

# **LUCKY HARRY**

by

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Large smart lounge. Sitting in his wheelchair is HARRY, 60s, grey hair. He takes the last sip of his whiskey as he places the glass on a side table next to him, from where he picks up a 38' revolver. Pulling back the hammer he places the barrel to the side of his head. Finger closing down on the trigger...

He pauses to the sound of the floorboard creaking. A shadow of a person appears before him. It steps into the light. Wearing all black, balaclava included. Gun in hand. ROBBER.

Harry is bewildered by what he's seeing.

**HARRY**

What the fuck?

Robber startles.

**ROBBER**

What the...

He's quick to turn and point his gun in the direction of the voice - on Harry.

**ROBBER (CONT'D)**

Drop your gun! Or I'll shoot you.

Harry, still with his revolver to the side of his head.

**HARRY**

You gotta be shitting me!

**ROBBER**

Drop it! Drop the gun!

**HARRY**

Fuck you! And get the fuck out of my house.

**ROBBER**

Remove the gun from your... Wait!?  
What the hell?

**HARRY**

You want me to drop my gun. From wanting to shoot myself. Or you'll shoot me?

Harry now points his gun to the robber.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

You drop it!

**ROBBER**

No! You drop it! I swear... I'll shoot you!

**HARRY**

O' Make my day! Save me the trouble.

*(Pause)*

Headshot. Please.

Robber thinks for a moment. Then lowers his gun.

**ROBBER**

Sorry. Carry on.

**HARRY**

What?

**ROBBER**

With what you were busy with. You know.

**HARRY**

Wow... That's so considerate of you.

Harry puts his gun to the side of his head. Pulls the trigger - CLICK!

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

What the fuck?

Robber staring at him. Shaking his head.

**ROBBER**

A dud bullet! Its a revolver, keep pulling the trigger and one of the other five bullets should do it.

Harry lowers the gun.

**HARRY**

Fuck!

**ROBBER**

Fuck?

**HARRY**

I only have one bullet loaded.

**ROBBER**

Only one!?

**HARRY**

Yeah. I wanted to go with the one life - one bullet thing. You know.

**ROBBER**

Right... hows that working out for you.

**HARRY**

Fuck you. And get out of my house!

**ROBBER**

Loser.

**HARRY**

Loser? You the loser. Dumb ass robber. What, you going to steal my T.V? Walk down the road with it?

**ROBBER**

No! Cash and jewellery. Now, where's the safe?

**HARRY**

Cash? Ever heard of credit cards? Jewellery? I'm not married. Dumb ass!

**ROBBER**

You old rich folk always have cash in a safe. Where's the safe?

**HARRY**

Up my ass. You want the code?

**ROBBER**

If you don't tell me where it is I swear I'll shoot you.

**HARRY**

Promise!

**ROBBER**

Arggg... Damb you!

**HARRY**

Dumb ass!

Harry, looking at robbers gun.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

Say, that a 38' revolver?

**ROBBER**

Yeah?

**HARRY**

Mine too. Can I have a bullet?  
Please.

Robber thinks about it.

**ROBBER**

Okay. Tell me where the safe is.  
And the code. No! Wait... You do  
have cash in there, right?

**HARRY**

\$10,000. We have a deal then?

**ROBBER**

Yes. Okay. Where is it?

**HARRY**

Main bedroom wardrobe, third from  
left.

**ROBBER**

Code?

**HARRY**

Bullet!

**ROBBER**

How do I know I can trust you?

**HARRY**

Says a robber... Look, I have nothing to lose that I can't take with me after you give me a bullet.

**ROBBER**

Fair enough.

**HARRY**

So, there we have it then. It's a Win-win. Now give me a bullet.

**ROBBER**

Fuck! Fuck! Arggg...! I don't have any bullets!

**HARRY**

What?

**ROBBER**

My guns empty. No bullets.

**HARRY**

You came to a robbery with an unloaded weapon? Is that even a real gun?

**ROBBER**

Yes, it's real. Hay! Loaded guns are not safe you know! Besides, if caught with an unloaded weapon. You get two years less.

Harry shaking his head...

**HARRY**

Unreal! So, are you a locksmith?

**ROBBER**

What?

