

**CINEMA PARADISO**

by

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY**

Shooting Script

**1 GIANCALDO. SALVATORE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE. EXT/INT. DAY**

The October sun slashes through the gray clouds, cuts across the shadow towards the sea, along the coast where the new suburbs of the city of Giancaldo have been built up.

Bright light streams through the windows, glancing off the white walls in an almost blinding reflection. MARIA, a woman a little over sixty, is trying to find somebody on the phone.

**MARIA**

...Salvatore, that's right,  
Salvatore. Di Vita Salvatore  
...But, miss, what do you mean you  
don't know him?!...I...Yes...  
(She gives a nervous sigh.  
She has dialed her way  
through endless numbers  
but still hasn't managed  
to speak to Mr. Di  
Vita. She finally heaves a  
sigh of relief.)  
...That's right, good for you!  
Oh!...yes...And I'm his  
mother. I'm calling from Sicily. Been

trying all day...Ah, he's not there...But would you be so kind as to give me...?...Yes...

(She nods at another woman around forty sitting nearby: it is LIA, her daughter, who jots down the numbers her mother dictates:)  
...Six, five, six, two, two, oh, six...Thanks ever so much...Goodbye. Goodbye.

She hangs up, takes the number LIA has jotted down, determined to have still

another try. LIA speaks to her as if she were a baby, to be more convincing.

**LIA**

Look, Ma...It's useless calling him. He'll be terribly busy, God knows where he is. Besides he might not even remember. Do as I say, forget it...He hasn't been here for thirty years. You know how he is.

MARIA pauses to think it over. The decision she has to make is important. Then, stubbornly.

**MARIA**

He'll remember! He'll remember!  
(She puts on her glasses and starts dialing the number.)  
...I'm positive. I know him better than you do. If he were to find out we hadn't told him, he'd be angry. I know.  
(She takes off her glasses.)  
...Hello? Good morning. Could I please speak to Mr. Salvatore Di Vita. I'm his mother...

**2 ROME. STREETS. EXT/INT. NIGHT**

It's late, but there is still traffic on the streets heading downtown.

Inside a high-powered car, a man around fifty is driving. It is

SALVATORE DI VITA. Elegant, just growing gray, a handsome face

creased by deep wrinkles. His weary expression hides the determined, self-assured manner of the successful self-made man. He must be a heavy smoker judging by the way he draws the last puffs on his cigarette.

He stops at a red light. He stubs out the cigarette and rolls down the window, as a little Fiat Uno pulls up alongside. A rock tune plays full blast on the radio. SALVATORE turns instinctively to have a look at the man at the wheel a BOY with a brush cut standing straight in the latest fashion. He studies the Boy's expression with almost exaggerated attention, but devoid of curiosity, coldly. The GIRL sitting beside him, lots of curly hair, overripe red lips, returns SALVATORE'S look, provocatively. The BOY notices, turns to SALVATORE in a surly voice:

**BOY**

Hey! What the fuck you looking at!?

Green light. The Fiat Uno shoots off, leaving a trail of music in its wake.

**3 ROME. SALVATORE S APARTMENT. INT. NIGHT**

The apartment is luxurious, tastefully furnished. There is no one waiting for SALVATORE. Through the picture window on the terrace, the city can be seen slumbering in the night. SALVATORE gets undressed on his way to the bedroom. He moves quietly, as if to make no noise. He doesn't even turn on the light, finishes getting undressed in the pale blue glow coming from the picture window. A rustling sound, a movement on the bed, the voice of a woman waking up.

**CLARA**

Salvatore...But what time is it?

She turns on the bedside light. It is CLARA, a young woman around thirty. SALVATORE climbs in beside her under the covers, kisses her sweetly, then in a

whisper.

**SALVATORE**

It's late, Clara. Sorry, but I wasn't able to let you know I wouldn't be coming...

(He fondles her, but he is tired, feels like sleeping.)

Go to sleep now. Sleep.

He turns over on the other side. CLARA shuts her eyes, is about to drop off, but whispers.

**CLARA**

Your mother phoned. She took me for somebody else...

**SALVATORE**

(Surprised)

And what'd you tell her?

**CLARA**

I played dumb, so as not to disappoint her. We had a nice little talk. She says you never go see her, and when she wants to see you she has to come to Rome...Is it true?

SALVATORE doesn't answer. God only knows how often he's heard that question before.

**SALVATORE**

She phoned just to say that?

She reaches out to switch of the light, buries her head into the pillow.

**CLARA**

She said a certain Alfredo had died. And the funeral's taking place tomorrow afternoon...

(A strange look suddenly comes into SALVATORE'S eyes. The idea of going to sleep has clearly left him. It's a piece of news he didn't expect. That's taken him off-guard. CLARA would like to carry on the

conversation, but  
sleepiness makes  
it almost impossible. An  
she can manage is one last  
question in a faint little  
voice:)

Who is it? A relative of yours?

**SALVATORE**

No. Sleep. Go to sleep.

She falls asleep in the dead silence of the night. SALVATORE is seized by a sort of chill a deep, troubled feeling. He gazes through the window at the city, with its shimmering lights still moving in the darkness, suddenly shrouded in a heavy curtain of rain. But he gazes off, beyond the row of houses, beyond the dark sky; the shadow of a wind chime plays across his face summoning up endless memories, drawing forth from the infinite depths of oblivion a past that he thought had vanished, been wiped out, and instead now re-emerges, comes back to life, takes on light, superimposing itself on the mellow middle-aged features of his face, in the shadow of the city shaken by the storm, until another image is formed, an ancient, remote image...

**4 GIANCALDO. CHURCH AND SACRISTY. INT. MORNING**

An image from over forty years before. In the baroque church of Giancaldo. SALVATORE is nine years old. Dressed as an altar boy, he is kneeling by the altar with a little silver bell in his hands. The congregation is also kneeling. The PRIEST is consecrating the Host. Little SALVATORE has just got out of bed, is still half-asleep, yawns and doesn't notice that the PRIEST is standing there with the Host in the air glaring at him, as if trying to tell him something.

**PRIEST**

Pss! Pssst!

SALVATORE finishes yawning and opening his eyes meets the withering look of the PRIEST. He gets the message at once and

and rings the bell. Now the PRIEST can carry on, lifts the chalice  
the bell is heard again.

Cut to:

The service is over. The PRIEST is in the sacristy removing his vestments. And SALVATORE is also there, removing his altar-boy tunic.

**PRIEST**

But how can I make you understand?  
Without the bell I just can't go on!  
Always half asleep, you are! What do  
you do at night anyway? Eat instead  
of sleep?

**SALVATORE**

Father, at my house we don't even eat  
at noon. That's why I'm always  
sleepy. That's what the vet says.

The PRIEST has finished disrobing. He takes the bell  
SALVATORE was holding during the service and turns to leave.

**PRIEST**

All right, Toto, get moving, I've got  
things to do. Say hello to your  
mother.

**SALVATORE**

Can I...

**PRIEST**

(Interrupting him)  
And don't ask if you can come...  
Because you can't!! Shoo, shoo, off  
with you!!

SALVATORE gives a shrug and leaves. The PRIEST goes down a  
corridor, opens a door, another corridor, and finally a door  
leading to an outside courtyard. He cuts across it and  
disappears  
into another door.

**5 CINEMA PARADISO AND PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. MORNING**

The PRIEST enters a movie house. Not very big 200 seats on the  
main  
floor and another seventy in the balcony. Along the walls,  
posters of

films to be shown are stuck up between the light fixtures. In one corner, a statue of the Virgin Mary with flowers. The CLEANING LADY has finished work and is leaving. Up in the balcony, over the last row of seats, are the holes of the projection booth. The middle hole is camouflaged by the huge head of a roaring lion, all in plaster, and the lens of the projector can be glimpsed between its sharp teeth. there are two smaller holes, through which the figure of a man can be made out, appearing and disappearing...It is ALFREDO, the projectionist. He is around forty, skinny and bony with a tough peasant face. He has finished loading the projector and is checking the carbons in the arc lamp. Then he removes the glass from one of the holes and looks down into the theatre, at the PRIEST who waves his hand.

**PRIEST**

OK, Alfredo, you can start!!

He sits down an by himself in the middle of the empty theatre. Up in the booth, ALFREDO lights the arc lamp and sets the projector going.

Down in the theatre, the light goes off and out of the lion's mouth streams the glowing ray aimed al the screen. String music, sweet and ominous, spreads through the theatre. On the screen appear the credit titles of an American film of the 1940s. The PRIEST screws up his face and holds the bell in his right hand resting on the arm of his seat.

At the back of the theatre, behind the last row, a curtain moves, opens a crack and SALVATORE'S gaunt little face appears. He has managed to sneak in somehow and stands there without a word, spellbound, watching the 'movie' on the glowing screen. The credit titles have long come and gone. The story is at a turning-point.

Up above, in the hole of the booth next to the lion, ALFREDO watches the film, but his eyes keep looking down at the PRIEST, who is now drumming the bell with his fingers. On the screen, the male and female lead, two Hollywood stars, are in close-up; the dialogue is passionate, romantic. SALVATORE,

carried away by those faces, by the way they talk, by the beauty of the woman, slowly slips down the length of the curtain until he is sitting on the floor, his eyes glued to the screen.

The love scene reaches a climax, the music crescendos, and the love-struck couple finally fall into each other's arms and kiss. Instinctively, the PRIEST raises the bell into the air, as in some age-old ceremony, and gives it a loud ring...

Up in the booth ALFREDO hears the bell; it's the signal he's been waiting for. He takes a slip of paper from a pad prepared for that purpose and sticks it into the loops of the film containing that specific scene as it winds on to the reel. The projection continues...

...And also the kiss of the two actors. The PRIEST'S nervous look lingers on those black-and-white lips meeting and now pulling apart for one last declaration of love before separating. SALVATORE is wide-eyed, he's probably never seen a man and woman kiss before, it's a vision that for him has all the attraction of forbidden fruit, the horror of sin. The screen is now filled with the figure of a woman getting undressed, showing for one instant the white, voluptuous flesh of her broad, naked shoulders. SALVATORE stares in open-mouthed wonder. The PRIEST, in a fury, grabs the bell and shakes it for all he is worth. From the sound of the bell to another sound...

## **6 GIANCALDO. MAIN SQUARE. EXT. DAY**

The tolling of the bell-tower rings out over the square. It is noon. The vast square, pale and dusty, is alive with people. A

noisy line of men, women and cows waits in front of the fountain to get water.

Peddlers hawk their wares in mournful cries. People come and go in front of the

town hall. The working men's club is deserted. The entrance of the Cinema

Paradiso is shut. Hanging outside is the poster of the film that has just been seen on screen. Up above, the windows of the projection booth are open. The hum of the projector can be heard and the loud, lofty music typical of 'THE END'. Then dead silence. The showing is over.

**7. CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. DAY**

Despite the speed, numerous white streaks spin around on the reel, created by the slips of paper ALFREDO has inserted into the loops. He is rewinding the film by hand on the film-winder. When he's not talking, ALFREDO usually sings to himself. SALVATORE stands beside him, taking in everything he does with those quick, thieving eyes of his

**ALFREDO**

(Harshly, shouting)  
You must not come here! How many times do I have to tell you?  
(And he slows down the reels with his hand. The slips of paper are about to arrive. Here's the first.)  
If the film catches fire, runt that you are, you'd go up in a burst of flame...whoosh! And turn into a piece of...

**SALVATORE**

(Overlapping him)  
...and turn into a piece of charcoal!!

He's used to his terrorisms, pays no more attention. Not even his grim look scares him. Anyway, ALFREDO catches the joke, starts to give him a slap, but instead reaches over and picks up a pair of scissors.

**ALFREDO**

(Angrily)  
Christ, that's a sassy little tongue you've got! Watch out, or someday I'll snip it off.

And he snips a piece of film, pastes the ends together and goes on turning the handle. SALVATORE picks up the strip of film and gives it a closer look. He sees a series of frames all alike with a man kissing a woman.

**SALVATORE**

Can I have it?

ALFREDO snatches it out of his hand, furiously, at the end of his string. He shouts.

**ALFREDO**

No!!! Are you deaf or something? I've got to put this back in when we wind up the film again! You're a real pain in the neck!

SALVATORE reaches into a basket full of strips of film. He takes out a handful: all kisses that have been cut.

**SALVATORE**

Then why didn't you put these back when you wound up the films again?

ALFREDO is caught out. He stops the film where another slip of paper is stuck in and cuts the scene:

**ALFREDO**

'Cause sometimes you can't find the right place any more and so...well, actually...they stay here.

(Finding an excuse)

Besides, there are more kisses than you can count.

**SALVATORE**

(Excited)

So I can have these?

(ALFREDO explodes, flies off the handle. He grabs SALVATORE by the shoulders and shakes him.)

**ALFREDO**

Look, Toto! Before I kick your ass all the way to China and back, let's make a deal. These strips here are yours, I give them to you. However!

One you're not to stick your nose in here any more. Two I'll keep them for you, because you can't take them home for God forbid and save our souls, if they catch fire, all hell will break loose! OK? Oh!!! And now scam!

He takes him and turns him towards the stairs. For him the matter is closed. He returns to the film-winder. SALVATORE sneaks back and while ALFREDO's attention is elsewhere, snatches up a handful of movie frames scattered on the counter, stuffs them into his pocket and...

**SALVATORE**

What sort of deal is this? The strips are mine! So why can't I come see them?

And he stares at ALFREDO with a sly, saucy look. ALFREDO clutches his hand, darts forth like an arrow and is about to give him a kick in the ass. He shrieks:

**ALFREDO**

Get out!! And don't show your face here again!

And before the kick reaches its destination, SALVATORE has already dashed off down the spiral staircase.

**8 GIANCALDO. SALVATORE'S HOUSE. INT. EVENING**

That was not the first theft of film strips. SALVATORE's hand reaches into a flowery metal box jammed full of pieces of film. He takes out a few frames and holds them up against the kerosene lamp. Gazes at the figures that remind him of the films seen at Cinema Paradiso, and in a whisper mangles fragments of dialogue, the shooting of guns, the musical climaxes...

**SALVATORE**

Bang! Bang! Bang! Shoot first, think later! This is no job for weaklings!

Treacherous dog!

The house has no lights, is gloomy and cold. SALVATORE's mother, MARIA, is leaning on the table in front of him. She is young, around thirty, and her pretty face is haggard, marred by all the sacrifices. She is sewing some clothes, is a seamstress. LIA, his four-year-old sister, is sleeping on a cot in one corner. The kerosene lamp projects the trembling shadow of the film strips on the wall, figures of prairies, gunslingers, thugs. SALVATORE's voice changes, turns even tougher.

**SALVATORE**

Hey there, you lousy bastard, take your hands off that gold, You black-hearted pig, stay away from me, or I'll smash your face in!  
'Ntantatah!!!...

(In the heap of movie frames there are also several photographs. SALVATORE picks them up. Family keepsakes. A man in an army uniform. Then the same man with a girl beside him whose smiling face can be recognized as MARIA. SALVATORE takes a closer look at the man's face, then whispers to his mother:)

Ma, if the war's over, how come Daddy's never come back?

MARIA looks up at him with a sweet smile.

**MARIA**

He'll be back, he'll be back...  
You'll see. One of these days...

But there is not much conviction written on her face. She looks back down at her sewing. SALVATORE goes on looking at the photos.

**SALVATORE**

I don't remember him any more—Ma, where's Russia?

**MARIA**

It takes years to get there. And  
years to come back...Now go to bed,  
Toto, it's late.

SALVATORE puts the photos back into the box and tucks the box  
under LIA's cot near the charcoal burner.

**9 GRADE SCHOOL. COURTYARD. EXT. DAY**

A noisy crowd of little children in black smocks, white collars  
and blue bows moves about the large courtyard where there are two tall  
palm trees. The boys head for one door, the girls towards the  
opposite one. The Janitors line them up two by two, ready to enter. Here and  
there, parents and relatives accompany the younger ones. Beneath one  
of the palms, SALVATORE pulls off the altar-boy tunic, stuffs it into  
the khaki-colored cardboard schoolbag, takes out the smock and puts  
it on, as one of his schoolmates passes by. It is MASINO, and he's  
crying desperately because he doesn't want to go to school. His FATHER  
drags him along, yelling:

**MASINO'S FATHER**

You can fool your mother but not me!  
Get yourself a damn diploma and  
become a policeman. You good-for-  
nothing!

**MASINO**

I don't want to go to school'  
(The sound of the bell.  
The black lines move up  
the steps towards the  
school.)

**10 FOURTH GRADE. INT. DAY**

SALVATORE is sitting at the front-row desk next to PEPPINO,  
a little freckle-faced boy. His attention, like that of the  
whole class, is concentrated on what is taking place at the blackboard. The  
TEACHER is standing there, watching a plump little boy, shy and not quite all  
there, do a two-figure

multiplication it is NICOLA SCORSONE, known as 'COLA'. He is red in the face, has one purple ear and one white one. He stares in terror at that '255 x 15' written on the blackboard. The TEACHER yells, waving a birch rod in her hand.

**TEACHER**

Well then?! Five times five equals...?

COLA stops to think a moment, then...

**COLA**

Thirty!

The TEACHER grabs him by the purple ear and bashes his head against the numbers on the blackboard. A large thud echoes through the room, followed by a roar of laughter. The TEACHER slams her rod on the desk.

**TEACHER**

Silence!!

(Then to COLA)

The five times table. Dunce! One times five, five!!

(The class repeats with the TEACHER, in a sing-song chorus:)

**TEACHER and CLASS**

Two times five, ten! Three times five, fifteen! Four times five, twenty!

(With a wave of the rod, the TEACHER silences the class, and finishes the sing-song with the fateful question.)

**TEACHER**

Five times five?

**COLA**

(Timidly)

Forty...?

Another blow of the head on the blackboard. Hubbub. Slapping of the rod on the desk. SALVATORE secretly shows COLA the picture of a Christmas tree on one page of the book, and mouths the word 'twenty-five'. COLA smiles, he has finally

caught on.

**TEACHER**

I'm asking you for the last time,  
blockhead! Five times five equals...?  
(COLA turns to her with  
smiling eyes and answers  
blissfully:)

**COLA**

Christmas!!

SALVATORE clutches his head in anger, watches the TEACHER flogging COLA on the back with the rod. COLA screams at every blow, and at every blow the laughter in the class grows louder. SALVATORE stares at the rod moving up and down rhythmically. But he is not thinking of the pain his schoolmate is feeling, but is drawn, rather, by that strange regular beat, finds it similar to another regular beat, that of...

**11 CINEMA PARADISO. BALCONY AND MAIN FLOOR. INT. DAY**

...the rolling pin ALFREDO uses to flatten out a reel of film that has just been unloaded. SALVATORE carefully watches ALFREDO 5 every move. He is not in the projection booth, but up in the balcony, standing on top of the last row of seats. He peers through the hole next to the lion's head. His bright little eyes fix in his mind the things ALFREDO does, as he loads the film into the projector, shuts the fireproof housings, turns on the amplifier, checks the carbons in the arc lamp, then lowers his head to have a look into the theatre and finds himself face to face with SALVATORE.

**ALFREDO**

(Sternly)  
What are you doing here?

**SALVATORE**

I bought a ticket. I've come to see the film.  
(Meanwhile the USHER comes up behind him and grabs him by the collar, and he almost jumps out of his skin. ALFREDO laughs.)

**USHER**

(Yelling)

Go sit downstairs! You good-for-nothing sponger! !

(To the audience)

Worse than rabbits they are!

SALVATORE has run downstairs. The main floor is more crowded than the balcony, like every Sunday, and there is a great din. The BOY selling ice-cream, soda pop and candy shouts and runs around like a chicken with its head off. Now the lights dim, the hubbub dies down and the performance starts. Before the film there is a preview for Stagecoach. The screen fills with images of John Wayne, the pursuit of the stagecoach by hostile Indians etc...

SALVATORE is sitting in the front rows, right under the screen, next to BOCCIA, COLA, MASINO, PEPPINO and OTHER KIDS, all with their noses in the air. BOCCIA, the biggest show off of the group, is smoking a cigarette. An OLD MAN appears through the entrance curtain, takes a couple of steps and shouts:)

**FIRST OLD MAN**

Hello, everybody!

**AUDIENCE**

(At once)

Ssssssh!!! Ssssssh! Silence!

**FIRST OLD MAN**

Can't I say hello?

**USHER**

It's a double-feature today.

**FIRST OLD MAN**

I couldn't care less. I come here to sleep.

Up All at once, a chorus of shouts and whistles fills the theatre. on the screen, a globe of the world appears, spinning among the stars, the logo announcing the newsreel.

### **AUDIENCE**

(Hooting and whistling)  
For Christ's sake! Cut it,  
Alfredoooo!

The CHILDREN in the front rows also yell, but SALVATORE goes on being alert. He turns and looks up at the holes of the projection booth, as if it were an impregnable fortress. He watches the crazy dancing of light in the glowing stream that opens towards him in a cone. And besides, that lion's head, mysterious, almost gruesome, emphasizes the enigmatic secret of the movies. In his dreamy eyes, that lifeless lion seems to wake up with a ferocious roar.

SALVATORE has a frightened look...Another lion roaring. But up on the screen.

The MGM lion. The throng of children imitate the famous growl all together, shaking their heads in unison.

### **CHILDREN**

Grrrrr! Grrrrrr!

The film starts: it is Visconti's La terra trema. SALVATORE is in bliss. His

wide eyes looking up at the magic square of light. The title music. Another OLD

MAN enters at the back of the theatre, but before sitting down, says hello in a loud voice.

### **SECOND OLD MAN**

Greetings to one and all!

### **AUDIENCE**

SSSSSH' Drop dead! Silence! Hey, kids, we're here to see the film!

Now there is an important sequence. The audience is silent. Concentrated on the

screen. BOCCIA passes the lighted cigarette to SALVATORE. He takes a puff and

hands it on to the others without ever taking his eyes off the screen. The

beautiful star of the film appears on screen. A different kind of attention

takes hold of the excited audience. SALVATORE and the others stare at her with

open mouths...She leans towards the leading man, a languid expression, their profiles touch. But all at once, just at the best part, there is a sudden jolt.

The kiss isn't seen.

**AUDIENCE**

(Disappointed)

Ahhh! What a shame! I've been going to the movies for twenty years and I never saw a kiss!

SALVATORE is the only one to laugh to himself. He knows what has happened.

**AUDIENCE**

And when will we see one?

Up in the balcony, the audience is more sedate. The tickets cost more and the people are richer, more refined. Among them, a MAN with a moustache, the look of a public notary, is sitting right in front of the railing. Seriously, without batting an eye, he spits down below with contempt. Right on the dot, a voice is heard, followed by a chorus of protests.

VOICE and AUDIENCE

Bugger!!! Ssssh!!! Silence!!

**12 SQUARE AND ENTRANCE OF CINEMA PARADISO. EXT. NIGHT**

The bell-tower rings midnight. The square is nearly deserted. Except for a landowner near the refreshment stand, with a moustache and a hat, DON VINCENZO by name, who is picking out from a group of labourers the men he'll be needing in the country at dawn. He chooses, points his finger, calls...

People come out of the movie house after the last showing. The USHER locks the front door as ALFREDO climbs down from the projection booth. Among the crowd there is only one kid, SALVATORE.

Tired, half-asleep. He's seen all the showings. He starts to walk away when he catches sight of his mother standing on the opposite corner, wrapped in an old coat. She's waiting for him, in a temper.

SALVATORE drops his eyes to the ground, mortified. He knows what's coming. He goes over to her timidly, uncertain, gives her a questioning look.

**MARIA**

I've been looking for you all day.  
Did you buy the milk?

**SALVATORE**

No...

**MARIA**

Then where's the money?

**SALVATORE**

Somebody stole it.

MARIA gives him a slap. SALVATORE holds back the sobs, but his eyes brim with tears. ALFREDO and the USHER are nearby, have heard everything.

**MARIA**

What'd you do with the money? Go to the movies?

SALVATORE nods his head and the sobs increase. MARIA, in despair, flies off the handle, slaps him again, but looks as if she doesn't really want to, as if deep down she forgives her son's escapade. ALFREDO catches on, speaks up on behalf of SALVATORE.

**ALFREDO**

Signora Maria, don't do that. He's just a kid.

(To SALVATORE)

And why are you telling fibs?

(To MARIA)

We let him in free. He must have lost the money inside the movie theatre...

(SALVATORE stares at him in amazement, goes on listening to him.)

How much did you have?

**SALVATORE**

Fifty lire...

(MARIA wipes away his tears.)

**ALFREDO**

(To the USHER)  
What you find tonight on the floor  
between the seats?

(The USHER reaches into-  
his pockets, pulls out  
some odds and ends.)

**USHER**

A comb, two heel-savers, a box of  
tobacco...

(ALFREDO very skillfully  
reaches out with fifty  
lire he has taken  
from his pocket. And like  
a magician he draws the  
money out of  
the USHER'S hand.)

**ALFREDO**

...and fifty lire!  
(To MARIA)

See?

(He hands over the money  
under the USHER'S  
astonished eyes.)

**MARIA**

Thanks, Uncle Alfredo. Thanks. Good-  
night.

She walks away, dragging SALVATORE by the hand. ALFREDO  
gives him a wink. SALVATORE smiles and winks back, but he's  
not very good at it; he can't manage to shut only one eye.  
Everybody leaves and the square empties, as the VILLAGE IDIOT  
comes up to the group of labourers, beside DON VINCENZO,  
motioning them all to get moving.

**IDIOT**

It's midnight. I've got to shut down  
the square! Go away.  
The square's mine! The square's  
mine!!

**13 CEMETERY ROAD AND VILLAGE ROAD. EXT. DAY**

SALVATORE, dressed as an altar boy, walks alongside the PRIEST  
who is wearing the ceremonial vestments. They are tired, have  
walked  
a long way. Behind them a donkey pulls a wagon containing a  
little

white coffin and a bunch of flowers. Behind that a little procession the parents and relatives of the dead child. The road is very wide, covered with white earth. The spring sun is dazzling. The funeral procession kicks up a cloud of dust that makes everything blurred and hazy, like a dream, rimmed around the horizon by the blue line of the sea. The procession now turns into the large gate of the cemetery. ALFREDO, working in the fields, takes his hat off and watches the coffin as it passes by.

Cut to:

The funeral is over. The PRIEST and SALVATORE are walking back to the village. ALFREDO appears out of the countryside on a bicycle with a hoe and other farm tools in the basket. He comes pedaling up beside them.

**ALFREDO**

Good morning, father. It's hard on the feet, huh?

**PRIEST**

(Breathless)

Yeah!...Getting there's downhill and all the saints help you. But coming back! The saints stand there watching you, that's all! God's will be done.

SALVATORE is about to open his mouth, wants to say something to ALFREDO, but he doesn't have time. ALFREDO pedals harder and rides off.

SALVATORE is crestfallen. He looks at the PRIEST, then at the bicycle riding away. His eyes light up an idea! He suddenly yells:

**SALVATORE**

Ouch! Ouch! My foot! I can't walk!

He limps. Throws himself to the ground as if a snake had bitten him. The PRIEST leans over in alarm. Up ahead in the distance, ALFREDO turns around to look.

Cut to:

There is a smile on SALVATORE'S face. He is riding on the crossbar of ALFREDO'S bicycle. On their way back to the village.

**SALVATORE**

Alfredo, did you know my father?

**ALFREDO**

Of course I knew your father. He was tall, thin, pleasant, and had a moustache like mine. Always smiling. He looked like Clark Gable.

There's something SALVATORE wants to talk about, but he doesn't know how to start. He has a try with an innocent stratagem.

**SALVATORE**

Alfredo, now that I'm older, I'm not saying I can start coming to the projection booth, to the movie house...But...maybe, why don't we become friends?

ALFREDO knows exactly what the little rascal is up to, and answers in a strange, theatrical tone, as if he were repeating something he knows by heart, a remark taken from some old film.

**ALFREDO**

'I choose my friends for their looks, and my enemies for their brains...'

(Laughs)

You're too smart to be my friend. Besides, as I always tell my kids, be careful to pick the right friends!

**SALVATORE**

(Surprised)

But you don't have any kids!!!

**ALFREDO**

(Spluttering)

All right, all right! When I've got kids that's what I'm telling them!

(The outlying houses of Giancaldo finally heave into sight.)

**14 SALVATORE S HOUSE. EXT. DAY**

LIA, SALVATORE'S kid sister, is crying outside the front door, terror  
stricken. Her face is smeared with smoke and her little dress  
half  
scorched and soaking wet. MARIA is distraught, damp with sweat,  
and  
tries to console her, hugging her in her arms.

**MARIA**

Stop crying...The fire is out...I'm  
here...That'll do, that'll do...

(ALFREDO and SALVATORE  
come up behind them.

SALVATORE has barely leapt  
off the bicycle when his  
mother sails into him like  
a fury, shrieking:)

Miserable boy! You're the ruin of me!  
Your sister would have been burnt  
alive if I hadn't been there! And all  
your fault!

SALVATORE darts off, chased by his mother, swift as a deer.  
ALFREDO doesn't understand what has happened, leans over  
LIA, who goes on bawling her eyes out, and sees on the ground,

in

the middle of the water, a flowery box all charred and still  
smoking, and all around scraps of film reduced to ashes and  
several singed photographs, the photos of SALVATORE s father.  
ALFREDO gets the message now, looks up at MARIA, who has  
caught SALVATORE and is dragging him home, hitting and  
slapping him all the way. SALVATORE covers his head with his  
hands to stave off the blows. MARIA turns to ALFREDO, in a  
stern, indignant voice.

**MARIA**

But aren't you ashamed of yourself,  
Uncle Alfredo, playing with a little  
boy at your age?!

**ALFREDO**

(Cowed)

But...what's it got to do with  
me?...

**MARIA**

And who gave him all those films?  
Promise you won't give him any more  
of this trash! Don't let him set foot  
any more in the movie house. The

boy's crazy! Crazy! All he talks  
about is movies and Alfredo' Alfredo  
and movies!!

ALFREDO is crestfallen, didn't think that SALVATORE'S  
craziness, his morbid  
passion for movies, could go this far.

**ALFREDO**

I give you my word, Donna Maria.  
(MARIA now turns one last  
time to her son.)

**MARIA**

God's got to grant me one wish! Send  
your father back home! And he'll see  
you get what's coming to you!  
(SALVATORE lowers his  
hands, looks at her and  
with the dreadful  
sincerity of children:)

**SALVATORE**

Daddy's not coming back...He's dead.  
(An icy flash runs through  
MARIA'S eyes.)

**MARIA**

It's not true! No! It's not true!!!  
I'll show you he's coming back!

And she beats him desperately, as if to enforce her stubborn  
hope, slap after  
slap. This time ALFREDO doesn't step in, lets MARIA give vent  
to her rage and fury, but SALVATORE'S cries make him feel  
guilty.

**15: SQUARE AND PROJECTION BOOTH. EXT/INT. DAY**

Another Sunday. A crowd of men has gathered in the square  
around the café where  
there is a loudspeaker. They are listening to the running  
commentary of the  
soccer games. They check their Sisal pools coupons. NICOLO  
CAROSIO'S VOICE  
...We're at the seventh minute of the second half. Turin is  
leading one to  
zero. The goal was scored by...(The scene is seen from above,  
by ALFREDO who  
peers out of the window of the projection booth. CAROSIO'S  
voice drowns out the

soundtrack of the film being shown. ALFREDO is bored. He goes over to the projector, looks through the hole...It's the last sequence of the film. The music swells to a climax as 'THE END' appears on the screen. Swift as ever, ALFREDO turns on the lights in the theatre' stops the projector. Looks back through the hole, to see...)

**16:CINEMA PARADISO. INT/EXT. DAY**

...the house packed to the rafters. Voices and laughter of the children. Smoke, ice-cream, soft drinks. The USHER has opened the emergency exits to let in air. He fights off the gate-crashers who are trying to get in free. The sound of the sports commentary fills the theatre. The village BLACKSMITH is sleeping in his seat, his head thrown back and his mouth wide open. The KIDS blow up the empty ice-cream sacks and pop them next to his ears. Bang! The BLACKSMITH wakes up with a start, in a sea of laughter. He yells:

**BLACKSMITH**

Ah! I'll wring all your necks!! Or my good name means nothing! !! Lousy brats!

SALVATORE doesn't laugh. He is sad. He turns and looks up at the projection booth. He sees ALFREDO through the lion's mouth. ALFREDO also catches sight of him. SALVATORE gives him a timid wave of the hand, as if asking if he can come up a moment. The look on ALFREDO'S face is unmistakable, irrevocable: NO! SALVATORE'S not surprised; after what happened it won't be easy to win him over. Yet there must be some way. But what is it? As usual, SALVATORE is smart as the devil when he's out to get something. Through the emergency exit he sees a woman pass by with a packet in her hand. It is ALFREDO'S WIFE, and the packet is his supper. SALVATORE leaps to his feet and runs out to her.

**SALVATORE**

Signora Anna!

**17 CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION ROOM AND SQUARE. INT/EXT. DAY**

ALFREDO starts up the projector. It's time for the documentaries and cartoons. SALVATORE peers in from the top of the stairs. He's scared of ALFREDO'S reaction, but pricks up his courage and shows him the packet. ALFREDO sees him, is about to pounce on him...

**SALVATORE**

(On the defensive)  
Your wife told me to bring you this.

His expression betrays the 'put on'. ALFREDO sighs, realizes it's another one of his little games.

**ALFREDO**

(Sternly)  
Give it to me!...

He takes the packet, unwraps it and lifts the lid, shuts it again and puts the container inside the lamp of the projector to keep it warm. SALVATORE hasn't missed a single gesture, but speaks with his eyes to the poor.

**SALVATORE**

I told my mother you weren't the one who gave me the films. That it wasn't your fault. But I thought you said the film could catch fire just to scare me. Now that I know, I won't steal any more from you. That's all I wanted to say. I'm going.

(He turns to leave but ALFREDO takes him by the shoulder and stops him.)

**ALFREDO**

Toto, come here.

All things considered, there is something in that little boy, maybe his feverish passion, that strikes him. He'll talk to him seriously, without resorting to terrorism, try to convince him. He lowers the volume of the monitor, sits down on the stool. SALVATORE raises his eyes from the floor and

looks at him at last...

**ALFREDO**

Now listen to what I've got to say. I took up this profession when I was ten years old. In those days there weren't these modern machines. The films were silent. The projectors were run by hand, like this, with a crank. And you wound the crank all day long. It was really rough going! If you got tired and slowed down' boom! Everything would go up in flames!

**SALVATORE**

Then why don't you want to teach it to me too? Now that there's no more cranking, and it's easier?

**ALFREDO**

(Firmly)

Because I don't want to, Toto! This is not a job for you. It's like being a slave. You're always alone. You see the same film over and over again, because you have nothing else to do. And you start talking to Greta Garbo and Tyrone Power like a nut! You work on holidays, on Christmas, on Easter. Only on Good Friday are you free. But if they hadn't put Jesus Christ on a cross...You'd work Good Fridays too!

**SALVATORE**

Then why don't you change jobs?

(ALFREDO sighs, irritated.  
He reaches out to turn the knob of the carbon rods.  
He gazes at SALVATORE as if he were a grown-up, somebody who's making things hard for him.)

**ALFREDO**

Because I'm an idiot. How many other guys in town know how to be a projectionist? None! Only a jerk like me could do it. Besides I wasn't lucky. When I was a kid there was the war! When I grew up, another war! Now it's all different. Times have

changed. And you want to be a dope like me? Huh? Answer me!

**SALVATORE**

No...

**ALFREDO**

Good for you, Toto. Good for you... I'm only saying this for your own good...

(He gets up and, speaking all the while, goes into a closet with a bucket in it, the toilet of the booth. He turns his back and pees. )

Cooped up in here you die of heat in the summer and of cold in the winter. You breathe in smoke, gas fumes, and earn practically nothing.

(SALVATORE listens to him, but taking advantage of the fact he can't be seen, he turns the knob of the carbon rods, just as he had seen done a moment before...)

**SALVATORE**

(In a loud voice)

But don't you like anything about what you do?

(SALVATORE gazes at the photos on the wall: Keaton, Garbo, Snow White. ALFREDO smiles to himself. Sure, there's something about that damn job he likes:)

**ALFREDO**

With time...you get used to it. Besides, when you hear from up here that there's a full house and that people are laughing, having fun... Then you're happy too.

(ALFREDO is lost in thought, doesn't notice that the documentaries and cartoons have finished. The screen is blank. And down in the

theatre laughter is not heard but an uproar of whistling and swearing. SALVATORE'S eyes sparkle, he seizes the opportunity. He turns on the lights and stops the projector, just as ALFREDO would have done. At which ALFREDO buttons up his pants in a hurry and rushes over alarmed, but sees that everything is in order. SALVATORE looks at him all smiles, as if he expected a medal for civil bravery. Instead, ALFREDO reacts like a wild animal.)

So I've been wasting my breath? You pretend to agree with me, but as soon as my back is turned, you do what you want!

(He gives SALVATORE a kick in the ass, shrieking:)

Get out of here! I don't want to lay eyes on you again! This is the last straw! Your mother's right, you're crazy!!

(He pushes him towards the stairs. SALVATORE suddenly vanishes, scared out of his wits. ALFREDO talks to himself, in a fury:)

But how'd he do it? The little bastard! By watching, he's learned! It's incredible!

(He peers out of the window, yelling, as he sees SALVATORE running through the square. )

I'm letting the box office know you're not to set foot even into the theatre! There are no more tickets for you! And I'm also talking to Father Adelfio! You won't be an altar boy any more either!!! You little runt!

(SALVATORE looks at him.  
Hates him. Yells something  
offensive:)

**SALVATORE**

Alfredo, go fuck yourself!!!  
(But his words are drowned  
out by the sudden shouting  
of the people outside the  
café.)

**CROWD**

Goal!! Holy Mother of God!!!  
(A MAN in the crowd  
crumples to the ground.  
The others swarm around  
him, alarmed. They hold up  
his head. His face is  
pale. They check the  
coupon he is clutching in  
his hand. A voice rises  
like a siren from the  
crowd.)

**MAN**

Ciccio Spaccafico's won the  
Sisal!!!!!!  
(The yell can be heard...)

**I8 CINEMA PARADISO. INT. DAY**

...inside the movie house. The audience murmurs. Somebody opens  
an emergency exit...

**SPECTATOR'S VOICE**

The Neapolitan's won the lottery!!!  
Let's go see, kids!!! Northerners are  
always lucky!  
(The whole audience leaps  
up and heads for the exit.  
Pushing. Shouting.  
Laughing and Joking. )

**19 SQUARE AND VILLAGE. EXT. MORNING**

Summer has come. The village has a different look. The peddlers  
sing their  
monotonous refrains in the village streets. In one street,  
women are busy  
canning tomatoes. In one corner of the square, the SHEARER has  
finished clipping

the donkey and is now shaving the hair of a row of bare-chested URCHINS with nothing on but their underwear. Then another MAN disinfects them by spraying them with the hand pumps used to spray trees in the country. The URCHINS laugh. The BILL-POSTER is hanging up the posters of a new film, 'TODAY AT CINEMA PARADISO .

## 20 GRADE SCHOOL DINING HALL. INT. MORNING

The fifth-grade exams. In the vast dining hall all the children are seated, one for each desk, under the watchful eyes of the teachers. SALVATORE, BOCCIA, PEPPINO, MASINO and COLA have taken places here and there, as nervous as everybody else. The EXAMINING BOARD MEMBER is dictating the text of the arithmetic problem.

### EXAMINING BOARD MEMBER

A merchant owns two stores. In the first he sells fruit and vegetables. In the second he sells nails and cement...

(The PRINCIPAL comes in, interrupts the dictation.)

### PRINCIPAL

Excuse me, professor. Here are the men taking the exam for the elementary school certificate.

(Turning to the door)

Come in, please...

(All the children turn to look. A MAN around thirty enters, ill at ease. The children recognize him and laugh mischievously. The second is the BLACKSMITH, the one who falls asleep at the movies. The third is a twenty-year-old-boy, ANGELO. The fourth is ALFREDO, embarrassed and red in the face. SALVATORE is speechless. Gives a slightly ironic laugh. There is a look of revenge in his shrewd little

eyes.)

Cut to:

The assignment is now being carried out. There is dead silence in the hall.

TEACHERS and the PRINCIPAL move about, checking to be sure there are no notes being handed around or other forms of 'collaboration'. The four outsiders are having a hard time. It can be seen on their faces. ALFREDO is also in trouble, doesn't know how to solve the problem, the calculations are too difficult. He looks at the desk next to him, where SALVATORE is sitting. SALVATORE is about to look up at him, but ALFREDO immediately looks away, too proud to let himself be seen.

The exchange of glances continues, grotesque, almost comical. SALVATORE meanwhile writes down numbers and operations quite quickly. ALFREDO can't stand it any longer, is nervous, beaded with sweat. He's sorry he ever showed up. SALVATORE laughs up his sleeve, now he has the upper hand. ALFREDO tries sneaking a look at his exercise book in order to copy something. But SALVATORE turns his back, hiding it from sight. ALFREDO tries sneaking a look at somebody else's exercise book, but the damn kid also covers it. It looks like a conspiracy against him. ALFREDO has no way out. He has to accept the idea of eating humble pie. He looks at SALVATORE, motions him with his eyes in a conversation of glances. He asks for help, but SALVATORE stands firm, implacable.

ALFREDO tries to put it into words in a low voice.

**ALFREDO**

YOU jerk. Tell me how to solve this fucking problem!

**TEACHER**

Ssssh! Silence back there!!

ALFREDO insists with his eyes. SALVATORE makes him understand with gestures that he could help him maybe, but...on one condition. He imitates the gesture of winding the crank of the projector. ALFREDO gets the message. It's pure blackmail. He rubs his hand over his sweating face, raises his eyes to the ceiling as if he were swearing. Then he surrenders, accepts the condition. SALVATORE is serious, does not flaunt his victory, but you can tell he is happy. He takes out a sheet of paper he had already prepared, with the solution to the problem, rolls it up into a tiny ball and as soon as the TEACHER passes by, takes aim and flicks it to him. ALFREDO'S hand catches the precious and dearly bought message in mid-air. Their quarrel is over.

## **21 VARIOUS SETTINGS. INT. DAY/EVENING**

A bright, lilting tune marks the rhythm of the quick, blurred images, as in a dance, the images of ALFREDO teaching SALVATORE all the secrets of the projectionist trade.

ALFREDO slips the reel on to the projector, unrolls the trailer and hands it to SALVATORE. SALVATORE mounts the film on the sprockets. Now SALVATORE sets the projector into motion, opens the shutter and stands on tip-toe to see the screen from the hole...

A shot from In nome della legge. The main-floor audience applauds a line spoken by Massimo Gironi. And from the balcony, the same little MAN with the face of a public notary spits below.

### **MAIN FLOOR VOICE**

Bastard!! Pencil-pusher!!

ALFREDO shows SALVATORE the running of the film. He points to a place on the projector.

### **ALFREDO**

Pay attention. This is where it can easily catch fire. If it happens, the first thing you've got to do is break it off, here

and here, so the whole reel doesn't go up in flames.

On the screen, a shot from Riso amaro. A kiss. Unrelenting, the PRIEST rings his bell. SALVATORE licks the film on one side, then on the other. He laughs.

**ALFREDO**

You understand which side the gelatin's on?

**SALVATORE**

It tastes wonderful!

A shot of Amedeo Nazzari in La figlia del capitano. A jump, an out-of-rack frame. The audience whistles.

**AUDIENCE**

Fraaaame!! Wake up, Alfredo!  
(SALVATORE tries to do a hand-binding. ALFREDO winds the film, hangs a slip on a nail in the wall.)

**ALFREDO**

These are the shipping invoices for the film. They are always to be kept. You see?

**SALVATORE**

OK, Alfredo.

Down on the main floor, a scene from Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. Everyone screams and hides their faces when Hyde looks at the camera.

**AUDIENCE**

Holy Mother! What a face! So ugly!

One young man, ANGELO, doesn't hide his face. He looks up at a young woman, ROSA, in the balcony, who turns and smiles at him.

ALFREDO gives SALVATORE a wooden stool. He's had it made especially for him, so he can be high enough to reach the reels of the projector and the arc lamp.

