

**HOUSE OF GUCCI**

Screenplay by

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Story by

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Based on the book "The House of Gucci" by

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1 INT. SAN VITTORE PRISON, MILAN (2003)- DAY**CLOSE ON: AN ASHEN-FACED WOMAN**

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

This is PATRIZIA REGGIANI (50s). She addresses us directly.

PATRIZIA

I don't believe in lessons- I was a lousy student. Nothing puts me to sleep faster than a book. So I hope you don't think I'm trying to teach you a moral lesson here, or tell you something you already know. I just want you to hear my story, to know the facts before it got all distorted. Before journalists took it out of my hands.

2 INT. CAFE, VIA PALESTRO, MILAN (1995)- DAY

ON MAURIZIO GUCCI. 47. Three-piece suit. Persols. Effortlessly elegant. Finishes his coffee.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

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

3 INT. SAN VITTORE PRISON, MILAN (2003)- DAY

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

PATRIZIA

But that last name was a curse, too. It belonged to a Tuscan family. They didn't fight over land or crown. They fought over their own skins and the leather of their sacred cows.

4 INT/EXT. CAFE. VIA PALESTRO, MILAN (1995)- DAY

Maurizio steps out of a café and walks briskly along the sidewalk, avoiding the road A man calls out behind him.

MAN

Signor Gucci?

Maurizio turns around.

**TITLE UP: MILAN, 1978**

\*

5 EXT. FERNANDO REGGIANI'S TRUCKING COMPANY- DAY

BIRD'S EYE: Patrizia's orange FIAT 124 Spider takes the exit ramp off of a new clover-field freeway in Milan's hinterland. 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 GROUP of truckers stop washing their trucks. Completely transfixed by her.

## TRUCKERS

*Buongiorno Signorina Reggiani.*

Patrizia waves at them, keeps walking towards us.

6 INT. OFFICE TRAILER- DAY

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.*

He hands her a stack of CHECKS. Patrizia places Fernando's signature above the blank checks. Copies it perfectly.

Patrizia's stepfather FERNANDO REGGIANI (50s) stops by Patrizia's desk. He wears a shiny silver double breasted suit. He removes his comb, slicks his hair back.

## PATRIZIA

Hey Fernando, your lunches are getting expensive.

He smiles, kisses her on the head and leaves.

HARD CUT TO:

The clock strikes 5 pm and Patrizia packs her stuff. She flicks the carriage return on the typewriter.

As Patrizia walks away, the telephone rings.

## PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Hello? Max!  
Tonight? I *think* I'm free.

7      EXT. PALAZZO DEGLI OMENONI- NIGHT

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, make-up, shoes: she means business. We can smell her perfume.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*It was a costume party thrown by Count Sarzana . Max had met him the previous summer. La creme de la creme of Milanese high society.*

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

WE FOLLOW PATRIZIA: She passes the NIGHT PORTER, heads up the lavish staircase, passes two giggling guests dressed as MATADORS. She approaches the enormous double-doors which Max swings open for her. Enters the BALLROOM.

8      INT. PALAZZO DEGLI OMENONI, BALLROOM- NIGHT

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. \*

ON THE GUESTS: Conversations stop. Everybody in the room notices. The men, of course. But also the women. \*

CUT TO:

The host, COUNT SARZANA, accompanied by two STIFFS, is talking to Patrizia and Max.

COUNT SARZANA

Where was I?

PATRIZIA

You were talking about yourself.

COUNT SARZANA

As I was saying- people don't respect aristocrats like they used to. I had to work hard to be who I am. But my looks are God-given.

PATRIZIA

I'm an atheist.

COUNT SARZANA

You're still my type. You know why?  
You don't ask stupid questions.  
You're beautiful. You know your  
place in the world. I just wish you  
were taller. But I happen to love  
heels.

PATRIZIA

And I wish you were smarter and  
funnier, Count. But *c'est la vie*.

Count Sarzana smiles awkwardly.

STIFF #1

Max always brings interesting  
characters. Remember the dairy  
queen he invited last time?

STIFF #2

She got *ridiculously* drunk. Off of  
one glass of Prosecco.

STIFF #1

It was hilarious.

STIFF #2

(staring at her breasts)  
Are you in the dairy business too?

Stiff #1 elbows his friend. Max takes Patrizia's arm.

MAX

Let's get you a glass of wine.

She pulls her arm back, clearly incensed.

PATRIZIA

I'll get my own damn drink.

9

LATER AT THE BAR

A nerdy guy in a TUX stands awkwardly by the bar. He keeps  
pushing his oversized glasses into the bridge of his nose.  
This is MAURIZIO GUCCI (25). Patrizia sidles up next to him.

PATRIZIA

Tanqueray Martini. Very dirty. \*

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.

MAURIZIO  
I don't work here.

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

MAURIZIO  
(tongue-tied)  
I- I- didn't know it was a costume party.

PATRIZIA  
Who invited you?

MAURIZIO  
Bianca.

PATRIZIA  
I don't know her.

MAURIZIO  
Bianca Sarzana.

Silence.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)  
It's her house.

PATRIZIA  
Oh. Right. *That* Bianca.

Maurizio awkwardly drops an ice cube on the floor. He grabs it, doesn't know what to do with it so he puts it back in his drink. Patrizia laughs. He's fucking clueless.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
If anybody asks, tell them you're 007.

Maurizio reflects on this. Nods to himself. She's right.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
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 would have noticed if Bianca knew  
Elizabeth Taylor.

\*  
\*  
\*

PATRIZIA  
I can assure you I am way more fun.

Patrizia studies him. He is refreshingly uneasy.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)  
*There was a sweetness in the air I  
hadn't experienced before.*

10

INT. PALAZZO DEGLI OMENONI, BALLROOM- NIGHT

Maurizio and Patrizia slow-dance to *Il Cielo in una Stanza* by Mina. Maurizio is a terrible dancer. And he's twice her height. She leads, swaying to the music and helping him along. She's a good teacher and endeared by his ungainliness.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)  
*I liked the way he smelled. It felt  
like home. Like I'd met him before.*

Maurizio subtly looks at his Jaeger Lecoultre Reverso watch. It's MIDNIGHT. He pulls away from Patrizia.

PATRIZIA  
Is my dancing that bad?

MAURIZIO  
Forgive me. I'm sorry.

He holds her hand affectionately. Then looks down at their interlocked hands and quickly "snaps" out of it.

PATRIZIA  
It's only midnight, Cinderella.  
The night is young.

MAURIZIO  
I turn into a frog at midnight.

They exchange smiles.

PATRIZIA  
(loudly)  
It's a pumpkin. Not a frog.

11      INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO- MEMORY ROOM      \*

Maurizio walks down the long hallway in his family's stately villa. He stops outside a room. Through the half-open door, we see a PROJECTOR whirring, blasting a silent film on a white wall. Maurizio steps into the room.      \*

A MAN watches the footage, cigarette in hand. The man raises his hand- "I see you". Maurizio closes the door and leaves.      \*

12      INT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD, KITCHEN- MORNING

Patrizia stands barefoot in the kitchen, looking a little rough, last night's make-up faded on her face. She watches the Bialetti coffee machine as it bubbles away on the stove. Her mother Silvana yanks the coffee off the stove.

Patrizia is reading the *Corriere della Sera*- an Italian daily newspaper. She flips through the pages. Suddenly stops, brings the paper closer:

A PAPARAZZI SHOT OF MAURIZIO LEAVING THE COSTUME PARTY.  
A Headline: **"YOUNG GUCCI HEIR OUT ON THE TOWN"**

SILVANA  
When did you get in?

PATRIZIA  
A little past midnight...

SILVANA  
Why didn't you call? Did he behave?

PATRIZIA  
Who?

SILVANA  
That friend of yours Max. Who else?

PATRIZIA  
He dropped me off after the party.

SILVANA  
I don't like how he drives, he makes me nervous. He's a libertine.

PATRIZIA  
He's a homosexual. Not a libertine.

SILVANA  
He can still learn how to drive.  
(beat)  
Did you meet anyone?      \*

PATRIZIA \*  
No. \*

SILVANA \*  
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. Nobody \*  
will marry you for your brain, \*  
Patrizia. 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. \**

Silvana cuts around the photo of a handsome playboy from a \*  
magazine and places it in a binder. 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 \*  
to check out the next party. But \*  
this was different. This was my \*  
story. I wanted to write it myself. \**

13      EXT. CAFE LA FORTUNA- DAY

RAIN. Patrizia, in a Burberry raincoat and flat shoes, stands  
under the cafe's awning opposite the Università La Cattolica.  
She watches students trickle out, smoke cigarettes, gossip.

MAURIZIO appears in the crowd. Patrizia follows him as he  
crosses the street and enters the oldest BOOKSHOP in Milan.

14      INT. HOEPLI BOOKSHOP- DAY

Maurizio browses the stacks. He pulls a book out, revealing  
Patrizia's eyes staring at him from the other side.

PATRIZIA  
(feigning surprise)  
Maurizio?

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

MAURIZIO  
Have we met?

\*

She pulls a few more books out, revealing herself.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)  
Elizabeth Taylor!

\*

\*

PATRIZIA  
(proudly)  
Patrizia Reggiani.

\*

\*

\*

MAURIZIO  
Yes of course, Patrizia. Do you  
study here?

\*

PATRIZIA  
I'm considering it. My problem is  
that I hate reading. I get bored.

She notices the books under his arm.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
What are those about?

MAURIZIO  
They're very exciting books about  
the legislative process. I'm  
studying to be a lawyer.

\*

\*

PATRIZIA  
You seem too nice to be a lawyer.

MAURIZIO  
There's a few good ones out there.

PATRIZIA  
The dead ones.

He laughs at her joke.

\*

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
Any advice on what courses to take?

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

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

MAURIZIO

That sounds very uncomfortable.

PATRIZIA

It's to avoid sleep lines on my face.

She looks into his eyes, launching a thousand ships and loving the tension building up between them.

15

EXT. HOEPLI BOOKSHOP- DAY

Maurizio and Patrizia walk out of the bookshop together- she is helping with his books. They arrive at his LAMBRETTA. He puts the books in the trunk and straps his helmet on.

FRANCO, Maurizio's bodyguard-chauffeur, is parked on the other side of the street. He opens his window to get a better view of Patrizia.

PATRIZIA

What were the chances of us seeing each other again? It's fate.

MAURIZIO

It was a really nice surprise.

PATRIZIA

Aren't you going to ask me out?

She closes in on him like a feral animal. He's cornered.

MAURIZIO

You want to go on a date with me?

PATRIZIA

I want to know how this story goes.

MAURIZIO

Well- ah- I- I-

She reaches into her purse and pulls out LIPSTICK. She scrawls her phone number on his Lambretta's WINDSHIELD.

PATRIZIA

That's my number. I'm very busy but I'll try and make time for you.

She kisses him on the cheek. It's quite possibly the most action Maurizio has ever had.

Franco, still watching them, smiles.

16      EXT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD, GARDEN- DAY

Patrizia listens to an LP by Mina and hair-dryes her freshly painted toenails. WE HEAR **THE PHONE RING**. SILVANA comes in.

SILVANA

It's for you. I think it's Max.

Patrizia takes the phone.

PATRIZIA

Hello?

A smile forms on her face when she hears the caller's voice.

SNAPSHOT: PATRIZIA on the back of MAURIZIO'S LAMBRETTA. She grips him around the waist, legs around him. Franco, the bodyguard, drives behind them in a sedan.

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.

On FRANCO THE BODYGUARD, watching from across the street. He smiles to himself as he lights a cigarette.

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.*

17      EXT. LAKE COMO- DAY

Maurizio and Patrizia ride the scooter through the heavy mist. Franco follows behind. They go over the brow of a hill. Franco looks perplexed: he can't see them anywhere. They vanished in the mist.

ON MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA. They approach the line of row boats tethered to the pier. Patrizia notices a particularly nice-looking one. She undoes the knot, releases it.

MAURIZIO

You're *stealing* this boat?

PATRIZIA

Not stealing it. Just borrowing it.

She removes her heels and steps onto the boat.

LATER: On the boat. Noting around it except mist. Maurizio stops rowing as he realizes they are alone.

Patrizia moves from her seat and kneels before him- she unzips his pants and disappears between his legs, mink coat covering her head.

Franco, seeing the boat in the distance, smiles.

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.*

18

INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, WAITING ROOM- DAY

TIGHT on a PAINTING showing a woman. Patrizia stares at it. She is sitting on a leather couch that swallows her frame.

A murmur. Her gaze moves over to an obfuscated glass door concealing two figures, talking to each other. The glass door slides open. Maurizio appears next to RODOLFO GUCCI (70s). Melancholic, elegant, like a sad sonnet brought to life.

MAURIZIO

Father, I would like to introduce you to Patrizia. Patrizia, this is my father, Rodolfo.

\*  
\*  
\*

Rodolfo does a very poised *baise-main*. He's an expert at it.

RODOLFO

I see Adele kept you company.

Patrizia doesn't quite understand. Rodolfo points at the painting on the wall.

PATRIZIA

Oh yes. She's beautiful. Picasso?

RODOLFO

Klimt.

PATRIZIA

How silly of me.

RODOLFO

I've done far worse.

Everyone laughs.

PATRIZIA

Must be worth a fortune.

RODOLFO  
Art has no price.

MAURIZIO  
I made a reservation at the Gallia. \*

RODOLFO  
Magnificent choice. \*

19      INT. EXCELSIOR GALLIA- DAY

Patrizia, Rodolfo and Maurizio sit at a corner table on the beautiful terrace overlooking the city. Patrizia eats lobster bisque, Rodolfo delicately dissects a head-on branzino and Maurizio pokes at his mostly uneaten pasta.

Rodolfo is wonderful: light-hearted, warm, breezy. \*

RODOLFO  
And what are your particular interests, Patrizia? \*

PATRIZIA  
I'm a very social person. A people-pleaser. \*

RODOLFO  
Do you study? \*

PATRIZIA  
I work for my father's business.

RODOLFO  
What sort of business is that?

PATRIZIA  
Ground transportation.

Rodolfo nods politely and chooses silence over further questioning. Maurizio pinches his leg under the table. He has sweat patches under his arms. He's a nervous wreck.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
Maurizio said you were an actor.

Rodolfo wipes his lips, can't wait to get into it.

RODOLFO  
Perhaps you caught a rerun of the 1938 classic *The Ancestor*? \*

Patrizia squints, pretending to seek. Shakes her head no.

