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Don Camillo

By Giovanni Guareschi

[Here is the town. | A small world in a small world...]
[... placed somewhere | in the north of Italy.]
[There it lies in that slice | of rich, flat earth...]
[... between the Po River | and the Apennines.]
[There is dense, freezing fog | in the winter.]
[In summer, a burning sun hammers | down on the people's brains...]
[... and irritates them. Political | passions explode violently...]
[... and the fight is hard, | but men are always men...]
[... and what happens here | doesn't happen anywhere else.]
[We are at the start | of the summer of 1946.]
[A few days ago, there was | the election of a new Town Council...]
[... and the Communists | have gained the majority.]
Jesus, do you see | how far they've gone?
One day they'll even get in here | and trample our feet.
Sunday, when I said what | I thought of them from the pulpit...
...someone suddenly jumped from | a bush and beat me with a stick.
And you got him back. You're right, | blessed are the peaceful.
I was carrying a dozen eggs | and I was trying to save them.
It was dark and I couldn't see | who it was but if I knew...
You must pardon | those who offend, that is the law.
Just between us, | a trampling is good for you.
You'll learn not to do | politics in my house.
In your place, I'd have never | allowed Peppone to be Mayor.
None of the new councilmen | know anything at all.
The illiterate | are directing town affairs.
But you know | they had no time for school.
- Life is hard for those who work | the fields. - Whose fault is that?
It's the heart that counts, | not the grammar.
- Before you criticize, let them get | to work. - Nobody can discuss...
Listen to them now! | I taught them music!
Viva Peppone! | Say it with me, "viva Peppone".
Viva Peppone!
Peppone! | Say it with me, "viva Peppone".
Viva Peppone!
[This is Counselor Schiletto, the | only one elected by the opposition.]
[The other is Miss Cristina, | the town's old teacher.]
[She's 85 years old | and lives on memories.]
[These two have seen | something from the window...]
[... that is the end of the world | for them.]
[Will she wait to return home? No, | she's not afraid. She knows everyone.]
[And she has boxed all their ears | at least once.]
Hello? Hello? Hello?
You can hear nothing, turn up the | volume! Everyone has to hear this!
The final victory is near. | Unite!

Unite! | There, that's better.

You see that, Jesus? | They aimed their trumpet against us.

What can you do, Don Camillo? | That's progress.

Good day, Miss Cristina.

- Who are you? - I'm Gina Filotti. | Don't you remember me?

Gina?

Goodness! Now I have to look up | to see you. I'm getting smaller.

- You haven't changed. - I have. | Did you behave at boarding school?

- Yes, Miss Cristina. - You're | here on a terrible day. Look there.

Comrades!

Before giving the podium to the | comrade who came from the city...

...to celebrate our triumph | for the people and democracy...

...I want to tell you | great news.

We will soon begin building | a Citizen's Center...

...which will have | a library with books...

...a dance hall, a cinema | and other cultural activities...

...a gymnasium for physical | training and running track...

...that will be your home! | A Center for the people!

Citizen's Center! | Where will he get the money?

Now I've given you | the wonderful news...

...our delegate comrade | will speak.

Comrades, I'm here | to congratulate myself...

...and Comrade Giuseppe Bottazzi, | our friend Peppone...

...for the rousing victory | over the enemies of the people!

- Jesus, I'll make a march on Rome! | - Stop. This doesn't concern you.

Only in here | can you do what you want.

...but strong and... - Here, | I can? - Yes. This is your home.

We'll crush the class | that's exploiting us.

You must stay within the law | and we will...

...at the cost of nailing all enemies | of the people to a wall!

Meanwhile...

- Who is that? - Don Camillo. | - Make him be quiet!

You try, you'd have | to aim a cannon at the bell tower.

If he won't stop, we should | shoot him in the tower window.

You'd better kill him | on the first shot, he'll shoot back.

Why is he stopping? | Why is he letting them speak?

Is he one of them? I've always said | he was a Bolshevik priest.

Isn't that Mariolino | carrying the flag?

Yes, it's him! | He's redder than his father...

...standing on the platform. | A nice family of criminals!

Did you hear?

We will no longer tolerate any | attempts on our freedom of speech!

Those who hide | in the shadow of the Cross...

...and who seek | to misguide the people...

...are the same ones who betrayed | Christ many centuries ago.
They're attacking the Church! | They must be stopped! I can't stay.
Gina, it's you!
You look great! | Almost like a grown woman.
What should I look like, | a goat?
You used to. I'm busy now, | may I see you tonight?
Go on, ugly! | Go join your band of brigands!
Better my brigands | than your damned priests.
Comrades, | we have another comrade!
Peppone! He's beautiful! | He looks like you!
[Lf Don Camillo is ringing the bells, | it's not to celebrate his victory.]
[Lt is because he's happy | for his old enemy, Peppone.]
[Their struggle | has gone on for years.]
[They left for the war together | and returned together...]
[... always together | and always enemies.]
[One night an old abandoned house | began to burn...]
[... and the whole town watched | dumbstruck as the stones burned...]
[... which logic | would tell you would not burn.]
- Listen... - I want to know | how that pile of rock is burning.
- Stop, Don Camillo! Go back! | - Why are you interfering?
I'm not. It's silly | to put yourself in danger.
It's only rocks burning.
It stinks of petrol. | It could be...
...something else. - Like what? | - I don't know anything.
- Do you believe that... | - I don't believe anything.
You don't like your flock | to see you get bravery lessons...
...from an old reactionary priest!
- Stop! | - Like hell!
Go water your flowers. | We'll see who's afraid.
Stop, Don Camillo!
It would have been better | to let you go ahead.
The world's most reactionary priest | would have blown up.
- I'd have stopped in time. | - Why?
I knew that in the cellar | were 6 barrels of petrol...
...300 grenades, 95 rifles, 2 cases | of ammunition, 7 machine guns...
...and 300 kilos of explosives.
I inventoried your warehouse | before I burned it.
- I should kill you. | - Kill me? That won't be easy.
You've actually done me a favor.
That stuff | was weighing on my conscience.
You said there were 7 machine guns. | There were 8. Who took the other one?
I did. When the proletarian | revolution begins...
...stay far away from my church. | - I'll see you in hell.
[This lasted for years.]

[Lf Don Camillo couldn't stomach the | blows received from an aggressor...]
[... Peppone couldn't forget | the way the cursed church bells...]
[... had greeted his election.]
[A few days later, | Matuggia, the sacristan...]
- What is it? Who's there? | - I don't know. I think...
- What do you think? | - I saw... - Who?
- Last night... - Who do you mean? | - I saw Peppone leaving the church.
The Mayor? That's how | he's improving public places, eh?
I asked him to fix the tower, | but he's destroying it.
- Why didn't you tell me? | - I thought he'd come for confession.
- Confession! - Yes. | - Confession! - Yes.
I'll give him | confession alright!
- Don Camillo, put that down. | - What?
- Put it down, it's an ugly thing. | - It's made of poplar. It's light.
Throw it away | and don't think about Peppone.
How can I forget him if you're | sending his wife to me now?
- What is it? | - A baptism, Father.
- Who's his mother? - I am! | - Your husband is the father?
Who should it be, you?
- Why so angry? Doesn't your party | practice free love? - Oh!
- What will his name be? | - Libero Antonio Lenin.
Let the Russians baptize him.
Let's go!
I really gave it | to those godless people.
That was stupid. Call them back | and baptize the baby.
Jesus, you must keep in mind | that baptism is no joke.
Don't explain baptism to me, | I invented it!
The baby won't go to heaven | if he dies.
Why should he die? | He's pink and healthy.
I get it, I'm always wrong. | I'll try to call them back.
I'll leave when my son is baptized | with the name I want.
Town Hall is outside. | This is a church.
Careful, | I have a delicate stomach.
Do you remember that bullet | I took in the war? No low blows.
Don't worry, | I'll get you only on the top floor.
- What time is it? | - Who knows?
Alright, you win.
That's for the baptism, | that's for the grenades.
- What grenades? | - Don't play innocent.
That's what you do. | Destroy and burn.
And you want to build | a Citizen's Center!
Be quiet, | you little Bolshevik.
Coochy-coochy-coo! | He's smarter than his father.
- Where are you getting the money | for that building? - I'll find it.

If we have a drought...

...you won't be able | to buy the first brick.

I know, I've been fighting | for a city park for ten years.

But you don't want it | to cost anything.

Well, | shall we baptize this treasure?

What are we going to call him?

Libero Antonio Camillo.

- Camillo as well? | - Yes.

If that's the case, | you can add Lenin too.

Camillo cancels out | those other types.

Show me the baby.

[Ciro dell'Abbruciata, Mariolino's | grandfather, is the godfather.]

[The Abbruciata farm | is as hard and bald as a squash.]

[If he planted dynamite, | maybe it would grow.]

[But Ciro and his son | insist on planting grain.]

Mariolino!

[On the farm on the side | belonging to Gina's family...]

[... the earth is beautiful and only | a caress is needed for grain to grow.]

[Poverty and wealth, | the sun and politics added...]

[... makes them | detest each other.]

[And so a wall was built | to avoid trouble.]

Are you crazy? My father | will kill me if he sees us.

Why didn't you come the other day? | I waited until night.

- You told me to go away. | - It was nothing, I was angry.

You're so handsome!

You're getting a beard.

- You were running, your skin | is boiling. - No, I didn't run.

It prickles. | [There they are, Romeo and Juliet.]

[When they were babies | their families became enemies.]

[At that time | the wall hadn't yet been built.]

[The slightest incident | always complicated matters.]

[The battle extended | to the mothers and fathers...]

[... then to the rest | of the family...]

[... and finally | to the grandparents.]

Your Peppone is a brigand!

That priest of yours | makes you want to turn Muslim.

- You are a Muslim! Hypocrite! | - Gina!

My grandfather! He'll pull | my hair out! See you tonight.

- Gina! - See you this evening. | - Here I am!

Gina!

- Where were you? - I went to see | if the apples are ripe.

Apples won't help with your exams. | Go study!

That old pig | let his pigeons out again.

Killer! Assassin!

Do my pigeons bother you | passing over your land?

They block the sun!

The sun wasn't made | for old fools like you!

If you shoot again, | I'll set your hut on fire!

I shoot at whatever | passes over what's mine.

Here's your pigeon, | it's tough as iron. Take it!

- Eat it! | - You rotten old buzzard.

- Eat it so it'll strangle you! | - So you could cry over me!

Rotten buzzard!

[The pigeon | didn't go to waste.]

[Gina brought it to Miss Cristina | who had a feast.]

[Cristina had taught | at the town school for 50 years.]

[When she retired, | the people...]

[... had given her an alarm clock. | So the old teacher sets the alarm...]

[... and continues hoping | for a pension from the government.]

- Who is it? | - Scartassini.

Who are the others?

Friends of mine. | We have something important to say.

Come in.

- Well, what is it? | - Something important happened.

There were elections | and the Reds won.

The Reds are rotten people.

- But, we're the Reds! | - They're still rotten.

We know | what we want politically...

...and we really | don't need anything...

...but when it comes to administration | you need to write, answer reports...

...and you're the only one | we can turn to, paid of course.

You'll pay me?

We can come from the fields | every night and you can drill us.

Look at the reports, | correct our mistakes...

It's too late for you. | You should have studied long ago.

We were sent to the fields | instead of school.

- The fault wasn't all ours. | - Who are you?

