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Belladonna of Sadness

By Yoshiyuki Fukuda

A Mushi Production Film
BELLADONNA OF SADNESS
Based on the novel LA SORCIERE
by JULES MICHELE Screenplay
YOSHIYUKI FUKUDA

EIICHI YAMAMOTO:

Art Director

KUNI FUKAI:

Animation Director

GISABURO SUGII:

Key Animation

TSUENO MAEDA:

SHINICHI TSUJI:

Editor

MASASHI FURUKAWA

Music

MASAHIKO SATOH:

INSIDE THE PALE MIRROR

Lyrics by CHINATSU NAKAYAMA

Composition by MASAHIKO SATOH

Performed by CHINATSU NAKAYAMA

BELLADONNA OF SADNESS

Lyrics by YU AKU

Composition by ASEI KOBAYASHI

Arrangement by MAKOTO KAWAGUCHI

Performed by MAYUMI TACHIBANA

Jeanne (voice)

AIKO NAGAYAMA:

Narrator (voice)

CHINATSU NAKAYAMA

Other Voices

MASAYA TAKAHASHI

MASAKANE YONEKURA

Devil (voice)

TATSUYA NAKADAI:

Director

EIICHI YAMAMOTO:

Once upon a time...
A kind young man and
a beautiful young woman
Were joined in love
Jean and Jeanne
Dancing in the sky of bliss
Smiled upon by God
Drunk on happiness
Jean and Jeanne
Together forever
Smiled upon by God
Forever with each other..
May they live happily ever after.
But our story is just beginning.
Your highness,
today your loyal subjects
Jean and Jeanne
were joined in holy matrimony.
Honoring tradition, Jean has come to make
an offering to show his gratitude.
Your highness, please accept this money
in exchange for Jeanne's hand.
We sold our milk cow to get it.
How many milk cows?
One. We have only one cow.
Ten cows.
Your highness is ordering
you to pay ten cows in tax!
What?! I beg you...
We're too poor to pay ten cows.
Your ladyship, have pity!
Is this child chaste?
I vow on my soul
that it was a pure marriage.
Jeanne has never done anything unseemly.
Earnest and hard working,
the pride and joy of our village.
Child, do you love this man?
Yes, your ladyship!
And you her?
Yes!
Listen everyone, after milord has had his

turn, you're all entitled to this offering!
Let's forget what happened.
Our life starts from this moment.
What is that flickering
In the pale mirror?
Not tears,
Not sighs,
But tomorrow's vanished scraps.
Or could it be...
A woman's leaden body.
What is that howling
In the black sunset?
Not the night wind,
Not a crow,
But a creaking hinge of rusted hope.
Or could it be...
A woman's painful moan.
Don't worry.
Look how tired he is.
Don't wake him.
Who are you?
Where did you come from?
You called me.
I did?
I'm sure I heard it...
Your soul was screaming,
"I want power. Someone help me."
And also...
"I'll give anything...
if someone would save me...
even my soul."
Are you the devil?
I am you.
That tickles. Stop it!
I want to give you power.
As you wished.
A tiny thing like you!
It's your fault that I'm tiny.
My fault?
Yes.
I can become as big
and as strong as you want me to.
It's all up to you.
You're so funny!

You're laughing!
It's good to finally
see you happy.
You're right.
I...
laughed.
I thought I'd never laugh again.
I understand you, Jeanne.
I've always been by your side.
I know everything about you.
I told you, I am you.
Stop that!
What are you...?
Where'd you go?
You're doomed at this rate.
Pray all you want...
Just look at your husband, Jean!
Earnest and hard working,
he should be in his prime,
but he's already breaking down.
He'll probably get sick.
Probably won't make it past the winter.
Don't!
I don't want anything,
I don't need anything,
I just...
want to save him.
Please...
help me save him.
Now that's more like it!
Jeanne went to town to sell her thread.
The town was starving again that year,
but the lord still collected taxes.
People were crushed by despair
and too weak to cry out.
The only one working was Jeanne.
The town.
Jeanne's thread sold for a good price.
No one even wanted to haggle.
Jeanne's husband Jean was
the only one in the village
able to pay the lord's high taxes.
Rumors started spreading that
Jeanne was possessed by the devil.

Delighted that Jean
had payed all his taxes,
the lord appointed
Jean town tax collector.
Before only a poor peasant,
now Jean was an official in a red hat.
Jeanne was happy for
her husband's success.
But Jeanne also noticed
that the villagers had changed.
Now they bowed deeply,
and avoided crossing paths
with Jean and Jeanne.
The darkness is burning
The darkness invites and seduces me
Burning darkness
Deep into it...
Blazing hot...
The darkness is burning...
Get away!
What do you want from me?
This is only the beginning.
Indeed, this was only the beginning
of Jeanne's suffering.
War broke out.
War is expensive.
But winning meant more land.
I'm leaving for the front tomorrow,
and this is all you collected?
Yes...
but tomorrow I promise...
Fool! It takes more than
a few drops to turn a mill!
If you don't get all the money in
three days, I'll have you hanged!
But your highness... no one
has any more money left!
Teach this man to listen to orders.
Make his body remember.
Chop off his left hand.
You called me?
I did...
I'll help you.
I know you want power.

