FADE IN.

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

OLIVER PATTERSON, 30, short and muscular sits at the table for breakfast with GABY HOUSSIN, 27, tall and pretty.

They're both eating a bowl of cereal.

OLIVER
He hasn't spent all the money. I know he's lying to me when he says he has.

She rolls her eyes, annoyed.

GABY
I don't care.

OLIVER
That money isn't just his, but there's not much I can do about it right now.

GABY
Why not?

OLIVER
I haven't spoken to him in months.

GABY
You should try harder then.

OLIVER
You don't think I have been?

She shakes her head.

GABY
I want a better life Oliver. I can't keep living like this.

He pushes his food away from him.
OLIVER
What's that supposed to mean Gaby?

GABY
Nothing.

OLIVER
No, not nothing, what is it. Spit it out.

GABY
You didn't promise me this kind of life.

OLIVER
What are you talking about Gaby?

GABY
Oliver, I want a better life. I can't keep working for the both of us. I don't make enough for it to work.

He slaps a hand down against the tables edge.

OLIVER
That money is mine as much as it is his.

GABY
But it's in his bank account in his name so just give up on it.

OLIVER
No, half of that is mine, and if I have to take it from him by force I will.

GABY
Of course you will.

She stands up from the table and heads for the door.

He watches her leave.

OLIVER
You'll see. There's only so far a man can be pushed.

She exits, gently closing the kitchen door shut behind her.

EXT. CORNER SOP - DAY

Oliver waits.

YORK PATTERSON, 25, tall and handsome steps out of the shop with a newspaper tucked underneath his arm and a bottle of water in his hand.

He moves over and stands next to his brother.

    YORK
    Are you sure you don't want anything?

Oliver shakes his head.

    OLIVER
    No, I’m not coming with you.

    YORK
    You should.

    OLIVER
    There's no point.

    YORK
    What point do you want there to be in visiting our parents graves. I don't understand your mindset?

    OLIVER
    York, just forget it. I'm not coming with you.

    YORK
    Then why come and meet me here?

    OLIVER
    We need to talk about the money.

York rolls his eyes, not this again.
YORK
What money?

OLIVER
The inheritance.

YORK
It's gone.

OLIVER
I’m not a fucking idiot York. Half of that is mine.

YORK
Oliver, I didn’t get a much as you think I did. But what I did get went straight into my business. There's a jobs still waiting for you if you want it. You need to stop letting this control you. There is no money left.

Oliver waves a hand out in front of York’s face, dismissive.

OLIVER
Whatever. Everyone thinks I’m a fucking fool, but I’m not.

YORK
Come work for me. I want you to.

Oliver clenches his fists, holds one up to the side of his face, thinks about hitting York but then decides against it.

He turns his back to him then walks away.

York watches him leave, tense.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

York stands at his parents graves with WENDY PATTERSON, 28, slim and beautiful.

York stares at the tombstones as Wendy stares at him, bored.
WENDY
Do you think they were still in love with each other?

York doesn’t take his eyes from the graves but needs to check.

YORK
Who, my parents?

She nods.

WENDY
Yes. At the point of the accident. They died together but were they still in love together?

YORK
I think so.

WENDY
Do you know, for sure?

He shakes his head.

YORK
No, but I’m guessing so.

WENDY
They were married for a long time.

YORK
Yes.

WENDY
And they never got bored with each other?

He’s getting irritated.

YORK
Wendy, ok, no more. Just shut up for a bit. Let me spend this time with some silence. Just go stand over by the car if you can’t shut your mouth.
She turns away from him, angry.

Reaches down into her handbag, takes out a pair of sunglasses and puts them on.

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver sits on the other side of this small cramped front room.

Gaby comes in with a cup of coffee and sits down in the middle of the sofa by herself.

Oliver looks across at her.

OLIVER
They left all the money to their youngest. But I guarantee they would have wanted him to share it with me.

GABY
Can we not talk about this anymore?

OLIVER
I want him dead.

GABY
He's your brother Oliver, don't talk like that.

Oliver shakes his head, he's serious.

OLIVER
No, he stopped being my brother the day he decided to fuck me over. It would be better if he was dead.

