

Boardom

By

Steve McDonell

© steve mcdonell

steve-abbey@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT.FARM - TASMANIA - DAY

A typical field behind the farmhouse. Pigs are scattered everywhere, doing their piggy things. A group are wallowing in shit. One of them, BRIAN, has centre stage.

BRIAN

...so these two bulls are standing out in a field in the rain. One says to the other, 'fuck it's cold out here. I might go into the barn and slip into a nice, warm jersey'?

The pigs all laugh and snuffle in the mud. A medium sized porker, CHARLIE, trots over to them. A blue surgical mask is tied across his snout. No one notices him at first. A large black pig, BOB, encourages Brian.

BOB

Hey Brian, tell us the one about the farmer with three balls. Some of the new guys haven't heard it.

The group murmurs - 'yeah, Brian, that's a ripper that one, you're a legend, Brian...'

BRIAN

(grinning)

Ok, ok. Yeah, that's a favorite of mine too. So there was this...

He tails away as Charlie pushes in closer to hear. The other pigs hush.

BRIAN

What are you wearing?

CHARLIE

A face mask.

BRIAN

I can see that, bacon breath. Why are you wearing it?

CHARLIE

So I don't catch swine flu.

Some of the pigs laugh, some grunt. Others shake their heads in piggy pity.

BRIAN

Swine flu?

CHARLIE

Yep. There's a worldwide pandemic.

Now some of the pigs look worried.

BRIAN

Charlie, we are swine. We get swine flu. Humans can catch it from us, in isolated cases.

CHARLIE

And your point is?

BRIAN

Well, basically, we all get it at once. So, face mask or not, you will get it, ok? But you won't catch it from another pig cos' it doesn't work that way. And there's another reason why you're safe.

CHARLIE

(anxiously)

What's that, Brian?

BRIAN

The latest outbreak is in Mexico. We are here in Tasmania, what 10,000 kilometres away? Bob?

BOB

Thirteen thousand, three hundred and sixty nine to be precise, Brian.

BRIAN

Thank you. So, unless Manuel the Mexican pig from Tijuana has rocked into our neck of the woods lately, I think we're pretty safe, don't you?

He looks around and points at Jock, a very old and enormous pig. His skin is mottled with age and hideous growths.

BRIAN(CONT'D)

Charlie my boy, you know that gorgeous new sow in the next paddock? There'd be more chance of old Jock shagging her than you getting swine flu.

They all laugh, Jock the loudest.

BRIAN(CONT'D)
No offence, Jocky lad.

JOCK
None taken, Brian. Actually, I'm
gay.

There is a stunned silence before Brian chuckles.

BRIAN
Well, each to his own, hey, Jocky?
As the farmer said as he kissed the
cow's arse. So, Charlie, I think
you can dispense with the medical
gear. To misquote Kevin Costner, a
swine flu pandemic is a myth.

The other pigs look at Brian with awe and respect. Charlie
stares back at him defiantly.

CHARLIE
I heard Farmer Steve talking about
the swine flu. People in Australia
are getting worried. Maybe we
should be too.

BRIAN
(tut-tutting)
Charlie, Charlie, Charlie. My poor
misguided piggy. Do you believe
everything you overhear at the farm
house?

CHARLIE
Farmer Steve's got the Internet.
He's up with it all!

BRIAN
Ha! Brainwashing, that's all it is!
I've seen it before. Every couple
of years, the humans report the
emergence of some type of
threatening virus that might
disrupt people's lives. Bird flu, a
couple of years back. Remember
that? Fucking bird flu...

BOB
Uh, actually, Brian, some of us
pigs got bird flu.

BRIAN

What? Oh yes, well, that was just some sort of freak genetic mutation.

CHARLIE

But some pigs died from bird flu. What about Dennis?

The group murmur: ...'yeah, Dennis, that's right, shit...'

Brian waits until they've settled down, biding his time. He shakes his snout at them.

BRIAN

Yes, you're right, Charlie. Dennis did die from bird flu. But only because he jumped off the barn roof trying to fly.

BOB

He was feverish, sick. Didn't know what he was doing.

BRIAN

(thunders)

Sick? Of course he was! Sick in the fucking head! Remember how he solved the problem of the low ceiling in his mother's sty? He cut her fucking head off! And now you're letting yourselves become sucked in by the hysteria.

Some of the pigs exchange glances, concerned at Brian's outburst.

JOCK

Steady on, mate. No need to get shirty. It's a pig of a life we lead. We all have to stick together.

BRIAN

(laughs)

I don't want to stick too close to you, Jocky. Know what I mean? Remind me not to get stuck in the mud near you with my arse exposed!

BOB

Brian, are you feeling ok? You're starting to sound, well, you're getting out of hand a bit.

The other pigs stand very still, feeling the tension.

CHARLIE

I think...Brian's acting like, oh
shit, I dunno...

Brian starts jumping around in the mud, splattering
everyone.

BRIAN

Have you heard the song the Beatles
wrote about us? 'Piggies', from the
White Album?

Bob winces. The other pigs draw slowly away from Brian.

BRIAN

(singing)

'Have you seen the little piggies,
crawling in the dirt...'

JOCK

I've seen this before. On another
farm.

BRIAN

(singing)

'And for all the little piggies,
life is getting worse...'

BOB

My god, he's losing the plot...

BRIAN

(singing)

'Always having dirt, to play around
in...'

JOCK

Yes. I'm afraid he's caught human
flu.

BRIAN

(singing)

'Have you seen the bigger piggies,
in their starched white shirts...'

CHARLIE

Human flu?

BRIAN

(singing)

'You will find the bigger piggies
stirring up the dirt...'

BOB
Are you sure, Jocky?

BRIAN
(singing)
'Always have clean shirts, to play
around in...'

JOCK
He's got all the classic symptoms.

BRIAN
(singing)
'Everywhere there's lots of
piggies, living piggy lives...'

CHARLIE
Such as?

BRIAN
(singing)
'You can see them out for dinner,
with their piggy wives...'

JOCK
Incoherent speech,
aggressiveness...

BRIAN
(singing)
'Clutching forks and knives, to eat
their bacon!'

JOCK
...and the over-riding clue...

BOB
Catchy song but.

BRIAN
What are all you fat fucking,
bristly pricks looking at? What's
the matter, can't handle a pig
enjoying himself? Fuck off!!

JOCK
...just like a human, he's become a
total wanker.

CHARLIE
Damn! What can we do, Jock? How can
we help Brian overcome this cursed
affliction?

JOCK

Well, there's no antidote for it, no vaccine. But I remember seeing this, when I was younger. This piglet had the same disease, and the elders used a traditional method of cure.

BRIAN

How did Dennis get off the barn roof? THE SWINE FLEW! Ha, ha, ha...

CHARLIE

You better tell us, Jock. We have to do something. It's pathetic.

Brian is lying on his back, flicking shit over them.

BRIAN

They say pigs are really intelligent. Bullshit! Look at you lot! Total dopes, with not a single braincell between you!

JOCK

Ok then, this is the procedure. we have to secure Brian, jam his head into the fence. Then we all screw him.

Once again there is silence. Some of the pigs look nervously at each other. A couple smirk...

BOB

Ah, look, Jock. I dunno about this.

JOCK

Is that a moral viewpoint? Or you simply don't want your tough pig image tarnished by the fag connection?

BOB

(thinking)

A bit of both, really.

CHARLIE

I'm game.

BOB

What?

CHARLIE

I'm up for the gang bang. Or the mass piggy jig jig, whatever you want to call it.

PIG 1

Yeah, I'll be in it too. It's not like I have a busy schedule this afternoon.

PIG 2

Ok, count me in. I don't mind going last, either.

JOCK

Well that's settled then. Ok, lads, let's get him to the fence.

BOB

I...what the hell, who cares? I've got no chance with the new sow tonight anyway.

The group descend upon Brian and drag him to the fence. He abuses them but doesn't really struggle. Soon, his head is wedged in the wire, arse out to the yard. The pigs gather round.

JOCK

Right. I'll go first.

CHARLIE

How many times do you think it'll take, Jock?

JOCK

Definitely once each. We'll monitor the situation after that.

BOB

(thinking)

Jock, um, that piglet you told us about? In your youth, that had human flu? That wouldn't have been you by any chance, would it?

Jock is dreamily sizing up Brian's fleshy arse...

JOCK

Hmm? Oh, yes, it was. Thought someone might twig. Explains a lot, doesn't it?

BOB
True. Ok, then, he's all yours.

BRIAN
(shaking head)
Hey, I...what's happening? Man, I
went all funny like. Feel better
now. Was I giving you guys a serve?
Hey, why is my head stuck?

CHARLIE
Yes, Brian, you were giving us a
serve. Now we're gonna give YOU a
serve...

Brian realises his predicament.

BRIAN
wWat? No, wait! You can't do this!
It's inhuman.

CHARLIE
Well, we are pigs after all.

JOCK
Too late, Brain. The boys are all
toey. You should be proud of
yourself, exuding all this sexual
chemistry.

BRIAN
Oh god, no...

Jock heaves his forefeet onto Brian's quivering back and
steadies himself.

JOCK
I've always wanted to say
this...SQUEAL LIKE A CITY BOY!

BRIAN
Damn you, Sniper!
AAAAAAAAAARRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH.....

FADE OUT

The END(!)