

A Three Little Pigs Story

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The Three Little Pigs

A Family Story Films

1 THE THREE LITTLE PIGS AND THE BIG, BAD MISUNDERSTANDING.

Under the light of a full moon and numerous stars, a tornado spins in an open field. The cyclone rips through grass and earth as it spins ever closer to Camera who is moving ever so slowly back.

The sound of howling wind and torn earth fade away as the twister blows itself out, and in its place is a young woman (ARADIA, 24), who spins around three final times before staggering dizzily to a stop.

CAMERA SEES ARADIA AND STOPS ITS RETREAT.

Aradia is dressed peculiarly, half biker, half-witch, with bits of bone and gold dust in her hair. At first, she doesn't notice Camera as she finds her bearings. Finally, she spots us.

ARADIA

(Direct to Camera/British accent)

Oh my, I thought I'd be the first to arrive. I do hope you haven't been waiting long?

Aradia steps forward, glancing around to be sure no one is eavesdropping before extending her palm.

ARADIA CONT'D

Did you bring it?

CAMERA HESITATES BEFORE SLOWLY FLOWING FORWARD. WITH A LOOK OF EXCITEMENT, ARADIA REACHES JUST BELOW FRAME AND RETRIEVES A SMALL BURLAP BUNDLE TIED WITH TWINE.

Aradia smiles at the sack before nodding approvingly to Camera.

ARADIA CONT'D

Seeing as you held up your end of the bargain, I suppose I'll have to hold up mine. But you must understand the story you're about to hear is not what you think. For more than a thousand years people have been getting it wrong.

Aradia looks at the hillside before tsking loudly.

ARADIA CONT'D

This simply won't do. Mind if we go
somewhere- and somewhen more...
magical?

Aradia pulls on the twine, untying the burlap sack as she sticks her hand inside. She fishes around for a moment before retrieving a handful of snow. Wide-eyed with excitement, she brings the snow to her mouth, tasting it with the tip of her tongue.

ARADIA CONT'D

Mmmm... I don't know how you found it,
but this is exactly what I asked for.
(leans in and winks)
Are you ready to travel back in time?

Camera moves in closer as Aradia begins to laugh. Without warning, she spins on her heel while throwing the snow in the air. Camera watches a moment as the snow and Aradia disappear into a tornado that quickly grows into a gigantic snowstorm. As the storm expands Camera is quickly sucked into it, spinning wildly as the world blurs and the sound of rushing wind rises to a crescendo.

2 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE. NIGHT.

Camera arrives first as the spinning slows and finally comes to a stop. For a moment there is just magical, peaceful silence. The view is stunning. We are high up near the peak of a snow-covered mountain. The entire world is fantastical. A light spattering of snow falls as the Aurora Borealis (Northern Lights) paint the sky in brilliant, constantly changing colors. Not far off, a GOAT (animated) nibbles at the bark of a pine tree.

Suddenly, Aradia arrives in her trademark tornado. When the storm blows itself out we see that she is sitting in an elegant wooden chair and holding an ancient-looking book. She is still laughing happily as the chair spins to a stop. Aradia glances around, offering a nod of approval.

ARADIA

Much better.
(direct to Camera)

How was your flight? I find time travel can make me quite dizzy. Are you ready to begin or do you want me to wait a moment?

Camera lowers to a "sitting position" as Aradia smiles as she happily pats the book.

ARADIA CONT'D

Inside these pages is a story of heroes, villains, danger, and adventure. And though you may think you know the story of the Three Little Pigs and the Big...

(shakes head ruefully)

Bad Wolf. I'm here to tell you that the true story is far different than the one you've been told.

Aradia's eyes wander over to the side of the mountain.

CAMERA TURNS TO SEE WHAT SHE IS LOOKING AT. NOT FAR OFF THERE IS A CAVERN LEADING INTO DARKNESS.

ARADIA O.S. CONT'D

"Many, many years ago, when people and animals still had the patience to share a cup of tea, and learn each other's languages, high up in the mountains there lived a family of wolves who loved to howl at the moon."

CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES BACK TO FOCUS ON ARADIA AS SHE CONTINUES.

In the background, the goat BLEATS happily as it nibbles at the bark of the tree. Aradia looks direct to Camera.

ARADIA CONT'D

I know what you're thinking. 'Animals can't talk,' but you are wrong. While it's true that nowadays people are far too busy to sit with an animal and learn to speak its language- hundreds of years before television or the internet, it was not surprising to find people and animals talking, laughing, and even dancing with one another. And though I know you think I might be tricking, I assure you I am not.

Goat turns and looks to Camera.

GOAT

She's right you know. You really should listen to her.

ARADIA

(glances back at Goat)

Oh, do be quiet Geroge. You know how I hate it when you interrupt!

Goat shrugs its shoulders and BLEATS irritably at Aradia before trying to tear at the bark of the tree again.

ARADIA CONT'D

(look of shock at Goat)

You will watch your language young Goat!

(rolls eyes and continues)

"While most of the wolf family were perfectly normal, if you were to look close, you would find there was one wolf pup, unlike any wolf you have ever known. His brothers and sisters were quite happily ordinary. They howled at the full moon, rolled about in fresh snow, and ran together as a pack."

Goat is listening again and steps toward Aradia as he speaks.

GOAT

That means they ran altogether as a group. Pack means group.

ARADIA

George!

George BLEATS again, clearly irritated.

Suddenly, a flurry of three wolf pups enters the frame, leaping through the thick snow and running beneath Aradia's legs and around her chair. She lifts her legs up and places them beneath her as the rush of pups continues. Every so often one of the pups leaps onto her lap and off again. The longer this carries on, the more agitated Aradia becomes. Finally, she has had enough.

ARADIA CONT'D

Excuse me!

The pups don't listen, they keep yipping and yapping as they run around. Finally, she offers Camera a truly irritated look before clapping her hands together.

CLAP! THE FALLING SNOW PAUSES IN MID-AIR. EVEN THE PUPS FREEZE, MID-JUMP OR RUN, NOT MOVING A MUSCLE. ONLY GOAT, THE NORTHERN LIGHTS, AND ARADIA STILL MOVE.

ARADIA CONT'D

You are interrupting my story. And what's worse? You are up past your bedtime! You will go back to your den immediately and

(bites off each word)

Go. To. Sleep!

She CLAPS again as the world goes back into motion as the pups hurriedly scurry out of frame. Goat yawns widely as he watches the wolf pups leave.

GOAT

(to Camera)

I don't really have a bedtime. I just sleep when I'm tired. Sometimes I fall asleep even when I am in the middle of tal- of talk- of...

Goat yawns again, closing his eyes. After a moment he flops onto his side, fast asleep and snoring quietly. Aradia shakes her head, tsking irritably before continuing.

ARADIA CONT'D

"Yet there was one wolf pup- whose name was Deion, who was very different. It wasn't just that he was quite small for his age, it was more than that. Deion was unique in the way he saw the world. His mind and even his brain worked differently than everyone else's. And when his siblings rolled about and wrestled in the falling snow, Deion couldn't stop himself from breathing in deeply and huffing and puffing and blowing as hard as he could, laughing as the snow swirled, spun, and danced away from his every breath."

A happy wolf pup suddenly leaps onto Aradia's lap.

ARADIA CONT'D

Silly wolf, didn't I just send you off to bed?

Deion lowers his head letting out a small whimper, but Aradia merely laughs delightfully.

ARADIA CONT'D

It is OK my little friend. I am always glad to see you. Besides, we were just talking about you!

Deion's whole body wags as he licks Aradia's face causing her to laugh again. The pup leaps off her lap, disappearing beneath a large drift of snow. Aradia studies the snow a moment, looking for the mischievous wolf pup. CAMERA ALSO TURNS TO LOOK FOR THE PUP. Suddenly, the top half of Deion bursts out of a pile a few feet away as he happily shakes the powder from his head.

ARADIA CONT'D

"Often when Deion was acting differently than his brothers and sisters, they would make fun of him or call him mean names. Yet every time his mother saw this happen she would growl at the pups and make them stop. Then she would take her sweet, Deion aside and tell him just how special he was.

(in her best wolf voice)

"My darling Deion,' she would whisper into his ear, 'Being different is not a bad thing. It means you have a special gift that only you can give to the world. And someday, you will be needed more than anyone else, and the world will see just how brightly you shine!'"

In the background, the falling snow catches Deion's eye causing him to grin. Yipping happily, he leaps up and begins jumping about and huffing and puffing and blowing at the snow. As the flakes swirl away from his every breath, Deion barks enthusiastically. CAMERA SHIFTS BACK TO ARADIA.

ARADIA CONT'D

"Though he tried his best, Deion never quite fit in. Even though his brothers

and sisters laughed at him, little Deion couldn't help himself. He found the falling snow to be so magical that he simply had to blow it and chase it all about."

In the background, bleary-eyed Goat begins to wake up and stands slowly. Every now and again he sticks his tongue out, catching a snowflake and eating it.

ARADIA CONT'D

"As the pups grew older, Deion's siblings continued to laugh at him, but something else was happening as well, something... marvelous. Deion's brothers and sisters could see that when it snowed, their littlest brother would blow so hard that even some of the nearby trees would shake."

Goat starts walking up to stand next to Aradia, listening to her story and leaning over her shoulder to see the book.

ARADIA CONT'D

"One day, little Deion was doing his usual huffing and puffing and blowing as hard as he could. And though he didn't mean to, Deion blew so hard that his breath swept up the mountain and caused an avalanche to come down and completely destroy his family home."

GOAT

What's that?

Aradia SHRIEKS, leaping out of her chair.

ARADIA

Geroge! You scared me! I thought you were sleeping! It is not polite to sneak up on people.

GOAT

What's an abalank?

ARADIA

(sits back down)

An AVALANCHE is when something causes a ginormous amount of snow to slide down a mountain. It can be very dangerous and can break a lot of things.

GOAT
That's not good.

ARADIA
No. No, it is not.

GOAT
Do you mind if I eat a bit of your chair?

ARADIA
I most certainly do!

George BLEATS irritably as he watches over Aradia's shoulder, listening to the story.

ARADIA CONT'D
"On the day of the avalanche-

GOAT
Abalank.

ARADIA
Avalanch.

GOAT
Abalank.

ARADIA
A-va-lanch.

GOAT
That's what I said, Abalank!

ARADIA
(exasperated)
"On the day of the A-VA-LANCH Deion's mother was away on a hunt and when his brothers and sisters saw what he had done, they were angry with him. 'You have ruined everything!' his oldest brother barked. 'Why can't you just be normal like the rest of us?' one of

his sisters snapped.' 'All of your huffing and puffing is embarrassing. You need to stop being so different!' another one of his brothers yipped."

(momentarily lowers book)

I can never quite make it through this part without-

Aradia wipes a tear from her eye. She is clearly concerned about Deion. Beside her, Goat takes a small bite out of her chair.

ARADIA CONT'D

"Even though it was a mistake, Deion was so angry with himself and heartbroken over what he had done that he ran away from home. The poor wolf didn't know what to do with the feelings swirling about inside him. And as he ran through the thickening snow, Deion decided in his heart that he would never, huff, or puff, or blow anything ever again."

Goat takes another bite out of the chair as Aradia reaches over and scratches him on the head, speaking to Goat and Camera.

ARADIA CONT'D

I find that most humans and animals don't know what to do with anger or heartache when they feel it.

INSERT AIMEE SONG AND DANCE MOMENT WITH ARADIA AND GOAT - 90 SECONDS.

ARADIA CONT'D

"Over the next few years, Deion didn't speak to anyone. He lived as a lone wolf which made him very sad. You see, wolves love snuggling and nuzzling as much as you or I. Just like you and me, they are meant to have friends they can talk to and play with."

GOAT

You didn't say this was a sad story. I don't like sad stories.

Goat takes another bite out of the chair.

ARADIA

I know it seems that way, my friend,
but trust me when I say that it
doesn't end up that way.

(to Camera and Goat)

And this... right here is the moment
where all those other stories about
the Big 'Bad' Wolf, begin. They tell
tales of Deion and the Three Little
Pigs, or Little Red Ridinghood, or The
Boy Who Cried Wolf, or even The Wolf
and the Great, Hairy Monster... but
they don't ever tell about who Deion
truly was.

Aradia glances up, suddenly realizing they are still on the
mountain. She places the book on the chair and approaches
Camera, lowering onto her haunches.

ARADIA CONT'D

What do you say we skip ahead a few
years? This story is about to get
truly exciting and I for one don't
want to miss it!

In the background, Goat continues nibbling at the chair.
Aradia reaches into the burlap bag and retrieves a miniature
village made of straw and clay.

GOAT

Do you mind leaving the chair behind?
It really is quite tasty.

ARADIA

Don't I always leave you the chair?

Goat offers a toothy grin before taking another bite.

ARADIA CONT'D

(to Camera)

Are you ready?

(winks)

Let's do this!

Aradia throws the miniature village in the air and spins on
her heel. A tornado forms around her almost immediately as
the village is struck by LIGHTNING. Her happy laughter can be
heard even above the roar of the wind. Quickly enough, Camera
is sucked into the vortex, spinning wildly.

3 EXT. ANIMAL VILLAGE ROAD. DAY.

Camera spins to a stop in the middle of a very strange village with three tall spire-like houses nearby. The first is made of straw, the second of sticks, and the final house is made of bricks. Off in the distance are more spired houses but none of them are close enough to see clearly. The sun is bright and the day is warm. As Camera spins to a stop Aradia continues reading. There is no chair so she stands while she reads.

ARADIA CONT'D

"Five years had passed and Deion hadn't spoken a word to anyone. He hadn't huffed, puffed, or blown at anything. He also hadn't bothered to brush his hair or teeth, take a bath or clip his claws. In short, Deion looked more like a crazy, scary beast than a wolf."

Aradia paces as she reads.

ARADIA

"It was a warm and sunny day when Deion first saw the three little pigs. They were skipping happily down Cherry Lane, telling jokes and laughing joyously. On any other day, Deion would have stayed far away from the pigs. But today was no normal day. He had to warn them. You see, nearly a month past, Deion Wolf had discovered something dreadful. While traveling near the ocean he had seen something that scared him very much. An enormous lightning storm had crossed the ocean from somewhere far away. For days and days, the young wolf had followed the storm, watching as it grew ever larger and ever darker. He didn't know where the storm had come from but he had followed it long enough to know that it destroyed everything in its path. And today, the storm was nearing this very village."

Aradia looks up toward the mountain. Camera turns to watch as well. As she reads, we see Deion racing down the mountain toward the village.

ARADIA O.S. CONT'D

"Hoping desperately to save the village, Deion had run faster than he had ever run in his life and as he entered into town he was terribly out of breath."

Deion sprints past Aradia and Camera who turn to watch. He skids to a stop in the middle of the path and though he blocks much of our view, we can see the three pigs standing in the lane a short distance off.

ARADIA O.S. CONT'D

"'Little Pigs,' Deion's voice was terrifying. He wasn't trying to scare the pigs, he simply hadn't spoken a word in five years and his throat was desperately dry. 'Little Pigs, you must run! You must escape! A great storm is coming!' But the three little pigs didn't hear a word he said. They were petrified at the sight of the wolf. Deion looked more than a little scary and in their hearts, they were quite certain he had come down from the mountain to eat them. Without a word, all three pigs let out terrified squeals as they ran, wee, wee, wee-ing across the street and into the house of the first little pig."

Camera watches the pigs run into the strange, spired house made entirely out of straw. Dropping to all fours, Deion runs after them as Camera turns back to Aradia who stands in the middle of the path, still reading. Far in the distance behind her, dark clouds are forming, every so slowly creeping forward.

ARADIA CONT'D

"Deion Wolf ran to the house made entirely out of straw. Inside, the pigs were huddled together, desperately afraid of the pig-eating-wolf lurking in the lane. Outside, Deion was determined to help the pigs escape the coming storm!"

Aradia paces as she reads.

ARADIA CONT'D

(in her best Wold voice)

"'Little pigs, little pigs, let me in!'" Deion howled. Inside, the pigs were beyond panicked. They shouted out at the top of their lungs, 'Not by the hair on our chinny, chin, chins!'"

The roiling dark clouds march forward lit up by a constant stream of lightning cracking from deep inside. Camera stays focused on the storm as Aradia reads.

ARADIA O.S. CONT'D

"Deion Wolf pounded at the door but it would not open. He pried at the window but it was no use, it was locked. The pigs were inside and there was no way he could save them. 'Please,' he yelped, 'you must come out. I will keep you safe if you do!' But the pigs did not believe him."

Camera comes back to focus on Aradia on a CU. We still can't see Deion. Camera and Aradia walk toward the straw house as she reads.

ARADIA

"It was then that Deion had an idea. It was dangerous, but if it meant saving the lives of these pigs, what choice did he have? As he turned back to the house of straw Deion shouted out one final time. "Little pigs, little pigs, let me in, or I will huff, and I will puff, and I will blow your house down!" The pigs didn't know what to do. They were too scared to even answer his call. And in the end, that is exactly what Deion did."

Camera and Aradia are now standing between Deion and the house. Behind Deion, the storm creeps ever closer. Deion takes a deep breath, he huffs, he puffs, and he blows... The wind hits Camera immediately, pushing it backward. Camera looks to Aradia whose eyes sparkle with excitement.

ARADIA

(shouts to Camera)

This is so crazy!

THE SOUND OF HOWLING WIND AND THE BREAKING APART OF STRAW.

Suddenly, Camera and Aradia tumble backward surrounded by blowing strands of straw. Aradia laughs even as she tumbles.

FADE TO BLACK.

AS WE FADE IN, CAMERA DIZZILY RISES AND TURNS TO SEE THE THREE LITTLE PIGS RUNNING ACROSS THE STREET AND DISAPPEARING INTO THE SPIRED HOUSE OF STICKS. DEION IS CLOSE ON THEIR HEELS, BUT HE IS TOO SLOW AND RUNS STRAIGHT INTO THE DOOR OF STICKS. BOOM!

Aradia steps into frame, dusting off her clothes and trying to fix her messy hair as she retrieves the book from the wreckage of the straw house and moves off to the side a little as she opens it and sits on the ground as she reads. Deion is no longer in frame.

ARADIA CONT'D

"The house of straw was completely blown away around the three pigs. Yet before Wolf Deion could catch them and tell them of the coming storm, they had run across the street to the second pig's house. And though Deion was close on their heels, he missed them by a hair and slammed straight into the door. 'Little Pigs! You must listen to me,' he snapped. 'I am trying to save you! Please! You must let me in.'"

The storm is far closer now, dark shadowy tendrils reaching out as boiling clouds roll down the mountain. Lightning strikes from somewhere deep inside the storm. Aradia looks back, before continuing reading. She is clearly worried about the approaching darkness.

ARADIA CONT'D

"Though the pigs could not see it from their window, the storm was dangerously close now. A wall of lightning struck the ground at the edge of the village and the storm was moving ever closer. 'We will not let you in!' the pigs squealed, 'Not by

the hair on our chinny, chin, chins!' And once again Deion could find no other choice. So he huffed, and he puffed, and he-

Aradia lowers the book a moment, looking around, searching for something. Finally, she grabs hold of the mailbox just outside the house of sticks.

