

Cows 'N' Moon

Cast:

Cow 1 – A Friesian, chilled, relaxed.

Cow 2 – A Friesian. Argumentative.

Cow 3 – A Friesian, Political.

Buttercup – A Jersey Cow. Pretty and she knows it.

Diddle – A cat, a very renowned Concert Violinist.

Dog – Silly. Laughs a lot.

Time: Now, then, tomorrow, yesteryear? Whenever, let's stick with now.....But dusk, has to be dusk. Definitely dusk. (*With no cloud.*)

Setting: A field, near the edge, probably by a gate, one of those big old five bar gates they used to have, before the invention of big cold metal gates and wire fences that zap you! There should be a dark backdrop with a near to full moon shining bright against it.

Cow 1: Moo.

Cow 2: You pig, I was going to say that!

Cow 1: I'm a cow.

Cow 2: I'm aware of that thank you.

Cow 1: I'm not a pig.

Cow 2: Yes, I know.

Cow 1: I'm not small, fat and pink.

Cow 2: You're certainly one of those!

Cow 1: Charming, you're one to talk!

Cow 3: (*To Cow 2.*) You're fattist.

Cow 2: (*To Cow 1.*) See, even Cow 3 says you're the fattest!

Cow 3: (*To Cow 2.*) I was talking to you Cow 2.

Cow 2: You saying I'm fat? How dare you?

Cow 3: No, I'm saying you're being fattist, you are displaying discriminatory behavior towards bigger boned bovine members of our collective herd!

Cow 2: Do what?

Cow 3: I mean you cannot go around calling other cows fat, it is not politically correct in our field.

Cow 2: Hah, do I look bothered. *(Leans down to eat some grass.)*

Cow 3: That's it! Bury your head in the sand why don't you? Can't you face up and apologize to Cow 1?

Cow 1: It's alright Cow 3, I can handle Cow 2, she's just jealous.

Cow 2: Ha, why would I be jealous of you?

Cow 1: Because I'm.....PREGNANT!

Cow 2: No way!

Cow 1: Way!

Cow 3: Really? When did that happen?

Cow 1: Three weeks ago, it was a hot steamy night in the barn, the stars were shining, romantic music coming from farmhouse, one thing led to another, just me....and Foxy the Bull.

All 3: *(Swooning)* hmmm, Foxearth Enterprise the Third, what a stud, what a... BULL!

Cow 1: Oh we made magic that night, he did everything right.

Cow 3: But you cannot possible tell after just three weeks. Typically, Bovine Gestation is approximately 283 days, realistically you will only show after 75 days.

Cow 1: Well I can, I know the signs. I've had two calf's before you know. An experienced mother knows the signs!

Cow 2: Your third? So that's three calf's by three different bulls? Well you've been playing the field a bit you slu.....

(Buttercup the Jersey cow saunters in, her head held high.)

Cow 2:Slurry dweller!

Buttercup: Hey girls!

Cow 3: Hey Buttercup!

Cow 2: Look what the Cat dragged in.

Buttercup: Still bitter I see, Cow 2.

Cow 2: No!

Cow 1: Yes you are, your moooooood always changes around Buttercup.

Buttercup: She's jealous, always jealous.

Cow 2: No I'm not! I simply cannot understand why they gave you a name and we are just numbers!

Buttercup: I've told you this before, I have a name because the farmers family love me the most!

Cow 2: And why is that, pray tell?

Buttercup: Because I'm smaller than you, slimmer obviously, and I'm a nice brown colour rather than black and white like you ladies!

Cow 3: *(Loud.)* I AM NOT A NUMBER, I AM A FREE COW!

Buttercup: Did you know I won best of breed at the County Show three years in a row?

Cow 2: You might have mentioned it.

Buttercup: And I starred in a TV commercial for Anchor Spreadable.

Cow 3: I repeat what Cow 2 said.

Buttercup: I even went to Buckingham Palace for the Royal Agricultural Show, I'll have you know.

Cow 2: *(Aside.)* Lying cow!

Buttercup: I heard that!

Cow 1: Ladies please, there's no need to fight!

Cow 2: I'm not fighting.

Cow 3: Yes you are.

Cow 1: You're arguing!

Buttercup: No, we are not arguing!

Cow 2: I'm not arguing with that.

Cow 3: Yes you are.

Cow 2: No, we're not. We're merely havinga disagreement.

Cow 1: Well whatever....

(She stops talking, sound effect of a tractor, headlights beam across the stage.)

Cow 1:.....Farmer Alert, FARMER ALERT!

Cow 2: Moo.

Cow 3: Moooooo, MOOOOOO

Buttercup: Moooooo!

Cow 1: Moo.

Cow 2: Moooo.

Cow 3: Moo.

Cow 2: Mooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo....*(until she runs out of breath.)*

Cow 3: Mo.

Cow 1: Mo?

Cow 3: *(Matter of fact.)* Mo.

(Tractor sound fades.)

Cow 1: Safe?

Cow 3: Safe now.

Buttercup: (*Lifts one leg, points it up to the sky.*) Moooooooooon.

Cows 1,2,3: Wow, nice moon!

(*Dog has jumped off the tractor and joins them on stage.*)

Dog: (*Laughs hysterically.*)

Cow 2: What are you laughing at?

Dog: Hahaha! Four cows in a field staring at the moon, you must admit it is funny!

Cow 3: (*Aside to the others.*) Ignore Dog, he's barking mad!

