

REMNANTS

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1

INT. AMELIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

1

A tea kettle WHISTLES. A hand removes the kettle, letting the stove flames dance freely for a moment before suppressing them with a large pot.

AMELIE (late 20s) stands next to the stove, making tea.

She slowly walks towards us holding two mugs, careful to not spill anything.

SUPER: REMNANTS

2

INT. AMELIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

2

A blend of sharp SCRATCHES of pencil on paper and soft RUSTLES of page flips permeate the room.

AMELIE and PARKER (late 20s) sit comfortably on opposite ends of the couch, with Parker stretched out in front Amelie.

Lost in their own worlds, Amelie scrawls across a thick stack of papers while Parker thoughtfully annotates a book.

Her pencil SNAPS.

Parker promptly tosses her his own stubby pencil, then reaches behind himself for a fresh pencil.

Unruffled, Amelie drops her broken pencil into a container filled with a pile of other broken pencils. She returns to writing with Parker's pencil.

Instead of returning to his book, Parker watches Amelie for a moment as her writing slows to a stop.

AMELIE

(reading from the papers)

All her life's certainties had been shattered. And so she jumped, not knowing where she would land, just hoping she would land somewhere.

PARKER

Didn't Tom want a happy ending?

AMELIE

You don't think this is happy?

PARKER

Do you?

AMELIE

Tsk, he said I should consider a happy ending. Not that I need one.

PARKER
You are more known for your non
happy endings.

AMELIE
Yeah, I don't know why he mentioned
it now.

Parker holds up the book he was reading. Amelie's picture
is emblazoned on the back.

PARKER
Maybe because this one reached a
level of melancholia I didn't think
was even possible.

AMELIE
But do you like it?

Parker gives her a knowing look.

PARKER
It's fantastic.

As he closes the book...

PARKER (CONT'D)
But I will be consuming solely kids
cartoons for the next few days.

Amelie scoffs and tidies up her papers.

AMELIE
Don't you have a big dinner to get
to?

PARKER
Sarah's flight got delayed so I'm
probably just going to do a nice
home-cooked dinner.
(a beat)
But that does mean I'll need to
pick up some groceries.

Parker sets the book on the table, getting ready to leave.

AMELIE
How'd she like Brussels?

PARKER
Absolutely despised it. It's a
solid last on her European city
rankings.

AMELIE
What's first?

PARKER

London.

...A timer from the kitchen RINGS...

Their heads swivel in the kitchen's direction.

3 INT. AMELIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

3

AMELIE uses a pair of tongs to pull out a white shirt from the stove top pot. PARKER watches from the doorframe while putting on his coat.

Holding the shirt in the air, she grabs a bowl to catch the dripping water. The steam from the pot partially obscures her face.

PARKER

I'm heading out, don't burn
yourself.

AMELIE

Don't burn your food!

He watches her handle the shirt until the steam is mostly evaporated before leaving.

The door SHUTS.

Amelie watches the steam, then with a sigh, drops the shirt into the bowl.

4 INT. AMELIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

4

"I Will Wait for You" from Umbrellas of Cherbourg plays from a laptop against a torrential rain from outside.

The white shirt hangs on a clothes line in front of the window. A stain adorns the left shoulder.

We TILT down to patterns of light flickering across AMELIE's face. She's engrossed in the film.

A roll of THUNDER, and both music and lights cut out.

Only the shirt is visible from the moonlight.

Amelie shuffles towards the window and takes down the shirt. It's still a little damp, but she clutches it close.

She closes her eyes and hums the opening notes to the song, swaying from side to side.

5 INT. HALLWAY - LATER THAT NIGHT

5

PARKER sits outside Amelie's door, a bag of wet groceries drooping next to him.

He sends a text on his phone, then gets up to knock on the door. Not hearing a response, he takes out a key to go in.

6 INT. AMELIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

6

AMELIE is dozed off in a chair in front of the window, the white shirt draped over her.

A light KNOCK.

PARKER leans against the wall, smiling softly.

PARKER

Am?

Amelie slowly sits up, bleary eyed, readjusting to her surroundings.

AMELIE

(groggily)

Parker? I thought you left.

Parker moves to sit on the couch, facing Amelie.

PARKER

Sarah's flight got delayed 'till tomorrow.

AMELIE

Again? Damn, that sucks. Is she gonna make it for Sunday?

PARKER

Hopefully. Unless there's another delay.

AMELIE

Let's hope not.

(a beat)

Oh, on the topic of Sunday, I'll have to head out after dinner. It's the last night they're screening this movie and I still haven't seen it.

PARKER

What's the movie?

AMELIE

Videodrome? It's a body horror by Cronenberg.

PARKER

All these years and I still can
only comprehend twenty percent of
the words you say when it comes to
these things.

