

RABBITS

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EXT. WOODS. MORNING.

A behemoth of a man walks through the woods. RICHMOND wears a suit - ragged and patched - and a satchel. He thuds out of the woods and into a large clearing. He makes his way down to a rabbit in a trap. He takes a moment turns his head away as to not see and breaks its neck. He sits legs spread like a child and strokes the dead rabbit.

RICHMOND
Sorry there Mr Peter.

EXT. WOODS. MORNING.

The rabbit hangs lifelessly strapped to Richmond's satchel. Richmond heads for the woods. As We follow him into the trees we hear the very edge of a noise. Richmond stops suddenly.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

The kitchen is grime filled. Pieces of old VCR players are scattered around. Richmond is skinning a rabbit on a large wooden block. The back door leading from the kitchen to the garden opens and in walks ARTHUR. Arthur is dressed similarly to Richmond his suit is cleaner but far to big for him. Arthur sits at the kitchen table he moves piles of books and VHS tapes, all fall under the gangster genre. Arthur looks at Richmond's trousers noticing the mud on them. He squints holding back a headache and shifts in his chair. He pulls out an old newspaper from his inside pocket.

ARTHUR
What did I say before?

Richmond continues to prepare their dinner. Arthur slowly and methodically rolls up his newspaper, stands and approaches Richmond. He pushes the rolled up newspaper under Richmond's chin using it to turn his head to meet Arthur's eyes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
What did I say? (BEAT) Tell me!

Richmond's hand tightens around the handle of the knife.
(Beat) His grip releases.

RICHMOND
No smarts in the woods.

ARTHUR
And what did you do?

RICHMOND

Wore my smarts in the woods. But no matter now. I have a story from the woods. It's good this time. I promise.

ARTHUR

Go on then ark at me.

EXT. WOODS - CLEARING. MORNING.

Back at the edge of the woods. Richmond looks off into the distance frozen to the spot. BANG! The noise of an engine backfiring in the distance. He ducks behind a tree, hiding, like a frightened child.

ARTHUR V/O

It is just you and me left. We are the only ones left.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

We pick up from the last scene. Arthurs grip tightens around his rolled up newspaper.

RICHMOND

Left, right! But I saw it!

Arthur beats Richmond with the newspaper.

ARTHUR

No! No! No! You fucking Dim low!
What are you?

RICHMOND

Dim low. Dim low.

ARTHUR

Who is?

RICHMOND

Me. I is. I am.

ARTHUR

Who's ain't? Who's not?

RICHMOND

You's not. Just me. I am.

Arthur stops. He straightens himself out methodically and returns to the kitchen table.

ARTHUR
That's right. King Arthur, King
Arthurs is what they'll call me.
Good. Now supper and a flick.

Richmond moves back to the kitchen

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Then I'll read to you from the
paper.

Richmond starts cooking again.

EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT.

A generator whirrs. A VCR clunks away, wires everywhere. A
Projector spits out an image. Light from a violent gangster
film cuts the shape of Arthur and Richmond, we are behind
them, watching what they are watching as we slowly start to
move around them.

ARTHUR V/O
What will it be tonight then
brother? "Tensions grow over
missile testing in Yemen"? Or "Love
Rat: The Celeb Lothario and his
junky mistress?"

We see they are eating bowls of stew as we track around onto
Arthurs profile, he gazes up at the makeshift cinema screen.

RICHMOND V/O
Love Rat! Proper giggle that one.

We are moving past Arthurs smiling face to reveal Richmond.
Not Smiling. Not really watching the film...

ARTHUR V/O
You nonce. You just like harking
about the dirty women and cheating
lying no good men

We push into Richmond face he is slumped in his chair.

RICHMOND V/O
Do you ponder I would've had a
women brother?

ARTHUR V/O
You? Brother, you would never and
will never have anyone but me.

INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

The living room is just as dilapidated. Its only furniture - two large arm chairs - are facing each other and currently occupied by Richmond and Arthur. We can still hear the generator from outside.

RICHMOND

What do you mean?

Richmond is getting visibly aggravated. The generator whirs.

ARTHUR

Who would have ever wanted you my brother. You're a waste. Mother knew it, father knew it, its about bloody well time that you knows it. Besides who would want you when they could've had me. You're just empty and dusty.

RICHMOND

I am not dusty...

Richmond starts to rise from his seat. He locks eyes with his brother. There is a click and hum from the VCR.

RICHMOND CNT.

Or empty. If I was, how would I make traps... and be good at stew?

ARTHUR

Lies Brother. Lies are there to stop you from feeling hurt.

(Beat) Richmond's fist clenches. Arthur raises from his seat pushing his forehead against Richmond's as he does.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Come on then Dim Low. What we doing then?

Richmond pushes back. The generator gets louder.

RICHMOND

I'm not a Dim Low. You are the one, you ain't do nothing. You cant even go outside proper.

ARTHUR

I do plenty. I keep things safe here. Here at home.

Arthur pushes his brow harder against Richmond. The generator and VCR's hum is deafening.

RICHMOND

No, you do nothing but read that nuisance paper.

ARTHUR

Nuisance? You miserable rag I should...

BANG! A knock at the door. Richmond like a rabbit in headlights swings to look, Arthur falls to the ground as their heads part. Arthur almost fetal looks between Richmond and the door. Richmond transfixed. Another knock. The noise of the generator and VCR vanishes.

VOICE FROM THE DOOR

Hello? Anyone there?

Richmond can't stop staring at the door.

ARTHUR

What's that then?

VOICE FROM THE DOOR

Hello! Hello! Is anyone there? Can I come in?

ARTHUR

It wants in Richmond. What'd we do?

Richmond not taking his eyes off of the door, shrugs.

RICHMOND

I guess we have to let's him in brother.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Arthur and Richmond sit one side of the table next to each other opposite DAVID the man who was knocking at the door. He is in worn out but otherwise fairly normal clothes. He speaks like an outreach worker, calm, considerate and polite.

DAVID

We haven't had much luck in this quadrant before. We thought it was emptied years ago.

RICHMOND

Emptied?

David surveys his surroundings.

DAVID

How long have you two been here?

ARTHUR

Longer then I can remember.

DAVID

It's just unexpected. We've got a camp just past the woods and we've been sending out search parties for a while now. I just can't understand why we haven't come across you two before.

A moment. David takes in the kitchen. The broken VSR players on the counter, the books, the bits and pieces found and kept by the brothers over the years.

ARTHUR

Search parties? You mean people stealing other peoples bobs and bits?

DAVID

I wouldn't call it stealing no. Our camp is pretty much self sufficient, we grow all our own food but some things, necessary things, do have to be found and sourced these days. We usually send people out in pairs. Usually.

Richmond leans in. Arthur watches his brother. David and Arthur's gaze meets. Neither breaks until.

RICHMOND

Right! Best be's offering the new guest a cupa Chai Rose ain't that right Arthur? Mother always said tea makes a guest feel welcomed.

Richmond stands and walks over to the kitchen counter leaving Arthur and David alone. Arthur stares deeply at David.

DAVID

Oh, tea would be great if you have some. We haven't been able to find...

Arthur stands suddenly walking over to Richmond. He leans close to Richmond and whispers so that David can not hear him.

ARTHUR
You said my name.

RICHMOND
How's that brother?

ARTHUR
It's just like the flicks. "Don't tell me your name, I don't want to know! I sure as hell ain't gonna tell ya mine."

RICHMOND
Nit brother. This ain't the flicks, come now.

The brothers return to the table. Richmond places a cracked teacup in front of David it contains a mixture of leaves, none of them tea. David looks nervously from the cup to the brothers. Arthur stares at David.

RICHMOND (CONT'D)
So go on tell us more of your camp.

DAVID
Well look first off let me just make it clear these search parties im, talking about, they aren't just random scavenger hunts. We are looking for people. People who can benefit our society.

Richmond is engrossed by David.

DAVID (CONT'D)
We need skilled workers. You know people who can build things. People who are good with their hands.

Richmond looks excited. This is all he has ever dreamed of.

DAVID (CONT'D)
But more then anything we are looking for people who where... how to put this... pre-pubescent before the falls.

RICHMOND
Pre...pre...pre-pub-ess-enc?

DAVID
Sorry I mean young. Very young when it all happened.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
You see we need people who's
fertility wasn't as badly damaged
by the falls as others might be. We
want to rebuild. Repopulate.

Arthur and David lock eyes. Richmond unaware is almost
bursting with excitement.

RICHMOND
Oh like ...

ARTHUR
Rabbits?

Richmond stops the excitement draining from him.

DAVID
Sorry?

ARTHUR
Rabbits do you lot av'em at your
camp?

Richmond eyes his brother confused.

DAVID
No I mean what was he about to say?

ARTHUR
Do. You. Have. Rabbits.

