

LUCK OF THE DRAW

FADE IN:

INT. A BOOTH IN A PUB.

FIONA is flexing a scratch card in her hand. She's wearing something that looks a little 'creative'. MARTIN sits down with two pints. He's wearing cheap, slightly crumpled office-wear - H&M or Zara.

Fiona drinks immediately. She drinks more quickly than Martin, throughout. Martin is waiting for something. Eventually -

MARTIN:

No problem.

FIONA:

(offhand)

Oh, thanks. I don't have a coin.

Martin searches for one.

MARTIN:

Uh, there. Seven quid, by the way.

FIONA:

You want me to transfer?

MARTIN:

No, I'm just saying - seven quid. For a pint.

FIONA:

Crazy.

Fiona's staring at the scratch card.

MARTIN:

Um. It's really nice to see you -

FIONA:

Have you ever done these things?

MARTIN:

No? I don't think - no.

FIONA:

My dad used to. I'm not saying that this is a trauma thing. It's just a comment that like, he did them.

Fiona is holding the coin and the scratch card, but making no motion to do anything.

MARTIN:

Are you gonna - ?

FIONA:

Yes. No. Maybe. I think when I was young I always secretly thought I would marry rich. Like, not consciously. But just, there was an assumption, somewhere, that I would wake up one day and it would just be sorted. Did you?

MARTIN:

Think I was gonna marry rich? No. But I'm - (*a man*)

FIONA:

I suppose your fantasy is just being rich. Kinda simpler.

MARTIN:

A pain to make the money, though. If you're not going to, can I?

FIONA:

I'm going to. I'm psyching myself up. In case I don't become suddenly rich. I want to be mentally prepared.

Martin waits. Fiona still doesn't move. He decides to make an effort in the conversation.

MARTIN:

How's work?

FIONA:

(calm)

I hate it, I want to die, it drains the life force out of me. How's your work?

MARTIN:

I like it. I'm broke, but I like it.

FIONA:

Mmm.

She scratches off the first number.

FIONA:

Big number. I'm glad you like it. I'm happy about that. And anyone in the picture?

MARTIN:

(awkward laugh)

No. Not right now.

FIONA:

Lovely. Not lovely, I mean - I said that as, like, an automatic response. I don't mean -

MARTIN:

Yeah, sure.

FIONA:

So we're clear.

MARTIN:

We're clear. What about you?

FIONA:

Me? No. I don't go in for that.

MARTIN:

Don't you - sorry, that's rude.

FIONA:

No, say.

MARTIN:

Don't you get lonely?

FIONA:

(hackles up, despite herself)

I see people. I'm seeing people, right now.

MARTIN:

I thought I was this really radical, free spirit kind of guy. But now I think it's nice to be normal. I was dating this girl and we were like, going to the zoo.

FIONA:

Sure. Good for you. It's nice. Going to the zoo sounds nice.

I'm getting another drink.

FIONA stands up. MARTIN looks at his hands and winces; he feels that he has done something wrong in this interaction, but he doesn't know what.

CUT TO:

2. INT. ANOTHER BOOTH, ANOTHER PUB.

The tone has changed between them; a few drinks has relaxed them.

Fiona is still flexing the card in her hands. There are several empty glasses, crisp packets, general pub detritus, on the table around them. She has a coin poised above the scratch card. Martin's invested; holding up a drink, waiting to take a drink. He is gazing at her like he wants to take hold of her. She is not aware of this.

She scratches off the second number.

MARTIN:

So?

FIONA:

Same one.

MARTIN:

So nearly -

FIONA:

Don't jinx it. I do get lonely. But I think it's better to be lonely like this than being lonely play-acting at something I don't want.

MARTIN:

Do you still have sex?

FIONA:

Jesus.

MARTIN:

I'm just asking. If you're not dating, then are you?

FIONA:

No.

MARTIN:

Wow.

FIONA:

Wow?

MARTIN:

It's impressive self-control, that's all. Like a monk. Or a nun, I guess. A cool warrior nun.

FIONA:

(irritated)

I'm not, like, one of those guys online who think if you don't wank off you store up masculine energy in your balls. I'm just not having sex. It's more of a choice to go out and do it.

MARTIN:

I just meant - because you're fit, right. Like, it would be easy. And hey, we -

FIONA:

Don't remind me.

MARTIN:

Was it so bad it scared you off entirely? `

FIONA:

No. There were others, after you. And we slept together, what, three times?

MARTIN:

Four.

FIONA:

Four, whatever.

Fiona looks at the scratch card.

FIONA:

It's easier just to - not have the desire. Or like - to have the desire and have it float up and look at it and say, okay. Cool. You don't have to - it doesn't have to mean anything. And I don't like - you know when you want something so much you feel literally crazy? Like, you stop being actually you? You're just, like, propelled by this *thing*?

MARTIN:

Yeah. I like that.

FIONA:

I hate it. So I just - don't.

MARTIN:

(just venturing this)

Seems kind of sad.

FIONA:

Sure. Do you want to be rich?

MARTIN:

Depends how.

FIONA:

I think about it, like, all the time. Literally, just - thinking about what I'd do, if I were rich. Like I wake up and imagine how my day would be different if I were rich. Like, I don't want to work. And I just think about everyone that doesn't have to work and I think I want that, and I don't know why I can't have it, there's no reason they should have it and I don't, and I'm so fucking *angry* about it - sorry. Sorry, I just -

MARTIN:

It's okay.

FIONA:

I don't know how to stop wanting it. It feels like this thing that's just this big black void inside me, like this gaping hole that everything else is gonna get sucked into. I feel like I'm gonna rot from the inside out. Like, I feel like it's gonna eat me alive, you know? It's gonna poison me. And I'll die this husk of a person and the only thing anyone'll say at my funeral is - oh, she really wanted to be rich. Like sometimes when my dad would get scratch cards, I remember really *believing* in them. Like, getting sweaty palms and thinking - my god, this is the moment. We're about to get rich. And then every time it felt - like it felt so *unfair*, you know? When it didn't happen. There's just that one moment where it's like - oh my God, I'm about to be happy. I'm on the edge of it. That's - yeah. Sorry, what were talking about?

MARTIN:

Not having sex.

FIONA:

Oh, yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. A DARKENED BEDROOM

The two of them are lying in bed. They have had sex, but they are now post-coital; there is something oddly detached about them. The scratch card is lying on the bed-side table, face-up.

MARTIN:

Money doesn't fix everything.

FIONA:

(confrontational)

I know that.

MARTIN:

No, I mean - my brother won the lottery.

FIONA:

Did he actually?

MARTIN:

(lightly)

Yeah. Like, EuroMillions. They live in Spain and his wife looks crazy 'cause she got way too much Botox. They're like, super unhappy though. And they didn't give anything to family and it made everything weird and no-one likes them. They spend way too much on Christmas presents. It doesn't make you interesting.

FIONA:

I didn't say I thought it'd make me interesting. I don't even - I don't even really think it'd make me happy. I just want to be - hard, you know. I want, like, a shell around me. I don't want any soft bits.

MARTIN:

(Gestures at the scratch card)

Go on then. It probably won't ruin your life.

FIONA:

It wouldn't. I'd be a good rich person.

(Pause.)

Do you want to -

She holds out the coin and the card.

MARTIN:

Yeah. Okay.

He scratches it off. She watches carefully. He places it face-down on the table.

FIONA:

So?

MARTIN:

Do you want to know?

FIONA:

(thinks about it)

No. Yes. No.

I'm gonna get a drink.

MARTIN:

Sure.

Fiona out of bed and leaves. Martin looks at the card, then slips it into his bag.