

OH BROTHER, OH BOTHER

Written by

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EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

MONTY, 45, a police officer on the job strolls around uninterested. An energy drink in one hand and an electronic cigarette in the other.

Just wandering around, minding his own business.

Except for the blue police uniform nothing about this man says he's an actual cop doing an actual job.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Two THUGS beat, punch and kick an OLD MAN, 70 to the ground. His face cut up and bleeding.

One of the thugs snatches his car keys from him.

THUG

This is ours now.

The old man on the ground cowers.

OLD MAN

Please, I need to get home. My wife, she has Alzheimer's. I have to get home to care for her.

Monty stumbles on them. He watches for a moment. Finishes off his energy drink. Has another couple of puffs from his e cigarette.

The thugs open up the car. The first thug gets in. Starts the engine. Revs it a couple of times.

The second thug stays with the old man. Delivers a few more hard kicks to his stomach. Then goes through his pockets.

SECOND THUG

Let's see what else you've got.

He finds the old man's wallet. There's some cards and some cash. But mostly lots of photos of his family.

Monty approaches silently. Pulls his gun out and sticks it to the back of the thugs head.

MONTY

Do you really want to die?

SECOND THUG

Oh shit.

Monty slams his head against the car. Knocking him to the ground.

Monty goes around to the drivers side of the car. Sticks his gun into the neck of the first thug.

MONTY

How about you get out?

The first thug puts his hands up.

FIRST THUG

Oh shit, oh shit, this wasn't even my idea.

Monty pulls him out of the car. Forces the first thug down onto his knees. Presses his gun to the middle of his head.

MONTY

Now you're going to do everything I say. I tell you to do something and you're going to do it. Or I'm going to kill you.

The second thug on the ground dazed from having his head slammed against the car.

Monty sees him out of the corner of his eye. He delivers a hard kick to his jaw. Knocking him out cold.

He returns his focus onto the first thug. Finger on the trigger.

MONTY (CONT'D)

I asked you if you understand?

FIRST THUG

Yes.

MONTY

Empty out your pockets

The first thug does it. A few mobile phones. Some cash. And several obviously stolen bank cards.

Monty takes them all.

MONTY (CONT'D)

My, my, my you've had a busy night.

FIRST THUG

Look man I'm sorry. I don't want to die.

Monty takes a step back. Still has his gun trained on the second thug.

MONTY

Your friend too. Empty out his pockets.

The second thug does as he's instructed. Takes out a few more mobile phones. Bank cards. And a large knife.

He hands all these over to Monty. Monty leaves the knife but takes all the rest.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Alright, now get the fuck out of here. I don't want to see you again tonight.

The second thug doesn't need to be told twice. Leaps up to his feet and scurries, running for his life.

The old man rolls over painfully onto his side.

OLD MAN

You're seriously going to let them get away?

MONTY

Isn't my problem. Would you preferred if I just let them kick you to death? You're going to live and you got your car back.

OLD MAN

You call yourself a police officer?

MONTY

A thank you would be nice.

The old man tries to get up but can't. Too badly hurt.

OLD MAN

I need an ambulance.

Monty puts his gun away and starts to walk off.

MONTY

Hey, that's a whole other department.

The old man watches Monty leave. Stunned and helpless.

INT. MONTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A real mess. A bachelor who doesn't seem to know how to wash or clean up after himself.

Monty dumps down his takings for the night. Phones, cash, bank cards.

Drops them all down onto a coffee table that's littered with drug paraphernalia.

Monty strips down to his underpants and vest.

Once out of his police uniform, he breathes a sigh of relief.

He turns the television on, searching through the channels. Reaching down in-between the chair he pulls out his own mobile phone.

He has several unanswered messages and phone calls. All from 'Lou'.

Voicemails have been left too.

Monty frowns.

MONTY

What the fuck does he want?

He hesitates. Doesn't really seem to want to, but presses to listen to one of the voicemails.

LOU

(O.S)

Please oh god please. I need you now. They're going to kill me. They're going to hang me. I did nothing wrong. I don't know who else to call. Please. If you do nothing they're going to kill me.

The message ends.

Monty hangs up the phone. He presses it to the side of his head, contemplating.

MONTY

(muttering)

Well I haven't heard from the son of a bitch in six years and when I do, that's the message he decides to leave me.

He gets up out of the chair.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Well, it's certainly interesting.

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - DAY

A three bedroom house in a row of identical others. A quiet street. A nice neighbourhood.

Outside Lou's house. A large angry crowd has gathered. Men and women of all different ages.

Some armed with pickaxes, shovels and knives.

