

INT. HQ – BOARDROOM – MORNING

Glossy table. Glossier slides.

Everyone in white shirts with reusable water bottles.

In front of each person: a cup of GreenLine yogurt. Pure & True.

ON SCREEN

“■ Q2 Results. Core Brands vs GreenLine”

Chocolate Bars: +7.4%

Oat Cookies: +3.2%

Canned Chickpeas: +1.1%

GreenLine (Dairy): -5.3%

Faces tense. TEN DEPARTMENT HEADS.

Center seat — MR. CALDWELL (55), Director of Development, imposing, fashion glasses with no lenses.

A clicker perfectly aligned with a water glass.

CALDWELL

(slow, theatrical)

GreenLine is bleeding.

(beat)

Organic. Local. Non-GMO.

And still... minus five.

(looks up)

Who can tell me what the hell happened to happy milk?

MARKETING ANALYST (25)

(nervously shuffling notes)

Last campaign slogans included...

(reads)

“Spirit of nature in every drop,” and “You are what your cow drinks.”

A few stifled laughs. One exec instinctively covers their yogurt with a folder.

HANNA (40), Head of Marketing, sits straight. Next to her laptop: a clean notebook and a pen — poised like a syringe.

CALDWELL

GreenLine was your baby, Hanna.

Happy cows, remember?

(leans in)

Where is the joy? Where's the emotion? Where's the trust?

HANNA

(even, composed)

We've lost touch with the ground — and with our audience.

GreenLine is storytelling.

Let's show where milk actually comes from — and earn back their trust.

Down the table someone whispers "amen," then gulps water.

DEI DIRECTOR

(cutting in)

We could hire nonconformist milkers. At least one with blue hair — Gen Z will notice.

SOMEONE FROM FINANCE

under breath

Will the budget have blue hair, too?

CALDWELL

(irritated)

No TikTok. Not while I'm alive.

(to Hanna; clicks the remote)

But I do have an idea. You and your team — go to a farm.

Iowa.

Live there. Feel it. Breathe it.

Shoot a new campaign. Refresh the brand.

HANNA

(brows up)

Iowa... you're serious?

CALDWELL

Dead serious.

(clipped, like a KPI)

Yield, Hanna. Bring it back. Or there's always... chickpeas.

CLOSE ON HANNA. Her hand writes in her notebook, in caps:

"YIELD ↑" — underlines twice.

Below, bullet points burst out in a mini-panic:

— "cow yoga?"

— "music: Mozart?"

— "stress ↓ = milk ↑"

A quick doodle: two dots and a bucket.

WHITE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

CALL ME MOO

A comedy about milk, marketing, and actually living among calves.

CUT TO:

INT. HQ CORRIDOR – JUST AFTER

Hanna walks fast, almost parade-march. Motivational posters on the walls: "Trust = Growth," "Human First."  
She pulls out her phone and whispers into Notes:

HANNA (whisper)

Increase yield = regain trust. Figure out how... tell no one.

A secretary passes with a stack of folders. Hanna kills the screen, smiles politely.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM – CONTINUOUS

The room empties. Someone left a banana on the table — it rolls and neatly stops against the clicker.

In the glass, a slide reflects:

"Let's Moo it."

Hanna pauses at the window.

In the reflection: her notebook with a sticker:

"Happy Cow = Happy Data."

HANNA

(barely audible, to herself)

We'll bring back the feeling. And... the yield.

She snaps the notebook shut. Look — determined, slightly panicked.

She exits.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

INT. OFFICE – CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

Big room. Fluorescent glare. On the flipchart, in huge letters:

IOWA — A PARADISE. SURPRISINGLY.

Coffee. Phones. Faces in passive defense.

HANNA (40) at the flipchart. Around the table — KRYSTAL (28, SMM), NICK (35, DP),

TOBY (30, sound), OLIVER (45, copy).

HANNA

(solemn but contained)

Show of hands... who's ready to spend a month at Green Farm?

Beat. No movement. Projector-level silence.

TOBY

(quiet, to the room)

Uh... where is Iowa?

KRYSTAL

(eyes on phone)

It's not a country?

OLIVER

even

Does it have Airbnb? And heating?

HANNA

(deep breath)

We've got an unusual brief.

We've been honored with...

(beat)

...a month on a farm. In Iowa.

While others spread jam over rising charts — we're at minus five.

This isn't just about milk. It's about the survival of the department. And our chairs.

Beat. A few grim nods. Someone instinctively scans for an outlet.

Hanna flips the page: "COMPANY VERSION."

HANNA

(businesslike)

Product's at risk. The experiment — dunk marketing into real production.

Goals:

Understand the customer.

Shoot a series about "milk with meaning."

Raise yield — the CEO believes in vibrations and mantras; we believe in deadlines.

Embrace the absurd on purpose:

- music for cows (playlist "Mozart & Milk"),
- yoga — for cows and staff (mats — no screws),
- a lavender-spraying drone (no faces).

(new page: "GREENLINE — PROOF")

Parallel track — a portrait of every cow in her habitat + name + QR on the carton.

Working inside tagline: "Happy Cow, Happy You."

Nick looks up.

NICK

(honest)

I'm in. I want to shoot a real pastoral: a milker at golden

hour, steam off the pail, hands in milk.  
 I used to shoot pizza ads. Now — hay and Betsy. If the  
 viewer doesn't feel it, that's on me, not the cow.

Hanna nods — grateful, relieved.

TOBY

(soft)

I'm allergic to hay. If I get earplugs and antihistamines...

I'm in.

And... a small fan. For a healthy relationship with sound.

KRYSTAL

(raises hand)

I want the buyer to know who their milk is from. I'll do  
 story-portraits —  
 but we publish centrally. (smiles) And yes... no TikTok. I'll  
 survive.

OLIVER

dry, writing

I'll draft an "Ode to Milking." If rhyme catches up.

Krystal peeks at Hanna's notebook — in the margin: "NADOI."

KRYSTAL

What's "NADOI"?

