

KISMET  
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FADE IN

INT. PLUSH OFFICE - MORNING

An immaculately dressed man, JAKE FORTUNE, 33, handsome, confident and seriously materialistic gives an interview on speakerphone as he opens his mail with a razor sharp letter opener.

On the feature wall behind him there are several expensively framed newspaper and magazine clippings of crimes ranging from murder to kidnap. They all have similar headlines such as "PSYCHIC SOLVES BRUTAL MURDER". "CLAIRVOYANT FOILS KIDNAP PLOT" etc.

FORTUNE

(on speakerphone)

Well, now that we've agreed on my fee, I'm more than happy to talk to you guys. Psychic Investigator's one of my favorite magazines. More fiction than fact but an entertaining read all the same.

Fortune glances up at the ornate wall clock. It is 10:00 A.M.

FORTUNE

You've got five minutes.

FEMALE JOURNALIST (V.O.)

How does it feel to be acclaimed as the world's most successful psychic?

Fortune opens an envelope. His bank statement. We see he has made several deposits totalling more than a million dollars. He kisses the bank statement.

FORTUNE

Great. I'm probably the second happiest guy on the planet.

FEMALE JOURNALIST (V.O.)

So who's the happiest?

FORTUNE

(laughs)

My bank manager.

The journalist chuckles O.S.

FEMALE JOURNALIST (V.O.)  
 Seriously though. What do you say to those people who say you're simply exploiting you're extraordinary gift for financial gain?

Fortune opens another envelope. A bill - he screws it up and tosses it in to the waste basket

FORTUNE  
 First off, what I do is NOT a "gift". Santa didn't crawl down the chimney one Christmas Eve and just leave it under the tree for me... What I have is an ability. A special skill. A unique insight...

FEMALE JOURNALIST (V.O.)  
 Well, yes but...

FORTUNE  
 ... A unique insight that's taken me weeks... months... years... A lifetime of hard work to develop to the level I've taken it to... And for that I expect and DEMAND to be suitably rewarded.

FEMALE JOURNALIST (V.O.)  
 But doesn't that sometimes create a conflict of interest?

Fortune SCOWLS.

FORTUNE  
 You're referring to the Charlotte Walsh kidnapping, right?

FEMALE JOURNALIST (V.O.)  
 Yes. Rumor has it, you deliberately withheld vital information from the police that could have led them to the kidnappers and saved baby Charlotte. Because you wanted a larger "finders fee"?

FORTUNE  
 Let me quash that rumor right now. First. Charlotte wasn't a baby. She was almost three for chris'sakes... Second, I asked for a million dollars. The kidnappers wanted ten times that.  
 (MORE)

FORTUNE (cont'd)

Now, if the FBI had simply met my request straight off the bat instead of trying to haggle THEY could, with my help, have saved her.

FEMALE JOURNALIST (V.O.)

Surely you must take some responsibility for what the kidnapers did to her?

Enraged, Fortune STABS the desk with the letter opener.

FORTUNE

No! THEY raped and tortured her. not me. And for that I feel not an ounce of guilt. Fact is, I am never... ever... wrong! And people should accept that and pay me what I'm worth.

Fortune slams the phone down.

FORTUNE

Stupid bitch!

Fortune clears his desk. Puts the bank statement in a drawer. Tosses the envelopes in the wastebasket. Puts his hand on the imbedded letter opener to remove it when suddenly--

Blood suddenly trickles from his left nostril, splatters on to the desk. Fortune goes in to a spasm. He grips the desk. His face twists and contorts.

FLASH FORWARD

INT. FORTUNE'S OFFICE - MORNING

The wall clock WINDS forward several hours to 5:00 P.M. A dishevelled, desperate MAN of Mediterranean appearance bursts through the door.

MAN

Andreas! Andreas!

FORTUNE

(sarcastic)

No. Jake Fortune.

MAN

Please. You must help me find my beautiful boy, Andreas. He has been missing for over a week. Please. You must help me.

Fortune looks the anxious father up and down. Studies his ragged appearance. Knows that he has no money.

FORTUNE

Sorry. There's nothing I can do.  
Try the police.

MAN

I did this. They have nothing. No leads. No witnesses. Nothing!  
Please. You are my last hope.

FORTUNE

Sorry but...

The man rummages through his pockets. Pulls out several crumpled bills.

MAN

Wait. I have money. My life's savings. Four hundred and sixty eight dollars.

He shoves the money in Fortune's hand.

MAN

Now you help me yes?

Fortune sniggers. Throws the money right back at him.

The man drops to his knees. Clasps his hands together.

MAN

Please. I beg you.

Fortune drags him up by his collar and hurls him towards the door.

FORTUNE

Get out.

Beat.

Desperate. Enraged. The man lunges for the letter opener.

He thrusts the letter opener in to Fortune's stomach. Over and over again - until he slowly drops to the floor.

Fortune glances up at the clock. The time is 5:15 P.M. - his time of death.

BACK TO PRESENT

Fortune comes out of his spasm. Gets to his feet. Paces up and down.

FORTUNE  
Shit! Shit! Shit!

He grabs the walk clock and flings it across the room.  
The clock face shatters.

INT. FORTUNE'S OFFICE - LATER

Fortune hurriedly picks up the broken glass. Sticks it in the wastebasket.

He puts the broken clock back on the wall - the time is stuck at 5:15 P.M.

He quickly returns to his desk. Grabs the letter opener and waits... and waits... When suddenly, the mediterranean man bursts through the door.

MAN  
Andreas! Andr...

Fortune lunges forward and stabs the shocked man in the throat. The poor man staggers about. Blood gushes from his throat. He collapses.

INT. FORTUNE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Fortune drags the man's lifeless body across the blood soaked floor. He opens a cupboard door. Glances down at the dead man.

FORTUNE  
(smug grin)  
Who says you can't change your destiny?!

He stuffs the corpse inside the cupboard. Closes the cupboard door. Plops down at his desk. Mops his brow with a handkerchief.

The office door suddenly flies open. The exact same man bursts through it.

MAN  
Andreas! Andreas!

Fortune jumps up.

FORTUNE  
No! No! You're dead. I killed you.

The man looks horrified.

MAN

What have you done to my brother,  
Andreas?

FORTUNE

Brother? You said Andreas was  
your son!

The man sees the blood stained letter opener on the desk.  
Grabs it and stabs Fortune repeatedly in the stomach.

MAN

Andreas WAS my brother. My  
identical twin brother. He told  
me you were his last hope of  
finding his son, Andreas junior.

Fortune slowly drops to the floor. He glances up at the  
broken clock - the time is 5:15 P.M. A wry smile. HIS EYES  
CLOSE FOR EVER.

FADE OUT