

WALTER TREPPIEDI

BBC SCREENPLAY FORMAT

by

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(Based on true people)

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INT. CAR - DAY

TITLES appear and disappear during the journey in traffic.  
Walter can't stop talking, also if he's alone--

WALTER (V.O.)  
(Articulating and  
laughting)

No, Ma, I'll come home when you put  
the photos of my films back in the  
hallway. You're not dying! You'll  
outlive us all! Come on, I got work  
to do. Yes, a lot of directors call  
me...Congratulations! Ma, don't  
piss me off, come on. Bye... bye...

The flourey and aged STEERING WHEEL of a Station Wagon, comes  
now caressed, now taken to fists by the HAND OF A MAN. Now  
it opens the FIN PARASOL from which leaflets and PENS falls.

The RAYS OF THE SUN enter a few to illuminate the glass of  
the stained WINDSCREEN: DROPS of rain or soap, signs of  
windshield wipers consumed that they rule the glass, giant  
PATCHES of every kind, left by bugs and birds.

Walter drives in the middle of the traffic in Rome among  
semaphores, horn, auto, mopeds and pedestrians. The  
windscreen of the car is uge by PHOTOS, MAGAZINES, COMPOSITS,  
CONTRACTS filled anywhere, the SEATS impregnate of every  
substance, and done asunder by those that they seem cuts of  
knife and scratches of beasts. Various kind of PILLOWS and  
CLOTES are spread out everywhere.

Inside the manual gearbox, there are sowed LIGHTERS and used  
TOWELS.

BOTTLES, GLASSES, NEWS PAPERS, PAPER filled in transparent  
briefcases, PAPERS with imprints of feets, or SCREENPLAYS  
stepped on.

Than BAGS, PENS, PENCILS, STRAWS... all spread around.

The cabin seems a truly office never cleaned up with DUST  
everywhere.

Walter speaks looking at the REAR-VIEW MIRROR.

WALTER  
Holy mother! Was your mother like  
that too, Blackie? Blackie?

INT. CAR -DAY

The car is turned on. Walter sees a 20Y girl, long hairs, big lips, dressed skintight coltes, going out of the Undergroung and thorughting pedestrian crossing in his direction.

They greet each other without words.

VALENTINA

Hi, Laura sent me.

WALTER

I know, I know...

As soon as the girl closes the door, Walter dives in her direction turning the lock's door. He takes advantage to feel the elbow the softness of her breast. Valentina has a little frightnes.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Excuse me... just closing the door.  
I'm always on the move, or I risk  
being intercepted.

VALENTINA

Oh, my God! What for?

WALTER

I work for the secret service,  
I know everyone's secrets, I got  
'em in the palm of my hand.

Valentina doesn't believes him and change the dialogue.

VALENTINA

What's that smell?

WALTER

(points out on his back)  
An infection. A guard dog, for  
defense.

Valentina turns back and discovers a Rottweiler lying on the backseats.

VALENTINA

With a diaper?

Walter kiks into gear and fills in to the traffic.

WALTER

Auditions for the summer TV shows  
start soon.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Photos, résumé, measurements...

VALENTINA  
Yeah, I got a composite. Here.

WALTER  
Show me.

Valentina extracts the composit from her bag by her hands by her fingers carefully lacquered. She nods to the Walter's questions as if she had already heard it hundreds of times.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
No, no agencies, I don't want problems with agencies.

VALENTINA  
It's as if I didn't have one, don't worry.

Walter puts a look on the photos, there's one with a beauty pagean band.

WALTER  
You did Miss Italy?

VALENTINA  
(in an old tone)  
When I was young. It would be unthinkable now.

WALTER  
Right, now you're old. Ah, hostess too...

VALENTINA  
(mischievous)  
They wanted pretty young girls to attend dinner parties.

WALTER  
So, you've done some hooking, too.

VALENTINA  
(smiles)  
No, they were just dinner parties.

WALTER  
Yeah, sure... Sure, we understand each other, huh... Then sign this contract for legit stuff. Look, I'll make you win Miss Italia.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)  
You should be with princes.

VALENTINA  
Really? Thank you! Thank you!!

Valentina smiles and signs the contract.

WALTER  
With ambassadors, with powerful  
people. With me, you're in good  
hands. I'm an important person.

VALENTINA  
Listen, so now do I have to thank  
you?

Walter opens his arms.

WALTER  
You want to thank me? Of course you  
have to thank me, my dear.

VALENTINA  
Here, in the middle of the road?  
Let's go somewhere...

WALTER  
What are you thinking?.

VALENTINA  
Laura said to show you how free and  
easy I am...

WALTER  
I must say, Laura's a bigger slut  
than you.

Valentina doesn't understand. Takes her time in silence.

VALENTINA  
I'm an actress, too, by the way.  
I've prepared a monologue.

WALTER  
Did you say, monologue?

VALENTINA  
Yes, I've prepared one,  
I'm an actress, too.

Walter starts immediate increase wheezing. His breath is getting shorter. He chocks and coughs.

Valentina gets in panic.

Walter stops near a drugstore.

VALENTINA (CONT'D)  
Wiat, let's stop.

WALTER  
There's a drug store here, go get  
the pharmacist. Go, go! Go, close  
it.

Valentina jumps out from the car and runs to the drugstore  
direction.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Yeah, monologue... Yeah, monologue,  
as if! Blackie, did you want to  
hear the monologue?

INT. CAR - DAY

Walter is checking his notebook. A man of his age, with Big  
eyes (MIMMO), sat next to him.

WALTER  
So, three days' work, that's 60  
euros.

MIMMO  
I brought the money, here. It's 50.

Mimmo wriggles out 50 Euros.

WALTER  
Mimmo, do I look like someone  
who gives discounts?

MIMMO  
No, but you have the face a good  
person.

WALTER  
Yeah, all right.

MIMMO  
That's 60.

Mimmo gives other crumple 10 Euros.

WALTER  
Here you are. Now go get some  
breakfast.

Mimmo gets out from his jacket some folded up papers.

MIMMO

I brought the pictures.

WALTER

Pictures? Show me. Lets take a look. You brought a sexy picture?

MIMMO

I know you can hook me up with ladies... foreigners, Americans...

WALTER

Let's say you've got an international face and I'll find something for you, all right? Listen, can you smell something?

MIMMO

Can't smell a thing.

INT. CAR -DAY

A veterinarian woman, Lucrezia (a trans from the chestnut long hair), inserts with a syringe some liquid in the drip.

Nero (a Rottweiler very shabby and very old) lies on the back seats among covers, issues, drip hanging on by a thread on the car's door, various boxes of drugs, newspapers, some trash and games for dog. Nero doesn't answering, doesn't mooves.

Walter send messages on the phone and controls the situation around them. Two ministerial pins on the left side of his jacket.

WALTER

I think the dog's fine, how are you?

LUCREZIA

I'm great and so are you, you never age.

WALTER

Thank you. So, what do you say?

Lucrezia sees some empty drip boxes "IDROCORTISONE" crumpled by some foot prints on and absorbed in the trash of the back seats.

Nero lies immovable fixing the void.

LUCREZIA

The drip hasn't sent him into septic shock, but there's an infection.

WALTER

What infection!

Walter is trying to be less dramatic, but he's visibly worried.

LUCREZIA

Walter, he's dying, you've got to let him go. Try these antibiotics, but prepare yourself, he's not going to make it to tomorrow. And keep him clean, can't you smell the stink?

INT. CAR -DAY

Now is knocking on the window a blue eyes girl, no make up, just a jeans and a shirt: she's Annalisa.

Walter opens the window just a little space for her lips.

ANNALISA

My Aunt Matilde sent me.

Walter valuates her.

Annalisa hides behind the window.

WALTER

Come.

