

UNFORTUNATE FORTUNE COOKIES

By Kamron Klitgaard

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UNFORTUNATE FORTUNE COOKIES

A One Act Comedy

By Kamron Klitgaard

SYNOPSIS: You can't have a sleep over without sleeping bags, PJ's, and takeout. Chaos is bound to ensue when one of these seemingly close friends is out for revenge. But first on the agenda is Chinese takeout. Included are a few extra and very special fortune cookies. It doesn't take long to discover that these fortune cookies are quite unique. The fortunes are real and very unfortunate.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 female, 1 male)

EMILY (f).....	High school senior. The queen bee type; mean and selfish. <i>(142 lines)</i>
HANNAH (f).....	High school senior. Selfish and not too bright. <i>(114 lines)</i>
ASHLEY (f).....	High school senior. Self-obsessed. <i>(89 lines)</i>
MADISON (f).....	High school senior. Self-centered, Jake's girlfriend. <i>(82 lines)</i>
JAKE (m).....	High school senior. Self-interested, Madison's boyfriend. <i>(49 lines)</i>

DURATION: 40 Minutes.

SETTING: A room in the basement of Emily's house; with a sofa.

COSTUMES

EMILY, HANNAH, ASHLEY and MADISON – Pajamas.

JAKE – Typical teen clothing.

PROPS

- 4 Sleeping Bags
- Hand Mirror
- Makeup
- Chinese Food
- 4 Regular Fortune Cookies
- 1 Bag Of 9 “Special” Fortune Cookies With Fortunes
- Serving Tray
- 4 Identical Mugs for Hot Chocolate
- A Sugar Bowl of Herbal Powder
- 4 Spoons
- Iron
- Cardboard Box
- Curlers
- Smart Phone
- Bright Red Lipstick

PRODUCTION NOTES

Fortune cookies can be bought at most grocery stores. They usually come in a box, individually wrapped in a plastic pouch. The special fortune cookies could just be normal fortune cookies taken out of their plastic pouch and individually wrapped in tissue paper. Also, larger fortune slips could be inserted into these cookies for better visuals on stage.

“Will work for brains” could already be painted on the bottom of the cardboard box and then the actor playing Emily pretends to write it in lipstick. The actors just have to keep the bottom of the box hidden before it is revealed to the audience.

A sofa or couch is really the only set piece needed. However, more pieces could be added to make it look like a typical living room. Jake could hide behind the couch or a curtain.

Powdered sugar looks great as the herb powder that they put into their hot chocolate.

AT RISE: *Two sleeping bags are spread out in front of the sofa. In the dark there is a blood curdling scream. Lights up to reveal HANNAH, in pajamas, hyperventilating. EMILY enters in her pajamas.*

EMILY: What's wrong?!

HANNAH: I thought I saw a you-know-what!

EMILY: No way!

HANNAH: Yes way!

EMILY: Where?!

HANNAH: The left side of my nose. I think it was... a blackhead! *(Lifts a hand mirror to her face.)*

EMILY: Let me see.

EMILY grabs HANNAH'S head and examines it.

HANNAH: Do you see it?! Is it one?!

EMILY: Stop moving! If you do have a you-know-what I don't want to accidentally touch it. Sick! Okay, there it is. Relax. It's just a fleck of dirt or something stuck to your makeup.

HANNAH: Get it off! Get it off! Get it off!

EMILY: I'm not touching it. It's your face, you do it.

HANNAH: *(Uses the mirror and carefully plucks the speck of dirt from her face and then removes it from her finger like it was infectious.)*
Gross! Now I have to redo my makeup...and my hair...and my nails!

EMILY: Good thing it wasn't a you-know-what. I would've had to send you home.

They both touch up their makeup.

HANNAH: We haven't done this for a long time!

EMILY: Not since April.

HANNAH: Oh yeah, April. Why did we...?

EMILY: Because of Josh...remember?

HANNAH: Oh, yeah. I liked Josh.

EMILY shoots her a dirty look.

ASHLEY: (*Offstage.*) Hello?

HANNAH: Ashley!

EMILY: Down here! I told you to just come in!

ASHLEY: (*Enters in pajamas, carrying a sleeping bag and Chinese food.*) Well, that was embarrassing

HANNAH: Ashley, you got Zhang's! I love Zhang's.

EMILY: I told you I told her to get it.

HANNAH: Why don't we ever go there anymore? I love that water fountain they have in the lobby.

EMILY: Hannah, sometimes you're as dumb as a dirt clod. Remember? (*Chinese accent.*) "You! No come back. You banned from our place of business!"

