

Cow Goes Moo

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FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

It's morning. Daylight makes its presence known in the bedroom.

The early morning tweets of birds outside is the only sound that can be heard - they sound like the tweets of chicks.

Far below us, in bed, lying awake, is DESMOND. He's a good looking guy, late twenties, maybe early thirties. He's staring straight ahead. He blinks.

The chirping continues.

The size of the room and the quality of the furniture tell us that he's by no means a poor man. He's neatly tucked into his bed, the bed sheets are neatly tucked into the mattress. The room is noticeably clean and tidy - impeccable. There isn't a sock on the floor, nor is there an item out of place.

Suddenly there's a commotion among the birds outside, judging by the sounds that erupt. Some kind of conflict is taking place. The chicks sounds distressed.

The chirping stops.

DESMOND turns and looks out the window sans expression.

INT. CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Desmond, dressed smartly in a suit, drives his car in near silence: the smooth movement of the car, the gentle hum of the engine. Judging by the interior it's an expensive vehicle.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Roadkill. A squirrel - bloody and mangled.

Desmond's car approaches.

INT. CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Desmond looks at the roadkill as he get closer...

Staring... expressionless...

...and passes it by.

EXT. BUILDING - MORNING

The building is contemporary in its swooping curves. It looks like a work by Zaha Hadid.

Desmond appears, expensive briefcase in hand, and enters.

INT. BUILDING - RECEPTION - MORNING

The reception is filled with PEOPLE. It appears this is a clinic.

Each person in the room is immersed in their respective mobile devices.

The RECEPTIONIST (20s) - sitting up straight, happily focused - types away on the computer in front of her.

Desmond enters the waiting area.

He looks at those who are, in fact, waiting to see him. No one looks up at him. He continues and nods at the receptionist.

DESMOND
(smiles)
Morning, Meredith.

Meredith smiles - a Hollywood smile - at Desmond.

MEREDITH
Good morning, Dr. Burke.

Desmond points at his office, and nods.

Meredith nods in return as Desmond enters his office.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DESMOND'S OFFICE - LATER

Desmond sits at his desk, working on a piece of paper.

A knock on the door arrives.

DESMOND
(looking down)
Come in.

Meredith opens the door - big smile - allowing the entry of a patient.

The WOMAN (late 20s) is clearly anxious. She fidgets with her hands nervously.

Meredith - big smile - closes the door.

Desmond looks up at the woman, then at his computer.

DESMOND (cont'd)

Liza?

Liza nods her head, smiles nervously.

Desmond stands up.

DESMOND (cont'd)

What can I do for you, Liza?

(a beat)

Would you like to take a seat?

Liza nods her head 'yes'.

She sits down.

Desmond returns to his seat behind the desk.

He looks at Liza - all anxiety. It seems that she doesn't know what to say.

DESMOND (cont'd)

You seem agitated.

Liza nods, gasps as if about to speak, but doesn't, and nods again.

Desmond looks at her. He studies her features: perhaps he thinks she's pretty - she certainly is pretty, even if she appears a bit disheveled at this moment.

DESMOND (cont'd)

Would you like to tell me something,
Liza?

LIZA

(quickly)

I'm feeling quite anxious.

DESMOND

Okay.

(MORE)

DESMOND (cont'd)

(a beat)

Well, if it's okay with you I'll
check your blood pressure and we'll
go from there.

Desmond stands up.

He looks at Liza.

DESMOND (cont'd)

Is that okay, Liza?

Liza - looking away, a little teary-eyed - glances quickly
at the doctor and almost whispers 'yes' along with a single
nod of her head.

DESMOND (cont'd)

Could you sit up on the examination
table, please?

Liza does as requested.

She grips the material on the table.

Desmond picks up the sphygmomanometer on his desk and
approaches Liza. He applies the blood pressure meter to
Liza's arm.

He squeezes the pump and reads the monitor.

Done, he removes the meter and takes his stethoscope in his
hands. He places the resonator against Liza's chest and
listens attentively.

DESMOND (cont'd)

Okay.

(a beat)

Can you turn your head to the side so
you're staring directly at this wall,
please?

Desmond points at the wall and Liza turns her head, so
Desmond is facing the side of her head.

He raises the resonator to Liza's ear and places it against
the eardrum.

He listens.

He hears what can only be described as anxious ramblings:
Liza's voice - worry upon worry overlapping so the words
don't make any sense.

Desmond removes the resonator, and the voices disappear.

DESMOND (cont'd)
Okay. This is nothing particularly unusual.

Liza nods her head 'yes' as Desmond returns to his seat behind the desk. He begins to tap away on the keyboard belonging to the desktop computer.

DESMOND (cont'd)
I'm prescribing you 30 pre-written Facebook posts - one to be posted daily - don't go over that unless you're particularly on edge. Absolutely no more than two per day. Okay?

Liza nods her head 'yes'.

DESMOND (cont'd)
I'll ensure there are plenty of platitudes in them - that'll guarantee positive responses.

Liza nods her head 'yes' again.

