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The Tale of Bunny, the Lamb

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The Tale of Bunny, the Lamb

by

Keith Currivean, Jr.

A thesis presented to the

Faculty of the Department of
Writing for the Screen
Loyola Marymount University

In partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts in Writing for the Screen

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FINAL THESIS

FEATURE SCREENPLAY PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Keith Currivean, Jr.

Thesis Logline:

When a lamb named Bunny sees a young boy beaten by the sheep farm's caretaker, he goes on a killing spree to stop the abuse. But as the body count rises, he grows a taste for human blood and is forced to confront the violence he's brought into the world or feed on the young boy – the last source of human blood on the farm.

The Tale of Bunny, the Lamb

Title

A screenplay written and produced and presented to the faculty
of the Writing for the Screen MFA Program in the School of Film &

Television at Loyola Marymount University of

Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

Writing for the Screen

By

Keith Currivean, Jr.

Student Name

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing for the Screen:

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The Tale of Bunny, the Lamb

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SPRING

OVER BLACK

The sound of angry RAIN. The GROWL of a bloodthirsty dog.

EXT. FARM, BARN - NIGHT

A downpour under the light of the moon.

THUNDER!

A rope leash, tied against the door, taut. At the end, a GROWLING SHEEPDOG (SHEP), blood dripping from its bared maw in red rivulets mixed with rainwater.

BARK! BARK!

UNCLE DICK

(calming)

Alright, Shep... Here we go...

UNCLE DICK (45, a bony, leather-skinned farmer in overalls) holds out a gnarled SHEEP FEMUR. Shep watches the familiar toy, his eyes glazed with malice.

Through the open barn door, the sounds of CHILDBIRTH: a EWE SCREAMS into the early morning.

UNCLE DICK (CONT'D)

Who's the good boy? Who's the good boy?

Shep latches down on the bone, tries to yank it away. Uncle Dick holds firm. He tackles the Dog, pinning him to the ground by his leather collar. *PAINED YELPS.*

UNCLE DICK (CONT'D)

Damn killer!

He draws a pistol, but Shep whips his head about, wrestling for his life.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

A swinging LANTERN casts horrible, twisting shadows on the far wall, beneath the patter of rain.

FRANK

Hey girl.

FRANK (43, sharp eyes and a cold heart) puts trained hands on a straining EWE, her wool reddened by a FATAL BITE WOUND in her side, spilling viscera, womb throbbing with contractions.

UNCLE DICK (O.S.)
(through the barn wall)
Hold still!

A BANG! from outside. A dying YELP!

IN THE BARN, the Ewe's losing too much blood: moans growing weak, eyes drooping.

FRANK
God damn it. Push, girl!

Frank plunges his arm inside her:

IN THE WOMB

A LAMB suspended in amniotic fluid -- the umbilical cord wrapped around his neck. The deft HANDS of the farmer feel the cord.

They unwrap and pull, but it's noosed around the Lamb's foot.

The Hand frees his foot, yanks him...

OUTSIDE THE WOMB

Onto the dirty, wooden floorboards.

The premature Baby Lamb lies still beneath his dead mother's body. He's not breathing, amniotic sac wrapped around his snout. Frank rips it away. Smacks him to life!

WHACK!

A sharp inhale.

LAMB
Waaaaa!

The Lamb rolls to his stomach, long, floppy ears and big, black saucer-eyes.

UNCLE DICK (O.S.)
Lotta loss today. Think he's worth
it?

Uncle Dick watches from the door, dripping wet, arms bloody. Frank gets up, wipes his own hands off on his jeans.

FRANK

Mark's payin' ninety-five cents a pound this year. I'll git him to eight months if I gotta bottle-feed him...

UNCLE DICK

Damn right.

FRANK

Can't have this happen again.

UNCLE DICK

Agreed.

FRANK

You agree, do you? Bet you think you had a god-damn handle on yer dog, too.

UNCLE DICK

Nothin' we did wrong. He got a taste for blood--

FRANK

Git her sheared. Have Thomas cook her up. Fuck me if I lose a penny on this shit.

Uncle Dick nods, heaves the dead Ewe up onto his shoulder, a quiet grimace. Frank heads out into the rain, eyes dark.

INT. FARMHOUSE, DINING ROOM - DUSK

On the table, dishes shoved to the side. The bare bones of a mutton roast.

At the end of the room, an all-male family of Texan Farmers: Stetsons, Levis, Cowboy Boots. Uncle Dick, joined by:

- THOMAS (41, overshadowed by his brothers) and his son:
- ROBBY (12, soft with dark eyes) BB gun over his shoulder.

On the floor by Thomas, tearing into a MUTTON CHOP, a WICKED MUTT: snarl like death, teeth like razors, a pink SCAR over his eye. This is DIESEL.

At the center of it all:

- SONNY (10, eyes bright for the future), the birthday boy, right hand wrapped in old, bloody gauze.

Frank sets a big birthday-papered box before him.

FRANK
Happy birthday, son.

There's movement within the cardboard.

SONNY
(scared)
Another dog?

FRANK
(shaking his head)
Open it.

Sonny's careful with the paper. He peels back the cardboard. A white snout sticks up through the opening: the Lamb.

LAMB
Baaaaaa... Baaaa...

Sonny giggles. He smooths back the Lamb's puffy white wool.

The Lamb looks up -- an eager grin, full of life.

ROBBY
I'll split him with you--

Thomas *FLICKS* Robby's lip.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Ow!

THOMAS
Quiet.

SONNY
What's his name?

FRANK
Sheep don't got names...

Sonny smooths the Lamb's long, velvety ears. He smiles.

SONNY
I'll call you Bunny.

ROBBY
That's stupid--

Robby spots his father, Thomas, raise an angry hand for a slap. He shuts up with a GROAN.

FRANK

It was brave of you standin' up for
its mom, but this takes more than
just guts.

Sonny nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's alone in the world, so we
gotta keep an eye out. Can I count
on you?

Frank hands Sonny a bottle of milk. The boy pops it into
Bunny's mouth. The Lamb slurps it down. Sonny giggles.

SONNY

Yes sir.

FRANK

Now I mean it, Sonny. You seen what
happens when you give 'em an inch.
Just like that damn mutt...

Sonny reflexively protects his gauzed hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You keep it in line now, ya hear?

SONNY

Yes sir. He'll be good, I promise.

Frank nods.

FRANK

When its grown, I was thinkin'
'bout sellin' it with the others,
but... we need a Christmas dinner.
So if--

SONNY

What?

Sonny's joy curdles as it sets in.

SONNY (CONT'D)

No, you can't!

Frank *BACKHANDS* him. Points an angry finger.

FRANK

(cold)
That's no pet, boy.

Sonny's chest heaves as he holds back tears, cheek red.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You hear me?!

Sonny holds his tongue.

SONNY
Yes sir.

FRANK
Meat and wool. That's all it is.

Robby snickers.

In the box, BUNNY the Lamb has ducked back under one of the flaps to hide: his eyes wide in the dark.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Don't matter to me, though.
Christmas dinner or the back of
Mark's truck.

Frank takes Sonny's face. Stares him in the eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You raise him, you slaughter him.

Sonny pets Bunny, a protective gesture.

Frank strides off.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Gotta learn right. This here's a
business. Ain't got time to be
namin' them...

Sonny lifts the trembling animal from the box up into his warm arms. Robby scoffs.

ROBBY
(muttered to himself)
Meat and wool...

EXT. UPPER PASTURES BY FARMHOUSE - DUSK

Sonny holds Bunny tight as they cross down from the house out toward the overlook.

It's a beautiful day now that the rain's past. Bluebonnets, paintbrushes. Live oaks and cedars.

SONNY

You gotta look out for the small ones.

Bunny's big eyes search Sonny's for meaning.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Mom used to say that.

He winces at the old pain. Readjusts Bunny in his arms.

SONNY (CONT'D)

They can't protect themselves, so we gotta do it for them.

Bunny looks out over the sprawling pasture below. It's dotted with a flock of sheep headed to the barn. He lights up.

SONNY (CONT'D)

So I got you.

Bunny looks up at him.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(nodding)

I got you.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Sonny closes Bunny inside the dirty sheep pen. Slides and CLICKS the LATCH in place.

SONNY

Now, I'll be back in the morning.
This is your new family.

Bunny eyes the larger SHEEP piled together, unsure. He looks back up at Sonny. Bunny pushes on the gate, but it's latched.

SONNY (CONT'D)

It's okay, Bunny. They got you till I'm back.

Sonny closes the barn door behind himself.

Bunny eyes the Sheep, trembling.

He picks his way around the flock, looking for a way in, but they're packed tight.

He finds a spot at the far end. A great, big, round opening just for him.

He settles in and is bathed in WARM AIR from above.

He looks up: a HEATER with RED WIRES for teeth. Bunny settles into the cozy spot.

RAM (O.S.)
MAAAAA!!!

Bunny turns--

A LARGE RAM with curled horns KICKS him aside. The Ram's furious.

RAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
MAAAAA!!!

The Ram settles under the heater. Bunny shrinks away. He watches the community from the corner of the pen, alone.

He looks out toward the barn door, longing. Then spots a HOLE in the barn wall. He sidles up toward it, snuggles his face down into it.

THROUGH THE HOLE, past the BARE CEMENT foundation, he watches Sonny head toward the FARMHOUSE on the hill.

BUNNY
(calling out)
Maaaa! Maaaa! Maaaa!

RAM (O.S.)
BAAAAA!!!

The Ram GLARES at Bunny. Bunny shuts up, turns back to Sonny, watches him disappear over the hill.

Bunny slumps his head to the ground, accepting his fate.

INT. BARN - DAWN

The Barn doors *creak* open. Sonny tiptoes in. Bunny wakes from his spot next to the hole in the wall.

BUNNY
(excited)
Maaa!

SONNY
Shh...

Bunny picks his way around the Sheep, toward his boy.

Sonny lifts him over the fence.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 (quiet)
 Wanna swim?

Bunny searches his eyes for meaning, a smile on his lips.

BUNNY
 (quiet)
 Maa...

EXT. THE POND - DAWN

Bunny sits on the rotting dock, eyes drawn to the sound of Birds *CHIRPING* at the treeline beyond. The morning sun burns red across the surface.

SONNY (O.S.)
 Cowabunga!

A shirtless Sonny runs down the unstable dock and LEAPS over Bunny into the water.

SPLASH!

Bunny looks on, worried.

BUNNY
 Maaaa!

The water settles, before at last, Sonny emerges!

SONNY
 Come on in! The water's great!

Bunny's worry turns to excitement.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 Come on!

Bunny eyes the water. He dips a hoof in. Pulls away from the cold.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 (chanting)
 Bunny! Bunny! Bunny!

