

Heroin Rat

Written by

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EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

HARRY, 29, short, muscular and covered in cheap looking and amateurly done tattoos. In a grey tracksuit and bright white sneakers he marches along the street with a duffel bag slung over his shoulder.

EXT. DRUG HOUSE - DAY

Harry jogs up towards a nondescript two bedroom house. All of its windows that face out towards the street have been blacked out.

Harry drops down his duffel bag, doesn't bother to knock on, just simply kicks the front door open with violent force.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - DAY

Rundown and dirty inside. Hasn't been cleaned in years. The carpet is stained and ripped up. Several chairs and couches are scattered throughout.

A few shirtless pale looking men are in here taking heroin. Injecting it, right into their arms. An awful place.

Harry moves over to one of the drug users, a tube around his arm with the heroin needle still stabbed into his vein.

The drug user, 27, instantly recognises Harry.

DRUG USER

(afraid)

What the fuck are you doing here?

Harry slaps the drug user across the face. Knocks him down to the floor. Stands over him.

HARRY

They let me out. Now, where the fuck is Rat?

The drug user shakes with fear.

DRUG USER

(stuttering)

I don't know...honestly...I don't.

Harry slaps him again, hard with the back of his hand.

HARRY

Tell me where that fucker is hiding?

The drug user rolls over onto his stomach, buries his face into the floor and weeps.

Harry straightens up.

HARRY (CONT'D)
(serious)
I'm going to kill him. You tell him
that when you see him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A pretty GIRL of around 20 in sexy lingerie sits on the edge of the bed getting dressed. The hotel room is cheap, basic but functional.

Harry sits in a chair by the open window, looking out onto the street below. He rolls a joint and smokes some weed. A couple of empty beer bottles are already scattered about amongst the floor.

PRETTY GIRL
I don't think I've ever had a guy
cum that fast before.

HARRY
(annoyed)
Are you fucking with me?

PRETTY GIRL
(giggles)
No, it's just, a blowjob would have
been cheaper for you.

HARRY
I could get blowjobs in prison. I
wanted pussy.

PRETTY GIRL
(interested)
You were in prison?

HARRY
(grins)
Just got out this morning.

PRETTY GIRL
What did you do?

HARRY
I was stabbed in the back by a
dirty fucking scumbag.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

A thief, a liar. I need to find him. I don't care how long it takes.

PRETTY GIRL

Haven't you got a family?

Harry chuckles to himself.

HARRY

Not really. I've got a Mom, a Dad. An older brother. And he's got about four kids of his own I think. But no, I don't have a family.

She's dressed. She moves over to Harry, he holds out some money and she takes it.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

ABBEY, 60, short, thin with long tied back hair. She walks an excitable little black dog.

Harry is with her, trying to keep up with her. She's trying to get away.

HARRY

Mom, Mom. Will you just fucking listen to me?

She's fighting hard to stop herself from crying.

MOM

(upset)

I can't see you right now Harry. I'm sorry.

HARRY

I just need to borrow some money.

MOM

You shouldn't have come back here.

HARRY

Mom, it's just money. I'll pay you back. And you'll never see me again. I swear.

MOM

Please Harry. Just go.

He reaches out and grabs a hold of her arm. Pulls her to a stop. Holds onto her tightly.

HARRY

I'm desperate. I've got nowhere to go. I'm begging you. Please. You're my Mom. You've all I've got. Please. Don't you love me? I'm fucking begging.

She can't keep the tears back any longer, they stream down her face. She reaches into her bag and removes her purse.

MOM

(disgusted)

How much this time?

He turns away from her, unable to look her in the eyes.

HARRY

A lot. I need a lot.

She shakes her head.

MOM

I'm so disappointed in you. You were such a smart kid in school. You NEED to do SOMETHING with your life.

He comes back to her.

HARRY

(determined)

I am doing something. I'm getting my fucking revenge.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Harry sits in the front of the beaten up old car with JAKE, 50, tall, skinny, tattoos and a shaved head. They're both smoking and drinking.

JAKE

Man, it's so good to see you. Out in one piece. I prayed for you almost everyday. I asked God to look after you.

Harry rolls his eyes.

HARRY

Where's Rat?

JAKE

(nervous)

I've told you. I don't know. That's facts.

HARRY

I need to find that little scum bastard, piece of fucking shit.

JAKE

I haven't seen him for a couple of years.

HARRY

He has to still be around here. He's a loser. He's pathetic. I once saw him getting mugged and all he did was piss himself. And that coward is the one who fucked me over. Caused all of this for me. Put me away. Ruined my fucking life.

JAKE

People think he's dead. You feel me? Suicide. Overdose. Who knows. No one even thinks he's still alive but you.

Harry puffs out his chest, a few deep breaths.

HARRY

He'll be dead soon, because I'm going to kill him.

JAKE

Cold blooded. But that's your beef. I'm just a facilitator. A bystander. You got the money?

Harry nods. He hands over a big brown bag full of cash. In exchange Jake gives him a plastic bag with a gun inside it.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - CAR PARK - NIGHT

LANA, 31, pretty with several lip, nose and ear piercings. Finished at the end of her shift she heads towards her parked car.

She's searching through her pockets, not sure where her keys are.

Harry steps out from the shadows.

HARRY

Hey Lana. Looking good. You still flipping burgers?

She almost jumps right out of her skin.

LANA

(scared)

Jesus Christ Harry, you scared me half to death.

His face drops, suddenly serious.

HARRY

Where's Rat?

LANA

That's what you want to say to me after all this time?

HARRY

What the fuck should I say to you?

LANA

How about asking something nice, like how I've been? Am I keeping well? Am I safe? Am I happy? Something like that you dumb piece of shit.

HARRY

You broke up with me. Why should I care?

She scoffs at him.

LANA

You went to jail. That's more than enough reason to break up with someone. What did you want me to do? Wait for you? Get real. I don't even like waiting in line.

HARRY

Where is he? You were with him before we got together. You must know something about where he's at?

LANA

I don't know Harry. Jesus. Get a fucking life.

HARRY

(snaps)

He took everything from me. Where
the fuck is he?

LANA

And what are you going to do?

Harry takes the gun out from the back of his jeans and
presses it hard to the side of Lana's head.

HARRY

I'm going to blow your fucking
brains out all over your shitty car
if you don't tell me. That's what
I'm going to do.

She instantly becomes frozen with fear.

LANA

Alright, I'm sorry. I know where he
is, I know where he is. Please.
Don't kill me. I'll tell you, I'll
tell you.

Harry puts his finger on the trigger, ready to fire.

HARRY

Don't fucking lie to me.

EXT. RAT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RAT, 40, smart looking with a conservative haircut. He's
clean shaven and looks well rested. In a suit carrying a
briefcase he jogs up towards the front door to his idyllic
suburban home.

Harry steps out from the trees opposite and gets his gun
ready.

INT. RAT'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rat unlocks the front door and steps inside. Kicking off his
shoes and placing down his briefcase.

RAT

(happy)

Honey, kids. I'm home.

Harry appears behind him and places the gun to the back of
Rat's head.

HARRY

Hey Rat. It's me. You fucking die now.

Rat's WIFE, 40, and two KIDS, 6 and 7. A boy and a girl. They come into the hallway to greet him coming home. Shocked at the sight of a dirty, wild looking Harry and his gun.

RAT

(calm)
Harry?

HARRY

Who's fucking house is this?

RAT

(slowly)
It's mine. And you're more than welcome to stay.

HARRY

Shut the fuck up. Bullshit. You're a fucking heroin user. A scumbag. Who's fucking house is this?

Rat's Wife holds onto the two kids, protective.

RAT'S WIFE

(terrified)
Honey. What's going on?

RAT

It's OK. It's going to be alright.

Harry hits Rat in the back of the head with the gun.

HARRY

(confused)
Who the fuck are these people?

RAT

My family. How are you Harry? Tell me what I can do for you?

HARRY

Shut the fuck up.

RAT

I've changed Harry. I'm not the same man you knew.

HARRY

(screaming)
You're a fucking thief.

(MORE)

HARRY (CONT'D)

A heroin addict. The worst scumbag I've ever met and the reason I went to prison for twelve fucking years!

RAT

And I'm sorry. I want to help you. Others helped me. Now I want to help you.

HARRY

You were the worst person I ever met.

RAT

I'm not that person anymore. I'm happy now. Drug free and happy.

Harry looks across to the wife and children. Shaking his head, struggling to understand.

HARRY

How is any of this yours? This isn't fair.

Harry lowers his gun. Utterly lost.

RAT

These people you see, are my wife and children. They love me and I love them.

HARRY

This isn't right.

RAT

I'm going to help you Harry.

HARRY

For years, all I've thought about is killing you.

Rat turns around to face Harry, wraps his arms around him and hugs him.

RAT

I'm so sorry for what I did to you. But I swear I'm going to make things right.

HARRY

What are you doing?

RAT

I'm here for you.

Rat looks over to his family and gestures for them to join them. They do. His wife and children put their arms around Harry and it turns into a group hug.

Harry breaks down crying.

HARRY

What is happening?

RAT

You're going to stay with us. I've got a guest room just for you. I'm going to show you how you can be happy.

The group hug continues, Harry doesn't know what to do, but slowly begins to accept the love on offer.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END