Walter opens the door and Annalisa comes in.

ANNALISA

She gave me the address...  
I mean, the number plate. There's a dog here!

WALTER

Yeah, my guard dog. So, why did your aunt send you to me?

ANNALISA

I applied to the Academy of Dramatic Art, but I didn't get in. My aunt said perhaps you can give me a hand.

WALTER

Why do you want to go there?

ANNALISA

To study.

WALTER

You know how many girls I've seen ruined by studying? You got a boyfriend?

ANNALISA

Yes.

WALTER

So, tell me, what's more important to you, your career or your boyfriend?

ANNALISA

My career?

WALTER

Right! Because you want to be an actress, not a starlet. Take my advice, no boyfriend, no romance. You want a career? Get power. Study doesn't give you strength, power does. Power gets you respect, you need to be with powerful people. When you go to an audition, they don't ask for a diploma, they ask who sent you. I know, the truth is always frightening. Come with me and get power. There's a dinner at a VIP's house tonight, he's powerful. Powerful...You're fresh meat and you can do things straightaway. I'll tell you a secret: cry. Always cry, a woman crying always works with a man. Play the victim and cry, you get power and take off!

ANNALISA

Yeah, but basically, what does that mean? What...?

WALTER

Cry and suck.

Annalisa handles car's doorknob.

ANNALISA

Let's say, I'll think about it.

INT. CAR -DAY

Walter, while he's driving, he's animately quarelling with Laura. Both of them are with theyre own notebooks doing theyre maths calculations.

WALTER

You're outta your mind! 20% of 2,000 euros is 400! You owe me 400 euros!

LAURA

He asked me for a discount, he only had 1,000 euros.

WALTER

I don't believe it.

LAURA

I can only give you 200 euros.

WALTER

Absolutely not! You wanna screw me.

PHONES CALL...

LAURA

Me, screw you?

WALTER

You wanna screw me, I know. Shut up!

Walter answers on the phone changing his voice tone.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Hello... Maestro, good morning, how are you? All good? How do you want your meat? Tonight? Okay. Give me a little time to set it up. Thanks, bye.

LAURA

Send me to him!

WALTER

Are you crazy? This guy wants something fresh and I send him a slut like you? No offense, huh? Sorry, Laura, but your problem's

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

not that you're a slut, you got the face of a slut, you reduce the market to whoremongers. You? No way, no offense. It's just a business consideration, you get me? And besides, you owe me 400 euros.

LAURA

No way! You don't get me enough work, I'm not paying you.

INT. CAR -DAY

Lunch time. Walter, always in his car, console himself dives into the Rosa's necklines breath. A lunch box next to her. Rosa is a 50y woman with a large plentyfil breast. Walter seems a child that confides with his mom.

WALTER

Rosa, why do those bitches treat me so badly?

ROSA

Because you're a professional in the hands of dilettantes. The younger they are, the less professional they are. Why do you keep a dead dog in your car? Get rid of it.

WALTER

Blackie's just fine.

ROSA

Close down this sort of office and come to me. Does it really freak you out that much to sleep in clean pyjamas?

Walter keeps his phone and selects a name.

WALTER

Hello, dear boy. I'm sending you someone who needs to be punished. Give her the fake-producer audition.

Walter, during his phone call, gets a box lunch and starts to eat his lasagna that Rosa brings to him.

WALTER (CONT'D)

No, do what you want with her, this one's prepared to do anything to be an extra. Yeah, abuse her. All right, thanks. Bye.

ROSA

You're still doing the fake-producer bit at seventy? Still with the scams, rip-offs and bribes?

WALTER

Shut up, we're being intercepted.

ROSA

Yeah... What do you say? Who gives a shit about you? You're a scam artist, you're old. The world's changed and you're dying in your car like your dog.

Rosa gets out from the car.

ROSA (CONT'D)

You're pathetic! And be honest for once in your life, set the timer for two minutes try to tell the truth, out of curiosity, to see what happens inside you.

CNOPP dor's. Walter remain alone with his fork.

INT./EXT. CAR -DAY

Behind the window a young boy: CARLO. A very nice and peaceful gay.

Walter is trying to be onest.

WALTER

Guys like you are a dime a dozen, I can't use you. I need a certain kind of person, prepared to do certain things. Take it from me, don't join this gang of losers, go abroad, study, get a job.

Carlo is without words.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What does your father do?

CARLO

He's a tobacconist.

WALTER

There, you should be a tobacconist. Find a nice girl, forget about slutty starlets. Do you know how many of you I've seen in this car? I can see straight through you. Why do you need to get fucked over by an asshole like me? I'll rip you off!

Carlo's eyes are filled with tears.

WALTER (CONT'D)

All right, I'm a Christian Democrat, I help out... Leave me a photo with your number.

Carlo shakes his shoulders.

CARLO

I haven't done any yet.

WALTER

Ah, you need to do it all... Tell me, ever taken it up the ass?

CARLO

No.

WALTER

And do you want to?

CARLO

No.

WALTER

Then get outta here, because you will. Are you prepared to sell your ass to appear on TV?

Carlo doesn't know what to say. His head is shaking in an unknown direction.

WALTER (CONT'D)

So, you would... Go home, think it over, I'm here. Go! I'm doing this for your own good, go... Fuck off!

Carlo wakes up and goes away after saying...

CARLO  
Thank you, maestro.

WALTER  
You're welcome.

ALARM CLOCK'S SOUND. Walter takes his phone and stops it.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Two minutes, eh, Blackie? I told  
the truth and I lost a client. Fuck  
it!

INT./EXT. CAR -NIGHT

Walter exits from a coffee shop with 2 hamburgers in a paper bag and a big drink. Gets in to the car and start to prepare the dinner for his dog. He crumbles the antibiotic inside the meat.

WALTER  
Now we'll put in the antibiotics,  
so you'll get better. You're a  
guard dog, you're ugly, but you're  
born to defend. People out there  
think they're something, but they  
were born to be ripped off. And I  
was born to be annoying. There we  
go.

Finished the preparation, Walter puts the food in front of the dogs nose.

Blackie doesn't mooves.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Blackie. Blackie? Blackie... No,  
come on. Why?

Walter has his first feelings moment. Maybe he starts to cry. Than gets his phone and make a phonecall.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Rosa? You're right, get the pajamas  
ready. Listen... have you got room  
in the garden to bury Blackie? All  
right.

SPLASH!!!! Someone brokes the window.

Thousand little pieces of glass falls down. Carlo, the nice gay, eyes full of tiers, throws an iron bar.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing?

CARLO  
Now you've taken it up the ass!

Carlo opens the door and gets inside. Takes Walter by his jacket in front of him, nose by nose.

CARLO (CONT'D)  
Firstly: no one has ever  
clipped my wings. Secondly:  
everyone's told me I've got the  
face for it. Thirdly: I'm not a  
tobacconist! I'm not a tobacconist!

Blackie stands up and strats to snarl and bark against Carlo.

WALTER  
Blackie, infect him!

Blackie bites Carlo's arm.

Carlo starts to scream. Then, after get save from the clutches of the beast, runs away on the street.

Blackie as a powerful healthy Rottweiler, jumps out from the car and chases Carlo crossing other people.

Walter gets out from the car, running to follow Blackie. The phone is always in his hand. Rose is still on line.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Rosa? Fuck off! Blackie's fine, up  
yours and up everyone who's against  
us!

Walter hang off the phone. Smiles.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Blackie? What are you doing? Boy,  
are you ugly. There, see? Be good.  
See how it works? You tell the  
truth to people they get pissed  
off. I tell you the truth and you  
lick. Ugly, ugly. Did you really  
want to save me? I'm uglyest than  
you... I'm owful and you kiss me. I  
love you too.