

FORTUNE COOKIES

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INT. ROYAL WOK - NIGHT

We're inside a cozy Chinese takeout restaurant, it's a cozy, modern place.

ARABELLA CISNEROS (22), chic and deliberate, sits down across from LEYTON MCKAY (21), smug and adorable, they shake hands.

ARABELLA  
Leyton, right?

LEYTON  
Yes, Arabella? I like your dress, really makes your eyes... pop.

ARABELLA  
Thank you, yes, I like your... shirt.

Leyton opens the bag of takeout.

ARABELLA (CONT'D)  
We're eating in, right?

LEYTON  
Oh- yeah, yeah, I just had to get the bag, makes it authentic. The full experience.

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL WOK - LATER

Arabella SLURPS up the last bit of her noodles.

ARABELLA  
Ok, I'll admit it was pretty good.

LEYTON  
Yeah, I can tell- I mean--

Arabella tilts her head. Leyton looks in the takeout bag.

LEYTON (CONT'D)  
Let's see if there are any fortune cookies here... two- three- Jesus, we got six. Let's see...

Leyton spreads the cookies out, then CRACKS one open.

LEYTON (CONT'D)  
 "You will find good fortune in other places." Gotta hit the casino after this. Let's see what's in your future...

Arabella CRACKS a cookie open. It reads, "You should really slow down when you eat." Arabella tilts her head.

LEYTON (CONT'D)  
 What? What's yours say?

Leyton LEANS over and reads her fortune.

LEYTON (CONT'D)  
 Well, I mean, it's not like you even eat that fast--

ARABELLA  
 Probably just a misprint, that's all.

Leyton nods along, and CRACKS open a cookie.

LEYTON  
 "You aren't six feet-" What?

ARABELLA  
 What'd it say?

LEYTON  
 I mean- that's not even a fortune.

Arabella reads his fortune. Leyton grabs another cookie and CRACKS it open. It reads, "Ask if she's wearing bra pads." Leyton peaks his eyes over his paper, contemplating.

LEYTON (CONT'D)  
 Are you wearing- um, bra pads?

ARABELLA  
 I'm sorry, what?

LEYTON  
 I dunno- I'm just asking what the cookie said--

ARABELLA  
 Why are you listening to what the cookie says?!

LEYTON	ARABELLA (CONT'D)
I don't know- I don't know, these cookies are weird, man!	Why would you even ask that? That's not something you ask--

Arabella GRABS a cookie and CRACKS it open. Silence.

LEYTON (CONT'D)  
What is it?

Arabella looks up at Leyton, then back down to the fortune.

LEYTON (CONT'D)  
Aw, what'd you get? You probably  
hate the way I style my hair, huh?

ARABELLA  
Leyton, do you have chlamydia?

Arabella turns the fortune towards him.

LEYTON  
What? No, are you crazy? I don't  
have chlamydia, the hell?

Arabella slowly slides the last fortune cookie towards him with an empathetic look on her face. Leyton chuckles and grabs the cookie.

LEYTON (CONT'D)  
Okay, great, I'm going to open this  
cookie, and it's going to say you  
have gonorrhea next.

Leyton CRACKS the cookie open and reads it, "Leyton, you have chlamydia." He chokes out a half-laugh. Silence.

LEYTON (CONT'D)  
I think I have to see my doctor.

Leyton picks up his stuff and RUSHES out the front door.

The bill SLIDES onto the table as a bewildered Arabella slowly comes back to her senses. She takes out her purse and sets her card down. She smiles, relieved.

ARABELLA  
Close call.