

PRIMA PIGGY
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TEASER

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

TITLE CARD: 2012

TORRIE BANKS, 12, auburn hair, dressed in her ballet best, does a series of very graceful Châinés turns down a dirt road, creating a small dust storm in her wake. A small piglet runs past her in the opposite direction which causes her to stop and give chase towards a broken-down barn.

TORRIE
Come on, kid. I'm the one friend
you have in this world. Nobody else
cares how smart you are.

Torrie gets close to her prey and stumbles in a pothole, causing her to fall and tear her tights on the knee.

TORRIE (CONT'D)
Shit!

She gets up quickly and resumes her chase.

TORRIE (CONT'D)
I can get you outta here, but I
need a little cooperation.

INT. SHABBY BARN - EVENING

Torrie slows down as the piglet has found a safe place to hide amidst the machinery.

From an office space in the back of the building, she hears the muffled voices of two men talking. Her father, JAMES BANKS, 40, speaks with his boss, COLT HAMMOND, 35, an ultra-round caricature of a cowboy, complete with a five-gallon hat.

She moves closer to the door and peers through the keyhole. She strains to hear but it is mostly muffled to her.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JAMES
Have you seen the conditions on
other farms that use those crates
for the pigs? It's deplorable.
That's no life.

Colt draws from a cigar and talks hillbilly through the smoke.

COLT

I told the Canadians you would toe the line on this one, J.B. They weren't too happy after you decided to buy organic soy beans to feed them sloppy little bastards.

JAMES

They should be happy about the quality of...

COLT

Then there was the time you thought it would be a good idea to let the hogs run wild, to what was it? Get natural? Well the shitty things grew tusks and pissed off.

JAMES

A little fencing could go along way to keeping the animals healthy.

COLT

The pigs still end up in the slaughterhouse which is where you'll be if you fuck up again.

JAMES

Tell them we're out. You'll be beholden to them your whole life if you take this money. I'll find a new job if you do.

Draws from his cigar.

COLT

Oh, we're already beholden whether you think so or not. Besides, if we don't take the money someone else will. And do not let the smiles fool you, the Canadians are ruthless. Especially when it comes to their...

JAMES

Cocaine? It's cocaine right. I mean I'm pretty sure there is cocaine involved...

COLT

I was gonna say... bacon but if you know how the bacon gets made then you certainly have to know you don't just get to walk away.

Torrie looks down and sees the piglet standing a few feet away. She crouches and lunges. The piglet darts out of her reach and pushes open the door.

Colt leans down and snatches up the animal.

Torrie enters and sees Colt, now standing and petting the pig ominously.

COLT (CONT'D)

Torrie. It looks like I have you to thank for capturing, I mean rescuing this little guy from going all feral on us.

James notices Torrie's torn tights.

JAMES

Chicken, your mother is going to kill me. I told her I could...

TORRIE

I want the pig.

COLT

Well. You have to ask your father if he can afford it. We can't just go handing out...

TORRIE

It seems to me that the two of you were negotiating. If you give that pig to me, my father will agree to your terms.

COLT

One would have to have some leverage for us to be negotiating...

JAMES

Now's not a good time. I don't have anywhere to keep it at my apartment, and your mom would lose her mind if you brought a pig home.

Torrie destroys her father with her best Japanese Anime eyes. She has no idea what she is asking him to do.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You put me in a spot here, chicken.
I'm trying to make sure ALL the
pigs get a little better life. Now
why don't you go wait in the truck.

TORRIE

Of course. As soon as I get the
pig.

COLT

Truth is, your daddy doesn't have
the power to make that happen for
you, sweetheart.

James is gutted by his daughter seeing him so small.

JAMES

I have an idea.

He and Torrie exchange a knowing glance.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Colt, we're taking the pig.

COLT

The fuck...

Torrie lays a savage body blow to Colt causing him to double over and release the pig.

James finishes him off with an impressive shoulder tackle.

EXT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

James and Torrie run out of the barn howling with joy and laughter. Torrie has the little piglet in her arms.

TORRIE

Just like we practiced all those
times!

JAMES

"You go low!"

TORRIE

"You go high!"

JAMES

I'll remember the look in his eyes
as long as I live.

TORRIE

Thank you, daddy! I'm going to name
her Betty!

They run into the sunset towards the truck with their arms
around each other.

Back at the barn, Colt waddles to the door. He shakes his
head back and forth before pulling on his cigar. He pulls out
his cell phone and dials.

COLT

He's gone feral. Time to cover him
in syrup. The girl heard us talking
but I can handle her.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. HAMMOND QUALITY PORK FARM - EVENING - SUMMER

BOISE, IDAHO - Present day

TORRIE (V.O.)
That was the last time I or anyone
else saw my father alive.

In place of the old barn is a sparkling new one.

A stage has been built on the grounds of the farm and hundreds of chairs set up for viewing. From the top of the stage hangs a banner that reads: Boise Ballet and Hammond farms present: The 8TH ANNUAL BALLET IN THE BELLY.

A video projector plays slides of sponsors as well as pictures of happy pigs with ballerinas.

A cross-section of liberal city folks(here for the art) and monster truck driving types (here for the pigs) sample the food from the BBQ station and let their kids get their face painted and jump in the pig shaped bouncy house.

There is a group of people 'Country Dancing' to a blue grass band performing on a smaller side stage as a 20 year old Torrie, hair pulled up for a performance but wearing large sunglasses, hurries past the crowd.

TORRIE (V.O.)
The police never investigated the thing that was right in front of them. Why? Because of stuff like this... 'Ballet in the Belly,' where your favorite ballerinas from the Boise ballet can be seen traipsing around in Colt Hammond's pig shit. He kept everyone's pockets full of cash and kept anyone who might have otherwise been suspicious, including my own mother, drunk on the smell of pork chops.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - EVENING

Backstage, Torrie, 20, looks around anxiously. She is dressed in a ballet costume for tonight's performance of Don Quixote.

She sits down at her dressing station and pulls out her phone. She scrolls through a few files to a video clip marked by an image of a pig in a small crate.

She presses the forward button and scrolls through her list of contacts until she reaches BETH. She presses send and the video begins to process.

Torrie then dials the same number and receives a voicemail:

BETH (O.S.)

You have reached the desk of Beth Blanchard with The Idaho Statesman. I can't make it to the phone so please leave a message...

TORRIE

I just sent you the first part of the video. I have plenty more where that came from.

Torrie hangs up the phone.

TORRIE (V.O.)

This shit is one part publicity to make it seem like his pigs get the best treatment and a perfect place to collect cash to clean the drug... well I'm not sure how all that works just yet. But he knew if he dug the ballet company out of financial trouble I would have to choose between a so-called conspiracy theory of how my dad died and my dream of becoming a professional. And he would get to do this...

A man finishes off a chainsaw carving of a pig and people go wild.

Hurrying towards Torrie, WHISTLE, 22, tomboy, and TODD, 23, hillbilly handsome and over-sexed. The two of them wear pink jumpsuits with hoods that look like the face of a pig.

TORRIE (V.O.)

Tweedledee and Tweedledum here are my accomplices. I love them to death and what they lack in cognition is made up with heart. But I've only told them as much as they need to know about my plan tonight.

(MORE)

TORRIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It took me six years to come out of the guilty haze of losing my dad and two more to summon the courage to take on this fight. If that means I have to omit a few facts along the way then...

TORRIE (TO WHISTLE)

Okay. I must have stumbled over my words when I said "blend in?"

WHISTLE

I thought you meant with the pigs.

Todd takes a pull from a joint and tries to blow the smoke in Torrie's mouth. Torrie calmly eludes his advance.

TORRIE

Todd. We have talked about this... What's an eight-letter word for a violation of someone's personal space?

TODD

Oh, please. I...

Torrie slugs Todd in the stomach, causing him to double over.

TORRIE

INVASION.

WHISTLE

It's a shocker that you are single.

TODD (WHEEZING)

Sorry. It's her costume. But you look hot too.

TORRIE

You guys remember the plan?

WHISTLE

Are you sure you want to do this?

TORRIE

All you have to do is wait for me to cause a distraction, open the pens and lead the pigs to the exit. Todd, you plug your drive into the projector and start playing the video.

WHISTLE

But what if I don't speak pig properly and they decide to freelance?

TORRIE

We rehearsed this twenty times. Nothing bad will happen if you just stay focused.

Todd looks at the 'show' pigs in the pen near the stage.

WHISTLE

They actually look like happy pigs.

A pig nearly bites off the hand of a guest trying to feed it.

TORRIE

Trust me, when you see the cruelty on that video happening inside... I am putting my career on the line here. If the two of you can't do this, then tell me now.

Torrie gives Todd a signal with her eyes.

Todd unfolds a crumpled up piece of paper...

TODD

"You backed up this shit on your home computer, right?"

TORRIE

Do I look dead from the neck up?

Torrie gives Todd the thumbs up but he is as confused as ever.

Torrie's mother, CHERYL BANKS, 45, approaches.

WHISTLE

Oh, Christ. Bye.

Todd and Whistle crawl away while making snorting sounds.

TORRIE

Mom! What the hell are you doing back here?

Cheryl checks Torrie's bun and makes sure her hair clip is secure. Close up of the clip shows a red maple leaf.

CHERYL

I love you too, dear. I wanted to let you know there is a director from the American Ballet Theater in the audience. She grew up here and is putting up a ballet festival in Sun Valley in the fall. She is scouting local talent. This could be big!

Overcome by farm smell, she shows Torrie her nostrils.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Good God! Do I have any actual pig-shit up my nose?

TORRIE

ABT? Here, tonight? Jesus.

CHERYL

Baby, you got this.

TORRIE

Don't you think it's fucked up that Colt makes us come to his farm and perform?

CHERYL

He always did like the arts. Unlike your father...

A STAGE MANAGER approaches.

STAGE MANAGER

Ms. Banks, I am going to have to ask you to take your seat. Torrie, fifteen minutes.

CHERYL

Okay. She's got a bright orange sweater on, and she is sitting in the front row. Have you emptied your bowels?

TORRIE

Go!

Cheryl kisses Torrie on the forehead and leaves, along with the stage manager.

Torrie peers out at the gathering crowd with reverence. Then her eyes move to the pigs.

A young boy has been placed over the side of the pen on a pig's back so the parents can take a photo of him. The pig bucks the boy off into the mud.

