

Heifer

by

Dené Janse van Rensburg

University of Pretoria  
Department Drama  
u13149424

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

A middle-aged man sits in a murky room. The only furnishings are worn, outdated pieces left behind by the previous residents. Natural light leaks through dusty, floral curtains that block out the sun.. The light casts a golden crown around THE MAN's dark, sinewy but well defined shoulder. THE MAN holds an oxygen mask over his mouth and nose. His breathing changes from rapid and anxious to deep and slow. He coughs up phlegm into a handkerchief, and places the mask back over his nose and mouth. His breath regulates and he repositions his oxygen tank, placing it closely against the side of a dilapidated armchair upholstered with faded flowers in soft pinks, yellows and creams.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Light floods the room in the colours of dusk. THE MAN approaches a worn, modern refrigerator, yellow with age. He opens it. It is dark inside. A single 1.5 litre bottle of water stands upright in the door of the refrigerator. THE MAN stares at it and sighs, taking it out. He savours a small sip.

EXT. BUSH - NIGHT.

THE MAN rushes through the bush and long yellow grass with a torch. Sweat stains his clothes and glistens on his face when caught in the pool of light cast by the torch. He carries a two litre Coca-Cola bottle under his arm.

The oxygen tank strapped to his back with two worn leather belts. In the distance, warm ochre light from a farm house shines onto the lush grass around it. He switches off the torch and quietly approaches the house.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

THE MAN is hunched by a tap at the side of the house. He opens the bottle and starts to fill it with water. He gulps down a few mouthfuls from the faucet before he continues to fill the bottle. From inside the house, a small dog barks in a high pitched voice with intermittent snorts. He sees movement in the window of the room near the end of the wall he is crouched against. He can indistinctly hear the RESIDENT speaking in whispers to the dog inside. At the other end of the house, the front door is swung open. THE MAN starts to bolt into the bushes at the sound of a shotgun barrel rested on burglar bars. A shot is fired. The bottle cap lies in the wet ground underneath the faucet.

RESIDENT

(in Afrikaans)

Fuck off! Get yourself off my (p)lot!  
I'll shoot you to moer and gone!

EXT. BUSH - NIGHT

THE MAN runs arduously with the oxygen tank strapped across his back. Some of the water in the bottle has spilt onto his shirt. He runs with his thumb stopped into the neck of the bottle.

THE MAN slows down, wheezing painfully. He lowers himself onto the ground, in the long, yellow grass. He covers his mouth and nose with the oxygen mask.

His eyes are wide with panic. He suffers a lengthy, hacking cough and struggles for breath. He picks himself up out of the long grass and trudges back to the house.

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

THE MAN lies in supine on a lint covered mattress in the corner of a carpeted room. He stares, as if pondering, at nothing in particular. By his side is the Coca-Cola bottle, half filled with dusty water. THE MAN slowly gets up.

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - DUSK

THE MAN inspects the room. His clothes are clean, but wrinkled. He looks satisfied. Behind him is a large, hardside suitcase, a backpack and a gym bag with an oxygen tank sticking out of the top. THE MAN opens the closet door. Inside, on the upmost shelf, is an old rolled up mattress. He takes it out, unrolls it and lays it out against the wall.

THE MAN moves the hardside suitcase closer to the mattress, carefully lays the suitcase on its back and unzips it. He sits down. Inside are neatly folded piles of clothing, breakfast bars, a toiletry bag, a navy towel and a worn leather belt. He carefully lifts out piles of clothes. He takes out a few small packets of seeds. Among them, cucumber seeds, spinach, potatoes, tomatoes and some herbs. THE MAN places the clothes back in the suitcase, closes it and rests it in the corner.

THE MAN gathers up the packets of seeds. He starts to lift the backpack onto his shoulders, but the tank starts to slip through a tear in the bottom. THE MAN is frustrated.

He removes the tank from the backpack and inspects the tear. He puts his hand through to the other end. He tosses the bag onto the mattress. THE MAN puts the packets of seeds in his trouser pocket and hoists the tank into both his arms, cradling it to his chest.

INT. HOUSE. BATHROOM.

THE MAN stands in front of the toilet. He urinates. Opposite him is a square mirror the same size as the white tiles around it, embellished in small stones, shells and blue ribbon. He stares at himself with distaste. He shakes and buttons up. He turns the tap in the bathroom sink with his other hand cupped underneath the faucet, but quickly realizes his mistake and, frustrated, closes the tap.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

THE MAN is hunched by dying seedling sprouts. Behind him is a generous stoop with high, detailed railings. He gently touches the small leaves, shakes his head and wipes his forehead. THE MAN sparingly waters the sprouts from the uncapped Coca-Cola bottle. Using his fingers he digs a few more holes in the ground, takes out a handful of seeds from his shirt pocket and presses them into the holes. He covers them with soil. THE MAN gently rests his hand over the ground where the new seeds were sown. He looks to the sky. There are no clouds and the sun is bright and harsh. He lowers his head, closes his eyes and mouths a prayer.

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

THE MAN lies on his side on the mattress, covering his mouth and nose with the oxygen mask.

He stares at the walls of the room. The walls are decorated with magazine clippings - pictures of smiling, firm young girls in swimsuits, demonstrations of exercises and a picture of a young man and woman in a sensual embrace. THE MAN stares at the last image. As he stares, a stream of tears roll from his unblinking eyes. He quickly closes them, then rolls them once to rid them of the tears. He turns away from the picture. With his back to it and the oxygen mask resting by the tank, THE MAN readies himself for sleep.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

THE MAN stands in a bleak, whitewashed room. He wears tan chino pants, an un-tucked dress shirt and a white, plastic apron. He has his arms crossed over his chest as he observes workers at the slaughter line. Behind him is an entry covered in thick clear sheets of plastic. The mortar between dirty tile walls are blackened with grime. A 1990's ballad plays over the sounds of saws and blades cutting through the bodies of strung cattle. THE MAN clears his throat.

A WORKER rushes in through the plastic sheets, looking down. He darts right into THE MAN, who stumbles forward. The WORKER laughs as he tries to help THE MAN steady himself.

WORKER

(chuckles)

Sorry, sir.

THE MAN

(smiling)

The next guy might take a swing.

WORKER

Yes, sir. Lucky it was you.

THE MAN

You know my name, Derek.

The WORKER, a younger man, dishevelled with sunken features, awkwardly shifts his stance and searches the floor.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Derek?

WORKER (DEREK)

Sir.

DEREK searches for the right words.

DEREK

You know about my girlfriend.

THE MAN

I know.

DEREK scratches the back of his head and frowns.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

If you want to put in leave then you need to go through the channels.

DEREK

No, it's not that. I was going to ask if you would join me and the boys, tonight? We're having a drink to celebrate the baby coming.

THE MAN

I wou -

(coughs)

(MORE)

THE MAN (CONT'D)

'Scuse me. I would, but I have a long night in the office.

DEREK nods. He pulls his face in mocking sympathy.

DEREK

Sorry about that. But If you finish early, please come through? To the Brit's pub.

THE MAN nods and smiles politely, before starting to cough again. DEREK joins the other workers at the slaughter line.

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE. FIRST FLOOR.

THE MAN enters an office, of which the door is wide open. He closes the door gently behind him. On the office door is a black plaque that reads: MR.L.HADEBE

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MR. HADEBE seats himself behind an organized desk with pastel coloured, labelled baskets and a personal computer. A photo frame lies faced down on a stack of papers in the ORDERS basket. He opens one of the desk drawers and takes out a bottle of cough medicine followed by a tablespoon. He carefully pours a spoonful and quickly closes his mouth around it. Some of the cough syrup drips down his chin and onto his shirt. The man shakes his head. With his ring finger he gently scoops the line of pink medicine from his shirt and puts it in his mouth. He returns the medicine and spoon to the desk drawer.

MR. HADEBE clears his throat and reaches for a folder in the basket labelled INVOICES.



He opens the folder, takes a pen from the holder, pulls a calculator closer and starts to work. MR. HADEBE continues his calculations as the muted melody of another 1990's song is heard from outside his office. He starts to hum along in a hoarse tenor voice.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN.

MR. HADEBE opens the refrigerator, natural light from the room floods into the white compartments, illuminating a small piece of meat wrapped in a clear, plastic bag. MR. HADEBE removes the package from the refrigerator and closes the door. He gently unfolds the plastic, cautiously brings it up to his nose and takes a quick sniff before pulling away and inspecting the cut of meat once more. He closes the parcel and places on the stove, near the refrigerator. He opens the oven and removes the grill.

EXT. HOUSE - DUSK

MR. HADEBE axes some branches from a dying tree near the stoop and piles them at his feet. Once he has the last of the branches free, he picks up the pile and carries them toward the house.

Near the stoop there is a small boma fashioned from large rocks. MR. HADEBE stacks the wood in the centre of the circle, reaches into his pocket and retrieves an orange lighter. He gathers up a handful of dried grass and lights it over the boma before carefully positioning it inside the temple of branches.

MR. HADEBE retrieves the plastic wrapped parcel, the white plastic chair and the grill from the stoop. He carries them to the fire.

From around the boma, he removes some rocks and stacks two towers on opposite ends of the fire. He gently places the grill above the fire. MR. HADEBE pulls the chair closer and takes a seat by the fire. He keeps the package on his lap.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The coals of the fire are glowing warm under an ashen blanket. MR. HADEBE takes his second last bite of the meat. He sits back in the chair and chews slowly.

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

MR. HADEBE is sleeping in the plastic chair. The coals inside the boma are white. Black tongues are burnt onto the inside of the rock circle. MR. HADEBE snores softly. A Hadeda lands nearby and wakes him. He watches the large bird as it stalks closer to the stoop. He sees a pigeon pecking around his seedlings. Slowly, the man sneaks up on the pigeon. It waddles further into MR. HADEBE's struggling vegetable garden. Stealthily, the man clasps his hand around the pigeon. As it tries to escape his grip, he quickly turns it neck, killing it. MR. HADEBE starts to cough.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN - LATER

MR. HADEBE is humming a jazzy melody. He is plucking feathers from the pigeon over the kitchen sink. The head, wings and feet have been removed. Blood spatter lines the inside of the sink and the kitchen counter. His oxygen tank is on the floor by his side.

MR. HADEBE removes a utility knife from his back pocket and removes the blade.

He takes the plucked bird in his hand and, holding the knife away from himself, cuts through the breast of the bird. He struggles to cut through the breast plate. MR. HADEBE cuts off the crop and the anus of the bird.

MR. HADEBE places the oxygen mask over his mouth and nose and takes a few steady breaths. He leaves the mask and starts to open the kitchen cupboards. He finds a worn iron pot. MR. HADEBE turns the pot and sniggers as he inspects it, holding it a distance away from his eyes. His eyes widen. He smiles and shakes his head as he returns to the bird.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - CONTINUOUS

MR. HADEBE cradles the pot against his stomach. Inside lies the bird and a thin layer of water. Ripples of hot air surround the flames inside the boma and blur the dry earth behind it. MR. HADEBE places the iron pot on top of the grill, above the fire.

EXT. HOUSE. BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

MR. HADEBE is crouched by a plant in the remnants of what seems to be a garden bed. The leaves are small and delicate. Very few are left on the plant. He picks one and takes a whiff. He smiles.

EXT. HOUSE. BOMA - CONTINUOUS

MR. HADEBE scatters a handful of basil leaves in the pot with the bird. The water has condensed on the underside of the lid. Steam emanates from inside. MR. HADEBE resumes humming his tune.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A silver Volkswagen hatchback lights up the driveway as it reaches a high, black painted palisades. Behind it a small plastered house in a muted olive colour with stained wooden window frames. The surrounding houses are built in similar styles and in similarly muted earthen colours. The palisade divides as the electric fence motors out of the way of the hatchback car. Before the fence is clear, the car pulls into the short driveway and comes to a stop in front of a single wooden garage door.

INT. VOLKSVAGEN HATCHBACK - CONTINUOUS

MR. HADEBE gathers up some paperwork from the passenger side seat and reaches for a plastic bag with take-away polystyrene containers. He pulls the key out of the ignition and gets out of the car.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME.

MR. HADEBE places the items on a small table by the entrance, inside the house. He locks the security gate and closes the front door. MR. HADEBE gathers up the items once more and proceeds into the open kitchen-living-dining area. He places the takeaway and the paperwork on the laminate-granite kitchen counter. Leather creaks behind him.

MR. HADEBE pauses to look over his shoulder into the living room area. The couch is oddly shaped in the darkness. He walks around the counter to reach the set of light switches near the refrigerator. As soon as the lights come on, MR. HADEBE's cellphone rings. His hand darts to his chest in fright. On the couch is a dark brown and white, overweight, long haired cat.

MR. HADEBE removes the cellphone from his pocket and looks at the cat with disdain.

MR. HADEBE

(in Zulu)

It's a wonder you still catch any birds.

MR. HADEBE answers the call.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

(in Zulu)

I mistook the cat for you a moment ago.

Glad to hear from you.

MR. HADEBE stifles a cough and pulls out a bar stool from under the counter. He takes a seat.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

(in Zulu)

Are you happy?

(a pause)

Tight chest and phlegm and the like.

Probably flu or some infection.

(a pause)

No, nothing serious. I wouldn't bother the doctor.

MR. HADEBE smiles and pulls the plastic bag with his dinner closer. He starts to open it, holding the cellphone between his ear and shoulder.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

(in Zulu)

I wouldn't want you on the road at that time of night. You can have the spare room.

(a pause)

(MORE)

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

It's no bother. Any excuse to take you out for dinner.

MR. HADEBE drops his gaze. His smile is gone.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

I understand.

MR. HADEBE pinches the top of his nose with thumb and forefinger, his eyes closed. He sighs and looks at the cat, perched on the armrest of the couch.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

(in Zulu)

She misses you.

(a pause)

Okay then.

(a pause)

Okay. Don't wait too long. I love you.

(a pause)

Bye.

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - MORNING

MR. HADEBE is lying on the mattress. He barely moves as he stares at the picture of the woman on the wall. The opposite half, depicting the man, has been torn away. MR. HADEBE closes his eyes.

EXT. LAVISH GARDEN - DREAM

MR. HADEBE opens his eyes to the blurred figure of a small girl with beaded braids. He watches as she slowly runs in the opposite direction. As she runs, her figure morphs into that of a young woman running ever further from him across unending bright green lawn. The rays of the sun swallow her.

Instantly, the running woman is replaced with the image of the same young woman, standing face to face with MR. HADEBE. Her figure remains a blur. Her words are muddled whispers. He cannot make out the features of her face, as hard as he tries to focus. She bitterly tries to communicate something to him.

A room slowly builds itself around the figure. A door opens directly behind her. The muddled face is cast in darkness and gloom presides over the room.

The figure of the woman is transposed to the door. She closes it behind her as she leaves, pulling the rays of light with her. Bright sunlight from outside casts an aura around the outline of the closed door.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN - LATER

MR. HADEBE opens the refrigerator door. Inside is the bottle of water, filled to a third of its volume. He takes out the bottle and drinks from it slowly. He closes the refrigerator door and takes the bottle with him.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - CONTINUOUS

MR. HADEBE is crouched by the dying sprouts that he had planted. He uses the last of the water in the bottle and equally divides it between the four sprouts. He gently cradles one of the fragile green strands between his thumb and forefinger.

After a sharp intake of breath, MR. HADEBE releases a sob. He looks up at the harsh sun and lets his head fall. He takes a handful of his T-shirt and buries his face in it to wipe it clean. He pulls himself together and looks up at the sky again.

MR. HADEBE

(in Zulu)

Please! Let them grow! I can't take any more than what I already have, father.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - DUSK

MR. HADEBE is on his way out. The oxygen tank is awkwardly strapped across his back with the two belts. The water bottle rests under his arm. MR. HADEBE secures the tank. He looks up and is caught in his first step.

A few paces from the boma, a cow grazes on golden blades of grass. She lifts her head and gazes at MR. HADEBE as she chews.

Slowly, MR. HADEBE loosens the belts and carefully places the oxygen tank on the stoop. He winds the belts around his one hand. He slowly edges toward the animal with his hands outstretched, palms up as if in surrender. She takes a step backward. MR. HADEBE pauses. She resumes her chewing and he continues his advance.

MR. HADEBE reaches her side. He gently places his hand on the back of her neck. Quickly, he unwinds one of the belts and pulls it across her to fashion a collar. The ends don't meet. He uses the other belt and lengthens it by pulling opposite ends through each other. There is a length of belt free to use as a lead. The cow shakes her large head in discomfort, but does not fight against MR. HADEBE.

MR. HADEBE slowly walks her to the stoop, with no trouble. He smiles. When they reach the stoop, she bends down to graze on more golden grass by the edge. MR. HADEBE rolls down his sleeves and takes off his shirt.



He wrings it into a spiral and uses its ends as a rope, to tie the cow to the railing of the stoop.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MR. HADEBE hurriedly goes through all the kitchen cupboards. In the furthest corner of one, he finds a cobweb covered tupperware bowl. A part of it has been chewed on by a dog. MR. HADEBE hurriedly cleans it out with his hand.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP

MR. HADEBE pulls the plastic chair up by the side of the cow. He places the chewed tupperware bowl carefully under her small udders. He sits back a moment in contemplation, resting his hand on the side of her belly to steady and prepare himself.

MR. HADEBE leans forward and starts to pull on two of the udders. There is no milk. The cow shifts in discomfort. MR. HADEBE steadies her and tries again. He pulls harder on the teat, holding it for longer. There is no milk.

MR. HADEBE flees up in anger. He kicks the chair over and walks a circle around it with his hands clutching his torso, frowning deeply. He coughs. MR. HADEBE is struck by a thought. He strikes himself on the forehead, still angry.

MR. HADEBE

Fucking idiot!

MR. HADEBE walks closer to her. He gently pushes the underside of her belly. He moves his hands to the side of her belly and pushes into it gently.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

(mumbles in Zulu)

Of course you're dry.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

(to the cow)

Where did you come from?

The cow continues to chew. MR. HADEBE strokes the side of her face. MR. HADEBE looks out over the high bush in the direction she came from. The cow defecates where she stands.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

Sis.

MR. HADEBE mockingly waves a hand in front of his nose and re-enters the house. He takes the oxygen tank and empty bottle with him. The chair and tupperware bowl stay behind.

INT. PATHOLOGIST'S OFFICE.

MR. HADEBE coughs into a handkerchief. The room is decorated in warm colours. They are washed in the cold, blue hue of light. Nurses in blue uniform come in, read names from files and leave with patients. One secretary is busy filling out forms while another is chatting at length with a nurse, disregarding the file dangling from her hand.

NURSE

(in Afrikaans)

You should be there, Jackie. Catch him in the act and threaten him with the vicar.

The women laugh.

SECRETARY (JACKIE)

(in Afrikaans)

Ag, shame. The poor boy. I shouldn't embarrass him like that. Let him pull at it. At least he's not getting someone pregnant.

NURSE

(in Afrikaans)

As far as you know.

The JACKIE rolls her eyes. She brushes away the comment with a sly smile.

JACKIE

(in Afrikaans)

Back to work, missy.

The NURSE winks at JACKIE. She looks at the name on the file.

NURSE

Hadebe.

MR. HADEBE nods and stands. She smiles brightly at him.

NURSE (CONT'D)

This way please, sir.

INT. PATHOLOGIST'S OFFICE. ROOM 5 - CONTINUOUS

MR. HADEBE is seated next to the door with his right arm, palm upturned, resting on the desk next to him. The nurse inserts the needle into his vein and draws blood. She replaces the vile with a second. Then a third. She removes the needle and stops the small drop of blood with a piece of cotton wool and a strip of clear plaster. She smiles at MR. HADEBE.

NURSE

There we are.

MR. HADEBE

Thank you.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - NIGHT

MR. HADEBE watches the cow. She is calmly stood by the stoop railing, where he had fastened her. His lips are cracked in places.

MR. HADEBE

Where do you drink when you're out there?

The cow turns her head to look at MR. HADEBE with one eye.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

You aren't branded, so I assume you haven't been drinking from the trough.

The cow blinks. Her dark eyes reflect in the little light available from the night sky.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

Or do you belong to a veld-hippy?

MR. HADEBE laughs at his joke. He shakes his head.

MR. HADEBE (CONT'D)

I'll need to get you some water as well. Hope for both our sakes that dog is asleep. Don't know if I have the energy for running.

MR. HADEBE bites some dry skin from his chapped bottom lip.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - LATER

MR. HADEBE's eyes are wide as he tries to fill the second bottle. He steals a glance upward. He closes the faucet and slowly stands, keeping his finger in the cap-less Coca-Cola bottle. His body quivers with weakness under the weight of the oxygen tank on his back. He nearly topples. MR. HADEBE looks up at the cloudless sky and nods.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP.

The cow is drinking awkwardly from the chewed tupperware bowl. Her tongue laps at the inside as she squishes her snout against the nibbled edges. MR. HADEBE watches her as he takes small sips from the Coca-Cola bottle. The other, filled with water, stands by his foot beside the oxygen tank.

MR. HADEBE walks around the cow, toward the patch of seedlings. He sparingly waters them. He traces a finger across one of the sprouts. It seems more plump than before.

MR. HADEBE

(in Zulu)

Come out.

MR. HADEBE lifts his shirt over his nose. He looks over to where the cow is stood. He looks at the pile of dung. His smile reaches his eyes.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

A blue door is closed. On it is an engraved plaque. R. Fakir, M.D. MBChB. Pulmonology.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

MR. HADEBE blankly stares at the doctor. Sunlight, from the large window to his left, illuminates his face. A pigeon coos outside. The office is bright. It is decorated in soft, muted tones. Many indoor plants fill the room with colour.

MR. HADEBE looks out of the window. He takes a deep breath through his nose, holds it for a moment, then slowly exhales. He closes his eyes.

DOCTOR

Lwazi?

MR. HADEBE (LWAZI) opens his eyes and returns his attention to the doctor. He nods and purses his lips. He sits forward in his chair.

MR. HADEBE (LWAZI)

Thank you.

DOCTOR

There are things we can do to make you more comfortable. There will be no need to sacrifice your quality of life. But unfortunately, there is only -

LWAZI

I never smoked.

The DOCTOR lowers his head.

DOCTOR

I know.

LWAZI nods once more. His movements are exaggeratedly slow.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, this isn't solely a  
smoker's illness.

LWAZI

I understand.

DOCTOR

I have given you the prescription?

LWAZI lifts a folded piece of paper high enough for the  
DOCTOR to see.

LWAZI

Good. I am certain that it will make  
things a bit easier.

LWAZI stands and reaches out his hand to the DOCTOR. He  
accepts LWAZI's hand, confused.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

Thank you, again, doctor.

The DOCTOR stands as LWAZI exits the room.

EXT. MEDICAL PRACTICE - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI strolls down a corridor lined with offices, marked  
with engraved plaques with other doctor's names and  
qualifications. LWAZI turns down another passage. He  
makes his way to the automatic sliding doors at the  
opposite end of a large, white reception area and waiting  
room. LWAZI nods at the receptionist as he exits through  
the large glass doors.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

LWAZI sits in silence. His work is neatly ordered in front of him. The pen lies unused across the folders. He opens the drawer and takes out the cough syrup. He closes the drawer, slowly.

LWAZI observes the bottle of cough medicine. He turns it to look at the information section at the back of the sticker. He opens the bottle, takes two gulps and closes it. He puts the bottle back in the drawer. LWAZI picks up the pen, opens the folder and starts to work.

EXT. LAVISH GARDEN - DREAM.

LWAZI stares after the blurry image of the girl as she runs away from him. She turns. All that is discernible are two dark lines on her forehead. Her long, sharp eyebrows are raised in question.

The woman's face comes more into focus. The woman's face on the girl's blurry body. Her eyebrows are clear. The face of the woman on the bedroom poster comes into focus on the body of the girl. She smiles.

The woman turns and the blurry body of the running girl grows smaller as she gains distance. She is swallowed by rays of sunlight.

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

LWAZI sits upright on the mattress with his back against the wall. He holds the gas mask over his mouth and nose. He is sunken and weak. His hand trembles slightly with the effort of holding the oxygen mask in place. His stomach growls loudly.



INT. HOSUE. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI is hunched over the toilet as he urinates. He steadies himself against the wall with one arm, resting his head against it.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - LATER

LWAZI watches the cow from the plastic chair on the stoop. He does not move except for blinking. His stomach audibly churns.

LWAZI

I can't remember her face. I see other women's faces in the memories I have of her.

LWAZI starts to tear. His eyes are red.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

(in Zulu)

I try to picture her eyebrows, just so I have something to build on. But I only ever have the eyebrows.

EXT. BUSH - NIGHT

LWAZI trudges through long, dry grass. The bush crunches under his feet as he goes. The oxygen tank is strapped across his back with the two leather belts. LWAZI looks weak and more sunken.

The farm house looms in the distance. All of the curtains are drawn and the lights out. LWAZI slowly makes his way through the last stretch of grass. He treads lightly.

LWAZI reaches the clearing around the house. The green lawn glistens wet.

In the distance, he can make out a plastic carrier bag beside the tap. He approaches with care. After a few steps, LWAZI listens and checks the windows for any signs of movement.

He reaches the tap and carrier bag. LWAZI crouches in front of it. He pulls away one of the handles. Inside are one loaf of bread, cans of baked beans and tuna, a small tin of instant coffee and a litre of milk.

LWAZI takes a cautious glance at the nearby windows. There is no movement. He fills the bottles with water. He looks at the plastic carrier bag and up at the house.

LWAZI takes a nearby twig and clears a patch of ground. In the moist soil he writes THANK YOU. He takes the carrier bag and two bottles and turns back toward the bush. Before entering the long, yellow grass, LWAZI turns to look back at the house.

In one of the windows, a grey haired woman has cleared a curtain. She watches LWAZI, then raises her hand in greeting. LWAZI smiles and does the same. They look at each other for a moment. LWAZI nods and turns.

INT. OFFICE.

LWAZI is working on his computer. An old pop song can be heard from outside the office. His cellphone, lying on the desk, rings. NO CALLER ID. LWAZI looks at the cellphone briefly. He finishes his work on the computer. LWAZI answers the call.

LWAZI

Hello. Lwazi speaking.

LWAZI frowns. He shifts to the edge of his chair, resting his elbow on the desk and his head in his palm.

## LWAZI (CONT'D)

How sure?

(a pause)

Will they know you called?

(a pause)

Okay.

(a pause)

Thank you, Neo.

LWAZI ends the call. He deletes the call from the call log. He looks at the phone for a moment. He shakes his head angrily. He lets out a teeth-clenched growl of frustration.

LWAZI quickly takes his sling bag from underneath the desk. He opens the desk drawer. Inside is a file. He puts it in the bag. He packs his cellphone and diary. From another drawer and takes out an external hard-drive and packs it. LWAZI checks the files on his computer. He deletes a folder and clears the recycle bin.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP- DAY

LWAZI watches the cow. She is fastened to a dead tree nearby where she grazes. There is a stone bird bath under the tree with a minute pool of dirty water in it.

LWAZI's lips are dried and his eyes and cheeks are more sunken. He slowly mimics the cow's jaw movements. The cow laps up the last bit of water from the birdbath. LWAZI turns his gaze to the patch of dry soil with the limp remnants of sprouts protruding from it.

LWAZI swallows with difficulty. He resumes watching the cow. A pigeon swoops down and sits on a branch of the dead tree. LWAZI starts to jump, but catches himself before he can leave the chair.

He slowly stands, tensed in anticipation. He stealthily approaches the tree. The cow has her eye fixed on him. LWAZI circles the tree. The pigeon is perched on a low branch. He reaches to catch it from behind, but the pigeon escapes his grasp.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN - LATER

Empty baked beans and tuna cans are arranged in a neat bundle on the kitchen counter. LWAZI checks for one that might still have some food left.

He checks the refrigerator. The water is almost finished.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - DUSK

LWAZI has the oxygen tank across his back and bottles in hand. He walks over to the bird bath and empties the bottle of water into it, leaving only a small puddle of water. LWAZI looks at the cow. His expression shows contempt. He sets off in the direction of the farm house.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

LWAZI stands just outside of the wall of long grass. He stares at the house. One of the windows is lit bright yellow from inside. It casts a warm square onto the ground beneath it.

There is no plastic carrier bag underneath the tap. LWAZI's shoulders slump. He walks toward the house and gets onto one knee in front of the tap. He fills his bottles.

INT. HOSUE. KITCHEN - LATER

A torch light traces its way toward the refrigerator. LWAZI puts the water bottles inside. One of the bottles are already half empty. He closes the refrigerator door.

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The torch is balanced on the edge of the hardside suitcase. It casts a ray of light over the old mattress directly beside it. LWAZI slowly lowers himself onto his side on the mattress. He places the oxygen mask over his mouth and nose. LWAZI reaches above his head and switches off the torch. In darkness, he breathes steadily into the oxygen mask. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale.

INT. HOSUE. BEDROOM - MORNING

LWAZI is asleep in the same position as the previous night. His hand lies limp beside his face, loosely cupping the oxygen mask. His mouth is open. A faint snore escapes.

The cow lows outside. LWAZI jumps at the sound, waking him from his sleep. His eyes are wide. He remains as he woke. He stares blankly into the room. The torn picture of the woman on the wall catches his attention. He sighs, unblinking.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - LATER

LWAZI is slumped in the white plastic chair. He plays with his utility knife, opening and closing. He stares at the cow. She lifts her large snout, as if to catch the scents carried in the wind.

The dead tree's branches move stiffly as the wind pushes against it. The cow calmly observes her surroundings.

LWAZI walks toward the cow. He stands beside her, putting his arm around the back of her neck as if to hug her. In his other hand he holds the utility knife, with the blade out. He adjusts his grip on the handle of the knife. He looks into the dead branches of the tree. The wind continues to push them.

LWAZI closes his other arm around the underside of her large neck. He holds the sharp end of the knife aimed at the area where the artery would be. He holds the knife steady. She is not perturbed by his proximity. The cow continues to look about. Lwazi lowers his head onto hers. After a sharp intake of breath, he exhales in a short sigh; another breath and a long exhale through his mouth. LWAZI adjusts his arms, his stance and his grip on the knife. He holds her like this for a moment. His head is still resting on hers. She blinks.

LWAZI loosens his grip. His eyes are watery and red. He puts away the knife. He places one hand gently on her back. She turns her head to look at him. She takes a few steps to turn toward him. He strokes her.

INT. HOSUE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI stands by the kitchen window with his hands on the counter lining the wall. The window is open. The long grass leans away from her. He looks out past the stoop. The cow is as she was when he left her. He looks at her. She is preoccupied with something in the air. He drops his gaze to his hands. They are trembling slightly. A tear falls onto his thumb.

The rumbling of thunder startles him. Through the window, LWAZI looks up at the sky. A mass of dark, ominous clouds come in from the right. LWAZI and the cow stare at the sheet of darkness as it slowly moves in front of the sun, casting the house in deep shade.

LWAZI smiles at the cow. She triples excited in the dry == sand to turn against the wind.

LWAZI

Thank you.

The sound of a single drop of rain pelts the tin roof of the house. Another pelt sounds on the roof. The rattle of rain falling on the tin roof multiplies and resounds through the house.

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

LWAZI is sprawled out on the mattress, on his back. He stares up at the ceiling, smiling. He listens to the sounds of the thunderstorm and heavy sheets of rain on the roof. The bedroom window is opened at a slight angle to let in a breeze, but not the storm.

LWAZI

I think I remembered your face for a moment. I wasn't concentrating so hard on remembering. My mind just wandered.

(a pause)

When I realized I had your face, it disappeared.

LWAZI inhales deeply, eyes closed.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

But I remembered.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - SAME

The cow is stood on the stoop, out of the rain, tied to the railing. She looks out at the sheets coming down around her. The stoop is dark. She touches her nose to the wet railing and rests it there. When she pulls away, her long, pink tongue sweeps across her broad snout.

ACT TWO

INT. HOUSE. BEDROOM - MORNING

LWAZI stands by the closed window. The rain outside comes down in a constant drizzle. He looks down at the glistening yellow and brown earth.

LWAZI leaves the window and opens the hardside suitcase. He takes out the toiletry bag and a fresh set of clothes, including a dark-emerald, chunky-knit cardigan.

EXT. HOUSE - STOOP

LWAZI brushes the back of the cow's head with both hands. He smiles at her.

In the rain, a small galvanized tin bath, the pot, the bottles and the empty food cans are lined along the edge of the stoop. All of them are filled with water.

INT. HOUSE. BATHROOM - LATER

The galvanized tin bath stands next to the bathtub. In the bathtub, LWAZI bathes in shallow water. He lathers shampoo into his hair and massages his scalp.



LWAZI lies down in the cold water, only his face, knees and chest are above water. He takes his time to rinse the shampoo.

LWAZI sits upright and washes his body slowly. His arms are covered in goosebumps from the cold water. He starts to hum.

INT. HOUSE. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI stands on his knees by the bathtub. His lower body is wrapped in the navy blue towel. He calmly washes his dirty clothes in the shallow water, milky with soap from his bath. Around the clothes, clouds of brown reach into the milky water.

INT. HOUSE. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI's bare feet rest on either side of the toilet, where he is seated. Between them is a single, dirty black shoe. His toes move. They cling to the floor, then release and leave steam outlines on the tiled floor. LWAZI rest the other shoe, cleaned, next to the dirty one. He picks up the dirty one. His body moves with the effort of cleaning it.

LWAZI places the second shoe, cleaned, next to the first. He pulls socks onto his bare feet. One by one, he gently slips his feet into the cleaned shoes.

INT. HOUSE. BATHROOM - LATER

LWAZI stands in front of the toilet. He looks at himself in the mirror and works a comb through his hair. His hair is longer, thicker. He is dressed in fresh clothes. The corner of his mouth is curled up.

He turns to inspect his full length reflection in the murky shower door. He buttons up his cardigan. One corner of his mouth curls upward.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - LATER

LWAZI stands on the stoop. He drinks from one of the bottles. The cow watches him. Behind her, on the stoop, is a fresh pile of dung.

LWAZI

Thank you for that, miss.

LWAZI shakes his head, smiling. The cow is still tied to the railing. She gently presses her large snout against LWAZI's arm and blinks. LWAZI returns her stare. He smiles. LWAZI loosens the makeshift collar around her neck, but does not remove it. He unties the dirty shirt that binds her to the stoop railing.

The cow playfully shakes and nods her large head and makes playful noises. She leaves the stoop for the nearest patch of damp grass. LWAZI watches her as she grazes.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI uses a branch to scoop the cow dung over the surface of the stoop floor, to the edge of the stoop and onto the plastic carrier bag spread over his cupped hand.

The cow drinks water from the pot at the edge of the stoop. She leaves a trail as slobber as turns back toward the grass.

EXT. HOUSE. BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI places a black, plastic dustbin against the wall beside the back door and throws the cow dung inside.

LWAZI throws hands full of grass, leaves and other plant materials in the dustbin.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - SUNSET

LWAZI is collecting dung into a pile. He scoops it onto a rusty shovel. Sweat drips from his jaw. Holding the shovel parallel to the ground, he looks up at the dark clouds advancing on the pink outline of the sun on the horizon. LWAZI coughs uncomfortably. The natural light dims the scenery around LWAZI.

The cow lifts her head. Her nostrils flare. She shifts her stance and turns toward LWAZI, who meets her gaze.

LWAZI

You can come inside for tonight, if you want, girl.

LWAZI nudges towards the dung on the rusty shovel.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

But none of this in there.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LWAZI is seated in the floral armchair. He holds his oxygen mask over his mouth. The cow is stood by the window, sniffing the air. Outside, a storm rages.

LWAZI removes the oxygen mask halfway. He closes his eyes and breaths in deeply through his nose.

He holds his breath for a moment. LWAZI exhales and places the oxygen mask back over his mouth and nose.

