

FORGOTTEN WORDS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

WILL, 47, kind but continuously struggling to balance it all, is staring at himself in the vanity mirror. His eyes are slightly sunken in with dark circles under them. He breathes deeply and looks back at the open drawer in front of him, grabbing underwear, pants, and a t-shirt. Will turns around and speaks to a man lying in the bed behind him.

WILL

Cmon, you gotta get up.

ALAN TUCKER, 83, is soft on the inside despite his rough exterior. He has tattoos all over. One of them sits on his wrist, a pair of angel wings with the name "Beatrice" under it. He's tucked under the covers with his eyes slightly drooping, looking frail. He doesn't respond to Will.

Will sighs, slightly annoyed, and walks over to Alan's side. He places the stack of clothes on the nightstand. He then puts his arms out to help Alan up.

ALAN

No! I'm not getting up.

WILL

I understand, but your doctor says you have to walk at least fifteen minutes every day. If you do it now and get it over with, you can spend the rest of the day in bed.

Alan looks away from Will with his brows slightly furrowed. He continues not to look at him.

WILL (CONT'D)

Cmon let's go.

Will reaches for Alan again, and Alan begins to shout.

ALAN

(frustrated)

No! Stop touching me! I'm not going anywhere!

Will, a little startled, backs away. He runs his hands down his face and rubs his eyes.

WILL

Look, Mr.Tucker, you either get up now or get up later-

ALAN

I'm not getting up at all! Who are you, telling me what to do?

Will sighs heavily again. He looks around the room, gathering his thoughts.

WILL

I'm your...caretaker, Mr.Tucker. Your family hired me to take care of you.

ALAN

Who? My mom? Sister? Neither of them likes doctors.

WILL

No. Your son.

Beat.

ALAN

Son? I don't have a goddamn son. What are you talking about?

Will exhales sharply. He walks away from Alan and crosses the room. He reaches an abandoned but full laundry basket near the vanity. He starts to fold the clean clothes.

WILL

Okay, well, either way, you need to get up, and I can't leave until you do.

ALAN

Fuck you, asshole! You don't know me!

Will turns around, facing towards Alan. His fists are clenched, and his eyes are starting to water.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You don't know my life, and I don't care what you say I need! If I have a son, get him; he's probably better than whatever fuck up you are.

Will stays quiet. His hands start to shake, and his left eye is slightly twitching.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Go back to your excuse of a family.
I'm sure YOUR father's real proud
of your pathetic ass-

WILL

(shouts)

Yeah, well, he is! He used to be
really proud of me! But now he
can't say a single word to me
without forgetting it! And you know
what! I've given up everything,
EVERYTHING for him, and he still
can't find it in him to actually
see me at all! You don't know what
it's like! How it feels-

ALAN

Don't you yell at me! You're just
some piece of shit worker that
won't amount to anything.

Will's tears are now flowing heavily. His whole body is
shaking.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Go cry to your mommy cause I don't
give a crap about that shit here!

Will stands there quietly and defeated, his shoulders tense.
Alan points towards the door.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Go! Leave!

Will stands there for a moment.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Get out of here, asshole! Get out!
GET OUT!

Will walks towards the door, grabs the doorknob, and a tattoo
is seen on his wrist. Angel wings with the word "Mama"
written under it. He turns the doorknob and slams the door,
not looking back. A WHACK is heard from Alan punching the
door.

WILL (O.C.)

(tearfully)

FUCK!

Will continues to sob and yell.

FADE OUT.