

DYING FOR AN INHERITANCE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

A CHILD, 5, rustles through bushes, peeps underneath gnomes and burrows among flowers. A garden Mother Nature would be proud of.

MAN (V.O.)

I guess one of the best feelings as a kid was finding easter eggs. You know those last few sneaky bastards.

The Child bounces further into the garden, yanking plants out of the earth. He clasps a golden-foiled egg inside a thorn bush.

Small cuts decorate his arm as he raises the egg into the air. He rips the foil off and devours the chocolate inside.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The Child sulks on a pew.

He claws at his scratched arms. His hands are placed together by his mother, MARY.

Next to them are the Child's brother, YOUNG CHARLIE, 17, and the father, JOHN. Top buttons, curled noses, hands greeting one another. The Father and his one true Son.

MAN (V.O.)

Yeah, that made up for the bore of Church afterwards.

The Child dips his head and inspects underneath the pew, much to his family's disapproval.

The congregation leave their seats and supplicate on their knees. The Child doesn't follow suit.

INT. TOILET - DAY

The Child has finished his business and stares at imaginary stars.

MAN (V.O.)

The worst feeling? When I got back from the toilet. Not like that. I was a healthy kid.

Knock-knock-knock.

Snap... reality... wipe... flush... sore hands in a sink.

He opens the door, where his Brother waits, smugness personified.

MAN (V.O.)

Nah, gettin back from the toilet  
was the worst cos that's when  
Charlie had hidden them again.  
Every last egg.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

The Child scrambles around bushes and plants, his eyes hunt the garden. Up high, a chocolate egg is concealed in a the largest tree at the centre of the garden.

Charlie reads a book and sniggers when he shoots his brother a look.

The Child totters near the tree.

CHARLIE

Tut-tut. Ice cold.

MAN (V.O.)

The second time I had no chance.  
Charlie didn't even like chocolate.  
Like, I would stuff my face. At,  
erm, Lent? At Lent, yeah I'd always  
be forced to give it up.

The Child grumbles towards the back of the garden and a path that leads to the outside world.

He sits down and cries. Snotty. He itches his nose.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The Child plays cowboys with toys. Charlie walks into his brother's room.

Hands him a small package: 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY'.

The Child lights up, rips it open. Dumbfounded.

A piece of paper. Lines of '3's, '6's and '9's.

The Child looks for explanation. Charlie leaves the room.

MAN (V.O.)

Charlie saw himself as some sorta Buddhist monk. He wouldn't have to give stuff up, he'd take stuff up. Like this one year, he chose to read more books about the fuckin Chinese cos he just read about mummies and Egypt all the time. But yeah, that shit pissed me off, man.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

A circle of forlorn souls.

Among them, the man talking, RUSSELL, 30s. Skeletal frame, clothes sag towards the ground. He scratches his nose, his eyes dart and he hangs his head to the floor as he speaks.

RUSSELL

Probably still some easter eggs lying about my parent's garden.

At the head of the circle is NOAH, 40s. Plump and judgmental despite his job title.

NOAH

How did it make you feel? Your brother besting you.

RUSSELL

Besting me? It was a fuckin Easter egg hunt.

NOAH

Did you see it as a competition?

RUSSELL

Well, I did it, I found them all.

NOAH

And then you couldn't.

RUSSELL

And that was cheating.

A moment. A familiar wall for Noah.

NOAH

How did it make you feel?

RUSSELL

That's- that's all I have to share.

NOAH  
And your recovery?

Russell holds his hands together to stop him scratching.

RUSSELL  
Six months clean.

A scatter of applause. It dies as quick as it started.

NOAH  
That's excellent, Russell. Truly excellent. Congratulations. Remember everyone, nothing is predetermined. We all have the power to change our lives. We're all on a road. We just have to take the right path.

Russell yawns.

INT. CHIP SHOP - DAY

Old women clammer at the counter. Oil bubbles. Sweat on brows and licking lips. There's a queue.

A hot-hold slams open... chips thrown... paper folded... goods plunked on the counter... money passed. Next customer.

Behind the counter is Russell, who wraps chips like a machine. A well-worn machine, there are scars on his naked forearms.

He talks as quick as he wraps-

RUSSELL  
That will be sixteen pound, eighty six. Thank you.

Another girl wraps food next to Russell. She scratches her head as she taps a calculator. Russell has his mind.

Slam... throw... fold... plunk.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
It's eleven pounds forty nine, Dorothy. You good today? The ladies looking after you?

DOROTHY, 70s, fumbles in her purse.

DOROTHY

I-I- Oh I can't find my money.  
Silly goose. I'll have to go back.

RUSSELL

You'll do no such thing, it's on  
me.

He hands her the plastic bag of steaming fish and chips.

DOROTHY

I couldn't.

RUSSELL

You can and you will. See you next  
week, Dorothy.

DOROTHY

Bless you. Bless you.

She smiles and hobbles out of the shop.

Slam... Throw... Fold... Plunk... Bye! The queue is gone.

Glaring at Russell, is PHOTIS, 50s. Little-man syndrome, he  
wields his fish flipper like a spear.

PHOTIS

You're two weeks late on your rent.

INT. CHIP SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

A sign flips: CLOSED.

They're in the back of the shop. It's filled with so much  
equipment that they'll be able to smell each other's breath.

RUSSELL

I can't live off twenty hours a  
week.

PHOTIS

And I can't give you more shifts-

RUSSELL

Face it, I'm the best you've got.

PHOTIS

Yes you're the best at everything  
aren't you.

RUSSELL

Exactly, make me full time.

PHOTIS

No.

Russell considers his options.

RUSSELL

Then I'll quit.

PHOTIS

Fine!

Unexpected.

RUSSELL

Take that back. I'll find another way to make money.

PHOTIS

I tell you every time, every time, I don't care how you make it, just make it!

RUSSELL

Have some faith, Phot-Phot. I'll be rich one day.

Russell accepts the stalemate and skulks off, when-

PHOTIS

Do my taxes, I'll go easy on the rent.

RUSSELL

(taken aback)

When you say 'do your taxes'?

That's exactly what he means.

PHOTIS

You always say you're a genius, work some magic.

INT. CHIP SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

A dingy bathroom. Yellow stained toilet.

Russell berates his reflection. The cap he wears as uniform sinks over his eyes.

He flings it off his head and it plops into the toilet bowl.

Russell tries the flush. Blocked.

Russell reaches into his back pocket and taps a baggy onto the basin of the toilet. He rolls a ten-pound note and snorts the white powder.

INT. CHIP SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Russell shoves the ten-pound note into the till.

The shop is dead. The oil simmers. Photis attacks the floor with a mop in the back.

Russell leans on the counter, he finishes zipping through a sudoku puzzle. He snorts his nose, it's disgusting.

He puts the sudoku aside. Now for the big one - his birthday present.

Russell's father, JOHN, 60s, walks in fiddling with a hat. He holds a stiff upper lip and a head so straight he looks like a commanding officer.

John coughs. Not healthy.

JOHN  
Russell?

RUSSELL  
We're closed, sir, sorry.

JOHN  
Still working on it?

Russell looks up. Disgusted. His words cranked up a notch.

RUSSELL  
To what do I owe this fucking  
pleasure. Hmm?

John gulps, the grip tightens around his hat.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
Gloating? Preaching? Cleansing my  
sins, giving me blessings? Don't  
tell me its for small talk.

JOHN  
Your brother is dead.

John observes his son, who refuses to let this set in.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Mouth cancer.

RUSSELL  
Cancer? You didn't think to fucking  
tell me?

JOHN  
None of us knew.

RUSSELL  
I can smell every word spouting  
from your arse.

John shakes his head. Russell's fist hammers the counter.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
You knew! He would tell you.

JOHN  
Russell-

RUSSELL  
You didn't want me to say goodbye.

JOHN  
Russell-

RUSSELL  
What!

JOHN  
You aren't coming to the funeral  
unless your clean.

Oil boils.

RUSSELL  
And mum?

JOHN  
Your mother wants to see you. But  
my word stands-

RUSSELL  
Then I'm coming.

JOHN  
Not unless you are clean.

RUSSELL  
I'm clean.

JOHN  
I need you to prove it to me, son.

Pain etches on John's face in this final word.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Shakes. Russell's hands meet each other. Deep breathes.

He's clean shaven, wears a hand-me-down suit. Too big.

He sits at a table opposite a man and woman, both in their 40s.

The WOMAN has her hair pulled into a bun, not a strand out of place. The man is CHARLIE. Eton-Manufactured, interrogative.

RUSSELL (V.O.)  
Father figure, I guess.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Crowds of young students with bright futures and brighter smiles hum along past buildings and greenery.

One student drops a crisp packet.

Out of the wave, Russell scuttles along in a high-vis. He holds a bin bag and picks up the students' litter.

RUSSELL (V.O.)  
Like we didn't have much fun. Those easter egg hunts we about the only fun we ever had. But who needs fun when you're a genius.

INT. CLEANING CUPBOARD - DAY

It's a mess. Russell locks the door behind him and waits with his ear to the door. Footsteps fade.

Russell roots in his pocket for the loot. Using his employee lanyard, he spades some cocaine into his nose.

He shoves the drugs in his back pocket and licks the residue off his lanyard.

RUSSELL (V.O.)  
But yeah, he got me a job. Big opportunity. Looked after me. That's what dads do, right. Look after yer.

White dust is peppered around his nostril.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A long dining table is decorated with food and china. Charlie sits at the head of the table, wearing a tux. Eight students in tuxedos and dresses sit at the table with him.

Among them, is MICHAEL, early 20s. His suit and watch look more expensive than anyone else's and yet he looks the most out of place.

Everything Charlie says is met by laughter.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

And he'd give me extra work. For example, he'd have these special dinners for his best students. And he'd invite me.

Russell paces towards the table, balancing a silver platter in his hands and hypnotized by a pendulum swaying at the centre of the table.

No one bats an eyelid at him. Russell plunks the platter on the table and glares at Charlie.

Charlie gives him only a second of attention. He rubs his nose and rolls his tongue in his mouth like he is trying to get rid of a bad taste.

INT. CHIP SHOP - DAY

Russell stands behind the counter, dead-eyed.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

He was the best.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Russell and John sit down next to one another, eyes at opposite ends of the room. Russell itches his nose.

RUSSELL

And now he's dead. And I miss him.

John tries to hold it all together.

NOAH

We are all very sorry for your loss.

The dead crowd murmur their agreement.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
John, would you like to share?

He shakes his head.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
No judgement here.

JOHN  
No.

NOAH  
Silence is everyone's right here.  
You must be very proud of Russell  
though. Six months clean is no mean  
feat.

John almost conjures a nod. Almost.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
I myself am five years clean now.

Noah searches for praise. Russell rolls his eyes.

INT. CAR - DAY

John's eyes shoot ahead. Bags lie in the passenger seat next to him.

Russell sits in the back. He scratches his head as he looks at his coded birthday present.

JOHN  
Charlie never told you the answer?

Russell puts the code away. Refuses meet John's eyes in the rear-view mirror. Opens the window. Aggressive wind.

EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Elysium Fields. A hidden creak amongst the backdrop of a large lake. Scattered wooden houses.

John gets out of the car, goes round and opens the door to the passenger seat and walks up a path towards his house.

Russell jumps out of the car and collects his bags.

John gets to the door and is hugged by his wife, MARY, 60s. Watering eyes and skin etched by excessive smiling.

She hurries down to Russell, hugs him half to death and straightens his clothes.

MARY  
Please, don't leave.

RUSSELL  
Johnny-boy might have something to say about that.

John fades into the house.

MARY  
He'll come round, darling.

RUSSELL  
Look, I'm really sorry, Mum but I've gotta go back after the funeral. My rent's gone up again so I need to work.

She sniffles.

MARY  
I'll pay for it.

RUSSELL  
Mum, you can't.

MARY  
But I need you to promise, Russy, promise me you'll be good. And that you'll go to confession.

RUSSELL  
I will, thank you.

MARY  
Promise me.

RUSSELL  
I promise.

MARY  
And your father wants to go to therapy with you.

RUSSELL  
God knows he needs it.

She aims a finger at him.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
I've missed you.

MARY

We've missed you too. Just don't mention the rent to your Dad, Russy.

He shakes his head. Agreed. They embrace.

MARY (CONT'D)

Come on then, come inside. There's cake. Judith made it, god bless her.

RUSSELL

Poisoned, no doubt.

MARY

Russell!

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

A living room that has been converted into a shrine.

Photos, documents, awards. All in tacky gold frames. All with Charlie's face or name on.

Russell looks mesmerized. But he doesn't look at any of them.

There is one frame, among the maze of Charlie's achievements: 'UNDER 16s MATHEMATICS BEE: RUSSELL CROWN'.

Magnum opus.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

It's crowded. Most people look well-off. Mary holds Russell's hand in the front row, uses it to wipe her tears.

John stands in front of the altar. He does the sign of the cross and dictates into a microphone-

JOHN

My son, Charles, was the brightest man I ever knew. A scholar, author, teacher, leader, brother and child. He made me the proudest father alive.

Russell struggles to look at John. Mary sobs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We could see he was special from the get-go.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

He won the national spelling bee at nine. The county short story competition at twelve. He was a straight A star student. And became a professor at the university that he graduated from with distinguished honors. God brought me this extraordinary boy and now, for reasons unbeknown to all of us, he has taken him away. And he can never be replaced. Never be emulated.

Nobody but Mary is crying.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And yet the only solace that I find is in the knowledge that his legacy will live on. I love you, Charlie and I know that you are watching, always leading me, always taking me on the right path. You shall always be in our hearts.

Russell hides a yawn.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

John, Russell and four others hold Charlie's coffin on their shoulders. The sun shines. Russell's brow sweats. If anyone was to fall, it would be him.

A congregation crowd around a whole in the ground.

The coffin is lifted into it.

Russell breathes a sigh of relief.

INT. FUNCTION ROOM - DAY

It's a reserved wake. Less drink, more talk. Russell is out of place. He drinks in the corner.

