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La kryptonite nella borsa

By Ivan Cotroneo

KRYPTONITE !

Peppino, don't make me drag you.

Come on !

Do me a favour...

Come on.

Halt, passers-by!

Rosaria, you're not allowed through !

Gennaro, not today,

I still have to cook.

I feel it... I feel the vibes...

You've got kryptonite in your bag !

I swear on your father's soul,

I don't have any...

- Damn the torpedoes !

- Mum, give him your bag.

Fine, here...

This is the story of a superhero,

of a family,

and of a little boy with glasses.

The little boy,

Giuseppe Sansone, AKA Peppino,

was bom in Naples

on February 20, 1964.

Peppino's arrival immediately

caused a stir in the family.

His aunt and uncles

soon began to worry about him.

Sweet Jesus, he's so ugly...

Titina, he's not that ugly,

he's just particular looking.

Maybe he's really intelligent...

Maybe...

Uncle Federico, although busy

studying for high school,

devised ways to keep

his newborn nephew at bay.

That son of ours is so smart.

Indeed, Federico is so brainy.

Aunt Titina and Uncle Salvatore

also concocted various techniques

to keep him quiet

and make him sleep.

Enough Salvatore,

we don't want to kill him.

Peppino, a ball!
His father soon tried
to rouse his love for sports...
but to no avail.
His paternal grandparents
raised him with their own methods.
Mum, what did you do ?
But the most crucial moment was the
discovery that Peppino was myopic.
Antonio and Rosaria had never seen
children with glasses.
Antonio Sansone, Peppino's father,
worked at the Singer shop
in Portici, near Naples.
Antonio gave rides
to other neighbourhood shopkeepers.
The Failed Boxer, Tonino,
Gigino, the Tripe Seller,
and Valeria,
the Tobacconist's Daughter.
For Peppino, sewing machines
exuded an inexplicable appeal,
much like his mother's
work instruments.
Rosaria Sansone
had an accounting degree
and worked as a typist
for 70,000 lira a month.
While her co-worker Assunta
didn't receive a thing
since her salary was collected
directly by her family.
Assunta had two dreams:
to find a boyfriend,
and buy a tube of tasty
Kraft mayonnaise.
Assunta, take this home,
it's a savoury ricotta pie.
-I made it last night.
- Take it home ?
Then they'll eat it!
Spit it out!
Last but not least, cousin Gennaro,
who thought he was Superman.

Gennaro feared nothing,
except an evil mineral.
My mistake,
you're not transporting
the lethal green kryptonite.
Sure ? Don't you want to X-ray me ?
Till our next adventure !
Say hi to Batman for me
when you see him !
This is the story of a little boy
with glasses,
of a family, and of a superhero.
But it's not a story about childhood,
it's a story about love.
When I grow up
will I be like Superman ?
Hope not.
"Distinguished sirs"...

That fast ?
- What's that ?
- "Best regards".

This is "Peppino"..
this is "mother".
Gabelsberger shorthand.
I was fast as lightning,
I could've won the national
shorthand championship.
- Why didn't you do it ?
- Who would've taken care of you ?
Who would've looked after you
and bathed you ?
Time to get out or your fingers
will shrivel up like a chicken's.
Won't your fingers shrivel up ?
Peppino, let's play a game...
go stand near the window out there,
try to spot another car
that's the same exact colour as ours.
- That's really hard !
- That's why this game is fun !
- If you win, you get 500 lira.
- Dry off first.
How dare you !
Missed shot by player 11,

Ferradini...

Peppino, ask dad and grandpa
if they want coffee.

Go on.

- Grandma wants to know...

- Shh ! The match is on !

Peppino!

-Dad...

- The match !

Give us this day our daily bread,
forgive us our trespasses, as we
forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil, amen.

And remember each of you
has three mothers.

The first mum:

the cooking and cleaning at home.

The second:

our beloved Virgin Mary.

And the third...

is me, your teacher
that the good Lord gave you.

That said,

place your hands on your desks
and let's begin parsing sentences...

"A man went to the market."

- "A" ?

- Indefinite article!

Good, Peppino.

"Man" ?

Common noun.

'Went" ?

From the verb "to go",
past tense,

third person singular

'To" ?

Imposimato, give it a try...

Definite article ?

Imposimato, you're making me crazy !

Give it another try... "To" ?

Adjective ?

An adjective ? "To" ?
How could that be an adjective ?
Come on, think it through.
To"...
Pre...
Prep...
Quiet!
- Preposition.
- What kind of preposition ?
Don't cry,
I had to tell you the answer!
"Market" ?
- What about me ?
- Be the goal.
- The goalie ?
- No, the goalpost.
No goal, it hit the post!
Peppino...
something happened,
something horrible happened.
Gennaro, your cousin,
Superman, is gone...
he was run over by the 111 bus...
He died, Peppino.
But Superman can't just die.
No?
He never dies...
unless the bus
was full of kryptonite...
that evil mineral!
Lex Luthor put it there !
Well, maybe he really did
put it there.
How about
we go to the fair on Sunday ?
And maybe one of these days
we'll go to Procida.
It's a wonderful island.
Well take the ferry.
Me, you, and daddy.
Yes!
Don't run, you'll get hurt.
ROSARIA BEWARE,
ANTONIO'S "CHEETING" ON YOU

Come to daddy...

Rosaria, it's late, I have to go.

See you later.

Bye.

Why didn't you invite him,
we could've finally met him.

At a funeral ?

Plus, I'm not dating Raffaele anymore,
I don't talk to him.

Already over ?

You were only together for 2 months.

Only ? For me 2 months
is already too much !

He's your fifth boyfriend this year!

I'm free to choose,
and to choose I have to try.

I only had one boyfriend,
and it worked out fine for me.

You're restless, always dating
then dumping one after another.

Times have changed,
things have changed,
even relationships

between men and women.

We're all free to follow our own path.

Can you explain how this path of yours
is any different

from the path of a whore ?

- Peppino ?

- He's sad.

He always seems sad.

I bought him a gift.

Antonio, the gift is moving.

Peppino, this is what life is like:

you lost Gennaro today...

but life goes on,

it's reborn, it never stops...

Understand ?

- Life is stronger than death.

- Thanks dad !

- Understand ?

-Yes.

- Say it for daddy.

- Life is stronger than death.

Good boy!

You have three new friends

as of today:

this is First,

this is Second,

and this one's called Third.

Dad, are they all right ?

Maybe you should've put

holes in the box...

Hurry, go get some

Micorex from mum.

You're the symbol of rebirth,

don't make me look like a jerk !

Come on !

Hurry, Peppino !

Hello ?

Who is it ?

- Mum's not here ?

- Of course she is.

Rosaria ?

Rosaria, what happened ?

Nothing. I don't feel right.

I have a bad headache.

Come eat with us.

Antonio, leave me be.

I want to be alone.

Want me to bring you something ?

I need to rest.

Take care of Peppino.

Is there any salad ?

No, tomorrow...

Bread ?

I don't think we have any.

Check the bread box.

Carmela, your daughter?

It's now 5 days

and she's still not well.

- What's wrong with Rosaria ?

- She has a bad headache.

We thought it was due to

the change of seasons, but no...

5 days is a lot,

there must be a reason.

Last year, my daughter Patrizia
got her hair highlighted,
then she was bedridden for a week.
She said it was due
to the radiation in the heat lamp.
No hairdresser's involved here,
Rosaria's not well.
Put potato slices on her forehead.
Peppino, you're here too...
Mum's ill, she has a bad headache.
I heard, I'm sorry.
She'll be fine in 2-3 days,
and things will go back to normal.
Hope so.
Well, 2-3 days is quite a long time...
Peppino,
did you finish your homework ?
I have one math problem left:
if I have 1,000 lira and lend 300...
You don't have 1,000 lira, do you ?
No, it's just a math problem...
Okay, but would you
like to get 1,000 lira?
Sure.
Then go outside
and if you spot a car
the same colour as ours,
you'll win 1,000 lira !
What a sorry sight...
Put on some make-up,
you're as pale as a ghost.
I'm sure they've seen worse
at the hospital.
Hospital ?
Don't worry, it's just for some tests.
So we can find out what's wrong.
Finish eating
and I'll take you to school.
Be good.
When are we going home ?
Assunta...
- I'm cold, let's go home !
- Don't start...
- I need to find a boyfriend.

- You have to find one here ?
Where else, in the city streets ?
If he sees my clothes,
he'll realise I'm dirt poor.
At least here in a bathing suit,
rich and poor look alike.
Got it ?
Turn around...
Turn around...
Turn around...
Turn around...
- Is that Procida ?
- No, you can't see it from here.
Stop talking now.
Keep to yourself, I'll keep to myself.
Move along...
A fisherman, that's all I need.
Not bad after all...
Let's see...
Will Franco Bebi ask me out ?
Yes!
See ? I knew it!
Your turn, what do you want to know ?
Dunno...
Then I'll ask for you.
Will Peppino become a hunk
that all the girls fall for ?
Yes!
I have a feeling
this system can't be accurate.
Rosaria, you can tell me what's wrong.
I have a headache.
That's all ?
If it were something else,
would you tell me ?
Of course I would,
then you could take care of it.
Maybe all these books are bad for you.
You read too much.
Salvatore, let me get some sleep...
Get going.
My point, I win !
Oh what fun...
No luck, she won't talk,

she won't see anyone.

All right, let's go.

A man with make-up, how odd !

Peppino, odd is cool,
it's fashionable.

Bye.

Bye.

- Gennaro, so you're not dead !

- Who said such nonsense ?

Mum, dad, everyone...

I even saw your funeral notices.

People talk just to talk,
ignore them !

- You got run over by a bus.

- Peppino, think about it...

Do you think a simple city bus
could possibly kill me ?

I came to see you because you know
I'm not a mere mortal.

You believe in my superpowers !

- So you really are Superman ?

- Yes, I am Superman.

A Neapolitan Superman.

Do you mind if I smoke ?

I learned how to make smoke rings,
I don't feel like it now...

You've changed, you never smoked
before, and your hair's different.

Because I'm free now,
more like the me I want to be.

What does that mean ?

Never mind. I'm here to protect you.

When you need me,
call and I'll rush over.

Unless I have a serious duty,
like a robbery in Pignasecca,
or if Lex Luthor, the evil genius,
threatens Posillipo.

What'll we do now ?

Nothing, what do you think ?

It's late, go to sleep.

- Sleep, I'll keep watch over you.

- Really ?

Really.

- Are you sure ?

- I'm sure.

- You're really sure ?

- Peppino, sleep!

Everything looks fine, even the liver.

I just don't feel right.

He said there's nothing wrong.

No, I said physically

there's no cause

for your daughter's headache.

Rosaria needs to rest

and should start talking to someone.

Talk ? She talks all the time,

she's a real talker.

She's just a little bit glum now,

but she talks all the time, non-stop,

with me, her sister, her brothers,

her husband...

Did you like the rice casserole ?

Delicious, the first hot meal

I've had in days,

been living off mozzarella,

soon I'll turn into one.

I'm sure this mess

will get sorted out...

Rosaria doesn't seem

to care about anything anymore.

She's sick...

Even if she's sick,

a woman must tend to her things.

Or else it's her own fault

if her man cheats on her... right ?

-I don't want to think about it.

- Then don't think.

It's not me I'm worried about,

but Peppino.

I need to find a distraction

for that boy.

- Shouldn't they eat chicken feed ?

- Nonsense !

He likes grandma's onion omelette.

Second is devouring it!

Good boy, Second !

You like the omelette, huh ?

Peppino, quick !
Get the Micorex!
Quick!
I said quick!
In any case, life goes on,
understand ?
Peppino, understand ?
It's a tricky situation.
Peppino's a problem child,
he has lots of issues.
Now that Rosaria needs to rest,
he needs supervision...
we have to find a solution.
Right.
So who's going to take this child ?
His dad works,
his mum's in bed all day...
those other grandparents...
They're southerners,
they use chairs and ropes !
- We don't like that.
- Wise words, indeed.
Assunta said
she can watch him on Thursday.
He can come to my house too,
but he can't just stay here.
It's like he's in prison !
I'd like to help,
but with my illegal cigarette stand,
the transporters, the police,
Patrizia...
I'm far too busy.
I have an idea.
Peppino needs a distraction.
Homework aside,
he has the right to have some fun.
The boy is so eloquent!
I ain't watching him
because I do studying.
But Titina and Salvatore
have nothing to do
and are always penniless.
If you give them a little something,
they'd gladly watch him.

My son is so brainy !

I said to Elio:

"Thanks for the music, dance with us."

He said:

I'm not much of a dancer."

Not much of a dancer indeed,
he hobbles !

- You're from the Greek capital ?
- Not from Athens but I'm Greek.
- All of us are Greek.
- How come you're here ?

To study, kind of...

Sorry, didn't mean to wake you.

Pity about these glasses...

you'd be cute without them.

Thanks a lot.

You know I love you, right ?

Yes, I know.

I love you too.

You're a strong boy.

You'll pull through in any case.

Why "in any case" ?

No reason.

Go to sleep, it's late.

Sleep, my darling.

Mrs. Sansone ?

So...

Rosaria Sansone, age 38,
married, with a 9-year-old son.

Correct ?

Peppino. Almost 10.

Should I sit here or on the sofa ?

Whatever you prefer.

You can sit there if you'd like.

I like the chair better.

You're probably wondering about me.

My name is Enrico.

I'm 42 and I was born in Naples.

But I studied outside of Naples.

I have a degree in medicine
and a specialisation in psychiatry.

I'm married but without children.

My wife and I recently
moved back to Naples, to Vomero.
We live in my mother's home,
she died recently.
I'm sorry.
I hope to one day
open my own clinic.
I wanted to tell you a little about me
before you felt obliged to talk.
Next time you can talk
about anything you want...
it only seems fair since
I've told you so much about me.
- Why, are we done ?
-No.
But I don't want you to feel
obliged to speak, for today.
We can stop now
if you don't feel like talking.
Talking about what ?
Anything...
even the weather
It's nice out today.
Indeed, it's lovely.
It would be a good beach day.
You like the beach ?
-Yes.
- Do you go often ?
I wish, I just don't have the time.
When I was 15,
I went to Procida for a week.
My parents sent me to visit
some distant cousins.
How was it ?
I had a great time.
I swam all day.
At night we cooked fish...
on a rock,
like the fishermen had taught us.
I have a photo from that holiday...
I'm at Ciraccio beach,
wearing a one-piece bathing suit
and a cone-shaped hat,
goodness knows where I got it!

And I'm looking into the camera
with an expression as if saying:
if I can actually wear this darn hat,
who knows how far I'll get!

But instead...

Instead ?

Nothing.

- Where are we going ?

- To a very secret place.

Foxy, do you have a light ?

- Uncle Salvatore's not coming ?

- No, only women are allowed.

- What about me ?

- You don't count, you're a child.

- Are you Carmela ?

-No.

- You have a sister named Carmela ?

-No.

Let's go, Peppino.

Nobody in your family
is named Carmela ?

- An aunt.

-I was right!

Women endure dual oppression.

They're oppressed by capital,
and furthermore, they...

meaning us...

are oppressed by domestic slavery,
suffocated by petty,
humiliating, tiresome,
degrading tasks.

The patriarchal family
imposes maternity as our duty...

Hop up.

Stay here, be quiet,

don't let anyone see you, promise ?

Can't I stay with Uncle Salvatore ?

No, he's busy.

Play the silence game, okay ?

Let's break the vicious circle
that restricts our freedom.

Let us become the masters
of our own days !

In order to rebel against tradition,

women burn their bras,
which are symbols
of a culture that limits us
and constrains us.
Perhaps you don't want to burn yours,
because it's new
so that would be wasteful,
then at least choose not to wear them,
put them in a trunk,
do what you want with them,
but don't wear them anymore !
Have you seen Gianni ?
Sorry, he's my nephew.
Here, I got you some snacks.
I don't have money to buy you juice.
- But what's our deal ?
- I won't say a word to anyone.
It wasn't anything bad, okay ?
There's nothing wrong with it.
Those girls were naked
and were kissing I
One was looking
at herself with a mirror.
One had hair in between her legs
and chased me!
Shh ! Don't announce it
to all of Naples, for goodness sake !
Pretend you didn't see a thing
or we'll never take you out again.
Well ? How did it go ?
She kept yapping and yapping,
I had to give her some self knowledge.
Teacher, I need to use the bathroom.
Imposimato, go hit the books,
study your prepositions.
Penalty!
Hold on !
Gennaro, how'd you get into
my school's bathrooms ?
Superpowers. I came because
of what Fulvio Cacace did.
He broke my glasses, on purpose !
I know, Fulvio Cacace
is an evil person.

Make him fall down the stairs
so he gets hurt
and learns a lesson.
I can't interfere
in such a trite human matter.
- Then why did you come ?
- I came to bring you...
..something more important
than a petty vendetta !
I came to say that you're right,
you do the right things.
- Isn't that enough ?
- Sure, it's enough.
Good, then this mission
is accomplished too.
Well, aren't you
going to say anything ?
Notice anything different ?
Not really.
Kid, you're too focused on yourself.
That's bad. Look!
I painted my nails.
Classy, isn't it ?
- I'm off, I have to meet Thor.
- The Mighty Thor ?
Yes. "Let's meet up, Gennaro !"
And then he just talks about his
magic hammer, he's obsessed.
Wait, Gennaro!
- Did he give you pills or drops ?
- Nothing.
So what exactly do you do
with this Matarrese ?
- We talk.
- That's it ?
Talk to me instead of going
all the way to Piazza Municipio !
I knew it!
These darn chicks are in the way.
- What's wrong, are you tense ?
- No, and if I were...
..I could go chitchat
with the doctor too.
Is Peppino with Assunta ?

