

5 EGGS LEFT

A Ten Minute Play

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SYNOPSIS: MENOPAUSE EXPLAINED. A comedy. Two "Incubator Ladies" are discussing the fact that Jennifer has stopped taking birth control pills and they might have a chance at getting the last five eggs she has fertilized to start a new baby. The ladies are working parts of Jennifer's body. Jennifer experiences hot flashes and overwhelming sexual urges as the ladies talk. They hatch a plan and work madly to get hormones pumping and push Jennifer into action so conception can begin.

PRODUCTION HISTORY: Fronterafest Short Fringe 2014 Austin, Texas.

Runtime: 10 minutes

CHARACTERS:

THE INCUBATOR LADIES (THINK GOLDEN GIRLS):

FERN delicate, a little dense.

MYRTLE grouchy, doesn't like anything.

THE WOMAN:

JENNIFER a forty-something year old woman starting through menopause.

SETTING: An old fashioned parlor. There's exercise equipment such as a stationary bike, jump-rope, or hula-hoop with a keyboard, typewriter, or computer, and a telephone. They are either dusty or covered with cloths, obviously disused. There's an easel on stage to place placards on. (When the ladies move into action and Myrtle exits, picture Myrtle as an astronaut going out of the spaceship to land on the moon or hook up the space station.) Jennifer is separate from the ladies and unaware of their existence.

Author's note: we discovered that throw-away painters jumpsuits were cheap and easy to use, be creative with sounds, props, and costumes.

SCENE ONE

The ladies are having tea, sitting in chairs with various types of stitching or needlework. FERN is knitting. JENNIFER picks up a placard saying Menopause Explained and places it on the easel. She goes to her place on stage and does something ordinary - writing, filing her nails, combing her hair, etc.

MYRTLE

Whaaaaat?

FERN

I love the quiet times we have now, Myrtle, don't you?

MYRTLE

It stinks! I don't know what to do with myself. I'm sick to death of knitting and yakking.

FERN

Is it slip one and purl two? I'm forgetting my pattern.

MYRTLE

Now you've done it Fern! Lost two damned stitches.

The phone rings and FERN answers it.

FERN

Incubator here.

FERN frowns as if confused and worried.

MYRTLE

What is it? You look like you're in a tizzy.

She grabs the phone from FERN.

This is Myrtle, whadoyawant?

FERN looks at her expectantly. MYRTLE completes her conversation and hangs up.

We have an opportunity to complete our mission.

FERN

Really? There's a chance this time? I mean we haven't had a chance in years. And I've gotten so used to it. I rather like the quiet and calmness of knitting. All that rushing around makes me dizzy.

MYRTLE

Hmph, you'd be dizzy if a spider crawled up your leg.

FERN

(Jumps up)

A spider! Where?

MYRTLE

Oh for Pete's sake stop it!

(Pause for effect.)

She's, stopped, taking, the pills.

FERN

Stopped taking the pills?

MYRTLE

That's right. She thinks she's gone through the change of life and no longer needs them!

They giggle. FERN titters, MYRTLE guffaws. JENNIFER looks up as if she hears something and then dismisses it.

FERN

Oh my goodness, she's only what? Forty-five?

MYRTLE

A fat lot she knows. She thinks we're sleeping on the job. Doesn't even know we exist. All that scientific nonsense about chemicals and such.

(Pause)

Now, what can we do to ensure success?

FERN

Well, I always like music. Especially flutes.

MYRTLE

Oh for Pete's sake Fern, we need to talk hormones, brain function. Can you get a hold of the pituitary? They never answer the phone.

FERN

What happened to romance? Flowers? Chocolates?

MYRTLE

We simply don't have time for preludes any more, there's only five left.

FERN

Five, only five left? I thought surely we had more than that.

MYRTLE

Well we don't. Five. That's all.

FERN

Oh, for the good old days when we happily had buns in the oven at forty-seven even fifty-five!

The phone rings

MYRTLE

Wait a minute, incoming... This is Myrtle. Right. Twenty-four? You're certain? I know that's what you said but it's extremely short notice. No, no, we will take care of everything.

She hangs up and gives FERN a stern look.

There's a small hitch in our plans.

FERN

What is it?

(MYRTLE does not answer)

Myrtle?

MYRTLE

We have to get the girl flat on her back within the next 24 hours!

They both jump up and rush to their station while they talk.

MYRTLE gets her jumpsuit and helmet out and starts to put them on over her clothes. FERN dusts off a keyboard or computer.

FERN

On her back? Is that how they do it these days?

MYRTLE

Well we don't want her to do it standing up again. Too much chance we'll lose the sperm.

FERN

Oh really. I suppose you'd prefer she do it upside down, then we'd be guaranteed to keep the sperm in.

MYRTLE

I always said a good orgasm should have you standing on your head.

FERN

Oh Myrtle!

MYRTLE

I'll get those hormones pumping. Fern, get hooked up to the glands and notify them of the priorities. I'll contact the brain and get them on board. Fern, are you ready?

FERN

How much do we need for the hormones? What's the plan?

MYRTLE

Can't get this damned zipper up!

She completes the donning of her jumpsuit. She picks up binoculars and scans the audience.

What's the plan? What's the plan? Get that bitch to take her clothes off! There's a plan! That always gets him going.

FERN

Going? I thought we wanted him coming.

MYRTLE

Get her hot Fern! I'll check on the status of available sperm donors.

MYRTLE gets on the phone. She walks over to the easel and replaces placard with one that says HOT FLASHES!

Hello brain? We need some help here. Yes I know but this is an emergency. Stop the practical, just turn it off for now.

MYRTLE hangs up and returns to work furiously running, biking, stomping a pump, or jump-rope. JENNIFER is suddenly excruciatingly HOT!

JENNIFER

Oh! Oh, my.

She starts taking off clothes, fans herself, stumbles to a pitcher of iced water. Takes a drink. JENNIFER desperately tries to cool off, she strips to her slip or underwear. She rubs an ice cube on her neck.

Oh the hell with it!

She dumps the pitcher of water on her head. She sighs.

MYRTLE

She's trying to cool down! I've got her stripped but we need more. Pour it on Fern, pour it on.

FERN

Oh, goody. I've got urges in. That should work.

JENNIFER

(Reacts to an overwhelming sexual urge) Oh, my goodness! Where's a damned man when you need one?

(Pause)

I don't think my Naughty Rabbit is going to do it this time! Oh, god!