

DYING FOR AN INHERITANCE

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FADE IN:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

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

RUSSELL (V.O.)

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

Young Russell 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

Young Russell sulks on a pew.

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

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

RUSSELL (V.O.)

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

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

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

INT. TOILET - DAY

Young Russell has finished his business and stares at imaginary stars.

RUSSELL (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 Young Charlie waits, smugness personified.

RUSSELL (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

Young Russell 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.

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

Young Russell totters near the tree.

YOUNG CHARLIE

Tut-tut. Ice cold.

RUSSELL (V.O.)

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

Young Russell grumbles towards the back of the garden. He sits down and cries. Snotty. He itches his nose.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Young Russell plays cowboys with toys. Young Charlie walks into his brother's room.

Hands him a small package: 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY'.

Young Russell lights up, rips it open. Dumbfounded.

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

Young Russell looks for explanation. Young Charlie leaves the room.

RUSSELL (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.

Russell looks up towards a woman in the circle, ETTIE. 20s, fringe that masks her eyes and a lollipop floating around in her mouth. She doesn't look happy.

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
Come on, 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 baggie 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, 70s, 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't fucking believe you.

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. RUSSELL'S FLAT - NIGHT

There's a news report on a modest television-

NEWS REPORTER

We are deeply sad to announce the passing of Doctor Charles Cox. The professor of literature and best-selling author of nine books has lost his battle with cancer at the age of -

The channel changes. A popular game show.

GAME SHOW PRESENTER

-50! What a score!

Russell throws the remote as he lounges on a grotty sofa. Ettie sits next to him. He rests his head on her leg.

ETTIE

I'm sorry.

RUSSELL

My dad's coming tomorrow.

ETTIE

Should I-

RUSSELL

To check that I'm clean. So no, don't say anything. Noah would freak out if he knew, never mind my parents.

Ettie casts hurt eyes upon Russell. He doesn't notice.

Russell reaches inside his pocket, takes out a bag of cocaine.

ETTIE

You'll be joining Charlie if you don't slow down.

RUSSELL

No, I'm quite sure I'm destined for hell.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

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 snooty, interrogative. In front of him is a plaque: 'DR. CHARLES COX'.

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

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY - FLASHBACK

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 - FLASHBACK

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 - FLASHBACK

A long dining table is decorated with food and china. Charlie sits at the head of the table, wearing a tux. Six 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. 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 - FLASHBACK

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.

On the other side of the circle, Ettie casts her eyes on Russell. He doesn't look back.

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 Revelations for confession. Charles always used to.

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
Just don't mention the rent to your
Dad, Russy.

He shakes his head. Agreed. They embrace.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

A living room that has been converted into a shrine. Military pictures of John. Family photographs with Young Russell and Young Charlie.

Then on one wall - 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 COX'.

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. He won the national spelling bee at nine. The county short story competition at twelve. And that was only the beginning of his remarkable life. God brought me this extraordinary boy and now, for reasons unbeknown to all of us, he has taken him away.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

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, his hands
shake.

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. Michael sips a
drink, whilst an opportunistic man, GREGORY, 40s, chews his
ear off-

GREGORY

Filthy rich he was.

MICHAEL

Meaning?

GREGORY

Well, I don't know what to
emphasize more - the filthy or the
rich. Most of the time, they're
inseparable.

Michael inspects Gregory's gaudy suit.

MICHAEL

You know that from first hand
experience or from longing?

GREGORY
 (offended)
 Meaning?

MICHAEL
 Meaning that if you want to be
 rich, stop pretending to be.

Gregory huffs and puffs away from Michael.

Michael turns to walk away. He bumps into Mary, who appears to have come from nowhere.

MARY
 Watch where you're going.

MICHAEL
 My apologies, you're too light on
 your feet. Are you okay?

Mary isn't fully with it. Glass in hand, she checks her clothes but her glass is already empty. She takes a moment to collect herself and then considers Michael.

He holds out a hand. She accepts.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Michael Highland. Can I get you
 another drink?

MARY
 How did you know Charles?

MICHAEL
 Doctor Cox, to me.

On the opposite side of the room, Russell peevish on Mary and Michael's conversation.

Unimpressed. Focused. Somebody 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
 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)

Anyway, I'm better than a cleaner
Better than him.

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.

Andrews 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 Cox 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.

Commotion. People gasp and hustle towards Andrews. Russell claws his way through the crowd.

On stage - Andrews revels in the attention and hands out letters to people, Michael and Gregory included.

Russell is getting close when-

Mary barges onto the stage and wrenches the remaining letters out of Andrews' hand.

Mary raises a hand to slap Andrews who recoils away from her. John joins her on stage and starts verbally laying into Andrews.

Russell is near the front of the crowd but too late.

Mary grabs the microphone-

MARY

Anyone that has taken one of these letters hand them back now, this is nothing but a wicked fantasy and anything of the sort has not been approved by me or my husband.

Some people in the crowd disperse through doors leading out of the hall.

Andrews nips in front of her-

ANDREWS

But it was approved by the only person that mattered, ol' Charlie boy!

Andrews reaches inside his pocket, brandishes a few more letters and launches them into the crowd.

Hands grasp at the fluttering letters as if it were the wedding bouquet. Russell included-

One is in his sight - nearly - nearly - it's snatched away by a man in front of him.

Russell manhandles him, tries to rip the letter out of his hand.

RUSSELL

Show some respect, he was my brother, you heartless bastard.

The man's grip gives way. *Gotcha.*

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 baggie, 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. It reads: 'The Vault Below'.

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

He's had six-figure publishing deals-

CAIN

Six? Good, 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 neither, 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.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A decrepit sign with letters missing: 'REVELATION (C)ROSSES (R)OMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH'... 'THIS IS YOUR SIGN TO COME TO CHURCH'.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

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. 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 Ettie.

RUSSELL
Oh yeah I know.

A tide of awkwardness. Noah twitches.

Ettie raises her hand.

ETTIE
I'd like to share.

Noah appears both baffled and elated.

NOAH
Please.

ETTIE
My boyfriend doesn't want me to
meet his parents.

NOAH
Why do you think that is?

ETTIE
Excuse me?

NOAH
I mean, let me rephrase, do you
think he is the right man for you?

ETTIE
(after a moment)
Yeah.

