

Nocilla Experience Revue

By Thomas McMullan

Two men: Carlos (38, overweight) and Sebastian (26, underweight) are carrying a large, baroquely framed mirror down a crowded street.

They reach an intersection and stop walking. They wait at the curb for a gap in the traffic, with Carlos stood by the gutter and Sebastian on the street. The sheer size of the mirror means that it straddles the length of the pavement. Carlos' head is awkwardly angled backwards, to observe the coming cars.

CARLOS

¿Ya? (Now?)

SEBASTIAN

No. (No.)

CARLOS

No veo. ¿Viene uno? (I can't see.
Is one coming?)

SEBASTIAN

Viene uno. (One's coming.)

CARLOS

Díme cuando haya pasado. (Tell me when it's gone.)

SEBASTIAN

Otro viene detras. (There's another behind it.)

CARLOS

Mierda. Tendríamos que haber aparcado mas cerca. (Shit. We should have parked closer.)

With the mirror blocking the pavement, pedestrians have begun to cluster. Some squeeze themselves behind Sebastian, others pull out their phones and take pictures of themselves in the reflection.

CARLOS

¿Ahora? (Now.)

SEBASTIAN

Te digo cuando. (I'll tell you when.)

A cloud, which has up to now covered the sun, drifts across the sky. The street is bathed in light. More people get their phones out to take pictures.

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SEBASTIAN
Venga, vamos. Ahora. Vamos. (Okay.
Now. Now, go. Go.)

Carlos sets off from the curb, his back facing the road. Sebastian follows. The pair make their way across the road, careful not to drop the mirror. As they make it to the half-way point, sirens are suddenly heard. Carlos freezes.

SEBASTIAN
¿Qué haces? ¡No pares! (What are you doing? Don't stop.)

CARLOS
¿Qué pasa? No veo.
¿Ocurre algo? (What's happening? I can't see. Is something going on?)

A van speeds around a nearby corner, skidding towards the direction of Carlos and Sebastian. It is pursued by a police car, sirens blaring.

SEBASTIAN
¡Sigue! ¡Sigue! (Keep going! Keep going!)

CARLOS
¿Qué? Joder. (What? Fuck.)

Carlos scuttles with his end of the mirror, but he moves too fast and yanks the edge from Sebastian's hands. It falls to the floor but doesn't smash. Instead, Carlos manages to keep it supported upright, holding his end.

CARLOS
¡Recoge! ¡Recoge! (Pick it up! Pick it up!)

Sebastian considers this, then considers the van and police car rapidly approaching.

SEBASTIAN
¡Déjalo! (Just leave it!)

Sebastian runs away, back towards the pavement. Carlos is left holding his end of the mirror, unsure whether to drop it and let it fall flat. He thinks about this for too long, and the van smashes right through the length of the mirror, pursued by the police car. Carlos is left holding a length of gilded frame.

Carlos looks to Sebastian on the pavement, who has his hands to his temples. He then looks to the fragments of the mirror on the surface of the road. They glisten with sunlight.

In amongst the piece of reflective glass is a sticky brown substance. Carlos bends down and touches the substance with his finger. He holds it to his nose, sniffs it, then looks in the direction of the van. Broken jars of this brown substance trail in its wake. Carlos sticks his finger in his mouth.

2 EXT. ANOTHER ROAD IN SEVILLE. DAY.

2

We see the side of the van. It reads 'Nocilla' and has a picture of a jar containing the brown spread. Below the jar is a picture of the spread on a piece of toast. The back doors of the van are open, and jars of Nocilla are intermittently falling onto the road.

Driving the van is Jane (32, ponytail) and Henry (32, check shirt). Jane is focused on the road ahead, although the fractured windscreen is making this difficult. Henry winds down the window and leans outwards. He is holding a shotgun, which he aims at the pursuing police car. He shoots, but misses. He leans back in to reload his gun.

JANE

I can't see a thing like this.

HENRY

Did we hit someone?

JANE

No. I don't think so. There'd be blood, right? I don't see any blood. Oh god, if we hit someone.

HENRY

We didn't. I'm pretty sure we didn't. I just asked to see if you thought we did.

JANE

It looked more like another van. I thought we were heading for a collision. But it can't have been. I don't understand. I saw something, someone. I thought I saw myself. God I'm tired.

HENRY

Just a bit further. Positive thoughts.

Henry leans back out the window, pumps the shotgun and fires off another round. We don't see where it lands, but there's a crash and the sirens suddenly stop. He leans back in with a grin on his face.

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HENRY
Happy days!

3 INT. A KITCHEN IN PLYMOUTH. MORNING. 3

The sun has just begun to surface beyond the window of a family kitchen. David (40, bearded) is working at the table, pieces of paper adorned with mathematical equations surrounding him. A mug of coffee is beside his work, steam rising in fat curves.

