

LOTTO *Lucky* Numbers 

Treatment by Pete Marquis





...HELLO,
We need

to talk

We need to talk about this fantastic script that instantly made me laugh because we have all had conversations like these. Slightly uncomfortable, but delivered with love, conversations that are usually overdue and to the casual observer might seem indecipherable, but the participants know what's at stake.

I love these two guys, who've known each other since forever, sitting down to have that conversation. Their conversation. The one about Fireball... and that insane number of fortune cookies you're hoarding in the middle of our house.

That's their conversation. Let's have our own conversation about how we see them having theirs. It's very meta but go with me on it.

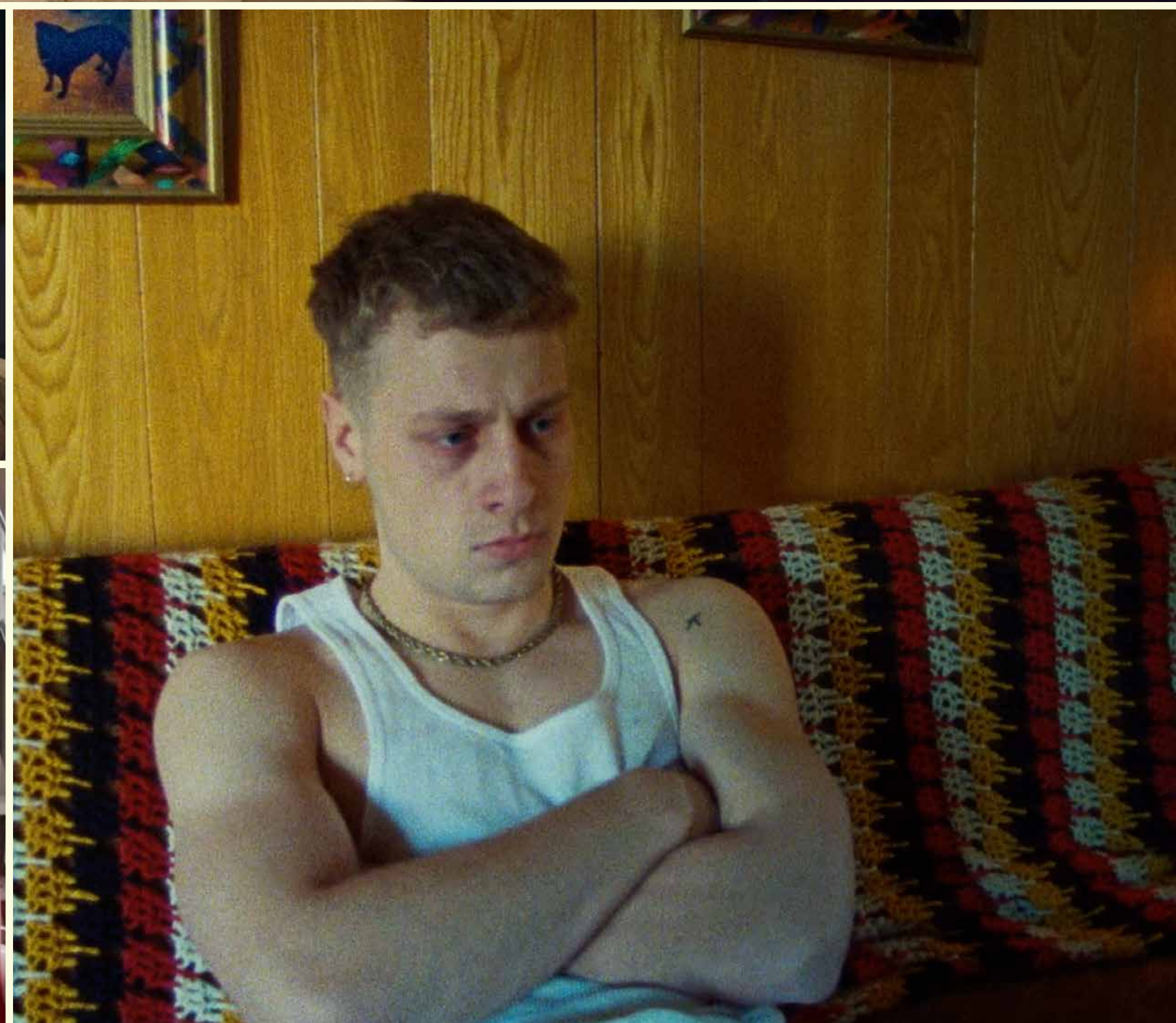
This is For *real*, guys...

