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Babe

By George Miller

This is a tale about
an unprejudiced heart...
and how it changed our valley forever.
There was a time not so long ago...
when pigs were afforded no
respect except by other pigs.
They lived their whole lives
in a cruel and sunless world.
In those days, pigs believed that
the sooner they grew large and fat,
the sooner they'd be
taken into pig paradise.
- Haa! Haa! Get up!
- A place so wonderful...
- that no pig had ever thought to come back.
- Yo! Yeah!

Good-bye, Mom.

So when the day came for their parents to
go to that other world of endless pleasures,
it was not a time for
young pigs to be sad.

Just another step towards the day
when they, too, would make the journey.
Perhaps it was because he was alone.
Perhaps his sadness
made him easier to catch.

Whatever the reason, of the thousands
of animals in the piggery that day...
only one was chosen.

- How's this one, Harry?
- Just right for the purpose.
- How much do I owe you?
- It's a runt, Harry. A worthless, little runt.

You're too modest, Esme Hoggett.

Nine out of ten first prizes
for jams and jellies...
is more than a matter of luck.

Luck still plays its part. Our
berries were wickedly good this year.
And our water is very tasty too.
Of course, we don't use the town water.
Arthur Hoggett! How's it going, Arthur?
How are those sheep of
yours? Come on, try your luck.

How about taking a guess,
Arthur? All for a good cause.

- Don't keep pigs.
- Christmas day. Think of it. What a feast!

That'll do, Pig.

The pig and the farmer
regarded each other.

And for a fleeting moment,
something passed between them.

- A faint sense of some common destiny.
- Hah. Strange.

First time the little thing
hasn't screamed its head off.

Now you'll have to have a guess.

Sixteen pounds, five-

Eew.

Two ounces.

Hooey! Hoggett!

Hooey! Hoggett!

Thanks, Arthur. We'll be
weighing the little pig tomorrow.

We'll phone you if you win.

When you win, Arthur. When you win!

Care to guess the pig's weight, sir?

Support the Lion's Club.

Ooh!

What could we do with
a pig, eh, Duchess?

Just think. Two nice
hams. Two sides of bacon.

Oh, and pork chops, kidney,
liver, chitlins, pickle his feet.

- Save his blood for black
puddin'. There's the telephone.

Hoggett!

Good news, Arthur. You've won the pig.

Oh.

Pigs are definitely stupid.

Oh, oh, oh, oh.

- What is it, Mom?
- That's a pig.
- They'll eat him when he's big.
- Will they eat us?

Good heavens, no! The bosses

only eat stupid animals...
like sheep and ducks and chickens.
Yea!
It does look stupid, Mom.
Not as stupid as sheep, mind you.
But pigs are definitely stupid.
Excuse me. No, we're not.
- Good heavens! Who are you?
- I'm a Large White.
- Yes, that's your breed, dear. What's your name?
- I don't know.
What did your mother call you to tell
you apart from your brothers and sisters?
Our mom called us all the same.
And what was that, dear?
She called us all Babe.
Perhaps we shouldn't talk
too much about, uh, family.
I want my mom.
There, there. You've got
to be a brave boy now.
I left my mother when I was your age,
and my pups will have to leave me soon.
But I'll keep an eye on you, if you
like, just 'til you find your feet.
The little pig's a bit low.
He's going to sleep with us...
just 'til he finds his feet.
Until he finds his feet.
But, Mom, he'll wet the bed!
Nonsense!
If you do want to do anything,
you'll go outside, won't you?
Good boy.
Yea!
Yeah! Yeah! Stomp on him!
What's your name, Pig?
- What does he taste like?
- Where did he come from?
Comin' through! Hey, get lost!
We've got to do
something about that duck.
Ooh! Ooh!
Doodle-loo-dee-doo.

- What's that noise?
- It's only Ferdinand.
- What's Ferdinand?
- He's a duck.
- He wants to be a rooster.
- He hates being a duck.
- We'll catch him one day and eat him. Won't we, Mom?
- Yes, dear.

Yech! Who'd want to eat a duck?

Babe, you wait here.

