

HAPPY PASTURES

An Adult Animated Series

"Pilot"

Written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HAPPY PASTURES DAIRY - DAWN

The sun rises over Happy Pastures Dairy Farm. The rolling fields glisten with morning dew. A dairy complex stands amid the green grass.

CLOSE UP on a scraggly ROOSTER crowing to signal the start of the day.

RANDY
(bellowing)
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
(clearing his throat)
Oh geez. Lot of phlegm.
(bellowing again)
Up and at em, ya filthy animals!

PAN OUT to reveal RANDY NUGGET the rooster, fully clothed and bipedal, ringing the barn's GOLDEN BELL.

HUMAN WOMEN trudge out of the barn. They wear potato sacks and FitBit bracelets over their otherwise bare bodies. The women yawn as they make their way to the green fields.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAWN

OATTIE HAYBARREL (a bipedal cow) scrambles eggs in the farmhouse kitchen. Her 9-year-old calf CLOVER sits at their kitchen table with MOOMAW HAYBARREL.

Moomaw, the glowing face of Happy Pastures Dairy, is a 90-year-old, rough-voiced cow with sagging utters. She always wears a bonnet.

Clover glues leaves onto a paper family tree.

MOOMAW
...And your great grandfather was
Sylvester Haybarrel, founder of
Happy Pastures Dairy. May he rest
in peace. Well, pieces. He died
tragically in a milking accident.

A painting on the wall shows SYLVESTER HAYBARREL hooking a woman up to a milking machine. He gives the camera a thumbs up.

CLOVER
Who's Uncle Alfalfa's son?

MOOMAW
Hell if I know. That's your
mother's kin.

OATTIE
His name is Red, sweetie. He's
Tippy's brother. Now, put that
away. It's time for breakfast.

Clover runs the family tree to her room while Oattie sets the
table.

MOOMAW
What time is that young'un gettin'
here?

OATTIE
Alfalfa is dropping her off around
noon.

MOOMAW
You got your work cut out for you
with that one.

OATTIE
You don't know that. Maybe Tippy
will be a natural.

Moomaw SCOFFS.

MOOMAW
I haven't smelled such horse shit
since Willy dated that mare from
Oklahoma.

Clover jumps back into her seat at the table.

CLOVER
Is Dad coming for breakfast?

Clover's dad WILLY HAYBARREL slams the kitchen's screen door.
His dramatic bull horns fill the room.

OATTIE
Speak of the devil.

Oattie kisses Willy on the cheek.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
Did you catch her?

WILLY

Woman wandered onto Sylvia Pam's land.

OATTIE

Again? We need to fix those fences. Maybe Tippy can help with that.

Willy SCOFFS.

WILLY

I haven't smelled such horse shit since I dated that mare from Oklahoma.

Clover GIGGLES. Moomaw nods as if to say "That's my boy." Oattie just shakes her head.

INT. CAR - DAY

ALFALFA BIG TOWN drives his daughter TIPPY BIG TOWN through Silver Utters, Tennessee. It's mostly farmland with a few stores here and there.

Tippy is a 19-year-old black and white cow. Her prim clothing shows she hasn't done a day of manual labor in her life.

TIPPY

Come on, Dad. I'll do community service. I swear.

ALFALFA

Nuh uh, I know how this works. You'll say you're doing community service, but you'll really be running to some audition in God knows where.

TIPPY

You know acting is my dream.

ALFALFA

Maybe you should have thought of that before you went on your little joyride.

TIPPY

It wasn't a "joyride." I was auditioning for the role of drunk driving teen #1 in the DMV's anti-drunk driving campaign.

ALFALFA

Then why did you drink a whole
bottle of tequila?

TIPPY

I was method acting, duh.

ALFALFA

(sigh)

I'm not going to pay your fine
unless you work for your aunt this
summer.

TIPPY

This is gonna suck teats.

Tippy slumps back in her seat. She stares at the cornfields
outside.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Moomaw, Oattie, Willy, Clover, and Randy are gathered on
their front porch. They stand in silence like a still
"American Gothic" style painting.

MOOMAW

Well, I'm gonna go file my hooves.

RANDY

I'm gonna check Chicken Tinder.

They turn to leave.

OATTIE

Y'all stop right there. They'll be
here any minute now.

INT. CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Tippy and Alfalfa turn onto the dairy's rough driveway.

INTERCUT the farmhouse/the car.

ALFALFA

Pasture, sweet pasture.

TIPPY

It smells like corn.

The Haybarrels spot the car from a distance.

OATTIE
See, there they are.

Moomaw and Randy stop to watch the car approach.

ALFALFA
You love corn!

TIPPY
Yeah, with barbecue.

ALFALFA
Uh oh.

Alfalfa and Tippy reach a precarious bridge over a shallow ravine. There's no way around it. They must cross the bridge to get to the farmhouse.

Alfalfa stops the car a few feet from the bridge.

OATTIE
Come on, Alfalfa. You can do it.

Willy snickers.

WILLY
They're not gonna cross that bridge.

RANDY
My ex saw that bridge and laid an egg.

MOOMAW
That mare from Oklahoma saw that bridge and shit her pants.

The car inches closer to the bridge.

ALFALFA
Oh boy, this is the big one.

The front wheels cross over onto bridge. The bridge CREAKS loudly. The whole car shakes.

TIPPY
Just reverse.

ALFALFA
I can't. We have to cross this bridge to get to your Aunt Oattie's house.

TIPPY

I don't care about Aunt Oattie.

ALFALFA

Don't say that. The whole family's up there waiting for you.

Tippy looks up to the farmhouse.

TIPPY

Oh my god. Is that THE Moomaw Haybarrel?

ALFALFA

Yeah, that's Moomaw Haybarrel. Didn't she do some commercials back in the day?

TIPPY

Shut up and give me the wheel!

Tippy grabs the wheel. The car's wheels turn slightly towards the side of the bridge. It would be scary if the car was going faster than 5mph.

ALFALFA

Stop it, your license was revoked.

The car's front left wheel tips gently off the edge.

RANDY

It's like watching a slow trainwreck.

Tippy tries to turn the wheel.

ALFALFA

Let go, Tippy Leanne.

The car veers closer to the edge.

TIPPY

Okay, you take the wheel. I'll hit the accelerator.

Tippy slams Alfalfa's leg down on the accelerator.

The Haybarrels watch Tippy and Alfalfa slip into the ravine at a whopping 10mph.

RANDY

And off go the rails.

OATTIE

Let's go help 'em out.

The Haybarrels walk down to the ravine. As they arrive at the car, Alfalfa is frozen in shock. Tippy opens her window. She waves a photo portrait outside.

TIPPY

Moomaw Haybarrel, will you look at my headshot?

The Haybarrels just stare.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - EVENING

Alfalfa's car has been moved by the farmhouse. It's a little scratched up, but overall intact. The Haybarrel family leads Alfalfa outside.

ALFALFA

Thank you for taking care of Tippy this summer.

WILLY

Thank Oattie. You know how she loves helping wayward teens.

Tippy trails behind Moomaw like a puppy dog.

TIPPY

I've been taking this class on the Moo-sner technique. Are you familiar with it? Ah, who am I kidding? You're Moomaw Haybarrel. I bet you know all the techniques.

MOOMAW

I know a technique to get your hoof out of my ass.

ALFALFA

(to Tippy)

You be good for your Aunt, cow pie.

TIPPY

Yeah whatever.

(to Moomaw)

Is that like the Check-hoof technique?

Alfalfa steps into his car. He takes a deep breath as he shifts it into drive.

ALFALFA

Here we go.

The Haybarrels and Tippy watch Alfalfa drive to the bridge. Again, he slowly swerves into the ravine.

WILLY

(with a sigh)

I'll go push him out.

Willy walks to the car.

OATTIE

Tippy, you can help us with the evening milking.

TIPPY

Thanks, but I'm going to run some lines with Moomaw.

MOOMAW

No, she ain't.

Moomaw slams the farmhouse's screen door.

OATTIE

Come on, it won't be so bad.

CLOVER

Let's go milk some people!

Clover runs to the barn with a child's enthusiasm. Tippy SIGHS. She follows begrudgingly.

EXT. BARN - EVENING

Tippy follows Oattie and Clover to the barn.

TIPPY

Where are all the people?

OATTIE

Oh, Wilder is bringing them in from pasture.

Randy RINGS the barn's bell.

RANDY

Incoming!

A herd of women stampedes towards the barn.

In the distance, a RED STALLION runs around the women. His burly gait is sending them running.

TIME SLOWS DOWN.

Tippy watches WILDER FIELDS the stallion gallop on two legs. His long mane flows in the breeze. His muscles glisten in the golden sunlight. It's like a telenovela.

REAL TIME.

OATTIE
(yelling)
TIPPY!

Oattie's scream breaks Tippy's trance. Tippy looks over to see Oattie, Clover, and Randy standing on a tall structure of hay bales. They are waving for her.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
GET OUT OF THE WAY!

The herd of women runs straight for Tippy. She's about to get trampled when Wilder pushes her out of the way. He carries Tippy up the hay bales.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
You have to be more careful. You could have gotten trampled.

TIPPY
(to Wilder)
You're like a knight in shining armor.

WILDER
Just be more careful.

Wilder hops down. He follows the women into the barn.

INT. MILKING PARLOR - SOON AFTER

The farm crew hooks the women up to machines in the milking parlor. Oattie and Tippy stand in front of a WOMAN (CAROLINE) in a stall. There's a machine with long suction tubes attached. Oattie demonstrates how to use it.

OATTIE
Now you just gently attach one suction cup to each breast.

Tippy shifts uncomfortably as the cups are attached.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
Press this button.

With a press of the button, the milking machine lights up. It SHAKES with a LOUD WHIRLING NOISE. Tippy's eyes widen.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
And viola! Milk travels from the breasts into that container.

They watch a nearby container fill with milk.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
The suction cups will detach once the breasts are empty.

TIPPY
And it doesn't like... hurt them?

OATTIE
No, the women actually like being milked. It feels good to them.

Oattie pats the woman's head.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
Isn't that right, Caroline?

Caroline grimaces with pain.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
We give the women names so we get that personal connection. Oh, and they each have these FitBit wristbands that monitor their daily health.

Oattie checks the FitBit.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
Caroline has already yielded 3 gallons of milk today. She's doing great.

Oattie leads Tippy to the next stall.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
Here, you can try this one.

Oattie hands Tippy a suction tube. She immediately drops it.

TIPPY
I'm sorry, I can't.

Oattie smiles understandingly. She leans in like she's telling Tippy a secret.

OATTIE
I think I know something you'll like.

CUT TO:

INT. BABY NURSERY - EVENING

Individual hutches full of CRYING HUMAN BABIES fill a smaller barn. Oattie leads Tippy inside. Tippy shouts over babies' WAILING.

TIPPY
This doesn't feel any better.

OATTIE
Trust me, you'll love this.

Clover preps bottles of baby formula on a nearby workbench.

CLOVER
I got the bottles ready, Ma.

OATTIE
Thank you, Pumpkin.

Oattie grabs a few bottles. She leads Tippy to one of the hutches, opens the lid, and lifts a BLUBBERING BABY GIRL out. Oattie rocks the baby lovingly.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
There, there, little one.

She passes the baby girl to Tippy.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
This sweet girl was born 3 days ago. She doesn't even have a name yet.

TIPPY
Can I name her?

OATTIE
Sure, that's the spirit.

TIPPY
How about Sprinkles McSugar Cheeks?

Tippy squeezes the baby's chubby cheeks.

OATTIE

I like it. Would you like to feed
Sprinkles?

Tippy nods. Oattie passes her a bottle.

OATTIE (CONT'D)

Make sure you hold it at an angle.
If you see bubbles, the baby isn't
getting any formula.

Sprinkles slurps the bottle.

TIPPY

Oh, she seems happy.

OATTIE

I think Sprinkles likes you.

TIPPY

I think I like her too.

Sprinkles makes an uncomfortable face. Tippy pulls the bottle
away.

TIPPY (CONT'D)

Am I doing something wrong?

The baby SPITS milk into Tippy's face. Oattie LAUGHS.

OATTIE

No, that just happens sometimes.

TIPPY

Great.

Tippy forces a painful smile.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. HAPPY PASTURES DAIRY - DAWN

The sun rises over the fields of Happy Pastures Dairy.

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Tippy sleeps in a makeshift guest room in the farmhouse's basement. CLOMP, CLOMP, CLOMP. The loud spurs on Willy's cowboy boots bang the ceiling above Tippy. Bits of dust fall into Tippy's open mouth.

She wakes up to spit out the dust.

TIPPY
(spluttering)
Ugh, what?

Tippy listens to the spurs CLICKING above. She pulls her pillow over her ears, but dust still falls down on her. Tippy squeezes her eyes shut.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

A few hours later, Tippy carries a playbook into the kitchen upstairs. Oattie sits at the table with Clover's family tree.

OATTIE
Well, hey there stranger. You slept late.

TIPPY
It's 7am.

OATTIE
We start our mornings early here.

Clover runs out of her bedroom with a backpack.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
Looks good, sweetie. Tell Mrs. Horseradish that you deserve an A.

CLOVER
Thanks, Ma.

Clover kisses her mom on the cheek.

OATTIE
Now get before you miss the bus.

CLOVER
Bye, Tippy.

Clover GIGGLES as she runs out.

TIPPY
Do you know where Moomaw is? I
really need to run these lines.

OATTIE
Oh, you can do that later. You're
going to help Wilder fix some of
our fences today. He should be here
any minute.

Wilder walks through the screen door.

TIME SLOWS DOWN.

Wilder's entrance is slow and sensual, just like the first
time Tippy saw him. He grabs a bottle of water off the
counter. Tippy watches him gulp it down. A bead of water
drips down his neck.

REAL TIME.

OATTIE (CONT'D)
There's our star of the hour.

WILDER
You ready to go?

Tippy nods in awe of Wilder.

EXT. HAPPY PASTURES BORDER - MORNING

Tippy follows Wilder along the farm's barbed wire fence. They
stop at a section of fence where the wire is completely
broken.

WILDER
We've been having a lot of trouble
with the women escaping from this
patch.

He drops some fence repair tools. Pulls on some gloves.

WILDER (CONT'D)

Repairing a fence is pretty simple.
You just stretch, secure, separate
and wrap.

Wilder demonstrates the "simple" process of using a fence
stretcher to stretch the wire. Tippy watches his muscles flex
with each step.

TIPPY

So, have you like, been working
here for a while?

Tippy leans flirtatiously against the barbed wire fence.
Without thinking, she grabs the wire with her bare hooves.

Tippy SCREAMS in pain.

WILDER

What the hell are you doing?

He grabs Tippy's bloody hoof. It is gushing way more blood
than is normal.

TIPPY

I'm sorry!

WILDER

Why is there so much blood?

TIPPY

I'm a hemophiliac.

Wilder RIPS off his shirt. He wraps it around the hoof. Tippy
faints at the sight of Wilder's chiseled, bare chest.

WILDER

Sweet mother hen. Cow down!

Wilder throws Tippy over his shoulder. He fireman carries her
back to the farmhouse.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Oattie wraps gauze around Tippy's hoof. The bleeding has
slowed down substantially. Wilder watches with his arms
crossed. Moomaw enters from the hallway.

MOOMAW

Jesus, what'd this kid do? Fight a
bear?

OATTIE

Be nice, Moomaw. It was an accident.

Willy shouts from outside.

WILLY (O.S.)

Oattie, Thornton's here.

Oattie finishes securing the gauze.

OATTIE

That oughta do ya. Come on, let's all go see the new stud.

Tippy follows Oattie outside with relief.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The farm crew gathers near a truck and trailer. Randy has a large bucket of movie theater popcorn.

RANDY

Popcorn. Popcorn anybody?

MOOMAW

Did you add butter? It's not any good without butter.

RANDY

Milked the woman myself.

THORNTON, a large hairy bull, hops out of the truck.

WILLY

Thornton, you son of a gun.

THORNTON

Always good to see you, Haybarrel. I've got a first class delivery with your name on it.

Thornton taps the trailer with pride. He tries to lift the latch on the back of the trailer, but it won't budge.

THORNTON (CONT'D)

Sorry, latch is tricky.

Willy crosses to help Thornton. Oattie and Tippy talk to the side.

TIPPY

What's going on?

OATTIE

Thornton is a breeder from up north. He promised us his best stud of the season. Everyone wants to be here for the grand unveiling.

WILLY (O.S.)

What in tarnation?

REVEAL: A SCRAGGLY, HALF-NAKED GINGER BOY (around 19 years old but small) in the back of the trailer.

WILLY (CONT'D)

This is your best stud?

MOOMAW

(to Randy)

Is it sick?

Randy dumps his popcorn on the ground.

RANDY

Gross, I can't eat this anymore.

Thornton pushes the ginger kid out of the trailer.

WILLY

Oh no, we don't want this thing.

THORNTON

You already paid, my friend.

WILLY

Well, I want a refund.

Thornton climbs into his truck.

THORNTON

No can do. I don't give refunds on Mondays.

WILLY

What the hell kind of policy is that?

Thornton speeds away without closing the trailer's doors. They CLANG in the wind.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Get back here, you sneaky son of a two-headed bitch.

As Willy chases after the truck, Thornton shouts out the window --

THORNTON

Thank you for your business!

OATTIE

(to Tippy)

Don't worry, the ravine will stop him.

Thornton speeds headfirst into the ravine. He drives straight back out without stopping. The Haybarrels are left in a trail of dust.

OATTIE (CONT'D)

Well, that's a first.

Willy runs back to the family.

WILLY

(out of breath)

What are we supposed to do with this?

The family stares at the ginger kid. The kid shivers in the breeze.

INT. BARN - EVENING

The ginger kid cowers in the corner of a secluded stall. The barn is empty except for Tippy. She holds a corn cob into the stall.

TIPPY

Hey there, do you want some corn?

The kid inches closer to Tippy.

TIPPY (CONT'D)

I don't like it, but maybe you will.

The ginger kid slowly takes the corn from Tippy. As soon as he grabs it, he races back to his corner. The kid nibbles on the corn like a rabbit.

TIPPY (CONT'D)

You're kind of cute. I don't know why everyone hates you.

The kid frowns.

TIPPY (CONT'D)

It's okay. I don't exactly fit in here either.

(MORE)

TIPPY (CONT'D)

Moomaw said she'll listen to me run lines when pigs fly, and Hog Airlines just had that malpractice lawsuit, so it may be a while.

GINGER KID

(empathetically)

Gah...

TIPPY

I know right? We should at least give you a name. What about King Marshmallow?

The kid GURGLES. He's like a baby trying to speak.

GINGER KID

(upset)

Grrrrr, gah, gah gah.

TIPPY

Okay, not King Marshmallow. Sir Wellington the 4th?

GINGER KID

(more upset)

GAH, DUH, GUH.

He gags.

TIPPY

Definitely not Sir Wellington the 4th. Hear me out. How do you feel about Timothy JonBenét Bader-Ginsburg?

GINGER KID

(considering)

Hmm.....

TIPPY

Just Timothy?

GINGER KID

(approving)

Gah.

TIPPY

"Just Timothy" it is. We're going to be friends, Just Timothy. Can you say friends?

JUST TIMOTHY

Fr- fr- fr- fr-
(frustrated)
GAH!

TIPPY

It's okay. We'll work on it. Do you
want to help me run lines?

Tippy passes Just Timothy her playbook. He nibbles on the
corner.

TIPPY (CONT'D)

No, no nibbling. Open the book to
page 5.

Tippy helps Just Timothy find the page.

TIPPY (CONT'D)

Let's start from the top of the
page.

JUST TIMOTHY

(reading)
Arg, gurgh, gah, go, gah, gur,
dugh.

TIPPY

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse
thy name; or, if thou wilt not, be
but sworn my love. And I'll no
longer be a Capulet.

JUST TIMOTHY

Gah do gah mo, grr gah duh gih go
gah?

TIPPY

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a
Montague...

Just Timothy tilts his head as he listens to Tippy. Does he
actually understand her?

INT. MILKING PARLOR - EVENING

The farm crew gathers the milk containers in a spot at the
end of the barn.

OATTIE

Good work today, Tippy. I think you're getting the hang of it.

She pats Tippy on the back.

TIPPY

Thanks, it wasn't so bad.

Wilder approaches Tippy.

WILDER

How's that hand doing?

TIPPY

Oh, it's a lot better.

WILDER

How'd you fall on the fence anyway?

TIPPY

I was just, uhm, leaning on it.

WILDER

Why would you do that? It's barbed wire.

TIPPY

I lean on things sometimes. See?

She puts her full weight on a milk container behind her. It falls slowly at first, then its crash sets off a chain reaction that sends all the containers of milk toppling over like bowling pins. Their milk spills on the floor.

Willy's face turns red. He bursts out --

WILLY

Blazing runny bull shit!

OATTIE

Now, Willy. Stay calm.

WILLY

I have had it today, Oattie.

OATTIE

I know, today's been tough.

WILLY

You deal with the girl. And call Sylvia Pam about that ginger stud. I'm going to bed.

Willy storms off.

TIPPY
Who's Sylvia?

OATTIE
She's just the local butcher.

Tippy's face turns ghostly white.

TIPPY
You're sending Just Timothy to the
butcher?

OATTIE
Did you name the stud Timothy?
That's a cute name.

TIPPY
It's "Just Timothy."

OATTIE
I'm so sorry. We'll have to sell
him for meat, dear. That's the only
way we'll make any money off him.

TIPPY
You're going to murder Just Timothy
for money?

OATTIE
Now, hang on. It's not murder. It's
more complicated than that.

TIPPY
I'm not going to live with
murderers. I'll do community
service. I don't care.

Tippy storms into the barn.

OATTIE
Wait, Tippy. Let's talk about this.

WILDER
She'll be fine.

RANDY
Just don't tell her about the time
I mauled a man with my bare beak.

What?

WILDER

OATTIE
When did you do that?

They stare at Randy. His eyes dart around nervously.

INT. BARN - SOON AFTER

Tippy stands at Just Timothy's stall.

TIPPY

Don't worry, Just Timothy. Friends
don't let friends get murdered.

JUST TIMOTHY

(concerned)

Fr- fr- fr-, mur- mur- mur?

TIPPY

(shushing)

Shhh- Just eat your corn.

Tippy hands Timothy another ear of corn. He eats it without a
care in the world.

CUT TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. HAPPY PASTURES DAIRY - NIGHT

The fields of Happy Pastures are completely empty. The humans have been brought in for the night. A slight breeze BLOWS over the field of corn. The moon glistens in the sky. Crickets CHIRP.

INT. FARMHOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

Tippy sneaks up the basement stairs in all black stakeout gear. She moves slowly so her hooves don't click against the wooden boards. She is almost at the top when she accidentally steps on a CREAKY stair.

Tippy stops to listen. There is no movement in the house. She finishes climbing up the stairs.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

At the top of the stairs, the farmhouse kitchen is dark -- so dark that Tippy almost doesn't notice Moomaw lying face down at the kitchen table. She GASPS.

Tippy shines her phone light on Moomaw. She checks for a pulse.

As Tippy's hoof grazes Moomaw's neck, Moomaw jolts awake.

MOOMAW

Huh? Who is it?

(seeing Tippy)

Oh, it's just you. Why are you wearing black? You look like a widow.

TIPPY

Uhm... I'm going to a funeral for my friend Madame Pâle Amie who could only go outside at night because they had that condition where the sunlight burns your skin. We're doing the ceremony at night to pay our respects.

MOOMAW

Don't lie to me, child.

TIPPY

Uh --

MOOMAW

You're sneaking out to see Wilder.
It's not the first time one of our
wayward teens has gone starry eyed
for that stallion.

TIPPY

You caught me.

MOOMAW

Don't worry. I'll cover for you.

TIPPY

Really?

MOOMAW

These utters weren't always saggy.
Go get some for the both of us.

TIPPY

Thank you!

Tippy races out as quietly as possible.

MOOMAW

Ah, young lust.

Oattie wanders into the kitchen.

OATTIE

Who are you talking to, Moomaw?

MOOMAW

Oh, you know me. Just hearing
voices again.

OATTIE

Let's get you to bed.

Oattie guides Moomaw back to her room.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tippy runs down the hill to the barn.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Just Timothy sleeps in the fetal position near empty cobs of
corn. Tippy sneaks up to his stall. She WHISPERS --

TIPPY
Just Timothy. Just Timothy.

Just Timothy opens his eyes.

JUST TIMOTHY
Gah?

TIPPY
I need you to come with me. You can
ask questions later.

JUST TIMOTHY
(tired)
Gah, dugh, dah, guh.

TIPPY
I have more corn.

She holds out another ear of corn to Just Timothy. Just Timothy gravitates to the corn. When he gets close, Tippy pulls it away.

TIPPY (CONT'D)
But you have to come with me first.

JUST TIMOTHY
(relenting)
Gah. Gah. Dah, ugh.

Tippy opens the gate. She leads Just Timothy out of the stall.

TIPPY
That's it. This way.

Just Timothy walks the other way.

TIPPY (CONT'D)
No, this way.

Just Timothy follows Tippy out of the barn.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Tippy peers around the corner of the barn. There's no one in sight.

TIPPY
Coast is clear. Let's go.

She runs with Just Timothy across the pasture. A LIGHT turns on in the farm's guest house.

TIPPY (CONT'D)
Quick, into the corn.

Tippy pulls Just Timothy into the field of corn.

EXT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Tippy tries to navigate through the confusing rows of corn. Just Timothy stops to sniff the ears of corn. He pulls back a husk to nibble.

TIPPY
Just Timothy, what are you doing?

JUST TIMOTHY
(innocently)
Gah, huh, duh.

TIPPY
You can't eat this corn. We have to get out of here.

Just Timothy chomps onto the corn he unsheathed.

TIPPY (CONT'D)
No, drop it.

She tries to pull the corn away.

JUST TIMOTHY
(growling)
Grrrrrrrrrr.

TIPPY
Drop it.

Tippy swats the top of his nose like a dog. This forces him to drop the corn.

TIPPY (CONT'D)
Good boy. Follow me.

Tippy starts to leave. Just Timothy reaches for the corn he dropped.

TIPPY (CONT'D)
Leave it.

JUST TIMOTHY
(disappointed)
Gahhhhhhhhh.

Just Timothy finally follows Tippy.

EXT. HAPPY PASTURES BORDER - CONTINUOUS

Tippy and Just Timothy exit the field of corn. They've arrived at the section of fence that Tippy and Wilder left unfinished.

TIPPY
I need you to go now, Just Timothy.

JUST TIMOTHY
(confused)
Hrrrh?

TIPPY
You belong in the wild. You can finally be free.

Just Timothy tries to pull Tippy with him.

JUST TIMOTHY
(imploring)
Grrrrrr-uuuuuuuh.

TIPPY
No, I can't come with you.

Just Timothy angrily sits on the ground.

JUST TIMOTHY
(pouting)
Grrr, gah, gah, huh, guh.

TIPPY
Just Timothy, please.

Tippy spots a light flashing through the cornfield. Her gentle demeanor changes. She pulls Just Timothy up forcefully.

TIPPY (CONT'D)
Get out of here, you filthy animal.

JUST TIMOTHY
(hurt)
Hrrrrm.

TIPPY
Can't you see I don't want you anymore?

She pushes him over the fence.

TIPPY (CONT'D)
Go on. Get.

Tippy turns her back on Just Timothy. He looks at her confused.

JUST TIMOTHY
Fr- fr- friend?

A tear falls from Tippy's eye.

TIPPY
(screaming)
I'm not your friend anymore. I hate
you.

Just Timothy runs away sobbing.

JUST TIMOTHY
(blubbering)
Fr- fr- friend, GAHHHH!

Tippy collapses on the ground. She cries silently.

Wilder emerges from the cornfield with a flashlight. He flashes it at Tippy.

WILDER
What the hell is going on here?

She looks Wilder in the eye.

TIPPY
Friendship.

Tippy stands with pride.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Wilder pulls Tippy in the screen door.

WILDER
(shouting)
Oattie. Willy.

Oattie and Willy enter from their bedroom.

WILLY
What is all the fuss about?

Moomaw walks in too.

MOOMAW
They're running away together. I
always knew this day would come. I
just didn't think it'd be so soon.

WILDER
What? No. I'm not running away with anybody.

MOOMAW
(to Tippy)
You lied to me.

TIPPY
I had to save Just Timothy.

OATTIE
This is about the stud?

WILDER
I caught this one "setting him free" through the broken fence.

WILLY
You did what now?

OATTIE
Sweetheart, that opening leads to Sylvia Pam's land.

TIPPY
What? I -- I didn't know.

OATTIE
Come with me.

Oattie pulls Tippy out of the house.

EXT. SYLVIA PAM'S LAND - NIGHT

Just Timothy wanders through an eerily quiet field of wheat. The wind blows through his ginger hair. He shivers in the breeze. Ahead of him, a giant SLAUGHTERHOUSE burns bright with an ominous red light.

Just Timothy walks towards the light.

INT. TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

Oattie, Willy, and Tippy speed down a bumpy backwoods road. Oattie watches Just Timothy's GPS tracker blink on her cellphone.

OATTIE
The stud is headed towards the slaughterhouse.

WILLY
Gosh damn it, Tippy.

TIPPY
I'm sorry, I didn't know.

Oattie takes a sharp turn onto an even bumpier road.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Just Timothy approaches the doors to the slaughterhouse. He inches the doors open just far enough to see human cadavers hanging inside. He almost takes another step when --

SYLVIA PAM (O.S.)
Well, aren't you some lean meat?

He turns around to see A FAT HOG IN A NIGHTGOWN aiming a shotgun at him. This is SYLVIA PAM.

JUST TIMOTHY
(confused)
Gah?

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS blinds Sylvia and Just Timothy. The Haybarrel's truck speeds into the scene. It kicks up a dust storm as Willy slams on the brakes.

Oattie and Willy jump out.

OATTIE
Stop!

WILLY
If you want that stud, you gotta pay for it.

SYLVIA PAM
That pile of chicken bones isn't worth my spit.

Tippy runs to Just Timothy.

TIPPY
(calling out)
No one is selling Just Timothy.

JUST TIMOTHY
Friend!

They run to each other. The human and cow embrace.

TIPPY

I'm so sorry. I never should have left you.

JUST TIMOTHY

(thankful)
Ga-good friend.

SYLVIA PAM

Did that sack of meat just talk?

TIPPY

That sack of meat has a name.

JUST TIMOTHY

Ju-uh-uh-st, Ti-MOH-thee.

SYLVIA PAM

\$20,000 for the talking sack of meat.

WILLY

Sold!

OATTIE

Now hold on, Willy. Thornton did say that was his best stud of the season --

WILLY

Yeah, but that was a load of horse shit --

Oattie elbows Willy.

OATTIE

I mean, a talking stud. That's worth a lot of MONEY.

WILLY

Ahhh yes. On second thought, we're not selling.

SYLVIA PAM

You already said sold. No take backsies!

WILLY

We never shook on it. A man's word is only as good as his handshake.

OATTIE

You have a good night, Sylvia.
(whispering to Tippy)
Quick, put the stud in the back.

Will grabs Just Timothy. He tosses Just Timothy in the back of the truck. Tippy climbs in with Just Timothy.

Oattie and Willy quickly jump into the front.

SYLVIA PAM

Hold on, that stud was on my land.

OATTIE

(to Willy)
Step on it.
(shouting to Sylvia)
Tell the kids Clover says hi!

The Haybarrels speed off with Just Timothy and Tippy in the back. They huddle together in the chilly wind.

Sylvia watches the truck's headlights disappear.

SYLVIA PAM

This ain't the end, Haybarrel.
Ain't the end.

She picks up her rifle, slides into the slaughterhouse, and slams the door shut.

CUT TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED