



Written by
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SCOTT FREE PRODUCTIONS
634 N. La Peer Drive
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OVER BLACK: *BABY CAN I HOLD YOU TONIGHT* as sung by Pavarotti.

1 EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF FLORENCE, ITALY- DAWN 1

Brunelleschi's Dome, Giotto's Tower, the Arno River. A postcard come to life, enveloped in a painterly light.

2 EXT. VIA DELLE CALDAIE- DAWN 2

A medieval street slowly waking up. Our gaze turns towards a grate marked "COMUNE DI FIRENZE". Suddenly, WATER gurgles out of it, quickly invading the street's cobblestones. Ominous.

3 INT. LEATHER GOODS FACTORY- DAWN 3

A factory frozen in mid-production. Hundreds of items in various stages of the process: bags, shoes, belts. We linger over them voyeuristically. Their craftsmanship is exquisite.

Suddenly: a RUSH of water sweeps through the atelier. Violent, unstoppable. Nature's wrecking ball. The gorgeous leather goods float around helplessly- and with them white lab coats, papers, designs.

4 INT. LEATHER GOODS FACTORY, STAIRWELL- DAWN 4

The portrait of a DISTINGUISHED MAN- more King than fashion titan- stares blankly at us. The rising water engulfs the portrait, swallowing it whole. The face vanishing with it.

We move outside the factory through the window and hold on the Fascist-era signage informing us whose factory this is. Five letters, slowly filling the screen. In iconic type.

GUCCI

5 CLOSE ON: AN ASHEN-FACED WOMAN. 5

Wrap-around sunglasses cover her eyes. A burning cigarette in her hand. A tower of ash lands next to her off-white sneakers.

This is PATRIZIA REGGIANI (47). She addresses us directly.

PATRIZIA

I don't really believe in lessons-
So I hope you don't think I'm trying
to teach you one or tell you
something you already know. I just
want you to hear my story, to know
the facts before they got distorted.

6 SUPER TIGHT ON: A MAN'S FACE.

6

Melancholic. Pensive. He is perched at the stool of a bustling cafe. Also smoking. We are on the opposite side of the street, watching him through the window.

This is MAURIZIO GUCCI. 47. Three-piece suit. Tinted specs. Effortlessly elegant.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

It was a name that sounded so sweet, so seductive. Synonymous with wealth, style, power.

A waiter places an espresso and a brioche next to Maurizio's hands. We notice his DOUBLE G GUCCI CUFFLINKS.

7 BACK TO PATRIZIA.

7

She removes her sunglasses and we get a glimpse of her VIOLET EYES. They are both touching and terrifying.

PATRIZIA

You passed one of their windows and peaked inside, hoping you'd earn enough money some day to be able to afford the second-cheapest item. Surprise: you won't. But that last name was a curse, too. It belonged to the most terrible of Tuscan families. After the Borgias, the Pazzis, the Medicis... came the **Guccis**. They didn't fight over land or crown. They fought over their own skins and those of their sacred cows.

TITLE UP: MILAN, 1975.8 INT. SAVINI RESTAURANT- NIGHT

8

An ostentatious Italian restaurant overlooking the Galleria in Milan. Patrizia (25) is mesmerized by a kit of PIGEONS fighting over crumbs outside the restaurant's glass pane.

COUNT BRUNELLO (O.S.)

The crepes flambées. To die for.

FWOOM. A TUXEDOED WAITER ignites the crepes tableside. They go up in a small blaze. He flips them, serves them.

We reveal COUNT BRUNELLO. Stiffer than a very stiff Martini.

COUNT BRUNELLO (CONT'D)

Where was I?

PATRIZIA

You were talking about yourself.

COUNT BRUNELLO

Right. As I was saying- people don't respect aristocrats like they used to. I had to work hard to be who I am. My looks, on the other hand? At least those are God-given.

PATRIZIA

I'm an atheist.

COUNT BRUNELLO

(puts his hand on hers)

You're still my type. You know why? You don't ask stupid questions. You're beautiful. You know your place in the world. Just one issue.
(pause)

I thought you'd be taller.

Patrizia's long nailed fingers SQUEEZE the Count's hand. Speechless indignation forming on her face. He grimaces.

SILVANA (O.S.)

You called Count Brunello a *what?!*

SMASH CUT TO:

9

INT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

9

Silvana follows Patrizia around the house in furry slippers, cigarette and curlers. Patrizia is removing her accessories.

PATRIZIA

He called me short. I'm petite.

SILVANA

You know what that does? When you act that way? It makes me look bad. I'm the one sticking my neck out for. You're not a kid. You're 30.

PATRIZIA

I'm 25.

SILVANA

25, 30- You need to find someone before you lose your looks. How do you think I wrangled your stepfather? Nobody will marry you for your brain, Patrizia.

(MORE)

SILVANA (CONT'D)

They'll marry you for your looks.
Thankfully you got those from me.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Mother never worked a day in her
life, so she made it her full-time
job to find me the wrong man.*

10 INT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD, STUDY- NIGHT 10

Silvana cuts around the photo of a handsome playboy from a magazine and pins it to a cork board behind her. There are dozens of other faces, names.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*She would go through the tabloids and
track every rich bachelor in town.
Then she'd get in touch with their
families, and I'd be sent off on
suicide missions.*

11 EXT. SAN DONATO MILANESE- DAY 11

BIRD'S EYE: Patrizia's orange FIAT 124 Spider takes the exit ramp off of a new clover-field freeway in Milan's hinterland.

12 EXT. FERNANDO REGGIANI'S TRUCKING COMPANY- DAY 12

Patrizia parks her Fiat. She steps out in a super-tight polkadot dress, tall heels, wrap around sunglasses.

As she walks towards her office trailer, a gaggle of truckers stop washing their trucks. Completely transfixed by her.

PATRIZIA

(waving at them)

Ciao...

TRUCKERS

(in perfect unison)

Buongiorno Signorina.

Patrizia keeps walking towards us. A wry smile on her face.

13 INT. OFFICE TRAILER- DAY 13

C/U: Patrizia's long nails type on a typewriter like it's a Steinway piano. She is working on an EXPENSE REPORT.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*I helped with my stepfather's books
twice a week. Enough to break many
nails and save him a ton of cash.*

Her stepfather FERNANDO REGGIANI (50s) dumps a stack of CHECKS on her desk. He wears a shiny silver double breasted suit. He licks his comb, slicks his hair back.

FERNANDO

Do me a favor? I'm late for my 3pm.

Patrizia places Fernando's signature above the first of many blank checks. Carefully copies it. Proudly shows it to him.

He examines it, amazed. They're identical. Kisses her head.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

Better than the real thing.

14

EXT. FERNANDO REGGIANI'S TRUCKING COMPANY- DUSK

14

Patrizia slides into her car, sighs deeply after a work day. From across the lot: a secretary waves at her with a TELEPHONE HANDSET. Patrizia hesitates a moment. More work?

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

One moment can change everything. A wrong turn. Stepping onto the street a second too late. An invitation from an old friend. That's what it was for me.

She decides to take the call. Walks over, grabs the handset.

PATRIZIA

Hello? Max, hi.

(smiling as she listens)

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. I'll be there.

15

EXT. PALAZZO DEGLI OMENONI- NIGHT

15

A Jaguar E-type pulls up outside the stunning Palazzo showing 16th century statues contorted in pain. Patrizia steps out wearing a head-to-toe mink coat. Her hair, her make-up, her shoes. We can *smell* the perfume. She means business.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

It was a costume party thrown by Vittoria Orlando. My friend Max had met her the previous summer. La creme de la creme of Milanese high society.

ON MAX (25) swarthy and devilishly handsome. He removes something from the glovebox, puts it in his mouth. Turns around, smiles for Patrizia. DRACULA.

MUSIC CUE: LA BAMBOLA by Patty Pravo.

WE FOLLOW PATRIZIA, FROM BEHIND: She passes the NIGHT PORTER, who welcomes her; she heads up the lavish staircase, passes two giggling guests dressed as MATADORS; she approaches two enormous double-doors which swing open. Enters the BALLROOM.

16

INT. PALAZZO DEGLI OMENONI, BALLROOM- NIGHT

16

A "Carnevale" party. The costumes are exquisite. Venetian masks, Arlecchini, classical composers, historical figures.

Max, standing behind her like a servant, removes Patrizia's MINK COAT and reveals the most smoldering red dress ever. She knows what she's doing.

ON THE GUESTS: Conversations stop. Everybody in the room notices. The men, of course. But also the women, who gawk enviously and incredulously at this apparition. For a moment Patrizia kidnaps their attention. She circles the room.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

I looked good. I have these violet eyes. Everyone's always told me I look just like Elizabeth Taylor. That's what they said, anyway.

Vittoria Orlando, accompanied by two men, steps up to Max and Patrizia, hand extended. She's dressed as Marie Antoinette.

VITTORIA ORLANDO

My darling Max. I knew this party was missing that *je ne sais quoi*.

MAX

Vittoria. Stunning as always. This is my friend Patrizia.

VITTORIA ORLANDO

Patrizia... of...

PATRIZIA

Reggiani. Tractors. Diesel Dynasty.
(pause)
Like the Lamborghinis.

Embarrassed faces all around.

MAX

Excuse me. I must say hi to someone.

Patrizia looks over at Max as he flirts with a handsome hunk.

17

LATER. AT THE BAR

17

A nerdy guy stands awkwardly next to the bar. He is in a TUXEDO. Keeps pushing his oversized glasses into the bridge of his nose. Drinks Pepsi. This is MAURIZIO GUCCI (20s).

Patrizia saddles up next to him.

PATRIZIA

Johnny Walker. Splash of water. As much as you can fit in the glass without making it look like I'm trying to get drunk.

Maurizio turns around. Their eyes meet. He's speechless.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Or should I pour it myself?

He quickly reaches for the Johnny Walker, makes her a drink.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

I'll tip you when I get my coat.

MAURIZIO

I... I don't work here.

PATRIZIA

Well why are you dressed like a waiter? Is that your costume?

MAURIZIO

My father thinks costume parties are ridiculous and he forbids me from dressing up.

PATRIZIA

You should just tell people you're 007. You're a pistol away from it.

Maurizio reflects on this. She's right.

MAURIZIO

What about *your* costume?

PATRIZIA

People hide behind masks every day. Why wear yet another one?
(extending her hand)
I'm Patrizia.

Maurizio bows, gives her a *baise main*. He's very old school.

MAURIZIO

Maurizio. How come I've never seen you before?

PATRIZIA

You weren't looking hard enough.

MAURIZIO

I rarely come to these parties. I am not that great with people. Has anybody ever told you that you look just like Elizabeth Taylor?

PATRIZIA

I can assure you I am way more fun.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

He looked like the kind of guy that would pay his bills on time. But there was a sweetness in the air I hadn't experienced before.

18

INT. PALAZZO DEGLI OMENONI, BALLROOM- NIGHT

18

Most of the guests are sitting at tables around the dance-floor, or grabbing their coats to leave. Maurizio and Patrizia slow-dance to *Il Cielo in una Stanza* by Mina.

Max stands with Patrizia's coat, ready to go. But he doesn't want to interrupt what is clearly a moment of pure chemistry.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

I liked the way his skin smelled. I recognized it from someplace else.

They're alone on the dance floor. Maurizio is a terrible dancer. And he's twice her height. But she leads, swaying to the music and helping him along. She's a good teacher.

DONG. DONG. DONG. The huge grandfather clock rings MIDNIGHT. Maurizio PULLS away from Patrizia, double checks his watch.

MAURIZIO

Forgive me. I must go. My father...

He kisses her hand- definitely more intimately than the initial *baise main*. Runs out, panicked. Patrizia makes her way to the balcony, gets a bird's eye view of Maurizio climbing into a limousine. His bodyguard, FRANCO, awaits.

MAX

Do you know who that was?

(beat)

That was Maurizio Gucci.

19

INT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD, KITCHEN- NIGHT

19

Patrizia stands barefoot in the kitchen, still wearing her dress. Cigarette in one hand, jug of milk in the other.

Mamma SILVANA storms in.

SILVANA

Where were you? Where have you been? Why didn't you call? You know I don't like that Max-

PATRIZIA

(wiping milk from her lip)
I really like this one, Ma.

SILVANA

I don't like how he drives, he makes me nervous- and why are you dressed like this in February-

PATRIZIA

I'm not talking about Max.

SILVANA

No?

PATRIZIA

No.

Stand-off. Will she tell her mother?

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

I met Maurizio Gucci tonight.

She leaves the kitchen as her mother processes this. Off-screen: the sound of Patrizia's bedroom door closing.

Uncharacteristically, Silvana is SPEECHLESS.

20

INT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD- DAY

20

Patrizia runs into the house carrying groceries. She dumps them in the hallway and checks the Answering Machine.

No new messages. She looks genuinely gutted.

Silvana moseys in, arms folded.

SILVANA

He hasn't called.

PATRIZIA

He will.

SILVANA

Does he even have your number?

PATRIZIA

(lying between her teeth)

Of course he does. I just have to be patient. He's probably busy.

Patrizia hides her disappointment, puts groceries away. Silvana follows her around the house like a cloud.

SILVANA

Patience is pathetic. I raised a woman, not a buddhist monk. You've got to take what's yours. Grab a hold of the situation. Do you know what he's doing right now? He's meeting other girls. Prettier, richer, smarter girls than you. But none as hungry as you.

Patrizia looks up at her mother. Tears in her eyes. Her mother wipes her tears.

SILVANA (CONT'D)

You're my little tiger, Patrizia. You have to take what's yours.

She hands Patrizia a post-it note with some writing on it. Patrizia looks at it.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

She called every university department in Milan pretending she had found his wallet. Found out where he was enrolled. Some would call it stalking- she described it as "intense research of a subject".

21

EXT. CAFE LA FORTUNA- DAY

21

RAIN. Patrizia. Burberry raincoat and flat shoes. Sits under the cafe's awning opposite the Università La Cattolica. STUDENTS TRICKLE OUT. She finishes her cappuccino, quickly removes a bottle of *l'Air du Temps* and sprays herself.

A face appears from beyond the revolving glass doors. MAURIZIO. Patrizia calls out to him.

PATRIZIA

Maurizio!

He looks at her. Puzzled. Pushes his glasses in. Squints.

MAURIZIO
Yes? Do I know you?

He doesn't recognize her! She suddenly appears... defeated.

PATRIZIA

...

But then he SMILES. And she resumes breathing again.

MAURIZIO
Wait there.

He crosses the street, narrowly dodges a bicycle.

UNDER THE AWNING:

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)
The lady in red?

PATRIZIA
I never thought I'd see you again.

MAURIZIO
Most people don't. You study here?

PATRIZIA
I'm thinking about it. My problem is
that books put me to sleep.

MAURIZIO
You're in the wrong place then.

PATRIZIA
Any advice on what courses to take?

MAURIZIO
Definitely skip the small classes.
They'll notice you snoozing.

PATRIZIA
I am a quiet sleeper. I learned to
sleep on my back when I was six.

MAURIZIO
That sounds uncomfortable.

PATRIZIA
It's to avoid sleep lines on my
face.

Maurizio laughs awkwardly.

She looks into his eyes, launching a thousand ships.

A beat that lasts... an eternity. Smoldering silence.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
I was hoping to bump into you.

MAURIZIO
Why?

PATRIZIA
So you can ask me out.

MAURIZIO
You want to go on a date with me?

PATRIZIA
Of course.

Franco, parked on the other side of the street, opens his window to get a better view of Patrizia.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
The chances of us seeing each other again were tiny- but here we are. You know what this is? It's fate.

She slips her number in his shirt pocket. His heart almost falls out.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
That's my number. I'm very busy but I'll make time for you.

She kisses him on the cheek.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
Eventually he found the courage to call. That was a big deal for him.

SNAPSHOT OF MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA walking past Milan's Duomo, arm in arm, as a thousand pigeons take flight around them.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
We spoke of love and life. Of the mother he never knew but missed. Of our fears. No, I won't give you details. Some things stay private.

SNAPSHOT: they walk past the GUCCI store in Via Montenapoleone, her eyes beaming in amazement. The Gucci insignia reflected on them.

SNAPSHOT: Maurizio and Patrizia eat *panzerotti* (hotpockets) in the street. He takes a huge bite and makes a mess: he's never had one and it shows. She cleans him up with napkins.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
We dated like a normal couple.

SNAPSHOT: they pass Arnaldo Pomodoro's famous sculpture of a half-sliced Tomato, try spinning it around. It moves an inch.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
Well, with one huge difference.

We pan over to FRANCO THE BODYGUARD, watching from across the street. Checking his watch.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*Maurizio's father was terrified
 that the Red Brigades would kidnap
 his son. They'd been targeting rich
 Italian kids. So he ordered Franco
 to follow Maurizio everywhere.*

22

EXT. NAVIGLI CANALS- NIGHT

22

FOG. The kind of fog that envelopes the Scottish Highlands or... Lombardy's *pianura padana*. Hard to see 10 feet ahead. Maurizio and Patrizia are walking hand in hand, Franco keeping up behind them. They turn a corner.

Franco turns the corner too but realizes he's LOST THEM.

ON MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA. They are RUNNING down a cobblestone street, hand in hand. They emerge onto the other main canal. Nobody around. Patrizia notices a tiny ROWBOAT bobbing.

PATRIZIA
 Let's take it!

MAURIZIO
 You're *stealing* this boat?

PATRIZIA
 Not stealing it. Just an extreme
 case of window-shopping.

She removes her heels and steps onto the boat with Maurizio's help. They undo the rope, grab an oar and push away.

LATER: Patrizia and Maurizio are wrapped around each other on the boat. Light drizzle comes down on them. He takes off his raincoat and lays it over both of them like a blanket.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
 Don't move or we'll capsize.

They kiss, disappear under the coat.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

Maurizio was sick with bronchitis for a month after that. He told his father he caught it running in the rain. It was the first of many lies he told about us. His father started questioning why Maurizio was never hungry at dinner, or why the phone bill was so high.

23

INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, WAITING ROOM- DAY

23

TIGHT on a KLIMT PAINTING. Patrizia stares at it confusedly, walks over to an imposing leather couch. Sinks in it.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

When Maurizio finally took me to meet his father, I sat for hours listening to them talk about me.

She sits on the couch, adjusting her posture. The leather SQUEAKS loudly. Her eyes are glued to a HUGE MIRROR where we can make out two figures: MAURIZIO and his father RODOLFO.

RODOLFO GUCCI

You'll send me to an early grave.
Is that what you want?

MAURIZIO

Shhhh. She can probably hear you.

RODOLFO GUCCI

I don't care. She's only after your money, don't you see? They all are.

Patrizia awkwardly looks over at a maid who pretends to busy herself with a plant. The tension is palpable.

MAURIZIO

I love her. You can't change that.

RODOLFO GUCCI

What about me?! What am I to you?
You're my only son. I gave you
life. I gave you everything.

MAURIZIO

I'm going to marry her.

RODOLFO GUCCI

You can't just marry someone.
(beat)
At least wait until I'm dead.

MAURIZIO
I'm sorry. I can't. She is too
important to me.

RODOLFO GUCCI
I'll never allow it.

Rodolfo turns away from his son, faces a window. A long beat.

RODOLFO GUCCI (CONT'D)
Leave this house immediately.

Maurizio exits the room, grabs Patrizia by the arm. They walk
down the cold marble floors past other priceless art pieces.

MAURIZIO
It'll be fine. He'll come around.

PATRIZIA
Are you sure?

MAURIZIO
I'm all he's got.

PATRIZIA
He doesn't sound too happy.

MAURIZIO
He's never been happy.

24 EXT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO- DAY

24

Maurizio and Patrizia step up to Franco. He is working on an
Isotta-Fraschini. One of many classics.

MAURIZIO
Lets go, Franco.

FRANCO
I can't drive you anymore, sir.

A yellow cab pulls up outside the gates. The cabbie HONKS.

FRANCO (CONT'D)
Mr. Gucci gave me orders. Be good.

He gives Maurizio some cash, squeezes his cheek. Wells up.

25 INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, MEMORY ROOM- DAY

25

A secret shrine to Rodolfo's acting days. Rodolfo is in a
silk Gucci robe, watching himself in a silent film. He mimics
his own movements, enveloped in nostalgia and regret.

Rodolfo marvels at himself, proudly. Drowning in memories.

26 INT. ENTRY TO PATRIZIA'S HOME- NIGHT 26

Maurizio and Patrizia waits outside the Reggiani's modernist home. The door opens and Silvana and Fernando greet Maurizio with crocodile smiles. Fernando takes Maurizio's duffle bags.

27 INT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD-DAY 27

The Reggianis and Maurizio walk across a hallway lined with religious icons. Silvana subtly stops and crosses herself as she passes a small Madonna. "Thank you for bringing *him*."

They open the door to an APARTMENT above the family garage. Simply a small bedroom, kitchenette, living area and a TV.

SILVANA

Patrizia's room is down the hall.
If you need anything... just ask.

Patrizia grazes Maurizio's hand. Smiles conspiratorially.

28 INT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT 28

The family watches the Italian soccer team on the couch. Frittata on the table. Ice-cold beers being passed around.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Maurizio had never seen how the
bourgeoisie lived. Sunken sofas,
home-cooked meals, small pleasures.*

Italy scores. Fernando goes berserk, jumping up and down as the dog barks. He grabs Maurizio and squeezes him like a rag.

29 EXT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD- NIGHT 29

WIDE on the modernist villa and studio apartment above the garage. A moonlit SHADOW crosses the connecting hallway.

30 INT. REGGIANI HALLWAY- NIGHT 30

ANGLE ON: PEDICURED FEET. Tiptoeing across the mahogany.

