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Happy Family

By Alessandro Genovesi

My name's Ezio Colanzi, I'm 38,
I've never done a thing in my life.
I want to write a film,
or rather, an art film,
a box-office draw,
it's got to be a fine film.
If you've nothing to do, writing
is the greatest thing in the world.
I have all I need,
a computer, my health
and solitude.
I don't have really an idea, but...
doesn't matter.
More or less nine months ago,
Francesca left me.
Together with my love, she took away
everything I thought was also mine.
Rummaging through things
she left behind, I found this record.
"Simon & Garfunkel".
No one listens to this music anymore,
me included.
But it's the only music I have.
#It's that we're afraid:#
#our nightmare is#
#seeing all we've done destroyed,#
#we're terrified the streetcar#
#we're on night derail. #
#Afraid of whites, blacks,#
#the police and the Carabinieri. #
#Stressed about losing our jobs,#
#but also about getting fat,#
#hunchbacked, old, rich. #
#Afraid of missing trains,#
#of not arriving on time,#
#afraid a bomb might go off,#
#of losing an arm, an eye,#
#a child, a scrap where#
#we wrote such an important thing. #
#We fear earthquakes, viruses,#
#making mistakes, sleeping,#
#dying before doing#
#all we were supposed to. #
#We're afraid our sons#

#might be homosexual,#
#or that we ourselves#
#might be homosexual!#
#We're afraid of our neighbors,#
#diseases, not knowing what to say,#
#of having dirty underwear#
#at some important moment. #
#Afraid of women, men,#
#thieves, mice, cockroaches. #
#Afraid of stinking, voting, flying,#
#afraid of crowds, failing, falling,#
#stealing, singing, of people. #
#Afraid of others. #
That's why this film is dedicated
to those who are afraid.

CAST AND CHARACTERS

My name's Filippo, I'm 16 and
in a month I'm getting married.
I've thought long and hard.
If you find the right girl,
why wait?
I've found the right girl.
You'll say I'm lucky, some people
don't find her in a lifetime.
What can I say? I lucked out.
People can luck out in life,
can't they? I did.
My future wife's name is Marta,
she's 16 too.
We both go to
the Parini High School in Milan,
but different classes,
she's in B, clearly I'm in A.
A sandwich roll, please.
Are you nuts?
You're 16, Marta!
People don't get married at 16.
They go to discos, want motorbikes.
Want a motorbike? I'll buy you one
but don't say
you want to get married.
Say something, give me that joint!
Smoke, it'll relax you.
I think if you want to do it,

you should.
You can be mature even at 16.
Some people at 60
don't understand a fucking thing.
So, if she wants to, she should.
If it doesn't work out, so what,
you still have time
to revamp your life. Or not?
- I think this... what's his name?
- Filippo.
He's no genius,
but he's a good kid.
A kid who plans this important step
has character at least, or not?
At his age I was jerking off.
#Smoking joints... #
#and riding a Vespa around. #
I'm 53!
What's my life?
I ride a Vespa to the office,
I smoke joints
and jerk off at the computer.
I'm speechless.
She barely has her period
and wants to get married!
I can't stand Filippo,
he's an idiot!
He's a 50-year-old
in an adolescent body.
He knows it all! With that voice...
My husband's proving to be
the moron he is.
You're your daughter's father,
remember?
You have responsibilities!
I should have told them afterwards.
"Mom, Dad, know what?
I'm married. "
I thought it would be nice,
and they'd be moved.
Especially the bitch.
They don't even screw.
I'd hear them,
my room's next to theirs.

I haven't heard them
since our vacation in Calabria.
I was ten years old.
My name's Vincenzo,
I'm 55 and I'm about to die.
I have a tumor, malignant of course.
This is the x-ray I went to pick up.
That's 35.20 euro.
Don't you have a 20?
I don't see anything.
I don't know how
to break it to my family.
I have a daughter who's 27,
Caterina, by my first wife, Anna.
She died prematurely
in a car accident ten years ago.
Coffee's ready.
That's Anna, my second wife.
We've been married eight years,
I love her.
There's Filippo, the 16-year-old son
of my second wife, Anna.
He's not here now, he's at school.
He's a little...
unusual.
My mother lives with us too.
Her name's Anna, of course.
They all call her Grandma Anna,
she's 80,
and has Alzheimer's and is long gone.
You talk to her,
and then she'll say...
Who are you anyway?
I'm Vincenzo,
your son.
I love to cook.
I don't like doing desserts,
don't have the knack.
But first courses, second courses
and side dishes,
I've really got the knack.
I'm Caterina, I'm 27 and don't have
much to say right now.
I live with my folks, I'm a redhead,

I'm 5'6" and I'm depressed.
At least I think so.
They tell me I'm beautiful,
that I have wonderful skin.
But I have a problem: I stink.
They say redheads stink,
I'm a redhead and can confirm.
It's true.
My odor is different from everyone's.
Some smell like children,
or talcum powder, or farmers...
I smell like pickles,
and it's even worse in summer.
Hi.
I'm going out.
Anna, my father's wife,
lives with us too.
She's a beautiful woman
and has a 16-year-old son, Filippo,
he's a little unusual.
My name's Anna, I'm married to
Vincenzo, I have a son, Filippo.
He's a little unusual.
Vincenzo's 27-year-old daughter
Caterina lives with us too,
she's by his first wife, Anna.
No, I'm sorry, I can't,
I'm edgy today,
I'm not usually like this.
Know why?
It's four months today
my husband and I haven't made love.
The strange and bad thing is
I couldn't care less.
Like I'm getting used to it.
#This morning I got up,#
#I had coffee and left the house. #
#I bought my favorite paper#
#at the newsstand. #
#I saw an announcement:#
#"Chinese relaxation rubdowns,#
#discreet environment, 024312... "#
#I waited for the flush to subside#
#and I called. #

#Colini 21, intercom 3.#
I'd like to have the street name.
Colini 21, near Paolo Sarpi.
You said Sarpi?
Wait, sir.
- Who's this?
- Like I'm gonna tell you!
#It's 21 Via Niccolini. #
Ring at Ha To Ho, number 3.
Can I come right now?
I'm here now, so you can't.
The lady will tell you.
I'd like to know when...
#"Go fom-fo".#
#What's that mean?#
#Ground floor! "Go"#
#means ground and "fom-fo"... #
#She stammers?#
#Chinese and a stammerer!#
#We'll never understand each other!#
#Thid flol. #
- What, third floor?
- #Thid flol. #
Oh, "thid" floor!
- Should I undress?
- Want massage with clothes?
Everything?
Yes.
Lie on belly.
Colini 21, intercom 3.
Wait, sir.
Please, I'm talking.
The address is 21 Via Niccolini.
Ring at Ha Ho To, three.
Don't mention it.
- Thank you.
- "Velcome. "
- There, that's what I don't...
- Down!
#She pushes me down#
#and starts massaging. #
#As she's massaging my back,#
#one of my favorite spots,#
#en passant, she runs her hand#

#between my buttocks. #
#Given my position,#
#I'm right on display. #
#Everyone knows#
#what effect a woman's hand,#
#even if Chinese,#
#produces in that place. #
#This action is repeated#
#over and over again. #
#Even when the massage#
#moves to the legs... #
#Here Yoko asks me to turn over. #
Turn over.
#I turn over... #
#Guys, it looks like#
#Benny Goodman's clarinet!#
- I don't understand.
- Nice hard-on!
#She began massaging my pectorals,#
#moving down to my abdominals and... #
Done.
#Guys, I came#
#in just 14 seconds flat. #
Best of everything.
No, not the hand...
#I feel great, I feel really great. #
#But... #
#What the fuck's a seagull doing#
#in a city with no sea?#
What the fuck...
#Hi. #
#You know me, don't you?#
Yes.
#Can I say something?#
#I thought I was#
#the main female character,#
#pretty, with some hang-ups,#
#I'd have fallen in love... #
#so then, excuse me if I say so,#
#how's the Chinese fit in?#
I'm still on the introduction,
creating the premises,
shaping characters,
you'll see how the Chinese...

#It's been ages#
#since you mentioned me. #
#I agree,#
#the scene's just for a laugh. #
#Good thing it was#
#to be an art film. #
#And me?#
#I had a few lines then nothing. #
- Relax.
#- We all agree. #
#We're secondary characters, okay,#
#no names even,#
#but you could#
#give us some development. #
#Get lost, scram. #
Please! Can I say...
#You talked only about you. #
#Me too, I'm Filippo's mother#
#and stepmother to Caterina,#
#she's the main character. #
#I'd say my part is a bit too small,#
#wouldn't you?#
Yes, you're right.
#Leave him alone! He's an artist,#
#he needs his space,#
#his tranquility, right Ezio?#
Good Vincenzo,
I'm still finding my style,
the right words,
you know what I mean.
#Of course I know, the words... #
#You could have me say#
#just a little more. #
#The idea of the illness is nice,#
#but it goes nowhere. #
#What happens next?#
#Will I die?#
#Or recover? I'll will if you want. #
#- Can I ask a question?#
#- Yes, Mom. #
#Who's Ezio?#
I'm the author!
The one writing this movie
and who decides, if you don't mind.

#But I want to fall in love. #
You want to fall in love?
Great, she wants to fall in love!
Know what we'll do?
#I feel great, I feel really great. #
#But... #
#What the fuck's a seagull doing#
#in a city with no sea?#
Watch out!
Hold it!
Hold it everyone, I'm a doctor!
You're in good hands.
Do you feel anything?
Dizziness, shortness of breath,
flashing scotomata...?
- I'm fine.
- Nauseous feelings?
Guilty feelings, at least!
Stay down, the ambulance
will get you on your feet.
The lady crossed on red.
Call the police, witnesses,
she crossed on red.
Stay down!
#I'm on an old streetcar,#
#the kind with wooden seats,#
#I'm going home. #
#I'd been shopping, some lingerie. #
#At a certain point#
#I smell a strange smell,#
#like trash or something. #
#I try to figure where it's coming#
#from and feel all eyes#
#are staring at me. #
#I have to get off this streetcar!#
#It was my father,#
#he was the one stinking. #
Yes?
#There's an urgent call#
#for Miss Caterina. #
#I'll transfer it to your office. #
- I'm sorry I...
- Please.
When?

How is she?

Alright, I'll be right there.

Is something wrong?

I apologize for changing
the agenda without notice,
I know how urgent the
Mortaretti case is, I'll be brief.

I'm forced to resign.

I've been diagnosed with a tumor,
malignant, of course.

I'm not sure

I'll undergo any medical treatment,
I want to decide calmly.

I need time with my family,

I hope you'll understand.

Mr. Agosti, your wife's been hit.

Is it serious?

Your wife or the fact she was hit?

My wife, how is she?

They didn't say,

but they'd like you to come.

Call Filippo at tennis,

I'll pick him up in ten minutes.

- Did they say how she is?

- No, just to come.

- Not even how it happened?

- No.

- Was it a car?

- I don't know!

They only said to come.

- Listen.

- Tell me.

- Are you a little fond of me?

- Of course.

Even though I'm not your dad?

I'm fond of lots of people
even though they're not my dad.

- You're right.

- I know.

Listen...

No, nothing.

Vincenzo?

- I want to get married.

- That's lovely!

It's lovely to get married.
- Can people get married at 16?
- Meaning?
You're a lawyer, by law
can people get married at 16?
It depends. Why the question?
Because in a month
I'm getting married.
Why do you two love each other?
You don't know.
- Of course we do.
- Then tell me.
Because...
Because we found each other.
In other words?
He was looking for me
and I was looking for him and...
We found each other!
That's love, meeting the person
you've been looking for
and being convinced it will last...
all your lives.
That you'll be together
all your lives.
That's what Marta and I want too.
For three days I've had soup,
mashed potatoes and an apple.
In the hospital,
apples taste like mashed potatoes,
mashed potatoes
taste like soup and apples too.
I was right,
the whore had crossed on red.
She went home
with just a lump on her head.
She came to see me yesterday.
#She's a lovely woman, we chatted,#
#she invited me to dinner. #
#I said I'd think about it. #
If you need money, don't hesitate.
I don't have big problems,
least of all is money.
I'm rich, but no thanks to me.
My father, who died seven years ago,

invented the plastic ball
for washing machine detergents.
Every time you buy one,
you contribute to my well-being.
And then there's Gianni.
He was a gift from Francesca,
my ex-girlfriend.
He'll show you how egocentric,
selfish and boring you are.

One more thing:

I don't want a dog!
You have to take him for walks,
talk to other dog owners.
- What's the name?
- Gianni.
- Not you, the dog.
- The dog's name is Gianni.
I'm Gianni too.
Colanzi?
You're hiding? You've been released.
I couldn't stay for dinner, could I?
Guys, my mother.
Ezio, sweetheart!
Sweetie, come here,
give your mom a kiss!
The net's cute.
- What's this fucking car?
- I bought it yesterday, like it?
Naturally, she benefits
from the plastic ball too.
- You've been in the sun?
- It shows?
You look like Nelson Mandela.
Strap in,
when I hit the gas, it takes off.
Mom!
Hello?
It's Anna Agosti,
the one you ran down on your bike.
The one who crossed on red.
The invitation is still valid,
this time you can't say no.
We're giving a dinner party tomorrow,

there'll be other guests too.

The problem is

my son wants to get married,
I'm having his girlfriend
and her parents over to talk,
my son's 16!

- I can't.

- Don't say you can't.

I'll be offended.

At 9 pm, 12 Via Conservatorio.

- Ring "Agosti".

- I can't.

- I'd like to, but...

- No "buts", you must.

Okay, see you tomorrow.

What a shitty day!

CONFIDENCES :

What beautiful shrimp!

For starters, steamed shrimp,
so we'll have white wine,
and eat shrimp without forks.

Like the Japanese!

Vincenzo loves shrimp,
he's crazy about them.

Today's

my husband Vincenzo's birthday.

I've organized a surprise dinner.

I mean, he knows there's a dinner,
but thinks it's with Marta's parents.

He's going through a bad spell,

I think he has problems at work.

I love him,

I've never loved anyone as much.

Actually, to tell the truth, I have.

My ex-husband in the beginning.

Then it ended.

The same thing's starting to happen.

As years pass, you drag

more and more things around.

That's why they say

"bag and baggage of experience",

it's like a bag on your back

that in time gets

heavier and heavier.
We each have our own to carry.
I don't want to look in yours,
you decide what I see.
But let's make the journey together.
His serious face and gray hair
seemed to say that,
his eyes speaking more than his lips.
And I fell in love.
- Go shower.
- What's the occasion?
Will you move? It's 7:30.
I have to finish something.
An important thing.
There's hot water,
Marta showered 30 minutes ago.
The boiler light's still on,
I'm not taking a cold shower.
A lukewarm shower won't kill you!
I'm not taking a cold shower!
It's the way I am, it's cultural!
Mom, where are my striped socks?
Look in your drawer.
- They're not there.
- Why not?
I couldn't find mine
so I put yours on.
I'm a very fussy dresser.
I bought a shirt
for tonight's dinner,
I couldn't decide the color...
I ended up getting white.
Better take no chances!
I'm sorry, I realize.
Gianni's going for a bath,
he rolled in shit this morning,
I can't take him like this.
Hi Filippo, it's Caterina,
about Dad's gift.
I got him a digital camera,
in case you're thinking of
the same gift. See you this evening.
#Hi Caterina, about Vincenzo's gift,#
#I bought him a digital camera. #

#in case you're thinking#
#of the same gift. #
For starters, steamed shrimp,
so we'll have white wine
and eat without forks,
like the Jap...
Did I already mention starters?
I think so.
We're what's called a happy family.
I've a doubt,
what do I get for his birthday?
Excuse me, why not a digital camera?
Should I take dessert or a bottle?
Not wine, there are lots of us,
I can't go with just one bottle,
and showing up with
a loaded grocery bag is sad.
You don't make desserts,
you buy them, someone will.
Cucchi makes
the world's best ice cream cakes.
So, if they already have dessert,

I can say:

"Taste this ice cream cake,
it's the best in the world. "
I'm afraid of dying.
It's the first time
I've been so scared.
I've done lots of things in my life.
I just don't think
it's the right time.
But then again,
what is the right time?
- Did you say something?
- No.
I was thinking aloud.
- Is everything alright?
- Yes.
Let's go.
It's Ezio, the one...
#Yes, top floor. #
Go, Gianni.
Caterina went out to buy dessert,

Grandma Anna's a great cook,
but she says you don't make desserts,
you buy them.
The ice cream cake!
I left it on the bike.
I'll be right back.
What a dumb ass!
But I'm making out okay.
#Believe in yourself, Ezio,#
believe in others!#
Excuse me! Is this your bike?
Yes.
What if everyone chained
their bikes to light posts.
What would happen?
All light posts would have
bikes chained to them.
- Think that's good?
- What?
That city light posts
are crammed with anchored bikes!
- Do you need the gate?
- Yes.
- That's a subject...
- You're uncivilized!
Excuse me, just one second.
Fuck off.
- What floor?
- Top.
You're Ezio?
- Yes.
- A pleasure, Caterina.
I'll get it.
You're the guy who had the accident.
- What a bummer!
- #You're a hummer!#
#He's cute, even with a bandage. #
Chopin.
So, you play piano.
Nice, very nice.
- Lucia, behave.
- Don't worry.
She smells mine.
- Yours?

- Dog, I have a dog, Gianni.
We're here.
So, we could get off.
Ugo Bondi, a pleasure.
Forgive me, I'm a little...
I didn't expect...
- Don't worry.
- Make yourselves at home.
Beautiful home!
You're beautiful.
- It's ready.
- That's lovely!
The old lady's nice, she's the cook?
Really she's my mother.
Lovely woman.
- Excuse me, I...?
- Yes, next to Caterina.
#Great, Anna!#
#I really like this Ezio. #
#He has a wonderful smell. #
#I'll put on some deodorant. #
Excuse me, I'll go wash my hands.
#Shit, the rolling papers!#
#Good, I brought them. #
#I'm all out! Who do I ask now?#
#Maybe this twit right here... #
Got any "lingrol perpas"?
- Rolling papers?
- "Lingrol perpas", rolling papers?
No, I'm sorry.
If I had "lingrol perpas"
you'd have...?
"Kesmo"?
Sure, I don't eat papers.
We'd have a nice "intjo",
but as it stands, no.
Sorry.
#He's bright, but I'd rather#
#he be dumb, with papers!#
#I gotta drink less,#
#I'm drunk already. #
#If I don't eat something,#
#I'll do damage. #
White musk!

- What?
- Your perfume, it's white musk.
No, it's bath foam.
Excuse me, I...
She's got alcohol-breath
that'd floor a barfly!
- Patchouli!
- White musk was better.
No, Patchouli, me, essence.
That'd be good, some sense.
Done?
#He's so self-assured!#
#He doesn't know anyone,#
#still he's relaxed. #
- I've got some!
- What?
- "Lingrol perpas", in my pocket.
- Good, we can have an...
"Ferree"!
What do you do?
You're right to...
I'm a writer.
Hear that? He's a writer!
- That's so interesting.
- Not a real writer.
- Meaning?
- I'm an author.
- I write stories for others to tell.
- Now nice!
Well, it's like saying
I make cars and you drive them.
I'd rather drive them.
So, you can make up stories at will?
Sure, it's my job.
Tell us one.
Now? I don't think...
Here's the first course.
Fettuccini with shrimp and mushrooms.
- That's lovely!
- A crafty combination.
I wanted to try a new recipe,
I hope you'll like it.
Certainly, Mom.
So, Ezio, this story?

Well...

This one's nice.

I have a friend named Federica.

She lives in a building
with communicating balconies.

The ones separated
by glass or wrought iron.

- Yes, of course.

- Yes.

Her neighbor kept a hamster
on the balcony,
#in a cage, with an exercise wheel. #

#He lived for that hamster. #

My friend,

on the other hand, has a dog.

#The other day the dog came home#

#with the neighbor's hamster#

dead in his mouth.

#She despairs, doesn't know#

#how to tell her neighbor#

that her dog killed his hamster.

#So she decides to wash it,#

#blow-dry it,#

#and put it back in the cage. #

Then she goes to work.

Coming home that night...

It's so strange,

real, but mysterious.

What's going on?

You know your neighbor,

the guy with the hamster?

The thing

that runs on that wheel?

- Eats seeds, lettuce.

- Gigio.

It died two days ago!

Distraught, he buried the hamster

in the garden...

Very nice.

But it's not a made-up story,

it really happened.

Who knows...

- You invented your friend too.

- I didn't get it.

Because you're drinking.

I'm not.

- It wasn't clear.

- What!

A guy's hamster dies,

he buries it in the garden.

One day he gets home and finds it

washed and combed in its cage,

it's clear!

Okay, but the ambulance?

He found the dead hamster

combed and washed,

he had a stroke and the ambulance

took them both away.

Now I get it!

#I'm doing great, you let her#

#get away, you're a fool. #

#They even sat you next to her!#

#She has a wonderful smell. #

#I don't want to make love to her,#

#just give her a kiss. #

- How old are you?

- 27 and you?

- 38.

- I'm 45.

- What sign are you?

- Libra.

But my rising sign's Gemini,

that makes it bearable.

- And you?

- Cancer, Cancer rising.

I'm Taurus.

Sorry,

I thought it was the chair's arm.

You were saying?

Here's first course,

fettuccini with shrimp and mushrooms.

Mom, the second course comes now.

Don't you want fettuccini?

It's with shrimp and mushrooms.

We've just had that.

The second course comes now.

- Was it good?

- Certainly, right?

The second course is fish kebabs.

That's lovely!

You don't expect

rich people to be nice,

but these people are,

it's like a luxury campground here.

I thought this one was a nerd,

but he's a good guy.

Ezio, your dog is...

- It's not what it seems.

- No, it's what it seems.

Don't worry, it's happened before,

I know what to do.

There.

He's just euphoric, behave, Gianni.

- Heavens, we didn't need this!

- But they found each other.

She charmed him,

maybe with a "Husky" voice...

He's just euphoric. Gianni, come.

Come away, say goodbye.

Excuse us.

Think she got pregnant?

Let's hope not.

I'd never seen a canine coitus.

I must say I'm not up on dogs,

I know a Greyhound because it's gray,

a Pointer because it points,

or a Retriever, 'cause

it picks up stuff and brings it home.

A Chow-chow for its hellos,

a Black Russian Terrier,

'cause they love to drink.

I once saw three Bull Dogs

shootin' the breeze,

triple bull!

Great Danes are foreign to me,

I mean...

What's wrong?

No,

it must be all the laughing.

- Will you tell me another story?

- What story?

Something you make up.

Well...

Towards mid-century,
the Earth had a start
and decided to do her best for once,
maybe for the last time.

She called the ocean tides,
the most famous winds,
rare flowers, the Nile, the Ganges,
the Plata and the Mississippi.

Then not knowing
what to do with all of this,
she asked a passing wayfarer
how he saw perfection.

She asked me too,
and so...

she made you.

- Caterina, Ezio, cake's here!

- There's a birthday?

- His.

- Happy Birthday.

Happy Birthday, counselor.

With all those candles,
I thought it was my wife's birthday.

Before we cut the cake,
I'd like to make an announcement.

You already know,
but I'd like to make it official.

Wait.

No Marta, I'll tell them,

I'm the man.

I don't want to marry you.

What?

I don't want to marry you,

I don't feel ready.

- We agreed.

- No.

I didn't agree,

you did the whole thing, as usual.

You get an idea and it's law.

Any idea:

if I want to see a movie,

he says it's crap

and we see what he wants.

The ones he wants make me puke!
You and your knitted vests
make me puke.

And that's not all:

I'm in love with someone else.

Want to know who?

Do you want to know?

Do you all want to know?

Why not...

If you want to tell us...

Francesco.

Who's he?

Francesco Rossini.

The kid in section C?

Yes.

- I'm speechless.

- Good.

So you'll shut up for once
and I won't hear
that little childish, jerk-off voice.
I'm done.

May I serve the fettuccini?

- It's with shrimp and mushrooms!

- Mom, please!

Wait a moment.

It'll get cold and be ruined.

Mom, Dad, stay if you like,
may I go home?

- No.

- Sure.

Goodbye and forgive me.

- I'm going to my room.

- I'll come with you.

No, I'd like to be alone.

Happy Birthday Vincenzo,
can I give you my gift tomorrow?

Certainly.

Goodnight.

I'm a little warm,
maybe it's just me...

Nice house.

It was my grandparents',
I grew up here.

Mine was different.

Francesco Rossini!
How in the world?
Talks soccer, got pimples
and the culture I had when I was 3.
Women are all alike,
and at 16 they're even idiots!
But I love her,
I can't live without her.
Call me.
Please, Marta.
Call me.
Please, call me.
I'll count to five and you'll ring.
One, two,
three,
four,
four and a half,
almost five,
five.
Six,
seven...
Mind if I smoke a joint?
- Go right ahead.
- Can I?
Strange evening.
- But I'm starting to like it.
- Me too, strange, but nice.
Want some?
You know I've never,
in all my life, smoked one?
Maybe the time has come,
how old are you?
55 today.
It doesn't show, I'd have said 54.
Why not...
You and Vincenzo get along well.
- You're a beautiful couple.
- Yes.
Thank you.
Have you been married long?
16 years.
- What do you do?
- I've been lots of things.
A nurse in Tunisia,

a chauffeur in Brazil,
a deejay in Thailand, I opened
an ice cream shop in Chechnya,
a cock-up.

One day they shot me
in the chocolate chips!
I met my wife in Ibiza
and then started as a skipper
and now, whenever I can, I go to sea.

But in simple terms, what do you do?
I find Filippo very inflexible.

- Can I confess something?

- Sure.

I can't bear him.

For him, to be grown
means to be serious,
he's now more serious
than adults, but he'll change.

And Marta?

I don't understand her anymore.

Maybe I'm changing too.

Sometimes I realize I'm unbearable.

The slightest thing irritates me,
my husband, her...

I wasn't always like this.

At work too.

Until a few years ago
I'd listen to everyone, not now,
they irritate me!

- Am I irritating you?

- Absolutely not.

- I was thinking what you said.

- If I am, say so.

I tell you you're not.

What do you think causes this...

- That you're a little...

- Irritating? Or irritable?

There's a big difference!

Irritable. I don't know.

I don't want to smile
all the time anymore.

I work for a company
that builds yachts.

When the boat's ready,

I deliver it to the owner.
Can't he come and get it?
Those people
don't buy boats to sail them.
They buy them
to keep moored and be admired.
Most they do is swim off it.
But a boat's female,
she wants to sail,
feel the sea, the wind.
It makes her alive, beautiful.
If you leave her in the harbor,
she gets melancholy.
I've been only to Morocco.
Maybe we saw each other there,
I've seen you before.
Didn't we meet there?
I don't think so,
Morocco's a big place.
It must be nice to sail.
Next week I have
to deliver a boat to Panama.
It's twenty days of sailing,
the Atlantic Ocean.
I can't wait to leave.
- You and Vincenzo have a nice...
- A nice?
You get along well.
Yes, yes.
Do we change the subject?
With sugar or black?
Black.
Listen,
I'll just say lay it on you,
with this...
Do you think
I could come along too?
Where?
With you.
To deliver that boat.
99...
100...
101...
#Why has he stopped talking?#

#Maybe he's getting bored. #
#I can't stand silence. #
#Listen to the serene silence. #
#When two people are silent together#
#and don't feel edgy,#
#they're well-suited. #
#I feel like it's a hole to fill,#
#if two people don't talk#
#they're not well-suited. #
#Some people would say anything#
#just to break the silence,#
#but Caterina doesn't feel that way,#
#I can tell. #
#I'd like to kiss him,#
#but I'm afraid to ask. #
#I'd like to kiss her,#
#but I'm afraid to ask. #

- How's it going?

- Fine.

Can I call on you these days?

I have a concert tomorrow,
want to come?

Yes.

Can I kiss you?

Yes!

Thank you.

No.

I could go on with this story
but I'd rather stop here.

It's my first film
and I've said what I wanted to.

