



Scripts.com

Roma

By Federico Fellini

- He's written from America.
- What's he say?
They eat everything
out of cans over there.
The first image of Rome
was a centuries-old stone...
rising out of the fields
just outside my hometown.
Later on, at school, we were told
other interesting things about Rome.
This is the Rubicon...
the river Julius Caesar crossed,
saying, "Alea iacta est!"
- Take off your shoes, children.
- Take off your shoes...
and we'll cross
the river together.
Alea iacta est!
- To Rome.
- To Rome!
"Now we've got another meanie
by the name of Mussolini.
Julius Caesar took a chance
and led his army into France.
In those days the French were Gauls
and Caesar a man with balls. "
Bring me then Metellus Cimbers's
petition and I shall examine it.
And now, hands,
speak for me.
You too, Brutus.
My son.
Julius Caesar.
Sir, if I may say so,
last night you had us all in tears.
It was a real
artistic performance.
Eternal gratitude
to our humble webfooted friends.
To our humble webfooted friends
with their excited quacking.
It is always that one, sir.
Always the same one.
Woke the soldiers who picked up

their weapons and saved Rome.
And you can hear their descendants
quacking right outside the window.
Careful, now. Careful.
Return to your seats.
I won't tolerate any disorder.
Stop it.
You are not out in the streets now.
You're in school!
Barbetti! Stacchiotti! Barilazzi!
I'll beat you to death, by God!
In "saecula saeculorum," amen.
On your feet.
Rings.
Napkins.
Dismissed.
Silence. Order.
Order and silence.
The bronze she-wolf
at the Capitol.
Santa Maria Maggiore,
one of the four Roman basilicas.
The tomb of Cecilia Metella
on the Appia Antica.
The Arch of Constantine.
The altar of the fatherland.
St. Peter's,
Holy Mother Church's greatest temple.
Turn it off!
Turn on the lights, somebody!
The lights!
Don't look, children.
Close your eyes. It's the devil.
Whoever looks will go to hell.
Keep your eyes closed.
- It's the devil! The devil!
- Good Lord! On your feet!
But church bells
are the voice of God.
We should turn
on the radio, signora.
- There's a blessing from the Pope.
-Just bring the soup here, you idiot!
- Stay where you are!

- But, Severino, it's a papal blessing.
So put it on the salad!

- Shame on you. You'll go to hell.

- Stay where you are.
On your knees. Don't pay attention
to your good-for-nothing father.
Drop dead, you old bat!
For heaven's sake, folks, there's
no need to push. We've got enough seats.
Three adults, two children
and one maid. What?
Full price for a maid?
Well, I'll be damned.
Shut up!
Adele, keep an eye on that kid.
Carmela, the baby!
Hang on to my coat and follow me.
Excuse me. Pardon me.
Besides, there's three shows today.
Come back later.
May the gods smile upon you,
Pompeo.
I have come
to bid you farewell.
With what adventures,
Priscilla the Christian?
I have a generous nature.
But vengeance is a temptress.

- Be on your guard, both of you.

-And yet, I love her.

No, no, have mercy!
I beg you, mercy!
Let me go!
There are some seats. Hurry! Adele!
Leonina! You sit over there.

- My wife's purse was on that seat.

- Purses don't count.
Carmela, the baby!
Sir, you are an ill-mannered boor,
that's what you are.
And you don't seem to realize who I am.
I'm the school principal, that's who.
The principal, understand?

Rome.:

was in an atmosphere of enthusiasm.
The entire city was there to greet
our leader and proclaim its faith...
in the glorious and indomitable
destiny of the imperial fatherland.
His Excellency S. De Carolis
took part in the jump through the hoop.
What a man.
Sons of the she-wolf flocked
to the beaches of Rome where Italians...
and their automobiles paraded
to the songs of the revolution...
followed by a box lunch
which included bread...
famous national cheeses
and piping red tea.

Florence.:

stone walls of the Pitti Palace...
seem to smile beneath
the warm, spring sunshine.
This lady was the wife
of the local druggist.
Everyone said
she was worse than Messalina.
And no need to play with yourself.
That's what's nice about Rome.
It's big and nobody knows you.
You are free to come and go.
What about the Roman women?
What are they like?
The Roman women?
They've got an ass as wide as that.
Quit fucking around
and get out of my way.
Don't worry. I'm going.
Get your lottery tickets here.
- Hey, kid, need a lighter?
- No, thanks. I've already got one.
I'll give you, as a present,
a bolt of first-class English wool.
- Got a place to sleep tonight?
- In Via Albalonga.

I have a room with your own entrance
and a cute little French girl.

No.

Hotel Dragoni.

Hotel Dragoni!

Veal at four lire a pound.

What's this world coming to?

There's only two things
you can be sure of.

That's right.

Death and taxes.

- I'm looking for the Palletta family.

- Fourth floor.

The elevator's broken.

David, I'm gonna beat
the hell outta you.

There, stupid!