No, but really. This is serious. These are two guys having real talk. It has to be. That's where the humor is. The more deadpan they are discussing the Kung Pao Fireball situation, the funnier this becomes. It really should feel that Bill is genuinely a bit concerned for Steve. How can he not know about Fireball? Someone needs to have the talk with him. It's important.

We are but observers to this delicate moment between friends. We have been invited inside their charming bungalow to see Bill confront an uncomfortable truth - Steve has missed the lucky number mark. Where a single Fireball would

have sufficed, he has gone overboard with more fortune cookies than there are clever fortunes to find inside said cookies. But then again, You don't need strength to let go of something. Also, the usefulness of a cup is in its emptiness. And yet, success lies in the hands of those who want it.

Which is why you're better off holding a Fireball number than you are a stack of cookie slips. That said, worry not Steve - People learn little from success, but much from failure. Fail better, Steve and pick up a Fireball if you want to start winning.

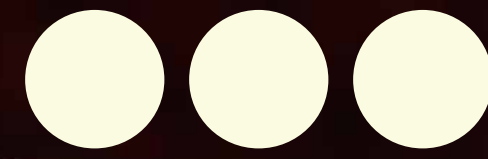


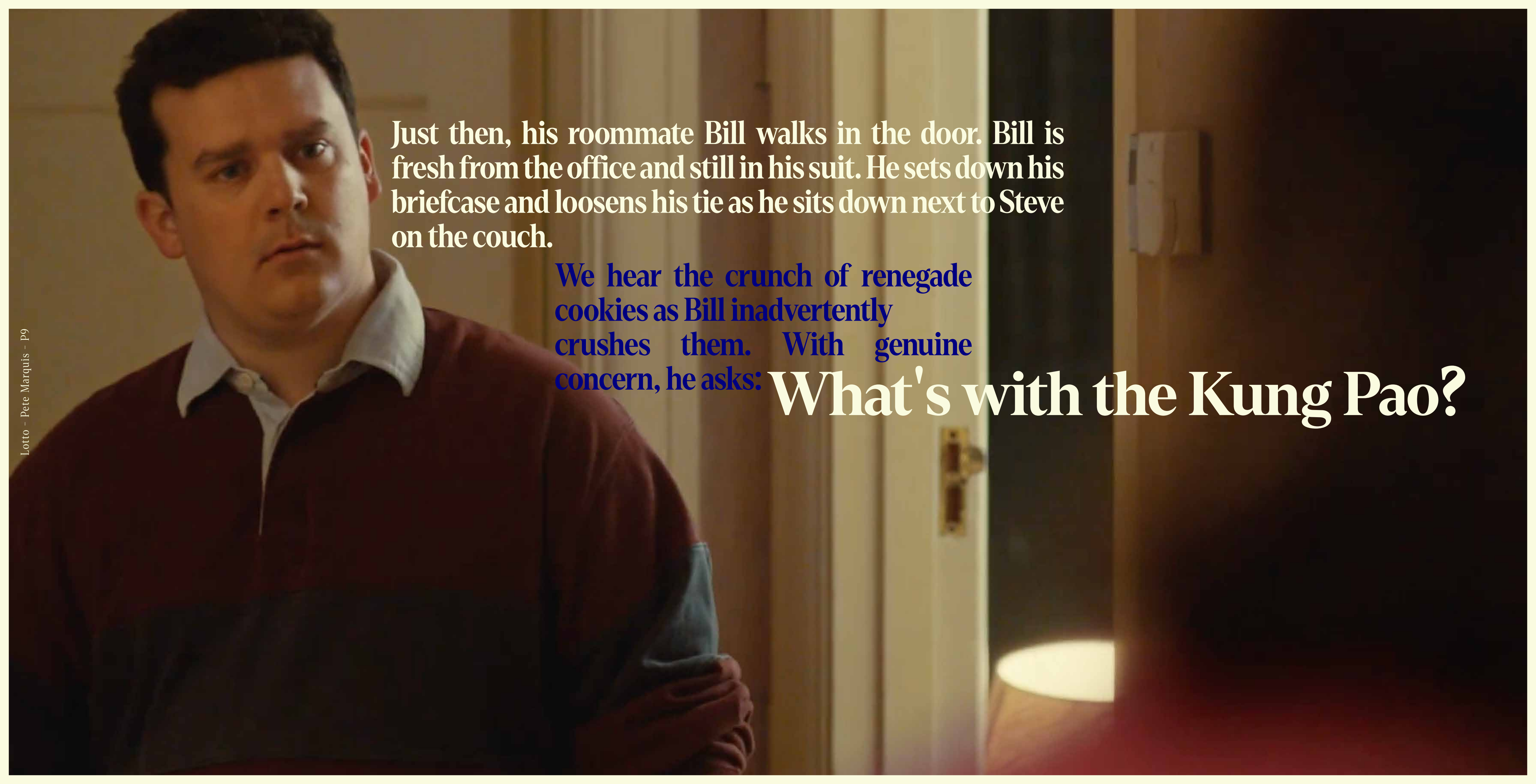
'Lucky numbers': **30**

We open on Steve, slumped on his West Elm couch, looking a little worse for the wear. He is also surrounded by Chinese food. Lots and lots of Chinese food.

He's got a pile of broken fortune cookies along with a mound of paper fortune slips and scattered cellophane wrappers like snow drifts up against take out boxes.

He's still eating from one of the boxes, hands slowly moving chopsticks from box to mouth. There's a robotic quality to his movements... he's been doing this for a while and is starting to run... out... of... steam...



A man with dark hair, wearing a maroon sweater over a light-colored collared shirt, is shown from the chest up. He has a thoughtful or slightly concerned expression, looking off-camera to the right. The background is a dimly lit room with a white door and a lamp visible in the shadows.

Just then, his roommate Bill walks in the door. Bill is fresh from the office and still in his suit. He sets down his briefcase and loosens his tie as he sits down next to Steve on the couch.

We hear the crunch of renegade cookies as Bill inadvertently crushes them. With genuine concern, he asks:

What's with the Kung Pao?



Steve can't stop eating. His hand goes from box to mouth, box to mouth, and in between biting and swallowing, he gets out:

STEVE: I'm stockpiling lucky numbers to get more Pick 3 and Pick 4 wins.

Bill wants to reach out, to take the chopsticks out of his hands and make it all stop but he knows... he knows that "I hear and I forget. I see and I remember. I do and I understand." He cannot do this for Steve. He can only guide him...