31 INT. REGGIANI GARAGE APARTMENT- NIGHT 31

Patrizia. Slides into Maurizio's bed. Licks him all over and gets on top of him. He inhales her chest like it's cocaine.

32 INT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD, BEDROOM- NIGHT 32

ON SILVANA. She lies in bed listening to the couple make love. That's my girl.

PRE-LAP: the sound of WEDDING BELLS.

33 EXT. SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE- DAY 33

A 14th century red brick basilica in a walled, tree-filled courtyard. A ROLLS-ROYCE pulls up. Patrizia exits, her father Fernando holding her dress behind her.

34 INT. SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE- DAY 34

The pews are draped in burgundy velvet and decorated with bunches of wild-flowers. Patrizia walks down the aisle.

She joins Maurizio at the altar, he kisses her hand. Her gaze lands on EMPTY PEWS at the front.

Her expression changes instantly. From elation to woe. Why?

No Guccis came. (Except for Franco who weeps incessantly)

The wedding ceremony begins. She cracks a fake smile at Maurizio but she never shakes off her disappointment.

35 EXT. SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE- DAY 35

Maurizio and Patrizia, newlyweds, step outside to a crowd of onlookers clapping and cheering. A couple PAPARAZZI elbow their way through and snap photos of them. Yell out.

PAPARAZZO #1	PAPARAZZO #2	
How does it feel to be a	Have you bought a house yet?	
Gucci?		*

Maurizio and Patrizia jump into the Rolls-Royce and take off.

36 INT. SUNBED- DAY 36

Patrizia is sweating in goggles, standing in an upright sunbed, UV light on her. A spa employee hands her a phone.

SPA EMPLOYEE
Madame- call for you.

Patrizia can't see anything. She paws at the phone, grabs it.

37 INT. MASSAGE STUDIO- DAY 37

A Korean masseuse walks on the back of: ALDO GUCCI (70s). Debonair. Effete. Bronzed. He is gawking at the front page of a gossip rag, Novella 2000, detailing the wedding.

ALDO GUCCI
 (putting on the charm)
Nipotina? I hope I am not
 interrupting anything important.

INTERCUT BETWEEN PATRIZIA AND ALDO

PATRIZIA
 (volleying back the charm)
 What could be more important than a
 call from my new Uncle?

ALDO GUCCI
 I see Maurizio's taste, like his
 Uncle's, is impeccable.

PATRIZIA
 You saw the photos in *Novella 2000*.

ALDO GUCCI
 (thumbing through the rag)
 In passing.

PATRIZIA
 I looked even better in person.

ALDO GUCCI
 I am truly sorry I couldn't make
 it. Business beckoned.
 (beat)
 I am sure you understand.

PATRIZIA
 Of course. I know how busy you are.

CRACK. The Korean masseuse hits a spot. Aldo GRUNTS.

ALDO GUCCI
 We're celebrating my birthday this
 weekend at my home on Lake Como.
 It'll be the perfect opportunity
 for you to meet the family.

PATRIZIA
 How many candles is it?

ALDO GUCCI
 70. They say it's the new 69.

Patrizia and Maurizio walk up-hill to an immense white-and-turquoise villa perched above the lake.

Large umbrellas shield a long table from the sunshine as the staff prepare lunch. It is a glorious, bucolic vision, interrupted by:

The sound of GRUNTING and SLAMMING and CHEERING.

ALDO (O.S.)
GET IN THERE YOU BASTARD! KICK HIS
TEETH OUT! EARN YOUR FUCKING LUNCH!

Maurizio and Patrizia peer over to the left, to a stretch of LAWN. There are goal nets on each end. A GAME IS IN PROGRESS.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*When I met them they were playing a
bizarre Florentine game. It involved
a ball. But mostly it involved
beating each other to a pulp.*

A group of MEN- some kids, too- are playing *Calcio Storico* (Historical football) - a game thought up by 16th-century Florentines. As the name suggests, it's an early and very violent form of football. We join them on the field and see:

ALDO. White shirt rolled up, screaming on the sideline, spit flying out as he motivates his team.

THE PLAYERS. Still in their once-crisp WHITE SHIRTS and FLANNEL TROUSERS. The shirts bloodied, the trousers torn.

Paolo has the ball in his hand. Terrified. He looks around at who to pass. Not many options.

Paolo gets ELBOWED IN THE FACE. Lands in a mound of dirt, blood squirting out of his nose and onto the ground.

MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA. He, horrified and embarrassed. She, intrigued and titillated. A smile forming.

39

EXT. TERRACE- DAY

39

Some 20-odd guests sit at the long table under the umbrellas. The men who participated in the game sport band-aids, bloody clothes, bruises. Gift-wrapping paper is picked up by maids.

We pan across the guests as bowls of food are passed around.

ON PAOLO GUCCI. Uncomfortable in his own skin. Bald, mustachioed, short. He has changed into the weirdest looking corduroy suit imaginable and has toilet paper up his nose.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

Paolo Gucci was, believe it or not, chairman of the Italian Federation of Pigeon Fanciers. Come to think of it, he kind of looked like one.

We shift our gaze to Paolo's buxom, British new wife, JENNY.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

His wife Jenny was an English girl who had come to Italy to study Opera. Her laugh was a high C#. It made dogs bark ten blocks away.

Jenny CACKLES at something as she passes the bowl of pasta to Patrizia and immediately notices her WEDDING RING.

JENNY

Wow. You got a nice ring. Paolo bought mine from a catalogue!

PATRIZIA

It was Maurizio's mother.

JENNY

(suddenly reverential)

He must think you're very special.

Now on to ALDO GUCCI. A gorgeous young FRENCH MODEL giggling opposite him as he tickles her toes under the table.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

Aldo didn't want women. He needed them. He kept Paolo on a tight leash, and the two couldn't have been more different. As for Maurizio's father, Rodolfo? He didn't show up. He sent his personal lawyer instead- a man named Domenico De Sole- to spy on the proceedings.

ON DOMENICO DE SOLE. Bookish. White socks over black ill-fitting business suit. Straggly beard. He runs his index finger across his tight shirt collar. A nervous tic. And he neatly divides his food into little sections on his plate.

Paolo polishes off a glass of wine, reaches for another bottle. He's drunk. Aldo takes his glass away from him.

PAOLO

For the record: I don't have a drinking problem. Some people have a problem with me drinking.

ALDO GUCCI

(ignoring him)

You should know, Patrizia, that the Guccis were noble saddle-makers to medieval courts. All these ephemeral trends don't hold a candle to our majestic history. Our supple leather. The smell of it. We have history flowing through those green and red webbings. And yes, we are expensive. But remember. Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten.

Maurizio pulls Patrizia to himself, whispers in her ear.

MAURIZIO

He's been telling that story for years. My grandfather was a bellhop in London. It's all bullshit.

Jenny turns to the table. Speaks with her mouth full.

JENNY

What do we think of Paolo's outfit?

The deafening silence of people chewing, drinking.

DE SOLE

It's eccentric.

ALDO GUCCI

I liked his bloody shirt better. Remember you are a Gucci, Paolo. You need to look the part.

PAOLO

I designed this myself.

ALDO GUCCI

Reconsider your wardrobe choices.

PAOLO

You don't understand a thing about trends, father. It's *chic*.

ALDO GUCCI

All I know is that you look cheaper than a Parisian prostitute.

(to his French date)

Sorry, darling.

PAOLO
 (to Patrizia)
 My father's problem is that he's
 stuck in the past. He refuses to
 take Gucci into the next century.

ALDO GUCCI
 Gucci is doing fine under my watch.

PAOLO
 It needs new ideas, new energy. I
 am bursting with creativity. I'm
 like a rush of water.

ALDO GUCCI
 Somebody build a dam.

PAOLO
 Lets talk about my future at Gucci.

ALDO GUCCI
 We're not here to talk Gucci talk.

Aldo examines his slice of Parma prosciutto. He calls one of
 the waiters over. Whispers to him.

ALDO GUCCI (CONT'D)
 Too thick. You must make it last.

He stabs at the slice with his fork, raises it towards the
 sun.

PAOLO
 You see, you're doing it again.

ALDO GUCCI
 (to the waiter)
 If you can't see the sun through
 it, it's not thin enough.

PAOLO
 I am sick of being ignored.

ALDO GUCCI
 (fists on the table)
And I am sick of hearing you talk.

Maurizio looks down at his plate. Plays with his food.

PAOLO
 It hurts my feelings when you do
 this. You deliberately hurt my
 feelings. Lets go, Jenny.

JENNY

I haven't had espresso-

He grabs Jenny and they leave.

40

INT. FIAT 124- NIGHT

40

Maurizio is driving Patrizia's orange convertible with the top down. She is a little tipsy and he doesn't drink. So he drives. Sitting in Patrizia's lap is a box. She pries it open revealing a mud-brown CAKE. Not exactly appetizing.

PATRIZIA

Cast-a-what?

MAURIZIO

Castagnaccio. It tastes a million times better than it looks.

She breaks off a piece, eats it.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

My grandfather Guccio ate it every day after he became rich because he couldn't afford it as a kid.

PATRIZIA

(genuinely surprised)

Wow. It's... delicious.

MAURIZIO

Gucci is like that cake. You think there's a lot to go around, but once you taste it you'll want more and then you'll want the whole thing.

She takes a piece and feeds it to Maurizio.

PATRIZIA

So your father Rodolfo owns 50% and the other 50% is your Uncle Aldo's? Eventually you and Paolo will each inherit their half. Right?

MAURIZIO

Yes but all three of them disagree on virtually everything.

PATRIZIA

Who do you agree or disagree with?

He doesn't answer. Keeps chewing. And chewing. And...

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
You'll just sit and watch them?

MAURIZIO
I'm Gucci by name. I don't have
their Tuscan character. It was
enhanced by my ma's German blood.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*And how I loved that blood more and
more with every ounce of my soul.*

She kisses Maurizio, stares at him longingly. Pure adoration.
Slips her hand into his and squeezes it tightly.

She keeps breaking pieces of the cake off. One bite, two
bites... she can't stop eating it.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*Thing is, you don't marry royalty
and end up sleeping in the
servant's quarters.*

41 INT. REGGIANI GARAGE APARTMENT- NIGHT

41

Patrizia lies in bed, wheels turning, eyes staring at a CRACK
in the ceiling. Maurizio curled up by her in fetal position.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*I couldn't stop thinking about it.
One of the most important fashion
houses in the world, reduced to a
bunch of squabbling, bumbling boys.*

She gets out of bed and makes herself an alka-seltzer in the
kitchen. Stares at the fizzing tablet. She sips, burps a
little. Turns on the T.V., flicks through some channels.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*Granted, I've always suffered from
insomnia- most intelligent people
do- and the Tuscan cake sat on my
chest like an anvil after I ate it.
But I saw an opportunity. For
Maurizio. For myself. For Gucci.*

She stops at a TAROT CARD READER taking live phone calls on a
local cable channel. This is PINA AURIEMMA (late 30s). Her
black eyes stare into the camera. Hair dyed red, permanently
enveloped in cigarette smoke, she uses her long fingernails
like wands. A phone number flashes across the screen.

PINA AURIEMMA
Do you have medical maladies,
financial woes, heartbreak? I can
help with everything and anything.

Pina's eyes burn a hole through the T.V. and pierce right
into Patrizia. Patrizia CALLS THE NUMBER on the screen.

PINA AURIEMMA (CONT'D)
With the help of The Spirits I can
lead you towards happiness, and
joy. It's very, very private--

The phone rings on T.V. - Pina answers. She starts shuffling
her cards. Ready for action.

PINA AURIEMMA (CONT'D)
Hello. Who am I speaking to?

PATRIZIA
Patrizia.

PINA AURIEMMA
You sound very young. How old are
you, dear?

PATRIZIA
Twenty-five.

PINA AURIEMMA
I bet you look like an old movie
star.

PATRIZIA
(coyly)
I've heard that before.

PINA AURIEMMA
Name, birthday and your question.

PATRIZIA
Patrizia. December 2. 1948. Um.
Will I be successful?

PINA AURIEMMA
In career, marriage, or what?
You've got to be more specific.

PATRIZIA
Will I get what I want.

PINA AURIEMMA
Okay now everything I see, I'm
going to tell it to you unfiltered.
(MORE)

PINA AURIEMMA (CONT'D)
 So don't be upset, don't be angry
 with me if it's not what you want
 to hear. Okay?

PATRIZIA
 Okay.

PINA AURIEMMA
 And uh, after this reading, you
 mustn't have another psychic
 reading for at least six months.
 Unless it's with me.

PATRIZIA
 Okay.

PINA AURIEMMA
 You don't want to spoil things for
 yourself and get confused.

42 INT. GUCCI STORE, VIA MONTENAPOLEONE- DAY

42

Cream leather sofas, 70s plush carpeting. A flurry of activity surrounds a very special customer making his way out of Milan's flagship store.

Marlon Brando.

Assistants carry several Gucci bags for him. Two girlfriends hang off his arms. And ALDO, like a drooling Chihuahua, chums around with him.

ALDO
 Next time we're both in New York,
 we *must* play Squash, Marlon. Or
 Tennis. Whatever you prefer.

Brando steps outside. An army of FANS await him. He climbs into a limo.

Aldo slaps the trunk of the car. Blows an air kiss at Brando.

The limo PEELS AWAY, fans running after it.

Aldo, still high from hanging with Brando, moseys back inside the store.

He notices a pretty girl in a monochrome satin dress and red heels. We don't see her face. He just can't help himself.

ALDO GUCCI (V.O.)
 Want to see the most beautiful
 thing we have on display at Gucci?

He turns her around towards a full mirror. We pivot together.
And reveal, in the reflection, that... IT'S PATRIZIA.

PATRIZIA
Hello, Uncle.

In the mirror: Aldo's "FUCK!" face as he realizes it's her.

ALDO GUCCI
My ravishing, sweet niece Patrizia.
Lunch at Cova? On me.

PATRIZIA
A coffee in your office will do.

43

INT. GUCCI STORE, ALDO'S OFFICE- DAY

43

Aldo's office is just as garish as he is. More Hugh Hefner than Gucci. Leopard rug, full bar, life-size bust of himself. And the ubiquitous Guccio Gucci looking over proceedings. They drink espressos and eat biscotti.

ALDO GUCCI
Apologies for the clutter. I spend most of the year in New York overseeing Gucci America.

PATRIZIA
Isn't that exhausting? Flying back and forth every other week?

ALDO GUCCI
I only fly Concord. I'm 70 years old and built like an ox. I have my old man to thank. Guccio Gucci.

Raises a glass to Guccio Gucci's portrait.

ALDO GUCCI (CONT'D)
I have to confess, when I met you at my Como home I was relieved that we hadn't met before. My reputation precedes me, you know...

Patrizia laughs awkwardly.

PATRIZIA
I am sure we will have plenty of time to get to know each other. Maurizio is very fond of you. He says you are the only true Gucci in the family.

(MORE)

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

The one who took Guccio's vision
and turned it into an empire.

ALDO GUCCI

(smiles, his ego rubbed)
Maurizio is a very smart young man.
How are things with his father?

PATRIZIA

Terrible. I feel responsible.

ALDO GUCCI

It's not your fault. My brother,
he's a difficult man. You are
simply the kindle. And how very hot
you burn, my dear.

He places his hand on her arm.

PATRIZIA

I have a favor to ask, Aldo.
Maurizio wants to do more. He's
ready. Can you talk to him?

ALDO GUCCI

Why didn't he come here himself?

PATRIZIA

He's proud.

ALDO GUCCI

Maurizio has a good head on his
shoulders.

PATRIZIA

Of course he does.
He married me didn't he?

44

EXT. VAL DI CHIANA- DAY

44

Aldo's Maserati Khamsin crosses the idyllic Tuscan landscape.
Aldo and Patrizia up front. Maurizio squashed in the back.
Aldo easily pushing 100mph.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Aldo picked us up at 5am. The
rumors about his sleeping 4 hours
were true. I didn't tell Maurizio
much of what we were doing.*

The car pulls up outside a vast field full of cows. They walk
around. Aldo breathes in dramatically.

ALDO GUCCI

Smell that. You know what that smell is? It's legacy. These gorgeous beasts are the direct descendants of the ones Guccio bought way back when. They deserve our respect and our gratitude. They are Val Di Chiana cows. The Rolls-Royce of cows. Never take them for granted!

45 INT. TUSCAN TANNERY- DAY

45

They go through a tannery, hinds hanging from the ceiling. The chief tanner kisses Aldo's Gucci ring. The stench is strong. Maurizio (not Patrizia) gags. She nudges him to stop.

ALDO GUCCI

Like the phoenix, Gucci is born of death. The skins of our beloved cows give birth to timeless joy. And make us immortal.

46 EXT. TRATTORIA LA GROTTA- NIGHT

46

A dingy, damp tavern carved out of a grotto. Maurizio, Patrizia and Aldo sit in a corner. Aldo finishes a sip of wine. He's drunk. All around: blue-collar employees of Gucci. Male and many females.

ALDO

(aside, to the waiter)
House wine. And more focaccia.
(to Maurizio and Patrizia)
I like this place because it connects me with our workers. Generations of them. I knew many of these girls' grandmothers.

He smiles at a very pretty 20-something year old girl in overalls and a hair-net. She smiles back. Instantly charmed.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

He told us stories for two hours over cheap wine and free focaccia. I had to keep stepping on Maurizio's foot to keep him awake.

Angle on: Patrizia's heel steps on Maurizio's foot under the table. He jolts back to life.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

But good things come to those who wait.

Aldo leans in: THE MOMENT she's been waiting for.

ALDO GUCCI
Am I boring you?

PATRIZIA
No! No! We love it.

ALDO GUCCI
I can't talk to Paolo about any of this. He hates Gucci talk. But as you know is a strange bird.

PATRIZIA
He's definitely unique.

ALDO GUCCI
He's useless.
(pointing the finger)
You, Maurizio, are much better suited to learn our trade. Patrizia tells me you're interested in learning. If Rodolfo lost a son, maybe I'll gain one.

MAURIZIO
I'm flattered- I just don't know-

PATRIZIA
Maurizio overthinks everything.

47

INT. REGGIANI GARAGE APARTMENT- NIGHT

47

Maurizio stares at the Milan skyline. Patrizia moves in behind him, sipping on tea. They are reflected in the window.

PATRIZIA
It's just a few weeks in New York.

MAURIZIO
It's more than that.

PATRIZIA
What is it then?

MAURIZIO
A journey I'm nervous about taking.

PATRIZIA
Nervous is good. It keeps you on your toes.

MAURIZIO
I don't think I want to go on it.

PATRIZIA

You'd rather sit in this little apartment, staring at the cracks in the ceiling? We're not working. My parents can't support us forever.

MAURIZIO

I'd be happy being poor with you.

PATRIZIA

(joking but passive aggressive)
Well that's nice.
I will tell Aldo we can't go.

MAURIZIO

Okay.

PATRIZIA

Alright.

A long pause. He kisses her forehead but she turns away. He immediately picks up on her mood-shift.

MAURIZIO

Did I upset you?

PATRIZIA

No, I haven't been feeling well...

MAURIZIO

What would you like? What would satisfy you?

PATRIZIA

Do you really want to know?
(beat)
I want you to be great.

MAURIZIO

Me?

PATRIZIA

I want you to show the world what a true Gucci is.

They kiss. She grabs his hand and places it on her belly.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Starting with our new roommate...

She takes his hand and places it on her belly.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
 (puppy eyes)
 Will you do it for us?

48 INT. MILAN HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WING. DAY

48

Maurizio runs down the hallway with a bouquet of flowers and an envelope. He scans the name-tags, stops at GUCCI.

POV MAURIZIO: Patrizia lies in bed with their newborn daughter, ALLEGRA, who is fast asleep on her chest.

Maurizio wells up, grabs her little finger. Places the flowers and the envelope next to Patrizia, proudly.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*I even broke the Gucci spell and
 gave us a beautiful little girl.
 Allegra. But I wasn't the only one
 who delivered...*

MAURIZIO
 Open it. It's for you.

She opens the envelope and pulls out:

TWO PLANE TICKETS TO NEW YORK. And a CHECK for \$50,000.

Patrizia smiles ecstatically. She'd do a dance if she could.

49 EXT. NEW YORK JFK AIRPORT - DAY

49

TITLE UP: NEW YORK CITY- ONE MONTH LATER

Patrizia and Maurizio walk away from a TWA jet, an ant line of suitcases following them. Patrizia cradles their sleeping newborn in her arms. The three of them get into a brown Cadillac straight off the Tarmac.

50 INT. SAN REMO APARTMENT- DAY

50

A porter takes Maurizio and Patrizia inside the luxury Upper West Side old money apartment. It is fancy and has a spectacular city view. Patrizia drinks it all in. In heaven.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*Aldo welcomed us to New York in the
 most extravagant way possible. He
 was receiving an award from the
 City and it was the perfect
 opportunity to show off.*

PATRIZIA
 (orgasmic glee)
 Oh. My. GOD. This is so great.

The living-room has exposed white brick along the walls, bronze ostrich figurines, a white baby grand piano, and a zebra print rug surrounded by a few couches.

51 INT. SAN REMO APARTMENT, JACUZZI - DAY 51

A half-eaten chocolate cake next to a "Welcome to New York" card signed ALDO. Patrizia is in a bubble bath, her head above water. Maurizio enters. She grabs his tie, pulls him in (fully clothed) and turns the bubbles all the way up.

52 INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL ROOFTOP- NIGHT 52

Patrizia and Maurizio, in formal wear, mingle in the extravagant hotel's ballroom. They speak to an ancient couple struggling to pronounce Italian words.