You always do it wrong.

Where can I find
the Palletta family?

Thank you.

He says to me, "You kidding me
or are you really stupid?"

"What do you mean?"

And he says, "Aw, come on. You must
be kidding. " I say, "What do you mean?"

- So?

- What do you mean, so?

The solemn military and religious rites
at the tomb of the unknown.

I'm gonna throw the cat
out the window!

His Excellency Count Racobelli
attended and Mons. Troisi Ragusa...
was there to represent
the Holy Sea.

Hey! Listen.

Ciao. Is your mother home?

Hello?

Anybody home?

Signora?

Antonietta! I did it!

Stay there a minute.

I'm coming.

- There's someone at the door.

- I did it! I did it!

Signora,

that young man is here...

the one whose mother wrote you
from up north.

Shall I let him in?

- How do you do?

- I was making pasta. Let me help you.

- Come in. Come in, please.

- Thanks.

The signora's not feeling very well.

Come on. This way.

One of her ovaries
is inflamed.

We'll just set it down here, all right?

Come on. I'll show you the house.

Come in, come in.

I hope you don't mind children, 'cause
there's a lot of them living here.

This is the dining room.

Florentine furniture. Nice, huh?

- That's the signora's eldest son.

- Who is it?

He's gonna work as a clerk.

- Why did you have to go to the beach?

- How do you do?

- Why shouldn't I have gone?

- Did you have to go at noon?

When, then?

My poor baby.

A bad sunburn, huh?

Do you have a fever?

I think so, yeah.

- Nice shirt you got there.

- Thank you.

You afraid of Chinamen? He is one
and he's even got kitchen privileges.

My God, it stinks in here. Why don't
you open the window when you cook?

Bucatini matriciana sauce.

You like eat?

- No, thank you.

- Very good. Delicious.

Let me out of here
before I throw up.
Bucatini matriciana.
Yeah, for pigs.
Signora,
shall I show him the kitchen?
Yes, honey,
show him the kitchen.
Oh, my God! What have I done
to deserve such suffering?
The kitchen's this way.
- After you.
- No, please, after you.
Antonietta, I did it!
I did it! I did it!
All right, so you did it.
You don't have to broadcast it.
Just a moment.
- Ciao.
- Good afternoon.
- What did you bring me?
- Nothing, yet. What do you want?
How about you?
You think there'll be a war?
- Wanna see the little granny?
- Sure. That's why I came.
Follow me.
She's littler than us kids.
Little granny!
Look who's here!
- Bless you.
- Thank you, and same to you.
Bet your granny's not that little.
Bet your granny's not that little.
- What's this?
- This is my room.
I haven't tidied up yet.
- It's nice and sunny.
- Will you put down those scissors!
Good afternoon.
Landi's the name. Marco Landi.
- Remember me?
- I think so.
I made my debut with Camerini and I

worked a lot with Gennaro Righelli.

I play the part of the bon vivant.

- I was the butler in "Heartthrob. "

- Yes, of course.

- But you're much too young to remember.

- No, I do. I really do.

By the way, you're a reporter,
aren't you?

- I could give you an interview.

- Sure, except I'm not working yet.

My friends, we have a newspaper
reporter among us.

- Hello.

- Hello.

- I presume you will be staying here.

- Enjoy your meal.

I refuse to believe that the people
of Great Britain, always friends...
feel it their duty to lead Europe
into a catastrophe...

by defending an African nation.

The resemblance is frightening.

Universally branded and without the
shadow of any kind of civilization...

against this nation of heroes,
artists, poets, saints, navigators.

What do you want, Ma?

Send the young man in here.

I want to have a look.

- Antonietta, she wants to see him.

- All right, miss.

Shall I take him?

If the Mediterranean
is a shortcut for England...

and a permanent zone for Russia,
for us Italians it is like itself.

Keep still for a minute

or you'll knock me over. May I come in?

- May I come in?

- Yes, and bring him with you.

You're so young

and distinguished-looking too.

You'll like it here.

I'm sure your mother wrote me,

you know. Poor woman.

- Did you show him the house?

- Of course, and he liked it too.

Good. You look like a nice boy.

That's all. You can go now.

One more thing

before I forget.

Look me in the eyes, boy. There's
to be no fooling around in this house.

We're churchgoing people. We respect
others and want respect in return.

I wouldn't come to your house
and do anything dirty.

So let's live in peace
and not bust each other's balls.

Ma, I don't want to eat today.

Aren't you hungry, baby?

I want to lie next to you, Mama.

My God,

why couldn't you stay home?

We brought two chickens with us.

You want me to throw you in the oven?

And then we want

to eat at Ostia.

Hey! Sit down with us.

Marcello, give him a chair.

You're family now.

- I'll put him with these friends, okay?

- Was it good?

That's short pasta.

No, you don't.

I'll put the baby here.

Go on. Sit down.

You know the saying:

"The devil takes whoever eats alone. "

Bucatini matriciana, cannolicchi
cheese and pepper, penne in hot sauce.

- Have the penne in hot sauce.

- Let me make up my own mind.

- What do you think?

- Take my advice. Cheese and pepper.

Cheese and pepper sauce. I already
had it for lunch. What else is there?

How about rigatoni

in anchovy sauce?

All right, spit out that gum. You're gonna eat now. And you keep still.

Fettuccine with chicken giblets, and then there's our specialties:

- Kidneys, tripe, snails, veal.
- Maybe the schiaffoni?

I may try them. Give me a small portion because I had trouble...

- with my stomach all night long.
- Mama made pajata in the kitchen.
- Take my advice. Have the pajata.
- What's that, pajata?

It's calf gut filled with milk.

Remo, don't forget this young gentleman.

Here, eat some of these.

They're not snails. They're pigeons.

- Giggetto, where are the bananas?
- Sorry. We're all out. Only got one.
- Then give me that one.
- You think I am crazy?
- Who's that, Lallo's daughter?
- Whose do you think, the priest's?

She that big already? Isn't she cute?

Can't tell her face from her behind.

I dreamt about poor Aunt Judy last night and asked her a winning number.

Then she fried this broccoli with a mint leaf. You should have tasted it.

You know what they say:

"The more you eat, the more you shit. "

I told you not to let him eat any tripe.

He's had a fever since then.

All right, then give him a couple of snails.

- But it almost killed him.
- Then I guess it'll kill me too.

Give her something to drink so she'll shut her trap.

- Cheers!
- Go on. Drink up.

Hey, Verna! Verna!

Come on down!

Will you forget about it
and get down here?
Come here before I beat
the hell out of you. Come on.
Tell your sister to get down here
before I throw her off that balcony.
Talk about a small portion.
This plate's practically empty.
They're out of this world,
Mrs. Rossi.
- Here, kid. Enjoy your meal, folks.
- Thanks.
- Bon appetit.
- Thank you. Say thank you.
Slowly. Don't eat so fast
or you'll choke to death.
Nobody's going
to steal your plate.
Something's been sitting on my stomach
since yesterday morning.
Tell me something.
You like soccer?
Silvano! Silvano! Here she is!
I brought her down.
Finally.
Here she is, everybody.
"Verna the Sulker" has arrived.
What...
Now what's the matter?
- Come on. Let's make up. Come on.
-Just leave me in peace.
Open that sweet little mouth of yours.
Come on. Open it.
- You silly, stupid shit.
- You're the stupid shit.
- Not me. You. That's who.
- You are both stupid shits.
Too much mint leaf
in the snails, Rosa.
- Is that so?
- And not enough peppers.
Taste these, one of
our most popular specialties.
I'll show you how.

Watch carefully.
Here we are.
Ah, that is good.
One bite of these and you're up
like a shot. Ask your girlfriend.
I never eat snails in restaurants.
Only when I cook them myself
because I soak them for four days first.
You can suck them clean.
Not those.
In Rome we say, "No matter what you eat,
it all turns to shit. "
And what you eat tastes like shit.
Excuse me.
Mary had a little sheep
with the sheep she went to sleep
The sheep turned out to be a ram
Mary had a little lamb
Where'd she learn those?
Will you listen to that.
Some mother you are,
teaching her that stuff.
You taught her, not me.
What do you mean me?
I didn't teach her nothing.
Pinocchio's nose was long
as long as Pinocchio's dong
Maestro, give me a "la. "
Sing this one with me.
All right, all right, I'm coming.
Torquato, bring this guy a drink.
- Cough up some money for the orphans.
- We gave last year.
Give me that. I'll serve them.
How about this, huh?
And you better eat it all.
We don't believe in leftovers.
Look at that.
Will you keep still!
What about the Rome of today?
What impression does it make on the
visitor arriving for the first time?
As arriving by car from the highway...
and taking the inevitable

raccordo anulare...
which circles the city
like one of Saturn's rings.
Scaratti at quarterback?
Christ! We'll never win.
- Five to zero. How do you like that?
- You should've stayed in bed.
Where the hell are they going?
- How long will it take? It's raining.
- We'll be ready in a minute.
- Tough life, eh, boys?
- Hold on tight.
Hey, you motherfuckin' gypsies, we're
gonna stomp the shit out of you today.
Go get your sister
and we'll bust her cherry for her.
Can you hear me?
Raise the boom as high as you can.
Move! Move! Move!
Kick the ruling class
out on its ass!
- Tell me what you see.
- Piazza di Siene.
I've got a tourist bus coming.
Shall I follow it?
Yeah, see if you can.
- You want a picture? I take it for you.
- Oh, thanks.
You very "bella. "
Can make a nice picture.
There. Don't move. Smile.
What are you framing now?
- Domes and bell tower.
- It's beautiful. I see the whole city.
The piazzas, the streets,
people on their way to work.
If you see people on their way
to work, it ain't Rome.
Get lost.
You're up so high
you must be seeing another city.
That's what they say about Romans,
and here we are sweating blood all day.
This isn't Rome anymore. Everyone's

