

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Non Parlo Di Salo

by Christos Tsiolkas & Spiro Economopoulos

EXTRACT

© 2005 Christos Tsiolkas & Spiro Economopoulos



This script is distributed by The Australian Script Centre
77 Salamanca Place Hobart 7004 Tasmania Australia
email admin@ozscript.org
www.ozscript.org
ph +61 3 6223 4675
fax +61 3 6223 4678

SCENE ONE

A spotlight rises on the director, PIER PAOLO PASOLINI, sitting alone on the stage, reciting from 'The Ashes of Gramsci'.

On a screen there is a video surveillance feed of a woman, MIRELLA, sitting by herself in her kitchen.

Music – as if from an old wireless – is playing.

PASOLINI:

Uno straccetto rosso, come quello
arrotolato al collo ai partigiani
e, presso l'urna, sul terreno cereo,

diversamente rossi, due gerani.

Lui tu stai, bandito e con dura eleganza
non cattolica, elencato tra estranei

morti: Le ceneri di Gramsci ... Tra speranza
e vecchia sfiducia, ti accosta, capitato
per caso in questa magra serra, innanzi

alla tua tomba, al tuo tomba, al tuo spirito restato
quaggiu tra questa liberi. (O e qualcosa
di diverso, forse, di piu estasiato

e anche di piu umile, ebbra simbiosi
d'adolescente do sesso con morte ...)
E, da questo paese in cui non ebbe posa

la tua tensione, sento quale torto
- qui nella quiete delle tombe – e insieme
quale ragione – nell'inquieta sorte

nostra – tu aversi stilando le supreme
pagine nei giorni del tuo assassinio.

SCENE TWO

The stage lights up to reveal a recreation of the villa from the film, Salo.

The FIRST NARRATOR, heavily made-up, with an expensive hairdo, wearing a flowing ball gown, descends a grand staircase. The FIRST NARRATOR smiles at the audience flirtatiously and begins to speak.

FIRST NARRATOR:

I was born at a girl's boarding school where my mother was a servant.

One day, my sister asked if I knew of Professor Gentile. "No," I replied.

"Well, look outside, he's waiting for you to show you something he's already shown me.

Don't run away," she added. "He'll give you some money."

So I ran outside to see what he looked like.

He saw me and asked, "Where are you going?"

"To put away the chairs, professor," I coyly replied.

"Your sister will do that," he smiled. "I want to show you something."

I followed him into a room. Suddenly he took his huge cock from out of his trousers and began to masturbate.

"Have you ever seen the like? I've shown your sister and lots of girls your age. Give me a hand. Provoke the seed from which we're created. I'll make it spurt on your face.

This is my sole passion, my child, and you are about to see it."

At that very moment I was immersed in a white jet, drenching me from head to toe.

The ACTRESS lets out a small laugh and grins at the audience. Suddenly the ACTRESS comes out of character and pulls a packet of cigarettes out from the folds of her dress. She pulls out a smoke, lights up and begins to puff away with frantic relief.

The lights come up, the piano stops playing. The director PIER PAOLO PASOLINI is sitting in a director's chair at the side of the stage. PASOLINI is dressed in his trademark black suit, white shirt and thin black tie. His eyes hide behind a pair of tinted glasses. At the edge of the film set, two youths, a BOY, in his underwear, and a GUARD, in a military jacket and with a rifle, are lounging around, smoking, playing cards.

PASOLINI:

Why did you stop? Continue.

ACTRESS:

I don't think a woman of her class would use the slang for cock. I should begin again and use the word penis this time.

GUARD:

Women of your class have no problem asking for cock.

BOY:

That's because men of her class have no cocks.

ACTRESS:

(Ignoring the boys)

Do you not agree, Maestro? I think the word should be penis, not cock.

PASOLINI:

These are not my words. These are De Sade's words.

(Smiling)

We should not dare to mess with the sublime terror of the great Marquis' words.

ACTRESS:

Pier Paolo, the Marquis' imagination might have been fantastic and terrible but his language is hardly sacrosanct.

PASOLINI:

No, his language is banal and pornographic. It befits a decadent culture in which words no longer matter. We can leave the text to de Sade.

My task is to find a way to make the image speak.

ACTRESS:

Maestro, of course I will do as you wish.

(Laughs)

Cock it will be.

PASOLINI:

Cock it must be.

ACTRESS:

But it has to be real shit.

BOY:

What is she talking about?

ACTRESS:

It must be real shit, we must eat real shit.

BOY:

(Calling out)

Maestro, it's not gonna be real shit, is it?

PASOLINI:

Of course not.

ACTRESS:

It should be real shit. It should be real stinking human excrement on that screen. We must all be forced to eat it. We must eat it and smile. These men force these girls and boys to eat shit.

We must see the horror and disgust and torture on their faces. We must feel it.

That is your image. It must be real shit.

GUARD:

There's no fucking way I'm eating real shit.

BOY:

I'm with you. No way.

(Staring hard at the ACTRESS)

Only a freak would eat real shit. Only a disgusting pervert would even think about it.

PASOLINI:

No one has to eat shit.

(To the ACTRESS)

Not even you.

I believe in realism. I hate naturalism. The image does not reside in nature.

ACTRESS:

I will do anything you demand of me for this film. Hell became real in the war, Pier Paolo. I am as old as you are and I remember it. These boys and girls do not. We created Hell on earth. It has to be real shit, real madness, real blood.

The ACTRESS lifts her arm and pretends to slice at it.

ACTRESS:

Demand what you want from me. I will do it. I will follow you to the limits of your own terrible imagination.

PASOLINI:

Do you think this film is about the war?

ACTRESS:

Absolutely, for your critique to have any resonance it has to be rooted in the Hell that was the Second World War. This villa, this set, this is a façade. We are in the midst of the concentration camps, no, the death camps. Your film must have the stench and the brutality and the blood of the camps.