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Scene One

*Carla sits alone in the staff canteen. She is dressed smartly.*

Honestly, I really don't know who she thinks she is. Stuck up cow. I am referring to one of my colleagues, unfortunately. Well, I say colleague, if that's the best way of describing her. Lucy, they call her, works directly opposite me. Always running off to the supervisor telling tales. You know the sort. She's had it in for me from day one. Reporting me for been late back from lunch, not advising a client correctly, etc, etc. Someone said she's got money problems. Behind on her rent and got the council on her back for council tax arrears. Something to do with some ex who took all her money and then cleared off. Not my problem really. The job would be okay if it wasn't for her. Anyway, she's always looking at ways of making money. As soon as I started she pestered me to buy a raffle ticket at a £1.00 a go or £3 for a strip. I said, 'what's the prize?' She said, 'a microwave.' I said, 'I've got one, I don't need another thank you.' And I put my purse away. She really took the hump.

*Pause*

Then it was the lottery. She decided that the fifteen of us who work in the call centre section should form a syndicate and do the lottery. I agreed to this as it's only a quid each and I like the idea of playing, and you never know what can happen. People and syndicates have won millions. Anyway, Lucy starts to take over everything, made us all sign a contract to ensure that any winnings were fairly distributed, as long as everyone contributed. I saw no problem with that. But then she starts to dictate how we are going to play. And we had an enormous bust up over this. I didn't know what she was up to when she came over to me and asked me for my date of birth. I thought it was for office birthday cards and presents. I didn't realise she was going to use everyone's birthday and a few lucky numbers thrown in for good measure to calculate the lottery numbers. When I found out I said it was ridiculous to use that system. 'Well if you've got a better idea,' she said, 'let's hear it.' I said, 'number predictions. Certain numbers come out more regular than others and it's a case of calculating using the numbers drawn the previous weeks to predict what will occur next.' 'All sounds very complicated to me,' she said. 'And who's going to do all that messing around every week?' 'I will,' I said.