



LOOSE HOG

By T.K. Lee

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LOOSE HOG



a one-act drama

by

T.K. Lee



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Cast of Characters

Macon: A young man in his early 20's, must have a necklace, backpack
Yinnie: A young woman in her indistinguishable youth, must have a lime sucker

Scene

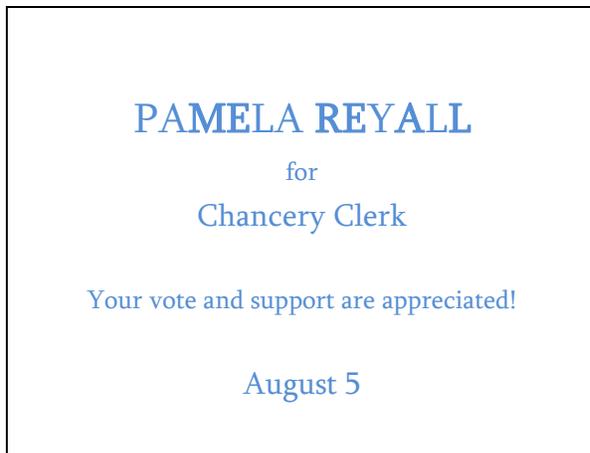
A rarely used off-ramp, above a highway, in the red hills of eastern Mississippi, with an old billboard sign. [please see Additional Important Information below]

Time

The present.

Additional Important Information

Regarding the billboard sign: [**on the sign**, though barely legible, is a political candidate's campaign statement urging people to vote for her. It reads as follows:



Pamela Reyall; Chancery Clerk; Your Vote and Support Are Appreciated; August 5.

This should be all in blue letters, the background of which is white; the effect of the rest of the sign is of age and wear & tear – all that remains visible of the name or still somewhat visible are the letters M, E, and R, E, A, and one of the Ls; the others have faded over time].

ACT I

Scene 1: Continuous

SETTING: We are on a barely used off-ramp, above a highway in the eastern part of rural Mississippi. Upstage is an faded billboard sign. Downstage is a metal guardrail.

AT RISE: It is evening, an old moon hangs in the sky. YINNIE is sitting behind the billboard sign. MACON will approach soon, having had his car go dead.

MACON

Shit. Shit! Shit.

(a car is kicked, a car door slammed)

Motherfu— Piece of shit car. Fuck. Fuck. Shit.

(MACON continues kicking and cursing for several minutes. He eventually finds his way into the quivering off-shoot light from the footlights that are pointed toward the billboard and the old moon hanging in the sky. MACON comes onstage, frantically trying to get his bearings about him, mad, angry, exhausted. He runs downstage left of the guardrail and back up again, trapped. He stares up at the sky and hollers, a pitiful, draining holler. He crosses downstage somewhat off-center, stage right, of the billboard and begins to cry, to heave, to sob. After a few more minutes of this, he appears to calm down, more out of indecision and unsure of what to do next.

During his tirade, YINNIE, has briefly appeared from behind the billboard, standing; she silently watches MACON in the throes of angst in an amused sort of way, ethereal. After he has subsided, she stands a little behind the billboard, but enough to be heard, and starts whistling, “Have Thine Own Way, Lord.” MACON hears her whistling and looks up around, and finally, at the billboard but doesn’t clearly see anything. She keeps whistling, and he slowly approaches the foot of the billboard. This long, delicate moment should set the tone for the rest of the scene).

YINNIE stops whistling, once MACON reaches the billboard.

YINNIE (beat)

That’s *Have Thine Own Way, Lord*. It’s a real pretty song. I learned that in church when

I was six, I think, or seven. I learned to read real quick when I was little.

(pause; takes sucker out of mouth)

When I was of a mind to.

(YINNIE steps around to the front of the billboard. MACON turns away).

YINNIE

Hello down there. Now, you can look up here; I'm up here, and I'm talking to you, so you might as well. I like it up here. You get a real nice view of the city right as the sun comes up.

(a beat)

I mean, if you're down at the other end. Ain't nothing on this side but the gulley, and the rest of the highway. I sit up here sometimes all night long. I sat up in the tree once, but I never been all the way to the top of the tree, because truth be known, I'm actually a little scared of heights. And, the leaves, they were itchy so I reckon that's an oak tree, because I'm allergic to all things oak. So that's probably why I was itchy and everything. That's my...hypothesis.

(a beat)

But, now, I've climbed all the way to the top of this here sign, though, cause it ain't nearly so high and well, I guess I'm at the top of it now, ain't I?

(YINNIE laughs at herself)

(MACON doesn't answer, resolutely avoiding this sudden change in plans; he begins pacing, a thinking tiger, and spits over rail).

YINNIE

You always had such a dirty mouth?

(pops sucker back in mouth)

(MACON spits again, pacing, looking in all directions).

YINNIE

I heard you...every single word...were you born face down in the mud?

MACON (collecting his wits)

Uh...

(a beat; trying to be polite, not to cause concern)

Would, could you...please come down...where I can see you? I, uh, I just need to ask you a question.

(Pause; no response)

MACON (with a little more aggravation, but still politely)

I said, I just need to ask you a question. That's all. But, I need to ask you right now...I

can't stay.

(beat)

Do you mind...uh...coming down?

YINNIE

Why? I can hear you plain as day right here, assuming it's not a long question. Those can take a while....

(beat)

but I'm coming down. In a bit. I always do. I never stayed up here over one whole day and night. But I been up here long enough each time ...if you know what I mean.

(a beat; she steps around billboard)

And again, I say, Hello down there.

(Pause)

YINNIE

This is a little awkward, isn't it.

MACON (frustrated, trying to stay calm)

Look, I don't want to bother you, I'm just passing, uh, through, and I need to...

YINNIE (interrupts)

Do you know who this is? Who's up on this sign, this name, I mean?

MACON

I'm not from around here. Listen—

YINNIE

Oh, I could tell that from looking at you.

MACON

Look...I—

YINNIE (traces over letters)

It's faded now, awful bad, but this here was my sister. She was Chancery Clerk, do you know what that is? They're the ones who manage the county land and...divorces; they're important politicians, but now that sounds kinda bad to a lot of people, the word politician I mean, I don't know anybody who'd think Chancery Clerk was a bad word, because I'm sure there are some people who don't even know that is, and anyway my sister wasn't bad at all, she wasn't.

MACON (becoming agitated)

Um—

YINNIE (continuing)

She did a lot of nice things to a lot of nice people and that's why they elected her, more than once, and she helped the mean ones too, I reckon, cause that's what you have to do sometimes, in politics...

(a beat)

...makes for strange bedfellas, they say.

MACON (interrupts)

Could—

YINNIE (overlaps)

I been practicing how to sleep standing up, myself, ever since they said that. Whoever they are...

MACON (with a little more force)

I'm sorry. About your sister. I'm sorry, but could...you tell...I need, you to, tell me how far it is to the next gas station.

(beat)

Please.

YINNIE (walks to the other end of the edge, points)

You can't tell from looking at it?

MACON

What...

(he follows along guardrail and peers over; sighs, a little more calmly)

I didn't see that. I left my—anyway, I'm not from around here, like I said.

YINNIE

Yeah. I think I know what you mean. And I guess I could tell you, I should've told you, anyway, since I am...and we're supposed to be real nice people...around here.

MACON

That's not far at all.

YINNIE (nods head, sucks on sucker)

No, it sure ain't.

MACON (almost to himself)

Ok. Ok.

(MACON tries to figure out what his next move should be)

YINNIE

If they're still open.

MACON (looks over guardrail again)

Looks like it. I see lights.

YINNIE

Whew, I tell you, I never seen a man holler so loud and kick and curse a car like that, not even my daddy. And let me tell you, he knew words you don't find in the dictionary...or the King James.

MACON (forces smile/giggle, breathes, shows frustration).

No, look, so, that station, it's just right off this road? If I walk back down...?

YINNIE (sighs)

I have to say I'm a little surprised at you.

(a beat)

Ain't you gonna ask me why I'm up here? If I was you, I'd probably wanna know ...especially if I saw someone just standing at random on a billboard sign, I mean it's a little late in the day for standing on billboard signs, wouldn't you say? I'd be more than happy to sure tell you why I sit up—

(a beat)

Wait, where's my manners, first things first. I'm Yinnie.

MACON (whispers)

Please. I don't—I just—

(a sigh)

Macon. I'm...Macon.

YINNIE

Mmmm...Macon. Macon, Macon, Macon. I think that's a perfect name for a man who's so quick to anger.

MACON

I'm not angry; I'm in a hurry. I got a headache. And, and I'm trying to get to, uh, in...to Kentucky, tomorrow. I got to at least get to Tennessee, tonight. But my, my car broke down.

YINNIE

I heard.

MACON

It's just frustration, that's all.

YINNIE

I see. I suppose that's a lot to make you frustrated, all right.

(a deep breath)

Well, it's a good thing your car broke down, anyway. The road's closed up there about half a mile. You couldn't have got through.

(MACON reacts).

YINNIE

You mighta got stuck.

MACON

Jesus Christ. Shit.

YINNIE

Yeah, about a mile up. It washed out last week in all that old rain, does it every big rain we get, the road's too low, and if it rains a lot the creek'll just rise right up out of itself and wash it away. Ain't got but a little wood bridge over the creek, anyhow, over, what they call Whip Creek, but I don't know why, it doesn't make me think of a whip at all, I don't guess anybody knows why, and what else you don't know is that the road goes gravel past the church. Right up there.

(she points)

They put out a sign down yonder. But I guess you didn't see that?

(a beat)

Industry has finally come to town. And the first thing they did was put up signs. Everywhere. Very first thing.

MACON (getting angry)

(a beat)

Fuck.

(MACON begins to kick the guardrail, making YINNIE crawl down from the billboard.)

YINNIE (**bold line said twice**, because the sucker is in mouth)

That's illegal. You can't, what's that word?....de, deface public property.

(MACON clinches fist)

And what you're doing qualifies as defacing public property. I learned that from my sister...

(a beat; a breath)

...too bad, about the road, though...maybe, maybe you were in too much a quick to see it, huh, the sign? Being in a hurry and all, anyway, I ain't never known anybody to get to Kentucky, or Tennessee, even, down this road, when it hadn't rained. It's a dead end. Just goes right to Mrs. Mary George's cows.