

Luck Struck

By

Scott Leonardi

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Scottleonardi@yahoo.com

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

We see the flash of a video camera being turned on and pointed towards a couch. The camera rustles as it is being adjusted and the shot falls on LUKE, 27, clean cut wearing a casual suit without a tie. He sits in a nicely decorated, dimly lit apartment. He is crushing a pill into a fine powder on his coffee table.

The INTERVIEWER, the voice of whom seems around the same age as Luke, is off screen watching intently from behind the camera.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

And, we're live. Alright, so, Luke, tell me exactly what it is you're doing.

LUKE

What's it look like? I gotta chop this shit up.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

You know what I mean. What is this stuff? What does it do? Why do you do it?

LUKE

Alright, man. Ya know, I'm doin' you a favor by even letting you in here with that thing so let's take it easy with the rapid fire.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Sorry. I've never really interviewed anyone before, honestly. My professor just wants us to interview anybody, as long as it's interesting.

LUKE

That right? Well, buddy boy, you are about to see exactly how to get an A-plus in interest.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

(laughs nervously)

Alright, sounds good, man.

(beat)

So, I guess I'll start slow.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE
Sure thing.

Luke is still chopping the pill into finer and finer powder.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Okay, so, what kind of drug is
this?

LUKE
(chuckles)
This, my friend, is unadulterated,
uncut, one hundred percent-

Luke snorts the line of powder in one hard, quick sniff.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Pure luck.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Luck? Like ecstasy? I thought that
was Molly, but I guess there's a
million names these days.

Luke has his head tilted back and is massaging the side of
his nose.

LUKE
Nah, man. Not Molly.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
So, what? Meth? Heroin? Wait, is it
called Luck because you have to get
lucky to not die when you do it or
something?

LUKE
What?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I've just heard that doing heroin
is like playing Russian roulette
because you could die any time that
you do it.

LUKE
(scoffs)
No. First of all, that's not true.
At least if you're careful. Which,
in heroin's case is almost
impossible to be, so maybe you're
right, who knows. But no, man, when
I say luck I mean it's luck. Like,
actual luck.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

I, uh, don't get it. What do you mean?

LUKE

What I mean is, someone somewhere somehow found the thing that gives us humans what we like to consider "good luck" and was able to actually synthesize it.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Good luck? How do you mean? Luck is just, like, coincidence. Some things happen, other things don't. It's not a science it's just life.

LUKE

Hey, man, I get how it sounds. I'm honestly not even sure if "luck" is the right word, but there's honestly no other way to describe it. I can't tell you how it works cuz' I don't know, but I can sure as shit can show you what happens when it does.

Luke stands up and starts stretching his arms out and softly jumping up and down.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

What are you doing?

LUKE

Gettin' that blood pumpin' so we can kick this off. It's gonna get exciting soon.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Okay, I still don't understand. You're saying that whatever you just snorted gives you good luck? That doesn't even make sense.

Luke is now doing jumping jacks.

LUKE

Never said it made sense. Just that it works.

INTERVIEWER

Um, okay, so it's like a fake thing you take and believe in positive

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (cont'd)
intention or something? Is the pill
a way to try to trick your brain?

Luke laughs and sits back down. A smirk now on his face, he seems slightly more eager and energized than before and stares straight into the camera.

LUKE
You don't get it, man. This isn't
just positive thinking. This shit
is the real deal. I'm not talking
about some spiritual "everything
that happens in life is a gift,
even the bad stuff because it's a
lesson in disguise" or some
bullshit. I mean the genuine
article. The "I think I have
fucking superpowers" real deal.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
So...like Harry Potter?

LUKE
(confused)
Huh? Harry Potter? The hell you
talkin' about?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Half-blood Prince. Harry drinks a
little vile of liquid luck and does
whatever he wants all day cuz' he's
super lucky and nothing bad happens
to him.

LUKE
I...I guess? I dunno, man, I never
read the shit.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Really? Those books are great,
dude. We're about the same age, I
assumed everyone read those when we
were younger. You could still read
them now, ya know, they really hold
up. They might even be better now
that we're older. A lot of things
you don't really realize have these
deeper lessons until you read it
again and-

Luke stares at the Interviewer impatiently.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sorry.

LUKE

I get it. You done?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Yea, sorry. I tend to ramble. I just always thought that would be so cool, ya know, to be a wizard or whatever.

LUKE

Wow, you suck at this.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Sorry! Please continue. Explain how exactly this luck thing works.

LUKE

(shakes head)

Well, that's just it, I don't really know. You don't really feel anything. You don't get high, things just, kind of, happen to you.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Okay, how so? Give me an example.

LUKE

An example? Okay, well, the first time I did it I thought I was going to feel great, ya know? Top of the world. I assumed it was like you said, that I'd feel so positive that I'd just see everything in a better light and hopefully my attitude would change and I'd start being a little more motivated about changing my circumstances.

Luke grabs a pack of cigarettes off the table and pulls one out.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Were you not doing well then?

LUKE

Nah, man. Just lost my job, was late on rent, problems with the Ex, you name it. This city ain't cheap either. I was getting desperate. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (cont'd)
just thought I could use any help I
could get.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
So, what happened?

Luke lights cigarette.

LUKE
(laughing)
Nothing! Thought I got robbed! It
wasn't until I sat down and thought
about my day that I started to
notice things.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
What kinds of things?

LUKE
Let's see, I found ten bucks on the
sidewalk, I hit every green light
on the way to the store, and when I
got there, one of the employees
told me they were doing a
sweepstakes and since I was the
five hundredth customer, I got my
groceries for free. Too bad I
didn't know beforehand, right? I
would have loaded my cart like I
was on Super Toy Run.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
On what?

LUKE
Super Toy Run? On Nickelodeon? Some
kid wins a contest and got to run
all over Toys 'R Us with a shopping
cart and grab everything he could
within a couple minutes? Shit was
awesome.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Oh, never saw it. Sounds cool
though.

LUKE
Of course you haven't. Probably too
busy jerkin' off to Hermione's
hiney.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Thought you never read the books.

Luke blows a perfect smoke ring.

LUKE
I didn't. Saw the first movie
though.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
That's it? Man, you really-

LUKE
Anyways!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Okay, okay, sorry, sorry! Anyways,
that's all nice what happened to
you, but it honestly just sounds
like coincidence. A little lucky
but that could happen to anybody.

LUKE
That's what I thought too, but
everyday these kind of things would
happen to me, as long as I was with
my Lady.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Your Lady?

LUKE
Ya know, like, Lady Luck.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
A little on the nose, don't you
think?

LUKE
Jesus. Yea, I guess it is, man. Not
important.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Gotcha. So, how long have you been
doing...Lady? Doing? Sounds a bit
weird. Taking? Taking Lady?

LUKE
Really?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
It's okay, I can edit this. Let's
go again. So, Luke, how long have
you been taking Lady?

Luke stares at Interviewer again trying not to get frustrated.

LUKE

With.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

What?

LUKE

We say 'with'. We're 'with' the Lady.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

We? Who else are you talking about?

LUKE

Just a few other people I know to have started their... relationship... with her. The Lady.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Sounds like you're all pretty invested.

LUKE

(laughing)

Well, it's the best relationship any of us have ever been in!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Right, okay. So, you haven't been off of it since you started? Don't you ever run out?

LUKE

Hasn't happened yet. Had it since day one. My guess is the people who supply it are doing it too so nothing goes wrong...luckily.

Luke cracks up laughing.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Ya know, the only thing, is that eventually you build up a tolerance to it like anything else. That's why I've been snorting it instead of just swallowing the pill. More of them too. It doesn't last as long, but the effect is amplified like you wouldn't believe.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

How do you mean?

Luke lights another cigarette and leans back in his chair.

LUKE

Alright, well, after a few months of things happening like I mentioned before, things started slowing down. A friend told me he experienced the same thing and suggested snorting them, so I did. Two whole pills straight up the old sniffer and I experienced one of the best days of my life.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

What happened?

LUKE

I'll tell ya, I stepped out outside in the middle of a thunderstorm and the moment my foot touched the ground, the rain stopped, the clouds parted, and it turned into one of the nicest days of the year. Like a sign from the goddess herself.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Doesn't seem so strange.

LUKE

Let me finish. So, I walk downtown and notice there's a contest going on win a \$100,000 Lamborghini. The game was, you got one golf ball and one chance to drive that shit as far into the ocean as you could, okay?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Yea.

LUKE

And waaay, way out there, maybe 250-300 yards, there was a floating dock with a hole. You got one swing to try and make a hole in one.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Really? How could that ever be possible?

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

Just listen, okay? So, like I said it was too late to enter, but hey, I'm with my Lady right? I walk up to the little booth and ask for a ticket. Lady says they're out and they cost a hundred bucks anyways. It was some charity golf thing, so there were a bunch of pros and amateurs all lined up. Proceeds go to cancer or some shit. That's why it was pretty much an intentionally impossible game. Anyways, I look down and low and behold, there's a ticket on the ground, just layin' there, almost waitin' for me to find it. I pick it up and hand it over. The lady doesn't give me grief, says okay and just like that, I'm in. Second later, they say they're announcing the first number. First number they call? Yours truly.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Holy shit, I think I saw this on the news. That was you?

LUKE

Believe it. I never held a golf club in my life and those jackass pros could tell, all snickerin' behind me. But me, I'm like whatever, man, let's do this. I wind that shit up like Happy Gilmore and swing that club like a maniac. Ball flies so far out you can't even see it. Everyone's all quiet, waitin' and waitin'. Then BAM!

Luke smacks the table.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Lights on the dock and jumbotron thing showin' it in slow motion are goin' off and people are goin' crazy! Their heads were about to explode!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Well, shit! I would be too! That's insane. What did you do?

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

They all wanted to talk to me and interview me and shit, but I said I wanted to take a joy ride first. They were happy to give me the keys and I just took off. Peeled out and never came back! Ha!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

I just- That's- That's so ridiculous.

LUKE

You're tellin' me. I got that car home as fast as I could before anything happened. Not that anything would.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

That was a few months ago, right? What have you been doing since then?

LUKE

Laying low, somewhat. I've just been setting up this apartment, getting girls when I can. Or I should said, when I want.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

When you want?

LUKE

Well, I mean, I'm not being aggressive by any means; the opposite, in fact. I go outside and women just seem to be magnetized to me. Everything I say is funny. Everything I do is charming. I've had a different girl here a few nights a week for a couple months now.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Damn, really? Talk about 'getting lucky', right?

LUKE

Right you are.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Doesn't that seem a bit weird though? That they're suddenly

(MORE)

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INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (cont'd)
attracted to you for no reason?
Like they're faking it.

Luke raises an eyebrow.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm not saying you're not a good
looking guy or anything. I just
mean it seems strange for it to
have an affect on other people.

LUKE
I know what you mean. I'll admit
it's pretty weird when strangers
are suddenly enamored with you just
because you mention the weather or
grab the exact fruit at the store
that they were 'just about to
grab'. I'd honestly like to meet
someone I can make a real
connection with, but I don't think
the Lady is very conducive to that
kind of relationship.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Interesting. Well, you never know,
I guess.

Luke shrugs.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I dunno, man. This is all pretty
crazy. It's almost too much to even
believe. I mean, I never actually
saw you on T.V. How do I know any
of this holds up?

LUKE
Well, that's why you're here isn't
it? I'm gonna show you, don't
worry. I know I did that line
earlier, but that was just to keep
it in my system. I have a plan to
set me up for life and I need it to
not wear off so fast. I've been
doing little amounts all day,
getting ready for the big one.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Big one? What are you planning?

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

Two words, man. Mega Lotto. I got it all set up. I'm gearin' up to mainline about ten doses.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Mainline?

LUKE

Shoot.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Like, shoot up?

LUKE

Yes, like shoot up. God damn you're innocent.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Sorry, I'm not very accustomed to talking about injecting fantasy drugs into my body.

LUKE

I'll show you a fantasy, alright. Powerball's tonight, and I'm not fuckin' this up. I know a few other guys are doin' the same thing, but I think I have more pills than them so I should be okay.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

And you really think you'll have a shot at winning? I mean, I've heard you have a better chance of getting struck by lightning than winning the lottery. The odds are insane.

LUKE

Well, I don't think that would constitute good luck, but now you're gettin' the idea. You're also underestimating what this stuff can do. At a certain point it doesn't even feel like luck, just what you want and when. And I want to win. Tonight.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Sounds like you've made up you're mind.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

I've already got it set up in the kitchen. I'm boiling them to help extract the chemical the binders they use to hold it together. It'll be a smaller amount to inject, but just as strong and no time release. Kicks in instantly, then it's show time.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

How long does it take?

LUKE

About an hour. Why? you got somewhere to be?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Just asking. What do you want to do until then?

LUKE

Wait.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

Luke is poking at what looks like a clear shimmering substance at the bottom of a clear measuring cup. He holds it up to the light trying to get a better look at it.

LUKE

Just making sure there's no solid pieces left over. You gettin' this?

Luke holds the cup toward the camera so we can see inside.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Yea, got it. Looks weird.

LUKE

Looks like God's fuck spunk is what it looks like. And with what it's about to do, I wouldn't be surprised if it came from the holy sack itself. Let's light this shit up, I'm ready.

Luke walks back to the coffee table where he pulls out a leather case from a drawer. Inside is a needle, a spoon, and rubber tube. He takes the rubber tube and ties it around his arm.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Damn, you're ready to go.

LUKE
Fuckin' right I am. Get that camera
over here.

Interviewer moves closer to Luke and zooms in on Luke pouring the clear liquid onto the metal spoon. The substance looks like it contains little flecks of moving light.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I got it. That's so much. I can't
believe you're doing this.

LUKE
Gotta do what it takes, man. No
half measures. Hand me that
lighter.

Interviewer grabs a butane lighter from the table and hands it to Luke. Luke clicks it on and starts to burn the bottom of the spoon.

LUKE (CONT'D)
There we go. Fuck yes.

The liquid in the spoon bubbles and steams and changes to a darker color. Luke stops burning it and sets the spoon on the table carefully. He picks up his syringe and proceeds to suck the liquid into it.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Oh shit.

LUKE
Oh shit is right. This thing is
fuckin loaded.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Are you sure this is a good idea?

Luke stares into camera.

LUKE
I've never been more sure about
anything in my life.

Luke squeezes his fist trying to get a vein pumped up. He pricks a vein with the needle and begins to slowly empty its contents into his arm.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Wow. That is a lot.

Luke empties all of the syringe and pulls the needle back out of his arm. He holds his fingers to his vein and rubs.

LUKE

Fuck. That was perfect. Barely felt it. Wonder why.

Luke looks up at chuckles. A large grin is forming on his face.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Is that it? Do you feel anything yet?

Luke starts to laugh even harder.

LUKE

No, man. I told you, it's not a feeling. It's just like, things start to happen in your favor. The Lady has her own ways of doing things. Never mind that, we gotta go. Now.

Luke is up and putting on his shoes and jacket within seconds.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Alright, are you sure? You don't have to wait for it to kick in or anything?

LUKE

She's already on her way. Nothing to worry about. The day's in her hands now. Let's go.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Alright, I'm comin'.

EXT. OUTSIDE LUKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stepping outside, Luke and the Interviewer make their way down the street.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Where are we going?

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

Gas station down the block. Closest place that sells tickets.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Just the one spot? Figured you'd want to hit up a couple different places. Better odds, right?

LUKE

Shouldn't need to. If things go how they should, I'll- hold up.

Luke stops and bends down to pick something up off the ground near an overflowing trash can.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Here you go. For your trouble.

Luke laughs and hands the Interviewer a hundred dollar bill.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Whoa, what? How'd you see that? It was under a trash bag.

LUKE

Looks like it's startin' already.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Come on, man. I feel like you planted that there or something. That's ridiculous.

LUKE

Think what you want. I told you. Shit's gonna get weird. For you anyway.

Luke cackles and keeps walking.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Plus, why question it? You just made an easy hundred. I'm not gonna need it.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

I just-

Luke makes a sharp turn blindly onto the busy street full of cars passing by. The cars don't stop and drive right by him. Luke walks a perfectly straight line across and doesn't acknowledge it or even seem to notice.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Whoa, dude, watch out! Jesus! You
almost got ran over!

LUKE
No, I didn't. Come on, we gotta
keep moving.

Interviewer chases after Luke into the street. A car
screeches to a stop and honks.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
God damn. Can you at least give me
a heads up next time?

As they both reach the sidewalk on the other side of the
street, Luke stops and turns to the camera.

LUKE
Listen, man, don't question any
this shit, alright? You gotta just
let it happen. Just roll with it.
You're with me, everything's gonna
be fine.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Alright, it just caught me a little
off guard. I'm not-

Before the Interviewer can finish his sentence, a man
dressed in black runs past them and trips onto the ground
next to Luke. The MAN IN BLACK drops a brown sack as he
falls and before he has a chance to pick it back up, hurries
to his feet and takes off running again.

Following closely behind the man in black are two overweight
COPS. They're both yelling and trying their best to keep up
with the man.

COP 1
Stop now! Don't fucking move!

Both officers run past Luke and the Interviewer without
stopping for the sack. The officers and the man are out of
sight within a few seconds.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
What the fuck? Did that just
happen?

LUKE
What did I just say? Of course it
happened. Now, let's see what we
got here, hm?

(CONTINUED)

Luke pick the sack up off the ground and opens it. He reaches in and pulls out a bar of solid gold.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Uhh...

LUKE

Well looky here. Looks like a big bag of gold to me. Guy must've robbed a bank or somethin'. DOESN'T matter.

The Interviewer points camera into the sack to see it full of gold bars. He steps back in shock.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Are you serious? Come on, this is a joke right?

LUKE

I know. Who steals gold anymore? You know how hard it is to find a buyer for this shit?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Not that! You fucking set this up, you had to!

LUKE

What's your problem? I thought you were gonna be cool. This whole 'not believing me' thing is getting old. Let's get the fuck out of here before someone notices. Which they won't.

Luke starts walking away holding the sack of gold. A homeless man is sleeping on a bench. Luke sets the sack next to the homeless man's head and keeps walking.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

See? If that was real, why wouldn't you keep it? Or give it to me?

LUKE

The hell are you gonna do with it? You got a gold bar buyer I don't know about? This isn't The Italian Job, dickhead. That guy will have just as hard of a time getting rid of that shit as anybody. Nice surprise when he wakes up though, right?

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
This is fucking stupid. I don't
even know what I'm doing here at
this point.

LUKE
You know exactly why you're here.
Same reason you don't walk away
right now. Because something inside
you is nagging at you saying that
maybe all of this is actually,
against all reason, real.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Whatever.

A moment later, they arrive at the gas station.

LUKE
Alright, wait here. I'm just gonna
run in a grab a ticket. You need
anything?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
No.

LUKE
Suit yourself.

Luke walks into the gas station and through the window we
can see him walk up to the counter.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
(to himself)
Asshole. This is so fucking
ridiculous.

Through the window, a cute girl walks up to Luke and starts
chatting to him. Interviewer tries to get Luke's attention.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Come on, man. Luke! Let's go! What
the hell? Where are you going?

Luke and the girl start walking toward the back of the gas
station and slip inside a bathroom.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you serious? Jesus Christ.

The camera points toward the ground and turns off.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE GAS STATION - DAY - FIVE MINUTES LATER

The camera turns back on as Luke is leaving the gas station with the girl. He whispers something to her and she laughs, writes her number on his hand, and walks off.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

What the hell, man? What was that all about?

LUKE

Sorry. Just an old friend from school. Used to have a crush on me. I guess she was visiting home until tomorrow. I told her I was in the middle of something, but she insisted we make the most of the time we had. Know what I mean?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Wait, so you guys just hooked up? In the bathroom?

LUKE

Well, we weren't just gonna just do it on the fucking counter, were we?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

No, I mean, she was just cool with having sex in a gas station bathroom?

LUKE

Would you really be that surprised after everything that's happened?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

I mean, shit, I guess not. Still though, that's pretty gross.

LUKE

If you say so. Ready?

Luke starts walking back the way they came.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Now where?

LUKE

Home. I'm not tryin' to spread this shit thin on a bunch of different things. I need everything focused on tonight.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
And random bathroom hookups.

LUKE
Don't judge. Come on.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Fine.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Luke and the Interviewer sit in front of Luke's television waiting for the powerball numbers to be called.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
When do they call them?

LUKE
In a second, hold on. Yea, here we go. Give me the ticket.

The Interviewer reaches to the coffee table and hands Luke his lottery ticket. You can hear the POWERBALL LADY on the T.V. talking at low volume and calling the numbers as they show up.

POWERBALL LADY
And here we go everyone. The powerball numbers are 18, 3, 40, 7, 37, and 22. That's it folks. Hope you picked some good ones. Good luck to all of you!

Luke stares at his ticket. A big smile growing on his face.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Well?

LUKE
See for yourself.

Luke hands over the ticket. The Interviewer points the camera at the ticket.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Let's see, 3, 7, 18, 22, 37, and...holy shit. Holy shit!

LUKE
What'd I fuckin' tell you, man!
Yes! I knew it! Fucking finally!

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Are you fucking serious?! This is insane! You fucking won, dude!

LUKE
God damn right I did!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
That shit really works! I've never seen anything like this! I can't believe it!

LUKE
Couldn't have been more perfect.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
No shit! What now, then? We need to celebrate, man!

LUKE
I'd love to, but I can't risk anything happening to me between now and tomorrow. I gotta get up early and claim that shit ASAP.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
So, what do you want to do?

LUKE
Honestly, just go to bed. It's been an exhausting day.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Really? How can you sleep at a time like this?

LUKE
I know, but I have to. I need to meet up with my guy in the morning. I didn't really think past winning and now I don't have any more Lady and I need to make sure everything goes smoothly tomorrow.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Yea, alright. Shit, man. This is seriously out of this world.

Luke gets up and walks to his room and stand at the doorway.

LUKE
I'll wake you up tomorrow after my guy drops off my shit and we'll hit
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUKE (cont'd)
the ticket office. And don't worry,
once it's all said and done, you
will be most handsomely
compensated.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Hell yea, man. Thank you. I'm
honestly just happy I got this shit
on tape. It's unreal.

LUKE
It really is. I mean, I know I've
been used to this kind of stuff,
but this was huge.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Congratulations, man. Honestly. I
guess just wake me up tomorrow, if
I even get any sleep.

LUKE
Alright. Goodnight.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Night.

Luke goes into his bedroom and closes the door. The
Interviewer sets the camera on the coffee table facing
Luke's door.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
(sighs and speaks quietly)
Jesus Christ. Un-fucking real.

The camera turns off.

INT. LUKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

As the camera turns on, Luke is behind his bedroom door
talking angrily to someone on the phone.

LUKE (O.S.)
What the hell does that mean? How
the fuck are you out? You haven't
been out all year! What the fuck am
I suppose to do, huh? Oh yea, just
wait till it comes back around,
great! You have no fucking idea
what this means, man! God damnit!
Fuck!

(CONTINUED)

Luke rips the door open and angrily plops down on his recliner.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Whoa, man. What's up? That didn't sound good.

LUKE

Well, it's not good. The asshole that supplies me with the shit just said there was a problem and now there isn't any more for who knows how long. I'm fucked!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Shit, that sucks. But hey, I mean, you still have the winning ticket, right? And those numbers don't lie. Do you even need more?

LUKE

Of course I do! You saw how much I took yesterday. And with an amount that big, it'll be like any other drug. Withdrawals. Bad.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Oh, damn. Do you feel alright?

LUKE

I feel fine because something tells me it's not going to be a physical thing. Think about it. What's the opposite of good luck?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Uh, bad luck?

LUKE

Exactly! This entire day is fucked! Ruined! I shouldn't even leave the house!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

How bad can it be, though? You still have the ticket, and those are the numbers they called. I feel like no matter what happens, you can't change what the ticket says.

Luke is now pacing back and forth trying to stay focused, but getting frantic.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

Yea, that's true, right? I still have the ticket. They have to give it to me. Shit, we gotta go now then. I can't wait around making things worse. Let's go, Grab your shit.

Luke rushes around grabbing his jacket and shoes.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Let's fucking go, man!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

I'm coming, I'm coming. Hold up.

Luke rushes out the front door. Interviewer hurries to catch up.

EXT. OUTSIDE LUKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Luke and the Interviewer step outside. Luke doesn't even bother to close the door as he is clearly flustered and in a hurry.

LUKE

Come on! I don't want to be out here any longer than I have-

Luke almost immediately steps in a massive puddle of water, soaking his pants and shoes.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Fuck! You see! Look at this shit!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

It's alright, calm down. You'll be able to buy plenty of new pants.

LUKE

What, do you think that's it? Are you stupid? This shit is only gonna get worse! We gotta hurry.

Luke is almost running at this point. He's a few steps ahead and turns a corner. There's a loud CRASH.

LUKE (CONT'D)

God dammit!

We turn the corner a second later to see Luke covered in blue paint. A PAINTER on scaffolding two stories up yells down.

(CONTINUED)

PAINTER

Heads up!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

(stifling a laugh)

Oh, shit.

LUKE

(to Painter)

A little late, asshole!

Luke tries to wipe some of the paint off his face, but only smears it making it worse.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Okay, that was pretty unlucky.

Luke glares at the Interviewer, livid. He turns and storms off. Interviewer tries to catch up as Luke turns to cross the street.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You still have the ticket,
remember. So, no matter how many
little things happen, it'll all be
worth-

Luke cuts off a CYCLIST riding by with a cat in a basket. The Cyclist screeches to a stop and the cat flies out of the basket and latches onto Luke's face, clawing and scratching him.

LUKE

Ah! Get this fucking thing off me!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Holy shit!

Luke flails around trying to rip the cat off his face.

CYCLIST

Stop it! You're hurting her!

Luke tears the cat off. He wrings his hands and screams in frustration. The Cyclist gets off their bike and runs after the cat.

LUKE

Aaahh!

CYCLIST

Bitsy. Come here, baby. The mean
man is gone.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE
Fuck you, lady!

CYCLIST
You're an asshole!

Luke picks up the pace and starts to jog away. The Interviewer can't help but laugh.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Oh, man! That was crazy! Who the hell just rides around with their cat like that! Luke, hold on!

LUKE
I'm gonna kick your ass I swear to God!

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I'm just saying, that shit was insane!

LUKE
Of course it was! You think I was fucking around?

The two of them arrive at the ticket office. Luke tries to fix his face in the window to no avail.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Fuck it, man. Go claim that shit.

Luke just stares at the camera, beyond annoyed, and rushes inside the office.

We watch through the window as Luke starts yelling at an employee and waving his ticket in their face. He storms out a moment later and pushes past the Interviewer.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
What happened?

LUKE
(to the sky)
Fuucckk!!

Luke slowly starts to laugh hysterically.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Umm...

LUKE

That's it. Whoever runs powerball got arrested for trying to rig the numbers. They called the whole thing off. Nobody wins.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

What? I don't get it. How could you have gotten the numbers if they rigged it?

Luke just stares blankly at the street, defeated and angry.

LUKE

This is worse than I thought.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Huh? Well, what now? Can't the Lady fix this?

Luke suddenly looks terrified.

LUKE

I need to go home. Now.

Luke starts running off. The Interviewer trying to keep up.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

(panting)

Well hey, ya know, you had a good run. At least you got to enjoy it while you did, right?

LUKE

Just fuck off with that bullshit! I just need to get home so-

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

What the fuck?

As they both approach Luke's apartment building, they see an enormous black cloud over the entire block. Thunder rumbles and it starts raining hard.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Damn. I've never seen anything like that before.

They get closer to the building and notice smoke surrounding it.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Wait, is that smoke? What's going
on?

LUKE
I knew it.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
I don't care what you think,
there's no way that shit can
control the weather.

Luke just looks at the Interviewer solemnly and walks to the front of his building. Luke's floor is on fire, flames are billowing out of his bedroom window.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Oh, my God. Luke...

LUKE
Welp, guess that's that, huh? All
that work, all that planning...

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
This is way worse than I thought it
would be.

LUKE
Jesus Christ. You still don't
fucking get it, do-

At that moment, Luke gets struck by lightning, knocking him to the ground. He looks dead.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Holy fuck!

The Interviewer runs over to Luke and starts to shake him.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Luke!...Luke!

Luke coughs and slowly opens his eyes.

LUKE
What...what happened?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Holy shit! You just got struck by
fucking lightning! I can't believe
you're alive!

LUKE

Huh?

The Interviewer stands up and aims the camera at massive cloud.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

I don't know how the fuck you just survived that!

LUKE

(confused)

W-where am I?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

We're outside your apartment. But Luke, if you're alive, then your luck has to be turning around, right? You're gonna be okay! Lightning never strikes in the same-

Another lightning bolt strikes Luke, killing him. The Interviewer falls to the ground from the blast. He scrambles up and runs back over to Luke, shaking his limp body.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Luke! Luke! Wake up, man! Holy shit, holy shit.

The Interviewer looks around and no one is around to help.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(hyperventilating)

Help! Someone! Fuck, fuck, fuck. I can't handle this shit. I can't handle this. Fuck!

The Interviewer looks back up to Luke's apartment, now a blazing inferno, then back to Luke's body. He takes off running and drops the camera. It falls pointed at Luke's lifeless corpse laying dead in the rain.