

Two Eggs

A Ten-Minute Play
By
Stephen Bittrich

Finalist in Actor's Theater of Louisville's Ten Minute Play Contest.

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"TWO EGGS"

BY STEPHEN BITTRICH

SETTING:

Living room in the apartment of JANE on the Upper West Side.

AT RISE:

JANE is tidying up the room when the doorbell rings.

JANE

Who is it?

KISS ASS SKIP (O.S.)

It's your neighbor, uh, Skip.

JANE

Skip?

KISS ASS SKIP (O.S.)

Yes, I live right below you.

JANE

Oh, right.

(JANE opens the door. Standing in the doorway are KISS ASS SKIP and DEPRESSED SKIP. THEY are both dressed exactly the same except for the color of their turtlenecks. KISS ASS SKIP has a bright yellow turtleneck, and DEPRESSED SKIP has a blue turtleneck. THEY move as if they are one. KISS ASS SKIP is in front while DEPRESSED SKIP is glued, body to body, just behind and to the left. KISS ASS SKIP is lively and energetic, while DEPRESSED SKIP seems to be asleep or dormant. DEPRESSED SKIP'S head rests on the left shoulder of KISS ASS SKIP. **Jane doesn't notice anything particularly out of order about SKIP's appearance**)

JANE (cont'd)

Hi, how are you. I've seen you in the lobby. Skip, right?

KISS ASS SKIP

(speaking in a sort of saccharine staccato)

Yes, Skip...or Skippy. Call me whatever you want, really. Skippy is fine...or Skipper. Or maybe you just like Skip. I'm not picky.

JANE

I just like Skip, actually. I'm Jane.

(JANE sticks out her hand to shake. When KISS ASS SKIP extends his hand, DEPRESSED SKIP'S arm goes out as well, but the hand remains limp)

KISS ASS SKIP

Jane, oh, Jane, how nice. What a lovely, terrific name!
Jane!

JANE

Well, you know, pretty basic. Plain Jane.

KISS ASS SKIP

Plain. Oh never! Beautiful, tremendous Jane. Great Jane!
If--you don't mind me saying. What a super-duper place you
have, Jane. So clean.

JANE

Thank you.

KISS ASS SKIP

I--I--I work in a laboratory, Jane. What do you do?

JANE

Well, I'm back in school actually. Rethinking
careers...after many years of working as a--

KISS ASS SKIP

Jane, you are so brave. So courageous! Such a trouper!

JANE

Was there something I could do for you...Skip?

KISS ASS SKIP

Or Skippy, Skipper. Yes, actually, Jane, there is. I was
making a cake, you see--right in the middle of mixing it. A
tremendous, super-duper recipe actually. I'd love to invite
you over for a--a cakefest after it's done, but, well, this
is embarrassing, I've run out of a crucial ingredient. I
need two eggs.

JANE

Two eggs. Well, that's easy enough. I just went shopping
this morning.

KISS ASS SKIP

Did you? Oh Jane, you are so nice. So fabulous. Such a
good neighbor.

JANE

Well, Skip Skip Skipper. It's not a problem at all.

(JANE turns to get the eggs from
the kitchen area. KISS ASS

SKIP goes instantly to sleep,
while DEPRESSED SKIP wakes up)

DEPRESSED SKIP
You're making fun of me, aren't you?

JANE
(stopping and turning back to
him)
Hmmm?

DEPRESSED SKIP
"Skip Skip Skipper. Skip Skip Skipper." I try my best to
give people, you know, options. Everybody's different. You
may not like Skip. You may have dated a--a "psycho Skip" at
one time. So I say, have a choice. How about "Skippy" or
"Skipper"? I mean the chances of somebody having rotten
associations with a "Skip," "Skippy," and a "Skipper" are--
are infinitesimal.

JANE
Skip, I was just...don't take it that way.

DEPRESSED SKIP
Oh, who am I kidding? It's my pathetic need to get people to
like me which makes me an object of ridicule.

JANE
I wasn't ridicul--

DEPRESSED SKIP
Do you have any Valium?

JANE
Valium? No.

DEPRESSED SKIP
Vicadin?

JANE
No.

DEPRESSED SKIP
Any...any drugs of any kind?

JANE
No, sorry.

DEPRESSED SKIP

I have to sit down. I don't feel well.

(The TWO SKIPS make their way to
the couch to sit down)

JANE

Oh...well...are you sick?

DEPRESSED SKIP

I have a pain...in my head. I just need, need a little
compassion. I didn't name myself. That lofty task was left
to my parents. Two bunglers who should never have mated. It
wasn't easy growing up with a name like Skippy. I was beaten
up on a regular basis. I tried "Skipper" on for size for a
while, you know, like I was the "skipper of my own ship--the
captain--the guy in charge." But I had such trouble with my
"S's" as a kid that I couldn't pull it off. "Sthkipper."
Not very manly.

JANE

(placating him)

Skip, I'm sorry. I wasn't really making fun. I was
being...*enthusiastic*. When you walked in the door you were
so happy-go-lucky, and, you know, I caught the Skippy fever.
And Skip really is a happy sort of name, if you think about
it.

DEPRESSED SKIP

(simultaneously, going to sleep)

...stho sthleepy...

KISS ASS SKIP

(simultaneously, waking up)

That's okay, Jane. I knew you were a fantastic person the
minute I laid eyes on you.

JANE

(a little confused)

Thank you.

KISS ASS SKIP

Don't mention it!

JANE

You're okay then?

KISS ASS SKIP

I am, if you're okay.

JANE

I'm okay.

KISS ASS SKIP

You certainly are! Great Jane!

(beat)

Would you go out with me?

JANE

Let me get your eggs...two eggs...then you can get back to your cake.

(KISS ASS SKIP goes down, while
DEPRESSED SKIP wakes up)

DEPRESSED SKIP

You want me to leave, don't you? You're trying to get rid of me. I've out-stayed my welcome...

JANE

Uh...no, no, that's not it at all.

DEPRESSED SKIP

Not that I blame you. I'm dirt, I'm scum.

JANE

Skip!

DEPRESSED SKIP

I fart all the time, constantly.

JANE

Little too much info there, neighbor.

DEPRESSED SKIP

I can't help it. I have bad digestion, but I'm labeled a freak because of it. See there. I just did it. Silent killer. Between the farting and the name thing--

JANE

Skip, I'm going to go get your two eggs. You've got a cake waiting!

(JANE exits to the kitchen.
DEPRESSED SKIP conks out, while
KISS ASS SKIP wakes up)

KISS ASS SKIP

You're okay, Jane! Jane?

(smelling the fart)

Oh my God...*Jane*.

(HE gets up from the couch with the dormant DEPRESSED SKIP attached, of course, and moves around to the back of the couch, fanning the air and looking around the room)

What a super-terrific apartment, Jane! You're a woman of singular taste, I can tell.

JANE

(from the kitchen)

Thanks, Skip.

(KISS ASS SKIP goes out, while DEPRESSED SKIP wakes up)

DEPRESSED SKIP

Me, there's nothing singular about me.

JANE

Your eggs. Now, I hate to be rude, but I'm really going have to scoot you on out of here.

DEPRESSED SKIP

You hate me, don't you?

JANE

(starting to get frustrated)

Skip, uh, you know, I don't even know you. I just need you to leave, so I can get ready...

DEPRESSED SKIP

You're going out!

JANE

Yes, I have a date coming over. Sorry I can't be more neighborly right now.

DEPRESSED SKIP

What about us?

JANE

Us?

(there is a sort of violent vomiting sound that emits from the SKIPS, but it doesn't come

from the mouths of either KISS
ASS or DEPRESSED SKIP. KISS
ASS SKIP wakes up, and they
speak simultaneously as if in
slow motion)

KISS ASS SKIP
(simultaneously)

NOOOOOO!

DEPRESSED SKIP
(simultaneously)

NOOOOOO!

(THEY squirm and wriggle,
fighting to keep the vomit
down)

JANE
Uh, Yeeees. Skip, I'm not joking around. Time to leave.

(there is another vomiting sound
from the SKIPS)

KISS ASS SKIP
(simultaneously)

STAY DOWN!

DEPRESSED SKIP
(simultaneously)

DON'T COME UP!

(As THEY are standing behind the
couch, the head of MISOGYNIST
CAVE MAN SKIP pops up between
the two SKIP HEADS. They try
to push him down, but HE fights
his way back up, snapping with
his teeth at their fingers. HE
wins the battle to stay. HE
wears a red turtleneck)

MISOGYNIST CAVE MAN SKIP
You two timing, bitch!

JANE
What?

KISS ASS SKIP

Jane! I didn't mean that! I'm sorry! That was an accident!

MISOGYNIST CAVE MAN SKIP

NOT!

(DEPRESSED SKIP tries again to push MISOGYNIST CAVE MAN SKIP down, but runs out of energy and falls asleep)

JANE

Skip, it's been real, it's been fun. There's the door.

MISOGYNIST CAVE MAN SKIP

Got any cocaine?

KISS ASS SKIP

Ha, ha, not that I use that stuff.

MISOGYNIST CAVE MAN SKIP

I hunger, I thirst. More eeeeggzzz! More eeeeggzzz!

(MISOGYNIST CAVE MAN SKIP moves forcefully towards the kitchen, while KISS ASS SKIP struggles toward the door)

JANE

Skip, you are starting to freak me out.

KISS ASS SKIP

Oh, it's no problem, Jane, I'm just leaving now to make my cake. It was so super meeting you. You'll have to come up for cake later...after your date...or anytime really. It doesn't have to be on the same night as your date. Tomorrow night is good...or the next night...

MISOGYNIST CAVE MAN SKIP

(breathing heavily)

Show me your tits!

KISS ASS SKIP

Ha, ha, just a little joke. Don't--don't--don't show them. Not that they aren't tremendous. No, I don't mean tremendous, I mean super-duper...oh darn...

(MISOGYNIST CAVE MAN SKIP laughs cruelly at the plight of KISS

ASS SKIP. KISS ASS SKIP
finally does a backhanded kung
fu blow to the face of
MISOGYNIST CAVE MAN SKIP, and
his head falls unconscious)
...thanks so much, neighbor. I'm leaving now.

JANE
Yes, I think it's best.

KISS ASS SKIP
I hope we can still be friends.

JANE
Sure, sure, Skip.

(DEPRESSED SKIP wakes up. The
SKIPS have made their way in
front of the door by now)

DEPRESSED SKIP
(tearfully)
Oh, who am kidding? It's over between us.

(JANE opens the door for him)

JANE
(sarcastically)
No, I think we've still got a chance, Skip. Good-bye.

DEPRESSED SKIP
We do? We've got a chance?

(BARRY WHITE type music starts
up. Like the parting of the
Red Sea, the other SKIPS roll
into the background, while
BARRY WHITE SKIP, in a white
turtleneck, slides to the
front. HE is smooth like silk)

BARRY WHITE SKIP
(singing or talk singing in that
deep, rich Barry White-esque
voice)

Baby!

OTHER SKIPS
(the background singers)

Baby!

BARRY WHITE SKIP

I know we've had our ups and downs.
I said, "Baby!"

OTHER SKIPS

Baby!

BARRY WHITE SKIP

My love expands for you by leaps and bounds.
Oh, yeah, Baby!

THE PLAY CONTINUES FOR ONE MORE PAGE.

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