

CALL ME BY YOUR NAME

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by

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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 wardrobe somehow refurbished into a single bedroom. The two rooms are separated by a ruined wooden door, with cracks all over it. 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 young man steps out of the car, wearing a billowy bright blue shirt with a wide-open collar, sunglasses. This is OLIVER, 25. He is followed by the handy-man and gardener of the house ANCHISE.

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

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

ANCHISE 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.

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

ELIO  
(in French)  
*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. They shake hands.

ELIO

I'm Elio.

OLIVER

(non committal)

Hi.

4 INT. STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 4

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

ELIO

My room is now your room. I'll be next door.

They meet MARZIA coming down. More introductions in the middle of the stairs. 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 EXT. GARDEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 6

In front of the kitchen is a fruit orchard with a variety of fruit trees. From outside we see inside MAFALDA at work in charge of the domestic duties of the place, and she is virtually a member of the family.

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. They seem to glow within their foliage as his long, gnarled fingers seek them out. He carefully places the fruit he has picked in a basket.

7 INT. STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - DUSK 7

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

8 INT. ELIO'S/OLIVER'S ROOM/BATHROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DUSK 8

ELIO is at the desk in his small "new" bedroom; he is transcribing music. Next to his desk lamp a 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.

9 INT. STAIRCASE/BOCCHIRALE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 9

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.

10

EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 10

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. OLIVER smacks his lips and begins to eat his second egg, giving it a sharp crack. MAFALDA brings him a third egg.

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. He lowers his eyes.

11 INT. PROFESSOR PERLMAN'S STUDY - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 11

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, ELIO is with them. The professor makes a joking comment like **"My guest from last year was very good at organizing. I on the other hand..."**

NARRATOR  
Taking a summer guest for six weeks is the way Professor helps young academics revise a manuscript before publication. They are given full run of the house and can basically use their time as they like, provided they help Professor Perlman for an hour or so every day with his correspondence and other paperwork.

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 and gives him an approving pat on the shoulder. 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.  
(MORE)

PERLMAN (CONT'D)  
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*'.

ANNELLA  
When we visited Persia they called  
it Zardoulou.

PROFESSOR PERLMAN, shrugging, spreads his hands as if to say, 'Who can ever tell about these matters of present-day etymology?'. 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, surprised.

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 others take this in. ANNELLA is clearly charmed.

OLIVER (CONT'D) 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  
(somewhat under his  
breath)  
He's right, he's right.

ANNELLA, unable to resist, reaches out to OLIVER and ruffles his hair, laughing.

ELIO applauds.

ELIO  
He does it every year...

ANNELLA  
Every year.

PERLMAN  
I was testing you.

12 EXT. ROAD TO CREMA - DAY 12

ELIO and OLIVER are riding bicycles, with Elio in the lead. They go along the main road towards the town of Crema and its bank. The day is already hot.

13 EXT. CAFE - CREMA TOWN SQUARE - DAY 13 \*

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.

14

EXT. SOUTH TERRAZZA - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

14

The same day. ELIO is sitting at a table in the shade of the house, practicing his guitar. From where he sits he can see OLIVER ride up on his bike and dismount. He has to pass by ANCHISE, who is doing some garden work with small plants and a ball of twine. OLIVER stops to watch and converses with ANCHISE in Italian.

ANCHISE

Non bisogna dare troppa acqua ai  
pomodori. (You dont want to douse  
the tomatoes with too much water)

OLIVER

Pomodori? Oh, Tomatoes...

ANCHISE

Sì! Tomatos.. Se crescono troppo in  
fretta saranno pieni di semi. No  
good! (They will grow too fast.  
They will be mealy.)

ELIO sees this but is too far away to hear what they say.

Later. 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.

At the bottom of the stairs, in the middle of the field, the PERLMANS and some FRIENDS in bathing suits are sitting around an old stone drinking trough, now used to freshen up. 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, then returns to his music-making, looking down. OLIVER, aware that he has caused ELIO to interrupt his flow, gets up and comes over to where ELIO is sitting. ELIO is non-committal, hiding hurt feelings. In a pause, OLIVER questions Elio about the piece that broke off - **who was it, or is it yours? Do I know it?... It sounded like...** ELIO hits some notes: **This? Or that?**

OLIVER  
Just play it again.

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

OLIVER  
Hated it? What gave you that idea?... Just play it, will you?

ELIO  
The same one?

OLIVER  
The same one.

The tall, half-naked OLIVER, hanging over him intimidatingly, causes ELIO to get up and enter the house through the big door.

15 INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

15

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.

He plays it beautifully, as if sending it to OLIVER as a gift.

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..."

17 EXT. STREETS/CARD CAFE - TOWN STREET - DAY

17

Another day.

OLIVER and ELIO walk down a street; OLIVER steps into a cafe. 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.

NARRATOR

Taking in summer guests was Elio's dad and mom, The Perlman's, a way of helping young academics revise manuscript before publication. Summer residents didn't have to pay anything, they were given the full run of the house and could basically do anything they pleased, provided they spent an hour or so a day helping Professor Perlman with his correspondence and assorted paperwork. Oliver manuscript was on Heraclitus and already had found a publisher in Italy for a translated version. Elio's father loved nothing better than to have some precocious rising expert in his field of study helping him.

Some of the men look up and nod at OLIVER. 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'.

ELIO is soon forgotten by OLIVER. Now and then he supplies a translation of something said in Lombard dialect by one of the PLAYERS, to which OLIVER replies, "**Thanks, Buddy!**"

18 EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE LAWN - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON

18

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)  
*Oliver è un cowboy biondo  
latinista!*  
(Oliver is a latin blonde scolar  
cowboy!)

ELIO gives MARIA a look that says "Yes", rolling his eyes.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
(looking at Elio and Marzia)  
*Bella fregatura! Un'altra estate  
nella lavanderia.*  
(Well, that sucks for you guys!  
Another summer in the lavanderia.)

MARZIA jokingly punches MARIA's shoulder. 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 takes 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.

MARIA  
(to Oliver)  
She certainly knows how to get him  
to relax.

ELIO relaxes until the others lose interest and resume the  
game. The two boys are playing against the sisters now.  
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!*

19 EXT. TABLE UNDER THE LIME TREES - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING 19

A gangly TEENAGER looks on with pretended disdain; his voice  
is just changing, he has a dark fuzz, unshaven, on his upper  
lip, he could be Elio three or four years earlier.

PERLMAN is amusing the boy's sisters, TWO YOUNG NIECES, aged about seven and nine, with a card trick. He has moved plates and cutlery around to make space for entertaining the little nieces.

PERLMAN

Scegli una carta. OK, ricordala bene. (Pick a card. OK, remember it well.)

(shuffles the deck)

È questa? (Is this it?)

20 INT. ELIO'S AND OLIVER'S BATHROOM - EVENING 20

Upstairs ELIO is shaving his own upper lip. He keeps listening for sounds of the absent Oliver from his room - at one point he could softly knock on the door, and upon hearing nothing, look in.

21 EXT. TABLE UNDER THE LIME TREES - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING 21

Guests are gathering at the table. MAFALDA announces dinner and removes the cards from the table, putting things back in order. PERLMAN makes a funny face. Two empty seats around the table. The absence of *Signor Ulliva* is commented upon. MAFALDA asks ELIO, who just showed up, whether Oliver will be joining them. "**Sono le otto passate**" she says. ANNELLA appears from the living room, followed by her guests.

ANNELLA

(in Italian)

*Noi ci mettiamo a tavola* (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? After all, it's just to show him a good time here.)

PERLMAN

I don't think so. I think Oliver is shy. That's what he is.

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. ELIO grows thoughtful at the sudden violence of Mafalda's action - may even involuntarily put his own hand out to stop her. The others take a seat. PERLMAN picks up his napkin to perform a trick for the children, wrapping it around his thumb.

22

INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT

22

When everyone returns to the living room, PERLMAN asks his son to play something he then goes in the bar.

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!)  
*Spoiling everyone's fun.*

A burst of laughter from the kids. Perlman returns from the bar holding glasses. The TEENAGE BOY pretends to be a spider and comes at his cousin waving his arms menacingly. ELIO gives in, and goes over to the piano. He starts playing a lively piece.

23 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 23

ELIO is on his bed, still dressed, in a restless half-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.

24 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAWN 24

A ray of sunlight hits ELIO's sleeping face. He wakes and gets up. He goes over to the door that separates his room from Oliver's. He grabs the doorknob and is about to knock, but doesn't. He looks between the cracks of the door: he can see Oliver sleeping, still in his clothes.

25 EXT. LIME TREES - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 25

Another day. ELIO is sitting at his usual table under the lime trees, working. From where he's sitting, Elio can see PERLMAN and OLIVER through an open window in his father's study. They are discussing Oliver's manuscript on Heraclithus. Elio tries to listen.

PERLMAN  
 I think your insights here are persuasive, but..

OLIVER  
 Go on, I'm okay with criticism.

PERLMAN  
 You are? Good. I think this needs firming up.  
 (MORE)

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

It feels like you need to accept  
the paradoxical nature of this  
philosopher's thinking, not just  
explain it..

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 in the  
studio the conversation continues.

OLIVER

(nodding)

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

PERLMAN

Wait...

(ironic, re: Oliver's  
shabby look)

Did you have a good time last  
night?

ELIO is distracted by the sudden burst of enthusiasm heard  
from the kitchen over the fish Anchise caught.

26

EXT. SOUTH TERRAZZA/ABBEVERATOIO - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 26

Later. ELIO sits 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.

27

STILL LIVES

27

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

NARRATOR

Oliver had three personalities depending on which bathing suit he was wearing. Red: for bold, set in his ways, gruff and ill-tempered snappy... dangerous.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yellow: good-humored, funny, but not without barbs - didn't give in too easily.  
He didn't wear his green bathing suit that often. It meant maybe that he was eager to learn, eager to speak, just eager, sunny.

28

EXT. ABBEVERATOIO - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON

28

ELIO observes OLIVER swimming in the narrow and long stone trough. ANNELLA is close, but she's moving away with a basket of freshly picked fruit. OLIVER comes out of the water with his green swim trunks.

OLIVER

Elio! What are you doing?

ELIO

Reading my music.

Oliver lies down on a big towel, his belongings spread around it.

OLIVER

No you're not.

ELIO

Thinking, then.

OLIVER

About?

ELIO

Private.

ANNELLA, amused, listens to the conversation.

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.

Putting on his espadrilles, OLIVER takes ANNELLA's basket and follows her to the orchard, goes up to a ladder and climbs it, 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. OLIVER continues to toss down fruit to ELIO and ANNELLA below.

DISSOLVE TO

29 EXT. PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 29

OLIVER arrives on his bike from town, wearing the blue bathing suit and the blue billowy shirt he had when he first arrived. The house is quiet and deserted on a Saturday afternoon.

30 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 30

ELIO is on his bed wearing only a bathing suit. His right hand is down inside his swim suit. He is tense, expectant, alert to every sound. There are footsteps just outside his door. OLIVER, shirtless, enters the room from the bathroom. ELIO quickly pulls his bathing suit higher 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 confusion - 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 bathing suit, finds it damp, pulls it out, then hits his forehead with his fist saying: "Stupid! Stupid!"

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

31 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!

32 INT. STAIRCASE/BOCCHIRALE - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 32

OLIVER comes down the stairs of the house followed by ELIO. They are surprised to find CHIARA and MARZIA there. OLIVER isn't wearing any shirt and CHIARA makes a ball of the billowy blue shirt he'd been wearing earlier and tosses it at him. He puts it over the head of a bronze bust of Elio's grandmother.

CHIARA

Enough now. We're going to the river and you're coming.

There are a number of Professor Perlman's loose papers lying on a chair in the bocchirale [hallway]. OLIVER starts gathering them up.

OLIVER

Let me sort these papers out. Or his father will skin me alive.

CHIARA

(in French)  
*En parlant de peau, approche.*  
(Talking about skin, come here.)

She goes up to him and with her fingernails gently and slowly tries to pull a sliver of peeling skin from his tanned shoulder. ELIO watches with envy, wishing he was the one doing that.

CHIARA (CONT'D)  
 Tell his father that I crumpled his  
 papers. We'll see what he says  
 then..

He takes the Perlman papers to the study. While he's gone  
 CHIARA looks at Oliver's manuscript lying on the chair.

CHIARA (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 I could do a better job translating  
 than whoever this is.

OLIVER  
 (returning)  
 Do you type good too?

CHIARA  
 I type good.

OLIVER  
 As good as you speak good?

CHIARA  
 Bettah. And I'd give you a bettah  
 price too. Stand still.

She pulls another patch of skin off his shoulder. As she's  
 doing this he stands very close to her.

OLIVER  
 I need five pages translated per  
 day, to be ready for pickup every  
 morning.

Looking up at him.

CHIARA  
 Then I won't do nu'in for you.  
 Don't move.  
 (she extracts another  
 patch from his arm)  
 Find yuh-sef somebuddy else.

She drops the bits of peeled-off skin into a plant.

MARZIA  
 (in French)  
*Allons nous baigner.*  
 (Let's go swimming.)

ELIO  
 Yeah, come on.

He hands OLIVER his sunglasses and hands him the red edition  
 of Lucretius, it was lying on a table and never leaves his  
 side.

OLIVER  
 (mumbled to Elio)  
 Thanks, Buddy.

There is an intimacy in these actions that ELIO both enjoys and slightly flaunts. In return, CHIARA takes Oliver's arm to move him through the door, leaving the other two to follow. As he leaves, OLIVER puts on his blue shirt.

33 EXT. RESTAURANT WITH DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

33

A restaurant bar with an open air dancing floor. Everyone dances. CHIARA does her sexy dancing for OLIVER, who is enjoying himself and is a very good dancer. The music is "Paris Latino" by Bandolero.

ELIO goes back to their table with MARZIA and one or two of the others. He watches CHIARA and OLIVER on the little dance floor. 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 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. The others applaud. Close on Marzia amused.

34

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

34

ELIO and MARZIA are at the river. 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. They run into the river. They swim and then come ashore.

MARZIA (CONT'D)

(towelling herself dry  
with her sweater)

*Retourne-toi. Ne me  
regarde pas.*

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

She looks the other way while he gets back into his own clothes. When they are no longer naked he takes her hand and kisses it on the palm, then kisses the space between her fingers, then her mouth. She's slow to kiss him back.

ELIO

(in french)

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

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

MARZIA  
 (in french)  
*Ne le dis à personne.*  
 (Just don't tell anyone.)

35 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 35

The same night. All the lights are off. ELIO, sleeping in his bed, is woken up by the sound of Oliver peeing in the adjoining bathroom - the careless, uninhibited male force of it. ELIO listens, then stands up and goes towards the door.

36 EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 36

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.

37

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

37

Later. ANCHISE is wiping the windshield of the Perlman's 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 faccia Anchise!  
prenditi il pomeriggio libero.  
(I think I will drive myself today.  
Anchise, don't be so 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?"

38 INT./EXT. PERLMAN CAR - DAY - LATER 38

PERLMAN drives the car through the countryside, OLIVER has a  
map open on his legs. Hot air blows in through all the open  
windows. They are silent as the news plays on the radio,  
reporting on the P2 Masonic lodge.

ELIO looks outside but his attention is drawn to Oliver's  
neck.

NARRATOR  
(ENTRY ON THE FACTS OF THIS ITALIAN  
SUMMER 1983)

39 EXT. SIRMIONE - GROTTE DI CATULLO (VILLA) - DAY 39

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.

## PERLMAN

The ship went down in 1827 on the way to the villa of Count Lechi here on this island.

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.

40 EXT. SIRMIONE - GROTTA DI CATULLO (BEACH) - DAY 40

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 goes in the water and walks through the shallows towards an inflatable boat that is standing by, ready to take him to the platform. ELIO is proud of his father and like Oliver is excited. The professor gestures them to join him.

41 EXT. FLOATING PLATFORM - LAKE GARDA - DAY 41

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.

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. A photographer in fins goes in for a close-up. There is great excitement.

42 EXT. SIRMIONE - GROTTA DI CATULLO (BEACH) - AFTERNOON 42

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.

ELIO

Dad, why are we only finding him now?

PERLMAN

A good question. His partner - they're a pair - is in the Vatican. There are four known sets, after the Praxiteles originals. This fellow is 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.

OLIVER

I guess they didn't need two pairs.

PERLMAN

No..

The sun is setting, casting its last rays on the long-missing athlete for the first time in more than a hundred years. Armed Carabinieri assemble to guard it for the night.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

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

43 EXT. WATER - LAKE GARDA - SUNSET

43

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.

Treading water, PERLMAN says to ELIO and OLIVER, who are nearby, and referring to the armed guards left on the floating platform with the athlete:

PERLMAN

They're all such rogues. Our boxer could be on a plane to the Geneva antiquities market tonight for all I know.

They laugh. The moon is beginning to rise over the water.

44 EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

44

The same moon shines on the water of the river where MARZIA waits for ELIO, as promised. She looks at her wristwatch.

45 EXT. PERLMAN VILLA / MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT 45

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.

46 INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 46

OLIVER is sitting at his desk in his boxer shorts only, working; only the desk light is on. A lit cigarette between his fingers. A radio plays some summer music at a low volume.

Oliver wraps up his corrections on a page and marks it: "to be typed".

47 EXT. ROAD / RIVER - NIGHT 47

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. There is a soft sound, little waves lapping on the river shore. The moon is brighter than ever and has risen considerably.

NARRATOR  
[TBC]

48 EXT. GARDEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 48

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

49 INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 49

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 version 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...*

*...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

*We were your age once. The things you feel and think only you have felt, believe me, We've suffered through all of them, and more than once - some you never get over and others you're as ignorant about as you are today.*

ANNELLA

(nodding in agreement)

*Make new friends if the old ones don't interest you but stop hanging around the house all the time. Books, books, books, always books, et toutes ces partitions... (is all those score books)... play more tennis, go dancing more often with Chiara and Marzia - tu les aimes no? (you like them, don't you?) Get to know people...*

PERLMAN

Find out why others are so necessary in life and not just foreign bodies to be sidled up to.

They have been sitting in near darkness. The rain beats against the window panes. ANNELLA spreads an afghan over the knees of the three of them, saying "**It's getting cold in here**". Just then the lights come back on and the music resumes. She looks at her son and runs her fingers through his hair tenderly.

ANNELLA

*Fai anche pazzie se devi. (Do crazy things if you must.) (Fais des folies, s'il le faut.)*

50 INT. LIVING ROOM / KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 50

The next day. The storm has passed, leaving a coolness. ELIO is playing the piano. He is immersed in thought, his mind is elsewhere. 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.

51 INT. STAIRCASE / CORRIDOR - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 51

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.

52 INT. CORRIDOR / ELIO'S - OLIVER'S ROOM / SHARED BATHROOM - DAY 52

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.

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

53

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.

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

54

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. Elio runs to the stairs and goes down to the ground floor.

55 EXT. ABBEVERATOIO - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

55

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 16th century French romance. She read some of it to my Dada 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.

ELIO puts down his fountain pen, closes his score book, and in doing so knocks a half-full glass of lemonade onto the grass. It doesn't break. OLIVER, who is close by, comes over, picks it up, and puts it back where it was.

ELIO  
You didn't have to.

Creating a little pause before replying, for emphasis.

OLIVER  
I wanted to.

56 EXT. PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

56

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.)*

OLIVER  
 Grazie.

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 (CONT'D)  
 (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.

ELIO  
 Does he give you the creeps?

OLIVER  
 Who?

ELIO  
 That's what my aunt says. Anchise.

OLIVER  
 (pulling his clothes  
 together and turning out  
 on the road)  
 Of course not. Just a lost soul,  
 really, like most of us.

57 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

57

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.

Now that he's spilled the beans at last, ELIO takes on the laid-back, mildly exasperated air which the felon has, once he surrendered to the police, when he confesses how he robbed the store.

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.

58 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/SPRINGS - FONTANILI GAVERINE - DAY 58

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. The sun pounds exposed patches along the way, exposing the undergrowth. Thirsty they stop by a factory. They look for water and in the factory Oliver is surprised to see a Mussolini picture hanging on a wall. They laugh.

Later, at another crossroad.

ELIO  
Follow me. I'll show you a spot visitors have never seen. That is, if you have time.

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.

OLIVER

Do you like being alone?

ELIO

No one likes being alone. But I've  
learned how to live with it.

OLIVER

Are you always so wise? So very  
wise?

ELIO

I'm not wise at all. I told you, I  
know nothing. I know books, and I  
know how to string words together -  
it doesn't mean I know how to speak  
about the things - about the things  
that matter most to me.

OLIVER

But you're doing it now - in a way.

ELIO

Yes, in a way - that's how I always  
say things: in a way.

Staring out at the view so as not to look at him, ELIO sits  
down on the grass. OLIVER crouches a few yards away from ELIO  
on the tips of his toes, as if at any moment he might spring  
to his feet and go back to the bicycles.

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. He stares back with an I-dare-you-to-kiss-me gaze.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You're making things very difficult for me.

ELIO doesn't back down. Neither does OLIVER.