Russell doesn't raise his eyes towards her.

NOAH
And the acting?

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.

ETTIE
I wanna say hello.

RUSSELL
After that?

ETTIE

Why not?

RUSSELL

That man's put a gun to my head.

ETTIE

Old Daddio? That's bullshit.

RUSSELL

I'm serious, he keeps it in a bible.

ETTIE

Well now you've made him ten times more interesting.

She picks up an old notepad on the buffet table.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

How about I find out where he lives then, visit him and his gun?

Russell snatches the notepad off her and puts it down. She rolls her eyes.

RUSSELL

Okay - name me two Catholic saints.

ETTIE

Mary and Jesus.

RUSSELL

Yeah, there's no chance.

Takes out her lollipop, wields it like a fencing sword.

ETTIE

Well you're hardly a fucking saint.

Russell motions for her to be quieter.

RUSSELL

Look, if they're ashamed of me, they're not gonna think well of you.

ETTIE

Or maybe, they might actually think I could be good for you.

RUSSELL

You are good for me.

ETTIE

Then let me in more. Otherwise it seems like you're the one ashamed of me.

She pops her lollipop in her mouth, begins to storm off, Russell stops her.

RUSSELL

It's not that. It's complicated.

ETTIE

Are you coming round tonight?

Shakes his head. She leaves.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary spills wine onto the kitchen side, missing a glass as 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 wine. 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. COX'. 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.

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, looks uncertain.

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.

(MORE)

RUSSELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 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
 was the tree of life and life
 itself.

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 a man and a woman inside. The
 woman, STELLA, 40s, clocks Russell, does up her top trouser
 button, grabs a walkie talkie and jumps out of the booth.

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

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

STELLA
 Russell, I can smell you from a
 mile away.

Russell keeps marching away.

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

STELLA (CONT'D)
 (pointing to Russell)
 Come on, mate.

Head down, Russell skulks to Stella.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Nothing to see, move on-
(quieter)
-nosey bastards.

The gates reopen once Russell is next to Stella.

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

RUSSELL
Charlie died.

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

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

STELLA
Yep but-

RUSSELL
Is he dead?

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

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

STELLA
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.

Stella laughs at his audacity.

STELLA

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

RUSSELL

Jerry offered it me.

STELLA

J-Jerry?

RUSSELL

Yeah, call him.

STELLA

Call him so you can do a runner?

RUSSELL

Just call Jerry.

STELLA

Alright. Alright.

Stella gets into the booth and makes a call.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Russell, come in. We have donuts, looks like you need them.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - LATER

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

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

STELLA

Got red on you.

Russell bats Stella's hand away.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Anyway, best of luck mate. And, I'm sorry about Charles. Truly.

She pats him on the back and stomps 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: 'DOCTOR CHARLES COX'.

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. Charlie's own books take centre stage, along with books on Nicola Tesla.

The desk next to the bookshelf has been heaved at an awkward angle. 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.

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 places the books back onto the desk and grabs his own envelope.

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 packet in Russell's face.

CAIN

(laughing at Russell)

Is this yours?

Russell claws at the packet but Cain 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 Stella. She clocks
Russell on the floor and marches 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 Cox.

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.

(MORE)

CAIN (CONT'D)

Do that and I'll throw in a few bags for your time, then you can shoot up, up and away and forget this ever happened. What do ya say?

RUSSELL

Go fuck yourself, it's mine.

CAIN

That really is good stuff eh, makes you a brave man. Let me rephrase it, 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.

Stella scrutinizes the scene.

STELLA

Oi!

Clocking Stella, Russell shoves the clue down his pants.

CAIN

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

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

STELLA

(to Cain)

Who are you calling love? Russell?

Russell flashes his eyes at Stella and snorts. Suddenly, he scrambles to his feet and bolts away.

Stella shoots after him, catching him in a matter of seconds.

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

Russell in her grasp, Stella grabs his clenched hand and wrenches it apart. A nearly-empty baggie.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Seriously?

She takes it off him.

RUSSELL
Seriously. What else did you expect?

STELLA
Who the fuck was that?

INT. SECURITY BOOTH - DAY

Keys jangle...

Doughnuts grabbed...

A walkie talkie ejects a stuttering sound-

MAN (O.S.)
Stella, you seen Russell? Jerry's after him.

INT. UNIVERSITY - UTILITY ROOM - DAY

A door slams shut. A sign on the door: 'UTILITY ROOM'.

STELLA
They won't find you in here.

Russell looks around and reminisces. Scratching. Uncomfortable.

The room is organized chaos. An array of wonky furniture, piles of old clothes, stashes of cleaning products and unwanted books.

RUSSELL
And they definitely wouldn't have found me if you'd let me go.

STELLA
Who were those guys?

Russell doesn't look at her. Shrugs.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Right then, what are you doing here?

RUSSELL
I missed Charlie. Can I go now?

STELLA
Bing-bong-bullshit. Why are you here?

RUSSELL
I missed Charlie.

STELLA
Russell, I swear to god, I'm going
to ram one of these doughnuts down
your throat.

RUSSELL
You wouldn't waste a doughnut.

STELLA
Good point. I'll call Jerry.

She grabs her walkie talkie. Russell turns around, shaking.
He takes out the clue.

RUSSELL
He left this. A clue. Like a
treasure hunt.

She holds out her hand. Russell doesn't hand it over.

STELLA
Richest man on campus and still an
attention seeking c-

RUSSELL
That's the point, they lead to his
inheritance.

STELLA
Well, open it then for Christ's
sake.

A moment, then Russell obliges.

A piece of paper. Two archaic letters that resemble A and J.

Stella bumps next to Russell for a look.

RUSSELL
It's-

STELLA
Latin. 'A'. 'L'. The Romans' old
alphabet.

RUSSELL
How do you know that?

She motions to a pile of books in the corner.

STELLA

Spend your life at a university,
you have to learn somet.

She heads to the books and burrows through them, flinging them behind her. Finally, she pulls one out and hands it to Russell.

A history book on Julius Caesar.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Have a look for the Caesar shift in there.

RUSSELL

You think it's code?

STELLA

You think it's as simple as 'A L'?

Point taken.

RUSSELL

Can I have the other thing back too?

STELLA

I'll do you a deal.

RUSSELL

I need it.

STELLA

Let me help you with the clues. We find it, I get ten percent. This job pays me shit all but that's all I'd need.

RUSSELL

No.

STELLA

Then by the sounds of it, you don't need it.

Russell heads for the door. Stella stops him, holds out the baggie.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Promise me you'll try to stop, at least.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Stella watches Russell leave the university through an empty alleyway.

He stops to take a bump.

INT. ENGLISH BUILDING - DAY

Stella sneaks down the corridor towards Charlie's office.

Gregory, the opportunistic man from Charlie's wake, heads towards her. He checks the names on doors as he walks his way down the corridor.

His face lights up when he reaches Charlie's office. His hand reaches for the handle.

STELLA

Is your name Charles Cox?

He turns around. *Me?*

STELLA (CONT'D)

Yeah, you. Is your name Charles Cox?

GREGORY

I see, I don't think you understand. At his funeral, Charlie set up a treasure hunt-

STELLA

At his funeral, he was dead. Now if you don't want to get set up for breaking and entering, get your greedy little fingers off that door handle.

GREGORY

But-

STELLA

(mocking)

But- but-

(sterner)

On yer bike.

Gregory sulks away.

The coast is clear.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Stella looks down at the wooden floor.

There are scratches in the varnish next to the oak desk.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Michael sits at a desk with books laid out before him.

One is 'THE VAULT BELOW' by Charles Cox.

He grabs another: 'ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME' by Charles Cox. He opens it.

INT. UNIVERSITY - UTILITY ROOM - DAY

Stella scribbles on a piece of paper.

There is a variety of letter combinations written in pairs.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Russell perches on his bed in his dirty suit.

A notification on his phone from Ettie: 'Are you okay?'

He doesn't see it, instead, he stares at his birthday present. An abundance of '3's, '6's and '9's.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Michael reads 'ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME' aloud.

MICHAEL

Caesar was not a renowned military strategist because of bravery. But because of his cunning. For years, his infamous Caesar Cipher was considered uncrackable. A simple method of shifting letters by a set number along the alphabet...

He trails off.

INT. UNIVERSITY - UTILITY ROOM - DAY

All possible combinations written out.

Stella circles one in particular - 'R.C.' She smirks.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Stella's Julius Caesar book open on the bed. The birthday present next to it.

Russell only has three combinations written down on a piece of paper.

One is 'R.C.'

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

'R.C.' on a word document.

'Roman Catholicism' on a web browser.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GROUNDS - DAY

Stella scratches her head. She sits on a bench smoking a cigarette, looking out on green fields.

She considers the clue. 'R.C' is written beside it. She takes a deep breath and lights the clue with her cigarette.

'R.C' cinders away.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Russell looks at his reflection in his bedroom mirror. Pleased as punch.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment has been turned upside down. He paces in the middle of it, takes a bump, scratches his head.

RUSSELL

R, C, R, C, R, C.

His face lights up. He rushes into his bedroom. Mattress on the floor. Empty baggies. No decor but for an old set of drawers.

He opens up the draws and roots beneath old clothing. No luck. He tries to next one.

He pulls out something from underneath the clothes. An old framed photograph. John, Mary and their two innocent looking boys.

Russell's eyes gleam, he heads back into the living room, grabs cocaine off the table and takes a bump.

He opens up the photo frame, checks inside. Nothing but the photo. He throws the frame to the side. Smash. Throws the photo, it floats onto the table.

A knock at the door.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Go away!

Takes another bump.

ETTIE (O.S.)

Russell?

For god's sake.

He opens the door for Ettie and turns away, racking his brains.

She takes the carnage in.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

Russell what's going on?

He doesn't answer.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

Russell?

She tries to touch him, he resists.

RUSSELL

I can't find it.

ETTIE

Just buy some more rather than
destroy your flat.

RUSSELL

The clue!

ETTIE

What clue?

RUSSELL

The clue Charlie left!

ETTIE

Okay, you've finally gone crazy.

Russell rushes to her, shows her the clue. It resembles an 'A' and 'J'.

RUSSELL

R. C.

ETTIE

Doesn't look like it to me.

RUSSELL

Well he's not going to make it that fucking easy now is he? It's all a test. A test for me.

Ettie takes a moment to take it in. Crunches her lollipop.

ETTIE

What are the clues for?

Russell lights up.

RUSSELL

He said his inheritance but its more than that-

ETTIE

His inheritance? Like all of it?

RUSSELL

Every last penny and its meant for me, so are you going to help me or not?

ETTIE

Do you really think Charlie would have left it for you?

RUSSELL

Yes, R. C. It's me. It proves it.

ETTIE

All I'm saying, and I mean this in the nicest possible way, is that Charlie sounded like a grade A dick.

RUSSELL

Brotherly love. Death-bed realization. Jesus, I don't give a fuck what changed his mind but he changed it. Trust me.

Russell storms around the room.

ETTIE

How about you leave it for tonight?

RUSSELL

That's like Arthur leaving
Excalibur.

ETTIE

You know, I can be more fun than
some Dungeons and Dragons mumbo
jumbo.

She isn't getting Russell's attention. She takes a second-

ETTIE (CONT'D)

I'll do some with you tonight,
okay?

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ettie skips around the room. Russell stands up on the sofa,
arms outstretched.

RUSSELL

And the Oscar goes to-

They imitate a drum roll.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Ettie Gold!

Ettie starts bowing, Russell claps.

ETTIE

Thank you, thank you.

Russell hands over an imaginary award.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

Firstly, a big shout out to thank
all the sons-of-bitches that didn't
believe in me, to all the lollipops
that did believe in me, to, to
cocaine! And to Russell, who I
couldn't have done this without.

She blows him a kiss. Russell takes out a key of cocaine and
holds it out to her-

RUSSELL

To Ettie!

ETTIE

To me!

She obliges then grabs him. Gets serious.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

Come with me to my audition.

He stutters.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

I know your head is elsewhere right now but I really, really think with you there I can get it.

RUSSELL

Okay.

ETTIE

Really?

RUSSELL

Yeah of course.

She jumps up and kisses him.

ETTIE

Thank you, thank you, thank you! Oo it's on Thursday, lemme practice for you now.

She sits him down and shakes into character, brandishes a lollipop and points it at Russell's face.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

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"!

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. A tear forms in Russell's eye.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

Aw, was I that good?

Russell storms up, grabs his coat.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

RUSSELL

Going.

It hits her.

ETTIE

What, Russell, wait. I'm sorry.

He heads out of the door.

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 reaches into his pocket and shows them the piece of paper with the clue on it. 'R C' is written underneath.

MICHAEL

I think it's a church. Roman Catholic.

ED

How the fuck is 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

I seriously think you should watch
how you're talking to me.

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

The human yo-yo returns.

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

Perhaps if you stayed here with us, you wouldn't feel like you were intruding.

RUSSELL

Perhaps if this ever felt like my home I would.

MARY

This has always been your home.

RUSSELL

More like a bed at the inn.

MARY

And what about the day before?

Russell scoffs and stutters.

MARY (CONT'D)

I don't have the patience for lies anymore, Russell.

RUSSELL

I'm going to find it-

MARY

You're going to do nothing.

RUSSELL

-Before anyone else does. We can't let anyone else win this and people, they've already found this clue, they'll find the next one.

MARY

Win? You think any of this constitutes as winning? I have lost my son and you have lost your brother, there is nothing to win here.

He shows her the clue.

RUSSELL

Mum, it's me. R.C.

She takes the clue, inspects it.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

It's meant for me.

MARY

No, it's not.

RUSSELL

What?

MARY

You're 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 stashes the clue in her pocket. She reaches for the plate of biscuits and with it, glides out of Russell's room.

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

Don't 'lady' me, you know exactly who I am.

ANDREWS

Do you have an appointment?

MARY

I do not and I do not need one.

ANDREWS

(pointing to the door)

No appointment? Well, you see that, the bright LED lights, you keep walking, grandma.

John closes the door. Mary's got a face that could kill.

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

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

You've found the clues, haven't you?

MARY

I am here to read my son's will.

ANDREWS

Charlie boy was a good man. Good wallet. Bad at readily accessible wills however.

MARY

He wouldn't have wanted this.

ANDREWS

You know the treasure hunt is a lot more fun than arguing. 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.

Mary's will begins to break.

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?

MARY

I can't wait two weeks, I need an end to it now.

ANDREWS

It's out of my hands. Trust me, I don't want to wait either.

JOHN

Two weeks?

ANDREWS

That's 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.

MARY

I don't understand.

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.

ANDREWS (CONT'D)

I really wish people would stop
doing that.

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 Doctor Cox'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 Cox's, I can't access it I promise. I'm not messing you around here guys I swear. 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.

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?

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.

CAIN
No, no, no, as soon as that slimy
fingered Greenwood gets back to me,
we're going with my hunch, not
Mikey Mouse's.

MICHAEL
The lawyer didn't say anything?

Silence. Michael notices splashes of blood on Cain clothes.

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. 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, the parents' too. 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.
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. Vultures circling now your father's gone. That sort of thing.

CAIN

I prefer sir.

GREENWOOD

Sir.

Greenwood shuffles uncertainly. The last grain of sand falls.

CAIN

It's time for you to fuck off now.

Greenwood leaves.

Cain takes out a cigarette and lights it. He opens a drawer, inside is a bag of cocaine. He takes some out and sniffs it with a groan.

On this desk, the photograph of his father stares him in the face. Cain looks away.

A knock at the door.

CAIN (CONT'D)

What!

Michael steps in. Cain closes the drawer.

MICHAEL

I think I found it.

Michael approaches and hands him a map printed off the internet. Something has been circled on it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Revelation Crosses Roman Catholic Church. It's not far.

CAIN

Give me that watch.

Michael shields his rolex.

MICHAEL

It's mine.

Cain points at the photograph.

CAIN

He gave that to you to make him proud, right now he's in front of you laughing.

MICHAEL

It makes sense, Cain.

Cain pushes the document that Greenwood gave him towards Michael.

CAIN

Russell Cox. I have his address, we're going.

Michael looks at the address.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Russell scans the bookshelves of Charlie's study. The code lies on the desk.

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 joins John and touches his hand that's locked around the door handle.

MARY

Just go. You're tired.

John huffs and puffs away into the living 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
When?

He doesn't have an answer.

MARY (CONT'D)
I need quiet. Your father needs it.
To reflect, grow, mourn. Please.

A moment of quiet. Mary puts a hand on his shoulder.

MARY (CONT'D)
I think it went well, considering.
I mean, Charles always was the
genius. I'm sure it was always his
intention for it to go to
Revelations. At least I hope that's
where.

Russell stands up so her hand slips off him.

RUSSELL
Revelations.

Mary clocks the decapitated puppet, grabs it.

MARY
No, no, no.

She cradles it to her chest.

MARY (CONT'D)
This was Charles' favorite toy. You
didn't?

RUSSELL
Revelation Crosses.

Bingo.

Russell bounds past Mary and rushes through the living room
where John is a statue in front of the TV. Mary follows him.

John stops Russell in his tracks.

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. Police are looking into the matter.

Russell creeps backwards, towards a bookshelf. His parents eyes fixed upon the TV.

His eyes search the bookcase. He finds it - John's bible.

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. The bible lies a top the clothes.

He reaches for his pocket. The cocaine. *Where's it gone?* He pats himself down furiously, too late-

John barges into the room, grapples Russell by the collar and throws 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 into the room in horror.

JOHN

What's the point!?

RUSSELL

You always judge me guilty before you even ask.

MARY

What's going on?

JOHN

He's running away, that's what.

MARY

Unhand him!

John unhands Russell.

RUSSELL

I'm going home, Mum.

MARY

No, we need to be together. We need to be a family now.

RUSSELL

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

MARY

You are wanted. Russy, I don't care about the toy, forget it.

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. Let him believe.

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

Enough! Is this family not broken
enough already?

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

JOHN

Fly away on your little treasure
hunt, Russell.

RUSSELL

I'm only flying away from a man
that wished I was the one who died.

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

INT. CAR - DAY

Cain races past a church.

Michael, in the passenger seat, clocks the worn sign.

'REVELATION (C)ROSSES (R)OMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH'.

MICHAEL

Cain, it there.

Foot on the accelerator.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Cain. Fuck's sake.

The church drifts out of sight.

EXT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ettie takes a deep breath outside the door, a lollipop tucked
on top of her ear. She's more glammed up than usual. In one
hand she holds an easter egg.

She knocks. Nothing.

She knocks again, harder. Nothing.

She sits down, back against the door.

ETTIE

Brought you an easter egg. You know
to say... You know they're silly,
always bringing them out too early.

Ear to the door. Silence.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

It's Thursday, by the way. I've got to be there soon.

Across the road, looking at her in a car is Cain and Michael.

INT. CAR - THE SAME TIME

CAIN

Don't give me that horse shit.

MICHAEL

The more people involved, the more dangerous you make this. Besides, she's innocent. Actually innocent.

CAIN

How the hell do you know?

Michael stutters.

MICHAEL

We do this and I'm out.

Cain makes a tick-tock sound.

CAIN

Time's running out.

Michael stares at his watch, then opens the car door.

MICHAEL

It's getting dark, I'm going to the church.

CAIN

Pray for my soul whilst you're there.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Michael gets out and heads to the boot.

He opens it. Inside is a duffle bag, Michael takes it, slams the boot and heads towards the church as the sun sets.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

'REVELATION (C)ROSSES (R)OMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH'... 'LIFE IS CHANGE. GROWTH IS OPTIONAL. CHOOSE WISELY.'

Michael stalks past the Church signs holding his duffle bag.

The church is tucked away from the main streets. He looks around - its eerily silent.

He checks the front door. Locked. Impenetrable.

He begins scouting the perimeter. Scaffolding stretches across one side of the church. Stained glass windows reflecting street lamps.

Upon closer inspection - one of the windows has been shattered.

Michael scales the scaffolding. He gets to the broken window and takes in his dark reflection.

He peeks inside the church, the moon provides the only light.

He looks into the church through the window, a big drop into darkness.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Cain keeps a watchful eye on Ettie. His fingers rattle the steering wheel. He looks back in his mirror. No one there. Looks back at Ettie.

CAIN

Come on.

EXT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ettie stands up and leaves with her head high and the easter egg outside the door.

INT. CHIP SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Ettie wanders in. The place is dead. Photis mops the floor.

ETTIE

Phot-phot, have you seen Russell?

PHOTIS

No. When you find him, tell him he's fired.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Cain watches her walk away from Russell's and the chip shop.

CAIN

Thank fuck.

He opens the glove compartment. A gun. He takes it.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cain kicks the door in. He swaggers in to the living room. A sea of mess, look of disgust.

Paper and books litter the table. The code Charlie gave Russell sits there, next to the photograph of the Cox family. Cain pays it no notice.

Cain holds his gun by his side. He walks towards another room. Swings the door open. Nothing but a dirty bathroom.

Another room - a poor excuse for a bedroom. Mattress on the floor. Empty baggies. Spare change.

He returns to the living room and sinks into the sofa, shoulders flat.

He puts the gun to his temple and imitates shooting himself.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Thud. Michael crumbles onto the floor, cursing under his breath.

A nearby laughing.

Michael's head whizzes round, he unzips and roots around his duffle bag. Grabs a flashlight, switches it on, revealing Russell sat on a pew, his hands bloody with glass.

RUSSELL

I did it much worse than that.

Michael gathers himself to his feet and approaches Russell. A bag lies at his feet. John's bible next to him.

MICHAEL

Where is it?

RUSSELL

Now look whose asking for help.

MICHAEL

We need to get that glass out of you.

RUSSELL

You know what your brother said, about the drugs? You got any?

Russell looks weak. Michael tries to inspect Russell's hands but he doesn't let him.

MICHAEL

Russell, you're hurt. Let's just find this together. And no, I don't have any drugs.

RUSSELL

Is Tommy DeVito here?

MICHAEL

No.

Michael offers his hand, Russell lets him pull him up.

RUSSELL

Did you check 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

You're not as scary as him, you know. Try underneath 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 flashlight.

There's nothing. Russell returns his head to the surface.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Where now?

Russell's silent. Michael sighs, more out of frustration than exasperation.

Michael's phone rings. Look of horror on Russell's face. Michael answers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You find it?

Russell tries to grab the phone out of Michael's hand but Michael moves out of the way in time.

RUSSELL

What are you doing?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm inside.

Satisfied, he hangs up.

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, I will. The 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.

With Michael's back turned, Russell pats the bottom of his back. *It's there.* The shadows consume Russell as the flashlight leaves him.

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 bleeds 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, he reaches at the back of his pants and takes out a gun.

He feels its weight and looks to the heavens, when something catches his eye - the confessional window.

A mesh screen lies in between the two boxes.

Russell puts the gun to one side and grapples the mesh screen 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. Russell grabs one and rips it 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 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 down the side of the church towards the broken window. He reaches the pew he was sat at.

His and Michael's bags lie nearby. On the pew is the bible, Russell scurries towards it and cradles it in between his arm and body. Blood ripples down the bible's pages.

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
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 and 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 was here when I got here.

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. John's gun.

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. Where is he?

Michael stays still. Doesn't look Cain in the eye. Cain picks up John's gun and shoves it into Michael's hand.

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

Cain searches the apartment whilst Michael potters next to the window, looking at the alley.

MICHAEL

He's gone.

CAIN

And who's fault is that?

MICHAEL

Maybe we should just leave it.

Cain approaches Michael.

CAIN

No, no, no you started us on this merry goose chase, you can goddamn finish it.

MICHAEL

I know, I'm sorry but maybe it's already finished.

CAIN

Come on, Mikey, you not enjoying this? Bonding time. Brother to brother, just like dad would have wanted.

MICHAEL

He didn't want this.

CAIN

No, but you did. You did, Mr. Russell Group brain-box. Should've stuck to being a fuckin lawyer.

MICHAEL

I did this for you.

CAIN

That's real cute, Mikey. You're a real Mary Poppins aren't you. Made us one big happy family.

MICHAEL

Let's just give it up.

Cain notices the Cox family photograph on the table. He picks it up.

CAIN

Let's pay them a visit. One happy family to another.

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

The heavens have opened.

A theatre is still for the night. Russell drags himself underneath the boards of the theatre for shelter.

Next to the door of the theatre is a homeless man, BRET, wrapped in a dirty blanket and sleeping bag. His weathered look and beard make his age undeterminable. He watches Russell.

Russell flops onto the hard, dry floor. His arms are decorated with diluted blood. His shivers. His hands shake uncontrollably. The bible is wet.

BRET
First night on the street?

Russell turns around, unable to be shaken by surprise anymore. He shakes his head.

Bret groans to his feet inside his sleeping bag and grabs his blanket. He shuffles over to Russell and hands him the blanket.

BRET (CONT'D)
Here you go.

He clocks Russell's arm.

BRET (CONT'D)
Not the first time you done that either.

RUSSELL
How do you know?

Bret goes back to his belongings. Grabs an open bag of crisps and a pipe.

BRET
You always start small. You're never one hundred percent at the start. Gotta see if you feel anything first, if it's worth anything.

He sits next to Russell. Shakes the crisp packet in front of him. Russell shakes his head.

BRET (CONT'D)
Ain't much left but it's somet.

Holds out the pipe instead.

RUSSELL
Not my cup of tea.

BRET
Ha! What I wouldn't do for a cup of tea.

Russell opens the bible, looks at his arm: 'MXVI V-VII'.

BRET (CONT'D)
That your drug, huh?

RUSSELL
No. Something else.

Russell flicks through page numbers - XXX... XC... CCC...

The middle of the pages have been cut out delicately in the shape of a gun but the page numbers at the top are intact.

BRET

You look like you still have somewhere to go and since one of the only traditions I still cling onto is telling a story to whoever stops by with me, give this a listen whilst you flick over pages of past fantasy and high-holy bullshit for inspiration.

D... DLX... DC...

Bret lights up his pipe.

BRET (CONT'D)

So listen here, when I was still a wee man my mum n I didn't get on too well. She was always telling me to do this and that. 'You gotta study, Bret! You gotta make something of yourself, eat your greens!' Yada yada yada.

CM... CMLXI... CMXC... Russell has flicked through so many pages that the gun shaped hole is gone, the rest of the pages intact.

BRET (CONT'D)

So I did as any boy with balls bigger than his brains and did whatever the fuck I wanted. Left school n gotta job at sixteen, lost it at sixteen and a half when I found drugs. Then one night, I was high as a monkey, right, and I got home and a there she was waiting, face like a fucking Bengal tiger ready to rip mine off. And she says 'You gotta stop, Bret. You gotta look in the mirror and see what you've become.' And I lost it. It was those words, 'you gotta'. I went off the rails. Got kicked out. Didn't hear off her for two years. She sent me Christmas cards when she found out where I was but that's it. Then I got a letter, telling me she'd died. I was hysteric. I blamed the world.

(MORE)

BRET (CONT'D)

Cut myself, the lot. I got called in one day by some fancy pants lawyer, and he told me she left everything she had for me in her will. She had next to nothing and I was an only child that acted like it but still. She didn't forget. Those words, 'you've gotta'. Sometimes, demands are the words spoken with the most love.

M... MX... MXV... MXVI...

Russell's finger shoots around the page.

BRET (CONT'D)

You probably think you shouldn't listen to me. Look where I am, I know. But I've accepted it. It ain't too bad knowing she still loved me. You get that, kid?

Russell reads the wet page of John's bible aloud.

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

Bret points his pipe at the bible.

BRET

He'd agree with me.

Russell looks at Bret properly for the first time.

RUSSELL

He didn't forget me. He didn't forget me.

Bret smiles as Russell rises to his feet.

BRET

You know, I think you're the first that ever listened properly.

Russell leaves the bible and runs off into the night.

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 COX, 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. THERAPY BUILDING - DAY

Ettie twiddles a lollipop in her mouth, she looks around as she walks down a corridor. It's silent, the morning rabble yet to arrive.

Groans can be heard from a room ahead. Ettie investigates.

The therapy room, in order for the day with the cheap buffet in plastic wrap and the old notepad.

Sat on the floor, leaning his head against a chair with a bottle of booze in his hand is Noah, drooling and snoring.

Ettie takes a dirty look at him then reaches inside her handbag, brandishing a lollipop and launching it at Noah's head.

He shakes to life, jumping up, leaning on a chair and crashing back down onto the floor. He clocks Ettie.

NOAH

W-what are you doing here?

She takes her phone out and takes a picture of him.

NOAH (CONT'D)

W-wait. Delete that!

She heads towards the buffet table and picks up the old notepad. Opens it. Lines of addresses. Flicks through the pages.

She finds - 'JOHN COX...'. She tucks the notepad in her handbag.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Ettie, please. No one can see that of me.

ETTIE

Why do you think that is?

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Russell eyes pry open to a sunrise. His face stuck in the dirt.

He sits up, looks at his hands. Filthy. He shakes uncontrollably. On his arm, puss, dirt and blood make out 'MXVI V-VIII'.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Cain slams open drawers of his desk and flings pieces of paper off his desk.

Michael stands on the other side of the desk as Ed stumbles into Cain's office in pajamas.

MICHAEL

They're an old couple!

CAIN

Ed, where did you put it?

ED
Put what?

CAIN
The addresses!

MICHAEL
Cain, are you listening to me?

CAIN
When has listening to you done me
one bit of good Mikey? Ed, get the
fucking addresses.

ED
Good fucking morning to you too.

Ed shuffles off. Michael lights a cigarette and fiddles with
the lighter.

MICHAEL
You don't need this.

Cain keeps looking frantically.

CAIN
You don't know shit about what I
need. You're the one that dangled
this golden ticket in front of me.

MICHAEL
And now, as your brother, I am
advising you to be done with it.

CAIN
You think you got it all sorted
out, don't you smart ass? You think
you know what I want. What else do
I have?

MICHAEL
Everything! As the eldest, you get
everything.

CAIN
I got nothing but a bad deal. Now,
you uphold the bargain you proposed
or you're done. You're out.

Ed re-enters holding a letter. Cain's eyes light up.

Michael turns around and snatches the letter from Ed and
lights it in front of Cain's eyes.

MICHAEL
They're innocent and this ends,
now.

Cain grabs Michael, throwing him to the ground. He pummels him, it's ugly.

CAIN
Innocent? Innocent? What the fuck
do you know about innocent, you
killed our mother the moment you
were born.

Cain doesn't hold back. Ed grabs him off Michael, who reels with a bloody face.

Cain regains himself.

CAIN (CONT'D)
(to Ed)
Call Greenwood.

Ed hesitates.

CAIN (CONT'D)
Now!

