

The Warped '80s

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Framed photos of a stylish couple hang on the walls.

The pictures show BAILEY MARKS and AIDEN NASH (both 20s) at a ski resort, a pristine beach, a country club.

Also framed: an announcement for their 2022 wedding ceremony.

The apartment comes into focus: modern, slick, sophisticated.

From behind a closed bathroom door: sobs, panicked breaths.

Faint music accompanies the crying. Synthesizers. Chimes. Someone listens to muffled, non-specific 1980s pop.

Through the front door rushes sweaty, panicked Aidan, clad in a tuxedo.

He follows the sobs and knocks on the bathroom door.

AIDAN

Bailey?

Her crying intensifies.

AIDAN

Are you okay? You haven't returned anybody's calls. The wedding...

From behind the door comes Bailey's freaked-out voice.

BAILEY (O.S.)

Don't come in here.

AIDAN

The ceremony's supposed to underway. What's going on?

BAILEY (O.S.)

We can't get married today. I'm sorry.

Shock from Aidan.

AIDAN

Why not?

BAILEY (O.S.)

Something happened to me.

Aidan grasps the doorknob.

AIDAN
Are you hurt?

No answer.

AIDAN
I'm coming in.

BAILEY (O.S.)
Don't.

He opens the door, but Bailey pushes back, full force. Slam.

AIDAN
Bailey! There's no time for this.

Bailey wails for several moments before composing herself.

BAILEY (O.S.)
I'll come out. Just hang on.

AIDAN
Everyone's waiting at the church.

Bailey shuffles behind the door. She takes deep breaths.

Total shock when she steps out of the bathroom.

Bailey hardly resembles the woman in the framed wall pictures. This version of Bailey is straight out of a Duran Duran or Whitesnake video from the '80s.

Her hair is permed, teased, and poofed. A headband sweeps across her brow.

The dress she wears went out of fashion forty years ago. Polka dots. Stripes. Neon. Ruffles. Leggings.

An old Sony Walkman is clipped to her dress. Around her ears are standard Walkman headphones, orange foam padding included.

Aidan cycles through reactions: shock, amusement, confusion.

He sputters a single word:

AIDAN
What?

BAILEY
I woke up like this.

AIDAN
Is this a joke?

Her eyes: wild, scared, filled with tears.

BAILEY
You have to believe me.

AIDAN
If you're nervous, I get it. I'm
nervous too.

A small laugh at her ridiculous attire. He can't contain it.

AIDAN
If you're flipping out, it's
understandable.

BAILEY
You're not listening! I woke up in
these freak-show clothes. My hair
isn't my hair anymore. I can't comb
it out. Somebody did this to me.

Aidan reaches out to her. He struggles for the right tone.

AIDAN
Okay. Right. So let's start fresh.
Put on your wedding dress. Take
that stuff off.

BAILEY
It doesn't come off! I tried!

She grasps a dress strap, pulls, screams. Searing pain.

BAILEY
It's glued on.

Alarm spreads across Aidan's face. He pulls Bailey close. Her
poofy hair presses against his face.

AIDAN
Nobody glued your dress to your
skin, Bailey.

The muffled beat of '80s music escapes via her headphones.
Not a specific song, just generic tunes.

BAILEY
What's happening to me?

Aidan struggles for words.

AIDAN
A panic attack?

BAILEY
No. That's not it.

AIDAN
You've been under a lot of
pressure.

BAILEY
I need to talk to my mom. Can you
please call her for me?

AIDAN
She's called you a million times
this morning, but you didn't
answer. Your friends have been
calling, too.

BAILEY
I can't use a cell phone, Aidan.

AIDAN
What?

Bailey rushes to a nearby table where her cell phone totters
near the edge.

She screams in agony as soon as she grabs it.

She flashes her blistered fingertips at Aidan.

BAILEY
It burns when I touch it.

Total disbelief.

AIDAN
You have to stop this.

BAILEY
Cell phones weren't around in the
'80s. So I can't use them here.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

BAILEY
That's what I'm guessing.

AIDAN
How can that be?

BAILEY

I don't know! I don't know!

AIDAN

This has gone far enough. You need to stop. You need to get dressed.

BAILEY

Dumbass. I can't. Stupid. Listen.

Aidan's jaw bulges in anger.

AIDAN

Did you do this to yourself?

Bailey glares.

AIDAN

Did you perm your hair last night?
Did you Crazy Glue your clothes?

She shakes her head violently. No. No. No.

AIDAN

Fine. Then let's go to the church
in what you're wearing.

BAILEY

Are you insane?

AIDAN

No. Are you?

He groans, tries to regroup.

AIDAN

I don't care what shitty dress
you're wearing. I don't give a damn
about your hair. I just want to get
married. Isn't that what you want?

BAILEY

I can't go like this.

AIDAN

I'll throw on some old suit. A
white one maybe. We'll match.

Bailey shakes her head.

AIDAN

We can pull this off. Don't you
want to marry me? Is that it? Are
you playing some kind of a game?

BAILEY

Maybe this is voodoo. Someone
cursed me. They're jealous. Or it
could be a time warp. It sounds
impossible, but maybe it's not.

The music continues to flow from her headphones.

AIDAN

Turn that shit off, please.

BAILEY

I can't.

Aidan clenches his fists in frustration.

Without warning he lunges at Bailey and yanks her headphones.
An angry pull. Take those off!

Rip. Scream. A chunk of Bailey's torn skin and ear cartilage
cling to to the foam end of the headphones.

Obnoxious '80s music blares. Louder than ever before.

Bailey convulses with shock. She desperately puts the
earphone back in place.

Aidan's eyes widen. He clutches Bailey's shoulders in panic.
He tugs inadvertently at her dress, ripping more of her skin.

He gags, stumbles back. Sickened.

AIDAN

Oh, God. I'm sorry.

He rushes to the door.

AIDAN

I can't breathe.

Out of the apartment he goes, leaving Bailey all by herself.

Synthesizers drone from her headphones. Chimes. There's
nothing she can do to stop it. No turning down the volume.

Blood flows from her wounds.

She mutters.

BAILEY

What happened to me?

A wince of pain.

BAILEY

Tell me. Where did I go?

Her head drops.

BAILEY

Where's the real me?

The synthesizers and chimes grow louder.

Bailey's eyes start to roll back.

The room starts to spin. Round and round it goes.

Time and place scramble as she loses consciousness.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

This looks vaguely like Bailey's place, but the decor is off.

There's a banner taped to the wall: "Happy New Year 1986."

The 2022 version of Bailey stands before a handful of 1980s PARTYGOERS. All are dressed in the attire of their time.

Bailey's 2022 hairstyle and clothes contrast with the outlandish partiers.

Bailey clutches her cell phone.

BAILEY

I can't get a signal.

The folks at the party look at her strangely.

BAILEY

There's no reception. No WiFi. Can someone help me?

An '80s DUDE points to her cell phone.

DUDE

What the hell is that?

Another WOMAN reaches out and touches Bailey's hair and the fabric of her blouse.

DUDE

What's WiFi?

They all start to laugh at Bailey.

DUDE
Where'd you come from?

They laugh and laugh and laugh.

The music kicks in: synthesizers and chimes. Everyone starts to dance. Everyone except Bailey.

Here eyes flash confusion and fright.

How did she get here? Where has her real world gone?

No answers. Only music--strange, outdated, never ending.

FADE OUT: