ZANNI FAMILY LODGE

Two young people, lying in bed, gaze intensely into each other's eyes.

YOUNG WOMAN
Why?

YOUNG MAN
Because I have to. You saw the photos in the newspapers.

The young woman nods, then gets up, walks over to the woodburning stove, takes a small pot and pulls the steel

container out of the refrigerator.

The young woman pours the milk and puts it on the stove.

The young man gets up, wraps his arms around the woman from behind, and kisses her on the shoulder.

The young woman turns around and intertwines her hands with the man's.

ELENA ZANNI
Forever?

PROFESSOR
Forever, Elena.

The woman's eyes stare into space and fill with tears.

The sound of milk boiling can be heard.

Darkness.

2 APRIL 1976, UDINE, HOME OF FEDERICA ATTANASI'S PARENTS, ENTRANCE

Darkness.

A woman's voice.

Silence.

LUCILLA BOLLI
What are you doing here?

A voice

LUCILLA BOLLI (CONT'D)
No, we can't talk now.

The woman's voice breaks.

LUCILLA BOLLI (CONT'D)
No, please, no. The child is here.

A soft light illuminates the silhouette of a man whose shadow looms over the woman raising her hands. A little girl cries behind a glass door. The sound of crockery shattering on the floor.

06.05.1976, 9:00 P.M., MOGGIO UDINE, HOME OF GISELLA VUERICH AND GIACOMO ZANNI, INTERIOR, EVENING, LIVING ROOM.

The floor begins to shake violently.

Andrea Feruglio and Barbara Turatto scream; Gisella instinctively throws herself on top of the children.

A piece of plaster falls from the ceiling and hits Gisella Vuerich on the back.

Gisella remains motionless on the bodies of Andrea Feruglio and Barbara Turatto.

Darkness for 59 seconds.

06.05.1976, MOGGIO UDINESE, INTERIOR, EVENING, RUINS OF GISELLA AND GIACOMO'S HOUSE

Matteo Zanni, six years old, stares in amazement at a woman's hand appearing from under the rubble.

Matteo Zanni approaches, loses his balance, falls, and finds himself with his face next to the woman's hand.

Matteo Zanni sees the letter G on the ring the woman is

wearing on her finger.

Matteo Zanni starts to run.

06.05.1976, 9:15 p.m., MOGGIO UDINESE, EXTERIOR EVENING, WOODS

Matteo Zanni runs through the woods.

Matteo Zanni breathes heavily, stops, coughs, looks around, and starts running again.

Matteo reaches a tall tree with very thick foliage.

06.05.1976, 9:17 p.m., MOGGIO UDINESE, EXTERIOR, EVENING, WOODS

Matteo Zanni is sitting under the tree, pulls his knees up

to his chin, and begins to rock back and forth.

MATTEO ZANNI
Lullaby, all the children are going to sleep.

Matteo Zanni closes his eyes.

07.02.2025, ROME, TRIESTE DISTRICT, EXTERIOR DAY, VIA DELLE ISOLE, 10, GARDEN

Matteo Zanni stands motionless in front of Federica Attanasi, looking away.

Federica Attanasi drops her arms to her sides, raises her head, turns around, and walks gracefully toward the entrance to the house.

Federica Attanasi meets Elena Zanni at the doorway, looks at her with hatred, and enters the house.

07.02.2025, ROME, TRIESTE DISTRICT, EXTERIOR, DAY, VIA DELLE ISOLE, GARDEN.

Matteo Zanni and Elena Zanni exchange glances.

Matteo Zanni gives his cousin a pained look from a distance.

FLASHBACK, MAY 10, 1976, INTERIOR, AFTERNOON, FRIULI VENEZIA GIULIA REGION, UDINE, CIVIL HOSPITAL, PEDIATRIC WARD, LONGTERM CARE.