U.E.S. MAN
 Then we went to, what was that place we went to honey? Caprese?

U.E.S. WOMAN
 It's pronounced Cah-Free. Caprese is the salad we ate, sweetie.

Maurizio smiles politely. Patrizia cringes as she looks around the room. Whispers to Maurizio.

PATRIZIA
 Where's your Uncle?!

53 INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL, LAUNDRY ROOM- NIGHT 53

Aldo, pants around his ankles, is going at it with a YOUNG SOCIALITE surrounded by tumbling washing machines. A KNOCK.

ALDO GUCCI
 Coming--

54 INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL ROOFTOP - NIGHT 54

Aldo works the room, shaking dozens of rich, wrinkled hands.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
Aldo ate, slept and breathed Gucci. He loved the attention. He lived for it.

Tight on the filaments of a flash bulb as they ignite.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Mr Gucci, look straight ahead.

A photographer takes pictures of Aldo with a cluster of New York celebrities. Aldo suddenly spots Maurizio and Patrizia, moves over to them. The room's attention turns to the young couple. Patrizia loves it. Maurizio doesn't.

ALDO GUCCI

(to Maurizio and Patrizia)

My nephew Maurizio. And his new Queen. Come and make me look young!

Aldo positions himself between them. Photos are taken.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes, nice smile. Thank you.

CUT TO:

Aldo is on stage, delivering an acceptance speech, under the headline ALDO GUCCI: SON OF NEW YORK.

ALDO GUCCI

Growing up, we could only dream of America. It was a mirage. A distant fantasy. I never thought Lady Liberty would take a second look at a scrawny kid like me. But I am told Italian charm goes a long way.

The women in the crowd giggle. They're lapping it up.

ALDO GUCCI (CONT'D)

This is especially memorable because another Gucci is with us. My nephew Maurizio. Where are you?

Aldo points out Maurizio who embarrassingly raises his Pepsi.

ALDO GUCCI (CONT'D)

No matter how much we grow, Gucci will always be a family business. All my father wanted was to achieve unforgettable quality. Because quality is forever. Immortal. As is Gucci. So, here's to you for making my dreams of leather a reality.

55

INT. KING COLE JAZZ BAR- NIGHT

55

A tower of fresh seafood is placed in front of Patrizia, Maurizio, Aldo and Aldo's new squeeze - a CHINESE GIRL in her 20s. They are sitting under a Maxfield Parrish mural. Lounge Jazz in the background.

MAURIZIO

So you want me to be your eyes and ears in Milan while you're taking care of business here?

ALDO GUCCI

Precisely. As Gucci World Affairs Coordinator you will split your time between Europe and the States. Your child will grow up bilingual. The salary will be attractive. And your wife? She was born to be in New York, I can see it in her eyes.

The clink glasses and dive into the seafood tower.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

Aldo came up with a job title for Maurizio. Gucci World Affairs Coordinator. What does that even mean? It didn't matter. We were in New York in the fall and there was something in the air that made sleep or rational thought useless.

MONTAGE: LIFE IN NYC over Sylvester's *You Make Me Feel*.

- Maurizio directs employees at Gucci 5th Ave. He confidently climbs up a step ladder and re-arranges the handbags, angling them so the light hits them just right. They nod. Get it.

- Patrizia has her hair done by Vidal Sassoon himself.

- STUDIO 54. We pass a gallery of celebrities- Liz Taylor, Andy Warhol, Mick and Bianca Jagger- and land on the DANCE FLOOR. Maurizio is a terrible dancer. Patrizia teases him by sensually dancing with five outrageous DRAG QUEENS.

END MONTAGE

56

INT. SAN REMO APARTMENT- DAY

56

Patrizia steps into the apartment carrying armfuls of shopping bags. She looks effortlessly cool in her new hair, clothes and fast-acquired New York attitude.

She puts down her Gucci handbag on the kitchen counter.
Something catches her eye:

ANOTHER GUCCI HANDBAG. Virtually identical. Not hers. Whose?

MAYBELINE, the 50 year old housekeeper, vacuums the zebra print rug. Patrizia taps her on the shoulder, holding her handbag. Maybeline JUMPS- she didn't hear Patrizia walk in.

MAYBELINE

Ma'am. I'm almost done. Allegra is sleeping next door.

PATRIZIA

Take your time, Maybeline.
(holds up the purse)
Is this yours?

MAYBELINE

It is. Birthday gift from hubby.

PATRIZIA

How nice. It looks expensive.

MAYBELINE

(proudly)
It's a Gucci. Just like yours.

Patrizia studies it. It really is a Gucci. Or a GREAT copy.

PATRIZIA

Which Gucci store did he go to?

57 EXT. 42ND ST- NIGHT

57

Rain. A checkered cab pulls up outside an ELECTRONICS STORE. This is 1970s Midtown. Hookers, drug dealers and regretful faces. Patrizia steps out and hesitantly enters the store.

58 INT. GURU KRIPA ELECTRONICS- NIGHT

58

Muzak plays over harsh NEON LIGHTS. A makeshift sign informs us where the GUCCI section is. Flagship store this ain't.

Patrizia walks up to a shelf. She looks in horror as she examines GUCCI HANDBAGS and MOCASSINS. A sign proudly announces "GUCCI HANDBAG ON SALE: \$99.99". But it gets worse.

Further down the aisle are GUCCI TRINKETS: Umbrellas. Mugs. Wallets. Patrizia opens the umbrella. GUCCI LOGO ALL OVER IT.

SHOP KEEPER

You try it, you buy it!

PATRIZIA
I'll take one of each. Only Gucci.

59

INT. SAN REMO APARTMENT- DAY

59

Maurizio inspects a HANDBAG. He places it on the white grand piano. We pull back to dozens, maybe hundreds of similar items: Patrizia bought as much as she could find. She paces, jabbing the Gucci umbrella into the air as she speaks.

PATRIZIA
Who's making this stuff? Who's allowing this to happen?

MAURIZIO
(blasé, laughing it off)
As far as fakes go they're pretty good. I mean, I'd buy them.

PATRIZIA
Don't be such a cretin.

MAURIZIO
Don't call me a cretin, sweetie.

PATRIZIA
That's not what I said. I asked you *not* to be one. This is serious and you're laughing it off. It's not funny.

MAURIZIO
Okay. I see your point. It's unacceptable. But at least it's my name that's on the mugs. Not yours.

PATRIZIA
Our name. Our name, on **shit**. So what are you gonna do about it?

MAURIZIO
I'll talk to Uncle Aldo.

PATRIZIA
When?

MAURIZIO
Tomorrow.

PATRIZIA
Today.

MAURIZIO
Fine.

PATRIZIA

Lets go now. I want to see what he thinks about this.

MAURIZIO

(starting to get nervous)
I mean, I can handle it alone.

PATRIZIA

I know you can. But it'll be more fun if we go together.

SMASH CUT TO:

60

INT. ALDO GUCCI'S OFFICE- DAY

60

Angle on: the GUCCI MUG. Aldo sips from it. Maurizio and Patrizia have brought a bunch of trinkets for him to look at.

ALDO

Business is like marriage, you soon learn to compromise. They're not fake, by the way. They're replicas.

Patrizia has to hide her disgust. Barely holds it together.

MAURIZIO

We were just very, very surprised.

ALDO GUCCI

You know what else would surprise you? How profitable this stuff is.

MAURIZIO

What about quality? The cows? All that stuff we talked about.

ALDO GUCCI

I believe in quality. I do. But quality is for the rich. If a Long Island housewife wants to live with the illusion that she's a Gucci customer, why not let her?

PATRIZIA

Because it damages Gucci's credibility.

Aldo and Maurizio both look at Patrizia. Surprised.

ALDO GUCCI

Leave Gucci to us.
It's not a girl's game.

And with THAT ONE LINE he's created himself an enemy.

ALDO GUCCI (CONT'D)

Remember my darlings. Gucci is what it is thanks to me. I turned it into what it is. Not Rodolfo, and certainly not my son. Without me we'd all still be shovellin' mule shit in Tuscany.

He checks his watch.

ALDO GUCCI (CONT'D)

I made a reservation at Tavern on the Green. You'll love it, Patrizia.

He slides his hands into Maurizio and Patrizia's arms and walks them outside, ever the charmer.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Aldo was full of it all along.
Meanwhile another storm was brewing
across the Atlantic.*

61 EXT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO- DAY 61

Paolo Gucci's Alfa Romeo spider pulls up outside Rodolfo's austere mansion. Rain pelting it from above. The gates open.

62 INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, LIVING ROOM- DAY 62

Paolo is in the living room neatly arranging his designs on the large oak table. A fire rages. COUGHING is heard nearby.

The heavy doors swing open. RODOLFO enters, accompanied by his trusty lawyer, DE SOLE. Rodolfo is in a purple silk robe and sheepskin slippers. He finishes drinking a glass of pomegranate juice. Wipes his mouth with a Gucci handkerchief.

Marvels at the red stain. Juice, or... blood?

RODOLFO

Paolo. To what do I owe the visit?

PAOLO GUCCI

Hello Uncle. You're looking svelte.

RODOLFO

I'm on a liquid diet. Just juice.

They sit in complete silence for a moment. Just the sound of crackling embers and distant classical music.

RODOLFO (CONT'D)

What's the intention of your visit?

Paolo shuffles uncomfortably in his chair. DE SOLE'S gaze remains fixed on him throughout the meeting.

PAOLO GUCCI

Ah, well- I came to see you, Uncle,
first and foremost, to say hello.

RODOLFO

Yes. Hello. What else.

PAOLO GUCCI

Maurizio and my father are spending
a lot of time together in New York.
Maybe you and I could do the same.

RODOLFO

...

PAOLO GUCCI

My father won't listen to me.

RODOLFO

About what?

PAOLO GUCCI

My ideas.

RODOLFO

You have ideas?

PAOLO GUCCI

I was born with a gift. I'm
brilliant. He just won't see it.

RODOLFO

How come nobody in the family knows
about this gift of yours? Domenico?
Did you know Paolo had a gift?

DE SOLE

I'm afraid I did not, sir.

PAOLO GUCCI

Let me show you what I've been
working on -- Here, I'll help you.

Paolo lifts frail Rodolfo out of his chair and guides him towards the oak table. They review the designs together.

PAOLO GUCCI (CONT'D)

They were inspired by my trip to Cuba. I call this collection HAVANA LIBRE. Lots of pastels, rum-inspired, sun-soaked. Lotsa browns.

RODOLFO

Pastels and browns, together?!?

Both Rodolfo and De Sole marvel at the cacophony of colors, the obvious lack of skill, the obliviousness of it all.

RODOLFO (CONT'D)

Don't show these to anyone Paolo. I mean it. Hide 'em.

PAOLO GUCCI

You think they might steal my ideas, right? Get me a lawyer!

RODOLFO

I have found over the years that true talents are often unaware of their brilliance. They are to be cherished and protected. Hacks, on the other hand? They march into a room with their delusions, begging to be recognized. Blind to their own mediocrity. Yours, my dear nephew, is a triumph of mediocrity. And you have achieved the unimaginable: you have found one thing your father and I agree on. Your utter incompetence.

Paolo closes his designs, flabbergasted. Devastated.

PAOLO

You designed that scarf, correct?

RODOLFO

Indeed. It caressed the necks of Jackie, Grace, Sofia. Huge hit.

Paolo removes the scarf from Rodolfo's neck, admires it and in an act of defiance, throws it into the raging fire. FWOOM.

Rodolfo stumbles over to him, in disbelief. COUGHS VIOLENTLY.

PAOLO

... you'll regret not listening to me. I don't need anyone.

(beat)

I'm going to start my own line.

Paolo collects his designs (which takes a lot longer than he anticipated) and storms out.

RODOLFO

Call my son.

63

INT. RODOLFO GUCCI'S VILLA, MEMORY ROOM- DAY

63

Rodolfo, in pain, opens a bottle of pills and slams them with another colorful glass of green juice. Another silent film plays in the background. This one a sword-and-sandal one.

Maurizio and Patrizia sit quietly opposite him.

RODOLFO

I know it's been a year. I thought we'd clear the air. Forget about the past, talk about the future.

MAURIZIO

I didn't know you were so sick.

RODOLFO

Doctors don't know what they're dealing with. They don't know how a Gucci is made.

PATRIZIA

Tuscan leather is forever.

Rodolfo smiles at Patrizia's quip.

RODOLFO

What have you occupied yourself with since last time I saw you?

MAURIZIO

Took some time off. Actually, we have some big news to tell you...

RODOLFO

(interrupting)

You were in New York with Aldo. That's where you were. Don't lie.

MAURIZIO

He said he wanted to show me the ropes. He gave me money. A title.

RODOLFO

He was grooming you. He wanted you on his side so he would have more control of the business.

(MORE)

RODOLFO (CONT'D)

Remember, the most dangerous enemy is not the one who lingers behind you in the shadows, but the one who walks beside you as a friend. You must not trust Aldo. He has dark intentions. He doesn't care what Gucci stands for. He is driven by ego, pride. Everything Guccio worked for is on the verge of being destroyed. And that son of a bitch of his, Paolo. He's worth less than the pigeon shit encrusted on his awful suits.

Rodolfo hobbles to a portrait of Guccio on the wall. Bows.

RODOLFO (CONT'D)

I have something to give you, son.

He moves the portrait over, opens a hidden safe. Inside: a WALLET. Old, wrinkled, bearing the two Gucci G's.

RODOLFO (CONT'D)

This wallet belonged to Guccio. He hand-stitched it himself, had it blessed by the very same priest who baptized you. Once, he left it on a ship - the Andrea Doria. He spent a week on his hands and knees looking for it. He never kept a dime in it. He said money was never the goal. His dreams of Gucci were made of leather. Not cash.

He hands the wallet to Maurizio. Maurizio's hand shakes as he clutches it. He knows the value of it. It's... priceless.

PATRIZIA

We will fight them with everything we've got. Who can we trust?

RODOLFO

Each other. And De Sole since he does not have a drop of Gucci blood. And he's a lawyer.

Patrizia grabs Rodolfo's boney hands. Puts something in them.

PATRIZIA

This is our big news.

Rodolfo opens his palm. A LOCK OF BABY HAIR. He considers it.

RODOLFO
I'm a grandfather??

PATRIZIA
Her name is Allegra.

RODOLFO
I'm glad it's not a boy. We need
more women in this family.

64 INT. MERCEDES-BENZ- NIGHT 64

Maurizio thumbs the GG wallet next to Patrizia, their hands interlocked. They pass the Gucci store on Via Montenapoleone. Maurizio opens the window for fresh air. He dry heaves.

The car stops. Patrizia opens the door and Maurizio vomits.

65 INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, LIVING ROOM- DAY 65

We are tight on Maurizio. His dazed gaze fixed on something:

RODOLFO. Dead. Lying in a coffin, surrounded by an immense floral arrangement. A HEADSHOT propped up next to him.

MAURIZIO
I'm sure I'll see you again.
(beat)
But there's no rush.

Maurizio taps the coffin, unsure of what else to do.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*Maurizio was weirdly relieved when
Rodolfo died. He had lived his
whole life in his father's shadow
and with the exception of me, he'd
been completely subservient to him.*

Behind him, De Sole is sensitively herding mourners out of the room, listening to their stories about Rodolfo.

66 INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, STUDY- DAY 66

De Sole is going through the inheritance left to Maurizio by his father. He's been reading for a while.

Patrizia cradles Allegra in her arms.

DE SOLE
One Bugatti T57 Scat. Two Ferraris:
a GT California and a Dino. The
house in St. Moritz.
(stopping to drink water)
(MORE)

DE SOLE (CONT'D)

Two beach houses- one in Nassau,
the other in Taormina. Twenty-three
horses. A penthouse apartment in
Galleria Passarella- the only one
with a swimming pool in all of
Milan.

And of course, 50% of Gucci S.P.A.

De Sole unties a cord, opens a leather-bound document holder.
Inside: GUCCI'S SHARE CERTIFICATES. Ornate and austere.

DE SOLE (CONT'D)

There is a problem. Rodolfo never
signed the share certificates.

PATRIZIA

Meaning...?

DE SOLE

You'll have to pay inheritance tax.

MAURIZIO

How much are we talking about?

De Sole does some math on a pocket calculator.

DE SOLE

Could be as high as \$30 million.

PATRIZIA

Thank you. Leave them with us.

Patrizia puts her hand out for the documents.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

We'll review them as soon as we are
done mourning.

DE SOLE

(hiding his suspicion)
Certainly.

He hands them over.

67 INT. MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

67

Patrizia goes through a shoebox containing Rodolfo's old mail
and removes a signed headshot dated 1954. She gets to work
and starts PRACTICING his signature. Over and over.

68 LATER:

68

Hundreds of practice sheets strewn about the glass table, all
showing Patrizia's attempts to imitate Rodolfo's signature.

She's finally read to FORGE the real thing. Removes the SHARE CERTIFICATE and slips a pair of LEATHER GUCCI GLOVES ON.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
The inheritance tax was totally unreasonable. Why throw money at the corrupt Italian government just because Rodolfo forgot to sign?

She breathes heavily. Has to sign it in one go.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
I mean, everybody knows there's no such thing as a good tax. It's like throwing money into a volcano.

She GOES FOR IT. Her hand gliding perfectly across the manuscript.

Maurizio JOLTS her- she almost screws up the signature. But it's done. And it looks... *just like Rodolfo's.*

MAURIZIO
 What are you doing?

PATRIZIA
 Saving us millions.

MAURIZIO
 Is it legal?

PATRIZIA
 It is if they don't find out.

She pulls Maurizio towards her and gives him a big kiss.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
 How does it feel to be 50% of Gucci?

MAURIZIO
 I think you enjoy it more than me.

PATRIZIA
 You need time adjusting. It's normal. But why stop at one bite when you can have it all?

Music cue: Donna Summers' *I FEEL LOVE.*

On Maurizio and Patrizia, sitting in the front row of a packed audience at Versace's 1980 Spring/Summer fashion show.

She is chatting to her extravagant neighbor, laughing along and being effervescent. He presses his glasses in. Anxious.

Maurizio looks down at the PROGRAM. One name. **Versace.**

On the runway: the show starts. It's very different from the fashion shows we are used to. Models are all over the place, walking and strutting. Smiling and dancing. Kind of a mess.

As for the clothes? Lots of sunset and sand colors. Slouchy boots and pants and intricate belts. Subtle non-specific eastern references, a ramshackle South American cowboy look but with Versace's famous opulence coming through.

70

INT. ASTORIA CLUB- NIGHT

70

Maurizio all in black- looking less dorky. Patrizia is her usual extravagant self: skintight leopard dress, 5 inch heels, 4 inch coif. Around them: TRAPEZE ARTISTS. TRANSVESTITES. GRACE JONES. PAPARAZZIS. FASHIONISTAS. COKE.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

In the 80s Milan was the place to be if you were young, brilliant and fabulous. Versace, Krizia, Ferré. Everyone came. Even Lagerfeld would show up sometimes with his cat.

Angle on: a lost cat makes its way across the dance-floor. The cat gets snatched up by KARL LAGERFELD'S LEATHER GLOVE.

MAURIZIO

Who would wear that stuff?

PATRIZIA

He is going to be huge.

MAURIZIO

That show was an absolute mess.

PATRIZIA

Keep your voice down.

MAURIZIO

I'm just saying-

PATRIZIA

I hear what you're saying, sweetie. And I am telling you. You're wrong.

She licks her finger and wipes a small stain on his shirt.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Now. You're gonna get a shrimp cocktail and you're gonna mingle. If anybody asks you about the show, talk about the lines and the tones.

LATER: Maurizio is at the buffet nervously scooping up a shrimp cocktail. A SILVER FOX IN HIS 40s stands next to him.

MAURIZIO

Fabulous shrimp. Fresh.

SILVER FOX

Did I see you at the show?

MAURIZIO

Yes. It was... remarkable.

SILVER FOX

What did you like?

MAURIZIO

I loved the lines and the tones.

They look over at the profile of one GIANNI VERSACE.

SILVER FOX

I'm happy for Gianni. It's time we upset the hegemony of all those decrepit old fashion houses. Dior, Balenciaga, Hermes. Out with the old. Shake the tree. Your name?

MAURIZIO

Maurizio.

SILVER FOX

Maurizio what? You only have one name, like Cher?

MAURIZIO

Maurizio Gucci.

The Silver Fox almost chokes on his shrimp.

SILVER FOX

I used to dress windows for Gucci.

MAURIZIO

What a coincidence. Which store?

SILVER FOX

I can't remember. I erased it from my mind. It was... awful.

MAURIZIO

Dressing windows must be draining.

SILVER FOX

The windows weren't the problem.
Gucci was. I got ulcers for weeks.

Silver Fox "accidentally" drops a dollop of cocktail sauce on one of Maurizio's Gucci moccasins. Out of sight.

MAURIZIO

And what brings you here tonight?

SILVER FOX

I'm a designer. Always seeking.

Silver Fox extends his hand.

SILVER FOX (CONT'D)

Giorgio.

MAURIZIO

Nice to meet you. Maybe you'll come and design for Gucci some day.

GIORGIO ARMANI

I just started my line. I named it after myself. Armani.

MAURIZIO

You're the "king of beige?"

GIORGIO ARMANI

I hate that nickname. Beige. What does that even mean? fucking beige. What is it? Beige is not a color, it's a cry for help. It's old. Old!

MAURIZIO

I didn't mean to insult you.

GIORGIO ARMANI

Here's some free advice. No designer in this room will join Gucci until you've all gone into therapy and worked out your problems. Whenever someone wears Gucci, they carry the drama of a cheap *operetta* with them.

