

# Just Divorced, or how to rob the mafia

Adaption of the Dutch novel 'Gelukkig Gescheiden, of de rover beroofd'

Drama Comedy  
Book & Screenplay Benn Flore



**Benn in Books**

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1 EXT. COURTROOM - DAY

In front of the courthouse standing in the rain, grumpy HAROLD, tall and pithless. His clothes are too tight, his pants too short he is reading his soggy verdict: Just divorced. HAROLD is soaking wet, but he doesn't seem to notice. Without explanation, we understand this is a peculiar, sad old man. Probably over 65 years. A *VERY RELIGIOUS MAN*, a man with a pair of binocular on a cord around his neck.

VOICE OVER

Life is like a heavy downpour.  
You get wet all over, nowhere to hide.

HAROLD

(sad)

Just divorced.

Over Harold's shoulder we zoom in at *HIS OPPOSITE*: Lively GEORGE, *FAR FROM RELIGIOUS*, a would be, self acclaimed businessman dressed in a worn too wide suit. He is a little too fat, has smiley face, a mustache and is a bit of squint. He is at the same age -65 years old- and we immediately understand, no matter what happens, this man is always happy. He is waving his verdict: a piece of paper.

GEORGE

(jubilant - happy)

Free, free at last!

Until George bumps into Harold.

HAROLD

Hey you sir! Mind your steps.

GEORGE

(kissing the total stranger)

Be happy man. This is my lucky day.

HAROLD

Don't trouble me.

GEORGE

You are the first person I've talked to after 40 years in prison.  
I have just been released.

HAROLD

(seriously)

What did you do?

GEORGE

Until a quarter of an hour ago, I was married to the most religious and rigid wife in the world. She kept me away from all the good things in life. Never taking me for what I am: A successful businessman.

HAROLD  
(judging GEORGE's clothes)  
She sounds like an angel, and she's right.

GEORGE  
(judging HAROLD)  
Anyhow, this is my lucky day.  
But, it does not look like it's yours.

HAROLD  
This is the saddest day of my life. The judge divorced me from my wife half an hour ago.  
Marriage is meant to be forever.. until death takes us from one another.

GEORGE  
I almost died.  
GEORGE putting his hand on HAROLD's shoulder

GEORGE  
I almost died, but I'm reborn today. Follow me, this is my lucky day. I'll buy you a drink.  
Do you have enough money?

HAROLD  
Me? Money? My wife took all I got. The only thing she left me is our flat which is too big for me alone. And.. I cannot even afford to pay the rent with my state pension.

GEORGE  
(hesitates, but makes a decision)  
You're in a terrible condition which you don't deserve. I do have an eye for these things. Don't be afraid. Just follow me. Let's have a drink or two in the pub across the street.

HAROLD  
I never drink alcohol.

GEORGE  
Now I understand why your wife left you.

GEORGE takes Harold across the road to a small pub.

2a EXT. CAFÉ 'COURTROOM' - STILL RAINY - DAY

George and Harold enter the pub

2b INT. CAFÉ 'COURTROOM' - DAY

Dark and gloomy pub where GEORGE seems to know everybody and everybody seems to know GEORGE. They leave their coat at the coat rack and GEORGE leads HAROLD to a table for two.

GEORGE

By the way my name is George.

HAROLD

My name is Harold.

GEORGE

What can I offer you to drink?

HAROLD

A cup of tea, please.

GEORGE

I'll get you something stronger. They don't serve tea here.

George stands up: Walks to the bar. Some men interrupt him by saying 'good-bye' or things like 'hello GEORGE, what fantastic plan do you have today?'

GEORGE

(at the bar)

Two Whiskeys, please.

BARKEEPER

Who's going to pay, GEORGE?

GEORGE

(pointing at Harold)

He is...

George with a glass in each hand walks back to HAROLD.

GEORGE

Try this.

HAROLD

(drinks)

This is awful.

GEORGE

No, this is real Scotch Whiskey. A traditional drink for people who just got divorced for the first time.

Harold affectionately put his binoculars on the table.

GEORGE

What are those for?

HAROLD#

I'm quite attached to this wonder. You can see the world close up, without getting involved. It's the only thing that I could keep from Nancy.

GEORGE

So you're broke. Like me.  
What about your future life?

HAROLD

(surprised)

I never thought about that.

GEORGE

You don't realize you probably have only five or maybe ten years to go? That is what the statistics say.

HAROLD

I don't think about that.

GEORGE

Hello man, wake up! What about your children?

HAROLD

Nancy didn't want to have children.

GEORGE

Okay, but you have a job. Tell me about it.

HAROLD

(with a sad smile)

I don't have a job. I retired now. My father wanted me to take over his small business selling stamps, but I failed. I prefer working in the open air.

GEORGE

You became a farmer?

HAROLD

No.. I started a career as a postman. Oh, how I loved that job. I was out of bed before the crack of dawn when the streets were still empty. The only person I met was the milkman. People used to have their milk delivered fresh daily in glass bottles. You know what...?

GEORGE

No, what?

HAROLD

I knew everybody in the neighbourhood. The salesman who left early in the morning for his work in the city. Miss Purberry, dressed in her pajamas with her hair full of curlers. Oh, how I loved that time. A job with great responsibilities. I had to be alert not to mix up the Roosevelt Street mail with the Truman Street mail. Oh... and then there was Christmas. I liked Christmas. Every year I brought a car full of presents, it made me feel like Santa Claus himself.

GEORGE

And then you got married?

HAROLD

Indeed I did. You know: I was the only young man with a car. A red car with 'Central Post Office: You name it, we deliver' on it in nice golden letters. Nancy was crazy about that car.

GEORGE

Now you're retired.  
You mean, you were a postman all of your life?

HAROLD

Yes, of course. I had to earn money, you know. If I didn't, Nancy would have nothing to spend. It is...

(HAROLD starts crying)

...she broke up when I started getting a low pension. Our income was much less than I had previously brought in.

George stands up, walks to the bar, and comes back with two more glasses of whiskey.

GEORGE

Of course you want to know what *I did* with my life?

HAROLD

Why should I?

GEORGE

My father had a dull administrative job in the government. I decided not to finish school and get rich instead.

HAROLD

Did you succeed?

GEORGE

That is a long story.

HAROLD

I'm all ears.

GEORGE

I had my first business when I was twelve years old.

HAROLD

Wasn't that illegal?

GEORGE

I washed cars. And I learned how to damage the door locks, so that I could offer to repair them myself. As a businessman I have always been inventive.

HAROLD

You stopped washing cars?

GEORGE

By that time, people in the neighbourhood started talking about all the damaged locks. I had to look for another challenge. So I sold apples for a year. Every pound was pure profit, as I found a place without a fence and picked the apples for free.

HAROLD

Then you got married?

GEORGE

Not yet. I worked in the coal business when I was 22. A very religious boss gave me the job. And he invited me to his home; it was there where I met his daughter.

HAROLD

You married a rich daughter?

GEORGE

And you know what? Like your Nancy, I fell for her because she had a car which I could use to take apples around in my spare time. And Emma financed all my brilliant ideas... .. until I had bad luck again and went bankrupt for the third time. Then our marriage changed. Her last investment in one of my wonderful projects dates back 25 years ago.

HAROLD

And today she left you because you spent her last pence?

GEORGE

Oh, no. It is the opposite case. I left her. The girl is still crazy about me. It is me who divorced her. Suddenly I realized that it was she who frustrated my brilliance. She kept saying: "George, money is not the most important thing in life." Can you imagine: Me, a businessman married to a wife who doesn't think money is important?

HAROLD

(sadly)

Your Emma sounds like the ideal wife to me.

George leaves again to come back with another two whiskeys.

GEORGE

(back with glasses in his hand)

You know, I suddenly got struck by a wonderful idea which we - you and I - could do together.

HAROLD

Oh... no, certainly not.

GEORGE

Be creative, Harold. We've only got five years to go. We can help each other. Let me give you a proposal as soon as I have one. Let me think.

HAROLD

You may think. I cannot. My thoughts are with Nancy.

GEORGE

How can your mind be 'somewhere else?' You are here. With me - in a bar.

HAROLD

(sadly)

I'm thinking of Nancy. How lonely she must feel now. The first evening on her own. Nobody to warm her. Somewhere in this rough and cold city. Lonely with no one around.

3 INT. ANOTHER LOCAL CAFÉ - DAY  
NANCY's hangout.

We meet NANCY. As if is she is still in her twenties en sexy as she probably was at that age. Nancy dances exuberant and looks happy, surrounded by many of men. She is dressed provocative, in a blouse that accentuats her breasts. Her dress is to short for a lady in her sixties. This woman defenitely uses too much cheap makeup. If we look better, we see, what Nancy does not seem to realize, this is an expired woman. Yet Nancy is far from modest. The opposite of her religious ex husband Harold. As a matter of fact Nancy looks more like George. Lively and laughing.

4 INT. CAFÉ 'THE COURTROOM' - DAY TWIGLIGHT

George rises from his chair to leave.

GEORGE

We have a deal. Come on... let's go home.

HAROLD

I don't think...

GEORGE

I'll wait outside. Just don't forget to pay for the drinks.

5 EXT. CAFÉ 'THE COURTROOM' - DAY TWIGLIGHT

George outside waiting for HAROLD  
Harold - a little drunk steps outside.

GEORGE

You payed?



HAROLD

I told you, Nancy took all my money.  
And.. did not you propose to buy me a drink?

GEORGE

Which I did. I did buy the drinks.  
But you never heard me say to pay for it, did you?  
I told you I'm broke.

HAROLD

That's true, sorry.

GEORGE

What did the lady behind the bar say?

HAROLD

I don't know, exactly.  
Something like "he did it again."

6 INT. HAROLD'S APARTMENT - BALCONY. TWILIGHT

Harold's apartment on a street busy with stores - Apartment has a balcony. It is the end of a shopping day, but shops are still open. George examines the balcony. He is pleased to see the business opportunities in front of the house, although the camera only shows cheap shops in a slum.

GEORGE

Four bedrooms and a balcony. That seems okay to me.  
I pay half.

HAROLD

Half of what?

GEORGE

Half of what I can pay

HAROLD

I don't understand.

GEORGE

Of course you can't.  
You are a postman, not a businessman like me.

HAROLD

In my opinion...

George points three floors below to the shops across the street.

GEORGE

Don't you understand? There is our rent.  
Money grows on the street. But you must first see it  
in order to pick it up.

HAROLD

I don't see any money. Only expensive shops.

GEORGE

You sound like my ex wife.

6 INT. LUXURY HOUSE - EVENING

We meet EMMA in a great 'old fashioned furnished' livingroom. With memorabilia recalling EMMA's father's rich business past in the coal industry; A great religious cross hangs on the wall.

EMMA is long and lean. In her modest dress far beyond the knee, the hair in a bun and without makeup, we recognize the strict religious woman who she really is thanks to her upbringing. No wonder lively George divorced her. This *RELIGIOUS WOMAN* no doubt is his total opposite. As a matter of fact she looks more like Harold.

In this scene we also meet EMMA's MOTHER, 80 years old - very severely dressed

EMMA

(sad - pressing a picture frame against her breast)

Oh.. I love him, I would forgive all of his sins  
in the casino with my money if he was here.

EMMA'S MOTHER

If God would permit it, you should have divorced  
that 'no-good George' forty years ago. Like your  
good old father said.

(pointing at a surly portrait at the wall)

EMMA

You don't know what love is, mother

MOTHER

Your father did and he made you.  
That George couldn't even give us a grandchild to  
inherit your good father's legacy.

EMMA

George himself could have taken over the company to continue.  
Daddy never supported him.

MOTHER

For good reasons.

EMMA

I wonder whether we have not been too callous.  
Yes.. father lent him money, but always too little  
and with inflated interest. He knew it. Sometimes I think  
he did it on purpose to see George fail.

MOTHER

Your father didn't like that unrighteous man  
who didn't have any respect for God's generosity.

EMMA

God isn't equally generous to everybody.

MOTHER

(punitive)

Emma!

EMMA

There's much inequality in this world.

MOTHER

God blessed you.

EMMA

I wonder about that. The man I love left me.

MOTHER

You sound just like that worthless George himself.  
Like your father said: He is a bad influence.  
I know you pray less than we ever did.

EMMA

I prayed all night. That didn't help.  
He left me... And I don't know what to do.

MOTHER

That's easy to find out. Go to church.  
Talk to the vicar. He has helped many women like you.

EMMA

I'm not sure he can help me. He didn't like George.

MOTHER

George broke God's laws. Marriage is forever,  
but you should be glad he's gone. God will punish him.  
He will burn in hell with no one to care for him.

7 INT. APARTMENT / LIVINGROOM - EVENING

The light in the room is dimmed. The atmosphere is cozy.  
George is sitting at the dining table in the middle of the room.

HAROLD

(Enters the room with a pot of tea and two cups)  
If we join together we can take care of each other as well.  
I made you a cup of tea.

GEORGE

Sit at the table Harold. I took care of you too.  
As you know we have two bedrooms left.  
One of these I can rent out to an old friend.  
He's very safe. He's a policeman.  
He can pay, let us say, twice as much.

HAROLD

Sounds good.

GEORGE

The other room can function as a warehouse.

HAROLD

Warehouse? For what?

GEORGE

To store the goods in which you purchase.

HAROLD

What goods?

GEORGE

(pointing at the balcony window)  
The things I find in the street. I told you, money  
grows on the street. That balcony of yours is our  
strategic look out point.

George rises from his chair. He walks to the balcony window.  
He pushes back the curtains.

GEORGE

Hand me your binoculars.

HAROLD

Be careful with them.

GEORGE

(looking through the binoculars)  
That is amazing. You see the whole street from corner  
to corner. It is too dark now, but tomorrow we can  
judge all the bargains that the shops place in front  
of their stores.

HAROLD

Then what?

GEORGE

And then we wait.

HAROLD

What are we waiting for?

GEORGE

We wait until the shopkeeper lowers his prices.

HAROLD

And then...?

George hands back the binoculars and goes back to the table, where he drinks his tea.

GEORGE

Then you buy.

HAROLD

Me? Why me?

GEORGE

We're a team Harold. We work together. Remember?

HAROLD

But, after all, it is my money.

GEORGE

Of course it is. I do the thinking and you give the investment. We team up. Besides: I pay you rent. So you earn double.

HAROLD

Double?

GEORGE

Oh Harold. It's as simple as one and one makes three. Once we have enough stock we start selling. That is when the money comes in.

HAROLD

Huh...

GEORGE

'Buy low, sell high,' Harold. A business principle.

HAROLD

Ok, that's clear to me. 'Buy low, sell high' and the rest is profit. But we don't have a shop.

GEORGE

A shop? Who needs a shop. You saw all these thousands of people in the street below. How many of them did you actually see buying irons, washing machines, TV's? None that I've seen. I'll give you a lesson in social media: What all these people do is figure out how much things cost in the shops. Today, that's what shops are for. Then, they go home and buy their products on the Internet.

HAROLD

Is that so?

GEORGE

Yes. And we will supply the Internet shops. Think of the name 'Georgie Supply'... or shall we say 'Online Shop Georgie?'

HAROLD

We live in Castlestreet. Why not call it Castlestreet?

GEORGE

(enthusiastic)

Harold, you are fantastic. Castle Street... To pick up the bargains from the shops, people just have to cross the street. We will put a sign on the balcony: 'Castle Street online shop here.'

HAROLD

(happy)

For people that won't cross the street I can deliver. As a postman. Like in the old days.

GEORGE

(with a high five)

Now we're talking business.

8 INT. CAFÉ NANCY'S HANGOUT - LATE AT NIGHT

Nancy hanging from the bar. Nobody around but the barkeeper.

BARKEEPER

Shouldn't you go home? Your husband is waiting for you.

NANCY

No.. I have no one at home to argue with.

9 EXT/INT. METRO STATION - DAY  
Emma steps on the train, packed with people going to work.

10 METRO TRAIN  
A young boy and girl flatter and kiss each other in the path.  
It is difficult for EMMA to see people in love.

11 EXT/INT. NEXT METRO STATION - DAY  
Emma gets out for a walk from the train to the church.

12 EXT/INT. CHURCH - DAY  
Emma steps inside to meet the vicar.

VICAR

Hello. You're the first lost sheep this morning.  
We haven't seen you for a long time, Emma.

EMMA

Here I am.

VICAR

Again, Without your husband.

EMMA

Certainly without George.

VICAR

In that case, follow me.  
Then we can talk about the reason you're here.

Emma follows VICAR through the church

13 INT. CHURCH ROOM - DAY  
Poorly decorated

VICAR

Take a seat.

Emma takes a seat at a long, rough wooden table,  
on a cheap wooden bench without a backrest.  
VICAR takes his place right next to her.

VICAR

So now you feel wounded.

EMMA

Yes.

VICAR

And you ask yourself 'is this all my fault?'

and 'did I give him enough?'

EMMA

Could be.

VICAR

(moves closer)

Did you give him everything he asked for?

EMMA

(wonderingly)

What do you mean Vicar?

VICAR

Did you fullfill your husband's needs?

EMMA

You mean..?

VICAR

Spiritually of course, and in the flesh.

EMMA

(shy)

As much as possible, vicar.

The VICAR rises with his hands on Emma's shoulder.

VICAR

We could offer you our therapy.

EMMA

(shy)

Which means?

The VICAR releases Emma. Looks up to heaven.

VICAR

I can put you in a group of ladies who experienced the same as you did, a therapy group. You make music together and preach the gospel on the street. And every now and then, you get a private consultation.

EMMA

From whom?

VICAR

(eagerly looking behind Emma's back)

From me of course. You must know that women like you lose their self-confidence. They feel ashamed. And that in turn has an impact, not only on their emotional life but on their physical as well.



VICAR lays both hands on Emma's shoulders

VICAR

Women like you miss the emotional and physical touch.

EMMA

(feeling uneasy)

I don't have physical problems.

VICAR

We'll see, we'll see...

VICAR releases Emma again

VICAR

We can start with the group and decide later if you would like my personal consultation. It'll be nice for you to talk to people who have been through the same as you. VICAR picks up a tambourine.

VICAR

You can start tomorrow. We meet at eleven at the corner of Castlestreet.

NEXT DAY

14 EXT. AT THE CORNER OF THE SHOPPING STREET - DAY

A group of primly dressed 50+ women, hair in buns, none of them in trousers, and most with musical instruments welcome Emma

WOMAN LEADER

Are you new?

EMMA

Yes, it's my first day of therapy.

WOMAN LEADER

(whispering)

Francois told me about you. He likes you. Let me warn you: Don't mess around with the VICAR. He's mine. Do you understand?

EMMA

I'm not in the mood to mess around with anyone. Especially not with a VICAR.

WOMEN LEADER

(still whispering)

That's what they all say when they are new.  
(hands EMMA a songbook)

WOMAN

(loud)

Stay with your text. Don't sing your own song.

The group starts to play a Christian song.

15 EXT. - SHOPPING STREET - DAY

Harold carries a stack of boxes. Close up we see it is full of irons.  
George carries nothing.

HAROLD

(wheezing)

So this is our stock? Irons? Our sunny future?

GEORGE

We got them for a rock-bottom price.

HAROLD

Isn't that because the retailer could not sell  
them for years? How do you businessmen say:  
"There is no market for irons?"

GEORGE

That's what he thinks. But the market for irons  
will grow as the economy crisis gets deeper.  
And I can always exchange them...

HAROLD

Exchange? With who?

GEORGE

(serious)

With someone stupid enough.

Suddenly Harold stops

HAROLD

I hear music.

GEORGE

Oh, these women. I know them. They're in your branch.

As the men walk on they get closer.  
Now George stops abruptly.

GEORGE

(turns around, his head behind his hands)

Let's go home.

HAROLD

Why? I love the music.

GEORGE

Is that so? I'll buy you a music CD. Come on, let's go home.

HAROLD

Why?

GEORGE

Because it's half past twelve.

HAROLD

So what?

GEORGE

If we spoil another half hour, it'll be one o'clock.

HAROLD

What does it matter?

GEORGE

Let us disappear, quickly.

Both turn around

16 SHOPPING STREET - MUSIC GROUP - DAY

Camera catches Emma who discovers George and stops playing.  
The tambourine falls out of her hands.  
Some musicians pay more attention to Emma. The music is disturbed.

WOMAN LEADER

Hey newbie, what do you think you are doing?

EMMA

I thought I saw my husband.

OTHER WOMAN

(friendly)

I know. That happens every now and then.  
I see my ex-husband every week.

EMMA

That's nice.

OTHER WOMAN

No it's not. He has been dead for three years now.

NEXT DAY

17 INT. - APARTMENT - DAY (EARLY IN THE MORNING)

HAROLD comes into the room wearing pajamas. He opens the curtains. GEORGE is nowhere to be seen. HAROLD looks out onto the balcony. He goes back inside and wonders while looking at GEORGE'S bedroom door. He decides to walk into the kitchen. Makes coffee. Bakes an egg. Sets the table. Working on the breakfast HAROLD picks up his courage. He walks to GEORGE'S bedroom door and opens it. GEORGE'S bed is empty. GEORGE enters through the front door. He drags a heavy oven in.

HAROLD

Where were you?

GEORGE

Can you give me a hand?

HAROLD

(pointing at the oven)

More worthless stock? A coal oven?

Rather stupid when we all use gas and electricity

GEORGE

Wrong again. In this economic crisis, soon everybody will use coal again. This is what we call a long-term investment. George hammers a sign on the door of the spare room: "Warehouse."

HAROLD

How could your ex-wife be so harsh while she saw you get up so early and work that hard?

GEORGE

I don't know. I must admit I made a few mistakes. But most of all, bad luck chased me. I bought a container full of bikinis in China and we had the worst summer of the century. I took my loss and swapped the bikinis for 300 sets of winter tires, and the next year we had the warmest winter ever. Everybody walked in shorts, I could have sold all of the bikinis even in January and February. But no winter tires. It never went below freezing or snowed that winter.

HAROLD

Just bad luck.

GEORGE

That's what I said. But my mother-in-law quoted your Bible and made it clear that it's God who makes it snow or lets the sun shine. One must be blessed.

HAROLD

(Puts a packet in the table)

I bought you a present.

GEORGE

(emotional)

A present? For me?

HAROLD

Open it. It will help you as it did with me.

GEORGE

(unpacks the present)

What is this? A book?

HAROLD

A Bible.

GEORGE

I thought it was a rectangular bottle.

What must I do with a Bible?

HAROLD

You can read it before you go to sleep...

...and there is something extra

GEORGE

(continues unpacking)

A cross.

HAROLD

You can hammer it above your bed. Or in the warehouse.

GEORGE

Why should I? I am not a Christian like you.

Moreover, I have my sins.

HAROLD

God forgives all sinners of good will.

GEORGE

(looking at the sign saying 'Warehouse')

Do you think he might bless me too?

HAROLD

Most certainly.

George walks to his bedroom with his presents. A little bit emotional. He comes back with a foot-long cardboard tube under his arm. He takes out a poster.

Doesn't speak a word.

GEORGE

(Tapes the poster on the wall)

We see a poster of a sunny Caribbean holiday resort

GEORGE

Are you sure there is a little chance God  
will bless me?

HAROLD

There is always a chance. It is written in the Book.  
Be neat. Do not do things to others that you would not  
like them to do to you. Forgive your enemy.

GEORGE

(pointing at the poster)

If I could live in the Carribean,  
I would even forgive my mother-in-law.

HAROLD

I'm sure that will help.  
Is that why you invest in all that the stock?

GEORGE

(emotional)

That's all I wish. As a matter of fact, I wished to  
live there with my ex. You can feel the warmth of the  
sun if you look at that poster. I think even my Emma  
would melt. Being far away from her parents would help too.

HAROLD

I'm no more then a postman, and certainly no businessman,  
but aren't you afraid that things will go a little bit too  
slow with one worthless oven per day?

GEORGE

Possibly.

HAROLD

I figure you'll be 95 before you've earned  
an airplane ticket.

GEORGE

(charming)

Don't be so wise. Of course I know, I'm not stupid.  
You with your stiff upper lip will never understand that  
I can live through the idea. Doesn't your Bible say  
anything about hope?

HAROLD

(thinking)

I never looked at life that way before.

George guides Harold to the balcony for a lesson in life.

GEORGE

I love our apartment. I suppose this is the way your God sees his flock. The same people everyday. Watch that old lady. I predict that she picks up an orange at that market stall and smells it. That's what she does every day. She has hope, she smells the sun, like the little retailer over there in front of his shop. See him smile to every passerby. He also has hope. He hopes people will enter his shop. See how he bends, how happy he is now that someone goes in. He hasn't even sold anything. I don't know much about religion postman, but I do know, in our economy with our leaders, the only thing a lot of people have is hope.

HAROLD

I never looked at life that way before.

GEORGE

That's what makes you so dull.

HAROLD

Pardon?

GEORGE

You don't have anything to fight for. There's nothing for you to win. In your way of life, one can only lose. Look at yourself. You lost everything. The only things left are your binoculars.

ON THE BALCONY

George interrupts himself

GEORGE

It's Friday, 10 o'clock sharp. There he is again. You see that man, across the street, in the raincoat holding the suitcase? He does what he has to do, I just don't know what. But I'll find out.  
(sniffs the air)  
Don't you smell it Harold? That's the smell of money. That man is out for something.

HAROLD

You are kidding me...

GEORGE

Trust me. I am 100 percent serious. Maybe we're blessed already. I never thought your God would work that fast.

HAROLD

What has God got to do with this?

GEORGE

I don't know yet. But I smell money. I'll tell you what we'll do today: we will take watch on the balcony each in 1 hour turns. Then we'll see exactly what time he comes back.

HAROLD

Why?

GEORGE

Can't you see that he carries a suitcase with nothing in it; it is much too light. I want to know if it's full when he gets back. Then we must find out what is in it.

.....

A composition of flashbacks:

- . NANCY who is bored
- . HAROLD on the lookout on the balcony
- . The VICAR makes his next tentative step in harrasing Emma
- . GEORGE taking over Harold's position
- . NANCY in front of a mirror

.....

18 INT. CHURCH - DAY

WOMAN LEADER music group talks with VICAR. Plotting.

WOMAN LEADER

(kisses Vicar)

Why are you after that new woman?

VICAR

You're jealous.

WOMAN LEADER

Do I have a reason to be?

VICAR

I must admit: She has something particular about her. And she is from a rich family.

WOMAN LEADER

She doesn't function well in the music group. She wants to do something more effective like meeting people in places where she can talk to them.

VICAR

She wants to stop the music?  
I knew she's an adventurous type. She inherited some of the virus of her ex-husband George.  
What exactly does she have in mind?



WOMAN LEADER

To talk to lonely people in bars.  
'To fish in the lake of self-destruction,' as she says.

VICAR

Do you have a proposal?

WOMAN LEADER

Oh no, not me.

VICAR

I don't think it's a bad idea. You can take her.

WOMAN LEADER

To a bar? Me? Why me?

VICAR

Because I'm asking you too, Because it's an interesting experiment. Perhaps this would better for the entire group. Indeed, music is not effective. When did we save our last soul?

WOMAN LEADER

I never go into bars. All those people. It stinks. It frightens me.

VICAR

You will help Emma.

20 INT./EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY / END OF SHOPPING DAY - HALF-LIGHT

Harold looks at the clock on the wall. One minute before 4:00. He runs to the balcony. There George has almost fallen asleep.

HAROLD

(taps George on his shoulder)

You fell asleep!

GEORGE

(irritated)

I did not.

HAROLD

It's time. There's your man: four o'clock sharp.

GEORGE

Where? Give me your binoculars.

HAROLD

(takes the binoculars from the cord around his neck)  
Careful.

GEORGE

(Looks through the binoculars - enthusiastically)  
I knew it! I knew it! Look. His suitcase is as heavy as lead.  
He has to drag it on its wheels.

ONE WEEK LATER

21 INT./EXT.APARTMENT - BALCONY - MORNING

Harold in the living room at the table with his breakfast.

HAROLD

(Calls to the balcony)  
Your egg is getting cold.

GEORGE

(voice over from the balcony)  
I don't have time. It's almost ten o'clock

HAROLD

(looks at the clock - calls to the balcony)  
It's Friday. The man with the suitcase!

GEORGE

Here he comes. 10:00 o'clock sharp, in his overcoat,  
with an empty suitcase.

(runs into the room)

Forget your coffee. Follow me.

HAROLD

Why? What are you up to?

GEORGE

(snatches Harold's food from his hands)  
Quick, before we lose him.

The men run to the staircase

George and Harold on the street.  
They pick up the man the moment he goes into a bar.  
George and Harold wait outside. GEORGE is very nervous.

GEORGE  
(checks his watch)  
I knew it last week.

HAROLD  
What did you know and why you look so happy?

GEORGE  
(looks at his watch once more)  
Normal people don't go into a bar at 10:00 in the morning.

HAROLD  
Who knows?

GEORGE  
I bet the complete stock in the warehouse,  
he will come out within a quarter of an hour.

The men wait, and they see the man come out with his suitcase.

GEORGE  
There he is. Come on, get behind him.  
Our friends follow the man with the suitcase to the next bar.

GEORGE  
(checks his watch again)  
If my theory is correct...

We see George and Harold waiting again.  
The man with the suitcase returns in a short time.

GEORGE  
I'm right. I am absolutely right.

In a number of scenes we see the man with the suitcase  
going in and out of different bars.

GEORGE  
I've seen enough. We must go home. Be sure to be on  
the balcony at 4 o'clock sharp. If we see him, I will be 100%  
certain. Although I can smell the money right at this very moment.

George leads Harold through the shopping street.  
Then he stops at a shop.

GEORGE  
Wait here.

23 EXT. SHOPPING STREET - IN FRONT OF A SHOP - DAY

George goes into the shop. Harold waits.

GEORGE  
(steps outside to with a large box in his hands)

Camera shows a sticker on the box: It is full of tablet computers.

HAROLD  
What is that?

GEORGE  
I'll show you at home.

24 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

George places the box on the table. He gives a wink to the Caribbean poster.

25 INT. LIVING ROOM NANCY - DAY

The room is decorated in many lively colors.  
There are a lot of plush animals and dolls.  
Nancy, still in pajamas, without make up, behind a laptop.

NANCY  
(talking to the computer)  
Friday, a new annoying weekend to come. This is the  
third dating site which I've looked at. I only see  
very young men - no one around my age. What will I  
do tonight? Sit on my own in the bar again? Living like  
his isn't as nice as I had thought it would be.  
(she picks up an empty cup)  
If Harold were here, he would have made coffee for me.

26 INT. APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

George sits at the dinner table, drawing plans.  
Harold comes in with coffee.

GEORGE

Come and sit down.

HAROLD

I made coffee.

GEORGE

Nice. Sit down. I must show you something.

HAROLD

What is that?

GEORGE

This is called a tablet computer.

Here: Rub it with your finger.

HAROLD

The picture moves.

GEORGE

I figured you didn't know that.

Watch this: An online shop. Let's type something:

'Irons.'

HAROLD

I'd rather not. You have plenty of irons now. 45 I think.

GEORGE

This is how we are going to sell the irons.

(points at the tablet)

You see. Prices vary from 20 to 50 dollars.

I bought mine for 4 dollars.

HAROLD

Yes, with my money.

GEORGE

Here, there is more on the Internet.

It even shows the date and the time of purchase.

(he jumps up, looks at his watch, runs to the balcony)

25 BALCONY - END OF THE SHOPPING DAY - TWILIGHT

Harold follows George

GEORGE

Just in time. Here he comes with his suitcase,  
heavy as lead. He travels the same route as  
this morning. Exactly on time, as planned at four o'clock.  
I now know what we have to do next Friday.

(wants to walk back back in)

GEORGE

Wait!

(Bends over and looks directly down under the balcony)  
What does that man do here underneath the apartment?  
He always wears a specific overcoat. Look, he crosses the street.  
He follows our courier. Do you know what this means?

HAROLD

No idea.

GEORGE

That is his guard. The mafia doesn't trust the mafia.

HAROLD

Mafia?

GEORGE

No doubt. We must be careful, but on the other hand,  
where there is mafia, there is money.  
... Come inside. I'll show you the tablet.

26 INT. - NANCY ROOM - DAY

Nancy still at the computer.

NANCY

Only young men on the dating sites.

(stands up, walks to a large standing mirror,  
examines her own body)

I must not complain. I still look good.

(sits down at the computer)

This is what I must do. If the men won't come to  
me, I'll come to them. I'll change my profile,  
my age and my photograph. That will help.

(lively)

After all, I am on the Internet. It's full of lies.  
Why wouldn't I make myself a little more desirable?  
Let me try this:

(types)

`A t t r a c t i v e... lady looking for...'

No, wrong

`s e x y ... young woman of 50 years old'

No, this is better:

...of 45 years young.'

George explaining the tablet

GEORGE

(with the tablet)

What we need is something called an Internet profile.

This is what the one I have says:

(reads loud)

'Nice, wealthy businessman, 45 years old, is looking for a warm and lively woman to spend their days on a sunny Carribean island.'

HAROLD

That's not you.

GEORGE

Of course this is me. I typed it.

HAROLD

(reads)

'R O Y R O G E R S'

That's not you. He was a movie actor.

His horse was called Trigger.

GEORGE

This is my Internet name.

HAROLD

But you are called George. Do you have two names?

GEORGE

In real life I'm called George.

But not in the virtual world.

HAROLD

It's simply a lie.

You lie about your name. You're not wealthy, or 45 years old. Just look at yourself.

GEORGE

The problem with you Harold is that you don't understand.

Your life stopped the day you got married.

It's not 1975 anymore. Nowadays, everybody lies.

Lies have become normal. Put in lies, Obama lies, the Secret Services lies, Israel lies, the Palestinians lie.

Lying is official now. Look at the banks, Harold.

Who the hell do you think, still believes

what they say is the truth, besides you?

HAROLD

Judges don't lie.

GEORGE

That's what you think. Explain to me why criminals are protected and victims are condemned.  
This whole world is one big lie.  
Your own Bible says so.  
I have read the Bible you gave me.

HAROLD

That is fantastic.

GEORGE

The only guy that's fine in that book is that man called Jesus. He is the only one I would believe on his Word.  
There is killing, plundering, or throwing their youngest brother in a well on all the other pages.

HAROLD

I never said the Bible is..

There is a beep on George's tablet computer. He interrupts Harold.

GEORGE

(grabs the tablet)

I already have a response.

(gives the tablet triumphantly to Harold)

Read it.

HAROLD

(reads aloud)

'I think are you simply a dirty old man.'

GEORGE

(Is astonished. Takes the tablet out of Harold's hands)

Stupid, stupid, stupid me..

I forgot to update the profile photo.

(starts typing, very dedicated)

28 INT. BAR OF CAFÉ 2 - EVENING

Nancy, dressed slutty, at the bar, with no one to talk to.

Emma enters with WOMAN LEADER, looking around to find someone to save their soul.

Emma takes a seat next to NANCY at the bar.

NANCY

Hello. Is that your girlfriend at the door?

Why 'doesn't she come inside?

EMMA

She doesn't feel comfortable doing so.



NANCY

And you do? Are you with the Salvation Army?

EMMA

Something like that.

NANCY

(looks around)

There is no one in the café. No man to save.

EMMA

You're here.

NANCY

(laughing)

I feel fine. I don't need to be saved.

EMMA

Then we can talk about something else. I have plenty of time.

NANCY

No you don't. Your girlfriend wants to go home.  
You must save her first.

EMMA

(nods to the woman at the door)

NANCY

She thinks you have a bite.  
Well... tell me. What will we talk about?  
Not about religion, please.

EMMA

Why are you here alone?  
Why aren't you at home?

NANCY

What about you?  
It's Friday night, the beginning of the weekend.  
It's time to relax in front of the TV.  
Cozy at home with your husband.

EMMA

(serious)

That won't happen.

NANCY

You don't have a husband ?  
(Nods at WOMAN LEADER )  
Is she your partner?  
Ooh .. no. That isn't done in church.

EMMA

Now you: Why are you here?

NANCY

You haven't said anything yet.

EMMA

Well ok. I am recently divorced.

NANCY

(alert)

In that case we can shake hands.  
So am I. When exactly did you get divorced?

EMMA

Wednesday, October 16.

NANCY

What a coincidence. We're both divorced on the same day.

EMMA

(suspicious)

That can;t be true.

NANCY

It most certainly is.  
(slightly sad)  
I dumped my husband after 40 years.

EMMA

You broke up the marriage yourself?

NANCY

Didn't you?

EMMA

No, my husband left me.  
I don't exactly understand why.

NANCY

(Examines Emma's stiff traditional clothes  
- the way she is dressed, etc.)

I think I have an idea why.

EMMA

Tell me.

NANCY

The way you look, how you're dressed.  
'It's not, how shall I put it... attractive.

EMMA

(Examines Nancy's provocative outfit)

Is that your knee?

NANCY

What is wrong with my knee?

EMMA

I think this skirt is too short, it shows too much leg.

NANCY

Don't you think men like this?

EMMA

Some men certainly do. My VICAR...

NANCY

Did you say Vicar?

EMMA

Actually I'm in therapy.

NANCY

So that is what you call it. Therapy.  
I would like to meet your vicar.

28 EXT. FOOT PATH TO EMMA 'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Obviously EMMA has invited NANCY to come home with her.  
The walk to Emma's house. Not drunk but talking loud.

NANCY

It's so nice of you to take me to your home.  
You hardly know me.

EMMA

We share the same history.  
We are both victims and alone.  
What a coincidence we met.

NANCY

There are no coincidences. This is pre-destined.

EMMA

Now you are being religious.

29 EXT. AT THE FRONT DOOR OF EMMA'S LUXURIOUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma looks for the key in her handbag. Opens the door.

EMMA

Come inside.

NANCY

(Looks around admiringly )  
Is this all of your ex-husband's?

EMMA

Actually, it's mine. Or should I say, my mother's,  
as long as she lives. Hush, don't wake her up.

The two women climb an impressive, wide staircase.

NANCY

(whispers)  
Your ex must be crazy to let this go.

EMMA

(Opens the door of her room)  
Here we are. Back in my old room since I got divorced.

NANCY

(still looking around)  
What a room it is! It's bigger than my whole apartment.  
We still aren't going to sleep I hope? Don't you have  
anything to drink?

EMMA

Tea?

NANCY

Nothing stronger?

EMMA

We don't drink alcohol on principle. Wait.

Emma disappears from the room.

Nancy is curious and examines the room.

Emma comes back with a bottle of red wine and two empty glasses.

NANCY

You said you didn't have any alcohol.

EMMA

Shhh . . . I remembered my father invested in French wine.  
Not to drink, but for the money. Let's see ...

(reads the label)

A Chateau Mouton Baronne Philippe 1961.

NANCY

Isn't that out of date?

EMMA

I think wines get better with age.

NANCY

(Mockingly)

That's not the case with my ex-husband.

EMMA

Shhh Nancy ...

NANCY

Never mind ... we're two women together.  
You did have girlfriends with whom you talked about  
such things when you were twenty, didn't you?

EMMA

(opens the bottle and pours)

Very few ... My family is German. After 1945, we were not  
very popular in America... Father was quite strict.

NANCY

(looks at the cross on the wall )

And very religious. That is where it comes from.

EMMA

Of course.

NANCY

(takes a seat on the edge of the bed,  
like a young girl)

We won't sleep tonight. We'll just talk. Like in the old  
days. Come sit beside me on the bed. Then, we'll talk about  
our boyfriends.

EMMA

(sits down, drinks her wine)

I didn't have any boyfriends.

NANCY

I don't believe you. You did lose your virginity once.  
Let's talk about that. Our first time.  
How was your husband?

EMMA

Very .. lively. Yes , I would say lively.  
Very obtrusive.

NANCY

That's not what I mean. How was he in bed?

EMMA

(takes a big swig. Chokes)

Well Nancy ....

NANCY

(sadly)

Mine was not worth much. If I wanted sex, he would start to pray.  
He always called sex 'a duty of reproduction.'

(melancholy, also drinking wine)

EMMA

That sounds like a good husband. My husband always talked  
about sex. That is to say, The first few years.  
It stopped, of course. Finally I managed to explained to  
him that I hated it.

NANCY

Hate sex? Come on, I don't believe it.

You probably never had good sex.

(raises her glass)

Pour me more, please.

The women get a little tipsy. Emma gets loose.

EMMA

I never knew wine tasted so good. Wine and sex.

I never drank it and never talked about sex to anyone.

NANCY

I thought you did it with your vicar?

EMMA

(the alcohol is showing its influence)

You know, He looks just like you.

You do have things in common.

NANCY

Maybe he's as hot as I am.

EMMA

Nancy, don't say such things.

NANCY

I know this kind of guy. At every meeting with you  
he take a new step, slowly, until he has you in bed.

EMMA

Nancy, how dare you say that! He is a vicar.

NANCY

A vicar is only human. How old is he anyway?

EMMA

Younger than fifty.

NANCY  
(willing)

I'd like to meet him.

EMMA

Come with me.

NANCY

(runs her hands over her own body)

I'm still in good shape. A young guy. .. You know, the face of my husband always haunted me as I flirted with another man. I never felt truly free, but now I finally am. I can do whatever I want with your vicar.

EMMA

You give me a weird feeling Nancy.

NANCY

I know that feeling Emma. It starts at the bottom of your stomach. After that you breathe faster. Then you cannot sit still. It starts to itch everywhere.

EMMA

You're thinking of forbidden things.

NANCY

Give me the address of your vicar. Or better yet, tell me what church it is. I desperately need healing. Yes... healing that's it. My flesh is weak. I need his therapy.

EMMA

(tipsy ... looks for the address)

I don't know whether the vicar wants this.

NANCY

(now drunk. Waves with the bottle)

If he doesn't, we will teach him a lesson. You still think like a naïve girl of fifteen, Emma. The man is trying to seduce you. Maybe he is talking about belief. When it comes to sex you better believe me. I have enough experience. Give me the address.

(grabs the note out of Emma's hand)

31 INT. - APARTMENT - EVENING

Cozy admosphere. The radio plays classical music  
Harold reading a book.

George at the table. The table is full of Carribbean holiday brochures.  
George 's tablet computer lies on top of them.

GEORGE

(to himself)

This is in incredible. I can now fly over the North Pole.  
Later I will take a trip to Paris.

HAROLD

(looks up from his book)

You are fantasizing again.

GEORGE

See for yourself.

HAROLD

(rises lazily. Comes to the table)

GEORGE

Look. The Vatican. To do you a service.

HAROLD

Impossible. The Vatican is in Italy.

GEORGE

See for yourself. Look at St. Mark's Square.  
Watch St. Peter's Cathedral. We walk to the right,  
along the high wall. Across the street people drink  
their Italian coffee on a terrace. We round the corner.

HAROLD

Freeze. Yes, there is the entrance to the garden.  
If you continue you come to a courtyard with grass.  
There you can enter the Sistine Chapel.

GEORGE

How do you know all this?

HAROLD

I had a picture book as a child at the time I was still happy.  
Also with pictures of Jerusalem. The Temple Mount.

GEORGE

Jerusalem, you said?

(types)

J E R U S A L E M

I only see an old wall.

HAROLD

The Wailing Wall.

GEORGE

I thought believers had nothing to wail about.



HAROLD

It is an ancient temple wall. People pray to God there.

GEORGE

Why are these men dressed like that?

HAROLD

They are Orthodox Jews.

GEORGE

I don't understand. You all have the same God,  
and still everyone has his own dress code.

HAROLD

People don't have the same beliefs.

GEORGE

I don't understand, but ok.  
Let's move on and I will teach you to use your tablet computer.

HAROLD

(sits at the table)

GEORGE

What you see now is Google. You put the cursor in  
this corner. Then you type what you are looking for.  
Name something interesting.

HAROLD

'Post Office.'

GEORGE

Is that all you can think of?

HAROLD

Well ok, 'Stamp.'

GEORGE

(types)

S T A M P

HAROLD

Google is wrong. That's Terence Stamp, an actor.  
He played General Zod in Superman.

GEORGE

Don't be so impatient. Let's search for 'rare stamps.'  
Here we are .

(suddenly more alert)

Well done postman: 'The Cape of Hope stamp.'  
Is it really worth \$ 40.000?

HAROLD

It is from 1853. The first stamp in Africa.

GEORGE

Antique. How do you know?

HAROLD

I'm a postman. Search again on 'The Whole Country is Red'

GEORGE

(types)

HAROLD

You see. In 2009 it sold at auction for \$474,197.

GEORGE

Unbelievable. This one is not even old. It dates from 1968.  
At that time I stuck stamps on envelopes myself.

HAROLD

This stamp is worth a fortune because of a mistake.

GEORGE

Since when are errors worth money?  
If that is true, then I was a millionaire.

HAROLD

Look at the image.

GEORGE

A red colored country. China.  
One working man showing a red book.

HAROLD

The red book of Mao.

GEORGE

So what?

HAROLD

Look closely. The country claims Taiwan is part of China.

GEORGE

Yes I know.

HAROLD

Look: The designer forgot to color Taiwan red. The stamp was only distributed for half a day. When it was discovered, all post offices were forbidden to sell it. As a result, there are very few of them left.  
This stamp is worth nearly half a million dollars.

GEORGE

For such a small piece of paper?

HAROLD

'The Queen Victoria's Head' of 96 Hong Kong cents is much smaller, and worth almost twice as much.

GEORGE

More than \$800,000?

HAROLD

There is only a block of four stamps. In an auction not so long ago, in 2012, it sold for \$824,648.

GEORGE

Can't we make such a piece of paper ourselves?

HAROLD

Don't be stupid.

GEORGE

You're a postman. So we can surely ...

HAROLD

Let's find something else. It's your turn. Now something that interests you. Google did you say?

GEORGE

(types)

Here, is my relationship site.

HAROLD

I see only women.

GEORGE

I won't wait for someone to find me, so I search for myself.

(search)

HAROLD

Bah ... those women are offering themselves?

GEORGE

What did you think?

HAROLD

They come from all over the world. Philippines, Poland, Russia:

(reads)

'Let Katoesja make you happy.'

She is almost undressed!

Women should not show themselves that way.

GEORGE  
(alert)

Wait.., I see a candidate here:  
'Sexy young woman of 45 years young, looking for a  
wealthy young man to enjoy this wonderful life.'

HAROLD  
Such a young woman. You don't stand a chance.

GEORGE  
She is of my age. Have you forgotten my profile?

HAROLD  
I don't quite understand. You've explained to me that  
you're not yourself. You are Roy Rogers.  
An imaginary man. What should an imaginary  
man do with a real woman?

GEORGE  
We'll see. This seems to be the ideal candidate to travel  
to the Caribbean with.

HAROLD  
Does she have a picture of herself?

GEORGE  
Yes, here it is.

HAROLD  
I don't see anything. It looks like a belly.

GEORGE  
It is her belly, you stupid man.

HAROLD  
Why not her face?

GEORGE  
This little picture is called a thumbnail because it is  
the size of a thumbnail. That means you can't show  
everything. You have to make choices.

HAROLD  
But why did she choose her belly?

GEORGE  
I already knew you don't know women. Can't you see  
she has a nice body? Oh, you are so dumb. Of course  
if you want to attract someone else, you show your nice  
side. That's called advertising. But of course postmen  
never advertise.

HAROLD

What's her name?

GEORGE

Let me see

(reads)

Marilyn Monroe

HAROLD

That sounds familiar to me. I have heard that name before.  
Maybe I know the woman.

GEORGE

Marilyn Monroe is a movie star, you dummy.

HAROLD

So your Roy Rogers takes a movie star  
to your tropical island.

GEORGE

I'll explain this to you one more time.  
You know what? I'll make you an Internet profile.  
Then you can experience this for yourself.

HAROLD

No thanks, I don't want a 45 year old woman.

GEORGE

You can ask for an 85 year old if you like.  
That's the Internet. You can ask for whatever you want.

HAROLD

Could I ask for a woman to go to church with me?

GEORGE

Sure you can. I'll make a profile for you:  
Charming 65 year old man old is looking for a  
like-minded woman to go to church.

HAROLD

Let's make it 60 years.

GEORGE

You're a fast learner.

HAROLD

Ok, say 58.

GEORGE

(types)

The only thing we need now is a suitable internet name:  
How about 'Peter.'