LIZA
Thank you.

Desmond looks at Liza.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINDING ROAD - EVENING

The sun is beginning to leave the day behind. There is no traffic on this road, apart from Desmond's car.

INT. CAR - MOVING - EVENING

Desmond drives the car. He's playing a classical piece of music: distressing, piercing violin sounds.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - SAME

The classical piece becomes louder despite us leaving the car.

On the side of the road a person lies flat on their face. Blood seeps from a large wound in their head.

Desmond's car approaches.

INT. CAR - MOVING - SAME

Desmond looks at the body as he get closer to it..

Staring... expressionless...

...and passes it by.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - SAME

The car drives into the distance. The music stops.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen is as clean as it could be. There's no mess despite Desmond having just made food.

He sits at the kitchen table alone, in silence, eating his dinner.

On the table is a very pretty and detailed wooden carving of a rose. Desmond places his fork gently on the mat next to his plate, picks up the wooden rose and studies it.

He holds it out to the seat opposite him, which - of course - is empty.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

We twist and turn along the floor of the studio apartment as if we were a critter chasing its prey.

We arrive at the bed, on which sits Liza.

The studio apartment isn't very tidy. Clothes are strewn around the place. Liza looks at the screen of the laptop which rests on her lap.

We see that a recent Facebook post has garnered numerous 'likes' and 'loves'. She appears calmer than she was in the doctor's office, but still manages to bite a nail.

Across from the bed is a desk, and on the desk is a computer, and a network adapter, which flashes its lights. Liza looks over nervously as a gentle rumbling sound emerges from behind the desk.

The desk suddenly jolts, causing Liza to grip her laptop and crawl backwards to the top of the bed and to get under the sheets.

She looks at the desk again.

She closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. DESMOND'S OFFICE - EVENING

Desmond is finishing up for the evening. He puts on his suit jacket, picks up his briefcase and exits the office, closing the door behind him.

INT. SUPERMARKET - EVENING

Desmond wheels a shopping trolley, passing by aisle after aisle.

We move along on the opposite side, watching him pass each aisle. Most are empty.

On one aisle there's a person lying flat on the ground - blood is smeared on the floor - but Desmond doesn't notice as he continues wheeling the trolley.

Down one of the aisles he adds items to his trolley.

He notices farther down the aisle Liza filling a shopping basket.

His expression changes slightly - he seems to be happy to see her.

He approaches her.

Liza seems shy, reserved, when she notices the doctor.

DESMOND

Hi, Liza.

Liza smiles.

LIZA

Hi.

DESMOND

(points at basket)

Doing a bit of shopping?

Liza looks down at the basket.

LIZA

(nodding)

Just picking up some snacks.

A beat.

There's clearly no fluidity to this conversation.

DESMOND

How are those posts working out for you?

(before she can reply)

You look brighter.

LIZA

Yeah, they've been good... Lots of likes, which is nice.

DESMOND

Good... good.

Desmond points at the basket again.

DESMOND (cont'd)

Oatmeal.

Liza looks at the basket: a pack of oatmeal rests among other items.

DESMOND (cont'd)

I enjoy oatmeal every morning.

Liza smiles awkwardly.

LIZA

That's nice.

Desmond looks around the supermarket. He's considering something... he hesitates, then goes for it:

DESMOND

Liza, would you like to see where I live?

Liza hesitates at first, unsure how to take that... then nods her head.

LIZA

Okay.

EXT. WINDING ROAD - EVENING

Desmond's car whizzes along the road almost silently, as if it were a hovercraft.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Desmond's car pulls up outside the cabin - it's in the middle of the woods.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Liza looks out at the cabin.

LIZA

It takes you two hours to drive to work every day?

DESMOND

It's not so long.

LIZA

Why do you live so far away?

DESMOND

I find cities too busy. Too noisy. Crowds... You know...

LIZA

You live alone?

DESMOND

(smiles)

Only with my thoughts.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Desmond is making coffee.

DESMOND
If you don't mind my saying - I think
you're very pretty.

Liza, sitting at the kitchen table, blushes.

DESMOND (cont'd)
I don't like prescribing so many
social media posts. It's unhealthy to
grow dependent on the... You really
should talk to someone.

Liza looks at Desmond.

DESMOND (cont'd)
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bring
that up... Do you take cream and
sugar?

LIZA
Black... Please.

Desmond carries two cups to the table and places one in
front of Liza. He takes a seat opposite her.

DESMOND
Are you seeing anybody?

LIZA
(surprised -
hesitates)
No... It's been a while.

DESMOND
I'm the same.
(a beat)
I worry about us.

LIZA
Us?

DESMOND
People.

LIZA
I think people worry enough as it is.

Liza notices the wooden rose on the table, standing against
the salt and pepper shakers.

LIZA (cont'd)
(reaching for the
rose)
What a beautiful-

DESMOND
(almost standing)
Don't!

Liza retracts her hand.

DESMOND (cont'd)
Sorry.

Desmond smiles.

