



ENZO FERRARI

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WGAW

- NOTICE -

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ENZO FERRARI

1 EXT. FARMHOUSE. CASTELVETRO. MORNING 1

Dawn over the Emilia. Still air... the flutter of duck off water. The clouds are fixed, 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.

It is Spring 1957.

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

FERRARI wakes in Lina's bed. In the distance he hears the Naples/Milan Sleeper clatter over the points at Castel Franco... He looks at his watch. LINA stirs. He untangles their limbs and slides out, letting her sleep.

3 INT. THE HALLWAY. CASTELVETRO. MORNING. 3

Dressed, he creeps past PIERO's room, its door open, the boy asleep. He steps in, kisses his head. On the walls are Ferrari banners and news paper clippings. Then Ferrari's down the stairs with their inevitable creaking.

4 EXT. FARMHOUSE. CASTELVETRO. MORNING. 4

He puts on his shoes and opens the door of his small Lancia.

He unclips the handbrake under the dash and, with a shove, allows the car to begin to freewheel down the incline towards the farm gates.

5 INT. THE LANCIA. MORNING. 5

Now he slips aboard and draws the door shut as he passes the gatepost. He turns the car into the road and it gathers speed. It is only now that he flicks on the ignition, pulls out the choke, shifts from neutral into second gear and releases the clutch, bumping the engine into life... and drives away. Small.

*
*

6 INT. PLATFORM. MODENA STATION. MORNING. 6

In a great cloud of steam the night-train shudders to a stop and an opera company begins to disembark;

the SINGERS clutch their fur collared coats and hats, the ORCHESTRA carry their instruments.

From the next carriage an overnight bag is tossed onto the platform. Then a man dismounts: squat, wide-shouldered, modishly dressed, he picks up the bag from which hang a pair of racing goggles. His name is JEAN BEHRA.

The GUARD blows his whistle. There is a hiss of superheated steam, and a roar from the engine. From the last carriage a young man steps onto the platform. Younger than Behra, unshaven and wilder-looking, he too carries a small bag from which hang two pairs of racing goggles. In a leather jacket and jeans, he looks like Marlon Brando in THE WILD ONE. His name is FON DE PORTAGO. *

He begins to walk up the platform following the others.

7 INT. FERRARI'S HOUSE. LARGO GARIBALDI. MORNING. 7

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

LAURA

Yes?

8 INT. STATION OFFICE. MODENA. MORNING. 8

PORTER

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

He bows.

PORTER (CONT'D)

Thank you, most excellent and gracious Signora.

9 INT. FERRARI'S ROOM. LARGO GARIBALDI. MORNING. 9

LAURA stares down at Ferrari's empty, comfortless bed.

The phone rings again. She picks it up. 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.)
Will you give him this message --
Jean Behra's in town.

10 EXT. FORECOURT. MODENA STATION. MORNING. 10

BEHRA stands by the curb as a Maserati convertible pulls up. He stamps on his cigarette. The two ORSI brothers greet him with a handshake and he piles in --

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

TENOR
(bitterly)
You will notice that -- for stars of the racing world -- there is a heroes' welcome. But for us, not even a porter.

As the coach takes off, DE PORTAGO steps into shot. As the bells for 6 o'clock mass begin to ring, he starts to walk across the deserted square towards the Corso Vittoria Emanuele.

11 EXT. INTERSECTION. VITTORIA EMANUELLE. MORNING. 11

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

The driver checks his watch. He's late.

DE PORTAGO
Signor Ferrari!

He runs towards the car.

Ferrari glances at the approaching Spaniard.

DE PORTAGO (CONT'D)
I'm Fon de Portago. I'm --

The light turns to green and FERRARI accelerates away...

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

EXT. THE PIAZZA GARIBALDI. MODENA. MORNING.

The church bells are still ringing. A FLOWER WOMAN up her wares on the corner of the Viali dei Caduti. Nearby news kiosk opens its shutters as FERRARI arrives in the old Lancia.

In front of the Opera House, the bus from the station stands, the OPERA COMPANY unloading its gear. A SMALL WELCOMING COMMITTEE is on the steps of the Opera House to greet them.

One of them is FINI, FERRARI's school friend. Fini is short, confident, owner of a national food company and gives Ferrari business advice.

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

STAGEHAND
Hey, it's Ferrari!

There is a spontaneous burst of applause, which FERRARI acknowledges as he gets out of the car.

FINI
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 were in
Monaco last week.

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

FINI
And, we have to talk...

FERRARI
That bad?

FINI
(it is)
I will come by later.

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

- 13 INT. LAURA' S APARTMENT. FERRARI'S HOUSE. MORNING. 13
- LAURA hears the front door slam, FERRARI's footsteps on the stone stairs.
- She sits on her bed. Her face registers a kind of frozen anger. As she hears him pass her door she gets up, crosses to the bureau, pulls open a drawer. Inside is a pistol.
- On the floor above a door slams.
- 14 INT. FERRARI'S APARTMENT, LARGO GARIBALDI. MORNING. 14
- The phone is ringing. FERRARI ignores it. He crosses to the shower, turns it on, comes back into the room, stripping off his shirt. He opens the shutters, letting in the morning light and the sound of the bells...
- Then he picks up the phone. It is CARLO CHITI again.
- 15 INT. CHITI'S DINING ROOM. MODENA. MORNING. 15
- A huge V.12 racing engine rests on the dining table. It is in the process of being reassembled.
- CHITI
- Do you know Behra's in town? The Orsi boys have just picked him up at the station. The word is he's going to challenge our record.
- 16 INT. FERRARI'S APARTMENT. MORNING. 16
- LAURA stands at the door to the apartment. She has the handgun at her side.
- FERRARI
- Is the 801 ready?
- CHITI
- There's the workers mass at nine. So after that. *
- FERRARI
- I'll call Musso.
- FERRARI dials the long distance operator. LAURA'S gun is pointed at him.
- FERRARI asks the operator for the Medici Hotel, Florence.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Behra's here.

LAURA

Really? I thought it was Frank Sinatra.

(beat)

So many phone calls. What do I tell them? *

(in a singsong voice)

Excuse me. My husband's not here. He is out whoring. Thank you. Bon Giorno.

The hotel comes on the line.

FERRARI

Signor Musso, please.

LAURA

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

LAURA is interrupted by the arrival of the maid.

ALICIA

Bon giorno, Signora,
Commendatore...

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

FERRARI

Laura, please!

As ALICIA retreats, Laura raises the gun again. At this moment MUSSO comes on the line.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Musso!

17

INT. A BEDROOM. THE MEDICI HOTEL. MORNING.

17

MUSSO is in bed with FIAMMA BRESCHI.

MUSSO

Enzo! Do you know what time it is?

FERRARI, a little shaken, regains his balance, relieved that he has survived.

22

INT. HALL. THE FERRARI HOUSE. L.G. DAY.

22

Passive, LAURA makes her way down the stairs, her silk robe swirling around her. Pepe, staring up at her.

LAURA
Bon giorno, Pepe.

LAURA sweeps across the landing. To Pepe below... *

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

FERRARI appears and shouts down at her. *

FERRARI
That gun was given to you for your protection.

She enters her room and slams the door shut.

He looks down at PEPE.

FERRARI (CONT'D)
Yes, I heard about Behra.

At this moment Ferrari's ancient mother, ADELGESA FERRARI, in black shuts the door of her apartment above them and begins to descend stairs with her cane. Even before she is in sight, she speaks: *

ADELGESA
I knew it would come to this.

She comes into sight, a tough old woman with piercing eyes.

FERRARI
Mama.

ADELGESA (CONT.)
You give her a gun, she'll use it.

FERRARI
She carries the pay roll for the factory around in her handbag.

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

ADELGESA

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

PEPE

Many times Signora.

They walk for a few moments in silence.

ADELGESA

I lost him in the Great War.

PEPE

Yes, Signora.

ADELGESA

And let me tell you... the wrong
son died.

PEPE trips on the paving, ADELGESA sails on.

A25

INT. THE FERRARI MAUSOLEUM. SAN CATALDO. DAY.

A25

LAURA stands with the black flowers in front of Dino's tomb --
He died two years ago from muscular dystrophy. The
exhortation which is to grace the roof is only half-traced in
charcoal -- "Ad majorem ultra vitam."

A small candle burns on the ground at LAURA'S feet. She
stands there, immobile, hopelessly grieving... then slowly
places the flowers beside it.

25

EXT. MODERNA. STREET. DAY.

25

"The wrong son", strides diagonally across the street towards
the Barbers.

As he does so, a small convoy of cars and vans rushes past
him with a strident tooting of horns. It is the Maserati
Work's team. In the last car sit the ORSIS and BEHRA. FERRARI
acknowledges their jeers and continues on his way.

26

INT. BARBERS. LARGO GARIBALDI. MORNING.

26

FERRARI

Morning, gentlemen.

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

BARBER
Morning, Commendatore...

He ushers FERRARI into the empty seat.

BARBER (CONT'D)
Did you see who was in that car?
Jean Behra.

FERRARI
No need to panic, if they take the
record from us, we shall take it
back.

A skeptical LAUGH. FERRARI looks through the mirror at the
row of men. The sceptic, GIORGIO, turns the page.

FERRARI (CONT'D)
So, Giorgio. How did our football
team do yesterday?

GIORGIO
You know damn well. We lost.

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

GIORGIO looks up sharply.

GIORGIO
What about Monaco? Maserati one,
two and three. Le Mans -- Jaguar
one, two and three. What's that?

FERRARI
Yes. But from my mistakes I learn,
whereas the mistakes you make you
repeat week after week.

Ferrari warms to his theme.

FERRARI (CONT'D)
When you play Bologna, I hope you
win. Otherwise...
(he searches for a
suitable threat)
I may have to relocate my factory
to a city which refuses to live in
the perpetual twilight of defeat...

*

*

GIORGIO
The Modena Football Club is the
pride of Emilia!

BEHRA takes the final bend in a long drifting curve, letting the rear wheels slide, as --

40 INT. CHURCH OF ST. AGOSTINO. MODENA. DAY. 40

-- the BISHOP raises the monstrance and the bell tolls --

41 EXT. THE AUTODROME. MODENA. DAY. 41

-- BEHRA flashes by the pits and ORSI fires the third gunshot and the stopwatches shut the time away. Fixed forever, a new lap record. There is no doubt in the minds of the MASERATI TEAM that they have made it. *

42 INT. CHURCH OF ST. AGOSTINO, MODENA. DAY. 42

-- nor in FERRARI's, as that blank stare -- which we will come to recognize so often in defeat -- overtakes his face.

Meanwhile the congregation, which has been standing, now sits down.

The BISHOP climbs the pulpit, and addresses the crowded church.

BISHOP

If Jesus had lived today, and not 2,000 years ago, he would have been born in a small town like Modena, and 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 the lathe. Understands the nature of metal. How it can be fired, forged, shaped and transcend into an engine breathing fire and power by your skills. *

(beat)

Which is why we give thanks to Him today. *

43 EXT. PIAZZA ST. AGOSTINO. MODENA. DAY. 43

FERRARI and his CLOSEST AIDES surge out of the church. *

CHITI

I had one thirty two point seven --

FORGHIERI

-- 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.

There is a great cheer and the crowd surge into the piazza --
FERRARI and his AIDES follow.

44

EXT. THE AUTODROME. MODENA. DAY.

44

The Ferrari factory van is in the pit area. Out of its back
rolls Ferrari's 801 Monoposto. Lower than the 250, and
longer, it is a mean-looking machine.

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

MUSSO eases himself out. Carrying his goggles and gloves, he
escorts his beautiful fiance, FIAMMA. Together, they make
their way towards FERRARI.

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

MUSSO reaches FERRARI and they briefly shake hands. FERRARI
shows him the stopwatch and points at BEHRA who, in the
Maserati pits, watches them idly.

The red 801 stands by the crude cement shelter. The engine
shivers as FORGHIERI tweaks the accelerator cable.

MUSSO hoists himself into the cockpit, checks instruments,
REVS ENGINE. 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 1:28 if given a chance.

*
*
*

MUSSO nods cheerfully... He shouts back --

MUSSO

(impatient, SHOUTS back)
Look after Fiamma will you!

FERRARI is taken aback by this irrelevance but gives the woman a quick, irritated glance.

MUSSO looks at BEHRA and salutes him. BEHRA nods back.

Then MUSSO accelerates out of the pit.

*

FIAMMA gives MUSSO 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

Fiamma Breschi?
(she nods; he places her)
I knew your mother.

FIAMMA

Did you?

But she already knew it. So, she looks away. Silence between them. Interrupting.

*

DE PORTAGO (V.O.)

Signor Ferrari?

FERRARI's attention is taken by the scruffy DE PORTAGO --

DE PORTAGO

I am the Alfonso de Portago.

FERRARI

We met on the Largo Garibaldi?

DE PORTAGO

Yes sir. I was seeking to introduce myself --

FERRARI

(shrugs)
The light turned green --
(remembers)
In one of my cars, you won Tour de France last year.

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.
DE PORTAGO nods and steps back. The interview is at an end.

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

It is later --

A kind of chill mood has overtaken the pit area: the sky has
become overcast; Musso roars past again -- and again FERRARI
clocks the time, but it is slow...

FORGHIERI

How's he doing?

FERRARI

He's slow.

We follow Musso 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
pits.

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

DE PORTAGO walks towards FERRARI across the track, stooping
to scrape up fresh liquid with his forefinger. Still hot. He
shows FERRARI.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Oil?

DE PORTAGO

Brake fluid.

Almost immediately we hear the shriek of rubber, brakes
locking. They look round.

At the far end of the field, the 801 hits an iron barrier
which protects the corner. Cartwheeling, it hurtles into the
only piece of concrete on the entire track -- a small World
War II bunker. With colossal force it breaks into its
constituent parts: bonnet, wings, wheels flying in all
directions.

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 begin to run up the concrete apron towards it, their leather boots thudding on the hard surface.

Behind FERRARI and Fiamma, a WWII ambulance engages its wheezy siren and lurches into motion. As it passes Fiamma it stops long enough to pull her and FORGHIERI 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.

44A OMITTED 44A *

44B COMBINED WITH SC. 64 44B

44C EXT. FARMHOUSE. CASTELVETRO. NIGHT 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 starts to make coffee.

LINA appears at the foot of the stairs.

LINA
Here, let me.

FERRARI
I woke you --

LINA
I was up.

FERRARI
Is the boy up.

ADELGESA

'Signor Ferrari is an industrial
Saturn devouring his young...
First Castelotti, now Musso...

She looks up with hostile eyes...

ADELGESA (CONT'D)

If you go on killing the nation's
heroes, we will have to go live in
America with foreigners.

FERRARI puts her coffee on the table.

FERRARI

I did not kill Musso.

ADELGESA

The papers blame you.

FERRARI

If anyone was responsible, it was
his mother.

ADELGESA is taken aback.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

It's true. He was engaged to Fiamma
Breschi. His mother wanted him to
marry a woman with more class. As a
result of the pressure she put on
him, he crashed the car and died.

ADELGESA looks up to heaven.

ADELGESA

He blames the mother!

FERRARI

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

Satisfied that he's got his mother into a state of frenzy,
FERRARI turns to go.

47 OMITTED

47

48 INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT. LARGO GARIBALDI HOUSE. MORNING.

48

From the window LAURA watches FERRARI cross the square below
to the flower seller on the corner.

She's torn between hatred for what he is doing to her and concern for what he is going through.

A young woman, CARLA, her secretary, stands behind her, holding a note pad.

Laura glances at her.

LAURA

Call the bank. Cancel Musso's salary.

She watches Ferrari buy yellow flowers.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Call the Insurers, inform them of the loss of the car.

She crosses to her adjoining office, a dark room stuffed with leases and records... a tenor voice, practicing, floats in from the opera house next door.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Call the factory. Tell Chiti I will need a report for the insurance company.

She moves towards her desk.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Then call the lawyers... The Commendatore is going to have to intimidate these journo's about the headlines. They've gone too far this time...

CARLA

Yes, Signora.

She exits.

49

INT. ASSEMBLY SHOP. FERRARI FACTORY. DAY.

49

FERRARI crosses through the deserted shop and down the line of half assembled cars.

On the wall is an ad hoc shrine to Musso. Photographs and a candle, a blaze of flowers...

A FITTER is tightening an engine into a chassis --

FITTER
Not going to the funeral,
Commendatore?

FERRARI shakes his head.

FERRARI
I don't go to the funerals.

FERRARI stops at the shrine... when he hears ENGINE SOUNDS.

50 OMITTED 50

51 EXT. THE YARD. FERRARI FACTORY. DAY. 51

FERRARI steps into the yard. Two Mille Miglia cars, fresh from a test in the mountains roar into the yard. TARUFFI -- veteran of a thousand races -- climbs out of one of them, pushing up his goggles. He is known as "THE FOX." FERRARI looks at him.

FERRARI
So, what do you think?

TARUFFI frowns.

TARUFFI
There's no ashtray.

FERRARI
Are you an opera singer? Spoiled?

TARUFFI
Have you tried flicking ash out of a car at one hundred and fifty miles 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)
 I'm going to go deal with today.
 See you tomorrow...

55

INT. THE RAILWAY STATION. PLATFORM. BOLOGNA. DAY.

55

The funeral dirge is heard. Awaiting the cortege on the platform are PHOTOGRAPHERS, POLICEMEN, and OFFICIALS.

An express THUNDERS through, drowning out the FUNERAL MUSIC. The dirge resounds.

MUSSO'S CORTEGE appears, gloves and yellow-and-black flowers.

Unlike the Workers Mass at St. Agostino, this is not a proletarian affair: Musso was a child of the glittering society of the Roman aristocracy. His mourning family are in black silk, leather, extravagantly coiffured.

Quite alien to the burghers of Modena, and to Ferrari... who doesn't seem to be present.

FIAMMA appears now, in a black dress and long veil. She's at the very end of the followers of the cortege, devastated by grief --but her sensuality undeniable in black.

FERRARI -- he's here after all... but across the rails by the station bar, half-hidden by luggage trolleys. He will make his own farewell to his driver.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN waits, its engine steams, covered by large bows of black ribbon.

When FIAMMA moves forward to join the MUSSO FAMILY on the train, one of them -- a WELL-DRESSED MAN -- turns back and makes a small, discreet gesture: stop.

FERRARI'S POV -- FIAMMA and WELL-DRESSED MAN

as the MAN intercepts her. We're some distance away, so their exchange isn't entirely clear. But its meaning is:

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

As if she'd been struck:

FIAMMA
 Pardon?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Don't you agree?

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

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... but the pantomime is clear: Fiamma 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.

Fiamma is motionless... until she senses someone's attention to her. She turns:

FIAMMA'S POV: FERRARI

Across the tracks, motionless.

FIAMMA

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

55A OMITTED 55A

56 INT. HOTEL ROYALE. CORRIDOR. EVENING 56

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

FIAMMA'S VOICE
Who is it?

FERRARI
Ferrari.

Another moment before the door opens. Fiamma still wears the veil, but pushed back. She looks briefly to find his eyes behind the tinted glasses, then away.

FIAMMA
Come in.

57

INT. HOTEL ROOM. FIAMMA'S ROOM. EVENING

57

We HEAR the laboring RATTLE of an early air-conditioner... until Fiamma turns it off, opens windows to STREET SOUNDS.

With her grief a few days old, replaced by anger at many things, Fiamma is edgy, without plans for tomorrow, or for the years to come.

FIAMMA

Would you like some wine?

Doesn't wait for an answer, starts to pour 2 glasses. Abruptly:

FIAMMA (CONT'D)

You were at the station?

FERRARI

To see him off.

(beat)

And he said look after Fiamma.

FIAMMA

Why were you not with the cortege?

FERRARI

The ceremony, I don't like it. *

FIAMMA

Maybe you don't feel grief...

FERRARI

Maybe you don't know anything about me.

She drinks half her wine:

FIAMMA

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

FERRARI

...Why did you give it back? *

FIAMMA

Because they are who they are.

FERRARI

You think they have the right?

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

FERRARI
And are a tight-assed bunch. *

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

FERRARI (CONT'D)
Here's to Musso.

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

They drink, she looks away.

Then, she looks back at him. For all her toughness, she looks
vulnerable.

He spots the half-packed case on the bed.

FERRARI
Where you going?

FIAMMA
Leaving Modena.

FERRARI
Why?

FIAMMA
I can't pay the hotel bill.

FERRARI
Fiamma, in our eyes you were
married to him, so you're due what
we extend to next of kin. We'll
help you into something. In the
meantime don't worry about the
bills here...

Fiamma is overwhelmed by his generosity. She fights back the
tears.

FIAMMA
The newspapers say I distracted
him, I killed him --

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

FIAMMA
His mother?

FERRARI
Of course.

He kisses her paternally and turns to go --

As he's leaving, she touches his shoulder. He turns to her.
She folds into his arms. Now the tears flow.

58 OMITTED 58

59 EXT. FACTORY GATES. MARANELLO. DAY. 59

There is a roll of thunder, the rain pours down.

The gates of the factory open and a mud plastered open sports car, with temporary (MO - Modena) plates, roars through.

The rain-drenched gatekeeper keeps the gates open as a little Lancia bowls in after it and comes to a halt.

PEPE runs round with a large umbrella and FERRARI gets out of the Lancia. FERRARI accosts the driver of the open sports car who greets him cheerfully.

TEST DRIVER
Yo! Commendatore!

60 INT. THE GATEHOUSE. FACTORY. DAY. 60

Meanwhile, outside the gate in the gatehouse reception area, KING HUSSEIN, waiting to be admitted, comes to the window and looks out.

HUSSEIN
Isn't that Ferrari?

He takes a closer look at the car in the courtyard.

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

61 EXT. FRONT YARD. FACTORY. DAY. 61

FERRARI leans down and over the DRIVER, who sits, half --
drowned, at the wheel, surrounded by a snug tonneau cover.

FERRARI
Why's the top down?

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

The rain is now pouring down, monsoon-style.

FERRARI
This car belongs to King Hussein.
Get it inside, and 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.

But 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 into the office block and FERRARI
exits.

62 INT. OFFICE BLOCK. FACTORY. DAY.

62

FERRARI makes his way up the stairs, followed by TAVONI.

FERRARI
How long's the King been here?

TAVONI
Since eight.

FERRARI
Stall the King and tell them to get
a move on in the shop.

63 INT. THE ENGINE SHOP. DAY.

63

Hussein's Ferrari rolls in and immediately hoses are turned
on it. As the DRIVER steps out, MECHANICS roll out new
Borrani chrome wire wheels and CHITI comes forward with a
checklist.

CHITI
Brakes?

DRIVER
Okay.

CHITI
Steering?

DRIVER
Pulling to the right.

Chiti shouts to a MECHANIC.

CHITI
Get her onto the jacks.

64

INT. FERRARI'S OFFICE. FACTORY. DAY.

64

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

FERRARI enters. FINI rises, snappy and dapper, as always. He and Ferrari have been friends since school.

FERRARI
(nods)
So?

FINI
You're going broke. Laura was right.

FERRARI
How?

FINI
"How?" You spend more than you make.

FERRARI
The production cars pay for the racing.

FINI
I could run Portugal on what you spend on the race team. How many production cars did you make last year?

FERRARI

One hundred fifty, one hundred
seventy-five...

FINI

Ninety eight.

FERRARI

One nighty eight.

FINI

Ninety eight.

FERRARI

What do I do?

FINI

You have to find a partner.

FERRARI

I have a partner. My wife. She's
very good.

FINI

A real partner. Like Agnelli at
Fiat or Henry Ford, someone who has
money and will pump it in.

FERRARI doesn't like the idea.

FERRARI

Impossible. With money comes
control. I have to have total
control.

FINI

The right partner could supervise
making production cars -- while
you remain the boss and do as you
like with the racing.

FERRARI

Sounds too simple.

FINI

It's not simple. It's impossible.
You're too small. To negotiate
terms like that, you have to
increase to four hundred cars. Then
you're desirable and can bargain.

*
*

FERRARI

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

*

HUSSEIN (V.O.)
Ferrari!

65 FINI'S POV. THE YARD. FACTORY. MARANELLO. DAY. 65

Hussein has emerged from the gatehouse looking determined.

FINI (V.O.)
Jaguar took the first three places
at Le Mans last year and now their
order books are in the thousands.
Win on Sunday, you sell on Monday.

*

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

FINI turns away from the window.

FINI
Win the Mille Miglia and you can
sell as many as you can build.
You've got Kings waiting in line to
buy them.

67 INT. OUTER OFFICE. FACTORY. MARANELLO. DAY. 67

DE PORTAGO comes up the stairs. MARISA looks up at him.
Young Marlon Brando in a leather jacket. He hands her a card
with formality.

*

*

DE PORTAGO
I'm Alfonso de Portago, I have an
appointment with Signor Ferrari.

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

FERRARI
Jaguar's racing only to promote
their business of selling cars. I
am in business only to be racing.
We are different organisms.

FINI
You have to survive or you're no
organism.

FERRARI
Do I have a choice?

FINI
 (quietly)
 Win the Mille Miglia and attract
 financing or... you perish, Enzo.

FINI collects his gloves and hat.

FINI (CONT'D)
 The world's changing. Television
 will bring advertising and
 sponsors. So racing will get
 bigger. That means much more
 expensive. Seize the future. Now

*

FINI is through the door before FERRARI replies.

69

INT. OUTER OFFICE. FACTORY. DAY.

69

FINI crosses and starts downstairs. FERRARI enters, stops
 seeing the report on Musso's car on MARISA's desk.

FERRARI
 Get a copy to Signora Laura.

DE PORTAGO (V.O.)
 Signor Ferrari?

FERRARI looks up: DE PORTAGO.

MARISA
 This is Don Alfonso de Cabeza Vaca,
 the 11th Marques de Portago.

FERRARI, resenting the interruption --

FERRARI
 I know who it is.

He dumps the report in MARISA's hands and makes for the
 stairs.

FERRARI (CONT'D)
 Fini...

DE PORTAGO
 (insulted)
 Hey! Ferrari!

He follows FERRARI.

70

INT. STAIRS. OFFICE BLOCK. FACTORY. LATE AFTERNOON.

70

FERRARI follows FINI down the stairs...

FINI

(turning...)

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

FERRARI

The Nazis were about to arrest me. It was the sensible thing to do.

FINI

Get it back -- when you face up to Ford or Fiat you must hold all the cards.

FERRARI

Easier said than done.

FINI

A deal can't be conditional upon "maybe my wife will or will not go along."

*

FERRARI

One more thing --

71

EXT. THE YARD. FACTORY. MARANELLO. DAY.

71

HUSSEIN

Ferrari!

HUSSEIN enters from the gatehouse.

FERRARI

Your majesty!

FINI laughs, referring to Ferrari's customer base of kings as he gets into his car --

FERRARI (CONT'D)

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

FINI

I give them six months. Same boat. They're talking to Citroen. Who wins the Mille Miglia. It's you or them, Enzo.

*
*
*

He accelerates away.

DE PORTAGO enters.

DE PORTAGO
Ferrari!

FERRARI
Your Highness --

DE PORTAGO
Which Highness?

Ferrari points at Hussein.

FERRARI
That one.
(to De Portago)
You. Go out to the track.

FERRARI turns to HUSSEIN.

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

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

72

INT. THE ENGINE SHOP. MARANELLO. DAY.

72

The roller-door goes up to reveal the 250 Spyder -- crimson, gleaming wet... faultless.

HUSSEIN is overcome with emotion.

FERRARI nods. The MECHANIC opens the hood and the KING looks at the gleaming twelve cylinder engine.

He comes round and embraces FERRARI, and turns to thank CHITI, FORGHIERI and SERGIO SCAGLIETTI, who have come forward to be introduced.

FERRARI
Your Highness, this is Engineer
Chiti, who designed the engine;
Forghieri, who was responsible for
the chassis and Sergio Scaglietti,
who made up the bodywork.

HUSSEIN shakes the hand of each in turn, but SERGIO's, he won't let go of. He looks at Ferrari.

HUSSEIN

This is the greatest artist since Michelangelo... and I have been asked to present him with this special gift --

He nods to an AIDE, who comes forward with a cage, covered with gold cloth. He takes off the cloth and hands the cage to the KING, who hands it over to SERGIO.

HUSSEIN (CONT'D)

From the Amman Motor Club to you, Signor Scaglietti!

SERGIO, perplexed but grateful all the same, looks at the two pigeons sitting within the cage.

SERGIO

Thank you, Your Majesty.

HUSSEIN

They're beautiful, n'est pas?

SERGIO

Yes, but...
(his voice falters)
...how do you cook them?

CHITI

In oil with anchovies --

FORGHIERI

No -- roasted with sage, Perugia style.

The KING looks from one to the other.

HUSSEIN

You don't cook these beauties, gentlemen. You race them.

73

EXT. APRON. FIORANO TEST TRACK. DAY.

73

Sheltered by Tavoni's umbrella, DE PORTAGO slides into the cockpit of the 801. He is wearing two sets of goggles, one round his neck, the other on his helmet.

DE PORTAGO

How long do I drive?

TAVONI

You gotta full tank, don't you? You drive till it's empty.

DE PORTAGO nods.

The engine bursts into life, but is muffled by the downpour. The rain gets heavier as, watched by the critical eyes of half a dozen people standing under umbrellas, he drives out onto the track.

74

EXT. TRACK. LATER.

74

FERRARI joins the spectators. The rain has stopped but the track is still wet.

As the red 801 passes, he thumbs his stopwatch.

DE PORTAGO brakes on the wet, feels the car slide. Then he is over the humpback bridge and into a tight right-hander.

On the far side of the field the rain-muffled snarl of the engine begins its howl up through the gears. Above it, FERRARI hears the click of a camera close by and turns --

-- to see, a LITHE BLONDE, the film star LINDA CHRISTIAN, sitting on the hood of a two-seater, taking pictures of the 801 through a long lens.

Sensing that she is being watched, she turns and gives FERRARI an interrogative stare. When he doesn't react, she carefully snaps him before returning to frame the now fast approaching DE PORTAGO.

FERRARI admires her boldness... The 801 roars past, feet away from the ONLOOKERS, in a swirl of mist and spray. FERRARI looks at his watch again. The result meets with an understated approval.

FERRARI
How long's he been going like this?

TAVONI
Since lap one.

FERRARI
He reminds me of Varzi.

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

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

FERRARI approaches him.

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
Especially the Mille Miglia.
You'll be driving a works 250.
It's not the most powerful car in
the race, but it's reliable and it
goes like hell round corners, so I
will expect you to be in the
points.

DE PORTAGO nods.

FERRARI (CONT'D)
Finally, actresses --

He points at the LITHE BLONDE.

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

*

DE PORTAGO nods.

75

EXT. THE CAVALINO RESTAURANT. MARANELLO.

75

A crowd of factory workers, drivers and engineers mill round the crowded doors, the confusion made worse by a cluster of kids with autograph books who are waiting to pounce on their favorite drivers.

PEPE stops the car on the track beside the restaurant and FERRARI, DE PORTAGO and TAVONI get out.

They are joined by half a dozen hungry apprentices who race across the Highway to get to their lunch.

FERRARI

Peter!

COLLINS turns, catches sight of DE PORTAGO and FERRARI.

COLLINS

Hi Fon!

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

He and DE PORTAGO shake hands over their heads. FERRARI puts an arm around COLLINS. The affection he has for him is special. Collins spent many nights at Dino's bedside when he was failing. After Dino died, Ferrari gave Collins his apartment.

FERRARI

(to Collins)

This is our new driver. Look after him will you, he's wet and hungry.

COLLINS nods.

PIERO

Papa!

FERRARI looks down at his son holding up his autograph book. *

PIERO (CONT'D)

Get his autograph.

FERRARI

Whose?

PIERO

De Portago's.

FERRARI takes the book. But DE PORTAGO and COLLINS have already disappeared into the restaurant.

He looks down but the small boy has vanished.

The room is crowded, hectic. The food is plentiful, ravioli, sauces, a huge tray of boiled meats. Plates of cold meat, cured ham, beef jerky. A giant piece of Parmesan cheese grated directly onto the individual plates.

Lambrusco foaming into sturdy tumblers; bowls of fruit; the early cherries...

FERRARI enters and begins to work the room. Although he appears aimless, he is quite specific about who he talks to.

FERRARI
Hey, Luigi, how's your son.

LUIGI
I've sent him to his Grandmothers.

FERRARI grins.

FERRARI
Better than jail I guess.

He turns to a younger man and shakes his hand.

COLLINS (V.O.)
Gentlemen, this is the Marques de Portago, who has come here looking for a drive, and found one...

77

INT. PRIVATE ROOM. CAVALINO RESTAURANT. DAY.

77

The group of mostly YOUNG MEN are already around the table as DE PORTAGO, steered by COLLINS, enters.

COLLINS
Fon, this is Mike Hawthorn, the future World Champion. Olivier Gendebien, the best sports car driver in the world. Taruffi, the oldest. Forghieri, the best designer. Chiti, the best engineer. And Bizzarini who is working on a special project, so secret that we are not allowed to discuss it.

He finally turns to DE PORTAGO.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
So, what do you say to such a distinguished company?

DE PORTAGO
Arrivaderci Maserati.

They all cheer. At which point the great trolley containing the boiled meats is brought in, accompanied by bowls of pasta and sauces.

HAWTHORN

So, tell us, de Portago, why did you want to come to this neck of the woods when everyone knows the future technology is in England?

Everybody protests at this, but HAWTHORN is unfazed.

At this point FERRARI enters the room and takes his place at the head of the table. The argument continues around him. The English talking about the new Cooper, weight distribution, disc brakes, space frames and mid-engines.

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

FERRARI

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

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

78 EXT. THE CAVALINO. MARANELLO. DAY.

78

FERRARI comes out of the Cavalino. PEPE is waiting by the Peugeot. He crosses to the car.

PEPE gets in, leans over and opens the passenger door. FERRARI gets in.

79 INT. LANCIA. DAY.

79

FERRARI

(to Pepino)

Home.

PEPE

By Castelvetro?

FERRARI nods.

PEPINO puts his foot on the gas and the Peugeot scorches off.

80 OMITTED

80 *

PIERO
Papa! Have you got it?

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

LINA
What autograph?

PIERO
(to Lina:)
De Portago! From Spain.

FERRARI
He's going to drive for me -- full
time. You know?

PIERO
He is?

PIERO suddenly hugs Ferrari, kisses his cheek. Done
impulsively, without self consciousness.

We SEE FERRARI's surprise and pleasure... as something more
complicated (which we'll come to know). He covers with:

FERRARI
What do you like so much about him?

PIERO
He's fantastic! Like Varsi --

FERRARI
Where'd you learn all that stuff?

PIERO
I'm going to be a driver -- like
you!

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

PIERO
-- like Musso, then.

FERRARI. His shock, before:

FERRARI
No, no, no.

PIERO picks up his backpack, grabs a sandwich from the table and heads upstairs:

PIERO
Bye papa!

An afterglow...

LINA
Will we have supper together?

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

LINA
Will you come back after?

FERRARI
Depends. I'll try.

LINA
Depends on what?

FERRARI
How it goes.

Beat. That kind of answer frustrates her. She begins to prepare things for an early dinner...

LINA
I'm so easy.

He's moved by her slender back as she kneels at the stove. He goes over, brings her to her feet.

FERRARI
You're not so easy. And, you know
very well what the hardest part is -
of life with you.

LINA
What's that?

FERRARI
Being away.
(beat)
While me? I'm -- what do the
English say? A piece of pie?

LINA
Cake, Enzo... And, you're not.

But, she accepts his embrace.

INT. DINING ROOM. LARGO GARIBALDI. EVENING.

FERRARI mixes the salad; opens a bottle of Lambrusco, pouring it 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 comes in with the pasta: a large bowl of Raviolini floating in a clear broth.

LAURA sits at the far end of the table and scans the figures left by Fini.

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

He sits down. Next door, the orchestra is hatting up with the overture to La Traviata.

FERRARI

Thank you, Maria.

MARIA nods and leaves the room.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

I saw Fini 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

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

LAURA

And how do we sell them?

FERRARI

We have to win the Mille Miglia. Then orders will come in...

LAURA

This is a man who makes cheeses and wine! He knows nothing about motor racing. The Mille Miglia is a lottery.

He looks at her, says nothing.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Anything else?

FERRARI

Yes, that you should assign me control of your stock in the company and the freehold.

LAURA

Why? Because Henry Ford won't deal with a woman?

FERRARI

(exasperated)

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

*

LAURA thinks on this... and eventually looks up.

LAURA

Very well, I'll give you power of attorney over my stock.

FERRARI nods, relieved.

LAURA (CONT'D)

In return for half a million dollars.

He looks up at her, pained. There is a silence whilst he thinks about it.

FERRARI

I don't have half a million.

LAURA

You will if you make a deal.

It's Ferrari's turn to consider. Eventually...

FERRARI

Okay, I will give you a post dated cheque --

LAURA
-- not post dated.

FERRARI
I will give you a cheque on
condition that you promise me you
won't cash it until and if the deal
goes through...

LAURA is not too happy about this.

FERRARI (CONT'D)
Is it reasonable?

LAURA looks at him, still unsure.

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

FERRARI (CONT'D)
Is it a deal? We need this.

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

LAURA
I want my gun back.

FERRARI takes this as a sexual challenge.

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.

86

INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM. NIGHT.

86

Both of them are on the bed, half clothed.

She smoking, whilst FERRARI, untrouserred, 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 Fiamma
Breschi.

LAURA
How much?

FERRARI
Fifty thousand.

This brings LAURA up short. She looks at him.

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

LAURA *
Have you been screwing her? *

LAURA turns, her eyes blazing.

FERRARI *
What? *

LAURA
You've been screwing the mother!

FERRARI
I want 50,000 dollars, in cash.

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

FERRARI
We have obligations to that family!

LAURA
So sympathetic!

And it starts again...

87 EXT. VIA EMILIA EST. DAY. (OPTIONAL)

87 *

The front of DE PORTAGO's 335 at speed -- buffeted by the slipstream from COLLIN's car.

DE PORTAGO starts to edge alongside.

At a farm gate, a FARMHAND holds back the cattle as DE PORTAGO and COLLINS battle it out.

From the air:

The two red cars speeding along the dead straight road, which hardly diverges a meter from Bologna to Modena. As they reach the ford, DE PORTAGO pulls ahead. And then the spray explodes above their heads as they storm through the water...

FERRARI

He's dating Linda Christian.

He looks at TAVONI, who is going through a box file on journalists, checking on the forthcoming press conferences.

TAVONI

Who is?

FERRARI

De Portago. She was at the track the other day.

FERRARI lays the newspaper down.

TAVONI

What are you reading, Commendatore?

FERRARI glances at the title.

FERRARI

'Rome Merry Go Round'.

TAVONI

Want me to talk to him?

FERRARI

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

(he looks up)

What's on the schedule?

TAVONI

Press conference, then photo call.
A meeting about Rouen at three. Oh, and Chiti's outside. This evening, the opera.

FERRARI

Send him in.

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, closing the door.

TAVONI

Next year we'll have the new engine.

FERRARI

Next year. We need it next week in Rouen.

MARISA (V.O.)

Commendatore -- the Press.

Ferrari looks at his watch.

FERRARI

Avanti!

89

EXT. YARD. DAY.

89

The two red 335 Mille Miglia sports cars thunder into the yard to join the other three machines muddied after a morning run. *

COLLINS and DE PORTAGO lever themselves out, exhilarated. FERRARI exits from the office with TAVONI.

FERRARI

Get these cleaned up before the photo-call.

TAVONI nods. As they pass the drivers, FERRARI indicates DE PORTAGO's car.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

How'd she handle?

DE PORTAGO

No complaints.

FERRARI

This is not "how was lunch?" I want to know brake wear! The steering, the suspension, the gears. You're driving it in the Mille Miglia. Its got to be one hundred percent.

He moves on leaving DE PORTAGO hot and humiliated.

On the far side of the road, a bunch of auto-journalists -- waiting for the right moment to cross -- see FERRARI and applaud.

An explosive mixture of enthusiasts and rumor mongers, they have run riot in the tabloids since Musso's death. FERRARI's eye catches one of the worst offenders as they cross and enter the gates.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Di Massimo? I am not "an assassin"

DI MASSIMO

It was a figure of speech,
Commendatore.

FERRARI

Out! And you, Fusaro, you said I
was Saturn devouring its young.

FUSARO

I was merely quoting the Vatican.

FERRARI

Out! You too, Moretti. A
'widowmaker'. For the record Musso
was not married.

The three men leave the forecourt and the rest visibly flinch he pans his eyes along their ranks.

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 Grand Prix at Rouen and for
the Mille Miglia the following
week.

90

INT. THE BANK. MARANELLO. DAY.

90

COSETTI

Forty nine, fifty...

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.

LAURA
As a loan to Signora Breschi.

He nods.

LAURA (CONT'D)
We'll retain the freehold on any property she buys with it, but she will have the use of it.

COSETTI
The same arrangement as at Castelvetro...

LAURA
Castelvetro?

COSETTI looks confused.

LAURA (CONT'D)
We have a property in Castelfranco.

COSETTI
Yes, yes. I'm sorry -- for one moment I got them confused --

LAURA pretends to believe him. She closes her bag.

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. MARANELLO. DAY.

91

LAURA walks towards the Lancia. PEPE opens the door.

LAURA
Castelvetro.

PEPE nearly has a heart attack but recovers.

PEPE
As her gentleness the Signora
commands...

92 EXT. THE YARD. FERRARI FACTORY. MARANELLO. DAY. 92

Journalists and photographers mill around the factory cars.
The five Ferraris destined for the Mille Miglia are on view.
The drivers, COLLINS, VON TRIPS, GENDEBIEN, TARUFFI and DE
PORTAGO stand beside them.

FERRARI
Let me introduce My Spring Team.

FERRARI introduces DE PORTAGO proudly to the photographers.

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

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

93 EXT. CASTELVETRO. DAY. 93

The Lancia arrives on the outskirts of the village. PEPE
brings the car to a stop at the crossroads.

PEPE
Where to now?

LAURA watches him.

LAURA
Keep going...

PEPE
As the Signora pleases...

Instinctively he swings the wheel left, away from the farm,
but Laura is watching.

LAURA
No. Take a right.

PEPE begins to sweat. He reverses the car to the centre of
the road and begins to turn it to the right.

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. COUNTRY LANE. CASTELVETRO. DAY.

95

The car comes to a bend. Again PEPE is about to take the left hand fork when LAURA intervenes --

LAURA

Right again.

PEPE realizes now that at every junction LAURA will second-guess him. He accelerates up the road towards the farm.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Stop!

The car stops at the track which leads to the house.

LAURA looks at him; he stares down at the wheel, not daring to lift his head.

She gets out.

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

96 EXT. THE YARD. MARANELLO. DAY.

96

FERRARI has his arm round Gendebien.

FERRARI

This is Olivier Gendebien, the fastest driver of road cars in the World. He will be driving Musso's 335.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hey, it's Linda!

HEADS TURN towards the open gate where LINDA CHRISTIAN stands.

VOICES
Hey Linda! Signorina!

The entire PRESS desert the Master and bolt up to the gates to greet her.

MISS CHRISTIAN in dark glasses and matador pants. She smiles at the PRESS, but does not allow them to waylay her.

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.

97 FLASHBACK. EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD. DAY. 97

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

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...

98 EXT. THE FARM. CASTELVETRO. 98

LAURA stands in the drive and stares at the yellow bike.

Her eyes rakes over the garden: well-tended; the garage, no sign of a car.

The post box is at the gate. She opens it, pulls out two letters. They are addressed to a Signora Lardi. She puts them back and shuts the box.

99

EXT. THE YARD. MARANELLO. DAY

99

FERRARI, LINDA CHRISTIAN and DE PORTAGO have been backed against the 335. FERRARI in the middle, to either side, TARUFFI and GENDEBIEN. PHOTOGRAPHERS are angling for shots, on their knees, on top of other cars, looking sideways --

PRESS VOICE 1

Hey Linda, this way; Linda, over here.

PRESS VOICE 2

Mr. Ferrari can we have a smile?

Ferrari sees among the press RANCATI -- he of the plastic features and the mime artist's face.

FERRARI

Rancati. A word, please...

PRESS VOICE 3

Fon, get a little bit closer.

FON'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. VILLAGE CAFE. TUSCAN HILLS. DAY.

101

RANCATI and FERRARI sit by a table with a glass of wine, enjoying the view of the valley below. RANCATI, pulls out a beaten up Olivetti ready to interview Ferrari for The Automotive Magazine. FERRARI toys with a stopwatch in his hand.

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," we have not begun even. Every time I see you, we start, and then you put me off.

A snarling V.8 can be heard winding up through the valley.

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 takes a gulp from his glass, wipes his mouth and eyes him speculatively.

FERRARI

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

Suddenly a roaring Maserati 250 driven by BEHRA appears at the corner in a blur and accelerates past them, scudding stones from under its tires... FERRARI clicks the stopwatch. The car disappears as suddenly as it had come. FERRARI squints at the watch. *

He resets it.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

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

RANCATI digests this slowly.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

End by saying that you asked me bluntly about this and that I categorically denied it.

RANCATI

And are you categorically denying it?

FERRARI

Of course. Categorically.

RANCATI tries to figure out the ramifications of this.

The second Maserati 250f comes roaring by, driven by Stirling Moss. *

Then the ORSI's truck, following the Maseratis up the hill, brakes as ORSI spots FERRARI.

ORSI #1
Hey Ferrari are you spying on me
again?

ORSI points at RANCATI.

ORSI #1 (CONT'D)
Write this in your paper Rancati.
He spies on people.

And ORSI's truck accelerates away.

RANCATI
Were you spying on him?

FERRARI stops his stopwatch, gets to his feet.

FERRARI
Tomorrow we'll bring our cars up
here and see if we can better their
times.

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

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI
If you promise not to publish it --

RANCATI shrugs.

RANCATI
For the time being --

FERRARI shakes his head.

FERRARI
Until I authorise you.

RANCATI
O.K. It's a deal.

FERRARI gets to his feet.

102 EXT. THE FARM. CASTELVETRO. DAY.

102

FERRARI knocks on the front door. It opens to reveal PIERO, who holds a crumpled piece of paper up to him.

PIERO

Look, Papa! Taruffi's autograph.

LINA appears at the top of the stairs. She's in a cotton robe over a bra and stockings, half made up.

FERRARI

You're going --

LINA

To the opera, later, with my girlfriends.

103 INT. KITCHEN. THE FARM. CASTELVETRO. DAY

103

PIERO is in the dining room, absorbed in the racing section of a newspaper while in the kitchen... FERRARI, as always, with an ease to him we never see anywhere else and a glass of wine. They lean against the stone sink top watching the day end over the fields.

FERRARI

I'll get him De Portago's autograph.

LINA

It's not about a signature on a picture.

FERRARI

What is it about, then?

*

LINA

He's growing up and wants to be with his father and know his place in the world.

FERRARI

He knows.

LINA

He wants other people to know. Like a normal boy. In two weeks he'll be confirmed. As whom...?

LINA looks at FERRARI.

LINA (CONT'D)

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

FERRARI

Postpone the confirmation.

LINA

His whole class is being confirmed.

FERRARI

Say...maybe he doesn't believe 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

Yes, the teachers.

LINA

And Tavoni? Sergio?

FERRARI

Of course, Tavoni.

LINA

And the bank manager?

FERRARI

Yes, the bank manager.

LINA

Enzo --

FERRARI stares at her.

FERRARI

Did you get the cash for Fiamma?

LAURA

It's in my bag.

FERRARI crosses to her bag, picks out the package of money -- and the rusted model car. Instinctively, he knows where it came from. He pockets the cash; looks at her, puts the toy on the table without comment and leaves.

108 EXT. THE OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT.

108

LINA arrives in a large American car with a party of FRIENDS. They move into the Opera House. MIKE HAWTHORN, PETER COLLINS and his wife LOUISE, and other STARS OF THE SCUDERIA arrive on the scene.

Last to arrive is DE PORTAGO, with LINDA CHRISTIAN. PHOTOGRAPHERS descend on her. Once again there are AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS and FANS in attendance, all adding to the confusion at the entrance to the foyer.

109 INT. FOYER. 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.

LINA moves up the stairs. She does not appear to be part of the racing crowd. She's come with friends, a contemporary, younger crowd.

110 INT. GRAND CIRCLE. OPERA HOUSE. EVENING.

110

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

LINA makes her way into 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 -- mostly from the Barber's Shop -- about the Lambrusco: they are worried that an early frost could destroy the vines.

The ORSIS make their way into the row, as they work their way past FERRARI he chides them.

FERRARI
What's this about Citroen buying
Maserati?

ORSI #1
We're talking.

FERRARI
But Citroen's a French company.

ORSI #1
The games changing Enzo. It's going
to become big business. To do all
this you got to be capitalised.

FERRARI
Citroen's going to do that for you?

ORSI #1
After we win the Mille
Miglia...certainly.

They continue to brag and insult each other as they find
their way to the center of the row...

111 INT. ADELGESA'S APARTMENT. EVENING. 111

ADELGESA opens the shutters and lets the distant music flood
in. She sits down on a chair by the 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 the Emilia.

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. The
sound of the tenor floats through the night air.

114 FLASHBACK. INT. THE APARTMENT OVER THE GARAGE. 1950'S. 114

FERRARI comes out of the shower, singing the same aria. He is
younger, more animated.

Seizing LAURA's corsets he clowns around the room, playing them like an accordion.

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

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

One floor above, ADELGESA listens as if in a trance, but to another singer, another production, yet further back in time.

116 FLASHBACK. EXT. MODENA RAILWAY STATION. 1917. 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 addresses ENZO who stands on the platform.

ALFREDO

Enzo, look after mama -- Every day,
bring her breakfast for me!

The train begins to move.

ENZO begins to run after the train and his older brother. *

ENZO

I promise!

ADELGESA (V.O.)

The wrong son died.

117 FLASHBACK. INT. AUTODROME. DAY. 117

Musso's car breaks up on impact.

118 FLASHBACK. INT. THE FARM. CASTELVETRO. DAY. 118

As cherry blossoms fall, LINA holds FERRARI tight from the evening after Musso crashed. *

LINA

When you weep for one, you weep for
them all... *

119 INT. THE OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT. 119

Tears fill FERRARI's eyes...

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

LINA watches FERRARI. She sits in profile, spellbound.

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

FERRARI turns over a sketch of a new racer... He is in the wreck of the Maranello factory: shelled by Germans, bombed by the Americans, unroofed, half-flooded.

The same aria plays. *

LINA comes through the lintel -- no door, no roof, broken walls. She is young, shy, but shows the same compassionate quality which still attracts Ferrari. FERRARI looks up at her.

LINA
(proudly)
I'm pregnant.

FERRARI smiles.

122 INT. THE OPERA HOUSE. NIGHT. 122

The aria has come to an end. The last note hangs 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 flowers, programs, streamers, bras and hats...

A barrage of heartfelt thanks and firm approval.

BRUSONI looks at the SOPRANO, kisses her, looks at the CONDUCTOR, smiles triumphantly and bows...

123 EXT. NOUVEAU MONDE (HAIRPIN TURN). ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY 123

From DE PORTAGO'S POV. Buffeted by the slipstream and juddering over the uneven surface, DE PORTAGO hangs onto BEHRA round the bend.

124 EXT. RACE TRACK. DAY. 124

The cars, Maseratis, Ferraris and Vanwalls rocket down the hill.

