

CALL ME BY YOUR NAME

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by Andre Aciman

The sound of an approaching car. ELIO, 17, barefoot and in his bathing suit, is in the process of moving his clothes from his room to the adjacent room - a cramped storage room somehow refurbished into a single bedroom. The two rooms are separated by a ruined wooden door, with cracks all over it and share a common bathroom.

MARZIA, a girl of about his same age, is lying on the bed. It is obvious both have been on it together.

ELIO goes to the window and looks down. A car pulls up below, blowing up clouds of dust, and stops at the villa's main entrance.

A tall young man steps out of the car, wearing a billowy bright blue shirt with a wide-open collar, sunglasses. This is OLIVER, 25.

ELIO  
(in French to Marzia)  
*L'usurpateur.*  
(*The usurper*)

MARZIA jumps up to come stand next to him, looking down.

ANCHISE, the gardener and handyman, appears below followed by the PERLMANS who introduce themselves to Oliver. Professor PERLMAN is in his fifties, distinguished, vigorous. ANNELLA, his wife, is in her mid-forties.

PERLMAN  
(to Oliver)  
Welcome! Welcome! Oh, my, you are  
much bigger than your picture!

ANNELLA  
(in Italian to her husband)  
*Dove è Elio?*  
(Where's Elio?)

ELIO  
(in French to Marzia)  
*Il faut que je descende.*  
(I'd better go down.)

At the end of the stairs ELIO sees OLIVER being walked to Professor Perlman's study. Oliver's suitcase and backpack lie on the floor nearby. ANNELLA sees Elio approaching and gestures towards them.

ANNELLA  
 (in Italian)  
*Aiuta Oliver a portare  
 le sue cose in camera tua.*  
 (Help bring Oliver's things up to  
 your room.)

3 INT. PROFESSOR PERLMAN'S STUDY - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 3

ELIO enters his father's studio. OLIVER, sitting on the sofa, is having a glass of fresh water. Even if exhausted by the heat, he remains elegant and somewhat iconic. Professor PERLMAN introduces the two formally.

PERLMAN  
 Elio, Oliver. Oliver, Elio.

They shake hands.

ELIO  
 Hello.

OLIVER  
 (non committal)  
 Hi.

PERLMAN  
 (to Oliver)  
 Make yourself at home. Our house is  
 your house.

4 INT. STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 4

They head up the stairs together; ELIO lunges for the heavy suitcase, OLIVER takes the backpack.

ELIO  
 An my room is now your room. I'll  
 be next door.

They meet MARZIA coming down. More introductions in the middle of the stairs. She kisses OLIVER on both cheeks.

OLIVER is curious about her and looks back as he continues up. She looks back after he does.

5 INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 5

They enter Oliver's bedroom. OLIVER drops his backpack and crashes on the bed, exhausted. ELIO lays the suitcase next to the bed.

ELIO  
We're sharing the bathroom. It's my  
only way out...

But Oliver is not listening, already asleep. Elio walks out  
and closes the door that separates their two rooms.

6 INT. STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - DUSK 6

Later. MAFALDA, at the bottom of the stairs, rings a bell.  
She looks up the stairs and, getting no response, rings the  
bell again.

7 INT. ELIO'S/OLIVER'S ROOM/BATHROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DUSK 7

ELIO is at the desk in his small "new" bedroom; he is  
transcribing music. Next to his desk lamp a Sony Walkman is  
playing music. He hears the bell.

He enters the bathroom and the door that connects it to the  
other room is open. OLIVER sleeps in the dim light of sunset.

ELIO  
We're being called to dinner.

No answer. Elio enters Oliver's room and reaches over to the  
bookshelf, takes a book from it but then drops it on the  
floor. It makes a sharp clatter. Oliver is briskly awoken.

ELIO (CONT'D)  
(embarrassed)  
We're being called to dinner.

Oliver looks up from his pillow scarcely knowing where he is.

OLIVER  
Later. I'll have to pass.  
(beat)  
Can you make my excuses to your  
mother?

Elio, backing out of the door with the book, nods that he  
will. Oliver looks around for a moment.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
So, this is usually your room..

About to shut the door, ELIO nods.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Thanks, buddy.

Oliver turns and goes back to sleep. Elio closes the door, leaving the room in almost complete darkness.

8 INT. STAIRCASE/BOCCHIRALE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 8

The following day. OLIVER is coming down the stairs. Not knowing where to go, he listens for the Perlman's voices until he sees, through a corridor, the kitchen.

Just beyond it, outside in the garden, he can see the family having breakfast.

9 EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 9

The PERLMANs are eating breakfast outside, in front of the kitchen.

OLIVER comes out and sits down, watching how ELIO expertly cracks his soft-boiled egg shell, then attempts to do the same, but only a tiny bit of the shell is pierced, so he pretends to busy himself with his coffee and pushes the egg in its cup away.

MAFALDA asks him if he would like juice. He says "**Please**". She looks down at the discarded egg.

MAFALDA

*Lasci fare a me, Signore.* (Let me)

She slices the top off and returns to her kitchen.

ANNELLA

Did you recover from your trip,  
*caro?*

OLIVER

Big time.

ELIO, who has been trying not to stare at their guest and is concentrating on spreading honey on a piece of bread, now lifts his head and speaks, growing unnaturally loud:

ELIO

I can show you around.

OLIVER

Good. Are we far from the town? I  
need to open a bank account.

Both Professor PERLMAN and ANNELLA look up, interested.

PERLMAN  
 (smiling)  
 None of our residents has ever had  
 a local bank account.

Elio turns in his seat to get a better view of Oliver, who is sitting beside him.

ELIO  
 Should I take him to Montodine?

PERLMAN  
 I'm think they're closed for summer  
 vacation. Try Crema.

OLIVER  
 Is that your orchard?

PERLMAN  
 Pesca, ciliege, albicocche...  
 (peaches, cherries, apricots...)

ANNELLA  
 Pomegranate.

Mafalda returns with a pitcher of apricot juice on a little tray and proceeds to fill Oliver's glass. Oliver tastes it, then enthusiastically downs it.

Elio realizes he is staring at Oliver, his head tipped back with his throat swallowing the juice, and notices the Star of David on a necklace around his neck. He lowers his eyes.

ANNELLA (CONT'D)  
 Have another egg.

OLIVER  
 (shaking his head)  
 I know myself. If I have three,  
 I'll have a fourth, and more.

Elio has never heard someone Oliver's age say, I know myself. It's somewhat intimidating.

ELIO  
 Should we take Anchise's bikes?

10 EXT. ROAD TO CREMA - DAY

10

ELIO and OLIVER are riding bicycles, with Elio in the lead. They go along the country road towards the town of Crema and its bank.

The day is already hot.

The countryside shines under the soft sunlight of the Po Valley.

11 EXT. CAFE - CREMA TOWN SQUARE - DAY

11

ELIO and OLIVER are sitting at the little cafe with iron chairs and tables, drinking coffee. OLIVER examines bank application forms, then folds them up and puts them in his knapsack. He looks around the almost empty square.

OLIVER

What does one do around here?

ELIO

Nothing. Wait for summer to end.

OLIVER

What do you do in the winter, then?  
Don't tell me: wait for summer,  
right?

ELIO

We come here only for Christmas and  
some other vacation..

OLIVER

Christmas?

ELIO

And Easter too. We are Jewish,  
English, American, Italian,  
French... somewhat atypical.  
Besides my family you are probably  
the only other Jew who has set foot  
in this town.

OLIVER

I am from a small town in New  
England. I know what its like to be  
the odd Jew out.(Beat) And what  
else do you do here in summer,  
besides this?

ELIO smiles, says nothing. They both laugh.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What do you do?

ELIO

Transcribe music. Read books. Swim  
at the river. Go out at night.

OLIVER takes this in, his eyes hidden by dark sunglasses as he gathers up his things, cutting their conversation off. They silently reclaim their bikes.

OLIVER seems to be miles away, but as ELIO is getting on his bike, he loses balance for a moment and OLIVER puts his arm around Elio's shoulder, steadying him.

He then speeds off, saying "**Later**", leaving ELIO on his own.

12

INT. PROFESSOR PERLMAN'S STUDY - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

12

PERLMAN is attempting to devise a new filing system for his correspondence; there are packs of letters lying about and open boxes with more letters.

OLIVER is helping him and ELIO is with them.

ANNELLA enters carrying a little tray with a pitcher of more apricot juice which she pours out into glasses. Everyone has some; OLIVER downs his in a gulp. He smacks his lips, says "Ah!". Annella looks at him amused. Elio looks at his father, already knowing what he'll say.

PERLMAN

The word apricot comes from the Arabic - it's like the words "algebra", "alchemy", and "alcohol". It derives from an Arabic noun combined with the Arabic article 'al-' before it. The origin of our Italian '*albicocca*' was '*al-barquq*'...

He pauses to draw breath, then continues, warming to his subject.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

It's amazing that today in Israel and many Arab countries the fruit is referred to by a totally different name: '*mishmish*'.

Through all this OLIVER has been listening carefully.

OLIVER

I beg to differ.

PERLMAN

Ah?



OLIVER

The word is not actually an Arabic word.

PERLMAN

How so?

ELIO and ANNELLA listen carefully. They have seen all this happening in the past.

OLIVER

It's a long story, so bear with me, Pro. Many Latin words are derived from the Greek. In the case of 'apricot', however, it's the other way around.

(he throws a quick, amused look at ELIO)

Here the Greek takes over from Latin. The Latin word was praecoquum, from pre-coquere, pre-cook, to ripen early, as in precocious, meaning premature. The Byzantines - to go on - borrowed praecox, and it became prekokkia or berikokki, which is finally how the Arabs must have inherited it as al-barquq.

There is a moment of silence. Elio and Annella look at Perlman.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Courtesy Philology 101.

PERLMAN

(bemused)

Passes with flying colors.

ANNELLA, unable to resist, starts laughing.

ELIO

(to Oliver about his father)

He does this every year...

Oliver smiles, shaking his head. DISSOLVE.

13

EXT. STREETS/CARD CAFE - TOWN STREET - DAY

13

OLIVER and ELIO walk down a street; OLIVER steps into a small bar.

Some men inside are sitting at two or three tables with playing cards. Waiters bring coffee and other drinks to the customers, the place is lively.

Some of the men look up and nod at OLIVER. They know him. A game is starting at one of the tables and OLIVER is asked to join. He sits down to play.

ELIO

How did you know about this place?

Oliver winks. ELIO pulls up a chair and sits, spectating.

The cards are dealt. OLIVER, accepted at once, treats his fellow PLAYERS as equals. Despite being a 'rich' American 'intellectual', a guest at the villa of one of the area's richest men, he has the 'common touch'.

14

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE LAWN - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON

14

A few of ELIO'S FRIENDS play a volleyball game in a makeshift court set up on the lawn by the main entrance of the villa.

OLIVER is playing with CHIARA, MARZIA's slightly older sister, and another BOY. The three make up one side of the game, while the opposing team is made up of THREE OTHERS we haven't met.

ELIO sits on the side with MARZIA and another friend MARIA. All eyes are on OLIVER, the glamorous American who has unexpectedly dropped into their midst. MARZIA and her friend ask questions about him.

MARZIA

(in Italian)

*Sicuramente è meglio di quello  
dell'anno scorso, ti ricordi?*  
(He's certainly a big improvement  
from last year, do you remember?)

ELIO and MARZIA laugh.

MARIA

(in Italian)

*Molto meglio. Guarda che fico!*  
(Much better! Look how cool he is!)

ELIO, bored and put off, gets up and goes to a nearby table under the lime trees, on it is some fresh fruit and a bottle of cold water.

He takes the bottle and goes to his friends, offering it. OLIVER steals the bottle and drinks, then hands it back to ELIO without thanking him.

OLIVER then puts his free arm around ELIO, gently squeezing his thumb and forefingers into Elio's shoulder in a friendly hug-massage.

ELIO, taken by surprise, is spellbound for an instant, yielding to Oliver's hand, even leaning into it -- then he wrenches himself away from Oliver's grab.

Taken aback, OLIVER apologizes, asking ELIO if he'd pressed a nerve or something: "**I didn't mean to hurt you**". Honestly not wanting to discourage OLIVER, ELIO blurts out "**I'm not hurt**". ELIO has the face of someone trying, but failing, to smother a grimace of pain. OLIVER goes along with this charade.

OLIVER  
(back to massaging Elio's  
shoulder)  
Here, let me make it better. Relax.

ELIO  
But I am relaxing.

OLIVER  
You're stiff as a board. You're  
made of knots.  
(to Marzia)  
Come here, feel this...

MARZIA puts her hands on Elio's back. OLIVER presses her flattened palm hard against it.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Here. Feel it? He should relax  
more.

MARZIA  
You should relax more.

ELIO tries to relax until the others lose interest and resume the game. Elio's view of the players and of the ball in the air over their heads is often obscured by the OLIVER's muscular back, moving in closer from the side. Sometimes they collide, trip, fall into a heap. The girls shout rudely in Italian.

Elio goes back to the table under the lime trees and sits in the shade, far from the others. He is inadvertently rubbing the spot that Oliver had massaged at the base of his neck with his free hand. MAFALDA and ANNELLA are setting up the table for dinner.

ANNELLA

(in Italian)

*C'è Zia Marcella e annessi per cena. Oliver si ferma con noi o esce stasera?* (Aunt Marcella is coming to dinner with her tribe. Is Oliver in or out tonight?)

ELIO

(shrugging, in French)

*Je ne sais pas.*  
(Who knows?)

MAFALDA

*Che muvi star!*  
(What a movie star!)

15 INT. ELIO'S AND OLIVER'S BATHROOM - EVENING 15

Upstairs ELIO is shaving his own upper lip. He looks at himself, almost disgusted.

16 EXT. TABLE UNDER THE LIME TREES - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING 16

Guests are gathering at the table. PERLMAN makes a funny face, entertaining the younger kids at the table. Church bells ring in the distance.

PERLMAN

(in Italian,)

Ah, frizzante!  
(Sparkling wine!)

The absence of Oliver is commented upon. ANNELLA asks ELIO, who just showed up, whether Oliver will be joining them.

ANNELLA

(in Italian)

*Sono le otto passate! Noi ci mettiamo a tavola.*  
(It's eight o'clock! We'll sit down)

ELIO

(in Italian)

*Non vi sembra ineducato come dice "Later..."? arrogante? Mi sembra che facciamo di tutto per farlo stare a suo agio da noi.* (Don't you think it's rude when he says "Later..."? Arrogant?)

(MORE)

ELIO (CONT'D)

After all, it's just to show him a good time here.)

PERLMAN

I don't think he's arrogant. I think Oliver is shy.

The camera stays on ELIO as he considers the possibility.

ELIO

You watch, this is how he'll say goodbye to us when the time comes. With his gruff, slapdash, Later!

ANNELLA

Meanwhile, we'll have to put up with him for six long weeks. Won't we?

PERLMAN

I'm telling you, he's just shy. You'll grow to like him.

ELIO

Yeah, but what if I grow to hate him?

ANNELLA

(to Elio)

*Mio piccino!* (My little one!)

(to Mafalda)

*Può togliere i piatti di Mr.*

*Oliver? (You can remove Mr.*

*Oliver's place setting away?)*

This is performed instantly and without a hint of regret.

ELIO watches Oliver's silverware, his place mat, glass, napkin, disappear as if he had never existed. He grows thoughtful at the sudden violence of Mafalda's action - may even involuntarily put his own hand out to stop her.

17

INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT

17

All the guests are in the living room watching a frivolous Italian TV show with songs and games. Ladies talk. PERLMAN is pouring drinks in the small bar. ELIO is bored.

PERLMAN

Elio, play something.

ELIO

*Non mi va.* (I don't feel like it)

PERLMAN

*Perchè non ti va?* (Why don't you feel like it?)

ELIO

(sharply)

*Perché non mi va!*

ANNELLA

(In French)

*Pourquoi tu ne vas pas à Moscazzano avec les autres?*  
(Why not to Moscazzano with the others?)

ELIO

(In French)

*J'en ai pas envie.*  
(I don't want to.)

ANNELLA

*Go see your friends. Go out. Do something.*  
*Ne reste pas là comme une araignée sur le mur, mon chéri!*  
(Don't just be a spider on the wall, darling!)  
*You're spoiling everyone's fun.*

A burst of laughter from the kids. Perlman returns from the bar holding glasses. ELIO gives in, and goes over to the piano. He starts playing a lively piece.

18 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 18

ELIO is on his bed, still dressed. He cannot sleep. He hears a noise outside and quickly strips off his clothes, putting on his pajama bottoms. But no one comes, there are no sounds on the stairs or activity in the adjoining bathroom.

19 EXT. GARDEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 19

In front of the kitchen is a fruit orchard with a variety of fruit trees. One of the trees is shaking. In the dappled light under the tree we see ANCHISE reaching up into the limbs to pick the ripest peaches.

20 EXT. PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 20

The house is quiet and deserted, a typical lazy summer afternoon.

OLIVER arrives on his bike from town, wearing the blue bathing suit and the blue billowy shirt he had when he first arrived.

21 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 21

ELIO is on his bed wearing only boxer shorts. His right hand is down inside his shorts. He starts touching himself.

All of a sudden footsteps outside his door.

OLIVER, shirtless, enters the room from the bathroom.

ELIO quickly pulls his hand from his boxers shorts with a jerking movement as if caught in an embarrassing position.

OLIVER

Why aren't you with the others at the river?

ELIO is speechless, out of breath, says:

ELIO

I'm... I'm... I have... an allergy.

OLIVER

Me too. We might have the same one.

ELIO shrugs. A beat.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Want to go for a swim? Just the two of us?

ELIO

(still out of breath)  
Later, maybe.

OLIVER

(extending his hand)  
Let's go now.

ELIO grabs his hand and turns on his side facing the wall, away from OLIVER, to prevent him from seeing his erection-but in his movement is also a slight tugging which could have pulled OLIVER down on the bed.

ELIO

Must we?

OLIVER straightens up, pauses again to look down, and still grasping Elio's hand, succeeds in pulling him upright.

OLIVER

I'm going to change. What about you?

He leaves Elio's room.

ELIO puts his hand - the one Oliver had been holding - down inside his boxers, finds it damp, pulls it out, then hits his forehead with his fist saying: "Stupid! Stupid!"

He strips off the underwear and, naked and defiant, goes out into the bathroom while grabbing a pair of swim trunks.

22 INT. ELIO'S AND OLIVER'S BATHROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON

ELIO, while wearing his swimsuit, gets a glimpse of OLIVER naked in his room.

OLIVER

(calling out as he gets into his bathing suit)

See you downstairs!

23 STILL LIVES 23

Still lives of Oliver's swim trunks of different colors drying on the bedroom windowsill denoting the passage of time.

24 EXT. ABBEVERATOIO - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 24

At the bottom of a large stone staircase that leads from the patio outside the villa to the lower outdoor terrace, in the middle of a field, sits an old stone drinking trough for livestock, or an abbeveratoio, now used as a sort of swimming pool to freshen up on hot summer days.

ELIO and OLIVER together in the narrow and long stone pool. Oliver swims, Elio writes music with his headphones on. Something is definitely going on here, there's intimacy. ANNELLA is close, with a basket of freshly picked fruit.

OLIVER

Elio! What are you doing?

ELIO

Reading my music.

OLIVER

No you're not.



ELIO  
Thinking, then.

OLIVER  
About?

ELIO  
Private.

ANNELLA, amused, listens to the conversation.

ANNELLA  
Elio!

OLIVER  
So you won't tell me?

ELIO  
So I won't tell you.

OLIVER  
(explaining to Annella)  
So he won't tell me. In that case  
I'm going with your mom.

OLIVER gets out from the pool and reaches ANNELLA in the orchard, stretching into the branches for the ripe fruit as ELIO watches.

ELIO goes over to them and offers to hold the basket, which is filling with apricots.

25 EXT. SOUTH TERRAZZA - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

25

The same day. ELIO is sitting at a table in the shade of the house, practicing his guitar.

OLIVER is lying on a towel spread on the grass nearby, reading a book, which we see is Heraclithus. He wears a green bathing suit and his straw hat. His belongings are spread out around him: sun lotion, a note pad and pen, espadrilles.

On the nearby patio the PERLMANS and some FRIENDS are sitting around a table playing a card game.

There are always people coming and going at the Perlman's - friends, relatives, acquaintances of Elio, like Marzia. We don't always learn who they are, but they give a sense of ever-moving inhabitants of the place.

Oliver lowers his book and stares at ELIO, who is focused on the fingerboard.

ELIO raises his face to see if OLIVER likes what he is playing, but OLIVER looks back without expression, almost coldly. Unsettled, ELIO breaks off for a moment. OLIVER, aware that he has caused ELIO to interrupt his flow:

OLIVER  
Just play it again.

ELIO  
I thought you didn't like it. Hated it...

OLIVER  
Hated it? Just play it, will you?

ELIO  
The same one?

OLIVER  
The same one.

ELIO gets up and enter the house through the big door.

ELIO  
Follow me.

26

INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

26

ELIO plays the piece on the piano. OLIVER leans on the door looking in. The music sounds very different from when he played it on his guitar.

OLIVER  
You changed it. What did you do to it? Is it Bach?

ELIO  
I just played it the way Liszt would have played it if he'd jimmied around with it.

OLIVER  
Just play it again, please!

ELIO begins playing the piece again. OLIVER listens, then speaks:

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you changed it again.

ELIO  
Not by much. That's how Busoni  
would've played it if he'd altered  
Liszt's version.

OLIVER  
Can't you just play the Bach the  
way Bach wrote it?

ELIO  
Bach never wrote it for guitar. In  
fact, we're not even sure it's Bach  
at all.

OLIVER  
Forget I asked.

ELIO  
Okay, okay. No need to get so  
worked up.

ELIO begins to play the Bach in its original form. OLIVER,  
who had turned away, comes back to the door. ELIO says,  
softly, over his playing:

ELIO (CONT'D)  
It's young Bach, he dedicated it to  
his brother.

27 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - LATER 27

ELIO is writing his diary, the wind is moving the curtains.  
He then puts the open diary on the bed and goes into the  
shared bathroom to pee, shutting the door behind him. The  
camera moves close on to the diary and we read: "...I was too  
harsh when I told him I thought he hated Bach..."

The wind blows the pages of the little book, then dies down  
so that we can go on reading: "What I wanted to say was that  
I thought he hated me..."

28 EXT. LIME TREES - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 28

Another day. ELIO is sitting at his usual table under the  
lime trees, transcribing music. In the background, PERLMAN  
and OLIVER are discussing Oliver's manuscript on Heraclithus.  
We can hardly hear their conversation.

OLIVER  
Go on, I'm okay with criticism.

PERLMAN

You are? Good. I think this needs  
firming up. Your insights are  
persuasive, but..

ANCHISE approaches Elio, carrying a large fish wrapped up in  
a t-shirt, which he uncovers for Elio.

ELIO

*Sei stato al fiume?*  
(You've been at the river?)

ANCHISE

(smiling)  
Si.

Anchise takes the fish towards the kitchen. Meanwhile the  
conversation continues.

OLIVER

(nodding)  
I'm okay with firming up - I'm okay  
with paradox. Back to the drawing  
board.

ANCHISE

(in italian)  
*Mafalda, guarda cosa ho portato!*  
(Mafalda, look what I've got!)

29 EXT. SOUTH TERRAZZA/ABBEVERATOIO - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 29

Later.

ELIO sits nearby the pool with his head back on the cushion  
of his chair, his eyes closed. OLIVER, far away, is sitting  
on the edge of the trough, his feet in the water, reading the  
pages from the manuscript he showed Perlman.

He looks towards Elio.

OLIVER

(loud)  
Are you sleeping?

He waves a sheet of his manuscript at him.

ELIO

(to himself)  
I was.

Oliver gestures him to come closer. Elio does, slowly. He  
notices Oliver is wearing a red bathing suit.

OLIVER

Just listen to this drivel: "For the early Greeks, Heidegger contends, this underlying hiddenness is constitutive of the way beings are, not only in relation to themselves but also to other entities generally. In other words, they do not construe hiddenness merely or primarily in terms of entities' relation to human beings."

Oliver looks at Elio.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Does this make any sense to you?  
Not to me. Nor to your dad.

ELIO is pleased that Oliver has asked his opinion on the manuscript.

ELIO

Maybe it did when you wrote it.

OLIVER, as if pretending to weigh Elio's words carefully.

OLIVER

That's the kindest thing anyone's  
said to me in months.

He speaks ever so earnestly, as if hit by a sudden revelation, in a low tone. This makes ELIO feel ill at ease. He looks away.

ELIO

Kind?

OLIVER

Yes, kind.

Silence returns. ELIO looks at OLIVER, in his red bathing suit, lying on the edge of the trough. And OLIVER lets himself fall in the water, to ELIO's surprise.

