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Berberian Sound Studio

By Peter Strickland

Yes, he's here.

- Let him in.

- All right.

Berberian Post-Production Studio
Studio 4.

SILENCE:

THE EQUESTRIAN VORTEX

DIRECTED BY GIANCARLO SANTINI

Francesco, can I go to lunch now'?

You have to finish the scene.

I scream better on a full stomach.

OK, be quick. You've got 15 minutes.

Giovanni, stop the music.

Francesco,

is it the bedroom scene you wanted'?

Yes, that's the one.

Soundtrack!

Signora Collatina's sacrificial attack
is thwarted

and the tables are brutally turned.

Massimo and Massimo,

start the demonstration!

Again.

All right, boys, look what I've got for you.

Belgian chocolates.

Here, have one.

Boss, these are for you. Your favourites.

You know each other?

Gilderoy is our new mixer.

He supervises all the elements,

voices, dubs, sound effects,

foley, music...

Hello.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

- Good to see your Italian is improving.

- Where did you find him?

In your own good time!

- Such an ass.

- He's a producer, what do you expect'?

Don't get worked up over a film like this.

If you can call such sordid trash a "film".

I've never heard anything so...

Hey, girls.

If you want to discuss film theory
do it after work.

I don't have time for this.

Reel 1, scene 6, take 1.

Teresa and Monica surreptitiously enter
the secret equestrian library
and find a treatise on witchcraft.

Quick, Signora Collatina is coming.

If she sees us here,

we'll be expelled from the Academy.

Wait, look at this.

"Malleus Maleficarum".

This confirms what I suspected.

They are here, they are under us.

"Malleus Maleficarum".

- What's that?

- This confirms what I suspected.

They are here.

They are under us.

If I ever see the money...

What?

Nothing.

- Get out!

- What do you mean?

Come on, get out!

Giovanni?

Reel 1, scene 13, take 1.

Teresa and Monica venture
into the poultry tunnel
underneath the Academy,
unaware of the witches' putrid corpses.

Come on, let's turn back.

Wait, Monica, I'm sure this is the place
where they were buried.

There's nothing here, I'm telling you.

- I'm sure of it.

- It smells of chicken...

So, what is the beautiful Elena saying?

The lantern's about to go out.

According to the scripture,
they were all tortured here.

- There must be a clue somewhere.

- Teresa, look at this.

Where did you find her?
She can't even scream in Italian.
- Come on, she does her best.
- In bed, maybe.
I didn't ask you to fake an orgasm.
You can save that
for your next casting director.
Do it again. I want to feel the fear.
This is killing my throat.
I need some water.
And spit in it.
Francesco, you won't believe who's here.
Mrs Ladik.
Shall I wait downstairs?
Lorenzo, get her backing music ready, OK?
Reel 1, scene 18, take 1.
A spell is unwittingly cast
and the first witch rises from the dead
with a thirst for retribution.

SILENCE:

Soul of Christ, sanctify me.
Body of Christ, save me.
Blood of Christ, intoxicate me.
Santini's coming.
Giovanni, cut.
Veronica, we'll continue later.
There he is!
This is the man!
How was I?
The less said the better.
You hardly sound like you're seconds away
from being penetrated by a red-hot poker.
I didn't know how intense you want it.
Well, I think the general consensus is
that a red-hot poker in a woman's vagina
is an intense experience.
But an intensity that reaches the other side.
You understand what I'm saying?
Maybe now you will find the inspiration
for your performance.
Let's hope so.
Reel 2, scene 25, take 5.
The witch surprises Monica in her sleep

and throws her out of the dormitory window.
Well, I was hoping for
a more dignified end than this.
What are you complaining about?
You can take it home and cook it.
Forever and ever, Amen.
Soul of Christ, sanctify me.
Body of Christ, wash over me.
Blood of Christ, intoxicate me.
Water of his wound, wash over me.
Passion of Christ, strengthen me.
Good Jesus, hear me.
Hide me within your wounds.
Do not let me be separated from you,
defend me from the malicious enemy.
In the hour of my death,
call me and bid me to come to you.
That I may praise you with your saints,
forever and ever, Amen.
Reel 2, scene 28, take 4.
Flashback to the priest
pulling a witch's hair out
during her interrogation.