RODOLFO (CONT'D) \*  
 No, you're probably too young. \*  
 How about 1933's *Tourist Train*?

PATRIZIA  
 (humoring him)  
 Tourist Train sounds familiar.

RODOLFO \*  
 You might have noticed a dashing \*  
 young actor by the name of Maurizio \*  
 D'Ancora. That would have been me. \*

PATRIZIA  
 I didn't know I was sitting with a  
 movie star. Can I get an autograph?

Rodolfo swats her compliment away with his hand.

RODOLFO  
 The best thing that came out of my  
 acting career was meeting  
 Maurizio's mother. She was a real \*  
 star. At her funeral, during a \*  
 moment of silent remembrance, \*  
 Maurizio saw the priest lighting \*  
 candles and started singing happy \*  
 birthday. He turned the saddest \*  
 moment of my life into something, \*  
 how do you - something sweet. \*  
 That's my son. My dear boy. \*

The lunch is over and their plates are cleared away.

PATRIZIA  
 Thanks for the delicious lunch.

20      EXT/INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO- DAY

Maurizio arrives back at the villa, gets out of the car and goes in. He walks through the endless corridors of his father's villa. His shoes slap against the marble floor. He peers into various rooms: they're all empty.

21      INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, MEMORY ROOM- DAY

Rodolfo is in a silk Gucci robe, watching his wife in a silent film. His cigarette holder emits a trail of smoke. He marvels at himself, drowning in nostalgia. \*

He immediately senses Maurizio entering the room. \*

MAURIZIO \*  
 Yes father? \*

RODOLFO  
Are you trying to send me to an  
early grave?

\*  
\*  
\*

MAURIZIO  
She really liked you.

Rodolfo kills the projector. He puts out the cigarette in an  
overflowing ashtray, his hands bony and nicotine-stained.

\*

RODOLFO  
How did you meet her?

MAURIZIO  
At a party.

RODOLFO  
(disgusted)  
A party. I hate to tell you this,  
Maurizio-

\*  
\*

MAURIZIO  
Then don't. Please.

\*  
\*

RODOLFO  
There's women who make their  
careers out of trapping young men  
like you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAURIZIO  
Patrizia is not like that.

\*  
\*

RODOLFO  
She is only after the money, don't  
you see? They all are.

\*  
\*

MAURIZIO  
I love her. You can't change that.

RODOLFO  
Love!? You don't know anything  
about love.

\*  
\*

Maurizio heads for the door but his father GRABS his arm.

\*

RODOLFO (CONT'D)  
I had Franco investigate her and  
her family. The Reggianis...  
they're... they're truck drivers.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAURIZIO  
Her father has a very successful  
transportation business. It's an  
*empire*.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RODOLFO  
 (sarcastically)  
 A trucking *empire*! How many?

MAURIZIO  
 What?!

RODOLFO  
 How many trucks? Ten, fifty? What  
 do you they transport? Garbage?

Silence in the room.

RODOLFO (CONT'D)  
 I gave you life. I gave you  
 everything. What more do you want?

MAURIZIO  
 What I want... is to marry her.

RODOLFO  
 You can't just marry some girl.  
 You're a Gucci. You're different.

MAURIZIO  
 Different than you? Yes. Listen to  
 yourself. You're so bitter you  
 don't even realize it. Who cares  
 what her family name is, or how  
 many trucks they have? You hide  
 here in the past and you expect me  
 to hide with you. Not anymore.  
 These are your ghosts. They're not  
 mine. *These are your regrets*.

RODOLFO  
 You can't do this to me.  
 I won't allow it.

MAURIZIO  
 You can't stop it.

RODOLFO  
 Then I'll leave you nothing. I'll  
 take your name out of my will.  
 Do you understand?

MAURIZIO  
 Fine.

RODOLFO  
 You're making a big mistake. She's  
 a - she's a -  
 (restrains himself)

MAURIZIO  
*I know what she is.*

\*  
\*

Maurizio takes a small step forward towards his father- but it's a GIGANTIC one in their relationship. His body tightens like a coiled wire... and he storms out of the room.

22      EXT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD- NIGHT

Maurizio rings the doorbell of the Reggiani's modernist home. He looks around, worrying that someone might see him.

SILVANA REGGIANI - Patrizia's mother- opens the door. She's in a nightgown and cosmetic face mask. The family's Yorkshire Terrier, OSCAR, tucked under her arm. She immediately recognizes Maurizio. Her jaw drops.

FERNANDO REGGIANI comes rushing at the door, grumbling and asking who the hell it is at this hour.

MAURIZIO

Commendatore Reggiani. My name is Maurizio Gucci. I have had a disagreement with my father that has forced me to leave my home and family business. I am still studying to be a lawyer, so as of this moment I am unemployed. But I am in love with your daughter and I would like to marry her, although now I have nothing to offer her. I need a job.

\*  
\*  
  
\*  
\*  
  
\*  
\*

Patrizia appears behind her parents. She RUNS towards Maurizio, squeezes past them, and throws herself in his arms.

23      INT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD- NIGHT

The Reggianis and Maurizio walk across a hallway lined with religious icons. Silvana subtly kisses her finger and touches the feet of a small Virgin Mary.

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.

\*  
\*  
\*  
  
\*  
\*

As Silvana and Patrizia walk away, Fernando grabs Maurizio's arm and has a "man-to-man" next to the Virgin Mary.

FERNANDO

Now listen Young man. I will give you a job. I will open my home to you. On one condition: No funny business under my roof. Agreed?

Maurizio nods eagerly.

24 EXT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD- NIGHT

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

25 INT. REGGIANI HALLWAY- NIGHT

ANGLE ON: PEDICURED FEET. Tiptoeing across the mahogany.

26 INT. REGGIANI GARAGE APARTMENT- NIGHT

Patrizia. Slides into Maurizio's bed and gets on top of him.

27 INT. REGGIANI HOUSEHOLD, BEDROOM- NIGHT

ON SILVANA: awake in bed listening to the couple go at it. Proud. That's my girl.

28 EXT. FERNANDO REGGIANI'S TRUCKING COMPANY- DAY

Maurizio is POWER WASHING a truck. The fellow truckers take a cigarette break. They offer him one. Light it for him. He leans against the truck, sweaty and surprisingly at ease.

29 EXT. FERNANDO REGGIANI'S TRUCKING COMPANY- DAY

Lunch break. The workers are playing SOCCER under the freeway's overpass. The GOAL POSTS two TRUCK TIRES.

Maurizio gets down and dirty, dribbles a few players- he's a lot younger and more svelte than them. He passes the ball to a burly foreman, who SCORES. They hug like old friends.

SUDDENLY: over the yard's LOUDSPEAKER, a voice.

VOICE OVER LOUDSPEAKER

Maurizio Gucci, you're urgently needed in accounting.

We see Patrizia watching through the trailer's window blinds.

30 INT. OFFICE TRAILER- DAY

Maurizio steps into the EMPTY TRAILER. Nobody inside, silent except for a ceiling fan. He must be in the wrong one...

Suddenly the DOOR LOCKS BEHIND HIM. He turns around.

It's PATRIZIA. She pulls down the BLINDS. Smiles mischievously at Maurizio and gestures him to "come hither" as she spills out on an EMPTY DESK.

31      EXT. OFFICE TRAILER- LATER

We pull out of the trailer's windows and show the yard, where WORKERS are perched on their truck beds, eating sandwiches, drinking coffee and smoking.

PRE-LAP: the sound of WEDDING BELLS.

32      INT. SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE- DAY

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.

No Guccis came.

The wedding ceremony begins. She cracks a pained smile at Maurizio but her disappointment is plainly visible.

33      EXT. SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE- DAY

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.

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

34      INT. ALDO GUCCI'S OFFICE-NEW YORK DAY

The back of an ornate armchair with the initials A.G. etched in gold. A MAN, in elegant shirtsleeves and braces, flips through a pile of "GRAZIA" tabloids. Keeping up with the local gossip.

His ringed fingers stops at a spread detailing Maurizio and Patrizia's wedding. He studies the spread in silence.

35      EXT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO- DAY

A black Alfa pulls up outside Rodolfo's gates. The MAN'S GAWDY MOCASSINS hit the ground. We track them as he walks around the side of the house.

36

EXT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, GARDEN- DAY

Rodolfo sits outside, in the sun, a half-eaten bowl of green soup getting cold on the large table. He is listening to Rossini. His eyes are closed- he might be dozing off, or is simply enthralled by the music. This moment of calm is interrupted by the bombastic voice of:

ALDO  
(bad Japanese accent)  
Konichiwa, Mr. Gucci. Saikin do?

MEET ALDO GUCCI (the man). 70s. Debonair. Peacock. Perpetual tan. Aldo bows as he careens over to Rodolfo with a massive tray of FRESH PASTRIES.

RODOLFO  
Since when do you speak Japanese?

ALDO  
I am learning. They're our best customers. Loyal, quiet, and rich.

Aldo looks up at Rodolfo, removes his glasses to take a better gander at him. Rodolfo looks like Death warmed over.

RODOLFO  
Before you ask- I had some bad tartare last night. Completely leveled me.

A pause.

RODOLFO (CONT'D)  
Spit it out. I know you're here to propose something questionable.

Aldo switches into "salesman mode", pulls out a pamphlet for a Shopping Mall in Japan. Very 70s.

ALDO  
Gotenba mall. Near the foot of Mount Fuji. 90 minutes by bus from Tokyo. It will be built in Spring.

RODOLFO  
Sounds delightful. Cherry Blossoms? \*

ALDO  
I would like to open two stores there. Start small. Go from there.

RODOLFO  
Why?

ALDO

It's become part of a sightseeing course for overseas visitors, especially Asian.

RODOLFO

No, no, no. You and your profit. Things are fine as they are. Gucci doesn't belong in a *mall*. It belongs in a *museum*. And as long as I represent half the company, *that's where it'll stay.*

When Rodolfo is done with his rant, he COUGHS and HACKS into his handkerchief- seemingly away from Aldo. Who, nevertheless, manages to SEE what the handkerchief holds:

BLOOD.

Aldo doesn't say anything, just watches Rodolfo neatly fold the handkerchief and, with dignity, slip it into his lapel.

ALDO

I see Maurizio got married.

Rodolfo nods quietly.

RODOLFO

To a- to some *woman*.  
I can't even say her name--

\*  
\*

ALDO

Sooner or later you'll have to.

RODOLFO

For me he doesn't exist anymore.  
He's finished.

\*

ALDO

You are old. Maurizio is your only son. He is your true legacy. If you don't bring him back into the fold, I am telling you, you will only be a bitter and lonely old man.

RODOLFO

He'll see his mistake.  
Time will tell.

\*  
\*

ALDO

When did you last hug him?

Rodolfo releases a sarcastic laugh.

RODOLFO  
 (incredulous)  
 You're giving *me* advice on how to  
 raise my son? How are you doing  
 with yours?

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

ALDO  
 Your son is a smart lawyer. Mine is  
 an idiot. But he's *my* idiot and I  
 know how to deal with him. You need  
 to deal with yours.

Aldo's CHAUFFEUR quietly steps out. Time to go.

ALDO (CONT'D)  
 It's my birthday on Sunday. We'll  
 all be there. You should come.

RODOLFO  
 I'll check my diary.

\*

Aldo hugs his brother. They share a wry, brotherly smile. He  
 walks away to the distant sound of Rossini as the automatic  
 sprinklers activate in the garden.

37 INT. REGGIANI GARAGE APARTMENT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Patrizia sits on the floor, surrounded by wrapping paper and  
 wedding gifts. Maurizio, shirtless, is IRONING a shirt with  
 the radio blasting in the background - he folds the shirt  
 proudly. Probably took him an hour.

The gift she unwraps is a set of SPICES. Maurizio laughs.

MAURIZIO  
 Who gives *spices* at a wedding?

PATRIZIA  
 At least he remembered. Unlike any  
 of your relatives.

MAURIZIO  
 Never judge someone by their  
 relatives.

She gathers all the wrapping paper, stuffs it in a ball.

PATRIZIA  
 I'm mad. Really mad.

MAURIZIO  
 You looked absolutely breathtaking.

PATRIZIA

You were the only Gucci there. None of your relatives came to OUR WEDDING. I thought your father was the only one who had issues with me.

MAURIZIO

They all have issues with each other and with themselves. And you're wrong. I wasn't the only Gucci. There was two of us.

Suddenly- the phone rings.

38      INT. MESSAGE STUDIO - DAY

Aldo is getting a deep massage.

INTERCUT BETWEEN PATRIZIA AND ALDO.

ALDO GUCCI

Hello.

PATRIZIA

(over the phone)

Who is this?

ALDO GUCCI

(putting on the charm)

Aldo. Aldo Gucci. I hope I am not interrupting anything important.

39      INT. REGGIANI GARAGE APARTMENT, LAUNDRY ROOM- DAY

PATRIZIA

(volleying back the charm)

What could be more important than a call from my new Uncle?

ALDO GUCCI

(over the phone)

I am truly sorry I couldn't make it to your wedding. Business beckoned. I hope you understand.

PATRIZIA

Of course. I know how busy you are.

40      INT. MESSAGE STUDIO- DAY

CRACK. The masseuse hits a spot. Aldo GROANS.

ALDO GUCCI

We're celebrating my birthday this weekend at my villa. It'll be the perfect opportunity for you to meet the family.

PATRIZIA

(over the phone)

How many candles is it?

ALDO GUCCI

70. They say it's the new 69.

PATRIZIA

Well, I can't speak for Maurizio. You should discuss with him directly. He's right here...

41

INT. REGGIANI GARAGE APARTMENT, LAUNDRY ROOM- DAY

Patrizia sticks the receiver in Maurizio's face and hugs his shirtless body from behind- both as a gesture of affection, but also to overhear Aldo...

MAURIZIO

Hello?

ALDO GUCCI

(over the phone)

Maurizio! How's my little lawyer?

Maurizio's entire body tenses up as soon as he hears Aldo.

MAURIZIO

Fi-fine.

ALDO GUCCI

What are you doing this Sunday?

MAURIZIO

Um. Patrizia's parents are taking us to the San Siro for a game.

Patrizia's varnished nails wrap around his chest.

ALDO

Really. Who's playing?

MAURIZIO

Ah... I didn't ask--

ALDO

I thought the league was on hiatus for a month.

MAURIZIO

Oh. I'll double check--

ALDO

Come to my birthday party. I'm only in town for a couple days.

MAURIZIO

Let me discuss it with Patrizia.

PATRIZIA

(whispering to Maurizio)

Let's go! A little day trip...

ALDO

Your father and I aren't getting any younger. These gatherings are becoming a rare occurrence...

Patrizia starts kissing Maurizio's neck. Looks at him with pleading eyes.

ALDO (CONT'D)

Is that a yes? Come on, I'll be jumping out of a cake!

42

INT. LA RINASCENTE- DAY

Patrizia and Maurizio are in the fragrance section of Milan's foremost department store. They are in the midst of a "conversation" that is a little more tense than it should be. She is spraying cologne on various parts of his arm and seeing which ones she likes best.

PATRIZIA

Is Aldo more of a floral type? Or more tobacco/cedar?

\*  
\*  
\*

MAURIZIO

Definitely floral.

\*  
\*

She takes a whiff of Maurizio's wrist.

\*

PATRIZIA

He sounded mortified about not coming to the wedding.

\*

Maurizio lets out a loud laugh.

MAURIZIO

Mortified! He doesn't know what that word means. He's an old dog.

\*

PATRIZIA

Don't be so cynical. He's extending an olive branch. It's your turn to open your heart to him. Besides, old dogs get softer with age.

MAURIZIO

He just gets harder.

She turns to the store clerk.

PATRIZIA

We'll take them all. Gift wrapped.

43      EXT. LAKE COMO- DAY

Patrizia's orange FIAT 124 Spider snakes through the idyllic coastline. The lake is surrounded by Alpine peaks and wooded hills and is one of Italy's most scenic places.

44      EXT. ALDO GUCCI'S LAKE COMO VILLA- DAY

Patrizia and Maurizio walk up-hill to an immense white-and-turquoise villa perched above the lake carrying Aldo's birthday gifts. Large umbrellas shield a long table from the sun as the staff prepare lunch.

It is a glorious, bucolic vision, interrupted by..

ALDO (O.S.)

THAT'S IT! 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 strange 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* - a game thought up by 16th-century Florentines. As the name suggests, it's an early and very rough draft of soccer. 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.

ALDO  
Maurizio! We're missing a player.

MAURIZIO  
Maybe in a little bit.

Patrizia removes his jacket for him, takes his glasses off.

Maurizio gets on the field, steals the ball from an opponent. He looks around at who to pass: the only option is PAOLO GUCCI, his cousin.

PAOLO GUCCI  
Here! I'm open!

Paolo frantically waves at Maurizio, wants the ball. But Maurizio won't pass it to him.

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

Maurizio gets a hold of the ball and SCORES. Aldo claps.

45      EXT. TERRACE- DAY

Some 20-odd guests sit at the long table under the umbrellas. We pan across the guests as bowls of food are passed around. It's lively, messy, energetic.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)  
*I felt like I was in a bizarre  
Renaissance painting. First was  
Aldo's son PAOLO.*

ON PAOLO GUCCI: We get a good look at him. Uncomfortable in his own skin. Bald, mustachioed, short. He wears a lime-green corduroy suit. Bloody paper up his nostril.

PAOLO  
(fanning himself)  
Is anyone hot? I'm drenched. I should have brought a change of clothes. Can men menopause?

PATRIZIA (V.O.)  
*Paolo 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. She grabs Patrizia's hand and studies her WEDDING RING.

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

Your ring is absolutely divine.

PATRIZIA

It was Maurizio's mother's.

JENNY

He must think you're very special.

Now on 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 lawyer instead. Domenico De Sole.*

ON DOMENICO DE SOLE. Bookish. White socks under a 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. Jenny changes his wine glass to water.

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 quality is remembered long after price is forgotten.

\*  
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\*

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

JENNY

Thoughts on Paolo's outfit,  
Domenico? You're the fashionista.

DE SOLE

Eccentric.

PAOLO

I designed it 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 like a  
Parisian pimp.

PAOLO

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.

He stabs at the slice with his fork, lifts it up to the sky.

PAOLO

When, then? You're always brushing me off. I'm a designer. I want to express myself. I have flair.

ALDO GUCCI

(to the waiter)

If you can't see the sun through it, it's not thin enough.

PAOLO

I am an artist.

ALDO GUCCI

(finally turning to Paolo)

Why all this sudden moaning?

PAOLO

I am just sick of being ignored.

ALDO GUCCI

(fists on the table)

And I am sick of hearing you talk.

PAOLO

It hurts my feelings when you do this. You deliberately hurt my feelings. Let's go, Jenny.

Paolo gets up to leave.

JENNY

Sit down. I haven't had espresso.

Paolo awkwardly sits down again.

46

EXT. ALDO GUCCI'S LAKE COMO VILLA- DUSK

The guests get into their expensive cars - ranging from the subtle to the outrageous. A flurry of hugs, kisses, waves. Patrizia goes to kiss Aldo goodbye.

PATRIZIA

Thank you for having us, Uncle.

ALDO

(whispers in her ear)

My nephew has great taste.

Aldo SLIPS an ENVELOPE into Patrizia's coat.

ALDO (CONT'D)

A small wedding gift. From me.

Maurizio catches them talking with the corner of his eye. Pretends not to see it when Patrizia joins him.

47      INT. FIAT 124- NIGHT

Maurizio is driving Patrizia's orange convertible. She is a little tipsy and he doesn't drink, so he drives.

MAURIZIO

They've been telling that saddle-maker story for years. It's all bullshit. We're not royalty.

(beat)

My grandfather was a bellhop in London. That's where he got the idea of leather goods. By carrying bags around for rich aristocrats.

Sitting in Patrizia's lap is a box. She pries it open revealing a mud-brown CAKE. Not exactly appetizing.

PATRIZIA

What is this?

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

Hmmm. 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 for yourself.

\*  
\*

She takes a piece and feeds it to Maurizio.

PATRIZIA

And you'll just sit and watch them eat it all?

MAURIZIO

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

PATRIZIA

Diluted? Or... enhanced.

She kisses Maurizio.

MAURIZIO

What did he whisper in your ear?

PATRIZIA

Who?

MAURIZIO

Aldo.

PATRIZIA

Oh... I can't remember.

MAURIZIO

You seemed to really like each other.

PATRIZIA

I like everyone.

MAURIZIO

I saw him give you something.

She suddenly remembers. Pulls out the envelope Aldo gave her.

PATRIZIA

The only gift we got from the Guccis. Feels like cash.

MAURIZIO

It's probably a coupon.

She opens it up. Shares it with him. They stare, surprised.

**TWO FIRST-CLASS CONCORD TICKETS TO NEW YORK CITY.**

*PATRIZIA (V.O.)*

*You don't marry royalty and end up sleeping in the servant's quarters.*

48

INT. REGGIANI GARAGE APARTMENT- NIGHT

Patrizia is on top of Maurizio- they're having aggressive sex. He moans, she covers his mouth with her hand. "SHHHH".

49

INT. REGGIANI GARAGE APARTMENT- LATER

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

Patrizia 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.

She stops at a TAROT CARD READER taking live phone calls on a local cable channel. This is PINA AURIEMMA (late 40s). 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

How old are you, dear?

PATRIZIA

Twenty-five.

PINA AURIEMMA

What is your question?

PATRIZIA

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  
So don't be upset it's not what you  
want to hear. Okay?

PATRIZIA  
Okay. What's your name?

PINA AURIEMMA  
My name?

PATRIZIA (V.O.)  
*All Pina wanted was a friend.  
Speaking to the dead all day must  
have gotten pretty boring.*

PINA AURIEMMA  
My name is Pina.

50      EXT. GUCCI STORE, VIA MONTENAPOLEONE- DAY

Marlon Brando steps out of the Gucci store and onto the most exclusive street in Milan.

Assistants carry several Gucci bags for him. Two girlfriends hang off his arms. And ALDO, like a drooling Chihuahua, chums around with him. Brando steps into the car waving at fans.

Aldo helps with the bags, slaps the trunk of the car. Blows an air kiss at Brando as the limo drives off. He heads back inside the store.

We see PATRIZIA across the street, considering her "options". She has a plan.

51      INT. GUCCI STORE, VIA MONTENAPOLEONE- DAY

Cream leather sofas, 70s plush carpeting. Aldo, still high from hanging with Brando, glides through the store with a hand in his pocket. Checking out the female clientele.

He notices a pretty girl in the SHOE ROOM. She wears a monochrome satin dress and tries a pair of stylish heels in front of a mirror. Only her back (and backside) are visible.

ALDO GUCCI  
*Mademoiselle.* With all due respect,  
these heels are not right for you.

He gets on his knees, slips a different pair on her feet. Studies the reflection in the SHOE MIRROR as she models them.

ALDO GUCCI (CONT'D)

There. Much better.  
A pair of great Gucci heels are  
much more satisfying than a man.  
They last longer, too.

He stands up, turns her around towards a full mirror. And we  
reveal, in the reflection, that IT'S PATRIZIA.

PATRIZIA

Hello, Uncle.

He tries to hide his embarrassment.

ALDO GUCCI

My ravishing niece Patrizia. I  
wasn't expecting you. Lunch at Cova?

PATRIZIA

A coffee in your office will do.

52      INT. GUCCI STORE, ALDO'S OFFICE- DAY

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

When I met you at Como I was  
relieved that we hadn't *met* before.

He winks. Patrizia laughs awkwardly.

PATRIZIA

We will have plenty of time to get  
to know each other. Maurizio is  
very fond of you. He says you are  
the true Gucci in the family. The  
one who took Guccio's dream and  
turned it into an empire.

ALDO GUCCI

Maurizio is a smart young man. How  
are things with his father?

PATRIZIA

Not bad, not good.

ALDO GUCCI

My brother is a difficult man. It's  
time for them to reconcile.

Aldo places his hand on hers. Nods. They get each other.

PATRIZIA

Maurizio wants to be a part of the family. I can see it in his eyes. But he needs your help. Maybe we can all spend some time together...

Aldo considers this.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Let's keep this *entre-nous*, darling Uncle. Maurizio is proud.

\*  
\*  
\*

ALDO GUCCI

We all are, darling.

\*  
\*

53      EXT. VAL DI CHIANA- DAY

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

The car pulls up outside a field of cows. They walk around. Aldo pulls a slender, sweet stalk of grass and eats it.

ALDO GUCCI

(breathes in dramatically)

Smell that. 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.

54      INT. TUSCAN TANNERY- DAY

They go through a tannery, hinds hanging from the ceiling. The chief tanner kisses Aldo's ring. The stench is strong.

ALDO GUCCI

Like the phoenix. The skins of our beloved cows give birth to timeless joy. And make us immortal.

55      EXT. WORKERS COURTYARD CANTEEN- DAY

The EMPLOYEES, who clearly love Aldo, have made a huge cake with 70 candles on it. They sing happy birthday to him. He blows the candles and bows to them. Tears in his eyes.

TIME CUT

Maurizio, Patrizia and Aldo sit in a corner. Aldo finishes a sip of wine and a piece of cake. They're all a little tipsy.

ALDO

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.

ALDO GUCCI

Am I boring you?

PATRIZIA

No! No! We love it.

ALDO GUCCI

I can't talk to my son Paolo about any of this. He hates Gucci talk. As you know he's a strange bird.

PATRIZIA

He's definitely unique.

ALDO GUCCI

Useless, sadly.  
(pointing his finger)  
Maurizio, Patrizia tells me you're interested in learning. Rodolfo lost a son, maybe I'll gain one.

\*

56INT. REGGIANI GARAGE APARTMENT- NIGHT

Patrizia is mixing two Bloody Marys. She pours Vodka, taste-tests them. Adds a lot more. Maurizio kisses her forehead but she turns away. He immediately picks up on her mood-shift.

\*

MAURIZIO

I can't believe you talked to Aldo behind my back.

\*

\*

\*

PATRIZIA

Family is important, Maurizio. You can't erase yourself from the family portrait just because you enjoy playing with trucks.

MAURIZIO

It's hard work. I'm not playing. Feel my hands.

\*

She feels for his callouses.

PATRIZIA

You're lucky you still have all your fingers. Your name is in the history books, so at some point you have to face that and say, 'How do I live with it? Do I accept it or not?'

\*  
\*  
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\*

MAURIZIO

You've been a Gucci a few months. I have been a Gucci all my life.

\*  
\*  
\*

PATRIZIA

There are a lot of legacies that come and go but there's not a place, except maybe Antarctica, where you say Gucci and people don't go 'Aaaah.'

\*

MAURIZIO

Patrizia, this is the happiest I've ever been in my life. Why change things?

\*  
\*

PATRIZIA

You're so much more than this. You're not like them. You could *help the family*. A strong family makes a strong business.

\*  
\*  
\*

She takes his hand and places it on her belly.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

I want us to be happy and I want to make our new roommate proud...

\*

The weight of this new responsibility is INSTANT.

\*

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Let's take New York for a spin and see how you feel.

\*  
\*  
\*

57

INT/EXT. SAN REMO APARTMENT- DAY

TITLE UP: **NEW YORK CITY**

Maurizio and Patrizia enter a luxury Upper West Side old money apartment. Patrizia, now sporting a slight baby bump, steps out onto the balcony to look at a spectacular city view, drinks it all in. In heaven.

PATRIZIA

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.

58      INT. SAN REMO APARTMENT, JACUZZI- DAY

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.

We see a half-drunk bottle of Moët and pastries next to a card signed ALDO. *"See you tomorrow at the store. Love, Aldo"*

59      INT. GUCCI STORE, 5TH AVENUE- DAY

ON MAURIZIO: hands in his pockets, uncomfortable and out of place. Every spot he picks to stand is the wrong one in the busy store. A famous customer casually passes him by: Sophia Loren.

Patrizia pops out of a changing room in a stunning beige ensemble, looking very Jackie O. Hat, handbag, scarf. She spins playfully for Maurizio, throws the scarf around him.

PATRIZIA

Like it?

MAURIZIO

It's beautiful. Is it on sale?

Suddenly the sound of a booming voice.

ALDO GUCCI

(from above the floor)

Maurizio! Patrizia! My youth serum.

Maurizio and Patrizia look over at ALDO who comes down the long staircase like a King. Aldo kisses them effusively on the cheeks (has to get on his tippy toes for Maurizio).

ALDO

How did you sleep?

PATRIZIA

Like babies. The suite is unreal.

ALDO

Wonderful, wonderful. That looks great on you by the way.

