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“The themes of growth and life affirmation are presented clearly and subtly ... *Eggs* offers children’s theatre with substance.”

—Broad Street Review

Eggs



*Drama by
Y York*

*Based on the novel by
Jerry Spinelli*

Eggs

Drama. By Y York. Based on the novel by Jerry Spinelli.

Cast: 2m., 3w. David has designed the perfect deal with the universe to ensure the return of his dead mother: to reach his mother "on the other side," all David has to do is enlist the help of the weirdly obtuse Primrose, daughter of the psychic Madam Dufee. Primrose needs the reluctant David to help her move from Madam Dufee's crowded garage into the abandoned van left in the yard. Perhaps being out from under Madam's constant conversation with the spirit world, Primrose will be able to make her mother tell the truth about the spirits and the old photograph of the handsome man, who is someone, but who is *not* Primrose's father, as Madam claims. No matter how Refrigerator John and David's grandmother Margaret try to help these two outcast misfits, David and Primrose must find their salvation on their own. *Area staging. Approximate running time: 90 minutes. Code: E61.*

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*Cover photo: People's Light & Theatre, Malvern, Pa.,
featuring Claire Inie-Richards and Nathaniel Brastow.*

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JERRY SPINELLI

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(EGGS)

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For Jerry and Eileen,
with gratitude, respect and aloha.

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“*Eggs* was first produced on April 22, 2009, at the
People’s Light and Theatre Company, Malvern, Pa.,
Abigail Adams, Artistic Director,
Grace E. Grillet, Managing Director.”

Eggs was commissioned and produced by People’s Light & Theatre Company, Malvern, Pa., Abigail Adams, artistic director; Grace Grillet, managing director. It was performed April 23 – May 24, 2009, with the following:

CAST

Primrose Claire Inie-Richards
David Nathaniel Brastow
Margaret Alda Cortese
Madam Dufee Kittson O’Neill
Refrigerator John Brian Anthony Wilson

PRODUCTION STAFF AND CREW

Director Mark Lutwak
Set Designer James F. Pine Jr.
Lighting Designer Dennis Parichy
Costume Designer Marla J. Jurglanis
Composer/Sound Designer Christopher Colucci
Dramaturg Elizabeth Pool
Stage Manager Patricia G. Sabato
Production Stage Manager Charles T. Brastow

EGGS

CHARACTERS

DAVID, 9

MARGARET, 55

PRIMROSE, 13

MADAM DUFEE, 34

REFRIGERATOR JOHN, 50s

THE TIME is the present, although it sometimes feels like a simpler time, three days in April during Easter week.

THE PLACE is a field, a bedroom, a repair shop, two very different front yards and along a train track; all are some miles from Philadelphia. The complete world is visible in fragments from the beginning, as if bulky rubbish has been laid out on the periphery for pickup; a dark woods lurks in the background and stays there. Items emerge out of the clutter as they are needed and retreat after they have served their function: nothing is a complete something—a room may be a single panel; a

bed may be a blanket on the floor, a van is cut in half to show the inside; recognizable items might take on new uses—as an ironing board could be a workbench. Scene changes are always visible and can be done by the characters, who are accompanied by artful shifts in light and sound. Darkness occurs only at the end of the acts.

NOTE

An ellipsis “...” signifies a breath, a thought, a very short amount of time has passed but a shift has happened.

A dash “—” signifies an interruption, usually by the next speaker, but sometimes by the current speaker.

ACT ONE

(Scene 1. A field. Morning. DAVID gets up from the ground to where he has been knocked. He dusts himself off, rubs the sore spots, then fiercely whispers to off.)

DAVID. You creep, creep—thief! I don't care—I don't even *like* eggs. I hope you choke on a shell. I hope they turn rotten and smell up your house. I hope you have to eat egg lunches for a year.

(MARGARET, David's grandmother, enters from the other direction.)

MARGARET. David, honey, sweetheart, who are you talking to?

DAVID. I'm talking to no one—I'm talking to myself.

MARGARET. The other kids are back already—where are all your Easter eggs?

DAVID. I didn't find any.

MARGARET. But there were dozens— ...What happened?

DAVID. Nothing happened. There was an earthquake.

They got swallowed up in an earthquake.

MARGARET. Davey—

DAVID. Don't call me that.

MARGARET. Don't you want to find a nice Easter egg for your dad?

DAVID. It'll just get rotten. I told you I didn't want to come.

MARGARET. I thought it would be fun for you—

DAVID. Well, it isn't. I shouldn't be here, I have a very important appointment, and I should be going.

MARGARET. What appointment? ...David? What appointment do you have? You can't have some Sunday appointment that I don't know about.

DAVID. I don't want to talk about it. It's private.

MARGARET. You're nine. You're not allowed to have private appointments... Is this about that flyer you took off the telephone pole? Madam somebody or other? You can't go see that woman.

DAVID. You don't know her—

MARGARET. You don't know her either—you don't, do you? You haven't sneaked off behind my back to some fortuneteller?

DAVID. She might be nice.

MARGARET. Yes, but I doubt it, and nice or not, she's a phony, they're all phonies. They take advantage of people's sadness.

DAVID. I'm not sad.

MARGARET. Honey—

DAVID. In fact, I'm glad. I'm glad. I'm so glad that I'm going to go into the ground and dig up one of the eggs the earthquake took and give it to you as a present. A present for you, Grandma, for your Easter basket.

MARGARET. Come on, let's go—

DAVID. I'm not leaving this field until I find you an egg.

MARGARET. Five minutes. Then I want to see your sweet little self at the car.

(He stops looking as soon as she exits. Forlorn, he follows MARGARET, with a final glance at the field. A sudden sunbeam alights on a previously overlooked egg way over there. He approaches the beautiful golden egg atop a blanket of leaves. He picks it up. There is a sound, almost a popping, as if the egg has been released from a sucking egg holder. Curious, he clears away the leaves—jumps back and gasps.)

DAVID. Help— *(He cuts himself off, awed by the sight. He kneels and clears away the leaves, then nervously babbles.)* Oh, you poor person—look at your poor smashed face—don't worry ,I'll go get some big people to carry you home. They're probably looking for you—you're a missing person. A missing dead person. *(Realizing.)* Just like my mother! Because she's *dead* and I'm *missing* her. In case you meet up with her, my mother's name is Carolyn Sue Limpert. My name is David Limpert. We're from Minnesota. *(He stands and gets something precious from his pocket.)* This was hers. I gave it to her. She made it into this pin and wore it all the time. She was going to get buried with it, but I reached in and took it. It's a *memento*. A memento is a thing that *makes you remember*. This pin makes me remember my mother. Do you mind if I keep your egg? As a memento. Then I can always remember *you*, too. A big creep thief took all my ones and then he knocked me down, but I didn't tell because I'm not a baby. *(As a cloud covers the sun, the wind stirs the leaves on the ground and in the trees,*

frightening DAVID.) ...I'm going to go...get somebody. I'll go get them. I'll be back.

(DAVID runs off. After the briefest moment, the dead person rises from the grave of leaves—a stocking mask and a hoodie obscure our view, as the person scurries away. The wind increases. DAVID returns, followed by MARGARET.)

MARGARET *(starting from off)*. I'm coming as fast as I can—goodness gracious. What's the big emergency?

DAVID. Here, he's right here.

MARGARET. Let me catch my breath.

DAVID. Where...? *(Amazed and nervous.)* Where did he go?

MARGARET. Who, David?

DAVID. The dead guy with the egg in his mouth.

MARGARET. What—?

DAVID. He had this egg in his mouth, and when I picked it up, it made a popping, so I looked down and there he was. Dead.

MARGARET. Oh, honey—

DAVID. I didn't kill him!

MARGARET. That's not what I meant. Come here, Davey.

DAVID. Don't—

MARGARET. You're upset. It's natural—

DAVID. You'd be upset, too, if you saw a dead guy.

MARGARET. There's no dead guy.

DAVID. He was in the leaves. He was dead. *(Amazed and almost to himself.)* And then he got up and walked away.

MARGARET. I'm sure you thought you saw something.

DAVID (*still amazed and almost to himself*). I saw a person with his nose bent and his mouth squashed who was dead. Lying right in the leaves. I saw it.

MARGARET. Did it look like your mother?

DAVID. I'm not making this up! Why don't you ever believe me?

MARGARET. I believe you! I believe you are not making it up. The mind and the heart are powerful forces. Powerful enough to make the eyes see what isn't there.

DAVID. Oh, man, you are ridiculous. (*He exits.*)

MARGARET. Don't— (*He is gone.*) Don't talk to your grandmother like that.

(MARGARET exits. An interior room in the house of MADAM DUFEE emerges for Scene 2, later that afternoon. The walls are covered in blankets. DAVID parks his bike and enters the dark house.)

DAVID. Hello, I'm letting myself in your house because your door isn't locked and I knocked. You need bigger numbers on your door—I almost rode my bike into the woods. ...Hello? Do you mind if I turn on the light? ...I'm going to leave the door open to let the sun in, okay? Okay?

MADAM DUFEE. You must never go into the woods.

(She appears from the darkness, speaks with a vague European accent, bedecked in fabric and spangles.)

DAVID (*startled*). Oh, gee!

MADAM DUFEE. The woods are lonely. They might insist you stay. Close the door, young sir.

DAVID. Where did you come from? I didn't see you at all.

MADAM DUFEE. Please enter... Feet *inside* the door...

Both feet. Close the door.

DAVID. Kinda dark.

MADAM DUFEE. The spirits do not like the light. The light causes them to disperse.

DAVID. I sort of like it myself. To see and all. Nice walls.

I never saw blankets on walls before. Must keep the place nice and warm.

MADAM DUFEE. You are here to discover your future.

DAVID. I need to speak to someone.

MADAM DUFEE. You could be silent for a moment?

DAVID. I could?

MADAM DUFEE. Silence, please. *(She touches one hand to her forehead, the other reaches out to the spirit world.)*

DAVID. It says on your flyer—

MADAM DUFEE. Shh...I'm getting something. You wish to know if you will have a long and happy life.

DAVID. Well not really—

MADAM DUFEE. I can help you. Please to remove your shoe.

DAVID. My shoe?

MADAM DUFEE. Your left shoe. The shoe of your favorite foot.

DAVID. I don't have a favorite—

MADAM DUFEE. The foot you favor, the foot you lead with—every day starts with the left foot.

DAVID. I don't think so—

MADAM DUFEE. Which side of the bed do you sleep on?

DAVID. Right.

MADAM DUFEE. A right-side-of-the-beddie is a left footie.

DAVID. No! I sleep on the left. Or it's the left if I'm on my stomach and the right if I'm on my back.

MADAM DUFEE. Give me your shoe! Sock... Hand me your left foot. (*Stymied for a moment, he lies down on his back and holds up his foot, which she takes.*)

DAVID. Don't tickle.

MADAM DUFEE. I have no intention to tickle. Ah, I see.

DAVID. I took a bath last night.

MADAM DUFEE. I see in the future of this foot—

(The door swings open, letting in the light and letting out the spirits. PRIMROSE stands in the light. She is fully formed and fabulous. She wears tomboyish clothes, her hair in braids, no makeup. She is rough and tumble.)

PRIMROSE. Whose bike is that—? What's going on?

MADAM DUFEE. You are upsetting the spirits. They have all fled.

PRIMROSE. He's just a kid—

MADAM DUFEE. He longs to know his future.

PRIMROSE. Get up, kid.

DAVID. You are interrupting my appointment.

PRIMROSE. Who are you?

DAVID. I'm David Limpert. Who are you?!

PRIMROSE. Who—?

MADAM DUFEE (*trancing*). David, David, I am getting something about a David.

PRIMROSE. Okay, David Limpert, you're done here.

MADAM DUFEE. David Limpert will have—

PRIMROSE. "A long and happy life." Come on, you. Let's go.

(PRIMROSE takes the shoe and sock and guides DAVID outside to the front yard, as the interior room fades into the clutter. Scene 3, immediately following, the Dufee front yard.)

DAVID. She was going to give me a message.

PRIMROSE. How did you get here?

DAVID. I rode my bike.

PRIMROSE. How did you find us? How do you even know about us?

DAVID. I saw your flyer. "Madam Dufee, reader and advisor, visit with your loved ones from the Other Side." You should put your telephone number on it. There's no number.

PRIMROSE. We don't have a phone.

DAVID. Not even a cell phone?

PRIMROSE. No phone.

DAVID. How are people supposed to make appointments?

PRIMROSE. *You* got here, didn't you? Suckers are very determined.

DAVID. People need to be able to call for directions. I almost didn't knock. Your house looks more like a garage than a house—

PRIMROSE (*insulted*). Gee, thanks a lot.

DAVID. I need to talk to my mother.

PRIMROSE. You need to go home.

DAVID. She's on the Other Side. I saw the TV show. The guy talks to dead loved ones on the Other Side and the

people cry. He's a reader and advisor—just like Madam Dufee.

PRIMROSE. Maybe you should go talk to *him*.

DAVID. I don't know how to get there. It's TV.

PRIMROSE. You have to leave. Office hours are over.

DAVID. ...Could you give me a ride? It's far to my house.

PRIMROSE. Give you a ride in what? You're the one with the bike.

DAVID. Isn't that your van?

PRIMROSE. What van? (*Looks, instantly annoyed.*) Oh, man— We are the garbage dump for the entire universe. (*She walks to an abandoned van.*)

DAVID. I didn't know how far it was when I started. I biked for a long time before I found your street.

PRIMROSE. Help me push this.

DAVID. We can't push that, it's too big, you need men.

PRIMROSE. We can do it. We have inertia.

DAVID. I don't have that.

PRIMROSE. Inertia means it has wheels. Come on. (*They push it into place.*) See, see? I told you we could do it.

DAVID. Yeah, okay, but now that I see it up close I don't know why you want it. You can't drive it. It's too old and rusted.

PRIMROSE. It's not for driving. It's for living. Meet my future abode.

DAVID. ...Is an abode a bathroom?

PRIMROSE. It's a bedroom. My bedroom.

DAVID. I know how to take out the seats. We helped our friends in Minnesota do that. We lived in Minnesota.

PRIMROSE. The seats come out?!

DAVID. Yes, for when they went ice fishing.

PRIMROSE. I can put in my dresser.

DAVID. No, it'll be too crowded for your bed.

PRIMROSE. It won't be as crowded as the room I share with "Madam Dufee."

DAVID. You get to share a room with your mother?!

PRIMROSE. Why do you think she's my mother? I didn't say that.

DAVID. You look like her.

PRIMROSE. I don't look like her. I don't look anything like her. I am nothing like her!

DAVID. Okay.

PRIMROSE. She would never wear her hair like this, and she would never wear clothes like this. Don't ever say I am like her.

DAVID. I only said you look like her.

PRIMROSE. Just because you live with somebody does not mean you are like her.

DAVID. I'm going home.

PRIMROSE. You have to show me how to take out the seats.

DAVID. Actually, I don't have to. I came to see her, and you won't let me. Plus it's late and it's far, so goodbye.

(He exits with his bike... Suddenly, urgently, PRIMROSE puts her hand to forehead, other hand to the spirit world:)

PRIMROSE. ...Wait—I'm getting something—I'm getting something. *(Brief pause as he returns.)* "Carolyn."

DAVID. What did you say?

PRIMROSE *(amazed)*. I don't know.

DAVID. You said "Carolyn"—you said it right now.

PRIMROSE. It suddenly came to me...out of the air.