



Scripts.com

Dangerous Beauty

By Margaret Rosenthal

CAPTIONING MADE POSSIBLE BY
WARNER BROS.

Woman:

IN A DREAMED-OF CITY.
VENICE--
PARADISE,
PROUD AND PRETTY.
WE LIVED FOR LOVE
AND LUST AND BEAUTY,

PLEASURE THEN:

OUR ONLY DUTY...
FLOATING THEN 'TWIN HEAVEN AND EARTH
AND DRUNK ON PLENTY'S
BLESSED MIRTH.
WE THOUGHT OURSELVES
ETERNAL THEN,
OUR GLORY SEALED
BY GOD'S OWN PEN.
BUT PARADISE, WE FOUND,
IS ALWAYS FRAIL.
AGAINST MAN'S FEAR,
WILL ALWAYS FAIL.
[CROWD CHEERING
FAINTLY OUTSIDE]
[DOOR OPENS]
IS THERE ANYTHING
WRONG, MAMA?
NOTHING AT ALL.
[DOOR CLOSES]
[FIREWORKS WHISTLE,
CROWD CHEERS]
[MOANS]
OH, I FEEL...
I FEEL FAINT.
I FEEL FAINT.
COME ON.
OH, I FEEL FAINT.
OH!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
COME ON, BEATRICE.
QUICK.

Beatrice:

VERONICA!

[MAN LAUGHS]

[FIREWORKS WHISTLE]

OHH!

LOOK.

HELLO!

LOOK, THERE'S

YOUR BROTHER.

HELLO, VENICE!

WHAT IF HE SEES US?

HE'S NO LOOKING AT US, BEA.

HE'S LOOKING AT THEM.

HELLO, VENICE!

DID YOU GET MY LETTERS?

YOU DIDN'T GET THEM?

I'M NOT TALKING

TO YOU ANYWAY.

YOU BROKE MY HEART.

COME ON.

BEA, COME ON.

Man:

ALL THIS FOR ME?

OH!

OH, LIVIA.

O GLORIOUS MAID:

OF VIRTUES FAIR,

WITH BOSOMS LIKE THOSE,

WHO COULD CARE?

MY ROD,

MILADY--

A HAND.

COME.

HARDLY.

[LAUGHS]

IT'S VENUS COME

TO BLESS THE VENETIANS!

[CROWD CHEERS]

HOW ARE YOU?

BEATRICE!

HELLO.

[KISSES]

YOU SMELL:

LIKE A SEWER.
OH, THANK YOU. THAT'S
A FINE WELCOME, LITTLE SISTER.
LOOK AT YOU.
YOU MIGHT MAKE A WIFE
AFTER ALL.
DID YOU SEE HIM?
SEE WHO?
YOU KNOW WHO--
MY HUSBAND-TO-BE.
IS HE HANDSOME?
OH, HE'S, UM...
HE'S POWERFUL.
HE IS.
VERONICA?
WELCOME HOME, MARCO.
I THINK I'VE MISSED YOU.
WITH ALL THE COUR LADIES TO AMUSE YOU?
OH, ROMAN WOMEN,
THEY CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE
TO THE VENETIAN.
NOR CAN FRENCH,
NOR CAN FLORENTINE,

NOR ANY WOMAN:

FROM EUROPE TO THE LEVANT.
NO DOUBT YOU'VE
SAMPLED THEM ALL.
ALL BUT IDLE AMUSEMEN UNTIL YOU BLOSSOMED.

Man:

WHAT KEEPS A SON FROM
GREETING HIS PARENTS?
BEAUTY, I THINK.
MMM!
OH, MARCO, MARCO.
YOU'RE DRENCHED.
COME ON. YOU'LL
CATCH YOUR DEATH.
AH, VERONICA.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING
TO MISS DINNER AGAIN.

YOUNG LADIES HAVE
BETTER THINGS TO DO
THAN POISON THEIR MINDS
WITH BOOKS.

Mother:

SUCH AS:

MINDING THEIR MANNERS.
THE BUTCHER SAID
HE MUST BE PAID.
SIR, DO YOU KNOW
WHEN YOU SAIL?
YES, NEXT WEEK.
MMM. I WISH I COULD WITH YOU,
SAIL THE HIGH SEAS.
OH, VERONICA.
HIGH SEAS, INDEED.
SHE'LL NEVER FIND A HUSBAND
IF SHE CARRIES ON
LIKE A CHILD.
HOW DO PEOPLE MARRY,
MOTHER?
THEY STRIKE A BARGAIN.
WHAT'S TO BARGAIN OVER
IF YOU'RE IN LOVE?
MARRIAGE IS A CONTRACT,
VERONICA,
NOT A PERPETUAL TRYST.

Man:

IN PARTICULAR IN MIND?
SERA!
OOH, LOVE POETRY, EH?
SERA, GIVE IT BACK.
"LIFE'S HARSHNESS
ALL FORGAVE,
"HEART'S YEARNING MET,
WHEN, GUARD YOUR SOUL--"
MUST BE TRUE LOVE.
I'D HAVE MADE A DASHING
COURTIER, DON'T YOU THINK?
OR MAYBE A PIRATE. HA!
HA!

OOH!
DISENGAGE TO THE LEFT.
AND AGAIN.
BACK.
BACK, EXTEND, AND LUNGE.
[MAN SINGING]
BACK, EXTEND, AND--
?? LOVELINESS OF THEE ??
?? NOR IN HOPE ??
?? THE WORLD CAN SHOW ??
?? A LITTLE LOVE FOR ME ??
?
?? BUT SINCE THAT I MUST-- ?
?? I REALLY
LOVE YOU ??
?? PLEASE... ??
?? BUT SINCE THA I MUST DIE AT LAST ??
?? 'TIS BEST TO USE
MYSELF IN JEST ??
?? DON'T TELL MAMA, SHE WILL
WANT TO CASTRATE ME ??
?? BUT SINCE THAT I ??
?? MUST DIE AT LAST ??
?? 'TIS BEST... ??
AND WHERE MIGHT YOU
BE GOING?
NOWHERE.

THAT NOWHERE:

HAS A NICE TENOR.
VERONICA'S ON THE CANAL
WITH MARCO VENIER--
ALONE.
MOTHER FRANCO.
OH, ELENA,
DON'T CALL ME THAT.
IT MAKES ME FEEL ANCIENT.

YOUNG LADIES:

OF MARRIAGEABLE AGE
MUST BE CHAPERONED.

A GOOD MARRIAGE:

FOR VERONICA:

COULD WIN ME:

A PROPER COMMISSION.
I ALWAYS LIKED MARCO VENIER.
HE'LL NEVER MARRY HER
IF HE HAS HER FIRST.
MARRY HER?
A BRIDE OF MARCO'S
WILL NEED A KING'S RANSOM.
I SEE...
MY FATED STARS.
YOUR EYES,

THEY MELT ME:

AS THE SUN DOES SNOW.

I BOUGHT THIS:

IN ROME FOR YOU.
YOU DIDN' BUY IT FOR ME.
YES, I DID.
I JUST DIDN'T KNOW IT.
[BOTH LAUGH]
OH, SUCH AN EASY GIF

MIGHT EASILY BE:

TAKEN BACK AGAIN.
THEN NAME ME ANY OTHER GIFT.
THE BOOK WILL DO
FOR NOW.

I THINK PERHAPS:

YOU'RE TOO YOUNG
TO ACCEPT WHAT I WOULD
TRULY GIVE YOU.
WELL, I AM NOT SO YOUNG
AS YOU ARE VAIN.
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED,
HAVE YOU?
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?
I FEAR YOU MISTAKE ME
FOR ONE OF YOUR EASY
COURT COMPANIONS.
NO.

NO.

I MISTOOK THE ASKING
IN YOUR EYES.
DO YOU NOT LIKE MY KISS?
I WISH IT WERE NOT A SIN
TO HAVE LIKED IT SO.

GOD MADE SIN:

THAT WE MIGHT KNOW
HIS MERCY.

Veronica:

WITHIN HIS EYES:

AND LONG FOR MORE,
MYSELF TO KNOW.
HE HEARS, IT SEEMS,

MY SILENT CRIES:

AND MAKES MY HEAR MY REASON'S FOE.
HOW CAN THIS BE,
TO LOVE SO QUICKLY?
"LOVE DOES NOT WAIT,"
IS HIS REPLY.
WHAT MAGIC WEAVES HIS TOUCH
TO TRICK ME?

HOW CAN I NOW:

MY LOVE DENY?
FOR MY BRIDE.

