

PLAYS AND MUSICALS
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Goals and Dreams

By Samuel Stokes (<http://www.SamuelStokesMusic.com>)

(Esmerelda runs a fortune-telling service. John works at McDonald's and is incredibly gullible)

ESMERELDA: *(talking on cell phone in whiny obnoxious voice)* And you won't believe what happened then. We were walking along and I realized that I left my breath mints on the side table at home. I know, right? I mean, how was I to know Billy was going to take me out for Italian food? I guess next time, I should lay off the garlic bread, right? *(John walks in, and Esmerelda whispers on phone)* Hey Cindy, got to go. Customer just came in.

JOHN: Hello, are you the fortune-teller?

ESMERELDA: *(In a deep, mysterious voice)* Yes, I am the great and powerful Esmerelda, and you must be John from McDonald's.

JOHN: Wow, how could you possibly have known that?

ESMERELDA: You are still wearing your work clothes and name tag.

JOHN: Oh, of course.

ESMERELDA: Besides, I'm pretty sure I saw you there last week.

JOHN: *(stunned)* You.... saw.... me?

ESMERELDA: Yes, I went through the drive-through and ordered a chicken salad and a Diet Coke.

JOHN: Oh right, I thought you looked familiar.

ESMERELDA: Yes, but before we get started, I sense that you are carrying a wallet.

JOHN: That's amazing! You're right!

ESMERELDA: I sense you are about to take out your wallet and open it.

JOHN: Well, I wasn't going to... oh, of course! I was going to take out my wallet to pay your for your services! You are truly clairvoyant!

(John takes out his wallet and pays Esmerelda)

ESMERELDA: Very good. Now what is that you wish to know?

JOHN: Well, I've been working at McDonald's for seven years without one single promotion. I was wondering, will I ever move on?

ESMERELDA: Let me consult my crystal ball.

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JOHN: I was hoping you were going to say that!

ESMERELDA: Ooooooooooh, the crystal ball says that.... says that....

JOHN: Say, shouldn't the crystal ball be glowing?

ESMERELDA: Oh yes. *(She reaches down under the table and plugs in a power cable to the power strip and the light in the crystal ball comes on)* As I was saying, the crystal ball says that you have great things coming in your future.

JOHN: Like a promotion?

ESMERELDA: *(in real voice)* Sure, why not? *(back to mysterious voice)* Ahem, I mean, surely it shall be!

JOHN: You mean they'll promote me to fry cook soon?!

ESMERELDA: *(in real voice)* Good grief, they don't even trust you to cook fries?

JOHN: Huh?

ESMERELDA: Ahem *(back to mysterious voice)* I mean, yes, yes, you shall be fry cook, I have foreseen it!

JOHN: Great! Maybe next year, they'll let me start cooking burgers, too!

ESMERELDA: *(In real voice again)* Holy moly! They don't let you cook burgers either?

JOHN: Not yet. Say, what's going on with your voice anyway?

ESMERELDA: *(Still in real voice)* Look, I don't usually do this, but you seem like too nice a guy and I don't want to take advantage of you.

JOHN: What do you mean?

ESMERELDA: Look, John, I'm not really psychic. It's all an act. That's why I have to print "for entertainment only" really tiny at the bottom of my business card, okay?

JOHN: Why would you be pretending to be psychic?

ESMERELDA: Money, Johnny. We've all got to make a living, don't we?

JOHN: But if you're out to make money, why are you telling me this?

ESMERELDA: Because you've really got to get your life together, man.

JOHN: How so?

ESMERELDA: Don't get me wrong, there's nothing wrong with working at McDonald's, but if you've been there seven years and they don't even trust you enough to cook burgers and fries, then maybe it's just not for you.

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JOHN: I see. That’s a good point.

ESMERELDA: Don’t you have any other goals and dreams for your life?

JOHN: Well, I’ve always wanted to be a stage actor...

(awkward pause)

ESMERELDA: On second thought, fast food is a steady pay check...

JOHN: No, you’re right! I’m one of the best actors out there.

ESMERELDA: Whatever you say Johnny...

JOHN: I’m going to move to New York City...

ESMERELDA: Well, that might be a little overboard...

JOHN: In fact, I’m going to move there tonight!

ESMERELDA: Now, Johnny, let’s not get hasty...

JOHN: Thank you so much, Esmerelda!

ESMERELDA: No, need to thank me, Johnny, really...

JOHN: Next time you hear from me, I’ll be the talk of the town, with people from all over the world traveling to see me on Broadway! Bye, Esmerelda! Thanks for everything!

(John runs out the door)

ESMERELDA: Wait, Johnny, but... you.... and... well. And he’s gone. Oh well, I guess he might as well give it a shot. Seven years without a promotion – what’s he got to lose? *(back to mysterious voice, waving hands over crystal ball)* I see many sleepless nights in a crammed studio apartment with four roommates, but you can always come back to fast food. Good luck, Johnny!