

Lucky Penny
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EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

A man, wrapped up warm, is walking down a street. He is probably in his forties or fifties. He carries fishing gear. He is Ken. He talks into a mobile phone.

KEN

I'm nearly there now. You sure you want me to tell him? Well, yeah, *some time*, but why...? Jesus Gloria, what about what's fair for me? No, I... Ok, yes, I'll do it. I'm here. I love you.

Ken rings off, he has reached his destination: a front door. He knocks, the door opens, and a similarly dressed man is revealed. This is Graeme.

KEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Top of the mornin' to ya!

Graeme just looks at Ken, balefully.

KEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Ah, c'mon. Let's go.

Graeme leaves his house, and they set off down the street.

FADE TO:

EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - LATER

GRAEME

...and what with the mortgage and now Gloria leaving me... I mean, I don't blame you...

Ken looks up suddenly.

GRAEME (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You explained the risks and I was probably just greedy.

Ken looks relieved, then catches himself and becomes contrite.

KEN

Right...

GRAEME

I just... When you look at it all together, how unlucky can one man be?

Ken taps his head.

KEN
No such thing as luck. It's all up
here. You make your own luck.

He pats Graeme on the back in a matey cheer-up kind of way.

FADE TO:

EXT. ATOP CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE - LATER

KEN
...I hear the fish are practically
committing suicide this week.

GRAEME
I'm sure.

KEN
Tony said. Leaping into his arms,
he said.

GRAEME
I bet you 50p they don't leap into
my arms.

KEN
You're on.

Graeme is momentarily surprised - this was a rhetorical bet.

GRAEME
Right...

He reaches into his pocket, but the contents spill on the
ground.

He sighs, then crouches to gather the shrapnel back up.

KEN
Hey, see? You're thinking
positively now, cos even if you
don't catch a fish you're 50p up,
aren't you?

Graeme stands, but he has left a penny on the ground. Ken
gestures at it.

KEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Go on... Find a penny, pick it up,
all day long you'll have good luck.

GRAEME
I don't think it counts if you're
the one that dropped it.

(MORE)

They walk on, leaving the penny.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Ken and Graeme have set up their gear and are fishing in earnest. They are wearing anoraks with their hoods up. Graeme has a faraway look in his eye.

KEN

Ha-hey!

Ken lands a fish. Graeme looks at him. Ken shrugs and taps his head. A big dollop of birdshit hits Graeme's anorak. Graeme blinks slowly, then looks up.

We see that Ken and Graeme are fishing beneath the bridge they crossed earlier.

CUT TO:

EXT. ATOP CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE - DAY

Meet Jordan, 10-year-old sk8er. He's trundling along the bridge when he spots a shiny penny lying in the road. He grinds to a halt, dismounts his trusty deck and picks up the penny.

Something catches Jordan's eye. He scrapes at the dirt the penny had been lying in and discovers a gold ring buried there.

Jordan grins. He casually tosses the penny over his shoulder as he pockets the ring.

The camera follows the penny in a beautiful arc. At its apex, the penny seems to hang, suspended, glinting in the sunlight, before plummeting like a foiled coyote over the side of the bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Ken is wrestling with another fish. He begins to speak. Neither man looks at the other as Ken haltingly tries to tell Graeme what's on his mind.

KEN

Graeme. This is hard... About Gloria. You know... Well we were pretty close, I mean friends, me and her, right, even before... But I swear, nothing happened. I wouldn't have... But now you're not, well we met. By accident.

KEN(cont'd)

We met up by accident and one thing
led to another and...

We hear a kind of zzzip-POK noise. Ken is silent, a fish in his hands, staring into space. Occasionally, his face twitches.

Graeme looks up from his rod.

Ken topples like a redwood in an anorak. When he lands, we can see a small hole in the top of his hood. It may be smoking. The fish he was holding flies up, up into the air and into the arms of Graeme.

A moment passes as Graeme stands, cradling a fish, stunned by the events of the last ten seconds. As he does so, his fishing rod goes crazy, twitching this way and that, then unspooling at a right old whack.

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