

# TEMPTATIONS OF DR. ANTONIO (LE TENTAZIONI DEL DOTTOR ANTONIO) -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

directed by Federico Fellini, Starring Anita Ekberg and Peppino De Filippo

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"The 'pure substance' or the 'elixir' ... obtained from the entrails of Mother Nature, is in alchemy nothing other than the gynergy so sought after in Tantrism. Just like the Tantric, the alchemist thus draws a distinction between the 'coarse' and the 'sublime' feminine.

After the destruction of the 'dark mother', the so-called nigredo, the second phase follows, which goes by the name of albedo ('whitening'). The adept understands this to mean the 'liberation' of the subtle feminine ('pure substance') from the clutches of the coarse 'dragon' (prima materia)....



The master has thus transformed the black matter, which for him symbolizes the dark mother, following its burning or cutting up in his laboratory into an ethereal 'girl' and then distilled from this the 'pure Sophia', the incarnation of wisdom, the 'chaste moon goddess', the 'white queen of heaven'. One text talks 'of the transformation of the Babylonian whore into a virgin' (Evola, 1993, p. 207)....



*Why are you so nasty to me?*



*It's not nice to throw ink on my face.*

Now this transmutation is not, as a contemporary observer would perhaps imagine the process to be, a purely spiritual/mental procedure. In the alchemist's laboratory, some form of black starting substance is in fact burned up, and a chemical, usually liquid substance really is extracted from this material, which the adept captures in a pear-shaped flask at the end of the experiment. The Indians refer to this liquid as *rasa*, their European colleagues as the 'elixir'. Hence the name for Indian alchemy — *Rasayana*.

Even though all the interpreters in the discussion of the alchemic 'virgin image' (the subtle feminine) are of the unanimous opinion that this is a matter of the spiritual and psychological source of inspiration for the man, this nevertheless has a physical existence as a magical fluid. The 'white woman', the 'holy Sophia' is both an image of desire of the masculine psyche and the visible elixir in a glass. (In connection with the seed gnosis we shall show that this is also the case in Tantrism.)

This elixir has many names and is called among other things 'moon dew' or *aqua sapientiae* (water of wisdom) or 'white virgin milk'. The final (chemical) extraction of the wonder milk is known as *ablactatio* (milking). Even in such a concrete point there are parallels to Tantrism: In the still to be described 'Vase initiation' of the Kalachakra Tantra, the ritual vessels which are offered up to the vajra master in sacrifice, represent the wisdom consorts (*mudras*). They are called 'the vase that holds the white [the milk]' (Dhargyey, 1985, p.. Whatever ingredients this 'moon dew' may consist of, in both cultural circles, it is considered to be the elixir of wisdom (*prajna*) and a liquid form of *gynergy*. It is as strongly desired by every European adept as by every Tibetan tantric master....



We can thus state that, in Tantrism, the relation between the real woman (karma mudra) and the imaginary spirit woman (inana mudra) is the same as that between the dark mother (prima materia) and the 'chaste moon goddess' (the feminine life-elixir or gynergy) in European alchemy. Therefore, the sacrifice of karma mudra (prima materia), drawn usually from the lower classes, and her transformation into a Buddhist 'goddess' (inana mudra) is an alchemic drama. Another variation upon the identical hermetic play emerges in the victory of the vajra master over the dark horror dakini (prima materia) and her slaughter, after which she (post mortem) enters the tantric stage as a gentle, floating figure — as a nectar-giving 'sky walker' ('the chaste moon goddess'). The witch-like cemetery whore has transformed herself into a sweet granter of wisdom.

-- "The Shadow of the Dalai Lama," by Victor and Victoria Trimondi





Federico Fellini  
Le tentazioni del Dottor Antonio







Anita Ekberg  
Peppino De Filippo



Seritto  
Federico Fellini  
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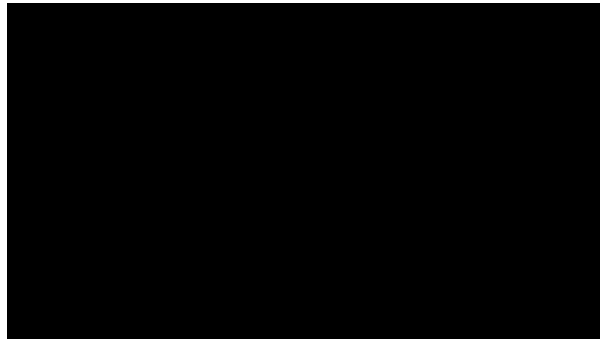


Scenografia e costumi  
Piero Zuffi



Fotografia  
Otello Martelli  
Musica  
Nino Rota













[Cupid] Oh, I love Rome!



The God of Love can live very well here, and enjoy myself.





Silence! They're shooting a film.



This happens in Rome every day, and on every street corner.



[Princess] Oh, Hercules! Watch out my darling, the Vikings.



[Hercules] Don't worry, I'll take care of him!



[Extra] Look at this lousy cigarette. Everything in it but tobacco.



[Hercules] Oh, oh, oh, oh! Take her, she weighs a ton!



[Director] Just get her off camera. Put her down.



Cut. Okay, okay, print the fifth and sixth.





And bring me a smaller princess.

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[Cupid] You have to admit, if I didn't make such an effort to give happiness to people,



it would be a catastrophe.



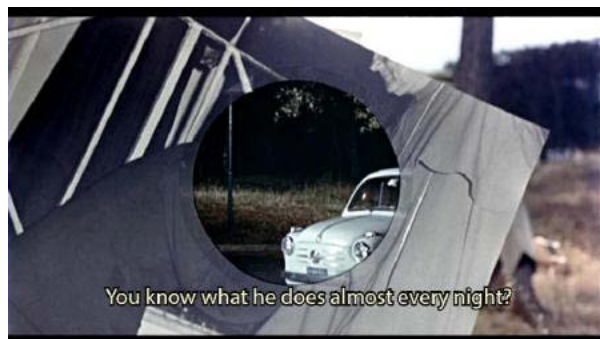
There is only one single man who is against me.



There he is.



You can see him even better in this one.



You know what he does practically every night?



[Antonio] You're revolting creatures! Disgusting animals!  
Why don't you get married before doing dirty things like that?  
Why don't you take a lesson from the elephants:  
when they mate, they go deep into the heart of the jungle!  
Obscene voluptuaries.







Oh, you dirty swine!



[Boy] Hey, put that spotlight out!







[Boy] Come back! He's just a pest.



[Antonio] Shameful creatures! Pervert devils!



- Here he is again.  
- Don't get out, sir.

[Boy] He's here again.

[Girl] Don't get out.

[Boy] No, this time I want to talk to him.



Why do you always come here?

Hey, aren't you tired of cruising around here? What do you want anyway?

[Antonio] You're a fine one to ask such a question!



[Boy] You should be ashamed.

[Antonio] You're the one who should!

[Boy] Me?

[Antonio] Every last one of you! These are public grounds! A park for innocent strolling! Yes!

[Boy] You don't mean it.

[Antonio] We are in Rome! The heart of civilization! Sodom and Gomorrah are finished!

[Boy] But I thought this was Tokyo. Ha ha ha ha.



[Antonio] You are making Rome a bawdy house.

[Boy] Will you go home and dunk your head in a bucket of water? Ha ha ha.

[Antonio] You're revolting! Try to act like men, and not like animals.

[Girl] What's he talking about?



[Boy] Get your car out of here!

[Antonio] I'm going, I'm going! But you haven't heard the last of me!



[Antonio] Look at them! Running away!



Oh, Lord, why will they never understand my intentions? I'm only doing this for their good, for the good of their souls.  
Can't they realize that?



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[Antonio] Close the curtain. Bring it down this minute.



That's an order! I order you to close the curtain!



So there!



Now you can all go spend your money for a worthier cause  
than that offered to you by these obscenities!



[Cupid] Ha ha ha ha. He's really pretty cuckoo, huh?

And now I'm going to show you one of his outstanding performances last year.  
It was filmed by an amateur cameraman from Switzerland who scrupulously took down the whole thing!

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[Cupid] At this point our story begins.  
One day, Mr. Mazzuolo ...

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[Woman] Give generously for our poor delinquent little ones. Thank you.



Give generously for our poor delinquent little ones. Thank you.



Give generously for our poor delinquent little ones. Thank you.



[Man] Your pious devotion to worthy causes does you honor.



[Antonio] Thank you very much. Get a move on.





[Woman] Give generously for our poor delinquent little ones.



Give generously for our poor delinquent little ones.



[Boy] We got a date tonight?

[Girl] I promised Bill.



[Boy] Don't you love me anymore?



[Woman] Give generously for our poor delinquent little ones.



Thank you.



For three days now my corns have been hurting.  
I guess it's because of radioactivity.





[Woman] Thank you for everything. You're a saint, Mr. Mazzuolo.

[Antonio] What are you doing? Do put your hat on!

[Woman] Give my greetings to your sister! I hope she's well. Say hello. Oh, and don't forget Saturday's connection. We're also getting together on Monday.



[Antonio] Yes, I remember. Yes.



[Antonio] Look at this merchandise! What a spectacle! What immodesty!





Nobody has the right to show such pictures to the public, much less to sell it!



[Man] Oh, dear, dear Mr. Mazzuolo, is there something wrong?



[Antonio] I was only saying, my dear friend, what miserable magazines these are. What have we come to? Nothing but exciting girls.

And worst of all about this filth is that anyone can bring it into his own home.

[Man] You smoke?

[Antonio] Thank you, I don't smoke. Oldsters, youngsters, babies ...



[Newspaperman] Hey mister, calm down, will you?

[Antonio] Oh, calm down, calm down, you say?

[Newspaperman] Yeah, calm down.

[Antonio] And you're insolent, too.



I'll show you what I can do.

[Man] Bravo! Bravo Mazzuolo! You're quite right. I fully approve.



Give me 1,000 liras.

[Newspaperman] Hey, why did you tear it down? You owe me 1,000 lira.

[Antonio] Here.

[Man] Beautiful! Bravo, bravo! I wish I'd done that myself! Bravo. Yes.



I already did this at another news-stand!

[Antonio] I already did this at another newsstand!  
That's the way I calm down. Give me the Vatican Journal.



[Man] Give me the Paris Herald.



One doesn't know what to do anymore to stop this tide drawing nearer!

[Antonio] Oh, please forgive me. But I no longer know what can be done to stop this tide drawing nearer! You know, I just finished a long article on this, and I entitled it "Lechery in Art."

[Man] Oh, "Lechery is Smart."



[Antonio] No, not smart. "Lechery in art!"

[Man] Oh, do bring it to me. I'll be happy to publish it.

[Antonio] Thank you.



The boys are ready for the prize-giving ceremony.

[Boyscout] (Stuttering) The scouts are all ready ...



[Antonio] ... for me to make the medal awards, is that it?  
Excuse me, I must go and make the awards now to my young lads.



[Man] Mazzuolo, I'm entirely with you. You're a citizen of the first rank.



[Antonio] Speak distinctly, will you son? You stammer frightfully, and mu-mu-mumble ...

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[Boyscout] Quiet! Squadron, attention! Rodolfo Senego, for having saved the swimming teacher. Maria Fiazocci,



who fell down while climbing that most difficult and treacherous hill



known as The Grand Saso, Special Mention.





A Baden Powell certificate goes to the scout that caught a badger

Donald Chimeri for having captured, with the aid of a bag, a wild boar,



that caused damage to the camp's corn supplies.

and who relentlessly destroyed the corn flakes provision during the winter campaign: The Baden Powell Award.



A silver medal goes to the scout that set a new record

Otell Odonno, medal of award and silver plate for having bested by two hours and twenty minutes



the record established



in the year 1960 in the Night of Silence competition.



[Antonio] Thank you. The many dangers of the forests, the many dangers of the mountains, are indeed terrible dangers.



But there are more terrible dangers still. More insidious. More double-faced.



You are all wondering, I know, just what these terrible dangers are.  
I'm going to tell you a bit of an episode in my life in which I am humbly the protagonist.

[Boyscout] The what?





[Antonio] The protagonist, I said!



In precisely 1913, when I was fourteen years old,  
and one of the very best boy scouts in Italy, one of the very best,  
I happened to have a dear friend who was just a bit older.

This boyhood friend died last year in China. He long resided on the Ganges, you see. But we hadn't had news from him  
in twenty years.







The summer of the year in question, I spent a few days as a guest in his aunt's house.



She was a lady to whom nature had shown itself prodigiously generous in a completely biological sense. I remember one hot afternoon when she decided to nap a short while. We were on the coolest side, so she chose our room.



It pains me to say this, my dear old friend, but this fallen creature,



thinking I was asleep myself, commenced to disrobe then and there.



But I was not asleep, you see.



A demon appeared before my eyes.

A demoniacal spectacle then presented itself in front of my eyes.



I closed my eyes...

Oh, but I closed them!



[Workman] Get busy, now!



Behave yourselves!

[Boyscout] Keep ranks.



Stay in line! Stay in line!



Stay in line. I said stay in line!



[Worker] Over this way. Over here!



[Workman] Easy does it. Easy does it.





Keep her moving. All right. Easy now!



Oh, excuse me. You better get out of the way.



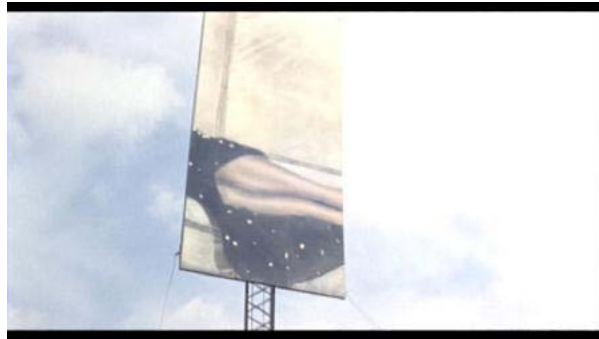
[Workman] Ready to heave her up now.



Up she goes! That's right.



That's very good. Go on, now.



Up she goes!



All right. That's about the right height, boys. Lower her down.  
Down. Lower. Down. Get her to the right a little. Down, will you? Easy does it. Easy.



[Cleric] Hey, Hugo. Come here and take a look at this.



[Workman] Hey, get away. Don't touch the loudspeaker. Watch what you're doing, will you? Now take it a little over to the left. Hold it. Hey, what are you looking at? Go get the hose, will you?  
Excuse him Reverend.



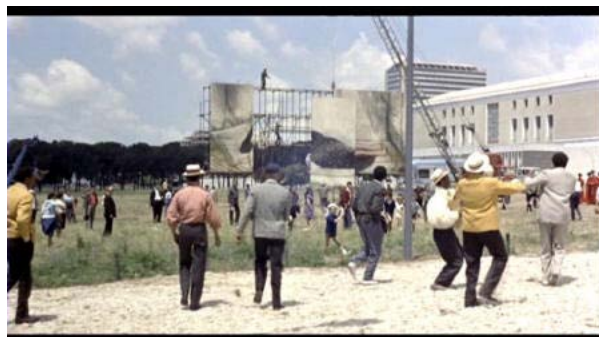
[Cleric] Say, is that a movie poster?

[Workman] No, it's a milk ad.





[Black Musicians] We don't need no head man!







[Headman] Come on, you guys, get out!



[Musician] Hey, what is this?



[Musician] I don't know, man!



[Musician] To Drink! Ha ha.



["MILK"]





[Workman] Higher!



Turn the song on now. The hard work's done.



Get to it, you loafers. It's your turn.





Excuse me, would you mind stopping a while?



Hey, you can turn on our theme song. Ready now? Put the tape on.



[Workman] Go on! Go on!  
Further!





[Song] ... *milk's good for the health.*



*There's nothing like milk, there's nothing like milk,*



*be healthy and drink milk.*



*Be healthy and drink milk.*



[Workman] Hurry it up! Come on, boys, hurry it up! Bring on the hose. Let's go, bring on the hose! Get a move on. Hurry up with the hose. Don't waste any time. Hurry up, hurry up, get the hose. Where's the hose? Where's the hose?



[Workman] My God, it's falling! Watch out, come on, man!



[Workman] Who's giving orders? I'm the boss. I said down



! Oh boy, he's a Roman worker. I'm going back to Milan.



*[Song] ... milk's good for the health.*



*There's nothing like milk,*



*there's nothing like milk.*



*Be healthy and drink milk.*





*Be healthy and drink milk.*



[Boyscout] Hey, it's Anita Ekberg! Anita Ekberg!



Anita Ekberg! Anita Ekberg!



Love live Anita Ekberg!



[Workman] Hey, you'll get wet there! Come over here.

[Antonio] I'll stand where I please.



[Workman] All right boys. Pull her in, and turn on the water.



[Antonio] May I have a word with you. I may sound ignorant, but that poster, you're not leaving it there by any chance?

[Workman] Sorry, what do you mean?

[Antonio] I simply mean that this is public property. We have babies here. Babies and youngsters, folks, and old ladies.



[Workman] Do you think an advertising poster should be put in the cellar?

[Antonio] No, of course not. One moment, young man. This is different. You're just obeying orders.



[Workma]: Sorry, I've got work to finish.

[Workman] That's enough water now! Hold it! She's all ready to go.



Hoist her up! Up she goes! Up, up, up!



[Workman] Come on, come on, don't be afraid!





[Workman] Oh, this way, honey. Come on. Over here.



[Workman] No, here, here. Don't listen to him.



[Workman] Ah, c'mon. Stop kidding. Cut it out! Quit it!

[Workman] Hey, Anita, come down and join us!



[Antonio] Take the boys away from here, immediately.

[Scout Leader] Yes, sir! All right, boys, close ranks. Ten hut! Half turn to the left. All right boys, forward march!

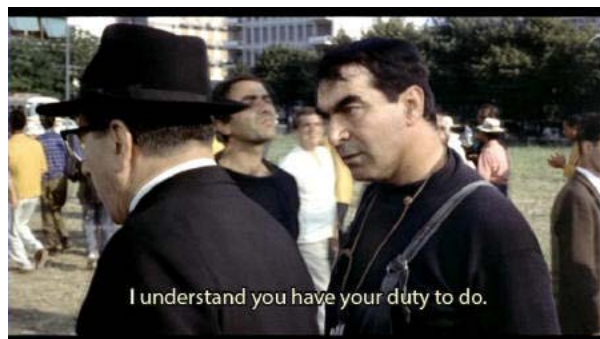


[Antonio] Keep your eyes forward, eyes forward.  
And you, come here!



[Workman] Who, me?

[Antonio] I've got to speak to you.  
I already talked to one of the workmen, but I thought you might be the boss.  
My good man, in that case, will you please listen?



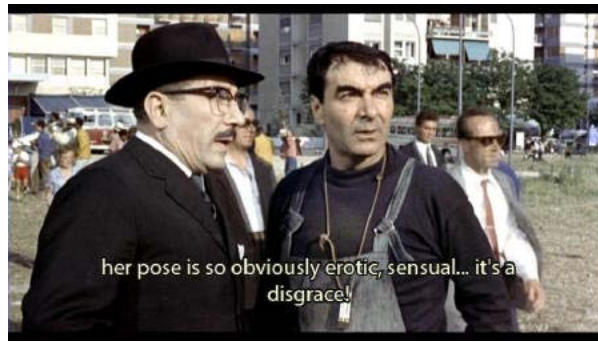
I'm quite aware you were ordered by someone to carry out this work and you are only doing your duty, but you must realize ...

[Workman] Get the truck out of here!



[Antonio] ... that you also have moral duties, and that poster is obscene.  
Surely you can see that yourself. Just take a look at it.

[Workman] Well, what's wrong with it?



[Antonio] What do you mean, what's wrong? Her pose. Her garments. Her whole manners.  
Believe me, I'm human, too, and I agree that as men we know all about women,  
but as we all know, some things are purposefully invented to stimulate us. It is, in my opinion, scandalous.



Besides all that, I happen to live right over there, and you put that filthy poster directly in front of my very own  
bedroom window.



[Workman] Yeah, well, listen: we got permission from the municipal authorities. We've been hired for this job, and  
we've done it.

[Antonio] Oh, but one moment, my friend. Let me warn you that I'm going to implicate you in grave proceedings ...

[Workman] Proceedings?





[Antonio] This is a serious matter. You absolutely must do something to drape that thing. Mask the body. Just put a sheet of paper here, another there. Naturally, I'll pay you personally.



[Workman] But if I would put on a piece of paper there, why, the poster would lose its beauty.

[Antonio] In other words, you consider it beautiful?

[Workman] Come on! We're all ready to leave.



[Workman] Mister, I don't consider her filth, that's for sure. So long. I gotta go. Give me a hand, boys!



[Antonio] Just a minute. Don't go away.  
Listen to me. What's your hurry? Don't go! You've got to stay and do something!



You can't go and leave it that way. Please! You'll be sorry you ever did this, you hear?



Hey! Stop the truck.



Stop it!





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My complaint has already been reported.

[Antonio] My lawyer lodged a complaint over two hours ago.  
He assured me the advertising license could legally be revoked.  
Private obscenity is bad enough, but now shall we allow it to become public?



Do we want to build monuments to sex? Triumphal  
arches for whores?

Are we to construct monuments to sex, too? Must we elevate arches of triumph to strumpets and prostitutes?  
So sorry, commissioner.

[Commissioner] But exactly how is she posed? How does she look?

[Antonio] Oh, obscene. Believe me, it's truly obscene. Obscene.



If you'll allow me to, I'll show you the pose.

But one minute. I'll demonstrate. I'll show you how myself, sir. It won't take a second.



She's lying down...

See? Like this. She's reclining like this.  
Her limbs are undraped, and her entire, her entire ...



[Commissioner] (on phone) ... satisfactory. Bye bye. I'll be there tomorrow.



[Antonio] Excuse me, commissioner, if I seem to be carried away, but what I'm trying to describe to you is something that's indescribable.



[Commissioner] In other words, she's rather uncovered.

[Antonio] She's not covered at all.



She's got all her maternal particulars completely exposed.  
Commissioner, you must believe me. It's no exaggeration.



I'll show you. Imagine. There, see? That's the way it is!  
Look!



[Commissioner] And the limbs?



[Antonio] Oh, they're enormous, gigantic, tremendous.  
I live in a small apartment which has five windows,



and those limbs, commissioner, block my view clear across all five.





[Commissioner] And the expression on her face? Is it obscene, too? Is it provocative?  
 You see, I must know about it all. You must cite all the details.  
 What would you say her eyes express?



[Antonio] Oh, they express the purest bestiality.



[Commissioner] As we know, there are several ways of being enticing.  
 There's the way that whets the appetite: the American way.



It consists in advertising products such as might be considered innocent: a flower, or a sandwich spread, or perhaps orange juice.



Something thirst quenching.



And this type, in general, is really quite harmless.



Then there's the enticement used by the French: depressingly ordinary.



It's incomprehensible why they advertise their products in such a dreary manner. Have a seat.



The product is advertised in a sly way.

[Antonio] Thank you.



It says one thing, but we realize that it actually refers to something else.

[Commissioner] This way of advertising is indeed misleading.  
Yes, the French are masters at duping the public.  
They say, for example, that burgundy wine is heaven.

[Antonio] Yes, I've seen that.

[Commissioner] And you know that beans mean another thing all together. And they also say that French pastry is good for you.

[Clerk] Ha ha.

[Commissioner] And the image suggests quite another kind of pleasure than eating French pastry.



[Antonio] I see what you mean.





[Commissioner] And then there's the method known as Turkish.

[Antonio] Ah, Turkish!



[Commissioner] Take a look at this. Now here's an indecent creature. She's one of their top models.

Here she is in a typical alluring Oriental act.

And with this, womanhood virtually sinks to its lowest level of bestiality. And there were some others.



Hey, who took those magazines?

[Clerk] You took them all home, sir.



[Commissioner] Women, like beasts, I tell you. Like beasts.



[Antonio] Yes, well I must say, I think my case is much worse.



Because here, there is an offense to the purest and most sacred function of maternity. Nursing, I mean. And this is an offense not even animals commit. I absolutely insist that measures be taken to prohibit this poster. Every hour that passes only multiplies the moral danger.



[Commissioner] Dear Mazzuolo. What wouldn't I do if I could, but I'm surrounded by cowards.



However, surely we will progress little by little.



Yes, little by little. Let us be grateful for each small crumb of progress.



Everything seems against us. Yet, somehow we will gain ground.



It's not easy, and as you know the higher authorities straddle the fence.



That's always the way.  
You should be interested to know that the law is with us.





Anyway, I thank you for your report. It had great clarity, precision, and it took courage.



[Girls] Commissioner, will you need us again today?



[Commissioner] Oh no, dears, run along.  
But will you please show this gentleman out?

[Antonio] Thank you, sir.

[Commissioner] Good night. Keep up the good work!







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*[Song] Drink more milk. Milk is good for you.  
Milk is good for you, whatever your age!*

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*Drink more milk, it's an Italian product.*



*It's the best remedy for all ages.*



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Days go by, weeks go by... but the scandal  
continues.

[Antonio] And the days all pass along. They pass, and then they become weeks, and this scandalous thing never ends.



That obscene billboard continues to spread poison,

The poison keeps oozing out of that obscene poster,  
more frightful than the most frightful atomic fallout.



From my window, I can see the crowd of people stopping to look at the poster and -- keep writing son -- and acting as if they were suddenly seized by an unaccountable attack of dizziness.



Interrupting their healthy bracing stroll of an evening, and the rhythm of their usual activities and daily routine.



And it is at this point that I lift my voice to cry out, "Stop this shame! Stop this shame! Stop this shame!"

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[Woman] Oh, Francesco!  
Oh, Francesco!



[Antonio] Condolences.



Oh, sexton.





I have an appointment with the Bishop. Tell him that Mr. Mazzuolo is calling.



[Sexton] The Bishop is indisposed.



You can see his secretary.



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[Antonio] There it is. All comment is superfluous.



You see it. Did you ever see such an outrage?



Excuse me for drawing your attention to it, but observe the garments.



Besides, look at the people.



There's no crowd now because of the hour, but flocks of them come, of all ages, and of all walks of life.



It's most regrettable that the Bishop could not be here to witness that abomination up there personally, gentlemen.  
But you'll report it, I know.



And when you've made your report, I'm sure that the Bishop would be glad to fight against it energetically.





[Secretary] Our attention has been brought to the character of this poster already.

[Antonio] Oh, something's being done?

[Secretary] Goodbye.



[Antonio] Exactly what measures are being taken?



How is it being handled?



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[Woman] And this is what's called a Roman summer!

*[Song] Drink more milk. Milk is good for you.*



*Milk is good for you, whatever your age!*



*Drink more milk, it's an Italian product.*



*It's the best remedy for all ages.*



[Woman] What do you want, mister? Me, or do you want her, or that one up there?

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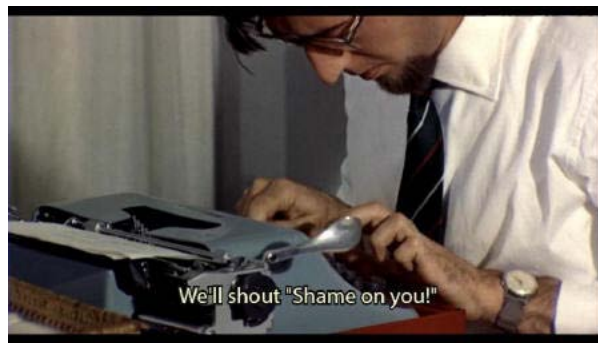


[Antonio] All those who are honest, all those who are pure,



those with integrity,  
who respect the integrity of our customs, and the dignity of their fellow man,





all these are with us to raise up the cry of shame.  
In a matter of days, I say in a matter only of days,



this treacherous Lorelei, this monstrous Circe, this Medusa tempts and vilifies all who see her.



She has gathered around herself all of the dregs of the city,  
just as the Golden Calf in times of lore.



A harrowing vision looms before my eyes. Oh, what an obscene orgy!



Babylon! Babylon! Babylon, beware of the rain of fire.



[Puppet] Oh, Satan, return to hell! Return to hell, I say.



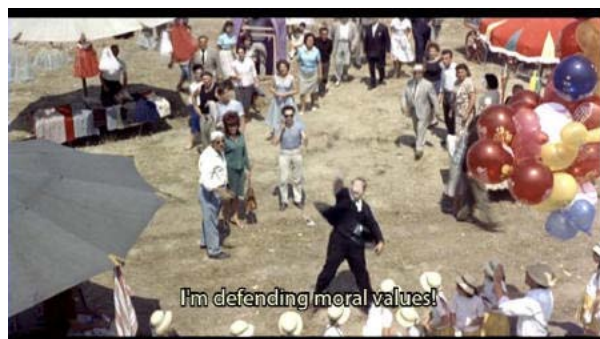
[Cameraman] All right now. Hold still. Hold it!







[Antonio] I am defending the integrity of the family!



The moral values of humanity. Enough! Enough! Enough!



Yes, I'll make a scandal! I'll make one. No one can stop me now!  
Down with all of this sin and corruption! Down with it!



I want the police to arrest me! Ha ha! I want the police!  
Arrest me! Arrest me!



I order you to arrest me! Let's go! Come on! I'll speak to the reporters!  
Much more a man of honor prefers jail to this corrupted liberty!



\*\*\*



[Workman] Watch out downstairs!



[Donatella] Why did they cover it up?

[Neighbor] They did it purposefully for us.  
We owe it to Mr. Mazzuolo.

[Donatella] But why?

[Neighbor] It was photographic!

[Antonio] Pornographic, you idiot!





[Neighbor] Oh, have it your way, it's still dirty.



[Donatella] Antonio, if there were a thousand men like you in Italy, things would be a million times better.



Antonio, last night I had another heavenly vision.



Antonio, I saw a rose. Thereupon, a voice came out of the air:



"Donatella, your soul is beautiful, beautiful, beautiful."



[Workmen] All right boys, I guess that's it!  
The show is over!

\*\*\*



[Commissioner] Oh, thank you. It's a pleasure.



[Man] Thank you.

[Guests] Bravo! Bravo!  
Where did you learn how to sing?



[Donatella] Oh, I confess a great secret now, though Antonio will be angry with me.



But it was my brilliant brother who was the first one to prompt me to study music and appreciate all the other arts.  
By the way, you should hear how he sings.



[Antonio] But Donatella, I beg you ...

[Woman] Oh, sing for us! You've got to, Mr. Mazzuolo.





- Come on!  
- Just one song!

[Donatella] Come on, Antonio.

[Antonio] All right, one little song.

[Commissioner] Oh, put the champagne down. Good for you, Mazzuolo.



You really want me to torment you? All right, then.

[Antonio] Calm down, Donatella. You act as if you want to torture me.  
If I must.



[Woman] I'll turn the pages over for you.



[Antonio] It won't be necessary, I know it by heart.



[Woman] What a brain! He knows the whole thing by heart!



[Donatella] Shhh. Quiet. Shhh.

[Woman] Ahhhhhh

[Donatella] Quiet, please.

[Commissioner] He has a remarkably delicate touch, you know.



[Woman] That's a charming song he sings.

[Donatella] Quiet.



[Antonio] Oh, please forgive me.

[Woman] No, go on! Please, Mr. Mazzuolo.



[Donatella] Sing Antonio!



[Commissioner] Mazzuolo, do not rob us of a moment of joy which only art can bring to us.



[Man] Of course, we all love Mazzuolo who is notoriously shy.





which proves his kind-heartedness.

It's a sign of his gentle heart.



[Antonio] [Sings]



[Stops abruptly when he sees Anita]



[Commissioner] Well, Mazzuolo, what's the matter now?



\*\*\*



[Antonio] It's nothing, Antonio, I'm telling you, nothing.  
I think you're overworked. It's just a slight case of nervous shock.



It's nothing at all.







Donatella. Donatella. Tell me in what position was the woman on the poster?



Donatella.



[Donatella] Saint Theresa. Holy Saint Theresa.  
My turn!



[Antonio] Go to the window. Look at the poster.  
Describe it to me.



[Woman] The rain has washed the paper away.



[Antonio] Is she doing this?

[Woman] Of course not. Why would she? She's exactly the way she was before.



Go to bed!

[Antonio] Go back to bed!

[Woman] Oh, Mr. Mazzuolo!

[Antonio] Go to bed! Go to bed!

[Woman] Oh, all right. We're going.

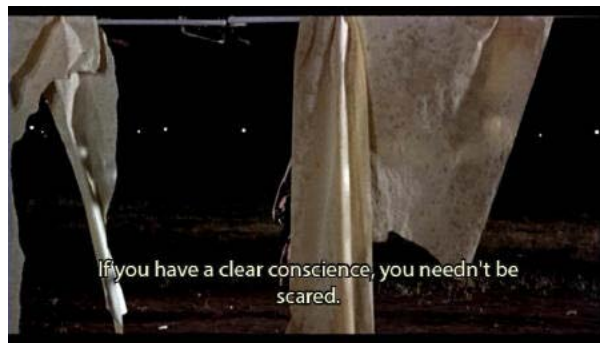






Who is it?

[Antonio] Who's there?  
Who's there?  
There isn't a soul here, Antonio.  
Fear is the weakness of fools.



There isn't a soul, and besides, when one has a clean conscience, one need fear nothing.



Achh!



I don't know who you are: Semiramis, Cleopatra or Taide?  
But whoever you are, spirit of evil and violence, be gone!  
Sink down into the depths of pollution. Be gone! I order you! I order you!  
I order you! Be gone!



[Anita] All right, Antonio. Don't get upset.



I'm going away. Ha ha ha ha.









[Antonio] At last, I've gotten rid of you. You are no longer a part of the world of the just. And now, I must go on back to my own little house.



[Anita] Antonio! Ha ha ha ha.  
Antonio!



Ha ha ha ha.



You joker, you're tickling me.



Why are you afraid of me, Antonio?



Ha ha ha ha.







Get back on your billboard!

[Antonio] Go back to the poster! Go back to the poster, you witch! Go back to the ...



I'm alive!

[Anita] I've alive, Antonio!



Alive!



What a magnificent night.  
Come Antonio!



[Antonio] Never!



[Anita] Come with me.



Wake up.



Wake up, everyone!



How can you sleep on a night like this?



What perfume.



Antonio.







Watch out!





Ha ha ha ha.



Dear Antonio.



You fascinate me.



Come here, mister.



Let's have a little chat.



Why are you so naughty to me, Antonio?







My goodness, throwing bottles of ink right in my face.



It's not polite.



How have I harmed you, huh? Tell me that.



[Antonio] I'll tell you. Because so many honest people are being led astray, and there's so much evil here on this good earth, and such a lack of faith and purity.



And you are the one to blame.



[Anita] But I haven't hurt anyone. I haven't done a thing. I was up there, like a cloud. How can a cloud hurt anyone?

[Antonio] Even a cloud is capable of taking forms which are too indecent to describe.

[Anita] Antonio.  
Come with me!



[Antonio] Hey! Stop it!

[Anita] Ha ha ha ha. Would you like to be my escort tonight?



[Antonio] Stop this monster!

If she enters the city, in one single night, two million souls will be dead.



St. George! No, wait.



Hey! Help!





[Anita] You're sad because you're such a little fellow.



[Antonio] So you're still here. What must I do to free the world of your presence?





[Anita] Ha ha ha ha.



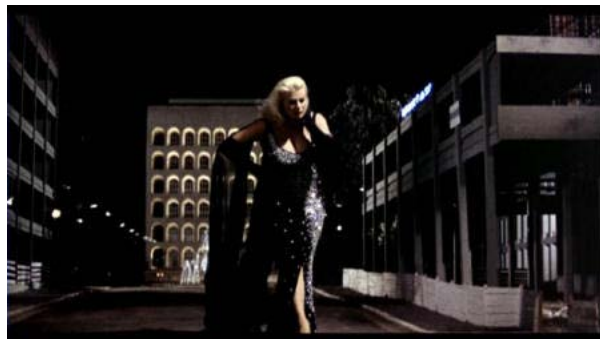
Poor little Antonio.



I'm so tall, and you're so small.



I only want to have a friendly chat with you.



But where are you?



Ah, there you are. Ha ha ha ha. Come here.



Ah, there you are! Come here!

[Antonio] What do you want of me?



Don't run away, come here. I won't hurt you.

[Anita] Don't run away. Come here.



[Antonio] No!

[Anita] I won't do anything to you. I only want to touch you.



Oh, well, why didn't you say you wanted to play?



Ha ha ha ha.





Peek-a-boo!  
There. Be a good boy.  
How warm you are.



[Antonio] Look here. Let me down. That way we can talk better. Believe me.



[Anita] Stop wiggling around so much. I'm not hurting you.



[Antonio] Let me go. I beg you, signora, let me down. I'm subject to dizziness. I have a weak heart.





[Anita] I'm going to eat you!



[Antonio] Oh, mama, mama!

[Anita] I was only joking.



Kiss kiss kiss. Ha ha ha ha.



[Antonio] I can't die in this way.



Prostitute! Prostitute!  
I want to get down!



[Anita] What a cute little moustache.



Ha ha ha ha.  
You're screaming like a baby, shame on you.



[Antonio] I feel awful, what an embarrassing place to die.



[Anita] Don't worry, you're here close to my heart.



[Antonio] Don't you understand? Don't you understand?



I don't want to be here.



[Anita] Listen to me.



[Antonio] Where's the umbrella?



[Anita] Where are you putting your hands?

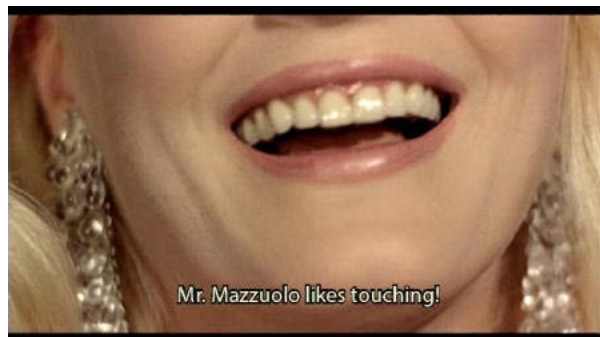




[Antonio] Can't I look for my umbrella?



[Anita] It's not raining now, you know?



Mr. Mazzuolo likes touching.



[Antonio] Watch your mouth. You don't know who I am. You're compromising me.



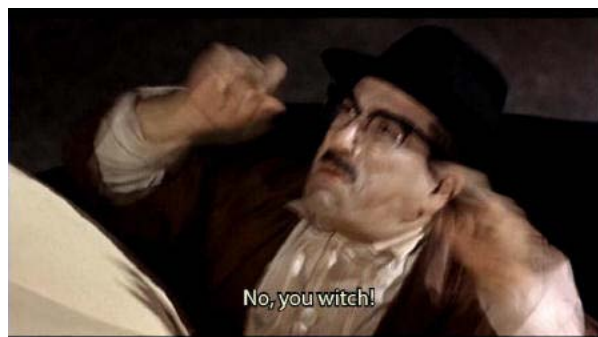
This wicked perfume is going to my head. It makes me feel terrible.



I feel great ... Aunt Irene ... my dear auntie ...



I loved you so much.



No, you witch!



[Anita] All right, I'll put you down.  
You're just a disagreeable little man.

[Antonio] You're not going to leave me here?  
You can't do this.



[Anita] All you seem to find to say to me are impolite things.



I only wanted to make friends with you.



[Antonio] Put me on the ground!



All right!

[Anita] Stop yelling, for pity sake! There.



But you really don't deserve it! [Spit]



Thanks.

[Antonio] Thank you.

What courage. Taking advantage because you find yourself big, huh?



Look who's behind you!

[Anita] Oh, look behind you. Look who's there.  
Don't you see? Ha ha ha ha. Antonio.  
Here I am.





Come to me. Let's make up.



[Antonio] Don't you touch me.



[Anita] Oh, yes, come give me a little kiss.



[Antonio] No! Absolutely no!



How dare you ask such a thing.



[Anita] Now I've made you angry.



[Antonio] With all my heart, I would like to believe that there was something still good in you.  
Perhaps you're still not completely beyond saving. I hope so.  
I could help to lift you from the depths of iniquity.



[Anita] Iniquity?

[Antonio] Yes. I might be able to.  
I'd be willing to, for your sake.



I'd be willing to give my entire life to it.



You need me.



Anyway, you need somebody.  
We'd get along well, I'm sure you'd see.



Oh, just like a brother and sister.





You refuse?



You refuse salvation?





Stay with me. Stay with me forever.  
Stay with me.



[Anita] Ooooh!



[Antonio] What do you want?





I'd give you anything you ask for.



You're too beautiful



to be entirely bad.



Stay with me, I beg you.



[Anita] Forever?

[Antonio] Yes, forever.



[Anita] Oooh, what a boring idea.





Maybe, I could manage for a week.



[Antonio] Oh, God! God Almighty! What am I doing?



I'm sinking into sin.



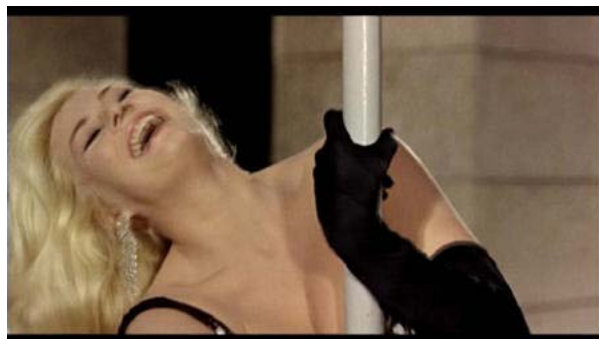
You belong in jail! Yes. That's where you belong.



Police! In jail with all the other evil creatures. Police!

[Anita] It's late at night. Ha ha ha ha.

[Antonio] Where is everyone?





[Anita] You're hurting me!



[Antonio] Yes, I want to hurt you, demon. You're nothing but a monster!



[Anita] Is that so?



[Antonio] Oooh, Sodom and Gomorrah!



[Anita] You're just a worm, and I'm fed up with you!



Do you hear?





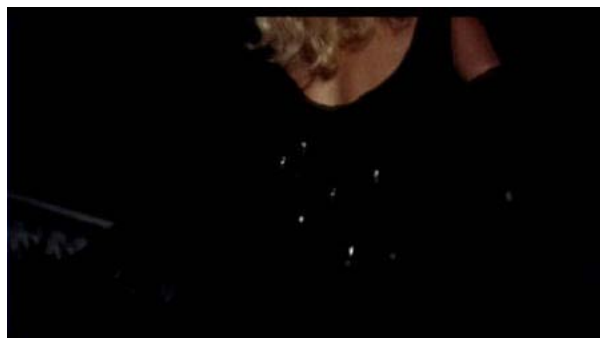
It is you who sees everything upside down, and I feel sorry for you.



You think that I'm nothing but a prostitute.



Huh!



Well, I wouldn't want to disappoint you!  
So now I'm going to get undressed in front of you.



Isn't that what you wanted?  
All right, I shall begin immediately.



Look! Look at my naked arms.



Look!



These arms of mine can hold more than a hundred men at once, and they can crush them.



When I sway my hips, regiments of men quiver with desire.





And if I lower my lashes, and look like this at someone,



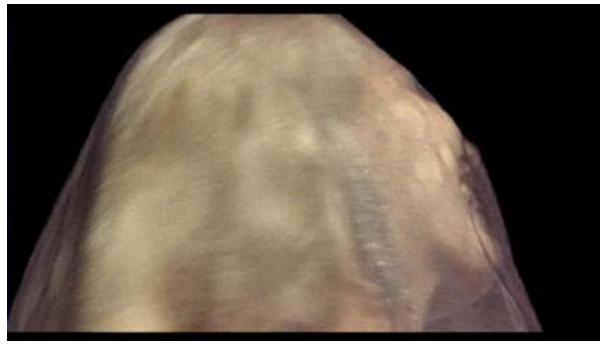
there's a thrill that travels down his spine



for weeks on end.



It's a devilish thrill and consumes him like fire.



I am all things to all men.



I am fruit, and flower, and flesh.



My limbs hold a secret power.  
In my nakedness there is death.



I am lust and compassion.



I am circle, a luck, a tool.



I am as swift as arrow's target.



[Antonio] Take back your filthy clothes!



[Anita] Now you may know the truth!







Yes, I am the devil!



And I have come here to take you away with me.





[Antonio] No! You'll never catch me.



[Anita] Ha ha ha ha. It's too late. No one can save you.



No one. Antonio, you've got to help me get undressed now.



[Antonio] No, you can't force me to touch your impure flesh!  
I don't want to see it!



I don't want to ...

[Anita] Come.



[Antonio] No, I won't!  
Don't look at this woman! Don't look at her! Don't look at her!



