

FUCKY-LUCKERS

A Short Script  
Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

A small neighborhood 24 hour gas/convenience store. All four pumps are currently vacant. It's early, way too early, for FREDDIE WINSLOP (24). His rusted out beater pulls into the farthest parking stall.

Freddie stumbles out, nearly trips on his untied shoelaces.

INT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

The sliding door opens. Freddie rushes in, still tucking in his uniform.

FREDDIE  
Sorry, I'm late.

MARY (40), who is busy sweeping, looks up at the clock.

MARY  
No later than usual.  
(beat)  
Now, I've already restocked the shelves, made a nice fresh pot, so, all you have to do is change last night's numbers... Say, you didn't happen to have a ticket did'ya?

Freddie stifles a yawn.

FREDDIE  
Nope, why?

MARY  
Someone in town won it big last night. Six million.

FREDDIE  
Well, it sure wasn't me.

CUT TO:

A FELT-TIP REMOVABLE WHITEBOARD

Written in permanent bold -- *WINNING LOTTERY NUMBERS* -- A hand enters frame, and writes - 6, 16, 20, 33, 36, 39

FREDDIE

Replaces the tip of the felt-marker. Stares at the numbers.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
Lucky fuck.

LATER IN THE DAY

Freddie finishes with a burly trucker type. Hands him his change. The trucker gives thanks with a firm nod.

As the trucker exits -- in walks ROSE DRIBBLE (50), plump, bespectacled, and chipper as a Sunday morning.

ROSE

Good morning, how are ya' Freddie?  
You sure are missing another  
beautiful day out there.

FREDDIE

Not really my choice.

Rose lays her large purse onto the counter. Pulls out a stack of fifteen lotto tickets.

ROSE

No gas for me, but be a dear and  
punch up my regular quick picks,  
and if you could give these a check  
too, I'll love you forever.

Freddie punches out her quick pick tickets.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Oh! I bet my new issue of better  
gardening is out.

Rose runs over to the magazine shelf.

ROSE (CONT'D)

I'll tell ya', spring is here, and  
my mind is already racing with all  
sorts of ideas...

Freddie check her tickets. One by one, another loser. He places the matched check stub to each ticket, verifying it's non-winning status.

Rose continues to scan the shelf.

ROSE (CONT'D)

...I'm going to renovate my whole  
backyard this year. All Japanese.  
Koi ponds, running waterfalls,  
bamboo fencing, you name it...

Freddie lifts up the last ticket. Casually glances at the upside down numbers -- STOPS -- Turns the ticket over, and reads the numbers -- 6, 16, 20, 33, 36, 39 -- This is it!

Freddie is holding a six million dollar ticket.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 ...Of course, that's all a matter  
 of what Hank let's me get away  
 with. He always says, that money  
 doesn't grow on trees you know?

Freddie stares at Rose. Frozen.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 Oh, there it is!

Rose grabs her magazine. Approaches the counter.

The ticket drops from Freddie's fingers. Falls to the floor.

Rose looks down at the counter at her losing tickets.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 I see my luck is still holding.

Rose picks up her tickets. Tears them in two. Tosses them in  
 the trash-basket.

Freddie hasn't moved an inch. Rose looks down at her quick  
 picks and the magazine. Lifts her eyebrows...

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 You gonna tell me how much dear?

Freddie snaps out of it. Rings in the items.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
 You feeling okay Freddie?

FREDDIE  
 Yeah, just a uh,...

ROSE  
 With all the germs that come across  
 this counter all day it's no wonder  
 you don't catch something. You best  
 be careful now.

Freddie politely smiles. Hands Rose the items.

FREDDIE  
 I will.

Rose give him a warm smile.

Freddie watches Rose exit the store -- walk to her car --  
 step inside -- and slowly pull away.

Freddie looks down at his untied shoelaces, and a lottery  
 ticket worth six million dollars.

INT. FREDDIE'S DRAB APARTMENT - NIGHT

Freddie sits at his dining table. Stares down at the ticket.

INT. SERVICE STATION - DAYS LATER

Freddie finishes with a CUSTOMER. Rose enters. Freddie's stomach begins to knot up. Rose stands in line.

Freddie hands the customer his lottery tickets.

FREDDIE

There you go.

ROSE

(to the customer)

Good luck.

The customer smiles.

Rose does her usual routine. Bag on the counter. Pulls out another stack of tickets.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Wanna check these for me Freddie?

Freddie scans the tickets.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Anyone come forth on that big prize yet?

Freddie shakes his head no. Places the losing tickets on the counter.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Maybe they're holding off. I just don't know how someone can sit on a prize like that without going a little bonkers, you know what I mean?