You're cruel.
You're mine now.
Your body, your soul.
Lies!
My soul belongs to Jean
and to God.
You beautiful fool.
Still you resist me,
even when you're beneath the rod!
Your husband is on
the road to perdition.
What will you do now?
You're mine already,
but I want you to accept me
of your own free will.
I also want your heart and soul.
Otherwise, he will...
This flesh, this rotting flesh,
I'll give it to you,
if it will save Jean.
But not my soul.
I will never give you my soul!
Very well then. Hang onto it
for a bit longer.
What, Jeanne?
Jeanne put on her green dress
and went straight into town.
They say green is the color of power,
the color of the devil.
The greedy old moneylender
who had even refused
to lend money to the lord
took one look at Jeanne
and loosened his purse strings.
Later he grumbled,
"That woman must be
possessed by the devil."
Men love war in every age.
The lord marched off in splendid array
with his soldiers and conscripted farmers.
Women are always the
ones left behind to suffer.
The men were gone for a long time.
Several years passed.

Jeanne had become a moneylender
and gained control of the town.
People feared and revered Jeanne
more than the lord's wife
and obeyed her gladly.
Who is in charge of this land while
his lordship is away?
Me or that woman?
You, of course!
I didn't ask you.
You're right to be angry, milady...
But the war has been prolonged.
Without her help,
even we wouldn't have enough to eat...
Silence!
That witch will pay for this.
However, despite his newfound stature,
Jean spent his days drinking.
Suddenly, the lord
returned from the war.
Women and men were overjoyed
to find each other again.
The Lady rarely left her castle
to avoid seeing Jeanne,
but that day she went to the church
on the plaza to greet her husband.
Jeanne was there, too.
I've never seen that woman before.
Milord, things have been turned
upside down while you were away.
What?
That farmer bitch is in
league with the devil.
The devil?
The villagers respect her
more than anyone now.
More than you, even.
Is this true?
Yes.
Satanic fiend!
Jean! Open the door! Hurry!
Help!
Jean!
So you... didn't kill her.

Even better.
We'll burn her alive at the stake!
That's the best medicine for
witches in league with the devil.
Heresy must indeed be
nipped in the bud.
However, if we burn her body
while her soul belongs to Satan...
What will happen?
If we set her body aflame
on the mountain of tinder
only for her soul to survive the flames
in its haughty pride,
then, though her body had died,
Satan would live on in her soul
and might spread like sparks
from a fire to those all around.
What do you suggest?
Milady, you must lock her
deep in a dungeon
and hold onto the keys.
Then scourge her body
until the light of God
shines into her soul
and teaches her meekness.
Very well. I'll see to it.
Bring her to me!
What is burning
In the dark judgement?
Not grief,
Not penitence,
But the silhouette of one exhausted.
Or could it be...
A woman's strong resentment.
What awaits
In the pale march of time?
Not a life,
Not a grave,
But the mirage of a dead heart.
Or could it be...
A woman's crimson blood.
So you've finally come,
my beloved!
Spit on by all, and now

abandoned by your own husband!
How I've been waiting for this moment!
Jeanne, since the day you were
born into this world,
you were my friend,
my ally.
You and I have been
destined for one another,
because of your wicked heart
and devilish charm.
It was you who pulled me down!
Touching me... exciting me...
into this hell!
Exactly!
A black dog bit me, that was you!
His fangs cut me.
Thorns tore into my flesh.
Those were you too!
They burned like fire.
That's right!
But I'm also the one who saved you.
Saved me?
I have no need for puny souls
who would throw themselves at my feet.
My lust hungers for souls
crushed under the weight of despair,
driven to cursing God, mad for vengeance.
Yours is coming along quite nicely!
Ah, how beautiful you are today.
The state of your body, your spirit...
That is what stokes my desire
and fills me up!
Satan!
So they call me.
Now, my wife.
Tell me what you want.
I'll give you anything.
What do you want to do?
Something bad.
What?
Anything... so long as it's bad.
Good answer! That's the Jeanne I know!
Now give me your womb, Jeanne,
your soul...

And take what I have to give!
Spring came around,
even to the desolate wilderness.
Suddenly Jeanne discovered
that she was not alone.
Nature was there.
You are beautiful, Jeanne.
It can't be!
I thought I had gone to hell.
This is hell?
I gave myself to Satan.
I should be a wrinkly old witch by now.
My hair a tangle of
venomous serpents,
my skin green like a toad,
black flames coursing
through my veins!
This can't be me.
I'm being deceived!
I want to become a horrifying woman.
I want people to turn away in horror
when I pass by in the street.
I don't want to forget anger and hatred!
Who says anger and hatred are ugly?
You have become beautiful, Jeanne...
Yes...
Like a young girl in love...
radiant.
You are even more beautiful than God.
Back in the village, it was
another bleak springtime.
Jean was back to being
an ordinary farmer.
Nothing had changed...
until a dark shadow
crept upon the village.
The black death.
Infection spelled certain death.
Michel, you've noticed.
Who are you?
Jeanne, the witch.
Wh... Where are we?
Out of this world.
It's all coming back to me now.

I was taken for dead
and dumped in the graveyard.
Last I remember
is trying to crawl out.
I didn't expect to see you
in the afterworld.
What are you doing?
It's medicine.
Liar! That flower's poison!
Poison is medicine.
That is what cured you.
Are you trying to kill me?
I thought you were already dead?
Michel's back from the dead!
He's cured.
How did it happen?
Must be a witch!
A witch... A witch...
Famine and the plague
have devastated the village.
The surviving villagers
must be starving.
Yet they sing and dance all night
at that witch's festivities
in the wilderness!
Magic! Black magic!
But it can't be.
The villagers bring their
own food and drink.
Filthy swines!
That woman is still alive?
It's a colorful flower.
She extracts juice from it.
One sip and my wife's
labor pain went away.
If I remember correctly...
"Belladonna, a beautiful woman"
that's what Jeanne called that flower.
We just can't afford to have
any more children!
But...
My husband wants to every night...
I feel bad to make him suffer.
And I get lonely too.

So we asked Jeanne if there was a way
to do it without making children.
Oh we know it's bad and wrong
in God's eyes.
It's an awful sin.
But no punishment could be
worse than what we've suffered.
Now we're happy.
We don't regret it,
no matter the punishment.
I wanted to see my grandson,
who died on the battlefield.
I heard Jeanne could
bring back the dead.
Jeanne cried her eyes out
when she heard my story.
She gave me a stick of tobacco
and some blood-red wine to drink.
Well?
Did your dead grandson come back?
No.
Did you at least hear his voice?
No.
Then you were deceived!
I got on my knees crying
and began to pray.
My body was burning up.
It all seemed like a dream.
I built up my courage
and raised my eyes...
What did you see?
I could see the host of hellfire
wailing for my grandson!
You mean to say that satisfied you?
Oh yes!
I've never been so happy.
Lord save us all.
It's a rebellion against God.
A revolt against you, milord!
Seize that woman at once!
Burn her at the stake!
But the road is rough
and the villagers are on her side.
She will run before

our soldiers get there.
Who is lord of this land? You? Or...
Be patient. We must wait for the
enemy to reveal her weakness.
Leave it to me!
What ails you, little one?
Do you want me?
Jeanne...
Don't you recognize me?
I'm the Lady's page.
She hates you, so I hated you too.
I'm the one who
slashed your green cloak.
Your point, little page?
I did it because...
I love her.
Are you here to kill me?
I need your help, Jeanne.
Hear my plea.
I want to make love to her.
But...
I'm only a lowly page.
She'd never consider me.
Who cares about status?
God granted us our status.
Ignoring that is against God!
The work of the devil!
However...
I'm willing to sell myself
to the devil for my love.
Enough.
Filthy witch!
How dare you!
Very well,
I'll help you.
Crafty wench...
She succeeded where
the black death failed
in penetrating the sanctum
of the castle.
Lord, we must act at once!
Call that man!
It's you...
It's been a long time.

Yeah.
You don't look happy, Jean.
Is it too late for us?
Stop this madness and come live
a normal life with me on the farm again.
Please forgive me for what I did.
I had no choice.
Don't...
I've forgotten about all that.
Come back with me
to the castle.
The castle?
His lordship has said
he'll forgive your crimes.
Not only that,
he acknowledges your skills!
You helped the people
get over their suffering.
He was in awe of your goodness!
And you believe him, Jean.
His lordship says he wants
to join forces with you.
What good is your knowledge about
healing herbs and soothing wine,
without the power of the king
so it can reach all the land?
His lordship could have sent his troops
to capture you or kill you.
But he doesn't want that!
If you give him all your knowledge,
he promised we could live
quietly on a parcel of land.
And if I refuse?
You'll be killed, Jeanne!
You... and me both!
Jeanne, please do as I say!
Don't think of this as a trade, Jeanne.
Think of it as a pact
between you and I,
to find a path to lead
the people to happiness!
The fertile plot of 100 acres is but
a humble sign of my goodwill.
Now please tell the scientists

how to use that strange flower.

What's the matter?

100 acres not enough?

Well then,

how does the village chief sound?

We'll even make you nobility!

How about it?

Jeanne, what are you...

Fine!

Head of nobility, second only to me!

What do you say?

No.

I don't need any of that.

Wh... What on earth do you want, then?

Everything.

What?

The entire world!

All of it.

Prepare the stake!

I want this witch burned
at the stake this instant!

Jean...

Time passed.

On July 14, 1789 at the Bastille.

At the head of the French Revolution stood...

The women.

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