SALVATORE climbs up on it. He laughs, all excited.

**ALFREDO**

Now you can run it by yourself.

SALVATORE gives another smile. He is posing in a photographer's studio . He is all dressed up for first communion, holding a white lily. The flash goes off like lightning during a storm. Now SALVATORE is posing next to his mother and little sister. They smile without hugging. Another flash of light. Click!

**22 FIFTH GRADE. INT. DAY**

Another click. The transparency of Rita Hayworth in her black gown from Gilda. MASINO is pasting it inside a minute pair of plastic field glasses. Other pupils crowd around him in excitement.

**MASINO**

(In a whisper)

Christ, what a piece of ass!!!

But there is not a cheerful atmosphere in the class - on the contrary, a strange silence. The pupils are all standing around the teacher's desk, having received their end-of-the-year report cards.

PEPPINO, who shared SALVATORE s desk, is saying goodbye to his schoolmates. BOCCIA, COLA, the others. They have serious, sad expressions. He and SALVATORE kiss like grown-ups. The TEACHER is standing among them. One of the schoolmates does not respond lo PEPPINO's goodbye gesture. He takes a few steps back, serious, scared, his eyes lowered.

**TEACHER**

Di Francesco, aren't you saying goodbye to your schoolmate?

(DI FRANCESCO gives his head a little shake. The TEACHER leans over to him.)

But why?

(DI FRANCESCO whispers, almost into her ear.)

**DI FRANCESCO**

My father says he's a Communist...

**23 SQUARE AND PROJECTION BOOTH, CINEMA PARADISO. EXT/INT. DAY**

Another farewell scene in the square. PEPPINO to his grandparents. His father and mother are also there, saying goodbye to the old folks. There are tears. The cardboard suitcases tied with string are loaded on to the luggage rack of the black car. The scene is watched by SALVATORE and ALFREDO, up in the window of the projection booth. They look like old friends. On the sound monitor, the strains of some American musical comedy tune.

**SALVATORE**

Will they really find work in Germany?

**ALFREDO**

Who knows?...It's like an adventure.  
(In a theatrical voice)  
Hope springs eternal...  
(PEPPINO from the distance gives one last wave at the window of the projection booth. SALVATORE waves back.)

**SALVATORE**

Peppinoooo! Come back soon!!  
(The black car drives off, leaving a cloud of dust that envelops the suppressed sobs of the grandparents standing there waving handkerchiefs. SALVATORE watches the car drive off. He mumbles:)  
Good thing Germany's closer than Russia.

ALFREDO rubs his hand through his hair.

**24 CINEMA PARADISO. BALCONY AND BOOTH. INT. EVENING**

The lion's head with the beam of light, seen from the balcony. SALVATORE'S face appears in the hole beside it, as he peers

down at the images of the Settimana Incom newsreel.

The audience is distracted. The snoring of a man sleeping can be heard.

A pair of urchins pick up a cockroach with their hands, tip-toe down the

aisle. The sleeping man is the same old BLACKSMITH, with his head thrown back. A little hand drops the cockroach into the gaping mouth. The URCHINS take to their heels. The BLACKSMITH squirms, wake up with a start. Spits, while everybody laughs. The newsreel is now about missing soldiers in Russia.

#### **COMMENTATOR**

The Defense Minister has announced a new list of names of Italian soldiers, so far considered missing and now confirmed as dead. Families concerned will be notified directly by military authorities.

SALVATORE pays careful attention, sees the black-and-white shots of the last war. The Russian campaign. The troops in the snow. Now in detail a heap of personal objects found on the corpses. Documents, clothing, glasses, photographs. One quick detail catches SALVATORE's eye among those photographs, for one instant he sees one he thinks he recognizes. He quickly sticks a slip of paper into the take-up reel, as when marking the kisses to be cut.

#### **25 PREFECTURE. CITY. INT. DAY**

The hands of an OFFICIAL tear off several forms and give them to MARIA who is sitting in front of the desk. She is dressed in black. SALVATORE stands beside her, holding her hand. They have black bands on their arms. An empty stare in their eyes. MARIA is pale, a cold look in her sunken eyes. Her heart is bursting in her breast. And a lump in her throat prevents her from speaking. She looks at her husband's belongings, identifies them a gold chain, an ID card and the photograph, the one SALVATORE saw in the newsreel. MARIA strokes it with her fingers. SALVATORE comes up and looks, as the OFFICIAL concludes:

#### **OFFICIAL**

...Unfortunately we don't know what war cemetery he's buried in...This is the form for the pension. If you'd like to sign it...

**26 PREFECTURE AND CITY STREET. EXT. DAY**

MARIA walks through the city. She holds SALVATORE by the hand.  
SALVATORE looks  
up, trying to catch her eye. He sees her crying, in silence.  
The heartbroken  
tears of someone who has lost the one last hope, but held back,  
so as not to be  
seen by the child. SALVATORE presses close and puts his arm  
around her waist.  
They turn the corner, and walk off in the noisy city,  
disfigured by the ruins of  
war. A poster for Gone with the Wind catches SALVATORE's eye.  
He smiles.

**27 CINEMA PARADISO. BOX OFFICE. PROJECTION BOOTH. SQUARE.  
INT/EXT. EVENING**

Winter has returned. On the screen, a sequence from I pompieri  
di Viggiu. The  
theatre is jam full. The sea of heads sways and shakes at the  
irresistible jokes  
of Toto.

Some people have climbed up on the window-sills. The aisles are  
crammed, and the  
way down to the screen, where grown-ups and children sit on the  
floor, their  
noses in the air. Some people munch crusts of bread they've  
brought along from  
home. Almost everybody is smoking. A woman laughs, holding the  
baby she is  
nursing. In one corner, at the end of one of the aisles jammed  
with people  
standing, a girl laughs, but every now and then her expression  
reveals a look of  
deep pleasure.

Her body moves slightly. Clinging to her from the rear is a man  
bathed in sweat.

They are making love standing there among the crowd, which  
notices nothing and  
goes on laughing.

In the balcony ANGELO is holding hands with ROSA.  
The curtain over the entrance is open. People are also standing  
there,  
seeing what they can from the distance, even a corner of the  
screen

through the forest of heads. But the line continues on  
outside...All the  
way to the entrance of the movie house, out in the square.  
There are  
crowds of people, shivering from the cold, who protest, shove,  
risk  
provoking incidents. The PRIEST, Father Adelfio, is exhausted,  
tries to  
calm them down.

**PRIEST**

Don't shove! There's no room! For  
heaven's sake! I can't  
give another showing, it's late!

**VOICES IN CROWD**

Father Adelfio, we've been here for  
an hour! There are people inside  
who've seen it twice! ! ! Move on!!  
Ouch!! My foot!!!

It has just stopped raining, the bell-tower rings eleven  
o'clock. On  
the poster of the film a ' LAST DAY' sticker. The PRIEST, the  
TICKET-SELLER, the USHER and TWO CARABINIERES push the crowd  
back, close the  
front door. The protest grows louder. Fists pound the door.

**CROWD**

Open up!!! Father Adelfio!!  
(The audience in the  
theatre hears the uproar.  
Reacts:)

**AUDIENCE**

Ssssh! Sssssh! Be quiet out there!!  
What the hell!  
(From the window of the  
projection booth, ALFREDO  
and SALVATORE look at the  
crowd down below, yelling  
and complaining. Some of  
the people look up at  
them. )

**VOICES IN CROWD**

Alfredooo! We want to get in!...  
Tomorrow you're taking it off!  
(ALFREDO spreads his arms  
out as if to say there s  
nothing he can do.)

**SALVATORE**

Why can't we show the same film tomorrow?

**ALFREDO**

It's got to be sent to another town. And if we don't the owner of that movie house gets pissed off.

**SALVATORE**

Too bad!

The crowd sways nervously. The CARABINIERES give order.

**CARABINIERES**

(Exasperated)

Stop! Go home, all of you! Otherwise somebody's going to end up in jail! That's enough!

**ALFREDO**

(Dramatically)

'Joe! A mob doesn't think, doesn't know what it's doing...'

(SALVATORE gives him a curious, inquisitive look. ALFREDO smiles.)

Spencer Tracy said it in Fury.

(Mischievously)

What'd you say if we let these poor devils see the film, Toto?

(SALVATORE stares at him in amazement, all excited.)

**SALVATORE**

Wonderful! But how can it be done?

ALFREDO turns away from the window. He gives a smirk, imitates the tough American movie stars.

**ALFREDO**

You don't believe my words, but you'll have to believe your own eyes!...And now get your ass off that damn stool, boy!

SALVATORE laughs, eagerly, as if he were about to see a whole new movie. He climbs off the stool. Both of them move towards the projector...

**28 PROJECTION BOOTH AND SQUARE. INT/EXT. EVENING**

Trying not to put his hand in front of the lens, ALFREDO removes the frame with the glass that protects the projection. He wheels it around and motions SALVATORE to look...On the wall behind the projector: the film picture appears gradually, reflected by the glass, moves as the glass moves all the way over to the window looking out over the square. There it disappears. SALVATORE can barely believe his eyes, as if it were a piece of magic. He takes a quick look through the hole to see if the film is still showing on the screen. It is.

**ALFREDO**

(Mysteriously)

Go to the window, boy, and have a look...

SALVATORE goes over to the window. Looks out. The reflected beam of light ends up on the white row of houses facing the square. It's like another screen. Except the images are backwards, like when you look in a mirror. And here and there are the windows of the houses...For SALVATORE, it's a wonderful spectacle, like a dream, ravishing.

**SALVATORE**

Alfredo, it's beautiful.

(A voice is heard in the crowd of people jammed around the entrance to the movie house.)

**VOICE IN CROWD**

(Shouting)

Hey, look there!! The movie!!

(All heads turn to look at the house behind them.)

**CROWD**

Oh, praise the Lord!! It's true!

Look! The movie!! There's Toto!!

Hurry! Hurry!...THANKS, ALFREDO0000!!

And everybody runs over to the other side of the square, in front

of the strange new screen. ALFREDO and SALVATORE watch with glittering eyes.

SALVATORE lays his hand on the shoulder of his great pal.

**SALVATORE**

Good for you, Alfredo!

A close-up of Toto projected on the houses, and one of the windows opens. A MAN

appears, in his pajamas. Dazzled by the light, he shades his eyes with his hand.

He sees all those people looking at him and laughing together.

**CROWD**

Shut the window!! Shut the window! Go to bed!!

The MAN is dazed. Doesn't now what's going on. Looks around, and sees the

black-and-white figures of the film dancing around him. He pops back inside,

slams the window shut, almost cared.

**VOICES IN CROWD**

(To ALFREDO)

Sound!!! Sound!! Alfredooooo!!

**ALFREDO**

What do you say, should we make them happy?

**SALVATORE**

(Smiling)

Sure, sure!

ALFREDO takes the loudspeaker of the monitor, rings it over to the window,

turns it around towards the square. He turns up the volume and the sound-track

fills the square. A chorus of approval.

**CROWD**

Aaaaaaaa! At last!

**ALFREDO**

(Looking at SALVATORE)

Do you want to go down there?

(SALVATORE gives a contented nod.)

Go on.

SALVATORE runs on. ALFREDO looks wistfully towards the huge image in the square. Down in the square SALVATORE heads for the crowd, his eyes trained on the house-front screen. Behind him, the door of the movie house opens. The PRIEST, Father Adelfio, sees the film being projected on the house front, the people standing or sitting on the ground, laughing. His eyes nearly pop out of his head. Then he motions over the TICKET-SELLER, whispers something into his ear. The TICKET-SELLER strides over to the shivering spectators, pulls the pad of tickets out of his pocket.

**TICKET-SELLER**

Ladies and gentlemen! You have to buy tickets! Reduced rate!

An irresistible chorus of Bronx cheers washes over him. SALVATORE looks around, highly amused.

**CROWD**

Fuck off!! The square belongs to everybody!  
(The VILLAGE IDIOT peers Out Of the crowd, all worked up.)

**VILLAGE IDIOT**

No!!! The square's mine!!! Come on, kids, no joking around here!!! Otherwise...

The crowd roars with laughter. SALVATORE laughs too, as if carried away by it all. And over the general merriment looms the shadow of ALFREDO, standing in the window of the projection booth. All at once, on the house-front screen, the image of Toto slows down for an instant, a white blister appears and spreads until it fills the whole screen. The crowd gives a start of bewilderment and fear. SALVATORE jerks his head around to look at the booth.

**29 PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. DAY**

The film bursts violently into flame among the gears and sprockets of the

projector. ALFREDO is taken off-guard. He breaks the film running into the take-up reel, but is unable to do it for the delivery reel. He grabs the film which is catching fire and pulls it out quickly, tries to stop the flames from reaching the reel in the fireproof housing. A desperate race against the speed of the fire. The flames on the floor burn his legs. ALFREDO gives a jump, slows down the movement of his hands for an instant and inevitably the flames run ahead, reach the upper housing. It's like an explosion. The flames leap out, striking him full in the face. ALFREDO doesn't have time to scream, struggles desperately and falls to the floor. Meanwhile the flames envelop everything.

### **30 SQUARE.EXT.EVENING**

The flash of the flames flares up in the windows of the projection booth. SALVATORE is appalled, elbows his way through the moving crowd. Inside the movie house the murmuring of the audience can be heard, growing louder and louder. A scream...

### **31: CINEMA PARADISO. INT. EVENING**

A violent spurt of flames leaps out of the mouth of the plaster lion's head, into the darkness broken by the screams of people rushing for the exits.

### **32 SQUARE AND CINEMA PARADISO ENTRANCE. EXT. EVENING**

The crowd streaks out of the movie house, enveloped in a cloud of black smoke.

#### **CROWD**

Heeeelp! Run for your lives!!!

In the general panic, SALVATORE tries in vain to get inside, elbows his way towards the street with the stairs leading to the projection booth. The audience clashes against him, knocks him to the ground, almost trampling him underfoot. He is suddenly seized by a superhuman force; gets up, claws his way desperately

ahead, with people falling on top of him and to the floor. He finally succeeds,  
starts up the stairs...

### **33 CINEMA PARADISO. STAIRS AND PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. EVENING**

The place is filled with smoke. The air is suffocating. SALVATORE streaks up the stairs, gasping for breath. The projection booth is enveloped in flames.

ALFREDO's body on the floor, burning. SALVATORE moves quickly, throws a blanket

over his shoulders, drags him by the feet over to the stairs, as boxes and other objects fall on him. Using the same blanket, he stamps out the flames that have

seared ALFREDO'S clothes. With the force of desperation, he drags him further

down the stairs which have been reached by the smoke but not by the flames.

ALFREDO doesn't move, his face is burnt. SALVATORE looks at him and only now is

panic-stricken, lets out a terrified shriek, like a wounded colt.

#### **SALVATORE**

Alfredo! Heeeeelp! Help!!!

### **34 CINEMA PARADISO. INT. EVENING**

The plaster lion looks like a dragon spitting fire and smoke. The statue of the

Virgin Mary is also in flames. And the movie screen.

### **35 SQUARE AND CINEMA PARADISO. EXT. EVENING**

The fire has been put out. Nothing remains of the movie house but the skeleton.

Everything has gone up in smoke.

People stand around, dismayed. They gather around the PRIEST, who is at once

grieved and shocked, to express their solidarity and comfort.

#### **VOICES**

What a pity! Poor Alfredo! What a terrible thing!! Cheer up, Father, is there something we can do?'

#### **VILLAGE IDIOT**

(Laughing)

Burnt up...Burnt up.

**PRIEST**

What'll we do now! The town will have  
to get along without movies! Who's  
got the money to rebuild it?

CICCIO SPACCAFICO, the man who won the Sisal pools, comes up,  
dressed in style.

He looks up at the charred cinema. It looks like a battlefield  
after an enemy  
attack. From the smoke and ashes to...

**36 CINEMA PARADISO. EXT. EVENING**

...The great lighted sign of the CINEMA PARADISO . The movie  
house has been  
rebuilt. New facade. New billboards. There are people  
moving about the entrance. It is the evening of the  
inauguration...

**37 CINEMA PARADISO. INT. EVENING**

The lobby is crowded with people, authorities, special guests.  
There is the  
MAYOR, FATHER ADELFFIO and the new owner, CICCIO SPACCAFICO,  
dressed to the  
teeth. The MAYOR cuts the ribbon. Flashbulbs pop. Clapping.

**GUESTS**

Cheers' Congratulations, Don Ciccio!

The procession advances towards the stairs leading into the  
theatre. FATHER  
ADELFIO, with a nostalgic sigh, blesses the lobby, then the  
corridor. Lastly,  
the new auditorium, which resounds with toasts and cheers.

**AUDIENCE**

To the Cinema Paradiso!

The PRIEST sprinkles the new seats, the walls, the screen with  
holy water...

**38 CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. EVENING**

Now FATHER ADELFFIO is blessing the brand-new projection booth.  
He also blesses  
the new projectionist: SALVATORE. He is very nervous, but  
serious, self-  
possessed. His worried-looking mother is also there for the  
occasion. The PRIEST  
turns to SPACCAFICO.

**PRIEST**

How'd you solve his being under age?

**SPACCAFICO**

I took out a license as  
projectionist, thanks to friends down  
at the guild offices. But I don't  
know a thing about it. Officially, I  
do the job...

(Smiling at Salvatore)

...but Toto earns the money.

**PRIEST**

Fine.

(To SALVATORE)

Always be careful, my boy. Don't ever  
go to sleep. Be sure another accident  
doesn't happen. Do everything poor  
Alfredo taught you. And may God bless  
you.

SALVATORE nods his head seriously, assuming a responsible  
expression. His  
mother kisses the PRIEST's hand.

**MARIA**

Thanks, Father. Thanks.

**SPACCAFICO**

And now enough of this gloomy  
atmosphere. Life goes on! I want to  
see you happy and smiling!

**39 CINEMA PARADISO. INT. EVENING**

Laughter. The laughter of the large audience at the first  
showing of the  
inauguration film. Among the spectators, SALVATORE'S mother,  
MARIA, and his kid  
sister, El A. Up on the screen, a man and a woman kiss. The  
first time a kiss  
has been seen at the Cinema Paradiso. The audience murmurs,  
surprised and  
excited.

**AUDIENCE**

Ooooooh! They're kissing!! Look at  
that!! Christ, that's news!!

An OLD LADY sitting next to the MAYOR, crosses herself,  
flabbergasted. CICCIO

SPACCAFICO chuckles. Rubs his hands: these are going to be golden times for him.

FATHER ADELFFIO gets up and stalks out of the theatre, indignant; he'll never set foot in the place again. The love theme gets louder and louder...

**40 PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. EVENING**

The same music spreads through the booth from the monitor. SALVATORE is by himself. He is watching the film through the hole but strangely enough, the story doesn't absorb him. ALFREDO'S absence makes him nervous, he gazes at the stool he used to sit on. It has been repainted. A voice from the rear of the cabin:

**ANNA'S VOICE**

Toto?...

SALVATORE turns and at the top of the stairs sees SIGNORA ANNA and behind her, ALFREDO, her husband. He is wearing a pair of dark glasses and walks with the help of a cane. He has lost his sight, but not his spirit. He smiles:

**ALFREDO**

Any room for me in this Cinema Paradiso?  
(SALVATORE runs over and embraces him.)

**SALVATORE**

Come in, Alfredo.

**ANNA**

(to SALVATORE)  
Toto, will you bring him home when you close down?

**SALVATORE**

Yes. Signora Anna.  
(To ALFREDO)  
I'm glad you came.

Cut to:

ALFREDO is now sitting there immobile. He listens to the soundtrack of the film.

SALVATORE studies the way he stares into empty space, and the idea of darkness frightens him. There is something new in ALFREDO'S manner, as if having grazed death and the loss of his sight had endowed him with a deeper knowledge of men and life.

**ALFREDO**

How's school?

**SALVATORE**

OK. OK. But now that I've got a job, I'll probably stop going...

**ALFREDO**

Don't do that...Sooner or later you'll be left empty-handed.

**SALVATORE**

Why? What do you mean?

**ALFREDO**

Toto, this isn't for you. For the moment, the Cinema Paradiso needs you, and you need the Cinema Paradiso. But it won't last...Some day you'll have other things to do, more important things...

(He reaches out and touches SALVATORE'S face to 'feel' his expression.)

That's right, more important. I know it. Now that I've lost my sight I see more.

I see everything I didn't see before...

(As ALFREDO moves his hand from SALVATORE's face, we see that he is now a young man, and that ALFREDO is older, grayer.)

And it's all thanks to you, who saved my life. And I'll never forget it...

(SALVATORE doesn't understand his strange words. ALFREDO can 'feel' he is troubled.)

And don't put on that look. I haven't gone off my head yet. You want proof?

And he gives a joking smile. SALVATORE is curious, expects one of his fiendish tricks.

**SALVATORE**

(Smiling)  
Yes. I want proof.

**ALFREDO**

For example, at this moment the film's out of focus. Go see.

SALVATORE stands up in disbelief. He looks through the hole, and indeed the film is out of focus. He puts it back into focus, flabbergasted.

**ALFREDO**

(Smiling)  
It's hard to explain, Toto...

**41 CAFE IN THE SQUARE. INT/EXT. MORNING**

- the As the BILL-POSTER attaches to the café door a poster of Catene coming attraction at the Cinema Paradiso - CICCIO SPACCAFICO is speaking on the phone in the phone booth. He is clearly peeved.

**SPACCAFICO**

Only two days? Are you joking?!...  
What do I care if all the copies are reserved?...Catene for only two days in a place like this! Why, people will eat me alive!...

(Standing beside him listening is SALVATORE. He is carrying school books under his arm. In the café, several curious ONLOOKERS laugh as through the café window they watch some unemployed PEASANT MEN dancing together at the club. SPACCAFICO listens nervously, then shrieks as if he were about to eat the phone.)  
...I know, I know. But even if I start showing at eight in the morning it wouldn't be enough! This is a big town now and you people at the Titanus know it perfectly well! I'm your sole agent and if I get pissed

off I'll write straight  
to Lombardo, in Rome!! I'll give you  
guys a good run-around!! If I get my  
dander up, I can let fly, if my  
name's Spaccafico!!

