

# The Country Vet

## by Andrea Louise Watson

Vicky is in her early 40's and stands by the entrance. She is dressed as in waterproof trousers and wellies with a polo shirt. She is obviously a vet. She is agitated waiting for someone.  
*She catches sight of the person she is waiting for*

VICKY

Malcolm! Malcolm Wait

*Malcolm walks out of the building. A good-looking man in his early to mid 40's, very smartly dressed. Oozes confidence and money. He carries car-keys in his hand and a briefcase. He is not happy to see her and puts his hands up as if to say go away.*

VICKY

Please just listen.. Don't say anything; just listen to what I have to say.

She struggles with her words

Don't marry Sophie. Please. As your best friend I should have said something earlier. When we were young we talked about your future wife. You made a list of all things she should be. She doesn't tick enough boxes. Sophie is beautiful and yes she has a figure to die for, and yes she won Miss Wetwang, but Malcolm, she is totally dense. You laugh at her, not with her. I took her on as a receptionist as a favour to you, and she filed everything under "M" for Mr or Mrs.

She thought Monty Python was a tropical snake. Seriously? She doesn't know who your idols are. Can you grow old with someone who doesn't know the words to 'Every Sperm is Sacred' or how to 'fart in your general direction'?

She's shallow. She changed the way you dress, what you eat. She won't give you the amazing life you deserve.

But I know a girl who is all the things you are looking for. I've known for over a year now. She is standing right here. And yes, she stinks of cow shit the majority of the time and can beat you in arm wrestle.

We would be perfect together – The NFU man and the country vet. We'd be like Hans and Leia, but with more mud.

And

I love you.

You need to know that.

Before you make a mistake.

THE END

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