A LITTLE:

WEDDING TRINKET.
[DING DING DING]
LORENZO GRITTI...
AND HIS FAIR BRIDE.
YOUR UNION GIVES US
GREATEST PRIDE.
GOOD HEALTH,

GREAT WEALTH:

AND LASTING LINE.
ON YOUR UNION,
GOD'S GLORY SHINE.

HOW COULD THEY?
HOW COULD WHO WHAT?
YOUR PARENTS MARRY

YOUR SISTER OFF:

TO THAT PIECE OF
DECAYING FLESH.

THAT PIECE:

OF DECAYING FLESH
IS A COUSIN OF THE DOGE,
CONFIDANT OF THE POPE.
THE ROMAN COUR ADORES HIM.
THE ROMAN COURT DOESN' HAVE TO SLEEP WITH HIM.
OH, YOU'D BE
SURPRISED.
SAVE YOUR BLUSHES,
VERONICA.
THEY DON'T SIT WELL
WITH THE BLUNTNESS
OF YOUR TONGUE.
SURELY THEY COULD HAVE
TRADED DOWN A FEW DUCATS

FOR AN OUNCE:

OF VIRILITY.
WHY?
WELL, FOR YOUR
SISTER'S SAKE.
MY SISTER'S A PRUDE.
OH, AND SHE MIGH HAVE KEPT HER OWN BED.

IT WOULD HARDLY:

BE MORE CRUEL:

MARRYING HER:

TO GOD.
GOD ISN'T AS RICH
AS LORENZO GRITTI.
DO HONOR TO THE HOUSES
OF GRITTI AND VENIER.
FOR VENICE.
I'VE SEEN

HOW YOU LOOK AT HER
AND HOW SHE LOOKS AT YOU.
I KNOW THAT LOOK.
FATHER.
DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE
LOVE'S ALLURE, MARCO.
ENJOY IT, BUT...

GUARD YOUR HEAD:

AND YOUR HEART.
YOU CANNOT MARRY HER.
I KNOW.
PIETRO, COME.
I WISH THAT WERE
OUR BRIDAL CHAMBER.
OH.
YOU THINK ME TERRIBLY
WICKED FOR SAYING THAT.
NO.
YOU KNOW WE CAN'T MARRY.

I KNOW ONLY:

WHAT YOU TELL ME.

I MUST MARRY:

ACCORDING TO MY STATION
AND MY FAMILY'S WILL.
WELL, THEN
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
BECAUSE I COULD NO STAY AWAY.
WELL, THEN DON'T.
MY MARRIAGE MUST BE
A MARRIAGE OF STATE.
MY PEOPLE ARE TRUE
CITIZENS 700 YEARS BACK.
A COAT OF ARMS DOES NO AN INHERITANCE MAKE.
I SPEAK OF LOVE,
AND YOU TALK OF MONEY.
I SPEAK OF MY DUTY.
AND WHAT OF YOUR HEART?
IT ISN'T ABOUT MY HEART.
THIS IS ABOUT POLITICS.
HOW ROMANTIC.
MARRIAGE ISN'T ROMANTIC.

THAT'S WHY GOD
INVENTED POETRY.
TO SWEETEN MEN'S
LYING LIPS.
IF I WERE A LIAR,
WOULD I TELL YOU THIS NOW?
IF YOU CARED FOR ME,
YOU COULD NOT TELL ME THIS EVER.
BUT I WANT YOU.
NOT ENOUGH.

[SOBBING]
DAUGHTER, YOU HAVE
REACHED TOO HIGH.
I TOLD YOU,
MARRIAGE IS A CONTRACT.
SIGNING A TREATY.

TO A MAN:
OF MARCO'S STATION,

IT HAS NOTHING:
TO DO WITH LOVE.
BUT...
YOU CAN STILL HAVE MARCO.
BUT NOT IN WEDLOCK.
THERE'S AN ALTERNATIVE
TO MARRIAGE.
YOU'LL BECOME
A COURTESAN.

I HAVE SEEN YOU:
WATCHING THEM.
I'VE SEEN YOU
MESMERIZED BY THEM.

YOU WILL BECOME:
A COURTESAN...
LIKE YOUR MOTHER
USED TO BE.
YOU WERE A COURTESAN?
ONE OF THE BEST.
WHEN?
A LONG TIME AGO.
VERONICA.

I HAD HOPED TO BUY YOU
A GOOD MARRIAGE,

BUT YOUR FATHER:

DRANK AWAY YOUR DOWRY.

YOUR BROTHER:

MUST BUY HIS POSTING,
AND I AM TOO OLD.

IT IS YOU:

WHO MUST SUPPORT US NOW.
LOOK AT THESE HANDS.
SOFT.
TOO SOF FOR A SCULLERY MAID
OR WORKING THE WINERY.
PERHAPS A LADY'S MAID.

MAYBE BEATRICE:

WILL HIRE YOU.
WOULDN'T THAT BE FUNNY?

SEND ME:

TO THE CONVENT, THEN,
TO SANTO SPIRITO.
VERONICA,
YOU ARE NOT THE TYPE.
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHICHEVER DEVIL YOU CHOOSE,
YOU'LL LOOK HIM
IN THE EYE FIRST,
WHICH IS MORE THAN MY MOTHER
EVER GAVE ME.
[WOMEN SINGING IN LATIN]
[SCISSORS CUTTING]
[WOMAN CRYING]
THE FIRST SECRE OF ALL GREAT COURTESANS--
YOU MUST KNOW PLEASURE
TO GIVE PLEASURE.
BEAUTY IS A MANIFESTATION
OF THE DIVINE.
THAT THEORY BUIL THE SISTINE CHAPEL,
AND IT'LL DO

THE SAME FOR YOU.

MMM.

HEIGHT IS AN ADVANTAGE
TO WOMEN AS WELL AS MEN.
CARRIAGE CREATES
THE FIRST IMPRESSION.

AAH!

[SLURPS]

[LOCKS DOOR]

[LOCK TURNS]

COME WITH ME, VERONICA.
MOTHER,
WE CAN'T GO IN THERE.
LADIES CAN' GO IN THERE.
COURTESANS CAN.
THE EMPEROR PERICLES
RELIED MORE FOR POLICY

ON HIS MISTRESS:

THAN HE EVER DID
ON HIS LIEUTENANTS.
COURTESANS, MY DEAR,
ARE THE MOST EDUCATED
WOMEN IN THE WORLD.

THE COURTESAN:

IS A FORCE OF NATURE
IN A CIVILIZED CLOAK.
ANY CHAMBERMAID CAN FLOP DOWN,
TAKE OFF HER SHIRT,
AND MEN WILL COME.

YOUR TRUE POWER:

COMES FROM SOMETHING
MUCH DEEPER THAN BEAUTY.
CLEOPATRA KNEW THAT.
THEODOSIA.
ASPASIA.
SHE COULD SEDUCE A MAN
AT 20 PACES
WITHOUT REVEALING
AN INCH OF FLESH.
HOW?
WITH HER MIND.

DESIRE BEGINS IN THE MIND.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
NO, YOU DON'T.
THINK OF MARCO.
I KNOW YOU KNOW ANGER.
TRY DISDAIN.
AMUSEMENT.
SUBMISSION.
RAPTURE.
NOW...
MAKE HIM BELIEVE
THAT HE IS THE ONLY MAN
IN THE UNIVERSE.
WHO TAUGHT YOU?
YOUR GRANDMOTHER.
IN ORDER TO CHOOSE
YOUR LOVERS WISELY,

YOU NEED:

TO UNDERSTAND MEN.

NO MATTER THEIR:

SHAPE OR SIZE,
POSITION OR WEALTH,

THEY ALL DREAM:

OF THE TEMPTRESS.
THE IRRESISTIBLE,
UNAPPROACHABLE VENUS

QUICKLY TURNS:

PLIABLE MAIDEN:

WHEN THEY'VE HAD
A HARD DAY.
COME.
YOU CAN' BE SQUEAMISH.
IF YOU DON'T ENJOY IT,
THEY'LL SMELL I LIKE A DOG SMELLS FEAR,
AND THEY'LL
HATE YOU FOR IT.
WHAT'S THERE
TO BE SQUEAMISH ABOUT?
IF YOU TOUCH HERE...

[GASPS]

AMAZING.

USE YOUR FINGERS LIGHTLY

LIKE FEATHERS.

THEN HARDER.

YOUR TONGUE:

LIKE LICKING SWEETS.

YOUR TEETH WITH RESTRAINT.

JUST ENOUGH:

TO KEEP HIM WANTING MORE.

