

REVIVE US AGAIN

Written by

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SERIES ONE

"Revive Us Again, Episode One"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. GARRISON JUVENILE HOME - MORNING

GRADY (35), Supervisor, muscular built, handsome, stern yet compassionate, ambles into the gym.

About ninety young people, dressed in bright red jumpsuits, laugh and gab.

Grady claps his hands.

GRADY

Okay, listen up. We have selected a site for your community service.

The young people groan and complain.

Grady raises his hand in the air.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Hold it. Let's get quiet. This community service is a requirement. This will be a good way for you to give back and help others.

TERRENCE (16), Caucasian, lackadaisical leaps up.

TERRENCE

Why an old folks home? What's with that?

GRADY

You have no choice, so sit down and listen up.

Terrence waves his hand, trying to be hip.

TERRENCE

Whatever.

Terrence flops down.

Vanessa (17) African-American, abrasive, plump and wearing a weave pops her gum and plops her legs across an empty chair.

VANESSA

Dang.

Juan (16) Hispanic, high-strung, slender, with tattoos all over his body, folds his arm, leaning back on the chair.

JUAN

Damn.

Sandra (18) Caucasian, dyed blond hair, pudgy, twang voice, and rough appearance, severe depression and had severak suicide attempts, stares into space.

Sam (18) African-American, 6'3", wild Afro, trouble-maker, cross around his neck and tattoo of a naked girl on his arm, loud and boisterous, whispers in Michael's ear.

SAM

Man, they're playing us for damn fools.

Michael (17) African-American, wearing dreadlocks, scarred arms, bitter, and distant intervenes.

MICHAEL

(fuming)

Yeah, we're already doing muthafuckin time. Why do we gotta do dat community shit?

The others echo in agreement, "Yeah."

GRADY

(irate)

Look, either you do the community service or extend your sentences, so make up your minds right now.

First there are grumbles and then silence.

Grady peruses the room.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Okay, that's more like it. The place we have selected is Blooms Nursing Home.

Anger and bitterness fester inside of Michael.

He bounces up, waves his hand screaming.

MICHAEL

Fuck dat, I ain't gonna go to no old folks home. That's bullshit.

Michael tosses his chair and stomps out the room.

GRADY

Stop him.

The guards at the door restrain Michael.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Sit your ass down.

MICHAEL

(threatening)

Man, you can't make me sit down.

GRADY

Bring him back to his seat.

The guards try to force Michael back into his seat, but he wrestles with them until he frees himself from their grip.

Michael thrusts his hand in the air.

MICHAEL

Fuck you man. I don't have to take
this shit.

Michael scurries through the door and the guards chase after him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Fuck dat nigga.

GRADY

Let him go. I'll deal with him later.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHT BLOOMS NURSING HOME

Snores, sighs, moans and groans can be heard throughout the dimly lit corridors.

A loud scream awakens the place as nurses dash to the rescue.

BLOOMS NURSING HOME - ROOM 151, 3:00 A.M.

NINA (25), RN, baby face and stocky, switches on the light.

MARIAN (80), former opera singer, attractive, prim and proper and unapproachable, harangues.

MARIAN

I want to go home. Let me out of this place. I do not belong here.

NINA

Marian, calm down.

Marian pushes the sheets away trying to get up.

ANGELINA (77), religious, loving, vibrant and spirited

Angelina yawns, sits up, and watches the commotion.

MARIAN

No, I am not going to calm down. You people are keeping me here against my will.

Nina and another nurse wrestle with Marian to lay her back down.

NINA

Marian, you're disturbing the other patients.

Angelina yawns.

ANGELINA

Marian, please go to sleep. I need to get my rest.

Marian gives Angelina a dirty look.

MARIAN

Why don't you mind your own business.

ANGELINA

(angry)

How can I mind my own business when you keep waking me up every other night with your screams.

Nina holds her hand up signaling them to stop.

NINA

Okay ladies, let's calm down and go back to sleep.

Marian and Angelina huff under their breaths as they turn away from each other.

FADE IN:

INT. BLOOMS NURSING HOME - NEXT DAY - MORNING

ALICE (84), feisty annoying, with a shrill voice, roams the hall harassing anyone in her path.

Alice rolls toward Trina.

ALICE

Please loosen these straps. I want these straps off.

TRINA (28), RN, gorgeous, strong-minded, self-reliant, and authoritative stares at Alice.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Could you help me?

TRINA

What is it Alice?

Alice tugs on the straps around her waist.

ALICE

These straps are too tight. Do you have any scissors?

TRINA

No Alice, I cannot cut those straps.

ALICE

These straps are causing me to suffocate.

Alice coughs.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I need them cut.

TRINA

They are not tight and I don't have
any scissors.

Trina ambles away while ALICE heads for a visitor.

ALICE

Could you please help me?

Sympathetic, the visitor stoops.

VISITOR

How can I help you?

With a desperate look, Alice tugs on the straps.

ALICE

I need to loosen these straps.

The visitor looks toward the nurses station for help.

Waving their hands, the nurses signal the visitor to ignore
Alice.

VISITOR

I'm sorry, I can't help you.

The visitor strolls away.

Alice continues searching for her next victim.

Isabel (65) former ballet dancer, medium height, slender,
regal attitude, wearing a tutu, parades to Trina.

ISABEL

Trina, I have a complaint.

Trina covers her mouth to hide her giggles.

Nina and the other nurses turn away to laugh.

Trina uncovers her mouth.

TRINA

What is it Isabel?

ISABEL

Someone has been tampering with my
clothes.

TRINA

Isabel, what happened?

Isabel turns around.

ISABEL

Look at this. Some one cut a hole
in my tutu.

Trina and the others burst into laughter seeing Isabel's
butt exposed.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

This is not funny. Someone has
completely destroyed my tutu. Now I
can not perform my pas de deux.

TRINA

(serious)

I'm sorry Isabel. We'll get you
another tutu and I'll get to the
bottom of this.

ISABEL

(sad)

This was my only tutu.

TRINA

(compassionate)

I know. I will pick you up another
one tomorrow. In fact, I will get
you two.

Isabel beams.

ISABEL

Really! Thank you Trina.

As Isabel sashays to her room, the nurses are snickering.

Trina saunters into Marian's room.

TRINA

Hi, Marian, how are you feeling today?

MARIAN

(grumpy)

Terrible!

TRINA

I heard you had another rough night.

MARIAN

Yes, I need to get out of here. I
want to go home.

TRINA hands Marian her medicine and water.

MARIAN takes her medicine.

TRINA

I'm sorry, you can't go home right now. You have to get better.

MARIAN

I feel fine, so when can I go home?

TRINA

I'll discuss this with your niece, but for now you have to make the best of it. How about playing bingo this afternoon?

MARIAN

No thank you.

TRINA

Okay, that's fine, but tomorrow everyone has to eat in the cafeteria.

MARIAN clicks on the television, avoiding the conversation.

TRINA gives Angelina her medicine.

TRINA (CONT'D)

How are you feeling Angelina?

ANGELINA

(perky)

Great!

TRINA

Are you going to play bingo today? I heard you won twenty dollars last time.

Angelina smiles and clasps her hands.

ANGELINA

Yes!

TRINA

Marian, maybe you should go and try your luck.

Marian listens attentively to an opera on TV and ignores their conversation.

TRINA (CONT'D)

That singer has a beautiful voice.

MARIAN

(dry)

Yes.

TRINA

I heard you once sung opera.

MARIAN

Yes.

TRINA

Maybe one day you can sing for us.

MARIAN

No thank you.

TRINA

Well, I have to continue my rounds.

Trina ambles out and hears a loud commotion next door and rushes over.

EARL (85), former classical pianist, handsome, meticulous, and aloof, pushes the medicine away.

EARL

Leave me alone.

NINA

Earl, you have to take your medicine.

TRINA

What's going on.

