

FADE IN:

INT. DEMOLISHED BUILDING - 14TH FLOOR - DAY

Derelict brick facades. Concrete floors.

A gust of air wheezes dust from the open East wing through to the West.

SUPER: "Thirty Odd Years Ago"

Two KIDS run through the rubble. One big. One small.

Small NASH FOX, 9, reaches the end of the floor which cuts off his escape. Trapped. He whips his head side to side, desperate for a way out. No such luck.

Nash opens his trembling hand, stares at the Water Lily seedling crushed in an ounce of dark soil in his palm. He breathes over it.

With a sniff, he wipes his nose. Nash throws the Lily over the edge, it plummets to the bed of lush greens below.

At that moment, JOSH COLLINS, 13, an obese bully, snot hangs from his oversized nostril, staggers to a halt. He snorts like a pig, towers over Nash.

Nash turns, wipes tears.

JOSH

Hey, Nashy Nash Nash, ready to soil
your panties?

Josh steps closer, forces Nash into a corner.

Scared shitless, Nash's heels push dust over the edge of the floor. He's a wreck, balances to not fall back.

Josh scrapes up a broken brick, throws it at Nash. Misses, puts more force behind his throws.

Pieces of brick slam into Nash's chest, thud against his face, his head. Blood trickles from grazes. Nash cannot hold back the tears anymore, sobs...

Every hurl fuels Josh's wild enjoyment. He laughs out loud.

Nash's pathetic cry flips to a stomach churning scream. He launches himself forward, pushes Josh out of the way. Yes!

Josh fortifies his flabby stance, slips on a chunk of concrete. He topples, grabs at Nash, who runs, pushes, fights, and wrestles.

Josh hooks his fat finger on Nash's shirt collar.

Their eyes meet, for a second, all commotion pauses. Josh's eyes bulge, fill with terror.

Nash's eyes, dead like mud.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Please, help... me...

The moment lulls...

Nash reaches out, grips his small hands around Josh's arm, Nash sees Josh's finger tear through his collar.

His nails sink into Josh's skin. Nash's balance fizzles.

It's a vicious struggle between Nash and earth's lethal gravity. Josh is too heavy.

Teeth clenched, Nash pulls with all the might his feeble frame can muster... they share a glance.

NASH
I'm... not... strong... enough...

Eyes dark, Josh snarls with an ugly lip.

JOSH
You will always be a pussy.

Muscles now depleted, Nash loses his grip.

In a blink of an eye, Josh disappears over the edge...

Time slows down as Josh falls, flails his arms.

Nash watches the big fat bully plummet to the soil beneath.

The crushed water lily just out of his reach.

INT. THIRSTY MONK - BAR - DAY

NASH, now 40, an expert landscaping architect with dark shadows around his bloodshot eyes, slumps over the counter, folds his green stained fingers around an empty glass. A feeble father. Zero responsibility sense.

His other hand flips and catches a bronze A.A. chip with a triangle, engraved with the words: "UNITY, SERVICE, RECOVERY"

FRANK, 40, a curly haired lawyer who loves searching for the hidden terms and conditions in any situation, glares at Nash.

FRANK

You're not hearing me, Nash. God - just like in High School!

NASH

Frank, if I find a gig that pays, a big one, Foxscape won't go bust.

FRANK

I just don't understand it. You are heavy in debt but we had time. Someone has called in all the markers and loans against your business. Someone leaked a false story that there's been some creative bookkeeping. To untangle is a nightmare. Now look, he's the fucking scapegoat.

Nash focuses on the flat screen television against the wall, feels at the bandage on his arm. Clearly a fresh injury.

ON TV: BILL FOX, 44, a bald, strong framed older brother, always ready to fend for Nash, rushes down a staircase, hides his face from the Press.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

The search continues as local police tries to solve the disappearance of Bill Fox, the Co-owner of Foxscape, Inc., an award winning, multi-million dollar architectural landscaping company. Mr Fox faces prison time on a series of financial misappropriation of assets and corruption frauds.

FRANK

I'll spell it out for you. Foxscape is gone. Accept it.