- Aren't pigs allowed?
- Not live ones.
- Sorry, dear. Only dogs and cats inside the house.
- Why?

That's just the way things are.

Whoa!

- Ow! -

Pig-pig-piggy!

Ooh, what a spectacular
feast I've got for you.

Oh, yes! What a lucky
little pork chop you are.

Delicious! Oh, yes! Yum, yum, yum.

Who's gonna grow up
to be a big, fat pig?

You are! You are! Yum, yum, yum.

- Where are we going?
- To work with the sheep.
- What's sheep?
- Sheep is animals with thick, woolly coats.

And thick woolly heads. And men
can't look after them without us.

- Why do they need us?
- 'Cause we're sheepdogs! Yea!
- Not you, dear.
- Why not?

We have to do dogs' work. You're a pig.

Your job is to stay here and eat your food.

We'll be back at the end of the day.

They don't think I'll
remember. Well, I don't forget.

Seems like a sheep's
just born to suffer.

Hello? Excuse me.

Darn wolf!

- I'm not a wolf. I'm a pig. What are you?

- Ewe.

Pig. What are you?

I'm a ewe. A ewe!

- You're a sheep!

- I'll not be called a common sheep, thank you kindly.

I'm a Border Leicester

ewe. The name's Maa.

Oh.

- What's wrong with you, Maa?

- Foot rot. And I got me a nasty cough.

And I'm not as young as I used to be.

Hmph.

- Seem like a nice young pig. What be your name?

- Babe.

Not like them wolves. Treat

you like dirt, they do!

- Bite you as soon as look at you, those savages!

- Bite you?

And worse. Some wolves be so bad,

they run a sheep down

and tear it to pieces.

Fly would never do that!

Fly, is it? A right vicious

creature she be, I'll tell you.

- Not Fly.

- All them wolves is cruel to sheep. Always have been.

Brutal savages! That's what they be.

I wouldn't want to see a gentle soul

like you mixin' with the likes of them.

That afternoon when he saw Fly,

the pig's mind was a

tangle of questions.

Cruel, vicious, brutal?

What was it that dogs

did in the fields all day?

- Hello, Babe? Had a good day?

- Yes, thank you.

The old sheep had to be wrong about Fly.

And the pig promised himself that he would

never think badly of any creature ever again.

Crime and Punishment!

The morning of the terrible crime...

started like any other on Hoggett Farm.

Comin' through! Comin' through!

Take off!

- Now!

- Up, up, up.

Nee-nee-nee-nee.

Hmm?

I was worried it might have a harsh tone,
but that's quite a nice musical ring.

I walked into O'Halloran's Hardware,
and there it was waiting for me.

What a splendid way to
wake up each morning!

Hoggett, dear. Church.

When embarking on an audacious crime,
a duck needs a willing accomplice.

A creature who is
reliable, beyond suspicion,
and above all, extremely gullible.

Hey! Psst!

Wha

- What?

You look like an intelligent,
sophisticated, discerning young fella.

- Who, me?

- Yeah. Follow me. Oh, boy! Are you in for some fun!

What are we doin'? Where are we goin'?

Now the duck knew
exactly what he had to do.

- The alarm clock had to go. His very life depended on it.

- Do you see it?

- Yes.

- Good.

So I go through the kitchen,
across the living room...

- Good, good.

- into the bedroom.

Get the mechanical rooster
and bring it out to you.

- What about that cat?

- But quietly bring it out to you.

- Excellent.

- I don't think I can do it.

It's against the rules. Only dogs

and cats allowed in the house.

It's a good rule, but this is bigger than rules. This is life and death.

- It is? -

Mm-hmm. Follow me.

Hello! Look, there's something you should know.

- Humans eat ducks!

- I beg your pardon?

Most ducks prefer to forget it, but the fact is that humans like to eat plump ducks.

I don't think so. Not the boss. Not the boss's wife.

Come on. Humans don't eat cats. Why?

- Well, they're- - They're indispensable. They catch mice.

Humans don't eat roosters. Why? They make eggs with the hens and wake up everyone in the morning.

I tried it with the hens. It didn't work.

So I turned to crowing, and lo! I discover my gift.

