

DADDY KNOWS BEST

Written by

Tiffany Yarde

Logline: The extinction of life, imminent, William protects his family from suffering in the most gut wrenching way.

EXT. WHITTAKER FAMILY HOME - DAY

The street is lined with affluent homes surrounded by lush lawns and mature trees.

INT. WHITTAKER FAMILY HOME - DAY

Worthy of a spread in *Architectural Digest*, this home exudes money. Expensive artwork and marble countertops are featured throughout the home.

ALEXA plays a live podcast-

PODCASTER (O.S.)

In these last moments, live not in  
your fear, but dwell in the seconds  
that make you smile.

Apart from the podcast, the house is deceptively quiet. That is until we make our way up the stairs.

Various PICTURES adorn the walls. Children playing sports, a violin recital, a romantic picnic; these pictures all portray a loving family.

INT. BEDROOM - WHITTAKER FAMILY HOME - SAME

Entangled beneath the sheets, WILLIAM WHITTAKER (40s, distinguished) and RACHEL WHITTAKER (40s, picturesque), kiss more passionately than they have ever before.

The sound of a BOOM (O.S.).

The ground shakes.

RACHEL

I love you.

WILLIAM

I love you more.

Through their tears, William and Rachel smile at one another. He nuzzles her nose with his, and kisses Rachel softly on the forehead before he lays behind her.

Spooning, William holds Rachel closely. Any closer and she just may melt into his body.

RACHEL

I wish it could be this way  
forever.

William swallows his anguish.

WILLIAM

It will be.

William retrieves a knife from the nightstand beside him. He breathes Rachel in one more time. A swift blow. The blade is thrust into her side.

Rachel whimpers, slightly, as the wind is knocked out of her. As he pushes the knife in deeper, William cries profusely.

A smile appears on Rachel's face.

One final moan, blood stained sheets, and she's gone.

EXT. BEDROOM - WHITTAKER FAMILY HOME - SAME

Struggling to remain erect, William makes his way down the corridor. He passes the family photos. His blood soaked hand repaints the wall red. The hallway has never been as long as it is today.

INT. CHILDRENS' BEDROOM - WHITTAKER FAMILY HOME - SAME

LEAH WHITTAKER (4) and SARAI WHITTAKER (10) sit on the floor. Holding her sister, Sarai reads a children's book.

William stands there, hiding the knife behind his back. He tries to control his tears.

SARAI

Dad. Is it time for our trip?

Sarai notices the drops of blood landing on the floor.

They all stare at one another, uncertain.

EXT. WHITTAKER FAMILY HOME - SAME

The front door wide open, William stands wailing, a wretched sound escaping from the pit of his sorrowful soul.

He stares at his blood soaked hands.

He collapses to his knees.

Suddenly, the sun is brighter. A blinding white flash, a whistling sound, and then darkness.