

"CAPTIVE"

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FIRST DRAFT  
7 OCTOBER 2011

EXT. HOUSE -- DAY

The door of a rusted, tinny letterbox swings open with a CREAK and the curious, bulbous face of HERB GALVIN peers in. He fumbles inside with plump, dithering fingers, pulls out a pile of loose letters and leaflets.

From afar, somewhere across the street, Herb slams the letterbox shut and leans back to peruse his handful of mail. A light breeze curls at the edges of his frilly dressing gown, embroidered on the lapel with "HERS". His furry slippers are in the shape of a toothy wild animal.

He stops at a folded sheet caught between two bills, opens it to reveal an amateur, home-designed leaflet. The heading screams "LOST". Underneath is a black-and-white headshot of a stunned, caught-in-headlights HERB. There's text underneath: a phone number and something about "DEMENTIA"...

Unsettled and suspicious, Herb looks around. A lawnmower HUMS in the distance. A dog BARKS. A beat and Herb darts hurriedly back inside, tucking the mail under his arm.

INT. BATHROOM -- DAY

Herb's in front of the mirror. He unfolds the leaflet and holds it up to his reflection, the words on the page reversed.

He leans in with a crinkled brow, tries to match the stunned expression on the leaflet. He almost does.

INT. DINING ROOM -- DAY

It's a cosy, colourful room. Herb shuffles over to an old rotor-dial phone by the window and settles into a chair. He picks up the receiver and dials the number from the bottom of the leaflet, squinting.

It starts RINGING at the other end. He exhales nervously as he waits...

INT. BASEMENT -- DAY

It's dark and seedy, a stark contrast to Herb's vibrant abode. A woman with crazy hair (NANETTE) is sitting in front of a wall of maps and newspaper clippings, lit by harsh shards of light. Familiar printouts of the "LOST" leaflet cover the wall behind her. She picks up the RINGING phone and SPEAKS with one of the most annoying voices ever recorded digitally.

NANETTE

Yes?

CONTINUED:

Herb clears his throat, stumbles over his words.

HERB

Er... I... my... the photo on your  
leaflet looks like me.

INTERCUT DINING ROOM AND BASEMENT

Recognizing his voice, Nanette lurches forward in her chair.

NANETTE

Clifford?

Herb's puzzled.

HERB

I thought I was Herb.

NANETTE

No. You're Clifford. Where are  
you?

He's still puzzled. He looks around the room he's in.

HERB

At home.

Nanette's voice firms.

NANETTE

No. That's not your home. This is  
your home. I'm at your home.

Herb doesn't know how to respond. Nanette continues.

NANETTE (CONT'D)

You've got dementia. I've been  
looking for you ever since you  
wandered off five years ago...

HERB

Five years...?

NANETTE

Five long years. You know how long  
that is to be without your  
soulmate?

A long beat.

HERB

We're soulmates?

NANETTE

Yes.

CONTINUED:

An even longer beat.

HERB

I thought Bubba was my soulmate.

Herb's eyes divert to a dining table in the middle of the room, unseen until now. A slovenly, overweight man (BUBBA) in a matching dressing gown is partially obscured by a cereal box, tufts of his white hair poking out. He slurps from a bowl. The embroidery on his lapel reads "HIS".

Nanette's tone hardens, serious.

NANETTE

Listen to me very carefully,  
Clifford...

He listens. Bubba chews, glances over casually.

NANETTE (CONT'D)

Whatever Bubba told you about being  
soulmates, it's not true. He's  
some kind of perverted nut who  
found you wandering the streets and  
is now taking advantage of you  
emotionally and...

(strained)

sexually...

Herb swallows heavily.

HERB

Bubba's no good?

NANETTE

Bubba's bad. Very bad. You need  
to get away from Bubba.

HERB

What do I do?

NANETTE

Just grab whatever you can and run.  
For god's sake, Clifford... just  
get out of there! Run!

HERB

Run?

NANETTE

RUN!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Herb's running as fast as he can, clothes spilling from his suitcase and leaving a trail.

His face beams with the overwhelming excitement of escape, his cheeks wobbling in slo-mo as MUSIC builds to an euphoric crescendo...

...halted suddenly by an abrupt return to reality --

INT. DINING ROOM -- DAY

Herb's still on the phone with Nanette.

HERB  
What happens then?

INTERCUT LIVING ROOM AND BASEMENT

Light from a dull lamp accentuates Nanette's harsh features.

NANETTE  
When?

HERB  
After I run..?

NANETTE  
You find your way here and we resume our lives together.

HERB  
Doing what?

NANETTE  
Loving each other unconditionally.

HERB  
What does that mean?

A pause. Nanette's becoming impatient.

NANETTE  
It means we hang around each other all day every day...

The slightest of crinkles forms on Herb's forehead...

HERB  
All day...?

Nanette interjects, hurrying things along...

CONTINUED:

NANETTE

Every day.

(methodical)

We've got lawn bowls on Mondays and Thursdays, water aerobics on Friday afternoon, half-price roast lunch at the RSL on Wednesdays and bingo on Saturday morning. On every other day I knit, you do odd jobs around the house...

It's almost too much for Herb to take in.

HERB

What kind of odd jobs do I do?

NANETTE

You paint the eaves, fix door knobs and mow the lawn. The lawn hasn't been mowed in five years, Clifford... Five years!

Herb's face has begun to sour. He's momentarily distracted by Bubba, who stands slothfully and adjusts himself, BURPS. His voice trails as he leaves the room...

BUBBA

I'm going back to bed. You coming?

He wanders off. Herb watches him go, uncertainty rippling over his face. Nanette's filtered voice spills out of the receiver...

NANETTE (O.S.)

Clifford, dear... are you there...?

A long beat as Herb mulls things over... and then, with a noticeable shift in tone, he finishes the call...

HERB

It was nice chatting.

He hangs up abruptly and heads off in Bubba's direction.

HERB (CONT'D)

I'm coming, Bubba...

On the way he scrunches up the leaflet and tosses it into a dust bin by the door. The bin topples over, revealing within it a scrunched-up collection of TWENTY LEAFLETS. Some spill out onto the floor and uncurl themselves, revealing the same stunned photo of Herb... and a familiar home-designed word on top: "LOST".

FADE OUT.