

The Unthinkable

By Marcello Degliuomini

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Degliuomini718@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Egg yolk swirls in a large bowl as a whisk continuously beats it into a circle.

DINING ROOM

Five rambunctious boys sit around a long table. Ranging from ages four and up. They yell and throw crumpled up balls of napkin at one another.

KITCHEN

JOY, 42, bathrobe and slippers, wrist deep in sink water, despondently stares out the kitchen window. Lit cigarette dangling from her lip.

TOMMY, 4, the youngest of the boys, tugs on his mother's bathrobe.

She turns to Tommy.

TOMMY

Eggies?

Joy props up a smile.

JOY

Coming right up sweetie. Go sit back down with your brothers.

WALTER, 46, lean, button down shirt and khakis, walks by Joy and plants a kiss on the cheek.

WALTER

Morning.

Joy doesn't respond. She continues to do the dishes.

WALTER

How long are you gonna' keep this up?

Walter lovingly holds Joy from behind.

WALTER

I love you. And I wish you'd believe me.

Walter notices steam rising up from the running faucet. He waves his hand underneath.

WALTER (CONT)

Ahh..

He removes Joy's hands from the scolding hot faucet.

WALTER (CONT)

What's a matter with you? You don't
feel that?

A chair CRASHES to the floor.

Walter's attention shifts to the boys.

WALTER

Oh! One day, One day without
turning this house upside down.

He walks over to the boys.

Joy shuts the running faucet off. Places the sponge next to
her wedding band that rest beside the sink.

DINING ROOM

WALTER

(quietly)

Look guys, mommy's a little upset
with daddy right now. So I need all
of you to be good today. That means
no fighting, no yelling, no braking
anything in the house. And If I
hear about one more lamp falling
over, or the the cat spontaneously
catching fire I'm gonna be -

Sammy, 10, shirtless, skinny, the oldest of the boys,
reaches for his dad's hand.

SAMMY

- We'll be good dad. Right guys!

REST OF THE BROTHERS

Yea yea, well be good. Swear.

SAMMY

See.

WALTER

Sammy your the oldest. I'm holding
you responsible. Keep your brothers
in line today.

SAMMY
You got it dad.

WALTER
Alright boys, I'll be home later.

ALL THE BOYS
Bye dad.

Walter walks back over to Joy.

KITCHEN

WALTER
Where's my pack? I swear one of
these days I'm finally gonna' quit
these things. Just not today.

Walter moves a few bills and papers off the side of the
counter top.

WALTER(CONT)
You seen it lying around?

Joy points to the microwave, where it sits peacefully on
top.

Walter grabs up his pack of Marlboro.

He turns to Joy.

WALTER(CONT)
I cant believe your still upset
over this. I told you she was
sorry. She thought she left the
message on her boyfriends answering
machine. Why cant you believe that?
Haven't you ever called the wrong
number? Hell I do it all the time.
And for you to be all...like this,
It's really too much.

Joy ignores Walter as she uses the spatula to flip over
the eggs in the pan.

WALTER(CONT)
Well...I gotta' go to work. I do
want to finish this up later. I
hate to see you like this.

Walter grips the knob on the kitchen door. He turns back.

WALTER

Oh yea, I might as well just add this in. Probably the worst timing. Some of the neighbors told me about some day time break-in's just around the block. Another one was two blocks over. Nobody was hurt or anything. But.. nobody was home neither. Just double up on the locks. You guy's will be fine. Call me if anything.

Walter closes the doors behind him.

EXT: HIGHWAY - MORNING

Bumper to Bumper. Cars jammed into a narrow two lane highway, due to construction repairs on the road.

Walter sits behind the wheel of his Honda civic. With a cigarette on his lips, stiffer than a diving board, Walter clicks his lighter with no success.

He angrily throws the cigarette on the passenger seat.

He dials a number on his phone and switches to speaker.

The phone rings just once before the line picks up.

VOICE

Walter I knew you -

WALTER

- Stop calling my house! Three times this week you've called. Are you fuckin' kidding me! You call me on my house number? And you leave a message like that, for my wife to hear, my children. Are you TRYING to break up my family? Whatever you have in your head, some fantasy life with me in it. GET IT THE FUCK OUT! I'm serious Janet.

JANET

But I love you.

WALTER

Yea but I don't love YOU! So just please, enough already.

Walter see's another call coming through.

WALTER(CONT)

Look I got another call on the other line. I'll see you at that office.

Walter switches the line over.

WALTER(CONT)

Yea hello?

VOICE

Walter?

WALTER

Whose this?

VOICE

It's Randy, your neighbor.

WALTER

Oh Randy, hey what -

RANDY

- Where are you?

WALTER

I-am-driving-to-work. What's up?

RANDY

Get home Walter. Get home right now.

WALTER

Why, what happen? Something happened?

RANDY

It's about your family. They're cops everywhere.

EXT: WALTER'S BLOCK - MORNING

Ambient lights from emergency vehicles reflect off everything. Police and emergency personnel blanket the scene.

Walter's neighbors are all gathered out in the street, gawking, and reasonably concerned.

Walter drives into his block. Pulls up short, just before the yellow tape barrier that encircles his home.

He steps out the car.

Randy, 38, ripped tang top and blue jeans, comes running toward him.

RANDY
Walter!

WALTER
Randy, What happen?

RANDY
Man...

Randy's stuck. Not sure on how to break it to him.

A DETECTIVE, broad shoulders with a short marine type haircut, approaches Walter.

DETECTIVE
Sir -

WALTER
- What happen?

DETECTIVE
Are you Walter Nealy?

WALTER
Yes, What happen? Where's my family?

DETECTIVE
Sir...

WALTER
Why wont any one give me a goddamn answer!

Over the shoulder of the Detective, Walter can see stretcher after stretcher being pushed out his front door. White sheets cover the outline of five small bodies.

WALTER
No, No. God no.

He falls to his knees. Tears comes streaming down.

DETECTIVE
Sir, I just need to ask you a question or two.

WALTER
What happen? Where's ...where's Joy? Where's my wife?

DETECTIVE
You wife is fine.

WALTER
She is?

DETECTIVE
Yes, but..

WALTER
Where is she?

DETECTIVE
I don't think that's a good idea?

WALTER
What? What are you talking about?

DETECTIVE
Sir...Walter. What I'm going to tell you might be hard for you to believe. Just the sheer nature of this crime is inconceivable. Your wife....poisoned your children.

WALTER
What?

DETECTIVE
From the looks of it they're saying poison. It seems she must have mixed something in with the eggs she made this morning. We wont know for sure till' we get them down to the coroner and get the blood work back.

DETECTIVE
You didn't have any...

WALTER
No, no. I didn't. Just the -

WALTER breaks down again. Trying to hold it together, but failing at every attempt.

WALTER
So all the boys are...

The Detective reluctantly nods.

DETECTIVE

She made a phone call this morning shortly after you left for work. She called in and said that she had just killed her five children. We got to the scene and she hasn't said a word since.

WALTER

Where is she?

DETECTIVE

Walter.

WALTER

Where-is-SHE!

DETECTIVE

We have her in custody. She's in the backseat of a squad car.

Walter breaks away from the Detective. In a mad rush, he checks every cruiser, searching for Joy.

He spots her. She's handcuffed in the backseat. A look of social disconnect across her face.

Walter stares down with blind hatred and confusion. Eyes burning with questions.

Unaware of his presence, she blankly stares out into the seat in front of her.

He KNOCKS hard on the window twice.

Her head tilts up slowly. A sense of recognition glazes her expression. A smile proceeds it.

WALTER

Why? Why Joy? Our boys, why? Why would you do that? Why the FUCK would you do that!

She doesn't speak it. Only lips it.

JOY(LIPS IT)

I love you?

Walter in a state of utter shock, speechless.

JOY

Walter, you wouldn't happen to have a cigarette would you?

He's taken back by her absolute dissociation with reality.

He turns from the cruiser.

The Detective approaches.

DETECTIVE

We're just gonna' need you to come down to the station with us. Few more questions, few things you got to sign, that's all.

WALTER

Yea sure, whatever.

INT: POLICE PRESCIENT/INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Walter stands behind a two-way mirror looking in on the conversation between The Detective and his wife.

Joy sits at the table handcuffed, staring at deep scratch on the table. She maybe in the room, but her mind is far removed from it.

DETECTIVE

Have you ever been diagnosed with any form of schizophrenia?

No response from Joy.

DETECTIVE

Can you hear me Mrs. Nealy? Do you know what your being charged for? Do you remember calling 911? What you told our dispatcher, about the boys?

The detective looks back at the two-way mirror feeling exhausted and defeated.

He exists the room.

WALTER

Could I talk to her?

DETECTIVE

She's not talking to anyone.

WALTER

She'll talk to me.

Walter enters the interrogation room.

Joy's head rises.

A slight smile peeks through.

Walter sits down.

JOY
Hello Walter.

WALTER
Hello Joy.

JOY
I'm surprised to see you here.

WALTER
Yea, so am I.

JOY
You wouldn't happen to have a
cigarette on you, would you? I'm
dying for a smoke.

WALTER
A cigarette? That's what you been
thinking about?

JOY
Please.

WALTER
Sure, why not. But you're going to
tell me why you did it. None of
this crazy act shit no more. I
deserve to know.

He pulls out a cigarette, displays up in the air for all to see, then slides it across the table.

He takes one out for himself.

Cigarette in her mouth, she leans forward for a light.

JOY
Funny how we always said we quit
these things.

Walter clicks his lighter to no avail. He looks back at the two-way mirror for assistance.

A plainclothes officer enters the room. He tosses a book of matches on Walter's lap.

He lights her cigarette, then his.

WALTER
Do you know why you're here?

JOY
Yes.

WALTER
Why?

JOY
I poisoned our children.

WALTER
Why, why did you poison them? Those
were our boys.

JOY
It was the only way.

WALTER
What was the only way?

JOY
It was the only way we would all be
together. I had to know that you
loved me. Givin', I didn't plan out
every detail. But somehow, some way
it all works itself out. Fits
perfectly. You being here, fits
perfectly.

Walter leans back, befuddled and disturbed.

WALTER
Their gone. You know that right?
Our boys aren't coming back. You
did that.

JOY
I know.

WALTER
Than how would we all be together?

Joy takes a long drag. Holds the cigarette up.

JOY
Because I poisoned us too.

FADE OUT: