FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A billowing trail of dust marks the slow progress of a Ford Model T as it winds its way down a lonely country road.

It passes by a wooden sign which reads:

DAVIS FARM - HOME OF THE WORLDS GREATEST PIG

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

The Model T putt putt puts its way to a halt in front of a weather worn, slightly neglected farm house.

The driver, reporter MILO BRECKINRIDGE (20s), climbs out of the Ford. He removes his floppy driving hat and protective goggles and walks towards the front door.

The unmistakably metallic SHUK SHUK of a shotgun locking and loading stops Milo in his tracks.

The business end of a sawed off shotgun nudges its way through a hole in the ratty screen door.

The voice of farmer DAVIS (50s) follows it out.

DAVIS
Best move along, son. I ain’t ‘spectin no visitors.

Milo takes a step back, gathers his courage.

MILO
Mr. Davis, it’s me. Milo Breckinridge. You wrote me about your pig.

A few short seconds and the shotgun disappears and the screen door inches open a touch.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Davis hands Milo a cup of tea. Milo nods thanks.

MILO
Your letter described your pig as possessing amazing abilities. Would you care to elaborate?
DAVIS

MILO
Elaborate. It means to explain, to
tell me all about your pig.

Davis lights up.

DAVIS
Well why didn’t ya say so? I’ll go
get him.

Davis hobbles out. Milo sips his tea, grimaces, sets it down.

Davis reappears, backs his way into the room.

DAVIS
Come on, Pig. Got someone here
gonna make ya famous!

From the hall, a low squeal precedes the appearance of PIG.

All two hundred pounds of ambulatory bacon scoots into the
room, snout sniffing the air.

Milo’s eyes go wide as the pig enters.

MILO
Are... are those?

DAVIS
Wooden legs? Yup. Fashioned ‘em my
own self. Good job, too.

Sure enough, Pig teeters on four finely crafted wooden legs,
each carved with intricate patterns and filigree.

Milo collects himself, pulls out a pad of paper and a pencil.

MILO
So, uh, how did your pig -

DAVIS
Name’s just Pig.

MILO
How did Pig come to need four
wooden legs?

Davis moves to his well worn chair and plops down into it.
DAVIS
Got me a family, I do. Wife’s off visitin’ her sister in Topeka. Kids are all grown and have their own families in the big city.

Davis reaches down, scratches Pig behind its floppy ear.

DAVIS
Wouldn’t have any of ‘em if it weren’t for Pig, though. Nope. None of ‘em.

Davis’s eyes grow distant as he recalls long ago memories.

Milo’s pencil hovers over his pad of paper, ready.

DAVIS
It was a cold night. Damn cold. So I left the fireplace burnin’. Done it a hundred times. That night, though, a spark done jumped out on to that god awful rug my brother gave me as a weddin’ present.

Milo jots on his pad.

DAVIS
Fire didn’t spread fast, but it put out a lotta smoke. I woke up coughin’ like my grand pappy, but too late. The smoke was in me and I passed out. I was done fer. Family and me, done fer.

Milo stops jotting.

MILO
Excuse me, sir, but where does Pig come into the story.

Davis falls from his reverie, looks Milo in the eye.

DAVIS
I was gettin’ to that, wasn’t I?

Davis’s eyes again gain that far away look.

DAVIS
Next thing I knew, I’m wakin’ up outside, coughin’ like the dickens. I sat up and saw the fires of Hell makin’ a meal outta my house.
DAVIS
I thought the Devil’s own flames
had taken my... my...

Davis wipes a tear from his eye.

DAVIS
But then I saw it wasn’t so.

MILO
Saw what, sir? What did you see?

Davis places a loving hand on Pig’s head.

DAVIS
I saw Pig dragging my youngest son,
Robert, outta the house by his
pajama collar.

Milo looks at Pig, at Pig’s wooden legs.

DAVIS
Behind me, the rest of my family
lay on the ground. They was out
cold cuz of the smoke, but they was
breathin’. They was breathin’.

MILO
Pig, he saved your family?

DAVIS
Goddamned straight he saved us.
That useless mutt my kids loved so
much didn’t even bark a warnin’ or
nuthin’. Just sat outside and
watched. But Pig -

Davis looks at Pig like a mother looks at her newborn.

DAVIS
He broke down the front door and
walked into a house filled with
fire and brimstone. Five times he
went in there, fire licking at his
hooves. Five times he came out
draggin’ a soul between his teeth.
We owe him our lives.

Davis finally cracks. The tears flow as he gets down on his
knees and hugs Pig.

Pig snorts and squeals, enjoying the attention. His little
corkscrew tail wags back and forth.
Milo scribbles furiously, then, finished, stops and looks upon Pig with admiration.

MILO
I must say, that is quite a pig, sir. My readers are going to love this story.

Davis stands, wipes his eyes, smiles.

DAVIS
I expect they will.

Milo casts a long look at Pig’s wooden legs.

MILO
His legs, sir. Was it the fire? Did the fire burn that poor animal so bad that he lost his legs?

Davis looks perplexed.

DAVIS
What? Oh, his legs. No, Pig came outta the fire with hardly a scratch. God was surely watching over him, as he was us.

Milo now looks perplexed.

MILO
I guess I don’t understand, then. If he made it through the fire, why does he have four wooden legs?

Davis looks down on Milo as if the reporter is a simpleton.

DAVIS
Here I always thought you college boys were ‘sposed to be smart. The reason is clear as a babies tears.

Davis gives Pig a loving smack on the rump eliciting a squeal and another corkscrew tail wag.

DAVIS
A pig this special - you don’t eat him all at once.

FADE OUT: