

LOTTERY WINNERS

Written by

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INT. HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

JASON, 30, unshaven and shoulder length greasy hair holds tightly onto a bottle of vodka, staggering around the cluttered and very messy room, bumping into the furniture.

With earphones in he's listening to loud techno music, blasting at what must be the full volume.

He's blind drunk.

FLASHBACK: ONE YEAR AGO.

EXT. CORNER STORE - NIGHT

Late in the evening, Jason, clean shaven and neat haircut stands with Ryan outside the entrance to a small family run store.

RYAN, 19, handsome and skinny holds out some money to Jason.

RYAN

Just the one ticket for me this week, please.

Jason searches through his own pockets and removes a fist full of coins.

JASON

I'm only going to do the one myself.

RYAN

Not your normal twenty lottery tickets then?

JASON

(frowns)

We can't all land on our feet and land an easy well paid job like you. Not everyone is that lucky.

RYAN

I worked hard to get that job. Do you have any idea how many interviews I had to do?

JASON

You don't know what hard is.

Ryan turns his head away, still holding out his cash.

RYAN
Lets not fight.

Jason starts to count out his change but then drops it all on the ground.

He drops down, quickly scrabbling to gather it all back up. Doesn't want to lose any of it.

JASON
Damn it.

RYAN
I'll get the lottery tickets this time, yeah? My treat for a change?

Jason continues to gather up his spilled coins, glances up at Ryan.

JASON
Yeah, just hurry up.

Ryan goes inside the store. Jason still on his hands and knees desperately searching for any coins that might still be missing. Can't let a single one go. Not even the penny's.

EXT. CORNER STORE - NIGHT

Ryan steps back out of the store, Jason leaning against a wall, waiting.

Two lottery tickets. Ryan keeps hold of one and gives the other to Jason.

Jason looks down at his, inspects the random numbers.

Ryan slips his own ticket into his back pocket, not giving it a second thought.

INT. APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

A one bedroom student apartment. Tight for space and messy. Looks like there was a wild party here the night before, and they're still yet to clean it up.

Sitting on a torn up sofa together, Jason and Ryan watch as the news reveals the winning lottery numbers.

Ryan grabs the remote and pauses the screen. He checks his lottery ticket and he's got a match for all the numbers.

Jason checks his own ticket, but he doesn't have a single number that matches.

Ryan leaps up into the air and celebrates wildly. He can't believe it. He's a millionaire.

Jason scrunches up his own ticket, crushed.

PRESENT DAY

INT. HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Back to present day, Jason continues to stagger and stumble around the room. Drinking back more of the vodka, straight out of the bottle. Only a little bit left.

He comes across a framed picture of Ryan celebrating his massive twenty six million pound lottery win.

Jason grabs a hold of the framed picture and slams it down onto the ground, stamping on it. Smashing the glass.

JASON
(screaming)
It should have been me!

INT. HOUSE - RYAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ryan, now in a wheelchair pushes himself closer to his bedroom door.

He listens with a look of fear as Jason's screaming and sobbing rises up from the front room below.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Jason makes his way slowly up the staircase, he finishes off the vodka, drops the empty bottle onto the steps and it bounces down to the floor.

INT. HOUSE - RYAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jason rips open the bedroom door and stumbles inside. Ryan wheels his chair back, trying to keep a distance between them.

RYAN
You've been drinking again?

JASON

Oh, how observant MR big fat millionaire.

RYAN

Please leave.

JASON

I should have won. You don't even spend your money. How much have you got left? What the hell are you saving it for? You can't even walk anymore. I should have won. And I would have lived the life of a millionaire properly.

RYAN

I've seen what you do with money.

JASON

What is that supposed to mean?

RYAN

I gave you one million. That should have been enough. You could have lived a good life. But you gambled it all away.

JASON

Well at least I'm not a cripple.

RYAN

Is that all you've come to say?

JASON

You brought a fancy sports car. How proud you were.

(laughing)

And then you crashed it on your first run out. What a joke.

RYAN

Get out of my room. Now. Leave me alone.

JASON

And now you'll be in that wheelchair for the rest of your life.

(laughing)

And you've only got me to help you.

RYAN

You need me more than I need you. I can hire carers. And if you carry on treating me like this, I will. And then you'll be without a job. Homeless. That's the joke. I'm in a chair but you're more helpless now than I'll ever be.

Jason fumes.

JASON

Oh yeah? Well I cut the breaks on that stupid sports car. That you didn't deserve. That should have been mine. You hear me. I cut the breaks. I'm the reason why you crashed. I only wished it had killed you.

Ryan spits out, aiming for Jason's face.

RYAN

You've lost your mind.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Jason pushes Ryan's wheelchair to the edge of the staircase.

Ryan tries to fight against him but Jason has hold of the chair, too strong.

RYAN

Stop this, please!

JASON

Lets see if you can survive another crash!

RYAN

Nooo!

FADE TO BLACK

We hear the wheelchair crashing down the steps, a blood curdling scream by Ryan followed by complete silence.

THE END.