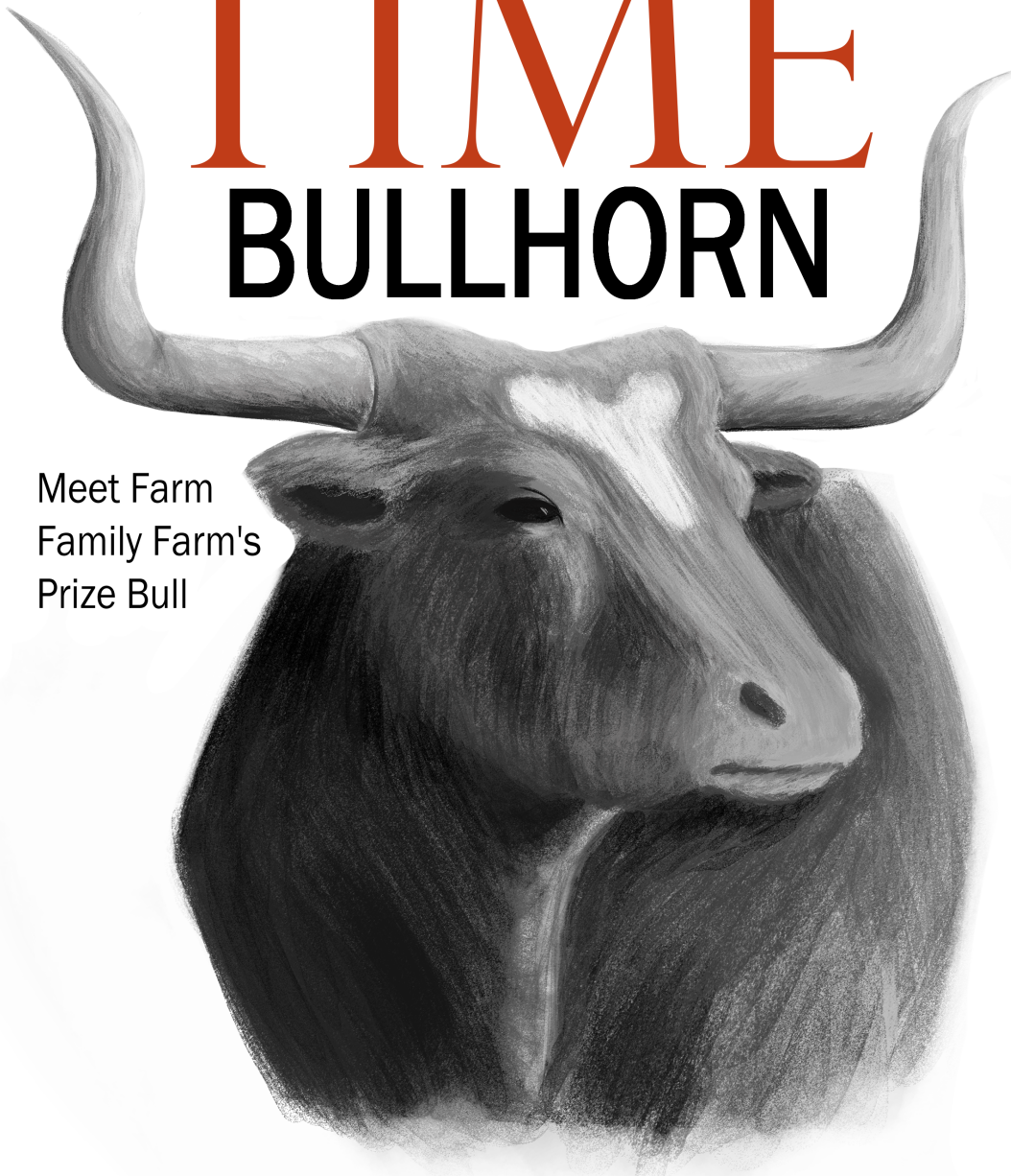


TIME BULLHORN

Meet Farm
Family Farm's
Prize Bull



The Most Valuable Bull Stud
in the World

BULLHORN

Written by
Graham Morris

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Draft 3 (12/4/2020)

Graham Morris
grahammorris@cox.net

TEASER

1 INT. CUM ROOM - DAY

1

Meet BULLHORN. He's the handsomest bull you've ever seen, with a DICK-SHAPED PATCH of pale fur on his forehead.

He stands in a sterile room, surrounded by what are known only as "jack-off technicians." But Bullhorn's only got eyes for the eminently fuckable young cow in front of him.

BULLHORN

Moo.

Bullhorn's rarin' to go, he rears up on his hind legs, ready to mount- but in a deft sleight-of-hand, a jack-off tech slips a clear plastic cone in between the two lovers.

Moos of ecstasy echo as we watch Bullhorn's seed slither down a latex tube into a refrigerated container.

2 INT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS/AUCTION HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

2

The cumtainer is passed from the hands of a J-0 Tech to a tuxedo-ed AUCTIONEER, who stands on a balcony above the biggest Cracker Barrel you've ever seen.

Assembled below is a spectacularly multicultural group of ranchers from around the world. He presents the fresh tube.

AUCTIONEER

What we have here is a fresh specimen
of prime Bullhorn seed, valued
starting at...

He observes the liquid inside with a jeweler's glass.

AUCTIONEER (cont'd)

Five million dollars.

Five million!? The audience explodes into frenzied bidding, vaulting the price higher and higher, until-

AUCTIONEER (cont'd)

Going once, going twice... sold for
thirty million to Naranbaatar Lhagva.

LHAGVA is a fabulously wealthy Mongolian rancher, who nods silently in acknowledgment.

3 **EXT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS/PASTURE - AFTERNOON** 3

Bullhorn knows he's worth every dollar. He stands on a hill, overlooking everything the light touches. The king of the pasture.

4 **INT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS/BACHELOR PADDOCK - NIGHT** 4

This is tricked out with everything a bull stud could need: a nice cushy bed, peaceful sounds of nature piped in over a state-of-the-art sound system, a lifetime subscription to "Udders" magazine.

But the walls are wood-applique over reinforced steel. The windows onto the pasture are bulletproof glass. The door is keypad locked, keeping Bullhorn safe and secure. The primary J-O Tech, whose name-tag reads DOCTOR RANDALL, gazes at the resting bull soulfully.

DOCTOR RANDALL
To trade lives, just for one day...

He sighs, locks the door.

5 **INT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS/BACHELOR PADDOCK - LATER THAT NIGHT** 5

Bullhorn snores loudly in his bed. The keypad beeps. A LONG SHADOW reaches across the straw-strewn floor. One bulbous eye opens, and then the other.

BULLHORN
Moo?

BANG! BANG! BANG! Three claps of gunfire, and our prize-winning bull collapses, frozen with the blank stare of death. Bull's eye.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE6 INT. COURTHOUSE/FAMILY COURT - MORNING

6

Meet HELENA (soon to be) DE VRIES (30s, Dutch-ish), dressed for business, drumming the desk impatiently.

She is represented by DON WASHINGTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW (50s, cheap suit), a balding Jon Polito-type. Sitting opposite her is JOHN WASHINGTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW (ditto), Don's identical twin brother.

JOHN WASHINGTON

Your honor, when my client said he'd "Be here early next time," he was clearly referring to the next time he got divorced.

The put-upon judge spins his gavel like a top. He wants to be anywhere else but here.

JUDGE

And when would that be, Mister Washington?

The brother interrupts.

DON WASHINGTON

About a week after the next time he gets married.

JOHN WASHINGTON

Objection, your honor, that question was clearly directed at me.

DON WASHINGTON

Objection, your honor, am I not a Mister Washington as well?

JOHN WASHINGTON

Objection, your honor, I was born first so all references to "Mister Washington" default to me.

DON WASHINGTON

Objection, your honor, my brother is clearly mom's failed first draft at a baby and I should have eaten him in the womb.

JOHN WASHINGTON

Objection-

JUDGE
SHUT UP! Or I swear to God I'll come
down there and show you what this
gavel is really for.

He slams the gavel, it sharply echoes through the room.

Like a gopher popping out of its hole, ELLIOT GORDON (30s, a
less handsome Mark Ruffalo) shoots up from between the
benches in the back of the room, rudely awoken.

ELLIOT
Present!

HELENA
Oh my God.

JUDGE
Mister Gordon have you been sleeping
back there this whole time?

ELLIOT
Got here early so I wouldn't miss it.

The judge rests his head on one hand, eyes closed.

JUDGE
I'm calling this court into session
for the last time, so help me God. On
the subject of...

He adjusts his glasses to read the document on his podium.

JUDGE (cont'd)
Cat... visitation rights. Your
argument, Elliot?

JOHN WASHINGTON
Your honor, the Cat is unequivocally
the property of my client. It
followed *him* into the office and
climbs on *his* back, *not* Helena's.

JUDGE
I see. And Helena, how do you plead?

DON WASHINGTON
Your honor, my client has fed and
cleaned its litter-box for years.
Elliot simply lacks the
responsibility to care for another
living being. He barely seems up to
taking care of himself.

Elliot slaps the table and stands up.

ELLIOT
Objection! Unnecessarily mean!

Helena slaps the table and stands up.

HELENA
Overruled! I had to remind you to
brush your teeth every night!

ELLIOT
...withdrawn.

The judge looks between the two incredulously.

DON WASHINGTON
Additionally, my client will be
retaining ownership of both the house
and the office space, giving the Cat
ample room to frolic and live out its
feline duties.

Elliot is visibly hurt by this.

JOHN WASHINGTON
Your honor, my client has as much
right to the house and office as
Helena does, and granting them both
to her is, eh... openly emasculating.

Elliot glares at his lawyer.

DON WASHINGTON
We've been over this, your honor. My
client used her former family fortune
to purchase both properties, a
fortune that Elliot is explicitly not
party to, as per the prenuptial
arrangement.

The judge looks at his watch and shakes his head.

JUDGE
Due to Elliot's late arrival, I'm
gonna cut this one short. Elliot, due
to a repeated demonstrable lack of
responsibility not only in life, but
in this very courthouse, I see no
reason to grant any of your requests
to alter the prenuptial agreement.
All properties in question will go to
Helena.

Elliot's miserable, he looks like a dog that knows it shouldn't have shit the rug but lacks the opposable thumbs to clean it up. Helena feels an acute twinge of guilt. She whispers in her lawyer's ear.

DON WASHINGTON

Uh, your honor, my client would like to make an amendment to her stance.

The judge fights the urge to throw the gavel, and nods.

DON WASHINGTON (cont'd)

My client would like to bequeath the *Gordon Private Investigations* office property, and all *considerable* debts attached, to Elliot Gordon.

Helena pulls him down and whispers something more.

DON WASHINGTON (cont'd)

And the Cat.

Elliot brightens, Helena mouths "You owe me."

JUDGE

On that, I rule this day a waste of time. You are now no longer husband and wife. If you want to argue about it more, feel free to do it in the parking lot, because this is the last time you'll do it in here.

Gavel smash!

7 EXT. COURTHOUSE/PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

7

Helena beeps to unlock her new-ish car. Elliot fiddles with his keys, unlocking his old-ish Volvo. He pauses, shouts across the parking lot.

ELLIOT

Thanks for the Cat.

Helena shrugs.

HELENA

She always did love you more.

Doubt plays across his face as he takes the driver's seat.

ELLIOT
 (to himself)
 ...more than you did?

8 **INT. ELLIOT'S CAR - LATER**

8

Elliot's radio plays *Graceland* by Paul Simon as he drives through the less-good part of town. He sings along emotionally. Distracted.

ELLIOT
*As if I didn't know that, as if I
 didn't know my own bed. As if I never
 noticed, the way she brushed her hair
 from her forehead...*

SQUEAL, he brakes hard, tapping a crossing pedestrian, a MIDDLE-AGED MAN (40s, cargo shorts, baseball cap).

ELLIOT (cont'd)
Shit! Sorry!

He leans forward, waving an apology at the man. The Middle-Aged Man bangs an open palm on the hood of the car. They make eye contact. Elliot trails off as recognition sets in.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
 Do I know you?

The Middle-Aged Man jolts into motion as fast as his cargo-shorted legs can take him.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
Shit! Wait!

Elliot struggles to extricate himself from his seat belt while simultaneously grabbing a small packet of papers from his car's glovebox.

9 **EXT. THE LESS-GOOD PART OF TOWN - MOMENTS LATER**

9

Thudding rhythmic chase music follows the Middle-Aged Man as he careens down the sidewalk like a pinball, ricocheting off of lamp posts and pedestrians, desperately fleeing his pursuer. He passes a grocery store, crashing through a full shopping cart. It spins into the street: fruit flies like a banana through the air, but it barely slows him down.

Paul Simon's *Graceland* accompanies Elliot at a steady jog. He hums along. He pulls the shopping cart back onto the sidewalk, then scoops down to pick up a ripe pear. He bites into it, wiping the juice from his chin with his sleeve.

His breathing is heavy, blood pounds in his ears, the Middle-Aged Man stops at a busy intersection, leaning on a lamp post to catch his breath. Cars zoom by inches away, their wake blowing his cap from his head. He looks over his shoulder.

Elliot, not a care in the world, takes another bite. He waves lazily at the man looking back at him.

ELLIOT
(mumbling)
...*Graceland, Graceland, Memphis,*
Tennessee...

Shit, *shit*. The Middle-Aged Man jackhammers the "Walk" button. He's trapped. A semi-truck thunders by just ahead.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
(distant)
Can we talk?

SHIT! He *Froggers* it, sprinting across the busy street; tires squeal as he narrowly avoids collision.

Elliot reaches the chaotic, dangerous intersection. He pauses, drops the core into a nearby trash can. Then-

LAMP POST
Walk. Walk. Walk.

Perfect. Elliot crosses.

ELLIOT
Buddy, if you have a heart attack I
don't get paid.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Leave me alone!

The Middle-Aged Man ducks into the doorway of a hotel.

10 **INT. RUN-DOWN HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER**

10

The Middle-Aged Man pushes through the lobby, a pudgy cannonball. He scrambles up the stairwell, knocking over busboys, bellhops, bellboys and bushops. Upon reaching the fourth floor, he leans over the railing, panting heavily.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Jesus...

No sign of Elliot on the stairs. *Finally*. He unlatches a window and climbs onto the fire escape, careful to close the window behind him.

11 EXT. RUN-DOWN HOTEL/FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

11

His feet clang against the rusted metal as he descends the final ladder to the street, feeling like hot shit, in both ways. From an open window, an arm firmly grabs his shoulder.

ELLIOT

Hey.

The Middle-Aged Man yelps and slams Elliot's nose with his palm. Elliot recoils, bright blood spurts out onto his jacket-- abruptly, the music stops.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Shit, I didn't mean- Did I break it?

Elliot tilts his head back, with one hand he pinches the bridge of his nose, with the other, he pulls the stack of papers from his jacket pocket.

ELLIOT

(pinched)

Godda sensidive dose.

He shoves the papers into the Middle-Aged Man's hands. We see they're a notice of divorce proceedings.

ELLIOT (cont'd)

We'w ged drough dis.

He claps the Middle-Aged Man on the shoulder. We're in this together, ya know?

12 INT. OFFICE/HALLWAY - LATER

12

A wad of tissues stuffed in his nostril, Elliot ambles towards his newly-won office. There it is: the door reads *Gordon Private Investigations*. Something that he can call *his*.

But like a gorilla emerging from the mists, dark letters suddenly resolve through the frosted glass--

"& De Vries"

13 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

13

Helena steps back as the door opens, the movement flutters the newly-taped piece of printer paper.

HELENA

Ooh, might need more tape.

Elliot's angry, he yanks the paper from the door and crumples it, tossing it towards a small trash can. (He misses.)

ELLIOT

Too many syllables. *Gordon & De Vries: Private Investigations?* Come on, it doesn't roll off the tongue.

It does.

HELENA

It's like... uh... Rizzoli and Isles. Totally works.

Beat.

ELLIOT

You think we can afford new letterhead? At a time like this?

Beat. *That's all you got, Elliot?*

ELLIOT (cont'd)

Fine.

He uncrumples the paper and tapes it to the door.

ELLIOT (cont'd)

But I'm not paying for a new window.

THE CAT emerges from behind the beaten up old couch in the corner. She meows at Elliot.

HELENA

Already told her the news.

The Cat jumps onto a file cabinet, then onto Elliot's back.

ELLIOT

Least I still got you, eh?

The Cat meows loudly again.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
Yeah, yeah, I know. Strong,
independent cat.

Elliot heads to the bathroom in back, taking off his nose-
blood-stained suit jacket.

HELENA
How's your nose?

14 INT. OFFICE/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

14

Elliot changes out of his court attire.

ELLIOT
Fine. D'you remember that lady, came
in a month or so back. Husband
skipped out before she could serve
him papers?

He hangs his clothes on a rack in the bathroom. Looks like
he's made himself at home here, for the last few months.

HELENA
God, I don't blame him. I still catch
a whiff of patchouli around here
every once in a while.

Elliot buttons up his off-white shirt, tightening a green
knit tie around his neck.

ELLIOT
Ran into him downtown. Nice guy,
almost broke my nose. Felt kinda bad.

He dons a well-loved corduroy jacket, the kind you'd find at
any given Goodwill.

HELENA
Ah, don't bother. It's for the best.

ELLIOT
Yeah, yeah, they keep tellin' me.

HELENA
Besides, we need a quick payday.
Rent's comin' up.

15 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

15

Helena notices the wad of tissues is bleeding through.

HELENA
Here, lemme help you with that.

She grabs something from her purse, obscuring Elliot's face while she fiddles with it. She steps away to reveal a tampon stuck up his nose instead, thread and all.

ELLIOT
Thanks.

This is Elliot's "poster" look: corduroy jacket, knit tie, tampon.

16 INT. ELLIOT'S CAR - LATER

16

They sit completely still, in traffic. There's construction up ahead.

HELENA
Nice shortcut. We're gonna be late.

ELLIOT
Don't turn this into a lesson.

HELENA
I'm not-

ELLIOT
(mimicking Helena)
You can't take shortcuts through everything, Elliot. Sometimes you've just got to do it right, Elliot.

HELENA
Wow, you're making some good points over there.

ELLIOT
I've heard 'em enough times.

HELENA
(legitimately angry)
Apparently not!

They sit in angry silence.

17 EXT. SUBURBIA - LATER

17

The Volvo stops at the curb of an idyllic suburban home. It looks shabby and out of place, especially when compared to the brand-new leased BMW on the driveway.

Elliot and Helena step out, Elliot pulls up a photo on his phone: The Middle-Aged Man and the Divorce Papers (my favorite punk band).

Helena knocks on the door. A beat. The door opens to reveal the Middle-Aged Man. He smiles!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Come in! Come in.

18 INT. SUBURBIA/HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

18

Elliot and Helena cautiously step in, unsure of what they're getting into. *Eugh*, the patchouli hits Helena like a sock fulla quarters, she covers her nose with her sleeve. An uncomfortable number of family photos line the walls, children's toys lie scattered about on the floor.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Nice to see you again, sorry about the nose.

ELLIOT
Yeah, no problem.

In the kitchen, the formerly ABANDONED WIFE manages a gaggle of five young children. She's every inch the Stepford, dusting the kitchen with flour as she works on a pie.

ABANDONED WIFE
Visitors, darling?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
It's that man I told you about.

The Abandoned Wife places the pie in the oven, then pats her hands on her apron, spreading another fine layer of flour on the nearby children.

ABANDONED WIFE
Oh, hello!

She approaches, reaching out one of her still flour-covered hands. Helena recoils as the scent gets stronger, leaving Elliot to take it.

ELLIOT
Hi, nice to see you again.

Helena nods silently, breathing through her mouth. Elliot shakes the Middle-Aged Man's hand too.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
Can't say I expected to see you here.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
You're tellin' me!

ABANDONED WIFE
Come, sit, please.

The Abandoned Wife and The Middle-Aged Man sit side-by-side on a loveseat, clasping their hands together in the way that only married couples do.

Elliot and Helena sit in separate chairs.

HELENA
There was talk of a finder's fee when you visited us last month?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
I thought she'd never want to see me again after what I did.

ABANDONED WIFE
He's always been the emotional one.

They clasp hands tighter, turning their attention away from their guests and towards each other, sickeningly sweet.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
But when I saw the lengths she would go to find me... well I knew she would take me back.

Beat.

HELENA
You did read the papers, right?
(to Elliot)
You gave him the right papers?

Elliot shrugs. The couple laughs amicably.

ELLIOT
Well. Glad to hear you worked it out.

HELENA
Yeah, happy for you. But regarding payment--

One SMALL, INNOCENT CHILD toddles over to the couch, climbing up onto his dad's lap. He giggles.

SMALL, INNOCENT CHILD
Daddy, take me on trip next time!

The Middle-Aged Man laughs.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Of course, little bunny.

ABANDONED WIFE
Well, seeing as in the end things
played out differently... and we
can't really afford...

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
That's my fault. The gambling.

ABANDONED WIFE
I'm baking a pie-

Helena angrily punts a children's toy across the room, the
bell inside it jangles loudly. The Small, Innocent Child
crawls across the floor towards it.

HELENA
You're backing out.

ABANDONED WIFE
The situation changed-

HELENA
I can't fucking believe it.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
In the end, the service was
unnecessary.

HELENA
So you get to rip us off?

ABANDONED WIFE
I'm baking a pie-

HELENA
That's, what, \$10.99 at Vons? Ya
think that'll pay rent?

ELLIOT
What my partner is trying to say-

HELENA

What I'm trying to say is-- just because you're trapped in a dead-end relationship with a screw-up who promises he'll *be better* next time, because you chained yourself to a man-child who can't accept the consequences of his own actions, who would rather run away than face his problems, who *won't stop taking shortcuts through FUCKING CONSTRUCTION ZONES* and you can't even *begin* to imagine a life where you don't have to put up with his *shit* every day, doesn't mean pay us for serving your *goddamn* divorce papers.

Silence. Standing in the doorway is their TEENAGE DAUGHTER.

TEENAGE DAUGHTER

Mom? Dad? You're getting divorced?

Her low keening builds to a WAAAIIIIIL--

19 INT. ELLIOT'S CAR - LATER

19

A freshly baked huckleberry pie sits on Helena's lap.

HELENA

Way to stand up for yourself back there.

ELLIOT

Hey, maybe we lost money, but we saved a family, right?

Beat.

HELENA

I'm taking my car from now on.

20 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - LATER

20

Their intern ARTHUR NGUYEN (early 20s, eager) babies a pot of coffee. As the pair enter, he immediately launches into an apology.

ARTHUR

Oh my God I am so sorry I'm late I fell asleep at night class and nobody woke me up when class got out so I got locked inside the building and I had to wait there all night until the janitor arrived in the morning because my cell phone died and he came late because it's the weekend so by the time I got here you guys were already gone so I put a pot of coffee on for you when you came back but you took too long so I ended up drinking it all and I felt bad so I put another one on do you want any coffee?

HELENA

(concerned)

You're falling asleep in class? That's not good, Arthur.

Arthur looks chastened.

ELLIOT

My man!

Elliot gives him a high-five.

ELLIOT (cont'd)

He takes after me.

Arthur *gasps* and almost spills his coffee.

ARTHUR

I completely forgot! How was the divorce?!

HELENA

Small ceremony, we didn't want anything flashy.

Elliot yanks a filing cabinet open.

ELLIOT

You get started on organizing our case files?

ARTHUR

Does "ranting about how you should store this on a computer because it is no longer 1987" count? If so, yes.

Elliot pulls a folder from the cabinet, opening it to reveal pictures of the Middle-Aged Man and some paperwork. *RRRIP*, he tears the folder in half and dumps it in the trash.

ELLIOT

Can you do **that** with a computer?

Arthur sighs, then remembers something and grabs it from his pocket.

ARTHUR

Oh! The building I fell asleep in had a laminator, so I spent all night working on your uhhh "press" "credentials."

It's an ID card for the "Standard Times" a newspaper "founded" in 1897, with a professional-looking shot of Helena. She grabs it, puts on a *very professional* voice.

HELENA

"Helena De Vries, Standard Times. I'm here to ask the important questions: Elvis impersonators; cause or result of 'Elvis Never Died' conspiracy theories?"

ELLIOT

You know what *is* gonna die? This small business if we don't find another case to float us through the next month.

ARTHUR

You've had smoother segues.

ELLIOT

The internship program will be the first thing to go, okay?

Arthur jumps to help out.

21 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - LATER

21

They sit on the floor, sifting through countless folders. Elliot opens one, reads a name:

ELLIOT

Jezebel Moss.

Helena taps at her laptop, searching for the name on Facebook.

HELENA
Still separated.

ELLIOT
Damn. How about... Roger Sullivan.

HELENA
Uh... in jail, looks like.

ELLIOT
That tracks.

Arthur pulls out a folder, opens it, an old photo falls out: A younger Elliot and Helena stand next to Elliot's car, parked in a lightly forested area. They're beaming, Elliot wears the same nice suit from court, Helena wears a simple wedding dress and tennis shoes.

ARTHUR
A little overdressed for this one,
huh?

Elliot sees the photo, his face brightens. He grabs it, shows it to Helena.

ELLIOT
Hey, remember this one? The *Dynamics Solutions* land dispute?

HELENA
God, don't remind me.

Arthur looks lost, scoots over to Elliot to look at the folder.

ELLIOT
Our honeymoon case. Night of our wedding, we were hired to keep an eye on some land out in the boonies for who-knows-why. Had to follow two trucks so we pulled a Fred and split up, gang.

HELENA
I had a great time, actually. Found my guy dumping a bunch of waste-chemicals. Wrapped it up with a bow.

ELLIOT
I found a good place to hide.

22 EXT. DISPUTED LAND/CANYON - YEARS AGO

22

Elliot sneezes, trips on a rock and tumbles into a small canyon.

23 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - NOW

23

ELLIOT

It was hours before-

HELENA

It was like twenty minutes.

ELLIOT

HOURS before she came to help me out.

HELENA

Swore I'd never let him wander off on his own again.

Ouch, that hits Elliot in the gut. Beat.

BRRRINGGG! Like a starting gun, Elliot and Helena launch themselves toward the phone. Elliot slips on some folders, nearly losing his balance, and Helena wins the gold.

HELENA (cont'd)

Hi! *Gordon Pri- er- Gordon and De Vries Private Investigations...* Oh, it's good to hear from you again MRS. HENDERSON!

Helena mouths "*FIND HER.*" Arthur and Elliot frantically search through the scattered folders.

HELENA (cont'd)

Uh huh, yeah...

Elliot finds the folder, and presents it to Helena.

HELENA (cont'd)

(reading)

How are you and your... husband doing? Oh, you married his lover? Wonderful, wonderful, are you worried she's cheating on you?

She starts scribbling down on a note-pad.

HELENA (cont'd)

No? Ah, you're just referring us. Immediately? Got it, very hush-hush.

(MORE)

HELENA (cont'd)
That's us! Thank you. Uh-huh, yeah.
Thank you. You too. Yeah. We're
already headed over. Bye!

She hangs up the phone, peers at the note-pad. Elliot and Arthur wait expectantly.

HELENA (cont'd)
Ever heard of *Farms Family Farms*?

Elliot shrugs. Arthur overlooks the mess of an office, folders scattered everywhere. He sighs.

ARTHUR
I'll clean up.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO24 INT. ELLIOT'S CAR/HELENA'S CAR - LATER

24

They drive separately. Elliot is listening to the song "So Far Away" off the album *Tapestry* by Carole King. Helena is listening to the song "It's Too Late" off the album *Tapestry* by Carole King. With his finger, Elliot sadly scoops a small bite out of the huckleberry pie, which still sits in the passenger seat.

25 EXT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS/PARKING LOT - LATER

25

Elliot and Helena pull up in their separate cars, and we get our first full look at *Farms Family Farms*. It's a large industrial ranch, but it's committed to looking like a rustic ranch, to an absurd extent.

The sprawling cattle storage shed is paneled with wood and painted barnyard red. The corporate headquarters is styled after a Gothic southern mansion, scaled up twenty stories.

ELLIOT

I'll take point.

HELENA

You always take point.

ELLIOT

Yeah. I do.

Helena's put out. A man strangely resembling WOODY FROM TOY STORY emerges from the mansion and waves.

WOODY FROM TOY STORY

Boy howdy and salutations. I reckon you two might be them there independent contractors what been called for over the intercom.

Elliot pushes forward.

ELLIOT

That's us. I'm Elliot, this is my partner Helena, we're here to--

WOODY FROM TOY STORY

Now neither you or I are at liberty to divulge anything more than what been said so far.

(MORE)

WOODY FROM TOY STORY (cont'd)
 Mister Farms his-self is occupied at
 the moment, but rather than whiling
 away the hours in this here parkin'
 lot why don't you fellers 'company me
 'round the ranch?

The pair look at each other, shrug.

26 INT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS - LATER

26

The entire establishment is embroiled in a constant struggle
 between classic cowboy rancherism and large scale
 corporatism. The ceilings painted with an eternal sunset,
 the wide open spaces subdivided into tiny, cramped cubicles.

The employees dress in wranglers and hot-dog ties, as they
 pass by a water-cooler of sarsaparilla they overhear some
 work chatter.

HAT-WEARIN' MAN
 Hey pardner, reckon you could take a
 gander at my CPS reports?

CHAPS-WEARIN' MAN
 Don't be a stranger, send that xml my
 way!

27 INT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS/VIDEO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

27

They're shuffled into a small theater. The lights turn down
 and the screen lights up, obviously a VHS, faded colors and
 all. *WRRRRRR* the screen flickers and cuts out.

Wet, smacking sounds. Woody sighs, disappears behind the
 scenes.

WOMAN'S VOICE
 (sultry)
 Oh, your meat tastes so good. It's
 so... firm.

MAN'S VOICE
 Everyone's trying to beat my meat,
 but I always come first.

WOMAN'S VOICE
 Ohhh, how do you do it??

The image flickers back into existence, revealing a 1990s-dressed "Non-threatening White Couple" eating steak in the backyard. The plaid-wearing man points to the "*Farms Family Farms*" seal of approval on the steak packaging.

NON-THREATENING WHITE MAN
I only buy from *Farms Family Farms*,
it's the only beef that tastes just
like what Jesus grilled.

NON-THREATENING WHITE WOMAN
Wow!

NON-THREATENING WHITE MAN
It all comes down to the sacred act
of copulation. Cattle aren't subject
to God's divine rules, so the fittest
bull can father countless calves with
partners from all around the world!

NON-THREATENING WHITE WOMAN
Sounds like *someone* I know.

The film cuts to "*DALE*" who is labeled as such. He's their next door neighbor, hunched over, swarmed by children of various ethnicities.

NON-THREATENING WHITE MAN
Oh, *Dale*.

NON-THREATENING WHITE WOMAN
So do they fly him all around the
world? That seems like a lot of
travel for one cow, where can I get a
job like that?

NON-THREATENING WHITE MAN
I'll have my little friend with
first-hand experience explain!

A spermatozoa with eyes and arms pops up on screen. Yes, this is *Jurassic Park*.

MISTER SPERMO
Hiya kids! Those of you without sin
don't know me yet, but I live in your
testicles!

The cartoon pulls down a diagram of a bull, labeled "Bullhorn", from seemingly nowhere, and he points to the bull's balls.

MISTER SPERMO (cont'd)
 I travel from the testicles, into a special refrigerated tube that then gets shipped off. That way farms and ranches all around the world can get their own taste of that famous Bullhorn spunk.

Elliot and Helena look on in horror as a surprisingly detailed animation of the process plays out.

28 INT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS/JOSHUA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

28

Woody guides them into the rustic, empty office. The painting "Bucking Bronco With Cowboy" by William R. Leigh hangs prominently on the wall, right next to a window onto the wide open plains. He hands them two cowboy hats from a rack.

WOODY FROM TOY STORY
 These will help.

He disappears. The duo don their cowboy hats.

ELLIOT
 What the hell is wrong with this place?

HELENA
 Well now, ain't this a curious sitch-
 iation we've found ourselves in.

ELLIOT
 Are you gonna-

HELENA
 I reckon when in cowtown, talk like
 the cowmen do.

ELLIOT
 Cowboys.

HELENA
 (mimicking Elliot)
 They're cowboys, Helena, cowBOYS.
 Haven't you seen the documentary
Tombstone, Helena?

An older, wider man approaches on horseback. This is JOSHUA FARMS (70s, unsuccessfully auditioned for the role of JR in Dallas), the patriarch of the Farms Family Dynasty. He rides his old horse with the grace of a dog on a yoga ball.

They watch him dismount through the wide window, his foot gets caught in a stirrup, and the horse bucks, yanking him to faceplant in the dirt, framed right next to the graceful painting. It's not a flattering comparison.

HELENA (cont'd)

Howdy!

Joshua enters the room, dusting himself off.

JOSHUA FARMS

Welcome, welcome. You'd be the pair a' married investigators my secretary so highly recommended, wouldn't you?

Elliot shakes his hand.

ELLIOT

Yeah, uh, that's us.

HELENA

You're rootin' tootin'.

Joshua is overjoyed by Helena's cowboy voice. Elliot sighs.

ELLIOT

She mentioned you'd like to keep this business quiet.

The elder patriarch grabs a stack of papers from his desk, and produces a pen, shoving them both towards his guests.

JOSHUA FARMS

Y'understand my caution. By signing this you agree to full legal liability if anything you hear in this room damages *Farms Family Farms* or any related holdings in any way that is not strictly necessary to accomplishing the contracted task for which you are ostensibly bein' hired.

Uhhh, sure. They sign the paper.

HELENA

So what be the matter o' disturbance?

ELLIOT

You sound like a pirate.

Helena, embarrassed, readjusts her cowboy hat.

JOSHUA FARMS

Last night, the most yeller-bellied of crimes occurred right here on this very ranch. You're acquainted with Bullhorn, I hope?

ELLIOT

We've seen the movie.

JOSHUA FARMS

He's the backbone of our work here. *Studs Weekly* rated him as the most valuable bull stud in the world, ten years runnin'.

HELENA

(confused)

Must be a different *Studs Weekly*.

ELLIOT

So you sell his... seed, right? How much are we talking here?

JOSHUA FARMS

His last batch sold for thirty million dollars.

Thirty million? Holy shit. Helena scribbles something down on a notepad. Joshua is getting emotional.

JOSHUA FARMS (cont'd)

Last night some coward shot him dead.
(choking up)
Only a matter of time now before we run out of ejaculate.

ELLIOT

So the only thing that was keeping this gravy train going was Bullhorn's... gravy. But now that he's gone, you're circling the drain.
(beat)
The gravy drain.

JOSHUA FARMS

This ain't a jokin' matter. We can't let this get out before we're ready, or we might never recover.

HELENA

(halfway between a cowboy and a pirate)

Have ye... any idea who did it?

JOSHUA FARMS

Oh, I know who's behind it, that's for certain. *LivesTech*. They've been tryin' to beat me off the top of the cum game for years.

HELENA

Yall're thinkin' corporate espionage?

JOSHUA FARMS

They'll never accept my bloodline's always gonna be better than whatever newfangled crime against nature they got in their labs.

ELLIOT

That's a good place to start.

(beat)

Where's the beef?

Helena rolls her eyes.

29 INT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS/BACHELOR Paddock - LATER

29

Bullhorn lies where he fell, covered only by a blood-stained heavy blanket. Elliot and Helena enter through the pad-locked door, opened by DOCTOR RANDALL, the head J-O tech.

HELENA

He hasn't been moved?

DOCTOR RANDALL

Not since I tried mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Elliot pulls the blanket off, revealing Bullhorn's carcass. He points to the penis shaped patch of pale fur on his head.

ELLIOT

Look familiar?

Very mature.

HELENA

Very mature.

She peers closer, revealing the small bullet-holes made in the base of the bull's skull.

HELENA (cont'd)

Fur is burned off around the entry wounds. Point blank shots.

Elliot notices the reinforced window.

ELLIOT
Kinda had to be, don't think anything
could have made it through these.

He taps them with his knuckles.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
Bulletproof.

HELENA
They're low-caliber, had to be close
to make sure they got through.

Doctor Randall steps forward, excited to contribute.

DOCTOR RANDALL
The bull's skull is quite tough to
break through, we have a machine with
a metal piston specifically suited
for the task.

ELLIOT
Like *No Country for Old Men*.

DOCTOR RANDALL
Yeah.

ELLIOT
Cool.

DOCTOR RANDALL
You can see the assailant fired at
the base specifically so the skull
wouldn't reflect the shots.

HELENA
So this person knows enough to
counter-act that. Maybe they're in
the industry.

ELLIOT
Or they've seen *No Country for Old
Men*.

HELENA
Or they've seen *No Country for Old
Men*.

Elliot motions Helena to the door. Helena exits the room and
closes the door. Elliot takes a moment to compose himself.

ELLIOT
 (screaming)
 MOO! MOOOOO!

Unhinged, he grabs a handful of firework poppers from his suit jacket and tosses them hard at the ground. They **BANG!** A terrified Doctor Randall covers his ears.

DOCTOR RANDALL
 AH! WHAT?!

Elliot then throws himself full force into the straw-covered ground, landing with a **thump**. After a beat, he quietly stands up and dusts himself off.

DOCTOR RANDALL (cont'd)
 What the **hell** was that?

ELLIOT
 (dryly)
 I must enter the mind of my subject to understand the case.

Helena re-enters.

HELENA
 Didn't hear a thing.

ELLIOT
 Damn.

He wheels to the still frightened Doctor Randall.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
 Bullhorn have any enemies?

DOCTOR RANDALL
 He's a bovine.

ELLIOT
 Never know. You were the last one to see him alive?

DOCTOR RANDALL
 I locked him in his paddock and then went home for the night.

HELENA
 The lock requires a combination, no sign of forced entry. Anyone else have that?

DOCTOR RANDALL

This system's only been in place for a few months. I get a new combination sent to me every morning.

HELENA

Who sends it?

DOCTOR RANDALL

Ah, that's Cece Farms, the boss' daughter. Anything in here that looks newer than 1899 is her doing.

Helena and Elliot raise their right eyebrows in unison.

30 **INT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS/WALK AND TALK - LATER**

30

Meet CECE (Cecelia) FARMS (40s, has a car copy of *#Girldboss*), Joshua's daughter and CFO. She's *West Wing*-ing her way through the corporate offices of *Farms Family Farms*, her focus constantly split between her endless daily duties and the detectives asking her questions.

CECE FARMS

Someone had to do it, damn thing didn't even have a lock until five years ago.

ELLIOT

Your father's resistant to change?

CECE FARMS

My father lives in a John Wayne movie, and not even a good one. Like *The Searchers*.

ELLIOT

So how has that-

Cece spots a target.

CECE FARMS

Hey Frank! How many times have I told you not to file your quarterly reports in the "General Store" folder, all fiscal reports go into "First National Bank." I don't want to have to tell you again!

Frank looks suitably chastened.

HELENA

How old's your father?

CECE FARMS

Almost eighty, but don't tell him I said that.

HELENA

Seems like he'd be happier just living his cowboy fantasy in retirement.

Cece scoffs.

CECE FARMS

Oh, trust me, he would. But he's too damn biblical to give up on the prodigal son.

ELLIOT

Prodigal son?

CECE FARMS

My brother Josh. Joshua Jr., really, but he says the Junior chafes. A real bleeding heart, swore the family off when he went through his vegan phase in high school.

(distracted)

Hey! *Hey!* No lasso tricks inside! Remember what happened to the water cooler? We just got the carpet replaced.

(back again)

Unlucky for pop, that vegan phase never ended.

ELLIOT

Why not just pass it on to you?

CECE FARMS

There are certain things a woman shouldn't be trusted with. Apparently.

She notices something, sighs, and takes her leave.

CECE FARMS (cont'd)

Sorry, I gotta go, I need to stop this before anyone gets hurt.

She speeds off towards two office-workers circling each other slowly in a break-room, wielding staple-guns.

A tumbleweed made of crumpled up printer paper catches on Elliot's leg, before rolling away.

31 EXT. FARMS FAMILY FARMS/PARKING LOT - LATER

31

The two meet at the mid-way point between their cars.

HELENA

So, *LivesTech* right? A client's hunch is usually right. They tend to know more than they know.

Elliot chews it over, typing something up in his phone.

ELLIOT

Helena, what did I teach you? The private eye's mantra...

HELENA

Never trust family.

ELLIOT

Right. And especially never trust weird outcast kids that resent their parents. That's how school shootings happen. Look:

He holds his phone out. It's got Josh Jr.'s address.

HELENA

Doesn't the whole *killing a cow* kind of go against the whole vegan thing?

ELLIOT

I mean, he didn't eat him.

HELENA

Elliot, this isn't just family. When this much money gets involved, things get more complicated. I know. I've got experience.

Elliot's mad, this is a sore spot. He looks at his shabby old car, sitting right next to Helena's new one.

ELLIOT

Yeah, I'm well aware.

Helena grabs his arm.

HELENA

That's not what I'm saying-

ELLIOT

Look, we both want to take point, so why don't we call Arthur and let him be the tie-breaker.

HELENA

Oh there we go, "Arthur's the tiebreaker" again.

ELLIOT

What, you don't trust him?

HELENA

He's always on your side.

ELLIOT

See? Smart kid.

HELENA

Arthur likes you because he *gets* to like you. You know who actually justifies this internship? Who makes sure he doesn't blow off his classes? Me. You just give him beer and tell him college is worthless.

ELLIOT

It *is* worthless.

HELENA

Says the man with a *film degree*. You're going to try and skate by on this one just like always. But if we *really* do this, we might get noticed. We could get a different class of clients, be respected for once, start our own agency--

She stops herself. Too late.

ELLIOT

Your own agency.

He gets in, *SLAMS* the car door shut.

ELLIOT (cont'd)

I'm going to the kid. You obviously don't need me, go solve this *LivesTech* thing all by yourself.

He leaves Helena in the dust, both feeling like shit.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**32 EXT. JOSH JR.'S PAD - LATER**

32

Elliot's old Volvo coughs up the driveway to Josh Jr.'s lavish bachelor pad, solar panels on the house from *Parasite*. The latest, most extravagant model of *Tesla* is parked outside.

Right before he knocks on the door, it opens, revealing JOSH JR. (40s, definitely had blonde dreadlocks at some point in his life). He smiles, then looks confused.

JOSH JR.
Where's the sushi?

33 INT. HELENA'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUSLY

33

Helena's car is messy. This is surprising, given her organization in the rest of her life, but her car is where everything that doesn't fit anywhere else ends up. Her phone rings, shows up on the dash as "AGATHA" (60s, East Egg). Helena groans and answers.

HELENA
What is it?

AGATHA
Oh, darling, it's so good to hear your voice! It's been so long, hasn't it.

HELENA
You're the one who stopped picking up.

AGATHA
Well, you know how busy things get, darling, it's hard to balance it all. I was just thinking of you; your father and I were going to take a week in the beach house and we'd be just delighted if you would join us.

Helena balks.

HELENA
Wait, have you been *spying* on me?

AGATHA

Dear, of *course* I've been keeping up on you. I'm delighted, you know I never liked him.

HELENA

Because he had a sense of humor?

AGATHA

Look where that got you.

HELENA

I'm not gonna let you treat him like another one of "Helena's Bad Decisions." ...looking down your nose at every fucking thing I've done for myself. Yeah, he's a loser, but he's a damn sight better at accepting me than you ever were.

Helena hangs up, seething.

34 INT. DE VRIES MANOR/SITTING ROOM - CUTAWAY

34

Agatha sets down the rotary phone in her lavish Victorian manor. Her husband ANDERS DE VRIES (60s, half-moon glasses) sits nearby, reading a newspaper.

ANDERS

How did she take it?

AGATHA

She'll come around.

35 INT. JOSH JR.'S PAD/LIVING ROOM - IMMEDIATELY

35

Elliot's phone rings, it's Helena. Still hurting, he ignores it. Besides, it'd be rude to interrupt Josh Jr.'s tour.

JOSH JR.

This is my Native American holy room. I've been studying them, you know, they really knew how to manage the earth, you know? With respect.

This area is filled with Native American artifacts, displayed haphazardly, from different groups and tribes, no regard to their sanctity or purpose.

JOSH JR. (cont'd)

Pretty cool, huh?

Elliot is unconvinced.

ELLIOT

Right, yeah. Those marches last year,
that you guys?

We see now that he's not alone in his bachelor pad, but that an entourage of activists spend their days here. Signs from protests hang on the walls. Elliot gestures to one "*MEAT IS MANSLAUGHTER*". The entourage seems only vaguely interested in the conversation.

JOSH JR.

Oh, noo. Well, Jaime's dad's a police officer and he's a really nice guy.

One of the guys pipes up, it's JAIME.

JAIME

He's a really good guy.

JOSH JR.

Yeah, he's a really nice guy, and we didn't want to make Jaime uncomfortable, you know.

JAIME

Thanks Josh.

JOSH JR.

No problem, and we're really more of an environmental activism group, you know, so we're staying in our lane.

Elliot plops down on one of the bean bags, scribbling in a note-pad.

JOSH JR. (cont'd)

Who did you say you were writing for again?

ELLIOT

It's like *Buzzfeed* but for a younger, more hip audience.

Josh Jr. is pleased to hear how young and hip he is.

ELLIOT (cont'd)

This is a pretty nice place. Family property?

Josh Jr. balks.

JAIME

We sell t-shirts through *insta* for upkeep. You want one?

He tosses a balled up shirt at Elliot, who grabs it and immediately starts putting it on over his other clothes.

ELLIOT

So none of that famous Farms Family Fortune, eh?

He finishes putting the shirt on. It says *EARTH SLUT*.

JOSH JR.

I swore that off years ago, I'm trying to undo what my family has done to the world.

JAIME

He's a self-made man.

ELLIOT

Right.

Elliot peers out the large windows. Outside are miles of prime, yet unkempt farmland.

ELLIOT (cont'd)

This is an interesting piece of land. You know that in the seventies it was the planned site of a ranch resort? Sounds like a lot of fun, rope cattle in the daytime, sip daiquiris by the pool at night.

Josh Jr. looks worried at this line of questioning.

JOSH JR.

How do you know that?

ELLIOT

Googled it.

36 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE LOCAL BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT - AN HOUR AGO

36

Elliot waits in the dark alley, watching the huckleberry pie, which is sitting on top of a trash can. A middle-aged woman in horn-rim glasses exits the back door with a folder. She looks over her shoulder, picks up the pie, replacing it with the folder, then heads inside.

37 INT. JOSH JR.'S PAD/LIVING ROOM - NOW

37

JOSH JR.

I made it into a refuge of peace, you know, not a place where people can torture animals for fun.

Elliot has moved over towards the Native American artifacts. He idly taps at a dream-catcher hanging from the ceiling, sending it spinning slowly.

ELLIOT

Yeah, me too. I suppose the land belonged to the local tribes before that; looks like you're keeping the spirit alive, eh?

JOSH JR.

I honor the land, you know.

ELLIOT

Funniest thing, I couldn't find any record of ownership after the ranch resort project got abandoned. The latest record still lists the owner as *Farms Family Farms*. That doesn't make sense, right?

Josh Jr. shits a brick.

JOSH JR.

That's a mistake.

ELLIOT

Right, that's what I thought. I've got the number for the Bureau of Land Management, I think you ought to give them a call and clear that up.

Elliot taps his phone, and the dial-tone plays on speaker-phone. Josh Jr. grabs it and hangs up forcefully.

JOSH JR.

I'll clear it up on my own time. I think you should leave.

ELLIOT

I'll be including this in my article.

JOSH JR.

Fuck you.

Josh Jr.'s entourage are silent. A pin drops. Elliot points at the *Tesla* out the front window.

ELLIOT

No way you can afford the payments on that with t-shirt money. I guess *no animal products* doesn't include suckling at your father's teat.

JOSH JR.

Get out.

ELLIOT

I'm leaving. And don't worry, this little visit has made your life a lot easier. Now that I know who you are, I've got a lot less questions.

Elliot dips out the front, as Josh Jr.'s entourage encircle him, ready to tear him enough new ones it'll be like shitting through a colander.

JOSH JR.

Wait- wait, I can explain!

His cries echo-

38 EXT. LIVESTECH HEADQUARTERS/PARKING LOT - SIMULTANEOUSLY 38

Helena arrives at *LivesTech*'s corporate HQ, which is a fully modernized, Silicon Valley-esque campus in the middle of the city. She grabs her press "credentials" and ties her hair back, the classic reporter.

39 INT. LIVESTECH HEADQUARTERS/RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS 39

Helena approaches the RECEPTIONIST, smiling genially.

HELENA

Hi! I'm the one who kept blowing up your voicemail! Sorry about that.

RECEPTIONIST

Voicemail?

HELENA

Yeah, I've been calling the last couple days about the interview. No one ever got back to me so I thought I'd just stop by.

The receptionist looks through her notebook, checks the voicemail box, she looks confused.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, I don't see-

HELENA
You're 555-632-6203 right?

A knowing, sheepish smile spreads across the receptionist's face.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh, I'm sorry. That's for *LivesTech's* international branch. They're quartered out in California.

Helena looks convincingly embarrassed.

HELENA
Oh my God! I'm such an idiot.
(to herself)
They're gonna fire you for sure this time. Can you do *one thing* right?

RECEPTIONIST
Oh, don't worry it happens all the time... What interview did you say this was for?

She quickly flashes her "press" "credentials".

HELENA
Standard Times, I'm working on an article on *Farms Family Farms'* unethical breeding practices, wanted to get some outside sources.

RECEPTIONIST
I'll see if anyone is available.

Helena smiles. Bait: ate.

40 **INT. LIVESTECH HEADQUARTERS/OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

40

Helena sits in the office of MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE (50s, a car-salesman of a man) who's got a big shit-eating grin.

MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE
It's a barbaric process that puts undue stress on the animals in question.

(MORE)

MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE (cont'd)
At *LivesTech* we're at the forefront
of finding better, more ethical ways
to revolutionize the industry.

HELENA
How's that?

MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE
Well, for one, there's no pressure to
make your prize stud ejaculate like a
sprinkler you forgot to turn off. Why
do that, when through our patented
CRISPR tech we can turn any old sperm
into a prize-winning bull? We're also
making huge strides in engineering
cattle that actually *enjoy* being
slaughtered! We'll conquer the
vegetarian market!

Helena knocks the Newton's Balls on his desk. *click-clack*
click-clack

HELENA
With all that, how's *Farms* still
ahead in the market?

MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE
It's that damned Bullhorn. You know
he got a TIME Magazine cover? He's a
goddam celebrity. Meanwhile we're
doing the actual hard work in
revolutionizing breeding practices-

HELENA
Any way I could tour your breeding
facilities?

MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE
Those are off-site. Can't really run
a farm in the middle of a city! And
we don't allow tours. Trade secrets,
you understand.

click-clack click-clack

HELENA
What's so special about Bullhorn
anyway?

MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE
The name.

HELENA

Is that why Bullhorn is still the
Bull of the Year in *Studs Weekly*?
That's gotta be embarrassing.

As her tone intensifies, so does the *click-clack! click-clack!*

MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE

Bullhorn's a freak of nature, and
really, we don't even know if he's
safe! No bull should live that long,
much less produce viable semen, it's
not safe.

HELENA

(pressing hard)

But it is for Bullhorn? And through
all your fancy technology you can't
recreate that?

CLICK-CLACK CLICK-CLACK

MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE

We don't know! We've been trying to
figure that out, what exact
genetic... defect-

HELENA

(one last push)

How? How are you figuring that out?

Beat. He looks over Helena's shoulder. The *click-clack*
quiets again.

MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE

I don't think I should be talking to
you.

A voice.

THE REPRESENTATIVE

What paper did you say you were from?
The *Standard Times*?

Standing in the doorway behind her is the Friendly *LivesTech*
Public Relations REPRESENTATIVE (AGELESS, nameless). He
enters the room, places his hand against the swinging
Newton's Balls. They stop.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
Was it The Standard Star Times? The Weekly Standard Times? Funny, neither one said anything about your report.

HELENA
They don't just give that information out to strangers.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
Strangers? Oh, I'm no stranger. I'm quite familiar, in fact. But I don't know you. What did you say your name was?

HELENA
I didn't. How about you?

THE REPRESENTATIVE
Me neither. A stalemate, then.

MID-LEVEL EXECUTIVE
I- she was askin' about *Farms Family Farms*, I thought-

THE REPRESENTATIVE
Ah-ah-ah, shh.
(to Helena)
I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave. If you'd like access, we'd happily go through the regular channels. Just ask your editor, he'll know how to get in contact.

A beat. *Tension*. Helena leaves. The Representative clacks the Newton's Balls. Now he's in charge.

41 INT. OFFICE/HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUSLY

41

Elliot shambles down the hallway to his office. He knocks on the door, it lazily opens, unlocked.

ELLIOT
Arthur?

No answer. The Cat runs out past his legs.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
Ah, shit.

In the office, the filing system is in just as much disarray as it was when he left.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
Come on, Arthur. What do we barely
pay you for?

42 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

42

He steps into the office.

ELLIOT
Taking a nap again? I really think
you oughta get that checked out.
Might have- what is it... epilepsy.

No response. Outside, The Cat meows. As Elliot turns to grab
the Cat, he's walloped by an UNSEEN ASSAILANT! He crashes to
the ground.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
What the-

A foot comes down hard on his leg, **CRACK!** Elliot yelps with
pain, which is muffled when a sock is stuffed in his mouth.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**43 EXT. LIVESTECH BREEDING FACILITY/OUTSKIRTS - LATER****43**

The modulated voice of Helena's map app calls out directions as she drives through farmland.

GOOGLE MAPS
Turn left in 200 feet.

She does.

GOOGLE MAPS (cont'd)
*LivesTech Research and Development
will be on your right.*

She slows to a stop behind a hill, the large industrial facility just barely visible.

Feet crunch dry grass as she clambers up the hill, perching at the top with a pair of binoculars.

The facility is surrounded by a tall fence, broken only by security gates. Each gate is manned by rent-a-cops. Beyond the fence lab coats hurry from building to building.

HELENA
(mumbling)
Need a distraction.

She grabs her phone.

44 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**44**

Thud thud thud the sound of blood pumping resonates in Elliot's ears, backed by the dull ringing of extreme pain. He lies on the ground, desperately clinging to consciousness.

Nearby, the Assailant calmly flips through filing cabinets. We only see his feet.

Then, suddenly the ringing in Elliot's ears gets louder, piercing, and we realize: it's his phone!

Elliot stretches his hand into his pocket, concentrating hard. He's almost got it-

Shit. A foot swings in, kicking Elliot's hand and sending the phone flying across the room. *CRASH!!* It shatters through the frosted glass window, the taped "*& De Vries*" gently wafts to the floor.

ELLIOT
(muffled)
GOAL!

The Assailant stomps over to the still-ringing phone, and grinds it with his heel until it stops. Meanwhile Elliot pulls the sock out of his mouth.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
(mocking)
That was my good leg, now I'll *never*
make varsity!

The foot swings in again, this time catching Elliot squarely in the gut.

The Assailant pulls searches another draw, singling out a folder. *Bingo*. As he opens it, the Honeymoon Photo slips out the bottom, fluttering to the ground and wedging itself halfway under the cabinet.

The Assailant doesn't seem to notice. Folder in hand, he leaves out the front door. Elliot lies, moaning on the ground.

45 EXT. LIVESTECH BREEDING FACILITY/OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER 45

"Did Not Answer" her phone reads.

Helena sighs, rolls her eyes.

46 INT. LECTURE HALL - MOMENTS LATER 46

Arthur's phone loudly vibrates in his pocket in the middle of a lecture hall. He snores softly, undisturbed. The students around him give him the evil eye.

47 EXT. LIVESTECH BREEDING FACILITY/OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER 47

Helena hangs up her phone.

HELENA
Shit.

Helena looks back through her binoculars to the two rent-a-cops standing guard at the gate. One has a BAD MUSTACHE, the other, a BAD GOATEE. With their powers combined, one decent beard.

HELENA (cont'd)
 (pumping herself up)
 You got this, Helena. You don't need anybody else, hell, you need this practice if you wanna make it on your own.

She looks over her shoulder to her car, parked nearby. A-HA! She pulls out her key fob, and triggers the car's panic button.

HONK HONK HONK HONK

The alarm blares, the rent-a-cops look up from their phones, but then ignore it. She taps it again.

HONK HONK HONK HONK

They're irritated now, but not enough to do anything about it. Again.

HONK HONK HONK HONK

Finally, the two of them argue, do a quick rochambeau, and the Bad Mustache leaves to check it out.

48 **EXT. LIVESTECH BREEDING FACILITY/GUARD POST - MOMENTS LATER**

48

Now Helena approaches the lone rent-a-cop on foot, making sure to keep low and out of sight. She sidles up against the wall of the guard post, crouching below the windows. Bad Goatee's walkie-talkie crackles.

BAD MUSTACHE
 (o.s.)
 It's just a car.

BAD GOATEE
 Here I thought it was an exotic bird.
 Anyone there?

BAD MUSTACHE
 (o.s.)
 No, it looks abandoned. Prettty nice car, though.
 (MORE)

BAD MUSTACHE (cont'd)
 (beat)
 The inside's filthy. Looks like a
 junkie joyride.

HELENA
 (reflexively)
 Hey!

Huh? Bad Goatee looks over his shoulder. Helena covers her mouth.

BAD GOATEE
 Thought I heard something.

Shit, she presses the panic button one more time.

HONK HONK HONK HONK

This draws his attention away again, and she quietly slips under the retractable arm and into the facility.

49 **EXT. LIVESTECH BREEDING FACILITY/CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER**

49

And... now what? She looks out of place, dressed like a reporter in a world of scientists.

Hiding behind a parked car, she scans the campus... *there!* A semi-truck is parked nearby, two plain-clothed workers use two-wheeled dollies to ferry boxes inside. She drops her jacket to the floor, looking a little less professional.

One WORKER wipes sweat from his brow, and lets go of a dolly loaded with an unmarked box.

WORKER
 Gotta take a leak.

Helena waits until he's gone far enough, then lunges forward, staying low, out of sight of the other worker. She grabs the unattended dolly and sprints away, toward the central building. Luckily, there's a LAB-COAT heading right towards the front door.

HELENA
 'EY! Mind holding the door?

The lab-coat obliges.

50 INT. LIVESTECH BREEDING FACILITY/THE LAB - MOMENTS LATER

50

Woah. As Helena enters, she's greeted by an overwhelming display of bright LCD screens, huddled workers and futuristic technology. It's like she walked onto the bridge of the Enterprise. The lens-flare version. Large words flash along the countless screens embedded in the walls:
"BIOLOGY... BETTER"

She wheels her cart along the open-floor plan. Two lab-coats converse near a screen displaying a complex visualization of genetic code. Helena inches closer, overhearing their discussion.

LAB-COAT 1

They shoulda built concrete walls around the enclosure. It's just bad planning.

LAB-COAT 2

That doesn't make a very fun theme park.

LAB-COAT 1

You'd rather get eaten by a T-Rex 'cause someone pissed off Newman?

Helena snaps a picture of the screen with her phone. Suddenly, one of the lab-coats turns in her direction! Helena quickly hides the phone behind her back.

LAB-COAT 2

Supposed to be taking that box somewhere?

HELENA

Uh, yeah, it's a delivery for the- uh, they told me the breeding room.

LAB-COAT 1

What's in the box?

Beat. Uhhh.

HELENA

Cow... Viagra.

LAB-COAT 1

Hey, maybe leave some for me, am I right? High-five!

Lab-Coat 2 does not reciprocate.

LAB-COAT 2
Are you sure that's something you
want to brag about?

Beat. Lab-Coat 1 looks embarrassed.

LAB-COAT 1
Breeding room's that way.

He points down a corridor.

51 **INT. LIVESTECH BREEDING FACILITY/CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

51

She wheels her dolly down the corridor, passed by scientists going about their business. As she nears the end, she hears something.

A DISTANT VOICE
Moo!

A cow, perfect. She speeds up, walking at a brisk pace towards the distant moo.

A DISTANT VOICE (cont'd)
Moo!

It's more frantic now, distressed. Helena starts to run, the dolly bounces on the tiled floor.

A DISTANT VOICE (cont'd)
MOOO!

As she nears the end of the hall, she catches a glimpse through an open door: a young calf surrounded by technicians in a blinding white, sterile room. She's almost there-- *slam*, the door closes right in front of her.

A DISTANT VOICE (cont'd)
MOO--

It's cut short. She tries the handle, no good. There's a keypad, but she doesn't know the combination. She grabs the attention of a passing technician. Uhhh...

HELENA
I was told to bring this shipment in,
but they didn't give me the combo.

The technician nods in understanding.

TECHNICIAN

Oh, I'm afraid you're a bit late. They've just started the session now, it'll be an hour at least before they sterilize it all.

HELENA

Sterilize?

TECHNICIAN

You know, burn the refuse. Nasty work, I know. I try not to think about it.

Helena fakes mirth.

HELENA

Haha, me too. I guess I'll be back in an hour.

But then, as if manifesting from the facility itself -

THE REPRESENTATIVE

Oh, I doubt that.

Ahhhhh, *crap*.

52 INT. LIVESTECH BREEDING FACILITY/INTERROGATION - LATER

52

The Representative sits across the table from Helena, toying with her phone, unable to unlock it.

THE REPRESENTATIVE

You know, some people are really into trains. I understand that. There's all sorts of models, engines, regional variations. And you can go down to the tracks every day and see them, day-in and day-out, pulling their cargo and passengers. I understand that. An obsession, sure. But not an unhealthy one.

HELENA

Are you getting to a point Mister Topham Hat?

He places her phone on the table and looks her in the eye.

THE REPRESENTATIVE

Have you tried trains, Miss? I'm sure things would be a lot easier for you.

(MORE)

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
This obsession of yours, well, I'd
say it's an unhealthy one.

HELENA
Trains don't get my rocks off.

The Representative blinks calmly, accepting Helena's
standoffish demeanor.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
You know, for someone who professes
to be a "fan of cows," you really
don't seem to know the first thing
about cattle. For one, you refer to
them all as cows.

Whoops.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
Which leads me to believe you aren't
employed in this industry. I detest
the damned things and even *I've*
picked up the correct terminology.
But if you're no reporter, you're no
regular employee, and you're no
cattle anorak, then why, oh why are
you so interested in *LivesTech*?

HELENA
It's the name. I'm a sucker for puns.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
This isn't corporate espionage, this
is something different. It's an...
investigation. An investigation where
we are but a suspect in a larger
crime.

HELENA
Hey fair's fair, you caught me, I'm a
cop, now let me go.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
If you were with the police I'd have
a badge and gun in my face ten
minutes ago.

HELENA
I'm one of the good ones.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
 Not in my experience. The fact that
 you're here instead means it's
 something they don't want leaked to
 the papers. Something that could be
 devastating.

The Representative pauses to think. Slowly, a smile starts
 to creep across his face. He mutters to himself.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
 So he's finally kicked the trough,
 eh?

Fuck. Helena no-sells it.

HELENA
 Seems like you've got a good enough
 conversation partner in yourself.
 I'll let myself out.

THE REPRESENTATIVE
 (still smiling)
 Of course! Oh and-

He tosses her phone back.

THE REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
 Don't forget this.

Now alone in the room, The Representative chuckles.

53 EXT. LIVESTECH BREEDING FACILITY/OUTSKIRTS - LATER

53

BEEP! BEEP! A tow-truck lifts the front wheels of Helena's
 illegally parked car off the ground.

HELENA
 Hey! HEY! HEY! STOP!

The TOW-TRUCK DRIVER looks over his shoulder. He shouts.

TOW-TRUCK DRIVER
 We take Venmo!

Helena frowns.

54 INT. HELENA'S CAR - LATER

54

Helena drives away, humiliated. She calls Elliot again, but
 his phone doesn't even ring.

55 INT. OFFICE/HALLWAY - LATER

55

Helena stomps up to the office, she's gonna tear Elliot a new one. The Cat's sitting out in the hallway. She picks her up.

HELENA

(to herself)

Of *course* you'd lose The Cat on the first day you have custody, that's just the kind of self-centered, lazy, irresponsible asshole-

Glass crinkles underfoot. Wait, what? She looks down, sees the window shattered across the floor. *What the hell happened here?* The door is ajar.

Inside, she sees Elliot, laying shit-beat-out-of on the floor of the trashed office. *Oh.*

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**56 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - LATER****56**

Arthur rushes to the office. Elliot is lying on the floor with a pillow under his head. Helena gives him water and ibuprofen. The cat is licking his hair.

HELENA
Thanks for skipping-

ARTHUR
Told 'em it was for my internship.
How's he doing?

Elliot grimaces in pain.

ELLIOT
Owowowww...

HELENA
Not great.

57 INT. HELENA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**57**

Helena and Arthur lay Elliot across the back seat of Helena's car, taking care to strap him tight with the seat belts. Helena gets in the driver's seat.

ARTHUR
You take it from here, I'll clean up
the office... *Again.*

Helena drives quickly to the hospital. Elliot mumbles along the way.

ELLIOT
I'm a fuck-up, you're right to leave
me. Just gonna... drag you down.

Helena considers this. Maybe he's right?

58 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY**58**

Arthur sadly tries to put all of the files back where he had just put them. Something catches his eye: the Honeymoon Photo, wedged partially under the cabinet. *Hmm.*

59 INT. HOSPITAL/WAITING ROOM - LATER

59

Helena brings Elliot into the hospital waiting room.

ELLIOT
Just leave me here. They'll take care
of me and you don't have to see me
again.

HELENA
You're being an idiot.

ELLIOT
Last night I had a dream I got hit by
a car.

Beat.

HELENA
What?

ELLIOT
Had it the night before, too. I get
all fucked up by a car, full body
cast and everything.

HELENA
Well, you're lucky you're not
psychic.

ELLIOT
I keep having it, over and over. I
don't- I don't think I deserve it-

HELENA
Elliot. Of course you don't.

The doctors and nurses emerge and swarm Elliot, picking him
up and placing him on a gurney. Helena is crowded out as
they take Elliot away. She barely hears his quiet words.

ELLIOT
I just- I just want an excuse for
being so pathetic.

They wheel him away. Helena looks deeply troubled.

60 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

60

Arthur calls Helena.

ARTHUR
How's Elliot?

HELENA
He's... fine.

Arthur fiddles with the file folders.

ARTHUR
Do you remember anything more about your honeymoon case? I found the photo, but I can't find the file anywhere.

61 INT. HOSPITAL/PATIENT ROOM - INTERCUT

61

She paces in the waiting room, torn between the phone call and worrying about Elliot.

HELENA
Uhm... it was the night of our wedding... it was-

A *yelp!* Elliot's in pain. Why is he asking this *now?*

ARTHUR
Do you remember who brought it to you?

HELENA
Yeah... Yeah. It was- she was an old woman, her house was on the land. Or it used to be, before a tornado came through. Her name was... uhhh- Judith Harriman. I think. Can this wait?

62 INT. OFFICE/MAIN ROOM - INTERCUT

62

Arthur looks under the desk, under the cabinets. Nada. No trace.

ARTHUR
(still on the phone)
It's gone.

He Googles the name "Judith Harriman" on his phone. Loading... An obituary from three years ago.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
She died three years ago.

HELENA

Aw. She seemed nice enough.

Arthur scrolls down the article. The final line: "*Judith will be survived by two children from her first marriage...*"

Oh shit.

"*Joshua and Cece Farms.*"

ARTHUR

(to himself)

Huh, what are the chances?

63 INT. HELENA'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

63

We see Elliot's cast in the passenger seat, next to an old takeout box. He's still dispirited, and slightly out of it from painkillers. He slurs his speech.

ELLIOT

I dunno know why you stayed, I coulda got an Uber.

Helena is silent. She turns off the main road, onto a smaller one. Elliot slowly looks over his shoulder.

ELLIOT (cont'd)

That's- you took a wrong turn.

Helena remains silent.

ELLIOT (cont'd)

You took a wrong turn, where are we going?

And still, Helena does not respond.

64 EXT. DISPUTED LAND - LATER

64

She pulls onto a dirt road in near-darkness. Surrounded by sparse trees. Helena pulls two flashlights from the glove-box and hands one to Elliot.

ELLIOT

What are we doing?

He looks momentarily horrified.

ELLIOT (cont'd)

Are you gonna kill me?

HELENA
What the hell, Elliot?

Elliot looks sheepish.

ELLIOT
Sorry, it's the drugs.

She helps Elliot out of the passenger seat, and pulls the crutches from the back of the car. They click their flashlights on, two cones of light in the black-blue night.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
Wait- wait a second- I know this place. Why are we here?

HELENA
We're just taking a quick look.

He's less than convinced.

65 **EXT. DISPUTED LAND/CANYON - MOMENTS LATER**

65

The two beams travel through the darkness, illuminating tree-cover and sparse bushes. Elliot's flashlight sits in his front pocket, bouncing up and down with his new crutch-enabled gait.

Helena's nose crinkles, she covers it with her sleeve.

HELENA
That smells awful.

ELLIOT
What the hell *is* that?

They creep forward, approaching the infamous small canyon. They reach the edge, peering down into it.

HELENA
Oh Jesus.

ELLIOT
Oh shit.

The two flashlights reveal a horrifying sight at the bottom of the canyon: countless decomposing cattle carcasses pile upon each other, each in a different stage of decay. The bodies have congealed into a mass of rot.

Elliot gags, his weight shifting forward as his body tries to vomit. A crutch slips.

ELLIOT (cont'd)
Oh-

Off-balance, he tumbles again down the side of the small canyon, experiencing an acute sense of déjà vu. He rolls into the pit, light flickering, crutches bouncing away.

HELENA

Elliot!

Finally he stops and groans.

HELENA (cont'd)

Elliot! Are you okay?

ELLIOT

I don't think anything is broken.

(beat)

Anything *new*.

HELENA

I have some rope in my trunk, I'll grab it and pull you out.

Helena disappears from the ridge. Miraculously, the flashlight remained in his pocket. He grabs it, illuminating the mass of cattle corpses he now lies on top of. He gags again. A sharp horn juts out very near his privates. *Whew*.

The carcasses on top seem the least decayed, they still have remnants of hide, with wisps of fur remaining. The beam of the flashlight follows the horn down to the head.

Sitting perfectly in the center of this carcass's head is the unmistakable pale patch of white fur resembling:

A dick.

Elliot turns the beam on the other nearby carcasses. One after the other, checking each head, and one after the other, it's all the same. Every single carcass in the canyon has Bullhorn's distinctive dick-shaped marking. They're all the exact same bull. They're clones.

Helena reappears on the ridge, rope in hand. As Elliot continues to illuminate the heads of bull after bull after bull, the same realization dawns on her.

Elliot looks up, makes eye contact. He finally starts to smile. Helena can't help but to smile back. They're deep in the shit again, and they love it.

Smash-cut-needle-drop to credits.

END OF PILOT