

A DOZEN RAW EGGS AT THE AIRPORT

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Roy C. Booth

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SYNOPSIS: Martin runs into his ex-girlfriend at the airport. Unfortunately, Martin's forgotten exactly what he was doing there in the first place: Picking up his mail-order bride from Azerbaijan! And his new bride has brought some local gifts and customs with her, too, including a basket filled with a half-dozen blessing eggs. When the two women meet, it's not just a series of cultural misunderstandings that end up getting tossed around!

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(ONE MAN, TWO WOMEN)

MARTIN.....A struggling writer, 32.
CELESTEHis ex-fiancé, a stewardess, 29.
SAFAHis Azerbaijani mail order bride, 30.

TIME AND PLACE: Last Thursday afternoon at an airport.

PROPS LIST

MARTIN: A pad of paper and a pen.
CELESTE: A cake.
SAFA: A basket with eggs in it.

A HALF-DOZEN RAW EGGS AT THE AIRPORT

Retitled: A Dozen Raw Eggs at the Airport

A Half-Dozen Raw Eggs at the Airport was originally produced by KG Entertainment and the Paul Bunyan Playhouse, and was performed at the historic Bemidji Chief Theatre on September 26, 2009. The original cast and crew were as follows:

Playwright: Roy C. Booth

Producer: Greg Gasman

Director: Catie Belleveau

Stage Manager: Cheryl Winnett

Lighting: Abbey Swafford

Sound: Mark Anderson

Set Design: Alex Ward

Stage Crew: Pam Austad, Karen Filardo, Lisa Knights, Diana Kuklinski,
Jessie Ladig, and Mollie.

MARTIN: Mike Hardin

CELESTE: Mary Anderson

SAFA: Kari Munson

Perusal Only
Do Not Copy

AT RISE:

MARTIN, a struggling writer, is nervously killing time while waiting at the airport, sitting in a row of chairs, scribbling on a notepad. Some potted plants and a trash can round out the set.

MARTIN: *(Holding up what he has written, reading.)* "It was a dark and stormy night...in the city 'that doesn't sleep'; a city that reeks of sex, drugs, and...more sex; the devil's playground [Insert local town, state]." *(He stares at it for a bit.)* Nawww! *(Crumples it up, tosses it, stands.)*

So much for writing to keep my mind off of things. Now what am I going to do? Oh, the suspense is killing me. What am I going to say? How am I going to say it? I'm a wreck. A true, honest-to-gosh-wreck. And I'm talking to myself. Again. Argh! *(Sits, buries his head in his hands.)*

Enter CELESTE, a very well dressed stewardess. In her hands is a cake. She recognizes MARTIN, and crosses to him.

CELESTE: Martin? Martin? Is that you?

MARTIN: *(Jumping up.)* Yahhh!

CELESTE: It is you!

MARTIN: Celeste! What are you doing here?

CELESTE: I could ask the same about you, silly. It's not very often you run into your ex-fiance at work in an airport.

MARTIN: How did...?

CELESTE: I recognized your bald spot.

MARTIN: Oh.

CELESTE: How have you been, Martin?

MARTIN: Oh, well, I've been working on my novel and...

CELESTE: Ah, still plugging away at your epic zombie romance novel?

MARTIN: *Love is in the Hair or Lots of Guts and Chocolate?*

CELESTE: Either one, darling.

MARTIN: Ah, quite well, thank you. *(Pause.)* What's with the cake?

CELESTE: One of the pilots is retiring, so I brought a cake for his party later on.

MARTIN: That's nice of you.

CELESTE: Yes, yes it is. *(Pause.)* Martin?

MARTIN: Yes, Celeste?

CELESTE: I think I may have been too hasty.

MARTIN: What?

CELESTE: When you popped out of that closet shouting, "Surprise!" and I nearly beat you to death thinking you were a mugger...

MARTIN: Yes?

CELESTE: I realize perhaps that was not the best time for you to propose to me, so I am willing to give you another chance, seeing as you didn't press charges or anything.

MARTIN: Well, jumping out at you in the dark while wearing only a Richard Nixon mask in our bedroom may have been a bit *too* much...

