

SAILOR

Farewell my love, I have to go away...  
I've put things in order, but here where I find myself  
I'm afraid I'll go mad...  
...everything in me and around me is dying, and I can't find rest in any position...  
...all the gazes I see are so dark  
There is a very faint light that lets me die, without pain

SOLDIER 1

I think of something in the darkness

SAILOR

My flesh is liquid

SOLDIER 1

...is liquid

SAILOR

and waterlogged

SOLDIER 1

and waterlogged

SAILOR

I can hear nothing from the world now.

SOLDIER 1

I can hear nothing from the world now.  
You can't imagine how full of dead bodies it is here.

SAILOR

Memories dance...

SOLDIER 2

Here it's all a coming and going of naked, disfigured men.

SAILOR

...like dark memories, without sound  
down here, the world belongs to those who cannot hear.

SOLDIER 1  
Remember me.

SAILOR  
Remember me

SOLDIER 1  
We are still sailing, floating, exposed to the sun and the moon  
we roll in the waves...

SAILOR  
Remember me.

SOLDIER 1  
and feel in our bones all the winds that rise and fall above us.

SOLDIER 2  
You hear us! You hear us against the shore  
knocking on the boards begging for burial! Burial!

SAILOR  
Land, land!  
Burial, burial!

SOLDIER 1  
Burial!

SOLDIER 2  
Burial!

SAILOR  
All around here, the stranded phantoms of sailors,

BRIDE  
If the sea...

SAILOR  
wandering souls.

BRIDE

If the sea were a beached beggar, covered with lesions and scabs,  
infected and stinking  
I would myself wash his feet  
and would drink the water I had used to wash them, sip after sip, sip after sip,  
before his eyes, showing no revulsion or disgust. A sip for each time it returned my  
man to me... a sip for each time it returns my man to me.

SOLDIER 2

My flesh is liquid and waterlogged  
I can hear nothing from the world now

SAILOR

Tou can't imagine how full of dead bodies it is here...

SOLDIER 2

Memories dance  
like dark memories, without sound  
down here, the world belongs to those who cannot hear.

BRIDE

It's full of the moans of Germans, Italians, Americans and English here,  
but now, here, under the sea, we all speak the same language,  
we all wear the same uniform, we all die the same death.

SOLDIER 2

Blonde, red and brown hair, from the north, the south.

BRIDE

Ah my love, my lord, I would give up such a piece of my life to see you  
again... again... again...  
With these eyes I no longer possess

SOLDIER 1

Burial, burial! Burial, burial!

SAILOR

Dad... So, dad? So? What do you think?  
The English giving me a thousand lire sounds like a fairytale to me  
And what if it's just a trick to take us prisoner?  
Dad, what do you think? What can I do with 1000 lire a day nowadays?

*The Shadow of the Bride*

And what about the wood? What wood should I ask don Alfonso for?

Shall I let the shipwright decide? He knows his job.

Any wood is fine these days. I won't worry about the wood.

Walnut, chestnut, beechwood, durmast, what wood? What wood should I say, dad?

BRIDE

An annoying sound of falling water...

SAILOR

even the poor, sad fir tree wood for our coffins would be fine.

BRIDE

I have put things in order, but I'm afraid.

SOLDIER 2

Shoot? Who am I supposed to shoot?

SAILOR

If I shoot, they'll shoot at me.

SOLDIER 2

Why? Why are we shooting at each other?

SAILOR

Why are we shooting at each other?

Who am I shooting at? Who is the other?

What's his name?

SOLDIER 2

Who am I shooting at?

SAILOR

Do I know him?

Who is this American you're talking about?

What was his crime?

Did he dishonour our women? Did he rape them, violated them?

Did he poison the sea? Did he use bombs to catch fish?

SOLDIER 2

Who is this American you're talking about? What's his name?

Do I know him?

*The Shadow of the Bride*

SOLDIER 1

Why? Why are we shooting at each other?

SAILOR

It's full of the moans of Germans, Italians, Americans and English here,  
but now, here, under the sea,

SOLDIER 1

but now, here, under the sea,

SAILOR

we all speak the same language,

SOLDIER 1

we all speak the same language

SAILOR

we all wear the same uniform, we all die the same death.

BRIDE

Such a wear, eh? It doesn't even look real, eh? Such a wear! A war!  
Remember me.

Cartel

*During World War II, thousands of young people enlisted in the armies and navies of the nations involved in the conflict lost their lives in the Sicilian sea.*

*This film is dedicated to those buried in the ocean.*