A succession of lightening bolts strike the ground in the distance. The cow shifts uncomfortably. The bellows of thunder shake the house. The cow lows in fright and backs away from the window a few steps. LWAZI chuckles. He removes the oxygen mask and walks over to her side with his hands in his pockets. He coughs.

LWAZI

If this keeps up, we'll have too much to eat between the two of us.

There is a moment of silence. They both stare out of the window at the storm. LWAZI takes one hand out of his pocket and rests it on her smooth, brown back. She moves closer to his side. LWAZI watches her intently and smiles. He gives her the slightest hug. She reaches up and swiftly touches her snout to his jaw. He pulls away quickly. He wipes the wet off of his jaw with the cardigan sleeve pulled across the back of his other hand.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

Sies.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - LATER

LWAZI is asleep on the mattress next to the floral armchair. By his side is a bottle of water. He has a faded crochet blanket drawn over him.

The cow is cradled by window. Her nose is snugly nestled between her hind legs and stomach. She breathes slowly. A faint snore escapes her snout. The snore startles her awake. She stretches slightly and rests her head across her front hoofs. She sighs heavily.

LWAZI and the cow sleep. The storm rages outside. The sound of rain clattering on the roof and against the windows is intermittently interrupted by the wind howling around the corners of the house.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

LWAZI lies awake on his side. He watches the cow. She snores. Her nostrils flare as she starts to wake. She stretches, but sighs and rests her head again.

The cow opens her eyes. She shakes her head.

LWAZI

Morning.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI urinates against a tree. The rain continues to drizzle. The cow sniffs and observes her surroundings. She is not too far from him. Her eyes are screwed up and she blinks to keep the rain out of her eyes.

LWAZI finishes and zips his trousers. He walks back toward the stoop. The cow turns and follows on his heels. LWAZI stops. The cow stops. He turns to look at her. She blinks ceaselessly in the drizzle.

LWAZI

Silly cow.

LWAZI smiles at her. He turns to go back inside the house. The cow follows him. She hesitates at the door, turns and stays on the stoop. She watches the long grass swaying. Her eyelids get heavier and close. She sways slightly and falls asleep, standing.

The wind rustles the new leaves of the surrounding trees and the slowly colouring long grass.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

LWAZI is writing down the time of his appointment with Doctor Fakir in a black leather diary. The date is January 5th. He stares at the entry. He slowly flips to the month August. He stares at the letters of the month. He quickly closes the diary and puts it aside. From below the desk, LWAZI pulls out an oxygen mask. It is connected to an oxygen tank stood by his feet. He places the mask over his mouth and nose. He breathes into it for a few moments with his eyes closed. LWAZI removes the mask and returns it to its place on the tank underneath the desk.

To his side is a stack of mail. The envelopes are neatly bound together with a rubber band. LWAZI unwraps it and takes a brief scan through them. One of the letters has the insignia of a medical aid provider on the front. LWAZI opens it.

The letter contains a comprehensive bill. LWAZI scans through the introduction. His attention is caught by payment of excess and a sum of R35 000 in bold. At the top of the bill, at the end of the introduction, it reads account to be settled by 01/02/2015. LWAZI checks the date of the letter. It was sent in the December of 2014.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - DAY

LWAZI kneels by his small vegetable garden with the pot. He picks two small yellow tomatoes from the vines and two palm length cucumbers from a creeping vine. He picks a handful of small spinach leaves and some rosemary and adds them to the pot.

With his hands, LWAZI digs up the soil underneath another plant that reaches only a few centimetres above the ground. Underneath the soil, the skin of a potato is visible. LWAZI continues to remove the soil around it and picks out two medium sized potatoes. He puts the potatoes in the pot and replaces the soil around the potato plant.

He stands with the pot. The cow is grazing close by. He walks over to her. From the pot he takes one of the cucumbers and offers it to her. She sniffs it, but does not take it.

LWAZI

Suit yourself.

LWAZI rubs the cucumber on his trousers and takes a large bite of it. He stands next to the cow as she grazes. He continues to eat the cucumber as he watches the gathering of clouds overhead.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - LATER

LWAZI is seated by the boma in the plastic chair. The cow is sleeping on the stoop. The pot, over the fire, emanates bellows of steam.

With a large plastic spoon, LWAZI scoops some of the pale broth into an empty food can. He blows on it for a while. He takes a sip and sits back.

Overhead, the clouds are thick and dark.

LWAZI

I think its time to go inside.

The cow lifts her head. Her ears move to focus on his voice.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

Looks like it might last a while.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LWAZI and the cow are both asleep. She is sprawled out an arms length from his mattress. They both snore.

A bolt of lightning from outside lights the room. The crack of thunder that follows wakes them both. The cow uneasily tries to get up. Her eyes are wide in fright. LWAZI reaches out a hand and places it on her front leg. She calms and lies down again, keeping one eye on the storm outside.

LWAZI gently brushes a hand over her chest. The rain comes down hard on the roof of the house. The sound is deafening. The cow rests her head on his arm.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME. KITCHEN - NIGHT

LWAZI is flustered. He puts his work documents and takeaway dinner on the kitchen counter and the oxygen tank on the floor. From inside his jacket, he removes a large brown envelope. He stares at it. He breathes heavily.

LWAZI opens the envelope hurriedly, but carefully. His hands shake. He empties out the contents onto the kitchen counter. Small stacks of R200 and R100 notes cover the counter in orange and purple. LWAZI stares at it. The cat's meow startles him. He jumps around.

LWAZI

For fuck sakes!

(in Zulu)

Get out!



EXT. HOSUE. STOOP - MORNING

Small feet in wellington boots trudge through the mud. They sidestep the boma and the plastic chair. They reach the stoop and clean the underside of the boots on the edge of it. They come to a halt in front of the door.

The OLD LADY from the farm house puts down her umbrella, still open, on the stoop. In her other hand, she carries a large cooler bag. She puts it down. Her loose fitting, slim cut denim pants wrinkle around her thin legs. Her long grey hair hangs loosely over her shoulders. She dries her hands on her pants and knocks on the front door.

INT. HOUSE. BATHROOM - SAME

LWAZI stands by the mirror, combing through his hair. He is startled by a knock on the door. He creeps out of the bathroom.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI tiptoes toward the door. He peeks through a window from where he has a clear view of the stoop. He sees grey hair and an umbrella. He exhales in relief.

LWAZI goes to the front door and opens it. The OLD LADY smiles up at him. She holds out her hand to greet him.

OLD LADY

Tania, pleasure.

They shake hands.

LWAZI

Lwazi. Nice to meet you, Tania.

OLD LADY (TANIA)

May I?

LWAZI stands aside to let her in.

LWAZI

I'll take that.

LWAZI takes the cooler bag and closes the door behind him. He turns. TANIA and the cow are staring at each other, head on.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

I don't know if she's territorial yet,  
but I'm pretty sure you'll be fine.

TANIA turns to look at LWAZI. She frowns.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

This way.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

TANIA stands by the sink. She inspects the kitchen. LWAZI puts the cooler bag on the counter.

TANIA

You haven't come around with the rain  
lately, so I came looking for you. I'm  
relieved it was the first place I came  
looking.

LWAZI smiles.

TANIA (CONT'D)

That's yours, of course.

LWAZI

Kind people are scarce these days.  
Everyone seems to be afraid of everyone  
else.

They are quiet for a moment.

TANIA

I apologize for my husband. He has never  
truly understood kindness, so he bought a  
gun.

LWAZI nods his head and smirks. The cow pops her head  
into the kitchen. TANIA turns and jumps slightly.

LWAZI

Sorry. She's a nosy one.

TANIA

Isn't she bothersome?

LWAZI

The opposite.

LWAZI smiles at the cow. She nods her head, beckoning  
him. He goes to her side and brushes across her face and  
snout.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

She gets scared in this weather, so I let  
her sleep inside.

LWAZI returns to the cooler bag. He opens it. He removes  
a loaf of bread, cans of baked beans, sweet corn and  
tuna. He removes a refill pack of coffee, a litre of long  
life milk, and a small plastic bag of brown sugar. From  
the side compartment of the cooler bag, LWAZI removes a  
large plastic zip-seal bag.

A fine layer of condensation on the inside blurs the contents of the bag. It is filled with muffins.

TANIA

I made those for you. Savoury.

LWAZI smiles.

LWAZI

I don't have the words to properly thank you.

TANIA

Not at all. I have spare time.

The cow walks around TANIA and stands beside LWAZI. She presses her snout onto the pile of groceries. Some of the items topple over. She continues to sniff them as LWAZI tidies after her.

TANIA (CONT'D)

Have you thought of - you know?

TANIA does an exaggeratedly fast and miniscule gesture of cutting her own throat. LWAZI nods his head, then smiles at the cow and places a hand on her side.

LWAZI

I couldn't.

TANIA stares at the LWAZI and the cow with concern. She brushes her hair behind her ear. LWAZI pets the cow and ruffles through the longer hair on her chest.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

(to the cow)

You talked me out of it.

LWAZI turns back to TANIA. Her face still shows concern.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

Would you prefer I take her outside?

TANIA

I wouldn't want to be a bother. This is  
your -

(a pause)

Home.

LWAZI

I'll be a minute.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI leads the cow onto the stoop with just his hand on her shoulder blade. She follows him out and onto the stoop.

LWAZI

Go eat.

LWAZI turns and goes back into the house. The cow stares after him. She turns and walks out into the drizzle and halts by a patch of long grass. She starts to graze.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI watches the cow through the kitchen window. Behind him, TANIA stares at him.

LWAZI

Can I offer you some water and one of  
these?

LWAZI holds up the bag of muffins. TANIA smiles brightly.

TANIA

Please.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - LATER

LWAZI stands beside the cow on the stoop. TANIA is walking out into the long grass with her umbrella and the folded cooler bag tucked under one arm. She turns briefly, moves the cooler bag to the other arm and raises her hand. LWAZI does the same. She turns back and disappears into the field of long grass. LWAZI and the cow stay on the stoop, staring out into the field.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The cow is sprawled out next to LWAZI's mattress. He sits cross legged on the mattress next to her. He stares out of the window on the opposite end of the room. Her eyes are closed.

LWAZI

She would laugh at me, now.

The cow opens her eyes. Her ears move in the direction of LWAZI's voice.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

She would laugh and tell me how stupid I am. She wouldn't ask why.

LWAZI looks down into the cow's eye.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

I don't remember doing anything that -

The cow closes her eyes. LWAZI nods and rolls his eyes.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

Right.

LWAZI sighs and lies down on the mattress. He stares up at the ceiling.

A bolt of lightening and thunder wakes the cow. She looks toward the window, watching the rain on the glass. She lays her head down again and closes her eyes.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME. BEDROOM - DAY

LWAZI hurriedly packs a hardside suitcase, open on his bed. The room is decorated with navy blue, brown and gold. The main curtains are open. A white, sheer, chiffon curtain mutes the sunlight coming in through the window.

LWAZI leaves the room. There is a sound of plastic bottles hitting one another, cabinet doors being opened and shut and LWAZI'S anxious breathing.

LWAZI reenters the room. His arms are full of toiletries and a towel. He throws them onto the bed. He lifts the upper side of the suitcase. Underneath is a toiletry bag. He opens the bag and shoves all the toiletries inside. He hurriedly, but neatly, places the bag into the suitcase. The suitcase contains clothes, one pair of shoes, a belt and the toiletry bag. LWAZI folds the towel and places it inside.

LWAZI leaves the room once more. He is gone for some time. Faintly, the sound of a wooden drawer being opened reaches the room. The drawer is closed.

The wind blows in through the window. The chiffon curtain reaches toward the bed. It brushes the suitcase and ripples back to its original place.

LWAZI enters the room. He carries a stack of vegetable seed packets. He lifts a pile of clothing and spreads the seed packets neatly across a folded shirt. LWAZI walks over to the cupboard, opens one of the doors and is hidden behind it. He closes the door.

In his hands are a stack of folded underpants and a few pairs of socks. He neatly puts them in the suitcase.

INT. VOLKSVAGEN HATCHBACK - LATER

LWAZI is on the highway. His speedometer reads 147 kilometres per hour. He overtakes a large truck. The radio plays a new Trap song. The volume is low. The base of the song thuds the speakers slightly. Bitches, dick and motherfucker can be made out in-between other unintelligible lyrics. LWAZI forcefully hits the off button.

