

FORGET ME NOT

Written by

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INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

JOAN WILSON (70's) lays quietly in a home hospital bed. She stares off into the distance, detached from the world.

The door squeals open.

ELSA WILSON (50's), her daughter, enters carrying a breakfast tray.

ELSA
Mom, its time to eat.

She sets down the tray on a side-table. Hands Joan a GLASS of orange juice.

Joan grabs the glass, looks at it momentarily. She takes a slow sip. Her eyes widen.

CRASH! Joan wields the glass across the room, sending crystal shards across the wooden floor.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Mom! What are you doing?

JOAN
It's poison! You're trying to kill me!

ELSA
Mom, calm down, it's just orange juice!

JOAN
Who are you? Get out of my house!

Joan thrashes, rips at the blankets around her. Tries to get out of bed.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Get out of here! I hate you!

Elsa hurries over to Joan, trying to lay her back down.

ELSA
Mom, lie down you're going to hurt yourself.

In the midst of the struggle, Elsa STEPS ON A SHARD OF GLASS. Screams out in pain.

She drops to the floor, tending to her foot.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

In front of a window, Joan sits calmly in a ROCKING CHAIR, staring out into the daylight.

On her hands and knees, Elsa sweeps up the glass.

Frustrated, she weeps quietly, tears welling over.

A knock on the door.

Elsa quickly wipes her eyes, looks up to see her sister KERRY (40's).

KERRY

What happened in here? Is
everything okay with mom?

Kerry hurries over to help her sister, who angrily pulls away.

ELSA

Dont! I've got it--

KERRY

I'm just trying to help--

ELSA

You wanna help? Maybe try coming
around more than just once every
other month--

Kerry is dumbfounded.

ELSA (CONT'D)

You wanna help? Try caring for her
everyday and see how awful she
really is--

KERRY

Elsa, stop. She's our mom--

ELSA

She doesn't even remember me Kerry.
You know that? She tells me she
hates me every single day.

KERRY

Its the dementia talking and you
know it.

ELSA

I don't even know who she is
anymore.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Weary-eyed, Elsa carries a basket of laundry to a nearby closet. Loads several items into it. She stops suddenly when she hears--

A GENTLE HUMMING. It's a familiar tune, soothing, melodic, beautiful.

Elsa follows the melody to Joan's room. She peaks in, sees Joan asleep in her bed, holding a BABY DOLL.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elsa tucks Joan in with the baby doll. Fixes the pillow under her head--

Suddenly, she feels something underneath the pillow. Pulls out A STACK OF PHOTOS.

Elsa thumbs through picture after picture : Images of YOUNG JOAN and BABY ELSA. Happy. Smiling.

Elsa turns over one of the photos. Sees the handwritten words: "April 1965. To My Oldest, Elsa. Mommy will always love you."

Elsa holds the image to her heart, fighting back tears.

QUICK FLASHES - JOAN'S MOTHERHOOD MEMORIES

-- Young Joan comforts a fussy Baby Elsa

-- Baby Elsa knocks a ceramic bowl off the counter from her high chair

-- Young Joan picks up ceramic remnants on her hands and knees, frustrated.

-- Young Joan rocks Baby Elsa to sleep, humming the SAME GENTLE TUNE.

BACK TO SCENE

Teary eyed, Elsa slips the photos back under Joan's pillow.

She strokes her mother's hair, kisses her forehead, and turns off the light.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Joan sits in front of the window in her rocking chair.

Elsa stands at the doorway. She takes a deep-breath,
preparing for another typical day.

A HAND SLIPS INTO HERS. SQUEEZES.

Elsa looks up to see Kerry, right by her side. The sisters
share a smile.

KERRY

We'll get through this together.