

Harold and the Minion

By

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FADE IN

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Car lights illuminate a grey haired, casually dressed HAROLD, 60, as he drags the body of JOAN, 75, toward a freshly dug grave.

An owl HOOTS, he stops, looks around, there's nothing to see. He continues on.

With some serious HEAVING he pushes her body into the grave.

Her legs stick out. The hole is too small. He grabs her feet, muttering as he tries to stuff them in.

HAROLD

Typical. Bitch when she's alive,  
bitch when she's dead.

Her legs continue to stick out. Harold picks up his shovel and starts making the hole bigger.

EXT. SMALL BAR - NIGHT

HAROLD flies out of the open door. Almost runs onto the road but stops himself with a lamppost.

MAN (O.S)

And stay the hell out.

He steadies himself against the post, GRUMBLES. Throws his hand at the bar in disgust then staggers off down the road.

A tall, thin DRAG QUEEN in his 50's; sporting a wig, tight short dress, heels and a 5 O'clock shadow, hurriedly CLIP-CLOPS along the footpath toward Harold.

Harold gives him a smile and a wink as he approaches.

HAROLD

Mam.

The Drag Queen HMMFFS and rolls his eyes as he walks by.

Harold turns and checks out the Drag Queen's butt, shakes his head.

HAROLD

Hmmmmm, sexy.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Harold staggers down the alleyway. He stops. Something moves in the shadows.

A ROBBER steps into the light, knife in hand, balaclava over his face.

Harold throws his hands up.

ROBBER  
Money, NOW!

Harold reaches into his back pocket, pulls out his wallet, drops it, bends over, eyes up the robbers legs then CHARGES.

The Robber casually steps out of the way.

Harold flies past him, stumbles, hits the wall, bounces off then hits the ground.

The Robber picks up the wallet and heads over to Harold's slumped body.

Dazed, Harold looks up at him.

The Robber stabs him in the chest then runs off.

INT. HAROLD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Blood red light illuminates the room. An old liquor cabinet fills the space along the back wall. Tacky ornaments adorn the top.

Harold is slumped on the couch with his eyes closed. A figure sits in the lazy boy opposite, its face hidden in the shadows.

Harold stirs and opens his eyes. The figure leans forward. A slim, handsome, 30 year old face slowly appears out of the darkness. This is AAMON.

Jet-black hair and jet-black eyes contrast against his fiery red suit, shirt and tie. Shoes long, pointed and black.

He speaks in a deep hypnotic voice with a creepy smile smeared across his face.

AAMON

So Harold.

Harold slowly sits up, rubs his eyes. He looks at Aamon then around the room.

HAROLD

Am I in a weird sex dream again?

Aamon LAUGHS. A deep growl merges with it.

AAMON

No Harold, you are dead.

Harold stares at Aamon for a moment then looks down at his blood soaked shirt and touches his chest. It slowly comes back to him.

HAROLD

I got killed?

AAMON

Yes Harold... for three dollars twenty-six, and a coupon for a small blizzard at Dairy Queen.

HAROLD

Son of a... I'm really dead?

Aamon slowly nods.

Harold looks around in amazement, pats his hands over his body.

HAROLD

I'm in the after life?

Aamon slowly nods.

HAROLD

Wow.

(beat)

So who are you?

AAMON

My name is Aamon. I am what you mortals call a Demon.

Aamon leans back, stretches his arms out to the side and turns his palms up.

AAMON

Call me the Devils assistant.

Harold's face drops.

HAROLD

Am I in hell?

AAMON

No Harold, this isn't hell.

HAROLD

Makes sense I suppose. My ex-wife's not here.

AAMON

Harold, Harold, Harold. So much anger. I like it.

HAROLD

So why are you dressed like a pimp?  
I thought demons were suppose to look scary.

Confused, and slightly offended, Aamon looks down at his suit then squints back at Harold.

AAMON

(long)

Noooooooooo...

(beat)

I look scary on a normal day, but now, for you...

Aamon stretches his arms out again, glances down at his body as if to show it off and smiles a creepy smile.

AAMON

I am a non-threatening handsome male.

HAROLD

But I don't like guys.

Aamon leans forward with a confused look. Harold leans forward, eyes wide with excitement.

HAROLD

Do Julia Roberts when she was in Pretty Lady, I'd like that.

AAMON

I'm not...

HAROLD

Go on, be someone I like.

AAMON

It's not go...

HAROLD

Go on.

AAMON

I'm not wearing a dress!

HAROLD

You won't have to wear a dr...

AAMON leaps up from his chair, throws his arm out, palm facing forward and yells in a deep booming voice.

AAMON

Quiet!

Harold slumps into the couch, a little taken back.

AAMON

We need to get on with this. I have a hundred and twenty thousand more souls to get through tonight.

Aamon takes a deep breath in, a long GROWLING, GURGLING noise emanates from his bowels. He puts his hand on his stomach and sits down.

AAMON

Excuse me. That was my afternoon snack. Babies never agree with me.

Horrified, Harold sinks further into the couch.

AAMON

Oh Harold, don't worry. I'm not allowed to eat you, I don't think I'd want to anyway. Now, aren't you curious as to why I'm here?

Harold speaks. His voice is a little shaky.

HAROLD

Not really.

The lazy boy CREAKS as Aamon leans forward and gets up. Hand in pocket he casually walks over to the liquor cabinet behind Harold. He talks as he walks.

Harold watches. Eyes glued to his every move.

AAMON

I'm here, because Lucifer wants me to ask you a couple of questions.

He stands at the cabinet and picks up a porcelain dog that looks like it ran into a wall, examines it.

AAMON

You see, The Great Dark Lord can see into everyone's mind. But some, like yours, can be a little fuzzy. He can't quite figure you out.

Aamon holds the porcelain dog in one hand and moves both hands up and down like he's trying to weight something.

AAMON

Heaven or Hell? Heaven or Hell? He doesn't know where to put you. So, with cases like yours he gets me to come up and do a little interview. To clarify things, understand what's in that tiny brain of yours. If that's possible.

The porcelain dog CLUNKS as Aamon puts it back on the shelf. He picks up a ceramic beer stein. Looks in it, pulls out a dusty half eaten hot-dog in a bun. Examines it.

AAMON

All you have to do is answer my questions. But...there are rules.

He sniffs the dusty hot-dog and turns to Harold.

AAMON

The first rule. If you choose not to answer, you will be sucked off that couch through a hole the size of a penny and dropped into a pit of ferocious old people dentures, each containing at least two pieces of three week old cabbage and/or meatloaf. You'll be like a fleshy French fry hitting a blender.

He takes a bite out of the hotdog, drops the rest in the stein and puts the stein back on the cabinet.

Harold turns and fixes his gaze on the lazy boy.

AAMON

(chewing, barely audible)

Rule two. If you lie the same fate  
will bestow you. Do you understand?

Harold shakes his head 'No'.

Aamon moves to the couch and stands behind Harold. He slams his hands down on Harold's shoulders. Harold jumps.

AAMON

No one ever does.

Aamon walks back toward the lazy boy, his pointy shoe catches on a wrinkle in the carpet. He falls, the ceramic dog and beer stein RATTLE on the cabinet as he hits the floor.

AAMON

God dam it!

Harold's eyes tentatively watch Aamon get up.

Aamon straightens his twisted jacket, struts back to the chair and sits.

AAMON

Now, are you ready for your  
questions Harold?

Harold nods reluctantly.

Aamon leans forward, clasps his hands, takes a deep breath in then glares at Harold.

AAMON

So Harold...Why did you kill your  
Mother-in-Law?

HAROLD

Aye? I di...

AAMON

Harold! Remember the teeth?



Harold takes a deep breath in then a long one out.

HAROLD

She told me I was a good reason  
for birth control.

AAMON

And then you thought you'd kill  
her?

HAROLD

Teeth?

Amon nods.

HAROLD

She said it every time I saw her.

Aamon raises his eyebrows and nods.

HAROLD

I was so fed up with her insults I  
just had to shut her up, so I taped  
her mouth shut and then she died.

AAMON

She died?

HAROLD

I taped her nose too, I forgot  
about the breathing thing. When I  
came back from the bathroom, she  
was dead.

AAMON

Right, so your stupidity killed her?

Harold thinks for a moment, SIGHS then nods.

AAMON

So it wasn't the poison you put in  
her Wheaties?

HAROLD

No she ended up having toast.

AAMON

So a big yes on intending to kill  
her then?

HAROLD  
(hesitantly)  
Yes.

Aamon looks up to the ceiling, nods.

AAMON  
Good. Now your next question.  
What did you do with her body?

HAROLD  
I buried it.

AAMON  
Where?

HAROLD  
In the backyard where the dog  
always craps.

Aamon looks up to the ceiling and nods. Harold looks up with him.

HAROLD  
Are you talking to Lucifer?

AAMON  
No Harold, just the ceiling. Now  
let us sit for a moment while  
Lucifer decides.

A loud SLAM, the lounge door flies open and hits the wall. In walks FBI AGENT JACKSON.

AGENT JACKSON  
Harold J Williams, you are under  
arrest for the murder of Joan  
Henderson.

Harold opens his eyes. The main light in the room comes on. Two COPS walk towards him, guns drawn. Agent Jackson, 40's, blue suit, short air, stern face, follows behind.

Confused, Harold watches the approaching officers. He turns to Aamon.

HAROLD  
I don't get it.

Aamon gets out of the chair and slinks away.

Cop#1 stands over Harold with gun pointed as Cop#2 pulls him out of the chair and cuffs him.

