

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

Written by

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1 INT. WHEELS OF FORTUNE - THE LUNCHTIME RUSH 1

JUNIOR SALES ASSOCIATE FRED meanders back and forth outside. He straddles a small mobility scooter as a pensioner sits and watches his poor attempt at being a salesman.

JUNIOR SALES ASSOCIATE FRED, a poster-child for dyspraxia.

2 INT. EDDIE'S BACK OFFICE - MIDDAY SLUMP 2

EDDIE sits back at his desk, a tinfoil wrapped pita clutched in hand, with a landline pinned between shoulder and ear. A docile mobility scooter bobblehead swings back and forth.

EDDIE

Yeah... It's a commercial. No I really don't think that'll be the case. A commercial!

EDDIE, an involuntary shadow to his father's success.

A bite of tzatziki and tomato. 3 uncoordinated knocks. Fred enters, he stands in the doorway trying to mouth something to Eddie.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I just need you to sign the check, I'll do everything else... But you told me we had room for it?

Fred keeps trying to mouth something to Ed.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Sorry give me a second. What?

FRED

Oh god sorry, uhm I just wanted to let you know the film crew are here.

AL

(Through the receiver)
What was that?

EDDIE'S FATHER AL, an all-American-Englishman.

Eddie glares at Fred, Fred stares back blankly. A Hoffman laugh to his father.

EDDIE

Oh no, uhm.

Eddie dismissively flicks his wrist at Fred.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

No god, erm, yeah so I just need you to sign that check dad. Yeah I know, okay I realize that. It won't be like that, that was a completely separate venture.

Eddie's pita is starting to squeeze out of his grasp.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, okay, that's not really fair.

His attempt at a defense is deflected. Al cherry picks some of Ed's unfinest moments. Another knock at his door. Receiver to shirt.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

I'm still on the phone, give me a minute.

The pita's inside slide out and slop on his shirt. Mouth wide, inaudible cries. He stands up and starts to wipe the mess off his shirt.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(restrained replies)

Mhmm. Yeah...

Another knock. Receiver to shirt. Tzatziki to phone.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Not now Fred!

The commotion hasn't stopped Al's barrage. As Ed brings the receiver to his ear the food travels again.

A silent explosion.

He puts the phone on speaker and cleans his head off with a napkin, giving himself a stifled rub down.

AL

(coming down from his rant)

All those damn bobbleheads too Ed... The radio ad is a better idea. I like that.

The phone rings.

EDDIE

Right. Okay, I gotta go Dad. I'll stop by today.

AL
Uhm, I don't know...

Ed's finger lingers over the end button.

EDDIE
Yeah it'll be easier. Okay. I gotta go. It's my dry cleaners! Bye. Bye.

He presses.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Hello?

A low murmur from the receiver. Another knock. Ed looks up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Uhm okay great, thanks.

Eddie walks over to the door and rips it open.

PENSIONER
Oh. Uhm, I was just wondering where the bathroom was?

Ed takes a step back, slamming the brakes on his anger, he stares back at the man.

EDDIE
Ah, well, sir, the bathroom's only for paying customers.

Ed motions to Fred to deal with the old man. He walks past him.

3 INT. EDDIE'S PARKED CAR - A FEW SILENT ROAD RAGES LATER 3

Realizing that he's a early Ed sits in his car and waits. In the meantime he pulls out his checkbook and starts writing out the payment to the film crew.

"Well-Suited Films. £1500. One Thousand Five Hundred.
01/03/2010."

His scrawly handwriting finishes the check and hovers over the signature line.

Ed looks up and catches a man coming out of the dry cleaners. He's wearing a suit that seems to be two sizes too small. He lets out a small laugh through his nose.

He looks back at his watch and gets out his car.

4

INT. DRY CLEANERS - SAME TIME

4

As he enters, he breaks a simmering conversation between JIMMY and an older woman, continuing to the front desk.

JIMMY, the local sleaze-ball with morals.

JIMMY

Hey Ed, how you doing brother?

EDDIE

Not bad. Just grabbing my cleaning...

JIMMY

(polite chuckle)

Ah well, yeah, of course.

Jim turns around and murmurs something to his coworker.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Uhm... So, uh, how's your dad? I've been meaning to visit him.

EDDIE

Uh yeah, he's good. All good.

Jimmy goes into the back and starts chatting, laughing about something or other. Ed turns around, he looks around the dry cleaners trying to avoid continuing the conversation.

