

MY MAN HAROLD

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BRACKEN ESTATE - DAY

Expansive grounds. Manicured. Mountainside. Seaside.
Fountains. Gardens.

TITLE: THE BRACKEN ESTATE, MALIBU, CALIFORNIA

A GARDENER makes sure the exotic Koki'o plant is watered just so, and has an ASSISTANT GARDENER to help.

A uniformed ATTENDANT polishes a private helicopter. Another helicopter is in the b.g.

A golf course being manicured. No one is playing it.

An Olympic-size pool with a view of the ocean far down below.

Everything is perfect.

INT. BRACKEN MANSION - DAY

A long corridor with lots of windows and drapes and mirrors, the way a Russian Czar might do up a corridor if a Czar had real money.

A door opens at the far end. LILLIAN GATES, a professionally attired Certified Household Manager, enters and walks briskly, carrying an iPad.

She passes a MAID running a carpet sweeper. She passes another MAID dusting a window sill.

She exits into an elevator.

INT. BRACKEN MANSION - TOP FLOOR - DAY

Lillian emerges from the elevator and moves briskly along another long corridor, past a Rembrandt, a Picasso, three Van Goghs, and an ill-placed Hockney, from his early period.

She arrives at a great oaken door.

INT. BRACKEN STUDY - DAY

MR. BRACKEN, 65 and dressed in a suit that Valentino himself wouldn't be able to afford, sits behind a very large desk that makes a coffee cup on it look very small.

Lillian enters, approaches, and lays the iPad on his desk. It lights up, displaying the Wall Street Journal web page.

MR. BRACKEN
Thank you Lillian.

LILLIAN
You're welcome, Mr. Bracken.

She turns to go.

MR. BRACKEN
Lillian.

She pauses.

MR. BRACKEN (CONT'D)
Do you know where my son is?

Pause.

LILLIAN
That's difficult to say, Mr. Bracken.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - HAROLD JR.

He's 28, remarkably handsome and playful, a few days' growth of beard, smiling madly upside down, and SCREAMING.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. GULFSTREAM G650 PRIVATE JET - DAY

Harold is floating in zero gravity in a specially padded private jet. In the b.g. are three 20-something FRIENDS, and one middle-aged MAN, likewise floating and SCREAMING.

Floating with them are various beer and liquor bottles.

INT. GULFSTREAM G650 PRIVATE JET COCKPIT - DAY

The uniformed PILOT speaks into the intercom.

PILOT
Leveling out now.

He pulls back gently on the controls.

INT. GULFSTREAM G650 PRIVATE JET - DAY

Harold and the others and their liquor bottles settle back to the floor of the jet, they BOO and LAUGH.

EXT. SKY OVER NEVADA - DAY

The jet flies toward the setting sun.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BRACKEN MANSION - DAY

Mr. Bracken sits at the head of a large conference table. He looks bored. A dozen ASSOCIATES of various ages and genders sit around with iPads, laptops and coffee cups.

Several SERVANTS stand ready in the b.g. with refills.

Projected on a screen is a PowerPoint slide with a diagram titled BRACKEN INDUSTRIES, which appears to have tentacles in oil, precious metals, broadcasting.

Lillian enters and moves silently to Mr. Bracken's side.

LILLIAN

He's been sighted south of Las Vegas. In the Wetherby's Gulfstream.

MR. BRACKEN

So the whole posse got out?

LILLIAN

That would be my guess.

MR. BRACKEN

Have his case worker see me.

LILLIAN

His case worker is with him.

MR. BRACKEN

Find me a case worker who can't be bought.

LILLIAN

I'm looking into it. I'm sure he'll slow down soon, sir.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON - THICK HIGH PERFORMANCE TIRES SPINNING FAST

ROAR of two powerful ENGINES o.s.

They belong to a Bugatti Veyron and a Lamborghini Aventador racing each other across a desert landscape at about 180 mph.

INT. BUGATTI - DAY

Harold is at the wheel, sunglasses on, whooping it up. He has another day's growth of beard. The MUSIC is CRANKED.

Next to him is GRETCHEN WETHERBY, 25, sharp, hard features, beautiful, hair a wild mess, makeup smeared, totally blitzed.

INT. LAMBORGHINI - DAY

SANJI, 29, is at the wheel. Likewise in sunglasses and whooping it up, steering the car crazily, and terrifying his passenger, HILDA, 24, cursing him in Swedish.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The two cars ROAR on down the highway toward the setting sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BALCONY DINING AREA - BRACKEN MANSION - DUSK

An elegant fish dish is ignited a la flambe.

CHEF DMITRI, aloof, dressed in white with a white chef's hat, tends the flambe next to a dining table where Mr. Bracken sits across from the delightfully lovely SUSAN, 22.

In the b.g. the moon illuminates a glittering sea.

The flame dies; Dmitri serves the dish.

MR. BRACKEN

Thank you, Dmitri.

He nods. Lillian approaches Mr. Bracken.

LILLIAN

Harold was sighted this afternoon drag racing across New Mexico.

Mr. Bracken nods slightly.

MR. BRACKEN

Fire his therapist.

LILLIAN

Done.

MR. BRACKEN

And fire his other therapist, too.

LILLIAN

Yes, sir.

MR. BRACKEN

And try to contact him and remind him he has a meeting here tomorrow.

LILLIAN

Yes, sir. I already have Blackhawk Security tracking him now.

MR. BRACKEN

Blackhawk? What happened to our regular service?

Pause.

LILLIAN

He bought them off.

EXT. IN-AND-OUT BURGER STAND IN DESERT - NIGHT

Bright lights blaze in desert blackness. A line of cars at the drive through. CUSTOMERS eat in outdoor seating area.

The deep THUMPING of a helicopter. Many heads turn. A large helicopter, lights flashing, descends in the parking lot.

The drive-thru window girl, SERENA, stops what she's doing and watches the helicopter. Her coworkers, including an assistant drive-thru girl, RITA, crowd around her.

The helicopter lands; the door opens. ELECTRONIC DANCE/DUBSTEP MUSIC BLARES from inside the chopper. Harold and Sanji walk out, well-dressed.

They stride to the takeout window; everyone gawks like they're aliens from outer space.

A car at the drive-thru window drives off. This leaves an opening; Harold and Sanji walk up to the window.

Harold smiles; his charm is turned way up.

HAROLD

Four cheeseburgers, please.

Pause.

SERENA
You want onions?

Harold turns to Sanji, who shrugs; Harold likewise shrugs.

HAROLD
Sure.

SERENA
It's twenty cents more. Each.

HAROLD
Let's go for it.

Harold digs into his wallet, retrieves a \$1,000 bill.
Serena's eyes pop out.

SERENA
I can't change that.

Harold suddenly looks at her closely -- focused on her face.

HAROLD
You -- there's something about you.

SERENA
What?

HAROLD
Undefinable. Undecipherable.
Astonishing. What's your name?

SERENA
Me? Serena.

HAROLD
Serena. The Moon Goddess. Greek
mythology.

He points to the full moon, without taking his eyes off hers.

SERENA
For real?

HAROLD
That's what I'm asking.

SERENA
Oh. Well. I still can't change --

She points to the \$1,000 bill.

HAROLD

I know what you mean. Change is very difficult. Both my therapists tell me that all the time.

SANJI

Mine, too.

HAROLD

So let's forget about change, just for tonight.

He slips the \$1,000 bill into the tips jar. Everyone stares.

The assistant pushes her way to the window.

RITA

My name is Rita.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Harold, carrying the food, leads Sanji into the helicopter, where Gretchen and Hilda lounge on luxurious leather seats.

Serena and Rita climb in after them, still in uniform, giggling. The helicopter door closes.

EXT. IN-AND-OUT BURGER STAND IN DESERT - NIGHT

The helicopter lifts into the sky, lights flashing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A speedboat plows through water, its engine WHINING.

In the distance is a 450 foot mega-yacht, blasting out a psychedelic light show. ROCK MUSIC THUNDERS across the waves.

The speedboat pulls up to the rear of the yacht, where several SERVANTS help well-dressed guests come aboard.

EXT. UPPER DECK OF MEGA YACHT - NIGHT

An orgiastic party. Scantily-clad exotic male and female DANCERS rock to the beat of the Hollywood Undead or some other such name band.

Rich GUESTS -- all in their twenties -- drink and party hearty. Numerous servants circulate with food and drink.

Serena and Rita, still in uniform, loll about with the other guests. A drunk MALE GUEST pushes Serena into the pool; she pulls him in after her. SPLASH!