ELIO

Why am I making things difficult?

OLIVER

Because it would be very wrong.

ELIO

Would?

OLIVER sits down on the grass, then lies down on his back, his arms under his head, staring at the sky.

OLIVER

Yes, would. I'm not going to pretend this hasn't crossed my mind.

ELIO

I'd be the last to know.

OLIVER

Well, it has. There! What did you think was going on?

ELIO

Going on? Nothing...nothing.

After a long silence:

OLIVER

I see. You've got it wrong, my friend - if it makes you feel better, I have to hold back. It's time you learned to do that too.

Each leaning on one arm, both stare out at the view.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You're the luckiest kid in the world.

ELIO  
 (in something of a mocking  
 tone)  
 You don't know the half of it.

OLIVER thinks about this. Then ELIO blurts out:

ELIO (CONT'D)  
 So much of it is wrong.

OLIVER  
 What? Your family?

ELIO  
 That too.

OLIVER  
 Us, you mean?

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 (CONT'D)  
 (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  
 Don't be. I don't care. Who is to  
 know?

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 (CONT'D)  
 (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.

59 EXT. ROAD - DAY

59

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

ELIO  
 We'll never speak again, you know..

OLIVER  
 Don't say that.

ELIO  
 I just know it. We'll chit-chat,  
 chit-chat, chit-chat. And the funny  
 thing is, I can live with that.

OLIVER  
 You just rhymed.

60 EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 60

Lunch. A middle-aged ART HISTORIAN COUPLE have been invited to lunch. The man is pompous, his wife no less so, dropping Italian expressions constantly into her conversation. Both are English. ELIO and OLIVER can hardly keep from laughing. PERLMAN shoots his son a warning glance.

Before dessert, as MAFALDA is clearing away the plates, and as the others are pre-occupied with a conversation about Antonello da Messina, ELIO feels a warm, bare foot casually brush his. ELIO, thrilled, waits a few moments before withdrawing his foot, so as not to give Oliver the impression he is recoiling in panic.

ELIO's foot, after a few seconds, begins to seek the other out. His toe suddenly bumps Oliver's foot, which had not moved away.

Without warning, Oliver's foot at once moves onto Elio's. Softly, gently, it begins a caressing motion, never holding still, but rubbing the arch of Elio's foot with the smooth round ball of Oliver's heel, holding Elio's foot in place. The caresses are sometimes tied to the lady art historian's more ludicrous comments in Italian, Oliver's way of commenting on the pair. But it also is telling Elio that this is strictly between the two of them, and is a return to the intimacy of their secret kisses on the grass.

We see the stealthy foot-play. For Oliver it is all fun and games, punctuating the conversation.

ELIO becomes giddy as MAFALDA serves him ice-cream. As he begins to eat, it 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!*

OLIVER, astounded, leaps up and hands him his napkin. ELIO tries to be calm, explains to everyone how "**It happens all the time**". Holding the napkin to his nose to stanch the stream of blood falling into his dessert, he rises and leaves.

61 INT. KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 61

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

62 INT. BAR - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 62

Later. 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 the bocchirale [hallway], 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 Jewish grandmother. 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  
You're going to kill me, you know that? Ouch!

OLIVER  
(giving a final tug to one of Elio's big toes, and getting up)  
I hope not.

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

ELIO  
I'll get over it.

OLIVER  
Come on, stand up. Lie on the  
couch, rest a little. I'll stick  
around.

Oliver helps Elio up.

63 INT. BOCCHIRALE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

63

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

CHIARA  
How is he? Will he live?

OLIVER  
I think so. He gave me a scare.  
Bleeding all over the dining table.

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

64 INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

64

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?)

65 EXT. RIVER - AFTERNOON

65

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.

65A INT. KITCHEN / PATIO - PERLMAN VILLA - LATER

65A

ELIO makes himself a smoothie in Mafalda's kitchen, cutting up a peach, a banana, then a pear, dates. Mafalda wants to do it for him and tries to take the knife away. To her, a smoothie is a foreign concoction.

MAFALDA  
*Faccio io.*  
 (Let me)

ELIO  
*No, no, faccio da solo.*  
 (No, I'm doing it by myself)

He puts the cut-up fruit into a blender. While the blender makes the smoothie he glances from the window out in the garden at ANNELLA sitting on the bench overlooking the south garden. She is working on a manuscript. He takes the smoothie out into the garden, it is the last hour of the sun in the waning day.

He drinks the smoothie, feeling rested. He calls to his mother.

ELIO (CONT'D)  
*Est-ce qu'Oliver est là?*  
(Is Oliver around?)

ANNELLA  
*N'est il 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)

*Tu l'aimes bien, n'est-ce pas,  
Oliver?*  
(You like him, don't you? Oliver?)

ELIO

*Tout le monde aime Oliver.*  
(Everyone likes Oliver.)

ANNELLA

*Il t'aime bien aussi - plus que  
toi, je pense.*  
(He likes you too - more than you  
do, I think.)

ELIO

*C'est ton impression?*  
(Is that your impression?)

ANNELLA

*Non c'est celle d'Oliver.*  
(No, it was Oliver's.)

ELIO

*Quand t'a-t-il dit cela?*  
(When did he tell you that?)

ANNELLA

*Il y a un moment.*  
(A while ago.)

ANNELLA caresses ELIO's hair. He abruptly stands up. Then sits down again.

66 EXT. SOUTH TERRAZZA - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING

66

After dinner. ELIO is in the terrazza, waiting for Oliver to return. He tries to read a book but he cannot concentrate. (We notice that he is now wearing his Star of David.)

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

67 \*

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!

68 EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 68 \*

The next day. ELIO is the last to arrive. He pretends to ignore OLIVER, who is cracking open the top of his soft-boiled egg. ANNELLA looks at OLIVER in a worried way:

ANNELLA  
*Guarda un po' quanto sei pallido.*  
(How gaunt you look!)

PERLMAN looks up from his paper.

PERLMAN  
I pray to God you made a killing  
last night, otherwise I'll have to  
answer to your father.

OLIVER  
(speaking down into the  
messy egg-cracking  
business)  
I never lose, Pro.

PERLMAN  
Does your father approve?

OLIVER  
I pay my own way. I've paid my way  
since high school. My father  
couldn't possibly disapprove.

PERLMAN  
Did you have a lot to drink last  
night?

OLIVER  
(buttering his bread)  
That - and other things.

PERLMAN  
I don't think I want to know.

OLIVER  
Neither does my father. And to be  
perfectly frank, I don't think I  
care to remember myself.

ELIO looks up at this.

PERLMAN  
Do you save your winnings?

OLIVER

Save and invest, Pro.

PERLMAN

I wish I'd had your head at your age; I would have spared myself many mistaken turns.

OLIVER

Mistaken turns? I can't picture you even imagining a mistaken turn.

PERLMAN

That's because you see me as a figure, not a human being. Worse yet: as an old figure. But there were. Mistaken turns, that is. Everyone goes through a period of *traviamento* - when we take, say, a different turn in life, the other *via*. Dante himself did. Some recover, some pretend to recover, some never come back, some chicken out before ever starting, and some, for fear of taking any turns, find themselves leading the wrong life all life long.

