

FERRARI

written by

Troy Kennedy Martin

current revisions by

Michael Mann

WGAW

- NOTICE -

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT ©2022 MOTO PICTURES, LLC. THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF MOTO PICTURES, LLC. AND IS INTENDED AND RESTRICTED SOLELY FOR THE PRODUCTION COMPANY'S USE BY PRODUCTION COMPANY PERSONNEL. NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED, SOLD OR DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS, OR QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM, INCLUDING ANY WEB SITE, WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF MOTO PICTURES. DISPOSAL OF THIS SCRIPT COPY DOES NOT ALTER ANY OF THE RESTRICTIONS SET FORTH ABOVE.

SUPER:

1957

1 EXT. FARMHOUSE. CASTELVETRO. MORNING 1

Dawn over the Emilia. Still air... the flutter of ducks rising off water. No sun as yet, just a bleak blue light, streaking the East. A long way away the howl of a steam train heading out across the flat Emilian plain towards Modena.

2 INT. LINA'S BEDROOM. CASTELVETRO. MORNING. 2

ENZO FERRARI wakes. He's in his 50s. In the distance he hears the Naples/Milan Sleeper clatter over the points at Castel Franco... He looks at his watch. Beside him is LINA LARDI. She's 15 years younger with auburn hair. She stirs. He untangles their limbs and slides out, letting her sleep.

3 INT. THE HALLWAY. CASTELVETRO. MORNING. 3

Dressed, he creeps past the boy's room. Its door open, his son, PIERO LARDI, is asleep. He steps in, sits on the side of the bed.

FERRARI tucks in the covers around him, like a cocoon. He brushes aside his hair and kisses his forehead. Walls have news paper clippings, as many bicycle racing as motor sports. Then FERRARI is down the stairs. At the bottom he puts on his shoes.

4 EXT. FARMHOUSE. CASTELVETRO. MORNING. 4

He opens the door of his old Peugeot 403.

He disengages the handbrake and shoves the car, so it will freewheel down the incline towards the farm gates. So as not to wake the family with its starting. He slips aboard.

5 INT. THE PEUGEOT. MORNING. 5

FERRARI draws the door shut. As he passes the gatepost, he turns the car into the road. It gathers speed. Only now, he flicks on the ignition, pulls out the choke, shifts from neutral into second gear and releases the clutch, bumping the engine into life.

The revs climb. He slips into third.

A turn approaches. His right toe caresses the brake while his right heel blips the throttle while his left touches the clutch and he's shifted into neutral, revs the engine, declutching again, upshifting into second -- all so fluidly in a third of a second that it sounds like three ascending notes on a scale.

He's a large man, adroitly driving the old Peugeot with the skill of the racer he once was and still is.

He accelerates down the straight road ahead to town.

Meanwhile--

6 INT. PLATFORM. MODENA STATION. THE NIGHT TRAIN. MORNING. 6

It shudders to a stop. An opera company disembarks. The SINGERS clutch their fur collared coats and hats against the morning cold. The ORCHESTRA carry their instruments.

From the next carriage -- an overnight bag drops onto the platform. From the bag hangs a pair of racing goggles. A man dismounts: squat, wide-shouldered. He picks up the bag. He is race car driver JEAN BEHRA.

The GUARD blows his whistle. There is a hiss of superheated steam, a roar from the engine. From the last carriage a second, younger man steps onto the platform. He too carries a small bag from which hang two pairs of racing goggles. Unshaven and wild-looking in a leather jacket and jeans, he resembles Marlon Brando in THE WILD ONE. He is Alfonso Cabeza de Vaca y Leighton, Marquis de Portago... better known as FON DE PORTAGO.

He begins to walk up the platform following the others.

7 INT. FERRARI'S HOUSE IN MODENA, FERRARI BEDROOM. MORNING. 7

The phone rings by a bed. It has not been slept in. It is Ferrari's. The door to the room opens. A sleepy woman of about forty-seven with steely eyes and a wiry lissome body picks it up. This is LAURA FERRARI. She is Ferrari's wife.

LAURA

Yes?

8 INT. STATION OFFICE. MODENA. MORNING. 8

The PORTER, as if a spy conveying an important secret --

PORTER

Please inform Signor Ferrari that  
Jean Behra has just arrived on the  
overnight from Milan.

He bows to the telephone.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Thank you, most excellent and  
gracious Signora.

9

INT. FERRARI'S HOUSE IN MODENA, BEDROOM. MORNING.

9

LAURA stares down at Enzo's empty bed, hangs up.

The phone rings again. She picks it up. This time it is  
Ferrari's chief engineer, CARLO CHITI.

CHITI (V.O.)

Laura? It's Chiti. Is he there?

LAURA

He's taking a shower.

CHITI (V.O.)

Give him a message, please -- Jean  
Behra is in town.

10

EXT. FORECOURT. MODENA STATION. MORNING.

10

The mysteriously important BEHRA stands by the curb. A  
Maserati convertible pulls up. He stamps out his cigarette.  
OMER ORSI - one of Maserati's owners - greets him with a  
handshake and he piles in --

As they drive off the last of the OPERA COMPANY board an  
upright old coach.

TENOR

(bitterly)

You will notice that -- for stars  
of the racing world -- there is a  
heroes' welcome. For us, not even a  
porter.

As the coach takes off, we're left with FON DE PORTAGO. There  
is no taxi. The bells for 7 a.m. mass begin to ring.

11           EXT. INTERSECTION. VITTORIO EMANUELE. MORNING.           11

DE PORTAGO enters and carries his bag down the middle of the deserted Corso. A small Peugeot scoots past him and comes to a halt at a red light. DE PORTAGO recognizes the driver.

FERRARI checks his watch. He's late.

                          DE PORTAGO  
                          Signor Ferrari!

DE PORTAGO runs towards the car.

FERRARI glances at the approaching Spaniard.

                          DE PORTAGO (CONT'D)  
                          May I present myself. I am Alfonso  
                          de Portago.

The light turns to green. FERRARI accelerates away--

DE PORTAGO slows to a walk. One look has confirmed everything he had heard about the man. He'd be a bastard to work for.

He starts across a deserted intersection towards the Corso Vittoria Emanuelle.

12           EXT. THE PIAZZA GARIBALDI. MODENA. MORNING.           12

The church bells are still ringing. A FLOWER WOMAN puts out her wares on the corner. A nearby news kiosk opens its shutters. FERRARI arrives in front of his house in the old Peugeot.

The bus from the station has pulled up in front of the Opera House a few doors down. A SMALL WELCOMING COMMITTEE of patrons and workers has assembled to greet them.

One of them is GIACOMO "MINO" CUOGHI. A short, dapper attorney, a very bright and confident man, with a limp from childhood polio. He's FERRARI'S school friend and business counselor.

A cry goes up from the STAGEHANDS among the welcoming committee.

                          STAGEHAND  
                          Hey, it's Ferrari.

There is a spontaneous burst of applause, their backs to the opera singers, which FERRARI acknowledges as he gets out of the car.

CUOGHI  
 (shouts)  
 Good morning, Enzo! Your friends  
 are back.

He indicates the OPERA SINGERS...

FERRARI  
 This time, I hope in tune.

TENOR  
 More in tune than your cars in  
 Monaco last week.

Laughter... FERRARI smiles at the retort. He crosses the  
 cobble-stoned inner apron.

CUOGHI  
 Enzo, we have to talk...

FERRARI  
 That bad?

CUOGHI  
 I will come by later.

FERRARI opens the door to his house, a large burgher's  
 mansion, built in the Northern Italian style.

13      INT. LAURA'S SUITE. FERRARI'S HOUSE. MORNING.      13

LAURA hears the front door slam and FERRARI's footsteps on  
 the stone stairs.

She sits on her bed. Frozen anger registers on her face. She  
 hears him pass her door. She gets up, crosses to the bureau,  
 pulls open a drawer. Inside is a pistol.

His door closes.

14      INT. FERRARI'S SUITE, LARGO GARIBALDI. MORNING.      14

The phone is ringing. FERRARI ignores it. He crosses to the  
 shower, turns it on, comes back into the room. He opens the  
 shutters, letting in the morning light and the sound of the  
 bells...

He picks up the phone. It is CARLO CHITI again.

15 INT. CHITI'S DINING ROOM. MODENA. MORNING.

15

CHITI

Behra's in town. Anyone tell you?  
The Orsi boys collected him at the  
station. Did she tell you? The word  
is he's going to challenge our  
record.

16 INT. FERRARI'S SUITE. LAURA IN THE DOORWAY. MORNING.

16

LAURA stands there. She has the handgun at her side.

FERRARI

Is the 801 ready?

CHITI

There's the workers mass at nine.  
After that.

FERRARI

I'll call Castellotti.  
(hangs up, to Laura)  
Behra's here.

FERRARI glances over his shoulder. He dials the long distance operator. Behind him is LAURA and the handgun. He didn't see it.

LAURA

Really? So many phone calls. I  
thought Frank Sinatra came to town.

FERRARI asks the operator for the Medici Hotel, Florence.

LAURA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

What do I tell them?

(singsong)

Excuse me, please. My husband isn't  
here. He is out whoring. Grazie.  
Buongiorno!

The hotel comes on the line.

FERRARI

Signor Castellotti, please.

LAURA

I don't give a damn who you screw,  
Enzo, or how many. The rule is that  
you have to be here before the maid  
arrives with the morning coffee.  
That was the agreement. Was it not?

FERRARI  
Laura, please!



LAURA's gestures include her had with the gun. She's interrupted by the arrival of the maid.

ALDA  
Buongiorno, Signora,  
Commendatore...

ALDA pushes into the room carrying a tray with two espressos on it. She skirts LAURA, pushes aside the gun and places the tray on the table on which the phone rests.

At this moment CASTELLOTTI comes on the line.

FERRARI  
Castellotti!

17 INT. A BEDROOM. THE MEDICI HOTEL. MORNING. 17

Castellotti is in bed with his girlfriend, CECILLIA MANZINI.

CASTELLOTTI  
Enzo. Do you know what time it is?

18 INT. FERRARI'S SUITE. MORNING. 18

FERRARI  
Can you be at the Modena Autodrome by eleven? Bring your lucky gloves.

CASTELLOTTI  
(confused)  
What gloves?

FERRARI  
The gloves that will beat Behra who has come to steal from you our record.

ALDA  
Will that be all, Signora?

CASTELLOTTI  
I'll be there.

LAURA  
That will be all.

LAURA raises the gun. ALDA exits.

FERRARI puts down the phone.

FERRARI  
 Laura, the car broke.

The gun FIRES. Laura moved it slightly right. FERRARI dodges sideways.

19 EXT. PANORAMIC VIEW OF MODENA. 19

The bells of the Ghirlandia mask the sound of the shot.

20 INT. FERRARI HOUSE. FOYER. MORNING. 20

ALDA presents GIUSEPPE -- Ferrari's older driver -- with a glass of coffee.

ALDA  
 Buongiorno, Giuseppe.

GIUSEPPE  
 What's going on in there?

He takes his coffee. There is a second shot.

ALDA  
 Her gentleness, the Signora, is  
 trying to shoot Il Commendatore...

21 INT. FERRARI'S SUITE. MORNING. 21

Then, LAURA lowers the gun and exits.

FERRARI, a little shaken, regains his balance.

22 INT. FOYER. THE FERRARI HOUSE. MORNING. 22

LAURA makes her way to her suite, her robe swirling around her. Giuseppe, staring up at her.

LAURA  
 Buongiorno, Giuseppe.

LAURA sweeps through the foyer. To Giuseppe --

LAURA (CONT'D)  
 I let him live--

FERRARI appears and shouts at her.

FERRARI

That gun was given to you for your protection.

ADALGISA FERRARI, Ferrari's ancient mother in black, appears with her cane--

Before she disappears around the corner to the kitchen --

LAURA

And, talk to Cuoghi. You're going broke--

She slams shut a door O.S.

FERRARI looks down at GIUSEPPE.

FERRARI

Yes, I heard about Behra.

ADALGISA

I knew it would come to this.

We SEE her now, a tough old woman with piercing eyes.

FERRARI

Mama.

ADALGISA

You give her a gun, she'll use it.

FERRARI

She carries the pay roll for the factory around in that handbag.

ADALGISA

I'd rearm Germany before I gave to that woman a gun.

FERRARI starts back to his room.

FERRARI

Giuseppe will take you and Laura to the cemetery this morning.

ADALGISA continues as FERRARI leaves --

ADALGISA

And don't forget the Workers Mass. Unless you want to pay high wages next year --

As he turns towards his rooms --

FERRARI  
Be nice to Laura.

LAURA returns. She has a bunch of flowers in her hand.

ADALGISA  
Good morning.

LAURA  
No one was hurt, okay? So don't  
make a fuss.

ADALGISA  
What? What have I said?

23      INT. LAURA' S APARTMENT. FERRARI HOUSE. MORNING.      23

From the window LAURA watches FERRARI cross the square below to the flower seller to buy a bouquet of yellow flowers. She's torn between her norms, anger and concern for him.

25      EXT. MODENA. STREET. DAY.      25

A convoy of the Maserati transporter cars and vans rumbles through the masonry streets. It is the Maserati Works team. In the last car sit ADOLFO and OMER ORSI and BEHRA.

Reveal, now, FERRARI, who crosses the cobbled street diagonally towards the Barber's, glancing after the convoy.

26      INT. BARBER'S. LARGO GARIBALDI. DAY.      26

As FERRARI enters there are greetings from several MEN reading their newspapers.

BARBER  
Morning, Commendatore...

He ushers FERRARI into the empty seat. MATTEO, turns the page of his newspaper.

MATTEO  
Did you see who was in that car? It  
was Jean Behra.

FERRARI  
Don't panic, Matteo. If they take  
the record, we shall take it back.

MATTEO's skeptical LAUGH. FERRARI looks through the mirror at him.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
So, how did our football team do  
yesterday, Matteo?

MATTEO  
You know damn well. We lost.

FERRARI  
One long catalogue of disaster,  
it's been. How long since you took  
over?

MATTEO looks up sharply.

MATTEO  
And what about Le Mans? Jaguar one,  
two and three. What's that?

FERRARI  
(dismissive)  
From my mistakes I learn, whereas  
the mistakes you make, you repeat.  
Week after week. When you play  
Bologna, I hope you win.

Ferrari warms to his theme.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
(searches for a suitable  
threat)  
Otherwise, I may relocate my  
factory to Bologna so my drivers  
will not be dispirited by living in  
a city whose football team dwells  
in the perpetual twilight of  
failure...

Laughter. FERRARI closes his eyes.

MATTEO  
The Modena Football Club is the  
pride of Emilia.

All the newspapers come down in protest. Matteo is defiant,  
the object of everyone's scorn.

24 EXT. THE CEMETERY. SAN CATALDO. DAY.

24

FERRARI walks with a bouquet of yellow flowers across the central courtyard of the cemetery.

It is vast, enclosed on four sides by high walls. Built into the walls are elaborate mausoleums containing drawers which house the dust of Modena's families. It is monumental because death is monumentally remembered in Modena.

54 INT. THE FERRARI MAUSOLEUM. DAY.

54

FERRARI pulls up a chair to face a photograph and the engraved name "Alfredo Ferrari," who is buried in the wall.

Dino died two years ago from muscular dystrophy. FERRARI sets in a vase in front of Dino's vault the yellow flowers--

FERRARI

Cuoghi wants to meet. That means  
bad news--

He leans forward, conversational, confiding--

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Your mother missed on purpose. One day she won't. Then I'll be in here with you.

(pause)

Again, I'm hearing voices in my sleep. My brother and father. I see their faces, too. Also, now, Campari and Borzacchini, my good friends who died on the same day at Monza twenty-four years ago this week on that evil afternoon.

(pause)

Ghosts.

(pause)

There was a time I loved your mother beyond reason..

(beat)

She was a different creature then  
But so was I.

(beat)

And I see you, too. Every moment I close my eyes. That face, your face, I want to see.

FERRARI kisses his hand and touches Dino's picture and his name.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
 Okay. I go to deal with today.

A24 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE CEMETERY. DAY.

A24

FERRARI's getting into the Peugeot to drive away as the Fiat sedan pulls in. He nods to Laura and Giuseppe.

LAURA ignores him and briskly exits into the cemetery. Giuseppe shrugs. FERRARI leaves.

ADALGISA, slower-paced, extricates herself from the sedan, helped by GIUSEPPE. As they walk slowly towards the entry--

ADALGISA  
 Did I tell you of my son, Alfredo,  
 Enzo's older brother?

GIUSEPPE  
 Many times Signora.

They walk for a few moments in silence.

ADALGISA  
 A tragedy, I lost him in the Great  
 War.

GIUSEPPE  
 Yes, Signora.

ADALGISA  
 Let me tell you...the wrong son  
 died.

GIUSEPPE slows to a stop. ADALGISA sails on.

A25 INT. THE FERRARI MAUSOLEUM. SAN CATALDO. DAY.

A25

Now LAURA stands with her flowers in front of Dino's tomb. The exhortation, which is to grace the roof, is traced in charcoal -- "Ad majorem ultra vitam."

A small candle burns on the ground at LAURA'S feet. She stands there, immobile, grieving, melting...then she places her flowers in a separate vase adjacent to Enzo's.

Meanwhile--

27-31 OMITTED

27-31



32

INT. PARROCCHIA SAN BIAGIO CHURCH. MODENA. DAY.

32

**(MM ONLY: perhaps delay Ferrari's entry till just before Communion begins with the start of the music)**

FERRARI makes his way to the second or third row and slips in beside LAURA. Next to her is ADALGISA, then CUOGHI and RANCATI, a journalist, CHITI, Ferrari's Chief Engineer, and TAVONI, his assistant sit to the east, one row in front of FERRARI.

The High Mass for all the MECHANICS AND WORKERS of the racing equipes of Modena is in full swing. The church is packed with TRADES UNIONS and COMMUNIST PARTY OFFICIALS.

About three quarters through the ceremony the PRIEST at the altar consecrates the Host with a Latin prayer and raises the wafer above the altar with two hands. One ALTAR BOY chimes a bell.

Then, the PRIEST lowers the Host to the altar and raises the chalice of wine over his head with prayer and as the ALTAR BOY rings a bell --

33

EXT. THE PITS. THE AUTODROME. MODENA. DAY.

33

The ROAR of the Maserati 250F engine as BEHRA revs it to bring fluids up to the correct temperature.

With a great SHRIEK of rubber, Behra pilots the Maserati single-seater out of the pits. The acceleration and the smoke drifting from its tires demonstrate the power at Behra's disposal.

ADOLFO and OMER ORSI, the men who own MASERATI, watch the Maserati pull away. The impression they make is of opulence in sleekness.

34

INT. PARROCCHIA SAN BIAGIO CHURCH. MODENA. DAY.

34

At the start of Communion the CHOIR launches into 'Ave Verum', but although they are at full bore the sound of the Maserati can be picked up beyond the upper register: a series of screaming howls.

FERRARI surreptitiously slides his stopwatch out of his pocket. He adjusts it to zero. His stopwatch is almost a physical appendage and is burnished with use. Further down the benches, TAVONI and CHITI remove theirs...

35

EXT. THE AUTODROME. MODENA. DAY.

35

BEHRA begins to put the Maserati 250 through its paces. The car is all curves and squat purpose. As the Ave Verum wells up over the roar of its engine, it lends to the speeding car an aura of exultation.

He tears by the pits, brakes and dinks through a little chicane, accelerating towards a long left hander.

As it comes around this time, approaching the start/finish line, the engine howl increases, a MECHANIC points a revolver into the air.



41 OMITTED 41

42 INT. PARROCCHIA SAN BIAGIO CHURCH, MODENA. DAY. 42

The PRIEST addresses the crowded church--

PRIEST

If Jesus had lived today, and not  
2,000 years ago, he would have been  
born in a small town like Modena.  
He would have been -- not a  
carpenter -- but a craftsman in  
metal. Like yourselves...

(beat)

So a God who understood, as a  
carpenter, the perfection of the  
adze, appreciates as an engineer,  
the precision of your lathe, the  
nature of metal. How it can be  
forged, shaped and hammered by your  
skills into an engine holding  
inside it fire to make power to  
speed us through the world.

(beat)

Which is why we give thanks to Him  
today.

The PRIEST raises his hand to deliver the Final Blessing to  
the congregation --

42A EXT. THE AUTODROME. MODENA. DAY. (WAS SC. 41) 42A

Out of Turn #4, Behra has red-lined the tachometer, rocketing  
towards the finish line.

-- BEHRA flashes by the pits. ORSI fires the second gunshot.  
The MASERATI TEAM stopwatches shut the time away. Fixed  
forever. A new lap record that beats Ferrari's and--

42B INT. PARROCCHIA SAN BIAGO. MODENA. DAY 42B

-- the stopwatches in church declare the same.

[MM ONLY: B CAM see Chiti upset. Tavoni. But...]

-- FERRARI'S blank stare -- which we will come to recognize  
often in defeat -- is what overtakes his face.

-- Meanwhile the PRIEST'S hand crosses his chest.

PRIEST  
In nomine Patris, et Filii, et  
Spiritus Sancti...

43

EXT. PIAZZA PARROCCHIA SAN BIAGIO. MODENA. DAY.

43

FERRARI and his CLOSEST AIDES surge out of the church into  
the small cobblestone forecourt --

CHITI  
-- one thirty two point seven.

TAVONI  
I had one thirty two point nine.

ONLOOKER  
Signor Ferrari, a Maserati --

FERRARI  
Only for the moment.

ONLOOKER  
When do you propose to take it  
back?

FERRARI  
Right now.

A small group - FERRARI and his AIDES - moves off with  
purpose.

44 EXT. THE AUTODROME. MODENA. DAY.

44

The Ferrari factory van is already in the pit area. Out of  
its back rolls Ferrari's 801 Monoposto. Lower than the  
Maserati and longer, it is a mean-looking machine.

Arriving behind it is a 1957 Cadillac, a cabin cruiser with  
fins.

CASTELLOTTI slides out, carrying his goggles and gloves. He  
escorts his beautiful girlfriend, CECILLIA. Together, they  
make their way towards FERRARI.

In the pits, MECHANICS have the hood off the red 801 and are  
fine-tuning the engine. Its twelve cylinders vibrate in the  
morning air.

CHITI tweaks the accelerator cable.

Separating from FERRARI, CASTELLOTTI hoists himself into the  
cockpit, REVS THE ENGINE, checks instruments. The ROAR and  
sharp crack threaten to fracture cement--

FERRARI  
Until the tires warm up, take it  
easy, then put your foot down.  
She'll do 1:30 if given a chance.

CASTELLOTTI nods cheerfully.

CASTELLOTTI  
(impatient, SHOUTS)  
Look after Cecillia will you?

FERRARI is distracted by this irrelevance but gives the woman  
a quick glance.

CASTELLOTTI looks at BEHRA in the Maserati pits, and salutes  
him. BEHRA nods back.

CASTELLOTTI accelerates out of the pit.

CECILLIA gives CASTELLOTTI a half-hearted wave, but doubts if he saw it. She turns to see FERRARI, his hands hunched in his long coat, studying her.

FERRARI  
Cecillia Manzini?  
(she nods; he places her)  
I knew your mother.

CECILLIA  
Did you?

But she already knew that. She looks away. Silence between them. Interrupted by --

DE PORTAGO (V.O.)  
Signor Ferrari?

FERRARI's attention is taken by the scruffy DE PORTAGO in the leather jacket with the formal demeanor--

DE PORTAGO  
I am Alfonso de Portago.

FERRARI  
We met on the Largo Garibaldi?

DE PORTAGO  
Yes sir. I was seeking to introduce myself --

FERRARI  
The light, it turned green --  
(shrugs)  
You bought one of my cars last year  
and won Tour de France.

DE PORTAGO  
Yes. Now, I'm looking for a works  
drive.

FERRARI  
I don't need another driver,  
Portago. But, if someone drops  
out --

FERRARI's eyes go back to the track as the 801 approaches and rips by with shattering sound. DE PORTAGO nods and steps back. The interview he sought is at an end.

FERRARI clocks the 801 as it speeds past the line. CHITI chalks a time on board -- 1.41.

It is later --

A chill mood has overtaken the pit area. The sky has become overcast. CASTELLOTTI roars past again -- and again FERRARI clocks the time, but it is slow...

CHITI  
How's he doing?

FERRARI  
He's slow.

We follow CASTELLOTTI round the track, past the sheep, across the airstrip, down towards the houses, a left-hander taking him alongside the Via Emilia, and then another back towards the front straight and the pits.

The 801 flashes by... Again the time is two seconds short.

This time, DE PORTAGO walks onto the track, across from FERRARI. He stoops to scrape up fresh liquid with his forefinger. Still hot. He has FERRARI's eye.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Oil?

DE PORTAGO  
Brake fluid.

Almost immediately we HEAR the SHRIEK of rubber, brakes locking, more SHRIEKING. They look round.

At the far end of the field...

ON CASTELLOTTI'S face for the briefest moment of surprise. No brakes.

PAST LEFT FRONT TIRE OF 801 skidding, tire turned left, RACING towards a concrete barrier which protects the corner of the chicane. Completely CARTWHEELING, it hurtles into the only piece of concrete on that side of the track -- a World War II bunker that's become a stand with seats and a railing. With colossal force outlying parts break away: wings, wheels flying in all directions. CASTELLOTTI catapulted into the air.

None of this can be seen from the spectators' viewpoint, only the smoke now rising beyond the curve. There is a moment's silence. Then the ENTIRE PIT STAFF runs across the concrete track and the field;÷ towards it, their leather boots thudding on the hard surface.

Behind FERRARI and CECILLIA, a WWII ambulance with its wheezy siren lurches into motion.



As it passes CECILLIA it stops long enough to pull her and CHITI on board, then it accelerates up the track towards the black smoke.

DE PORTAGO stands transfixed, looking at the smoke.

FERRARI  
De Portago?

DE PORTAGO turns to look at him.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Call my office Monday.

Ferrari looks to his left - the departing Maserati m

44A-44B OMITTED

44A-44B

44C EXT. FARMHOUSE. CASTELVETRO. PRE-DAWN 44C  
Quiet, light from one downstairs window. The Peugeot, parked.

44D INT. FARMHOUSE. KITCHEN. CASTELVETRO. 5AM. 44D  
A single light on. FERRARI is half-dressed. He has the Italian coffee pot apart and is looking for coffee.

LINA appears in the kitchen.

LINA  
Here, let me.

FERRARI  
I woke you --

LINA  
I was up.

FERRARI  
Did I wake the boy?

LINA shakes her head. The coffee has begun to DRIP through. They stand, wait, a moment, then--

LINA  
I knew you wouldn't be able to sleep.  
(at his look)  
-- you haven't said a word.

FERRARI  
What is there to say? Newspapers, the radio, they say it all--

LINA  
They do?  
(beat)  
(MORE)

LINA (CONT'D)

Was he your friend, the young  
Castellotti? Was it the car's  
fault, his fault?

FERRARI turns to her--

LINA (CONT'D)

Will you miss him?

FERRARI

Does that bring the boy back? Why  
do you push things like that?

LINA

Why do you think? Because I know  
they matter to *you*.

FERRARI

To me? Twenty four years ago this  
week I lost my friends. Borzacchini  
and Campari, scraped like dead  
animals across the concrete at  
Monza in metal I made. And, I knew  
then it was, Enzo, build a wall...

**NOTE: either "scraped" + "metal I made" play here or in  
Mausoleum, not both.**

FERRARI sees the coffee's ready. He fills a cup for her, and  
one for himself.

LINA

Or?

FERRARI

(shrugs)  
Or, Enzo, go do something else.

They remain standing, sipping their coffee, side by side.

Then he covers her hand, which she wraps around his arm and  
turns to look at her, now, pulling her close. She knows  
turmoil goes on within him, behind the words. They weather it  
together, standing there.

LINA

When you grieve for one, you grieve  
for them all.

46

INT. DINING ROOM. LARGO GARIBALDI. DAY.

46

ADALGISA sits at the table, reading the morning newspapers.

ADALGISA

'Ferrari is an industrial Saturn  
devouring his own children... First  
Tornaco, now Castellotti...

FERRARI, dressed for the day ahead, has entered with a tray of coffee. She looks up with hostile eyes--

ADALGISA (CONT'D)

If you continue killing the nation's heroes, we will have to go to America and live among foreigners.

FERRARI puts her coffee on the table.

FERRARI

I did not kill Castellotti.

ADALGISA

The papers blame you.

FERRARI

It wasn't me. If anyone... it was his mother.

ADALGISA is taken aback.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

It's true. He was engaged to Cecillia Manzini. His mother wanted him to marry a woman with more class. As a result of the weight she put on his shoulders, he became distracted. He lost his concentration, crashed and died.

ADALGISA looks out the window to the sky.

ADALGISA

He blames the mother!

FERRARI

What I am saying is, when a mother interferes in this business, death usually follows.

Satisfied that he's sufficiently wound up his mother, FERRARI turns to go.

48

INT/EXT. LAURA'S APARTMENT. LARGO GARIBALDI HOUSE. MORNING48

LAURA

Call the bank. Cancel Castellotti's  
salary.

LAURA's talking to CARLO, her accountant. She watches Ferrari in the square.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Call Chiti. I need a report on the car for the Insurers.

She crosses into her adjoining office, a dark room dominated by a picture of Dino with a black shroud over the frame. A tenor voice, practicing, floats in the air from the opera house next door.

LAURA (CONT'D)

And call the lawyers... These journos have gone too far in their headlines, attacking the Commendatore.

CARLO

Yes, Signora.

Carlo exits.

49 OMITTED 49

50-53 OMITTED 50-53

55 INT. THE MODENA RAILWAY STATION. CASTELLOTTI'S CASKET. DAY 55

It's draped in black.

It's at the front of a funeral cortege. Following the casket is Castellotti's mother, a dignified older woman with a silver topped cane, supported by her aristocratic family.

The distant view of the cortege is the PERSPECTIVE of--

FERRARI -- here after all. Hidden by steel pillars and luggage trolleys near the station bar, separated by three platforms from the cortege. He's there to make his own farewell to Castellotti.

CASTELLOTTI'S casket is preceded by a slow-marching BAND.

CASTELLOTTI'S CORTEGE is not a proletarian affair. He was a child of the glittering Roman aristocracy. Mourners are in black silk, leather, extravagantly coiffured. All quite alien to the stolid burghers of Modena watching it proceed.

Now, FERRARI sees CECILLIA in a black dress and long veil. She's at the end of the cortege, devastated by grief -- but her sensuality undeniable in black.

A WELL-DRESSED MAN -- turns back from the CASTELLOTTI FAMILY and makes a small, discreet gesture to CECILLIA to stop.

FERRARI'S POV: CECILLIA AND WELL-DRESSED MAN

The MAN intercepts her. We're some distance away, so their exchange isn't entirely clear. Its meaning is. With great charm --

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
The Castellotti Family think it  
best that you don't make the  
journey to Rome...

As if she'd been struck --

CECILLIA  
Scusi?

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
Don't you agree?

She stares at him. Then, surprised at herself, she nods yes. The victim of a thousand years of class subordination.

WELL-DRESSED MAN (CONT'D)  
There is also the matter of several  
pieces of...

NOISES of the train preparing to leave now prevent our hearing all the words...

Ferrari watches. The pantomime is clear: CECILLIA removes a gold watch/bracelet from her wrist, a necklace, a pendant... hands them to him. After which he touches his hand to the brim of his hat, turns and joins the others on the train.

CECILLIA is frozen, motionless -- until she senses someone watching.

CECILLIA'S POV: FERRARI

He is across the tracks, motionless.

CECILLIA

Her gaze rests on him a moment. Then she turns, walks back through the STEAM of the departing Funeral Train... out of the station.



55A OMITTED

55A

56 INT. HOTEL ROYALE. CORRIDOR ON FERRARI. EVENING

56

He finds the right room number, KNOCKS. A moment.

CECILLIA'S VOICE

Who is it?

FERRARI

Ferrari.

A moment. The door opens. Blonde CECILLIA still wears the veil, but pushed back. She looks briefly to find his eyes, then away.

CECILLIA

Come in.

57 INT. HOTEL ROOM. CECILLIA'S ROOM. EVENING

57

Her raw grief replaced by anger, CECILLIA is both edgy and without navigation...no plans for tomorrow or the years to come.

CECILLIA

Would you like some wine?

Doesn't wait for an answer; pours two glasses. We HEAR the RATTLE of early air-conditioning. Abruptly--

CECILLIA (CONT'D)

You were at the station.

FERRARI

To see him off.

CECILLIA

Why were you not with the cortege?

FERRARI

I don't like ceremonies.

CECILLIA

Maybe you don't grieve--

FERRARI

Maybe you don't know anything about me.

She drinks half her wine--

CECILLIA

They took the jewelry. Did you see?  
A ring, a bracelet, even a little  
enamel pendant cost 20 lire he gave  
me.

FERRARI

...Why did you give it back?

CECILLIA

They are who they are.

FERRARI

Do they have the right?

CECILLIA

How would I know? His family goes  
back to ancient Rome!

FERRARI

Yes. And they're all a tight-assed  
bunch.

Her first smile. She raises her glass. He raises his.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Here's to Castellotti.

CECILLIA

A pain in the ass, but I loved him.  
We had so much fun.

They drink, she looks away. For all her toughness, she seems  
lost within.

He spots the half-packed case on the bed.

FERRARI

Where are you going?

CECILLIA

I can't pay the hotel bill.

FERRARI

What will you do?

CECILLIA

I don't know.

FERRARI

In our eyes you were married to  
him, so you're due what we extend  
to next of kin. And we'll help you  
into something.

(MORE)

FERRARI (CONT'D)

In the meantime have them send to  
us the hotel bill.

CECILLIA is unprepared for his generosity. After a pause--

CECILLIA

Newspapers say I distracted him, I  
killed him--

FERRARI

They say I killed him too. But we  
both know who's responsible.

CECILLIA

His mother?

FERRARI

Of course.

She smiles, then the bittersweet tears begin.

He kisses her paternally, turns away to leave.

FERRARI - leaving - feels her touch on his shoulder. He turns  
back. She folds into his arms. She doesn't want to be alone.

CECILLIA

(low)

I don't want to be alone.

His hand reaches for the zipper on the back of her long black  
dress--

58 OMITTED 58

59 EXT. FACTORY GATES. MARANELLO. DAY. 59

Rain pours down.

The gates of the factory swing open. There is a low roll of  
thunder split by the shriek of a downshifting V12. A mud  
plastered sports car roars in with its top down and temporary  
plates.

The rain-drenched gatekeeper keeps open the gates for the  
humble Peugeot. It bowls in and comes to a halt.

FERRARI gets out of the Peugeot. GIUSEPPE runs over with a  
large umbrella. FERRARI accosts the driver of the sports car  
who greets him cheerfully.

TEST DRIVER

Commendatore.

60     INT. THE RECEPTION AREA. FACTORY. DAY.

60

KING HUSSEIN is inside the reception room located outside the gate, waiting to be admitted. He drinks an espresso, comes to the window, looks out--

HUSSEIN  
Isn't that Ferrari?

He takes a closer look at the car.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)  
Isn't that my new car?

61     EXT. FRONT YARD. FACTORY. DAY.

61

FERRARI leans into the DRIVER, half-drowned behind the wheel.

FERRARI  
Why is the damn top down?

TEST DRIVER  
I didn't want to get it wet.

The rain is pouring down, monsoon-style.

FERRARI  
It belongs to King Hussein. Get it inside! Make sure the cockpit's dry before you hand it over --

TEST DRIVER  
(cheerfully)  
Yes, sir, Commendatore.

The car accelerates away, heading for the Finishing Shop.

The King sticks his head out of the gatehouse.

HUSSEIN  
Ferrari!!

FERRARI holds his hands out in greetings/supplication/apology, interpret them as you may.

TAVONI holds open the door to the office block. He follows FERRARI inside.

62     INT. OFFICE BLOCK. FACTORY. DAY.

62

As FERRARI enters --

FERRARI  
 Stall the King and tell them to get  
 a move on in the shop.  
 (beat)  
 Cuoghi, is he inside?

63 OMITTED

63

64 INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. DAY.

64

FERRARI enters; CUOGHI rises. He's snappy, dapper and short.  
 He and Ferrari have been friends since school.

The room is starkly functional with no hint of paperwork. The  
 huge desk is bare except for a photograph of Dino and a vase  
 of fresh flowers.

FERRARI  
 (nods)  
 So?

CUOGHI  
 You're going broke. Laura's right.

FERRARI  
 How?

CUOGHI  
 "How?" You spend more than you  
 make. That's how.

FERRARI  
 The production cars pay for the  
 racing.

CUOGHI  
 I could run Portugal on what you  
 spend on racing. How many  
 production cars did you make last  
 year?

FERRARI  
 One hundred forty, one hundred  
 fifty...

CUOGHI  
 Ninety eight.

FERRARI  
 One hundred, ninety eight.

CUOGHI  
No. Ninety. Eight.

FERRARI pauses.

FERRARI  
So, what do I do?

CUOGHI  
Find a partner.

FERRARI  
I have a partner. My wife. She is  
very mean with money.

CUOGHI  
A real partner. Like Agnelli at  
Fiat or Henry Ford, someone who has  
capital to pump in.

FERRARI doesn't like the idea.

FERRARI  
Impossible. With money they want  
control. *I* must have total control.

CUOGHI  
The right partner would help with  
the production cars -- while you  
remain the boss and do as you like  
with the racing.

FERRARI  
It sounds too simple.

CUOGHI  
It is not simple. It is impossible.  
Because you are too small to  
negotiate those terms. You have to  
increase production to four hundred  
customer cars a year. Then, maybe,  
you're attractive and can  
negotiate.

FERRARI  
How do we make, nevermind how do we  
sell, four hundred customer cars a  
year?

CUOGHI goes to the window.

65 CUOGHI'S POV. THE YARD. FACTORY GATE. MARANELLO. DAY. 65

He sees HUSSEIN standing at the window of Reception, looking determined.

CUOGHI (V.O.)

Jaguar took the first three places at Le Mans. Now their order books are full. You win on Sunday; you sell on Monday.

FERRARI (V.O.)

Last year we won 5 out of 8 Grand Prix. So--?

CUOGHI (V.O.)

Do customers buy single seat Grand Prix cars or sports cars?

66 INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO. DAY. 66

CUOGHI turns away from the window to FERRARI.

CUOGHI

They buy sports cars. Win the Mille Miglia. Italy's sports car race. You can sell as many as you can build. You already have kings waiting in line...

Meanwhile...

67 INT. OUTER OFFICE. MARANELLO. DAY. 67

DE PORTAGO enters. TOMMASO looks up at him. Marlon Brando in a scruffy leather jacket. He hands him a card with regal formality.

DE PORTAGO

I am Alfonso de Portago, I have an appointment with Signor Ferrari.

Meanwhile...

68 INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. FACTORY. MARANELLO. DAY. 68

FERRARI

Jaguar races to sell cars. I sell cars only to be racing. We are different organisms.



CUOGHI  
Survive or you are no organism.

FERRARI  
I have a choice?

CUOGHI  
(quietly)  
Win the Mille Miglia, Enzo. Attract  
real finance...

CUOGHI collects his gloves and hat.

CUOGHI (CONT'D)  
The world's changing. Racing's on  
television. Advertising. Sponsors.  
That means more competitors....  
which means more technology, more  
development which means you need  
money. Lots of it.  
(beat)  
You seize the future, Enzo. Or you  
are out of business.

And CUOGHI is out the door before FERRARI replies--

69

INT. OUTER OFFICE. DAY.

69

CUOGHI crosses through.

DE PORTAGO (V.O.)  
Signor Ferrari?

FERRARI, following Cuoghi, sees DE PORTAGO.

TOMMASO  
(impressed)  
This is Don Alfonso de Cabeza Vaca,  
the 11th Marquis de Portago.

FERRARI  
I know who it is. Cuoghi--

DE PORTAGO  
(affronted)  
Hey, Ferrari--

He follows FERRARI who's following CUOGHI.

70      EXT. OFFICE BLOCK ALLEYWAY TO YARD. DAY.

70

Before FERRARI can ask--

CUOGHI

(turns...)

One more thing. How did Laura get her hands on the freehold to the plant?

FERRARI

The Nazis were about to arrest me. I put it in her name along with half the shares. We built it together.

CUOGHI

Get it back. If you face up to Agnelli or Ford, you have to hold all the cards.

FERRARI

Easier said than done.  
(Cuoghi continues down)  
One more thing --

As they exit and enter the yard--

71      EXT. THE YARD. DAY.

71

HUSSEIN

Ferrari!

HUSSEIN and Two Aides enter from Reception across the yard.

FERRARI

Your majesty.

As they start across the yard, CUOGHI laughs, referring to Ferrari's customer base of kings, and, getting into his car -

-

FERRARI (CONT'D)

(to Cuoghi)

If I'm in bad shape, what of Maserati?

CUOGHI

Worse. I give them six months. They've gone to the French for finance. And they, too, will try to prove themselves at the Mille Miglia.

(MORE)

CUOGHI (CONT'D)

Everyone's eye will be on it. Only  
one team will win. Make sure it's  
you.

He drives away, DE PORTAGO enters.

DE PORTAGO  
Ferrari!

FERRARI  
Your Highness --

DE PORTAGO  
Which Highness?

FERRARI points at HUSSEIN.

FERRARI  
That Highness.  
(to de Portago)  
You. Get out to the track.

FERRARI turns to HUSSEIN.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Your majesty, come this way.

HUSSEIN  
I hope you got my measurements  
right. Last time my feet could  
barely touch the pedals.

72      OMITTED>      72

73      OMITTED      73

74      EXT. APRON. AUTODROME TEST TRACK. LATER. DAY.      74

TAVONI and his MECHANICS are clocking DE PORTAGO driving laps in an 801. FERRARI joins them. The rain has stopped but the track is still wet.

DE PORTAGO in the red 801 single seater races past, TAVONI thumbs his stopwatch, FERRARI looks at the lap time. The result meets with an understated approval.

FERRARI  
How long's he been going like this?

TAVONI  
One warm up lap, then ever since.

DE PORTAGO brakes on the wet for a left hander, feels the car understeer and plane to the right. He steers into it, regains traction, turns in and is through the left turn.

FERRARI from the far side of the track hears the engine howling up through the gears. Nearer, he hears the click of a camera. He turns --

-- a LITHE BLONDE, the film star LINDA CHRISTIAN, sits on the hood of a two-seater, taking photos of the 801 through a long lens.

Sensing that she's being watched, she gives FERRARI an interrogative stare. He doesn't react. She carefully snaps him and nods before returning to frame the fast approaching DE PORTAGO.

FERRARI admires her boldness. The 801 roars past, feet from them. In a swirl of mist and spray FERRARI looks at his watch. To TAVONI--

FERRARI  
He reminds me of Varzi.

TAVONI gives him a quick look. Varzi got through a lot of cars.

The Ferrari comes in. DE PORTAGO gets out. He is given a towel and wipes the rain from his neck and face.

FERRARI approaches--

DE PORTAGO  
Well, how did I do?

FERRARI  
You drive like Varzi...

DE PORTAGO  
Does that mean I'm hired?

FERRARI  
Your duties will include testing and road racing.

DE PORTAGO  
The Mille Miglia?

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI  
You'll drive a works 250. Not the most powerful car in the race, but reliable and it goes like hell round corners, so I will expect you to be in the points.

DE PORTAGO nods. FERRARI moves closer--

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Actresses--

He points at the LITHE BLONDE.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
I have admiration, but keep them  
away from the paddock. They  
distract photographers. I want  
their attention on my cars. You  
understand?

DE PORTAGO nods.

75 OMITTED

75

A76 INT. THE CAVALINO RESTAURANT. MARANELLO.

A76

A crowd of factory workers, drivers and engineers mill around the entrance. The confusion is made worse by a cluster of kids with autograph books, waiting to pounce on their favorite drivers. One is PIERO. FERRARI, DE PORTAGO and TAVONI pull up and get out.

FERRARI catches sight of COLLINS talking to a mechanic.

FERRARI  
Peter--

COLLINS waits, surrounded by kids, shouting "me, me, me" as he signs autographs

FERRARI puts an arm roughly around COLLINS. His affection for Collins is special. Collins spent many nights at Dino Ferrari's bedside when he was failing. After Dino died, Ferrari gave him Dino's house in Maranello.

COLLINS  
Hi Fon--

FERRARI  
(to Collins)  
Look after our new driver. He's wet  
and hungry.

PIERO  
Papa.

FERRARI looks down at PIERO holding up his autograph book.

PIERO (CONT'D)  
Get his autograph.

FERRARI  
Whose? Collins?

PIERO  
De Portago's.

FERRARI takes the book from his son. DE PORTAGO and COLLINS have already disappeared into the restaurant.

He looks down but the small boy has vanished.

FERRARI works the crowded room. He is specific about to whom he talks. With locals it's in Modenese dialect. We SEE the more animated gestures.

Food is plentiful, bowls of pasta, huge trolleys of boiled meats, Lambrusco foaming into sturdy tumblers, the early cherries...

In the background COLLINS leads DE PORTAGO into a private room.

76 OMITTED 76

77 INT. PRIVATE ROOM. CAVALINO RESTAURANT. DAY. 77

COLLINS, steering DE PORTAGO, introduces him around the table of YOUNG MEN--

COLLINS  
Fon, meet Mike Hawthorn, the future World Champion. Olivier Gendebien, the best sports car driver in the world. Taruffi, the oldest. Chiti, the best engineer but always anxious. And Bizzarini, working on a project we are not allowed to discuss.

He turns to DE PORTAGO.

DE PORTAGO  
Arrivaderci Maserati.



They all laugh.

FERRARI enters and works the crowded room. He is quite specific about to whom he talks. With locals it's in Modenese dialect.

At which point a great trolley of boiled meats is brought into the private room.

HAWTHORN (O.S.)

So, de Portago, why come to this neck of the woods when everyone knows the future of chassis technology with rear engines is in England?

Everybody protests.

FERRARI enters and takes his place at the side of the table. He never sits at the head.

FERRARI has heard it all before, dismisses the English and their mid-engined Coopers as 'Garagistes' and proclaims the supremacy of the front-engined racing car.

FERRARI

The ox must pull the cart. What we need is more power. You hear that, Chiti?

DE PORTAGO, happy to be in the middle of this group of raucous men, listens to every word.

78-81 OMITTED

78-81

82 EXT. FRONT OF CASTELVETRO FARM. LATE AFTERNOON.

82

FERRARI is confronted by the orchard in full bloom.

LINA clings to a ladder, snipping off the unwanted shoots. Where she has been working, the grass is carpeted with blossoms. FERRARI lifts her down from the ladder and kisses her perfunctorily. Her free hand encircles his neck and she takes off his dark glasses. He pulls her to him and rotates, leaning his back against the tree trunk. He relaxes with the relief of someone who has had to structure responses for far too long.

She laughs.

FERRARI

What's so funny?

LINA  
I wondered when you'd be back.

FERRARI  
How can I stay away? It's the cherries.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Where's Piero?

LINA  
On his way home from school.  
(beat)  
He asked me yesterday.

FERRARI  
What?

LINA  
Am I Piero Lardi or Piero Ferrari?

They look at each other -- a shared distress. They enter the house.

83      EXT. A ROAD. THE FARM. CASTEVETRO. LATE AFTERNOON.      83

PIERO on a green bicycle, up the driveway, sees the Peugeot and jumps off the bike and races towards the house: Ferrari must be here.

PIERO runs up the drive.

A84      INT. KITCHEN. THE FARM. CASTELVETRO. LATE AFTERNOON      A84

LINA, in an apron with a towel, is making tortellini, she hears the door. She enters the hallway. Piero runs by her into the dining room.

84      INT. DINING ROOM. THE FARM CASTELVETRO. LATE AFTERNOON.      84

FERRARI is in his shirt and suspenders at the table, looking over two blueprints of an engine. PIERO bursts in --

PIERO  
Papa, have you got it?

FERRARI  
(remembers)  
The autograph. No, he hasn't had a proper picture taken yet.

LINA  
What autograph?

PIERO  
De Portago. From Spain.

FERRARI  
(to Lina, over his  
shoulder)  
He's going to drive for me.

PIERO suddenly hugs FERRARI. Done impulsively, without self consciousness.

We SEE FERRARI's surprise and pleasure... and something more complicated.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Why do you like him so much?

PIERO  
He drives like Varsi. I'm going to  
be a driver -- like you!

FERRARI  
No, no, not like me. I only won two  
races.

Back to his blueprints, FERRARI compares a sharp curve inside an intake manifold with a new blueprint and draws a circle around a shallower curve. Initials it. PIERO rests his chin on his small fist.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
(initiates)  
This is much better.

PIERO  
Why?

FERRARI  
Okay. Pretend you're inside this  
engine. You are tiny, like an ant.  
Right here. Look up. What do you  
see?

PIERO  
A big tunnel.

LINA returns with crockery and a salad bowl, but hesitates, observing from the doorway.

FERRARI  
Like a pipe, yes? Pretend water  
races through. And, when it hits  
the side?

PIERO

Some will splash sideways.

FERRARI

But if we make the curve more,  
gentle, more slippery. Like water,  
fuel and air will move faster.

(MORE)

FERRARI (CONT'D)

And that is all an engine does:  
moves fuel in, sparks it into  
rapidly expanding gases, moves old  
gases out, new fuel in. Faster it  
can do that, the more power you can  
make.

During the above LINA comes forward with the salad and settings.

PIERO

(looking over the re-drawn  
galleries)  
It looks better.

FERRARI

(pleased by the insight)  
In all life, when a thing works  
better, usually it is more  
beautiful to the eye.

PIERO picks up his backpack and heads upstairs:

LINA comes from behind and kisses the top of his head.

LINA

Will we have supper together?

FERRARI

I'll sit with you and Piero... I  
have business.

LINA

Will you come back after?

FERRARI

It depends. I'll try.

LINA

Depends on what?

FERRARI

How the business with her goes.

That kind of answer turns her mood. She sets out the last crockery noisily-- He gets up. She has to move around him briskly.

LINA

I'm too easy.

FERRARI

What do you mean?

LINA

Too modern. I should give you lots of shit like a normal Italian woman.

FERRARI

I prefer you like you are.

LINA

Oh, I'm sure you do.

(beat)

What I should become is the mistress: "Oh, Enzo! I feel so bad. Give me a fur coat and a diamond bracelet..."

(unspoken "now")

(shouts upstairs)

Piero!

(to Enzo, curt)

Sit down.

(she laughs)

Don't worry, I don't plan to change who I am.

FERRARI

(sits)

Thank you.

LINA

"Thank you?" For nothing. It's not for you.

FERRARI

Do you know what is the hardest part of my life with you?

LINA

Zero. There is none.

FERRARI

There is.

LINA

What?

FERRARI

Being away.

(beat)

While with me? What do the English say? A piece of pie?

LINA

Cake, Enzo. And, you're not.

FERRARI opens a bottle of Lambrusco. LAURA at the far end of the table is scanning the figures left by Cuoghi. She looks different, a touch of makeup.

FERRARI pours the Lambrusco, foaming into his glass -- then crosses to the other end of the table to pour a glass for LAURA. It's done with the patience of long routine and with a certain formality.

The maid, ALDA, ladles raviolini into two soup dishes, hands them to FERRARI, who places one by LAURA and takes the other to his end of the table.

Next door, the orchestra is rehearsing the overture to La Traviata.

FERRARI

Thank you, Alda.

ALDA nods and leaves.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

I saw Cuoghi today. He says our days are numbered unless we find a partner.

LAURA looks up.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

One of the big companies, Fiat -- or Ford.

LAURA

You've never had a boss. You won't like it.

FERRARI doesn't contest this.

FERRARI

In order to attract this partner he says we have to expand. He's talking about building four hundred cars a year.

LAURA

And how do we sell 400 cars a year?

FERRARI

We have to win the Mille Miglia. Then orders for sports cars will follow.



LAURA

This man knows contract law. What does he know about motor racing? The Mille Miglia. A thousand miles across regular roads with sheep and dogs. Anything can happen.

He looks at her, says nothing.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What else?

FERRARI

You should assign me control of your stock in the company and the freehold.

LAURA

Because Henry Ford won't deal with a woman?

FERRARI

No. Because if it comes to a deal, it will be hard and fast. I have to have all the cards in my hand.

LAURA

Half the cards are in my hand.

FERRARI

What do I say? Mr. Ford we have a deal, but, first it must wait until I ask my wife for permission.

LAURA

Yes.

LAURA thinks further... eventually looks up.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Okay, so you can deal, I'll give you power of attorney over my stock.

FERRARI nods, relieved.

LAURA (CONT'D)

In return for half a million dollars.

She goes back to the raviolini.

FERRARI

I don't have half a million!

LAURA  
You will if you make a deal.

It's FERRARI's turn to consider--

FERRARI  
Okay, I will give you a cheque.  
Post dated.

LAURA  
Not post dated.

FERRARI  
I will give you a cheque on  
condition that you promise me you  
will not cash it until and unless  
the deal goes through.

LAURA is not too happy about this.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Is that reasonable?

LAURA looks at him, still unsure.

He gets up from the table, comes down to her end.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Is that reasonable? We need this.

She stands up. Face to face. Glaring. Inches from him.

Then, she smiles. The "la donna buffa" he met 30 years ago is suddenly in the room.

LAURA  
One other condition.

FERRARI  
What?

LAURA  
I want my gun back.

FERRARI laughs.

Their mouths meet in a passionate kiss. He grabs her and lifts her onto the table. Her legs wrap around him. She claws at his back. There's something primal, almost savage to the two of them together.

Both of them are on the bed, half-clothed.

She's smoking. FERRARI, untrousered, looks for his glasses.

LAURA  
Did you sign de Portago?

FERRARI  
Yes.

LAURA  
I'll draw up a contract.

FERRARI  
And I need money for Cecillia  
Manzini.

LAURA  
How much?

FERRARI  
Twenty-five thousand.

This brings LAURA up short. He finds his glasses. She looks at him.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
She's broke -- her mother told me.

LAURA  
*Poor girl.*

LAURA's eyes are blazing.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Her mother? Have you been screwing  
her mother?

FERRARI  
What? Are you crazy. I want 25,000  
dollars, in cash!

LAURA  
You've been screwing the mother and  
the daughter!

FERRARI  
We have obligations to that family!

LAURA  
So sympathetic!

And it starts again...

FERRARI reads a newspaper.

TAVONI is going through a box file of journalists in preparation for a forthcoming press conference, attaching reporters' file cards to specific press clippings attacking Ferrari, blaming him for Castellotti's death.

In contrast, FERRARI is distracted by...

FERRARI

He's dating Linda Christian.

TAVONI

Who is?

FERRARI

De Portago. That blonde who follows him around. Tyrone Power left Rita Hayworth for her. She left Tyrone Power for De Portago.

FERRARI lays the newspaper down or shows it briefly to Tavoni or none of those.

TAVONI

What are you reading, Commendatore?

FERRARI

'Rome Merry Go Round'.

TAVONI

Want me to talk to Fon?

FERRARI

How do you talk to him? He's got a permanent erection. I don't know how he manages to get around the circuit without breaking it off.

(he looks up)

What's on the schedule after the press conference?

TAVONI

(itemizing)

A photo call. Chiti's outside.

(he hands Enzo a dyno report)

This evening is the opera.

FERRARI

Send in Chiti.

FERRARI looks up.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

I've got two words for you, Chiti.  
More. Power.

CHITI looks at TAVONI, who shakes his head.

Defeated, CHITI withdraws as...

TAVONI

Next year we will have the new engine.

FERRARI

(snaps)

Next year? We need it next week in Rouen.

TOMMASO

(enters; taps watch)

Commendatore -- the Press Conference.

TAVONI

Here's who will be there.

TAVONI gestures towards the clipped articles now in front of FERRARI.

FERRARI'S focus, now, looking forward to this...

TAVONI (CONT'D)

I will exclude Di Massimo and Fusaro. They're the worst.

FERRARI

No, no. I want them there.

...for FERRARI'S premeditated and undisclosed intention.

89

EXT. THE YARD. FERRARI FACTORY. DAY.

89

FERRARI enters from the office block as a red 315 MM (Mille Miglia) race car, fresh from a test in the mountains, roars into the yard. Grey-haired TARUFFI -- veteran of a thousand races -- climbs out. He is known as The Fox.

FERRARI

So, what do you think?

TARUFFI frowns.

TARUFFI

There's no ashtray.

FERRARI

Are you a prima donna?

TARUFFI

You tried flicking ash out of a car  
at two hundred kilometers an hour?

FERRARI

I'm offering you a brand new car,  
which has the edge on the Maserati.



TARUFFI

Bullshit. The Maserati is faster.  
And it has an ashtray--

FERRARI

If I put in an ashtray, will you  
drive it in the Mille Miglia?

TARUFFI nods.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Good. And don't ask me for a  
navigator. You know every  
kilometer. You've raced it sixteen  
times.

He's drowned out as two red 335 MM sports racers also thunder  
into the yard, muddied after their morning run.

DE PORTAGO and COLLINS lever themselves out, exhilarated.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Get all these cleaned up before the  
photo-call.

FERRARI indicates DE PORTAGO's car.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

How'd she handle?

DE PORTAGO

Good.

FERRARI

This is not "how was lunch? Good?"  
I want to know brake wear. I want  
steering, suspension, gear ratios,  
final drive. If it's to run in the  
Mille Miglia, it's got to be one  
hundred percent.

He moves on leaving DE PORTAGO hot and humiliated.

On the far side of the yard, a bunch of auto-journalists --  
in a designated space -- see FERRARI approach and applaud. An  
explosive mixture of enthusiasts and rumor mongers. FERRARI's  
eye catches one of the worst offenders. He smiles --

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Di Massimo? I am not "an assassin"

DI MASSIMO

It was a figure of speech,  
Commendatore.

FERRARI

Out!

FERRARI didn't want them excluded in advance so that he could eject them himself.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Fusaro, you said I was Saturn devouring his young children.

FUSARO

I was merely quoting the Vatican, Commendatore.

FERRARI

You, too, out. And you, Moretti. A 'widowmaker'? For the record Castellotti was not married. Okay? Out!

The three men leave and the rest, visibly chastened, don't want to be evicted. FERRARI's eyes pan along their ranks. They flinch.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

When we win, I can't see my cars for shots of starlets' asses. When we lose, you're a lynch mob. It's enough to make the Pope weep.

There is uproar. FERRARI has to shout.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Pay attention. This is the line up for the French Grand Prix at Rouen and for the Mille Miglia the following week.

90

INT. THE BANK. MODENA. DAY.

90

COSETTI

Twenty three, twenty four, twenty five...

LAURA sits in the BANK MANAGER's office. The Bank Manager, COSETTI, finishes counting the 50,000 dollars, in lire and pushes it across to her.

COSETTI (CONT'D)

How do you want me to itemize this?

LAURA begins to stuff the wads of notes into her bag.

COSETTI has open one of four large Ferrari ledgers.

LAURA

As a bequest to Signora Manzini to  
buy a property.

He nods.

LAURA (CONT'D)

She will have the use of it, but  
we'll retain the freehold.

COSETTI

The same arrangement as in  
Castelvetro...

LAURA

Castelvetro?

COSETTI adopts a look of confusion.

LAURA (CONT'D)

We have a property in Castelfranco.

COSETTI

Yes, yes. I'm sorry -- I got the  
towns confused --

LAURA starts to close her bag, but instead extends over his  
desk and glances at an upside down entry in the ledger.

LAURA

I'll also need a banker's order,  
for a new driver. His name is de  
Portago.

COSETTI

How do you spell that?

LAURA

d . . e . . . . P . . . o . . . r . . .

COSETTI leans forward and writes down the name. It had been a  
narrow escape.

91

EXT. BANK. MODENA. DAY.

91

LAURA walks towards the Alfa. GIUSEPPE opens the door.

LAURA

Castelvetro.

GIUSEPPE nearly has a heart attack but recovers.

GIUSEPPE  
As her gentleness the Signora  
commands...

92           EXT. THE YARD. PRESS CONFERENCE. FERRARI FACTORY. DAY.           92

FERRARI  
Next. Let me introduce my Spring  
Team for the Mille Miglia.

Journalists and photographers now at the five Ferraris  
destined for the Mille Miglia. The drivers, COLLINS, VON  
TRIPS, GENDEBIEN, TARUFFI and DE PORTAGO stand beside them.

FERRARI introduces DE PORTAGO proudly to the photographers.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
This is de Portago, Castellotti's  
replacement. He drives like  
Varzi...

JOURNALIST  
(to de Portago)  
Hey Fon, is it true about Linda  
Christian? She's your girlfriend?

The subject diverting from his race cars, Ferrari's  
expression turns dark.

93           EXT. CASTELVETRO. DAY.           93

The Fiat drives through the village and exits down a country  
road.

93A          INT. FIAT - ON LAURA           93A

She glances at the note in her hand.

93B          INT. FIAT - OVER GIUSEPPE           93B

GIUSEPPE  
Where to now?

LAURA  
Keep going...

GIUSEPPE  
As the Signora wishes...

Instinctively he speeds up past a driveway.

LAURA

Stop.

He does.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Go back.

GIUSEPPE begins to sweat. He reverses the car.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Turn right.

Giuseppe turns up the poplar-lined Lardi driveway.

94     EXT. THE YARD. MARANELLO. DAY.

94

FERRARI

This is my old friend Taruffi, last  
time he was second, this time he  
will be first.

He puts his arm round TARUFFI for the cameras.

FERRARI now arm in arm with PETER COLLINS.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Peter Collins... Future World  
Champion.

FERRARI with his arm round VON TRIPS.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Taffy Von Trips -- a tiger.

95     EXT. LARDI FARM. DRIVEWAY. DAY.

95

The Fiat drives uphill between the rows of poplar trees. It  
feels boldly invasive.

LAURA

Stop.

She gets out.

What has attracted LAURA's attention is a green boys bike.

97     LAURA'S FLASHBACK. EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD. DAY. (\*OPTIONAL\*)

97

On a yellow bike, twelve year old DINO freewheels down the  
road, his legs splayed wide off the pedals -- thrilled,  
shouting.

A younger FERRARI in equally high spirits, follows.

Then, the bike starts to tip, but FERRARI swoops Dino off the  
bike, rescuing him. DINO laughs. LAURA smiles. Charismatic.  
She takes FERRARI's arm. The three of them...

96     EXT. THE YARD. MARANELLO. DAY.

96

Meanwhile, FERRARI has his arm round GENDEBIEN.

FERRARI

This is Olivier Gendebien, the  
fastest driver of road cars in the  
World. He will be driving \_\_\_\_\_.



HEADS TURN towards the open gate. LINDA CHRISTIAN gets out of an arriving taxi.

VOICES

Hey Linda! Signorina!

The attention of the PRESS deserts the Master and focuses on her.

LINDA CHRISTIAN in dark glasses and matador pants smiles at the PRESS but does not allow them to waylay her as she enters.

FERRARI eyes DE PORTAGO with that blank impassive stab.

DE PORTAGO shrugs as if to say -- it's nothing to do with me.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Linda, a shot of you by the car.

VOICES

With your boyfriend. And Mr. Ferrari.

98 EXT. THE FARM. CASTELVETRO.

98

LAURA stands alone in the driveway. She stares at the green bike and the F500-F2 model racecar, rusty from use.

Her eyes rake over the white house: well-tended; no sign of a car.

98A EXT. THE FARM. DRIVEWAY. CASTELVETRO

98A

Back at the gate, Laura gets out of her car, crosses to the post box. She opens it, pulls out two letters. They are addressed to a Signora Lardi.

Laura puts the envelopes back. We see she's taken the rusty toy car.

99 EXT. THE YARD. MARANELLO. DAY

99

FERRARI, LINDA CHRISTIAN and DE PORTAGO have been backed against the 335. FERRARI in the middle. PHOTOGRAPHERS are angling for shots--

PRESS VOICE 1

Hey Linda, this way; Linda, over here.

PRESS VOICE 2

Mr. Ferrari can we have a smile?

FERRARI sees among them the sports journalist, RANCATI -- he of the plastic features and the mime artist's face.

FERRARI

Rancati. A word, after--

DE PORTAGO'S arm goes round FERRARI. FERRARI'S arm goes round LINDA'S bum. A flash of surprise lights her face but is quickly suppressed for the cameras.

FERRARI firmly draws her hips towards him, revealing the yellow shield with the black horse on the side of the car.

Keeping her body clear of the emblem, he beams for the cameras.

100 OMITTED

100

101 EXT. THE YARD. MARANELLO. DAY.

101

RANCATI and FERRARI stand together. RANCATI ready to interview Ferrari for The Automotive Magazine.

FERRARI

Rancati, there's something I want you to do for me.

RANCATI

Commendatore, may I be frank with you --

FERRARI

Yes Gino.

RANCATI

My article that you agreed to do two months ago "The idea of Ferrari." Every time I see you, you put me off with --

RANCATI (CONT'D)

"Before I answer that question, Rancati, there's something I want you to do for me."

(he becomes agitated)

When do we begin, Commendatore?

FERRARI eyes him speculatively.

FERRARI

Before I answer that question, there's something I want you to do for me.

(beat)

Write an article suggesting that there have been rumors that I am talking to Henry Ford II about the future of the factory.

RANCATI absorbs the weight of this revelation.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

At the end say you asked me bluntly, and that I categorically denied it.

RANCATI

And are you categorically denying it?

FERRARI  
Of course. Categorically, I deny  
it.

RANCATI tries to figure out the ramifications of this.

RANCATI  
If I write this article, will you  
give me an exclusive on your  
private life?

FERRARI  
If you promise not to publish it--

RANCATI  
For the time being--

FERRARI  
Until I authorize it--

RANCATI  
O.K. It's a deal.

FERRARI gets to his feet.

103 INT. KITCHEN. THE FARM. CASTELVETRO. DAY

103

FERRARI - coming from Rancati - enters the kitchen with an ease to him we never see anywhere else (he may pour a glass of wine and...) he leans against the wall by the window watching the day end over the fields as Lina is making Piero's dinner.

PIERO is in the kitchen absorbed in the racing section of a newspaper while...

FERRARI  
(to Lina)  
You're going tonight?

(We don't know to where he's referring.)

LINA is in a cotton robe over a bra and stockings. There's still a chill --

While she serves Piero...

LINA  
Yes. With my friends. The ones you don't like.

She goes upstairs to finish dressing.

103A INT. BEDROOM. THE FARM. CASTELVETRO - DAY

103A

ON LINA. FERRARI enters.

FERRARI  
He's quiet. I didn't get him de Portago's autograph.

LINA  
It's not about that.

FERRARI  
What is it?

LINA  
In two weeks he'll be confirmed. As whom...? Piero Lardi?

LINA looks at FERRARI.

LINA (CONT'D)

We said, when he was ten, we would sort this out. Then Dino got ill... he's still Piero Lardi. I'm out of excuses.

FERRARI

Postpone the confirmation.

LINA

His whole class is being confirmed.

FERRARI

Say he lost faith in God.

LINA

Enzo.  
(beat)  
Who else knows about him?

FERRARI

Nobody. Apart from the Chief of  
Police.

LINA

The doctor?

FERRARI

Well, yes, the doctor.

LINA

And Piero's teachers?

FERRARI

The teachers.

LINA

And Tavoni? Sergio?

FERRARI

Of course, Tavoni.

LINA

And the bank manager?

FERRARI

Yes, the bank manager.

LINA

Enzo --

FERRARI

(vehemently)  
Apart from them. No one.

LINA

Enzo, this is Italy, yes?  
(meaning)  
All of Modena knows.

FERRARI

Except Laura.  
(pause)  
And that must stay as it is.  
Especially for now.

She looks askance at him.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
 What? You're going to tell me,  
 "Enzo, don't be so conventionally  
 Italian, so bourgeois..."

LINA  
 Don't make me sound like a beatnik.

FERRARI  
 You read French books.

LINA  
 What happened with us in the  
 war...happened. As with many.  
 Sometimes I wish it didn't.

FERRARI  
 How can you say that?

LINA  
 Because if I was a woman like I am  
 now, not 12 years ago, I would not  
 have interfered in another woman's  
 marriage... Yes?

She's adamant. He's aware, again, of why he's with Lina.

LINA (CONT'D)  
 And now she's lost a child. But,  
 the present is what the present is.  
 (beat)  
 And, in our world, right here...  
 between me. And you. And Piero?  
 What is best for Piero? Who speaks  
 for him?

FERRARI torn, in a dilemma.

LINA (CONT'D)  
 You're his father.

FERRARI  
 How do I reconcile this?

LINA  
 I don't know, but that makes it no  
 less important.

The orchestra is warming up. People are beginning to take  
 their seats.





109 I/E. FRONT ENTRANCE. OPERA HOUSE. MODENA. NIGHT.

109

The whole of Modena seems to be trying to get into the theatre. BUSINESSMEN, FARMERS, BANKERS and some of the FERRARI MECHANICS. TAVONI with his WIFE. CHITI and his wife.

Off screen the orchestra is still tuning.

SEE LINA is not part of the racing group. She moves up the stairs with her friends, a contemporary, younger crowd come up through the center of the stairs and crowd. It's a party of LINA plus THREE WOMEN FRIENDS and ONE MAN.

LINA

Where are you guys?

LULU

In the orchestra stalls.

110 INT. GRAND CIRCLE. OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT.

110

In the Grand Circle, FERRARI makes his way towards the centre row of seats near the front.

Tuning stops.

LINA enters a box on FERRARI's right. She watches him as he sits, noticing that Laura's seat is empty beside him.

FERRARI makes conversation with those he knows around him -- one man from the Barber's Shop.

Large, sleek, confident Adolfo ORSI and his son make their way into their row. As they work their way behind FERRARI he turns to chide them.

FERRARI

What's this about you're out looking for financing? Fangio is eating up all your money?

ADOLFO ORSI

You're angry because I won him from you?

FERRARI

I let you have him. He costs the same as two years overhead.

ADOLFO ORSI

It's not Fangio. The game's changing Enzo because of television.

(MORE)

ADOLFO ORSI (CONT'D)

With television it's going to  
become big business. To do this one  
has to be capitalised.

FERRARI

And this outside capital will  
beneficently bestow itself on you?

OMER ORSI

Of course... After we win the Mille  
Miglia.

They continue to challenge each other as they find their  
seats.

111

INT. ADALGISA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

111

ADALGISA opens the shutters and lets the distant music flood  
in. She sits down on a chair next to her window and listens.

The TENOR, BRUSONI, launches delicately into 'Parigi O Cara'.

112 INT. THE OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT. 112

The audience is quiet. Brusoni sweats profusely. It's not just the heat: he is singing for his life. Careers have been known to deconstruct here in Modena.

FERRARI listens to the words -- which he has heard a thousand times, but which never fail to move him.

113 INT. LAURA'S ROOM. LARGO GARIBALDI HOUSE. NIGHT. 113

LAURA sits in a big chair close to the open casement facing left. The sound of the tenor floats through the night air.

114 FLASHBACK. INT. THE APARTMENT OVER THE GARAGE. 1930'S. 114

FERRARI comes out of a bathroom, steaming from a shower, with wet hair in a robe, singing the same aria. He is younger, more animated.

Seizing LAURA's dress he clowns around the room, as if dancing and singing to it.

She lies in the bed in a night gown with her arm round little DINO -- helpless with laughter.

115 INT. ADALGISA'S APARTMENT. LARGO. GARIBALDI HOUSE. NIGHT. 115

ADALGISA listens as if in a trance, but to another singer, another production, yet further back in time, his picture on her dresser next to Alfredo, her dead husband and Alfredo her dead son in uniform.

**NOTE: get generic PHOTO of opera singer from about 1890 in costume singing his heart out.**

116 FLASHBACK. INT. MODENA RAILWAY STATION. 1917. (OPTIONAL - TIME PERMITTING) 116

On a platform, crowds rushing by, ALFREDO dressed for war. Confident, shining, but also prescient, as if already on his way to heaven, he looks back and addresses his mother, a silhouette in the cloud of steam.

The train begins to move.

ALFREDO in the crowd of soldiers loading into the train car turns and waves and is lost in the crowd.



120 INT. GRAND CIRCLE. OPERA HOUSE. MODENA. NIGHT. 120

LINA watches FERRARI. She sits in profile, spellbound.

119 INT. THE OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT. 119

Tears fill FERRARI's eyes...

A121 INT. THE OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT. A121

BRUSONI sings his heart out to the woman in bed against the dying sunset.

121 FLASHBACK. INT. ASSEMBLY SHOP. THE MARANELLO FACTORY. 1945. DAY. 121

FERRARI and TWO WORKERS set aright a turned over lathe... He is in the wreck of the Maranello factory: shelled by Germans, bombed by the Americans, unroofed.

The same aria plays.

LINA approaches. She is young in a light floral shirt and cardigan, but shows the same independence and compassion, qualities which still attract Ferrari.

LINA  
(proudly)  
I'm pregnant.

FERRARI breaks into a smile.

122 INT. THE OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT. 122

The duet comes to an end on BRUSONI'S last notes. They hang suspended in the silent House.

The AUDIENCE sits in a state of reverie.

At a loss, BRUSONI, dripping sweat, looks up at the gallery which now explodes with applause.

A barrage of approval.

FROM BEHIND BRUSONI and the SOPRANO and the audience beyond.

123 EXT. RACE TRACK. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 123

The angry front of DE PORTAGO'S 801 charges at us.

From DE PORTAGO'S POV: buffeted by the slipstream and juddering over the uneven surface, DE PORTAGO hangs onto BEHRA's 250F single-seater screaming out of a bend. Then rockets even with BEHRA into the straight.





