

**ACT I**  
**Scene 1**

**(Hick's farm. The lower field at dusk.  
A group of farmhands lounge around on old haybales  
drinking cider.)**

**(David, a City-type, plays genial host to his workers,  
pouring cider from a stone jug.  
Melissa, his wife looks on, sipping from a paper cup,  
batting away flies.)**

MELISSA:  
Happy, David? Is it everything you wanted?

DAVID:  
**(Takes a deep breath)**  
Perfect. Get a load of that fresh country air, Melissa.  
It's like a fine wine.

MELISSA:  
It must be corked then. The whole place smells of shit.  
There are flies everywhere and my God, these appalling  
animals...

DAVID:  
It's a farm, Melissa. Farms have livestock. What did you  
expect?

MELISSA:  
**(Indicates the farmhands)**

I was talking about them.

**(David puts a finger to his lips and indicates the farm  
hands)**

DAVID:  
Keep your voice down. Don't want to start off on the  
wrong foot. They can be very touchy these people. This is  
their world. I might own the freehold but the land really  
belongs them - these horny-handed sons of the soil.

MELISSA:  
They can keep it, as far as I'm concerned.

DAVID:  
Don't tell me you're having second thoughts. A bit late  
now, old girl.

MELISSA:

**(Sighs)**

This wasn't my idea, David. You're the one who wanted to play farms.

DAVID:

It's what I've always dreamed of, Mel. After years of riding that thankless money-go-round, I'll finally be doing something useful, productive.

MELISSA:

**(Indicating the farmhands)**

I expect this lot will actually be doing the producing. You'll just be standing around bellowing orders and getting in the way, same as always.

DAVID:

Ah, but that's where you're wrong, Mel. I'm planning a total hands-on scenario from the get-go. Learning the ropes from the ground up. The trick is getting on the right side of these people. Earning their trust. They're in tune with the seasons and the natural rhythms of the land. They remember techniques we've long forgotten with our urban upbringings.

MELISSA:

What makes you think they're going to tell you anything, david? What makes you think they can even talk?

DAVID:

Simple. You show interest, make them think you care; that you give a shit about their inconsequential lives. That you respect their little traditions. Then they'll do anything for you. Standard management technique. They're an absolute mine of information, these people. You can't buy this kind of expertise.

**(Indicates Gabriel)**

Look at that old scroat, I'll bet he's forgotten more about farming crops than most bio-chemists will ever know.

**(Old Gabriel takes a swig from his stone jug, most of it misses his mouth and dribbles down his chin)**

MELISSA:

Bet he can't even remember his own name.

DAVID:

Don't be ridiculous. We should talk to him. Come on, we need to mingle.

**(David and Melissa approach Gabriel. Smiling encouragingly.)**

DAVID:

And you are...?

GABRIEL:

They call me Old Gabriel. On account of I'm old and...uh...there's another reason...

DAVID:

David Collins and this is my...

GABRIEL:

I know who you be. You pale city-folk, you come here with your pale city skin and your pale city ways. But you don't know our ways.

DAVID:

Well, no, we don't know your ways, but we're very anxious to learn. That's why we're here.

GABRIEL:

Pale thighs and titties. Pale, like twelve-day-old milk-vomit you are.

MELISSA:

Charming.

DAVID:

I beg your pardon?

GABRIEL:

Like a dead vole embryo. Beyond the pale. You come here with your money, your Netflix and your mobile telephony and think you can do as you please but you don't know the ways of the country.

DAVID:

Funnily enough I was just saying as much to my wife.

**(Gabriel takes a sloppy sip and gazes up at David and Melissa for the longest time. The farmhands gather round.)**

GABRIEL:

You're not from round here, are you?

DAVID:

**(With exaggerated slowness)**

Yes, I think we may have already established that...

GABRIEL:

I can tell these things just by looking at a man. You be from the city. So how would you know our ways?

RUFUS:

No one knows the ways of the country like Old Gabe.

DAVID:

That's wonderful. And let me put your minds at rest, I may be the new landowner but I'm not here to impose. I'm here to learn, you see. I respect your ways, and really I have no desire to change them. My plan is to utilize your traditional methods, optimize processes and ultimately turn Hicks Farm into the best damn organic wheat producer in the South-West.

**(The farmhands murmur.)**

RUFUS:

Wheat? Won't be seeing much wheat from these parts. Not now. Not with the way things be.

**(David and Melissa sit)**

DAVID:

Why on earth not?

BENNY:

You best ask Old Gabe about that.

GABRIEL:

It's to do with our ways...which you'm don't know.

DAVID:

Any chance you could be a little more specific?

GABRIEL:

Won't be much corn to speak of, on account of the Long man of Lydvale.

DAVID:

The Long Man? What's the Long Man got to do with it?

GABRIEL:

Shows what you know about our ways.

RUFUS:

The Long Man, your honour. The Lydvale Giant. Symbol of fertility, time out of mind.

DAVID:

I know what the Long Man is – the sodding great chalk chappie on the hillside over there with the truncheon thingy and the whacking great hoojamaflip. Course I do. Still part of this...my estate actually.

BENNY:

You don't see nothing amiss with the Long Man then?

DAVID:

How would I? Only been here a couple of days.

RUFUS:

The hoojamaflip? Saving your lady's presence.

**(David squints up at the distant hillside.)**

DAVID:

Can't see a damn thing.

GABRIEL:

On the half-lob, he is.

DAVID:

**(Gazing up at the hillside)**

Ah, now that you mention it...

MELISSA:

David...

**(David whispers in her ear.)**

MELISSA:

I see.

DAVID:

So?

RUFUS:

T'ain't natural.

GABRIEL:

The Long Man ain't never been on the half lob since living memory, though I did once hear the Old 'Un's tell on it.

DAVID:

Perhaps it was the cold winter. You know, what with snow covering the hillside. You forget what he's got and then suddenly...you know. Woops! Hello. Bit smaller than you remember.

RUFUS:

'Tain't that. 'Tis all them genetically modified thingies they're introducing.

GABRIEL:

You ever hear of crop circles? Indentations in the wheat-fields?

DAVID:

**(Laughs)**

Hoaxers. Idiots mucking about. Sad-sacks pretending to be aliens.

GABRIEL:

Them circles is the seed of the Long Man, his jizzm so to speak. Them's our beliefs. Them's our ways.

DAVID:

**(Uncomfortable)**

Ah...anyone fancy a top-up?

GABRIEL:

No circles out there this year, Mister David. Nor will there be, on account of the Long man not being hisself.

BENNY:

You listen to Old Gabe, Mister David.

DAVID:

Do you know, I think we might just finish our ciders and call it a night. My wife and I are rather tired.

GABRIEL:

Makes the land fertile. Won't happen now a course, with the Long Man on the half-lob.

DAVID:

**(GETTING TO HIS FEET)**

Oh, this is ridiculous.

GABRIEL:

If'n you want to see any kind of harvest, you'll take my advice. The Long man must be restored to his full self. Nothing else for it.

DAVID:

He's a chalk figure for Christ's sake. A piece of Neolithic graffiti. Any more of this nonsense and I'll bloody well go up there with a Strimmer and sort him out myself.

BENNY:

Strimmer won't do it.

GABRIEL:

Well, I did hear tell from the Old Un's hat there is one way to put the Long Man right.

DAVID:

Go on...

GABRIEL:

Special lady.

DAVID:

Special lady? What special lady?

GABRIEL:

Has to be willing to spend the night up there alone with the Long Man.

RUFUS:

A particular lady.

GABRIEL:

Of 'septional beauty and virtue.

BENNY:

'Tis the only way.

DAVID:

Well, I expect there might be someone from the village who'll...

GABRIEL:

No, your honour. This particular lady, see, must be the lady of the manor. No one else'll do.

BENNY:

'Sides, they all be skanks in the village.

DAVID:

You're actually suggesting I consider sending my wife up there to spend the night on her own, exposing her to the

elements and God alone knows what else? I won't hear of it.

GABRIEL:

**(Shrugs)**

Won't be no harvest then. Not hereabouts at any rate.

**(LIGHTS FADE)**

## **SCENE 2**

**(David and Melissa are having breakfast at the farmhouse table.)**

DAVID:

Ridiculous that I can't get a decent bloody harvest without having to pander to some chalk man's erectile dysfunction first. Superstitious bloody clods.

MELISSA:

You weren't the one who had to spend the night as a giant fluffer.

DAVID:

Yes, I'm sorry about that.

MELISSA:

Not so bad after all. Rather fun actually.

DAVID:

Must have been chilly, up there on the hillside, on your lonesome? You had the tent, of course.

MELISSA:

Like being in the Guides again. Can't say I got much sleep though.

DAVID:

You've got wheat in your...

**(Indicates her hair)**

**(Melissa removes a strand of wheat from her hair)**

**(David picks up a pair of binoculars to peer out at the distant hillside.)**

DAVID:

There's ruddy crop circles everywhere this morning, indentations, at any rate.



MELISSA:

Extraordinary.

DAVID:

I suppose they'll all be gobbing off about how the bloody thing's got his manhood back, but honestly, I can't see a sod of difference.

MELISSA:

That's because you don't know the ways of the country, David.

DAVID:

Mmm, I expect that'll be it.

**(BLACKOUT)**