

EGGS

Written by

Kyle Wong

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FADE IN:

INT. THE BARN - DUSK

The EYE of a live chicken looks around innocently.

Behind it, green trees sway in the wind. A scene of nature.

We slowly start to pull back.

As we see the entire head of the chicken, we see what's actually behind it: the wooden walls of a barn. The nature we thought we saw is actually being viewed through a window.

We pull back further, and several other chickens move into the frame, pecking at a food dispenser nearby; the chicken is in a cramped pen, one that you'd find in a factory farm.

And, further back, the final reveal: coming out of the chicken's butt, a gray-yellow mixture of egg yolk and broken shells. The other chickens also secrete this mixture. None of them seem to mind.

Watching anxiously, right outside of the pen, is MARK (20s) and FRANCIS (30s) TOWNSEND.

FRANCIS
(gagging)
I can't.

Francis runs out of the barn, leaving Mark to survey the scene for himself.

Mark takes a nearby pitchfork and sticks it into the mixture. He pushes the thick, slime-like mixture back into the pen, but as it goes in, more comes out through the sides.

EXT. TOWNSEND RESIDENCE - DUSK

Outside, Mark exits to a large field with a nearby two-story house, the TOWNSEND RESIDENCE, and joins Francis, who's smoking nervously nearby.

FRANCIS
(lost)
I dunno what it is.

MOTHER
(OS, calling)
Boys! How's it look?

On the porch of the townhouse, MOTHER (70s) rocks on a chair. Mark waves to her as BRENDA TOWNSEND (30s) emerges from the house with a cup of tea.

MARK
Good, Mother!

Francis waves politely.

FRANCIS
(to Mark)
Any other time they'd be put out of their misery by now. This ain't natural.

MARK
At least there's some egg coming out of them now.

FRANCIS
It's not sustainable for their bodies. There's only so much egg in them. It's gotta end, Mark, one way or another. But I got a feeling I don't wanna stick around to find out how.

MARK
Francis Townsend, you always got a bad feeling about you.

FRANCIS
Tell me what you saw in there wasn't bad.

Mark chuckles. Walks towards the house.

MARK
Come on. I'm getting hungry.

INT. TOWNSEND RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A cozy fireplace roars - above it, a shotgun hangs on a display, but one of its hooks are missing, causing it to hang awkwardly at an angle.

The entire house is populated with expensive furniture, but that furniture is dusty, old, in disuse. This is not a family in their prime.

Sitting around a dining table, the Townsend family sits, surrounding a singular microwaved meal in the middle of the table. They hold their hands in silent prayer.

END OF SAMPLE: to read rest of script, email admin@kylewong.com