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# Pasolini

By Maurizio Braucci

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Are these actors masochist?

If I chose them, they are.

Is sex about politics?

There's nothing that isn't politics.

When your last film, Sal, will be released,  
will you scandalize again?

I think to scandalize is a right,  
to be scandalized is a pleasure,  
and those who refuse to be scandalized are moralists.  
the so called moralists.

Why aren't you a militant anymore?

What do you mean?

You are not a political militant anymore.

I am more than ever.

Are you nostalgic of the period in which people insulted you in the  
streets?

They're still insulting me.

Does it provoke you a certain pleasure?

I don't deny it

since I'm not a moralist.

What is the profession you prefer?

Poet? Writer? Scenarist? Actor? Critic? Director?

In my passport, I simply report: "writer".

Dear Alberto

I send you this

so that you can give me advice.

It's a novel

but it's not written like

**true novels are:**

its terminology is

the one used in essays,

in some newspaper articles,

in reviews,

in private letters

or even in poetry.

This is the advice I ask from you:

is what I've written enough,

in order to decently and

poetically say what I wanted to say?

I'd like you to consider,

before advising me

that the protagonist

of this novel is whoever he is  
and, analogies between his  
story and mine aside,  
he disgusts me.  
This novel is of no use  
to my life anymore..  
It is not a proclamation.  
It is the preamble to a testament  
the testimony of that little of  
knowledge that a man has gathered,  
a totally different knowledge  
from what he had expected it to be.  
or wondered.  
Love.  
Go.  
Good.  
Good. Come on..  
Yes...  
Ninni.. Pieruti  
Mom.  
You're back...  
We've been so far away one from another.  
I'm getting up, mom.  
Hi Pieruti.  
Hi Graziella.  
How did the trip go?  
It went well, thanks.  
Listen Graziella...  
you have to read Sciascia's last novel,  
you can take it from my desk  
it's a really important book.  
Thank you, I'll read it.  
Carlo Levi called to say hi.  
Yes.  
La Stampa's editor  
would like you to call him back.  
Ok.  
Ah,  
I've copied your speech for the radicals'  
meeting and I've put it  
on your desk.  
That's good, thanks.  
Carlo was not the only powerful individual  
to adapt to such an official feast

destination for opportunists  
for snobs  
for background actors,  
for officials and bureaucrats with ladies.  
And he wasn't the only one  
who had to make the best of a bad situation.  
At the center, unmoved mover,  
was the Head of State..  
Even during the democracy process  
the holy game of kings kept being played,  
and the ritualistic life  
of royalty is still well spread  
among the bourgeoisie...  
Meanwhile all around Carlo,  
who just entered, there was pure chaos.  
I've been attacked by  
certain journalists lately,  
journalists related to ENI  
So many disappointments.  
That's why I had to do it my way.  
I tell you, tell the Americans  
that the government has no intention  
whatsoever of taxating oil.  
Sure, sure, sure.  
Vincenzo Cazzaniga is highly esteemed  
in the very Vatican Bank.  
The Agnellis get their money back  
through the Vatican Bank.  
Sure.  
To us Andreotti and  
honesty are the same thing.  
Because if he says that those bombs in  
Milan are not our problem,  
it means that they're not.  
Well then, we adapt  
we adapt to all this.  
OK, that's right.  
Narrative,  
as you well know, is dead.  
We're mourning it.  
Mine is not a tale, but a metaphor.  
The meaning of this metaphor  
is the relationship between  
an artist and what he creates and shapes.