DAVID
No. Well, you see we don't really
eat anything that we can't keep a
track of.

Arthur turns to Richmond grabbing him by one shoulder and
shaking him.

ARTHUR
You see this Brother? See what this
lot are like. No rabbits? What kind
of life is that!

DAVID
Well no. You know after the
event...

Richmond stares fascinated by David. David starts to scan the
kitchen. He notices the piles of VHS cassette. The broken
tape players. The piles of filthy plates.

DAVID (CONT'D)
...a lot of lead and mercury and
other heavy metals got into the
natural water supply...

David looks at the counter and see's the head of a rabbit sat
on the kitchen side.

DAVID (CONT'D)
...so as a camp, we decided that...

David stares at the brothers finally seeing them for what
they are.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Rabbits are fine.

RICHMOND
But you just said you don't munch
on em.

DAVID
No. No you see what I meant to say
is that we are vegetarian. The
whole camp. It just makes things
easier in the current situation.

RICHMOND
They don't eats rabbits Arthur,
They eat like rabbits.

Richmond laughs heavily and slams the table several times.
Arthur laughs along with Richmond slapping him on the back.
We hold on David over the brothers shoulders he nervously
chuckles.

ARTHUR
That's right brother of mine. Right
proper wrong'ens this lot. No you
see this one, well his just like
the rest Brother. The ones before
you know?

The joy drains from Richmond.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Like the people who pinched father
and mother away. Remember? And you,
your just sat their gulping it up.
They are all filthy no good liars
and 'member how mother felt about
liars brother?

Richmond see's his chance fading away.

RICHMOND

She hated 'em.

DAVID

Im not a liar. Look I didn't mean
to upset you. Maybe I should...

Arthur stands slowly, mimicking some purposeful move he once
saw in a film.

ARTHUR

You see mother told me to keep
brother safe. "You make sure no one
takes him." So I put him in the
rafters with me when everything
went Paul Tom.

We hold on Richmond's face.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You see. You see. He doesn't
understand. He still righteously
dreams. Still fucking hopes. So
what do you think you rollocking
through our door all divine like
shinning sun is doing to his nut
right now.

David stands to meet Arthurs gaze. Richmond drops his head
int his hands.

DAVID

Look. Arthur. I'm going to leave
now. I'm going to slowly move
towards that door and you'll never
see me again. Okay?

David starts to edge to the back door.

ARTHUR

No no no no. Stop him dim-low.
Fucking stop him.

Richmond looks up from his seat between the two men panicked.
He darts for the back door lifting his arms and blocking it
with his huge body. David stops and edges back toward his
seat.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You see there is no miracle
jamboree rolling around tomorrows
corner. This is it. You can't
leave, if you leave more will come.
More always come.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Come and try and take our stuff,
take our brother, our Father, our
mother and mother said to keep him
safe! So who's job is it then
to..to..why...

Silence. Arthur slumps. Richmond's arms lower to his side instead of blocking the door he is now just stood in the doorway.

DAVID

What are you saying Arthur?

Silence. Richmond's breathing his heavy and rapid.

RICHMOND

Don't hurt him Arth, his only
little.

A knowing look from Arthur to Richmond.

ARTHUR

Ark at him, but rights he is.
Proper good with his hands too, at
making things. And young when the
falls came. Proper young we where.
Shame really looks like a marvelous
candidate for your glowing camp.

DAVID

Look, Arthur, trust me no one is
leaving anyone today.

Arthur talks to Richmond.

ARTHUR

King Arthurs what they'll call me
when this is all over Richmond. And
kings don't let pillagers attack
their kingdom. Sorry there brother.
No more.

A panicked scream from Richmond. Arthur lurches forward pouncing on David like a dog. David falls back. Arthur bites into David's nose, tearing a hunk of flesh away - blood everywhere. David struggles against his weight. A huge pair of hands, Richmond's hands come from behind. They land on Arthur's face. There is a short jerky movement and Arthur drops to the floor, as he does he reveals Richmond in full. Tears stream down his face, sobbing.

David stands blood pouring down him. (Beat) He sprints for the door. Richmond looks down to his brother on the floor Arthur is still twitching.

Richmond stoops down and effortlessly lifts Arthur onto the kitchen table. He climbs atop Arthur and holds him in his last and only brotherly embrace stroking his hair, sobbing...

RICHMOND

No more now. Sorry there brother.

EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT.

Richmond sits in the garden he is in his underwear and a vest the projector is playing a cartoon. He eats a carrot transfixed.

END.: