"THE LION AND THE FOX"

(Cesare Borgia and Niccolo Machiavelli;
a play in four scenes)

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CAST

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI: Secretary to the Ten of Florence, a diplomat. Born in Florence.


SETTING

The play takes place in four scenes, in four different locations in central Italy: Urbino, Imola, Sinigallia and Rome, from June 1502 to the end of summer in 1503.
(June 25, 1502.

A dark, shadowy room in the palazzo ducale in Urbino, a little after mid-night.

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI opens the door to the room, and enters, cautiously.

Someone bolts the door lock from the outside.

Nervously, MACHIAVELLI waits. He whistles a bit.

A voice from the shadows addresses him.)

CESARE

Who are you?

MACHIAVELLI

Hello?

Your Excellency?

Niccolo Machiavelli. Secretary to the Signory of Florence.

CESARE

Secretary?

MACHIAVELLI

At your service.

CESARE

This is an insult.

Your Signory sends me a secretary? I need someone who can speak with authority.

MACHIAVELLI

I assure you, I will convey your wishes, and your words, swiftly and precisely to my good lords.
Cesare
(emerging from the shadows)
Machiavelli?
(Niccolo nods.)
Cesare (cont’d)
I’ve never even heard the name.

Machiavelli
We are an old Florentine family. Descendants of the Castellani.
(beat)
My father was a good friend of Chancellor Bartolomeo Scala?
(beat)
From the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Ah.

Machiavelli
Chancellor Scala used to say no one could quote Plato or Cicero more eloquently than my father.

Cesare
If I wanted a messenger, I would have sent for one. I need someone I can speak with plainly. Directly. Someone I can deal with, man to man.

I am all ears.

Machiavelli
This Signory of yours. I do not like them. I cannot trust them. Who is in charge in Florence?

In charge?

Machiavelli
You heard me.

Cesare
You mean no one is in charge.

Machiavelli
No, the Great Council governs Florence.

Cesare
The Great Council. Ah. And who is on this council?
MACHIAVELLI
Well, the Council includes a wide spectrum of our citizens--

CESARE
But who are they?

MACHIAVELLI
Well, there are some thirty-five hundred on the council altogether--

CESARE
Thirty-five hundred?

MACHIAVELLI
Though only one third of them actually serve at any given time.

CESARE
What?

MACHIAVELLI
There’s a term of office--from two to six months.

CESARE
Two to six months--who can accomplish anything in politics in two to six months?

MACHIAVELLI
The terms prevent any one individual from gaining an excessive degree of influence.

CESARE
They prevent anything from getting done.

MACHIAVELLI
Not entirely.

CESARE
How does one get a seat on this Great Council of yours?

MACHIAVELLI
He is selected, by lot.

CESARE
By lot? You mean, by luck? What--you draw names out of a hat?

MACHIAVELLI
Something like that.

CESARE
Ha! So anyone can find himself on the Great Council of Florence--a beggar, a thief, a fool, or a prince.
MACHIAVELLI
Well, there are periodic general scrutinies conducted in order to determine individual eligibility.

CESARE
Ah. I see. And who determines that?

MACHIAVELLI
The Selection Committee.

CESARE
And who are they?

MACHIAVELLI
They are appointed by the One Hundred.

CESARE
The One Hundred?

MACHIAVELLI
One of the two legislative councils.

CESARE
One of two--and the other?

MACHIAVELLI
The Seventy.

CESARE
This is very confusing. How does such a government conduct business with other states?

MACHIAVELLI
All diplomatic matters are administered by the Ten.

CESARE
Ah, the Ten. Now we are getting somewhere. These are the men who undertake matters of war and defense, the safety and security of your state, is that correct?

MACHIAVELLI
Principally. Yes.

CESARE
And are their names drawn out of a hat, as well?

MACHIAVELLI
The members of the Ten rotate every six months.

CESARE
Of course they do. So the men who made me promises last year at Campi are no longer in power. And the men I deal with today, will be gone in six months time. That is no way to run a state.

(MORE)
And what about you? When is your six months up?

MACHIAVELLI
I’m in the Chancery. My position is a permanent appointment.

(beat)

CESARE
Ah.

MACHIAVELLI
How may I be of service to you?

CESARE
Your Signory’s days are numbered, Secretary. You must know this. This republic of yours cannot last. It is a foolish conceit.

MACHIAVELLI
Have you read Plato, your Excellency?

CESARE
Plato’s Republic is a shadow flickering on the walls of a cave. I have no time for philosophical illusions. I am concerned with real men and the states they rule.

MACHIAVELLI
The government of my state is modeled on the Republic of Rome. The epitome of governmental organization in the ancient world.

CESARE
Rome only became truly great under Caesar.

MACHIAVELLI
I suppose that depends on your view of greatness.

(beat)

CESARE
Where’s my money? *

MACHIAVELLI
Money? What money? *

CESARE
I warn you. Do not play the fool with me. Do not prevaricate. No one lies to me, and lives to tell about it.

MACHIAVELLI
What money are you referring to?
CESARE
Your masters promised me thirty-six thousand in gold, and a
costume of three hundred men for three years. That was a
year ago in May. That money. Where is it? And where are my
men?

MACHIAVELLI
Ah, yes, you are referring to the discussions at Campi last
year--

CESARE
The Treaty of Campi. A signed treaty that your masters put
their names to--whoever they are.

MACHIAVELLI
Yes, a signed treaty in which your Excellency promised that
no one in your pay would offend Florence.

CESARE
What are you talking about?

MACHIAVELLI
Your man, Vitelli, is on a rampage in the Chiana Valley.

CESARE
Vitelli? In the Chiana Valley? What’s this?

MACHIAVELLI
Now who is prevaricating? Your Excellency.

CESARE
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

MACHIAVELLI
On June seventh, your captain, Vitellozzo Vitelli rode into
Arezzo with three thousand men under his command.

CESARE
This is news to me.

MACHIAVELLI
Clearly his intention is to fuel rebellion in the Chiana
Valley.

CESARE
Those people despise Florentine rule. You cannot blame their
rebellion on Vitelli--

MACHIAVELLI
He has since been joined by Piero de Medici.

CESARE
Really? Well, that must worry you. The people of Arezzo and
the entire Chiana Valley long for the return of the Medici.
Florence longs for them, too. Admit it. Your people want a real man for a leader, not a great college of clucking chickens, squawking and crowing like fools day in and day out.

MACHIAVELLI
Vitelli’s troops are on a rampage, ransacking, burning, committing unspeakable acts of carnage and depravity, and calling for the destruction of Florence. Your man. With Piero de Medici at his side. A clear violation of the Treaty of Campi.

CESARE
I knew nothing of this.

MACHIAVELLI
Vitelli is your captain of artillery, is he not?

CESARE
I said I knew nothing of this! Vitelli despises Florence, for good reason; your Signory had his brother’s head cut off.

MACHIAVELLI
For treason, yes--

CESARE
Because they didn’t want to pay him the money they owed!

MACHIAVELLI
We contracted the Vitelli brothers to subjugate Pisa.

CESARE
Which they were in the process of doing when you arrested Paolo and executed him.

MACHIAVELLI
He was prolonging the war.

CESARE
He was winning the war.

MACHIAVELLI
No. Not so. I was there when they breached the walls of the Stampace bastion.

CESARE
You were there?

MACHIAVELLI
Yes. I saw the events with my own two eyes.

CESARE
Really. Did you have a hand in the fighting then?
MACHIAVELLI
I was there...in a diplomatic capacity.

CESARE
Of course. Secretary.

MACHIAVELLI
Vitellozzo’s artillery opened a breach in the Pisan wall wide enough to drive the hosts of the Apocalypse through.

CESARE
Yes, he has a gift with artillery, doesn’t he?

MACHIAVELLI
And then his brother ordered a retreat.

CESARE
That’s not how I heard it.

MACHIAVELLI
With victory at hand, Paolo Vitelli ordered his men to retreat. After fifteen years of war, finally, we had it in our grasp, the way in, finally a breach in their walls. The Pisans were in complete disarray. Our infantry surged forward, you could see it, they had the smell of victory in their noses, on they went. Yet Paolo ordered retreat. Stood there in the breach, himself, driving his men back, threatening them with his own sword even. Retreat. Retreat. Retreat. And the opportunity was lost. Why?

CESARE
They’d have sacked the city in that state. A clear violation of your contract with Vitelli. On the contrary, Paolo showed great wisdom and restraint.

MACHIAVELLI
He deliberately prevented our victory.

CESARE
That’s not the way Vitellozzo tells it.

MACHIAVELLI
In order to extend his contract.

CESARE
Well, possibly. That’s the chance you take with soldiers for hire, isn’t it?

MACHIAVELLI
Is Vitellozzo Vitelli in your employ or not?

CESARE
Yes. He is captain of my artillery. But I knew nothing of this little escapade in the Val de Chiana.
FORGE MACHIAVELLI
Forgive me, if I find that hard to believe.

CESARE
Believe what you like.

MACHIAVELLI
Call him off.

CESARE
Whose idea was it to have his brother beheaded? Was that your idea?

(beat)
You executed Paolo, but you let Vitellozzo live. Why?

MACHIAVELLI
That was not the intention.

CESARE
He escaped. That was a very foolish mistake, Secretary. Now you have a determined enemy at your doorstep. A determined enemy bent on exacting revenge against your state. Vitellozzo has a vendetta to settle. You wish me to deprive him of that? Why should I? What has Florence done to deserve such a service from me? What respect do you show me?

(beat)
Yes, you have a very serious problem on your hands, I admit. You should have come to me about Pisa. I could have taken care of that mess for you very quickly. Very quickly. Now look at the predicament you are in: Pisa on one side, and Vitelli on the other.

