

HARRY'S LAD

Written by
Simon K. Parker

Based on, If Any

INT. BETTING SHOP - DAY

SIMON, 35, waits in a small cue holding onto a small scrap of paper. Once the customers in front of him are served he eagerly goes up to the open cashier window. The ELDERLY WOMAN, 70, working behind the plastic window instantly recognises him and groans.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Simon, you can't be in here.

Simon forcing a smile, grinning hopefully at her.

SIMON

Just one bet, in and out no trouble this time.

She groans again.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I've got a big red button right here under my desk. I press it, security is here in an instant and your ass is outside quicker than you say your own name.

SIMON

Just one bet, it's 15 to 1 Harry's lad.

He tries to pass her the small piece of paper, tries to slide it under her security window, through the slot.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Fifty dollars to win. Races in three hours. I'll be back to collect my winnings then.

She gives him a rueful smile.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Do you have fifty dollars?

He keeps his smile aimed and locked onto her.

SIMON

I want to talk to you about my account, I can go negative. I've gone negative before. This win will cover me and cover few other debts too.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I need you to understand Simon, you don't have an account here anymore. You were black listed weeks ago.

SIMON

It's sure thing, this horse, it's going to win.

She scoffs.

ELDERLY WOMAN

You never win.

Simon's smile begins to melt away, pushes the handwritten notes to her.

SIMON

Put the bet on.

She shakes her head.

ELDERLY WOMAN

If you don't leave right now I'm pressing the goddamn door.

SIMON

It's alright there on the paper, make the bet.

She holds up his scrap of paper. Shows it to him.

He nods eagerly. She rips the paper up into several small pieces then let them all scatter down onto the floor around by her feet.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Go home Simon, do something else with your life. The way you're living it now, it's pretty pathetic.

Simon explodes into a rage, with two clenched fists he starts punching at the plastic security screen. Thick, solid plastic he let's lose a flurry of punches, breaking the skin blood splattering against it.

Terrified she presses her security silent alarm. Simon continues attacking the plastic screen.

She stands up backs away, shaking but it's not long before two large security guards grab onto Simon, wrestling him away and pinning him to the floor.

Simon let out anguish filled screen.

SIMON
Just put the bet on, please.

INT. SIMON'S MOM'S HOUSE - DAY

A quaint 2-bedroom home on a quiet respectable street. Simon plays with his hair, try to make it look as neat and tidy as possible. He rings the doorbell and waits patiently, a big smile but there's no answer.

He rings the doorbell again, still smiling. He then gently knocks on the glass with his fingers, after awhile the curtains to the front room twitch and open.

Simon's MOM, 63, looks out at him. A sorrowful look on her face.

Simon spots her, he steps back away from the door and positions himself front of the window.

SIMON
Hi mom, are you going to let me in
or what?

Simon's mom needs a moment to think then shakes her head.

Simon let's out an over the top fake laugh.

SIMON (CONT'D)
What do you mean, I've come to see
you. Mom, I want to catch up. What
are you being silly for again?

Simon's mom still shakes her head. Simon gives her thumbs up.

SIMON (CONT'D)
It's ok, really it's fine. You've
got nothing to worry about. I was
out seeing some friends close by so
I thought I'd drop in. I know I
should have rung, but I haven't got
a phone on me right now. I just
want to say hi, are you seriously
not gonna let me come in? I just
want to see how you are, please
tell me you're ok so I don't leave
here worrying about you.

Simon's mom's face doesn't change.

SIMON'S MOM
You're here for money aren't you?

Simon burst out laughing.

SIMON
What, no.

Simon's mom shakes her head, wags a finger at him.

SIMON'S MOM
Don't lie to me, tell me the truth.

SIMON
I'm here to see you but I also wanted to see if you wanted to make a little bit of money for yourself. Jesus Christ, I'm trying to be the good guy here. You need help and I've been given some juicy information. I know of a sure thing. A horse, a horse that is guaranteed to place first. The race is rigged and hey that's not fair, it's not legal but we might as well use it to our advantage, right?

SIMON'S MOM
Simon, I'm done talking to you go away.

SIMON
You won't even let me in the goddamn house.?

SIMON'S MOM
Go away Simon, I'm warning you if your father catches you here again he will call the police, and I agreed with him.

SIMON
And where is he?

SIMON'S MOM
He's upstairs sleeping, if you wake him up he will call the cops.

SIMON
I'm here telling you about...

SIMON'S MOM
Simon stop. I don't want to hear it.

SIMON

If you knew of something that could double your money, wouldn't you tell the people you care about. The people you love. I know about something that if you put \$100 on, you're gonna get \$250 back easy win easy money. And you're seriously telling me that you don't want to know?

She shakes her head.

SIMON'S MOM

I'm so disappointed in you.

SIMON

Fine, you don't have to put anything on. Just lend me \$50, that's all I need to set me straight. Help me out to pay off what I owe.

SIMON'S MOM

No more Simon.

SIMON

Fifty dollars now and in two hours time you'll have it back, so what's the fucking problem?

SIMON'S MOM

I said no.

Now Simon loses his cool, he slams his clenched up bloody fist against the window. More of his blood splatters across the glass.

His Mom, scared closes the curtains so that they can't see each other anymore.

SIMON

Mom, open the goddamn door I'm your fucking son, fifty dollars, that's all I want from you. I'll pay you back and you'll never see me again. Don't do this to me.

No reply.

Looking down around the floor, Simon spots a large rock, picks it up and throws it through the window, smashing the glass.

His Mom lets out a terrified scream. Furious, Simon sticks his head in through the now open window.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Fuck you, you ungrateful bitch.

He then makes a run for it, sprinting away from the mess he's made

EXT - CITY STREET - DAY

Simon is digging through a trash can, pulling out mountains of trash. Searching, he finds then holds onto a box of half eaten doughnuts. But still, a couple of them still look ok. He smiles, victoriously, over the moon with his find.

SIMON
I love this trashcan, there's always a jackpot inside it. My very own lucky trash can.

He laughs.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Just about the only luck I do have.

EXT. LOAN SHARKS HOUSE - DAY

Simon holds onto the box of doughnuts, he excitedly brushes his hands all over it, hoping to make it look somewhat presentable.

He rings the doorbell to a rundown dirty house. The front garden is overgrown and filled with scrap metal and other bits of junk.

SHARK, 45, answers the door. A large muscular man, wearing nothing but flip-flops and a pair of loose shorts.

Simon smiles at him.

SIMON
Shark baby, it's been a while. How are you. I bring you gifts doughnuts. I know you like doughnuts, but terrible confession, I've already eaten half of them, sorry, I just couldn't help myself.

Shark looks Simon up and down, impossible to hide his disgust.

SHARK

What the fuck are you doing here?
You really are crazy.

Simon continues to smile and nods.

SIMON

Yeah crazy for great tasting
doughnuts. Am I right?

Simon offers Shark a high-five.

Shark instead steps forwards, grabs Simon around the throat
and squeezes tight. Simon drops the box of doughnuts.

SHARK

You owe me fifty thousand. And I
haven't even begun to work out the
interest on that. Instead of
bringing me what you owe, you bring
me a dirty box of doughnuts that
look like you found from the
street.

Simon shakes his head, panicked.

SHARK (CONT'D)

Have you got my money?

Shark keeps a tight hold of Simon's throat. It's hard for
Simon to breathe let alone speak.

SIMON

No.

Shark now starts to slap Simon hard across the face, busts
open his top lip, bottom lip and nose. Slapping is ears,
yanking on his hair.

SHARK

Come here again about my money and
I'll kill you.

Simon doesn't even try to put up a defence, just let this
happen.

SHARK (CONT'D)

You come here again and I'll kill
you.

Slap, slap, slap.

SHARK (CONT'D)
You come here again and I'll kill
you.

Slap, slap, slap.

SHARK (CONT'D)
You come here again and I'll kill
you.

Shark now removes a gun from the back of his shorts, places
it to the very middle of Simon's head.

SHARK (CONT'D)
Come here again without my money
and I'll kill you.

Tears now stream down Simon's bruised battered and bloody
face, he nods, whimpering.

SHARK (CONT'D)
Now go away.

EXT. LOAN SHARKS - HOUSE

Simon kneels down on his hands and knees. His face stained
with his own blood.