30

EXT. RESTAURANT WITH DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

30

A restaurant bar with an open air dancing floor. Everyone dances a slow ballad from the "Flashdance" soundtrack. CHIARA and OLIVER are kissing.

ELIO goes to their table with MARZIA and one or two of the others. He watches CHIARA and OLIVER.

She moves her thighs in between his. Their moves are not the moves of people who stop at heavy petting.

MALE FRIEND # ONE

*Ma ci sta provando?* (Is he hitting on her?)

MALE FRIEND # TWO

*Ha già cuccato?* (Are they doing it, then?)

ELIO

*Che ne so.* (I don't care.)

MALE FRIEND # ONE

*Quanto vorrei essere nei suoi panni.* (I'd love to be in his shoes.)

FEMALE FRIEND # ONE

(to Marzia)

*Chi non vorrebbe essere nei panni di lei, piuttosto..* (Who wouldn't want to be in her shoes, I say..)

ELIO watches them dancing, thinks he'd give anything to be in her shoes. MARZIA studies the look on his face. He pretends to like watching them dance together.

MARZIA

(to EVERYONE)

*Lo vuole a tutti i costi, eh.*  
(She's really after him, that's clear.)

The music changes, "Love My Way" by the Psychedelic Furs hits the dance floor. At the sound of this song OLIVER changes his way of dancing to a more self-obsessed style. A perfect new-wave style.

They all watch OLIVER's solo act with surprise and amusement. ELIO looks at him, mesmerized, until MARZIA pulls him back on the dance floor. There is a strange energy and exchange of glances between them.

Elio chooses not to be embarrassed and lets loose with a sharp little solo of his own. Close on Marzia amused.

31

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

31

ELIO and MARZIA are at a small lake. One of their summer places. They strip their clothes off.

MARZIA

(in french)

*Tu n'es pas avec moi  
parce que tu es fâché contre  
Chiara?*

(You're not with me because you're  
angry with Chiara?)

ELIO

(in french)

*Pourquoi je serais fâché contre  
Chiara ?*

(Why should I be angry with  
Chiara?)

MARZIA

(in french)

*A cause de lui.*

(Because of him.)

ELIO shakes his head, feigning a puzzled look meant to show that he can't begin to guess where she'd gotten such a notion.

MARZIA (CONT'D)

(towelling herself dry with  
her sweater) *Retourne-  
toi. Ne me regarde pas.*

(Turn around. Don't stare at me.)

ELIO

(in french)

*Retrouvons-nous ici demain soir.  
Je serai là avant toi.*

(Let's meet tomorrow night. I'll be  
here before you.)

They run into the lake and swim in the moonlight.

32

EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 32

The next morning. OLIVER shows off his newly acquired talent with a soft-boiled egg, neatly shearing off the shell. He looks a bit hung-over, with circles under his eyes.

ELIO

(in something of an antic  
mood we haven't seen  
before, self-mocking)

We almost did it. Marzia and me.

PERLMAN  
 (from behind his paper, and  
 raising his eyebrows)  
 And why didn't you?

ELIO  
 Dunno.

OLIVER  
 (half-comforting, half-  
 mocking)  
 Better to have tried and failed...

ELIO  
 All I had to do was find the  
 courage to reach out and touch, she  
 would have said yes.

OLIVER  
 (seemingly off-hand)  
 Try again later.

ANNELLA comes in and while she is seating herself, asks:

ANNELLA  
 Try later, what?

PROFESSOR PERLMAN and OLIVER laugh, then the Professor  
 changes the subject.

PERLMAN  
 (to OLIVER)  
 I just heard from the people in  
 Sirmione, they say they've come up  
 with something. I'm going there  
 today, would you like to go with  
 me?

OLIVER  
 I'd like that very much.

ELIO  
 Can't I come too?

PERLMAN  
 On condition that you remain  
 silent.

OLIVER  
 (teasing)  
 Silent as in too many opinions on  
 things, or silent as in Security:  
 not telling anybody what fabulous  
 things have been dug up?



PERLMAN

Nothing is being dug up. It's what has been brought up - out of the water.

OLIVER looks awed.

33

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

33

Later. ANCHISE is wiping the windshield of the Perlmans' car. ELIO comes out just as CHIARA arrives on her bike. She asks him where Oliver is.

ELIO

(in French)

*On va au lac de Garde avec mon père. Il veut montrer à Oliver l'endroit où ils draguent.*  
(We're going to Lake Garda with dad. He wants to show Oliver where they're dredging.)

CHIARA is disappointed.

CHIARA

(in French)

*Dis-lui que je suis passée.*  
(Tell him I came by.)

ELIO

(in French)

*Il est à l'intérieur, il aide mon père. Tu étais incroyable sur la piste, hier soir.*  
(He's inside helping dad. You were great on the dance floor last night.)

CHIARA

(in French)

*Il danse très bien.*  
(He dances great.)

ELIO

(in French)

*Et il est beau aussi, non?*  
(And he's great looking, isn't he?)

CHIARA

(in French)

*Tu veux jouer les entremetteurs?*  
(What are you trying to do, fix us up?)

She leaves him and goes into the house. ELIO gets in the back seat of the car and waits.

Then OLIVER and CHIARA come out. They speak for a moment, standing close. She kisses him on the cheek, then gets on her bike and takes off.

OLIVER gets into the front seat of the car, but ELIO tells him to sit in the back.

ELIO  
Dad always sits up front with  
Anchise to navigate.

OLIVER gets in the back next to ELIO. He watches CHIARA riding away.

ELIO (CONT'D)  
She seems to like you a lot - She's  
more beautiful than she was last  
year.

OLIVER doesn't respond.

ELIO (CONT'D)  
I saw her naked on a night swim.  
She has a great body.

OLIVER turns to look at ELIO, surprised.

OLIVER  
Are you trying to make me like her?

While talking their bare legs briefly collide.

ELIO  
What would be the harm in that?

OLIVER  
No harm. Except I like to go at it  
alone, if you don't mind.

There is a long pause as PROFESSOR PERLMAN comes out and speaks to ANCHISE.

PERLMAN  
(to Anchise)  
*Guido io oggi, non ti preoccupare.  
Non fare quella facci Anchise!  
Prenditi il pomeriggio libero. (I  
think i will drive myself today.  
Anchise, don't be upset! Take the  
afternoon off)*

OLIVER

Don't play at being the good host,  
just don't.

PERLMAN gets in the front seat. As there seems to be a tense silence behind, he turns around as the engine starts.

PERLMAN

What's going on, boys? Oliver, come  
sit up front and be my navigator.

OLIVER smiles at Elio as if to say: "See?"

34

EXT. SIRMIONE - GROTTA DI CATULLO - DAY

34

PERLMAN, OLIVER and ELIO walk through the magnificent ruins of the roman villa overlooking Lake Garda, the Grotte di Catullo (Caves). Perlman is explaining to Oliver that only part of the archaeological treasures of this area has come to light.

A delegation of archaeologists is waiting for them. The senior member rushes up to PERLMAN and greets him. They all gather in the small beach that is dominated by the ruins.

Perlman is showed with the arm of a statue. He is very excited. He goes in the water and walks through the shallows towards an inflatable boat that is standing by, ready to take them to the platform.

Elio looks at Oliver with complicity. Takes the statue's arm and offers it to Oliver, as for hand-shaking.

ELIO

*Tregua?* (Truce?)

Oliver accepts Elio's apology and shakes the hand of the statue.

35

EXT. FLOATING PLATFORM - LAKE GARDA - DAY

35

A salvage operation is in progress. Some small boats surround a floating platform. At the center of the platform is a winch. There are scuba divers and other people all around. PERLMAN, OLIVER, ELIO and other men are on the boat, now next to the platform. At the center of the platform below the cable of the winch is a large opening. A steel cable is lowered into the water and steadied by the site workers.

PERLMAN

The ship went down in 1827 on the  
way to the villa of Count Lechi...  
(MORE)

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

There are four known sets of statues, after the Praxiteles originals. This fellow should be Number Three. The Emperor Hadrian had a pair, dug up at Tivoli, but one of the more philistine of the Farnese popes melted them down and had them recast as a particularly voluptuous Venus that was traded to Napoleon later on.

The wait. Finally the cable is pulled back up - it pulls an antique statue out of the water.

PERLMAN, edging closer, watches the operation minutely.

A bronze Boxer slowly comes up through the opening in the platform, secured by the husky divers, and as it does a chain-metal trap inches underneath it to prevent it from falling back into the water if something should go wrong.

The statue, missing its left arm but otherwise intact, is of an athlete, a boxer, naked, a kind of finger-less glove and wrist-strap. Like the damaged arm and gloved hand, the statue is encrusted with the lake water deposits of a century.

It is still possible to admire the beauty of the athlete's face, set with enamelled eyes that seem to be staring straight out through the murky water at his rescuers.

There is great excitement.

36 EXT. SIRMIONE - GROTTA DI CATULLO (BEACH) - AFTERNOON 36

Later, back on the beach. The bronze has been dried and cleaned. PERLMAN is speaking in Italian with the other men and women who took part in the operation, and who are analyzing the find. OLIVER gently caresses the statue.

The sun is setting, casting its last rays on the long-missing athlete for the first time in more than a hundred years.

PERLMAN

Who would like to go for a swim  
before we head back?

37 EXT. WATER - LAKE GARDA - SUNSET 37

They swim in a little cove not far from the rig that pulled up the bronze Boxer. It is almost dark, with a cloud streaked sky reflected in the water.

The lights on the rig go on, including a big floodlight. The lake is surrounded by snow capped mountains.

ELIO  
(shouting, in the distance)  
Oliver!

OLIVER  
Elio!

38 EXT. PERLMAN VILLA / MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT 38

The Perlman car reaches the villa and all get out. ELIO runs around the house to get his bike and wheels it out on to the road.

ELIO  
I have to go!!

The two men smile at Elio's passionate haste.

PERLMAN  
Are you going too?

OLIVER  
No Prof, I have to work.

PERLMAN  
How about a drink to celebrate the day?

OLIVER  
That would be great.

39 EXT. ROAD / RIVER - NIGHT 39

ELIO is riding on his bike on the way to the river, trying to catch his date with Marzia. When he gets there, no one is waiting. He calls her name.

40 INT. LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN / BOCCHIRALE - VILLA - DAY 40

The next day. ELIO is playing the piano, immersed in thought.

He breaks off, gets up, moves from room to room downstairs. The kitchen is empty as well. It's the hour of siesta. Oliver's bike is missing.

Oliver's book is on the big sofa in the bocchirale.

ELIO  
 (V.O.)  
 "The Cosmic Fragments" by  
 Heraclitus.

Elio sits and opens the book. There's a handwritten page inside.

OLIVER  
 (V.O.)  
 The meaning of the river flowing is not that all things are changing so that we cannot encounter them twice, but that some things stay the same only by changing.

Elio closes the book.

41 INT. STAIRCASE / CORRIDOR - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 41

ELIO goes back inside and up the stairs very quietly and along the corridor he shares with Oliver. He approaches Oliver's door like a detective looking for clues.

He is about to open it when he hears the sounds of someone coming up the back stairs; he opens the door to his own room instead, and walks in.

42 INT. CORRIDOR / ELIO'S - OLIVER'S ROOM / SHARED BATHROOM - 42 DAY

MAFALDA appears in the corridor, holding the laundry of the two young men. She brusquely opens Oliver's door, puts Oliver's shorts, socks, handkerchiefs, maybe the blue "billowy" shirt, on his dresser. She goes out, then knocks on Elio's door.

ELIO says "**Avanti**" and she goes in with a pile of the same sort of clothes belonging to him. He's lying on his bed, pretending to read a book. She leaves; he can hear her retreating footsteps.

When she is safely gone he stealthily goes into Oliver's room through the bathroom they share. He looks around Oliver's room.

43 INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 43

He goes to the little pile of laundry and examines it, sees the folded boxer shorts (or Jockey) - passes his finger tips over them, then goes to the closet.

Hanging on a hook is the red bathing suit. He picks it up - it's dry - and brings it to his face. He rubs his face inside it, smelling it, looks inside it as if searching for something, kisses every inch of it, licks the inside of the supporter as if trying to find a taste of Oliver.

ELIO quickly slips out of his own bathing suit and pulls on Oliver's. He undoes Oliver's bed and gets into it, putting the pillow over his face and kissing it savagely, smelling it again and again, searching for Oliver's scent, then wraps his bare legs around it.

Suddenly he hears the sound of a bicycle approaching goes to look out the window. He can just partly see OLIVER leaving his bike by a wall and coming in the villa. Elio removes Oliver's trunks and tidies up the bed, exiting the room.

