

PLEASE, HARRY

Written by

Nathan Harper-Wendt

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nathanharperwendt@gmail.com

FADE IN

INT. A DARK KITCHEN - NIGHT

A middle aged, half naked man wakes up tied to a table in the centre of the room. As he gains consciousness of his situation he begins to panic. He looks around the kitchen and sees nobody.

MAN

What the fuck.... What is this
shit?.

A silhouette of a of a man fills the kitchen doorway. The tied up man attempts to struggle free. Shaking the table causing the table legs to screech on the tiled floor.

He pauses, spots slight movement to his left and stops his struggle in an attempt to focus. His eyes widen as a hatchet axe come swinging down towards his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. A NEIGHBOURHOOD - DUSK.

Rain becomes heavy causing small streams on either side of the road that trickle into drains. A cat takes shelter beneath a car. A man closes his garage door.

On the corner of the street on the street name sign Harry (17) sits with his sister Melanie (11). He wraps his jacket around her and lifts the hood over her head. His face is illuminated by a nearby street light.

Susan (58) is walking on the opposite side of the road and notices Harry and Melanie. She sees that Harry is now wearing only a tee shirt. She looks at her watch and sighs and then walk towards Harry and Melanie.

SUSAN

Y'know, you kids will freeze to
death out here.

HARRY

We're lost. We're looking for
uh.... Hunter Avenue. Do you know
it?

Susan looks surprised.

SUSAN

I do. It's about a 2 hour walk. In
this rain it may turn into a swim.

She holds her hand out to feel the rain.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

It'll probably be a storm all night now. Why don't you come with me. I'll get you a nice cup of tea. Warm you both up.

HARRY

Uh... no thanks. I have to look after my sister, and you're a stranger.

SUSAN

Don't be crazy. My name is Susan. Now you know me.

(Points to Melanie.)

Look at her she's freezing to death.

Harry looks down at Melanie who looks back at him. He has a sad expression on his face.

MELANIE

Please, Harry.

Harry sighs and looks back at Susan who smiles back at him. He still looks sad.

HARRY

(Nodding Gently.)

Okay.

SUSAN

Great. It's just a couple of houses up here.

They both stand and begin to follow Susan down the rainy path.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Susan is washing dishes in the sink. Harry is stood in the kitchen doorway half in the lounge half in the kitchen.

SUSAN

So. Harry.

(beat)

Do you live on Hunter Avenue?

HARRY

My uncle does. We're staying with him. We took the wrong bus back from the mall.

SUSAN

Easy mistake.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Melanie is asleep on the sofa. The television is playing a cartoon. That flashes different coloured lights on her face.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Harry fully enters the kitchen now and leans against the side of the fridge next to the doorway.

HARRY

Thank you so much for making us
dinner. You really shouldn't have.

Susan smiles and looks out the window.

SUSAN

Are you kidding me. I'd never want
my kids out in this rain.

She looks back down at the dishes and scrubs saucepan.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

How about you guys stay here
tonight and first thing tomorrow
I'll give you a lift to your uncles
house.

She finishes with the pan and pulls off her rubber gloves and puts them next to the sink. She then turns and leans back against the sink.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

My son is coming around tomorrow
morning so I'd have to take you
quite early. If that's okay.

HARRY

I don't think that's a good idea.
It's just my sister -

SUSAN

She's already asleep. If you want
I'll pull a blanket down here and
we don't have to move her. You can
stay down here too.

HARRY

You're really very nice. It's a
shame there aren't more people like
you.

Susan smiles and walks towards Harry. She places a caring hand on his shoulder as she walks past him and stops in the doorway.

SUSAN

I think you're the real hero here
Harry. Not many boys your age would
take such good care of there
sister.

She looks into the lounge, standing behind Harry slightly to the right. Harry still facing the sink looks sad once more.

HARRY

I don't have a choice.

Susan looks back at Harry. He has a sadness in his voice that she has become aware of.

SUSAN

Why?

HARRY

Because.. She makes people believe
I can be trusted.

Susan looks concerned.

SUSAN

Can you?

Harry looks down at his hands and pulls the safety lid from a syringe. Quickly he spins around and plunges the syringe into Susan's neck with his other hand holding her in place. A look of terror covers her face. Harry has tears in his eyes.

HARRY

No.

The last look Susan gives is a look of confusion. Then falls unconscious.

Harry sits in the kitchen with Susan's body laying in his lap.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER

Susan is tied to the kitchen table. She slowly opens her eyes and regains consciousness. She lifts her head and sees Harry standing at her feet.

SUSAN

Please untie me Harry. I won't tell
anybody, I promise.

She lays her head back down and looks up at the ceiling, tears fill her eyes.

HARRY

You would.. And they'd take her
away. I can't let them take her.

Susan lifts her head again. This time noticing a hatchet axe in Harry's hand.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I want you to know, Mrs Susan. I really am sorry that this happened to you.

SUSAN

Then why are you doing it. You don't have to kill me.

Harry squeezes the axe and looks her in the eye.

HARRY

I have to look after Melanie, Mrs Susan. You have to understand. I needed to do this to you.

Susan puts her head back again and shakes her head in disagreement. She suddenly becomes angry.

SUSAN

You're a monster.
(Lifts head and shouts.)
You're a monster!

She starts to cry and struggle. The table shakes, making the legs create screech sounds on tiled floor.

Harry looks at her. His face again shows signs of regret and sadness.

HARRY

No, Mrs Susan. I'm not.

Susan stops struggling and looks at Harry who moves to one side to reveal Melanie standing in the doorway. She's wearing an old fashioned white and pink dress.

Susan looks at Melanie. Melanie stares back at Susan emotionless. Susan then turns to Harry with a confused look on her face.

Harry walks over to Melanie and hands her the hatchet. He turns and takes one last glance at Susan. He then walks out of the kitchen.

Melanie, axe in hand, approaches the head of the table slowly. Susan begins to struggle again. More frantically this time.

The table creaks and screeches.

INT. SUSAN'S HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Harry sits on the sofa staring straight. Light from the kitchen comes through the doorway and lights his face. He no longer has an expression of sadness.

The sound of struggling and a scream come from the kitchen.

SUSAN (O.S.)
Please. No, no no. Plea-

Susan's pleading is cut short by a loud thud. Then another. Then another.

Tears build in Harry's eyes as the rhythmic thudding continues.

Fade out.