

FADE IN.

EXT. THORNBURY BOWLS CLUB - DUSK

Nestled in the heart of Australian suburbia, lies the magnificent THORNBURY BOWLS CLUB. Suspended in time, the weathered exterior is explored. No one is in sight.

INT. THORNBURY BOWLS CLUB DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting crossed legged at a solitary table is SAM. The dinning room is empty, he distracts himself from the silence with the sudoko section of the local paper. Resting the neatly folded paper on his crossed leg, Sam's brow is furrowed in concentration, quitely confident. He fills the vacant boxes with 1s and 0s sparatically.

INT. THORNBURY BOWLS CLUB LOCKER ROOM

RICH rests a leg up on the bench, tying the laces on his converses. Satisfied, Rich straightens and digs out his phone and keys from his pocket, and places them in an empty locker. Scanning the wall of lockers, Rich opens one to his upper left. Inside is a childrens toy inside a bag of water, like a goldfish. Not what Rich is looking for, he closes the lockerdoor and tries another. Inside is (insert something weird and random) again, he closes the locker. Finally Rich tries a third locker and finds what he was searching for: an ice cold apple blackcurrent and an orange spring vale juice. Rich grabs them both with one hand and walks out.

INT. THORNBURY BOWLS CLUB KITCHEN/DINING ROOM

Rich walks through the kitchen holding a bottle of juice in each hand. Approaching the connecting counter to the dinning room, Rich can see the lonely Sam from here. Looking up from his sudoko, Sam notices Rich too. Rich slides the organe juice across the counter top, it reaches the edge and fall off. Inexplicably, Sam catches the juice as if it had slid off his table. Weird.

RICH

Nice

SAM

Thanks

Sam twists the top off, a crisp pop echoes around the bowles club. Sam takes a long drink of the juice, then, turning the lid over, reads the fact on the inside.

SAM

(a little breathless from  
skulling the juice)

"Real Fact" #1013. It is illegal  
to sing off-key in North  
Carolina.

Suddenly Rich is sitting at the table beside Sam, sipping on his own juice.

RICH  
Doesnt seem fair, some people  
just cant sing on key.

pause

SAM  
hmm

Sam stares at the lid a little longer as if he is re-reading it. He then sets it down on the table and takes another long drink of his organe juice, almost finishing it.

FADE OUT.