

BIG BAD WOLF

Based on,
The Three Little Pigs

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Three little pigs, BACON, PORKCHOP and SAUSAGE build houses.

Bacon builds a house of straw, Porkchop builds a house of sticks and Sausage builds a house of brick.

LATER

Bacon and Porkchop celebrate and dance around their completed houses.

Sausage slaves away at his brick house, almost done. He looks at Bacon and Porkchop.

SAUSAGE
Lazy swine.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A wolf, HOWLER, leers at the dancing pigs through the thick bush. He licks his lips.

INT. STRAW HOUSE - DAY

Bacon rests in a bed of hay.

HOWLER (O.S.)
Open the door little pig.

Bacon rises suddenly.

BACON
Who is it?

HOWLER (O.S.)
Little pig, little pig, let me in.

Bacon walks to the door and peers through the peephole.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

Howler stands outside the door. His mouth waters, his teeth razor sharp.

The sun is almost lost in the horizon, making way for night.

STRAW HOUSE

Bacon steps back from the door, shaking in fear.

BACON

Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-
chin.

HOWLER (O.S.)

Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and
I'll blow your house in.

The straw house disappears in an instant.

Bacon stands in the middle of an empty space.

Howler looms over him, ready to pounce.

Bacon squeals, runs away.

Howler takes chase.

INT. STICK HOUSE - DAY

Porkchop relaxes on a hay bed.

BACON (O.S.)

Porkchop, let me in.

Porkchop saunters to the door and looks through the peephole.
He GASPS in shock.

Porkchop opens the door.

PORKCHOP

Hurry.

Bacon gains speed and jumps into the stick house.

Porkchop slams the door shut and locks it.

BACON

He just blew my house down.

HOWLER (O.S.)

Little pig, little pig, let me in.

PORKCHOP

Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-
chin.

HOWLER (O.S.)
Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and
I'll blow your house in.

The house of sticks disappears in a gust of wind.

Porkchop and Bacon stand in the middle of the former stick house, frozen in fear.

Howler lusts with hunger.

 BACON
Run.

Porkchop and Bacon run.

Howler pursues.

 HOWLER
Keep running, it just makes you
more tender.

Bacon and Porkchop run to the brick house.

The sun is completely lost in the horizon. Night has struck.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - NIGHT

Sausage paces back and forth.

 PORKCHOP (O.S.)
Sausage, we need in. Open the
door.

Sausage walks to the door. The door is locked by a pad lock on a latch.

He peers in the peephole.

Sausage scrambles to find keys. He finds them and unlocks the pad lock.

He opens the door.

 SAUSAGE
Quickly.

Bacon and Porkchop rush through the door into the brick house.

Sausage slams the door shut, closes the latch and secures the pad lock.

SAUSAGE (CONT'D)
What's going on?

Bacon and Porkchop tremble in fear.

BACON
He blew our house's down.

PORKCHOP
He wants to eat us.

HOWLER (O.S.)
Little pig, little pig, let me in.

SAUSAGE
Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-
chin.

HOWLER (O.S.)
Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and
I'll blow your house in.

Huffing and puffing from outside.

Silence.

More huffing and puffing.

The house remains.

HOWLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll find a way in.

Bacon and Porkchop relax.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - NIGHT

A full moon hides behind lingering clouds.

Howler paces back and forth.

His eyes bulge out of his head in anger. His mouth froths.
He's a hungry wolf.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - NIGHT

Sausage pours three cups of tea. He hands the tea to Bacon
and Porkchop. The three pigs illuminated by a single, dimly
lit lamp.

They sip their tea.

BACON

I realize now that we should have taken more time to build sturdier houses.

PORKCHOP

You were always the patient one, Sausage. We just wanted to play. Perhaps we were a little too lazy.

SAUSAGE

I know. And yes, you were lazy.

Porkchop looks at the pad lock.

PORKCHOP

That's a good idea with the pad lock on the latch. Very good security.

SAUSAGE

It certainly is.

(beat)

But it's not to keep things from getting in, it's so I can't get out.

Bacon and Porkchop look at each other.

BACON

Huh?

Sausage puts his tea down.

SAUSAGE

I built this house to keep me from getting out.

PORKCHOP

What are you talking about?

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - NIGHT

Howler patrols around, trying to find a way inside the brick house.

SQUEALS from inside the brick house stop Howler's strolling. The squeals are loud, the squeals are horrible.

The squealing suddenly stops.

Howler walks to the door and lays his ear flat against it.

Silence.

The wolf looks around, spots a chimney.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - NIGHT

Howler falls through the chimney, THUDDING onto the floor.

The house is dark, minus the lamp in the corner.

Howler moves to the lamp. He picks it up and surveys the house.

He sniffs around, finding the two pigs.

Bacon and Porkchop lie on the floor, or at least what remains of them. Their bodies soaked in blood, limbs removed, gashes exposing their innards.

A sound in the corner of the house startles Howler.

He moves towards the noise, lamp leading the way.

Heavy, dreadful snarling from behind Howler stops him in his tracks.

He turns around.

The lamp shines light on a hideous, monstrous, WOLFLIKE CREATURE, twice the size of Howler.

The creature ROARS as it raises it's giant paw and knocks the lamp out of Howler's hand.

Darkness. Howler's YELPS are quickly silenced.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - NIGHT

The full moon pushes through the clouds.

An awful HOWLING from inside the brick house pierces the quiet night sky.

FADE OUT