

NANA

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A wrinkled hand places the needle of an antique record player. ORCHESTRAL RUSSIAN OPERA begins to play.

NANA (70s, frail) leans back in her ornate rocking chair.

She takes a pair of knitting needles from the table beside her. On the table, an URN with the name "Vincent" engraved on it.

Nana begins to knit. She sways softly to the music.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

CASEY (14) watches Nana from the table. DANA (18) sits across from him. A monopoly board between them.

DANA
It's your turn.

Casey continues staring at Nana.

CASEY
What's she listening to?

DANA
Some Russian shit probably. She use to live there.

CASEY
She did? I never knew that.

DANA
Really? Yah, Nana was cool. I mean-

She leans in to whisper.

DANA (CONT'D)
She used to be a spy.

CASEY
No she wasn't

Dana's face is deadly serious.

DANA
Yah she was. Back in the 80s. KGB
Special Operations.

Casey is speechless.

DANA (CONT'D)

It's like a for real family secret. My mom only told me because she was wasted on absinthe. Apparently, no one knows exactly what Nana was involved in but, whatever it was... it was messed up. One time, I heard she got a box with just a toe in it.

Casey's eyes widen.

CASEY

Do- Do you think she ever killed someone.

He looks at Nana, still knitting.

DANA

Probably. And you're the only cousin i've told so you can't say shit! Ok?

Casey nods.

DANA (CONT'D)

Good. Now roll. I'm trying to bankrupt your ass.

CASEY

Oh... sorry.

He takes the dice and rolls.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Casey and Nana sit on the couch watching daytime television. Nana's phone begins to vibrate. She doesn't appear to notice.

CASEY

Nana?... Is that your's?

NANA

(Startled)

Hm?! Oh.

She checks her phone and sighs. She pulls herself to her feet and hobbles out of the room.

Casey looks back at Dana who is distracted in the dining room, burning a monopoly dollar with a lighter.

Casey gets up and follows Nana.

INT. FOYER

Casey peaks around the corner. Nana stands, talking passionately on the phone in a hushed tone. She is speaking a mix of Russian and English.

NANA

Nikolai, please. (Russian)... Da...
Because, we have a rat. I know
it... I don't care. I just want it
dealt with... da... Bud' koshkoy
Nikolai.

She laughs. Casey ducks back into the **Living Room**. His eyes are wide.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

The family sits around the table eating.

Casey has not touched his food. Across from him Nana struggles to skewer a string bean on her fork.

Casey frowns.

INT. NANA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Two air mattresses sit in the center of the floor. Dana lays on one of the mattresses staring at her laptop. She watches a video titled "Rasputin's Vampire Origins: The Bloody Truth".

Casey rushes in, slamming the door behind him. He is clutching a book. Dana shuts her laptop.

Casey rushes to the window, checks outside, and shuts the blinds. He is breathing heavily.

DANA

You good?

Casey turns around to face her. His eyes are crazed.

CASEY

(whispering)
She's hiding something.

DANA

Who is?

CASEY

Nana! This morning I heard she was on the phone speaking Russian to someone named Nikolai! Then, I went in her room to look around and I found this.

He holds up a copy of THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO.

DANA

Told you she's cool.

CASEY

It's not cool! She said something on the phone about "a rat"!

He starts pacing frantically.

CASEY (CONT'D)

What if we know too much. They wouldn't kill a kid right? Maybe just torture. Do communists torture people? I don't want my toe put in box!

Dana cracks a smile. Then, bursts into laughter.

CASEY (CONT'D)

You said no one knew what she was involved in! We could be in danger!

DANA

Casey, oh my god! Nana's not a spy!... I was fucking with you.

Casey is too stunned to speak.

CASEY

You- Why?

DANA

I like lying. Plus I didn't think you'd believe me.

CASEY

...You're an asshole.

He storms out of room. Dana notices THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO on the bed. She picks it up and flips it open.

INT. NANA'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Casey lies on his air mattress, wide awake. Dana snores loudly. Casey puts a pillow over his head.

Suddenly, he hears a thud. He sits up. Dana is still asleep. He looks around, then quietly slips out of bed.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Casey tip toes down the hall holding a FLASHLIGHT. He peaks out the window. The black car sits in the driveway. He holds his breath.

The sound of a faucet turning on. Casey tenses. He grips the FLASHLIGHT tighter as he creeps towards the staircase.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen light is on. Casey stands just outside the entrance, out of view. He clicks off the FLASHLIGHT and peaks around the corner.

A mountain of a man, dressed in a white tank top, washes a large knife in the sink. A red liquid streams off of it.

Casey fumbles and drops the FLASHLIGHT. He immediately ducks around the corner. The man, ALEXEI (60s), whips around. He sees the FLASHLIGHT on the floor.

ALEXEI
(Thick accent)
Hello.

Casey stands petrified. His mouth is clamped shut.

Alexei slowly moves towards the FLASHLIGHT.

Casey eyes dart around, searching for an escape.

Alexei approaches the corner slowly. He grips the knife tightly in his hand.

He looks around the corner. Casey is not there.

He frowns and picks the FLASHLIGHT off the floor.

Crack! Alexei tumbles to the ground. Ashes fly everywhere.

Casey stands above him, holding the broken URN.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)
 FUCKING DAMN IT!

Casey turns and runs right into Nana. She wears a bathrobe and has curlers in.

NANA (O.S.)
 Casey?

Alexei groans. His body and the floor are covered in ash.

CASEY
 Nana.

NANA
 Alexei!

ALEXEI
 Nadia!

Nana hobbles to Alexei who pulls himself to his feet. Casey backs up. He notices the Pomegranate on a cutting board.

NANA
 Are you ok, my bear?

ALEXEI
 Yes, my Dove.

They share a tender kiss. Casey stares in horror. Alexei pulls away and turns to face him.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)
 What the hell man!

NANA
 Alexei, this is my grandson.

ALEXEI
 He's a fucking maniac!

CASEY
 I'm sorry, sir. This was a misunderstanding. I heard you on the phone- I thought- Um, You're Nikolai right?.

Alexei face turns red. He turns to faces Nana.

ALEXEI
 Nikolai?

He turns to Nana

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

You're still talking to Nikolai!

NANA

He's an exterminator! I have rats
in the pantry.

ALEXEI

And you didn't think to tell me?
After you're history together!

NANA

Because I knew you would get upset!

ALEXEI

He is my brother!

Silence.

NANA

Alexei, stay the night. Please. My
big, strong, Russian Bear.

ALEXEI

Stop. You're embarrassing yourself.

He glares at Casey.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

My pain is now emotional, as well
as physical. Goodbye Nadia.

He exits.

NANA

Twins... So dramatic.

CASEY

Nana... I had no idea-

NANA

Casey dear, clean you're
grandfather off the floor. We have
a rats... Not sure if you heard.

She hobbles out of the room. Casey stands alone in the ashes.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Dana and Casey sit at the table once again. Dana is immersed
in the THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO. Casey stares ahead, blankly.

DANA
Honestly, there's a lot of good
stuff in here. I don't get why
people are so hesitant to it.

She looks up at Casey. He does not respond.

DANA (CONT'D)
You good buddy?

Silence.

DANA (CONT'D)
Still processing the "Nana having a
Russian fuck buddy" thing?

CASEY
I don't want to talk about it.

DANA
Yah, me neither... Pretty cool
though.

She looks into the living room. Nana sits in her chair
smoking a cigarette.

She takes a long drag, exhales, and smiles.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER RAP plays.

CUT TO BLACK.