

Nothing Left to Give
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Panel 1: Viewed from the inside of a mid-range Sedan window across the street camera view is from the driver seat, a thin woman (BARBARA) walking out of the front door of her home. She appears to be wearing more clothing and a heavier hat than is necessary, as it is spring outside. She's wearing a hat and has a necklace visible. She has a laptop computer with her, outside of case. Don't focus on the necklace, but just know it's there because it will be important later in the script. She is leaving the house toward her car in the driveway to the right. She has an American flag on a poll next to her door and a mailbox with the name "McNamara" on it.

CAPTION: Wayne, New Jersey

MICKY (out of panel, inside car): Hey. Hey, Bill. / Here she comes.

Panel 2: Barbara is pulling out of the driveway, in the background across the street is a car parked with the silhouettes of two men in baseball caps in the car, kind of slouched down in the driver's and passenger's seats. MICKY is in the driver's side, BILL in the passenger. The street is otherwise quiet. There are a few other empty cars parked around but no people or signs of activity on this idyllic suburban street – think Levittown or suburb in northern New Jersey.

MICKY: How long we got?

BILL: She's always gone at least four hours. / Sometimes longer.

Panel 3: Men walking away from car. MICKY is putting a hood up over his hat, and BILL has a hat with the brim lowered and a crowbar to his side, which he is trying to hide. They both have backpacks on, which are empty.

BILL: Still. In and out, Micky. / Try to look casual.

Panel 4: A back door, from inside of the house's kitchen. It has a window covered by a window shade. Through it you can see BILL's silhouette as if he's popping the door with a crow bar. Where the handle is, there's a sign of force.

SFX: Pop!

Panel 5: Robbers walking into a normal looking middle class suburban kitchen, with a table and chairs, clean counters, oven, refrigerator with pictures and notes hanging on it, magnets, etc. No fancy on-counter appliances.

BILL: Smells weird.

MICKY: Lady looks like a cat lady. / It's probably cat piss.

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Panel 1: Bill has opened a cabinet and is in the process of taking out a box of Triscuits.

BILL: Disappointing snack selection.

Panel 2: Micky is opening a recipe box from a counter, looking to see if there's money hidden in there.

MICKY: Not what I'm here for. / Make sure to check odd places. People stash money around in weird stuff.

Panel 3: Bill goes through kitchen door to living room. He is shown in profile, eating crackers out of the box. His facial expression looks surprised, maybe a bit disappointed.

BILL: Damn, man. I hope she's hiding it.

Panel 4: Largest panel on the page, taking up the majority of the bottom. Bill is in the doorway, with Micky over his shoulder looking surprised. The room is almost barren except for an old couch, coffee table, some family photos, and end tables with vases that have dying, sad, cheap flowers in them. The wall has hardware and wires that suggest a TV used to be there, but it isn't anymore.

BILL: Because she certainly ain't leaving anything valuable around.

Page 3 Broken into a 6 panel side-by-side grid going back and forth between what the robbers are doing and what BARBARA is doing.

Panel 1: MICKY tearing through a desk in a home office. He looks befuddled. There's a space where a computer belongs but there is no computer there.

MICKY: There's no money anywhere.

Panel 2: BARBARA's passenger seat. Make this an angle where Barbara is visible if possible, but the focus is a laptop on the carseat.

CAPTION: No electronics.

Panel 3: BILL in a bedroom appropriate to BARBARA, at her vanity table, ripping open a jewelry box angrily. He's yelling.

BILL: Her jewelry is cleared out!

Panel 4: Barbara, stern faced, driving. She's gripping her steering wheel tightly, wearing a pretty, not too flashy bejeweled necklace that is now noticeable.

Panel 5: BILL looking under the bed. There's a cat down there.

BILL: Jesus. Nothing.

Panel 6: BARBARA's car parking at a seedy strip mall. A pawn shop is visible but not the focus. There's a discount mattress store, a payday loan place, a fortune teller.

CAPTION: It's like someone already cleared her out.

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Panel 1: View from door entrance, over BARBARA's shoulder of the inside of a pawn shop. Heavy guy, bald with a mustache behind a counter of a pawn shop (this is BARRY). There's junk around him, old flying V electric guitar, video games, a few hunting rifles, fishing rods. Sign that says "we buy, we sell." The man is smiling.

BARRY: Hey, Babs! What's cookin'?

BARBARA: Hi, Barry.

Panel 2: Barbara at the counter facing Barry. She's got her laptop in one hand under her arm. She looks stern, resolved. She's not upset, but she's also not happy.

BARRY: You comin' to get some stuff back? / You know I'm holding onto your stuff longer than usual.

BARBARA: Unfortunately, no. I - I've got some more to sell.

Panel 3: BARRY is looking at the laptop in his hands. He doesn't look happy. BARBARA looks a little hopeful.

BARRY: I mean. Look, I'm sorry, Babs. / I can't give no more than, say, a hundred bucks for this.

Panel 4: Head shot of BARBARA. She looks shocked with disbelief!

BARBARA: A hundred? I paid almost a thousand for it!

Panel 5: BARRY, hands out. Laptop is on the counter in front of him. He looks apologetic.

BARRY: Yeah, what, like five years ago? Technology moves fast.
/ Look, I'm sorry. That's the best I can do. You got anything
else, we can talk more.

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PANEL 1: First of 3 in a row. Head and shoulders, straight on shot of BARBARA. She is looking down, stonefaced. Her necklace should be visibly on her.

PANEL 2: Second of 3 in a row. BARBARA in same shot, now looking directly at the camera. She is biting her lip.

PANEL 3: Third of 3 in a row. BARBARA is taking her necklace off.

PANEL 4: BARBARA is reaching across the counter to BARRY, holding out her necklace. She appears emotionless. BARRY looks almost embarrassed.

BARBARA: How much for this?

BARRY: I mean... A lot. You know it's a lot.

PANEL 5: From over BARRY's shoulder, BARBARA is putting the necklace in BARRY's hand. Her mouth is twisted and she has a glimmer of sadness in her face.

BARBARA: Okay. I could use a lot.

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Panel 1: BARBARA is walking outside of the pawn shop back toward her car.

CAPTION: Imagine having a house like this and nothing in it?

Panel 2: BARBARA in the driver's seat of her car. She is still parked, one hand gripping the wheel, the other wiping away a tear from her eye.

CAPTION: Probably getting divorced or something. Or redecorating. There's gotta be something.

BARBARA: Whew. Okay.

Panel 3: From behind her car, you can see BARBARA through the back window, she's looking backward because the car is backing up out of the space.

CAPTION: I think I saw some natural peanut butter in with the Triscuits.

Panel 4: BARBARA is walking into a hospital's front doors. A female NURSE is wheeling someone out past her.

NURSE: Hey, Barbara!

BARBARA: Oh, good afternoon.

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PANEL 1: BARBARA sitting in a chair. Her headwear is off and she has wispy hair, balding because of the chemo treatment. She's hooked up to the treatment now. There's an empty station to her right and another chemo station with another person hooked up to it to her left. That person is wasted away.

JON (out of panel): How you holding up, Barbara?

PANEL 2: JON, a man in scrubs with a computer on a push table, is wheeling his table toward BARBARA. She smiles at him.

BARBARA: I've been better, Jon. I have been better.

JON: Well, hopefully it's almost over. / You ready?

BARBARA: Yeah.

CAPTION: Maybe she's just got nothing else. Like she's a minimalist or something.

PANEL 3: BARBARA and JON are looking at the screen, which says:
Financial planning and payment plans
Medical billing department
JON is gesturing at the screen, and BARBARA, still being pumped with chemicals, balding and ill, smiles slightly, her head tilted as if she's listening and trying to comprehend what's being said.

CAPTION: Maybe she's just empty.

TITLE: Nothing Left to Give

CREDITS

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