

## World Enough... and Goats

(inspired by the Hairy Farmpit Girls on Facebook)

Jessica

Margie

Greta (the baby – can be a doll)

Greta Gargoat – a pygmy goat.

### Scene 1:

Setting: The work room/office attached to a barn. Jessica, so pregnant she's about to pop, is sorting through food dishes and such when Margie appears in the entry.

JESSICA: I told you not to come in here before you admit the world's flat and put that darn thing down. It's not B's fault that the door was broken.

MARGIE: (tossing a lunge line into a pile near the table) No, you're right. But it wouldn't have made much difference if it wasn't. Baaasil Rathhorn was feeling randy, and he wouldn't have let anything prevent him from getting to Greta Gargoat. He's been smelling her heat everywhere for days.

JESSICA: Mmm. Sexy.

MARGIE: You know it. Honestly, we're lucky the only thing he flattened was the globe beach ball. I made the mistake of feeding him last the other day. There was a moment when I thought he was going to come after me.

JESSICA: Well, at least some creature on this farm would be coming.

MARGIE: Hon... you won't be this pregnant forever.

JESSICA: Promise?

MARGIE: I promise. I mean... at some point you're going to have to let the kid out of there, so we can welcome her to the world. The real one. Not the flattened beach ball one.

JESSICA: I don't know why I'm so upset over a toy. I mean, Rufus and Daisy barely play with it anymore... they just stand on opposite sides of the food trough and bray at each other.

MARGIE: (softly) It's hormones. Hon, really, give yourself a break. You're this close to popping our first kid out, and it's breeding season for the goats, and the donkeys are getting older and...

JESSICA: You think I can't handle running the business side of the farm?

MARGIE: Not at all. I just think you need to relax a little. Let me do more of the office-y stuff.

JESSICA: But you hate the 'office-y stuff.'

MARGIE: It's not my favorite, no. But Jess, I *love* you.

JESSICA: I called Jeb from down the road to come fix the door.

MARGIE: Good. He's always offering to help.

JESSICA: Because he thinks the idea of lesbian goat farmers is hot.

MARGIE: He's not wrong.

JESSICA: Marg!

MARGIE: Well, he's not. Have you seen us? Hay in our hair, goat spunk on our clothes, many layers of sticky grossness on our shoes... Really, what could be hotter?

JESSICA: (laughing) Okay, okay, I see your point.

MARGIE: Good. Now come inside. Supper's almost ready, we both need showers, and I'm hungry.

**Scene 2:**

Setting: A hospital room - maternity ward. JESSICA is propped up in bed, holding a swaddled infant – their new baby. MARGIE comes in with a pygmy goat on a lead, and a plush "hug-a-world" toy under her arm.

MARGIE: Knock-knock... Hey, sweetie...

JESSICA: You're late...

MARGIE: I know... but that's because I had to get Ms. Gargoat ready to meet her wee namesake.

Margie steps fully into the door.

MARGIE: And we did some shopping on the way here...

MARGIE gently tosses the hug-a-world so that it lands on the bed, between JESSICA's feet.

JESSICA: What's that?

MARGIE: It's a new, non-flat earth. Plush this time.

JESSICA: I thought we agreed no plush toys for the goats.

MARGIE: We did. This is for our human Greta. (softer) How is she? And how are you?

JESSICA: Come see. (to the goat) And you, too, Ms. Gargoat. Meet the little girl who's gonna be taking care of you one day.

MARGIE and the goat move toward the bed, and JESSICA holds the baby (GRETA) up so her other mother and the goat can both see her.

MARGIE: (enthralled) Oh, hon... we're *mothers*.

She sits down on the edge of the bed, wrapping her arm around her partner.

MARGIE: You made such a beautiful baby...

JESSICA: I kind of did.

MARGIE: Speaking of babies...

JESSICA: Yes?

MARGIE: Greta Gargoat here tested positive this morning. Baasil Rathhorn did his job.

JESSICA: That's wonderful! Kiss me!

MARGIE and JESSICA kiss.

JESSICA: (reaching out to the goat) You, too, wee missy. You know you're my favorite. Wait! Marg, sweetie? Take the baby.

MARGIE takes possession of the baby and JESSICA leans around her to play kissy face with the goat... but the goat isn't feeling so tender.

JESSICA: Ow!

MARGIE: Hon! Are you okay? Did she butt you in the nose again?

JESSICA: (covering her breast with her hand) I'm so sorry, that's not my nose, and your goat bit it.

MARGIE stares at her partner for a long moment, then bursts out laughing. JESSICA glares at her, but, sees the humor in the situation. The goat jumps onto the bed, knocking the hug-a-world to the

floor, and curling up into a pile of fluffy cuteness, while the human trio share a tender kiss, and go back to coo-ing over their newborn.

Fade to black.