

BROTHERLY HYPOCRISY

Written by

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Concept by

John Cardellio

Somewhere Near Youngstown, New York. Circa 1826

Two green Freemasons, ALDEN and LINUS, make their way northwards on the river bank. Along with them is their prisoner, EDWARD. He wears a dark sheet that covers his head, his wrists tied together by a thick, linen rope.

LINUS

I still don't understand...

Alden dreads the question to come--

LINUS (CONT'D)

What's the difference between a Super-Excellent Master and a Super-Magnificent Master?

ALDEN

Who cares? It's not like you'll be one any time soon.

Linus shakes his head, frustrated.

LINUS

I'd at least like to know the hierarchy of this club we're joining.

ALDEN

I don't know, Linus- One has a V-Card, the other doesn't... And judging by some of the members we've met, they're probably Mollies.

LINUS

(eagerly)

Hey, can you believe how easy it was for us to get in? We've never been accepted into a secret club so fast before.

CUT TO:

Alden and Linus stand in front of a wooden shack. Opposite them, a properly dressed BOUNCER stands behind an open window. He stares at a small piece of parchment that reads:

"Male, White - English descent", followed by a long list of:
 "Anti-..."

The Bouncer looks back up to Alden and Linus--

BOUNCER
 Go ahead in.

CUT BACK TO:

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EXT. OFFSHORE NIAGARA RIVER - PRESENT DAY

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Alden nonchalantly stares up to the heavens.

ALDEN
 (boastfully)
 Yeah... I guess we're just that
 popular.

Alden straightens his belt in a confident manner.

ALDEN (CONT'D)
 We ought to be promoted from
 "Apprentice" to "Fellow Craft" once
 we're through with Benedict Arnold
 here.

LINUS
 I bet he wishes he trashed the
 Temperance Society instead.

ALDEN
 I despise the Temperance Society.

A beat.

ALDEN (CONT'D)
 I mean... where do they get off--
 advocating for the abolition of
 slavery, expansion of women's
 rights, a temperance for alcohol,
 and the--
 (air quotes)
 --improvement of society??

Linus waves his hands in the air, feigning fear.

LINUS
 They think they're so...
 supernacular!

ALDEN
 What a bunch of pansies.

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EXT. DOCK - DAY

4

Alden, Edward, and Linus stand at the edge of a large dock. Alden positions Edward onto his knees.

Alden pulls out a comedically long, skinny rifle from inside his pants.

ALDEN
Here- catch.

Alden throws the gun to Linus, which he catches.

LINUS
What?! No!

Linus returns to sender.

Alden grows a frown on his face. He tosses it back to Linus.

ALDEN
(sternly)
Take it, Linus.

LINUS
No way! I can't kill him!

Edward tries to scream.

ALDEN
Yes, you can!

LINUS
I've never done this before!

ALDEN
This is a first of many, pally.

LINUS
What?!

ALDEN
You just--

Alden motions his hands like a rifle, and points--

ALDEN (CONT'D)
Bam. Toss him in the river. Done.

Linus has a ghastly look on his face. He performs an impersonation of Jackie Gleason's character, Ralph Kramden--

LINUS
Hommina, hommina, hommina... But
the Lodge said we'd give him five
hundred dollars and let him start a
new life in Canada.

Linus casually pulls out the money.

ALDEN
And that's exactly what we're
doing.

Alden realizes--

ALDEN (CONT'D)
Hey, where'd you get all that money
anyway?

LINUS
(casually)
I found it.

Alden shakes his head, and SIGHS.

Alden rips the black sheet from Edward's head. Edward, still
tied and gagged, is blinded by the light.

ALDEN
(to Edward)
Speak now or forever hold your
peace.

Alden pulls down the gag from Edward.

Edward tilts his head up towards the sky, with tears in his
eyes weeping--

EDWARD
All I did was say "the Grand Wizard
don't get no bitches!"

Alden puts the gag back over Edwards mouth.

ALDEN
Okay buddy that's enough.

Alden positions Linus so that he is pointing the gun right at
Edward's head. Alden stands behind Edward.

ALDEN (CONT'D)
Alright, now just close your
eyes...

Linus locks his eyes shut, still aiming at Edward's head.

ALDEN (CONT'D)
(excitedly)
And...

Linus grits his teeth. His arms, like a worn-out video game controller, stick-drift toward Alden.

Alden's eyes widen. Linus SHOOTs--Alden lets out a bloodcurdling SCREAM!

Linus opens his eyes, and sees Alden bloodied. He screams.

LINUS
Alden!

Alden slowly rolls over in pain. He struggles to utter words.

LINUS (CONT'D)
I didn't mean to--

ALDEN
You... God damn... Gollumpus!

Linus looks left and right trying to figure out his next course of action--

LINUS
What do I do?!

ALDEN
Just... put me... outta... my
misery...

Linus picks up the rifle, proceeding to beat the life out of Alden.

ALDEN (CONT'D)
Oww! Ooh! Ouch! Wait, stop!

Linus keeps hammering away--

LINUS
I'm almost finished...

Linus gives one final blow. Alden lies motionless. Linus pushes Alden into the lake. His lifeless body floats stationary--head down in the water, arms unfurled.

Linus uses the rifle to poke at Alden, and push him away. It doesn't work. He just stares at Alden's dead body for a few moments. He ditches the gun, grabbing his hair in panic.

LINUS (CONT'D)
Oh my god... What have I done?!
...Now I'm never getting promoted
to "Fellow Craft"!

EDWARD
Psst... Hey, kid...

Linus turns to Edward.

LINUS
You gotta help me! The Lodge will
surely burn me at the stake for
this!

EDWARD
You want my advice?

Linus enthusiastically nods his head.

Edward looks to his left, then to his right. He leans in
closer to Linus--

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Straight across the river is
Canada.

Linus looks straight ahead, and back to Edward.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Take that 500 dollars. Swim to
shore, and flee the country--start
a new life...

Linus hesitates...

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(aggressively)
Go! Now!

Linus jumps off the dock and into the water. He gets about
five strides out, and stops. He realizes--

LINUS
Wait... I can't swim.

Linus slowly begins to descend below the water.

LINUS (CONT'D)
Curse you, "Super-Excellent
Magnificent Master"!!!

Linus GURGLES his final words as he is engulfed by the lake. The lake is silent now. Edward is left alone on the dock. He stares out at the water.

EDWARD

What a bunch of pansies.

THE END