But no sooner do I become indispensable than they bring in a machine to do the job!

Ah, the treachery of it!

- A mechanical rooster!

- Oh, dear me.

Oh, dear you?

I suppose the life of an anorexic duck... doesn't amount to much in the broad scheme of things.

But, Pig, I'm all I've got.

Why do you need me to do it?

- I'm allergic to cats.

- Oh.

They make me sneeze.

Ahh.

Don't worry. I won't wake the cat.

My life is in your hands.

Oh, dear.

Oh, no!

Ah, boy.

No, no, no!

Your foot, your foot! Take
the string off your foot.

Wait, wait. Let me put it
this way. Stop. Turn around-
Shh.

No, no! The other way! Turn-

No, stop! Oh!

Stop! Stop, stop, stop!

Don't, don't, stupid. Go outside... now.

- But you said you can't do without me.

- I can. Trust me, I can.

- Are you sure? You're positive?

- Yes!

- Go outside and stand guard.

- Okay. Good idea.

Oh, boy. Want something done,
you gotta do it yourself.

- Hmm.

- Guard against what?

Ahh! Ahh! Don't worry.

Stick with me and please, I
beg you, not one more word.

All right.

Aah-

Don't sneeze, Ferdie.

- Just hold your

breath. - Ahhh-

Ah-choo!

It was my mistake. I was trying
to loosen things up a little.

But, no. Today proves
that it doesn't work.

From now on, we'll

all respect the rules.

To each creature its own destiny.

Every animal in its proper place.

And a pig's proper place is under
the old cart, not in the barn.

And absolutely never in the house.

- Is that understood?

- Yes, sir.

Now, Pig, regarding the
company you keep. Being young,

it's hard to discriminate,
so I'll make it easy for you.

I forbid you to talk
to or consort with...
that duck... ever.

- Have I made myself clear?

- Uh... what's "consort"?

It means, young man,
that you must not go
anywhere near that duck.

As for the fugitive duck, when he
shows himself, let him know this:
Being a duck he must behave like a duck.
No more of this crowing and nonsense.

He should accept what he
is and be thankful for it.

- That goes for all of us.

- Here, here!

Rex continued long into the night.

Elsewhere, there was more talk.

The subject was Christmas dinner...

and whether that year the main
course would be roast pork...

or Duck a l'Orange.

And pork is a nice, sweet meat.

Then there's the crackling. That
always adds interest and texture.

Get him!

Get the pig! Get the pig! Get the pig!

Get him! Get him!

- Psst!

- Ferdinand!

- Everyone's been looking for you.

- Shh. Shh.

- What is this place?

- What's happenin' out there?

Rex isn't very happy.

Boy, all these new rules!

I'm not allowed to

- Oops.

Not allowed to what?

Huh?

- Piggy!

- What? You didn't see me, all right?

And I didn't see you. All right? Oops.
The time comes for all creatures...
when childhood ends...
and the doorway opens
to life as an adult.
And so it was with Fly's pups.
Though that time was
all too soon for Fly.
Puppy, puppy, puppy. Come on.
In my pocket.
Fly?
May I call you Mom?
And so it was that the pig...
found his place in
the world of the farm.
And he was happy, even in his dreams.
- Hello!
- Folks, how are you? Merry Christmas!
How's my favorite girl?
Nanny's got a jellybean.
Give us a kiss.
Guess what we're having
for Christmas dinner.
- Roast pork.
- I hate pork.
Darn silly carry-on, if you ask me.
The cat says they call it Christmas.
Christmas! Christmas dinner, yeah.
Dinner means death.
Death means carnage!
Christmas means carnage!
Christmas means carnage!
Ooh.
Yes!
Wait.
Eatin' pigs! Blah! Barbarians!
You're goin' back to the fields, Maa.
Oh, young'un, tragic there
ain't more of your kind.
- I'll be thinkin' of ya always.
- I could come visit you.
I'd like that, but-
Well, we shouldn't
hope for too much. Ooh!

And so, it was Christmas Eve.

And time had run out for the pig.

- Are you doing him tonight then?

- Mmm.

Good. The blood'll drain by morning.

- Pity.

- What's that?

Nothin'.

What on earth are you babbling on about?

Shame to miss out on the best ham
prize at next year's fair, is all.

Nice plump haunches he's gettin'.

Beautiful. Still...

silly to wait, I suppose.

Here it is!

- The bird.

- Yuck. Chicken?

No, it's Duck a l'Orange.

And, Mother, it looks absolutely superb.

- I'm not going to eat any of it!

- This is fabulous.

Ferdinand!

If you're out here, who's that in there?

Her name's Rosanna.

Why Rosanna?

- She had such a beautiful nature.

- Oh, Ferdinand.

- I can't take it anymore.

- Really!

The fear's too much for a
duck. It eats away at the soul.

There must be kinder dispositions
in far-off gentler lands.

The only way you'll find
happiness is to accept...

that the way things are
is the way things are.

The way things are stinks! I'm
not gonna be a goner. I'm gone.

I wish all of you the best of luck.

- Where will you go?

- No idea.

But I'm a clever duck. I
could do with an adventure.

- I'll miss you, Ferdie.
- Ferdie? No one's ever called me that before.
Hey, good luck, Pig. Huh?
- I am outta here.
- Bye, bye.
Ow! Would you do me a favor, old thing?
- Anything.
- Open the gate, huh?
Ah! Ah! Ahh!
Ha-ha-ha! Whoa!
The pig knew it was against
the rules to leave the farm.
But something was definitely wrong.
How lovely, darling. What is it?
It's a fax machine. You can
send us letters by phone.
- Hmm.
- Oh.
At any other time, the pig
would've been tickled pink...
by his first visit to the sheep fields.
But now there was fear in the air.
Maa and her kind were under threat.
Hey, Frank, feel like
pork for dinner tonight?
- Young'un, you're alive!
- Maa!
What's happening? Who are these men?
I'll get him out. Come around, Sniff!
Where's our boss? It doesn't seem right.
- What's wrong, dear?
- It's the wrong one!
I want the house I
saw on the television!
Oh, there, there.
Get! Quick! Get the dog in.
Out of the sheep! Come on!
Let's go!
Good dog.
Good pig.
Oooh.
Oooh!
- Hey, hey. Dad says his little porker's a watch pig.
- Dearie me!

If it's not a duck that
thinks it's a rooster,
it's a pig that thinks it's a dog!
A pig that thinks it's a dog!
A pig that thinks it's a dog!
A washing machine, a
radio, a new alarm clock.
I think it's a lovely fax machine,
darling, but can't you use it?
We already have one, Mom.
That's the whole idea.
We can send faxes to each other.
Don't be afraid of it
just because it's new.
These accounts are a real worry, Arthur.
Every month your expenditure
is greater than your income.
It's eating up your reserves.
You need to modernize, get
some sort of cash flow going.
You're still using a horse
and cart, for God's sakes.

- Dad?
- Funny, that.
- What?
- Those chickens, that pig.

What's the pig got to do with anything?
Nothing.
Just look at them. The
browns and the whites.
Come, Rex. Come, Fly.
Come, Pig.
Come, Pig!

Perhaps he's pleased with you
for what you did yesterday.

- I didn't do much.
- If it wasn't for you, dear,
they could've stolen the whole flock.
- Is Rex unhappy with me?
- Oh, he'll be all right.
Just stay out of his way today.
Way to be, Fly. Rex, come by.
That'll do.
You're so quick. I'd never

be able to fly like you can.

Pigs aren't built to fly, dear.

But speed isn't the
thing. It's attitude.

They just have to know who's boss.

Out you go.

Mmm!

Get 'em up, Pig.

- He wants you to drive them out of the yard.

- Away to me, Pig.

Remember, you have to dominate them.

Do that and they'll do
anything you want. Go.

Woof!

Woof, woof, woof!

Woof! Woof! Woof, woof, woof, woof!

Woof, woof, woof!

This is ridiculous, Mom.

Nonsense. It's only your first try.

But you're treating them like equals.

They're sheep. They're inferior.

- Ah, no they're not.

- Of course they are!

We are their masters. Let them doubt it
for a second and they'll walk all over you.

- Fly, get that pig out of there.

- Make them feel inferior. Abuse them. Insult them.

- But they'll laugh at me.

- Then bite them.

Be ruthless. Whatever it
takes. Bend them to your will.

- Enough!

- Go on! Go!

Move along there, you-

You, uh, big butt heads!

- Ow!

- Young'un, stop this nonsense.

What's got into you? I just finished
tellin' what a nice young pig you be.

Maa, I was just trying to be a sheepdog.

Hah! Enough wolves in
the world already...

without a nice lad

like you turnin' nasty.

You haven't got it in ya, young'un.
You and I are descended
from the great sheepdogs.
We carry the bloodline
of the Ancient Bahou.
We stand for something.
And today I watched in shame
as all that was betrayed.
- Rex, he's just a little pig.
- All the greater the insult.
I'm sorry I bit you. Are you all right?
I wouldn't call that a bite, myself. You
got teeth in that floppy mouth or just gums?
You see, ladies, a heart of gold.
Ahh. Heart of gold.
No need for all this
wolf nonsense, young'un.
All a nice little pig
like you need do is ask.
Thanks very much. It
was very kind of you.
- A pleasure.
- What a nice little pig!
All right, how did you do it?
I asked them, and they did
it. I asked them nicely.
We don't ask sheep, dear.
We tell them what to do.
I did, Mom. They were really friendly.
Maybe Rex might be a little more
friendly if I had a talk with him.
No, no, no. You better leave that to me.
Rex?
I know it was hard for you today...
watching all that happening.
But surely it's not
worth all this misery.
Please, dear, not on
such a beautiful night.
You put these ideas into his head!
Two-faced
traitorous wret-
Get down!
Down, Rex. Fly!

A dark cloud had
descended on the valley.
And the pig felt that the
troubles were all his fault.
But he was certain that he knew
how to put things right again.
Oh, uh, e
- excuse me, sir.
But I-I-I think
all this trouble-
Well, it's not distemper.
Can't be rabies.
Must be the hormones.
- What about Hoggett's notion, the dog jealous of the wee pig?
- I don't see that myself.
No. So what should we do?
You can keep him locked up or...
snip, snip. I can do it Tuesday.
No.
Or Wednesday.
Hoggett doesn't want the dog
operated on. He's a breeding dog.
I can sedate him, of course,
but he'll be useless as a working dog.
- I'll give you pills
to put in his food.
Good dog.
The Sheep Pig.
A pig doing the work of a sheepdog?
With Rex out of action and Fly injured from
the fight, Farmer Hoggett had no choice.
Maa! Maa! The boss has
to give you some medicine.
Oh, dear, I thought so!
It's horrible stuff, that.
- I know, but it's for the best.
- Young'un, if you say so.
Shoo! Shoo!
When the thought first came to him,
Farmer Hoggett dismissed
it as mere whimsy.
But, like most of his harebrained
ideas, it wouldn't go away.
- What are they doing?

- It's a sheepdog trial.

So it's like a

competition for sheepdogs?

And their bosses. It's

like an obstacle course.

How do they decide who wins?

It's time and mistakes. You get

points for how quick you are.

And they take points

off for every mistake.

Every time a sheep goes the wrong way,

that's a mistake and you lose points.

- Looks like fun!

- For a sheepdog, there's no prouder moment.

- Rex and I

used to- - Hmm?

Never mind.

Oh.

Was Rex a champion?

He had the makings of the greatest champion

there ever was, but it wasn't to be.

- What happened?

- A while back when Rex was in his prime,

the winter rains brought a

great flood to the valley.

Rex and the boss got most of

the flock onto the high ground.

Then Rex went back to

look for the strays.

He found them. They'd been

stranded by the rising water.

He tried to herd them across to

safety, but they wouldn't budge.

Too afraid and too stupid

to save their own skins.

It was freezing cold and

the water kept rising.

Rex stayed with them

right through the night.

By morning, the sheep were drowned.

- And when they found Rex, he was barely alive.

- Oh, Mom!

Two weeks rest in front of the

fire saw him back on his feet.

