

EGGWARD

Written by

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An old man with dementia is tasked with taking care of an egg that surprisingly reconnects him with his past.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - SENIOR LIVING HOME - AFTERNOON

FRANK (70s), a man down on life, sits on the edge of his bed in a small tidy room.

NURSE SARA (late 30s) bends so she's at eye level with Frank.

NURSE SARA

Frank, someone very special is here to see you.

(no response)

Do you want to see him?

FRANK

(beat)

Who is it?

NURSE SARA

It's your son.

FRANK

I don't have a son.

NURSE SARA

Oh, I'm sorry. I must have been thinking of someone else, but you do have a visitor who would really like to see you.

FRANK

I know what this is; you're tricking me.

NURSE SARA

Frank-

FRANK

No, I don't want to see anyone!
Leave me alone!

Frank slams his hands on the bed and-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. COMMON AREA - SENIOR LIVING HOME - EVENING

Frank sits alone. He stares out at NOTHING. The sound of seniors chatting and laughing is heard around him.

MABEL (80s), a little eccentric old woman in a wheelchair, rolls up to Frank. -- In her lap is a yellow child's blanket wrapped around SOMETHING.

MABEL

Hi, Frank.

Frank grunts.

MABEL (CONT'D)

I'm good, too, thanks for asking,
but I need you to do me a favor.

Mabel holds the blanket out to Frank.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Can you watch over this for me? The
cleaning ladies are in my room
right now, and I don't want them to
hurt him.

Frank furrows his brows at Mabel.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Please, just for a little while.

Frank takes the blanket. Mabel's face lights up.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Thanks, Frank, you're the best.
I'll be back for it later.

With that, Mabel wheels away, and Frank unravels the blanket
to find...A LITTLE EGG amongst the fabric.

Frank rolls his eyes, folds the egg back up, and continues to
stare out until...*a soft cry sounds.*

Frank searches for the sound...

His eyes land on the blanket. Slowly, he unwraps the egg and
holds it up to his ear. The crying grows louder, like a baby
cry.

Frank, hesitant at first, rocks the egg in his arms.

FRANK

Shhhh.

The egg's crying fades to a giggle. No one seems to notice
the giggling egg. Frank can't help but chuckle as well.

Across the room, Nurse Sara and another co-worker enter.

NURSE SARA

Yeah, I was in the courtyard, and
you know the nest of duckling eggs
Janna found?

(MORE)

NURSE SARA (CONT'D)
 (her co-worker nods)
 One is missing. -- It was probably
 Mabel.

Frank overhears this. He holds the egg closer.

FRANK
 Hey, you tired, little guy? Let's
 go up to bed, shall we?

Frank sneaks out of the common room.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - SENIOR LIVING HOME - SAME

Frank sets up a pillow on his dresser and lays the yellow blanket on top of it. With care, he sets the egg on the pillow. The egg coos.

FRANK
 Shhh, it's okay, little guy; I'm
 gonna take good care of you. -- You
 need a name, don't you...? I got
 it, you strike me as an Edward.

The egg giggles.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 You like it? I'm glad. Sleep tight,
 Edward.

Frank pats Edward the egg and gets into bed himself.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - SENIOR LIVING HOME - NIGHT

A BABY CRY. Frank jars awake. He rubs his eyes and groans as the egg wails. -- Frank gets out of bed and picks up the egg, cradling it in his arms.

FRANK
 Edward? What's wrong? Sh sh sh,
 it's okay. How about a story? - A
 wise old owl sat in an oak. The
 more he heard, the less he spoke.
 The less he spoke, the more he
 heard. Why aren't we all like that
 wise old bird?

The egg quiets. Frank relaxes, sets the egg back down, then tip-toes back into bed.

EXT. COURTYARD - SENIOR LIVING HOME - MORNING

Frank strolls through a small circular courtyard. Around Frank's torso is a SCARF swaddling Edward the egg.

FRANK

And this is the park, Edward. I'm sorry, there's not a lot of kids to play with today and it's such a nice day too.

Frank approaches a BENCH SWING.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ooh, do you want to go on the swings?

Frank sits down on the bench and swings back and forth. It's peaceful. A light breeze blows. Frank smiles.

Squeaky wheels roll along the dirt ground. Frank's shoulders slump. Sitting in front of him is...Mabel.

MABEL

Hey, Frank.
(r.e. Frank's scarf)
Whatcha got there?

Frank unswaddles the egg and cradles it in his arms.

FRANK

This is my son, Edward.

MABEL

Awe, you know, he reminds me of an egg that I lost.

FRANK

...Well, he might be a little bald now, but trust me, he's gonna have a luxurious head of hair.

MABEL

I believe it.

Nurse Sara enters.

NURSE SARA

Frank?
(notices the egg)
You found the duckling egg.

FRANK

What egg?

NURSE SARA
The one you're holding.

FRANK
This isn't an egg. This is my son.

NURSE SARA
Well, can *I* see your son?

MABEL
(whispers to Frank)
It's a trick. She's going to try to take Edward. I'll distract her and you make a break for it.

Frank nods.

MABEL (CONT'D)
I'll see you on the other side.

With that, Mabel gives herself a big push and WHEELS OVER NURSE SARA'S TOES.

Nurse Sara hollers in pain. Frank runs as fast as he can, which is more of a fast walk, out of the courtyard.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - SENIOR LIVING HOME - DAY

Frank enters the room and sits down in a brown ROCKING ARMCHAIR next to a little window, still cradling Edward the egg.

FRANK
Don't worry, Edward, I won't let anything happen to you.

Frank stares out the window for a moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)
The clouds are lovely today.
Edward, look at that one; it looks like a little bunny.

The egg giggles.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And that one, it looks like-

The egg coos.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(chuckles)
It does look like a face.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's smiling at us. -- Did you know clouds appear when there is too much water vapor for the air to hold?

Edward makes a soft gurgle sound.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I know that sounds complicated, but don't worry, one day, you're going to surpass me, and I'll have to learn from you.

Edward giggles and - A KNOCK on the door.

NURSE SARA (O.S.)

Frank, you have a visitor. Can we come in?

Frank contemplates this for a moment. He holds the egg closer.

NURSE SARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He really wants to see you, Frank.

Frank thinks, then sets the egg on his little bed. -- Frank opens the door and standing before him is Nurse Sara and a tall, handsome man, EDDIE (late 40s). His smile widens when he sees Frank.

Frank examines the man in front of him, trying to piece together his memories.

FRANK

I-I don't-

EDDIE

It's okay, uh, I'm Eddie. Can I come in?

FRANK

Sure.

Eddie enters the room, and Nurse Sara exits.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How are you?

EDDIE

I'm good, a bit busy with work.

FRANK

What do you do?

EDDIE
I'm a meteorologist.

FRANK
Wow, that's impressive.

EDDIE
Yeah, I've been in love with the weather ever since I was little, and my dad and I used to go cloud-watching.

A flicker of confusion brushes over Frank's face. He glances at Edward the egg. -- Eddie notices too.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
What's that?

FRANK
That's my son, his name is Edward.

Eddie gives a small smile.

EDDIE
That's cool; my name's Edward, too; people just call me Eddie for short.

FRANK
...Di-Did your father used to read you The Wise Old Owl?

EDDIE
Yes, he did.

FRANK
And take you to the park-?

Eddie nods. -- Frank's eyes widen, a tear forming.

The men lock eyes. Frank recognizes him.

Eddie jumps on Frank, embracing him. Frank returns the hug, a tear falling down his face.

EDDIE
Dad...

They stay in this hug as we...

SLOW FADE TO
BLACK.