It's cold, can't we go back home ?
Shut up ! Can't you see
that guy is looking at me ?
- Hello sir!
- Are you nuts ?
You scared him off.
Good morning.
Morning.
Is this your son ?
God no, no such thing !
He's my friend's son.
I look after him now and then,
as a favour to her...
as a good deed.
Peppino, go buy yourself an ice cream.
With what money ?
You said you're dirt poor.
- But it's raining.
- Go, build up some antibodies.
- I'm Arturo.
- "The boy from the bureau"!
Sorry, it's from a commercial...
- I've seen you here before.
- Really ?
Do you live around here too ?
No, I'm from the other side of town.
Why do you ask ?
Because I was hoping
we could meet again.
We can meet here again, right ?
Now I have a reason to see you again.
Peppino, have you noticed
that First and Third stink ?
No.
They stink...
Here we go, now let's get busy...
Dad, I think Third's scared.
That's normal, when you were a baby...
you'd go crazy
when we tried to bathe you !
I'd plunge your head under, you'd cry,
but then you liked it...
- Remember ?
-Yes.

One, two, three!
Put the other one in too.
Dad, do baby chicks know how to swim ?
Peppino, that's life.
Now you're in charge
of caring for the lone survivor,
understand ?
Yes.
Mum...
I'm off.
Aunt Titina is waiting for me outside.
- Can I come with you ?
- Sure...
but fix yourself up,
you can't go out like that.
No, I was just kidding.
Go on, Peppino.
Have fun.
You should've been in second gear.
I was, but the instructor said
I'd burn out the engine.
"Miss, are you going to change
gears or not ?"
These dirty old men
will use any excuse to touch a lady !
You should report that sleaze !
No Pasquale,
I'm not in the mood for that.
LSD is the last thing we need
after a heavy meal.
What's the name
of this driving school ?
We mustn't be ashamed of our bodies.
Have you seen Gianni ?
- Have you seen Gianni ?
-No!
Peppino!
Salvatore, have you seen Peppino ?
Who?
Have you seen my nephew ?
St. Anthony...
I swear I'll pick one man
and settle down for good...
- Please help me find Peppino !

- What happened ?
My nephew's disappeared.
That boy's full of issues already...
Relax, we'll find him.
If you don't get lost,
you'll never be found.
My name's Elio Brandi.
Titina Nardone.
Follow me.
Breathe!
He's dead...
Your aunt never changes!
She seemed so worried...
Now what'll happen ?
Will I die ?
I don't think so,
but I'm no acid expert.
- Are you seeing weird things ?
- Like what ?
Other superheroes ?
Hulk, Captain America, Wonder Woman ?
- No, just you.
- Then you're fine.
Gennaro, can you help my mum ?
She's not well.
No, I don't have
those kinds of powers. Sorry.
Do you have any super-friends
who can help her ?
I'll ask around
but it's not that easy.
Superheroes...
tend to look out for themselves.
Come on, you have to go now.
Bye, see you.
Auntie!
Wait, Peppino's here.
I feel better, I want to go home.
I can tell, you look much better now.
You gave us a real scare...
Vomiting is good for the body,
it's regenerative.
I read that somewhere.
Peppino, let's go.

Come !

Can you imagine mum and dad's face ?

I sure can... then what'll happen ?

They'll realise that we're special

and say:

"What are you doing in Naples ?

Here's a one-way ticket for London.

Go there and strike it rich."

Right, as if it's that easy !

We'll blow them away,

like we blow people away here.

They'll say:

You're so special!"

We need to come up with a story,

the truth won't do.

We have to act all mysterious...

What story ?

Dunno yet, a story...

You want all the answers tonight ?

- You had too much acid.

- You don't believe it ?

If you don't believe it,

it won't happen.

And we'll get stuck here

for the rest of our lives.

You have to believe in it.

All right, I believe it.

My husband's cheating on me.

With the tobacconist's daughter,

her name's Valeria.

She's not even that pretty,

if you ask me.

- Is that a problem ?

- What kind of question is that ?

- A legitimate question.

-No!

Of course it's a problem.

I thought you'd consider it a problem

too, but you don't seem to care.

Why didn't you mention it before ?

Why didn't you talk to your husband ?