MAURIZIO

(removing her scarf)

Patrizia was just playing dress-up.

ALDO GUCCI  
Here's a little secret.

Aldo grabs one of the gorgeous Sylvie handbags- the classic model that comes with a top handle- and rubs the LEATHER next to Patrizia's ear.

ALDO  
What do you hear?

PATRIZIA  
It almost sounds like... *paper*.

ALDO  
We place a few sheets of newspaper between the layers of leather to pad it slightly. Italian newspaper, of course. The workers swear by it.

MAURIZIO  
Gucci is full of secrets.

ALDO GUCCI  
Yes. I will share them with you.

Patrizia hands the bag back to Aldo, who doesn't take it.

ALDO GUCCI (CONT'D)  
It's yours. Anything you see is yours. Family discount. \*

She heads back into the changing room to try on another dress. A dozen JAPANESE CUSTOMERS walk in. \*

ALDO GUCCI (CONT'D)  
If you'll excuse me.  
(to the Japanese)  
Konichiwa!! \*

60      INT. KING COLE JAZZ BAR- NIGHT

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

ALDO GUCCI  
What could you do, what could you do?

PATRIZIA  
Maurizio speaks 4 languages, Uncle.

ALDO GUCCI

*Bien-sur. We need that kind of Je ne sais quoi at Gucci. I love to have my family working with me.*

Maurizio smiles nervously. Patrizia is beaming.

MAURIZIO

(in French)

*Did you ask anyone else?*

ALDO GUCCI

(in Spanish)

*That thought didn't even cross my mind. I want Gucci to remain among us. I can't trust outsiders.*

MAURIZIO

(in Spanish)

*Did you talk to my father?*

ALDO

Your father and I want the same thing: for you to be a success. He just doesn't know how to get there.  
(cracks a crab leg)

I do.

PATRIZIA

What could Maurizio's title be?

Aldo waves his hand, spelling words out in thin air.

ALDO GUCCI

Gucci. World. Affairs. Coordinator.

MAURIZIO

(nervous laughter)

What does that actually mean?

Aldo is taken aback by Maurizio's question- he didn't think he'd ask. But he leans in and charmingly breaks it down.

ALDO GUCCI

You'd be my eyes and ears when I am away. Represent the company when foreign buyers come into town. With your knowledge of law, your language skills you'd fit right in.

Maurizio looks to Patrizia for counsel. She smiles. Nods.

PATRIZIA

We're flattered and grateful.

ALDO  
Yes? Yes? What are you thinking?

Much to Patrizia and Aldo's surprise and disappointment:

MAURIZIO  
I'm thinking I will certainly think  
about it.

Aldo- elegantly hiding his disappointment- takes his glass of champagne and they all clink glasses.

ALDO  
(in French)  
*Here's to you. And to New York.*

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

- 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 watching as Patrizia dances with Aldo.

END MONTAGE

61      EXT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, MILAN- DAY

Paolo Gucci's Alfa Romeo spider pulls up outside Rodolfo's austere mansion. Rain pelting it from above. He gets out carrying two large portfolios.

62      INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, LIVING ROOM- DAY

Paolo is in the living room neatly arranging his designs on the large oak table. COUGHING is heard down the hallway.

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 green juice. Wipes his mouth with a Gucci handkerchief. MORE BLOOD.

PAOLO GUCCI  
Hello Uncle. You're looking svelte.

They sit in complete silence for a moment. Just the sounds of distant classical music and trickling water from a fountain.

RODOLFO  
To what do I owe the pleasure of  
this visit?

\*  
\*

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

PAOLO GUCCI  
To say hello.

RODOLFO  
Hello! ... Anything 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  
To discuss what?

PAOLO GUCCI  
My ideas.

RODOLFO  
You have ideas?

PAOLO GUCCI  
I was born with a gift. I'm an artist. 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 them.

PAOLO GUCCI

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

RODOLFO

I have found over the years that true talent is often unaware of its brilliance. It must be cherished and protected. Hacks, on the other hand, run around shouting their delusions, begging to be recognized. Blind to their own mediocrity. This, 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. Quietly devastated.

PAOLO

You designed that scarf, correct?

RODOLFO

It caressed the necks of Jackie, Grace, Sofia. It is my signature.

\*  
\*

Paolo removes the scarf from Rodolfo's neck, admires it and in an act of defiance, LIGHTS IT ON FIRE with his Zippo. It ignites instantly- FWOOM. He dumps it into an ornate, urn-like vase in the corner.

Rodolfo stumbles over to it, in disbelief, trying to put it out. Coughs violently as the smoke rises.

PAOLO

**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 Maurizio.

63

INT. MILAN HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WING, DAY

Maurizio runs down the hallway with a bouquet of flowers. He opens the door to a private hospital room.

POV MAURIZIO: Patrizia lies in bed with their newborn daughter, ALESSANDRA, who is fast asleep on her chest. A NURSE by their side. Maurizio wells up, grabs the baby's little finger.



MAURIZIO

He said he wanted to build bridges.  
He offered me a job.

RODOLFO

You must not trust Aldo. He doesn't  
care what Gucci stands for. He is  
driven by two things, money and  
ego. Everything Guccio worked for  
is on the verge of disaster. And  
that son of a bitch of his, Paolo.  
He's not even worth the pigeon shit  
encrusted on his suits.

PATRIZIA

We will fight them with everything  
we've got.

An intrusion- but Rodolfo appreciates the sentiment.

RODOLFO

I would do it myself if I could.

PATRIZIA

Who can we trust?

RODOLFO

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

Rodolfo has a coughing fit.

Patrizia reaches into her purse and places a tiny container  
into Rodolfo's palm. Rodolfo opens the container. A LOCK OF  
HAIR.

RODOLFO (CONT'D)

I'm a grandfather?

PATRIZIA

Her name is Alessandra.  
Like Maurizio's mother.

Rodolfo can't help but be moved by this revelation.

RODOLFO

Whose idea was that?

PATRIZIA

Mine.

Rodolfo nods quietly. Maybe Patrizia isn't so bad.

RODOLFO

I have something for you.

Rodolfo takes something from his desk - a WALLET. Old, wrinkled, bearing the two Gucci G's.

RODOLFO (CONT'D)

Guccio hand-stitched it himself, had it blessed by the same priest who baptized you. Take it. It's yours now.

Rodolfo hands the wallet to Maurizio.

RODOLFO (CONT'D)

Remember, money was never the goal.

Maurizio gets up. Rodolfo, with great effort, rises with him. They square off one last time. But now, Rodolfo EMBRACES his son. They both WELL UP as Patrizia looks on, proudly

MAURIZIO

We'll let you rest.

They walk towards the door.

RODOLFO

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

66      EXT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, DRIVEWAY- NIGHT

Maurizio and Patrizia walk towards the car. Patrizia gets in the driver's seat. Maurizio thumbs the GG wallet. Suddenly, he doubles over and VOMITS on the gravel.

67      INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO - DAY

We are tight on Maurizio. His dazed gaze fixed on something: RODOLFO. Dead. Lying in a coffin, surrounded by an immense floral arrangement. A MOVIE HEADSHOT propped up next to him.

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

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

Aldo is in the corner waiting to speak to Maurizio. He's in all black, hat by his side. He cuts a much more somber figure than we've previously witnessed. He makes his way over.

MAURIZIO

I never understood him.

ALDO

There is no love on earth greater  
than that of a father for his son.

(beat)

With a few exceptions.

De Sole walks into the room and gestures to Maurizio.

MAURIZIO

Thank you for coming, Uncle.

Aldo grabs Maurizio by the shoulder's, intensely. Gives him a long hug.

ALDO

(almost a plea, a murmur)

Come to New York.

Join the family.

Make him proud.

Maurizio smiles, and with great poise, wiping his eyes:

MAURIZIO

I'll think about it.

68

INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, STUDY- DAY

De Sole is going through the inheritance left to Maurizio by his father. He's been reading for a while. Patrizia cradles Alessandra in her arms.

DE SOLE

One Bugatti T57 Scat. Two Ferraris:  
a GT California and a Dino. The  
house in St. Moritz. 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...

De Sole takes his glasses off for added emphasis.

DE SOLE (CONT'D)

50% of Gucci S.P.A.

(beat)

But there is a slight complication.

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

Patrizia looks at the certificates like she's seen The Lord.

DE SOLE (CONT'D)  
Rodolfo never signed the share  
certificates.

Patrizia clenches her jaw. Fuck!

MAURIZIO  
Meaning...?

DE SOLE  
You'll have to pay inheritance tax.

MAURIZIO  
How much are we talking?

De Sole does some math on a pocket calculator.

DE SOLE  
Could be as high as 40 billion lire.

Maurizio sways uncomfortably in his seat.

MAURIZIO  
40 billion!? I- I can't afford that.

DE SOLE  
Hmm. You could sell your shares?

MAURIZIO  
To who?!

De Sole straightens the pens on the desk.

DE SOLE  
I can think of a few qualified indi-

PATRIZIA  
(interrupting him)  
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  
Certainly.

He hands them over.

69      INT. VILLA NECCHI CAMPIGLIO, STUDY- LATER

Silence: except for the ticking of a Victorian Grandfather Clock. Maurizio steeples his hands, follows it with his gaze. Patrizia puts a cigarette out in the ornate ash-tray.

PATRIZIA

Who does he think he is, suggesting that you sell your shares? Madness.

MAURIZIO

40 billion is totally unreasonable.

\*

PATRIZIA

40 billion. And just because your father forgot to sign it.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Everybody knows there's no such thing as a good tax. It's like throwing money into a fire.*

Patrizia eyes a SIGNED HEADSHOT from Rodolfo's acting days perched on the mantelpiece. An idea starting to form...

MUSIC CUE: Donna Summers' I FEEL LOVE.

70      EXT. GUCCI STORE, 5TH AVENUE. DAY

Maurizio and Patrizia walk towards the store and go in.

71      INT. GUCCI STORE, 5TH AVENUE, MAURIZIO'S OFFICE- DAY

Aldo opens the door to a gorgeous CORNER OFFICE. A stunning view of the Empire State Building straight ahead. Maurizio and Patrizia walk in, hand-in-hand.

ALDO

This is your new office. I'm just opposite the hall if you need me.

Maurizio closes the door to the office, surprisingly.

MAURIZIO

I want to work the floor.

72      INT. GUCCI STORE, 5TH AVENUE, DAY

Maurizio is balancing several shoe boxes, dodging customers and fellow store clerks. He places the boxes down, opens them, trying to figure out who-requested-what. He's clearly overwhelmed but also energized.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Nobody knew who Maurizio was. He was just another clerk getting the wrong sized shoes for them.*

73 INT. GUCCI STORE, 5TH AVENUE - LATER

We track across a variety of feet/socks waiting to be "encased" into Gucci shoes. Maurizio is on one knee, moves from foot to foot, slides the feet into the shoes.

Maurizio looks over as Aldo assists an old Upper West Side lady, charming her.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Aldo was like an Emperor at Gucci. And he had the attitude of one.*

74 INT. GUCCI STORE, 5TH AVENUE- DAY

Maurizio, now in a TAILORED SUIT, carefully places purchases in intricate GUCCI GIFT BAGS- does the ribbons, processes the payments, smiles courteously.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Working the floor of the store was like graduating from the University of Gucci. He became store manager.*

Patrizia stands on a bannister looking down proudly at Maurizio as he charms customers. Her little lawyer is growing up...

75 EXT. GUCCI STORE, 5TH AVENUE, WINDOW DISPLAY- NIGHT

Maurizio is on his hands and knees, in a t-shirt, arranging flowers in the window display. A GARBAGE TRUCK passes the store- it's the middle of the night. He runs outside to see how the display looks from the sidewalk.

76 INT. SAN REMO APARTMENT, KITCHEN- DAY

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 nanny, places Alessandra in her cot and joins Patrizia in the living room.

PATRIZIA  
 (holds up the purse)  
 Maybeline- is this yours?

MAYBELINE  
 Yes. Birthday gift from my husband.

PATRIZIA  
 How nice. It looks expensive.

MAYBELINE  
 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?

77      EXT. 42ND STREET SIDE STALL. NEW YORK- DAY

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.

Muzak plays over harsh NEON LIGHTS. A handwritten sign directs us to the GUCCI section. 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.

78      INT. SAN REMO APARTMENT- DAY

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.

**A LINE HAS BEEN CROSSED.** Maurizio squints. Did he hear correctly? *Did she really just call him that?!*

MAURIZIO

Don't call me a cretin, sweetie.

PATRIZIA

(quickly backpedaling)

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

MAURIZIO

At least it's my name on the mugs. Not yours.

PATRIZIA

Our name, sweetie. On **junk**.

79

INT. ALDO GUCCI'S NEW YORK OFFICE- DAY

Angle on: the GUCCI MUG. Aldo jokingly sips from it. Maurizio and Patrizia have brought trinkets for him to look at. Maurizio keeps quiet. Studies Patrizia (and Aldo) carefully.

ALDO

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

PATRIZIA

I was just very, very surprised.

ALDO GUCCI

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

PATRIZIA

What about quality? Your sacred cows? The things you talked about.

ALDO GUCCI

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 GUCCI

This is us, Patrizia. It's not a girl's game.

MAURIZIO

She's right. It's junk.  
 (dumps the handkerchief)  
 This is not what Gucci is.

ALDO GUCCI

(irate, less playful)  
 Gucci is what it is thanks to me. I  
 turned it into an empire. Not  
 Rodolfo, and certainly not my son.  
 Without me you'd all still be  
 shoveling cow shit in Tuscany.

A long silence.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*The old dog finally showed us where  
 he buried his bones. I wasn't  
 upset. I felt reinvigorated.*

80      INT. VERSACE FASHION SHOW- NIGHT

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.

81      INT. BACKSTAGE. VERSACE FASHION SHOW- NIGHT

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

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  
Keep your voice down.

MAURIZIO  
I'm just saying-

PATRIZIA  
I hear what you're saying. But I disagree. Versace will be huge.

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

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
Get a martini and mingle. If anybody asks, talk about lines and tones.

LATER: Maurizio is at the buffet nervously nursing his Martini. A young designer, WALTER, brushes up to him. Walter is dandy, moody, and dressed in a double-breasted white suit.

WALTER  
Did you like the show?

MAURIZIO  
It was remarkable. I especially loved the lines and the tones.

They both turn their gaze to GIANNI VERSACE, standing nearby.