ARADIA

(direct to camera/excited)

You might want to hold on tight, it's about to happen again!

Aradia hunkers down beside the mailbox with one arm wrapped around it and the other still holding the book. Camera flows in closer and also lowers down.

ARADIA CONT'D

Now, where was I?

She mumbles quietly to herself, reading a few words from the book to find her place.

ARADIA CONT'D

Oh, right! "...blew the house down."

AS SHE READS, THE WIND RISES AS THE HOUSE OF STICKS IS TORN TO SHREDS BEHIND HER. FINALLY, THE MAILBOX FLIES OUT OF THE GROUND. ARADIA QUICKLY GRABS CAMERA BY THE FACE, LAUGHING IN WIDE-EYED EXCITEMENT AS BOTH SHE AND CAMERA TUMBLE AWAY IN THE WHIRLWIND, SPINNING INTO DARKNESS.

FADE TO BLACK.

We fade in as Camera dizzily sits up. The front of the storm is now midway into the village. Aradia sits amidst the wreckage of sticks as the wind swirls around them. We can't see Deion or the pigs. She continues reading.

ARADIA

"The pigs were halfway to the house of bricks. It was their dearest hope that the house could withstand the huffs, puffs, and blows of the wolf. Yet when the storm caught their eyes, the pigs froze. The roiling black clouds and continuous streaks of lightning were far scarier than the wolf could ever

be. And this terrifying storm was almost on top of them! 'My dear pigs,' the breathless wolf was standing next to them, 'I was trying to save you, but now I fear it is too late!'"

The wall of lighting and boiling clouds is almost upon them. Aradia places her hands under Camera's chin and together they rise and turn to see Deion standing in front of the pigs, trying to shield them from the coming storm.

ARADIA O.S. CONT'D

"The lightning storm marched ever closer as the pigs cowered in fear. Deion watched the pigs and knew he couldn't give up. These animals needed him. And suddenly, in that moment, it seemed as if the entire world went silent. And in the silence, Deion heard the whispering voice of his mother. 'My darling Deion, being different is not a bad thing. It means you have a special gift that only you can give to the world. And someday, you will be needed more than anyone else, and the world will see just how brightly you shine!' The wolf closed his eyes and breathed in deeper than he had ever breathed. He huffed harder and puffed stronger than ever before, and then... Deion turned his breath to the storm. This incredible, humble wolf blew so hard and so strong that the impossible happened. Ever so slowly his breath began to turn back the storm. Inch by inch, with every huff, puff, and blow, the dark clouds retreated until at last they were nowhere to be seen."

FADE TO BLACK.

4 EXT. VILLAGE. NIGHT.

The sun shines bright as Deion Wolf and his new friends sit together around a fire. Aradia and Camera stand a short distance off, watching.

ARADIA CONT'D

"Hours later Deion sat around a fire with his new friends, laughing and sharing stories and dreaming of days to come. And as the day wore on each of the little pigs stood up and hugged their new friend, thanking him. And... after they had thanked him, very politely, they offered him a hair-brush, some shampoo, and some nail clippers, just in case he might want to use them."

Aradia turns to Camera and smiles.

ARADIA CONT'D

And that is the true story of-

Aradia suddenly notices the burlap bag is not empty.

ARADIA CONT'D

What's this then?

She reaches in the bag and retrieves a crimson red, tattered scrap of cloth. After a moment she grins at Camera.

ARADIA CONT'D

I don't know how you found this. It shouldn't have been possible. But I suppose since you brought it to me, I will have to tell you this story as well. Yet I warn you, the story of Little Red Ridinghood is not at all what you think it is. It is a story of wizardry, magic, and most of all, love.

Aradia offers a hand as she looks at Camera with an excited grin.

TITLE CARD: TO BE CONTINUED!

ARADIA points at the title.

ARADIA O.S. CONT'D

You know what this means, don't you?
It means we will meet again soon. And
I for one can't wait!

END CREDITS.