**HARRY**

Did you bring an angle grinder?

**ROBBER**

What - NO!

**HARRY**

Nothing! Not even bullets! Jesus...  
I'd love to meet your mentor.

Robber sits down on a nearby chair.

**ROBBER**

Fuck! Fuck!

**HARRY**

Yeah, I'd say.

Robber looking at Harry's "old" revolver. He stands, walks up to him. Extends his hand.

**ROBBER**

Let me see that.

Harry gives him his revolver. Robber opens the spiral chamber, taking out the bullet - examines it. Then the revolver's "loose" chamber.

**ROBBER**

Look. The bullet has no indent from the hammer.

He shows Harry the bullet. The loose chamber to.

**ROBBER (CONT'D)**

This second world war revolver of yours is... Bust!

**HARRY**

So, the bullets good? And you have a working, functional revolver, a 38'

**ROBBER**

Oh No. Hell no! This is my personal licenced gun! Forget it!

**HARRY**

You want the code to my safe?

**ROBBER**

Yes! No...! Cops can trace my gun.

**HARRY**

Okay. Look. I give you the code.  
You take the \$10,000. You shoot me  
in the head and take your gun with  
you as you flee. Simple.

**ROBBER**

I... I, can't shoot you. I'm a  
thief, not a killer.

**HARRY**

Yeah okay, I can relate to that.  
Okay then. I'll give you the code,  
you take the money. I shoot myself  
with your gun and then you take it  
and leave.

**ROBBER**

Okay. Deal!

Robber is about to put the bullet into his revolver... The  
bullet's head falls off as its gunpowder runs out onto the  
floor.

**ROBBER (CONT'D)**

Really now! World war two bullet as  
well!

**HARRY**

Shit!

**ROBBER**

Shit? Is that all... what next?  
Nazi, German world war two money in  
the safe?

**HARRY**

No! And, Fuck you!

**ROBBER**

Yeah... I'm outta here. I'm writing  
this one off. Try the wrist thing,  
Old timer.

Robber turns to walk out...

**HARRY**

Hold it! Not so fast.



Robber stops. Turns to look at Harry, who removes a lanyard panic pendant from under his shirt. His finger on its button.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

Panic button! Not the silent one! I push it and all hell breaks loose. Neighbours... And yeah they armed. Armed security response, cops. You wont make it off the block!

Robber goes to sit back in his chair. Pointing his gun at him.

**ROBBER**

Okay... What do you propose?

**HARRY**

What are you doing?

**ROBBER**

What?

Robber sticks his gun in his back.

**ROBBER (CONT'D)**

Yeah... Forgot about that.

**HARRY**

Dumb ass! I'm thinking there's a way we can get around this--

DING-DONG. The doorbell rings. Harry and robber stare each other...

**ROBBER**

Expecting someone?

**HARRY**

No, I live alone.

Robber looks through a window. Sees a PIZZA GUY at the front door. Pizza in hand.

DING-DONG.

**ROBBER**

You ordered a pizza!? When were you planing to eat it? In the after-life?

**HARRY**

I didn't order no pizza! Answer the door and tell him to... Fuck-off.

Robber walks towards the door.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

And take the fucking balaclava off your face. Dumb ass!

Robber removes his balaclava.

**ROBBER**

Call me dumb ass one more time! And I swear I will--

**HARRY**

Dumb ass! Answer the fucking door!

Robber gives him a look. Then opens the door to the pizza guy before him.

**PIZZA GUY**

Extra-large meat feast with extra chilli's. \$30.

**ROBBER**

I did not order any pizza. You have the wrong address. Bugger-off!

Robber, about to close the door...

**PIZZA GUY**

Yes you did. Mr. Delpport, 281 West street.

**ROBBER**

Look, kid. I did not order any pizza. And this is not Delpport... Hold on.

Robber turns his head indoors. Shouts out.

**ROBBER (CONT'D)**

Delpport?

**HARRY (O.S)**

Smith!

**PIZZA GUY**

\$30.

**ROBBER**

Look, kid. You got the wrong--

**HARRY (O.S)**

Just pay the fucking pizza guy!

**ROBBER**

Hold on.

Robber walks up to Harry. Puts out his hand.

**HARRY**

No, cause not. Why would you have brought your wallet along!

Harry takes his wallet out of his pocket, giving it to him.

Robber at the door. Shuffling through the \$100 notes, he find a \$50 that he gives the pizza guy.

**ROBBER**

Here.

Pizza guy takes the \$50. Gives robber the pizza. Turns and walks off.

**ROBBER**

Hay! My \$20 change!

**HARRY (O.S)**

Leave it!

**PIZZA GUY**

Prick!

Robber, pizza in hand. Slams the door shut. Goes back to sit down in his chair. Opens the pizza box. Takes out a slice

**ROBBER**

You were saying?

Robber eating a slice of pizza.

**HARRY**

Give me back my wallet.

**ROBBER**

Why?

**HARRY**

Right...

**ROBBER**

You wanna slice? You don't want to die on an empty stomach now do you?

**HARRY**

Really?

**ROBBER**

Really! Yes. The last supper. And Jesus said to his disciples--

**HARRY**

You! you, gonna biblical phrase me about--

**ROBBER**

I'll phrase the whole bible if you like? Catholic orphanage. Released at age eighteen. To this.

**HARRY**

Soppy! Sorry to hear about your shit.

Harry stares at robber that's stuffing his face with pizza. He looks long and hard at this idiot that probably has not had a decent meal in a while...

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

Hay!

Robber looks up. Chewing...

**ROBBER**

What?

**HARRY**

What's your name?

**ROBBER**

Robber.

**HARRY**

Harry.

*(Pause)*

Fine then... You got kids? A Mrs.  
Robber at home?

**ROBBER**

And what the fuck does that have to  
do with you?

**HARRY**

Nothing. Just asking.

**ROBBER**

Sorry. That was rude of me. Mrs.  
Robber and three kids.

*(Pause)*

Pizza is darn good! Sure you don't  
want a slice?

Off Harry's side table, he picks up the whisky glass and  
bottle - pouring himself a drink. Robber looks at this.

**HARRY**

To your left. In the cabinet are  
glasses.

Robber stands, takes a glass out the cabinet, and walks up  
to Harry who pours him a double.

**ROBBER**

Thanks.

Robber goes to sit back in his chair.

**HARRY**

So, I was thinking. You must know  
some people with bullets. Guns. You  
know, the guys you Sunday BBQ with.

**ROBBER**

Yeah?

Harry gives him a dumb stare.

**ROBBER (CONT'D)**

Right. Yeah.

Robber takes out his Cell phone. Swiping - tapping - phone  
to ear...

**ROBBER (CONT'D)**

Bruce, how's it hanging dude?

*(Pause)*

Yeah same here. Say, you still got that 38'?

*(Pause)*

Well, I'm in a situation and need a bullet. Make it two, or three.

*(Pause)*

Your cousin did what!?

*(Pause)*

Target practise on a dairy farm.

*(Pause)*

Bad drugs. Yeah, I'd say. Okay.

*(Pause)*

See you then.

Robber ends the call. Harry looking on, frowning.

**ROBBER (CONT'D)**

Don't ask!

Robber on his Cell phone. Swiping - tapping - phone to ear...

**ROBBER**

BIG DOG. How's it going?

*(Pause)*

look Dog, I'm on a job. Big take.

And I need a handgun. Now.

*(Pause)*

House in-break, Westside.

*(Pause)*

\$2,000

*(Pause)*

You on your way to a Seven-Eleven!?

You shitting me right? That's

like... \$500 If you lucky?

*(Pause)*

Okay! Do you know if Snakes has a piece I can borrow?

*(Pause)*

Shit... A drive-by!

*(Pause)*

Yeah. I'm gonna miss him too.

*(Pause)*

You too. See you Sunday, BBQ at your place, right?.

*(Pause)*

See you then.

Robber ends the call. Harry shaking his head.

**ROBBER**

What? So my friends are--

**HARRY**

*(Finger over he's lips)*

Shhh....

A faint sound upstairs. Harry and Robber are holding their breath. Staircase floorboard creeks. Robber tucks away behind a wall. He takes out his gun. A figure wearing all black walks into the lounge with a gun by his side. Our robber comes up behind him and sticks his gun to his back.

**ROBBER**

Hold it right there! Hands-up.  
Raise the gun nice and slow.

This robber does as told. Our robber takes the gun from him, sticking it behind his back.

**HARRY**

No! Tuck your gun!

Robber is quick to swop the guns around.

**HARRY (O.S) (CONT'D)**

Dumb ass.

Our robber grips and pulls off the robber's balaclava. Her long blond hair rolls out over her back.

Our robber comes around to stand before her. Gun on her, he takes a look at her. Gasps...

**ROBBER**

Sandy!

**SANDY**

Lucky!

**HARRY**

Lucky?

They all three bewildered look at each other.

**LUCKY**

Harry. Sandy.

**SANDY**

Hi there, Harry.

**HARRY**

Hi.

**LUCKY**

So, Wow. Last time I saw you was on that... That...?

**SANDY**

Galaxy Jewellers. Two years ago.

**LUCKY**

That's right. That was a good take. Say, you still got that necklace?

**SANDY**

Nah... I hit a dry spell. Had to sell it. Twenty cents to the dollar!

**LUCKY**

Daylight robbery I tell you.

**SANDY**

So, look we gotta hook-up again sometime. Do a Seven-Eleven or something?

**HARRY**

*(Cough. Cough)*

Ah, excuse me. Guys. Young lady--

**SANDY**

*(To Harry)*

Young lady? Ahh... You so sweet.

**HARRY**

Thank you. Now, what the fuck is this!? Family reunion?

**LUCKY**

Yeah, sister-in-law.

**HARRY**

Cause yes. Family trait.

**SANDY**

Lucky, hay look I didn't know you were busy here. I'll leave. Of cause.



**LUCKY**

Yeah, what's the odds on that. Say, when I was scouting... The face-brick house up the road, number 261. Looks like a winner.

**SANDY**

261. Thanks, man!

**LUCKY**

Sure. We look out for each other right.

**SANDY**

Sure thing.

*(Pause)*

Ah... My gun back, please.

**HARRY**

ROBBER! I mean, Lucky! \$10,000...  
Bullet... Gun... Hello!?

**LUCKY**

Ah yeah. Forgot about that.

Harry shaking his head.

**SANDY**

\$10,000?

**HARRY**

0303!! Now take the money and then get the fuck outta my house. Both of you!

Lucky gives him a look.

**LUCKY**

Thanks. By the way, I been meaning to ask you. Why do you want to kill yourself?

**HARRY**

That's non of your business!

**LUCKY**

Really? After all we been through?

Harry just stares at him.

**LUCKY (CONT'D)**

*(To Sandy)*

This peace yours? Licenced to you?

**SANDY**

Do I look like a dumb ass to you?

**HARRY**

Well said, girl!

Lucky gives Harry a dirty look.

**SANDY**

I took it off a gas station cashier.

Lucky checks to make sure it was bullets.

**HARRY**

I'll give you \$5,000 for it!

**SANDY**

What? I mean, yeah, sold!

Harry frowns. A smile almost. Lucky walks up to him, gun by his side.

**LUCKY**

Alright Harry... fair is fair. We made a deal! I'll give you this gun. Just answer my question. Why?

Harry sighs...

**HARRY**

I was sleeping with a woman that I did not know was married. Her husband found out... tracked me down. He's threatened to kill my grandchildren if I don't pay him \$10,000 now, sunrise.

**LUCKY**

Shit! Why not just pay the guy!? You got the \$10,000 in your safe.

Sandy gives Lucky a raised eyebrow, dirty look.

**SANDY**

Hay! That's \$10,000--

**LUCKY**

Quiet woman!

**HARRY**

That's why I have the \$10,000 in cash. Then I figured that if I gave it to him? We'd just keep asking for more and more till I have nothing left. Then kill my grand children!

Harry takes a sip of his whisky.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

So I figure if I'm dead? Then the threat is gone. He'd have no gain in going after my grandchildren. They will be safe.

**SANDY**

That's so sad. You poor man.

**LUCKY**

Jesus... Go to the cops--

**HARRY**

No. There's no messing with this maffia boss! He's not called KILLER TONY for no reason!

**SANDY (O.S)**

Killer Tony!!

**LUCKY**

Uncle Tony!!

**HARRY**

Uncle?