WALTER  
I'm happy for Gianni. Time to shake the tree. Dior, Balenciaga, Hermes-out with the old. What's your name?

MAURIZIO  
Maurizio Gucci.

Walter almost chokes on his shrimp cocktail.

WALTER  
I used to dress windows for Gucci.

MAURIZIO  
Really. Which store?

WALTER  
I can't remember. It was awful.

MAURIZIO  
I bet your knees hurt. Mine did.

WALTER

The windows weren't the problem.  
Gucci was. I had ulcers for weeks.  
 (hands him a CARD)  
 I'm Walter. I'm a designer now.

Maurizio looks at the business card before pocketing it. \*

MAURIZIO

Maybe you will design for me some  
 day.

Walter steps up to Maurizio, really pissed off now.

WALTER

Here's some free advice. No designer  
 in this room will work for Gucci  
 until you've all gone into therapy  
 and worked out your problems. Gucci  
 is a cheap operetta.

Walter "accidentally" drops a dollop of cocktail sauce on  
 Maurizio's suede moccasin. Maurizio looks down. Deliberate?

MAURIZIO

Thank you for your opinion.

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

82

INT. GALLERIA PASSARELLA APARTMENT- NIGHT

Patrizia and Maurizio walk into their penthouse apartment. \*  
 Patrizia starts peeling her many layers off. Heels, coat, \*  
 handbag, earrings. Maurizio simply loosens his tie. \*

MAURIZIO \*

The hors d'oeuvres were excellent.  
 Shame the guests were so aggrieved. \*

PATRIZIA

Ridiculed by a window-dresser.

MAURIZIO

He's a designer now.

PATRIZIA

They all think they are.

MAURIZIO

What do you want me to say? 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.

He stops- can't believe she said that.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

The brand. It's not exciting.

MAURIZIO

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

PATRIZIA

And you're okay with that?

MAURIZIO

No, I am not fucking okay with  
that. \*

PATRIZIA

What are we going to do about it?

Maurizio leans against the wall trying to wipe the STAIN on  
his moccasin with his finger. It's ruined.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

You want to be left in the dust?  
You want to keep selling mugs in  
airports? Is that your legacy?

That gets him. That word legacy. The one his father used.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

It's time to take out the trash.  
They're poison. An embarrassment.  
Aldo and Paolo have to go.

MAURIZIO

They're my family.

PATRIZIA

So am I.

83

EXT. GALLERIA PASSARELLA APARTMENT, TERRACE- DAY

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

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

On DE SOLE. He plays with his cufflinks. Sitting opposite him  
are Maurizio and Patrizia. 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

Maurizio, it's in the paper. Our sales already dropped since the announcement. He's a liability.

PATRIZIA

He's throwing a grenade.

Domenico's gaze turns to Patrizia. He turns back to 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. He needs someone he can trust and who listens to him.

DE SOLE

Someone like who?

PATRIZIA

Paolo likes me.

DE SOLE

You do have a natural advantage. You're not a Gucci. Any chance of an espresso?

PATRIZIA

I think we ran out.

MAURIZIO

(gets up)  
I'll look.

Patrizia and De Sole exchange subtle "fuck you" looks that last a while. He scratches his upper lip with his pinky. A huge 14k gold ring hangs from it.

PATRIZIA  
Can I ask you a question?

DE SOLE  
You just did.

PATRIZIA  
Huh?

DE SOLE  
You just asked me a question. So what you're really wanting to know is whether you can ask two questions, one of which you've already asked.

Patrizia looks at him like he's got two heads.

PATRIZIA  
What's with that ring you wear.

DE SOLE  
It's from Harvard Law School. They gave me a full scholarship. Not bad for a boy from Calabria.

PATRIZIA  
May I see it?

Patrizia puts her hand out to study the ring. De Sole reluctantly places it in her palm. She studies it.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
I didn't go to college. My brains are in my gut. People who lack a connection to their gut will always find themselves in a bad position.

De Sole crosses his legs, showing off his white socks. Patrizia cringes. She hands him the ring back.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
What do you see as being your purpose at Gucci?

DE SOLE  
Is this a job interview?

PATRIZIA  
Maybe.

DE SOLE

I'm a conservationist. Gucci is a rare animal. It must be protected.

PATRIZIA

From who?

DE SOLE

From whoever threatens it.

PATRIZIA

I find it interesting that you have such a strong connection to that which is not yours.

DE SOLE

Sometimes it takes an outsider to see the truth.

CLINK. Maurizio sets two espressos on the table.

84

INT. PINA'S PARLOR- DAY

A tarot reading. Patrizia and Pina sit opposite each other at the table. Pina lays out cards on the red velvet tablecloth.

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

Ten of spades represents theft or loss. Someone wants what is yours. It could be... abuse of trust, or an attempt being made to deceive you in your own house. Do you see?

PATRIZIA

Yes, Pina.

PINA AURIEMMA

Wear more green. To cleanse.

PATRIZIA

Green doesn't go with my lipstick.

PINA AURIEMMA

Give me your hands so I can pick up your vibrations.

Pina grabs Patrizia's hands.

PINA AURIEMMA (CONT'D)  
 I sense pulling and dragging. And conflict, friction and confusion. You have always been a very, very strong-minded person. But also a soft, kind-hearted person.

PATRIZIA  
 I'd like to think so.

PINA AURIEMMA  
 You're always giving instead of receiving.

PATRIZIA  
 You know me so well, Pina.

PINA AURIEMMA  
 Maybe it's time to *take back*. Don't let these forces around you dictate who you are. There is a great love in your life. Together you can conquer the world.

Patrizia smiles confidently, squeezes Pina's hands back.

85      INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE- DAY

Large windows, balconies and a courtyard encased in glass. The store sells ready-to-wear, accessories, luggage, shoes, fragrance and jewellery.

Pina looks around like she's on Mars. She's never been *anywhere* this elegant before. Patrizia, on the other hand, goes through each rack like a pig hunting for truffles.

PATRIZIA  
 How do you want to feel?

PINA AURIEMMA  
 Um.  
 (almost embarrassed)  
 S-sexy.

PATRIZIA  
 That's how you want to *look*. What about inside? In your heart.

PINA AURIEMMA  
 I want to be excited to be *me*.

Patrizia processes this information. She pulls out a revealing black dress from the rack.

PATRIZIA  
 This'll go well with your aura.  
 Shoes! Shoes are essential.

Patrizia moves to the shoe section, grabs 6 inch-heels.

LATER:

Patrizia stands outside the changing room waiting for Pina.  
 Suddenly a whisper.

PINA AURIEMMA  
 Can you come in here?

Patrizia enters the changing room.

86      INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE, CHANGING ROOM- DAY

The two women are in tight quarters. Pina is struggling with her dress. Everything is... falling out. Patrizia gets behind her and zips her up. Pina puts her heels on, holds onto Patrizia for balance.

We reveal the finished look. Pina is a different person.

PINA AURIEMMA  
 Do I look glamorous?

PATRIZIA  
 You look like somebody's dream.

Pina looks at herself and is visibly moved. She hugs Patrizia and rests her head on her shoulder. Patrizia pats her back.

87      INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE, CASHIER- DAY

The FEMALE CASHIER scans Patrizia's items and stares at PINA with the corner of her eye. Pina is DOUSING herself with free perfumes. Mixing them all up.

CASHIER  
*Signora Gucci-* would your friend  
 like to pay for the earrings or  
 should I add them to your bill?

PATRIZIA  
 What earrings?

CASHIER  
 The ones she is wearing.

Patrizia notices that Pina is, indeed, wearing earrings hidden under her hair.

PATRIIZA

She must have forgotten to take them off. Add them.

CASHIER

They're 4.000.000 lire.

Pina smiles at Patrizia. Patrizia smiles back and hands the cashier her credit card.

88

INT. PAOLO GUCCI'S ATELIER- DAY

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 play with him.

\*

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

Nobody has ever said that to me.

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

Such a shame. Gucci needs new blood. And with your vision, 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.

PAOLO GUCCI

My father would never allow it.

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

PATRIZIA

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. I kind of feel picked his nephew over his son.

PATRIZIA

Maybe it's time to respectfully leave him behind. You're justified.

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

PAOLO GUCCI  
I have something on my father.

PATRIZIA  
Yes?

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 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.

89

INT. MAURIZIO'S DEN- DAY

\*

Through glass doors we see MAURIZIO smoking in his living-room, listening to Jean-Michelle Jarre's *Oxygène*. 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 breathes heavily. He does everything in his power to remain calm.

MAURIZIO  
Why didn't you tell me?

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

MAURIZIO  
That's not the point.

PATRIZIA  
The point? Don't focus on the process, focus on the result.

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

Patrizia moves over to the billiard table. She deliberately pots balls into the pockets expertly. She's a great player.

PATRIZIA  
I already took care of it. I told him we'd distribute his clothing line. He committed to a deal.

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

MAURIZIO  
(visibly upset)  
What game are you playing?

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

MAURIZIO  
It depends on how you play it.

She pots the black ball into a hole but Maurizio stops it from going into the pocket with his hand.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)  
We'll be in a lot of trouble with both him *and* his father.

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

They stare at each other across the pool table. A LONG BEAT. Maurizio rolls the billiard ball into the hole and leaves.

90      INT. FENCING SALLE- DAY

A MASKED FENCER is ferociously attacking his OPPONENT. He waves his épée around, erratically lunging. Light on form, heavy on rage. The buzzer goes off- a HIT.

PING. PING. PING. The OPPONENT stumbles back, on the floor. He starts cursing at the fencer, who ignores the bell. Satisfied, the fencer walks away, removes his mask.

It's PAOLO. He's drenched in sweat, his wet hair flopping over his eyes.

FROM OUTSIDE THE SALLE: Maurizio watches him. Finishes a cigarette. Puts it out under his Gucci moccasin. And enters.

91      INT. FENCING SALLE- DAY

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

MAURIZIO

You're into fencing?

PAOLO GUCCI

I love it. My father hates it. This is the last place he'd come.

(beat)

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

MAURIZIO

Yeah, she's a handful.

PAOLO GUCCI

I bet.

Paolo nudges Maurizio. Maurizio plays along with him.

MAURIZIO

She loves your designs. 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

I am open to collaborations that help bring my work to the public.

Paolo leans in.

PAOLO GUCCI (CONT'D)  
Did Patrizia mention that thing?

MAURIZIO  
What thing?

PAOLO GUCCI  
You know.  
My father's dirty laundry.

92      INT. FENCING SALLE, CAFE- DAY

The cafe is totally empty and quiet. The walls, the floors, the faded posters of olympic fencers: all a dull yellow.

Paolo- now in a tracksuit- takes a big drag of a cigarette and finishes his plastic-cup Espresso. He looks around, puts his canvas bag on the table and unzips it.

PAOLO  
I got these from three of his ex secretaries. He's not exactly a favorite among the exes.  
They hate him.

\*  
\*

He produces a file from the canvas bag. Hands it to Maurizio, who 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.

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 \*  
(defensive) \*  
I will talk to him. It's fine. \*

MAURIZIO \*  
You've been trying to talk to him \*  
all your life. Maybe you've been \*  
too nice. \*

Paolo takes the file back from Maurizio. \*

PAOLO \*  
Maybe I have been too nice. \*  
(beat) \*  
You think this will get him to \*  
loosen his grip on me? \*

MAURIZIO \*  
100%. \*

PAOLO \*  
Will it get him into real trouble? \*

MAURIZIO \*  
Worst case scenario, he pays taxes, \*  
they slap his wrist. Happens all \*  
the time. \*

Paolo nods silently. Maurizio takes the file from him.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D) \*  
Now. About your deal. \*

PAOLO \*  
Yes. My deal. \*  
(pulls out notes, excited) \*  
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 \*  
Vogue, Elle, Harper's. \*

Maurizio stares at a duel outside the glass, in the salle,  
where a fencer is being cornered by an opponent who doesn't  
let up. Hit, Hit, Hit.

INT. PAOLO GUCCI'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN- DAY

Paolo is on a wall phone in his kitchen, pacing back and forth, untangling the coiled cord. White-knuckles the handset.

INTERCUT: ALDO is in the New York Jazz Bar.

PAOLO  
Hello?? Can you hear me now?

ALDO  
(over the phone)  
Barely. Terrible line.

PAOLO  
I- I can call you back.

ALDO  
No. It's midnight in New York. What is this about?

Paolo takes a big, deep breath. His voice cracks.

PAOLO  
I'm tired of being held back. I want freedom. I'm serious.

ALDO  
What are you talking about? Freedom from what, to do what?

PAOLO  
To show the world my designs.

ALDO  
We'll talk tomorrow.

PAOLO  
I have your tax filings. They don't look good. I could use them against you.

ALDO  
Taxes? I thought this was serious.

PAOLO  
(immediately regretting it)  
Well, I don't know. I don't want to expose you. That's all.

ALDO

Ok... Do whatever you want, Paolo.  
I really don't have time for this  
right now. I'm busy. Go to bed.

A girl says "hi baby Gucci" in the background, kisses Aldo.  
Paolo gets a DEAD TONE and stands by the wall, a look of  
helplessness coming over him.

94

INT. COLUMBIA GYM, SQUASH COURT- DAY

ALDO, in protective glasses, is dripping sweat as he is  
slammed into a wall while playing squash with a young co-ed.  
THREE MEN in suits stand outside the court, watching. One of  
them CLAPS when he scores a point.

FREEZE FRAME: a NEWSPAPER PICTURE of Aldo getting arrested.

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.*

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

95

INT. PAOLO GUCCI'S ATELIER- DAY

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.

INTERCUT: Maurizio in his apartment.

Paolo, whiskey in one hand and newspaper article in the  
other. Brown sweater, unkempt hair. In chiaroscuro.

PAOLO

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

MAURIZIO

Paolo, things are very fucked up  
over in America, you know? The  
papers exaggerate to sell copies.

PAOLO

Yeah, I know. That's why I'm  
asking. He's 70. We were just  
supposed to spook him. Is he okay?

MAURIZIO

Right...

PAOLO

I want to know if he's doing all right. If he's going to be okay.

MAURIZIO

He'll be fine.

PAOLO

Do you think he'll know it was us?

MAURIZIO

I'm sending a draft of your 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)

Paolo, isn't this what you wanted?

96      INT. PAOLO GUCCI'S ATELIER- DAY

*Music Cue: Queen of the Night (Mozart) done 80s synth style.*

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.)