DESMOND (cont'd)
It took me a long time to carve. It's
rather delicate, actually... I didn't
mean to startle you.

LIZA
That's okay. I understand... if you
made it... It's art... It... It's
beautiful.

DESMOND
It's my intention to give it to
someone I love.

He looks at Liza, leans forward.

DESMOND (cont'd)
Have you ever been in love?

Liza shakes her head 'no'.

LIZA
I don't know anyone who has.

DESMOND
Neither do I.

Desmond smiles.

DESMOND (cont'd)
I wonder... when do you know... you
know?

Liza looks at Desmond.

LIZA
I think you just know.

INT. DESMOND'S OFFICE - DAY

Desmond is working away at his computer.

A knock on the door arrives.

Meredith - big smile - opens the door.

Liza enters.

DESMOND
(surprised)
Liza?

MEREDITH
(still smiling)
She said it was urgent, doctor.

LIZA
I just needed to see you, quickly...

Desmond stands.

DESMOND
That's okay. Come in, sit down.

Meredith - big smile - exits and closes the door.

Liza sits on the examination table.

DESMOND (cont'd)
I didn't think I'd see you again.
(a beat)
You look anxious.

LIZA
I'm sorry about how I reacted a few weeks ago - at your place.

DESMOND
That's okay...

LIZA
It's just, it's been so long.

DESMOND
That's okay, Liza.

Liza looks rather anguished.

DESMOND (cont'd)
Liza...

LIZA
Can you prescribe me some posts,
please? I...
(nodding)
I could really use some posts.

Desmond looks at her without responding for a beat.

DESMOND
(eventually)
Of course. Yes. That's fine.

Desmond makes his way to his desk and sits in his chair.
He begins to type out a prescription.

DESMOND (cont'd)
No more than two a day, Liza.

Liza - teary-eyed, looking away - nods without saying a word: she looks like she could sob.

DESMOND (cont'd)
Liza?

Liza looks at him.

DESMOND (cont'd)
Would you have dinner with me?
Tonight.

Liza smiles - she's a bit of a mess.

LIZA
(smiling, upset)
That would be nice, Desmond.

Desmond smiles. He gets up from his chair. He approaches Liza with a slip in his hand.

DESMOND
Rafael's. You know it? 8pm?

Liza nods her head. She holds out her hand for the prescription.

LIZA
I know it.

She takes the prescription from Desmond's hand.

Liza stands up, wipes her eyes.

LIZA (cont'd)

Okay...

DESMOND

We can talk... at dinner.

Liza nods her head.

LIZA

It'll be nice.

Liza walks towards the door and opens it.

DESMOND

(calling)

We'll really talk... Really.

The door closes.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Desmond is dressed smartly in pants and a shirt. He looks himself in the mirror.

In the

KITCHEN

He picks up his car keys off the table. He looks at the carved rose. He picks it up and places it in his shirt pocket.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is quite fancy. Desmond is seated at a table which is a fair distance from any other table. On his table is a candle, which has been lighted, and a vase housing a single rose. You could describe the lighting in the restaurant as romantic.

Desmond takes a deep breath.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Liza is seated at the foot of the bed. She's dressed in an elegant dress and looks incredibly beautiful... although... she looks a little anxious.

She looks at another post of hers: 60 'likes'.

The rumble begins to sound from behind the desk.

Liza looks up.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Desmond reaches for the glass of water in front of him, picks it up and takes a sip.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

The rumble behind the desk grows louder. The desk shakes more and more violently. The bright light shines harshly.

Liza stands up. She looks scared, but also intrigued.

Her features are illuminated by the light.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Desmond is approached by the waiter.

WAITER

May I get you a drink, sir?

DESMOND

No. No, I'll wait until the lady arrives.

Desmond points at the empty seat opposite him.

He looks down at the carved rose on the table.

DESMOND (cont'd)

She'll be here.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Liza's illuminated features.

The rumbling sound has grown much louder.

Liza looks scared but also determined.

The desk vibrates violently.

Liza approaches the desk and with all her might she pushes it out of the way...

LIZA

Ughhh...

...Revealing a massive split in the wall from which the brilliant light beams.

Liza covers her eyes. Sounds swirl around her.

She looks at the network adapter wire which leads into the opening in the wall. The lights on the network adapter have become intensely bright, also.

Liza breathes heavily.

She steps towards the opening - the light.

She hesitates... Then she puts her hand into the opening.

She removes her hand and it's glowing - it has coding written on it.

She takes a moment - swallows.

She takes another step forward. She places one foot into the space, then she reaches forward and enters the opening completely.

She disappears into the light.

The opening rapidly closes.

The noise is quelled.

Everything is calm.

Liza is gone.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Desmond looks at the candle on the table. He knows Liza won't be joining him.

He licks his thumb and forefinger and extinguishes the flame.

The waiter arrives with a jug of water to refill Desmond's glass.

Desmond stops him.

DESMOND

I've had enough.

The waiter nods, then leaves.

Desmond picks up the carved rose. He looks at it before placing it into the vase on the table.

He stands up and walks away.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.