He catches the eye of an older woman staring at him, he tries to look around the room more, but finds himself at a lack of things to look at. He see's the old woman again, still staring. They look at each other for a second, Ed looks around to break the awkwardness but starts to get frustrated.

SUE NYMAN, widowed; left with only her mortgage for company.

SUE NYMAN

You know, you are very rude.

EDDIE

What ar...

JIMMY

Hey Ed, here's your suit.

EDDIE

Er.

Taking a second to cool off from the exchange.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

JIMMY

No worries, say hi to your dad for me.

Ed huffs back as a confirmation. He walks briskly out, the older woman stares at him as he leaves and resumes speaking to Jimmy.

5 INT. NURSING HOME, OUTSIDE AL THIEMES ROOM - SAME TIME 5

NEW JUNIOR SALES ASSOCIATE GREG walks out from a door with Ed's father patting him on the back. He holds his suit jacket over his forearm.

AL

Thanks for coming by today.

6 INT. NURSING HOME, FRONT DESK - 15 SECONDS PRIOR 6

Eddie sits in the waiting room. An empty reception with a busy receptionist. Checking his watch and fiddling with the seam of the chair, he sits idle. The receptionist finishes on the phone and lets Eddie through.

7 INT. NURSING HOME - 10 SECONDS LATER 7

Eddie passes Greg as he enters through the main door. He's taken aback by the large shoulder pads that strut with more purpose than their owner. Ed picks up the pace walking towards his father's room, growing ever more anxious.

8 INT. NURSING HOME, OUTSIDE AL THIEMES ROOM - SAME TIME 8

3 faint knocks. Shuffling muffled footsteps.

AL

Oh, Ed, I wasn't expecting you.

EDDIE

Hey Dad, oh yeah...

Eddie's father stands in the doorway.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(nervously chuckling)

Uhm, can I come in?

AL
Oh, uh, yeah of course you can.

9 INT. AL THIEMES ROOM

9

Eddie sits in a nylon chair. It's pair perched across from it. The room sits idle, an American flag stands proud on his father's dresser. It's plastic. Blowing in the non existent wind.

EDDIE
So, how are you?

AL
Not bad. Not bad at all. How's the store?

EDDIE
(faint chuckle)
Yeah it's good. Well *you know* how it's doing.

AL
Yeah, I know. I meant right now.

EDDIE
Oh well, I've got Fred minding it.

AL
What? Fred? I thought you let him go?

EDDIE
No uhm, I don't know...

Eddie trails off. The two men sit in a second of silence. Both wondering what the other's going to say, if anything.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Uhm. Who was that guy visiting you today?

AL
Oh. That's just someone I've been interviewing.

Eddie looks nervously at his father.

EDDIE
Uh, what for?

AL
For a position at the store.

EDDIE
What position?

AL
(getting frustrated)
I don't know yet. That's why i'm
interviewing him.

EDDIE
Oh right. Okay.

The two look around, both horrifically uncomfortable to be in
each other's company.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
So, uhm dad I was just wondering if
you could sign off on that check?

Eddie's throat dries up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
The one for the crew.

AL
Yeah. I don't think it's such a
good idea. Why aren't we going
ahead with those radio ads we spoke
about?

EDDIE
Oh right. Well, uh, I just don't
think anyone really listens to the
radio anymore.

Without missing a beat.

AL
I do.

Eddie takes a long blink and hopes when he opens his eyes
someone else is sitting in front of him. He holds the check
in his pocket.

EDDIE
Yeah, I just think our target
audience aren't quite in that
sphere of influence.

AL
We sell mobility scooters. I'm the
target audience. Look if it were up
to me I'd be selling door to door
round this place.

EDDIE

Right. But I just don't think it's that sustainable for our business model.

AL

(chuckling
condescendingly)

Jesus Ed, don't talk to me about business models. You don't know shit about business.

Eddie takes a breath. Ready for a rant.

EDDIE

Well, dad, that's not really fair...

AL

Ed. Your schemes around the store don't work. The air fresheners, the wheelchairs... It's just messy. Your ideas are just messy.

Eddie takes a second to choke back his emotion, but doesn't let his father smell the fear. He scrunches the check in his pocket.

EDDIE

I think that this commercial will really help connect the store to a wider audience. Everyone watches TV now, even more than when I was a kid.

