

PIG

written by

Amanda Blush

FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

PETER (20's) sits on a BENCH. He reads a self help BOOK entitled: "Dating For Millenials."

Next to him on the bench is a ZIPLOCK CONTAINER. Inside are his FATHER'S REMAINS.

PIG (20's) walks over.

PIG  
Can I...?

He moves the ziplock onto his lap.

PETER  
Oh! yeah...here...

PIG  
Thanks.

Pig doesn't sit, rather she pulls a VINTAGE FILM CAMERA out of her BAG and crouches to take a SUPER MACRO PHOTO of the bench. This is her "thing".

PETER  
If you're that close doesn't the photo turn out like, a blurry ... nothing.. thing?

PIG  
Sometimes.  
(beat)  
it's worth the risk.

PETER  
You're a photographer?

PIG  
No.

PETER  
Oh.

PIG  
I mean, I take photos and, you know, sometimes people pay me money for them but...

PETER  
... A photographer.

PIG  
Well yeah if you're into labels.

PETER  
You're not into labels?

PIG  
No, not even like, regular labels,  
you know like the ones on ketchup  
bottles and pickles and stuff... I  
peel those suckers right off.

PETER  
Right.

She finally sits.

He hides the book.

PETER (CONT'D)  
I'm Peter.

PIG  
Okay.

PETER  
Do you have a name?

PIG  
No.

PETER  
No?

PIG  
I have a nickname.

PETER  
Oh.

There is an awkward pause, he tries again.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Hey uh, hey what's, what's your  
nickname?

PIG  
Pig.

PETER  
Pig? Like.. as in.. "This little  
Piggy went to market?" Pig Pig?

PIG  
Yes.

                  PETER  
You like pigs?

                  PIG  
No.

                  PETER  
Oh...  
                  (to self)  
Cuz yeah that makes sense.

                  PIG  
Are you a baker?

                  PETER  
What?

                  PIG  
Like baked goods? Snickerdoodles,  
lemon loaf....bread?

                  PETER  
What? No, why would you think I'm a  
baker?

She points to the ziplock container (it resembles flour).

                  PETER (CONT'D)  
Oh.  
                  (laughs)  
No.. that's Dad.

                  PIG  
Uhhmm...

                  PETER  
My dad... it's... you know... my...  
Dad...

                  PIG  
Holy shit.

                  PETER  
Yeah.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - EARLIER IN THE DAY

A HERSE sits parked out front.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

MORTICIAN

We have our jade urn, that's gunna run ya about four.

PETER

Grand?

MORTICIAN

Yes. We also have the black marble it's only two.

PETER

Grand...

MORTICIAN

Yes. Yeah, grand.

PETER

What do you have for like...

Peter pulls out his WALLET, and slides out three BILLS.

PETER (CONT'D)

Six...seventeen bucks...

The Mortician looks over his shoulder.

A half eaten SANDWICH soggy in a ZIPLOCK CONTAINER.

Peter makes a face.

The Mortician grins.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

PIG

I'm really sorry.

PETER

Thanks, he was... I mean it wasn't a shock or anything.

PIG

Oh well that's good.

(beat)

No, not good like he's dead or anything but good in the other kind of way...

PETER

Right... well yeah thank-you.

PIG  
Hey, can I take a picture of him?

                  PETER  
Uh....

                  PIG  
It's totally cool if that's weird.

                  PETER  
Well... I guess, I guess yeah that  
would be okay.

She grabs a POLAROID CAMERA from her backpack and aims it at  
the remains.

                  PETER (CONT'D)  
Is that a polaroid?

                  PIG  
Yeah.

                  PETER  
Wow, I didn't know they even still  
made those anymore.

                  PIG  
Yeah, I've had mine forever, but  
the hipsters swooped in and now  
they're all the rage again...kinda  
thinking of getting rid of it.

                  PETER  
Oh no don't, that's like the  
coolest thing I've seen all year.

                  PIG  
Really? Must've been a pretty lame  
year.

                  PETER  
                  (looking at remains)  
Yeah.

                  PIG  
Oh jeez, sorry.

                  PETER  
No no, it's okay. Other than this,  
this year has been a dialtone of tv  
screen fuzz.

                  PIG  
I think I know what you mean.

PETER  
The 950's pretty late.

PIG  
Oh. Yeah. Larry's always late.

PETER  
Larry?

PIG  
The bus driver.

PETER  
You know the bus driver?

PIG  
Yeah, you don't?

PETER  
No, that would be incredibly weird.

PIG  
Oh. Okay.

A beat.

PIG (CONT'D)  
Here.

She holds up her polaroid camera to face them, selfie style.

PETER  
Oh no I hate pictures of myself.

PIG  
Why?

PETER  
I always smile funny.

A look of "please?"

PETER (CONT'D)  
Okay fine.

He smiles awkwardly.

FLASH. The polaroid SQUARE dispenses from the camera slot.

She SHAKES it until the photo appears clear, they look at it together.

PETER (CONT'D)  
See... told ya.

PIG

I like it. Here, you keep it.

He puts the square in his wallet.

PETER

Thank -you.

(beat)

Did you always want to be a  
photographer?

PIG

I've always taken photos even when  
I was tot sized, I don't know if I  
ever felt like it would be  
something that would define  
me...but I guess after my mom got  
sick, I began photographing things  
a lot more, her mostly, so I  
wouldn't forget her.

PETER

Wow, Is she...

PIG

2 years ago, Leukemia.

PETER

I'm sorry.

PIG

For what? You didn't kill her.

PETER

I mean I'm sorry for your loss.

PIG

That's just something nice people  
say.

PETER

Maybe, but even so I obviously know  
what you're going through so.. I  
mean it... that must've been hard.

PIG

On the day she died I was sitting  
with her when it happened. And  
there was this coldness in the  
room, like a frost only I was  
sweating so it didn't make any  
sense. On the side of her room was  
a window that was cracked, only  
about this much..

(MORE)



PIG (CONT'D)

(gesture)

And this little butterfly sneaked her way in and rested right on top of my moms hand. She was so close, and she stayed there for what must've been minutes. I took a picture and I knew I'd captured something....else....other...something, you know? I'd really got it. I realized in moments like that the closer you are to things the more profound the experience, the more beautiful things become even if they're not quite in focus..

SCKREEECH. BUS 950 pulls up and stops.

PIG (CONT'D)

Oh.

(beat)

Hey Larry!

LARRY

What up, Pig?

She turns back to see Peter hasn't moved.

PIG

You comin'?

PETER

Oh I'm actually not catching the bus, I just... needed to sit.

PIG

Sometimes we just need to sit.  
See ya around Peter...  
(to Ziplock)  
Bye Dad.

The bus door closes before he has a chance to say a proper goodbye.

As she makes her way to the back of the bus, she takes one last PHOTO of Peter from the back window.

EXT. A DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

THREE WEEKS LATER.

Peter walks alone down the sidewalk.

He spots a SIGN that reads: PIG: Picture It Gone!

He pulls the polaroid square out of his wallet.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Peter walks in to see an arrangement of MACRO PHOTOS hung on the walls.

As he turns a corner, he sees a large size PHOTO OF HIMSELF holding the remains of his Father on the Bus Stop Bench - the photo Pig took from the back of the bus.

It's LABELLED: PETER SITS WITH HIS DAD.

It catches him off guard.

He smiles and weeps, both sad and joyful tears, then turns to see Pig enter across the room.

They smile widely at each other.

He walks up to her, slowly and...

A moment of hesitation before he goes for it and plants a soft KISS.

TO BLACK.

THE END.

CREDITS.