

A-MURDERING I SHALL GO

by

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1. EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK, MONACO. DAY

A man's shoe drops from the penthouse balcony and lands on the immaculately manicured grass below. Then another falls, nearly hitting a Chihuahua being taken for walk by its glamorous owner. A pair of trousers fall, land and completely cover a chihuahua who whimpers - possibly dead - much to its owner's horror.

An unidentified man is naked from the waist down and is being hung upside down off the balcony. On his top half he wears a jacket. He is screaming.

A jewel-encrusted Cartier lighter falls from the penthouse apartment on the top floor of a 20-storey apartment block in Monaco. Freeze frame before it hits the ground.

Title: 'A month earlier'

2. INT. JIMMYZ NIGHTCLUB, MONACO. NIGHT

MAX, 50, overweight, slightly too shiny suit, silver bouffant hair and a perma-tan. He struts through the nightclub as if he's John Travolta. Tries to schmooze with the clientele - attempts shaking hands, winking, air kisses - but is constantly rebuffed. He owns the place but it's clear people think he's a knob.

Walks past his daughter, KATYA, 13, on a table with her young friends. They're overly made up and look like child prostitutes. He takes a bottle of vodka off the table but as soon as his back is turned she simply nicks one from another table.

Max makes his way onto the dancefloor which looks like something out of Saturday Night Fever. The place is crammed with beautiful people pretending to have a good time.

ELIZABETH, 75, ultra glamorous, is sat on a VIP table on the dancefloor, accepting air kisses and birthday congratulations. She sits under a overly large balloon rainbow with a 'HAPPY 75TH BIRTHDAY' banner on it. SANDRINE, 40, a blonde who could pass for 30, is sat next to her.

Max signals for a waiter to bring over a cake. The cake is dwarfed by excessively large sparklers, they sing happy birthday while the waiter tries to position the cake on the table without burning off his eyebrows. Max proposes a toast.

MAX

To my dear mother-in-law,
Elizabeth/

He is interrupted by Sandrine.

SANDRINE
To Mother! Happy 75th birthday!

A round of applause. Max leans over to air kiss Elizabeth, she moves at the last minute, leaving him dangling in the air. In a desperate effort to redeem himself he tries again, she walks off.

ELIZABETH
Merci everyone, merci! It is
fantastic to celebrate such a
birthday surrounded by my family.

There are cheers from the crowd, she shoots Max a stern look as if to say "except you". Max keeps a fixed smile on his face. Makes eye contact with SEBASTIAN, 45, overweight, standing by the end of the table.

3. INT. MAX'S OFFICE, JIMMYZ, MONACO. DAY

Max is sat in his office, he is going through the post - a pile of final demand letters. Sebastian is at his desk, sees the final demands but continues to play Angry Birds with some gusto on his computer.

SEBASTIAN
You gonna file them?

MAX
Yup.

Max throws them in the bin.

SEBASTIAN
When you gonna ask her?

MAX
Soon. Soon.

SEBASTIAN
You want to get the cash out of
her before they do an audit and
see what a naughty boy you've
been.

Max just stares at spreadsheets on his computer screen. Nothing is adding up.

MAX
Stop pressurising me, it's not one
of your dumbass computer games.

SEBASTIAN

It's game over once she finds out
you've been creaming off her
investments.

MAX

She's coming over for dinner
tonight. I'll do it then.

Angry Game makes a noise to signal Sebastian has lost. He
throws the computer's mouse at the screen.

4. INT. KITCHEN, MAX'S APARTMENT, MONACO. DAY

Sandrine is in the kitchen with Max and the housekeeper;
Sandrine is ensuring that the dinner is served in the right
order. Max is shifting from one foot to the other and
getting in the way.

SANDRINE

Just ask her now.

MAX

Is she in a good mood?

SANDRINE

As she'll ever be.

MAX

I don't like Patrice being here.

SANDRINE

Having her lawyer here can only
speed things up - the'll have
signed the papers before we serve
up dessert.

She hands him a trifle.

SANDRINE

Go on!

5. INT. DINING ROOM, MAX'S APARTMENT, MONACO. DAY

Elizabeth, Max, Sandrine, PATRICE, 50 and Katya, 13, are
all sat around the table. It's uncomfortable.

KATYA

Can I have some wine?

MAX

No sweetie.

KATYA

Why not?

MAX

Because you're 13.

KATYA

In Italy they drink wine at five.

MAX

You can drink when you're 16.

KATYA

Mom?

ELIZABETH

Let her have a little drop, it's good to start them early.

MAX

She's not to drink until she's older.

ELIZABETH

I used to give Sandrine a drop of whiskey in her bottle when she was a baby.

MAX

My daughter will be waiting a few more years.

Elizabeth pours Katya out half a glass of wine while eye balling Max. Katya tries it, nearly chokes, the wine is vile.

Silence. Sandrine starts to serve the trifle.

MAX

So, the club is doing really well.

SANDRINE

We've been packed out every night.

MAX

And summer is coming up.

SANDRINE

And beach clubs are doing so well in Cannes and St Tropez/

MAX

So we thought it would be a good idea to/

ELIZABETH
No.

MAX
No?

ELIZABETH
Whatever it is, however much it
costs, no.

MAX
No?

PATRICE
Non.

MAX
Non?

SANDRINE
Non?

ELIZABETH
No.

Silence as everyone picks over their dessert.

MAX
We can show you the projected
figures-

ELIZABETH
No.

SANDRINE
Mother - this is a great
opportunity, you can invest and
retire and you don't have to worry
about your money.

ELIZABETH
No.

SANDRINE
Max has told me all about his
vision for the Sea Lounge, it's
going to be fantastic.

ELIZABETH
I do not intend on retiring.

MAX
But you're 75-

ELIZABETH

And old enough to know not to invest in crackpot schemes.

PATRICE

Max, maybe we should take a cigarette outside, yes?

6. EXT. BALCONY, MAX'S APARTMENT, MONACO. DAY

Max is on the balcony, lights a cigar and furiously puffs away at it. Patrice rather more sedately gets a cigarette out. Nods at Max who gets out a Cartier lighter to light it with.

PATRICE

It's interesting that she won't invest in your venture.

Max continues to puff steadily on his cigar.

PATRICE

Financially it's very viable. A sea lounge bar in Monaco is a strong business idea.

Max puffs faster on his cigar. Anxious. Patrice sidles up behind Max. What's going on here?

PATRICE

I advised her not to invest in the club.

MAX

You?

PATRICE

It would be throwing away money.

MAX

What the hell? It's clearly a total money spinner.

PATRICE

I did some digging around. Some of the family's investments seem to have disappeared. Someone has been selling them off.

Patrice is now right behind Max. He's either going to fuck him or kill him. Max feels very uncomfortable.

MAX

Why are you telling me this?

Patrice suddenly shoves Max right against the railings. He almost loses the lighter and tries to catch it a few times before he stops it from going over the edge.

A moment - Max thinks he's safe.

Patrice then grabs him and shoves him over the edge. He holds Max by his ankles who flails around screaming.

PATRICE

We did an audit. Someone has been pretending to be me to syphon off money. Whoever it was was too stupid to cover their tracks. Consider this a warning, pay it all back, and I'll say nothing. If you don't I'll ensure you're removed from the Principality, with no money, no family. Not even any pants.

Max is struggling, desperate. Patrice starts to let go of his legs.

PATRICE

Ok? OK?

MAX

Ah Jesus, yes, YES.

He pulls Max back over who falls to the floor. His carefully crafted bouffant is now at an extreme angle. Patrice walks off. Max tries to flatten out his overly shiny silver suit.

MAX

This is Christian Lacroix.

He can hear Patrice talking to Elizabeth in the drawing room off the balcony.

PATRICE (V.O.)

(to Elizabeth)

We should go back, yes?

7. INT. DRAWING ROOM, MAX'S APARTMENT. DAY

Max is in the drawing room, straightening out his bouffant. He's trying to regain his composure but is shaking. Sandrine comes in.

SANDRINE

Where were you, they just left?

MAX

Just taking in some air.

He checks his jacket pocket - phew his lighter is still in there.

SANDRINE

Oh. (Beat) I'm sorry Mom won't invest. She's holding onto her money with an iron fist. She'll be dead before she'll lets go of it.