

KISS ME LUCKY

FADE IN

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Subdivision construction site in Northern California. CU a purple stiletto tossed into a fire.

MIKE/JOE (V.O.)

Burn. No, melt.

The shoe begins to melt and burn. Pull back to reveal MIKE RONOWSKI, twenty-eight, third generation construction worker with rugged good looks, and his unkempt, bear-sized buddy, JOE GARLAND.

They've made a small fire next to a freshly framed house. Mike's SUV is backed up to the fire and he sits on the tailgate with a box. Both Mike and Joe are drinking beer as they play the will-it-burn-melt-or-explode game. Mike tosses Joe a bottle of nail polish from the box.

JOE

Hmmmm, might melt.

MIKE

Probably explode.

Joe throws it on the fire, they watch as it melts, punctuated by a tiny flare up. They take long pulls on their beers.

JOE

So who's the new guy?

MIKE

Real estate agent. She met him at the gym.

Mike takes a bra from the box. Tosses it to Joe, he looks it over.

JOE

Burn, this will definitely burn.

MIKE

Yup.

Joe tosses it into the fire. They watch as it burns. They both take a slug of beer. Mike dumps the box onto the ground.

JOE
Man, Megan left alot of shit in
your truck.

MIKE
Yup.

He tosses Joe a stuffed teddy bear.

JOE
This could melt.

MIKE
Naw, it'll just burn.

JOE
It definitely won't explode.

He throws it onto the fire and immediately there's a huge
explosion.

CUT TO

A fire truck on the scene. The frame house has burnt down.
Mike and Joe are standing half covered in ash. Mike's older
brother, BOB RONOWSKI, is there. He's bigger and more
weathered than Mike. Bob talks to a firefighter who's holding
the remains of the teddy bear.

FIREMAN
Damned Chinese, I think they stuff
these things with gas-soaked rags.

Bob glares at Mike.

BOB
Jesus Mike, you are such an idiot.

He smacks Mike up side the head. Joe notices that Mike's
eyebrows have been singed off.

JOE
Dude. Your eyebrows. They're gone.

Mike feels his forehead.

MIKE
Damn.

FIREMAN
If you're filing charges you need
to fill out a report.

BOB
 No, he's my brother. (To Joe) But
 you, I should sue your ass.

Bob walks away in disgust. Mike and Joe stare at the
 smoldering heap of wood. Mike feels his forehead again.

MIKE
 Damn.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION OFFICE/TRAILER -- DAY

A sign by the door reads RONOWSKI AND SONS CONSTRUCTION.

INT. CONSTRUCTION OFFICE

The room is paneled and along the walls are photos of Mike
 and Bob, at various ages, with their father Bart Ronowski.
 Mike and Bob sit at a table with an INSURANCE REP. Mike has
 penciled in his eyebrows.

BOB
 So because of the fire, you're
 increasing our annual insurance by
 \$50,000?

MIKE
 That's criminal.

BOB
 Shut up. (To insurance agent)
 That's fricking criminal.

The insurance rep lays the insurance papers on the table,
 closes his briefcase and stands up.

INSURANCE REP
 You're lucky we didn't cancel you.

Mike and Bob stand up too. The insurance rep leaves. They
 stand and watch him go.

Mike
 Can they do that?

Bob grabs the papers from the table.

BOB
 Yeah, they can do that. They can do
 whatever they damn please.

MIKE

So...what do we do?

BOB

What do we do? You're the smart one, you figure it out. (he squints at Mike) Did you draw in your eyebrows?

Mike covers his forehead self-consciously. Bob grabs his hard hat off the hook by the door. Turns back to Mike.

BOB

What we're gonna do is you're gonna come up with some money. And no one tells Dad anything.

Bob leaves Mike standing in the office.

EXT. SAVEMORE MART -- DAY

CU of a lottery sign in the window. Pull back to see girl-next-door attractive HOLLY CERONI, a 28-year old, upbeat single mom and aspiring chef. She wears a stained chef's coat, her hair is scooped up into a disheveled bun.