Watching David is a boy, Thomas (10, skinny), perched on a kitchen surface. Thomas looks at the mathematical equations with interest, but without understanding. Close to him is a radio, switched onto Radio 4. The shipping forecast plays.

RADIO PRESENTER
Low, 200 miles south of Iceland,
9-6-0, drifting east and filling,
low 250 miles northeast of the
pharaohs 9-5-6 moving steadily
north and deepening. 9-4-0 by
double 8 Sunday...

4 INT. SOMERSET HOUSE. DAY. 4

An exhibition of games at Somerset House. In a gallery space, a number of wooden tables are set up. On each table is what appears to be a chess board, with what appears to be chess pieces. On closer inspection, these pieces are alien shapes, without any clear relation to the standards of Western chess.

A guide, Ashley (21, white t-shirt) is introducing the exhibition to a small crowd.

ASHLEY
In Orthogonal/Diagonal LA based artist Nova Jiang uses regional variants of chess found in Asia and elsewhere as seeds for digitally generating 3D printed playable games.

Unlike Western chess, many of these Asian games are little known outside their region. Treating each chess variant as a unique iteration of the same ancient system, Jiang reimagines the games as sculptural ensembles of related forms. Can a digital sculptural system generate game pieces that convey their rules

(MORE)

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ASHLEY (cont'd)
of movement and capture? Interested in both redesigning the surface of these games and engaging with their underlying systems, Jiang presents eight games for visitors to play.

With the introduction finished, the crowd moves to the various tables. They politely pick up and inspect the pieces, although no one sits down to play the games. Jake (22, white t-shirt), another guide, approaches Ashley.

JAKE
Hi Ashley. Can I have a word?

ASHLEY
Of course.

JAKE
Great. Come with me.

Jake walks out of the room. Ashley follows.

5 INT. THROUGH SOMERSET HOUSE. DAY.

5

We follow Ashley and Jake as they walk through a busy corridor in Somerset House. They pass visitors occupied with exhibition guides. They pass through a set of doors that takes them past the public area, into a dimly lit corridor. From here they weave through a further series of corridors, until they reach an isolated door to a toilet.

Jake holds the door open to Ashley.

6 INT. A TOILET IN SOMERSET HOUSE. DAY.

6

Jake and Ashley enter a room with a toilet and sink. Without saying a word, Jake kisses Ashley. She pushes him against the wall.

Still kissing, they work on each other's belts. Within a few seconds they have let their trousers fall around their ankles. The pair then pull their own underwear down, these too falling around their ankles. Without a hint of suspense, they begin to play with each other's genitals.

7 INT. A DENTIST WAITING ROOM IN SEVILLE. DAY.

7

Carlos is cradling his mouth, holding a tissue to his lower gum. There are specks of blood on his shirt. He catches the eye of Sophia (35, neatly dressed) sitting opposite him, who looks momentarily up from her magazine. She looks decisively back down.

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Carlos looks at an electronic sign on the wall. It beeps and shows a name that isn't his. He passes his attention to a table beside him, laden with magazines. He leans over, considering the magazines before pushing them to the side. The magazines all show celebrities holding shopping bags. After pushing a number of magazines away, he uncovers a book - a copy of *Nocilla Experience* by Agustín Fernández Mallo. It is, somewhat inexplicably, an English translation by Thomas Bunstead.

Holding the book, Carlos leans back in his chair and proceeds to flick through random sections. We catch glimpses of text: 'Drops of rain from the first storm of autumn hit the sides of the asbestos hut', '4 or 5 pairs of wet underwear hung', 'Look, Sandra, do you like it?'. Carlos then decides to start at the beginning, and reads a section titled 'Praise for Nocilla Dream'.

His attention lands on one quote by Andrew Gallix, for the *Independent*. We linger on the words.

'By juxtaposing fiction with non-fiction ... the author has created a hybrid genre that mirrors our networked lives, allowing us to inhabit its interstitial spaces. A physician as well as an artist, Mallo can spot a mermaid's tail in a neutron monitor; estrange theorems into pure poetry.'

SOPHIA

¿Es bueno el libro? (Is it a good book?)

Carlos looks up from the page to meet the gaze of Sophia, sat opposite him.

CARLOS

No sé. No hablo inglés. (I don't know. I don't understand English.)

Sophia nods. Carlos feels like he should say more.

CARLOS

Puede que sea bueno. (It might be good.)

Sophia puts a hand to her mouth and points at Carlos' chin. Blood has begun to pour from Carlos' gum, onto the book. With a high-pitched squeak, he makes an effort to press the tissue harder against his mouth. He tries to wipe the blood off the open book. This only smears the blood further across the page.

