



Scripts.com

# Caravaggio

By Derek Jarman

Malta, Siracuse, Messina, Naples,  
Porto Ercole. 18th July 1610.  
Four years on the run,  
so many labels on the luggage...  
and hardly a friendly face, always on the move,  
running under the poisonous blue sea  
running under the July sun.  
Adrift...  
Salt water drips on my finger  
leaving a trail of tiny tears on the burning sun.  
The fisherman carrying me high  
on their shoulders.  
I can hear you sobbing,  
Gerusalemme.  
Rough hands wore my dying body...  
..snatched from the cold blue sea.  
They are lowing me back to the village,  
their breath warm on my blue lips.  
and dying in time of the splash of the oars  
If arms steady as this embrace me and live !  
to think Gerusalemme,  
our friendship should end in this room...  
..this cold white room so far from home !  
The stars are the diamonds of the poor.  
The richman hides the diamonds in walls...  
..embarrassed to compare over the riches of  
the Lord, the spark in the sky

**WHISTLE:**

The gentlemen is conferring a  
great honour on our family.  
Be faithful and honest, like the men of our country.  
Bleah !  
Poor dumb Gerusalemme,  
not used as a shepherd !  
You look to true St Jhon  
brought from the wilderness !  
I told you the colours, and how  
to brighten...  
..the blood red cinnabar  
and dirty grease grounded poppy and linseed.  
The art of priming, glazing with soft squirrel brushes  
My companion in my loneliness !  
Now I am counting the sheep

on the hill side of our house.  
Pasqualone sometimes comes to move me.  
his hand ? my hair...  
..like the ripples  
of the bottom of the ocean.  
Far below my mother wears  
a white sheet.  
Bed time, Michele. Michele !''  
Her voice floating like the silver mask  
beholding the evening hand.  
My true love Pasqualone, laughs.  
Bed time Michele of the shadows  
Returns holy home. the stones  
clattering under our feets...  
..the white sheet is  
swallowed in the twilight.  
' 'Pasqualone!' 'The mountains echo.  
Then the darkness comes.  
How much?  
- Fifty.  
Thats deep  
- Have you more at home?  
It will cost you !  
Oggetto d'arte !  
E io sono molto caro !  
In plain english mate, Im an art object  
and very, very expensive  
Is that your money worth?  
RlDE  
I built my world  
as divine mystery..  
..found the God in the wine  
and talking to my heart...  
..I painted myself as Baco...  
..and took on his feets: I wild  
orgiastic dismenberment !  
I raise this fragile glass  
and drink to you my audience.  
Mans character  
is his feet ?.  
Why did you paint the flesh  
so green?  
I have been ill all summer,  
Excellency.

- Is true to life.  
- And art?  
- It isnt art.  
- I see.

A most interesting idea.

What is your name?

- Michelangelo da Caravaggio.  
- Michelangelo ? Michelangelo...

'No hope, no fear.'

The motto is rather extreme.

and the knife is illegal.

The price of the painting is my knife

I see

Show me the painting.

What have you written on the music ?

'You know that I love you.'

'Safe... to they like believe...'

'..that nothing is impossible...for you.'

'Think yourself... immortal...'

'..and capable...of understanding...'

'..all arts,

all sciences...'

'..the nature...'

'..of every living thing.'

'..than the...lowest deep.'

'Most higher,

than the highest pied ?...'

'..descend lower...'

Eraclito predicted from glimpse...?

'The way up and the way down

all one and the same.'

Bruno is repeating an old truth  
in new language.

That is the task.

Simple you could say...

..but nothing is more difficult  
that simplicity.

Matter is in life...

God all this quotes! I can build the terror ? with them  
perhaps he talks himself to sleep.

'...Infinite living atom

floating like dust in a ?sand day.'

That, of course, is heresy.

The enemies of Bruno said...

..that ideas like that will make  
the fix-stars of Aristotle fall from the heavens  
..and the world wonder turning round on its own...  
..like a dizzy boy.

Time to go...

You can break pause for a moment now.

- how is it coming?
- Is a piece of cake.
- You well-fixed.
- Cant complain.
- How long have you been here ?
- where? in Rome ? - Yeah.
- Four years.
- Whats that Cardinal after?

Him?

Fuck all! A few cheap thrills

What else? You must be joking

- Whats his taste in music?
- Catholic.

CARAVAGGIO LAUGH

Ranuccio!

Radio broadcasting

- Not get at anywhere with him.?
- Youve noticed ? -Noticed.
- Whats his name ?
- Ranuccio.
- Hes not been here before. is he ?
- Youve not seen ?.
- You want the impossible. - Dont you ?
- Why dont you paint him ?
- You think is that easy ?
- It wouldnt be the first time.
- The wine is free.
- Yeah.
- You really want to pay, dont you ?
- No, Davide. I dont want to pay.

Is a true love, then.

love at first sight !

- All right, you talk me other thing?
- Im sorry
- Oh, fuck it. What have you been up to?
- No much.
- Hows the painting ?
- The painting ?

Do you want to know?  
My painting is on the rocks.  
St Matteo himself cant save it ?.  
Its the most successful fucking disaster  
Should I say by ? in the Coliseum!  
-What are you doing later ?  
-Coming back with you.

**LAUGHS:**

Youve paid to be still !  
TRAIN APPROACHING

**TRAIN WHISTLE:**

A cold, blue doubt  
a infinitive uncertainty.  
A black tide ripples  
againts arsenic alights  
A dark is invading  
'Esse in anima'...  
..to be a violate soul.  
No Master need through sin us...?  
..a healthy dont need a doctor,  
only the jaundice sick  
And the Gods?  
The Gods have become diseases  
Thought without image  
lost in the pigment...  
..trap  
in the formless amber oasis.?  
ll My ? are over !  
- Evviva l'anno nuovo !  
- Evviva i prossimi cent'anni !

**BELLS CHIME:**

Uncertainty and doubt.  
long live doubt,  
through doubt comes inside.

**CHEERING:**

**COCK CROW:**

Upon my bed at night  
I saw him who my soul love  
I saw him but find him not.

I called him but he gave not answer.  
I will rise now  
and go about the city...  
..in the streets and the squares  
I will seek him who my soul love.  
I saw him but find him not  
CLAVICHORD MUSIC

**WHISTLE:**

Blood brothers.  
- You are in love with him !  
- With his money. - YOU ARE IN LOVE WITH HIM !  
- He aint fucks me, yet ! Fucking red ? boy  
-Pay off your fucking gambling debts !  
- Piss off, will you? Is my business, I pay the bills  
- You ? You pay the bills?

**LAUGHING:**

Princess.  
He loves me, He loves me not.  
He loves you not.  
In the wound the question is answer  
All art is againts live experience  
How can you compare flesh and blood with oil...  
..ground pigment?  
The room turns slowly. I steady myself  
Steading into the blue void.  
Dull metallic flies  
cluster like rotting greens...?  
..sul ronzante sole iridato.?  
Sun keeps time  
to the big to the old clock deep in the church.  
The clock is as old as the time itself.

**Pasqualone says:**

'Old father time...  
..carve his will from  
the ceiling in the Garden of ?. ''  
The flies scattered  
of my shadows fall across?The dead red grimaces.  
'Time stop for no man''. says Pasqualone.  
The rat play off his life  
on the cock in the green wounded clock quite carelessly.  
'Time stop for no man, not even the sun". says Pasqualone.

My shadows passed the fly spiral back.  
Pasqualone yawns  
into the blue sky.  
I do adore strawberries...  
..one feel so wicked eating them out of season.  
My Dear Frances.  
you havent try pepper?  
-Pepper?  
- Expensive but perfect.  
- What an extravagant idea !  
-Sometimes...  
..the most incompatible  
subjects make the best friends.  
I spent the morning in the Vatican.  
They are very concern about the risk of your new loan ?  
- They are extraordinary high.  
- As indeed the Michele Caravaggios fee  
But St Matheu looks so very well in the gallery !  
It was a godsend  
priest St Luigi hate it so much !  
Im commissioning something  
quiet different this time round: profane love.  
Perfect subject four our genius

**FLAMENCO MUSIC:**

Micheles invited me to an unveiling  
- Hes invited to you too.  
- Both of us? - You heard her?  
They are expecting the Pope.  
-Really ?  
- Yes, really !  
- In fancy dress.  
- Well, you wont have to change, will you!  
- Michele is buying the costume for you.  
- What more do you want ?  
Much more that you can imagine !  
Ive been to others of this parties...  
..I was pick on by a talent scout  
an evil queen called Ambrogia.

**then told:**

the word that I have seen it...  
..non life will be few worth  
than a strand spaghetti.'



At midnight holy father arrives dress as a eerie satyr.  
Wearing the ? of tiara.

**TYPEWRITING:**

**JAZZ MUSIC:**

Very good evening to you,  
Your Holiness.  
Take your fucking hands off me!  
Lena !  
Donna Elisabeth. Allow me to introduce  
the hero of the our ?  
- Michelangelo Caravaggio.  
- We are not related, are you ?  
Donna Elisabeth  
is a great admirer of Michelangelo.  
Such a sweet pal  
so clever with his hands !  
Ice cream ?  
is just another party ! darling

**LAUGHING:**

Lena ?  
Lena ?  
Scipione, May I introduce you to  
my charming friend Lena ?  
Hes a nephew of our dear Pope.  
Mercurio invent it the arts  
with an act of theft.  
Takes a thief to catch a thief.  
Gimme you hand.Come on !  
For Eternity and the day.  
Madonna. Queen of heaven !  
Agony fashion !  
Ugly, isnt it ? Nice frame.  
Splendid,  
keep up with the work.  
Virgins are expensive !  
You are my St John...  
..and this is our wilderness.  
'With the support of his card?...'  
'..with the connivance of his Cardinal,  
the second Michelangelos...'  
'..stole the commission

for the painting of St Matheu.''  
'A conspiracy between Church and ?.''  
'Those who love art must be alerted  
to this poison...'  
'..which seep into the body of our Renaissance  
like a pernicious drug.'  
'Shadows which permeate  
his painting and no less insidious...'  
'..than those wick cloaked ignorance  
and depravity.'  
A sad reflection...  
..of our time.  
Pasqualone yawns  
into the blue sky.  
'Time stop for no man'', he says, caressing himself  
I watch the ripples in his trousers,  
can I put my hand in?.  
The words fall over themselves  
with embarrassment.  
Pasqualone sighs  
and remove his hands without looking at me.  
I kneel beside him  
and reach timidly into the dark.  
There are hole on his pocket  
my hand slides in.  
His cock closes warm in my hand.  
Pasqualone says his girl Cecilia, hold it harder.  
'Harder Michele' The air hisses to the gap in his golden teeth.  
"Touch mine, Touch mine", my mouth is dry and the words refuse to come.  
And ice cold bead sweat  
forms and trickel on my back.  
The seeds spat,  
His body tighten.  
It swallows 'Harder Michele, harder.'  
The violent word fly around me...  
..like the marble splinters  
in my father workshop, sting in my chin.  
'Do it, do it, now !'  
Do you want to stop for a while ?  
Lena ?  
Bring some water.  
Whats wrong with my Madeleine ?  
Is my child.  
Im pregnant !

CLAVICHORD MUSIC

- Shes pregnant.  
- Fucking marvelous ?  
Piss artist !  
Its gonna cost you !  
- I hope I wasnt interrupting it.  
- Youre back !  
Not back, just visited.  
- Whom child is it ?  
- Mine.  
- What about us ?  
-Well, you have Michele...  
..I have Scipione and the child.  
The child shall be rich...  
..beyond avarice.

**TRAIN RUNNING:**

Your hair screams out darkest the Medussa weed ?.  
Your fingers are cold.  
The cold has invade it.  
Your blood run slow.  
The life is wash away.  
A child castle drifting in the foam.  
My heart miss it a bit,  
I reach up to you, my Magdalene...  
..drown in the water of forgetfulness.  
Michele.  
No peace for the wicked.  
Michele !  
Francis !  
"and God shall wipe away  
the tears from their eyes"...  
.."There shall be no more death,  
neither sorrow nor crying"...  
.."neither shall there be any more pain".  
"For the former things are passed away."  
I am innocent !  
I aint kill her ! I never touched them, never  
- She was killed by Scipione Borghese !  
- Shut your ? you lunatic !  
Michele !  
Fuck you ! Im innocent.  
Aint bastard murderer, fucking bastards !

**LAUGHING:**

Look, look.

Alone again, down into the back of the skull  
imagining and dreaming.

And beyond the edge of the frame. darkness.

the black night invading

The soot from the candels

darkening the varnish...

..creeping round the empty studio,

reading the wounded paintings...

..smashing out in the twilight.

Sharp knife wounded steady in the groin,

of your guts...

..when gulp the air tearing

your last breath from the stars...

..as the sea run into the patch

sheet and you fall into the night.

I float on the glassy surface

of the still dark lake...

..land black in the night,

silence as an echo...

..a mote in your eyes.

You blink and send me

spinning swallow in the vortex.

I shoot through the violet depths.

Unalterable silence

of these waters ! A tear forms in drops.

The ripples spread out

beyond the farthest horizont...

..beyond the matter,

scintilla, star !

I love you more than my eyes.

Ive trapped your spirit

in matter...

..wont you got no value

Im gloat like the leery-lyric of the fields ...?

..is horribly perverted.

E' posto alto sugli altari di Roma.

Che vergogna !

God catches you, YOU !?

Years ago..

when we met...

..I dreamed the paintings

I could love.

His Cardinal should buy  
una vigna. Some more wine, Michele ?  
Lambrusco, Frascati,  
Lacrime Cristi...  
..wine from the Veneto,  
wine from Sicily...  
..but for the reassuring ?...  
..stronger than the sun in July,  
richer than the Vatican...  
..We have the establishment song ? ,  
vino del Moro.  
This fucking artichokes swimming  
in rancid oil !

**INAUDIBLE VOICE:**

**BELLS CHIME:**

- Eminence.  
-Michele Caravaggio...  
..The Holy Father and myself are prepared  
to turn a blind eye to 'Sodom'...  
..provided you make it worth it  
by bringing the riffraff back to Church...  
..and placing them in oath  
of the path of the Holy Father...?  
..who is, of course, the soul and debita  
of the life of our Lord Jesus Christ on earth.  
and Michele, I must advance you...  
..that this slander against my  
personal life must stop.  
You'll address 'His Holiness' as your "Holiness"  
and kiss his ring without touching it...  
..when he extend his hand.  
Michele Caravaggio...  
..egregio 'in urbe pictor'.  
Your Holiness.  
I heard you are a bit of a irascible?. One of the family  
Scipione says you paint quick.  
The quicker the better.  
I have a bloody war on my hands !

**THE POPE LAUGH:**

though !  
The bloody Tomassoni affair...

..that prostitute in the Tiber.  
I know youve been putting it about  
that my nephew did her end?  
Well, If the portrait looks good  
you can have him  
and good luck to you.  
Revolutionary gesture in art  
can be a great help to us.  
but you hadnt thought about that,  
you little bugger !  
Keeps the ''quo'' in the ''status''.  
Never heard of a revolution made  
with paintbrushes !  
- You are out !  
- You pull it off ! Fucking brilliant  
What you mean ? Trick them ?  
Michele, are you blind ?  
I did it for you.  
- For love.  
- For what ?  
- For love.  
- you murdered her ?  
For you. For us.  
You murdered her.  
The first light of dawn falls  
sweet? open window in my bedroom.  
A swallow flies in, an swoop  
dark as an arrow along the beam ...  
..landing with the twin, spread,  
black as a crucifix on the wall.  
"It is, it is" the swallow whispers.  
The gold and dust cloud  
? it is in the rushed air.  
I lie eyes open facing the ceiling  
on the great wooden bed...  
..which is the barge that beds me  
across the ocean at night.  
I bed my head in the pillow  
and dream on my true love Pasqualone.  
Im rowing to you on the great dark ocean.  
You soar dolphin  
like out of my sight, laughing.  
Dolphins are not caught  
with smiles, but cruelly with hoax ''Michele''

'One day you will learn to be cruel.'

'Michele, wake up,  
Cecilia stands in the doorway.'  
holding her feather duster on his long bambu pole  
She leaps  
catlike the swallow...  
..switching her broom through the dusty stars  
like a palm tree in the sirocco.  
The spell is broken. Pasqualone  
stands at the window smiling.  
BELL RINGS FOR DEAD  
- Pasqualone.  
- Michele.