

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this play is subject to royalty. It is fully protected by Original Works Publishing, and the copyright laws of the United States. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion pictures, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

The performance rights to this play are controlled by Original Works Publishing and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Royalties are payable with negotiation from Original Works Publishing.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured from Original Works Publishing through direct contact.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play:

**“Produced by special arrangement with
Original Works Publishing.”
www.originalworksonline.com**

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

CRACKED

© Gwydion Suilebhan

First Printing, 2012

Printed in U.S.A.

*More Great Plays From
Original Works Publishing*

COMMENCEMENT

by Clay McLeod Chapman

Genre: Drama

1 Female

Synopsis: One actress plays three women drawn together in the grim aftermath of a high school shooting - the mother of the shooter (*staph infection*), one of the shooter's victims (*early release*), and the mother of that victim (*keynote speaker*). It is a deep exploration of the lives of three women that, according to SEE Magazine "... will leave you wringing your hands in helpless empathy."

RADIO STAR

by Tanya O'Debra

Genre: Comedy

1 Female

Synopsis: *Radio Star* is a 1940's radio detective spoof. In *The Case of the Long Distance Lover*, Nick McKittrick; Private Dick, is hired by femme fatale Fanny LaRue to find her husband's killer. The plot is a standard mystery, but Radio Star's contemporary sense of humor sets it apart from the pack. A laugh out loud radio romp, easily produced with one actress or a larger cast.

CRACKED

By

Gwydion Suilebhan

CRACKED was commissioned by the Intentional Theatre Group, which produced the world premiere (along with Carissa Baker) at the Midtown International Theatre Festival in July, 2009 as part of a double bill with Daniel MacIvor's NEVER SWIM ALONE.

The play was directed by Emerie Snyder, with set design by Emerie Snyder and Keith A. Truax, costume design by Stacey Berman, lighting design by Keith A. Truax, sound design by Asa Wember, and stage management by Livia Hill, Russell Moore, and Anne Rumberger.

The cast was as follows:

WOMAN - Grace Kiley

CRACKED

(An anxious middle-aged WOMAN wearing a simple, conservative black dress and carrying a small black purse: clothes of mourning. Beside her stands a small butcher-block table. A black cast-iron skillet rests on the table. She addresses the audience.)

WOMAN

Welcome, everybody. Good evening. Thank you so much for coming. I sincerely hope this isn't a waste of your time. And that I'm not about to upset you, or trouble you, although perhaps that can't be avoided. In any event, I just need a second to finish getting ready, and then we'll get started.

(The WOMAN opens her purse and removes from it a single white egg, then sets her purse aside. She raises the egg to her lips and kisses it, then sets it on the table.)

WOMAN

So... this isn't an ordinary cooking show. There are all kinds of cooking shows these days. You have recipe shows, how-to-entertain-a-hundred-guests-at-once shows, how-to-eat-with-the-right-fork shows, extreme bake-off contests, shows about restaurants, exotic dishes, high cuisine. You even have shows about fast food.

(She makes a face.)

WOMAN

I know. It's a travesty. But the thing that makes this show different is that it's not really a cooking show at all. It's a show about ingredients, and today's episode is all about eggs.

(She picks up the egg and holds it out toward the audience, as if displaying an object of religious worship.)

WOMAN

I might as well admit it. I worship eggs.

(She sniffs the egg, inhaling deeply.)

WOMAN

What I love most is their smell. You've probably never smelled one. A fresh one, I mean, still in the shell. The smell is just... impossibly faint. It's almost not even there. But to really do it right, though, to really... connect with the scent, you have to wash your hands first to remove any odors. And rinse off the soap really well, too, so you don't smell that either. And don't use any lotion, either, or wear any perfume. And you can't do it just in your kitchen. There are too many background odors. You have to find yourself an empty, well-aired room where you can just... slowly breathe it in, ever so carefully.

(She smells the egg again.)

WOMAN

It's unforgettably delicate, I'm telling you. Oh, and I love how they feel, too.

(She rubs the egg against her face.)

WOMAN

Most people don't notice it, but eggs have a distinct texture. They look perfectly smooth, of course, but it's actually deceptive. The shell of an egg has thousands of tiny pores on it, and you can actually feel them, if you work at it. You first have to exfoliate thoroughly. Then you take all your clothes off, lay on a soft bed with 800 thread-count sheets, take a good long nap to relax the skin, and then right when you wake up, when you're still half-dreaming, without turning on the lights, you just... rest the egg lightly, very lightly, against your cheek. The cheek that wasn't pressed up against the pillow. Works every time.

(She holds the egg up to the light.)

WOMAN

And then, of course, there's the way eggs look. You've probably never done this, but if you hold an egg up to the right kind of light, there's this exquisite mystery that --

(Something occurs to her. She lowers the egg.)

WOMAN

I'm rattling on too long, aren't I? I had a feeling I might do that. I always do that. I know I should really just... get to the main part of the demonstration. But there's so much I need to teach you! You don't understand. Or do you? Do you? Do you?

(A quick beat.)

WOMAN

Okay. All right. Just... allow me one second, please, and I'll just... I'll start again.

(The WOMAN closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, holds it a second, then releases it slowly before again addressing the audience.)

WOMAN

Welcome, everybody. Thank you for coming. As you can see, this isn't an ordinary cooking show. This is a show about ingredients, and in today's episode we're looking at the egg.

(She holds the egg out for the audience to examine, perhaps even carrying it along the front row and presenting it, as she continues.)

WOMAN

Full of possibilities, the egg, from the everyday to the extravagant, from gentleness and comfort to richness and indulgence. You can boil it, scramble it, poach it, beat it, fold it, even shirr it. Do you know about shirred eggs? Have you ever shirred an egg? You should. You absolutely should. You should shirr at least once in your life.

(She briefly shows off her skillet.)

WOMAN

Of course you can also just fry an egg, if you like, but even then you have so many choices. I mean, everybody knows about over-easy and over-hard and sunny-side up, but did you know you can also baste an egg in a frying pan, or steam-baste it? There are more than one hundred different ways to cook an egg, just by itself, without even thinking about using it as an ingredient. You could almost get... overwhelmed if you think about it too long.

(A long beat.)

WOMAN

But we mustn't get too introspective, right? We're not here to think about what can be and can't be and could have been. We're here to talk about... what are we here to talk about? I just need to think.