- Ah, Brusco dell'Abbruciata. | - Yes. - The same brat as always.

You're right, | it wasn't your fault.

Be seated!

Has Giuseppino gotten | all his teeth yet?

He's about to be married!

Is your sister-in-law | still nasty, Luigi?

She gets worse | as she gets older.

Get out!

Me?

You did me too many wrongs!
But, you can't...
This rascal came to school | with pockets full of frogs.
One day he came to school | riding a cow!
But he's the Mayor!
Mayor or not, | if you don't leave...
...Ill cane you so hard, | you'll go bald! Go away!
I told you so, | I played a few too many on her.
You're never to step foot | here again.
Even if you become | Minister of Education!
Peppone is an ass.
Peppone brought this to me to type. | He wants 15 copies.
Listen to this mess. | First and last warning.
Last night too a vicious anonymous | hand wrote an offensive insult...
...on our daily message board.
The hand of this slob | has to calm down.
He's exploiting our work | to provoke us.
If he don't stop, | he'll be sorry when it's too late.
Every patience has a limit.
Section Secretary, | Giuseppe Bottazzi, aka Peppone.
What provocation? | Do you know anything, Barchini?
Don't you know anything?
Every time they put up | a poster it's full of blunders...
...someone always writes | "Peppone is an ass" above it.
Peppone is an ass, and when one | is an ass and writes proclamations...
...we all see | that he's an ass, true?
It's natural. | The people see and comment.
I have to make the copies now. | He wants them in the morning.
Goodnight.
- Peppone is an ass. | - And what are you?
What am I? | I don't understand, Lord.
Last night, | when you went to buy the cigar...
...the one you still have | half of in your pocket...
...didn't you perchance | stop and read the message board?
I didn't actually read it. | I only glanced at it.
And didn't you notice | some strange writing?
When I stopped | there was nothing written there.
- I'm being called to the sacristy, | I think. - Don Camillo, wait!
And when you left, did you notice | anything strange there?
Now that you mention it, there was | something written in red pencil...
...on the bottom. | They're waiting for me.
Shame on you, ridiculing a man | because he only reached third grade.
The whole town is laughing at him. | Listen to what you've done.
Peppone is an ass.

Peppone is an ass!

- Peppone is an ass! | - Peppone is an ass!

Peppone is an ass!

I didn't want that. | What should I do?

Who sins must do penance.

- Blessed Mother. - Don't call on | those who have nothing to do with it.

- But she's still your mother! | - Don Camillo!

You judge me badly, Jesus.

Here's my half cigar.

You know | I can't buy another all week.

- Look at what I'll do. | - Very good, I accept your penance.

Get rid of the crumbs, | you can smoke those in a pipe.

- Good evening, Father. | - Good evening, Mr. Mayor.

Not Mayor, just a Christian. | I've come to confess.

God be with you. You have more need | than anyone for His blessing.

How long | since your last confession?

- It was in 1918. | - 1918!

You must have committed | many sins with all your bad ideas.

- Yes, many. | - Come with me.

[Peppone quickly told all...]

[... but the most difficult | to confess was his last sin.]

Finally, | it was me a month ago...

...when you were returning | with the basket of eggs...

...who jumped on you | with a stick.

It was you!

I didn't hit you as a minister | of God, but as a political enemy.

10 Our Fathers | and 10 Hail Marys.

Ego te absolvo | a peccatis tuis.

In nomine Patris et Filiis | et Spiritu Sancti. Amen.

Amen.

- Jesus, I'll pulverize him! - No. | I forgave him and so must you.

Jesus, if I'm a good servant of God, | let me break this candle on him.

What's a candle?

Your hands are for blessing, | not for striking.

My hands are made for blessing. | How about my feet?

Alright. We're even. | But I haven't confessed everything.

But I already gave you | absolution, that's sacrilege.

They're not exactly sins. | Maybe just small errors.

Shouldn't you correct | your penitent's errors?

- It's our duty. | - Good, here it is.

- Citizens! | - Shh!

Citizens, while we salute...

...the glorious affirmation | of our list...

I won't answer | for my actions!

I'll answer, do your duty.
Correcting Red propaganda?!
You'll work on his spelling | which has no political color.
Come here | with your literature.
Here we are.
Good. | But there's one thing here...
...where I wrote: "We intend | to enlarge the school building"...

...you wrote:

"...and repair | the church bell tower". Why?
- It's a question | of grammatical rules. - Ah!
Lucky for your bell tower | that you studied Latin.
It dampens my hope | of seeing it fall on your head.
- We must kneel before | God's will. Cheers. - Cheers.
Oh, that rascal that's been | writing on your posters...
...I think I know who it is. | I'll tell him to stop.
That would be a lot better for him. | I kept the stick I used that night.
- Goodnight, Father. | - Goodnight, Mr. Mayor.
- Is the Citizen's Center | moving along? - It's coming along.
Lord, they don't have enough | to buy the first stone.
Where did you get | that cigar, Camillo?
Peppone had two. I think | I took it without asking him.
You know he believes | in equal distribution of wealth.
[Don Camillo can go back | to dreaming of his park now...]
[... because he's convinced | that Peppone was bluffing...]
[... and that he really has no hope | of building a Citizen's Center.]
Our comrade Mayor asks our priest | the honor of his presence...
...at the socialistic ceremony tomorrow | morning in Piazza della Libert.
- What ceremony? | - I don't know anything else.
No, I won't go. Tell the comrade | Mayor I don't want to hear...
...the usual stupidities against | reactionaries and capitalists.
It's not political. It's all | patriotic in a social way.
If you don't come, | you don't understand democracy!
- I'll be there. - He said to come | in uniform and bring your tools.
- What tools? - Your pail and brush | so you can bless stuff.
But, but...
Socialistic ceremony indeed!
Comrades and fellow citizens...
...I am happy to place the first | stone in the Citizen's Center...
...soon to rise here | in the heart of town...
...symbol of our will toward action | and social progress.
Amen.
Our dear priest will honor us | with his words.
Dear friends, I would like | to express all the joy I feel...

...and the recognition | I owe to our Mayor...
...for inviting me | to this ceremony. - Thank you.
[Don Camillo lost sleep.]
[How did Peppone find that money?]
[Finally, he thought he'd guessed.]
Do these hooves have the honor | of being the Mayor's?
Would you mind leaving | a worker in peace?
I wanted to congratulate you | on the Citizen's Center.
I didn't have time on Sunday, | at public ceremonies...
...one can never say | what one really thinks.
- You can easily guess | what they'd say. - Not all of it.
Listen brigand, make your | Citizen's Center smaller...
...it costs too much | and there's a more urgent matter.
- Have you lost your mind? | - I'm perfectly all there.
Do you remember | when you were a Partisan?
When you attacked that | escaping enemy convoy?
And that truck you captured...
...the one carrying spoils of war | gold and the division's pay?
And that day that you sent | comrades Brusco and Smilzo...
...to take the truck | and consign it to the authorities?
Poor guys! | Remember how they returned?
On foot... and in bad condition. | Three tanks had attacked them!
- And goodbye truck full of gold. | - What are you insinuating?
Nothing. Just that tonight | I dreamed there were no tanks...
...and the truck was never lost. | - You never change!
- You always try to dishonor us! | - Don't yell, you could burst a vein.
- Poor Peppone, your memory is gone. | Try to remember. - Oh!
This is a fully legal receipt | and statement.
With the capture of that truck, | we earned ten million lire.
It was entirely spent on the people. | No one touched a cent.
- If someone has anything to say, | I can fix them. - So can I.
Priest, I don't think | there's reason to fight.
I don't either, we agree. | 10 million gained for the people...
...that is, | 7 million for the Center...
...and 3 million for a park | for the people's children.
Sinite parvulos | venire ad me.
7 million plus 3 | equals 10 million.
I only ask what is due to me.
[And in his turn, Don Camillo | placed the first stone...]
[... in his famous city park.]
[But the two building sites in town | couldn't give work to everyone.]
[Poverty was great.]
[The workers expected Peppone | to relieve their problem.]
[He called together the richest | landowners in Town Hall...]

[... but they hid behind the law.]
[They said it wasn't their fault | things were going badly.]
And the bridge we're building | over the ditch?
And the 5 kilometer | irrigation canal?
There's work for everyone | but the town has no money.
This is what I've decided to do: | A land tax of 1,000 lire...
...to finance the work. | If you agree, it's OK.
If you don't agree, you'll have | to deal with the hungry people.
[1,000 lire was a hefty sum.]
[It was the same as a million | for old Filotti.]
[His refusal to pay...]
[... provoked | the others into agreement.]
Then I'll have to order | a farm worker's strike.
We'll see who'll work your land.
[Work stopped | on all the land in town.]
[One day, | the bellowing of Filotti's cows...]
[... could be heard for a kilometer. | The strike picketers...]
[... stopped everyone from feeding | and milking the livestock.]
Hey!
Where are you going?
To milk my cows and feed them. | I have that right, no?
It's not worth it. | The picket guard won't let you.
You're proud of what you do, | pleased with yourself.
It's cruel to those animals.
Their udders are hard as rocks | with days milk. Shame on you!
Castaldi's wife | has no milk either.
She can't nurse since | her husband lost his job.
They had to put the baby | in a charity home.
And she's not | the only hungry one.
There's no other way. | If the cows have to die, they will!
Do you think there is any place on | earth where people can be peaceful?
There must be, I'm sure of it.
Or life wouldn't be worth living.
Hey, you! Stop!
- Where are you going? | - Be careful with that thing.
It's forbidden to go further.
I have to. Listen to my cow, | she's calving.
She'll die without my help. I have | to go, that calf is being born today.
Gisella's son says | Gigiotti's grapes are rotting.
I know, Brusco told my husband.
Peppone's doubling | the picketers with city people.
- They're bringing machine guns! | - This is bad!
- They wouldn't let him in. | Mariolino wanted to shoot him. - Oh!
- Shoot whom? | - Giacomo, Filotti's old cowman.

The red cow who's calving | is going to die!
And so are the others with udders like | that and nothing in their bellies!
- Jesus, there has to be a limit! | - What scoundrels!
- May God punish them! | - Send them all to hell!
Quiet, you old madwomen! The selfish, | stubborn owners are responsible
too.
May God send Filotti | and his peers to hell with no pity!
Pardon me, Jesus, | I believe I'm angry.
You won't send anyone to hell.
But letting them die like this | is stupid!
- Ah! | - Jesus!
- Let's go! | - Let's go away!
Lord, don't let anyone | jump on me on the other side.
Who's there?
Answer or I'll shoot.
Careful, or I'll shoot back.
You're involved in this too, | it seemed strange.
Hear that music?
If those cows die, | you'll have more jobless.
That's the curse of farm towns. | In the city...
...they only have to close the shops. | Machines don't need milking.
- And you can't put a dead cow | back on its legs. - Stay here.
Stop | or I'll turn you into a sieve.
Peppone's stubborn as a mule, | but he won't shoot...
...a priest obeying God's word | in his back.
Who's there?
Stop that, it's me, Peppone. | Go take a walk, it'll wake you up.
You want to turn this beautiful | stall into a cemetery?
Hurry up, | go in there!
I'll take care of the red cow. | You get the hay to them.
- We'll milk them later... | - Shut up! - I won't shut up!
[They worked like mules. | And when it was done...]
[... it was necessary | to wait for night.]
Jack, cavalier and king!
- I'm so hungry I could eat | a bishop! - They're hard to digest.
To your health!
- They're not bellowing. | - They must be dying.
They'll all die.
- Hey! Go to town and buy | 50 liters of disinfectant. - OK.
Others will die before I do.
[When God willed, | the strike ended...]
[... and life returned to the fields.]
[The city strikers arrived | when it was all over.]
What about the strike?

- It's over. - Over? | What did we come here for?
#... march ahead, folks, to revolt. | Red flag, red flag... #
[It was hot, so there was only | one thing for them to do:]
[... have a good drink.]
Look, there's a priest racing!
Hey, Bartali!
Hey, you speed merchant!
Careful of your skirt!
We agree that the city boys | didn't behave well...
...but he pulverized 15 of them. | - 15!
Excellency, you must admit | the town cannot have this.
- A priest shouldn't behave | like a steamroller. - I understand.
I see he is a danger | to the town.
A change of parish priests | is inevitable. Excuse me.
- We'll send you Don Pietro. | - Don Pietro?
That young man you saw. | He won't bother you.
- That half pint? | - Mr. Mayor!
Pardon, but if I punch that little | priest, I'll send him flying meters.
If I punch Don Camillo, | he doesn't move a centimeter.
Why do you have to punch him?
That little priest | is church material.
Once you get him robed, he must | look like a coat rack wearing a cape.
Do you measure a priest's worth | in size and weight?
No, we're not savages...
...but the eye | needs its share too.
- What we mean is... | - Shut up. What we mean is...
...we don't want Don Camillo taken away, | but to make him stay in his
place...
...make him stop doing politics | and to mind his own business.
A brain washing, so to speak.
- Alright, I think you deserve that. | - Thank you, Excellency.
Church pews weren't enough? | Now you throw tables too.
- In a moment of weakness, I... | - I know...
...but a man of God | preaches love and kindness...
...and does not throw tables | on his neighbor's heads. For shame!
Don't try to tell me you were alone! | You prepared an ambush, right?
One man can't beat | fifteen others.
Excellency, I was alone, I swear it. | The table dropped on them and...
- It was like that one. | - Like that one?
- Go on, lift it! | - What? - Lift it!
It's time to show what you can do. | If you're telling the truth, prove it!
Come on!
Throw it!
- What do you mean? | - Throw it!

My poor Don Camillo, | you will never be a bishop.
Excellency, are you hurt?
No, nothing happened. | It was me.
Don Camillo made me angry | and I lost my temper.
[Don Camillo got a pardon | and a promise...]
[... that the Bishop would come | and inaugurate his park.]
[The Citizen's Center | slowly rose.]
- Is the arch-priest looking | for something? - I was passing by...
This Center isn't going up | so fast, Mr. Mayor!
It's a Center, not a dirigible!
- I'll inaugurate it in three weeks. | - Inaugurate what? - The city park.
You haven't even started...
...work on that swamp.
- You're spying on me! | - No, I'm just observing.
Then you know the ball field | is ready to inaugurate.
- What is this, monthly payments? | - Aren't you inaugurating this hut?
Don't get angry, I am not | having inauguration ceremonies.
I came to propose | a soccer match...
...between your "Dynamos" | and my "Braves".
Do you want to open your field | with a defeat?
Do you agree?
I agree. You'd better train | your little girls.
Will you come | to the procession, Mr. Mayor?
I've never missed | a blessing of the river.
I'll be there with the whole | Party section waving a flag.
- Not your flag! | - Why, does red hurt your eyes?
This is a religious, | not a political procession.
- Come without the flag | or don't come. - You're not II Duce.
Look at what I do to dictators.
Careful, you'll demolish | your Center that way.
[Because he could not come | with his flag...]
[... Peppone decided | to boycott the procession.]
[The town was warned | that whoever valued his skin...]
[... should not go.]
They're capable | of throwing a bomb!
The procession should be cancelled.
Do as you wish, I don't care.
What's going on?
I think we'd better go home.
- Goodbye, Father. | - Goodbye, Father.
Goodbye, Don Camillo.
Go home...
...this is none of your business.
Well, are we going, | Don Camillo?

The river must be beautiful in this | sunshine. I'd really like to see it.
Let's go, Lord.
They could have made this cross | a bit lighter.
Tell me, I had | to haul it up a hill...
...and I don't have your back.
Get lost!
- Get lost! - Leave him alone, | this way Peppone can't say...
...that not even a dog | came to the procession.
Jesus, hold on tight, | we're going to fight.
I'm not moving aside for you, | but for Him.
Then take off your hat.
Jesus, if the few honest homes | in this filthy town...
...could float like Noah's Ark, | I'd say, "Make the river..."
"...overflow its banks | and drown this town".
"But, as the honest people live | in the same homes as the criminals..."
"...you can't punish everyone | because of Peppone..."
"...and his godless | and lawless gang".
So I pray you save them from | flood and bring prosperity. Amen.
Amen!
[It was necessary for Jesus | to guard the river's calm.]
[When angered, | it caused grave damages.]
[A hat was found here once | in a hollow.]
[The river had drowned it | along with the sacristan.]
[The sacristan was | Miss Cristina's grandfather...]
[... and so, on every anniversary...]
You'll leave the family | when you teach.
You may even leave this town.
I'll work where you are | and we'll marry.
When I'm a teacher... | Why not when I have white hair?
Aren't 2 years too long?
Two years, a hundred years... You can | wait, right? Is that how you love
me?
I don't want you to cry.
And all this time, we've had | to see each other secretly.
If we're caught, your nasty | father will break your head.
And your dirty grandfather | will close you in a convent!
If he did, | I'd burn the convent!
That's the best way | to accommodate things.
Miss Cristina!
- We're so unhappy. | - You're mostly stupid!
Did you have to choose | a convent burner?
And couldn't you choose one | of the crazies in your gang?
We didn't choose, | we found each other.
You're not only stupid, | you're unlucky.

