

BREAKING TRADITION

By Edan Schappert

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CAST:

ELEANOR-a slightly plump woman dressed in a ballooning yellow blouse and a white net full skirt. *SHE's sitting cross-legged in the middle of the stage, her skirt is spread around her in a circle. Her hands are folded gently on her lap. SHE looks peaceful. SHE may slip a bit to one side and then to the other side a few times, but ever so slightly.*

BENNY-a male dressed in maroon and white striped satin pajamas. *HE's tall and thin and has a tiny sliver of a mustache. HE is quietly sitting next to ELEANOR all folded up in a tight ball with his eyes slightly closed.*

AT RISE: *We open hearing a soft popping noise. ELEANOR slowly widens her eyes and smiles. Her arms begin to jump a bit, then her legs twitch, and gradually her whole body is in motion in slight twitches.*

***NOTE:** For contest purposes, where costumes and props are not allowed, this play can easily be performed without either.

BENNY: *(makes loud noises)* Pop...pop...pop-pop-pop...

ELEANOR: Well, here we go. It's the old fry-the-egg-in-the-pan routine. *(SHE rolls around a bit)* The butter makes it nice. But I can't stand this cold Teflon. Hurry up, pan...heat up. *(SHE relaxes)* Ah! It's getting warmer. *(SHE fluffs or mimes fluffing her net skirt out around her)* And if I do say so myself, I make a pretty picture—pure sparkling white in a perfect circle, and centered by glorious yellow. *(SHE smooths the sleeves of her blouse)* A wonderfully symmetrical creation! *(popping noise continues, and SHE sits quite contently in the pan as SHE twitches)* And it's so delightfully warm now in the pan. Ah...bliss! *(BENNY starts unfolding himself, stretches his legs out, raises his arms high and stretches them too, as ELEANOR looks over at him, aghast)* Oh, no!

BENNY: *(shakes all over)* Oh, yes!

ELEANOR: It's this stupid piece of bacon again. Why can't you leave me alone!

BENNY: I'll never leave your side, Eleanor.

ELEANOR: Get away from me, Benny! You're greasy and disgusting.

BENNY: *(leans toward her)* Honey, please let me talk to you.

ELEANOR: Go away. Can't you see I'm busy frying? *(SHE gives a few appropriate pops)*

BENNY: *(inches closer to her)* You're such a great egg.

ELEANOR: *(tries to draw away from him)* Yechhhh!

BENNY: You know I'm crazy about you. Why do you always ignore me?

ELEANOR: If only you weren't so oily!

BENNY: I can't help it.

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ELEANOR: **(holds her skirt)** Please...don't get my skirt messy.

BENNY: Eleanor, you're the most beautiful egg I've ever seen.

ELEANOR: I don't want anything to do with you!

BENNY: If you'd let me curl up with you, I think you'd get to like me.

ELEANOR: **(shouts)** Curl up with you!?!

BENNY: **(wiggles closer to her)** What a nice fit we are.

ELEANOR: **(pulls her skirt around her)** You're getting grease all over my skirt!

BENNY: **(wraps his arms around her)** Umm, feels so cozy.

ELEANOR: **(pushes him away)** This is ludicrous! Get out of here, you nasty piece of bacon!

BENNY: **(contently)** Ah, we seem to go together... like... **(scratches chin)** I can't think of what we go together like.

ELEANOR: Good.

BENNY: When I'm with you, a bell rings in my soul. We are *meant* to be together.

ELEANOR: Never, you slimy stupid piece of bacon.

BENNY: You break my heart when you talk like that. I've got feelings, you know.

ELEANOR: Stop crawling all over me.

BENNY: I'm not crawling all over you. I'm just resting around the edges of your skirt.

ELEANOR: **(angry)** What a mess. I've got to get out of here!

BENNY: **(brings his arms up and puts them around her)** My Eleanor. My Eleanor the Elegant.

ELEANOR: **(tries to get away from him)** You insensitive clod, don't you know when you're not wanted?

BENNY: **(raises one finger)** Ah, but whether I'm wanted or not...I'm here! **(HE laughs, and his body twitches)**

ELEANOR: Disgusting!

BENNY: **(hugs her)** A perfect match.

ELEANOR: **(SHE peels him off herself, then boosts herself up and stands)** I've got to get out of this revolting situation.

BENNY: Eleanor, you can't stand up. You're an egg.

ELEANOR: **(lifts her skirt daintily and steps over the non-existent side of the pan)** We shall see about that, Mr. Greasy Oil. Thank God for the miracle of Teflon that allows me to slip away.

BENNY: Eggs do *not* walk out of pans.

ELEANOR: But they can accidentally slip out. So long, buster.

(SHE starts walking on wobbly legs, falls, but gets up again and keeps walking)

BENNY: Where are you going!?!?

ELEANOR: Whew! This isn't easy. **(SHE falls one more time, pats herself all over)** But I got out. Am I all together? Did I break anything? **(SHE crosses her legs under her, puffs her skirt out around her, and generally pulls herself together)** Nasty, nasty bacon that's forever after me. And look where I end up. On a cold plastic counter right by the sink. But at least I'm away from El Slimo.

BENNY: **(shouts over to her)** Eleanor! My Eleanor! Come back!

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ELEANOR: Be quiet, you wrinkly piece of animal fat.

BENNY: I'll follow you to the ends of the earth!

ELEANOR: Do that. Just don't follow me out here.

BENNY: If I could only crawl over the side of the pan. *(makes an attempt to move)*

ELEANOR: *(laughs)* You've greased yourself in, Benny! You'll never be able to get out.

BENNY: *(sad)* Eleanor, please come back!

ELEANOR: *(settles comfortably down into her skirt)* I'm quite comfortable where I am, even though this counter top is a little chilly.

BENNY: *(gently)* Did you break anything?

ELEANOR: I'm a tough little egg, Buster. You don't break Eleanor so easily.

BENNY: Thatta girl!

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