

*Eggs.*

by

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Synopsis.

*Grieving over personal circumstances, Fionnuala finds herself trapped inside an old-fashioned café, wasting her life away. During this time, she easily manages to criticise and find fault with the bleak world that surrounds her - unaware as to where she is, and why she's there.*

**EGGS.**

**SCENE 1 – BEATTIE’S CAFÉ.**

**FX** **OVERHEAD LIGHTS SLOWLY SWITCHING ON.**

FIONNUALA. The humdrum flicker of the overhead lights beamed as the scene came to life.

**FX** **THE WAITER PLACES TWO PLATES AT THE TABLE**  
**INFRONT OF FIONNUALA. GENERAL**  
**BACKGROUND CHATTER. FADE IN: CLASSICAL**  
**MUSIC (PREFERABLY ‘THE LARK ASCENDING’ BY**  
**VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.)**

FIONNUALA. Classic FM blasted inappropriately from a radio at the back of the room, next to a rusty pan filled with grease and fried eggs. The walls of Beattie’s café were equally uninspiring. They bled pale colours somewhere between ivory and white, and the two large windows either side of the crooked wooden door were opaque, trapping everybody inside. They all seemed pleasantly relaxed however, as if they enjoyed the notion of spending the remainders of their lives cogged up besides dusty tables, eating fatty meats and black puddings.

Two large men in front of me were hiding their faces behind the betting sections of their retrospective papers. It was only through their peaked caps and yellow

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fingernails that I guessed that they were some twenty, or even forty years older than myself. I caught a glimpse of the headlines on the front pages ahead of me, which read; 'Diana Dies in Paris Car Crash', and, 'Shrink Your Inner Thighs'. Glancing just beyond the papers, in the corner of the room, I saw Mrs Loxley. She was my old first school battleaxe that I last saw when I was just a kid.

**FX** **THE WAITRESS PLACES A PLATE AT MRS LOXLEY'S TABLE.**

FIONNUALA.

She was clothed in an authentic fox-hide coat as she looked menacingly towards the food that arrived on her table, like a vulture. From her plate, she picked up a fried egg sandwich and bit into the dry white pieces of bread through the remains of her dentures. Upon impact the egg yolk burst in her mouth...

**FX** **THE EGG YOLK POPS.**

FIONNUALA.

... but it's yellow liquid oozed out between the bread and back onto the plate. Observing her closely, fascinated by her carnivorous instincts, I could almost taste the snotty texture of her egg running down my throat. I always hated eggs. At least, I do now.

Breaking away from this event, I noticed that perched above Mrs. Loxley's head was an old television set. Upon

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first glance, it looked to me as though it had been fetched from a skip back in the early 2000s. The picture quality seemed to prove this, and yet, aside from the leftover eggs stuck in the pan, it was probably the newest thing in the room. Bypassing the heavy static, which almost made the viewing impossible, the television eventually locked on to a classic film from 1955. A beautiful relic reduced to a pixilated image on an iPhone. Regardless, it had won my attention. Specifically, a young man sporting a red Harrington jacket and blonde quiff won my attention. I was absorbed into his bright world as reality around me turned black. I spoke to him. I rubbed my temple, and spoke to him, I mouthed,

“Why did you do that?”

“Because I felt like it,” he replied.

## **FX THE RINGING OF A BICYCLE BELL.**

FIONNUALA.

Suddenly, like a flash of intense light or a shooting star, I heard the ringing of a bell which drew my attention from the television. It came from outside the café windows: a door bell, or something as quaint, but new. Then, through the front glass of Beattie’s café, I saw a girl cycle by, and for fifteen seconds she became the most important thing in my life, then never again. Time had slowed, but the star had passed. I had to stand but couldn’t.

**FX**

**THE WAITRESS PLACES A PLATE IN FRONT OF**

**FIONNUALA.**

FIONNUALA.

The waiter confronted me, placing at my table a hard-boiled egg, before returning to the cell of her job. No dialogue. Nothing. I turned back to my table to see that the top of the egg's shape had already been sawn off and most likely dumped in a bin bag beside the radio. I leant in closer to see that salt and pepper had melted into the jellied whites of the egg. Frankly, I didn't know whether to eat it or mourn it. I picked up the rusty spoon from the saucer when the egg started to rattle.

**FX**

**THE EGG BEGINS TO RATTLE.**

FIONNUALA.

The egg and the cup both rattling. The sound of the china shaking was overshadowed by the actual motion of the egg as two small segments of shell broke loose. I watched intensely as two wide, green eyes opened in the whites. The egg was staring at me. The men in front of me were still buried in their morning news; Mrs Loxley was still feeding the remaining pieces of crust to her tongue, and the waiter was vacant as always.

**FX**

**WHISPERING.**

FIONNUALA.

I leant in towards the egg, when suddenly I heard faint

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whispers as it tried to speak. It was whispering to me, talking to me. It told me to get out, get anywhere through verses of La Belle Dame Sans Merci.

**FX. 'TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD BLIGHTY' BY FLORRIE FORD PLAYS.**

FIONNUALA. The windows started to turn into a foul tar-like black; the television was nothing but static; the radio emitted a constantly crackling noise, and a single thought whirled around my head like the ringing of an alarm clock...

*I have to get out of here. I must escape this!*

**FX. THE SONG GROWS LOUDER.**

FIONNUALA. The room had emptied itself and grown a thousand times in size. I was raised up from my chair only to realise that both my feet were bare, muddied, and cramped. More so, the floor began to tilt and warp to a forty-five degree angle. Like climbing up from a well, I began to walk for a lifetime, winds striking my face as I staggered to reach the crooked wooden door at the end of the room. The doors handle was a spotless silver and curved like a serpent, and as I reached out my hands towards it, it radiated a burning sense of heat...

**FX. FIONNUALA CRIES OUT IN PAIN (ECHOING).**

And, as I pulled the handle down, the scolding hot metal  
welded the flesh of my hand back in onto itself,  
scarring me forever as I opened the door...

**FX. THE DOOR OPENING.**

**END.**