INT. VOLKSVAGEN HATCHBACK - LATER

LWAZI is driving on a quiet, winding road. It is surrounded by open fields and intermittent rows of Weeping Willow trees flanking the road.

A sign up ahead reads Welcome to North West Province. It passes by quickly. There are no other cars as far as LWAZI's field of vision reaches.

LWAZI passes a large cornfield. A blue sign flashes past him with a corn logo on it.

LWAZI doesn't pass any more farms or houses. The road continues to wind. There are no exits or signs of people in the surrounding area.

INT. VOLKSVAGEN HATCHBACK - LATER

LWAZI hits the steering wheel with the palm of his hand.



LWAZI

Fuck!

(in Zulu)

Please. Not now.

The needle slowly drops with the revolutions. The car comes to a halt. The fuel needle reaches below empty.

LWAZI closes his eyes. He rests his head back on the headrest of his seat.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

LWAZI stands beside his car. His hardside suitcase, the gym bag with his oxygen tank sticking out and a backpack are on the ground beside him. The road is quiet. The wind rustles through the trees. LWAZI leans against his car.

An accelerating engine sounds in the distance. LWAZI stands forward. He watches the road. A white Hilux bakkie approaches at high speed. LWAZI walks into the emergency lane. His toes graze the edge of the yellow line. He puts out his hand as the bakkie approaches. The car speeds past. LWAZI lowers his hand and stares after the bakkie.

LWAZI picks up his belongings and starts to walk slowly. He coughs. The hardside suitcase trails behind him. Its wheels leave broken lines in the rock strewn dust alongside the road.

INT. VOLKSVAGEN HATCHBACK- NIGHT

LWAZI reclines the car seat. He takes a sip of water from a plastic bottle. He locks the car doors and leans back. LWAZI closes his eyes. He shifts his position. He folds his arms and clears his throat. LWAZI falls asleep.

INT. TRUCK - LATER

LWAZI is seated next to a TRUCK DRIVER. They do not speak. LWAZI looks out over the landscapes passing by. The grass growing by the side of the road blurs as they go past.

The truck driver switches on the radio. Muted Gospel music plays in the small cabin. LWAZI opens the window and closes his eyes to the sun and the wind on his face.

TRUCK DRIVER

(in Xhosa)

Where must I stop?

LWAZI

I'll know when I see it.

LWAZI smirks.

The TRUCK DRIVER shakes his head and frowns. He mutters something insulting under his breath.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATER

Sweat stains the front of LWAZI's shirt. His forehead glistens. Behind him, the hardside suitcase rattles over rocks in its path. LWAZI's breathing is ragged. He stops and coughs.

LWAZI lays the suitcase on its back and sits down on it. He removes the oxygen mask from the gym bag where the oxygen tank sticks out. He puts it over his mouth and nose. LWAZI looks around him.

He is surrounded by long, yellow grass. The earth is dry and a layer of dust hovers over the road where he walked. LWAZI turns around to see behind him.

In the distance, part of a roof sticks out above the long grass. LWAZI stands. He sees part of a house. He puts the mask back in the gym bag. He gathers up his other belongings and sets out through the long grass.

INT. ROOM - DREAM

LWAZI hugs a little girl to his belly. She squeezes tightly. She steps away from him.

The clearly detailed face of a woman stares at him. She stares bitterly. Her mouth moves slightly. She drops her gaze, shakes her head, then returns it.

She opens her mouth to speak. The words are muted and unintelligible. The sound becomes more clear and alarming. She opens her mouth wider. The sound of a bewildered cow's low comes from her mouth. Her forehead furrows. She opens her mouth again. Another bewildered low comes from her small mouth.

INT. HOSUE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LWAZI wakes with a start. The cow is frantically nudging at him. Thunder claps and the downpour mutes the bewildered lowing of the cow. LWAZI gets up off the mattress. He puts his arms around the cow's neck.

She fights. She steadies. She buries her head in his embrace. She calms. The thunder claps again. She starts to fight LWAZI. He rubs the back of her neck. She steadies again.

LWAZI hushes her and strokes the side of her neck. He turns his head to the side. He stifles the severity of his cough.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - MORNING

LWAZI and the cow stand on the stoop. The muddied ground is spotted with puddles of water. Birds chirp in the nearby blossoming tree.

LWAZI

Do you smell that?

The cow moves her left ear toward the sound of LWAZI's voice.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

More good than harm.

He looks over at her. He rests his head on hers. She shifts closer to him. LWAZI pulls away and looks out over the long, green grass.

LWAZI (CONT'D)

Let's take a walk.

LWAZI tugs lightly on her belt-collar. He takes a few steps. She hesitates. He tugs again. She steps forward, cautiously. LWAZI leaves her collar and walks over to the boma. He turns to look back. She slowly walks over to him.

LWAZI walks another few paces and turns. The cow has already followed him. The two slowly make their way into the long grass.

EXT. FIELDS - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI follows the cow. She trudges through the long grass. She stops and smells the air. He waits with her. She takes a few bites of long grass.

The cow starts to walk further. Her direction angles outward. LWAZI looks around him. A large weeping willow hangs over the long grass. All of its branches look windswept, grown largely to one side. The trunk is almost curved into a full sickle. Over the swaying tips of the long grass, the house is still visible.

LWAZI turns and follows the cow into the long grass. She does not change direction again. The long grass crunches underfoot. The cow's hoofs knock, dully, onto the grass strewn ground. The cow stops. LWAZI moves around her. In a slight clearing, a broad stream trickles.

LWAZI walks into the stream. In the centre of it, the water reaches his knees. The cow moves to the edge and drinks. LWAZI shakes his head. He smiles.

LWAZI

I would call you selfish or secretive,  
but I should have trusted you to find  
water out here.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - DAY

The sky is clear. LWAZI and the cow sit in the shade of the stoop. LWAZI is eating a freshly picked tomato. The distant sound of a car breaks the silence. The cow lifts her head and stares out at the long grass.

LWAZI

Tania is bringing a supermarket with her  
this time.

LWAZI shakes his head and finishes the last bit of the tomato. Its juice runs along his arm and drips from his elbow. He wipes it on his pants.

From afar, a small bit of blue is visible. It is headed directly towards the house. The blue comes closer. It is attached to a white roof.

The yellow reflector stripes of a police bakkie is visible through the grass. The siren sounds once. LWAZI is frozen. He closes his eyes and inhales deeply. He holds his breath and opens his eyes.

The bakkie pulls into the clearing in front of the stoop. The siren sounds again. LWAZI raises both his hands.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - CONTINUOUS

A slim POLICEMAN #1 cuffs LWAZI's hands behind his back. POLICEMAN #2 stands by with his gun strung across the front of his body. His shoulders are broad and round, but undefined. LWAZI leans forward. He touches his forehead to the cow's. He is pulled away from her by POLICEMAN #1. She shifts uneasily.

LWAZI

Goodbye.

POLICEMAN #2

What's that?

The officers both laugh.

POLICEMAN #1

(to his colleague)

Phone them and ask what we're supposed to do with it?

POLICEMAN #2

She's probably from around here, she'll wander back.

POLICEMAN #1

Just phone them.

POLICEMAN #1 leads LWAZI to the bakkie. He opens the back door and helps him inside. Another police car pulls into the clearing.

RADIO

Do you have him?

POLICEMAN #1 pick up the radio and holds it to his mouth. He looks in the direction of the other car's driver.

POLICEMAN #1

Too slow, Henk.

LWAZI stares at the cow on the stoop. She starts to low. Her lows become frantic. She is crying. She runs toward the bakkie.

POLICEMAN #2 rushes into the car.

INT. POLICE BAKKIE - CONTINUOUS

POLICEMAN #2

Go! She's fucking mad this one.

POLICEMAN #1 takes out a cellphone and hands it to his colleague. POLICEMAN #2 finds a number on the phone and holds it to his ear.

LWAZI

Please, officers, leave her? She'll make her own way.

POLICEMAN #1

Can't. If you stole her, she needs to be returned. She's someone's property.

LWAZI

Please. She came out of nowhere and stayed with me.

POLICEMAN #2

Enough about the bleddie cow.

LWAZI's eyes tear up. His breathing speeds up. He cries. His breathing is ragged. He struggles to catch his breath. His eyes widen.

LWAZI

Help -

POLICEMAN #1

Shut up! I won't say it again.

LWAZI

I - need -

POLICEMAN #2 turns on the radio.

INT. HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - SAME

The oxygen tank stands between the mattress and the floral armchair.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - SAME

The cow lets out long cries. She paces around the clearing uneasily.



INT. POLICE BAKKIE - CONTINUOUS

LWAZI suffocates in the back of the police bakkie.  
POLICEMAN #1 turns the volume of the radio up higher.  
LWAZI leans back. His chest heaves. His mouth gasps for  
air. His eyes are wide.

LWAZI is still.

ACT THREE

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - LATER

The cow's legs are cradled beneath her. Her head rests on  
the stoop. The rain rattles on the tin roof above her.  
Streams of mud flow to the right of the house, down the  
growing slope, around to the compost bin by the back  
door.

EXT. HOUSE. BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The compost bin glistens. The muddy water is pushed up to  
cover an eighth of its height. Next to it, the basil  
plant is drowning. The leaves are muddled into the soil  
beneath it, the stems bow downward.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - CONTINUOUS

The cow lifts her head. Her ears train toward the bush  
where the police car had stood. She listens. Her right  
ear trains outward. She rests her head on the stoop and  
sighs. Her eyelids grow heavier. She closes her eyes. The  
rain beats down on the roof of the house in sheets.

EXT. HOUSE. STOOP - MORNING

The cow is asleep on the stoop. The clouds have started to clear. Sunshine reaches the outer edges of the stoop.

A BOER trudges through the mud toward the stoop. His hair is messy. His khaki shorts and shirt have neat iron and fold creases. His tan vellies are caked in mud.

He walks past the boma, the vegetable patch and onto the stoop. Muddy size 11 shoe prints lead up to the sleeping heifer. The BOER lowers onto his haunches. He taps the cow twice in the side with his leathery hand.

The cow wakes with a start. She scrambles to get up from the floor. She shakes her head. Her ears flap against the sides of her head. She steadies herself and turns toward the BOER.

BOER

(in Afrikaans)

Come, come. Move it.

The BOER slaps her on the rear. He gruffly guides her off of the stoop and into the thick mud.

A bakkie emerges from the tall grass. Behind it is a black, caged trailer. It comes to a stop in front of the boma. The BOER continuously raps the cow on her rear. She lets out a brief low of fright. The BOER drives her toward the caged trailer.

The DRIVER, an overweight young man resembling the BOER, gets out of the car. He walks to the back of the bakkie and opens the front of the caged trailer. The DRIVER guides the cow from the other side. She anxiously trudges onward through the mud. The DRIVER raps her on the rear as BOER pushes her into the trailer from the side.

The cow jumps into the trailer. She is able to turn around with some effort. She lows loudly. Her eyes are wide.

EXT. TRAILER - LATER

The cow stands with her legs wide. She tries to steady herself. The trailer shakes and dips as it speeds on the muddy road. The cow frequently stumbles and falls into the sides of the trailer. Her hoofs slip on the wet, muddied floor of the trailer. Her tail hangs low. The end flits from side to side as she steadies herself. She urinates.

EXT. MILK FARM. KRAAL.

The bakkie is parked parallel to the kraal. Some peeling red paint is still visible on the steel poles of the kraal. Inside are hundreds of Jersey cattle. They are covered in mud. Some lay huddled in the mud with their calves. There are small patches of grass in the kraal.

The DRIVER opens the kraal gate. Some of the cows lift their heads to watch him. Some of them low.

INT. MILK FARM. SHED.

The shed is empty, except for a wall covered in tools, a few bales of hay, the cow and the two men.

On a counter below the wall of tools, the BOER writes the number 471 on a yellow ear tag. He closes the marker and returns it to an empty food can containing other stationary. From the wall, he removes one of three ear tag applicators.

The DRIVER holds the cow around the neck. She tries to shake him off. He tightens his grip.

The BOER flattens out the cow's right ear with one hand. He holds the tag applicator, with the yellow tag attached, ready in the other hand. He traces his fingers a few centimetres inward along her ear. He holds the applicator over his thumb. He moves his thumb away and clamps down on the applicator.

The cow blinks and tries to shake the DRIVER's grip again. She shakes her head a few times. The yellow tag, marked 471, remains solidly intact.

INT. MILK FARM. OFFICE.

A grey notice board is bolted to the wall. Around the edges of the board are sticky notes with illegible handwriting. Pinned to it are a few newsletters and other documents. In the centre is a large flow chart printed in colour and laminated.

The chart is titled STRATEGIC EXECUTION PLAN. The head of the flow chart reads SUSTAINABLE PROFITS. The two levels that flow from it and branch into further levels are INCREASE REVENUE on the left and MAINTAIN COST on the right.

EXT. MILK FARM. KRAAL - DAY

COW471 stands by the edge of the kraal. Her head rests on the steel bars. The clouds are thick and dark. They move onward quickly.

Another cow, numbered 355, bumps into COW471 as she tries to turn around. COW471 steadies herself. She rests her head on the steel bars once more.

Most of the cattle inside the kraal are huddled together on the ground, sleeping. There is enough space to walk. COW471 sighs loudly. Her eyes close.

COW355 walks to the trough on the other side of COW471 and drinks from it. COW355 lifts her head from the trough. A river of water leaks from her mouth and snout. Her long tongue sweeps across it. She nudged at COW471. COW471 opens her eyes. The other gives her a quick lick across the face and slowly walks back to the other side of he kraal.

COW471 turns and lies down on the muddy ground. Her legs are snugly tucked under her body. She rests her head on one of the lower bars of the kraal fence. She closes her eyes.

INT. CUSTOM COLLECTION STUD. COLLECTION STALL.

A large jersey bull is tied securely inside a stanchion. The bars of the stanchion on either side restrict his movement. HANDLER #1 tightens his grip on the bull's ties.

Another bull is led into the stall by HANDLER #2 and stood behind the tied Jersey. He is led by a rope lead tied around his neck. The end of the lead is passed to HANDLER #1 who wraps the lead thrice around his wrist. His knuckles turn white and the rough, sun-damaged skin of his hands furrow under the rope.

HANDLER #2 walks toward a table top mounted against the far wall of the collection stall. On it are loose rubber hoses with small screw caps in their sides, large latex tubes and a large pot of petroleum jelly. Among the parts is an assembled artificial vagina.

The 46 centimetre hose is fitted with a large, latex, condom shaped tube on one end and another is inversely inserted and tied to the outer edge of the pipe with a rubber band. HANDLER #2 opens the petroleum jelly and smears it on the inverted end of the hose.

HANDLER #2

Have you put the water in yet?

HANDLER #1

(nods his head)

Forty degrees.

HANDLER #2 returns to the mounting Jersey. The bull's belly twitches. The pink tip of his penis pulses in and out as his belly twitches. HANDLER #2 stands beside the mounting bull and waits. The mount Jersey, tied to the stanchion, shifts his stance as the other mounts him.

HANDLER #2 quickly grabs the mounting bull's penis by the sheath and holds it tightly. The bull dismounts the other and his penis retracts. HANDLER #1 sighs and shakes his head.

HANDLER #1 (CONT'D)

It's always this one. Shy bugger.

HANDLER #2

Stubborn.

The Jersey attempts to mount the other again. The penis fully protrudes. The bull gyrates. HANDLER #2 reaches for the sheath. The bull dismounts.

HANDLER #2 (CONT'D)

(in Afrikaans)

Jissis. Stop fucking around.

HANDLER #1 and HANDLER #2 wait in silence. The Jersey mounts the other again. The penis protrudes. HANDLER #2 grabs a hold of the sheath and lowers the artificial vagina over the bull's penis. The bull gyrates. The mounted bull struggles to keep his footing. HANDLER #2 fights to keep the artificial vagina in place. The bull dismounts and retracts his penis.

HANDLER #1

Get it?

HANDLER #2

Didn't take as long as I thought.

HANDLER #2 slaps the mounting Jersey on the rear.

HANDLER #2 (CONT'D)

Practice makes perfect.

The bull moves his rear away from the handler, trying to face him. HANDLER #1 pulls at the lead. The bull isn't able to move any further.

EXT. MILK FARM. KRAAL - DAWN

COW471 is asleep by the water trough. Her chest rises and falls at an irregular pace. Her nostrils flare. She is dreaming. Another cow walks around her toward the outer end of the trough. She drinks. Swinging from her ear is a faded yellow tag, numbered **201**. COW201 closes her eyes as she drinks from the half-filled trough. Her hind legs are very close to COW471's head. COW471 is still dreaming. Her breath is still irregular and growing frantic. Her nostrils flare.

COW201's tail swishes in a semicircular pattern. She lifts her head from the trough and looks out over the farm.

The sky is a muted blue with fleecy clouds striped across it. The coral of the sunrise lines the horizon, interrupted by the outlines of buildings nearby and mountains in the distance. COW201 shifts her stance. She bumps against COW471 who wakes with a start. She tries to get up, disoriented. She is hit in the face twice by COW201's tail.

COW471 blinks twice. She sways slightly. She fights her eyelids open. She shakes her head and turns around. COW471 joins COW201 by the water trough. She dips her mouth and snout inside. COW201 nudges COW471 out of the trough. COW471 huffs loudly and shoves her side into COW201. COW471 jumps onto COW201, clinging with her front legs over COW201's back. She gets off and shoves her head into COW201's side. COW201 croons playfully.

INT. MILK FARM. SHED.

BOER's arms are covered up to his elbows in red breeder's sleeves. BOER covers his the sleeves in KY Jelly up to the middle of his forearms. From the table, he carefully picks up a long, steel pipet.

EXT. MILK FARM - CONTINUOUS

Outside, tied to a wooden stanchion, COW471 moves uneasily. Her eyes are wide. BOER approaches her from the rear. He is just outside of her peripherals. He clutches the pipet under his right arm.

Boer lifts her tail. He inserts his left arm slowly into her anus. Her eyes widen. She shifts. The end of her tail twitches. BOER starts to massage the inside of COW471's rectum, moving his arm inward and out.



As BOER's arm moves out, some excrement comes out with it, before pushes inward again. Excrement continues to spurt out of her as BOER massages.

A thick, clear substance is excreted from COW471's vagina. Some of it drips to the ground. BOER continues to massage her. From his shirt pocket, he removes a sheet of paper towel. BOER wipes the area around the COW471's anus and vagina clean of any excrement. He strains his wrist to remove the pipet from under the same arm. COW471 tries to shift. Her ties and the stanchion prevent her.

BOER inserts the edge of the pipet into COW471's vagina, keeping his hand inside her rectum up to his wrist. BOER continues massaging her rectum. He struggles to get the rest of the pipet inside.

EXT. MILK FARM. FIELD.

Hundreds of jersey cows and calves graze in a dense, greening field. A fence surrounds the area. Trees and bush surround the fence. A thick blanket of clouds overhead leaves everything beneath it in high contrast and saturation. Everything is covered in a film of dew. The exposed ground is dark. Still puddles are scattered in patches with little or no grass.

COW471 stands near the fence. She ruminates and stares into the bush on the other side. Her abdomen bulges. Her udder is swollen. She chews. She blinks.

A CATTLE HERDER rides in on a dark brown horse. Wisps of black colour his tail and mane. The CATTLE HERDER carries a sjambok. He rides closer to the herd and starts to yell. He raps the fence with his sjambok. The cattle start to move away from him.

In the distance are the farm buildings and the kraal. The CATTLE HERDER drives the herd in the direction of the kraal. He steers the horse to the outer edge of the herd and raps some of the cows on the hind with the sjambok.

On the opposite edge of the herd, COW355 lows frantically. She stands at the edge, looking in. A calf hobbles toward her. She nudges him. COW355 and her calf return to the herd. They make their way to the kraal.

EXT. MILK FARM. KRAAL - CONTINUOUS

The cattle are slowly moving into the kraal. The CATTLE HERDER is behind the group, keeping them in queue. A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN in dark blue overalls yells after some of the cattle. She hits some with the dismantled stick of an outdoor broom. The Jerseys slowly push into one another and into the cramped entrance of the kraal.

EXT. MILK FARM. KRAAL - DUSK.

COW471 lies by the edge of the kraal. Under her is a small patch of decaying grass. She stares out over the herd. The Jerseys are settling down to sleep. She chews, ruminating.

COW471 lowers her head and lifts onto her front legs. She reaches toward her swollen udder. She sniffs. She nudges her belly. She starts to lick her udder. Her eyes close. She stops. Her ears turn outward, listening. Her eyes remain closed. She tucks her front legs and lays her head down.

EXT. MILK FARM. KRAAL.

BOER and an GREYING MAN in overalls walk toward the kraal. The GREYING MAN is wearing a cap. Areas of grey in his short beard contrast his dark skin. A coiled rope hangs from his left shoulder. The GREYING MAN coughs. The phlegm cracks in his throat.

BOER

(in Afrikaans)

Are you well, Elias?

GREYING MAN (ELIAS)

(in Afrikaans)

It's the pipe, boss.

BOER smiles and shakes his head. The top of his light blue button up shirt is open down to the middle of his chest. A few hairs show. The blonde hairs glint in the sun and stand out against his sunburnt chest. BOER scans the kraal as they approach.

BOER and ELIAS reach the kraal fence.

BOER

Where is she?

ELIAS points to the other end of the kraal. To the far right of the kraal, by a corner in the fence, COW471 lies by herself. She watches the rest of the cattle. BOER and ELIAS draw her attention.

ELIAS

She's been keeping herself separate for about two days now.

BOER

Bring her out.

ELIAS opens the kraal gate and enters. The cattle are not alarmed by him. He walks to the corner of the kraal where COW471 rests. He lowers onto his haunches beside her. He takes the rope from his shoulder and holds it up for her to see. COW471 watches him intently. She remains calm. A fly sits on her ear. She flinches it and the fly leaves.

ELIAS fits the rope around COW471's neck. He stands. She remains curled up on the ground, chewing. ELIAS lightly taps her on the side.

ELIAS

Come, come.

With effort, COW471 stands. ELIAS and COW471 walk through the others, toward the kraal gate.

INT. MILK FARM. CALVING SHED - CONTINUOUS

ELIAS, COW471 and BOER enter a private calving shed. The calving shed is dimly lit. Small windows, high up on the walls, cast rays of light at cross angles into the building. There are ten stalls inside. Mats of hay cover the ground in each stall. Water troughs and a feeders are fitted to the stall fences.

BOER opens the gate to one of the furthest stalls. ELIAS leads COW471 into the stall. Her udder swings from side to side. It bulges out between her hind legs, pushing away her tail slightly.

ELIAS removes the rope lead from COW471's neck. He reassuringly raps her on the flank. He leaves the stall and closes the gate. COW71 stares after ELIAS as he leaves the calving shed.

The water trough and feeder in COW471's stall are filled. She walks toward the feeder and smells the contents.

She steps back. She turns toward the water trough and drinks. COW471 steps back. Water drips from her mouth and snout.

COW471 moves to the middle of the stall. She looks around her. Her tail does not move. She lows once.

COW471 lies down. Her legs are cradled into her belly. She does not rest her head.

INT. MILK FARM. CALVING SHED - NIGHT

A painful low reverberates through the shed. Three other stalls are occupied inside the calving shed. The other tenants stand by the edges of their stalls. They watch COW471 intently. COW471 lies on her side, in the middle of her stall. From her vagina, the first of the afterbirth film protrudes.

COW471 lows once. She pushes. She lows again. She pushes. Her legs lift off the ground as her abdomen contracts. She blinks. Her eyes are wet. She lows. She pushes.

The white hoofs of the calf are out. The calf's pink snout is visible. COW471 pushes hard. She lets out intermittent, breathy lows. The head of the calf slowly pushes out. The white, opaque film tightly clings to the outline of the calf's head. COW471 continues to push.

