

S SHAD



UL WS II

SOULSHADOWS II:
RICHES

By
Stephen Brown

Tanis By
Robert Newcomer

©2009



FADE IN:

INT. THE ALCOVE

Tanis sits at her table, flipping a silver coin.

It lands on the table before her. She frowns.

TANIS

Hmph.

She picks it up. Flips it again.

She does this several times before noticing us -- but as usual, she is unsurprised -- unimpressed -- to find us watching her.

TANIS

You know, Tanis always be right. Heads...tails...Tanis always be knownin'. Ain't no fun that way.

Tanis smiles her sly smile -- as an idea forms -- and she picks up the coin once more.

TANIS

Maybe we should be lettin' the dark fates decide if Tanis be tellin' any tales tonight?

She flips the coin high into the air.

TANIS

Heads, Tanis be winnin'...tails, you be losin'.

And the coin lands on the table -- edge on!

Tanis sighs, exasperated at the impossible, upright coin.

TANIS

So even the spirits be wantin' a tale tonight...so be it.

Tanis reaches toward the coin.

ON THE UPRIGHT COIN

Tanis lightly flicks the coin with a slim finger.

It rolls across the table.

TANIS (O.S.)

But sometimes, even when you be
thinkin' you winnin'...well, maybe
it ain't really so.

And the coin continues to roll and roll -- surely it would have reached the table's edge by now -- but no -- it just keeps rolling -- as if the table were infinite.

But as it rolls -- as Tanis speaks -- the coin slowly begins to change.

TANIS (V.O.)

This coin...it be far from lucky.
This coin be carryin' somethin'
dark...a tale called..."Riches."

And the rolling coin finally morphs into...

A SPINNING TIRE

Tooling along the blacktop.

SUPER: RICHES

And pulling back reveals...

EXT. QUIET ROAD - DAY

A beat-up CAR coasts along.

INT. CAR

CHARLIE BLOOM (30s) taps his fingers on the steering wheel to the beat of the music from the RADIO. His rhythm is just like his appearance; below average.

DANIEL BLOOM (10) sits on the passenger's seat, looking glum out of the window.

Charlie notices, smiles and turns the RADIO DOWN.

CHARLIE
Okay, what's up?

Daniel shrugs, not taking his gaze from the window.

Charlie turns the RADIO OFF.

CHARLIE (CONTD)
Come on, little man, what's up?

Finally, Daniel turns to Charlie.

DANIEL
Why can't you stay with me and Mam
anymore?

Charlie exhales, smiles with sympathy to Daniel.

CHARLIE
I wish I could, Danny, but I've
upset your Mam, OK? I did something
stupid and now I need to make it up
to her so she forgives me.

Daniel's blank face.

Charlie LAUGHS, scruffs Daniel's hair.

CHARLIE (CONTD)
I'm working on it, OK, fella?

Daniel smiles.

DANIEL
OK, Dad.

EXT. QUIET ROAD - DAY

The car turns into a street.

EXT. BLOOM FAMILY HOME - DAY

Charlie's car parked at the curb.

Charlie and Daniel get out and walk up the path towards the terraced house.

This particular house is in better condition than the neighbors'. A well kept garden.

Charlie rings the doorbell.

The door opens to reveal EMILY BLOOM (30s), a cute, young woman but good-looks hidden under years of hard graft. She smiles down at Daniel.

EMILY
Hey kidda, you had fun?

Daniel hugs her and nods. Walks inside.

DANIEL
See ya, Dad.

CHARLIE
Yeah, see ya next weekend, son.

Charlie shifts on his feet.

CHARLIE (CONTD)
How are you?

Emily looks over her shoulder after Daniel.

EMILY
Fine, fine.

She glares back at Charlie, pulling a pack of cigarettes from her pocket. Lights one up.

EMILY (CONTD)
Anything else?

CHARLIE
Aw, come on Em, don't be like that.

Emily taps her painted fingernails on the door frame with impatience.

CHARLIE (CONTD)
I'm really trying here. I haven't had a bet since that last one, I swear.

EMILY
What do you want? A medal!?

Charlie turns on his heels, rolling his eyes. Turns back.

CHARLIE
What can I do?

EMILY
Pay back every penny you took from us.

Charlie lowers his gaze. Bites his bottom lip as he glances back up at Emily.

CHARLIE

You know I will.

Emily stares at Charlie, taking a long drag from her cigarette. Throws it down and stumps it out.

EMILY

Good.

She slams the door shut.

Charlie stares at the painted wood of the door.

INT. PUB, BEHIND THE BAR - NIGHT

Charlie rests his arms on the bar top. His eyes on the football game on the television hanging on the wall.

SAM JOHNSON (40s, barrel-chested) sits on the other end of the bar, watching the same game.

CHARLIE

Pile of shit isn't it?

Sam takes a long sup of his pint. Puts it down, shaking his head at Charlie.

SAM

They're not even losing yet!

CHARLIE

'Yet'! 'Yet' being the word!

DRUNK (O.S.)

(slurred)

Hey, can I get some drinks here for me and my buddies!?

Charlie glances across at the DRUNK, a little, bald man in his late sixties. He's surrounded by a group of LADS (20s).

CHARLIE

Sure. What can I get ya?

The drunk spins around, counting his 'friends'. He nearly falls over, cuing raucous laughter from them all.

DRUNK

Seven pints of lager, please.

Charlie shares a look with Sam as he nods and pulls the pints.

The 'friends' cheer and slap the Drunk's back before walking back to their table. The Drunk wobbles on his feet.

DRUNK (CONTD)

I've won another bet, ya see! I'm celebrating!

Charlie hands over the first couple of drinks.

CHARLIE

Well as long as you keep some of your winnings for yourself.

The drunk waves the comment away.

DRUNK

I'd only waste it!

He CHUCKLES as he hunts in his pockets for his wallet. Holds it up with a big grin. The wallet is fat with cash.

INT. BLOOM FAMILY HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The television shows a COMPUTER GAME.

Emily lies on the sofa, reading a magazine.

Daniel kneels in front of the television, engrossed by the character he controls.

The room is clean and well decorated but everything seems old or used. The television, carpet, sofa... all seem to wear years of use.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Sam drains the remains of his pint. Yawns.

Charlie, still behind the bar, looks over his shoulder at the clock on the wall - 22:50.

CHARLIE

There's time for another.

Sam stands and puts his coat on, shaking his head.

SAM

Nah, I'm up early tomorrow.

Charlie nods and clears away his empty glass.

CHARLIE

Okay, see ya later.

SAM

Yeah, see ya.

Sam walks off.

Charlie walks out from behind the bar, clearing empty glasses as he goes. There doesn't seem to be anyone else in.

Quiet SOBS come from somewhere O.S.

Charlie stops, frowns and looks around. Walks on...

The Drunk sits in one of the corner booths, hidden from prying eyes. His head in his hands, he sobs.

As soon as The Drunk sees Charlie he straightens himself up and wipes his eyes dry. Smiles an apology.

CHARLIE

Closing up, mate. You OK?

DRUNK

I'm sorry, you must think I'm such a clown.

The Drunk sniffs hard and wipes his nose with his sleeve.

DRUNK (CONTD)

It only works for so long, doesn't it?

CHARLIE

What's that?

The Drunk holds up his half-empty glass and wiggles it. Charlie takes a seat.

CHARLIE (CONTD)

So what happened to the celebrating? Did you really win that bet?

The Drunk snorts with LAUGHTER. Hunts in his pockets for something... holds up a plain silver coin between thumb and forefinger.

DRUNK

You see this? Do you know what this
is, young man?

Charlie raises his eyebrows. Fights half a smile.

CHARLIE

A coin?

The Drunk flashes a wry smile.

DRUNK

What if I told you that this is my
lucky coin? What if I told you that
ever since this coin came into my
possession I've never lost a bet...
ever! What if I told you that?

Charlie rolls his eyes, stands.

CHARLIE

Then I'd say you'd best keep a hold
of it.

Charlie walks off, collecting the rest of the empty glasses.

DRUNK

It's yours if you want, sonny.
Could change your life?

Charlie doesn't look back. Carries on with the cleaning.

CHARLIE

Better get going mate, I really do
have to close up.

The Drunk stands, glass in hand, and walks towards the
toilet.

Charlie glances over and shrugs.

CHARLIE (CONTD)

(to himself; with sarcasm)
Yeah, just use the toilet. Help
yourself.

He carries the glasses back behind the bar.

The coin rests in the center of The Drunk's table.

INT. PUB, TOILETS - NIGHT

The Drunk walks in, still carrying the glass, and opens one of the -

CUBICLE

- doors.

Stagger in and takes a seat.

He hunts in his pockets... pulls out a crumpled, old photograph.

He gazes at the photograph with great sadness. Tears well in his eyes.

The photograph shows The Drunk as a younger, happier man with his arm around a YOUNG WOMAN. The Woman holds a BABY.

The Drunk closes his eyes and raises his head.

His hand grips the glass tighter, knuckles white.

He smashes it off the bottom of the toilet bowl.

The impact makes his body jump.

The Drunk raises a shard of glass to his eye-line. The razor sharp edge sparkles.

TOILETS - LATER

Blood trickles along the floor.

CHARLIE (O.S.)

Come on mate, I'm wanting to get ho

--

Charlie walks through the door -- stops dead when he sees the blood.

He creeps forward, eyes dart around the area.

The blood streams from the cubicle The Drunk entered earlier.

Charlie pushes the door open.

The Drunk sits, slumped back, on the toilet seat. Both of his wrists slashed open. Dried blood covers his arms.

INT. BAR - LATER

Charlie sits at the corner booth where The Drunk sat earlier.

A POLICEMAN sits opposite him.

POLICEMAN

So, you have no idea who this guy is? He didn't say his name?

Charlie doesn't take his eyes from the table... the Coin on the table in particular.

CHARLIE

Never seen him before, no.

Two MEN emerge from the toilets, a gurney in their arms. The body, covered by a blanket, lies on top.

The Policeman looks over, smiles back to Charlie then stands.

POLICEMAN

Well, I won't take up anymore of your time, Mr. Bloom. I'm sure this has been a great distress for you.

Charlie nods but doesn't look up.

The Policeman holds out a card for Charlie.

POLICEMAN (CONTD)

In case you need to talk to anyone about this. It's procedure to offer.

The Policeman smiles with a hint of embarrassment.

POLICEMAN (CONTD)

Well, take care.

He follows the two men out of the door.

Charlie sits for a moment... two moments... eyes still on the coin...

Charlie takes the coin in his fingers. Holds it up to eye-level..

The FLASHING LIGHTS from the FRUIT MACHINE catches his attention. He glances across at it with a sheepish smile.

He stands up and walks over to the -

FRUIT MACHINE

- eying it like an old friend that always led him astray.

Charlie shakes his head and walks behind the machine to unplug it. Just before his finger hits the switch, a pound coin on the floor catches his attention.

He reaches down and picks it up. Glances up at the fruit machine.

Charlie stands and holds the pound coin to the slot... hesitates just a touch before letting it slip inside.

Presses the button -- The reels spin.

The spark of excitement in Charlie's eyes is unmistakable. Subtle, but it's there as he watches the reels settle on ...

One Gold Bell... Two Gold Bells... Three Gold Bells.

Charlie laughs, shaking his head. The credits on the machine flash to '£25'.

He presses the button again -- The reels spin.

One Gold Bell... Two Gold Bells... Three Gold Bells.

Charlie stares at the Three Gold Bells in a row. Looks down at the coin in the palm of his hand.

Charlie presses 'collect' and shovels the fifty pound coins from the tray into his pockets.

His gaze stays on the Fruit machine for a moment or two... shakes his head.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Charlie rests back on a workbench, wearing oil stained overalls.

Sam works under the bonnet of a car in similar attire.

SAM

So, your first bet and you win
fifty pound? Not bad, not bad at
all.

Charlie rolls his eyes and glances down at the workbench - a newspaper lies open at the horse racing section. He absently picks it up and flicks through.

CHARLIE

It was just on the bandit, that's all. That's not really a bet.

Sam stands and shuts the bonnet. Turns to face Charlie.

SAM

Mate, you've been grafting your arse off to pay them back. You deserve a little slack, don't you think?

A smile creeps over Charlie's face.

Sam taps the paper in Charlie's hand with a wink.

SAM (CONTD)

Who you fancy? If you're not going to make the most of this luck then I am!

Sam LAUGHS and wipes his oily hands on his overalls.

INT. BOOKIES - DAY

Sam stands at the cashier's desk. Hands over his betting slip.

Charlie stands behind him, eyes darting around the room for anyone that might recognize him.

Sam turns and the two of them walk over to one of the television screens on the wall.

They watch a HORSE RACE about to begin.

Sam nudges Charlie, holding up the betting slip.

SAM

Twenty-to-One Charlie, you'll be gutted if this comes out and you haven't got a piece of it.

Charlie keeps his gaze fixed on the screen.

Sam smiles, watching his friend try to fight the bug.

SAM (CONTD)

Come on, just a pound. What's the harm? It's your tip anyway!

Finally, Charlie turns to Sam. A defeated look upon his face.

Charlie pulls out his wallet as he walks to the cashier.

Sam watches with a satisfied grin.

EXT. BOOKIES, STREET - DAY

Charlie and Sam walk out. Sam counts the cash notes in his hand with glee. Charlie stuffs his into his wallet.

Sam slaps Charlie on the back as they approach a road.

SAM

Two Hundred big ones fella!

Sam steps onto the road. Charlie spots the car and reaches out to Sam --

SAM (CONTD)

Thanks for the ti --

-- but too late.

The car smashes into Sam, sending him flying into the air.

He hits the ground with a THUMP.

Charlie rushes over to his friend. Squats down by his side.

CHARLIE

Sam! Sam, you okay!?

Sam's eyes flutter closed.

EXT. BLOOM FAMILY HOME - DAY

A brand spanking NEW CAR pulls up at the curb.

Charlie gets out, dressed well. He holds a plastic bag behind his back.

Closes the door and walks towards the house. Rings the doorbell.

Emily opens the door.

CHARLIE

Hi Em.

EMILY

I'm... I'm sorry about your friend,
Charlie. How is he?

Charlie half-smiles. Appreciates the concern.

CHARLIE

Thanks, but it's not looking too good. There's always a chance with a bit of luck though.

Emily matches Charlie's smile.

INT./EXT. NEW CAR - DAY (MOVING)

Charlie and Daniel drive along a main road.

Daniel holds a black and white striped football top up. He smiles from ear to ear.

CHARLIE

Try it on. See if it fits.

Daniel turns his wide-eyed gaze to Charlie.

DANIEL

Can I wear it for the match?

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE

That's what football tops are for, plonker.

Charlie winks to his son as he puts the football top on over his T-Shirt.

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Packed with people, Charlie holds Daniel's hand tight as they battle through the turnstile.

Charlie sees a BOOKIES in the corner... checks his watch.

He pulls Daniel to him and squats down.

CHARLIE

Listen son, I'm going to get some food in for us. You get the seats OK?

He hands two tickets over to Daniel.

CHARLIE (CONTD)
Think you can do that?

Daniel looks down at the tickets as he grabs them. Nods.

CHARLIE (CONTD)
Good lad. See you in five.

Daniel walks off, into the mass of football fans. Most in the same black and white striped top.

Charlie watches Daniel disappear. As soon as he has, he darts towards the bookies.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM, SEATS - DAY

Daniel sits by himself.

Charlie excuses himself as he squeezes past people, towards Daniel. He carries two pies and two polystyrene cups.

Takes a seat and passes a pie and a cup to Daniel.

CHARLIE
Bovril and Steak Pie, son. That's what it's all about.

Charlie smiles to Daniel's perplexed face.

CHARLIE (CONTD)
Just try it.

Daniel shrugs and takes a sip from the cup... spits it out.

Charlie laughs and pulls a bottle of pop out of his pocket. Hands it over to Daniel.

CHARLIE (CONTD)
I had a feeling you wouldn't like it.

Daniel takes the bottle of pop.

DANIEL
Thanks Dad.

CHARLIE
No problem son.

Charlie takes the betting slip from his back pocket and checks it.

EXT. CAR PARK - DAY

Daniel runs along, kicking a can like a football.

Charlie walks behind him, counting a wad of cash notes in his hand.

Daniel 'shoots' the can. Throws his hands up in celebration.

Charlie looks up, pockets the cash and smiles. Runs to catch up with him and lifts him in the air.

CHARLIE

Next Alan Shearer. Aren't ya, Dan?

Daniel laughs as Charlie puts him on his shoulders.

DANIEL

Thanks for taking me, Dad.

They reach the car and Charlie lowers Daniel to the ground.

CHARLIE

No problem, son.

Charlie opens the passenger's door.

EXT. BLOOM FAMILY HOME - DAY

Charlie and Daniel wait at the front door.

Emily opens the door and smiles down at Daniel.

EMILY

How was the game?

DANIEL

We won. 3-1, just like Dad --

Charlie ruffles up Daniel's hair. Laughs.

CHARLIE

We had fun, Emily.

Daniel looks up at Charlie, confused. Walks inside.

Charlie reaches into his pocket, pulls out some cash notes and hands them over to Emily.

Emily raises her eyebrows and counts the notes.

EMILY

Before I get into how you got this,
there's far too much here.

CHARLIE

I've been working hard, Emily. I
just want you to forgive me.

Emily puts the cash into her pocket. Looks at Charlie with
begrudging love.

EMILY

Do you want to come in?

Charlie smiles.

INT. BLOOM FAMILY HOME, LIVING ROOM

Charlie and Emily sit on the sofa. Daniel plays on his
computer game on the floor.

EMILY

Do you want a drink? Tea?

Charlie stands up.

CHARLIE

I can make it. I think I can
remember where everything is.

Emily smiles up at him as he walks through to the kitchen.

Emily waits until he's gone then looks down to Daniel.

EMILY

Dan, did you see where your Dad got
that money?

Daniel doesn't take his eyes from the screen.

DANIEL

He told me not to say.

Emily's eyes dart back to the kitchen door. Anger in them.

EMILY

Come on, Dan, no secrets. Remember?

Daniel presses pause on his game. Turns to face Emily.

DANIEL
He got it from the man at the
football.

EMILY
Which man?

Daniel lowers his gaze, uncomfortable.

DANIEL
Dad gave the man a sheet of paper
and the man gave him back money. He
said it was a prize for winning the
football.

Charlie walks back through with two steaming cups.

CHARLIE
It is still two sugars isn't it?

Emily stands up.

EMILY
How could you!?

Charlie steps back, shocked.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry, it's been awhile you
know.

Emily digs her hands into her pocket, pulls out the cash and
throws it at Charlie.

EMILY
Lying about all this is bad enough
but getting your son to lie to his
own mother for you? That's
disgusting!

Daniel's teary eyes dart between the pair of them.

CHARLIE
I can explain, Em, come on. This is
the streak to end all streaks. I
can't lose!

Emily storms over to the door, flings it open and glares
over at Charlie.

EMILY
Get out!

Charlie lowers his head, rubs his eyes with his finger tips.

CHARLIE

Fine, to hell with you then.

He walks out through the door just in time before Emily slams it shut.

EMILY

And if you think you're seeing Dan again, think again!

Daniel stares at Emily, tears running down his cheeks.

INT. CASINO, ROULETTE TABLE - NIGHT

The room is pretty quiet. Only the hardcore gamblers frequent the place at this hour.

Charlie sits with a drink in his hand at the table. A pile of chips in front of him.

He slides them all over to '0'.

The DEALER raises his eyebrows.

DEALER

No more bets.

He spins the wheel.

The little ball dances as it spins.

As the wheel slows, the ball jumps between '3' and '26'.

Just before it stops, the ball makes a heroic jump to 26's neighbor '0'. Where it stays.

The Dealer smiles, more to himself than anyone, as he inspects the wheel. Turns to Charlie.

DEALER

Green. Zero.

The Dealer replaces Charlie's stack of chips with a much larger one.

Charlie finishes his drink, a lewd expression on his face, as he pushes the chips back onto '0'.

BEGIN MONTAGE: CHARLIE WINS AND FIRE

A - The roulette wheel spins. The ball dances in mid-air.

B - Emily asleep in her bed.

C - Daniel asleep in his bed.

D - The dealer hands over another large stack of chips to the scowling Charlie. Charlie knocks back another whiskey.

E - The living room in silence. A cigarette end, still lit, sits in the ashtray on the floor by the sofa. A gust of wind lifts the ember onto the material of the sofa and it catches a light.

F - The flames roar through the living room. The smoke meanders up the stairs.

G - Charlie cashes in his chips. An unimaginable amount of money is passed his way.

END MONTAGE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charlie stumbles along, clearly drunk.

His mobile phone RINGS. Pulls it out.

CHARLIE
(into phone)
Hello?

Charlie screws his face in confusion.

CHARLIE
(into phone)
Yeah, what's the matter?... What!?
How?... I'll be right there!

He snaps his phone shut and stumbles onto the road in front of a taxi, forcing it to stop.

CHARLIE
Please... please, this is an
emergency!

He climbs into the taxi.

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie paces up and down.

The DOCTOR walks out of a door, towards Charlie.

DOCTOR
Mr. Bloom? Would you like to sit
down?

CHARLIE
No, I'm fine standing. How are
they?

The Doctor lets out an uncomfortable sigh.

DOCTOR
It's not looking good, Mr. Bloom.
Your wife and son have both inhaled
a lot of smoke. There is partial
fourth-degree burns and major third
degree burning.

Charlie lowers his head.

CHARLIE
What are their chances?

DOCTOR
Mr. Bloom, it's a wonder they're
alive at all.

This comment seems to stick in Charlie's gut. He lowers his head and closes his eyes. Silence, for what seems an eternity until...

CHARLIE
Can I see them?

DOCTOR
Of course, follow me.

The Doctor turns and walks off. Charlie follows him.

INT. HOSPITAL, INTENSIVE CARE WARD

Emily and Daniel lie on separate beds. Almost lifeless bodies covered by sheets.

Machines BLEEP away.

Charlie walks through the double doors. Face covered by a surgical mask.

He takes a seat between the two of them.

Charlie lowers his head as the tears begin. He sobs.

A NURSE walks through the doors. Her eyes widen at the sight of Charlie.

NURSE

Excuse me, I'm so sorry.

Charlie reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handkerchief, something else falls out and hits the floor - something metal. Charlie wipes his eyes.

The nurse backs out of the room.

Charlie looks down at the coin on the floor. The coin the drunk had given him. He reaches down and picks it up. Stares at it.

Anger registers on his face.

Charlie's fist closes around the coin as he stands up.

CHARLIE

I'll put this right. Emily... Dan,
I'll put this right.

He staggers out of the room, banging his shoulder against the door as he goes.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Charlie stumbles along the deserted bridge.

He walks to the edge and looks down at the river below.

Charlie opens his fist, the coin lays in the center of his palm.

Charlie closes his eyes, sliding the coin into his pocket.

He climbs onto the wall of the bridge. Jumps.

INT. HOSPITAL, INTENSIVE CARE WARD - NIGHT

Emily and Dan's burnt red faces begin to lighten.

The burns clear away.

Daniel wakes up in a coughing fit.

Emily sits up, eyes confused about her surroundings.

The sheet falls from her body, showing the perfect, unmarked skin below.

INT. BLOOM FAMILY HOME, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Many PEOPLE, all dressed in black, walk out.

Emily and Daniel, also dressed in black, lead them to the front door.

An OLD COUPLE are the last to leave. The OLD LADY glances down at Daniel then up at Emily.

OLD LADY

Such a shame for the boy, too.

Emily holds Daniel to her side, smiles.

EMILY

I know. He misses his dad so much
he won't let that old coin out of
his sight for anyone.

Daniel breaks away from his mother's arm. Runs up the stairs.

Emily and the old couple look after him. Smiles of sympathy.

Emily leans into the Old Lady.

EMILY

It's all Charlie had on him when
the police found him.

Daniel reaches the top of the stairs. Runs into his -

BEDROOM

- and jumps on the bed.

He takes the coin out of his pocket and stares at it.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE COIN

Still rolling across the table -- and finally reaching the edge -- it falls into Tanis' outstretched palm.

TANIS (O.S.)
Every coin...like every choice...
they be havin' two sides.

WIDER

Tanis examines the coin -- one side, then the other.

TANIS
(looking at coin)
Some be thinkin' that they ain't no
chance...that they ain't no luck.
That they be a plan for everythin'.
(eyes to us now)
But Tanis know luck ain't part of
no plan...no...chance be comin' to
you from another place.

Tanis closes her fist around the coin.

TANIS
Luck can leave...

She opens her fist -- the coin is gone. She raises her other fist.

TANIS
...or she be comin' back.

She opens her hand, revealing the coin inside.

TANIS
Just like that. Good or bad...rich
or poor...luck, she don't care no
way.

Tanis now lets the coin roll smoothly back and forth across her knuckles -- an expert prestidigitator.

TANIS
Course, they be sayin' ain't no one
truly rich but them that's truly
happy...got no problems...got no
worries. And if that be so...

Tanis flips her coin one last time.

ON THE COIN

It hangs in the air -- glistening as it flutters end over end...

TANIS (O.S.)

...then, ain't nobody rich.

...before it falls out of sight -- and we hold on empty air, as the coin clatters unseen to the hard stone floor, and its ringing echoes fade.

FADE OUT.