ROME 2016, INTERIOR, DAY. FATEBENEFRATELLI HOSPITAL. ONCOLOGY WARD. A BED. A WOMAN IN HER FIFTIES, WITHOUT HAIR, SUNKEN FACE, EYES CLOSED,

INSERTED NURSE
Here it is. Please, don't stay long. Above all, don't get upset.

Mauro enters.

He looks at Annalisa, the young woman in the bed. A tear runs down his cheek.

ANNALISA
Don't cry, you idiot. It's not your fault.

MAURO
What the hell... after twenty years, you can still read my mind.

ANNALISA
Everyone reacts like that. You're not unique. You're not special.

Pause.

The woman smiles forcedly.

ANNALISA
I'm glad you came.

Mauro nods; then he smiles.

MAURO
You're still as bitchy as you were twenty years ago.

Silence.

ANNALISA
And they even cut my hair. Otherwise you'd see.

MAURO
How did you find out?

ANNALISA
Routine tests. But it doesn't matter now.

Annalisa tries to raise herself up on her elbows.

Mauro approaches to help her but the woman stops him with a gesture of her hand.

ANNALISA (CONT'D)
I need to talk to you about Cecilia.

MAURO
Ce... Cecilia?

ANNALISA
1999

Mauro turns pale.

MAURO
Anna, speak softly.

ANNALISA
Don't worry. She's my daughter.Legally speaking.

Mauro stares at her.

MAURO
You've always been better than me.

ANNALISA
We both know that.

Annalisa smiles and starts talking again.

ANNALISA (CONT'D)
So stop talking nonsense. I need to ask you a favor.

MAURO
Anything.

ANNALISA
You have to take responsibility for Cecilia.

Mauro is speechless. MAURO

I don't understand.

ANNALISA (CONT'D)
Cecilia is registered as my daughter and N.N.'s.

ANNALISA (CONT'D)
At the time, it seemed like a smart solution, but now...

She stops. She stifles a sob.

ANNALISA (CONT'D)
Now I want her to have the best. Better schools, better job opportunities, a better future.

MAURO
Okay, I can provide for her.

Annalisa stares at him.

ANNALISA
Sometimes I wonder how I ever loved you.

She stops.

She shakes her head.

ANNALISA (CONT'D)
It's not just about money, Mauro. Cecilia needs guidance. Someone to tell her what to

do, to set

boundaries. MAURO

And you thought of me?

ANNALISA (CONT'D)
Strange, isn't it?

MAURO

A little. Do you remember how in Kosovo you always said I couldn't be serious for even a minute?

ANNALISA
Yes. And that's why I loved you. You brought lightness.

MAURO

Listen, Anna, I don't think I'm the right person. My life is messy and busy. I feel incapable of

managing my own existence. Let alone that of a teenager.

ANNALISA
Well, maybe you can help each other.

MAURO
Then, excuse me, how would I recognize her?

MAURO (CONT'D)
A DNA test would be enough to prove that I'm not his father.

ANNALISA
You don't have to recognize her. I've already thought of everything.

Mauro stares at her.

MAURO
You're beyond.

ANNALISA
Is that a yes?

Mauro nods.

ANNALISA (CONT'D)
Okay, silly. Now you can kiss me.

MAURO
Who says I want to kiss you?

ANNALISA
You've wanted to do it since you walked in. You love me, don't you?

Mauro approaches her.

He embraces her and kisses her gently on the lips. The two cry silently.

VICENZA 2016, INTERIOR, DAY, MAURO'S COMPANY HEADQUARTERS. 12 MAURO IS AT HIS DESK. CIGARETTE LIT. THE INTERCOM RINGS.

Mauro answers.

MAURO
Hello, Sonia.

SONIA
Dr. Facchi has arrived.

MAURO
Show him in.

Mauro gets up from his desk. He puts out his cigarette and heads toward the door. A man aged about 55-60, with slightly grey hair and black eyes enters the room. Mauro and the newcomer embrace.

Mauro pulls away and scrutinizes the man.

MAURO (CONT'D)
Damn, Michele, you're still in great shape. Look at yourself.
(MORE)

MAURO (CONT'D)
Sixty years old and you don't look it.

MICHELE FACCHI
Fifty-five, my dear. Fifty-five. And as for physical fitness, I'm not a lazy bum like you.

The two laugh heartily.