The sound of the shed doors opening does not startle COW471. She pushes. ELIAS is by her side soon after the sound of the doors. He lowers onto his knees, just behind her buttocks.

ELIAS

Hello, mama.

ELIAS stokes her lower back. He presses four of his fingers into the white film around the calf's head. The film gives way with effort. ELIAS removes the film around the calf's head.

COW471 lows. She pushes. ELIAS strokes her side. Her coat ripples under his hand as her muscles contract.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

Shh. Shh. Almost there mama.

ELIAS moves around to her rear. He takes hold of the calf's body with both hands. COW471 lows. ELIAS pulls with her push. The calf comes free. ELIAS moves away. COW471 stands and turns toward her calf. She licks the calf's lower body.

The calf blinks her eyes slowly. She gains full consciousness and lifts her head. ELIAS moves closer again. He pulls at the film and slime dangling from the calf's mouth. The calf lets out a high pitched cough. She shakes with the force of her mother's licking.

ELIAS strokes COW471's side. She continues to lick the calf. She clears the afterbirth. The calf looks around her. Her eyes are dark. Her lashes are long. She blinks.

The calf tucks her front legs under her body. She shakes her head. Her ears flap against the side of her head. She lows for the first time. COW471 continues to lick her calf clean. The calf starts to low more frequently. The other cows in the shed reply.

COW471 nudges her calf in the side. The calf attempts to get up on the joints of her front legs. Her hind legs kick out. She falls back down. COW471 licks the small body, then nudges her again.

INT. MILK FARM. CALVING SHED - MORNING

The calf stumbles around her mother with rigid legs. She hops with only her hind legs. The calf clumsily noses her mother's udder. COW471 lowers her head and guides her calf toward the teat. She licks her calf.

The calf finds a teat and suckles twice before stumbling. She loses her grip on the teat. She stumbles around her mother. She finds her way back to the udder. Her small mouth closes around a teat.

The calf suckles sporadically. The teat frequently slips out of her mouth.

EXT. MILK FARM. FIELD - DAY

The cattle are grazing in the dense, green field. Nearby a lone car buzzes past. The cattle are not disturbed by it.

COW471 and her calf walk in the pasture near a dense forest of trees. COW471 grazes. She walks forward. Her calf rushes along to resume drinking from her mother. COW471 lows. She turns to nudge her calf under her. COW471 lifts her head. Her ears are upright. She listens.

COW471 turns to shield her calf. She listens.

A German Shepherd trots into the pasture from the trees. He approaches COW471. They stare at each other. The German Shepherd lifts his nose in the air and sniffs. He keeps his eyes on COW471 and her calf.

EXT. MILK FARM. KRAAL.

COW471 and her calf rest near the water trough. The BOER and ELIAS stand by the kraal fence.

BOER leans on the fence. His one leg crosses over the other. He watches COW471. ELIAS leans onto his forearms, which rest on the fence. The sky is clear. ELIAS squints against the brightness of the sun. The top of his overalls hang low. He wears a black vest. The vest is covered in soil. ELIAS pulls his cap low over his eyes.

BOER's red face glistens with sweat. He wipes his forehead with his open hand. He wipes his hand on the back of his denim pants.

BOER

(in Afrikaans)

When are we taking her away?

ELIAS

(in Afrikaans)

Tomorrow is her last day, boss.

BOER

Can we take her in the morning? I would like to start milking.

ELIAS

We have twenty calves in the pen. All of them are on feed.

BOER

Solution?

ELIAS repositions his cap.

ELIAS

I can keep her in the calving shed until she's off the colostrum.

BOER nods once and looks out over the cattle in the kraal.



The German Shepherd stands by the fence of the kraal beside COW471 and her calf. He pushes his nose through the fence.

COW471 reaches out her snout and licks the dog across his face. Her thick tongue lifts his lip, exposing his teeth. The dog licks her snout in return. He nibbles on the side of her snout. The calf sleeps. COW471 cradles the calf into her body. The German Shepherd nuzzles the calf's side. COW471 licks the dog's ear.

BOER

Bring her into the parlour with the others tomorrow.

ELIAS

Yes, boss.

EXT. MILK FARM. KRAAL - MORNING

ELIAS enters the kraal with a coiled rope around his shoulder. COW471 and her calf are by the water trough. She is drinking. ELIAS approaches her.

COW471 retreats. She shields her calf. ELIAS puts up his hands and walks closer, slowly. COW471 retreats further. She pushes her calf back and behind her body.

ELIAS

(in Afrikaans)

It's okay, mama.

COW471 storms at ELIAS. He retreats. She returns to her calf. She lows angrily. She stomps her hoofs on the ground. The force uproots patches of grass.

ELIAS turns sideways. He keeps his head down. He slowly moves toward the water trough. He puts one hand inside.

COW471 huffs. She lowers her head. She observes ELIAS intently.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, mama. I have to take her with me.

The MIDDLE AGED WOMAN enters the kraal and slowly walks around the other cattle.

ELIAS lifts his hand from the trough and holds it up to COW471's snout. She sniffs his hand and licks water from his fingers.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

There we go.

ELIAS slowly starts to stroke and pet COW471. She returns to the water trough. She drinks. ELIAS gently fits the rope around her neck. COW471 turns her attention to her calf. She nuzzles the small, rigid body. ELIAS fastens the rope to the kraal fence with haste.

From the other side of the kraal, MIDDLE AGED WOMAN approaches COW471 and her calf. COW471 thrashes against her ties. She tries to attach the MIDDLE AGED WOMAN. The MIDDLE AGED WOMAN ties a rope around the calf's neck and starts to lead her away from her mother.

COW471 violently thrashes against her ties. She lows loudly. She cries after her calf. The calf cries back. The two call for each other as the calf is taken away to the calving shed.

ELIAS tries to calm COW471. He leaves the kraal, closes the gate, and walks around to where he has tied the rope. ELIAS loosens the rope and removes it from COW471's neck.

COW471 continues to cry and call after her calf. The other cattle watch her. A few start to call with her.

INT. MILK FARM. MILKING PARLOUR - MORNING

COW471 and forty nine other lactating cows are lined in a herringbone parlour. The gates of the parallel stanchions, raised on concrete platforms, are fitted with milkers on a milking pipeline.

Four women in blue overall pants, personal t-shirts and industrial shoes close the gates of the stanchions. The cows face the walls of the parlour.

LADY #1 attaches the milking device to the four teats of COW125. She continues to the next stall. She attaches COW401's milking device.

LADY #2, works from the opposite end of the same row. LADY #2 attaches COW471's milking device. COW471's eyes are wide. She turns her head to look at the cow to her left, marked 200. COW200 eats from the feeder fitted to the inside of the stanchion. She shifts her stance.

COW471 treads uneasily inside her stanchion as the milking device pulls at her teats. Milk accumulates in the container attached behind her, to the gate of the stanchion. The milk travels through a pipeline suspended above the stanchions. COW471's tail swishes. LADY #2 tries to avoid the swishing tail as she works. She massages COW471's udder.

Above the women working in the parlour, are the suspended individual screens of the automated system. Each screen is blue. The screen is divided into sections, each section displays a different unit of measurement.

INT. MILK FARM. OFFICE - SAME

BOER sits behind a desk. Dark, wooden blinds in the window are closed. Lines of sunlight peep through the blinds. On his computer screen is a line chart open in a program, linked to the automated system in the milking parlour.

BOER opens another window on the computer screen. A table of data is opened in different software. The numbers continuously update. The window is named Servers/DD6remote The numbers run higher. BOER scribbles on a notepad. The first three variables in the table are labelled °C, ml/m and dm<sup>3</sup>.

The door to BOER's office is opened. LADY #1 peeks into the office. BOER swings around in his chair.

LADY #1

She's done, boss.

BOER

Thank you, Anna.

LADY #1 (ANNA) closes the office door. BOER returns to the window of the chart. Different colour lines trace across the screen from left to right. BOER rests the cursor on a short, escalating yellow line on the left end of the chart. He moves the cursor to the last node of the line. A window appears, showing numbers. BOER writes the numbers on the notepad. He uses his left index finger on the screen as a placeholder.

EXT. MILK FARM. KRAAL.

COW471 stands by the edge of the kraal. Her chest pushes against the fence. She lifts her nose in the air. Her nostrils flare. She calls.

In the distance, yellow light glows from the windows of the BOER's house. From the calving shed, a high pitched low reaches the kraal.

INT. MILK FARM. MILKING PARLOUR.

COW471 stands ready, facing the wall of the parlour. The poles of the stanchion press against her belly. The milking device bobs up and down, hanging from the teats of her udder.

COW471 eats from her feeder. Her tail swishes. She stops chewing and seems to hold her breath. She pushes her snout forward and a slight pop and release of air sounds as she belches. She continues to chew.

INT. MILK FARM. OFFICE - SAME

BOER holds his cursor over the last node of the yellow line on the chart. The line has soared for three measurements and shows a slight decline in the last. BOER scribbles in his notepad.

INT. MILK FARM. MILKING PARLOUR.

COW471 and forty four other cows are lined in their parallel stanchions. COW471 closes her eyes. She sways and steadies her footing. COW490 to her right frightfully stares about her. She tries to back out of the stanchion, but walks into the gate. She moves forward.

EXT. MILK FARM - DAY

COW 471 is tied to the wooden stanchion outside the shed. BOER is wearing the red breeder's gloves, pulled up to his elbows. The pipet is pinched under his right arm.

COW471's tail swishes. BOER moves it to the side and inserts his left hand into her anus. He massages her rectum. A pile of excrement falls to the ground.

The tip of the pipet is inserted into COW471's vagina.

EXT. MILK FARM. FIELD - DUSK

COW471 wades in the pasture. Along with COW300, COW160 and COW342, they walk side by side, grazing onward in a line. Their tails swish in full circles.

COW471's belly and udder are swollen and bulging.

INT. MILK FARM. CALVING SHED - DAY

COW 471 lies on her side in the calving shed. The front legs and head of the calf are visible. Her abdomen contracts. She lows.

The calf slides over the hay matt with a gush of afterbirth. COW471 stands and starts to clear the film from the calf's body.

INT. MILK FARM. CALVING SHED - LATER

BOER and ELIAS are inside the stall with COW471 and her calf.

BOER

(in Afrikaans)

I'll take him to the auction in the morning. Have him ready.

ELIAS

Six o'clock?

BOER

Seven is fine.

ELIAS

Shap.

EXT. MILK FARM. KRAAL - NIGHT

COW471 lows at the edge of the kraal, toward the farm house and shed. There is no return call. The night is quiet.

INT. MILK FARM. MILKING PARLOUR

COW471 and others stand quietly in their stanchions. The women walk around them. LADY #2 removes the milking device from COW471's udder. COW471 remains in the stanchion, feeding.

LADY #2 returns. With her is a hose pipe with low-pressure water coming out. She holds it to COW471's udder. She washes COW471's teats. LADY #2 moves on to the next cow. COW471 chews.

EXT. MILK FARM - DAY

BOER is wearing his red breeder's gloves. His left arm is inside COW471's rectum, up to his elbow. The pipet is fully inserted into her vagina. BOER slowly presses down the plunger of the pipet. The bull semen is injected.

BOER pulls out the pipet. He massages COW471's rectum. COW471 watches the kraal in the distance. She ruminates.

INT. MILK FARM. CALVING SHED - DAWN

COW471 licks the afterbirth off of her newborn's back. The calf shakes her head and lows. Her coat is dark with embryonic fluids.

COW471 nuzzles her. Her hind legs stagger into an upright position. One by one, her front legs do the same. She attempts her first step. Mid-step, a hop originates from her rear and throws her off-balance.

INT. MILK FARM. MILKING PARLOUR.

COW471 stands in her stanchion facing the wall. She stares blankly at it. Her body moves with the suction power of the milking device.

EXT. MILK FARM. FIELD - DAY

COW471 watches the trees. The clouds are dark. A bolt of lightning runs across the sky above the canopy of leaves. With the rumbling of thunder, the CATTLE HERDER arrives on his horse, along with the German Shepherd. CATTLE HERDER, with his sjambok, and the dog guide the cattle into the kraal.

