

LUPA

2 sequences

By

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SEQUENCE 1

EXT. DEAD PLAINS OF SAND. DAWN

A purple glow from the Italian dawn dimly shines behind the fallen pillars of overgrown, Roman, ruins.

We float through the mist to a group of fallen boulders.

PEBBLES TRICKLE DOWN, something is coming.

A massive she-wolf appears at the horizon of the highest rock. With agility she descends in our direction.

CLACK. Someone cocks a rifle -- She looks up. Her scars showing she is as old as time itself.

She makes her way across the field -- in front of the barrel of the rifle she appears and disappears behind dead trees.

We pull past the muzzle, up to the tired eyes of STEFANO ROMANO, late fifties, whom in full concentration aims down the sights. His hair is messy, his face dirty.

He inhales, his finger tightening around the trigger.

BREATHS OUT: The misty field appears abandoned as... SHOT SOUNDS... Moments later the she-wolf runs past unharmed.

The sound of faltering breaths accompanies us past fresh blood back up to Stefano, who has a wound in his shoulder.

MULTIPLE FOOTSTEPS DESCENT FROM THE MOUNTAIN

MAN 1 (O.S)  
Oddio, credo che tu l'abbia ucciso.

MAN 2 (O.S)  
Stava per sparare. Cosa avrei dovuto fare?

MAN 3 (O.S)  
Smettetela tutti e due.

One of the men kneels beside Stefano to check his pulse.

MAN 3 (CONT'D)  
Sil, aiutami a spostarlo.

The second man joins him and they lift Stefano as we turn away to ENZO (21 years old), a kind and soft face adorned with ragged hair. He is holding the rifle.

A LITTLE LATER

Stefano, in shock, is being pulled across the sandy terrain.

MAN 1  
Pensi che lo vorranno ancora?

MAN 3  
Funzionerà. Prega soltanto che non  
sia l'ultima volta.

They drop Stefano and leave.

MAN 3 (O.S) (CONT'D)  
Veloci, andiamo, andiamo!

THEIR FOOTSTEPS FADE AWAY

Stefano is left alone, his breaths shrill.

A LITTLE LATER

Enzo is waiting as the other men pass him left and right.

MAN 3  
Andiamo.

They enter the ruins, but Enzo waits, ears pricked, until..  
HOOOOWWW --

-- Stefano regains consciousness.

The mist clouds his view as he looks from left to right:  
Something shoots past behind a tree. A stone deflects. Then,  
A GROWL that makes the gravel vibrate --

-- The dark shadow of the enormous she-wolf approaches.

Step by step she exits the mist.

Left and right, her pack nears Stefano -- encircling him in  
an ever-tightening noose. Then the beast barks her order.

The first wolf goes for his arm, the second for his  
shoulder, then the whole group descends on top of him.

STEFANO SCREAMS IN PAIN

Enzo gazes into the mist, his face squeezing in disgust.

## SEQUENCE 2

## EXT. PLATFORM - AFTERNOON

The train bursts by in front of two individuals who are seated with their backs towards us: The whirl of gray hair belongs to Marta, late sixties, who is dwarfed in comparison to the broad-shouldered SILVAN, late twenties, next to her.

The old train comes to a screeching halt as we circle to see Marta's front: Her arm is missing and her sleeve is stitched in a fold. From her left ear down to her mouth, a scar shows her face was once torn open and stitched back up again.

## A LITTLE LATER

Zoey exits the train, heaving Bram in his wheelchair, loaded with stuff. Marian follows, holding the other end.

MARIAN

My god, Bram. Time to stop growing,  
you're going to give me a hernia.

Zoey re-enters the train, as Marta taps her cane down the platform on her way towards them.

## INT. TRAIN - SAME

Zoey loops a backpack around her shoulder, takes a suitcase from the seat, and walks off while also pulling a trolley.

Silvan enters the aisle towards her.

SILVAN

Questo lo prendo io.

He takes the suitcase from under her arm, leans in past her (awfully close), takes the trolley, and leaves.

Zoey seems overly affected.

ZOEY

(to herself)  
What the hell man.

Then she hears her mother's FAKE HIGH PITCHED LAUGH.

MARIAN (O.S.)

..Yes, he does!

Zoey steps over to the window, Marta is talking to Marian.

MARIAN (CONT'D)

Only yesterday he showed me a picture he took of.. The one of the old woman in that store, which one was it?

BRAM

The cigar shop, it was a man.