Nash runs his hands through his hair.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hang back until Bill's case has settled before you take on anything, especially independently.

NASH

Frank.

FRANK

Nash, you don't want additional charges on your name right now. Let me figure out who's behind the hostile take over and making these false claims. Get it? Lay off, lay low.

NASH

So, sit around, do nothing?

FRANK

Or, get your ring busted behind the slammer. Your choice. For gods sake, think of Claire.

NASH

She wants me to join her for a shitty interview.

FRANK

You're a shitty parent and a shitty brother, Nash.

NASH

Pillow in my fucking face much?

FRANK

All I'm saying is, don't do anything rash.

Frank swigs from his jug.

NASH

Why hasn't Bill called? That's not like him.

Frank looks around, nervous...

FRANK

Um, have you seen him? You know... like you did when Georgie died? Or... um Emily?

Nash shakes his head.

NASH

No, but he could be mad at me and not want to make an... appearance.

FRANK

Then maybe he's okay. Let's be real. If I had to work with a sad-sack like you everyday of my life then --

NASH

-- Frank! Something's not right. If the police would knuckle down and do their job they would've found Bill by now.

Frank throws his jacket on, checks his watch.

FRANK

My wife is going to kill me or leave me. It's a stretch enough to let them go to the beach without me. And I have two anklebiters I have to say goodbye to.

Nash taps the coin on the counter.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You sign those docs I sent you.

Frank pats Nash's bandaged arm. Nash winces.

NASH

Aah! Fuck, Frank.

FRANK

At least, Claire's reaching out, don't screw that up.

MATHILDA IVY, 42, a pro-manipulator, consumed with bitterness at the unsatisfactory way her life turned out, places herself on the stool next to Nash. She slips, grabs Nash's injured arm, spills his drink in his lap.

Nash jumps up.

NASH

Aah! Fuck-sakes!

MATHILDA

I'm so sorry.

Nash breathes in deep, blows out the pain. Wipes his pants.

NASH

It's okay. Just an accident.

MATHILDA
I can be so clumsy.

Nash makes light of it.

NASH
It's okay, Miss butterfingers.

FRANK
(to Mathilda)
Forgive my friend he can be a real
softy sometimes.

Nash gives an embarrassed smile.

MATHILDA
I clearly overlooked the misfit
table over there.

Mathilda points at a MAN drooling into his beer. Man smiles,
showcasing his teeth like broken skittles.

FRANK
I'm off. Nash don't fall for her.

He nods at Mathilda, leans in close to Nash. Whispers.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Nothing, Nash! Do nothing!

Frank runs out, shouts over the music.

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sign those docs.

Watching Frank leave, Nash spots a small water lily tattoo on
Mathilda's shoulder.

MATHILDA
Can I get you an ice tea? To make
up for it?

Nash sighs a smile.

NASH
I'll get it.

Nods at the BARMAN, holds up two fingers.

Mathilda points at the flat screen television.

MATHILDA
You shouldn't let other people
blacken your name like that.

NASH
I believe in forgiveness.

Mathilda gives a bemused smile.

MATHILDA
A virtue of the weak and it serves
no useful need.

He fails to keep a straight face. Nash nods at the tattoo on her shoulder.

NASH
Lilies carry significant meaning.

MATHILDA
I'm listening.

NASH
Old wisdoms claim they were created
from the breast milk of Hera.

MATHILDA
Conversational U-turn.

NASH
Representative of those mothers-to-
be who are fertile and nurturing.

Mathilda's eyes tear up which throws Nash for a loop.

Nash gulps at the ice tea and rushes to the...

THIRSTY MONK BAR - TOILETS - SAME

Nash removes his jacket, tosses it next to the basin. The picture he took from the frame slips from the jacket pocket.

Nash stares at himself in the mirror then at the blood seeping through the bandage on his arm. He unwraps the cloth to reveal a deep gash on his lower arm.

NASH
How the hell did I do this anyway?

At that moment, Mathilda sneaks in, locks the door behind.

MATHILDA
I lost my boy.

Nash startles.

NASH

What the...

MATHILDA

Got the tattoo to remember him by.
What you said, is beautiful.

