

Cow Cult

A short play

By Jarred Corona

AT RISE: A reporter's table. On one side,
CONSTANTINE, a cow. On the other,
MOTHER MARY GOOSE, a goose. He's a
cult leaders. She's a reporter.

CONSTANTINE

Before you ask, yes it was an accident, but no, I don't feel bad.

MARY

You don't feel bad.

CONSTANTINE

No. I feel pretty...

MARY

You feel pretty?

CONSTANTINE

I didn't finish my thought.

MARY

Right.

CONSTANTINE

Let me finish it.

MARY

Go ahead.

CONSTANTINE

I feel pretty happy.

MARY

Sure. What?

CONSTANTINE

Something's off.

MARY

Maybe you do feel bad.

CONSTANTINE

No, not about that. About this. Something is off about this.

MARY

Meaning what?

CONSTANTINE

You're supposed to be the best.

MARY

I am.

CONSTANTINE

You're not even rhyming.

MARY

I don't rhyme in the first draft. That's not how it works. You need the ideas to emerge before you start tipping them off the table and into pretty boxes.

CONSTANTINE

Ugh.

MARY

What?

CONSTANTINE

Tipping.

MARY

You're not a fan?

CONSTANTINE

Hooligans are always trying it, tipping. That's how this whole thing started, you know. I heard these Tweedles outside of my house, talking about tipping me.

MARY

Tweedles? I'd never heard that Tweedles were involved.

CONSTANTINE

Didn't know that's who they were at first.

MARY

They were outside.

CONSTANTINE

Exactly. Couldn't see their foreheads. I just heard them whispering, all excited. I was thinking they were some laborers, not too long out of school, fresh into the workforce, and they were wanting to celebrate Comrade Constantine. They heard legends of how hard I worked at the milking factory, and they wanted to tip me some of their earnings out of respect for their elders. I fill a lot of bottles out there, you know. Or I did, back when that was what I did. I had to put in five times the effort as every other cow there, too, on account of being a bull.

MARY

I can imagine so.

CONSTANTINE

Exactly. Are you okay? You look ill.

MARY

Yes, sorry. I just happened imagine it. So you thought they were going to give you some sort of gift due to your hard work filled bottle at the milking factory with your bull's milk.

CONSTANTINE

Exactly.

MARY

Interesting. That's what started everything?

CONSTANTINE

Well, you see, I was going through a hard time. My wife had just passed.

MARY

My condolences.

CONSTANTINE

This was years ago.

MARY

Condolences, unlike milk, never spoil.

CONSTANTINE

There it is. One of the famous Mother Mary Goose aphorisms.

MARY

What does your late wife have to do with this?

CONSTANTINE

Times were difficult for me. I could use the extra money. I couldn't pick up any further shifts, and it wasn't like there were any promotions open.

MARY

You could have put in an application for a change of house or job. The State might have helped.

CONSTANTINE

They wouldn't have.

MARY

No?

CONSTANTINE

I didn't say that. Strike that out.

MARY

Stricken.

CONSTANTINE

I didn't say it.

MARY

I have no idea what you're talking about. Your wife dying led to monetary troubles for you. A loss of a second income, the steep costs of grieving. I'm sure the readers will understand that without going too deep in the reeds about it.

CONSTANTINE

Don't you mean weeds?

MARY

Reeds. I'm a goose.