gone crazy. Too much of a hurry.
They've become mean.
The true Romans have disappeared.
You don't think so?
Just take a look around.
All you see are filthy hippies,
students who don't want to study...
transvestites, drug addicts,
trash of all kind.
No, because you're forgetting
this film will be seen abroad.
If you show the perverts,
the street whores, negative aspects...
what are they going to think
of our lovely Rome?
What is it?
He wanted to ask you
if your film would show of Rome...
the important and eternal problems
faced by modern-day society.
And we're not only referring to
the problems in the educational system.
As the working world, with problems
in the factories, in housing.
We wouldn't want to see the same old
colorful Rome, easygoing, messy.
- The usual bland and commercial image.
- That's not the only Rome.
But I think a person
should be true to his own nature.
- Pino, what do you see now?
- The station and a small dome.
Yeah, it must be the dome
of the old Barafonda Theatre.
That's what I'd like to film,
for example...
a variety show
at the Barafonda Theatre...
thirty years ago,
at the beginning of the war.
Hey, shit-face!
You here too, huh?
Will you move your big feet.
What do you say, Spino?

How's it hangin'?

Give me a light, will ya?

Just 'cause you ate some glass
don't mean you're a window.

He can't help it.

He's never seen one before.

Don't look too hard.

You might hurt yourself.

Take 'em away.

- Hey, Ciriola, how do you like that?

- Man, she sure is built, huh?

Hey, Pericles! Pericles!

- Ding-Dong. What do you want?

- Shove that spotlight up your ass.

Here I am, ladies and gentlemen.

Good evening.

Most comedians start things off
with a joke or two before their routine.

Hey, get off the stage.

Well, I don't tell jokes
because I'm not very good at it.

So if you don't mind I'd like
to present a few of my imitations.

After my successful tour of Marino
Roccasecca, Frascati, Zagarolo...

I was greatly honored
to perform for the royal police force.

All right, shall we begin?

The first imitation is that
of a man who has eaten too much.

I said get off the stage.

What's the matter, you deaf?

The man said get off.

- Sit down, you big loudmouth.

- Second imitation.

A young lady having a shower.

Maestro!

Hey, do us a big favor
and go away, will ya?

Yeah, go away!

Why? I've got just as much right
to make a living as everybody, don't I?

-Just disappear.

- All right, if you don't go, we will.

We'll pretend we enjoyed the act
and you pretend it's over. Okay?
- I'm what's known as "stil". "
"- Stil", achmil'," you stink too.
Here you have the modern-day saturnalia,
the variety show.
As you can see, it is a combination
of circus maximus and brothel.
Listen, if you're going
to start talking dirty, I'm leaving.
What did I say?
I mentioned a brothel.
Even Proust, in the recherche...
gives us a lengthy description
of a house of ill repute.
Oh, you and your damned Proust.
But I've got to work
like everyone else.
Yes. So go out
and find a job.
Hey, Maestro,
strike up the band.
Boy, is that funny.
Will you shut your trap?
You guys are really making me laugh.
I'm laughing so much it hurts.
Goddamn bastards. Won't let decent
people enjoy an evening of theater.
- That man's a real artist, lady.
- Get lost.
I heard a little noise
Coming from the audience
Get lost!
Listen, lady,
what do you want from me?
Certain people
shouldn't be allowed in here.
I bought a ticket to enjoy the show.
So just shut up and leave me alone.
What are you trying to do?
Ruin everybody's evening?
If you're not having fun,
go home and play with yourself.
Kiss my ass.

- There.
- Madam, really!
- You ought to be ashamed of yourself.
- He's only human.
We're all humans,
but we don't go around doing that.
He's gonna get my purse
right in his face.
What a son of a bitch.
All right, you asshole.
I'm gonna bust your head.
You nuts or something?
I didn't do it. It wasn't me.
- I saw you throwing those beans at me.
- Again? I told you it wasn't me.
I'm gonna rip your arms off.
Gonna rip 'em both off.
Pipe down, baldy.
Hey, Maestro,
see if you can play this.
- Cram it up your ass.
- How about this one?
Up your mother's too.
And now for the best part,
everybody. Quiet.
For the Amateur Hour.
Where'd that big guy go?
The tall one with all those muscles?
He was right here
a minute ago.
- Somebody shrink you?
- No.
- Born premature?
- Yes.
If you ask me, this guy was born
before he was conceived.
- What's your name?
- Alvaro.
- And what do you do?
- Tap dance.
- Yeah, but what do you do besides that?
- I'm an electrician.
An electrician. And you learned
how to dance from all those shocks.

Okay, ladies and gentlemen,
Alvaro!
An imitation of Fred Astaire.
Help!
I feel sick!
Help!
I feel sick! Help!
Hey, Chiodo, it's here.
Here it is. Here it is.
Give me it. Give it here.
Let me have it. Go on.
Make yourself a fur coat,
Fred Astaire.
That's what you had for dinner, huh?
Double-time, Maestro.
If you'd thrown it at me,
you would have eaten it for sure.
- Your father's mustache!
- At least he wasn't queer like yours.
Same to you.
I'll take care of you later.
Come here, honey.
Come over here.
- What's your name?
- Loredana Fiorini.
- And what are you gonna sing?
- "You Stole My Heart. "
"You Stole My Heart. "
Wiseass.
Get back in the toilet,
you big piece of shit.
You have a match, young man? I really
don't know why they let her sing.
Wouldn't you be better off at home,
doing the dishes, girlie?
Thank you.
Whatever happened to talent?
I feel sorry
for the poor girl.
Hope I didn't disturb you.
- We'd like to talk to you for a minute.
- What do you wanna talk to me for?
Just for two minutes.
You must have me mixed up

with someone else.
I didn't do nothing.
You're making a big mistake.
Go on. Move.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the three Kants.
I said Kant and not what your
dirty minds are probably thinking.
"Trotta Cavallino"!
Shut up!
You'd like to hear
"Trotta Cavallino"?
I like it.
It's a nice song, right?
Hey, Orestes, gimme a hand.
Your attention, please, everybody.
Attention! We interrupt the show
to give you some good news.
After all,
our country comes first!
The radio just broadcast
the following war bulletin...
which I'm proud to read to you.
"The attack on Sicily
the enemy began last night...
backed by heavy naval and air support
to include paratroopers...
has received a setback
from our allied forces...
fighting in southeastern Italy.
German artillery have downed seven
aircraft and damaged three steamships.
This treacherous attack against our
country's sacred soil will be crushed...
and the enemy thrown into the sea.
For the greater glory
of our fatherland and its Duce. "
Long live Italy!
Oh, baby! Baby!
Where have you been all my life?
All right, that's enough outta you.
Now sit down!
Can I help it if I like women?
Watch out how you talk

to my father!

- It'd sit down if I was you!

- There it is!

I'm in love with you, angel eyes,
you and your cute little ass!

Hey, isn't that the siren?

It's an air raid!

It's an air raid!

The audience is requested
to go to the air raid shelter...
at number 104, 104.

Whose kid is this?

Who gave me this little boy?

Please keep calm.

Please keep calm.

Hey, Romolo! The chorus girls!

Over here! Over here!

Turn out that light!

What time is it?

There I was, sound asleep,
if it wasn't for that idiot.

Excuse me. What did you say?

"If it wasn't for that idiot"?

What did I say? I don't know.

Speak up.

What did you mean by that?

- He didn't mean anything by it.

- I didn't mean anything.

It's unforgivable!

Certain people ought
to be ashamed of themselves.

Especially now, with our country
united as never before...

on the verge of victory,
and you still hear defeatist remarks!

Shame on you!

Fascist Italy. The Duce.

They're your only hope.

- And we must win.

- Yes.

- And we will win.

- Right.

You want a cigarette?

Smoke ruin my voice.

No very good.

- Oh, you sing?

- Yes.

I learn in my city, Dusseldorf.

Have you been in Italy long?

I been to Roma,

Milano, Bergamo, Como.

This Hans, oldest son.

What do you want?

This is my husband in Russia,

Wehrmacht.

You come rest a little with me?

My boardinghouse is very near.

They won't bomb us

as long as the Pope's in Rome.

Good night, Anita.

Might as well say good morning.

- What's that booming?

- My God, do you hear that?

Mother of God! They're bombs!

Help! Help!

We're being bombed!

Help!

Alberto's house is gone!

The babies! The babies!

Help! Help!

Can I shoot a bit of it?

Go ahead, if you like.

A perfectly preserved mammoth's tusk.

We discovered it during construction

of the Piazza Re di Roma station.

The Capitoline Museum

has already asked for it.

Shall we go down?

This way, please.

What was that?

The ground beneath Rome

is unpredictable.

Every hundred meters,

we come across some important find.

Naturally, this slows up the work.

This is a very difficult contract.

We merely wanted to resolve

the traffic problem...

with a subway
like Munich's or Dublin's...
but here the ground
has eight strata...
and we're forced
to become archaeologists.
The first time the necessity
of a subway for Rome...
was discussed was in 1871.
- You mean 1971.
- No, exactly a hundred years ago.
Roman bureaucracy is even more
unpredictable than Roman soil.
The paperwork which has passed
between ourselves...
and the community of Rome is enough
to fill the entire length of subway.
Right now we're passing
beneath the Appio Quarter.
Agenore!
Agenore, what's that?
My God, it's an earthquake!
Agenore!
Oh, my God! My God!
The buildings overhead
began to crack.
Hey, Mike, I'll get
a shot like this. Look.
Where are we now?
Beneath the Appia Antica,
near San Sebastiano Gate.
To your left you can hear the roar
of a genuine underground river.
It emerges about
ten kilometers from here...
at a place called "Cessati Spiriti. "
When will the whole thing
be completed?
I don't know.
How many hours
do they work down here?
Ten hours straight, I think.
At this point,
we had to change course again.

