

The Lottery Liar

One-Hour Pilot

"Fools Gold"

By Andy Romero

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAY

A British motorway on a cold winter's morning. An XJ6 SILVER JAGUAR speeds towards us, maneuvers skilfully between the other vehicles, attacks the tarmac with ferocity.

Several POLICE CARS give chase.

The sound of a HELICOPTER in the distance.

INT. SILVER JAGUAR - DAY

HARRY, 40's, shaggy blonde hair, custom leather jacket, Gucci shades sits behind the wheel. He's manic, full of adrenaline.

In the passenger seat. CAROL, 40's, short brunette hair, designer mink coat, diamond Versace earrings. Tears stain her face as she PUNCHES the DASHBOARD.

CAROL

You're a liar Harry! You're a lying scumbag of a man!

HARRY

Scumbag?! I did this for you, do you not get that?!

BEAT. A determined Harry focuses on the road. His mind races, eyes wide and psychotic.

CAROL

(Quietly)

Pull over.

HARRY

No.

CAROL

I SAID PULL OVER RIGHT NOW!

HARRY

No! Not until we reach the beach. You and me, remember?

Carol quietly SOBS. The sirens become louder. Harry glances nervously in the rear view mirror.

CAROL

Harry I'm scared. Please stop.

Harry thinks, his eyes full of mania and regret.

HARRY
(Sincere)
You really want me to stop?

Carol nods, fear and immense sadness.

HARRY
Fine.

Harry SLAMS ON THE BRAKE. The car begins to skid out of control. They both scream in terror. WE FREEZE.

OPENING TITLES -- THE LOTTERY LIAR

MUSIC UP: "Wannabe by The Spice Girls"

EXT. DONCASTER CITY CENTRE, ENGLAND - DAY

SUPER: "6 MONTHS EARLIER. DONCASTER, ENGLAND - 1997"

The weather's great. The sun beats down on the city. A newsagents, a butchers, a green grocers. We weave between everyday life. People cross the street, mingle outside a bookies, a pub, a pound shop. Doncaster's finest go about their business in tracksuits, baggy denim and over-sized attire. We see the faces of the people. They're warm, welcoming, humble. The working class heroes that make the world go round.

THE MUSIC STOPS

A 90's hatchback drives by, plays the same song we were just listening to.

We move to a QUE FOR AN ATM MACHINE.

HARRY stands using it. Paint splattered overalls, brown work boots. Harry looks down at the screen. It's not good.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE/WATERMAN HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

Cracked pavement, the odd street light not working. This isn't the worst estate in the world, but it's far from paradise.

Every house looks virtually identical, pre Thatcher era council houses sit as far as the eye can see. The sun sets over the horizon.

We close in on a house. A humble two up, two down at the end of the street. A TV flashes behind the floral curtains as we get closer... and closer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WATERMAN HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

Carol eagerly holds a LOTTERY TICKET as she watches the TV.

ON THE TV: The national LOTTERY. The numbered balls tumble from a tombola machine and into their designated slots.

TV PRESENTER

(O.C)

Thirty three.

Carol sighs, scrunches the ticket.

TV PRESENTER

And tonight's bonus ball... 56.

Carol stands, drops the ticket in the waste paper bin and picks up a LETTER from the table.

ON THE LETTER: Final Notice - Mr and Mrs Waterman, we regret to inform you that unless the sum of £529....

Carol picks up another letter, and another, and another. Bills, receipts, debts. She sighs. The sound of the FRONT DOOR CLOSING. Someone whistles a happy tune.

Harry enters, happy and slightly smug, he's hides something behind his back.

HARRY

Evening.

CAROL

(Unenthusiastic)

Alright.

HARRY

I got you summat.

CAROL

Yeah? What's that then?

Harry presents an impressive BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

HARRY
Roses, Lilies and Carnations. The big
three.

CAROL
Harry. We're almost two months behind
on the rent...

HARRY
Oh don't be daft.

CAROL
I'm serious. You can't keep doing
stuff like this.

HARRY
Oh so I'm not allowed to buy me'wife
some flowers now is that it?

Carol reluctantly takes them, a smile creeps through.

CAROL
Thank you. We do have to watch our
spending though.

Harry wraps his arms around her, gives her a kiss.

HARRY
I went to them Hamilton's down't
road. They said they might want their
patio doing next week.

CAROL
Yeah well, we'll need more than just
a couple'a patio jobs, especially
with all them buy now pay later's.

HARRY
It's just easier that way though.
We've been over this.

CAROL
Yeah, you and your bright ideas.

HARRY
Stop stressing, it's gonna be fine.

CAROL
Promise?

Harry smiles at her lovingly, takes her hands.

HARRY
Cross my heart.

CAROL
You know literally nobody ever says
that don't ya?

HARRY
(Cockily)
Yeah? Well I do.

CAROL
But you're an old man aren't ya.

HARRY
Old? You're only two years younger
than me!

CAROL
Yeah well.. maybe the last five years
of marriage has aged ya.

HARRY
And yet, Mrs Waterman, we still can't
keep our hands off each other, can
we?

CAROL
Mmm debatable.

Carol smiles, kisses him. Harry picks up the intensity.

CAROL
Babe. Abbie's upstairs.

HARRY
In her room?

Harry kisses her neck, nibbles the earlobe.

CAROL
Well yeah but...

Harry picks her up, sits her on the table, spreads her legs
apart.