IT'S WANTING

THAT KEEPS US ALIVE.

PAOLA.

MINISTER RAMBERTI.

I'D LIKE TO PRESENT YOU

TO MY DAUGHTER VERONICA.

IT WOULD BRING ME

LUCK, LADY,

IF YOU WOULD PLAY

A HAND FOR ME.

REMEMBER, VERONICA,

LOVE LOVE, BUT DO NO LOVE THE MAN,

OR YOU'LL BE

IN HIS POWER.

GOOD LUCK.

MAY I CALL?

HMM?

MAY I CALL?

OH.

HMM.

HMM.

LOVELY.

THIS IS MY FIRST BET.

YOUR FIRST?

UNMISTAKABLY.

I'M HONORED.

REPENT YOUR EMPTY EXCESSES!

THERE IS NO COMFORT HERE!

??AVE MARIA??

REPENT!

YOU, SIR!

??AVE MARIA...??

FRIENDS, MAY I ASK YOU,
IS THIS GOD'S GAME?
WHY DO YOU GAMBLE
WITH YOUR SOULS?
WHAT IS I YOU WANT, SIR?
YOUR SALVATION.

HMM.

THIS IS NO COMPANY
FOR ONE SO FAIR.

[WOMAN SINGING IN ITALIAN]

[APPLAUSE]

VENICE MAY AS WELL BE DEEMED
ONE LARGE FLOATING BROTHEL.

WHAT'S BITING

YOUR ASS:

THIS FAIR EVENING,
COUSIN?

UM, POVERTY.

ALWAYS PUTS ME:

IN A BAD MOOD.
AND YOU'D BEGRUDGE

THE FAIRER SEX:

THEIR LITTLE CRUMBS,
WOULD YOU?
NO, THOUGH THEY DO MAKE MORE
IN A NIGHT THAN I A MONTH,
THE LOVELY WHORES.

WHY DON'T YOU GO AND
MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL?
GIVE US A RHYME.

I'M NO PERFORMING MONKEY
FOR THE IDLE MASSES.

SINCE WHEN?

WE'RE ALL OF US
PERFORMING MONKEYS, NEPHEW.
PAUPERS AND POETS ALIKE.

I'M AT YOUR SERVICE, UNCLE.
IF IT'S RHYME YOU WISH,
I SHALL GLADLY OBLIGE.

A SUBJECT.

DOGE.

AH.
VENICE TO CELEBRATE
OUR PLENTY.
AH.
BORN IN GLORY.
THE VIRGIN'S EXALTATION.
FAIR AND MIGHTY VENICE.
QUEEN OF THE SEA.
UNCONQUERED MAID.
SOVEREIGN ISLE IS SHE.
CHASTE GODDESS.
RISING FROM THE FOAMY DEPTHS.
GATEWAY TO THE MOS DISTANT EAST AND WEST.
WINE?
PLEASE.
LOVER OF LIBERTY.
CHILD OF HONOR.
VERONICA?
VERONICA?
COVER YOUR SURPRISE,
SIGNORE VENIER.
IT'S VAGUELY INSULTING.
SIGNORE VENIER?
DON'T BE ABSURD.
I'M NO BEING ABSURD.
I'M JUS TREATING YOU

WITH THE SAME:

INDIFFERENCE:

YOU AFFORDED ME.
YOU CONFUSE INDIFFERENCE
WITH HONESTY.
YOU CONFUSE HONESTY
WITH VENALITY.
OH, YOU THINK ME VENAL?
YOU ARE A VENAL CUR.
HELLO, MARCO.

SOMETHING:

I CAN DO FOR YOU?
HERE BEAUTY,
WIT AND WEALTH COMBINE.

GATEWAY:

TWIXT DISTANT EAS
AND WEST.
MOTHER OF LIBERTY.
CHILD OF HONOR.

HOME AND HEARTH:

AND HEAR:

TO MEN OF VALOR.
[APPLAUSE]
PERHAPS THE FAIR MAIDEN
CAN DO BETTER.
[APPLAUSE]
A DUEL!
VENICE.
MOTHER,
VIRGIN, QUEEN,
AND GODDESS.
TO BE ALL 5 AT ONCE
IS NO MEAN TRICK...
IF WOMEN'S LAST LOST EDEN
ARE ADDRESSED TO BE...
HEARTH, HEART AND HOME
TO EVERY...
PRICK.
[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]
WHO IS SHE?
WHO IS THIS GIRL?
HMM.
SWEET LAGOON...
THAT BRINGS US LOVELY LIFE.

RANK WITH GREED:

AND TRADES...
DEVOURING STRIFE.
LADY VENICE,
HER BAUBLED SELF
DOES SHOW...
HER RAIMEN AS THE MOON DOTH GLOW.
HER WISDOM...
HER WISDOM SHINES
BRIGHT AS...
ENVIIOUS DAY.

HER WIVES,
LIKE BOOTY ARE...
LOCKED AWAY.
BRAVA, BRAVA!

NEVER EVER:

HIDE THAT FACE AGAIN.
CHILDREN, MY DEAR,
ARE A DEFICIT.
IT'S NOT INFALLIBLE,
BUT IT'S MORE COMFORTABLE
THAN A TURTLE SHELL.
MMM.
OHH.
MMM.
SO...
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME
EVERYTHING.
HOW COULD I?
THEY WON'T ALL
BE RAMBERTIS.
WHO'S NEXT?
HONOR US WITH A POEM,
SIGNORA VERONICA.
I WOULD BE TOO HUMBLED
BEFORE SO ELOQUEN A GATHERING OF MINDS.

MAKE US LAUGH:

AS YOU DID BEFORE.

PERHAPS IF I AM:

CLEVER NEXT TIME,

I SHALL:

MAKE YOU WEEP.

YOU SHALL:

MAKE ME WEEP:

IF YOU DO NO GIVE ME LEAVE
TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
THURSDAY?
EVERY THURSDAY?
I SHALL COUN THE HOURS IN BETWEEN.

SCRAPE ANY LOWER,
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE SHOES
FOR EARRINGS.
WHY, MARCO VENIER,

I DO BELIEVE:

YOU'RE JEALOUS.
ONE CAN ONLY BE JEALOUS
OF WHAT ONE CANNOT HAVE.
AND YOU CANNOT HAVE ME.
THERE'S NOT A WOMAN
IN VENICE I CAN'T HAVE.
AND THERE'S NO A MAN IN VENICE
THAT I CAN'T HAVE.
WE ARE SO ALIKE,
YOU AND ME.
WE BOTH KNOW THAT LOVE

IS INCONVENIEN:

IF NOT IMPOSSIBLE.
SO WHY NOT ENJOY
WHAT LITTLE WE'RE ALLOWED
TOGETHER?
I'M ALL BOOKED UP.
WELL?
WELL, WHAT?
AHH.
WELL, I SEE THAT YOU'RE
ENJOYING YOURSELF.
YES. THANK YOU,
SIGNORE VENIER.
DOMINICO.
OTHERWISE YOU SHALL
MAKE ME FEEL VERY OLD.
OH, LET ME HELP YOU.
NO, NO, NO.
IT'S NOT A SIGH
FOR SUCH BEAUTIFUL EYES.
I'M NOT AFRAID OF FLESH.
THE MAN WHO BID YOU RHYME.
FRANCESCO MARTENENGO.
ADMIRAL OF OUR FLEET.
ANDREA TRON.
WHATEVER YOU DO,

DON'T MAKE HIM MAD.
BISHOP DE LA TORRE.
IT'S SAID HIS COLLECTION

OF PAINTINGS:

IS SURPASSED ONLY
BY HIS COLLECTION OF WOMEN.
SO MANY?
BIBLICAL.
RAMBERTI, YOU KNOW.
MINISTER OF DEFENSE.
I TELL YOU NOW,
HE'S IN LOVE WITH YOU.
YOU SAY THAT AS IF YOU
THOUGHT IT A DISEASE.
YOU THINK PERHAPS
I WANT YOU FOR MYSELF.
I WOULD NOT PRESUME.
PITY.

I WAS FLATTERED:

TO THINK YOU MIGHT HARBOR

SUCH SUSPICIONS:

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.
I WOULD BE HAPPY
TO ATTEND TO YOU

UNDER ANY:

CIRCUMSTANCES.
[CROWS]
AAH!
AAH!
AAH!
WHOO!
[CROWS]
OHH!
OHH!
"ALL THE BEST COURTESANS
HAVE ONE."
SIGNORA.
SIGNORE MARCO VENIER
WISHES YOUR AUDIENCE.
[CROWS]

A PEACOCK DOES NO AN INHERITANCE MAKE.
LOOK AT THESE GOWNS.
EACH IS A UNIQUE WORK
OF ART IN EVERY DETAIL.
CHARMING SPECTACLE.
I'VE SEEN BETTER.
MUST BE INTERESTING,
BEING IN A ROOM FULL OF MEN,
MOST OF WHOM YOU'VE SEEN
WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN.
PUTS IT ALL IN SOME
KIND OF PERSPECTIVE.
I WAS WONDERING, UM...
I WOULD ENJOY I IF PERHAPS WE MIGH
EXCHANGE VERSE AGAIN...
SOME NIGHT...
VERONICA.
WE CAN'T AFFORD
ONE ANOTHER, MAFFIO.
WE'RE BOTH COURTIERS,
SINGING FOR OUR SUPPER.
OF COURSE.
WHAT WAS COUSIN MAFFIO
ON ABOUT?

THE PLEASURES:

OF POETRY.
DID YOU ENJOY THE HUNT?
WELL, THE HUN POSSESSES, DOESN'T IT,
SUCH A CRUEL BEAUTY?
MUCH LIKE YOUR OWN.
IS MY BEAUTY CRUEL?
OH, I THINK SO.

TO THOSE:

THAT YOU REFUSE, YES.
IT IS ONLY MY REFUSAL
THAT AROUSES YOUR LONGING.
YOU UNDERRATE YOURSELF.
FLATTERER.
PUT IT TO THE TEST.

SAY YES:

AND THEN SEE:

IF YOU'RE RID OF ME.
I HEARD "SEE."
IF I'M RIGHT,
YOU'LL TIRE OF ME,
AND IF YOU'RE RIGHT,
I'LL TIRE OF YOU.
MAYBE WE SHOULD JUS STAY AS WE ARE.
YOU KNOW,
I DO REGRET THE...
THE HUR THAT I CAUSED YOU.
YOU OWN MY HEART.
YOUR HEAR IS HIGHER UP.
HER FATHER OWNS HALF
OF LOMBARDY,
AND HER AUN IS THE POPE'S NIECE.
AN ALLIANCE WITH THIS FAMILY
IS A GODSEND, MARCO.
MARCO, YOU WILL MARRY
GIULIA DE LEZZE.
FOR VENICE,
IF FOR NO OTHER REASON.
IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
BETTER,
I'D SAY YOU HAD THE FEIGNED
INDIFFERENCE OF A MAN IN LOVE.
GO ON, SON.

TELL THE TRUTH:

AND SHAME THE DEVIL.

SO THE TURKS:

ARE ON THE MOVE AGAIN.
THE SULTAN WANTS
THE MEDITERRANEAN
FOR HIS BATHING POOL.
WHAT IS THAT HEAVENLY THING?
ERMINE.
Marco, drunkenly:
VERONICA!
VERONICA!
I'M AN ASS!
VERONICA!
VERONICA.

MY LITTLE POETESS.
I'M AN ASS!
YOU ARE THE BRIGHTEST STAR
IN THE VENETIAN FIRMAMENT.
THE COLD--
EXCUSE ME.
THE COLDEST,
BUT ALSO THE BRIGHTEST.
MY UNCLE TELLS ME
I HAVE THE FEIGNED

INDIFFERENCE:

OF A MAN...

OF A MAN:

ABOUT TO BE MARRIED.
I'M GETTING MARRIED,
VERONICA.
CONGRATULATE ME.

FELICITATIONS:

ON YOUR GRAND MATCH.
WELL, HOW
GENEROUSLY PUT.
DO YOU LOVE HER?
DO I HAVE TO?
WELL, I HOPE
IT'S A PROFITABLE UNION.
DO YOU LIKE POETRY?
I KNOW THE PSALMS.
TELL ME A SECRET.
I HAVE NO SECRETS.
EVERYONE HAS SECRETS.
ALL RIGHT.
TELL ME A DESIRE.
A DEEP DESIRE.
I HOPE TO GIVE YOU
MANY STRONG SONS.
NO, I MEAN SOMETHING...
FOR YOU.
SOMETHING JUST FOR YOU.
TO BE A GOOD WIFE TO YOU
IS MY ONLY DESIRE.

Veronica:

'TIS NOT WANTON FLESH,

BUT LOVE:

THAT BRINGS ME SHAME.

MOCKED BY FATE,

IMPRISONED BY MY WOMB.

BY JEALOUSY POSSESSED,

WHICH SLOW CONSUMES

IN ICE-COLD, GLOOMY,

VICIOUS FLAME.

I LOVE THE VERY WEAPONS

WHICH ME WOUND.

LUCKY IS THE MAN

THAT CAN INSPIRE

YOUR POET'S HEART.

[LAUGHS]

THE ONLY FORM SHE'S MASTERED

IS A WHORE'S.

HONESTLY, I DIDN'T THINK

UNCLE WAS STILL CAPABLE

OF GETTING IT UP.

WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM

TO GET HIM TO PUBLISH

THIS LITTLE PILE OF DITTIES?

HE WON'T GIVE

THE TIME OF DAY:

TO HIS OWN FLESH AND BLOOD.

SHE WORKED FOR IT.

HA. I'LL BET SHE WORKED

FOR IT.

WHAT DO YOU COS THESE DAYS, VERONICA?

IF YOUR PRICK:

IS AS LIMP AS YOUR VERSE,

NO PRICE CAN POSSIBLY

PURCHASE STAMINA.

[LAUGHTER]

[MEN GASP]

MAFFIO!

JUST MAKING A POINT, COUS'.

VERY BRAVE, COUS'. WHA POINT WOULD THAT BE?

I'M SORRY.

I'M SORRY.
I APOLOGIZE.
HAVE YOU THE GUTS
TO TRY AGAIN,

BLADE TO BLADE:

AND PEN TO PEN?
MADONNA VERONICA...
VERITABLY UNIQUE WHORE...
UM...MAY SING AND RHYME
AND MORE.
STILL, IS AT BES A SLUT...
WITH EVERY HORNY MUTT.
YOU PRIDE YOURSELF
ON ARTS AND LETTERS
AND FUCKING BES YOUR MANLY BETTERS.
HA!
OW!
I SAVE THE GOODLY WIVES

OF VENICE:

FROM THEIR HUSBANDS '
LUSTFUL MENACE!
[MAFFIO LAUGHS]
THEN YOU CONFESS
YOU LOVE...
TO RUT...
AND YOUR BEAUTY'S
GLADLY STUFFED.

Marco:

NOW, NOW, NOW.
A MISTAKE.
I CONFESS I FUCK DIVINELY

THOSE WHO LOVE:

AND WELL OPINE ME.
[MOCKING] "I CONFESS

I FUCK DIVINELY:

THOSE WHO RICHLY
WINE AND DINE ME."

ON THE PAGE:

OR ON THE SHEET,
YOU'LL NEVER FIND
A TONGUE MORE SWEET.

ON THE PAGE:

OR ON THE SHEET...
Maffio to himself:
ON THE PAGE OR ON THE SHEET...
UH...GREET...BLEAT.

ON THE PAGE:

OR ON THE SHEET,

A GREATER HACK:

YOU'LL NEVER MEET!
[SCREAMING]
UGH!
YOU FIGH LIKE A SAILOR.

I LEARNED:

FROM A SAILOR.
NOW STOP STALLING.
RECONT THE CURSE
YOU GIVE MY KIND.
ADMIT I HAVE, AS YOU,
A HEART AND MIND.

A GREEDY HAND:

AND EMPTY HEAR:

IS ALL THE WRESTS
YOUR LEGS APART.
HYAH!
[DOOR OPENS]
[FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS]
HOW DID YOU LE THIS PARAGON OF CITIES
TURN INTO A CESSPI OF VICE AND DEPRAVITY?
FOR AS THE WATERS FLOW
THROUGH VENICE EVERY DAY

AND WASH AWAY:

THE FILTH...

SO THE LORD:

WILL WASH AWAY THIS EVIL.
DO YOU NOT AGREE,
MY FRIEND?
I THINK NOT.
A SOUL IN TORMEN IS A SOUL WITHOUT GOD.
ALL FLESH IS GRASS.

WE MUST ALL:

MEET OUR MAKER.
TO THIS END,
WE MUST ALL COME,
EVEN VENETIANS.
YOU CAN BE SAVED,
MY BROTHER.
IT'S YOUR DESIRE
THAT MAKES YOU WEAK.