NINA

Earl doesn't want to take his medicine.

EARL

I'm tired of you nurses bothering me. Just leave me alone.

TRINA

Look, Earl, you have to take your medicine.

Nina hands Earl the pills again.

EARL

This is what I think of your darn medicine.

Earl throws the pills on the floor.

EARL (CONT'D)

Now leave me alone.

TRINA

(upset)

Earl, why did you do that?

EARL

Because I'm sick of this place and
your stupid rules.

Nina and Trina pick up the pills.

Earl pulls his covers around him and lays down, turning away.

Nina and Trina exit.

NINA

How are we going to get him to take
his medicine?

TRINA

We'll blend his pills in his juice.
He won't notice the difference. He
is always depressed.

NINA

Just like--

NINA & TRINA

(smiling)

Marian.

BLOOMS NURSING HOME PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

Several men in wheel chairs smoke cigarettes and converse.

Stan (70) poet, sensitive, determined but loves to tell jokes.

STAN

You mean to tell me you played with
Duke Ellington. You must be good.

Grover (82) jazz musician, humble, intriguing, crowd pleaser
and loves entertaining, boasts.

GROVER

Only the best!

STAN

Man that's great!

GROVER

Those were the good old days.

STAN

Yeah, I know what you mean.

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

I love jazz music. It's the best. Sometimes when I'm writing, I listen to jazz and that music put me in the right mood.

GROVER

(dispirited)

I never thought I would end up in a place like this.

STAN

Me too.

Dan (79) former hairstylist, thrives for attention, argumentative, and addicted to cigarettes.

DAN

Do you all know that fellow in Room 154?

STAN

You mean grouchy Earl.

DAN

Yeah, I heard that one time he was a classical pianist. Real famous!

GROVER

You couldn't tell that by the way he acts. He's a pain in the ass.

DAN

I just stay away from people like that.

STAN

He doesn't seem like some big time classical pianist to me. You sure about that?

DAN

What, are you calling me a liar?

STAN

(giggling)

Well, you sometimes imagine things. Remember when you thought that nurse was your former girlfriend. She smacked you over the head when you tried to come on to her. Man your face looked like a prune.

Everybody laughs, slapping their arms on their wheel chairs and points at Dan.

Dan moves his chair closer to Stan and leans forward.

DAN

Yeah, well when you writing those
stupid poems and talking to yourself,
you look and sound like a fool.

Stan angrily jabs his finger at Dan.

STAN

My poems are not stupid. The one
that is stupid is you.

DAN

Are you calling me dumb, you jerk?

STAN

If the shoe fits then wear it. You're
a big dumb ass.

DAN

That's it!

Dan shoves Stan's wheelchair and Stan tumbles.

Everybody shouts, "Get up, Get up Stan.

Stan struggles, but eventually pulls himself back in his
wheelchair.

Grover rolls his chair between the two, yelling.

GROVER

Come on guys stop this.

Stan rolls around Grover and shoves Dan's chair and Dan
topples.

The nurses rush out and pull Dan up.

Nina rolls Stan's chair away.

Stan holds up one fist.

STAN

Let me at that slimy sucker.

Dan holds up both fists, rising out of his chair.

The nurses force him back down.

DAN

Who are you calling a slimy sucker
you nerdy fool.

Trina rushes out screaming.

TRINA
Stop this at once!

Everybody freezes.

Trina commands with her hands.

TRINA (CONT'D)
Get them back into their rooms.

Grover holds up his hands surrendering.

GROVER
I had nothing to do with this. I
tried to break them up.

TRINA
Thanks Grover, but you have to go
back to your room too.

The nurses roll the men away.

GARRISON JUVENILE HOME - CONTINUOUS

Grady struts in Michael's bare, 8-by-10-foot cell.

Michael lies in bed, listening to his ipod.

Michael sees Grady and removes the earplugs.

GRADY
So have you calm down.

MICHAEL
Man, what you want. Leave me alone.

GRADY
Michael, you got to let go of this
bitterness and anger?

Michael sits up.

MICHAEL
Look, you diss me in front of my
peeps, so just leave me alone.

GRADY
I'm sorry but you were out of line.

MICHAEL
Yeah man, whatever you say. I've
been put down all my life, so it
doesn't matter.

GRADY

Michael, it does matter. You got to try and stop hanging on to your past. I understand your hurt, but it was not your fault that you had an abusive stepfather and your mother was strung out on heroin.

MICHAEL

Yeah, what you know about anything and who cares what you think.

GRADY

I know you hate feeling or looking weak in front of your peers or being vulnerable or disrespected, so I'm sorry.

Michael conceals his teary eyes and looks away.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Look Michael, I know you had to hustle at an early age but you don't have to do that anymore. Let me help you.

MICHAEL

(annoyed)

Help me. Help me. Man, nobody can fucking help me. The only person that cared about me was my grandma and she's gone.

GRADY

I know you're hurting inside, but please let me help you start a new life.

MICHAEL

I don't care if I get out. It's just me man. No one else.

GRADY

Look Mike, just do the community service. Sometimes when you help others, it makes you feel good inside. You never know, these old people maybe a blessing in disguise. Just for my sake, think about it.

Grady looks intently at Michael.

GRADY (CONT'D)

If anything, help yourself.

Grady meanders away.

Michael puts his earplugs in and lies down, hugging his pillow.

FLASH BACK

INT. MICHAEL'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOME - AFTERNOON

Michael plays the piano, makes mistakes and stops.

INSTRUCTOR

Michael, keep on going.

TEN-YEAR OLD MICHAEL

This piece is hard. Why can't I play hip music.

INSTRUCTOR

Michael, you have to learn classical music first so continue.

Michael resumes playing, making fewer mistakes.

His grandmother listens, smiles and claps when Michael finishes.

GRANDMOTHER

Michael, that was great!

TEN-YEAR OLD MICHAEL

(smiling proudly)

Thanks Grandma.

GRANDMOTHER

One day you're going to be a famous pianist. I just could feel it.

His grandmother embraces him and MICHAEL melts in her arms.

Michael squeezes the pillow, imagining he is hugging his grandmother.

When he opens his teary eyes to reality, he angrily flings the pillow against the wall.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BLOOMS NURSING HOME - NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Alice rolls toward a visitor and tugs at the straps.

ALICE
Could you please help me? Do you
have any scissors?

The visitor turns and goes in the opposite direction and
Alice follows.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Wait, come back.

Trina observes the scene and rescues the visitor.

TRINA
Alice leave the visitor alone.

ALICE
I don't mean any harm. I just need
some scissors.

TRINA
Alice, I have told you over and over
again, you cannot get out that wheel
chair.

ALICE
These straps are too tight.

Trina tests the straps by placing her hands inside of them.

TRINA
They are not tight.

Alice pants.

ALICE
They are. I can hardly breathe.

TRINA
Okay, I'll have a nurse take you
back to your room and put you in
bed.

ALICE gives Trina a repulsive look and rolls away.

INT. BLOOM'S DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The nurses coach some of the patients to eat.

The patients groan sounds of joy and sadness.

Marian head slumps to the side as she tries to eat.

Nina moves to Marian.

NINA

How are things going Marian?

MARIAN

Terrible!

NINA

You need some help eating?

MARIAN

No, thank you.

DEBRA (40), niece, intelligent, easy going, and warmhearted appears at the doorway and spots Marian.

She ambles over to her and kisses her on the cheek.

DEBRA

Hi Auntie Marian. How are you doing?

Marian gives Debra a sickening look and nods her head.

MARIAN

Terrible!

NINA

Marian didn't want to leave her room, but we thought it would be good for her.

MARIAN

I could have eaten in my room. This is ridiculous.

DEBRA

Auntie Marian it's good to get out of your room sometime.

MARIAN

When can I go home?

DEBRA

Not now, you got to get better. The more you get out of the bed the stronger you will get.

Marian shoves the plate.

MARIAN

This food is nasty.

NINA

You want something else.

Marian waves her hand in disgust.

MARIAN

No, don't bother.

Nina tries to feed Marian.

NINA

You ate a little. Try to eat a little more.

Marian turns her face.

Debra picks up the glass of juice.

Nina goes to another patient.

DEBRA

Try to drink some juice.

Debra holds up the glass with a straw to Marian's lips.

Loving the attention, Marian sips the juice.

Debra places the glass on the table.

MARIAN

(smiling)

Thank you.

DEBRA

How have they been treating you?

MARIAN

(smirks)

Terrible!

DEBRA

(alarm)

Marian, what have they been doing to you?

A nurse passes by and MARIAN rolls her eyes.

MARIAN

It's horrible in here.

DEBRA

(upset)

I'm going to talk to the head nurse.

MARIAN

Don't bother. I just want to get out
of here.

DEBRA

As soon as you get better.

Marian smirks.

MARIAN

I am better.

DEBRA

Marian, you cannot walk.

MARIAN

Yes I can.

DEBRA

Okay, show me.

Marian waves her hand.

MARIAN

Just forget it.

DEBRA

Auntie Marian, I don't want to see
you here either, but you cannot take
care of yourself right now. You
need help.

MARIAN

(disappointed)
Whatever you say.

DEBRA

Marian, I have to go, but I'll see
you next week, okay.

MARIAN

(sad)
Okay.

Debra kisses Marian on her forehead and strides away,
constantly looking back and waving.

Marian, teary eye, slumps her head.

NURSES STATION - CONTINUOUS

NINA

This is starting to become a crazy
day. I hope it doesn't get any worse.

Trina looks at her watch.

TRINA

Come on, we're late for the staff meeting.

Trina and Nina hustle down the hall and enter the meeting room.

HORACE (42) owner, egotistical, finicky, businessman and greedy, beckons them to sit down.

HORACE

Come in ladies and take a seat. I heard about the commotion yesterday on the terrace. Is everything under control?

TRINA

(breathy)
Yes sir.

HORACE

That's good. Maybe you're giving the patients too much freedom. Remember this is a controlled environment.

TRINA

I know sir, but a little freedom is good for them. We cannot treat them like children or caged animals.

HORACE

(stern)
I understand your point Trina, but there needs to be more restrictions, especially to avoid incidents like that.

TRINA

(frustrated)
They need more stimulating activities besides bingo and maybe a little contact with the outside world.

HORACE

Well, you must be reading my mind. I was just going to bring up that subject. Garrison Juvenile Home would like some of their young people to do their community service here.

Mumbling sounds are heard from the staff.

TRINA

(distress)

What! They want to do community service here!

HORACE

Yes, and I think it is a good idea.

NINA

How is that going to work?

TRINA

Yes, they have criminal records. This is not the type of outside contact I was talking about.

HORACE

(pompous)

I know, but this would be good to build up Bloom's Nursing Home reputation.

TRINA

Build up our reputation. How? With little criminals running around.

HORACE

(electrified)

Think of when the media gets a hold of this, the publicity.

(beaming)

I could see the headlines now. "Bloom's Nursing Home Bridges the Gap Between the Young and Old".

NINA

This is crazy. I am not going to police criminals.

TRINA

Mr. Payne, you're only thinking about the publicity and fame. What if something tragically happens?

HORACE

You're blowing this out of proportion. They will only be involved in supervised task around the facility. They will have little contact with the patients.

TRINA

So how will this benefit the patients? This is not what I'm

(MORE)

TRINA (CONT'D)
talking about. I am talking
about cultural things.

Horace stares at them with menacing eyes.

HORACE
We have to find innovative ways to
increase revenue and this maybe the
answer. The government could increase
our funding and maybe other agents
or companies would support us. And
besides this may give the seniors
inspiration having young people
around.

The staff grumbles.

Trina crosses her legs.

TRINA
This is ridiculous.

Horace points and threatens them.

