

**HUMPTY DUMPTY IS A GOODFELLA**

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HUMPTY DUMPTY

I don't give a shit about the soft hay. I don't give a shit about the heat lamps. I wanna get out of this friggin' cubicle. I wanna live, man.

OVEREASY ED

But Hump, the king hears you're heading out, he'll kick the shit out of you.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

How's he gonna know? He's always out, hanging with the young chicks. He don't give a shit about me. If he hadn't laid that golden egg, we'd be livin' in a poor house anyway.

OVEREASY ED

(Chuckling.)

Everyone should have it so good, being a rich egg and everything.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Ah, I'd give it all up in a second to not be so raw! If I could just get that hard-boiled treatment, I wouldn't have to be cooped up in here anyway.

OVEREASY ED

Well you ain't hard-boiled. And if you screw around, you're gonna spring a leak, then good bye.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

You know what? Maybe it'd be better that way.

OVEREASY ED

(Incredulous.)

What?

HUMPTY DUMPTY

You think I don't hear all those hard-boileds on the corner, snickering at me. You don't think I hear them saying, 'look at that soft-boiled wimp, bein' pulled in that cushioned wagon. Why don't you come out and scramble a bit?

OVEREASY ED

But why do you listen to them? They're old. Getting that smell, that rotten smell. What they wouldn't do for that refrigeration treatment you get.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

That refrigeration thing is bullshit! What the hell are they preserving me for? I'd rather go out in a blaze of splatter than live this soft life.

(He gets up to leave, but is stopped by OVEREASY ED.)

OVEREASY ED

And how you gonna get past the guards at the gate?

HUMPTY DUMPTY

(Breaking away.)

I ain't going through the gate. I'm going over the wall.

(He rushes out.)

OVEREASY ED

(Yelling after him.)

But Hump, in your condition, that's a death trap, a suicide rap!

(From offstage, we hear HUMPTY DUMPTY grunting, then screaming as he loses his balance.)

OVEREASY ED

Hump, no. Noooo!

(He runs offstage. Moments later, he returns with a large piece of egg shell.)

Ain't that many king's horses and king's men on the planet to put this son of a bitch together again.

(Lights fade as OVEREASY ED gently places the shell on display on a mantelpiece.)

**END**