

**AnimaLib**

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

A hanging cow carcass fills the screen in SILENCE.

A SNARLING chain saw slashes the carcass in half. The saw rears on high, its teeth dripping blood.

THE CHAIN SAW MAN steps back. The carcass continues along an interminable moving overhead rail (The Line), as shadowy figures scramble to keep up with the killing.

A grinning BENNIE, 25, and reluctant LUIS, 30, prod a cow out of the chute.

CRUNCH. The KNOCKER air-guns a steel bolt into her forehead. She goes down, ear tag flashing.

She's shackled and lifted, upside down, onto The Line. Off she goes to the STICKER, his apron drenched in blood.

Floor boss FLINT, a rugged 45, strides up The Line, swishing an electric prod ("hotshot").

The Sticker needs to pee. Almost dancing, he turns to Flint.

FLINT

No breaks, you know that.

The scowling Sticker turns to the cow and raises his knife.

EXT. STOCKYARD - NIGHT

TWO MEN prod skittish cows into a chute.

A HOLSTEIN, whose unusually large circular forehead blaze looks almost like a target, shies at the gate. The men hotshot her. She squeals, stumbles ahead.

Cows jostle up the chute and disappear into a black hole.

And hidden just outside the stockyard, a MAN wearing an Animal Liberation Front hoodie films the action.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

The Holstein watches as the cow ahead is prodded out of the chute. CRUNCH. Suddenly, the hoisted cow jerks and MOOS.

KNOCKER

Stop! Live cow!

Flint waves The Line on. The Knocker shrugs.

In the chute, the Holstein balks. Bennie zaps her. She squeals, but she won't move.

BENNIE  
(grabbing her tail)  
Old bitch!

And he rams his buzzing hotshot up her rectum.

She bellows...leaps...straddles the barrier...scrambles over!

BENNIE  
LOOSE COW! LOOSE COW! LOOSE COW!

She steps toward the knocker. Whoa! He drops the gun and climbs a shackling chain. She turns away, looks ahead.

The big front door gapes wide. She trots out into the night.

FLINT  
(running up)  
Bennie! Luis! Get the truck!

And The Line never stops.

EXT. STOCKYARD - NIGHT

The Holstein trots by the stockyard, mooing. Heads lift, cows moo back.

A filthy pickup appears, Luis driving. In back, Bennie, smoking a cigarette, and Flint load rifles.

A forklift, carrying a barely-moving cow, bears down on the Holstein. She veers, trots away. But ahead is...

A five-foot-high, barbed-wire fence.

She slows. RIFLE SHOTS. She breaks into a run. Bennie whoops and reloads.

Just outside the stockyard, the still-hidden ALF man alerts, then points his camera at cow and pursuers.

The fence looms up, barbed wire glistening, closing fast. Closer...her eyes roll...closer...she bellows, leaps...

And soars over the barbed wire!

SCREEECH! The truck skids to a stop. The men look at each other and the fence. Finally, Flint slams his rifle down.

FLINT  
Stupid cow.

And the ALF man sneaks away.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Ahhh, spring in rural California. A meadow blooms.

The Holstein awakes, looks around. Finally seen in repose, she has big beautiful brown eyes.

FLINT (V.O.)  
But ma'am, it's an old dairy queen.  
Not worth catching...Yes ma'am, I  
know she's a dangerous symbol...OK  
ma'am, you're the boss. I'll do  
whatever it takes to get her back.

She wanders and forages as dawn gives way to day.

A distant FARMER appears. She trots off, ear tag flashing in the sun. The farmer takes out a cell phone, dials.

FARMER  
Is this WARG?...Saw a lost cow, but  
she ran off. Wanna come find her?

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

An old barn dominates the deserted area.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: The Holstein trots to the door, waits. Nothing. She paws it. Nothing. She lies down.

JOHN BROWN (V.O.)  
Not where you used to live, old  
girl. Just smells like it.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

A pickup with a WARG sticker backs a trailer up the drive. JOHN BROWN, a quiet, intense and fit 37, steps out. Man and cow gaze at each other. He reaches into a burlap bag and pulls out an APPLE.

EXT. A MILE AWAY - DAY

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: John coaxes the cow to the trailer.

FLINT  
 (lowering binoculars)  
 And there she is! Went to the same  
 old barn the other escapees did.  
 Let's go, boys!

Twirling his keys, he hops into the filthy pickup.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

John locks the cow into the trailer.

CAR ENGINE. He grabs a red cell phone from his truck.

The filthy pickup pulls in. Flint, Bennie and Luis jump out, leaving Flint's keys in the pickup.

Flint saunters forward with a friendly smile, hotshot in one hand and \$50 bill in the other.

FLINT  
 You found our cow! Thanks!

John glances at the "Taylor Farms" sign on the pickup. He grins and shakes his head.

FLINT  
 Jesus H. Christ. A cow hugger.

LUIS  
 (bringing rope)  
 Senor Flint, please do not take Our  
 Savior's name--

Flint glances over. Luis shuts up. Flint flicks a look at Bennie, who edges backwards toward the pickup.

JOHN  
 Maybe I could buy her--

FLINT  
 Not for sale.  
 (John turns away)  
 Look, cows are here for us to use.  
 Always been that way. And will be.

JOHN  
 (staring into space)  
 Not if people saw Taylor Farms...  
 and all those other factory farms.

FLINT  
 Well, they don't wanna see.

Struck by Flint's words, John turns away, talks to the sky.

JOHN

Glass walls...until enough people  
have seen enough. Not just cows,  
but chickens and pigs, and all the  
others, everywhere. It's  
time...and maybe even time to step  
in, free all we can, not just talk  
about it..

(turning back)

THANK YOU, Mr. Flint!

Luis listens intently. Flint shrugs and turns to the others.

FLINT

Bennie, Luis. Move it.

Bennie pulls a lug wrench from the pickup. And John pulls  
out the red cell phone.

FLINT

(raising his hotshot)

911? Over a cow?

But John raises his "cell phone" and pepper-sprays Flint!

Bennie whacks at John's trailer door. John runs up, Bennie  
swings. But John ducks and sprays Bennie, too.

A frightened Luis puts his hands up, then watches as John  
grabs Flint's keys from the pickup. While Flint and Bennie  
writhe on the ground, John hops into his own truck, twirling  
Flint's keys.

JOHN

(to the cow)

OK back there? Let's go!

(to Flint)

You'll find your keys near your  
turnoff sign.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The long arm of the slaughterhouse  
has yet to collar the cow who's  
captured the country's heart.  
After one giant leap for animal  
kind, the heroic Holstein trotted  
off and hasn't been seen since.

(MORE)

But Animal Liberation Front filmed her getaway and now she's a social media sweetheart.

John's pickup slows to a turnoff sign, "Taylor Farms". Out the window go Flint's keys. An arm waves bye-bye.

The truck speeds off down the road...

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - DAY

...and journeys through farm and dairy land, finally turning off at a sign, "World Animal Rights Group, 3 miles".

EXT. WARG SANCTUARY - DAY

A fenced preserve of pastures and rolling hills spreads out. Cows, horses, sheep and pigs wander free.

Horn HONKING, the truck swings past the "WARG" sign, rolls through the gate and heads for the farmyard.

Petite and perky ALICE, 35, and big and athletic TED, 40, clothes disheveled, hustle out of the barn, scattering chickens, turkeys and geese.

JOHN

Little early for a roll in the hay.

TED

Never too early. Even after you're married.

ALICE

Why don't you try it sometime?

JOHN

You party animals. Some sanctuary helpers you are.

(tossing her an apple)

Like to meet Mrs. Wiggins?

SUSAN (V.O.)

I want the whole country to meet Mrs. Wiggins.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

SUSAN FORSYTH, 45, austere as her suit, instructs a skeptical DIRECTOR.

SUSAN

The flying cow. Thanks to those ALF pics, this could go big! Let's start by interviewing Dr. Brown and Mrs. Wiggins, ASAP.

DIRECTOR

Ms. Forsyth, the last time you jumped the gun, Mr. Hammer said--

SUSAN

I know what he said. I'll tell him about this myself.

They look at each other. He suddenly grins.

DIRECTOR

You want a memorial donation to that WARG outfit you like? Or do we just send flowers?

INT. FLINT'S DEN - NIGHT

"Employee of the Year" and other awards adorn the walls. Ear glued to a phone, Flint forks a piece of steak.

TV ANCHORMAN (O.S.)

...and after an anonymous tip, Mrs. Wiggins's rescuer scoured the area to find her. Amy Chan reports live from Mrs. Wiggins's new home...

FLINT

But ma'am, it's our cow, why can't we just go in and--

MA'AM (V.O.)

("little old lady" voice)  
Don't be a fool, Flint. Try anything right now and the media will barbecue us without sauce.

FLINT

But--

MA'AM

Remember that hog movie, "Babe"? Kids wouldn't eat pork for months. Want that to happen to us?

FLINT

But it's only one old cow.



MA'AM

NOT! She's a symbol for all those crappy cow huggers. And if her so-called "rescuer" gets away with it, how many others are gonna try it?

FLINT

But--

MA'AM

So get her back! Quick but quiet. Do whatever you have to, but no publicity.

FLINT

Can't we squat awhile, and maybe--

MA'AM

We can't and you won't. You hear? Flint, you manage real good in the slaughterhouse. But anyone can be replaced. Got it? So get with it.

CLICK. A frustrated Flint drops the phone.

FLINT

(turning toward the TV)  
Why would people care about one more item on the evening news?  
This is getting ridiculous.

INT. JONES FAMILY DEN - NIGHT

JIM, 40, MARY, 36, and BILLY, 12 -- a pleasant middle-class family -- eat hamburgers and absorb the evening news. On TV is reporter AMY, 30.

AMY

And here's Mrs. Wiggins with her savior, Dr. John Brown of WARG, World Animal Rights Group.

John, in an "Alpha WARG" T-shirt, appears on TV. The TV shot widens to MRS. WIGGINS, nuzzling John.

Billy smiles at Mrs. Wiggins.

AMY

John, I hear Mrs. Wiggins loves apples. Any special kind, maybe Honeycrisp? Or Granny Smith?

It's all cute and fun. Until John lets loose.

JOHN

She's a spent dairy cow. When they couldn't force enough milk and calves out of her, they shipped her off to be ground into hamburger.

Billy's smile vanishes.

AMY

About those apples--

JOHN

When you eat your next burger, it's this old girl you're eating. Look at it! Is that ketchup? Or is it her blood on your hands?

AMY

Gerald, back to you.

Instantly, John's history. The Anchorman appears.

ANCHORMAN

Uh, thanks, Amy. We'll, uh, hope to hear more later about Mrs. Wiggins' taste in fruit.

Billy stares at his ketchupy burger.

BILLY

She's like a big old dog. The way she nuzzled up to that man--

JIM

It's a cow, all right? Just a cow!

Billy stares down at his plate.

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)

In other news...

INT. ROGER SHERMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ANCHORMAN (O.S.)

...the President's approval ratings are down for the third straight--

CLICK. The remote's tossed onto a desk, next to a plaque, "Roger Sherman, Field Director, Homeland Security".

ROGER SHERMAN, a florid 55, snorts in disgust.

ROGER

All this fuss, Wes. Over a cow!  
You're my animal eco-terrorism  
expert. You've got a psych degree.  
You explain it.

WESLEY HANOVER, urbane, 40, stares at the dark screen.

WESLEY

(thinking out loud)

He's ready to snap. I've seen his  
type. Good people turning bad.

Roger ponders a moment, but dismisses it.

ROGER

Ahhhhh, one more harmless crackpot.  
Had his moment. End of story.

WESLEY

How do you think Animal Liberation  
Front got onto the FBI's Top Ten  
Threats? By taking pictures and  
starting like this.

ROGER

But this guy's not ALF. Is he?

WESLEY

You harangue people. No one cares.  
So you sneak in, take pictures, try  
to hook the media. Horrific shots  
on the evening news. Anything to  
get exposure for The Cause.

ROGER

But this guy's not--

WESLEY

Finally you lose all perspective.  
Your end is noble, it justifies any  
means. Now you're ready for ALF,  
ready for real terrorism and--

Roger's staring at him, fascinated.

WESLEY

Sir, this time he took a cow. Next  
time, he'll take the herd. Not  
that I'd blame him.

ROGER

Good God, Wesley, how can you--

WESLEY

I know, I know. "A criminal is a criminal is a criminal". And I'm not saying this guy is one. BUT... he could be the lead we've been looking for, the lead to real criminals out there. We've GOT to check it out, just in case.

Roger's puzzled. But he shrugs it off.

ROGER

OK, keep an eye out. Nothing too formal, just check him out, OK?

WESLEY

I'll think of something. Maybe assign some surveillance to one of my animal-sympathetic agents. Not over-sympathetic, of course.

ROGER

Well, tell me what happens. Not that anything will, of course.

WESLEY

Of course. But better safe than very, very sorry.

INT. CHARLES HAMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Los Angeles skyline, viewed from twenty stories up.

CHARLES

Suzy, what the hell's going on? OK, we all love animals. But hyping some fanatic who can't keep his trap shut? That's begging for backlash. And advertisers don't like that.

The desk plaque reads "Charles Hammer, President, USBS News". CHARLES, a burly and commanding 60, glares across at a defiant Susan.

He's about to explode. She gives him an innocent smile. He laughs, then turns serious.

CHARLES

OK, you pushed the cow and she's a major hit. But don't get carried away. 'Nuff said.

Susan blows him a kiss and turns to go.

CHARLES

And tell that doc to lighten up.

INT. SUSAN FORSYTH'S OFFICE - DAY

A desk plaque, "Susan Forsyth, Vice President, USBS News".  
Cell phone in hand, Susan paces her office.

SUSAN

(into phone)

Dr. Brown, we've never met. But I've stuck my neck out for the animals, and for you rescuers...You're welcome. But now you want a slaughterhouse on the six o'clock news? You think people eating dinner want to watch cows turn into steaks?...I might look at footage. But if ten years hasn't gotten you inside any of those places...Yes, yes, you're welcome. Good luck.

She puts down the phone, stares out over the city.

SUSAN

You'll need it.

EXT. MRS. WIGGINS'S PASTURE - DAY

Propped against Mrs. Wiggins, John reads *Animal Liberation*.

JOHN

(reading to her)

The question is not "Can they reason?" nor "Can they talk?" but "Can they suffer?"

BEEP. He pulls out a real cell phone.

DANIEL (V.O.)

You Brown?

JOHN

(into phone)

Maybe. Who you?

DANIEL

Daniel. You saved the cow, right?

JOHN

Why?

DANIEL

Wanna see what happens to hogs?