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is the relationship between  
an artist and what he creates and shapes.  
Andrea Fago, or the "eating man",  
took as usually the Alitalia DC9 flight,  
on a calm spring afternoon,  
a flight ought to land on Cape Town.  
- There you go.  
- Thanks..  
What's your name, miss?  
Caterina.  
Caterina.  
At what time we're done, Caterina?  
We land at 12.  
And are you going to have lunch with someone?  
No.  
May I invite you?  
Why not?  
Those would be some hours of quite  
and beautiful travel.  
First of all Egypt,  
and its Nile,  
and its green trees,  
and its palms and  
the cornfields, and the dark ocrea villages.  
After that Sudan,  
and its neverending  
southern desert,  
so wonderfully pink.  
I would like to insist that  
this desert's pink is  
really something:  
but it's even more impressive  
its vastness.  
It never ends and never changes,  
from Kartoum to  
Rudolph Lake.  
what gives a feeling of terror to this desert  
though is the fact that  
it is not a desert,

but a huge hollow country,  
forgotten by both God and man.  
Well, this was the desert  
in which the Alitalia DC9 crashed.  
All that I'm going to tell you  
was not displayed  
in this world's theatre but  
in my head's.  
It took not place in the space of reality,  
but in the one of my imagination.  
And eventually, it played out not according  
to the contradictory rules  
of the game of the existence,  
but it did according to the  
contradictory rules of the game of my reason.  
Andrea Fago wathed those men  
who where coming towards him.  
Those ancient men  
he knew so well.  
He contemplated them, no, he recognised them  
silent.  
Then a smile,  
an amazing smile stretched his lips  
and enlightened his eyes.  
That smile was enigmatic because  
it was so human,  
that it came from the mind.  
the continuity between me and them,  
and back between them and me,

**breaks:**

whose knowledge is illusion.  
There's the list of the interviews for Salim.  
About the movie release,  
Mr Agnelli wants to release it  
in Milan first.  
He believes that we will have better odds  
with the censorship.  
Let's hope he's right.  
Some optimism... Would you like this?  
Let me try it.  
Aunt Susanna, this was sent me by Gaetano  
Perusini, only for Pier Paolo.  
Ah, from Rocca Bernarda.

Is there.. Furio Colombo too?  
Yes. It's for la Stampa,  
for their new  
literary section.  
But they want to make it as soon as they can.  
Ask him if he can come by this afternoon.  
Now, Graziella,  
where have you been these last days?  
We've been to the pinewood in Castel Fusano.  
A beautiful place.  
Full of beautiful flowers.  
And what about you? E' piaciuta Stoccolma Pieruti?  
Yes mommy, but I think we would never be able  
to live there, you and I...  
And what do you think about Montale's Nobel?  
I said at Stockholm that  
they should have given it to Sandro Penna, and not to Montale.  
By the way how's Sandro doing?  
Did you see him lately?  
Sandro is poor and sick...  
now he's complaining since  
he isn't able to chew anymore.  
I don't get why he doesn't want  
to use a denture...  
now he has this bad habit  
of calling on the phone here at night..  
And he talks, and talks, and talks..  
Last time, aunt Susanna put the phone  
on the table and she  
went back watching the tv...  
You should write down everything  
he says, instead.  
He is a great poet.  
It's Laura.  
Here she is...  
- Hi, Graziella!  
- Hello Laura.  
How do you do?  
Very well. What about you?  
Welcome back Laura.  
Handsome.  
Good morning!  
Hello.  
Susanna...

How's it going?  
Well, well.  
What about you?  
Get me a chair.  
How was your travelling?  
Fine, fine. What about yours?  
Zagabria... your Jancso pal  
tortured us for the whole movie  
we shot without a break  
these last two days, all day and all night.  
It was madness, mom.  
And did you manage to give him what he wanted?  
Of course.  
In the beginning he tried to  
stop me from improvising  
but in the end... I've helped him  
shooting the orgy sequences...  
Ah socialist actresses  
such a wonder, eh...  
I adore them, they're real professionals!  
They put this hemorrhoids cream  
on thei pussies to  
hide the wrinkles..  
I'll start putting it too.  
But here... on the eye wrinkles, look!  
Since I don't have the money for  
expensive creams... Oh, so good!  
Are you hungry?  
No, but you can't imagine how much I missed  
the Italian food in Jugoslavia,  
because there the food is awful  
I don't know why communism and  
fine cuisine are always apart...  
Ah, I brought you something that... well...  
I hope you like.  
Croatian Folkloristic Music.  
Ah, thanks.  
And I've brought something for the girls too...  
Thanks  
You're welcome. And Susanna...  
Oh, you're so sweet.  
We didn't have this one.  
May I?  
Of course.



