

Nocilla Dream Revue

Written By

Thomas McMullan

TITLES.

INT. A SUPERMARKET AISLE IN SEVILLE. DAY.

We face shelves stacked head to toe with uniformly red glass jars of Nocilla — a Spanish version of Nutella. The aisle is brightly lit from above. A couple, dressed very much like tourists, enter into view pushing a supermarket trolley.

JANE

We could wrap it.

HENRY

That'll make it worse. She won't know what it is.

JANE

That's the point.

HENRY

She'll think it's something expensive. It'll make it worse.

Henry picks up a jar and holds it to Jane's face.

HENRY

She won't be expecting this, right? She'll think it's a necklace or a bracelet or something.

JANE

There's no way I'm buying her a bracelet.

HENRY

No, I know. But she'll be expecting something like that. So if we wrap it up she'll be even more disappointed when she sees we got her...

Henry looks at the jar.

HENRY

Whatever the fuck this is.

JANE

So you're saying we should just turn up to her wedding with a jar of Nutella? Like, here it is.

HENRY

Is it Nutella?

JANE

I guess it's the Spanish version.

HENRY

We're not getting her a jar of Nutella.
We'll find a bottle of wine. I was just
using this as an example.

JANE

We have to wrap it. She won't open it
until later anyway. No one opens their
presents at the wedding. Plus I don't
really care if she gets insulted. She's
been such a bitch.

Jane leans over the front of the trolley.

JANE

And I'm hot. And tired. She doesn't care
what we get her.

HENRY

Why don't they call it Nutella?

Henry notices a jar of Nutella and grabs it.

HENRY

Look! They already have Nutella. Why do
they need two?

INT. INSIDE CERN'S LARGE HADRON COLLIDER. DAY.

An engineer is taking measurements on a laptop. She appears
focused but as time passes her gaze is pulled to the mountain of
interlacing wires and lights occupying the cavernous hall opposite
her workstation.

She tries to bring her focus back to the laptop, but once again
she becomes occupied with the technological mass in front of her.
She looks at a small red light turning on and off.

She looks around to check she is alone, and approaches the Large
Hadron Collider. She is drawn to a selection that has been opened
out, the wires and panels forming an enormous circular gateway.
She walks towards it.

EXT. A TREE IN THE DESERT LADEN WITH SHOES. DAY.

A vast tree stands in the desert, its branches covered with shoes.
There are clouds overhead and the wind is picking up.

INT. AN OFFICE IN A UNIVERSITY. DAY.

An academic is slumped, asleep on a desk. His head is beside a copy of *Nocilla Dream* by Agustín Fernández Mallo. He is snoring when there is a knock at the door.

The academic jolts upright, drool over his mouth and the desk. He is young and clean shaven.

JAMES

Come in.

An undergraduate peeks her head into the room.

HARRIETTE

Are you busy?

JAMES

No. Not busy. Come in.

Harriette opens the door, walks in and closes the door behind her. James gestures for her to sit down on a chair facing his desk.

JAMES

How've you been?

HARRIETTE

Good. (She notices the book on his desk)
I'm looking forward to the lecture.

JAMES

Oh, right. Have you read it yet?

HARRIETTE

Yes, I liked it. (Searching for something to say) And it's such a nice looking book.

JAMES

It's stylish isn't it. Like Pond and Nicotine. They look good.

HARRIETTE

I've got Pond.

JAMES

What did you make of it?

HARRIETTE

I haven't read it yet.

Beat.

HARRIETTE

But I want to.

INT. A SHOESHOP IN LONDON. DAY.

A large bald man is sat on a cushioned bench, dwarfing the other customers. Like the other occupants of the bench he is trying on shoes.

He has a brown Brogue in hand, and tries to slide it onto his foot. It is apparent that the Brogue is way too small for his gigantic foot. This doesn't stop the man from struggling to put on the shoe. A customer beside him, with two young girls, stares at his efforts.

A shop assistant approaches.

HANNAH

(Leaning in)

Is everything okay here? Would you like me to get you a bigger size?

JIM

I'm a size 10. These are size 10s right?

HANNAH

They are. But I think you might not be a size 10.

JIM

I've always been a size 10.

HANNAH

I could measure your feet, if you'd like?

JIM

I'm a size 10.

Jim forces the shoe into his foot. It barely manages to cover his big toe. The two girls begin to cry.

CHARLES

(Leaning in)

Can you stop doing that, please? You're upsetting my daughters.

INT. A LECTURE HALL. DAY.

James stands behind a podium, looking out at a lecture hall half-full of half-asleep undergraduates. We look down at his desk. On it is a copy of *Nocilla Dream* by Agustín Fernández Mallo and a glass of water.

James is visibly nervous. He stands away from his desk and, with shaky theatricality, begins to speak.

JAMES

The internet has a lot to answer for.

James' voice breaks, he rushes back to his desk and picks up the glass of water. The student's watch him gulp it down to the last drop. James catches his breath.

JAMES

Now you've read Joanna Walsh's *Fractals* and you've read Will Eaves' *The Absent Therapist*. And we've talked about Bakhtin. So we can hit the ground running here. If you look at the handout you'll see what we're going to cover.

There is a general rustling in the lecture hall.

JAMES

We'll talk a bit about Mallo. Then we'll talk a lot about film.

James laughs at this. No one else does.

JAMES

Then we'll talk about the internet. Which I'm sure we could talk about for a long time.

There is more rustling across the hall. We see Harriette in the front row. Her eyes are closed.

INT. A BEDROOM IN A BROTHEL. NIGHT.

Jim is naked except for a pair of boxer shorts. Opposite him, on the bed, is a woman. She is lying on her front, her head propped up with her hands. Her eyes are half closed but she has a smile on her face.