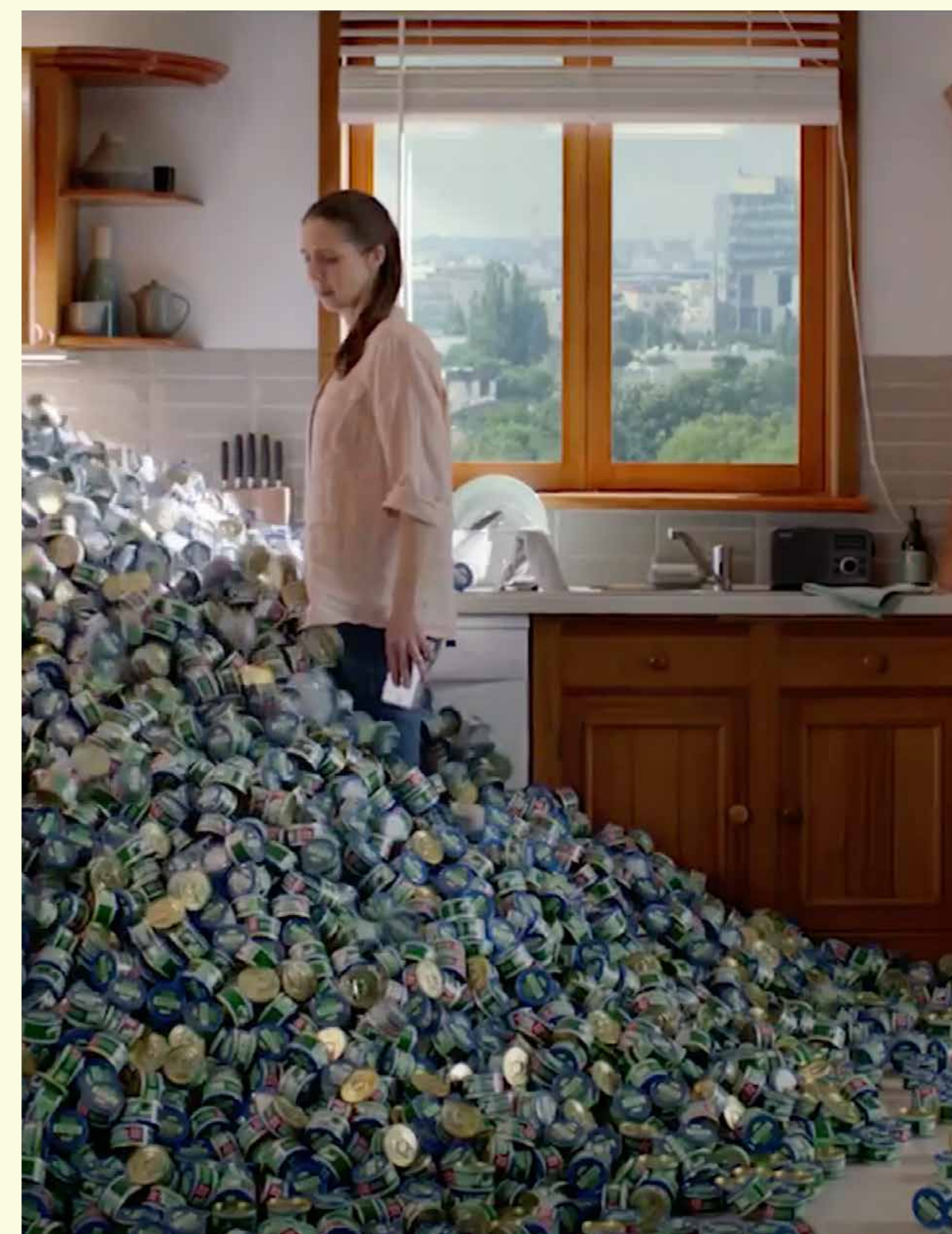
BILL: You should just play Fireball. When you add it to Pick 3 or Pick 4 you get an extra drawn number for more combinations to match and win.

This is news to Steve. New information coming to light. Now he puts down the pao and turns to look at Bill – he's not messing with him, is he?

STEVE: Wow.

Bill nods and gets up, letting Steve digest all this.

He opens a cupboard to get a glass and is treated to an avalanche of chopsticks.





At the same time — across the room, the Delivery Guy steps out of the bathroom and looks around sheepishly.

Steve looks up at him:

STEVE: I guess this is goodbye Joe.

Joe nods, looks a little crestfallen. Steve tosses him a fortune cookie for the road.

Steve: You take it. I don't need it anymore.

Cut to an art card animation of the Fireball box being checked and fireball rolling in.

VO: *Make your own luck with Fireball — the hot new add on with more chances for more winning.*



Casting & performance



We have to believe that these two fellas have a history. They've known each other for a long time. A long time. But most of that long time has been spent discussing stuff like cornhole shot strategy, or fantasy draft pics. There has been no Fireball convo. But now there needs to be. Because this kung pao situation is untenable. The house only has one bathroom.

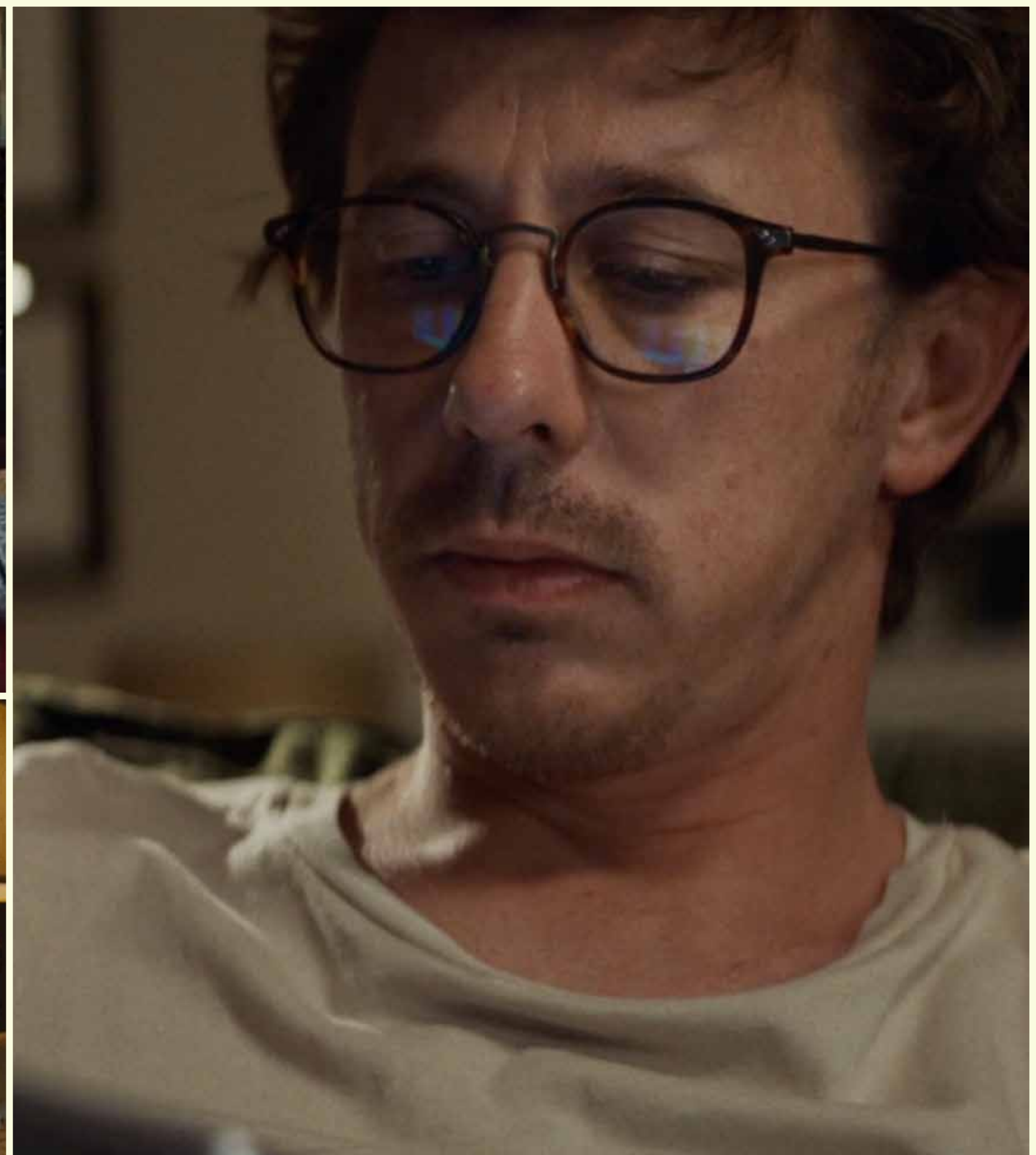
I'm looking for two strong improv actors who have fantastic chemistry. We should even do group callbacks to

be sure we're getting a dry witted duo who can bring their own banter. Of course we're going to get the script. It's hilarious and I love it. We'll get it.

But...the beauty of strong improv actors is that once you set them off, they're out to top the script. It's a compulsion. They have to nail the script and then prove to themselves that they can make it even better. And I gotta say, quite often, they do – even if it's with a non-verbal expression or a movement. Something I should mention that you

probably already noticed... I added a third character. I did that. I think it makes the tension funnier if in that final beat, after all that heart-to-heart it turns out the delivery guy has been biding his time in the toilet. That said, that is just my first idea, we can totally tweak the third person, but I think it does make it stronger to have someone else in the space with them.







Wardrobe

There's a lot of backstory and personality to be communicated through wardrobe. I like the idea that Steve came home early from work – he does have work, he's just done early, and so he's in more casual clothing while Bill is coming right from work with his suit and briefcase.

Bill's a pretty snappy dresser and it's clear that he's just got a promotion and is on the track he set for himself. Steve, on the other hand, he's not quite as sharp a suit wearer. Plus his girlfriend

Cheryl broke up with him a few weeks ago and it's now apparent that she had been helping him to avoid color clash. Now she's gone, all bets are off.

