

FAMILY DIAMOND

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

ALAN, (80's) dressed in green pyjamas, with a thick woollen blanket draped over his legs, holds weakly onto a wooden walking stick.

In both hands, it sways from side to side as he then uses it to hit against the front door in front of him.

Biting at his top lip, it takes all of his strength just to slowly and repetitively deliver a TAP, TAP, TAP.

A three bedroom house, a mass produced family home. Every other house around it is exactly the same. The builders had one idea and just copied and pasted.

BUT... this house does stand out because of its grotesquely overgrown and forgotten about garden. If a kid lost their ball in there, they'd have to hire a man with a machete to fetch it out.

Alan looks up towards the second floor, all the curtains are closed. Honestly, it doesn't appear that anyone is home.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

JOHN, (late 30's) slowly wakes up, laying on top of his bedsheets. Still wearing his clothes from the day before. The sound of the tapping echoing out around him.

He stirs. Aggressively rubbing his bloodshot eyes with the back of his hands.

He pushes himself up, looks hungover. The bedroom is cluttered and messy. Clothes stacked high. Leftover food still in its takeout box left on a desk.

JOHN
(groaning)
Go away. Whoever it is, just go
away.

John rolls out of bed, grabbing a dressing gown from the back of his gaming chair. He heads for the door.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door is pulled open. Now wearing his dressing gown over his day clothes, John looks at Alan in shock and disbelief.

Alan slowly lowers his walking stick. No emotion. But keeps his eyes locked onto John.

They clearly know each other, it's tense.

JOHN
(muttering)
What are you doing here?

John now spots a sealed letter resting on Alan's lap. He reaches out and takes it. Inspecting it. Seeing that it hasn't been opened.

He waves the letter at Alan.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Is this for me?

Alan stays silent. Staring at John hard. The grip on his walking stick gets stronger. Holding it like a bat, and he's ready to swing.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(eyes on the letter)
I don't like this.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

John sits at the kitchen table, the letter ripped open and now held in his left hand. In his right, John has his phone on loudspeaker. Its screen cracked.

The kitchen needs every job doing. The bin is overflowing. The sink filled to the top with dirty dishes. It's like he's waiting for someone else to do it, but he live alone.

The letter is an itemised bill. We see a flash of £10,567.

Alan, still in his wheelchair, holds a fresh cup of coffee in both hands. Slowly bring it up to his lips, he noisily sips at it.

JOHN
(into the phone)
He's not just a piece of furniture
you can just leave outside. I
should call the police.

On the other end of the call is a softly spoken woman. It's like she's reading from a script. An almost robotic voice. Just going through the motions.

WOMAN

I'm sorry sir, but looking at your records, your card payment has been declined. And you've incurred fines and penalties for the last four months.

JOHN

I was told I would be given time.

WOMAN

And you were. Four months sir.

John screws the letter up into a ball, then throws it towards the bin, like he's shooting a basketball. It would have gone in, but it's so full the balled up letter simply bounces off and lands on the floor.

JOHN

I've been trying.

WOMAN

I'm sure you have sir. But you were warned. Repeatedly. And now it has come to this.

JOHN

So you just leave him outside?

WOMAN

A third party courier service was used.

JOHN

Couriering service? He's not a package. He's a human being. He's my father!

WOMAN

If the payment issues are resolved, he will be welcomed back at Gentle brook retirement home with open arms.

JOHN

And if I can't pay?

WOMAN

He's your father, you'll have to look after him.

JOHN

I can't.

WOMAN

Are you able to make payment today sir?

JOHN

What do you think?

WOMAN

I'm not paid to think sir, I'm paid to ask the right questions. So, can sir make a payment today? Sir?

JOHN

No.

WOMAN

Then I am unable to help.

JOHN

I should report you to someone. I should sue.

WOMAN

I'm sorry you feel that way sir.

JOHN

I need to speak to someone else.

WOMAN

Alright sir.

JOHN

A payment plan. That's what I need. Something fair.

WOMAN

Alright sir. I will forward this to the necessary department and someone will be in touch.

John lifts the phone up closer to his mouth, his lips almost touching it. He demands to be heard!

JOHN

No, I want to talk to someone else now!

WOMAN

Have a wonderful rest of the day sir.

JOHN

No, you're not listening...

She hangs up. The line goes dead. John throws the phone face down onto the table. The screen is already so covered in cracks, he wouldn't even notice another one.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I should go down there.

John turns to face Alan, still sipping his coffee. A hint of a smile on his lips.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is a nightmare.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

John is now spoon feeding Alan a rather wet looking stew. Alan is reluctant to take it, but John simply shoves the food in leaving him no choice.