He spots Michael, alone on the opposite side of the room.

Focused, then someone bundles in front of Russell-

JERRY

I'm so-sorry for your loss, R-Russell.

JERRY, 40s, looks like he has been dragged out of a vintage shop closet and not dusted down. His bold seventies look doesn't suit his stutter.

Russell reels back then puffs his chest out as if he is ready for a fight until he realizes who it is.

RUSSELL

Yeah. Thanks.

JERRY

You you know his b-books were- are some of my favorites. I'm going to read them to the kids when they get older.

RUSSELL

You have kids?

JERRY

Two girls, yeah. How are you feeling? You must be in b-bits.

RUSSELL

Yeah, I'm shattered.

JERRY

You know, you should come back to the university. To work.

RUSSELL

Does his en suite still need cleaning?

JERRY

Erm, anyway, I'm er sure I could pull a few strings if you wanted your old job back. Unless, you know, erm, too many memories of Charlie.

RUSSELL

Look, J-J-Jerry, I appreciate that you think you're offering me some life changing opportunity to clean up the shit of silver spoon arseholes but he's dead. It's over. He is no more, not in my mind and he shouldn't be in yours.

Jerry's taken aback.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I'm better than a cleaner anyway.  
Better than he was. Believe it.

Russell barges past Jerry towards the array of food and drink.

Suddenly, on a small stage, ANDREWS speaks into a microphone. Early 30s, low on the legal food chain but has the watch and ego that says differently.

ANDREWS

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have  
your attention please.

He pauses, waits for hundreds of eyes to dart his way.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Lovely. Now many of you don't know  
who I am, however, I, through  
Charles, know many of you. I am Mr.  
Andrews, Charles's lawyer. And I  
have an announcement that is going  
to make your tongues wag.

Andrew wags his tongue then points to an elderly lady that fills up a cup from a pitcher.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

You might want to go easy on that,  
darling, don't want you to spill it  
everywhere. You see, Doctor Crown  
laid it in my hands to tell you  
that he has a very special  
announcement from the grave.

He holds up a wad of golden envelopes.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Inside each of these is your first  
golden ticket. This is the first  
clue, the first piece in the puzzle  
of a treasure hunt that that old  
devil Charles put together. The  
prize: wait for it, hold onto that  
cup, dearie - his entire  
inheritance.

Russell's eyes widen. That's as good as any bump.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Russell rams into a cubical and locks the door. He puts a golden envelope in between his legs-

First things first - he puts the letter between his legs, whips out a baggy, lobs a mini-mountain onto the top of the toilet and inhales the lot.

He bounces up and down and snatches the envelope from his legs. Rips it open. A letter.

RUSSELL

What the fuck is that?

EXT. MICHAEL'S GARDEN - DAY

A stone courtyard next to a small pond. A sozu fountain can be heard plunking.

Michael perches on a chair in pinstripe suit. He is surrounded by his brothers.

CAIN, 30s, lounges in swim shorts. Strong jaw, cigar in mouth, piercing blues eyes used to bed and to kill.

At his side is ED, early 30s, a slow and loyal pooch, the blutac that keeps his other brothers stuck together.

All three wear the same silver rolex.

MICHAEL

It's a chapter in one of his books.

CAIN

So be a good boy and read it.

MICHAEL

I have.

ED

Always one step ahead, ey Mikey.

Ed offers Michael a cigar. He refuses.

CAIN

So tell me where the old cunt's money is, we'll pick it up and give you a pick n mix for your time.

ED

How much money?

MICHAEL

University lecturers will get around the sixty k mark. For his seniority add another-

CAIN

He's rich. I should hope so. Now where is it?

Throughout the entire conversation, Cain hasn't looked at Michael once.

MICHAEL

I've got a pretty good idea.

CAIN

Hear that Ed, he's got an idea! That's good, an idea.

Ed laughs with Cain and falls silent when he does.

CAIN (CONT'D)

I've got an idea, Mikey, stick to being a lawyer.

MICHAEL

I'm not a lawyer yet.

CAIN

You're not going to be a lawyer, you're going to be our lawyer.

MICHAEL

Well I'm not your lawyer yet, I'm an advocate.

CAIN

Well if you were, we wouldn't have to chase after dead people's money. But you know what? At least you had fun at university, Mikey, that's what's important.

ED

He's an intellectual. It ain't his fault.

CAIN

No? Who's is it?

MICHAEL

Cain, it is free money. Legitimate. No complications.

Cain blows smoke towards Michael's face.

CAIN

Then fucking enlighten me, Mikey.

MICHAEL

My name is Michael.

CAIN

You're name is whatever I goddamn choose. And my name is Sir. You got that you pinstripe wearing fuck? Make me a drink.

He holds out a martini glass to Michael.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

'REVELATION CROSSES ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH'... 'THIS IS YOUR SIGN TO COME TO CHURCH'.

Russell perches in a confessional box. He scratches.

The shadow of a fat face lingers beyond the mesh window of the confessional.

PRIEST

Say it, son.

RUSSELL

Do all priests sound like pedophiles?

PRIEST

Watch your tongue, boy. You're in the Lord's house.

RUSSELL

So were the boys.

PRIEST

Christ's sake! Enough!

Russell sniggers. The priest mutters in his box.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

'Forgive me Father for I have sinned'. Say it.

RUSSELL

Me or you?

PRIEST

The lord. The father. Say it or get out.

John's throaty cough can be heard from outside the box.

RUSSELL

(mumble)

Forgive me Father for I have sinned.

PRIEST

Properly!

The priest takes a second. Takes it down a notch.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

You will find more good here than anywhere else if you open yourself up. Let me help you, child.

RUSSELL

(pulling faces)

Forgive me Father for I have sinned.

PRIEST

How have you sinned, my child?

RUSSELL

I don't care.

PRIEST

What is it you don't care about?

RUSSELL

That my brother's dead.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

The forlorn souls are back, eyes to the ground.

RUSSELL

He was a professor when I started there. But you know, wasn't there long. Charlie saw to that.

Russell can feel John's glare.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

It was my own fault really, you know. Dealing, apparently.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
So yeah, that was strike one.  
Slippery slope sort of thing from  
there I guess.

NOAH  
How did that make you feel, John?

JOHN  
Russell knows.

NOAH  
Do you, Russell?

Russell bursts out laughing.

The rest of the group look petrified.

Everyone except the new girl, ETTIE. 20s, fringe that masks  
her eyes and a lollipop floating around in her mouth that's  
currently stopping her from smiling.

RUSSELL  
Oh yeah I know.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - LATER

The group crowd in soul-searching cliques with paper plates.

John is the only one left sitting.

Russell fiddles with the cheap buffet.

Ettie slinks next to his ear. She swizzles her lollipop in  
the air.

ETTIE  
Your brother sounds like a dick.

RUSSELL  
He was a class A dick.

ETTIE  
Sorry.

RUSSELL  
Why? D'ya kill him?

She looks suspicious and pops the lollipop back in her mouth.

ETTIE  
Should I have done?

RUSSELL  
We'd have been friends a lot  
sooner.

ETTIE  
Friends now are we?

RUSSELL  
Well I've got to have one, don't I.

She can't hide her blushed smile now.

ETTIE  
Is that why you came here? To make  
friends.

RUSSELL  
You didn't speak.

ETTIE  
Didn't want to.

RUSSELL  
What you here for then?

ETTIE  
Guess.

RUSSELL  
Drugs.

ETTIE  
Well you ain't gonna get a gold  
star for that. Which one?

RUSSELL  
Lollipops?

She takes it out of her mouth with a pop.

Her hand delves into her pocket and produces a red lollipop.  
She hands it to Russell.

ETTIE  
Before you know it you won't be  
able to get enough of them. Does  
your daddy want one?

He looks at John.

RUSSELL  
Nah. Fuck him.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary spills coffee onto the floor, missing a mug. The mug says 'World's Best Mum'. She gazes into nothing.

Russell glides into the room like a child that has just broken a vase.

RUSSELL

Mum-

She flinches and shakes her head when she clocks the pool of coffee. She sprawls kitchen roll over the counter and the side.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Mum?

She finally notices him.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Do you know what 'The Vault Below' means? Mum? Please?

Snap.

MARY

It's from Charlie's book, Russell. How could you not have read your brother's books?

Mary bursts into tears.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - LATER

Russell is in Charlie's study. Pictures of Charlie, framed awards, books by 'C.J. CROWN'. A puppet perches on a bookshelf, its strings hanging down.

Russell sits cross legged on a leather chair. A pile of books discarded beneath his feet. On the desk lies Russell's code.

He flicks through a book and stops. Bingo.

Mary creeps through the door.

MARY

I'm sorry for snapping, Russy. Do you forgive me?

Russell's eyes don't leave the page.

RUSSELL

We all have our moments, it's fine.

MARY

Darling, is this to do with  
Charles' inheritance?

RUSSELL

Like you said, I need to read his  
books.

MARY

Russell?

He swings towards her but stops any venom leaving his mouth.

RUSSELL

I won't pursue it. I promise.

She clings to the door.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

He was a great writer, wasn't he?

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

A busy entrance. 'ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY'.

A two-way driveway beset on both sides by trees, a gateway up  
towards opportunity.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

A wise man once told me that God's  
essence is everywhere. In all  
things and all people. He told me  
that he worked below the earth and  
above the heavens, that he was in  
between men. He lives in the warm  
breath of confession and the cold  
hearts of criminals. He inspires  
kings and slaves alike.

The humdrum of students. They glide by each other like  
ghosts. Among them, is Russell.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

It was a nice thought. That man had  
not seen the vault below. Below  
Professor Carpenter's desk. Below  
moral decency. A place that made  
Davy Jones' locker look like  
Disneyland and purgatory seem like  
a vacation.

Russell wears the suit he wore to the funeral. It's stained. Students dawdle through a gate that leads to the entrance of the university.

RUSSELL (V.O.)  
 Why am I telling you this? I'm  
 letting you know the ignorance of  
 the pious. And preparing you for  
 the depths of man's heart.

There is a security booth with two men inside. One of them, STEVE, 40s, clocks Russell, sighs, takes a gulp of coffee and bundles out of the booth, pulling his belt over his gut.

RUSSELL (V.O.)  
 (normal voice)  
 What a load of shit.

Russell puts his head down and tries to blend in with the students.

STEVE  
 Mr. Crown, I can smell you from a  
 mile away.

Russell keeps marching away.

Steve gives a nod to the man in the booth and the gates swing closed in Russell's face. Students search for the culprit.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
 (pointing to Russell)  
 Come here, mate.

Head down, Russell skulks to Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, everybody. Move on.

The gates reopen once Russell is next to Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
 You know you can't come on campus.

RUSSELL  
 Charlie died.

STEVE  
 I heard and I am very sorry but he  
 made the rule, we need to abide by  
 it.

RUSSELL  
Don't be heartless, Steve, my  
brother died. You have a brother  
don't you?

STEVE  
Yep but-

RUSSELL  
Is he dead?

STEVE  
No, Russell, the bastard's alive  
and kicking.

RUSSELL  
Then you don't know what it's like.  
I want to mourn.

STEVE  
A university isn't a place for  
mourning, it's a place for people  
that have their lives ahead of them  
pretending to mourn.

Dead end. Plan B-

RUSSELL  
I have an interview.

Steve laughs at his audacity.

STEVE  
And I have a gorgeous Czech woman  
waiting for me back home.

RUSSELL  
Jerry offered it me.

STEVE  
Jerry?

RUSSELL  
Yeah, call him.

STEVE  
Call him so you can do a runner?

RUSSELL  
Just call Jerry.

STEVE  
Alright. Alright.

Steve gets into the booth and makes a call.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Russell, come in. We have donuts,  
looks like you need them.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - LATER

Steve leads Russell through the university grounds. They come to an ugly building and Steve turns around to Russell.

He licks his finger and rubs it on a stain on Russell's blazer.

STEVE  
Got red on you.

Russell bats Steve's hand away.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Anyway, best of luck mate. And, I'm  
sorry about Charles. Truly.

He offers Russell a hand. He accepts. Steve trudges away.

Jerry walks out of the building with a man in a lab coat, an electric shock away from looking like an evil scientist.

JERRY  
This is a sur-surprise.

RUSSELL  
I came to apologize, firstly. I  
wasn't myself at Charlie's funeral.

JERRY  
No need for an apology.

RUSSELL  
I thought the interview was for a  
cleaning position, not a lab  
assistant.

JERRY  
It is. Although, I'm sure the  
mathematics department will be glad  
to see you back.

The not-so-evil scientist wiggles a small pot in front of Russell. He moves like Nosferatu.

RUSSELL  
You can't be serious?

JERRY

It's necessar-ssary.

Russell snatches the piss-pot.

INT/EXT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The piss-pot lingers on a sink.

The bathroom is empty. A small window is cracked open at the end of the room - Russell's arse hangs out of it.

His face goes purple. He can almost touch the grassy patches of the university. He heaves his skinny frame through the window with the small reserve of physical strength he has.

He's stuck. There's a knock at the door.

JERRY (O.S.)

Russell, are you n-nearly done?

RUSSELL

One minute!

Heave after heave. Russell gasps for breath. Heave!

He slithers out of the window onto the grass, scrambles to his feet and darts away from the building.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - MOMENTS LATER

Russell speed-walks through the university's grounds.

He turns a corner towards an old building and sees someone lingering outside. It's Michael.

Michael scans the area like an owl. Russell peeks his head around a corner and watches him.

Michael paces into the building and Russell stalks him in.

INT. ENGLISH BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Michael hovers outside a door and after checking the dead corridors, he goes inside.

Russell tiptoes behind him and reaches the door. He puts his ear to the door. Scraping, rustling.

There's a bang and a crash. Russell goes in.

On the door: 'PROFESSOR CHARLES CROWN'.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael's head darts up. Collects himself.

The office is decorated with awards, certificates and trophies in rows of threes or sixes. Nine string puppets dangle from bookshelves. Everything at perfect right angles.

Except the desk, which has been heaved to the side. The draws raided, books fallen onto the floor.