Both young men listen. At the end OLIVER proceeds to crack another egg. He has big bags under his eyes. He does look gaunt.

OLIVER

Sometimes the *traviamento* turns out to be the right way, Pro. Or as good a way as any. I know myself.

PERLMAN

(lighting a cigarette, and nodding)

At your age I knew nothing. But today everyone knows everything, and everyone talks, talks, talks.

ANNELLA

Perhaps what Oliver needs is sleep, sleep, sleep.

OLIVER

Tonight, I promise, *Signora P.*, No poker, no drinking. I'll put on clean clothes, go over my manuscript, and after dinner we'll all watch TV and play canasta, like old folks in Little Italy.

ANNELLA sighs melodiously, relieved that Perlman's words have convinced him to stay home and rest.

She offers Oliver more coffee, tells her seventeen year old son not to slouch in his chair. MAFALDA brings in some apricot juice in a chilled silver pitcher.

69

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE LAWN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY

69

OLIVER is doing some work for Perlman, specify. He seems hard at work and does not look up as ELIO approaches. ELIO doesn't know how to break the silence. Then he sees and kicks the volleyball lying under the nearby lime trees. The ball hits Oliver "waking him up" from his work.

ELIO  
(despite himself, sounding  
peevish)  
I waited for you last night.

Oliver throws back the ball at him.

OLIVER  
Why didn't you come into town?

Elio stops the ball.

ELIO  
Dunno.

OLIVER  
We had a nice time. You would have too. Did you rest at least? Mafalda said you went swimming.

ELIO  
I was okay. Restless, I guess.

OLIVER goes back to staring at the page he is writing and mouthing the syllables. Elio kicks the ball again.

ELIO (CONT'D)  
Are you headed into town this morning?

OLIVER  
Later, maybe.

ELIO  
I was going to head into town myself.

OLIVER  
Ummmm. I see.

ELIO  
A book I ordered finally arrived.

70 INT PERLMAN STUDIO - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 70

From inside his studio PERLMAN watches the two boys talking on the lawn.

71 EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE LAWN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY (CONT'D) 71

The conversation continues.

OLIVER  
I'll pick it up for you if you want.

ELIO  
It was just that I was hoping we'd go together.

OLIVER  
You mean like the other day?

ELIO  
I don't think we'll ever do anything like that again. But yes, like that.  
(beat)  
That day belongs to a different time warp. We should leave sleeping dogs -

OLIVER listens, now looking at Elio straight in the face.

OLIVER  
That voice of wisdom is your most winning trait. Do you like me that much, Elio?

ELIO  
Do I like you? Do I like you, Oliver? I worship you.

OLIVER's face softens. He is touched by Elio's forthright and brave avowal.

OLIVER  
I'll go with you but - no speeches.

ELIO  
No speeches, not a word.

OLIVER  
(gathering his things)  
What do you say we grab our bikes in half an hour?

72 EXT. SPRINGS - FONTANILI GAVERINE - DAY

72

The vital, pure, and joyful sight of a fresh water spring, the unstoppable stream gushing out from earth.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Two young men travelling by bike, riding into town and back... They swam, played volley-ball, ate, drank, and late at night ran into each other on the very same piazzetta where two mornings before so much - but actually nothing - was said between them. Oliver was with a girl, Elio also was with a girl. If he hadn't messed things up with his dramatics, Elio could have enjoyed this for its own sake. Every day they could have ridden into town and back, and even if that was all Oliver was willing to give Elio, he would have taken it.

73 OMITTED

73

74 EXT. STREETS OF CREMA - DAY

74

ELIO and OLIVER walk their bikes along the streets of Crema.

ELIO stops and gives a book to OLIVER, who opens it and reads what he has written.

OLIVER

*Zwischen Immer und Nie...* (For you in silence, somewhere in Italy in the mid-eighties). This is the best present I've received all year.

ELIO

I'm glad then. I just wanted to...  
(lightly)  
I know - no speeches. Ever.

75 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FONTANILI GAVERINE - DAY

75

On the return ride, ELIO ignores the turn to "his place", i Fontanili. OLIVER, on the other hand, recognizes it, and as he passes sees the pathway disappearing into the trees. Oliver's POV of the path.

76

EXT. SOUTH TERRAZZA - PERLMAN VILLA - SUNSET

76

The PERLMANS are sitting having a drink at sundown. They are joined by OLIVER, his hair glistening and slicked back after his late afternoon shower. He makes himself a light drink and eases back into his chair with a sigh of content. His 'star' look beams all over his features.

ANNELLA

Our *muvi star*...

OLIVER

I'll miss all this, Mrs. P.

ANNELLA

And we will certainly miss you.

PERLMAN

You must think of this place as your second home - or third, or fourth, whatever. But the welcome mat will definitely be out (to ELIO, who has just strolled in.)  
Isn't that true?

ELIO

(cautiously)

Any time...

ANNELLA

*Ennnnnni taaim...*

PERLMAN

How is the work going?

OLIVER

It's going.

PERLMAN

Planning to go into town tonight?

OLIVER

Not tonight. Maybe tomorrow.

PERLMAN

No poker either?

OLIVER smiles and shakes his head.

77

INT. KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT

77

Later, after dinner. MAFALDA is cleaning up the kitchen. ELIO, restless, comes in and goes to the fridge, scoops up some ice cream into a bowl, and goes outside, eating as he walks.

78 EXT. GARDEN - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 78

ELIO stands in the garden with the bowl of ice cream 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 Perlman's television.

79 INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 79

ELIO, restless, uncharacteristically idle, sits down with his parents to watch tv. The news on tv talk about the first socialist government presently taking power in Italy, under the guide 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.)

80 OMITTED 80

81 EXT. STREETS - CREMA - NIGHT 81

Elio and Marzia are wheeling their bikes through the town streets. Elio sees a bookstand and asks Marzia to hold his bicycle. 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.)

82 OMITTED

82

83 EXT. STREETS/PIAZZA PREMOLI - CREMA - NIGHT

83

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...*

(MORE)

ELIO (CONT'D)

(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 wheel their bikes 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 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 enter 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.)

He tries to speak, tells her "You're making me harder" - but she cuts him off.

MARZIA (CONT'D)  
*Embrasse-moi encore.*  
 (Kiss me again.)

He does so.

MARZIA (CONT'D)  
*Ma tu mi vuoi veramente bene? (Tu tiens vraiment à moi?) (Do you really care for me?)*

She is frank, human, vulnerable, eager to confide. She keeps her hand down in his pants as they kiss more passionately, and his hands stray all over her body.

84 EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

84

A deserted spot on the river, later. 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...)

85 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAWN

85

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.

86 EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 86

Breakfast. PROFESSOR PERLMAN sits behind his newspaper, while a very sleepy ELIO cracks his egg.

OLIVER walks in, sits down, and without looking at ELIO, says:

OLIVER  
Did you enjoy yourself last night?

ELIO  
*Insomma* (so-so).

PERLMAN  
(from behind his paper)  
Must be tired then. Or were you  
playing poker too?

ELIO  
(busy with his egg)  
I don't play poker.

PERLMAN and OLIVER exchange glances.