But his hearing was
never the same again.
He'd never want anyone to know,
but he's almost totally deaf.
- Is that why he's so, you know, angry?
- That's not the half of it.
All this was barely a month before
the Grand National Challenge.
He tried his best, but he couldn't hear
the boss's calls, and it slowed him up.
The cold truth is that, but
for the stupidity of sheep,
Rex would've been the
champion of champions.
Good dog.
That's it, all right. Good.
Here we go. All right.
Now, through here like this.
And then, big hook
to the left. Big hook.
Big hook. Through this gate here.
It was at that time that Mrs. Hoggett
began to worry about her husband.
But Farmer Hoggett knew
that little ideas...
that tickled and nagged
and refused to go away...
should never be ignored...
for in them lie the seeds of destiny.
Close the gate like
that, and you're done.
A Tragic Day.
Mom. Mom! Can we start work early today?
Oh, dear, it's not even dawn yet.
You can go to work when the
rooster crows. Oh, go back to sleep.
Ahem.
Um, excuse me.
Hello, sir. Excuse me,
but it's nearly dawn, and-
- What?
- Sorry to disturb you.
It's nearly dawn, and I wondered if you'd mind
crowing just a few minutes early this morning.

- Get out of here!
- But, well, see I-
- Get lost!
- Oh, okay.

Whoa!

Now the pig understood why the sheep called all dogs wolves.

And he was filled with a deep and terrible rage.

Maa! Maa!

- Are you all right?
- Hello, young'un.

Oh, Maa, can you get up?

I don't reckon.

It's over, Maa. The wolves have gone far away.

I'll get the boss up here to look after you.

- You'll be all right.

You'll be all right!

Oh, Maa! Maa!

Maa! Maa!

Maa!

Maa!

Home, Pig.

Fly knew that there was only one fate for any creature...

that took the life of a sheep on Hoggett Farm.

But Fly could never believe that Babe was a sheep killer, so she remained in the field to do something she'd never talk to the sheep.

Tell me. Who killed the old one?

- Wolf! - Wolf. Is that the only words you half-wits know?
- Wolf!
- Are you saying it was a dog?
- Where's Babe?
- Was it wolf or Babe?

Wolf! Babe!

Farmer Hoggett was carrying something in the crook of one arm. A kind of black, shiny tube.

Come, Pig.

The pig had a vague memory
that shiny tubes produced food,
and guessed that some
quite unexpected surprise...
would come out of two
small round mouths.

Babe! Wolf!

Babe! Wolf!

Quiet!

Fly decided to speak very slowly,
for it was a cold fact of
nature that sheep were stupid...
and no one would ever
persuade her otherwise.

Please, please would you be...
so kind as to tell me what happened?

Quiet!

Please, tell me what
happened this morning.

The sheep spoke very slowly...
for it was a cold fact of nature
that wolves were ignorant...
and nothing would
convince them otherwise.

Babe came! He saved us!

- The wolves killed Maa.

- But Babe drove the wolves away!

Thank you! Thank you!

Thank you all very much!

Pleasure talkin' to ya.

Hooey! Hoggett! Hooey! Arthur!

Oh, there you are!

Well, what do you think?

That was the police on the telephone.

Said there are wild dogs about.

Apparently the Mitchells
lost six lambs this morning.

What are you doing with that gun?

Oh, I

- Nothing.

Pig of Destiny!

It's all very simple. Half
an hour at 350 degrees.

I've given you rabbit
casserole for Friday.

Now, for Duchess, it's liver in
the morning, heart for the evening.

Except Fridays, when it's steak in
the morning, and cooked liver at night.

Warm it up a bit but test it, because she
bites into it before she knows what's what.

That'll be the bus.

- Oh, bye, bye.

- Have a good time. Bye.

Hello, everyone!

Oh, dearie me, Valda.

I know I have to be at
the National Conference.

I am the Assistant General Secretary
of the Northeast Region after all,

but I do worry about
leaving that man alone.

- Still acting a bit strange?

- Just silly things.

Odd little things only
a wife would notice.

- Still, he can't get up to too much mischief in three days.

- Of course not.

Go on.

Go on!

- Oh! Good evening.