They're all yelling and screaming. Some, 'get out of town'. Others, 'kill him'.

Monty arrives on his motorbike. Now dressed in civilian clothes. He pulls up amongst them. Takes his helmet off. Walks past the crowd and goes straight to the front door.

A large MAN grabs him.

LARGE MAN
(to Monty)
What the hell do you think you're doing?

Monty takes out his gun and aims it at the man.

MONTY
I'd get the fuck back if I were you.

The energy of the crowd changes. They all see the gun. They back off.

Monty then takes out his police badge.

MONTY (CONT'D)
I'm a police officer.

Again the energy of the crowd changes. This time more relieved.

A woman speaks up.

WOMAN
There's a fucking paedophile in that house.

Monty can't help but smirk.

MONTY

Well, doesn't this just get more
and more interesting.

The crowd gets angry again.

'Get him out of here.'

'What about our children?'

'He's a fucking paedophile.'

'He's being raping kids in that house.'

Monty puts his gun away. Still holds his badge out.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Well then I best go in there and
find out what's going on.

The crowd gets angrier still.

'You need to get that bastard out of here.'

'Arrest him.'

'He's a fucking child rapist.'

Monty turns to the door, bangs on it.

A pause.

Monty then looks back to the crowd.

MONTY (CONT'D)

I guess he's not going to answer
with you guys out here.

Monty takes a few steps back, inspects the house.

MONTY (CONT'D)

But don't worry. I grew up here.
This is my parents house. They
tried locking me out a few times
when I was growing up. But there's
always a way to get in.

Monty starts to climb up the side of the house.

Two large men share a look.

FIRST MAN

Did he really just say that?

The second man nods.

SECOND MAN
His fucking parents house.

FIRST MAN
What the fuck?

The crowd watches Monty climb up the side of the house.

Their anger growing ever more furious.

INT. LOU'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Monty opens up the bedroom window. Is able to slip inside.

Monty drops onto the floor. Looks around. The bed has been neatly made.

Monty smirks to himself.

MONTY
You always we're mommy's little
boy.

Monty walks towards the door. He glances behind him. Sees that he's leaving muddy footprints on the clean carpet.

MONTY (CONT'D)
(smirks)
Shit. She really wouldn't have
liked to see that. And you know
what dad was like for giving out
the belt. Loved it. Fucking psycho.

Monty opens the bedroom door. He yells out.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Yo Lou, are you in here? What the
fuck is going on?

INT. LOU'S HOUSE- OFFICE - NIGHT

Lou pulls Monty inside the office and locks the door shut behind them.

A large office computer. High tech gaming equipment. Hentai posters on the walls.

Sci fi toys lined up neatly on shelves.

Lou is drenched in sweat. Eyes blood shot red. Filled with panic.

LOU

You've got to help me. They want me dead.

Monty sits down at the desk. On the one and only chair in here.

MONTY

Yeah. Certainly looks that way.

LOU

You've got to do something.

MONTY

And what would you like me to do?

LOU

Talk to the police. Get them down here. Clear all those people out there. Let me get away.

MONTY

And why would I do that?

Lou can't help but laugh.

LOU

Because they're going to kill me.

Monty points a finger at him.

MONTY

Yes. But why?

Lou throws up his hands.

LOU

You can hear what they're shouting. The whole fucking neighbourhood can hear what they're shouting.

MONTY

That you fuck kids?

Lou drops down on his knees in front of him.

LOU

It's not true. They're going to fucking kill me. You've got to do something.

MONTY

No one is going to kill you while I'm here.

LOU

Are you going to help me or not?

MONTY

That's a fine attitude. I want to talk to you first. I want to know why you haven't spoken to me in seven years. And why for the past three years I've sent you birthday cards and Christmas cards and all that bullshit but I've heard nothing from you.

LOU

Do we have to do this now?

MONTY

I want to know why you cut me out of your life.

LOU

There's a mob outside wanting to hang me because they think I fuck kids. This isn't the time for this shit.

MONTY

I want to know or I'm walking out.

LOU

You'd let them kill me?

Monty nods.

MONTY

That's how badly I want answers to this.

Lou throws out his hands, desperate.

LOU

I don't know.

MONTY

What a shit answer.

The sound of the front door being kicked open echoes around them. The sound of several people entering the house. Yelling and screaming.

'Where is he?'

'Get the pedo.'

'Drag him out.'

Lou leaps up from his knees. Presses his ear to the door.

Lou comes back to Monty.

LOU
They're coming.

MONTY
Why did you cut me out of your
life?

LOU
I just wanted to be left alone.

MONTY
And now?