MAURIZIO

Thank you for your opinion.

GIORGIO ARMANI

You have something on your shoe.

Armani walks away. We pull back to reveal Patrizia who has been watching this exchange all along.

71

EXT. VIA DELLA SPIGA- NIGHT

71

Patrizia and Maurizio walk down a quiet cobblestone street enveloped in fog. Nobody else around. Patrizia, in her heels, struggles to keep up with Maurizio, who is walking ahead of her. He undoes his tie, flustered.

MAURIZIO

A *laughing stock*. That's what I felt like.

PATRIZIA

Ridiculed by a window-dresser.

MAURIZIO

Ex window-dresser.

PATRIZIA

He's making a name for himself. They all are.

MAURIZIO

And we've been around since 1921. He should have shown some respect.

PATRIZIA

In the past people were born royal. Nowadays royalty comes from what you do. And you're doing nothing.

MAURIZIO

Are you calling me lazy?

PATRIZIA

No. I'm calling you irrelevant.

He stops- can't believe she said that.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Gucci. The brand. It's not trendy.

MAURIZIO

I am the brand. When someone mocks Gucci, they mock *me*.

PATRIZIA

And you're okay with that?

MAURIZIO

I am not fucking okay with that.

PATRIZIA

What are we going to do about it?

MAURIZIO

We are never going to a party like that again. That's for sure.

PATRIZIA

Okay. So you want to be left in the dust? You want to keep selling mugs in airports? Is that who we are?

MAURIZIO

...no...

PATRIZIA

I want Gucci to be great. I want you to be great. I don't want people to think that you're-

MAURIZIO

That I am what?

PATRIZIA

Inert.

They stop in the middle of the street.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Are you inert?

MAURIZIO

I'm not inert.

PATRIZIA

Are you proud of your name?

MAURIZIO

I want to be.

PATRIZIA

Do you want to make your mother proud? She's watching us right now.

That one cuts right to the bone.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

It's time to take out the trash. Aldo. Paolo. I want them out. They're poison. Armani was right.

(MORE)

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

They're an embarrassment. You're
the only Gucci who should be King.

MAURIZIO

Do you really believe so?

PATRIZIA

Why do you think I married you?

She kisses him.

72

EXT. MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA'S PENTHOUSE- DAY

72

A newspaper clipping lands on a table next to a half-finished breakfast. An ominous headline:

===== P.G. by Paolo Gucci===== Coming soon.

We are in the glass veranda of the new penthouse overlooking the Milan skyline. The swimming pool is just outside. On DE SOLE. He loosens his shirt collar. Sitting opposite him is Maurizio. They study the clipping.

DE SOLE

He's starting a trade war.

MAURIZIO

It's nothing. His father barely gives him enough money to live. He can't bankroll a pair of socks.

DE SOLE

Our sales already dropped twelve percent since the announcement. He must be stopped. He's a liability.

MAURIZIO

I wouldn't go that far. He's simply a big baby throwing a tantrum.

We pan over to reveal PATRIZIA sitting next to Maurizio. She's been there the whole time.

PATRIZIA

(quietly)

He's throwing a grenade.

Domenico's gaze turns to Maurizio, who bites his nails.

DE SOLE

(ignoring Patrizia)

Maurizio?

MAURIZIO

Maybe there's a way of pulling him back. Rein him in a little.

Patrizia isn't pleased with this answer but she works it.

PATRIZIA

What Maurizio is saying is that we should build a bridge with Paolo and work things out. You know how emotional he gets. He's dealing with all this male energy all the time. His wife isn't exactly the brightest crayon in the box. He needs a woman he can trust.

DE SOLE

A woman like who? You?

PATRIZIA

Sure. Why not. Paolo doesn't hate me as much as he hates his father.

DE SOLE

Well, you do have a natural advantage. You're not a Gucci.

(fake yawns)

That pasta today floored me. Any chance of an espresso, Patrizia?

PATRIZIA

We ran out right before you came.

DE SOLE

Perhaps a tea, then?

PATRIZIA

No tea, either. You might find a Pepsi in the fridge. Have a look.

Patrizia and De Sole exchange subtle "fuck you too" looks.

73

INT. PINA'S PARLOR- NIGHT

73

A tarot reading. Patrizia and Pina sit opposite each other at the table.

PATRIZIA

What do the spirits say, Pina?

Pina's apartment is next to a loud tram station and they have to wait for the tram to pass by before she can answer.

PINA AURIEMMA

Tuesday at 5 pm, wear green, walk
on the North side of the street.

PATRIZIA

I'm serious.

PINA AURIEMMA

They say that with you by his side,
Maurizio will be an unstoppable
force. But you must stick together.

74

INT. PAOLO GUCCI'S ATELIER- DAY

74

Paolo's lips are covered in sugar. He throws a morsel to his pigeons. Patrizia walks around his DESIGNS which hang on mannequins. Sketches strewn about everywhere. Fabrics.

PAOLO GUCCI

My father grounded me for a week
when I was 7 because I got sugar
all over his cashmere sweater. All
I wanted was to give him a hug.

Patrizia examines a Paolo monstrosity. Flash Gordon meets Vivienne Westwood. Urine yellow. He waltzes up proudly.

PATRIZIA

This one reminds me of childhood.

PAOLO GUCCI

It's a memory wrapped in lycra.

PATRIZIA

They're just so you. Exquisite.

PAOLO GUCCI

You think so?

PATRIZIA

You have a gift. I'm telling you.

PAOLO GUCCI

You're going to make me cry. Nobody
has ever said that to me. Nobody.

PATRIZIA

What are your plans with this?

PAOLO GUCCI

What do you mean my plans?

PATRIZIA

Aren't you putting them out there?

PAOLO GUCCI

These are just mock-ups. I can't afford to get serious.

De Sole was right after all. Patrizia rethinks her strategy.

PATRIZIA

Shame. I got excited for a minute. Gucci needs new blood. And with your genius, are you kidding? Goodbye 1930s, hello 80s.

PAOLO

That's what I've always said too.

PATRIZIA

I am disgusted by the way your father treats you. Leaving you behind to groom Maurizio. It's not right. Who does he think he is?

PAOLO GUCCI

A dinosaur posing as an asshole.

PATRIZIA

Maurizio likes you. Always has.

PAOLO GUCCI

I like my cousin too. He's quiet. Doesn't scream like the others.

PATRIZIA

You and Maurizio could do great things together. A new chapter. These designs need to be seen.

PAOLO GUCCI

My father would never allow it.

PATRIZIA

Maybe it's time to respectfully leave him behind.

A pigeon lands on Paolo's hand, he caresses it as it coos.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Your father took sides when he asked Maurizio and I to join him in New York. We went. We were polite. But we knew where to draw the line. We didn't want to upset you.

PAOLO GUCCI

I appreciate it.

PATRIZIA
 He picked his nephew over his son.
 Truth hurts but you must hear it.

Paolo looks up at Patrizia. A glint in his eyes.

PAOLO GUCCI
 I have something on my father.

PATRIZIA
 What do you have, Paolo?

PAOLO GUCCI
 What I have is quite sensitive.

PATRIZIA
 You don't have to tell me.
 I'm just here to support you.

She starts packing up. He senses that he is missing an opportunity. Grabs her by the arm and, nervously asks:

PAOLO GUCCI
 What would I get out of this?

PATRIZIA
 We could offer you an exclusive deal to distribute your line under Gucci. Why should one Gucci try and smother another? It makes no sense.

PAOLO GUCCI
 I should talk to Maurizio.

75 INT. MAURIZIO'S DEN- NIGHT

75

Through glass doors we see MAURIZIO smoking in his living-room, listening to Verdi's LA TRAVIATA. His mind elsewhere. PATRIZIA slips up behind him, jolts him.

PATRIZIA
 I met Paolo--

He can't hear so she pulls the needle off the vinyl.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
 I said I met Paolo.

MAURIZIO
 When?!

She takes the cigarette from his mouth, smokes it.

PATRIZIA
Today. He showed me his designs.

MAURIZIO
Alone?! Without telling me?

PATRIZIA
I'm telling you now, aren't I?

MAURIZIO
We need to get a lawyer to talk
some sense into him. It'll be fine.
I'll call the firm tomorrow.

Patrizia moves over to the billiard table. She deliberately starts potting balls into the pockets with her hands.

PATRIZIA
I already took care of it.

He joins her at the pool table, faces her on the other side.

MAURIZIO
What game is this? I'd love to know.

PATRIZIA
Game? I'm looking after our
interests. Is that a game?

MAURIZIO
It depends on how you play it.

He stops a ball from going into the pocket, grabs it.

PATRIZIA
Those designs won't see the light
of day. We need Paolo on our side.

MAURIZIO
We're gonna be in a lot of trouble
with both him *and* his father.

They stare at each other across the pool table. A LONG BEAT.
He throws the billiard ball back at her. She catches it.

PATRIZIA
Someone had to do something.

Slow motion of MAURIZIO walking through the salle. He tosses his cigarette butt in the entrance and puts it out with his shoe. He looks nervous. PATRIZIA watches from outside.

77

INT. FENCING SALLE- DAY

77

Maurizio and Paolo sit on the side of the oak-paneled room. A bunch of duels are taking place. The sound of blades sliding against each other and the buzzer going off.

MAURIZIO

You're into fencing?

PAOLO GUCCI

My father hates it. This is the last place we'd bump into him.

(beat)

Life must be fun with Patrizia around. You picked a firecracker.

MAURIZIO

Yeah, she's a handful.

PAOLO GUCCI

Two handfuls.

Paolo nudges Maurizio. Crass. But Maurizio humors him.

MAURIZIO

She loves your work. She's obsessed. I'm getting jealous.

PAOLO GUCCI

She has great taste.

MAURIZIO

Apparently you're open to the idea of us working together.

PAOLO GUCCI

What did you hear about that thing?

MAURIZIO

What thing?

PAOLO GUCCI

You know.

Maurizio smiles. Enjoys watching Paolo squirm.

PAOLO GUCCI (CONT'D)

My father's dirty laundry basket.

MAURIZIO

I know enough to want to know more.

Paolo looks around, pulls out a briefcase and clicks it open.

PAOLO

I got these from three of his ex secretaries slash ex girlfriends. He's not exactly a favorite among the exes. They all hate his guts.

He hands Maurizio one of the files. Maurizio glances it over.

MAURIZIO

(reading)

Hong Kong?

PAOLO

I used to think it was the Chinese restaurant in Brera. Then I looked at the amount of money being moved around. I know their egg rolls are overpriced but they're not 7 digits
(beat)

Gucci is a black hole of undeclared income.

BUZZ. A fencer lands a direct hit.

MAURIZIO

Can I keep this?

PAOLO

The file?

MAURIZIO

Yes.

PAOLO

What for?

MAURIZIO

We could use it as leverage. Spook your old man a little bit.

Paolo grabs the briefcase again. Clicks it shut.

PAOLO

(defensive)

I will talk to him. It's fine.

MAURIZIO

Why? You've been trying to talk to him all your life. You've been too nice. The day I turned away from my father and committed to Patrizia was the biggest decision I've made. In the end he respected me for it. We got closer.

PAOLO

You think this'll get him to loosen his grip on me? Is that it?

MAURIZIO

100%. Worst case scenario, he pays his taxes, they slap his wrist. Happens all the time. But at least he'll know his son is his own man.

PAOLO

It won't get him into any real trouble, right?

MAURIZIO

Of course not.

Paolo nods silently. Maurizio takes the briefcase from him.

PAOLO

Now, as far as my deal goes, the devil's in the details.

(pulls out notes)

Cotton gives me a rash. When we're traveling the world promoting my line, I only want to sleep in linen. Moroccan. And I need a separate room. For the birds. Also, I want cover stories in the holy trinity. Vogue, Elle, Harper's.

Maurizio stares at a duel where a fencer is being cornered by his opponent who doesn't let up. Hit, Hit, Hit.

78

INT. COLUMBIA GYM- DAY

78

ALDO, in protective glasses, is dripping sweat as he is slammed into a wall while playing squash with a young co-ed.

Suddenly THREE MEN in suits show up waving Federal Badges. He greets them, ignores them. Returns to the game.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

I am not saying we didn't tip off the IRS. But Aldo had doused himself in gasoline. We just lit a match.

FREEZE FRAME: a NEWSPAPER PICTURE of Aldo getting arrested.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

When they told him it was tax-related he said "oh. I thought it was serious".

UNFREEZE: The NEWSPAPER PICTURE comes alive and Aldo, in his squash gear, is stuffed into a car. Oblivious.

79

INT. PAOLO GUCCI'S OFFICE- DAY

79

Paolo looks down at the newspaper article about Aldo's arrest, his hands shaking. He pours himself an immense whiskey. He's on the phone to Maurizio.

SPLIT SCREEN. Maurizio on the left, in chiaroscuro. Paolo on the right, pacing with his drink and article in a kimono.

PAOLO

Criminal tax evasion sounds pretty serious. What if they dig deeper? What if they find even more dirt?

MAURIZIO

Trust me. It's nothing like that.

PAOLO

Are you sure?

MAURIZIO

I'm positive. Paolo, things are very fucked up over there in America, you know? The papers, they put things out to sell copies.

PAOLO

Yeah, I know. That's why I'm asking. You see, my main concern is prison. He's 70. We were just supposed to spook him. Is he okay?

MAURIZIO

He's fine.

PAOLO

I want to know if he's doin' all right. If he's gonna be okay.

MAURIZIO

He's good. He's fine.

PAOLO

Do you think he'll know it was us?

MAURIZIO

I'm sending a draft of the contract next week. We'll go into production on your line soon after.

Heavy breathing. Paolo's half a second from a panic attack.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

You'll get your dream, Paolo. Isn't that what you want?

CLICK. Maurizio's SPLIT-SCREEN fills the frame, revealing Patrizia to his right. She was there all along.

80

INT. PAOLO GUCCI'S ATELIER- DAY

80

SNAPSHOT: Long work tables, sewing machines, fabrics, flat overhead lighting, curtains drawn over windows. A much more professional set-up than we've seen previously.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

Believe it or not, we gave Paolo money to fund his line. How much?

SNAPSHOT: Paolo gets a tape measure and a notebook and proceeds to measure his models, writes down measurements.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

Enough to make him think it was for real. With no salary and no shares, he was completely driven by his own ego to prove himself. And as Pina used to say, "your ego is not your amigo". It was a drop in the bucket and it bought us his trust.

SNAPSHOT: Paolo picks a LOGO for his PG line- it's gold and garish and very Paolo i.e. completely lacking in subtlety.

Whip-pan to Patrizia and Maurizio walking in to "take a peak". Arms outstretched, they affectionately hug Paolo.

Patrizia takes a CHECK out of her Gucci bag and hands it to Paolo, who in turns hands it to his new assistant.

81

INT. FEDERAL COURT HOUSE- DAY

81

ALDO and his team of lawyers STAND in the busy courtroom. He is sobbing, leaning on his cane.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

Aldo didn't know how serious tax evasion was in the US. Most people don't until they're caught and wake up a decade later without a house or a car or a pot to piss in.

The judge gathers his paperwork.

JUDGE

Ten minute recess.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

The judge hated immigrants, especially Italian ones (which was ironic considering his grandfather emigrated from Naples). But the rumor going around was that Aldo had pounded his own gavel into the Judge's wife.

82

INT. COURTHOUSE CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

82

Aldo and his lawyers sit around the formica conference table.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

The lawyers would go over pleas, trustees and legalese and the only thing Aldo wanted to know?

On ALDO: the look of a man in torment.

ALDO GUCCI

Why would my son do this to me?

ANGLE ON: The GAVEL STRIKES. The judge delivers his sentence.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

In the end, Aldo got a couple years. It wasn't going to kill him, but then again, would anything? I used to say that if a nuclear bomb went off, it would be Aldo and the roaches roaming the Earth.

SNAPSHOT: ALDO, in his Prison Uniform, is greeted by his new cellmates: a heavily tattooed NICARAGUAN and a scrawny TEXAN. He puts his towel and soap on the bottom bunk of the bed. Extends his hand as though he were at a cocktail party.

ALDO GUCCI

Aldo Gucci, pleasure to meet you.

MUSIC CUE: Verdi's "Drinking Song" from LA TRAVIATA.

83

EXT. PAOLO'S FASHION SHOW- NIGHT

83

Angle on: JENNY GUCCI'S OPEN MOUTH. She belts OPERA for the guests at Paolo's big show. The setting is a courtyard in a Milanese palazzo. There are WAITERS circling dining tables and an improvised catwalk running through them like a train track. Paolo's P.G. logo is draped from the balconies.

A gaggle of NERVOUS MODELS wearing Paolo's designs make their way down the catwalk. There is NO consistency to the designs: they are clearly the work of a glorified amateur.

Safari-themed jumpsuits. Fur-lined puffer jackets. Tunics.
Faux-fur coats. Velvet blazers.

Welcome to the dark side of late70s/early80s fashion.

84

INT. PAOLO'S FASHION SHOW, BEHIND THE SCENES- NIGHT

84

We track through empty coat racks, people running around like headless chicken, models hangings. End with PAOLO watching the show from a vantage point. He turns to his assistant, grabs him by the shoulders. Flushed and agitated.

PAOLO

Will somebody tell those fucking waiters to stop serving food?! I can hear chewing from back here.

A MODEL comes up to him in her underwear. She's shivering.

MODEL

Can I put my coat on? I'm cold.

PAOLO

(screaming his head off)
YOU'RE SIBERIAN. FUCK OFF.

He runs to another end. No clue where to turn. Overwhelmed.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

It's never good to be invited to a bonfire only to find out you are the log.

His FEMALE ASSISTANT pounces on him, terrified.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Gucci, we have a problem.

85

EXT. PAOLO'S FASHION SHOW- NIGHT

85

A DOZEN CARABINIERI (Italian police) storm the fashion show as surprised guests are both horrified and entertained by the scene. Ashen-faced models turn to each other, puzzled.

PAOLO steps out into the light, is approached by the CHIEF.

CHIEF CARABINIERE

Good evening. Are you Paolo Gucci?

Paolo nods. Turns to the room and tries to DEFUSE tension.

PAOLO GUCCI

Another parking ticket? Ha. Ha.

The cop hands him a CEASE AND DECIST letter. Paolo squints.

The CARABINIERI storm the backstage area and being REMOVING his designs, carelessly place them in boxes.

CHIEF CARABINIERE

You have broken certain exclusive rights granted to the copyright holder, such as the right to reproduce, distribute, display or perform the protected work, or to make derivative works.

PAOLO GUCCI

What copyright holder?!

CHIEF CARABINIERE

Gucci S.P.A.

Paolo can't believe it. His hands shake as he reads the document. Jenny starts belting opera again to try and reclaim some normalcy. But it's too late. Guests are pouring out.

86 EXT. PAOLO'S FASHION SHOW- NIGHT

86

Patrizia and Maurizio are parked in their Mercedes-Benz, watching as the guests chat loudly about they just witnessed.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

By using his last name on all of his designs, Paolo had achieved the unenviable goal of being sued by Gucci for being Gucci. In other words? Sued for being himself.

A steady stream of boxes is now being carried outside by the carabinieri. A handful of dresses fall on the dirty sidewalk.

87 INT. SAN MARCO'S CHURCH- DAY

87

Maurizio and Patrizia are kneeling at a pew. Without warning, Paolo slides in next to them. Disheveled. The entire conversation is *sottovoce*, accompanied by an organ.

PAOLO

Why d'you do it?

PATRIZIA

(feigning surprise)

What's going on? What happened?

PAOLO

Don't look at me you lying bitch.
Just shut your fucking mouth.

PATRIZIA

We're in church. YOU shut your mouth.

MAURIZIO

Let's go outside.

88

EXT. SAN MARCO'S CHURCH- DAY

88

Paolo paces up and down the cobblestones like an angry bull. Opposite him, Patrizia and Maurizio do their best American Gothic: standing perfectly still watching him blow up.

PAOLO

You ripped my heart out and left it to bleed in front of everyone. My wife- she had to sing Verdi till her voice was coarse while we figured out what the fuck was going on. Why did you report me for copyright breach? Gucci is my name too!

PATRIZIA

You abused the name because you were trying to start a trade war. Simple.

PAOLO

No I wasn't. I swear I wasn't. I mean- how could you?? *We're family.*

MAURIZIO

We're a family business.

Maurizio turns to face Paolo. His voice growing in strength.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

You're \$450,000 in the hole. Your brand is DOA. Reputation? Toast. Overnight. Gone. Like that.

He clicks his fingers.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

You can fight us with lawyers, but with what money? The only income you had was from your father and his assets are frozen in Hong Kong, Nassau, Switzerland. Thanks to you.

PAOLO

You're a character, you know that? My quiet little cousin's a character. Who knew.

PATRIZIA
Paolo, we love you.

Paolo lets out a cackle in church. Everybody turns to look.

MAURIZIO
She's right. We don't want to hurt
you. We wanna do right by you. We
have a proposition. The only way.
(beat)
Sell us your slice of Gucci. Your
shares. Your 25%.

Paolo's jaw hits the floor. He can't believe his ears.

PAOLO
Sorry. I got distracted. Repeat
that, please? I have a wax buildup.

PATRIZIA
We want to buy your 25%.

PAOLO
You've got some courage, you two.
I'll give you that. I'm amazed.

MAURIZIO
We both know it's for the best.

PAOLO
I'd rather see Gucci burn than to
hand it over to you bastards.

He leaves.

MAURIZIO
I told you. He'll never go for it.

PATRIZIA
That's because he's proud. We need
to wait a little. When he's on his
last legs, we hit back, only this
time he won't have a clue it's you.

MAURIZIO
How?

PATRIZIA
We'll partner with an outside
investor. A trojan horse.

TITLE UP: 1985.

MUSIC CUE: FRANCO BATTIATO'S *CUCCURUCUCU*. Aerial of a PRISON.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*At Eglin Federal Prison Camp,
 Aldo was responsible for all the
 tailoring that went on.*

89 INT. EGLIN FEDERAL TAILOR SHOP- DAY

89

ALDO, in prison garb, walks down a row lined with sewing machines. Inmates carefully stitch and pull and cut cloth. He stops to INSPECT a pair of trousers. He points out errors.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*The inmates nicknamed Aldo Bubba.
 That's prison talk for "good guy".*

90 INT. PRISON CELL- DAY

90

Aldo fixes up his Nicaraguan cellmate, adjusting his trouser turn-up. A guard swings by.

GUARD
 Bubba- got a visitor for you.

Aldo looks up, inquiringly. He shakes his head no and continues working on the pant leg.

ANGLE ON: the prison's log book. The guard scribbles a new entry: Paolo Gucci. We pull back to entire column of missed visits from PAOLO to ALDO.

91 INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM- DAY

91

PULL BACK to a large gymnasium filled with formica tables and cheap plastic chairs at which we see PRISONERS and their WIVES AND CHILDREN eating, talking, crying. We land on:

PAOLO. All alone. Waiting for his father who won't come.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*Paolo would visit once a week,
 every week. Must have spent a
 fortune flying back and forth
 between Milan and New York. But his
 father just didn't wanna see him.
 He wasn't ready to forgive him.*

92 INT. PAOLO'S ATELIER- DAY

92

Paolo paces around his atelier, looking more like a coked-up porn producer than a fashion heir. Disheveled, salmon pink suit, eye bags. Lights a cigarette with the end of another.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*That wasn't the only thing Paolo
was burning his cash on.*

93 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE- DAY

93

A huge mahogany desk with a team of a dozen or so lawyers giving a presentation. Paolo is in the middle, flipping through an IMMENSE folder of documents. Totally confused.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Thing with lawyers is, as long as
the conflicts remain unresolved,
the revenue stream will keep
flowing. So they kept telling him
he had a case against Gucci.*

ANGLE ON: Paolo signing cheque after cheque until he literally hits the cardboard of his checkbook.

94 INT. ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE- DAY

94

An ACCOUNTANT with the face of an undertaker reviews Paolo's expenses with him. Paolo bites his nails, knows it's bad.

ACCOUNTANT

Between legal fees, manufacturing costs, taxes, media pay-offs, There's no way around it. You're drowning in debt and it'll only get worse. Paolo, if you have an opportunity to sell--

PAOLO

I'd rather die a bum with my middle finger raised than sell my shares to that fucker! And that's that.

95 INT. MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA'S PENTHOUSE- DAY

95

MAURIZIO AND ALLEGRA (now 5) are playing with the first Macintosh. She is drawing a boat at sea and he is watching her color it in. A MAID is dusting the Romanic busts.

ALLEGRA

Make the sky blue, Macintosh.

MAURIZIO

It's a computer. You can't speak to it. Use this thing. It's a MOUSE.

ALLEGRA

Why is it called a mouse?

MAURIZIO

It is called a mouse because of the wire that connects it to the computer. The people who designed it thought that it looked like one.

ALLEGRA

Can we give it cheese?

MAURIZIO

Sure. It only likes stinky cheese.

WHIP-PAN: FRANCO bursts through the door carrying a MOTORCYCLE HELMET.

FRANCO

They're coming. You must leave now. Take the emergency stairwell-

SIRENS blaring outside. Maurizio runs to the window and sees three marked Alfa Romeo 155 screech to a halt.

SUPER SLOW-MOTION ON THE FINANCE POLICE AS THEY PULL UP. Dressed in innocuous light gray uniforms.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

See that? That's Italy's finance police. They police tax evasion, smuggling, drug trafficking, illegal immigration and terrorist financing. America has the FBI, we've got these guys. Since practically all Italians have something to hide, everybody takes them very seriously.

Franco grabs Maurizio by the arm. Hands him TRAVEL DOCUMENTS.

FRANCO

Your wife and daughter will join you in St. Moritz at a later date.

The MAID takes Allegra to her bedroom as the Finance Police swarms the apartment.

96

REAR OF THE BUILDING:

96

Maurizio hops on a RED KAWASAKI. He revs the engine, kicks the stand and TAKES OFF, concealed by his helmet.

The color palette goes from foggy, grey Milan to lush, green Switzerland. Maurizio constantly checks his rear-view mirror.

The motorcycle pulls up at a BORDER CHECKPOINT where the Swiss Authorities check his documents. They ask him to lift his visor. Back and forth glances, then the signal: GO AHEAD.

97 EXT/INT ST. MORITZ CHALET- NIGHT 97

The motorcycle's headlight shines in the night as it pulls up outside the Gucci's St. Moritz chalet. It is austere, set on a snow-covered ledge overlooking a deep valley. Swiss Xanadu.

Maurizio steps inside, alone. It's dark. He grabs a flashlight and shines it around. He comes across photographs on the mantelpiece. Of him as a little boy with his mother. Of his father and mother. Of him on Guccio Gucci's lap.

A big portion of his life in just a few snapshots.

98 INT. MAURIZIO'S OFFICE- DAY 98

Patrizia stands in the middle of the office putting out a cigarette in an overflowing ashtray, watching powerlessly as the TAX POLICE removes dozens of files.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

I'm not saying forging Rodolfo's signature was the smartest thing I'd ever done. It wasn't. But I saved us \$24 million. Would you have thrown money out like that? It's not like I shot anyone.

A HANDWRITING SPECIALIST with a magnifying glass compares Maurizio's signature with Rodolfo's in several documents.

PATRIZIA

You're not listening to me. I'm here to help you.

TAX COP #1

Thank you Mrs. Gucci, we have all the help we need. We just need to perform a few more analyses.

Patrizia pulls out her purse and removes a 5 inch wad of cash. Not a word is spoken.

PATRIZIA

I said I'm here to help you.

Everybody stops on their tracks. Looks are exchanged. Half of them want it. The other half... want it but can't.

Suddenly DE SOLE steps inside, sees what is going on. He grabs Patrizia from the room and steps outside with her.

DE SOLE
What are you doing!?

PATRIZIA
Offering them an incentive to leave
us the hell alone.

DE SOLE
We're already in hot water- that's
just going to exacerbate things.

PATRIZIA
Have you spoken to Maurizio?

DE SOLE
He called me from a bar. He is in
St. Moritz. You can join him
whenever you want. What's this
about a forged signature?

PATRIZIA
How am I supposed to know?

DE SOLE
You don't know anything about it?

PATRIZIA
I know as much about it as you.

DE SOLE
It must be Paolo stirring the pot
again. I told you he was trouble.

PATRIZIA
Paolo wouldn't know about those
share certificates. Few would.

DE SOLE
His resourcefulness is astonishing.

They stare at each other. Two liars squaring off.

PATRIZIA
I'll send you a postcard from St.
Moritz. Merry Christmas.

She throws her mink coat on and leaves.

Maurizio, decked out in a garish 80s ski outfit, tears
through a steep double black diamond piste. An expert.

He arrives at the bottom and takes a breather. Removes his gloves and loosens his ski boots.

A WOMAN IN HER 30s, PAOLA FRANCHI, "pulls up" right next to him. Taps him on his shoulder.

PAOLA FRANCHI

I knew it was you.

Maurizio looks up. Paola removes her goggles and hat. We get a good look at her. A Hitchcockian icy blonde in her 30s, elegant and low-key. Polar opposite to Patrizia.

MAURIZIO

Oh, wow. Paola.

She immediately gives him a giggly hug. Holds his hands.

PAOLA FRANCHI

You look exactly the same.

MAURIZIO

So do you.

CUT TO:

100 THROUGH WINDSHIELD WIPERS: 100

The St. Moritz chalet appears, amber light glowing in the snow-covered Swiss landscape.

Patrizia and Allegra exit and make their way into the house. The sound of laughter intensifies as they get closer.

101 INT. ST. MORITZ CHALET- NIGHT 101

PATRIZIA, wrestling with suitcases and Christmas presents, steps into the living room.

PATRIZIA'S POV: six dinner guests are watching a game of TWISTER. MAURIZIO and PAOLA FRANCHI are all tangled up with each other. The laughter subsides when guests notice Patrizia.

PATRIZIA

I hope I'm not interrupting.

MAURIZIO

Everybody- say hi Patrizia.

The guests say "Hi Patrizia" in unison. Allegra RUNS towards a pretty Christmas tree proudly standing by the bay window.

PATRIZIA
That's a beautiful tree.

Paola makes her way over to Patrizia and Allegra.

PAOLA FRANCHI
We put it up this morning. We
wanted to surprise you.
It's such a pleasure to meet you.
I'm Paola. An old friend of M's.

PATRIZIA
(shaking her hand hard)
M? Cute. I'm sure you know my name.

102 INT. ST. MORITZ CHALET- NIGHT

102

Macaroons and Moscato d'Asti. The guests are stuck-up winter weekenders. Everybody is enjoying dinner except for Patrizia.

MAURIZIO
(rearranging silverware)
You really should stop telling
these stories. They're so
embarrassing. Am I blushing?

PAOLA FRANCHI
One more. I'm sure Patrizia wants
to hear it, don't you, darling?

All eyes on Patrizia.

PATRIZIA
I'm dying to hear it, darling.

PAOLA FRANCHI
When we were 13, Maurizio and I
were walking down the beach in St.
Tropez looking for something to do.
An opened cask of wine washed up on
the beach (no idea how long it was
at sea for). So we drank it. First
time getting drunk and vomited red
wine everywhere all over our white
clothes. We looked like two Jackson
Pollocks. Rodolfo wouldn't talk to
me for a month. He hated me!

MAURIZIO
He loved you.
(raising a Pepsi)
I haven't had a drink since.

GUEST 1

So how long did you two date?

PAOLA FRANCHI

Date? Are you out of your mind?
He's like my little brother.

She puts her hand on his. Suddenly Patrizia perks up.

PATRIZIA

What do you think of the macaroons?

GUEST 2

This hazelnut one. So *moist*.

PATRIZIA

That one's pistachio. The brown ones are the hazelnut.

MAURIZIO

She has them sent every Christmas.
From Paris. Tell 'em, Patrizia.

PATRIZIA

Well. There's this charming little hotel by Notre Dame Dee-low-ret.

MAURIZIO

(perfect french accent)
Notre Dame de Lorette.

PATRIZIA

Right. Maurizio and I stayed there five years ago. We had the most amazing time. We were so in love. We still are. I begged Maurizio to take me for my 25th birthday and of course he obliged.

(put her hand on his)

As soon as we landed we went to the *Jules Verne* restaurant in the Eiffel Tower. It's at the top--

MAURIZIO

--it's on the second floor.

PATRIZIA

It was magnificent. Later we went to the Louvres. I'd always dreamt of seeing the Louvres. We arranged a private tour, thank God. Imagine all those crowds? I couldn't do it-

MAURIZIO

They just want to know where you got the macaroons, sweetie.

PATRIZIA

I'm telling them.

MAURIZIO

You're filling the story full of unnecessary details.

PATRIZIA

I don't think they mind.

MAURIZIO

They wouldn't say it if they did.

PATRIZIA

You're an unnecessary detail.

Icy silence in the room. Just the tinkle of a spoon.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Ladurée. How was my pronunciation?

103

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

103

A fire burns in the mahogany imperial bedroom as Patrizia removes her jewelry and lathers her face in beauty creams. There's tension in the room. You can *feel* it. Maurizio is in his underwear pulling clothes out of their suitcases.

PATRIZIA

What I am trying to tell you is, De Sole is the only person who saw the unsigned certificates.

MAURIZIO

He worked for my father for ten years. Never did *anything* questionable. I trust him. He's not the problem.

(beat)

Where did you pack my pajamas?!

PATRIZIA

He's not the problem? Who is then? I saw how you spoke to me at dinner. He's not the problem?

MAURIZIO

I was just tired. Pajamas?

PATRIZIA

Next time don't embarrass me in front of those wax figures.

MAURIZIO

They're childhood friends of mine. I've known them longer than you.
CAN I PLEASE HAVE MY PAJAMAS.

She throws the pajamas at him.

PATRIZIA

What did you mean he's not the problem? Say it.

MAURIZIO

I'm tired.

PATRIZIA

Well wake up and say it.

MAURIZIO

Actions have consequences. When you forge a signature. When you make me sneak around my own family. When you set father and son against each other, me against Paolo. When you second guess Domenico De Sole- the ONLY person my father trusted. These things have an effect on the environment I operate in. On me.

PATRIZIA

I was saving us 24 million dollars in inheritance tax. I was being constructive. I'm not going to apologize for that. No thanks.

MAURIZIO

My uncle is in prison and my cousin thinks i'm scum. You think that's constructive? You think that's responsible?

PATRIZIA

Gucci was at war before I showed up, and now you're blaming me for the casualties?! Don't pin Gucci's problems on me, Maurizio. I'm just mopping up the mess.

MAURIZIO

Why? I never asked for your help.

PATRIZIA

You need it. You need it so bad.
You're blind. You need me to see.
It's okay. I'm here. We're only
strong together. Like Pina said.

She tries caressing him but he pulls away.

MAURIZIO

The only thing I need is for you to
stay away from Gucci before you
cause any more damage. I can handle
it by myself. Understood?

Patrizia turns on a dime. Venom in her eyes.

PATRIZIA

Truthfully, I'm only getting
involved because you're an
incompetent, little, baby idiot.
You really are only half of Gucci,
You're weak. A weak little brat.

MAURIZIO

You want a real man?

He GRABS her by the throat and pushes her up against the
wall, lifts her up.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll grow a little-

Angle on her feet: they're a good 5 inches off the ground.
She claws at his hands. His glasses go flying off him.
He snaps out of it.

Immediately regretting it, he lets go and looks down at his
hands. Amazed at himself. Color returning to his black eyes.

She coughs, breathes heavily, tears in her eyes.

Then, unexpectedly- she grabs him and KISSES HIM
PASSIONATELY. They do it against the wall, it's aggressive,
animalistic. A mix of passion and hatred. A FINE LINE.

104 EXT. ST. MORITZ CHALET- DAY

104

It's CHRISTMAS EVE. A light snowfall dusts the house.
Patrizia pulls up outside, enters carrying shopping bags.

105 INT. ST. MORITZ CHALET- DAY

105

Patrizia has just finished re-decorating the Christmas tree
with new decorations.

Paola's decorations have been taken down. Allegra is playing SIMON SAYS (the toy) in the living room. She hits colored triangles and repeats musical patterns, mesmerized. It's super loud. She bangs on and on.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

So we hit a rough patch. Who doesn't? I always saw Christmas as a gigantic mouthwash. No matter how rotten you'd been, everything would get washed away with a few gifts.

Through half-open French doors: we see Maurizio, smoking, pacing back and forth. He is on the phone with De Sole.

Maurizio pokes his head out of his HOME OFFICE.

MAURIZIO

I can't hear myself think with that blasted thing. Ding ding ding-

ALLEGRA

But I'm winning!

MAURIZIO

Win with the volume off.

He angrily slides the doors closed and resumes his conversation. Patrizia eyes him like a hawk through a gap in the door. He's circling companies in the WALL STREET JOURNAL.

106 INT. PRIVATE STUDY- NIGHT 106

Patrizia goes through the papers on Maurizio's desk, sees what Maurizio has been circling: FOREIGN INVESTMENT COMPANIES.

107 INT. ST. MORITZ CHALET- NIGHT 107

Christmas wrapping paper strewn around. Patrizia is handing out presents. Maurizio swallows a yawn. His mind elsewhere.

ALLEGRA

That's for me! That's for me!

PATRIZIA

(checking the card)
For Allegra.

ALLEGRA

It's Teddy, isn't it?

She rips the paper ravenously. Teddy Ruxpin. She lets out a gasp. Adds him to the pile of toys next to her.

PATRIZIA
Another one for Daddy. From Mummy.

MAURIZIO
How did Mummy pay for all this?

ALLEGRA
With a credit card!

Maurizio throws Patrizia a look: obviously *his* credit card. Maurizio takes the gift. He pulls the paper back. It's a Tiffany WATCH. He puts it aside.

PATRIZIA
We can change the strap if you don't like that color.

MAURIZIO
Red. Your favorite.

Allegra sees one last present under the tree. Pulls it out.

ALLEGRA
For Mummy. From Daddy.

Patrizia unwraps the present whilst smiling at Maurizio. This is a big moment for her. For them. She unwraps the already small package, realizes it's even smaller. Could be a jewel?

MAURIZIO
I never know what to get you.
You have such unique taste.

Patrizia removes something so awful she almost cries at the sight of it. She dangles it like it's a dead fish. It's...

PATRIZIA
A Bloomingdales Gift Card.

MAURIZIO
That way you can buy what you want.

PATRIZIA
I never shop there. You know I don't.

MAURIZIO
Well, now you have a reason to go.

PATRIZIA
Thank you.

MAURIZIO
Merry Christmas.

108 EXT. SKI SLOPES- DAY

108

Maurizio and Allegra make their way down the bunny slope. Patrizia watches them as she waits in line for the ski lift.

Something catches her eye: PAOLA FRANCHI, in all-white. She is at the front of the line. Patrizia charges through the crowd, gets right next to her.

PATRIZIA

Paola? Darling, what a vision. Love the all-white outfit. So chic.

PAOLA FRANCHI

Patrizia, darling. Thank you. Shhh I got it on sale. Is that rabbit?

PATRIZIA

Mink. I like rabbits too much to wear them. I just eat them.

PAOLA FRANCHI

Ha. I made Strudel for you guys.

PATRIZIA

I bet Maurizio'd love your Strudel.

PAOLA FRANCHI

I can drop it off tonight perhaps?

PATRIZIA

Oh you're too kind. What a hassle. I'll just grab it from you later.

They get on the ski-lift. The bar is lowered. Legs dangling.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

You ever steal anything, Paola?

PAOLA FRANCHI

What a funny question.

PATRIZIA

Forgive me. I am trying to teach Allegra the importance of not touching other people's belongings.

Pause. Patrizia stares at Paola, expecting an answer.

PAOLA FRANCHI

A mint when I was a kid.

PATRIZIA

A mint? Come now. Don't be shy.

PAOLA FRANCHI
\$90 from my mother. She never knew.

PATRIZIA
I don't consider myself a supremely
ethical person, but I am *fair*. And
I have been having thoughts. May I
share them with you?

Paola offers a passive aggressive, smiling nod. "go ahead".

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
Stealing, of course, is a crime, and a
very impolite thing to do. But like
most impolite things, it is excusable
under certain circumstances. Stealing
is not excusable if, for instance, you
are in a museum and you decide that a
certain painting would look better in
your house, and you simply grab the
painting and take it. But if you were
very, very hungry, and you had no way
of obtaining money, it would be
excusable to steal food from a vendor
at a market. *That* I understand. I
respect, even. What I cannot wrap my
head around is someone who steals just
for the pleasure of it. To cause harm.
For personal satisfaction. It is at
that point that I subscribe to
unconventional punishments.
Some countries deal with thieves by
having their right hand and left
foot cut off.
They never steal again.

They arrive at the top of the slope. Patrizia raises the ski
lift bar and skis away, leaving Paola to digest this.

109 EXT. SKI SLOPES- DUSK 109

Patrizia, alone in the resort's cafe, sips on a hot
chocolate. She looks out at the mountain. Maurizio and
Allegra are nowhere to be seen. Paola's strudel is next to
her. A resort attendant stacks chairs. Time to go.

110 EXT. ST. MORITZ CHALET- NIGHT 110

Patrizia is dropped off by a taxi. As soon as the taxi is out
of sight, she takes Paola's strudel, walks over to the edge
of the valley, and TOSSES it down. It vanishes in the snow.

She tries to open the door to the house. It's LOCKED. She
tries her keys. In vain. They don't work.

LATER: Patrizia sits in the doorway shivering. Her coat is up to her nose and she is half-asleep. HEADLIGHTS WAKE HER UP.

Maurizio pulls up with Allegra. They make their way over.

PATRIZIA
Where have you been?

MAURIZIO
I took Allegra to meet Santa.

PATRIZIA
I've been waiting for hours. My key isn't working.

MAURIZIO
I had it changed. Here.

He hands her a copy.

PATRIZIA
How was I supposed to know?

MAURIZIO
I left you a message at the cafe.

ALLEGRA
This girl sat on Santa's lap and she started crying and wouldn't stop. I didn't cry at all.

She rubs Allegra's head.

PATRIZIA
I'm proud of you. Are you hungry?

ALLEGRA
I already ate with Daddy.

111 INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

111

Maurizio and Patrizia are in the bedroom. She sits upright in doing a crossword puzzle. Trying her best to be "normal".

PATRIZIA
Feeling of generosity. 8 down.

Maurizio is in the bathroom brushing his teeth. He either ignores her or doesn't hear.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
Don't worry about it. Goodwill.
(beat)
Dethrone. 5 down.

No answer. She puts the puzzle down. He emerges from the bathroom, wipes his mouth clean and prepares for bed.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Do you want a cup of tea?

MAURIZIO

No thanks.

PATRIZIA

Tomorrow I was thinking we could take Allegra to the funicular and then toboggan on the way down.

MAURIZIO

It's closed for bad weather.

PATRIZIA

Isn't it supposed to be sunny?

MAURIZIO

Clearly not. Look outside.

PATRIZIA

The weather turn quickly here.

MAURIZIO

Franco is coming tomorrow at noon.

PATRIZIA

Whatever for??

MAURIZIO

I need to be alone for a while.

PATRIZIA

I don't understand.

MAURIZIO

I need perspective.

Patrizia laughs in disbelief. Then she realizes he's not joking and a look of deep sadness washes over her.

PATRIZIA

Cant we at least talk about it-

MAURIZIO

I can't deal with you at the moment. I'll find the right words to say what I want to say, when I want to. Please go to sleep.

He leaves the room and shuts the door behind him.

112 INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT 112

180 rotation on Patrizia, wide awake, SOBBING UNCONTROLLABLY in bed. Alone.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*The worst feeling isn't being
 lonely; it's being forgotten by
 someone you could never forget. And
 I knew that night, in that bed,
 that things had changed forever.*

113 EXT. ST. MORITZ CHALET- DAY 113

Patrizia finishes packing presents and suitcases in the back of Franco's car. She gives Maurizio one last glance.

Maurizio looks out at her through the icy window. Impassive.

ANGLE ON: Maurizio's list of Foreign Investors. One in particular is circled. **INVESTCORP.**

DE SOLE
 (over the phone)
 Investcorp? They're Iraqi.

MAURIZIO
 (over speaker phone)
 What else.

114 INT. MAURIZIO'S MILAN OFFICE- DAY 114

De Sole is at Maurizio's desk, feet up, flipping through the Wall Street Journal. A SECRETARY pours him fresh coffee.

DE SOLE
 They like high-end retail
 investments. Bought Tiffany's in
 '84. Turned it around quick.
 (to the secretary)
 I said no cream. Do it again.

MAURIZIO
 (over the phone)
 Why them though? Why not Dought
 Hanson? Or Hellman & Friedman?

DE SOLE
 Too obvious.

MAURIZIO

We need someone with capital who doesn't look like they'd know a Gucci. Paolo and Aldo would never sell to any of us.

115 INT. ST. MORITZ CHALET, PRIVATE STUDY- DAY

115

DE SOLE

(over the phone)

And Paolo won't do it. He's too scared of his father.

MAURIZIO

He is drowning in debt. We're throwing him a life preserver. It just needs a different label on it than Gucci. Who runs Investcorp?

DE SOLE

Nemir Kirdar. He's the one.

MAURIZIO

Set a meeting. I'm back on Monday.

DE SOLE

I don't think coming back is a good idea, especially with the ongoing investigation into the forgery.

MAURIZIO

(cutting him off)

Did I ask you for your opinion?

De Sole suddenly perks up. Maurizio has NEVER snapped at him.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

I'll pay the \$24 million in inheritance tax. Fuck it. I'll take the hit. When all is said and done, \$24 million will look a lot like a spit in the sea. I'm my own man now. I'm gonna do things my way.

116 EXT. CASA GALIMBERTI- NIGHT

116

ESTABLISHING: with its ceramic tiles depicting bourgeois beauties, is one of the finest pieces of fin-de-siècle Liberty architecture in Italy.

117 EXT. CASA GALIMBERTI- NIGHT

117

Patrizia and six HEAVILY MADE UP EX-WIVES sit in a windowed terrace, sipping wine and exchanging love/war stories.

They are playing Baccarat but nobody really pays attention.
The floors are pink, the ceilings are covered in cherubs.

EX-WIFE #1

The credit card he ordered for his girlfriend came to my house. Long story short, he had taken me off of his account (mind you, I am his WIFE). A month later, a brand new Amex shows up in the mail, addressed to another woman. I was thinking that the mailman put something in my box for someone else, but nope, it was my address, and her name. How dumb can you be?

JENNY

Silly, silly boy. Who were these women he was cheating with?

EX-WIFE #1

Our son Leo's music teachers. Now I understand why he wanted him to learn all those instruments.

They all laugh. Patrizia is mildly horrified.

EX-WIFE #2

Men never change.

JENNY

They do change.
They get worse.

EX-WIFE #2

How are things going with Paolo?

JENNY

He's broke. I had to leave him. And this lousy bag is all I got.

She produces a GUCCI handbag. All eyes on Patrizia.

PATRIZIA

Well. I still love my husband.

JENNY

How is your daughter dealing with the separation?

PATRIZIA

It's not a separation. Maurizio just needs time. It'll be fine.

EX-WIFE #1

"I need space"... "give me time"...

JENNY

We've all gone through it,
Patrizia. Denial makes it worse.

EX-WIFE #2

Just get a great divorce lawyer
now. Load up the gun. I can refer
you. He's a handsome devil, too.

Patrizia blows up.

PATRIZIA

I'd rather be dead than divorced.

It's just a PHASE. A PHASE. OKAY?!

She slams the CARD on the table.

MATCH CUT TO:

A TAROT CARD LANDING on a red felt table.

118

INT. PINA'S PARLOR- NIGHT

118

Patrizia is drinking a glass of wine, smoking, her eyes red
with fresh tears, while Pina finishes doing her Tarot cards.

PINA AURIEMMA

See this one here?
(points at card)

PATRIZIA

Mmhm.

PINA AURIEMMA

This stands for the wall that
you're gonna go through. Together.
And once you get on that other
side, you're going to be a totally
different couple. Much stronger.
More vibrant. Is someone ill?

PATRIZIA

No.

PINA

Sure?

PATRIZIA

I mean, I've had insomnia.

PINA

You see? Don't lie to The Spirits.

PATRIZIA

I never lie Pina. I'm just scared.
This feels different. Like
something changed in Maurizio.

PINA

Come give Pina a hug. Come here.

Patrizia hobbles over and they embrace. Long, hard.

PATRIZIA

He's still following my advice, you
know? That's a good sign, right?

PINA AURIEMMA

Of course it is. He's *nothing*
without you. Remember, men have an
awful problem with thinking they
are smarter than they actually are.

PATRIZIA

You're right Pina. As always.

PINA AURIEMMA

You mustn't let negative energy eat
at you. Think positive. Everything'll
be copacetic. Say it with me.
Everything'll be copacetic.

PATRIZIA

Everything'll be copacetic.

They smile warmly at each other. Pina wipes her tears.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

You're the only friend I've got.

Patrizia removes an envelope BUSTING with cash. Hands it to
Pina, who takes it and hides it in a secret floorboard. We
see dozens of similar envelopes all written for Pina. She's
making a fortune off of Patrizia.

119

INT. PRINCIPE DI SAVOIA HOTEL- NIGHT

119

SLOW-MOTION: The elevators open and out step MAURIZIO, DE
SOLE, two IRAQI BUSINESSMEN (both wearing sunglasses). The
quartet make their way down the long hallway. They stop
outside a suite. Knock knock.

Maurizio notices a dozen bottles of DOM PERIGNON peeking out
of the room service cart outside the suite. Expensive taste.

120

INT. NEMIR KIRDAR'S SUITE- NIGHT

120

Maurizio and De Sole enter the luxurious suite. Louis XIV but with Italian style. De Sole discretely carries a DUFFEL BAG.

MAURIZIO'S POV: sitting in the middle of the room with his back to us is a very large man in his mid 50s. Slicked back raven hair, matching tracksuit. His feet are in a foot jacuzzi. He is watching a soccer game. Meet NEMIR KIRDAR.

KIRDAR

Mr. Gucci. I am Nemir Kirdar.
Please take a seat. The game will
be over soon. Your team is winning.

There is only one chair, opposite Kirdar. De Sole sits behind them, silently. Knows his place. The other two Iraqis next to him. But this scene is between two men: MAURIZIO and KIRDAR.

KIRDAR (CONT'D)

That's one thing Italians know how
to do better than anyone: Defend a
lead. You call it... *Catenaccio*?

MAURIZIO

I'm impressed.

KIRDAR

Soon there will be more AC Milan
fans in Baghdad than here in Milan.
(beat)
It is my understanding that Gucci
is interested in doing business.

MAURIZIO

I am only 50% of Gucci. I am here
representing my own interests. And
I want to ask you for...
(trying to find the word)
An intervention. I want us to work
together to bring Gucci to the
forefront of today's fashion.

Maurizio gestures to De Sole, who brings him his BRIEFCASE. Maurizio pulls out a 10-inch stack of financial documents.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

I have some numbers for you here.

KIRDAR

Numbers are for cheap accountants.
I only care about one thing.
My instinct.

He rises from his foot jacuzzi and walks to a closet, leaving a wet trail behind. There are dozens of SHOES. His weakness. He dries his feet and slips a pair of moccasins on.

KIRDAR (CONT'D)

Please. Join me for a refreshment.

The two men move to the bar. Kirdar prepares drinks: a Scotch for himself, a Pepsi for Maurizio. Knows he doesn't drink.

KIRDAR (CONT'D)

What *precisely* do you need from me?

MAURIZIO

I want a partner who can buy out the half of Gucci that's giving me a headache. The half that's preventing Gucci from being great--

KIRDAR

-- The half that belongs to your Uncle and your Cousin.

MAURIZIO

Investcorp has had great success with Tiffany. A resurrection.

KIRDAR

True. But Tiffany isn't Gucci. Gucci is a family business. With all the problems that come with family.

MAURIZIO

That's precisely why I need your assistance. We need to save Gucci from the Guccis.

KIRDAR

Why me? Surely you can find an investor who you know better? We have no history. Nothing ties us together.

MAURIZIO

You would lend credibility to Gucci. And guarantee a fresh start.

KIRDAR

Credibility is like virginity, it can only be lost once and never recovered.

Kirdar is a tough cookie. This is the most delicate part of the meeting and Maurizio knows it. It's make or break. He pushes his glasses in and looks Kirdar square in the eyes.

MAURIZIO

Seven years ago A.C. Milan was the laughing stock of Italian soccer. They were relegated to Serie B due to a betting scandal. As soon as they got promoted, they suffered their worst season ever, in 1981, being relegated once again. Nobody would touch them. The players stepped onto the pitch knowing they would lose. They were bloated. Unmotivated. They didn't believe.

He slowly moves to the T.V. showing the soccer game.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

Then came a new president. A new coach. New talent. A *vision* for the future. Seven years later? They're on the top of the world, winning by four goals in the Champions League final. Because one man had the instinct to take a gamble on them.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

Credibility can be regained because people forget failures and they only remember winners.

Kirdar takes a long, hard look at the T.V. screen. A.C. Milan has won the Champions League final. Cue: orgasmic jubilation.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

I brought you something.

De Sole, perfectly cued, loosens the duffel bag. Removes an intricate shoebox. Ceremoniously places it on the table.

Maurizio opens the box, revealing...

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

Your favorite color, burgundy. And your size. 10 US wide.

Kirdar takes the shoe and looks like a pig in shit.

KIRDAR

(roaring with laughter)
How did you know?!

MAURIZIO

I did my homework too.
The only other example of this
specific model is a permanent
fixture at the Met in New York.
(beat)
And now it is yours.

He's won the big man over. And with great style.

121 INT. LINATE AIRPORT- DAY 121

A flurry of families embracing each other at the arrivals gate. Paolo cranes his neck and waves nervously at ALDO. Aldo is gaunt. Older. Panama hat, linen suit. A shell of a man.

He hands Paolo his suitcases, shakes his hand.

122 EXT. LINATE AIRPORT, PARKING LOT- DAY 122

Father and son are lost looking for Paolo's car. He can't remember where he parked. This has been going on a while.

PAOLO

I think it's over there. Wait here.

ALDO

How are you gonna find me if you
can't find your car? I'm coming.

Paolo wheels Aldo's suitcases around. Drops them. A mess.

PAOLO

How was your flight?

ALDO

It was Alitalia. It was shit.

PAOLO

Did you eat?

ALDO

Barely.

They finally find the car. It's still the same Alfa- only the soft top has a gash in it, the sides are rusted, and the color has faded. Paolo loads Aldo's suitcase in the trunk, then turns to him and blurts out -

PAOLO

I didn't know it would go that far.
I hated myself for it. I'm sorry-

Aldo puts his hand over Paolo's mouth. Forever in control.

ALDO GUCCI
Not another word.

123 INT. PAOLO GUCCI'S APARTMENT- DAY

123

We go through Paolo's new digs, the sound of AM radio getting louder. The apartment is barren. Boxes left unopened. Mouse traps in the corner. We enter the KITCHEN where Aldo sits at the table, a bowl of pasta e fagioli and a glass of milk opposite him. Chugs it.

ALDO
Ulcers. They're killing me.

Paolo fidgets anxiously, keeps himself busy by tidying up.

PAOLO
I've been stressed out too.

ALDO
hmm-hmm.

PAOLO
Things have been really hard.

ALDO
hmm-hmm.

PAOLO
My PG line is dead.

ALDO
When was it ever alive?

PAOLO
Maurizio and his wife promised to help me. He shook my hand while she knifed me in the back. I was drowning in legal fees. It got real bad, Dad. Real bad. Jenny left. I was in bed for a week after that with dark thoughts.

ALDO
Well I'm here now. Things will go back the way they were.

Paolo's shaking hand extends the INTERCORP PROPOSAL LETTER to Aldo, who keeps eating and reads it, dismissively.

ALDO (CONT'D)
What's this?

PAOLO
A really good deal.

ALDO
(throws it aside)
Arabs? Tell them to fuck off.

PAOLO
I met with them the other day.

ALDO
Why? Pass me the salt. You still
haven't learned to season properly-

PAOLO
I met with their lawyers too.

ALDO
And the pepper too. It's *bland*.

PAOLO
I couldn't say no, Dad. I needed
the cash. *I mean look at this dump.*

Aldo gets up and grabs the salt and pepper himself.

PAOLO (CONT'D)
I sold my shares of Gucci to them.

Paolo bursts out crying. Collapses into Aldo's arms, who drops the salt and pepper. They crash onto the floor.

ALDO
You're an idiot. An idiot. A
fucking idiot. An idiot.

We pull back as Aldo repeats this mantra, painfully.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*Paolo's decision to sell his shares
was the end of Aldo too. Aldo was
now a minority shareholder- cut off
at the knees. The man whose whole
existence revolved around Gucci now
owned a quarter of his own company.*

A GUCCI HANDBAG sits on an empty chair. Patrizia is saving the seat next to her. She constantly checks her watch.

Patrizia's POV: Allegra is on stage performing a ballet recital. She notices DE SOLE making his way in. Bad omen.

125

INT. SCHOOL COURTYARD- NIGHT

125

Parents are mingling and discussing the evening's show. Patrizia is off to the side, squeezing Allegra's hand, as she talks to De Sole.

PATRIZIA

What do you mean he couldn't come??

DE SOLE

He had a business meeting in Paris.

PATRIZIA

Paris? There's nothing for him in Paris. He's lying. And so are you.

The other parents look over, Patrizia's shouting overheard. Allegra exchanges glances with two other little girls who are looking at her like "Why is your mum screaming at school".

DE SOLE

He's a very busy man.

PATRIZIA

He didn't even have the decency to go to his daughter's last recital. What kind of father is he?!

DE SOLE

We need to discuss a new arrangement.

PATRIZIA

And why did he send you? What are you, his hitman? He was too much of a coward to do it himself?

DE SOLE

I have the papers right here.

He hands her the papers but she gives them right back to him.

PATRIZIA

I am not reading any *papers*. You can tell him to come and see me in person, like a normal human being.

DE SOLE

Maurizio said you and Allegra can live in the Penthouse since it is no longer his primary residence. He's happy to extend generous payments.

PATRIZIA

What is this? What are you saying?
These are just words, words, words.

DE SOLE

(powering through)
Support for Allegra. Shared
custody. He wants to make this as
easy as possible for both of you-

PATRIZIA

Shared custody? Are we talking about
divorce? Is this what we're doing?

De Sole doesn't answer. Which of course is an answer.
Patrizia's hand goes limp, releasing Allegra who runs over to
her classmates. Running away from her own mother.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Where is he right now?

DE SOLE

I am not at liberty to say.

PATRIZIA

(deadly quiet, menacingly)
Where is my husband?!

Allegra hides behind her friends. Peers out at Patrizia.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Look in my eyes. *Look in my eyes.*

Patrizia steps right up to him.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Do you see anything in these eyes
that make you think I would ever
let someone ruin my daughter's life
like this? Compromise her? Do you?
(pause)

You know that won't happen.

DE SOLE

I will relay the message.

126

EXT. SANTA MARGARITA QUAYSIDE- NIGHT

126

We pass a couple of outrageously extravagant yachts, their
occupants laughing and lounging on their decks. Floating
mansions belonging to the "fuck-you-rich" crowd.

We stop at the most striking of them all. THE CREOLE. A three-
masted, 200 foot schooner. Maurizio's pride.

127 INT. THE CREOLE- NIGHT

127

Tight on: A COCKTAIL GLASS. Maurizio pours a shot of Gin into it, stirs it around. Unsure, he pours another shot in.

MAURIZIO
 (to someone off-screen)
 It's the world's largest wooden
 sailing yacht. It belonged to
 Niarchos. The Greek magnate.

He puts on *LAMBADA* by Kaoma on a state-of-the-art CD player.

He grabs the drink and crosses the Yacht's deckhouse, decorated in sumptuous style. Artworks and handmade pieces carved from solid ebony and marble. The Creole's emblem, a pair of intertwined seahorses, hangs above a BLOOD RED COUCH.

On the couch, sprawled out in a bikini, is PAOLA FRANCHI. She takes her drink. Sips. Smiles. Maurizio joins her.

PAOLA FRANCHI
 It's breathtaking.

MAURIZIO
 It wasn't always. That's what it
 looked like before I bought it.

Maurizio points at a framed B&W photo hanging on the wall. It shows the Creole at its worst. A RELIC.

PAOLA FRANCHI
 The remodeling must have cost you a
 fortune.

MAURIZIO
 Lets just say the couch you're
 sitting on is worth more than most
 people's apartments in Monte-Carlo.

PAOLA FRANCHI
 I'll try not to make a mess on it.

MAURIZIO
 It's okay. Gucci would pay.
 (beat)
 I can finally do what I want. For
 the first time in my life.

She puts her cocktail down and puts her hand on his lap.

PAOLA FRANCHI
 Today was fun, wasn't it?

MAURIZIO

It felt like we were 14 again.

Silence.

PAOLA FRANCHI

I love this song so much. If you close your eyes it immediately transports you to Brazil.

MAURIZIO

I've never been. I want to.

PAOLA FRANCHI

We can go right now.

She takes his hand and pulls him up. They sway to the music with their eyes closed. She guides his hands to her waist.

128 INT. PINA'S PARLOR- DAY

128

Pina's eyes are closed too. She sits at the tarot table while Patrizia paces nervously in front of her.

PATRIZIA

Well? Where is he?!

PINA AURIEMMA

I'm receiving a communication.

129 INT. THE CREOLE- DAY

129

Back to the *Lambada*. Maurizio and Paola are full-on dancing. Her head on his chest. She pulls back and speaks to him, inches from his lips.

PAOLA FRANCHI

I can feel your heart beating through your shirt.

MAURIZIO

I'm nervous.

PAOLA FRANCHI

To be with me?

MAURIZIO

Yes.

PAOLA FRANCHI

Or maybe you're excited.

MAURIZIO

Both. This could be a big mistake.

PAOLA FRANCHI

It's not a mistake. It's a choice.
You said you can do what you want
now... Mr. Gucci. It's up to you.

130 INT. PINA'S PARLOR- DAY 130

Pina's eyes are wide open now. She is in a trance-like state (or at least she seems like it). She mumbles something under her breath. A tear runs down her face. She is distraught.

131 INT. THE CREOLE- DAY 131

Maurizio and Paola are now naked, entangled in one another. Something catches her gaze. A huge FAMILY PORTRAIT of Maurizio, Patrizia and Allegra looking down on them.

132 INT. PINA'S PARLOR- DAY 132

Angle on: Pina's hands SQUEEZING Patrizia's, hard. Her face is tight, pain painted on it. She suffers for her friend.

PATRIZIA

Tell me where he is, Pina.

PINA AURIEMMA

I don't know...

PATRIZIA

I beg you Pina, tell me. Please.

Pina turns the cards over. She gets up, stumbles towards the open window. Dizzy. Takes deep breaths of polluted Milan air.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*She didn't tell me where he was.
Maybe she did it to protect me.*

133 INT. THE CREOLE- DAY 133

Maurizio and Paola are going at it. The Creole rocks back and forth. The portrait slides off the cabinet, falling onto the floor. Crashing. They couldn't care less.

DISSOLVE TO:

134 EXT. THE CREOLE- DAY 134

Patrizia makes her way onto the boat holding her heels in her hands. She means business.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)
*But I didn't need Pina. I knew where
 to look. The boat was his prized toy.*

A BOAT-HAND ignores Patrizia, sweeps the upper deck.

PATRIZIA
 Have you seen my husband?

He shakes his head no and continues sweeping. She enters.

135 INT. CREOLE- DAY

135

POV Patrizia: she glances at the environment carefully, a detective looking to uncover evidence. Everything looks in order. She walks past the bar... the red couch... steps onto the zebra rug.

As she walks around, she notices the missing portrait on the cabinet. Specifically, the dust outline of where it USED TO BE. It has since moved an inch. And then, she looks at the floor and notices faint *indentations* of heels. Clue #2.

Finally... she makes her way over to the couch and looks at the window above it. The faint imprint of a HAND splayed out on the glass. All the clues she ever needed. It hits her.

She sits on the couch and stares at the floor. Overwhelmed.

136 INT. BAR BASSO- NIGHT

136

The farthest corner of a noirish bar. Red walls, red drapes, red drinks. Sitting at a table- ALDO, his hand on his Gucci cane; PAOLO next to him. Opposite them: KIRDAR and his two IRAQI EXECS. Kirdar slides some documents forward.

KIRDAR
 For your review, Mr. Gucci. We hope
 you'll find this offer appealing.

ALDO
 I'd rather not read my own death
 certificate.

KIRDAR
 I can assure you, no-one is a
 greater admirer of Gucci than
 myself. To finally sit with a
 member of the dynasty is something
 I will cherish forever. And truly,
 I understand how difficult-

Aldo interrupts him.

ALDO

With all due respect: don't patronize me with this nonsense. It offends my intelligence. And it wastes both of our time.

The Iraqi execs look at each other. They're not used to their boss being spoken to this way.

ALDO (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

KIRDAR

I don't understand your question.

ALDO

What were you born to do?

KIRDAR

My family is in oil. But my love has always been fashion.

ALDO

So you're a *dapper* oil man. I see.

KIRDAR

Maybe your hearing's not so good. I said I'm a fashion man. I turned Tiffany around. It's what I do.

ALDO

Tiffany?! Tiffany is trinkets. They're not an empire.

(beat)

When I was born, the first thing my father Guccio did- before feeding me, or washing me, or baptizing me- the first thing he did was place a piece of Tuscan leather under my nose. He said, "Aldo. I want you to take a good whiff of this. It is your future." I didn't have a choice. I didn't question it. I did the best that I could to ensure that he would be proud. Unfortunately people around me did everything they could to stop me. Driven by their own delusions.

Paolo looks down at his Negroni. Mortified.

KIRDAR

Mr. Gucci, I have a plane to catch in an hour. If you have a problem with the offer, Said and Omar can-

PAOLO

(trying to ease tensions)
We're very grateful for your offer-

Aldo throws shade at Paolo. Then looks back at Kirdar. Suddenly, something catches Aldo's gaze.

Kirdar's moccasins. Peering from under the red tablecloth.

ALDO

May I see that? It's been a while.

Kirdar removes one of the moccasins from his foot. Aldo takes it from him, holds it. It is burgundy, supple. Classic Gucci.

ALDO (CONT'D)

One of my favorite pieces. The Leather Penny Loafer. I haven't seen burgundy ones in years.

KIRDAR

Burgundy is my favorite color.

ALDO

(studying the shoe)
I remember ordering a pair for Clark Gable in 1953. Right before he did *Mogambo*. He wore the same size as you. 10.5 Just like these. It's a rarity, this shoe. We only produced it for a year. See this?

He removes the sole and points to the golden lining hidden *inside* the shoe.

ALDO (CONT'D)

Gold leaf. I had to stop doing this. It got too expensive.

KIRDAR

Maybe we can reintroduce it.

ALDO

There is no way you bought it in London. Who gave them to you?

137

INT. MAURIZIO'S OFFICE- NIGHT

137

Maurizio paces back and forth, puts out his cigarette in an overflowing ash tray. De Sole is next to him, cleaning his glasses by the telephone. They stare at the phone. The clock.

MAURIZIO

The hell is taking so long?

Suddenly there's a KNOCK. Maurizio runs towards it excitedly.

Opens it. His jaw hits the floor. Not who he hoped for.

ALDO and PAOLO.

They make their way inside. Not a word is spoken.

Aldo removes the shares documents from his briefcase and holds them up. Maurizio has been exposed.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

It was time. We had to enter the
21st century-

Before he has a chance to say more, Aldo SLAPS his nephew across the face. It's the closest thing to getting punched he'll ever come to. His glasses go FLYING across the room.

Next, very deliberately: Aldo SITS down at Maurizio's desk. BRUSHES a ton of stuff aside with his Gucci cane, making a mess. UNSCREWS his Mont Blanc fountain pen. SPITS on it.

And SIGNS his Gucci shares away. His gaze planted onto Maurizio. Essentially cutting his veins in front of him.

Then he gets up. Tears running down his face. A BROKEN MAN.

ALDO

Congratulations. You are now the
majority shareholder of Gucci.

He extends his hand to Maurizio, who hesitantly shakes it.

Aldo puts his hat on. Grabs his cane. Slips his arm into Paolo's and hobbles away. Leaving Maurizio and De Sole alone.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Aldo died ten months later. But he
was dead the moment he signed. A
proud man without a purpose is like
a ship without a rudder- a hunk of
wood, a nothing, a no man.*

Maurizio on the phone, in a double-breasted suit and 70s style sunglasses in his lavish, outrageously new expensive office. Looking more like a crime lord than a fashion mogul.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

The insecure little boy got what we wanted: attention. Three cover stories by the Holy Trinity. It was like giving a pre-diabetic fat kid a bucket of Nutella.

FLASH: we realize he's been posing for cameras.

SUPER: covers of ELLE, VOGUE and HARPER'S BAZAAR cross the screen. *Dawn of Gucci. Out with Gucci Gauche. Fashion Feud.*

INTERVIEW: Maurizio is sitting with ANNA WINTOUR, Editor of VOGUE. He is incredibly POISED, ELEGANT, MANAGERIAL.

MAURIZIO

Ms. Wintour, walk into any of Gucci's 144 international boutiques and soon you will soon find a new world. My vision. Nobody else's.

ANNA WINTOUR

But isn't the lure of Gucci precisely its historical appeal? As laid out by Aldo and Guccio Gucci-

MAURIZIO

The lure of Gucci is exclusivity.

SNAPSHOT: Maurizio hands De Sole a revised INVENTORY OF ITEMS. There are red lines running across almost everything.

SNAPSHOT: a removal team sweeps dozens of Gucci products off of shelves. Unceremoniously dumps them into crates. Low-end canvas pocketbooks. Coffee mugs. Money Clips. Poorly made leather shoes. It's a Gucci-kitsch graveyard.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

Ralph Lauren stores? They look like movie sets. Versace? a rock concert. Gucci stores will feel like the VATICAN *of fashion*.

SNAPSHOT: we're seeing GUCCI STORES in various locations undergoing costly refurbishments to make them more extravagant. The items being brought in are insanely gaudy.

ANNA WINTOUR
 (slightly puzzled)
 How are you funding your papacy?

MAURIZIO
 My investors are on the same page.
 Profits might dip for a while,
 sure. But this is a long-term plan.
 You don't make an omelette without
 breaking some eggs.

SNAPSHOT: Delivery trucks outside Maurizio's new CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT. They are delivering an ENORMOUS Japanese cabinet. 12th century. It belongs in a museum.

139 INT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- DAY 139

This is Maurizio's new pad: a lavish three-floor apartment which he has moved into with PAOLA FRANCHI.

As the movers set down the cabinet, directed by Paola, we see where a lot of the Gucci money is going: marble and wood inlaid floors, entire rooms filled with mysterious antiques, stained glass windows taken from 15th century churches, an indoor swimming pool, a movie theater. Palatial and, simply, the kind of place that would make Donald Trump jealous.

140 INT. MAURIZIO'S OFFICE, VIA PALESTRO- DAY 140

De Sole, Omar and Said from Investcorp sit in the conference room hearing him rant and rave. They look exhausted.

MAURIZIO
 Ferré! Armani! Versace! That's who
 I said I wanted designing our new
 line. Where the fuck are they?!

DE SOLE
We can't afford them right now.

MAURIZIO
 They should be honored to be
 working for us. You don't know how
 to talk to them. Set up meetings.

DE SOLE
 Maurizio, they have their own
 lines. They're their own bosses.
 (pause)
 I have a name for you.

Maurizio pops yet another Pepsi open. He's on his 56th today.

MAURIZIO

Who?

De Sole pulls up an article and hands it to Maurizio, who looks at it squinting since it's so small.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

What am I looking at?

De Sole has to circle it with his pen for him.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

Who?! He sounds like a mechanic.

DE SOLE

He's from Texas.

MAURIZIO

That's what we need. Rhinestone moccasins. You're unbelievable.

Shaking his head, pondering this.

141

LATER:

141

Maurizio, De Sole and a young, dapper designer look over the designer's PORTFOLIO. The work is sleek, inspired, fresh.

MAURIZIO

Where in Texas are you from, Tom--

TOM

Austin. We're sophisticated Texans.

MAURIZIO

(doing a Texan accent)

Well. Tom Ford from Texas.

ON TOM FORD - 30 years old, good-looking, casual chic in a black leather jacket over a white shirt. He sits back in the leather chair at the head of the table. Super confident.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

What inspires your style?

TOM FORD

My mother Ruth. She was probably the first person who I thought was beautiful. She was incredibly stylish, she had big hair, big cars. Big personality.

MAURIZIO

I never knew my mother.

Maurizio closes the portfolio. Suddenly melancholic.

TOM FORD

Look, I know I'm your last choice to design for Gucci. And I hate accessories. I'm a pret-a-porter designer. But lets face it. Gucci isn't exactly on fire right now.

MAURIZIO

Not yet. It will be.

TOM FORD

Yes. So lets eat a slice of humble pie, or tiramisu, and jump off this cliff together. Hand-in-hand.

Maurizio can't help but smile at this brash Texan.

MAURIZIO

What type of Gucci do you see when you close your eyes?

TOM FORD

I see slim suits, cranked up sex appeal. I see jewel-toned velvet and chic styling touches. Loafers sans socks. I see pole dancers flanking the runways.

(cheeky pause)

Female and Male, of course.

De Sole beams proudly as though to say "toldja". Maurizio looks like he wants to understand, but is out of his depth.

PATRIZIA (O.S.)

He doesn't have a clue, Pina.

142

INT. MUD PIT, ISCHIA- DAY

142

Patrizia and Pina are getting skin scrubs in a volcanic mud pit, smoking away- only their eyes are left uncovered. Patrizia finishes reading the Vogue story. Waves it at her.

PATRIZIA

Investcorp- these arabs- all they'll care about is profit.

PINA

Have you tried calling him?

PATRIZIA

He's always away on "business". He moved, you know?

PINA

Oh I didn't know that.

PATRIZIA

I told you so many times. He moved into a *castle* with the whore. I've seen them galavanting together.

PINA

You've been following them?

PATRIZIA

The things they buy, you wouldn't believe. Antiques worth billions. Cars, paintings. WITH OUR MONEY.

Patrizia reaches out for a very stiff glass of Scotch behind her, drinks and chews the ice in a frenzy. And smokes.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

He's not a businessman. He doesn't know how to feed the parking meter, how the hell is he gonna run Gucci?

PINA

You're right.

PATRIZIA

I made him what he is.

PINA

I tell you when you're wrong.

PATRIZIA

I know you do.

PINA

But when you're right, you're right. And you're right.

Patrizia wipes the mud of her face. Puts the cigarette out in her glass of Scotch.

PATRIZIA

I'll go over there. Tomorrow.

PINA

Maybe you should wait a little longer. As soon as we get back home we'll do a nice malocchio on him.

PATRIZIA

Another spell?! We've run out of spells. We need something stronger.

PINA
You must think positively.

PATRIZIA
(at her wits end)
I'm being very goddamn positive.

She rises out of the mud and gets rinsed off by an attendant.

143

EXT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- NIGHT

143

The Milanese fog is heavy, thick, and reminiscent of the fog from Patrizia and Maurizio's Navigli tryst many years ago. Except now it is dark and mysterious. Ominous.

ON PATRIZIA: She stands across the street, in her mink coat, shivering. Waiting. Suddenly the RUMBLE of a sports car:

A FERRARI F40 (\$1.5 Million) pulls up outside the building.

The door opens. MAURIZIO steps out. Alone.

ON PATRIZIA. She walks across the street. Slowly then faster.

A look of FEAR comes over Maurizio. Who could it be?

PATRIZIA
(out of the fog)
Maurizio. Stop. Please. I beg you.

Maurizio turns around, sees Patrizia. Annoyed but relieved it's "just" her and not someone out to, say, kidnap him...

MAURIZIO
I don't want a confrontation.

PATRIZIA
Me neither. I tried calling.

MAURIZIO
What do you want?

PATRIZIA
To talk.

Patrizia is clutching something under her arm. We don't know what it is. Too dark to see. We wonder: "Is it a gun?"

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
Allegra misses you so much.

MAURIZIO
I'll stop by soon. I've been busy.

PATRIZIA

You bought Aldo and Paolo out.
You did what I said.
But you can't continue alone.
You need me by your side.

She grabs his hand. He pulls back.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Come back home.

MAURIZIO

I don't think that's possible.

The PORTER cranes his neck out of the vestibule, curious as to who Maurizio is speaking to.

PATRIZIA

I've seen you with her. I know it's just a fling. I forgive you.

MAURIZIO

It's very late. Go home, Patrizia.

PATRIZIA

If not for me, for our daughter.

MAURIZIO

She'll be taken care of. You too.

Patrizia pulls out the dark object she's been hiding. It's a book of PHOTOGRAPHS she's been carefully collecting.

PATRIZIA

We built something beautiful together. Look. Our life's moments.

She starts flipping through photos. Memories, faded with time. Carefully arranged in order. Maurizio is unfazed.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Do you like it?

MAURIZIO

Is this an ambush? Are you here to humiliate yourself with this charade? If so you are succeeding.

Not the answer she was hoping for. He makes for the stairs. She pulls him back.

PATRIZIA

Why are you speaking to me like that?

MAURIZIO

Because I don't know what you want from me. A story has a beginning and an end. Ours ended a few chapters ago. Why are you here?

PATRIZIA

To have you.
Just to have you to myself.

In a rare moment of affection (however cruel) Maurizio removes his gloves and places his hands on Patrizia's devastated face. Half lovingly, half menacingly.

MAURIZIO

Listen to me. Look at me.

She looks up. A wounded tiger.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

I don't hate you. I don't love you. I just no longer want to spend the rest of my life with you. It's not personal. It is what it is.

PATRIZIA

I know you're not Maurizio. Where is he? What happened to him?

MAURIZIO

Absolutely nothing. Which is what I feel for you. Absolutely nothing.

PATRIZIA

I had no idea I married a monster.

MAURIZIO

You didn't.
(beat)
You married a Gucci.

He turns his back, makes his way up the marbled steps, greets the Porter and leaves Patrizia in a state of total despair. But before he goes, one last arrow straight to her heart.

Patrizia stumbles back onto the street, which is now EVEN FOGGIER. She wipes tears from her eyes, struggles to see.

As she walks in an absolute daze. We follow her distraught face. She can barely breathe. MOS except for music swelling.

She crosses the street. Nothing around her. Just surreal fog. A strong light illuminating her face...

POV Patrizia: through the fog, a light approaches. She covers her eyes. THWOOOOOMP!

A VESPA. Skids to a halt but not fast enough. SLAMS INTO HER.

SLO-MOTION: PATRIZIA goes FLYING.

The book of photographs SPILLS onto the sidewalk.

PATRIZIA HITS THE GROUND. Blood leaking from her mouth.

OVER BLACK:

The sound of BLEEPING.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*I had tears running down my face
for the six weeks that I was in a
coma. I mean, was it even possible
to cry so much, and still have more
tears left to shed?*

144

INT. NEUROSURGERY RECOVERY ROOM- DAY

144

POV PATRIZIA: A NURSE attaches an IV drip into her arm.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*They had to crack my head open to
relieve cranial pressure. I had a
hematoma the size of a mango.*

Patrizia turns to the left and catches a REFLECTION of herself in a mirror. She is completely BALD. A 8 inch SCAR runs across her scalp.

PATRIZIA

(to the nurse)

Has he visited?

The nurse ignores her. Continues taking Patrizia's vital stats, scribbles them on her medical records.

Pina walks into the room carrying a bag. She removes DIFFERENT WIGS from it and lay them out onto the bed for Patrizia to review. One of them is bright red.

PINA AURIEMMA

*I thought you could have some fun
with it. Go big. Try the red one-*

She hands the wig to Patrizia who throws it across the room.

PATRIZIA

*I've been here two months. He
hasn't called. Hasn't visited.*

(MORE)

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
 Hasn't sent me flowers. I'm the
 mother of his daughter!
 (beat)
 Shall we try another spell?

Pina is at a loss for words.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
 Get me a phone.

145

INT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- DAY

145

Maurizio and Paola Franchi return home from a TENNIS GAME-
 both in their crisp white outfits, drenched. He steps into
 his home office. The answering machine FLASHES RED.

Maurizio slumps in his chair and presses PLAY.

PATRIZIA
 (voice-mail)
*You are a waste of skin that belongs
 on the front page of every newspaper.
 I want the world to know what you are
 really like. I am not going to give
 you a minute of peace. You tried to
 crush me, but you couldn't. You're a
 painful appendage that needs to be
 removed, a chair that takes the shape
 of whoever sits on it. The inferno
 for you is yet to come.*
 (beat)
I'll tell them you touched her.

Maurizio presses the "SKIP" button. Another voice-mail from
 Patrizia. Just heavy breathing. Demonic. TERRIFYING.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
 (voice-mail)
Loving you was like loving the dead.

SKIP. Another message. And another. And-- Maurizio clumsily
 RIPS the tape out and places it in a desk drawer.

PAOLA walks in. Wraps her arms around him. He cracks a smile.

PAOLA CHIARI
 Who was it, my love?

MAURIZIO
 Nobody important.

She kisses his neck, oblivious. Runs her hand down his chest.
 We hold on his expression: perplexed and... afraid.

TITLE UP: 1995

146

INT. MAOJI CHINESE RESTAURANT- NIGHT

146

PATRIZIA smokes, sits by the window of a dingy Chinese restaurant. Chinese Muzak plays. She is wearing a wig, oversized sunglasses, and is bathed in the restaurant's flickering RED and GREEN neon signage. Pina sits next to her.

The Chinese drapes part open and two men walk in. One is lean, elegant, youngish. This is BENEDETTO (30s). The other man is somewhat older, and glum. This is IVANO (50s).

PATRIZIA

Is that your friend?

PINA AURIEMMA

I think so. He's put on weight.

Patrizia gives them the slightest nod. They make their way and sit down at her table. Patrizia checks her watch.

PATRIZIA

Are you usually punctual?

IVANO

Almost always.

PATRIZIA

Then why are you late? We said 8pm.

IVANO

We got lost on the way. All the one-way streets messed us up.

PATRIZIA

I don't tolerate lateness.

PINA AURIEMMA

I told Patrizia I've known you since childhood. We trust you.

IVANO

It won't happen again.
I'm Ivano Savioni. This is my
associate Benedetto Ceraulo.

Ivano extends his hand. Patrizia looks at it perplexed, offers him half an inch of her leather-gloved hand.

PATRIZIA

Who does the cleaning and who does
the driving?

IVANO
 (pointing to Benedetto)
 He's Sicilian.

Question answered. Benedetto plays with chopsticks, completely uninterested. Aspergers-y.

PATRIZIA
 How soon can you do it? I don't want this to drag till summer.

IVANO
 As soon as we know his routine, security, and we agree on-

PATRIZIA
 How much?

Benedetto pulls out a pen and scribbles something on the Chinese takeaway menu.

IVANO
 Half now, half upon completion.

PATRIZIA
 Another cleaner quoted me far less for this job. Five is all I can do.

Patrizia is bluffing and Pina knows it.

IVANO
 Well, it's a rush job. And we will provide immediate photographic proof for you--

PATRIZIA
 Proof? It will be in the news within minutes. That's my proof. Do you even know who I am?

BENEDETTO
 You're Mrs. Gucci.

Bingo. The only words spoken by Benedetto are the right ones.

PATRIZIA
 That's right. I'm Mrs. Gucci. Five is all I'm willing to pay. It's not worth anything more. I'll pay you half now, half later.

Ivano looks at Benedetto who gives him a sign. "Ok".

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
I'll be in touch.

147 INT. PALAZZO SERBELLONI, RUNWAY- NIGHT 147

RED AND GREEN VELVET fills the frame. Projected onto it, the word **GUCCI**. The crowd's murmur fades as the show begins.

Massive Attack's BLUE LINES kicks in. Its pulsating rhythm dangerous, modern, seductive.

Parading down a spotlighted, smokey runway, like an otherworldly apparition, is a stone-faced 90s SUPERMODEL. She is dressed in one of Tom Ford's seventies-tinged designs signaling a sexy, super-glam new direction.

Soon she is joined by a gaggle of MODELS.

ON THE AUDIENCE: no way of knowing if they're impressed yet. Just... surprised. A FASHIONISTA wearing white-rimmed glasses turns to her colleague.

FASHIONISTA
Are you sure this is a Gucci show?

More models step out onto the runway. This time MEN.

Jewel-tone satin shirts. Velvet hip-huggers. Horse bit leather loafers with the race car finish. And the SHOCKER:

A male model turns around to expose... his bare ass in chaps.

148 BACKSTAGE, LATER: 148

We glide through COMPLETE CHAOS. Half-naked MODELS running around. DRESSERS helping models get into outfits. The show's DIRECTOR screaming into a walkie-talkie. The LIGHTING TECHNICIAN at the mixing board fading lights in/out.

And we land on: TOM FORD, pacing nervously and quickly pulling on a model's blazer before sending him out onto the runway. DE SOLE, next to him, watching the audience from the sidelines. And KIRDAR, whose gaze is firmly fixed on the dozens of half-naked girls surrounding him. Happy as a clam.

In a corner, looking like a deer in headlights, is MAURIZIO. A couple of people move him around. He's IN THE WAY.

The show director gestures to Tom Ford. Signals him: 3,2,1...

Tom Ford steps onto the runway to RAUCOUS APPLAUSE. Standing ovations. A bouquet of flowers handed to him.

A FASHION SUPERSTAR IS BORN.

De Sole and Kirdar EMBRACE: both men delighted with the reception the show is getting. Maurizio awkwardly walks through the hugging, kissing, crying crew.

WE TRACK THROUGH THE AUDIENCE to find:

PATRIZIA. The only person whose gaze is NOT directed at Tom Ford. But rather at Maurizio in the wings. Venom in her eyes.