*We gave Paolo money to fund his line. Enough to buy his trust.*

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

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*With no salary and no shares, he was completely driven by his own ego to prove himself.*

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 peek". Arms outstretched, they affectionately hug Paolo.

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

97      INT. FEDERAL COURT HOUSE- DAY

ALDO and his team of lawyers STAND in the busy courtroom. He is crushed, 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 young wife several times.*

98      INT. COURTHOUSE MEETING ROOM- DAY

Aldo and his lawyers sit around the formica conference table. On ALDO: the look of a man in torment.

ALDO GUCCI

Why would my son do this to me?

99      INT. FEDERAL COURT HOUSE- DAY

All rise. The judge delivers his sentence.

JUDGE

Mr. Aldo Gucci, this jury finds you guilty of eight counts: five counts of failure to file accurate tax returns; one count of failure to file report of a foreign bank account; and two counts of bank fraud. I hereby sentence you to five years in a state penitentiary. Court will stand adjourned.

SMASH CUT: the GAVEL STRIKES.

100      INT. PAOLO'S FASHION SHOW- NIGHT

Angle on: JENNY GUCCI'S OPEN MOUTH. She belts MOZART'S QUEEN OF THE NIGHT at Paolo's big show (we've been hearing her singing overlapped for the past few scenes). The setting is a courtyard in a palazzo. There are WAITERS circling dining tables and an improvised catwalk running through them like a train track. Paolo's P.G. logo drapes 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 late 70s/early 80s fashion.

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

We track through clothes racks, people running around like headless chicken, models hanging out smoking. 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 goddamn 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

**FU- FU- 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.

102      INT. PAOLO'S FASHION SHOW- NIGHT

A DOZEN ITALIAN FINANCE POLICE enter 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 POLICE OFFICER

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

PAOLO GUCCI (CONT'D)  
What is "cease and desist"?

CHIEF POLICE OFFICER  
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 POLICE OFFICER  
**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.

103      EXT. PAOLO'S FASHION SHOW- NIGHT

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.*

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

104      EXT. SAN MARCO'S CHURCH- DAY

Maurizio and Patrizia exit Sunday mass- Alessandra (now 6) by their side. Without warning, Paolo SLIDES UP behind them. He is disheveled and distressed. A showdown on the church steps.

PAOLO  
Why? Why did you do it?

PATRIZIA  
(feigning surprise)  
What happened?

PAOLO

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

Alessandra looks up at Paolo. Patrizia covers her ears.

PATRIZIA

We're outside a church. YOU shut  
your fucking mouth.

PAOLO

You ripped my heart out and left it  
to bleed in front of everyone. My  
wife- she had to sing till her voice  
was hoarse while we figured out what  
the hell 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

I wasn't. I swear I wasn't. It's my  
name too. I mean how could you? We're  
family. We're a family business.

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

MAURIZIO

Paolo, your brand never existed and  
you have no reputation. You can  
fight us with lawyers, but with  
what money? The only income you had  
was from your father and his assets  
are frozen all over the world.

\*

PAOLO

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

\*

PATRIZIA

Paolo, we love you.

Paolo spits on the ground. 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 shares.

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

PAOLO

Sorry. I got distracted. Repeat that? I must have wax in my ears.

PATRIZIA

We want to buy your 25% of Gucci.

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. Desperation makes people do surprising things.

**TITLE UP: 1985.**

MUSIC CUE: FRANCO BATTIATO'S *CUCCURUCUCU*.

105

INT. ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE- DAY

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! And that's that!

106

INT. MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA'S PENTHOUSE, MILAN- DAY

MAURIZIO AND ALESSANDRA 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.

ALESSANDRA

*Make the sky blue, Macintosh.*

MAURIZIO

It's a computer. You can't speak to it. Use this. It's called a mouse.

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

FRANCO

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

Maurizio runs to the window and sees three unmarked Alfa Romeo 155s pull up in front of the building.

SUPER SLOW-MOTION ON THE FINANCE POLICE AS THEY EXIT THEIR VEHICLES. Dressed in innocuous charcoal suits.

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 almost all Italians have something to hide, we take them very seriously.*

Franco hands Maurizio TRAVEL DOCUMENTS.

FRANCO

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

The MAID takes Alessandra to her bedroom as the Finance Police swarm the apartment.

ON PATRIZIA: She is in a TAXI, surrounded by shopping bags. As she approaches the building, she sees the unmarked cars.

Patrizia rushes out of the cab and heads straight towards the door. A COP puts his arm out, stops her.

COP

Can I help you?

The PORTER comes out to help her with her shopping bags.

PORTER  
Signora Gucci--

Realizing who she is, the cop lowers his arm, lets her in.

107     EXT. MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA'S PENTHOUSE, MILAN- DAY

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.

108     EXT/INT ST. MORITZ CHALET- DUSK

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.

A HOUSEKEEPER greets Maurizio. Maurizio steps into the house. He quietly studies the photographs on the mantelpiece. Of him as a little boy with his mother. Of his father and his mother. Of him sitting on Guccio Gucci's lap. Chapters of his life in just a few snapshots.

109     INT. MAURIZIO AND PATRIZIA'S PENTHOUSE MILAN- DUSK

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

PATRIZIA (V.O.)  
*I'm not saying forging Rodolfo's  
signature was the smartest thing  
I'd ever done. But I saved us 40  
**billion lire.** Would you have thrown  
money out like that?*

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, Signora. Gucci. We just need to perform a few more analyses.

PATRIZIA

(quietly)

Please let me help you. I am very resourceful. Let's discuss.

The tax police look at each other. Could Patrizia be referring to... bribes?

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

DE SOLE

Maurizio called me from a bar 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.

(beat)

It must be Paolo. I told you he was trouble.

They stare at each other. Two liars squaring off. She throws her mink coat on and leaves.

110

EXT. SKI SLOPES- DAY

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 holds his hands.

PAOLA FRANCHI  
You look exactly the same.

MAURIZIO  
So do you.

PAOLA FRANCHI  
How long are you staying?

MAURIZIO  
A while. I'm at the house.

PAOLA FRANCHI  
We should catch up.

MAURIZIO  
Like old times.

PAOLA FRANCHI  
Yes. Just like old times.

Maurizio looks down at Paola's immaculate fur boots. He can't handle her piercing, icy blue eyes.

MAURIZIO  
I'll catch you on the slopes.

They hold hands a tad too long. Until Maurizio pulls away.

111     INT. BENTLEY- DAY

Franco is at the wheel. THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: the St. Moritz chalet appears, amber light glowing in the snow-covered Swiss landscape. Patrizia and Alessandra exit and make their way inside.

112     EXT. ST. MORITZ CHALET- DAY

PATRIZIA, wrestling with suitcases and Christmas presents, steps into the living room. A huge decorated Christmas tree sits in the middle of the room. The sound of laughter echoes from the back shed. Patrizia tentatively heads over.

PATRIZIA'S POV: six guests are sitting outside a firepit playing CHARADES. MAURIZIO and PAOLA FRANCHI are a TEAM. The laughter subsides when the guests see Patrizia.

PATRIZIA  
I hope I'm not interrupting.

MAURIZIO

Everybody- say hi to Patrizia.

The guests say "Hi Patrizia" in unison. Alessandra RUNS towards Maurizio and gives him a huge hug.

PATRIZIA

I see you've put up the tree.

Paola gets up and greets Patrizia.

PAOLA FRANCHI

It's such a pleasure to meet you.  
I'm Paola. An old friend of M's.

PATRIZIA

(shaking her hand hard)  
M? Cute. You know my name. I'm P.

113

EXT. ST. MORITZ CHALET, DINING AREA- DAY

A FONDUE lunch accompanied by several bottles of Rose and Gluvine. Everybody is enjoying lunch around an oak table except for Patrizia. Waiters change plates, pour wine. A huge plate of colorful MACAROONS sits in the center of the table. \*

MAURIZIO

(dipping into the fondue)  
You really should stop telling these stories. They're so embarrassing.

PAOLA FRANCHI

Ok, ok. Just one more. Patrizia wants to hear it, don't you?

All eyes on Patrizia.

PATRIZIA

I'm *dying* to hear it.

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. He 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.

GUEST 1

So how long did you two date?

PAOLA FRANCHI

(laughs it off)

Date? Mau is like a brother to me.

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

PATRIZIA

What do you think of the macaroons?

GUEST 2

This hazelnut one is to die for.

GUEST 1

Where did you get them?

PATRIZIA

There's this charming little place by Notre Dame De-low-ret. In Paris.

MAURIZIO

(perfect French accent)

*Notre Dame de Lorette.*

PATRIZIA

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

(puts 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 Louvre. I'd always dreamt of seeing the Louvre. 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 our guests mind.

MAURIZIO  
They wouldn't say it if they did.

PATRIZIA  
(in French)  
**You're** an unnecessary detail.

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

114

INT. ST. MORIS CHALET, BEDROOM- NIGHT

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. He never questioned him. I trust him. He's not the problem.

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.

PATRIZIA  
Next time don't embarrass me in front of those people.

MAURIZIO  
"Those people" are friends of mine. I've known them longer than you.

PATRIZIA  
He is the problem. Say it.

MAURIZIO

I'm tired.

PATRIZIA

Well wake yourself up and say it.

MAURIZIO

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 a person like Domenico De Sole- the ONLY person my father trusted. These things have an effect on the environment I operate in. On me.

(beat)

Actions have consequences.

PATRIZIA

I was saving us 40 billion lire 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

Don't pin Gucci's problems on me. I'm just mopping up the mess.

MAURIZIO

**I never asked for your help.**

Patrizia, seeing the way this is going, changes her attitude.

PATRIZIA

Maurizio, we're only strong together.

She tries caressing him but he flinches.

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. Is that clear?

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 half of Gucci. The shit half. 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-

Patrizia's feet are a good 5 inches off the ground. She claws at his hands. His glasses go flying. 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.

PRE-LAP: Andy Williams singing CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

115

INT. ST. MORITZ CHALET- DAY

Christmas morning. Patrizia has just finished re-decorating the Christmas tree with new decorations. Paola's decorations lie in a trash bag. Alessandra is playing SIMON SAYS (the toy) in the living room. She hits colored triangles and repeats musical patterns. It's loud. She bangs on and on.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*So we hit a rough patch. Who doesn't? I always saw Christmas as 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 in a conservatory, St. Moritz twinkling in the background.

Maurizio pokes his head out. Grabs Alessandra's toy.

MAURIZIO

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

ALESSANDRA  
But I'm winning!

MAURIZIO  
Win with the volume off.

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

TIME CUT:

Christmas gift paper strewn around. Patrizia is handing out presents. Maurizio looks at his watch. His mind elsewhere.

PATRIZIA  
(checking the card)  
For Alessandra.

She opens the wrapping paper. Teddy Ruxpin. She lets out a gasp. Kisses Patrizia.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
This one's for Daddy. From me.

Maurizio takes the gift. He pulls the paper back. It's a Tiffany WATCH. He half-heartedly smiles, puts it aside.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
We can change the strap if you don't like that color.

MAURIZIO  
It's fine.

Alessandra sees one last gift under the tree. Pulls it out.

ALESSANDRA  
For Mummy. From Daddy.

Patrizia eagerly unwraps the present. This is a big moment for her/them. What could it be? Jewelry? Keys to a car?

MAURIZIO  
I never know what to get you.

Patrizia removes a card and dangles it like it's a dead fish.

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  
There's a first time for everything.

PATRIZIA  
Thank you.

MAURIZIO  
Merry Christmas.

116      EXT. SKI SLOPES- DAY

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

Something catches her eye: PAOLA FRANCHI, in all-white. She is leaving the ski shop with her skis and boots, sits down to strap them on. Patrizia joins her on a steel bench.

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

PAOLA FRANCHI  
Shhh. I got it on sale. I made Strudel for you and M. It's the only thing I know how to make.

PATRIZIA  
I am on a diet. But I am sure Maurizio will love your Strudel.

PAOLA FRANCHI  
I can drop it off, perhaps?

PATRIZIA  
You ever steal anything, Paola?

PAOLA FRANCHI  
(nervous laughter)  
What?

PATRIZIA  
Forgive me. I am trying to teach Alessandra 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.

Paola is silent. She knows where this is going.

PATRIZIA

I don't consider myself a particularly *ethical* person, but I am *fair*. And I've been thinking. Lets assume 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. That would be inexcusable. But if you were very hungry and you had no way of obtaining money, it would be excusable to steal food at a market. What I cannot wrap my head around is someone who steals just for ego or the pleasure of it. For personal satisfaction. It is at that point that I subscribe to *unconventional punishments*.

Paola clamps her ski boots.

PAOLA FRANCHI

I'll have my maid drop off the Strudel later. Good to see you.

117     INT. ST. MORITZ CHALET, BEDROOM- NIGHT

Patrizia is in the bedroom. She sits upright, her hair newly coiffed. Trying her best to be "normal". Maurizio is in the bathroom washing up.

PATRIZIA

Do you like my hair?

He emerges from the bathroom, wipes his mouth clean. Looks at her. Disappears in the bathroom again. It hits Patrizia hard.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Tomorrow I was thinking we could take Alessandra 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 turns quickly here.

MAURIZIO  
Franco is coming tomorrow at noon.

PATRIZIA  
Whatever for??

MAURIZIO  
He will take you all back to Milan.

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'll find the right words to say  
what I want to say when I'm ready.

He leaves the room and shuts the door behind him.

118     INT. ST. MORITZ CHALET, BEDROOM- NIGHT

Patrizia stands at the window, watching the snowfall.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)  
*The worst feeling isn't being  
lonely; it's being forgotten by  
someone you could never forget.*

119     EXT. ST. MORITZ CHALET- DAY

Patrizia finishes packing presents and suitcases in the back of Franco's car. She gives Maurizio one last glance. Maurizio looks at her through the icy window. Waves, coldly.

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

Maurizio doodles over the Xmas card Patrizia gave him. Just black lines and circles, without meaning. But by doing so he has defaced her lovingly written message. He sways in his large leather chair, his phone handset tucked under his chin.

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

DE SOLE  
(over the phone)  
He is drowning in debt. But we  
can't buy him out.  
(MORE)

DE SOLE (CONT'D)

We have no cash or profile to borrow. We need a cash partner, Maurizio.

121      INT. MAURIZIO'S MILAN OFFICE- DAY

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

MAURIZIO

(over the phone)

Who do you suggest?