MACHIAVELLI
Call off Vitelli. And you’ll get your money.

CESARE
I could be a very good friend to you. Florentine. Things are changing. Everything is changing. The world itself has a new shape. Now we know it’s round. The lands of India, and Cathay, and Chipango are now within our reach by sea. Castle walls no longer offer the safety they have provided for so many centuries. Now all tumbles before the newest guns, these marvels of artillery. All these new machines. Now you can make a book on a printing machine. Do you know what that means? I have one of these printing machines. In Fano. You should see it. A remarkable contraption really. What will be next, do you imagine? Anything is possible these days. Anything, don’t you agree? Yes, things are changing. Very quickly. Better choose your friends wisely now. Before it’s too late. Get me my money. And get me my men. Then I will speak heart to heart with Vitellozzo.

(beat)
MACHIAVELLI

The king of France will not approve of this.

CESARE

Oh, so now you think you can worry me with the king.

MACHIAVELLI

As you know, Florence is under the king’s protection.

CESARE

Do not lecture me about the king of France. You don’t know him like I do. No one knows Louis like I do. No one. We are as close as this—

(crossed fingers)

Why else would he give me such a well appointed army? Why else would he give me the finest artillery in the world? Why else would he allow me to bring all of these criminals in the Romana to justice?

MACHIAVELLI

Vitelli’s actions, any attempt to harm Florence, is an offence against the king of France.

CESARE

Is that so? Do you know, when I visit with Louis, we eat off one plate together. When we hunt, we share one horse. We rest together, side by side, on one bed. We have a very special relationship.

MACHIAVELLI

That may be so, but he banks with us. Vitelli’s forces directly threaten the king’s lines of supply in his campaign against Naples. He won’t like that. Not a bit. You may have a special relationship with Louis, but you and I both know, nothing is dearer to him than the dream of prying Naples lose from the king of Spain.

(beat)

Call off Vitelli, and you’ll get your money.

CESARE

Get me my money first.

(beat)

MACHIAVELLI

I shall convey your request to my good lords.

(He starts out.

He finds the door locked.

He knocks.

No one answers.)
CESARE
Where do you think you’re going?

MACHIAVELLI
Are you keeping me here?

CESARE
I haven’t finished with you yet. Sit down.

(MACHIAVELLI looks around; there are no chairs.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
Sit. Go on. I won’t bite. Contrary to whatever you may have heard. Let’s have something to drink.

(produces a jug of wine and two goblets)
Thirsty?

(beat)
Sit.

(MACHIAVELLI sits on the floor.

CESARE sits with him, and pours the wine.)
To your health.

(MACHIAVELLI hesitates to drink.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
Go on, drink up. It’s not poisoned.

(he drinks)
To your health.

(he drinks)

CESARE
Ah. A good grape. They make a fine red here in Urbino. Don’t you think?

MACHIAVELLI
Mm. I prefer our Chianti.

CESARE
Do you.

(beat)
Quite a palace, isn’t it?

MACHIAVELLI
Exquisite.
CESARE
You know how I got it?

MACHIAVELLI
We’re all wondering.

CESARE
Guidobaldo gave it to me.

MACHIAVELLI
That was generous of him.

CESARE
Yes, he is a very generous soul.

(They laugh together.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
I’m lying, of course. I took it from him. The duchy of Urbino, one of the finest palaces in all Italy, impregnable up here in these mountains, and I took it from him without even unsheathing my sword.

MACHIAVELLI
Why not Camerino?

CESARE
That’s what I wanted you all to think. Camerino was the next logical choice. The Varano have no right to Camerino. They haven’t paid tribute to the Holy See in years. They’re a detestable family. Giulio Varano murdered his own brother to get Camerino. I put the word out: Camerino is next. But all along I had my eye on Urbino. The Urbino of Guidobaldo Montefeltro.

MACHIAVELLI
I understood the Montefeltro were old family friends of the Borgia.

CESARE
So I thought, as well.

MACHIAVELLI
Aren’t you related through your sister’s latest marriage?

CESARE
I don’t keep account of such things. We are all related on some level.

MACHIAVELLI
You mean, the ruling families of Italy?
CESARE
If you like. The fact is, I found out Guidobaldo was sending troops to Camarino in order to oppose me. He was planning to take my artillery when I passed through here. Ha!

MACHIAVELLI
Really.

CESARE
I have friends everywhere, Machiavelli. Everywhere. Even in Florence. Especially in Florence. You want to know how I did it?

(beat)
From Rome, I sent six thousand foot and seven hundred men-at-arms up the Via Flaminia. Three days later, I joined them at Spoleto. Of course, everyone thinks I am moving against Camerino. No one thinks I would dare move against Urbino. Urbino? Impossible. Who could possibly take Urbino from Montefeltro? It’s untouchable. I have my father send a request to Guidobaldo for free passage of my artillery through his territory at Cagli—which he grants—who can say no to the pope, eh? Then I send my own request to Guido—send a thousand foot to Arezzo.

MACHIAVELLI
To aid Vitelli?

CESARE
No, to check him.

MACHIAVELLI
And he complied?

CESARE
Of course, he complied. Why wouldn’t he? We are old family friends.

MACHIAVELLI
He left his own state depleted with your troops passing freely through his lands?

CESARE
I assured him of my gratitude, and my love, as if he were my own brother.

MACHIAVELLI
And he believed you?

CESARE
No. He was planning to trap me at Cagli. This I had word of. But he thought I was still in Spoleto. On the night we took Urbino, they tell me he was dining comfortably at the monastery on the hill over there.

(looking out the window)

(MORE)
Do you see it there? There he was, in the monastery garden, out under the stars, sipping wine, on a warm summer night... when suddenly, word arrives: a thousand of my troops from the Romana are sweeping in from the east, headed straight for Urbino. Dinner is over. He gallops across the ridge back to the palace, only to be met with more bad news: another thousand of my men are storming through San Marino in the north. Followed by a third grave messenger: I am already in Cagli--not a hundred miles away in Spolet--a mere twenty miles away to the south. Ha!

MACHIAVELLI

How?

CESARE

I rode round the clock, straight through the night.

MACHIAVELLI

But your troops--how did they--?

CESARE

My Romangols march like the wind at night. Miguel’s cavalry races on ahead, and--uno, dos, tres!--all converge at once--from the north, from the east, from the south--three great strikes of lightning! Poor Guidobaldo, he barely had time to flee. They say he slipped out through a sewer hole at the back of the palace, as Miguel’s advance team flew through the gates--the gates were still open!--and off Guidobaldo ran into the woods, with nothing more than the shirt on his back.

MACHIAVELLI

Escaped?

CESARE

We’ll find him. He’s out there now, crawling through the mud and the bushes, hiding like a beggar. And Urbino belongs to the Holy See. Let that be a lesson to you, Machiavelli: these days, a man might take supper as a duke of glorious Urbino, and the next morning breakfast a pauper with the pigs.

MACHIAVELLI

Fortune is a strumpet.

CESARE

Fortune favors the bold. Fortune must be seized hold of, firmly, roughly--that you might have your way with her. That’s how she likes it.

(fills his cup)

Drink up.

(beat)

Have you seen this place?
MACHIAVELLI
No. Only as I came in tonight. I arrived at sundown. Even at night, though, it’s a marvel.

CESARE
Old Montefeltro knew what he was doing, eh? The library here is one of the finest in Italy--you should see it--I’ll show you. The artwork here--the paintings, the sculptures, the craftsmanship. Those white marble walls, and porticoes, on and on they go. It’s endless. But...

   MACHIAVELLI
Yes?
   CESARE
I don’t care for it here. It seems...empty to me.

   MACHIAVELLI
Where’s all the furniture?
   CESARE
I had it removed.
   MACHIAVELLI
All of it?
   CESARE
I’m sending things off. For safe keeping.
   MACHIAVELLI
Not planning to stay?
   CESARE
Why do you ask?
   MACHIAVELLI
Just...curious.
   CESARE
What of you, Machiavelli?
   MACHIAVELLI
Hmm?
   CESARE
What lies ahead for you?
   MACHIAVELLI
For me? Well, who can say?
   CESARE
A man wills his own destiny.
MACHIAVELLI
Not according to the Greeks.

CESARE
What do the Greeks know?

MACHIAVELLI
Well...

CESARE
Do you not dream of power, Secretary? Great power.

I was not born to it.

CESARE
No one is born to it. Power must be seized hold of. A man is what he makes of himself.

MACHIAVELLI
Your father is the pope. Mine... Each man’s world is circumscribed in certain ways. Yours is...

CESARE
Mine is what?

(beat)
I will tell you a story. When I was eighteen, my father made me a cardinal. No, Papa, I said. I don’t want to be a cardinal. I don’t want to be a man of the church. I want to be a soldier. You see, I knew even then, I had a gift for this. It’s in my blood. I was born to this. Born to swing a sword. Born to rule. Julius Caesar is my namesake. Did you know that?

MACHIAVELLI
Ah.

CESARE
But my father wanted Juan, my older brother, to be the soldier in the family. He made Juan Captain-General, commander of all the papal armies. That was what I wanted. “But you’re a cardinal, Cesar,” said my father—he always calls me Cesar—we are Catalan—“if you are a cardinal one day you can rise to the highest office on earth”—one day I myself could wear the white cap, one day I could be the pope of Rome. Like him. I was to be the priest, and Juan was to be the soldier. But I said no. And at twenty-three I doffed my scarlet cap, hung up my cardinal’s robes, and took up a sword. No one’s ever done that before, you know?—given up a cardinalship. And now I am Captain-General of the Holy See. Why? Because I know who I am. Tell that to your Greeks.
MACHIAVELLI
Your brother...was murdered.