HAROLD

Peter was an apostle.

GEORGE

Well, so many men out there called Joseph or Mohammed. I know women with the name Mary Magdalene, I also read that name in the book you gave me.

HAROLD

Well that's ok for me. Put 'Peter?'

.....

32 INT. SLEEPING ROOM VICAR - NIGHT

We see the black clothing of the pastor hanging over a chair. The camera follows the garments to the ground. First, a shirt, a pair of socks and shorts from the vicar. Then the skirt, bra and panties from Nancy. The sound of two people having sex gets louder and wilder. Camera zooms in on the naked back of Nancy. Legs apart, sitting upright on the vicar. She moves wild and dominant. A shot of the face of the vicar shows that he is dead tired.

VICAR

Uh ...

33 INT. APARTMENT - DAY - VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING

George dressed, Harold in pajamas in bed. George wakes him.

HAROLD

(Looks at his alarm clock)

It's seven o'clock in the morning.

GEORGE

Arise. It's Friday again.

HAROLD

I know. Yesterday was Thursday.

GEORGE

I read your book again last night:  
Idleness is the devil's workshop.

HAROLD

(slowly gets out of bed)

Have you made coffee?

GEORGE

Why me?

HAROLD

Because you're awake first.

GEORGE

All right. That will wake us up. Get dressed.  
Our courier comes at ten.

HAROLD

Why is that man so important to you?

GEORGE

I will show you today.

34 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

George is at the balcony window. Dressed now. Peeking through the curtains.  
Harold enters the living room.

HAROLD

Where's the coffee?

GEORGE

(poors coffee)

Please

HAROLD

(takes a sip. chokes.)

Too strong. What did you put in it?

GEORGE

Ten spoons.

HAROLD

Tea Spoons?

GEORGE

You didn't say that. I used tablespoons.

HAROLD

You're not listening to others.

GEORGE

You're not clear.

Harold and George drink their coffee.

GEORGE

Don't speak. Let's each have a sandwich for breakfast.

HAROLD

Tell me: Why did I have to get up so early?

GEORGE

For the man with the suitcase.

HAROLD

Are you going to finally tell me what is wrong with that suitcase?

GEORGE

I'll do that. Certainly.  
Have you ever heard of a money runner?

HAROLD

A kind of postman.

GEORGE

Someone like that. He takes money and brings it to the bank.

HAROLD

The man works for a bank?

GEORGE

He works for the mafia and he collects money from the bars. I'm sure of it. In every café or restaurant his suitcase gets a bit heavier. At the end of the day he drags it along on wheels. There must be a lot of money in it at the end.

HAROLD

How would you know?

GEORGE

I smell that stuff. It's my profession.

HAROLD

It's dirty money.

GEORGE

It all smells the same.

HAROLD

What now?

GEORGE

We need to be certain. That's why we got up early. We'll go to the cafés, buy a cup of coffee and watch carefully as the man enters.



HAROLD

Together?

GEORGE

No, to separate cafés

(Harold hands him a piece of paper)

You take these two.

HAROLD

Why should I?

GEORGE

Because it is written that you should help your neighbor.

(looks around)

I'm your neighbor, besides there is no one else in the room.

HAROLD

But this is criminal money.

GEORGE

Who pays your pension?

HAROLD

The bank?

GEORGE

That's almost right.

(Looks at his watch)

I'll explain how it works:

The government takes part of your salary. They pay their officials. The rest goes in the bank. The bank pays the bonuses. The little that remains is your pension. People drink coffee in the café. The money goes into the register. Then comes the mafia for its piece of protection money. It's called the circle of money. You don't get that of course, but it's always your own money that ends up in the café's hand.

HAROLD

I never thought of it that way.

GEORGE

You're the postman. I'm a businessman.  
These are economic laws.

35 INT. PIZERIA OR CAFÉ IN SHOPPING STREET - DAY

Harold behind a newspaper. Like an old-fashioned detective.  
The money courier gets in. Shakes hands with the man behind the bar. The manager gives the money runner a drink and pays, nervously looking around. A bundle of banknotes disappears into his suitcase. The man leaves through the door. Harold goes after him.

63 EXT. SHOPPING STREET - DAY

Harold rushes to the next bar. Wary, so the money runner doesn't see him. He passes a restaurant with George waiting. We see him behind the window.

37 INT. ANOTHER CAFÉ - DAY

The ritual from the first cafe repeats itself.  
Harold again sees money filling the suitcase.

38 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

When Harold comes home he is excited.  
George is already at the table behind his tablet computer.

HAROLD

You're right. I saw a lot of money today.

GEORGE

Of course I'm right. This is business.

HAROLD

What now?

GEORGE

We will wait until four o'clock. We'll see if the guard under the window is back. He is our problem.

HAROLD

Why is he our problem?

GEORGE

Next Friday we rob the money runner.  
We don't want that guard to catch us, do we?

HAROLD

We rob the money runner? Are you crazy?

GEORGE

We rob the robber. The mafia.

HAROLD

I'm not part of this. I don't steal.

GEORGE

I have already explained that this isn't stealing. I'll bring the money back into circulation. Just not here. It'll happen on a sunny island in the Caribbean.

HAROLD

Do whatever you like, but don't count me in. It would be stupid to take risks just because you want to go to the Caribbean.

GEORGE

I won't go alone.

HAROLD

I'm not going.

GEORGE

Who said you? I'm going with Marilyn Monroe. But you must help me.

HAROLD

Why should I?

GEORGE

Because we are partners.

HAROLD

Then I might as well go with you to the Caribbean.

GEORGE

Unfortunately that, my friend, is impossible.

HAROLD

Impossible? Why?

GEORGE

Because it is my money we are stealing. Not yours.

HAROLD

I don't understand. You asked me to help you anyway.

GEORGE

Helping yes. That is charity. But you cannot steal. Too bad for you. Then you have nothing.

HAROLD

Something's not clear to me...

GEORGE

That doesn't matter, my friend.

HAROLD

I am not your friend.

GEORGE

At four o'clock our money courier passes by. Then the man under the balcony gets behind him. I don't know yet how to get rid of him. Let's wait until four o'clock and see if I can find a solution. We still have a week to go. You still have until next Friday to make up your mind.

HAROLD

I 'm not doing it.

GEORGE

The Sunday after the robbery my plane leaves at five minutes past twelve. I have already ordered tickets. Soon I will send a message to Marilyn Monroe. At ten o'clock she should be at the airport.

HAROLD

Do you really think that young lady is going with you? You've never met her. You have not even seen her picture.

(laughs)

And you are not you, Roy Rogers, age 45.

GEORGE

I'm sure she will come along. She sounds enthusiastic. Money does wonders.

(look at the poster)

Everyone would rather live on a warm island, except you, Mr. Postman. You think that faith requires that people must lead a dark desolate life, wearing dark suits. A life of providence, mapped out by God. A dull life without initiative and without adventure. No wonder your wife left you.

HAROLD

(unresponsive. Thinks)

GEORGE

My Marilyn Monroe looks a bit like your ex. But she's younger, 45 years. She has a life to come. Believe me: She is thinking about the Caribbean, right this minute.

HAROLD

(withdraws to his bedroom without saying anything)

....

Nancy and Emma walk into the fashion shop arm in arm like two sisters.

EMMA

I'm so excited.

NANCY

Just like me.

EMMA

You have bought clothes before.

NANCY

But not here.

EMMA

You've convinced me. I have to spend my money.  
Otherwise I'll end up like my mother.

NANCY

And I'm gonna help you.  
(calls a saleswoman)

NANCY and Emma try on different clothing.  
We see that Emma has a more glamorous look.  
Nancy looks less tacky. We see two beautiful women who appear younger.  
Emma is modeling a dress

NANCY

You look great in that dress. You're an  
attractive woman, Emma. I don't understand why  
your husband let you go.

Nancy is modeling a dress

EMMA

Beautiful Nancy. You don't see your knees nor your  
breasts. Still you look more sexy than ever.  
You can face your Internet friend dressed like this.  
It makes you look younger.

Emma is modeling a second dress

NANCY

What you need now is some make up. And red lipstick.  
That will do you good. Then we'll go to the hairdresser  
to make you even more beautiful. You're going to have a make over.

Nancy is modeling a dress wearing subtle lipstick.

EMMA

You're a different person. You look great Nancy.

Nancy and Emma enter the room carrying big, exclusive shopping bags. The two are now wearing make-up and new hairstyles from their visit to the hairdresser. They look great and expensive.

Nancy steps up to the mirror, examines herself from all sides.

Emma pours wine. She grabs the bottle off a desk where a computer is.

NANCY

Oh Emma. What a good idea. I look ten years younger.

EMMA

That's over 55 years.

NANCY

Roy Rogers will be proud when he sees me.

EMMA

Yet I insist that it is wrong to lie about your age.

NANCY

If I had not done that I would never have this great opportunity.

EMMA

(a little sad)

NANCY

(puts her arm around Emma)

I'll miss you. Forgive me, I said yes to him. You have to come to visit us, as you promised.

EMMA

We are friends now, Nancy. I never had a girlfriend. I've learned a lot from you. I'll miss you when you're in the Caribbean, but I wish you the best. You have made a good choice.

NANCY

(observes Emma)

Your time will come too, Emma. Look in the mirror. You are an amazing woman. Picture-perfect for every man.  
(remembers something)

I told the vicar that you won't come back to see him.

EMMA

Ah yes, the vicar. How was your date?

NANCY

(lying)

Boring. He had me read from a thick book for an hour.  
I have Roy Rogers now. I don't need his therapy.

(again, thinks of something)

You know. You should really have a boyfriend.

(sits down at the computer)

Emma looks over her shoulder as a woman of the world.  
Nails manicured. Glass of wine in her hand.

NANCY

Here I have a nice date for you:

Peter, looking for a buddy to go to church.

Let's see. He is fifty-eight. That is nice for you.

I will create a profile for you. Let's say you are  
fifty-eight as well. You look even younger now.

I'll make your profile, then you decide whether you  
will answer him.

EMMA

I don't dare.

NANCY

You never regretted that you stepped into my café, do you?

EMMA

Certainly not.

NANCY

Well... try this. What shall we call you. Just Emma?

EMMA

Let's choose something else. I don't dare.

NANCY

Ok. Let's call you: 'Angel.'

EMMA

Is that ok to do?

NANCY

I know you Emma You're an angel.

EMMA

Well... good.

Harold, a little confused and unsure, lying on the bed.  
You hear a beep from his tablet. Harold makes some effort  
to find the device and open the program. Eventually he reads  
aloud on the edge of his bed.

HAROLD

(reads aloud for himself)

I am Angel. After forty years of marriage with a sad end,  
I am looking for a decent, sweet man for a better  
life together. Hobby: Church attendance.

Harold gets very nervous. Looks quickly at the bedroom door to see if it is closed,  
and then to the cross above his bed. Then he begins typing.

HAROLD

(Reads aloud as he types)

"Dear Angel, this is a message from Peter. After the  
tragic farewell to my wife, who I loved dearly,  
I live alone with a friend ...

(corrects himself)

... with a companion ..

(thinks , corrects himself again)

... Roommate ... who will soon leave me too.

I would love to read more about you

Lots of love ...

(corrects himself)

... all the best ...

(corrects himself again)

... Marriage should be forever, don't you think?

(nervously looks to the door

again and quickly presses 'send message')

Harold goes back into the room, a bit dreamily.

HAROLD

George. How do I look for man of 65 years?

GEORGE

You look like you're 80.



HAROLD

Seriously.

GEORGE

I am serious. You dress like an old man from the last century. You shuffle through the house, like someone with a scary disease and you have a look in your eyes as if you may be buried tomorrow.

(looks up)

Only now you have a smile on your face.  
Did you decide to help me?

HAROLD

Oh no, definitely not. Help? No.. marriage is a sacred thing. I mean, it's important that I go through life as an honest man. Especially after today...

GEORGE

You are talking nonsense, mailman.

HAROLD

I want to say: You have to pick the fruit when it is ripe. It is anyway.

GEORGE

You talk in riddles and it ruins my concentration. I need to find a solution to eliminate the man under the balcony. Next week he will be here again.

(looks at the clock, its two o'clock)

Two more hours. Then we must stand on the balcony.

HAROLD

Me too?

GEORGE

To stand on the balcony is not a sin, is it?

HAROLD

Ok. In about two hours then.  
Harold trudges back to his bedroom.  
Grabs his tablet.

HAROLD

(reading aloud)

Hello Peter. Angel here.

My best girlfriend has found happiness. She leaves next week. Maybe we can meet then instead of through the Internet. I will probably feel very lonely.

(types)

Angel... My friend is an important businessman.

He is working on a great deal. Then he leaves.

'He's a strange guy, but I will miss him.

42 INT./EXT. APARTMENT/BALCONY - TWIGHLIGHT

04:00 o'clock. End of shopping day. The money courier is expected again. George is on the balcony.

GEORGE

(calls inside)

Harold, where are you?

HAROLD

(no answer)

GEORGE

(looks inside)

Harold, where are you? I need you here.

HAROLD

(coming to the balcony)

Do you see the money courier?

GEORGE

It is four o'clock.

(looks down, bending over the edge of the balcony)

His guard is waiting. That guy gives me a headache.

He must not see us rob his partner.

HAROLD

I can go down and talk with him.

GEORGE

About what? I don't think that will help.

HAROLD

About how bad it is to work for the mafia.

GEORGE

Are you crazy?

HAROLD

(Caresses his binoculars around his neck. Sighs)  
There comes the money runner. You can count on him.

GEORGE

(Looks down)  
Our friend has also seen him. He throws his cigarette away.  
(Looks at his watch)

Both George and Harold are waiting on the balcony.

GEORGE

Give me your binoculars

HAROLD

(hands them over)  
Careful.

GEORGE

Thanks.

George drops the binoculars from the balcony.

HAROLD

(trying to stop his binoculars from falling)  
Oh no!!!

GEORGE

What are you doing?

HAROLD

(panicked, angry)  
You stupid failed salesman. You dropped my binoculars.  
(bends over the edge to look down)

GEORGE

Watch what you're doing man. You'll ruin the operation.  
(also bends over the edge)

The binoculars hit the man under the balcony on the head.

HAROLD

(runs like crazy into  
the room and down the stairs  
to pick up his binoculars)

GEORGE

(calls)  
What will you do? Don't make it worse.  
(looks back over the edge of the balcony)

A little later Harold returns, relieved, with the binoculars in his hand. George is still on the balcony. Following what is happening below with great attention.

HAROLD

Where's the money runner?

GEORGE

Around the corner. The guard can't follow him in his condition. He is still lying on the ground on his back. He isn't moving. There are people around him. The woman in the red coat is on her cell phone.

HAROLD

You were so stupid to drop the binoculars. I don't drop it when I use them.

GEORGE

That's because of that string around your neck.

HAROLD

I get the impression that I'm here just to cover your mistakes. In the warehouse you have 120 irons and four coal furnaces. Nothing has been sold at all.

GEORGE

I have more important things on my mind. Look there's an ambulance stopping below.

HAROLD

You should have been more careful with my binoculars.

GEORGE

We have to go inside. They must not see us here.

**43** INT. EMMA 's ROOM - EVENING

Nancy still elegantly dressed - pulls on her (expensive) coat. Starts to leave.

NANCY

(Kisses Emma goodbye)

We'll go to the park tomorrow.

EMMA

And Sunday we'll meet again. First I will go to church. Then, in the evening, I will take you to the opera.

NANCY

Nancy at an opera? Who would have ever imagined?

EMMA

I took your advice. I'm going to the church on Barlow Street.  
Not the vicar's church. Your therapy has helped me more than his.

NANCY leaves the room. EMMA walks indecisively back and forth. She looks at herself in the mirror again. Takes another sip of wine. Decides to sit at the computer.

EMMA

(types)

P E T E R

43 INT. APARTMENT - HAROLD 's BEDROOM- NIGHT

Harold under the blankets.  
There' are no lights except the flicker of Harold's tablet.

HAROLD

(typing and whispering)

Where are you now, Angel?

44 INT. EMMA 's ROOM - NIGHT

Emma at her computer.

EMMA

In my room. And you?

45 HAROLD's BEDROOM/EMMA 's ROOM

HAROLD

(whispers)

To be honest: in bed.

EMMA

What are you thinking of?

HAROLD

(looks under the blankets)

I can't say. And you?

EMMA

I'm thinking of you. I would like to be with you.

(naughty)

My girlfriend taught me things. She has a funny hobby.

HAROLD

She sounds like a great woman.

EMMA

She is. I will miss her.

HAROLD

I'm ready to take her place.

EMMA

(Rubs her free hand over her breasts)

I would like that. It's nice to have friends with...  
with the same feelings.

HAROLD

(looks at the door)

Friends are not always friends.

46 EXT. SHOPPING STREET - DAY

George with a newspaper under his arm and a plastic bag  
from a flower shop in his hand.  
The florist and his wife are in the background.

46 INT. FLOWER SHOP - DAY

FLORIST

Hello George, long time no see. How is your wife?

GEORGE

I don't know William. We have been  
divorced for almost two months.

FLORIST

(looks at his wife)

Congratulations. Finally free at your late age.  
Of course you like it. You look happy to me.

GEORGE

You don't know what true love means, William.  
If you've discovered love, you'd talk differently.

FLORIST

So, George, have you found your gem?  
How old is she? Seventy, eighty...?

GEORGE

You may laugh William, but trust me:  
Even if you live no longer than one day,  
it's better with love by your side.

FLORIST

You're changing, man. Are you still in business?

GEORGE

Big Business this time.

FLORIST

Again.

GEORGE

Sure, but this will be my last job.

FLORIST

What can I pack for you - roses?

GEORGE

No, I'm looking for a big pot. Filled with soil.

FLORIST

Without flowers?

GEORGE

The flowers I will plant myself.

FLORIST

(picks up a flower pot)

You're still a funny guy.

GEORGE

No... too small.

FLORIST

(picks up a larger pot)

Is this better?

GEORGE

No, William. I'm looking for something big and heavy.

FLORIST

(disappears from the store - goes into the warehouse)

FLORIST'S WIFE

Hello George.

GEORGE

Everything well, Patricia?

FLORIST'S WIFE

Can't be better George.

FLORIST

(Comes back with large, heavy pot, full of soil)

GEORGE

That's fine. I'll take it.

FLORIST

I removed the flowers.

GEORGE

Good. Thank you.

(takes the heavy pot, moves to leave the shop)

FLORIST'S WIFE

Don't forget to pay, George.

(Looks at the florist.  
Shaking her head pityingly)

GEORGE

Oh well. Sorry.

47 EXT. - SHOPPING STREET - DAY

George walks cheerfully, whistling through the apartment, carrying the newspaper, plastic bag and flowerpot.

48 INT. - APARTMENT - DAY

Harold sits at the table with his tablet computer.  
George enters with his shopping goods and the heavy flowerpot, which he places on the table.

HAROLD

You're not angry anymore?

GEORGE

Angry? Have I been angry?

HAROLD

Yesterday. On the balcony.

GEORGE

Ooh, that really meant nothing. And you?

HAROLD

(gives a wink to his tablet)

For me it is no longer possible to be angry. I'm happy.

(puts his hand over his binoculars)

And these friends, still work fine.

GEORGE

(Sits down at the table)

Good friends are never angry.

Here: Read this.

(takes a morning paper from the plastic bag)



HAROLD

(reads)

'Mysterious robbery in broad daylight in busy shopping street'

GEORGE

You have found the solution.

HAROLD

I don't understand.

(reads more)

'Police take account of criminal revenge in drug scene.'

GEORGE

This is about our man. The guard under the balcony.

HAROLD

(puts his hand on the binoculars)

Criminal revenge? It was my binoculars that...

GEORGE

(Puts his hand on the flower pot)

Do you understand?

HAROLD

Honestly I don't.

GEORGE

(Takes a tennis ball from the plastic bag.

Rises from his chair, holds the ball up,

and lets it drop to the ground)

Do you get it now?

HAROLD

You're gonna play tennis on your sunny island?

GEORGE

(impatiently)

Oh you postman. Let's change subjects.

I'll show you your own wonderful idea tomorrow,

early Sunday morning, when no one is on the street.

Harold shrugs. Is concentrated on his tablet again.

GEORGE

Didn't you make coffee while I was shopping?

What are you doing? You have never been so excited.

HAROLD

(lies)

Uh... I'm looking at Internet shops.

GEORGE

You walk in my footsteps. Understandable.  
You should work on your future.  
When I'm in the Caribbean, you can sell the entire stock.

HAROLD

I don't think that will do.  
Let's wait and see what happens tomorrow.

49 INT. HAROLD'S BEDROOM - EARLY IN THE MORNING

Harold sleeps. His tablet is next to his face.  
George dressed already stands beside his bed. Shakes him awake.

GEORGE

Get up partner.

50 INT. APARTMENT / BALCONY - EARLY IN THE MORNING

George waiting for Harold. Harold enters the room. Dressed,  
working on the last buttons of his shirt.  
The radio plays soft religious, Sunday morning music.

GEORGE

Now get down quickly. Before people start walking in the street.  
(presses a small package into Harold's hand)  
Just do what I tell you. Go stand under the balcony.  
(Harold leaves the room)

51 EXT. BALCONY / STREET - EARLY IN THE MORNING

George waiting on the balcony. Looks down.  
Also the camera catches HAROLD from above.  
He looks up. GEORGE directs him, taking small steps.

GEORGE

To the right, yes, ok. Stop. Stay there. Don't move.  
HAROLD then doesn't look up, but onto the street.

GEORGE

(looks down - mutters to himself)  
This works out well George.  
(Then he releases a tennis ball  
falling straight down)  
The tennis ball lands on Harold's head.

GEORGE

Well done Harold!

HAROLD

What was that?

GEORGE

Harold, put a cross on the street,  
right where you are standing. Don't move.

HAROLD

(opens the package George gave him  
takes out a piece of chalk  
With the chalk puts a cross on the street)

GEORGE

(draws a corresponding cross  
on the edge of the balcony in chalk)  
Now move half a meter to the right Harold.

HAROLD

(Politely. Is hit by a second  
tennis ball on his head)  
What are you doing, George?

GEORGE

Put a circle.

HAROLD

(draws a little circle)

GEORGE

Another half meter to the right.

HAROLD

(moves up)

GEORGE

(drops the third tennis ball)

HAROLD

(catches the ball)

I 'm on to you, George!

GEORGE

Yeah right. Put a dash.

We now notice that the flower pot on the table is full of plants.  
Plants with only green (cannabis) leaves.  
Harold steps inside.

HAROLD

(rubs a hand over his head)

What was that ballgame for?

GEORGE

(points to the pot)

HAROLD

Nice. You've put in plants.

GEORGE

Don't you see what that is?

HAROLD

A farewell? Because you are going to the Caribbean?

GEORGE

Think, stupid. They're Cannabis plants.

HAROLD

Isn't that illegal?

GEORGE

Yes definitely. That's the smart part of it.

(pointing with his thumb up)

HAROLD

(looks up at the ceiling)

GEORGE

If the police ask where this came from,  
they go to the neighbor.

HAROLD

Why the neighbor?

GEORGE

His whole apartment is full of cannabis.

HAROLD

I still don't understand what you mean.

GEORGE

(shrugs)

I give up. You'll know next Friday. That's D-day.

HAROLD

Don't start thinking that I will help you with your robbery.

(Emphatically)

I do not steal.

GEORGE

Help me on Friday with the flowerpot.

53 INT. - EMMA 's HOUSE/MOTHER'S ROOM - DAY

80 year old mother in her armchair,  
Emma is in the room, pulls on her overcoat, ready to leave

MOTHER

Where are you going Emma?

EMMA

Out. I'm meeting my girlfriend.

MOTHER

Come to me, darling.

EMMA

Later mother, Nancy is waiting for me. I have to go.

MOTHER

Please Emma. My eyes. Come stand with me. Let me look at you.

EMMA

Quickly. I'll be home for dinner.

(goes to her mother)

MOTHER

You look great. Let me feel your coat. So soft: Pure wool?

EMMA

Cashmere, mother. Real Cashmere wool: obtained from the neck region of Cashmere goats. The underdown hair is very fine.

MOTHER

Come closer. Let me feel your cheek. Your skin is glowing.

EMMA

I feel lively.

MOTHER

I love you darling. You make your old mother feel... happy again.  
Will you open the curtains for me? It's so dark inside.

EMMA

Mother, I must go. I'll be back at dinner time. I promise.  
You know what we can do? Let's look at old photos  
and I'll let you taste father's wine.

MOTHER

You know that we're not allowed to touch it.

EMMA

Look at me mother. Father has so often been mistaken.

Us women must stand up for ourselves.

(kisses mother on her forehead and leaves)

54 EXT. ON THE EDGE OF A PARK - DAY - THE FIRST SNOW

Emma talks on her mobile while walking quickly.

EMMA

(on her cell phone)

I'm almost there, Nancy.

What is going on? Why do you want to see me?

(listening to Nancy's answer)

Don't worry. I'm almost there.

(enters the park)

EMMA finds NANCY waiting at a bandstand

(or another obvious meeting point).

EMMA

What's wrong with you?

Why did you want to meet here and not at my house?

NANCY

I can't sit inside. I need some air.

EMMA

Why?

NANCY

I haven't heard from him since Saturday.

EMMA

Not heard from...?

NANCY

... Roy Rogers.

EMMA

Come on, let's find a place where we can talk quietly.

I'll buy you a drink.

EMMA

Already in the Christmas spirit.  
'The first snow is early this year.

NANCY

Dark days for Christmas.

EMMA

Come on, don't be so pessimistic. Give me your coat.  
(takes coat, two coats hanging on the peg)  
Have a seat and let's order something.

NANCY

(sits - looks dreamily at a young couple outside)

EMMA

(also sits down. Examines the menu)  
What shall we drink?

NANCY

I don't know.

EMMA

They have spiced wine.

NANCY

Winter is on its way.

EMMA

A nice time. But you won't be here.  
(orders two spiced wines)  
Tell me. What is going on?

NANCY

I 'm afraid I will be alone on Christmas.

EMMA

Why? You will be on a sunny island.  
People celebrate Christmas there too.

NANCY

No... I haven't heard from him since last week,  
and Sunday is getting closer. What day is it today?

EMMA

Thursday.

NANCY

You see: three days left and I have heard nothing.  
He doesn't respond to my email.

EMMA

That's weird. Of course I can say,  
"He must be too busy." But it is still weird.

NANCY

(takes a computer print-out from her small bag)  
This is from last Friday night. Read it.

EMMA

(reading aloud)  
"It has to happen next week. Business comes before the girl."  
That's weird.

NANCY

He's giving me the sack.  
His work is more important to him than I am. What should I do?

EMMA

What did you agree on?

The spiced wine is served.

NANCY

(opens her bag again - hands Emma a stack of printed emails)

EMMA

(scrolls through and reads them)

NANCY

Well, what is your opinion? Have I been foolish?

EMMA

Absolutely not. It says that he expects you this Sunday  
around 10:00 at the airport. Let me take another look.  
The mail is from Wednesday dated a week ago.

NANCY

What should I do?

EMMA

Can you get in touch with him?

NANCY

I've tried. He doesn't respond.  
It's like he isn't reading his mail.

EMMA

And after all these weeks you still don't know where he lives.  
You don't even have his phone number?

NANCY

That is the plague of the Internet. You are anonymous.



EMMA

Did he want to see you in person?

NANCY

Of course not. I'd rather have him see me at the airport.

EMMA

(thinks)

To be honest, I also chat under the name 'Angel.'

(Lays her hand on Nancy's lap.)

I know this isn't a good time, but I have to tell you something.

NANCY

(tears in her eyes)

Tell me. It can't get any worse.

EMMA

I got an invitation from my Peter.

NANCY

(happier)

Ooh how nice. It helps me when I see you happy.

Invited you for what?

EMMA

He wants me to travel.

NANCY

Fantastic. Where to?

EMMA

I don't know. It'll be a surprise. But I have a clue.

NANCY

Tell me what you think.

EMMA

He emails me every time: Go with me to paradise.

NANCY

Where is that?

EMMA

That can only mean one thing: We're going to Jerusalem.

NANCY

Ooh Emma, that sounds great. I 'm so happy for you.

EMMA

It can't be anywhere else. He talks about visiting churches in the promised land. And I have to take summer clothes.

NANCY

When are you leaving?

EMMA

Next Sunday.

(Emma browsing again through  
Nancy's computer print-outs)

You're also supposed to leave on Sunday, at  
the same time at the airport. That is tragic. I'm sorry.

NANCY

You can't help it. It's that ungainly Roy Rogers.  
What do I do now?

EMMA

(drinks her spiced wine, thinks)

Your Roy Rogers hasn't actually canceled. Go to the airport on  
Sunday. Take your passport. You never know. Hope springs eternal.  
If your cowboy isn't there, then you can say goodbye to me.  
And just like me, you can meet Peter. I promise you, we're  
going to look after your future when I return.  
You have also helped me. Without you and your website,  
I never would have met Peter.

56 INT./EXT. APARTMENT/BALCONY - VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING

Friday morning, D -Day

Harold wakes without the help of GEORGE

Enters the room very sleepy.

HAROLD

George? Where are you George? You're always up early.  
Where are you now? It is an important day.

HAROLD looks in George's bedroom, he isn't there.

HAROLD

George?

(Starts making coffee)

Looks in the bathroom and in GEORGE's bedroom again.

HAROLD

Where is that stupid businessman?

(looks at the clock)

HAROLD

(takes his coffee - calls)

George, I made coffee! We must be in good shape today. George?

(waits and waits - takes a look in  
the warehouse and in the bedroom again)

George?

(looks at the clock and decides to go to the  
Balcony. D-day today)

There is a little snow. George sits on a chair on the balcony. Frozen.

HAROLD

(tries to open the door - it is locked)

GEORGE

(Gestures something weakly..

Makes a motion of a key, turning in a lock)

HAROLD

(Takes a spare key from a cupboard -  
at least opens the door - he has to  
help GEORGE inside)

What happened?

GEORGE

(pointing to the balcony)

You... you... you.. stupid. You dropped the key.

HAROLD

I wasn't even here!

GEORGE

That.... that... that is exacttttly what I mean.  
You shhhhould have been there to hhhhhelp mmmme.

HAROLD

You locked yourself out.

(pours coffee)

GEORGE

(the hot cup of coffee clamped  
against his cold cheek)

It's freezing outside.

HAROLD

Why you were on the balcony anyway?

GEORGE

I couldn't sleep and it's all your fault.  
It was your God who kept me busy.

HAROLD

Again I believe you aren't able to finish any job you started.  
That is your biggest problem.  
You try so much, but in the end you are too nervous to succeed.

GEORGE

Yyyyyou Y... you sound like my ex... wwwife.

HAROLD

She probably experienced your stupidity often enough.

GEORGE

It... isss... 8 o'clock in the morning. Eight hours to go.

HAROLD

Plenty of time to go. If you had more sense you would still  
be in bed, in order to be fit when the time comes.

GEORGE

You are a good person.

HAROLD

Put on some dry clothes. Don't ruin your future this time.

GEORGE

I feel sick.

HAROLD

(Looks to the snow behind the balcony window)

You probably are. Put on dry clothes.  
I'll make you something hot to eat.

GEORGE

(rising slowly)

I'm not hungry.

HAROLD

Do as I say!

57 INT./EXT. APARTMENT/BALCONY - VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING

The clock is at twenty past eleven. Harold is the only one in the room.  
Then George enters from his bedroom. He sounds like he has almost recovered.

GEORGE

(nervous and angry, points at the clock)

Almost half past eleven. I'm late.  
It's your fault again. Why didn't you wake me up?

HAROLD

Don't worry, I watched for him.  
Your man passed by at ten o'clock sharp.

GEORGE

I haven't seen him, you stupid.

HAROLD

I let you sleep. You must be fit at four o'clock.

GEORGE

I am a smooth operator. You won't steal, and I will do this  
on my own. You would spoil everything, you postman.

HAROLD

I have seen the difference between a postman and businessman  
these last weeks. Eat your breakfast.

GEORGE

What is wrong with your tone? Where is your respect?  
Only four or five more hours and I'll be extremely rich.  
Maybe that will help you.

HAROLD

We will see. Enjoy your breakfast.

GEORGE

I am not hungry.

HAROLD

Eat!

We see the clock going forward slowly with a shot or every hour.

Harold is relaxed, with his tablet computer on his lap.  
George acts nervous. Going to the toilet every half hour.

GEORGE

How can you play on your computer, now that I need your help?

HAROLD

Have you emailed Marilyn Monroe and disclosed  
your real age yet?

GEORGE

(irritated)

Of course not. I have an important mission to fulfill.  
I emailed her that my business has the priority for a moment.

HAROLD

Anyhow, I am grateful you taught me how to use this.  
You have changed my life.

GEORGE

I am far from grateful and I will never change my life.

HAROLD

I know.

GEORGE

Well, I mean, this is my last robbery. I promised.

HAROLD

I didn't hear you make that promise.

GEORGE

Not to you. To the little cross you gave me, you idiot.

HAROLD

So, have you change?

GEORGE

Not at all. Your cross has become milder.

58 INT./EXT. APARTMENT - BALCONY - TWIGHLIGHT

The clock shows three o'clock.

GEORGE

Takes the flowerpot to the balcony.

(looks over the edge)

He's not here yet.

HAROLD

It's not yet quarter to four. He will come.

The clock shows 3:15

GEORGE

It is three fifteen

(runs to the toilet)

(comes back)

What time is it? Shall we sit on the balcony?

What do you think is best?

3:30 at the clock

3:35 at the clock

GEORGE

(lamentating)

What if I am wrong? I promised Marilyn I would take her with me.

Do you hear what I am saying friend? Just imagine if the money \ disappeared from the suitcase. What would I tell her?

She would never trust me again. Help me!

HAROLD

Stay calm George. It doesn't help to be high-strung.  
Stay in control.

GEORGE

I'm trying. What time is it?

3:40 at the clock

HAROLD

twenty minutes to go.

GEORGE

I'm afraid I'll piss in my pants. How many minutes now?  
(runs to the balcony)  
Here comes the guard. Harold, help me with the guard.  
What shall I do?

HAROLD

(slowly walks to the balcony)

Just wait. Shall I make coffee?

GEORGE

Coffee!?!? Don't go. Stay here.

HAROLD

Just kidding

3:50 at the clock

3:55 at the clock

GEORGE

(from the balcony)

There he comes. Ooh that suitcase is heavy, postman.

(bends over the edge of the balcony)

Where is the guard? On the little cross? Or is it the circle?

(picks up the flowerpot – bends over again)

Right on the cross?

(shifts the flowerpot over 10 cm)

Help me push.

HAROLD

(bends over the edge)

Push... NOW!

(flowerpot drops down to the street below)

GEORGE and HAROLD

Bend over the edge for a split second

GEORGE

(pulls Harold by his arm)

Quickly...

**59** EXT. UNDER THE BALCONY – TWIGHLIGHT

We see George and Harold passing the guard, lying on the pavement.  
They run and cross the street.

60 INT. APARTMENT – TWIGHLIGHT

The camera takes a shot of the Caribbean poster and turns to the clock. It stays quiet for a long time. We here a beep from HAROLD's tablet. Then after a time it gets noisy outside the door. GEORGE and HAROLD stumble inside with the suitcase. It lands on the table.

GEORGE

Rich! I am rich! I've known it all my life.  
It was worth the fight postman.  
I am a successful business man now.  
Ooh Marilyn I am so happy...  
(he kisses Harold)

HAROLD

(Keeps calm.  
Walks around the table and the suitcase)  
We have to open it.

GEORGE

Ooh no... this is my money.

HAROLD

(looks rude)  
Five minutes ago you said...

GEORGE

Ok, ok, you may have a look if you insist.

HAROLD

(tries to open the suitcase)

GEORGE

(walks to the warehouse  
and comes back with various tools)

We see both men struggling to open the suitcase. It takes a long time. Finally they succeed. They open the trunk. What they see are only old worthless newspapers.

GEORGE

N e w s p a p e r s ???  
Dirty old N e w s p a p e r s !!!  
I have been robbed!

George totaly freaks out.

GEORGE (cont'd)

R o b b e d... say something mailman.  
Don't stand there doing nothing.



