

CATCH A PIGGY BY ITS TOE

by

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INT. GRADY'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

GRADY sits in his rocking chair. FARMER leans forward from the couch opposite.

GRADY

You know what you did, Farmer.

FARMER

I needed the money.

GRADY

Yeah, I know. I understand that but you needn't go about things in such a sneaky way.

FARMER

How was I being sneaky? I told you upfront, right to your face what I was gonna do.

GRADY

Oh come on, now. You said it to clear the path because you were already scheming. You see?

FARMER

Would you rather I didn't say anything to you and just went along and did it?

GRADY

Probably better if I didn't know.

FARMER

Well, what do you want me to do?

GRADY

Nothing now. You know what you did and that's all that matters.

FARMER

But I didn't do anything!

GRADY

Quit playing so damn dumb with me, Farmer. It's not what you did, it's what you didn't do.

FARMER

What didn't I do?

GRADY

You didn't do the honorable thing, which was NOT to do it.

FARMER

How is that honorable, Grady?

GRADY

It's honorable because I'm your friend. Not two weeks prior I came to you with the same idea when you go ahead and do it without me. You think that was right?

FARMER

Why should you have all the control?

GRADY

I have the contacts.

FARMER

That don't give you the right. An idea is an idea and it's there for the taken. I took it and did something with it while you just mosey along all day.

GRADY

I'm glad you did it cause I know you were hard up. I get it and I'm being a friend to you by being compassionate about your circumstance. I get it. I get it.

FARMER

Well, alright then.

GRADY

Alright, then.

FARMER

Feel better?

Grady pulls out a gun and shoots Farmer in the chest. Farmer falls back, seated in a chair.

GRADY

Now, I feel better. Damn, boy. All you needed to do was not be such a slime bucket. I gotta tell ya, I can't take the sight of ya. You and your brothers and your whole damn family. The way you all slither around people in this town. No loyalty. No honor. Makes me wonder why we even have a line like you in our species.

(MORE)

GRADY (CONT'D)

(beat) After you're done choking on your own blood, I'm off to killing the rest of your family. I can't stand any of ya. What you did was the very--hell, am I talking too much? (beat) A man ought to let another man die quietly. Excuse me. I'll step outside for a smoke, this way I won't disturb ya in your final throws of passion.

Grady steps out of the room. He leaves the front door open and he can be seen smoking a cigarette.

Farmer struggles to live but collapses to the floor, body twisting and coughing up blood. He pulls out a badass Tomahawk and crawls across the floor on his stomach.

Farmer gets as far as the door frame leading to the porchGrady stands on but Grady turns to see Farmer.

Damn, boy. Wutch you tryin' do down there with that big ole tomahawk of yours? You trying to take a stab at me? Yeah?

Grady laughs. Farmer keeps trying to swipe Grady's legs.

You're running out of time. Can you catch a piggy by its toe?

Farmer slams the tomahawk down on Grady's toes, pinning his foot to the porch floor board. Grady screams in pain. Farmer smiles and dies.

Oh, you son of a bitch. I hate you!

Grady pulls the tomahawk out of his foot, freeing himself but now in much pain. He hobbles and hops around the porch.