Jim, swaying slightly, walks over to a cabinet. On the cabinet is an open jar of Nutella. He picks it up with one hand, and pulls down his boxers with the other. He has a visible erection.

JIM

I want you to lick it off.

ANNA

Yeah?

Jim turns the jar of Nutella upside down and sticks it on top of his cock. He leaves it there, his penis embedded in the chocolate.

ANNA

(Laughing)
Very impressive.

JIM
I want you to lick it clean.

INT. A CANTEEN IN CERN. DAY.

The engineer sits at a table, eating a plate of pasta with a distant look in her eye. Henry approaches, nods and sits opposite her. He is very tanned.

CHARLOTTE
How was the wedding?

HENRY
Sunny.

Henry pulls up his sleeve and shows Charlotte his arm.

HENRY
How long do you think it'll take for this
to fade?

CHARLOTTE
Oh I don't know. We're probably getting
enough radiation here without the UV.

HENRY
Have I missed much.

CHARLOTTE
No.

Charlotte sips a carton of milk.

CHARLOTTE
I maybe did something I'm not supposed
to.

HENRY
(Showing interest)
Oh?

Charlotte sips her milk.

CHARLOTTE
Did you ever think about how dark it is
inside our bodies?

INT. A COMPUTER REPAIR SHOP. DAY.

A technician works on a desktop computer. The computer is switched on and the technician pulls apart its casing. We see a metropolis of lights and hear the whizzing of the cooling fan.

We close in on the motherboard, lit by flashing red lights. We look at the intricate and seemingly incomprehensible network of connections.

INT. A NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

Hannah is moving in the midst of a crowded dancefloor. The revelers are half naked and covered in sweat. A man approaches her, but she holds her palm out in front of his face. Her dancing intensifies. The surrounding people give Hannah space, and within a few seconds a ring has formed around her. She seems totally unaware - or perhaps just doesn't care - that she is the centre of attention.

She pauses and everyone waits to see what she'll do next. She kicks her shoes off. They fly somewhere into the crowd. She continues to dance.

EXT. A TREE IN THE DESERT LADEN WITH SHOES. NIGHT.

We look over the different pairs of shoes hanging from the vast, skeletal tree. There are trainers, ballet shoes, army boots and ice skates.

INT. A HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

James and Harriette are naked in bed. Their clothes and shoes lie in a pile on the floor.

Harriette is reading *Nocilla Dream* by Agustín Fernández Mallo.

JAMES

You don't have to keep reading that.

HARRIETTE

I want to.

James, somewhat annoyed, gets up from bed and goes to the side bathroom to brush his teeth.

HARRIETTE

What do you think of it?

JAMES

(Poking his head out of the
bathroom, his mouth half full
of toothpaste)

Are you serious?

HARRIETTE

Do you like it?

JAMES (O.S.)

You've already heard what I think. What do you think.

Harriette flicks the pages of the book.

HARRIETTE

I'm not sure on all the quotes. It's like he's bulking up the pages.

JAMES (O.S.)

Reality Hunger /

HARRIETTE

/ yeah yeah. I mean there's a lot to pick at. He really likes Borges. You can tell he was a physicist. Do you think it would be as good if he wasn't a physicist?

James doesn't answer.

HARRIETTE

I like this bit.

Harriette hold up the book and reads out loud.

HARRIETTE

If there isn't any space there isn't any light. The world is unthinkable without light. Heraclitus said it, Einstein said it, the A-Team in Episode 237 said it.

Harriette puts down the book.

HARRIETTE

The A-Team bit seems forced.

Harriette waits for a reaction from James. When one doesn't come she holds up the book again.

HARRIETTE

And yet, inside everyone's bodies all is darkness, zones in the Universe never touched by light – or, if touched by light, only because of illness or decomposition. It's unsettling to think you exist because this death exists inside you, this zone of endless night. It's unsettling to consider that the inside of a PC is more alive than you are, that in there everything's completely lit up.

Harriette lets the book fall onto her lap.

HARRIETTE

I like that bit.

The bathroom is silent.

HARRIETTE

James?

There is no response.

HARRIETTE

James?

EXT. A DUMP. EARLY MORNING.

We look out over a sprawling landfill of old computers. A truck is emptying its contents, adding to the heap of broken monitors, circuit boards and cables. The day is only just breaking.

We see James. He is barefoot and carrying a plastic bag full of empty Nutella jars. He approaches what looks like a checkpoint. There is a man behind a window, asleep on his desk. James knocks at the window.

JAMES

Where do I put empties?

ALBERT

(Groggy)

What?

James holds up the plastic bag.

JAMES

I have rubbish.

ALBERT

This is an industrial dump.

JAMES

Can I get rid of this?

ALBERT

(Sizing up the bag)

What's in it?

JAMES

Empty jars.

James pulls out a jar and holds it in front of the window.

ALBERT

Why did you come all the way out here?

JAMES

I was in the area.

Albert looks at the bag, then at James.

ALBERT

I guess you can give those to me, but you don't need to come here in the future. We only really do industrial scale waste.

Albert disappears from view. A door opens in the side of the checkpoint and Albert emerges. He walks up to James, who towers over him.

Albert notices James' bare feet but decides not to comment. James passes Albert the plastic bag. Albert dips his hand in and pulls out an empty jar of Nutella.

ALBERT

This goes really well on toast.

JAMES

I know.

Albert sniffs the jar.

ALBERT

I used to eat it all the time but my wife says it'll make my teeth rot.

Albert sniffs the jar again.

ALBERT

Do you mind?

JAMES

No.

Albert runs his finger along the inside of the jar. He puts the finger in his mouth and, taking out his finger, looks content.

ALBERT

There's nothing else like it.

CREDITS.