Cut to:

SPACCAFICO AND SALVATORE are now outside the café, head towards  
the square. In  
front of the movie house, the CHARWOMAN is at work. SPACCAFICO  
is so nervous he  
lights two cigarettes without noticing it. SALVATORE is turning  
something over  
in his mind.

**SALVATORE**

Don Ciccio, I've got an idea...You  
remember that old abandoned movie  
house where they're supposed to build  
those low-rent houses?

**SPACCAFICO**

So what's that got to do with it?

**SALVATORE**

The projector's all rusty, but I  
could fix it in two or three days.  
Give the place a good cleaning, put  
in some seats and bring in a  
projectionist and we'll show Catene  
in two houses.

**SPACCAFICO**

(Shrieking)

What the fuck you talking about? You  
getting into the act too, Toto?  
Titanus has trouble giving me even  
one copy and I have to say thanks! If  
I ask for two, the least they'll do  
is cut off my head and play ball with  
it!

A shrewd look glitters in SALVATORE s eyes. He smiles.

**SALVATORE**

Who says we need two copies?

**42 CINEMA PARADISO. INT. DAY**

The house is jammed with people. Almost bursting at the seams.  
The last scenes

of Catene move across the screen. Tears stream down the faces of the men and women. The children are unusually silent. Even the BLACKSMITH is awake, indeed whispers ahead of time all the lines of Nazzari and Yvonne Sanson, knows them by heart. Among the crowd in the balcony there is ALFREDO and his wife, the MAYOR, DON VINCENZO the landowner, the schoolteachers. Now the music is loud, heart-rending. 'THE END' appears on screen. The lights go on. And there is a great din and uproar as one audience leaves and another arrives. The race for empty seats. Quarrels. The CARABINIERES help the USHER maintain order and persuade the people who want to see the film again to get up and leave.

**USHER**

(Exasperate)]

That's enough now! You've seen it ten times! I need the seats! I wish you'd all get the galloping runs!

**CARABINIERES**

Easy! Easy! Through the emergency exits, quick! Stop the jabbering!!

**43 CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT.**

The end of the film slips through the sprockets. SALVATORE switches off the motor. He is particularly fast in taking the reel out of the housing. And even faster in dropping it into the sack BOCCIA is holding open for him.

**SALVATORE**

Now get running and bring me the first reel. Meanwhile I'll start showing the news!

**BOCCIA**

OK, Toto!

**44 VILLAGE STREETS AND COUNTRYSIDE. EXT. DAY**

BOCCIA speeds like an arrow on his bicycle through the village streets. Tied to the parcel-rack is the sack containing the second part of Catene. He now turns

off the main street and takes a short-cut down a country road.  
He pedals as fast  
as he can. Until he disappears into the distance, beyond the  
trees.

**45 ENTRANCE OLD ABANDONED MOVIE HOUSE. EXT. DAY**

BOCCIA finally reaches the old movie house, which has been more  
or less spruced  
up. Here too people are lined up in front of the posters of  
Catene. CICCIO  
SPACCAFICO is waiting impatiently on an outside staircase. He  
too is holding a  
sack, containing the first part of the film. The bicycle pulls  
up in front of  
him. The sacks are exchanged.

**SPACCAFICO**

Quick! Give it to me! Here's the  
first part. Get moving!

BOCCIA heads back to the Cinema Paradiso, to take the first  
part to SALVATORE.

SPACCAFICO dashes up the stairs, and hands the sack to a MAN  
standing in the  
door, through which the bare projection booth can be seen, and  
the projector  
which SALVATORE has put back into working order. SPACCAFICO  
yells in excitement.

**SPACCAFICO**

Here you are! Quick, quick!! People  
are waiting!

**46 OLD ABANDONED MOVIE HOUSE. INT. DAY**

In fact, inside the old freezing cold movie house, the audience  
is grumbling.

Everyone is wrapped in overcoats and woollen scarves and are  
sitting on chairs

they've brought from home and wooden benches. The hum of the  
projector is heard

at last. The lights go down. The grumbling subsides. The words  
'PART TWO' appear

on screen and then the images of the film.

**47 VARIOUS COUNTRY ROADS AND VILLAGE STREETS. EXT. DAY/SUNDOWN**

Meanwhile BOCCIA pedals his way swiftly through the countryside  
on his way to  
the Cinema Paradiso...

**FADE.**

Now BOCCIA is on his way back to the old movie house. To carry out another exchange of sacks containing the reels of film.

**FADE.**

Another race back to Cinema Paradiso. BOCCIA starts looking tired, his breath is short. And daylight starts fading into the colours of sundown.

**FADE.**

The last fading light of sundown.-BOCCIA is pedalling once more back to the old movie house. With the same sack tied to the parcel-rack. He is exhausted. On his last legs. He slows down, then stops.

**48 CINEMA PARADISO. INT. EVENING**

The lights are still on. In the thick blanket of smoke, the crowd stirs nervously. Shouting. Whistling.

**AUDIENCE**

Hey, when's it starting!! We've got ploughing to do in the morning!!  
Toto, get a move on!! Heeey!!

**49 PROJECTION BOOTH. INT/EXT. EVENING**

In the booth, the projector is turned off. SALVATORE looks nervously out of the window...at the square. But not a sign of BOCCIA. A CARABINIERE peers in through one of the holes.

**CARABINIERE**

What are we going to do, Toto? The whole place here is up in arms. They've been waiting more than a half hour.

**SALVATORE**

What can I do?

**50 OLD ABANDONED MOVIE HOUSE. INT. EVENING**

Here too the audience is up in arms. They're waiting for Part Two to start.

CICCIO SPACCAFICO tears his hair with rage.

**SPACCAFICO**

Where's the fucking bastard got to?

**SPECTATOR**

Let's get one thing straight, Don Ciccio! I'm waiting ten minutes more, and if you haven't started... you're giving me my money back!!

**AUDIENCE**

(In chorus)

Well said! Well said! We want our money back!!

**SPACCAFICO**

Easy! Easy! What about my showing you the first part again? Huh?

People shout, whistle, give Bronx cheers.

**AUDIENCE**

No! First part, my foot! We want to see how the story ends!!

Down in the front row, PASQUALE, the man who sells black market cigarettes, stands up.

**PASQUALE**

I've seen the whole works! You want me to tell you how it ends?

A shoe comes flying at him.

**AUDIENCE**

Nooo! No! Shut up, you jerk!!

**51 VILLAGE STREETS AND COUNTRY ROADS. EXT. EVENING**

SALVATORE has got himself a bicycle and is going off to look for

BOCCIA. He pedals fast, turns into the country short cut. Looks around not a sign of Boccia. By now it is dark. He sees a MAN in the window of a farmhouse, calls out to him.

**SALVATORE**

Boccia! Boccia!

SALVATORE rides on. Now he's in the open country. All of a sudden he seems to hear something. He stops. Pricks up his ears. It's a sort of moan - he can't figure out if it's an animal or a man. He turns on the flashlight he has brought along. Takes a closer look around.

Catches sight of a bicycle wheel on the ground behind a bush. That's where the moan is coming from! He creeps over in alarm. Next to the bicycle he now catches sight of the sack with the film. And the moaning gets louder.

**SALVATORE**

(Alarmed)

Boccia, what's wrong?

(He runs over to help his friend. Behind the bush he discovers BOCCIA humped up between the legs of TERESA, a prostitute. He moves with all the fury of his young years.

SALVATORE has never seen people making love before and is speechless.)

Damn you, what are you doing?

**BOCCIA**

(Shouting)

Oh, Christ, it's so good!!!

(And he goes on ramming it home.)

**TERESA**

Hey, cut it out! Go away. Shoo!

With a confused look on his face, SALVATORE picks up the sack and walks away, looking over his shoulder at the couple who go on tossing around more and more frantically.

BOCCIA lets out a shriek of pleasure that rings through the countryside, as SALVATORE pedals off like a madman and disappears into the trees.

Music and the naked body of Brigitte Bardot. A row of youngsters on the main floor stare at the naked actress, all excited. A regular rhythmic tremor runs through them, half-hidden by the back of the seats.

A scene from a horror film. The frightened faces of the audience. Off in one corner, the door of the men's toilet opens and a MAN with a contented look comes out, followed by TERESA, who motions another one to come in. In the projection booth, SALVATORE is eating the meal his mother has brought him.

A gangster film. The tense faces of the audience. A gun battle. Rounds of machine-gunfire in the night. The shots echo through the theatre. A LITTLE BOY claps his hands over his ears. Alternating with the machine-gunfire on screen, a real pistol shoots the back of one of the spectators, the landowner DON VINCENZO, who slumps down in his seat without anybody noticing...The shooting continues up on screen...

SALVATORE'S hand holds a lighted match under a piece of film, before the horrified eyes of SPACCAFICO and the USHER, and the puzzled expression of **ALFREDO.**

**SALVATORE**

What'd I tell you? It doesn't catch fire!

**ALFREDO**

Progress! It always arrives too late!

A scene from Seven Brides for Seven Brothers. The only empty seat in the theatre is the one where DON VINCENZO was killed. A flower has been tied to it with string. All the other seats are taken.

Fade to:

ROSA and ANGELO are sitting next to each other. They are watching a different film. But she has a baby in her arms they have got married, have set up a family.

down  
its  
In the balcony, the MAN with the face of a public notary spits  
below with a contented look. But this time the main floor takes  
revenge and a blob of shit hits him square in the face.

**53 CINEMA PARADISO. INT. MORNING**

Light filters in  
coming attractions  
In the morning the theatre is empty. All the doors are shut.  
through the open windows up above, illuminates the posters of  
and the yellowish screen. Off-screen, a woman's voice  
and a boy's voice are heard.

**TERESA'S VOICE**

(Off-screen)  
Come on...That's right...relax...  
(Laughing)  
...Don't be scared...

**SALVATORE'S VOICE**

(Off-screen)  
Is it true that if I bleed I've got  
to squeeze lemon juice on it?

**TERESA'S VOICE (Off-screen)**

(A loud laugh)  
Lemon juice?...That's a new one for  
you! Who tells you this crap...Take  
it easy...That's right...You see,  
it's not painful, is it?

is  
Slow pan along the walls of the theatre, the empty aisles,  
discovers SALVATORE on the floor between the seats with  
TERESA, the prostitute who has already been seen. SALVATORE is  
making love for the first time in his life. He is awkward and  
clumsy. There is an uncertain look in his eyes, his livid face  
dripping with sweat.

**TERESA**

...There you are! That's right,  
that's right! Keep going...  
(SALVATORE is quicker, has  
learned the lesson. TERESA  
goads him on.)  
Ah!!! There, now you're a real man! A  
man! ? A real calf!  
(SALVATORE's panting  
slackens into a deep sigh

of pleasure.)

**54 VARIOUS SETTINGS. INT/EXT. DAY**

The blade of a knife, clutched in a hardened hand. A blow. A cry of pain. A calf falls like a dead weight to the ground...SALVATORE photographs the animal in the throes of death with his 8mm movie camera. As well as the faces of the MEN who now bleed and skin it quickly. In the vast slaughter-house, the voices of the men and animals mingle together.

SALVATORE'S eye is quick to catch the most unexpected expressions of ordinary people. His movie camera is always ready, like a hunter's rifle. Now he is shooting...

A meeting in the square: the passionate reactions of the peasants listening to a speaker who flails his arms around.

At school: the old SCHOOLMISTRESS sitting at her desk, sunk in God knows what dreams, her eyes staring off into empty space, as a tear runs down her pale, unhappy face, and the unknowing STUDENTS carry out their assignments.

At the railroad station: the nervous excitement of the people waiting on the platforms. SALVATORE pans his camera on to TWO MEN fighting. But an arriving train comes in between. Salvatore follows the train, pans along the cars. The train stops.

-A door opens and the passengers climb out. Several TRADERS, a CARABINTERE, a group of commuting STUDENTS, the TICKET-COLLECTOR, a distinguished looking COUPLE and lastly, a GIRL who stops in the middle of the viewfinder. SALVATORE is immediately attracted by her face. He goes on shooting without leaving it a moment. He follows her through the lens. She is very beautiful, must be around sixteen, a simple, sweet face, blue eyes. She is certainly the daughter of the

distinguished looking COUPLE who got off just before she did. The little family moves off down the platform. Salvatore follows the girl's movements, as if hypnotized. Now she passes by him, turns towards him for one moment, as if trying to figure out where he is aiming that funny-looking gadget. SALVATORE smiles at her, entranced.

**55 HIGH SCHOOL. COURTYARD. ENTRANCE. EXT. MORNING**

The JANITOR is ringing the bell. In the courtyard, on the other side of the gate, the STUDENTS prepare to enter. SALVATORE is with a group of schoolmates, including BOCCIA. And they all stare, wide-eyed, at the GIRL from the station. She has her books under her arm and is walking by herself.

**SALVATORE**

You know that one there?

**BOCCIA**

She's new. Not bad though. Nice-looking.

(SALVATORE has the look of somebody seeking for an idea, some way of picking up a conversation with her.)

**SECOND STUDENT**

Her father s the new bank director. Loaded, luxury and easy living!

**FIRST STUDENT**

People who jerk off with a shirt so they won't get their hands dirty.  
(Laughs.)

All at once, BOCCIA and SALVATORE notice that the GIRL drops her lunch without noticing as she is about to enter the school. They fly off, swift as arrows. It's a chance not to be missed. BOCCIA is the quicker, is already in the lead. SALVATORE gives an angry gesture. A flash come into his eyes, the same flash he had as a little

step, boy when he finds the right way to hit home. He picks up his trips BOCCIA and brings him to the ground. He pounces on him and lets go with his fist. He starts running again. Picks the bundle off the ground. Catches up with the GIRL from the station, nervous and inexperienced, but polite.

**SALVATORE**

Look, you dropped this.

And he hands her her lunch with a smile. She recognizes him.

**ELENA**

Oh, thanks. I hadn't noticed...

She takes the bundle as SALVATORE touches her hand delicately.

**SALVATORE**

My name's Salvatore...And yours?

**ELENA**

(Smiling)

Elena. My name's Elena.

words SALVATORE is very flustered. He feels as if all his blood were throbbing in his head. He tries to say something else, but the catch in his throat.

**SALVATORE**

I...I...The other time at the station.

BOCCIA suddenly grabs him by the collar and yanks him away. ELENA is frightened, puts her hand over her eyes so as not to see.

**56:CINEMA PARADISO.PROJECTION BOOTH.INT.AFTERNOON**

SALVATORE has a black eye, swollen shut. He is setting up a little 8mm projector on a stool. ALFREDO is sitting in one corner. He has come to keep him company. He listens to the sound-track of the movie being shown.

**ALFREDO**

Chaplin's Modern Times! Right, Toto?

**SALVATORE**

That's right, Modern Times.

**ALFREDO**

I've shown it so many times I know it

by heart. The first time I showed it, in 1940, was the Sunday my first wife died. They kept it hidden from me all day so they wouldn't have to close down the movie house. I only found out that night, after the last show. Those are things you never forget...

(Changing his tone.)

So, Toto, how are these home movies going?

(SALVATORE has switched on the little projector and a square of light appears on the wall beside ALFREDO, with the scenes shot in town.)

**SALVATORE**

Yes.

(The shots of the slaughter-house have appeared.)

**ALFREDO**

(Whispering)

What is it, what is it? What's the picture?

**SALVATORE**

It's people in the slaughter-house killing a calf. There's blood all over the floor, like a lake. And through this lake another calf passes by on its way to die.

ALFREDO is concentrated, as if SALVATORE'S description transmitted the real image to him, the colours, the forms. The railway station has appeared on the wall, and the sequence of ELENA. SALVATORE does not move, does not say a word, as he gazes at those blue eyes looking into the camera. ALFREDO senses something funny in the boy's silence.

**ALFREDO**

Now what can you see?

**SALVATORE**

Nothing, there's nothing. It's all out of focus.

**ALFREDO**

(Smiling)

Is there a woman?...Tell me the truth...

(SALVATORE is shamed, uncertain, doesn't know what to say. A tender look filters through ALFREDO's dark glasses. He has obviously caught on and whispers:)

There is a woman.

SALVATORE is forced to admit it, with a sigh.

**SALVATORE**

Yes, it's a girl I saw at the station.

**ALFREDO**

What's she like? What's she like?...

And as other shots of ELENA appear on the screen, SALVATORE describes her. As only somebody in love could.

**SALVATORE**

She's nice. My age...Slender, with long hair, brunette. She had big blue eyes, a simple expression and a little beauty mark on her lip, but really tiny. You can only see it close-up. And when she smiles...She makes you feel...

He stops. Only now does he realize that he has let himself be carried away by passion, by the desire to talk about her. ALFREDO smiles, spellbound...

**ALFREDO**

Eh! Love...what a mystery!

(SALVATORE turns off the projector and heaves a deep sigh, almost of liberation. ALFREDO'S sympathy does him a lot of good. It's nice to be understood. He moves over closer to him. ALFREDO runs his hand through his

hair, whispers:)  
I understand you, Toto...The ones  
with blue eyes are the  
most beautiful. Whatever you do, you  
can't make friends with  
them.

(SALVATORE is comforted by  
the way he talks. He  
didn't think it  
was possible to put into  
words the things he has  
felt since meeting  
ELENA. He nods his head.  
ALFREDO sighs.)

Eh, there's nothing to be done about  
it! The heavier a man is,  
the deeper his footprints. And if  
he's in love, he suffers,  
because he knows he's up a one-way  
street. Because love is a  
meaningless thing when a man gets it  
into his head to do what  
he wants...

(SALVATORE is touched by  
his sensitivity, by his  
intense, passionate, sweet  
way of speaking.)

**SALVATORE**

What you say is wonderful! But sad...

**ALFREDO**

(Smiling)

They're not my words. John Wayne said  
it in Shepherd of the Hills.

SALVATORE suddenly changes expression, as if discovering he was  
being made fun  
of.

**SALVATORE**

Stinking two-timer!!  
(And they burst out  
laughing.)

**57: CINEMAPARADISO AND VARIOUS STREETS. EXT. DAY**

A grey, windy day. It is opening-time and the shutters of the  
movie  
house are being rolled up. SALVATORE is about to enter through  
the

small door of the spiral staircase, when in the distance he catches sight of...

ELENA crossing a street with her books under her arm. She is alone.

SALVATORE doesn't stop to think twice, dashes off, runs through streets

full of dust, another square, turns the corner, but has lost sight of her.

He looks around in all directions there she is! He starts running again.

And finally catches up with her, all out of breath, practically speechless with emotion.

**SALVATORE**

Hi, Elena!

**ELENA**

Hi. Why are you running?

**SALVATORE**

No particular reason...

(He is entranced by her eyes. He wants to tell her all sorts of things, say all the words he has memorized a thousand times. But now he can't get them out. His knees tremble. He does his best to overcome his confusion, but all that comes out is:)

Nice day, huh?

(A gust of wind envelops them in a cloud of dust and a clap of thunder rends the air. ELENA laughs, amused by the blunder.)

**ELENA**

Yes, nice day.

(SALVATORE laughs too. He gazes at her long hair tossed by the wind. She turns to leave.)

...I've got to go now. Bye-bye.

**SALVATORE**

Bye-bye, Elena.

(ELENA walks away. And SALVATORE also turns to leave. Only now is he seized by disappointment, regret at not having made the best of the opportunity. He talks to himself.)

...What an idiot! What an idiot!  
'Nice day'! Christ!!

**58: SALVATORE'S BEDROOM. INT. DAY**

SALVATORE projects images of ELENA on his wall. He lies across his bed gazing at her image.

**SALVATORE**

You probably don't believe me, but I'm going to become the leading man in your life. Sure, I don't look like Marlon Brando, but look at me, really look at me. Am I really so ugly? So should I try once more? Maybe It'll succeed. What do you say?

ELENA seems to be saying, Yes. As SALVATORE kisses ELENA, her image disappears.

He is left with his face against the wall in the white light from the projector.

**59: PHONEBOOTH AND ELENA'S HOUSE. INT. DAY**

SALVATORE is in a phone booth. The telephone will certainly help him feel less nervous.

**SALVATORE**

Hello, can I speak to Elena, please?

**WOMANS VOICE**

Yes.

(SALVATORE recognizes ELENA's voice, changes his tone, turns sweeter, more personal.)

**SALVATORE**

Is that you, Elena?

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Yes...

**SALVATORE**

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't recognize your voice. This is Salvatore, remember?

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

Yes...

SALVATORE finally speaks, says everything all in one breath, without stopping, without hesitating, in order to leave no room for shyness.

**SALVATORE**

Listen, I know that every time we see each other I make a fool of myself, but I'm not like that, I swear. It's just that when I see you, I feel shy, the right words don't come to me, I don't have the courage to say that all I do is think about you...

(He has finally got it out. He's dripping with sweat, but happy at having succeeded. He continues.)

That's right, Elena, you're the last thing I think of when I go to sleep and the first when I wake up in the morning. And at night I always dream of you. I know, it's not good on the phone. But please, don't get me wrong. Because I love you very much...

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

(Interrupting him)

If you don't stop phoning her, I'm calling the police!

**SALVATORE**

(Stunned)

But excuse me, who's speaking?

At ELENA'S house, a WOMAN who is visibly in a state is speaking on the phone.

**ELENA'S MOTHER**

I'm Elena's mother, you filthy pig!

SALVATORE feels like dropping through the floor, tries to get a word in to explain, to apologize, but the flood of insults overwhelms him.

**SALVATORE**

I'm sorry, Signora, maybe there's a misunderstanding...I...

**WOMAN'S VOICE**

And don't call my daughter any more.  
Never!

SALVATORE has no choice but to hang up, disappointed, defeated. He's so mad he starts slapping himself.

**60:ALFREDO'S HOUSE.EXT.AFTERNOON**

Good Friday. ALFREDO comes out of his house, leaning on SALVATORE's shoulder. They go off down the street, towards the church. SALVATORE has finished recounting his misadventure.

**ALFREDO**

I told you, the blue-eyed ones are the most difficult.

**SALVATORE**

But why? There must be some way to make her understand!

**ALFREDO**

Don't think about it, Toto. Don't even try. With feelings, there's nothing to understand.

SALVATORE gives an angry gesture. This time ALFREDO'S words do not quiet his frenzy, don't help him. He moves away from him a few steps.

ALFREDO stands there motionless in the middle of the road.

**SALVATORE**

Stop it! I've had enough of your sermons! You act as if you created the world!

(A bicycle streaks by ALFREDO, who gives a startled jump, as if it were about to run into him. He raises his voice, panic-stricken.)

**ALFREDO**

Heeey! Totooooo! Don't get pissed off with me now! Come here! I don't know where the fuck I have to go.

(A MAN on a bicycle almost collides with ALFREDO.

SALVATORE fumes, goes over to him listlessly. ALFREDO puts his hand back on his shoulder and they start walking again. ALFREDO has calmed down, but his voice is determined.)

And the next time be careful how you talk. Not to take credit away from the Lord, but if I had created the world, in all modesty, certain things would have come out better. But unfortunately such was not the case.

**SALVATORE**

(Laughing)

You see, it s like I say. You always have an answer for everything.

**ALFREDO**

I want to make you happy, Toto! I'm going to tell you a story.

(And he squeezes SALVATORE'S shoulder. It's the signal for taking a rest. They sit in a doorway. ALFREDO starts telling his story, and his way of speaking is hypnotic, magical. With those eyes lost in empty space, it's as if his thoughts and his words came in from some other dimension, mysterious, hidden...)

Once upon a time a king gave a feast and there were all the most beautiful princesses of the realm. Basta, one of the guards, saw the king's daughter: she was the loveliest of all! And he immediately fell in love with her. But what could a poor soldier do compared with a king's

daughter?!...One day he managed to meet her and told her he couldn't live without her. The princess was so struck by the depth of his feeling that she said to the soldier 'If you will wait a hundred days and a hundred nights beneath my balcony, then in the end I'll be yours.' Christ, the soldier ran off there and waited! One day, two days, ten, twenty...Every night she looked out of her window, but he never budged. Come rain, wind, snow, never budged! The birds shat on him and the bees ate him alive! After ninety nights he was gaunt and pale and tears streamed from his eyes but he couldn't hold them back. He didn't even have the strength to sleep any more. The princess kept watch...And on the ninety-ninth night, the soldier got up, picked up his chair and left!

**SALVATORE**

No! You mean right at the end?  
(SALVATORE is amazed, dumbfounded; that ending has made a deep impression. They start walking again.)

**ALFREDO**

That's right, Toto, right at the end? And don't ask me what it means. If you figure it out, let me know...

**SALVATORE**

I'll be damned'

**61: CHURCH. INT. EVENING**

Before the high altar, the Virgin Mary in tears clutches three spikes in her hand. And beside her is another statue Christ descended from the cross. MEN and WOMEN stand in line to kiss Christ's wounds. Many people are sitting between the pews. SALVATORE helps ALFREDO take a seat, and at that moment catches sight at the far end of ELENA on her way to the confessional.

She kneels down on one side, just as FATHER ADELFIGIO comes out of the middle booth and goes to the altar to say something to the sacristan. SALVATORE'S eyes light up. He has had a brainstorm.

He leans over and whispers something into ALFREDO'S ear. ALFREDO nods his head. SALVATORE is so happy that he gives him a pat on the cheek, like a caress. Then he hurries over to the PRIEST. Says something in a low voice, gesticulates with some agitation, points to the pew where ALFREDO is sitting. The PRIEST tries to say he can't now, but SALVATORE insists, and wins. The PRIEST goes over to ALFREDO, leans over.

**PRIEST**

What is it, Alfredo? Right now, of all times!

**ALFREDO**

(In a grave voice)

Father Adelfio, I have a very serious doubt that is torturing my soul. And you've got to help me, because I've lost all peace of mind...

SALVATORE watches from a distance. He sees the PRIEST put on an alarmed expression and then sit down beside ALFREDO. Everything's ready. He creeps over to the confessional. ELENA is there, kneeling down waiting for the PRIEST to arrive. In an instant, without anyone noticing, SALVATORE pops inside the confessional. He shuts the little door below and draws the purple curtain. On the other side of grille, only a few inches away, those eyes that keep him awake all night.

**ELENA**

Father, I have sinned...

**SALVATORE**

(In a low voice)

We'll talk about that later.

**ELENA**

(Surprised)

But...who...

**SALVATORE**

(Interrupting her)  
Sssssh, Be quiet, pretend  
everything's normal. I'm Salvatore.

ELENA'S eyes pop in amazement.

**ELENA**

What are you doing here?

Meanwhile ALFREDO and the PRIEST continue their unusual and animated discussion.

The PRIEST is appalled, crosses himself.

**PRIEST**

But Alfredo, what you're saying is  
horrifying!

**ALFREDO**

I know. But take the-miracle of the  
loaves and fishes, for example! I  
think about it a lot...How is it  
possible for...

In the confessional, the whispered conversation between  
SALVATORE and ELENA  
continues.

**ELENA**

(Annoyed)  
There was a terrible rumpus at home.  
My mother told my father. And how  
could you have mistaken my voice?!

SALVATORE is mortified, on tenterhooks, keeps an eye on ALFREDO  
and the PRIEST  
through a crack in the curtain.

**SALVATORE**

Forgive me, Elena. It was stupid of  
me. But I had to talk to you.

She looks up at him and her eyes are even more beautiful in the  
candlelight.

This time SALVATORE finds the courage to speak to her calmly,  
with

determination. That grille probably helps him, allows him to  
see without being  
seen.

**SALVATORE**

You're so beautiful, Elena...That's what I wanted to tell you. When I meet you, I can't put two words together because...you give me the shivers. I don't know what you do in these situations, what you're supposed to say. It's the first time. But I think I'm in love with you.

ELENA gazes through the grille at the two shining specks of his eyes. She is bewildered by that flood of passion. At that moment, an OLD WOMAN kneels down on the other side of the confessional and her face appears behind the grille.

**OLD WOMAN**

Father, I have sinned...  
(SALVATORE turns to her, instinctively.)

**SALVATORE**

I absolve you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Go in peace, my daughter.  
(And he slams the panel shut in her face. ELENA is barely able to control her laughter.)  
When you laugh, you're even more beautiful.

She pulls herself together again and puts on a serious, but tender look.

**ELENA**

Salvatore, it's awfully sweet of you. And even though I don't know you, I like you. But...I'm not in love with you.

For SALVATORE, it's as if a knife had plunged straight into his heart. He sits there gazing into her eyes, at the beauty mark on her lip, without moving. Then through the crack sees ALFREDO and the PRIEST conversing nervously, God knows what they're saying. And he turns back to her.

**SALVATORE**

I don't care. I'll wait.

**ELENA**

For what?

**SALVATORE**

For you to fall in love with me too.  
Listen carefully. Every night, when I  
get off work, I'll come and wait  
beneath your window. Every night.  
When you change your mind, open your  
window. That's all. I'll  
understand...

He smiles at her. She is upset by those exaggerated words, but also intrigued.

The PRIEST has meanwhile solved the problem that ALFREDO has made up as an excuse.

**PRIEST**

(Exhausted)

You understand now? You see it clearly?

**ALFREDO**

(Hypocritically)

Oh yes, father. Now everything's clear.

**PRIEST**

And the next time don't go around saying such heresy. You survived the fire at the movie house. But no one can save you from the fire of Hell!

**62: SQUARE AND ELENA'S HOUSE. EXT. NIGHT**

Sweet poignant music accompanies SALVATORE's long waits beneath the window of

ELENA'S room... A warm early summer night. The last spectators wander off into the streets. The VILLAGE IDIOT makes his rounds of the square.

SALVATORE is beneath her window. He waits. The shutters are open,

but not the windows with the curtains. ELENA peers at him through a dark crack...

Fade to:

A rainy night. SALVATORE is back there again. Determined, headstrong. A dog keeps him company, taking shelter under an overhanging roof. The window is shut...

Fade to:

SALVATORE'S hand adds another check to an endless row of checks on the calendar. A check a day...

Fade to:

Another night. Wind. The window is still shut. SALVATORE's eyes are the eyes of a lovesick man prepared to face the hardest battles, just to win, just to conquer his loved one. She peeks at him through the crack, but he can't see her...

Fade to:

The pages of the calendar are covered with checks. Several months have gone by. SALVATORE adds a check on the last page, on 30 December. Tomorrow night will be...New Year's Eve. The streets are empty. Loud merry voices can be heard coming from the houses. Old discarded objects hail down from balconies. Firecrackers explode here and there. SALVATORE is there in the same old place, as usual. The shutters are open, but not the windows, and all is darkness inside. SALVATORE is wrapped in a large overcoat and stamps his feet to keep warm...

**63: SALVATORE'S HOUSE. GIANCALDO. INT. NIGHT**

Toasts are being prepared in SALVATORE'S house. MARIA is there with her daughter, LIA, then ALFREDO with his wife, ANNA. SALVATORE is the only one missing for the "family" to be complete. The bottle of spumante and the Christmas cake are ready. The radio is on with the New Year's Eve programme.

**MARIA**

(Nervously)

But why hasn't Toto shown up? The movie house is closed at this hour!

ALFREDO has a know-all look. He tries to put her mind at rest.

**ALFREDO**

He had to do something for me...

Over the radio, music and merrymaking

**64: ELENA'S HOUSE. EXT. NIGHT**

More sounds of merrymaking, coming from ELENA's house. SALVATORE listens to it, sees the shadows of her parents and relatives, maybe even hers, ready to celebrate, welcome in the New Year. But further on, that window remains dark and shut. SALVATORE gazes at it again.

There is a new look in his eyes, like a gleam of hope. Maybe it's the specialness of that night, maybe it's the fire crackers, the festive atmosphere, but something tells him that's going to be the right night. The night when she'll open her window. In fact, a light suddenly goes on in the room. SALVATORE'S eyes sparkle, have already taken on the hue of victory.

The window is pulled open, and his heart starts pounding like a drum. The music reaches its climax. Two hands come out. SALVATORE shuts his eyes for a moment, to hold back the flood of feeling. He opens them again and sees.....The hands reach out and take hold of the shutters and pull them shut. The light goes out. It is midnight. An echoing voice does the countdown.

**RADIO VOICE**

Six, five, four, three, two, one,  
zero! Happy New Year! Happy New Year!

And a roar of voices, shouts, explosions, fills the air. SALVATORE has remained standing there immobile, speechless. Disappointed. Defeated.

**65 SALVATORE S HOUSE. GIANCALDO. INT. NIGHT**

At his house, glasses are about to be raised. There is a strange, tense

merriment. MARIA is unable to conceal her concern, her presentiment. She glances at the door, hoping to see SALVATORE appear.

**ALFREDO**

(To Maria)  
There's nothing to worry about. He's probably with his friends.  
(To all)  
Let's toast!

**EVERYBODY**

(Toasting)  
Here's to you! Here's to you! Happy New Year!

**MARIA**

For Toto too, here's to you!! Happy New Year! !

Everybody echoes MARIA'S toast...

**66 ELENA S HOUSE. EXT. NIGHT**

But SALVATORE is not happy in these first few minutes of the New Year. He feels hurt, humiliated, rejected. He walks off amidst the old discarded objects flying down from the terraces. That was his last night. He's not showing up beneath that balcony any more.

**67 CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. AFTERNOON**

Outside there is a violent thunderstorm. The pounding of the rain and the rumbling of the thunder drown out the sound-track of the film being shown. Two buckets are on the floor to catch the water dripping through the roof. SALVATORE is alone. For the first time he feels he hates the profession he's got into. He is tearing up the calendar where he checked off the nights he spent waiting for ELENA. He tears it into a thousand pieces, as if trying to wipe out the traces of his grief. He is so absorbed in his thoughts that he doesn't notice that someone has appeared at the top of the stairs and quietly entered the room. And now stands there watching him in silence. The thunder is deafening. That someone

is ELENA. She comes up behind him, realizes he is thinking about her. Whispers.

**ELENA**

Salvatore...

Loud passionate music is heard on the monitor. SALVATORE turns and sees her as if in a dream. It is a sudden blow to the heart. The look on her face is wonderfully sweet, the look of somebody who knows she is madly loved and who now realizes at last that she is in love too. For SALVATORE it is an overwhelming, almost unbearable moment...A long passionate embrace that is never-ending. They are happy, cling to each other never to leave each other again.

They spin around, end up against the wall where strips of film are hanging, the first-part endings and the trailers. Another intense look, their eyes locked...And it is their first kiss. A kiss at first timid, hesitant, almost clumsy, and then becomes resolute, poignant. Amidst the film strips dangling around and touching their young faces. Meanwhile the film has finished, the projector turns uselessly...Down below the screen is blank, the audience whistles...But SALVATORE hears nothing, neither the whistles nor the useless whirring of the reels in the projector. All he hears is her breathing, and he feels is the warmth of her skin.

**68 VARIOUS SETTINGS. INT/EXT. DAY**

The happiest, most vivid moments SALVATORE and ELENA spend together:

A country outing. They eat a lavish salad using the flat branches of the prickly pear for plates.

A chase through an endless field of wheat. In the projection booth. A cake with seventeen lighted candles. SALVATORE and ELENA blow them out together. And then a kiss.

**69 ROAD AT THE EDGE OF TOWN.EXT. DAY**

SALVATORE is driving an old beaten-up Balilla he bought from a car-wrecker. ELENA sits beside him, having the time of her life. They  
roar with laughter. The car jolts, moves by fits and starts, jarred by the  
holes in the road, and besides SALVATORE is not such a hot driver. She  
fondles him.

**ELENA**

(Ironically)

You have a great future as a driver.  
If they don't arrest you first!!

**SALVATORE**

That's nothing to do with it, it's  
the car that's still being run in...

He has barely finished the last sentence when the car gives a sudden violent shudder. A sharp report. A cloud of white smoke issues from the  
motor. And the Balilla stops dead in its tracks. ELENA and SALVATORE cannot  
smother their wild laughter. They embrace.

**ELENA**

SO now how do we get home?

Cut to:

The two of them are standing beside the empty road, looking bored, as they have  
already been waiting a long time for someone to go by, a car, a wagon. When all  
at once a car comes around the bend, heading for town. SALVATORE and ELENA flag  
it down.

The DRIVER slows down. The back door opens, a MAN gets out. An alarmed and  
startled look comes over ELENA's face that man is her FATHER. She sees him  
stride over in a rage.

He has almost reached SALVATORE, who tries to be polite, to make the best of the  
situation.

**SALVATORE**

Hello, Dr Mendola...Hem...

ELENA buries her face in her hands, so as not to see...

**70 CINEMA PARADISO. INT. EVENING**

SALVATORE has a bruise on his cheek and two Band-aids on his face.

He got himself a good thrashing, and then some. The house is jammed,

as on the great occasions. Curiosity is written all over the faces of the

audience. But what they're seeing is not a film, but an instalment of

Double or Nothing. SALVATORE is standing by a teleprojector which

has been set up in the central aisle of the balcony. It is a machine that

makes it possible to project television show on the screen. ALFREDO is

sitting beside him.

**ALFREDO**

(In a low voice)

Toto, are you pulling my leg or something? How is it possible to see this television without film?

**SALVATORE**

Just so, Alfredo. There isn't any. And if you buy a television set, you can watch it at home, without any fuss...

**ALFREDO**

(Sceptically)

Could be...But I don't like this business. It smells fishy to me.

ELENA is sitting in one corner of the balcony with her parents. Sitting beside

her FATHER is the owner of the movie house, SPACCAFICO, who thanks him.

**SPACCAFICO**

(In a low voice)

You see what a bright idea, Dr Mendola? But without the bank loan how could I have bought the machine? If we don't get organized around here, in this day and age, we'll meet the same end as the Punch and Judy shows!

ELENA is not very interested in the TV show. She sneaks a look at SALVATORE.

From the looks on their faces, it is clear that things are not going very well.

He gives her a nod, as if to say he wants to speak to her and that she should

figure out some way! ELENA leans over to her MOTHER, whispers something into her ear.

**7I CINEMA PARADISO. TOILET. INT. EVENING**

ELENA's MOTHER stands waiting in front of the women's toilet, gazing at Mike Bongiorno emceeing the TV show in the distance.

Inside the toilet, ELENA is standing on the toilet seat whispering to

SALVATORE, who is standing on the toilet seat of the men's toilet.

Their eyes are barely able to peek over the flush tank which they have

uncovered. ELENA is worried.

**SALVATORE**

Could it be your father doesn't like the work I do...That my family's too poor...Is that it?

She gives a nod of the head, but only faintly, so as not to wound his

vulnerability. SALVATORE sighs.

**ELENA'S MOTHER**

(Off-screen)

Elena!

**ELENA**

All right! !

(To Salvatore, in a whisper)

For the moment it's impossible to see each other...As soon as school is out, we're going to go stay with friends in Tuscany. We'll be there all summer...Maybe if you came up, we could meet in secret...

**SALVATORE**

(Crestfallen)

But we're opening the outdoor movie theatre this summer. What will I do

all this time without seeing you?!

**ELENA**

I'll write to you every day. Don't worry. I love you. The summer'll be over and I'll be back...

They reach out to kiss each other. Who knows when they'll be able to see each other again?

**ELENA'S MOTHER**

(Off-screen)

Elena!

ELENA climbs down, pulls the chain and walks off, leaving SALVATORE standing there on the toilet seat.

Summer has come. A bevy of barefoot children chase after the carts carrying the carters' families to the beach to go swimming. SALVATORE, helped by the USHER, has finished loading the disassembled projector on to a wagon in order to carry it to the outdoor movie house. The USHER has hung a sign on the Cinema Paradiso to the effect that 'Showings to continue at the Imperia Arena', and now climbs into the wagon.

The horse moves off slowly and the monotonous clatter of its hoofs reminds SALVATORE that the summer is going to be long this year, longer than ever. And he leans on the projector that totters and lurches from the jolting of the wheels. A cart carrying a cheerful and noisy family pulls up alongside the wagon. There are the MEN from the slaughter-house. They recognize SALVATORE.

**SLAUGHTER-HOUSE MAN**

Well, look who's here!! Cecil B. De Mille! Hey, Toto!! When are you coming to shoot another film?!?

And they laugh, with their gaping toothless mouths. SALVATORE doesn't feel like joking, not even like answering. He looks away, so as not to see their leers. He wants to be by himself.

**73 BEACH AND IMPERIA ARENA. EXT. DAY**

The beach is almost deserted, dotted here and there with groups of bathers. The carts and horses are scattered in the sand, near the Imperia Arena, where some WORKMEN are putting on the finishing touches for the new opening. The wagon arrives and SALVATORE and the USHER unload the projector.

**74 BEACH. IMPERIA ARENA. PROJECTION BOOTH. EXT. EVENING**

A sultry evening. The jacklights of the octopus fishers twinkle on the dark horizon. The sound-track of a comic film reverberates over the sea, the laughter of the audience mingles with the sound of the shallow waves breaking on the rocks. A group of LITTLE BOYS in a boat pulls away from shore. They join some more boats standing still in the water, all of them crammed with LITTLE BOYS all looking in the same direction... towards the screen of the open-air movie at the water's edge. There is a funny scene.

**LITTLE BOYS**

All seats are sold out! Free entrance  
and payment on the way out!! Sssssh!!

And they guffaw noisily. Their laughter is echoed by more laughter, in the distance...

...the laughter of the Arena audience, scattered among the metal chairs. By dint of laughing, the people in one of the rows of chairs tip over backwards. Screams, laughs, whistles. The projection booth has a door at the back with stairs leading down to the rocks. SALVATORE is sitting on the ground, bare chested, tired and sticky with sweat. He is reading a letter from ELENA. He is so engrossed the words can almost be read on his face.

**ELENA'S VOICE**

(Off-screen)

Salvatore, my darling, here the days  
never end. I find your name

everywhere if I read a book, do a crossword puzzle, thumb through a newspaper...You're always before my eyes. Today I've got some rather bad news. At the end of October we're moving to the city where I'll attend the University. It'll be hard to see each other every day. But don't worry, whenever I can get away I'll always come running to you, to the Cinema Paradiso.

On the Arena screen, with its potted plants and palm trees, a very funny scene is being shown. The audience again bursts into wild laughter. And the audience of LITTLE BOYS in the boats also laugh. One of them, laughing himself to tears, loses his balance and falls into the water. The others howl with laughter. A voice rises up out of the carousel of boats.

**URCHIN**

Fuck me! I've caught an octopus! An  
ooooctopus!

**FADE**

**75 VARIOUS SETTINGS. INT/EXT. DAY**

The August sun is blazing hot. People are forced to stay inside when the sirocco blows. The streets are empty. And there is a strange silence. Nothing can be heard except far in the distance, from somewhere in the country, the love song of some carter...SALVATORE hears it too, stretched out on the floor of his room, his eyes fixed on the ceiling where flies buzz around nervously. The MAILMAN comes down the street on his bicycle, rides up to SALVATORE and hands him a letter...Sitting in the shade of a white wall, SALVATORE reads the letter. Next to him, the dog that kept him company at night, beneath ELENA's window. He gazes up at him as if looking for news of her.

**76:ARENA IMPERIA. PROJECTION BOOTH. EXT/INT.EVENING**

The Arena is crowded with sun-burnt faces. On screen, scenes from Ulysses. On a shelf in the projection booth, there is an enormous pack of

letters. SALVATORE is worn out. The waiting has destroyed him. He looks like a madman. As he winds up one of the parts of the film, he repeats her name obsessively, under his breath.

**SALVATORE**

Elena...Elena...Elena...

Now he is sitting outside on the back steps, a few yards from the sea. There is a breeze this evening, the waves are rather high and the boats of 'gate-crashers' can be seen out in the water, rolling fitfully but not dangerously. SALVATORE stretches out, gazes up at the inky sky and talks to himself, just like a madman, whispering...

**SALVATORE**

When will this shitty summer be over?  
(Half shutting his eyes)  
In a film it'd already be finished...  
(Smiling)  
...Fade-out and cut to a nice  
thunderstorm!!! Huh? that'd be  
perfect!

A clap of thunder explodes in the air. Loud, rumbling. SALVATORE'S eyes pop open. The Arena audience looks up in alarm at the sky...The 'gate-crashers' in the boats also look up and see a streak of lightning ushering in another clap of thunder. One of those storms is building up that ruins late summer nights. SALVATORE gives a contented smile as the cloudburst pours down violently, suddenly... The Arena audience scatters with a howl and scurries over to the overhanging roofs of the projection booth, to take shelter and to go on watching the film despite the rain...

The LITTLE BOYS in the boats quickly pull tarpaulins over their heads...But SALVATORE does not get up. He lets the rain fall on him, goes on laughing, incredulous and stunned as if a real miracle had taken place. And as he shuts his eyes and lifts his head up, to catch more rain on his face, and gives himself up to that marvellous feeling of

joy, a mouth comes to rest passionately on his lips it is  
ELENA. SALVATORE opens  
his eyes in utter amazement, it seems like a vision, another  
hallucination  
created by the rain...Instead no, it is really her!

**SALVATORE**

Elena!...But when...

**ELENA**

I got back today. You can't imagine  
the excuses I had to make up to be  
here...

SALVATORE's lips interrupt her. It is an intense, a stupendous  
kiss. They've  
probably never been so happy as they are at that moment. They  
cling to each  
other as the rain goes on streaming over their bodies, mingling  
her hair with  
his, binding them ever closer.

**77 CINEMA PARADISO. ENTRANCE. EXT. DAY**

Autumn has arrived. In the streets, the PEASANTS prepare the  
barrels  
for preserving the grape must. ALFREDO is sitting in front of  
the Cinema  
Paradiso with SPACCAFICO and the USHER. It is a quiet moment,  
they chat, while  
the humming of the projector and the sound track of the film  
can be heard  
through the window of the booth. The MAILMAN stops and hands  
SPACCAFICO a folded  
sheet of paper.

**MAILMAN**

Don Ciccio, this is for Toto. Give it  
him...

(And he pedals off on his  
bicycle.)

**ALFREDO**

What is it?

SPACCAFICO unfolds it, reads it, claps his hands on his head,  
in alarm.

**SPACCAFICO**

Holy blood of Judas! Now what am I  
going to do??!

**78 UNIVERSITY. EXT. DAY**

ELENA is waiting near the University. She paces nervously back and forth. Glances at her watch. He's late. She looks around in all directions and sees him at last. He comes running up to her. They embrace...

**ELENA**

So what'd they say?

**SALVATORE**

The army says that, as a war orphan, I don't have to serve in the military, but nothing can be done. It's a bureaucratic error. I have to leave. Day after tomorrow morning. They're sending me to Rome. But they'll discharge me ten days later. Let's go...

He takes her hand, turns to go to a café. ELENA holds back. She has caught sight of her FATHER's car approaching. ELENA turns to look and in a faint voice reveals the reason for her nervousness.

**ELENA**

No, Salvatore. You'd better go. It's my father.

**SALVATORE**

Good, this way we can finally talk. I'll convince him this time.

**ELENA**

He won't be convinced, Salvatore. He has other plans for me.

**SALVATORE**

Who?

**ELENA**

The son of one of his colleagues. Don't act that way. We'll talk about it later. Wait for me Thursday at the Cinema Paradiso. I'll be coming with the five o'clock bus.

SALVATORE looks with longing as ELENA drives away with her father.

ELENA gives him a meaningful look through the window. SALVATORE returns the look, but stands there motionless, with a grim expression, like someone who knows how to take the treacherous blows of life. The car drives off and with it ELENA. Their eyes hang on the same thread. The thread of hope and now of fear.

**79 CINEMA PARADISO. ENTRANCE. EXT. MORNING**

The poster of Il Grido hangs on the billboard outside the theatre.

SPACCAFICO replaces 'THURSDAY' with a 'TODAY' sticker. The CHARWOMAN is washing the floor of the lobby. SPACCAFICO shouts up to SALVATORE, who is in the projectionist's booth.

SPACCAFICIO

says that tomorrow he'll be leaving and today is his last day on the job, and he's sorry.

**SPACCAFICO**

Toto, this is no film for the common herd. One day'll be more than enough...So tonight, please set up tomorrow's film, so the projectionist who is coming will find it ready.

**SALVATORE**

OK...

SPACCAFICO understands SALVATORE's sadness.

**SPACCAFICO**

Cheer up, Toto. I'll be here waiting for you. No one's taking your job away from you. Don't worry!

**80 SQUARE AND PROJECTION BOOTH, CINEMA PARADISO. EXT/INT. DAY**

The bus has pulled into the square but among the people getting out

there is no sign of ELENA. SALVATORE stands nervously up in the window of the projection booth, glances at his watch. It's already five-thirty and she hasn't come. He checks the projector. The first part has just begun and the reel is full of film.

The first part is now about to finish, the reel is almost empty, and ELENA still

isn't there. SALVATORE is extremely nervous, worried, mortified by his meeting with her FATHER. He sees ELENA's face pulling away in the car. Thinks back over her terrible confession. He paces back and forth, as if he were in a prison cell, thinking up solutions...The stair light finally goes on; there she is SALVATORE dashes over and down the stairs to meet her. He comes down the final turn of the spiral staircase and finds himself face to face with ALFREDO, who is slowly making his way up with the help of his cane. SALVATORE freezes to the spot. ALFREDO senses his disappointment.

**ALFREDO**

You weren't expecting me?

**SALVATORE**

(Nervously)

No, Alfredo, I was coming to help you...

**ALFREDO**

(Smiling)

You were expecting her? Huh?

(SALVATORE doesn't answer.

He's too worried, too

upset. ALFREDO climbs

another step, whispering.)

...It's a nasty business waiting by yourself. In company it's better.

No?...Then I'll leave.

As usual ALFREDO'S sweetness comforts SALVATORE, indeed suddenly gives him a bold idea, one that quiets his nervousness. He puts a hand on ALFREDO'S shoulder.

**SALVATORE**

Alfredo, I need your help!

**81 ROAD TO THE CITY. EXT. AFTERNOON**

The Balilla speeds as fast as it can down the road to the city, where ELENA's family has gone to live. SALVATORE drives along in a state of agitation. The

idea of having to leave without seeing ELENA is his obsession.  
An obsession he  
refuses to accept...

### **82 CINEMA PARADISO.PROJECTION BOOTH.INT.AFTERNOON**

The second part has begun, the reel is full. For the first time  
in many  
years, ALFREDO is alone in the booth, sitting in front of the  
projector,  
and he feels helpless. Not only because he's blind, but also  
because  
there is nothing he can do for SALVATORE. A strange agitation  
comes over him, as  
if he were experiencing the same anxiety troubling his 'Toto'  
at that moment.  
Meanwhile, the film roll on and with it, time, minutes...

### **83 CITY.EXT.AFTERNOON**

SALVATORE has already reached the city. He slows down at the  
bus  
terminus. Looks at the people waiting, but she is not there...  
He asks several girls in front of the University. But they  
haven't seen  
her...  
He phones from a phone booth. But nobody answers. His self-  
control  
is about to give way to desperation...

### **84 CINEMA PARADISO.PROJECTION BOOTH.INT.AFTERNOON**

On the reel there is less film. Like an hourglass with the sand  
trickling  
through...

### **85:ELENAS HOUSE IN THE CITY.EXT/INT.AFTERNOON**

SALVATORE comes streaking up in front of her house. He  
screeches to a stop,  
dashes out like greased lightning. His nerves are tense, a  
slight tremor runs  
through his whole body. He rings the bell, but nobody answers.  
A MAN who lives  
in the building opens the front door and comes out.

SALVATORE seizes the chance and climbs up to the third floor.  
He pounds on the  
door furiously, almost cracking his knuckles. But all to no  
avail; there is  
nobody at home. He shrieks, panic stricken.

**SALVATORE**

Open up! Open up! Elenaaa!

And in fact, there is somebody inside: ELENA's MOTHER. She sits there immobile,  
without a word.

The pounding on the door reverberates in the room, but she does not budge,  
determined to ignore that desperate message.

**86: CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. AFTERNOON**

The reel spins faster. The film is almost ended. By now there is very  
little time...

**87 ROAD TO THE VILLAGE. EXT. SUNDOWN**

And SALVATORE is on his way home, defeated. He drives as fast as he can. He is  
in a terrible state, can't figure out what's happened. Can't explain it. And  
that's what hurts.

**88 CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. SUNDOWN**

The words 'THE END' appear on the screen...and the film runs out, leaving the  
projector turning uselessly. ALFREDO is alarmed. He can hear that the film is  
finished, but doesn't know where to begin. He gropes around. He's scared. Like a  
little boy calls his mother when he's lost in a crowd, so old ALFREDO calls

**SALVATORE.**

**ALFREDO**

TotoooooO! TotoooooO!

The few people down in the audience start whistling and complaining about the  
film they haven't understood.

**SPECTATORS**

Lights! Christ, what a piece of  
crap!! We want OUT money back!!!  
Heeeeey!! Bandits!!

Others are shouting that they like the film.

**89 CINEMA PARADISO. ENTRANCE. EXT. SUNDOWN**

The Balilla screeches to a stop in front of the theatre.  
SALVATORE darts out and  
runs to the stairs...

**90 CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. SUNDOWN**

SALVATORE turns the lights on in the theatre and turns off the  
projector, trying  
to calm down ALFREDO, who has got to his feet, frightened.

**ALFREDO**

But where'd you go, Toto?!!

**SALVATORE**

I'm here! Take it easy! Take it easy!

(And he folds him into his  
arms, like calming down a  
little boy who has had a  
nightmare. Be whispers,  
still out of breath:)

Sit down, sit down...

(ALFREDO quiets down as  
SALVATORE lowers him into  
a chair, and asks him the  
only question upon which  
his last hope depends.)

Did she come?

**ALFREDO**

No, nobody came.

(And he embraces him,  
almost as if to comfort  
him in his great  
disappointment.)

For SALVATORE it's really the end: she's not coming. Tomorrow  
he'll be leaving  
without having seen her again.

SALVATORE'S hands remove the photographs of Amedeo Nazzari and  
of ELENA from the  
wall, slip them into one of his pockets.

Now the hands open the metal containers of tomorrow's film,  
take .  
out the reels to set them up, pick up the receipt - his last  
before leaving -  
and with the same mechanical gesture, hang it on a nail, as  
usual.

**91 ROME. VARIOUS SETTINGS, MILITARY LIFE. EXT/ INT. DAY/NIGHT**

A wild frenetic sequence, set to the pace of military life...SALVATORE, in uniform with close-cropped hair, answers his superior, shouts:

**SALVATORE**

Radio Operator Di Vita Salvatore!  
Third Battalion, Ninth Company,  
sir!!!

Target practice. SALVATORE fires all the shots in the cartridge, one after the other...

A SECOND LIEUTENANT barks out a march rhythm in the blazing sun.

**SECOND LIEUTENANT**

One, two, one, two!! Attention! Left march!

SALVATORE sneaks out of line, goes over and slips a letter into the mailbox and hurries back to his place.

On one of the public phones in a square of Rome, SALVATORE is phoning ELENA.

Nobody answers. He slams down the receiver, as the line of SOLDIERS waits its turn...

Night-time. A large plastic bag full of water. A thud. SALVATORE wakes up with a start in a lake of ice water. He lets out a terrified shriek as the others laugh, protected by the dark.

**SALVATORE**

Aaaaaaah! Heeeeeelp!!

In the large dormitory, the SERGEANT is handing out the mail. He throws a pile of letters on SALVATORE'S bunk. They are his letters to ELENA, stamped 'ADDRESS UNKNOWN'.

Mess duty. SALVATORE is washing Up, in a sea of water and grease.

He rimes a pan full of tomato sauce with a tap hose. A spurt of red water splatters him in the face.

A training run. Another letter which SALVATORE drops into the mailbox...

A cold, rainy night. SALVATORE stands stiff as a poker in front of the

Ammunition depot. It is his first guard duty. Soaked to the skin, gazing wide-eyed into empty space.

COLONEL'S office.

**SALVATORE**

(Aggressively)

Colonel, I was supposed to spend ten days here and it's been about a year, and I haven't ever gone borne. I'd like a furlough, at least!

SALVATORE is in the guardhouse. A cold, dark, filthy cell. His nerves start to give way. He bows his head in despair.

Hospital. SALVATORE is exhausted, run-down. The night-stand is jammed with medicines. He lies in bed without moving, staring off into empty space, and repeats obsessively in a low voice, as if talking to himself.

**SALVATORE**

Elena...Elena...Elena...

(He has touched the extreme of suffering, a young man who has been denied love and affection, his rights, freedom. A NURSE comes up.)

**NURSE**

Di Vita Salvatore, get ready, your discharge has come through.

SALVATORE registers this information with his eyes and nods absently.

**92 GIANCALDO. SQUARE AND STREETS. EXT. DAY**

The bus disappears around the corner leaving SALVATORE standing there alone. It

is a blazing hot day. The sirocco wind blows the yellow dust in all directions.

The square is empty, the billboard in front of the closed movie house announces a Western. SALVATORE puts his suitcase on the ground, looks around. Everything exactly the same, immobile. Only one new feature in the cafe there's a jukebox playing 'Estate' sung by Milva.

SALVATORE turns towards the Cinema Paradiso. The projectionist is at the window of the booth, smoking a cigarette. Who knows who he is, where he came from. A hot flurry of dust. SALVATORE turns and sees a dog leaping around him, wagging its tail. It's the dog that kept him company during his nights beneath the window. SALVATORE gives a start of joy, drops his suitcase and leans over to stroke him. Then he hugs him, as if he were an old friend.

### **93 ALFREDO'S HOUSE. INT. AFTERNOON**

SALVATORE goes to see ALFREDO. He is still in bed, has just woken up. He is glad to hear his 'Toto'. He feels his forehead, his eyes and cheeks, as if to 'see' him.

#### **ALFREDO**

You 're thinner...You can tell you've not been treated well.  
(As usual, you can't hide anything from ALFREDO. SALVATORE senses something different in him that he can't figure out, like same wild restlessness within).

#### **SALVATORE**

They tell me you never go out, never talk to anybody. Why?

#### **ALFREDO**

Toto, sooner or later there comes a time when talking or keeping quiet is the same thing. So it's better to shut up.

(Changing his lone)

It's hot in here. Toto, take me to the beach.

**94 BEACH AND WATERFRONT. EXT. AFTERNOON**

The sea is ruffled and the air is less sultry, easier to breathe.

SALVATORE and ALFREDO walk slowly along the waterfront. ALFREDO totters

slightly, holds on to SALVATORE, who is telling him something very funny.

**SALVATORE**

At the Christmas party the lieutenant pinches a girl's ass. The girl turns around: it's the daughter of the commanding officer. The lieutenant is scared to death and says: 'Miss, if your heart is as hard as what I have just touched, I'm done for!

And they roar with laughter. They look like two old school buddies telling each

other dirty jokes. They stop beside a low wall. ALFREDO knows that those laughs

are simply a way of uselessly dancing around the countless things that are

troubling SALVATORE. And he breaks the ice, while SALVATORE is still

laughing.

**ALFREDO**

(Seriously)

Did you ever see her again?

(SALVATORE'S laughter dies away, taken off-guard as he is. Then he lights a cigarette.)

**SALVATORE**

No. And nobody knows where she is.

**ALFREDO**

It was probably meant to be like this. Each of us has a star to follow. So now what are you thinking of doing?

It's a terrible question, and SALVATORE has no answer to it. In fact, would

rather not even talk about it. He changes his tone, as if he hadn't heard it,

laughs, trying again to ding to the funny jokes he heard during military service.

**SALVATORE**

Listen to this one...The commander says to the sergeant: 'You remember that windmill that used to be there?' 'Yes, sir, I remember the mill's gone but the wind's still there!'

(And he bursts into nervous laughter. But this time ALFREDO remains cold, unmoved, does not laugh with him. SALVATORE gradually falls silent. He doesn't know what to say. For the first time in his life, he doesn't know what goal to aim for, doesn't know what to do. The cloud of smoke wreaths his nervous face, now he seems to relax, whispers:)

You remember the story of the soldier and the princess?

(ALFREDO nods his head.)

**SALVATORE**

Now I understand why the soldier went away just before the end. That's right, just one more night and the princess would have been his. But she, also, could not have kept her promise. And...that would have been terrible, he would have died from it. So instead, for ninety-nine nights at least he had lived with the illusion that she was there waiting for him...

(This time SALVATORE is the one to explain something to ALFREDO. And ALFREDO realizes how bitter his story is and, above all, that the boy standing there is no longer a boy...)

**ALFREDO**

Do like the soldier, Toto! Go away! This land is cursed.

(They are now leaning against a boat on the beach. ALFREDO goes on

whispering his words.)  
When you're here every day you feel  
like you're at the center  
of the universe, it seems like  
nothing ever changes. Then you go  
away, one year, two...And when you  
come back, everything's different.  
The thread has broken. You don't  
find those you were looking for, your  
things no longer exist. Isn't that  
the case?...You've got to go away a  
long time, for many, many years,  
before coming back and finding your  
people again, the land where  
you were born...But not now, it's  
impossible. Now you're blinder than I  
am.

(Intense words, straight  
from the heart, and  
SALVATORE is spellbound.  
He whispers with a smile:)

**SALVATORE**

Who said that? Gary Cooper, James  
Stewart, Henry Fonda? Huh?  
(ALFREDO also gives a  
gentle smile)

**ALFREDO**

No, Toto, nobody said it. I say it!  
Life's not like you saw it in the  
movies. Life...is harder.  
(He lays his hand on  
SALVATORE'S shoulder,  
gives it a hard squeeze.)  
Get out! Go back to Rome. You 're  
young, the world is yours! And I'm  
old...I don't want to hear you talk  
any more, I want to hear talk about  
you.

SALVATORE gives a shudder that runs through his very soul. The  
setting sun lies  
colorless on the horizon.

**95 VARIOUS SETTINGS. EXT/INT. NIGHT**

Night. The square is empty. SALVATORE is sitting on the church  
steps.  
His head in his hands. He has to make a decision leave or stay.  
And why?...

'What decision will he make?' is the question that keeps ALFREDO awake, in his hot dark bedroom...

MARIA, his mother, also can't get to sleep. She knows, senses, that her son is on the verge of an important turning-point. But what will he decide? What will happen?...

Also LIA, his sister, feels a strange, heavy tension in the air. And doesn't sleep. She's probably wondering where SALVATORE is at that hour...

He's sitting on the ground. But even if he were to go to bed he wouldn't sleep. He rubs his face with his hand. The church bell chimes four a.m....

ALMOST THIRTY YEARS LATER, another distant bell is chiming four a.m. And SALVATORE is once again wide awake. He is thinking, with his hand on his face, just like then. And the same decision to make: what to do? Stretched out beside a sleeping WOMAN, he goes on staring at the window. Outside, the storm has passed. The long memory has almost faded, only the sound of a train surfaces in his mind...

#### **96 GIANCALDO RAILWAY STATION. EXT. DAY**

It's the train that THIRTY YEARS EARLIER had pulled into the station of his home town before leaving for Rome. SALVATORE hugs his MOTHER and SISTER. The moment has come to say goodbye to ALFREDO. The old man is deeply moved. A heart-rending trembling comes into his husky voice.

#### **ALFREDO**

Don't come back any more, don't think about us, don't turn round, don't write, don't give in to nostalgia. Forget us all. If you can't hear it and come back, don't come looking for me, I won't let you into the house, you understand?

They clasp each other tightly, as if they knew they wouldn't be meeting again...

**SALVATORE**

Thanks for all you've done for me.

**ALFREDO**

Whatever you do, love it like you loved that projection booth of the Paradiso when you were little...

(The train moves now.  
Hands wave in the air,  
drawing further and  
further away. The PRIEST  
has arrived at the last  
moment and waves goodbye  
from the distance.)

**PRIEST**

(Shouting)

Goodbye, TotooooooO!!! I got here too late. What a shame!

The figure of ALFREDO and the others can no longer be distinguished. Only a distant blur at the end of the track.

**97 PUNTA RAISI AIRPORT. EXT. DAY**

THIRTY YEARS LATER, a plane flies over Sicily. It lands on the runway char seems to emerge from the sea and flatten out towards the slopes of the dark mountains. Salvatore's face appears among the clouds reflected in one of the plane windows. He has the tense look of the man who suddenly comes home after the adventure of life has carried him afar, wandering the world, where he has forgotten everything. From the plane window to another window...

**98 SUPERHIGHWAY. INT/EXT. DAY**

...the window of the taxi-cab driving SALVATORE to his home town. The scenery moving by on either side of the road summons up sweet memories. A lot of things have changed, but the colors are still the same. The yellow running through the entire landscape is unmistakable. And all those black birds perched in a row on

the guard-rail are crows.

The cab now approaches the outskirts of Giancaldo. But if the sign, hadn't been there with the name on it, it could be an entirely different place...

**99 SALVATORE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE. EXT/INT. DAY**

The house where SALVATORE'S MOTHER lives is also new, nearer the sea.

The old lady is sitting alone in an armchair in the parlor, knitting a white sweater. Her hands move very swiftly, almost mechanically.

The hands of a woman who is waiting. The front doorbell rings twice. MARIA stops short. That is what she has been waiting for. She mumbles in excitement.

**MARIA**

It's Toto...I knew it...

And she scrambles to her feet, dropping her knitting in the chair, one needle dangling over the edge. She hurries off, forgetting that she still has the ball of white yarn in her apron pocket. And the yarn runs off the needles and the knitting comes undone quickly as she moves about the house, goes down the stairs to the front door.

There the yarn stops and MARIA' s excited voice is heard.

**MARIA 'S VOICE**

(Off-screen)

Toto!...

**SALVATORE'S VOICE (Off-screen)**

How are you, Mamma?...

The camera now moves, discovering them through the parlor window, hugging each other outside the front door. Under the curious eyes of an old bored dog.

**100 SALVATORE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE. INT. DAY**

MARIA is no longer wearing an apron. Mother and son are sitting  
side  
by side at the kitchen table...

**MARIA**

Lia'll be so glad to see you, you'll  
see. And you won't recognize the  
kids any more, they're grown up by  
now.

**SALVATORE**

(Smiling)

They're always writing to me saying  
they want to come to Rome!

SALVATORE looks around; It's a place he's never seen before,  
and yet it's  
his mother's house.)

**MARIA**

See how pretty the house is? We did  
everything over.

(Smiling)

If it hadn't been for you!

(Getting up)

Come, I have a surprise....

(She takes him by the hand  
and leads him out to the  
hallway. SALVATORE looks  
at her and feels a pang.  
She seems smaller, age  
withers the body, she is  
slightly stooped, her hair  
is gathered into a knot at  
the back other head.)

You must be tired. If you want to  
rest, there's time before the  
funeral.

**SALVATORE**

(Interrupting her)

No, Mamma, it only takes an hour by  
air, you know.

**MARIA**

(Smiling, ironically)

You shouldn't tell me that now. After  
all these years!

(SALVATORE gets the  
message, feels guilty.  
Thinking about it, it  
seems incredible that he

has never come before.  
MARIA opens a door, steps  
aside to let her son in,  
whispers:)  
I put all your things in here. Go in,  
go in...

SALVATORE takes a few steps, is flabbergasted at the sight of  
his old room  
perfectly reconstructed and preserved. It looks like a museum,  
the museum of the  
past. Despite the bed, the clothes in the cupboard, the books  
on the shelves, it  
is perfectly clear that no one has ever lived in it and never  
will live in it.  
MARIA senses his perturbation, remains standing in the doorway  
as if to leave  
him alone...SALVATORE goes over to the bed, looks around the  
old 8mm movie  
camera, the projector, his documentaries, the bicycle hanging  
on the wall, the  
photographs of his favorite movie stars. But what mostly  
catches his eye is a  
tiny framed photograph: SALVATORE as a little boy and ALFREDO,  
standing smiling  
in front of the Cinema Paradiso. Strange, at that time ALFREDO  
was younger than  
he is now! It's as if he were standing there before him one  
last time. That  
impressive figure, his good-natured but firm look, touches his  
heart. From  
ALFREDO'S smiling face to...

**101 GIANCALDO. MAIN STREET AND SQUARE. EXT. DAY**

...the coffin where his old blind friend rests for ever. The  
funeral  
procession winds its way down the main street. At the  
intersections, ,  
cars stop to let the black hearse pass by. People cross  
themselves. The old men  
remove their hats. Store shutters are lowered. Then, when the  
procession has  
passed by, the cars start up again, the old men put their hats  
back on, the  
shutters are pulled up.

SALVATORE is in the front row with his MOTHER, next to  
ALFREDO'S WIDOW.  
SIGNORA ANNA says in a whisper, her eyes fixed on the coffin.

**ANNA**

He would have been happy you came,  
Toto. He always talked about you.  
Always! Right to the end! He was  
terribly fond of you...

(Tears come to her, she is  
unable to say any more.  
SALVATORE gives her a hug,  
deeply touched by her  
words.)

He left two things for you. Come see  
me before you leave.

SALVATORE nods his head. He gazes intensely at the coffin  
covered with flowers  
and is grieved as if he were ashamed never to have come to see  
the man who had  
been like a father to him. But why had he forgotten him? Up in  
front, leading  
the procession, he sees a young PRIEST with an altar boy beside  
him, and these  
figures are also like chisels scraping the rust off his soul  
and bringing old  
feelings to light again.

The procession reaches the square. The dark column stands  
etched in the dazzling  
early-afternoon light. SIGNORA ANNA motions the driver and the  
procession comes  
to a halt. It is ALFREDO'S last farewell to the place where he  
had spent the  
best years of his life the Cinema Paradiso. Everyone turns to  
look and  
SALVATORE also turns, taken by surprise...It has fallen to  
pieces: doors and  
windows boarded shut, crumbling walls, a piece of the sign  
dangling down, weeds  
and mildew in the cracks and on the roof. The square has  
changed completely, is  
unrecognizable. Buildings, stores, sign boards and lines of  
cars creeping at a  
snail's pace in a deafening chorus of honking horns. And the  
central square has  
turned motorcycles. SALVATORE turns slowly to look behind him,  
towards the small  
crowd, and is entranced by the unexpected sight of faces that  
he recognizes at  
once, despite the many years that have gone by: the MAN AT THE  
BOX OFFICE, the  
USHER who also served as bill-poster, the CHARWOMAN, the  
CARABINIERE SERGEANT,  
and further on behind ROSA and ANGELO, the lovebirds who had  
met in the movie

house and then got married. They all have white hair. And they too have recognized him, give little hello nods and gestures. Another face he seems to recognize: why sure, it's SPACCAFICO, the owner. How old he's become! He also looks up and his eyes meet SALVATORE'S. A hello nod. SALVATORE makes his way over to him through the crowd. They shake hands heartily, without a word, both touched. The procession starts up again.

**SALVATORE**

(Under his breath)  
How long's it been shut?

**SPACCAFICO**

Six years ago this May. No one came any more. You "know better than me, Mr. Di Vita, the crisis, television, videos. By now the movie business is only a dream. The city's bought it now to make a new parking lot. Next Saturday they're tearing it down...A pity!...

SALVATORE is disconcerted, irritated by that 'Mr. Di Vita'. Besides, finding out that the movie house is to be torn down depresses him, after all, it's a piece of his life...And all those curious faces staring at him.

**SALVATORE**

But why do you call me 'Mr. Di Vita'?  
It didn't used to be that way...

**SPACCAFICO**

Well, it's hard to call an important person by his first name. But if it really matters to you, I'll call you...

(Smiling)  
Toto!...

SALVATORE smiles at that. Meanwhile, the procession has reached the church.

SALVATORE excuses himself and goes over to the hearse. Old SPACCAFICO watches him go, then says, almost to himself)

**SPACCAFICO**

Bless you, Toto.

The coffin is unloaded. SALVATORE has asked to be one of the bearers into the church. As he moves off slowly with that weight on his shoulder, somebody catches his eye on the other side of the sidewalk. An old woman, sixty or seventy years old, with a plastic bag in her hand. She crosses herself quickly. SALVATORE recognizes her she was the one he made love with for the first time. TERESA, the prostitute. The coffin is carried into the church, followed by the little procession.

**102 SALVATORE' S MOTHER'S HOUSE. EXT/INT. EVENING**

The little house is sunk in the darkness of evening and the ground floor windows are lit up. The rustling of the sea can be heard. The family is having supper. The table is set with the finest silver and the company china has been brought out. LIA is also there with her husband, ALFIO, and their two children. FILIPPO, fifteen, and SARA, thirteen. The television is on, but the sound has been turned practically all the way down. SALVATORE'S presence arouses a special excitement. The children look at their uncle with a certain awe, after all they don't really know him.

**SARA**

(Playfully)

Uncle, the next time Granny comes to Rome, I want to come along too. I want to see what you do when you work...

**SALVATORE**

(Smiling)

Fine. But I warn you, there isn't much to see. I sell much more smoke than fire...

The CHILDREN laugh. At the sight of them, LIA, ALFIO and MARIA also smile.

**ALFIO**

(To SALVATORE)

Watch out, don't get too familiar

with those two  
    (indicating the children)  
they're worse than cannibals. They'll  
take advantage.

Everybody laughs again. Even MARIA laughs a lot. SALVATORE  
looks at her; he had  
never seen her laugh like that, amused, at peace.

**FILIPPO**

You leaving tomorrow, Uncle?

SALVATORE doesn't know what to say. He feels drunk. It has been  
a day of violent  
    upheavals, a series of almost overwhelming emotions and now he  
knows nothing on  
    the one hand, he'd like to stay, let himself drift on the  
sweet tide of family  
    life, be completely carried off by the rolling waves of his own  
past: on the  
    other, he wishes he had never come. He forces himself to smile  
again.

**SALVATORE**

I don't know, Filippo. I don't  
know...

They go on eating, but SALVATORE isn't very hungry. He peers at  
LIA eating out  
    of the corner of his eye, feels deeply bound to her she has a  
few white hairs  
    and light wrinkles line her face.

Then he looks at her husband, ALFIO, he's going bald but he  
tries to hide it by  
    combing over the little hair left. Who knows what their  
marriage is like, he  
    wonders. He looks back at LIA, and it's as if she sensed it,  
she looks up,  
    guesses the nature of his thoughts, imagines what he is trying  
to figure out, a  
    blush colors her cheeks and she smiles. SALVATORE returns a  
conniving smile.

The ringing of a phone. SARA starts to get up to go and answer  
it, but MARIA  
    stops her with a glance of the eye.

**MARIA**

(To SALVATORE)

It must be for you...They've been  
calling all afternoon. They wanted to  
know if you're leaving this evening

or tomorrow...

Everyone turns to SALVATORE with questioning looks, making him feel even more restless and undecided. The phone goes on ringing.

**103 CINEMA PARADISO. EXT. DAY .**

The TRAFFIC cops are trying to break the front door down with their shoulders. Once, twice, and at last, the door flies open with a screech, kicking up a cloud of dust. SALVATORE enters by himself...

**104 CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. DAY**

SALVATORE'S silhouette stands out against the light in the open door. Slowly he makes his way into the empty theatre. A thick layer of dust lends everything a gray, rarefied look. The light streaming in from the windows up above teems with strange mates of dust, like a haze.

Cobwebs hang like long veils from the ceiling. SALVATORE walks down the middle aisle. The rows of seats are unhinged, what was once the wooden veneer has warped from the dampness. He looks around as if he were thumbing through the album of his memories.

The screen dangles from its frame. The emergency exits are boarded and nailed shut. Observing the emptiness of the theatre, SALVATORE has the feeling he can hear the howling, the whistling and voices of the audience, as he remembers it. But only for one brief moment, then the silence returns. A mouse creeps along one wall, stops near a pile of dust. SALVATORE is attracted by that little gray mass. He goes over as the mouse scampers off, takes a closer look and recognizes the shape of half a lion's head covered with dust. He moves it with his foot, then looks up at the projection booth, repeating the same gesture of bygone years. But the lion's head is no longer there, only the outline of it on the wall, and cobwebs have covered the haies of

the booth, those little square openings that had caused him  
such long suffering  
as a little boy...SALVATORE now climbs up the spiral staircase.  
Each step kicks  
up a little cloud of dust.

The little booth, yellow with fumes, appears before him again.  
Now it  
looks like some big, empty cave. The projector is no longer  
there, nor  
the equipment. Who knows where they junked them?! The only  
thing left is a clump  
of film strips still attached to the wall: trailers, Part One  
endings, etc...There he had kissed ELENA for the first time,  
and  
strips of film like those had grazed their faces. Now they are  
caught up  
in the coils of cobwebs. And where the film-winder once stood,  
the  
nails remain with thousands of yellowing receipts. Of all the  
films  
shown at the Cinema Paradiso Palace. And three more boxfuls of  
them are on the floor.

And the windows overlooking the square are bolted shut and the  
glass  
broken. SALVATORE peers out of one of the cracks in the window  
and  
sees the village...which is now a city. A different world he no  
longer  
knows.

**105 CAFE IN SQUARE. INT/EXT. DAY**

The cafe in the square has been completely renovated. The  
CASHIER and BARMEN  
have young, unfamiliar faces. SALVATORE holds out the receipt  
with a tip.

**SALVATORE**

A double whisky, please.

Several BOYS are sitting at the corner tables, talking about  
girls. Others stand  
playing 'war games', shake around to the obsessive strains of  
same electronic  
tune.

A man comes up to SALVATORE and asks for his autograph. Then  
SALVATORE turns to  
the plate-glass window overlooking the main street, where the  
workers' club once

was. And like a flash, a shudder freezes him to the spot....  
Two steps away  
from  
him, through the glass, a stunning vision, which casts him  
beyond time, chills  
his blood: there before him is ELENA! But she is still young,  
young as she was  
then! Sweet, luminous, alluring, exactly the way he saw her the  
first time at  
the station.

She is waiting to go across the street with a bunch of books  
under her  
arm...Have the passing years had no effect on her? Or is she an  
hallucination?  
No! It's a dream! Or is he dead too, like ALFREDO? SALVATORE  
doesn't know how to  
explain it. And he is suddenly seized by a feeling of panic.  
His glass drops to  
the floor...As the GIRL walks off...

**106 GIANCALDO. STREET. EXT. DAY**

At the age of fifty-five, SALVATORE feels no scruples about  
wandering  
the streets of his home town, spying from a distance on an  
eighteen- year-old  
girl. There's nothing he can do about it. He stares at her with  
the amazement of  
someone who discovers that miracles exist. Now he is nearer to  
her. How lovely  
she is! It's her, no doubt about it! Exactly the same. Except  
she has a  
different hair-do and is wearing different clothes: ELENA  
didn't wear slacks.  
The GIRL goes up to a parked motorcycle. She removes the  
padlock and fastens her  
books to the rack. SALVATORE is standing there a few steps  
away, and without  
stopping to think, moves a little closer, discreetly, politely.

**SALVATORE**

Excuse me, Miss...  
(She turns to look at him,  
indifferent, but friendly.  
He looks at her wonderful  
blue eyes.)  
I'm so sorry, I thought you were  
someone else.

**GIRL**

(Shrugging)

Well.

She has already started the motor of her bike. A flip of the accelerator and off she goes, her hair flying in the wind.

SALVATORE follows her with his eyes until she disappears around the corner.

**107 SALVATORE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE. INT. AFTERNOON**

The old shots of ELENA getting off the train and walking away, casting a curious look at the camera...SALVATORE is watching her again, projected on the white wall of his room. He also watches the other shots of those happy long-gone days the picnic,. she at the beach, smiling, joyful...And again SALVATORE doesn't understand, or doesn't want to understand. But these scenes could have been shot yesterday, so identical to ELENA is the girl he saw on the street...And the wound which he thought had healed years ago, starts bleeding again.

The lingering note of suffering for a romance that had ended without his ever knowing why, and the endless explanations that had been sifted through by his young mind, start slipping through his soul again, like those shots slipping again through an old 8mm projector.

Through the crack of the door, MARIA sees those images on the wall, SALVATORE rocking his head back and forth slowly, like he used to do as a boy when he cried. She somehow feels his grief, his bitterness, lowers her eyes and walks away without a word, as the little shiny rectangle on the wall remains blank, empty...And SALVATORE sits there gazing at it, as if he saw other scenes which his camera never set down on film, only his memory.

**108 HIGH SCHOOL. STREETS AND LITTLE SQUARE. EXT. DAY**

The HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS are coming out after school. Happy young faces. That GIRL 's motorcycle can be seen in a rear-view mirror. SALVATORE is at the wheel

of the car ALFIO has lent him. He has obviously followed that motorcycle before.

He waits with an eagerness he thought he had long lost, a determination to understand, to get to the bottom of the matter, which frightens him and at the same time overwhelms him hopelessly.

And here she comes. She unlocks the padlock and prepares to speed off. SALVATORE starts the motor and follows her a short distance away. The GIRL heads for the new residential district on the outskirts.

**109 SALVATORE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE. INT. DAY**

MARIA is setting the table. LIA and her family are eating at her house today. SALVATORE is sitting again, with a lighted cigarette, gazing through the window at the shrubs tossing in the wind and the rolling sea. The air whistling through the cracks of the windows lends a heaviness to the silence, like the troubled look on his face. MARIA glances at him.

**MARIA**

What are you thinking, Toto?

SALVATORE looks at the old woman's lovely face, a faint smile on his lips.

There was always something like an unspoken rule between them, the rule of silence, of unconfessed complicity. And now he feels that rule has to be broken.

He speaks quietly, as if to curb the tumult of his feelings of guilt.

**SALVATORE**

I was thinking...that we've never talked, Mamma...When I was little I saw you as if you were already old. That's probably true with all kids... Who knows?

(She nods, then sits down before him. He strokes her old, skinny, heavily veined hands...)

But only now do I realize you were young, you were beautiful, had a

whole life before you. But how...

(Sighing)

...how could you have lived alone all that time, with no one to look after you? You could have remarried...Why not? At the time I probably wouldn't have understood, but I would have later...

MARIA doesn't answer, but she is not troubled. An inner peace lends her a sweet, quiet expression. Then she too agrees to break the rule of silence.

**MARIA**

I never had anybody. If that's what you think...I didn't want anybody. I always remained faithful. First to your father, then to you, to Lia.

(With a shrug)

That's the way I'm made, there's nothing I can do about it.

(Smiling)

And you're like me, you're too honest and too attached to the things you love...But I don't know if that's a good thing. Faithfulness is a bad business. If you're faithful, you're always alone!

(SALVATORE is immersed in the profound truth of those words. And he says nothing. The silence is broken by the ringing of the phone. A menacing sound, which SALVATORE cannot bear. He knows they are calling him from Rome, gives a nervous gesture, stands up and pulls out the plug. The silence returns, the whistling of the wind. MARIA lowers her eyes.)

It's my fault! It would have been better if I hadn't called you...

SALVATORE sits down again, leaning closer to her. He stubs out his cigarette in the already overflowing ashtray.

**SALVATORE**

(Whispering)

No...It's nothing to do with you.  
It's just that I was scared of coming  
back. Now, after all these years, I  
thought I was strong, that I had  
forgotten lots of things. Instead, I  
find it's quite the opposite, as if I  
had never left. And yet, I look at  
Lia and feel as if I didn't know her,  
and you, Mamma...I abandoned you,  
ran away like a thief, thought only  
of myself, and never gave you  
an explanation...

**MARIA**

(Interrupting him)

And I never asked for one! You have  
nothing to explain. I always thought  
that what you did was right, and that  
was that. With no beating around the  
bush...

(Smiling, playing it down)

Only one thing made me suffer:  
bolting the door shut before going to  
bed at night...

**SALVATORE**

You never used to do that!

She smiles like a little girl who is about to confess the fibs  
she has told.

**MARIA**

No, no...When you used to work at  
the movies, I could never get to  
sleep at night until you came home.  
Then when you arrived, I pretended to  
be asleep, but I heard all your  
movements. Then when you fell asleep,  
I'd get up and bolt the door. Then,  
when you left, every time I did it, I  
felt as if I had left somebody  
outside the door, far away....

(SALVATORE listens to his  
MOTHER'S words, surprised  
and entranced by the  
poetry of her way of  
speaking...)

But you were right to leave. You  
succeeded in doing what you wanted to  
do...

(Sighing)

When I call you, a different, woman always answers. I pretend I know them so they won't have to go through the embarrassment of introducing themselves.

(Smiling)

I'm sure they take me for a crazy old woman. But so far I've never heard one voice that really loves you...I would have known. And yet, I'd like to see you...settled down...fall in love...

(Gazing into his eyes)

But your life's there. Here there are nothing but ghosts, Toto! Let it go.

She has said this with a subtle allusiveness in her voice. And SALVATORE

realizes she has always known everything. But he doesn't answer her.

They look at each other a Long time without speaking. Their rule of conniving

silence has come back into play, as before, forever. It is her expression that

tells him to leave, to take the plane and fly away...

#### **110 SMALL SQUARE AND HOUSE. INT/EXT. EVENING**

But SALVATORE has not taken his MOTHER'S advice. Re has not left. Something

holds him there still, leads him to go on looking.

The GIRL'S motorcycle is parked in the courtyard beyond the gate of a small

house. He is studying it from inside the car parked in a corner of the small

square, near a café. Re has been there some while, but is not nervous, waits

there with determination...

Several windows in the house are lit, but no one can be seen through

the curtains. Nothing but shadows pass by every now and then. Now the light in

one of the windows goes out, and the light on the stair goes on. The front door

opens and the GIRL comes out with a tall, sturdy- looking, elegantly dressed

GENTLEMAN around fifty.

They converse bur are too far away for their voices to be heard. SALVATORE

watches them come out the gate and climb into a car. They look like father and daughter. The car now drives off and passes right by him. A gleam of light, the reflection from the headlights, falls on the GENTLEMAN'S face. He recognizes him at once, from the birthmark on his temple...

**SALVATORE**

(To himself)

Boccia!

His eyes flash, he's afraid he's understood. And now the craze to get to the bottom of it all gnaws away at him. There is no turning back.

**111 CAFÉ. AND SMALL SQUARE. INT/EXT. EVENING**

SALVATORE'S hands rifle through a phone directory. He is in the cafe, on the other side of the glass door leading to the little square. His finger runs down the column of names...

**SALVATORE**

(Mumbling)

His last name was Lo Meo, Vincenzo.

He has already put the token into the slot and dials the number, looking at the two lit upstairs windows of that house, where the mystery of his life may be hiding. SALVATORE hears the first ring, his heart in his throat...A shadow appears in one of the windows. And a voice answers.

**VOICE ON TELEPHONE**

Hello?

(It's a woman's voice. SALVATORE shuts his eyes, is about to speak, but the lump in his throat silences him...)

**VOICE ON TELEPHONE**

Hello? Hello?

He still hesitates, can't get a word out, as if he had lost his voice or didn't know what to say. He hangs up. The shadow at the window also hangs up, then disappears...

SALVATORE is at a loss, sits down at one of the tables near the phone in the almost empty cafe. At the far end, a group of five people watching television.

**BARMAN**

You want something?

And he turns back to the television. SALVATORE lights a cigarette. He is uncertain. Once again he has to make an important decision: redial the number and seek a face behind that shadow? Or forget the whole thing, the GIRL, BOCCIA, the shadow, and go away? Yes, best go away. He gets up and leaves. He can be seen through the window turning the corner. A pack of cigarettes and a lighter lie on the table, he has forgotten them. And the lighted cigarette burns down in the ashtray. A few moments have gone by. Footsteps, and a hand picks up the lighter and the cigarettes. It is SALVATORE who now, on a sudden urge, slips another token into the slot. The shadow reappears at the window. The same voice as before.

**VOICE ON TELEPHONE**

Hello, who's speaking?

SALVATORE answers at last, keeping his eyes shut, whispering:

**SALVATORE**

I'd like to speak to Signora Elena...

**VOICE ON TELEPHONE**

Speaking. Who is it, please?

SALVATORE feels a terrible pang, continues:

**SALVATORE**

Salvatore.

Silence, charged with tension. Then the voice continues weakly, as if puzzled.

**VOICE ON TELEPHONE**

Salvatore...who?

He runs his hand over his forehead, his eyes, as if to soothe  
the turmoil he  
feels inside.

**SALVATORE**

Di Vita. Salvatore Di Vita. Do you  
remember?

(Another pause chilly,  
heavy. SALVATORE opens his  
eyes, looks at the window.  
Her shadow is motionless,  
as if cut out of  
cardboard.)

Elena, I'm here, in the bar, across  
the street from your house.

The shadow moves slowly, a hand pulls aside the curtain. It's a  
moment of heart-  
rending emotion...She appears. And they see each other from a  
distance, after  
thirty years, each of them with a phone receiver to their ear.  
But she is  
somewhat in the dark, against the light, it's impossible to  
make out her  
features. Her voice gives a sudden start, instantly controlled.

**VOICE ON TELEPHONE**

Certainly, I remember...

SALVATORE'S eyes glisten, try to pierce the distance and the  
darkness to get a  
better look, but in vain.

**SALVATORE**

Elena. I'd like to see you...Let's  
meet.

ELENA lets the curtain drop and goes back to being a shadow.  
She whispers the  
words.

**VOICE ON TELEPHONE**

It's been so long. Why should we  
meet? What good would it do?

**SALVATORE**

Please, don't say no.. .

But her voice is firm, unshakeable, even if quivering with  
emotion.

**VOICE ON TELEPHONE**

I'm old, Salvatore. And you too. It's  
best not to meet. Goodbye.

The shadow hangs up, disappears. The light goes off.

**112 DIFFERENT SETTINGS. INT/EXT. EVENING**

The wind is stronger now, the streets and the square are empty.  
SALVATORE  
is at the wheel of the car, driving aimlessly around the town.  
He has  
rediscovered the woman who conditioned his whole life and they  
hadn't had the  
courage to meet. An obsessive musical heat, fraught with rage,  
pours out of the  
car radio.

**113 SALVATORE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE. INT. EVENING**

A phone ringing drowns out the sound of the television and the  
wind  
whistling outside. In the half-darkened room, MARIA picks up  
the receiver...

**MARIA**

Hello?

No one answers, but she can sense the presence of someone who  
now hangs up.

MARIA is alarmed. Who could it be at this hour? And where is  
Totò?

**114 SEAFRONT AND PIER. EXT/INT. CAR. EVENING**

SALVATORE stands motionless on the pier, facing the storm-  
tossed sea. He feels  
relieved by the roar of the waves that dispels his bitter  
thoughts, blurs them,  
but does not wipe out the look of suffering in his eyes. A  
flashing light seems  
to approach behind his back. SALVATORE turns and is blinded by  
the headlights of  
a car parked at the beginning of the pier. The splattering  
waves lend the scene  
a hazy cast and diffuse the glare of the flashing headlights.  
Now the lights  
move towards him. And SALVATORE also takes a few timid steps  
forward...  
They are close. The car has almost stopped. But it is  
impossible to make out the  
person at the wheel who now reaches over to open the other  
door. A voice can be

barely heard over the raging sea. It is ELENA's voice.

**ELENA**

Salvatore!

SALVATORE approaches, accepting the invitation, enters the car and shuts the door. The headlights go off and the car remains there suspended between the open sea and the harbor with its rocking boats. Inside the car, not a word. Two dark figures gaze at each other, unintelligible, as if the night were trying to further delay that meeting. The glowing reflection of a wave higher than the others now lights up their faces. ELENA was right, they are no longer the faces of teenagers, but of people on in years who study each other, searching for a truth. The howling of the wind and the crashing of the waves are louder, but ELENA and SALVATORE /rear nothing, sit glued to their seats, fixed in the endless gaze that envelops them. He is the first to break the silence in a faint voice.

**SALVATORE**

How'd you know I'd be here?

ELENA I don't know how many years have gone by, but some things about you I do remember. There weren't many, places you could have gone. I looked around...

SALVATORE turns on the light of the rear-view mirror. Finally they can see better. They look at each other a little ill at ease, making the inevitable comparisons with the memory of their young faces. SALVATORE carefully observes her graying hair, her blue eyes lined with wrinkles, the somewhat faded beauty mark on her lip.

**SALVATORE**

You're still beautiful...

**ELENA**

Don't be silly...I'm old.  
(She looks down troubled  
by the way he has of  
gazing into her eyes,

speaks almost mumbling her words.)

Don't look at me like that, please.

(And she switches off the light. But this time it is less dark, things can be seen.)

Why'd you come back?

**SALVATORE**

Alfredo died. Do you remember him?

**ELENA**

Of course I remember him. I'm sorry. You were terribly fond of him.

A moment of silence. It's hard to find something to say.

**SALVATORE**

I saw your daughter. She's beautiful! Who knows how many Salvatores must be running after her...

**ELENA**

(Smiling)

One or two. Bur there're not all that many Salvatores.

(SALVATORE also smiles, but a puzzled smile as if what she has said had thrown him off-guard.)

I've got a son, too...he's older. And you, do you have children?

**SALVATORE**

No. And I'm not married.

(ELENA sits there in silence. A veil of sadness clouds her eyes.

**SALVATORE'S**

too...)

Are you happy?

**ELENA**

All things considered, yes. Even if it wasn't what I dreamt of then...

Again SALVATORE is thrown off-guard, as if the round key of his enquiry had met with only square locks. She continues.

**ELENA**

My husband...you know him.

**SALVATORE**

Sure, sure! Boccia...  
(With a bitter smile)  
What's he do?

**ELENA**

Politics. He's the district  
representative. We met at the  
University in Pisa.

Then instinctively, in a shy voice, SALVATORE asks the question  
that he probably wouldn't have asked a moment later.

**SALVATORE**

And...how come you never married  
that guy from Tuscany?

The white foam of the waves splashes up over the wall of the  
pier, dashing  
against the car windows. The shadow of the trickling water is  
superimposed on  
the agony of their faces. ELENA hides her embarrassment beneath  
a faint but  
haughty smile.

**ELENA**

I didn't want to...I had to fight  
tooth and nail. But in the end I  
won...

(SALVATORE is unable to  
smile. It's as if the void  
were growing and swelling  
within. Thunder and  
lightning shatter the  
roaring of the wind and  
sea, but it does not rain.  
Now her smile fades away.)

At that time...I was waiting for  
you...

There is no resentment in her words. She has said them fondly.  
With the serenity  
of someone who has suffered greatly and then found a strong  
convincing way of  
suffering no more. For SALVATORE, it's as if one of those  
thunderbolts had  
pierced his heart. He leans over, gazing into her shining eyes.

**SALVATORE**

But I've never forgotten you, Elena!

**ELENA**

(Whispering)

Nor have I. Even though you  
disappeared...

(SALVATORE is staggered,  
feels as if he were  
plunging into the void.  
What she has said strikes  
him as grotesque. ELENA  
strokes his hair, as if to  
restrain his sinking  
heart, gives a sweet  
smile.)

But what's the point of talking about  
it? We risk being pathetic and  
ridiculous.

(And she tries to change  
the subject.)

You still live in Rome?

But SALVATORE ignores the question. He doesn't want to change  
the subject.

He feels that everything is crumbling inside him, the alibis  
and excuses he had

had to give himself in order to accept the end of their  
romance. And instead,

now the tables seem to have completely turned. Without  
realizing, he shouts

desperately, staring wildly at her and shaking her by the  
shoulders.

**SALVATORE**

What do you mean, you were waiting  
for me?! What are you saying?

(He controls himself at  
once, continues, breathing  
heavily.)

The last time we saw each other, we  
made a date to meet at the Cinema  
Paradiso. You remember? And you  
didn't come, you disappeared without  
leaving a trace, nothing! I'll tell  
you how many years have gone by: more  
than thirty!!!

Quiet tears stream down Elena's face, glisten with the  
reflections of the  
lightning and the waves.

**ELENA**

I kept that date.

(SALVATORE laughs at the

absurdity of it. A  
nervous, heartbroken  
laugh, which slowly melts  
away as she goes on to  
say:)

But I was late...

(Tears continue to stream  
out of her blue eyes, but  
she tells her story in a  
calm voice.)

I had a fight with my family. I tried  
to convince them again that they  
couldn't separate us. But it was  
futile. They had decided to leave  
Sicily once and for all. Which is  
what we did. I didn't know what to do  
any more, what to say. And I said  
yes, I'd do whatever they wanted. In  
return, my father promised to let me  
see you one last time, to say  
goodbye. But I hoped that by seeing  
each other we could take advantage of  
it and make a decision...I thought  
we would run away together.

(She holds back her sobs.  
Dries her tears with the  
back of her hand, and  
continues:)

My father drove me to the movie  
theatre. But you weren't in the  
projection booth. Only Alfredo...

Her voice continues over the scene of same thirty years  
before...

115 CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. AFTERNOON  
Flashback.

**ELENA'S VOICE**

(Off-screen)

And I didn't have time to wait for  
you to comeback...

From the bottom of the spiral staircase, ELENA'S FATHER is  
waiting nervously,  
yells up at the projection booth.

**ELENA' S FATHER**

Elena! Hurry up!!

**YOUNG ELENA**

All right, Daddy!...

In the projection booth, ALFREDO is sitting on a stool, near the projector. Seen from the rear, the YOUNG ELENA is leaning over beside him, she is excited, her eyes are red and swollen with tears.

**ELENA'S VOICE**

(Off-screen)

So I told Alfredo how things stood and fiat I was leaving the same evening, and I asked him to tell you everything. He was very kind, he listened carefully, then...

ALFREDO answers YOUNG ELENA, stroking her hair.

**ALFREDO**

Easy, easy.

(Sighing)

Listen carefully to what I have to say. If you want me to tell Toto what you've told me, I will. But if you want my advice, forget it. It's better for both of you if you don't see each other...

(YOUNG ELENA gives a start of resentment, listens with surprise.)

Dear girl, fire always turns into ashes! Even the deepest love ends sooner or later. And after that other loves appear, lots of them. Toto, he can't understand fiat now. If I tell him he won't believe it, he'd be capable of killing me...But you can understand, you've got to understand...Do it for him!

**116 WATERFRONT. INT. CAR. EVENING**

SALVATORE sits there without moving, pale as a sheet, looks as if he had

grown even older. As if the whole world has fallen in on him. For ELENA, it was a painful but liberating story. She dries her last tears.

**ELENA**

It's the first time I've had to chance to tell the story. I never mentioned it to anybody.

**SALVATORE**

(In a daze)  
Alfredo, damn him! He cast his spell  
on you too!

**ELENA**

I told him I'd take his advice. But  
before I went away I left you that  
note...

(SALVATORE gives her a  
quick look, a questioning  
look. He listens.)

I was on my way down the stairs...  
(Her voice continues, laid  
over the...)

117 CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. AFTERNOON  
Flashback

ELENA has already said goodbye to ALFREDO, is on her way down  
the stairs, but  
stops short.

**ELENA' S VOICE**

(Off-screen)  
I thought Alfredo couldn't see me. So  
I snuck back up...

(She tip-toes back without  
making any noise. Goes  
over to the film-winder.  
Takes out a pen, looks for  
a scrap of paper, but  
doesn't see any. Her eyes  
fall on the film receipts  
hanging on the nail. She  
tears off the top one,  
turns it over and  
scribbles a message on the  
back.)

I wrote you where you could find me,  
and that I'd wait for you.

She hangs the scrap of paper back on the nail, well in sight.  
She creeps out,  
glancing at ALFREDO, who hasn't noticed a thing.

**118 WATERFRONT. EXT/INT. CAR. EVENING**

ELENA finishes telling her story. She heaves a Jeep sigh.

**ELENA**

But you disappeared all the same.

There is a haunted look in SALVATORE's eyes, he is searching his memory for something he can't find, then suddenly sees, as if in a dream...his hand thirty years before going through the routine gesture of hanging a receipt on the nail, over the others, mechanically, without even looking...and he shuts his eyes as if fearing the truth. Her last words have wounded him. He shakes his head, then in a faint voice:

**SALVATORE**

Oh, how I looked for you, Elena!  
You'll never know. I wrote,  
telephoned, nothing. Nobody ever  
answered. But I dreamt of you for  
years! That's why I went away...and  
never came back here.

(And his anguish breaks  
free, dissolving into  
quiet, almost childish  
tears. ELENA is startled  
by his reaction. She  
caresses him,  
passionately. They embrace  
and remain like that, she  
with her face buried in  
his shoulder, he leaning  
on hers with his tear-  
filled eyes.)

Even as the years passed, in all the  
women I met, I was only looking for  
you. I had success it's true, but  
there was always something missing...

(She is deeply moved, goes  
on caressing him gently  
until he calms down. The  
car windows are steamed  
up. The sea, the harbor,  
the waves have  
disappeared. Nothing  
remains but the sound of  
the storm. SALVATORE takes  
her face between his  
hands. They gaze at each  
other, their faces  
practically touching. He  
murmurs:)

I'd never have imagined that all this  
had to end because of the man who was

like a father to me. A crazy lunatic!  
(She gives a faint smile.)

**ELENA**

He wasn't crazy. In the beginning I  
was upset. I think I really hated  
him. But then, with time, I  
understood what he said...and your  
silence too.

SALVATORE whispers one last dreadful revelation. And it's as if  
he had got a  
terrible weight off his chest.

**SALVATORE**

But I never saw that note!  
(He squints, as if to  
stress the absurdity of  
the idea.)  
I must have covered it with my hand,  
without realizing it, that's the only  
explanation...  
(But strangely enough,  
ELENA is not surprised.)

**ELENA**

What difference does it make to find  
an explanation? That's the way it  
went. But Alfredo didn't betray you,  
he was the only one who really  
understood you. Salvatore, if you had  
chosen to be with me, you'd have  
never made your films. And that would  
have been a pity! Because they're  
wonderful, I've seen them all.  
(Her eyes glitter with  
joy, then she smiles,  
almost ironically.)  
But you shouldn't have gone and  
changed your name. You should have  
kept your own.

Tears stream down Salvatore's cheeks. He gives her a look of  
longing, of  
desire.

ELENA embraces him. They kiss with heartrending tenderness,  
with the same  
passion of their first kiss amidst the strips of film brushing  
their faces, so  
many years ago. And they make love, clasped in the cramped  
quarters of the car,

like two teenagers. Passionate kisses, embraces, deep sighs.  
Their hair  
damp with sweat, their hands clasping, their fingers  
interweaving. Then the  
frenzy subsides into a deep, tumultuous pleasure, of immense  
loving and immense  
grief...As outside the wind and the waves go on rating around  
that car which  
seems suspended in empty space.)

**119 ALFREDO'S WIDOW'S HOUSE. INT. DAY**

SIGNORA ANNA'S hands place an old wooden stool and a rusty  
round  
metal can on the table.

**ANNA**

These are the things he left to  
you...

SALVATORE is sitting by the table. He has finished the cup of  
coffee SIGNORA

ANNA has prepared for him. He picks up the stool, recognizes it  
at once: it's

the one ALFREDO had made for him as a little boy so he could  
climb up and put  
the reels on the projector.

**ANNA**

When they showed your films on  
television, he was happy. He'd plop  
himself down there and all his  
ailments were forgotten. He knew all  
the words by heart, every one, and  
I'd describe what was going on. And  
when the papers talked about  
you, I had to read them two or three  
times...

SALVATORE examines the can, wonders what it can be. He opens  
it: inside is a

reel of film, wrapped in a plastic bag, well preserved. Those  
objects bring a

pang to his heart, and the things that ANNA said, but he feels  
disappointed, as

if he expected to find something else.

**SALVATORE**

Did he ever think of meeting me?

**ANNA**

No, never! One time your mother said that if he wanted, you'd have surely come. He got furious and said 'No, Toto mustn't come back to Giancaldo, never!!' He didn't say it to be mean. He was a decent man. Who knows what he could have been thinking? Towards the end he'd say such strange things. And a moment before he shut his eyes, he told your mother not to let you know.

**120 CINEMA PARADISO. PROJECTION BOOTH. INT. DAY**

A cloud of yellowed scraps of paper flutters into the air and as it falls slowly to the ground another handful is flung up. SALVATORE is in the projection booth, looking through the countless yellowed receipts, stuffed away in boxes. He looks at them one by one, then throws them into the air. A desperate search, almost a defiance of the passing of time. He continues with greater determination, flings piles of receipts into the air, glances at a few dates, a film title, tries to discover the oldest dates at the bottom. He moves swiftly, his hands plunge in, then fling up a nimbus of paper and dust. But to no avail...He stops, short of breath. His eyes go over to the nails in the wall, where other stacks of receipts are hanging. He gets up and goes to look at them, thumbs " it through them hastily, in anger...

He yanks off two or three packs, which come off, nail and all. Only then does he notice that at the bottom of those blocks of yellowed paper, there are some more sheets, much older, almost brown. His eyes concentrate on the mildewed scraps of paper. He leans over, picks them up and goes through them one by one, delicately, because they crumble in his fingers...And then all of a sudden, some film titles he recognizes from that time. He goes on thumbing through them, and all at once an astonished look appears on his face in his hands is a receipt that has been

turned over. It's the one! The message scribbled on it can still be seen. He reads it.

**SALVATORE'S VOICE**

(Off-screen)

Salvatore, forgive me. I'll explain later what happened. Not finding you here was terrible. Unfortunately, this evening, my mother and I are leaving for Tuscany. We're moving there. But you're the only one I love, I'll never be with anybody else, I promise. Here's the address of a girlfriend of mine where you can write to me. Don't abandon me. Love and kisses, Elena.

He clasps the scrap of paper, and his brimming eyes darken with regret.

**121 CAFE~ IN SQUARE AND ELENA'S HOUSE. INT/EXT. DAY**

ELENA stands near the window overlooking the little square, listening on the phone to SALVATORE'S voice. She can see him through the transparent curtain speaking on the phone down below in the café.

**ELENA**

When are you leaving?

SALVATORE opens his eyes, tosses away his cigarette.

**SALVATORE**

This afternoon. Elena, in the future maybe we could...

ELENA interrupts him, speaks softly, tenderly.

**ELENA**

No, Salvatore...there is no future. There's only the past. Even meeting last night was nothing but a dream, a beautiful dream.

(Smiling)

We never did it when we were kids, remember?

(Down in the cafe,

SALVATORE nods his head

slowly, desperately.)

Now that it's happened, I don't think

there could have been a better ending.

(It's farewell. SALVATORE glances one last time at that window.)

**SALVATORE**

I'll never agree with you. Never, Elena.

**122 CINEMA PARADISO. EXT. DAY**

The square, unusually empty. There is no one, and no cars and motorcycles are parked in the middle. The stores are shut. And there is an unreal silence. The houses on the two streets on either side of the theatre are covered by enormous pieces of gray canvas.

Only now does the camera discover in the distance, a crowd of curious onlookers waiting in front of the movie house, kept at a safe distance by firemen and policemen. Old SPACCAFICO is in the crowd. SALVATORE is also there. He gazes at the front of the old movie theatre...

**123 CINEMA PARADISO. INT. DAY**

The inside of the theatre, completely empty...All of a sudden, a blinding flash and...

**124 SQUARE AND CINEMA PARADISO. EXT. DAY**

...a deafening roar rends the air, accompanied by a surge of amazement in the crowd. And the Cinema Paradiso suddenly collapses, folds inward and disappears for ever in a gigantic cloud of white smoke that rises into the air, carried by the wind towards the crowd...

**125 ELENA'S HOUSE. INT. DAY**

The echo of the explosion is also heard in ELENA'S house. She is alone.

And the bang distresses her, as if something had burst inside her. From her face to...

**126 SQUARE AND CINEMA PARADISO. EXT. DAY**

SALVATORE's face, stiff, unmoving, his eyes fixed on those falling ruins, on that season of his life turning into smoke and dust. Enveloped in the white cloud, SPACCAFICO stands crying in silence.

Mice dart out of the ruins in terror, scamper nervously into the square. A group of youngsters scream, amused and excited. Among them, ELENA'S DAUGHTER, smiling... SALVATORE sees her joking with friends and pointing to some boys chasing the mice across the square, hooting and laughing. As a white-haired OLD TRAMP, filthy and covered in rags, makes his way through the crowd. There is an empty look in his eyes and he repeats obsessively in a low voice:

**VILLAGE IDIOT**

The square's mine, the square's mine,  
the square's mine...

SALVATORE recognizes him, it's the VILLAGE IDIOT, the one who used to close down the square at night. He watches him walk off, raving, with nobody even noticing. The crowd now moves over to the huge empty space where the movie house once stood. The murmuring voices are drowned out by the deafening roar of an airplane. From the ruins of the Cinema Paradiso, fade to...

**127 ROME. STUDIO VIEWING-ROOM. INT. DAY**

...SALVATORE'S hands giving a STUDIO PROJECTIONIST the rusty metal can left him by ALFREDO.

**SALVATORE**

Please check the splices. As soon as you're ready you can start.

**PROJECTIONIST**

OK. Congratulations on your film.  
It's terrific.

**SALVATORE**

Thanks.

A COLLEAGUE of SALVATORE comes up behind him.

**SALVATORE**

Well?

**COLLEAGUE**

The distributor is opening up the film earlier. The press conference is in the afternoon. The actors will also be there, the producer, just about everyone.

An ASSISTANT comes up to them.

**ASSISTANT**

The official notification of the award just came out, but we've already received a mountain of telegrams. Aren't you happy?

**SALVATORE**

It's all right. We'll talk about it later.

SALVATORE walks off towards the viewing theatre.

SALVATORE is by himself in the small viewing theatre. Now the lights go down.

The beam of light shines out of the little square hole of the projection booth and the screen lights up. A number trailer goes by and then SALVATORE sees the first shots.

A start of intense amazement and joy suddenly runs through him, astounds him, delights him. It's the best piece of film he has ever seen...

It consists of all the kisses ALFREDO cut out of the films and kept for him, when he was a little boy. They have been spliced together, one, after the other, at random, some of them even upside down. And yet it looks like a first-rate editing job.

In rapid sequence the passionate kisses between actors and actresses, names famous and names unknown in the history of movies. Greta Garbo, Gary Cooper, Alida Valii, Rudolph Valentino, Ingrid Bergman, Clark Gable, Anna Magnani,

Humphrey Bogart, Marlene Dietrich, Amedeo Nazzari, Luisa  
Ferida, Vittorio De  
Sica, Rita Hayworth, Tyrone Power, Doris Durante, Massimo  
Gironi, Marta Abba,  
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, Assia Noris...

A whole movie season summed up in a few fragments, a few  
seconds. A bizarre,  
poignant, melancholy parade.

SALVATORE is overwhelmed, moved to tears. It is the most  
profound act of love he  
has ever seen. He laughs as tears shine in his eyes. Up on the  
screen, another  
kiss, the last kiss marking the happy ending of a film. And the  
age-old words  
appear 'THE END'.