

FORGOTTEN

Written by

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INT. Corridor - Night

Distant thuds echo through the otherwise quiet corridor, and we pass through closed doors, decorative chairs, a table with lamps atop it and familial pictures hanging atop the walls as we travel through it, seemingly getting closer to the thuds as they grow louder.

Then we turn into a kitchen with a marble topped island in its centre through an open entryway, moving around as we turn towards the entryway.

At the bottom of the frame is a boy, seemingly in his teenage years. His breathing is heavy, but he's making an effort to keep it quiet. Over him, as the thuds come to a head, an old man enters the frame, pausing at the centre of the entryway in boots, a shotgun in his grasp.

We pull back as the man walks into the kitchen, so as both ends of the island and some of the adjacent counters are in the shot.

As the man goes right of the of the counter from our perspective, the boy begins to moves to the left quietly, hiding underneath the end of the table as the man peers over to his previously occupied spot. Then the man moves to check the other end.

The boy launches upwards to the entryway, purposely dropping to floor just before as a shot rings, pellets detroying part of the wall across him.

Old Man
(furiously)
Shit.

The boy's up and running already, as the old man fumbles for his pockets, pacing towards him and the corridor. The boy disappears the way the old man came in the corridor before the old man leaves the room.

The old man stops outside the kitchen again, looking down to the shotgun as he loads in the ammo. Then, he pauses, and raises his head from his weapon, and turns to the wall next to him.

Its a picture, of a younger version him with a woman of about the same age. After a beat, he raises a shaky hand to it, caressing the visage of the woman with his fingers.

Old Man
(whispering)
They can't have you.

Close on his face as his expression grows resolute, and back outwards as he tubes in the ammo with vigour.

INT. Bedroom - Night

The Boy locks the door of to the bedroom as soon as he closes the door, pacing to a cellular device on the bed of the room. He fiddles with it with a shaky hand, but it doesn't turn on.

He drops it, frantically looking about the room, before turning and opening the blinds behind him. The window is bared too closely.

The knob turning makes him jump, and he turns to regard the closet at the end of the room for a beat.

It's clear he knows he cant hide, and it is then the situation settles into him. His breathing audibly begins to grow less controlled.

A thud at the door, of The Old Man slamming himself against it.

The Boy (CONT'D)
N-No no, stop!

A thud.

The Boy (CONT'D)
You don't know what you're doing!

A thud.

The Boy
Please!

Then there's silence, and we hear nothing but his The Boys
bated breathing for a long time.

Then a shot ripples through the handle, half-tearing the
wood around it. Not enough to destroy it, but

The Boy visibly braces himself.

The Old Man tries to push through the door again. Falling
again, we can see him readying for a another shot at it
through the destroy part of the door.

When it rings, The Boy runs through it. His force behind the
door smashes into The Old Man, and we see him fall back into
the wall behind him and then the floor, disorientated. Then
The Boy is on him in an instant, throwing punches at him on
the floor with a scream.

He stops himself, and when he stands, we see him looking at
the man with anything but hate. The Old Man is still, but
still alive.

The Boy
(Whispering)
I'm sorry...

The Boy reaches down to his body, and fumbles into his
pockets, and his hand comes out with a key, with shotgun
shells falling out inot the floor. We see him glance to the
weapon, sprawled onto the floor, before he quickly picks it
up before running down the hall.

We cut back to where we started, looking down onto the corridor as the The Boy approaches with a sprint. He stops in front of us before we cut to his back, just as he begins to unlock the door into the house with the keys.

EXT. An Isolated House - Night

We see The Boy open the door outside but there's a woman approaching the single step that lead to the building.

We cut to a two shot of them.

The Boy

Mom -

Mom

(Frantic)

Andy! Are you okay?! I heard
Gunshots and called the police -

Andy

We have to hide until they get here.

Mom

What about your grandfather?

We see her gaze shift to the shotgun.

Mom

(Voice breaking)

Andy, what's happened?

We see her try to get past him, but he stops her, instead trying to pull her away from the house, but she resists him.

Mom

(Struggling)

Stop! Stop! What happened?!
Where is he?! What did you do?!

Andy
Me?! He's that one that's doing
This mom! He didn't take his -

We hear a shot ring, and see a splatter of blood cover the
moms face.

She lets out a blood-curdling scream just as Andys body
begins to fall, and then there's another shot, then she is
silenced too.

We cut to a long shot of The Old Man, just as he lowers the
pistol in his hands. He regards the bodies of his daughter
and grandson for a beat, before he turns into the house,
closing to door as he enters.

INT. Living Room - Night

We hear The Old Mans boots to our left as we watch the sofas
of the room, softening as he walks further away from us,
ceasing complete for a moment, before they approach again.

The Old Man walks into the frame with something in hand,
before occupying the the single seat sofa. His breathing is
heavy too now, in the silence of the night.

We cut to what he held in his hand, with it laid on his
legs. It's the picture of the woman and him we had seen in
the hall.

A teardrop splatters over the glass of its frame, as we hear
the distant sirens of the police.

Black.