- 125 EXT. STRAIGHT. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 125
- From DE PORTAGO'S POV. BEHRA's Maserati 250F is getting away from him, and the snout of MOSS'S Vanwall is drawing level. *
- 126 EXT. STRAIGHT/PITS. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 126
- FERRARI watches unemotionally as the cars zoom by in a blur of color and noise. He clicks the stopwatch in his hand and stares at it.
- 127 EXT. STRAIGHT. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 127
- We establish the order: FANGIO in the leading Maserati. HAWTHORN and COLLINS trailing in their respective Ferrari's. Then BEHRA and DE PORTAGO, MOSS following in the Vanwall. *
- 128 EXT. PADDOCK. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 128
- FERRARI steps up to the truck which carries the BBC mobile TV studio.
- 129 INT. BBC MOBILE STUDIO. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 129
- FERRARI stands by the door, his eyes growing accustomed to the darkness. Facing a number of studio monitors at a console sits the DIRECTOR, the VIDEO MIXER and SOUND ENGINEER another source (another vehicle) a COMMENTATOR feeds in his excited description of the race.
- FERRARI now sees that the truck is filled with people, including LINDA CHRISTIAN, watching the race.
- Recognising FERRARI, an assistant offers him a chair at the console which FERRARI accepts with thanks. On the screen the leading cars pour through Six Freres and down towards Nouveau Monde.
- There is a gasp of horror as one of the tailenders loses it and begins to spin. FERRARI looks at the multiple screens... at the future.
- There is a tremendous crash. As the tailender slams into the wall and bursts into flames. *
- The spinning tailender spins towards the wall as -- *
- The leading cars speed blindly through the oily smoke. *

- 130 OMITTED (MOVED INTO SC. 129) 130 *
- 131 EXT. DE PORTAGO'S CAR. TRACK. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 131 *
- DE PORTAGO -- through black smoke with red flame -- 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.
- In front of him BEHRA pulls away on the long downhill straight.
- 132 EXT. PADDOCK. ROUEN. DAY. 132
- FERRARI enters from the van and makes towards the Ferrari pit.
- SERGIO falls into line beside him.
- FERRARI
They're getting away from us on the straight.
- SERGIO shrugs.
- SERGIO
You need a new engine.
- 133 EXT. FERRARI PITS. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 133
- HAWTHORN'S 801 comes in and the MECHANICS swarm all over it. The filler cap is snapped open and the power-nozzle goes in -- but not before HAWTHORN and cockpit are drenched with fuel.
- FERRARI sees a MECHANIC lighting up and swipes the cigarette from his mouth, crushing it in one hand while slapping the MECHANIC with his big open hand, all in one rapid movement. *
- He turns back to see HAWTHORN wiping his face, his eyes burning with the fuel. *
- HAWTHORN
Do you expect me to drive like this?

FERRARI

You want to quit? It's fine. Get out.

This is how their decisions occur, in frozen moments. HAWTHORN slips the car into gear and the combined PIT TEAM push him down the lane until his engine starts firing.

As they leave, a second car comes roaring in, its gearbox gone. It's COLLINS -- he shrugs philosophically.

COLLINS

Gearbox linkage. It's broken.

He begins to get out.

FERRARI

(to Forghieri)
Call in De Portago.

134 EXT. STRAIGHT. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY. 134

DE PORTAGO, slipstreaming BEHRA; makes out a board. Then a second board, calling him in.

Cursing he brakes, flicks the wheel.

135 EXT. PITS. FROM DE PORTAGO'S POV. 135

The pit lane is a blur but suddenly he is at a stop behind Collin's stationary car, which is swarming with MECHANICS. COLLINS and FERRARI are walking towards him.

FERRARI

Out. Peter's taking over.

DE PORTAGO can't believe it.

He pulls himself from the cockpit.

COLLINS

Thanks old man.

He swivels himself in. Behind him they're taking the opportunity to refuel the car. Ahead, they're wheeling away Collins' car.

DE PORTAGO pulls off his gloves, pissed and as COLLINS accelerates off, he turns, adrenalin still pumping through his body and walks away trying to control his disappointment.

136 EXT. TRACK. ROUEN-LES-ESSARTS. DAY.

136

HAWTHORN passes MOSS in the Vanwall and works his way up towards FANGIO and BEHRA as the road disappears into the trees

COLLINS appears in his mirror.

HAWTHORN smiles and dinks his car through the next bend.

Now he looks in his mirror again, but no sign of PETER.

He twists his head back --

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

137

COLLINS' car rips through the trees narrowly missing the trunks, till --

-- He broadsides one then gets spun into another coming to a halt, the front wheels torn off.

Slowly he pulls himself out of the cockpit and staggers nearest tree where he props himself up. He slowly 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

The band plays the French National Anthem.

ON BBC TV: BEHRA stands on a makeshift podium holding aloft the Rouen trophy. The crowd (being French) sing the Marseillaise triumphantly. Beside him stand MOSS (2nd) and HAWTHORN (3rd) There follows the usual tomfoolery with champagne. *

In the paddock: DE PORTAGO watches as FERRARI supervises the loading of de Portago's car -- what's left of it. Nearby, COLLINS gets painfully into a Marshall's saloon, his neck in a temporary brace.

DE PORTAGO strolls back to him, his emotions still veering between rage and concern for COLLINS' injury.

COLLINS glances up.

DE PORTAGO
Are you O.K.?

COLLINS
Right as rain. A bit shook up.

DE PORTAGO nods barely permitting himself to speak.

COLLINS (CONT'D)
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.

FERRARI glances at him. DE PORTAGO is still flushed with adrenalin.

DE PORTAGO
I could have taken him.

FERRARI looks at him askance.

DE PORTAGO (CONT'D)
Behra...

FERRARI
De Portago, you'd get better odds
becoming King of Spain, than taking
Behra. *

On the podium, the Marseillaise ends. BEHRA raises the trophy.

The ORSIS clamber onto the podium behind him, raising their arms, sharing the glory.

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, Moss, hard nosed pros. Men
with a heartless, brutal
determination to win. With a cruel
emptiness in their stomachs.
(MORE)

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Egocentric, detached men. Loyal to one thing. Not the team. Their lust to win. Rain, a track slippery with oil, an evil handling car, they will not falter.

(pause)

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

(looks at Von Trips and de Portago)

Aristocrats straight from Almanac de Gotha. Gentlemen. Sportsmen.

(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, racing for the line. You're even. Two objects cannot occupy the same point in space at the same moment in time. Behra doesn't lift. The corner races at you. Perhaps, you have a crisis of identity: am I a sports man or a competitor? Or, 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)

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

(pause)

Make no mistake. All of us are racers or have raced. Our passion is dangerous.

(beat)

If you get into the race car -- and no one is forcing you to -- you get in to win. Brake later. Steal their line. Deny them space. Pressure them, make them make mistakes.

*
*

*

*

140

EXT. THE CAVALINO. DAY.

140

FERRARI and DE PORTAGO exit.

*

DE PORTAGO

Behra!

FERRARI nods.

DE PORTAGO (CONT'D)

I could have taken him.

FERRARI gives him a disgusted glance.

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 coupe.

DE PORTAGO

Won't he mind?

FERRARI

Of course he will, but he'll beat you anyway.

141	OMITTED	141	
142	OMITTED (MOVED INTO SC. 143)	142	*
143	<u>INT. MAUSOLEUM. DAY.</u>	143	*
	FROM INSIDE the mausoleum we SEE:		*
	FERRARI approach in the spring rain, his flowers for Dino tucked under his raincoat.		*
	Leaving, passing him without a word, is LAURA, black umbrella held high.		*
	FERRARI		*
	Laura?		*
	She passes him without a glance. Frozen.		*
	FERRARI (CONT'D)		*
	Laura!		*

She doesn't reply. He mounts the steps with growing frustration and enters, shakes the rain from the flowers... and lays them next to Laura's.

*
*

Then he looks up and addresses Dino.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

(to Dino)

There was a time when I loved your mother with a lust beyond reason. But she was a different creature then. And so was I...

(beat)

Television. That is the future. I can see my cars at every corner and from every conceivable angle. With such a set up in my office, I would never leave Modena. And it means sponsors and bigger competition and bigger budgets. So what am I to do, Dino, huh?

*

*
*

[OMITTED SCENES 144-146]

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

FERRARI comes up the stairs.

MARISA

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

RANCATI

(into phone)

How does this read?

His eyes drop to his typewriter.

RANCATI (CONT'D)

'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...

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. *

FERRARI (CONT'D)

The special project? *

BIZZARINI (V.O.) *

(nods)

It's on the bench right now.

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI

Keep it going, I'll be down soon.

151 OMITTED 151 *

152 EXT. THE SQUARE. MARANELLO. DAY. 152

The Lancia lurches into the muddy park. PEPE parks it under the shelter of an old tree. He opens the rear door and LAURA emerges.

LAURA

Get some breakfast, Pepe.

He watches her cross the square towards the bank.

153 OMITTED 153 *

153A INT. TEST HOUSE. MARANELLO FACTORY. DAY. 153A *

The V.12 is screaming on the bench. The name 'Ferrari' on its side is blurred by vibration. *

FERRARI enters. CHITI is there, too. White-coated ENGINEERS hunch over the engine, glancing at the instruments. *

154 INT. BANK OFFICE. MARANELLO. 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.

Nevertheless, she picks the check up and puts it in her bag, then 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 -- til 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 some information
about special payments, made by the
company 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.

155

INT. TEST HOUSE. MARANELLO FACTORY. DAY.

155

Suddenly, the engine explodes. FERRARI ducks. The top comes
off, the back end splits open, cracking the window. Boiling
oil squirts everywhere. The ENGINEERS curse. The whole room
is enveloped in steam... Finally there is silence.

*
*
*
*

CHITI

I don't know if we will get there
this year. Next year, certainly.

*
*
*

FERRARI

What you don't understand, Chiti,
is that there may not be a next
year.

*
*
*
*

Steam hisses from the radiator pipes, and the engine block
begins to contract... The phone rings.

*
*

BIZZARINI grabs it, listens, indicates the telephone to FERRARI. FERRARI crosses to the phone.

*
*

156 EXT. CALL BOX. MARANELLO. DAY. 156

LAURA is in a call box on the outskirts of the town. PEPE, who has trailed her here in the Lancia (she had refused a ride) watches in deep gloom. He realizes that something is going down and that his boss is in trouble.

 LAURA (V.O.)
 Enzo? Lina Lardi! Does that name
 mean anything to you?

157 INT. TEST HOUSE. MARANELLO FACTORY. DAY. 157

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

158 INT. CALL BOX. MARANELLO. DAY. 158

 LAURA (V.O.)
 The boy, I presume is yours?

159 INT. TEST HOUSE. MARANELLO FACTORY. DAY. 159

FERRARI nods.

 FERRARI
 Yes.

160 INT. CALL BOX. MARANELLO. DAY. 160

She is silent for a moment. Then --

 LAURA
 I need to think about this, Enzo.

*

161 INT. TEST HOUSE. THE FACTORY. MARANELLO. DAY. 161

FERRARI puts down the phone.

*

The OTHERS are wiping themselves down, finding their glasses, notepads and fountain pens.

*

BIZZARINI looks at FERRARI. FERRARI looks at the mess.

[OMITTED SCENES 162-164]

165 EXT. SCAGLIETTI WORKS. (VIA EMILIA EST.) DAY. 165

FERRARI's car draws onto the cracked concrete forecourt.

SCAGLIETTI stands in his overalls by a rusting cafe table. He is pouring himself a glass of white Trebbiano when he sees FERRARI, he directs the bottle into a second tumbler.

FERRARI gets out and, hitching up his pants, trudges towards the barn where some of the most beautiful cars in Italy are made.

FERRARI
Where's everybody?

SERGIO
I gave them the afternoon off.
Seeing the Mille Miglia tomorrow.

FERRARI takes the tumbler.

FERRARI
No wonder you're so late with
everything, Sergio.

He drifts into the barn. SERGIO follows him in.

166 INT. THE BARN. SCAGLIETTI WORKS. DAY. 166

SERGIO
(amiably)
Listen, Dettore... my men work
weekends all through the year for
you. Some of their children haven't
seen them since the day they were
born.

FERRARI
Well, here's to you, and that pack
of color blind, cackhanded louts
you employ.

He turns and toasts him.

SERGIO
And here's to you and the Mille
Miglia.

FERRARI wanders across the floor, heavy with wood shavings. The frames for the cars hang from the roof -- the walls, or are set on blocks. It could be a tractor shed for all its ordinariness, yet it was truly a temple to beauty.

Eventually he comes to the chassis of the new Testa Rossa, with its huge aluminum fuel tank hunched behind the driver's seat. He lays his hand on the great throat of the fuel filler, and finishes his wine.

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

FERRARI

She found out. About the boy.

SERGIO kicks the rubber on the Testa Rossa.

SERGIO

What do you want me to do with this one?

Up on the wall, above the drawing table, the pigeon given to Sergio by King Hussein starts cooing softly.

FERRARI

I want the driver in front of it to piss in his pants when he sees it in his mirror --

SERGIO nods.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

And when it passes him I want an ass on it like a Canova sculpture.

Still carrying his glass, SERGIO crosses to a table in the corner crammed with pens, crayons, cartridge paper. He pulls out half a dozen drawings and floats them one-handed back to the fuel tank, so that they lie for FERRARI to look at.

FERRARI studies them carefully. SERGIO had anticipated his demands and is already half-way there.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

So, what do I do?

He refers to the business with Laura.

SERGIO

What do you want to do?

FERRARI

I want to leave her.

SERGIO
Well. Do it...

FERRARI is uncertain. The reluctance shows in his face...

SERGIO points to the roof where the cage given him by Hussein hangs from one of the beams.

 SERGIO (CONT'D)
You see that pigeon up there?

 FERRARI
The King's?

SERGIO nods.

 SERGIO
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.

 SERGIO
Tell Laura that you're going to leave her, 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 about what everybody thinks! What do you think?

 SERGIO
 (less facetious)
There are a lot of people on your payroll with families, responsibilities. The factory needs continuity for Ferrari to stay Ferrari.

FERRARI takes this in silence.

 SERGIO (CONT'D)
You want to see Bizzarini's project?

FERRARI finishes his wine and gets to his feet. He looks up at the pigeon before he leaves.

FERRARI

Stay there pigeon, or you're dead
meat.

167 EXT. BARN. DAY. 167

SERGIO unlocks the padlock, opens the door, revealing the prototype of the S.W.B. G.T.O.. Of all the cars in the barn, this is the most stunning. Even FERRARI, who has seen everything, is impressed.

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

FERRARI draws up in the Peugeot and gets out.

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

FERRARI shuts the door 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. DAY. 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 '45.

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI

The war. The factory had been bombed twice. She was working in the office through the worst of it. You and Dino were in the hills all summer. By Christmas she was pregnant. So I leased 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 she different from the others?

FERRARI

I was in love with her --

And then he adds --

FERRARI (CONT'D)

I still am.

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

Devastated, she can think of no reply. 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. It makes a mockery of you in the years when Dino was ill and dying...

FERRARI

How can you say that?

LAURA prowls the room, dangerous but silent.

LAURA

The boy? Is he going to inherit our factory, in our name?

He doesn't answer.

LAURA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

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

FERRARI stares at her, enraged.

FERRARI

One son, two sons, five sons, you think I miss my 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

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

FERRARI

I deluded myself! ...the father deluded himself -- The engineer. I will restore my son to health. Bullshit. Swiss doctors, Italian doctors. And I could not. Okay.

LAURA

Because you were so "consoled" at Castelvetro you lost your attention. And you had another boy to replace him.

*

FERRARI is frozen by the accusation.

FERRARI

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

LAURA

What do you care? You have another wife and another son.

FERRARI

She is not my wife.

(pause)

But, he is my son --

LAURA goes eerily, completely calm --

LAURA

The best thing for you to do would be to move out.

FERRARI is suddenly exhausted.

FERRARI

I'll keep the apartment upstairs as my office. And Adelgesa will remain on the top floor. To the outside eye, nothing will change.

LAURA

In fact everything will have changed --

FERRARI

No. Our partnership continues. It is our factory, our history.

*

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 fill her eyes, but she doesn't give in to them.

LAURA (CONT'D)

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

She produces the check. 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, the factory is finished.

FERRARI signs.

She scrutinizes the check, presses a roll of blotting paper across it and folds it away, and hands over the power of attorney documents.

LAURA

Now we are partners-in-business only.

FERRARI

It will always be more than business.

LAURA

And less than marriage.

He cannot answer that.

171 EXT. THE CHERRY FARM. NIGHT.

171

FERRARI drives the Peugeot up to the house. Switches off the engine and the lights. As he gets out, LINA opens the door. She stands silhouetted in the light.

FERRARI pulls his case from the passengers seat and walks towards her.

172 INT. THE HALLWAY. CHERRY FARM. NIGHT.

172

PIERO comes to the edge of the stairs and looks down. He sees LINA and FERRARI embrace -- FERRARI is trembling.

She sense his distress and hugs him.

LINA

What is it?

They walk towards the kitchen. The door closes leaving PIERO on the stairs puzzled. 'What was done?'

173 INT. KITCHEN. CHERRY FARM. CASTELVETRO. NIGHT.

173

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

FERRARI

Nothing has been resolved about Piero.

Silence.... Eventually...

FERRARI
(CONT'D)

I want you to come to Modena.

She looks up surprised.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Find an apartment... Put Piero into the Academy.

LINA

Are you serious? Are you serious!

FERRARI

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

*
*

LINA

It's where your wife lives. It's her town.

LINA, ever optimistic, tries to look on the upside.

LINA (CONT'D)

You're telling me she knows?

*
*

FERRARI

Yes. She knows he's our boy.

*
*

LINA

Piero can chase for his autographs without coming home with that guilty look. And you and I, okay. At least we can lie in on mornings -

*
*

She faces FERRARI.

LINA (CONT'D)

Can't we?

FERRARI nods.

174 COMBINED WITH SC. 173 174

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 small Lancia 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

Remember! de Portago's autograph!

FERRARI

You go back to sleep!

PIERO

Hey, Papa!

FERRARI looks up again.

PIERO (CONT'D)

(chanting)

Ferra - ri!

FERRARI chuckles, waves.

177 EXT. THE PIAZZA BRESCIA. NIGHT.

177

CHORUS Ferra-ri! Ferra-ri!

The sound of a brass band, announcements on loudspeakers, the cheering crowd, 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 as a good part of the crowd are Ferrari fans.

FERRARI makes his way through the crowd. 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 with others...

178 INT. RACE OFFICE. PIAZZA BRESCIA. NIGHT. 178

FERRARI enters, the two ORSIS are at the table along with a number of other owner and factory team managers. They are here to sign in their entries and collect the cards that each driver must show at every stop.

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.

179 EXT. RACE OFFICE. PIAZZA BRESCIA. NIGHT. 179

ON THE RAMP. The first of the Mille Miglia cars, a Fiat 600 waits, its rally lights blazing.

The MARSHALL waves his flag and the little car shoots off into a tunnel of spectators.

RADIO COMMENTATOR
 And so the 24th Mille Miglia, the
 World's longest and most
 treacherous roadrace starts with
 the dispatch of the first and
 smallest of the racing cars.

Behind it a stream of Fiats continue to swarm past like angry *
 bees. *

180 OMITTED 180

181 OMITTED 181 *

182 EXT. MARZOTTO HOTEL. MANERBIO. NIGHT. 182

FERRARI parks the Lancia in the forecourt near the front door *
 and gets out. *

RADIO COMMENTATOR

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

*

The four or five Mille Miglia cars are sitting on the lawn, the mechanics still working on them -- but quietly, knowing that the drivers are asleep.

*

FERRARI, looks at them and enters the hotel...

183

INT. HALL/BAR. THE NARZOTTO. MANERBIO. NIGHT.

183

FERRARI is greeted by the owner, an old friend. He has been coming each year since the war.

OWNER

Good evening, Commendatore.

FERRARI

And to you, my friend. Are the drivers asleep?

The OWNER nods.

OWNER

Can I get you something? Some coffee perhaps?

Ferrari's own voice can be heard on television in the bar, being interviewed on a pre-recorded programme.

FERRARI nods. He crosses to the bar area.

CHITI sits at a nearby table -- eating a sandwich -- and talking in a low voice with two of his ENGINEERS. Between them sits what looks like a pair of Weber carburettors.

FERRARI joins FORGHIERI and TAVONI at the bar. He hands him the five official entry cards.

FERRARI

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

*

FORGHIERI nods and counts them.

CHITI crosses to join him.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

No problem with the Scrutineers?

CHITI shakes his head. *

Interviewed on television, the Orsis are being questioned
about the race -- *

ORSI #1

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 FORGHIERI. *

FERRARI

I have a few last minute
instructions --

He pulls his note book from his pocket. They are neatly hand
written in purple ink.

184

INT. DE PORTAGO'S BEDROOM. MARZOTTO HOTEL.

184

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

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

It is obvious that he does not have the slightest doubt that
he will, but girlfriends have to be written to --

DE PORTAGO

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 -- his delivery a
parody of what De Portago should be feeling.

NELSON

My darling Linda, tomorrow may be
the last day of my life, so 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 INT. GENDEBIEN'S ROOM. MARZOTTO HOTEL. 187

Fully dressed, GENDEBIEN slips his envelope with practised ease into the frame of the dressing table mirror. Another envelope lands on the table, flipped by VON TRIPS from his bed on the other side of the room. *

GENDEBIEN looks round, grins and lodges that one too in the mirror frame.

He stands, crosses to the door and switches out the light, then falls onto his bed. As he lies in the dark, his eyes wide open, VON TRIPS cuts in.

VON TRIPS

You know that bridge just past
Ravenna? Do we go straight on or
right at the fork?

188 INT. BAR. MARZOTTO HOTEL. 188

The TV set, shows the bigger cars now leaving the ramp, Jaguars and the two litre Alfa's and older Ferraris... FERRARI, who has been giving notes all night, makes his final point.

FERRARI

Finally, Refuelling. Remind the mechanics, the gas is to go into the tanks. Not all over the drivers - particularly Taruffi or he'll go up in flames.

FORGHIERI

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. THE SQUARE. BRESCIA. DAWN. 190 *

The long line of cars -- nose to tail -- trail out of the square. *

The shattering explosion of sound as the V.12's rev-up, and echo terrifyingly off stone walls. *

Rain pelts down on the umbrella'd CROWD. MECHANICS, CAMERA CREWS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, flashbulbs popping, surround the ramp and the line of cars leading up to it.

A TELEVISION COMMENTATOR speaks to camera.

COMMENTATOR

...and now it is the turn of the large works Ferraris and Maseratis. This year, Maserati will be challenging the might of the Ferraris. And it has been rumored that the future of each company may well depend on the outcome... *

(fades)

FERRARI stands, holding an umbrella against the heavy downpour. GENDEBIEN in his 250 Coupe, huddled up against the rain, looks up at him.

Behind him, the rest of the big cars await their turn.

FERRARI leans over shouting into his ear.

FERRARI

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

GENDEBIEN nods.

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

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Good luck.

GENDEBIEN powers his car onto the ramp.

Another car rumbles up behind him; it's a two-year-old Scaglietti Spyder Competition. The DRIVER is sheltered against the rain by a golf umbrella. FERRARI waves at the DRIVER, then walks down the line, past the 500 Testa Rossa of SIRO SPRACI, another private entry, to whom he also waves.

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 etc -- and a couple of works entered Maserati 450's.

Finally, FERRARI reaches the 315s of Piero TARUFFI and VON TRIPS. Both have the right hand drive configuration so beloved of racing drivers. FERRARI leans over VON TRIPS.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Comfortable, Taffy?

VON TRIPS nods.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

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

VON TRIPS nods again.

FERRARI moves to TARUFFI's car, where the veteran smokes a cigarette and displays an air of calm which is only skin deep.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

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

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

TARUFFI

They say it's snowing on the Futa.

FERRARI

It's just dusting. Now listen to me.
You need this race, Piero. How can
you tell your grandchildren that
you picked up every trophy in
Europe but you never won at
Brescia?

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

TARUFFI

You just make sure I get the
backup. No foul-ups, you
understand, at the fuel stops --

FERRARI

That's the spirit, Piero.

TARUFFI's car moves forward, FERRARI finds himself in the
headlamps of COLLINS' 335. 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)

Good morning, Peter.

COLLINS

It's a good one for ducks.

FERRARI

No joking, Peter. This car can win.
Once you get over the mountains,
you've got the legs on the
others... And then it will be
either you or de Portago, you
understand?

COLLINS nods.

COLLINS

You're forgetting Moss and Behra?

FERRARI

Just watch out for stray dogs and
children: They're the real danger.

COLLINS smiles grimly.

191 INT. DE PORTAGO' S FERRARI (335). (SOFT-TOP UP) BRESCIA. 191
DAWN.

DE PORTAGO watches FERRARI, bending over Collins' car, still exhorting the English driver. Beside him, NELSON is scrutinising a map with the aid of a torch.

NELSON

It's a good thing it's still dark,
or we'd be shitting ourselves down
some of these roads.

DE PORTAGO

You know where we're going?

NELSON

No. Just follow the car in front.
Once the sun comes up, we'll be
okay.

As COLLINS' car moves on, DE PORTAGO engages his clutch and creeps forward till he's parallel with FERRARI.

FERRARI

Remember what I told you. Find
Olivier - and stick behind him. He
knows the way. If you can hang onto
him till you reach Bologna, you're
in with a chance.

DE PORTAGO nods. FERRARI hesitates.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

One last thing. Can you autograph
this. It's for a very, very special
young man. *

DE PORTAGO nods.

DE PORTAGO

What's his name?

192 EXT. THE SQUARE. BRESCIA. DAWN.

192

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, signalling 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 he rises to his feet, DE PORTAGO's car tailgates COLLINS and TARUFFI up towards the ramp.

Then the Maserati 450s of Moss and Behra rumble into frame - their drivers sheltered by the ORSIS' umbrellas. MOSS's hand goes up in a salute which FERRARI returns.

193

EXT. STARTING RAMP. BRESCIA. DAWN.

193

Their engines rev higher; the flag goes up --

*

DE PORTAGO's 335 shoots off the ramp, the way jets fly off a carrier, their round tail lamps glowing like after-burners, following COLLINS and TARUFFI.

*

*

*

Almost immediately, they are followed by MOSS and BEHRA in their Maseratis.

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

PEPE turns up with the Peugeot, gets out and swings open the passenger door. FERRARI shakes the hand of a COUPLE OF OFFICIALS as CHITI and FORGHIERI clamber in.

The little car accelerates out of the square on the tail end of a dozen cars, 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.

201 EXT. THE LONG LEFT HANDER. DAWN. 201

The three cars accelerate around the curve; MOSS, hemmed in, but taking advantage of the inside bend edges ahead. TARUFFI has now caught up. The road switches right. *

202 EXT. LONG RIGHT HANDER. DAWN. 202

COLLINS and DE PORTAGO, now on the inside bend, gain on MOSS and pass him.

To their left, MOSS is losing it. TARUFFI passes MOSS. MOSS is now wide on the left and slowing.

203 INT. THE MASERATI. 203

JENKS looks at MOSS.

MOSS
No brakes.

He sees a track coming up on the left. He takes it.

204 EXT. MEADOW. DAWN 204

The Maserati explodes through the gate, shearing its mirrors and ploughs across the meadow, MOSS trying to hold it steady as it flies over the uneven ground. It travels this way for a hundred yards -- JENKS half way 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 VERONA. DAWN. 205

The four Ferraris head up the hill through the trees, BEHRA's car in hot pursuit.

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 stirs in the cockpit, leans forward 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. GUIDIZZOLLA. LITTLE TOWN. EMILIA. EARLY MORNING. 207

A small bar shows some life. The OWNER is opening his shutters. The Peugeot stops and FERRARI gets out, followed by CHITI, FORGHIERI and TAVONI.

208 INT. SMALL BAR. GUIDIZZOLLA. EARLY MORNING. 208

The TV is already on, with commentary on the race. FERRARI enters and makes for the telephone. He dials. The rest follow him in. FORGHIERI goes to the bar. The others sit down, facing the television, which is live from Ravenna.

FERRARI

(into phone)

Race Control?

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

TV FRONT MAN

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. FORGHIERI arrives with the coffee.

FERRARI

Moss is out...

209 OMITTED 209 *

210 EXT. FURTHER BEHIND ON THE ROAD TO RAYENNA. DAY. 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 VON TRIPS, then COLLINS, TARUFFI and DE PORTAGO.

*
*

They are being tracked, at a safe distance, by BEHRA's Maserati.

DE PORTAGO'S eyes widen -

From his POV - ahead of him is a solid wall of people. In the centre, the road disappears into a tunnel of cheering youths.

ED (CONT'D)
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 begins to scrabble out of the way of the approaching car.

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

Ed looks round.

ED (CONT'D)
That was close.

DE PORTAGO
What's next.

ED looks at his schoolboy map.

ED
The mountains...

217 EXT. CLOUDY MOUNTAIN PASS. MONTESIBILINI. DAY.

217

DE PORTAGO trails COLLINS into the mist.

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.

218 EXT. THE BRIDGE. MONTESIBILINI. DAY.

218

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

Spectators crowd on all the trees and rocks.

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

The phone rings. FERRARI picks it up.

FERRARI (CONT'D)
Yes?

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

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

AGNELLI (V.O.)
Enzo!

FERRARI
Gianni?

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

223

Cutting between the two locations:

AGNELLI
I apologize for calling in the middle of the race, Enzo. But I have this piece by Rancati in front of me.

FERRARI pulls forward the Automotive Magazine.

FERRARI
Gianni! 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 an important matter, Enzo.
The loss of Ferrari to foreigners.
Even the thought of it upsets me.
You're a national treasure.

*

An edge creeps into FERRARI's voice.

FERRARI
A jewel in the crown of Italy --

AGNELLI

Exactly --

FERRARI

Then does the jewel in the crown
have to scrimp and save to put its
cars into every race?

*
*

AGNELLI

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

FERRARI

Because the kind of offer you would
make would be full of conditions...

AGNELLI

That is not so, Enzo --

FERRARI

No? The bosses of my factory would
be businessmen in Turin --

AGNELLI

Enzo, we should talk this over
before this gets out of hand -- 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

Gianni, 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 FORGHIERI.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Where were we?

FORGHIERI

Monaco.

FERRARI nods.

224

EXT. PIAZZA NAVONA. ROME.

224

COLLINS accelerates fast out of the chaos of crowds in the Piazza Navona, as TARUFFI, VON TRIPS and DE PORTAGO thunder in. *

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.

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

LINDA 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.

On the other side of 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 pulls out, narrowly avoiding him. 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. He embraces LINDA.

DE PORTAGO

Meet me in Brescia.

LINDA

Tonight? I can't.

CHIEF MECHANIC

(interrupting)

When you get to Bologna, change the rubber. I'll call ahead.

DE PORTAGO nods.

DE PORTAGO (TO LINDA)

I'm going to win and I want you to be there...

LINDA kisses him passionately.

LINDA
I'll try.

CHIEF MECHANIC
And watch out. There's snow on the
Futa.

ED slides in beside him.

DE PORTAGO
You know the way from here?

ED nods. DE PORTAGO starts the engine, the car accelerates
with a wiggle across the square --

On the other side of which BEHRA back in the cockpit, 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. FUTA PASS. DAY. 225

It is snowing. COLLINS comes over the brow of the hill, and
straight into the snowstorm. Behind him is TARUFFI. VON TRIPS
is on his heels. And hard behind him is DE PORTAGO.

Behind DE PORTAGO is GENDEBIEN. And behind GENDEBIEN, BEHRA.
As they hit the undulating but straight road on top of the
plateau, BEHRA begins to overhang the 250 GT. On either side
drifts of snow edge the road, making it a bumpy ride.

226 OMITTED (MOVED INTO SC. 227) 226 *

227 INT. THE FOYER. HOTEL EXCELSIOR. BOLOGNA. DAY. 227

Through the ornate front doors, the Peugeot draws up. *
FERRARI, heading inside past PAPARAZZI, aiming their cameras *
at him. *

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

FERRARI makes his entrance and there is a buzz of applause
and shouts of 'Bravo, Commendatore!' A COUPLE OF RADIO MEN *
attempt to get a comment from him as he moves past towards
the desk --

He reaches the desk, and takes a great bunch of flowers out of the vase. The RECEPTIONIST, with a grin, accepts a \$20 tip.

228 EXT. THE LOBBY. SECOND FLOOR. THE EXCELSIOR. DAY. 228

The lift doors open and FERRARI 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 SUITE. EXCELSIOR. DAY. 229

FERRARI finds himself facing LINA, who kisses him passionately.

He gets suddenly turned on. He pushes the door shut and simultaneously presents her with the flowers and starts taking off his clothes. The TV is on in the background.

*
*
*

FERRARI

Does Tavoni know you're here?

LINA shakes her head.

LINA

Does he know you are?

FERRARI grins. He has a wicked glint in his eye.

FERRARI

Not yet.

230 EXT. FUTA. DAY. 230

BEHRA, having overtaken GENDEBIEN now, moves out of DE PORTAGO's slipstream and begins to overtake him.

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

DE PORTAGO, aware of BEHRA's presence, holds his speed. NELSON closes his eyes.

BEHRA edges forward, looks at DE PORTAGO. It's a challenge. Two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time. De Portago or Behra. He must brake! But neither does --

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, tears a strip off 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. ESCARPMENT. FUTA. DAY.

231

BEHRA's car plunges down the side of the steep slope like a damaged aircraft, spouting snow, which eventually obscures it.

Unseen boulders kick off the wheels, the fenders, the exhaust. Now nothing but a rumbling, invisible object in a giant white breaker, it surfs its way towards the road below, where in the distance the four Ferraris, having rounded the hairpin, are speeding back on what seems like a collision course.

Finally, it breaks free and tumbles nose first onto the road followed by an avalanche of ice, snow and rock.

BEHRA clammers slowly out of the wreck, looking like the abominable snowman. A fog of powdered snow hangs in the air.

COLLINS, meanwhile, appears out of it, 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.

COLLINS

Took the short cut, uh?

He waves Behra in, giving him a lift.

232

EXT. PIAZZA MAGGIORE. BOLOGNA. DAY.

232

The atmosphere in the Ferrari pits is jubilant as COLLINS' 335 skids to a halt beside the Ferrari fuel bowser, where FERRARI is waiting to greet him. BEHRA holds out his hand. COLLINS 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... FERRARI embraces COLLINS.

*

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 peering into the car, turning on
the ignition; checking the drive-train.

*
*

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.

*

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

*

COLLINS (CONT'D)

Who's behind me?

*

FERRARI

Everyone.

COLLINS

What about Moss?

FERRARI

You blew him 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

You saw them both off.

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
FORGHIERI, who hands it to a MECHANIC, who hands it to a
group of BOYS.

MECHANIC

You want Collins banana?

The THEE KIDS looks at it -- and grab.

COLLINS revs the engine, lets out the clutch.

As he takes off -- to a roar from the crowd, a procession of
Ferraris enter the square led by VON TRIPS followed by
GENDEBIEN and TARUFFI...

As COLLINS passes him, on the way out, he points to his
engine and makes a thumbs down sign --

VON TRIPS nods...

TAVONI

Commendatore.

FERRARI looks around, to find CHITI, TAVONI and FORGHIERI
facing him.

TAVONI (CONT'D)

Now that Maserati is out --

FORGHIERI

We're in danger of running the cars
into the ground.

CHITI

Order the drivers to hold their
positions

FERRARI

They won't.

FERRARI, charged, turns his head and calls out.

*

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Taruffi! I give you a brand new car
and look at it!

TARUFFI has just trundled into the bay. The hood of his car is missing, revealing a steaming engine bay. As the PIT TEAM refuel the car he staggers out of the cockpit, trying to straighten his stiff legs.

TARUFFI

What do you mean, brand new? The back axle's bent. I've only got three gears, and I lost the hood over the Futa.

FERRARI

Any more damage, Taruffi, you pay for.

TARUFFI dismisses this with a wave as he staggers towards the portable lavatory. Meanwhile the three continue to argue --

CHITI

But if we continue at this pace --

TAVONI

For the future of the factory --

FERRARI

-- the factory is built on racing. *

FERRARI touches his temple. GENDEBIEN sits in his coupe as its being refuelled.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

No 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 into the square.

He accelerates away heading for Porta San Felice.

TARUFFI comes back, zipping up his overalls, as DE PORTAGO'S 335 pulls up in GENDEBIEN'S bay.

NELSON jackknives out for a piss, DE PORTAGO eases himself out to take a mug of coffee offered him by a MECHANIC.

TARUFFI
(to Ferrari)
I think I can make it --

FERRARI
You foul mouthed geriatric, listen.
If you don't finish in the first
three, your wife will never speak
to you again, nor will your
children.

*

TARUFFI
I want this one.

He turns the starter motor.

FERRARI
Then go for it.

To a great cheer, TARUFFI accelerates across the square. VON TRIPS chases after him.

As the MECHANICS swarm over DE PORTAGO'S car, FERRARI approaches him.

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, Fon.

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

It's worn.

DE PORTAGO

Will it get us to Brescia?

CHITI hesitates.

DE PORTAGO puts his foot down and the car surges forward.

CHITI, FORGHIERI 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 (OPT) -- nears her door. A van with a television mounted on its roof is parked outside. Around the door there are already THREE PHOTOGRAPHERS.

*

*

As 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.

ADELGESA has been sitting watching television. Bit 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 and turns the TV back on again. As the picture appears, it shows FERRARI in close-up, talking to REPORTERS. LINA is with him.

Instinctively, LAURA knows it is LINA. She looks cool, poised and carries a bunch of yellow flowers.

COMMENTATOR

Signor Ferrari? Who's going to win?

FERRARI

It could be any of the first five --

R.J. #3
 What about Gendebien's 250?

FERRARI
 He's demonstrated that even the
 smallest Ferrari can compete at the
 highest level --

LAURA turns, but ADELGESA is already leaving the room.

LAURA
 You knew about her, and you never
 told me!

ADELGESA retreats, steady under fire.

ADELGESA
 He is entitled to an heir.

LAURA
 I gave him one!

But ADELGESA is already out of the room.

ADELGESA (V.O.)
 As it turns out, one was not
 enough.

LAURA takes one last look at the television. FERRARI has
 turned away but LINA is caught half turning, smiling a shy
 goodbye.

All LAURA's pent up rage is released and she screams.

235

INT. CHURCH GUIDIZZOLLA. DAY.

235

A wedding is taking place in a tiny side altar. The place is
 garlanded with spring flowers.

The PRIEST faces the young BRIDE and GROOM.

PRIEST
 And, Francesca, daughter of
 Giancarlo and Maria --

A YOUNG MAN opens the door --

YOUTH
 They're here.

- 236 EXT. THE ROAD TO GUIDIZZOLLA. DAY. 236
- The five red dots hurtle down the dead straight road.
COLLINS, GENDEBIEN, TARUFFI, VON TRIPS, DE PORTAGO.
- 237 INT. COLLINS CAR. DAY. 237
- He sees the intersection, the crowd of kids...
- From his POV - The road ahead.
- The crowd has spilled down the embankment and are scrambling to get back up. He is closing in on them at nearly a 100 yards a second.
- 238 EXT. THE CHURCH. GUIDIZZOLLA. DAY 238
- Watched by a furious BRIDE, the WEDDING PARTY, run down towards the road, wrecking her moment of romance.
- 239 EXT. CORNER. VIA BRESCIA. GUIDIZZOLLA. DAY. 239
- COLLINS passes in a storm of stones and dirt -- inches from the faces of the kids watching from the ditch.
- TARUFFI and VON TRIPS scream by closely followed by GENDEBIEN. Like nesting birds, a phalanx of amateur cameramen record the event from the branches of the trees.
- And now it is DE PORTAGO.
- POV -- from just behind the front wheel. A blur of spring flowers, legs, dogs, cheering kids faces -- and then a white milestone coming up fast. The stone is directly in line with the middle of the tire and as it hits it, the tire explodes.
- The noise whips the faces round towards the oncoming car. It cartwheels towards them at over 180 miles per hour. It flies over their heads and into the trees, where it boomerangs -- coming apart -- from one to the other in a series of muffled explosions.
- 240 EXT. THE HILL BELOW THE CHURCH. DAY 240
- The WEDDING PARTY, screaming with horror, scrambling clear.

A crowd of dust obscures the road -- shapes of CHILDREN can be glimpsed wandering confused through it. ADULTS scrambling to pull them clear as the next cars bear down on them...

CUT TO

241 EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE. GUIDIZZOLLA. DUSK 241

The noise and confusion have gone.
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.

Coming to the edge of a gully, the PRIEST hesitates. Then he makes his way down into the gully, to put the holy wafer on the tongue of the decapitated head of ALFONSO DE PORTAGO, whose body lies suspended in the tree above it.

242 EXT. THE SQUARE AT BRESCIA. DAY 242

This is a scene of unalloyed joy. A brass band is playing. There is a carnival atmosphere.

Standing on roof of Gendebien's car are TARUFFI, the winner, his arm around 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, getting off on 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 tight. KLEMANTANSKI hugs her...

As LINDA is swept towards the ramp, she spots them and waves.

LINDA
Where's Fon?

243 EXT. WOODS HILLSIDE. GUIDIZZOLLA. 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 surveys the scene. CHITI and TAVONI follow.

A POLICEMAN points out where the bulk of the car had impacted...

FERRARI walks up into the wood, followed by CHITI, TAVONI, FORGHIERI. The locals mill around, trying to help; relatives weep. No one seems aware he's there.

He looks around. More bodies, swathed in plastic, are being removed.

FERRARI looks up into the trees, where bits of the 335 are still lodged.

A SENIOR POLICE OFFICER arrives, he knows FERRARI --

SENIOR POLICE OFFICER
Commendatore?

CHITI produces a letter from the Parma police to collect the car.

FERRARI's devastated. He'd learned to steel himself somewhat to the deaths of drivers, but the 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 running down a hill towards them in a wedding dress, the veil torn, her bodice stained with blood. The police 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

LINDA CHRISTIAN enters and shuts the door. She turns on the light and surveys the room.

The beds have been made up, 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. HALL. TALL HOUSE. MONACO. DAY 245

DE PORTAGO enters, kicks off his shoes --

DE PORTAGO
 Linda? Where are you?

He pulls off his shirt -- strips.

LINDA (V.O.)
 (distant)
 I'm upstairs.

DE PORTAGO grins and, 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, three
 flights, to burst into her bedroom, stark bollock naked and
 so very much ALIVE.

LINDA (V.O.)
 Fon!

246 INT. DE PORTAGO'S ROOM. MARZOTTO HOTEL. NIGHT. 246

She finishes reading the letter and curls up on the bed.

LINDA
 Fon.

247 EXT. YARD. FACTORY. MARANELLO. MIDNIGHT 247

The factory team are back from Brescia. They are in the
 process of unloading Taruffi's, Gendebien's and Von Trips'
 cars plus Collin's abandoned 335.

In the cold light of the arc lamps, dented and covered in mud, they look completely driven out.

The MECHANICS work in an unacustomed silence. The terrible events at Guidizzola are with them.

The drivers are not around. Only FERRARI is there to supervise the unloading

Every minute brings a new truck or tanker through the gates. Their crews still elated at the Ferrari victory and unaware of the seriousness of the events at Guidizzolo.

Finally a van rolls in, carrying the wreck of De Portago's machine. For a second all work in the yard stops, as a gesture of respect, but FERRARI calmly orders it towards the boneyard.

248

INT. OFFICE BLOCK. FACTORY. MARANELLO. NIGHT.

248

In various offices, FINI and RANCATI have been recruited to help answer a torrent of calls. FINI is working out of Ferrari's office. RANCATI out of Tavoni's. MARISA is at her usual desk in the outer office.

FINI

(on the phone)

As you can appreciate, Enzo has his hands full at the moment -- but I'll tell him you called.

MARISA

(on the phone)

The Commendatore is not available --

RANCATI

(on the phone)

No. Signor Ferrari is not available to answer your questions.

249

INT. THE BONEYARD. FACTORY. MARANELLO. NIGHT.

249

FERRARI

Here!

The chassis of the 335 crashes onto the cement floor.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Wheels over there. Hood here. Trunk...

He points. The wheels, the cockpit, the twisted metal of hood and trunk are now off-loaded and stacked separately.

As the van drives off, FERRARI is left staring at the wreckage. It is unrecognizable.

A vision of the demented bride swims before his eyes running down through the trees, her white gown 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.

FERRARI studies the flower.

CHITI
This wheel hit a kerb stone, a
brick, something solid. It wasn't
the tire.

*
*
*
*

CHITI examines it. The shredded rubber is tangled around it like seaweed. Chiti is trying to reassure him.

*
*

FERRARI becomes aware of FINI standing behind him.

*

FINI
It's late, you should go home.

FERRARI shakes his head, straightens up.

FERRARI
Thanks for coming in to help.

FINI
Marisa asked me to give you these.
I guess you will want to call them.

FERRARI takes the paper, glances at it and nods. FINI hesitates.

FINI (CONT'D)
And I think Henry Ford called the
house and talked to Laura...

FERRARI
Ford?

FINI
And, Agnelli, I talked to him this
morning. Many assurances but --
(MORE)

FINI (CONT'D)
 (he nods to the wrecked
 car)
 -- he'll talk further when this is
 over.

FERRARI
 I'm forever in your debt, my
 friend.

*
 *
 *

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 triumphantly
 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)
 That is separate from your victory
 today, it will go into the history
 books...
 (he attempts a joke)
 Of course your car is a mess. I
 shall be sending you a bill.
 (MORE)

FERRARI (CONT'D)
 (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.

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 the factory offices at Maranello.

FERRARI
 Linda? This is Enzo. 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 the risks.
 (silence, then)

FERRARI
 Is there anyway I can help?

LINDA

It's you who needs help, Enzo.

He gently puts the phone down, shattered. As he sits there,
MARISA knocks on the door. *

MARISA

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.
Do you need anything?

FERRARI shakes his head.

She looks at him, concerned.

As she 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. SERGIO's feet can be heard,
but he neither looks up nor round at his approach.

SERGIO enters and stares at the car. An attempt had been made
to piece it together but it looks utterly destroyed.

SERGIO

Lina called me. She wants me to
bring you there...

FERRARI doesn't reply. SERGIO walks close to take a critical
look at the vehicle. After all he'd built it...

SERGIO (CONT'D)

What happened?

FERRARI stirs but doesn't answer. *

SERGIO (CONT'D) *

Horrible. Drivers, we all know, get
killed doing this. *

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI

A wedding party does not, not
children. A bride groom. *

(MORE)

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Their blood got spilled by metal
that I made on this evil afternoon.

(pause)

How's the bird?

SERGIO

Still in the cage.

FERRARI

Sensible creature.

(pause)

I have to talk to those vultures.

Then drive me home.

257 INT. SERGIO'S OLD PICKUP. YARD. FACTORY. NIGHT.

257

SERGIO behind the wheel, driving --

SERGIO

The farm?

FERRARI

No. Largo Garibaldi.

SERGIO 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

SERGIO'S old truck comes to a halt. FERRARI gets out. He
looks up at the house. The upper floors are dark. He turns to
SERGIO.

FERRARI

Phone Lina will you? Tell her I'll
call. Maybe tomorrow. I have
business here.

He turns away towards the house.

259 EXT. FERRARI'S HOUSE. LARGO GARIBALDI. NIGHT.

259

FERRARI lets himself in.

260 INT. LAURA'S APARTMENT. FERRARI'S HOUSE. LARGO GARIBALDI. NIGHT.

ON THE TELEVISION a MOB OF REPORTERS and TELEVISION NEWSMEN
surround Ferrari.

FERRARI (V.O.)
Italy is looking for a scapegoat.
Here I am.

An explosion of questions and FLASHBULBS as Ferrari exits through the gate back into factory. TAVONI addresses them --

TAVONI
The tires were identical to the tires on the race winning cars of Taruffi and Gendebien. Nothing went wrong with their tires -- Portago had no problem with his.

It cuts to a COMMENTATOR, who speaks into camera:

COMMENTATOR
It's the feeling in Rome, on a catastrophe of this scale, someone must bear the blame, and Ferrari -- allowing De Portago to proceed after his car had received frontal damage -- may be charged with the...

FERRARI's footsteps on the stairs.

LAURA with only a few candles lit, and the television, turns down the volume. FERRARI enters the dark room.

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 deep shit, you know that?
To do with the tires --

FERRARI
There was nothing wrong with the tires. Did you take any calls?

LAURA
Ugolini called from the Gazette.

FERRARI
What did you tell him?

LAURA

I told him to go fuck himself. And then that man from Autosport? I told him to go 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

Finì. I told him to go fuck himself. After that I took the phone off the hook.

FERRARI

(ironic)
Great.

ADELGESA peers in the doorway, fully dressed beside a suitcase.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Mama! What are you doing?

ADELGESA

I'm all packed. When do we leave?

FERRARI

We're not going anywhere -- go back to sleep.

LAURA

I see this as God's way of punishing us.

FERRARI

Us? You think He slaughtered 13 people in Guidizzolo to get even with you and me? As if we're not capable of inflicting enough pain 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've cashed the check. They're
calling insolvency experts. As if I
wasn't in enough trouble --

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 martyr... a scapegoat!"

(beat)

Who are you, Saint Sebastian? To
stand there and let them shoot
arrows up your ass? *

(beat)

Go beat the hell out of them. The
motorsport writers. The hacks. *

Threaten them. Extort them. Those
still on their feet -- the most
sanctimonious, hypocritical, *

persistent -- you give brown *

envelopes. *

(she points at the cash

stacked on the table)

And then they, too, will... *

discover... "perhaps the Sage of

Maranello has been maligned

unfairly, and objectivity and

moderation should reassert itself

in the distinguished Italian

press." *

(pause)

For that you need cash.

And she indicates the stacked five-hundred dollars of bank
notes on the table.

FERRARI is silent. Before him is the younger Laura, before
tragedy of Dino's disease and death struck. No one would
suspect that, in her present frame of mind, she would
strategize and fund such an operation.

FERRARI picks up a wad of money, looks at her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I guess you thought I'd pack a suit case and go...

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI

It crossed my mind...

*

LAURA

It crossed my mind, too...

*

And LAURA laughs. It's the first 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.

(beat)

There was a part of you in Dino. A part of you you never showed to me, except in our early years. A warmth, a joy, your wit. You revealed it to your friends. But never to me after a while. All I got is what was left when you came home, the ambition, the drive... the remorseless pursuit of power, plots, the paranoia, even our fucking, as if that could save him... So, what I loved in you, I found in him. And, now he's gone.

*

*

*

*

*

*

LAURA has reached out across the table. FERRARI reaches out, too, to hold her hand. He clutches it firmly.

LAURA (CONT'D)

There is no condition. Have the money either way. It is my *wish*. For my grief, for my son's memory, for our history. You do not acknowledge the boy with the name Ferrari while I'm alive.

*

*

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 nods.

[OMITTED SCENES 261-263]

264

EXT. CEMETERY. DAWN.

264

Birds are singing, the cold sky is tinged with gold.

FERRARI walks across the amphitheater towards the Mausoleum --

-- on the steps of which PIERO sits wrapped in a coat, waiting for him. FERRARI does not see the boy till he reaches the lowest step. Then he looks up.

PIERO

I've been waiting for you.

FERRARI mounts the steps, stops.

FERRARI

How did you get here?

PIERO

Pepino brought me.

FERRARI nods.

FERRARI

Your mother wants me to come home?

PIERO nods.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

You haven't been here before, have you?

PIERO shakes his head.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

Come on, I'll introduce you to your brother.

PIERO stands up. FERRARI takes his hand. Together they walk up towards the Mausoleum.

FERRARI (CONT'D)

I wish you could have known him. He would have taken you with him everywhere.

PIERO
Did you get de Portago's autograph?

FERRARI
Yes.

PIERO
What did it say?

FERRARI
"Bite life in the ass."

PIERO laughs.

265

EPILOGUE

265

SCROLL
Ferrari was charged with manslaughter over the accident at Guidizzolo, but was later exonerated by the courts.

Lina moved to Modena. When Laura died, Piero Ferrari was officially recognized as Ferrari's heir.

Apart from Olivier Gendebien, Ferrari's beloved 'Spring Team' were all killed in racetrack and road accidents between 1957 and 1959.

In the following year Ferrari regained the World Championship. In the years that followed the red cars came to dominate World motor racing.

END