ANGLE ON: De Sole's list of Foreign Investors in the Wall Street Journal. One in particular is circled. INVESTCORP.

DE SOLE

Investcorp. They're owned by Nemir Kirdar. Iraqi powerhouse. They like high-end retail investments. Bought Tiffany's in '84. Turned it around quick.

MAURIZIO

Why them though? Why not Dought Hanson? Or Hellman & Friedman?

DE SOLE

Too obvious. We need someone with capital who doesn't have any ties to the family. Paolo and Aldo would only sell to a complete stranger.

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

A long pause. Maurizio thinks carefully.

MAURIZIO

Plant the seed with them.  
I'll be back soon.

\*  
\*

DE SOLE

(over the phone)

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?

Maurizio has NEVER snapped at him before. We just hear De Sole's muffled breathing over the line. Both are shocked.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

I'll pay the inheritance tax. I'll take the hit. When all is said and done, 40 billion lire will look a lot like a drop in the sea.

DE SOLE

Maurizio, "taking the hit" isn't that straightforward. There'd be a trial, prison, penalties, and further payment of tax plus interest. There'd be nothing left.

De Sole has a really good brain and Maurizio knows it.

MAURIZIO

What do you suggest?

DE SOLE

You'll need a very solid legal strategy. It needs to be dragged out as slowly as possible. Once the company's profile is restored, the authorities are much more likely to forgive you.

MAURIZIO

(satisfied with the answer)

You're right. Now I understand why my father trusted you so much.

123

INT. PINA'S PARLOR- NIGHT

Patrizia uncorks a bottle of wine and pours two glasses. Her eyes are red with fresh tears while Pina finishes doing her Tarot reading.

PINA AURIEMMA

See this card here?

PATRIZIA

Mm-hmm.

PINA AURIEMMA

This stands for the wall you're going to go through together. And once you get on that other side, you're going to be a totally different couple. Much stronger.

PATRIZIA

I still love him.

PINA AURIEMMA

So does he. This is just a phase.

PATRIZIA

I'm scared. It feels different.  
Like something changed in Maurizio.

PINA AURIEMMA

He's *nothing* without you. Remember,  
men have an awful problem with  
thinking they are smarter than they  
actually are. You mustn't let  
negative energy eat at you.  
Everything'll be fine. Say it.

PATRIZIA

Everything'll be fine.

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

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

You're the only friend I have Pina.

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

124      INT. PRINCIPE DI SAVOIA HOTEL- DAY

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.

125      INT. NEMIR KIRDAR'S SUITE- DAY

Maurizio and De Sole enter the luxurious suite. Louis XIV but  
with Italian style. De Sole carries a GUCCI CARRIER 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 BOWL.  
He is watching a soccer game. Meet NEMIR KIRDAR.

KIRDAR

The game will be over soon.

There is only one chair, opposite Kirdar. De Sole stands  
behind them, silently. Knows his place. The other two Iraqis  
next to him. But this scene is between two men: MAURIZIO and  
KIRDAR. On the TV: The Italian team blocks the opponent.

KIRDAR (CONT'D)  
 Italians know how to defend a lead.  
 You call it *Catenaccio*, correct?

MAURIZIO  
 I'm impressed.

KIRDAR  
 Soon there will be more soccer  
 jerseys in the Middle East than  
 here in Milan.

Maurizio stares at the screen then back at Kirdar, silently.

KIRDAR (CONT'D)  
 It is my understanding that Gucci  
 is interested in doing business.

MAURIZIO  
 I am 50% of Gucci. I am here  
 representing *my own* interests. I  
 need...  
 (trying to find the words)  
 I want to work with someone 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 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, slips on a pair of loafers, wiggling his  
 toes in comfort. Maurizio continues.

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. And that means family problems.

MAURIZIO

I take one step forward, they make me take three steps backwards.

KIRDAR

A name like yours needs prestige.

MAURIZIO

Exactly. Instead-

Maurizio struggles to find his next words. Kirdar sees this and is intrigued.

KIRDAR

Continue. It's important to know these things.

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

MAURIZIO

Aldo is convinced he is God's gift to the fashion world. His son Paolo is a complete liability whose most significant achievement in life was to put his father in jail.

KIRDAR

Families are strengths *and* weaknesses.

MAURIZIO

There is a saying in Italy: the first generation is the one that creates the idea, the second develops it, the third must face the big *growth* questions.

KIRDAR

(cryptic- maybe doubtful?)  
There will be no growth where there are weeds. Your garden is overrun.

MAURIZIO

I often ask myself, how many competing labels have been born and reached success just because Gucci was standing still? Now is the time to turn the page. Gucci is like a Ferrari that we are driving like a Fiat. It is underexploited and mismanaged. With the right partner, we can bring it back to what it used to be. We have one more chance to recover the Gucci customer, and that is to provide him with product, service, consistency, and image. Once it was a privilege to own a Gucci bag, and it can be again. We need one vision, one direction, and the money will flow as you've never seen it.

Kirdar is speechless. He doesn't show it, but he is clearly seduced by Maurizio's arguments, passion and energy.

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)

Burgundy. Size 10 US. Wide.

Kirdar takes the shoe and looks like a pig in shit.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

This model is a permanent fixture at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. You can't buy it anywhere.

(beat)

And now it is yours.

Kirdar smells the shoes, closes his eyes as he slips them on.

KIRDAR

Show me those numbers.

126

INT. LINATE AIRPORT (1989)- DAY

A flurry of families embracing each other at the arrivals gate. Paolo cranes his neck and waves nervously at ALDO. Aldo is older. Panama hat, crumpled suit. A shell of a man.

He hands Paolo his suitcases, shakes his hand.

127

EXT. LINATE AIRPORT, PARKING LOT- DAY

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.  
Fuck it's so big.

ALDO

How will you find me if you can't  
find your car? I'm coming with you.

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 taped gash in it. Paolo loads Aldo's suitcase in the trunk, then turns to him and blurts out -

PAOLO

I didn't know you would end up in  
prison. I hate myself for it.

ALDO GUCCI

(definitively, firmly)  
Not another word.

128

INT. PAOLO GUCCI'S ATELIER, KITCHEN- DAY

The atelier is barren. Emptied of Paolo's designs, textiles and mannequins. Aldo steps through it and into the KITCHEN: an undignified mess. Uneaten food, dirty dishes everywhere.

ALDO

This place looks like it's given up.

He finds an apron on the back of a steel chair and starts doing the dishes. Paolo fidgets anxiously, "helps" Aldo tidy up- knocks a stack of plates over.

PAOLO  
I've been stressed out.

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. Real bad. Jenny left. I was in bed for a week with dark thoughts.

ALDO  
Well I'm here now. Things will go back to the way they were.

Paolo's shaking hand extends the INTERCORP PROPOSAL LETTER to Aldo, who keeps scrubbing and glances over at it dismissively.

ALDO (CONT'D)  
What's this?

PAOLO  
A really good deal.

ALDO  
Pass me the soap.

PAOLO  
I met with their lawyers too.

Aldo pauses. Frozen. The worst has happened and he knows it.

PAOLO (CONT'D)  
I couldn't say no. I needed the cash. *I mean. Look at this place.*

ALDO  
What did you do...

PAOLO

I sold my shares of Gucci to them.

Paolo bursts out crying. Puts his arms around himself, like a child cradling himself. Aldo untangles his arms. Hugs him.

ALDO

You're an idiot. A fucking idiot.  
And you're my idiot.

We pull back as Aldo stares, painfully, at the wall.

129

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD, RELAY RACE- DAY

A GUCCI HANDBAG sits on an empty chair. Patrizia is saving the seat next to her. She constantly checks her watch.

Alessandra (now 9) is RUNNING the annual relay race. Parents are cheering their children on- but Patrizia sees something that immediately dampens her enthusiasm: DOMENICO DE SOLE.

130

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD- DAY

Parents are mingling and discussing the race at the reception. Patrizia is off to the side, squeezing Alessandra'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. Alessandra exchanges glances with two other girls who are looking at her like she's a loser.

DE SOLE

Maurizio is very busy, Patrizia.

PATRIZIA

He didn't even have the decency to go to his daughter's last recital. What kind of father is he?!

DE SOLE

There will be a new arrangement.

PATRIZIA

And why did he send you? What are you, his messenger? 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 Alessandra can live in the Penthouse since it is no longer his primary residence. He's happy to extend generous payments until you can stand on your own two feet.

PATRIZIA

What is this? What are you saying? These are just words, words, words.

DE SOLE

(powering through)  
Support for Alessandra. Shared custody. He wants to make this as easy as possible for both of you-

PATRIZIA

(loudly)  
Shared custody? Are we talking about divorce? Is that what we're doing?

De Sole doesn't answer. Which of course is an answer. Patrizia's hand goes limp, releasing Alessandra, embarrassed, who runs over to her classmates. Away from her own mother.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

Where is he right now?

DE SOLE

I am not at liberty to say.

PATRIZIA

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 makes 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.

131      INT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- DAY

This is Maurizio's new pad: a lavish three-floor apartment.

Floor-to-ceiling Crittal windows flood the living room of  
with light. Pops of color and his impressive (and fast-  
growing) new art collection populate the wall. *LAMBADA* by  
Kaoma plays on a state-of-the-art 80s stereo.

Tight on: A MARTINI GLASS. Maurizio is reading from a  
cocktail book. He pours a shot of Gin into it, stirs it  
around. Unsure, he pours another shot in.

MAURIZIO

(proudly, to someone)

It's not only the most expensive  
work of pop art, but one of the  
most expensive paintings of all  
time. Silver Car Crash. 1963. I had  
to outbid four secret bidders.

He grabs the Martini and crosses the penthouse decorated in  
sumptuous style. The art piece he was referring to- by Andy  
Warhol- hangs above a BLOOD RED COUCH. Sprawled out on the  
couch in a white cocktail dress is PAOLA FRANCHI.

PAOLA FRANCHI

It's breathtaking. They all are.

MAURIZIO

You know what that one reminds me  
of?

Maurizio points at a JACKSON POLLOCK- "Blue Poles".

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

It reminds me of my family.

PAOLA FRANCHI

Maurizio, these must have cost you  
a fortune.

MAURIZIO  
Art has no price.

PAOLA FRANCHI  
I'm scared to touch anything.

MAURIZIO  
Actually, 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  
Gucci would take care of the bill.  
(beat)  
I can finally do what I want. For  
the first time in my life.

She puts her Martini down and closes her eyes.

PAOLA FRANCHI  
I love this song so much. It takes  
me back to Ipanema.

MAURIZIO  
I've never been. I want to go.

PAOLA FRANCHI  
Let's 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.

132      INT. PINA'S PARLOR- DAY

Pina's eyes are closed too. She sits at the tarot table while  
Patrizia paces nervously in front of her.

133      INT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- DAY

Back to the *Lambada*. Paola's head on Maurizio's 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 can do what you want now.

134     INT. PINA'S PARLOR- DAY

Pina's eyes are wide open now. She is in a trance-like state (or at least it seems like it). She mumbles something under her breath. A tear runs down her face. She is distraught.

135     INT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- EVENING

Maurizio and Paola rip each other's clothes off, kiss like teenagers. Stumble around the apartment, aiming for the bed.

136     INT. PINA'S PARLOR-EVENING

Angle on: Pina's hands SQUEEZING Patrizia's, hard. Her face is tight, pained. 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, walks towards the open window. Takes deep breaths of polluted Milan air.

PINA AURIEMMA

I can't.

137     INT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- EVENING

Maurizio and Paola are going at it in Maurizio's black-and-gold canopy bed. The head board bangs against the wall, causing a painting to fall to the ground. They don't care.

PATRIZIA (V.O.)

*Pina didn't tell me where Maurizio was. She was trying to protect me.*

138      INT. NEMIR KIRDAR'S SUITE- NIGHT

Sitting at a large glass table is ALDO, his hand on his Gucci cane; PAOLO next to him. Opposite them: KIRDAR and his two IRAQI EXECS. Kirdar slides some plastic folders forward. They squeak as they slide across the glass.

KIRDAR

For your review, Mr. Gucci. We hope you'll find this offer appealing.

ALDO

I'd rather not read my own obituary.

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

Don't patronize me with this nonsense. It offends me. 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. Bold fashion. Nothing makes me smile more than when I see someone being fully themselves, with their own individual style and character, whatever that is.

ALDO

(disdainfully)

So you're an oil man.

KIRDAR  
 (proudly)  
 I turned Tiffany around.

ALDO  
 Tiffany?! Tiffany sells trinkets.  
 They're not an empire like we are.  
 (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, take a deep  
 breath. This 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 some  
 delusional people around me did  
 everything they could to stop me.

Paolo looks down. Mortified.

KIRDAR  
 Mr. Gucci, I have a plane to catch  
 in an hour. If you have a problem  
 with the offer, Saïd 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.

ALDO  
 May I see your shoe?

Patiently, Kirdar removes one of the moccasins from his foot.  
 Aldo takes it from him and holds it. It is burgundy, supple.

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 '53.

(MORE)

\*

ALDO (CONT'D)

Right before he did *Mogambo*. He wore the same size as you. 10 Wide, just like these. This is our rarest shoe. 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 these in London. Who gave them to you?

139      INT. MAURIZIO'S OFFICE- NIGHT

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

Why is it taking so long?

Suddenly, a KNOCK. Maurizio moves towards it excitedly.

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.

Before Maurizio has a chance to speak, 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. UNSCREWS his Mont Blanc fountain pen.

And SIGNS his Gucci shares away. His gaze planted onto Maurizio. Essentially cutting his veins in front of him.

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 man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder- useless.*

140      INT. RICHARD AVEDON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO- DAY

Maurizio is perched on the edge of a desk, in a double-breasted suit and 70s style sunglasses in his lavish, expensive office. Looking more like a crime lord than a CEO.

FLASH CUTS: gorgeous black & white PORTRAITS of Maurizio.

He is being photographed by RICHARD AVEDON.

SUPER: covers of ELLE, VOGUE and HARPER'S BAZAAR cross the screen. *Dawn of Gucci. Out with Gucci Gauche. Fashion Feud.*

141      INT. MAURIZIO'S OFFICE - DAY

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 find a new world. A new vision.

ANNA WINTOUR

But wasn't the lure of Gucci precisely its historical appeal? The legacy is remarkable-

MAURIZIO

We are products of our past, but we don't have to be prisoners of it.

(leans in)

I don't fear change. I embrace it.

