

THE NEWS

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THE NEWS

FADE IN:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

There are some cars parked in front of it. A song is playing inside.

INT. BAR - CONT.

It's smoky and noisy place. A few tables are occupied by locals.

SEAN NOLAN, an uncouth guy in his early 40s sits at counter surrounded by a few drinkers and skirts.

He is quite drunk.

The bartender has just served him another shot.

BARTENDER

Come on, that's enough Sean.
This is your last one, okay?

SEAN

No way. I'll drink my last one
just before I die. It's my last
one for today...What's the
matter with you?

BARTENDER

Look Sean, go home, now. Your
wife is waiting...

SEAN

(taking a swig)
Okay, Okay. I'm leaving now...
(leaning towards the bartender
across the counter)
Look, when I become rich I'll
buy this shit bar!
(getting up)
I'm going now.

BARTENDER

Take care!

Sean walks towards the main door.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Sean leaves the bar, unsteady.

He lights a cigarette and walks along the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Somewhere, dogs is barking.

Sean walks along, unconcerned when...

SEAN

Oh shit, look at that! What do
we have here...

Sean totters to a bench where a man is lying down, sleeping.

Beside him there is a BOTTLE of whisky.

Sean cautiously approaches him.

SEAN

(taking the bottle)
Sorry buddy you won't need
this...

The man doesn't move. He has a newspaper inside his jacket
pocket.

SEAN (CONT.)

(picking up the newspaper)
...Neither this newspaper.

He takes a swig from the whiskey.

Unsteady, Sean walks along the street.

INT. BUS - LATER

A few people are traveling with Sean that reads the newspaper
that he took from the man.

POV of Sean shows the Lottery result - draw numbers: -02-04-
34-56-57-60

BACK TO SEAN

SEAN

Oh shit! I forgot to play the
lottery today...But how?... I
play it every Saturday!...
(taking a swig of the whiskey)
Today isn't Saturday! Today is
Friday. Let me see this shit
newspaper...

Sean looks at the newspaper, accurately.

Pov of Sean shows that It's is dated... Sunday, the 27th...

BACK TO SEAN

SEAN

But today is ...Friday the 25th.
How come?

Sean leaves the newspaper on the seat and moves toward a passenger sitting nearby.

SEAN

Excuse me, what day is it today?

PASSENGER

Friday, the 25th...

SEAN

Are you sure?

PASSENGER

Yes, I'm sure, because tomorrow
is my daughter's birthday.

SEAN

Okay, thanks.

Sean returns to his seat. He takes the newspaper and reads the date again...

POV of Sean shows that is Sunday the 27th of may 1999

SEAN

(startled)
HOLY SHIT!

The passengers look at him.

Sean remains quiet.

EXT. BUS STOP / ON THE STREET - NIGHT

Sean gets off the bus.

He is walking along...Suddenly, he skips three times,
happily, and continues walking along the street.

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Sean arrives in front a working class house.

He enters.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Sean is sleeping.

The door opens and SILVIA NOLAN, a thin woman enters.

She sits at the edge the bed and starts to shake Sean hardly.

Sean wakes up, rubbing his eyes.

SEAN

What do want, Silvia?

SILVIA

Come on you lazy, wake up! Get your ass off this bed now!

Sean sits up in the bed.

SEAN

What time is it?

SILVIA

Ten o'clock.

SEAN

Oh shit! I have to play the lottery...

SILVIA

I've had enough of this shit! All week you spend our money on the bloody lottery, you piece of shit!

SEAN

(facing her)
Hey, hey! Stop calling me that! Listen to me, I'M GONNA WIN THE LOTTERY JACKPOT!

SILVIA

Shut up! You got that job?

SEAN

No. It doesn't matter now. Listen, I've got something that will make us rich...
(looking under the pillow and pulling out the newspaper)
He it is...

SILVIA

What's this shit?

SEAN

(enthusiastically)
This is our treasure, Si! Look.
(opening the newspaper and showing the date)
Look at this...what day is it today?

SILVIA

(boring)
Saturday the 26th. So?

SEAN

Read here...

SILVIA

Sunday the 27th. So?

SEAN

So, this newspaper is from tomorrow!

SILVIA

So.

SEAN

So, I have the result of the lottery right here in my hands.

Silvia gets up and walks out the bedroom.

SEAN

Hey, Silvia! Wait.

Sean jumps up from the bed in his underpants and runs after her.

INT. KITCHEN - CONT.

Silvia and Sean head into the kitchen.

SEAN

(pleading)

Believe me just this once, Si...

SILVIA

(facing him)

Are you saying that the lottery result is in this shit newspaper, before it has even been drawn?

SEAN

(happily)

That's it! That's the point. I found this newspaper with a drunk guy after I left the bar, last night. I took it from his pocket...

Silvia throws him a disapproving look.

SEAN (CONT.)

I mean... I borrowed it from him...

SILVIA

(taking the newspaper from Sean
hands)
Let me see it...

Silvia reads the lottery result and the newspaper date...

SEAN

What do you think?

SILVIA

Don't know...Here says its
tomorrow's edition...
(beat)
(giving him back the newspaper)
Okay, go. You would probably
play it anyway.

SEAN

(kissing her)
Thanks.

Sean leaves the kitchen.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Sean is already dressed.

Silvia stands at the open doorway.

SEAN

Whish me good luck...

SEAN'S WIFE

I don't know where my head was
when I married you, Sean?

Sean kisses her and heads off. Silvia shouts the door.

She is returning to the kitchen when she notices the
NEWSPAPER on the sofa.

Silvia takes it and runs toward the door. She opens it.

POV of Silvia shows that Sean is far-away.

SILVIA

(shouting)
Sean...You forgot the newspaper!

Sean waves to her showing that part of the newspaper is with
him.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Silvia just made coffee. She picks up the mug and walks
towards the lounge.

INT. SEAN'S - LOUNGE

Silvia switches on the TV and sits on the sofa.
She notices the newspaper beside her.
She picks it up and starts reading it...

SILVIA

Oh my god!...It's impossible!
Sean... Oh my! Oh shit! He
mustn't have read this part of
the newspaper...

POV of Silvia shows a picture with Sean lying on the street
with his eyes open and a fillet of blood draining from his
mouth the headline. Down the picture the headline: ACCIDENT
KILLS A MAN IN FRONT OF LOTTERY SHOP - A unemployed man named
Sean Nolan, 40, was found dead last Saturday in front of a
lottery shop just as he was going to play the lottery.

SILVIA (OS)

What the hell were those winning
numbers?

A gale of laughter comes from the TV, where comedy show is
on.

FADE OUT