

' BROTHERS '

An original short screenplay.

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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 table 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.

OLVIER

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 takes 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 been 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.

OLVIER

(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