44 INT. CORRIDOR (1ST FLOOR) - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 44

ELIO runs towards the window at the end of the corridor and looks down from it. No one. Finally Oliver appears going down the steps and moving towards the stone trough.

45 EXT. GARDEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 45

The following day. A thunderstorm and heavy rain dashes the plants in the garden and pours from the roof spouts.

46 INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 46

Inside the villa the three PERLMANS are sitting on a row on a big couch as the lights flicker.

ANNELLA

Have you seen my Heptameron?

PERLMAN

It must be over there...

ANNELLA finds the book.

ANNELLA

This is in German, but I'll translate: **Ein gut aus sehender junger Ritter ist wahnsinnig verliebt in eine Prinzessin. Sie auch ist in ihn verliebt.**

"...A handsome young knight is madly in love with a princess. She too is in love with him..."

(MORE)

ANNELLA (CONT'D)

*...obwohl es so scheint, als sei sie sich nicht vollig ihrer eigenen Liebe bewusst.*

...though she seems not to be entirely aware of it.

Despite the friendship...

**Freundschaft...** that blossoms between them, or perhaps because of that very friendship, the young knight finds himself so humbled and speechless that he is totally unable to bring up the subject of his love. One day he asks the princess point-blank: **Ich bitte euch ratet mir was besser ist... reden oder sterben.** 'Is it better to speak or die'.

The lights suddenly all go out in the house; the music from a long-playing record dies to a stop. There is a shout in the kitchen, MAFALDA.

ELIO

(still thinking about the Knight and the princess)

I'd never have the courage to ask such a question.

PERLMAN

Elly-belly, you know you can talk to us about anything?

They have been sitting in near darkness. The rain beats against the window panes.

47

EXT. ABBEVERATOIO - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

47

Later. ELIO is sitting under the trees with his score book open. OLIVER sits on the edge of the stone trough with his feet in the water, he is wearing his straw hat.

ELIO

My mom's been reading this German romance. She read some of it to my Father and I the day the lights went out.

OLIVER

About the knight who doesn't know whether to speak or die? You told me already.



ELIO

Yes.

OLIVER

Well, does he or doesn't he?

ELIO

Better to speak, she said. But she's on her guard. She senses a trap somewhere.

OLIVER

So does he speak?

ELIO

No, he fudges.

OLIVER

That figures. Listen, I need to pick up something in town.

ELIO

I'll go, if you want me to.

Beat.

OLIVER

Let's go together.

ELIO

Now?

OLIVER

Why, have you got anything better to do?

ELIO

No.

OLIVER puts some pages of his manuscript into his old frayed book bag.

OLIVER

So let's go.

48

EXT. PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

48

On the way to the shed to collect their bikes, they pass ANCHISE, who hands OLIVER his bike with a wry smile. OLIVER smiles back.

ANCHISE

(Mixture of Italian and  
English)

(I straightened the wheel. It took  
some doing. I also put air in the  
tires)

ELIO and OLIVER reach the road, where they pause for a  
moment. OLIVER pulls up his shirt and pulls down the top of  
his shorts to expose a big scrape and bruise on his left hip.

OLIVER

(showing ELIO his wound)

I fell the other day on the way  
back and scraped myself pretty  
badly. Anchise insisted on applying  
me some sort of witch's brew. He  
also fixed the bike for me.

ELIO leans over closely to see Oliver's scrape, which is  
smeared with a black unguent. It looks painful.

They continue on their way.

49

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

49

They arrive on their bikes at the little town square. OLIVER  
buys a pack of cigarettes, Gauloises. He lights one up, then  
offers one to ELIO.

OLIVER

You want to try one?

ELIO nods and OLIVER cups his hands very near Elio's face and  
lights his cigarette.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Not bad, right?

ELIO

(drawing on it)

Not bad at all. I thought you  
didn't smoke.

OLIVER

I don't.

(taking another drag)

They walk their bikes towards the little World War I memorial  
in the center of the square which is dedicated to the youth  
of the town who perished in the Battle of Piave.

They pause a moment to read the plaque.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

World War II? Did the Allies fight near here?

ELIO

No. This is World War I. You'd have to be at least eighty years old to have known any of them.

OLIVER

Is there anything you don't know? I never heard of the Battle of Piave.

ELIO looks at OLIVER. He hesitates, then bursts out:

ELIO

I know nothing Oliver. Nothing, just nothing.

OLIVER

(looking at him steadily)  
You know more than anyone around here.

ELIO

If you only knew how little I know about the things that really matter.

OLIVER

What things that matter?

ELIO looks him straight in the eye for once, summoning up his courage:

ELIO

You know what things. By now you of all people should know.

Silence.

OLIVER

Why are you telling me all this?

ELIO

Because I thought you should know.

OLIVER

(he repeats ELIO's words slowly, playing for time as he considers them)  
Because you thought I should know.

ELIO  
 Because I want you to know  
 (blurting it out)  
 Because there is no one else I can  
 say this to but you.

There is a magnificent view. A tiny bus works its way uphill,  
 with some bikers struggling behind it.

To buy time, OLIVER turns to look at it before replying:

OLIVER  
 Are you saying what I think you're  
 saying?

ELIO  
 Yes.

OLIVER looks at ELIO for a long moment, then gestures towards  
 the shop front where he takes his manuscript to be typed up.

OLIVER  
 Wait for me here. Don't go away.

ELIO  
 (looking at OLIVER with a  
 confiding smile)  
 You know I'm not going anywhere.

Two buses stop nearby to unload their passengers - older  
 women arriving from adjoining villages to shop.

ELIO turns to read the names listed on the monument. OLIVER  
 returns.

OLIVER  
 (frowning)  
 They've mixed up my pages and now  
 they have to retype the whole  
 thing. So I have nothing to work on  
 this afternoon. Which sets me back  
 a whole day. Damn!

ELIO looks as if it has been his fault the typist made a  
 mistake.

ELIO  
 I wish I hadn't spoken.

OLIVER  
 I'm going to pretend you never did.

ELIO  
 (unfazed)  
 Does this mean we're on speaking  
 terms - but not really?

OLIVER thinks about this.

OLIVER  
 Look, we can't talk about such  
 things, we really can't.

He slings his bag with its papers around him and the two are  
 off down hill.

ELIO  
*Andiamo, americano!*

50 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/SPRINGS - FONTANILI GAVERINE - DAY 50

Now that ELIO has laid his cards on the table, the scenery  
 and the fine weather buoy his spirits. They ride together on  
 the empty country road that at this time of day is all for  
 them.

Thirsty they stop by a factory. They ask for water to an old  
 lady. Oliver is surprised to see a Mussolini picture hanging  
 on a wall. They laugh.

ELIO  
 (speaking like Mussolini)  
 Popolo italiano!  
 That's Italy!

They're again on their bikes. The countryside shines in all  
 its grandeur.

ELIO turns off into a little path towards some spring water  
 ponds surrounded by willow trees. ELIO leans his bike against  
 one of them, followed by OLIVER.

ELIO (CONT'D)  
 This is my spot. All mine. I come  
 here to read. I can't begin to tell  
 you the number of books I've read  
 here.

Oliver puts his hands in the water.

OLIVER  
 It's freezing cold!

ELIO

The spring is in the mountains, the  
Alpi Orobie. The water comes  
straight down from there.

Oliver freshens up his face with this water.

ELIO (CONT'D)

I come here to escape the known  
world.

OLIVER

I like the way you say things. Why  
are you always putting yourself  
down?

ELIO

(shrugging)

I don't know. So you won't, I  
suppose.

OLIVER

Are you so scared of what others  
think? Or what I think?

ELIO shakes his head. OLIVER waits for ELIO to say something.  
He stares at him.

In the silence of the moment, ELIO stares back. It is the  
first time ELIO has dared to stare back at OLIVER openly.

Before this moment he has always cast a glance, then looked  
away from Oliver's steely gaze. It is as if, finally, ELIO is  
saying to Oliver: This is who I am, this is who you are, this  
is what I want.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You're making things very difficult  
for me.

ELIO doesn't back down. Neither does OLIVER.

OLIVER sits down on the grass, then lies down on his back,  
his arms under his head, staring at the sky. Elio lays down  
next to him.

ELIO

I love this, Oliver.

OLIVER

What? This? Us, you mean?

ELIO

That too.

ELIO doesn't reply. OLIVER moves up close to him. Very close. He stares right in Elio's face, as though he likes Elio's face and wants to study it, linger on it.

OLIVER touches Elio's lower lip with his finger, lets it travel left and right, then right and left again. OLIVER smiles at ELIO as he lies there, and that very smile fills ELIO with a kind of apprehension about what will happen next.

What happens next is that OLIVER brings his lips to Elio's mouth in a warm I'll-meet-you-halfway-but-no-further kiss, a conciliatory kiss. ELIO's return kiss is so famished he loses himself in it.

OLIVER  
(afterwards)  
Better now?

ELIO doesn't answer. He kisses OLIVER again, lifting his face, as if to discover more, know more. Even with their faces touching, their bodies are angles apart. ELIO lifts one knee as if to face OLIVER.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I think we should go.

ELIO  
Not yet.

OLIVER  
We can't do this - I know myself.  
So far we've behaved. We've been good. Neither of us has done anything to feel ashamed of. Let's keep it that way. I want to be good.

ELIO reaches for OLIVER in a quick, desperate move, lets his hand rest on Oliver's crotch. OLIVER doesn't move. With total composure, in a gesture that is both gentle and commanding, he brings his own hand there, letting it rest on Elio's for a second. He twines his fingers into Elio's, then lifts his hand. A moment of silence.

ELIO  
(suddenly abashed by his  
own action)  
Did I offend you?

OLIVER  
Just don't.

He gives Elio his hand and helps him stand up. He pulls up his shirt to examine the scrape.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I should make sure it doesn't get infected.

ELIO

We can stop by the pharmacist on the way back.

51 EXT. ROAD - DAY

51

They glide down the slope on their bikes, with wind in their hair.

52 EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 52

Lunch. A middle-aged Italian ART HISTORIAN COUPLE have been invited to lunch. The man, MARCO, is pompous, his wife, ELENA, no less so, dropping Italian expressions constantly into her conversation. ELIO and OLIVER can hardly keep from laughing.

MARCO

*E così siamo arrivati al pentapartito, con Craxi al governo...* (So we got to the government of Bettino Craxi).

ELENA

*Perché non siamo capaci di fare più niente se non parlare, parlare, parlare...* (Because we don't do anything but talk, talk, talk).

MARCO

*Lasciami parlare. Abbiamo cinque partiti che non fanno altro che discutere.* (Let me speak. We have five parties that do nothing but fight.)

ELENA

*E allora fuma e stai zitto, w lasciali parlare, vorrei sapere cosa ne pensano loro. Annella tu che ne pensi? Il pentapartito! (Smoke and shut up! Let them speak, him, her... I'd like to know what they think too. Annella, what do you think? A 5-party government!)*



ANNELLA

*Amore, è il compromesso storico!*  
(Darling, I think it's the historic compromise...)

ELENA

*E lo dici così? E' una tragedia!*  
*Annella, da quando hai ereditato*  
*questo posto sei cambiata...*  
(Compromises are tragic. Annella,  
you've changed since you inherited  
this place.)

ANNELLA

*Ma che c'entra? Sei matta? Sei una*  
*stronza!* (What's that got to do  
with it? You're mad, darling.)

ELENA

(to Perlman)  
*E tu non dici niente?*  
(Say something. You're resigned).

MARCO

*E vogliamo parlare della morte di*  
*Bunuel? Un genio assoluto!* (Why  
don't we talk about the death of  
Buñuel? He was a genius.)  
(to ELIO)  
*Tu conosci Bunuel?* (Know him?)

ELENA

*Il cinema non può essere la*  
*risposta per tutto...* (Cinema isn't  
the answer...)

MARCO

*Il cinema è lo specchio della*  
*realtà.* (Cinema is a mirror of  
reality).

ELENA

(to Oliver)  
*Sentiamo che ha da dire lui.* (Let's  
hear his opinion. Say something.)

ANNELLA

*Amore ma è americano!* (Darling,  
he's American.)

ELENA

*Americano non vuol dire stupido!*  
(American doesn't mean stupid!)

A few meters from the table Anchise laughs at the conversation.

MAFALDA serves everyone ice-cream. As he begins to eat, ELIO notices red spots appearing on the dessert. It's coming from above his head. He realizes that it is streaming from his nose, that he is having a nosebleed.

ELIO  
 (covering his nose with his  
 napkin)  
*Ghiaccio, ice, Mafalda, per favore,  
 presto!*

Holding the napkin to his nose to stanch the stream of blood falling into his dessert, he rises and leaves.

ELENA  
*Ma che succede?* (What's the  
 matter?)

ANNELLA  
*Non ti preoccupare, succede sempre!*  
 (It's nothing. It happens all the  
 time...)

ELENA  
*Vi state abituando proprio a tutto!*  
 (You get used to absolutely  
 everything).

53 INT. KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 53

ELIO is in the kitchen looking for ice to stop his nose bleeding, but the freezer is empty.

54 INT. BAR - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 54

In a very tight and confined space beside the living room is the Perlman bar. ELIO is sitting on the floor, his head tilted back, and is holding a napkin full of ice - now a mixture of blood and water - on his nose. Beside him is an ice bucket.

OLIVER  
 Elio! Where are you?

OLIVER is in the bocchirale looking for him. Elio waves from the bar. Oliver goes over to him. ELIO smiles ruefully.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 Was it my fault?

ELIO  
I'm a mess, aren't I?

OLIVER  
I guess. The ancients said it never  
hurts to be bled from time to time.

ELIO  
Sit for a second.

ELIO shifts a little to make room. The place is very tight,  
his bare feet touch Oliver's ankles for a moment.

OLIVER takes Elio's feet in his hands and begins massaging  
them, pulling on his toes until they crack. ELIO cries out in  
mingled pleasure and pain.

ELIO (CONT'D)  
Where did you learn to do that?

OLIVER  
My bubbe. She did it all the time  
to us.

Elio looks again at Oliver's necklace with the Star of David  
on his chest.

ELIO  
I have one of those.

OLIVER  
You don't ever wear it?

ELIO  
My mother says we are Jews of  
discretion.

OLIVER  
I guess that fits your mom...

ELIO  
Funny witch. You're going to kill  
me, you know that? Ouch!

OLIVER  
(taking Elio's foot and  
kissing it)  
I hope not.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Are you going to be okay?

ELIO  
I'll get over it.

Oliver helps Elio up.

55 INT. BOCCHIRALE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 55

In the bocchirale OLIVER meets the sisters MARZIA and CHIARA. They're giggling.

CHIARA  
How is he? Will he live?

OLIVER  
I think so. Just a bit of a nose bleed.

CHIARA  
Really? I'll be back in a minute. Don't go anywhere.

As soon as the girls leave, Oliver takes off on his bike.

56 INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 56

The girls burst into the living room where Elio is lying on the couch. CHIARA sits at the foot of it, MARZIA stands peering down at ELIO. He looks up at her a bit sheepishly.

CHIARA takes a cigarette out of a pack and lights it. She takes a drag on it, then holds it out close to the sole of Elio's bare foot. He pulls it up fast.

CHIARA  
(in French)  
*Ça t'a fait mal ? Pourtant,  
tu as des pieds de paysan  
qui ne sentent rien. Paysan!*  
(You felt that? You have peasant feet. They don't feel things. Peasant!)

MARZIA  
(in French)  
*Laisse-le tranquille!*  
(Leave him alone!)

Marzia caresses his hair softly.

CHIARA  
(in French)  
*Doucement. Tu vas encore le faire saigner.*  
(Easy. You'll make him bleed again.)

She holds out her pack of cigarettes to him and he takes one. She lights it for him and he smokes it. CHIARA looks at him coolly, as if looking at a rival.

CHIARA (CONT'D)

(in French)

*Alors... On sort ou pas?*

(So... are we going somewhere?)

ELIO

(in french)

*Peut-être. Mais si on sort, il ne faut pas que ma mère me voie, elle s'inquiéterait.*

(regardant autour de lui)

*Où est Oliver?*

(Maybe. But if I go out my mother can't see me. She'll get worried.

(looking around)

Where's Oliver?)

CHIARA

(in french)

*Qu'est-ce que j'en sais?*

(How would I know?)

57 EXT. RIVER - AFTERNOON

57

ELIO walks into the fresh water and swims. Down the river is a group of his FRIENDS playing on the grass, Oliver isn't there.

Elio is not unhappy. There is a rippling shaft of sunlight on the water directly towards him. He swims into it.

We see that Elio is now wearing his Star of David necklace.

58 EXT. KITCHEN / PATIO - PERLMAN VILLA - LATER

58

Elio exits the kitchen as he drinks a smoothie, feeling rested. He calls to his mother who is sitting nearby.

ELIO

*Il est où Oliver?*

(Is Oliver around?)

ANNELLA

*Il n'est pas sorti?*

(Didn't he go out?)

MAFALDA exits from the kitchen. While ELIO goes to sit with his mother.

MAFALDA

*Signora vuole un frullato pure lei?*  
(Madame do you want a smoothie too?)

ANNELLA

*No grazie Mafalda, ceniamo tra poco.* (No, thanks Mafalda, we're going to dinner)

ELIO

*Io esco stasera, non ceno* (I'm going out this evening, I won't have dinner)

MAFALDA

*Ma dove vai a quest'ora? Mi fai preoccupare.* (But where at this hour? I worry)

ELIO

*Ma di che?* (about what?)

MAFALDA

*Secondo me non va bene. Signora...*  
(I'd advise against it)

ANNELLA

(Smiling)

*Lasciamolo fare.*  
(Let's leave him)

MAFALDA enters the kitchen.

ANNELLA (CONT'D)

You like him, don't you? Oliver?

ELIO

Everyone likes Oliver.

ANNELLA

He likes you too - more than you do, I think.

ELIO

Is that your impression?

ANNELLA

No, it was Oliver's.

ELIO

When did he tell you that?

ANNELLA

A while ago.

ANNELLA caresses ELIO's hair. Notices the Star of David he is wearing now.

59 EXT. SOUTH TERRAZZA - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING 59

After dinner. ELIO is in the terrazza, waiting for Oliver to return. He tries to read a book but he cannot concentrate.

60 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 60 \*

Late night. ELIO is sitting at his desk, wide awake. He has left the bathroom door intentionally ajar, hoping that the light from the foyer might stream in just enough to reveal his body. As ELIO hears OLIVER step onto the landing in the hall, he jumps back in his bed pretending to be asleep.

OLIVER walks past Elio's room without stopping, without even a hesitation, and goes into his own room and shuts the door.

A few moments later ELIO hears Oliver open the door from his bedroom into their common bathroom. Then he hears the door into his own room from the bathroom click shut, as if being locked. ELIO sits up in bed.

ELIO

(to himself, under his  
breath)

Traitor. Traitor!

61 PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 61

ELIO stands in the garden and looks up at Oliver's window. There is a faint glow, like that of a desk lamp. A red bathing suit is drying.

From inside we hear the sound of the Perlmans' television.

62 INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 62

ELIO, restless, uncharacteristically idle, sits down with his parents to watch TV. Beppe Grillo, a standup comedian, is making fun of Bettino Craxi. ELIO half watches. He lights a cigarette.

ANNELLA

(engrossed)

Not in here!

ELIO gets up and goes into his father's study, to his desk, at the telephone. He dials Marzia's number and she answers.

MARZIA (VOICE)  
 (in French, there is a  
 flatness of tone)  
*Tu es encore malade?*  
 (Are you still sick?)

ELIO  
 (in French)  
*C'était rien. Tu veux sortir ? Je  
 peux passer te prendre en vélo, on  
 peut aller...*  
 (It was nothing. Do you want to go  
 out? I can come on my bike and pick  
 you up. We can go to...)

MARZIA  
 (in French)  
*OK, je viens.*  
 (Yeah. I'll come.)

63 EXT. STREETS - CREMA - EARLY EVENING

63

Elio sees a bookstand and asks Marzia to wait for him. We stay with Marzia who sees Elio feverishly browse through the stand. He finds something he likes and buys it. Returns to her and gives her the book.

On impulse, ELIO kisses MARZIA behind the ear. She seems to freeze. He kisses her again and whispers:

ELIO  
*Ca t'a dérangé?*  
 (Did it bother you?)

MARZIA  
 (whispering back, in  
 French)  
*Bien sûr que non.*  
 (Of course not.)

64 EXT. STREETS/PIAZZA PREMOLI - CREMA - EVENING

64

Outside in the street. They converse as they walk in French.

MARZIA  
*Pourquoi tu m'as acheté ce livre?*  
 (Why did you buy me this book?)



ELIO

*Parce que j'en avais envie.*  
(Because I felt like it.)

MARZIA

*Oui, mais pourquoi tu l'as acheté  
pour moi?  
Pourquoi m'acheter un livre à moi?  
(Yes but why did you buy it for me?  
Why buy me a book?)*

ELIO

*Je comprends pas ta question.*  
(I don't understand what you're  
asking.)

MARZIA

*N'importe qui comprendrait pourquoi  
et toi tu ne comprends pas!  
(An idiot would understand why I'm  
asking but you don't.)*

ELIO

*Je te suis toujours pas.*  
(I still don't follow.)

MARZIA

*Tu es désespérant.*  
(You're hopeless.)

ELIO

*Si tu ne me le dis pas, je vais  
imaginer des choses...  
(If you don't tell me, I'll imagine  
all sort of things...)*

MARZIA

*Sei un coglione. (Tu n'es qu'un  
crétin) Donne-moi une cigarette.  
(Give me a cigarette.)*

They are walking very slowly, wheeling their bikes. There are frequent bursts of sound from behind shuttered windows: TVs, family arguments, music.

MARZIA (CONT'D)

*Tu lis vraiment autant que ça ?  
Je veux dire: moi aussi,  
j'aime lire, mais je ne le dis à  
personne. (Do you really read that  
much? Don't get me wrong. I like to  
read, too. But I don't tell  
anyone.)*

ELIO

*Pourquoi tu ne le dis pas?*  
(Why don't you tell anyone?)

MARZIA

*Je ne sais pas... Les gens qui lisent sont cachottiers. Ils cachent ce qu'ils sont vraiment. Les gens qui cachent n'aiment pas toujours ce qu'ils sont.*  
(I don't know.. People who read are hidiers. They hide who they are. People who hide don't always like who they are.)

They walk in the direction of Piazza Premoli, a beautiful town square dominated by a marvellous 18th century palazzo.

ELIO

*Tu caches qui tu es vraiment?*  
(Do you hide who you are?)

MARZIA

*Parfois. Pas toi?*  
(Sometimes. Don't you?)

ELIO

*Si, sûrement. Tu le fais avec moi aussi?*  
(I suppose. Do you hide from me?)

MARZIA

*Non, pas avec toi. Ou si, peut-être, un petit peu.*  
(No, not from you. Or maybe, yes, a bit.)

ELIO

*Comment ça?*  
(Like what?)

MARZIA

*Tu sais très bien ce que je veux dire.*  
(You know exactly like what.)

ELIO

*Pourquoi tu dis ça?*  
(Why do you say that?)

MARZIA

*Pourquoi? Parce que je pense que tu peux me faire souffrir*  
(MORE)

MARZIA (CONT'D)  
*et que je ne veux pas souffrir.*  
 (Why? Because I think you can hurt  
 me and I don't want to be hurt.)

She thinks for a moment.

MARZIA (CONT'D)  
*Pas parce que tu cherches à  
 blesser, mais parce que tu changes  
 toujours d'avis, alors, on ne sait  
 donc jamais à quoi s'en tenir. Tu  
 m'effraies.* (Not that you mean to  
 hurt anyone, but because you're  
 always changing your mind, so no  
 one knows where to find you. You  
 scare me.)

ELIO leans over in one of their pauses and kisses MARZIA  
 lightly on the lips. She stops by the gate of Palazzo  
 Premoli.

MARZIA (CONT'D)  
*Tu m'embrasses encore?*  
 (Kiss me again?)

Once they are close, he holds her face with both hands and  
 leans into her as they begin to kiss, his hand going up under  
 her shirt, hers goes in his hair.

They enter the Palazzo courtyard and move into a dimly lit  
 corner. Her hips respond to his, without inhibition. There is  
 nothing between their bodies but their clothes. She slips a  
 hand between them and down into his trousers.

MARZIA (CONT'D)  
 (in a surprised tone)  
*Comme tu es dur!*  
 (You're so hard.)  
*Embrasse-moi encore.*  
 (Kiss me again.)

65 EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

65

MARZIA and ELIO make love on the grass. He pulls out just in  
 time and ejaculates on her belly. They burst out laughing.

ELIO  
*Je suis désolé! Je suis désolé!*  
 (I'm sorry! I'm sorry...) Oh, my  
 God, that felt so good...

66

INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAWN

66

Later. It is now dawn. ELIO is in his room sitting naked at his desk. His small lamp is on. He takes up a school notebook and tears out a page. He begins writing the note to Oliver:

Please don't avoid me.

He crumples that up.

Please don't avoid me. It kills me.

He crumples that up too, and writes:

Your silence is killing me.

He says to himself, out loud,

ELIO

Way over the top.

He writes:

Can't stand thinking you hate me.

He tears that up too, and tries again:

I'd sooner die than know you hate  
me.

He laughs, tears that one up, and writes once more:

Can't stand the silence. I need to  
speak to you.

He reads this, liking it. He lifts his right hand to his face, smells his fingertips, his palm, then his other hand liking that too.

ELIO gets up, folds the last note, and slips it under the door that separates his room from Oliver's.

67

INT. MAIN STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - MORNING

67

ELIO coming up the steps as OLIVER is walking down.

OLIVER

Did you enjoy yourself last night?

ELIO

*Insomma* (so-so).

PERLMAN walks out of his office to join the conversation.

PERLMAN  
Must be tired then. Or were you  
playing poker too?

ELIO  
I don't play poker.

PERLMAN and OLIVER exchange glances.

PERLMAN  
(to Oliver)  
Several hundred color slides of our  
boxer and the others like him  
arrived yesterday from Berlin. We  
should start cataloging them. That  
will keep us busy until lunch I  
imagine.

68 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 68

ELIO enters his room. He sees the folded note he wrote to Oliver lying on his desk and opens it. Oliver has added:

Grow up. I'll see you at midnight.

ELIO feels weak-kneed and has to sit down on his bed. He kisses the slip of paper, then holds it against his heart. Then he looks at the time on his watch: 10:30 AM.

69 INT. PROFESSOR PERLMAN'S STUDY - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 69 \*

PROFESSOR PERLMAN project images of classical athletes from a slide projector onto a screen in his study.

On the screen is a close-up detail of a bronze navel in an impressively muscled stomach.

There are several of these, and PERLMAN points out stylistic differences:

PERLMAN  
(pointing at the images)  
Beautiful aren't they?

OLIVER  
They're amazing. But these are far  
more... sensual.

PERLMAN

Because these are more Hellenistic than the fifth-century Athenian, most likely sculpted under the influence of the greatest sculptor in antiquity: Praxiteles. Their muscles are film- look at his stomach for example- and yet never a straight body in these statues, they are all curves, sometimes impossibly curved and so nonchalant, hence their ageless ambiguity. As if they are daring you to desire them.

Oliver, not unmoved by these images, steals a glance at Perlman to see if perhaps Elio's father knows something about what is going on between Oliver and his son.

70 EXT. TABLE UNDER THE LIME TREES - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 70

At the lunch table. A clock strikes two. Lunch is over and everyone folds his napkin and pushes back their chairs.

ANNELLA

And don't forget Mounier and Isaac are coming for dinner tonight.

ELIO

(to Oliver)

Otherwise known as Sonny and Cher.

PERLMAN

(gently admonishing)

Okay...

ANNELLA

I want you to wear the shirt they sent you from Miami. It will make them happy

ELIO

It's way to big on me. It's looks ridiculous.

Elio turns to Oliver to bring him into the conversation and to test his mood.

ELIO (CONT'D)

See if Oliver doesn't think I look like a scarecrow in it. I'll model it for you.

But Oliver is non-committal and won't be drawn into the decision.

ELIO can't help glancing at his wrist watch, but attempts to hide the gesture from OLIVER by reaching out for an uneaten cookie on a plate just as MAFALDA is removing it.

Then, to tease ELIO:

OLIVER  
What's the time?

Oliver reaches for Elio's wrist, but Elio pulls away and runs up the stairs.

71 INT. KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 71

MAFALDA is cleaning up after lunch. OLIVER comes in.

OLIVER  
(in his halting Italian)  
*Mafalda, non sarò con voi a cena stasera.*  
(I won't be home for dinner this evening).

72 EXT. ABBEVERATOIO - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 72

By the abbeveratoio. ELIO and MARZIA jump into the water and wrestle with each other. He darts a look at his watch: three fifty-five.

She slips her hand inside his bathing suit and takes hold of him like she did in the street the night before.

MARZIA (IN FRENCH)  
*Montons dans ta chambre.*  
(Let's go up to your room.)

ELIO (IN FRENCH)  
*J'ai une meilleure idée.*  
(I have a better idea.)

73 INT. KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 73

ELIO and MARZIA, in their swimsuits, run through the kitchen. Elio holds her hand, almost dragging her.

MAFALDA  
Ciao Marzia!

MARZIA  
Buongiorno Mafalda!

They haven't dried up, and are wetting the floor as they go.

74 INT. STAIRCASE/CORRIDOR (1ST FLOOR) - PERLMAN VILLA - 74  
AFTERNOON

ELIO and MARZIA go up the stairs that take to the upper floor of the building.

MARZIA  
(riant)  
*On va où???*  
(laughing)  
(Where are we going???)

They enter a small door on the left end of the corridor.

75 INT. SMALL SPIRAL STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 75

A small and narrow spiral staircase. ELIO jogs up the steps with MARZIA.

76 INT. ATTIC - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 76

ELIO and MARZIA enter the attic, it is filled with old furniture, books, and other unused stuff.

Elio moves a mattress that was leaning on the wall and lays it on the ground. They pull off their bathing suits and lie on the mattress, ELIO on top.

He takes off his watch, places it on a bed-side table, where he can see it. It is 4:29.

The windows are open, but the shutters are half closed. The subdued afternoon light draws slatted patterns on the bed, on the wall, on MARZIA and ELIO making love.

77 EXT. PERLMAN VILLA - LATE AFTERNOON 77

ELIO comes downstairs with Marzia as the evening guests pull up in their car: a GAY COUPLE one tall and thin, the other short and rotund. Both are professors on holiday, and both are wearing complimentary seersucker suits. Each carries a bouquet of white flowers which they present to ANNELLA.



ELIO introduces them to MARZIA. They speak terrible Italian, one starting a sentence loaded with compliments, the other having to finish it.

ELIO leads them into the house as MARZIA bikes off.

78

INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING

78

ELIO finds his father in his room going through all his son's shirts hanging in the closet in order to pick out the unwanted present. He hands it to ELIO, who groans.

ELIO

I can't put it on now! They've already met me. It will look like a put-up job.

PERLMAN

(in a very amused tone)

No misbehaving tonight. When I tell you to play, then play! You're too old not to accept people as they are. What's wrong with them? I don't think it's very attractive of you to call them 'Sonny and Cher' behind their backs...

ELIO

Mom called them that.

PERLMAN

...and then accept gifts from them. Is it because they're gay or because they're ridiculous? Is that it? I hope not. And if you know as much about economics when you're Mounir's age you'll be a very wise man indeed and a credit to me. Now get into this.

The shirt isn't so bad: a loose Hawaiian one with big white flowers on a black background. ELIO changes into it.

79

EXT. TABLE UNDER THE LIME TREES - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING 79

ELIO bounds onto the scene, where PERLMAN is serving MOUNIR and ISAAC champagne, making something of an entrance.

They rise and salute him with their glasses, exclaiming and exchanging delighted glances as their host's beautiful son descends in their midst wearing the shirt they had given him.

PERLMAN and ANNELLA look at ELIO for a moment, as if seeing him anew, then pour out a glass of champagne for him. On the table in front of them are a number of big black and white photographs of the bronze Boxer being pulled up out of the water.

80 INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - LATER 80

ELIO is playing the piano. For his final selection, he has chosen a piece by Poulenc. The others listen almost reverently. His wristwatch is on the piano.

As he is concluding, OLIVER comes in from outside and makes his way towards the stairs.

Only Elio sees him enter and Oliver makes "I don't want to disturb you" motions with his hands before disappearing. ELIO is unperturbed. The sudden appearance of OLIVER may inject a dash of fire to the final - if wee-bit hurried - notes.

ELIO stands up as his audience applauds and makes a little bow.

ELIO  
(nodding in appreciation)  
I'm afraid I have to go to bed now.

He shakes hands with the guests, thanks them anew for his shirt, kisses his mother, and runs up the stairs. The big clock shows almost eleven.

81 INT. ELIO'S AND OLIVER'S BATHROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 81

In the bathroom ELIO pees. He says softly, looking down at his penis, "**Do I know you?**" He flushes the toilet and turns off the tap.

82 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 82

When ELIO emerges from the bathroom he hears voices coming up from below as the guests are leaving. He reaches the window and looks down at "Sonny and Cher" who stand by the car saying their good-byes and laughing affectionately. The two men get into their car, the PERLMANS waving as it drives away.

Right in that moment ELIO raises his gaze and sees OLIVER on the balcony above the main entrance.

83 INT. CORRIDOR/EXT. BALCONY - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 83

ELIO walks onto the balcony where OLIVER is smoking.

OLIVER

I'm glad you came. I thought you had changed your mind.

ELIO

Change my mind? Of course I was coming.

ELIO steps close to the ledge.

ELIO (CONT'D)

So you *do* smoke?

OLIVER

Sometimes.

ELIO

(not knowing what else to say)

I'm nervous.

OLIVER

Me too.

84 INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 84

OLIVER sits on the bed, his legs crossed, looking smaller, younger. ELIO stands awkwardly at the foot of the bed, not knowing what to do with his hands. He keeps putting them in his pockets, then taking them out again.

OLIVER

(placing the full ashtray onto the floor)

Come, sit.

Hesitating, ELIO crawls onto the bed and sits facing him, cross-legged like Oliver, making sure their knees don't touch. Needing suddenly to shed his shyness and inhibitions, ELIO decides he has to lean against something and slides up to the top of the bed, resting his back against the headboard beside OLIVER.

ELIO looks down at the bed and at the two of them side by side on it, a moment he has dreamed of. Now here we are, he thinks, hardly able to believe it. As if to highlight that moment, OLIVER stretches his legs out, his bare feet next to ELIO's own.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You okay?

ELIO

Me okay.

With his toes, ELIO reaches over to Oliver's toes and touches them. He slips his big toe in between Oliver's big toe and his second toe in a kind of desperately playful mood.

OLIVER

What are you doing?

ELIO

Nothing.

OLIVER reciprocates the movement, seeking out Elio's other foot. ELIO moves closer to OLIVER, then hugs him. A kind of child's hug, which OLIVER responds to only by saying, half-humorously:

OLIVER

That's a start.

ELIO shrugs, not wanting to speak.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Does this make you happy? You aren't going to have a nosebleed are you?

It does, and ELIO nods yes, then no. Finally, OLIVER brings his arm around ELIO. He doesn't stroke him, doesn't hold him tight. ELIO loosens his own hold for a moment, giving him time enough to bring both his hands, seeking skin, under Oliver's loose shirt and resume his embrace.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You sure you want this?

ELIO nods again, Yes.

OLIVER lifts Elio's face with both hands and stares at him the way he did on the cliff, even more intensely.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Can I kiss you?

ELIO

Yes, please.

Then he suddenly pulls back, as if he might laugh, and runs his fingers through Elio's hair, messing it up.

ELIO brings his mouth to Oliver's in a fiercely eager kiss. Something seems to clear away between them, and both abandon themselves to the kiss.

ELIO hungrily kisses Oliver's closed eyes, his nose, his ears, his throat, discovering them with his lips. OLIVER kisses him back as eagerly, even roughly.

ELIO lies back on the bed. OLIVER climbs atop him and starts to undress ELIO.

OLIVER  
(whispering)  
Off, and off, and off, and off...  
(tossing them away)

ELIO is soon naked and lies back in a kind of ecstasy as OLIVER moves his hands over his body, as inquisitive as Marzia's had been the night before in the street. When OLIVER pulls the sheet back, ELIO loves being naked before him. No secrets. OLIVER kisses him, kisses his body, then returns to kiss Elio's open lips again more deeply, as if he too is finally letting go. OLIVER is also naked, and not a part of him isn't touching ELIO now. They stare at each other.

An eternity seems to pass between Elio's reluctance to make up his mind and Oliver's instinct to make it up for him.

They make love. Bodies are entangled. Elio is flushed, Oliver's face is more implacable, his lips softly repeating what ELIO says, until he bends forward to say to him:

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Call me by your name and I'll call  
you by mine.

They continue their rhythm, taking ELIO in a realm he has never known before, and murmuring his own name as if it were Oliver's: Elio... Elio... Elio.

The Star of David bounces on Oliver's chest.

A LITTLE LATER

OLIVER, laying next to ELIO, picks up his billowy blue shirt from the floor and uses it to wipe the evidence of their lovemaking off his chest.

ELIO  
Did we make noise?

OLIVER  
Nothing to worry about.

ELIO  
Mafalda always looks for signs.

OLIVER  
She won't find any.

ELIO  
You wore that shirt on your first  
day here. Will you let me have it,  
leave it here when you go?

OLIVER doesn't answer and tosses the shirt aside. He takes ELIO in his arms, looks down into his face. He smooths out Elio's hair with his hand. ELIO is falling asleep. OLIVER continues to hold him.

85 INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAWN

85

Dawn. Light is coming in. OLIVER is still cradling ELIO in his arms but has shifted to a more comfortable position for them both.

ELIO opens his eyes, sees OLIVER looking down at him but instead of smiling or lifting his face to be kissed, he closes his eyes again, as if blotting OLIVER, the bed, the room, and all that has happened out.

He tries to sit up, stretches his limbs, and pulls the sheet over his nakedness. OLIVER stares at him, as if to register Elio's morning after emotions.

ELIO stays put on Oliver's bed out of an exaggerated sense of courtesy. Relenting, he smiles back at OLIVER for the first time, though he wishes at that moment for OLIVER to be miles away.

OLIVER continues to study his face, his own expression one of uncertainty. Elio sits up, brushing Oliver's hand away, and rises gingerly from the bed.

ELIO  
Let's go swimming.

86 INT. BOCCHIRALE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAWN

86

In the dim light of dawn, OLIVER and ELIO leave the villa on bikes.

87 EXT. RIVER - FIRST LIGHT OF DAY 87

At the river, OLIVER walks knee-deep in the water with the blue shirt on, then dives in and swims away. Elio is swimming 200 meters away, from a distance they look like two complete strangers.

88 EXT. RIVER - DAY 88

ELIO and OLIVER walk towards their bikes.

OLIVER  
Are you going to hold last night  
against me?

ELIO  
No.

He said this too swiftly to sound convincing.

89 INT. STAIRS/ELIO'S ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 89

Back at the villa. There are some sounds from the kitchen but OLIVER and ELIO succeed to get back home without being seen. They reach their respective doors and, while ELIO is going in, OLIVER hesitates before going through his and steps into Elio's room instead. ELIO is taken by surprise. OLIVER shuts the door.

OLIVER  
Take your trunks off.

Surprised, ELIO, who doesn't have it in him at this moment to disagree, lowers them and gets out of them. He feels awkward.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Sit down.

ELIO does, and almost before he's settled, OLIVER brings his mouth to Elio's penis and takes it all in (off-screen).

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(with a wry smile)  
Well, this is promising. You're  
hard again. Good.

With that Oliver jumps up and exits the room, leaving Elio wondering what just happened.

90 EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 90

Breakfast. Oliver, freshly showered, sits at the table lost in thought.

The PERLMANS, MAFALDA coming in and out from the kitchen busy with breakfast.

Finally ELIO comes in and gives his mother and father a kiss before sitting down at the table.

He says nothing to Oliver.

OLIVER

I'm going to town, I have to collect my typed up pages. Later I'd like to show them to you, Professor.

PERLMAN

(imitating Oliver)

Later.

Everyone laughs, Oliver also is amused.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

Before you leave we'll certainly find the time to go over these revisions.

The thought of Oliver's departure marks a shadow on Elio's face.

OLIVER

So.. Later!

More laughing. OLIVER leaves the table and walks away. ELIO watches him go.

91 EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 91

ELIO rides his bike out of the gate.

92 EXT. PIAZZA DUOMO - CREMA - DAY 92

The central square with Crema's Duomo.

ELIO sees OLIVER at the newsstand, scanning the headlines of the International Herald Tribune, before heading in the direction of the post office.

ELIO rushes up to him.



OLIVER  
Something wrong?

ELIO  
I just had to see you.

OLIVER  
Aren't you sick of me?

ELIO  
I just wanted to be with you.  
If you want, I'll go back now.

OLIVER stands still, dropping his hand with the bundle of unsent letters, and simply stands there staring at ELIO, shaking his head.

OLIVER  
Do you have any idea how glad I am we slept together?

ELIO  
I don't know.

OLIVER  
It's just like you not to know. I don't want you to regret any of it. I don't want either of us to have to pay one way or another.

ELIO  
I'm not telling anyone. There won't be any trouble.

OLIVER  
I didn't mean that.

ELIO  
Are you sorry I came here?

Oliver leans in close to Elio and whispers in his ear...

OLIVER  
I'd kiss you if I could.

94

INT. KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - EARLY AFTERNOON

94

MAFALDA and several local women are busy making the local speciality, Tortellini Cremaschi. They are talking politics.

ELIO enters the kitchen from the outside, with two peaches in his hands and a towel on his shoulders. He says hello to the women and leaves the kitchen.

95 INT. STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - EARLY AFTERNOON 95

On the stairs he meets ANNELLA on her way up to nap and kisses her. She looks pleased by this unexpected show of affection from her teenage son. He eats a peach.

96 INT. ATTIC - PERLMAN VILLA - EARLY AFTERNOON 96

ELIO enters the attic. Puts the remaining peach on the old bedside table and lies down on the mattress where he made love with Marzia.

He opens his book and starts reading but, easily distracted, starts looking outside the window at the glorious summer sky.

He tries reading again, but still no chance. His gaze scans the room, the abandoned objects, the dark corners... the peaches.

He stretches out his hand to one and plays with it. He turns its crease towards him. Then opens it half-way with his thumbs and pushes the pit out. The pit falls on the attic floor.

He brings the fuzzy, blush-colored peach to his groin and lowers his swim trunks. He presses himself into it until the parted fruit slides down his erection. The fruit is leaking on him. Though firm, it breaks apart. Holding the two halves of the reddened core in either hand, he begins to rub himself with them.

When his orgasm quickly comes, he carefully aims into the open peach. He holds the fruit in both hands and looks around. He places the two halves of the raped peach on the bedside table and covers himself with the towel.

LATER:

Elio wakes to the sound of someone entering the attic.

OLIVER

I was looking everywhere for you..  
What are you doing up here?

OLIVER sits next to him on the mattress. He starts kissing him on one arm. He removes the towel to reveal, to his surprise, that Elio is not wearing his swimsuit.

He then swiftly leans down bringing his lips to Elio's groin, but after a moment he looks up with a questioning expression.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What have you done?

OLIVER looks at the broken peach beside them. He picks it up.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 (holding it out)  
 Is this what I think it is?

ELIO nods in mock shame.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 You tried out the plant kingdom?  
 Next will be minerals? You're  
 rejecting the animal kingdom  
 already? That would be me, I  
 suppose.

ELIO  
 I'm sick, aren't I?

Oliver pulls off his bathing suit.

OLIVER  
 I wish everyone were as sick as  
 you. Want to see sick?

He peers into the peach for a moment, ELIO pretends to hide his eyes.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
 Now may I taste it?

ELIO  
 Don't!

But OLIVER dips a finger into the core of the peach and brings it to his mouth.

OLIVER  
 The peach juice helps a lot.  
 (offering it)  
 Want to try it?

ELIO  
 (reaching for Oliver's hand  
 holding the peach)  
 Let it go! No!

OLIVER holds it farther away.

ELIO lunges out again to grab the fruit from Oliver's hand, but with his other hand OLIVER catches hold of his wrist and squeezes it hard.

ELIO (CONT'D)  
 You're hurting me.

OLIVER  
Then let go.

ELIO reaches out to him, bursting into tears. The emotion and intensity of their intimacy finally overwhelming him.

He muffles his sobs against Oliver's bare shoulder. Then OLIVER holds him close.

ELIO  
(sobbing)  
I don't want you to go.

They kiss as lovers committing themselves.

97 EXT. GARDEN - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT

97

The garden of the villa in the darkness, alluring and enigmatic.

ELIO  
Why didn't you give me a sign?

OLIVER  
I did. At least I tried.

ELIO  
When?

OLIVER  
Once, when we were playing volleyball, I touched you... Just as a way of showing... I liked you. The way you reacted made me feel I'd almost molested you. I decided to keep my distance.

(beat)  
I come out here every night and just sit for hours.

ELIO  
What? I thought you...

OLIVER  
I know what you thought.

Oliver pulls Elio closer and kisses him deeply.

98 INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

98

Next day. Elio wakes up to find himself alone in bed.

Then he notices, hanging on the end of the bed, Oliver's blue shirt, all clean and pressed by Mafalda, with an attached note from Oliver: "For Oliver, from Elio."

99 INT. STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

99

Later. ELIO runs down the stairs wearing a bathing suit and OLIVER's blue shirt, carrying a towel.

The front door opens and MARZIA walks in. She looks at him questioningly. ELIO would like her not to be there.

MARZIA

(in French)

Tu as disparu pendant trois jours.  
(You've been gone three days.)

ELIO

I.. had to work.

MARZIA

(in French)

Mais tu as disparu...  
(But you disappeared.)

Elio doesn't know what to say, or do.

MARZIA (CONT'D)

Am I your girl?  
(Est-ce que je suis ta copine?)

Elio doesn't reply. MARZIA leaves, trying to keep from crying.

100 EXT. ABBEVERATOIO - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON

100

By the pool. PERLMAN and ANNELLA sit at a table in their bathing suits having a drink.

PERLMAN

Oliver told me he has to go to Bergamo for a couple of days to do some research at the university there before he leaves. He would then fly home directly from Linate.

ANNELLA

Oh, maybe Elio could go with him? It would be nice for them to get away for a couple of days before Oliver leaves. What do you think?

Perlman takes his wife's hand in agreement.

101 EXT. COACH STATION - MONTODINE - DAY 101

OLIVER puts his suitcases in the open trunk of a waiting coach. He is saying his good-byes to the PERLMANS before he and ELIO get on the bus.

ANNELLA kisses Oliver with great affection; PERLMAN shakes his hand warmly, all formality gone.

Both say "**Come back soon!**" The driver closes the trunk.

ELIO says goodbye to his parents, unable to hide an honest smile of happiness.

Chiara arrives driving her bike to say good-bye to Oliver but the coach is leaving...

The Perlman and Chiara watch the coach drive away as Elio and Oliver take seats inside it.

102 INT./EXT. BUS - FROM CREMA TO ALPI OROBIE - DAY 102

Oliver smiles and waves to Chiara from the back of the half-crowded bus.

OLIVER takes his seat next to Elio. They look at each other. Their gazes full of unaccountable emotions.

Outside the window the summer landscape changes from the flat plains into the first Alps, the Orobie.

103 EXT. BOSCO/PRATO - CASCADE DEL SERIO - DAY 103

A small forest of beech and fir trees. ELIO and OLIVER walk on a trail with their backpacks.

They cross a small bridge over a creek and reach a large mountain meadow, looking towards the mountain patiently awaiting something.

Oliver looks at ELIO and hugs him, a friendly grab-hug.

When they finally arrive at the massive cascade, the explosion of water from the mountain is violent and unexpected. The river leaps three times on the rocks before it reaches the bottom of the valley.

OLIVER jumps up and in a very American impulse howls at this spectacle of water. ELIO laughs.

They run to the water and disappear into the cascade as they call each other by their own names...

104 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - BERGAMO - AFTERNOON 104

ELIO and OLIVER enter their hotel bedroom in Bergamo. They look around and laugh, for no apparent reason.

There is a large window looking out over town of Bergamo.

OLIVER stands looking out as ELIO comes up from behind him, putting his arms around Oliver's waist. Their embrace transitions into a sort of wrestling as they fall laughing onto the bed.

105 EXT. STREETS - BERGAMO - NIGHT 105

Elio and Oliver are drunk. They stroll in the streets of the old town, stumbling, laughing. Taking advantage of a deserted alley OLIVER pushes ELIO against the wall and kisses him. Oliver suddenly stops.

ELIO  
What?

OLIVER  
Listen!

ELIO  
Listen to what?

Among the soft sounds of the sleeping city is a distant melody.

OLIVER  
This song!

ELIO

Elio tries to kiss him again but Oliver grabs his hand and pulls him away.

OLIVER  
Let's go!

106 EXT. PIAZZETTA - BERGAMO - NIGHT 106

In a small square in the old part of town three young men and a girl are leaning on a wall. They are wearing oversized jackets and make-up; they are early examples of the "New Romantic" fashion.

At their feet is a radio playing "Love My Way", the song that was also playing at the open-air dancing bar a few weeks earlier.

OLIVER looks at ELIO as if to say "See?", then salutes the youngsters, only to be ignored.

OLIVER  
Psychedelic Furs. The best!

The New Romantics seem uninterested.

OLIVER starts dancing, as we already saw him do, alone. He then grabs the girl, intending for her to dance with him, and it seems like the situation could go badly.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(in lousy Italian)  
*Li ho visti a New York l'anno scorso. Richard Butler.. spettacolo!*  
(I saw them in New York last year. Richard Butler... awesome!)

RAGAZZA NEW ROMANTIC  
(romagnolo accent)  
*Davvero? Li abbiam visti anche noi in concerto! Siamo andati a Londra facendo l'autostop...*  
(Really? We saw them in concert too! We hitch-hiked to London...)

OLIVER  
Best way to travel around!

ELIO doesn't dance, he looks... uncertain. Not at all well. At the song's climax he bursts out puking suddenly and abundantly.

Oliver laughs as he runs to Elio's side.

107

EXT. STRADA CON FONTANA - BERGAMO - DAWN

107

OLIVER holds ELIO's forehead as he pukes. Elio stands away from the wall making an "I'm okay now" gesture, and goes to the fountain nearby to splash water on his face.

Oliver looks around to check that nobody is looking and starts kissing him again. Elio lets himself go.

IT'S THE KISS OF A LIFETIME.



108 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAWN 108

OLIVER stands naked on the balcony. He looks back in the room at ELIO sleeping in the bed.

A flash of images suddenly appear- a rapid cut of moments from their time together over the summer. It may be Elio dreaming or it may be Oliver's memory.

Oliver sits down on the bed next to Elio without waking him. He watches him sleep for the last time.

A HISSING sound in the distance.

109 EXT. BINARIO - STAZIONE DI CLUSONE - DAY 109

It is the sound of a train arriving at the station, on the main platform.

ELIO and OLIVER together look at the train come to a stop.

ELIO is wearing Oliver's blue shirt.

On the platform are a few travellers ready to leave.

Oliver's bags are those for his trip back home; they are about to say goodbye.

The train doors open, some people come out, others get in while saying their good-byes to their counterparts.

Elio and Oliver aren't moving, they try to delay the inevitable, if only for a few seconds.

The voice on the intercom informs that the Express train for Milan is about to depart from Platform 1.

ELIO  
Did you get your passport?

OLIVER  
Yeah, I did.

The travellers are all on the train, except for Oliver..

The conductor is a few cars down, looking at his watch. A moment of suspended, cruel silence.

They hug tightly. After several moments OLIVER lets go first. Elio holds him tighter. Oliver hugs him back as they hold each other for the last time, letting their embrace say what words cannot. Then they both let go and Oliver grabs his bags and enters the train.

The train leaves. Elio watches it disappear in the distance. Wiped out, he walks along the platform and sits on a bench, his gaze lost in thoughts. After a long beat he stands and goes to the...

110 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - STAZIONE DI CLUSONE - DAY 110

ELIO dials a number on a public phone, he does so mechanically. A few moments later somebody picks up.

ELIO

*Mafalda? Maman... Bonjour. Oui, je vais bien. Je suis à Clusone, à la gare. Oui... il est parti. Maman, s'il te plaît, tu pourrais venir me chercher?*

(Mafalda? Mom... Hey. Yes, I'm fine. I'm in Clusone, at the station. Yes.. he left. Mom.. please could you come pick me up?)

111 INT./EXT. CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON 111

ANNELLA is with ELIO in the car. She is driving back to the villa. ELIO is silent. Oliver's blue shirt is open over Elio's bare chest and blows in the wind.

She looks at him. She reaches out with her free hand and caresses his cheek, the sweetest gesture.

Elio's face crumples. He starts to cry. She wipes his tears away with her free hand but he cannot stop.

112 EXT STREETS OF TOWN - AFTERNOON 112

The Perlman car is parked in town. ELIO is alone, sitting on the passenger seat waiting for his mother. The car's radio is playing some summer song.

In the distance, a group of Elio's friends are walking about. Among them is MARZIA, who notices the Perlman car, then Elio. She waves at her friends and leaves them to come towards him.

MARZIA

Ciao.

Elio notices her only when she is close.

MARZIA (CONT'D)

How are you?

ELIO  
Good, thanks.

Elio tries straightening up to hide his emotions, his face recently upset by tears.

MARZIA  
(in French)  
*J'ai lu le livre que  
tu m'as offert, les poèmes.  
Ils sont très beaux. J'aime  
beaucoup cette Antonia Pozzi.*  
(I read the book you gave me, the  
poems, they are beautiful. I really  
love Antonia Pozzi.)

Elio nods, smiling back at her.

MARZIA (CONT'D)  
*I'm sorry you feel so bad. I just  
wanted to tell you that I'm not mad  
at you. I love you. (Je suis  
désolée que tu sois si malheureux.  
Je voulais juste te dire que je ne  
t'en veux pas. Je t'aime.)*

Elio is surprised and comforted by Marzia's words. She extends her hand to him.

MARZIA (CONT'D)  
*On reste amis?*  
(Friends.)

Elio shakes her hand, then exits the car and hugs her, sighing. Annella is approaching.

ELIO  
*Pour la vie?*  
(Forever?)

MARZIA  
*Pour la vie.*  
(Forever)

113 EXT. PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON

113

The car comes through the gate. ANCHISE comes forward to meet them at the car.

ELIO avoids his eyes, not wanting to encourage him to say anything further, and goes inside.

114 INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 114

Elio's room, in which Oliver has stayed. Alone now, ELIO enters it and looks around. Everything of his has been put back, his clothes in the closet and drawers. He drops his backpack on the floor and throws himself down on the sunlit bed. The bedspread is the same. He closes his eyes. He is glad to be back in his old room, now full of sustaining memories of Oliver.

115 INT. PERLMAN STUDIO - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING/NIGHT 115

Professor PERLMAN is sitting in his usual place. On his lap are proofs of his latest book. He is drinking.

ELIO comes into the room to say good night. His father puts away his manuscript with a toss and lights a cigarette - his last of the day.

PERLMAN

So? Welcome home. Did Oliver enjoy the trip?

ELIO

I think he did.

PERLMAN takes a drag from his cigarette, then pauses a moment before speaking.

PERLMAN

You two had a nice friendship.

ELIO

(somewhat evasive)

Yes.

Another pause, and another drag on his cigarette.

PERLMAN

You're too smart not to know how rare, how special, what you two had was.

ELIO

Oliver was Oliver.

PERLMAN

*"Parce-que c'était lui, parce-que c'était moi."* (Because he was he, because I was I)

ELIO  
 (trying to avoid talking  
 about Oliver with his  
 father)  
 Oliver may be very intelligent -

PERLMAN  
 (interrupting his son)  
 Intelligent? He was more than  
 intelligent. What you two had had  
 everything and nothing to do with  
 intelligence. He was good, and you  
 were both lucky to have found each  
 other, because you too are good.

ELIO  
 I think he was better than me.

PERLMAN  
 I'm sure he'd say the same thing  
 about you, which flatters the two  
 of you.

In tapping his cigarette and leaning toward the ashtray, he reaches out and touches Elio's hand. PERLMAN alters his tone of voice (his tone says: We don't have to speak about it, but let's not pretend we don't know what I'm saying).

PERLMAN (CONT'D)  
 When you least expect it, Nature  
 has cunning ways of finding our  
 weakest spot. Just remember: I am  
 here. Right now you may not want to  
 feel anything. Perhaps you never  
 wished to feel anything. And  
 perhaps it's not to me that you'll  
 want to speak about these things.  
 But feel something you obviously  
 did.

ELIO looks at his father, then drops his eyes to the floor.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)  
 Look - you had a beautiful  
 friendship. Maybe more than a  
 friendship. And I envy you. In my  
 place, most parents would hope the  
 whole thing goes away, to pray that  
 their sons land on their feet. But  
 I am not such a parent. In your  
 place, if there is pain, nurse it.  
 And if there is a flame, don't  
 snuff it out. Don't be brutal with  
 it.

(MORE)

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

We rip out so much of ourselves to be cured of things faster, that we go bankrupt by the age of thirty and have less to offer each time we start with someone new. But to make yourself feel nothing so as not to feel anything - what a waste!

ELIO is dumbstruck as he tries to take all this in.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

Have I spoken out of turn?

ELIO shakes his head.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

Then let me say one more thing. It will clear the air. I may have come close, but I never had what you two had. Something always held me back or stood in the way. How you live your life is your business. Remember, our hearts and our bodies are given to us only once. And before you know it, your heart is worn out, and, as for your body, there comes a point when no one looks at it, much less wants to come near it. Right now there's sorrow. Pain. Don't kill it and with it the joy you've felt.

PERLMAN takes a breath.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

We may never speak about this again. But I hope you'll never hold it against me that we did. I will have been a terrible father if, one day, you'd want to speak to me and felt that the door was shut, or not sufficiently open.

ELIO

Does mother know?

PERLMAN

I don't think she does.

But the way he says this means "Even if she did, I am sure her feelings would be no different than mine."

116 EXT. CAMPAGNA - PERLMAN VILLA - WINTER DAY 116

The Perlman villa in Winter. A snowy day. Six months later.

ELIO walks in the countryside that surrounds the villa. He wears a heavy overcoat and beret. Very New Wave looking. He is listening to a Sony Walkman.

He crosses the gate and comes back in the garden. He enters the house.

117 INT. KITCHEN- PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 117 \*

A shot of someone finishing lighting the candles of a menorah.

ELIO walks through the kitchen where Malfada is cooking latkes for Hanukkah. He stops to taste one and gives Mafalda a kiss on the cheek.

He walks down the hall and past his father's office.

118 INT. PROFESSOR PERLMAN'S OFFICE- AFTERNOON 118

The PERLMANS and are at a big table spread out with what look like application letters, with photos attached. It's the ritual that takes place every year, they evaluate several letters of proposal sent by advanced graduate students in America. It's the ritual that brought about the choice of Oliver last year.

ELIO walks past the room as his parents study the resumes. There are half a dozen young men and a couple of young women.

ANNELLA

*E questo?*  
(This one?)

But Elio is not interested in this. He walks into the living room to warm himself by the fire.

119 INT. HALLWAY- PERLMAN VILLA- AFTERNOON 119

The telephone rings and ELIO rushes to answer it, an expression of excited expectancy on his face. It is OLIVER, calling from New York.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
Elio? Are you there?

ELIO  
I'm here, I'm here. How are you?

OLIVER (V.O.)  
Fine. How are your parents?

ELIO  
Fine, too... I miss you.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
I miss you too. Very much. (long  
beat) I have some news.

ELIO  
What news? You're getting married,  
I suppose.  
(laughing)

OLIVER (V.O.)  
I might be getting married this  
spring.

ELIO  
(dumbfounded)  
You never said anything.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
It's been off and on for two years.

ELIO  
But that's wonderful news!

OLIVER (V.O.)  
Do you mind?

Before Elio can answer ANNELLA and PROFESSOR PERLMAN pick up  
the phone in the library.

120 INT. PROFESSOR PERLMAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON (CONTINUOUS) 120

ANNELLA  
Why aren't you here? When are you  
coming?

PERLMAN  
You caught us while in the process  
of choosing the new you for next  
summer..

ANNELLA  
And he is a she!



OLIVER (V.O.)  
Well, I have some news for you. I  
got engaged.

ANNELLA  
Oh, Oliver that's wonderful!

PERLMAN  
Mazel Tov!

ANNELLA  
Darling, we are going to let you  
speak with Elio now.  
Congratulations, again...

PERLMAN  
And Happy Hannukah!

They can hang up. Elio stays on the line...

121 INT. HALLWAY- PERLMAN VILLA- AFTERNOON (CONTINUOUS)

121

ELIO  
They know about us...

OLIVER (V.O.)  
I figured.

ELIO  
How?

OLIVER (V.O.)  
From the way your father spoke - he  
made me feel like a member of the  
family - almost like a son-in-law.  
You're lucky. My father would have  
carted me off to a correctional  
facility.

Beat.

ELIO  
(daringly)  
"Elio, Elio..."

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(After a very long beat)  
Oliver.. I remember everything ...

122 INT. DINING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT

122

Elio enters the dining room which is decorated for a festive Hannukah dinner. The winter light is fading outside the windows.

Activities continue around the table as Annella and Mafalda finish preparing for the meal. Placing flowers, filling wine glasses, etc.

Elio crouches in front of the fireplace, the light of the fire reflected on his tear streaked face.

We stay on his face, lost in thought.

The entire end credit scrolls on his close up.

Near the end of this close up we hear:

ANNELLA

Elio... Elio?

Elio is so deep in thought that only after a long beat does he turn toward the sound of his mother's voice.

Fade to black.