He hides behind a large white van as he keeps lookout on
Shark's house.

He watches on unseen as Shark leaves with several other
thugs.

Simon is filled with rage.

SIMON
I'll show you who you're dealing
with you dumb motherfucker.

EXT. SHARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Simon's able to pry open one of the windows to the kitchen,
scrambling onto the countertop.

Simon makes an awful about of noise and mess but he laughs
happily, proud that he's successfully inside.

SIMON

I'm in, you dumb bastard. And all I wanted to do was give you the name of the horse, now you're going to get robbed.

Simon looks at a clock on the wall as he thinks to himself.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Forty five minutes to go.

He looks around the kitchen, it's dirty, piles of unwashed plates are in the sink, rotten takeout food is everywhere.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Disgusting.

Simon comes over to the table, strangely there's a stack of posters for a missing GIRL around 12 years of age in her school uniform. A reward of \$100,000 is being offered for her safe return.

Simon rummages through these posters, there must be thirty or more, all identical, all stacked up on the table. He studies them reading the information on them over and over.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Shark baby, what the fuck have you got all these for?

The sound of two pieces of metal being banged together echoes around the house. Simon snaps his head over towards where he think the noise is coming from.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Who's there?

INT. LOAN SHARK'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Simon makes his way down to the basement.

There on the floor and tied up on to a metal pipe is the girl from the missing posters.

Her lips parched, bloodshot red eyes and wearing her school uniform that's now dirty and tattered. It looks like she's been down for days with nothing.

Simon gasps.

SIMON
Oh my god.
(then grinning)
I'm going to be fucking rich.

EXT. BETTING SHOP - DAY

With a smart leather briefcase in his hand, Simon runs towards the betting shop.

He's already out of breath, terrible pain in his side, exhausted.

He pushes himself to keep running.

INT. BETTING SHOP - DAY

Simon enters the betting shop.

He forces his way to the front of the queue, making sure to get to the elderly woman's plastic window.

She is horrified to see him.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Oh good lord not you again.

Simon smiles.

SIMON
I'd like to put a bet on please.

She eyes him up suspiciously.

ELDERLY WOMAN
What the hell happened to your
face, you should go to a hospital.

Simon's face truly is a terrible swollen bloody mess, but he shakes his head.

SIMON
I would like to place a bet please.

She lets out a long deep breath.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Simon, I'm going to call security
and they're going to drag you out
of here.

Simon shakes his head knowingly.

SIMON
No, I don't think so.

He places down the briefcase on countertop. He then pops it open, taking out a fistful of cash. Waves it at her.

SIMON (CONT'D)
I'll even give you a one hundred dollar tip.

She laughs.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Who did you rob this time?

SIMON
No one, but make sure you put the news on when you get home. I'm pretty sure you'll be hearing all about me.

She rolls her eyes.

ELDERLY WOMAN
No doubt.

Simon hands the fistful of cash over to her, she counts out her tip for herself

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)
Same horse Simon?

SIMON
You know it, it's a guaranteed first place finish.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Aren't they all, how much?

He now turns the briefcase towards her, it's filled a huge amount of cash bills

SIMON
Well minus the one hundred dollar tip I've just given you, that will make it 99,000 900 dollars please.

She's stunned.

ELDERLY WOMAN
You've lost your mind.

SIMON

When that horse comes in at those odds you'll be giving me back 1.2 million dollars. You're about to make me a millionaire, then we'll see who's lost their mind.

She's stunned doesn't know what to say. Simon stands proud

INT. BETTING SHOP - DAY

Simon moves to a corner of the betting shop and in front of a large television screen that's showing the horse racing.

He is here with a small group of other hopeful gamblers.

Next race, his race. Simon hold onto his ticket whilst bouncing up and down excitedly.

SIMON

Here it is here, I'm about to be made a motherfucking millionaire.

He can barely contain his glee, the race begins but soon Simon's excitement turns into a terrible dread.

One horse doesn't even leave the starting block, the race is over in a matter of seconds. The results are in and Harry's lad finished dead last.

Simon stares up at the television screen. He's not even breathing as tears stream down his face. His grip on his betting ticket gets even tighter as the cold realisation of his gambling addiction finally settles in.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END