

NOSTALGIA

an original screenplay by

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Open on NANCY BLUTH, 25, smiling sweetly. It's a shy smile, one that hasn't been used very often. She sits in a cushy booth, directing that smile toward a MAN sitting across from her. We're looking over his shoulder, as he nods attentively to what she's saying.

NANCY

I get lonely sometimes. Oh, I see people here and there. They come in, want a drink, something to eat. I chat with them sometimes. But it's so... *pleasant*.

She grimaces a little, none too thrilled with the word. She thinks for a beat, looking down at her hands, then the smile floods back. She looks at the man across from her. He NODS again, as if imploring her to go on.

NANCY (CONT'D)

But then you came in. And you were... sweet.

She likes that word better. A tad bashful, she directs her attention to her hand, to which she's applying NAIL POLISH REMOVER.

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm happy. You know? That you were sweet. We've got a lot going between us. That's what you need to make a marriage work.

She looks into his eyes then, her own eyes shining with hope and love. And something else. Something steely.

NANCY (CONT'D)

That's why we're here. To start something new. To break out of the muck. Together.

She reaches down out of frame, grasping his hand in hers. Her face frozen in that sweet, shy smile.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK.

Steven "Lefty" Lober's car clumsily takes the curves.

LEFTY (O.S.)

No I don't see a sign for highway 74--
I see a bunch of trees, and beyond
that, more trees!

3 INT. LEFTY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER 3

LEFTY grips the steering wheel with his left hand while holding a cell phone to his right ear. He's hunched over peeking upward as though the sun may give clue to his location.

A MUFFLED VOICE squeaks from the phone's speaker.

LEFTY
(in response)
I didn't want to drive either, but--

4 INT. OFFICE -- DAY 4

JIM BOWER rocks excitedly in his chair then jumps up to examine his teeth in a nearby mirror.

JIM
Come-on Steve, by tomorrow night,
half the world's going to know your
name--it's ok to take out a little
credit on a single plane ticket!

5 INT. LEFTY'S CAR -- DAY 5

Lefty looks back at a passing sign--

LEFTY
That's if I even make it by tomorrow!

JIM (O.S.)
They'll excuse you if you're a little
late--now...

The phone goes quiet. A beat passes before Lefty is aware.

LEFTY
Jim? Hello?

Lefty glances down at his phone-- it's dead.

A glaring light flashes into Lefty's eyes-- he swerves.

6 EXT. DINER PARKING -- DAY 6

Lefty's car swerves about and parks itself a few inches from a large sign-pole.

Lefty steps out the car. Having a better view of the closeness to the sign-pole, he whistles.

He walks toward the diner front, hunching down to peek into the windows. He stops at the front door and tugs gently on the handle, it gives.

7 INT. VESTIBULE -- MOMENTS LATER 7

Lefty steps in and walks straight to the pay phone--testing it--no tone.

He pumps the hookswitch then drops the handset back on the base and turns toward the diner.

He peeks through a window and SEES a CUSTOMER, back turned, sitting at a booth.

8 INT. DINER -- DAY 8

Lefty peeks his head through the doors, his body follows.

LEFTY

Hey sir!

Lefty walks toward him--but slows when the man doesn't react.

NANCY (O.S.)

You lost?

Lefty spins around, seeing Nancy Bluth behind the counter.

LEFTY

(grinning)

How'd you guess?

NANCY

Don't mind Ed there- there's not more to his world than coffee and a cigarette.

Lefty glances back at Ed, not so sure. But he moves toward the counter.

NANCY (CONT'D)

What's your name?

LEFTY

Steve Lober- but they call me Lefty.

NANCY

Why's that?

LEFTY

'Cause this hand-

(holding up left hand)

- throws a *mean* curve ball.

Lefty leans in close to Nancy-- she smiles.

NANCY

Well, how about a cup of coffee while
I get you back on the highway.

LEFTY

That sounds good.

Nancy smiles and moves to the back kitchen. Lefty turns to Ed and watches him.

LEFTY (CONT'D)

Nice girl, eh Ed?

Ed is motionless. Lefty knows something's not right. He gets a good look at Ed's face. His flesh is bluish. The unlit cigarette hangs in place from super-glued lips.

Lefty pulls back in horror and spins around. More corpses, glued to bar stools. He spins away again, sick. Nancy is there. She BASHES him with a frying pan.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

9 INT. DINER (BOOTH) - DAY

9

CLOSE ON LEFTY'S EYES, BLINKING OPEN. DRIFTING BACK INTO CONSCIOUSNESS.

Sitting in the booth from the opening scene. His clothes are different: black jacket, formal bow tie. A muffled THUD off screen.

In the deep b.g., out of focus, Nancy is with Ed the corpse. We hear the SCREECH of duct tape. We can just make out Nancy reattaching a fallen arm to the corpse. Lefty blinks.

Nancy takes a seat across from him. She smiles sweetly.

NANCY

Oh, you're awake.

Lefty's head lolls as he tries to gain his bearings. It looks like he's nodding. She takes a breath.

NANCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I get lonely sometimes.

Nancy, smiling at him.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Oh, I see people here and there.

FLASHBACK INSERT CUT - DINERS COMING IN. NANCY, BEING PLEASANT. THEY BARELY NOTICE HER.

NANCY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They come in, want a drink, something to eat. I chat with them sometimes. But it's so...
 (bitter)
Pleasant.

FLASHBACK INSERT CUT - THE DINERS, DEAD, NANCY SUPER GLUING EATING UTENSILS INTO THEIR HANDS. A CIGARETTE PLACED IN DEAD LIPS.

ON LEFTY

Becoming aware of his situation. His hands are glued, palms down, on the table top. His lips are sealed shut. He begins to sweat, moving his head.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 But then you came in. And you were...
 sweet.

Nancy, smiling. Madness in her eyes. She looks at her hand. He follows her gaze.

APPLYING NAIL POLISH REMOVER

NANCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'm happy. You know? That you were
 sweet.

He eyes the remover with a hungry need. He can use it.

NANCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We've got a lot going between us.
 That's what you need to make a
 marriage work.

His eyes go wide. He can't believe what he's hearing. Nancy's eyes gleam with mad hope.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 That's why we're here.

We take in the diner. A fractured dollhouse, full with deceased dolls in '50s garb.

NANCY (CONT'D)
 To start something new. To break
 out of the muck. Together.

She grasps his hand in hers. He twitches, disgusted by her touch. Her smile holds fast. She pats his arm gently.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(cheery)

Wait right here.

She gets up, knocking the table with her hip on her way. The bottle of remover is still on the table, lid open. It wobbles. Lefty sees it.

Nancy dances over to the jukebox. Pops on a '50s SKIFFLE TUNE. Grins at her captive new beau. Heads for the kitchen.

Lefty stares at the bottle. He tenses his arms, moving the table minutely.

INTERCUT:

10 INT. KITCHEN / BOOTH - DAY

10

Nancy slowly zips up the back of her wedding gown.

Lefty tugs. The bottle is close to tipping.

Through the window, we see a car pull into the parking lot.

Lefty catches sight of a WOMAN outside the window casually making her way to the diner door.

The Woman cups her hands and looks through the glass. She tugs on the door. It will not open.

Lefty murmurs, trying desperately to get the Woman's attention.

Turning to the mirror, Nancy places on her veil, fastening it with a bobby pin.

The Woman gets back into her car.

Lefty, struggling to free himself, knocks over Nancy's bottle of nail polish remover. The liquid slowly pours out into a puddle on the table before Lefty. It reaches the tip of his fingers, freeing them.

Lefty looks at his "good" hand, his left hand still glued to the table. He takes a BEAT and contemplates the inevitable.

Raising a tube of lipstick up, Nancy puckers her lips and applies the blood red color.

NANCY

Classic red. Always looks the best on me.

CUT TO:

- 11 INT. DINER - DAY 11
- As if taking off a band-aid, Lefty slowly rips his super-glued hand from the table.
- Gritting his teeth against the pain, Lefty fiercely jerks his arm, ripping the flesh from his left hand.
- A blood curdling scream rips open the glue around his lips.
- Nancy appears at the opening of the kitchen in a white wedding gown.
- Lefty sees her.
- She slowly raises her veil revealing eyes of absolute horror and anger.
- Lefty takes the nail polish remover bottle and douses what is remaining on his right hand.
- Nancy rips the veil from her head and charges back into the kitchen.
- Lefty frees his right hand and heads out the diner door.
- 12 INT. KITCHEN/DINER - CONTINUOUS 12
- Nancy grabs a machete hanging on a rack next to the pots and pans. She leaps over the counter and quickly surveys Lefty's direction.
- CUT TO:
- 13 INT. TUNNEL - DAY 13
- Lefty waits in a secluded tunnel. A creek runs below him. He washes his injured hand in the water. He squats and watches one end of the tunnel.
- 14 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 14
- Lefty's blood stains the water red. Nancy sees the blood, smiles like a shark.
- 15 INT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER 15
- Nancy appears at the mouth of the tunnel. Her white gown backlit by a street light. Beautiful and terrible.
- NANCY
(furious)
Why are you running from me!
(like a switch)
Sweetie?

Lefty struggles to get away but falls backward into the water and gets up on his backside.

LEFTY
I'm not your sweetie. Please.

NANCY
(mocking)
"Pleeease."

She runs the machete against the tunnel wall, creating sparks.

LEFTY
Look I've got a wife and kids at home. A career!

That's the wrong thing to say.

NANCY
(crushed)
You're... married?

She slams the machete against the wall.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Married!

Furious and hurt, Nancy advances, blade raised.

Lefty reaches behind him with his right hand and fishes a stone from the water. He heaves it at Nancy. It misses and echoes through the tunnel.

LEFTY
This is not where it ends. This can't be where it ends. Please. Why are you doing this?

This question stops Nancy in her tracks. She seems to waver, thinking. A moment of self reflection. Then,

NANCY
(sadly)
I wish I had an answer for you.

Nancy, standing above Lefty, takes the machete and viciously swings it at him.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END