

Pina Colada

By

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Draft VIII

EXT. THE TAP - NIGHT

A large, neon sign shines brightly, advertising *The Tap*: A small, hole-in-the-wall bar located in Juarez, Mexico.

INT. THE TAP - NIGHT

Inside, the bar is dimly lit. A pathetic looking CHRISTMAS TREE adorned with MULTI-COLOR LIGHTS sits in the corner.

The room is practically empty aside from a lanky BARTENDER who wipes down the counter top, and an elderly man at the far end of the bar, MR. NEDDY.

We zoom in on Mr. Neddy.

He wears a faded TRACK SUIT, and takes sips of a PINA COLADA.

He balances a SALT SHAKER on top of a NAPKIN DISPENSER. He snaps a photo of it with his IPHONE.

INT. ENTRANCE- NIGHT

A bell JINGLES.

The front door swings open and in walks HARMON (20), VICTOR (19), BECCA (20), and AMELIA (19). They stumble into the bar laughing, clearly already drunk.

INT. BOOTH- NIGHT

They make their way towards the booth furthest from the entrance, and collapse into the leather seats.

Harmon chucks a greasy DOGGIE BAG labeled **CHICOS TACOS** on to the table.

HARMON

I'm stuffed.

VICTOR

Same here.

AMELIA

Chicos always hits the spot.

BECCA

Too bad we have to risk our lives every time have a craving.

HARMON

Oh come off it, it's not *that* dangerous.

BECCA

Um didn't your cousin get his finger nail ripped off by a member of the cartel last summer?

HARMON

Yeah but he was asking for it.

The bartender approaches their table.

BARTENDER

Bienvenidos al *Tap*. ¿Con qué puedo empezar?

VICTOR

Nos gustaría The Fiesta Bucket por favor.

The bartender nods and exits frame.

HARMON

Hell yeah. I love Mexico.

Victor checks the time on his iPhone.

VICTOR

Oh damn. Is it really almost 11? I can't stay long.

BECCA

What? No! We just got here.

AMELIA

And we haven't hung out with you in ages.

VICTOR

We've been hanging out all day!

AMELIA

Yeah, but not at *The Tap*. This is sacred ground.

VICTOR

You said the same thing about Chicos.

AMELIA

Yeah well-

VICTOR

And about The Carousel Lounge.

AMELIA

Well this whole town is sacred. It's like our teenage Narnia.

HARMON

Dude, you can't leave now. We just ordered.

VICTOR

I have class in the morning.

AMELIA

Come on. You probably won't see us again for another year.

(beat)

Please?

Victor is hesitant.

VICTOR

Fine, one drink.

The bartender returns with the FIESTA BUCKET- a metal tin filled with DOS EQUIS and an unlit SPARKLER at the center.

BARTENDER

Para arriba-

The bartender raises the bucket in the air. The friends chime in excitedly.

ALL (CONT.)

Para abajo, para centro, para dentro!

The bartender drops the bucket on the table and lights the sparkler with a MATCH.

The friends quickly reach for bottles, careful not to burn themselves. Per tradition- they chug as fast as they can before the sparkler runs out of fire.

Harmon finishes his drink and slams it down.

HARMON

*Viva Mexico!*

BECCA  
Feels nice to drink legally for a  
change.

VICTOR  
Speaking of illegal drinking-

Victor pulls out his WALLET and rifles through it.

VICTOR (CONT.)  
Remember when we pregamed prom at that  
run down Wienerschnitzel Junior year?

BECCA  
You mean when you got so hammered you  
threw up all over the parking lot and  
we missed the dance? How could we  
forget?

VICTOR  
I don't recall it going down quite  
like that...

BECCA  
Really? Cause I recall my shoes  
smelling like chili dog all night...

HARMON  
Becca, that's cause you shop at Pay  
Less.

Becca rolls her eyes.

VICTOR  
Anyways, I was cleaning my room  
yesterday and look what I found!

Victor WHIPS out a DRIVERS LICENSE that looks like it's seen  
better days.

The name on the ID reads **EDWARD GUETTEUR**. The picture shows a  
middle aged WHITE MALE with a mustache.

AMELIA  
Is that the ID from the  
Weinerschnitzel parking lot?

VICTOR  
Yeah! I'm pumped. I thought I lost it.

BECCA  
(sarcastic)  
What a greek tragedy that would have  
been.

Harmon scoffs. He grabs the ID from Victor.

HARMON  
This is not *just* a fake ID. This is a  
symbol of Victor's passage into  
manhood. A token of his former glory  
days. Edward Guetteur is a hero.