GABY
Even if you had money what would you be doing with it right now?

OLIVER
Giving us both a better life.
GABY
Great.

OLVIER
You don't believe me?

GABY
No, but I believe that's what you believe.

OLIVER
Don't doubt me I might just surprise you.

GABY
Whatever, are you going to put the TV on or what. Or are we just going to be sitting here in the dark all night?

INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHES SHOP - DAY

Gaby follows on behind Wendy as she heads deeper into the shop.

She stops at a rack filled with cool print t-shirts that are on sale.

She picks out the ones she likes the look of and holds them up against her chest, trying to imagine how they might look on her if she was to buy them.

Wendy glances across at Gaby.

WENDY
How are things with Oliver?

Gaby shrugs.

GABY
I don't know. We haven't had sex in two months. I keep saying that I want a better life, and that's all I've been saying to him for the passed couple of weeks. Hopefully he takes the hint.
Wendy smiles.

WENDY
Yeah, hopefully.

GABY
How are things with York. I haven't seen him for about six months.

WENDY
Yeah, the brothers hate each other now don't they.

GABY
I know that's how Oliver feels, but I doubt it's the same for York.

WENDY
I don't think I love him anymore. York, I don't feel it for him anymore.

Gaby's shocked to hear it.

GABY
Wow Wendy, that's a big thing to admit to. What are you going to do?

WENDY
I don't know yet. We're married. He's my husband so it's hard.

INT. YORK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Wendy walks in with Gaby.

York's at the fridge.

He takes out a bottle of water then moves over to the counter.

He leans against it and drinks down a couple big mouthfuls.

Wendy drops down a couple large shopping bags into the middle of the kitchen table.
She looks across at York.

WENDY
York, can you give Gaby a lift home. I'm going to be late for work. I need to get ready.

He nods.

Wendy turns back to Gaby. Hugs her.

GABY
I’ll see you soon Wendy.

WENDY
Yeah, thanks for coming with me today.

INT. YORK'S CAR - DAY

York drives with Gaby on the front passenger seat next to him.

He glances across at her, nervous.

YORK
You look nice, I like your hair.

She smiles shy.

GABY
Thank you. You look really good too.

YORK
How's Oliver?

GABY
He's obsessed with the money. That's how Oliver is. Always thinking and talking about money. But doing nothing to get any.

York shakes his head, frustrated.
YORK
That doesn't surprise me to hear.
But there is no money for him to have.

GABY
That's not how he sees it?

YORK
I keep asking him to come and work along side me but he won’t listen.

She's shocked.

GABY
What?

York smiles, tired.

YORK
There's a place in my business if he wants it. I’ll keep asking but I know he'll just keep saying no.

GABY
You're kidding me?

YORK
No, if you can talk to him that'll be great.

GABY
He needs a job so badly.

YORK
Well there's one waiting for him.

GABY
He's such an idiot.

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Oliver sits up at the table.

Gaby's at the sink. She's fills a saucepan up with water.
She then takes it over to the oven fills it with pasta and sets it down for the water to boil.

    OLIVER
    I should be allowed to take what's mine. He's asking for this.

    GABY
    Shut up Oliver.

He points at her, angry.

    OLIVER
    He's pushed me into this. We can fake a mugging.

    GABY
    There's no us in this.

    OLIVER
    Yes there is. I'm doing this for the both of us.

    GABY
    You're not doing anything, now shut up.

    OLIVER
    We're going to lose the house if I don't find some money soon.

She starts crying, can't help it.

    GABY
    No more.

    OLIVER
    With him gone we can have the rest of my parents inheritance. Spend it the way we want to.

She just shakes her head, still crying, nothing else to say.

    OLIVER
    (continuing)
    We can make it look like a burglary gone wrong. You're a part of this
now Gaby. I won't let you walk away. We're doing this together. I've made my mind up.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Gaby sits with York at a small table at the back of this dimly lit underground bar.

She wears a cute little dress with York in a smart t-shirt and jeans.

York pushes her colourful cocktail drink closer to her as he picks up his pint of beer, drinks a little.

    YORK
    You're still friends with Wendy right?

Gaby nods.

    GABY
    Yeah, we're friends.

York drinks some more of his beer.

He drops his head down, embarrassed.

    YORK
    I think she's cheating on me.

Gaby grimaces.

She reaches across the table and gently holds onto one of his hands. Rubbing the back of it with her thumb.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Gaby leans up against one of the windows of the bar, a few other people here with her, all out for a smoke.

She's on her phone.

She holds it close to her mouth, nervous.
GABY
I'm going to take him home. He's very drunk. I'll call you back.

INT. YORK'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Gaby sits alone in the middle of the sofa inside York's tidy front room.

She has hold of her phone in both hands and just stares down at it, upset.

INT. YORK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

York moves over to the fridge.

He takes out a bottle of red wine.

He places it down on the table and finds a folded up note.

He open it up and reads what Wendy has written for him. 'Staying at a friends tonight back in the morning. Don't wait around for me, have fun at work tomorrow.'

He folds it back up and discards it down to the floor.

He finds two wine glasses, picks the bottle back up and exits.

INT. YORK'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

York sits with Gaby on the sofa.

She stretches her bare legs out and rests her feet onto York’s lap.

Each with a glass of wine in hand they slowly turn to face each other, look into each others eyes.

They both smile.

YORK
You really are beautiful, you know that right?
She laughs nervous.

GABY
Thank you.

YORK
What do you see in my brother?

She smiles.

GABY
He promised to always be there for me.

YORK
And when did that stop?

She turns away from him, hurt.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR - NIGHT

Oliver’s parked up outside York’s apartment block.

He sits with a large knife resting on the passenger seat next to him.

He takes down a few deep breaths then puts on a large black balaclava.

INT. YORK'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

York rubs Gaby’s now bare feet.

She closes her eyes enjoying it.

He then moves to her legs, caresses them.

Both silent, tense.

He then parts her legs, moves down to his knees.

He strokes her inner thighs now.

He lifts her dress up, moves his head into place and goes
down on her.
She groans, instantly enjoying it.
She grabs a hold of his hair and lets him continue.

INT. OLIVER'S CAR - NIGHT
Oliver takes his phone out.
He quickly types a text out.
'Is he asleep. We need to do this tonight.'
He sends it Gaby.

INT. YORK'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT
Gaby looks down at the text then back to York.
They're back sitting normally next to each other on the sofa.

Gaby's on edge.

GABY
What are you going to do next with your life?

He smiles.

YORK
Are you ok?

She shouts.

GABY
Just tell me!

YORK
I want to open up a few more places in France and Germany. I’m making enough money here so I want to try it out on the continent next.
GABY
And you're really going to try and keep going, to keep improving, it's really important that you tell me the truth.

He nods.

YORK
Yes. I want my business to continue, I want to continue to grow, to get better.

GABY
Can I come with you?

He laughs.

YORK
What?

She starts crying.

GABY
Don't laugh at me. Can I come with you. Can you give me a job?

He nods.

YORK
Ok, you can.

GABY
Then we need to leave right now and out through the back entrance too. We can't wait either, it has to be right now or never.

He just stares at her, lost.

INT. YORK'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Oliver kicks the door open, still in his balaclava and now with the knife in his hand.

He walks in.
INT. YORK'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NEXT

Oliver comes into the empty front room.

They've gone.

He comes over to the sofa.

Gaby's left her phone behind.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Gaby and York sit on the backseat together.

She rests her head against his shoulder.

He looks down at her, smiles.

INT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Gaby and York stand shoulder to shoulder on the platform waiting for their train to arrive.

They looks across at each other, unsure.

    GABY
    Can this work?

    YORK
    Between us?

She nods.

    GABY
    This is rushing things, but can it work?

He smiles.

    YORK
    I don't know. But we can still give it a good go.
GABY
Yeah?

He nods.

YORK
I think I’ve always loved you.

GABY
Then why did you get married?

YORK
I don’t know. Why did you ask me out?

She shrugs.

GABY
I just couldn’t continue with life as it was.

YORK
Me neither.

He then bends down and kisses her.

She kisses him back, wraps her arms around him.

FADE TO BLACK
THE END