Some wine?

Yes, I'd like some..

Ah... you can put your jewels there.

Is it true Laura that you  
dubbed the Devil's voice?

Yes, Graziella, I've worked under the Devil..

The Hollywood cinema...

Help somebody who served the Church, father.

Oh.. Oh honey come here

and let me show you how communists dance,

They dance,

and they even dance well, look..

Here you go, this way,

Take it...

Graziella... you should

use more make-up

you're so pretty..

Come on Graziella, dance with me some more...

Here...

Good evening.

Good evening. Here.

Good evening.

Good evening, make yourself at home.

Thanks

May I offer you some coffee?

No thanks, water is just fine.

How do you do?

Well. Take a sit.

Let's get started right away...

So... In what you have written,  
in your articles, you gave many versions  
of what you hate

and therefore you have opened a fight  
against institutions,

ideologies, powers,

abd against some people,

now to make our conversation

a little bit less complicated

I'll call all of this "the situation",

but it's clear

that I'm referring to that scene

you usually speak against.

But I want to make this consideration,

let's put that you have a magical mind,

you move your hand and everything disappears,  
everything you hate.  
You are then alone, alone and with no means whatsoever,  
with no expressive means I mean.  
Yes, I get it, oh,  
you're talking about a magical mind...  
which not only I'm looking for  
but which I also believe in, not because  
I think myself as a wizard,  
but because I know that  
by hitting the same  
nail even a house can collapse.  
Those who made history  
were not the  
courtisans and the cardinals' assistants  
but those who were able to say "no".  
Refusal has always been  
an essential gesture and therefore  
to work it needs to be  
great, absolute, and absurd.  
Common sense has never  
stopped the situation.  
Now, we have three points:  
what is "the situation"  
why we should stop it or even destroy it  
and how.  
Good, now explain "the situation".  
You perfectly know that what you write,  
and your language have the effect of  
sunlight going through the dust.  
That is a beautiful picture  
but it is hard to understand.  
Thank you for the sun metaphor, but I  
want a lot less.  
I just want  
that you notice this tragedy.  
What is this tragedy?  
The tragedy is that there are no  
human beings anymore, there are only  
weird cars crashing one against the other.  
And this tragedy started  
with that universal  
compulsory  
and perverse educational system

that shapes all of us,  
from the manager class,  
down to the poor.  
that pushes all of us inside  
the arena of having  
everything at any cost.  
This is the reason  
why everyone wants the same things and  
why they behave all the same way.  
So if I have in my hands an administration  
meeting or a financial maneuver,  
I use those.  
Or I use a crowbar.  
And when I decide to use a crowbar  
I make my violence  
to get what I want.  
Why do I want it?  
Because they told me that  
it's a virtue to want it.  
I exercise the right to my virtue.  
I am a murderer, and I am a good person.  
So people nowadays don't mind  
killing at all..  
That's where the scenery has changed,  
now there's the desire to kill and  
this desire binds us as  
sinister brothers of  
a sinsiter failure of  
an entire social system  
that produces gladiators who were  
all taught to have,  
possess and destroy.  
You see all of us as  
farmers with no school education,  
ignorant but happy.  
I will spit it out for you,  
I descend to Hell.  
and I know many things that for now  
won't bother your rests.  
But be careful.  
Hell is coming up to you.  
It's true, he wears  
many clothings and  
wears many masks.