CAROL
(Quietly, shocked but
a little turned on)
Harry!

HARRY
(Whispers in her ear)
You're still as sexy as the first day
I saw ya. Ya know that?

CAROL
(Quietly)
But.... Abbie's upstairs...

Harry kisses her neck passionately again. The bills are beside Carol on the table. Carol's hand grazes the envelopes, she begins to lose herself in the moment WHEN...

ABBIE, 8, long pigtails, school uniform enters. Harry and Carol abruptly separate, carol adjusts her top.

CAROL
Hiya love.

ABBIE
Hi.

Abbie walks to the fridge, opens it, pulls out a bottle of squash. Harry turns his attention towards Abbie.

HARRY
How was school princess?

ABBIE
Boring.. but we are learning about Kings and Queens now.

HARRY
Kings and Queens eh. Very good. Best bit of history that. Them kings have got nothing on your Dad though, I'd have been a king in those days I reckon.

ABBIE
Dad?

HARRY
Yes sweetheart?

ABBIE
Can I have a Tamagotchi? All the other kids have got one.

CAROL
Abbie, what have I told you about the tamagotchi?

HARRY
Of course you can darling, I'll get ya one tomorrow.

ABBIE
Yes!

Harry smiles, Abbie excitedly runs towards the door.

CAROL
Hang on a second young lady, I told
you you'll have to wait until ya
birthday.

ABBIE
But Dad said...

CAROL
You're waiting until your birthday.
End of.

Abbie sulks, turns to leave but then turns back again.

ABBIE
Oh well, at least we're going to
Thorpe park tomorrow.

HARRY
(To Abbie)
Bright and early princess. Don't
forget to set your alarm.

Abbie smiles, nods and runs back up the stairs. Harry looks
pleased with himself, totally oblivious. He turns back to
Carol who's glares.

HARRY
What?

CAROL
A Tamagotchi? Thorpe Park?!

HARRY
Oh come on Carol, give it a rest.

CAROL
No I won't give it a rest what do ya
think you're doing?

HARRY
It's called living in't moment,
what's so wrong with that?

Carol scoffs, clearly pissed off.

CAROL
Living in't moment?

She picks up one of the BILLS, pushes it into Harry's chest.

CAROL
For once Harry, just once, try living
in reality.

EXT. ROLLER-COASTER - MOVING - THORPE PARK - DAY

Harry, Carol and Abbie sit at the front car of the roller-coaster. They laugh and scream with every twist and turn.

EXT. THORPE PARK - DAY

They leave the exit of the roller-coaster. Harry is being excitedly led by Abbie who has him by the hand. A less enthusiastic Carol lags behind.

ABBIE
I wanna go on that one and that
one...

HARRY
Don't worry love, we'll go on all of
em'.

Harry looks back at Carol.

HARRY
(To Abbie)
Tell ya what, before we do. Why don't
we get something to eat?

EXT. PICK 'N' MIX STALL - THORPE PARK - DAY

Abbie shovels various sweets into a huge pick 'n' mix bag.

She waves to Harry and Carol who are stood just outside, they wave back. They both hold large sticks of multi-coloured CANDY FLOSS.

CAROL
She shouldn't be having sweets before
dinner.

HARRY
Ahh it's what she wanted. Won't do
her any harm.

Harry takes a huge bite of his candy floss.

HARRY
 (Mouth full)
 Ya know the colours are actually all different flavours. See I thought it were just for show but the green one's apple, the pink's grapefruit and I think the blue one's...

CAROL
 You know I don't like candy floss.

Harry goes to speak again but swallows his words. Carries on blissfully eating.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WATERMAN HOUSEHOLD - EVENING

Harry and Abbie sit on the sofa. Harry holds a SCHOOL TEXTBOOK, Abbie makes notes in her exercise book. The TV mutters away in the background.

Carol is sat at the TABLE beside the sofa, reading glasses on, BILLS scattered everywhere. She reluctantly hits numbers into a calculator.

HARRY
 (Reading the textbook)
 Bloody hell, this Henry the eighth fella was a right nutter.
 (To Carol)
 You seen this love? Little sadist he was.

Carol's not listening.

HARRY
 Carol?

CAROL
 (Annoyed)
 I'm trying to concentrate.

The TV gets Harry's attention -- ON THE TV: The Lottery draw.

HARRY
 Ooh here we go girls!

ABBIE
 Here we go what Dad?

HARRY
 Lottery time baby!

Harry excitedly puts the textbook down, searches frantically for the TV remote.

HARRY
(To Carol)
Ya got the remote love?

CAROL
No.

Harry finds the remote beneath the sofa cushions.

HARRY
No bother, found it now.

Harry turns the volume up, too loud.

CAROL
Oi!

Harry turns the volume down slightly.

ABBIE
Is this our lottery draw Dad?

HARRY
Certainly is.
(To Carol)
Pass us the ticket.

Harry holds out his hand towards a frustrated Carol. She hands him the LOTTERY TICKET from the sea of paper bills. Harry positions himself closer to the TV. Carol looks back down at the bills.

HARRY
Right then, everybody cross their fingers.

Abbie smiles, crosses her fingers with her Dad.

CAROL
I thought you said you'd paid off the sofa?!

HARRY
I did... most of it.

The draw starts, Harry focuses back on the TV. Him and Abbie hold the ticket together.

ON THE TV: A line of Lottery balls, a spinning tombola and bright studio lights. The PRESENTER, 40's, stands by the Tombola.