On a 1957 TV a fuzzy live broadcast of the French Grand Prix plays. On the screen the camera position is at the finish line and the pits. The Commentator notes a Maserati driven by Fangio leads followed by Hawthorne in a Ferrari and then Jean Behra in a Maserati and newcomer Fon De Portago in a Ferrari. Moss trails them in a Vanwall. He points out Collins has pitted, withdrawn. Then it cuts to the score board. \*

Then it cuts to COLLINS in the pit lane. Ferrari focuses on the banners behind the racers: **SHELL, ENGLEBERT, PIRELLI.** Then, the commercial potential. \*

130 OMITTED 130

133 EXT. FERRARI PITS. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 133 \*

Pulling into the Ferrari pit, COLLINS bails out. \*

COLLINS' gear box is gone -- he shrugs philosophically. \*

COLLINS \*

Gearbox linkage. It's shot, fucked. \*

He takes off his helmet. \*

- 131      EXT. DE PORTAGO'S CAR. TRACK. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY.      131
- DE PORTAGO -- through black smoke -- picks up a great spray of oil on his goggles, which after trying to clear he pulls off. \*
- The goggles fly away and are flattened by the following car.
- DE PORTAGO pulls on his second pair which have been around his neck.
- He slingshots out of the slip stream and pulls even with BEHRA as they rocket downhill into and through the straight, heading towards-- \*
- 132      INT. SCAGLIETTI BARN - SCAGLIETTI WORKS - DAY      132
- Watching the fuzzy black and white TV, Ferrari leans forward, watching a long shot of two small cars intently as --
- 125      EXT. NOUVEAU MONDE (HAIRPIN TURN). ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY 125
- DE PORTAGO'S 801 and BEHRA'S Maserati 250F are side by side with Behra more on the correct line for the left-hander racing at them. They're both racing for the same apex of the turn.
- Two objects can't occupy the same point in space at the same moment in time. The Maserati 250F is inches ahead. They'll crash. DE PORTAGO brakes, falls in behind. Behra through the turn.
- A133      INT. SCAGLIETTI BARN - SCAGLIETTI WORKS - DAY      A133
- Ferrari saw De Portago lift off and Behra sustain his lead. Ferrari crosses to Scaglietti's telephone. \*
- 133      EXT. FERRARI PITS. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY.      133      \*
- TAVONI hangs up the wall phone in the pit. \*
- TAVONI      \*
- (to Mechanic)      \*
- Call in de Portago.      \*



137 EXT. WOODED COPPICE. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 137

COLLINS in DE PORTAGO'S car is immediately sideswiped and  
rips off the track into a stand of young trees, narrowly  
missing the trunks, till -- \*

-- Until he comes to a halt, the front wheels torn off. \*

Slowly, he pulls himself out of the cockpit and staggers to  
the nearest tree where he props himself up. He pulls off his  
gloves, pushes up his goggles and looks at the wreck.

In the distance people are running through the trees towards  
him.

COLLINS  
Bloody hell!

138 EXT. PITS/TRACK. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 138

OFF SCREEN a band plays the French National Anthem.

In the paddock: DE PORTAGO watches as nearby, COLLINS gets  
painfully into a Marshall's saloon, his neck in a temporary  
brace.

DE PORTAGO, his emotions veering between rage and concern for  
COLLINS' injury, approaches.

DE PORTAGO  
Are you O.K.?

COLLINS  
Right as rain, mate. A bit shook  
up.  
(beat)  
Sorry about your car, old boy. It's  
a bit of a mess.

DE PORTAGO nods again and crosses to where the twisted  
remains of the car is being manually heaved onto the factory  
low-loader.

DE PORTAGO is still flushed with adrenalin.

DE PORTAGO  
I could have taken him.

TAVONI shrugs.

DE PORTAGO (CONT'D)  
Behra...

No answer. The Marseillaise ends.

139

INT. DINING ROOM. CAVALINO. DAY.

139

FERRARI

You lack commitment.

The Spring Team, HAWTHORN, COLLINS, DE PORTAGO, GENDEBIEN and VON TRIPS are sitting around the remains of lunch. Smoking, but listening to FERRARI intently --

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Look at the Maserati team. Fangio, Behra, Stirling Moss, hard nosed pros. Men with a brutal determination to win. A cruel emptiness in their stomachs. Detached men. Loyal to one thing. Not the team. Loyal to their lust to win.

(beat)

It rains. The track is slippery with oil, an evil handling car, will they falter? No.

(pause)

My Spring Team. Courageous? Skillful? Yes. Youthful, recently in school--

(looks at Von Trips and de Portago)

Aristocrats straight from Almanac de Gotha. Gentlemen sportsmen. Very nice.

(stops; leans in)

On the straight into the tight corner at Nouveau Monde? There's only one line through it. Behra pulls up next to you, challenging. You're even. But two objects cannot occupy the same point in space at the same moment in time. Behra doesn't lift. The corner races at you. You have, perhaps, a crisis of identity. Am I a sportsman or a competitor? How will the French think of me if I run Behra into a tree? You lift. He passes. He won. You lost.

(he looks at them; then)

At that same moment Behra thought: fuck it, we both die.

(pause)

Make no mistake.

(MORE)

FERRARI (CONT'D)

All of us are racers. Or we have been. We all are certain it will never happen to me.

(beat)

Then our friend is killed. We give up racing forever on Monday. Then, we are back racing by Sunday.

(beat)

We all know it is a terrible joy. A deadly passion.

(beat)

And, if you get into one of my race cars -- and no one is forcing you to take that seat -- you get in to win. Brake later. Steal *their* line. Deny *them* space. Make them make the mistake.

140

INT. THE CAVALINO. DAY.

140

FERRARI and DE PORTAGO exit.

DE PORTAGO

I would have taken him.

FERRARI gives him a look.

FERRARI

I'm changing the line-up for the Mille Miglia. I want you and Olivier to swap cars. He'll drive the little coupe and you'll get the 335... can you handle it?

DE PORTAGO is knocked out by this offer.

DE PORTAGO

You're giving me the most powerful car in the race?

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI

Put it another way, I'm giving Gendebien the agile coupe.

DE PORTAGO

Won't he mind?

FERRARI

Of course he will. But he'll beat you anyway.

141-146 OMITTED

141-146

147 INT. RECEPTION AREA. FERRARI'S OFFICE. DAY.

147

FERRARI comes up the stairs.

TOMMASO  
Signor Rancati on One.

148      INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO. DAY.      148

FERRARI picks up the phone, presses 'One'.

FERRARI  
Gino.

149      INT. OFFICE. AUTOMOTIVE GAZETTE. MILAN. DAY.      149

His eyes drop to his typewriter.

RANCATI  
(reads into the phone)  
'Enzo Ferrari, answering rumors that he has been approached by the Ford Motor Company with a view to their purchasing the factory, denies it categorically. Ferrari, who has entered five cars in the Mille Miglia, is presently gearing up to meet the demand for his highly successful GT...etc.'

150      INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO. DAY.      150

RANCATI (V.O.)  
Tomorrow's edition. I'll send you a copy.

FERRARI  
Very good. Thank you.

He puts the telephone down... dials a new number.

151-153 OMITTED      151-153

153A      OMITTED      153A

154      INT. BANK OFFICE. MODENA. DAY.      154

COSETTI  
This is the Power of Attorney which Signor Ferrari requested you put your name to--



He passes the document across to LAURA -- six copies of it.

COSETTI (CONT'D)  
And the check for five hundred  
thousand dollars--

LAURA picks up the check, scrutinizes it, returns it to him.

LAURA  
It has not been signed.

COSETTI looks up, shrugs --

LAURA (CONT'D)  
The signing of these affidavits was  
conditional on the exchange of the  
check.

COSETTI  
I'm sure it was an oversight.

LAURA smiles.

LAURA  
Bullshit, Cosetti.

She picks the check up and puts it in her bag, nevertheless.  
She studies the affidavits. Coffee is brought in on a tray.  
She refuses the cream and sweeteners.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
You have a pen?

She signs the Power of Attorney -- six times -- whilst  
COSETTI looks on. His silence makes her realize how important  
this transaction is, and how worried they had been that she  
might not cooperate. Signing off, COSETTI looks relieved.

COSETTI  
Excellent.

He holds out his hand to take the papers.

LAURA  
I'll hold onto these, too, until I  
get my check signed--

His hand is left hanging in the air.

COSETTI  
Then I guess that will be all.

LAURA

Not quite. I want information about special payments, made by the factory last year--

COSETTI can see it coming.

COSETTI

To whom?

LAURA

Lina Lardi.

COSETTI stares at her, struck dumb.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I want to know how much they are, and for how long they have been going on.

154A     INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO. DAY.     154A

TOMMASO enters ashen. He indicates the phone.

155     OMITTED     155

156     EXT. CALL BOX. MODENA. DAY.     156

LAURA is in a call box in the town center near the bank. GIUSEPPE waits in the background in Laura's car.

LAURA (V.O.)

Enzo? Lina Lardi! Does that name mean anything to you?

156A     INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO. DAY.     156A

FERRARI's face freezes as LAURA outlines her recent investigation in cold and concise terms.

157     OMITTED     157

158     INT. CALL BOX. MODENA. DAY.     158

LAURA

The boy, I presume is yours?

158A INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO. DAY. 158A

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI

Yes.

159 OMITTED 159

160 INT. CALL BOX. MODENA. DAY. 160

She is silent for a moment. Then --

LAURA

I need to think about this, Enzo.

She doesn't hang up.

160A INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. MARANELLO. DAY. 160A

FERRARI puts down his phone.

161-164 OMITTED 161-164

165 EXT. SCAGLIETTI WORKS. DAY. 165

SERGIO SCAGLIETTI in overalls is at a rusting cafe table. He is pouring himself a glass of white Trebbiano when Ferrari's car pulls onto the cracked forecourt. SCAGLIETTI directs the bottle into a second tumbler.

FERRARI, hitching up his pants, trudges towards Scaglietti, takes the tumbler and they drift towards the barn.

167 EXT. BARN. DAY.

167

SCAGLIETTI unlocks the padlock, opens the door, revealing the prototype of the 250 "pontoon fender," red Testa Rossa. Other cars in varying states of finish pale next to its ferocious beauty. It's like a red, low-slung snake about to strike. Even FERRARI, who has seen everything, is stunned.

166 INT. THE BARN. SCAGLIETTI WORKS. DAY.

166

FERRARI wanders around the new Testa Rossa. He lays his hand on the great throat of the fuel filler and finishes his wine.

SCAGLIETTI, who has followed with the bottle, refills the glass.

FERRARI

She found out.

SCAGLIETTI

The boy?

FERRARI

That, too.

SCAGLIETTI kicks the rubber on the Testa Rossa.

SCAGLIETTI

So what do you think?

Up on the wall, above the drawing table, two pigeons in a cage coo softly.

FERRARI

The driver in front of it will piss  
his pants when he sees it in his  
mirror --

SCAGLIETTI nods.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

And when it passes, it has an ass  
on it like a Canova sculpture.

(beat)

So, what do I do?

He refers to the business with Laura.

SCAGLIETTI

What do you want to do?

FERRARI

I want to leave her.

SCAGLIETTI

So. Do it...

FERRARI in a state of perfect dilemma shows in his  
face...Yes. No.

SCAGLIETTI points to the cage hanging from one of the beams.

SCAGLIETTI (CONT'D)

You see that pigeon up there?

FERRARI nods.

SCAGLIETTI (CONT'D)

I left its door open, but it won't  
come out. It's forgotten what  
freedom is--

FERRARI

Freedom for that pigeon is pigeon  
pie.

SCAGLIETTI

Tell Laura that you two should live  
apart, you're going to live with  
Lina and that you're going to  
recognize the boy. Everybody thinks  
that you should anyway.

FERRARI

I don't give a damn what everybody  
thinks. What do you think?

SCAGLIETTI

(less facetious)

There are a lot of people on your payroll with families. The factory needs continuity for Ferrari to stay Ferrari. (but do you really care what anybody thinks?)

FERRARI takes this in silence.

He finishes his wine. He looks up at the pigeon before he leaves.

FERRARI

We have history.

(to cage)

Stay there pigeon, or you're dead meat.

168     EXT. FERRARI'S HOUSE. L.G. DUSK.     168

The imposing house, FERRARI draws up in the Peugeot and gets out.

169     INT. HALL. FERRARI'S HOUSE. L.G. DUSK     169

The door opens. FERRARI enters, shuts it and, girding himself for the confrontation, makes his way across the hall to the stairs.

170     INT. LAURA'S ROOM. FERRARI'S HOUSE. L.G. NIGHT.     170

FERRARI opens the door. LAURA is waiting for him, sitting at the table. She has been going through the accounts.

FERRARI enters. She looks up coldly. He goes to the sideboard, pours a glass of wine.

LAURA

The whole of Emilia knows, but not me?

FERRARI

I thought it would break your heart.

LAURA

You broke my heart years ago, Enzo...

FERRARI doesn't reply. And he doesn't believe it, either. It was Dino who had broken her heart.

LAURA (CONT'D)

When did it start? According to Cosetti the payments began in the 1940's.

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI

The war. The factory had been bombed twice. It began during the worst of it. She worked at Carrozzeria Orlandi. You and Dino were in the hills that year. By Christmas she was pregnant. So I bought Castelvetro and she went to live there.

LAURA broods on this. We now notice that on her writing table there are at least three photographs of Dino including the photograph of Dino on the yellow bike.

LAURA

Is it that she's different from the others?

FERRARI

I was in love with her--

Then he adds --

FERRARI (CONT'D)

And I still am.

Suddenly, from a position of righteousness, LAURA feels her feet cut from under her.

Devastated. A whole new landscape of the past now presents itself, in which all those nights when she thought he was off whoring, he was actually with another 'wife'.

LAURA

I find myself sharing my whole life with a woman I have never met.

LAURA starts to prowl the room.

LAURA (CONT'D)

It makes a mockery of you in those years when Dino was ill and dying...

FERRARI

How can you say that?

LAURA

That boy? Is he going to inherit our factory? Our name?

He doesn't answer.

LAURA (CONT'D)

We have a son. I don't want him to.

FERRARI stares at her.

FERRARI

One son, two sons, five sons. I miss Dino any less?

(beat)

Every morning I see him in the cemetery. The hospital he died in is funded in his name. A school was built in his honor...

LAURA

"Honor." Who gives a shit? You were supposed to save him.

FERRARI

You blame me for his death!?

LAURA

You promised me he wouldn't die.

FERRARI

Everything! I did everything. Tables, showing the calories he could eat, what went in, what came out. I graphed the degrees of albuminuria, the degrees of azotemia, diuresis -- I know more about nephritis and dystrophy than cars.

LAURA

Yes! Yes, I blame you! You told me you wouldn't let him die. You promised!

FERRARI

...the father, he deluded himself! The great engineer. I will restore my son to health. Swiss doctors, Italian doctors. Bullshit. I could not. I did not.



LAURA

Cause you were so "consoled" at Castelvetro, you lost your attention. You had another boy getting stronger while Dino got weaker.

FERRARI is frozen by the accusation.

FERRARI

What goes on in your head? He got sick! Dystrophy, kidneys. It destroyed him. It destroyed you. Destroyed us.

LAURA

What do you care? Why do you care? You have another wife. Another son.

FERRARI

She is not my wife.  
(pause)  
But, he is my son--

LAURA goes eerily, completely calm --

LAURA

Move out. The best thing for you to do is move.

FERRARI is suddenly exhausted.

FERRARI

If you want, I'll move upstairs. To the outside eye, nothing will change.

LAURA

No, everything will have changed--

FERRARI

This is our history, our life. We are partners.

She looks at him bitterly.

She pauses, then produces the papers, relating to the power of attorney.

LAURA

These are the papers, they give you power to negotiate on my behalf.

Tears stream down her face, but she gives in to them not one iota! She produces the check.

LAURA (CONT'D)

There is a problem with your check;  
you forgot to put your name to it.

In silence, FERRARI hauls out his big Waterman pen with its violet ink. He looks at her --

FERRARI

This is a gun pointed at my head.  
You cash it before I conclude a  
deal, Ferrari is no more.

FERRARI signs. Hands it to her.

LAURA

That's right.

She scrutinizes the check, folds it away, and hands over the power of attorney documents.

171 OMITTED 171

172 INT. THE HALLWAY. CHERRY FARM. NIGHT. 172

PIERO hears a car approach. He comes to the edge of the stairs and looks down. He sees FERRARI enter and

LINA and FERRARI embrace -- FERRARI is trembling. He sets down the case he brought.

She senses his distress and hugs him.

LINA

What is it?

As they walk towards the kitchen--

FERRARI

It's done.

The door closes leaving PIERO on the stairs puzzled.

She turns off the radio.

173

INT. KITCHEN. CHERRY FARM. CASTELVETRO. NIGHT.

173

She sits at the table, her head in her hands. They've been talking for a while.

Silence.... Eventually...

FERRARI

You'll come to Modena.

She looks up surprised.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Why not? Modena is where I live.  
Where we'll live.

LINA

That's her town.

FERRARI

It's our town.

LINA

It's not me.

(beat)

Piero. What does he do? Sneak around?

(beat)

And as whom?

(pause)

She knows he's our boy?

FERRARI

She knows he's my son.

(pause)

But nothing has been resolved.

She faces FERRARI. He takes her hand. The dilemma is from different perspectives but mutually shared.

174

OMITTED

174

175

INT. LINA'S BEDROOM. CASTELVETRO. DAWN.

175

LINA's eye opens. She hears the door latch shut with its familiar double click, her eyes open wider.

LINA

Enzo?

176 EXT. FARMHOUSE. CASTELVETRO. DAWN.

176

In the dawn air, FERRARI puts on his boots and is about to open the door of his Peugeot when --

There is the sound of a casement window above him.

PIERO (V.O.)  
Hey, Papa!

He looks up.

PIERO's head is framed at the window.

PIERO  
De Portago's autograph!

FERRARI  
You go back to sleep!

PIERO  
Papa!

FERRARI looks up again.

PIERO (CONT'D)  
(chanting)  
Ferra - ri!

FERRARI chuckles, waves.

177 EXT. STARTING RAMP - DAY

177

CHORUS Ferra-ri! Ferra-ri!

The Piazza is packed on Saturday afternoon for the technical inspection. A brass band, announcements on loudspeakers, the flashing of photographers bulbs and the revving of a hundred roadcars, herald the beginning of the Mille Miglia. The sound of the Ferra-ri chorus dominates the square.

FERRARI makes his way through the chaotic crowd and cars. This is the first time we have seen him mobbed this way. A demi-god to his supporters, he nods at those he knows, salutes others, shakes hands--

FERRARI enters, ADOLFO and OMER ORSI are at a table, signing in, as are a number of other owner and factory team managers. They collect the cards (libreto di marcia) that each driver must show at every checkpoint.

A cream-colored TV camera like a small refrigerator is on a heavy tripod focused on a TV COMMENTATOR narrating the event.

FERRARI

Good evening, gentlemen.  
Everything's going like clockwork I  
see.

(to the Orsis)

Good evening, Orsi.

RACE OFFICIAL

Signor Ferrari?

FERRARI

I'm entering five cars. Collins,  
Taruffi, de Portago, Von Trips,  
Gendebien.



TV COMMENTATOR

...and so the 24th Mille Miglia,  
the World's longest and most  
treacherous road race starts with  
the dispatch of the smallest of the  
racing cars...

FERRARI

Make sure they show these at  
every control otherwise  
they're disqualified.

TV COMMENTATOR (CONT'D)

The factory cars, some of the  
most powerful in the world,  
will start last - about 5  
o'clock in the morning.

FERRARI hands TAVONI the five official entry cards.

ADOLFO ORSI is being interviewed --

ADOLFO ORSI

For Maserati, this is an important  
race for us. Winning the Mille  
Miglia would confirm our position  
as the World's Number One  
constructor of...

FERRARI ignores him, looks at CHITI and pulls his note book  
from his pocket. There are neatly written notes in purple  
ink.

FERRARI

I have a few last minute  
instructions --

184

INT. DE PORTAGO'S BEDROOM. MARZOTTO HOTEL. NIGHT

184

DE PORTAGO sits at the dressing table. He has an envelope on  
which he writes quickly --

DE PORTAGO

"In case I don't make it --"

He does not have the slightest doubt that he will, but wives  
and girlfriends have to be written to --

DE PORTAGO (CONT'D)

I'm writing to Linda--

Reveal NELSON lies on his bed, smoking a cigarette and  
checking through a number of maps which cover the route.

DE PORTAGO stares at a blank piece of paper.

DE PORTAGO (CONT'D)

What do I say?



NELSON dictates it like a business letter --

NELSON

My darling Linda, in the unlikely event that tomorrow is my last day on earth, I am writing to you...

185      INT. COLLINS' BEDROOM. MARZOTTO HOTEL.      185

LOUISE lies asleep in bed. The book she has been reading still in her hand. COLLINS finishes reading a two page letter he has written to her. He now signs it "Peter". He folds it and standing up -- slips it into the back of her book.

186      INT. TARUFFI'S ROOM. MARZOTTO HOTEL.      186

Clad in his underwear and smoking a cigarette. TARUFFI carefully, almost ritualistically, places on his shirt for tomorrow -- his worn and faded map of Italy, his wristwatch, cigarettes, matches, his lucky key ring and a medallion of St. Anthony.

187      OMITTED      187

188      INT. BAR. MARZOTTO HOTEL.      188

FERRARI, who has been giving notes all night, makes his final point.

FERRARI

Refueling. Remind the mechanics,  
the gas is to go into the tanks.

(MORE)

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Not on the drivers - particularly  
Taruffi. I'd prefer he not go up in  
flames.

CHITI

Anything else...

FERRARI

No. That's it.

They all look at him, exhausted.

COLLINS leaps down the stairs, alert, cheerful.

COLLINS

Morning everybody, are we all set?

189 OMITTED

189

190 EXT. STARTING RAMP. NIGHT FOR DAWN.

190

The long line of cars -- nose to tail -- starts at the top of  
the ramp and one is flagged and launches.

The shattering explosion of sound as the V.12's rev-up and  
echo terrifyingly off stone walls. We're in among the real  
beasts.

CROWD, MECHANICS, CAMERA CREWS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, flashbulbs  
popping, surround the ramp and the line of cars leading up to  
it.

We SCAM past the departing car to the next car to depart and  
then past (available ND exotics or) a D-Type Jaguar to  
FERRARI, who shouts to GENDEBIEN in his 250 Coupe, looking up  
at him--

FERRARI

This car knows its way round  
blindfolded, Olivier. Take it easy  
till you reach the coast. Once the  
rain stops -- you can put your foot  
down.

GENDEBIEN powers his car further along the "up" ramp.

The TIMEKEEPER flashes his lamp. And the Jaguar D-Type in front of GENDEBIEN screams into the dawn in a blaze of burnt rubber and blistered air.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Good luck.

As FERRARI continues to walk down the line, we begin to realize that these cars, the last and fastest of the entries are mostly Ferraris: 240mm's, Touring Testa Rossas, 860 Monzas.

A two-year-old Scaglietti Spyder Competition. The DRIVER is sheltered against the rain by a golf umbrella. FERRARI wishes him well.

TV COMMENTATOR

The 24th Mille Miglia, the world's longest and most treacherous road race, started with the dispatch of the smallest of the racing cars. Painted on each car is the time of its departure. It is a race against the clock.

(beat)

The factory cars, some of the most powerful in the world, are starting after five this morning.

(pause)

And now, I am most privileged to have at my side Maserati's esteemed owner, Cavaliere Adolfo Orsi.

ADOLFO ORSI

For Maserati, this is a most important race. Winning the Mille Miglia this year will confirm our position as the World's Number One race car constructor, especially after our win by Manuel Fangio in the Argentine Grand Prix.

DE PORTAGO watches FERRARI, still bending over the private entry Ferrari (Monza?). Beside him, NELSON is scrutinizing a map with the aid of a torch.

NELSON

(confiding)

The Italians aren't generous with road signs.

DE PORTAGO  
You know where we're going?

NELSON  
No. Follow the taillights of the  
car in front. Once the sun comes up  
I'll see landmarks.

DE PORTAGO engages his clutch and creeps forward till he's  
parallel with FERRARI.

FERRARI  
Remember what I told you. Get behind  
Taruffi or Collins, They know the  
way. If you can hang onto him till  
you reach Bologna, you're in with a  
chance.

DE PORTAGO nods. FERRARI hesitates, leans in--

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
One last thing. Can you autograph  
this. It's for a very special young  
man.

DE PORTAGO nods.

DE PORTAGO  
What's his name?

FERRARI  
Piero ...

He takes the book and Ferrari's pen.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Piero.  
(spells it)  
P.I.E.R.O.

An OFFICIAL comes along with his torch, signaling for DE  
PORTAGO to roll forward.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
If Moss or Behra attempt to pass,  
wave them through. Your job is to  
get round in one piece.

With a grin DE PORTAGO returns the book, duly signed.

DE PORTAGO  
See you in Bologna--

FERRARI

Good luck.

As FERRARI rises, DE PORTAGO's car tailgates the car in front (ND?) up towards the ramp.

FERRARI leans over VON TRIPS in 532.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Comfortable, Taffy?

VON TRIPS nods.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on Stirling, if he passes you, let him go. Catch him later. I know it's your first, but I know you can win this.

VON TRIPS nods and FERRARI moves into --

-- the headlamps of COLLINS' 335 (534). He waits as it rumbles up to him -- all 400 horsepower. COLLINS pokes his head over the door, KLEMANTASKI, his navigator beside him.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Morning, Peter.

COLLINS

It's going to be a good one!  
(he gestures behind him)

FERRARI

This car can win. Once you are over the mountains, you've got the legs on the others... And then it will be either you or de Portago. Understand?

COLLINS nods.

COLLINS

You're forgetting Moss and Behra?

FERRARI

(dismisses them)  
Watch out for stray dogs and children: they're the real danger.

COLLINS smiles at the joke.

FERRARI - lit by the headlights of TARUFFI's car - moves to where the veteran smokes a cigarette and displays an air of calm which is only skin deep as he studies his blue race book.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

You can win this one, Taruffi, if you don't smoke yourself to death before it's over--

He takes TARUFFI's fag out of his mouth and throws it away.

TARUFFI

What's the weather on the Futa Pass?

FERRARI

Good. Maybe rain. Listen to me. You need this race. How can you tell your grandchildren that you picked up every trophy in Europe but you never won at Brescia?

TARUFFI lights another cigarette and begins to creep the car forward.

TARUFFI

Make sure I get the backup. No foul-ups, you understand, at the fuel stops, especially.

FERRARI

That's the spirit, Piero.

TARUFFI'S car moves forward.

FERRARI glances behind him over a privateer to the Maserati 450s of MOSS and BEHRA rumbling into frame - their drivers sheltered by the ORSIS' umbrellas. MOSS's hand goes up in a salute which FERRARI returns and then turns away.

ADOLFO ORSI, turns his back to FERRARI to confer with his two drivers, first MOSS...

ADOLFO ORSI

The race plan. Behra stays behind the lead Ferrari's. Waits. Some will break down, eliminate themselves. Then, he'll attack from the back some time before Bologna when there is an hour or two left.

(to Moss)

You? You take the lead at the start and lead from the front.

192 OMITTED 192

193 EXT. ON STARTING RAMP. NIGHT FOR DAWN. 193

Engines rev higher; the flag goes up --

[OPT: VON TRIPS (532)] COLLINS (534) and then TARUFFI (535) shoot off the ramp, the way jets fly off a carrier, their round tail lamps glowing like after-burners.

Immediately, they are followed by MOSS and BEHRA in their Maseratis -- all of them struggling for traction on the wet pavement.

When they are gone, FERRARI is left facing the ORSIS. Neither of them speak. A relative silence falls on the wet and desolate square. Everything hangs in the balance.

GIUSEPPE is at the Peugeot. He gets out of the passenger seat and swings open the driver's door for Ferrari. FERRARI shakes the hand of a COUPLE OF OFFICIALS as he, CHITI and TAVONI clamber in.

The Peugeot accelerates out of the square on the tail of others, all making their way south.

The RACE OFFICIAL swallows a glass of Grappa and indicates the departing Modenese.

RACE OFFICIAL  
For once he did not complain.

OFF the static officials --

194 INT. DE PORTAGO'S 335. NIGHT FOR DAWN. 194

**NOTE: ROAD TO RAVENNA SEQ**

DE PORTAGO, at breakneck speed, follows TARUFFI. He's illuminated by the glare of MOSS' headlamps. Behind him the big Maserati is on his tail all the way. As he hits the straight, the large works cars speed up.



194A      EXT. ROAD TO RAVENNA - DAWN      194A

The works Ferrari's pass a few smaller fast Lancia's like they're standing still on the long road across the flat landscape.

Then they pass privateer and older Ferrari's and a Mercedes gullwing.

Their speed on public roads on this stretch pushes to 240-250kph and beyond.

195      EXT. ROAD THROUGH VALLEY. DAWN.      195

MOSS

Okay, I'm going to see what she can do.

MOSS opens up the Maserati.

196      INT. DE PORTAGO'S 335. (TOP UP).      196

DE PORTAGO looks left as the Maserati sweeps by. He shifts down. Nelson yells --

NELSON

Let him go, Fon.

But DE PORTAGO tucks in behind the Maserati, and is towed, as the two race cars pass TARUFFI.

197      INT. TARUFFI'S CAR.      197

TARUFFI looks left, sees DE PORTAGO -- mouths "let him go".

198      EXT. LONG LEFT HAND CURVE. DAWN.      198

MOSS with DE PORTAGO behind are now on COLLINS' tail. MOSS rockets forward to overtake on the inside.

199      INT. COLLINS 335. (TOP DOWN).      199

As the curve begins to tighten, COLLINS sees MOSS in his mirror. He shifts left to block MOSS's line.

200      INT. DE PORTAGO'S 335.      200

DE PORTAGO right behind MOSS.

201 EXT. RIGHT HANDER + MEADOW. DAWN. 201

The three cars accelerate around the curve; MOSS, hemmed in, but taking advantage of the inside bend, edges ahead.  
(OPTIONAL: TARUFFI catches up.) MOSS dinks to the right.  
COLLINS moves right to block.

MOSS, instead passes COLLINS to the left, edging ahead. Side by side, dicing for the lead. 260, 270kph. MOSS's Maserati's nose edging ahead of COLLINS (double) Ferrari.

202 EXT. LONG LEFT HANDER. DAWN. 202

COLLINS with DE PORTAGO behind him, are on the outside of the bend - i.e. the right side of the road.

SEE their feet brake; HANDS downshift, as they brake for the left hand turn racing at them --

MOSS suddenly shoots ahead of COLLINS, as if he'll take the turn full out without braking.

It is violent and inexplicable.

Suddenly, MOSS jerks the Maserati left and DISAPPEARS?!

DE PORTAGO (or double) quickly reacts.

203 INT. THE MASERATI IN THE MEADOW. 203

JENKS holds on, looks at MOSS quizzically--

The Maserati, shearing its mirrors, et al, plows across a meadow, MOSS trying to hold it steady as it flies over uneven ground.

MOSS  
(shrugs)  
No brakes.

MOSS down shifts rapidly to slough off speed.

204 EXT. MEADOW. DAWN 204

It travels this way for a hundred yards -- JENKS half out of the cockpit, MOSS coaxing her down through the gears -- till it comes to rest in a boiling rage, overhung by its own plume of dust.

205 EXT. ROAD TO RAVENNA. DAWN.

205

The four Ferraris head away on the long straight through the trees. TARUFFI passes DE PORTAGO so the order is COLLINS, TARUFFI, DE PORTAGO, VON TRIPPS. BEHRA's Maserati right on their tail.

206 EXT. MEADOW. DAWN.

206

MOSS's Maserati lies in the middle of a huge meadow. A low mist drifts across it giving it an unworldly feeling.

In the distance, the sound of cattle bells and the bark of a dog. Far away the whine of the Ferraris as they climb the hill.

MOSS leans forward in the cockpit and produces the offending article from somewhere around his feet. The brake pedal. It had snapped off at the stalk. He hands it to JENKS and turns the ignition key. The big engine stumbles into life, MOSS turns the wheel --

MOSS  
Let's get this bugger home...

207 EXT. SMALL BAR EMILIA. EARLY MORNING. 207

A small bar. The OWNER opens his shutters as the Peugeot (could be Fiat 1100TV), driven by FERRARI, stops outside. FERRARI kills the ignition, gets out, followed by CHITI and TAVONI.

(NOTE: location could be near the Bologna refueling point.)

208 INT. SMALL BAR. EARLY MORNING. 208

The radio is already on, with commentary on the race. FERRARI makes for the telephone. He dials. The rest follow him in. CHITI goes to the bar. Patrons are clustered around the console radio --

FERRARI  
(into phone)  
Race Control?

At the counter CHITI orders espressos. The coffee trickles into the warm cups.

RADIO BROADCASTER  
The first car into Ravenna this morning was a Fiat Cinquecento timed at one hundred and forty on the final section.

FERRARI takes a seat at the table. CHITI arrives with the coffee.

FERRARI  
Moss is out...

209 OMITTED 209

210      EXT. APPROACHING RAVENNA. DAY.(OPT.)      210

The four Ferraris hurtle along the dead straight road like a red posse. There is something predatory about the way they pack one behind the other, and devour the stragglers, a couple of Alfas. They are headed by COLLINS, TARUFFI, DE PORTAGO and VON TRIPPS.

They are being tracked by BEHRA's Maserati as they charge into --

211-212 OMITTED      211-212

213      EXT. RAVENNA. THE PIAZZA. DAY.      213

The screams as the Ferraris change down gears, between the narrow medieval walls, are frightening. They're racing up on a smaller and slower Alfa Romeo ahead of them.

The Alfa Romeo shoots out of the street into the piazza but ends up losing it, understeers and runs straight into the straw barrier. Crowds cheer. SPECTATORS crowd the roofs, the balconies and windows.

A Ferrari appears, powers round the corner, applies opposite lock, and accelerates. Behind it a second and then a third Ferrari, all Testa Rossas -- all in Ferrari Vermillion -- and then two other Ferraris, Competition 3-litres.

The CROWD is beside itself, a river of red roars from the Brescia road into their square with ear shattering screams and roars --

214      OMITTED      214

215      EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF RAVENNA. DAY.      215

ON DE PORTAGO'S 335, as it emerges from the walls and accelerates.

NELSON

Jesus!

DE PORTAGO'S eyes widen -

216 INT. DE PORTAGO'S 335. DAY.

216

AHEAD of him is a solid wall of people. The road narrows into a tunnel of cheering youths.

NELSON  
Wiggle the wheel.

The nose of the Ferrari hunts one way and then the other -- at one hundred and sixty miles an hour.

With a roar of delight and mock fear the centre of the crowd scrabbles out of the way of the approaching car.

It roars in a raging blur through the narrow funnel vacated by the crowd with a foot to spare on either side.

NELSON looks round.

NELSON (CONT'D)  
Jesus...

DE PORTAGO  
What's next?

CLOSE: NELSON looks at his schoolboy map.

216A EXT. APPROACHING FUTA PASS. CLOUDY MOUNTAIN PASS. 216A

COLLINS is swallowed by mist, DE PORTAGO behind him.

Ahead of them are the tail lights of GENDEBIEN's 250. COLLINS overtakes it.

DE PORTAGO seeks to follow, but has to brake as the straight dips into a downward right hander.

GENDEBIEN spirals down it with DE PORTAGO on his tail.

Driving deeper into the gorge, the two cars snarl around a bulging rock-face down which cascades a mountain stream. The cars power right through it.

216B EXT. APPROACHING FUTA PASS. 216B

The spectacular arched column spans a gorge -- across which GENDEBIEN and DE PORTAGO streak.

Spectators crowd on all the trees and rocks.

The road widens just after the bridge and DE PORTAGO again tries to pass. But he moves too early and shaves a concrete post.

Notwithstanding the shattering impact -- he continues round the outside of GENDEBIEN and out-accelerates him up the hill.

Scattered crowd, sitting on rocks, applauds his aggression.

BEHRA thunders past, racing up onto DE PORTAGO's trail, catching up, making his move, challenging --

217-220 OMITTED

217-220

221 INT. ANTE-ROOM TO FERRARI'S OFFICE. DAY. 221

The door opens. FERRARI enters from the stairs. TAVONI and CHITI follow. TOMMASO looks up.

FERRARI  
Good morning, Tommaso.

TOMMASO  
Good morning. Signor Agnelli called.

FERRARI  
Get him for me.

He enters his office.

222 INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. DAY. 222

On the desk is Rancatti's article from the Automotive Gazette and a model of the new Testa Rossa. FERRARI picks it up, sits down, turns it upside down, spins the wheel.

TAVONI and CHITI enter.

FERRARI  
Sit down, gentlemen.

They sit.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Okay. Let's talk about Monaco...

The phone rings. FERRARI picks it up.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Yes?

TOMMASO (V.O.)  
Signor Agnelli is on the phone.

FERRARI  
(to the group)  
Excuse me for one moment.



AGNELLI (V.O.)  
Ferrari, buongiorno.

FERRARI  
Buongiorno, Avvocato.

223 INT. AGNELLI'S OFFICE. TURIN. DAY.

223

Cutting between the two locations:

AGNELLI  
I apologize for calling in the middle of the race, Ferrari. But I have this piece by Rancati in front of me that's so disturbing.