RUSSELL  
Who the fuck are you?

MICHAEL  
You're his brother.

Michael holds out a hand. Rejected.

RUSSELL  
The fuck are you?

MICHAEL  
I remember you from his dinners.  
Same suit.

RUSSELL  
What you think you're doing?

MICHAEL  
Same as you.

A floorboard has been uprooted behind the desk, Michael bends down and sticks his arm into the wooden floor.

He hoists a beige envelope from beneath the floor and into the air.

RUSSELL  
You have no right to take that.

MICHAEL  
Same right as anyone else at the funeral.

Russell starts puffing his chest out, his hands jitter.

RUSSELL  
I'm his brother, it's my right.

MICHAEL  
You don't make your brother your  
butler if you love him.

Russell stomps towards Michael but Michael stands his ground.

RUSSELL  
Give me that.

MICHAEL  
Have it.

RUSSELL  
What?

MICHAEL  
Have it. There's two more down  
there.

Michael holds out the envelope to Russell who swipes it off him and cradles it to his chest.

Michael bends down and retrieves another envelope. He sets the floorboard back in its place. He strolls past Russell towards the front of the desk.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Give me a hand? It's heavy.

Russell glares at this entitled youngster. Grip tightens.

Michael scoffs and heaves the desk in place by himself. Then he grabs his own envelope off the desk and places the books back at their right angles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Some of his books are about you,  
you know.

Russell twitches in silence.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Haven't read them, have you?

His silence says everything.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I'd advise solving this one  
quicker. Might be less envelopes  
next time.

Michael struts out of the office.

Russell roots the envelope in his pocket and draws out his cocaine from another. He taps some out onto the desk and snorts it up. He flaps the dusty remains onto the floor.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - MOMENTS LATER

Michael walks through a car park. Russell rushes behind him, out of breath.

RUSSELL  
Oi, you!

Michael doesn't look back.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
Oi!

Russell reaches him and shoves him in the back. Michael swivels round, eyeballing the exhausted Russell.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
You stay away from this. Charlie was my brother, my brother.

MICHAEL  
Ever heard of assault, Russell?

RUSSELL  
If I see you near anything to do with my brother again, I'll fucking kill you. This is for me, not some entitled little prick.

Not far away, Cain sniggers in a car. Ed motions to get out of the car from the passenger seat but Cain holds him in his place.

MICHAEL  
Now, that's murder not assault.

Russell swings for Michael like a drunk. Michael avoids the lazy punches.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
A word of advice, just to alleviate the pain you're going to cause yourself - give it up.

Russell lunges his whole body into Michael and tackles him to the ground. Michael quickly throws Russell off and gets to his feet.

He brushes the dust off his suit whilst Russell gasps on the ground.

Michael looks at the amused Cain in the car. Michael kicks Russell in the gut, sending him wheeling and wheezing.

Russell's cocaine falls on the floor.

RUSSELL

You stay out of it. He was my brother. I have to prove it.

MICHAEL

Bring a gun next time.

Before Russell so much as lifts his head, Cain stands over him with a gun to his face.

CAIN

(to Russell)

You are one angry motherfucker.

Michael tries to lower Cain's gun arm but he is shoved away.

MICHAEL

Cain, everything was under control.

CAIN

(to Russell)

You're lucky you were throwing at the softie of the family. See, lil Mikey here, he'd let a dog bite his hand off before he put it down.

Russell takes in the situation, turns desperate.

RUSSELL

Woah woah woah, don't shoot, don't shoot.

CAIN

Myself, meanwhile, I don't really see the point of sorry little shits like you staining the earth I walk on.

MICHAEL

Cain, stop, please. He can help us.

CAIN

Is that right, little shit stain, you can help me?

RUSSELL

Yes, yes, what do you want?

Cain spots the cocaine packet on the floor. He picks it up, waving the gun in Russell's face.

CAIN

(laughing at Russell)

Is this yours?

Russell claws at the packet but Cain bitch slaps his face.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Big time shooter. I'll take that as a yes. Where'd you get it?

Russell ogles at his drugs. Cain snaps in his face.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Come on, back in the real world, you're not on candy-floss mountain anymore. Where'd you get it?

RUSSELL

The park.

CAIN

You hear that Mikey, the guy bought it on the park.

MICHAEL

He's the brother.

CAIN

Let him have the money. He'll just give it straight back to us.

RUSSELL

W-what?

CAIN

(hypnotizing Russell with the cocaine packet)

These are my fucking drugs your shooting, old timer. Here you can have them.

Cain throws it on the floor for Russell to wriggle to and retrieve. He puts away his gun and lights a cigar, smirking.

MICHAEL

Don't exacerbate this. We can use him.

CAIN

Hey, Mikey, you're really  
exacerbating my temper right now.  
Shut the fuck up and get in the car  
will ya.

Patrolling the car park in the distance is Steve. He clocks  
Russell on the floor and waddles towards them.

Michael potters to the car.

CAIN (CONT'D)

(to Russell)

You, whatsya name?

Russell sniffs his cocaine, this amuses Cain.

RUSSELL

Russell. Russell Crown.

CAIN

Listen here, Russell, you're going  
to help me and my lil sack-of-shit  
brother. Show us where your  
brother's treasure chest is. Do  
that and I'll pop a little paper  
crown on your head, how does that  
sound? Throw in a few bags for your  
time.

RUSSELL

Go fuck yourself, it's mine.

Cain cackles and teases the burning end of his cigar near  
Russell's eye.

CAIN

That really is good stuff, hey,  
makes you a brave man. Now, you're  
going to tell me where you live and  
you're going to do what I say when  
I say otherwise I'm gonna put you  
in the ground.

RUSSELL

I'm more than capable of doing that  
myself.

Steve scrutinizes the scene.

STEVE

Russell?

CAIN

Hey sir, this guys been sniffing up  
and attacked my brother.

He grabs Michael and turns him around showing Steve the dust  
on the back of his suit jacket.

STEVE

Russell?

Russell flashes at Steve and snorts. Suddenly, Russell  
scrambles to his feet and bolts away.

Steve bundles after him, shouting at him. There's no way he's  
catching him but he tries anyway.

Cain shoves Michael into the back of the car and gets in the  
driver's seat. They wheel away.

EXT. BUSHES - LATER

Russell collapses into some bushes. He hyperventilates.

The shakes come on. Teeth chatter. He tries to take deep  
breaths.

RUSSELL

One elephant. Two elephant. Three  
elephant. Four elephant. Five  
elephant.

His breathing slows, he gets a hold on himself.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out the envelope. He  
roots some more and finds his cocaine. Relief. Sniff.

He rips open the envelope. Something has perked him up.

EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - LATER

Russell slumbers up the grass veranda to his parent's house.  
Dragging his feet, he wrestles his tie off his neck and  
sniffs.

In the garden of the house opposite John and Mary's, a woman  
hangs washing. She peeks at Russell from behind a bed sheet.

This is JUDITH, 60s, nose poked up in other people's  
business, an eye for mischief. She abandons her washing and  
approaches her gate.

JUDITH  
Shall I start making your cake,  
Russy?

RUSSELL  
The last one tasted like shit.

JUDITH  
And you look like shit.

RUSSELL  
Deal with it, you can't polish a  
turd.

JUDITH  
What tree did you fall from, I  
wonder?

He walks towards his parents' house.

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
Not so fast, mister. I know you  
have a sweet tooth.

RUSSELL  
Not for your cakes, I don't.

JUDITH  
You know that's not what I mean. I  
had a sweet tooth once, you know.

He stops, approaches her slowly.

RUSSELL  
What do you mean?

JUDITH  
Call it my time in the desert. Want  
some?

Russell struggles to keep his footing. Feigns a nod.

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
I had a friend who was a cleaner  
once.

RUSSELL  
I'm not a cleaner.

John looks out of his window. Barges out of his front door.

JUDITH  
Stupid woman. Lovely. But stupid.

RUSSELL  
Fuck off, Judith. You've amounted  
to nothing but leaving wet clothes  
out to dry.

John grabs Russell. Pulls him away from Judith.

JOHN  
Stand up straight!  
(to Judith)  
I am sorry, Judith so sorry.

Judith skulks behind her bed sheet and continues to hang  
clothes with a merry whistle and grin.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
How dare you speak to her like  
that. She is a good woman.

RUSSELL  
You don't care about her.

John drags him towards the house, onto the balcony.

JOHN  
(hushed)  
What's that on your nose?

Russell shrugs him off and wipes his nose.

RUSSELL  
Snot, it's hay fever.

JOHN  
Don't lie to me, boy. Where've you  
been?

RUSSELL  
The university. I was getting my  
old job back.

JOHN  
And?

RUSSELL  
It wasn't for me. All the memories  
made me emotional.

JOHN  
Then why are you dirty?

RUSSELL  
I got mugged, okay? Happy now?

JOHN  
Really? Show me your eyes.

John manhandles Russell trying to prize his eyes wide open.  
Mary emerges from the house.

MARY  
Johnathan, get off him!

John regains himself in a huff. Mary consoles Russell.

JOHN  
He's high as a kite.

MARY  
Russell?

He shakes his head. John loses the will to live.

RUSSELL  
He only wants me to be. To redirect  
his anger and bitterness onto me as  
he's always done.

JOHN  
God forgive this insolence.

RUSSELL  
I got mugged. You know most parents  
would be worried.

Mary almost tears up she pats Russell affectionately and  
leads him into the house.

MARY  
Horrible. Some people are just  
horrible. Don't worry, Russy,  
you're home now. You're safe.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

NOAH  
Today, I want to talk about our  
vices. Does anybody want to start  
us off?

The circle hang their heads.

Noah eyes up Ettie.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
It's Ettie isn't it?

A lollipop swirls in her mouth. She doesn't give him much.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Do you want to introduce yourself?

She sighs and takes out her lollipop.

ETTIE

I'm Ettie.

ALL

Hi, Ettie.

She looks spooked. Russell is the only one who doesn't join in the drone.

ETTIE

I was a drug addict. Now I'm a lollipop addict.

NOAH

(baffled)

Thank you for that, Ettie. Anybody else?

RUSSELL

Erm, yeah. I'll go. My vice is giving into my desires. My urges.

He stares at Ettie. She returns his gaze.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

They make me feel good, it's pleasure, right. What's the point in depriving yourself of it. Whenever I've wanted something, no matter how big or small, I've gone and got it.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Russell's skinny frame heaves deep breaths. Lying next to him on the mattress on the floor is Ettie. She pulls the duvet over their naked bodies.

She reaches for her discarded shorts and grabs a lollipop from her pocket and pops it in her mouth.

Russell traces his fingers over Ettie's body. Tattoos of free birds.

Russell crawls upwards to his discarded jeans. He roots inside and pulls out a white baggie.

He has a bump and offers it to Ettie.

ETTIE  
Six months clean huh?

RUSSELL  
Nobody's clean.

ETTIE  
I dunno your daddy looks like a  
goody too shoes.

RUSSELL  
You think, huh? That man's put a  
gun to my head.

ETTIE  
Flown to the moon has he? Went on a  
killing spree?

RUSSELL  
I'm serious. He keeps it in a  
bible.

ETTIE  
Being a naughty boy runs in the  
family then.

RUSSELL  
I'll show it you if you don't  
believe me.

ETTIE  
No sir, I've seen your gun.

RUSSELL  
Yeah, two would be weird.

ETTIE  
Dunno I might enjoy it.

This conjures a laugh. Russell insists.

ETTIE (CONT'D)  
Coke's never been my thing.

RUSSELL  
What is?

ETTIE  
I'm clean.

RUSSELL  
What was?

She shrugs. A tease.

Another bump.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
How did you know it was coke  
anyway?

ETTIE  
Ha. You remind me of people.

RUSSELL  
People remind you of me.

ETTIE  
Everybody is like everybody.  
Nobody's clean, that's what you  
said.

RUSSELL  
Then let's have fun and I'll show  
you how different I really am.

He holds the bag out to her.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ettie skips around the room, half naked. Russell lounges on  
the manky sofa, head swaying.

Suddenly, Ettie jumps in front of his face, wrenches the  
lollipop from her mouth and waves it in Russell's nose.

ETTIE  
It wasn't him, Charley, it was you!

Russell's eyes jolt to life as he watches Ettie's bravado-

ETTIE (CONT'D)  
Remember that night in the garden  
you came down to my dressing room  
and said, "Kid, this ain't your  
night. We're going for the price on-

She's stumped.

ETTIE (CONT'D)  
On-on-goddamn it who he go for. The  
price on Russy! You remember that?  
"This ain't your night"!

Russell's transfixed. Ettie's body is flying about, Brando's  
words unrecognizable.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

My night! I coulda taken Wilson apart! So what happens? Huh-huh, what happens? He gets the title shot! And what do I get? A one-way ticket to Palooka-ville! You was my brother, Charley, you shoulda looked out for me a lil bit. You shoulda taken care of me a lil bit. You don't understand.

Now she really goes for it-

ETTIE (CONT'D)

I coulda had class. I coulda been a contender. I coulda been a somebody, instead of a bum, which is what I am, let's face it.

She pushes the lollipop in Russell's face.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

It was you, Charley.

She stops and waits with the cute expectancy of a puppy.

Russell trembles. A tear.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

You lil lump of marshmallow. Was I that good? Huh was I?

He nods. She wipes the tear away.

She grabs the cocaine from his tight grip. He's forgotten about it. She puts some on her hand and holds it to his nose.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

There you go, there you go, up up up and away.

Sniff.

RUSSELL

You're amazing.

ETTIE

Acting is amazing. It's the best feeling in the world. Being someone else. Anyways, I just hope the producers are as soft as you.

RUSSELL  
They'll love it. They have to. When  
is it?

She shuffles onto Russell's lap, feeding them both cocaine.

ETTIE  
Can I ask you something?

RUSSELL  
Fire away, cowgirl.

She impersonates shooting him.

ETTIE  
Come with me to my audition. I  
wouldn't usually ask but-

RUSSELL  
Yes.

ETTIE  
You don't even know when it is.

RUSSELL  
Yes. Yes. Yes.

ETTIE  
Really?

RUSSELL  
You're partially deaf aren't you.  
I see it already - that pretty lil  
face in lights outside theaters,  
that face stepping up to collect a  
lil gold man in your hand, that  
face that'll make actresses quake  
in their graves.

Ettie's getting too giddy for her own good.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
It's fate. Trust me.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Russell stirs awake on his mattress. Ettie's gone.

A note besides him: A phone number. 'THURSDAY 6 P.M., E x'.

A lollipop lies on top of it.

Russell unwraps it and sticks it in his mouth, he rustles a discarded baggie.

Nothing but dust. He licks his finger and scrapes the dust into his mouth.

His phone rings: 'DAD THE DEVIL'.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Michael paces around as if doing a presentation to his brothers. Ed lounges on a plush chair whilst Cain smokes a cigar at his desk.

MICHAEL

He's an addict. He's not capable of working it out.

CAIN

Who knows, Mikey, could be more helpful than you.

MICHAEL

He can't comprehend his left from his right. He's hopeless.

Cain flips a sand timer over on his desk. The grains fall.

CAIN

This is the part where you tell us the answer.

Michael doesn't look Cain in the face.

MICHAEL

I haven't figured it out yet.

ED

Show us, kid.

Michael reaches into his pocket and shows them the piece of paper with the clue on it.

It simply reads: 'R.C.'

ED (CONT'D)

How the fuck that a clue.

CAIN

It's him.

ED

Who?

CAIN

The junkie, you retards. R. C.  
Russell. Crown.

MICHAEL

It's not him.

CAIN

Excuse me?

MICHAEL

Do you seriously think an  
intellectual genius would make his  
final act on this world a treasure  
hunt consisting of two clues, the  
second of which being his brother's  
name.

CAIN

Then what is it, you smart arse  
prick. Ey?

Speechless.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Right, I want to know where he  
sleeps, where his family lives, I  
want to know if he has a job and I  
want to know how much fucking money  
this will make me or if Mikey here  
is just wasting my goddamn time.

MICHAEL

The less we involve the guy, the  
better.

CAIN

Shut your mouth unless you have  
something useful to say.

Michael searches his mind.

The half-shut blinds let light creep in. Bars of sunlight  
over Michael's face.

Close to Michael is a door that frames the bright garden  
outside. He looks at it and then towards a picture of a well  
dressed man on Cain's desk.

Cain turns the photo of their father away from Michael.

The sand-timer runs out.

MICHAEL  
Why don't we just go for the  
lawyer?

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Russell sits upright on his bed wearing children's pajamas.

He's surrounded by scribbled pieces of paper. At the centre of the mess - the clue and the code.

The door creaks open and Mary pokes her head through. Russell launches the paper from the bed onto the floor. She walks in before he can properly conceal it.

She's holding a mug and a plate of biscuits.

MARY  
I heard you get back.

He keeps brushing the paper underneath the bed. Mary sets the plate and mug on a side table and reaches for the clue.

Russell snatches it before she does. She regards him with disappointment and takes a while to choose her words.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Where did you go?

RUSSELL  
Home. Therapy. Dad made me feel  
like I was intruding.

MARY  
You're never intruding here.

RUSSELL  
Well, thank you.

MARY  
And the day before?

RUSSELL  
What?

Silence. Russell itches his nose.

MARY  
Are you still hurt?

RUSSELL  
Just some bruises. I don't want to  
worry you.

Mary is disastrously calm.

MARY

When do you need to go back to work?

RUSSELL

I went to the university. To find one of Charlie's clues.

Russell holds out the clue to her. She takes it.

MARY

Deceit is a sin, Russell. This treasure hunt, this is deceitful.

Russell taps the clue.

RUSSELL

R. C. It's me, mum.

MARY

That's not the point.

RUSSELL

It's exactly the point.

MARY

You are supposed to be in mourning.

RUSSELL

Mourning? I am. I'm distraught.

MARY

Good then you agree with me. Tomorrow, I'm putting an end to this.

Mary lets the clue float onto the bed. She reaches for the plate of biscuits and with it, glides out of Russell's room, closing the door.

INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary bursts through the office door. A picture of defiance. John and Russell follow her, sheeplike.

Andrews swoons around his room, chatting on a telephone and refuses to acknowledge Mary, raising a finger in her direction.

ANDREWS

(laughing)

Yes, that's what I told him, I said there is no way that I'm budging on my price. You can put a gun to my head and I'll tell you the same thing.

Mary boils.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

You know what he said? You know what he said? He said he'll go fetch his automatic. Well I told him that I have a gun on me right now but that's typically reserved for the ladies.

Mary slaps the telephone out of Andrews' hand. Astonishment.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Excuse me, lady, do you have an appointment?

MARY

I do not.

ANDREWS

(pointing to the door)

Well, you see that, the bright LED lights, you keep walking, grandma.

Mary's got a face that could kill.

JOHN

We're Charles Crown's family.

ANDREWS

Oh old Charlie boy, good man, good wallet. You found the clues?

He reclines into his leather chair. Throws and catches a stress ball.

MARY

Enough of the games. We are here to read our son's will. Nothing more.

ANDREWS

You know the treasure hunt is a lot more fun. Looks like you could need some fun.

MARY

What I need is closure.

ANDREWS

Closure yes. Once you have collected all the clues, we will all have closure. Sort of closure that results in a retreat to the Bahamas.

JOHN

You, boy. You're gonna call this all off now.

ANDREWS

I will be fulfilling your dear, departed Charles' wishes.

John advances towards Andrews, who drops the stress ball.

JOHN

Now!

ANDREWS

And! Within those wishes was a clause should nobody find all of clues. If that comes to pass, god forbid, two weeks after his funeral his inheritance will go to his local church.

Mary slackens whilst Russell stiffens up behind her.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

That is other than some... shall we say maintenance costs and a little overflow to the pair of you. Happy?

JOHN

Two weeks?

ANDREWS

That is what I said. You're not intending to wait it out here, I hope.

JOHN

That'll do.

Andrews wiggles his head with wide eyes as if to say 'why are you still here?'

MARY

The devil works through men. Next time someone comes in mourning, show a little compassion.

ANDREWS

I'd be blushing if I wasn't red already.

John ushers out Mary and Russell. Andrews picks up the telephone instantly and within seconds is nattering again.

EXT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Mary fights the tears whilst John consoles her. Russell lingers as they trudge towards their car.

RUSSELL

You guys wait in the car. I'm going to give him a piece of my mind.

INT. CAR - THE SAME TIME

Cain inspects through binoculars. He watches Russell storm back into the building.

Ed nods off in the passenger seat whilst Michael sits in the back. He bites his nails. A pen and paper pad in his lap.

CAIN

Get the reg?

Michael nods.

Cain slaps Ed awake.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Time to bounce, Sleeping Ugly.

INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Russell barges into the room with a snort. Andrews swings around on his chair.

ANDREWS

Let me call you back.

He puts down the phone that he's wielding.

RUSSELL

Tell me where the clues are.

ANDREWS

And you are?

RUSSELL

His brother so fuckin tell me where they are.

Andrews lounges in his chair, a new air of assurance.

ANDREWS

Hold your horses, cowboy. Let me lay out a bit of context for you - I get two percent of the overall inheritance for overseeing this whole procedure. Not bad. If I knew where the clues were, I wouldn't settle for 'not bad', would I now?

RUSSELL

He must of told you something. What does it have to do with me.

ANDREWS

He never mentioned you.

Russell locks the door.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I don't know where they are, Action Man. Unlock the door.

Russell picks up the telephone and whacks it over Andrews' head. He ruins his collar and tie, thumping Andrews in the face. Andrews is even more of a bitch than Russell.

RUSSELL

Tell me where the clues are. Tell me!

ANDREWS

Stop you psycho! You think I didn't ask? We don't all have your numb-skulled gung-ho approach you know. He didn't give me a whisper. He had it all sorted. And incase you hadn't guessed, there are some legal hurdles we had to run around, so it's all hush hush.

Russell only gets rougher, shaking Andrews off his chair.

RUSSELL

Show me the instructions. Show me anything. I need help.

ANDREWS

No shit!

Russell heaves Andrews up against the window. Russell looks out and flinches-

Down below, Cain and Ed stalk the car park.

Russell lets go of Andrews, who shrugs it off playing the cool-guy act.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Come to your senses finally, you little weasel.

Russell darts his eyes over the paper on Andrews' desk, through the draws, inside cabinets.

RUSSELL

You must have some documents about it, text messages, emails even, give me your phone.

Russell bolts to the window. They're gone.

ANDREWS

I'm not giving you shit. I don't have shit to give. He was your brother, you should know.

Russell slams his hand onto the desk and darts out of the room.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Empty corridor. Two choices of path.

Russell scratches his head manically. He makes his choice and scurries away from Andrew's office.

He zips past a cupboard. Comes to a bend.

Footsteps.

He freezes. His head shakes around.

Footsteps from the other direction. From everywhere.

Russell opens the cupboard door and bundles in among the mops and cleaning apparatus. He yanks the door towards him.

Thump. It doesn't close.

Footsteps.

He tries again. No luck. There's not enough room, shelves dig into his throat, ribs and neck. A mop sinks into his cheek.

The clack of brogues edges closer.

Russell crushes his body into the near impossible space.

The door clicks shut.

CAIN (O.S.)

You know what, I should really make  
Mikey do this, it's his mess.

ED (O.S.)

Cut the kid some slack, he tries  
his best.

CAIN (O.S.)

Fuckin black sheep that's what he  
is.

Their voices fade away.

Russell wheezes and creeps the door open. The coast is clear.

INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrews makes the most of it: hand caresses his cheek, cigarette in the other, lip hangs to the ground, eyes searching out of the window.

Cain and Ed waltz into the room.

ANDREWS

Get the fuck out, you people never  
heard of privacy?

Ed stands guard at the door. Cain waits for Andrews to wheel around on his chair.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I said get the fuck out.

He spins around and comes to a halt.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Ed locks the door.

Cain takes out a cigarette and sticks it in his mouth. He reaches over and snatches Andrews' cigarette and uses it to light his own.

He eases into a chair and throws Andrews' cigarette away.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

If you have an appointment, wrong day gentlemen, I'm very sorry.

Andrews scuttles to his telephone and picks it up. Cain places a gun on the table.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. Just take a breather, enjoy your cigarette. My motto as a lawyer is 'you've got a friend in me', we can work this out.

Cain remains silent.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

You know there's a police station a block away. Not insulting your intelligence or anything but pacifism seems a good option here.

From his pocket, Cain brandishes a silencer.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Your friend there, that just came in. Water under the bridge. Gone. Flowed away.

Cain takes the silencer and attaches it to his gun.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

Okay, I know this seems odd but I'm as much in the dark as you guys. I don't have a scoobie fucking doo where the clues are, I don't know any of Mister Crown's bank details to access it myself, I am purely a clue-administrating middleman here.

Ed closes the blind on the door and looks away.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I can get you money. It's not much. It's not Mister Crown's, I can't access it I promise. I'm not messing you around here guys I swear.

(MORE)

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

He said the final clue will tell  
you everything I'm sorry. That's  
all I can do, I promise.

Sweat drips off Andrews' face. Cain tosses his cigarette.

INT. CAR - DAY

Michael peers across the car park. He watches Russell bundle  
into the car and an alarmed John following suit.

Their car slugs out of their space and out of the carpark,  
taking a right on the road it leads out onto.

Michael sighs and reaches towards the passenger seat, where a  
pack of cigarettes and a lighter lie.

He takes a cigarette and tests his lips around it, like a  
child inspecting a new vegetable. He lights it.

He watches Ed and Cain strut out of the office building.

The colour drains from Michael's face. Splashes of blood on  
Cain's clothes.

They jump into the car.

ED

Check you out smoking, you're all  
grown up.

Michael forces a smile.

CAIN

Where they go?

Michael stutters.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Come on dip-shit where they fuckin  
go, where'd the sneaky bastard  
slink off to?

MICHEAL

I'm not sure.

CAIN

Not sure? What you mean not sure?  
It's either left or it's fuckin  
right.

MICHAEL

I didn't see.

CAIN

You didn't see? Jesus Christ.  
 (to Ed)  
 What I tell you? Baaaah.

ED

Relax, Greenwood will sort you out.  
 Michael will solve the clue, we're  
 alright.

Michael looks at the splashes of blood on Cain.

MICHEAL

What did he do?

CAIN

Same as you. He exacerbated my  
 temper.

MICHAEL

What's wrong with you? Police will  
 be right on to us.

CAIN

Some people are useful to me,  
 Mikey. Time for you to decide  
 whether you're going to be or not.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Russell scans the bookshelves of Charlie's study. The code  
 lies on the desk. A pen sticks out of the desk like the sword  
 in the stone.

RUSSELL

R. C. R. C. R. Fucking C.

He launches books off the shelves, slams the desk with his  
 fists, punches through the glass of pictures that show  
 Charlie holding awards.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Gimme somein, Charlie. Look after  
 me brother, show me!

His hand gets tangled in the puppet's strings. He wrenches it  
 off the bookshelf and hammers it down onto the desk.

The door handle rattles. Russell barely looks.

JOHN (O.S.)

What the devil are you doing in  
 there! Open the door. Russell!

Russell stops and looks at the puppet, he rips its head off. John tries the door again in vain.

On the outside of the study, Mary ghosts next to John and touches his hand that is locked around the door handle.

MARY

Go rest, you're tired.

John huffs and puffs away into another room. Mary lingers outside the study. Click. Unlocked.

She lets herself in. There's no mess, no books out of place. Just Russell perched empty eyed on a chair.

RUSSELL

I fell that's all.

MARY

Your father is grieving.

RUSSELL

Then he should allow me to as well.

Mary edges towards Russell and puts a hand on his shoulder.

MARY

I think it went well.

Russell is baffled.

MARY (CONT'D)

I mean, Charles always was the genius. I'm sure it was always his intention for it to go to the church.

Russell stands up so her hand slips off him.

RUSSELL

Could I have some milk?

Mary clocks the decapitated puppet.

MARY

Oh no!

She cradles it to her chest.

MARY (CONT'D)

(teary)

This was Charles' favorite toy. How did that happen?

RUSSELL  
How about that milk and I'll help  
you stitch it up?

Mary nods and leads him out of the study. They pass by the living room, where John is a statue in front of the TV. Mary pauses when she sees him and joins him at his side.

On the TV is a NEWS CHANNEL.

TV REPORTER  
Today, the body of Cliff Andrews  
was found at his office. He  
suffered a single bullet wound to  
the head and died instantly.

Russell creeps towards his parents, ogling the screen in disbelief.

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)  
Mr Andrews has been described by  
his colleagues as a lawyer for the  
people and a funny, heart warming  
friend. He shall be missed.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Russell is in his bed room, he heaves clothing into a suitcase. A bible lies a top the clothes.

He reaches for his pocket. The cocaine. Nearly gone. Best saved.

John barges into the room. Russell thrusts the baggie into his pocket.

John grapples him by the collar, throwing him onto the bed.

JOHN  
Look me in the eyes and tell me it  
wasn't you.

Russell catches his breath.

RUSSELL  
What's the point?

Mary scurries after them in horror.

JOHN  
What's the point!?

RUSSELL  
You always judge me guilty before  
you even ask.

MARY  
John, what's going on?

JOHN  
He's running away, that's what.

John unhands Russell.

RUSSELL  
I'm going home. I'm going to work.

MARY  
Please don't go, Russy.

RUSSELL  
I won't stay where I'm not wanted.

MARY  
You are wanted.

John stands resolute. He clocks the Bible.

JOHN  
What's that?

Russell stands guard in front of the Bible.

RUSSELL  
What you've been trying to  
indoctrinate me with for thirty odd  
years.

JOHN  
Thief! Give it to me.

Russell picks it up and clings onto it for dear life.

RUSSELL  
You won't even let me have a little  
faith now?

JOHN  
That's not yours.

MARY  
John, let him have it. We should be  
happy that he's finally taking one.

RUSSELL

Yeah, John. Doesn't this make you happy? Sharing God's word, God's love.

John reaches for it but Russell cowers and Mary grapples to protect Russell.

MARY

Leave him alone.

John retreats, his secret's one foul move away from exposure.

JOHN

Fly away on your little treasure hunt, Russell, ignore reality. Ignore your mother.

RUSSELL

I'm heading to reality, rather than staying in some candy-floss world where God is here there and everywhere judging me. Or is that just you, dad? Reality is, I need money.

Russell starts packing again.

JOHN

By that, you mean Charles' money.

RUSSELL

That will go to the church and to you, but you obviously don't care about that. I need to work.

He zips up the suitcase, passes John without a look, kisses Mary on the forehead and fades away down the stairs.

INT. CHIP SHOP - DAY

RUSSELL

I'm in mourning, I can't work.

Photis regards Russell with suspicion in the back of the chip shop. Russell itches his thumb.

Photis returns to cooking his boiling pot of mushy peas. His grip firm on his wooden spoon.

PHOTIS

You got my rent?

RUSSELL  
I've got a bit of money, yeah.

PHOTIS  
A bit? I bet you got more than a  
bit from the inheritance.

RUSSELL  
Phot-Phot, I can get you last  
month's rent. That's all I've got.

DOROTHY (O.S.)  
Russell? Is that you I hear,  
Russell?

Russell flies into the main shop to be greeted by Dorothy.

RUSSELL  
Dorothy. The greatest woman in my  
life, how are you?

DOROTHY  
I've missed you. I'm glad to see  
you're okay.

RUSSELL  
Of course, I'm okay. Why wouldn't I  
be okay?

Dorothy pushes a card towards him on the counter. He takes it  
and opens it up.

'SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS'.

He holds her hands.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

PHOTIS  
Russell!

Towards the doorway into the back of the shop, is Photis,  
wooden spoon raised. Peas drip onto floor.

Russell pats Dorothy's hands as he scoots back over to  
Photis.

PHOTIS (CONT'D)  
Mourning?

RUSSELL  
Yeah, I'm going to therapy.

Photis keeps the spoon raised.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
Want me to do your taxes?

Photis' expression softens.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

A piece of paper slides across an old oak desk.

Cain picks up a glass of scotch instead and flips the sand-timer.

Standing on the other side of the desk is GREENWOOD, 50s. A policeman weathered by years and fattened by greed.

GREENWOOD  
Got the address for you. You hear  
about that lawyer?

Cain holds out his hand. Greenwood kisses it.

Cain holds out the photo of his father. Greenwood falters.

A look. Greenwood kisses the photo.

CAIN  
Both addresses?

GREENWOOD  
Yeah, they're both there. It wasn't  
anything to do with you was it? The  
lawyer.

CAIN  
Greenwood, you were a good man to  
my father. I mean he thought you  
were as thick as pig shit but good  
all the same. Now my father was a  
good judge of character.

GREENWOOD  
He was a good man.

Cain's face silences Greenwood.

CAIN  
So if you were to honor my father,  
you would abide by his judges in  
character wouldn't you say? Good.  
(MORE)

CAIN (CONT'D)

Now, a word of advice - don't ask questions when you don't want other answers to surface.

GREENWOOD

There's rumors, Cain. About territory. You know how these things go. Eye for an eye. Blood for blood, sort of thing.

CAIN

I prefer sir.

GREENWOOD

Sir.

CAIN

You go to therapy, Greenwood?

GREENWOOD

Er, no, sir.

CAIN

Consider it, you're paranoid.

Greenwood shuffles uncertainly. The last grain of sand falls.

CAIN (CONT'D)

It's time for you to fuck off now.

INT. THERAPY ROOM - DAY

Russell's feet tap on the ground. His nails claw at his thumb.

Ettie watches him from across the room with concern.

CRAIG

I can't help but feel like I let everyone down you know. Like I feel so empty inside everyday. I have to cut myself to feel something.

CRAIG, the nervous speaker, 40s. Shows his arms - scars.

Russell scrapes his chair along the floor as he rises in a huff and heads to the small buffet table.

Craig stumbles in his speech.

Noah scowls at Russell along with the rest of the group, whereas Ettie just tries to keep her lollipop from falling out of her mouth.

NOAH  
Please, continue, Craig.

Russell helps himself to the buffet.

CRAIG  
I thought the worst you know. I mean that doesn't make me special or anything. We all probably have, maybe. I'm sorry for rambling on.

RUSSELL  
(munching away)  
Apology accepted.

NOAH  
Russell, I think you're the one that owes Craig an apology.

RUSSELL  
You can stick an apology up your fucking arse, Noah.

NOAH  
Excuse me?

RUSSELL  
I can smell your breath from here.

NOAH  
What do you possibly mean?

Russell approaches Craig with his paper plate with chicken skewers on.

RUSSELL  
And you, what's your name, Craig? Stop feeling so fucking sorry for yourself. Your family don't care, neither should you.

Craig's breaking down. Russell shoves a skewer in his face.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
You wanted something you took it. You want this, take it? Just stop fucking crying. You feel that bad, go gorge out at the local crackpit. Indulge yourself.

NOAH  
Russell!

Craig whimpers.

RUSSELL

Jesus Christ. Hey, Ettie, give him  
a fucking lollipop to shut him up  
will you.

This is the first time he has looked at her. And the first  
time he may have acknowledged he's gone too far.

Suddenly, the doors in the room swing open. All eyes turn.

Cain struts in, smoking. Silence.

CAIN

Oh, please. Don't stop on account  
of me. Keep crying in the nearest  
set of tits or whatever it is you  
do.

Cain grabs Russell's chair. It scrapes across the floor.

NOAH

Have you signed up for this  
session?

CAIN

Now that's not very welcoming is  
it.

Noah's reserve fails.

Russell's eyes dart towards Ettie.

Cain revels in the moment.

CAIN (CONT'D)

I'm Cain. That's how you do it  
right? I say my name is Cain and  
you say...

ALL

Hi Cain.

CAIN

Good. Good.

He flicks his cigarette onto the floor. He keeps his eyes on  
Russell, who's gaze keeps flickering between Cain and Ettie.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Well since none of you lot have  
grown up enough to talk yet I'll go  
first. Me? I'm a bad man. I just  
can't help but be naughty. It's  
fun.

(MORE)

CAIN (CONT'D)

And being naughty comes in real handy sometimes. When you're naughty, when you're bad, you get what you want. Believe me. Being bad's my drug. Now, who likes cocaine?

He gets up and starts pointing at everyone in the circle.

CAIN (CONT'D)

You like coke? You? How about you fatty, you like a bit of the old mojo? The sniff, toot, nose candy?

He points directly to Russell.

CAIN (CONT'D)

You like a bit of the good ol' Charlie don't you? Damn look at you, you want it right now. It's all over that butt ugly face. No? Nothing? That's a shame. I really woulda thought you'd come up with something by now. Well, I best be going. I've said my piece. Fuck do I feel better for it now. You know this shit really does work doesn't it.

Cain swaggers in front of Ettie. He pinches the lollipop out of her mouth and sucks on it.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Actually, I think you could be my drug.

She reaches into her pocket and puts another lollipop in her mouth.

ETTIE

Think again. Oral gonorrhoea.

Cain smirks at her and crunches the sweet in his mouth, before spitting the stick at her.

CAIN

Goodbye all. I may see you all again very soon.

He waves at everyone, gives Russell a smile and boots out of the room.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

On a coffee-stained table are Photis's tax forms. Books slam on top of them. On top of the books - Russell's code.

Russell brushes everything off the table besides the books in one fell swoop.

Books opened... pages flicked... notes scribbled... books thrown.

Russell checks his cocaine. SNIFF.

Open... flick... scribble... throw. SNIFF.

Russell types 'R C' on an internet browser on his phone. There's pictures and websites of radio-controlled cars.

Russell whizzes his pen over his paper, hundreds of small triangles, '3', '6' and '9' scrawled onto the paper.

SNIFF. The cocaine is in limited supply.

Open... flick... scribble... throw. SNIFF.

There's none left.

Russell launches the baggie with a cry. It floats onto the table in front of him.

He picks up the paper that he has written on and rips it in two then sinks into his sofa. He rocks back and forth with his finger nails digging into his skull.

A knock on the door.

And again.

Russell snatches his code and tucks it away.

ETTIE (O.S.)

Russell?

The door handle lowers and she enters holding an easter egg.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

Russell, why's the door open?

Nothing. He's dejected. She edges towards him.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

Got you an easter egg. They're silly, always selling them early... You okay?

RUSSELL  
I'm fine! Brilliant in fact,  
fucking brilliant.

ETTIE  
Come on. Just breath with me - one  
elephant, two elephant-

Russell shrugs her off and paces around the room.

ETTIE (CONT'D)  
Withdrawals?

RUSSELL  
Withdrawals from what?

ETTIE  
You can do better than being in  
denial.

RUSSELL  
You want to talk about denial? How  
about you being in denial about  
being every bit an addict as me?  
How about the fact that you're  
scared shitless that you're not  
good enough? How about-

ETTIE  
Good enough? I know my fucking  
worth, it's time you learnt about  
it too.

RUSSELL  
Just admit it, you're scared.

ETTIE  
Scared? Yeah, I'm scared. But I'm  
still tryin. Still gonna go for my  
dreams.

Russell scoffs.

ETTIE (CONT'D)  
And you should admit that you're  
scared too. Of whatever it is. You  
may think you got your poker face  
sorted out but you're clear as  
daylight to me.

He looks out of the window.

She launches her lollipop at him. It sticks to his t-shirt.

ETTIE (CONT'D)  
Are you comin' with me to the  
audition or not?

Russell stares at the lollipop, peels it off.

ETTIE (CONT'D)  
Didn't even remember did you.

She looks around her. A crazed agglomeration of notes and  
books around her. The triangles. The numbers.

ETTIE (CONT'D)  
Russell, what is all this?

RUSSELL  
You need to leave.

ETTIE  
I wanted you to come with me.

RUSSELL  
I can't.

ETTIE  
You're the first person to have  
faith in me in a long long while  
and shock of the fucking year! Not  
good enough again.

RUSSELL  
You are good enough I just really  
need you to fuck off now.

ETTIE  
What you need is to stop the drugs.

RUSSELL  
You don't understand, Ettie.

ETTIE  
I do, I've done it, I'm still doing  
it. Nobody's clean but it doesn't  
mean we can't start getting better.

RUSSELL  
I need you to leave and never come  
back again. Never look for me,  
never contact me, nothing. Just  
fucking go!

He hides his face.

The room grows darker, the grime of the street lamps outside become lighter through the open front door. The ceiling light flickers.

ETTIE

Please, Russell just give up the drugs. They're never gonna give up you.

She gets up and leaves, easing the door shut. Russell locks it and crashes onto the sofa, his face lying next to the clue, his eyes staring at his empty baggie.

On the floor, he clocks John's loaded bible.

EXT. MICHAEL'S GARDEN - EARLIER THAT DAY

Michael rolls on his heels in front of Cain who tends to meat on a barbecue next to the sozu fountain with a hunter's knife.

Ed munches on a steak.

CAIN

Give me that watch.

Micheal retreats.

MICHAEL

It's mine.

CAIN

Then how about you act like you're made from the same ballsack as me and earn it.

MICHAEL

I'll be able to, you just need to give me some time.

CAIN

The lawyer said two weeks. Which is now one week. Which is now nearly out of fucking time, which is a waste of my time, which is not what you want to do, you clueless little fuck.

Michael looks helpless. He holds out the clue to Cain who shows no interest.

Michael leaves it on a garden table.

MICHAEL  
Radio-controlled cars.

Cain slashes the knife in the air. The bamboo fountain clacks to the stone floor.

Water spills out over their feet, including Ed's slippers.

CAIN  
Fuck a duck, you're as useless as  
the lawyer.

ED  
Not the velvet, man.

Cain advances. He puts out his cigar on the letters 'R.C.' as he speaks-

CAIN  
Russell. Fucking. Crown. Let's hope  
for his sake he is more useful.

MICHAEL  
Let me.

CAIN  
I've let you have a week and you've  
done fuck all. I'm doing it my way.

MICHAEL  
Your way? A gun to his head? Last  
time you did that to him he told  
you to go fuck yourself. When you  
did it to the lawyer-

Michael's eyes falter when Cain catches his gaze.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Let me go. I'll convince him.

ED  
C'mon Cain, these steaks deserve  
your attention, not some coo-coo-  
coke addict.

Cain sighs and rolls his eyes.

CAIN  
How?

EXT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Russell opens the door and bundles out. He looks like shit.

He's stopped in his tracks by Michael, who holds out a bag of cocaine and wiggles it in front of his eyes.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Michael sits in front of the table, everything is tidier already. His eyes nestle in some pieces of paper.

Russell perches on the opposite end of the sofa, eyeing Michael up.

MICHAEL

R, C. I automatically thought of you, naturally. But then I thought that Doctor Crown wouldn't make it that easy.

Russell has another sniff of his cocaine.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Type it into the internet and boom, radio-controlled cars. I had a few when I was younger. They're expensive, can't find them anywhere. But I did some digging and viola-

Michael points at an image of a map that's been printed out. There are three circle of red felt pen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Shaftesbury avenue off the A road, a shop in Stockport and one in a little village called Pemberton.

Michael looks up hopefully at Russell, who is hopeless.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Any ring a bell?

Michael snaps in his face. Russell doesn't blink.

RUSSELL

(after a moment)  
Lift up your shirt.

Russell paces to the window, looks out.

MICHAEL

Come on, I don't use guns.

RUSSELL

Shirt. Up.

Russell tries to grab Michael but Michael throws him onto the sofa.

MICHAEL

Let me spell this out for you. My brother uses guns. My brother will put another to your head. My brother nearly came himself, he's convinced it's about you.

RUSSELL

It is.

Russell creeps off the sofa and round the room, fiddling with his cocaine. He stumbles about and smashes a glass.

MICHAEL

How much have had?

RUSSELL

It's mine. It's mine!

Russell won't stop moving. His hair is wet, his head darts about.

MICHAEL

Put the drugs down. Leave them.

Russell crumbles to the floor. Michael rushes over.

Russell foams at the mouth. Sweat-drenched. Body twitching. Hands claw towards his chest. Eyes roll back.

Michael kneels over him. He wrestles Russell's jumper off of his body, rolls it into a log and places it underneath his head.

He goes to a sink and grabs a towel. He soaks it and places it on Russell's forehead. He checks his pulse.

Michael places his hands firmly over Russell's chest. Thud, thud, thud. Fingers on Russell's neck.

Michael starts to sweat.

Thud, thud, thud. Check.

Teeth gritted.

Thud, thud, thud. Check.

THUD, THUD, THUD.

Russell splutters saliva all over. He coughs and wheezes and reels over. Michael forces him onto his back and switches the wet towel onto the other side.

RUSSELL  
 (whispers)  
 'genius'... 'extraordinary'... 'God  
 brought me this child'...

Michael listens as he wipes his face. Russell's eyes reawaken a bit.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
 Always second... fucking easter  
 eggs... why did we always have to  
 go to Church...

MICHAEL  
 (slapping Russell's face)  
 What church, Russell? What Church  
 did you go to?

Russell sways on the floor, in and out of consciousness.

Michael reaches for Russell's keys and cocaine that lie on the floor. He puts a bit of cocaine underneath Russell's nose.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Come on, Russell, there's a prize  
 waiting for you.

Russell takes a deep breath.

RUSSELL  
 Revelation Crosses.

Michael jolts into action. He takes a phone out and makes a call as he moves to the door with Russell's keys in hand.

MICHAEL  
 Yes, hello. I'm reporting a cocaine  
 overdose. I need urgent medical  
 assistance to-  
 (looks at the door number)  
 Thirty-three Crucible Avenue. Thank  
 you.

He hangs up, spins the keys round his finger, looks at Russell and leaves.

EXT. OUTSIDE RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The streets are quiet. Michael strides towards a car and opens the boot. Inside: a crowbar, hammer and stake.

He looks at his phone. There's a message from Cain. He ignores it and goes on a maps app. He types in Revelation Crosses Church. It's not far.

The sound of an ambulance whirs in the distance. Michael slams the boot shut and rushes into his car and drives away.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Russell shuffles on the floor. His eyes open properly. He breathes deep and slow.

He hears the whining ambulance.

He scrambles towards his cocaine and empties some onto the floor and sniffs it up.

The whirs get closer.

He wipes his nose and struggles to his feet.

The whirring stops. Doors slam. Footsteps. Hurried chatter.

Russell puts his hand into his pocket. The code. It's safe.

Russell fights to stay up but he loses.

Two paramedics barge into the room. They are JESSICA, 20s, a girl-next-door that wants to prove she's made of sterner stuff and FELIX, 30s, who really is made of sterner stuff. He spots Russell first.

FELIX

Sir, I'm going to need you to sit  
down and save your strength.

Felix sets down a stretcher onto the floor and goes towards Russell.

JESSICA

Okay, sir. Please lie down, we will  
take you into the ambulance and  
give you sedatives to relieve the  
pain.

Felix launches Russell onto the stretcher. Russell struggles to no avail. The buckles are fastened. Felix bends down and talks down to Russell.

FELIX  
Did you make the call?

Nothing.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
Oi, crackhead, did you make the  
call or is there anyone that needs  
attending to?

Russell shakes his head and Felix tuts. Jessica strokes the  
sweat off his brow.

JESSICA  
I'll be with you in the back of the  
ambulance, okay?

Russell nods. They stand up and heave the stretcher up.  
Russell forces his chins to multiply, investigating the  
buckles and wiggling his fingers towards them.

EXT. OUTSIDE RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

They edge onto the road and to the ambulance.

Jessica strains to get the stretcher into the ambulance.  
Felix has a look that says 'hurry up'.

Russell's fingers get closer.

Jessica joins him in the back. Felix slams the doors behind  
them. Jessica turns to look for sedatives in cabinets.

Suddenly, Russell bursts out of his restraints.

Jessica flinches so much her back slams against the walls of  
the ambulance. Russell grips the door handle and lugs it open  
with his entire body. Jessica stays still.

Russell crashes out of the ambulance, barely able to keep his  
footing.

Jessica and Felix jump out of the vehicle. He holds Jessica,  
who looks about to dart after Russell.

FELIX  
Leave them. Junkie's deserve  
nothing.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

'REVELATION CROSSES ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH'... 'LIFE IS CHANGE. GROWTH IS OPTIONAL. CHOOSE WISELY'.

Michael stalks past the Church's signs holding a crossbar.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Russell pelts it down roads past figures of the night. His top is stuck to his skeletal frame.

He comes to a stop. The Church.

He hobbles towards it as quick as he can.

With a lot of panting, near falls and checking of the coast, Russell reaches the church. It's eerily silent.

He walks up to the front doors. Untouched. Impenetrable.

He scales around the building. Scaffolding all around. Stained glass windows reflecting street lamps.

One of them has been shattered.

Russell slithers up the scaffolding. He reaches the top and tries to stand up but the scaffolding shakes and Russell wobbles back down onto his knees.

He notices his reflection in the dark light of the windows.

Russell peeks into the church through the broken window. The moonlight the only light.

There is creaking inside. Crack. A flashlight. Michael's silhouette.

Russell steps on the edge of the scaffolding and looks down into the church. It's a big fall.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

CRASH. Russell crumbles into a pew and cries out in pain.

Michael's head whizzes round, his light illuminates Russell on the floor.

The light around Russell becomes larger.

MICHAEL  
Where is it?

Russell groans as he gathers himself to his feet.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Russell, you're hurt. Let's just  
find this together.

Russell winces and nods whilst he has a bump.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Right, good. Where would it be?

RUSSELL  
You checked in the ground?

MICHAEL  
Floorboards underneath the altar.  
Nothing.

RUSSELL  
The graveyard?

MICHAEL  
I'm not digging up graves.

RUSSELL  
Don't get the money then.

MICHAEL  
You're digging your own right now.

Russell scrapes his feet towards Michael, dead to the world.

RUSSELL  
Nah, I just jumped back out of it.  
Try the pews.

There are hundreds of pews.

MICHAEL  
Where did you sit?

Russell staggers to the front of the church, near the altar.  
He reaches the front pew and slips to his knees. Michael  
follows and hands him the flash light.

There's nothing. Russell returns his head to the surface,  
Michael offers him a hand and drags Russell to his feet.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Where now?

Russell's silent. Michael sighs, more out of frustration than  
exasperation. He takes out his phone and makes a call.

RUSSELL  
The fuck you doing?

Russell tries to get the phone out of his hand but Michael keeps his distance with the crossbar.

MICHAEL  
Cain? Yeah. Revelation Crosses  
Church. Can you find it?

Satisfied, he hangs up, keeping the crossbar raised.

RUSSELL  
What the fuck are you bringing that  
psycho for?

MICHAEL  
Find it and you won't have to worry  
about him.

Russell sits on a pew, sinking his fingers into his face.

RUSSELL  
Fucking idiot. Check the pews.

Michael signals his discontent.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
Fine, the fucking place they  
baptize people, check there.

MICHAEL  
Why?

RUSSELL  
Charlie always wanted to wash away  
my sins.

Russell points in the direction of the baptistery. Michael swivels around and heads that way, his flashlight leading.

Once the shadows consume Russell, he turns towards the sanctuary.

Russell cranes his neck and considers the moonlight stretching across the image of Jesus Christ hanging from the ceiling.

He takes a left, before the steps up to the altar, to the corner of the church and comes to door. He rests his hand against the handle and twists the handle before sneaking into the room.

It's the confessions room. Bare but for the confessionals.

He glides in past the curtain.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Forgive me Father for I am about to  
get dirty stinking rich.

Russell kicks the wooden seat. The wood cracks but it was loud, Russell's head swings round and he stops breathing for a second to listen to an eerie silence.

He bends down and wrenches the wood from its place. His skin is splintered but he doesn't stop. He yanks a piece completely out. It's hollow.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Christ's sake.

He slumps on the broken seat and gazes at the confessional window.

A mesh screen lies in between the two boxes. Russell grapples it with a foot against the wall of the confessional.

He stumbles back, removing some of the mesh. He picks at it, yanking it away and then the whole screen flies out of the window.

Two envelopes fall to the floor.

Eyes widen. Hand in pocket. Cocaine in nose. And again. And again. There's nothing left.

Russell rips an envelope open. A piece of paper:

'MXVI V-VII'.

Russell grabs the broken mesh and pierces his arm. He stops to bite his fist. Eyes well up. He pierces his arm again. The cuts and dribbles of blood resemble an 'M'.

INT. CHURCH - AT THE SAME TIME

Michael roots the flashlight under a pew. Nothing. He gets up. He's at the back of the church. He's checked every one.

He shines the flashlight towards the altar. Empty.

He marches towards the altar, his flashlight whizzing throughout the church, revealing stone carvings of saints, roman numerals carved into the stone walls and spent candles.

MICHAEL  
(hushed)  
Russell!

He looks at the time on his phone. He paces down the aisle quicker.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
Russell!

The flashlight shines upon an open space further to the right of the altar. He investigates and disappears from sight.

On the opposite side of the church, a door creaks open. Russell crawls out of it, his head darts up. Darkness.

He stands up and stumbles up the steps of the sanctuary and to the altar. A bible lays at its centre.

Russell grabs it and bustles it in between his arm and body. Blood ripples down the bible's pages. He hobbles back down the steps and down the aisle.

A flash of light. Footsteps. Russell falls to the stone ground and crawls in between pews.

Michael illuminates parts of the church one by one.

More light. This time from outside. The rumble of a car comes to a stop.

Michael rushes towards the front door of the church. He gets to the bolts and yanks them back, opening the door. Cain sits leaning on his car.

CAIN  
Got my clue?

MICHAEL  
Not yet but it's here.

Cain spits on the floor and barges past Michael into the church, snatching the flashlight from his hand.

CAIN  
That junkie tell you where it would be hidden?

MICHAEL  
In his own way.

CAIN  
 (flashlight pointed in  
 Michael's face)  
 And?

MICHAEL  
 It's here.

CAIN  
 Well I don't see it.

Cain marches down the aisle.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
 Never saw the point in God. One law  
 to abide by is bad enough.

MICHAEL  
 I've checked underneath all the  
 pews.

CAIN  
 The what?

MICHAEL  
 (slapping a pew)  
 Pews.

Cain stops and swivels. He whips out a gun and presses it  
 into Michael's nose. Horror.

CAIN  
 Pew. Pew.

Gun lowers, sigh exhaled.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
 Tell me you've looked somewhere  
 more imaginative.

MICHAEL  
 The place they baptize people.  
 Underneath the altar. Erm...

Cain reaches the end of the aisle. He lowers the flashlight.  
 Blood.

He grabs Michael, trips him over his leg and dangles his face  
 over the blood.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 He's here. He followed me.

Cain lets Michael regain his feet.

CAIN

Mikey, I am proud of you. In a church of all places, you devil.

Cain considers Michael's grave expression. He takes out his gun again and follows the trail of blood to the door into the confessional room.

A sticky splash underfoot. Cain rams the door open and heads gun first into a confessional box.

Bloody mesh lies on the floor. Broken wood. A ripped envelope.

Cain looks at the confessional screen that's been broken. He fills its cracks with light. There's nothing.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Outdone by a fuckin junkie.

Michael stays still. Doesn't look Cain in the eye.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Go on! Do something worthy of a confession.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A sewage gutter. Moonlight penetrates the gaps. The clues lie at the bottom, soaking up the filth.

Along the road, Russell scurries through the night.

On the road next to him - a dead cat.

EXT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Russell bangs up the metal steps and falters at his door. He barges it with his shoulder. It's locked.

He scrambles around his pockets. *Key, keys, where are the keys?* Not even a jingle.

He pulls out his cocaine. There's nothing. He pulls out a few coins. He takes the smallest and tries to jam it into the keyhole. Twists and turns to no avail.

There's a window a few foot from the door but the metal steps provide no platform underneath it, he tries to reach over towards it but can barely touch it.

He punches it. A dull thud.

He licks the non-existent contents of his baggie. His face twists in repulsion.

He tries to barge his door down again. No good. Russell gives up and runs away into the night.

EXT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Cain walks up the metal stairs and shines a light on the drops of blood. He shines the light in Michael's face and then back towards the blood.

CAIN

Go look down the street.

He holds his hand out and Michael places a set of keys in them.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Chop chop.

Michael slinks off without any opposition. Cain watches as he goes out of sight. Once Michael is gone, Cain thrusts the key into the door and steps in.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A light switches on. Cain surveys the place, disgusted.

He flicks through the books and paper on the table.

He sinks down onto the sofa, shoulders flat.

He puts the gun to his temple and mouths 'pew pew', tilting the gun up and down.

He lights a cigarette with a sigh. He places his gun on the table and strokes a dirty, itchy looking rag on the sofa.

On the floor: the bible.

Cain picks it up and flicks through it. He stops abruptly.

At the centre of the holy book, pages have been cut out. There, snugly hiding like the Sword of Damocles, a revolver.

Cain laughs and claims the weapon for his own.

He heads for the door. Next to it, hanging on the wall, is a calendar.

It is completely blank but for one date: 'CHARLIE'S FUNERAL.  
GO TO MUM'S. DON'T FORGET'.

Suddenly, Cain looks more alive.

EXT. CRACKPIT - NIGHT

Russell wanders through the night. He passes underneath a flyover.

The pavement slopes around the flyover. Russell trudges down steps into a sheltered cesspit. A skaters paradise if they dared to go in.

In the centre of the pit lie crisp packets, beer cans, the remnants of a fire. No life. But all around Russell, in the shadows lighters illuminate faces in the shadows.

One inhabitant steps out of the shadows. His friends here refer to him as PETER PAN, it's hard to know what age he is beneath the dirt and grime.

PETER PAN

You come to mock us.

Russell crumbles onto the floor, surrenders up his good arm.

RUSSELL

Coke. I need coke.

There's a chorus of cackles. Peter Pan holds out a piece of jagged glass.

PETER PAN

I said no mocking.

RUSSELL

Okay, okay. Whatever you have.

Behind Peter Pan, a man and woman appear from his corner.

This is RAPUNZEL and PRINCE CHARMING. Each one of them as bedraggled as the rest. They whisper in a little huddle.

RAPUNZEL

He's bleeding.

PRINCE CHARMING

(more desperate)

I'm not sharing my rock.

PETER PAN

We don't have much left ourselves.

RAPUNZEL  
He's hurt. What if he dies?

PRINCE CHARMING  
So what?

RAPUNZEL  
Help him. Look.

They observe him. Trail of blood.

RUSSELL  
I have money. Lots of money. I just  
need help.

Peter Pan and Prince Charming perk up. The three of them  
crowd around Russell and herd him into their corner.

EXT. CRACKPIT - LATER

A fire of newspaper crackles. In Prince Charming's hands,  
something else crackles. He shields it, even his shoulders  
bend in towards it.

He rises a ragged pipe from his hands into his mouth.  
Russell, Rapunzel and Peter Pan ogle at him in a huddle.

Prince Charming inhales deep. His body squirms and his hands  
shake away from his mouth. A toothless smile stretches across  
his face. Rapunzel snatches the pipe off his hands.

PRINCE CHARMING  
Just one hit. One hit each.

They murmur agreement as they watch Rapunzel take a drag of  
the pipe. Peter Pan swipes the pipe.

RAPUNZEL  
Just one more.

PRINCE CHARMING  
One each!

Rapunzel's head lurches back. She fixates on Russell. His arm  
has been bandaged up with a rag.

RAPUNZEL  
First time?

Russell nods.

PRINCE CHARMING  
You heard?

RAPUNZEL

Once you've had crack, you never go back.

They cackle. Peter Pan inhales. Russell's hands tighten their grip on the bible. Peter Pan's hands Russell the pipe.

Russell just stares at it.

PRINCE CHARMING

He doesn't want it, bring it back here.

RAPUNZEL

You said one each. If you're having another I want another.

PETER PAN

Trust me, man. Trust me. It solves all your problems.

The pipe is thrust into Russell's hand. He twitches it towards his mouth. Peter Pan lights it.

Russell inhales. A shake wrestles down his spine. He jitters into life. His smile cracks.

Prince Charming grabs the pipe out of his hand.

PRINCE CHARMING

One each.

PETER PAN

You said you had money. Didn't you, you said that.

RAPUNZEL

Yeah, we've been kind to you now you can be kind to us.

PRINCE CHARMING

He's lying.

RUSSELL

I'm not a liar.

PRINCE CHARMING

My cousin is an alcoholic that runs group therapies. Everybody's a liar.

RUSSELL

I'll give you whatever you want for that stuff when...

Russell rips the rag off his arm.

Bloody markings: 'MXVI V-VII'.

RAPUNZEL

When what. When whaaat?

Russell flicks through the bible pages, near rips.

RUSSELL

When I find the clue.

PETER PAN

Like a treasure hunt?

RUSSELL

A treasure hunt for me.

Russell talks as quick as he flicks through the pages.

PRINCE CHARMING

(pointing at Russell's  
arm)

Cool tattoo, man.

RUSSELL

I did it myself.

PETER PAN

So what do you win?

RUSSELL

My brother's respect. My mother's  
love. My father's acceptance. My  
faith. My money.

RAPUNZEL

Money for us?

RUSSELL

Money for the best crack in the  
world.

Russell stops dead on a page. His finger moves in triangles over the page as he reads. He takes out his code and places it on the page.

PETER PAN

Where's the X? Where's the money?  
Where's more crack?

RUSSELL

"As they entered the tomb, they saw a young man dressed in a white robe sitting on the right side, and they were alarmed."

The twisted fairy tale characters are entranced.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

"'Don't be alarmed,' he said. 'You are look for Jesus the Nazarene, who was crucified. He has risen! He is not here. See the place where they laid him-'"

Russell jumps up and yanks a piece of cardboard from underneath Rapunzel.

He sprints out of the cesspit without a second look. Everyone accepts what they've just seen without a second thought.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Soil flies over the full moon. Breath in the air. Soul exhaled.

The top half of Russell's body hangs above the ground. He wildly scrapes the earth up with a flap of cardboard. He gets on his knees and wrecks the earth with his black hands.

The tomb stone says:

'CHARLES JOHN CROWN, 1969-2019'.

TIME LAPSE.

The moon drifts eastwards as Russell's body creeps further into the earth.

Thud. Hands meets wood. Russell claws away the dirt. A coffin becomes visible.

He grasps one side of the coffin and heaves it open.

He looks down at Charles' corpse. As pale as himself.

Russell roots around the sides of his brother's body. Each movement grows in desperation. Hopeless diluted eyes.

He stops and slams his fists into his brother's body.

RUSSELL

Fuck you!

Russell weeps and he stares at Charlie's body. A smug peacefulness rests upon the face.

In the breast pocket of Charlie's suit, a piece of paper dangles out. Russell reaches for it and opens it.

It reads: 'FUCK YOU, RUSSELL'.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ed snores himself awake in the passenger seat. He wafts away the cigarette smoke coming from Michael in the back.

Cain's eyes glisten, WATCHES over John and Mary's house.

ED  
You wanna get breakfast?

CAIN  
He'll come.

ED  
You awake all night?

Silence.

ED (CONT'D)  
Imma sleep again.

Cain digs Ed's arm, shooting him awake. Cain reaches into his blazer pocket and takes out John's gun.

He holds it in front of Michael.

A moment of deliberation.

CAIN  
You wanna make Dad proud? Consider  
it your initiation.

Michael takes the gun.

EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Russell looks like he's ready to be lifted into the very grave he has dug up.

On the balcony of his home, John rocks on a chair.

Russell ghosts closer and John rouses into frenzy.

JOHN

Mary!

John hammers his fist against his front door and charges at Russell. Russell shrivels to the floor and John holds him aloft by the scruff of his neck.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What have you done! What have you taken!

Judith peeps her head over her washing line, smirking.

Mary shuffles out of the front door towards the death-stricken men in her life.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Confess. The lord knows when you lie!

Russell goes limp.

MARY

John- John! Get off of him.

JOHN

He's high as a fucking kite.

She sets eyes upon Russell, pallid and muddy.

MARY

Get him into the fucking house, John!

Together they heave Russell into the house, tail between legs, dead weight.

Too preoccupied to lock the front door that rests ajar.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Russell is sprawled across his bed. Fully clothed, full of mud. His breathing is weak.

Outside the bedroom, John paces. His fists clench and then unclench.

Mary shuffles his way. She stops a safe distance away with her hands meeting as if she's praying.

MARY

He's the only son we have left.

JOHN  
We lost him a long time ago.

MARY  
Only because you were prepared to  
give up on him. You always favored  
Charles.

JOHN  
Don't be a hypocrite.

MARY  
Russell was difficult but he isn't  
a devil.

JOHN  
The devil works through him.

MARY  
He is God's test to us. He needs  
our help.

JOHN  
He needs professional help. For  
that he needs funding, which he  
does not deserve from us.

MARY  
We are his parents.

JOHN  
And he is an addict, a liar and a  
thief.

MARY  
He's clean.

John stares at her. On the brink of eruption.

The phone rings.

John stomps into a different room and picks it up.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Mr. Crown?

JOHN  
Yes.

VOICE  
You were the father to a Mr.  
Charles John Crown?

JOHN

Yes. What's this about?

VOICE

I'm sorry to inform you but his grave was dug up last night. We are yet to find the person who did it...

John drops the phone and explodes out of the room. The voice on the phone rambles away.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

John launches Russell awake, he whacks him across his face.

Russell stirs, John stretches his eyes open. Mary tries in vain to pull John off Russell.

MARY

Stop it!

Russell becomes alive, spasms and kicks John in the face, reeling him back. Russell cowers against the bedroom wall.

RUSSELL

What are you doing you crazy fuck?

John holds a quivering fist in front of Russell's face.

JOHN

You dug up his grave.

RUSSELL

W-what?

JOHN

Charles' grave. You dug it up!

Mary resembles Edvard Munch's 'The Scream'.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He's all over you. He was the earth and you violated him. Tainted him!

Russell's arsenal is empty. His lips move to no avail.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Go on. Deny it. Condemn yourself further into hell. You should be in the earth, not him!

Mary braves a step forward. Russell looks into her eyes.

MARY

Russell - please. Please.

Russell hangs his head, he can no longer look at her.

RUSSELL

He wanted me to.

MARY

Get out.

RUSSELL

He lead me there.

MARY

Get out!

John puts his arms around Mary.

RUSSELL

He left me a note.

JOHN

I will hear no more of this.

RUSSELL

The treasure hunt is for me.

JOHN

You can go to prison, to a drug den, wherever you want to go, anywhere but here!

Russell gets in their faces. Mary shrivels back. *Is this her son anymore?*

RUSSELL

I'm an addict. There. Happy now? Do I qualify for your love, for your fucking god? I take drugs, all the fucking time because I have nothing else. The only time I ever felt first is when I was high. I have lied and lied to you and dug up my own brother's fucking grave because he wanted me to. He wanted to prove that I was worthy. That I could solve this. That it was meant for me. R C, me. The resurrection. The rebirth of Christ. Your second son in more ways than you could imagine. I rose from the grave and returned to tell you everything you've always wanted to hear.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Charlie wanted you to worship your second son like you did him and here I am! Your son.

Russell returns to earth and regains his breath. His parents lean against the opposite wall.

JOHN

His money is going to the Church, Russell. This is real life. It's not an easter egg hunt anymore.

Lightbulb moment.

Russell jumps and cheers out of the bedroom, John and Mary cower behind him.

Hysteric, Russell dances down the stairs into the living room and stops-

CAIN

Good morning, you unholy sack of shit.

Mary screams as her eyes meet the three brothers very much at home in her living room - Cain smokes a cigar in a chair with Ed and Michael either side of him.

CAIN (CONT'D)

We are very sorry to have interrupted your little domestic.

JOHN

Who on God's earth are you. Get out of my house!

Ed brandishes a gun and returns his hands in front of himself.

CAIN

That's better. Now, let's all stay calm whilst we conduct business, hm?

Russell bolts through the sliding doors into the back garden.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

JOHN

You will not use the Lord's name in vein.

Cain springs up and shoots John in the foot.

John yelps in pain and falls to the floor. Mary wails again.

CAIN  
 (to Michael)  
 Handle the one-legged man and the  
 old lady will ya.

Michael totters towards the hysterical couple whilst Cain and Ed go after Russell.

MICHAEL  
 Erm, could you please move into the  
 garden.

They both cry out.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Please? Do you need a hand?

Michael looks around for the will to live.

His eyes are drawn to a window. Where his are met with another - Judith's.

He looks down - the gun shaking in his hand, John bleeding on the floor.

Judith takes it in. No smirking now. She darts off back to her house.

Michael does nothing. After a moment, he tries to heave John up.

EXT. GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Russell rams a set of garden table and chairs in front of the back door, sticking the chair underneath the door handle.

The figure of Ed bundles into the door to no avail.

Russell skips around the garden.

He forages around bushes and flower patches. Thrusts his arm into a thorn bush - his cuts reopen. Barely a wince.

RUSSELL  
 Where did you put it you bastard.  
 Easter egg, easter egg, where are  
 you!

Another crash from the house. Ed barges his bulk. The chair falls. They're nearly upon him.

Russell's eyes scatter about. He looks up: a treehouse. Hand-made, unimpressive, a child's paradise.

He clambers up the wooden ladder.

Ed is through.

He holds the door ajar for the hostage-holding Cain. John leaves a trail of blood as Cain drags him.

Following behind, Michael escorts the wailing Mary. He can't look at her. John's gun is nowhere to be seen.

Russell reaches the top of the ladder.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
 Never let me in did you, Charlie.  
 Now look who's king of the castle.

The treehouse is tiny. Empty.

Russell tries to yank the wooden flooring from beneath him.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
 Beneath his desk. Beneath the dead.  
 Beneath me. Me. Me.

Suddenly, Ed grapples Russell's foot and pulls him. Russell grasps at thin air as he dragged off the wooden floor and down the ladder.

Ed and Russell come to a thump on the floor. Russell squirms free, catching Ed with his foot.

ED  
 Give it a rest you Jackie Chan  
 motherfucker.

MARY  
 Russell, please! Russy! Help! Lord!

CAIN  
 If you don't shut your mouth woman,  
 I'll put something else in there.

Russell scrambles towards a flower bed and rips flowers out of the earth.

Cain now has Mary on her knees next to John, blood seeping into the grass. Michael looks on in disbelief.

MARY  
 Russell!

JOHN  
Russell, please. Son!

Cain storms over to Russell and heaves his twisting body over towards his parents.

Ed holds a gun to their heads. But it's wavering. It rises and falls as quick as his conscience.

Cain lets Russell go - now faced with the reality of his situation.

CAIN  
You really are away with the  
fairies aren't you. You know I love  
you Russell. I really do. I love  
all my customers. But I tell you  
one thing about retail,  
hospitality, whatever industry you  
wanna fuckin choose, because it's  
all the same - the customer's never  
right.

Cain digs in his pocket. Takes out of baggie of white powder,  
throws it in front of Russell.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
I told you there'd be something in  
it for you didn't I?

Russell snatches the bag off the floor, opens it and sniffs  
an ungodly amount.

John's full of rage, Mary full of sorrow.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
Now it's your turn to help me,  
Russell. Where's the money?

RUSSELL  
(to himself)  
Below the earth. Between all men.  
Kings. Slaves. Above the heavens.

Russell cranes his neck up.

CAIN  
Ed, grip him.

Russell's found it.

The tallest tree in the garden. 'Above the heavens'.

It't too late, though. Ed crushes the back of Russell's neck. Gun to the head.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
Wakey, wakey, Russell. Oi!

Russell's eyes narrow. Cocaine-heightened.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
I give you five seconds to tell me where the money is or I'll have your mother fingering hop-scotch's brains in six. Capeesh?

Russell nods. Michael can't believe what he's seeing. Ed crushes harder.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
Five... Four... Three-

MICHAEL  
Fuck! Cain, stop. Look at yourself!

CAIN  
Look at myself, Mikey?

MICHAEL  
Get a mirror and hold it up. You see dad? I see a bad impersonation. You're not my brother that was once fun and sweet, you're the shadow of a man that's gone sour because his father fell hard. You know what though? He was already too deep. You know that. You can't fall when you choose to live in a pit.

Ed's gun starts to drop, Michael's words are having a sway.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Do him right by not being him. Let these people go. Look, they're the same as us. Grievers. You trying to prove yourself by killing for money? Any bum with a gun can do that. Be better than him.

Cain lowers the gun. He claps. And claps. For too long. A crooked smile on his face.

CAIN  
Great speech, Mikey. Drop-dead gorgeous.

Cain swings around and shoots John in the face.

Mary lets out a nails-against-a-chalkboard shriek.

Ed lets go of all his sensibilities. Russell seizes his chance and takes Ed's gun from his loosened grip.

Russell holds it to Ed's head.

RUSSELL

Let her go.

CAIN

Told you that stuff makes you a brave man.

RUSSELL

Brave and desperate so if you don't let her go right now, it'll be two sets of brains on the floor.

CAIN

Go on then.

ALL

What?

CAIN

You can't do it. You need another bump. Don't ya? You aint shit without it.

RUSSELL

Just let her go.

MICHAEL

Let her go, Cain!

CAIN

Next speech that comes out of your mouth, Mikey, everybody's gettin shot.

ED

Let her go, Cain, you silly bastard.

CAIN

Nah. My rules still apply. But you know what? Since you've got a gun to my brother's head, I'll be nice. You've got ten seconds to get me that money or mummy is going bye-bye.

Russell looks back towards the tree.

Mary's eyes are glued shut. Her hands point to God.

MARY

Hail Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death.

CAIN

The hour is now, bitch. I'm your god.

Cain raises his gun, looks at Russell-

CAIN (CONT'D)

I rate that hour is about ten seconds long.

Russell raises his hands in the air.

RUSSELL

Okay. I know where it is. Don't shoot.

Cain smiles.

CAIN

Nine seconds...

Russell runs towards the tree, clambers up on it, slips on the bark, drops the gun, struggles upwards anyway.

CAIN (CONT'D)

(lyrical)  
Six seconds...

Russell reaches higher, stops-

Nestled in between the firs and a branch, a perfect little nook:

A golden egg.

The ultimate high. *Does anything else matter now?*

Russell's dirty fingers clasp his prize.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Three motherfuckin' seconds...

Russell jumps out of the tree.

Ed shoves the fallen gun in Russell's face. He doesn't notice.

Intoxicated, Russell rips off the golden foil. The egg is made of two halves of papier-maché - one white, one black.

MICHAEL

Russell, you've won. Give it up.

Russell takes his eyes away from the egg.

Cain's gun indents Mary's head. This is strike three.

Ed holds out his palm.

CAIN

One.

Russell hands it over.

Ed walks over to Cain and gives him the egg.

He cracks it open - a note. He unfolds it and reads.

Looks of anticipation are shared between Ed and Michael, and Michael and Russell. Mary mutters to herself.

Cain's eyes leave the note.

CAIN (CONT'D)

(to Russell)

You a funny guy, huh? You a joker?  
You not know what's serious  
anymore? You do jokes for your  
smack? Lil tricks?

RUSSELL

Tricks?

Russell's faith cracks.

CAIN

Magic fuckin tricks, huh? Is this  
supposed to be a fuckin joke.

RUSSELL

It's not a joke, that's the clue.  
That's the last one. That's it!  
It's real.

Cain bounds to Russell, throws him to the floor and brings the butt of his gun upon Russell's face like a hammer.

CAIN  
I want magic, dickhead. Still  
funny, huh? Still fuckin funny?

Another hammer blow. Blow upon blow.

Cain gets up. Lights a cigar. Basks in the view of Russell's bloody face.

CAIN (CONT'D)  
Where's the rabbit?

RUSSELL  
What fuckin rabbit.

Cain kneels on Russell's body and holds the cigar to his eye.

CAIN  
The rabbit in the hat. The next  
magic trick. The clue. The money.  
Where is it?

RUSSELL  
That's it! That's it!

Flesh singses.

Ed looks away. Michael keels over and vomits.

CAIN  
Where!

RUSSELL  
I gave you it, I gave you  
everything!

Cain gets off Russell and scratches his head with his gun.

CAIN  
Mikey, kill the bitch.

Mary's eyes flutter open, her breath catches in her prayers.

MICHAEL  
I can't.

CAIN  
What?

MICHAEL  
I'm not doing it.

Cain switches his attention to Michael. He strides over and decks him with a punch. Cain spits on him.

CAIN

Then you can't be my brother  
either.

RUSSELL

Let me read it. It'll be another  
clue. Code. I can figure it out.

CAIN

There's nothing to figure out.

Cain points the gun at Mary.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Hey, Russell-

Heart skips.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Pew pew.

Michael's watch falls to the ground.

A gun shot.

Cain eyeballs his stomach. Bloody. Disbelief.

He falls to the floor. Dead.

Michael shakes in the wind holding John's gun. Lowered.

He looks at Ed, gun still in hand.

MICHAEL

I understand. Family law.

Ed looks at his gun.

ED

There's still time.

Sirens wail.

Mary opens her eyes and wails. Cain's gun lies before her in  
his hand. She reaches for it.

Russell darts before her and snatches it out of her hand.

She falls back on John's body and sobs.

Russell grabs Cain's other hand and wrenches it open. He  
takes the note.

MICHAEL

Give it up, you stupid fuck!

Michael points the gun at Russell.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Give it up!

ED

Michael, don't turn into him.

Russell stays on the floor. Weighs his options.

RUSSELL

I'll take the blame.

MICHAEL

You? Maybe Cain was right, maybe you are a fucking joker.

The sirens are close. Tires screech.

RUSSELL

I will.

MICHAEL

No you won't. It's done. Go. Bravo. Well done, Russell. You won. Now run away, that's you isn't it. Run.

Russell doesn't move.

Muffled voices from outside the house.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Now!

A final look at his parents, then Russell pelts it down the back of the garden, through the path he would escape to as a child.

Police officers burst through the back door.

Ed and Michael drop their weapons and fall to their knees.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A packed room. A big case. The court goes hush.

Michael, who looks like a young whippersnapper of a lawyer, is the only one standing. The seat next to him is empty.

His wrist is naked. His watch has been replaced by red handcuff lines.

On the prosecutor's side, two snooty lawyers peer at him with faces that say: 'the balls of this kid'.

A JUDGE slams his gavel and inspects Michael. Eyes that tell of a two-hour sleeping pattern. But as he looks at Michael, there's a slight revitalization.

JUDGE

Michael Joseph Upper, is that correct?

MICHAEL

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE

Quite the charge for a man your age. Three accounts for conspiracy to murder, two accounts of breaking and entering, one account of damage to state property, possession of a deadly weapon and I'm beginning to run out of breath. How do you plead?

MICHAEL

Not guilty.

JUDGE

Mister Upper, do you have somebody to represent you today?

MICHAEL

I am going to be representing myself, your honor.

The Judge stifles a smile.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

YOUNG RUSSELL peers his eyes over the kitchen counter.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Congratulations, baby brother. I knew you would do it. More so than anyone, I always believed in you. I believed that you would do exactly what I wanted you to. You found it. So, for the first time, you haven't disappointed me.

He butters a plain cracker.

Snap. The butter slips off the broken cracker and smears the counter.

He throws it in his gob regardless, barely chewing.

He grabs a packet of crackers and pours some onto the counter. He butters another. Snap. And another. Snap.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Mother and father though - they're not disappointed, they're angry. But I've always believed that tragedy is best administered with both barrels. Just in case your drug-addled brain isn't capable of understanding what I'm telling you, I'll wipe the moronic smile off your face - you're not getting my money. Not one bit. It is simply a fragment of your twisted imagination.

Charlie, as a teenager, struts in and scrutinizes Russell.

Charlie picks up a dustpan and brush and thrusts it into Russell's hands, whilst he snatches the butter knife.

Charlie strokes the knife over a giant knob of butter. He smears the butter into itself, taking his time.

Content, Charlie pinches a cracker, pops it on a plate and smoothes the butter onto a cracker. It doesn't break.

Russell sweeps up the crumbs. Charlie pushes more onto the floor and onto Russell's messy hair.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Russell agonizes over his code on his bed. He is so focused that he doesn't realize Charlie standing over him.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

(mocking Russell's voice)

"But this was meant for me". "It's my destiny". Everybody is dreadfully bored of hearing it, little brother. Damnation - that is your destiny now.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To demonstrate the sweet nectar of both barrels, I want to inform you that the money is going to the church that you have abandoned and tarnished. Should have confessed. Perhaps, this will sober you up. Perhaps, you will learn to have faith in something other than yourself. I doubt it. If it's any consolation, you were a clever child. How hard is it to live in my shadow? Is it cold? Bettering you from the grave, your loving brother, Charlie.

EXT. CRACKPIT - DAY

Russell sits in a circle of homeless people all sitting on newspaper, among them are Rapunzel, Prince Charming and Peter Pan. He's one of them now - Pinocchio.

He holds a pipe in one hand and then the note in another. The code is in his lap.

RAPUNZEL

Your brother sounds like a dick.

PRINCE CHARMING

Nah, nah, it's code.

Prince Charming reaches out to snatch the note. Too slow.

PETER PAN

Yeah man, code. You'll get it brother. Fate remember.

Russell tucks the code and note away.

Everyone's eyes are vacant. Some into the heavens, some dumbfounded, some pretending to understand, some hypnotized.

Sunlight creeps into the pit. Russell looks up at it.

He stares at his pipe and twiddles it in his hand. He motions to his mouth but stops-

RUSSELL

What's that?

He points at the newspaper underneath Prince Charming's butt.

Charming takes a monster hit of his pipe and sways backwards.

Russell yanks the newspaper from underneath Charming. It rips. Russell stares it:

'A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE: A NEW IMAGINING OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' CLASSIC PLAY'

In the advertisement is the picture of the woman playing Blanche DuBois - Ettie. Tragic and beautiful. Nearly unrecognizable.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
The best feeling in the world.

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The theatre board: 'A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE'

Russell lingers on the corner of the street, staring at the theatre.

People stream out, chatting, well dressed. Russell looks at every face but nothing but disappointment is upon his. He itches.

The theatre-goers have all but left. The street becomes dark and empty. A dim street lamp hangs on Russell, who flops to the pavement, head in hands.

Behind him is a bar. The door swings open.

A bouncer hurls a drunk out who stumbles to the floor before getting himself up - it's Noah.

NOAH  
You can shove an apology up your  
arse.

Noah stumbles by Russell, zero recognition. Throws him a coin. With that he bundles out of sight.

The streetlamp flickers and becomes lighter.

Russell looks up... it's her.

Ettie, lollipop free, trots out of the theatre and off the other end of the street.

Russell scrambles up in his rags, rubs himself down and takes a pipe out of his pocket, dropping it to the floor.

Ettie moves further away. Russell tries to catch up with her.

Russell, heaves and pants and follows with all his strength. He runs across a road without looking, a car whizzes past him without Russell flinching.

Ettie, still out of reach, comes to a cross-roads and turns right. Out of sight.

Russell races to the crossroads but stops to catch his painful breath.

He fumbles around in his pockets. Desperation. The note... The code... They're gone.

Russell looks along the floor behind him.

Paper floats in the wind.

A moment.

Russell lifts his head up and takes the right road at the crossroads.

FADE OUT.

THE END