POV MAURIZIO: He sees her. But as people rise and clap, she vanishes, wiped away by a passing silhouette.

BACKSTAGE:

Tom Ford has a magnum of CHAMPAGNE poured all over himself by a couple models. He opens his mouth as they pour some directly in it. He steals the bottle and SPRAYS his assistants, dressers, designers. A victory lap.

DE SOLE hangs back, watching his protégé run amok for a few moments. MAURIZIO moseys up next to him.

MAURIZIO
Extraordinary.

DE SOLE
This is the future of Gucci.

De Sole knows this was his doing. And yet--

MAURIZIO
I am so glad I gave Tom a shot.

From across the wings, KIRDAR catches De Sole's eye. "Do it".

DE SOLE
Kirdar wants to meet with you.

MAURIZIO
I would love that. Dinner Monday?

DE SOLE
He's only available for lunch tomorrow. He booked Boeucc.

MAURIZIO
Tomorrow? Tomorrow is Sunday.

DE SOLE
He said it's urgent.

MAURIZIO
I'll bring gifts. You know. To celebrate. This is a new day.

DE SOLE

No need. Your presence is enough.

Maurizio suddenly pales. This can't be good news.

MAURIZIO

Okay, sure. Whatever works.

De Sole leaves Maurizio to ponder this as he disappears into the crowd.

149 EXT. PIAZZA BELGIOIOSO- DAY

149

The SUNDAY BELLS ring at a nearby church. Maurizio walks across the cobblestones of the 17th century *piazza* looking like a man on his way to the hanging tree.

He arrives at the ANCIENT DOORS leading into Boeucc, the oldest restaurant in town. They open like a lion's mouth.

150 INT. ANTICO RISTORANTE BOEUCC- DAY

150

Vaulted ceilings, linen tablecloths, silver cutlery, crystal glasses. The essence of the late XIX century. It is still early and most Milanese are at Sunday Mass. So, it is virtually empty. Except for:

TOM FORD. KIRDAR. DE SOLE. OMAR. SAID. They are LISTENING as Tom Ford reads from a review in Sunday's New York Times. Tom is still wearing last night's clothes. He's hungover and definitely reeks of champagne.

TOM FORD

(reading)

When Tom Ford took over the creative reins of Gucci in 1994, there was little hope for the Milanese fashion house.

Tom Ford goes quiet as he reads the articles to himself. He puts a hand on his mouth as though to say, "am I dreaming".

TOM FORD (CONT'D)

(reading)

It took a German designer to stir up Chanel, and it is an American who has put Gucci far and away in the front of fashion. Some say Mr. Ford will give Mr. Lagerfeld a run for his money.

Tom Ford looks up at De Sole. Tears streaming down his face.

TOM FORD (CONT'D)

The New York Times just compared me
to Karl Lagerfeld. The Kaiser.
I have to call my mother in Austin.

Tom gets up and rushes out just as Maurizio enters. Tom
doesn't see him, his nose stuck in the newspaper.

A very different mood welcomes Maurizio at the table.

KIRDAR

Maurizio, please. Sit down.

Maurizio sits on one end of the table- facing the other four
men. The solitary WAITER brings a bottle of wine to the
table. They watch him silently as he uncorks and pours it.

A SECOND WAITER lays out a couple plates of "antipasti".

MAURIZIO

What an unforgettable night.

KIRDAR

Indeed. Have some carpaccio,
Maurizio. It melts in your mouth.

Maurizio serves himself, passes the plate around. Kirdar,
Omar and Said are SPEAKING TO EACH OTHER IN ARABIC. No idea
what is being said. Maurizio looks at De Sole for clues.

KIRDAR (CONT'D)

I feel like we can speak honestly
here, at this table. We are among
friends. We all respect each other.

Maurizio presses his glasses into his face. Sweating bullets.

KIRDAR (CONT'D)

We are concerned.

MAURIZIO

I can tell. What concerns you?

KIRDAR

Numbers. Specifically Gucci's.

MAURIZIO

You said you didn't care about
numbers. You trusted your instinct.

KIRDAR

I only care about numbers when
they're bad.

Omar places a FINANCIAL SUMMARY in front of Maurizio. A list of his recklessness. Maurizio thumbs through it.

KIRDAR (CONT'D)

Our projections for 1996 are abysmal. By slashing hundreds of *profitable* items--

MAURIZIO

You mean my Uncle's knick knacks?

DE SOLE

And your personal expenses. All paid for through Gucci's coffers.

MAURIZIO

I am Gucci. They're my coffers.

Said and Omar laugh at this. Said shakes his finger at him as though to say "funny... but no".

KIRDAR

The multi-million dollar antiques in the stores.

MAURIZIO

Appearances matter.

KIRDAR

Investments in a Casino in Macau?

MAURIZIO

I was going to tell you about that today. It's a great opportunity.

SAID

No profit means Gucci dead. DEAD.

MAURIZIO

It's not about profit, it's about building the future- and it's going to take time.

(motions with his hand)

You go down to come back up again. That's how you get out of a stall.

KIRDAR

We don't have time. If we keep dropping we're going to crash and burn. Today MUST BE a new chapter.

MAURIZIO

(dawns on him)

A new chapter?

Said and Omar nod to Maurizio: "so glad you understand!"

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

Twelve months. Give me twelve months. Please.

KIRDAR

The *last* twelve months have told us everything we need to know.

MAURIZIO

Six months. I can turn it around.

Kirdar holds his open hands up as if to say: "I have no tricks up my sleeve". Then he looks away and makes a distressed look on his face. Turns to the silent party:

De Sole is ICE COLD. He wipes his mouth and slowly, deliberately, makes it clear whose side he's on.

DE SOLE

We want to offer you \$150 million for your 50% stake in Gucci.

MAURIZIO

You want me out?

DE SOLE

We want to save the company.

This was always the direction in which the meeting was headed. But to hear it said by De Sole- possibly Maurizio's closest, oldest ally- burns like hell.

MAURIZIO

Who's going to be appointed CEO?

All eyes on De Sole. Nothing more needs to be said.

Maurizio recalls Patrizia's distrust of De Sole.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

She was right about you.

KIRDAR

You said it yourself. We must save Gucci from the Guccis. It's the only way. There's dignity in it. \$150 million. You'll be a rich man.

He extends a MONT-BLANC PEN. The same model Aldo used to sell his soul to Maurizio previously. What goes around...

The tip of the pen oozes black ink, like a poisoned dart. Maurizio stares at it. If he signs, it will be the end of Gucci and the beginning of a new era. Without him.

As Maurizio contemplates this monumental decision, SAID AND OMAR taste the carpaccio, savoring its tenderness. They speak Arabic to each other then turn to the waiter.

SAID

This meat. Where from?

The waiter proudly announces to the table:

WAITER

This is the finest beef in Tuscany.
It comes from the Val Di Chiana.
The cows are treated like royalty.

Maurizio looks at the carpaccio on his plate.

It's from the same cows used to make Gucci leather.

151

EXT. PIAZZA BELGIOIOSO- DAY

151

Maurizio stumbles out of the meeting like a featherweight that just went fifty rounds with a wrecking ball. Completely stunned. Drained of color. His hubris reduced to rubble.

As he walks around in a daze, he overhears a voice.

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)

Can you spare some change?

He looks over at a HOMELESS MAN sitting on a Church stoop.

Maurizio makes his way over to the homeless man and removes something from his pocket.

ANGLE ON: THE GG WALLET HIS FATHER GAVE HIM BEFORE DYING.

He hands it to the homeless man and sits next to him.

The man opens it. It's empty. He smells it. Shrugs.

Decides to keep it.

152

INT. MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM- NIGHT

152

Patrizia is locked in her bedroom forging Maurizio's signature on a letter addressed to ALLEGRA. She unfolds the top portion and draws a heart. As she reads it through, a drop of WATER lands next to a bowl near her. She looks up: there are severe HUMIDITY CRACKS in the ceiling.

Suddenly, the PHONE RINGS. Patrizia answers it.

PATRIZIA

Hello?

Pause. Grips it as though holding onto life itself.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

How do you know?

Patrizia listens some more.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

For how much?

153

INT. MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT 153

Patrizia walks out into the living room. The apartment is in very bad shape since we last saw it. Furniture is wrapped in plastic to protect it from water damage. Unattended tools lying around everywhere due to unpaid labor.

ALLEGRA is reading Dylan Dog (an Italian comic book). Patrizia slides up next to her. Stunned by the phone call.

PATRIZIA

Darling, your father wrote to you. He's on the Creole right now but he's going to get you a gift as soon as he's back in Milan.

ALLEGRA

It's a lie. My friends saw him and his girlfriend shopping yesterday.

PATRIZIA

She's not his girlfriend.

Allegra scrutinizes Patrizia's letter. She places it in a stack of letters on the mantelpiece. All signed similarly.

ALLEGRA

You wrote these. I know you did.

She adjusts her mother's wig. Caresses her face.

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)

Maybe we're better off without him.

Allegra unintentionally gives her mother a blessing for whatever awfulness she has been cooking up in her head.

Patrizia opens a bottle of wine and pours herself a glass. She is frozen in place, staring at the wine as it fills up.

She doesn't stop. The wine overflows, runs all over the table and into her lap, a sea of red that she does not acknowledge.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

Desperate attempts to get him to help us financially. To pay for Allegra's schooling. The public humiliation of watching him throw our money into doomed vanity projects. But worst of all... Not being a Gucci. I couldn't let that happen to us. No way.

Allegra pulls at her mum's arm. Mouths "MUM" to her.

Patrizia snaps out of her trance-like state. COVERED IN RED.

154

EXT. VIA LULLI- NIGHT

154

THROUGH A DIRTY WINDSHIELD:

We are pulling up very slowly into the sketchiest street in Milan. Street hookers step out in front of the car, hoping it's a client. Pimps stare suspiciously from the stoops of the "hotels" (whorehouses).

Pina is driving her Fiat Uno (a sardine can on wheels). Patrizia is next to her. Both women are smoking.

Patrizia reaches for a gym bag by her feet. Suddenly Pina's hand grabs her wrist.

PINA AURIEMMA

I can't go in with you.

PATRIZIA

Just tell me which hotel it is.

PINA AURIEMMA

There are consequences to this. For both of us. I don't want you to go.

PATRIZIA

Pina, I'm going to do it anyway, with or without you. So either you help me and we do this responsibly and efficiently, or you get in my way and force me to make a total mess of it. But we are sitting in your car talking about it. Who knows what people might think.

Checkmate. Pina is a co-conspirator.

PINA AURIEMMA
Hotel Adry.

Broken neon at the top of the building identifies our destination. The Hotel Adry. A flophouse.

Patrizia grabs a bag sitting by her feet and heads straight over to the hotel.

WE FOLLOW HER as she makes her way over, past a gallery of grotesque faces straight out of a Hieronymous Bosch painting.

She makes her way up the red-tinted stairs, into:

155

INT. HOTEL ADRY, THE LOBBY- NIGHT

155

Where A ROMANIAN hooker is snoring open-mouthed on the couch. Patrizia nudges her awake.

HOOKER
(on auto-pilot)
How many hours?

PATRIZIA
Benedetto and Ivano.

The prostitute comes to, gestures with her head. "Over there". Patrizia makes her way over towards:

THE HOTEL LOUNGE- a couple of garden chairs, a drinks machine and a cheap bunny-eared TV.

BENEDETTO and IVANO are watching a cartoon on TV.

They immediately straighten up as soon as Patrizia walks in.

She places the BAG on the table. They's SURPRISED SHE CAME.

Benedetto and Ivano open the bag. It's overflowing with CASH.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
He leaves his apartment on Corso Venezia at 8am. Walks 800 feet to Bar Bruno. Has a coffee and a croissant, reads the paper for 15 minutes on Monday, 20 minutes the rest of the week. He hasn't engaged in small talk in 20 years, I doubt that'll change any time soon. He has a nervous tic: he presses his glasses into the bridge of his nose. He does this every minute.

The two men are still processing the money in the bag.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
Are you taking notes?!

Ivano quickly grabs a napkin and a pen, starts scribbling.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
Show me what you'll use.

156

INT. HOTEL ADRY, BENEDETTO'S ROOM- DAY

156

Patrizia, Benedetto and Ivano step into the hotel room. The worn carpet has a large dark stain on it. Patrizia steps over it, advancing slowly. It's a far cry from any place she's ever been in.

There is a bathroom door in the depth of the room. Benedetto toes the door. It creaks slowly open.

Patrizia and Ivano wait for him as the bathroom light goes on: bright. White tile. Benedetto fumbles with the TOILET TANK.

He steps back into the bedroom holding the rag out for Patrizia to see. She unwraps it. Reveals A PISTOL.

PATRIZIA
Is it a good one?

BENEDETTO
The Gucci of guns. Beretta.

She points the gun at various objects in the room, squinting. Imagining they're targets. Benedetto opens his palm, shows her the 9mm bullets. She takes one and studies it.

PATRIZIA
I've thought about doing it myself.
I just don't want to ruin my shoes.

Not a joke. She hands it back to the two men.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)
Tomorrow. It can't wait any longer.

TITLE UP: Monday March 27, 1995: 7:59am

157

EXT. CORSO VENEZIA- DAY

157

We are outside Maurizio's new apartment. The city is slowly waking up on Monday morning. A posse of students with their backpacks spill into a bus on the corner.

Parked on the other side of the front door is a completely unremarkable GREEN RENAULT CLIO. Inside it:

BENEDETTO and IVANO.

Benedetto is at the wheel. A photo of MAURIZIO pressed against the steering wheel. Ivano is seated next to him.

They look over at the building's DOORWAY.

The building's PORTER is sweeping leaves from the doorway.

A BUSINESSMAN IN HIS 50s starts chatting to the porter, half-hidden in the entryway.

Ivano cocks his Beretta and is about to head over. Benedetto stops him.

IVANO
That's not him.

Benedetto almost doubts Ivano. Finger on the trigger. Checks the photo against the man's profile. Definitely not Maurizio.

They are both JOLTED by Ivano's Casio alarm clock- *8:00am*-

158 INT. PATRIZIA'S BATHROOM (INTERCUT) 158

AN ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF: Patrizia's. Also signaling *8:00am*

Patrizia is fully submerged in a bath. She's underwater for what seems like an eternity.

Finally she comes up for air. She is not wearing her wig.

She wraps a robe around herself and leaves the bathroom.

159 EXT. CORSO VENEZIA (INTERCUT) 159

Benedetto and Ivano see MAURIZIO coming out of the building. He walks rights past the porter. No small talk.

Benedetto is about to go but this time it's Ivano who stops.

IVANO
Wait. I don't think it's him.

He raises the photo to Maurizio, verifying his profile.

He can't quite tell if it is or it isn't. Maurizio presses his glasses into his face. It's definitely him.

Benedetto steps outside with the gun in his coat pocket. But with a stream of honking cars blocking him from crossing the street, he watches Maurizio disappear around the corner.

Into BAR BRUNO.

Benedetto stalks his prey carefully - watches him through the curtained windows.

Maurizio appears lost in thought. Mistakes. Regrets. A lost legacy. He can't shake it off. He wears the shadow of Gucci.

A waiter places an espresso and a brioche next to him.

Angle on: the pair of DOUBLE G GUCCI CUFFLINKS. We recognize them from the opening.

160 INT. PATRIZIA'S LIVING ROOM (INTERCUT) 160

Patrizia and Pina are in pitch black: Curtains drawn, lit only by Pina's candles. A series of CARDS laid out on the table. All depicting female saints.

161 EXT. VIA PALESTRO (INTERCUT) 161

BENEDETTO has followed Maurizio out of Bar Bruno and walks 20 feet behind him.

As Maurizio approaches his office's steps, BENEDETTO pulls out the Beretta.

IVANO

Mr. Gucci?

Maurizio turns around. Squints. Presses his glasses into his nose to better see. One final time.

Benedetto fumbles with the gun. Cocks it. And FIRES.

BLAM! One bullet enters at the HIP.

BLAM! The second at the left SHOULDER.

BLAM! Hits Maurizio's arm.

Maurizio slumps to the floor. Blood leaking out of him.

Maurizio crawls up the steps. Benedetto comes to stand over him. He fires a fourth into Maurizio's right temple.

THE PORTER steps outside of the vestibule, holding a broom.

Benedetto aims the gun towards the Porter and fires two more shots, one of which hits the Porter in the shoulder. He slides down the wall to the ground.

Benedetto runs back down the steps and gets in the Clio, which takes off at speed along the avenue.

162 INT. PATRIZIA'S LIVING ROOM- DAY 162

Patrizia goes to light her cigarette with a candle. It FLICKERS eerily. She throws a glance at Pina. Even she looks genuinely spooked. Interrupted by:

The distant sound of AMBULANCES. POLICE CARS.

The two women exchange glances.

THE PHONE RINGS. All we need to know. **Maurizio is dead.**

MUSIC CUE: PUCCINI'S MADAMA BUTTERFLY, HUMMING CHORUS (ACT 2)

163 INT. PATRIZIA'S BEDROOM- DAY 163

Alone, Patrizia opens her journal. As she flicks through it we see some of her entries.

They detail an OBSESSION with Maurizio's every movement.

Feb 4: MAURIZIO AT LA RINASCENTE. BUYING PERFUME.

Feb 6: MAURIZIO JOGGING. WHY? NEVER LIKED RUNNING.

Feb 7: MAURIZIO CALLED AND TALKED TO ALLEGRA FOR 242 SECONDS.

She writes the new and final entry for March 17th, 1995:

PARADISO. (heaven)

A single TEAR drops onto the page. Then another. Smudging it.

164 INT. SAN BABILA CHURCH- DAY 164

MAURIZIO'S FUNERAL is underway. Patrizia is in a black lace funeral dress, dark lipstick and sunglasses. She holds Allegra's hand. Allegra wipes tears from her eyes.

As Maurizio's casket makes its way outside, various guests beeline to offer Patrizia their condolences.

Her expression remains imperturbable- until a familiar face approaches her. De Sole.

DE SOLE
 Condolences, Mrs. Reggiani.
 (whispers in her ear)
 ...and congratulations.

He knows.

165 EXT. CORSO VENEZIA- DAY 165

Patrizia and Allegra elbow their way through a crowd of onlookers and journalists. A couple of LAWYERS by her side.

She continues surging forward into the building.

166 INT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- DAY 166

Patrizia rings the doorbell. Holds Allegra's hand.

A distraught, tear-stained Paola Franchi opens the door. Patrizia and her rival stand face-to-face. Without saying a word, Patrizia crosses the threshold. An act of hostility.

167 INT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT, WALK IN CLOSET- DAY

While Paola is in the living room discussing the legalities of her eviction with a team of lawyers, Patrizia is in Maurizio's old closet. She goes through his suits, his coats. Finds a big beige raincoat.

She removes it from the rack, wraps it around herself and slumps in the chair. Taking big, deep breaths into it.

Allegra walks into the room. She curls up in a ball by Patrizia's feet.

ALLEGRA
 Is this our home now?

PATRIZIA
 One of them, darling.

ALLEGRA
 What else is ours?

PATRIZIA
 Everything that Daddy left behind.
 His last gift to us.

She kisses Allegra on the forehead.

ALLEGRA
 I'll miss him.

PATRIZIA

Me too.

168

EXT. ST. MORITZ CHALET (PATRIZIA'S DREAM)- NIGHT

168

Maurizio and Patrizia lie in bed next to each other.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

I keep having this dream that I make love to Maurizio during a snow storm. We lay in bed together naked, shades open, watching the snow falling. I turn on the radio and this beautiful music is on, the music of angels. We listen to the whole thing in silence staring at the snow. I listen to that music often. I hope I dream that dream till the day I die.

169

INT. COURTROOM- DAY

169

Patrizia- immaculately dressed in all-black- sits in a courtroom. A beam of light shining down from the skylight.

An oddly vacant look has come over her features.

The look of a woman who has done the unthinkable.

VOICE OFF-SCREEN

Mrs. Reggiani.

Patrizia looks up and we PIVOT around her. We see the Italian justice hall alive with lawyers, witnesses, journalists.

Patrizia looks over at PINA who looks like she hasn't slept in a decade. And next to Pina are BENEDETTO and IVANO.

VOICE OFF-SCREEN (CONT'D)

Mrs. Reggiani.

The voice off-screen belongs to a JUDGE.

PATRIZIA TURNS STRAIGHT TO THE CAMERA, BREAKS THE 4TH WALL.

PATRIZIA

You can call me Mrs. Gucci.

FREEZE ON PATRIZIA'S FACE.

IN 1997 PATRIZIA REGGIANI GUCCI WAS ARRESTED FOR THE MURDER OF MAURIZIO GUCCI. SO TOO WERE PINA AURIEMMA, BENEDETTO CERAULO AND IVANO SAVIONI.

ALL WERE FOUND GUILTY.

PATRIZIA WAS SENTENCED TO 29 YEARS IN PRISON; PINA TO 25 YEARS; IVANO TO 29 YEARS; BENEDETTO RECEIVED A LIFE SENTENCE.

SIX MONTHS LATER, PAOLO GUCCI DIED IN POVERTY IN A LONDON HOSPITAL, LESS THAN A MILE FROM THE SAVOY HOTEL.

UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF DOMENICO DE SOLE AND TOM FORD, GUCCI BECAME THE BIGGEST SUCCESS STORY IN THE FASHION WORLD.

AS OF 2019, GUCCI IS ONE OF THE MOST PROFITABLE BRANDS WORLDWIDE. ITS ESTIMATED VALUE:

\$22 BILLION.

THERE ARE CURRENTLY NO MEMBERS OF THE GUCCI FAMILY AT GUCCI.