HORACE
You have no choice, if you want to
continue working here.

Trina stands.

TRINA
But Mr. Payne...

Horace hands Trina a card.

HORACE
(hardhearted)
Set up a meeting with the supervisor
of the juvenile home immediately and
get the ball rolling.

Trina snatches the card.

TRINA
(sarcastic)
Yes sir, anything you say.

HORACE
Okay, meeting adjourn.

TRINA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Trina calls Grady.

Grady picks up the phone.

GRADY
Hello, this is Mr. Mitchell.

TRINA
Mr. Mitchell, this is Trina Lancer
from Blooms Nursing Home.

GRADY
Great! I was waiting on your call.

TRINA
Mr. Payne ask me to reach out to
you. He said that you are interesting
in doing community service here.

GRADY
That's right, so when can we get
together to go over details?

TRINA
How about tomorrow?

GRADY
That's fine. Give me the time and
place.

TRINA
Why don't we meet at the Fresh Aroma
Coffee Shop, next door to the nursing
home, around 10:00.

GRADY
Okay, I'll meet you there.

TRINA
Goodbye.

GRADY
Goodbye, and thanks for calling.

Trina hangs up the phone, feels uneasy, and puts her head on
the desk.

Nina strolls in.

NINA
Trina, are you okay.

Trina raises her head.

TRINA
Yes, I'm okay. I just got a little
queasy.

NINA
Is something wrong?

TRINA
I guess talking to Mr. Mitchell at
the juvenile home kind of got to me.

NINA
You can't let that get the best of
you. It's nothing you can do to
stop this from happening.

TRINA
I know. It just that I hate to put
these seniors in a vulnerable
situation.

NINA
Yeah, I know but we both know that
this nursing home only exist to make
money, and they will use any means
to obtain it, like this publicity
stunt.

TRINA
You're right. Let's get back on
duty. I need to stay busy. Anything
To keep me from thinking about this.
I just feel so helpless.

NINA
Just remember, I'm here if you need
someone to talk to.

Trina hugs Nina.

TRINA
Thank you Nina.

BLOOM'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Grover plays the piano.

Patients and employees are grooving to the sound, tapping
their feet, moving their bodies and some dancing around.

STAN AND DAN'S ROOM

Stan writes.

Dan leers at Stan, grumbles, casting fiery eyes.

STAN'S VOICE

What happened to this beautiful world? What happened to its friendly smile? What happened to the people of joy? What happened to the people of love? Why can't we stop hating right now and bring some love between us? Reach out world and give us something new, give your everything to keep on living. Reach our world and gather all your senses, the path of life is closing, so open up the doors. And let's start now, revive us again.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

INT. GARRISON JUVENILE HOME - EVENING

Thirty-eight juveniles are being discipline for destruction of state property.

The air conditioner is not working, tempers are rising and suddenly a fight breaks out among two juveniles.

JUVENILE 1

Fuck you nigga. Don't drag me in your shit.

JUVENILE 2

Well, you betta not snitch nigga are your ass is mine.

JUVENILE 1

You threatening me man?

Juvenile 2 shoves him.

JUVENILE 2

You fuckin' prick.

Fists started flying and a riot breaks out. Sam, Terrence and Juan jump into the action.

Correctional officers intervene, resulting in five injured juveniles and two officers, and they are sent to the medical center.

Grady enters as the officers escort the juveniles into their cells.

Grady peruses the messy room.

GRADY

What in the hell happened?

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

Several of the juveniles raided one of the offices, trying to steal some of the computers but also damaging equipment and furniture, so we were trying to get to the bottom of it.

GRADY

How did this fight break out?

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

One juvenile shoved the other and it just escalated.

GRADY

I see. Well, I want to know the perpetrators because all their privileges will be suspended. We have to get this situation under control.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

Yes sir.

GRADY

We cannot let this leak to the media, especially since we are trying to enhance our reputation. This situation can interrupt our plans to do community service at Bloom's Nursing Home.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

I understand sir.

GRADY

Let's get this place back in order.