Mathilda spots the picture protruding from the jacket pocket.

Nash fails to hide his wound.

NASH

My daughter, Claire.

Mathilda points at the second woman in the image then takes the crimson drenched bandage, wraps it around Nash's wound.

MATHILDA

The older woman?

NASH

Was Emily.

MATHILDA

Divorced?

Nash pockets the picture.

NASH

Claire, wants to be an actress.

The door rattles. Someone on the other side is desperate to use the toilet.

MATHILDA

Recognize me?

Taking over the wound-wrapping, Nash unlocks the door.

An angry GUY shoots past them. Nash walks out. Mathilda follows.

THIRSTY MONK BAR - DAY

Nash and Mathilda sit on the barstools.

MATHILDA

The little freckle face who rescued her brother from an island and discovered their parents to be new world order scientists not knowing they were the lab rats. Remember?

Nash's eyes light up, stops in his tracks.

NASH
Mathilda Ivy? I hated that show.

MATHILDA
Don't be fooled.

NASH
You were great though.

MATHILDA
I gave up my childhood. I was always away from my home, my brother and my family. For what? To learn my craft. In the end, nobody watches, nobody gives a shit. Yet, you get back up and try again.

They search each other's eyes.

NASH
Maybe you should chat to Claire. Bring her to reason. She already thinks I am not supportive. Our talks never go well. After losing her mother... it could break her.

Nash give a weak smile.

NASH (CONT'D)
I didn't introduce myself properly. I'm Nash. I connect people with nature...

Mathilda blank at Nash.

NASH (CONT'D)
... A landscaping architect.

MATHILDA
Mathilda Ivy. I'm making my own full feature film. Indie-style.

Mathilda points at the big screen on the wall.

MATHILDA (CONT'D)
What's the buzz all about?

NASH
My company's fucked.

MATHILDA

Then you can't be any good, at
scaping land.

Nash flicks the A.A. chip.

NASH

With enough motivation, I'm
actually the best.

Mathilda scoffs, reaches out, catches the chip.

MATHILDA

I doubt you have any real talent
but, how would you approach a piece
of property, say, designing a
special garden location for a film?

Nash stares at Mathilda.

NASH

I shouldn't be --

Mathilda taunts Nash...

MATHILDA

I don't know. How good can you be
if your company is defunct?

Bristling...

NASH

I have a knack but it requires...

MATHILDA

Are you saying I should take a
chance on you?

NASH

A certain motivation.

Mathilda gives him a long look... smiles, nods.

MATHILDA

I like you. I'll take a chance.
Good help is hard to keep these
days. My producer has a rubber arm.
I'll get him to add an extra line
to the budget.

NASH

No thanks.

Mathilda smirks at Nash.

MATHILDA

Look, my parents left me this estate. You knock two birds with one stone. Generate creative solutions for my rural plot and elevate the quality of my production. What do you say? Save your sorry ass company.

Nash shakes his head.

NASH

Mathilda, I appreciate it but --

MATHILDA

-- Don't be hasty. I have reservations about you. But I supposed we can come to an agreement. I'll buy your company.

NASH

No-dice. Bill will never --

She nods at the big screen...

MATHILDA

-- Isn't he missing?

NASH

He is the mastermind behind Foxscape. The brother I have disappointed in so many ways.

Mathilda touches Nash's shoulder.

MATHILDA

Great! This will be a chance to redeem yourself and I'll talk to your daughter.

Mathilda cups Nash's chin in her hands, stares deep into his eyes, fingers back Nash's unkempt hair.

Nash enjoys Mathilda's touch, lingers for more.

NASH

Still can't believe I'm with my teenage celebrity girl crush.

TRRRRR! Mathilda grabs at her cell phone, answers.

MATHILDA

Yes? The police station? Sure.

Flustered, Mathilda hangs up.

NASH
Everything okay?

MATHILDA
Yeah. Yes. It was really nice
talking to you Nash.

NASH
You in trouble?

She shakes her head, slaps cash onto the counter, leaves.

NASH (CONT'D)
Hey, I'll drive you!