

WASH THE BLOOD AWAY

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

The soothing patter of RAIN.

INT. JARED'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

The room is a mess. Dirty laundry and random garbage is thrown about the floor.

The computer desk is cluttered with empty soda bottles and food wrappers.

There's a KNOCK at the front door.

INSERT CLOCK: 12:09 PM

Only now, JARED (26) rolls out of bed. His longish hair is disheveled and his face unshaven.

He rises out of bed and gives himself a healthy scratch.

Jared's athletic build hints at the good looking young man masked underneath this veil of unkempt.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jared opens the front door and reveals HAYDEN (17), the name stamped across his high school basketball jersey.

Hayden wears a dangerous haircut and has a muscular build.

JARED

What?

HAYDEN

Hey, you Mike?

JARED

(Groggily.)

He's not here.

Hayden perks his head up and attempts to peer inside.

HAYDEN

Where's he at?

JARED

Work. You want something?

Hayden smirks, annoyed.

HAYDEN

Nah, I'll come back later.

Jared shuts the door.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jared rifles through the fridge and pulls out an almost-empty bottle of soda and finishes off the last couple of gulps.

JARED
(Sighs.)
Great.

He chucks the empty bottle onto the counter and leaves the kitchen.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jared takes a piss in the toilet.

His head cocks to one direction. He stops peeing suddenly with a percussive DOINK!

His cellphone RINGS from the next room.

Jared exits the bathroom. He doesn't flush.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jared walks in and grabs his cell phone off the nightstand.

INSERT CELL PHONE: Mike Calling...

He rolls his eyes.

JARED
Yeah?

MIKE (V.O.)
Have you gone out today?

JARED
Gone out...?

MIKE (V.O.)
To look for a job?

JARED
Oh, that. Um, haven't gotten around to it yet.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

MIKE (30) is lean, well groomed, and looks sharp in his Armani suit.

He's busy at his desk, phone on his shoulder, typing on the computer with one hand as he rifles through a pile of files and folders with the other.

MIKE
 (Into phone.)
 It's been three months. You need to get a job.

INT. JARED'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jared paces the room as he scratches himself.

JARED
 I know, I know, but no one's hiring right now.

MIKE (V.O.)
 Dude, I just saw a hiring sign out in front of McDonald's this morning.

JARED
 No way, Mike. I told you I ain't flipping no fucking burgers.

MIKE (V.O.)
 I don't care what you do, Jared as long as you're making rent.

JARED
 It's not that simple, Mike.

MIKE (V.O.)
 Well, let me simplify it for you. Playtime's over, brother. If you can't help with next month's rent, you're out. Kapeesh?

Jared rolls his eyes.

JARED
 Whatever, Mike.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

A female secretary taps Mike on the shoulder.

SECRETARY

They're ready for you.

Mike acknowledges the secretary and she moves on.

MIKE

Look, I've got a meeting. We'll talk more about this when I get home.

Mike hangs up.

INT. JARED'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

JARED

Hey, someone came by here looking for you.

(No Response.)

Mike?

INSERT SCREEN: Call ended!

JARED (CONT'D)

Dumbass.

Jared plops down on his office chair and gets on his computer. He opens his internet browser which takes him directly to a Porn site.

BATHROOM - LATER

Jared jerks off in the shower.

KITCHEN - LATER

Jared rifles through the fridge.

JARED

Where the hell is my...?

Jared looks over to the counter and sees the empty soda bottle.

JARED (CONT'D)

Son of a...

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jared is on the hunt as he rips off the couch cushions.

He finds a small trove of loose coins. He pockets the loose money and scampers out the front door.

EXT. APARTMENT GROUNDS - DAY

The dark clouds above have unleashed a torrent of rain and high winds.

Jared makes his way across the apartment grounds impervious to the elements.

He casts his eyes upon APARTMENT 48.

The upstairs window is open. Directly below there is a large green bush with a number of it's branches broken and bent awkwardly, as if something smashed it from above.

Jared smiles.

EXT. POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Jared drops his coins down into a vending machine. Something catches his vision.

Jared slowly turns his head.

A body of a DEAD GIRL (16) floats face down in the pool.

JARED

Shit...

Jared dives into the pool and retrieves the girl and pulls her out of the water.

He turns the girl over on her back. There's a GUNSHOT WOUND to her chest.

He jumps back startled. He takes a closer look at her.

JARED (CONT'D)

Heather?

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - MAIL AREA - DAY

TITLE CARD: Yesterday.

The sun burns hot in the sky on this beautiful summer afternoon. There is no hint of the coming storm.

Jared pulls out a small stack of envelopes from the mailbox and flips through them.

JARED
(Reading.)
Mike, Mike, and Mike.
(Sighs.)
Great, all for Mike.

Jared tucks the mail envelopes under his arm and leaves.

EXT. APARTMENT 48 - DAY - CONTINUED

HEATHER (16) sits on the steps outside, smoking a cigarette. She has pale skin and a healthy figure with plenty of "junk in the trunk".

Heather wears a two-piece swimsuit with a towel wrapped around her head like a turban.

She shoots Jared a smile.

HEATHER
Hey you.

JARED
Hey yourself.

HEATHER
Get your skinny ass over here and give me a hug.

JARED
Well, because you asked me so nicely...

