

NAILED

by

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Final Draft

DARKNESS

A serene accordion number builds...

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
(venerable Italian accent)
He remembered her laugh, the way
her lip curled when she smiled, how
her majestic red hair would blow in
the wind... But not the argument
they had when they lost each other,
or how he let it all slip away...

Obscured flashes of a distant WOMAN with red hair:

ROUNDING A CORNER

SHOPPING AT A MARKET

HAILING A CAB

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
For years now he would catch a
glimpse of her, in the distance, at
the market, hailing a cab...

DARKNESS

A beautiful FACE with majestic flowing red hair FADES IN...

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
But in the end it was never her...
And now all he has left is a
memory...

1

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

1

The face is a PAINTING, a cheap knock-off in the style of
Leighton's FLAMING JUNE.

ROBERTO, a handyman with overalls and a handlebar mustache,
carries the painting to a vacant wall where he stares at it
lovingly.

ROBERTO
(Italian accent)
My beauty. You are so magnificent.

He leans in and kisses the painting on the forehead, then rests it next to a rickety step ladder which is folded on the floor.

Roberto assesses the perfect location for the painting, then grabs a red carpenter's crayon from his tool belt and draws a large red X on the wall.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

I give you a new casa.

Eyes fixed on the painting, he pulls a ridiculously oversized NAIL from his pouch, blows on the tip and then places it on the X.

With an equally large HAMMER he expertly lines up the nail and takes a couple of gentle practice swings. As he nails it and we hear a loud MOAN, like a women enthralled in passion.

Startled, Roberto looks around the room.

Coming up with nothing he returns his gaze to the picture and winds up for another hit.

He swings, delivers, and hears another MOAN.

He looks to the painting.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

(playfully)

You little devil!

He gives the nail a few playful taps, each accompanied with a corresponding MOAN.

A hard hit yields a long hard MOAN and a quick tap emits a little GASP of ecstasy.

And on and on as his thrusts build with anticipation and perspiration.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

You're driving me wild.

Roberto's really nailing it now. Teetering on the edge. Almost there... So he puts everything he's got into it and with one last stroke drives the nail all the way into the wall.

Spent, he melts to the floor and wipes his brow, then locks eyes with the painting.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
 Grazie bella. Where have you been
 all these years?

He embraces the painting then moves it to the nail, but the head is buried in the drywall so it won't hang.

We track through the wall and into the apartment next door, revealing...

2

INT. APARTMENT NEXT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

2

The tip of the nail is all the way through the wall and embedded in the back of an old cathode-ray TELEVISION SET with rabbit ears.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 (soft but knowing Italian
 accent)

She didn't remember what they argued about that night, what was so horrible that even the linguine and clam sauce she made from her great grandmother's recipe couldn't fix... so she assumed it was her... And spent the passing years determined to fix a problem that she could not identify, as there was absolutely nothing wrong with her.

We settle on a SOPHIE, a woman with FLAMING RED HAIR in eighties style aerobic gear as she finishes a move. She lets out a slightly exhausted MOAN.

SOPHIA
 (seductive Italian accent)
 My beauty? Where have you gone?

On the TV is an eighties workout video that wavers with static as unbeknownst to Sophia, Roberto's nail has penetrated the back of her set shorting out the electronics and obscuring the program with static.

Through the static we catch GHOSTLY IMAGES of a MAN with a handlebar mustache who wears tights and leg warmers leading a Richard Simmons style workout routine. The man looks surprisingly similar to a younger Roberto.

Sophia hits the television a couple of times with no luck, then reaches for the dial to adjust the tuning. As she eases it back and forth she hears a loud, deep, MASCULINE GRUNT and a sees a FLASH of the workout instructor on the screen.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Ooooh, baby!

She turns the dial a little more and is rewarded with another little GRUNT.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

My beauty!

In their own ways, Sophia and the TV both get a little turned on.

Sophia licks her fingers and places them seductively on the dial and is rewarded with another loud GRUNT.

She caresses the set seductively, then erotically twists and turns the dial to a cacophony of passionate GRUNTS and GROANS.

We track back through the wall to the first apartment...

3 INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 3

Where Roberto, who's hammer is now stuck under the head of the nail in the drywall, contemplates how to pull it out. He scratches his head then musters all his strength, throwing his weight into it as his face strains and turns red and he bellows out his signature GRUNT.

But even with all his weight he still can't get enough leverage to pull out the nail.

He scratches his head in defeated.

ROBERTO

(to the painting)

I'm sorry my beauty, I've failed you... Again.

4 INT. APARTMENT NEXT DOOR - CONTINUOUS 4

Sophia kisses the TV screen, smearing her lipstick all over the glass.

5 INT. APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS 5

Roberto sits down on the floor accidentally knocking the painting against the step ladder. As he moves to pick it up something occurs to him.

ROBERTO
(addressing the painting)
Ahhh, you are so smart.

He props the painting against the far wall, grabs the ladder and opens it next to the X.

He climbs up, pausing to assess the stability, then with new leverage, grabs the handle with all of his weight. This shoots the hammer, nail and a large 3X3 chunk of drywall across the room and knocks him onto his ass on the floor.

The drywall projectile hits the painting at a hundred miles an hour ripping a hole right through the face.

Roberto moves to assess the damage with a look of shock and horror, then picks up the painting as if it were a baby who just fell down the stairs. He embraces it lovingly. Tragically.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)
My beauty. My Angel. What have I
done?

He cradles the frame as if waltzing and slowly reverse turns toward the hole in the wall.

As he turns the missing face in the frame lines up perfect with...

Sophia, who stares at Roberto through the hole. Roberto, the frame, the hole and Sophia are all perfectly aligned.

The TV, the back of which is now completely destroyed, erupts in a shower of sparks, which startles Roberto and causes him to drop the frame.

Roberto and Sophia look deeply into each other's eyes for a very long beat, then her lip curls up in a huge smile...

CREDITS

A Super 8 montage of Roberto and Sophia's life together as the credits roll:

THEY EAT LINGUINE AND CLAM SAUCE TOGETHER

RIDE A MERRY-GO-ROUND

KISS AT THEIR WEDDING

PUSH A BABY STROLLER