

An excerpt from THE OTHER WHITE MEAT

By

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Cast of Characters

<u>Alex</u> :	a technology and junk food obsessed teenaged city girl. late bloomer. never been kissed.
<u>Curt</u> :	head farmer and co-owner of FitzGerald Farm. extremely opinionated. has a bum leg.
<u>Paulie</u> :	a fitness enthusiast and lover of life. oh, and he's a pig.
<u>Carol</u> :	head milkmaid and co-owner of FitzGerald Farm. a tough nut to crack.
<u>Bethany</u> :	a gorgeous, sensual... cow. oozes femininity. in touch with all things earthy.
<u>Phil</u> :	a USDA worker. constantly buttoned up in his suit. all sharp angles and smiles.
<u>Computer Voice, aka "Siri"</u> :	(to be recorded for production)

Scene

FitzGerald Farm, "A Compassionate Place for Farming"

Time

The first day of Summer

SCENE 1

In black: The sound of a rooster crowing.

Lights up on sprawling greenness and the porch of a small humble house. A teenage girl drags way too many suitcases behind her, looking lost. She holds her phone out in front her.

ALEX

Oh, come on.

COMPUTER VOICE

"Your destination will be 100 feet to your left."

ALEX

It will? Where?

She turns around and looks in the opposite direction.

COMPUTER VOICE

"Recalculating."

ALEX

No no, don't recalculate!

She turns around again

COMPUTER VOICE

"Recalculating. Your destination will be 100 feet to your left."

ALEX

(confused)

This doesn't look like a farm. Where's the big red barn and haystacks n shit?

COMPUTER VOICE

"'Haystacks and Shit.' A 1987 painting by American artist and photographer Andres -"

ALEX

No! Siri, stop wiki-ing out! I just meant, I thought it would look more farm-y, like with white fences and...

She gets her suitcase wheels caught in the mud and grass and weeds.

Oh, what the ef?!

COMPUTER VOICE

"I'm sorry, I don't understand 'What the ef.' Did you mean 'what the elf?'"

ALEX

No! Come on!

COMPUTER VOICE

"An elf (plural: elves) is a type of supernatural being in Germanic mythology and folklore."

ALEX

"I don't give a shit about elves, I'm looking for FitzGerald Farm!!!!"

She breaks free from the muck and launches into a half-trip/half-run to the front door of the house. The door to the house swings open. Curt stands there, pointing a rifle directly at Alex.

COMPUTER VOICE

"You have arrived at your destination."

ALEX

Whoa!

CURT

Who sent you?

ALEX

I'm sorry?

CURT

WHO SENT YOU?

ALEX

I'm uh, I'm your uh - your new intern from Minneapolis?

Beat.

Curt looks her over.

Forced to work the land in hopes my servitude will revive my shitty grades and connect me with the wonder of nature that my young life has never known?

CURT

Intern my ass.

ALEX

I'm sorry?

CURT

I'm gettin a strapping young workhorse of a man named Alex. I'll ask you again: WHO SENT YOU?

ALEX

I answered your ad! I'm your workhorse! Neigh! I mean, I'm Alex. Alexandra that is. I guess there was a mix-up? Not sure I'm strapping, but I'm certainly willing!

CURT

Jesus H-

Beat. He slowly lowers the rifle.

(shouting inside the house)

Carol!!

(to Alex)

Got any experience farming?

ALEX

Yes. I play an enormous amount of Farmville on my iphone. So you could say I've been preparing for this as long as I've had thumbs.

CURT

Alright. And forgive me, but what the hell are you wearing?

ALEX

It's a skort. Pink is my signature color.

CURT

(calling inside the house)

Carol get out here!

(to Alex)

What the ef is Farmville?

COMPUTER VOICE

"I don't understand 'What the ef.' Did you mean 'what the elf?'"

Curt lifts his rifle and charges out to the grass in search of the voice.

CURT

WHO SAID THAT?!!

ALEX

Sorry sir, my Siri is a bit wacked this morning.

CURT

Your what?

ALEX

The lady who lives inside my phone and helps me live my life? Siri? She's just a little silly today. Aren't you Siri? Aren't you silly?

COMPUTER VOICE

"No. You. Are. Silly."

ALEX

No YOU are silly!

COMPUTER VOICE

"No. You. Are. Silly."

CURT

(shouting inside house)

Carol where you at?!

Beat.

Well, what a treat this is gonna be! Look, I'm not sold on a female intern, but we may as well take you on a trial run today since you're all we got. Leave your bags on the porch and follow me.

Curt limps toward the eggmobile. Alex follows.

ALEX

Great, I'm pumped. What's up first? Sheering a goat? Milking a cow? Harvesting for Farm Coins? Oh sir, is your leg-?

CURT

(cutting her off)

We work sun-up 'til 5pm five days a week. As well as every-other Saturday, and chores on Sunday. The first order of the day is collecting eggs from this here portable eggmobile. Go on, stick yer paw in.

ALEX

Like this?

CURT

Yup.

Lots of chicken sounds as Alex reaches around the "eggmobile."

ALEX

Ooh! Scratchy! Ah! Pecky!

CURT

Just get her done.

ALEX

So. Eggs. They're like aborted chicken babies yeah?

CURT

Not exactly.

ALEX

I got one! Holy shit, it's brown!

Freaked, she throws it against the eggmobile. It cracks and oozes down the side.

ALEX

Do your eggs come out the chicken's poop hole or something?

CURT

I like to work in silence. Can we try that?

ALEX

Sure!

She reaches back in the eggmobile and gathers more eggs. All brown. Curt collects them in a basket.

ALEX

Hey, so why doesn't this farm look like any other farm I've ever seen? Where's your white fence? Your red barn? Your cool penile silo thingy?

COMPUTER VOICE

"Silo was an electronics retailer that opened in 1947 and operated throughout the United States until closing in 1995."

CURT

Will you shut that thing off?

ALEX

(panicking)

Off? As in off-off?

CURT

Yes...

ALEX

No, I couldn't possibly do that. Put it on silent? Sure. But OFF? Sir, you may as well slice my face off.

CURT

Well that's not dramatic. Just - make it so I can't hear it yapping!

Alex silences it and shoves it in her pocket.

ALEX

Bless you.

(patting her pocket)

I'll miss you pumpkin.

CURT

The "cool penile silo thingies" which you so elegantly referred to are bankruptcy tubes and death traps. You know how many farmers have been killed in silos?

ALEX

No, how many?

CURT

Let's not get too gruesome on your first day, kid. But know this. This isn't the farm you see those silly-ass storybooks. We get actual work done here. You want white picket fences that erode the earth? Check out the place up the street where the farmer doesn't know his head from his ass. We got moveable electric fencing here so my animals get a fresh salad bar every day. You wanna take a ride on a romantical tractor like you see in all the movies? Fuck that. We got cows that do our mowing here. Our animals work the land just as exuberantly and ecstatically as we people do. We got brains here. We got class. And most of all? We got integrity.

ALEX

What a passionate speech! Good job!

Beat.

One more quick question as I get the lay of the land here though. Do all the humans on this farm carry firearms?

CURT

I do.

ALEX

Why?

CURT

We've been getting...visitors of late.

ALEX

What kind of visitors?

CURT

The kind ya can't trust. Come on, we'll take these inside.

Curt starts limping toward the house.

ALEX
Sir, is your leg ok?

CURT
DID YOU SAY MENTION MY LEG?

PAULIE
DON'T MENTION HIS LEG!!

Paulie runs on almost overlapping Curt's line and knocking Alex to the ground. Paulie is dressed in soft pink workout attire.

ALEX
What just happened?!!

Curt approaches Alex.

CURT
I have a bum leg. You gotta problem with that?

ALEX
No, of course not!

CURT
Because I don't need you passing your juvenile judgment on my -

ALEX
I wasn't passing any -

PAULIE
(warmly)
Curt Alert!

Beat.

Curt turns to Paulie.

PAULIE
I see you Curt Alert, I see you! Who's a sweet boy? Is it you?

Curt smiles.

PAULIE
Aw, there he is! Paulie-poo's gonna get you!

Paulie squeals as he chases Curt into the house and slams the door once he's inside.

ALEX

OMG, thank you.

PAULIE

If I can give you one word of advice? Don't ever mention Curt's bum leg. He doesn't like people talking about his shortcomings.

ALEX

Yeah, got that. Wait. You're a pig!

PAULIE

Yeah. Paulie. What of it?

ALEX

Um...

We hear banging from inside the house and HUGE yelling.

CURT

WHY THE HELL YOU DON'T COME OUT WHEN I CALL YOU?

CAROL

I'M BUSY MAKING YOUR BREAKFAST YOU SONOFABITCH!

CURT

YOU OUTTA TRY TREATING YOUR HUSBAND WITH RESPECT!

CAROL

YOU OUTTA TRY TREATING YOUR WIFE LIKE A GODDAMN LADY!!

ALEX

Are they... okay?

PAULIE

There's been... "tension" lately.

ALEX

Why? What's wrong?

CURT

WE GOT SOME KID OUT THERE CLAIMIN SHE'S THE NEW INTERN. WHERE'S MY STRAPPING WORKHORSE CAROL?? YOU SAID YOU'D GET ME A STRAPPING WORKHORSE!!!

CAROL

YEAH??? WELL YOU SAID YOU'D GET ME A STRAP - ON DILDO!

CURT

WHAAAAAT?!

ALEX

Whoa...

PAULIE

He never said that. I guarantee you.

