

CHANCES

A THREE-PART ANTHOLOGY

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PART ONE: A GLASS OF RED

INT - CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

A lottery booth, worse for wear, crammed into the corner of the store. A ballpoint pen chained to it, a stack of pink papers littered with numbers on the surface.

A hand, nails painted, slide one of the sheets nearer to the pen. Another hand pulls at the pen, the chain proving an awkward hindrance.

With deliberation, numbers are circled - methodically and randomly.

Feet shuffle in the background, the door dings each time it is opened. The lottery customer gently lets out an "Um".

The sixth number is circled, the pen is left to dangle.

EXT - CONVENIENCE STORE - CONT'D

LOU leaves the store; her hair is put up, her clothing is casual. She holds a lottery ticket stub.

She gets into her car, pulling down her sun visor and clips the ticket to it. She pulls her rearview mirror in her direction.

The numbers on the ticket read:

6 19 22 28 44 **12**

INT - PUB - EVENING

Lou sits at a two-seated table, the chair in front of her vacant.

Her hair flows down, blow-dried and styled. She wears an ironed shirt, touches of eye and lip makeup.

A mounted television behind her is switched off.

She has a glass of red wine, barely touched.

Her phone rings on the table, she looks at the name and smiles with one side of her mouth.

She answers.

LOU
(into phone)

Hey!

She listens to KIM explain that she is running very late. Her face shows disappointment at first, tapping the table on impulse.

LOU

Oh, okay! No it's fine, really.
I'll wait. Do you want me to order
you a drink for when you get here?

Her face has lightened up. A grin stretches across her face when Kim answers.

LOU

What would you like?

BEAT.

LOU

I am drinking a glass of red.
Wine.

BEAT.

LOU

Cool! I'm at the table furthest
from the entrance so just come
straight through. See ya soon.
(she smiles)
-ish.

She brings the phone down from her ear, sitting for a moment. She's somewhere between giddy and smitten.

She takes a sip from her wine before getting up and walking towards the bar.

At the bar, JOEL drinks alone. He runs his forefinger along the rim of his glass - a sliver of whiskey swims amongst a block of ice.

The bartender approaches him.

BARTENDER

Another?

The man looks up, his eyes solemnly speak for him. The bartender grabs a bottle from a shelf.

JOEL
(looking down)
I bought myself a really nice car
today.

BARTENDER
Is this a celebration?

The bartender takes the man's glass and replaces it - no
ice in this one. He pours.

The man rubs his palm against his forehead.

JOEL
No... no.

BARTENDER
What sorta car?

JOEL
Uhhhh, some classic one from the
sixties. All done up. Slick.

BARTENDER
Sounds like a ride worth
celebrating.

JOEL
(with an accompanying nod)
Maybe.

A woman passes Joel - the camera follows her. She stops at
Lou's table.

KIM
I am real sorry. Hi! I'm Kim.

Lou gets up, the pair hug.

LOU
I'm Lou! How're you doing?

They take their seats.

KIM
Oh... I'm a little flustered. I
can't believe I'm late.

LOU
Don't worry bout it!

Lou invitingly smiles. A warmth radiates from her. Kim spots her glass of red.

KIM

Oh my god. Thank you.

She swirls her glass briefly before picking it up. She takes a small sip.

LOU

You like?

KIM

Mm. Yes. God that helps.

They both let out a gentle chuckle. Lou takes a sip from her own glass.

Lou's eyes are locked onto Kim's, gazing out from above the glass.

In the background, the man and the bartender shuffle towards the television.

The bartender points a remote at the screen, pressing the button a few times to no avail.

The man steps onto his tip-toes and switches the screen on at the side. They nod to one another.

The screen flickers onto that night's local lottery. The man drags his wallet from his back pocket and pulls out a stub.

He looks at the numbers already rolled:

28, 6, 19, 44

A bingo cage is quickly turned, a ball flies out - the number 22 pointing at the camera. A presenter talks inaudibly through the muted television.

The man scrunches up his ticket and strolls back towards the bar.

He takes his seat. The bartender returns to him. The man takes a swig.

BARTENDER

No luck?

MAN

Nada.

BARTENDER

You needed the money?

MAN

Nah. Just wanted a pick-me-up.

The bartender nods a knowing nod. He leaves the man to his drink.

On the television, a final ball flies through the chute. It lands with number 12 facing outwards.

EXT - PUB - EVENING

The brick exterior sits glumly beneath the near-night sky - a dark blue somewhere between day and night.

Lou and Kim exit the pub, deep into conversation. They walk to and get into Lou's car.

Lou drives - continuing to chat and smile. Her sun visor is shut.

CUT TO BLACK.