Help us, Miss Cristina.

- Did you hear the bell? | - What bell?

The one in the submerged church.

It brings bad luck.

Does a future teacher | believe such nonsense?

- I didn't think you | were backwards. - I'm not backwards!

Tell him, Miss Cristina, | tell this fool it's true.

It rang when Tolli drowned in '86.

It rang when the girl jumped | from the bridge in '94.

- The last time was in 1912... | - Listen!

It's thunder! | Can't you see the clouds?

Do you think so?

This silly boy is right this time.

Are those filthy pants...

...the new political way | of showing legs? - I'm playing soccer!

The game! Who knows what | will be now? See you later, Gina.

Goodbye, Miss Cristina.

He's not a bad boy.

I'll speak to his father | and your grandfather.

If they insist, I'll give them a good | caning. These old idiots deserve it!

We want the game! | We want the game!

- Where were you? | - I... - Shut up!

We'll talk after the game.

Attention!

I only want to say one thing.

You're playing against | the reactionary team.

You have to win | or I'll break your heads!

Attention!

My dear boys, listen well. | I make no threats...

...but if there is one among you, | some brigand who doesn't fight...

...to the last drop of blood | I'll pulverize your behinds.

I am strictly neutral politically.

I have never been political | in my life.

You may all count | on my impartiality.

I beg you to remember | that only sport is done here.

We are not in Town Hall.

If there's no corruption, | we'll win.

- Where were you? | - At Aunt Marisa's.

No! Dammit!

Goal!

That can't be a goal!

That's the result | of your propaganda!

[At the end of the first half | there were no dead...]

[... on the field or in the stands.]
[Don Camillo's team | had scored two goals...]
[... and hoped to win two to one.]
If you don't score | in the first five minutes...
...I'll rip out your gut | and wrap it around your neck!
Goal!
I knew it would end like this! | Don't be upset!
[A few minutes from the end, | the teams were even.]
Hey!
Referee!
That's not a penalty!
Traitor! | Shouldn't I be angry?
Goal!
Shame on you!
- Jesus, why didn't you help? | - Why should I help you?
Your men have 22 legs, | their men have 22 legs.
I take care of souls, | not legs.
Did you look at that lousy | referee's soul?
He gave them a foul | that we should have gotten.
They want to kill me! | Save me!
Go back or I'll break your heads! | This is a sacred place.
Shame on you! Go back to your caves | and may God forgive you.
Make the sign of the Cross. | Hurry up!
The sign of the Cross stands | between you and this man.
It's sacrilege to violate | that sacred barrier. Leave here!
Vade retro!
Now to us. | May God punish you if you lie.
- What did Peppone pay you | so he'd win? - 2,500 lire. - Mh!
Get out!
Criminal! | Snake in the grass! Traitor!
Don't I have reason | to be angry?
Didn't I tell you | he could be bought?
Who offered that man 2,000 lire | for the same service?
Who can hide anything from you?
You bribed him | and you deserved to lose.
I accept that as penance...
...but seeing a team like that | lose, a team of real champions...
...it breaks your heart, | it cries for revenge! - Camillo!
You can't understand me, | sport is special.
- You either understand what I mean | or you don't. - I understand you...
...all too well. | When is the rematch? - Rematch?
It will be 5-0! | They won't even see the ball!
Goal!
[A few days later, old Filotti | called for Don Camillo...]

[... to speak to him | of an urgent matter.]

I need your | spiritual assistance.

Why? What did she do?

- I did nothing wrong. | - Be quiet!

Answer only | when you're asked!

How long has it been?

Since he made a hole in the wall. | It was right at face level.

We must have been 4 | or 5 years old.

A hole in the wall. | I'll put a hole in that creep!

Let's not exaggerate. | Who is the creep?

- Mariolino dell'Abbruciata! | - That anti-Christ?

The one who scored 2 goals | and wrecked half my team?

If your poor dead father knew | you were with a Red...

...he'd die! | - Red or not, we're marrying!

That's no way, she's too old | now to be slapped.

Think now, this Mariolino | isn't the creep you believe.

He's the flag bearer | for those mad dogs!

You're the mad dogs, | and whose fault is that!

Poverty drives them. | Old greedy men like you!

Miss Cristina said | you're a Bolshevik priest!

I won't listen to you. Go away.

You go to your room! You'll leave it | when you return to school.

[For weeks Mariolino | heard nothing of Gina.]

[One day he decided | to ask for Cristina's help...]

[... but Cristina had fallen | in her doorway...]

[... under the weight | of her 85 years.]

- Is she feeling better now? | - No, she called for the priest.

- She wants to see the Mayor too. | - The Mayor?! Peppone?!

What can she want from Peppone?

Would you like me to confess | a lot of filth? No, dear priest...

...there is none. I called because | I want to die with a clean soul.

So I'll tell you. In 1942 your dog, | the one with the chopped tail...

...came into my garden | and broke a pot of geraniums.

I forgive you.

- I forgive you for calling me | a Bolshevik. - That's unnecessary.

I called you a Bolshevik | like I called Peppone an ass.

Now dear Cristina, to clean | what you call your soul...

...you must confess | if you want to go to heaven.

I'm sure I'm going to heaven.

That's the sin of arrogance, | no mortal is sure of heaven.

No one, | except for Miss Cristina.

Because Jesus came | and told her she'd go to heaven.

So Miss Cristina is sure | she's going there...

...unless you know more | than Jesus does. - I...

Ah, there you are!

I forgive you for the frogs | you brought to school.

I know you're not as bad as you seem. | I'll ask God to forgive your murders.

Miss Cristina, | I've never murdered anyone.

Don't lie. Your people sent | away the King and his children...

...to a deserted island | to die of hunger.

Don Camillo, | tell her that's not true.

There were no desert islands, | no dying of hunger. They were lies.

It wasn't only us, | the elections sent him away too.

He had more votes against him | than in favor.

That's how democracy works.

What democracy? | Kings are never sent away...

You are the Mayor. | Listen to my testimony.

Neither the house nor the furnishings | are mine. Give my clothing...

...to the poor. You may keep my books | if you have need of them.

You must do the exercises | and study your verbs well.

Yes, ma'am.

I want a funeral without music. | Death is a serious matter.

I want a funeral as in civilized | times, with a flag on my casket.

- Yes, ma'am. - My flag. | The one there, hanging on the wall.

- My flag with the King's | insignia. - Yes, ma'am.

God bless you my son, | even if you're a Bolshevik.

I think | I have another thing to do.

That young couple...

I have no more time... | God will take care of it.

You have now heard | her last wishes.

As we are | in a democratic republic...

...I will ask the major parties | their opinion.

The reactionaries | can keep quiet...

...because we know you'd enjoy | a funeral enormously.

You'd like the Royal March | to be played too.

In honor of one person, | we cannot...

...disrespect the memory | of 100,000 men...

...who died to establish | the Republic.

I oppose the royal flag's display | at the funeral.

The time of sentimentalism | is over.

If she wanted the royal flag | she should have died sooner.

We don't agree with | the lightness...

...in which the memory | of a venerated person is taken.

On the other hand, | if we respect her wishes...

...we risk provoking incidents | which could offend her memory.

Therefore, we are also contrary | to the use of the incriminating flag.

What do you say, Father?

Before speaking, I will hear | the Mayor's opinion.
As Mayor, I must approve | your decision...
...but in this town it is not the Mayor | who commands, but the Communists.
As Party Leader, | I say your opinion stinks.
Miss Cristina will go | to the cemetery with her flag.
I respect her more dead | than all of you alive.
If anyone objects, | I'll throw him out of the window.
- Does our priest have anything | to say? - I concede to violence.
[Things happen in that town...]
[... where the sun hammers down | on people's heads.]
[Fists may be used to reason...]
[... but the dead | are still respected.]
Come in!
Gina!
- What is it at this hour? | - We want to be married.
- Weddings require two people. | - There are two of us.
Why are you here, | Mr. Cominform emissary?
I told you he'd get political. | Let's go.
No, let's stay.
- What happened to you? | - His family jumped on him...
...when they saw him signaling me. | Damned Bolsheviks!
Your people are so nice. | They beat you too!
You're a bunch of hypocrites!
Godless! I'll marry you | to scratch your eyes out!
- I'll marry you so I can smack you! | - Stop that, or I'll beat both of
you!
The priest, | my grandfather, him...
...everybody beats me! | What did I do?
Calm down and tell me | what you want.
- We want to be married, now! | - You can't.
You're a minor, there's a law, | you need parental consent.
Right, our parents | will murder us instead!
- Let me think, I'll come up with | something tomorrow. - Marry us tonight!
- In a few days, | it won't kill you. - We'll see.
Why do you have to marry | this late at night?
I've never seen a couple | in such a hurry.
We can't leave town | without marrying.
When we're legal, | we're taking a train!
- I can't. | - You're the Mayor, right?
You're a minor. | You need parental consent.
They'd rather kill us!
We have to study the law.
There may be a loophole, I'll go | to Town Hall tomorrow and see.
Meanwhile, you can sleep in my truck | for tonight and you with my mother.

I'm not sleeping anywhere | if I'm not married.
If we can't marry, | we'll marry anyway...
...and you'll hear bells. | Come with me, Mariolino.
- They're crazy! | - You're the crazy one.
You men are all alike. | Didn't you understand?
They're doing something stupid.
Maybe they have already. | It's not so serious.
They are capable of throwing | themselves in the river.
Didn't you hear her say | that we'd hear bells?
What bells?
The bell in the river... | You think that...
Those idiots! If I catch them | I'll make them forget about...
- They'll hear the bells ring. | - And may they all be cursed!
Don't curse anyone | when you're about to die.
She's going to kill herself. | I knew when I saw the letter.

It said:

You have to find them! | Do something! Move!
Gina and Mariolino went | to the swamp, ring the bells.
We need lanterns.
I'll take the woods, | you the river edge!
If something happened to them, | God won't forgive any of you!
- You could have married them! | - What about you?
All you needed was an "Oremus".
Stop! Leave off!
Behave yourselves!
Calm down, for goodness' sake.
Leave me alone!
Listen to me!
The banns will be made | and they'll be married.
Refuse authorization | and I'll break your heads!
- You're not in command here! | - Stop!
- Settle your arguments here | and now. Do you want to fight? - Yes!
Then fight once and for all!
- Get the wedding clothes. The Bishop | will marry them. - The Bishop?
Yes! What do you think, | Bolshevik? Go!
Now let's get some sleep.
- Mr. Mayor, what a coincidence! - I'm | here because I have something to
say.
- Look, he's hiding. - Who? | - Your friend, Smilzo.
What's he doing with the pen? | If he draws crows...
...I'll hunt him down. - People | who write on walls aren't my friends.
- Now I know that, Mr. Mayor. - You | see enemies everywhere. I want...
Come in, I'm painting too. | You can give me a hand.

Are you getting ready | for Christmas?
Christmas always arrives | sooner than expected.
I just came to tell you | that you have some nerve.
- Get that brush up there. | - Do you take me for a sacristan?
Inaugurating the park | on the kid's wedding day...
...is one of your criminal blows.
This way the Bishop | can bless the kids...
...and solemnize the family | reconciliation.
That will make it appear | that you did everything...
...and turned water into wine. | All to your benefit!
So inaugurate the Center too.
You know it needs another week to be | done. A gentleman wouldn't do this.
The Virgin doesn't have | a moustache!
Look how beautiful.
This is Peppone's baby, | Peppone's wife...
...and this is Peppone.
And this is Don Camillo.
So, will you delay | the inauguration for a few days?
Then it will all be ready | and we'll do it together.
Alright. Animals always | understand one another.
[The great day finally arrived.]
I don't understand, | the Bishop is always on time.
Have you seen the Mayor this morning? | I want to know what's happening
here.
[What happened was this: Peppone | was trying to win this last contest.]
No, leave it there | so we can put it together fast.
He'll have to use the bridge, | he'll be half an hour late.
But we'll get to the | Citizen's Center...
...in minutes and we'll inaugurate it | before he does.
- Fine! | - Right!
Watch out, here he is!
Hurry! Take your places!
Remember...
...dignified indifference.
- An accident? | - We don't know, Excellency.
It's the Mayor!
Excellency! | It's only a breakdown.
- I see. Can I help you? | - I don't think so, Excellency.
Thank you, gentlemen.
Thank you, Mr. Mayor.
At my age, legs betray you.
Good day, my sons. It seems | there is nothing to do.
I'll walk there, very slowly...
I won't risk falling, | you're very robust.

Good morning!

There he is!

- He's walking! | - Walking?!

He's with Peppone!

Pay attention, now!

Excellency, | we were waiting for you here.

Don't be upset, | I wanted to take a walk.

The Mayor and his friends | accompanied me.

They are all very kind!

Hi, Dad.

Accept these humble flowers | with love and from our hearts.

How sweet, you're very good. | What is your name?

- He's my son Marco. | - He's as nice as his father.

- Yes, he is. Will we begin now? | - Yes.

I'm sorry, Excellency. | I must go.

- Why the hurry? - I'm inaugurating | the Citizen's Center in minutes.

- People are waiting for me... | - Citizen's Center?

- Don Camillo didn't tell me. | - But I...

- It would be an honor if you came, | Excellency. Please come. - Of course.

- And the city park, Excellency? | - There's time later for that.

- And the wedding? - They have | their whole lives ahead of them.

Here, we have | two meeting halls.

- Here's the gymnasium, the garden... | - It's magnificent... and very useful.

The Mayor should show you | his weapons warehouse.

I'm sure it's not | as well supplied as yours.

Don Camillo has a mortar | buried somewhere.

Didn't I tell you he's a dangerous | man? You wanted him... so keep him.

- This is our theatre. | - Thank you. - Have a seat.

What a big turn-out!

I'm happy to see | so many people here...

...and I'm glad I visited | this beautiful place...

...with all these useful | and pleasant things inside.

You're lucky to have one | who cares for you.

I must leave you now.

I must see the beautiful park | which completes all this.

Goodbye, my sons.

- Goodbye, Excellency. | - Goodbye, Mr. Mayor.

[The town had the joy | of forgetting its wounds that day.]

[There were no more Reds | opposed to Blacks...]

[... only good people having fun.]

How's it going, Papa Filotti?

Well, it's going!

- Watch out! | - Alright, sorry.

[While the Bishop napped...]
[... Don Camillo...]
Well, you know...
Bravo!
Well done!
I wanted to even the score.
That thing couldn't trick | me anymore.
The hinge is blocked.
The usual Vatican move... | Let's go, Maria.
[Political passions...]
[... inflamed later that day...]
[... and the people began to argue.]
[Unfortunately, Don Camillo | got involved in the debate too.]
Poor Don Camillo, I think | you need a change of air.
You must go to the countryside | for a rest.
The mountain air | will be good for you.
You'll miss the train, | Don Camillo.
Do you think so?
It's an express, | it won't wait...
...more than a few minutes. | - Just one minute more.
Poor Camillo, | you know they won't come.
I hoped someone | would have the courage.
Peppone made his threats | in every home today.
I know. He said if he saw anyone come | to say goodbye, he'd break his
bones.
But, I thought...
...that maybe someone!
- Just one of them. - Men are men. | Remember Peter, he betrayed me.
I'm a poor fool. | Alright, I'll go.
I'm sorry | I can't take you with me.
You know I'll be with you anyway.
They'll be at the station, | maybe in the piazza...
Goodbye, Father, | have a good trip.
Here, Father! | All the best!
- Come back soon, Father. | - Goodbye, Father, have a good trip.
Thank you.
They're old dell'Abbruciata's | pigeons. I caught them in a trap.
Thank you, my sons.
Peppone's men said...
...if they saw anyone | in town say goodbye...
...they'd beat us up. So we came | here to avoid trouble. - Yes.
- Goodbye. | - Goodbye. Thank you!
My husband doesn't know, | but goodbye!
Goodbye.

- Goodbye. - Goodbye. | - Bon voyage!

Thank you for everything.

Bon voyage, Don Camillo!

Before leaving our communal | territory...

...the people wished to offer | their regards...

...and express the hope | that you will repose...

...in your new residence. And you will | return soon to your spiritual mission.

Ah!

I couldn't let us look bad | to the reactionaries...

...those pillars of your church! | But we are not savages.

You behaved like bandits.

And you? You fought 12 men | and beat them all!

I'm sorry I didn't break | your head too.

We'll fix that when I get back.

I'll take care of that | weakling priest in your place.

He won't get very far. | Oh, here...

My son Marco drew it.

- The boy is talented! | - Hm! - Really!

- Too bad he has a father like you. | - Hm.

Anyway, God keep you.

May He keep you as well.

And make you easier to handle. | If possible.

[Here's the town | in a corner of Italy...]

[... on the Po plains. | Each struggles in his way...]

[... to build a better world. | And things happen here...]

[... that don't happen | anywhere else in the world.]