

LOTTOBOYS

Written by

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INT. STUDIO SET - DAY

A matcha green tea latte sits on a platter.

We follow it being carried through a film crew hustling and bustling as grandiose old Hollywood music plays.

Lights. Camera. Director. TOMMY HO (25), a Vietnamese-American man, sits in a director's chair and is delivered the matcha latte. He takes a loud sip.

The whole set goes silent.

A round, small Russian man, BORIS, dressed in a poor man's Forrest Gump outfit stands opposite to SARAH FRANCES (28), an attractive African American woman in white hippie clothing. Both wait for their cue.

A milky green mustache sits on Tommy's upper lip. He stares intensely.

TOMMY
(a whisper)
Action.

AS A MELODRAMATIC CINEMATIC SEQUENCE:

Boris grabs Sarah's hand.

BORIS
(heavy Russian accent)
Wendy. I love you, Wendy.

SARAH
Oh, Boris. Boris Clump.
(pause)
I should go to bed, Boris.

She begins to walk away.

BORIS
Wendy, wait-

She stops.

BORIS (CONT'D)
I may not be a smart man, but I
know what love is.

Sarah gasps.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Whenever I see two rats make giant beautiful rat family that has taken over my small Russian village hole...I know love.

Sarah begins to tear up.

TOMMY

CUT!

The tension breaks.

AD

Everyone take 5!

Sarah walks over to Tommy, still with a green mustache, who gets down from his director chair via step stool.

Water rapidly begins to rise from the floor.

SARAH

Wow, Tommy.

TOMMY

Amazing job, Sarah.

SARAH

Boris Clump is going to be such a hit-- and be played on ABC Family's Freeform for the next 20 years. I know it.

TOMMY

I hope so. The chemistry between you and Boris is too real.

Boris stands by grip crew members, holding a c-stand and gyrating on it like a stripper pole.

BORIS

Ha, you know?

Sarah turns her attention back to Tommy.

SARAH

Well, I'm actually not interested in him.

The water level increases to their chest-level. Sarah caresses Tommy's face with her soft hands. Fireworks.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 I want someone talented. And
 handsome. Like if Quentin Tarantino
 wasn't a 2.

The water submerges them. She leans in for a kiss but the current drifts them apart. Tommy attempts to reach for her but struggles, gasping for air-

INT. TOMMY AND VICK'S STUDIO APARTMENT - MORNING

Rain from the night before dribbles out of an open window onto a forehead. Dirty dishes litter a bedframe-less mattress.

Tommy chokes in his sleep with a foot in his face, the pointer toe lodged into his nostril.

Tommy gasps for air until he suddenly awakes.

TOMMY
 (straining)
 Vick!

VICK O'NEIL (25), his red-haired best friend and bedmate sleepily rolls over and wakes up.

VICK
 Tommy?

TOMMY
 You're fingering me, and I don't
 like it!

VICK
 (rubbing his eyes)
 What?

TOMMY
 My deviated septum!

Vick notices his toe and removes it. Tommy catches his breath and adjusts his nostrils.

VICK
 (sheepishly)
 It wasn't on purpose this time.

TOMMY
 (rubbing his nose)
 God, why was your toe like that?
 What were you dreaming about?

Beat.

VICK
(avoiding eye contact)
Tip/toeing to class-

TOMMY
/Tiptoeing to class. Great. I knew
it. We're not in school anymore,
Vick! We're 25-- fucking old guys.
I don't know why you still have
nightmares.

Their cat, BORIS, born with an old Russian man's face, climbs
into Vick's lap.

BORIS
(deep as the night)
Meow.

VICK
Well, why can't we just sleep face-
to-face like we used to?

TOMMY
Because you kept giving me hickeys
from your vampire nightmares.

Tommy pulls down the collar of his shirt to reveal atrocious
giant bruises and discoloration.

Vick frowns at the bruises. He pets Boris. Tommy gets out of
bed.

VICK
I'm going to dream therapy.

TOMMY
-Boris shat on you.

Vick looks down to see a mess in his lap.

BORIS
No.

TITLE CARD:

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INT. SARAH'S CAR - DAY

Sarah Frances drives as Vick puts his hand on her thigh. Tommy sits behind them, holding his phone filming out the window. The boys wear cowboy outfits.

Tommy looks at Sarah. Sarah glances at him through the rear view mirror. Tommy looks away.

NPR plays.

NPR

Latest research shows that men with red hair make up the largest demographic of sleep talkers... but ALSO the demographic of violent domestic abusers.

Vick slightly turns down the volume.

SARAH

(irritatedly)

Did I say you can touch my car?

VICK

(scared)

I'm silly, ha.

He readjusts the volume.

SARAH

Do you know what day it is today, Victor?

Vick's face scrunches up with thought. He touches her box braids.

VICK

(clearing throat)

Martin Luther King Jr. Day-

SARAH

-Our anniversary. Two months. And we're celebrating by me driving you to work, 'cause you're late again.

Sarah swerves and almost off roads a car. HONK.

VICK

(trying to lighten the mood)

Uh, at least your, uh, period isn't late.