My favorite stories
are when I decide the ending.

I apologize for leaving
so many loose ends,

but closed doors
are my greatest fear.

I thank the characters
for allowing me to manipulate them,

and all those
who told me their stories.

Not all the characters are
the fruit of my imagination.

I dedicate this film

to my father and mother,
because they deserve it.

A FILM BY GABRIELE SALVATORES

#Is he an idiot?#

#I was having a grappa... #

#He's afraid. #

#No, Vincenzo's right,#

#he's an idiot. #

#No one will let him do#

#a film that ends like that. #

#The boy's right, people don't like#

#films without endings. #

#Maybe certain critics... #

#Where did he go?#

#To buy a bite to eat. #

#Who are you?#

I'm Gianni, the man in the gardens.

- Nice part.

- A walk-on.

No, it's a cameo.

Yeah, right!

What the fuck's a cameo?

- My scene gets a laugh.

- Cracks them up.

Convince him a film

can't be dumped like this,

it's not nice

towards colleagues and crew.

Turn it off, he's coming.

Guys, Pirandello's back!

What's going on?

- You tell us.

- Nothing, it's done.

I found a nice closing.

Great closing!

I understand, but you can't

leave people hanging.

You had me get sick,

start smoking joints,

you had me make a new friend

and we were planning

a voyage together.

It's all over?

He's my first friend

since I wasn't in the service!
Let's enjoy
and develop this friendship.
I'll have a little wine,
I opened some white.
The toilet paper's out,
I used a face towel.
I've been looking around,
getting a feel for the place.
Maybe you don't know,
but we're settling-in here.
We don't know where to go,
you've got room.
We won't bother you.
Only thing is, I couldn't find smoke
and I'm out.
There are two of us now.
It's lacking a woman's touch.
But it's not bad,
we can toss some of the old junk,
freshen the walls,
hang some curtains, flowers...
You don't like me anymore?
My odor disgusts you.
No, I like it a lot.
That's not it.
Then why stop?
I thought we'd get married...
It's a director's choice,
it's called an open ending.
My shrink says
there are no directors in life.
Actors are the most we can be.
In fact this is a film, not life.
There's no difference!
You can't toy with people,
not in films or life.
For example, in the end,
would I die or would I be treated
and recover?
People ask that and so do I.
I'd have found smoke,
or never smoked again?
People ask that and frankly, so do I.

I'm tired but

I can't remember where my room is.

- Where do I sleep?

- No, not the old lady!

Endings never come, I'm warning you.

But you want an ending.

- You want one?

- Of course.

- I'll go on.

- Good!

What a relief!

- "Anna, colon... "

- Please.

I have to concentrate,

I can't have people hanging over me.

Right, he doesn't want us

breathing down his neck.

Everyone go away.

You could put a good storm

in the ending...

- Vincenzo and me silhouetted...

- I'll cut you out!

Thank you.

I like you so much.

#I'm afraid he won't come#

#to the concert tomorrow,#

#that I won't see him again,#

#that he'll disappear. #

#That he'll fall in love#

#with someone else tomorrow. #

I'm afraid he'll fall in love with me

and that I'll fall in love with him.

That he'll say "I love you",

that we'll get married,

that we'll have children.

That we'll be together

the rest of our lives.

I'm afraid he'll die before me.

#If I'd made dessert,#

#dinner would have been perfect. #

#I'll try making#

#an apple pie tomorrow. #

#Maybe I'll use more butter,#

#and yoghurt. #

#We'll see if it comes out lighter. #
#What did you talk about#
#with Vincenzo?#
He asked if he could
take the voyage with me.
- What did you say?
- It's fine with me.
Tomorrow I'll notify the office,
but it's no problem.
He's a very charming man.
You like him?
I didn't say that,
I just said he's attractive.
If you think he's attractive
that means you like him.
She's not bad either.
"She" who?
The grandmother.
You're so silly!
You should say I'm fat instead.
Goodnight.
I don't mind that Ezio at all.
He seems pretty sharp,
don't you think?
Yes, I got the same feeling.
Filippo is homosexual,
I hope tonight helps him realize.
- Why do you say that?
- Because he is, you can tell.
- Are you sorry?
- I'm sorry he feels bad.
The sooner he realizes,
the sooner he'll stop suffering.
Listen, Anna.
Next week I'd like to take a trip
with Marta's father.
Also because I need some time alone.
Do you mind?
No, go ahead.
Thank you.
Is something wrong?
No.
I just need to gather
my thoughts a little.

You know I love you, don't you?
#I feel better. #
I'm glad I didn't call her,
I'd have made things worse.
In fact, I won't call ever again,
fuck off, her and Rossini.
Tomorrow I'll call Carlo,
my best friend.
I feel like talking to him.
Goodnight.
#C'mon Marta, just one second. #
- I said no.
- #What's it cost you?#
- I've had a tough day.
- #Please!#
#Marta, please. #
Fast, though.
#I hope we got pregnant. #
#Gianni's a handsome dog,#
#they'd be so cute. #
#Besides I'm already 7,#
#it's now or never for puppies. #
Sorry, the florist took so long...
What's on the program?
Chopin, the "Nocturnes".
- But they're piano solos.
- Certainly.
Does Caterina know that?
Her playing will amaze you,
I'm still not used to it.
- Excuse me, it's late.
- Of course, let's go.
- That's the woman of my life.
- I'm glad for you.
#Let him be there,#
#let him be there... #
You were great.
Do you give encores?
I found him.
I thought he didn't exist,
but he's here,
snoring next to me.
#We're all here. #
#Marta's father#

#still hasn't said a word. #
#They were in Panama#
#when Vincenzo had the collapse#
#which took him to his death. #
Accept his soul, present him
before the throne of the Almighty.
The sea, what a beauty!
Just think, it's been there forever.
Meaning?
The sea has always existed.
And so?
Ever thought how some things
live much more than us?
Houses, for example,
last a long time.
And the roads built in ancient Rome
are still there today.
Even chairs.
At home I have chairs
that are 300 years old.
Imagine all the butts they've seen.
Doesn't that do something to you?
Think of all the things
you've done in life.
Would you do them over?
Yes.
This is life,
it's this moment, it's now.

Look at the sea:

and it's always been there.
Instead, we think and die.
- What comparison's that?
- The one on chairs was better?
#The hospital had a huge window#
#on the Gulf of Panama. #
#When Marta's father told us,#
#we all flew down. #
#Once there, we knew#
#it was a question of days. #
#Vincenzo wanted#
#to die in that room,#
#looking at the sea,#
#his new discovery. #

#Caterina told him#
#we were expecting a baby. #
#He asked me to come closer,#
#and whispered... #
If you hurt her, I'll come back
and smash your face.
I found her and I won't leave her.
Ezio.
Yes sir.
Don't be so formal with me.
#He'd sit in front of the window#
#smoking marijuana with his friend. #
#They talked about boats#
#they'd buy, travels... #
- We'll go around the world.
- Great!
How long will it take?
80 days minimum.
Time frame's too long.
#One morning they found him dead,#
#with a smile on his face,#

#as if saying:

#I'm just pulling your leg. "#
That's why we're here.
There's Grandma Anna.
She made a chocolate and pear cake.
#I think she doesn't realize#
#who's dead. #
#She's asked me three times#
#when it gets over,#
#she wants to know#
#how the cake turned out. #
#Caterina is#
#in her ninth week of pregnancy#
#and this may be#
#the worst day of her life. #
#But her face can't keep a sad look,#
#almost as if her belly#
#were a happiness potion. #
#There's Filippo#
#with a friend of his, Carlo. #
#He comes to the house every day,#
#they lock the bedroom door#

#and study together. #
#Anna is beautiful. #
#In her eyes, besides tears,#
#there's the realization#
#that when something ends,#
#fortunately or unfortunately,#
#something new begins. #
#There's also Marta and her mother,#
#they fought the whole time. #
You're getting no tattoo, clear?
It's my skin,
I'll do what I want with it!
I made you and I can un-make you!
#Gianni and Lucia had four puppies. #
#I asked the other Gianni#
if he'd watch them for a few days. #
#He was so thrilled. #
That's the story
I wanted to tell you,
I hope you liked it.
It's not real,
nothing I wrote really happened.
But I've always liked
making up stories.
"I'D RATHER READ OR
WATCH A MOVIE THAN LIVE...
LIFE HAS NO STORYLINE"

GROUCHO MARX:

#I watch donkeys fly#
#high up in the sky,#
#but ducks are having fun#
#as swans in the stream#
#that's white as ink. #
#Trains go steaming#
#over great seas of blue,#
#and white gondolas bloom at dusk#
#on reeds of bamboo. #
#I see all these#
#strange things and more,#
#when tic-tac, tic-tac,#
#my heart is high above#
#the ecstasy of love!#
I'm your neighbor,

you may not remember...

- Ezio, right?

- Yes.

A pleasure, Caterina.

A pleasure.

- Do you need something?

- No.

I mean, yes.

- My doorbell.

- Your doorbell.

It doesn't work, so I wondered
if it's just my doorbell
or everyone's in the neighborhood,
do you mind if I...?

Go right ahead.

It works.

Thank you, maybe we'll meet again.

I was going to take a ride,
want to come?

- Around Milan?

- Yes.

Because the weather's a little...
"iffy".

- If it rains?

- We'll get wet?

- But if the sun comes out hot...

- We'll dry off.

We'll dry off.

Well, it's June 24th.

So?

We have all the time we want,
it's the longest day of the year.