BEEFY

by Alma Lindé

A couple of scenes from the play

SCENE 1

A postman riding a bicycle enters. He brakes, hops off and proceeds to unload a seemingly very heavy package. He finds a door with the name Bengtsson and knocks. Gerd opens the door, a cigarette hanging off her lip.

GERD
What's it about then?

POSTMAN
I've got a delivery for Beefy Bengtsson.

GERD
(takes a deep drag on her cigarette and blows the smoke into the postman's face)
Then you've come to the wrong place, pal.

POSTMAN
It says Bengtsson on the door, doesn't it?

GERD
Does it really?

POSTMAN
Don't you know what your door says?

GERD
I actually haven't got a clue…!

The postman hunches forward to read the back of the door. While he's not looking, Gerd swiftly snatches some letters from his bike's carrier.

POSTMAN
(reads the door) »Bengtsson«. Says so right here.

GERD
You sure you're reading it properly?

The postman takes a second look. Gerd swipes even more of his mail.

POSTMAN
Completely sure. The door says Bengtsson.

GERD
Now I get it. Must be 'cause MY name is Bengtsson. Gerd Bengtsson. Lovely to meet you.

She extends her hand to greet him. The postman gives her a strange look but takes her hand.

POSTMAN
Hello …

GERD
Actually, scrap that – here's a hug instead. (*She hugs him while deftly swiping the wallet from his back pocket)* I've got so *much respect* for the postal service. Truly, I think you do the most magnificent, wonderful job!

POSTMAN
(*Awkwardly wriggling himself out of her hug*) Uh … Right. Glad to hear it. But … Are you sure you don't know someone by the name of Beefy Bengtsson?

GERD
Never heard the name in my life.

KENNY
(*from inside*) Mum! What are you doing?! (*appears in the doorway, letting out a pointed sigh directed at the postman*) Just give it to me.

POSTMAN
Oh, so *you* know Beefy Bengtsson?

KENNY
Yeah. She knows her too. It's her daughter.

The postman leaves. Kenny turns to Gerd and gestures for her to place something in his hand.

GERD
What?

KENNY
I know you've nicked something.

GERD
Me? Steal? Never! I've turned over a new leaf. I'm practically a saint these days.

KENNY
Hand it over.

GERD
(pretends to cry) But I haven't taken anything! Oh, it shatters my heart… To be falsely accused like this when… when… when I've been a model of honesty and virtue for… for… for months!

KENNY
Knock it off, would you? You're just embarrassing yourself.

Gerd immediately stops her acting and instead looks just as grumpy as she feels.

GERD
(lets out an angry sigh and shoves a few letters into his hand) What did I do to deserve such nosy little coppers for kids …

KENNY
Just like I thought. Now give me the rest.

GERD
That's all of it.

KENNY
Give. Me. The rest.

Gerd sighs and hands over the remaining mail.

KENNY
And his wallet.

GERD
How would *you* know that I nicked his wallet?

KENNY
You *always* nick people's wallets!

Gerd scoffs and dramatically tosses the wallet onto the ground. Kenny picks it up and runs after the postman, carrying all the stolen items.

KENNY
Hold on a minute! I think you dropped a few things outside our place.

POSTMAN
Oh dear, clumsy me! Thank you so much!

Kenny returns. Just as he's approaching the door, Gerd slams it shut in front of his face. Kenny takes Beefy 's package and starts pushing it towards the forest.

SCENE 2

Mr. Nedrén sits in his office as Hårddiksson comes rushing in.

HÅRDDISKSSON
Mr. Nedrén! Hans Hårddiksson! I've worked for your company for thirty years! It's a true honour to finally meet you …

MR. NEDRÉN
Shall we get started? Time is money. My money.

HÅRDDISKSSON
Of course, Mr. Nedrén!

MR. NEDRÉN
Ahem. Well. I currently own ninety six percent of the earth's resources…

HÅRDDISKSSON
Wow! Congratulations!

MR. NEDRÉN
Don't interrupt me!

HÅRDDISKSSON
Oh, I'm sorry!

MR. NEDRÉN
As I was saying. I own ninety six percent of the earth's resources … And unfortunately, I'm not getting any younger.

HÅRDDISKSSON
You're too modest, Mr. Nedrén! You look no more than fifteen!

MR. NEDRÉN
What did I say about interrupting me?

HÅRDDISKSSON
Right! I sincerely apologise, Mr. Nedrén! Allow me to smack myself a few times to make up for it. *(starts hitting himself)*

MR. NEDRÉN
Anyway … When you're getting up in age such as myself, you start to reflect on what's truly important in life.

HÅRDDISKSSON
(still hitting himself) Naturally, Mr. Nedrén! That's very wise, Mr. Nedrén!

MR. NEDRÉN
I've been thinking about my children and grandchildren. As a matter of principle, it's essential that they inherit nothing, so that my entire fortune remains mine, even after my passing.

HÅRDDISKSSON
Certainly, Mr. Nédren. Without a doubt!

MR. NEDRÉN
Therefore, I am planning to relocate to outer space.

HÅRDDISKSSON
How spectacular! But could one actually live out there?

MR. NEDRÉN
Yes. My associates have identified a planet with the same living conditions as Earth. It's completely habitable for humans.

HÅRDDISKSSON
Is that so?! My word, Mr. Nedrén, just imagine when the world hears about this! You'll receive the Nobel Prize!

MR. NEDRÉN
(*grabs him around the neck*) Fool! No one must know of this! This is a matter of UTMOST DISCRETION! Is that clear?!

HÅRDDISKSSON
GULP! Understood!

MR. NEDRÉN
(*loosens his grip on Hårddiksson's neck*) Excellent. I need you to arrange secure and discreet transportation of all my assets to the space capsule asap. Do I need to remind you that there are deplorable people out there, scum who would stop at nothing to get their hands on my money?

HÅRDDISKSSON
GULP! Oh no! That won't be necessary! I'll get straight on it!

SCENE 3

BEEFY
(while doing her daily one thousand push-ups)
NINEHUNDRED NINETY ONE! GRRRRRH! NINEHUNDRED NINETY TWO! PFFFFFT! NINEHUNDRED NINETY THREE! EEEEEEHFFF! NINEHUNDRED NINETY FOUR! HNNGH! NINEHUNDRED NINETY FIVE! HEEEGH! NINEHUNDRED NINETY SIX! FNNNNH! NINEHUNDRED NINETY SEVEN! COME ONNNN! NINEHUNDRED NINETY EIGHT! WAAAAAH! NINEHUNDRED NINETY NINE! GAAAHHH! ONE THOUSAND PUSHUPS!

She stands up and brushes herself off.

BEEFY
Right. Easy work. I didn't even break a sweat.

Beefy gets a pack of eggs out.

BEEFY
Time for protein! I always have eggs for breakfast. One dozen eggs. Some people wonder how I manage to eat a dozen eggs. – "Isn't that a lot of eggs?" Yeah. It's quite a lot of eggs, actually. If you cook them.
So, I eat them raw, like a snake. Snake eggs. *(cracks an egg on her head and gulps it down)* Delicious.
I like to challenge myself sometimes, you know, see how many eggs I can fit in my mouth at once. *(pours another egg into her mouth)* One egg! *(pours in another)* Two eggs! *(pours in another)* Three eggs! *(pours in another)* Fhor eggs!

A large package is slowly and painstakingly pushed onto the stage. Beefy doesn't notice anything.

BEEFY
(pours two more eggs into her mouth) Fve eggs! Shix eggs! *(pours another egg into her mouth)* SVN EGGS!

The package is pushed further onto the stage, followed by Kenny, utterly exhausted and drenched in sweat.

KENNY
.....! *(collapses over the package)*

BEEFY
(pours another egg into her mouth) UIGHT EGGS! *(turns her head and spots her little brother, nearly spilling all the eggs from her mouth) KNE? WEHT, LMM SWLLW FSS!*

Kenny is too winded to reply. He's just lays there, barely conscious, trying to breathe. Beefy swallows. There are still lots of eggs left in her mouth. She swallows again. Still lots of eggs left. She swallows repeatedly.
Kenny keeps trying to catch his breath.

BEEFY
(*finally manages to swallow the eggs*) There we go! Good to see you, Kenny! What's up?

KENNY
(trying to speak) Yes … *(panting)* you … *(panting)* have … *(panting)* a … *(panting)* pa… *(panting)* ck… age …!

Kenny slides down the side of the box into a sitting position.

BEEFY
Package?! IT'S GOTTA BE MY KETTLEBELLS! I've ordered some proper nice kettlebells!

KENNY
Beefy? Beefy?

BEEFY
Yes? These are top kettlebells.

KENNY
Why don't you come home? *(when she doesn't reply)* We really miss you.

BEEFY
What do you mean "we"? Did mom say something?

KENNY
No, she hasn't said anything, but …

BEEFY
I *knew* it! *(jumps to her feet again and starts doing squats)*

KENNY
But I know that she does. She's just too proud to say something. But there are other ways of telling.

BEEFY
(aggressively squatting) What ways?!

KENNY
She's been puffing through like three packs of fags a day since you left…

BEEFY
She smokes three packs of cigarettes!?! A day?! Well, then I'm *definitely* not moving back! That's exactly why I left in the first place! You can't even stay there – it's impossible to breathe! *(works out more intensely the more frustrated she gets)* You shouldn't have to stay there either Kenny! It's no environment for kids!

KENNY
It's not that bad. At least it's a home, isn't it. Better than living out here in the middle of the woods.

BEEFY
I've got everything I need here. If I need a house, I'll build one. You've got to put in some effort in life. You can't just *take* whatever you want, like *some* people.

KENNY
But … we're your family. You only have one family.

BEEFY
I'll get my own family. Where everyone is big, beefy and loves working out.

KENNY
Don't you like me? Just because I don't exercise.

BEEFY
I like you. But you *should* exercise.

KENNY
What if I never start then?

BEEFY
You will. When I start my beef school for kids that want to get beefy, you're gonna attend, and then you'll get proper beefy. And after that, we'll be one big, happy, beefy family!

KENNY
What about mum then?

BEEFY
She can't come. You can't join if you're a smoker. It's extremely unhealthy, you know.

KENNY
There are good things about mum too, you know.

BEEFY
(quickly changes the subject) Now let's mess about a bit with these kettlebells!

KENNY
Uuuuugh, do we have to?

BEEFY
Yeah, we might as well hang out a bit now that you've come all this way, yeah?

She throws a kettlebell in Kenny's direction. Instinctively, he moves out of the way. The kettlebell lands on the ground, making a big hole.

BEEFY
What are you doing?! You've gotta catch it, yeah?!

KENNY
Are you trying to kill me? That thing could've dropped on my head!

BEEFY
Okay, sorry. I should have taught you the kettlebell clean first. *(takes one kettlebell and swings it up to her chest)* You know how to throw an uppercut, right?

KENNY
No!

BEEFY
Right, you have to learn it. It's an important skill. You can kill someone with just one punch, yeah, if you go for an uppercut.

KENNY
Sounds extremely useful.

BEEFY
This is how you throw the uppercut. UPPERCUT! (throws an uppercut). Your turn. UPPERCUT!

Kenny mimics the uppercut.

BEEFY
SAY IT!

KENNY
(*void of enthusiasm*) Uppercut …

BEEFY
Up the intensity Kenny! UPPERCUT!

KENNY
Uppercut. (*throws a half-hearted uppercut*)

BEEFY
Right, that's *slightly* better. You could kill a soggy biscuit with that. *MORE* INTENSITY! UPPER – *CUT*!

KENNY
Upper – cut!

BEEFY
Right. You've learned the uppercut. Now pick up your kettlebell and I'll teach you some basics.

Kenny picks up his kettlebell. It takes every ounce of strength to lift it as little as a few centimetres from the ground.

BEEFY
To do a kettlebell clean, you just slip your arm under the kettlebell like this as it comes towards you – like when you throw an uppercut. Then you make it stop. KETTLEBELL CLEAN. Understood?

KENNY
(*fully focused on holding the super heavy kettlebell*) Mm …!

BEEFY
Since you're already in position, let's do a kettlebell swing. Hold it like that with both hands and swing it back and forth between your legs.

Kenny unsuccessfully tries to move his kettlebell.

BEEFY
I can get it started for you. Like when I used to push you on the swings when you were little.

She gets behind Kenny and gives his kettlebell a push, sending it swinging forward at full speed. Her mind drifts back to when he was little, lost in memories.

KENNY
AAAAAAAAAAAAH! AAAAAAAAAAAAH!

BEEFY
(snaps out of it and sees what's happening) KETTLEBELL CLEAN! KETTLEBELL CLEAN!

Kenny let's go of his kettlebell as it flies past his shoulder. It crashes to the ground, making another hole.

BEEFY
Why didn't you kettlebell clean?

The telephone rings.

BEEFY
WHAT! Who's bothering me NOW in the middle of my workout?! It better be important! *(answers the phone*) Yes, Beefy speaking.

GERD
it's me.

BEEFY
Oh, it's YOU.

GERD
It is.

BEEFY
Why are you calling me?

GERD
Is Kenny there?

BEEFY
He is! Getting some exercise and *fresh* air!

GERD
Yuck! Child abuse!

BEEFY
And he sure could use it, considering what it's like at your place!

GERD
I don't have to put up with this crap.

BEEFY
It's not crap! It's the truth! *You can't handle the truth!*

GERD
I'm hanging up.

BEEFY
No, you're not! Cause *I'm* hanging up! *(emphatically hangs up)*

Gerd immediately calls Beefy back.

BEEFY
I SWEAR IT´S HER AGAIN! IT´S HER! IT´S HER AGAIN! (*picks up the phone*) BEEFY SPEAKING?!

GERD
It's me.

BEEFY
OH, IT'S YOU.

GERD
It is.

BEEFY
WHY ARE YOU CALLING?!?

GERD
I just wanted to see if you were going to apologise for hanging up on an elderly lady like that?

BEEFY
NO, I'M NOT! WHY WOULD I APOLOGISE FOR THAT?!

GERD
Right then! Guess we've got nothing more to talk about then, have we! (hangs up emphatically)

BEEFY
She hung up. She hung up on me. I'm losing it. I'm going mental. I *need* to *exercise*.

Beefy furiously starts doing random exercises, but her frustration grows with each passing second. Finally, she can't take it anymore. She grabs the phone and calls Gerd back.

GERD
Hello. Gerd speaking.

BEEFY
THIS IS BEEFY!

GERD
What do you want? Are you feeling guilty because you never call your old mum anymore?

BEEFY
NO I'M NOT! I'M ABSOLUTELY NOT! AND YOU! DO YOU FEEL GUILTY THAT YOU'RE RUINING MY WORKOUT?!

GERD
Most certainly not. You work out more than enough, as it is. One of these days you'll work yourself to death.

BEEFY
AND ONE OF THESE DAYS YOU'LL SMOKE YOURSELF TO DEATH! AND TAN YOURSELF TO DEATH! ONE SUNNY DAY!

GERD
Oh, so you think it'll be a beautiful day when I'm gone, do you? How lovely! What a charming thing to say to your own mother. The woman who once gave you the gift of life.

BEEFY
AND *I'VE* GIVEN *YOU…*

GERD
(cuts her off) GOODBYE*. (hangs up)*

Beefy goes mental. She tries calling back to deliver a cutting remark. The line is busy. She tries again. It's still busy.

BEEFY
SHE'S LEFT THE PHONE OFF THE HOOK! I HATE IT WHEN SHE DOES THAT! I'LL DO THE SAME THEN, SHE CAN'T CALL ME EITHER!" (*she slams the phone down and leaves it off the hook*)

KENNY
I don't get why you hate each other so much. You're exactly the same.

BEEFY
What! You're saying I'm like her?!

KENNY
Yeah.

BEEFY
That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!