FERRARI pulls forward the Automotive Magazine.

FERRARI  
Avvocato, it's fiction. I have absolutely no idea where they get their stories.

AGNELLI reacting to Ferrari's vehement denial, gestures to his associate: now he knows it's true.

AGNELLI  
This is important. Ferrari cannot go to foreigners. You're a national treasure.

An edge creeps into FERRARI's voice.

FERRARI  
A "jewel in the crown of Italy--"

AGNELLI  
Exactly--

FERRARI  
Then why does the jewel have to scrimp to put its cars into every race?

AGNELLI  
If it's that bad, why didn't you call me?

FERRARI  
I did. You said no.

AGNELLI  
Impossible! When was this?

FERRARI

1917.

AGNELLI

You were a child! Stop it.

FERRARI

I was 19. I needed a job.

(beat)

A secretary came back with a card.  
One word written on it: No.

AGNELLI

That was a long time ago. In  
business each day is a new day.

FERRARI

The personality of Fiat is  
timeless. And today the offer you  
would make would be full of  
conditions...

AGNELLI

That is not so.

FERRARI

My bosses would be bookkeepers in  
Turin --

AGNELLI

We should talk this over -- if  
you're looking for financial  
assistance talk to me, please, not  
Ford.

FERRARI pauses.

AGNELLI (CONT'D)

You're busy now. Call me after the  
race.

FERRARI

I'll call you first thing tomorrow--

He puts the phone down and thinks, all in all, a good call.

He looks up at CHITI and TAVONI.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Where were we?

CHITI

Monaco.

FERRARI nods.

224

EXT. ROME CHECKPOINT.

224

COLLINS slams through the narrow city streets. A chaos of crowds on sidewalk leading into a Piazza, as TARUFFI, VON TRIPS and DE PORTAGO thunder in and brake hard for the pits at the end.

On camera set-up...

TV COMMENTATOR

Collins is the fastest ever to Rome in the history of this race. On his heels are three other drivers, Taruffi, Von Trips and, incredibly, Olivier Gendebien in the little 250.

In the Ferrari pits, the cars are refueled. MECHANICS crank the hand pumps, whilst more swarm around DE PORTAGO's car, trying to rectify the damage to his fender...

LINDA, in a headscarf, slips through security, gives DE PORTAGO a hug.

LINDA

Hi--

DE PORTAGO is pleased to see her but is more concerned about what is being done to his car.

Nearby in the piazza, BEHRA comes into the Maserati pits. He gets out as the TEAM starts changing the wheels. He looks cool and unflustered.

Back in the Ferrari pits, GENDEBIEN's 250 speeds in as TARUFFI madly accelerates out, narrowly avoiding colliding. VON TRIPS follows TARUFFI out, forcing him to race for the exit.

DE PORTAGO slips back into his seat anxious to get away but mechanics are still hammering, annoying him. He turns to LINDA.

DE PORTAGO

Meet me in Brescia.

She leans in and kisses him.

LINDA

Tonight? I can't.

CHIEF MECHANIC  
 (interrupting)  
 When you get to Bologna, change the  
 rubber. I'll call ahead.

DE PORTAGO nods. With certainty --

DE PORTAGO  
 (to Linda)  
 I am going to win. I want you to be  
 there--

LINDA kisses him passionately.

LINDA  
 I'll try.

CHIEF MECHANIC  
 Watch out for sheep on the Futa.

NELSON slides in beside him.

DE PORTAGO  
 You know the way from here?

NELSON nods. DE PORTAGO accelerates across the square --

On the other side of which BEHRA tries to beat him to the  
 exit, but fails -- to a roar from the crowd. The two cars  
 stampede out heading north for the hills.

225 EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS. DAY.

225

COLLINS comes over the brow of the hill. Behind him is  
 TARUFFI. VON TRIPS is on his heels. Then, behind this pack is  
 a second.

Behind DE PORTAGO is GENDEBIEN. And behind GENDEBIEN, here  
 comes BEHRA in the big Maserati. As they hit the undulating  
 but straight road on top of the plateau, BEHRA begins to  
 overtake GENDEBIEN'S 250 GT. They're side by side. BEHRA  
 powers ahead, now challenging DE PORTAGO.

226 OMITTED

226

227 INT. THE FOYER. HOTEL GRAND HOTEL MAJESTIC. BOLOGNA. DAY. 227

The foyer is crowded with FERRARI OWNERS, ENGINEERS,  
 JOURNALISTS, REPORTERS, and FERRARIISTAS.

FERRARI makes his entrance in dark glasses. There is a buzz of applause and shouts of 'Bravo, Commendatore!' A COUPLE OF RADIO MEN attempt to get a comment. On a small platform a period TV camera is interviewing two executives from Fiat.

He moves past towards the desk --

He reaches the desk, takes a great bunch of flowers out of the vase. The RECEPTIONIST, with a grin, accepts a \$20 tip and directs FERRARI to the elevator. He signals, "No" and crosses to the stairs.

228 EXT. THE LOBBY. SECOND FLOOR. THE GRAND HOTEL MAJESTIC. DAY 228

FERRARI arrives and walks down the hall towards his usual suite. The door which precedes it opens and a female arm comes out and hauls him inside.

229 INT. BEDROOM. FERRARI ROOM. GRAND HOTEL MAJESTIC. DAY. 229

The door opens revealing FERRARI holding a bouquet of flowers with an ironic smile. Entering, he presents LINA with the bouquet. They embrace.

There's room service with coffee, light food on the table that she had ordered.

LINA  
How much time?

FERRARI  
The first cars arrive in an hour...  
at about half past two.

FERRARI sits on the bed and falls back and pulls her down next to him. She lies in his arms. A moment of repose from his war of survival, their dilemma, coaching five drivers in the Mille Miglia and the contest of the race itself.

230 EXT. MOUNTAINS. DAY. 230

BEHRA passes and is now ahead of DE PORTAGO. DE PORTAGO tucks into BEHRA's slipstream. It's silent, there.

A corner is coming up, a dipping right-hander.

Then, DE PORTAGO sling shots out and starts to pull even with BEHRA. DE PORTAGO and BEHRA, aware of each others presence, hold their speed. NELSON closes his eyes.

The line for the turn cuts the apex midway through on the inside.

BEHRA edges forward, looks at DE PORTAGO. DE PORTAGO edges even - it's a challenge. Two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same moment in time. De Portago or Behra. A repeat of the French Grand Prix. One must brake! Neither does. Wheels touch!

And BEHRA goes over the edge.

DE PORTAGO slews the back of his Ferrari round, tries opposite lock nearly loses it, hits the inside of the cutting on the rebound, damages a strip of the fender and straightens up -- and goes like the clappers downhill.

NELSON looks up. They're still alive. Looks round. There's no sign of Behra.

231

EXT. MOUNTAINS. DAY.

231

BEHRA's car is plunging down the side of the steep slope like a damaged aircraft.

Unseen boulders kick off the wheels, the fenders, the exhaust. It surfs its way towards the road below. In the distance the four Ferraris, having rounded the hairpin, are switching back on what seems like a collision course.

Finally, the Maserati half tumbles, half lands onto the road, followed by debris.

BEHRA clammers slowly out of the wreck.

TARUFFI avoids the debris and brakes when he sees BEHRA.

He reverses back to where he stands, lifts his goggles from his blackened face and grins.

TARUFFI

Took the short cut, uh?

He waves Behra in, giving him a lift.

232

EXT. BOLOGNA CHECKPOINT (GAS STATION). DAY.

232

It's an AGIP gas station on a heavily treaded street. The atmosphere among the half dozen Ferrari mechanics is jubilant. Ferrari had dropped off tires. COLLINS' 335 skids to a halt beside the gas pump. FERRARI is waiting to greet him.

FERRARI grabs COLLINS in two hands.

FERRARI  
Everything OK?

COLLINS  
The transmission's gone. I don't  
know whether it's gears or the back  
axle...

Behind him, CHITI is already checking the drive-train.

A MECHANIC offers COLLINS a banana, which COLLINS begins to peel.

COLLINS (CONT'D)  
Who's behind me?

FERRARI  
Everyone. You're in the lead.

COLLINS  
Yes. What about Moss?

FERRARI  
Dropped out--

COLLINS  
When?

FERRARI  
Before Padua.

COLLINS  
Why didn't you tell me?

COLLINS doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

FERRARI  
You had Behra to take care of.

COLLINS  
I was worried about Moss!

FERRARI  
They're both out.



COLLINS grins through his tears --

COLLINS  
But I've fucked the transmission!

FERRARI  
Peter, you can do it. Take it easy--

COLLINS hands the rest of the banana to FERRARI and gets back into the cockpit.

FERRARI hands the half eaten banana to CHITI, who hands it to TAVONI, who hands it to a MECHANIC, who hands it to a group of BOYS.

MECHANIC  
You want Collins banana?

The THREE KIDS grab it.

COLLINS revs the engine, lets out the clutch.

As he takes off. A roar from the bystanders.

Almost colliding with outgoing Mercedes which brakes, COLLINS roars off as VON TRIPS and TARUFFI pull in.

BEHRA climbs out, holds out his hand. TARUFFI shakes it.

Then both men get out of the car, whereupon BEHRA is surrounded by REPORTERS. But he won't talk to them. He waves his gloves at FERRARI, who gives him a respectful nod...

BEHRA finishes the long walk across the square, to where the ORSIS, dumbfounded by the turn of events, await him. On their faces the realization that this is the end of the road for Maserati.

FERRARI, charged...

FERRARI  
Taruffi! I give you a brand new car. Look at it!

TARUFFI has pulled into the bay. As the PIT TEAM refuel the car he staggers out of the cockpit, trying to straighten his stiff legs.

TARUFFI  
Brand new? The back axle's bent. I've got only first, third and fourth gears.

FERRARI  
Any more damage, Taruffi, you pay  
for.

TARUFFI dismisses this with a wave as he staggers towards the  
portable lavatory.

TAVONI  
Commendatore.

FERRARI finds CHITI and TAVONI facing him.

CHITI  
Now that Maserati is out--

TAVONI  
We're in danger of running the cars  
into the ground.

CHITI  
Order the drivers to hold their  
positions

FERRARI  
Why bother? They won't.

CHITI

But if we continue at this pace--

TAVONI

For the future of the factory--

FERRARI

-- my factory is built on racing.  
They are racers.

**OPTIONAL:** *FERRARI touches his temple. GENDEBIEN sits in his couple as it's being refueled.*

*FERRARI crosses to him.*

*FERRARI (CONT'D)*

*Problems, Olivier?*

*GENDEBIEN shakes his head.*

*FERRARI (CONT'D)*

*You're way ahead of your class.*

*GENDEBIEN*

*To hell with my class. I'm going to win this outright.*

*FERRARI*

*You can do it. Collins' back axle's gone, there's a problem with Taffy's transmission. That leaves Taruffi and he's lost a gear.*

*GENDEBIEN*

*So, it's me and de Portago--*

At which point DE PORTAGO storms in towards the checkpoint and gas station.

TARUFFI comes back, zipping up his overalls, as DE PORTAGO'S 335 pulls in.

NELSON jackknives out for a piss, DE PORTAGO eases himself out to take a mug of coffee offered by a MECHANIC.

Meanwhile --

TARUFFI  
(to Ferrari)  
I think I can do it--

FERRARI  
You better, you geriatric. If you don't finish in the first three, your wife will never speak to you again. Nor will your children.

Taruffi turns the starter motor.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
Go for it.

To a great cheer, TARUFFI accelerates up the parkway. VON TRIPS chases after him.

FERRARI approaches him, MECHANICS swarm over DE PORTAGO'S car.

DE PORTAGO  
How's Behra?

FERRARI  
He's okay.

DE PORTAGO  
He kept coming.

FERRARI  
He brakes. You pass. You brake. He passes. Or no one brakes...

DE PORTAGO's composure vanishes.

DE PORTAGO  
What's going on here?

On the far side, FOUR MECHANICS have rolled forward new tires for Portago's Borrani wheels ... notorious for the time they take to change.

FERRARI  
You need new rubber.

DE PORTAGO  
I don't have time - check the pressures.

A WOMAN breaks through the cordon and pushes a bunch of flowers into DE PORTAGO's hands. He is courteous enough to smile a thank-you before she is bundled away.

FERRARI  
Chiti, check the tires.

DE PORTAGO  
Nelson, did you check the front  
offside?

NELSON is back from the toilet.

NELSON  
Yes. It's okay.

He swings himself into his seat. DE PORTAGO turns to FERRARI: the frustration that he feels is palpable.

DE PORTAGO  
Come on Ferrari! We're wasting  
time.

FERRARI  
(to Chiti)  
Chiti, check the front offside.

As DE PORTAGO levers himself into the cockpit, he hands the flowers to NELSON and starts the engine.

FERRARI inspects the nearside tires -- thoroughly.

NELSON  
Come on. They're good.

FERRARI  
Chiti!

CHITI appears on the far side of the 335.

CHITI  
They're worn.

DE PORTAGO  
Will it get us to Brescia?

CHITI hesitates.

**OPTIONAL:** GENDEBIEN pulls in.

DE PORTAGO puts his foot down and the car surges forward.

CHITI, TAVONI and FERRARI watch it roar across the square.

As it reaches the Via Marconi, NELSON throws the flowers away. They scatter over his shoulder in the afternoon sun.

*It is an image that was to stay with FERRARI for a long time: the red rear end of the car, the raised leather glove, palm open, the scattering flowers.*

233 EXT. LARGO GARIBALDI. DAY.

233

LAURA -- carrying a shopping bag full of groceries -- nears her door. A van with a television mounted on its roof is parked outside. Around the door are THREE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

She fishes for her keys, ONE PHOTOGRAPHER calls out --

PHOTOGRAPHER

Signora, why aren't you in Bologna  
with your husband?

LAURA retorts with spirit.

LAURA

Why aren't you?

This gets a laugh. She opens the door, smiling.

234 INT. KITCHEN SECOND FLOOR. LARGO GARIBALDI. DAY.

234

LAURA enters with the shopping and dumps it on the table.

ADALGISA has been sitting watching television. But on LAURA'S arrival she turns it off.

LAURA catches a furtive look on her face, senses it has something to do with the television. She turns the TV back on. As the picture appears, it shows FERRARI in close-up - mid interview - talking to REPORTERS from the lobby of the Majestic Hotel in Bologna as he's leaving the hotel. LINA is in the background.

Instinctively, LAURA knows it is LINA. She looks cool, poised and carries a bunch of yellow flowers. Laura points at Lina, touches her on the screen.

COMMENTATOR

Signor Ferrari? Who's going to win?

FERRARI

It could be any of the first five.

COMMENTATOR

What about Gendebien's 250?

FERRARI (V.O.)  
 He demonstrates that even the  
 smallest Ferrari can compete at the  
 highest level--

LAURA turns. ADALGISA is already leaving the room.

LAURA  
 You knew about her, and you never  
 told me!

ADALGISA retreats, steady under fire.

ADALGISA  
 He is entitled to an heir.

LAURA  
 I gave him one!

ADALGISA from the doorway turns, faces her --

ADALGISA (V.O.)  
 As it turns out, one was not  
 enough.

LAURA takes one last look at the television. FERRARI has  
 turned away. LINA is caught half turning, smiling a shy  
 goodbye.

All LAURA's pent up rage is released. She screams.

235

INT. FARM HOUSE. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY.

235

A family is eating on a long table under the barrel-vaulted  
 ceiling in the large stone farm house including a MOTHER in  
 her late '20s, a robust woman --

MOTHER  
 Enrico, go back, wash your hands.

The EIGHT YEAR OLD SON goes to the utility sink and turns the  
 single faucet.

His FATHER is watching news unrelated to the Mille Miglia on  
 the black and white television.

His THREE YEAR OLD BROTHER is eating tortellini with his  
 hands and a spoon.



236      EXT. THE STRAIGHT ROAD TO GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY.      236

The five red dots hurtle down the dead straight road.  
COLLINS, TARUFFI, DE PORTAGO, GENDEBIEN and VON TRIPS.

237      INT. COLLINS' CAR. DAY.      237

He sees an intersection. A crowd of people, young and old --  
are pressing to the side of the road.

HIS POV - the road ahead.

The crowd has spilled over the edge of the road. He is  
closing in on them at nearly a 100 yards a second.

237A      EXT. INTERSECTION. GUIDIZZOLO. DAY      237A

COLLINS passes in a storm of stone and dirt -- inches from  
the faces of the kids.

POV -- from just behind the front wheel. A blur passes of  
spring flowers, legs, dogs, cheering from the kid's faces.

TARUFFI screams past followed by a gap and then DE PORTAGO,  
GENDEBIEN and VON TRIPS. Like nesting birds a few amateur  
photographers record the event from the side of the road. One  
from the branches of a tree.

238      INT. FARMHOUSE. DAY      238

The family tableau and newscast is split by the shriek of the  
raw V12's at high revs, still distant. The sound is like a  
rend in the air.

EIGHT YEAR OLD SON  
They're coming!

And, he runs out the door, followed by his slower, younger  
brother.

FATHER  
(after)  
Antonio!

He rises to run after them --

239      EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY.      239

COLLINS and then TARUFFI pass. A gap.

And now it is DE PORTAGO racing in pursuit of COLLINS through the rows of poplar trees on both sides, carrying their implications, perhaps of fatedness.

ON DE PORTAGO - intent to catch them, only 20 minutes from Brescia and the finish line.

A239A EXT. THE STRAIGHT ROAD. THE FARMHOUSE. GUIDIZZOLO. DAY A239A

The FATHER hustles the THREE YEAR OLD BROTHER away. As he looks back --

B239A EXT. THE STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLO. DAY B239A

COLLINS BLASTS through.

The family group to the north of the pathway to the house, their thrilled reactions --

C239A EXT. THE STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLO. DAY C239A

STATIC CAMERA ON DE PORTAGO hurtling red projectile between the even rows of poplars coming out of the curve to camera.

D239A EXT. THE STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLO. DAY D239A

ON DE PORTAGO - the intensity and determination, less than 20 minutes from the finish line in Brescia his face darkened with the grit of the 10 hours racing so far.

239A EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY. 239A

The distant red projectile racing at us.

PULL FOCUS to TIGER'S EYE. This one is broken, has a sharp edge.

SLOW MO De Portago's tire hits it. See the laceration and explosive force of the hot air ripping through the laminations.

A239B EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY. A239B

ON REAR De Portago's 335. The left front slowed we SEE the rear swing to the right.

B239B EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY. B239B

OVER DE PORTAGO as his rear comes out he counters by steering to the right and coming on to the gas to gain adhesion so that he can steer back onto the road and straighten the car.

