

GIOCO

Written by

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MAGNIFICA

FADE IN:

1. INT. OFFICE/FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The office — bronzes. An armchair in the back, a desk in front of the window, fleshy curtains, a small library to the side, a bar with liquors by the wall.

FELIX SAN BANKSA, an aging gangster, is sitting restlessly in an armchair. He looks at the newspaper. He waves his left leg nervously, tightly crossed over his right one. He finally lowers his left leg and starts tapping it on the floor.

He can't stand it — he rises, takes the newspaper with him, and goes to the next room.

2. INT. BEDROOM/FELIX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

San Banksa hurries through the bedroom —

3. INT. RESTROOM/FELIX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The boss enters the restroom and tosses the newspaper on one of the shelves. He grabs a gray roll of toilet paper and tears off a few pieces, then arranges them meticulously around the toilet seat.

He starts unbuttoning his pants, fighting with the row of buttons while hopping from foot to foot. He finally sits down. He reaches for the newspaper from the shelf next to him, unfolds it again, and begins to read. He sits there for a moment.

Felix ends the session with satisfaction. After flushing the plentiful result of his efforts, he pulls his trousers up, then goes to the window and opens it halfway. As he leaves, he SLAMS the door firmly behind him.

4. INT. BEDROOM/FELIX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

San Banksa walks back to the office, WHISTLING under his breath. A few steps before entering the office, he hears a LOUD greeting:

MESSENGER (O.S.)
Good morning, sir!

5.

INT. OFFICE/FELIX'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The boss steps inside, looking the MESSENGER up and down —

FELIX

Well, I suppose it will come out soon.

A man stands in the doorway with a scrap of paper in his hand. San Banksa walks up to him and takes the letter straight from his hand. The abashed informant leaves without a word.

The boss walks to the desk and throws his creased newspaper on it. He sits down, resting his legs on the desktop for comfort, and starts reading silently:

FELIX (V.O.)

Règgio Di Calábria, 9 February 1930, Italy

This is an appeal to the other ruling houses in the south of Italy, which I am sending to all the fathers who keep order in our beloved country.

With unspeakable bitterness and pain in my heart, I inform you of the misfortune that fell on the house of San Giovi last Tuesday, around noon.

An inexplicable accident occurred at the intersection of San Vivero and El Cabo. As a result, a businessman, the head of the house of San Giovi and my husband, died tragically.

I cannot understand why he died. I do not know why, and I suppose one of you knows more than I do.

For years I have endured bravely at my husband's side and have managed to get to know all the laws and rules that govern the south. I am tired of this swamp that has surrounded me and my relatives.

I am washing my hands of it here and now. I do not want to be another victim of your businesses, which I suppose may happen soon.

I'm disgusted with everything, so I have decided to leave the San Giovi family. I'm going west, where your dirty hands will not reach me.

My husband's funeral will take place in four days. Everyone who still has a bit of honor

left will appear at the Main Cemetery at noon, and it will be your last chance to say goodbye to Geoffrey.
Margarett San Giovi.

This news does not impress him. He returns his eyes to "more interesting" places. Meanwhile, the CAMERDYNER enters the room.

San Banksa scans the letter again and quotes it:

FELIX

"I don't know why, and I suppose one of you knows more than I do."

He chuckles.

I know, but I won't say.

The butler tilts his head questioningly.

FELIX CD

What the hell are you looking at? It's not my doing! Although, in fact, it could have been me. Nothing interesting's been happening lately.

He tosses the letter carelessly on the desk and continues –

FELIX

Besides, the families haven't been around for years. I wouldn't dare get rid of old Geoffrey.

He waves his hand in the air several times to ward off suspicion.

FELIX CD

Karl, pour me a neat whiskey.

The butler goes to the bar and pours a drink. He returns to the boss and gives him the liquor. After stepping to the side, he asks:

CAMERDYNER

Why did the old man have to die?

FELIX

You don't know what's going on? It's always about one thing.

He scoops up a thick roll of banknotes lying next to him, holds it under his nose, and zealously INHALES the scent.