

PIG

written by

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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.