MARIAN

Yes, a shop in our city. With light from the sun shining in, very yellow and with a lot of smoke.

Marta turns her head, looking back at -- Zoey.

ZOEY

Jesus.

EXT. PLATFORM - SAME

Zoey exits the train, avoiding contact while putting her backpack with the rest of their stuff. Briefly, she glances over at Marta her peering eyes, who then shows her a smile.

MARIAN

..Also, many others are very nice.  
He's very talented.

Marta lodges her cane in between two tiles and takes her glove off by the use of her armpit.

BRAM

You didn't even see the real one  
mom, the one on my phone was shit.

MARIAN

Please don't swear, Bram.

BRAM

I'm not gonna be fake, mom.

MARIAN

(corner from her mouth)  
Bram..

MARTA

I always say we need more people  
who really see the world.

Marta puts her hand on Bram's cheek and studies his eyes.

MARTA (CONT,D) (CONT'D)  
Who do not just look, but see.  
Good, very good.

MARIAN  
..Ah, and this is my daughter,  
Zoey. Isn't she pretty?

Marian puts an arm around Zoey and holds her tightly.

MARTA  
(uninterested)  
yes, very nice to meet you too.

SILVAN (O.S.)  
Andiamo, o il sole sara' tramontato  
prima che riusciremo a raggiungere  
le montagne.

Silvan takes the last bag and suitcase.

Zoey pulls away to freedom.

MARTA  
Si', si', calma. Ce la faremo.

MARTA (CONT'D)  
Now Silvan says hurry, because of  
the darkness. But he forgets that  
my old age slows me.

Marta follows Silvan -- taps him on his behind with her cane.

MARTA (CONT'D)  
Muoviti allora.

The family follows as Marian squeals her high laugh again.

EXT. HIGHWAY - FOREST. LATE AFTERNOON

The interstate roars with cars, on a bridge that reaches  
high above the treetops of the forest underneath.

We follow the concrete pillars down until we descent between  
the green branches of massive oaks.

A small Piaggio Ape car pulls around the corner.

INT. CAR - SAME

The bobblehead of a happy wolf bouncing on the dashboard.

SILVAN (O.S.)  
Dico solo che non importa se lo  
"aiuterai" tu. Fara' un casino  
comunque.

Marian is squeezed in between Silvan and Marta.

MARTA  
E' ancora giovane e deve imparare  
dai suoi errori. Non dimenticare  
quante volte tu hai rovinato tutto,  
e continui a farlo, perche' sei una  
testa calda.

SILVAN  
Non come lui.

MARTA  
Please, Maria. Tell me not all men  
are as stubborn as ours.

MARIAN  
Ehh, well..

SILVAN  
TSS, non chiedere a lei. Perche' la  
vorresti dalla tua parte?

Marian quickly dodges the bronze head of Marta's cane which  
swoops past her face and lands on Silvan.

SILVAN (CONT'D)  
Ahia, sei fuori di testa o cosa?

Marian slumps down, trapped and awkward.

EXT. CAR - CAR LOT. SAME

We can see Marta slumping down in her seat through the rear  
window. Zoey and Bram are seated underneath it, in between  
pieces of luggage.

Branches swipe past the car and the trail seems to converge  
even more until they suddenly pass a rusted fence.

Another small number of Piaggio ape cars are parked on the  
dilapidated lot where roots have broken through the concrete  
and vegetation pushed the fences past their breaking point.

They come to a halt.

BOY 1 (O.S.)  
Prendete quante piu' cose riuscite.

Left and right, a total of three boys appear. One of them is Enzo, looking down at them.

ENZO  
(Offers his hand)  
Ciao ragazzi. Sono Enzo.

BOY 2  
Stai lavorando, idiota.

Enzo obeys and takes a piece of luggage instead whereafter the wheelchair next to Bram suddenly gets taken too.

ZOEY  
Sorry, we'll need that.

BOY 1  
Calma donna, tutto a posto.

Silvan, Marta, and Marian appear from the front side of the car as the three boys walk off with most of the luggage.

MARIAN  
Could you help?

Zoey gets up and hands a bag over.

MARTA  
(To the boys)  
Non fate casini! (To  
herself) Cosa  
devo fare con loro?

Silvan unfolds something in the trunk against the tailgate. He gestures Bram to come over.

SILVAN  
Veloce.

BRAM  
What does he want me to do?

MARTA  
It's okay, go to him. Come, come..

Bram crawls to the back of the trunk as Zoey hops over the side with her backpack. She takes a look around, stops on --

-- An ominous looking chasm through which we see Enzo and the two boys near, Zoey and the rest in the background.

BOY 1  
Enzo, mettiti in fila!

Enzo gets in line -- Bram sits down where Silvan wanted him.

BRAM

I really don't get what he wants.

Silvan opens the hatch and pulls the seat with Bram on it around his shoulders.

BRAM (CONT'D)

Wo, wo, wo. -- Seriously.

Silvan starts walking, following Marta towards the chasm.

MARIAN

Just be careful Bram. If you really don't like it, tell me.

BRAM

I really don't like it..

MARTA

Come on, it is still a long climb.

A stairway leads up through the chasm. Its walls of solid rock are overgrown with weeds, moss, and even trees.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL. SAME

Bram sways on Silvan's back, taking in his surroundings --

-- Zoey looks at him. He turns away in shame.

She tugs her backpack to the front, opens the zipper, and retrieves a vintage-looking camera which she gives to him.

BRAM

Thanks..

MARIAN

This is quite a climb. Wish we could have driven all the way up.

Zoey pushes past Silvan to end up behind Marta.

ZOEY

..I wanted to thank you for sending the pictures of my dad. -- So, you're my aunt, right?

MARTA

What is it you say?

ZOEY  
You're my father's sister, right?

Marta utters a cackling laugh.

MARTA  
Pensano che io sia la sorella di  
Stefano!

SILVAN  
Ma ti immagini.

Bram takes a picture.

MARTA  
Maria!?

MARIAN  
Yes!?

MARTA  
I am not Stefano's sister. You  
understood this, no?!

Bram slides the film for a new picture.

MARIAN  
Ah! You know, from your e-mails I  
kinda thought you were!

Through Bram's viewfinder: Water trickling past a flat rock.

MARTA (O.S.)  
My English is not very good, it  
looks like! You see, in the  
village, they call me la sorella.  
Which means, the sister. An  
honorary title they gave me.

CLICK, takes a picture.

MARIAN  
Ow.. (high laugh) Well that's a  
funny mistake then!

Bram slides the film for a new picture.

MARTA  
But you should know that the real  
sisters are: Sorella Dulca, sorella  
Leandra, e sorella Livia..

MARIAN  
And why do they call you sisters!?

Through Bram's viewfinder: Light of the low sun is broken up by fresh leaves of a young tree before entering the ravine.

MARTA (O.S.)  
We take care of things, we help our  
brothers, Like sisters do.

With these last words Marta gives Zoey a meaningful look.

We follow through the viewfinder, along the ravine's edge until a group of observing wolves come in to frame. Bram lowers his camera, wanting to see them with his own eyes.

Then he takes the shot. CLICK

MARTA (CONT'D)  
Now, you tell me Bram. What did  
Maria tell you about your father?

Marian looks away in shame.

BRAM  
Ehh.. Not much.

ZOEY  
(To herself)  
Just that he died twenty years ago.

MARTA  
What!?

Marta turns, eyes blazing.

ZOEY  
I'm..

Marta pushes Zoey aside with her cane to look at Marian as Silvan turns out of the way too.

MARTA  
Maria! Is this true?

MARIAN  
What, no. No, I didn't do  
anything..

ZOEY  
Wo, wo, just wait. I think you  
misunderstood. I said she never  
told us how he died after we last  
"saw" him twenty years ago.

Marta turns back to Zoey, slowly calming..

MARTA

He fell from the rocks. Your mother  
knows this.

Marta presses on as Zoey remains stationary, in shame.

Silvan passes her, with Bram still looking through his  
viewfinder. Marian follows, giving her an angry look.

KNACK, a branch breaks -- Bram and Zoey look up at --  
-- a wolf scurrying away from the ledge above her.

ZOEY

What the fuck was that?

Zoey pulls closer to the group.

BRAM

Wolves.

MARTA

Don't worry, they are just  
watching. They don't attack without  
reason.

ZOEY

..Is that what happened to you? I  
mean..

MARIAN

(Mouthing)  
Stop it.

MARTA

They have been around since  
forever. It can not be any other  
way.

Bram takes a picture.

Zoey looks back up, scanning the edges of the ravines.

From above we can see the broad crack of the ravine running  
through the rock, with wolves following the group closely.

The ravine goes on and on until it ends way in the distance,  
at the foot of a medieval village built in the mountains.