

THE FARMERS

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EXT. FARM HOUSE -- DAY

Heat waves sizzle over the dry open lands and dead corn fields.

JACK (70s), scruffy beard, leather face, rocks in a chair on the front porch. He gazes out in front of him.

JACK
Ain't nothing to do here.

FAY (70s), overweight, in a old fashioned farm dress, sweeps around Jack's feet with an old straw broom.

FAY
I warned you, Jack. Now we're stuck out here forever.

JACK
You weren't exactly an angel back then either.

Fay swats Jack's leg.

FAY
Move. I ain't got all day. We got company coming.

Jack gives her a stink eye.

JACK
I ain't got no friends.

FAY
Didn't say your friends.

Jack cackles.

JACK
You ain't got no friends here either.

Fay moves items around on the porch and continues.

FAY
Kin, Jack. Kin folk is comin'.

Jack rolls his eyes, lights a pipe and returns his gaze out to the corn field.

JACK
Yeah? Thought they don't want much to do with you.

Fay enters the front door and comes out with a old braided rug. She throws it over a banister and beats it with the broom creating a large cloud of dust.

Jack waves it away from his face.

JACK (CONT'D)
Dammit, woman! Kin don't care if
there's dust in the rug.

FAY
Your kin don't, but mine do!

JACK
Thought you hated them?

FAY
I hate your kin, Jack.

Fay returns through the door with the rug.

She comes back out with a bowl of green beans and hands the bowl and a paper bag to Jack.

JACK
What you want me to do with this?

FAY
Snap them. Been saving them for
this special day.

Jack looks at the beans, stares up at Fay in disbelief.

JACK
Only one person who loves them
beans. Surely it can't be--

FAY
Yep, my sister, Mary.

JACK
I thought she was sick?

Fay chuckles.

FAY
She was.

JACK
That woman hates my guts.

FAY
You blame her? Hurry up with those
green beans.

Fay rushes into the front door.

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

The table is set.

Jack sits at the head of the table. MARY (50s) sits across from him and they glare at each other.

Fay stirs a pot on the stove. She turns and grabs a towel and smacks Jack with it.

JACK

Woman, if you don't stop...

FAY

Go wash those filthy hands and change before you eat.

Jack snarls, pushes away from the table and storms up a set of stairs.

Mary's face relaxes and she gives Fay a warm smile.

MARY

How I've missed you all these years.

FAY

I'm sure glad you're here now. Jack is no company at all. He just sits and bitches about everything.

MARY

I've been wanting to see you again for so long. It seems like an eternity.

Fay puts a roast and side dishes on the table.

FAY

Seems only yesterday we was kids out pickin' raspberries down at the lake.

Mary smiles at that memory.

Jack heads back to the table with the same clothes as he had on before. He takes a sharp knife and slices it slowly through the meat, keeping one eye on Mary.

FAY (CONT'D)
Thought I told you to change for
supper?

JACK
Into what?

FAY
And I suppose you didn't find a bar
of soap either?

Jack looks at his grimy hands and holds them up.

JACK
These are hard working man hands.
Too late to make a difference to
them now.

Fay rolls her eyes and takes a seat at the table.

Mary returns an evil eyed glare at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
So, Mary. How was your stay in
prison?

Mary clenches her teeth together. She stabs a fork into a
slab of meat hard, right next to Jack's hand, without taking
her eyes off him.

FAY
Let's change the subject, shall we?

JACK
I ain't sitting here with her
glaring at me.

FAY
Mary, let it go. Life is bad enough
here.

Jack taunts Mary.

JACK
Yeah, Mary. Forgive.

Mary jumps up from the table and lunges at Jack.

MARY
You killed my man!

JACK
I tripped with my finger on the
trigger, blew his damn head off by
accident.

MARY
Accident my ass!

Fay pulls Mary off of Jack and slaps Jack across the face.

FAY
I hate you! You know that?

Jack holds his face in horror and snarls at Fay.

JACK
You, I did intentionally, Fay!

MARY
And I just returned the favor,
Jack. So to answer your question,
prison was worth it. They gave me
the chair.

Jack cackles.

JACK
Ah well, the old hen comes home to
roost, eh?

Mary pulls the knife out of the meat and thrusts it into
Jack's forehead.

Jack roars with laughter, pulls it out and sticks it back in
the meat.

JACK (CONT'D)
Can't die here twice. Welcome to
hell, Mary. What fun we're going to
have now!

FADE OUT.