On the left you can see
a necropolis with 400 skeletons.
Third strata.
Track 22!
Rinaldo, the current
in the right channel has gone down!
Stop!
Stop!
Sir, I think we've run
into another hollow spot.
It's been showing on the gauge
for two days.
We've got to suspend
the work again, sir.
- What's happened?
- Come have a look at the gauge.
Take the flame cutter
to number three.
We've got a hollow spot
as big as the Alban Hills!
What is it, Amirildo?
Don't you feel well?
I don't know what it is.
Ragu, the right wheel!
The right wheel, Ragu!
Hey! Stop the drill!
It goes like this. Now we know there
is an open space on the other side.
The archaeologists will make us
suspend work for a couple of months.
It could be a cavern
or some catacombs.
We could try testing the wall
very carefully in different spots.
Start up the cutter.
- Stop the cutter.
- Stop the cutter!
Down this way. Sir.
A Roman house...
from 2,000 years ago.
Michael, look at their faces.
Keep your mask on.
It's as if they were staring at us.
Look! Aim the light down there!

There!
Hey! Look at this!
What's happening?
The frescoes are fading.
It's the air from outside.
The fresh air
is destroying the frescoes.
Oh, no! How awful!
Michael! What can we do?
We've got to do something.
Do something!
For these disenchanting youngsters,
huddled together like puppies...
making love is not a problem.
Maybe they do it,
maybe they don't.
But it certainly isn't as complicated
as it once was for us...
when our amorous yearning
led us to the nearest brothel.
Remember?
Come on, move!
All right, no fuckin' around,
you lousy bums!
You act like you just got outta jail.
Go lay your grandmother!
Where you goin'? How old are you?
Let me see your identification.
Let's go! Move it! Upstairs!
Come on, who's gonna be first?
Come on! Come on! Can't you see
the tongue she's got on her?
Come on, boys, make up your minds!
You too, Gramps.
What's the matter?
You all asleep on your feet?
All right! Enough of this shit!
Pretty soon I'm gonna turn off
the lights and kick everyone out!
You got blood in your veins
or water?
Every one of these girls is an artist.
You guys blind?
- Now get your asses upstairs.

- All right, let me by. Let me by.
Let's go upstairs, dolls.
Come on.
Come on, boys.
The young ladies are all here.
Teresa!
Where the hell's my coffee?
It's coming.
I already ordered it.
You wanna come with me, yes or no?
Come on, come on, soldier boy.
I don't want to sleep by myself.
I don't want to sleep by myself.
Hey, Rita, turn around.
I won't take you even if you
give me food for a month.
Why don't you
go take the next train...
back to Naples, fuck face?
Come on, honey!
If you wanna stand there and jack off,
then go home and do it.
What kind of men are you?
If you keep waitin',
it's gonna drop off from old age...
and not even the cat
will eat it then.
It's closing time.
They're all pretty
and they're real artists!
- Is Dolores back?
- She went to have a bite to eat.
Who's gonna come upstairs
with the pride of Florence?
That's a good boy.
Look! Those tits
must weigh 40 pounds each.
Shut your fuckin' trap!
What's an ugly, skinny bitch like you
doin' in a nice place like this?
So why'd you go upstairs, then?
Just to make fun of a working girl?
- Two.
- I got a good mind to call the cops.

I'll throw you down the stairs
three at a time, you bastards.
Come on!
Come on. Come on. Come on.
There she goes again. Every time
it rains, she gets hysterical.
- Marcella. Watch out for her nails.
- All right. Who's my next victim?
You thieving bitch.
Nives, calm down.
Wanna come upstairs, handsome?
Let's go. Let's go.
Shut up. Tonight
you can pack up and get out.
Two monkeys!
- Let the lady by!
- What is this shit?
You think you're a goddamn cop?
Don't shove me around.
Ladies, up to your rooms, please.
All right, gentlemen.
Everybody out, please. Out.
The ladies are going to eat.
We're closing.
Turn off the lights.
We're closed.
Go get some fresh air.
We're closed. Everybody out.
All right! Time to go home.
Everybody out.
Time to go home!
All right, buster! Cut it out.
I'm not your sister.
Who knows why, why we live
And why the fuck we die
But there were also
some very sophisticated houses...
which would make your heart beat
in fear and excitement.
Sit down, sit down.
What's the matter? What's everybody
so quiet about? This'll never do.
Come on, who wants to come up
to my room for a game of chess?

