

# The Controversial Rescue of Fatty the Pig

## Synopsis:

Cherry Blevins' house has burned down – her second house in five years. While trying to help save Cherry's 300 lbs. pet pig "Fatty" from the flames, Cherry's brother Floyd and his wife Connie are arrested for assault by local law-enforcement officer Deputy Dwight Omuhundro. But did they truly assault Dwight? And what started the fire? And why, in God's name, was Cherry keeping a pig for a pet?! As these four characters tell their version of what happened that night and why, they begin to reveal not only the events leading up to the fire but all the lost hopes and dreams that make them what they are today. In doing so, they realize that the disappointments of the past don't necessarily dictate the relationships of the future and by attempting to rescue Fatty the Pig, they may have miraculously rescued themselves.

Setting: The hills of eastern Kentucky, the present

Set: the exterior of a house recently burned to the ground

Cast size: 5 (three men, two women)

Cast: (in order of appearance)

**Floyd Blevins** – a thirty-something night manager of the local Quik Mart, fraught with broken dreams and frail ego, who hopes to escape forever the world of Twinkies and gas pumps by being elected the county's next Deputy Water Commissioner... whatever *that* is.

**Dwight Omuhundro** – a local deputy and true-blue believer in the sovereignty of the law. He is also a die-hard fan of television fishing shows, which he watches in hopes of catching a glimpse of his long-lost father... who may or may *not* be a fisherman.

**Connie Blevins** – Floyd's wife and local church secretary whose ensemble always includes a string of pearls draped around her neck. She hates cigarettes, pigs and her sister-in-law Cherry – not necessarily in that order.

**Cherry Blevins** – a cigarette-smoking, tough-ass waitress at the local pancake house who secretly dreams of being a chef as famous as Boyardee. Her pet pig Fatty is part of her secret plan to break into the culinary world in a blaze of glory. Now, if she could only learn how to cook...

**Judge** – the local circuit court judge so desperate to escape judging the local fourth grade spelling bee that he's willing to listen to the stories behind a controversial pig rescue.

NOTE: The JUDGE is heard in voice-over only.

## ACT I

SETTING: *The stage is divided into five playing areas, differentiated with set pieces, platforms, lighting, etc. Stage left, The Dining Room, consists of a cheap dinette table with two chairs, representing Cherry's kitchen and the dining room of the Circle K Pancake Hut. A pack of cigarettes, a lighter, and an ashtray reside on the table. Stage right, The Living Room, consisting of a recliner. Resting on one arm of the recliner is a television remote control. This represents Dwight's living room, Floyd and Connie's living room, and the living room of the house Floyd and Cherry grew up in. Upstage center, The Church, consists of a wooden pew with a Bible sitting on it. Behind the pew is the outline of a white peaked roof with a steeple. Atop the steeple is a small cross. This represents the various churches referred to in the play. The pew is also used to represent a bench in the Courthouse as well as the front seat of The Car. Downstage center is The Courtroom. If possible, The Living Room, The Dining Room and The Church should all be on platforms so that the area between them, The Void, is easily distinguishable.*

AT RISE: *The stage is black. In the dark we hear a judge's gavel bang loudly, then the voice of the never-to-be-seen JUDGE.*

JUDGE (V.O.)

Next case, Bailiff...

*(We hear a paper being passed to the Judge.)*

Let's see, what do we have here... "The State of Kentucky versus Floyd and Connie Blevins. The charge – assaulting an officer of the law..."

*(Lights up. Four people stand in a line in the courtroom facing downstage. From stage left to stage right they are DEPUTY DWIGHT OMUHUNDRO, FLOYD BLEVNS, his wife, CONNIE BLEVINS and his sister CHERRY BLEVINS.)*

JUDGE (V.O.)

Your name, Officer?

DWIGHT

Omuhundro, Your Honor. Deputy Dwight Omuhundro.

JUDGE (V.O.)

And you are the arresting officer?

DWIGHT

Yes sir, I sure am.

JUDGE (V.O.)

As well as the officer assaulted...?

FLOYD

Now, see Your Honor, this here is the problem. If anyone was assaulted in this situation it was *me*...

JUDGE (V.O.)

And you are...?

DWIGHT

Your Honor, this here is...

FLOYD

I can speak for myself, boy.

*(He turns back to the Judge.)*

My name is Floyd Blevins, Your Honor – and this here is my wife Connie and my sister Cherry.

*(CHERRY waves.)*

JUDGE (V.O.)

Cherry...?

FLOYD

Cherry Blevins.

JUDGE (V.O.)

I have no record of a “Cherry Blevins” being arrested...

FLOYD

Oh, she warn't arrested, Your Honor. She's here as a "material witness"...

JUDGE (V.O.)

Witness...?

FLOYD

To validate my good character and vouchsafe my innocence. Ain't that right, Cherry?

(CHERRY *shrugs noncommittally.*)

JUDGE (V.O.)