PERLMAN  
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.

87 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 87

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.

88 INT. PROFESSOR PERLMAN'S STUDY - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 88 \*

OLIVER and PROFESSOR PERLMAN project images of classical athletes 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 fifth-century Athenian, most likely sculpted under the influence of the greatest sculptor in antiquity: Praxiteles. Their muscles are firm- 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're daring you to desire them.

OLIVER, not unmoved by these images, grins, pats his own belly and sucks in.

89 EXT. TABLE UNDER THE LIME TREES - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 89

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 Mr. Keller and Mr. Hodell are coming for dinner tonight.

ELIO  
 (to Oliver)  
 Otherwise known as Laurel and  
 Hardy.

PERLMAN  
 (gently admonishing)  
 Okay...

ANNELLA  
 I want you to wear the shirt they  
 gave you for your birthday. It  
 will make them happy.

ELIO  
 It's way too big on me. It looks  
 ridiculous.

Elio turning 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.

90 INT. KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 90

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).

91 EXT. ABBEVERATOIO - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 91

By the abbeveratoio. ELIO is asleep, his face resting on his  
 hand. MARZIA arrives on her bike just as OLIVER leaves on  
 his. They pause in the road to say hello. MARZIA continues  
 towards the house and approaches the sleeping ELIO.

She plants a light kiss on his forehead, waking him up. He darts a look at his watch: three fifty-five.

Later. MARZIA and ELIO are in the abbeveratoio. 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)

*Tu ne bandes pas.*  
(You aren't hard.)

ELIO (IN FRENCH)

*Ne fais pas ça ici.*  
(Don't do that here.)

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.)

92 INT. KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 92

ELIO and MARZIA, in their swimsuits, run through the kitchen. Elio holds her hand, almost dragging her. They haven't dried up, and are wetting the floor as they go.

93 INT. STAIRCASE/CORRIDOR (1ST FLOOR) - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 93

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.

94 INT. SMALL SPIRAL STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 94

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

95 INT. ATTIC - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 95

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.

96 EXT. PERLMAN VILLA - LATE AFTERNOON

96

MARZIA leaves just before dinner time. ELIO comes down with her 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 purple shirts. 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.

97 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING

97

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 'Laurel and Hardy' 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 Zafar'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.

98 EXT. TABLE UNDER THE LIME TREES - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING 98

ELIO bounds into the living room, where PERLMAN is serving LAUREL and HARDY 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.

99 INT. LIVING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - LATER 99

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. The others turn as he passes. He smiles in greeting, and 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.

100 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 100

Later still. ELIO sits at his desk. He has taken off the Hawaiian shirt and is now wearing a T-shirt. He smokes a cigarette while he writes in his journal. We see his pen forming his thoughts.

ELIO breaks off to listen for sounds coming from Oliver's room. Dead silence. His watch says a quarter to twelve. Barefoot, he gets closer to the door that separates the two rooms. He looks through the cracks but sees no light. He returns to his post.

He glimpses himself in the mirror and says to his reflection: "Do I know you?"

He turns his face from side to side to catch different lights. He goes at the bathroom door to listen, but there are no sounds from inside.

101 INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 101

OLIVER is lying fully dressed on his bed, in the dark, smoking a cigarette. A half-full ashtray is resting on the pillow next to him. His espadrilles lie on the floor where he kicked them off. Oliver's expression is enigmatic compared to Elio's, calmness itself. He hears Elio run the tap in their adjoining bathroom and looks up.

102 INT. ELIO'S AND OLIVER'S BATHROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 102

In the bathroom ELIO pees. He's careful not to make any noise and aims high. He says softly, looking down at his penis, "**Do I know you?**" He flushes the toilet and turns off the tap.

103 INT. ELIO'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 103

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 "Laurel and Hardy" who stand by the car saying their goodbyes and laughing affectionately. The two men get into their car, the PERLMANS waving as it drives away.

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

104 INT. CORRIDOR/EXT. BALCONY - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 104

ELIO runs into the corridor and reaches the balcony where OLIVER is smoking.

OLIVER

I'm glad you came. I could hear you moving in your room and for a while I thought you were getting ready to go to bed, 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.

ELIO  
 I am more so.

105

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT

105

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. OLIVER does not respond. Since he is sitting on Oliver's left he figures these are not the toes that touched him at lunch the other day. It was his right foot that was guilty, so ELIO tries to reach it with his own right foot, in a kind of desperately playful mood.

OLIVER  
 What are you doing?

ELIO  
 Nothing.

Somewhat absentmindedly, awkwardly and without conviction, 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 (CONT'D)  
We haven't talked.

ELIO shrugs his shoulders, meaning "No need to."

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?

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 gets under the covers. There are some things lying on the bed that hadn't been removed - a book, some magazines, a pack of cigarettes, and ELIO slips a foot under them as if they weren't there; they all fall onto the floor.

OLIVER gets under the covers too and starts to undress ELIO.

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

ELIO is soon naked and lies back under the sheet 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, takes his penis (off-screen) briefly in his mouth, 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.

ELIO looks away, because OLIVER is staring at him. Then he looks back, and now stares at OLIVER, as they settle into a mock wrestling position with Oliver's shoulders rubbing Elio's knees. ELIO looks into Oliver's eyes in an intensity of love and expectation, wanting this moment to last forever, knowing there will be no coming back from this.

When it happens - when OLIVER enters ELIO - there is a degree of pain and discomfort. ELIO flinches and fights an impulse to stop him, which OLIVER sees.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You're okay?

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 fuck. Bodies are entangled. Elio is flushed, turning from side to side as he alternates obscenities with Oliver's name; 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 pulls out and says to ELIO (Oliver) that he is going to come. ELIO watches the formidably discreet, formidably cool OLIVER make faces and peak before his very eyes. When he comes, it's all over Elio's chest, saying "**I want to! I want to!**". It is a shock at first when OLIVER spreads his semen out with the palm of his hand over Elio's stomach and chest.

OLIVER, still straddling ELIO, picks up his billowy blue shirt from the floor and cleans him with it.

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.

106

INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAWN

106

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.

OLIVER  
You're not happy. You're feeling  
sick about it, aren't you?

ELIO shrugs the comment away not wanting Oliver looking into his heart.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
I knew we shouldn't have. I knew  
it. We should have talked.

ELIO  
Maybe.

OLIVER  
(stung, "maybe" isn't the  
word he wanted to hear)  
Did you hate it?

ELIO  
No, I didn't hate it at all.

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  
You can go back to sleep, if you  
want.

ELIO reaches up and hugs him, then closes his eyes. OLIVER continues to study his face, his own expression one of uncertainty. With his eyes still shut, ELIO says, "**You're staring at me.**" But at once he opens them again and sits up, brushing Oliver's hand away, and rises gingerly from the bed.

ELIO  
Let's go swimming.

107 INT. BOCCHIRALE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAWN 107

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

108 EXT. RIVER - FIRST LIGHT OF DAY 108

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.

109 EXT. RIVER - DAY 109

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.

110 INT. STAIRS/ELIO'S ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 110

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.

He jumps up and goes out in an instant. ELIO lifts himself out of the low chair carefully and pulls on his pajama bottoms. Then he throws himself across his bed.