HANNAH: Oh yeah, they didn't like the Lo Mien on the walls. Why did you do that, anyway?

EMILY: Josh?

HANNAH: Oh yeah.

ASHLEY: (*Putting the food down.*) I think they might have recognized me. This one kid behind the counter kept staring at me.

EMILY: Were you wearing those?

ASHLEY: Are you kidding? I just changed in the car. I would never wear these in public, even though I do look hot in them. But next time I'm wearing a hat and sunglasses. Oh, there's a new cook there.

HANNAH: Is he cute?

ASHLEY: Absolutely. If you're into 90 year-old bald men that smell like Ichiban noodles and have hair growing out their ears.

HANNAH: I love Ichiban noodles.

ASHLEY: But he was nice. He gave me an extra bag of fortune cookies.

HANNAH: I love fortune cookies!

They sit on their sleeping bags and dig in.

ASHLEY: Mmm, this is good. We haven't had a sleep-over since...

EMILY: I called Madison.

ASHLEY: What?

EMILY: I invited her over.

HANNAH: Are we gonna be friends with her again? I love Maddie!

ASHLEY: You might, but Emily hates her. What are you thinking? It's just gonna end up in another fight and I'm not gonna pull her off you this time!

EMILY: Relax. I just wanna talk. I wouldn't ever do anything like last time.

HANNAH: Oh, let's play "Would You Ever!"

ASHLEY: Alright. Would you ever pick up Chinese in your pajamas with no makeup and sleep-hair?

HANNAH: No!

EMILY: I wouldn't even do that if I were starving. I got one. Would you ever dress like Alexis Thornburg even on Halloween?

ASHLEY: No! Gross!

HANNAH: Camouflage will never be back in style. Okay, my turn. If you ever got a you-know-what would you go to school...Hey, I got my own fortune cookie in my own bag!

ASHLEY: Right, we all got our own with our food but this bag is extra. The cook said they were special.

EMILY: What do you mean "special?"

ASHLEY: I don't know! He just said "special." He's Chinese.

HANNAH holds up her cookie and closes her eyes.

EMILY: What are you doing?

HANNAH: I'm making a wish.

EMILY: It's not your birthday.

ASHLEY: You don't make wishes on fortune cookies; you just open 'em up and read 'em.

HANNAH: It can't hurt.

EMILY: Hannah, sometimes you're as dumb as mud puddle.

HANNAH: Here goes!

ASHLEY: Wait! Wait! Let's play that game!

HANNAH: Twister?

ASHLEY: No, that fortune cookie game. You know, where you say that thing at the end of your fortune.

HANNAH: I usually say, "I hope that happens!"

ASHLEY: No, you read your fortune and then add on some place you would be kissing. Like, let's say your fortune is "Good luck awaits you," and then you add something like, "on your doorstep at the end of a date!"

EMILY: I don't think that's it.

ASHLEY: Well, where else do people kiss?

HANNAH: On the lips?

EMILY: In the back seat of a car.

ASHLEY: That's it! Okay, Hannah, read your fortune and then add "in the back seat of a car."

HANNAH: (*Lifting her cookie and closing her eyes.*) Okay, but I have to redo my wish if I'm gonna be driving.

EMILY: (*Breaking open her own cookie.*) Here, I'll do it. It says, "Your many hidden talents will become obvious to those around you...in the back seat of a car!"

They ALL laugh.

HANNAH: Okay, now mine! "If you want to drive, don't sit in the back seat"... in the back seat of a car! (*Laughs.*)

ASHLEY: I guess it doesn't always work.

EMILY: The back seat thing is dumb anyway. Do "on the toilet."

ASHLEY: (*Breaking open her cookie.*) Gross! Okay! "Humor usually works at the moment of awkwardness... on the toilet."

They ALL laugh.

HANNAH: That's good! On the toilet. Why does that work so well?

EMILY: Because fortune cookies are stupid. They're just some general saying that could apply to anyone at any time. "Fortune is coming your way" or "The greatest gift is love" or "You are a generous person."

ASHLEY: On the toilet!

HANNAH: But what if you're not a generous person?

EMILY: That's just it; everyone thinks as them self as a generous person.

HANNAH: Everyone?

EMILY: Are you generous?

HANNAH: Yeah.

EMILY: Are you generous?

ASHLEY: Yes.

EMILY: Me too, see? Everyone. The point is they're never specific.

They never say like, "You will receive a free basketball next Friday afternoon at 4:00 PM."

HANNAH: That would be cool! Let me try again.