How are you, honey?
Don't you love me today?
This morning I woke up real horny.
Gentlemen, who's gonna be first?
Here I am.
I can't wait to get back to my room.
Let's not waste any time.
Come on!
Come on!
- Babies, you afraid of mama?
- Last chance, fellas.
I'm going. I'm going up to bed.
Last chance, fellas.
I'm all on fire!
I'm all on fire!
Where the hell do you think you are?
It's not your home.
All I want is one good man.
Come on! I'm Spanish and hot.
Come on, men, move it!
Come on!
Come on!
Oh, my babies, shame on you!
Who nailed your feet to the floor?
Dad! See if I got something in my eye.
Where's my nice little sailor?
Who's gonna ride my ship?
Where's my nice little sailor?
I'm so excited,
I can't even think straight!
Take anyone you want.
Come on and quit pretending.
I've seen you here before, stupid.
Gentlemen, shame on you for keeping
all these beautiful ladies waiting.
All clear! All clear!
But I have to leave.
No, you don't, not yet.
I'm not losin' my job on account of you.
Damn it! Some big wheel, I bet.
Gentlemen,
please remain where you are...
and don't leave the room
for the next five minutes.

Thank you.
I see.
Ladies, upstairs
to your rooms, please.
Hurry up, please. Thank you.
- Who's arrived, the mayor?
- Who knows? Maybe it is.
Maybe so, I don't know
I don't know, maybe so
Experience, my dear.
That's what counts in life.
If your son's experienced,
he'll never have any problems.
I think that dark guy wants you.
But if he's not experienced...
all he'll get
is a royal screwing, right?
It's so true.
Dolores is always right.
Not always, no.
You are very beautiful, you know.
Where are you from?
Santa Maria la Bruna.
- Where's that?
- Near Pompeii.
- Is that your son?
- Yes, that's my son.
But you... How long have you...
Two years.
Listen... I mean,
how did you happen to...
What the hell.
I found myself alone,
and Assuntina said, "Come with us.
You'll like it, you'll see.
I'll introduce you. "
Lace me up?
To tell the truth,
I can't complain.
The signora likes me
and I've got everything I need.
Does that mean you wouldn't
want to leave this place?
To do what?

Haven't you ever fallen in love?
Haven't you ever met someone...
Sure I have.
And this is the result.
Listen. Couldn't we
see each other sometime?
Do you ever go out?
Some morning, whenever you want...
we could go to the beach for lunch.
Really, I'd like to take you out.
Let's make a date.
Tomorrow, okay?
Day after tomorrow?
Perhaps you have heard
of Princess Domitilla.
Her mother Fabiola,
her grandfather Eugenio...
and her ancestors further back...
were all born in this palazzo...
where today Domitilla lives alone.
Salvatore! Domenico!
Can't you hear the carriage?
He's arrived.
Go.
At last.
Your Eminence! Thank you.
Thank you so much.
Princess Domitilla!
There. There.
How nice it is
to see you all again.
Good evening.
I hope you are all well,
with the grace of God.
You must be Francesca, right?
Yes, I'm Francesca,
Your Eminence.
Ah, my eyes
aren't what they used to be.
And is this little rascal
still causing his mother trouble?
It's not true.
How can you say that?
But of course, I was only joking.

Well, isn't it little Filippo!
Remember when you used to drink
the wine out of the ampullae?
And who are these little devils?
Augustarello's children, eh?
How do you do? We already met.
I gave you your first Communion.
This little blond boy
I've never seen.
- What's your name?
- Giulio.
Are you good?
I bet only when you're asleep.
And now off to bed, eh?
Good night, children,
and God bless you.
Good night, Your Eminence.
If Your Eminence
will come this way.
My friends! Please sit down.
Ah, yes, why, even today
there was an audience with people...
who want to tell the Pope
how to run the church.
What can you do?
Be patient, I suppose.
"Fire's for burning
and patience for learning"...
as we say in Rome.
I remember your grandfather.
He was a good man, Don Eugenio.
My compliments.
Please! Please!
My friends.
- Please sit down.
- Thank you.
Peppino, Gervasio,
you may begin serving.
Ah, you've finally arrived!
What would you like,
Your Eminence?
- A mint to freshen my mouth, thank you.
- Ah, a mint. I knew it.
Here we are.

- Your Excellency.

- Why not?

Thank you. I'd love one.

- What would you like, Monsignor?

- Monsignor!

I must tell you that when I was little,
I was quite a mischief maker.

What did he say?

He said when he was young,
he was a rascal.

Mama used to make a liqueur
just like this for the guests...
and she would have
to hide it from me.

The minute she wasn't there, I'd climb
up and drink it out of the bottle.

Your Eminence, I can't believe it.

I'm sure that even as a baby,
you were a saint.

A long life to His Eminence.

How much time has passed.

Everything seems so far away,
so different.

I'm sorry to leave this life
in a city which is no longer home.

The Rome I knew was different.

People were nicer, more respectful.

Everyone knew everyone else.

Monsignors, cardinals, the Pope.

They were all either friends
or relatives.

Friendship with the church
has been lost.

The marvelous balls...

in villas and palazzos...

with all those cardinals dressed in red
wandering about the house.

It was like living in a painting
and at Christmas.

Now, why should I

suddenly remember that?

The little presents

Monsignor Altieri would give me.

Wax statuettes...

crosses out of woven straw
and a lot of velvet for the toy manger.
And all of it gone,
lost over the years.
Who knows where all those
little wax statues have gone?
The following presentation
of ecclesiastical fashions.
Welcome His Eminence
and our other illustrious guests.

Model No. 1:

habit in black satin,
along traditional lines, for novices.
The same model may be done
in another type of fabric...
such as silk or wool,
according to the season.
The boots are in leather and suede
in two colors.
Navy blue and black
for harsher climates.

Model No. 2:

tourterelles immaculees.
Starched cap with flexible wings.
Useful also for interiors
with poor air circulation.

Model No. 3:

of the purgatory's temptation.
The world must follow the church
and not vice versa.
And now for the more casual models:
quicker to paradise!
Here you have Model No. 6
for country priests.
Sacristan variations
for first-class ceremonies.
The sacerdotal vestments
have passed through evolution:
Anitto, viviale...
"cotta, vianita" and "casula. "
All types of vestments are made today

of very light fabrics...
in the most brilliant colors,
which don't fade.
He's come back!
He's with us once again.
Our Pope! The Holy Father.
Don't ever leave us!
Don't ever leave us!
Come back, come back.
One, two...
three, go!
Balloons! Balloons!
All colors and shapes.
First he has a drink
before he eats an egg...
then he has a drink
while he's eating the egg...
and now he wants a drink
because he's eaten an egg!
Jesus!
Won't he get sick
from all those eggs?
Balloons for you.
For children and for grown-ups too.
- What the hell do you want?
- Go on, it's red!
They're makin' their movie
all over the place...
but not paying anybody.
This pork's from genuine Ariccia pig!
How 'bout a slice?
"Rooky" here! "Rooky" here!
"Leal" silk! "Pletty sirk scalf!"
"Pletty sirk scalf. "
Hey, Brit, they sell
pork sandwiches in Germany?
Aw, leave Grandpa alone!
Let him sleep. Why bring him along?
Hey, Torquato! Some gasoline!
Gasoline.
Antique paintings.
Fancy frames!
Very cheap!
I'm going back to the cemetery tomorrow.

Wanna come?
They gave him a nice spot, you know.
Really sunny!
Hey, deadheads! Where you going?
Why don't you come here and eat?
Hey, shorty,
where you gonna feed her?
Your wife! Well, come on over then
and buy her a decent meal for a change.
Checco! It stinks
like hell over here!
Did you have to give us a table
next to the manhole?
It's not true! That's the smell
of history, honey, centuries.
You shit! You shit!
I'll slit your belly open.
You always believe everything
that dumb bitch tells you?
There! It's Gore Vidal,
the American writer. Let's ask him.
Good evening, Mr. Vidal.
Mind if we disturb you
for just two minutes?
Well, you ask me why an American writer
would want to live in Rome.
First of all,
because I like the Romans.
They don't give a damn
whether you're dead or alive.
They're neutral, like the cats!
Rome is the city of illusions.
Not only by chance, you have here
the church, the government, the cinema.
They each produce illusions...
like you do and like I do.
We're getting closer and closer
to the end of the world...
because of too many people.
Too many cars, poisons.
And what better city than Rome,
which has been reborn so often?
What place could be more peaceful...
to wait for the end

from pollution and overpopulation?
It's the ideal city for waiting to see
if it will really come to an end or not.
To the end!
Get out! Clear the piazza!
Why?
We weren't bothering anybody!
Hurry up! Move! Move! Move!
If you don't mind,
I would like to say this:
Despite the recent
and incredibly permissive laws...
which protect the guilty man
more than the innocent...
the restraining measures of
our police force are successful...
in keeping at an acceptable minimum
the outbreak of delinquency...
in a city, or in a society,
where protest movements, drugs...
and a desire for wealth...
are actually regarded
as legitimate goals.
They were minding their own business.
You have no right to beat them!
I'm a witness! Have you gone mad?
I'm a teacher, I'll have you know.
They've turned our piazzas
and monuments into a garbage dump.
Right!
All they think about is sex.
Don't worry, madam. They're not
really hurting them, believe me.
He's beating the hell out of him!
He's killing him.
- Hey, punchy!
- You clowns!
You fightin' or dancin'?
I think they're engaged.
You're nobody! You're nobody!
You're just a lucky son of a bitch,
that's all!
He's a champion!
He could kill all of you.

He's a real champ!
The camera.
Somebody swiped the camera!
Somebody stole the camera!
This lady you see walking home along
the wall of an old patrician palazzo...
...is a Roman actress:
Anna Magnani.
In a way, she's a symbol
of the city itself.
What am I?

Rome:

noblewoman and fishwife...
somber and festive.
I could go on
until tomorrow morning.
You better go home
and get some sleep, Federico!
- Can I ask you a question?
- No, I don't trust you. Ciao!
Good night.