All of us are victims and  
all of us are guilty.  
But the desire, the need...  
for the crowbar,  
to assault, to kill,  
is strong and is in all of us.  
And it won't exist much longer  
the private  
and risky experience of those people who...  
how can I put it..  
has touched a "violent life".  
But don't make a fool of yourselves.  
You lot  
with your school  
your tv  
with the calm of your newspapers  
you  
are the great preservers  
of this horrible order  
an order based on the idea of possessing  
and on the idea of destroying.  
Let me get back to the first question.  
You magically wipe out everything,  
the compulsory school,  
the elected officials,  
the tv itself.  
What do you have left?  
Everything.  
I have everything left.  
Myself,  
to be alive,  
to be alive in the world,  
to see, to work, to understand, my books  
My movies.  
I would keep making cinema  
even if I were the last man on the Earth,  
maybe I'd keep making it  
because I need it  
because I like making it and I would make it.  
Either I kill myself... or I make it!  
I, I... by making cinema  
by making it  
I somehow express myself.  
And if this expression of mine

gets alienated,  
who cares!  
In the meanwhile I've expressed myself  
as free as I could.  
Now enough about myself  
I've just  
talked too much about myself,  
everybody know that  
I pay my experiences  
on my skin, maybe it's me who's wrong,  
but I'll keep telling you that we're all  
in danger.  
Pasolini,  
if this is your vision of the world,  
I don't know if you would accept the question,  
but how can you push back  
risk and danger?  
It got late  
it's better for us to stop here.  
Maybe you could leave me these questions.  
There are too many absolute arguments,  
leave me some time to think about those.  
To write it's much easier to me  
than to talk.  
I'll add some notes and I'll  
leave them to you in the morning.  
Do you have headline?  
We're all in danger?.  
Damn the fascists all to Hell!  
- Good evening.  
- Good evening.  
Good evening, Pierpa'.  
Are you closing up?  
No, it's always opened for you,  
Come in, Maestro.  
How are you?  
Fine.  
Where have you been?  
In Stockholm.  
Ah, and what's there to see?  
They translated my  
Le ceneri di Gramsci.  
Ah well done!  
Have you felt the tension in the streets?

Two boys have been killed  
right around the corner.  
One of them was a 16 years old  
fascist.  
And to have justice they killed  
someone who had nothing to do with it.  
Rome it's done for, my friend.  
You should leave it and  
go live in another country.  
And what should I do in another country?  
I can only cook spaghetti.  
You can't even imagine  
how many would die  
to eat your food in France or in Germany.  
No shit...  
with the disgusting food they have!  
Pierpa' tonight I made your  
stake with a little bit of salad on the side.  
Good... but  
I'll be waiting for Ninetto.  
No problem.  
Dear Eduardo  
I'll write down, at last,  
the movie I've been talking to you about for so many years.  
Oh you don't have time to go to sleep  
in the evening that is already 9 o'clock in the morning!  
Epifnio!  
I'll entrust Epifanio to you entirely:  
because I feel like it,  
because I want to.  
Come here!  
Let's make it this way.  
Epifanio it's you.  
It's the you from the dream,  
apparently idealized,  
but actually real.  
Carolina,  
you know that coffee makes you nervous!  
I hope, with all my heart, that you  
will like the movie, and that  
you will accept to do it: but overall  
I hope that you'll help me and give me the strength  
to face such a burden.  
You're drinking it right on my face!?

Look, let's do something nice.  
Now I go and grab something to eat,  
then I come back, and we make a good  
coffee, and we share it.  
a little bit ofr you and a little bit for me. Alright?  
Hurry up though!  
Fine!  
Move it Epif!  
Nunzio!  
Kid!  
I've just hired you and  
I've to fire you already?  
Come on!  
C'mon!  
Up! On your feet!  
Move it Epif!  
Don't worry, Carolina!  
Everything is fine!  
Yeah, everything is fine...  
I'm grabbing something to eat!  
Move it!  
On my way!  
Can we have some coffee?  
No, let's go and buy something.  
I want my coffee!  
The Messiah is born!  
The Messiah is born!  
Sorry, I'm just...  
Ok, no problem  
Epifanio, the Messiah is born!  
They all said it at the market!  
The Messiah is born!  
The Messiah is born!  
Who told you?  
What do you mean by "who told me"?  
Everybody did!  
The Messiah is born!  
The Messiah is born!  
But you believe to everything they tell you!  
Who knows what you've understood  
That time I'v asked you some trouts,  
you got back with anchovies!  
Oh well... I'm goin take a dump!  
The Comet!

