories?

HORACE

Inspector Brumby, my persecutor. A fucking crazy cop! He drilled all my sketches.

BOZO

Brumby?! Don't tell me you know Caputo!

INT. HOSPITAL BURNS UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Along the corridor he meets a stretcher with a patient with half the torso hidden by bandages. After few footsteps he meets a stretcher with a patient who is completely bandaged except for his head. Later another stretcher passes with a patient entirely bandaged, like an Egyptian mummy. Finally, a stretcher passes with an Egyptian sarcophagus. Brumby sees the sign on a room. There he reads "Userkaf, V dynasty, 2400 B.C.", and he has a puzzled look. He therefore asks for information from a nurse along the way, whom he finds motionless, smiling, always in profile, like certain depictions of the ancient Egyptians.

BRUMBY

Excuse me, is this the burns unit?

EGYPTIAN NURSE

Certainly, but it's also a branch of the Egyptian Museum.

BRUMBY

Oh yeah? How come?

EGYPTIAN NURSE

An arrangement between the City Hospital and the Egyptian Museum. There was no more space in the Museum, so they decided to host some mummies here, among other bandaged bodies, by thematic affinity.

BRUMBY

But how does it work? If I want to visit...

EGYPTIAN NURSE

(changing profile)

The Museum? Easy: there's a single ticket. If you buy a ticket for the Museum, you've also got the right

to visit this department. On the other hand, if you have some relatives hospitalized here, you can entertain yourself with a couple of original mummies while you're waiting.

BRUMBY

Yes, but... how can you distinguish someone's mommy from a mummy?

EGYPTIAN NURSE

The mummy is sterilized and better preserved. Besides, the patients don't have a dynasty.

BRUMBY

Die... what?

EGYPTIAN NURSE

Dynasty.

BRUMBY

By the way: what if a patient dies?

EGYPTIAN NURSE

(changing profile)

We have a special offer: mummification for free, with evisceration and dehydration. It also includes a pedicure.

BRUMBY

(disgusted)

I understand. Ahem, for the autopsies am I going right?

EGYPTIAN NURSE

(changing profile again)

On the other side of the corridor, then left.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Horace and Bozo are telling their stories.

HORACE

Caputo is not so bad. But Brumby is completely insane. He destroyed two years of my work, the bastard! If I

had the chance, I'd rip his head off.

BOZO

Oh, don't talk to me about heads. They've been my undoing.

HORACE

In what sense?

BOZO

In the sense that I lost my senses.

HORACE

Uh?

BOZO

Have you ever found yourself in front of a head in a jar?

HORACE

A canned head? No, never. Only tomatoes.

INT. HOSPITAL AUTOPSIES UNIT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Brumby enters the autopsies unit. The surgeon, portly and ceremonious, in gown, welcomes him.

SURGEON 1

Oh, inspector, finally! We were worried about you!

BRUMBY

Good morning. Forgive me for being a little late. Is it ready, the...?

SURGEON 1

The dissected corpse, do you mean?

BRUMBY

Yes, that one.

SURGEON 1

There is a little problem. The head is missing.

BRUMBY

Oh, I'm sorry. My assistant should have brought it.

SURGEON 1

It was hard work putting the rest of the body back together. One hand is also missing. But I'm good with jigsaw puzzles.

Brumby has a flash of hope on his face.

BRUMBY

So that we can't proceed without head, right?

SURGEON 1

Sure, we can! Don't worry.

BRUMBY

(low voice)

Fuck!

SURGEON 1

By the way, I'm Dr De'Ath, but you can call me Mort.

BRUMBY

Mort?

SURGEON 1

Short for Mortimer.

Brumby holds out his hand, as the pathologist hands him a surgical mask and gloves.

SURGEON 1

Could you wear these, please? The operating room is an antiseptic environment.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

BOZO

What's more, I already knew the owner of that head! I saw him dead, naked, with a hard on, in the house of a nymphomaniac.

HORACE

Nymphomaniac?

BOZO

You know what I mean. She probably crowned her husband king of the

cuckolds. With horns sprouting from
his head like a moose.

In saying it, he mimics the animal.

BOZO

So, I open the closet and he falls
on me.

I try to free myself and a marble
figurine falls on my head. Shit!

HORACE

What? Do you remember the figurine?

BOZO

It was rubbish.

HORACE

(hostile look)

Do you remember the lady, at least?

BOZO

Brown hair, big boobs, with a siren
tattoo on her wrist.

HORACE

How d'you know it's a siren?

HORACE

(in a sigh)

I always confuse it with a codfish.

BOZO

When I tried to take her ring off,
it started ringing.

HORACE

The lady's name is Jessica?

BOZO

Yes, but, don't tell me that you...

HORACE

Yes, I'm the moose.

INT. AUTOPSIES UNIT, OPERATING THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Brumby is wearing a white uniform, and surgical mask and
gloves.

SURGEON 1

(giving Brumby the
scalpel)
Here's the scalpel. It's our
tradition to give the guest the
first cut.

BRUMBY
(disgusted)
No, no. I thank you, but I cannot
accept.

SURGEON 1
Please, inspector, do you want to
offend me?

BRUMBY
I'm honored, but... you are the
pathologist, after all.

SURGEON 1
(disappointed)
Nobody is born a pathologist. Ok,
if that's what you want.

BRUMBY
Don't be offended, doctor, maybe
next time.

SURGEON 1
(to the staff)
Okay. Are you ready?

SURGEON 2
No, Mort. You were the one to cut
last time. It's my turn now!

Surgeon 2 is tall and lanky.

SURGEON 1
Forget it, Page. You're a disaster
with a scalpel.

SURGEON 2
(grasping the laser)
That's why I use this.

Surgeon 1 responds to the challenge crossing his scalpel
against the laser.

SURGEON 1
In this case the scalpel is better.

The two surgeons stare at each other with hostility.

SURGEON 2

Remember, there is fresh meat on
the other operating table.

Brumby is shocked by the sentence.

SURGEON 1

(lowering the scalpel)
Okay, this is all for you.

SURGEON 2

(to Brumby)
Inspector, using the laser we will
be more precise. You'll only smell
a light stench of burning.

The staff surrounds the operating table. Brumby gives just a look for curiosity. Then, feeling nausea, he turns round and closes his eyes. CLOSE UP on his face rigid, and his eyes shut, while he's hearing the hiss of the laser.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Bozo pats on Horace on the back to comfort him.

BOZO

Don't think about it. At least now
you've the proof to get out from
here.

HORACE

(vindictive look)
Right.

BOZO

Hey, I've got something that could
be useful for you...

Bozo takes a huge pair of shears from the bench.

BOZO

You can use these to cut your horns.
My personal gift.

HORACE

Thank you.

INT. AUTOPSIES UNIT, OPERATING THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

In few seconds some smoke spread on Brumby's face: he can smell it and he sniffs the air.

BRUMBY

(to himself)

The surgeon was right. Stench of burning flesh. Shit!

He still resists for a while with closed eyes.

BRUMBY

(to SURGEON 2)

Is it a long operation?

SURGEON 2

About half an hour. Come closer if you want, I'll show you the details.

BRUMBY

No, thank you. I attend from here.

Naturally, his gaze is upward, and to distract himself he sings quietly Gangnam style. After a while, he can't resist anymore, feeling the stench of burning stronger.

BRUMBY

(to the staff, with closed eyes)

How long to go now? This smell makes me almost think of a barbecue, ah, ah...

SURGEON 1

It's half done. I've just turned the sausages over, to make them golden-brown all over.

BRUMBY

Golden-brown...what...?!

He's frozen because looking around besides the operating table he notices an authentic barbecue set, on which the staff is roasting some sausages.

SURGEON 2

Don't be surprised, inspector. Ours is a model of multifunctional efficiency. While one surgeon operates with his staff, the other

prepares lunch. Doctor De'Ath is a master chef.

BRUMBY

Oh, so this was the "fresh meat"?
I was thinking about something else...

SURGEON 1

Everything is designed to save time, this is the tradition of our complex: hospital, museum, restaurant. Coming soon as betting center.

An assistant offers Brumby a sausage and a beer. On the operating table Surgeon 2 is completing the autopsy.

SURGEON 2

(through the mask)

Hey! Save some for me! I want that one, the biggest!

He points out a sausage with the laser light.

BRUMBY

But, sorry, wasn't it aseptic here?

SURGEON 1

Yes, inspector, no contamination. It's genuine meat, my uncle makes the sausages.

BRUMBY

(eating, satisfied)

How long will it take to write the autopsy report?

SURGEON 1

It's done already. I wrote it up yesterday.

SURGEON 1

(to one of his barbecue assistants)

Can you pass me the report, please?

The latter, moving awkwardly between gauzes, sausages, bandages, charcoal blocks and glasses of wine, accidentally spills it over the report.

SURGEON 1
Hey, stupid klutz! Now it's illegible!

SURGEON 1
Don't worry, inspector. I can confirm that the man's death was by natural causes.

BRUMBY
Ah, okay.

SURGEON 1
Would you like some more sausages to bring with you?

BRUMBY
Yes please, they're very good.

The assistant makes a paper cornet with the unreadable report, puts some sausages in it, and hands it to Brumby.

SURGEON 1
Please do not remove the mask until you leave: the operating room must remain antiseptic.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Long shot on the building. Police cars parked.

INT. INSPECTOR BRUMBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brumby to the desk, Caputo standing, Jessica, Daria and Walter sitting. Their faces express dismay and recrimination.

JESSICA
I knew it would finish this way. I knew it.

WALTER
See? This is what you get from helping your friends!

DARIA
See? This is what happens when you date a fucking doctor Frankenstein!

BRUMBY

(beating his hand on the desk)
Silence, please! You may speak only if I ask you a question!

THE INVESTIGATED
Yes, sir.

BRUMBY
(peering at them deeply)
Do you know what it means to hide a dead body, eh?

DARIA
Really, inspector, we didn't want.

BRUMBY
No, tell me, do you have any idea?

JESSICA
It was not our intention.

BRUMBY
(reading from a paper on the desk)
Here we're talking about hiding a corpse. How would you define a thing like this?

WALTER
(uncertain)
Concealment?

Brumby looks at Walter suspiciously, then stares at the paper.

BRUMBY
(writing on the crosswords magazine)
Con-ceal-ment. Yes, it fits. Good.

Brumby closes the magazine satisfied.

BRUMBY
That's done. It wasn't easy, some of those definitions were a little tricky.

WALTER
(ruffian)
I am fond of puzzles too. Surely not as experienced as you...

BRUMBY

Eh, yes! I confess I'm not at all
bad at crosswords.

DARIA

(pandering)
I'm good at solving rebus puzzles.

JESSICA

(seductive)
I love charades.

Staring at the inspector with a malicious smile, she
adjusts her breasts in her ample neckline. Brumby gives a
look and swallows. Caputo, standing, does the same.

BRUMBY

Okay, let's get back to us. What
you did is serious, very serious!
How would you define it?

The three friends look at him and raise their eyes to the
ceiling in search of definitions.

DARIA

Abject?

WALTER

Abominable?

JESSICA

Aberrant?

CAPUTO

(swallowing, after seeing
Jessica's cleavage)
Ab...bundant?

BRUMBY

(looking at Caputo
obliquely)
I am talking to these persons.

Caputo lifts his hands to apologize.

BRUMBY

I haven't asked you a definition
for my crosswords. We're talking
about a man, here, who's been
killed and torn apart.

The three friends lower their eyes.

BRUMBY

What can you say in your defense?

JESSICA

It was a fatal accident...

DARIA

...a mishap...

WALTER

...an experiment...

BRUMBY

Now I'm going to show you someone
that you should recognize.

BRUMBY

(to the door)

Please, come in!

Bozo the blackmailer is about to enter through the door. The initial impression is that a comparison between him and the investigated is beginning. They look panicky at each other.

Nevertheless, Bozo enters dressed in a highly fashionable suit. Then the lights are lowered, the music starts, and Bozo begins to walk around the office with the typical movements of a model. Then he goes out closing the door behind himself.

BRUMBY

Did you recognize him?

WALTER

Armani?

DARIA

Versace?

JESSICA

Ralph Lauren?

CAPUTO

Mr. Right Price?

Brumby fulminates Caputo with his look. Then he shakes his head.

BRUMBY

(to the door)

Please, come in again!

Bozo comes in wearing a trendy bathing suit, walking hip.

BRUMBY

Now did you recognize him?

THE INVESTIGATED

(in chorus)

Calvin Klein!

BRUMBY

Right, what do you think about it?

DARIA

I believe it would look very nice
on you.

WALTER

It would make you look younger...

JESSICA

(winking)

You're such a fascinating man...

BRUMBY

Caputo, what should I do?

CAPUTO

With them?

BRUMBY

No, with the bathing suit.

CAPUTO

I already told you, inspector. Take
it, it fits you well.

BRUMBY

And with them?

CAPUTO

I'd suggest house arrests.

BRUMBY

Mmm...house arrests, you say?

CAPUTO

(pointing Jessica)

And... in case the lady had nowhere to stay, I would make my home available...

BRUMBY

Caputo! You've already taken the head. Now the lady?! Aren't you getting ahead of yourself?

CAPUTO

Inspector, in truth I did bring back the head, as you asked me.

BRUMBY

Mmm, we will talk about it. But you have your grandmother living with you! Not to mention your wife!

CAPUTO

No problem, inspector. I'd put the old bag on the balcony. About my wife, she's gone to stay with her mother because of the head. It always happens when I start a new collection.

Brumby looks at him with grim eyes, as if to say "forget it!" Meanwhile, Horace is knocking at the door.

BRUMBY

Please come in.

HORACE

(in civilian dress,
showing a sheet of paper)

Inspector, I need your signature on my release form.

Jessica runs toward Horace and stops in front of him.

JESSICA

(over dramatically)

Horace, darling! You're finally free! You can't imagine how much I've suffered...

Horace, glacial and immovable, looks straight at the inspector and doesn't respond to her solicitations.

JESSICA

Horace, forgive me, forgive me!

Horace, still immovable, trying to look elsewhere.

JESSICA

I was wrong and I regret it, my love!

HORACE

Ah.

JESSICA

Really, I'm devastated and repentant!

HORACE

Ah-ah.

Horace looks her in the eye, with superiority. She gives him a languished look.

JESSICA

Horace, please, it was a moment of weakness!

HORACE

(uncertain, turning to the audience)

What should I do? Should I forgive her?

The cameraman enters the movie and hands some cards to vote, as used in quiz shows. The camera passes to review the voters one by one. Daria and Walter lift green cards, Caputo a red card, Brumby a joker.

HORACE

(after the positive vote, to Jessica)

Okay, you are forgiven. But please stay away from my figurines!

Jessica nuzzles embraced by Horace's arms, casting a sly glance at her friends. Brumby signs the release of Horace.

BRUMBY

All right, I'll talk to the judge. I'll propose house arrests for everybody, okay?

WALTER

I can't accept, thanks.

BRUMBY

Well, I don't think you can refuse.
Anyway, is on me!

WALTER

Ah, in that case I'll take two.

The four people get up and walk to the door.
Brumby notices a large bag left on the chair.

BRUMBY

(to Jessica)
Madam, you forgot your bag!

CAPUTO

(to Brumby)
Inspector, that bag is mine.

BRUMBY

Caputo, you shouldn't leave your
belongings in my office.

CAPUTO

In truth, in the bag there is the...

BRUMBY

(to Caputo)
Okay, okay, never mind.

Brumby is focused in gallantries toward Jessica.

BRUMBY

(shaking Jessica's hand)
Dear madam, in the future no more
cadavers in your closet. Okay?

JESSICA

(with seductive voice)
Not even skeletons?

BRUMBY

Skeletons? And who hasn't got a
skeleton in the closet, dear madam?

On their way out, Jessica, lets her handkerchief fall to
the floor, and closes the door behind her. Brumby and
Caputo jump to pick it up. Caputo grabs it, reads something
on it, sniffs it, and then puts it in his pocket.

BRUMBY

Give me that handkerchief.

CAPUTO

But...inspector...

BRUMBY

Give me that handkerchief!

Caputo takes it from his pocket and gives it to his chief.

BRUMBY

(analyzing it)

Well, well. Her cell phone number.

CAPUTO

What a woman, inspector!

BRUMBY

(pocketing the
handkerchief)

A Venus, Caputo, a Venus.

CAPUTO

But...inspector, her phone number
was for me!

BRUMBY

What makes you think that? Didn't
you see the looks she was giving
me?

CAPUTO

Inspector, come on, I don't think
you... you need a strong stomach
for that kind of woman.

BRUMBY

So what? How dare you! Are you
saying that I...?

CAPUTO

No, absolutely... Anyway, with your
permission, let's play it man to
man.

BRUMBY

A sword duel?

CAPUTO

No, a coin toss. If you agree.

BRUMBY

Okay, I choose tails.

Brumby puts his hand in his pocket, searching for a coin.

BRUMBY

I have no coins.

CAPUTO

Don't worry inspector, I've got it.

So, heads for me.

With a sly and devilish look, Caputo moves towards the bag on the chair. He takes a coin from his pocket and tosses it. It hovers in the air and lands inside the bag.

CAPUTO

Inspector, you promise me that if I show you the head...

BRUMBY

Caputo, are you doubting my word?

Go on, get it out!

The camera shows Caputo as he puts his hands in the bag.

CAPUTO

Are you ready, inspector?

BRUMBY

Caputo, you've broken my balls.

Come on, get it out! But... do you need two hands to pick up a coin?

We understand why only when we see what Caputo is lifting: the famous human head in the glassy jar.

CAPUTO

(triumphantly showing the jar)

Head! Head! Check it out!

BRUMBY

(turning pale)

Ah, damn!!

CAPUTO

I won, inspector! The phone number is mine!

The inspector, feeling queasy, gets up from the chair staggering. CLOSE UP on Caputo's face.

CAPUTO
(half smiling, half
worried)
Inspector, I'm very sorry!

CAPUTO
(to the camera)
I told him it was for strong
stomachs!

But Brumby is not listening to him anymore. He clings to the door handle, then slips away, overturning the clothes stand as he goes. Caputo lifts the jar like a Champions winner, then takes and sniffs Jessica's handkerchief. But the triumphant expression begins to soften.

BRUMBY
(from afar)
You're a fucking... bbblargggh!!!

While the inspector curses from the hallway, the expression on Caputo's face transforms in doubt.

CAPUTO
(asking the audience)
Do you think he was upset?!

The movie credits start to roll on his immobile face. But the freeze frame is not from the film: the actor is stopped on that expression, as long as a cameraman approaches him saying "*enough! it's finished*", and takes the glass jar. But the actor is now dismayed, and still in the part. Leaving the room, he turns again to the offstage inspector.

CAPUTO
Inspector, okay, let's say it was
tails...

THE END.