

FORTUNE COOKIE

by MOLLY WU

GENRE: Dramatic Monologue

SYNOPSIS: A single woman opens a reassuring fortune cookie but can't help but wonder if there's a more reliable source of advice in the world.

DIRECTOR'S TIP: Careful playing LESLIE as too self-pitying. She's not whining, just frustrated and feeling a little hopeless.

TIME: Under 5 minutes

CAST BREAKDOWN: 1

TOPIC: Singleness

SCRIPTURE REFERENCE: Jeremiah 29:11, James 1:2-4, Isaiah 41:10

CHURCH YEAR SEASON: Any

SUGGESTED USE: Seeker Services

CHARACTERS:

Leslie, young woman in her 20's or 30's

PROPS: 1) small love seat
2) remote control (optional)
3) book (optional)

COSTUMES: Contemporary clothing

SOUND: 1 wireless mic

LIGHTING: General stage

SETTING: General

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FORTUNE COOKIE *by Molly Wu*

Lights up on LESLIE.

LESLIE: So we're finishing up lunch at that little Chinese place on the corner and the waiter comes by with our check, and sure enough, balanced there on top of the tray is a little stack of cellophane-wrapped fortune cookies. Miranda tears her open with her teeth and crunches the cookie in half and reads hers aloud and then everybody's reading theirs aloud, and suddenly it's my turn and so I crush mine in my palm and then squint down at the little print, and it says...

Scrolling open the tiny fortune in her hand and reading:

"True love is closer than you think."

Everybody laughs. Even I laugh. And Miranda says, "Who could it be, Leslie?"—like that.

You know how Miranda can be. And then Piper says, "Maybe it's Doug from Accounting!" and everybody kind of goes, "Oooooooo," and then the whole table has a good laugh and then we're scrounging in our purses for our wallets and that was it.

Except that's not it.

That's not it at all.

Miranda and Piper can laugh about true love because they're married and have kids and soccer practice and the white picket fence and the whole nine yards. And me?

I've got a cat.

And a career.

And when it's all said and done, those seem to be about the only steady things in my life right now.

I'm tired.

And I'm lonely.

And I spend a lot of nights just clicking through the channels on the TV or trying to get lost in another John Grisham novel or just curled up on the love seat, like tonight, doing nothing.

Nothing but staring at this stupid fortune cookie and wondering where true love really is. Wondering if there are any real answers in the world. Thinking there's got to be a better source of advice and wisdom than the dessert at the end of an all-you-can-eat Chinese buffet.