Elena Zanni, then eighteen years old, with purple-colored hair and a T-shirt with the words "All I want is to destroy" written on it, gets out of the elevator; after glancing around a couple of times, she heads towards the pediatric ward.

Elena Zanni - as she walks the short distance to the eception desk - observes the faces of the people waiting in the corridors.

Men and women with tears in their eyes, with expressions of suffering or even despair, give Elena Zanni looks of explicit disapproval as she passes by.

Elena Zanni has reached the desk.

The same nurse as before has her head bent over some papers.

Elena Zanni watches her for a few moments.

ELENA ZANNI
I'm Elena Zanni.

NURSE
Uh, uh.

ELENA ZANNI
Matteo's cousin. Matteo Zanni.

The nurse slowly raises her head and looks Elena Zanni up and down.

NURSE
Delegate, please.

Elena Zanni opens her purse and pulls out a crumpled piece of paper, which she hands to the nurse.

The nurse quickly scans the paper, then comes out from behind the counter, walks past Elena and heads towards the head nurse's office, knocks and enters.

Elena Zanni leans against the counter, slowly wringing her hands and tapping her foot rhythmically on the floor.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Miss.

Elena Zanni rolls her eyes.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Miss, you can come in. The head nurse will see you.

Elena Zanni walks down the same corridor she entered earlier, her head bowed. The nurse motions for her to enter the head nurse's office and then closes the door.

Andrea Feruglio approaches the reception desk and stares at the nurse, who ignores him for a few moments.

FLASHBACK, 10.05.1976, INTERIOR, AFTERNOON, FRIULI 20 VENEZIA GIULIA REGION, UDINE, CIVIL HOSPITAL, PEDIATRIC WARD, LONGTERM CARE

ELENA ZANNI

Good morning. I am...

HEAD NURSE
I know who you are and what you've come here to do.

Silence.

Elena Zanni and the head nurse exchange glances.

The head nurse is the first to look away.

ELENA ZANNI
How is Matteo?

The head nurse gives Elena Zanni a surprised look, then gets up, goes to the metal filing cabinet, and takes out the file marked Matteo Zanni.

After sitting back down at her desk, the head nurse hands the file to Elena Zanni, who leafs through a few pages.

Elena Zanni stops, closes the file, and stares at the head nurse.

Pause.

HEAD NURSE
Matteo is physically fine. He has no injuries except for a few minor abrasions.

Silence.

HEAD NURSE (CONT'D)
The problem is his head. He remains silent, avoiding all attempts by our doctors to talk about what happened.

ELENA ZANNI
What do you mean by avoiding?

The head nurse looks away, staring at a spot on the floor, then turns her attention back to Elena Zanni.

The head nurse stands up, takes the file, puts it back in the filing cabinet, and then—passing behind the chair where Elena Zanni is sitting—heads for the door.

HEAD NURSE
Follow me.

FLASHBACK, 10.05.1976, INTERIOR, AFTERNOON, FRIULI VENEZIA

GIULIA REGION, UDINE, CIVIL HOSPITAL, PEDIATRIC WARD, LONGTERM CARE.

The head nurse and Elena Zanni arrive at the door of a room.

The head nurse opens it, motions to Elena Zanni to enter, and then closes the door behind her.

FLASHBACK, 10.05.1976, INTERIOR, AFTERNOON, UDINE, CIVIL HOSPITAL, PEDIATRIC WARD, LONG-TERM CARE

Elena Zanni enters the deserted room; she takes a box of Bombon Fabbri black cherry chocolates out of her bag and places it on the small table at the end of the room, which separates the two beds on the left from the two on the right. Elena Zanni looks out of the window, then sits down.

Matteo Zanni—hidden under the first bed on the left as you enter—stares at Elena Zanni's feet for a few moments; then he crawls out from where he is and moves forward, using his elbows, toward the chair.

Elena Zanni looks at him, smiles, and reaches out her hand. Matteo Zanni screams and crawls back under the bed.

MATTEO ZANNI
All the children go to sleep...

