

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

CALL ME BY YOUR NAME

Elio and Oliver park their bikes at a spot by some spring water ponds

ELIO

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

Do you like being along?

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 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 in 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 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
 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 thing 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.

Both stare at the view.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You're the luckiest kid in the world.

ELIO

(in somewhat 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. 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.