Dog: Not as mad as you lot, hahahaha, arguing about arguing, hahahaha, then haha, stopping when the farmer drives by.....hahahaha hoooooowl.....!

Buttercup: Somebody give the dog a bone, shut him up!

Cow 1: It's such a beautiful moon.

Cow 2: It's a full mooooooooon.

Cow 3: It's not a full moon, see not quite complete on the left. It's a Waxing Gibbous moon.

Dog: Waxing Gibbous?! Hahahahahahahoooooowl.....

Cow 1: It's so big!

Cow 3: It's the same size as it always is! It just depends on the Earth's axis.

Cow 2: It's so low!

Buttercup: And orange, like my silky, award winning coat!

Cow 3: Button up Buttercup!

Cow 2: I reckon I can jump over it!

Cow 1: What?

Cow 2: The moon, I bet you I can jump over the moon.

Buttercup: How can you, you're just a cow, a stupid Friesian at that!

Cow 2: I can easily jump over it, look it's just over there at the end of the field!

Cow 3: You stupid cow! It's miles away!

Cow 2: I could take a run up!

Dog: Hahahahahoooooowl.....!

Cow 3: But the moon is nearly 240 thousand miles away!

Cow 2: So? Give me a springboard!

Buttercup: I think Cow 2 should give it a go.

Cow 3: When? It will take her ages! Even if she had a space rocket, it will still take her three and a half days to get there, say...half a day to swing over it and three and a half days back. Dog! Ask the farmer if Cow 2 can have a week off!

Dog: Yes hahahaha!

Cow 1: How do you know all this?

Cow 3: I looked it upon Moogle.

Buttercup: Well I think Cow 2 can do it.

Cow 2: I know I can.

Cow 1: I can't believe what I'm hearing.

Buttercup: Go on Cow 2, give it your best shot.

Cow 2: Shall I? Dare me to?

Cow 3: Haha why not, I could do with a laugh. Tenner says you don't make it!

Cow 2: Deal!

Cow 1: Oh my word!

Dog: I would pay to wa hahahahahahooooooooowl.....

Buttercup: Go on Cow 2, have a run up. I know you can do it!

Cow 2: I can do it, I can do it! *(Stretches, jumps up and down on the spot, Rocky theme music starts up.)*

Buttercup: *(Announcement voice)* In the green corner, all the way from the dairy, is Cooooooooow Twoooooo, witness as she becomes the first cow to jump clean over the moon. Drum roll please!

(All cows stamp their feet.)(Stirring violin music can be heard.)

Cow 1: He it's Diddle!

Cow 3: Hey Diddle *(calling)* Hey Diddle! Diddle, the cat and the fiddle! Come over here!

(Diddle appears stage left holding a violin under his/her chin.)

Diddle: Good evening Ladies, pray what is all this commotion?

Cow 1: Cow 2 is about to jump over the moon!

Diddle: A valid quest I must say, which deserves a special concerto.....Rachmaninov will suit this best!

Cow 3: Can't you play a bit of Mootzart?

Dog: Mootzart? Play some Bach, get it? Bach - Bark..... Hahahahahooooooooowl.....

Diddle: Actually Holst Planets Movements I think, yes, *(to him/herself)* Maestro! *(Starts to play)*

Cow 2: Watch me, I'm going to jump over the moooooon! *(Cow 2 strides off stage right for her run up.)*

Buttercup: Come on Cow 2, you can do it!

(Cow 2 charges onto the stage full speed, at center stage she tries to jump but falls heavily on her front legs)

Cow 2: Moooooooooow! *(Ow)*

Dog: *(Now laughing more than ever, rolling on the floor holding his/her sides.)*
Hahahahooooooooowl.....

Cow 1: Are you alright Cow 2?

Buttercup: Talk to us!

Cow 2: I'm fine. Why did you say I could do it Buttercup? I'm just a stupid fat cow!

Buttercup: No you're not.

Cow 2: Yes I am. Why do you build me up Buttercup, just to let me down?

Buttercup: I'm sorry!

Cow 3: Where's my tenner?

Cow 1: Oh don't be so insensitive, poor cow!

Buttercup: I must admit I thought she'd get further.

(Dog is rolling around the floor in hysterics now)

Cow 2: *(Starts to cry.)*

Buttercup: Come on, chin up!

Cow 3: I think Cow 2 deserves a pat on the head! A cow pat haha!

Dog: Hahahahooooooooowl.....

Cow 1: Now that's mean.

Diddle: *(stops playing)* My work here is done, adios ladies! *(Bows)*

Cow 3: Bye Diddle!

Diddle: Bye Cow 1.

Cow 3: No, I'm Cow 3!

Diddle: Oh, you all look the same to me! *(Leaves flamboyantly.)*

Cow 3: You can't say that, that's racist!

Cow 1: Oh let it go!

Dog: *(finally composes himself.)* Did you see that?!

Buttercup: See what?

Dog: A dish ran away with a spoon!

Buttercup: Really?

Cow 1: Never!

Cow 3: No way!

Dog: Of course not! Who would think of anything so silly? Apart from a cow trying to jump over the moon Hahahahahooooowl.....!

All cows: *(Laughing and Mooing)* Haha Moooo Haha etc.....

(Slowly they stop laughing and look to the moon, at which point a low budget silhouette of a cow 'Flies' over the moon, all cows say Moooo, (ooh))

The End.