

BEHIND EVERY FORTUNE

Written by

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The sun sets on the mustard color duplexes that line the streets in the shabby-chic neighborhood.

INT. CHAZ'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

CHAZ WOOD, 30's, handsome in snug fit jeans, takes off dark sunglasses. He juggles grease stained paper bags of hot Chinese food and a briefcase. He puts them on a counter.

He closes the curtains, checks the door locks. He takes off his holster and puts his gun away.

He brings the briefcase, Chinese food and chopsticks to a glass table. Slumps into the sofa.

CHAZ WOOD
(to himself)
Another night of friggin' Chinese food.

He opens a container of Lo Mein. Picks up the fortune cookies and drops them on the table. He rearranges the cookies on the table and turns away the crimped ends.

CHAZ WOOD (CONT'D)
They say touching the wrong cookie negates the fortune. How the hell do they know the wrong cookie?

Chaz grabs the cookies and tosses them on the table, like dice at the casino.

CHAZ WOOD (CONT'D)
They say you gotta eat the whole thing before reading the fortune. But I wanna break the rules.

Lo Mein noodles fall off his chopsticks.

CHAZ WOOD (CONT'D)
Then you have to say the magic words, "in bed." I love it. Ha.

He cracks open a fortune cookie. A tiny slip of paper falls on the table. He stuffs the cookie in his mouth. Mumbles with his mouth full.

CHAZ WOOD (CONT'D)
Gotta eat the whole thing, and say those two words. Why?

He grabs every last crumb off the table and stuffs them in his mouth. Chaz reads the tiny fortune and adds the magic words.

CHAZ WOOD (CONT'D)

"Resist and the devil will flee
from you..." in bed.

Chaz opens the briefcase. Bundles of shrink wrap hundred dollar bills fill the case. He rips into the bundles of cash. Money sprawls on the table.

Chaz cracks open another cookie and stuffs it in his mouth.

CHAZ WOOD (CONT'D)

And "Behind every fortune there's a
crime," Lucky Luciano.