

EVERY ONE IS A WINNER!

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY FAIR - DAY

A country fair seen from the top of a big wheel.

The big wheel rolls down to meet a man slowly walking through the happy and laughing crowd, chagrined, unaware of what could happen around him.

BRIAN (32), dark hair and badly shaved, is wearing a simple jacket and a jean.

He's walking through the country fair, hands in pockets, sometimes looking at the different attractions offered to people and kids around him: train rides, candyfloss and popcorn stands, inflatable climbing wall, merry-go-rounds, tin can alley, hook-a-duck, or shooting galleries.

Every single multicolored light bulb reflects in the rain puddle on the ground.

Brian is lumbering around, bowing, on the gravel. He looks lost. He barely bothers looking around.

Around a corner, he faces a shooting gallery. A large board above the stand says:

EVERY ONE'S A WINNER

HERE WE HAVE NO LOSERS

Brian stops and hesitates. He takes one hand out his pocket and looks in his palm.

A QUARTER

He raises his head to the shooting gallery. A BIG FAT LADY, in her mid-fifties, is waiting, seated as a Buddha, behind the counter where are laid several air rifles.

Behind her, the targets are little balls on jets of water.

Hundred of plush toys are waiting to be taken away.

EXT. SHOOTING GALLERY - DAY

Brian steps to the stand and puts the quarter on the counter.

BIG FAT LADY
(with a heavy Southern
accent)

If you're a real sharpshooter,
you could win a prize. Every
one's a winner!

Brian doesn't answer. He simply nods.

The big fat lady gets up, loads the rifle, and puts three other leads on the counter by Brian.

BIG FAT LADY

Four balls and you'll get one of
the plushes. Anyway, remember--
(showing the board above
her)
--we have no losers here!

Brian takes the rifle. He breathes in, holds his breath, closes an eye, and aims. Every plush looks like staring at him.

Brian's hand is slightly trembling.

A perspiration drip trickles on his temple.

He shoots.

BANG

The ball jumps off the water.

Brian looks reassured.

BIG FAT LADY

Good shot!

CLOSEUP on one of the moose plushes' eye where Brian's distorted reflection shows him loading the rifle.

Brian acts as before. He breathes in, holds breath, closes an eye, aims, and shoots.

BANG

A SECOND BALL IS SHOOT

BIG FAT LADY

Wahoo! Come on!

Brian is now relaxed. He wears a smile on his face. His eyes are bright. He reloads his rifle, self-confident.

He looks at the moose and nods.

BIG FAT LADY

Two more, and you'll get it.

Once again, he aims at the ball on its jet of water.

BANG

BIG FAT LADY
Yes! Looks like your lucky day!

Fully relaxed, Brian loads his last lead. The big fat lady turns to the moose plush.

BIG FAT LADY
Look at him. He's already waving
his tail. He knows he's gonna be
soon yours.

Brian looks like hypnotized by the plush. He takes aim, holds his breath, and shoots.

BANG

HE MISSES THE LAST BALL

CLOSEUP on Brian's frozen face. He cannot believe it. He missed it!

The big fat lady looks as upset as him.

BIG FAT LADY
Oh, no. Too bad.
(she shrugs)
Well, no big deal. As I told you,
we have no losers.

She squats under the counter.

BIG FAT LADY
You win a key-ring.

Brian cannot help staring at the moose. Taking advantage of the big fat lady's lack of attention, he grabs the plush and flees away with it.

The big fat lady gets up with the key ring and sees him.

BIG FAT LADY
(shouting)
Hey, you, stop! Anyone, stop
him!!

EXT. COUNTRY FAIR - DAY

Brian is sprinting through the country fair. His feet sometimes step into a puddle and splash around.

He turns down an alley leading to a merry-go-round. Brian's course looks ridiculous to the sound of the organ music.

Turning back, he realizes that TWO HUGE GUYS are chasing him. One of them just wears a leather jacket and his chest is covered with tattoos. They're getting closer.

Out of breath, Brian accelerates.

On his right, another alley. There, a bumper cars stand. Brian jumps on it.

EXT. BUMPER CARS - DAY

Brian runs on the racetrack, avoiding the bumper cars, though it looks like he's attracting every car.

EXT. COUNTRY FAIR - DAY

Brian jumps on the gravel and sprints down an alley, hugging the plush.

Ten feet in front of him, a THIRD MAN blocks his way.

Panting, Brian stops. He looks on his right, on his left, like a hunted game.

In his back, the two men are getting closer.

On his left, a wooden stair leading to a path. Brian rushes to it. But the steps are wet and he slips on the wood, tumbling down. He flattens on the grass.

Brian starts to gets up, but the three men are onto him. As a first one grabs the moose from his hands, the others two pummel him.

MAN

There is no thief here, mister.

They leave him there, knocked out, his bloody face in the grass.

Brian barely raises his head to see, in front of him, a LITTLE GIRL's legs. He then raises his eyes to the child who coldly stares at him.

LITTLE GIRL

Dad. Where the present you promised me?

FADE OUT:

The end