

**Whitewashed**

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SYRIA - AFTERNOON

Gray skies loom over Aleppo, a war torn city. No. Wait. That's not the sky. It's smoke. Dust. Debris. It hovers in the air scattered after each exploding bomb.

Yet another goes off blowing the roof off a:

**BUILDING**

A MAN (20's), dressed in camouflage, body armor, strapped with an assault rifle shields himself from the fallout.

He's stuck, pinned, unable to move as bullets from several SNIPER'S guns pierce through concrete like a hot knife cutting butter.

He's hit. Time suspends. Blood gushes from his arm. Another bullet slices through cheek flesh.

For a brief moment the soldier can no longer hear the CLAP of artillery. His SCREAMS fill the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. VETERANS HOSPITAL - MORNING

Police lights flash. PEOPLE go by trying to be inconspicuous. The Director of Veteran Affairs, SERGEANT HOLMES converses with a SHORE PATROL OFFICER.

SHORE PATROL OFFICER

Any ideas?

DIRECTOR

None. We're a hospital.

Not convinced, the officer continues.

SHORE PATROL OFFICER

So, you believe this was random?  
Just broke in for the hell of it?

DIRECTOR

I don't know what to tell you.

SHORE PATROL OFFICER

The pharmacy?

DIRECTOR

Untouched.

SHORE PATROL OFFICER

Nothing's missing? Nothing's been  
disturbed?

DIRECTOR

Maybe it was just some bored  
military brat.

SHORE PATROL OFFICER

(still not convinced)  
Maybe.

EXT. MAPLE OAKS DRIVE - MORNING

A car drives into a Cul de sac, passing NEIGHBORS tending to their homes. One power washes a decorative concrete wall outside his front window, ridding it of spider webs, splashes of dirt and moss.

The car pulls into a driveway, the driver's face shielded by a cap. He presses the garage door opener. It opens.

#### **GARAGE**

He exits the car carrying a large tote-bag and enters the home through an inside door. We catch a glimpse of the scar on his cheek.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A children's cartoon plays on the television. NORMAN BOGGAN, goes unnoticed by his son, RYAN (5). Norman places his tote behind the couch and continues through the living room toward a small flight of stairs.

#### **DAUGHTER'S ROOM**

He takes a seat in a rocking chair across from his infant crib. For a few moments he watches ELIZABETH'S peaceful sleep.

Eyes still closed, she gurgles, smiles and turns her head. Norman removes her from the crib and returns to the rocking chair. He cradles her in his arms and sings a lullaby.

NORMAN

Rock a bye baby on the tree top.  
When the wind blows the cradle will  
rock.

With a tear in his eye, he gently places his hand over the Elizabeth's face.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

When the bow breaks the cradle will  
fall and down will come baby cradle  
and all.

Norman places her gently back into the crib, covers her still body and walks out into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Running water from the bathroom where his wife REBECCA showers is HEARD. He knocks on the door.

**INSIDE SHOWER**

Rebecca shampoos her hair. She stops when she hears Norman's voice.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN CORRIDOR AND BATHROOM**

NORMAN

Becca.

REBECCA

We need to talk about last night.

NORMAN (O.S.)

I'll be downstairs.

REBECCA

Can you check on Lizzy?

Norman heads down the staircase.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Norman, did you hear me?

There's no response. Rebecca rinses her hair.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ryan, still is enthralled with the program, doesn't see his father standing behind him. Norman pulls a machete from his tote. He lifts his arm high in the air.

A blood curdling SCREAM bounces off the walls. Frozen:

**AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS**

Her hair wrapped in a towel, water dripping from under her robe onto the floor stands Rebecca.

REBECCA

No, Norman! Don't!

She lunges at Norman.

**BACK TO SCENE**

With one quick forceful blow, Norman decapitates his son. He and Rebecca collide. Blood splatters, covering them both, as they fall to the floor.

Norman lands on top of Rebecca. She fights to get from underneath him.

NORMAN

Becca, listen to me. I had to --

Hard, she knees him in the groin. Norman falls on his back. Becca makes a beeline for the door.