ASHLEY opens the bag of special cookies and tosses HANNAH one.

ASHLEY: Here you go. Try one from the special bag. Whoa, these feel different.

EMILY: They're wrapped funny.

HANNAH: *(Opening and biting into it.)* They're really good.

ASHLEY: The cook said he made 'em himself. What's your fortune say?

HANNAH: *(Pulling it out of her mouth.)* "You will be visited by an old friend."

MADISON: *(Offstage.)* Hello?

EMILY: We're in the basement!

ASHLEY: This is gonna be awkward.

HANNAH: I'm so excited to see Maddie again! I mean really see her; not just from across the cafeteria.

EMILY: Just make sure you follow my lead.

ASHLEY: What?! What are you gonna do?

MADISON enters.

EMILY: Hi Maddie! Come on over.

HANNAH: Madison! *(Running over and hugging her.)* It's so good to see you! Oh, I almost forgot; in the back seat of a car!

MADISON: What?

EMILY: We're done with that, Hannah. Sit down, Maddie. We got Zhang's.

MADISON: *(Spreading out her sleeping bag.)* I love Zhang's.

ASHLEY: I like your pajamas.

MADISON: Same one's I've always had.

ASHLEY: I always liked 'em.

HANNAH: Maddie, I've missed you.

MADISON: I've missed you guys too.

HANNAH: It's like I'm being visited by an old friend. Hey! My fortune! It came true! It came true! Maddie, look! (*Holding out fortune.*) "You will be visited by an old friend!" It came true! You're an old friend and you're visiting us! It came true! I think I just had a palpitation!

EMILY: Relax. I invited her.

HANNAH: It doesn't say, "...by an old friend who wasn't invited." It just says, "You will be visited by an old friend." It came true.

ASHLEY: Okay Hannah, it came true. So did the others.

HANNAH: But mine was from that bag. The hairy ear guy made it. The other ones were packaged by a machine in a fortune cookie factory somewhere. What was yours? Humor works good at an awkward moment or something? That's not specific. This is specific!

MADISON: You're right, Hannah. It is more specific than most fortune cookies. But it's not that specific. I mean, it didn't say who the friend was or when they would visit. You could have been visited by any old friend fifty years from now and then it would have come true.

HANNAH: Hmm. I guess you're right.

EMILY: You were always the best at handling Hannah.

HANNAH: What do you mean by that?

MADISON: Can I have one?

ASHLEY holds out the bag; MADISON takes one.

ASHLEY: Zhang's has a new cook. He made 'em special.

HANNAH: He's Chinese.

MADISON: I used to love going there with you guys. When was the last time we were there?

HANNAH: April. Remember? Emily threw her Lo Mein all over April's head when she saw her with Josh.

MADISON: Oh yeah, April stole your boy...

Awkward Silence.

HANNAH: We could use some of that humor right about now.

MADISON: I guess this was gonna happen at some point, so we might as well get it over with. Emily, I'm sorry I started going out with Jake. But I didn't steal him from you. I never even looked at him while you guys were dating.

EMILY: I know. That's why I invited you here. It's silly to let something as stupid and moronic as a boy get between us. I just want it to be the way it was.

MADISON: Really?

ASHLEY: Really?

EMILY: Yeah, the Four Musketeers.

HANNAH: You said that wrong. It's the Mouseketeers.

Emily opens her arms and they all embrace.

HANNAH: So, what's your fortune say?

MADISON: *(Cracking her cookie open.)* "Your boyfriend followed you." Wait, what?

ASHLEY: It doesn't say that.

MADISON: See for yourself.

ASHLEY: "Your boyfriend followed you." What?

EMILY: Jake's here?

MADISON: No.

HANNAH: *(Snatching the fortune.)* This isn't a fortune. Fortunes are for the future. This is written in the past tense. This is pastune cookie!

MADISON: No it's not. It's not the past or the future because Jake didn't follow me.

JAKE: *(Offstage.)* Hello? Is anyone home?!

ALL the girls look at MADISON.

HANNAH: Pastune.

EMILY: What is he doing here?

JAKE: *(Offstage.)* Hello?

EMILY: Down in the basement!

ASHLEY: What's going on, Mad?

MADISON: I don't know; I swear. I didn't even tell him I was coming here.

JAKE enters.

HANNAH: Hi Jake!

MADISON: What are you doing here?

EMILY: Yes, Jake, what are you doing here?

JAKE: Madison cancelled our date. You cancelled our date. And then when you wouldn't tell me why or where you were going...

MADISON: So you followed me?