Lucas (20's) opens the back door, letting himself in. He walks in confidently, obviously no stranger and has done this plenty of times before. A scruffy looking man, like he's just come back from a long trip and hasn't had a chance to shower or change his clothes yet.

John looks over at him, frowning.

JOHN

This isn't a good time Lucas.

Lucas walks over, taking a good long look at Alan. Does a full circle around him. Like he's never seen anything like this before.

LUCAS

What's wrong with him?

JOHN

(rolling his eyes)
He's old.

LUCAS

What else?

JOHN

Had a stroke.

LUCAS

Can't he feed himself?

JOHN
Yeah, of course he can. But it's
quicker if I do it.

Lucas puts his hands on Alan's shoulders, leaning in close
and raising his voice. Like he's talking to a baby.

LUCAS
(shouting at Alan)
Hey, how's it going dude?

JOHN
He can't talk.

LUCAS
Can't talk, can't feed himself.
Jesus. Just shoot me if I end up
like this.

John scowls at him, punching him in the arm.

JOHN
Watch your mouth.

Lucas leaps away, holding his punched arm.

LUCAS
You need money right?

John lets out a long deep breath, he's about two seconds away
from throwing Lucas out of a window.

JOHN
Yes.

LUCAS
Well, I know a guy.

John eyes him up, suspiciously.

JOHN
I'm sure you do.

LUCAS
He's a scientist. Super, super
smart. A bit of a freak, but a
genius. No doubt about it.

JOHN
Why would you know a scientist?

LUCAS
We went to school together.

JOHN
Is this another bad lie?

LUCAS
He grows diamonds.

JOHN
So yeah, it's a lie.

Lucas reaches into his back pocket. Scoops out and flashes a handful of sparkling diamonds. The light hits them just right, they certainly look real.

LUCAS
Look at these.

John's eyes sparkle, mirroring the shining diamonds.

JOHN
(lying)
They look plastic.

Lucas forces the diamonds into John's hand. Prying open his fingers, determined for John to FEEL them.

LUCAS
Tell me something, how many people
did you message asking for money?

John fights to keep his fingers closed. But Lucas doesn't give up.

JOHN
(reluctant)
Everyone.

LUCAS
And I'm the only one who answered.

JOHN
Yeah.

They continue their back and forth struggle, Lucas trying to open John's hand up, John keeping it closed.

LUCAS
(grunting)
Look at them.

Finally Lucas gets them into John hand. John feels them, rolling them in between his fingertips. A deep frown, he squeezes them, but they don't break.

JOHN

Nice.

LUCAS

You want to know more?

John considers, nods. He does.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - DAY

John pushes the wheelchair, moving Alan inside. SCRAPPPPP! A horrible scrapping sound as the wheels roll over the bare floorboards.

It's a small box room. One small square window in the upper far corner. No carpet and only a single camp bed.

John struggles with Alan, positioning his chair next to the bed. Reaching down, grabbing him around the waist he lifts him up. Not even a warning. Not even a one, two, three.

Alan's face twists. Not happy.

John staggers from side to side as he places him onto the bed with an undignified THUD!

Alan looks up at him, pulling a face. Obviously uncomfortable.

JOHN

(out of breath)

Just go to sleep.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tyrell, (40's) stands outside the house, leaning against the open door and only sticking his head inside. Unshaved, long hair and dark sunken eyes. Wouldn't be a surprise to know that he hasn't had a full night's rest for a very long time.

John grabs a hold of a chair by the table and pulls it out. Gesturing for Tyrell to sit down.

JOHN

You can come in, I'll make you anything you want to drink.

Tyrell searches the kitchen, as if looking out for a hidden camera. Suspecting a trap.

TYRELL

No, no thank you.

JOHN

Are you OK?

Tyrell reaches inside his long jacket and removes a syringe with a bright yellow liquid inside it.

TYRELL

No one can know I was here. You do what I tell you and we can keep this going for as long as we want.

John nods to the syringe.

JOHN

Is that it?

Tyrell holds it out. The skin on his hands much paler than the rest of his body. His fingernails too are short and cracked.

TYRELL

Take it.

JOHN

And do what?

TYRELL

When you find someone, call me and I'll talk you through it.

John walks over to him, taking the syringe from him and giving it a real close inspection.

JOHN

Find someone?

Tyrell pulls his head back, glancing around, only one thought in his head and that's to get away.

TYRELL

Someone you can keep here. At least until it's over.

JOHN

I don't understand.

TYRELL

Your friend uses junkies. They're desperate. They know the score. I'm not judging him, but find someone who's not on drugs and you'll get better quality diamonds.

JOHN

So who?

TYRELL

Like I said. When you find someone,
call me.

JOHN

Can't I just take it?

TYRELL

I wouldn't if I were you. Call me.

Tyrell slips out, closing the door shut behind him. Can't get
out of here fast enough.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - SPARE ROOM - DAY

John and Lucas stand over Alan who's fast asleep in the camp
bed.

Lucas tries to take the syringe from John, but John holds
onto it, slapping Lucas's groping hands away.

JOHN

Stop.

Lucas again tries to reach over John, trying to snatch the
syringe from him.

LUCAS

But he's perfect for it.

John knocks Lucas back with his shoulder. A firm shove into
his chest.

JOHN

He's still my dad.

Lucas, like a excitable puppy is racing around, trying to get
himself in front of John, looking for a chance to snatch the
syringe from him.

LUCAS

He's old. He's past it. But he's
still got life in him. I say pump
him full of it.

JOHN

You'd do this to your dad.

Lucas nods.

LUCAS
My dad, my mum, my aunts, uncles.
Hell, I'd do it to my cats.

John now holds the syringe to his chest, covering both hands over it. Hidden.

Lucas stops.

JOHN
I'm not injecting him.

LUCAS
Why not?

JOHN
It doesn't feel right.

LUCAS
Then let me do it.

John considers, then finally offers the syringe to Lucas. Slowing pulling it away from his own chest before pressing against Lucas's.

JOHN
Alright. But this so stupid.

LUCAS
I've seen it. I've done it. It works and it's amazing.

JOHN
I don't know.

LUCAS
Just watch.

Lucas, holding the syringe out in front of him approaches Alan still asleep. He takes a hold of his arm, and without a second thought plunges the syringe into Alan's arm and pumps half the liquid into him.

Alan's eyes instantly snap open. He sits upright and after a few seconds starts to literally throw up diamonds. Real diamonds. Fully formed.

He's being sick. But what's coming out of his mouth are large, bright and brilliantly shining diamonds.

John is stunned. Seeing these things spilling out of his father. Gathering on the floor by his feet.

JOHN

No way.

Lucas does a quick celebration dance.

LUCAS

Like I said. Pump him full of it
and watch it flow out.

John watches as Alan continues to 'sick' out diamonds. But he's clearly in terrible pain. Sweat all over his face. His eyes bloodshot. Grabbing the frame of the bed, Alan's whole body shakes. Like he's become possessed.

Tears form and stream down his face.

JOHN

He's in pain.

It's true. Alan is feeling the worst pain that he's ever felt. Looking over at John, tears still streaming down. Agony in his eyes. He's silently pleading with him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is wrong. I need this to stop.

LUCAS

Are you crazy? Get as much out of
him as you can.

JOHN

No.

Lucas grabs a hold of the syringe, ready to pump the rest of the liquid into Alan's arm. He looks giddy, the excitement of what is happening getting the better of him.

John rushes over, stopping him. They wrestle with each other. Both trying to get the better of the other. But they're equally matched. Almost the same height and weight.

LUCAS

What are you doing!

JOHN

Enough.

LUCAS

Do you have any idea how much he
can give you? This is just the
start.

JOHN

I said, enough.

BAM! John pinches Lucas hard in the face. Lucas is stunned but WHACK! He headbutts John, splitting his nose.

John digs his fingers into Lucas's neck, stopping him from breathing.

Lucas panics. Reaching down to John's hand around his neck. John now has a free shot and takes it. ONE, TWO, THREE. Solid hits right into the middle of Luca's face.

Lucas falls backwards, hitting the floor hard. BANG! John lands on top of him and the fighting continues. Like two drunk bums fighting over their last can of booze.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

John, down on his knees, holds onto the rim of the bathtub. The syringe is now sticking into his own arm, all the liquid is gone. Pumping through his own body.

His face battered and bruised from the fight, he now starts convulsing hard.

Then he's sick. Hundreds of brilliant diamonds shooting out from his mouth and spilling down into the bathtub.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Alan is back in his wheelchair, positioned in front of the television. A soft cushion behind his head. Dressed in fresh, higher quality looking pyjamas.

John places a tray over Alan's lap. He then empties out a small bag out across it, showing him the diamonds.

JOHN

These are mine. They came from me.
I can afford nurses, doctors and
carers now. I'm sorry that I
abandoned you. I am sorry I haven't
been a good son. I'm sorry for a
lot of things. But I'm going to
look after you now.

Alan smiles, slowly opening his mouth.

ALAN

(struggling)
I love you.

John's face lights up, breaking down crying he rubs Alan's legs, who in turn places down hands down on top of his head.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END