

NOTHING

Written by

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Based on, 'Nothing' by Janne Teller

OPENING IMAGE:

INT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

A wooden desk with a piece of ripped out notebook paper dated '8 August, 1997'. A single word "Nothing" in childlike scrawl.

Through the window above the desk, a BLONDE BOY passes by. No skip in his step. Gets on bike. Rides away.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. MORNING.

MONTAGE:

(credits roll over these scenes)

-Kids walking to school

-Kids throwing apples and pears fallen from the trees at each other, always *just* missing

-Two girls link arms

EXT. PIERRE'S HOUSE. MORNING.

AGNES, 15, is dragged along for a moment as she stops to look at the house. Her arm becomes unlinked from her blue haired, best friend, MARIE.

The house is unlike any other on the street. The exterior painted with 'trippy' faded murals. Bikes and chairs litter the lawn. It looks like a hippie commune. Leftovers from the 60s.

This is PIERRE's house.

A VW bus is parked in the driveway. The front door screen has come loose. Flapping in the wind.

Marie stops.

MARIE

Have you seen him since...?

Agnes shakes her head. No.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I'll save yah a seat, yeah?

AGNES
Yeah. Thanks, Marie!

Marie walks to catch up with another group of girls across the street.

Agnes walks to the front door. Knocks.

INT. PIERRE'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

After a moment. Door swings open to reveal a thin, tattooed, glassy-eyed MAN, 45. He smiles at her. Tries to flirt.

MAN
Well, well, who knew Rich knew any girls as pretty as you?

Disgusted.

AGNES
I'm 15.

Backs away. Looks pissed.

MAN
You could've said something, man.
Not cool...

A man with a blonde ponytail, RICH ANTHON, walks through the background.

AGNES
Mr. Anthon!

He turns. Smiles. Walks to door.

The MAN walks away, mumbling. Rich gives him a look. Shrugs. Pulls her into a hug.

RICH
Oh, Agnes, how many times do I have to tell you, call me Rich. It's great to see you, you must've grown a whole foot this summer.

AGNES
It's the shoes, Rich.

She beams. Showing off her new, stylish green wedges.

Smiles kindly.

RICH
Come in, come in.

Moves aside. She enters.

INT. PIERRE'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The house is smoky. Beer bottles litter the tables.

AGNES
Is Pierre here?

RICH
Ah, of course, you're here to
collect the better looking Anthon.

He winks. It is fatherly, unlike the creepy vibes from the man before.

RICH (CONT'D)
With his track record, he should
still be asleep in his room.

Both laugh. She walks down the back hallway.

Fresh smoke rises from the den. Rich gives a dirty, 'not now' look.

She reaches Pierre's bedroom door. Knocks.

AGNES
Pierre? It's Agnes.

Knocks again. Waits. No answer. Lets herself in.

INT. PIERRE'S BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

The room is empty of personal effects. While, the rest of the house is patterned with personality. The room is suddenly unknown to Agnes.

There are remnants of poster edges. Dusty lines where objects once stood. The room is packed away into boxes and trash bags.

Tries to contain shock. Walks in.

Opens a box, on top are defaced religious icons. She closes it quickly. Springs back.

The few remaining items in the room are strange ones.

She picks up a leather bound book. Opens it. It is a diary of sorts. More like poetic, existential ramblings.

Underlines a passage with her finger.

"A true nihilist would believe in nothing, have no loyalties and no purpose other than, perhaps, an impulse to destroy.

-Nietzsche"

Rich walks into doorway.

Frantic. Hides book in shoulder bookbag. Turns to him.

AGNES

Are you guys moving or something?

Rich stares absently into the room.

RICH

Wow. He said he wanted to purge his room, but damn...

Lights up cigarette.

AGNES

He's not here?

RICH

He must've left early.

AGNES

(to herself)

But, we always walk to school together...

Rich puts a hand on her shoulder. Forces a smile and his good natured attitude.

RICH

Ah, don't worry about it. He probably just wanted to grab breakfast or something before class. God knows, if we have anything in the house.

AGNES

Yeah. Yeah, I'm sure it's nothing...

Fumbles.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Well, I guess if I want to try and catch up, I better go. It was nice seeing you, Mr.-Rich.

RICH

Always a pleasure, Agnes. Don't be a stranger.

AGNES

I won't.

Agnes turns and starts walking toward the door. Fingers the edges of the book in her bag. Her hands are shaking.

Rich watches her go. He turns and looks back to his son's room.