CURT

I NEVER SAID THAT!!!!

PAULIE

See?

CAROL

I KNOW! YOU JUST GET ME SO RILED UP I DON'T KNOW WHAT
THE HELL I'M SAYING ANYMORE!

Sounds of things crashing.

ALEX

Are they throwing things?

PAULIE

Not yet. She's skillet-banging. It'll be another moment
still.

CURT

YEAH WELL NO ONE NEEDS TO HEAR YA SAY ANYTHING! YER JOB
IS HIRING AND MILKIN, NOT PISSIN AND MOANIN!

CAROL

AND YOUR JOB IS SLAUGHTERING AND TILLIN, NOT HOVERIN
AND BITCHIN!

*Curt exits the house in a huff and trudges out
into the fields.*

CURT

(mumbling indecipherable curses under his breath)

CAROL

(still inside, unseen)

SHOVE YOUR BREAKFAST UP YER ASS, "CURT- ALERT!!"

PAULIE

And 3, 2, 1. Duck!

*Alex ducks for cover as a skillet flies out the
door and lands in the grass.*

PAULIE

Kills me when she uses my beautiful term of endearment
to wound him.

Carol comes out on the porch a moment later, all smiles and holding two tall thick glasses of milk.

CAROL

Hi there sweetie. I'm Carol. Curt and I are compassionate farmers.

ALEX

You are?

PAULIE

(to Alex)

Despite evidence to the contrary, yes.

CAROL

And we are so glad you're here.

ALEX

I... sorta got the impression you weren't.

CAROL

Nonsense. I hired you and I want you. End of story. Sit with me. Have some milk.

Carol has a seat on the porch swing. Alex stares at the yellow-ish tinted milk.

CAROL

You are a motivated, energetic, milk-drinking individual, yes?

ALEX

Huh?

CAROL

Do you drink milk?

ALEX

Oh yes. I drink Yoohoo constantly.

CAROL

Yoohoo doesn't actually have any - This is raw milk sweetheart. Straight from Bethany, our bestest and breastiest bovine. You'll like it.

Alex takes the glass. Stares at it.

Sweetheart, as long as you're living on the farm, you're expected to eat what we eat.

ALEX

Yup yup! Need this job. Bottom's up!

They sip. Alex immediately spits and sputters.

ALEX

Ech! Tangy! Millllllky!

Beat.

It's delicious, thank you.

CAROL

You're very welcome.

We hear the seductive beat of a bass drum as Bethany, enters, swirling and swerving her hips in time to the beat.

CAROL

Oh here's our milk provider herself!

BETHANY

Whattup Paulie.

PAULIE

Word Bethany, Word.

They do a little handshake/hip-bump.

BETHANY

Morning Carol. Enjoying a bit of the ol' juice I see?

She jumbles her breasts a bit for emphasis.

CAROL

You bet Bethie. Sorry I'm late to our milking session. Just getting Alex here settled.

Bethany lets out an ear-piercing excited squeal when she sees Alex.

BETHANY

Ahhhhhhh! And who is Alex???

PAULIE

She's our new workhorse.

BETHANY

Oh you are adorable. Just adorable. Really! These curls? These...dots... on your face!?

ALEX

They're frizz and freckles. I hate them both.

BETHANY

No! You stop right there. Embrace all that you are this very second. "The dots on my face are unique and delicious and the frizz on my head is a wonder."

ALEX

"The dots on my face are unique and delicious and the frizz on my head is a wonder?"

PAULIE

Bethany is real positive.

BETHANY

You bet I am! Oh I just wanna smoosh you. Can I smoosh you? Let me smoosh you.

PAULIE

Oh do! Do let her smoosh you. It's a wild and thrilling adventure, which I no longer take out of respect for my late wife Sylvie.

ALEX

You have a dead wife?

Bethany smooshes Alex into her breasts and jostles her around in them.

ALEX

(indistinguishable sounds)
dughlriugh duejirh tuybfenko njuklo!

PAULIE

Am I right? Thrilling stuff, yeah?

Bethany pulls back suddenly.

ALEX

Diiiiizzzy....

BETHANY

(looking at her breasts)
Oops. Leaking. Carol?

CAROL

Yes Bethany, let's get you to the milking shed. Paulie you're working as a Squealer Sealer down at the pond today, yes?

PAULIE

Yes mam. And being your Squealer Sealer is one of the great joys of my life!

BETHANY

(holding her breasts)
Carol... we're reaching the critical moment here.

CAROL

Ok, ok. Paulie, why don't you take Alex with you as your assistant. It'll be a great way to break her in to the farm!

PAULIE

Great!

ALEX

Great!

Carol and Bethany leave for the milk shed, arm in arm.

ALEX

What's a "Squealer Sealer?"

Paulie looks her up and down.

PAULIE

You may wanna... change.