

# The Egg Family

*And How We Got Rid of Grandma*

*By Justin Kim*

~~*Oh God I'm So Sick of Eggs Why Did I Think This Was a Good Idea*~~

## CHARACTERS

Caspian the Cultist Egg:

*Male: The eldest sibling. Practices magic in a cult. Wears a long robe.*

Barlowe the Sexist Egg:

*Male: The middle sibling. Fiery, toxic, and masculine. Wears a straight-jacket.*

Astra the Alcoholic Egg:

*Female. The youngest sibling. Frequents the local bars. Wears an oversized filthy flannel.*

Nurse:

*Female. Just wants to go home. Wears a nurse's uniform.*

Grandma the Dead Egg:

*Female. Wears a fringed Elvis jumpsuit and a dinosaur mask.*

## SETTING

*A hospital room.*

## NOTES

*A wooden fish will be used throughout the performance.*

*Darkness. A wooden fish clacks. On the final beat, Lights. Caspian and Astra are beside Grandma's body draped over with a sheet on a bed. Nurse stands behind them.*

NURSE

I'm so sorry for your loss. I'll be back soon. Take all the time you need.

*Exit Nurse. Clack.*

ASTRA

How many years?

CASPIAN

She was born in the thirties. That'd make it at least eighty.

ASTRA

The things she must have seen. All the memories she carried.

*Clack.*

ASTRA

Good riddance.

CASPIAN

She just died, Astra. Can't you have some respect for her?

ASTRA

*(irritated)*

Forget it, alright?

*Astra digs around inside her flannel. She walks to a corner and takes out a flask.*

CASPIAN

Since when did you drink?

*Astra takes a hard swig. Clack.*

ASTRA

Highschool.

CASPIAN

Was it peer pressure? Bullies? Why?

*Astra turns toward Grandma and stares.*

ASTRA

I don't think you'd like the answer.

*Caspian massages his temples.*

CASPIAN

Then, please... At least keep it out of the room? Grandma's right there.

*He points to the body.*

CASPIAN

Grandma did so much for us. Even though she lost everything. After our parents went missing, she still found it in her heart to take us in. Sure, she was hard on us, but that was to make us stronger, better, to show us her love. She was our divine matriarch.

*Astra rolls her eyes. She takes a swig. Harder. Another clack.*

CASPIAN

What did I just say?!

ASTRA

*(a bit slurred)*

Um... Something 'bout, ah, love and the divine and all that. Yer a real Shakespeare.

*Caspian puts his hands on his hips. Time to punish this heretic.*

CASPIAN

Seriously. Our grandmother, our dead grandmother just passed away not five minutes ago and here you are making a drunken fool of yourself right in front of her.

*Astra takes another swig. Clack. She starts swaying a little to the AC's breeze.*

CASPIAN

Do you think she would have wanted to see this? Do you think she would be proud to see you like this?

*He grasps his head.*

CASPIAN

Why do you enjoy disappointing her so much?

*Astra's head shoots towards Caspian.*

ASTRA

I'm not the one in a cult.

*Caspian's eyes narrow.*

ASTRA

Look at you, ya fucking Harry Potter reject. Couldn't handle school so you dropped out. And then what did you do?

*Caspian steps away from Astra and Grandma.*

ASTRA

You crawled to the first pair of hands that wouldn't praise your mistakes!

*Astra laughs hysterically. Clacks.*

ASTRA

*(voice breaking a bit)*

You say you love Grandma so much. But you don't love her, you love anyone and anything you can worship.

*Astra looks toward the ceiling.*

ASTRA

I bet if she were here right now, she'd tell you to stop licking her boots and get on with your life already!

*She takes a swig. Clack.*

ASTRA

*(cloyingly)*

But that's just me. You're the fancy wizard. What do I know?

*Enter Nurse. Clack.*

NURSE

*(softly)*

Hello, Astra, Caspian. If it's alright with you two, the hospital has arranged for your grandmother to be taken to the morgue.

*Astra and Caspian relax.*

ASTRA

Oh, uh... Yeah, yes, yes thank you.

*Caspian stays silent.*

Nurse

They'll be here shortly. If there's anything we could do to help, please ask.

CASPIAN

Actually...

*Nurse and Astra look towards Caspian.*

CASPIAN

If you'd be so kind, please leave the body here.

*Clack.*

ASTRA

Casp?

Nurse

Oh, um, yes? Are you sure? We can still take care of her for you-

CASPIAN

No! No, it's fine. Please. Thank you.

NURSE

... Then, I'll be checking in shortly.

*Exit Nurse. Clack. Astra stares at Caspian.*

ASTRA

What are you doing?

CASPIAN

I got an idea.

ASTRA

What sort of idea?

*Caspian rubs his hands.*

CASPIAN

You know how I do necromancy with the Solid Yolk Believers, right?

ASTRA

You mean that pretend magic crap with your freakish cult? Sure.

CASPIAN

I'll pretend you didn't say that. Anyway, here it is.

*Caspian and Astra lean in.*

CASPIAN

I can bring Grandma back to life!

*Clack. Astra pulls back.*

ASTRA

*(seriously concerned)*

What the- Okay, dude, I may have a problem with booze, but I think you need a therapist.

CASPIAN

No, no, listen. The Believers recently promoted me, and part of the benefits was learning how to revive the dead!

*Astra throws her hands in the air.*

ASTRA

Dude, this is too much. So even if, if, we can bring Grandma back to life, why?

CASPIAN

Hah?

ASTRA

Why? Why bring Grandma back into our lives again?

CASPIAN

Why not?

*Astra folds her arms. She moves to her drinking corner.*

ASTRA

I spent half of my life trying to forget about her.

CASPIAN

*(incredulous)*

What are you talking about?

*He points to Grandma.*

CASPIAN

Do you not remember all the good things she gave us? The love, the warmth, the discipline, the care, the-

ASTRA

Yeah, okay. Caspian? That wasn't her. At all.

CASPIAN

You're acting strange. How do you not remember your childhood?

ASTRA

Do you? Do you even remember a single moment where she did any of those things?

*Caspian looks up.*

CASPIAN

Of course.

*The wooden fish clacks.*

ASTRA

I can really see those gears churning there, bro.

CASPIAN

That still doesn't change how much she cared for us. If you couldn't see it, can't you at least feel it?

ASTRA

*(unrestrained)*



Oh I felt something, alright. I felt alone because anytime I felt sad, she told me to just suck it up and ignore it.

CASPIAN

That's not true. Grandma did care. She just did it in her own way.

ASTRA

It was her way or no one's way. Do you not remember how she told you to be grateful all the damn time?

*Caspian closes his eyes.*

CASPIAN

I do, because she was right. Why shouldn't we have been more grateful? She did everything for us.

ASTRA

That doesn't excuse all the hurt she caused. I mean, just look at Barlowe-

*Clacks as Nurse walks in wheeling in Barlowe. He's restrained with a straight-jacket and a Hannibal Lecter mouthpiece.*

NURSE

Your brother was in the psychiatric ward and wanted to see her.

*Barlowe looks at Caspian and Astra.*

BARLOWE

*(it's been a long time)*

Casp. Astra.

ASTRA

*(gaping)*

Oh my god... Barlowe?

CASPIAN

*(slight astonishment)*

Barlowe. So this is where they hid you. But why the mask?

NURSE

According to our orderlies, he has a habit of biting any women in the vicinity.

BARLOWE

Hid? They sent you the address when they put me in here. Unless...

*Barlowe leans his head on his shoulder.*

BARLOWE

Dear old granny never told you.

CASPIAN

No, she- She must have forgotten. You know how forgetful she was.

ASTRA

*(squinting)*

Casp, she had Alzheimer's.

CASPIAN

No, nothing was wrong with her!

*Nurse looks around slowly.*

NURSE

I'll, uh, just step outside- haha. I'll come back later to see what you'd like to do about...

BARLOWE

*(seething)*

THAT LYING BITCH-

ASTRA

BARLOWE!

NURSE

*(quiet)*

... Your grandmother. Asshole.

*Exit Nurse. Clack.*

BARLOWE

Caspian, you're as stupid as always.

CASPIAN

If it means treasuring our grandmother, you know, our dead grandmother, who by the way, is not a bitch, then I'm stupid as hell.

BARLOWE

I meant how much of a stooge you are.

ASTRA

Care to elaborate?

BARLOWE

You can't cope with feeling unloved, so you pin your stupid expectations onto literally anything and everything you can.

ASTRA

That's what I'm saying!

CASPIAN

Is it really so hard for you to even say that you love us? That you love someone?

BARLOWE

Love's for pansies.

CASPIAN

*(glaring)*

Says the raging pyromaniac. You burned everything because you couldn't say it. You tried to burn us all alive.

*Clack.*

BARLOWE

Wow, what a wonderful welcome by my now only remaining family. It's been what, nine years?

*Barlowe nods towards Grandma.*

BARLOWE

Old girl finally kicked?

ASTRA

Yeah, we're just trying to decide what to do with her body.

*Astra nods to Caspian.*

ASTRA

Captain Cult over there wants to bring her back to life.

BARLOWE

Frankenstyle?

CASPIAN

It's called necromancy, thank you very much. And I can do it. We should do it.

ASTRA

That is insane. You are insane. Barlowe, tell him he's insane.

BARLOWE

Let's burn her body.

ASTRA

BARLOWE!

CASPIAN

Now who's insane?

ASTRA

Goddamn it- Look, can't we just bury her? Like regular, normal, sane people?

CASPIAN & BARLOWE

Nah.

ASTRA

Really?!

BARLOWE

Look, let's burn her body, give her an old fashioned viking funeral, eh? I'll even direct it.

ASTRA

Over my dead body.

BARLOWE

No, over Grandma's.

ASTRA

Barlowe, can't you just let the past go? Grandma hurt all of us, but it's best to-

BARLOWE

Woah woah woah, I ain't no nancy boy. Grandma didn't hurt me. I. Hurt. Her.

ASTRA

Fine, you did. And now you're locked up for life. But why? Nine years, and no one ever said a word about the house fire.

*Barlowe looks to Grandma.*

BARLOWE

It's warm. Warmer than her. It'd keep me company whenever I cried. Something no one else thought to do.

*Barlowe looks back at Astra.*

BARLOWE

If you're angry at me for hurting you and Caspian, then I'm sorry. But I'm not sorry to her.

ASTRA

That's not the point! Can't you just, I don't know, forget about it all?

*Astra looks at Caspian.*

ASTRA

Both of you?

BARLOWE

You talking to us, or to yourself?

CASPIAN

Look, I may be someone's pet all the time, but at least I'm aware of it. You're the one drinking all the time and trying to run away.

BARLOWE

She drinks now?

*Caspian and Barlowe glance at each other.*

CASPIAN

Since highschool.

*They shift their gaze back to Astra.*

CASPIAN

You can't run forever, Astra. I can bring Grandma back, but she'll just die again. I don't want to bring her back for good. I want her back to make sure I don't have any regrets.

BARLOWE

We can just let it all go, but that would be admitting she did nothing wrong. At least cremating her would give us some sort of last say.

*Clacks. Enter Nurse.*

NURSE

Just checking in. Have you all decided on what to do with your grandmother?

*Frantic clacking as everyone watches Grandma rising in her bed. She hatches into her Elvis-dinosaur hybrid glory; she is the Oviraptor. Silence. She looks to the Eggs.*

OVIRAPTOR

Ah, my darling grandchildren. And of course, you're all bickering as usual. Ungrateful. Self-centered. Weak. I just died and none of you learned to grow up? Shameful.

*OVIRAPTOR ponders as the Eggs and Nurse gape.*

ASTRA

Caspian, what did you do?!

CASPIAN

I didn't do it!

OVIRAPTOR

He's right. Someone up there gave you another chance.

CASPIAN

If I did it, she wouldn't look like a goddamn reptile!

OVIRAPTOR

That does it.

*Clacking. The Oviraptor leaps off the bed and stretches its arms and legs out, showing the fringes. Its head stares at the audience.*

OVIRAPTOR

You all need to be punished!

*Clack. It stares back at the Eggs and Nurse.*

OVIRAPTOR

And I'll start by eating you three insolent little Eggs!

BARLOWE

I know I tried to kill you, but I didn't think you were this messed up.

*Barlowe breaks out of his restraints.*

BARLOWE

Astra, Casp. We can't just stand here and let Grandma eat us.

ASTRA

You're right. We need to stop her.

CASPIAN

It's posing time!

*Nurse cringes as the wooden fish clacks in a steady rhythm. Oviraptor begins dancing to the beat as the Eggs go into a Power Rangers stance, the Egg Stance.*

CASPIAN, ASTRA, & BARLOWE

Hah!

CASPIAN

You were my past and my present... But you won't be my future!

*He forms the top of the shell.*

ASTRA

You'll always be a part of me, and I'll never forget... Because it wasn't just your story... It was my story too!

*She forms the bottom.*

BARLOWE

*(sobbing)*

ASTRA... CASPIAN... GRANDMA... I LOVE YOU ALL!

*He forms the yolk.*

CASPIAN, ASTRA, & BARLOWE

*(together, like a family; Barlowe is still sobbing)*

GRANDMA! YOU MUST DIE!

*Oviraptor screams and begins dying onto the ground. The clacking becomes frantic.*

OVIRAPTOR

YOU INSOLENT BRATS. YOU DESERVE TO BE EATEN.

CASPIAN, ASTRA, & BARLOWE

We aren't what you tell us to be.

We are who we choose to be!

*Clacking stops. Oviraptor becomes still. It's dead. Grandma can finally rest in peace. Nurse steps slowly to the Eggs.*

NURSE

Shall I call the janitors, instead?

*Lights.*

*The End.*



## REFLECTION

For this round of *Grandma Must Die*, I decided to focus on the following things:

- Clarifying the timeline around Grandma.
- Focusing on the drama between the grandchildren as opposed to what Grandma did to them.
- Take out the focus on religion and science.

I hope readers will be able to better understand this play as a story about trauma, how it can affect someone's life to harsh degrees and how stopping the cycle of abuse can be a struggle in and of itself. I took out a lot of the more comedic aspects of the previous draft, but I retained some small opportunities for jokes and concentrated a lot of goofy action towards the end. As a side note, the drum, dancing, long parts of clothing, mask, and other things are my attempts at incorporating Korean mask dancing and play. I thought it would be fun to see how I could continue a tradition from my heritage in my own modern sensibilities.

This play went through a *lot* of changes since its inception, and I think the spirit I was aiming for is better realized in this third draft (it's really my fifth or sixth, I lost count). It used to be separate stories of tragedy that meshed together into a play about breaking inherited trauma. I think this draft is the best so far, since I had a lot to talk about (way too much for a ten-minute play, haha) compared to the previous drafts. I do want to see how I can better make sense of Grandma coming back to life at the end and explore more of the development of Barlowe's pyromania. But right now, I'm satisfied with how it reflects my personal humor in dealing with death and the legacy it leaves behind (namely my grandmother's, father's, and old RA's deaths in recent years).