John thinks a moment, grins.

JOHN

(to Mrs. Wiggins)

If only we'd put you on the evening news ten years ago.

EXT. HOG FARM GROUNDS - NIGHT

A rotting mound of dead pigs sprawls near the gate sign, "COUNTRYWIDE PORK PRODUCTS".

Huge sheds, each with twenty-foot-high feed hopper and bloody dumpsters, dot the desolate area.

More mounds, hidden under clouds of BUZZING flies. From behind a mound, John appears, filming away.

A trail of blood leads to A DEAD SOW. John kneels, closes her eyes. Then he rises and hastens away.

A shed door. As he reaches it, it eases open. An arm holds out hog worker clothing.

JOHN

Daniel?

DANIEL (O.S.)

You got till end of hose down.

INT. SOW STALLS - NIGHT

Claustrophobic. Tunnel-like rows of 2' x 6' bare metal stalls with slatted floors.

Each stall holds A SOW, her neck chained to a cage wall.

DANIEL, 30, black and brawny, leads John past stall after stall. Nose wrinkled, John films away.

In one stall, a sow hurls herself against the walls. She thrashes, SCREAMS, collapses. Pause. She does it again.

DANIEL

New one. They go on for hours sometimes. Then they quiet down.

Another stall. The sow lies still, her snout thrust under the bars. She groans and whimpers.

JOHN

Then they start gnawing?

Another stall. The sow gnaws her bars and WHINES, her breathing labored. Sores cover her deformed legs.

DANIEL

Then they start gnawing. Lot of 'em get sick. Plus ammonia from pig piss chews up their lungs.

Piglets nurse from their mother. She's immobilized in a stall whose special frame prevents her movement.

JOHN

The Iron Maiden?

DANIEL

(nodding)

Three weeks, pull 'em, move the mother, force another litter.

JOHN

How long for the piglets?

DANIEL

Six months. Then...

A throat-cutting gesture.

JOHN

I've gotta see them.

DANIEL

Kinda risky. Hose-down time.

John looks at Daniel, who shrugs. They walk off, passing a bloody-faced sow, ramming her snout against the cage bars.

INT. PIGLET NURSERY - NIGHT

Daniel puts a finger to his lips and points.

Cage after cage after cage, full of piglets. A hundred feet away, WORKERS hose down walkways.

DANIEL

Packers want same size, so we weed out runts. Thump a hundred a day.

John looks at him, not quite believing it.

DANIEL  
Grab 'em by the hind legs, then...

He bashes an imaginary piglet's head onto the floor.

JOHN  
God! This is even worse than how  
the hens get slaughtered!

DANIEL  
Some don't die right off. I've  
seen 'em crawl around with an  
eyeball hanging out.

John gags.

DANIEL  
Sorry.

John films away. Intent, he nears a cage. Excited piglets  
paw the bars and SQUEAL.

A worker looks around, double takes.

DANIEL  
Dammit!

They run for it. YELLS behind them.

INT. HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

Daniel and John pile through the door and stop dead.

Thirty-foot-square pens fill the area. Filthy pigs back into  
corners or lie panting.

In one pen, limping pigs cower away from A HERDER with a  
hotshot. He zaps a straying pig.

Daniel sneaks along the wall. He pulls at John, who walks  
backwards, trying to film everything.

HERDER  
Daniel? Who the hell's that?

DANIEL  
New guy. Giving him the tour.

Daniel yanks John along, accidentally exposing the camera.



HERDER  
Camera?! Dammit! Wait, wait!

Daniel and John run for it.

INT. CONNECTING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Daniel and John clatter up the corridor. John slows to peek through a window. Daniel hustles him off.

DANIEL  
Idiot!

They're gone. Moments later, pursuers skid round the corner.

INT. SOW STALLS - NIGHT

Daniel and John stare at the shed door in the distance.

JOHN  
They'll butcher you for this, so if you need any help, maybe an animal-saving job, all you gotta do is call. By the way, why'd you do it?

DANIEL  
I finally saw enough. Now get out.

John races up the wet walkway, nears the door.

But he slips and crashes.

Daniel looks at a thrashing sow, then at yelling workers rushing toward him.

John forces himself up, gropes for the camera.

Daniel hesitates, then yanks open a door, unsnaps a tether.

And a six-hundred-pound sow charges out!

The workers try to panic-stop. Not a chance. They slide into the sow, who doesn't give an inch.

John limps to the shed door, flings it open and disappears.

Daniel yanks open stall doors and unsnaps tethers.

DANIEL  
 (yelling the song)  
*Who let the hogs out?*  
*oink oink oink oink*  
*Who let the hogs out?*  
*oink oink oink oink*

Another sow charges out.

Another. The frustrated workers back out.

Another.

Daniel dances up the row of cages like a demented Pied Piper, tooting on an imaginary flute.

DANIEL  
 Follow me, girls!

Sows lumber out the open door into the night.

EXT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Munching a doughnut, Roger looks up from a police report, "Countrywide". He sees Wesley coming in.

ROGER  
 (holding up report)  
 No wonder this Daniel said he'd  
 seen enough. They gonna jail him?

WESLEY  
 No, they don't want publicity, but--

He halts, snaps his fingers, thinks...

ROGER  
 (perusing a picture)  
 Geez, this is worse than where the  
 cow jumped ship.

WESLEY  
 Just what Daniel thought. Said he  
 saw Mrs. Wiggins and realized--

He looks away, distracted.

WESLEY  
 (to himself)  
 Of course. You want your hog film  
 on TV. So who you gonna call? The  
 evening news! And if we block you,  
 you just might lead us to ALF.

ROGER  
What? What did he realize?

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

A suspicious Susan eyes a genial Wesley.

SUSAN  
Nice of you to make time for a social visit, Agent, uh, Hanover, isn't it? You must be terribly busy, tracking down major threats like trespassing hog huggers.

WESLEY  
No trouble, Ms. Forsyth. Besides, we're closer than you think.

She stiffens. He gives her a bland smile.

WESLEY  
And we mustn't let a trespasser hog free publicity with illegally-obtained film, don't you agree? Should you receive such film, you will of course notify us.

She crosses her fingers behind her back.

SUSAN  
Of course. Though I wonder why you care so much about one trespasser.

WESLEY  
Ah, but today's trespasser is tomorrow's terrorist. And I'm afraid we may be seeing the thin end of a very widespread wedge.

He gets up, glances around.

WESLEY  
Nice place. Your career looks bright. So far. Well, I really must be going.

He strolls out. She pulls out a video disk. "Countrywide". She picks up the phone.

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMYARD - DAY

John feeds the hens. One hen hastens over to him.

JOHN  
Henrietta!

He scoops her up and heads for the pasture.

EXT. MRS WIGGINS'S PASTURE - DAY

John deposits Henrietta onto Mrs. Wiggins's broad back. He takes out a cell phone, presses the message button.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Lovely gift. If only I had a major event to go with it.

JOHN  
(scratching Mrs. Wiggins)  
So pigs won't play. And without a headline-grabber like you, neither will Ms. Forsyth. But that can be arranged. Why, our little party's just beginning.

Holding Henrietta, he walks off singing.

JOHN  
I went to the animal fair,  
The birds and the beasts were there

EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - DAY

A huge banner, "THE ANIMAL FAIRE", flutters above masses of people streaming into acres of shimmering, flag-waving tents.

Families stroll among displays. Kids with cotton candy race around. The Petting Zoo is mobbed.

BOBBIE MATTHEWS, 32, peppy and pretty, shimmers through the crowd. She stops at a booth, buys something.

Striding along a mile-long line, she looks ahead to see...

Mrs. Wiggins, posed near a barbed-wire fence. Behind her, a huge picture of a slaughterhouse.

It's mobbed. Kids waggle "Wiggins for President" signs.

WARG VOLUNTEERS beckon. Jim, Mary and an excited Billy hasten to Mrs. Wiggins's side. Cameras click, people wave.

Among the happy throng is an anything-but-happy Flint.

FLINT  
 (into cell phone)  
 People are going ape over that damn  
 cow! Ma'am, we gotta do something.

MA'AM (V.O.)  
 All right, get it back ASAP. But  
 legal. Quick and quiet. You hear?

Flint catches a passing visitor.

FLINT  
 Got a police station around here?

Back at the WARG booth, Alice and Ted try to keep up with a  
 crowd buying everything that isn't nailed down.

Billy gloats over his Mrs. Wiggins photo, autographed with a  
 hoofprint. Dad ruffles Billy's hair.

Next door, A MAN sidles into the "WARGS ONLY" tent.

EXT. WARG BOOTH - DAY

At one side, John sits and rocks, Henrietta on his lap.  
 Bobbie zips over, waving her Mrs. Wiggins sign.

BOBBIE  
 I'm Bobbie! I called, remember? I  
 saw Mrs. Wiggins on TV and cried  
 for an hour.  
 (eyeing Henrietta)  
 Who's this? She's so sweet! I'm  
 afraid of cows, but hens I can  
 handle. So what do I do first?

Alice looks around and grins at him.

JOHN  
 You might sit down.

He gets up, offering Bobbie his rocker.

BOBBIE  
 On no, I'd rather stand. Really!  
 I want to be helping. Aaaaaand, in  
 honor of it's almost Easter...

She whips out a carton of decorator Easter eggs.

BOBBIE  
 This will brighten up your booth.  
 Decorations you can eat!

Alice and Ted blench. John eases Henrietta into her pen.

BOBBIE

I...don't get it! Was it something  
I said?

JOHN

Bobbie, it's OK, I thought that way  
once too. But then I visited a  
place called Egg Town and met  
Henrietta...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EGG FARM SHED - DAY

WORKER

(opening door)  
...but no camera, got that?

John hands the WORKER a \$20 bill.

INT. EGG FARM SHED - DAY

Dim lights in vast darkness. SQUAWKING.

Six tiers of cages with sloping wire floors flank a 32" wide  
aisle. In each 20" by 19" by 14" cage, 6-8 hens jostle.

Along each tier slides a grain-dotted belt. Below it, a  
second belt hums along, carrying eggs. Along the egg belt  
runs a glistening wire.

In one cage, an egg rolls down wires onto the belt.

A HEN tries to reach the egg, touches the glistening wire.  
She squawks, jerks back. John winces, the worker guffaws.

WORKER

Works slick, don't it?

He yanks a dead hen from a cage, tosses her aside.

WORKER

(pointing at food belt)  
Garbage in...  
(pointing at egg belt)  
garbage out.

In the pit below the belt, a hen struggles feebly, stuck in  
mounds of manure. John points.

WORKER

Yeah, sometimes one falls through.  
Stupid chickens.

He grabs her. Her upper beak's been cut off, leaving a raw, fleshy growth. He taps it. She squawks.

WORKER

Debeaked. See? Cuts down on  
cannibalism. So does darkness.

He drops her on the floor. She struggles up, falls over. She scrabbles to get up, but can't.

John turns away but pauses...sighs...and finally holds out another \$20 bill.

WORKER

We got us half a million hens.  
More'n a thousand die every day.  
So what's it matter?

JOHN

It matters to this one.

The worker shrugs, pockets the bill.

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMYARD - DAY

John cleans the last manure off the hen and sets her on the ground. She wobbles into the farmyard. John smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WARG BOOTH - MIDDAY

Back in the present, John smiles at Bobbie.

JOHN

An egg farm hen lays an egg every  
28 hours. A dozen eggs is two more  
weeks of hell for every Henrietta.

BOBBIE

OHMIGOD! Oh. My. God. I'm sorry,  
I am so sorry.

JOHN

Innocent mistake. And it's one I  
used to make. Henrietta, and a few  
other things, started WARG.

BOBBIE

"Other things"? Like Mrs. Wiggins?

JOHN

(nodding sadly)

But that was a few years ago. And only a few days ago, I got to see for myself what it's like for pigs.

Bobbie gives a little sob. John hesitates, then gives her a chaste little hug.

JOHN

So don't you worry over not knowing everything. We're glad you care and glad you're here.

And Bobbie brightens, while behind them, A WOMAN sidles into the "WARGS ONLY" tent.

JOHN

(checking his watch)

Want to keep Henrietta company?

Bobbie gives him a radiant smile. He picks up her sign, catching Alice's eye.

As Bobbie watches John stroll off, Alice comes over.

BOBBIE

I suppose he's married?

ALICE

Only to WARG.

Bobbie brightens again. Alice smothers a smile.

John strolls into the "WARGS ONLY" tent...

INT. WARG TENT - DAY

...and TWENTY PEOPLE in ALF T-shirts look up. JENNIE, an earnest 55, who was addressing them, whirls.

John thrusts "WIGGINS FOR PRESIDENT" toward her.

JOHN

Take me to your leader!

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

RUTH, a fortyish cop, leads Flint past barking dogs.



RUTH  
 Rural cops also do animal control.  
 We have to put down every other dog  
 and cat dumped in here. And you're  
 on the warpath over one cow?

FLINT  
 I know, I know, but I'm under  
 orders.

She looks away, hesitates.

RUTH  
 Our trailer's in use today.

FLINT  
 Got mine. You got no excuse--

RUTH  
 I know, I know, but I'm under  
 orders.

INT. WARG TENT - DAY

John paces in front of the group.

JOHN  
 What saved Mrs. Wiggins?

ADMIRING VOICE  
 You did. Great job!

JOHN  
 Not who! What?

Puzzled silence.

JOHN  
 The evening news, people.

PUZZLED VOICE  
 The evening news? But you tried to  
 tell them and look what--

JOHN  
 Not telling! Showing! A story  
 like this is -- pardon my French --  
 fresh meat for the media. Show it  
 and show it, until enough people  
 have seen enough.  
 (raising sign)  
 And that's just what we'll do.

Twenty people gape at him.

JOHN

We'll grab onto prime time. And we won't let go until we've put glass walls around every factory farm and slaughterhouse in the country.

JENNIE

What?!

JOHN

For once, you'll have to organize.

JENNIE

But--

JOHN

You'll need to coordinate people from New York to LA.

JENNIE

But--

JOHN

Because on Memorial Day, thousands of people are going to liberate millions of animals. The Great Escape! No ifs, ands or buts.

Stunned silence. Then Jennie grins.

JENNIE

Except the butts that are gonna be on the line.

EXT. WARG BOOTH - DAY

John strolls back into the booth. Bobbie hustles up.

JOHN

You and Henrietta doing OK?

BOBBIE

So sweet! Ummmmmm...Alice says you need help at your Sanctuary.

John looks over at a demure Alice.

JOHN

Oh, is that what Alice says?

BOBBIE

Yes! And I have some time off. I could live out there for a while with you all.

(off his glance)

Like Alice...and Ted.

JOHN

There's an extra room. I'll ask Alice...and Ted.

LATER

A skeptical John and Ted listen to Alice's pitch.

ALICE

Weren't we all Bobbies once? Give her a chance, I think she'll--

BEEP. John grabs his cell phone.

RUTH (V.O.)

John, bad news. We gotta take Mrs. Wiggins tomorrow morning.

JOHN

(into phone)

What?!

RUTH

Would have been today, but I told him we had to use our trailer.

JOHN

We could sneak her out--

RUTH

Don't even think about it. Get caught and you're dead meat. Get away, they'll just come after you.

JOHN

But Ruth--

RUTH

Unless you can make a deal with this Flint, Chief says we've got no choice. I'm sorry.

CLICK. John grips the phone, the picture of frustration. He snaps out of it, thinks hard, then dials.

He waits, watching Mrs. Wiggins get her picture taken with another lucky family.

JOHN  
 (into phone)  
 Ms. Forsyth, please. I'll wait.  
 (to Bobbie)  
 Want to come out tomorrow  
 afternoon?

INT. MRS. WIGGINS'S PASTURE - NIGHT

John, Alice and Ted watch Mrs. Wiggins graze.

ALICE  
 Can't we hide her?

TED  
 Where? The middle of the herd?

Alice grimaces and opens her mouth.

JOHN  
 Wait!  
 (a slow smile)  
 Here's what we'll do...

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMYARD- NIGHT

Outside the gate, a police car slows.

POV THROUGH CAR WINDOW: John leads a cow into the barn. Figures with buckets surround the cow. The door closes.

EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

ALICE  
 JOHN! COMPANY!

Ted grins a greeting to Ruth, getting out of a police truck-trailer. Behind her, Flint gets out of a Taylor Farms truck.

A tired John plods out of the farmhouse.

JOHN  
 They're in back. I'm sure Mr.  
 Flint will remember his cow.

FLINT  
 Yeah. Oh yeah. Ought to be easy  
 to remember, thanks to you.

John leads the way.

EXT. BEHIND THE BARN - DAY

Here comes the pack. Flint rounds the corner.

And stops dead, confronted by a news CAMERA MAN. Next to the man is Amy, the perky reporter. Flint flips them off.

AMY

May we quote you, Mr. Flint?

FLINT

(to Ruth)

You know how we'll look if that cow's not here?

RUTH

I'll look amused, Mr. Flint. Well, where's Mrs. Wiggins?

Flint looks, then does a spectacular double take.

FLINT

NOOOOO!

Twenty cows turn their heads. And every cow's a Holstein with a Mrs. Wiggins forehead blaze.

Dead silence. Then everyone but Flint goes into hysterics. The gleeful camera man films away as Amy scribbles.

FLINT

Which one? WHICH ONE?

JOHN

Sorry, can't remember. We rescue so many black-and-white cows.

RUTH

Well, Mr. Flint?

He gives her a black look. She returns it with interest.

RUTH

Take your cow. Of course, if you take the wrong one, we can't be responsible when WARG sues you.

AMY

Oooh, perfect for the evening news!

Flint snarls at John. Ted casually steps in.

TED

Don't count your cows before they hatch, Mr. Flint.

Flint stomps off. At the corner, he turns and yells.

FLINT

That cow's still ours! You hear?

He disappears. Amy and her cameraman approach John.

AMY

Can we get you with, um, a cow?

JOHN

After what happened last time?

AMY

Welllll...be nice.

(off his grin)

You know our VP, Ms. Forsyth? She OKed it. She must like cows.

INT. WESTERN CLOTHING STORE - DAY

A cool, calm Bobbie talks on her pink cell phone while she checks out designer farm wear.

BOBBIE

Wesley? Agent Matthews here. I start at WARG this afternoon. I'm so sweet and innocent, you wouldn't believe it!...They're good people. I never knew hens had to live like that...Don't worry, I'll be careful. Well, gotta go.

(looks around, smiles)

I have a costume to buy.

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMHOUSE - DAY

John sits on the porch and rocks, Henrietta on his lap. Alice and Ted buckle on well-worn gaiters.

Bobbie bounces up in her brand-new, trendy farm clothes.

BOBBIE

How do I look?

Ted laughs. Her smile fades. Alice shoots him a dirty look.

ALICE

Silly. Almost as silly as Ted and I did our first day here.

Bobbie's smile reappears. Alice laughs.

ALICE

Dressed like cowboys!  
 (off Bobbie's giggle)  
 We were a lot like you...heard about herds and hens, wanted to help and didn't know how or who...until someone told us about John starting WARG.

Billie's smile broadens.

ALICE

We're glad you're here.  
 (over shoulder to Ted)  
 Stable-cleaning time.

Ted stumps up to Bobbie. Her smile falters.

TED

You're gonna be fine.

As she and Ted head off, Alice winks at Bobbie. Bobbie turns to John with a now-dazzling smile. John grins back.

JOHN

Time you met the lady who got you here...

BOBBIE

...and I love her already. But you know I'm afraid of cows, even her?

JOHN

Yes. But she's a sweet old girl, not a big, horny bull. And I'll be right with you. Care to try?

Bobbie hesitates...then puts her hands to her head and makes horns with her fingers.

BOBBIE

MOOOOOOOOOOOO!

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

Mrs. Wiggins, her face restored to its usual look, contentedly crops long grasses. She suddenly alerts, moos, then trots to the gate, where John and Bobbie wait for her.

Bobbie backs away as John climbs over the gate to hug and pet Mrs. Wiggins. He pulls out an apple, gives it to her.

JOHN

Trust me, you'll be perfectly safe with her. But if you'd rather I didn't open the gate...

Bobbie again hesitates...then shakes her head.

BOBBIE

Thanks, no need for gate opening.

And suddenly she trots forward...and climbs the gate! She jumps down and reaches out to pet Mrs. Wiggins, who nuzzles her. And a delighted John hands Bobbie another apple.

EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

As John and Bobbie walk, he cuddles a contented Henrietta.

JOHN

Cluck cluck! Yoooo sweetie!

BOBBIE

You say that to all the girls?

JOHN

(handing her to Bobbie)  
Only the ones with feathers.

Henrietta flaps. John holds Bobbie's hands over her wings. She immediately calms down.

Not Bobbie. She's thrilled. And not just about Henrietta. John quickly takes his hands off hers.

JOHN

Time you met another guy.

EXT. PIG WALLOWS - DAY

Through an open gate, Bobbie and John watch pigs wallow.

JOHN

Freddy opened the gate again.



He points to AN EIGHT-HUNDRED-POUND BOAR basking in the sun.

JOHN

A smart guy, even for a pig. I had  
to put a new lock on the main gate.  
(closing gate)  
Want to go say Hi?

BOBBIE

(Hell no!)  
Sure.

As they walk toward Freddy, Bobbie looks around, smiling.  
Everywhere, animals graze or play.

She comes up to Freddy. Now what? John squats, so she does  
too. Freddy bunts her with his snout. Yuck!

JOHN

"Dogs look up to you and cats look  
down on you, but pigs is equals."

She gingerly tries to pet Freddy. Not right. John shows her  
how to scratch a pig's back. She laughs in delight.

JOHN

You've got a pigpen pal.

Freddy grunts happily as she scratches him and giggles.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

John works at a desk computer. A hand picks up an old book,  
*Wiggins For President*, that lies there.

BOBBIE

So that's where she got her name!  
A book about talking animals.  
(leafing through book)  
And here's Freddy the pig. And  
Henrietta the hen. Hank the horse.  
Where's Robert the collie?

JOHN

He died at seventeen, still  
watching over all of us here.  
(recalling)  
A loving heart. Like all Lassies.

She circles the room. Large TV. Tons of books. Alarm box,  
its light shining green. And in a glass cabinet, red gas  
swirls in a glass tube.

On the wall hangs a patent, granted to John Brown for "a safe, fast-acting gas anesthetic".

BOBBIE

So pretty.  
 (turning to John)  
 You invent things!

JOHN

Not any more.  
 (coming over)  
 Back in Pennsylvania, when I  
 invented that...  
 (waving at gas)  
 they said Pennlabs had to test it.  
 So I sneaked over...

His face contracts. A bewildered Bobbie tries to empathize.

BOBBIE

I understand.

JOHN

You understand nothing!  
 (softening)  
 Sorry. But what I saw that day...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANIMAL RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Modern, antiseptic. Row after row of cages. Each cage holds two rats, many scarred or bandaged. Two closed inner doors.

JOHN (V.O.)

...the awful waste of it. Not to  
 cure cancer, not for some noble  
 cause, just to prove things they  
 already knew. Because some peeping  
 Thomasina got a government grant.

On a desk, a picture of a rat in a restrainer. The caption brags, "The only thing that wiggles is the nose!"

It's an ad in "The Whole Rat Catalog". John stares at it.

Across the room, MS. GORING, 28, observes TWO RATS in a cage marked "DANGER! ELECTRICAL SHOCK!". She flips a switch.

The rats SHRIEK and tumble about, clawing, biting, striking the wires and each other.

JOHN  
 (rushing up)  
 You're killing them!

She gives him a bored look, waits a few moments and flips the switch. The shrieks subside. She scribbles in a notebook.

GORING  
 Lets us study aggressive behavior  
 under stress. Lots of them live  
 through all thirty sessions.

JOHN  
 And when you're done, then what?

GORING  
 Dogs! When we get another grant.

She turns her back. He glances around at the various cages, sees A DEAD RAT in one. Its scarred cage mate nudges it.

His face floods with rage.

Goring reaches for the switch. But a hand tears the door open. The rats scamper out. She watches in shock.

On the desk, the catalog gets ripped in half. John walks out, past the "Pennlabs" sign.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

John, staring blankly at the glass tube.

JOHN  
 Next day I quit. But first I hid  
 the prototype. When they had me  
 arrested, I had a bargaining chip.

BOBBIE  
 Wasn't that kind of, well...

JOHN  
 (heading for the TV)  
 Illegal? Bobbie, when you see the  
 innocent being tortured, you don't  
 ask if it's legal to stop it.

BOBBIE  
 But to break the law...

JOHN

Only way to stop the testing. But we settled quick. Only spent a few days in jail.

BOBBIE

Jail! You went to jail for that?

JOHN

It was worth it. No animal tests.  
(picking up some disks)  
Here's why. Take a look some time.  
(heading for his desk)  
I gave the company sole commercial rights and waived my claim to compensation. No prosecution.

BOBBIE

You got nothing?! That's why you came to California?

JOHN

And started WARG. We've saved a lot of lives in a few years.

BOBBIE

(pointing at gas tube)  
And that?

JOHN

Tried it on myself. Worked great. Not that it matters now.  
(picking up phone)  
Well, I have work to do.

As she hastens out, he dials, waits.

JOHN

(into phone)  
Jennie? Who's in?...ALL of them? Excellent!...You're the ALF go-to gal, you've got the connections... All right. You find the people, I'll find the targets. Now, Mrs. Wiggins wants us to do dairies...

INT. JENNIE'S DEN - NIGHT

Jennie jots down notes.

JENNIE

(into phone)

There's a dairy worker in New York,  
name and contact info unknown. Sol  
Kampf lives near there, so--

JOHN (V.O.)

Sol? Who's he?

JENNIE

Lived through the Holocaust as a  
little kid. His family didn't.  
And he's vegan. Perfect!

JOHN

OK, Sol's our worker contact.  
Meantime, Henrietta and I know a  
place for a trial run. Ms. Forsyth  
will love it.

EXT. DAIRY FARM GROUNDS - DAY

Cows stick heads through slats, trying to eat. Sixtyish  
HEIDI leads SOL KAMPF, a well-preserved 80ish, past them.

HEIDI

As you can see, Mr. Kampf, we're  
not like those ranchers who feed  
their cattle chicken poop and dried  
piss. No sir, we love our cows!

Sol privately makes a face but adopts an admiring tone.

SOL

(scribbling)

I can see that. And call me Sol.

She gives him a flattered smile.

SOL

And I'm sure our readers will eat  
this story up.

A grinning WORKER looks up. His eyes meet Sol's.

HEIDI

(giggling)

Yes, of course..."Eat it up"! What  
magazine did you say you're from?

EXT. SANCTUARY STABLE - DAY

John sprays Mrs. Wiggins, now restored to her natural colors. Bobbie, carrying Henrietta, comes up behind them.

BOBBIE  
That is so cool!

JOHN  
Cows love showers, specially on hot days. Didn't know that, did you?

BOBBIE  
I never got close enough to learn. Until now. Speaking of which...  
(hesitating)  
John. I thought about some things. Lab rats. Henrietta. Like that.  
(off his nod)  
Are you going somewhere tonight?

A tight-faced John turns off the hose.

JOHN  
Damn that Alice.

BOBBIE  
Something about a hen party?

JOHN  
Bobbie. These last two weeks you've been one of us. But tonight's different. It's--

BOBBIE  
Illegal? I know. Now you won't need to lie to me.

She smiles at him and cuddles Henrietta.

EXT. EGG FARM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The sign says "Egg Town". A bleak fenced compound on bleak dirt fields. Arc lights ring the perimeter.

FOUR BALACLAVED FIGURES climb the fence and survey the place.

Office, thirty yards from the gate. Huge feed silos. And behind, six hundred-yard-long sheds stretch out forever.

One figure pats her head. The leader nods. The figure pulls the balaclava off.

BOBBIE

These things are so ugly!

Balaclavas come off, revealing John, Alice and Ted.

BOBBIE

Where is everyone?

JOHN

Their night guy's around, but no guards. Chickens are cheap.

BOBBIE

Couldn't we take a couple home?

JOHN

We're not here to rescue. Sorry.

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT

Piles of dead hens and manure. Bulging 80 gal trash bags. Clouds of buzzing flies.

A door, "Hatchery". The team file out. John points at a line of dumpsters.

JOHN

Most male chicks are useless, so...

Bobbie climbs a dumpster. She looks in and gags.

Fluff balls fill the bin. Dead chicks, hundreds of them.

BOBBIE

"Most"? What about the others?

JOHN

Ground up for fertilizer.

Stunned silence.

BOBBIE

Not...not...

JOHN

Alive. Sometimes they find a chick with no legs or wings, still trying to move. It might be worse.

(off everyone's look)

They might be hens.

He points to shed 1.

JOHN

Let's go.

INT. SHED 1 - NIGHT

DEAFENING SQUAWKING, belts, glistening wire, manure. Like where John got Henrietta, but now it's brightly lit.

BOBBIE

(shielding her eyes)

You said it was dark!

TED

Some places stay lit 24-7. Fools them into laying more eggs, if you don't mind more cannibalism.

JOHN

Good photo op. Ten minutes, then Shed 2.

Cameras raised, the team fan out.

EXT. SHED 1 - NIGHT

The team file out and hustle to shed 2.

JOHN

(taking out binoculars)

Ray's gonna show up soon.

INT. SHED 2 - NIGHT

An ugly jumble of exposed wires and circuit boxes. John makes a mental note as he passes.

Binoculars peek out the door.

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: RAY unlocks the front gate. He's the worker John bribed to rescue Henrietta.

EXT. SHED 2 - NIGHT

The team file out and trot to shed 3.



EXT. SHED 3 - NIGHT

JOHN  
We'll wait here. Seems fitting.  
Henrietta came from this shed.

INT. SHED 3 - NIGHT

Black as pitch. Quiet. BUMPING. GIGGLES.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Shhhhhhhh!

CLICK! A flashlight glow lights John's face.

JOHN  
Oh oh. Spent hens?

A stopped food belt. But the egg belt moves.

BOBBIE  
Spent? What kind of hen is that?

TED  
A dead hen.

Food belt after food belt. All stopped.

ALICE  
When hens can't lay enough eggs any  
more, they're "spent hens". Sent  
to slaughter.

Hens cower as John inspects a cage.

BOBBIE  
Slaughtered?! Tomorrow?!

JOHN  
(checking watch)  
Today. Ray'll be here any time.  
And this time, I can't bribe him.

EXT. SHED 3 - NIGHT

Ray, wearing major ear muffs, fumbles the door open and  
CLICKS on the lights.

INT. SHED 3 - NIGHT

Noise is up. Ray plods down the aisle, dragging a trash bag. He jams a dead hen into the bag, moves on.

John nudges Alice and Ted. They film away.

Ray turns a corner and sees a hen struggling in manure. He grabs her. She squawks.

An enraged Bobbie jumps out behind him. John grabs her.

Ray halts. The team freeze. He opens the bag, hesitates, drops the hen outside it.

RAY  
(to hen as he walks off)  
You got a few hours left.

The hen scrabbles to get up. Bobbie stares at her...

DISSOLVE TO:

A DAZED HENRIETTA scrabbles to get up, but can't.

RAY (V.O.)  
We got us half a million hens.  
More'n a thousand die every day.  
So what's it matter?

JOHN (V.O.)  
It matters to this one.

DISSOLVE TO:

Bobbie runs to the hen, heedless of Ray's disappearing back.

BOBBIE  
(cradling the hen)  
God. Oh God.  
(to an arriving John)  
I know you said no rescue--

JOHN  
No! That's final.

TED  
Come on, John. You gonna let all  
these Henriettas down?

John snaps around. But the mutiny continues.

ALICE  
Yeah! Are you chicken or what?

John thinks about it.

JOHN  
If we're caught...

TED  
(arm around Alice)  
we'll ask for a coed cell.

ALICE  
Besides. We won't get caught.  
(off John's look)  
You won't let us. Will you?

Bobbie, Alice and Ted look at John, "Well?". John pulls on his balaclava.

JOHN  
These things are soooo ugly!

BOBBIE  
Wooooo Hooo---

Alice and Ted clap their hands over her mouth.

LATER

Ray rounds a corner. Whoa! A demure Bobbie stands there.

BOBBIE  
I'm so glad to find a man around!

Ray's speechless. Bobbie pouts and backs away.

BOBBIE  
Well, gotta go.

Ray lunges at her. She darts off, races around the corner. Ray's gaining as she passes John and Ted.

JOHN  
NOW!

The circuit boxes. Alice flips breakers. Blackout.

CRASH! Ray moans, scrabbles. Lights snap on. Hands pinion his wrists and ankles.

He's shoved into an alcove. Balaclavas loom over him.

BOBBIE  
We need to keep you quiet. Where's  
the de-debeaking machine?  
(MORE)

(off his horrified look)  
I'll take that as a don't-know.

She stuffs a rag into his mouth and turns away.

Egg belts stop. A hand opens a cage, hens cringe.

Finally, a hen sails out. The hand opens another cage. Hens sail out of cage after cage.

EXT. SHED 3 - NIGHT

Ted and Alice lay a ramp onto the fence. They wave. John yanks the shed door open.

Hens stampede out! They scamper and stumble, flap and flop, any way and every way.

At the fence, they mob the ramp, hop the top and flutter down on scrawny wings.

Amid swirling hens, Ted and Alice race back to John.

JOHN  
Free at last.

Smiling, he looks around. Bobbie's fighting back tears.

BOBBIE  
Free? What good is that? They're going to die out there!

JOHN  
(to Ted and Alice)  
Start on shed six. We'll be there in a minute.

Ted and Alice run off. John turns to Bobbie.

JOHN  
We can free them. We can't take them home.

BOBBIE  
But they'll get caught! Lots of them, you said so yourself. Or killed by something.

She buries her face in his shirt.

BOBBIE  
How can people do this?

JOHN  
 (putting arm around her)  
 I don't know. I don't know. But  
 whatever happens to these hens,  
 it's better than staying here.

She looks up, tears on her cheeks.

JOHN  
 Bobbie. Compassion has its limits.  
 Sometimes it seems cruelty doesn't.  
 But saving one beats saving none.

She tries her best to smile.

JOHN  
 Let's help some more Henriettas.

They hasten away, past escaping hens.

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT THROUGH DAWN

Ramps go up on a new fence section.

Hens stream from a shed and scramble for the fence.

A wave of hens engulfs the compound.

Hens flutter across bleak fields.

The team urge stragglers out of the compound.

An empty compound. Feathers blow in the breeze.

EXT. SHED 1 - DAY

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: A flatbed truck stops at the gate.

JOHN  
 (pocketing binoculars)  
 Dammit! And only one shed to go.

Bobbie's, Alice's and Ted's faces fall together.

JOHN  
 (thinking hard)  
 These guys usually sit around a  
 little while. I wonder...  
 (grinning)  
 Ready for some risk?

On go the balaclavas.

EXT. FRONT GATE - DAY

ROCK MUSIC blares from the truck as it backs through the open gate and stops near the office.

TWO WORKERS emerge, one with a boom box. The paunchy DRIVER, clearly the boss, stumps toward the hatchery.

THE BOSS  
(over his shoulder)  
Half hour to eat, then we start.

One worker cranks up the boom box, the other pulls out a KFC box. They jive to the office and disappear.

Alice hotfoots into view, heads for the truck.

EXT. SHED 1 - DAY

Bobbie crouches at the door, watches. Alice, kneeling by the truck, gives thumbs up. Bobbie yanks open the door.

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

The workers saunter out the door. Their eyes bug out.

Hens stream through the open gate. They disappear into mist and trees.

The workers turn to each other. Suddenly, hands grab the boom box as burlap bags drop over the workers' heads.

EXT. SHED 3 - DAY

The boss sees a \$20 bill pinned to the door. He shrugs, takes it, opens the door and steps in.

INT. SHED 3 - DAY

Black. Eerie silence. CLICK! Lights come on. The boss freezes, looks around. And sees Ray...and no hens. His jaw hits the floor.

EXT. SHED 3 - DAY

The boss tears out the door.

THE BOSS  
Freakin' animal freaks!

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

ROCK MUSIC. A sea of hens swirls around the area. The boss pants into view. His eyes widen.

His tied-up workers writhe to the boom box beat.

THE BOSS  
(passing his workers)  
Idiots!

John's pickup eases onto the road past fluttering hens. Four hands wave bye-bye.

The boss puffs to his truck. No key. He throws the hood up, reaches in.

YES! He holds up a key. He slams the hood down, jumps into the truck, starts it. And goes nowhere.

He gets out, looks down. Every tire is pancake flat.

THE BOSS  
FREAKIN' ANIMAL FREAKS!

He grabs at hens. They flutter away.

THE BOSS  
Come back! COME BACK, DAMMIT!

But out the gate runs a mighty river of hens.

ROGER (V.O.)  
Dammit! This is ridiculous!

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

A bemused Roger glares at a straight-faced Wesley.

ROGER  
Half a million hens hit the road  
and no one sees who does it?

WESLEY  
The place said they'd never needed  
night guards. They were wrong.

ROGER  
But, but--

WESLEY  
(thinking out loud)  
Someone got cocky. Could be ALF.  
(MORE)

Or could be...  
 (sitting up)  
 This might be a blessing.

ROGER  
 It's in a damn good disguise.

WESLEY  
 Exactly. And maybe there's a way  
 to make sure these chickens come  
 home to roost.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE- DAY

Susan stares across her desk at Wesley. Chilly.

SUSAN  
 You've been talking to my boss  
 again, haven't you?

WESLEY  
 Last night, when common criminals  
 broke into a certain egg farm and  
 "liberated" half a million hens--  
 (off her smile)  
 that's their euphemism for it, I  
 believe -- they may have filmed the  
 place. They might send that film  
 to certain media--

SUSAN  
 Do common criminals usually offer  
 the media evidence of their crimes?

WESLEY  
 --and withholding such film to  
 protect the source would not be  
 considered patriotic.

The chill turns glacial.

WESLEY  
 He's up to something.

SUSAN  
 Who?

WESLEY  
 Oh, you're better informed than  
 that. Aren't you?



SUSAN

Not as well informed as you seem to be, Agent Hanover.

WESLEY

Just a hunch, Ms. Forsyth.

He lifts a disk from the desk... "Animal Faire".

WESLEY

I admire rescuers. Legal ones.  
And it's sad to see the fate of the  
Mrs. Wigginses of this world.  
(off her raised eyebrow)  
But I have a duty. The needs of  
the many, you know.

SUSAN

I know. Do you?

He puts the disk back, face down. She turns it face up.

WESLEY

Even common criminals often have  
friends in astonishing places. Any  
known associate would be suspect.  
The Patriot Act, as of course  
you're aware.

SUSAN

Of course. Just like the French  
Revolution. The Reign of Terror.  
(picking up phone)  
Well, you really must be going.

A long look. As he leaves, she dials, waits.

SUSAN

(into phone)  
From now on, consider me an  
associate...

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMYARD - DAY

John feeds the fowl and listens to his cell phone.

SUSAN (V.O.)

...but why in God's name did you  
pull such a stupid stunt?

INTERCUT:

JOHN  
You wanted a major event.

SUSAN  
This is not a major event, it's fanatics stealing chickens!

JOHN  
You can decide that tomorrow. When you get another present.

SUSAN  
No! Nada! Nyet! I can't show it. I shouldn't even have it. Do not send anything else to this office!

JOHN  
Well, we won't burden your office with any more presents for a while.

Susan, instant suspicion.

SUSAN  
"For a while"? Until when?

JOHN  
Until there's a major event.

SUSAN  
You're cooking something up, aren't you? Wesley thought so.

JOHN  
Well, well, isn't Wesley clever. How would he know, I wonder?  
(thinks a moment)  
By the way, what's your PO box?

INT. STABLE - DAY

Dim. In a corner sits a motionless Bobbie. Sunlight streams in. John strolls up, waits.

BOBBIE  
If only I hadn't gone with you. Now I can't go back to what I was.

JOHN  
And what were you?

BOBBIE  
Happy! I didn't know about any of this. And I didn't know you.

She turns to meet his sad eyes.

BOBBIE  
What is this, war?

JOHN  
I didn't set out to be a warrior.

BOBBIE  
But you are now!

He has no answer. Her face closes into false calm.

BOBBIE  
So what is it next time? Sheep?  
Pigs? Rats? The local pet store?

JOHN  
Maybe there won't be a next time.

BOBBIE  
Yes there will! And it'll be Egg  
Town all over again, only worse!  
(looking away)  
John. You might get away with it  
this time. But you don't know what  
you're getting into.

JOHN  
And you do?

BOBBIE  
John, please! Don't do this!

He turns away, angry and yet sad.

JOHN  
You needn't be in on it.

BOBBIE  
I hope not. Because I can't.

INT. CHARLES'S OFFICE - DAY

Charles glares across his desk at an angry Susan.

CHARLES  
We can't! Air anything suspicious  
and Homeland Security will jump us  
before you can say "bin Laden".  
This could cost our jobs!

SUSAN

Since when does Homeland Security  
run things in this country?

CHARLES

(slamming his desk)  
ENOUGH!

They're both shocked into silence. His anger drains.

CHARLES

Suzy, they don't play by our rules.  
And I don't want you hurt.

His sincerity reaches her.

SUSAN

OK. No factory farm footage. But  
can't we show some animals? Maybe  
in some other way?

INT. JONES FAMILY DEN - EVENING

Mary dishes out supper as the family watch the news.

MARY

(serving Jim)  
Helen gave me this new chicken  
cacciatore recipe. Taste it and  
tell me. Be honest, now.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...and in a bizarre twist, no less  
than six radical groups have  
claimed credit for the recent  
"liberation" of half a million hens  
from a California egg farm.

She puts a plate in front of Billy. He's glued to the TV.

An on-screen Mrs. Wiggins, Henrietta on her back, stands at a  
barbed-wire fence. Obviously a shot from the Animal Faire.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Animal rights advocates liken the  
plight of egg-farm hens to that of  
dairy cows like Mrs. Wiggins, seen  
here with her friend Henrietta.

MARY

Billy, your chicken's getting cold.

Billy looks at his plate, then at Henrietta.

BILLY

Could I have just the cacciatore?

JIM

Now son, your mother worked hard...

He falters as his son looks at him.

BILLY

If Mrs. Wiggins was just a cow, is  
Henrietta just a chicken?

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Egg sales are down in what is being  
labeled the "Henrietta effect"...

INT. FLINT'S DEN - NIGHT

An unhappy Flint watches the same NEWSCASTER.

NEWSCASTER

...beef and dairy sales are still  
down. Analysts who pooh-poohed the  
"Mrs. Wiggins effect" are now being  
forced to eat their words.

RINNNNNG! Flint sighs and picks up the phone.

MA'AM (V.O.)

That cow's killing us! I don't  
want to see its ugly face again.  
Whatever it takes. You hear?

FLINT

Yes, ma'am, but why not let the  
cops take care--

MA'AM

No cops! Cops are no damn good.  
Look what happened last time. You  
botched that bad, Flint.

Flint winces, anger and fear flood his face.

FLINT

But it's still big news! If anyone  
found out, we'd be in deep--

MA'AM

Then for God's sake do it quiet!  
Make it look like the cow escaped.  
Damn media would love that.

FLINT  
But if something went wrong--

MA'AM (V.O.)  
Flint! You been working cattle  
twenty years. You got a nice job  
here. You gonna let that go?

Flint writhes in impotent hatred.

FLINT  
I'll, I'll see what I can do.

MA'AM (V.O.)  
You do that.

CLICK. He drops the phone, stares at his wall decorations.

FLINT  
Old bitch!

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMYARD - NIGHT

Dark and silent. A faint glow in one farmhouse window.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

Stall after stall, a pathetic-looking horse in each one.  
Chickens and geese sleep in several stalls.

Mrs. Wiggins, Henrietta atop her, sleeps by the back door.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

A glowing cigarette. Bennie inhales and smirks out of a  
truck cab. No lights, plates or "Taylor Farms" sign.

Luis watches Flint cut the gate lock.

FLINT  
(donning balaclava)  
No faces, no names.  
(grabbing cigarette)  
And no damn cigarettes.

Bennie scowls but pulls on a balaclava. When Flint turns  
away, Bennie reaches for another smoke.

Luis, balaclava on, eases the gate open.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

John works at the computer. The alarm box light FLASHES RED. He grabs the red "cell phone" and runs out.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

Flint and Luis sweep flashlights through eerie darkness. RUSTLINGS. Luis points at Mrs. Wiggins. They step in.

The stable comes alive. Hens flutter, horses whinny.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

John sidles out. Alice and Ted tiptoe up behind.

JOHN  
(stopping on porch)  
Get the other cows out of the area.  
I'll get Mrs. Wiggins.

Alice and Ted sneak off. As Bobbie comes up, John watches the truck's passenger side, backing the trailer in.

Red phone in hand, John thinks furiously.

JOHN  
(handing her the phone)  
Guard the trailer door. Someone  
gets close, use this.

BOBBIE  
(holding it out)  
But it's a cell phone!

JOHN  
(trying to be patient)  
It only looks like a cell phone.  
Point, press and duck. OK?

BOBBIE  
Press where?

JOHN  
(touching button)  
There!

BOBBIE  
OK. But what if--

JOHN  
Go!

She swallows hard, takes off.

The trailer stops near the stable door. A dark figure with a glowing cigarette climbs out of the pickup.

John races for the truck.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

Mrs. Wiggins retreats as a hotshot-wielding Flint advances. Luis hangs back.

FLINT  
What're you scared of? C'mon!

Suddenly, Henrietta squawks and flies at Flint.

FLINT  
(waving his arms)  
Chicken bitch!

His big boot lashes out. Henrietta thuds against the wall and drops, motionless.

Silence. Mrs. Wiggins, eyes rolling, rumbles forward.

Luis darts to the wall, but Flint dodges and thrusts his hotshot into her udder. A deafening bellow.

Mrs. Wiggins plunges past, knocking Flint into a stall door. Left behind, Luis picks up Henrietta.

EXT. STABLE - NIGHT

Bennie throws open the trailer door.

BOBBIE (O.S.)  
Back off!

He turns, faceless and menacing in his balaclava. She tries to look mean. He chuckles.

Meanwhile, John sneaks around the truck's front. Climbing into the driver's seat, he spots something. A rifle.

Bennie steps forward. Bobbie hits the button. SSSSSSS!

Coughing and retching, she runs for the gate.

Bennie's feeling it too. He starts after her, but hears a bellow from the stable, staggers back...



INT. STABLE - CONTINUOUS

...and stumbles in to see Mrs. Wiggins bearing down on him!

BENNIE  
 (diving into the hay)  
 AAAAAAAAUGH!

The truck peels out ahead as Mrs. Wiggins thunders by.

His cigarette smolders in the hay.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The truck steams along, Mrs. Wiggins a few yards behind. Up ahead, Bobbie closes the gate and waves "STOP!".

JOHN  
 Bobbie, it's me!

Bobbie squints into oncoming headlights.

JOHN  
 (hammering the horn)  
 GET OUT, GET OUT, GET OUT!

Bobbie leaps aside.

The truck blasts through the gate, hurtles across the road. The door yaws open. John grabs the rifle and jumps.

The truck smashes into a tree. The trailer jerks around and smashes into another tree.

Mrs. Wiggins veers off and disappears into darkness.

INT. STABLE - NIGHT

Behind the stable, Ted and Alice rush the cows off. ONE EMACIATED COW trips and falls heavily.

Alice and Ted throw open the back door.

Squawking hens flap out as Ted dashes in. Horses neigh as smoke spreads. Flames already lick at the front end.

ALICE  
 Help us! Please help us!

Luis runs to her, thrusts Henrietta at her. Flint hustles him through the back door, brushing by a gaping Alice.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Flint, Luis and Bennie run out. Bennie swerves.

FLINT

The truck, idiot, the truck!

But Bennie heads for John. There he stands, devastated, some ways off, looking for Mrs. Wiggins. But she's vanished into darkness.

BENNIE

MOOOOOOOOOO!

An enraged John turns and raises the rifle. Bennie jolts to a stop, turns tail. The trigger finger tightens. Withdraws.

Enraged, John heads off in hot pursuit, but stops to stare at...

Distant flames.

He looks at the backing truck, eyes filled with hate and pain. Then he heads for the stable, burning in the night.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Roger devours doughnuts. He offers one to Wesley. Nope.

ROGER

You just learned last night? Who's behind it?

WESLEY

3 AM. Industry payback, I'd guess.

ROGER

So?

WESLEY

Brown won't try anything until he gets her back. Maybe not then.

ROGER

So we can relax. That means you owe me a box of doughnuts.

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMYARD - DAY

Beyond the burnt-out stable, horses stand in the corrals. Bobbie emerges from the house and walks toward the barn.

INT. BARN - DAY

Bobbie slips into the barn and stops.

John sits, holding a dead newborn calf across his lap.

The emaciated cow from the fire softly MOOS. He rises and carries the calf to its mother. She nuzzles her baby.

JOHN

She went into premature labor. Her calf was born dead.

Bobbie sinks onto a stool. He gently wipes her tears away.

JOHN

(leading her out)  
Let's leave them alone.

EXT. BARN - DAY

As they emerge, Henrietta limps over. Bobbie buries her face in Henrietta's soft breast.

JOHN

Hens imprint with humans and bond for a long time. Like cows. Well, at least we saved the horses.

BOBBIE

We'll find her. But stop whatever you're planning. John, please. Hasn't there been enough violence?  
(off his silence)  
They'd throw you in prison forever!

No reply. She steps closer.

BOBBIE

Don't you remember what you told me once? "I wanted you to see real courage, instead of thinking that it's a man with a gun in his hand." Atticus Finch said that.

JOHN

(taking Henrietta)  
But then he said, "It's when you know you're licked before you begin, but you begin anyway and you see it through no matter what."

He turns away.

BOBBIE

John.

He stops.

BOBBIE

Whatever it is, I'm going too.

He nods, hands her Henrietta and walks away.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

John reaches the top of a rise, looks at the WARG sanctuary glistening in the distance.

JOHN

Here, girl!

No answer. He strides out of view.

JOHN (O.S.)

Here, girl!

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

John crosses toward woods on the far side.

JOHN

Here, girl!

No answer. He disappears into the trees.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

Several Holsteins bask in the sun. John leans over the fence, scans them and turns away.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Mrs. Wiggins wanders lonely as a cloud.

Her head lifts. Across the way, a figure holds up an apple.

She trots toward the figure.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

The house sags. Fences and barn need repair. The truck-trailer's old and beat up.

HENRY, 70ish, the tired old man who held up the apple, and  
ETHEL, 70ish, his fretful wife, finish picking peaches and  
look over at...

Mrs. Wiggins, tethered to a fence, looking placidly back.

ETHEL

Just like on TV. She could get us  
in big trouble. But I betcha that  
slaughterhouse would pay to get her  
back. Maybe a hundred dollars!

HENRY

Now Ethel, don't start again. I  
need to think about it.

ETHEL

Hen-ry! What's to think?

HENRY

I'll just put her back in the barn.  
Don't know who might come around.

He picks up some peaches.

ETHEL

(heading for house)

Now don't you go wasting good fruit  
on that cow!

He puts down the peaches and walks to Mrs. Wiggins. He  
sneaks a peach out of his pocket and gives it to her.

He leads her into the barn. Moments later, he reappears and  
shuts the barn door. He shuffles to the house and goes in.

NIGHT SOUNDS. A distant "Here, girl!". Moments later, it  
repeats. Then there are only the night sounds.

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

John's pickup-trailer pulls up near the porch. As John gets  
out, Bobbie, Alice and Ted come out of the house.

A tired John plods past them.

ALICE

John. Go to Ruth.

JOHN

(stopping)

With what for evidence? We  
couldn't see them.

(MORE)

They didn't speak, unless mooing  
from a distance counts.

BOBBIE

But you know who it's gotta be!

JOHN

So we tell the cops that? Then  
everyone knows Mrs. Wiggins is out  
there. And if the slaughterhouse  
finds her first...

The others look at the ground.

TED

I'll go out tomorrow.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

John plods in, picks up the phone, dials, sags into a chair.

JOHN

Jennie? We can't wait! Give them  
a whiff of what's coming, every  
factory farm turns into a  
fortress...You've got two weeks.

A squawk from the phone. John has to grin, then sobers.

JOHN

Jennie, we can't wait.

INT. JENNIE'S DEN - NIGHT

Jennie jots notes as she listens to the phone.

JOHN (V.O.)

Now, they all know to film what  
they can and free what they can.  
But there are three commandments...

INT. IAN'S CELLAR - MORNING

JOHN (V.O.)

One, control thyself. We're  
liberators, not terrorists.  
No matter what, harm no one.

IAN, 6'8", 275 pounds, picks up a lock cutter. He  
straightens, revealing his homemade ALF T-shirt.

INT. ZORRA'S BEDROOM - DAY

JOHN (V.O.)

Two, trust thyself. Each cell acts  
alone, no contacting other cells.

"Zorra", a petite LATINA dressed as Zorro, pulls on her mask.  
She picks up a rubber sword and carves a Z in the air.

INT. SOL KAMPF'S DEN - EVENING

JOHN (V.O.)

Three, know thyself. Would you go  
to jail if needed?

Sol fusses with a video camera. He looks over at his WIFE,  
70. She gives him a strained smile.

INT. SANCTUARY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: California

John, Bobbie, Alice and Ted play Monopoly. Nervous, trying  
not to show it. Nearby, Henrietta naps in her pen.

Bobbie lands on CHANCE, picks up a card. "GO TO JAIL". She  
jumps up and hurries out.

ALICE

It wouldn't hurt if someone went  
out and talked to her.

John sighs, takes an apple from the bag and walks out. Ted  
picks up his "GET OUT OF JAIL FREE" card.

TED

(re card)

If it'll help, she can have this.

Alice smiles and squeezes Ted's hand.

EXT. MRS. WIGGINS' PASTURE - NIGHT

Bobbie sits on the fence, stargazing. John strolls up.

BOBBIE

Where are we going?

(off his hesitation)

Never mind. It doesn't matter.

JOHN  
Leaving your cell phone here?

Taken aback, she can only stare at him.

BOBBIE  
How long have you known?

JOHN  
Since Egg Town.

BOBBIE  
Then why...?

JOHN  
Better the devil you know. And...  
(taking her hand)  
I still think you're one of us.

She turns away to hide her emotion. But she turns back, takes a deep breath and hands him her pink cell phone.

BOBBIE  
Keep this for tonight. Then I may  
need it back.

The acceptance is all in their eyes.

JOHN  
(handing her his apple)  
Pretend they're all Mrs. Wiggins.

INT. DAIRY FARM STALLS - NIGHT

SUPER: New York

The worker from Sol's earlier visit stands in shadow, filming with Sol's camera. A series of SOUNDS.

CALF BAWLING. COW MOOING. DOOR SLAM. The MOOING continues, the BAWLING fades.

The worker tiptoes away.

Sol paces outside a door. The worker slips out, hands Sol the camera. As Sol hurries away, the worker saunters off.

A FOREMAN walks by, then wheels back.

FOREMAN  
You here? You were off tonight.



INT. ANIMAL RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

SUPER: Pennsylvania

The sign says "Pennlabs". A huge masked figure cuts the lock. It's Ian. He waves down the hall.

Place looks the same. Modern, antiseptic, rows of cages, shock chamber. But it's not rats any more.

It's all pigeons with electrodes in their heads.

FOUR RESCUERS carry out pigeon cages. Behind them, the WOMAN LEADER opens an inner door.

Dimly-lit cages. She peers in, recoils.

Eyes sewn shut, A KITTEN gropes around his cage. She gently lifts him, hastens out of the room.

LEADER

Need crates! Ian, the other door!

Ian eases open the other inner door, looks in.

Dogs, dozens of them. Big, small, purebred, mix.

In one cramped cage, A COLLIE paws at a crudely-stitched gash that runs the length of her skull.

A huge fist reaches in. She inches forward to lick the fist.

Ian straightens, his eyes wet behind his mask. Cradled in massive arms, she rolls her eyes up at him.

He carries her out, down the hall, through the door...

INT. RESCUE TRUCK - NIGHT

...into a crate-filled truck. He lays her onto a blanket, offers a cup. He strokes her as she laps thirstily.

IAN

Gonna be OK, girl. Gonna be fine.

As others carry dogs in, he rises and lumbers away.

EXT. HOG FARM GROUNDS - NIGHT

SUPER: Iowa

Place looks the same. Silent, empty.

A shed door opens. A sow trots out and heads for the gate.

More sows trot out. Behind them, A BIG MAN steps out the door, points next door.

It's Daniel, the hog guy. He dances to the next shed.

DANIEL

*Let's let the hogs out!*

*oink oink oink oink*

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMYARD - NIGHT

SUPER: California

SIX PEOPLE wait in a farm truck. John, Bobbie, Alice and Ted run to John's pickup. The trucks peel out.

EXT. MINK FARM GROUNDS - NIGHT

SUPER: Missouri

The place is huge. Thousands of mink, all caged.

A MINK cowers in his cage as a black-gloved ZORRA unlatches the cage with a flourish.

The mink scrambles out, runs for it and disappears through ragged holes cut in an outer fence.

Zorra prances down a long row of cages. She comes to an open shed door, its lock smashed. She throws the door open.

INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT

ZORRA

How do I kill thee? Let me count  
the ways.

She rummages through cupboards. Electrocutation devices. Hypodermics. Gas cannisters. Bloody gloves.

She launches into a fury of destruction.

EXT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Zorra backs out, fencing with imaginary opponents. The door reads, "Property of Missouri Mink".

She pulls out lipstick and marks a Z on the door. She dances away, cutting Zs in the air.

INT. CHICKEN FARM BROILER SHED - NIGHT

SUPER: Texas

Giant, windowless, dark. The air shimmers with dust.  
INTOLERABLE SQUAWKING.

Hundreds of six week old hens, packed like sardines, peck in their droppings.

FOUR RESCUERS weave among them, filming away.

A terrified hen runs into a wall. A rescuer picks her up.

RESCUER  
It's OK, girl, it's all right.

EXT. BROILER SHED - NIGHT

THE RESCUE SENTRY alerts, disappears into the shed...

INT. BROILER SHED - NIGHT

...and waves. Rescuers pick their way toward the walls, trying not to stampede the hens.

EXT. BROILER SHED - NIGHT

A bleary WORKER listens at the door. SQUAWKS. He winces, pulls out ear muffs and a flashlight.

INT. BROILER SHED - NIGHT

The ear-muffled worker wades among hens, jamming dead ones into a bag. Along dark walls, eyes blink.

The worker tosses the bag into a corner and heads for the door, kicking hens out of his way.

Along walls, fists clench. Someone twitches.

He halts, goes to his pocket. But he pulls out only a whiskey bottle. He swigs, tosses the bottle, hits a hen.

WORKER  
Stupid chickens.

He weaves to the door and bangs out of the shed. The sentry peers out. Thumbs up. The far door swings open.

And everyone high-fives as hens stream out the door.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE STOCKYARD - NIGHT

SUPER: California

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: TWO HERDERS prod cows into the chute. A forklift sits near the closed front door.

EXT. FRONT FENCE - NIGHT

John scans the area through binoculars as Bobbie, Alice, Ted and six WARGS fidget. Ted and a WARG wear herder clothes, the others wear slaughterhouse clothes.

JOHN  
No guard problem tonight.  
(lowering his binoculars)  
Got gas?

They all hold up spray bottles of red gas.

JOHN  
Go.

Ted, Alice and four WARGS slip over the fence.

EXT. BACK FENCE - NIGHT

John's pickup coasts in. John, Bobbie and two WARGS get out.

EXT. BACK DOOR - NIGHT

A hand eases open the Taylor Farms pickup's hood and rips out the distributor. \$20 bills flutter onto the engine.

John waves the others through the back door.

INT. FLINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Paneled, plush. Four rifles in a wall rack. John points. Each WARG grabs two rifles.

JOHN  
Hide them, then start filming. Be  
at the floor in twenty minutes.

The two WARGS hasten out the door.

EXT. STOCKYARD - NIGHT

Ted and a WARG chat up the herders, who hand over their hotshots. And are instantly gassed! They slump.

ALICE  
(slamming chute closed)  
Yes!

Ted and the WARG run to the front gate, swing it open.

Alice backs out of a pen, holding an apple. A cow ambles after her. Another cow looks over and follows.

Three more cows...half a dozen cows...a dozen cows.

At other pens, WARGS do the same. Cows trot by each other.

Masses of cows jostle out the front gate.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

POV THROUGH PANNING CAMERA: The Line endlessly traces its Great Circle. The camera zooms in on Bennie and Luis, at the chute. Farther off, Flint gestures with his hotshot.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Soooo perfect!

John, wielding a tiny camera, stands with Bobbie at the GURGLING bleed trough. She gags.

JOHN  
We'll act now and feel later.

He hands her the camera, smears blood on his apron and heads for The Line. Shuddering, she smears blood on her apron and edges along the wall toward...

A door, "DETAINED MEAT". She backs through.

At the chute, Luis looks back. No cows coming in. Puzzled, he heads off. Bennie turns to look.

A hand grabs his hotshot, he turns and John gasses him.

Luis backs away. John leaps across, gasses the Knocker and yanks open the knocking box door to free the cow inside.

Flint looks across and freezes.

FLINT  
Luis! Get him!

John lifts the hotshot. Luis runs for an open side door. The cow follows toward the CHAIN SAW MAN, who drops his saw and runs for it.

FLINT  
Damn chickens!

John tears into the chute wall with the knocking gun. CRUNCH. CRUNCH. CRUNCH. A section rips off.

MOOOOO! Cows stream out of the chute past John, whose eyes well with tears of joy.

Flint hammers the alarm box button. OOOGA! OOOGA!

INT. DETAINED MEAT ROOM - NIGHT

OOOGA! OOOGA! Bobbie, camera in hand, jumps in fright.

BOBBIE  
(dropping camera)  
Oh God, John! What have you done?

She runs to the door, opens it a crack. YELLS just outside. She hastily closes it, looks around.

A carcass stamped DETAINED goes by, dangling from a spur of The Line. She grabs the camera, steels herself, leaps up.

INT. WOMEN'S SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

Steamy. Messy. Filthy worker aprons strewn around.

OOOGA! OOOGA! Motherly LUPE, 35, towel around her, hastens out of her shower. Her eyes widen.

A cow walks in, right toward her.

LUPE  
EEEEEEEEEEEEK!

Lupe darts around the cow, runs to the door, hesitates, runs back, grabs an apron and runs out.

The cow looks around. No Lupe. The cow steps into the still-running shower. Ahhhhhh, just right.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

FLINT  
(galloping forward)  
Come on, dammit!

Behind him, WORKERS grab tools. A worker looks up.

WORKER  
Dios Mio! What's that?

Bobbie! She rides in on The Line, drops onto the platform and grabs a sprayer.

BOBBIE  
Back off!

A knife-wielding worker steps forward. She sprays him. As the others retreat, she jumps down and runs for it.

The two WARGS appear at the side door. Their eyes bug out, then they run for John. He points with his hotshot.

JOHN  
OPEN THE FRONT DOOR!

The WARGS dash through milling cows. Bobbie runs up. And comes nose to nose with A HUGE STEER.

JOHN  
Bobbie, come on! Just take him by the horns and lead him out!

Her trembling hand touches a long horn. The steer calmly looks at her. She smiles and takes out her apple.

A smiling John turns back, and sees Flint, hotshot held high.

JOHN  
Darth Vader, I presume?

He raises his hotshot in the classic sword salute. Flint gives him the finger.

They duel, hotshots BUZZING like light sabers.

JOHN  
God, I'd love to give you a taste of your own saw.

FLINT  
What is it with you cowhuggers?  
We're just doin' our jobs. Maybe it ain't pretty...

They thrust and parry, slipping and sliding.

FLINT  
but if some people wanna eat meat,  
other people gotta kill it.

John presses Flint, closes on him. But John looks off screen and backs off, his face worried.

The forklift pulls up, framed in the front door.

Flint brandishes his hotshot and yells to the forklift.

FLINT  
GET 'EM! GET 'EM!

The forklift rumbles in, slows. And the WARGS hop on! From the driver's seat, Ted waves as more WARGS appear.

TED  
Here come the Marines!

An astounded Flint turns and runs down The Line.

FLINT  
Animal freaks!

Armed workers march forward. The forklift changes course and bears down on them, screaming WARGS hanging off each side.

AAAAUGH! The workers turn tail and run.

The forklift skids to a stop. The WARGS jump out and head for the cows.

TED  
Let's rumble!

John pounds down The Line. But Flint stands there, revving THE CHAIN SAW. He raises it like a giant finger.

FLINT  
All right, cow hugger, here's my  
own saw. Wanna taste?

And the now-deadly duel continues.

Meanwhile, WARGS lead cows out the door. But Bobbie just stands there, transfixed by the duel.

A COW ambles toward the open side door.

John sees her, presses Flint back. Right into the cow.



FLINT  
 (sprawling)  
 Stupid cow!

He almost falls on the saw, which writhes as if possessed.  
 John grabs...it almost bites him...grabs again...GOT IT!

Flint scrabbles, turns.

John looms over him, chain saw roaring. Flint SCREAMS. John winks at a horrified Bobbie.

JOHN  
 (to Flint)  
 Now you know how it feels.

The chain saw closes...hovers...hovers...then John pulls the snarling saw back from a whimpering Flint.

JOHN  
 (to Bobbie)  
 Just kidding.

As Flint crawls away, John kills the saw. He hands his hotshot to a frozen Bobbie.

JOHN  
 Get the truck. Bobbie! Now!

She comes out of her shock and races for the front door.

JOHN  
 WARGS! Get the stragglers!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SHOWER ROOM - NIGHT

The dripping-wet cow pokes her nose out of the shower room.  
 All clear. She strolls out.

EXT. BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Luis, Lupe and several WORKERS huddle near the back door.  
 Mostly minority, Latino prominent.

Bobbie trots around a corner, heading for the fence.

Lupe exclaims. Luis chases, he's gaining. Bobbie whirls,  
 hotshot outstretched. He stops.

BOBBIE  
 How can you do this?

LUIS

If we do not kill these poor  
creatures, Senorita, our children  
do not eat. I am sorry.

Contempt and pity argue in Bobbie's face.

BOBBIE

So am I.

He stands there, ashamed, as she walks away.

INT. FLINT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Flint rushes in and stops dead. Bennie ploughs into him.  
Flint snarls and kicks hell out of the empty rifle rack.

EXT. BACK DOOR - NIGHT

The cow pokes her head out the door. She steps out.

The workers look at her as if she's from another planet.  
Luis nods to Lupe, she steps forward.

And pats the cow on the rump. The cow ambles off.

LUPE

Vaya con Dios, Senora.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

John, Ted and WARGS emerge and gaze in wonder.

The stockyards are a mass of moving cows, streaming toward  
the open front gate.

Lupe's cow ambles around the corner. She moos at the others  
and trots forward to join them.

John, Ted and WARGS, enchanted.

JOHN

Well I'll be damned.

And they run for the fence, where Alice waves.

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMYARD - NIGHT

Pre-dawn, quiet, no animals. Alice and Ted load the pickup.

EXT. MRS. WIGGINS'S PASTURE - NIGHT

Bobbie sits on the fence with Henrietta. John, holding a hotshot, walks up behind her.

JOHN  
Ready to go?

She turns, her face empty.

JOHN  
The hideout's safe for now. No one knows where it is.

BOBBIE  
Mission Accomplished?

JOHN  
When Taylor Farms shows up on the evening news. That's when I'll say Mission Accomplished.

BOBBIE  
Would that I were there to hear it.

JOHN  
(offering the hotshot)  
For performance beyond the call of duty. The Flint Award.

BOBBIE  
(taking the hotshot)  
I see. Would you have cut him?

JOHN  
Nooooo.

Bobbie climbs down into the pasture. And flings the hotshot away. She turns and faces a sad John across the fence.

BOBBIE  
You'd better go now. Wesley will be after you soon.

JOHN  
So you've decided.  
(off her nod)  
I'll tell Alice and Ted goodbye for you. Pity. This was their first night out since Egg Town.

BOBBIE  
You and I never had a first night.

JOHN

Once, I thought we might. But...  
Well, you know why.

BOBBIE

I knew before you did. But I  
wouldn't let myself know I knew.  
Loving people doesn't make them  
love you back.

(re Henrietta)

I'll look after her.

He pulls out the pink cell phone, hands it across the fence.  
She gently pushes it back.

BOBBIE

I won't be calling. Anyone.

He nods. He strokes Henrietta, then walks away.

INT. WESLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

At his desk, Wesley reads raid reports.

WESLEY

John, John. All that idealism and  
ability. What a waste.

Roger barges in.

ROGER

Grab him, Wesley! Nab him!

WESLEY

He flew the coop.

Roger stomps around in frustration.

ROGER

Him and his terrorists! Bit us  
right in the belly.

WESLEY

Sir, his "terrorists" free animals,  
not kill them. They harm no one.

ROGER

I don't care! A criminal is a  
criminal...

WESLEY

is a criminal. Yes, sir.

ROGER

OK. Now some gave themselves up.

WESLEY

Yes, they call it "Open Rescue".  
They're people of principle and--

ROGER

But I want 'em all, now! No more  
Mr. Nice Guy, specially with Brown.

WESLEY

Really, sir, we don't need to--

ROGER

Nothing real rough, of course. But  
if they won't cooperate...

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Susan confers with A DIRECTOR. Charles looms up. The  
director takes one look at him and vamooses.

Charles speaks low, a volcano trying to erupt discreetly.

CHARLES

What do you know about that "Great  
Escape" last night?

SUSAN

Well, my terrorist friends all tell  
me...Sorry, just kidding.

CHARLES

So you had no idea it was coming?

She hesitates. He jumps on it.

CHARLES

You knew Brown was up to something,  
didn't you? And you said nothing.  
Not even to me! Your boss!

SUSAN

But I didn't do anything--

CHARLES

Exactly! And Homeland Security  
will damn well want to know why.

She jumps up, her mouth opens.

CHARLES

NO! For once, listen to me!  
 (as she sinks back)  
 You could be indicted for this.  
 I'd have to fire you. And no one  
 would hire you. Ever.

SUSAN

But--

CHARLES

Brown never approached any other  
 network, did he? Why?

SUSAN

Well, I never really--

CHARLES

Because the dirty son of a b--

He breaks off at her stricken look.

CHARLES

Because he knew you cared. The  
 thin end of his propaganda wedge--

SUSAN

It's not propagan--

CHARLES

I don't care what it is! You're  
 pulling the plug on it, now.

She looks at him, all defenses gone. He looks away.

CHARLES

Suzy, I'm sorry. Really, really  
 sorry. But I can't let you commit  
 hari-kari over a cow.

As she bows her head, he gets up and walks away, hating this.

CHARLES

We cover the story like everyone  
 else. 'Nuff said.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - DAY

An abstracted Susan fiddles with her paperwork. BEEP.

SUSAN

(into phone)  
 Forsyth.

JOHN (V.O.)  
You wanted a major event.

Susan, in shock. She hastily closes the door.

SUSAN  
You idiot! They'll cram you into a cell and go on killing. And what damn bit of difference will you have made?

JOHN  
We made a difference for millions of animals. We may be crammed into cells for it. We'll risk that. But we don't ask anyone else to risk it. Only to give a damn.

SUSAN  
I can't do what you want.

JOHN  
Then killers will go on killing.

SUSAN  
I can't do it!

JOHN  
I'm not bargaining. I'm begging.

She doesn't answer. A long silence.

JOHN  
Have a nice day.

CLICK. She takes "Countrywide" and "Egg Town" from the drawer, stares sadly at them, then turns them face down.

INT. JONES FAMILY DEN - NIGHT

Jim, Mary and Billy eat supper and watch the news. On screen, Roger holds forth.

ROGER  
...and whatever some in the media may claim, these are terrorists determined to take the meat out of our mouths. We're leaving no stone unturned in our search.

JIM  
Damn government. Why can't they let those people alone?

Mary looks at him in surprise. He bites into his sandwich and his face changes.

JIM  
Mary, what is this?

MARY  
Billy helped me grocery shop. We--

BILLY  
Dad, it's just like ham, well sort of, but it's really soy and--

MARY  
Billy, don't interrupt.

Mary watches nervously as Jim takes another bite.

JIM  
I went along with veggie burgers.  
I even forced down that eggless omelet. But this is getting to be--

He breaks off, watching a happy Billy eating away.

JIM  
Actually, it's not bad.

She smiles. He picks up a milk carton.

JIM  
"Soy Milk"? Is that what was on the Grape Nuts this morning?

INT. HENRY'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Ethel sits in their shabby parlor, watching the TV news ANCHORMAN. Behind her, in the kitchen, Henry washes dishes.

ANCHORMAN  
...and Mrs. Wiggins, the cow who became America's Sweetheart, is still missing in action.

ETHEL  
Henry, get yourself in here!

Henry hustles in with soapy hands.



## ANCHORMAN

Her rescuer, WARG leader Dr. John Brown, is suspected of being the mastermind behind last night's massive series of raids on slaughterhouses, food farms and animal research labs. Hundreds of so-called "liberations" have already been reported.

Ethel turns triumphantly to Henry.

## ETHEL

There, you see? Those "rescuers" are just cattle rustlers in sheep's clothing! Now will you take that cow back where it belongs? And don't drip on the couch.

Henry gazes wistfully into space. He absently wipes his hands on his shirt, avoiding Ethel's expectant gaze.

## ETHEL

Hen-ry! Are you listening to me?

## HENRY

I'll, I'll take her back tomorrow.

## INT. SOL'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sol's wife sits, head down, in front of supper. The front door SLAMS. She raises her head, terrified.

## SOL (O.S.)

Get out the schnapps, Liebchen!  
The film will be at WARG first  
thing tomorrow morning and--

Sol steps in and freezes in horror.

A MAN AND A WOMAN, both armed, sit at the table. The woman covers Sol's wife. The man nods.

A MAN steps in behind, spread-eagles Sol and frisks him. Nothing. The leader flashes his Homeland Security badge.

## LEADER

Who else was in on it?

## INT. DANIEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door's kicked open and TWO COPS charge in.

LEAD COP

Freeze!

Daniel, watching Jeopardy, doesn't even look around.

DANIEL

What took you so long? I called to  
turn myself in two hours ago.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

At the reception desk, THE DESK JOCKEY looks up. The four  
broiler-shed rescuers stand before her.

DESK JOCKEY

What can I do for you?

RESCUE LEADER

You can arrest us.

DESK JOCKEY

Sure, right. For what?

RESCUE LEADER

Uh...animal liberation?

EXT. ZORRA'S CONDO - NIGHT

A MAN in a suit peeps through the window.

PEEPING SUIT

No furniture, nothing. Nada.

He looks around at A SECOND MAN, who's reaching for a clothes  
bag on the front steps.

PEEPING SUIT

Wait! What if it's a booby trap?

CURIOUS SUIT

From an animal libber? Unh unh.

He opens it and grins. He pulls out Zorra's outfit, complete  
with rubber sword. He picks up a note, reads.

CURIOUS SUIT

"Sorry to miss you boys. Please  
drop this at the cleaners. I'll  
need it when ZORRA RIDES AGAIN!"

They look at the front door. A "Z" is lipsticked across it.  
Chuckling, they walk away.

EXT. HILLS - NIGHT

Quiet, isolated. A panoramic view of the city below.

A truck pulls up on a dirt road. Ian steps out. Right behind him is the collie he rescued.

He clumps to the back and throws open the door.

Dozens of pigeons stream out.

A smiling Ian watches them soar into the sky, free at last.

Finally, he reaches down to pet the collie. He clumps back to the front. She hops in. He follows.

The truck starts off, merging into...

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

...a pickup-trailer gliding over a rise. Below, the Sanctuary shimmers in the sun.

EXT. SANCTUARY FRONT GATE - DAY

Henry lowers the trailer ramp. Smiling, he watches Mrs. Wiggins back out and amble through the open gate.

HENRY

Good luck, old girl.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Bobbie, Henrietta on her lap, stares into space. PAWING at the door. Very slowly, Bobbie gets up.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

The door opens a crack. Bobbie peeks out.

Mrs. Wiggins stands there.

Trance-like, Bobbie comes forward. She sinks to her knees. Mrs. Wiggins nuzzles her face. And the tears finally come.

INT. CAR - DAY

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Bobbie and Mrs. Wiggins.

AN AGENT with a Homeland Security badge puts down the binoculars. THE OTHER AGENT dials, his brow wrinkled.

PUZZLED AGENT

(into phone)

Sir, target is kissing a cow that just walked in...No sir, of course I haven't been drinking...Yes sir, we'll be expecting you.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bobbie inserts "Paradise Dairy" into the disc player. It plays, showing quick hand-filmed cuts.

*The Paradise Dairy sign. Isolation stalls, barely room for cows to lie down. Outside, a cow limps by, swollen udders dragging along the ground.*

WESLEY (O.S.)

Agent Matthews?

She slowly turns to see Wesley standing in the doorway.

BOBBIE

"Don't let yourself go native".  
You warned me, weeks ago.

WESLEY

I regret things got out of hand.  
And I've told no one about your part in illegal activities, such as freeing hens and cows.

She nods, turns back as the film continues.

*In a stall, a cow nuzzles a young calf. The calf shambles about. Workers march into the stalls.*

Wesley walks over to watch as the film continues.

*The workers grab the BAWLING calf. The mother MOOS, tries to follow. They beat her back and SLAM the pen door. Still MOOING, the mother appears at the door. They drag the BAWLING calf away, the sound fading.*

Wesley turns off the TV and takes out the disc.

WESLEY

I'll have to keep this.

BOBBIE  
I'm sure Dr. Brown won't mind.  
There are copies.

WESLEY  
Actually, it was Dr. Brown that I  
dropped by to see.

BOBBIE  
I can't reach him any more.

WESLEY  
Pity. Without him, what do we do  
with Mrs. Wiggins?

Bobbie's face, pure horror.

BOBBIE  
Please...please...

WESLEY  
It's a cow against the country.  
I'm sorry. But we need Brown.

Silence. Then an empty face and an empty voice.

BOBBIE  
"Better for you not to know where I  
am." That's all he'd tell me.

He studies her. Lying or not?

WESLEY  
All right. Thank you.

As he walks out, he takes out his cell phone.

INT. FLINT'S DEN - DAY

RINNNNNG. Flint runs in, grabs the phone.

WESLEY (V.O.)  
The cow's here at WARG. Do you  
want her back?

Flint's heart leaps with joy.

FLINT  
We can take it off your hands.

WESLEY  
When?

FLINT  
 Maybe an hour if I leave now.

WESLEY  
 All right. Let's get it over with.

EXT. SANCTUARY FARMYARD - DAY

Next to a truck-trailer, Wesley watches Bobbie lead Mrs. Wiggins across the farmyard.

Sitting in the truck is Flint.

But Bobbie can't see him. Stroking Mrs. Wiggins and whispering to her, Bobbie leads her into the trailer.

Flint strolls up.

WESLEY  
 (handing him an apple)  
 She likes them. By the way, you  
 might hold her a day or two.

Bobbie backs out of the trailer, turns around. Flint grimaces at her as he bites into the apple.

Bobbie, in shock, looks at Wesley.

FLINT  
 Tell Fearless Leader we'll take  
 care of his cow. No knocking gun.  
 Just shackle and hang. Then slice  
 'em up slow. Why, sometimes--

Bobbie launches herself at a flabbergasted Flint. He goes down. Wesley jumps forward and grabs her.

BOBBIE  
 (to Wesley, struggling)  
 HOW CAN YOU DO THIS?

FLINT  
 (on the ground)  
 Bitch! Crazy animal-freak bitch!

Wesley holds her and looks murder at Flint.

BOBBIE  
 (to Flint)  
 John let you go! HE LET YOU GO!  
 And now you'll get even, like a  
 coward...  
 (pointing to trailer)  
 (MORE)

by ripping her! I wish to God he'd  
ripped you, I wish he'd done to you  
what you tried to do to him!

She stops, aghast. And so is Flint. They face each other,  
both nakedly exposed.

WESLEY  
(to Flint)  
Get going.

Flint hesitates, opens his mouth.

WESLEY  
Now.

Head down, Flint gets into the truck and pulls away.

Bobbie goes limp. Wesley releases her and she collapses.  
But she slowly rises to face him.

BOBBIE  
I was just bait, wasn't I? A sexy  
little Trojan filly for Dr. Brown.  
But he knew, way before last night.

Wesley's eyebrows go up. She nods.

BOBBIE  
I could have forgiven that. But  
you gave Mrs. Wiggins to that,  
that, monster. Who came here and  
drove her out, and burned her home  
to the ground.

WESLEY  
But you never said who--

BOBBIE  
Because we can't prove it! But you  
didn't care who it was, did you?

He looks away, embarrassed.

BOBBIE  
You betrayed her, Wesley. I  
trusted you and you betrayed her.  
Soon she'll be just another piece  
of meat. Because of you.

His embarrassment turns to remorse.

BOBBIE  
 Why? Why'd you do it? Because  
 she's just a cow?

WESLEY  
 I only wanted Brown.

BOBBIE  
 And when you get him, then what?

He opens his mouth, stops. Silence.

WESLEY  
 I hope he'll cooperate.

BOBBIE  
 "Cooperate"? You are so naïve.  
 And when that fails, you'll get him  
 a maximum prison sentence. The  
 nation's dead meat supply, saved by  
 Wesley Hanover.

She looks off, her face filling with love and longing.

BOBBIE  
 "Nothing can stop the power of an  
 idea whose time has come." That's  
 what he used to tell us.

Wesley thinks for a few moments.

WESLEY  
 I think you'd better come with me.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

It's where John found Mrs. Wiggins. Near the barn, John  
 tosses supplies into the truck. BEEP!

John pulls out the pink cell phone. Alice and Ted pant up.

JOHN  
 Who'd call this phone?

He pushes a button. Three tense faces listen.

BOBBIE (V.O.)  
 I said I wouldn't be calling...but  
 Mrs. Wiggins came back. I'm sorry.

A dazed John turns off the phone. He thinks.



JOHN  
Flint's got Mrs. Wiggins.

They stare at him in disbelief.

JOHN  
Can't you see? Wesley's watching  
the Sanctuary. He'd find out. And  
when he did, he'd tell Flint.

A long, painful pause.

TED  
So it's a trap. Clever Bobbie.

JOHN  
Clever Wesley, you mean. How else  
could she warn us? She knows we're  
on the move anyway, their phone  
trace won't matter.

ALICE  
But Mrs. Wiggins...

She trails off, tears in her eyes.

JOHN  
(thinking out loud)  
Sanctuary to Taylor Farms is an  
hour's drive. If we leave now...

He thinks furiously. Aha! He runs into the barn...

INT. BARN - DAY

...and digs in the straw. He unearths A BIG BLACK REVOLVER.  
He hefts it, looks at two more revolvers sitting there.

Alice and Ted hasten up to stare wide-eyed at the guns.

TED  
What about us?

JOHN  
Stay with me and there won't even  
be a coed cell for you. So take  
the truck and get out. Now.

Ted and Alice look at each other. She picks up a gun.

JOHN  
That's an order.

Ted picks up the other gun. They grin at John.

JOHN  
You party animals.

INT. WESLEY'S CAR - DAY

The car takes a highway curve, tires screeching.

In back are Wesley's two agents. Wesley drives. Next to him is Bobbie.

INT. JOHN'S PICKUP - DAY

Ted and Alice snuggle as John drives and talks.

INTERCUT:

JOHN  
(into Bobbie's cell phone)  
Still want that major event? Try  
Taylor Farms.

SUSAN  
(into her cell phone)  
What the hell--

JOHN  
Good gal. Oh, and Susan? Visit  
your post office.

SUSAN  
But--

JOHN  
Commencing radio silence.

CLICK. Susan sighs.

SUSAN  
Idiot.

INT. POST OFFICE BOXES - DAY

Susan hurries to a big box and inserts the key. She yanks the door open.

Dozens of disks burst out all over the floor.

She freezes. Then she decides. As she gathers disks, she fumbles out her phone, dials, listens.

SUSAN  
 (into phone)  
 Newsroom? I'm coming in. And we  
 need a camera crew.

INT. FLINT'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Flint listens on his cell phone.

FLINT  
 ...yes ma'am, we're coming in.  
 Only a few minutes more now.

MA'AM (V.O.)  
 Then in a few minutes that cow's  
 gonna be the way nature intended.  
 When you finish, put what's left in  
 the Detained Meat room.

FLINT  
 But the agent, he said hold off--

MA'AM  
 He's a cop! He don't tell us what  
 to do with our property.

FLINT  
 Maybe just a day? Wait and see if--

MA'AM  
 Flint? Shut up.

He shuts up.

MA'AM  
 I want a steak. Now. And I may  
 decide to come over later today, to  
 make sure I have a steak tomorrow.

CLICK. He stares into space.

FLINT  
 Yes ma'am.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE STOCKYARD - NIGHT

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: Bennie, with cigarette, and Luis  
 herd a few cows into pens. TWO GUARDS lounge at the gate.

JOHN (O.S.)  
 Well well, Bennie and Luis. And  
 private security. A little late.

Alice and Ted crouch at the fence. Like John, they wear slaughterhouse clothes.

JOHN  
(lowering binoculars)  
And who's minding the back of the  
store?

EXT. BACK FENCE - NIGHT

A GUARD lounges at the back door. HONNNNK! (O.S.)

The guard ambles out toward John's truck at the gate. Ted hops out and gestures, "Let me in!".

TED  
Helping with the captured cows.  
Bennie and Luis can vouch for me.

The guard unlocks the chain. Straightens. Freezes. Ted's gun points at his belly.

TED  
(pulling spray bottle)  
Sorry.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Flint's truck rolls up, Bennie and Luis jump in. It crosses the yard, disappears through the big door. The door closes.

Moments later, Ted and Alice slip out a side door, sliding their guns under their aprons.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Silent, empty. The Line, motionless.

The trailer backs toward the knocking box, stops a few yards away. The three men hop out, hustle around back.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Ah ah ahhhhh.

At the knocking box, he smiles down the barrel of his gun. CLICK goes the safety catch. He gestures.

The three men, hands up, back away.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Wesley's car pulls up and his agents get out. Wearing guard uniforms, Ted and Alice lift their guns and step forward.

TED  
Drop the guns.

PUZZLED AGENT  
But we're on your side!

No response. The disgusted agents drop their guns.

Wesley strolls forward, leisurely pulling out his gun. He smiles at a nonplussed Alice.

WESLEY  
Aren't you a little short for a  
Storm Trooper?

ALICE  
You're outgunned.

WESLEY  
Mine's loaded.

TED  
So are ours.

Wesley aims at a tree. BANG! Bark splatters. Still smiling, he aims at Alice.

WESLEY  
Prove it.

A long moment. Ted's shoulders sag.

WESLEY  
(pocketing his gun)  
Gentlemen, there's a lesson here.  
Study your target's mentality.  
Learn to tell a trespasser...  
(nods at Alice and Ted)  
from a terrorist.  
(looking around)  
And where are the former guards?

Alice points behind the gate to...

The guards, snoring away.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

John watches Luis tie up Bennie. Flint's already trussed.

BENNIE  
(writhing)  
This'll cut off my circulation!

Luis fumbles open the trailer door.

Mrs. Wiggins backs out. He gives her a furtive pat. She spies John. MOOOO! She nuzzles him as he hugs her.

John walks her to the front door.

JOHN  
(pushing a button)  
Let's go home, old girl.

The door rumbles open. There stands Wesley, gun in hand.

WESLEY  
Dr. Brown, I presume?

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The two agents guard Ted, Alice and Bobbie. HONK HONK! Shouting questions, reporters pile out of vans.

INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Susan and the director watch their news program on a big monitor. RINNNGGG. He listens.

DIRECTOR  
(to Susan)  
We're there. So are the animal libbers. And...  
(an accusing look)  
so is the competition.

SUSAN  
Interrupt all programs. We're going live.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

John and Wesley face off, guns pointed. Behind them, Flint and Bennie are still tied up, watching. Luis is there too.

WESLEY

Alice and Ted will get off easy.  
Because they gave me their guns.  
Don't you want to give me yours?

John, the great stone face.

WESLEY

Bobbie's here too. She wants to  
save Mrs. Wiggins. But shooting me  
wouldn't do that, would it?  
(nodding at John's gun)  
Even if that had been loaded.

The stone face crumbles.

WESLEY

I can't take her without cause.  
But the back door's open. If you  
stay and she walks...

Hope and pain come into John's eyes. He reaches out...and  
hands over his gun. Wesley nods, "Go".

As John walks away, Wesley presses his walkie-talkie button.

WESLEY

(into walkie-talkie)  
Stay there, keep the media quiet.

John slowly approaches Mrs. Wiggins.

JOHN

This is my fault, old girl. Not  
Wesley's. Not Flint's. Mine. I  
should have sent you some place  
safe. My life was mine to risk.  
Yours wasn't.

She just looks at him. He steps forward, hating this.

JOHN

Get out! Go!

She won't move.

JOHN

Git! GIT! GIT!!

He slaps her rump. She backs away a step, then stops.

JOHN

Stupid cow!

And he slaps her across the muzzle.

She recoils and backs away, eyes rolling. John follows, threatening, tears in his eyes.

But she stops. He nears her, fist raised. Her head comes up. And she nuzzles him.

Flint's eyes close as he sadly shakes his head.

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Reporters shout questions at WARGS and agents.

A luxury sedan pulls in and screeches to a stop. Out gets a LITTLE OLD LADY. She heads for the gate, where an agent stops her. He speaks into his walkie-talkie, listens, then lets her through.

A puzzled Bobbie looks at Alice and Ted, who shrug.

EXCITED REPORTER

Is it true Brown's got hostages?

Bobbie snaps. She plunges forward, whispers to the agent. He speaks into his walkie-talkie, listens. Nods to Bobbie. And she darts past him, through the gate.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Mrs. Wiggins shuffles in the knocking box. Luis stands just outside it, holding a shackling chain.

John stands handcuffed to a pillar. Near him, Wesley opens John's gun. His eyebrows go up.

A freed Flint steps onto the knocking platform, but freezes as he sees...

The Little Old Lady (Ma'am) coming through the front door.

MA'AM

FLINT!

FLINT

MA'AM?!

MA'AM

And where's my cow?!

A long pause while they stare at each other and the others, openmouthed, stare at them. Finally Flint turns to Bennie.



FLINT

Let's get it over with.

Bennie, glowing cigarette dangling above his huge apron, picks up the sticker knife and walks up The Line.

BENNIE

Line's ready, just gotta christen it. But not with champagne.

FLINT

No!  
(as Bennie stops)  
We kill clean.

BENNIE

But before, you said--

FLINT

I know what I said. I was wrong.

Bennie scowls. Flint ignores him, turns to Luis.

FLINT

Don't shackle till she's dead.

An expressionless Wesley steps in front of a distraught John. Suddenly, another callout from the front door.

BOBBIE (O.S.)

JOHN! JOHN!

They all freeze as Bobbie pauses at the front door.

BOBBIE

(panting up)  
John! They said, they said--

She halts, seeing Mrs. Wiggins. She stares at Luis. He lowers his eyes. After a moment, he turns to Flint.

LUIS

Senor, this is wrong, do not--

FLINT

I don't like it either, all right?  
But it's our job, your job, and if  
you don't want it any more...

LUIS

Please, do not make me do this.

FLINT

OK.

(sighing, to Bennie)

Take his place.

(off Bennie's grin)

Hear what I said about shackling?

Bennie scowls, drops the knife. He saunters forward.

Flint reluctantly reaches for the knocking gun as an approving Ma'am looks on. Wesley, Bobbie and John exchange agonized glances.

Unseen by all, Bennie reaches out. His glowing cigarette approaches Mrs. Wiggins's rolling eyes...closer...

Luis steps in front of her and knocks Bennie's arm away.

LUIS

I have seen enough. The senorita was right. How can you do this?

BENNIE

(raising his hotshot)

And what are you gonna do about it?

LUIS

(to John)

You said, senor. Glass walls.

(to Wesley)

There was a raid on their animals.

You know of this?

Wesley nods. Flint's face goes slack.

LUIS

Three people. I was one, may my Savior forgive me.

(re Bennie)

He was another.

(re Flint)

He was leader. When their barn caught fire, I wished to help. But I had a job, and children.

Silence. Tears spring into Bobbie's eyes. John's too.

WESLEY

Thank you, senor.

Everyone waits while he thinks.

WESLEY

It seems this cow is evidence.  
She'll have to be held somewhere,  
perhaps a sanctuary.

(to John)

Where your associates may work  
under house arrest. Unless...

He looks at John, "Well?". John suddenly grins.

JOHN

(to Flint)

We can get you indicted for arson.  
Taylor Farms might get you off.  
But do you really want to risk it  
over a cow?

Flint's shocked into silence. But not Ma'am.

MA'AM

So now it's blackmail? You crappy  
cow hugger!

JOHN

Just doing our jobs. Buuuuut...  
If you'd like to give Mrs. Wiggins  
to WARG, in front of witnesses,  
then we needn't prefer charges.

(to Wesley)

Am I starting to sound like you?

Flint's had. But he's more resigned than angry.

FLINT

You could have cut me. Your woman  
wished you had.

(off John's surprise)

Why? Why didn't you do it?

JOHN

Because I'd already seen enough.

Flint stares at him, curiosity turning to respect. He nods.

FLINT

OK, cow hugger. You owe me one.

Now Ma'am is shocked into silence. Flint nods to Luis, who  
opens the gate. As Mrs. Wiggins steps out, Flint walks over  
and grabs Bennie's cigarette.

FLINT

(to Bennie)

You're fired.

MA'AM

And so are you, Flint! Crappy cow  
huggers, all of ya!

And she storms out the front door.

Bobbie runs to kiss Luis, then Mrs. Wiggins.

Wesley unshackles John, then clicks open John's gun and  
shakes it over his cupped hand. In his palm nestle...

Bullets. His hand goes into his pocket and comes out empty.

WESLEY

Good thing your gun wasn't loaded.  
It will reduce your prison time  
considerably. And now, you and  
your, ah, associates had better  
turn yourselves in.

They exchange a steady look.

JOHN

Thank you.

WESLEY

I'll be along in a moment. Agent  
Matthews, please escort Dr. Brown.  
(to Flint)  
One more thing...

John, Bobbie and Mrs. Wiggins walk toward the front door.

WESLEY

It's a good time to open Taylor  
Farms to the media. Particularly  
now that you have nothing to hide.

FLINT

But, but...they'd all know who...  
God! I'd never work cattle again!

WESLEY

We might find you a suitable job.  
In any case, better than working in  
a chain gang, don't you agree?

EXT. FRONT GATE - NIGHT

The media film and shout at the bewildered agents. Someone  
yells and points, everyone turns.

Bobbie, John and Mrs. Wiggins step out the door.

Alice and Ted are triumphant. The agents are flabbergasted. The media are salivating.

Wesley appears at the door. He waves, "Come in!".

The media surge forward. The agents just shake their heads.

INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Boss Charles storms in. He stops and stares, as...

His people cheer and clap, eyes glued on the big monitor, where media stampede toward John and company.

He's about to explode when Susan gives him an innocent smile.

SUSAN

(pointing at monitor)

I've got another hit for you. And presents from my terrorist friends. I think the nation should see them.

She throws down the bag of disks. He stares at her, torn between rage and admiration.

SUSAN

(re disks)

They stay or I go. Either way, you've been a great boss.

He picks up a disk, sighs.

CHARLES

Dammit Suzy, don't you ever do this to me again.

She blinks back tears. Finally, a radiant smile.

SUSAN

You haven't seen what they emailed.

He grins. They watch the big monitor screen...

INT. JONES FAMILY DEN - NIGHT

...and on TV, the media mob Mrs. Wiggins and the WARGS.

The Joneses are woo-hooing. Dad cheers them on as if watching football. Mom and Billy high-five each other.

On screen, behind everyone, unnoticed, Wesley gazes at crying, laughing people and a cow he saved.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)  
 Apparently Dr. Brown will be  
 allowed to make a statement.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE STOCKYARD - NIGHT

Bobbie, Alice and Ted stand behind John and Mrs. Wiggins,  
 surrounded by cameras and cows.

NEWSCASTER  
 Dr. Brown, you expect to go to  
 prison for what you've admitted to  
 doing. Why? Why did you do it?

As John speaks, silent, shadowy images appear.

A worker with bloody gloves grabs a mink out of a cage  
 A lab worker mashes a rabbit into a restrainer  
 A herder hotshots a horse into a knocking box  
 A circus trainer beats an elephant with a metal hook  
 A hunter fires another shot into a wounded deer.

JOHN  
 So you can see what you make happen  
 when you eat meat or milk or  
 eggs...or wear fur...or animal-  
 tested cosmetics...or visit a race  
 track...or circus...or go hunting.

John points at the slaughterhouse front door.

JOHN  
 You can go on paying others to  
 torture and slaughter. Or you can  
 live and let live. It's up to you.

NEWSCASTER  
 Thank you, Dr. Brown.

John turns to smile at Bobbie.

JOHN  
 "Mission Accomplished"?

A radiant Bobbie opens her arms as he walks toward her...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRISON GATE - DAY

John walks to the gate behind a PRISON GUARD. The guard  
 turns. It's Flint. They nod to each other.

As John walks out, cameramen maneuver, reporters pounce.

REPORTER

How do you feel, walking out the gate after only six months?

JOHN

Surprised.

REPORTER

So you've no idea why the President commuted your sentence?

JOHN

No, but he's got my vote.

REPORTER

What about Susan Forsyth's hit reality series, "Glass Walls"? Is it true you're gonna appear and host film from The Great Escape?

JOHN

Their great escape or mine?

Reporters laugh with him.

LATER

The last reporter leaves. Nearby, Wesley sits in his car. John strolls over.

JOHN

"Thank you" says so little of what I feel. It WAS you, wasn't it?

WESLEY

Actually, it was Roger. Though, as he says, "A criminal is a criminal is a criminal".

(off John's smile)

I think the President was sincere. Of course, a popular cause is honey to an unpopular President. By the way, you might like to know that I'm trying a vegan diet.

(off John's grin)

Actually, it's not bad...so far.

JOHN

(saluting him)

I see. And where are the others?

WESLEY

Whipping up a welcome, what else?  
When we get there, act surprised.

JOHN

"We"?

WESLEY

I told them I'd bring you out.  
After all, I put you in.

JOHN

I see. Liberation?  
(off Wesley's smile)  
You'd make a great fighter on our  
side.

WESLEY

And I admire your side. But I took  
an oath.

JOHN

So did I.

Two strong souls look at each other. Respect.

WESLEY

Let's go. Your homecoming wouldn't  
be the same without you.

EXT. SANCTUARY FRONT GATE - DAY

All is quiet as Wesley's car pulls up and John gets out.

WESLEY

WARG's become all the rage. Every  
day, packs of people petting pigs.  
Closed today, of course.

JOHN

Like to come in?

WESLEY

Better not. Besides, I have work  
to do. Not all terrorists catch  
themselves, you know.

He reaches into the back seat.

WESLEY

(tossing John an apple)  
For Mrs. Wiggins. Try to remember  
that you're both on parole.



EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

John ambles in, gazes at his Sanctuary. Very nice.

The place is a public showcase, but unchanged in essentials. Farmhouse, barn, stable are decorated for Christmas.

Henrietta runs to him. He scoops her up.

Up ahead, a Santa-capped Bobbie scratches Freddy the pig. She jumps up, gallops over and hugs John to death.

BOBBIE  
You are sooooo late!  
(almost yodeling)  
SOOOOEEEE!

The others hasten in from all over. Alice. Ted. Henry. Zorra. Sol. Luis. Susan. Daniel. Ian and his collie.

Handshakes and hugs. A smiling moment of silence.

BOBBIE  
Dinner's ready! "And if it ain't  
VAY-gan...

EVERYONE  
it's goin' BAY-gan"!

JOHN  
Back in a few minutes.

John watches them into the house, then strolls off. He passes chickens, turkeys, pigs, horses, sheep, cows.

JOHN (V.O.)  
The question is not "Can they  
reason?" nor "Can they talk?" but  
"Can they suffer?"

EXT. MRS. WIGGINS'S PASTURE - DAY

MOOOOOO! Mrs. Wiggins, too, wears a Santa cap. She rushes up to John and nuzzles him. He hugs her.

From the farmhouse comes singing, the Christmas carol from "The Wind In The Willows".

SONG  
And they heard the angels tell  
"Who were the first to cry Noel?  
(MORE)

Animals all, as it befell,  
In the stable where they did dwell!  
Joy shall be theirs in the morning"

JOHN

Come on, old girl. Our little  
party's just beginning.

He gives Mrs. Wiggins his apple. Together, they walk back  
toward the farmhouse.

And behind them, a flock of pigeons soars into the sky.