CESARE
Yes?

MACHIAVELLI
Do you know by whom?

CESARE
Yes.

MACHIAVELLI
Ah. We heard many different competing theories on the matter.

CESARE
I am sure you did.

MACHIAVELLI
A masked man on a white horse? On the Piazza Judea...was it?

CESARE
When they dragged his body from the Tiber, they counted nine stab wounds--in the neck, in his head, his torso, and his legs. I loved Juan. But he wasn’t much of a soldier. My father nearly died of grief. Wept like a child, wouldn’t eat, wouldn’t speak. He loved Juan more than the throne of Saint Peter itself, “above all things,” he said. “Had I seven papacies, we would give them all to have my eldest son back again.”

(beat)
You think I murdered Juan, don’t you?

MACHIAVELLI
I...wouldn’t know.

CESARE
Believe what you like. You’ll see. When the time is right, all the world will know who murdered Juan Borgia, the duke of Gandia. My brother. All in good time. Let’s talk of other matters. Shall we?

MACHIAVELLI
Congratulations on the marriage of your sister.

CESARE
Don’t talk about my sister.

MACHIAVELLI
All right. Well...what’s the hour, I wonder?

CESARE
You like women, Machiavelli?
MACHIAVELLI

Hm?

Do you like women?

MACHIAVELLI

Well...yes. Who doesn’t?

CESARE

And the “Florentine vice,” what about that?

MACHIAVELLI

Hm?

You like that?

CESARE

No more than the next Florentine.

(They laugh.)

MACHIAVELLI

Are you married, Secretary?

I am, indeed.

CESARE

How nice. Is she pretty?

MACHIAVELLI

Marietta? Oh...yes, very...pretty.

CESARE

Children?

MACHIAVELLI

Hm? Oh, yes. Just had one. Bernardo. She says he looks just like me. I’m not so sure.

(He laughs.)

CESARE

About what?

MACHIAVELLI

No, no.

CESARE

Don’t you trust her?

MACHIAVELLI

Of course, I do.
CESARE
What woman can be trusted?

MACHIAVELLI
What man?

(beat)

CESARE
These are desperate times... What’s your given name?

Niccolo.

MACHIAVELLI

CESARE
These are desperate times, Niccolo. Don’t you agree?

For whom?

For Italy.

CESARE

MACHIAVELLI
Italy?

CESARE
Yes, Italy. These lands of ours. This place. This ancient peninsula. Where Rome once ruled over all. Over a thousand years ago.

MACHIAVELLI
Well, things are different now.

CESARE
Yes. Now, the bounty of Italy is contested by so many small-minded opportunists, petty warring tyrants, bent on their own advancement and nothing more. These greedy fools have left us vulnerable to foreign adventurers. The king of France in the north, the king of Spain in the south. They battle over us like jackals contesting a carcass.

MACHIAVELLI
The king of France is a jackal?

CESARE
The king of France is a great power.

MACHIAVELLI
He is, indeed. And he has enabled your Excellency to secure a sizable dominion in the Romana.

CESARE
We have reclaimed what is rightfully ours.
MACHIAVELLI

Yes. Is there something more your Excellency, and the Holy Father, have in mind?

CESARE

More? Than the Romana? Well, that’s a complicated question.

MACHIAVELLI

Why is that?

CESARE

I have brought justice and order back to the states of the church, to the people of Forli, and Imola, and Pesaro, and Rimini, and Piombino, and Faenza. Everyone knows this. And they love me for it. Because the Romangols love justice. All people love justice. And all crave order. Don’t you? (beat) Order and strength. This is what I have brought to the Romana. Law and order.

MACHIAVELLI

With men such as Vitellozzo Vitelli?

CESARE

Yes. Him and many others.

MACHIAVELLI

Do you really believe men like Vitelli are motivated by justice? Yes, these are desperate times indeed. For greed and acquisition rule men these days. Vitelli is no more than a common thief, a marauding thug, with an army at his command, looking for his next victim. These are the warring princes of Rome, and Tuscany, Milano, Naples and Venice—greedy, petty cutthroats, one and all.

CESARE

Not if you give them something to believe in. Something greater than themselves.

MACHIAVELLI

Such as what?

CESARE

Italy. Have you seen my Romangols in action? No, you have not. They are a new breed of Italian soldier. From the sturdy fighting stock of the Romana countryside, they join up in droves. Yes, I pay them well, and I pay them on time, but they are no mercenaries, they are fighting for a new order of things, for their dignity, for their homeland. I have built a new army of strong young farm boys, and rugged peasants, men who would throw off the yoke of these petty warlords, these criminals who drive them like slaves, who take the best of all they produce, while they sweat in the fields and valleys of the Romana. No more. (MORE)
Now they see justice meted out under my governor, Ramiro de Lorca. He is a “no nonsense” Minister of Justice, eh? Thieves hang, brigands pay with their heads. Now there is food, and wealth to be spread about. Can you Florentines say the same?

(beat)
Your republic is a disaster. Admit it. An embarrassment. From the glory Florence once was—to this republic? Your bankers live in luxury, but your government lies in ruins. You have no army! You exist utterly at the mercy of the king of France.

MACHIAVELLI
We are not alone in that.

CESARE
Do not underestimate me, Secretary. I fear no man.

MACHIAVELLI
Then you are fortunate indeed. Or you are a fool.

CESARE
We shall see who is the fool here.

MACHIAVELLI
One day, like all men, the pope will die. What then—without the blessings of the Holy Father upon you?

CESARE
When that day comes, I shall be ready for it. I have much to do in the days ahead. And no time to waste.

(looking at the stars)
The moon is in Scorpio. You know what that means?

(beat)
Tell your Signory they have four days to prove to me whether they are my friends, or my enemies. If they want my friendship, and my protection, they must deliver the money they owe me. If they do not want my friendship, they shall learn what it means to be an enemy of Cesare Borgia. Choose. Which is it?

MACHIAVELLI
May I go now?

(CESARE watches MACHIAVELLI leave. MACHIAVELLI is gone. The palace is dark. The stars are bright in the black sky)

(Music plays, elsewhere in the palace.)

CESARE
You hear that?

MACHIAVELLI
Music—at this time of night?
CESARE
Things are just getting started here. Interested in a little fun?

MACHIAVELLI
Fun?

CESARE
Some food perhaps? We’ll break out the Chianti. I like to dance. You?

MACHIAVELLI
No, I...

CESARE
No? Well, you can watch. Watch the girls. There will be lots of them. Watch them dance. Till they have nothing on at all. It will be fun. I assure you. I have fun every night. We dance, and we dance, and we dance, till the dawn light chases us all to bed. Once, in the Palace of the Apostles, after dinner, we had fifty whores, all dancing with the servants, and everybody else who was there, till all of them were naked as satyrs. So we took the lighted candelabras off the tables and put them on the floor, and we threw chestnuts out among them, and had them all crawl about to see who could pick up the most, you know, with their... (laughing)

My father never laughed so hard in his life. And Lucrezia... * Lucrezia was there, too... * (stops laughing)

We gave out prizes--silks, hats, gold coins--to whomever could do it the most times. Guess who won. Come. I’ll show you the palace of Urbino.

(Lights change.

The music swells.

As CESARE guides him through the palace, MACHIAVELLI looks about in wonder.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
The Hall of the Vigils. It goes on and on like this. You see those doors? These are all painted illusions--trick-of-the-eye work at its best. They’re not real. None of them. Can you believe it? All illusions. All except that one. (laughs)

Come. Look. The spheres of heaven, the circles of hell. There: Faith, Hope, and, of course, Charity. Plato, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Petrarch, Homer, and there, look, your Cicero. And here, the books, more books, and more books, the accumulated volumes of the ancients. You can read your Greeks till the end of time here.

(MORE)
These are old Fredrico’s scientific instruments--the finest astronomical devices in Italy. And here, have you ever seen an armory like this? Look, there’s a parrot. And here a pair of chapels joined, this one a holy sanctuary, and this a temple of the Muses. They tell me this was Guido’s favorite haunt, here among the spirits of music, dance, and poetry. And here, the gallery of the Marche. A collection of art to rival any in the world--Santi, Melozzo da Forli, this Raphael fellow, della Francesca, Uccello, they are all here. For the moment. Is it not a wonder? Come. Drink, Machiavelli. Dance. Dance with the women. Enjoy yourself.

(Dizzily, MACHIAVELLI spins, as the music grows louder and louder.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
Live a little. Dance!

(Drunkenly, MACHIAVELLI laughs and dances, till he wavens, staggers, and almost falls.

CESARE exits, leaving MACHIAVELLI alone.

Slowly the sound fades, and he comes to, as if emerging from a dream, or waking from a deep sleep--with a terrible hangover.)

MACHIAVELLI

Oh, my head.

(Lights change.)
(MACHIAVELLI addresses the audience as the Signory of Florence.)

MACHIAVELLI
My good lords. This duke is impressive indeed. And dangerous. Clearly. In war there is no enterprise so great that he does not make light of it. In the pursuit of glory and materiel, terrain and advantage, he never rests. He arrives at one place before anyone knows he’s left another. He is a master of secrecy and stealth, a virtuoso of diplomacy and warfare. He is cunning, daring, and formidable. And he is always lucky. Somehow. Still, I recommend... you withhold the money he is demanding. I believe his luck has run out. There is a plot hatching among his captains. Those whom he has used to get where he is, now see that they are all on the steps of the scaffold, as it were, in line to be his next victims. They are convening presently in order to destroy him. With the blessing of the king of France, I have no doubt. My contacts in Milano all agree, the king intends to throw this upstart duke to the wolves, as he has become too big a thorn in everyone’s side. I humbly await your instructions.

(He bows.

Lights change.

CESARE enters and greets MACHIAVELLI in a room of the Rocca Sforzesca, a magnificent fortress in the town of Imola.

October 7, 1502.)

CESARE
Machiavelli! Welcome to Imola.

(throwing off his riding cape, he embraces Machiavelli warmly)

I have just been to see the king.

MACHIAVELLI
The king--where--here?

CESARE
No, in Milano.

MACHIAVELLI
You were in Milano--when?
The day before yesterday.

MACHIAVELLI

But--

CESARE

Last night in Ferrara.

MACHIAVELLI

Ferrara--how is that possible?

CESARE

I flew--upon the wind!

(He laughs.)

MACHIAVELLI

Of course. His Most Christian King...is well, I trust?

CESARE

Oh, very well. Very well. You wouldn’t believe what we did...

(he laughs)

MACHIAVELLI

Well. Good. Good.

CESARE

What’s wrong?

MACHIAVELLI

Nothing.

CESARE

Surprised?

MACHIAVELLI

Pleased to hear the king of France is well.

CESARE

You should have been there. I went in disguise. As a knight of Saint John. Just me alone. Stopped once in Forli to change horses and dine on a tray of chickens and squab--to the outrage of the locals--it was Friday--Vaffanculo!

(laughs)

There was a big fight. I rode through the night to Milano. And straight to the palace. There he was. In the great ball room there. Louis. The king of France. Surrounded by all his courtiers. Most of whom hate my teeth. All of them sucking at the tit of Louis Valois. I am announced: “Cesare Borgia, duke de la Romana!” All of them, one by one, heads turn, jaws drop, curses under breath. He’s here. He dares face the king? Louis turns and sees me. All is silent. Slowly, he walks across the great hall toward me.

(MORE)
The crowd of sycophants parts like the Red Sea before Moses. Only the sound of the king’s footsteps echoes through the palace. The dogs begin to salivate. This is the moment when the king will clip the balls of the Borgia bull. He stands before me. Looks into my eyes. And smiles. His hand cups my neck. Welcome, Valentino—he always calls me Valentino—come with me, he says.

(he laughs)
Oh, you should have seen their wretched faces. All of them pissing their drawers, crapping their pants with fury, biting their tongues till they bled. And off we went. Oh, what a night. We spent the whole night together. In his private quarters. We laughed. We told stories. We played games. He is very funny. You know what he likes?

(laughs)
Nevermind. He’s very funny. Louis.

(beat)
And in the morning...I was on my way. With all his many, many blessings.

(beat)

MACHIAVELLI

You wanted to see me?

CESARE

Yes. I want to discuss important matters.

(tosses him an apple)
Have an apple. I picked these in Ferrara last night.

(one for himself)
They’re good. Eat.

(They bite into the apples.)

CESARE (CONT’D)

What do you think of the Rocca Sforzesca?

MACHIAVELLI

Very impressive.

CESARE

Have you been here before?

MACHIAVELLI

I have. On a mission to Madonna Caterina.

CESARE

Ah. Yes. Then you can appreciate the improvements I’ve made.

MACHIAVELLI

Very impressive.
CESARE
There is no other fortress like it in Italy. It’s the genius of Leonardo da Vinci.

MACHIAVELLI
Leonardo?

CESARE
My new architect-engineer.

MACHIAVELLI
Leonardo...is working for you?

CESARE
Oh, that’s right, he’s a Florentine--do you know him?

MACHIAVELLI
We’ve...met.

CESARE
I should have him dine with us. He’s funny. Sometimes. After things went so badly for Ludovico in Milano, he came to me, looking for employment. He has all sorts of ideas, you know. Among other talents, he has a genius for military engineering. This I love.

MACHIAVELLI
He has a difficult time finishing anything.

CESARE
Not when he’s working for me. He has transformed this place. Admit it. You’ve never seen fortifications like these. This is all new. He has a gift. And artillery--he has revolutionary ideas about artillery design and manufacture. We’ve got a whole new foundry here, utterly at his disposal. You wouldn’t believe what he’s got in mind.

MACHIAVELLI
Oh, I might. I might.

CESARE
How’s your wife?

MACHIAVELLI
Marietta?

CESARE
Yes, Marietta. She well?

MACHIAVELLI
Well enough.

CESARE
No?
Oh, she complains.  

She complains?

Oh, you know. Women.

Ah.

She doesn’t like it I’m away so much. “When are you coming home? The baby doesn’t even know you. I need money.” Always money.

You need money?

Well...who doesn’t?

Doesn’t your Signory pay you well?

Oh...well enough.

Really?

(beat)

Is it true you have to pay for your own horses and lodging?

No, I’m reimbursed for all...well, usually, or rather, I’m supposed to be... How did you know that?

Oh, I know all about you now. Niccolo. You were born in Florence in the house you still live in, the first son and third child of your father, Bernardo, who passed away last year--my condolences. You speak Latin--*Veni, vidi, vici* [I came, I saw, I conquered]--but not Greek. Why not? *Gnôthi seautón* [Know thyself].

(MORE)
Still, you’re the best read diplomat in the Florentine Chancery--your favorite author is Livy--you secured your position at the time that filthy, lying fraud of a monk, Savanarola, was strangled and burnt at the stake--did you have a hand in that, I wonder?--and you have since worked your way up through the halls and corridors of power in the Palace of the Signory till you are now the primary instrument of the Ten of Liberty and Peace, which as far as I can determine is the closest thing there is to a center of power in this laughing-stock of a government you call your republic. Have I got that right?
MACHIAVELLI
Not exactly. I prefer Lucretius to Livy.

CESARE
Ah, Lucretius: “Life is one long struggle in the dark.” Eh?

MACHIAVELLI
Exactly what important matters did you wish to discuss?

CESARE
(a bite of apple)
So, you know Caterina Sforza.

MACHIAVELLI
No, no. I only met her once.

CESARE
What do you think of her?

MACHIAVELLI
I think she’s a very courageous woman.

CESARE
Courageous? Yes. Oh, yes. Indeed. There is fire in her veins, I can tell you that. You think she’s beautiful? You do.

MACHIAVELLI
She’s Caterina Sforza.

CESARE
Yes, she is. Would you sleep with her? Make her scream with delight?

MACHIAVELLI
She dallies with potions and spells. She might turn me into a dog.

CESARE
Or an ass. Ha!

MACHIAVELLI
They laugh)
She doesn’t think much of you.

ME?

CESARE
She says you betrayed her.

MACHIAVELLI
I did nothing of the kind. I brought the bad news, that’s all. There was nothing else we could do.

CESARE
You abandoned her.
MACHIAVELLI
We couldn’t very well oppose the king. And you. Could we?
I offered her asylum in Florence. She refused. She chose to
stay and fight.

CESARE
Yes. And what a fight she put up.
(chuckles)
She tried to kill my father, you know? It’s true. She
wrapped a length of gauze about the open wounds of a corpse,
a victim of the plague, and sent the putrid cloth with a
letter of surrender to my father. Her intent was, that in
handling the letter, the pope would contract the foul
disease. She has quite an imagination. We uncovered the
plot, of course. The witch. Then she tried to lure me into
a trap. Right out there.
(looks out the window)
Come in, come in, she said. Let us discuss our differences.
Surely, we can avoid shedding the blood of our soldiers and
the good people of Imola. Come alone, she said. She stood
there at the portcullis. A beauty indeed, beckoning me on.
Come. Come. I smiled. And walked across the drawbridge.
She glances at her gatekeeper. Ax blade to rope, gears spin, *
up swings the bridge, I turn, run, and leap back across the
moat, amid a hailstorm of crossbow bolts whipping all about
me. Ha! You cannot trap me, Virago! For this treachery, I
will make you pay! Let loose the artillery! We pounded the
walls round the clock for two days, till finally they
crumbled down like the great temple upon blind Samson. In we
came, cutting our way through her loyal defenders, two
thousand of them. The citadel caught fire. I made my way
up, alone, in to here, this very chamber, amid the smoke, and
the flames, and there she was. Sword in hand. Defiant as a
demon from hell. And I took her. Right here on the floor.

MACHIAVELLI
Where is she now?

CESARE
Where do you think?

MACHIAVELLI
Is she alive?

CESARE
Oh, she’s alive, all right.

MACHIAVELLI
A prisoner?

CESARE
No. A guest. Would you like to visit with her?
MACHIAVELLI
I think not.

CESARE
She’s in my private quarters.

MACHIAVELLI
You mean...

CESARE
She cannot get enough of me. But I’m tired of her. She’s gone mad, I think.

MACHIAVELLI
What are you planning to do with her?

(CESARE smiles.)

CESARE
We had fun in Urbino, eh? You’re funny. That story about the girl in the cellar.

Hm?

CESARE
The ugly one.

(laughs)

MACHIAVELLI
Oh. Yes.

(laughs, uneasily)

CESARE
That’s a good one. Yes, we had fun that night.

MACHIAVELLI
We were sorry to learn you lost Urbino.

CESARE
A little rebellion. Nothing to get excited about.

MACHIAVELLI
Has Guidobaldo returned?

CESARE
Not yet. Though he plans to, no doubt. Urbino is nothing. I took it once; I haven’t forgotten how to get it back again. Soon enough. Guidobaldo.

(beat)
There’s a corpse in the square out there. I passed it on the way in.

Yes?

Is that Ramiro de Lorca?

Mm-hm.

What happened?

We had a falling out.

Over what?

Everyone hates him.

Wasn’t he your governor in the Romana?

Yes, he was. But certain things came to light. So I had him arrested. And...questioned.

And?

He admitted some very disturbing things.

You know, when I took over here--out there, in the Romana--no one was in charge. Those hills were crawling with thieves, every family was fighting with the next, there was no law, no order. These people had more reason to fight with one another than to work together. I had to bring peace to these lands, and obedience. I needed an effective government. So I put Ramiro in charge. Ramiro was not afraid to be cruel. And he was vigorous about it. I gave him almost unlimited authority. And he got results. Swiftly. Peace and unity rule in the Romana now, thanks to Ramiro. I’ve known him since I was a kid. He taught me to ride. A bit about how to use a sword, as well. My father brought him with us from Valencia. But that was a long time ago. Now, here, cruelty is no longer necessary. In fact, Ramiro’s excessive cruelty has bred anger and hatred among many. Too many now.

(MORE)
Now I have established a civil court in Cesena, with representatives from every city in the Romana, and a proper judge in charge of the whole legal body—Antonio Sansovino, do you know him? He’s a good man. Very... respectable. It’s time to make it clear that these cruel ways of the past came not from me, but from the brutal character of Ramiro. I decided to make an example of him. So this morning, I had him placed in the town square, in two pieces, his head on a lance, the bloody knife that did the work lying beside his well-heeled remains. He always had the most expensive taste in clothes. Did you see the white gloves on his hands? Everyone recognizes those gloves. Look there, they say, the tyrant Ramiro de Lorca. Finally, he got what he deserved. Thanks to who? Cesare Borgia dealt justice to the beast. And they love me for it.

MACHIAVELLI

What did he confess to?

CESARE

Oh, taking bribes, extorting money, trafficking in grain... among other things.

(beat)

That was this morning. This afternoon we had a celebration. Did you see it?

MACHIAVELLI

A celebration? No, I just arrived--

CESARE

In honor of Saint John the Baptist’s Day. In the old Roman arena. I had six bulls loosed. Then I entered the ring, on my white charger, Cristos. First with lance. Charging, leaping, turning—I pierce one of them through the shoulder into his heart. He drops to his knees, and goes down into the dirt. Madly, they all charge after me, circling, helter-skelter. The people—there must have been ten thousand of them—wildly they cheer, roaring their approval—while my foes and I scramble in a fray, a tangled knot of horns, and hoofs, dust, and blood. I drive my lance through a second, and a third. Blood sprays through the air showering my face in red. Rearing up, I strike another, but one of them sneaks his horns under the belly of Cristos, goring him, driving him back, back, back, and down we crash into the dirt with a mighty thud, and a horse’s cry. But I am instantly to my feet, as another one of the great, snorting beasts bears down upon me. Seizing my lance from its resting place in one of the dead, I charge to meet this demon, driving the point into * his chest, into the glistening black sheen of the fierce, screaming giant. As the dust settles, I rise. Only one devil left, standing at a distance, alone on the field of battle, surrounded by the carcasses of his dead and dying companions. He stands, snorting, calmly. His eyes fixed on mine.

(MORE)
(he draws his sword)

Slowly, I approach. The roar of the crowd rises to a deafening pitch. I am awash in blood, gleaming, silver armor painted with crimson gore. Still he does not move. He waits for the moment. The final moment of contest. Now. On he comes. Like thunder from heaven, crashing down upon the archangel Saint Michael, I dance to the side, and bring the awful blade down with relentless will as it slices through the whole great trunk of his neck. Collapse. A flood of red splashes out. Silence. Death. Triumph. A roar goes up to wake the gods. I beheaded the thing with a single stroke of my sword. Have you ever seen such a sight? Neither had they. Nor are they ever like to again.

(raising the sword toward Machiavelli)

Choose, Niccolo: are you my friend...or are you my enemy?

(beat)

MACHIAVELLI

There was a meeting. At La Magione.

A meeting?

CESARE

The Orsini have convened a plot to destroy you.

CESARE

Orsini. Hm. The cardinal?

(Machiavelli nods.)

Who else?

MACHIAVELLI

Four of your captains.

CESARE

Go on.

MACHIAVELLI

Pagalo and Francesco Orsini--

CESARE

Francesco. Good. Who else?

MACHIAVELLI

Oliverotto Euffreducci. (Cesare smirks.)

And Vitellozzo Vitelli.

CESARE

Vitelli?

(Machiavelli nods.)

Oh, Vitellozzo. You poor fool.
MACHIAVELLI
All signed a pact. To leave you dead, and divide up your holdings.

CESARE
How do you know this?

MACHIAVELLI
Because I was there.

CESARE
I see. And did you put your name to this agreement, as well?

MACHIAVELLI
No. I did not.

CESARE
No?

MACHIAVELLI
Florence will not offend the king of France.

CESARE
Hm. Then they will suspect you.

MACHIAVELLI
No. Though I made it clear we would not offend the king, I also made it clear that Florence devoutly favors your destruction.

CESARE
Hm. That was clever of you. Still, they will suspect you. How will they come for me?

MACHIAVELLI
From two sides. The Orsini will capitalize on your loss of Urbino, enlisting Guidobaldo in their cause. They will come from the south. Vitelli and Euffreducci will strike here.

CESARE
Here?

MACHIAVELLI
According to their plans.

CESARE
When?

MACHIAVELLI
Soon.

CESARE
Soon? When was this agreement signed?
MACHIAVELLI
Two weeks ago today.

CESARE
Two weeks ago? What numbers do they have?

MACHIAVELLI
Six thousand men-at-arms.

CESARE
Six thousand?

MACHIAVELLI
Altogether. On paper.

CESARE
On paper?

(He laughs.)

These are promises then, not men in the field?

(More laughter.)

Oh, this is funny.

Funny?

CESARE
(a hand on his shoulder)

Thank you. My friend. For this intelligence. I will reward you well.

(looks out the window)

This year the planets are aligned against those who rebel.

MACHIAVELLI
Their numbers are formidable.

CESARE
On paper. This is nothing. Is Venice with these conspirators? No. Is Florence providing them with money? No. Do they have the love of King Louis behind them? And the pope of Rome? No. No, they do not. Only I have these things. Believe me, their moment has already passed. It is already too late for these dogs. Vitellozzo. He is nothing. Not once have I ever seen him display one trace of courage on the battlefield. He is good only at devastating defenseless villages, robbing and defiling old women. Francesco Orsini? He almost married my sister. That was too much. We have an old score to settle with the Orsini. This is a wonderful stroke of good fortune.

MACHIAVELLI
Good fortune?
CESARE
Yes, Machiavelli, good fortune. Because now I know who I can trust, and who means to destroy me.

(beat)
Either Caesar...or nothing.

(MACHIAVELLI steps into a spotlight, and addresses the audience.)

MACHIAVELLI
(to the Signory)
This duke lives in a world of fantasy.

CESARE
Come, I’ll show you what Leonardo is doing for me.

MACHIAVELLI
His enemies converge, while he preoccupies himself with frivolous party tricks and wild flights of fancy.

CESARE
He has built me a mechanical man. You should see the thing. It walks. It sits. It bows to me. All pulleys and gears--and yet it speaks! The jaw moves up and down, and the words, well, he’s working on that. It’s a marvelous thing. It delights all the girls.

(He laughs.)

MACHIAVELLI
The king has recalled his troops from the duke’s ranks. The nearest French forces are in Milano, too distant to be of any use should an attack come.

CESARE
Machines. Machines of all shapes and manner.

MACHIAVELLI
He has, by my estimation, no more than two thousand five hundred troops at his disposal here.

CESARE
Vehicles that move of their own power--armored, self-contained artillery pieces that can move independently about the battlefield--these will be most effective.

MACHIAVELLI
If other cities in the Romana follow the example of Urbino, and rebel, he will be overwhelmed.
CESARE
Gun-machines: one contraption fires eleven guns in sequence, then rotates to fire eleven more, and so on--can you imagine the power of such a weapon against common foot soldiers--against horse?

MACHIAVELLI
I have just learned his cavalry was routed at Calmazzo.

CESARE
Ships that sail beneath the waves.

MACHIAVELLI
Guidobaldo Montefeltro has returned to Urbino.

CESARE
Plans to divert the waters of great rivers in order to destroy enemy strongholds. Whole cities designed to defeat disease through a system of integrated waterways and mechanisms, inspired by the structure of Dante’s *Paradise*, the very spheres of the heavens.

MACHIAVELLI
Vitelli and Euffreducci are at San Pietro, just seven miles from Imola, now with Bentivoglio, and another two thousand troops in their number.

(to Cesare, sitting on the floor, lost in thought)
What troubles you, Valentino?

CESARE
I saw my sister yesterday.

MACHIAVELLI
In Ferrara?

CESARE
She’s ill.

MACHIAVELLI
I’m sorry to hear that.

CESARE
She lost the child. I held her down while they bled her. We talked. All night. I think I shall never see her again.

MACHIAVELLI
(to the Signory)
The duchess of Ferrara has lost a child. As she has been married less than six months, we can only guess who the father was.
CESARE
There is a flying machine. One of Leonardo’s machines. I have seen it. A machine that takes a man aloft, into the sky, high above his enemies, making him invincible in warfare, above all below, flying, ever higher—I can touch the sun!

MACHIAVELLI
(to the Signory)
The noose tightens. Long live the republic.

(Blackout.)
(Lights up on CESARE. He addresses his captains, and their troops, outside Sinigallia, on a freezing day at the end of December.)

