

Modelle, pistole e mozzarella / Models, pistols and mozzarella

Part one - Kate

Chapter 1

-My name is Kate Maxwell

In the office of investigator Antonio Esposito it is 9:30 on a cold October morning. The woman has come without an appointment. She is about 45 years old and is still very beautiful: tall, thin, long blonde hair, blue eyes like a summer sky.

As he smokes a cigarette, E. observes his new client.

-English?

-American, from New York.

-Every time I hear the word "America", I pull out my pistol -says E.

-Communist?

-Lover of good cuisine. Look there... -The investigator indicates with his hand the McDonald's in the building in front - What do you see?

-A fast food place. Why?

-People - explains E. -don't know how to eat anymore. The good old cooking from back in the day is only a memory. It's the fault of your [PAGE 8] McDonald's... Here in Milan, for example, there are more fast food places than restaurants, by now... Are you here in Italy for work?

-No, I'm looking for my daughter.

-Hmm, kids are ugly (messy) business...

-Her name is Margaret -continues the woman -Margaret Olmi. Her father was Italian. He died when Margaret was still a child. After his death my daughter and I continued to live in America.

A normal life... Then Margaret turned 20 years old and she came to Italy. Here in Milan she found work as a model. She seemed happy. She phoned me often, at the beginning. But then...

- ...Then you didn't have any more news - concluded E.

-Yes, it's like that.

-Did she tell you for whom she worked?

-She had spoken about a certain Bruno Mozzambo, a stylist that makes particular clothing, in African style... That's all.

E. gets up. He takes a bottle of grappa from the bookshelf. This woman's story is interesting. But there is something strange in her... Perhaps her way of speaking, so cold...

-Do you want a glass of grappa?

-No, thank you.

-Pity, it's an excellent quality. True/real Italian grappa... You see Mrs. Maxwell, my barista says that cognac is better, but I prefer grappa...

-Mr. E., I have not come all the way here from New York to listen to these discussion topics.

This is a photo of Margaret -she pulls out of her purse the photograph of a blonde girl, with short hair - It will serve you/you will need it for the investigations. And this is 10 million (lire). I will give you more at the end of the [PAGE 9] job, naturally. Money is not a problem

"10 million..." -Thinks E. -"That is so much."

-So, do you accept? -Asks the woman.

-OK. I will phone you as soon as I know something.

Chapter 2

Via Montenapoleone, in the center of Milan. The street of the stylists and of high fashion. A very elegant Street.

On the first floor of a large building there is the fashion studio of Bruno M, one of the most famous and original stylists.

When E. arrives, around four in the afternoon, the door is open. The secretary, a girl with a friendly face, smiles at him.

-Good evening.

-Good evening. I would like to see Mr. M, please.

-Do you have an appointment?

-What do you say?

-Um... I would say no. I have never seen you here.

-Indeed. It's the first time that I come. My name is Antonio E.

-OK. Wait a moment.

The girl takes the phone: she speaks with someone. Then she gets up:

-Come -she says.

-E. follows her across the fashion studio. As he is walking, he observes the rooms: there are pictures, sculptures, antique furniture and modern...

[PAGE 10] "This M. must be very rich"-he thinks.

-Are you looking for something? -Asks the girl.

- Why do you ask me it?

-Just because... You have the face of someone that is looking for something... Or someone... Am I wrong/mistaken?

-No, you are not mistaken -responds the investigator -I am looking for a model.

-I knew it. I am never wrong.

-"This girl seems intelligent" -Thinks E. -"She likes to talk. Maybe she knows something..."

-Have you ever seen the girl in this photo? -He asks her - Her name is Margaret.

-Margaret... -Repeats the secretary -Margaret... No, I don't think I know her. So many girls come here. It's difficult to remember them all. In this moment, for example, there are 10 models that are working in the fashion studio. But they are all black and none of them is named Margaret. Here we are... We have arrived.

They enter into a large room. In the center, some models are parading in front of a fat gentleman, with curly hair.

The models, all black, tall, very beautiful, move with great elegance. They are wearing dresses in bright colors and vivacious patterns.

The fat man comes over to E:

-Do you like them?

-Magnificent. They are amazing women.

-Actually I was talking about the dresses -says the man -but it doesn't matter... What is the reason of your visit?

-I am looking for an American girl. A blonde named Margaret.

For some time I've been working only with black girls. They are nearer to the [PAGE 12] style of my dresses. The future is in Africa, my friend. Come... Let's go speak in my office.