

**PROLOGUE TO LITTE**

Written by

Carlito López

DRAFT SEP102019-001 ENG

SEPTEMBER-10-2019 - I

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carlito.l@lopallovski.com - [www.lopallovski.com](http://www.lopallovski.com)

***THE ~~LO~~PALLOVSKI BROS.***

INT. HOSPITAL / PEDIATRIC ONCOLOGY / ROOM 21 - NIGHT

Recovery room with five SMALL BEDS, with five KIDS resting on it. They are about ten years old, pale, slim, with no hair nor eyebrows. The room, the beds, the INSTRUMENTS and the INTRAVENOUS INFUSION SETS, the walls... everything looks RUN-DOWN, OLD. The LIGHTS are OFF.

MARCO FERRETTI, 30 years old, tall and stocky, tick beard, is leaning against the wall, arms crossed; he looks two doctors arguing.

MARGHERITA 'MAX' MARTELLO, a young medical doctor, 25 years old, blonde curly hairs, bright blue eyes, is arguing with ANTONIO CASALE, an older doctor, slim and grizzled, short hair and shaved face.

MAX

What do you mean with they're  
leaving tonight?

Doc Casale answers bored and pissed-off, like talking about something he doesn't care for the hundredth time.

CASALE

I'm sorry Max, we know that sooner  
or later...

MAX

Hey wait a minute... We bought  
everything you see here wit with  
our money, we come here outside of  
working hours...

CASALE

This room isn't yours, it's  
hospital property.

MAX

Hospitals are supposed to heal  
people!

CASALE

Oh, always the same song, again and  
again...

While talking, Max grabs Casale's coat, and then his  
STETHOSCOPE.

MAX

How can you wear this coat and  
going around with this stethoscope,  
if you're okay with distinguish  
between rich and poor patients -

CASALE

No, now knock it off. Okay. Now it works this way. Healthcare Service has changed. If you can pay, you'll be fixed up. More or less. But if you can't afford to pay... well, it's not too much different than it used to be like.

MAX

What? Are you even aware of what you're saying?

Casale gets pissed-off a bit more.

CASALE

Oh... stop it Max! The patients will leave tonight, period. The Chief Medical Officer has been very clear: after midnight, call the Carabinieri.

MAX

Mercenaries, you mean!

CASALE

Yeas, you're right. Mercenaries, as you call it. Today everything is privatized, including Carabinieri. What can be done by me and you? Nothing. Enough. Debate closed.

Casale is about to leave the room, but Max stops him and makes him turn. Then she talks with low voice, like begging.

MAX

Okay, okay, wait, wait... at least the worst cases, if we could just get them into the Spexiphan clinical trial...

Casale smirks.

CASALE

Spexiphan... aahhh... where'd you get that idea? That trial is not even meant for... not even rich people can join that... neither... do you realize that? A cure for pretty much every cancer, even advanced-stage ones, with the side-effects of an aspirin... You can't even say I can pay any price...

(MORE)

CASALE (CONT'D)

They're the ones who decide who joins the trial... They're the ones who decide who lives and who dies. They're the ones who decide everything.

MAX

The G-Corp decides even for you, right?

Max turns to Marco. He moves from the wall, a step ahead, looking Casale.

CASALE

So you really believe that I could endanger my family just to be an hero? I have two daughters I'm trying to get through college, so that they will never face this shit!

Casale points at the kids.

MAX

Ma...

CASALE

Stop it, please.

MAX

All it would take is one cycle...

Max has shifty eyes.

Casale looks down, then he turns and goes out.

He Stops in the doorway.

A MAGNETIC BADGE falls on the floor, at Casale's feet.

Doc Casale turns again to Max, and acts like he's looking into his own pockets looking for something.

CASALE

I just lost the badge... now I get to report... I wouldn't want some genius here finds it and uses it to plunder the Pharmacy...

Casale looks at Max in a knowing way, and she smiles, incredulous.

CASALE

But I have so much things to do,  
it's not going to happen before  
midnight.

Casale repeats slowly and clear, looking at Max.

CASALE

Midnight.

Casale turns around and blazes away.

Max races to pick the badge up, then she says in low voice:

MAX

Thank you...

Max turns to Marco, her eyes saying she's gonna make  
something stupid; his eyes saying her "no".

TONINO PICCOLO, one of the kids, still in torpor, calls Max  
with weak voice.

TONINO PICCOLO

Max...

Max rushes to the kid, get close to him, and caress him  
slowly.

MAX

Hey Tonino, you're supposed to  
rest...

TONINO PICCOLO

Where are they taking us?

Max looks at Marco, not knowing what to say.

MAX

What? No, no, you're not... what  
are you saying?

TONINO PICCOLO

I heard you Max.

MAX

No, you're just tired, and you have  
to rest, don't worry, me and marco  
will not gonna leave you all.

TONINO PICCOLO

Max, I feel... bad...

Max gets sad, a teardrop slips down her face. Then his expression changes: from sadness and desperation, it becomes determination, gritted teeth, and shoots a look over Marco. He shakes his head, and with his eyes are still saying "no".

INT. HOSPITAL / PEDIATRIC ONCOLOGY / CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The door of Room 21 is open, from outside it is possible to see Max and Marco talking, while Max shows Marco the Badge.

A GIRL is watching Max and Marco arguing: it's MICAELA TORBA, 25, dark skin, beautiful, black hair, UNDERCUT.

Micaela speaks to a man in low voice, ALESSANDRO CORVAGLIA, about 30 years old, who is holding a VIDEOCAMERA on his shoulder.

MICAELA

I knew we should have come right here tonight, ready with the camera. Call the studio and ask for a live link...

Micaela pulls out a SMARTPHONE and starts a phone call.

CORVAGLIA

A live for what?

MICAELA

Tell'em the Carabinieri are about to make a huge mess...

CORVAGLIA

What you're gonna do? Report them? Leave them in peace!

MICAELA

Just do what I say, otherwise you'll be looking for another job by tomorrow... And there's no job for anybody.

CORVAGLIA

You're a shit...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL / PHARMACY - NIGHT

DARKNESS, lights off, a little bit of light comes from the window. We see various SHELVES with BOXES and CONTAINERS in it, LOCKERS, FRIDGES.

Max moves fast, angry and firm, looking through the shelves. Marco holds the five kids with him, and they are scared and still in torpor.

MARCO

So your master plan is to steal the Spexiphan and then run away with them?

MAX

Maybe you've got a better idea, right, genius?

Marco answers with a look of disapproval.

Max looks through the boxes on a shelf, while Marco looks around: the door, the windows, measuring space and escape ways.

MARCO

We should have done that before!

MAX

It is now or never!

MARCO

Okay so we should have done that later!

Max shoots a look at Marco, then she finds a group of small boxes labeled:

SPEXIPHAN - TETRAHYDROARRAKISINOL EXPERIMENTAL - GOLDMEN HEALTHCARE, A GOLDMEN CORPORATION BUSINESS - AUGUST 2026.

She takes one box and shows it to Marco.

MAX

Done, now we can go.

Max takes some boxes, smiling. Marco bears the hint of a smile.

BUM!

Someone is trying to force the ARMORED DOOR, which is locked from the inside.

Max winces to the sound, while Marco gets down and prepares for fight, like he's still in war.

Marco shoots a look at Max. She glances at her watch and shakes her head, unbelieving, while the kids starts to panic.

MAX  
But it's just eleven p.m.!

MARCO  
(at the kids)  
Easy, easy, shhhh!  
(at Max, low voice)  
Over there.

Marco points a corner of the room behind some shelves.

MAN (O.S.)  
Locked from the inside.

Marco, Max and the kids go hiding behind the shelves, a gets to the ground, back against the wall.

