

A wolf at the door.

Scene 1

Decades into the future, Britain's agricultural system continues to be in dire straits and faces collapse, with high suicide rates among farmers to follow.

A man called Tyers, who opened a "pleasure garden" in Vauxhall, claims he has found a solution.

Everyone went, except York. This was his 18th time being promoted, and today the ringing was particularly loud.

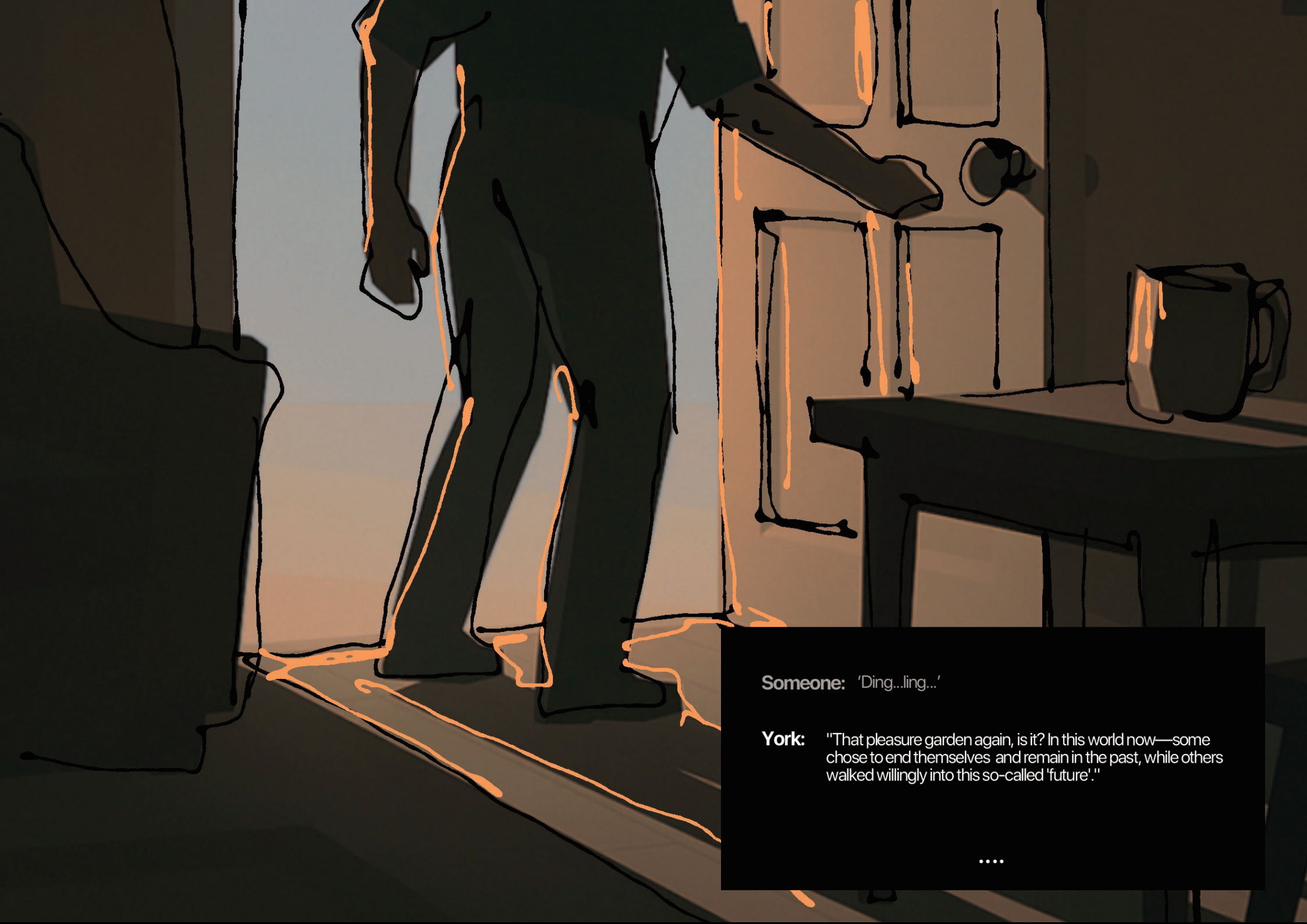
" Ding-ling.....



Someone: 'Ding...ling...'

York: 'The eighteenth time this month...
...ah, never mind. As fate would have
it, a new order just drifted into
town.'

....



Someone: 'Ding...ling...'

York: "That pleasure garden again, is it? In this world now—some chose to end themselves and remain in the past, while others walked willingly into this so-called 'future'."