...he stamps to the right to regain traction so he can steer left and straighten out the car...

C239B EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY. C239B

ALONG RIGHT SIDE CU RIGHT FRONT TIRE...but he's too far right and slams into a concrete mile marker.

D239B EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY. D239B

600fps ON DE PORTAGO'S RIGHT FRONT TIRE driving into and exploding the concrete mileage marker. As it explodes...

E239B EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY. E239B

WIDE FRONTAL ON ROAD. De Portago's 335 is twisted sideways - his axis perpendicular to the road - and launches into the air. It gains lift, the car acting like a wing as it rolls and - seemingly benign - is airborne.

239B EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY. 239B

The faces whip towards the oncoming car and begin to react in milliseconds.

239C EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY. 239C

ON THE CAR it rolls until part of the car, probably the rear, hits the telephone pole snapping it half. That sends part of the car towards the crowd as shrapnel and changes the trajectory.

239D EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY. 239D

Now the car is tumbling end over end at somewhere between 120-140mph. Most of the car and pieces of it that exploded off slam into the onlookers, coming apart.

240 EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLO. DAY 240

Remnants of the LOCAL FAMILIES, screaming with horror.

Dust obscures the road -- shapes of CHILDREN can be glimpsed wandering confused through it. ADULTS pulling them clear as the next cars bear down on them--

CUT TO

241 EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. DAY. LATER

241

A YOUNG PRIEST makes his way down the hill, bearing in one hand a chalice, in the other a round wafer of bread.

He moves slowly, as if in a dreamworld, into what seems like a battlefield of drifting smoke and doll-like bodies. Through the shrapnelled wood, we make out the wreckage of the red racing car.

We glimpse in the wreckage and escaping steam from the destroyed car the crushed body De Portago. The hand of a YOUNG PRIEST places a holy wafer in the open mouth of ALFONSO DE PORTAGO'S head, torn from its body.

242 EXT. THE SQUARE AT BRESCIA. CELEBRATION. DAY

242

A scene of unalloyed joy. A brass band is playing. There is a carnival atmosphere.

TARUFFI, the winner, his face blackened by oil spray stands among the equally darkened GENDEBIEN and VON TRIPS. All three hold Trophies, as people shower them with champagne and flowers...

LINDA CHRISTIAN moves eagerly through the crowd, huge smile from the excitement around her.

COLLINS and KLEMANTANSKI get out of a Ferrari van -- still in their racing garb. Their faces are carbon black. They look shell shocked. LOUISE, tearful, greets them, holds Collins tightly. KLEMANTANSKI hugs her.

LINDA is swept towards the ramp, she spots them and waves.

LINDA  
Where's Fon?

243

EXT. STRAIGHT ROAD. GUIDIZZOLLO. NIGHT

243

The wood is lit by the glare of television lights and the headlamps of ambulances and the Fire Service.

BODIES are being carried upwards on stretchers.

A CARABINIERI car, its lights flashing, comes to a halt, CHITI's big Alfa behind him and behind him the Ferrari Works' vans.

FERRARI gets out of the Alfa and wades into the scene. CHITI and TAVONI follow.

A POLICEMAN points out the ditch where the bulk of the car had impacted...

FERRARI walks to the ditch, followed by CHITI, TAVONI. The locals mill around, trying to help; relatives in shock. No one seems aware he's there.

He looks around. Bodies, some swathed in plastic, are being removed.

FERRARI looks up into the trees. Bits of the 335 are still lodged there.

A SENIOR POLICE OFFICER arrives, he knows FERRARI --

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER  
Commendatore?

CHITI produces a letter from the Parma police to collect the car. While FERRARI wanders off--

FERRARI's devastated. He'd learned to steel himself (somewhat) to the deaths of drivers. This brutal savagery wrought upon ordinary people by metal bearing his name, the bloody carnage of it, tears him apart.

A FEMALE VOICE cries out in the darkness -- and FERRARI looks up to see a woman, tearing away from the crowd of relatives and onlookers, running towards the carnage, her bodice stained with blood. It's the MOTHER from the farmhouse. Police and firemen stop her and she breaks down in their arms.

FERRARI's frozen in the sea of carnage.

244

INT. DE PORTAGO'S ROOM. MARZOTTO HOTEL. NIGHT.

244

Darkness. A light comes on. LINDA CHRISTIAN enters and shuts the door. She surveys the room.

Fon and Eddie's dry cleaning hang neatly on the rail. His half open grip stands on a luggage rack. Her photograph is stuck in the mirror alongside a picture of his family. Underneath are two envelopes.

She crosses and picks them up. One is addressed to her. She sits down on the bed, opens it, lights a cigarette and reads.

DE PORTAGO (V.O.)

My darling Linda. Tomorrow may be the last day of my life. So I'm writing to you, but in the firm expectation that: you will never have to...

She reads on... a tear begins to flow down her cheek... She pulls back her hair in a characteristic determined gesture and keeps reading.

245

FLASHBACK - INT. PALAZZO. HALL. MODENA. DAY

245

DE PORTAGO enters from a morning run. He kicks off his low-cut black track shoes.

A Housemaid starts down the stairs with a tray, having brought Linda coffee.

DE PORTAGO

Linda? Are you up?

LINDA (V.O.)

(distant)

I'm upstairs.

DE PORTAGO grins, pulls off his shirt -- strips. The Housemaid looks away. DE PORTAGO, now naked, takes the stairs three at a time.

DE PORTAGO

I'm coming.

He leaps from one giant step to the other and neither slackening pace nor shortening stride continues to bound up the stairs from one flight to the next -- up two flights, to burst into her bedroom, stark bollock naked and so very much ALIVE.

LINDA

Fon! Are you crazy?

DE PORTAGO

Yes!

She barely sets the coffee on the side table and dives her head under the covers as he leaps on the bed.

He cocoons her in the duvet, but she escapes and wraps one arm around his neck--

LINDA

Come here, you!

She pulls him into a kiss that gets serious in the yellow morning light streaming in.

246 INT. DE PORTAGO'S ROOM. MARZOTTO HOTEL. NIGHT.

246

She finishes reading the letter and curls up on the bed.

LINDA

Oh, Fon--

247 EXT. BONEYARD. FACTORY. MARANELLO. MIDNIGHT

247

The factory is back from Brescia. They are in the process of unloading cars plus Collins' abandoned 335. In the cold light of the arc lamps, dented and covered in mud, the cars look completely driven out.

The MECHANICS work in an unacustomed silence. The terrible events at Guidizzolo are with them.

FERRARI is there, supervising the unloading.



Every minute brings a new truck or tanker through the gates. Now, a van rolls in, carrying the wreck of de Portago's machine. Suddenly all work in the yard stops. FERRARI calmly orders it towards the boneyard.

248 INT. OFFICE BLOCK. FACTORY. MARANELLO. NIGHT.

248

CUOGHI and RANCATI have been recruited to help answer a torrent of calls. CUOGHI is working out of Ferrari's office. RANCATI out of Tavoni's. TOMMASO is at his usual desk in the outer office.

TOMMASO

(on the phone)

The Commendatore is not available--

RANCATI

(on the phone)

No. Signor Ferrari is not available to answer your questions.

CUOGHI

(on the phone)

Enzo has his hands full at the moment -- I will tell him you called.

249 INT. THE BONEYARD. FACTORY. MARANELLO. NIGHT.

249

FERRARI

Here.

The chassis of De Portago's 335 is being dismembered.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Wheels over there. Hood here.  
Trunk...

The wheels, the cockpit, the twisted metal of hood and trunk are now off-loaded and stacked separately.

FERRARI stares at the wreckage. It is unrecognizable.

A vision of the demented young woman swims before his eyes running down through the trees, her dress red with blood.

CHITI kneels down by the front offside wheel, examines it.

FERRARI bends over and gently teases out a flower from behind the transmission tunnel.

CHITI turns over the wheel. It is buckled, the spokes unsprung, the rim driven back to the boss. Most tellingly, there is a long straight gash from external damage.

FERRARI studies the flower.

CHITI  
This wheel hit a kerb stone, a  
brick, something solid that cut it.  
It wasn't the tire.

CHITI examines it. The shredded rubber is tangled around it like seaweed. CHITI is trying to reassure him.

250 OMITTED 250

251 INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. FACTORY. NIGHT. 251

FERRARI picks up the phone and dials the operator. On the desk the flower sits in a vase.

FERRARI  
Brescia, please...

And he gives the number....

252 INT. BAR. BRESCIA. NIGHT. 252

A BARMAN threads his way through the dancers on the crowded dance floor to the crowded Ferrari table. He says something to TARUFFI who gets to his feet and follows him back towards the bar. WOMEN want to kiss him, MEN shake his hand.

253 INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. FACTORY. NIGHT. 253

FERRARI  
Piero?

TARUFFI comes on line --

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
It's Enzo. I wanted to congratulate  
you.

TARUFFI mentions the crash at Guidizzolo. He's concerned.

FERRARI (CONT'D)  
What happened is separate from your  
victory today, that will go into  
the history books...  
(MORE)

FERRARI (CONT'D)

(he attempts a joke)

Of course your car is a mess. I shall send you a bill.

(as Piero rises to the bait, he cuts him off)

Goodnight Piero, once again I salute you, and all my love to your incredibly beautiful, long suffering, immeasurably tolerant wife.

He puts the phone down.

There is another number on the page. He picks up the phone again -

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Brescia, please...

And again he gives the number written neatly in purple in his diary.

A254 FLASHBACK. BOLOGNA. DAY.

A254

The vision of the flowers once again. The opening leather gloved hand, the floating blossoms swept up in the wind -

254 INT. DE PORTAGO'S ROOM. BRESCIA. NIGHT

254

The phone rings by the bedside. LINDA lies curled up on de Portago's bed. She lets it ring for some time before answering it.

LINDA

Yes?

Intercut with Ferrari's office.

FERRARI

Linda? Ferrari speaking. I want to say how sorry I am.

(long pause, she says nothing)

I know how much he meant to you.

Silently she begins to cry but it doesn't affect her voice.

LINDA

Don't worry. I don't blame you. Fon knew and embraced the dangers.

(silence, then)

FERRARI

Is there anyway I can help?

LINDA

It's you who needs help, Enzo.

She gently puts the phone down. He's shattered. As he sits there, TOMMASO knocks on the door.

TOMMASO

The Police are on their way from Rome. They want the car. Tavoni's going to stay and handle it. The press are outside the gate.

FERRARI shakes his head.

He looks at him.

As he exits, FERRARI picks up the single bloom.

255 OMITTED 255

256 INT. THE BONEYARD. FACTORY. MARANELLO. NIGHT. 256

Almost as if in a vigil, FERRARI sits in semi-darkness staring at the wreck of the 335. SCAGLIETTI's feet can be heard, but he neither looks up nor round at his approach.

SCAGLIETTI enters and stares at the car. An attempt had been made to piece it together but it looks utterly destroyed.

SCAGLIETTI

Lina called me. She wants me to bring you there--

FERRARI doesn't reply. SCAGLIETTI walks close to take a critical look at the vehicle. After all he'd built it.

SCAGLIETTI (CONT'D)

What happened?

FERRARI stirs but doesn't answer.

SCAGLIETTI (CONT'D)

We all know death is nearby.

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI

Children don't know. Blood spilled  
because of metal that I made.

(MORE)

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Families don't know.

(pause)

How's the bird?

SCAGLIETTI

Still in the cage.

FERRARI

Sensible creature.

(pause)

I have to talk to those vultures.

Then drive me home.

257      INT. SCAGLIETTI'S OLD PICKUP. YARD. FACTORY. NIGHT.      257

SCAGLIETTI behind the wheel, driving --

SCAGLIETTI

The farm?

FERRARI

No. Largo Garibaldi.

(beat)

Phone Lina for me, will you? Tell her I'll call. Maybe tomorrow. I have business.

SCAGLIETTI nods, his feature's expressionless -- but he's thinking. This bird is going back into it's cage.

258      EXT. LARGO GARIBALDI. MODENA. NIGHT.      258

FERRARI gets out. He looks up at the house. The upper floors are dark. He starts towards the entrance.

259      EXT. FERRARI'S HOUSE. LARGO GARIBALDI. NIGHT.      259

FERRARI lets himself in.

259A      INT. FERRARI HOUSE. FOYER. NIGHT      259A

FERRARI enters, climbs the stairs carrying the full weight of the tragedy.

260      INT. LIVING ROOM. FERRARI'S HOUSE. LARGO GARIBALDI. NIGHT 260

ON THE TELEVISION: a MOB OF REPORTERS and TELEVISION NEWSMEN surround Ferrari at the factory.

FERRARI (V.O.)  
Italy is looking for a scapegoat.  
Here I am.

An explosion of questions and FLASHBULBS. Ferrari exits through the gate back into factory. TAVONI addresses them --

TAVONI (V.O)

The tires were identical to the tires on the race winning cars of Taruffi and Gendebien. Nothing went wrong with the tires -- Portago had no problem with his.

It cuts to a COMMENTATOR, who speaks into camera:

COMMENTATOR

The feeling in Rome is someone is responsible, must bear the blame. Why did Ferrari -- allow de Portago to proceed after his car received frontal damage? He may be charged with the crime--

FERRARI's footsteps on the stairs.

LAURA with only a cluster of candles lit and the television on, turns off the volume. FERRARI enters. A shaft of half light bleeds in from the adjacent room or the foyer after Ferrari enters.

FERRARI

No lights?

LAURA

I've got a headache.

(beat)

The phone's been ringing all night!  
I took it off the hook.

FERRARI comes into view.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You're in real trouble. To do with the tires. The press are competing for who can vilify you the most--

FERRARI

There was nothing wrong with the tires. He hit something. Did you take any calls?

LAURA

From the Gazette. Ugolini

FERRARI

What did you tell him?



LAURA

I told him to fuck himself. And then that man from Autosport? I told him to fuck himself. And then Henry Ford --

FERRARI

-- Ford?

LAURA

-- I told him --  
 (she hesitates)  
 -- to call back.

FERRARI breathes more easily.

FERRARI

Anyone else?

LAURA

Cuoghi. I told him to go fuck himself. After that I took the phone off the hook.

FERRARI

(ironic)  
 Great.

ADALGISA peers in the doorway, fully dressed beside a suitcase.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

What are you doing, mama?

ADALGISA

I'm all packed. When do we leave?

FERRARI

We're not going anywhere -- go back to sleep.

LAURA

This is God's way of punishing us.

FERRARI

Us? You think He slaughtered nine people in Guidizzolo to get even with you and me?

(pause)

As if we're not capable of inflicting enough on each other.

LAURA shifts in her chair so that she can see both the silent television and FERRARI.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

There was a message from the bank.  
You cashed the check. They're  
calling insolvency experts. We're  
done.

LAURA listens, unblinkingly. In a calm voice --

LAURA

The bank is getting hysterical over  
nothing.

FERRARI

"Nothing?" You've bankrupted us!

LAURA

Stop it. What good are you doing  
yourself.

(mocks him)

"I am a scapegoat--"a martyr."

(pause)

Who have you become, Saint  
Sebastian? You stand there and let  
them shoot arrows in your ass?

He looks at her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Go beat the hell out of them. The  
writers. Those hacks. Threaten  
them. Extort them. Those still on  
their feet -- the most  
sanctimonious and hypocritical --  
them, you give brown envelopes.

(she points at brown  
envelopes stacked on the  
table)

And they, too, then will discover --  
*"perhaps the Sage of Maranello has  
been maligned unfairly. Moderation  
should reassert itself in the  
distinguished Italian press."*

(pause)

And for that you need the cash.

And she indicates behind her banded stacks of bank notes.

FERRARI is silent. Before him is the younger Laura -- before  
the war, before the tragedy of Dino's disease and death. No  
one would suspect that in her current frame of mind she would  
strategize and fund such an operation.

FERRARI picks up a wad of money, looks at her.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
 You thought I'd pack a suit case  
 and go -- Yes?

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI  
 It crossed my mind --

LAURA  
 It crossed my mind, too --

And LAURA laughs. It's the second time that we have seen her do so -- and we can see why Ferrari loved her.

FERRARI  
 You're financing this?

LAURA  
 Lending it.

FERRARI  
 And the conditions are?

LAURA  
 No conditions.  
 (pause)  
 There was a part of you in Dino. A  
 warmth, joy, your wit. He had that.  
 (pause)  
 I had that from you in our early  
 years. You gave it to your friends.  
 But after a time, not to me. I got  
 what was left when you came home  
 from the fights in the factory. The  
 ambition, drive, plots, paranoia.  
 Even our fucking, as if that could  
 save him. What I loved in you, I  
 found in him. Okay? Now, that's  
 gone.

LAURA has reached out across the table. FERRARI reaches out, too, to hold her hand. He clutches hers firmly.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
 There is no condition. You have the  
 money.  
 (she pauses)  
 It is my *request*. For my grief for  
 our son, for the years building  
 this.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

You do not acknowledge the boy with  
the name Ferrari while I am alive.

Their eyes connect. In the background the TV plays silently. The fridge begins to hum.

LAURA withdraws her hand slowly.

FERRARI gets up, crosses the window, opens it, to show the first light of dawn. LAURA looks up wearily. FERRARI turns to her. He nods.

261-263 OMITTED

261-263

264 EXT. CEMETERY. DAWN.

264

Birds are singing, the cold sky is tinged with gold.

FERRARI walks across the central court towards the Mausoleum.

On a stone bench PIERO sits, wrapped in a coat, waiting for him. FERRARI, surprised, sits next to him.

FERRARI

What are you doing here? How'd you get here?

PIERO

Giuseppe brought me.

FERRARI

Your mother sent him, she wants me to come home?

(PIERO nods "yes")

(OPTIONAL:)

You're supposed to be in school?

PIERO gives him a cynical look and shrugs.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Have you been here before?

PIERO

No.

New thought:

FERRARI

Your mother and you will come to live in Modena.

PIERO

Is the television reception better?

FERRARI

Much better. I can see the tower  
from my window.

PIERO

Did you get de Portago's autograph?

FERRARI

I did.

FERRARI stands, takes PIERO'S hand.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

(as they walk)

Come on, I'll introduce you to your brother.

As they walk towards the Mausoleum.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

I wish you could have known him. He would have taken you with him everywhere...

**END**

265

EPILOGUE

265

SCROLL

Ferrari, charged with manslaughter over the accident at Guidizzolo, was exonerated by the courts.

When Laura died, Piero was officially recognized as Ferrari's heir.

Peter Collin and Michael Hawthorne were killed in racetrack and road accidents in 1957 and 1959.

In the following year Ferrari regained the World Championship. The red cars became the dominant force in motor racing and still are.

END