Freddie wipes his brow, nods. Takes Rose's credit card.

ROSE (CONT'D)

Say, you still feeling in the dumps? You should take a few days off and rest.

FREDDIE

No, I'm uh... fine, really.

Freddie hands Rose her items.

ROSE

Suit yourself, but you sure look rotten to me.

Rose smiles warmly.

ROSE (CONT'D)  
Take care now.

INT. FREDDIE'S DRAB APARTMENT

Freddie sits at his table. He's flipping through his old High School Yearbook.

INSERT YEARBOOK

A picture of a fresh faced kid named -- *Gary Guilfoyle*

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

GARY GUILFOYLE (26), is hard at work, down on one knee stocking shelves.

Freddie, an empty basket in hand, casually walks the aisle, past Gary. Stops.

FREDDIE  
Gary Guilfoyle. Long time no see.

Gary turns around, and looks up.

GARY  
Hey, if it isn't Fast Freddie.

Gary stands. Smacks Freddie's arm.

GARY (CONT'D)  
How ya doin' man?

FREDDIE  
Pretty good, pretty good. It's been a while.

GARY  
More than a while.

FREDDIE  
So, you're still stocking shelves I see?

GARY  
What can I say, living the dream.  
What about you, where you working?

FREDDIE  
A service station across town.

GARY  
So, what brings you to my neck of the woods?

FREDDIE  
Nothing really, I was just passing  
by, and I needed some... uh, milk.

GARY  
We carry that. Three aisles down.

FREDDIE  
Great. Well shit, it's been great  
to see you Gary.

GARY  
You too Freddie.

Freddie lingers for a second.

FREDDIE  
You know, maybe we should get a  
drink sometime?

Gary mulls it over.

GARY  
Yeah, okay. Sure.

FREDDIE  
What about tonight?

GARY  
Tonight. You don't waste time.  
There's a little pub in the mall  
across the street. I'm off at six,  
I can text you.

FREDDIE  
No, no texts. I'll be there. Six  
o'clock.

GARY  
Six o'clock. Just one beer though,  
you know, the wife.

FREDDIE  
That's fine. See ya later.

Freddie heads back down the aisle.

GARY  
Hey, Freddie!

Freddie turns around -- *Yeah*

GARY (CONT'D)  
The milk.

FREDDIE  
Right, the milk.

EXT. FOUR ACES TAVERN - NIGHT

Sandwiched between a laundry mat and a Chinese Take-Out. The *FOUR ACES* neon sign struggles to stay alive.

INT. FOUR ACES TAVERN - NIGHT

Freddie sits in a dark, secluded booth, stirring his vodka tonic. Eyes focused on the doorway.

Gary walks in. Searches, and finds Freddie. He takes a seat across from him. Freddie slides over a frosty draft.

FREDDIE

I already ordered for you. Guinness right?

GARY

You got a good memory.  
(admires the decor)  
Cool place huh? It's like something out of the Godfather...  
(imitates Tessio)  
It's perfect. A small family place, good food, everybody minds his own business.

Gary takes a sip of the beer.

FREDDIE

You and your impressions. God, you always got us into so much trouble.

GARY

Me? I'm not the one who rifled through McKinnon's drawer, and stole his test results. We could have been expelled for that.

FREDDIE

Hey, you didn't have to copy down the answers with me.

GARY

Yeah, I did, otherwise I would have failed the final. Which, may I remind you, would have also been your fault.

FREDDIE

I don't remember anyone twisting your arm pal.

GARY

(smiles)  
We were so bad.



A quiet beat, then...

FREDDIE

Though, sometimes I wonder what might have happened if I had worked harder at school, maybe I'd be better off. Nobody tells you how hard life's gonna be once you get in the real world.

GARY

No, but we all find out though.  
(beat)  
Oh well, it's too late to change things now.

Freddie takes a sip of his drink.

FREDDIE

Maybe it's not.

Gary smirks, takes a sip of his beer.

GARY

I had a feeling you didn't just bump into me by accident.

FREDDIE

It was no accident. In fact, you're the only person in the world that I felt I could absolutely trust.

GARY

Freddie, what are you talking about?

Freddie pulls out the ticket. Places it on the table.

GARY (CONT'D)

What's that?

FREDDIE

That. That's your future.

Gary stares at the ticket. He's unsettled, yet excited.

GARY

Those are last week's winning numbers.

FREDDIE

Yes, they are.

GARY

Did you say you're working at a service station now?

Freddie nods.