HAROLD

(Stays icy calm)

We have been robbed.

GEORGE

That is what I said.

Don't repeat what I'm saying, like I am stupid.

HAROLD

Stay calm. Let's think.

GEORGE

You stay calm! How can I stay calm?

I just lost a fortune.

HAROLD

Quiet please.

GEORGE

You did it again. All my money.

(snatches the Caribbean poster from the wall)

Robbed, robbed, robbed. Woe is me. I'm far too trusting.

HAROLD

Will you just shut up?!

GEORGE

I stand alone again...

HAROLD

(getting angry)

If you don't shut up, I'll hit you on your nose  
and you will lie flat on the floor alone.

GEORGE

(disconcerted)

HAROLD

Hey, listen to me.

GEORGE

(quietly)

Listen to the postman.

HAROLD

You listen to me and do exactly as I say.

GEORGE

(Laughing nervously and childish)

HAROLD

You heard what I said.

GEORGE

Oh yes, oh yes, I heard every word you said.  
You are taking the lead, mister.

HAROLD

Absolutely.

GEORGE

(looks at the suitcase pitifully)

Absolutely.

HAROLD

Sit down and I'll tell you what we are going to do.

GEORGE

Sit down and...

HAROLD

Sit!

GEORGE

(drops into a chair)

HAROLD

(walks around while speaking)

We have been robbed by the robbers.

GEORGE

What does it matter who did it? I am bankrupt.

HAROLD

Listen to me. From now on it is no longer you alone.  
It is we. Us four. You are no longer you alone. You understand?

GEORGE

All four? You and I are all four?

HAROLD

I told you, that I am in charge now. And I call everybody in.  
You, me, Marilyn Monroe and Angel. All four of us.  
We have a commitment. We won't let that slip away.

GEORGE

It doesn't matter to me if you have a com... com... whatever you have.  
But how about Angel?

HAROLD

I promised her a better life.

GEORGE

(crying and laughing at the same time)

You made Angel a promise? What promise?

HAROLD

Never mind. Think about the money. What is the last café our money courier visited on his route? You're the mastermind, surely you must know that.

GEORGE

Of course I do.

HAROLD

They must have swapped the suitcase there, no doubt. In any other café the courier would have noticed, as he had to open the suitcase. He would have found the newspaper then. So...

GEORGE

So what?

HAROLD

The suitcase with our money must be in that last café. Listen carefully. This is what we are gonna do.

61 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE LAST CAFÉ – EVENING

HAROLD

(whispers)

Do exactly as I said. Wait until one o'clock in the morning and lock yourself in one of the toilet stalls. I will wait outside to see if anyone leaves the café with our suitcase.

62 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE LAST CAFÉ – NIGHT

Harold waiting outside. Inside the café.  
The later it gets, the quieter it gets in the street.  
Every now and then a (drunk) visitor leaves the café.  
After 01:00 nobody leaves. It looks like the café is empty.

63 INT. APARTMENT – NIGHT

George and Harold enter exactly like the same view shot a few hours ago. They put the second suitcase on the table, and open it with the same tools in the same way.

GEORGE

(crying out of happiness)

I am rich at last. I am so happy!

HAROLD

Remember George: We are rich. No more 'me alone.'

GEORGE

You're right. You're a genius

We see George and Harold being happy and playing with bundles of money.  
Until:

GEORGE

Where do we keep it?

HAROLD

In the warehouse.

GEORGE

I'm not sure if I can sleep if it is there.

HAROLD

You're unable to sleep anyway.

They put both suitcases in the warehouse and lock the door.

ONE DAY LATER, SATURDAY

64 INT. APARTMENT – DAY – EARLY IN THE MORNING

Harold at the table with his tablet, still in pajamas  
George enters in his overcoat from outside. He drops a  
morning newspaper on the table.

HAROLD

(picks up the newspaper and reads aloud)

'Another mysterious criminal offence in shopping street'

(reads further)

'Police first impressions were right. This crime is drug-related.  
The criminal was carrying many cannabis plants.'

GEORGE

This means the police won't suspect us.  
Read the paper. There is nothing about a robbery,  
around the corner, in the park.

HAROLD

Of course not. The mafia cannot go to the police  
when they have been robbed.

GEORGE

Let's email our girlfriends.  
Not about the money of course,  
just to make them happy.

65 INT. NANCY'S ROOM – DAY

Nancy reading her email. Instantly calling Emma.

NANCY

(On her cell phone. Crying of happiness.)

He just contacted me. I have to pack.

66 INT. – APARTMENT – EVENING

Cozy atmosphere. Classical music on the radio.

Harold and George in the apartment. Harold reading his Bible.

George busy with Caribbean holiday brochures.

GEORGE

Did you tell your girlfriend where you will take her?

HAROLD

It is a surprise: To the promised land.

She wants to be back within two weeks.

She can't leave her old mother alone for any longer than that.

GEORGE

You must come and visit us some time.

HAROLD

Maybe we will even live there. Under the same sun.

But we are not as rigorous as you are.

First we want to be together for two weeks. And then we will see.

GEORGE

Did you tell her your name and age?

HAROLD

Not yet.

GEORGE

Neither did I.

It is silent in the room for a moment,

with only quiet classical music playing. The mood is gentle.

GEORGE

You taught me a lot, I must admit.

I have changed. I packed your little cross and Bible.

HAROLD

You changed me too.

(rises, bends over the table

to look at the holiday brochures)

I never longed for sunny islands. But I do now.

They look like paradise.

The doorbell rings.  
There is someone at the door.

GEORGE

Who can that be this late in the evening?  
(rises from his chair and opens the door)  
A policeman in uniform steps in.

GEORGE

Michael.

POLICEMAN MICHAEL

You promised me a room two months ago.  
You said something about half, double the price..  
I don't remember exactly. Is it still available?

GEORGE

(nervous)

No.

HAROLD

(calm)

Of course, come in.

While George nervously gestures behind his back,  
Harold invites the policeman to the table and offers  
him a drink. They talk casually, in which also the offences  
in the street are mentioned.

POLICEMAN MICHAEL

Two criminal offences. Right under your nose.

HAROLD

We didn't notice.

POLICEMAN MICHAEL

Thank you both for the room. I appreciate it.  
I'm very tired and if you don't mind, I'd like to go to bed now.

SUNDAY MORNING

67 INT. APARTMENT – DAY

Harold and George both dressed.  
George in a wild Caribbean shirt.  
POLICEMAN MICHAEL still in his room.

HAROLD

(whispers)

Get the suitcase. We will leave earlier, while he is still asleep.

GEORGE  
(tiptoes to the warehouse,  
comes back with the suitcase full of money.  
Puts it on the table)

HAROLD  
Open it. We need cash for the taxi.

GEORGE  
(opens the suitcase)

At that critical moment, POLICEMAN MICHAEL opens his door.  
He is still in pajamas.

GEORGE  
(closes the suitcase as fast as possible,  
too late)

POLICEMAN MICHAEL  
Those are banknotes.

GEORGE  
Oh no, definitely not.  
You saw my shorts. I'm going to the Bahamas.  
Ahh.. I know what you saw. My pajamas are  
printed with banknotes. A joke. You know me, Michael.  
Always mad about money, even when I sleep.

POLICEMAN MICHAEL  
Bullshit George. You can't fool me.  
That's American money. I'm going to have to confiscate it.

GEORGE  
You can't do that Michael. We're friends.  
We are mates. We went to baseball matches together,  
stole fresh fruit together when we were young.  
You can't take this from a good friend.  
If you take this, you take my life.

HAROLD  
Leave the man, George. After all, it is his job.

GEORGE  
Pardon?

HAROLD  
He's a policeman, George. You must understand  
he can't let you off the hook. That is way too much money.  
I did warn you.

GEORGE  
You Judas.

HAROLD

Yes Michael. I told him not to steal that suitcase from that poor man underneath our balcony. He wouldn't listen.

GEORGE

You... you dirty traitor... I loved you.  
You with your holy cross. You sanctimonious hypocrite.

POLICEMAN MICHAEL

Don't listen to hi. I know that piece of scum.  
We all know him.

GEORGE

You don't know me at all. I was about to have my chance in life.

POLICEMAN MICHAEL

I'm going to get dressed and take this suitcase with me.  
Here.. please. Keep an eye on him.

(the policeman hands Harold his revolver)

As the policeman steps back in his bedroom,  
Harold gives George a wink.

HAROLD

(gestures to the warehouse – and whispers)  
Swap the suitcase, George.

GEORGE

What?

HAROLD

You idiot. Swap the suitcase, and keep complaining.

GEORGE

(suddenly seems to understand)  
Ahhh, I know what you mean. You... you double-crosser!

HAROLD

Louder, and get that other suitcase. Hurry.

GEORGE

You must be... You are... You dirty police friend!

HAROLD

You can do better.

GEORGE

You traitor! You dirty traitor! You're a motherfucking traitor!

HAROLD

Ok, don't overdo it. I have had enough.  
Put the other suitcase on the table, quickly.



After a while the policeman comes out of his room, dressed in uniform.

POLICEMAN MICHAEL

Give me my pistol, sir. And you, George, stand beside that heavy chair. Lift your arm.

(handcuffs George to the chair)

So.. he cannot escape, not with that heavy chair on his back. Hand me the suitcase sir. You are a good citizen. Hand me the suitcase, I'll be back with my colleagues in half an hour.

GEORGE

Harold, don't let him go with my money.

As the POLICEMAN MICHAEL leaves the apartment,  
Harold walks to the balcony to see him cross the street.

HAROLD

Strange guy.

GEORGE

Set me free. There are plenty of tools in the warehouse.

HAROLD

(Takes the suitcase with money and walks to the door. Leaving George behind)

GEORGE

Hey, where are you going?  
Hey! Don't leave me like this!

HAROLD

(Steps outside and closes the door behind him).

GEORGE

(screaming)

HAROLD

(Comes back in)

You earned this little joke.

(He sets George free with a heavy tool from the warehouse)

We have to be quick now.

68 EXT. AIRPORT — DAY

Harold and George walking to the entrance.

GEORGE

Well done partner. I really thought our money had disappeared. I would like to see the looks on the faces of Michael's colleagues and bosses when he opens the suitcase.

HAROLD

I don't think anyone will see it.

GEORGE

They'll see as soon as he opens it.

HAROLD

Think, George. Would a policeman really leave you behind. Why didn't he call the office?

GEORGE

You think...?

HAROLD

I think he is either not a policeman or after seeing so much money he decided to quit his job. You said you knew him?

GEORGE

I did. Before I went straight.

HAROLD

I believe that so-called policeman has a lot in common with the former George.

69 INT. AIRPORT HALL - DAY

George and Harold enter the airport hall. George, despite the season, he is still dressed in his Caribbean shirt and straw hat. Two well-dressed women are waving at them.

GEORGE

(nervous again)

These girls are waving. Who is who?  
You ask them first, ok?  
Wait.. I think I know the tall one.  
She looks like my Emma.

HAROLD

Good heavens. The other one is my ex.

GEORGE

That can't be true. You told me your Nancy looked very ordinary. This woman is beautiful. The men and women hug each other.

HAROLD

Is that really you Emma?

EMMA

You have changed, Harold.

HAROLD

You look so different Emma.

EMMA

Nancy taught me a lot.

The speaker announces the next flight: Five minutes past twelve. It is to a Caribbean Island, where the sun shines and the temperature is 28 degrees, according to the funny speaker. The camera shows GEORGE and NANCY at the back, arms around each other's waists, walking to the gate. Ten meters in front of them we see Harold and Emma. We do not see their faces, but we can hear George and Nancy talking.

NANCY

So your real name is George?

GEORGE

Yes, and yours is Nancy.

NANCY

You look younger than I thought.

GEORGE

I will see you in a bikini, then I can judge your Internet picture.  
You too look younger.

NANCY

Your ex-wife is my best friend. Where do you think they are going?

GEORGE

They left after the flight announcement.

NANCY

Do you think they are flying to our island?

GEORGE

Could be. He kept talking about paradise and the promised land. It certainly is for us.

NANCY

Harold is your friend?

GEORGE

(hesitates)

Hmm.. he needs someone to take care of him.  
You see: He is a postman. I do all the thinking.

THE END

You enjoyed a smile?

This is a work from Benn in Books.  
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