Mauro gestures to Michele Facchi to sit down on the small sofa on the left side of the office, opposite the entrance.

The two sit down.

Mauro takes a bottle from the glass coffee table and pours whiskey into two glasses and hands one to Michele.

Mauro looks at his friend questioningly.

MICHELE FACCHI (CONT'D)
Yes. I found her.

Silence.

Mauro's eyes fill with tears.

MAURO
She's alive.

Pause.

MAURO (CONT'D)
Where is she? How can I contact her?

MICHELE FACCHI
Don't rush. First, you have to explain.

Mauro stares at him and shakes his head.

MAURO
It's no use. You weren't there. You wouldn't...

MICHELE FACCHI
understand. Where are you?

Mauro takes a deep breath.

MAURO
In Kosovo.

MICHELE FACCHI
Have you been to Kosovo? During the war, you mean?

MAURO
During the war, yes and something happened there.

MICHELE FACCHI
Yes, Mauro. I guessed as much.

Michele gestures with his hand to continue.

MAURO
I was there as a volunteer doctor.

Michele bursts out laughing.

Mauro stares at his friend with a gloomy expression on his face.

Michele meets Mauro's gaze and stops laughing.

MICHELE FACCHI
Okay. Now that we've established that I'm an idiot, go on with your story.

Mauro smiles crookedly.

MAURO
One evening, a girl arrives at the field hospital.

Mauro pauses.

He takes the bottle from the table and pours himself some whiskey.

He turns the glass in his hand and closes his eyes; then he opens them again.

He speaks, looking at an undefined point in front of him.

MAURO (CONT'D)
We prepare her to operate...but we're not doing anything.

Michele frowns.

MICHELE FACCHI
You're not doing anything?

Mauro looks at his friend.

He smiles, just curling the corners of his lips.

MAURO
She was pregnant.

Pause.

Mauro runs his hands through his hair.

MICHELE FACCHI
Pregnant? What are you talking about? The woman I tracked down doesn't have any daughter.

Mauro looks away.

Pause.

MAURO
That's right; her daughter dies.

MAURO
Legally, I mean.

Michele slumps down on the sofa.

MICHELE FACCHI
Oh my God. What have you done?

Mauro stops his friend with a gesture.

MAURO
I swore to save lives. And that's what I did. You weren't there.

MICHELE FACCHI
You swore to save lives? Who the hell do you think you are? God?

MAURO
I didn't think your edicts had enough power to transgress the unwritten and unshakeable laws

of the universe. These have always existed and no one knows when they first appeared.

Michele stares at him in amazement.

MICHELE FACCHI
Antigone? Are you really quoting Antigone?

Michele Facchi stands up.

MICHELE FACCHI (CONT'D)
(CONT'D)
You're crazy, my friend. Completely crazy.

Michele Facchi pulls a note out of his jacket pocket. He looks at it. He throws it on the table.

MICHELE FACCHI (CONT'D)
As a true friend, here's some advice: don't dwell on the past. It always ends badly. Goodbye.

Michele Facchi turns and leaves. Mauro stares at the door.

He drinks his whiskey; then he picks up the note and turns

it over in his hands.

He gets up and goes to the door.

MAURO
Sonia, call the number written on this note, please. Make an appointment for tomorrow at 1 p.m.

Mauro closes the door. He goes back into the office and walks over to his desk. He sits down.

He lights a cigarette and closes his eyes.

VICENZA, MARCH 2024, THE DAY AFTER THE EVENTS OF SCENES 25

AND 27, INTERIOR, AFTERNOON. THE APARTMENT BUILDING WHERE FRANCESCA LIVES.

Cecilia is in the elevator.

She looks deep in thought.

She exits the elevator.

(Francesca's door is open). Cecilia enters.

VICENZA, MARCH 2024, INTERIOR, AFTERNOON, FRANCESCA'S APARTMENT

Cecilia closes the door behind her.

A voice from the bedroom.

FRANCESCA
I'm coming, Ceci. Just a moment.

Cecilia wrinkles her nose.

Francesca comes out of the bedroom.

She is holding a photo album.

Francesca approaches Cecilia and hugs her tightly.

Cecilia returns the hug.

CECILIA
Sorry for the short notice.

Francesca smiles.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Something happened last night. I mean, I'm not sure. But I need to figure it out.

