

NEVO

Written by

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1

**INT. HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY**

1

BLACK.

A deep, ragged breath.

FADE IN:

A blurry figure advances toward a large oval mirror. The glass is fogged with steam.

Fingers run along a smooth forehead, down the temples, then focus on deep dark circles under the eyes that branch out across pale cheeks, massaged and pinched repeatedly in a futile attempt to add color.

A pair of silver tweezers trace the edges of the eyebrows, plucking every stray hair.

The lips draw back, revealing rows of slightly yellowed teeth. The tongue rubs insistently against them.

A middle finger repeatedly taps against a small bump that characterizes an ordinary nose.

**Thomas** (18), a young narcissus with a slight but well-proportioned physique, thick blond curls and large, sad eyes, stands in front of the mirror, studying his reflection. He takes the phone with a selfie ring attached to it, raises it and takes a selfie with the flash.

**TITLE: NEVO**

2

**INT. HOUSE/BEDROOM - DAY**

2

A photo of a smooth, small french nose. It's a shot of a famous model.

Along with the photo there are a series of other magazine clippings featuring models and celebrities of undeniable beauty, pinned to the inside of a closet door.

Thomas, standing in front of that shrine, watches them in awe while repeatedly tapping the bump on his nose.

3

**INT. GYM/BATHROOM - DAY**

3

The powerful stream of water from the tap fills a protein shaker. Thomas adds the protein powder and shakes vigorously.

He opens a small box on the sink, takes a handful of tablets, and washes them down with a swig of water.

4                   **INT. GYM/WEIGHT ROOM - DAY**

4

The weight room looks like a gathering of narcissists: a couple of guys posing in front of the mirror compare their physiques, a striking bodybuilder poses flexing his triceps and toning his abs. A blonde girl stands in profile and strikes an unnatural pose while taking a selfie in front of a machine.

A bodybuilder intent on doing pull-ups screams with fatigue, oblivious to the exaggerated chants echoing through the room.

CUT TO:

Sweat covers Thomas's entire skin as he runs at high speed on the treadmill. The machine he uses is just one of a long row surrounded by mirrored walls.

Thomas, focused, runs with his gaze fixed forward. Every now and then, however, he turns his head to the side, studying the movement of his body in the mirror. He immediately returns to looking straight ahead but after a few seconds, he is back on his own image, as if hypnotized.

His interest in his own image fades when he notices **Martha** (19), lying on a mat in front of him, busy stretching. Her look is meticulously crafted: she wears excessive makeup for a workout and tight leggings paired with a provocative, low-cut top. Thomas admires her beauty in every detail until the girl, having finished her warm-up, walks away.

Thomas is once again alone with his reflection, which he looks at with disgust. He then begins to insistently tap the bump on his nose.

5                   **INT. HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT**

5

Thomas empties his gym bag. Next to him there is his mother, **ANTONELLA** (45), wearing only a provocative short skirt and a lace bra, applying eyeliner. The two don't exchange a glance.

THOMAS

Are you going out tonight? Again.

Antonella, absorbed in herself, simply nods. Thomas glances at himself in the mirror when he notices something bothering him.

He brings his face closer to his reflection to get a better look at his teeth. He quickly grabs his toothbrush and begins scrubbing rapidly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Hey... about that thing? Did you make a decision?

ANTONELLA  
(absentmindedly)  
What?... Ahh, yes, yes. No, for me is a no, sorry.

Thomas stops abruptly to digest his mother's response, then goes back to brushing his teeth.

THOMAS  
You didn't even think about it!

ANTONELLA  
What is there to think about? You want to get a nose job. What are you, a girl? Forget it.

THOMAS  
(raises his voice)  
Have you seen this hump?! It's fucking disgusting, LOOK AT IT!

ANTONELLA  
(shallow)  
You got it from your father, blame him. He looked so good on him...

THOMAS  
Not enough, obviously.

Thomas rubs his teeth harder. His gums are bleeding.

Antonella, annoyed by that comment, finally turns to her son. Thomas, with his mouth smeared with toothpaste and saliva, also looks his mother in the eye. Antonella approaches him, puts a hand on his face and caresses him.

ANTONELLA  
(coldly)  
... You're a little pale.

Silence. Thomas is appalled. Antonella goes back to her image, reapplying her lipstick.

ANTONELLA (CONT'D)

Why don't you get a sunlamp?!...  
That way you can get rid of some of  
that cadaverous whiteness.

Antonella pinches his cheek. Thomas, furious but helpless, spits it into the sink, which turns red. The saliva, mixed with blood, slowly slips into the siphon.

6           **INT. GYM/SHOWERS - DAY**

6

Water pools along the floor drain grate. Blue neon lights illuminate the showers in the locker room. Only the sound of the water gushing can be heard.

Hiding himself as much as possible with his shoulder, Thomas studies the bodies of the other men in the shower.

A row of perfect men stand still, receiving the spray of water from the showers. Like Greek statues, their muscular, defined bodies remain tense as the drops slide over their skin.

Thomas's searching eyes move from one body to the next, gradually filling with anguish and envy.

7           **INT. HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

7

Thomas sits in his underwear in front of a long mirror mounted on the wall. As if in a trance, he taps the bump on his nose with increasing force.

8           **INT. GYM/WEIGHT ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

8

Martha laughs and flirts with two boys.

Thomas, hiding on the other side of the gym, studies their slender bodies and bronzed complexions with obvious jealousy. He notices how Martha smiles at the two, touching their biceps and playing with her hair.

9           **INT. HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT**

9

Thomas gives his nose a break and begins vigorously massaging his cheeks in an attempt to add color.

From massages, he moves on to slapping himself with increasingly more force.

CUT TO BLACK.

10 INT. SOLARIUM - DAY

10

The light is turned on by the **owner** (40), a man with tanned skin, slicked-back hair and a brightly colored acetate jump suit. Beside him, Thomas glances over the door.

OWNER

Do you know how it works?

Thomas nods and dismisses the salon owner. He enters the small room, closing the door behind him.

CUT TO:

A powerful, deafening jet of air precedes the turning on of the tanning booth lights. Thomas's naked body, standing inside the tanning booth, is under the UV rays.

CUT TO:

A drop of sweat slides down his side. The powerful fan above his head spins wildly.

Thomas, sweaty and exhausted, barely opens his eyes and sees his distorted reflection in the mirrors surrounding the machine, which shocks him: the UV rays present him with a ruined body full of blisters and scars. Every flaw is accentuated and clearly visible. His face looks aged and chapped.

Thomas quickly closes his eyes, but it's too late. The noise of the fan gets louder, unbearable. He can't breathe. He tries to calm down, to stifle the panic gripping him, only to bump into one of the lamps. Instinctively, he moves away but burns himself on another lamp, and another.

Thomas kneels on the ground, biting his forearm violently, trying to stifle his tears.

11 INT. GYM/WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

11

Thomas's face is now redder, but his tan is uneven and the dark circles under his eyes are still clearly visible. He puts a couple of weights back when a hand taps him on the shoulder.

MARTHA

Sorry...

Thomas turns around and is speechless: it's Martha.





ANTONELLA

Don't tell me to calm down...  
you're scaring me...

**Storage Room:** Thomas enters the storage room, takes a dark work bag down from the shelf and opens it. His expression fills with euphoria.

CUT TO:

Thomas rushes toward the bathroom. He's clutching something we can't see.

ANTONELLA (CONT'D)

Where are you going with that? What are you going to do? Can you please stop? Thomas please... let's talk for a moment!

Antonella tries to stop him, but Thomas pushes her away. He reaches the bathroom and locks himself in.

Antonella, left outside, tries to open the door, but it's locked. Desperate, Antonella bangs her fists repeatedly against the door.

16

**INT. HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY**

16

Thomas breathes deeply in front of the large oval mirror.  
Antonella's fists on the door echo in the silent room.

ANTONELLA (OFF)

Thomas... please...I beg you, open the door...

With chilling confidence, Thomas raises a large hammer, gripping it in both hands and aiming it at his sore nose. He waits for a moment and then, with a quick and violent blow, hits himself in the face, falling to the floor.

Silence.

A splash of blood slowly slides down the mirror.

CUT TO BLACK.

17

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM/BATHROOM - DAY**

17

FADE IN.

Thomas opens his eyes. He looks around and realizes he's in a hospital bed. Next to him, sitting sprawled on a chair, Antonella is resting. Her face looks worn.

Thomas's hands move closer to his face. Gauze covers his face. His breathing becomes more labored as he climbs out of bed.

He frantically frees himself of the gauze, throwing it to the floor and stepping carelessly on it.

With a weak, uncertain step, he crosses the bathroom door, reaches for the light switch and a flickering light shows him the result of his work: his face is still swollen and bruised but now he has a new smooth nose... It's perfect.

Thomas tries to stay calm, then suddenly, without any control, he bursts into a loud, crazy laugh, full of joy.

THOMAS  
(euphoric)  
Beautiful, it's beautiful...  
beautiful!

Antonella, drawn by her son's laughter, joins him in the bathroom. Thomas looks at her, laughing.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Look, mom... look how beautiful it  
is! Look!

Antonella smiles tensely and nods, her eyes barely concealing deep concern.

18 **EXT. HOSPITAL/YARD - DAY**

18

Thomas, with his face still bruised, strolls serenely through the small courtyard bordered by high, cold white walls.

He reaches the fountain in the center of that square cage and leans on the edge to see his reflection.

He looks at himself with a blissful expression when he notices a small mole on his cheekbone that until then had caused him no discomfort. Surprised, he begins to rub it repeatedly in an attempt to erase it. He scratches it with his finger then with his entire hand but the mole doesn't go away.

Thomas, terrified, turns away from the fountain and sits on the bench behind him.

Thomas's breathing becomes heavier. His lips twitch, while his shining eyes reveal growing agony until a tear rolls down his cheek.

**THE END.**