

GOATS IN LOVE

a short play by

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MEMBER
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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

- BO: Male, forties and up, goat. The caprine mascot of the band The Penny Pinchers, and a contestant on “Goats in Love.” Looking for a romantic relationship with a perky, younger goat.
- DAISY: Female, thirties and up, goat. An “instructor” in a goat yoga class and budding reality TV star. Looking for fame and fortune, and a nice hot stud.
- ANNOUNCER: Any gender, thirties and up, any race. The announcer, director, producer, man-of-many-hats running the hot new reality TV show “Goats in Love.” Looking for a contract with CBS or TLC.

ACT 1, SCENE 1

SETTING: Caesars Palace, Atlantic City, Summertime. There are a few tables and chairs scattered onstage.

AT RISE: The stage is empty. BO and DAISY enter the stage as the ANNOUNCER introduces the show. BO and DAISY inspect each other, sniff each other, court in the way that goats do when they meet each other for the first time.

(“Spanish Flea” plays)

ANNOUNCER

(Offstage)

From Caesars Palace in beautiful Atlantic City is the brand new reality TV show, “Goats in Love.” Today, we’re putting together the old buck Bo with the sprightly young doe Daisy. They say that opposites attract, but are Bo and Daisy too far apart to connect? Or will love conquer all? Let’s see how their first date is going now...

(BO sits, idly playing with his Spiderman flashdrive. DAISY climbs on a high surface and shifts around.)

DAISY

So, this is our first date.

BO

Yep.

DAISY

I mean, I say that like we’ve known each other forever, but really neither of us ever met until now. So, do we still call this a date?

BO

They’re calling it “Goats in Love,” and we both know there’s no way we’re falling in love before the end of the show.

(BO and DAISY laugh nervously, perhaps even bleating.)

DAISY

So, what do you do with yourself?

BO

You first.

DAISY

I asked you first.

BO

No, ladies first. By the way...what's your name?

DAISY

You don't even know my...they introduced us both at the beginning of the show, for crying out loud.

(Sighs)

Okay, so my name is Daisy, and I'm a yoga instructor.

BO

What?

DAISY

I teach yoga. Goat yoga. I'm a goat yoga instructor and I teach goat yoga with Ginny.

BO

Who's Ginny?

DAISY

Oh, you know. The big pink person who feeds and bathes me.

BO

Oh yeah. I've got one of those. So how does goat yoga work?

DAISY

Well, I show the students how to position themselves, and then I climb on their backs to check their balance. And if they throw me off, then they're doing it wrong.

BO

Okay.

DAISY

Do you want to see a pose?

BO

A what?

DAISY

A pose. Do you want to see me do a pose?

BO

Sure. I guess.

(DAISY climbs off the table onto the floor and assumes the Downward Dog yoga position. Then she kicks two times with her back legs.)

DAISY

This is called the Downward Goat.

BO

Wow. That's great.

DAISY

How about we just eat the Razzles?

(DAISY literally tears into the Razzles, and eats both the candy and the packaging. Razzles fly everywhere.)

BO

No thanks. I'm not hungry.

DAISY

Bo, we have to eat something. We're on a reality TV show where we're on a date.

BO

So?

DAISY

People eat on dates! If we want to sell the whole date thing, we need to make it look good!

BO

So all you care about is looking good for the cameras? Do you even want to find love or is that just an act?

DAISY

(Mouthful of Razzles.)

So, what do you do, Bo?

BO

I am the front man for the greatest rock 'n' roll band of all time, The Penny Pinchers!

DAISY

Never heard of them. What instrument do you play?

BO

I don't play an instrument, Daisy. My job is to rile up the fans and get them hyped up for the big show.

(While BO's talking he excitedly swings the Spiderman flashdrive around. It flies out of his hoof, and DAISY eats it while BO's still talking.)

DAISY

You sound more like a mascot than a front man.

BO

I'm not a mascot! I'm the backbone of the band! Would a mascot get his own solo in the chart topping song "Don't Kid Around With My Heart?"

(Singing)

Ooh, girl! Don't kid around with my heart!

(Prolonged rhythmic bleat.)

DAISY

So...What was with that little red guy you were playing with earlier?

BO

Oh that's Spidey. He's my good luck charm.

DAISY

Well, you're not getting lucky tonight, because we're not compatible with each other.

BO

Not compatible? You can't just say we're not compatible when we didn't even talk for five minutes.

DAISY

I can't be with someone who can't work with the script. On or off the camera. Now if you'll excuse me, I have an audition for "Real House-Goats of Atlantic City" at Harrah's in fifteen minutes, and I cannot be late.

BO

You know, for someone who's on reality TV, you sure are fake.

DAISY

I'm fake? You're one to talk! Didn't I go to school with your wife? Who you're still married to?

BO

How do you know about that?

DAISY

I Googled you before I even came on this show! And you're married to my old classmate, Milky!

BO

Look, Milky isn't here. She went back to the udders!

(BO pantomimes milking goat udders.)

DAISY

Well, I am not going to stand here and let some two-timing lecher lecture me about being fake!

(DAISY begins walking away, then stops. She shudders.)

BO

Well, are you going or not?

DAISY

Hang on. Something's wrong.

BO

What do you mean?

DAISY

My stomach feels weird. It must've been something I ate.

(BO inspects DAISY.)

BO

You look okay to me. Are you playing the sympathy card now? Trying to win back your audience with your suffering?

DAISY

No, something's really wrong with me. My stomach feels like it's going to burst.

BO

Pfft, it can't be that bad!

(A gum bubble inflates from DAISY's butt. A balloon can be used for this.)

BO

Uh...it doesn't look too good.

(The bubble shoots out and flies around the room.)

DAISY

Oh my God! It's the Razzles! I completely forgot! First, it's a candy, then...it's a gum! This is it. This is how I die.

BO

Don't get so bent out of shape, Daisy. Nobody's going to die.

DAISY

You don't understand, Bo! I can feel everything I ate blocking up my insides. And I can feel them squeezing and pressing and nothing's coming out.

BO

Well, squeeze a little harder, will ya?

(DAISY squeezes so hard she almost gets a hernia. Nothing moves.)

BO

Wait, I think I saw something come out.

DAISY

Then what are you waiting for? Pull it out?

BO

I'm not pulling anything out of your butt! There's poop down there!

DAISY

That's it. I'm done. I'm going to die and I haven't even done anything with my life!

(DAISY begins to cry.)

BO

Look, I'm sorry. I know this has got to be one of the crappiest days of your life. Maybe I can try pulling a little bit of it out?

DAISY

Really?

BO

Just the stuff that's already sticking out. And you have to calm down. If you start bucking or panicking, it'll go everywhere.

(DAISY takes a few breaths.)

DAISY

Okay. I'm ready.

BO

Good. Now push.

(DAISY grunts as she pushes out the gum. BO starts pulling out long strands of Razzle gum. String can be used for this. DAISY gasps.)

DAISY

It's moving! It's coming out!

BO

Keep going!

(DAISY grunts and pushes out more gum as BO continues pulling it out. DAISY gives another push but stops.)

BO

What's wrong?

DAISY

Bo, I'm really sorry but I think I ate your Spiderman.

BO

You ate Spidey?

DAISY

He looked so tasty! Like a Wildberry Poptart!

BO

Oh my God.

DAISY

And now he's stuck in there!

BO

Listen, listen! Daisy, do you trust me?

DAISY

Yes, I trust you!

BO

All right. Hold on girl!

(BO shoves his hoof in DAISY's butt. DAISY shrieks. BO removes the Spiderman flash drive. DAISY pants in relief.)

DAISY

Oh, sweet Jesus of relief!

(Notices BO has Spiderman back)

Oh hey, you got your lucky charm back.

BO

I didn't do it for the charm, Daisy. You were in pain.

DAISY

Well, thank you.

BO

I don't think they'll be showing that on "Goats in Love." That was way too "real" for reality TV.

(DAISY nods, still panting.)

BO

Now, pucker up baby!

(BO dips a very enthusiastic DAISY into a deep kiss. When they break, they both laugh, absolutely enamored.)

DAISY

So now that we don't have show off for the camera anymore, do you wanna get out of here? I hear the dune grass on the shore's pretty good.

BO

What about that other show you need to get to?

DAISY

I'm already late. Besides, I'm in no shape to audition for anything right now.

BO

Then let's hit the waves!

(Exit BO and DAISY)

Maybe I can serenade you on the way down. You ever heard The Penny Pincher's "Getting My Goat?"

DAISY

(Laughs)

You can try.

(BO and DAISY laugh and bleat together and walk off to the dunes, hand in hand. Gum is still trailing out of DAISY's butt.)

(BLACKOUT)