Why the questions ? Can't you

just say you feel bad for me...
that he's a coward,
a louse, and a bastard ?
If it'll make you feel better,
I'll say it.
- But that's not our focus.
- It's not ?
Then what is our focus ?
You're my focus.
I need to understand...
what you felt...
what happened when you found out
he was cheating on you.
I felt ashamed...
I felt ashamed for myself
and for him.
I still feel ashamed
every time I see him.
Does he expect me to make a scene ?
And splurt it all out ?
So my parents get involved
and then I take him back ?
No, I won't do that.
That's not for me,
I won't do it that way.
He can do what he wants.
I'll wash it
and bring it back next week.
You should be thinking about yourself,
not the laundry.
Right, "yourself"...
Don't use that tone with me,
I could require you to do things,
I'm your doctor, don't forget that.
Who says I'd do them ?
I think you will.
Actually, go do something
for yourself today.
Carmela, call Dr. Matarrese
and ask for a family discount.
We mustn't be ashamed of our bodies.
Where'd you hear this bullshit ?
Did it hurt ?
No, but her nails scratched me.

Peppino, want to know something
I haven't told anyone ?
The night before he died,
Gennaro Superman came over.
He came into my room.
And then he did something strange...
he got completely undressed,
he took off all his clothes
and then asked me to do the same.
He said he wanted to see
if we were the same.
I got scared and threw him out.
Dunno know what I thought he'd do...
Maybe he really wanted to see
if he was the same as me...
the same as everyone.
What should I have done,
not thrown him out ?
What do you think I should have done ?
Gennaro !
Superman !
Gennaro De Cicco!
Elio, listen...
What?
Do you love me ?
Would I have brought you here
if I didn't love you ?
Wait.
Why'd you make me come
all the way out here ?
I didn't come here myself,
aunt Titina took me.
I can't keep running after you
here, there, everywhere !
Crikey, I even have tar
stuck under my feet!
- Give me a hand.
- You need turpentine.
Turpentine, my foot! Give me that!
Gennaro ?
I have a question for you.
Ask what you will.
I have an answer for every query.
Is what Uncle Salvatore said true ?

That you went into his room
and got undressed ?

Right,

as if I have nothing better to do !

My last night on earth, I'd get
undressed in front of your uncle ?

That's nonsense !

He's so full of himself...

He said

before you got run over by the bus...

Kid, you pay too much attention
to what people say.

It's just hot air.

I'm the only one you can trust.

Do you trust me ?

- So you didn't go to his room ?

- You're a real pest!

Kid, I have better things to do,
my life is very busy.

In fact, I'd better go
before I get too worked up.

My mission is complete.

Bye, take care.

Gennaro, wait...

Come back, please.

Come on, please.

It's late.

I'll run and get Peppino.

Run...

Is this the fair ?

You'll love it

once you're on the rides.

- You're not coming, dad ?

- No, it's for kids.

- It's too high.

- Nonsense, don't be afraid.

I'll watch you from here.

Don't let him off till I get back.

Fly, Peppino, fly!

Hi, Valeria.

- You're 30 minutes late.

- I know, sorry...

It's hard for me to get away
with Peppino.

Don't say sorry, Sunday
is the Lord's day, a family day.
I'm the nuisance.
Don't do this.
I came, I'm here with you.
With your wife sick
I thought I'd see more of you...
- ..not less.
- But they need me.
Right, they need you !
- Come on!
- Don't touch me.
You had me come here
so we can argue ?
I don't understand...
I love you, but Peppino's my son,
Rosaria's my wife.
Then stay with them
and leave me alone, don't bug me.
At lunchtime why do you always
wait in the shop for me ?
Dunno, maybe because I'm a jerk.
Dad !
Dad, come back!
Peppino, one more spin ?
No !
Dad, I can't finish this.
I've got an upset stomach.
Listen, Peppino...
why don't you hug me ?
Like when you were small
and all you needed was me.
Are you sure he'll like it ?
It's sugar, Peppino.
Everyone likes sugar, it's sweet.
There he is !
Catch him, we'll feed him.
He fell.
He didn't fall...
he jumped.
It'll clear up soon.
- You think ?
-Yes.
Like hell it'll clear up !

Assunta, what's wrong ?
Summer is over...
another year is passing by...
and I'm still here,
nobody will take me away.
You can only see Arturo,
the boy from the bureau, by the sea ?
Where else ?
Should I have him come
to my fancy abode ?
Enough... the time has come.
I'm the only one who works here.
I bust my ass
and have to split it all with them.
If I'm not careful,
I'll be left with nothing.
What's that ?
- Nothing. Beat it, grandpa.
- There's a man at the door.
- For you, his name's Alfredo.
- Alfredo ?
Perhaps Arturo ?
Arturo. He said he's gone
door to door looking for you.
- Shall I let him in ?
-No!
- Who's that handsome man ?
- You saw him, mum ?
- Yes, I was at Antonietta's.
- Did he see you ?
Of course, he's not blind !
Assunta, what's on your face ?
We are not us !
Assunta, hear me out...
I saw you by the sea, pretending
to read the same magazine.
I saw you never bought a drink,
even when your lips
were dried out from thirst.
I saw you walk miles...
because you didn't have money
for the tram.
So do you really think...
I'd be afraid to see your house ?

No need to be ashamed.

I'm waiting outside.

And I won't move...

till you open up.

Yours, Arturo.

-Hi.

- Hi dad.

-I have a gift for you.

- Is it alive ?

Try them on.

They're shatterproof.

I spent a fortune on them,

but you can't break these

even if you try.

- How do I look ?

- You're beautiful.

- Thanks dad !

- Go look at yourself in the mirror.

- In the bathroom mirror!

- This one's bigger.

That one's nicer

What is it ?

I miss you.

So?

You tell me...

Antonio,

go make some food for Peppino.

Come on, Rosaria.

Antonio, I'm not well.

Don't you understand ?

- Maybe this will cure you.

- Right, this is the cure !

Maybe it'll work.

Wait.

Show me how it works.

You hurt me.

Good, that's exactly

what I meant to do.

- The baby will hobble too !

- Elio doesn't hobble, he struts.

Yeah, right.

- Is hobbling hereditary ?

- Thanks.

-No?

-I expected as much from you...

Sit down.

I'll talk to mum.

If she doesn't croak,

Federico and I will take dad aside
and tell him.

I suggest you stay far, far away
on that day.

Then you and Elio will get married
and go up north...

so you can give birth in peace
without people nosing around.

Then, after a few years,
you'll come back to Naples...

We'll just tweak
the baby's birth date a bit.

What a mess !

- Do you love the hobbler at least ?

- Yes, but he's not a hobbler.

I'll go talk to mum.

I'm sure it'll be a girl,
a beautiful girl.

And we'll live happily ever after.

It's pretty up there.

It's a good place to live.

Elio will find a good job,
we'll have a house full of windows.

And we'll have a great life.

When people hear about it

they'll say:

That Titina of ours is so lucky !"

When will you tell grandpa ?

Not the mirror, it'll bring bad luck !

Worse luck than this ?

Peppino, just study.

That's all we can do

to save our family from disaster.

Do what I do, apply yourself
even more than before.

Uncle, are you as smart
as everyone says you are ?

That you're brainy ?

So they say.

Will your exam be really hard ?

Extremely hard.

At times I don't even understand
the words I read.

I must think it over at night.

How long have you been
studying that book ?

It'll be 5 years in February.

But since it's my first exam,
I want to do it right,
then I'll speed up the process.

Study, Peppino.

No ! Why would we wait ?

We already have a house.

It's a small apartment
my mother bought.

- It's very bright.

- Lovely, isn't it ?

I finally found the right person
to live there with me,
I don't want to waste any more time.

Stop, you're embarrassing me.

- Take off your coat!

- No, it's too pretty.

So, what do you think ?

He's a good man,
you can tell he loves you.

I'm scared.

-Why?

- I'm not used to feeling this way.

All this happiness...

it makes me uneasy.

It's on the fourth floor,
there's no elevator yet.

It has a terrace too.

- Thanks.

- You're welcome.

Assunta, is one sugar okay ?

One is fine, thanks.

Look at her, so shamefaced.

The first time we walked arm in arm,
her face turned crimson.

- You can't imagine how crimson !

- That's because she's shy.

I know, but I thought
she was feeling ill!
I almost took her to the ER,
I thought she was having a stroke !
- Hear that, Peppino ?
- Knock it off, you'll make it worse.
Why can't I be happy too ?
Tell me why!
- Are they new ?
- Yes, they're shatterproof.
- They'll never break.
- No way!
Wanna see ?
I feel like I'm a free spirit.
How come ?
Dunno.
Excuse me.
What's going on ?
Peppino...
Peppino, calm down...
Calm down !
Let go of me !
It wasn't my fault!
So who did the punching ?
Who kicked the teacher ?
My third mother is never around,
just like you !
I can't really see the island.
It's beautiful.
The beach is spotless.
The soft sand gets stuck in your ears.
The water is so crystal clear,
you can see fish from the shore.
The boats are brightly painted,
lined up in a row.
There are some children
playing in the sand...
two women chatting under an umbrella.
There's a group of young kids
standing together.
A girl's bathing suit strap
just broke...
look at those fiends !
Instead of helping her,