Amelie scoffs and gazes back out the window. Parker stares
in her direction.

PARKER (CONT'D)

There hasn't been a storm like this
in a while.

AMELIE

It's peaceful, isn't it?

She looks down to see she's still holding the shirt.

AMELIE (CONT'D)

I want to the say the stain got
smaller, but I might also be
gaslighting myself.

PARKER

I appreciate the effort though.

THUNDER.

Amelie gets up to hand Parker his shirt and exits the room.

7 INT. AMELIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

7

PARKER examines the shirt, pausing on a poorly embroidered
flower next to the stain.

An upside down double wicked candle appears in front of his
face. He automatically reaches out to hold it.

AMELIE scoots next to him. She lights one wick, but fails
to light the other one. Parker sets the candle on the
table.

PARKER

(amused)

You still can't light both wicks?

She playfully nudges his shoulder.

AMELIE (CONT'D)

At least I'm trying.

(looking at the shirt)

Unlike my embroidery skills.
Abandoned upon inception.

PARKER

It's not terrible. You can tell
it's a star.

AMELIE
A squiggly star.

PARKER
I like squiggly.

They both stare at the flower, lost in their own thoughts.
The wavering candlelight flits between the two of them.

The candlelight falls upon Amelie, leaving Parker in the shadows.

FREEZE FRAME

Seven instances of Amelie and Parker in the same position.

8 **EXT. PARK - 7 YEARS EARLIER**

8

AMELIE and PARKER sit on a park bench, leaning against their backpacks. Flowers surround the bench.

Parker looks at her while she reads from a small notebook.

END FREEZE FRAME

AMELIE
(reading out loud, a little shy)
When I was five, I wanted to be an astronaut, so I could live among the stars. When I was twelve, I wanted to be an actor, so I could be seen. When I was seventeen, I wanted to be a doctor, so I could help people.
(a beat)
I'm twenty seven now, I'm unemployed, and I burnt my oatmeal this morning. I don't know what I want anymore.

She slowly closes the notebook, nervous for his reaction. He stares at her for a moment, gathering all the emotions running through his head.

PARKER
You wrote all that?

AMELIE
Yeah.

He nods his head, deep in thought.

PARKER
I think you have something really special. Thank you for trusting me to share it.

Amelie gives him a small smile, a glimmer of surprise in her eyes.

AMELIE
Thanks for being here.

MONTAGE OF THE NEXT SEVEN YEARS (REVERSE OF THE FREEZE FRAME SEQUENCE)

...Amelie gives Parker the embroidered white shirt.

...Amelie takes notes while Parker reads through his annotations. Her pencil snaps, and they both laugh. Amelie's gaze lingers on Parker.

...Parker comforts Amelie amidst a mess of strewn papers.

...Parker holds a cup of tea in front of a blank Amelie, trying to get her to drink it. She pushes it away. He's wearing the white shirt.

...Amelie writes from the couch. She's alone, but she's writing fervently. A pile of broken pencils next to her.

...Amelie hands Parker a bound manuscript. He envelops her in a hug.

...present day, Amelie and Parker staring at the shirt.

END MONTAGE

9 INT. AMELIE'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

9

The candle flame flickers, illuminating PARKER's face.

He folds the shirt and places it next to him.

PARKER
I'll try taking it to a dry cleaner or something.

AMELIE
It's a plain white shirt, Park, I don't know if it's worth dry cleaning.

PARKER
It was the very first thing you ever gave me, of course it's worth.

AMELIE
It doesn't even fit you that well.

PARKER
Well it's a lot better than the first gift I gave you.

Amelie furrows her brows as she tries to remember Parker's first gift. Parker catches on, a mischievous grin spreading across his face.

PARKER

You don't remember it, do you?

AMELIE

It was a book, wasn't it?

PARKER

Close. It was that German dictionary...

Immediately recalling the occasion, Amelie quickly finishes the context.

AMELIE

That you got me when I said I wanted to relearn French.

PARKER

If you think about it, I really just gave you a chance to learn German.

AMELIE

Always the optimist.

PARKER

Compared to you, I suppose.

Parker's eyes flicker towards Amelie's cheek, where some candle wax lies.

As he moves his hand towards her...

PARKER

You have something on your cheek.

Amelie watches his face while he brushes off the wax. His hand lingers for a moment.

10 INT. AMELIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

The storm slows to a steady rainfall. Small gusts of wind continue to blow through, peaking open the window, drawing AMELIE's attention.

She moves to close the window but stops once she feels the wind against her face.

PARKER watches her from the couch. There's a hint of longing and regret in his expression.

WIDE where we see only the backs of their persons.

Another gust of wind comes through. Amelie turns to look at Parker. The candle flame goes out.

BLACK.

FIN.