BUM. BUM. BUM.

Someone still trying to break the door. Max reacts becoming more angry... then she starts to remove the blisters from the boxes.

MARCO  
What the hell are you doing?

MAX  
I'm giving them the Spexiphan, so at least they'll have a bit more time... at least!

MARCO  
Wait... before you open it... are you sure?

Max stops.

MARCO  
If you put that back like it were, we'll get away clean. But if you open it, we're gonna go to jail for years, and goodbye to our profession...

Max hesitates for a moment. She looks at the kids, then at the blisters in her hand.

MAX  
I'm sure, fuck me.

Max takes the pills from the blisters, and gives one to each kid.



MAX

Okay honey, take it, come on...

Marco looks around. Max hides the remaining blisters under her coat.

MARCO

Okay shh shh, quiet... are you hearing?

MAX

I can't hear anything Marco!

MARCO

Right... maybe they just left...

MAX

So you're saying that all of a sudden we became lucky?

MARCO

Max please...

Marco gets up, Max tries to say him something. He moves towards the door with stealthy step. Max caresses the kids, and hugs them.

Marco turns to Max, beckons her to stay down, then reveals a hint of a smile, and finally winks. Max answers with a smile.

SBEEEMMM!

The armored door BLOWS OFF... SPARKS, SMOKE... Marco and Max are stunned, while the kids wakes up and start fidgeting.

Through the THICK SMOKE in place of where the door was, a DARK FIGURE WITH GLOWING RED EYES moves in. Marco is on the ground, crawling back, while other FIGURES follows the first one. They are CARABINIERI, wearing TACTICAL CLOTHING AND EQUIPMENT, HELMET, GAS MASK, NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. They've got a PATCH depicting THE THREE OF CLUBS of the Napoletane Playing Card Deck, with the text "FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE".

The kids keeps fidgeting and screaming, Max is terrified and can't manage to calm them.

KIDS

The monsters! The monsters!

The Carabinieri slowly moves in, WEAPONS DRAWN. Max is terrified. Marco is angry but not scared; while he crawls back, he keeps looking around looking for an escape route, or some kind of solution.

KIDS  
The monsters!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL / HALL - NIGHT

TEN PEOPLE, DOCTORS AND NURSES, are on the ground against the wall, handcuffed. SIX CARABINIERI with tactical equipment and masks are watching doors and prisoners.

Micaela and Corvaglia are on the sideline.

Others FIVE CARABINIERI come, bringing new prisoners: three of them are bringing the kids, the remaining two pushes Max and Marco, who has got the hands above their heads. The soldiers forces Max and Marco down on the ground.

CARABINIERE  
Down, bitch...

The Carabiniere throws her to the ground, and then kicks her.

Micaela shakes Corvaglia, with an hateful expression.

MICAELA  
Come on, record that!

Corvaglia SWITCHES ON the VIDEOCAMERA and begins shooting.

CAPTAIN LEO (O.S.)  
Good manners, kid.

MAX  
Are you fucking kidding me?

Another Carabiniere with different clothing arrives. He doesn't wear armors, helmet nor hat. CAPTAIN RANK SLIDES, a PLATE reporting his surname: LEO. In his forties, CURATED BEARD, MINOR SCARS on his face, eyes of someone who have seen enough over the years... it's CAPTAIN FRANCESCO LEO. The Carabiniere who threw Max on the ground, takes out the Spexiphan blisters, and shows it to the Captain.

CARABINIERE  
Captain, she was carrying these.

The Captain nods to the Carabiniere, then he turns to Max.

LEO  
No, No. I 'm not playing you. Yes,  
I ordered my guy to kick your ass,  
but I'm asking them to make it ...  
Nicely!

Leo smiles and winks at Max.

MAX  
Bastard...

Leo turns to Micaela.

LEO  
Torba, please, not now. Switch it  
off. I will instruct you when  
you'll be allowed to shoot.  
However, thank you for your  
collaboration.

Max sees Micaela, e recognize her.

MAX  
You were the snitch? You fucking  
bitch...

Max and Marco look at each other.

Micaela ignores Max and nods to the Captain, Corvaglia lays  
down the videocamera. As soon as Leo turns away, Micaela  
speaks into Corvaglia's ear.

MICAELA  
Keep rolling.

Leo turns to Max.

LEO  
Bastard? Me, not you, right Max?  
Because of you, Doctor Casale will  
be in jail for something like five  
years, in the Card Castle. No more  
money nor health insurance for the  
young Clarissa. And because of you,  
she will never be a lawyer!

Max looks at Micaela enraged. The two exchange intense  
glances at each other. Then Max turns to Leo.

MAX  
No, I'm sorry. These jarhead mind  
games doesn't work with me.  
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

You're not going to guilt-tripping me, because it's all G-Corp fault, and also of the bastard asshole slave ass-kisser sellswords like you or that bitch who sold us!

LEO

I'm curious, I want to hear what you have to say.

MAX

What? What you want me to say? That you're giving these poor kids a death sentence? And that is only the beginning... and don't look at me like that with your fuck face!

Max wriggles around, while two Carabinieri are holding her down.

LEO

Don't you think I know that?

MAX

But you think doing the slave for those G-Corp shits!

LEO

The Carabineers Force has been privatized, and now the owner is the G-Corp! Too late, little lady. You should have fought with us, instead of being bitches and jerks. Fucking hippie...

MAX

But... How can you do that?! Look at 'em! Look!

Max points at the kids, who are suffering in torpor.

MAX

They've got advanced tumor, only the Spexiphan can save them...

LEO

Eh...

Max gets hungry and grits her teeth.

MAX

And if one day it will be the turn of the people you love?

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Doesn't piss you off the G-Corp doesn't want to give the Spexiphan to anybody? Naah... You're definitely alone, I don't believe you could possibly love someone.

LEO

I've got a wife and a daughter, thank you for asking. I do the asshole, like you say, so that they could have both an house and health insurance, and some day my kid could become a lawyer, or an engineer.

MAX

And what about them? They're also...

LEO

LITTE.

Max is surprised. She recognized the word.

Also Micaela bumps to the sound of "LITTE", then she drops her eyes, and finally looks into the void.

MAX

What? But...

LEO

Know that I was there on the Ford aircraft carrier during Operation Death Star, a francé.

Marco pricks his ears up to the sound of "Death Star".

LEO

Your little friend Rodríguez, I knew him pretty well.

Max is surprised. Micaela react bad to the word "Rodríguez".

LEO

You have no idea how many times we have fought about this fucking theory of his, LITTE. Balls. Then one fine day, he asked me one question.

MAX

How long is the waiting list to fuck your wife?

Everyone smiles, including Leo, but not Marco. Leo gets close to Max and hits her bad on her mouth with a kick, toe of the boot, while saying:

LEO

No.

Everyone stop smiling. Max changes his face, feeling the pain.

LEO

(faking a different voice)  
Checco, if you have to choose who dies, between your daughter and hundred thousand kids, who would you choose?

MAX

Let me guess, you chose hundred thousand kids...

LEO

No.

Everyone was surprised.

LEO

No one's ever gave him a straight answer, everyone kept swirling around that every time, even though it was simple. A or B. Then one day some weird guy answered...

Everyone was intrigued.

LEO

He said he'd sacrifice his own niece, but after that he would have killed himself.

MAX

Why the fuck are you telling me all this...

Leo gets close to Max. Marco looks at Leo's GUN, his HOLSTER is UNSNAPPED.

LEO

Because I would never be able to act like him. These days it's become like a fucking Middle Ages period... You're either rich, or nothing.

MAX

So you chose to be a fucking  
mercenary runner and murderer!

Leo has a sudden brief burst of anger.

LEO

What did you think?

Leo calms down.

LEO

Jobs, not only the best ones, and  
key roles like... positions of  
power, professorships... well it  
was all in their hands, idiots and  
ignorant people... irrespective if  
they're wicked or not... All of you  
really thought that at some point  
the smartest, the fittest and  
worthy would have took over the  
unworthy idiots? Just like that,  
without fighting, just putting a  
long face and organizing rallies  
against racism, violence against  
women and other bullshit? Well this  
unbalance, with unworthy stupids in  
charge and enrolled in the good  
jobs, well I always thought that  
sooner or later the time will come  
to pay the price... And now it's  
beginning... We're about to slip  
back in the fucking middle age, and  
it will get worse... And you guys  
really expected me to sacrifice my  
own daughter, condemning her to  
become like these poor rugrats.

Leo points at the kids.

LEO

No I can't do it... forgive me, I'm  
very emotional!

Leo gives a hint of a smile, then he winks at Max during the  
last sentence.

MAX

What... You seriously expect me to  
feel sympathy for the devil?

Leo turns.

LEO

Naah. I don't really give a fuck. I just wanted to kill some time until the prisoner van arrives.

Marco get up in a burst of adrenaline, knocking two Carabinieri down. Leo can't react in time. Marco throws him a punch in his chest, slips the GUN from his holster, and then grabs his neck from behind. Gun pointed under the chin.

All the Carabinieri prepare to fire.

MARCO

I am in charge here now!

LEO

Okay friend, take it easy...

MARCO

I am not your friend, you fucking asshole!

LEO

Hey, there's little kids in here....

Marco strengthens his grip on Leo's neck.

Micaela tugs Corvaglia, talks to him in low voice.

MICAELA

Keep rolling!

MARCO

Which children? The ones you were sending to death?

Max is terrified, reaches the kids fast and jugs them tight.

LEO

Okay, next move? A nice trip with hostage, girl and kids? Not considering about sixty carabinieri?

MARCO

Shut up you worm!

LEO

Hey, just trying to help you, to prevent collateral casualties...



MARCO

It's not my first hostages stand-off!

LEO

Oh, I know that, believe me... You were in Kamizistan too, I know you, Master Sergeant Ferretti!

MARCO

Then you know what I'm capable of!

Marco looks around and moves slowly, dragging Leo, trying to not show his back to any of the Carabinieri present.

LEO

Yes, yes, yes... exactly, I mean, a veteran -

MARCO

Shut the fuck up! Lower your weapons, now!

The Carabinieri looks at each other, but holds their positions, weapons targeted and ready.

LEO

Put 'em down! Come on, guns on the floor and one step back, that's an order!

All the Carabinieri puts their guns on the floor, fast.

MARCO

Hands above your head, fingers crossed behind the neck!

LEO

Follow the order!

The Carabinieri puts their hands behind their heads, and crosses their fingers. Marco looks around, and starts to babbling on, like talking to himself.

One CARABINIERE is hiding behind a wall. He slowly unfold his HANDGUN from his SIDE HOLSTER, and prepares to take action.

LEO

Okay, Okay. We were saying, an highly-trained vet, with posttraumatic stress disorder, who took hostage a Captain, in a situation with no escape, all seasoned with girl and children...

Marco strengthens his grip on Leo's neck.

MARCO  
Stop talking, fuck!

LEO  
I'm just saying, it's a situation  
in which usually...

MARCO  
I said stop it!

Marco hits Leo and strengthens the grip more tightly.

The hidden Carabinieri looks at the situation with a SMALL  
MIRROR, keeping out of sight.

LEO  
... if they shoot you and I get  
killed, it would be legitimate!

MARCO  
What the hell are you talking  
about?

LEO  
Nothing, nothing, it's just I have  
death insurance, and if I'm gonna  
get killed in the line of duty ...

MARCO  
Believe me, you'll not gonna stop  
me scumbag!

LEO  
Yeah, right, I'm just saying, the  
public order will be guaranteed,  
the law uphold, and the innocent  
protected.

MARCO  
Order that dick hidden like a worm  
to come out nice and easy with his  
hand in clear view! I can see you!

The hidden Carabinieri makes a gesture of anger.

LEO  
Does as he says, come on.

The Carabinieri slowly shows the gun, then he comes out.

MARCO

Get down on the floor face down!  
Down on the floor, right now!

The Carabinieri goes down on the floor slowly.

MARCO

So, where were we?

LEO

Oh yeah I'll say that again. Even  
if I would get wounded or killed  
trying to stop you, the public  
order will be guaranteed, the law  
uphold, and the innocent protected.  
Got it?

MARCO

What the hell are you -

POFF!

A BULLET passes through Marco's head, while the GLASS of a  
WINDOW SHATTERS. The BLOOD SPLATTERS on Leo and Max's faces.  
A moment later we HEAR the GUNSHOT, far away. Marco falls  
down, lifeless, while Leo takes his gun back with a quick  
move.

MAX

No! No!

Max is shocked, the kids are screaming.

EXT. HOSPITAL / PARKING - NIGHT

A bit of SMOKE comes out of the BARREL of a SMALL CANNON... a  
Cannon belonging to the ARM of an ST-200... A BIG BIPEDAL  
BATTLE TANK, nine feet tall, with an head that looks like a T-  
Rex... It is placed far away from the hall. The people seen  
through the window appears small.

ST-200 POV

The Robot has got a zoomed-in visual on the hall, with a  
TARGETING CROSSHAIR and other stuff superimposed.

We reads: TARGET KILLED. HUMAN CASUALTIES: 1.0

INT. HOSPITAL / HALL - NIGHT

Max starts to cry, she tries to reach Marco's body, but she's held up.

Micaela pretends to look tough and passionless.

MICAELA

Tell me you got that on camera!  
Tell me we got that!

Corvaglia is upset.

CORVAGLIA

Yes... fuck you...

A Carabiniere gets close to the corpse, and touches it with his foot.

CARABINIERE

Captain... All that chattering, was  
just an order for the ST-200 to  
shoot? An order this indirect?

Leo cleans out the blood from his face, looking lost, staring off at Marco's corpse. Then he moves to go away, and makes a gesture with his right hand, rolling the index finger.

LEO

Let's clean this up....

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Hospital, from the sky.

We hear an OPENING THEME SONG.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

This is a breaking news coverage,  
Channel Seven News! Our Micaela  
Torba is live from Enrico Mattei  
Memorial Hospital, in Brindisi.  
Micaela?

On the roof of the Hospital Buildings there are HUGE BLUE  
ILLUMINATED LETTERS:

OSPEDALE ENRICO MATTEI

MICAELA (O.S.)

Yes Teddy, we're live from the Enrico Mattei Memorial and here the situation is pretty bad. The Carabinieri arrested some physicians who tried to steal meds, and one nurse got killed after having taken a Captain hostage.

There are various CARABINIERI VEHICLES out the Hospital, ad a CROWD of people trying to get into the ER.

Some CARABINIERI IN RIOT GEAR are pushing people away.

MICAELA (O.S.)

Luckily I managed to record the dramatic images of the hostage stand-off and we're gonna show it...

BOOM!

Some letters of the luminous sign BLOWS UP with SPARKS and SMALL EXPLOSIONS.

MICAELA (O.S.)

There was an explosion! Maybe on the roof!

TEDDY (O.S.)

Micaela, are you guys okay?

MICAELA (O.S.)

Yes Teddy, we're fine! They've just blown out some luminous letters on the roof, now...

The remaining letters still lit makes the word:

-----L- ---I-- --TTE-

MICAELA (O.S.)

Oh fuck...

FADE TO BLACK.