This elicits some pig shaming by the father.

Her eyes then move to Colt who moves toward his front row seat, glad-handing the whole way. He stops to chat with the ABT DIRECTOR in the orange sweater.

COLT

Rumor has it we have a local legend
in our midst tonight.

He removes his cowboy hat and places it over his heart and bows toward her.

COLT (CONT'D)

Colt Hammond. This here is my
little farm.

ABT DIRECTOR

Mr. Hammond. I can honestly say
I've never been to the ballet on a
pig farm but what you've done here
is...

She is at a loss for words and Colt senses her conceded tone.

COLT

Well, anything I can do to help
advance the careers of our local
talent.

Colt looks toward the stage and sees Torrie in the wings. He points to her and continues talking to the director who smiles and tolerates Colt.

TORRIE (V.O)

Maybe he hoped I would take a job
somewhere on the other side of the
world to leave him and his guilty
conscious be. Maybe this was his
way of gaslighting me into thinking
I must be crazy to think he was
involved in my father's death. But
the truth is that even though I was
still a dancer and a pretty fucking
good one at that, the life I was
going to live... the life that made
my father melt into an incandescent
puddle of happiness... was gone.

INT. RECITAL HALL - NIGHT

2012 - Young Torrie performs a solo as Sugar Plum Fairy in a production of Nutcracker. As she turns and leaps, her eyes are constantly taken back to the empty seat that should be occupied by her father. Her eyes slowly well up with tears.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUING

Enter our mascot, a pig dressed in a tutu, JAKE. He is accompanied by a little person, RONALD, who takes the microphone. They are here to warm up the crowd before the ballet performance.

RONALD

Hello, everyone. Now as many of you know, Jake normally performs over at the basketball arena but tonight he has traded in his sneakers for some pointe shoes. And he has a special performance in honor of all of these hard-working dancers. Now without further adieu... Doing his version of Swine Lake... Jake!

The band begins to play a song from Swan Lake while Jake does a comic bit that entails him fussing more with his costume and blaming his shoes than actual dancing. However, in between bits, Jake actually does some very good technical dancing for someone wearing a pig suit.

Torrie is delighted by this as she notices children laughing.

Stage manager approaches.

STAGE MANAGER

Torrie. You have to get to your place!

TORRIE

Of course.

Torrie begins to head backstage as the audience applauds for Jake.

She watches Ronald and Jake rush past her, then Jake removes the head to his costume to reveal a handsome young man in his twenties with Eastern-European features. His name is LUBO and he is very excited about the response he just got as he picks Ronald up above his head.

RONALD

Put your damn head back on! Nobody
can see who you are.

There are a few hecklers in the crowd that think they are
about to see a strip show.

HECKLER 1

Bring out the dancing girls with no
clothes on!

HECKLER 2

Yeah, or bring that pig back out
here naked!

HECKLER 3

Or bring out the monster trucks!

This elicits some laughs from some and groans from others.

The Director from ABT is mortified. Colt motions to one of
his security guards named KEITH, dressed in Motorcycle gear
with a long bushy beard to put the fear into the hecklers. He
promptly picks one of them up out of his seat by the ear and
shows him his knife.

KEITH

We run a classy fucking farm around
here and the talent is to be
treated with respect.

A few more crowd members boo.

Colt looks at the Director from ABT and smiles. He wants to
be seen as a legitimate patron of the arts and not just a pig
farmer.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - EVENING

Colt walks up behind Torrie as she visualizes her upcoming
routine.

COLT

This could be a very big night for
you. I don't think it's good for a
person to live in the past... or
the future for that matter but you
have a door sitting wide open
tonight right there in the front
row. You don't want all that hard
work to go to waste. All you have
to do is dance you're little...

TORRIE
Now you're fucking Eckhart Tolle?
What do you know about hard work?

Colt pulls from his cigar.

COLT
Well then, break a leg.

Colt exits. Torrie turns to the audience and closes her eyes...

INT. TORRIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Christmas Eve. - Ten years earlier - Torrie makes her way through a crowd of party goers toward the fireplace which will double as her stage on this night. Cheryl is too sauced to notice her daughter being bounced around by the hips of adult sized people and unable to make it to her place.

James turns off the standard holiday music and shouts to everyone:

JAMES
People, this is not dinner theater,
this is the Boise ballet! We show
respect for our artists!

He moves toward Torrie and picks her up on his shoulder, moving her gently to center stage.

Once Torrie is in place, James moves to a small plastic record player on the table next to the fireplace. He looks at Cheryl who realizes what is happening now and dims the lights.

James pulls a flashlight from his back pocket.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen... I give you
Clara...

There is a small applause.

James lays the needle down to start the music to Clara's solo in 'The Nutcracker.'

He turns on the flashlight as a spot on Torrie as she begins her dance...

EXT. STAGE - EVENING

Act I finale of Don Quixote begins with ESPADA, the bullfighter on stage surrounded by the townsfolk. As he begins to dance, Torrie looks to see if she can spot Whistle and Todd.

Espada's solo ends. Torrie notices it is met with quiet clapping and looks of confusion.

EXT. PIGPEN - CONTINUOUS

Todd and Whistle crouch down out of sight from the crowd.

TODD

She said she is sacrificing her career. What about me?