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Saleman: 'Have you ever thought about joining the virtual society, like the rest of them?'

York: 'The world spun forward too quickly, I stayed still, until invisibility felt like home.....'

Saleman: 'You have choices.'

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York: 'Anyway, i have to finish delivering this order today. If you need me, I can take you to the city.'

Saleman: 'Your destination is 'Vauxhall Urban Farm''.

Saleman: 'Strange to see a farm in the city—these days,Farming's a luxury now...'

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NEW DELIVERY:
1 ORDER

Saleman: 'According to the database... forty years. You, your wife Stephanie, an ancient bull named Márquez, and some 180-year-old house that refuses to fall down.'

York: 'Distant... like a dream....'.

....




Saleman: 'What if you could see them again?'

York: 'I'm afraid only death could make that happen.....'.

Saleman: 'Or... rebirth.....'.

....





Saleman: 'Have you ever imagined of a place...
where the sun obeys your timing, the
rain answers your mood, the crops
never wither, the walls never crack,
the livestock are flawless by design,
and the one who loves you.....always
does?'

....



York: 'What's the price?

Saleman: 'Truth? Or that so-called 'meaning'?
Hardly things worth much. '

York: '..... '

....



vauxhall
GARDEN Pubs

York: 'I believe... this is where the road ends.'

York: 'Do you know how to reach the city farm? Assuming it even exists.'

Saleman: 'Perhaps the only way... is through this bar.'

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York: This bar... only serves four kinds of drinks. '

Saleman: 'Each of these three drinks can take you to a different world. '

Bartender: 'Naturally, the most popular drink is the blended one... a careful mix of the first three worlds, for those who can't choose. '


....

A stylized illustration in a dark, low-poly aesthetic. A spotlight from above illuminates a hand holding a tall, rectangular drink on a tray. The hand is rendered in shades of brown and tan, with a dark cuff at the wrist. The tray is a simple horizontal plane. The background is black, with the spotlight creating a conical beam of light. To the left, there are faint, sketchy lines suggesting a chair or table.

York: 'Every seat... a mechanical hand
holding a drink. Like they've been
waiting here longer than we have. '

Saleman: 'It's all part of the sequence.
Toast. Drink it dry. and , the world
isn't the same. '

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York: 'I knew it all along. This is the gateway to your so-called virtual utopia. And the false order? That was you, too.'

Saleman: 'Cheers! And remember - bottoms up.'

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York: 'Hello, Yellow Brick Road..... '

Saleman: 'My God.. he didn't drink it all.
That never ends well.'

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Scene 1 End.

Bartender: 'We are programmed to receive. You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave.....'

To be continued....

A wolf at the door 2



Scene 2



York: 'Oh my god, how did this place become like this?'

Saleman: 'Step ahead. The yellow brick path begins at the exit... if you still believe in roads.'


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Saleman: 'Do you know where you are?'


York: 'Well, wherever this is... it sure as hell isn't that so-called Vauxhall Garden.'

....



York stood beneath the
artificial moonlight.
He had never seen the moon this
close – not even in dreams.
Its glow was gentler than
memory, quieter than sleep.
His thoughts, tangled and
tired, dissolved into silence

....



Saleman: 'It's getting late now. You could rest here. May you dream well.'

York: '.....'

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York sat for a long time before bed.
He had, after all, only just gotten up from a
whole day on the couch.
And yet – here he was again, sitting.
For no reason he could name, it just felt
necessary.

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York was in a state of
confusion: the dilapidated old
house, the old cows, the bad
weather, the dying crops...

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House of Cards
Community

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York woke up in a circular community and found himself in a artificial sunny day.

Saleman: 'These custom houses can adjust the internal environment at any time through their shapes.'

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Saleman: 'a home where comfort is calibrated.
You choose the air, the light, the rain - and
the people next door..'
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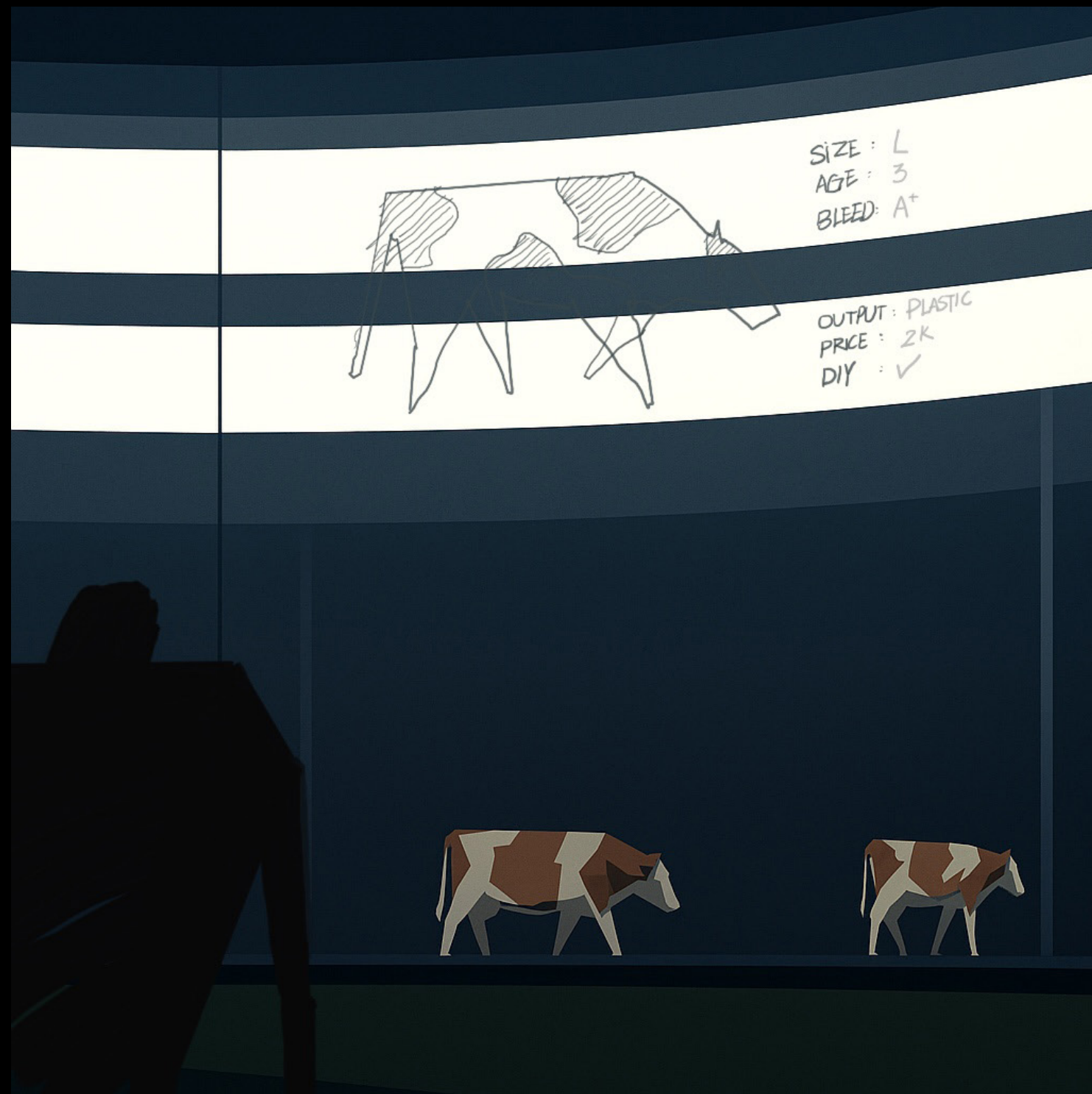


Saleman: 'I also noticed your old friend - the bull.
If you're still carrying that weight - this might
be for you..'

York: '.....'

....





Saleman: 'Here, you can design your perfect cow - coat color, body shape, yield type... Simply make your selections below.'

York: 'God.....'

Saleman: 'You know... the perfect cow lives twice.'

Saleman: 'Next, the auction.'

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Saleman: 'Sometimes, simplicity is just sitting still. Let the auction happen.'

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Saleman: 'It's like a show, when the perfect cows walk by, you just have to pick the one you like.'



York: 'Plastic cows, nylon sheep, six-legged horses.....'

Saleman: 'Told you it was simple. No struggle. No questions. Just sit.'

York: 'I thought I'd forgotten. But tonight... I miss Márquez. Just a little....'

Saleman: 'Don't worry - we can make this one Márquez'

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Saleman: 'Shape its personality here,
train it gently – and you'll soon
have plenty of new friends.'

York: 'Is this the last step?'

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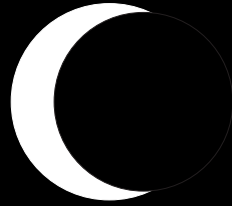


Saleman: 'That depends on you, York.
You can check out anytime you want.'

Saleman: '.....York?.....'

York: 'After all, tomorrow is another day.'





'This person may never come back... or
maybe he will return tomorrow.'

'He looked up and saw no moon, yet the
ground was covered in moons.'

'A wolf at the door'

The end.