

BARN DANCE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT./INT. MACDONALD'S FARM - BARN - LATE EVENING

MACDONALD (fifties, heavy-set, in overalls) steps through the door and begins to shut it behind himself. Inside the cavernous space, COWS are munching happily away at bales of hay as they stick their necks out of their stalls.

MACDONALD
(thick Scottish accent)
Good night, ladies. An' stay oot
of trouble, d' ye ken?

QUEENIE, the nearest cow, rolls her eyes in exasperation.

QUEENIE
Moo...

MACDONALD
Tha' means you, Queenie. I dunna
want another--incident.

With that, he shuts the barn door and latches it.

INT./EXT. MACDONALD'S FARM - BARN

The cows knock the gates of their stalls open, rush to the side of the barn (still on all fours), and cluster around a huge pair of shutters, peeking out.

EXT. MACDONALD'S FARM

MacDonald squeezes into his pickup truck, starts it up in a cloud of blue smoke, then drives off down a dirt road, past a little white farm-house with a picket fence, off toward the twinkling lights of a city with skyscrapers and neon.

INT./EXT. MACDONALD'S FARM - BARN

One of the cows stands up on her hind legs and pumps a fist in victory. The rest stand and stretch, shaking out their limbs. A couple of them give each other a high-five.

INT. MACDONALD'S FARM - BARN

Queenie zips back into her stall and kicks at a wall. A folding table drops down, revealing lights and a mirror.

She quickly applies lipstick, touches up her long eyelashes, and slips on a pair of red high heels.

Queenie rushes out onto the barn floor and helps the others haul hay bales and plywood covers off a dance floor.

A cow throws a breaker switch, which sparks--nothing. She stamps on the floor and it makes a buzzing sound--alternating squares light up in bright colors.

The cows look up from their work as a horn sounds from outside. One cow elbows another in the ribs, winking.

INT./EXT. MACDONALD'S FARM - BARN

The barn doors fly open and a flatbed truck (driven by a LONGHORN in a cowboy hat) rolls by the entrance.

LONGHORN
CATTLE DRIVE!!!

The truck bed is packed full of other bulls--short ones, tall ones, black ones, brown ones... the truck backs in with the open end facing the barn floor.

The bulls jump off the truck, grabbing hay-bales, pulling on ropes, and lowering a mirror-ball from the ceiling.

Two cows in the rafters adjust the shutters in the side of the barn, and a concentrated blast of light from the full moon hits the mirror-ball, sending sparkles everywhere.

A musical group--bulls, cows, even a BUFFALO--remain on the flatbed, dancing and singing. A few cow couples link up and start hoofing it around the edges of the floor.

The driver Longhorn, a stalk of wheat hanging out of his mouth, takes Queenie's hoof and spins her out onto the floor. They do a little bit of line-dancing.

Another bull, with a bowtie, taps Queenie on the shoulder, takes her hooves in his, and waltzes her around the room.

The Buffalo singer leans down from the flatbed as Queenie and her dance partner pass.

BUFFALO
(very deep voice)
Take a waltz on the wild side,
baby?

She gives his beard a playful yank and waltzes on.

BUFFALO (CONT'D)

Ow! That's cold.

Yet another bull in a gaucho outfit muscles his way up to Queenie, and snags her away, leading her into a tango.

He plucks a rose from an arbor with one hoof as he dips her--wiggling his eyebrows and snorting out a burst of steam.

She snags the rose with her teeth, and devours it in three bites.

As he pulls her upright, she whirls away, unsteady, and is spun around the edge of the floor by a few onlookers. She strikes cowbells around their necks in time with the music.

The onlookers push her back toward the center of the barn--she grabs at a hanging rope for balance; with a clanking noise, a block-and-tackle pulley whips her into the air.

As she swings past the barn shutters, she steels herself and leaps--right over the moon, clicking her heels, and cannonballs into a huge pile of hay.

All the other cows and bulls jump in, some lying back and making 'hay angels', the rest lifting Queenie up to glitter and spin under the mirror-ball, straw sticking up out of her hair like a crown.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

MacDonald's pickup truck pulls up to the long driveway leading to the barn. The music can be faintly heard. The pickup's engine revs menacingly, MacDonald's hands tightening on the steering wheel.

INT. MACDONALD'S FARM - BARN

A lookout leans inside the door, waving her arms and whistling loudly, cutting through the crowd. The music cuts off with a sound like a stopped record.

Panic ensues, with cows shoving hay bales back into the corners, and the bulls all stampeding for the exit.

EXT. MACDONALD'S FARM

The bulls scramble onto the flatbed truck, which peels out and dashes away, tilting, bulls hanging off the side.

INT. MACDONALD'S FARM - BARN

Cows with brooms sweep the floor clear and hurry back to their stalls, back on all fours again.

MacDonald flings the door open, stalks inside and glares around the room. Stray pieces of hay drift about. He bends, picks up a tube of lipstick, and gives it a vicious twist.

MACDONALD

Well then, who's been gettin'
themselves all dolled up for
company? I do na wear this shade!

MacDonald whirls around and points the lipstick at Queenie. She gulps.

MACDONALD (CONT'D)

Care to explain yourself?

Queenie looks back--she's still got a high heel on a back hoof. She kicks it off into a pile of hay and kicks more hay over it, clearing her throat.

QUEENIE

(innocently)

Moo.

MACDONALD

"Moo" is it? I'm running a dairy
farm, not a cow cabaret!

MacDonald makes a 'fingers-at-eyes' gesture as he backs out of the barn door and shuts it slowly.

Queenie lets out a relieved sigh.

EXT. MACDONALD'S FARM

MacDonald snorts with laughter and shakes his head. He tosses the lipstick into the air and catches it.

MACDONALD

(imitating the song)

Moo-oo-ooo...

(clicks tongue)

Needs more cowbell.

THE END