AMELIA  
You realize this man was like 40-  
years-old when this picture was taken,  
right?

BECCA  
Also, he looks nothing like you.

VICTOR  
Still- best fake I ever had. Never  
failed me in here.

Victor gestures around the room.

BECCA  
Oh please. They'd let Bambi in here if  
he had money to blow-

SUDDENLY, music BOOMS across the room interrupting the  
friends' conversation.

INT. DANCE FLOOR- NIGHT

MR. Neddy stands in front of a JUKEBOX at the back of the  
room. He begins to dance, his hips swaying ever so slowly to  
the beat of the song.

INT. BOOTH- NIGHT

The friends gaze at Mr. Neddy from across the room.

HARMON  
Get a load of Shakira.

INT. DANCE FLOOR- NIGHT

Mr. Neddy turns to face the friends. He engages in a very  
deliberate, and precise choreography. (Think Macarena meets

Cupid Shuffle.)

INT. BOOTH- NIGHT

Becca's eyes widen.

BECCA

No way.

VICTOR

What?

BECCA

I think that's... Is that... *Mr. Neddy?*

AMELIA

Holy shit.

Victor, Amelia, and Harmon inspect Mr. Neddy more closely as he dances without a care.

VICTOR

No way that's him.

HARMON

Yeah, what are the odds *Mr. Neddy's* at *The Tap* on a Tuesday night at 11 PM?

BECCA

Guys. He's literally doing the dance.

The friends grow quiet. They know the dance well.

INT. BAR- NIGHT

Mr. Neddy reaches his place at the bar. He takes a sip of his Pina Colada, hips still swinging.

INT. BOOTH- NIGHT

The friends watch Mr. Neddy with amusement.

AMELIA

Harmon, you should invite him over.

HARMON

Why?

AMELIA

Because he's all alone. It's the nice

thing to do.

Harmon laughs.

AMELIA  
I'm serious.

HARMON  
Ughhhhhh. Fine.

Harmon gets up and walks to the bar.

INT. BAR- NIGHT

Harmon approaches Mr. Neddy and extends his hand for a shake.

HARMON  
Hey man, Harmon.

Mr. Neddy shakes Harmon's hand.

HARMON  
My friends wanted me to ask if you'd  
like to come have a drink with us?

Mr. Neddy looks Harmon up and down, and then glances back at the group of friends.

The friends smile at him expectantly.

Mr. Neddy nods at Harmon. He grabs his drink in one hand and his barstool in the other and follows Harmon to the table.

The stool SCRAPES across the floor obnoxiously.

INT. BOOTH- NIGHT

Harmon slides back into the booth and Mr. Neddy plops down on his stool.

The friends exchange hellos.

HARMON  
So we have a question for you.

Mr. Neddy SLURPS his Pina Colada.

MR. NEDDY  
What's that?



BECCA  
(eagerly)  
Are you Mr. Neddy? From Valley View  
Elementary?

Mr. Neddy smiles.

MR. NEDDY  
The one and only.

BECCA  
Oh my god, I knew it! We were in your  
P.E. class in second and third grade.

MR. NEDDY  
Is that right? What years?

VICTOR  
It would have been in like 2011 and  
2012.

MR. NEDDY  
Boy, that was a while ago. I'm  
surprised you recognized me.

AMELIA  
Well, we recognized the Neddy Mambo.

MR. NEDDY  
(laughing)  
Yep, that'll do it. To this day it's  
the only dance I know the steps to.

VICTOR  
Trust me, it's the only dance I know  
too.

AMELIA  
I think we were the only kids in class  
who actually voted for the Neddy Mambo  
over free recess on Fridays.

MR. NEDDY  
You guys must be joking.

HARMON  
Nope. The other kids hated us.

MR. NEDDY  
Isn't that something. You know, I  
taught at that school for over thirty

years, and I've had hundreds of kids cycle in and out of all my classes...

Mr. Neddy takes a sip of Pina Colada.

MR. NEDDY (CONT.)

But you four might be the only kids who actually enjoyed doing that dance.

BECCA

Yup. We were obsessed with it.

MR. NEDDY

I always got a big kick out of it myself. You know, my daughter was the one who taught it to me. But eventually I had to stop doing it. Too many kids complained.

AMELIA

Well, if it hadn't been for you, we probably wouldn't be sitting here together tonight. We really bonded in your class.

BECCA

The Neddy Mambo is like our origin story.

MR. NEDDY

Well, I am honored to have played such a big part in your friendship.

HARMON

And I must say- Mr. Neddy, you still got the moves!

MR. NEDDY

Well I ought to. I've only done it a thousand times... I think the real question is if you *all* still got the moves.

The friends laugh.

HARMON

I'm a little rusty for sure.

VICTOR

Yeah, I think I'll spare you the second hand embarrassment.

MR. NEDDY

So what brings you all out tonight? Do you live nearby?

BECCA

We're all out of state right now. Just home from college for the holidays.

MR. NEDDY

Oh, college kids. Very nice.

HARMON

What are you up to these days? Still working at Valley View?

MR. NEDDY

No, no. I'm retired. Been retired for about 10 years now.

AMELIA

What brings you to Juarez?

MR. NEDDY

That would be my photography. It keeps me pretty busy these days.

BECCA

Photography, that's cool. How'd you get into that?

MR. NEDDY

Well... My daughter died.

BECCA

Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

MR. NEDDY

Yeah, cancer.

AMELIA

That's horrible.

MR. NEDDY

It was- it was pretty hard. And it made it difficult for me to be around kids. So I retired. Unfortunately, I found retirement awfully boring. Figured I'd better pick up a hobby or I'd lose my mind. Taking pictures is what I chose.

VICTOR

It's always good to have hobbies. My aunt's a photographer. What kind of camera do you typically use? Nikon? Cannon?

MR. NEDDY

You know as much as I wanted to get acquainted with all that fancy, newfangled technology, I'm too old for all that. I do best with simplicity.

Mr. Neddy takes his iPhone out of his jacket pocket.

MR. NEDDY (CONT.)

And with that, you just can't beat the iPhone.

AMELIA

Well nowadays the iPhone's camera is arguably just as good as any other.

BECCA

That's true. What do you photograph?

MR. NEDDY

Oh, anything that interests me really. But mainly people.

HARMON

Like portraits? Do you do any commission based work?

MR. NEDDY

No, I just do it for me. I doubt anybody else would be interested in my pictures much.

AMELIA

I bet that's not true. Have you ever thought about displaying them in a gallery?

MR. NEDDY

No. I mostly keep them private. You know, I kind of view my camera lens as a third eye of sorts... my minds eye.

HARMON

How do you mean?

MR. NEDDY

Well, photography has allowed me to live my life in a way I was never able to before. I developed a more complex perspective of things- a finer vantage point. Through my work, you could say I found a whole new purpose.

BECCA

Wow, that's really poetic Mr. Neddy.

MR. NEDDY

Please call me Edward. Neddy's a nickname.

HARMON

Well Edward, would it be weird if I asked you to snap a picture of us?

Mr. Neddy smiles creepily.

MR. NEDDY

Not at all.

He aims his iPhone at the friends.

MR. NEDDY

Say, "Pina Colada."

The friends all smile.

ALL

Pina Colada!

Mr. Neddy snaps their photo and looks at it closely.

MR. NEDDY

Beautiful people.

Mr. Neddy switches off his iPhone and puts it face down on the table.

Harmon reaches for a beer only to realize the bucket is empty.

HARMON

Uh oh. Out of booze.

Harmon cranes his neck to see if he can spot the bartender.

HARMON

Where's the bartender?

Mr. Neddy twists around to inspect the bar. No bartender in sight. He inspects his empty glass.

MR. NEDDY

I'll tell you what. Looks like I'm running on empty as well. How about I flag down the bartender and get the next round.

HARMON

Aw man, you don't have to do that.

MR. NEDDY

No, no. I do. When else will I get to treat the only kids who ever appreciated the Neddy Mambo?

VICTOR

Thanks, man. That's nice.

AMELIA

Yeah, thanks so much.

MR. NEDDY

But hey- I'm serious. When I get back, you guys are doing that dance.

Mr. Neddy WINKS. He walks to the bar.

The friends stare after him.

VICTOR

He's nice.

BECCA

Yeah, but is he good at taking pictures? Let's find out.

Becca grabs Mr. Neddy's iPhone.

AMELIA

Becca, that's his stuff.

BECCA

Oh, I'm sure he won't mind.

Becca switches the phone on. The home screen features a picture of a little girl. Becca shows it off.

BECCA  
Awww. Must be his daughter.

Becca swipes up on the home screen and is taken straight to the photo of her friends.

BECCA  
Sweet little boomer. No password.

Becca inspects the photo.

BECCA  
Eh, not bad. Lighting is shit.

Becca swipes to the right. A picture of a salt shaker. She swipes right again. Her eyes widen.

There is a photo of her and her friends eating at Chicos Tacos. She keeps swiping. More and more photos materialize capturing her and her friends throughout the day.

BECCA  
What the hell?

AMELIA  
What?

Becca glances suspiciously from the phone to Mr. Neddy, who waits at the bar.

VICTOR  
What is it?

We cut away to the bar.

INT. BAR- NIGHT

The bartender appears to take Mr. Neddy's order.

MR. NEDDY  
One more Pina Colada for myself, and  
another bucket of beers for my friends  
over there.

Mr. Neddy hands his credit card to the bartender. The name on the card reads **EDWARD GUETTEUR**.

The bartender accepts it, nodding.

INT. BOOTH- NIGHT

Mr. Neddy returns to the booth. All four friends stare at him coldly.

MR. NEDDY

What? Can't work the jukebox?

HARMON

Five years.

MR. NEDDY

What?

HARMON

Five years.

MR. NEDDY

Five years?

Harmon slides the iPhone toward Mr. Neddy.

HARMON

This photo was taken five years ago.

The phone screen shows a photo of the four friends dressed to the nines, eating at a Weinerschnitzel.

Mr. Neddy's eyes dart back and forth between the friends and the phone. Sweat drips down his forehead.

Mr. Neddy quickly grabs his phone, and turns to run toward the exit.

Smooth like a cat, Harmon slides out of the booth. He grabs a hold of Mr. Neddy, twisting him around so they are face to face.

Mr. Neddy drops the iPhone.

HARMON

Who are you? Why are you doing this?

MR. NEDDY

I can explain. Just calm down.

HARMON

I'm not gonna calm down! You have naked pictures of me at 14, you pedophile!



MR. NEDDY

You weren't naked, you were in a speedo- remember? Maybe it was hard to tell in the photo, but it was the State Swimming Championship. You placed fourth in butterfly!

HARMON

Yeah, I know I placed fourth in butterfly. What I don't understand is why YOU have pictures of it!

MR. NEDDY

Guys- please. I'm the reason you all are friends remember? Without me, you guys wouldn't be here right now.

BECCA

So you think that gives you the right to totally invade our privacy and stalk us?

MR. NEDDY

I'm not a stalker.

AMELIA

You have pictures of me sleeping!

VICTOR

You have pictures of my college dorm room! If you're not a stalker then what the hell are you?

Mr. Neddy smiles.

MR. NEDDY

Your friend.

Harmon punches Mr. Neddy in the face, HARD.

Mr. Neddy falls backwards, CRASHING into the bartender who has returned with their drinks. The drinks fall. Glass SHATTERS on the floor.

The friends jump out of their seats, alarmed.

BECCA

Harmon!

HARMON

What? He deserved it!

AMELIA  
He's an old man!

HARMON  
He's a stalker!

VICTOR  
Grab his phone. It's evidence.

HARMON  
Evidence for what?

VICTOR  
The police!

HARMON  
What are the police gonna do?

VICTOR  
I don't know, arrest him?

AMELIA  
For what, taking pictures?

VICTOR  
Do you want him to stop or not?

Becca lurches for the iPhone.

MR. NEDDY (O.S.)  
HEY!

We cut to an IRATE Mr. Neddy. He clutches the bartender by his waist, a BROKEN BEER BOTTLE pointed at his throat.

MR. NEDDY  
Drop the phone.

The friends stare at Mr. Neddy, unmoving.

HARMON  
No.  
(beat)  
Come on, lets go.

The friends begin to gather their things, when suddenly-

Mr. Neddy SLICES the bartender's throat open with the beer bottle.

The bartender falls to the floor, clutching his neck in pain.

Blood SPURTS everywhere.

Mr. Neddy waves the broken bottle in a threatening way. He looks INSANE.

MR. NEDDY  
I said drop the phone.

Becca drops the iPhone. They raise their hands in defeat.

AMELIA  
What do you want from us??

Mr. Neddy takes a deep breath. His eyes dart from the friends to the JUKE BOX behind them.

FADE TO BLACK

THE NEDDY MAMBO rings out over black.

INT. BAR- NIGHT

A newly barren Christmas tree sits in the corner.

The bartender sits against the wall in a pool of his own blood, tied up with MULTI COLOR LIGHTS.

INT. DANCE FLOOR- NIGHT

We pan to the four friends. They stand in formation on the dance floor. Terrified, the friends perform the Neddy Mambo.

Mr. Neddy sits in a chair facing them, watching them.

INT. GYMNASIUM- DAY (FLASHBACK)

For a moment, we flash back to when the kids were in Mr. Neddy's P.E. class, performing the dance with child like innocence.

INT. DANCE FLOOR- NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Mr. Neddy slowly raises his iPhone camera and snaps a photo of the friends doing the dance.

The Neddy Mambo continues to play as we hold on the picture of the friends.

FADE TO BLACK