EXT. MILK FARM - DUSK

BOER's gloved arm is inside COW471's rectum. The tip of the pipet is inside COW471. ELIAS rests his hand on her back. BOER massages. ELIAS watches the German Shepherd. The dog rests in the long grass with his head on his front legs.

ELIAS

(in Afrikaans)

I watched him with Patrick yesterday.



BOER looks up. ELIAS nods his head in the direction of the dog.

BOER

After Chica I told Patrick to get on with it by himself. Adele wanted him.

ELIAS

He's a good dog.

BOER looks in the direction of the dog. He nods. He pushes in the plunger of the pipet. He removes the pipet and massages.

COW471 shifts uncomfortably. ELIAS pats her on the side.

INT. MILK FARM. CALVING SHED

COW471 and her newborn calf are sleeping. Afterbirth stains cover a patch of hay in the corner of the stall. Their bodies rise and fall with their breath.

COW471 cradles her calf close to her body. A large white spot covers one half of the calf's face. Her snout is bright pink. A fly rests in the middle of it. She shakes her small head and opens her eyes. She blinks twice and her lids slowly close. She sways. She rests her head on her mother's front legs.

EXT. MILK FARM. MILKING PARLOUR

Every stanchion in the parlour is occupied. The women move quickly between cows to massage their udders and check for leaks. COW471 eats from the feeder as the milking device shakes her body with its suction force.

ANNA removes the device from COW471's udder. COW471 eats from the feeder.

LADY #3 pulls the dry hose free from a knot. The water starts to flow as the knot frees. She roughly washes COW471's teats.

Her teats are red and swollen from the suction.

EXT. MILK FARM. SHED.

ELIAS ties a freshly tagged heifer to a pole in the shed. BOER hands ELIAS a folded piece of paper.

BOER

Here's the culling list. Have them in the calving shed at sunrise.

ELIAS

Yes, boss.

ELIAS opens the paper. On the list are ten numbers. One of them is 471.

INT. FEEDLOT - DAY

COW471 and nine others are stacked in a truck. There are windowed bars on both sides. The truck is parked inside the grounds of a feedlot.

Large pens containing hundreds of cattle stand in a cloud of dust. The earth is dry and sky is clear. There is no shade in the feedlot.

INT. ABBATOIR

COW471 and four other cows are closed inside an open stall of steel poles. Underfoot are steel grids. The cows low.

Their ear tags and coat colours are faded in the blue florescent lighting. The floor is a cold maze of steel, concrete and blue light.

EMPLOYEE #1 sits down on a chair facing the cattle in the steel stall. The floors are wet around him. A cigarette sticks out between his inverted lips. From the ground, he picks up a hose pipe. He turns the nozzle of the hosepipe. A spray of water opens onto the cattle in the stall.

COW471 tries to escape the force of the water. The radius of the spray and EMPLOYEE #1's motions prohibit her from staying dry. The cows low loudly and shake their heads. EMPLOYEE #1 stands and moves closer.

The spray of the hose hits their bodies harder. The force of the water makes the sound of VHS snow. It reverberates through the rest of the floor. COW471 turns her head behind the rear of another of the cattle. She closes her eyes against the spray.

EMPLOYEE #1 closes the hose. His cigarette is finished. He flicks away the bud. A plume of smoke streams from his nostrils.

COW471 opens her eyes. The cattle shake the water from their bodies in canon, ending with COW471. Her tongue flits across her snout twice. She lows.

EMPLOYEE #1 opens a cage on the inside of the stall. In his hand he grips an electric prod. The cow nearest to the gate does not move. EMPLOYEE #1 prods her in the side. The sound of an electric shock sounds. She scrambles forward, onto a steel catwalk.

The others follow her. COW471 does not move. She watches the gate and the catwalk as the others move through it.

EMPLOYEE #1 uses the prod to whip her on the rear. She moves away from him. EMPLOYEE #1 shocks her with the prod on the front leg repeatedly. He continues to prod her as she moves forward and eventually continues onto the catwalk.

INT. ABBATOIR. SLAUGHTER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The cattle walk along a narrow catwalk walled by stainless-steel plates. EMPLOYEE #2 prods them until they stand with their heads resting on one another's rears.

EMPLOYEE #3 walks along the catwalk with a bolt gun, attached to a hydraulic system with coiled cords running from it. EMPLOYEE #3 places the bolt gun onto the top of the cow's head. With a sharp jerk of the gun against the cow's skull, her body goes limp. Her body remains in place, held up by the walls of the catwalk and the bodies of the other cows.

EMPLOYEE #3 moves on to the second cow in the line. Her body goes limp with a jerk. EMPLOYEE #3 moves on to the next. Then the next. Then the next. Then he places the bolt gun against the skull of COW471.

The man's hand clenches around the gun, then, with a quick jerk, COW471 dies. Her body goes limp. Her tan head rests on white coat of the cow in front of her. Her eyes are halfway closed. There is no movement in her body.

INT. ABBATOIR. SLAUGHTER FLOOR. BLEEDING ROOM -CONTINUOUS

The cow no longer has her identification tag. Her body hangs upside down from her tied hind legs. Her body swings. Surrounding her are hundreds of bodies of dead cattle, swinging.

EMPLOYEE #4 holds the cow's body still. With a knife, he slits her throat. A fountain of blood spews from the wound. EMPLOYEE #4 moves away from her body and on to the next cow, strung up by her hind legs.

The blood continues to stream from the wound. It trickles down her snout. Her long lashes flare along the edge of her stiff eyelid. Her eyes are blank and glazing. From the front of her mouth, the blue underside of her tongue protrudes.

Behind her, EMPLOYEE #4 continues to slit the throats of the strung cattle. His white gumboots and the hems of his white overalls are stained red. The floor beneath his orange soled boots is dark with blood.

His feet make a splashing sound as he walks across the wet concrete floor.

INT. ABBATOIR. SLAUGHTER FLOOR. DRESSING AREA -  
CONTINUOUS

The bodies of cattle hang upside down in separate stations. At each station, an employee stands on a hydraulic platform. Each employee is equipped with a rotating blade. The men and women move up and down on their hydraulically operated platforms.

EMPLOYEE #5 skins the brown coated hide off of the cow's body. The fat, tendons, meat and bone are exposed. The tearing of the hide and the constant screech of the blade are the only sounds in the room.

EMPLOYEE #5 reaches the bottom. His platform is level with the ground. He removes the hide from the upper body. The hide of her head is pulled off like a glove. It pulls away freely. The skin around the snout does not release.

EMPLOYEE #5 pulls harder. The hide tears free. Her dressed body swings.

INT. ABBATOIR. REFRIGERATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hundreds of halved bodies hang in rows inside the large refrigerator. The carcasses do not swing. The room is quiet.

EMPLOYEE #6 enters the refrigeration room. In his hand is a clip board. He stares intently at the board. He writes something on the page clipped to it. His oversized jeans pool around his ankles on his polished industrial shoes. His white hard hat glistens in the fluorescent light. He turns right and disappears among the bodies.

Nothing moves. The room is quiet.

EMPLOYEE #6 reappears from the other end of the room. The clip board hangs by his side. A pen swings from a piece of dirty string attached to the board. EMPLOYEE #6 exits the refrigeration room.

Nothing moves. The room is quiet.

INT. MILK FARM. MILKING PARLOUR

The cattle are lined up for milking. COW501 uncomfortably shifts inside the stanchion. A large white spot covers half of her face. Her snout is bright pink. Her eyes are wide and black.

ANNA attaches the milking device to her udder.

INT. MILING FARM. OFFICE - SAME

BOER sits in front of the computer screen. He watches the numbers run higher as the millilitres milked per minute escalate.

The door is opened. BOER turns around in his chair. ANNA stands in the doorway.

ANNA

Four hundred and six is done, boss. This was her last, I think.

BOER

Thank you. I'll put her on the culling list.

ANNA

Alright.

BOER

You can all knock off for today.

ANNA

Thank you, boss. Have a good weekend.

ANNA leaves and closes the office door behind her. BOER returns to the notepad on his desk.

He turns to a page at the back of the notepad. The heading reads Non-profitable. At the bottom of the list, BOER writes the number 406.

BOER sits back and sighs. He swings his chair from side to side. He removes his cellphone from the left pocket of his trousers. He opens his Recents call list. He chooses the caller named Lovie. He holds the cellphone to his ear. He waits.

BOER  
(in Afrikaans)

Hey, lovie.

(a pause)

Good, good.

(a pause)

Do you want to go out tonight? Steak  
dinner.

BOER smiles.

BOER (CONT'D)

Perfect.

EXT. MILK FARM - DAY

COW501 is tied to a wooden stanchion outside the shed. BOER is wearing the red breeder's gloves. He inserts his left hand into her rectum. She shifts uneasily. Her thick tongue flits across her bright pink snout. Her left eye, in the section of her face covered in the white spot, looks darker than the other against the white.

BOER

Last one.

BOER groans as he struggles to insert the length of the pipet into COW501's vagina. COW501 blinks.

INT. MILK FARM. CALVING SHED - NIGHT

COW501 pushes to free the hind of her calf. ELIAS pulls at the front legs to help her. The calf is free. It is a male calf with a large white spot covering his bright pink snout.

COW501 clears away the afterbirth. The calf lows.



ELIAS

There we go, mama.

COW501 nuzzles her calf. He opens his belly to her. She licks away the blood and afterbirth underneath him.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

Enjoy these next two days.

ELIAS smiles sadly at COW501 with her bright pink snout nuzzled in the afterbirth of her bobby calf.

INT. MILK FARM. MILKING PARLOUR.

COW501 and others are lined in the parlour. They are milked. LADY #2 walks through the elevated stanchions with the hosepipe. She washes COW501's teats.

EXT. MILK FARM. FIELD - DAY

The German Shepherd lies in the field watching the cattle. They graze quietly. The wind rustles through the leaves of the trees nearby and the long grass of the field. The sky is clear.

A cow's low disturbs the quiet. She playfully wrestles with another calf over a patch of grass. The two grunt and groan. Their hornless heads bump and their bodies collide.

The dog raises his head and watches them. His mouth opens wide and his tongue protrudes. He pants as he watches them. The German Shepherd yelps in their direction. His ears quiver.

The two cows jump about and swing their heads. They groan. The German Shepherd barks excitedly.

INT. MILK FARM. SHED.

BOER is preparing to breed a cow. The pipet is laid out on the counter. ELIAS helps BOER to pull his left breeder's glove up to his elbow.

BOER

I have the culling list in my office.  
Remind me.

ELIAS

Yes, boss.

BOER inspects ELIAS's hair. ELIAS fastens the glove with a rubber band around BOER's upper arm.

BOER

Will you retire soon, Elias?

ELIAS laughs.

ELIAS

Never.

BOER

Sometimes I think you're mad.

The men laugh. BOER leaves the shed. ELIAS follows with the pipet.

INT. ABBATOIR. SLAUGHTER FLOOR.

COW501 and others are stacked inside a steel room with grids underfoot. A man, smoking a cigarette, hoses them down with a forceful spray of water.

INT. ABBATOIR. SLAUGHTER FLOOR. BLEEDING ROOM -  
CONTINUOUS

COW501's body hangs upside down in the bleeding room. Her body swings. EMPLOYEE #4 slits her throat. Her blood cascades down her chin and over EMPLOYEE #4's white gumboots and overalls. The floor is wet with the blood of cattle.

INT. SUPERMARKET. BUTCHER'S CORNER

A three-hundred gram pack of beef mince is placed on the refrigerated shelf. It is marked with a barcoded sticker and another sticker with a cow and lasso doodle. The name BeefingCo. is spelled out in doodled rope.

The footsteps of shoppers sound past the pack of beef mince. Their features and shadows flit across the reflective packaging.

A shopper with fat hands takes a pack of lean mince to the right of the BeefingCo. pack. Another pack close by is taken off of the shelf by elderly hands.

The shoppers continue past the shelf.

A tan hand with long, multicoloured, glittering nails reaches out and takes the pack of BeefingCo. mince. The shopper pauses, tilts the pack to look closer at the small price printed above the barcode. R78,95. The shopper drops the mince into a red basket.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END