**LUCKY**

Yes. My father's brother. Uncle Tony. Nicknamed "killer Tony" from his army days. The old fart is a Micky Mouse con-artist! he sure is no maffia boss!

**SANDY**

Martha?

**HARRY**

Yes! That's her name.

**LUCKY**

Martha is his partner in crime, not marriage. This is what they do!

Harry is jaw-dropped shock faced.

**HURRY**

Bitch! Fuck him... this, Tony! He's not getting a cent.

**HARRY**

Whooo... Not so fast. Uncle Tony is still not someone you gonna want to fuck with.

**SANDY**

And the bitch will want her cut!

**HARRY**

Look, I'm not well-off, rich. It just looks like it. I inherited this house from my brother.

Sandy walks over to a mantel. Picking-up a framed photo of a young married couple with two young girls. She shows it to Lucky.

**SANDY**

*(To Harry)*

This your grandchildren?

**HARRY**

*(Sad tone)*

Yes.

Sandy gives Lucky a look. Harry takes out his cell phone. Swiping - tapping - phone to ear...

**HARRY**

Uncle Tony. Lucky here.

*(Pause)*

You won't believe who's house I'm at, busy robbing? Well, trying to. Harry Smith, West street.

*(Pause)*

Yeah, the old-timer in a wheel chair.

(MORE)

HARRY (cont'd)

*(Pause)*

Yes. That's why I'm calling you Uncle Tony. Trying to rob this guy, it turns out he's not wealthy. Not healthy neither. He's sitting here with a gun to his head.

*(Pause)*

Because he told me of you, Martha, the \$10,000 demand.

*(Pause)*

Correct. If he shoots himself? You get nothing!

*(Pause)*

Because I feel for him. Okay.

*(Pause)*

Harry gives him a raised eyebrow look. As does Sandy.

**LUCKY (CONT'D)**

He has the \$10,000 in cash.

*(Pause)*

Thank you, Uncle Tony. And I'll tell him.

Lucky ends the call.

**LUCKY**

*(To Harry)*

Uncle Tony says; You should not be poking your meat around at your age. And, you'll not hear from him again, after the \$10,000. A driver will be here in an hour to collect.

Harry gives him a look of relief.

**HARRY**

Why?

**LUCKY**

Why what?

**HARRY**

That \$10,000 could have been yours?

**LUCKY**

And you'd have shot yourself. Or, Uncle Tony would have shot you?

**HARRY**

What do you care?

**LUCKY**

Wouldn't want those two beautiful young girls growing-up without their grandfather. Now would we?

Harry gives him a pleasant smile.

**SANDY**

*(To Lucky)*

You owe me \$5,000!

Lucky gives her back her gun. She takes it.

**LUCKY**

No, I don't.

**SANDY**

So, you say that face brick house up the road looks promising?

**LUCKY**

Yeah, let's go check it out. And, there better not be an old crazy man there!

Lucky turns to Harry.

**LUCKY (CONT'D)**

Well, old-timer. Sure was interesting meeting you.

**HARRY**

Yeah. Likewise.

Lucky and Sandy walk-off to the front door. Lucky stops. Turns to look at the flat-screen. Unplugs it and takes it.

**HARRY (CONT'D)**

Really now!?

**LUCKY**

It's what I do.

**HARRY**

You know you still a... Dumb ass!

- CREDITS -

**EXT. BIG DOGS HOUSE - DAY**

INSERT: SUNDAY

Low/medium income suburb. Back-yard. Women are sitting around a large outdoor table. Their children play nearby.

Nearby, are their men hanging around the BBQ, chatting, drinking beers. Amongst them is Lucky, and Harry in his wheelchair.

**HARRY**

*(To Lucky)*

You sure Uncle Tony is not coming to the BBQ?

**LUCKY**

Yeah, I'm sure.

**HARRY**

You unreal, you know that! First you break into my house. Then you return, wheeling me out to your Sunday BBQ.

**LUCKY**

You did say you live alone. So, I thought you'd enjoy getting out a bit?

Nearby, flipping patties on the grill, is Big Dog, 40s, well built.

**BIG DOG**

And next Sundays BBQ is at your place, Harry.

**HARRY**

Ah... Shit!

FADE OUT.

- END -