

HAD A FARM

Written by

Jamie Zhou

INT. MACDONALD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

GUY MACDONALD (m, 50s, blind) is looking for his phone. He hobbles around his creaky barn house, sweeping his arms across every flat surface: the tables, chairs, counters, and ground.

GUY

I'm telling you, Buddy, I put the phone on the coffee table. Do you remember? I stubbed my big toe, little toe, and all the medium-sized toes on that damn coffee table and its damn crooked leg, so I put the phone down to give that imbecilic table a piece of my mind.

Guy aggressively aims for the coffee table. Something off-screen drags the table away before he can reach it, and Guy hits the surface of the cabinet behind it. He begins to methodically pat the cabinet down.

We hear BUDDY (unknown entity, off-screen) chuckle. The chuckle sounds like a metal zipper thrown into a washing machine, interspersed with random woofs.

GUY (CONT'D)

Do you remember that?

BUDDY (O.S.)

Woof. Yes, I do. You screamed, IF THIS IS THE BEST WAYFAIR CAN DO, NO WONDER THE SWEDISH MEATBALLS ARE TAKING OVER! Woof.

Buddy has a friendly, neutral voice.

GUY

Goddamn right I did.

Guy hits the cabinet, frustrated with his fruitless search for his phone.

Buddy seems to finally take pity on Guy and slides the coffee table back into its original place.

BUDDY (O.S.)

The coffee table is behind you. The phone is at the left end of it.
Woof.

The coffee table is indeed behind Guy, but Guy's PHONE is situated at the right end of it.

GUY

I knew it! I was just about to
check behind me. Again. I swear
that low-brow table has legs of its
own!

He begins searching the coffee table just as the phone rings. Guy fails to acquire the phone, scouring the left side only.

We hear Buddy's ominous laughter again.

The phone stops ringing. Guy freezes in place, listening. A second passes, and it begins to ring again. Guy wildly bursts into motion, searching for the phone.

The phone stops ringing. Guy freezes. The phone rings, and Guy bursts into movement again. This goes on for several comedic rounds.

Guy's anger grows after every failed attempt, but his pride prevents him from asking for help.

BUDDY (O.S.)

(amused)

I will get it for you, Guy. Woof.

The ringing stops as Buddy picks up.

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Welcome to MacDonald's household.

May I take your order?

(beat)

Guy coming right up. Woof.

Buddy passes the phone, upside down, to Guy. All we see of Buddy is the tip of an antler. Guy accidentally rejects the call. The phone rings a tenth time. Guy accepts.

GUY

Great morning, Dude! I was in the
bathroom, so I couldn't pick up,
you know how it is.

DUDE MACDONALD (f, 27) has a deep voice.

DUDE

Pops, fuck was that?

GUY

Who?

DUDE

The guy who answered the first time?

GUY

The first time? I was doing my business, so I didn't answer.

DUDE

What? No, what? Nevermind. The guy who said "Welcome to McDonald's?"

GUY

Oh! That wasn't me, that was my dog, Buddy.

DUDE

My dog?

GUY

No, mine. Is the connection stable?

DUDE

A dog fucking talking.

GUY

Little Miss College, are you discriminating? Dogs say woof, that's true, but that doesn't mean they don't say other things. World's full of unexpected flavors!

BUDDY (O.S.)

The flavors are indeed imminent. Woof.

GUY (CONT'D)

You're, what, twenty-five? Twenty-four? When I was your age, you didn't even exist! And my eyesight was better than Mothman's! I used to shoot down jackalopes from this porch, stood in nothing but a bathrobe with nothing but a handgun, and pop, pop, pop! Those jackalopes are fire-resistant bastards, but not bullet-proof! Used to eat all our dogs but they never got the jump on me! I would pop pop pop all of them! Guy Macdonald, the best goddamn shot!

DUDE

Pops --

GUY
Not pops. Pop, pop, pop!

Guy walks over to the --

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Guy grabs a MIXING BOWL from the cupboard. He holds out a hand. Off-screen, Buddy gives him a container of TALCUM POWDER and ORANGE JUICE. Guy pours them into the bowl.

DUDE
Twenty-seven. Pops, you at the fucking farm again!?

GUY
(defensive)
So what if I am? Just because my vision is failing doesn't mean I don't know what a dog is, Dude. Old MacDonald has a farm, and on that farm, he has some dogs. A e i o u with a woof-woof here and a woof woof. Buddy goes woof.

Guy turns on the stove and holds out a hand. Off-screen, Buddy hands him a CONTAINER OF PURE EHTHANOL. The only thing we see of Buddy is a ginormous antler.

GUY (CONT'D)
Good boy, Buddy. See? Someone's being helpful, at least.

BUDDY (O.S.)
You are welcome.
(beat)
Woof.

Guy pours the ethanol into the pan like cooking oil, and starts spreading it around.

DUDE
A minute out. Stay put.

BUDDY (O.S.)
No need to worry about us. Woof.

DUDE
(under breath)
The fuck.

GUY

Buddy's helping me cook for my beautiful child, who apparently cannot be thankful for it.

DUDE

Cooking what, exactly?

GUY

The standard American breakfast. Warm, fluffy buttermilk pancakes. Warm, fluffy eggs. Less fluffy bacon. The chickens laid some good ones yesterday, so the eggs are super fresh.

Buddy hands Guy an EGG CARTON. Inside the egg carton are LIGHTBULBS. Guy takes one out and is about to break it over the pan before pausing. We think he realizes something off.

GUY (CONT'D)

Oh, my bad. Buddy, how would you like your eggs?

BUDDY (O.S.)

I will be happy as long as everything is cooked.

GUY

Of course everything will be cooked! I'm a damn good cook!

The front door slams open. Dude comes storming in. She's short and slight, wearing a pretty summer dress that flares dramatically at her entrance.

DUDE

Holy fuck, fuck, fuck.

We pan around and finally see Buddy, an 8-feet tall jackalope towering over Guy. Buddy is holding a large fork and knife, preparing to eat Guy.

The stove is on fire. Guy ignorantly holds a lightbulb over the pan and beams in the direction of Dude.

GUY

Breaking out the plural fucks? Are you that hungry? Have patience, Dude, I'm almost done!

Buddy points at Guy, then at Dude.

BUDDY

Pop, pop.

Dude gives a war cry, wrests the FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the hook on the wall, and launches herself at Buddy. She swings the fire extinguisher and strikes Buddy with a loud *POP*. The barn house shakes ominously as Buddy hits the floor.

Guy shrieks in surprise. His shrieks only get louder when Dude activates the fire extinguisher and sprays down the entire place.

GUY

Dude??? I said I was almost done!
Damn! Where did you get that temper
from!? What did you do to Buddy!?

Dude is heaving with adrenaline.

DUDE

Pops. Your fucking jackalopes. Are
getting the jump on you. Move out.

Dude grabs Guy and yanks them out of the barn house.