AL

I'm just still not sure about that. It's a lot of money and for what? Some guys to press record?

EDDIE

No, there's a green screen and they're gonna edit text and...

AL

It sounds messy Ed, I just don't like mess.

Al looks at his watch, more as a gesture than to check the time.

AL (CONT'D)

Look, Ed, thanks for coming.

His father sighs.

AL (CONT'D)
Let's tabletop this and talk about
it at the next meeting.

Eddie's father shifts in his seat, he presses a button next to his chair.

EDDIE
(feeble force)
No, I really need this signed off
today.

The novelty of Ed's presence has worn off. Eddie's father presses the button again.

AL
I won't do that Ed. I don't trust
it. I don't trust...

Eddie cuts off his father. Saving himself from the end of the sentence.

EDDIE
Dad please just trust me on *this*.

3 clinical knocks. A nurse sticks her head through the door.

JUNE ROGERS, believes that the customer... I mean patient is always right.

JUNE ROGERS
Excuse me sir, uh did you need
something?

AL
(past Ed)
Oh yes you can come in.
(to Ed)
Thanks for coming Ed. Let's talk
soon, I've got to take my daily
walk.

EDDIE
Oh, I can, come with you?

AL
No, no, you should get back to
store, don't mind me.

Ed gets up awkwardly and gets ushered out by his father, who subsequently closes the door behind him.

10 INT. NURSING HOME, FRONT DESK - A BOARD MEETING LATER 10

Ed walks past the reception. He looks at the waiting area and a man in a mismatched suit sits waiting. As Ed walks halfway into the room, the administrator motions to the stranger.

ADMIN

You can go in now.

As the man gets up to leave Ed barges back into his father's room and tries to forcibly sign the check holding his dad's hand. The nurse easily breaks him off and shoves his small frame to the ground.

Ed is still standing in the reception area. He watches the man as he walks past. The administrator stares.

11 INT. EDDIE'S CAR - SAME TIME 11

Ed gets in his car in the parking lot of the care home. Dangling in front of his face is a mobility scooter air freshener. He rips it off his rear view mirror and throws it in the back.

Eddie pulls away with a bumper sticker on his boot.

"Call me: 07745384770." A cartooned old woman sits perched on a mobility scooter winking.

12 EXT. WHEELS OF FORTUNE - A DRIVE LATER 12

He arrives back at the store and he sits in his car for a second before getting out.

13 INT. WHEELS OF FORTUNE - ONE MENTAL BREAKDOWN LATER 13

Eddie walks through the showroom. An idle film crew to his left and fidgeting customers to his right, Eddie is approached by Fred who is having trouble keeping up with his pace.

They arrive at the back office.

14 INT. EDDIE'S BACK OFFICE - SAME TIME 14

Fred loiters nervously.

FRED
 (proud)
 Okay, so the crew are ready. Oh and
 I took a message for you.

EDDIE
 Okay great. I'll be ready in 5.

FRED
 Yeah of course. It was the dry
 cleaners.

EDDIE
 Huh?

FRED
 The message. The dry cleaners
 called.

EDDIE
 Right okay.

He lingers, becoming ever more acquainted with Ed's office
 door frame.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 Fred, Jesus, give me 5 minutes,
 would ya?

Fred leaves looking for a post it note. Eddie closes the door
 and lays down his suit, starting to undress. After changing
 he looks at himself in the mirror.

His suit is a size and a half too big. He's not drowning in
 it, but he is definitely struggling to keep afloat. Eddie
 peeks around his door and see's the film crew meandering. He
 closes the door; safe in his office.

He looks at himself again. His eyes wander past the
 autographed c-list celebrity photos; to a photo of his
 father.

'Al stands in a large cut suit passing a jumbo check to an
 elderly lady balanced on a zimmer frame: a life supply of
 adult diapers.'

Ed exits, leaving the photo on the desk.

Fred is waiting outside his office, Eddie struts out pressing
 the check into Fred's chest. As he passes him, Fred notices a
 label protruding from Ed's suit.

'CHARLIE MEADOWS'. The name swings back and forth. Fred tries feebly to get a hold of it.

FRED

Oh, Ed...

First marks. Eddie arrives in front of the film crew and Fred hands the signed check to a nondescript producer.

1ST AD

(whispers to the director)

Uhm it's a little too big isn't it?

EDDIE

No, it's supposed to be like this.
It's an American cut.

CUE COMMERCIAL.