

PIGGY, PIGGY

Written by

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INT J'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lights out.

J, in bed, asleep. Outside a siren wails and the lights of a passing ambulance flash against the wall.

Silence.

The sound of chewing. It grows progressively louder.

J sits up in bed. Listens.

Half-asleep, J rolls out of bed and stumbles to his feet. He turns on his bedroom light. Listens. The chewing continues.

Carefully he walks through the dark apartment, gets to the

KITCHEN

J turns on the light. The gnawing sound continues.

On the kitchen table an opened bag of potato chips, inside of the bag - a rat. J can only see its tail. He grabs a frying pan from the sink. Then

J brings the pan down on the rat.

Squeals and the sound of pounding metal. J, screaming, continues to pummel the rat.

INT. J'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

J, awake, screaming. Sits up in bed. Hyperventilating.

The sound of sirens on the street outside.

His light goes on. His roommate, D.

D  
What the fuck, dude?

J  
Huh? What?

D  
You okay?

J  
Shit. Shit. Bad dream.

D  
Fucking scared the shit out of me.

D walks out. Leaves the light on.

J gets out of bed.

He walks into the

KITCHEN

Cautiously, he turns on the kitchen light. Slowly turns toward the kitchen table, sees the open bag of potato chips.

He removes a pan from the sink. Holding the pan above his head, J lifts up the bag, empties the contents on the table. No rat.

He cleans up the potato chip crumbs from the table. Throws the crumbs and the empty bag into the trash.

Looks at the sink, piled with dirty dishes.

J thoroughly washes the dishes in the sink.

LATER

Kitchen cleaned. He turns out the light.

INT. J'S APARTMENT - MORNING

J walks through the living room, into the kitchen.

On the kitchen table: a banana peel, an opened box of cereal, a carton of milk, and a cereal bowl.

D, dressed for work, walks in holding a coffee cup. He puts his coffee cup on the table.

D  
Dude, last night was nuts.

J  
Where are you going?

D  
Work.

J  
Wash the dishes first.

D  
Yeah, right.

J stands between D and the door.

J  
Tell me. What it is?

D  
Dude, move. I can't be late.

J  
Of course you can. Anyone can be late, just like anyone can be on time. First, tell me what it is.

D  
What?

J  
Tell me what it is.

D  
What the fuck are you talking about?

J  
I don't know what it is. Tell me.

D  
What what is?

J  
It?

D  
I gotta go.

D tries to push by. J - bigger, more athletic - stops him.

J  
Not until you tell me. Tell me what it is.

D  
Look, if I'm late my dick of a boss will fire me.

J  
You seem anxious.

D  
No shit.

J  
Tell me.

D  
You're fucking scaring me.

J

Explain. What is it that makes a grown person, a short grown person, but still, an adult, walk into an immaculate kitchen and then just be so incredibly inconsiderate that they don't clean up their shit? What it is that made you do that?

D

That's what this is?

J

That's what this is.

D

I made a mess. Fucking sue me. I'll clean up when I get home.

J

I was up until three cleaning the kitchen and I need you to wash the fucking dishes and clean up the shit on the table. The milk, you left out the milk.

D

I can't be late for work.

J picks up the banana peel and holds it under D's nose.

J

You disgust me.

D

Crazy dude, fucking crazy.

J steps aside. D leaves.

J picks up the milk and puts it in the refrigerator.

EXT. J'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Dressed for work, J steps out of his apartment building.

On the sidewalk, a plastic bag, ripped open. Trash everywhere. J steps over the bag.

As he walks he notices the trash on the sidewalk.

J

Pigs. Fucking pigs.

At the corner he watches as someone from a car tosses out a coffee cup. The cup lands on the street splashes J's pants.

Defeated, he trudges on.

INT. HIGH-TECH OFFICE SPACE - DAY

J at his desk opposite a CO-WORKER. Co-Worker stares at a woman who is standing at a desk across the office.

CO-WORKER  
She is so fucking hot.

J  
She's our boss.

CO-WORKER  
Even better. If you were a woman,  
would you want to have big tits?

J  
Jesus.

CO-WORKER  
Sorry. Forgot you're on the rat  
rag. Ratbag. Rat meatballs, rat  
stew, rat-a-tat-tat.

J  
Enough, okay.

CO-WORKER  
Rats on the brain, really insane.  
Seriously, that's a wild dream,  
man. Definitely cray cray.

J  
Whatever.

CO-WORKER  
And you kept beating the rat even  
after it was dead?

J looks up.

CO-WORKER  
You got some anger issues.

J  
Just toward rats.

CO-WORKER

Rats are cool. Smart motherfuckers.  
They just want to eat and fuck.  
That's all they do. All day. Eat  
and fuck, fuck and eat. You know  
how you get rid of rats? Get rid of  
people. It's not a rat problem.  
It's a people problem.

J types in Rat statistics into his computer.

J

It's amazing how fast they  
reproduce.

CO-WORKER

People?

J

Rats.

CO-WORKER

Like I said. Fuck and eat.

BOSS hovers nearby. J sees her and switches screens.

BOSS

Less talk, please.

J nods.

Boss walks away. Co-worker stares at her butt.

CO-WORKER

Eat me and fuck me.

INT. G'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Upscale duplex. G, a woman with straight brown hair, no  
makeup, serves up Chinese food.

J

It's like, everywhere, everywhere  
you look.

She sits.

G

You're obsessed.

J

You don't get --

G  
I get it.

J  
--it. No you

G  
I do.

J  
--don't.

G  
The obsession. I get that.

J  
I don't think you --

G  
I do.

J  
No.

G  
Spring roll?

He takes a spring roll.

J  
Thanks.

G  
I just think that you're, maybe,  
sometimes we have to accept.

J  
Really? You think that?

G  
This is New York, people are --

J  
Pigs.

G  
They've got other things, on their  
mind, their lives, they're not  
looking for garbage in the street.

He shovels food into his face.

J  
This is really good.



G  
It's my favorite place.

J  
And so what if I am obsessed?  
What's wrong with that?

G  
Chicken?

J  
Sure.

She puts chicken on his plate.

G  
You had a nightmare and then the  
trash on the street this morning,  
it makes sense.

J  
So now it's okay that I'm obsessed?

G  
I'mn saying it's understandable.

J  
So you forgive my obsession?

He feeds her a piece of chicken.

They kiss.

G  
Not, yet. You'll have to be a  
little more persuasive.

He kisses her again.

J  
This is really good food.

G  
Glad you like it.

J  
I wish there was a way.

G  
What?

J  
To force people to be more --

G  
Back on the trash?

J  
Maybe a drone that hovers overhead  
and when someone litters it shoots  
them.

G  
That's great. Shoot people for  
littering.

J  
Not with bullets. Maybe rubber  
bullets. Or bee-bees. Pellets.

G  
You're crazy, you know that?

J  
Paintballs. On their back. That way  
everyone will know what kind of  
person they are.

She puts some broccoli on his plate.

G  
Have you tried the broccoli? It's  
really good.

J  
You don't like the paintball idea?

G  
If it bothers you so much then do  
something about it. Anyone can  
complain.

J  
What am I supposed to do, put a  
nail on the end of a stick and go  
around and pick up trash all day?

G  
If it bothers you that much. You  
can do it after work. A hobby.

She picks up a container.

G  
Did you try the moo shoo pork?

I/E SUBWAY CAR - DAY

J sits, reading. Looks up, becomes distracted by P.

P, mid-forties, flannel shirt covering a big gut. P has a takeout container open. He shovels food into his mouth. His face is covered with ketchup. A French fry falls to the floor and he leaves it.

J stares at the fry, looks back up at P who is gnawing on a chicken leg. He strips it of meat. All finished he looks around and tosses the bone under the seat.

Stuffing the last bit of food into his mouth, P closes the container and sticks it under his seat. He wipes the sauce from his face with his sleeve.

The train stops. P pulls his large body up and saunters off the train.

J watches him, then in one quick motion he grabs the container and jumps off the train. He sees P walking slowly through the station.

J  
Hey. You, flannel shirt!

P doesn't turn around. J catches him and stands in front of him. Holds out the container.

J  
Excuse me, sir. You left your  
container behind, on the train.

P looks at it.

P  
That's not mine.

J  
No?

P  
No.

P starts to walk away, J stops him.

J  
Motherfucker, I sat and watched you  
eat stuff your face for ten minutes  
and then put this on the floor.

A crowd has gathered, some have taken out their phones.

J  
You put your trash on the floor and  
then walked out of the train.

P  
I told you it wasn't mine.

J  
I watched you do it. Who do you  
think is going to clean up your  
garbage?

P tries to turn away, J stays in front of him.

P  
Leave me alone.

J  
Here.

J takes the container and shoves it down P's shirt.

J  
Take your trash piggy. Piggy Piggy  
we don't want your trash any more.

J steps back. Sees the crowd, walks away, leaving P,  
surrounded.

He takes the container from his shirt, sees all the people  
watching, puts his head down and walks quickly through the  
crowd.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

J enters. Stops at the kitchen. Clean. He opens the  
refrigerator, takes out a beer. Sits.

D enters, holding his phone.

D  
Dude.

J looks up.

D  
Dude!

J  
Yeah.

D  
Dude, you're, llke --

J  
What?

D  
Famous. You're famous, dude.

J  
I'm famous?

D  
Fuck yeah.

J  
How am I famous?

D  
You don't know?

D hands his phone to J.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Instagram video.

M  
This is what I saw on the subway  
today.

Video of P eating. Putting the container under his seat.

M  
Look at that motherfucker. Don't  
give a shit, but...Wait for it.

P leaves the train.

M  
Then this happens.

J picks up the container, leaves train.

M  
I had to see this shit, thought  
there was gonna be a fight. Then.

J confronting P. Shoving the container down his shirt.

M  
Fuck yeah. That's what you do. See  
something, say something. New York  
City. Am I right?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

J  
It's not a big deal.

D  
It's a pretty big deal. Most people love what you did, but some accused you of fat shaming.

J  
He wasn't fat.

D  
He's pretty fat.

J  
But, that's not why I did it.

D  
Fucking awesome man.

I/E. NEWS BROADCAST - NIGHT

Anchor 1 and Anchor 2 in the broadcast booth.

ANCHOR 1  
Nearly twenty different posts have appeared everywhere from TikTok to Instagram and every social media platform in between, all taken by witnesses to this confrontation.

ANCHOR 2  
It's amazing really. Each video shows people standing with their phones filming the whole incident.

ANCHOR 1  
Now we cut to the field where we have some reactions to the video.

On Screen:

Talking into the microphone.

WOMAN 1  
It's about damn time. People use the subway as their personal trash can. Who raised them? What they need is a good smack.

WOMAN 2

Right across the head. Damn right!  
You expect your mama clean up after  
you? Not me. I ain't your mama.

WOMAN 1

No you ain't!

MAN 1

No trash cans on the train. What  
are you supposed to do? Live and  
let live.

WOMAN 3

It was awful. It was like assault,  
shoving the food down his shirt  
like that. Not right.

MAN 2

It was great. Saw the whole thing.  
Man, dude stepped up. Took some  
balls.

WOMAN 4

That's bullying. It was so mean.  
You don't have a right to do that  
to people.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

J answers the phone.

J

Hi Dad.

FATHER (O.C.)

We saw you, on the news.

J

What news?

FATHER (O.C.)

On the TV. The news on TV.

J

Shit.

FATHER (O.C.)

What you did to that man, shoving  
garbage down his shirt.

J

Jesus.

FATHER (O.C.)  
What were you thinking?

J  
It, he, it doesn't matter.

FATHER (O.C.)  
It does matter. Everyone is  
watching it. Our friends. They say  
it's all over the social media.

J  
Yeah, I --

FATHER (O.C.)  
You could have been shot.

J  
I wasn't going --

FATHER (O.C.)  
Eh, people will forget about it  
soon enough. Don't worry.

J  
But I thought --

FATHER (O.C.)  
Tell the truth, I'm lucky they  
didn't have phones when I was your  
age. Some of the things I did.

J shuts his eyes. Doesn't respond.

G'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

J sits on the couch, watches G pace back and forth.

J  
It just kind of happened.

G  
It was macho and gross. Calling him  
piggy! Jesus, where do you? I mean,  
you could have said something  
without humiliating the man.

J  
How was I supposed to know people  
were filming it?



G

Because you were in a subway station in New York starting a fight with someone. That's not the point. Not that it was filmed and shown a million times on the internet. It's what you did.

J

He started it when he left his trash on the train.

G

You assaulted him.

J

No I didn't.

G

I'm a lawyer, I know what fucking assault is.

J

He threw chicken bones under his seat. He's a fucking pig.

G

Then tell a cop.

J

And what? What's the cop going to do? Arrest him? For littering? Really? You think that's gonna happen?

G

They would give him a ticket.

J

And what would that do? Not a fucking thing. This dude, what I did, he will never litter again. No one will ever litter again.

G looks at him. Dumbfounded.

G

Your ego is like, Jesus, what the, yeah, yeah you're right. You sure taught him a lesson. Hero.

J

A lot of people love what I did.

G  
They love you so much, get one of  
them to suck your dick.

J  
No thanks, the cuts from your teeth  
are still healing.

G  
Leave.

J  
Come on, it was a joke.

G  
Fuck you. Get out.

He stands.

G  
You disgust me.

J remembers that he said the same thing to his roommate. He  
smiles.

G  
I'm not kidding.

He nods. Leaves.

INT. PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Popular podcast show, X and Y at microphones.

X  
So what do you think about all of  
this piggy, piggy stuff that's  
blanketed social media the last few  
days?

Y  
At first, like most other people, I  
thought, hey, that's great, someone  
taking a stand.

X  
Like "I'm mad as hell..."

Y  
Right, right, but there are two  
sides. Some people saying it's fat  
shaming, others saying he took the  
law into his own hands.

X

I get both of those arguments.  
Although, it didn't seem like fat  
shaming at first.

Y

Then he called him piggy. That's  
fat shaming.

X

Wait, no, he was talking about the  
behavior, not the guy's appearance.

Y

Maybe. But unfortunately this piggy  
was fat.

X

Not fat, fat. A little overweight,  
but definitely not fat.

Y shakes their head.

Y

He looked fat to me.

X

But what about taking a stand? So  
your saying if the guy was skinny  
then it would have been okay.

Y

I'm saying that I was with him  
until the insult.

X

But you say the video of piggy  
throwing his chicken bones under  
the seat. That's --

Y

Repulsive, I know, but you can make  
a point without insulting a guy and  
shoving his garbage down his shirt.

X

I disagree, the punishment fit the  
crime. Callers, tell us what you  
think. Lines are open.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

P, sitting alone. Head down. Same flannel shirt.

Across from him three YOUNG GUYS talking. One looks up. Sees P. Motions to his friends.

They stand. Surround him. He looks up.

KID 1  
You're that Piggy dude.

P  
No.

KID 1  
Yeah you are.

KID 2  
Definitely. Even got the same dirty  
ass shirt on, covered in food.

KID 1  
Fucking Piggy.

Other passengers look up.

KIDS  
Piggy! Piggy! Piggy!

Other passengers soon realize who P is and join in, chanting  
Piggy.

They surround him. He gets up and backs up to the door.

CROWD  
PIG-GY! PIG-GY! PIG-GY!

The train stops. Door opens. P falls backward onto his butt.  
The passengers are still chanting.

He gets up, they chase him through the station.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Piggy climbs the stairs to the street. Out of breath. Bends  
over. Straightens up, stumbles down the sidewalk.

INT. HIGH-TECH OFFICE SPACE - DAY

J stares at his computer screen.

Co-worker enters.

CO-WORKER  
There's the man!

J  
Shut up.

CO-WORKER  
Social media stardom got you down?

J looks up. Scowls.

CO-WORKER  
Yes. Yes it does.

They go back to work.

CO-WORKER  
Don't turn around, she's coming.

Boss walks up to J, puts her hand on his shoulder.

BOSS  
Come.

J gets up, follows her. She stops. Turns to him.

BOSS  
Look, there's talk off letting you  
go. This whole piggy thing.

J  
Seriously?

BOSS  
Personally, I loved what you did.

She puts her hand on his arm.

BOSS  
It showed character. Standing up  
the way you did.

J  
Uh, well, thanks, but it's really  
turning into kind of a --

BOSS  
Shitshow?

J  
You could say that.

BOSS  
Marketing thinks there's an  
opportunity to make this a win. For  
the company and, and for you, too.

J  
What kind of a win?

BOSS  
There's a film crew coming. They'll  
be in my office where you'll be  
interviewed.

J  
Interviewed?

BOSS  
It's for the best. For us. For your  
job. You like working here, don't  
you?

She smiles.

BOSS  
You'll look great on TV.

J  
So I just go in there and talk.

BOSS  
First go down to marketing. They'll  
coach you. Tell, help you answer  
the questions.

J  
They will?

BOSS  
Yes.

J  
Marketing?

BOSS  
Yes.

J  
We have a marketing department?

BOSS  
Oh, down the hall, to the left.

INT. P'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Television screen.

J, a little nervous, sits across from an INTERVIEWER.

INTERVIEWER  
You're an information analyst?

J  
Yes.

INTERVIEWER  
And you've worked here for how long?

J  
Two years. And really, it's the perfect work environment for someone like me who is passionate about social justice.

INTERVIEWER  
And what you did that day on the subway? That was social justice?

J  
The work that we do here, it's helped me find my voice. Too often people witness bad behavior or someone breaking the law and they look away, do nothing. It's important to speak up.

INTERVIEWER  
Some people have said you took the law into your own hands. That you went too far. You called him piggy.

J  
That was wrong. I shouldn't have said that, and I apologize. But, it's one thing to use the politically correct words.

P watches from his couch. Drinking beer.

J  
It's another to take action when a person has blatant disregard for others. What he did was an attack on society, not just me, but you, and everyone who values a safe and clean city. Someone had to say something.

P crushes the beer can in his hand.

INTERVIEWER  
And that someone was you.

J  
Yes. And I'm really grateful for  
the support that I've received,  
from friends, people on the street.  
And especially here at work.

P turns off the television.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

J walks to work. Enters his building.

From across the street P watches him.

INT. HIGH-TECH OFFICE SPACE - DAY

J walks down the hallway. Boss steps out of her office and  
corners him.

BOSS  
So?

He stops.

BOSS  
What did you think? Did you watch?

J  
Uh, yeah, yes, I watched.

BOSS  
I know, it's really difficult to  
see yourself on TV, like "why did I  
do that with my mouth?"

J  
Oh, did I?

BOSS  
You? No. No. You were, it was good,  
really good. Very charismatic.

J  
Thanks.

BOSS  
My boss's boss was very happy.

J  
Your boss has a boss?



BOSS

He's the one that matters. He's  
happy then we're all happy.

She puts her hand on his arm. Smiles.

BOSS

You were good. Really good.

He smiles awkwardly.

J

I better get to...

BOSS

Work, yes.

J

Yes.

He walks off.

EXT. J'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

J walks up to his apartment building. Enters.

From across the street P watches.

INT. J'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Using his phone, J orders food.

Goes into the bathroom. Strips. Gets in the shower.

Gets out of the shower.

EXT. J'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Delivery man. P waiting outside. Stops delivery man. Pays  
him. Rings J's bell.

INT. J'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

J, hair wet, buzzes in "delivery man". Throws on pants and a  
shirt.

Knock at the door.

J opens it, P pushes his way in.

P

Hey there. Remember me?

He walks into the kitchen.

J stunned, doesn't move.

P opens the bag.

P

Are you coming? You don't want your dinner to get cold.

J slowly walks to the kitchen.

J

What is this?

P reaches into the bag.

P

Chinese!

He pulls out a container, opens it.

P

I love dumplings. You don't mind?

He takes one out and shoves it into his mouth, then another, than another. He stares defiantly at J as he chews.

He swallows. Looks at the container in his hand and tosses it on the floor.

P

Look at that. I'm such a Piggy.

J

You need to leave.

P

I like it here, I like it a lot. So clean. I roll around in the mud all day. Of course, you know that.

J

Cut the shit! This is fucking insane.

P removes a container of wonton soup from the bag. Opens it.

P

Wonton soup.

Tosses it on the floor. Soup everywhere.

P  
Never been a fan.

J  
Hey man, I'm sorry okay? What happened, that was between us, you and me, I never intended for it to go viral.

P  
I've been called piggy in thirteen languages.

J  
I get that you're angry.

P  
Buddy, you got no idea how fucking angry I am.

J  
Okay. Hit me. I deserve it.

P removes a container of rice from the bag, opens it and smashes it against the wall.

J  
You're just going to trash my apartment?

P's expression changes. He starts to charge at J, slips on a wonton and crashes to the floor.

J grabs the frying pan from the sink and clubs P on the back.

P gets to his hands and knees as J continues to hit him then launches himself into J's legs, then climbs on top of J, sitting on his chest.

J swings the frying pan, but no longer has leverage with the large man on top of him.

P wraps his fingers around J's throat. J pushes against P's face. The two struggle. J is able to remove P's hands from his throat. He pushes against the large man.

Winded from the struggle, P clutches his chest. Suddenly he vomits on the floor.

Still sitting on J, P gasps for breath.

P  
Shit.

J  
Are you?

P  
I really hate you.

P collapses on J. Unconscious.

J slides out from under P, slipping on the vomit and soup.

Finally, out, he stumbles to a chair.

Seated, J looks down at the mess. A smile comes to his face, then fades away. Lost.

He picks up his phone from the table. Takes a photo of P on the floor. Thinks about what to do next.

Finally, he dials 911.

FADE TO BLACK.