Rita laughs and flees from the pool, stepping over Sanji, who lies face down on the deck with a mostly-empty drink nearby. Hilda is not far away, hanging over the railing and vomiting.

At the rear of the deck, Harold leans against the railing with Gretchen. Both are smashed.

HAROLD

What's happened to us, Gretchen?
Seems like only yesterday you were
plying me with champagne, and now-?

He tips his empty glass upside down.

GRETCHEN

Go get your own damn champagne.

He looks crestfallen -- irresistibly.

GRETCHEN (CONT'D)

Oh all right.

He smiles. She staggers away toward the bar.

HAROLD

The Pernod-Ricard this time, okay?

She gives him the middle finger as she stumbles off.

Out of the shadows emerges an eye-popping BRAZILIAN MODEL in a desperately skimpy outfit.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Hi. Do we know each other?

She shakes her head in a pouty 'no.'

BRAZILIAN MODEL

(deep, rich voice)
Do you want to go down?

He looks down the length of her body, nods. She gestures downward -- over the railing. He looks.

A small-size gleaming yellow submarine is tied to the back of the yacht, with a uniformed ATTENDANT near it.

He looks back at her and raises an eyebrow. She smiles.

EXT. PRIVATE GOLF COURSE - DAY

Mr. Bracken lines up a putt on a dazzlingly green green.

In the b.g. a golf cart approaches, driven by a SERVANT, with Lillian on the passenger side.

Mr. Bracken putts, misses, taps it in.

A CADDY retrieves the ball as Mr. Bracken walks to Lillian.

LILLIAN

He's been spotted off the coast of Mexico.

MR. BRACKEN

Which coast?

LILLIAN

West. A hundred miles southwest. Apparently got away in a submarine.

Mr. Bracken nods.

MR. BRACKEN

If he was only as good at finding a career as he is at eluding our security services.

LILLIAN

I've contacted the Bush Agency to replace Blackhawk.

He nods, then frowns.

MR. BRACKEN

Actually, please cancel all security contracts.

LILLIAN

How do you propose to retrieve him this time?

MR. BRACKEN

I'm sure he'll turn up eventually. Hopefully with a headache the size of the Pacific Ocean.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

Sunrise.

A sand crab skitters across the sand and onto the hand of Harold, who lies face down on a vast, empty beach. His fine clothes are a ruin, his hair bedraggled.

His hand stirs slightly at the touch of the crab.

He lifts his head; he's sunburned. His face and beard are caked with sand; his eyes squint in pain from the sunlight.

Nearby, a scraggly 30-something man in ill-fitting clothes and straw hat digs through a garbage can. He is BALDASSARE.

Harold pulls himself painfully to his feet, disoriented and hungover. Baldassare moves to a garbage can near Harold.

HAROLD

Hi.

Baldassare nods to him, retrieves some plastic bottles from the garbage can and wipes them off with a rag.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(squinting out to sea)

You didn't happen to see a submarine out there, did you?

Baldassare looks at him carefully. Harold tries sign language as he talks:

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Yellow, small submarine.
Underwater. Came out of water?

BALDASSARE

No. No submarines today.

HAROLD

English!

BALDASSARE

(indignant)
American.

HAROLD

(thankful)
America! I'm in America, right?
That's good!

Baldassare places the bottles into a big plastic bag.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

What about a girl? Did you see one?

He vaguely traces a shapely outline in the air.

BALDASSARE

No.

Baldassare heads toward a beat-up '75 Chevy Nova parked nearby. Harold follows. Baldassare stops abruptly.

BALDASSARE (CONT'D)

You're not from the government, are you?

HAROLD

No.

BALDASSARE

"I'm from the government and I'm here to help." Eight scariest words in the English language.

HAROLD

Well that's not me. I'm not from the government and definitely not here to help.

Baldassare flips open the trunk of the Nova. It's packed with second-hand books, empty cans, bottles, plastic bags.

The rear is plastered with bumper stickers: "Don't Tread On Me," "I prefer dangerous freedom over peaceful slavery."

HAROLD (CONT'D)

See, I just need to get home because I'm in trouble, in fact, where the hell am I?

BALDASSARE

(with a flourish)

Welcome -- to my beach.

HAROLD

It's terrific -- but where is your beach? I mean -- what city?

BALDASSARE

The natives called it Malingua. Our government calls it Oakridge, California. I call it Baldassaria.

Harold looks at him quizzically.