

SCRIPT TITLE

Forgotten Waters

Written by

Tyrell

INT. NURSING HOME - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Many staff members were eating or chatting as CYNTHIA, 20's, sips on her coffee at a table. JOYCE, 30's walks over to Cynthia carrying her lunch box.

CYNTHIA

Good evening Joyce, you on break?

JOYCE

Yes, finally. You?

CYNTHIA

Just another minute or two. My feet are killing me.

Joyce sits downs across Cynthia.

JOYCE

Girl I hear that, plus a resident tried to hit me with their cane not too long ago.

CYNTHIA

Really? That's not like them to do something so...

Joyce unwraps her lunch

JOYCE

Ill-mannered?

CYNTHIA

Yeah, it's a little surprising honestly.

The break room door swings open outward, MASON, 30's, leans into the room.

MASON

Is anyone here about to get off break?

CYNTHIA

I am, what's up?

MASON

A resident is being rowdy over his dinner, I can't get him to calm down.

JOYCE

Still? It's been a few minutes now.

MASON  
Yeah, but no luck.

CYNTHIA  
Alright, I'll help you out. Catch  
you later Joyce.

Cynthia stands up, walks to the clock machine, punches back  
in, walks to Mason.

JOYCE  
Good luck y'all.

Mason and Cynthia leave the break room.

INT. NURSING HOME - RESIDENTIAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Many doors littered the hall as Cynthia and Mason pace toward  
GEORGE, 70's, looks contempt standing in front of a door,  
cane in hand.

Cynthia eases towards George.

CYNTHIA  
Hi, my name is Cynthia. How are  
you?

George swings his cane creating distance between them.

GEORGE  
Where is my dinner? I'm starving.

CYNTHIA  
I'm sorry, we don't mean to keep  
you waiting. But you may hurt  
yourself if you stay out in the  
hall.

George swings his cane more, he stumbles, loses his balance,  
but Cynthia rushes behind him to prevent him falling.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Are you okay? You have to be  
careful you can really hurt  
yourself.

GEORGE  
I...thank you.

George regains his posture with his cane.

CYNTHIA  
How about I help you into your  
room, while Mason gets your dinner?

GEORGE  
Sure, okay.

MASON  
I'll get his food from the kitchen  
and meet you in his room.

Cynthia nods, Mason turns around and walks away, Cynthia slowly escorts George to his room.

INT. NURSING HOME - GEORGE'S ROOM - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cynthia walks George in to his room, eases him on to the living room couch.

GEORGE  
Thank you for helping me in.

CYNTHIA  
Not a problem at all, you have a  
really nice place here.

Cynthia admires all the decorating and furnishing, Mason walks in food in hand.

MASON  
Here you go George.

He puts the food down on the coffee table in front of George.

MASON (CONT'D)  
Cynthia I gotta run, can you prep  
his meal before you go?

CYNTHIA  
Yeah, I got this. Do what you gotta  
do.

Mason nods, waves at George, turns and heads out closing the door behind him.

Cynthia opened up the container of George's dinner and began cutting up the food.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
So George, do you have a wife or  
any kids?

GEORGE

No, nothing like that anymore. My wife passed a long time ago.

CYNTHIA

I'm so sorry to hear, I'm sure she was very sweet.

GEORGE

Would you like to see what she looks like?

George leaned to his left, grabbed a framed picture, handed it to Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

She's beautiful, I must say she kind of looks like me.

She holds the picture next to her face for a side by side comparison.

GEORGE

You look just like her, you even have a similar scar on your foreheads.

Cynthia looks back at the photo and sees the scar on the woman's forehead.

CYNTHIA

Oh yeah I totally see it.

GEORGE

Um...would you happen yo know who your parents are?

Cynthia puts the photo down on the coffee table, she looks at George.

CYNTHIA

No, I don't know anything. I was orphaned early after I was born. I always dreamt of having them in my life.

George's face converted into an alarmed state of shock.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Hey, are you okay?

GEORGE

Mhm, I'm alright. (stuttering) just a bit shocked is all.

CYNTHIA  
Shocked that I'm an orphan? But  
why?

George looks away nervously, looks at his food, looks away again.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Do You know something about my real  
parents?

GEORGE  
What? No, nothing at all. Such a  
crazy thing to say.

Cynthia sits next to George on the couch.

CYNTHIA  
Please, if you know any--

GEORGE  
I said I don't know!

Cynthia is taken aback, looking alarmed by the outburst.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I think you should leave, there's  
other residents who need help with  
dinner.

Cynthia stands up, paces back and forth slowly.

CYNTHIA  
What do I have to do to get you to  
tell me where my parents are?

GEORGE  
There is nothing to do because I  
know nothing.

She stops pacing, looks at George with anger.

CYNTHIA  
I've been nothing but nice to you.  
The least you can do is be honest  
with me.

George made eye contact, then looked away scratching his forearm.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
I actually don't have time for  
this. If you need help, somebody  
will check on you a little later.

Cynthia walks to the door.

GEORGE  
I'm your father Cynthia...

She halts gripping the door knob, she lets go, turns around to George.

CYNTHIA  
What did you just say?

George slowly stood up, faces Cynthia.

GEORGE  
Cynthia Roberts, I am your  
biological father who gave you up  
shortly after you were born.

Cynthia walks up to George.

CYNTHIA  
You...you're My father? Then what  
happened to your wife, my mother?

GEORGE  
When we younger, we did drugs a  
lot. All we care about was drugs,  
sex, and freedom from our own  
parents.

George bites his bottom lip, looks away for a second, looks back at Cynthia.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
One day we got caught up and then  
boom, you came along. You see, you  
were an accident and we simply  
never wanted you.

Cynthia covers her mouth in horror, then after a few seconds she moves her hands.

CYNTHIA  
You're lying, this...is all a lie!

GEORGE  
The idea of raising you stressed  
her out, she went harder on the  
drugs and eventually.

She bursts into tears, sobbing.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

With her gone, there was no way I  
could be capable of taking care of  
you. I sent you to an orphanage.

He offers his hand to console her, she smacks it away.

CYNTHIA

All my life I never had my real  
parents, just to know they never  
even wanted me. Just so they could  
live a little.

GEORGE

I'm sorry. We were simply never fit  
to be your parents.

CYNTHIA

You could have at least been there  
for me! Something would have been  
better than nothing.

She wipes her eyes, takes a deep breath.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I have a lot to think about, but at  
least I know the truth. You never  
wanted me. And I will just have to  
accept that.

She turns to the door and opens it.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Enjoy your dinner...George.

She walks out, closing the door behind her.