Whistle takes the joint from him and inhales.

WHISTLE

Which career is that?

TODD

I'm gonna drive race cars.

WHISTLE

Generally, you would have wanted to get started on that by now.

TODD

I'm just saying, we are the ones doing the work out here. She just stands up there and...

Both of them turn their attention to Torrie who is now performing a solo as MERCEDES, the sultry partner of Espada.

Torrie delights the townspeople on stage with her fiery turns and leaps. Whistle and Todd are visibly moved by her beauty.

WHISTLE

She's an angel.

TODD

I saw her first.

WHISTLE

Weird. Aren't you like her cousin?

TODD

We're like... twice removed or some
shit. She'll come around. I'm
heading toward the projector now.

Torrie looks down and notices the woman in the bright orange sweater in the first row and for one brief moment reconsiders what she is about to do... then she sees Colt sitting in front of her, he gives her a disturbing smile and rubs his belly where she punched him all those years ago.

TORRIE (V.O.)

Mr. James Banks would have loved
what comes next...

Then she sees Todd moving across the crowd. She gathers herself before her last combination of pirouettes, and just before her last turn she falls forward on purpose.

When she hits the ground, she punctures a small blood packet in her waistband and wipes her head with it to make it look as if she is bleeding.

Forgetting this is all an act, Todd panics.

TODD

Torrie! I'll save you!

He runs to the stage, knocking people over in the process.

Some of the performers have gathered around Torrie and some continue to dance.

WHISTLE

I sure as shit hope that was the
signal.

Whistle begins to wrestle with the gate to the pen.

EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

As Torrie's fellow performers fawn over her, Todd arrives on stage and pushes people aside.

TODD

It's okay, Torrie. I'm here.

TORRIE

Idiot! This is the signal!

Torrie notices Whistle struggling with the gate at the same time as an AUDIENCE MEMBER does.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

That pig is trying to let the other
pigs free!

This causes even more commotion. Torrie realizes she must act and gets on her feet and starts toward the pigpen.

EXT. PIGPEN - CONTINUOUS

-A few audience members are trying to pull Whistle from the gate unsuccessfully.

-Torrie hears her mother yelling her name as she helps Whistle with the gate.

-Torrie motions to Todd to distract people.

-He begins pantomiming on stage to the amusement of a few in the crowd who still have no idea what is happening.

-Torrie pushes hard on the gate with Whistle and is able to finally open it.

-None of the pigs move.

-Torrie tries to push them.

CHERYL

Torrie, what in God's name are you
doing?

A few security guards surround the pen.

TORRIE

We need to save at least one. Get
out the back into the tall grass
and have the van ready.

WHISTLE

I can't leave you here.

TORRIE

Then on the count of three, grab a
pig and run for it.

Whistle looks at the dirty pigs.

WHISTLE

The van it is!

She jumps out the back of the pen.

Torrie picks out the cutest pig and gathers herself.

TORRIE
One, two... three!

-She scoops up the pig and is struck by a Taser.

-Cheryl looks on in horror as the band finally stops playing.

-Todd jumps off stage and runs away as the drive with the video falls out of his pocket and lands in the grass just before a shoe steps on it.

-COLT, smoking his cigar, calmly reaches down and takes the pig from Torrie's arms, stroking the pig in the same menacing way as all those years ago.

COLT
There, there, little piggy.

Torrie looks up and see the ABT Director in the corner of her eye.

ABT DIRECTOR
What an actual shit show. It's too bad because she showed potential to be quite good.

EXT. TORRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Torrie is let out of the back of a police car, still covered in mud.

TORRIE (V.O.)
I really did want to save a few pigs. And hopefully the media will be looking under Colt's hood. But this was also about chaos.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Torrie opens the door to her home and turns on the light.

She finds it has been ransacked and her computer destroyed.

She goes to the fridge and grabs a half-empty bottle of red wine, drinks it straight, then pulls a chair over and climbs up to unscrew one of the lights on her overhead track in the living room. She pulls out a small wireless camera and steps down before pulling out her cell phone.

She scrolls to a file which was recorded from her mailbox. It shows a clear image of the car the two men pulled up in. She zooms in to see the license plate. Torrie's face lights up.

Flash back to earlier in the evening.

EXT. BACKSTAGE - EVENING

Torrie gives Todd a signal with her eyes.

Todd unfolds a crumpled up piece of paper...

TODD
"You backed up this shit on your
home computer, right?"

Close up of Torrie leaning her head toward Todd.

INT. TORRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TORRIE (V.O.)
How, you ask, did I know my bun was
bugged?

INT. TORRIE'S SISTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Torrie is having dinner with her older sister's (ELIECE, 28) family. Her two young sons play with their food and giggle and Eliece draws intently into a glass of chilled vodka. Eliece's husband, LIONEL, 35, looks intently at an electrical device on the table.

The needle on the indicator jumps wildly back and forth.

TORRIE
That's reading the state of your
relationship with your wife?

LIONEL
This machine does not lie. It can
detect a listening device from
twenty feet.

TORRIE
And you always...

Lionel jumps up and begins scanning the light fixtures until eventually he lands on... you guessed it, Torrie's head.

LIONEL
And why might I ask do you have a
listening device in your hair?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TORRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

She revels in the footage of the perpetrators and slugs down more wine.

TORRIE (V.O.)
Now who else would have access to
the butterfly clip I had worn in my
hair every day since my father gave
it to me?

EXT. BACKSTAGE - EARLIER IN THE EVENING

Cheryl checks Torrie's bun and makes sure her butterfly hair clip is secure.

TORRIE
Tell me how I was supposed to
process that information when I
figured it out...

INT. TORRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TORRIE (V.O.)
It just so happens, my brother-in-
law works for some international
security company that specializes
in... stuff. Not long after he
found the bug, he cheated on my
sister and got kicked out of the
house. That's when the two of us
formed a covert partnership. But
first things first...

EXT. TORRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Torrie runs outside to the neighbor's house and knocks on the door. A woman answers and let's a full sized pig walk out the door.

TORRIE
Betty!

The pig that cost James Banks his life and the girl that saved her all those years ago embrace.

As they walk back to the house, Lionel appears.

LIONEL
Well, how did we do?

TORRIE
Unbelievable. I'll need you to run
a license plate for me.

Lionel steps into Torrie's personal space.

LIONEL
And you'll convince your sister to
have me back?

TORRIE
Uh... yeah. I'll work on her. But I
would say the chances are slim. You
screwed up a pretty nice thing
there, buddy. Smart, successful
super model looking girl like my
sis carrying you around and you
blow it? Pun fucking intended.

LIONEL
Maybe we can have dinner sometime
to work out a... plan? Besides, I
am successful in my own right.

TORRIE
Prove to me that you are as good as
you think you are as this spy stuff
and it will go along way to fixing
your marriage.

TWO WEEKS LATER

EXT. TORRIE'S SISTER'S HOUSE - DAY

Torrie pulls up to Eliece's house which sits on a hillside
overlooking a private golf course.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL AREA - DAY

Torrie and Betty have let themselves in and have made it back
to the pool. Torrie, watches as Eliece gets mobbed in the
water by her two sons, DRAKE, 5, and THOMAS, 4.

THOMAS
Aunt Torrie!

Thomas and Drake disembark from an inflatable pig wearing a
tutu and run to greet her.

Torrie kneels down and gladly accepts their affection. Betty too.

TORRIE (RE:PIG)
That's quite a floatie you got there.

DRAKE
Mommy bought it from the farm the night you danced with the piggies.

TORRIE
Does it have a name?

THOMAS
I call it Prima Piggy.

Torrie shoots Eliece a look.

ELIECE
I'm sorry. They loved it.

TORRIE
What happened there?

Torrie points to a small patch in the side of the pig.

THOMAS
Grandma poked a hole in it.

TORRIE
Grandma is good at that.

ELIECE
Okay, kids. Why don't you play on the trampoline for a bit while I catch up with Auntie.

The two boys squeal with excitement and run off.

ELIECE (CONT'D)
Nice to see you. Need a drink?

TORRIE
Do you think you might be able to watch Betty for a while? The kids love her and you have some outdoor space for her.

ELIECE
Where is it you're going?

TORRIE
I have a mission. She can't be in
harms way.

ELIECE
Sounds dramatic.

Eliece moves to the pool bar and pulls out a bottle of
chilled vodka and drinks it straight.

TORRIE
Immersion therapy?

Eliece nods towards hers sons.

ELIECE
The little bastards have beaten me
down. I could get you some temp
work until you get your mind right.

TORRIE
Actually I feel better than I ever
have.

Torrie eyes the floating pig in the pool. She slips off her
shoes, pours a glass of vodka, then sits on the pig floatie
and pushes out into the pool.

TORRIE (CONT'D)
You had a lot more years with dad
then I did. But you don't talk
about him.

ELIECE
You guys had a bond. I was always
taking care of mom when they split
and studying all the time... I just
didn't... I wish...

She drinks.

TORRIE
Hey, I never thanked you properly
for keeping me out of jail. You're
very good at what you do. I think
you should introduce yourself with
esquire at the end. Why do only men
use esquire?

ELIECE

I can think of one way you can
thank me. Stay above ground and be
a father figure to these monsters.

She points to Drake and Thomas who are losing their minds on
the trampoline.

TORRIE

Then I wouldn't be the nice auntie
anymore. I'd have to be Torrie the
conqueror.

ELIECE

They act more and more like Lionel
each day. It's my worst nightmare.

Torrie pauses before deliberately misleading her sister...
but it's worth it for the mission. In her mind, Eliece would
want to know who killed James as well.

TORRIE

Have you thought about letting him
see the kids as a starting point?
He might deserve that much...

Torrie picks at the patch on the floating pig.

ELIECE

That fucker needs to go through
some things.

TORRIE

Jesus. Speaking of dramatic...

ELIECE

Hey. The firm rented a suite at the
basketball game. You should come.

TORRIE (TO ELIECE)

Hammond owns the team. He has a
restraining order against me.

ELIECE

I'm certain he doesn't go to those
games.

Torrie picks more at the patch.

TORRIE

Sure. Why not?

The patch gives way and air begins to leak from the pig. Torrie slowly sinks into the water, but she holds her vodka over her head. C.U. of Betty. Snort.

INT. SKYBOX - NIGHT

Fifteen or so of Eliece's coworkers fill up a luxury suite at a Boise Razorback minor league basketball game. The stadium seats about five-thousand people and is about half-full on this night.

The teams are warming up before the game while Torrie and Whistle converse over stuffed mushrooms.

WHISTLE

Think any of these rich nerds like
to be dominated?

TORRIE

I've heard in Japan, men don't date
anymore. They only watch porn
because women are too much to deal
with.

WHISTLE

You're goddamned right we are. But
a girl has needs too.

Whistle tracks after her next victim.

Torrie slugs down a glass of wine and grabs another off a passing server's tray then looks out at the court.

The teams are heading back to the locker room for a pep talk, and a voice comes over the P.A.

P.A.

Ladies and gentlemen... please
welcome to the floor... your
favorite mascot! Jake!

JAKE runs out on to the court armed with a T-shirt gun.

Little kids and adults clamor to get close to where he is aiming.

Torrie is lit up by this as Jake fires off a dozen or so shirts, doing some hip-hop dances between rounds.

TORRIE

Okay, Jake. I liked you better as a ballet dancer, but I could get used to this.

-Jake finishes his T-shirt shots as a trampoline is moved on the court by Ronald.

-The crowd noise grows in anticipation of Jake's pre-game ritual of dunking the ball off of a trampoline.

-Jake moves to half-court with the ball in his hand. Ronald encourages the crowd.

-Jake is distracted by a woman in the front row fawning over the older man she is with.

RONALD

Get it together, pig!

Satisfied with the crowd's enthusiasm, Jake runs toward the basket, makes a clean jump and a successful tomahawk dunk. But Jake manages to twist his ankle badly on the landing.

He writhes in pain for a moment before Ronald forces him to his feet for a bow. The crowd cheers and the lights goes dark for a moment.

TORRIE

Jesus. That looked bad.

When the lights come up, Jake is gone.

P.A.

Let's hear it one more time for Jake!

Whistle comes back.

WHISTLE

I'm pretty sure all these men are cyborgs.

TORRIE

How do I get downstairs? Where would they take Jake?

WHISTLE

We need to get you something besides that purple dildo.

Torrie rushes out of the room.

INT. LOCKER AREA - NIGHT

Torrie winds through a labyrinth of tunnels beneath the stadium, finally rounding a corner to see Jake without his head.

Ronald is applying an ice pack to Lubo's ankle.

RONALD

What the hell is wrong with you?
You've done that shit a thousand
times.

Lubo is in tears. Not from the pain but...

LUBO (RUSSIAN ACCENT)

That bitch. She has the balls to
come to a game with another man and
sit in the front row. I should
castrate him in front of her.

RONALD

Damn. You're drunk?

LUBO

She took all of my money. We were
an act. Without her I am only...

Ronald shoots him a look.

LUBO (CONT'D)

You're very talented of course...
Wait what do you do exactly? I will
have to move out of my house and
into a street car.

RONALD

It's a boxcar, idiot. Now get your
foot back into...

Ronald tries to shove the hoof back over Lubo's ankle and this sends shock waves of pain through his foot.

LUBO

Yeeeeeeow. You evil Lilliputian!

RONALD

Lilliputian? That's actually pretty
good.

Ronald shoves harder on the hoof which causes Lubo to sob hysterically.

TORRIE (O.S.)
Perhaps I can help?

Ronald wheels around to see Torrie, then madly tries to get the costume head back on Lubo, so Torrie can't see his face.

He gets it on sideways.

RONALD
Who the hell are you?

TORRIE
I've fixed a few pig ankles. Maybe
I can look at it.

RONALD
It's nothing. Just a sprain. This
man has performed with a separated
shoulder, a broken pelvis and a bad
case of halitosis.

Lubo sobs inside his sideways head.

Torrie kneels down and has a look at Lubo's badly swollen ankle that is now turned black and blue. She touches a few places and tries to move his foot gently, eliciting more howls.

RONALD (CONT'D)
He's gonna have to fight through.
Our next performance is between
quarters. That's in roughly ten
minutes.

TORRIE
While I understand the importance
of a pig playing with balls. He's
not going to be able to walk, let
alone dunk a basketball.

Ronald looks at Lubo and back to Torrie.

RONALD
You do it.

TORRIE
What?

RONALD
You look familiar. Huh. Anyway, you
seem fit. If someone doesn't get
out there in this suit, we are both
screwed.

TORRIE
I was a ballet dancer. This...

RONALD
Ballet? Oh don't get Lubo started
on ballet...

Lubo sobs more, then through his tears...

LUBO
Swine Lake!

RONALD
He's delusional.

TORRIE
I was there. I saw it.

Ronald takes a closer look at Torrie.

RONALD
Unbelievable. You were the dancer
who tried to save the pigs!

Lubo stops crying and takes off the pig head.

LUBO
I love you.

TORRIE
Five minutes ago I would have been
flattered...

RONALD
He doesn't have much else in life.
Which is why I need you to fill in
for him... just for tonight.

TORRIE
And you? You two seem like an odd
couple. How did you get involved in
this?

EXT. BANK - DAY

ONE YEAR EARLIER

Ronald, dressed in a bunny costume, and Lubo, dressed in a pink tutu and tights with a small mask on, run from a bank carrying sacks of money.

They are quickly surrounded by police and told to get on the ground.

An F.B.I. AGENT walks forward.

AGENT

Gentlemen. I'm going to assume you know how they treat bunnies and ballerinas in prison? Good. I might have a way for the two of you to avoid all of that.

INT. LOCKER AREA - CONTINUOUS

RONALD

It was either this or death.

TORRIE

I've only just met you. You can lie to your friends but not a stranger.

RONALD

Does that mean you're in?

TORRIE

Um. How do I say... fuck no. I've disappointed too many young ballerinas for a lifetime. I couldn't stomach the burden of ruining any mascot dreamers out there.

She turns to walk away.

Just then Colt Hammond turns the corner and walks toward them. Fat as ever.

Shit.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Torrie dives behind a garbage can as Colt approaches Lubo and Ronald.

COLT

That there looked a bit painful for young Lubo here. Is he gonna be able to go back out there 'cuz I reckon I got a thousand people wanting a shot at that mascot position.

LUBO

Really? One thousand? Do you...

Ronald covers Lubo's mouth.

RONALD

We're just happy that you actually watched the performance.

COLT

Well just so happens I'm entertaining some out-of-towners and their shitty families.

RONALD

Well it'll take more than a little bruise to keep this pig down. Uh, just out of curiosity are these out-of-towners of the international variety?

COLT

Not sure why that would matter to a midget?

Colt walks away.

Ronald bites down on his bottom lip with rage.

Torrie steps out from hiding.

RONALD

I got something stuck in my throat or else... I'm not afraid of anybody...

While Ronald and Lubo have a back and forth...

TORRIE (V.O.)

If I was going to do really dive
into this, I would need a team and
right now all I had was my
philandering brother - in - law.
Why not add an emotionally stunted
Russian man-boy and a full throated
gnome?

TORRIE

I'll do it.

The two men stop bickering.

RONALD

That's weird. I was still talking,
and I'm pretty sure I didn't even
ask...

This time Lubo puts his hand over Ronald's mouth.

EXT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Torrie emerges from the locker room with the suit on, holding
the head on her side.

It's quite baggy on her.

LUBO

Not bad. We need to fatten you up.

Ronald looks at his watch and takes Torrie by the arm. The
two begin to walk.

RONALD

All you have to do is wait for the
announcer to call out the winning
seat number and you deliver a
pizza.

TORRIE

How did you train for this? I mean
surely you went to cirque school?

RONALD

You think I went to clown college?
I used to have a normal life
drinking Moet and eating Filet
Mignon every night.

TORRIE

Finance?

RONALD
You could say that.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

The buzzer goes off to signal the end of the first quarter.

Ronald and Torrie (now fully suited) stand in the tunnel.

RONALD
Okay. Here we go.

P.A.
Ladies and gentlemen. Who wants a
pizza delivered to their seat?

The crowd cheers.

P.A. (CONT'D)
Tonight's pizza to be delivered by
Jake is sponsored by Little Creek
Pizza...

Torrie sits on a bicycle with a pizza held above her
shoulder.

TORRIE
This is the stupidest thing I have
ever done.

RONALD
Ah. Ah. Mascots don't talk.

P.A.
Tonight's pizza will be delivered
to section 8, row 15, seat 2.

-A spotlight shines on Torrie, music plays and Ronald slaps
her on the back.

-She rides out to the middle of the court and scans the arena
for section 8.

-Ronald runs out and shows her where to go. Torrie rides to
the base of the stairs and gets off to run up to row fifteen.

-Just before she gets there, she trips and sends the pizza
splashing on to the face and chest of our lucky fan.

-Torrie gets up and uses her costume to try and clean the fan
off.

-Some fans laugh as they think this has been staged, but the fan with the pizza on his lap is not amused.

P.A. (CONT'D)
Once again let's hear it for Jake
and the friendly folks at Little
Creek...

Ronald signals for Torrie to come down to the court. She obliges.

RONALD
Nothing smooths over a gaffe like a
little dance routine. Now make
something up. Quick!

Torrie watches the team dancers who are now on the floor performing.

She tries to mimic their hip-hop moves (which are completely foreign to Torrie) and it goes horribly wrong.

INT. SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Whistle and Eliece look on.

ELIECE
What the hell is going on?

WHISTLE
Do you know where Torrie is?

INT. COURT - CONTINUOUS

Torrie loses her balance in the awkward costume and knocks over a couple of dancers.

DANCER 1
What the hell is wrong with you?

TORRIE
Seriously? Let's talk about the
life choices that got YOU here!

RONALD
(to himself)
Well, it was fun while it lasted.

Torrie tries a few more dance steps, but the crowd is booing now.

She runs off into the tunnel. Humiliated.

INT. LOCKER AREA - NIGHT

Ronald arrives and finds Lubo.

RONALD

Okay. I admit. That was a bad idea.

LUBO

I don't care anymore. It's over.
The F.B.I. can pull us from the
operation and send us to jail.

Ronald sticks a needle in Lubo's ankle.

Torrie is slumped in a corner near-by and overhears this statement.

Ronald and Lubo are passing a bottle of whiskey back and forth. Torrie emerges from the shadows.

TORRIE

I'll do it until Lubo gets better
on one condition...

RONALD

I don't think you are in a position
to... I mean that was awful.

Torrie turns to walk away.

TORRIE

Good luck finding another cover...

Ronald and Lubo look at each other.

LUBO

What did you say?

Torrie stops.

TORRIE

You were so obsessed with making
sure he put his head back on at the
farm. And tonight when I saw you.

RONALD

That's mascot code, right there!

Ronald takes the bottle from Lubo and gulps.

TORRIE

I didn't understand why you
wouldn't be concerned about anybody
seeing your face...

RONALD

Because I'm not only the brains of
this operation, I'm the FACE.

Torrie pulls out her cell phone which shows a photograph of
the two men in handcuffs outside the bank.

TORRIE

I wondered why a man could move
like Lubo and not be in a
professional company. You
conveniently had a bunny costume on
that day so it doesn't matter who
sees you... this was big news for
quite sometime in little ole Idaho
but they never did mention the two
of you being sentenced, and now
look where we are.

RONALD

Jesus. Let me guess... you want a
menage a trois? I'm not touching
the Russian.

TORRIE

The two of you are going to help me
take down Colt Hammond and the
Cartel he rode in on and I won't
mess up your romance with the feds,
but first I need you to get me the
ballet costume for the pig!

Lubo and Ronald look at each other.

LUBO

Marry me.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The horn goes off for halftime. Torrie is suited in her
costume now, complete with tutu.

(Torrie will be referred to as Jake from now on when she is
in costume)

The teams leave the court...

P.A.

Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome back to the court... Jake.

Jake runs gracefully to center court and strikes a ballet
pose.

The crowd is mostly getting up to buy more beer and generally ignores Jake except for a few insults about the pizza incident.

The music from the Act One finale of Don Quixote starts to play again. This time it starts just before the character of Mercedes is to dance her solo.

Jake begins to dance. He is a little rusty and the suit is cumbersome but... holy shit.

Some in the crowd stop what they are doing and take notice.

INT. LUXURY SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Whistle walks up to the railing and sees Jake dancing.

WHISTLE
Son of a bitch...

INT. ARENA FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The dancing girls act as the town folk for his purposes. Some of them are very impressed by Jake's new found grace.

Jake is fluid and gaining confidence. He spies the woman that Lubo described to him and works his way close to her. Jake begins a few pirouettes toward her and without missing a beat picks the T-shirt cannon up off the floor and fires at her. This knocks the drink she is holding all over her dress. And most importantly draws some laughs from the crowd.

Lubo (on crutches) and Ronald hug each other.

Jake takes one last lap around the floor exciting the crowd along the way.

When the number ends, Jake takes a bow at center court.

She sees her Father sitting court side all by himself with a giant smile on his face. Torrie is transformed into her 12 year old self momentarily. She comes out of her dream state.

While there is not a wild applause, it's above average for a drunken group of rednecks.

House lights go dark.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

Jake goes toward Colt's office. Along the way he passes a men's room and a women's room.

Once outside the door, Jake looks around and tries the handle to Colt's office. It's open.

INT. COLT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake fumbles around some paperwork and some file folders without any clue of what he might be looking for.

He hears a noise from out in the hallway and darts toward the door.

EXT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jake shuts the door behind him just as Colt rounds the corner with two other men dressed in black suits.

COLT

Well, look what we have here,
gentlemen. What a surprise seeing
our mascot all the way up here.
What could you possibly be doing
outside my office?

Jake puts his hands on his head and shakes it back and forth. Then he puts his finger up as if he remembers now.

Jake makes a line for the women's room.

COLT (CONT'D)

Oh, Lubo. I'm sorry, I mean Jake, I
think you're going into the wrong
bathroom there, but I'm glad to see
the ankle has healed. I'd like to
introduce you to some friends of
mine. Investors if you will...

Jake acts as if he is just a dumb pig for making the mistake and then he extends his hoof.

MAN 1

It's really nice to meet you, eh.

MAN

Yeah. It's an honor. I've heard all
about you from Colt, here.

Fucking Canadians!

Jake shakes their hands and zeroes in on a Canadian flag pin on one of the men's suits.

We can only imagine what's going on in Torrie's soul underneath Jake's dopey expression.

COLT

I have to say Jake that you are
looking a little skinny these days?
We're not over working you are we?

Colt grabs Jake by the arm.

Jake shakes his head.

COLT (CONT'D)

Why don't you come in the office
with us. I was just about to order
up a meat platter full of hammond's
finest salami, pepperoni...

Jake covers his ears.

COLT (CONT'D)

Oh, of course you wouldn't want to
eat your brothers and sisters. Well
then we'll see you soon, oh and in
the future this area is reserved
for humans only, you filthy swine.

Jake nods his head and waves goodbye to the Canadians.

Jake rounds the corner and sees Cheryl walking toward him.

He ducks behind a trash can. Cheryl spots him.

CHERYL

Oh that's funny, like I can't see
you... by the way you were very
good out there tonight. You know I
was a dancer once... then I fell
for a cowboy. Don't let anybody get
in the way of your dreams, Jake.

Jake gives a thumbs up. Cheryl walks toward Colt's office and
knocks on the door. She is greeted by a kiss on the cheek
from Colt. Inside the mask, Torrie screams.

END PILOT