Bunny hops up and down, excited.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 You got this!

Bunny backs up a few steps and LEAPS out into the water.

SPLASH!

UNDER THE WATER

Bunny watches the bubbles rise around him, in awe.

A FISH darts past--

But Bunny sinks further into the murky water. Panic sets in.

BUNNY
(muffled)
Maaaa!

Darker and darker despite his flailing.

The sun fades beyond the distant surface.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
Maaaaaa!

Bunny's feet collide with a GIANT BOULDER at the bottom.

He's scooped up by a GREAT SHADOW!

Bunny flails! Scratching, clawing!

ON THE SHORE

Sonny sets Bunny down, both sopping. Bunny CHOKES up water.

BUNNY
(unsettled)
Maaa!

SONNY
I'm sorry. You okay?

Bunny shudders as Sonny wraps him up in a TOWEL.

Then notices the *SCRATCHES* and *TRAILS* of blood dripping down Sonny's chest.

Bunny looks up at him, pained.

BUNNY
Maaaa...

SONNY
I'm alright!

Sonny towels off the blood. It doesn't look nearly as bad.

SONNY (CONT'D)
It's fine! You didn't hurt me.

Sonny hugs the Lamb close.

SONNY (CONT'D)
I'm okay. I promise.

Bunny snuggles into his arms as Sonny starts up the hill.

SONNY (CONT'D)
Summer's comin'. Maybe you can
learn to swim!

Bunny smiles up at him, safe and comfortable.

Sonny's blood drips down Bunny's face. The Lamb laps it up.
Tastes it. Laps up some more.

EXT. MAIN PASTURES, BY BARN - DAY

BZZZZZ...

Bunny watches, curious as:

Thomas SHEARS a EWE, yanking it around. He nicks her, blood
trickling down her trembling skin, legs KICKING, trying to
get free.

Sonny and Robby gather the wool in giant trash bags.

Nearby, Uncle Dick SHARPENS his AXE, a plump TABBY CAT curled
at his feet.

THOMAS
(eyeing the dog)
When we gonna train up Diesel?

Uncle Dick bursts out laughing.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
What?

Beyond, the chickens *CLUCK CLUCK CLUCK* in their chickenwire
PEN. Diesel, the dog, eyes them, hungry.

UNCLE DICK
(laughing)
"Train up Diesel"? Not in my life.
That dog's dumber than a pound o'
bricks. And mean, too.

THOMAS

It was yer dog tore that girl up.

UNCLE DICK

Gah. Damn it if I gotta eat another bite of that shit...

Thomas goes back to his work, sullen.

Bunny's eyes focus on Uncle Dick's axe -- *SHHHTT! SHHHTT!* across the whetstone.

UNCLE DICK (CONT'D)

What? Tell me you ain't sick of it.

THOMAS

Thought I cooked a nice sheep.

UNCLE DICK

Time fer somethin' else is all.

Uncle Dick tests the axe: shaves the hairs off his arm.

Sonny picks up an especially large piece of wool. Robby *YANKS* it away. Sonny shoots a glare back.

THOMAS

(stops shearing)

You got a problem with my cookin'?

UNCLE DICK

Would you quit it? We been eating sheep all god-damn week. I'm just tired is all!

Thomas glowers. Robby steals another piece of wool from Sonny. Bunny watches the boys, worried.

SONNY

Robby! Stop it!

BUNNY

(quiet)

Maaa...

UNCLE DICK

You boys mind keepin' to yerselves?!

CLUCK CLUCK CLUCK. Even the chickens are up in arms.

SONNY

I didn't do nothin'. He took--

UNCLE DICK

Did I ask-- Kill us one o' them
chickens, will ya?

Bunny watches the fear in Sonny's eyes.

SONNY

I don't know how.

Uncle Dick strides over, plants the sharpened AXE in Sonny's
baby hands.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Can you teach me?

THOMAS

(chuckling)

You could chop its head off, for
starters.

Uncle Dick snickers.

UNCLE DICK

Get to it.

Bunny follows as Sonny creeps over to the Chicken PEN.

Sonny opens the Latch with a CLICK and a SLIDE. Bunny copies
the motion with his hoof.

Sonny slips in.

TAKES a HEN by the neck.

It FLAPS its wings, angry, but Sonny holds tight.

Bunny's breath quickens.

Sonny presses the Chicken against a TREE STUMP.

He can't get the angle right, between the axe and his hand
around its neck.

SONNY

I can't do it! I can't!

Uncle Dick ignores him, petting the Tabby. Bunny *HUFFS*,
irritated.

Sonny raises the axe, eyes closed.

Bunny cringes away.

The Bird *FREAKS!* Claws all up Sonny's arms and chest.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Ow! Gah!

The Bird gets free, takes off toward the woods, *CLUCKING*.

Sonny *THROWS* the Axe after it, harmless into the dirt.

Uncle Dick spots the chicken on the run.

UNCLE DICK

Damn it, Sonny!

He jumps up, takes after it.

GRABS it by the neck, then the feet, *CRACKS* it down on the stump.

CHOP!

Blood *SPURTS* across Uncle Dick's face.

UNCLE DICK (CONT'D)

Useless!

He throws the headless bird at Sonny. *SPLAT!* to the ground.

UNCLE DICK (CONT'D)

Clean that shit up!

SONNY

(near tears)

I'm sorry, I just didn't know how--

UNCLE DICK

You see those chickens?

He points at the pen.

Then *SNATCHES* up the bird, its legs still kicking, wings flapping after death.

UNCLE DICK (CONT'D)

What's the difference between them
and this?

Sonny trembles. Bunny glares at Uncle Dick, teeth bared, ears back, eyes sharp with anger.

SONNY

Yeah, but I didn't know how to hold
it!

UNCLE DICK

Yer nothin'.

SONNY
If you just taught me--

SMACK!

Uncle Dick *BACKHANDS* Sonny, chicken blood across his face.
Robby startles at this, heat in his eyes.

UNCLE DICK
Nothin'!

ROBBY
You ain't gotta be so--

UNCLE DICK
What?! I ain't gotta what?! You
know what it takes to run a farm?
Shear sheep? Keep food on yer
table? You spend yer time shootin'
that stupid BB gun -- how come I
never seen you bring home a Buck?
And you tell me I ain't gotta...
Best you both learn 'fore the real
world eats you whole.

ROBBY
But he didn't do nothin--

THOMAS
(to Robby)
Shut up, boy. Get to work.

BUNNY
Maa!

Tears loose down Sonny's cheeks.

Bunny eyes Uncle Dick. Comes running, angry.

UNCLE DICK
(to Sonny)
I said clean that shit up.

SONNY
(crying)
Okay. I'll do it.

BUNNY
Maaaa!

The man drops the bird in the dirt. Bunny keeps running.

UNCLE DICK
And quit cryin'!

BUNNY

Maaaaaa!

Ram jumps in the way. Throws Bunny aside with his horns.

RAM

Gaaaaaaa!

Bunny tumbles to the dirt, groaning.

BUNNY

Aaaaaa...

Thomas's shears *CLICK* back on.

BZZZZZZZ...

Bunny stares at the bloody chicken, headless but still squirming.

The Sharp Axe, shiny with blood.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Bunny sits by the hole in the wall, eyes hardened with rage.

He stomps his foot.

BUNNY

Maaaa!

RAM (O.S.)

Baaaa...

Bunny purses his lips, quieting himself.

RAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Baaaaaaa...

Bunny turns. Ram scoots over, under the heater, his eyes inviting. Bunny softens.

RAM (CONT'D)

Baaaa.

Ram nods. Bunny creeps over, timid. Eyes the space next to Ram. Ram pats the open spot, under the heater. He pushes some loose hay into a pillow.

BUNNY

Maaa...?

RAM

Baaa.

Bunny settles down, unsure. He relaxes a bit.

Ram gets comfortable on his own pillow, closes his eyes. The heat washes over Bunny, anger melting away.

He stills, closes his eyes. One with the flock.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

The farm rests under the moonlight. The chirp of crickets, bellows of bullfrogs, sparkles of glowing fireflies.

SUMMER

INT. MOTHER EWE'S WOMB - [DREAMSPACE]

Red, dark, and warm.

Mother Ewe's heartbeat *POUNDS*, the capillaries darkening with every *WHOOSH* of blood.

A muffled vibration of pounding hooves. Running.

MOTHER EWE (O.S.)
(muffled through womb)
Maaaa!

BARK! BARK!

MOTHER EWE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Maaaa!

INT. BARN - DAWN

The Barn doors *SLAM* open. Bunny perks up, but it's just Robby, his ever-present BB gun strapped over his shoulder.

Robby ties one of the doors open, but the other one is giving him trouble.

ROBBY
God damn it!

He *SLAMS* the door open against the outer wall. *KICKS* it. Ties the rope in place. The Sheep have begun to stir.

SHEEP
Maaa! / MAAA!!! / BAAA!!!

ROBBY
Shut up already!

There's a swollen, yellowing bruise across his eye.

Bunny watches his hand open the Latch on the Gate.

The Sheep pour out through barn doors, Ram first. All but Bunny. He watches Robby, trembling, afraid.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
What you lookin' at!

Bunny scurries by, but Robby swipes him up.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
I got you. It's okay.

Robby holds the squirming Lamb tight, a tender smile. Bunny shrinks back at the hideous bruise. He opens his mouth to scream, but it's less than a squeal.

BUNNY
Aaaa...

ROBBY
I'm not gonna hurt you.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE, LOWER PASTURE - DAY

Bunny stands in the dirt, his eyes plastered to a RED-BRICK BUILDING AHEAD.

Beyond the rusty BARBED-WIRE, it LEERS down at him, AC fans WHIPPING like giant blades, dark windows like black eyes: the SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

PLINK!

A can topples nearby. Beside him, Robby aims his BB gun at cans downrange, a too-large SCOPE mounted on top. Bunny looks on, curious.

Robby aims his gun.

He takes a deep breath in...

Lets half of it out--

PEW!

The BB *whizzes* downfield, *KNOCKS* a CAN off a post. Bunny startles.

The SLAUGHTERHOUSE door *SLAMS* open. Thomas. Bunny scurries out of Robby's hands, down the range.

UNCLE DICK
Gimme a hand in here.

ROBBY
Five minutes?

Robby eyes Bunny bounding away.

UNCLE DICK
Nah. Come on.

ROBBY
(sad)
Yes sir.

Uncle Dick goes back in.

Robby pumps the gun.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
(counting his pumps)
One. Two. Three.

THE SCOPE aims at the cans. Bunny wanders into the sights. Robby changes his target.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
(muttered to himself)
Meat and wool...

PEW!

BUNNY
Maa!

It *STICKS* Bunny right in the snout. Bunny freezes. Watches red blood spill down his face.

Bunny turns and runs. Robby laughs.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
Maaa!!! Maaa!!!

Bunny looks up toward the house, past the grazing sheep. He races for the hill.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
Maaa!!!

ROBBY
 ...Five. Siiixxx. Seeeevvveennnn.
 Agh!

Robby manages the last pump. Locks it in place. Aims at the moving target.

BUNNY
 Maaa!!!

Bunny starts up the hill toward the main pasture.

POP!

BUNNY (CONT'D)
 Aaaa!!!

Bunny tumbles to a stop. Blood SPURTING from his shoulder.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
 Maaa!!!

Bunny tries to get up, but Robby rushes over, pins him to the ground beneath his weight.

ROBBY (O.S.)
 (chuckling)
 Hold up, Bunny! Gotta get some o'
 that wool, too!

Robby whips out his POCKET KNIFE. He yanks on a tuft of wool, pulling it straight.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
 That's all you're good for, stupid!

Then saws through it, taking the wool in his hand.

Bunny's crying, screams turning to whimpers.

BUNNY
 Maa... maaa...

Robby's eyes soften, the malice melting red into shame. For a second, Bunny's fear crumbles. He sees the boy within Robby, tears gathering in his round eyes.

ROBBY
 I'm... I didn't mean--

SONNY (O.S.)
 Bunny!

Bunny's eyes lift to the overlook. Sonny!!!

BUNNY

Maaa!!!

Robby hops up, lifts Bunny under the crook of his arm. He wipes his snot and tears away. Raises his POCKET KNIFE at the ready, toward the smaller Boy.

SONNY

He's mine, Robby!

ROBBY

Yeah, you want your baby lamb present back?

Robby puts the knife to Bunny's throat.

SONNY

Put him down!

Bunny squirms in Robby's arm, but the boy holds him tight, thin streams of blood trickling down his arms. Sonny approaches. Robby eyes Sonny's wrapped hand.

ROBBY

You only got one hand.

Sonny eyes Bunny in Robby's arms, seeing the blood.

SONNY

(distraught)
What'd you do to him?!

ROBBY

He's mine, now!

Bunny reaches for Sonny, his leg dripping blood to the grass.

BUNNY

Maaa!

SONNY

He's bleedin' all over!

ROBBY

Shut up!

The Slaughterhouse slams open.

UNCLE DICK

Robby! Git yer ass in here!

Robby tosses Bunny aside, gets to stepping. Bunny scurries up to Sonny, limping.

ROBBY
I'm comin'!

BUNNY
Maaaaa!

Robby glares as he walks by.

ROBBY
(muttered)
I hope he dies.

He holds the blade as a threat as he passes.

Sonny scoops Bunny up, hurries off.

SONNY
Come on, Bunny. Let's clean you up.

Bunny watches over Sonny's shoulder as Robby's anger gives way to sadness. Bunny's face falls.

BUNNY
Maaa...

SONNY
It's okay, boy. I got you.

Bunny watches Robby slink toward the Slaughterhouse.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

SCRAPE. SCRAPE. SCRAPE.

Bunny sits by the hole in the wall. He scrapes his HOOF on the CEMENT FOUNDATION, sharpening it.

A GAUZE BANDAGE wrapped around his left foreleg.

UNCLE DICK (O.S.)
Wool's loaded up.

A truck door *SLAMS!*

THROUGH THE HOLE in the wall, he watches:

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Uncle Dick tosses his TOOL BAG in the bed of the RUSTY PICKUP. Takes a long SWIG from his bottle of JACK.

The night's quiet under the twinkling stars.

Frank stands nearby, his own TRUCK idling, headlights showering the lower pasture in yellow.

FRANK

Tomorrow.

Uncle Dick waits as Father pulls a few bills from his wallet.

UNCLE DICK

It's good, clean stuff. They'll be happy.

FRANK

I'd expect no less.

Father hands him the bills. Uncle Dick takes them like it's shameful. Frank carries the slightest of grins.

UNCLE DICK

(chuckling)

This is a joke, right?

Father steps into the low beams, his form obscured.

FRANK

I paid you, didn't I?

UNCLE DICK

Meanwhile, yer cashin' the big checks, rakin' it in like--

FRANK

Like it's my farm. My land, my cabin you sleep in, rent free, my pond you fish in...

Their eyes bore into each other.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Like I spent my childhood doing the job of two men and Dad saw that.

UNCLE DICK

Yeah, fuck you. I worked it, too.

Uncle Dick turns, opens his truck door.

FRANK

A dozen Sheepers this side of city lines would take half what you get.

UNCLE DICK

I'll take your guilt money. Just don't pretend it's fair.

FRANK
They open at 5.

UNCLE DICK
I'll git 'em in before lunch.

FRANK
You'll "git 'em in" before the
rain.

Uncle Dick reaches for the handle, but misses. Steadies himself, a hand on the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)
How drunk are you?

Uncle Dick gets in, *SLAMS* the door. Glares at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Order's due tomorrow. Just get them
in.

Uncle Dick's HIGH BEAMS blind Frank, but he doesn't flinch. The Truck idles for a moment, the man inside contemplating.

Uncle Dick's eyes are mad with rage. He licks his lips, hungry for power.

Puts the car into gear, whips past Frank, turns down the drive.

Frank smiles to himself, gets in his own truck.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Bunny eyes the LATCH on the GATE.

He stretches up to it.

Pushes the KNOB up. It CLICKS in place.

He holds his hoof to the KNOB. Pushes, but it slides free. He tries again, but it slides away from him.

He grimaces and stretches further, getting a better angle.

He positions the KNOB between his cloven hoof. He stretches further, WINCING in pain. The GAUZE rips free, the WOUND opens.

LEANS into it, *SLIIIDES* the KNOB to the end. The Latch gives way, the gate opens.

BUNNY

Maaaaa!

The wound TEARS open, blood pouring down his leg.

A couple of the Sheep stir in their places, but go back to their dreams.

Ram watches him with a curious, cocked head.

RAM

Baaa?

Bunny pushes through the gate.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Bunny peeks out between the barn doors. The trucks and men are gone.

Bunny eyes the SHACK at the bottom of the hill: Chimney smoking, the faint flicker of a TV through the window.

He leaves the cover of the barn, limping out into the pasture, toward the driveway.

EXT. DICK'S SHACK - NIGHT

Bunny passes the dark Slaughterhouse, wary.

Dick's house is little more than a shack with windows.

The sound and lights of an INFORMERCIAL bleed through the windows.

TELEMARKETER (O.S.)

(through walls)

For only 4 payments of \$14.99, this set of self-shapening knives can be yours!

He eyes the truck parked before the house, eases past it.

He sidles up the porch to the front door, propped open by a bowl of cat food.

Bunny stands before the door, his breathing ragged.

He gulps down his fear. Pushes forward, his head in through the open door.

INT. DICK'S SHACK - NIGHT

Beer bottles, moldy cereal, meat chopped and left to rot.

The faint *HISS* of an old TV from the next room. The FLASHING LIGHTS throw strange shadows onto the wood-panel walls.

SNORING.

TELEMARKETER (O.S.)
 (from TV)
 Call now to receive a meat cleaver
 for no additional cost!

Bunny creeps toward the sound.

On the TV, a telemarketer with a TOO-WIDE SMILE and a GLISTENING KNIFE.

TELEMARKETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Coconuts! Easier than ever!

She *CRACKS* through the hard shell. Juice *SPURTS!*

Bunny turns. The couch is empty. No one in sight.

TELEMARKETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Chicken necks!

CRUNCH!

Bunny turns. Pushes in through the bedroom door.

Silver moonlight illuminates the Tabby -- alone in the bed.

EXT. DICK'S SHACK - NIGHT

Bunny turns toward the pond.

Uncle Dick stands at the end of the dock, silhouetted by the silvery, moonlit water.

The man trembles.

Bunny approaches on silent hooves through the muddy grass.

Uncle Dick's pants are around his ankles.

He *GRUNTS* and *GROANS*, his body shaking.

UNCLE DICK
 (whispered)
 Fuck yer pond.

Bunny limps onto the dock.

CREEAAAK!

Uncle Dick turns. DICK in his hand.

Bunny steels himself, GRITTING his teeth.

BUNNY
Gaaaaaarhhh....

UNCLE DICK
Woah, there!

Uncle Dick holds out his hands protectively.

Bunny RUNS! Fury in his eyes.

UNCLE DICK (CONT'D)
Get back!

Bunny leaps, lands two HOOVES on the man's chest.

Uncle Dick trips on his pants, tumbles backward, head first.

UNCLE DICK (CONT'D)
Aaaaaahh!!!

SPLASH!

A sickening *CRACK!*

Bunny watches the water still, his chest heaving.

Then Uncle Dick emerges from the water. Face down. Floating inert...

Bunny's face quivers.

BUNNY
(almost silent)
Maaa...

Blood pours down his leg.

He turns, unable to push away the worry in his eyes.

He *GROWLS*, irritated as his eyes well up.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
Gaaarhhh...

He *GRUNTS* to himself, plods away.

On the dock, the MOONLIGHT catches his BLOOD-RED hoof prints.

Bunny looks up at the two houses on the hills and sets his teeth.

OVER BLACK

Drizzling rain on a tin roof.

INT. BARN - DAWN

A leak in the roof *DRIPS* into a puddle.

Bunny trembles in his sleep, tormented by dreams.

DRIP.

INT. MOTHER EWE'S WOMB - [DREAMSPACE]

WHOOSH!

The pink membranes of the womb warp and stretch. The sound of muffled hooves *POUNDING* the ground outside, running.

BABY BUNNY sways in the amniotic fluid, trembling, eyes closed, umbilical cord dangling.

FROM OUTSIDE: the muffled *SNARL* of a dog. Baby Bunny's eyes *SQUEEZE* tight in fear.

WHOOSH!

THUMP!

The womb depresses from outside, *TUMBLES* and *SPINS* around Bunny.

The UMBILICAL CORD coils tight around his neck, squeezing. Bunny's face contorts in pain.

EWE (O.S.)
(through her chest)
Maaaaaa!!!

Bunny's *SQUISHED* into the walls of the womb as a heavy force weighs on it from outside.

TEARING!

A *HISS* as the womb's torn open.

Bright outside light and swirling blood spill in, onto Bunny's face.

DRIP!

INT. BARN - DAWN

Bunny *JOLTS* awake.

The other Sheep sleep, lulled by patter of rain.

DRIP.

Bunny watches the puddle, settling down onto his paws, eyes sad and tired.

EXT. MAIN PASTURES, END OF DRIVEWAY - DAY

A dark, rainy morning.

