

The Barn Sketch
by Mark Allen

EXT. A BARN. DAY

BOB AND JENNY ARE ASLEEP ON THE BARN FLOOR. THERE IS
A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. BOB ANSWERS IT.

BOB: Hello?

MR PEMBERTON: Are you Mr Bob Tucknutt?

BOB: Who wants to know?

MR PEMBERTON: Mr Pemberton. I'm taking a census and I'd just like you to answer a few questions.

BOB: Right you are.

MR PEMBERTON: Firstly, can you tell me why a cow answered the door to your house and you appear to be sleeping in a barn?

JENNY: Did the cow look post-coital?

MR PEMBERTON: I'm sorry?

JENNY: You know, quite relaxed, flushed cheeks. Possibly smoking a cigarette?

MR PEMBERTON: No that I noticed.

BOB: Bugger. That means they've still not done it.

MR PEMBERTON: Done what sir? Why have farmyard animals taken over your household?

BOB: I wouldn't say they've taken over it exactly.

MR PEMBERTON: They've put turf down on the kitchen floor.

JENNY: We didn't agree to that. (BEAT) We're just waiting for them to get horny.

MR PEMBERTON: In your own house?

BOB: They don't breed very often - they get shy doing it in public see. Every now and then, we let them have the run of the house until they... come up with the goods.

MR PEMBERTON: (PAUSE) Right. And how long have they been living there?

BOB: About five months.

JENNY: Apparently, they've got squatters rights now, so there's nothing we can do.

MR PEMBERTON: So, technically speaking, the cows are the current inhabitants of your house?

BOB: That's what their lawyer told us, yes.

THERE IS AN AWKWARD PAUSE.

MR PEMBERTON: Right, well I have to complete this form, but I didn't seem to be able get much sense out of them. Would you be able answer on their behalf?

BOB: We'll give it a go.

MR PEMBERTON: Names?

BOB: Brenda and Leonard... Fresian.

MR PEMBERTON WRITES ON THE CENSUS FORM.

MR PEMBERTON: Occupation.

JENNY: Cows.

MR PEMBERTON: Dependants?

JENNY: Me and Bob.

MR PEMBERTON: And finally, what's their previous address?

BOB: The bottom field.

MR PEMBERTON: Right. (BEAT) I think that completes the census. Thanks for your time.

MR PEMBERTON STARTS WALKING AWAY, BEMUSED.

JENNY: (Shouts after him) Could we come and live with you please Mister?

BOB: Please? (BEAT) The pigs are getting a bit frisky and I think they've got their eye on this barn.

END