111 EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 111 \*

Breakfast. The PERLMANS, MAFALDA coming in and out from the kitchen, ELIO.

Then OLIVER comes in and sits next to him. When no one is looking, OLIVER slips his smooth foot under Elio's, as if snuggling it there, instead of placing it on top as he always had before. Calmly, he focuses on his soft-boiled egg. They eat breakfast.

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 stands and follows, as his parents look at him.

112 EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 112

ELIO pulls his bike out and at the gate, a bit gingerly, sits on it. It hurts, but he goes after Oliver.

113 EXT. PIAZZA DUOMO - CREMA - DAY

113

The central square with Crema's Duomo. ELIO sees OLIVER at the newstand, sitting on his bike and 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 just dread the thought of having  
messed you up. 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. I'm sure I'll  
pay for it somehow, though. For  
you, however you think of it, it's  
still fun and games, which it  
should be. For me it's something  
else which I haven't figured out,  
and the fact that I can't scares  
me.

ELIO  
Are you sorry I came here?

OLIVER  
I'd kiss you if I could.

ELIO  
 (coming up close to  
 Oliver)  
 Fuck me, Elio.

OLIVER repeats his own name three times in Elio's ear.

LIFE IN THE GARDEN

A second unit series of shots of life in the garden.

114 INT. KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - EARLY AFTERNOON 114

MAFALDA is washing dishes in the kitchen. She clears away the dessert plates from lunch with their fruit peelings. ANCHISE enters the room with a basket full of huge, glowing, succulent-looking peaches.

MAFALDA  
 (in Italian)  
 Put them over there.

MAFALDA points to the fruit bowl at the center of the table.

ELIO enters the kitchen from the outside, with a book in his hands and a towel on his shoulders. His eyes fall on the freshly picked fruit. He picks out two and leaves the room.

115 INT. STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - EARLY AFTERNOON 115

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.

116 INT. ATTIC - PERLMAN VILLA - EARLY AFTERNOON 116

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 comes, very soon, he carefully aims the spurts into the open peach. "What a crazy thing this was!" he thinks, as 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 (CONT'D)  
Look, you don't have to do this.  
I'm the one who came after you.  
Everything that's happened is  
because of me -

OLIVER  
(still holding the peach  
away from ELIO)  
Nonsense. I wanted you from day  
one. I just hid it better.

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  
You're hurting me.

OLIVER  
Then let go.

ELIO reaches out to him, bursting into tears. He muffles his sobs against Oliver's bare shoulder. Then OLIVER holds him close.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
(as if soothing a child)  
Whatever happens between us, Elio,  
I just want you to know..

ELIO  
(sobbing)  
What?

OLIVER  
(taking hold of Elio's  
hand)  
Don't ever say you didn't know.

They kiss as lovers committing themselves.

117 INT./EXT. HUT - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 117

The same night. The Perlman house is mostly dark, the window shutters all closed. There is a little light out in the hut next to the garage, where Anchise sleeps. We see him through the window, sitting at a table working on something. He has taken some tool apart and is cleaning the pieces, filing an edge of metal and so forth.

118 INT./EXT. PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 118

Through another lit window, in Mafalda's part of the house, we can see MAFALDA ironing. She is carefully pressing the sleeve of Oliver's blue shirt.

119 EXT. GARDEN - PERLMAN VILLA -NIGHT 119

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

ELIO

What are you thinking about?

OLIVER

Things. Going back to the States.  
The courses I have to teach this  
fall. My book. You.

ELIO

No one else?

OLIVER

No one else.

Silence.

ELIO

In two weeks you'll be back at  
Columbia. I don't know what I'll do  
then. At least you'll be somewhere  
else, where there aren't any  
memories... We wasted so many days -  
so many weeks.

OLIVER

Wasted? I don't know.

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.

120 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT

120 \*

From the open window of their bedroom the Perlman's can hear Elio and Oliver talking. Not the words. But the tone of the conversation is undeniably intimate.

ANNELLA is on a small sofa. PERLMAN is already in bed, they look at each other for a long moment. The off-screen voices are almost whispers, they continue. PERLMAN stands, moves a sofa chair to be closer to his wife, then sits on it. He takes her hand and kisses it.

PERLMAN

*Elio e Oliver si sono proprio trovati.* (Elio and Oliver have grown quite fond of each other)

ANNELLA

*Sì, hanno una bella amicizia.* (Yes. They have a beautiful friendship)

PERLMAN

*È un peccato che parta..* (It's a shame he's leaving)

(beat)

*Sta tornando il fresco.* (The nights are getting cool again)

ANNELLA smiles at her husband. Aroused, he reaches over for Annela to pull her toward him.

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

121

Next day. Oliver's blue shirt is on a hanger, all clean and pressed by Mafalda, with an attached note: "For Oliver, from Elio." Elio strips off the shirt he's wearing and puts on the fresh one from Oliver. He looks at himself approvingly in the mirror after buttoning it up, then says to his image: "I do know you, and you're not so bad." He unbuttons the top couple of buttons in order to acquire Oliver's more laid-back look.

122 EXT. GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE KITCHEN - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 122

ELIO wears the shirt down to breakfast. No one comments on it, including OLIVER, who puts his bare foot under Elio's when he takes a seat.

MAFALDA puts an egg down in front of OLIVER, but before she can prepare it for him ELIO takes it and expertly cracks the top for him with his spoon.

PERLMAN observes his son's protective concern that no speck of the shell should fall into Oliver's egg.

ELIO  
Americans never know how to do it.

PERLMAN  
I'm sure we have our way..

Oliver's foot under the table resting on Elio's signals that maybe he should let it go and he seizes the second egg, cracking it himself.

123 INT. STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - DAY 123

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.

124 EXT. ABBEVERATOIO - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 124

By the pool. PERLMAN and ANNELLA sit at a table in their bathing suits having a drink. ELIO and OLIVER sit on the edge of the pool at the other end, their feet in the water.

ELIO  
I hurt her feelings. Love hurts.

OLIVER, thinking they are unobserved by the others, caresses Elio's foot next to his in the water with one of his own.

Perlman sees this from where he is sitting with ANNELLA, and nods to her in the boys' direction. She looks over towards OLIVER and ELIO.

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. (beat) Where would they stay?

PERLMAN

He said something about a *pensione*.

ANNELLA

(laughing and pretending to be horrified)  
Oh, no! Let's make them a hotel reservation. A *pensione*, oy!

Perlman laughs with his wife.

125

EXT. WAR MEMORIAL - PANDINO - DUSK

125

OLIVER and ELIO, still wearing their swimsuits, are in front of the War World I Memorial for Fallen Soldiers, in the nearby town of Pandino. Elio crosses the steps and tries to put his arms around it; he stands there spread-eagled.

ELIO

They're too big for even two men to get their arms around.

OLIVER

Let's see.

OLIVER goes up and his arms flung out. Then attacks the problem from the other side of the monument, facing it, and putting his arms around it in a kind of embrace.

Unseen by them, a young couple - a boy and a girl - are embracing in the underbrush nearby. They smile at the two young men and renew their own hugging. They look like a shepherd and shepherdess, wearing simple, everyday work clothes.

