

HAD A FARM

Written by

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INT. MACDONALD'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

GUY MACDONALD (blind) hobbles around his creaky barn house, swiping around at the flat surfaces of his home. The tables, chairs, counters, ground. We hear the sounds of chickens, pigs, and cows in the distance.

GUY

I'm telling you, Buddy, I put the phone on the coffee table. I specifically remember this because I stubbed my big toe, little toe, and all the medium-sized toes on that damn coffee table, stubbed them hard on that crooked leg, so I put the phone down to yell "IF THIS IS THE BEST WAYFAIR CAN GIVE, NO WONDER THE SWEDISH MEATBALLS ARE TAKING OVER!"

Guy aggressively aims for the coffee table. Something off screen drags the table away. Guy hits the surface of the cabinet behind it and begins methodically searching from right to left.

GUY (CONT'D)

Do you remember that?

BUDDY (O.S.)

Yes, I do. The coffee table was at such an odd place. Woof.

BUDDY has a friendly, neutral voice. Guy frowns.

GUY

Buddy, is this the coffee table?

BUDDY (O.S.)

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

The PHONE is on the coffee table, but at the right end.

GUY

I knew it! I swear that low-brow table has legs of its own!

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

The phone stops ringing. Guy stills. A second passes, and it begins to ring again. Guy wildly searches for the phone. The phone stops ringing. Guy stills. The phone rings.

GUY (CONT'D)

I would find the phone, but this table is the moral equivalent of socks over shoes! I can't deal with it!

BUDDY (O.S.)

I will get it for you, Guy. Woof.
(the ringing stops)
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 fourth 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 (27) has a deep voice.

DUDE

Pops, fuck was that?

GUY

Who?

DUDE

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. 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, 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, stand there in nothing but a bathrobe, nothing but a handgun, and pop, pop, pop! Those jackalopes are damn menaces, used to eat all our dogs but 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. From 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.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

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 woof. Buddy goes woof.

Guy turns on the stove and holds out a hand. Off screen,
Buddy hands him a CONTAINER OF PURE EHTHANOL. Again, the
only thing we see of Buddy is a part of an 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 to cook for my
beautiful daughter, 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 wearing a pretty summer dress, which flares dramatically.

DUDE
Holy fuck, fuck, fuck.

We pan around and finally see Buddy, a human-size jackalope towering over Guy, 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? 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 sprays down the entire place. Guy shrieks in surprise.

Dude launches herself at Buddy, swings the fire extinguisher, strikes Buddy with a loud POP. The barn house shakes ominously as Buddy hits the floor.

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.