YOU CAN CURE ME:

OF MY DESIRE...
YOUNG IDEALIST?
NO. I CAN'T.
TONIGHT'S
TOO MANY HOURS AWAY.
MY AFFECTIONS AREN'T MINE
TO GIVE YOU TONIGHT.
WHAT?
I HAVE MOUTHS TO FEED
LIKE YOU.
I'LL SUPPORT YOU.
NO.
NO. THERE WILL BE
NO MONEY BETWEEN US.
SO YOU'D...
YOU'D CONTINUE
WITH THIS LIFE?
I HAVE NO CHOICE.
THIS IS THE LIFE
I WAS GIVEN.
NO. YOU DO HAVE
A CHOICE.
IF I WERE YOURS ALONE,
YOUR PROPERTY,
CHASTE AND SILENT,
YOU'D SOON TIRE OF ME.

YOU'RE WRONG.
AM I?
IF YOU CARED FOR ME,
YOU COULD NOT DO THIS.
DO NOT ASK OF ME WHA YOU CANNOT GIVE YOURSELF.
YOUR WIFE IS WAITING.
WHAT AILS YOU, MARCO?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I WAN TO BE A GOOD WIFE.
PENDING DEPRIVATION...
ALWAYS MAKES ME HUNGRY.
MY DEAR,
YOU'RE NOT EATING.
BUT YOU ARE, THOUGH,
DARLING.
THERE'LL BE NO MORE
OF THESE LITTLE DELICACIES
IF THE SULTAN TURNS NASTY.
[BELLS RING
IN DISTANCE]
WHY ARE THE BELLS RINGING
AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
MARCO! MARCO!
THE SULTAN HAS ATTACKED.
SUNK EIGHT SHIPS
NEAR MALTA.
IF WE DON'T SAIL
FOR CYPRUS BY EASTER,
WE WON' BE SAILING BACK.

Marco:

SOONER, I THINK.
I WE CAN'T RALLY FRANCE,
WE WON'T BE SAILING BACK.
THE TURKS HAVE 3 SHIPS
TO OUR 1.
WILL THE KING OF FRANCE
HELP US?
IF WE AMUSE HIM.
KING HENRY'S A BOY
IN MAN'S BRITCHES.
A POWERFUL BOY.
A BOY NONETHELESS.

Domenico:

A LOT OF SHIPS:

AND HAS NO LOVE:

FOR THE TURKS.
YOUR WIFE BELIEVES
SHE HAS BEWITCHED YOU.
WHAT HARM IS THERE
IN BEWITCHING A MARRIED MAN?

THAT MAN:

HAS TO HAVE HEIRS.
HE'S TO BE
A SENATOR SOON.
SO HE SHALL.
WHAT GOD AND GREED
HAVE JOINED TOGETHER...

LET NO LOVE:

PUT ASUNDER.
THE WOMAN YOU LOVE
IS NOT GOOD.
NOT PURE, NOT MEEK.
I AM A COURTESAN.
IT'S THE ONLY THING
YOU LET ME DO,
AND I DO IT WELL.
I CAN'T BEAR IT.
I CAN'T BEAR IT.
I KNOW I HAVE NO RIGHT,
BUT I WON'T SHARE YOU.
BUT I MUST SHARE YOU.
I MUST BEAR THAT.
I HAVE NO CHOICE.
PLEASE DON'T ENVY GIULIA.
SHE WILL NEVER HAVE
WHAT YOU HAVE.
PLEASE TRUST ME.
I DON'T KNOW HOW.
I'LL EARN YOUR TRUST.
LET ME.
YOU'LL GO OFF TO WAR
AND DIE.

NO. NOT WITH YOU
TO COME BACK TO.

STAY WITH ME:

FOR AS LONG AS WE HAVE.
I'LL BE
YOUR PRIVATE WHORE.
NO. DON'T EVER SAY THAT.
YOU'RE VERONICA FRANCO.
YOU'RE A POET.
AND YOU'RE MY LADY.
CANCEL MY APPOINTMENTS,
PLEASE.
IT'S A TREACHEROUS GAME
YOU'RE PLAYING,
MY LITTLE IDIOT.

YOU OUTDID ME:

LONG AGO.
I KNOW THAT.
AND THE IRONY IS
IT'S NOT BECAUSE...
YOU'RE PRETTIER
THAN I WAS,
BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT.
NOR THAT YOU'RE
A BETTER LAY THAN I WAS,
BECAUSE YOU AREN'T.
IT'S BECAUSE YOU ARE
SMARTER THAN I AM.
YOU HAVE A GIFT.
DON'T THROW IT AWAY.
FOR GOD'S SAKE,
MOTHER.
HAVEN' I DONE ENOUGH?
HE'S A CLIEN LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.
LOVE HIM AND YOU LOSE.
I MUST GO.
KING HENRY'S COMING.
I'LL GET MY THINGS.
AH, IT'S BEEN
SELFISH OF YOU, NEPHEW,
KEEPING HER HIDDEN AWAY.

WE COULD USE:

HER COUNSEL.

YOU CAME BACK:

JUST IN TIME:

TO SEDUCE:

THE FRENCH KING.
HE'S ARRIVING TOMORROW.
HE'D LET ALL PARIS BURN
FOR A GOOD LAY.
HE'LL HARDLY FIGH FOR VENICE.
DEPENDS ON HOW WELL
VENICE LAYS HIM.
I DON'T MIND FIGHTING,
BUT I PREFER TO FIGH A WAR THAT I CAN WIN.
WITHOUT FRANCE'S SHIPS,
IT'S A SUICIDE MISSION.
IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR.
THE NAVY IS NOW STRONG.
IT MAY BE STRONG, BUT WE
STILL CAN ADD MORE SHIPS.
[APPLAUSE]
GLORIOUS ARCHITECTURE.
INDEED.
GOOD HENRY!
GOOD HENRY, WE MUST FIGHT!
WE MUST FIGH THE INFIDELS HERE

BEFORE WE CAN:

BEAT THEM ABROAD.
OR WE CAN FIGHT THEM
AT HOME.
TAKE THIS PAPER TO THE KING.
NO! I'M A MAN OF GOD!
GIVE HIM THIS PAPER!
FRANCE HAS THEM, TOO.

I PREFER:

A HERETIC TO A ZEALOT.
THEY'RE NOT SO SERIOUS.
THE ZEALOTS ARE CREATING

DIFFICULTIES EVERYWHERE.

OUR CAPTAINS TELL US
THE MUSLIM TURKS
HAVE BEEN SPOTTED
NEAR CYPRUS.

HMM.

RATHER PRESUMPTUOUS,
DON'T YOU THINK?
RATHER PRESUMPTUOUS,
DON'T YOU AGREE,
TO THINK THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH
WOULDN'T COME TO ITS DEFENSE?
WHAT ABOUT THESE COURTESANS
VENICE IS SO FAMOUS FOR?
I'M SURE THE SULTAN
IS FAR TOO EXPERIENCED
TO GAMBLE HIS OWN--
I'D LIKE TO MEET THEM.
YOU GOT THEM NEARBY?
WHO'S THAT?
SHE'S NO WITH THE OTHERS.

VERONICA FRANCO,
YOUR EXCELLENCY.
THE POETESS.

IS SHE A COURTESAN?
SHE IS, YOUR HIGHNESS.

TELL HER:

TO COME FORWARD.
I WANT HER.
MOST EXQUISITE.
YOU DO ME GREAT HONOR,
MAJESTY.

I TAKE YOU FROM:

THE ONE YOU LOVE.
I COME WILLINGLY.
YOU HAVE TO SAY THA BECAUSE I'M A KING.
I HAVE TO SAY THA BECAUSE VENICE NEEDS YOU.
WHAT DO YOU YEARN FOR,
KING HENRY?
UNH!
YOU'VE HEARD THE RUMORS,
VERONICA.

YES, SIRE.

THE KING'S A PERVERT.

WHAT DO YOU REALLY

YEARN FOR, KING HENRY?

TEARS.

TEARS FOR WHOM?

YOUR TEARS.

YOU YEARN FOR MY TEARS?

I DON'T THINK SO.

THEN WHAT DO I YEARN FOR?

WHY DON'T WE FIND OUT?

ARMS, HUP!

YOU'LL GET YOUR SHIPS.

[CHEERING]

POET TO KINGS.

A NATIONAL ASSET. MORE THAN

A HUNDRED FRENCH SHIPS.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD MAKE YOU

AMBASSADOR TO THE EMPEROR.

HE DOESN' DESERVE HER.

WOULD HE SOONER:

WE DIDN'T GET THE SHIPS?

HE WOULD RATHER:

HE HAD THE RIGH:

TO REFUSE EVEN:

A KING YOUR HAND.

I COULD NOT REFUSE.

COULDN'T YOU?

I THINK YOU LIKE IT.

AND YOU LIKE WHAT I HAS MADE ME.

I DON'T LIKE

WHAT IT MAKES ME.

THEN WHY DID YOU

NOT STOP ME?

YOU'RE NOT MINE TO STOP.

AND WHOSE FAULT IS THAT?

YOU SLEEP WITH GIULIA

EVERY NIGHT FOR DUTY'S SAKE.

I SLEPT WITH THE KING OF

FRANCE ONCE FOR DUTY'S SAKE.

WHO DOES NOT FORGIVE?
PERHAPS I JUS CAN'T LIVE WITH IT.
BUT I LOVE YOU.
MARCO?
MARCO!

I PRAY GOD:

TO WATCH OVER YOU.
SAVE YOUR PRAYERS,
VERONICA.
THE DEVIL'S GOT MY HEART NOW.
GOD HASN'T A CHANCE.
[WHISPERING PRAYERS]
[SHOUTING]
RAAH!
WE WERE HOPING YOU COULD TELL US
WHAT WAS HAPPENING WITH THE WAR.
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
JUST THAT WE'RE FIGHTING
THE TURKS AGAIN.
THAT'S ALL?

THEIR SULTAN:

SENT US AN ULTIMATUM.
EITHER WE SURRENDER CYPRUS
OR HE TAKES IT BY FORCE.
OUR FLEETS HAVE HEADED
EAST TO DEFEND IT.
IS CYPRUS SO IMPORTANT
THAT WE MUST SEND OUR
HUSBANDS AWAY TO BATTLE?
WITHOUT CYPRUS WE LOSE CONTROL
OVER THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN.
IF THEY CANNOT BE CONTAINED,
THE TURKS WILL FIND THEIR WAY
TO CHRISTIAN SHORES.
I KNOW WE OWN IT, BU WHERE EXACTLY IS CYPRUS?
MY HUSBAND...
DO YOU KNOW IF HE
IS ALIVE OR DEAD?
ALIVE AND WELL,
SIGNORA PREGADAN.
AND MINE?

THE ADMIRAL:

IS ALIVE AND A HERO.
AND MY HUSBAND?
WHO IS YOUR HUSBAND?
VICCO. MY HUSBAND
IS PIETRO VICCO.
HE'S YOUNG AND STRONG.
I'M SURE HE'LL COME HOME SAFELY.

YOU KNOW:

HER HUSBAND WELL.
NOT AT ALL WELL, BUT HIS
REPUTATION PRECEDES HIM.
GO ON. ASK HER.
ASK HER WHA YOU'RE LONGING TO.
ASK HER WHAT DRAWS
OUR HUSBANDS BACK TO HER...
AGAIN AND AGAIN.
LIKE PIGS TO A TROUGH.
THE LATIN FOR BANANA
ISARIANE.
BANANA TREE ISPALLE.
A WOMAN'S GREATES AND MOST HARD-WON ASSE
IS AN EDUCATION.
JUST BECAUSE YOU
CAN SAY IT IN LATIN
DOESN'T MAKE I ANY LESS OBSCENE.

JUST BECAUSE:

YOU TOOK A VOW:

DOESN'T MEAN
YOU KNOW HOW TO LOVE.
EITHER THAT WHORE LEAVES
OR I LEAVE.
NO CHRISTIAN WOMAN COULD
TOLERATE SUCH BEHAVIOR
UNDER HER ROOF.
YOU'RE UNFI TO BE A MOTHER.
AT LEAS I AM A MOTHER.
YOU WON'T BE ONCE
LORENZO HEARS OF THIS.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE,
SIGNORA FRANCO.

HE'S ALIVE.

YOU MADE:

MANY ENEMIES TODAY.

THEY WERE:

ALREADY ENEMIES.

NOW THEY WILL:

BECOME MORE SO.

IS THAT WHY YOU CAME,
TO WARN ME?

WHEN MY DAUGHTER

IS OLD ENOUGH,

I WANT YOU TO MAKE HER

A COURTESAN.

[LAUGHS]

I WILL NOT PIMP:

YOUR DAUGHTER.

LOOK AT THE LIFE YOU LIVE.

THE FREEDOM THAT YOU HAVE.

WILL YOU DENY MY DAUGHTER

THE SAME CHANCE?

TURN RIGHT UP AHEAD.

LOOK.

LOOK OUTSIDE.

GET AWAY!

[LAUGHING]

THIS IS WHERE:

WE GO TO DIE.

YOU WILL NOT END HERE.

LIVIA,

VENICE'S REIGNING VENUS.

GET AWAY!

A JEALOUS LOVER DID THAT.

WHO WANTS HER NOW?

MY CAGE SEEMS BIGGER

THAN YOURS,

BUT IT'S STILL A CAGE.

IF YOU WANT SYMPATHY FROM ME,

YOU WON'T GET IT.

I DON'T WAN YOUR SYMPATHY.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT MY DAUGHTER'S
NURSE TOLD HER THIS MORNING?
THAT IN A GIRL'S VOICE
LIES TEMPTATION.
A KNOWN FACT...
ELOQUENCE IN A WOMAN
MEANS PROMISCUITY.
PROMISCUITY OF THE MIND LEADS
TO PROMISCUITY OF THE BODY.
SHE DOESN'T BELIEVE HER YET,
BUT SHE WILL.
SHE'LL GROW UP JUST LIKE
HER MOTHER. SHE'LL MARRY,
BEAR CHILDREN,
AND HONOR HER FAMILY.

SPEND HER YOUTH:

IN NEEDLEPOIN:

AND RUE THE DAY:

SHE WAS BORN A GIRL.
AND WHEN SHE DIES,
SHE'LL WONDER WHY SHE OBEYED
ALL THE RULES OF GOD AND COUNTRY
BECAUSE NO BIBLICAL HELL
COULD EVER BE WORSE
THAN THIS STATE OF
PERPETUAL INCONSEQUENCE.
[BELL TOLLING]

Veronica:

SILENT GOD IGNORES MY PRAYER
AND RENDERS LOS WHAT ONCE WAS FAIR.

ONCE BLISSFUL:

FORTUNE'S FAVORED CITY,
NOW WHEELED FATE TURNS,
NO TRACE OF PITY.
[BELL TOLLING]

Man:

LOOK AROUND YOU NOW A THE DISEASE AND DEATH
THAT HAVE TAKEN OVER

OUR ONCE BEAUTIFUL CITY
AND TELL ME THIS PLAGUE
IS NOT A PUNISHMENT FROM GOD!
WE ARE SURROUNDED
BY HARLOTS AND COURTESANS!
WE MUST CAST OU THOSE WHO TEMPT US
FOR WE ARE A CITY OF SHAME,
OF FORNICATION,
AND CARNAL PRACTICES
THAT DEFY DESCRIPTION!
WE WILL GO THE WAY
OF SODOM AND GOMORRA
AND BECOME DUS IN THE SANDS OF TIME!

Ramberti:

THERE IS NEWS FROM VENICE.
[WOMEN
CRYING AND SCREAMING]

Man:

OF THEIR FLESH,
THE PAINT ON THEIR FACES,
THE VILE COLORING
OF THEIR HAIR,
THEIR WANTON DRESS,
LOOK ON THEM, AND LOOK
WITHIN YOURSELVES AT THE LUST!
[MEN SHOUTING]
MY LIFE...
YOU'RE ALIVE.
FORGIVE ME. FORGIVE ME.
[BABBLING]
PLEASE FORGIVE ME.
[CRYING]
I'M SORRY.
BACK.

Woman:

VENGEANCE ON YOU, WHORE.
[SHOUTING]

Woman:

SIGNORA VERONICA FRANCO,
I HEREBY SUMMON YOU

TO APPEAR BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL
OF THE HOLY INQUISITION.
YOU HAVE NO JURISDICTION
HERE, SENATOR.
I SPEAK FOR THE CHURCH.
THE INQUISITION?
IN VENICE?
WE HAVE 56,000 DEAD.
THE LIVING WANT ANSWERS.
THEY MAY BE WRONG,
BUT THEY WANT THEM.
JUST BE GLAD THOSE BASTARDS
AREN'T BURNING US OUT.
YOU CAN STOP IT!
IF THE DOGE OF VENICE
WERE TO COME OUT IN DEFENSE
OF A NOTORIOUS COURTESAN--
NOW SHE'S NOTORIOUS!

BEFORE SHE WAS:

A NATIONAL ASSET!

IT WOULD TOPPLE:

THE GOVERNMENT.
THESE ARE GRIM TIMES,
SENATOR.
I CAN NO LONGER BE A PARTY
TO THIS TRAVESTY!

YOU ARE:

AN ELECTED OFFICIAL.
YOU CANNOT REFUSE YOUR OFFICE.
IF YOU COMPEL ME TO CONTINUE,
THEN YOU COMPEL ME CONDONE
THESE PROCEEDINGS.
AM I MISTAKEN, OR IS VENICE
STILL A FREE REPUBLIC?
DO YOU THINK RUINING
YOURSELF WILL HELP HER?
[DOOR OPENS]
[SHOUTING]
[CANE THUMPS]
BY THE ORDER OF THE POPE,
THE HOLY INQUISITION

HAS COME TO VENICE TO SEEK
OUT HERESY AND BELIEFS
ANATHEMA TO THE CHURCH.
VERONICA FRANCO...
YOU HAVE BEEN DENOUNCED ON
THE CHARGE OF WITCHCRAFT...

A MORTAL SIN:

PUNISHABLE BY DEATH.

SHOULD YOU:

CONFESS AND REPEN
AT ANY TIME DURING
THESE PROCEEDINGS,

YOU WILL BE:

MERCIFULLY WELCOMED BACK

INTO THE BOSOM:

OF THE HOLY MOTHER CHURCH.
YOUR HOLINESS,
I MAY ONLY--
SILENCE!

THE ACCUSED:

SHALL MAKE NO UTTERANCE
EXCEPT TO ANSWER OUR QUESTIONS
OR TO CONFESS.
PROCEED, MONSIGNOR.
VENICE...
EVER A NOBLE REPUBLIC...
HOME OF LEARNING...
ART...
COMMERCE...
HAS BEEN BROUGHT LOW BY
WAR AND PLAGUE.
DO YOU KNOW WHY,
SIGNORA FRANCO?
I AM NOT THAT WISE,
YOUR GRACE.
TELL US...
HOW MANY OF THE WORTHY MEN

OF THIS CITY:

HAVE YOU TAKEN:

INTO YOUR CHAMBER?
I HAVE NOT COUNTED
MY LOVERS.
MORE THAN 20?

YOU WILL ANSWER:

THE QUESTION.
YES.
MORE THAN 100?
I DON'T KNOW.
YOU CANNOT REMEMBER THEM.
YET FOR EACH YOU PARADED YOUR
MILKY BREAST AND COPPER HAIR.
FOR EACH YOU LEARNED
HIS UNIQUE, FAVORITE TOUCH,
ENCHANTED HIM TO BELIEVE HE WAS
THE ONLY MAN IN THE UNIVERSE?
WHAT WAS THE AVERAGE NUMBER
IN A SINGLE WEEK?
I TOLD YOU,
I ENCHANTED NO ONE.
DID YOU FEIGN LOVE
WITH MORE THAN 10 WEEKLY?
OR WERE PERHAPS 5 OR 6
ENOUGH TO SATE YOU?
I NEVER FEIGNED LOVE.
THEN FOR WHA DID THEY PAY YOU?
FOR THE DREAM OF LOVE...
AS IT CANNOT EXIST IN THIS
WORLD THAT YOU'VE CREATED.

FOR THE HOPE:

THERE MIGHT EXIS
ON EARTH SOME CORNER
OF THIS PARADISE--
PARADISE?
WHEN 56,000 HAVE FALLEN,
YOU SAY THIS?
YOU WHO FILL YOUR HOME
WITH FEASTING AND DANCING
WHILE VENICE SUFFERS?

WHO CREATES:

A SUMPTUOUS WORLD
OF FLESH AND DEPRAVITY?
OF ORGIASTIC RITES
INVOKING THE DEVIL?
THE ONLY DEVILRY HERE
IS YOUR SPITE!
SILENCE!
HE IS JEALOUS OF WHA HE CANNOT HAVE!
YOU WILL NOT INTRUDE
INTO THE PROCEEDINGS.
I AM A SENATOR OF VENICE.
THE INQUISITION IS HERE
BY OUR CONSENT.

THIS IS:

AN ECCLESIASTICAL COURT.
YOU ARE HERE BY MY CONSENT.

THIS IS:

A PERSONAL VENDETTA.
YOU WILL ABIDE BY OUR RULES
OR BE REMOVED.
IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?
IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

THE SENATOR:

SPEAKS THE TRUTH.

I WAS BEWITCHED:

BY THIS WOMAN.
IN MY WEAKNESS,
I FELL UNDER HER SPELL
TO PATHETIC RUIN.
IT IS ONLY BY THE GRACE OF
GOD THAT I STAND HERE TODAY.
I DID NOT SEEK YOUR LOVE.
BECAUSE I COULD NO PAY YOUR FEE.
NO?!
NO.
NO. I LOVED ANOTHER.
IN OTHER WORDS,
YOU CAST YOUR SPELL OVER
ALL WHO CROSS YOUR PATH

WHETHER YOU WANT THEM
OR NOT.
YOU COMPEL SACRED LOVE
TO GARNER RICHES.

WHAT IS THIS:

IF NOT WITCHCRAFT?
NO.
NO?!
DID YOU EVER GIVE YOURSELF
TO A MAN WHO COULD NOT PAY?
I GAVE MY HEAR WHERE RICHES--
ANSWER THE QUESTION!

I DID WHAT WAS:

NECESSARY TO LIVE!
DID YOU EVER GIVE YOURSELF
TO A MAN WHO COULD NOT PAY?
WHAT OTHER PROFESSION
WILL YOU ALLOW ME?
HOW SHALL I SURVIVE
IF I CANNOT MARRY?

YOU WILL ANSWER:

THE QUESTION!
WHY, WHEN YOU'RE DETERMINED
TO DAMN ME WHATEVER I SAY?
[MURMURING]
LOOK AT HER.
FEEL HER WRATH.
HER POWER.
SHE, WHO LURES THE NOBLE
FATHERS OF VENICE
FROM THEIR WIVES,
THEIR CHILDREN,
THEIR VERY ABILITY
TO LEAD THE REPUBLIC!
SHE AND HER KIND HAVE TURNED
GOD'S HAND AGAINST US!
YOUR GRACE, YOUR GRACE...
WE MUST DO OUR DUTY.
VERONICA FRANCO,
YOU HOVER AT THE BRINK
OF EXTERMINATION AND HELL.

YOU WILL RETURN:

TO THIS ROOM TOMORROW

TO HEAR:

GOD'S MERCIFUL JUDGMENT
AND, I HOPE, TO REPENT BEFORE
THAT JUDGMENT TAKES ITS COURSE.
REMOVE THE PRISONER.

[DOOR OPENS]

YOU MUST SAVE YOURSELF.

HOW?

CONFESS TO WHATEVER FOOLISHNESS
THEY PUT BEFORE YOU.

THAT I AM A WITCH?

WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHAT YOU SAY TO THESE HYPOCRITES?

I WILL BE SAYING IT!

THERE IS NO HONOR

WITH FOOLS LIKE THESE.

GOD WILL FORGIVE YOU.

MARCO, IF I GIVE THEM

THAT LIE,

I GIVE THEM MY SOUL.

RENOUNCE EVERYTHING

I EVER WAS.

MY LOVE, MY WORDS,

MY HEART--

YES, BUT YOU WOULD LIVE.

AS SOMEONE ELSE.

I'VE LET YOU GO

TOO MANY TIMES.

I CAN'T DO IT AGAIN.

THERE IS NO CHOICE.

I WILL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.

[DOOR CLOSES]

[SOBBING]

[CANE THUMPS]

VERONICA FRANCO, YOU HAVE
BEEN DENOUNCED A SORCERESS.

EITHER:

CONFESS AND PLEAD MERCY

OR STAND:

TO RECEIVE MY JUDGMENT.
I WILL CONFESS,
YOUR GRACE.
[MURMURING]
THAT WILL PLEASE GOD.
PROCEED.
I CONFESS THAT AS A YOUNG GIRL

I LOVED A MAN:

WHO WOULD NOT MARRY ME
FOR WANT OF A DOWRY.
I CONFESS I HAD A MOTHER

WHO TAUGHT ME:

A DIFFERENT WAY OF LIFE.
ONE I RESISTED AT FIRST,
BUT LEARNED TO EMBRACE.

I CONFESS:

I BECAME A COURTESAN,
TRADED YEARNING FOR POWER,
WELCOMED MANY RATHER
THAN BE OWNED BY ONE.
YOUR GRACE, SHE DOES NO SPEAK TO THE CHARGE.
I CONFESS I EMBRACED
A WHORE'S FREEDOM
OVER A WIFE'S OBEDIENCE.
THIS IS NOT REPENTANCE.
YOUR GRACE,
WHAT AM I TO DO?
I MUST CONFESS MY EVIL
AS THE CHURCH INSTRUCTS.
THESE ARE MY SINS.
YOUR GRACE, HER MORTAL
SINS ARE NOT AT ISSUE.
SHE MUST REPENT WITCHCRAF OR BE CONDEMNED.
SHE'S JUST BEGINNING,
YOUR GRACE.
PERHAPS SHE HEADS
IN THAT DIRECTION.
SENATOR,
YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.
THE CHURCH CANNOT DENY
HER RIGHT TO SEEK GOD'S MERCY.

THAT'S THE LAW.
CONFESSION IS SACROSANCT!
DO NOT INSTRUCT ME ON
THE LAWS OF THE CHURCH!
THEN I CALL UPON
THE DOGE TO DEMAND
THAT THE INQUISITION
ABIDE BY THEM!
[MURMURING]
IF CHRISTIAN MERCY
IS GONE,
THEN AT LEAST VENETIAN
JUSTICE STILL EXISTS.
I PRAY YOUR GRACE
HAS HEARD ENOUGH OF THIS.
IT DOES SEEM ODD, YOUR HOLINESS,
THAT THE HOLY MOTHER CHURCH

WOULD DENY:

A SINNER CONFESSION.

I SEE NO HARM:

IN HEARING HER.

SHE WILL SAVE:

OR DAMN HERSELF.
THE PRISONER HAS ALREADY
DAMNED HERSELF.
BUT IF IT PLEASES
THE ESTEEMED DOGE OF VENICE,
SHE MAY CONTINUE HER HERESY.
I CONFESS I FIND MORE ECSTASY
IN PASSION THAN IN PRAYER.
[MURMURING]
SUCH PASSION IS PRAYER.
I CONFESS...
I CONFESS I PRAY STILL
TO FEEL THE TOUCH
OF MY LOVER'S LIPS...
HIS HANDS UPON ME...
HIS ARMS ENFOLDING ME.
VERONICA, STOP!
SAVE YOURSELF,
PLEASE.

SUCH SURRENDER:

HAS BEEN MINE.
I CONFESS I HUNGER STILL
TO BE FILLED AND ENFLAMED.

TO MELT INTO:

THE DREAM OF US,

BEYOND:

THIS TROUBLED PLACE...

TO WHERE WE ARE:

NOT EVEN OURSELVES.
TO KNOW THAT ALWAYS, ALWAYS,
THIS IS MINE.
YOUR GRACE...
IS THIS NECESSARY?

SHE HOPES:

TO BEWITCH US ALL.
IF THIS HAD NOT BEEN MINE,
IF I HAD LIVED ANOTHER WAY,

A CHILD:

TO A HUSBAND'S WHIM,
MY SOUL HARDENED FROM LACK
OF TOUCH AND LACK OF LOVE,

I CONFESS SUCH:

ENDLESS DAYS AND NIGHTS
WOULD BE PUNISHMENT FAR GREATER
THAN ANY YOU CAN METE OUT.
ARE YOU FINISHED?
NO, YOUR GRACE.
YOU, ALL OF YOU,
YOU WHO HUNGER SO
FOR WHAT I GIVE,
BUT CANNOT BEAR TO SEE
SUCH POWER IN A WOMAN,

YOU CALL:

GOD'S GREATEST GIFT...
OURSELVES, OUR YEARNING,

OUR NEED TO LOVE,
YOU CALL IT FILTH AND SIN
AND HERESY.

ENOUGH.

ONE LAST TIME BEFORE
YOU ARE CONDEMNED.

DO YOU REPENT OR NOT?

I REPENT THERE WAS

NO OTHER WAY OPEN TO ME.

I DO NOT REPENT MY LIFE.

THEN, VERONICA FRANCO,

THE HOLY INQUISITION

HAS HEARD THE EVIDENCE

AGAINST YOU AND IS SATISFIED.

IN THE NAME OF THE POPE--

NO!

THERE IS MORE CONFESSION
TO BE HEARD!

IN THE NAME OF THE POPE--

I DEMAND THE SAME

RIGHT OF CONFESSION!

YOU ARE NOT ON TRIAL!

WE ARE STILL ON:

CONSECRATED GROUND.

I CONFESS I AM:

HER ACCOMPLICE.

[MURMURING]

IF SHE IS A WITCH, THEN

I AM DAMNED WITH HER.

DAMN ME BECAUSE:

I DO NOT REPENT.

I WILL NOT LIVE:

WITHOUT HER.

YOUR GRACE, THIS IS

A CYNICAL TRICK.

HE DOES THIS TO SAVE HER.

SHE'S A WITCH!

PROVEN AND CONVICTED,

THE DEVIL IN OUR MIDST,

AND I AM HER ACCOMPLICE!

CONDEMN ME IF YOU WILL,
BUT ARREST ME, TOO!
ARREST THE SENATOR OF
VENICE FOR WITCHCRAFT!
YOU THINK I SHRINK FROM
JUDGING THE RICH AND MIGHTY?
NO, I WELCOME IT.
I WAIT FOR THE SHACKLES.
HE SPEAKS WITH HIS HEART AND
NOT HIS HEAD, YOUR GRACE.

HE IS BLINDED:

BY HIS OWN LUST.
IF SHE IS A WITCH, THEN SO
IS EVERY WOMAN IN VENICE.
[LOUD CLAMOR]
SILENCE!
WE ARE A STRANGE CITY,
YOUR HOLINESS.
PERHAPS ACCURSED.
BUT PERHAPS WE LIVE IN
A PECULIAR STATE OF GRACE.

I AM NOT ALONE:

IN LOVING THIS WOMAN,
THOUGH I LOVE HER
FAR, FAR MORE THAN THEY.
WE ACCOMPLICES WERE MANY...
AND PROUD.
IF WE DO NOT SPEAK NOW,

IF VENICE:

DOES NOT STAND UP NOW
AND ACKNOWLEDGE WHO SHE IS,
THEN WE ARE ALL DAMNED.
NOT BEFORE THIS COURT.
BEFORE ETERNITY.
IF WHAT HE SAYS IS TRUE,
THEN YOU MUST SPEAK THE NAMES
OF YOUR ACCOMPLICES.
YOUR GRACE...
THE MEN WHO LOVED HER
WERE UNDER HER SPELL.
THEY HAD NO VOLITION.

SHALL WE PUNISH EVEN
THE VICTIMS OF HER EVIL?
IF THE SOUL OF THE CITY

IS CORRUP:

AND YOU HELP ME ROOT IT OUT,
I WILL SPARE YOUR LIFE.
I HAD NO ACCOMPLICES,
YOUR GRACE.
STAND.
STAND!
STAND!
ALL OF YOU WHO DEFILED
YOUR SACRED MARRIAGE BEDS
AND DECLARE YOUR SIN!
STAND UP WITH ME!
AS WE STOOD AGAINST OUR ENEMIES AT SEA!
THERE.
YOU SEE, YOUR GRACE?

THERE ARE:

NO ACCOMPLICES.
HE DOES THIS TO RESCUE
HER FROM YOUR JUSTICE.
THEN I STAND ALONE

FOR VENICE:

AND FOR THIS WOMAN.
ARREST THE SENATOR.

HIS TRIAL:

WILL COMMENCE TOMORROW.
MINISTER.
DO YOU WISH TO SPEAK?
I REPEAT, DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING
TO SAY TO THIS COURT?
I AM STANDING.
YOUR GRACE.
PERHAPS THERE IS ANOTHER
WHO WOULD LIKE TO STAND.
PERHAPS WE'VE BEEN HASTY,
YOUR GRACE.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WITCHCRAFT MAY BE

TOO HARSH A CHARGE.

[MURMURING]

IS EVERYTHING I HEARD

ABOUT THIS CITY TRUE?

SURELY THE HOLY INQUISITION

NEED NOT SULLY ITS HANDS

WITH A COMMON WHORE?

THIS IS A MATTER FOR

THE STATE, DON'T YOU THINK?

I LEAVE THIS WOMAN

TO VENICE...

WHICH RICHLY DESERVES HER.

[LOUD CLAMOR]

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