

BLIND LUCK

Written by

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EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A WOMAN is sitting on a doorstep on a city street. She is crying quietly; tears are rolling down her face. In her hand she is clutching a ticket to a blind date event (a piece of paper which has the words blind date in bold writing and a simple 2 digit serial number written on the front).

A MAN walks past. The man notices the woman with pity and retraces his steps.

MAN

Such a pretty girl shouldn't cry on  
Valentine's day!

(A beat.)

Let me guess. You were stood up.

(The man empathizes with  
the woman.)

First, you were all confused. Your  
mind was racing. All kinds of weird  
possibilities of what might have  
happened. Then you felt disbelief;  
You were shocked. Could this really  
be true? Then you got angry. What  
an idiot! And then... the shame. 'I  
have made such a fool of myself.'

The woman is dumbfounded. She stops sobbing.

WOMAN

How do you know?

The man smiles disarmingly.

MAN

Happened to me too.

(A beat.)

Been walking the streets, cursing  
her since.

(A beat.)

I love the city. Just walking.  
Taking it all in.

(A beat.)

But on this day - you know, it just  
seem to remind me of how lonely I  
feel.

The woman has stopped crying. She is looking at him intensely. The man is lost in his thoughts for a moment. He switches back to the present moment, flashes a quick smile and states matter-of-factly:

MAN (CONT'D)

But a pretty girl like you  
shouldn't be crying on Valentine's  
day.

The man bends forward and kisses the woman gently on her forehead. He stands up. Smiles. He reaches for his pockets and after a little searching, pulls out a Kleenex. As he pulls out the Kleenex, unbeknownst to him, a piece of paper falls out of his pocket. He hands the Kleenex to the woman with a smile.

MAN (CONT'D)

Happy Valentine's day, or what's  
left of it.

The woman smiles a shy small smile.

The man walks away.

The woman calls out after him.

WOMAN

Did you love her?

The man keeps walking away, as he shouts over his shoulder:

MAN

It was a blind date. But she did  
sound lovely!

The man turns a corner and disappears.

The woman sits now smiling to herself. She looks around, lets out a contented sigh and as she is about to get up, she notices the piece of paper which fell from the man's pocket. She picks it up and examines it. It is a "blind date ticket" matching hers.