They both leave, leaving Michael struggling for consciousness.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

John puts his feet up on the sofa in his dressing gown with a mug in his hand.

JOHN
Finally, a peaceful morning.

The front door knocks. Mary heads for the door and opens it, revealing Ettie who takes a lollipop out of her mouth. They smile awkwardly.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

John eyeballs Ettie as she perches on a chair in the living room.

Mary brings Ettie a hot brew, whilst she has a suspiciously red-colored drink for this time in the morning.

ETTIE
I'm worried about Russell.

JOHN

No point worrying, his trouble is
of his own making.

MARY

He does have a knack of always
coming back, have you tried his
phone?

ETTIE

Yes and his house.

JOHN

Crack den.

MARY

What did you say you were to
Russell?

ETTIE

His, um-

JOHN

You want to know where he is?
Wherever he says he's not.

MARY

John, maybe we should ring the
police.

JOHN

Good idea, stop him defacing our
son's legacy.

ETTIE

He is your son.

JOHN

He is the devil.

MARY

He is our son.

JOHN

No, Charles was our son, he is-

ETTIE

A dickhead?

They didn't expect that.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

Yeah. He's a selfish twat and I know that better than anyone but he is one that, quite frankly, you created and if you can't see that then your as bat blind as he is.

Mary drinks up, takes in Ettie's words.

JOHN

Get out.

ETTIE

Happily. Since he has no one else to look for him.

JOHN

Out!

Ettie stands up. John can't look at her.

ETTIE

Funny as it is to me, he needs you two. Not me.

She steps towards Mary and hands her a letter.

ETTIE (CONT'D)

If you see him before I do, will you give him this?

Mary nods. Ettie heads for the door and leaves.

Mary casts harsh eyes on John.

EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

John watches Ettie strides away from his balcony. He goes to the rocking chair, puts his hand down the side and takes out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - DAY

Greenwood is let into the house by a now fully-dressed Ed. Cain storms towards them.

CAIN

You got what I want?

Greenwood nods and takes a letter out of his pocket. Cain yanks it out of his hand and leaves through the door.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Ed, come on!

Ed follows behind him. Greenwood stands bemused.

Behind him, a beaten Michael emerges from Cain's study. He's holding John's gun.

He sneaks behind Greenwood and touches the gun to his back.

MICHAEL

My guess is you shit yourself so
much you have that address
memorized.

Greenwood nods. Gulps. Michael pushes Greenwood out of the door towards his car.

EXT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

John stubs out his cigarette. He rocks on his chair as a figure arises in the distance.

It's Russell, looking ready to be lifted into the very grave he has dug up.

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!

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, 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

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 downstairs. John stomps down to it.

Mary tiptoes into Russell's bedroom. She sits down next to him, he's coming round. He holds her hand.

RUSSELL

Mum?

MARY

Yes, Russy?

RUSSELL

I'm sorry.

MARY

Shush now. Rest.

RUSSELL

No, Mum. I'm sorry. I've lied to you. I've- I am an addict. I never gave it up.

MARY

Then this time you will. This final time, Russell. You will.

RUSSELL

It's not just that. I-

DOWNSTAIRS:

John picks up the phone.

VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Cox?

JOHN

Yes.

VOICE (O.S.)

You were the father to a Mr. Charles John Cox?

JOHN

Yes. Spit it out.

VOICE (O.S.)

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 up the stairs. The voice on the phone rambles away.

John charges into the bedroom, moves Mary out of the way and he whacks Russell across his face and lifts him off the bed.

JOHN

You dug up his grave. He is all over you. He was the lord's earth and you violated him!

Mary tries in vain to pull John off Russell.

MARY

Stop it!

JOHN

Charles' grave, Mary. He dug it up!

MARY

I know.

That brings John to a stop. Russell wriggles out of his grip.

MARY (CONT'D)

He just told me. And he is still an addict. He confessed.

Ugly pause. A noise downstairs. Only Mary notices.

RUSSELL

I thought it was for me. To prove I was worthy. To - to -

John grabs him again, tears in his eyes.

JOHN

How could you?

MARY

John, stop! I heard something!

RUSSELL

I'm sorry!

John lets go.

JOHN

All for a glorified easter egg hunt.

Lightbulb moment.

It takes over Russell who jumps out of the bedroom, John and Mary give chase.

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

CAIN

Good morning, you unholy sack of
shit.

Mary lets out a scream as her eyes meet Cain and Ed very much at home in her living room - Cain smokes a cigar in a chair as Ed stands next to him.

INT. CAR - DAY

Greenwood drives, white knuckles on the wheel. Michael sits in the passenger seat, gun in hand, wavering.

MICHAEL

Please, put your foot on it.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

CAIN

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 launches herself at Cain who pushes her to the floor next to John.

CAIN
(to Ed)
Go get him, biggun.

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.

Ed hurls himself into the door to no avail.

Russell runs 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 into the door. The garden furniture gives way.

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.

Russell reaches the top of the ladder.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Now look who's king of the castle,
Charlie.

The treehouse is tiny. Empty.

Russell tries to yank the wooden flooring from beneath him.

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.

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.

JOHN
We ate punks like you for breakfast
in the army.

Cain whacks the barrel of his gun into John's face.

Cain goes over to Ed and together they grab Russell and heave his twisting body towards his parents.

Cain motions to Ed to go to John and Mary. He points his gun at them but it rises and falls.

Cain lets go of Russell - now faced with the reality of his situation. Cain digs inside of his pocket and takes out a bag of white powder and throws it at Russell's knees.

CAIN
I told you there would be something
in it for you, didn't I? Go on,
take it, junkie.

Russell ogles at the bag. Sweat drips off his brow. His hands twitch.

Russell spits on the drugs.

Cain cackles and smacks Russell's face.

CAIN (CONT'D)
You are one funny bastard.

JOHN
You let my son go, now!

Cain aims his gun at John.

RUSSELL
Stop! I can find it. I can find it.

CAIN
You better find it in the next ten
seconds or I'll have your mother
wailing in hopscotch's brains in
eleven. Ten!

Russell racks his mind, eyes staring into oblivion.

CAIN (CONT'D)
Nine seconds...

Russell turns around, he sees the ghostly image of Young Russell wandering around the tree.

YOUNG CHARLIE (V.O.)
Tut-tut. Ice cold.

Russell runs to and scrambles up the tree, his blood and mud stained arms reaching for the heavens.

CAIN
(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.

Intoxicated, Russell rips off the golden foil. The egg is made of two halves of papier-maché - one white, one black.

MARY
Russell, please.

Russell takes his eyes off the egg for a second. Cain presses his gun into John's head.

CAIN
One.

Russell hands it over.

Cain cracks it open - a note. He unfolds it and reads.

Air of anticipation. Russell looks at his parents. John nods at him.

Cain's eyes leave the note.

CAIN (CONT'D)
(to Russell)
You a funny guy, huh? You a joker?
Do jokes for my smack?

RUSSELL
Jokes?

CAIN
Magic fuckin tricks, huh? Am I a
joke to you?

RUSSELL
It's not a joke. That's it.

Cain bounds to Russell, throws him to the floor and brings the butt of his gun upon Russell's face like a hammer.

CAIN
Still funny, huh? Still fuckin
funny?

Another hammer blow. Blow upon blow.

Suddenly, with all his strength John rises to his feet and jumps on Cain.

Ed raises his gun at John but stops himself. Mary gets up to run to John but Ed holds her back.

John's arms wrap around Cain's neck. They fall away from Russell.

BANG.

They both lie still.

INT. CAR - DAY

Greenwood pulls up to John and Mary's house, stops the car, hands raised in futile defense.

GREENWOOD
This is it. Please, don't.

MICHAEL
You're a good man. A good man.

Michael jumps out of the car.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Cain rises from John's body. Russell reacts but Cain already has his gun aimed at Mary, who shrieks in Ed's arms. Ed lets go of her, she falls to the floor.

Cain picks up the note from the easter egg and takes out his lighter. He sets it aflame.

The note falls into the grass and flickers into ash.

Russell rises to his feet but again stops as Cain levels his gun at Mary once more.

CAIN
Where's the rabbit?

RUSSELL
What fucking rabbit!

CAIN
The rabbit in the hat. The next
magic trick. The clue. The money.
Where is it?

RUSSELL
That's it. I've given you
everything!

Cain sighs, scratches his head with his gun in disbelief. Gun back at Mary.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Hey, Russell, I have a trick-

Heart skips.

CAIN
Pew pew.

A Rolex watch falls to the floor.

A gun shot.

Cain eyeballs his stomach. Bloody. Disbelief.

He falls to the floor. Dead.

Michael shakes in the wind holding John's gun.

Greenwood runs behind Michael and comes to a halt.

He looks at Ed, gun still in hand. Ed drops to his knees.

Russell and Mary clammer to John's body.

Sobbing in silence.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A coffin is lifted into the ground by six men. One of them is Russell. Holds back the tears.

ETTIE (V.O.)

I'm sorry that I'm doing it this way. I know you're going through a lot. More than usual, which is saying something.

The gravestone is revealed: 'JOHN JAMES COX, 1945-2019'. Beside it is a tidy grave: 'CHARLES JOHN COX, 1969-2019'.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Two workers take down the remnants of the sign: 'REVELATION (C)ROSSES (R)OMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH'.

Another two men walk past holding a stained-glass window.

ETTIE (V.O.)

But the thing is, I've realized that no matter what you're going through. You don't need me to get through it. I thought we needed each other but by not being there, you taught me that I didn't need you either.

A new, improved sign is fitted in with all the letters intact: 'REVELATION CROSSES ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH'... 'OTHERS SEE WHAT WE DO, GOD SEES WHY WE DO IT'.

INT. JOHN AND MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Russell makes a cup of tea and pours a glass of red wine in the kitchen.

ETTIE (V.O.)

Whether you meant to or not. I got that part from the audition. Without you. They said it was 'twinged with an undeniable sadness'. Something fancy like that.

Russell walks into the living room and hands Mary the wine. He sits down beside her and sips his tea.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A lawyer hands a document to Russell and Mary who sit at a desk. Russell reads it.

ETTIE (V.O.)

And I am sad but you've made everything clear to me now. We can't be together anymore. I'm sorry. Really sorry.

On the document it reads: 'The final will and testament of John James Cox (revised). I wish to leave half of my remaining savings to my son, Russell Cox and the other half to my local church, Revelation Crosses...'

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - DAY

The place is bare. Tidy. Boxes of belongings.

In his bedroom, Russell hoovers up white specks and empty baggies from the carpet.

ETTIE (V.O.)

But I still hope that you can pull yourself out of whatever shadow you're in. You can beat this addiction. You can prove yourself to be whoever it is you want to be.

In his living room, Russell picks up the family photo from the floor. He puts it in a new frame.

On a box is his birthday present, the code. He picks it up, heads into the bathroom and flushes it down the toilet.

INT. CHIP SHOP - DAY

Russell hands Photis, fish flipper still in hand, a stack of long-overdue money.

ETTIE (V.O.)

You just have to believe in yourself. I know, bit rich coming from lil miss lollipop.

Photis puts down his fish flipper and shakes Russell's hand.

EXT. ETTIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Russell knocks on the door. Ettie opens it. Relief etched on her face.

INT. ETTIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's a modest but well decorated apartment. In the centre of the living room there's a table with a jar of lollipops. Ettie and Russell sit on different chairs.

ETTIE (V.O.)

Please, just let me know if you're okay. Normally, I wouldn't care, but you have a talent for getting yourself in trouble and I dread to think. I've already checked your place and I'm going to your parents' later.

Ettie shows Russell out. They smile but don't touch each other. She watches him as he walks away.

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

A poster for 'TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' *A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE*'. There's a picture of a woman playing Blanche DuBois - Ettie, portraying an illusion of strength. She's nearly unrecognizable.

People flood into the theatre. Nobody notices Bret, who huddles in his corner, smiling to nobody. His paper cup is empty.

ETTIE (V.O.)

I know, I know. But I'm sure they're not that bad. They're your mum n pops after all. But yeah, that's that, I guess. Be safe, please, Russell. Love from, Ettie.

A stack of money is put into Bret's cup. Bret looks up to see Russell holding a new blanket. He hands it to Bret.

Bret stands up and hugs him before running into the night with his new blanket and money.

Russell looks up at the theatre board: 'A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE'. The outside of the theatre is empty now.

Russell walks into the theatre.

FADE OUT:

THE END