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 very expensive.

ANNA WINTOUR

How are you funding your vision?

MAURIZIO

We have designed a dip in profit. But this is a long-term plan. You don't make a frittata 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.

142

INT. MAURIZIO'S OFFICE - DAY

De Sole, Omar and Saïd from Investcorp sit in the conference room hearing him rant and rave. They look exhausted.

Maurizio drops an ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water. Mixes it with his finger, slams it.

MAURIZIO

Ferré! Armani! Versace! That's who I said I wanted designing our new line. Where the fuck are they?! 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.

(beat)

But I have a name for you.

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)  
He sounds like a mechanic.

DE SOLE  
He's from Texas.

MAURIZIO  
That's all we need. Rhinestone  
moccasins. You're unbelievable.

Shaking his head, pondering this. Mutters- Tom Ford.

We hold on Tom Ford's PICTURE.

143      INT. MAURIZIO'S OFFICE- DAY

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 FORD  
Austin. It's the Milan of Texas.

MAURIZIO  
Never been. Never plan to.

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.

TOM FORD  
I know I'm your last choice to  
design for Gucci. And I hate  
accessories.

(MORE)

TOM FORD (CONT'D)

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 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 blacks. I see jewel-toned velvet and unconventional styling touches. Loafers sans socks. I see pole dancers flanking the runways. Female *and* Male, of course.

De Sole crosses his arms, smiles. Maurizio looks like he wants to understand, but is out of his depth.

TOM FORD (CONT'D)

I want Gucci to be sexy.

MAURIZIO

(laughs uncomfortably)  
Sexy? Gucci? That's a stretch.

TOM FORD

I'm serious. It should seduce. Provoke. Be on people's lips.

MAURIZIO

(proudly)  
It has been on people's lips for a century.

TOM FORD

Lately for all the wrong reasons. I want to change that.

Tom Ford just took a big gamble with that statement. He studies Maurizio and De Sole as they exchange looks.

PATRIZIA (O.S.)

He doesn't have a clue, Pina.

144      INT. MUD PIT- DAY

Patrizia and Pina are soaking in a volcanic mud pit- only their eyes are left uncovered. Patrizia finishes reading the Vogue story on Maurizio. Waves it at Pina.

PATRIZIA

Investcorp- all they'll care about is profit. They're ruthless.

PINA AURIEMMA

Have you tried calling him?

PATRIZIA

He's always away on "business". He moved, you know?

PINA AURIEMMA

Oh I didn't know that.

PATRIZIA

I told you so many times. He moved into a *love nest* with the whore. I've seen them together.

PINA AURIEMMA

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 tall glass of Scotch behind her, drinks and chews the ice in a frenzy. Lights up a cigarette.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

He's not a businessman. He doesn't know how to feed the parking meter, how the hell will he run Gucci?

PINA AURIEMMA

You're right.

PATRIZIA

I made him what he is.

PINA AURIEMMA

I tell you when you're wrong.

PATRIZIA

I know you do.

PINA AURIEMMA  
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.

Pina gets closer to Patrizia, puts her hands on her  
shoulders. Massages her.

PINA AURIEMMA (CONT'D)  
You're so tight.

PATRIZIA  
(closing her eyes)  
I am...

PINA AURIEMMA  
You deserve a holiday.  
Why don't we plan something...  
maybe go to the Caymans. We always  
have such a wonderful time  
together. No boys. Just girls.

Patrizia rises out of the mud and rinses herself off.

PATRIZIA  
I need to speak to him. Tomorrow.

PINA AURIEMMA  
Maybe you should wait a little  
longer. As soon as we get back home  
we'll do a nice evil eye on him.

PATRIZIA  
Another spell?! We've run out of  
spells. We need something stronger.

PINA AURIEMMA  
You must think positively.

PATRIZIA  
I'm being very fucking positive.

145

EXT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- NIGHT

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.

He sees it's Patrizia. Hurries towards his apartment quickly -

There is something unnerving about her.

PATRIZIA  
(out of the fog)  
Maurizio. Stop. Please. I beg you.

Maurizio turns around, deeply disturbed at being *stalked*.

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. Maurizio stares at it, warily.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
Alessandra 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.

She grabs his coat. 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.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)  
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.

Maurizio FLINCHES.. But it's just a small book of PHOTOGRAPHS she's been carefully collecting.

PATRIZIA  
We built something beautiful  
together. Look. Our life's moments.

She starts flipping through photos, holding them up to him. Memories. Carefully arranged in order. Maurizio is fazed.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
Do you like it?

MAURIZIO  
(pissed off, quietly)  
Is this an ambush? Are you here to  
humiliate yourself with this  
fucking charade? If so you are  
succeeding.

Not the answer she was hoping for. He makes for the steps.

PATRIZIA  
Why are you speaking to me this way?

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 to myself. I love you.

In a rare moment of affection (however cruel) Maurizio removes his gloves and places his hands on Patrizia's devastated face.

MAURIZIO  
Look at me.

She looks up. A wounded tiger.

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

Listen to me. I don't love you. I don't hate you. I just don't want to spend the rest of my life with you.

Realizing what the effect his words are having:

MAURIZIO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I truly am.

PATRIZIA

What happened to my Maurizio?

MAURIZIO

Nothing. 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.

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. THWOOOOMP!

A CAR. 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.*

(MORE)

PATRIZIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*I mean, was it even possible to cry  
 so much, and still have more tears  
 left to shed?*

146      INT. NEUROSURGERY RECOVERY ROOM- DAY

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. An 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 lays 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.  
 Hasn't sent me flowers. I'm the  
 mother of his daughter!

Pina is at a loss for words.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)  
 Get me a phone.

147      INT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- DAY

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.*

Maurizio presses the "SKIP" button. Another voice-mail from Patrizia. Just heavy breathing. 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 FRANCHI

Who was it, my love?

MAURIZIO

Nobody.

She kisses his neck. Runs her hand down his chest. We hold on his expression: perplexed and... afraid.

**TITLE UP: 1995**

**148 INT. HOTEL ADRY, LOBBY- DAY**

Patrizia and Pina walk through the lobby, past a gallery of grotesque faces straight out of a Bosch painting. An Eastern-European prostitute is snoring open-mouthed on the couch.

**149 EXT. HOTEL ADRY, COURTYARD- DAY**

An overgrown garden littered with deck chairs, broken beds and an old Espresso vending machine. Patrizia and Pina sit on two plastic chairs. The sound of sex echoes from a room.

Two men hesitantly walk outside. One is lean, elegant, youngish. This is BENEDETTO (30s). The other man is somewhat older, and glum. This is IVANO (50s).

Patrizia gives the two men the slightest nod. They make their way and sit down at the table. Patrizia checks her watch.

PATRIZIA  
Are you usually punctual?

IVANO  
Almost always.

PATRIZIA  
Then why are you late? We said 3pm.

IVANO  
We got lost. 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 what?

IVANO  
(pointing to Benedetto)  
He's Sicilian.

Question answered. Benedetto wrestles with the Espresso  
vending machine, hits it, tries to get it going.

PATRIZIA  
How soon can you do it?

IVANO  
As soon as we know his routine,  
security, and we agree on our rate.

Benedetto gestures with his fingers. Four and three Zeros.

PATRIZIA  
Someone else quoted me far less for  
this job. Two is all I can do.

Pina shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

IVANO

Well, it's a rush job. And you will have to provide photographs for us. We don't want to make any mistakes.

PATRIZIA

Two is all I'm willing to pay. It's not worth more. I'll pay you half now, half when it's done.

Ivano looks at Benedetto who gives him a sign. "Ok".

Patrizia slides the duffel bag over and leaves with Pina.

PATRIZIA (CONT'D)

We will be in touch.

150

INT. PALAZZO SERBELLONI, RUNWAY- NIGHT

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.

BACKSTAGE, LATER:

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 is next to him.

He is MOVED TO TEARS. Puts a hand on Domenico's shoulder.

MAURIZIO

This is what Gucci is supposed to be. This is the future.

DE SOLE

Extraordinary.

MAURIZIO

Hiring Tom Ford was the greatest decision I've ever made. My father would be so proud.

De Sole bites his tongue. "His" decision to hire Tom Ford?!

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  
Let's bring him a couple of Jackie  
crocodile bags. Can you arrange it?

DE SOLE  
No need. Your presence is enough.

Maurizio studies De Sole, who looks down after a moment. He knows he's been betrayed.

MAURIZIO  
Okay, sure. Whatever works.

De Sole leaves Maurizio and he disappears into the crowd.

151      EXT. PIAZZA BELGIOIOSO- DAY

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.

152      INT. ANTICO RISTORANTE BOEUCC- DAY

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. SAÏD. They are LISTENING as De Sole 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.

DE SOLE

(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 and puts a hand on his mouth as though to say, "am I dreaming".

TOM FORD

(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)

I have to call my mother in Austin.

Tom gets up and rushes out just as Maurizio enters. 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 Saïd 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 very concerned.

MAURIZIO

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 terrible.

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, and --

MAURIZIO

You mean my Uncle's knick knacks?

DE SOLE

They are insignificant. It's your personal expenses. All paid for through Gucci's accounts and charged as expenses.

MAURIZIO

I am Gucci. They're my expenses to function.

KIRDAR

The multi-million dollar antiques in the stores. The purchase of countless cars, including a Ferrari F40 and a Lamborghini Countach.

MAURIZIO

Appearances matter.

KIRDAR

Your watch- a Patek Philippe 2523.

Worth \$3 million. Maurizio pulls his sleeve over it.

MAURIZIO

I like to be on time.

KIRDAR

A seven million dollar penthouse. I could go on and on... investments in a Casino in Macau... a palatial 18th century villa outside Florence for use as a training center.

MAURIZIO

I was going to tell you about that today. Great opportunity.

Kirdar nods at Saïd, who removes a notebook. He reads out of it for maximum accuracy.

SAÏD

Losses are likely to total \$30 million this year on sales of \$180 million, down from \$210 million in 1991 and \$270 million in 1990. There is \$85 million in bank debt. We may even have trouble paying salaries in the next couple of months. Profits remain... elusive.

MAURIZIO

I always said that our strategic plan would take five years. It's not about immediate profit.  
(motions with his hand)  
You go down to come back up again. That's how you get out of a stall.

KIRDAR

We're going to crash and burn. Today MUST be a new chapter, Maurizio.

MAURIZIO

(dawns on him)  
A new chapter?  
(leans in)  
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

You're a yachtsman who sails a three-masted ship.

(MORE)

KIRDAR (CONT'D)

You seem to have forgotten what any mariner ought to know: when storm winds blow, trim the sails.

Kirdar turns to the silent party at the table: De Sole.

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

It's the only way. \$150 million. You'll be a rich man.

MAURIZIO

If you really think this is about money, then you know less about Gucci than I thought.

He extends a MONT-BLANC PEN. The same model Aldo used to sell his soul to Maurizio previously. What goes around...

The golden tip of the pen, 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.

DE SOLE

(gently)

Please try and take this in the spirit of our friendship. You have so many qualities, Maurizio.

(MORE)

## DE SOLE (CONT'D)

But let's be realistic. Not everyone is a natural manager. We have been through a lot together. But I feel I have to tell you, I don't think you know how to manage this company.

As Maurizio contemplates this monumental decision, SAÏD AND OMAR taste the carpaccio, savoring its tenderness. They speak Arabic to each other then turn to the waiter.

## SAÏD

This meat. Where is it 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.

Suddenly, abruptly, Maurizio SLAMS his fist on the pristine table cloth.

## MAURIZIO

NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!

153 EXT. PIAZZA BELGIOIOSO- DAY

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.

He sits on a bench in the middle of the square staring at pigeons picking at breadcrumbs (and each other). He is ALONE.

**TITLE UP: Monday March 27, 1995: 7:59am**

154 EXT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- DAY

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 an 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.

155      INT. PATRIZIA'S BATHROOM- DAY (INTERCUT)

\*

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.

156      INT. CAFE BRUNO- DAY (INTERCUT)

\*

Elegant as usual, Maurizio sits at the bar 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.

157      INT. PINA'S PARLOR- DAY (INTERCUT)

\*

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.

158      EXT. VIA PALESTRO (INTERCUT)

Maurizio emerges from Cafe Bruno and walks briskly along the sidewalk, avoiding the road.

As Maurizio approaches the building, a man who was following calls out --

IVANO  
Signor 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. Maurizio SPINS.

BLAM! The second at the left SHOULDER.

BLAM! Hits Maurizio's arm.

Maurizio slumps to the sidewalk. 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.

159      INT. PINA'S PARLOR- DAY

\*

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 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)

160      INT. PATRIZIA'S BEDROOM- DAY

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 BRERA. BUYING PAINTINGS.

Feb 6: MAURIZIO JOGGING. WHY? NEVER LIKED RUNNING.

Feb 7: MAURIZIO CALLED. TALKED TO ALESSANDRA 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.

161      EXT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- DAY

Patrizia, in her BLACK LACE FUNERAL DRESS and Alessandra (now 15 years old) elbow their way through a crowd of onlookers and journalists. They have just returned from the funeral. A couple of LAWYERS trail behind her as she surges forward into the building.

162      INT. MAURIZIO'S CORSO VENEZIA APARTMENT- DAY

Patrizia rings the doorbell. Holds Alessandra'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.

163      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.

Alessandra walks into the room.

ALESSANDRA  
Is this our home now?

PATRIZIA  
One of them, darling.

ALESSANDRA  
What else is ours?

PATRIZIA  
Everything that your father left behind. His last gift to us.

She kisses Alessandra on the forehead.

ALESSANDRA  
I'll miss him.

PATRIZIA  
Me too.

164      EXT. ST. MORITZ CHALET (PATRIZIA'S DREAM)- NIGHT

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.*

(MORE)

PATRIZIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*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.*

165

INT. COURTROOM- DAY

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

Signora Reggiani.

Patrizia does not look 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)

*Signora Reggiani.*

The voice off-screen belongs to a JUDGE. A hand touches her shoulder. And she looks up, straight to the camera.

PATRIZIA

**You can call me Signora Gucci.**

FREEZE ON PATRIZIA'S FACE.

SUPER:

**IN 1997 PATRIZIA REGGIANI 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 LONDON.**

**UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF DOMENICO DE SOLE AND TOM FORD, GUCCI BECAME THE BIGGEST SUCCESS STORY IN THE FASHION WORLD.**

**AS OF 2021, 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.**