ELENA ZANNI
Except Matteo.

Silence.

Matteo Zanni gets out of bed again but remains standing in front of Elena Zanni, crossing his legs.

Elena Zanni shrugs her shoulders and keeps her hand outstretched.

Matteo Zanni moves forward, this time on all fours, reaches Elena and smiles at her.

ELENA ZANNI (CONT'D)
Are you afraid?

Matteo Zanni nods. Elena Zanni kneels down so that her face is level with Matteo Zanni's.

Matteo Zanni caresses Elena Zanni's cheek, then bursts into tears.

ELENA ZANNI (CONT'D)
You just have to let time take its course.

FEBRUARY 8, 2025, INTERIOR, EVENING, ROME, TRASTEVERE, MATTEO ZANNI AND FEDERICA ATTANASI'S PENTHOUSE

Matteo Zanni nods, opens his mouth, but his cell phone rings.

Matteo Zanni looks at the name on the phone screen: "Andrea" and rejects the call.

Federica Attanasi watches Matteo Zanni motionless from the kitchen door.

Matteo Zanni writes a WhatsApp message: "I can't right now."

The reply beeps immediately: "Urgent. Someone else had the same idea as me. We have to start right away."

Matteo reads the message, a look of astonishment on his face.

Federica Attanasi holds back her anger: her jaw clenched, her eyes alert, with rapid, uncontrolled movements.

FEDERICA ATTANASI
Problems?

and enters the kitchen.

Matteo Zanni looks at the message on his cell phone, then at Federica Attanasi; he crumples up the piece of paper he is holding and places it on the kitchen counter.

MATTEO ZANNI
Sit down, Fede. We need to talk.

08.02.2025, INTERIOR, EVENING, ROME, TRASTEVERE, MATTEO ZANNI AND FEDERICA ATTANASI'S PENTHOUSE, KITCHEN

Matteo leans his shoulders against the kitchen window while Federica Attanasi stands on the right side of the peninsula. Silence.

FEDERICA ATTANASI
When do you start shooting?

Silence.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
When the hell are you going to start filming?

Matteo Zanni looks away and stares intently at the kitchen floor.

MATTEO ZANNI
Three days until the site inspections begin.

FEDERICA ATTANASI
Three days.

Federica Attanasi stares intently at Matteo Zanni, nods, then approaches him.

MATTEO ZANNI
I can explain. If we postpone, we risk someone stealing Andrea's idea.

Federica Attanasi approaches Matteo Zanni and gives him an open, innocent smile.

FEDERICA ATTANASI
Would that be so terrible?

Silence. Federica Attanasi's eyes narrow as she bites her lip.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
Okay. That would be terrible. Can you explain why?

Matteo Zanni smiles but doesn't answer.

Federica Attanasi shakes her head.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
I shared your successes and your failures; I waited for you to resolve what you said were your "inner problems." I never even asked you to marry me.

MATTEO ZANNI

Actually...

FEDERICA ATTANASI
Pause. Never. We talked about it, yes, but I never demanded anything from you. Federica Attanasi walks toward Matteo Zanni and stares at him with an expression of disgust.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
Then suddenly you decide that it's okay, we'll get married, and that you want a child. You? You want a child? What about me?

MATTEO ZANNI
Fede...

FEDERICA ATTANASI
Silence. You're a psychopath on the loose, an egocentric who tramples on other people's feelings with carelessness and insensitivity.

Pause.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
I'm tired, Matteo.

Matteo Zanni takes a step toward Federica Attanasi, who recoils.

MATTEO ZANNI
Try to understand.

Federica Attanasi shakes her head and heads toward the kitchen door, then turns around.

FEDERICA ATTANASI
It was Elena, wasn't it?

Matteo Zanni gives Federica Attanasi a puzzled look.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
To convince yourself that you need this bullshit. Stop it. The truth hurts.