JAKE: No, no, no! Yes, I followed you. Ashley studies the fortune.

MADISON: Why?!

EMILY: Yes Jake, why would you follow her? Don't you trust her?

JAKE: Of course I trust her. Of course I trust you. I'm sorry.

ASHLEY pulls out another fortune cookie.

EMILY: I don't remember you being a stalker like this, Jake.

JAKE: I'm not a stalker!

EMILY: Well, I can't think of any reason you would follow her like that unless you were a stalker. It's kinda creepy if you ask me.

MADISON: Why did you follow me?

JAKE: I'm your boyfriend. I'm her boyfriend, Emily; not yours. Is this why you invited her here; to turn her against me?

EMILY: Hey, I didn't know you were gonna show up. We were just having fun with fortune cookies.

HANNAH: In the back seat of a car.

ASHLEY hands JAKE the cookie.

EMILY: Madison and I used to be best friends 'til you got in the way. I just invited her over here to patch things up. I didn't know you were gonna follow her.

JAKE: What's this?

ASHLEY: It's your fortune cookie.

MADISON: Wait, you did know.

JAKE: I don't want one.

EMILY: No, I didn't.

ASHLEY: They're really good.

MADISON: The fortune cookie.

JAKE: We're kinda in the middle of something!

MADISON: The fortune cookie said he was gonna follow me!

ASHLEY: Just crack it open.

EMILY: It's just a stupid cookie.

JAKE: No, thank you!

MADISON: You did this. How did you know he was gonna follow me?

EMILY: I didn't write it. Ashley got 'em from Zhang's!

ASHLEY: Break it open!

JAKE, almost subconsciously, cracks open the cookie.

MADISON: You switched the fortunes before I got here or something.

EMILY: What? They're cooked inside the cookie; you can't switch 'em once they're cooked.

ASHLEY reaches for the fortune in JAKE'S hand.

HANNAH: Wait! He needs to take a bite first.

ASHLEY: Why?

HANNAH: So that the cookie knows it's his fortune.

MADISON: Then you went to Zhang's and had them cook the fortunes inside.

HANNAH: Take a bite.

EMILY: Really? You think I don't have anything better to do than write up a bunch of fortunes and take them over to Zhang's, where I'm banned from the premises by the way, and convince them to bake them into their fortune cookies?

ASHLEY: Take a bite!

JAKE bites into the cookie. The fortune hangs out of his mouth.

EMILY: Besides, how would I know that Jake was going to follow you?

ASHLEY takes the fortune from JAKE'S mouth.

JAKE: What are you guys talking about?!

ASHLEY: (*Reading the fortune.*) Slap-Spin-Punch-Kick-Fling.

HANNAH: That's not a very good fortune.

ASHLEY: What's it mean?

HANNAH: Maybe you have to add "on the toilet."

JAKE: Would you two stop it?!

EMILY: They think the fortunes are real.

MADISON: You're right, you couldn't have known.

JAKE: Known what?!

MADISON: Unless you and Jake are in on it together.

JAKE: In on what?!

MADISON: That's it. That's the only explanation. You're breaking up with me and going back to Emily!

JAKE: What?! Emily?! I would never go back with her!

HANNAH: We're not playing "Would You Ever" anymore.

EMILY: What's wrong with me?!

JAKE: She's nuts!

EMILY: I am not!

JAKE: Madison, what is going on?

MADISON: I'll tell you what's going on! My fortune cookie said that you were gonna follow me. The only way that could happen is if Emily wrote the fortunes herself, baked them inside the cookies, wrapped them up like they were from Zhang's, and then offered one to me.

EMILY: Ashley offered it to you.

MADISON: But the only way it would work is if Emily knew you were gonna follow me. And the only way she could have known is if you told her! You have to be in on it!

JAKE: Maddie!

EMILY: Jake's not smart enough "to be in on it." Besides, I didn't choose your cookie; you picked it out of the bag.

HANNAH: *(Re-reading the fortune.)* Slap-Spin-Punch-Kick-Fling. I don't get it.

JAKE: Is that what this is all about? A fortune cookie?

ASHLEY: Yes.

MADISON: No. It's about you and Emily. I can't believe you Jake!

JAKE: I didn't do anything! Emily's trying to make me look like the bad guy!

EMILY: Did I make you follow her?

JAKE: No. I just--

MADISON: Why did you follow me, Jake?

JAKE: Listen... This is crazy.

ALL the girls gather around him.

This is whacked! You're whacked! You're all whacked. Madison, Emily is a sneaky, lying...

EMILY: Can't find the right word, Jake? Why don't I help you. How about "heartless wench."

JAKE: Fine. You're a heartless wench. You're all heartless wenches!

EMILY slaps him which spins him around. HANNAH punches him in the stomach, making him double over. ASHLEY kicks him in the butt, sending him toward MADISON, who grabs his arm and flings him offstage.

MADISON: And stay out!

EMILY: That's tellin' him, Maddie!

MADISON: Wait, Jake! I didn't mean it! (*MADISON exits, chasing after JAKE.*)

EMILY: Madison! He called you a heartless wench! Ah, she'll be back. Alright, step one is complete. I thought it was going to take a couple of weeks but it all just happened. So you two better follow my lead with Madison. If we play it right, I'll have Jake back by next Friday night.

ASHLEY: You mean inviting Maddie was all just a trick to break them up and get Jake back?

EMILY: Of course. Did you think I was just gonna let her take what's mine?

ASHLEY: Ooo, you are a heartless wench.

EMILY: You got that straight.

ASHLEY: I guess that's better than wearing those ugly pajamas. Can you believe she still has those?

EMILY: You two better play along or you'll be next.

HANNAH: But I don't have a boyfriend that rejected you, dated me, made you and me bitter enemies and then followed me over here when you invited me for a sleepover to make up on the outside but on the inside to break us up so you could get back together with him.

EMILY: It sounds so shrewy when you say it like that.

ASHLEY: It is what it is.

EMILY: I like what it is.

HANNAH: Holy jumpin' Mexican beans! Slap-Spin-Punch-Kick-Fling. You slapped him, he spun around, I punched him, you kicked him and Maddie flung him out the door! Slap-Spin-Punch-Kick-Fling!

ASHLEY: (*Picking up the bag.*) They're real. These are real fortune cookies.

HANNAH: How many are left?

ASHLEY: One, two, three, four...six.

EMILY: Give me one. I wanna see if they're breaking up for sure.

ASHLEY: No! There're only six left! We have to use them wisely!

HANNAH: Yeah, shouldn't we, like, go to Las Vegas and bet on something?

ASHLEY: Right, we have to use them for something important!

HANNAH: I got it! We could use them to find out who's gonna win on American Idol!

ASHLEY: Yes, something like that!

EMILY: Just give me one.

ASHLEY: No! We don't even know how they work. It might not even tell you about Jake and Maddie. What if it just says, like, your gonna receive a basketball sometime in the future?

EMILY: Ashley, give me a cookie right now!

HANNAH: Don't do it, Ashley.

EMILY: I'll deal with you later.

EMILY screams and charges ASHLEY. They fall to the ground and fight over the bag. HANNAH jumps into the fray but EMILY gets the upper hand and a cookie falls out of the bag. EMILY snatches it up and runs to the other side of the room.

ASHLEY: Don't waist it, Emily!

HANNAH: What if it's not even about what you want it to be about?!

EMILY: It will be if I concentrate on it! (*Putting the cookie to her forehead.*) Are Maddie and Jake broken up? Are Maddie and Jake broken up? Are Maddie and Jake broken up? (*Breaks open the cookie and reads silently.*)

ASHLEY: Well, you wasted one of our fortunes. What's it say?

EMILY: "For now. She's coming back."

HANNAH: For now they're broken up? Or for now she's coming back?

EMILY: It says, "For now" period. And then it says, "She's coming back."

ASHLEY: So it actually answered your question. You asked, "Are Maddie and Jake broken up?" And it answered, "For now."

EMILY: Good.

HANNAH: But it also gave extra information, which, I think, is pretty cool for a cookie. I mean, you didn't even ask it if she was coming back but it told you anyway. That's really cool. If I was a fortune cookie, I'd give extra information.

MADISON: (*Enters.*) He's gone. He was so mad he just said "We're through!" And then drove away.

HANNAH: I knew she'd be back.

EMILY hugs MADISON.

EMILY: I'm so sorry.

MADISON: You're not sorry. You wanted this to happen!

MADISON snatches the fortune from EMILY.

ASHLEY: Maddie, we opened another cookie. Look. It told us you'd be back. Emily didn't create these fortunes. They're real.

MADISON: (*Taking the fortune.*) Real? How could they be real?

ASHLEY: I don't know but they are.

MADISON: For now? What's that?

Awkward silence.

EMILY: I asked the cookie if Jake was gonna stay mad at you.

MADISON: For now? So, that means he's mad now but maybe...

HANNAH: Maybe he won't be mad at you when it's not now.

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