

Dog Country

By Joseph Wilde (2015)

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CHARACTERS

MIKE

TRISH - both late 20s

HOTSPUR

PIGEON

GERM - all teenagers

JEZ

OKSANA

SETTING

London in 2011 and a market town in Suffolk in 2001

NOTE ON THE TEXT

white space suggests a pause or beat

lines with no space between practically overlap

/ indicates the next line actually overlaps from this point

words in [square brackets] are said with gesture rather than spoken

empty [] imply a gesture where words fail

if a character's name appears with no lines, they are attempting to find words to speak,

intentionally not speaking, partaking in the conversation in a nonverbal way, etc.

casting should be as diverse as the community the production is set in

no abnormally pretty faces

SCENE 1

2011. A nicely appointed modern-looking living room. Perhaps a bit sterile. Certainly very clean and ordered. Sofa, arm chairs, neatly arranged CDs, a large stereo. A bookcase loaded with heavy-looking tomes. A large, tasteful work of art on the wall.

A woman laughs loudly offstage, before staggering on.

TRISH Mike where's-

The lights flick on. TRISH, casually attired, clutching a bottle of wine, marvels at the room as MIKE enters, in a shirt and tie, dressed for work.

Oh fuck.

It's a house. It's an actual house.

I didn't know they still had these in London.

She barks another laugh and stifles it. She shushes MIKE who hasn't said anything. She speaks in a whisper from now on. MIKE doesn't.

You're not wearing any shoes.

MIKE I
No. I took them off.
By the door.

TRISH I'm a terrible guest. I'm a pig. Disgusting.

She oinks quietly. She hands him the bottle of wine and tries to take her shoes off. It takes some time, but she succeeds.

TRISH God this is fun. This is exciting. This is jolly fucking exciting isn't it?
Sneaking around. Hands furtively dipping in and out of one another's panties.

MIKE We er
Are we?
We haven't. I mean not that I don't
Sorry. Why are you whispering?

TRISH I'm trying not to wake your parents.

MIKE My...?

TRISH Oh shit sorry. Your mum.
Your dad is
I know he was
Dead?
Was he dead or just... gone?
ABSENT.

MIKE Absent.

TRISH Still?

MIKE My parent's
 My mum
 They aren't here.

TRISH Playing house? Isn't that what they call it in America?
 Oh it's so old school...

MIKE This is my house.

She stops whispering.

TRISH No it isn't you don't have a
 No.
 NO!
 You don't have a HOUSE? You can't!

MIKE I'm... sorry?

TRISH You should be that's fucking disgusting.
 A house. In London. Just for you?

MIKE At the moment.

TRISH This is mental. You realise this?
 It is full on chicken oriental.

MIKE I know I
 Really. Really is.

TRISH I mean look at you
 Wearing your little suit. And your little tie.
 Like a little person.

MIKE Yeah. And you

TRISH What about me?

MIKE Just
 You.

Existing.

TRISH laughs again, then stifles it.

TRISH Get some fucking glasses then Mike I'm sobering up. God forbid.

MIKE looks at her a moment then exits.

TRISH noses around the CDs, then the books. She snorts.

MIKE re-enters with a glass.

This should never have happened.

MIKE Oh.

OK.

TRISH I mean I put off getting a smartphone for fucking years.
I promised myself. Never.

MIKE That's weird. Why?

TRISH Because of the you know. Well everything really
Rampant consumerism. Carbon footprint. I mean the thing they make the screens
out of is literally fist-fucking the ozone layer I think.
And then all the bits.
The
Metals and stuff mined by these poor Africans in just the worst conditions,
like they are dying at 30, hacking their melted lungs into the faces of their AIDSy
orphan kids; and then all these little pieces get sent to China
Or somewhere else
And tiny, sad women in masks put them together, piece by piece, like human cogs
in a vast uncaring machine and all just so utter cunts like you and me can have
Googlemaps in our pocket instead of just remembering where we were going like
we used to, or asking DIRECTIONS for fuck's sake, like HUMANS and I just don't
want it I can't have the weight of all those murdered lives weighing me down every
time I want to make a booty call
Or whatever.

MIKE Yeah.
I guess I never really thought of all that.

TRISH NOBODY DOES.

MIKE No.

TRISH But then today I just
I snapped. I caved. I got so lost and I thought you know that's the last one. That's
the last fucking interview I miss because I don't have fucking Googlemaps in my
fucking pocket. Fuck those orphans. And I marched into the first phone shop I saw
and BOOM.

MIKE Boom.

TRISH There you were.

MIKE And you left.
Like
Straightaway.

TRISH Yeah I decided I still didn't want a phone.
Don't really need it. And those orphans...
The Nokia 3395 really is so reliable. You know?

MIKE Oh. I thought it was me.

TRISH Are you planning on drinking from the bottle like some ANIMAL?

MIKE No.

TRISH Well don't I get a glass? You have a host you should learn to HOST matey.
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MIKE This is yours.
 I don't drink.

TRISH You..?

 Shut up.
 You drank! At the

 You did. At the bar we had two bottles of wine together!

MIKE No I
 I just had mineral water.

TRISH We

 Ah.

 Well that's why I'm feeling so bloody pissed then.

MIKE I guess.

TRISH Is this date-rape? Is that what this is?

MIKE What?
 What?

TRISH Get me drunk. Back to your big house. Your big hard HOUSE and fuck me.
 That your plan?

MIKE No! You ordered-

TRISH I'm joking Mike. Jesus.
 I know you don't want to fuck me.

MIKE Well.

TRISH What?

MIKE Nothing.

 It's good to see you again.

TRISH stares at him. Then bursts out laughing.

TRISH I'm sorry. I can't take you seriously.
 It's an act. Isn't it.
 Isn't it?
 This isn't you! You're in disguise. You're Clark Kent.
 You can keep pretending your a mild-mannered tee-total phone shop
 sales assistant.

MIKE Manager.

TRISH

MIKE Sales Manager.

TRISH Fuck me.
I bet you drive a car.
I bet you drive a fucking Ford Car.

MIKE Do you want to sit down?
I could put some music on?

TRISH Smooth.

MIKE No I'm

TRISH Do you prefer shaved or unshaved?

MIKE I
TRISH It's not a deal-breaker either way but I'd like to know.

MIKE Sorry. This is. Just.

He mimes his head exploding.

TRISH Yeah I know.
It is.

She mimes the same.

They take it in turns to repeat the mime, becoming more detailed, expansive and gruesome each time. Then TRISH stops, kneels, and starts undoing his belt. MIKE jabbbers.

MIKE I mean I was just thinking I might get some lunch. I usually take a break around them and head over to Tesco and get a sandwich. Two if I'm having a bad day. And I know I shouldn't because of the salt and it's addictive but fuck it I was just thinking yeah, yeah this feels like a two sandwich day and then in you walked like it was nothing.
Like it was something you do all the time.
Walk into people's lives.
After ten years. Without a word.

She pulls his trousers down.

Ten years and here you are.

TRISH Here I am. In your HOUSE.
And here you are.

MIKE Here I am.
With my trousers round my ankles.

TRISH Mental.

MIKE Mental.

TRISH You're not hard.
Like not even at all. It's just

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There's nothing going on.
My mouth is less than ten inches from your cock and it's fucking tofu.

MIKE Ah.
 Yeah.

TRISH You don't fancy me anymore?

MIKE No I fancy you. I fucking
 You are you're fit. You're a fitty.
 I just

 Can't you feel it?
 Can't you feel how fucking massive this is?
 I mean
 I mean you're like a... You're a fucking meteorite and I'm a dinosaur.
 You're a spaceship and I'm a fucking caveman.

TRISH stands up.

TRISH I'm going to go.

MIKE What? No, stay. Let's
 We can chat?

TRISH Stop it.
 Stop pretending this is remotely ok. That this is even remotely fucking ok.

MIKE I'm
 It's crazy I know

TRISH It's sick Mike. It's fucking twisted.

 Question. Do you want to fuck or not?

MIKE I

 Not

 No.
 Not now. Not yet.

TRISH OK then.

MIKE Trish-

She exits.