The delivery guy needs a uniform of sorts so we instantly understand who he is. He's not a roommate with an overactive bladder. He's the delivery driver who after delivering his fourth Chinese food delivery to this address in the past two hours, needs to use the restroom.



REC

Camera

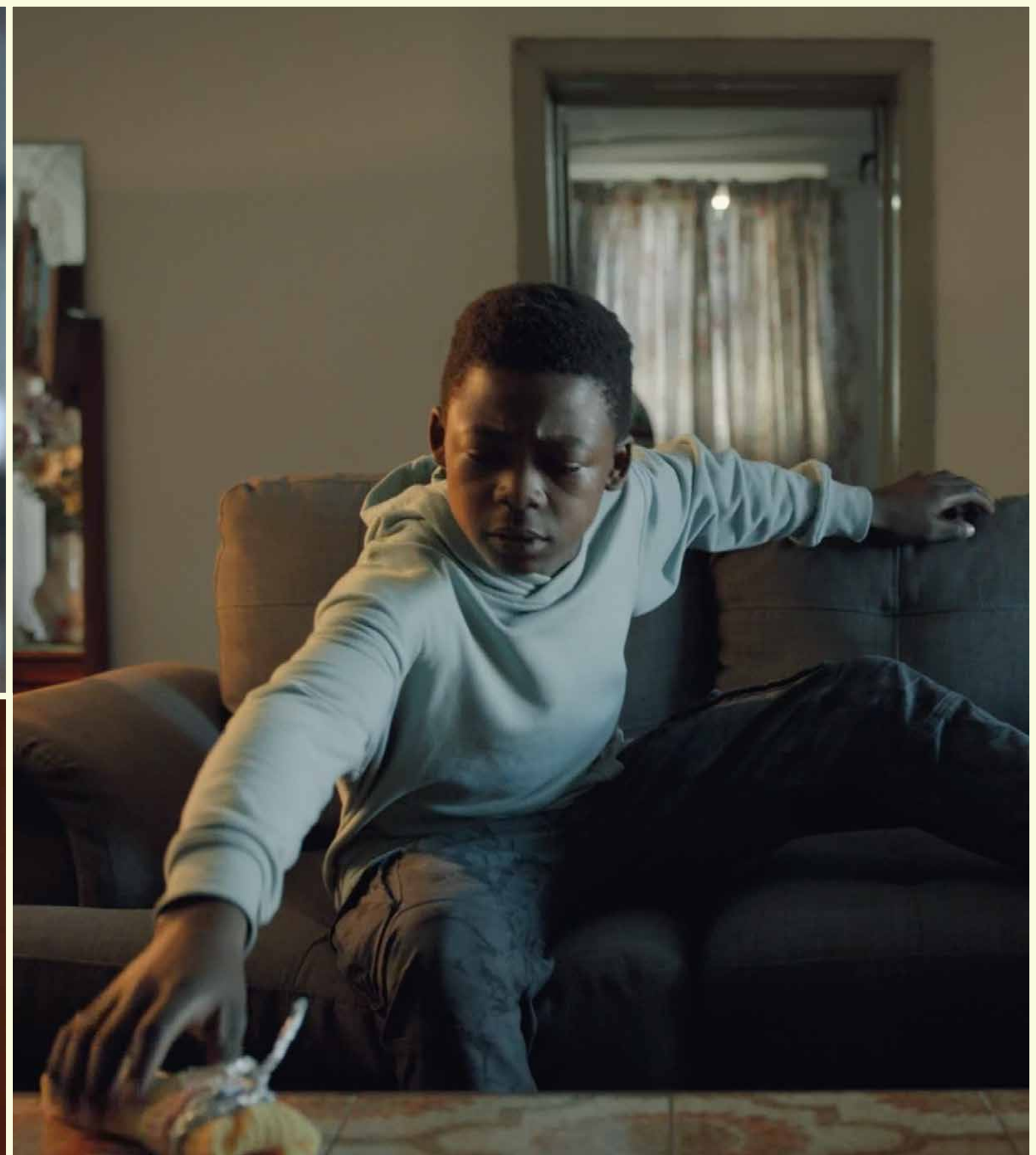
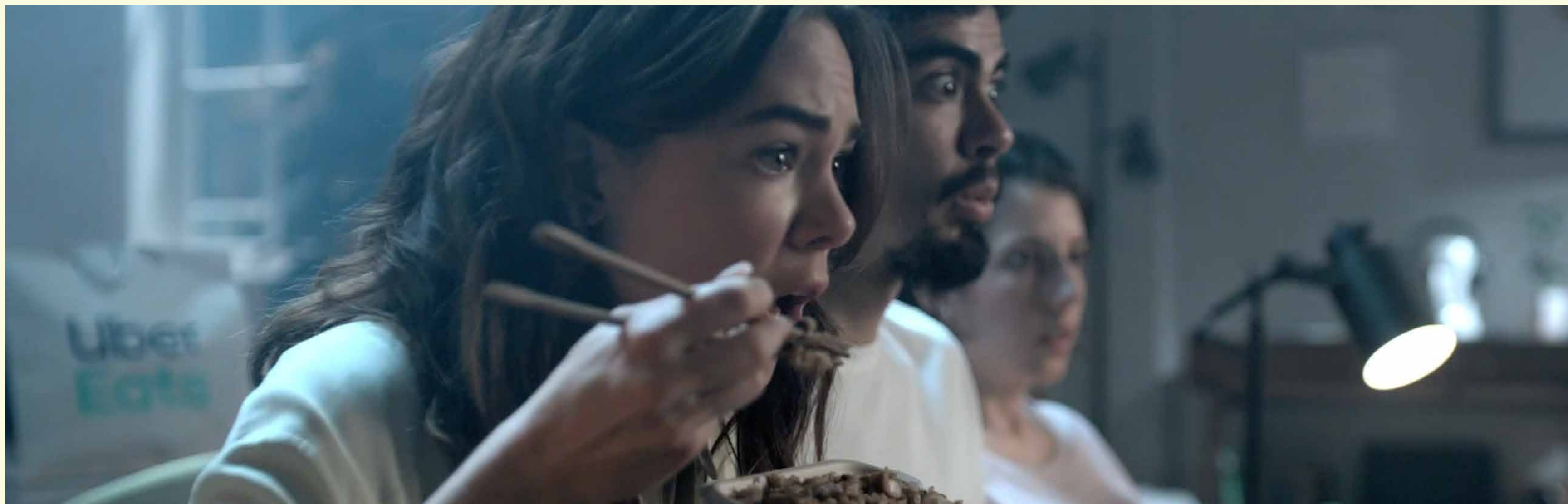


We're not going *anywhere*.

We're not going anywhere. We're just going to let this play out, nice and quiet-like. The camera doesn't need to move, maybe a little dolly or slider to feel alive, but overall, we don't want to intrude on this moment. It's a big moment. Pull up a chair. Have some pao.

The point is that we are watching a friendship mature and that's actually a bit of a subtle thing. It needs careful observation to be seen clearly. So we don't distract from the action. We can cut in close at the opportune moment to really underscore the intensity. But otherwise, we are just there, providing emotional support.







Location & production design

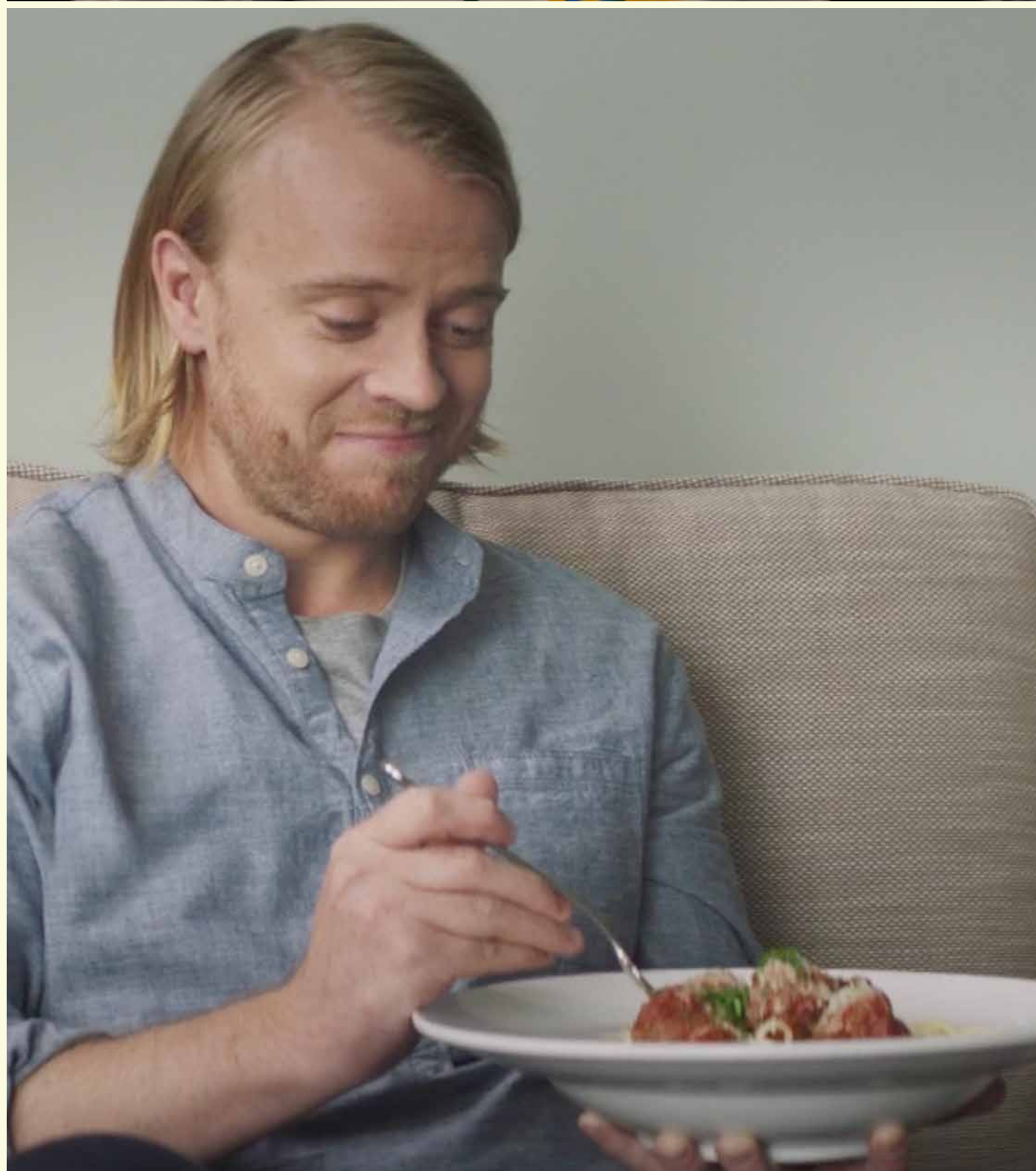


The place looks pretty good – well, other than the copious kung pao remnants scattered over the couch and surrounding environs. Under the wrappers and mountains of lucky numbers, there is a decent West Elm level couch. And it's not just the couch – the coffee table, the décor, these

guys are real grown-up people, and they've got the home to prove it.

It's not fancy, but it's also not exclusively craigslist furnished. And if it weren't for the recent Chinese food run, it'd be fairly tidy. There's even a touch of personality to it. It's not “generic

middle-class home”. It's Steve and Bill's house... until they eventually find their more-special-than-your-high-school-best-friend someone and buy their forever homes. But in the meantime, it's a place they wouldn't be embarrassed to bring that potentially forever special someone.



Soundscape

I think this lives in the silence. Those awkward silences, punctuated with the crunch of fortune cookies stuck in the couch, the crinkle of wrappers being leaned on, and the disquieting groan of Steve's stomach starting to gurgle.

There are many genius aspects to *The Office*, but their use of sustained

silence to provoke an emotional response was so clever it has become iconic. That's where we're heading here. This isn't wall-to-wall dialogue, nor is it a regularly paced back-and-forth conversation. This is a forced and halting slightly embarrassed conversation that has to be got through because dude, you should just play *Fireball*.

Thank you



● Guys, all I can say is: It's amazing how much good you can do if you don't care who gets the credit. I'm all about collaboration and this treatment is just the beginning - a springboard to continue our conversation. You know the conversation. I'll order the Kung Pao.

Pete x