

LADY LUCK

Based on a true story

written by
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May you always find blue skies above your head, shamrocks
beneath your feet, laughter and joy aplenty, kindness from all
you meet, good friends and kin to miss you if ever you choose to
roam, and a path that's been cleared by angels themselves to
carry you safely home. - Irish Blessing

1 INT. ROWAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

1

A pale, attractive woman pedantically tries on clothes in her bedroom. Her floor is covered in tangled outfits, walls adorned with photographs. A funeral notice dominates her mirror: CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF MERLE HARRIS.

A piece of clothing flies from her fingers, crashing into a photo frame. ROWAN (25) cleans the mess, and takes a moment to examine the photo. IRELAND - green and gorgeous.

ROWAN
(under her breath)
One day.

Rowan's watch catches her eye, which widens. She puts the picture back and assesses her appearance in the mirror. She sucks in her stomach and covers up a four-leaf clover tattoo on her ankle. Her eyes drift to the funeral notice.

ROWAN
Bugger!

2 INT. ROWAN'S CAR - MORNING

2

Raindrops splatter as Rowan slams the car door shut, trying to shake herself dry. The keys turn in the ignition. Nothing.

ROWAN
Not today, please not today!

Suddenly, the engine roars to life. Rowan squeals, as her tyres do the same.

She doesn't get far. TRAFFIC. Rowan hits her steering wheel. The car's Bluetooth dials.

INT. FUNERAL HOME

AMELIA, a bourgeois young woman, is taking a selfie with another woman when ROWAN's name appears on her phone. The women exchange disappointed looks. Amelia answers.

AMELIA
(Careless)
Hey. Why are you calling me?

ROWAN
Ahh... I'm coming to Auntie Merle's funeral to pay my respects?

AMELIA
Oh... sure.

AMELIA rolls her eyes. JOCELYN raise her eyebrows and sneers.

AMELIA
Well, you're late, honey.

ROWAN
I know, that's why I'm calling!
I am so sorry...I just thought I'd
let you know!

AMELIA
Cool... well, I'll see you later.

ROWAN
Okay! I'll make sure to-

INT. ROWAN'S CAR

Dial tone. Rowan frowns, and tosses the phone. She straightens up in her seat and clears her throat. She looks around, drumming her fingers, before she switches on the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
... expecting heavy showers all day
today folks...now to traffic
news... we advise everyone to avoid
the M1 motorway as it is bumper-to-
bumper...

Rowan looks up to see M1 plastered on green.

EXT. MOTORWAY

We fly over the motorway as the enormity of the traffic dawns on Rowan. Her swearing transitions to -

EXT. FUNERAL HOME

SCREECHING BRAKES. Rowan launches out of her car, and TOPPLES OVER, a high heel crumpling. Rowan picks up the heel and wipes rain from her eyes, scampering toward the building, not noticing a sign that points toward MERLE'S FUNERAL.

3

INT. FUNERAL HOME

3

Rowan blindly plants herself in a pew and tries to compose herself for the service. As she does this, the doors behind her shut.

PRIEST (O.S)
Welcome, everyone.

Rowan looks up. There are only 5 PEOPLE in the congregation. She looks around, and then back at the priest, brow furrowed.

PRIEST

Today we mourn the death of Richard Caster. Unfortunately, Richard had no family left, but I'm certain he would have been grateful to see all of you here today. Would anyone...

Rowan gets up to leave, tugging on her dress.

PRIEST

... like to say a few words? You, miss?

Rowan stands awkwardly. All eyes turn to her. The priest beckons. Rowan takes a gulp and shambles up to the alter.

ROWAN

I didn't know Russell very well...

PRIEST

(whispers to ROWAN)
It's Richard.

ROWAN

Yes, of course... Richard. Well, what can I say about this man... he was a man! A...uh, a man who lived life how he wanted. A man who was true to himself. A man who didn't concern himself with others... I think we could all take a page out of Russ...Richard's book.

The priest nods approvingly and ROWAN dashes to her seat.

PRIEST

Now a word from Richard's Lawyer.

The LAWYER shuffles up to the alter, puts his glasses on and procures a piece of paper.

LAWYER

Good afternoon everyone. Mr. Richard Caster is was a man who was dedicated to his work. In fact, to Richard work was everything. So much so that he did not have time for anything else. Friends, or family. So I'm sure he's grateful for the people here today.

The lawyer clears his throat.

LAWYER

This is the last will and testament. "I, Richard Caster, have made my fortune through the kindness of a stranger. He gave me a chance when I was down on my luck, and I dedicated my life to making good on that faith. So, as my body grows hard and cold in the casket, I wish to pay that generosity forward. . To all of you...yes, you, sitting here at my funeral... you will all inherit what was mine. And, remember, always have faith to strangers.

The lawyer folds will back into the envelope as Rowan's eyes shift to the other five people.

LAWYER

Mr. Caster had amassed a fortune of approximately eight million, nine hundred and forty-five dollars in his account...

The lawyer counts the heads in the room.

LAWYER

..and because there are five of you, each of you will receive...

The lawyer taps on his phone.

LAWYER

...one million, six hundred thousand, one hundred eighty-nine dollars each.

The room simmers in shocked silence. Suddenly, an old woman SHOUTS in delight and high-fives her partner. The room begins to chatter in incredulity. ROWAN sits gaping into space.

She begins to laugh, teary-eyed, and slides off her broken shoe. She looks at it, and gives it a kiss. We track down, moving into her four-leaf clover tattoo before her feet dance down the aisle.