Shame about the weather.

Nasty cough!

It had been a long time
since Arthur Hoggett...

had had an animal in whose
abilities he had so much faith.

And with the National Grand Challenge
Sheepdog Trials only two days away,

he wasn't going to let the fact
that his animal was a pig deter him.

He had been worried, for

he was a truthful man,

that the heading might

say "Name of dog. "

And then whatever he put would be a lie.

But as it happened, luck, for

the moment, was running with him.

It's all right, really!

I'm just, well

- Bless you.

Whoa, whoa! Uh, easy, whoa! Ah.

Oh, no.

- So, ah... what's happening?

- Oh, no.

Shh. Easy, easy.

- Good pig. Good pig.

- Huh? Huh?

Hold still. Hold still.

Huh?

There are many perfectly
nice cats in the world.

But every barrel has its bad apples.

And it is well to heed the old adage,
"Beware the bad cat bearing a grudge. "

- How are you feeling?

- A bit tired.

You'll need a good sleep to put
you in top condition tomorrow.

Don't stay up too late. Good night.

Good night, Mom.

Oh, do forgive me for
scratching you, dear.

I got a bit carried
away. It's a cat thing.

Oh. Well-

But oh-

Feeling good about tomorrow, are you?

Mm-hmm. It should be
all right, I think.

I probably shouldn't say this,
but I'm not sure if you realize...

how much the other animals are laughing
at you for this sheepdog business.

Why would they do that?

Well, they say that you've forgotten
that you're a pig. Isn't that silly?

They even say that you
don't know what pigs are for.

What do you mean?

- You know... why pigs are here.

- Why are any of us here?

Well, the cow's here to be milked.

The dogs are here to help the boss's husband with the sheep.

And I'm here to be beautiful and affectionate to the boss.

Yes?

The fact is that pigs don't have a purpose.

Just like ducks don't have a purpose.

- I don't- - All right, for you own sake, I'll be blunt.

Why do the bosses keep ducks? To eat them.

So why do the bosses keep a pig?

The fact is that animals that don't seem to have a purpose really do have a purpose.

The bosses have to eat. It's probably the most noble purpose of all...

when you come to think about it.

They eat pigs?

Pork, they call it. Or bacon.

They only call them pigs when they're alive.

But, uh, I'm a sheep pig!

The boss's husband's just playing a little game with you.

Believe me, sooner or later, every pig gets eaten.

That's the way the world works.

Oh! I haven't upset you, have I?

- Mom?

- Mm-hmm.

- Mom!

- Good heavens!

What on earth are you doing out in the rain?

You should be looking after yourself with such a big day ahead of you.

- Are pigs for eatin'?

- Who told you that?

The cat told me. Pigs don't have a purpose except to be eaten.

Is it true?

It's true. For many pigs, it's true.

So my mother, my father,
my brothers and my sisters,

- all- -

Probably, dear.

- Do you want to talk about it?

- No, it's all right.

I understand. I'll be all right.

Even... the boss?

Yes, dear.

Ooh! Ooo!

Babe?

Babe!

Babe!

Babe!

Babe!

Babe's run away.

Rex?

Please?

Call the boss.

He's over here.

Hold on, Pig. You'll be home soon.

He's got a cold, but that
doesn't explain a pig not eating.

He's got me stonkered, Arthur.

But I can tell you this.

If you don't get fluids into
him soon, you're gonna lose him.

C'mon, son. Pull yourself together.

The boss needs you.

Here we go.

Come on, Pig. Ah, come on.

There's my boy.

Come on, then. Come on.

Listen, Arthur, I'll
tell you what we can do.

You're listed third, but we
can put you last in the program.

However, you must be here by 3:30;
otherwise you'll be disqualified.

All right.

And welcome back to the National
Grand Challenge Sheepdog Trials...
coming today from the Kingsmith Show

Ground in the heart of sheep country.
The weather's been patchy,
but we've already seen some
wonderful work by these talented dogs.
Stay there.

Excuse me, sheep.

Hello! Hello! Good morning to you all!

I've never met a sheep with
such a strong, dark face.

Are they feeding you well?

Babe, I'll try.

