

RAGS TO RICHES

By

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EXT. STREET - DAY

A busy high street, many shoppers rushing up and down carrying bags.

Sitting in front of a closed shop is WILSON (30) his hair and beard long, his clothes dirty and rough. He pulls an old blanket around his shoulder trying to keep warm.

He holds out a pot attempting to make eye contact with anyone who may feel compelled to donate. People ignore him as they pass.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Wilson rummages through the large industrial bins at the back of a restaurant. He stumbles upon a pizza box and opens it to find a solitary slice.

He grins with excitement then snatches the slice before ramming it into his mouth. He chews with delight.

Once the slice has completely disappeared, plumping out his cheeks he discards the box and continues to search the bin. Finding nothing else of use he steps away. Despite the recent consumption his stomach rumbles.

He looks down and holds it in distress. Something catches his eye on the floor by the bin.

He forgets about his hunger for a second as he leans in for a closer look.

A wallet, made from the finest leather in pristine condition. He reaches out and picks it up with anticipation.

He flips it open to find no credit cards or ID within. He splits open the note section and to his surprise he is greeted with several notes.

His eyes light up in awe. He wastes no time reaching in and fanning out the money in front of him. Ten crisp notes equalling one hundred pounds.

He studies the wallet, then places the notes back inside before slipping it into his pocket.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Wilson steps out of the fast food restaurant carrying a takeaway bag.

He approaches a bench and sits down. He reaches into the bag and takes out a large wrapped burger. He tears away the paper and bites into the thick juicy meat. He closes his eyes with satisfaction as he chews.

EXT. CLOTHES SHOP - DAY

Wilson steps out of the shop wearing fresh new clothes. He carries a shopping bag.

He removes the wallet from his pocket and opens it to reveal nothing left inside. He admires it and places it back in his pocket.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Wilson walks down a dark alleyway scoping out somewhere to sleep.

Out of nowhere he is confronted by a frightening looking man who holds a knife up at him.

MUGGER

Give me your money.

Wilson raises his hands in surrender.

WILSON

I don't have any.

The mugger looks down at the shopping bags and his new clothes.

MUGGER

Bullshit. Hand it over or I'll stick you.

WILSON

I don't, I swear. I'll prove it.

Wilson reaches into his pocket and takes out the wallet. He flips it open and stretches wide the note pouch only to reveal it filled with ten crisp notes again.

Wilson pulls the notes and studies them in disbelief. The mugger snatches the money and runs off into the night.

Wilson is still frozen in shock. He analyses the wallet checking every angle, but can't quite fathom it. He places it back in his pocket and continues walking.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Wilson sits huddled in a corner, a thick blanket covering him. He holds the wallet in his hand. Every so often he splits open the note compartment, but finds it still empty. He frowns in confusion.

He places it back in his pocket, gets comfortable and closes his eyes.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

A sharp ray of sunlight cuts through the alleyway shining brightly on Wilson's face.

He opens his eyes shielding the light with his hand. He removes the wallet from his pocket and looks at it.

He takes a deep breath and prizes it open.

Tucked away inside, the wallet has refilled itself with another ten crisp notes. Wilson's eyes widen with glee. He starts laughing to himself.

He glances around wishing he could show someone this miracle. He closes the wallet back up and tucks it safely away in his pocket. He stands gathering his stuff and runs out of the alley.

INT. BED & BREAKFAST, ROOM - DAY

Wilson enters the mediocre room and admires it with delight. He looks over at the bed. He drops his bag on the floor and jumps on it. He bounces around before relaxing and closing his eyes a second.

He reaches into his pocket and removes the wallet. He places it down on the bedside table and taps it lovingly. He closes his eyes again.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wilson walks down the street wearing new clothes, his hair is cut and his beard shaved.

He passes many homeless people tucked away in shop doorways.

One homeless man steps in front of him.

HOMELESS MAN

Excuse me sir, you don't happen to have any spare change do you?

WILSON

No, I don't.

Wilson pushes past him, but the homeless man refuses to give up. He follows him.

HOMELESS MAN

Please sir, anything will do. I just need something to eat.

WILSON

I told you I don't have any.

HOMELESS MAN

Even ten pence would be a fine contribution.

The homeless man grabs Wilson's shoulder to pull him back. Wilson spins around and pushes the homeless man to the floor.

WILSON

I can't help you, now leave me alone.

The homeless man, gets to his feet and runs off down the street. Wilson continues walking.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Wilson arrives at a fancy looking restaurant. He peers through the window impressed by what he sees. He enters.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Wilson sits by the window enjoying an expensive meal. A waiter approaches with a bottle of wine.

WAITER

More wine, sir?

WILSON

Yes, please.

The waiter tops up his glass. Wilson glances out the window and spots a homeless person struggling to keep warm. He turns away and takes a sip of his wine.

INT. FLAT - DAY

A small mundane flat. The front door opens, Wilson enters followed by a LANDLORD (50). Wilson looks around pleased by what he's seeing.

LANDLORD

It's not much, but for the price-

Wilson smiles and turns to the landlord.

WILSON

It's perfect.

LANDLORD

I don't allow pets and keep the noise down. Rent is due first of the month and I don't tolerate late payments, at all. You don't pay when I ask, you're out.

Wilson walks through into a living room, fully furnished.

WILSON

It's furnished?

LANDLORD

Left over from the last tenant. He didn't pay his rent on time.

WILSON

That won't be a problem for me, I can assure you.

LANDLORD

Good. When are you planning on moving in?

The landlord holds up the key. Wilson takes it from him.

WILSON

Right now.

The landlord frowns.

LANDLORD

What about all your stuff?

WILSON

Everything I have is on me now.

The landlord mumbles confused then exits the flat. Wilson looks around smiling.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

Wilson sits on a sofa watching television. He grabs a bottle of beer from the coffee table and takes a swig.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wilson enters the bedroom where a small single bed and bedside table are tucked into a corner. He places the wallet inside the bedside drawer and sits down on the bed. He starts removing his clothes.

TITLE: A FEW DAYS LATER

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Wilson wakes and climbs out of bed. He opens the bedside drawer to reveal stacks of money inside. The wallet sits upon them. He removes the new notes from the wallet and adds them to the stacks.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Wilson sits at the dining table with stacks of magazines. He is flicking through a car magazine circling images of sports cars. There is a knock at the door.

He closes the magazine and gets up to answer it.

A timid man stands before him with a stack of flyers in his hand.

TIMID MAN

Good afternoon sir. I'm from the local homeless shelter and I'm visiting residents to ask for donations to help keep the shelter open. Unfortunately costs have increased and we're struggling to pay the bills to keep the shelter. We're very close to our target and only require one thousand pounds and we can ensure many of our homeless will have somewhere warm and dry to stay in future. Would you be willing to contribute?

WILSON

No, thank you.

TIMID MAN

The smallest amount would mean a lot.

WILSON

No, I don't have anything to give you.

TIMID MAN

But-

Wilson slams the door shut. He returns to the table and continues reading the car magazine. He spots a sports car he likes and circles it with a pen.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Wilson enters through the front door with a skip in his step and a grin on his face. He twirls a car key around his finger. He kisses the car key and puts it down on the table.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wilson is in bed asleep. The sound of a car window smashing followed by a loud car alarm. Wilson wakes abruptly and sits up.

He jumps from the bed and runs over to the window and peers out. His eyes widen with shock.

WILSON

No.

The sound of the car starting. Wilson runs out of the room.

EXT. FLAT - NIGHT

Wilson runs out the front door and into the road as the sound of car wheels screech away. He stops, knowing to chase would be futile. He hangs his head.

INT. FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY

Wilson sits on the side of the bed looking depressed at his car key as the sun cuts through the curtains.

He picks up the wallet from the bedside table and opens it to find it empty.

He pulls it open wider to be sure, but there's nothing within. He frowns with confusion.

INT. FLAT - NIGHT

Wilson sits on the sofa, the wallet sits on the coffee table in front of him. He stares intently at it. He looks up at the clock 11:30PM.

He waits gripping the side of the sofa nervously. The clock zips forward to 12:00AM.

Wilson slowly reaches out and picks up the wallet. He carefully prizes it open, but his face drops as he discovers it's still empty. He places it back and continues to stare at it.

INT. FLAT - DAY

The morning sun breaks through the curtains. Wilson wakes and looks up at the clock, 09:30AM. He turns to the wallet and snatches it. He whips it open to find nothing within.

He stands up and starts pulling it open wider to be absolutely sure.

WILSON

Come on, where is it?

Wilson pulls apart every compartment in the hope of finding something.

WILSON

Come on. For God's sake where is it? It should be here by now.

Wilson begins to get frustrated, turning into anger.

WILSON

You bloody thing. Work.

He begins tearing the wallet apart. He throws it down on the floor in a fit of rage.

Once he's caught his breath he looks down at the tattered wallet and panics. He falls to the floor and attempts to repair it.

WILSON

Oh no, please. I'm sorry. I can fix it, I can fix it.

There is a knock at the door. Wilson freezes looking toward it.

 WILSON
Who is it?

 LANDLORD
It's the landlord.

Wilson shoots a look over to a calendar on the wall. A date has been circled 'RENT DUE' today's date.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wilson walks along the street carrying a carrier bag of possessions. He is roughly dressed, his beard starting to regrow.

He reaches a bin and pulls the damaged wallet from his pocket. He takes one last look before throwing it in. He walks away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Wilson reaches the local homeless shelter, but finds it has been closed down. He hangs his head in shame and continues walking.

EXT. SHOP - NIGHT

Wilson is huddled in a shop doorway. He pulls an old blanket around his shoulders struggling to keep warm. He stares at people eating through the window of a restaurant over the road.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The homeless man that Wilson rejected earlier is rummaging through the bin Wilson threw the wallet in. The homeless man finds the wallet completely repaired. He opens it to find one hundred pounds inside. He smiles in delight.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wilson sits on the street leant up against a shop. He holds out a dish hoping for donations from passers by, but everyone ignores him.

The homeless man is now smartly dressed, washed and clean shaven. He walks down the street happy and proud. He sees Wilson sitting on the ground and approaches him. Wilson holds out his hand.

WILSON

Spare change?

The homeless man removes the wallet from his pocket. Wilson recognizes it immediately. The homeless man takes out a ten pound note and places it in Wilson's hand. The homeless man smiles and walks off.

Wilson still in shock at seeing the repaired wallet hasn't even noticed the money he now possesses.

FADE OUT.