LOU
I need you.

MONTY
So what they're saying? Yelling.
Screaming. Chanting.

LOU
It's all lies.

MONTY
So why are they saying it?

LOU
I don't know.

Monty reaches over and slaps Lou hard across the face.

MONTY
Quit giving me bullshit answers.
Why are they saying it?

Lou again drops down to his knees and shuffles over to Monty.

LOU
I don't know. I'm your brother.
You've got to help me. Please. I'm
begging you.

The sound of people running up the staircase catches Monty's attention.

MONTY

Well, I guess I better ask them.

Monty knocks a hand against the locked office door. This gets the attention of the crowd. Several hands start banging against the office door from the other side.

Monty calls out.

MONTY (CONT'D)

You've come for the paedophile
right?

The crowd yells out.

'Yes.'

'Give him over.'

MONTY (CONT'D)

Well, he just so happens to be my
brother.

The crowd is even more furious than before.

Banging on the door with even more fury.

LOU

Why are you doing this?

Monty puts his hands up. Asking for silence.

He calls out to the crowd.

MONTY

Why do you think all this?

The crowd screams. Hard to make out, but one line is. 'Check his hard drive.'

Monty comes over to Lou. The banging on the office door getting louder and louder.

Monty stands over him.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Turn the computer on.

LOU

I didn't do this.

MONTY

Turn the computer on.

Lou lowers his head, sobbing. Monty reaches down and turns the computer on himself.

He's locked out. The screen asking for a password.

MONTY (CONT'D)
What's the password?

LOU
(sobbing)
I don't know.

MONTY
Just tell me.

LOU
Please you've got to help me.

MONTY
You always we're a mommy's boy.

Monty types in a password and he gains access.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Mom's birthday. How pathetic.

The door is going to give way soon. Starts to bend and snap.

Lou keeps his head in his hands and continues to sob.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Show me your hard drive. You
paedophiles always have files. You
can't delete anything. Fucking
morons.

Monty searches the computer. He's disgusted. Looks like he's going to be sick.

He finds one file hidden away.

MONTY (CONT'D)
This is it isn't it?

He clicks on the file.

Monty turns his head away.

MONTY (CONT'D)
You fucking sick bastard.

Monty takes out his gun and smashes the computers screen.

Monty stands over Lou.

MONTY (CONT'D)
My own fucking brother.

LOU
I'm sorry. I'm sick. I need help. I need your help. Arrest me. Take me in. I don't want to die. Not like this.

MONTY
You've got pictures. You've got video's. Have you being fucking kids too?

Lou nods.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Let me guess. From the school. Our school. The school we both went to. A five minute walk from here?

Again Lou nods.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ. And You want me to arrest you?

Lou nods.

Monty bursts out laughing.

LOU
You can do it. Arrest me.

MONTY
You know, I haven't made an arrest in over twelve months.

Lou looks on, puzzled.

LOU
What? But you're a cop.

MONTY
I hate being a cop. I've had enough. I've been trying to get the sons of bitches to fire me. For over twelve months I haven't made an arrest. If I quit I get nothing. If I get fired I get severance. If I arrest you I'll get a good damn award. They're probably promote me.

(MORE)

MONTY (CONT'D)
My own god damn brother a kid
toucher. For seven years you
haven't spoke to me. Now the truth.

Lou sobs.

LOU
I thought you'd find out.

MONTY
You thought I'd find out you were a
kid toucher?

LOU
Yes.

MONTY
So for seven years you've had
nothing to do with me. So you could
go out and rape children?

Lou lowers his head, sobbing.

MONTY (CONT'D)
I thought I had said something. I
thought that maybe it was me. That
I had done something to upset you.
Jesus. What a reason.

He looks over towards the door. It's just about holding.

MONTY (CONT'D)
If I let a violent and angry mob
take you and lynch you. They'll
have to fire me for that. Surely.
That has to be the final straw?

Lou looks up again. Tears rolling down his face.

LOU
Please no, don't.

Monty unbolts the office door. The crowd of men and women
come pouring on in.

Monty gestures to Lou.

MONTY
Take him. He's all yours.

The crowd does just this. Descending down onto him. Grabbing
and lifting him up onto his feet.

Lou screams, begging.

LOU
Please, don't let them do this.
Please.

One of the men in the crowd has a noose and puts it over and around Lou's neck.

Another member of the crowd puts a burlap sack over his head.

Lou is carried out.

Monty sits back down on the office chair. Takes out his e cigarette and takes a few puffs.

He twirls around in the seat.

MONTY
I wonder what my severance package
will be.

Fade to black

The end