Gary stares at him.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I'm guessing that's not really your ticket.

FREDDIE  
It's mine now.  
(beat)  
Or should I say ours.

GARY  
Where did it come from?

FREDDIE  
Let's just say it fell from the sky... and landed right here.

GARY  
Put it away.

Freddie pockets the ticket.

Gary studies him for a beat, then leans over.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Okay, ...what's your pitch?

FREDDIE  
Well, obviously I can't cash it. Anytime a ticket seller wins more than a grand, there's a big investigation. They'll start interviewing the staff; then customers, learn that I never bought a ticket in my life. They'll give me a polygraph. I would never stand a chance.

(beat)  
That's where you come in.

GARY  
Keep talking.

FREDDIE  
A few days from now, you stop at a station to fill up. Not mine. As you go to pay, you casually pull out this old quick pick you bought a few weeks ago. You get the clerk to check it. When the lights start flashing, you act like anyone else who just won the lottery. Go ape-shit. The clerk will immediately get a phone call from the lottery commission. They'll want to talk to you. Record your name, address, and where you bought the ticket.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

You tell them every once in a while when you fill up, you buy a random quick pick just for fun, and that's it. Far as you know, once you bought it, you stuck it in your pocket, and then forgot about it.

GARY

But, they'll know it was sold at your station. What if they want to check the security tape?

FREDDIE

We erase the tapes every week. You're already clear.

GARY

And what if the real winner comes looking for it?

FREDDIE

No chance. This person already thinks they've lost. Believe me, it's gold.

A long beat then...

GARY

Okay.

FREDDIE

Okay, okay?

GARY

Yeah, I'm in. Just one thing, ...why me?

Freddie smiles like a thief in the night.

FREDDIE

Because I knew you would say yes.  
(beat)  
And I know that I can trust you.

GARY

You can. I promise.

Freddie takes out the ticket out of his pocket. Slides it half-way across the table.

Gary puts down two fingers.

Freddie holds it in place.

FREDDIE

The most important thing from now, is that no one knows anything about you and me.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Not your wife, your priest, your dog, nobody. As far as the world is concerned, me and you haven't seen each other since high school, and after we walk out of here, we don't talk again. Next month I quit my job at the station, and one year from now, me and you are going to reunite like long lost friends, and then... you'll do what's right.

GARY

What this money could mean, for me and my family. I swear that I won't screw you over.

Freddie releases his hold on the ticket.

Gary slides it into his pocket.

INT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

The sliding door opens. Freddie saunters inside.

Mary, already to go, looks up at the clock.

MARY

This time, you are late.

FREDDIE

Sorry, slept in.

MARY

I never know if that's an apology or an excuse. By the way did you hear the news?

FREDDIE

What?

MARY

The big lotto winner finally came forward. Young kid, bout your age. Lucky bugger. I wish I had a bit of money when I was your age, the things I would have done and seen. This one says he's going to Hawaii to see some volcano or something. To each his own I guess.

(looks at clock)

Sorry to chat and dash, but I better get moving.

Mary exits the station.

Freddie can no longer conceal his smile.

INT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

SUPER: "Two Weeks Later"

Freddie sits behind the counter. Flips through the pages of an antique car magazine. Stops on a 1965 black Pontiac GTO.

FREDDIE

One day.

The sliding door opens. In walks a distraught Rose Dribble.

ROSE

Hello Freddie.

She plops her bag on the counter. Freddie moves to the lottery machine.

ROSE (CONT'D)

No, no tickets for me today. I think I'll take this week off. Money can't buy everything.

FREDDIE

What do you mean?

ROSE

You haven't heard?

FREDDIE

Heard what?

ROSE

About our local winner?

FREDDIE

Yeah?

ROSE

He died.

FREDDIE

What?

ROSE

Uh huh, He had just finished climbing some volcano or something, and he was trying to take the perfect selfie. I guess he just took one step back too far, and --  
(gesticulates falling)  
Shhhhuuu Wump! Right to the bottom. They say his poor, or should I say, rich wife, is still in a state of complete shock...

(off look)

...You all right Freddie?

Freddie is white as a ghost.

FREDDIE  
Yeah, I'm uh... fine.

ROSE  
You have been like this for weeks  
now. You really should take better  
care of yourself.

FREDDIE  
(distant)  
Yeah,... I'll try.

ROSE  
Remember, dark skies can't last  
forever. You'll be back in the pink  
in no time... Toodle-loo.

Rose exits.

Freddie is rigid as a statue.

He stares down at the car magazine spread out on the counter.  
Folds it closed, and tosses it into the garbage.

FADE OUT.