SILENCE:

Francesco, come here.
We'll put these here. We're still
not ready with the interrogation clip.
Easy, easy, easy...
Perfect timing.
Get off me!
- What are you having?
- Watermelon.
Me too.
If it stays like this,
we could sunbathe up on the terrace.
Hey, enough! This is not a banquet.
This guy can turn a light bulb into a UFO.
- Really'?'
- Let's hear it!
Come on!
He uses it for children's programmes.
It's amazing!
Ask him if he can do bats.

- The power's back.

- All right.

Back to work, guys.

Ask him to do the UFO sound again.

We've got piles of work to get through.

Reel 2, scene 34, take 12.

Flashback to the priest stabbing

a witch's body

to find the Devil's mark.

Anyway, it's better to talk when I finish.

OK, bye.

Reel 2, scene 37, take 1.

The dangerously aroused Goblin

prowls the dormitory

and tries in vain to molest Teresa

who makes a swift retreat.

SILENCE:

Please, Gilderoy, don't let them hurt me.

Giovanni?

One minute, Francesco.

Reel 3, scene 44, take 9.

Flashback to the interrogation of a witch,

in which a red-hot poker is inserted

into her vagina.

Soul of Christ, sanctify me as well.

SILENCE:

Body of Christ, save me.

Blood of Christ...

Reel 3, scene 51, take 2.

Flashback to the priest drowning a witch

in a barrel of boiling water.

This tells us how to lift the curse.

We have to conduct a human sacrifice.

The whole Academy is cursed.

It's no surprise that

all these tortured witches...

It's great, yes, it's perfect. However...

Guys, that's fine for now.

We'll make this gong vibrate more.

Francesco, have you seen Fabio?

- He's hanging out on the terrace.

- I've got a little present for him.

You didn't see the recording light?
What light?
Never mind. We need to get this scene done.
No problem. I just came by
to see how it's all going.
You can't keep bringing the dog in here,
it's not professional.
Come on, don't be like that.
We need him for the frequencies.
Everyone knows dogs
can hear high frequencies.
So you brought the dog here
for professional reasons?
You didn't know?
Who's the professional now?
Make sure he doesn't poo in the studio.
Who? Gilderoy or Alfonso?
Signor Santini, Signor Santini.
Telephone call for you.
And it evoked in us a powerful salvation
in the house of David, his slave,
like he promised us
through the words of saints...
The white-robed army of martyrs
with the voices of the prophets
are united in your glory...
Tonight I'll exact my revenge
and show Santini
the real meaning of a curse.
Tonight, I'll destroy what is most precious
to him and bring the bastard to his knees.
I promise you.
YOU PRESSED ALL THE WRONG BUTTONS,
NOW TRY THE RIGHT ONES. SILVIA
Whore!
Good morning, gentlemen.
I trust the day finds you in good spirits.
Santini, I must congratulate you
for the unique motivational methods
you employ with your actresses.
I know how important it is for a director
to show how priests
searched witches' bodies
for marks of the Devil.

So I find it strange that you only
bother searching round the breasts.
I do not have Devil's marks on either breast.
But you will find his marks on all my tapes.
Yes, that's right. Teresa has been erased.
All that work lost.
Turn it off!
Giovanni, check the reels.
What the hell did you do to her?
I was just tickling. What's the big deal
with a bit of tickling? Come on!
Boys, we've got cocktails out on the terrace.
Not now.
What happened?
Did you get the dog to rewind a tape?
- Get out!
- What did I do?
- Get out! Go!
- I get it! I get it!
There's no need to behave like that!
He brought Silvia here.
What a disaster.
Don't worry, we'll start again
with someone else...
How? When? There's no time!
Fabio will find someone else.
He's going on holiday.
Let me talk to him.
Listen...
I don't want anyone like Silvia.
And find an Italian this time.
Francesco, Chiara's reel has been erased.
Whore!
That last girl is really something.
She could even give the dog a hard-on.
So, what's this Elisa like?
What are you trying to say?
Giancarlo, nothing will ever change.
It Will. It Will.
Ask Fabio what Elisa's like.
Giovanni, next scene!
Reel 4, scene 60, take 1.
The stealthy Signora Collatina
approaches her sacrificial victim.

Massimo and Massimo,
a bit slower this time.
Who's there?
I will call the police.
I will!
It's dawning on us that this is not
the work of a crazed killer
but the violent force of undead witches.
But the violent force of undead witches.
They strike and kill at random.
They will find us wherever we are.
Now we can only pray
and hope that this comes to an end.
Teresa, I'd like to see you
in my office afterwards.
I believe you know something
about this curse.
Chiara, it's out of sync.
Reel 4, scene 66, take 3.
Signora Collatina tells her students
that the witches are back,
and that regrettably,
the massacres will continue.
All this destruction breaks my heart.
Two students, Monica and Valeria,
such tender things
brutally taken from us.
It's dawning on us that this is not
the work of a crazed killer
but the violent force of undead witches.
They strike and kill at random.
They will find us wherever we are.
Now we can only pray and hope
that this comes to an end.
Teresa, I'd like to see you
in my office afien/vards.
I believe you know something
about this curse and how it came about.
Soundtrack!
Signora Collatina's sacrificial attack
is thwarted and the tables
are brutally turned.
Strike a light! What's he doing to her?
Massimo and Massimo,

start the demonstration!

I didn't quite know I'd be working
on this sort of film.

What did you expect?

Santini said something about equestrian?

Yeah, a horse-riding girl, see?

She's just not horse-riding
any more, that's all.

Excuse me?

Will we be recording here?

- Are you Teresa?

- Elisa.

No, I mean Teresa, yes.

Do you mind if I go through my lines?

The chicks didn't make it.

I don't know what happened.

I just walked out to see how they were
and it was just awful.

Torn to bloody pieces.

Not even eaten.

It must've been the magpies.

All this blood by your shed.

One by one, heads ripped off,
all feathers gone.

The parents are literally screaming.

They were just a day or two away
from leaving the nest.

It's horrible here.

I was so much looking forward
to the next few days.

It must have been the magpies.

How was I?

All right.

Here comes the Sabbath,
there goes the cross.

Drunk on serpents' semen
and bloated with bile.

A whore's menstrual syrup
with a black widow's venom.

A chiffchaffs plumage infested with lice.

Our vile, thick elixir runs through your veins.

Here comes the Sabbath,
there goes the cross.

Wait, Monica.

I'm sure this is the place
where they were buried.
How is she doing'?'
Terrible.
Mumbling and moaning. Listen.
According to the scripture,
they were all tortured here.
There must be a clue somewhere.
Cut! Cut!
See what happens when you let
Santini's dick direct this film.
Again!
Reel 1, scene 13, take 3.
Teresa and Monica venture into the poultry
tunnel underneath the Academy
unaware of the witches' putrid corpses.
Wait, Monica.
I'm sure this is the place
where they were buried.
I'm sure of it. Why else would
they try to keep us out?
According to the scripture
they were all tortured here.
There must be a clue somewhere.
Cut! Cut!
Even a hamster could do
a better job than that.
How about being a little more convincing?
Francesco, I need to rewind the tape...
Leave it, just let her scream!
Again!
Gilderoy, go out there and give her hell.
I can't.
Make her cry!
Are you going to do it or not?
Easier this way.
Excuse me.
There's a terrible noise
coming from the headphones.
Keep them on, you need your cue.
- More.
- It's already too much.
More! More!
Go to hell! You and your film!

Where's she going?

We were only joking.

- Find another Teresa. Get off me!

- Elisa, we need you!

Father, we praise you

and proclaim you as our Lord.

Eternal Father,

the entire earth worships you.

Angels sing to you

and the powers of heaven.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of the Universe.

Heaven and earth are full of your glory.