

Nolumbo: A Jeweler's Mythic Truth

written by

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1. INT. KRANNERT VIKING COURT - DAY

JOHN HARDY, a well-dressed business man in his early 20s is sipping a coffee while reading an issue of the Campus Carrier. In walks DETECTIVE NOLUMBO, a 20-year-old detective wearing a trench coat.

NOLUMBO

John Hardy?

Hardy looks up from his paper. When he realizes who he's looking at, he throws the paper to the ground and runs around the corner.

CUT TO:

2. EXT. KRANNERT TRASH AREA - DAY

Hardy busts through a back door into an alley way with Nolumbo in hot pursuit. After scaling down a flight of steps, Hardy says

JOHN HARDY

(exhausted, catching his
breath)

You'll never catch me alive!

As he turns to continue running, Hardy trips over the curb and falls to the ground.

NOLUMBO

Looks like we've got you, Hardy.
Hands behind your back.

CUT TO:

2. BLACK - TITLE SCREEN

A sound of a whip cracks and the title flashes:

[A JEWELER'S MYTHIC TRUTH]

CUT TO:

3. INT. FRIENDSHIP HALL STUDY ROOM - DAY

In a dark room lit by only a harsh spotlight, Hardy sits with his head down on a foldable table. His hands and legs are tied to a wooden chair. Sweat beads on his furled brows. Hardy has been arrested for corporate objectification and is awaiting an officer to interrogate him.

BAM.

The sound of a door slamming open echoes throughout the room. The silhouette of Nolumbo stands in the doorway. Hardy looks up.

JOHN HARDY

Look who decided to finally show up. You kept me waiting, you know.

Nolumbo walks up to the table with a manilla folder, and taps it on the table to line the papers up. Nolumbo puts the folder down and opens it up. In the folder lays several photos--the first being a John Hardy jewelry advertisement. Hardy sighs.

JOHN HARDY (CONT'D)

Look, I know what it looks like, Nolumbo. This is just--

NOLUMBO

(interrupting Hardy)

I know what you're about to say. 'Oh, this is just a jewelry advertisement. You can't lock me up for that!' Go through it with me.

Hardy looks at the advertisement.

JOHN HARDY

Well you see, it's just an ad about jewelry. We had our best models pose in a way that would show off two different products. The bracelet and the necklace. There's nothing else to it, I tell ya.

NOLUMBO

That's exactly what I thought you'd say.

Nolumbo pulls out three more photos--the first one being a head shot of Max Wertheimer, then Arthur Asa Berger, and Charles Peirce. Nolumbo points at the first one.

NOLUMBO (CONT'D)

You know who this is?

Hardy examines.

JOHN HARDY

Never seen him in my life.

NOLUMBO

(under his breath)

Kids these days.

(speaking up now)

This is Max Wertheimer, the founding father of Gestalt. Adjacent to him are Arthur Asa Berger and Charles Peirce. These fellas have a few things to say about your here advertisement.

Hardy's sweat increases. Nolumbo pushes the ad forward.

JOHN HARDY

You can't seriously use a couple of dead guys as evidence.

Beat.

NOLUMBO

First things first. You've got a clear power dynamic going on here. She's takin' up most of the frame, but her lover here has his forearm on her--in the perfect Z pattern. He's also at a higher spot in the frame. I must admit, your designers did a great job wit' dat. The kids love the Z pattern, especially with the golden ratio.

We hold on Hardy's nervous face for a moment.

NOLUMBO (CONT'D)

Anyways, as I was sayin'. He's got his hand on her arm in that controllin' way. You wouldn't do that to a stranger, wouldja?

JOHN HARDY

Look, man it's just for the shot-

NOLUMBO

(interrupting Hardy)

And then there's the models themselves. The same skin tone, same body type...they're both wearing the same colored clothes for crying out loud. It's like these two were handcrafted for each other, you know what I'm sayin'?

JOHN HARDY

We just wanted to keep things consistent, you know? Instead of focusing on the differences in skin and dress, our customers would focus on the product.

Beat. Nolumbo rubs his chin.

NOLUMBO

I guess that makes sense. I don't know, maybe I've been lookin' too far into this. My wife, you know, she always tells me I think about stuff too deeply. Especially after I've been on a case for a while, the gears only start turnin' when I'm off the clock.

Hardy looks much more comfortable now.

JOHN HARDY

Look, Nolumbo, I'd love to stay here with ya and chat, but I've got places to be.

NOLUMBO

Ah, yes. Sorry, didn't mean to take up too much of your time. I'll send the boys in to untie ya.

Nolumbo gathers his papers and heads for the door. He stops.

NOLUMBO (CONT'D)

You know...there's just one thing that bothers me.

He walks over and puts the ad back on the table.

NOLUMBO (CONT'D)

The jewelry. It's not just a normal necklace and bracelet. They're inspired by, uh... what's the word...

Beat.

JOHN HARDY

Chains?

NOLUMBO

Chains! That's the word. You've got a women with a chain around her neck and a chain on the man's wrist. It's almost like a leash.

JOHN HARDY

(nervously laughing)

That's just what's popular-

NOLUMBO

Chains, it's in the title of the collection for Pete's sake! And look how close they are, they're practically breathin' the same air. It's a condensed code for sexual tension, and common fate grouping couples it with your product. You're sayin' that anyone who buys your little trinkets are buyin' this.

Nolumbo picks up his folder and walks back to the door.

NOLUMBO (CONT'D)

There's a mythic truth your ad's creatin' here, Hardy. You're not sellin' jewelry. You're sellin' sex.

CUT TO BLACK.