Jared saunters over. Heather wraps her arms around him.

HEATHER
What's up?

JARED
Nothing. What are you doing home from school so early?

HEATHER
I ditched.

JARED
Parents at work?

Heather nods and takes a drag off her cigarette.

HEATHER
Spent all morning by the pool.

JARED
How are things with you and that
new boyfriend you were telling me
about?

HEATHER
Rick's an asshole.

JARED
How come?

HEATHER
Cause he is! He didn't even buy me
a birthday present. My sixteenth
birthday! What kind of a boyfriend
doesn't buy their girlfriend a
present on her sixteenth birthday?

JARED
An asshole boyfriend?

HEATHER
Fuck him. I deserve better.

JARED
(Playing along.)
You do.

HEATHER
Really?

JARED
Look at you. You could be a model.

HEATHER
Shuddup! No I can't.

JARED
I'm serious.

HEATHER
Pfft, I'm fat.

Jared stifles a burst of laughter.

JARED
Don't say that! Look at you in that
bikini.

HEATHER
You like?

Heather does a little shake 'n bake with her hips. He stares wolfishly at her ass. Heather notices. She bites her lower lip.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Say, you wanna... come inside?

JARED
Huh?

HEATHER
We can hang out; watch TV, get high, or...
(Dirty smile.)
...whatever?

Jared thinks about it... for about two seconds.

JARED
Sure.

INT. APARTMENT 48 - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The typical afternoon 'Talk Show' plays on the tube.

On the coffee table lies Jared's mail, Heather's bikini top, and a torn open condom wrapper.

There's no one on the couch, just the bottom half of Heather's bikini, and her towel.

Jared and Heather can be heard from the bedroom down the hall; a chorus of MOANS to rhythmic SLAM of a headboard against the wall.

HEATHER (O.S.)
(Orgasmic.)
Oh God, yes. Yes!

HEATHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jared and Heather are tangled underneath the covers in the midst of a sweaty romp.

There's a crescendo of strained gasps, and cries of relief.

From the window, the sound of a CAR DOOR slams shut.

Heather's eyes go wide. She uses her legs to semi-catapult Jared off the bed and onto the floor.

She scrambles to the window.

Jared settles himself. He watches the heavy rain wash the blood away.

He looks about his surroundings in this horrible storm.

No visible witnesses.

JARED (CONT'D)

Okay...

Jared walks over and scoops up Heather's body.

He walks over dumps her back into the pool.

JARED (CONT'D)

Sorry...

Jared makes a hasty exit.

INT. JARED'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

The shower steams up the bathroom as Jared strips off his sopping wet clothes.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Jared dumps his dirty clothes into the washing machine. He grabs the detergent bottle and pours in soap. Lot's of soap.

EXT. JARED'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

The rain has stopped.

Jared carries his load of clean laundry towards the apartment.

The sound of SIRENS in the distance.

Ambulances and police cruisers pull into the parking lot.

Jared's face goes pale.

JARED

Oh God.

INT. JARED'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jared bounces one leg and fidgets nervously on the couch as he watches the local News on the TV.

The front door opens and Mike walks in.

MIKE
Who'd you kill?

Jared is stunned.

JARED
(Hard swallow.)
What?

MIKE
Dude, there's like a hundred cop cars out front. What the hell happened?

Jared exhales.

JARED
I dunno...

MIKE
The Bears game on yet?

JARED
Few minutes.

Mike plops down on the couch. He kicks his loafers off and puts his feet up. He grabs the remote and changes the channel.

MIKE
So what'd you do today? Did you walk over to McDonald's?

Jared doesn't answer.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You didn't did you?
(No Answer.)
You're something else, you know that? You're going to end up just like Dad.

JARED
(Not to be bothered.)
Mike.

MIKE
I will throw you out on your ass just like Mom did. You want me to? Cause I'll do it.

Jared gets up.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Don't you walk away from me.

JARED
I gotta take a shit.

Jared heads for the bathroom.

MIKE
Grow up dude.

JARED
Fuck you.

MIKE
What'd you say to me?

Mike rises up, ready to pound Jared into oblivion.

Jared SLAMS the bathroom door shut and locks it behind him.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Shit.

Mike answers the front door and reveals Hayden, the basketball teenager from earlier.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(Steaming.)
What?!

HAYDEN
You Mike?

MIKE
Yeah, who are you?

HAYDEN
I'm Rick.

Rick pulls a PISTOL and SHOOTS Mike through the chest. Blood splatters against the living room wall behind him.

Mike stumbles backward, eyes wide with bewilderment. He falls backwards and CRASHES through the coffee table in a heap

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
You forgot something.

Rick pulls a small stack of mail envelopes from his pocket and drops them onto Mike's body.

He stuffs the gun back into his pants and makes a quick escape.

The toilet FLUSHES from the bathroom. Jared exits.

JARED

Mike?

Jared sees the bloody mess on the wall. His eyes go wide as he sees Mike on the floor.

JARED (CONT'D)

No. Oh God, no!

Jared cradles his brother's head in his lap. Mike is a deer in headlights. He coughs up blood.

JARED (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

Mike gurgles out his last breath and is gone.

Jared is hysterical.

The stack of Mike's mail slides off his body.

There's a single torn open condom wrapper at the bottom.

THE END.