Unseen, they watch ELIO and OLIVER, whose extended fingertips almost touch, but not quite.

They are still several inches apart as they stretch their bodies, exhaling with their effort. But the stone gleams stubbornly in the space between their fingers. \*

OLIVER decides to cheat, and moves in ELIO's direction, until they make contact. They yell and OLIVER gathers ELIO into his arms and kisses him. \*

The boy and girl in the shadows resume their own kiss. \*

OLIVER puts a hand inside ELIO's bathing suit, but ELIO pushes him away. \*

ELIO  
Not here. Not in all this, not on  
this stone. \*

The two young men run back to their bikes and ride off, watched by the young couple. The "Shepherd" moves his hand on the breast of the "Shepherdess," and she lets him keep it there. \*

126 EXT. COACH STATION - MONTODINE - DAY 126 \*

OLIVER puts his suitcases in the open trunk of a waiting coach. He is saying his goodbyes to the PERLMANS before he and ELIO get on it. 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 salute Oliver but the coach is leaving...

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

127 INT./EXT. BUS - FROM CREMA TO ALPI OROBIE - DAY 127

Oliver smiles and waves to Chiara on the half-crowded bus. OLIVER dozes off, his head on ELIO's shoulder. ELIO looks at him, his gaze full of unaccountable emotions.

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

128 EXT. BOSCO/PRATO - CASCATE DEL SERIO - DAY 128

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 grass field, looking towards the mountain patiently awaiting something.

Oliver looks at ELIO and hugs him, a friendly grab-hug. Then a hand moves down on Elio's thigh, and he looks around.

The explosion of water in 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.

129 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - BERGAMO - AFTERNOON 129

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

Later. There is a large window looking out over the front entrance of the hotel and a parking lot adjoining it.

OLIVER stands looking out as ELIO comes up from behind him, putting his arms around Oliver's waist. Both are wearing boxer shorts.

130 EXT. STREETS - BERGAMO - NIGHT 130

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. Then 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

There's no song. You're hallucinating.

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

OLIVER

Let's go!

131 EXT. PIAZZETTA - BERGAMO - NIGHT

131

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!

So the other New Romantics join the dance, with their syncopated moves. ELIO doesn't dance, he looks, uncertain. At the song's climax he bursts out puking suddenly and abundantly.

132 EXT. STRADA CON FONTANA - BERGAMO - DAWN

132

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.

ELIO  
It's the best day of my life and I end it with puking!

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

With his eyes still closed he hears male voices passing nearby muttering something against them, but he doesn't care.

IT'S THE KISS OF A LIFETIME.

133 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAWN 133

OLIVER and ELIO are hugging on their hotel bed. OLIVER looks at ELIO sleeping. A HISSING sound in the distance.

134 EXT. BINARIO - STAZIONE DI CLUSONE - DAY 134

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 goodbyes 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 Rome 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.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

There's emptiness behind your eyes/  
there's dust in our hearts/ Love my  
way, it's a new road...

Elio listens to these words, which Oliver starts to sing sweetly, whispering.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I follow where my mind goes, so  
swallow all your tears, my love/  
And put on your new face/ You can  
never win or lose, if you don't run  
the race.

They hug. 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...

135 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - STAZIONE DI CLUSONE - DAY 135

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?)

136 INT./EXT. CAR/COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON 136

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.

137 EXT STREETS OF TOWN - AFTERNOON 137

The Perlman car is parked in town. ELIO is alone, sitting on the passenger seat. 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.)  
"Nell'aria della stanza - non te  
guardo - ma già il ricordo del tuo  
viso" (In the room's air - not you  
do I look at - but already the  
memory of your face)

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)*

138

EXT. PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON

138

The car comes through the gate. ANCHISE comes forward and offers to carry the backpack up to his room, ELIO tells him that backpacks should be carried by their owners.

ANCHISE

*Il signor Ulliva è partito? (Has  
mister Ulliva left?)*

ELIO  
*Si, stamattina.* (Yes, this morning)

ANCHISE  
*Anche a me duole.* (I too am  
 saddened).

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

139 INT. STAIRCASE - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 139

ELIO meets MAFALDA coming down the stairs.

MAFALDA  
 I fixed up your room the way it  
 was.

ELIO frowns, angered by this news.

140 INT. OLIVER'S ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 140

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.

141 INT. PERLMAN STUDIO - PERLMAN VILLA - EVENING/NIGHT 141

Professor PERLMAN is sitting in his usual place, but his chair is turned out to face the garden. On his lap are proofs of his latest book. He is drinking. Three large citronella candles next to him keep the mosquitoes away.

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 - using one of the citronella candles.

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."*

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. 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 his voice means "Even  
 if she did, I am sure her  
 attitude would be no  
 different than mine")

142 EXT. CAMPAGNA - PERLMAN VILLA - WINTER DAY

142

The Perlman villa in Winter. A foggy day. Six months later,  
 ELIO walks in the countryside that surrounds the villa.

NARRATORE

They had become each other that  
 summer. And long after every  
 forked road in life had done its  
 work this would always be true.  
 Their lives scarcely touched in  
 those weeks together, but they had  
 crossed to the other side, where  
 time stops and heaven reaches down  
 to earth and gives us that ration  
 of what is from birth divinely  
 ours. They could look the other way  
 and speak of everything but, they  
 would always know. They had found  
 the stars, Elio and Oliver. And  
 this is given once only.

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

143 INT. KITCHEN/STAIRCASE/BOCCHIRALE - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON \*

ELIO walks through the kitchen and up the stairs. The  
 telephone rings and ELIO runs down the stairs 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?

ELIO  
 You're being silly.

There is a long silence. ELIO's genuine congratulatory smile fades.

Just then ANNELLA appears, and ELIO hands it to his mother.

ANNELLA  
 Why aren't you here? When are you  
 coming? Elio misses you terribly,  
 going around all the time with such  
 a long face!

She and PERLMAN exchange greetings with OLIVER.

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

"Wonderful, wonderful!" they say. When they go out, PERLMAN hands the receiver back to ELIO, who reaches for it before they can hang up.

ELIO  
 (lowering his voice when  
 he is sure they've left  
 the room)  
 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.

ELIO

(daringly)

"Elio, Elio"

OLIVER (V.O.)

(After a very long beat)

Oliver.. I remember everything ...

144 INT.PROFESSOR PERLMAN'S STUDY - PERLMAN VILLA - AFTERNOON 144

The PERLMANS and MAFALDA 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, or young aspiring scholars from there. It's the ritual that brought about the choice of Oliver last year.

ELIO enters the room, he looks over the photos, the resumé's. 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. They watch him leave the study.

145 INT. DINING ROOM - PERLMAN VILLA - NIGHT 145

Elio enters the dining room all dressed for the celebration lunch. Light is dimming outside the windows. Activities around the table between Annella and Mafalda (placing flowers, lighting candles etc).

Elio crouches in front of the fire.

His face lost in thoughts.

The entire end credit scrolls on his close up.

Near the end

ANNELLA

Elio, Elio

Elio is so deeply in his thoughts that only after a long beat after Annella calling him he turns toward the sound of her voice.

Fade to black.