The Messiah is born!  
The Messiah is born!  
The Messiah is born!  
Epifanio! Where are you going?  
I'm going to look for the Messiah!  
Dang it!  
Who the hell is gonna make me some coffee now?  
Here! Here!  
Hey.  
How are you, Aldo?  
I'm fine, thanks.  
Hello.  
Oh, hi!  
Go to Paolo.  
Here you are.  
You're so beautiful.  
Aldo, what are we going to eat?  
Well, tonight I'd have an exquisite pheasant  
that I hunted myself...  
if the lady doesn't mind though, right?  
Yes, yes, it's alright,  
and something for the baby.  
Right away! Some wine?  
Yes, yes, wine is fine.  
Adriano.  
So?  
You're so beautiful.  
-Sweet child, Chicchetto!  
-He's always hungry.  
He's always eating.  
Want some wine?  
Yes.  
Good evening.  
Good evening.  
Hello.  
Look at how he smiles.  
How much he smiles.  
So? Eh?  
What happened to dad?  
There you have the comet!  
The Messiah will be born!  
Let's go! Let's go!  
Good morning.  
Good morning, how are you?



Good, what about you?  
May I see your papers?  
What a fine piece of ass has that one!  
Are you foreigners?  
Yes.  
You can tell.  
Good way back.  
Thank you, have a good day.  
Morning, how are you?  
Fine?  
Fine!  
May I see your papers?  
Sure thing. Here you go. Show him the paper, c'mon.  
You look smart...  
You're foreigners, aren't you?  
Yes.  
May I ask you a question?  
Do you prefer men or women?  
What kind of question is that?  
We like women, right?  
Oh! You have already got used to it, haven't you?  
No problem.  
May I give you an advice?  
You'd better go to the bourgeois restaurant,  
in the city center  
you will feel more comfortable.  
Enjoy the city.  
- Have a good day.  
- Thanks.  
Romano! Eh?  
I got you!  
Him too?  
No, he stays a little bit here and there.  
Are you sure you're not even a little...  
Eh? No?  
A little what?  
But why are you here?  
I'm here for the money, though.  
You're lucky,  
you know you're lucky.  
Ah really?  
Not only this is  
the most leisured city in the world.  
This is the town of lesbians and gays.

And today, my friend, you're lucky!  
Because we have a great event!  
Do you want to come?  
How much does it cost?  
It's free for you!  
C'mon, trust me!  
C'mon!  
Good evening.  
Good evening.  
And what should this place be?  
This is the Fertility Festival  
Ah..  
It's an important thing for this city.  
You must understand  
that here at Sodoma,  
gays make out with gays and  
lesbians make out with lesbians, all year along.  
But on a special day,  
that is today,  
they gather,  
have sex and make babies.  
After that, lesbians go back to be  
lesbians and gays go back to be...  
Gays go back to be...  
Gays-  
Wait a moment, before opening the door...  
shouldn't we knock?  
So that we don't disturb...  
What are you talking about?  
This is the city of tolerance!  
Dick, dick, fuck you!  
Cunt, cunt, fuck you!  
Dick, dick, fuck you!  
Cunt, cunt, fuck you!  
Dick, dick, fuck you!  
Cunt, cunt, fuck you!  
Dick, dick, fuck you!  
Dick, dick, fuck you!  
Cunt, cunt, fuck you!  
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Dick, dick, fuck you!  
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Dick, dick, fuck you!  
Cunt, cunt, fuck you!  
Dick, dick, fuck you!  
Cunt, cunt, fuck you!

It's moving.

Oh yes! It's moving!

