

LIFE'S A LOTTERY

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**FADE-IN**

**EXT-DAY OUTSIDE NEWSAGENTS**

*A scruffy looking homeless man sits outside a newsagents begging for money, his aged (35) he has a dog called(Lucky)with him and a sign that reads (HUNGRY & HOMELESS) a few people stop to give him a few pennies and to stroke his dog with a look of pity in their eyes.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

Well lucky we have been sitting here for the past hour, and all we have managed to collect is 30 pence minus the 2 euros some cheeky git threw into my cup.

*The homeless man takes a look into his cup, a look of despair and hunger creeping over his face, Lucky looks up at him and gives his face a lick.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

I know Lucky...your hungry, maybe we need to relocate to a more profitable area.

*He chuckles to himself as tears begin to roll down his face, as he thinks back to how things were all so different before he lost his job as an estate agent, and his home to the Ressionion.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

Life has real funny way of pulling the rug from under us Lucky, but as long as we have each other to hold onto...where ever we fall at least it will be together.

*As the homeless man kisses his dog and gives him a stroke, a smart business man turns the corner of the street an heads towards the shop they are sitting outside of. He is (45) and has a recceeding hairline.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

I don't mean to disturb you, but can you spare any change please? i have not had a good meal for a few days, anything you have spare would be great.

(CONTINUED)

*The business man gives him total look of disgust, as he looks the homeless man up and down.*

**BUSINESS MAN**

Why don't you just fuck off and get a job, instead of sitting on your fucking ass expecting people like me who work for our money to support your lazy ass

*The homeless man looks shocked and embarrassed as the man verbally abuses him, lucky senses this and starts to growl at the business man. The homeless man begins to pat his dog to calm him down.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

All i wanted is some spare change for something to eat, do you know how hard it is looking for a job dressed like this with no fixed address?

*As the business man heads into the shop, he turns round smiles and spits next to the homeless man.*

**BUSINESS MAN**

you can put that in your bloody cup

*The homeless man shakes his head and looks up to the sky as he begins to close his eyes.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

I'm not a religious man, but if there is some form of higher being up there please show me a way out of this living nightmare i find myself trapped in.

**INT-DAY INSIDE NEWSAGENTS**

*As the business man heads towards the counter, he stops to look at the magazines on the shelf, his eyes divert towards the top shelf as he spots a magazine that he takes an interest in (BIG&BOUNCY) he takes a look around the empty shop before he grabs a copy of it and makes his way to the counter.*

**BUSINESS MAN**

Right Ghandi, i want a packet of B&H silver and a lucky dip lottery ticket.

*The shopkeeper looks at the business man offended by what he has been called. His name is not Ghandi and resents being called so just because he is Indian*

**SHOPKEEPER**

My name is not Ghandi, do you think  
all Indian people are called  
Ghandi? i suppose your name is John  
Smith.

*As the shopkeeper is talking a mother and her little girl walk into the shop.*

**BUSINESS MAN**

Listen raj or whatever your name  
is, just get me my fags and my  
lottery ticket, i ain't got time  
for this shit.

*The shopkeeper looks at him with disgust, then smiles as he spots the women and her child. He gets the ticket and the cigarettes the man wanted, then looks down at the big & juicy magazine the business man is partially hiding under the guardian newspaper.*

**SHOPKEEPER**

And would you still like your copy  
of this months big & juicy  
magazine, you picked up from the  
top shelf.

*The woman with her child looks at the business man, horrified that he would purchase such a sexist pornographic magazine, and pulls her child away from standing next to him*

**BUSINESS MAN**

That's not my magazine, i didn't  
pick that up...i.i..

*The shopkeeper pulls the magazine from in between the guardian newspaper.*

**SHOPKEEPER**

Don't worry i can see that it must  
be a mistake, that you picked up  
this top shelf magazine while  
looking for your guardian  
newspaper.

*The business man sneers at the shopkeeper and grabs the lottery ticket and cigarettes. He throws down the change he had, and leaves the dirty magazine with the guardian paper on the counter. as he heads out the shop he turns round and mouths the word paki to the shopkeeper.*

**EXT-DAY OUTSIDE NEWSAGENTS**

*As the business man comes out of the newsagents, just out of routine the homeless man turns to him to ask for change.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

Can you spare any....

**BUSINESS MAN**

Didn't i tell you on the way in to fuck off. If your that fucking hungry, eat you fucking dog.

*Lucky starts to bark at the business man as he walks off, the business man is heard laughing to himself as he crosses the road. a piece of paper falls from his pocket as gets in his car. The homeless guy sees this and waits for him to drive off before he slowly gets up and makes his way towards the piece of paper, as he gets nearer he realizes its a lottery ticket.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

I thought it was some money lucky, its just a stupid lottery ticket. looks like its going to be another night of dog food, hope you don't mind sharing Lucky?

*He puts the ticket in his pocket, lucky looks at him and gives him a friendly bark and lick. The homeless man bites his lip, trying to hold the tears of desperation from being released over his face.*

*As you see the homeless guy walking around asking various individuals for any spare change, he walks past a posh restaurant where you see the business man that was rude to him ordering a large steak and potato dish with a large glass of red wine. He spots the homeless guy outside and smiles as he tucks into his steak dish.*

**EXT-NIGHT OUTSIDE COSTCUTTER**

*The homeless man and his dog Lucky are outside Costcutter supermarket. The homeless guy is counting how much money he has been given throughout the day*

**HOMELESS MAN**

Well it looks like my prediction was right Lucky, for our main course tonight its going to be meat and jelly..

*Lucky barks at him, as she wags her tail.*

(CONTINUED)

**HOMELESS MAN**

What was that Lucky? you want to go for the beef and carrot?..a fine choice.

*The homeless man gives lucky a wry smile, and makes his way into the Costcutter supermarket*

**INT-NIGHT COSTCUTTER SUPERMARKET**

*As The homeless guy makes his way into the supermarket, the shopkeeper and customers in the store give him strange looks*

**HOMELESS MAN**

Excuse me can you tell me what isle the pet food is in please.

*The shopkeeper points to the middle isle.*

**SHOPKEEPER**

It is in isle number six, could you hurry up and get it though please. I don't mean to offend you, but my other customers are starting to complain about the smell coming from your direction

*The homeless guy puts his nose up to his armpit, and pulls away as he realizes the foul stench is coming from him. Embarrassed he looks up at the shopkeeper.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

I'm really sorry, ill be quick.

*He rushes to the isle where he was directed by the shop keeper and picks up the beef and jelly dog food, and makes his way back to the counter.*

**SHOPKEEPER**

Could you tell me how much this tin of dog food is please?

*The shop keeper looks at him with sympathy in his eyes, as he looks for the price.*

**SHOPKEEPER**

Thatch one pound and twenty pence mate, its two for one pound sixty if your interested.

*The homeless man begins to count the various amounts of coins in his filthy hand. as he gets his coins out of his pocket he pulls out a pink slip of paper, its the lottery ticket he earlier found in the street*

**HOMELESS MAN**

i'll just take the one tin thank you.

*He gives the man all the loose change in his hand, as well as the crumpled lottery ticket he had.*

**SHOPKEEPER**

You have given me ninety pence, but don't worry about the rest. Do you want me to put that lottery ticket through for you?

*The homeless man looks at the lottery ticket and shrugs his shoulders.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

Yeah why not, i might even be able to afford another tin if i get lucky.

*He rolls his eyes and chuckles to himself as the shopkeeper runs the numbers through the lottery machine.*

**HOMELESS MAN**

well thanks for letting me off the thirty pence that i owed you, i really appreciate it.

*As the homeless man makes his way out of the supermarket, the shopkeeper looks up at him visibly shaken, and shouts at him to come back*

**HOMELESS MAN**

Listen about the thirty pence, i really have not got any more money on me so if you want me to put the tin back i will.

**SHOPKEEPER**

No..no you don't understand you have won... i cant believe i am actually saying this, but you have won the Twenty five million pound jackpot.

*The homeless man freezes and turns round as customers in the Costcutter start to applaud him. He turns round with a look of total astonishment on his face, he falls to the floor and looks up to the sky and whispers a thank you.*

#### **EXT-DAY OUTSIDE NEWSAGENTS**

*A car pulls up outside the newsagents a smartly dressed man makes his way out of the car followed by a dog, there is a scruffy man laying on the floor with a bottle of whiskey in his hand, he is crying and clutching a piece of paper with the words P45 visible on one side of the paper. He looks up at the man and dog in front of him, a look of surprise fills his face.*

#### **BUSINESS MAN**

can you spare any change please, i  
have lost everything, my house my  
wife my job.

*As the business man sobs uncontrollably, the gentleman standing in front of him goes into his pocket and pulls out a fifty pound note and hands it to him. the business man quickly goes in the shop and heads for the liquor isle, the gentleman shakes his head and heads towards his Mercedes Benz.*

#### **HOMELESS MAN**

Looks like beef & jelly are off the  
menu, how about a nice big fat  
juicy steak?

*Lucky wags her tail gives him a bark and a lick and jumps in the back of the car. as the car zooms of into the sunset you can hear the screams of the business man in the newsagents as he sees the homeless man on the front page of the guardian with the winning lottery ticket. the front page story reads HOMELESS MAN WINS TWENTY FIVE MILLION AND GIVES HALF TO CHARITY*

#### **FADE-OUT**