Micro-beat. Hanna gently closes the notebook. Same  
 all-under-control smile.

HANNA

Internal scaffolding. If it works — I'll explain. If not —  
 we forget it.

Short nods. The air in the room loosens.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENLINE OFFICE – WAR ROOM – MINUTES LATER

On the whiteboard: "TAKE ONLY WHAT WE NEED."

NICK

(raising his tablet)

I ordered Sandra.

HANNA

Who's Sandra?

On screen — a life-size plywood cow, flat-pack.

NICK

An installation. A visual brand anchor.

(a touch sheepish)  
 She's plywood... but she's got soul.

OLIVER  
 under his breath  
 And she scans as rhyme.

TOBY  
 Is a HEPA dust filter "need"? I can hear dust in advance.  
 Through glass.

KRYSTAL  
 Checklist: yoga mats, aroma candles, mood board, a personal  
 bell for cows,  
 a pillow "for brain work."  
 (ticking boxes)  
 And coffee. Lots of coffee.

HANNA  
 (looking over the list)  
 Sandra — approved. Mats — minimum. Aroma-drone — supervised  
 only.  
 And please, no cow puns on camera for the first week.

KRYSTAL  
 (stashing her phone)  
 Deleting "moo-tivation."

NICK  
 I'll need the milking schedule and sun markers.  
 Golden hour is non-negotiable. Kill cold LEDs whenever  
 possible.

TOBY  
 I'll measure noise and build silence around the interviews.

OLIVER  
 Draft taglines:  
 (writing)  
 "Real milk. Real you." — keep in the wings.  
 And "Let's Moo It" — for some reason it works. Don't ask me  
 why.

HANNA  
 (crisp)  
 Release plan:  
 — 1×90-sec hero doc spot,  
 — 3×30-sec brand spots,  
 — 12 verticals,  
 — photobank: 200 shots of "life as it is."

Parallel track — cow portraits with names for QR.

Heads nod. Tempo rises.

#### MONTAGE — PACKING (CONTINUOUS)

- Suitcases stickered GreenLine.
- A box marked: “SANDRA — FRAGILE MOO.”
- Nick tapes a case: “FRAGILE. THIS SIDE MOO” + a tiny “CONTAINS SOUL” label.
- Krystal prints badges #BeTheMoo / #StretchAndMoo (files them under “later”).
- Toby packs recorder, earplugs, antihistamines, a small white-noise fan.
- Oliver writes on the flipchart: “Raw milk. Raw truth.” crosses out Raw, writes Real.

CLOSE ON HANNA'S PHONE: checkout page —  
“Dairy Herd Management in Practice: Field Manual for Increasing Yield.”

She dims the screen and taps Order.

#### BACK TO CONFERENCE ROOM

On the glass wall: “IOWA  
— 30 DAYS: LIVE • BREATHE  
• SHOOT • PROVE.”  
HANNA  
(collected)  
We pack gear, mats, and  
Sandra. All posts go  
through one channel.  
We restore trust. The  
numbers will follow.  
(softer, to herself)  
The rest — I'll say on  
the farm.  
The team rises. Forward  
energy.

CUT TO:

#### EXT. IOWA AIRPORT — DAY

Heat shimmer. Asphalt wavers. Dust. A lone tractor traces circles beyond the field.

The automatic doors SLIDE OPEN.

THE CITY TEAM spills out: suitcases, cases, boxes. Eyes like after seventeen layovers.

—  
TOBY

(looking around)

Are we sure this is an  
airport and not a grain  
elevator?

He helps Krystal — grabs  
the heavy suitcase.

—  
HANNA'S suitcase jams on  
the belt. She pulls — it  
won't budge.

KRYSTAL is already  
filming on her phone.

KRYSTAL

(to camera, deadpan)

Welcome to Iowa. Where  
the cows have Wi-Fi and  
people don't.

#HowDidWeMooHere

#FarmMuda

—  
NICK squeezes a case  
through a narrow  
turnstile — clips an OLD  
LADY WITH A SHOVEL.

NICK

(panicking)

I'm so sorry! I'm a  
cinematographer! I'm just  
looking for the light!

—  
OLIVER is last out. He  
takes off his glasses.

OLIVER

(inhales)

Smells like... skepticism.

Or silage.

—  
HANNA strides forward.  
Shoulders squared, like  
it's Cannes.

HANNA

(to the air)



Remember this moment.  
This is where the rescue  
begins.

—

BACKGROUND:

SWEATING PORTERS wrestle  
a box marked:

"SANDRA — PLYWOOD / LOVE  
/ HANDLE DELICATELY."

The box slips. One porter  
wipes out. Another  
cackles.

The plywood cow spills  
out in two, a horn wedged  
in the rail.

KRYSTAL

(whisper)

Is she dead?

NICK

dead serious

She'll rise in the frame.

Like a phoenix.

—

FINAL WIDE:

Everyone stranded at the  
curb. No one's here to  
meet them.

High noon. Insects  
buzzing.

In the distance — a

HAND-PAINTED SIGN:

"WELCOME TO HAWM COUNTY.  
YIELD IS LIFE."

Big tableau:

— the city team,

— the box with Sandra,

— phone screens glowing...

with zero bars.

ON-SCREEN TITLE: ■CALL ME MOO

EXT./INT. MOTEL "SUNNY SIDE" – MORNING

Sun straight in the face. Air thick as condensed milk.

The team stands outside the motel with suitcases, cases,  
boxes.

A full-size cow case is shrink-wrapped. Sticker reads:  
 “FRAGILE. THIS SIDE MOO.”

TOBY

(mask on, small voice)

Does anyone... have a return ticket?

OLIVER

(staring at the sky)

Sometimes I think this is just an overlong team-building.

Then I see a cow in plastic and think: nope.

KRYSTAL

(streaming on her phone)

Good morning, cow-diplomat. You're riding with us today.

THE MOTEL DOORS SWING OPEN.

INT. MOTEL – FRONT DESK

The sign above reception squeaks.

THE CLERK (70), baseball cap reading “BEEF LIFE,” nods like  
 they visit him in dreams.

CLERK

Five singles? Lucky you.

Internet's like ducks — sometimes it is, sometimes it isn't.

Here are your fobs.

(he hands out cowbell keychains instead of keys)

— Nick tries to wedge Sandra into a room — jams in the  
 doorframe.

— Krystal films the bathroom: 80s tile, museum-grade hair  
 dryer.

— Oliver lays the flipchart on the bed and sits like it's  
 reading him.

— Hanna at the window: tractor, pond, one lonely duck  
 tracing circles.

KRYSTAL

(from the bathroom)

This mirror has face control! It turns my face off.

OLIVER

(calling)

I don't have a TV. I have a cowscape.

And I think she's judging me.

TOBY

(in respirator, from the hall)

Someone lived in my shower.

## EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT – MORNING

An old pickup rolls in. On the door: “Meadowview Dairy.”

Out steps RANDY (50) — bandana, jeans, steady irony in his eyes.

RANDY

(scanning the crew)

So you're the folks who came to save milk?

HANNA

(steps up, sure)

Hanna. Project lead.

RANDY

(good-natured, dry)

If you're not sure what's a cow and what's furniture with a tail — ask.

NICK

(setting a case down)

It's an installation. We'll show — honestly — where milk comes from.

RANDY

(low to Hanna)

If they ask for “the real product,” point at the manure.  
Always in stock.

Randy drops the tailgate.

— Toby sneezes.

— Nick eases the case in, guarding the hinges.

— Sandra is laid in like a museum piece.

OLIVER

(finds a mat, snorts)

It's definitely a dream. Just... well-designed.

RANDY

(securing Sandra)

Hop in, digital cowboys.

KRYSTAL

(tripping)

Heels are not hay-optimized.

TOBY

(fitting earplugs)

I need a window seat. If I see a live cow — whisper  
“therapist.”

NICK

(from the bed)

If I see the light — I roll. No time to warn you.

The pickup pulls out. The radio catches a local station: a country song about milk and the road.

In the rearview — the motel sign: “GOOD LUCK, CITY FOLKS.”

EXT./INT. “SUNNYFIELDS” FARM – MORNING

The TEAM takes in the place, swallowing their nerves.

On the barn wall — a banner strung with twine:

■ WELCOME, CONTENT COWBOYS! ■

(a cartoon cow with a camera, a badge, and a milking gun)

HANNA

(looking up)

Content cowboys... We were braced for worse.

TOBY

(muffled behind his mask)

It's... kind of sweet?

KRYSTAL

(snapping a pic)

Caption: “When the welcome beats your ex.”

OLIVER

eyeing the sign

“Sunnyfields”...

Sounds like where résumés end and psychedelics begin.

NICK

scanning the yard

Where's our office?

(beat)

...Don't say that one.

From the farmhouse emerges FRANK (60), a farmer: coveralls, tidy beard, eyes with a built-in suspicion filter.

Behind him — LINDA (50), his wife: calm, lightly amused.

FRANK

(looking them over like a collection)

You the GreenLine crew?

HANNA

(steps up, shakes his hand)

Hanna. Project lead. Thanks for having us.

FRANK

(nods at the plywood cow)

You folks makin' a movie?

NICK

inspired

It's an installation. We want to show — honestly — where milk comes from.

FRANK

aside, to Linda

If only they knew where it really comes from...

LINDA

gently, almost warm

Their plywood's... pretty.

FRANK

(tilts his head toward a shed)

The barn's yours. We tidied it up. Even hung curtains.

They turn.

A small outbuilding with old windows and floral curtains.

A hand-lettered cardboard sign is tacked to the side:

CREATIVE BARN.

KRYSTAL

(whisper)

They... decorated our barn.

NICK

squinting

Great natural light here.

(beat)

...for a horror film.

TOBY

sniffing

Hay dust. And... caprine energy. Pulsing.

OLIVER

staring at the planks

I'm pretty sure one of those boards just whispered, "Leave."

FRANK

(opening the door)

Go on in. Meet... your headquarters.

INT. BARN – CONTINUOUS

— Plastic folding tables.

— On the wall: a farmer-in-shorts-and-goats calendar, torn off at April.

— In the corner: a drain pit disguised under a rug.  
 — Overhead: a dead string of fairy lights.  
 — On a riser: a podium with one outlet and a bottle of vinegar.  
 — By the wall: the plywood cow (Sandra) in shrink wrap.  
 Sticker: "THIS SIDE MOO."

HANNA

(trying to smile)

Open plan.

Flexible seating.

Zero distractions.

KRYSTAL

(quiet, filming a story)

Welcome to digital hell.

NICK

checking the light

Feels like church summer camp.

(clarifies)

Without the church. And without A/C.

TOBY

sniffing the air

We're sure... cows haven't slept in here?

OLIVER

jotting a note

Co-working with udders and the spirit of fermentation.

HANNA

steps behind the podium

This will be HQ.

This will be creative.

This is where the campaign of the year is born.

(beat)

TOBY

(whisper)

Followed by allergy of the century.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. — QUICK PACK-IN (SAME SCENE)

— Team hauling in suitcases, cases, mats;  
 — Nick rigs a camera to an old beam;  
 — Krystal clips a tiny lamp to a curtain;  
 — Oliver finds an outlet, plugs in a coffeemaker — it sparks;

— Hanna unwraps Sandra with the care of a sacred relic.

FRANK

(from the doorway)

Tour in twenty. And... don't touch the calves without asking.

LINDA

adding, already turning away

Or if they come to you — don't get in the way. They have... opinions.

The door closes.

On the podium: an empty mug and a note: "Let it Moo."

■ A light banjo jingle elbows in on the heavy silence.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. SUNNYFIELDS FARM – MORNING — "SHORT TOUR + HUDDLE"

YARD. FRANK leads the crew past a pen.

Ear tags read like opera: BEATRICE, CARMEN, AIDA, NORMA.

KRYSTAL

(whisper, filming "portraits," screen off)

Beatrice, Carmen, Aida... we're getting a bovine troupe.

QR on Beatrice: "tap to moo-ve" — okay, saving that for later.

OLIVER

into notebook

"Milk Named Carmen" — sounds like lactose plotting revenge.

Hanna is already mid-notes.

HANNA

crisp

Daily yield — 27 liters per cow? Somatics? Fat/protein? Any Q2 dips?

FRANK

even; eyebrow up

Twenty-seven. SCC one-eighty to two hundred thousand. Fat 3.8. Protein 3.2. No dips.

HANNA

nods, presses on

Parlor temp? Milking slots? Drive times by the minute?

FRANK

politely surprised

Morning/evening on schedule. We beat the heat with fans.

(a shade gentler)  
 You folks are... marketing, right?  
 If you grill me about hay like that — I'll print you an  
 agronomy diploma.

HANNA

calm

Deal.

FRANK

respectfully stunned

Bold.

LINDA

low, to Hanna

Milkers we name. The ones who don't stay — we don't.

A name makes care easier. And forgetting harder.

TOBY

nose testing

Ambient: sixty-four dB. Smells like "yogurt before yogurt"

and honest grass.

Background — hay and quiet. Few flies, but opinionated.

Nick peeks into a side shed.

NICK

contained delight

Yes! Pail, milking stool, hand separator. And a three-legged  
 stool.

(cradles the bucket)

Props are alive. Shooting later, promise.

Frank nods: got it — still a bit whoa.

Krystal spots a calf without a tag.

KRYSTAL

Who's the one with no name?

LINDA

even

No future here yet. Names are for those who stay.

A small pause — a light seriousness.

Bella in the next pen freezes, stares straight down Nick's  
 lens.

NICK

whisper

Plasticity of the gaze. Give me five seconds of silence.

(doesn't roll — holds himself)



CUT TO:

EXT. SCENE 11 — MORNING HUDDLE IN THE BARN

INT. BARN / MAKESHIFT OFFICE – MORNING

The barn still smells like manure and lavender.

On a long wooden table: GreenLine yogurts, a stack of grimy folders, a laptop, a nest of chargers.

On the wall — a flipchart scrawled in marker:

“STRATEGY HUDDLE — DAY 2”

Subpoint: “The Dao of Yield: Listen to the cow first, then the customer.”

HANNA stands at the flipchart, in galoshes and a sharp blazer.

KRYSTAL, TOBY, NICK, OLIVER sit wherever: on hay bales, an upside-down bucket, an apple crate.

HANNA

Morning, team. Yesterday we began. Today — we move.

We have 72 hours to prove the cow is our co-author.

(on the flipchart — a rough plan)

Plan for today:

Cow yoga — 7:00

First shoot — 10:00

Lunch with milkers — 13:00

Beatrice massage — TBD

Slogans — by sunset

KRYSTAL

We're at 248 followers. People want a live with Carmen.

TOBY

I recorded her snoring. It's... meditative.

OLIVER

I wrote four taglines and one prayer. The cows will love it.

NICK

We've got light. We've got camera. We're missing... milk.

HANNA

Perfect. First setup — Sandra and the milking pail.

We show respect for tradition.

We show the cow doesn't just give milk — she shares experience.

KRYSTAL

Are we sure we know how to milk...?

HANNA

We'll learn. We're brand professionals.

(silence)

HANNA (CONT'D)

Yoga in five. On the grass. No mats. Bring your soul.

Krystal whispers to Oliver:

KRYSTAL

(whisper)

This... still isn't a joke, right?

Oliver leans toward Toby:

OLIVER

(whisper)

Looks like she literally brought yield back.

Toby nods tensely, eyes on his notebook.

TOBY

(whisper)

I've heard udders have stress zones. People... less so.

Nick, under his breath, to himself:

NICK

Are we still in a script? Or is this therapy now?

FADE OUT.

SCENE 12 — COW YOGA

EXT. PASTURE / SUNBEAM – MORNING

Dawn. Grass jeweled with dew.

Six yoga mats at the field's edge.

On one side — the crew. On the other — three cows.

Center — HANNA (in sneakers and a sweatshirt), leading the session.

HANNA

Inhale. Soften the shoulder blades.

Exhale. Release the KPIs.

We are part of nature.

We are not bosses — we are mammals.

Hanna holds Tree Pose.

She meets the gaze of SANDRA, who chews without blinking.

HANNA

She's looking through me. It's... cleansing.

TOBY sits in Lotus — on a cow patty.

NICK films, sprawled in the grass.

TOBY

I feel nothing. Except the left glute.

It's... on fire.

KRYSTAL

(whisper, to her phone)

#MeditatingWithBessie

HANNA

Gratitude now.

Look at your cow.

Thank her for her contribution to your breakfast.

OLIVER cups his hands before CARMEN's muzzle.

She licks his finger.

OLIVER

(softly)

I feel accepted.

Possibly... for the first time in years.

NICK

(off camera)

Overexposed. The light is... divine.

But Carmen is chewing. Chewing with intent.

KRYSTAL

(low, to her screen)

If this doesn't go viral, I'm out of ideas.

Hanna claps once.

HANNA

Final pose — the Falling Birch.

Gently. No drama.

The team lies down in sync.

The cows remain standing.

Silence — birds, and a distant moo.

HANNA

We are one herd.

We don't chase results.

We... give milk — from the soul.

TOBY

(through clenched teeth)  
There's a bug... in my ear.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 13 — "MILKMAID" SHOOT  
EXT. BARN / PASTURE – MORNING

Nick sets the tripod. Camera floats over a three-legged stool and a tin pail.

Beside them — ELLEN, a milker in her 60s. White shirt, apron, weathered face — calm and stately as an oak.

KRYSTAL adjusts a strand of her hair, sets a small wreath.

KRYSTAL

(whisper)

You're the face of the new line.

You're not just milk.

You're a symbol.

ELLEN

even

I just don't like air-conditioning.

Nick clicks a few frames. The light is perfect. Dust hangs like a filter.

NICK

awed

This is it.

Bergamo light.

Contrast, texture, meaning...

HANNA

(off)

Nick, don't forget the QR later:

"Ellen. Grazes to Elvis."

NICK

smiles

No. This one's beyond brand.

This one's truth.

He steps closer, camera to shoulder, plants a foot on the stool to get a high angle.

KRYSTAL

(low)

Careful — that stool fought in '64.

The stool groans. The hay beneath is a little damp.

NICK

ceremonial

Behold... old-school milking.

We return respect to the craft.

He leans back...

THE STOOL LAUNCHES FORWARD.

NICK — INTO THE SOFT HAY.

A wet chomp. The camera somersaults, stops upside down.

OLIVER

aloud, writing

"He sought art — and found hay."

TOBY

panicked

Is he okay? NICK, ARE YOU OKAY?

YOU SMELL LIKE... EMOTION.

NICK

from the hay, resigned

I captured... a moment of truth.

KRYSTAL

filming

That's our teaser.

"We don't make ads. We live the milk."

HANNA

smiling

Shower's over there.

By the goats. One faucet — communal.

OLIVER

to Nick

If you survive this, you'll shoot the movie.

NICK

rising, very slowly

I'm ready.

SCENE 14 — SHOWER & LUNCH

EXT. SHOWER BEHIND THE BARN / FARMYARD – NOON

THE SHOWER

Behind the barn: a DIY setup — hose tied to a board, a stubborn valve.

Wooden pallets underfoot.

NICK (in a towel, ankle-deep) suffers and purifies.

Cold water pours with philosophical intent.

NICK

(inspired, to himself)

This isn't dirt. It's a layer.

I'm the dairy layer beneath the brand's surface.

KRYSTAL

(from around the corner)

Got it. It's going in the cut:

"GreenLine — a mess, but honest."

LUNCH

Farmyard table. Old planks, bench seating.

In the sun — flatbreads, roasted veggies, three sauces of unclear origin.

Staff and milkers eat side by side.

Nearby — BOLO the dog, red and wise as the universe.

OLIVER

chewing, scribbling

"Work smells like vinegar.

Truth — like flatbread."

TOBY

soft

First time eating with people who can actually milk.

It's terrifying... and inspiring.

LINDA

slicing pie

Chew first. Think later.

KRYSTAL

on her phone

One video's already up.

Fifteen likes. One comment:

"Does Betsy have an OnlyHooves?"

THE CHICK APPEARS

From under the table — a live chick bolts.

Everyone freezes.

It dashes across the yard — glorious slo-mo —  
a yogurt ribbon stuck to its tail.

BOLO rises.

Beat. Tension.

He gently catches the chick...

and places it in LINDA's hands.

LINDA

awed

Our little runner.  
We thought the fox took him.

TOBY  
beaming  
He made it.  
He's... like me.

OLIVER  
raises a juice glass  
To those who find their way back.

HANNA  
warm  
And to those who find themselves — even if you're small,  
yellow, and a little dusty.

KRYSTAL  
still filming  
Uploading as the campaign teaser.  
Tagline: "Natural. Emotional. With a Chick."

SCENE 15 — FALSE SETBACK: "GUIDELINES"  
INT. BARN / MAKESHIFT OFFICE – EVENING

Half-light. On the table — post-lunch mugs, a laptop, an old  
pail; Sandra the plywood cow edges into frame.  
KRYSTAL is buried in her phone.  
TOBY listens to "chewing silence" on headphones.  
NICK cleans a lens.  
HANNA wrangles Excel.

KRYSTAL  
(gasps)  
We've been... taken down.

NICK  
Who?

KRYSTAL  
The video. "Violation of guidelines: suggestive content /  
udder focus."  
Translation: udders — 18+.

Silence.

OLIVER  
even  
We made art. The algorithm saw content.

TOBY  
spooked

What if Beatrice finds out?

HANNA

to the board, rallying

No panic. We adjust.

We remove anything that reads as... udder.

NICK

So... a film without the core.

KRYSTAL

And we've got hate: "Exploiting bovine spirituality."

Meme of the day — Udder Shame.

LINDA appears in the doorway, drying her hands.

LINDA

Don't film what the cow gives.

Film what she looks at.

A quiet beat.

OLIVER

half-whisper, writing

Gaze. Profile. Step. Breath.

HANNA

Plan:

— no udder close-ups;

— no on-the-nose "yoga";

— eyes, ears, gait, grass, names, silence.

Honest. No tricks.

NICK

through a sigh

Fine. Light stays true.

KRYSTAL

I'll cut a clean version. Backup — Shorts and Reels.

Caption: "Stretch & Moo — unfiltered."

TOBY

I'll record "silence that chews."

HANNA

We work. By dawn — a rough portrait of Sandra.

The lone lamp clicks. The laptop screen dies.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE 15•INTERLUDE — "RHYTHM"

INT. BARN / MAKESHIFT OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER



Half-light. On the table — an aroma candle, a laptop with Excel open, a milking pail.

In the corner — plywood Sandra with a smiley sticker.

HANNA at the flipchart. In marker: "THE COW AS BRAND" — arrows, diagrams.

HANNA

(thinking out loud)

If each pose lifts perception by point two...

(jots a note)

"Bovine brand — through body and ritual."

LINDA enters, drying her hands.

LINDA

You've put the cow next to a candle again.

HANNA

It's... aromatherapy support.

(beat)

Have you ever... felt trust... from an udder?

LINDA

(after a beat)

I've felt trust from children.

And from Frank, when he's quiet.

HANNA

(sighs)

I've felt it from Excel.

(softer)

And... from Beatrice.

A pause. The candle crackles.

LINDA

You okay?

HANNA

(smiles for the first time in a while)

No.

But that's... good.

Linda spots a pencil scrawl at the bottom of the page —

OLIVER's:

"Happy Milk. Honest Moo."

LINDA

quiet, approving

Keep that.

Hanna circles the line with the marker.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN / MAKESHIFT OFFICE – EVENING

The barn has subtly transformed: a string of fairy lights, a  
thermos of tea, a flipchart reading  
“VIRAL PLAN / PHASE 2.”

The team sprawls on crates, pallets, a three-legged couch.  
Krystal pours something oat-latte-adjacent into mugs.  
Oliver digs a pencil through the slogan box.  
Toby pets the hood of his sweatshirt.  
Nick scrolls through shots of Beatrice.

HANNA (at the flipchart like it's a boardroom)  
Wave one landed.  
“Be the Moo” — almost seven hundred K views.  
Comments are alive.  
Sales — plus two-point-three, forty-eight hours.  
(beat)  
Now we need to lock it in.

KRYSTAL  
snapping into a rhythm  
Okay. We've got:  
— Beatrice doing yoga.  
— Benny — local eccentric.  
— Sunlit field, light montage.  
What's next?

NICK  
I want to shoot... a milker in slow motion.  
Like an old painting.  
But with a fog machine and a rim light.  
(beat)  
Music — Bach only.

OLIVER  
dry  
You want Bach? Book Randy.  
He coughed in E-flat yesterday.

TOBY  
thinking  
What if... we do a series?  
Each cow as a character.  
Her name. Her style. Her slogan.  
“Carmen — freedom in every drop.”  
“Madame Bovary — flavor with tragedy.”

HANNA

struck  
That... works.

OLIVER  
already writing  
"Be yourself. Even if you're Beatrice."

KRYSTAL  
dreamy  
I always wanted to work with personalities.  
Finally — they're not people.

A small pause. Smiles. The fairy lights blink once.

HANNA  
more serious  
Guys...  
Thank you.  
You're saving the department.

(Beat. She softens.)

HANNA  
You know... I thought the work was all spreadsheets.  
Turns out it's in how you...  
(searches)  
moo. Honestly.

ALL  
(overlapping)  
Thank... you?  
Mmm?  
Is that a compliment?

Oliver raises his mug.

OLIVER  
To not being fired. Yet.

Krystal reaches for her phone.

KRYSTAL  
We need to post that.  
"When your boss says you moo well."

Laughter. Chewing sounds.  
Somewhere off, a real cow moos.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 15A — NIGHT PIVOT: "EYES, NOT UDDERS"  
EXT. YARD OUTSIDE THE COWSHED – NIGHT → PRE-DAWN

Cold air. Crickets. Distant moos.

NICK frames Sandra's eyes on a tripod; ears; a profile  
against the stars.

TOBY holds the shotgun mic — records chewing and breath.

KRYSTAL whispers timecodes and marks.

OLIVER, under a lamp, writes a short line and pins it to a  
nail:

"Happy Milk. Honest Moo."

LINDA

(whisper)

Let her be a cow. Not a symbol.

HANNA

barely audible

The cow is our co-author.

Quick honest shots: a step in dew; eyelashes; a bell; the  
tag SANDRA.

Not a single udder shot.

KRYSTAL

Got it.

Uploading. No music. QR goes to "Sandra's portrait."

TOBY

Let them listen to the silence.

Nick studies the monitor — simplicity.

NICK

This is cinema.

HANNA

(whisper, almost to herself)

Happy Milk. Honest Moo.

FADE OUT.

SCENE 15 — EDIT, SANDRA & FIRST WIN

INT. MOTEL ROOM – EVENING

A motel room.

On the bed — a laptop, a box of SD cards, an empty cup.

On-screen — the edit timeline. Lo-fi lounge in the  
headphones.

Nick in sweatpants, shirtless, focused.

Krystal and Toby nearby, each in their lane.

KRYSTAL

glued to her phone

Sandra's trending. We memed her.

(reads)

"That face when you know where milk comes from — and say nothing."

"When your udder-vibe flopped at the bar."

TOBY

in his notebook

What if we... give the udder a divine angle?

KRYSTAL

absently

Like, "You don't choose the milk. The milk chooses you"?

TOBY

stills

Yes.

NICK

eyes on the cut

Shh. Here.

On screen — Sandra with a wreath. A slow push-in.

Flute. Sun. Wind in a cow's ear.

Title:

"Sandra. Loves Beethoven. Hates spoilers."

Nick pauses playback.

Beat. He nods.

NICK

That's... it.

Krystal and Toby trade a look.

Silence.

TOBY

almost ceremonial

Sandra... is speaking to the world.

KRYSTAL

drops a QR on the end card

Done.

Scan the milk carton — land on her video.

NICK

under his breath

The world will see her the way we saw her.

PHONE CHIMES.

KRYSTAL

reads

Already six hundred reposts.  
 Someone from Wisconsin says:  
 "I don't drink milk. But for her — I'll start."

They look at each other.

TOBY  
 inspired  
 One cow.  
 One camera.  
 One sunbeam.

NICK  
 closing the laptop  
 We've begun.

SCENE 16 — COWSHED / FIRST WIN  
 INT. COWSHED – DAY

On KRYSTAL's phone the counter races: 10,004 → 10,127 →  
 10,309 views.

NICK smiles. OLIVER sketches. HANNA watches SANDRA — the cow  
 calmly chews.

HANNA's bracelet buzzes: "HQ CALLING..."

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO CALL — HQ (NEW YORK, ET) × FARM (IOWA, CT) — DAY

On-screen — CALDWELL (55), glass office.  
 At the laptop — HANNA (40); the cowshed behind her, jars of  
 jam and pickles on the table, a sliver of plywood "SANDRA"  
 in the corner.

CALDWELL  
 even  
 Cute. But we're on a loss report. Yield is not a KPI.

HANNA  
 It's not just yield: GreenLine pilot +6.2% (3 counties),  
 returns -18%.  
 Jam & pickles — cross-lift +9%.

CALDWELL  
 Story isn't profit. Profit is a slide for the board.  
 Show numbers and frames. If I can defend this — you've got  
 one week.  
 If not — the campaign goes to an agency. And please... lose  
 the plywood on camera.

HANNA  
 The audience loves the plywood. But fine — off the deck.

CONNECTION ENDS.

Overlay on Hanna's bracelet: "7 DAYS REMAINING."

SFX: rain on a tin roof.

CUT TO:

INT. FARM BARN / MAKESHIFT OFFICE – DAY

On the table — an old milking pail, next to a laptop with Excel open.

On the board:

"YIELD OPTIMIZATION / HANNA'S PLAN / v1.7"

Grid reads:

- Cow: Beatrice
- Massages per day: 2 sessions
- Duration: 35 minutes
- Masseuse rate: \$48/hour
- Yoga observation: yes
- ROI: TBD

HANNA sits, chewing a pen cap, staring at graphs.

Beside her — a contact sheet: "Local Ayurveda Specialists."

HANNA

(muttering to herself)

...if one yoga session = plus 0.8 liters,  
at \$3.25 per gallon,  
then...

— KRYSTAL bursts in with her phone. NICK follows with the camera.

KRYSTAL

It took off!

We're at 11K views already.

Comment: "Didn't know a cow could bend like that."

NICK

proud

My favorite shot. Beatrice doing half-Downward Dog.

(beat)

Through editing, obviously. Still...

HANNA

snapped out of it

Took off what?

KRYSTAL

delighted

The clip!

Cow yoga!

I added the tagline: "Stretch & Moo."

TikTok is moo-ving.

HANNA

thrown

But... that's not an approved concept yet.

I haven't finished the calc—

(glances at Excel)

Who greenlit the Ayurveda spend?

— OLIVER enters with a sheet of paper.

OLIVER

While you were calculating udder-per-capita,

I wrote this:

(reads)

"She is silent, but her udder speaks:

'I'm for the natural.'"

(beat)

Option B:

"Sandra loves Beethoven. Do you?"

KRYSTAL

ecstatic

The comments adore him.

There's fan art already.

NICK

showing screen

Headphones on her.

Headphones on the udder!

— HANNA jumps up, yanks open her inbox.

ON SCREEN:

From: Development Director

Subject: Have you completely lost it?

Email body:

Hanna,

I just saw your file titled

"COW\_YOGA\_STRATEGY\_v7\_FINAL\_FINAL\_2."

You proposed hiring eight therapists.

Go outside. Look at grass.

Or at least the price of a gallon of milk.



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■■■  
■■■■■■■■ «■■■■■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■■■■■»? ■■■■■■■■

**[REDACTED]**

(**[REDACTED]**)

**[REDACTED], [REDACTED] [REDACTED], [REDACTED] [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED]**

**[REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED], [REDACTED] [REDACTED].**

[illegible]

CUT TO:

INT. [REDACTED] 18 — FIELD REPORT  
INT. [REDACTED] — [REDACTED] [REDACTED] — [REDACTED]  
(CT)  
[REDACTED] [REDACTED]. [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] [REDACTED].

■■■■  
 (■■■■■■■■■■)  
 ■■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■■■

ON SCREEN — ■■■■: "Project Honest Moo: Field Report"

2 — : / ,  
-18%, 15 ■: 62%.

**■■■■■ 3— ■■■■■ (■ ■■■■■):**

**— ■■ ■■ ■■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■. ■■ ■■■■■■■. ■■ ■■■■■■■■**

**■■■■■■■■■**

4 — (VO):  
—

5 —

████ 6 — ██████████ █████: "This video was not A/B tested. It was lived."

EMAIL POP-UP ■■ ■■■■■■■■■■: "Field Report\_v1.mov — sent"

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERLAY: "4 DAYS REMAINING"

OVERLAY: "4 DAYS REMAINING"

■■■■■ 19 — ■■■■■  
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 INT. HQ — ■■■■ ■■■■■■ —  
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 ■■■■■■■■  
 ■■■■■■■■: GreenLine.  
 ■■■■■■ Honest Moo.  
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 ■■■■■.  
 PLAY.  
 — ■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■.  
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 62%.  
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 — ■■■■■: "Not A/B  
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 ■■■■■■■■ -42% (■■■■

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CUT TO:

SCENE 20 — BEFORE THE “PEOPLE IN STORES” MONTAGE  
 EXT./INT. CITY — DAY — A STRING OF QUICK HOOKS

— SHOP WINDOW: an Honest Moo sticker beside “GreenLine.”  
 — SUPERMARKET: at checkout, a jar of pickles with a tiny  
 “Honest Moo” sticker.  
 — CUSTOMER’S PHONE: notification, “New: Honest Moo — Field  
 Report” → a thumb taps play.  
 — CHALKBOARD IN A DELI: “Listen to the cow first, then the  
 customer.”

SCENE 21 — MONTAGE: “GREENLINE IN THE WILD”  
 INT. CHAIN STORES, SOCIAL FEEDS — DAY

TITLE: “Two weeks later. Product hits shelves. Sales climb.  
 The public is... slightly confused.”

SMASHY CUTS:

WALMART — AUSTIN, TEXAS  
 A COWBOY (40s) studies a GreenLine bottle.  
 COWBOY (to himself)  
 Sandra drinks the classics. I can, too.  
 He drops the milk in a cart with a lasso and horse feed.

WALMART — NEW YORK  
 MOM (30) with SON (6) at the dairy aisle.  
 MOM  
 Okay, the logo’s a little creepy...

SON

(puts on a plywood cow mask)

Mooooo!

WALMART — MINNESOTA

ELDERLY COUPLE (70+) inspects the carton.

WIFE

Look — “Madame Bovary, opera-trained cow.”

HUSBAND

suspicious

Are we sure this is even milk?

TIKTOK — L.A. INFLUENCER (20s)

Background: slow-mo cow stepping to Beethoven.

ON-SCREEN TEXT:

“POV: your cow’s into Mozart. You drink GreenLine.”

■ a sonata plays

Caption: “Sandra is THAT girl ■■”

100K likes. Comments:

— “Is she single?”

— “I’d join her cult.”

DASHBOARD — HQ ANALYTICS SCREEN

Graph rockets: +8.6% / 14 days

Label: “Viral engagement: extreme. Conversion: unexpectedly positive.”

YOUTUBE SHORTS — TEENS IN COW COSTUMES, RAPPING:

Beatrice — boss,

Madame — no loss,

Carmen sends SOS —

Drink GreenLine, no stress!

FACEBOOK POST — GRANDMA with caption:

“I don’t get it, but the bottle is pretty.”

15K shares. Comment: “Celebrity!”

REDDIT THREAD:

“Marketing or religious cult?

Are the cows... aware?”

END OF MONTAGE:

INT. HQ — MARKETING FLOOR

AN ANALYST OPENS HANNA’S EMAIL ATTACHMENT:

FILE: “MESSAGE\_AND\_YOGA\_EXPENSES.XLSX”

HE SCANS THE NUMBERS.

ANALYST

(voice trembling)

She’s... actually doing this?

HARD CUT:

## SCENE 22

## EXT. FARM – BARN PARTY – EVENING

Field sunset. String lights between barn and tractor.

Like a cider commercial — except the “models” are locals in coveralls.

Fiddle-and-banjo. Kids sprint. A dog chases its tail.

On a long table: pies, corn, potato salads.

On a cloth banner: “Thank you for Sandra. And for the yield.”

■ LINDA plays a “Country Roads” cover — on banjo, with a gramophone in unison.

City crew and farmers at the table.

HANNA — in jeans, laughing for real, not for work.

KRYSTAL shoots a story: “Welcome to Moo Valley.”

TOBY whispers to a cow through the fence — she seems to listen.

NICK teaches a local kid how to set a tripod.

OLIVER reads poems to kids. They’re delighted.

Hanna approaches FRANK with a plate.

HANNA

(sincere)

Thank you. For the first time in ages, I feel like we’re not just KPIs.

FRANK

grinning

I don’t even know what that is.

But you started listening.

And cows... feel that.

LINDA hands Hanna a mug of mulled wine.

LINDA

Sometimes to know what you want...

you have to go far away.

And bring a full-size marketing cow along.

They laugh. Behind them — plywood Sandra, garlanded.

Randy steps up.

RANDY

And now, ladies and gents...

it’s time for bovine karaoke!

APPLAUSE.

TOBY hides.

NICK tunes a mic.

HANNA laughs — truly.

LAST SHOT OF THE SCENE:

SANDRA — the real cow — wearing a flower wreath.

Sticker on her forehead: “Influencer of the Year.”

SCENE 21

INT. HQ – BOARDROOM – MORNING

On screen — TikTok of wreath-crowned Sandra.

Millions of likes drift like snow.

HANDLE: @MooHarmony

Caption: “Sandra loves Beethoven — do you?”

Silence.

Front row — the DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR, a little lost.

SMM ANALYST

under breath

This is... actual madness.

Plus twelve percent. Three days. Even in Wisconsin.

FINANCE

scrolling a tablet

Orders up.

Merch requests.

People are literally asking for “Sandra’s cowbell.”

DIRECTOR

softly

Who shot this?

SMM ANALYST

unsure

Krystal. From Iowa.

She’s... a bovine ambassador now.

DIRECTOR

repeating, like a mantra

A bovine... ambassador.

He takes out his phone, watches the video,

beat — then smirks.

DIRECTOR

We’re... back in the game.

Beat.

DIRECTOR



Send Sandra catering.

NODS ALL AROUND.

On the wall — more clips:

- “Beatrice meditates to Bach.”
- “Carmen’s breath-work hacks.”
- “Randy on winning a bull’s respect.”

On the wall — a fresh slogan:

■ “Happy Milk. Honest Moo.”

FADE OUT.

SCENE 22 — MONTAGE: FARM, DAY → EVENING

■ Light instrumental.

- Carmen in a wreath against the sunset.
  - Nick catching the light.
  - Oliver reads: “Cow, you’re today’s muse. You hold calm. And kindness.”
  - Toby with a mic. A cow moos. He nods like it’s take one.
  - Krystal shows a tablet: followers +120%.
  - Randy slices watermelon.
  - Frank straightens a sign: “Employee of the Month: Beatrice.”
  - Linda unties her apron. Looks at the sky.
  - Hanna apart, checks her phone:
- INCOMING: HQ — “Moo-Life division. Lead it?”
- She taps Decline. Looks at the farm. Smiles.

■ MUSIC FADES INTO QUIET.

SCENE 23 — FINALE – NIGHT

- Hay, string lights, a long table.
- City and locals together.
- Karaoke. Dancing.
- Linda and Hanna spin.
- Oliver with lemonade and a notebook.
- Toby explains TikTok to Sandra.
- Krystal’s story: “We’re part of the village.”
- Frank: “These have apples. These — cinnamon.

And these... a secret."

— Nick: "Crazy this all started with falling sales..."

■ A guitar. Someone plays, softly.

SCENE 24 — SUPERMARKET

MONTAGE

INT. WALMART — VARIOUS CITIES

■ VO (Krystal, ad-calm):

"Every milk with a character.

Every cow with a soul."

— A mom grabs Happy Moo.

— A student: "That's Carmen. I know her."

— A grandpa: "Thanks, Beatrice."

— Teens watch the viral cow-yoga Short.

■ ON-SCREEN SLOGAN:

"Happy Moo. The milk that hears you."

SCENE 25 — DEPARTURE

INT. BUS — MORNING

— Everyone en route. Worn out, glowing.

— Krystal: "Sandra followed me."

— Nick asleep, hugging the camera.

— Toby holds a souvenir: mic + mini-udder.

— Oliver at the window:

"Cow. Landscape. Quiet. Goodbye, city."

— Hanna with a notebook.

Cover: Moo-Life v1.0 — begun.

■ The bus rolls down a dirt road.

At the exit sign: "Thanks for visiting. Moo more often."

■ FINAL MUSIC.

■ THE END

by Luma & Aten

For Stage32 Review — Luma & Aten