

MISS FORTUNE

A Ten-Minute Comedy Duet

by
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CAST:

MISS FORTUNE—An aging gypsy fortune-teller
KELLY O'BRIEN—A teenage girl

TIME: Present (however the sets, props and costumes give the appearance of the late 1940s)

PLACE: The storefront space of MISS FORTUNE

AT RISE:

KELLY O'BRIEN enters and walks toward the entrance of MISS FORTUNE's storefront. KELLY is a teenage girl of 16. SHE wears a modest skirt and blouse and has a ponytail with a ribbon in her hair. SHE carries a black patent leather purse. KELLY enters MISS FORTUNE's storefront but is apprehensive. A sign on the entrance reads "Miss Fortune Is In – Destiny Need Not Be A Surprise."

MISS FORTUNE's storefront space is dark and mysterious, somehow strange or perhaps a bit eerie or unearthly. There is also a lot of dust. KELLY looks around. Center stage is a clothed table with two chairs. A large crystal ball is set on the table along with a bell and a note card. KELLY sits down at the table and picks up the note card.

KELLY: (Reads the note card aloud.) Please ring bell for service.

(KELLY rings the bell. SHE waits a few seconds. Nothing happens. SHE rings the bell again.)

MISS FORTUNE: (off stage) No need to get your panties in an uproar – I'll be right there.

(KELLY opens her purse and checks her money. From off stage, a loud crash is heard, as if someone has fallen.)

MISS FORTUNE: Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh – If one more thing goes wrong today...

(MISS FORTUNE enters. SHE is wearing the ensemble of an old and worn out flapper. SHE is completely disheveled.)

MISS FORTUNE: Boy – am I glad you're here.

(MISS FORTUNE sits down at the table with KELLY)

MISS FORTUNE: You know – it's been one heck of a day already. So – what brings you to my humble abode? Although I don't actually live here – I'm not sure why I said that actually.

KELLY: Well – I – I'd like to have my fortune told.

MISS FORTUNE: You've come to the right place. I'm a fortune-teller. At least I was I was a fortune-teller the last time I checked. It did say fortune-teller on the door when you came in – didn't it?

KELLY: Yes, it did.

MISS FORTUNE: Good.

(There is an awkward moment of silence.)

MISS FORTUNE: Oh – how rude of me not to introduce myself – Miss Fortune's my name – your destiny is my business. And you are?

KELLY: Kelly O'Brien.

MISS FORTUNE: I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Kelly. **(holds out her hand for KELLY to shake)**

(Both women wait for the other to speak.)

KELLY: (finally) Lovely weather we're having for this time year?

MISS FORTUNE: It certainly is. I remember when I was a young girl – about your age – must have been forty years ago or more – how old are you?

KELLY: I'm sixteen.

MISS FORTUNE: Oh – the sweet simplicity of youth. Appreciate while you can – one day – before you know it – it'll be gone. Oh – to be sixteen again.

(There is another awkward silence.)

KELLY: Is there anything special you need me to do?

MISS FORTUNE: No – I don't think so.

(There is a brief pause.)

KELLY: Are you going to read my fortune?

MISS FORTUNE: Your fortune? Oh – yes – right. That's why you're here. Shame on me. I completely forgot. Heaven knows I'd lose my noggin if it wasn't fastened on. I seem to have misplaced my Lucky a few days back and I haven't been myself since. Have you seen him?

KELLY: Seen who?

MISS FORTUNE: My Lucky.

KELLY: I don't think so.

MISS FORTUNE: What kind of fortune-teller can I possibly be without my Lucky?

KELLY: Maybe I should go –

MISS FORTUNE: **(howls)** NOOOOOOOO! You mustn't go until our work is done. There is still much we need to do. The path you're on is uncertain – unpredictable – ambiguous and quite vague? Your future is obscure, hazy, and indistinct somehow. You are in a state of confusion – a decision must be made today.

KELLY: A decision about what?

MISS FORTUNE: Your destiny – your fate.

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