We must go!

Let's go! Let's go, c'mon!

Epifanio's soul departs from  
his body now that he's dead  
Nunzio a fiche waits for him and  
we finally understand that he's actually an angel.  
Epifanio is really happy about it  
and Nunzio tells him:

Let's go to Heaven.

So they start walking  
and they go up to the sky  
leaving planet Earth behind them,  
The two of them go far, far, far away  
up... but they never reach Heaven.  
Epifanio asks "Where's Heaven"?

**Nunzio replies:**

so they go up and up  
and up again but they don't  
reach Heaven until  
they're too tired and they stop.  
Heaven doesn't exist.  
Epifanio takes a piss,  
then he turns around,  
and glances at planet Earth.  
You can hear from there  
far noises,  
music, voices, poor people's songs,  
fashionable songs, revolutionary songs.  
So Epifanio give a look at the planet and says

"At last  
I'm glad I've followed the star,  
because thanks to it I had the chance  
to get to know better  
this planet I love so much...  
So he turns to Nunzio and asks  
"Now what?"  
and Nunzio replies: "There's no such a thing as the end.  
Let's wait, something has to happen...  
I want to shoot this movie as soon as I can.  
I'm going... Bye.  
Goodnight.  
Jack Palance, can I drive it?  
You don't even have the license for it.  
Were have ya been?  
Far away.  
Come.  
That's beautiful.  
Did you steal it?  
No, a friend of mine gave it to me,  
he bought it in America.  
How's it going tonight?  
I can't complain.  
Are you hungry?  
Sure!  
- Good evening professor.  
- Good evening.  
Ah thanks.  
Giuseppina, the professor is here.  
Good evening, Professor.  
Good evening.  
Evening.  
What would you like to eat?  
What would you like?  
He will have some spaghetti  
and some chicken breast..  
And as for me... I've already eaten.  
What can I take you to drink?  
A beer for me.  
Nothing for me, thanks.  
And now... Are you working?  
I work at the body shop, now and then.  
Really?  
Do you like it?

Well...it's a pain in the ass,  
scratchin' all day.  
You're welcome.  
But... Do you like cars?  
Sure.  
What about mine?  
A bit, yes.  
I can let you drive it.  
I already have one but  
the start engine is broken,  
and I'm broke.  
Do you have a girlfriend?  
Yes.  
What do you do with her?  
Do you like going dancing?  
Sure, she likes going going dancing  
I do too.  
But it's too expensive.  
You don't need money to dance.  
You always need money.  
But it's not like... you get in trouble, is it?  
What do you mean?  
With... the police.  
Fuck the police they're  
fuckheads.  
Last time they arrested me  
because of some bullshit  
Enjoy  
It's good, isn't it?  
Good evening.  
See you soon, professor.  
Why don't we go to the seaside?  
Yes but how long does it take?  
I've got things to do.  
Don't worry, it's totally worth it.  
Aha!  
What the fuck are you doing?  
Look at that sexy car, faggot,  
it's yours?  
What the fuck do these two  
faggots think they're doing showing their asses?  
What do you think?  
Let me tell you what  
these two faggots are doing.

Take out the money, cunt.  
Go to the car!  
Get this faggot up...  
You fucker...  
Get him up... You suck so much,  
Imma break your dick, fucker...  
You cocksucker!...  
Get this shithead up.  
You faggot...  
You fuckhead...  
You cocksucker!  
I'm breaking it...  
You really are a faggot...  
You cunt!  
I aint't get it...  
He was here.  
I'm sure, he was here.  
What?  
Heaven?  
Listen, I can't take it anymore!  
Just like all comets,  
even this comet I've followed  
was bullshit.  
Ma senza non fosse stata ska strunzata,  
Earth, I would have never known you..  
But... what now?  
What now, nothin.  
There's no such a thing as the end.  
Let's wait.  
Something has to happen.  
I can't take it,  
I just can't tell her  
that they killed her another son.  
Let me tell her.