

FLATTENED FAUNA...STOP AND EAT

By Jim Gustafson

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CAST: one male

Have you been Down South... I mean...the De-e-e-ep South....
Where roads ain't paved and they got real dark nights... Where
creatures freeze in your headlights... They don't run, they stand their
ground... 'til you smack 'em with an awful sound. If you ever find you're
down that way, you gotta check out this small café.... It's a place I once
stopped to dine and now you're gonna hear this tale a' mine....

When a woodland creature crossin' a street
And speeding car eventually meet

You've got the fixin's for swampland treat
At the "Flattened Fauna.... Stop and Eat".

Put Bayou Spice and a deep fried batter
Over anything.... It don't matter...

To make what they call "Swamp Gourmet"
Served up hot at this cafe....
The "Flattened Fauna... Stop and Eat".

I'll never forget that fateful night
When I thought I'd stop and grab a bite.

The sign said "Swamp Cuisine... Pipping Hot"
As I pulled into the parking lot.

A bearded giant, strong and heavy,
Knelt in front of a banged up Chevy.

"Come on in," He said, "Eat your fill"
As he pried some creature from his auto's grill.

Grab your chair and lock an' load
Got our menu from the road

Cook that carcass from the street
At the “Flattened Fauna... Stop and Eat”

“Grab a table, lot’s a seatin’.
These roadside critters, Them’s good eatin.”

Said, “Everything’s fresh today, my man!”
As he tossed that animal in a pan.

(Break character and chat with the audience)

Now I don’t claim to be very sophisticated... And I’m certainly not one of the chronic “Neat-Niks” who has to have everything “just so”... But I do draw the line when it comes to what I ingest. I mean, I don’t mind getting a nice piece of choice Porterhouse with those neatly seared marks in parallel rows... But I like to know they were created by charring the meat on a red-hot grill as opposed to being, maybe, skid-marks applied by a Goodyear Aqua-Tread...

Some of the finer restaurants I frequent even burn a little brand on the steak that proclaims “Chez Paul”...or “Chassen’s.” ...It’s a bit of culinary personalization that I find quaint and charming... However, at this roadside stop, I envisioned getting an undefined “filet of fauna” with an indelible imprint of a “Ford Bronco” logo or the outline of a “Pontiac Trans Am” hood ornament.
But I digress.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from FLATTENED FAUNA...STOP AND EAT by Jim Gustafson. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

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