

i would've opened HIGH & WIDE

we're maybe in a biplane, we're taking in the full four hundred acres.

UNION STOCKYARDS / 1930

SEE the grid of sticks, the spread of cattle pens. SEE the rail-lines out & in. SEE the stacks of bricks spewing grey into the day.

[V.O.]

ABATTOIR i could've called it. opened here, WIDE upon the central thing, the sucking gut of Capitalism.

CROP into the CATTLE-CARS UNLOADING.

[V.O.]

i'll dose you hard and make you watch Samsara on repeat. bind you in my cellar w/ electric cord, pry your eyes with eyelash curlers, wean u offa meat.

INT. STOCKYARDS / VARIOUS [1930 - 2015]

STILLS in series, b&w/archival thru to recent. the harried herd slapped thru the intake gate; a hoof enchained, an eye wide in terror. Crescendo of a FACTORY CLANG.

[V.O.]

but what to show we haven't shown already? CHICAGO FEEDS THE U.S.A.

newsreels, you've seen all these, the slaughter vid we sent you. we're done waving pamphlets as you pass us looking pissy.

at awful high peak, CUT to:

BLACK & CALM

[V.O.]

instead i'll open local, with a place i know, bikeable, off the GO tracks.

N.TORONTO RAIL / PRE-DAWN

we're POV, hanging from an overpass abutment. the road is maybe twenty feet below, no traffic. all we hear is breathing, see it densify ahead.

LONG on the same guy, a figure dark & small pulling up onto the railbridge.

WITH HIM as he crouches thru a hole in the chainlink, his backpack maybe snags a bit.

CUT TO:

BLACK & TITLE, keep the over-breath.