MARIE, 57, a homely woman, walks in.

HAROLD

I, I still don't get it, am I still dead? What's going on? What's she doing here?

MARIE

Harold, you idiot, this was the only way to get you to confess. Don't worry, unfortunately you're still alive.

HAROLD

No, I got stabbed. I remember it.

Agent Jackson grabs his cuffs.

AGENT JACKSON

Nope, you thought you did. It was a syringe filled with tranquilizer. The robber was an actor.

HAROLD

So he's not real?

Harold looks for Aamon, who's left the room.

AGENT JACKSON

No, the FBI hired him.

MARIE

I knew you did it Harold. You went on about it in your sleep.

FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harold and Marie lay sleeping. Harold starts mumbling and moving around. Marie wakes and sits up, listens to Harold's audible mutterings.

HAROLD

Aye? She's dead? But she didn't eat the wheaties.

Harold tosses and turns.

HAROLD

Shit, Marie's gonna be home in an hour. Gotta get rid of the old cows body.

He moves around more and makes GRUNTING, HEAVING noises.

HAROLD

Christ she's heavy. I can't believe I killed my Mother-in-Law. I killed her, I killed her, I killed her! Ha, ha, ha, ha, haaaaa!

Marie stares at him in disbelief.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. HAROLD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARIE

I left you that night and stayed at my sisters. That's when we came up with this plan to get you to confess and tell us where you buried her. I told you before Harold never underestimate the capabilities of a couple of community theatre directors.

Agent Jackson walks past Marie with a handcuffed Harold.

AGENT JACKSON

Alright Mam, great job, we'll take care of him now.

INT. HAROLD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harold suddenly wakes up gasping, he's back, slumped on the couch. Blood-red light illuminates the room. No cops, no ex-wife.

Aamon and Lucifer stand in front of him. Aamon shows off his pointy teeth as he grins.

Lucifer's appearance is in the form of the Drag Queen from outside the bar. He has a seductive yet evil smile across his face and two large devil horns stick out of his wig.

AAMON

Ha, ha Harold, you're still dead.

Aamon gracefully swoops his hand out toward Lucifer.

AAMON

Let me introduce you to Lucifer.  
Lucifer this is Harold. Harold  
this is Lucifer.

LUCIFER

You're attracted to some strange  
looking gals Harold.

Lucifer and Aamon laugh together like old friends.

AAMON

Lucifer and I go back a long way.  
Aye Pal?

He slaps Lucifer hard on the back. Lucifer glares at him disapprovingly. Aamon looks embarrassed.

LUCIFER

You mortals are hilarious. Heaven or  
Hell!

Lucifer beckons for Harold to stand and come over to him. He grabs Harold by the shoulders and pulls him in close.

LUCIFER

Didn't the nuns at St Thomas's  
Private Catholic School for boys  
teach you.. Good husbands go to  
heaven, bad husbands who stupidly  
suffocate their wife's Mommy... come  
see me.

Lucifer and Aamon laugh together again. Lucifer sits on the couch and pats the empty space next to him.

LUCIFER

Come sit.

Harold does as he is told.

LUCIFER

You see Harold you did get stabbed  
in the ally with tranquilizer but  
that silly actor accidentally stuck  
it in your heart, ha ha, your heart!  
And instantly killed you. You weren't  
actually suppose to die. Just knocked  
out for a few hours. Whoops.

HAROLD

So what was that all about?

LUCIFER

That? That was us having a bit of fun Harold. Come on! That plan your wife and her sister made up was brilliant! I couldn't let it go to waste. We had to see you relive it! Plus Aamon here considers himself a bit of a Robert Redford after playing the role of a bucket in the our yearly production of 'The Omen'. He pleaded for me to do this so he could play the part...of... himself? Your Ex is watching it right now in her dream. Hopefully she'll pay attention to the part where you say 'buried her where the dog craps'.

AAMON

I have to say Harold, you are right about your Mother-in-Law. She is something. Did you know she bites?

Lucifer looks up at Aamon, SIGHS and slaps Harold on the leg. Harold jumps.

LUCIFER

I'm tired Mr Redford? You tired?

AAMON

I'm hungry.

Lucifer jumps up, stands in front of Harold and swoops his hand up into the air.

Harold's Mother-in-Law, Joan, suddenly appears on the couch.

She wears a floral dress that hugs every chunky curve, thick tan stockings and brown loafers. Her hair is stuffed under a woolen hat that looks like a tea cozy.

Her squinty evil eyes look around the room, they lock on Harold then grow wide.

JOAN

There you are!

She grabs him tightly by the ear. Harold YELLS as she twists it.

LUCIFER

Now off you go.

Lucifer swoops his arm up again. Harold and Joan disappear off the couch.

Lucifer and Aamon slowly turn and look into the camera and smile their creepy smiles.

FADE OUT