[Anita] But why? Why shouldn't they look?

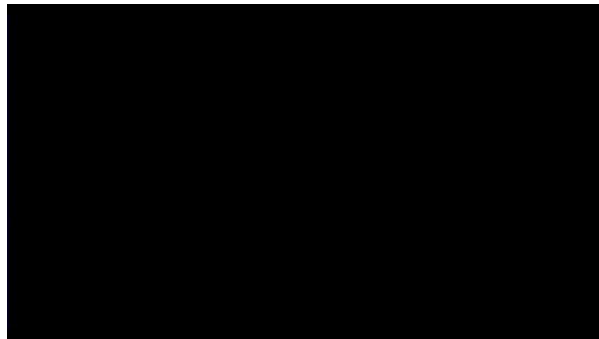
[Antonio] Get up, everybody. Go out of this theatre. Take your wives and children out immediately!



[Anita] What are you doing?



[Antonio] Don't look at her!



[Anita] Let them look.



[Antonio] Oh, damn you!

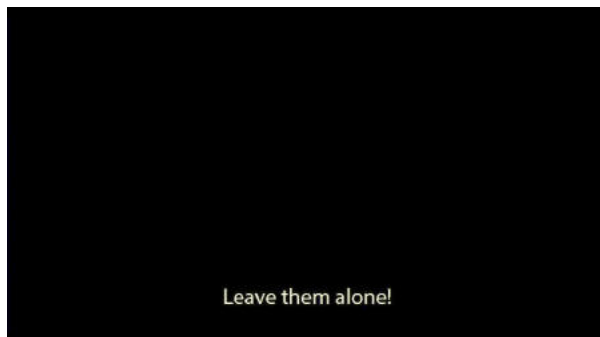




[Anita] It's called freedom of looking, Antonio.



[Antonio] Don't look at her! I refuse to let the audience see you!



[Anita] Off it goes.



[Antonio] No! Oh my God. What am I supposed to do?



[Anita] Shame on you!



What attractive underwear you have.



Did it belong to your grandfather?



Ha ha ha ha ha.



[Antonio] Help!





Go back to your poster, and I'll go back to my house.



Oh stop this, I beg you. Stop it, stop it, do you hear?



[Anita] Now I'll take off my clothes.



[Antonio] No, no, don't!



I'm warning you.



I will never permit you to do it.



Never!



[Anita] Antonio, what harm is there in looking at a naked woman?



[Antonio] Don't do it. I beg you before it's too late.



[Anita] The moment has come,



and you will not forget what you are about to see.



[Antonio] No! Signora!



[Anita] Look.





[Antonio] I shall wipe you from the face of the earth.



Never, never...

[Anita] Never.



Never.



Never, never...

Never.



Never.



Never.



Never.



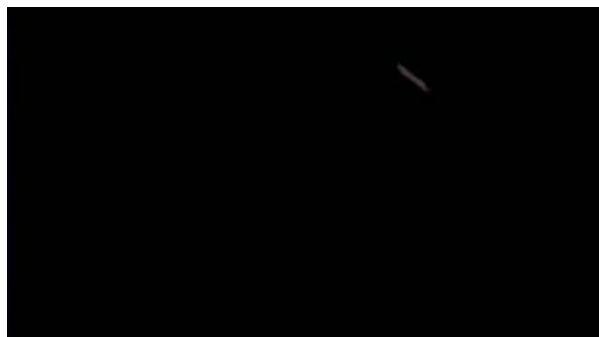
Never.



[Antonio] For the last time, I'm warning you.



Oh beloved, oh my beloved ...



[Anita] Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.



[Antonio] Anita.







[Man] Death is life, when death purifies.



[Commissioner] Long live Mazzuolo.



[Mourners] Long live Mazzuolo, the liberator.



I'm really pleased you're dead.

[Donatella] I'm really pleased you're dead.



Well done!

[Priest] Bravo, Mazzuolo.



Bravo!



Thank you on behalf of all the mothers.

[Woman] Thank you on behalf of all the mothers.



The true Mr. Mazzuolo breaks free from his chains.

The true Mr. Mazzuolo breaks free from his chains.



Long live Mazzuolo.



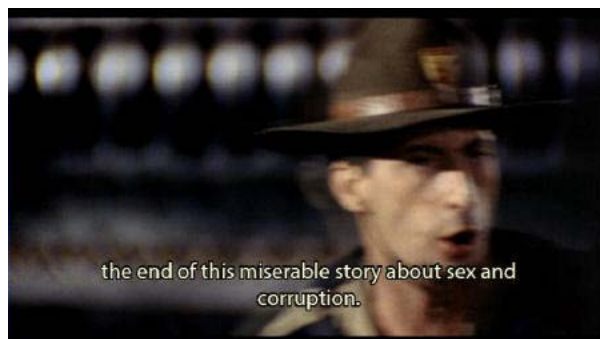








[Priest] It's the final act,



the end of this miserable story about sex and corruption.



Lower that wretched corpse down, and close it in its grave.



She will be buried in a secret place, and no one will bring her flowers.



[Antonio] No! Stop!





Don't take her away from me! She's mine!



Anita!



No one will touch you! Don't touch her!

No one will touch you! Don't touch her!  
I killed her!  
I don't want you to take her away! She must stay here!



My beautiful Anita, you'll stay with me forever.



Go away, all of you!



Anita. Anita.

\*\*\*





[Paramedic] Here is the syringe.



- Is it a full dose?  
- Yes, it's double.

[Doctor] You made sure the dose was right?

[Paramedic] Yes. A double dose.



The doctor's here, calm down! Everything will be fine.

[Police] Don't worry now, the doctor's here. Relax.



He's going to take care of you.



Everything's going to be all right now.





[Police] He's been crouching up here all night. Watch out, he bites!



[Paramedic] I'm unable to understand. How did he manage to get up there anyhow?



[Woman] Oh dear God!

[Police] Ready? Here he comes.



Are you sure you strapped him in well enough? Easy! Easy! Careful!



Don't bump him against Anita.



Easy now. Easy! Keep calm.

[Police] Hey, ladies. Keep away.

*[Song] Drink more milk.*



*Milk is good for you. Milk is good for you, whatever your age.*



*Drink more milk, it's an Italian product.*



*It's the best remedy for all ages.*



[Antonio] Anita.





*[Song] Drink more milk.*



*Milk is good for you.*







*Milk is good for you, whatever your age.*





*Drink more milk, it's an Italian product.*



*It's the best remedy for all ages.*



Drink more milk!

*Drink more milk!*

THE END.