CELESTE: Exactly, you see my point. In any event, I would like to make amends, start over, rekindle that spark, that passion that drew us together, like two moths to a flame! *(Sets down the cake on a chair.)*

MARTIN: Do...do you really mean it, sugar snookums?

CELESTE: Yes, I really do mean it, my hunka, hunka of burning love!

MARTIN: *(Throws wide his arms.)* Pookie!

CELESTE: Honey bunny! *(They embrace and do that long, drawn out yuppie mwaa, mwaa nose-kiss thing.)*

MARTIN: Oh, I'm so glad I ran into you!

CELESTE: Oh, Martin!

MARTIN: I wrote a special poem for you, just in case this might happen.

CELESTE: Really? Oh, how romantic! Read it to me!

MARTIN: Okay. *(Pulls out a really crumpled piece of paper.)* Ahem. *(With dramatic flourish.)* "After the love, the caress, the kiss, the stars, the sun, the moon, the universe, these hands, this heart, your embrace, my eyes, the day, the night, time, tears, blood, fire, sand, the waves, bounds as Cupid withdraws — my love will remain steadfast, faithful, to the very end."

TOGETHER: Ahhhh...!

CELESTE: It speaks to me. It truly does. Now I shall honor you, with an inspired improvisational piece.

MARTIN: Yes!

CELESTE: *(Dramatically.)* “Majestically Eternity beckons, tugging at our frail being, our very fiber of existence, to go it alone is to court sheer tragedy – come with me, discover pleasure anew.”

TOGETHER: Ahhh...!

MARTIN: Ha, that’s...that’s – *(Sniff.)* – beautiful...

CELESTE: Of course. What inspired you to write yours?

MARTIN: It was a love poem challenge on FaceSpace.

CELESTE: *(Non-plussed.)* Ah, I see. And you had to use most of those words?

MARTIN: Exactly! All of ‘em!

CELESTE: *(Sarcastic.)* Brilliant!

MARTINE: I thought so!

CELESTE folds her arms, pouts.

MARTIN: Come here, you. *(She relents, they go into a long, passionate kiss.)*

Enter SAFA, a woman dressed in simple peasant attire (dress, shawl, scarf, et al.) – she appears to be looking for someone.

SAFA: *(Seeing MARTIN, coming up behind them.)* Excuse me, I—

CELESTE: I mean, you’ve cleaned up quite well since last I saw you, but—

SAFA: Please, excuse me...

CELESTE: But your sophomoric behavior still leads much to be desired. I can correct that.

SAFA: Excuse me?

CELESTE: No, I’m sorry, we don’t want to buy any flowers from your cult, thank you...

MARTIN: *(Seeing SAFA.)* Ahgk! *(He’s quite shocked to see her.)*

SAFA: Flowers? No, I have eggs. Eggs. Six of them.

MARTIN: Wh-wh--hw-wh-wh—

CELESTE: Well, we're not interested in buying any of those, either, thank you. Now, run a long little gypsy lady, or whatever you are, run along, and—

MARTIN: No, she's not a gypsy, she's—

CELESTE: A hairy Krishna, or whatever?

SAFA: Hairy? (*She looks at her arms.*)

MARTIN: No, no, she's—

SAFA: I am looking for a man.

CELESTE: Aren't we all sister, aren't we all.

MARTIN: Celeste...(*Turns to SAFA.*) Safa, do you have any luggage, or...?

SAFA: No, thank you, everything I brought is in this basket.

CELESTE: (*Snorts.*) Everything?

SAFA: Yes, all I need is in here.

CELESTE: You've got a vibrator in there?

MARTIN: Celest!!!

CELESTE: I don't see why you are so interested in this unstylish ragamuffin...I mean, really, the poor man's Renaissance fair look is so *passé*.

SAFA: (*To MARTIN.*) Are you my beloved?

MARTIN: I...

CELESTE: "Beloved?" Martin, just what the heck is going on here?

MARTIN: O-boy.

CELESTE: Wait-a-sec, you called her by name, "Safa"...

SAFA: It means "pure."

MARTIN: Or "innocent"! Heh.

CELESTE: Really? C'mon, wordsmith, spit it out...

MARTIN: She's...

CELESTE: You know her?

MARTIN: Yes, she's—

SAFA: Martin! (*Puts down her basket, gives him a very hearty handshake.*) I am so glad to finally meet you, o beloved!

CELESTE: Again, "beloved"?!

SAFA: (*Brightening.*) I look greatly to marrying you, Martin!

CELESTE: Marrying!?! Marriage? To HIM!?! (*To MARTIN.*)

MARTIN!?! Explain yourself!

MARTIN: Um...

CELESTE: Now!

MARTIN: Uhh, well, she's...

CELESTE: (*Stamps her foot.*) **NOW!!!**

MARTIN: (*Quickly.*) She's my mail order bride.

CELESTE: Your...what?

MARTIN: She's my mail order bride.

SAFA: From Azerbaijan.

CELESTE: From...where?

SAFA: (*Smiling.*) Azerbaijan!

CELESTE: Azer-ber-where?

MARTIN: It's a country.

CELESTE: I know that, you idiot! Isn't that some little piss-ant Third World country near...Portugal?

MARTIN: No, Azerbaijan is in Asia Minor, near Georgia.

CELESTE: I know my states, Martin, thank you very much. "Azerbaijan." Hmp. Now you're just making things up. Is this some kind of joke?

MARTIN: Well, while I was in the hospital, recovering from my broken spleen, I saw this ad, and...

SAFA: (*Excited.*) Ohhh, I cannot wait to roll down a hill for you, beloved!

CELESTE: Roll down a...? What on earth is she talking about, Martin?

MARTIN: Well, see...

CELESTE: Shut up, Martin. Now why on earth would you want to roll down a hill for this—this—

MARTIN: Heckuva nice guy?

CELESTE: Two-timing putz is *waaay* beyond me! Why?

SAFA: Martin say he want "old-fashioned girl," and—

CELESTE: "Old-fashioned?!?" "Old-fashioned?!?" (*To MARTIN.*) You thought I was "old-fashioned"?

MARTIN: Perhaps there's a better way to put that...

SAFA: Ah, you are *old* friend of Martin's, perhaps?

CELESTE: (*Glaring.*) "Old?"

SAFA: Well, in my country there are certain old rituals that we still adhere to...

CELESTE: Which include rolling down hills...?

MARTIN: Well, it is actually a certain sacred, consecrated hill, see, and...

CELESTE thrusts out her hand over MARTIN's mouth, and then withdraws it.

SAFA: *(Clapping her hands together.)* Exactly!

CELESTE: To qualify for your nation's Olympic gymnastics team?

MARTIN: Ummm...

CELESTE: To test the durability of your fabrics?

MARTIN: No, see...

CELESTE: Shut up, Martin.

SAFA: No, we roll down the great hill to become more – fertile. *(Pats self.)*

CELESTE: To be more – what?

SAFA: *(Smiling.)* To have more babies!

MARTIN: See...

CELESTE: You mean to tell me that you believe that if roll down a hill...

MARTIN: A certain, special sacred, consecrated hill, mind you...

CELESTE: That it will make you...

SAFA: *(Nodding.)* Have more babies! *(Claps.)* Yes!

CELESTE: *(Icily.)* Martin...

SAFA: Oh, yes, I am quite prepared for our upcoming marital bliss! I show you! *(Reaches into her basket, pulls out some cloths.)* Here are the small wishing rags I will attach to holy branches to help fulfill prayers...

CELESTE: Wishing rags?

SAFA: And here, here is the blessed sash I will wear when we walk under the arched branches to cleanse our souls...

CELESTE: *(Glaring.)* Oh, Martin's soul definitely needs a cleansing, all right...

MARTIN: Uh...Celeste...

SAFA: And here, ah, here are the eggs, the eggs from my father's own chickens, for you to inspect and to give your blessing upon, o beloved future husband.

CELESTE: Good grief!

MARTIN: Heh. Talk about keeping all of your eggs in one basket...

CELESTE: Martin, no bad jokes or puns right now, I'm serious...

MARTIN: *(Reaches over, takes an egg.)* Six of one, half a dozen of another...

CELESTE: Martin...

MARTIN: Oh, I'm just eggstatic...

CELESTE: That does it. *(Reaches over to the basket.)* May I?

SAFA: *(Handing her an egg.)* Why of course, here, good old friend of my beloved. Partake.

CELESTE: *(Taking it.)* Thank you. Martin?

MARTIN: Yes, Celeste?

CELESTE: Your jokes aren't what they are all cracked up to be. *(And with that she breaks the egg over MARTIN's head. Pause.)*

SAFA: I see your old friend has blessed you, o' beloved!

MARTIN: Yes, well, the yolk's on her. *(He in turn breaks an egg over CELESTE's head.)*

CELESTE: Why, you...!

SAFA: Oh good, then I shall bless her, too! *(Throws an egg at CELESTE, hitting her.)* There!

CELESTE: What!?!

Pause. CELESTE pushes MARTIN aside, marches up to SAFA, grabs an egg, breaks it over SAFA's head, and then marches back to her spot.

CELESTE: Hmp!

Pause. SAFA appears to be on the verge of bursting into tears, until...

SAFA: Yay!!!

CELESTE: What?

SAFA: Oh, thank you Martin's old friend for accepting me with your egg-breaking ritual! Thank you!

MARTIN: Uhhh...

SAFA: Am I now American? Yes?

CELESTE: No, dear, you're...

SAFA: (*Pointing to egg on head.*) This very good for hair, no?

MARTIN: Well...

SAFA: I now more fertile, too? Joy!!!

CELESTE: Omigod.

SAFA: (*Shaking CELESTE's hands.*) Thank you, thank you! Thank you for welcoming me to America! I am so honored! So honored!

CELESTE: You know, I am having *strong* second thoughts about taking you back, now, Martin.

MARTIN: Celeste, I...

SAFA: Oh, I am so happy! Happy, happy, happy! Thank you, thank you both! Now I go to find the great old man who flew the plane and give him this last blessed egg to show him my thanks!
(*Prepares to scurry off.*)

MARTIN: Wait!

CELESTE: Now what?

SAFA: Yes, beloved?

MARTIN: What about the other egg?

CELESTE: Oh, for crying out loud...!

MARTIN: That only accounts for five eggs!

SAFA: Ah. I see your wisdom, future husband, I see. (*She takes the other egg, and cracks it over her own head.*) Now I am doubly blessed! Oh, beloved, I am so happy! (*She runs offstage with her basket. Pause.*)

CELESTE: Martin?

MARTIN: Yes, Celeste?

CELESTE: Never, ever speak to me again.

MARTIN: Yes, Celeste.

CELESTE: And never, ever let me see you ever again, or so help me, I'll break something else of yours other than your spleen. Something else you *can't* put a cast on.

MARTIN: (*Horrified.*) You—you mean my...?

CELESTE: (*Makes a large pulling apart gesture.*) In two.

MARTIN: Eep!

CELESTE: Exactly!

MARTIN: Um...okay. Deal.

CELESTE: And Martin?

MARTIN: (*Backing up.*) Y-yes?

CELESTE: Here. *(She picks up the cake.)* I hope you and your bargain-dressed hippie mail order bride are happy together.
MARTIN braces himself.

CELESTE: I truly do. *(Hands him the cake.)* Here.

MARTIN: *(Holding the cake in front of him.)* Thank you, Celeste.

CELESTE: Remember, Martin, we'll always have [Insert local city, state]. Have a nice life, kid. *(She exits.)*

MARTIN: You, too, Celeste, you, too. *(Pause. Looks down at the cake.)* Whew!

CELESTE storms back onstage, slams the cake into his face, and then stomps off for good.

CELESTE: JERK!!! *(Pause.)*

MARTIN: *(Sighs.)* Maybe I can use that line in one of my zombie romance novels after all: "It was a dark and stormy night...in the city 'that doesn't sleep'; a city that reeks of sex, drugs, and...more sex; the devil's playground, [Insert local city, state]."

BLACKOUT.

THE END