Holly reaches for the door then stops when she notices a lady bug perched on the news stand. She lets it crawl onto her finger. When it flies away she closes her eyes, makes a wish, smiles, then hurries into the store.

INT. SAVEMORE MART

Two gay Pakistani men, AMED and OMAR, greet Holly from behind the counter

AMED

Here's our future chef. How are you, Holly darling?

HOLLY

Late as usual. I'm desperate for a Squirt. Of course.

OMAR

And a lottery ticket. Same numbers?

HOLLY

Of course. I'm feeling especially lucky today.

OMAR

So when you win this lottery and open your fancy restaurant, will we get to eat there free forever?

HOLLY

Of course.

He hands her the ticket and she digs into her purse for money, then spots a police car pulling up next to her car.

HOLLY

Damn.

She tosses a couple of dollars on the counter and rushes out Squirt in hand just as the cop pulls out his ticket book. She jumps into her beat up red Toyota and starts the engine. She gives the cop a grin. He scowls and gets back into his car.

INT. HOLLY'S TOYOTA

A military medal hangs from a pink ribbon on the rearview mirror. Holly closes her eyes, kisses the medal, then kisses the back of her lottery ticket, leaving lipstick marks.

Ritual complete, she tucks the lottery ticket into the car glove box where there are dozens of old lottery tickets--all with a kiss mark on the back. She throws her purse into the cluttered back seat. It lands next to a child's sneaker.

Holly pulls out in front of another driver who honks angrily. She's oblivious.

EXT. HOLLY'S HOME -- DAY

A modest bungalow-style home on a tree-lined street in Berkeley. Holly reels into the driveway and spots her son, eight-year-old MAX CERONI and her grandma, ISABELLA CERONI.

Isabella is dressed in a layered peasant top, baggy pants, and Birkenstocks. Her gray hair is pulled into a long braid. She holds a bike helmet and chats with Max next to her bike.

Holly drives over Max's radio control car, crushing it. Max screams, runs to the car. Isabella follows. Holly jumps out. They all assess the damage.

MAX

Damn! It's ruined. You crushed it.

ISABELLA

Watch your mouth mister.

Holly picks it up tries to straighten it out then puts it back on the ground. She pushes the control button and it runs but in funny lopsided circles.

HOLLY
See it still works.

MAX
Like it's been in a gnarly wreck.
Cool.

He takes the controls and runs it himself.

HOLLY
Okay, we need to get your stuff together. They'll be here soon.

Max picks up the car and rushes up the stairs, through the front door into the house. Holly hugs her grandma.

HOLLY
Hey Gram. What's this?

ISABELLA
I made you a new one. Blue bird feathers. Supposed to be lucky.

She holds up a hand-made dream catcher. Holly takes it, then looks up at the ceiling of the front porch where half a dozen dream catchers are hanging. She hangs it on a free nail.

HOLLY
We might have enough now. We're actually catching some of the neighbors dreams. They're not pleased.

Holly kisses Isabella and they enter the house.

INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE

A cheery, messy, lived-in home. Holly goes to Max's room. The door is closed. She kisses her fingertips and taps the kiss onto the horseshoe next to Max's door. It's a ritual she's done hundreds of times before.

HOLLY
Max, honey, make sure to take your toothbrush. And hurry.

She heads into the kitchen. Isabella follows.

HOLLY

Look at the new recipes...there on the table.

Isabella picks up the index cards from the table.

KITCHEN/LAUNDRY ROOM

Holly rifles through a laundry basket of dirty clothes searching for clothes for Max that are the least dirty.

ISABELLA

Mole manicotti. Pollo Penne. I don't know about this whole Mexican Italian thing.

HOLLY

It's called fusion, Gram.

Holly grabs jeans and a tee shirt, tosses them on the dryer.

ISABELLA

So when are you going to make this restaurant more than just a dream?

HOLLY

Soon. I'm just waiting for a sign.

ISABELLA

Any idea what kind of sign?

HOLLY

Not sure yet. But this is what I'm supposed to do so I'll know when it's right.