they're pulling at it!
But the girl's laughing,
she's having fun, Peppino.
She's running, they're chasing her
to throw her in the water.
- It's cold.
- They don't care, they're having fun.
Listen, there's music now too.
It's coming from Capriccio,
where you can go dance
during the day and the night.
What do you say, shall we go ?
You're making this all up,
I don't hear any music.
Because you're lacking imagination.
And you...
did you go dancing ?
Yes, I went one night.
You know, Peppino...
at the time they seemed like
normal days to me...
but I was carefree then.
Maybe that was happiness.
When I slapped Peppino...
I wanted to hurt him.
I got scared.
How odd...
I'm admitting something horrible.
And you're not judging me.
What's even odder...
is I don't judge myself anymore.
How do you feel right now ?
I feel fine.
I guess crying helps me.
You've cried other times.
Yes, but this is the first time
I don't feel ashamed.
Maybe it's because
I brought my own handkerchief.
Does everyone who comes here cry ?
Some.
Does it upset you ?
It depends.
When you do, yes.

I prefer to see you smile.
Sorry, that was a silly comment.
I was just trying to be supportive.
- No worries.
- Our time is up.
See you next week.
Goodbye.
What you said before...
I apologise again.
It was very nice of you.
I'm taking him home now.
Thanks, see you tomorrow.
How did things go today
with Matarrese ?
Better,
I think things are getting better.
- Mum !
- Don't say a thing.
First your sister and the hobbler,
and now...
Take Peppino
and go home to your husband now.
I swear to God,
you children make no sense !
- What happened ?
- Nothing.
Nothing happened.
- Hi dad.
- Look what I got you.
"Perugina chocolates
fill your home with happiness."
When nightfalls...
When nightfalls...
Hi.
I'm hungry.
Thanks.
Eat...
Rosaria, I have something to tell you.
Antonio, it's late. Never mind.
Perhaps I've been a bit absent.
I had lots on my mind
and didn't tell you.
We're selling fewer sewing machines,
times are tough.

Oh, problems at work...
I see.
I asked to be transferred
to the Naples shop.
It's closer, I don't have to drive...
I can help you out with Peppino.
So you don't have to go
to Portici anymore ?
If they agree to transfer me.
You're feeling better ?
A bit...
Do you still have to see the doctor ?
Yes, until I get back on my feet.
I think it will take some more time.
Is Matarrese doing you any good ?
Yes, I like this place.
In that case, you should keep going.
Can I cuddle with you ?
Yes, I like this place.
Hi.
How are you ?
- Look at me !
- Have you been working out ?
I haven't done anything,
I've finally found my true self.
- I like myself more.
- Even your nose ?
My nose...
that's more complicated.
Kid, listen up...
come with me.
- Where ?
- Peppino, you ask too many questions.
Come.
Would you grease up
this door already!
Hands around my neck and hop on.
What for, Gennaro ?
I'm scared.
Don't waste my time,
I have masses to do.
Hop on !
Close your eyes.
Are we on the Military School roof ?

Yes, I like this place.
Because there's a great view.
No, I like knowing that boys
in uniform are sleeping beneath me.
Makes me feel a certain something...
I brought you here
because I have something to tell you.
- Something good or bad ?
- Neither.
It's just something.
Listen up...
you're like me, not them.
-Why?
- Dunno...
But you're more like me
than you are like them.
- So I have superpowers ?
-No...
Yes, but not like Superman.
I mean...
don't lose heart
if people don't understand you.
It's not that they don't understand me,
they tease me.
Ignore them. They're the ones
with the issues, not you.
If, in the future, they mistreat you,
give you a hard time,
make fun of you...
We came up here so you could tell me
life will be the same when I'm older ?
It's up to you
if your life will be easy or hard.
If you try to hide yourself,
try to be someone you're not...
you'll be in trouble.
If you realise that being a loner,
being a unique specimen
is not a bad thing,
then you'll be happy.
Understand ?
Dunno, tonight you're talking funny.
Kid, you're a pain in the ass !
I can't say anything more

because you're too young.
But remember my words...
eventually, they'll spare you
from ending up like me.
Do you trust me ?
I do.
Speech over ?
Yes, I like this place.
Now what ?
I'd like to go home
if you don't mind, I'm tired.
Hop on my back again.
Easy with those nails on my new cape.
Doesn't your mum cut your nails ?
Are you ready ?
I'm ready.
KRYPTONITE !
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