Francesca looks at her and takes her hands.

FRANCESCA
Let's go to the living room.

Francesca opens the glass door.

The two women enter the living room.

They sit down on a sofa made of recycled fabric.

CECILIA
So, yesterday I heard Mauro and that girl talking. I mean Yannika.

Francesca smiles.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Yeah, whatever. Don't make that face now. It's not important.

Silence.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
Anyway, Mauro said he's not my father. So that means Mom cheated on him. No, sorry. That she had another relationship.

Francesca smiles sadly.

FRANCESCA
Your mother didn't have an affair.

CECILIA
How do you know?

Francesca sighs. She stares intently at Cecilia. FRANCESCA

All right. It wasn't supposed to be

like this, but it's all right.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
If you know something, please tell me.

Francesca looks at the girl. She smiles.

FRANCESCA
You're just like your mother.

Cecilia snorts.

FRANCESCA (CONT'D)
Has Annalisa ever told you about Kosovo?

CECILIA
Kosovo? No, never. What does Kosovo have to do with it?

FRANCESCA
Ceci, Mauro was a volunteer doctor during the war in Kosovo. And your mother was a nurse. They worked together.

CECILIA
Mom was a nurse? In Kosovo? With Mauro?

She shakes her head.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
So what?

Francesca opens the album and leafs through it.

Pause.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

Francesca takes a black and white photo out of the plastic sleeve and hands it to Cecilia.

The girl looks at her questioningly.

FRANCESCA
One evening, the last evening they were on duty, to be honest, they saved the life of a young Kosovar girl who had been raped. And along with her, they also saved her newborn baby girl.

Cecilia looks at her; then she looks at the photo.

A young woman holding a baby girl.

On the back: Kosovo 1999.

Cecilia shakes her head.

CECILIA
You, all you are completely stupid. I'm Mauro's daughter. I won a lawsuit.

Silence.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
I won THE LAWSUIT, didn't I?.

Francesca stares at her tenderly.

Cecilia stands up.

CECILIA (CONT'D)
No, no. I can't deal with this too. I can't. Not now.

FRANCESCA
What. What do you have to face, Ceci? The fact that your mother loved you and wanted you to have a future? A future where you can afford the things she couldn't have.

CECILIA
So Mauro knew?

FRANCESCA
Mauro choose. At that time.

Silence.

Cecilia looks at the photo.

Then she stares at Francesca.

CECILIA
And you. How long have you known?

FRANCESCA
It doesn't matter.

CECILIA
Since/when/fuck/you know.

FRANCESCA
Since forever.

CECILIA
And you didn't tell me anything? In five years, not a single fucking word, not a clue?

FRANCESCA
I promised...

Cecilia interrupts her.

CECILIA
Fuck you.

FRANCESCA
Ceci.

CECILIA
Fuck you. Fuck Mauro.
Fuck...fuck...

Cecilia heads toward the glass door. She opens it furiously.

She almost runs through the entrance hall. She opens the door. She goes out.

VICENZA, MARCH 2024,AFTERNOON INTERIOR. MAURO'S HOUSE
PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE DESERTED ENTRANCE.

Yannika comes down the stairs carrying a trolley and a suitcase; she sits on the last step.

A car engine breaks the silence.

Mauro opens the door and enters

He looks at Yannika. He looks at the luggage.

MAURO
Have you made up your mind?

Yannika nods.

MAURO (CONT'D)
Yanni...

The woman is about to speak.

Mauro raises his hand.

MAURO (CONT'D)
Yannika, excuse me. Where are you going? Stay here. The house is big.

MAURO (CONT'D)
I'm almost always out. You won't even risk running into me.

Yannika shakes her head angrily.

YANNIKA
No. I need to be calm. And to think. And this place, this house, doesn't let me be calm. Above all, YOU don't let me think.

Mauro spreads his arms.

MAURO
All right. I won't argue. I'm here for anything.

Yannika looks at him with pure hatred.

YANNIKA
Like in Kosovo.

Mauro bows his head.

Yannika stands up; she takes her suitcases and walks

past him; she turns her head once more toward Mauro.

Mauro does not turn around, his shoulders are hunched, his head bowed.

Yannika leaves, slamming the door behind her.

Mauro closes his eyes.

He begins to wander aimlessly around the house. The rooms are empty.

He returns to the living room.

He stares into space in front of him.