Mr. Blevins, this is *not* a trial. We have no need of witnesses. This is merely an arraignment...

FLOYD

This is a travesty of justice, is what this is, Your Honor!

JUDGE (V.O.)

Mr. Blevins...

FLOYD

Your Honor, I know you're a busy man. I'm a busy man, too. So let me just cut to the chase. This whole thing was just a big misunderstandin'. Me and Connie are both law-abidin' citizens...

CONNIE

*I'm* blamin' this whole mess on Cherry. Cherry and her cigarettes, not to mention her plain bad luck...

CHERRY

It's true. I have bad luck...

FLOYD

I would never assault an officer of the law and neither would Connie...

CONNIE

How many houses can a person have burn down on 'em, anyways?

JUDGE (V.O.)

Wait a minute! Deputy Omuhundro, will you please explain what happened?

DWIGHT

I ain't exactly sure where to start, Your Honor.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Try the beginning, Deputy.

DWIGHT

Yessir. Well – the call come in at nine o'clock that night. I know it was nine o'clock cuz my fishin' show'd just ended.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Fishing show?

DWIGHT

Yessir. Every night after supper I set in my recliner...

*(Lights up on The Living Room. DWIGHT crosses to the recliner.)*

And watch my fishin' shows. The one I was watchin' this particular evenin' was on ESPN. I remember because they was doin' some trophy fishin' off the coast of Florida.

*(He picks up the remote and clicks on the "television".)*

That's the kinda fishin' where they strap the fishin' pole to you and you ride around in one of them big boats. I love them big boats. Just look at that one, will ya? Look at it!

*(DWIGHT points to the television and sits on the recliner. FLOYD walks over and looks at the television.)*

That there is a Chris Craft Catalina 26! They just come out this year. A man could catch one heckuva fish with a boat like that. I sure wish I had one.

FLOYD

Where you gonna use a boat like? This is Kentucky, boy. There ain't no ocean here.

DWIGHT

I don't care. I still want one.

JUDGE (V.O.)

I'm sorry. Did somebody mention a house burning down?

CONNIE

That was me, Your Honor.

JUDGE

And you are...?

CONNIE

Connie Blevins, Floyd's wife.

JUDGE (V.O.)

Right. And your house burnt down...?

CONNIE

No sir. It warn't my house. It was Cherry's. She's Floyd's sister.

(CHERRY *waves at The Judge.*)

And it warn't the first time she had a house burn down, neither...

CHERRY

I have real bad luck, Your Honor.

CONNIE

The first time it happened was five year ago. Cherry was waitin' tables at the Circle K Pancake Hut when her whole house burnt down and her two cats with it...

CHERRY

What'd you have to bring that up for?

CONNIE

Bring what up?

CHERRY

The part about Boo-Boo and Kitty dyin' in that fire.

CONNIE

It's part of the story. I'm explainin' to the Judge here what happened and this is just part of the explanation...

CHERRY

Well, maybe it's just an explanation to you, Connie, but to me that's a real painful memory that I don't appreciate you sharin' with just anybody. No offense, Your Honor.

JUDGE (V.O.)

None taken.

CHERRY

It was an experience that has scarred me emotionally, okay? Why, to this day I can still here the screams of my poor little kitties as that fire got ready to burn 'em up alive...

CONNIE

You didn't hear nothin' cuz you was waitin' tables down at the Circle K when it happened. Besides, Cherry – cats don't "scream".

DWIGHT

Yes, ma'am, they sure do. You throw a cat in a tub of water and it'll scream real loud.

*(All turn and look at him.)*

Cats hate water. In fact, there's an old superstition what says if you throw a cat overboard it's sure to bring about bad storms and more'n likely sink your ship. And in certain fishing communities, the wives of the fisherman will keep their cats indoors in order to protect their husbands from peril at sea.

They was talkin' about it on one of my fishin' shows.

JUDGE (V.O.)

I believe we're straying somewhat. The charge is assaulting an officer of the law...

*(FLOYD crosses back down to the Courtroom.)*

FLOYD

The thing is, Your Honor, it was real dark out. Even with that fire blazin' you couldn't see for shit. There was all these shadows, never mind all the smoke. So, I didn't even know that fella there...

*(FLOYD points to DWIGHT.)*

...was an officer of the law because I couldn't hardly see him. Not that it matters because I sure as hell didn't hit him, *whoever* he was. I didn't hit *nobody*. And neither did Connie.

CONNIE

Your Honor, cigarette-smokin' should be outlawed.

JUDGE (V.O.)

What...?

CONNIE

I know I probably shouldn't say that here in Kentucky, this bein' a big tobacco-producin' state and all. But the truth is it's a filthy, disgustin' habit. And it makes my hair smell awful, not to mention my clothes. Clothes which I have to *dry-clean*, unlike some people whose idea of dressin' up is puttin' on lipstick with her blue jeans and tube top.

CHERRY

*(To the JUDGE)*  
 Connie's a bitch.

*(We hear the bang of a gavel.)*

JUDGE (V.O.)

Young lady, there will be no name-calling in my courtroom!

CHERRY

I ain't callin' names, Your Honor. I'm just explainin' the way Connie is. Why, I told Floyd the first time he brung her home that she was bad news. I remember, I was settin' at the kitchen table...

*(Lights up on the Dining Room. CHERRY crosses to the table and takes a seat)*

And Floyd had just come back from droppin' her off...

*(FLOYD crosses to the Dining Room.)*

And the first thing I said to him was...

*(CHERRY turns to FLOYD.)*

She's bad news.

FLOYD

You don't know nothin'.

CHERRY

I know bad news when I see it.

FLOYD

Huh.

CHERRY

What do you want with her, anyway? Why not just stick with Rhonda down at the Circle K? A woman what can flip flapjacks is a whole lot better catch than some snotty ol' church secretary wearin' a fancy string of pearls.

FLOYD

What's wrong with wearin' pearls?

CHERRY

Nobody with *sense* wears pearls.

FLOYD

I think they're real dignified.

CHERRY

*Dignified?*

FLOYD

Classy, even. She's a real lady.

CHERRY

*A lady?* All she did all night long was make fun of my cigarette-smokin'. Every time I'd try to light up she'd start coughin' to beat all hell. That don't sound very ladylike to me!

FLOYD

You're just jealous, is all. She's somethin' you'll never be...

CHERRY

Floyd, listen to me! You're makin' a mistake!

*(CHERRY turns to The Judge.)*

But he wouldn't listen, Your Honor, so here I am stuck with this pearl-wearin', snotty-ass sister-in law who's all the time makin' smart-alecky remarks about my cigarette-smokin'...

*(She flicks her lighter in order to light her cigarette. CONNIE starts coughing. CHERRY lets her lighter go out.)*

I'm tellin' you, Your Honor, Floyd shoulda stuck with Rhonda down at the Circle K!

JUDGE (V.O.)

Is this Rhonda the one with the bleach blonde hair and the tattoo...?

CHERRY

Yessir.

JUDGE (V.O.)

I see...

FLOYD

That's it! Your Honor, may I approach the bench?

JUDGE (V.O.)

What for?

FLOYD

I need to explain some things to you. Man to man – if y’know what I mean.

JUDGE (V.O.)

All right then. What the hell. You may approach, Mr. Blevins.

*(FLOYD steps forward. CONNIE crosses back to the pew and sits. A spot comes up on FLOYD.)*

FLOYD

The thing is, Your Honor – I liked Rhonda down at the Circle K. I liked her *real* well, if y’know what I mean. There warn’t nothin’ that girl wouldn’t do in bed. But a man with political ambition’s got to be real particular when he’s pickin’ out a prospective wife. And Rhonda, bless her heart, warn’t exactly fittin’ material for a future Deputy Water Commissioner. What I needed was someone more ladylike. What I needed was a *virgin*. So I married Connie, instead...

*(Lights up on The Church and CONNIE.)*

She was the secretary over at the Baptist church. I started goin’ there when I realized I had a gift for politics. You probably know this already, Your Honor, but any man with political ambitions has got to be a God-fearin’, church-goin’ man. And I figured that Baptist church looked just as good as any of them other churches. So I joined up, got my ass “saved” – the whole nine yards. Even started goin’ to them potluck suppers they’re always holdin’ down there. That’s where I met Connie.

*(Spot out on FLOYD as he crosses to The Church. The sounds of a church potluck can be heard.)*

FLOYD

Hey there.

CONNIE

Hello.

FLOYD

Mind if I set down?

*(CONNIE shrugs and scoots over. FLOYD sits down.)*

FLOYD (cont.)

It's a nice potluck, ain't it? The food here's real good. The fried chicken, the mashed potatoes, the green beans... All of it. The biscuits... Only thing I didn't like was the macaroni and cheese. It's real dried up. But I reckon a dish like that's bound to creep in at a potluck – y'know, with everybody bringin' a dish to pass and whatnot... What dish did you bring?

CONNIE

The macaroni and cheese.

FLOYD

Oh. Well. Better luck next time.

CONNIE

*(Standing up)*

Excuse me...

FLOYD

*(Grabbing her arm)*

Hold on, now. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You cook a whole lot better'n anybody I'm kin to. Please... set back down here a minute.

*(CONNIE and FLOYD both sit.)*

I'm Floyd Blevins, by the way.

CONNIE

Connie Turnbull.

FLOYD

It's nice to meet you, Connie Turnbull. You ain't from around here, are you?

CONNIE

How could you tell?

FLOYD

You're wearin' pearls.

*(Connie's hand goes to her neck and fingers her "pearls".)*

CONNIE

Oh.