Matteo Zanni shakes his head.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
Well, tell your "little cousin" that she can have you all to herself... you can go back to living your childhood idyll.

MATTEO ZANNI
Don't be sleazy.

FEDERICA ATTANASI
Well... that's how it is... holding hands, caressing each other's foreheads...

MATTEO ZANNI
That episode again?

Federica Attanasi approaches Matteo Zanni again, pointing a finger at his chest.

FEDERICA ATTANASI
That episode... yes, that episode. You coming into our house, heading for your bedroom, not talking to me. You're not talking to me!

Federica Attanasi slaps Matteo Zanni.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
Fuck, I don't even know what... are you talking about now...?

Matteo Zanni rubs his cheek, stares Federica in the eyes, and heads for the sink.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
And anyway, I only wanted this baby because you wanted it.

Matteo Zanni opens his mouth, then closes it again, resting both hands on the sink.

Federica Attanasio looks at Matteo Zanni, then shakes her head, walks behind Matteo Zanni and leaves the kitchen.

FEBRUARY 8, 2025, INTERIOR, EVENING, ROME, TRASTEVERE, MATTEO ZANNI AND FEDERICA ATTANASI'S PENTHOUSE, ENTRANCE

The front door slams shut.

FEBRUARY 10, 2025, ROME, TRASTEVERE, MATTEO ZANNI AND FEDERICA ATTANASI, INTERIOR, LATE AFTERNOON.

Federica Attanasi opens the built-in wardrobe in the bedroom, looks at the clothes hanging inside and begins to take them off the hangers one by one, then folds them carefully and puts them in her backpack.

Another ring from her cell phone.

LUCILLA BOLLI
Honey, I'm going to the premiere after all. I left the keys in the usual place.

Federica Attanasi shakes her head and finishes filling her backpack; once closed, she heads for the front door.

Federica Attanasi glances quickly at the kitchen and takes a few more steps, then turns back and leans against the kitchen door.

She carefully observes a crumpled piece of paper on the kitchen island.

Federica Attanasi puts her handbag and backpack down at the kitchen door, goes in, and with a decisive gesture opens the fridge, takes out a bottle of Chardonnay, uncorks it, and pours herself a glass; she half-closes her eyes as she savors the taste of the wine.

Federica Attanasi takes the sheet of paper, unfolds it, and rereads what is written on it several times, breathing faster and faster: "MATTEO ZANNI" "DILATED MYOCARDITIS" "STAGE IV" "PATIENT REFUSES CARDIAC DEFIBRILLATOR IMPLANT."

Federica Attanasi puts the paper away, wraps her arms around herself, and tries to get her breathing back to normal.

Federica Attanasi types "dilated cardiomyopathy-stage IV" into her smartphone and receives this response from the AI: "Advanced dilated cardiomyopathy (often called dilated cardiomyopathy with heart failure) has a poor prognosis, involving progressive deterioration of heart function and a high risk of death, both from heart failure and malignant arrhythmias."

Federica Attanasi places both hands on the kitchen counter, then picks up her smartphone and dials a number.

ELENA ZANNI
Hello.

Silence.

FEDERICA ATTANASI
How long have you known?

Silence.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
How long have you known that Matteo's condition has worsened?

Pause.

FEDERICA ATTANASI (CONT'D)
Please, can you answer me?

Federica Attanasi bursts into tears.

ELENA ZANNI
For two days.

FEDERICA ATTANASI
And did you know she refused to have a defibrillator implanted?

Pause.

ELENA ZANNI
Yes .

FEDERICA ATTANASI
Why did he stay silent? Why didn't he speak? He always talks; he talks to everyone; why did he avoid talking to me?

ELENA ZANNI
For the child.

Pause.

FEDERICA ATTANASI For...for the child?

ELENA ZANNI (CONT'D)
Yes.

Federica Attanasi wipes her tears with one hand.

FEDERICA ATTANASI
I understand. Now it's all clear.

Click.