Sharing a look with Sophia, Carlos closes the book and tucks it under the magazines, out of view.

8 INT. A CLOUD DATA CENTRE. NIGHT.

8

We pass along a corridor, between rows of servers humming. Wires of various colours extend between ports, kept under glass like muscle fibre beneath skin. There is not a single person here. A network of lights flash on and off.

9 INT. A RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

9

Ashley is sat alone at a two-person table. There are two empty plates on the table, and two half-finished glasses of wine.

She is looking at her phone, and we watch her scrolling through Twitter, losing interest before scrolling through Instagram, losing interest before scrolling through emails, losing interest before scrolling through Twitter. She catches a post by The Guardian: 'Rampage in Seville'. She clicks through to the story, just as Harriette (21, glasses) returns to her seat.

HARRIETTE

You'll never believe what they have
in the bathroom here.

Ashley is distracted by the story on her phone.

HARRIETTE

Ashley.

Ashley looks up from the screen in her hand.

ASHLEY

Sorry. It's just.

She points to her phone.

ASHLEY

There's been a big crime or
something in Spain.

HARRIETTE

You'll never guess what they have
in the bathroom.

ASHLEY

What?

HARRIETTE

A pig. A real pig. Like from a farm
or something. It's just there in
the bathroom, next to the sinks.

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ASHLEY

Really? Are you sure?

HARRIETTE

Oh, I'm sure. It's massive. I
didn't think pigs were supposed to
be that big.

ASHLEY

Was anyone with it?

HARRIETTE

No. It was just...there.

Ashley picks up her glass of wine and drinks from it.
Harriette keeps her gaze.

ASHLEY

That's pretty weird, isn't it?

HARRIETTE

It's very weird. And unhygienic.

ASHLEY

Was there pig shit?

HARRIETTE

I don't think so. It looks clean.

Ashley finishes her glass of wine.

ASHLEY

So... there's been this thing in
Spain. It sounds like a robbery.
Three people have died.

HARRIETTE

Is it terrorism?

Ashley looks at the screen of her phone.

ASHLEY

They don't know.

HARRIETTE

Shit. Do you want to see it?

ASHLEY

The robbery?

HARRIETTE

The pig. While it's still there.

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ASHLEY
Is it going somewhere?

HARRIETTE
It might. Go on, have a look. I'll stay here.

Harriette looks encouragingly to Ashley, who eventually stands and pushes her chair back under the table. We follow her as she walks through the restaurant, towards the female toilets.

10 INT. A RESTAURANT TOILET. NIGHT.

10

Harriette enters a standard restaurant bathroom. There is a row of sinks and mirrors, opposite a row cubicles. In the middle of the room is an enormous pig. Harriette looks to see if anyone else is in the room. There isn't.

The pig is motionless. After a moment of hesitation, Harriette reaches out to touch its hide. She pats it, then strokes it. The pig makes an appreciative snort. Harriette smiles to herself.

She checks again that no one else is in the room, then kneels down beside the pig. She puts the side of her head against the pig, closes her eyes, and listens to its breathing.

11 EXT. A TROPICAL BEACH. DAY.

11

Waves are lapping against large, half-sunken rocks on a tropical beach. We look over the foam, and the craggy detail of the stone. In a small rock pool is a computer keyboard from the 1990s. Beside the pool, where the waves hits the rocks, is a pile of old computer parts - monitors, hard drives and mice. The objects dance in the water, riding the flow one way, then the other.

12 INT. AN ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT.

12

Jane and Henry are sat on a wooden pallet, in a cavernous room covered with graffiti. Henry is hunched over, dipping his finger into an open jar of Nocilla and scooping the brown spread into his mouth. Jane watches him. Outside a helicopter can be heard, and its searchlight shines through a single window above the pair's heads.

JANE
How much of that do you intend to eat?

Henry turns his attention to her, finger hovering beside lips.

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HENRY
We need to eat something.

JANE
You've had a whole jar.

Henry considers the empty jar beside his foot, sighs dramatically then puts the half-full jar beside it.

JANE
Come here.

Jane beckons for Henry to sit closer beside her. He does so, and she leans her head against his shoulder.

JANE
I wish we had a radio.

HENRY
To hear what they're planning?

JANE
No. Just to listen to. I'd like to put it on and have the voice there, you know? Something in the background. To fill the space.

HENRY
Like music?

JANE
Not music. I want to hear people talking.

HENRY
So the news?

JANE
It doesn't need to be the news. I can be anything. It doesn't even need to be any particular station. I just want to hear people talking.

HENRY
To fill the space?

JANE
Yeah. So we can swim in it.

CREDITS.