CESARE
Old friends. It’s a cold wind blows here today. But my heart is warm. Welcome back. We gather here to make amends. It seems I have wounded you. And you have wounded me. We must put an end to this discord between us, and our families—the Orsini, the Vitelli, Euffreducci da Fermo, and the Borgia. We have come too far together. We have too much at stake here. And so much more to accomplish together. Great things are in store for us. Great things. For Italy. No? Let us heal the wounds we have inflicted upon each other, and reforge the bond that first united us. What is past, is past. I accept your gift of this worthy prize, Sinigallia. A worthy prize indeed. Let us take this prize together, and rekindle the love that binds us.

(draws his sword)

The Holy Father sends his blessings.

(CESARE kneels and prays on his sword."

MACHIAVELLI addresses the Signory.)

MACHIAVELLI
Most illustrious lords of Florence, and my very particular masters, I have very encouraging news. From his weakened position, the Borgia Bull has sued for peace with his rebellious captains. All is forgiven, or so he believes. As a gesture of their restored good faith, they have offered to present him with Sinigallia, which they have pried loose from Cardinal Rovere. They have invited the duke there to present him with the city. But it is a trap they mean to catch him in. I am to meet with Francesco Orsini in the Rocca Roveresca upon my arrival in Sinigallia tonight, fittingly, on the last day of the year. It should all be over by then.

(MACHIAVELLI exits."

CESARE rises and sheaths his sword."

CESARE
Come, my brothers, let us present ourselves to the good people of Sinigallia.

(MORE)
We must wash away the stink of old Giuliano della Rovere, a stink that has lingered about the place for so long. Come, let us celebrate these good times in the high Roman tradition. The New Year is upon us.

(Blackout.

Lights up in the Rocca Roveresca, the fortress of Senigallia, just after midnight.

January 1, 1503.

Outside, the town is on fire—sounds of looting and pillage.

MACHIAVELLI enters, looks about, sees no one, waits nervously, looks out at the flames blazing in the town.

The door opens, and CESARE enters, wearing the mask and costume of “Brigella,” a Commedia dell’arte character, with a dagger in his belt.

He looks at MACHIAVELLI and strikes a classic Commedia pose with a big animated smile.

Then he drags a big trunk into the room, and closes up the doors behind.

He walks up to MACHIAVELLI and looks him in the eye, point blank.)

MACHIAVELLI

Your Excellency?

(CESARE bursts out laughing, and takes the mask off.)

CESARE

You should see your face. “Your Excellency?”

(more laughter)

MACHIAVELLI

I didn’t know it was you.
CESARE  
(referring to his costume) 

Do you like it? 

MACHIAVELLI 

Brigella? 

CESARE 

The lusty servant. Ha! I like it. It’s ironic. Happy New Year. 

MACHIAVELLI 

The same to you. 

CESARE 

We are celebrating. There’s a big party. Welcome to Sinigallia. 

(beat) 

What’s the matter? 

MACHIAVELLI 

Well, the town’s on fire. 

CESARE 

Oh. Yes. That’s my fault. I admit. My men. I had to let them sack the place. They’ve earned it. But it got a little out of hand. I don’t care. Tonight we celebrate. This is a very special occasion, Machiavelli. A new year begins tonight. And the stars are very favorable. We’re having a masquerade in the great hall. You should see what we’ve done to the place. It’s hilarious. But you’ll need a costume. Everyone needs a costume. 

MACHIAVELLI 

A costume? 

CESARE 

What’s wrong? 

MACHIAVELLI 

I don’t have...a costume. 

CESARE 

Of course not. That’s why I brought this. 

(the trunk) 

It’s full of all sorts of surprises. 

MACHIAVELLI 

I’m sorry. Been a bit ill. A bit of a fever. Not sure I’m up to a masquerade. 

CESARE 

I insist. Tonight is special.
(A woman screams, outside, in the distance.)

MACHIAVELLI
You’re sacking the town. Did they put up a fight?

CESARE
No. But they were loyal to Giuliano della Rovere. They deserve what they get. Cardinal Rovere is an old enemy of my father's. He thinks my father stole the white cap from him in the Conclave of Ninety-two. He’s been causing us no end of trouble ever since. Not one scudo in tribute has Sinigallia ever paid since my father became pope. This is illegal. Now they are paying...with interest, eh?

(beat)
I have good news, Machiavelli.

MACHIAVELLI
Yes?

CESARE
Things are changing.

MACHIAVELLI
Things...such as what?

CESARE
Where is Leonardo? Have you seen Leonardo?

MACHIAVELLI
No.

CESARE
I've been looking all over for him.

(Gun fire in the distance. MACHIAVELLI looks out the window.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
He’s concocted some sort of theatrical performance for tonight, a masque, with dancers and costumes, and fireworks. I’m supposed to be in it. All in gold. In a flying chariot. Or something.

(referring to the trunk)
Go on. Open it.
(Machiavelli hesitates)
Open it.

(MACHIAVELLI opens the trunk.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
What do you see?

(MACHIAVELLI withdraws a mask.)
CESARE (CONT’D)
Is that all? Look deeper.

(Cautiously, MACHIAVELLI sorts through the contents of the trunk a bit.)

MACHIAVELLI
Costumes? Masks and costumes?

CESARE
Mm-hm. Amusing, aren’t they? From my sister, in Ferrara. She thinks I work too hard. She thinks, after the stress and strain of all my worldly enterprises, I should find time to amuse myself. Look at them all. Here. This one. This one looks like Vitellozzo, doesn’t it?

(chuckles)
You should see him now.

(beat)
Come, take these off.

(pulling off Machiavelli’s robes)
We need to find you the right costume in here.

MACHIAVELLI
No, please, your Excellency.

CESARE
Take it off.

MACHIAVELLI
No, please...

(A bit of a struggle.

Stop.)

CESARE
You need a costume. I insist.

(MACHIAVELLI removes his outer garments.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
(fishing through the trunk)
Now, let’s see what we have here. Ah!

(a black robe, hat and mask)
Pantalone! Here we are. Try this on. Pantalone, the old miser. The cuckold. Yes, very nice. It’s a good fit, no?
If you wish.

What, you don’t like it?

Niccolo. Why didn’t you tell me you were coming?

I did.

No, you didn’t.

I sent a letter to Agapito. You didn’t get it?

It must not have arrived. The snow. The roads are horrible. This weather. It’s a miracle any of us... you didn’t get it?

What did it say?

It’s an official directive. To your court. Here.

Why?

I’m to be at your disposal. Should you wish to communicate anything. To the republic. I just arrived. Moments ago.

I know that.

The snow is... miserable. I was lost for hours. Thought I’d freeze to death.

Actually, you have been sent to keep your Signory informed of my whereabouts. And my doings. Correct?

More or less.

To spy on me.

You could say that. Yes.
CESARE
(regarding the costume)
This is not for you. Take it off. You are many things, Machiavelli, but an old cuckold is not one of them. Or am I wrong about that? Ha! Perhaps I should ask Marietta. While the cat’s away, eh?

(laughs)
Let’s see what else we have here? What’s this? Ah! Il Capitano! Just the thing.

(CESARE withdraws britches, breastplate, helmet and wooden sword, and gets Machiavelli into them.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
Yes, this is more like it. The braggart soldier. Full of bluff and bluster. Utterly ineffectual on the battlefield, but grandiose in his braggadocio. And a Spaniard, no less. Yes, that’s the costume for you, Machiavelli. How does that suit you?

MACHIAVELLI
I don’t like it.

(beat)

CESARE
Who were you waiting for in here?

(beat)

MACHIAVELLI
Francesco Orsini.

Why?

CESARE
I don’t know.

MACHIAVELLI
(beat)
I understand you are reconciled with your captains.

CESARE
Yes, all is reconciled now. They gave me Sinigallia as a peace offering today. A token of their good faith. Their esteem. Their respect. Their loyalty. They opened their hearts to me. Many tears were shed. And many kisses. All is forgiven. We are as thick as thieves once again.

MACHIAVELLI
Good.
CESARE
Francesco can tell you all about it himself. He’s right upstairs. With his brother Pagolo.

* MACHIAVELLI
I shall look forward to that.

CESARE
You didn’t think to notify me of your arrival before meeting with one of my captains?

MACHIAVELLI
I was looking for Agapito to do just that, but the whole town is in a state of chaos. No one knows anything. You say there’s a party upstairs? No one I spoke to knows anything about that. No one knows where you are, or what’s going on. It’s a madhouse out there.

(CESARE laughs.)

CESARE
Yes, I suppose it is. Or it might seem like that.

MACHIAVELLI
How did you know I was here?

(beat)

CESARE
The king of France is leaving Italy. He’s given up on Naples. It was a hopeless adventure from the start. Now he wants nothing more than to leave this warring nest of hornets behind.

MACHIAVELLI
Leaving to what extent?

CESARE
That’s a good question. I expect the Signory of Florence will want a good answer to it. Won’t they?

MACHIAVELLI
Surely, he’s not simply planning to--

CESARE
Florence will need a new protector in his absence. A protector from the likes of men like Vitelli and Euffreducci da Fermo. Those who wish to punish her for past treacheries. Those who wish greedily to possess her. Hm?

(spotting something in the trunk)

Ah! Here we are. Just the thing.

(MORE)
(He pulls a dress out of the trunk.)

Columbina--the whore! Yes. Put this on.

(beat)

What--you don’t like it? Put it on.

(MACHIABELLI doesn’t.)

CESARE (CONT’D)

Put it on. It’ll be fun. Great fun.

You’ll have to excuse me.

No. Put it on.

MACHIABELLI

I beg you, your Excellency, do not compel me to do this--

CESARE

Put it on!

(beat)

If you love me, you’ll wear it.

(Slowly, MACHIABELLI begins to put the dress on.)

CESARE (CONT’D)

Yes, it’s been a very eventful day. Sinigallia has been restored to the Holy See. I met them all just outside the town, at the bridge over the River Misa. I had twelve thousand with me. They didn’t expect that. They had no idea. Vitellozzo, Euffreducci, Pagolo and Francesco. My errant captains. One by one, I greeted them. First the hand, then the embrace. Each of them kneeled, in a show of their restored loyalty to me. Oh, there were tears, and lamentations, protestations of love, and sorrow, regret, and shame. I forgive you, brothers. I understand. Let us renew our bond...with a kiss.

(beat)

Come, we shall claim this prize together. We will ride in through her gates as one. Come. And on we went, the five of us, together, across the bridge, toward the gates of the old fortress. But I told them their troops would have to remain across the river, so that my men could be quartered in the town. Naturally. They agreed. And with that, I separated my four brothers in arms from their armies. Now it was just them and me.

(MORE)
As we rode toward the gates of the fortress, I recalled the siege of Faenza, when the Manfredi boys finally surrendered, if only I would let them join up with us.

(laughs)

What fools they were. Well, they were young. Mere boys. Not like these fellows. And just as we arrived at the gates, I stopped. Let us not dine in this inhospitable old fortress, the foul house of Rovere, no. I know a good man in Sinigallia, perhaps the only good man there is in this town. He is an old family friend, Signore Buonanova. Let us dine at his home, on the Via Cavalieri. I signalled for Miguel, and sent him on ahead to announce our coming. Buonanova will make us comfortable, I said. You can count on it. Come. This way. It’s not far. And off we went toward the town. You see, they were planning to kill me there, in the fortress. Once inside, Euffreducci’s men were going to shoot me with crossbows, from above. This I already knew. And on we rode. Imagine the thoughts going through their heads. Should we run? Should we all draw and slaughter him here? Now? While we can? Nothing. On they went. Like prisoners to the scaffold. Hoping against hope. After all, I had forgiven them their treachery.

(laughs)

I told that story of yours. You know, the one about the girl in the cellar. The really ugly one.

(He laughs, then sings a bit of the old Italian love song, Primo Amore by Carlo Buti.)

You can never forget your first love
An old song tells us.
You cannot forget
The first time that we embraced...

On we went, till at last, ah, there it is: Buonanova’s. Miguel waits outside, and tips his hat to me. All is in ready. A warm fire burns within, you can be sure of that. We will eat, and we will drink, and we will enjoy ourselves, as our deserts warrant we should. I dismount. Then Francesco. The dog. Pagolo, brother dog, climbs down. Then Euffreducci, the beast of Fermo. Vitelli holds back. He looks about. He looks at Miguel. He looks at me. And down he steps from his horse, like Lucifer falling from the heavens. I put my arm over his shoulder. Come, let’s get drunk, old friend. And in we go, to Buonanova’s courtyard. I lead the way. Till all four of them are in there with me, then I climb the steps into the house, and I stop, and I turn, and the courtyard gate slams shut.

(Sound of a gate closing like a trap.)

Two dozen of Miguel’s finest appear, swords drawn. Pagolo cries out, “No, Excellency, wait!” like a little girl crying to her daddy. Euffreducci is speechless...

(imitating)

Eh, eh, eh--as they bind his hands. Francesco weeps. As well he should. Only Vitellozzo fights.

(MORE)
Reaching for his sword, but they are on him, forcing him up against the wall, they disarm him. “Cesare, Cesare, don’t do this to me, you cannot. It is me, Vitellozzo.” I went and took a piss.

(he laughs)
That was this afternoon. This evening, we finished the job. Upstairs. After dinner. After I spoke with each one of them. I sat Vitelli and Euffreducci, like this, back to back on the floor. Here. Imagine.

(sits back to back with Machiavelli)
Then Miguel put a length of violin wire around both their necks, like this. And he put a stick through the wire, and twisted it, like this. Tighter and tighter. Euffreducci cried like a child. Why did you do this to me? I asked him. It was Vitelli. It was all his idea. I love you, Cesare. I love you, lord. Please, have mercy on me. Mercy. Oh, he cursed Vitelli, and he cursed himself for allowing Vitelli to mislead him. The devil, he called him. The devil. And Vitelli, he was worse, he begged me to wait, send to the pope, please, grant me forgiveness for my sins! Fearing for his eternal soul. Vitelli. What manner of man are you? You really think the pope would forgive the sins you have committed? Go on, Miguel. Twist the stick. Again. And again. Tighter and tighter. Till their tongues stuck out like long hard horse cocks. Frozen in silence.

(laughs)
Then I turned to the Orsini. Pagolo and Francesco. Seeing the display presented by Vitelli and Euffreducci, they were quite distraught. You can imagine. You see—I couldn’t tell you this before, Niccolo, but it was Francesco that killed by brother, Juan. Yes. It’s true. They didn’t know I knew that. But I know everything. I’ve been waiting for this night for years. You killed my brother. Now you will pay. Every member of your family will pay. We are going to kill all of you. First, Pagolo. Then Francesco. In Rome, last night my father invited Cardinal Orsini to a private little dinner party. There he was arrested. All of them. Gone. The way is clear. And guess who’s next?

(Swiftly, CESARE draws his dagger, and puts it to MACHIAVELLI’s throat.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
Are you my friend, or are you my enemy, Machiavelli? Look me in the eye. I can tell where a man’s heart lies by looking into his eyes. Where is your heart?

MACHIAVELLI
See for yourself.

(Beat.
CESARE looks into MACHIAVELLI’s eyes.

He lowers the dagger.)

MACHIAVELLI (CONT’D)
Either Caesar...or nothing.

(CESARE rises.
MACHIAVELLI kneels, and kisses CESARE’s hand.)

CESARE
I want you to do something for me.
(beat)
Take that off.

(Music plays: Primo Amore by Carlo Buti.

Slowly, MACHIAVELLI rises, and takes off the dress.

CESARE takes off his Brigella costume.

Lights change.

MACHIAVELLI dresses to appear before the Signory.

CESARE dons his finest.)

MACHIAVELLI
(to the Signory)
Most illustrious lords of Florence, and my very particular masters...everything has changed. He has turned the tables utterly. He’s trapped them all. All gone. And now the King of France is leaving. The bull is loose. And he’s coming * for us. Nothing will stop him this time. We have two, maybe three days--who knows with this duke? We must act. The fate of Florence lies in your hands.

(beat)
Everywhere in the streets, I hear his name. Crowds gather, at the cathedral, at the Bargello, even now, out there, in the square. They chant his name. They love him. They want him. We are losing them. To him. I’ve seen this captain-general, up close. I’ve spent time with him. I can tell you, he’s not afraid of anything. He never rests. You never know where he is. You think he’s one place, he’s somewhere else. I don’t know how he does it. They love him. He’s got all the best men in Italy. He’s a major power. A new major power. He’s got an army like you’ve never seen.

(MORE)
And what have we got? We have our bowels in a bucket. We are defenseless now. Board up your windows, look to your daughters, prepare for a siege...or open the gates.

(The sound of crowds chanting for Mussolini, “Duce, Duce, Duce...”)

MACHIAVELLI (CONT’D)
Open up the gates. They love him. His soldiers love him. And those fuckers will fight. They will fuck us...utterly. Everything’s with him. It’s all at his back. He’s the Son of Fortune. The new prince of Italy.

(beat)
I await your instructions.

(MACHIAVELLI exits.

CESARE alone.

Lights change.)
(CESARE drinks a goblet of wine.  
It is night, in the Castle Sant’Angelo, at the end of a long hot summer in 1503.  
CESARE is very drunk.  He laughs.  Stumbles about.  Falls to the floor.)  

CESARE  
End summer.  This is too hot.  Hot.  Thirsty.  Something to drink.  Drink!  
(beat)  
Sleep.  
(nods off, revives)  
No.  Never sleep.  
(looks up at stars)  
(beat)  
Stomach.  Ugh.  What...is this?  Papa...I don’t feel so good.  
(He heaves up his guts.  
Blackout.  
The sound of falling into a vast, bottomless cavern.  
Lights up.  A few weeks later.  Early morning sunlight reveals CESARE dressed in a ragged tunic.  His fine clothes strewn all about.  
The sunlight wakes him, as if from a nightmare.  He shivers, weakly.  He seems a changed man.)  

CESARE (CONT’D)  
What day is it?  The Conclave.  
(He scrambles to the window, and looks out, cautiously, looks around.)  

CESARE (CONT’D)  
What’s happening?  
(Sees MACHIAVELLI, in the shadows.)
CESARE (CONT’D)

Niccolo?

MACHIAVELLI

Your Excellency.

(he kneels)

CESARE

How long have you been there?

MACHIAVELLI

(rising)

I just got here. The door was open.

CESARE

Who’s out there?

MACHIAVELLI

Agapito. Miguel. Some others I don’t know. All yours.

CESARE

You sure about that?

(a laugh)

(They embrace.

They look at each other.)

MACHIAVELLI

I heard...

CESARE

What? What did you hear?

MACHIAVELLI

I heard you were poisoned.

CESARE

Not true, actually. Bit of the fever. Fine now. Where’ve you been?

MACHIAVELLI

Oh, all over Italy it seems. Haven’t been home in weeks.

CESARE

Ah, the demands of statecraft. Marietta missing you, is she? Baby crying for his daddy? Where’s daddy? Where’s daddy? Where is daddy.

(beat)

MACHIAVELLI

My condolences.
Mm-hm. 
I’m thirsty. 
(finds a pitcher or a cask)
What have you learned in your travels, Machiavelli? What can you tell me? What news?

We need a new pope.

So I’ve heard. Who does the Ten favor?
Rovere.

Pigs! Damn them for the grunting little pigs they are! Rovere. Why Rovere?

Because the king of France favors him.

God damn the King of France! God damn his lying French throat! I will kill him. With my own fucking hands!
(beat)
To hell with them. Then there will be no pope. No pope! Till hell rises up, if need be. No pope!

Italy needs a new pope. Nothing will happen anywhere, till we all know who it is. We all have a vested interest in a short, swift conclave.

Till hell rises up.
(drinks)
Ah!
(offers it to Machiavelli)
You want some?

No, thank you.

Water. Pure. I’ve got lots of it here. Food, water, good men. What more do I need?
(beat)
You ever been up here before?
(he has not)
Papa used to say, “If you’ve got the Castle Sant’Angelo, you’ve got Rome.” That’s why we moved in here.
(MORE)
Why we made all these improvements. It’s the highest point in Rome. You can see the whole city from up here. What a view, eh? Originally built by the emperor Hadrian. To be his tomb, his mausoleum. His lasting mark on the City of the Seven Hills. Would he laugh, I wonder, to know now it’s the finest fortress in Rome? Let ‘em come for me. Let ‘em try. 

(laughs)

I hope they do.

MACHIAVELLI

The Ordelaffis are in Forli.

CESARE

They’ll never take the rocca. Ugo’s in command. He’ll die before he surrenders the rocca of Forli. You watch.

MACHIAVELLI

The Manfreddi’s are back in Faenza.

No.

CESARE

Maletesta’s back in Rimini.

MACHIAVELLI

That sick fuck.

CESARE

And Sforza’s back in Pesaro.

MACHIAVELLI

Sforza! Giovanni? Giovanni Sforza is a dickless cuckold. I will crush him for this. What about Cesena?

MACHIAVELLI

Cesena is still holding out.

CESARE

Ha! Of course, they are. They love me in Cesena. And Imola?

MACHIAVELLI

Still holding, as well.

CESARE

Ha. You see? You see? The worst is far behind, Machiavelli, far behind.

MACHIAVELLI

What are your instructions?
CESARE
My instructions?
(beat)
Keep fighting.
(beat)
Do you know what happened to my father’s body?

MACHIAVELLI
I only know what I was told.

CESARE
What were you told?

MACHIAVELLI
They laid him out in the great basilica. But the palace was
looted. Once the word got out. There were riots.

CESARE
They say his face turned black, and swelled up with rot.
What happened to his body?

MACHIAVELLI
He was interred beneath the basilica, I believe.

CESARE
I heard they desecrated him. Dragged his bloated corpse all
about the palace. By a rope tied round one ankle. Did you
hear that?

MACHIAVELLI
Where were you?

CESARE
I was nearly dead myself. Funny. I never expected that.

MACHIAVELLI
You never expected what?

CESARE
That when my father died, I, too, would be at death’s door.

MACHIAVELLI
Hm. Bad luck.

CESARE
It was the fever. The “double tertian,” they call it here.
The August Fever. Every summer. Here in the city. The air
becomes foul. We always leave for the country in August.
But this summer, we couldn’t. Too much risk in leaving. No.
First I got it. Then him. I don’t know what happened to
papa after I started retching. The last time I saw him, he
was puking his guts out. Both of us. I crawled to my room
in the palace. Sent for Doctor Torcella. He did the
bleedings. They bled me, and bled me, and bled me.
(MORE)
Didn’t do any good. I told them to treat it the way they do back home. It’s the fever, and the chill. Back and forth. That’s what kills you. While you vomit, and shit yourself to death. They treat it with ice. I was barely awake, barely alive, as they stripped off my clothes, and dropped me into a tub of ice water. Then they slaughtered a bull. Right there in my room. And my skin turned blue. And they yanked me out, and wrapped me in the steaming carcass of the great beast. It’s heart still beating beside me. And I took new life from the animal’s flesh, and it drew the poison out of me. Till I was calm, and quiet, and warm.

(beat)

But I was in the thing too long. Something happened. My skin began to peel off. As I screamed. I was nothing but a shivering, bloody skeleton. A tortured soul in Hell. But I was still alive. Miguel came to me, and told me the old man was dead. It was chaos. I could barely walk. I told him to get to the treasury, get to the treasury, quickly! Get everything you can. I got the kids, Sanchia, Jeffery, everyone to the Passetto. There’s a secret passageway. From Saint Peter’s to here. Through the tunnel, we came. Me, wrapped in nothing but a bloody sheet, little Giulia in one arm, little Rodrigo in the other. Through the stone bowels of the old palace, and out over the rooftops of the Borgo, running, running, all of us, staggering, exhausted, all the way here. All the money, all the men, all the arms, all the family I could get. Here. To Sant’Angelo. Close up the great doors. Man the battlements. And wait. They say the devil came to him at the end.

MACHIAVELLI

Came to who?

CESARE

Papa. Appeared at the foot of his bed. To claim his due. But the old man said, “Fuck off, you!”

(laughs)

The devil himself.

(looks about)

Any news from Ferrara?

MACHIAVELLI

Your sister’s safe.

CESARE

Is she well?

MACHIAVELLI

As far as I know.

(CESARE finds a letter.)

CESARE

Here. Can you get this to her?
MACHIAVELLI

Me?

CESARE
Take it with you. Please. I want her to know...I love her.
And I’m sorry. She’s the only one...

(hears something)

Who’s there?

MACHIAVELLI

What?

CESARE
I thought I heard someone.

(beat)

Help me.

MACHIAVELLI

I’ve just been to see Guiliano della Rovere.

Rovere--why?

CESARE

He asked to see me.

Why?

MACHIAVELLI

Because he wanted me to bring you an offer.

An offer?

(beat)

What is it?

MACHIAVELLI

Use your influence with the Spaniards in the college, get
them to vote for Guiliano, and he’ll make you his captain-
general once he’s got the white cap on his head.

CESARE

Is he willing to put that in writing?

(MACHIAVELLI withdraws a letter
from his robe, and hands it to
CESARE.

CESARE reads the letter.)

You’ve got him.
CESARE
He hates me.

MACHIAVELLI
But now he needs you.

CESARE
Rovere’s a snake.

MACHIAVELLI
He’s a desperate snake. The one thing he’s been living his whole life for—the crown of St. Peter—is almost in his grasp. And you can give it to him.

CESARE
I don’t think you know Guiliano so well.

MACHIAVELLI
I spent several months with him in France. I’ve known him for years. I know how he thinks. We used to drink grappa, and play dice together, while we joked about all the fool’s in Louis’ court. He’s old. He’s practically feeble. He needs you. And he could be...guided—I think you could say—in the future. While he lasts. In the meantime...

CESARE
I need to restore my holdings in the Romana.

MACHIAVELLI
You need the blessing of a new pope. And the armies it brings. Send the word to your cardinals in the college: Rovere. On the first vote. You could be captain-general of the Holy See by midnight. There’s no other man in Italy. Everyone knows it. You’re the one. Only you can save us.

CESARE
I have seen...the other side. Been across the river and back. I rise from the dead. Italy...is mine.

(MACHIAVELLI kneels.

CESARE goes to him.)

CESARE (CONT’D)
Tell Cardinal Rovere, yes. He will have the support of my cardinals in the conclave. I accept his offer of the Captain-Generalship. In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Thank you. Friend.

(MACHIAVELLI kisses him.

Lights change.)
MACHIAVELLI turns to the audience, the Signory of Florence.)

MACHIAVELLI
Foolishly, he accepted the cardinal’s offer.

(CESARE begins to shiver, from the fever.)

MACHIAVELLI (CONT’D)
Now Giuliano is sitting on the thrown of Saint Peter, and the duke is dead.

CESARE
Curse this fever.

MACHIAVELLI
He should never have trusted Rovere.

CESARE
It’ll pass. It’ll pass.

MACHIAVELLI
He who thinks that new favors will make men forget old injuries...is sorely mistaken.

CESARE
Rovere.

MACHIAVELLI
I understand he was killed in a skirmish. Outside Viana. They say a column of Spanish lancers attacked the town there at dawn. The duke was up and in the saddle before any of his men. And off he went at a full gallop.

CESARE
Ya Spanish dogs!

MACHIAVELLI
His own men, those few that stayed with him till the end, followed after. But so fast did he ride, and so hard, he didn’t realize that he’d out-stripped them, and left all his comrades behind. He was a remarkable horseman.

CESARE
Cowards all.

MACHIAVELLI
On he went. On and on. Till the lancers noticed he was all alone. So they stopped and turned on him. This army of one.

CESARE
Where am I?
MACHIAVELLI
They unhorsed him. And surrounded him. Two score of them they say. Surrounded him with their lances. He fought them all.

(CESARE fights valiantly with an imaginary sword.)

MACHIAVELLI (CONT'D)
For a full hour, they say.

(CESARE weakens, exhausted, sinks to his knees.)

CESARE
Lucrezia.

MACHIAVELLI
Till at last, they all closed in on him, and ran him through like a pin cushion.

(CESARE gasps, wavers, and collapses onto the floor.)

MACHIAVELLI (CONT'D)
They stripped him of his glorious armor, and left his bloody, naked corpse in the dust. No one knows what exactly happened to the body. Perhaps he’s still alive out there. Somewhere. But I don’t think so. I believe we’ve seen the last of Cesare Borgia. There are those who thought he was... the one. A savior. Ordained by God to deliver us. From these barbarians all about us today. It seems they were wrong.

(CESARE looks up at MACHIAVELLI, weakly.)

CESARE
Either Caesar...or nothing.

MACHIAVELLI
(to the Signory)
Long live the republic.

(MACHIAVELLI kneels down beside CESARE, grabs his throat with one hand, and squeezes.

CESARE gasps.

Blackout.)

THE END