Holly grabs the clothes and stuffs them into Max's backpack.

HOLLY

You're the one who always says pay attention to karmic signs.

ISABELLA

Oh honey, I say lots of things when I'm stoned. Maybe you shouldn't listen so much.

Holly turns to yell for Max and nearly trips over him. He puts two action figures into his backpack.

MAX

Last time I stayed over, Mr. Wiggins asked me about dad.

Isabella and Holly exchange worried looks.

HOLLY
What did he say?

Max sits down to tie his sneakers. He's wearing one black shoe and one white shoe.

MAX
Just stuff, like where is he, where does he work.

ISABELLA
And what did you tell him?

Max shrugs, then answers in a quiet voice, not making eye contact with either of the women.

MAX
That he's an astronaut.

ISABELLA
An astronaut! Why would you tell him that?

MAX
Because maybe he is. Nobody else's dad is an astronaut.

Isabella shakes here head, picks up her helmet.

ISABELLA
Okay, I gotta go. It's Ouija night at the center and your grandpa hates to be late. Have fun on your sleep-over sweetie.

She hugs Max then looks at Holly, shakes her head again and leaves. Holly closes up Max's backpack.

HOLLY
Next time Mr. Wiggins asks you about your dad tell him to mind his own business.

Holly puts the backpack over Max's shoulders.

HOLLY
No, don't tell him that. Just say your dad left a long time ago and we're better off without him.

Holly closes the outside flap of the backpack.

HOLLY

No don't say that either.

She sighs.

HOLLY

An astronaut, huh? I guess I'm down with that. Oh look, you've got an eyelash.

Holly plucks it from his cheek. Max closes his eyes tight as she places the eyelash on the back of his left hand. Max opens his eyes and they both blow the eyelash into the air.

HOLLY

Was it a good wish?

Max nods, hugs Holly as a horn honks in the background. Holly sends him out the door and waves.

EXT. JUMPERS PARKING LOT -- LATER

It's pouring rain as Holly parks in a crowded lot near a casual restaurant/bar called Jumpers. She gets out, slips her car key in her back pocket. The red puff ball from the key chain hangs out. She opens the back car door and picks up a stack of cookbooks.

As she turns, a group of rowdy bar-goers bump into her. She catches her balance but doesn't notice that her car key has fallen to the ground next to her car.

INT. JUMPERS

Holly spots 30 year old KATE FISHER, bleached blonde, spikey haired, tattoo-wearing friend. Holly drops the books marked with sticky notes on the bar.

HOLLY

Hey. Sorry I'm late. I marked all the recipes. Tell your sister thanks for making the copies.

KATE

(to bartender)
We'll have two lemon drops.

There's a loud whoop from across the room. Holly and Kate look over at the table of loud men.

HOLLY

Those guys look like fun.

KATE

Who? Loud, obnoxious and oblivious?

HOLLY

Oh come on, Kate. There might be a good one out there somewhere.

KATE

You talk like a child.

HOLLY

It's just been so long.

KATE

After my last so-called boyfriend, I'm done. When was the last time you had a date, anyway?

HOLLY

June. The guy from my class who made the perfect souffle.

KATE

Ah yes. Souffle guy with his closet full of aprons. A stellar choice.

The bartender brings them drinks. Kate pays then spots a table clearing out.

KATE

There's a table. I'm starving.

They pick up their drinks and head toward the back of the restaurant, passing the table of loud men. A clearly drunk Mike sits with Joe and his other childhood friend ZEKE STOULIL.

ZEKE

Oh shit. Don't look...it's Megan

All the men turn to look as a striking brunette, MEGAN MILLER walks by with a buff guy, BRIAN WARSAW. She catches Mike's eye, then hugs up to Brian and moves toward the bar.

JOE

You are so rid of her, Mikey.

ZEKE

Who's the dude anyway?

Copyright 2009 Sheri Davenport -- All Rights Reserved

For the complete script (for production or representation consideration only)
please contact Jennifer Brooks at: info@filmmakers.com