

Eggs

By Jim Martyka

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Cast of Characters

SURVIVOR - Could be a man or woman, no age requirement.
Character is nervous, on the verge of losing it.

Scene

Unknown.

Time

Not so distant future.

Eggs

Lights up on SURVIVOR in mid-conversation, as if he or she is talking with a group of people. It is unknown where they are and why.

SURVIVOR: All I want are some fucking eggs.

It's been three months and that's way too long to wait for eggs. I've never been one for runny eggs, but fuck it. When it comes right down to it, eggs are eggs. Yes, I prefer scrambled, but we're getting off topic. So three months without eggs.

For someone growing up on a farm, you'd think three months without would be a relief, a blessing. But no, man, I never lost the taste for them. Quite the opposite, eggs meant home. No, they *mean* home. You have to hang on. Can't write it off just yet. We have a chance, right? Well maybe not with the eggs and all, but you know...

God, I can smell them. No, stop, that doesn't do any good either. Sorry. Three months in the field. Three months in a place with no goddam eggs. And I was two days away from going home. Two days away from having mom pull those eggs fresh, scramble 'em like she always did. I wouldn't even have touched the ham, the potatoes, the toast with that thick, creamy butter. Fuck all of it, mom, just give me the eggs.

"Watch your mouth," she would say with a smile, lovingly touching my head and serving me another helping... another helping of familiar, of love, of that simple little thing that says all is right with the world.

But it's not. Fucking eggs.

And then they... In the chaos of the last year, I forgot about eggs. I've forgotten a lot. But I remember now. It's too late though, they're all dead. So are all the chickens. Everything is spoiled, especially the eggs. And knowing that I'll never have that again, that I'll never have those fucking eggs is the worst part of this whole thing. At least for me.

Anyway, how about you?

LIGHTS.