A TRAILER loaded with TRASH BAGS of WOOL, ready for hauling. The bags swell and spill as they fill with rainwater.

PEW!

A hole sprouts in one of the bags. BROWN LIQUID pours out.

Up the driveway from the trailer, a TIRED OLD BUNGALOW, sagging with rot.

Robby watches at the foot of the porch, BB gun aimed. A chuckle.

ROBBY
(counting his pumps)
Three... Four... Five... Six...

Aims.

POP!

Another bag springs a leak.

Amused, he turns, looks for other targets.

Down the hill -- floating in the pond -- a BIG DARK FORM...

Robby grins.

EXT. THE POND - DAWN

Robby wanders up to the water, eyes on the DARK FORM, covered in ALGAE. He aims.

PEW!

He eases down the rickety dock, pumping his gun.

He slows. The blood drains from his face--

Under the algae, exposed and swelling, an ARM.

Robby drops his gun.

EXT. THE POND - DAY

The rain has let up. Hot summer sun shines down on:

Uncle Dick's body, face-down in the water.

An ANIMAL CONTROL POLE reaches out. The CABLE on the end nudges aside some ALGAE.

The CABLE slips around Uncle Dick's swollen neck. And *ZIPS TIGHT.*

THOMAS

Gotcha.

Thomas pulls the body in from the shore.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

(over his shoulder)

Boy!

Robby just stares, sopping wet, tattered sneakers in the mud, eyes puffy.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Grab him, will ya?

Robby stirs. Grabs hold of Uncle Dick's shirt.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Grab him, damn it!

Robby pushes away disgust, grabs the slimy, bare arm.

They pull the body in, Uncle Dick's pants still around his ankles. Robby turns a courteous eye.

Thomas pulls his pants up, shoves the body over on its back.

ROBBY
What's this?

Two small BRUISES like V's on Uncle Dick's GUT. Thomas yanks the sopping shirt down over them.

THOMAS
Quit it! Grab a shovel. I'll git yer uncle.

Robby's eyes fixate on Uncle Dick's swollen-shut eyes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Let's go!
(murmured)
God damn it...

INT. BARN - DAY

The other Sheep wait in a huddle by the gate, ready to eat.

SHEEP
(anxious, mumbled)
Maaa... / Baaa...

Bunny lies still on the floor. His head lifts as:

POLICE CRUISER LIGHTS -- Red and Blue bleed between the wood panes of the barn walls. They navigate down the hilly landscape.

The *SLAM* of car doors.

THOMAS (O.S.)
(from outside)
Over here!

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS, BURIAL PLOT - DAY

Thomas, Frank, Robby, and Sonny gather in a peaceful grove. A dozen headstones in the ground.

And an open GRAVE. A simple COFFIN in the dirt.

The family shares a solemn moment, staring down at it.

FRANK
Better see to that wool. 'Fore it's rotted through.
(pointing to the grave)
Y'all take care of this.

He wipes off his muddy hands.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (gestures to follow)
 Thomas.

Robby stares down at the coffin, letting it sink in.

THOMAS
 (at Robby)
 You listenin' boy?

Sonny grabs the shovel instead.

SONNY
 Yes sir. We got it.

He sets to work. Thomas opens his mouth to object--

FRANK
 And pack it good. Don't want
 coyotes all in his guts.

Frank starts off into:

THE WOODS

Thomas follows.

THOMAS
 What about the slaughter?

FRANK
 (annoyed)
 What about it? Can't exactly
 process them on our own.

THOMAS
 My buddy Kyle--

FRANK
 I ain't gonna hire that meth-head.
 Anyway, splittin' it three way's no
 good.

THOMAS
 He got all cleaned up. His wife
 even moved back--

Frank glares.

FRANK

Gonna head to the expo in Houston.
See what they got in the way of
processin'.

BURIAL PLOT

Robby stares down into the hole, tears beginning to well.

He watches Sonny shovel slow, small piles onto the wooden
box. Too slow...

He **SHOVES** Sonny aside.

ROBBY

God damn it, boy!

He **YANKS** the shovel away from him, digs into the pile.

He **THUMPS** a **BIG MOUND** of dirt onto the coffin, tears crawling
down his angry cheeks.

AUTUMN

EXT. MAIN PASTURES, END OF DRIVEWAY - DUSK

The Flock feeds over the brown pastures, the forest beyond
orange with fall.

Bunny stands bigger, taller, his wool grown in and fluffy,
the tips of black **HORNS** *just* poking through.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Move yer asses!

BEEP BEEP!

The Flock scatters. Bunny watches the **RUSTY TRUCK** bumble over
the terrain, hate in his eyes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Diesel! Come on, git!

Thomas **SLAPS** the truck door. His **DOG**, Diesel, bursts out
through the **DOGGY DOOR** on the **BUNGALOW**, excited eyes on the
sheep.

Thomas parks the truck out front. **SLAMS** the door.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Alright Diesel. Sit, boy.

Diesel sits, but his eyes are still on the sheep, eager.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Away!

BARK BARK!

Diesel bolts around the sheep! Drawing them tighter together.

Thomas watches with pride and heads off toward the barn.

Diesel comes around again, back toward Bunny.

BUNNY

Gaaarhhh...

Bunny bares his HORN POINTS, standing his ground.

Diesel approaches, teeth drawn.

A *WHOOSH* of Bunny's heartbeat in his ears. Shallow breaths.

DIESEL

Grrrrr... Rah!

Diesel *SNAPS* his teeth! Bunny flinches, stumbles backward.
Diesel gives chase!

Bunny's feet *THUMP* the earth as he joins the other sheep.

BUNNY

Maaaaa!

Bunny keeps an angry eye on Diesel, from the flock, his head shaking, irritated, angry at his failure.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

Gaarrrrr...

THOMAS (O.S.)

(across pasture, by barn)

Come!

A *BARK* of confirmation. Diesel guides them into the barn.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

That'll do. Good boy.

Diesel *BARKS*, excited. Thomas tosses him a *TREAT*.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Bunny watches Diesel sleep across the room, eyes set, chest heaving with anger.

The Barn Doors creak open: Robby. Diesel jumps up, excited.

ROBBY
Hey, boy.

Robby grabs the TIN of TREATS from the shelf. Sonny trails into the barn, an angry look on his face.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
(to Diesel)
Sit.

Diesel sits.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Stay. Stay. Staaay...

Robby tosses the treat across the room. Diesel *LEAPS* after.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Good boy.

Sonny *SLAMS* the pen gate, sour. It rattles on the hinges.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?

SONNY
Just leave me alone.

Robby shrugs it off, follows Sonny into the pen. He grabs a GREAT BIG FAT SHEEP. Takes a MEASURING TAPE around its gut...

Past the red line.

ROBBY
(to the sheep)
Sorry, buddy.

He SPRAY PAINTS the back of the Sheep's neck *RED*.

Robby watches Sonny move through the sheep likewise: measuring tape, spray paint. His sad face. The kind way he handles the Sheep.

Even the GREEN SPRAY on the Sheep's neck is tender. Pity in Robby's eyes.

SONNY

Dad and I were s'posed to go to the movies tonight.

ROBBY

He's just gettin' equipment at the expo.

SONNY

He was s'posed to leave tomorrow. And now all I got's a stupid TV dinner.

Bunny watches Diesel *CRUNCH* at his treat.

ROBBY

(bragging)

My dad leaves pizza money on Sundays--

SONNY

Just quit it, will ya?

ROBBY

What I'm sayin'--

Sonny *KICKS* the wall.

SONNY

Shut up!

Bunny glances between the two boys, worried.

Sonny sits down by Bunny, pets him. He rubs at the HORN POINTS on his head. It calms them both.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Hey, Bunny.

BUNNY

Maaa...

SONNY

This won't take a second.

Sonny wraps his MEASURING TAPE around Bunny's gut.

PAST THE RED LINE...

Sonny drops his hands, face contorting. He pulls out his red SPRAY CAN.

ROBBY

Woah. Hey... Stop.

Robby takes his own tape. Wraps it around closer to Bunny's shoulders, where his body is smaller.

SONNY
But Dad said...

ROBBY
It doesn't need to be like this.

Robby's tape measurement: UNDER the line. He pulls out his GREEN CAN.

SPRAY.

Sonny looks up, struck by his decency. Robby smiles.

SONNY
Thanks...

ROBBY
I'm gettin' pizza tonight, if you want...

SONNY
(shy, at the floor)
Yeah, okay.

INT. BARN - NIGHT (LATER)

Bunny sits by the hole in the wall, *SHARPENING* his hooves, an eye on the BUNGALOW at the far end of the driveway.

Diesel *SNARLS* in his sleep.

Bunny sets his teeth. He gets up.

He crosses to the gate. Reaches up to the RUSTY LATCH. Unlocks with a PUSH, CLICK, SLIDE. The gate *CREAKS* open.

Diesel twitches in his sleep.

Bunny eases across the room, reaches up to the shelf. He *KNOCKS* the TIN OF TREATS onto the ground with a *PLUNK*, big crunchy treats spilling out.

Diesel jumps up.

DIESEL
Grrrr...

Diesel bolts to the treats.

Bunny crosses around him, to the barn door.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Bunny pushes out into the light of the moon. He starts out, down the driveway toward the BUNGALOW ahead.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Bunny eases up the steps, sharpened hooves ready,

The curtains are drawn closed, but light eeks through the semi-transparent DOGGY DOOR.

ROBBY (O.S.)
(from inside)
Take that!

SONNY (O.S.)
(from inside)
God damn!

Bunny tests it with a hoof. Then creeps in...

INT. BUNGALOW, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bunny enters alert, ready to pounce.

He eases past the paisley couch, onto shag carpet.

Beyond, Sonny and Robby play PONG from the ground, way too close to the TV, some CHEESE PIZZA still in the box.

Bunny relaxes at their smiling faces. His eyes lock onto the BALL bouncing around the screen as he eases forward, between the two oblivious boys.

ROBBY
Good luck!

The ball bounces back to Sonny.

SONNY
Right back at ya!

ROBBY
Not if I can--

SONNY
Servin' it up--
(he misses the ball)
Damn it!

The boys turn to each other--

Robby *SCREAMS* like a girl at Bunny being RIGHT THERE. Sonny BURSTS into laughter.

ROBBY
(laughing)
Holy shit! Fuck! I thought you
turned into a sheep!

Sonny takes Bunny by the head, hiding his own face behind him.

SONNY
(bleating like a sheep)
You beeeaaat meee, Robbyyy!

They burst into laughter. Bunny even joins in.

BUNNY
(laughing)
Maaa-aa-aa-aa-aa...

This fuels their laughter even more--

SLAM! a car door just outside.

Robby's face goes white.

ROBBY
(leaping up)
Shit. Get him in the room. Now.

SONNY
Wait-- what--

CREAK CREAK up the porch steps. *THUNK!*

THOMAS (O.S.)
(from outside, slurred)
Ow! God!

WOMAN (O.S.)
(from outside, slurred)
Shit, you okay?

ROBBY
(whispered)
Just put him under the couch!

Robby does it instead. Yanks Bunny by the neck, shoving him under. Bunny's afraid. Doesn't know what's happening.

BUNNY
Maaaa!

ROBBY
 (whispered)
 Shut him the fuck up!

Robby's moving: grabbing the trash, the dishes.

Sonny crouches down to Bunny, comforts him with a pet on the head.

JANGLE of *KEYS* outside.

SONNY
 Hey, it's okay, Bunny. Just...
 Shhh...

Bunny shrinks back under the couch, ears flicked back.

BUNNY
 Maaa...

SONNY
 Shhh...

Bunny watches as the front door *BANGS* open. In stumbles Thomas and the WOMAN (30). Bunny watches their legs from under the couch.

THOMAS
 (slurred)
 You left the god-damn trash on the--

SONNY
 I uh...

THOMAS
 Oh, you. Where is he?

SONNY
 Doin' dishes. Then we're headin' to bed.
 (off Thomas's glare)
 Honest.

Bunny watches Thomas lurch toward the kitchen.

The Woman bends down, into Bunny's view. She reaches a manicured hand out toward him. Bunny shies away.

WOMAN
 (whispered)
 I don't bite.

SONNY
 (voice wavering)
 Please don't tell him.

Bunny lets her scratch his face.

WOMAN
 I won't. You two be good, okay?

She gives them a smile, then heads after Thomas.

THOMAS (O.S.)
 (quiet, from the kitchen)
 Thought I told you to get that
 fuckin' trash off the porch.

ROBBY (O.S.)
 (quiet, from the kitchen)
 Yes sir. Sorry, I forgot.

THOMAS (O.S.)
 And keep it quiet. We got a lot to
 do tonight.

Giggles from the Woman.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 A LOT to do.

Thomas laughs from his gut. The two stagger down the hall.

SONNY (O.S.)
 (whispered to Robby)
 Do we need to go?

ROBBY (O.S.)
 (whispered)
 No, it's okay. We'll just be quiet.

INT. BUNGALOW, ROBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out. Robby and Sonny like awake in bed, Bunny on the ground beside them, all awkward, listening:

MOANS and *SQUEAKY BED* in the next room.

Sonny stifles a laugh.

ROBBY
 (trying not to laugh)
 Shhh...

Bunny watches the boys, a smile on his face.

SONNY
 (mocking, quiet)
 Unh, unh, unhhh...

Robby BURSTS out laughing. Sonny too.

BUNNY
 (laughing)
 Maa-aa-aa-aa-aa...

ROBBY
 Shhh... Shh...

The *SQUEAKING* stops.

BANG BANG!

THOMAS (O.S.)
 (through wall)
 Quiet in there!

The *SQUEAKING* resumes, slow then fast. More *MOANS*.

Robby squeezes his pillow over his face, trying not to laugh.
 Sonny holds tight hands over his mouth.

Bunny looks back with a goofy smile, his tongue dangling.

Their faces grow redder, hotter, trying to stay quiet--

THROUGH WALL: a nasty *FAAARRRTTTT...*

The boys *BURST* into laughter.

SONNY
 Oh my god!

The *SQUEAKING* stops.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 (on other side of wall)
 Don't worry about them.

ROBBY
 Shh...

The boys try to quiet.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 Hey. Just come back...

Robby's frozen in fear. Sonny clutches his giggling mouth.

SLAM!

Robby runs to the bedroom door, blocks it with his body.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Thomas...

Footsteps down the hall...

ROBBY
(waving him over)
Sonny.

Sonny, still giggling softly, joins Robby at the door.

The door *BANGS* into them from the other side.

THOMAS (O.S.)
(through door)
Get off that door!

WOMAN (O.S.)
What are you doing?!

Thomas *SLAMS* the door.

THOMAS (O.S.)
(at Woman)
You get back in there!

WOMAN (O.S.)
Nah, I'm gone.

THOMAS (O.S.)
Then fuck you, cunt!

Her footsteps *PATTER* down the hall. Sonny's giggles sour.

THOMAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Get off that fuckin' door!

The front door *SLAMS* shut.

Thomas *HEAVES* his weight into the bedroom door, *TUMBLING* in, *KNOCKING* Sonny and Robby over.

Bunny watches from the floor, his smile fading to fear.

Thomas *YANKS* Sonny up by the wrist.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
What'd I tell you?! Huh?!

SONNY
Sorry-- I--

Thomas spots Bunny.

THOMAS
You two fuckin' him?

Robby stands to the side, white-faced, ashamed he's not intervening. Bunny watches Thomas, enraged.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Guess yer both a bunch a fuckin'
girls anyways. Giggling at yer
sleepover.
(mocking)
Ahhahaaha!

Sonny's fear turns to GIGGLES, in spite of himself.

Robby's eyes flick up to his father, BOILING.

SONNY
(giggling)
I'm sorry. It was just the-- fart--
the noise and then Bunny made a
face-- and--

THOMAS
Maybe I'll just kill that fuckin'
thing.

Thomas pushes into the room, toward Bunny. Sonny's face drops. Robby sets his teeth.

SONNY
No! Stop!

Sonny yanks on him. Thomas rears a BACKHAND at the boy.

CRAAA--

Robby GRABS hold of his Dad's hand.

ROBBY
DON'T YOU FUCKIN' TOUCH HIM!

Thomas's face is RED-HOT.

He *THROWS* Sonny to the ground. Yanks Robby from the room.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Get yer fuckin' hands--

The door *SLAMS!* shut.

Sonny crawls to Bunny for comfort, his eyes squeezed tight.

ROBBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (through door)
 No! Stop!!

FROM THE HALL: *CRACK!*

A *SCREAM.*

Bunny *PULLS* free of Sonny, lays into the door, kicking, head-butting, scratching with his sharpened hooves, tearing the paint away.

SONNY
 Come on, Bunny.

Sonny has opened the window and is halfway out already.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 Come on!

CRACK!

Robby *CRIES* and *SCREAMS* from the hallway.

Bunny clenches his jaw, eyes darkening, standing in place.

CRACK!

Sonny drops from the window, takes off into the night. Bunny stays.

CRACK!

The *YELPS* in the hall begin to weaken.

Bunny stares at the door, snout flaring, blood dripping from his clenched teeth.

CRACK!

EXT. MAIN PASTURES - DAY

Down by the Slaughterhouse, Thomas and Frank hammer *POSTS* into the ground. A *SHEEP PEN.*

Bunny watches, a snarl on his lips, pacing in the dirt.

THOMAS
 (down the hill)
 Diesel! Away!

The angry dog *BOLTS* off around the scattered flock, herding them down the hill toward the pen.

Bunny stands his ground.

Diesel slows his approach.

DIESEL
Grrrr...

BUNNY
Gaaaarrhhh...

Bunny *CHARGES!*

Diesel *CHARGES!*

Bunny lowers his HORN POINTS--

CRASH!

Diesel tumbles to the ground with a YELP.

Bunny stands over him. Diesel stares up at him from behind his scarred eye.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
GAAAAARR...

DIESEL
Grrr...

Diesel leaps up, tackling Bunny. He sinks his TEETH into his LEG. *GRABS HOLD.*

BUNNY
Maaaa!

Diesel rips, *TOSSES* Bunny aside. Bunny stumbles to the ground, blood dripping, his lower leg *MANGLED.*

DIESEL
Grrrrrr! Rah! Rah!

BUNNY
Maaaa...

Bunny takes off with the other sheep, a limp in his stride. Diesel gives chase, teeth bared.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY

Bunny follows the sheep into an overcrowded PEN. Thomas *SLAMS* the gate shut.

The Sheep are panicking. Kicking, bleating.

BUNNY

Maaa!

Bunny jumps up to see over the flock. Sonny stands outside the opposite end of the pen, working on a GREEN METAL CHUTE.

Bunny comes down on his mangled leg, wincing.

Then *SHOVES* his way through.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

Baaaaa!

Sonny turns from the Chute, gritting his teeth against threatening tears.

SONNY

It's okay, boy. It's all okay.

Sonny pets Bunny's head, but the lamb's not consoled.

BUNNY

(angry)

Baaaaa!

SONNY

I know, but it's okay, boy.

FRANK

That chute ready?

SONNY

I can't get it open.

FRANK

Grab it like this. And drop into it.

Frank grabs the handle, shows how to HEAVE into it with his weight.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You try.

Sonny mimics his form. Grabs hold of the handle and *HEAVES*. The chute *CLUNKS* as it opens.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

There you go!

Frank tousles his hair. Sonny smiles, proud.

Thomas nearby *YANKS* the PULL START on an AIR COMPRESSOR.

THOMAS
Piece of shit.

FRANK
It was working at the expo.

THOMAS
Fuck if I know.

He gives up. Frank puts his back into it. *YANKS!*

VRR... VRRR...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Told ya. Piece of shit.

VRROOOM! The engine *GROWLS* to life.

Thomas ignores Frank's condescending *SCOFF*.

FRANK
Now put that--

Thomas attaches a *CAPTIVE BOLT GUN* to the compressor.

THOMAS
I know what I'm doing.

FRANK
(with a smile)
And the safety--

Thomas flicks the *SAFETY* off. Bunny watches, trembling.

THOMAS
You gonna tell me how to shoot it,
too?

Thomas *FIRES* the gun into the air.

BANG! the captive bolt *SHOOTS* out--
HISS! then *SPRINGS* right back into the chamber.

BANG!

HISS!

Bunny recoils.

Thomas smiles. Points the gun at Frank.

FRANK
Quit fuckin' around.

BANG!

HISS!

The gun fires harmlessly at this distance, but Frank *RIPS* it from Thomas's hand, gets up his his face.

THOMAS
(child voice)
You gonna kiss me, big brother?

FRANK
(composed)
I said, "Quit it."

THOMAS
How 'bout you give me my fuckin'
kid back?

Frank just glares at him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Yer makin' him soft, god damn it! A
fuckin' pussy boy who can cry to
his uncle. Just like yers--

Frank puts the GUN to Thomas's heaving chest. Frank looks him up and down, *SCOFFS*.

Frank *SHOVES* him to the ground. He tosses the gun--

Right in Thomas's lap.

BANG! HISS!

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Woah! Asshole! Coulda lost my dick!

FRANK
Send 'em through.

Frank *SLAMS* open a HATCH in the ground, heads down into the basement. Alongside the stairs, a METAL SLIDE.

THOMAS
Asshole.

FRANK (O.S.)
(from inside)
Send 'em through!

THOMAS
Yeah, comin' through!

Thomas *ZIPS* his CONTROL POLE around the first Sheep in line: Ram. Sonny stands by the chute, LEVER in hand.

Thomas slots Ram into place. Sonny *CLUNKS* the lever into place. The CHUTE sandwiches Ram in a tight hug.

RAM

Baaaa...

Bunny watches, eyes wide as Thomas takes the gun to Ram's head.

BANG! HISS!

Ram goes limp. The life gone from his eyes. Just like that.

Thomas takes a *KNIFE* to his throat.

THOMAS

Open her up.

Sonny *CLUNKS* the chute open. Ram falls forward, body still *SEIZING*, down the METAL SLIDE into the basement.

Bunny's frozen.

The next sheep is *YANKED* into place. *CLUNK. SLICE. THUNK.*

A viscous layer of blood smears the metal slide.

Bunny watches the BLOOD. The DEATH.

Then he's GRABBED. HOOK *ZIPPED* around his neck.

SONNY

No! He's green!

THOMAS

Not after yer stunt last night.

SONNY

Put him back!

BUNNY

Maaaa!

Thomas slides Bunny into place.

THOMAS

You close that lever, god damn it!

FRANK (O.S.)

(from inside)

The hell's goin' on out there?!

THOMAS

Sonny!

Sonny grabs the KNIFE. Points it at Thomas.

SONNY

Put him back, god damn it!

Thomas *CLUNKS* the LEVER in place with his foot.

Sonny comes at him with the KNIFE.

Thomas *BACKHANDS* him across the face. Sonny tumbles away, the knife harmless to the side.

Bunny stares down at Sonny.

BUNNY

Baaaaa!!! Baaaaa!!!

FRANK

Don't you fuckin' touch my kid.

Thomas turns, hiding his fear behind cold eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You know, Dad was right... Can't do nothin' right without someone holdin' your hand.

Frank spits to the ground by Thomas.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Shoulda been you out there... Not Dick...

Thomas hardens his gaze, holding back pain.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(thumbs toward basement)
Inside. Now.

Thomas scoffs.

THOMAS

(grabbing his junk)
I gotta take a piss first. Wanna hold my dick?

FRANK

Get down there.

Frank yanks Bunny back into the Pen. Grabs another Sheep with RED PAINT on its neck.

Thomas slinks down into the basement.

Bunny watches as Sonny gets up. Gets right back to work.

BANG! HISS!

CLUNK!

Another Sheep slides down below.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Half the sheep are gone. Those remaining sleep, at peace.

But Bunny sits by the Hole in the wall, licking at his INJURED LEG, eyes on the Bungalow across the pasture.

Diesel sleeps at the Barn Door.

Across the Pasture, the Bungalow light *FLICKS OFF*. Bunny gets to his feet.

He unlocks the gate. Limpes toward the shelf, quiet.

The TIN of TREATS is at the top. Far beyond his reach. Bunny jumps up on his hind legs, pushes the shelf, but no luck.

Diesel stirs in his sleep.

Bunny rears back.

RUNS. *SLAMS* head-first into the shelf. It rocks back and forth, but settles back down.

DIESEL (O.S.)

Grrrrr...

Diesel's up. Ready to fight.

BUNNY

Gaaarrhh!

Bunny digs his hooves into the floor, brow turned down, teeth bared. He eyes the barn doors.

Bunny *SNAPS* his teeth at Diesel.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

Baaagggh!

Diesel eases forward, eyes sharp.

Bunny takes off toward the Dog.

Diesel lunges forward!

At the last moment, Bunny spins--

He takes off toward the shelf, Diesel at his back.

Bunny plows HEAD-FIRST into the SHELF. It rocks back--

Then Diesel *SLAMS* into Bunny. The Shelf *ROCKS FORWARD!*

Diesel and Bunny look up...

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

CRASH!

Bunny pushes out into the light of the moon, limping, blood trickling down his face.

In his wake: the toppled shelf, Diesel feeding on treats.

Bunny's eyes lift to the sky. A RED MOON -- a lunar eclipse. His breath quickens.

Bunny looks to the Bungalow across the Pasture. Sets his jaw.

EXT. THE BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Bunny eyes the dark house.

He eases up the porch.

Pushes in through the Doggy Door.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Bunny creeps through the dark space, eyes darting, wary.

WHIMPERS from down the hall.

He passes the kitchen, dishes piling up in the sink.

The DOOR at the end of the hall is cracked open. Shafts of SILVER LIGHT across the bed within.

Bunny pushes in.

CREAAAKK...

ON THE BED, Thomas lies still, crying. Naked and sweating.

For a moment, Bunny's eyes soften to pity.

THOMAS
 (in a daze)
 What the fuck...
 (realizing)
 What the fuck!

He sits up.

Bunny grits his teeth and charges through the doorway --
 Raises his hoof! It *GLINTS* in the moonlight! Sharp as *KNIVES*!

Bunny *LEAPS*!

SLASH!

BLOOD!

Thomas's *CHEST* is torn open. The sheets doused in *RED*.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 What the fuck!

Thomas tumbles aside, *KICKS* Bunny off the bed. He grabs his
CONTROL POLE from beside the bed.

Bunny stares across the bed with crazed eyes, salivating.

BUNNY
 Gaaaarhhh!

Bunny leaps onto the bed! Out toward Thomas!

The *HOOK* slips around his neck.

ZIPPP!

Thomas guides Bunny into the wall with a *SLAM!*

THOMAS
 Fuckin' hell, man!

Thomas wipes at the deep *GASH* in his chest.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 Shit! Shoulda killed you when I had
 the chance!

He *ZIPS* the hook tighter until Bunny wheezes with each
 breath.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

A FLASHLIGHT dances across the building. The sound of HEAVY MACHINERY WHIRRING.

Bunny stares up at the towering building.

BUNNY
(raspy)
Maaa...

Thomas YANKS him through the barbed-wire FENCE--

Bunny scrabbles, digging in the dirt, trying to resist. He eyes the AC FANS spinning like GIANT BLADES.

Thomas unlocks the doors and HEAVES them open.

The lights FLUTTER on like a giant fridge, condensation pooling out from the cold building.

Bunny stares up at:

DOZENS of SKINNED SHEEP hanging from chains, their heads gone, blood dripping down drains in the cement.

THOMAS
Get in here!

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - NIGHT

Thomas CLUNKS the GREEN CHUTE closed on Bunny. He clutches at his chest, winces.

THOMAS
Piece of shit...

Thomas douses a RAG in ETHYL ALCOHOL. Takes a swig from the jug. A few quick breaths, psyching himself up. Then--

Presses the rag against his wound--

He winces against the pain, groans.

Then takes a tube of SUPER GLUE to his chest, pinching the skin together so it'll hold.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Fuuck...

Bunny watches him grab the CAPTIVE BOLD GUN. When he turns his back:

Bunny REACHES to the lever. He STRAINS, but it's too far.

VRR... VRRRR...

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Come on...

Bunny adjusts, throws his shoulder out between the bars. REACHES... He just barely taps it.

VRROOOM! The engine roars to life.

Thomas flips off the safety. JABS the gun into Bunny's forehead.

The GLUE on his chest PEELS open.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Ah shit.

He pinches it together, but it won't bind.

Bunny GRITS his teeth. Closes his eyes:

QUICK FLASH: BUNNY'S MOTHER'S WOMB: THE BLOOD SPUTTERS IN. THE UMBILICAL CORD WRAPPED AROUND BABY BUNNY'S NECK.

Bunny takes his bad leg and presses it up against the other side of the chute. He REACHES!

BUNNY

BAAAAA!!!

CLUNK!

Bunny LEAPS up into Thomas's elbows.

BANG! HISS!

The two TUMBLE out onto the cement.

Thomas on his back. Gun in his hand. Bunny on top.

Thomas shoves Bunny off onto the ground. Jumps up

BLOOD.

So much blood.

THOMAS

(garbled)

You dumb fuckin' piece of--

He realizes what's happened -- reaches to his throat.

Blood squirts in PUMPS from a GAPING HOLE onto the cement floor.

He clutches at it, holding the blood back, but it's useless.

BUNNY
(shocked)
Maaaa...

Thomas blinks in confusion, the bizarre, awful sensations as he crumbles to the ground.

THOMAS
Aaaagggh... Aaagghh god!

He tries to get up, but he's too weak. He GURGLES for air.

Bunny stands in the quiet moment.

The PUMP and TRICKLE of blood as Thomas loses consciousness.

The HUM of the COMPRESSOR.

The quiet CREAK of the SKINNED SHEEP from their rusty chains.

...

Bunny stares at the blood, his stuttering breath hungry, his mouth dripping with saliva.

And he laps it up from the floor. From Thomas's cheeks.

Bunny digs down into Thomas's throat, the man's eyes fluttering open and closed, face white and pocked with sweat, lips quivering.

One final, BUBBLING breath as Bunny RIPS into his throat, the sinew stretching!

BITING. TEARING. SNAP!

EXT. POND - NIGHT

At the end of the rickety dock:

Bunny watches his reflection in the rippling water, BLOOD from mouth to chest, illuminated by the red moon.

QUICK FLASHES:

- Ram's throat is *SLIT*. He slides down the ramp.

- Robby's *YANKED* from his bedroom.

- Bunny's *SHOT* with the BB.
- Uncle Dick *CHOPS* the Chicken head off.
- IN THE WOMB: Blood and Light spill onto Baby Bunny's face.

BUNNY
Aaaaaagghhh!!!

The reflection of the Bloody Sheep stares back up at him.

His legs falter beneath him. He stares into the depths below, chest heaving, eyes welling.

He's broken.

He gives into the void.

Leans forward and...

Drops in--

UNDER THE WATER

Bunny plunges into the murky depths.

He watches the bubbles around him catch the moonlight.

The light begins to fade as he sinks.

BUNNY
(sad, muffled)
Baaa...

His hooves *CLICK* against the BOULDER at the bottom.

Bunny looks up to the moon. Then down into the darkness.

His chest flutters, trying for air.

QUICK FLASH:

- Baby Bunny in the cardboard box. He looks up at a Smiling Sonny.

SONNY
(in quick flash)
What's his name?

ON THE SHORE

The ripples die down.

Still.

Then Bunny *KICKS* up through the surface. He struggles to shore. Drags himself out, sopping but clean.

Only a tinge of PINK in his coat.

Bunny lets emotion overtake him for a moment. He crumples to the ground, then groans from deep within.

BUNNY

Baaaahh!

He takes a deep breath. Settles himself. Then starts toward the barn.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Still dripping, Bunny walks through the open barn doors. Diesel *RETCHES*, growling in pain.

DIESEL

Grr... Ah... Ah...

Diesel *VOMITS TREATS* up onto the floor.

DIESEL (CONT'D)

Raaahhh...

BUNNY

(angry)

Gaaarrhh!

Bunny starts toward him. Diesel *YELPS*, takes off into the night.

Bunny shoves aside a Sheep under his heater.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

Gaarr...

He makes himself a pillow of loose straw and settles down.

The heater melts his anger to peace.

Just for a moment...

INT. FARMHOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAWN

Robby sits before an empty bowl, bruises down his arms and face. He tries to pour cereal, but it's too painful.

Sonny does it for him.

SONNY

Milk?

Robby nods.

Frank watches from nearby, sipping coffee.

FRANK

Thomas wants you back home.

ROBBY

(tender with pain)

Okay...

Frank's eyes soften.

FRANK

Doesn't have to be today.

All the smile Robby can muster.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Sonny)

I'll get the sheep. You clean up in here.

SONNY

Yes sir.

Sonny hands Robby a spoon. Frank grabs his pistol. He *BANGS* open the screen door, it *HISSES* on the *SOFT-CLOSE* hinge.

EXT. UPPER PASTURES BY FARMHOUSE - DAWN

Frank crosses out toward the overlook.

FRANK

God damn it!

Down the hill, the Sheep are scattered across the property, the *BARN DOORS* wide open.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAWN

The large doors still sit open from last night.

The *HUM* of the air compressor still running.

Bunny peers in through the doors. Inside, Diesel licks Thomas's wounds, *WHIMPERING*, worried.

Bunny stares at the blood, the flesh. Hungry. Salivating.

KICK!

Frank's BOOT jabs into Bunny's side. Bunny scuttles away.

FRANK
Out of the way!

Frank strides in. He averts his eyes from the body, wincing. Frank slumps to his knees, weak.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Oh my god...

Turns to Diesel, pets him behind the ears.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's okay, boy... It's not your
fault...

Bunny watches, curious, as Frank surveys the scene.

- The gunshot wound -- torn open by an animal.
- The CAPTIVE BOLT GUN in his hand.
- Suicide.

FRANK (CONT'D)
God damn it, Thomas...

Frank takes a deep breath. Turns to Diesel -- the blood on his chops.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You've been into his body, haven't
you?

Diesel looks up at him, tail between his legs, scared.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's okay, buddy. Not your fault.

Bunny watches from the door, eyes softening at the kindness.

Frank puts his gun to Diesel's head, the dog none-the-wiser.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You're okay, bud.

Bunny's breath quickens--

BANG! YELP!

Diesel's body hits the floor. A moment of shock on Bunny's face...

Then he watches the sweet, dark blood pool onto the ground. It trickles toward Bunny...

He inches forward for a taste--

KICK!

FRANK (CONT'D)
Fuckin' sheep! God damn it...

Frank slams the doors shut. Throws on the PADLOCK.

Frank starts up toward the farmhouse. Bunny just stares at the lock, hungry.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The cold quiet of morning. Leaves in piles on the grass. Out front, a POLICE CRUISER on the lawn.

SHERIFF (O.S.)
(from inside)
It don't gotta be like this... Not
in front of the kids -- put it
down, god damn it. Frank!

A CRASH from inside.

BANG!

FRANK (O.S.)
(from inside)
Fuck you!

The two men TUMBLE out through the screen door, SHERIFF on top (55, marine in a past life). He cuffs Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
This is bullshit!

SHERIFF
Ain't sayin' you did it. But you
gotta come down. One way or
another.

FRANK
Fine. Just take the cuffs off.

SHERIFF
Too late for the easy way.

The Sheriff helps him to his feet. Robby and Sonny peek out through the door.

FRANK
 (to the boys)
 Get the sheep in 'fore nightfall.

SHERIFF
 Nah, they're comin' too.

FRANK
 Boys, you stay right there.

The Sheriff helps Frank into the Patrol car, closes the door behind him.

SHERIFF
 Come on, kids.

Robby looks up at the Sheriff, his eyes dark.

ROBBY
 Is he really...?

A still, sad moment. The Sheriff doesn't know what to say.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY

ZIIIP!

A BODY BAG closes around Thomas's face.

Two EMTs load it into an AMBULANCE.

Bunny watches the scene from afar, Diesel's blood still drying on the cement floor.

An EMT closes the slaughterhouse door. The PADLOCK sits in the dirt, cut and tossed aside.

Bunny watches the Ambulance go, then approaches the door. He REACHES up for the handle...

...but his hooves scabble useless against the steel knob.

He beats against it. Tries to turn it, but he can't get a hold of it.

EXT. MAIN PASTURES, END OF DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Bunny wanders through the moonlit night.

Across the pastures, the sheep sleep huddled in clumps for warmth, shivering.

Bunny watches the Bungalow door *BANG* open and closed in the wind.

On the porch, Uncle Dick's ORANGE TABBY CAT digs through a trash bag. He watches back, dirty and scrawny from neglect, a bad limp from a festering wound.

Bunny turns toward the open Barn Doors.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

One small Lamb sleeps alone in the pen. Bunny approaches. It's CAROTID ARTERY *THUMP THUMPS* in its neck, vulnerable.

Bunny eyes it hungrily.

BUNNY
(quiet)
Baaa...

The *HUM* of an engine.

Bunny turns to look.

A PATROL CAR bumbles up the drive toward the Farmhouse.

EXT. UPPER PASTURES BY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

SLAM! SLAM!

Bunny crests the hill.

Ahead, Robby and Sonny get out. A WEATHERED COP (55) behind them.

WEATHERED COP
Welp. You boys head to sleep. I got
a lady to see.

The *YAPPING* of COYOTES in the distance. Robby turns. Bunny does too.

The Screen Door *HISSES* behind Robby as he goes in.

SONNY
Sheriff said you'd be here all
night.

WEATHERED COP
I'll be an hour. Two, max.

SONNY
What about Dad?

WEATHERED COP
(shrugs)
Maybe tonight. Maybe 25 to life.
(chuckles)
Times two, if you ask me.

Sonny's face drops.

WEATHERED COP (CONT'D)
Go to bed. I'll be back before you
get up.

The Cop slides back into his car, *FLICKS* on the RADIO. *CRANKS* the music. And peels out of there, *SIREN* blaring.

Bunny eases over, nuzzles against Sonny.

SONNY
Hey, Bunny.

BUNNY
Baaa...

Sonny pets him behind the ears.

The screen door *BANGS* open again. *HISSES* closed.

Robby stands on the porch, holstering Frank's pistol, wincing at the pain in his arm.

SONNY
We're s'posed to stay inside.

Robby sets his gaze on the scattered sheep.

ROBBY
You want half the flock dead by
morning?

SONNY
Ain't you hungry, first, though?

ROBBY
The coyotes ain't gonna wait till
we've had out dinner.

Robby glowers at Sonny petting Bunny.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
When you gonna grow up?

SONNY
Bunny just wanted to make sure we
we're okay...

ROBBY
He's a fuckin' sheep. He didn't
want anything!

Robby yanks him away from Sonny.

BUNNY
Baaaaa--

SONNY
Careful with him!

Sonny tries to hold Robby back, but the older boy *SHOVES* him
to the ground.

Sonny looks up, hurt.

For a moment Robby's sadness cracks through the facade.
Pained at what he's done. Bunny watches, face soft in pity.

But then Robby's eyes sharpen against the pain.

ROBBY
Quit fuckin' around! If you ain't
gonna help, just leave me alone.

Robby *YANKS* Bunny by the wool down to the overlook.

EXT. LOWER PASTURES - NIGHT

Bunny stares at the steel slaughterhouse doors.

He *SCRAPES* at the seam, trying to pry it open.

ROBBY (O.S.)
Inside!

Bunny watches Robby chase a clump of sheep, but they scatter
instead of flocking.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
God damn it!

He tries again, but the sheep don't obey.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
 (weak)
 Just fuckin'...

Robby breathes heavily, trying desperately not to cry.

Bunny sighs. Turns toward the scattered flock.

BUNNY
 Gaaarhhh...

The Sheep perk up.

Bunny stalks around the herd, slowly, pushing them in together.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
 Grrrr...

Robby catches on. He jogs up the hill a bit, toward the barn. Bunny closes in on the sheep.

ROBBY
 Come!

Bunny obeys, weaving back and forth, guiding the flock up the hill.

BUNNY
 Grrr...

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

The Sheep file into the barn, Bunny at the rear.

Out front, Sonny roasts Marshmallows over a small CAMPFIRE. He sits on a hunk of STONE. The heavy wind WHIPS up the flames.

SONNY
 Want a s'more?

Robby spits into the dirt as he walks by.

Bunny follows the sheep into the barn.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Robby shuts the Pen after Bunny.

ROBBY
 Good work.

He pets Bunny behind the ears.

BUNNY

Baaa...

Robby leaves.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Robby ties the barn door Ropes shut against the wind.

ROBBY

Got any real food?

SONNY

This is all I found.

Sonny hands Robby a messy S'MORE. Robby smacks it from his hand.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(hurt)

That one was perfect!

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Bunny curls up under his heater. He closes his eyes. The other Sheep snuggle together for warmth.

ROBBY (O.S.)

What is this kiddy shit?

Wind *WHIPS* against the barn. *CREAKS* and *GROANS*. The doors rattle on their hinges.

SONNY (O.S.)

I couldn't find anything else! I was just tryin'--

ROBBY (O.S.)

You were "just tryin'--"? Tryin' to what, huh?!

Bunny squeezes his eyes shut, buries his face in his forelegs, shutting the noise out.

SONNY (O.S.)

(near tears)

I thought...

ROBBY (O.S.)
 What? S'mores would bring my dead
 dad back? Free yours from jail?
 Fuckin' make everything better?!

BUNNY
 Baaaaa!!!

Bunny buries his face again.

ROBBY (O.S.)
 'Cause you can't fix this shit!

SONNY (O.S.)
 I'm sorry--

SLAP!

Bunny jumps up, angry. He slams the gate open. Shoves against
 the BARN DOORS--

But they won't open. The ROPES hold them closed.

BUNNY
 Baaaaa!!

SLAP!

Bunny HEAVES into them, but they won't open!

SONNY (O.S.)
 Ow! Robby!

SLAP!

SONNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Stop it!

Bunny's starting to panic.

He goes to his hole in the wall, *SCRAPES* at the splintered
 wood, but it's hopeless.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 Get off me!!

Through the hole, Robby *SHOVES* Sonny to the ground. *CRACK!*

Sonny hits his head *HARD* on his *STONE CHAIR*.

BUNNY
 Baaaaaa!!!

ROBBY
 (at Sonny)
 My dad was right about you. You're
 a fuckin' pussy. Man up for once,
 god damn it!

Robby stomps off toward the Farmhouse.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
 (annoyed)
 Shit...

Bunny stares at Sonny lying in the dirt.

BUNNY
 Baaaaa!!! BAAAA!!! BAAAAAAGHHH!!!

Bunny rears back. *CRACKS* his sprouting horns into the splintered wood.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
 BAAAAA!!!

CRACK!

He goes again.

Breaks the old planks away.

CRACK!

He *SHOVES* aside the wood and *SQUEEZES* through the hole.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Bunny nuzzles against Sonny's limp body.

BUNNY
 (weak)
 Baaa...

Sonny lies still in the dirt, the fire flickering beside him.

Bunny nudges him back and forth.

BUNNY (CONT'D)
 Baaaa!

Bunny's eyes drift to the blood trail on the Stone Chair.

His breath quickens.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

Baaa...

He reaches out, ready to taste--

But a soft hand curls around his long ear.

SONNY

Bunny. I... My head hurts.

Bunny averts his eyes from the blood.

BUNNY

Baaa...

Bunny looks back toward the barn, then back at Sonny.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

Baaaa...

Sonny stands, stabilizing himself against Bunny.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Sonny settles down under the heater. Bunny pushes together a pillow of straw.

SONNY

Thanks, Bunny.

Sonny curls up under the heat, eyes drifting closed.

SONNY (CONT'D)

I should go inside... Before...
(drifting off)
To my bed...

Bunny snuggles up next to him, but watches the door, alert.

His eyes drift down for just a moment.

Sonny's already asleep.

In his neck, his Carotid Artery *THUMP THUMPS*.

Bunny's entranced.

He's pulled in closer, *SMELLING* his neck, saliva dripping.
Teeth bared.

Bunny stops himself. Squeezes his eyes shut, pulls away from the boy.

BUNNY

Baaaa...

He gets up, stalks out into the night.

EXT. MAIN PASTURES, END OF DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Movement up by the Bungalow.

Bunny watches as the TABBY CAT curls up under the Bungalow PORCH, licking its wounded leg.

Bunny grits his teeth, breath short and shallow, eager.

He takes a few cautious steps, then stops himself.

BUNNY

(at himself)

Baaa...

(at the cat)

Baaaa!

Bunny KICKS his hooves into the dirt. The Cat watches, tense.

BUNNY (CONT'D)

BAAAA!!! BAAAA!!!

The Cat *BOLTS* out from under the Porch.

Bunny resists the impulse to chase as it disappears into the woods.

His eyes drift up to the Farmhouse on the hill.

EXT. FARMHOUSE, PORCH - NIGHT

Bunny eases up the porch, stares through the screen door.

Deep within the dark house, the flicker of a TV.

Bunny takes a stabilizing breath. Cold sober.

He PUSHES the SCREEN on the door. Leans into it with all his weight. It *TEARS* away from the frame.

INT. FARMHOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Bunny skulks toward the flickering light at the far end of the hall.

The door *CREAAKS* on its hinges...

MASTER BEDROOM

Robby lies asleep on the Bed, lit by the flicker of the TV:
THE JUNGLE BOOK onscreen.

MOWGLI (O.S.)
(on tv)
Run? Why should I run?

A chocolate bar in one hand, still smudged across his face. A box of graham crackers, and a bag of marshmallows.

SHERE KHAN (O.S.)
(on tv)
Why should you run? Could it be possible that you don't know who I am?

Bunny watches the boy's pained face twitch in his sleep.

MOWGLI (O.S.)
I know you, alright. You're Shere Kahn.

Bunny creeps up to the boy, salivating, his breath quick with anticipation...

SHERE KHAN (O.S.)
Precisely.

But even now, there's a whisper of sorrow in Bunny's big black eyes. He shakes it away.

BUNNY
(quiet, to himself)
Grrrh...

Bunny eases toward his face, sniffing, ready. Robby stirs.

SHERE KHAN (O.S.)
Then you should also know that everyone runs from Shere Khan.

Bunny *LEAPS* up onto the bed. Rears back his hoof, fury masking the tears in his eyes.

Robby's eyes open.

ROBBY
Bunny?

Bunny hesitates. Robby notices his raised hoof.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
You okay, boy?

Bunny *PLUNGES* his hoof into--

Robby catches it in his hands.

BUNNY
Baaaaa!!!

Bunny *WRIGGLES* about, trying to stab him.

ROBBY
Bunny! Stop it!

Robby shoves him from the bed, jumps up, hands all torn up.

HISS...

The lights flick on in the next room.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Uncle Frank!?

Bunny *LEAPS* out onto the bed.

Jumps toward Robby, Hoof raised--

But the boy *DROPS* to the floor just in time!

They land in a heap of limbs, Bunny on top.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Help! Help!!!

Bunny raises his hoof, Robby in the fetal position.

SLASH! SLASH! SLASH!

Bunny's *SPATTERED* with blood, his face wild with adrenaline.

SONNY (O.S.)
BUNNY!

Bunny freezes, hit by emotion. He looks up.

QUICK FLASH: (POV BABY BUNNY IN THE CARDBOARD BOX) HE SMILES UP AT SONNY.

Sonny rushes over, *SHOVES* Bunny aside.

Bunny looks at the blood on his hooves. Robby in a heap, his shirt soaked red, but...

Alive.

ROBBY
I'm okay.

Sonny pulls Robby's face close to his chest, protective. He *KICKS* at Bunny, tears budding.

SONNY
(crying)
Just go.

Bunny slinks toward the door.

SONNY (CONT'D)
Go! I hope you die!

INT. FARMHOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sonny washes Robby's back, tender. Doesn't look nearly so bad now. Bruises and gashes, but his ribs took the brunt of it.

SONNY
Does it hurt?

Robby clenches his teeth, nodding.

SONNY (CONT'D)
You ready?

Sonny picks up the ALCOHOL.

ROBBY
Just do it.

Sonny pours.

INT. FARMHOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A *GROAN* from the other room.

Bunny stops before the door. On the counter, Frank's pistol.

Bunny squeezes his eyes shut, a whimper.

BUNNY
Maaaaaa...

BATHROOM

Sonny finishes bandaging Robby's back.

Robby winces as he puts his bloody shirt back on.

Bunny stands in the doorway, Frank's Gun in his mouth.

SONNY
What is it, boy?

Bunny drops the gun to the ground. A solemn look on his face. He meets Sonny's gaze.

Sonny bites his lips, holding back tears.

ROBBY
I'll do it.

Sonny's horrified... but he nods.

EXT. UPPER PASTURES BY FARMHOUSE - BEFORE DAWN

The Robby walks Bunny out toward the overlook, Sonny trailing behind.

A cold blue sky before dawn.

ROBBY
You okay?

Sonny considers.

Bunny watches the two boys, at peace for the moment, eyes on the old barn down the hill.

SONNY
I don't know. You?

Robby chuckles.

Sonny joins in.

Robby's laughter tightens, shifting, slowly, as the tears begin to come.

He holds Sonny for support. Sonny puts an arm around him.

ROBBY
I wished him dead my whole life.
Now that my dad's gone... it's...
it's...

Robby snuffles.

SONNY
It's okay.

ROBBY

No... Now I can't make peace...
He's just... gone... Forever.

Sonny nods. Looks down at Bunny. Bunny can't bear to meet his eyes. He watches the ground.

SONNY

I just... You think it was him?
Uncle Dick... Your dad? That's
crazy, right?

Robby sighs.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Maybe he was trying to protect us?

ROBBY

(shaking his head)
He's a lamb. Anyway, he attacked
me. How's that protecting?

SONNY

Yeah, but Shep was the best dog!
And he attacked me after--

ROBBY

Sonny. He's just a lamb...

INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - BEFORE DAWN

Bunny's strapped into the green metal chute.

Robby checks the ammo in Frank's GUN, clicks off the safety.

He winces at every move: the bruises on his arms, the fresh wounds on his hands and back.

Then he sees the LAMB HOOF PRINTS in BLOOD on the ground.

He turns his head, avoiding the evidence. Points the gun at Bunny's head.

Sonny watches the ground.

Bunny eyes the green metal latch. His hoof flexing and unflexing. It would be so easy...

Robby pulls back the hammer.

SONNY

Wait!

Bunny's shaken from his fixation.

Sonny waves for the gun.

ROBBY
What?

SONNY
Give it to me.

ROBBY
No.

SONNY
It should be me.

ROBBY
No way.

SONNY
Give me the gun.

Sonny nods. Robby hands the gun over.

SONNY (CONT'D)
Can you give me a sec? With him?

Robby eyes him, then Bunny in the chute.

SONNY (CONT'D)
It's okay.

ROBBY
I'll be right outside.

SONNY
I'm okay.

Sonny nods.

Robby looks back one last time.

Sonny nods again.

The door closes behind him.

Sonny unlatches the chute. Helps Bunny out.

SONNY (CONT'D)
Come here, Bunny.

Sonny sits criss-cross-applesauce. Bunny curls up in his lap.

SONNY (CONT'D)
You're alright, boy...

Sonny holds his lamb close to his heart, tears welling up, spilling over.

SONNY (CONT'D)
You didn't mean to hurt anyone...
did you?

Bunny looks up at him with his black saucer eyes, a sad, empty stare.

EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAWN

Robby lies in the dirt, staring up at the sky.

The SUN peeks over the horizon.

Orange flows like watercolor across the grey-blue canvas.

Robby sighs.

And then dots of white...

Tiny snowflakes dance down from heaven.

Robby catches them on his nose and on his tongue. A smile across his face.

A Car Door *SLAMS* not far away.

FRANK (O.S.)
Robby! You okay?

He sits up. A PATROL CAR heads off toward the property line.

ROBBY
You're back!

FRANK
Autopsy said it was an animal that
did it. Coyote or something...
(trailing off)
Gun musta misfired...

Robby nods to himself.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Sonny still asleep?

ROBBY

He's okay.
(thinking to himself)
We're all gonna be okay.

Frank stares up at the flurry.

FRANK

Better get some hay for the sheep.

Robby gets up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Nah, I got it. Been cooped up,
anyway.

Frank strides up the hill toward the barn.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Why don't we find us a Christmas
tree later, yeah?

Robby smiles.

ROBBY

Yeah.

He lies back in the dirt, wincing as he settles onto his
fresh wounds, arms spread wide

Snowflakes melt on his warm skin. A peace washes over him.

He takes a deep breath in...

Lets half of it out--

Then, from inside the slaughterhouse: *BANG!*

THE END