All right, blockheads!

Pay attention over here!

Now, you pay attention to
what this pig has to say...

or I'll come in there
and rip you to shreds!

Hadn't thought of this. Keep talking
to them. I'll see what I can do.

- Doesn't it look a picture? Our show ground on the telly!

- Apart from the weather.

- Look! There's your Bert!

- Bert Ford and Sweep doing very well.

- Sweep's having a little trouble with this gate, Clive.

- A lot of trouble actually.

- That's going to set Bert back.

- Don't worry, Valda. Just a little slipup.

Look, he's doing much better now.

Too many loose sheep. And Sweep's
usually such a reliable dog.

Hey, whoa. Stop!

If those sheep won't talk to Babe, the
boss is going to look like an idiot.

- I don't know what to do.

- There is one thing.

I gotta go! I'll try to be back in time.

Ahem. It must've been
terrible weather for you,

- out in the field with all
this rain we've been having.

Hey, that dog's in a hurry.

Come on, Nick, I got a
beer and a TV waiting.

The last entry is

Pig. Owner, A. Hoggett.

- Was that "Hoggett"?

- I think it was!

- Huh?

- He said Hoggett. It was clear as a bell.

Must be another Hoggett. We only have

the two dogs, and they certainly...

aren't-

Wolf! Wolf!

Wolf! Wolf!

Shut up, you morons!

The little pig's in trouble.

What trouble has come to our Babe, wolf?

The sheep at the trials won't

talk to the little fellow.

They won't listen. He

doesn't know what to do.

Don't know what we could do to help.

- It's not right to give help to a wolf.

- You wait here, wolf.

You'll have to speak up. I'm

a... little hard of hearing.

I asked you to wait here, wolf.

Do what you're told by

an old sheep for a change.

We'll see what we can do for you.

Work completed. Restore power.

Very frustrating to

be sitting up here...

wondering what's causing the delay.

We have someone on their

way to the judges' rooms now.

We'll tell you what's causing the

problem as soon as we find out.

- Perhaps it's a drug test?

- Yeah, it could be.

- I've never heard of a drug
test at a sheepdog contest before.

We've got somethin' here that

might be of use to our pig.

Password! Password!

Before we gives you anythin',

- you'll be makin' us a solemn promise.

- Yes?

- Treat us civil! - Yes!

You gotta treat us nice-like.

I'll try.

- No bitin'!

- That's right. Wolf must avoid bitin' us sheep...

- at all costs!

- All right! I'll try that too.

It's preposterous! We'd be the laughingstock
of every sheepdog organization...

- in every civilized country

in the world! - There's no rule-

We'll see about that when the adjudication
committee have finished their meeting.

What will we have next year, a
laughing hyena doing show jumping?

But the most important of
all, you must promise...

never ever to let this

password we be about to give...

to be used against any sheep anywhere.

I promise you that. I'll make
sure the pig knows it too.

- We have the promise!

- 'Tis for Babe.

Maa would have wanted it.

Baa, ram, ewe.

Baa, ram, ewe.

To your breed, your
fleece, your clan be true.

Sheep be true. Baa, ram, ewe.

Is that it? Is that the password?

Mr. Hoggett, the judges would
like me to convey to you...

their disappointment that

a man such as yourself,

with a long and honorable association with
the work of National Sheepdog Association,
should see fit to flout...

the historic conventions which
have long ruled our sport.

However we find there

is no rule, as such,

which would prevent your...

animal... being entered.

The committee has ruled
that if you wish to proceed,
there is nothing we can do to stop you.
What do you wish to do?
There appears to be some
movement down there now.
I expect if there are
no further problems,
we shall see Hoggett and his dog Pig.
- Unusual name. Strange name, isn't it?
- Pig.
Anyone for a game of cards?
Oh, good grief! Look!
He's a fool!
Entry number 23, Mr.
A. Hoggett with Pig.
This is just too crazy to believe.
And if that isn't enough. We
have a stray dog on the field.
They trying to round him up?
The dog's gonna give a few
tips on how to be a sheep pig.
Well, it's up to him now.
Away to me, Pig.
Get off!
Baa, ram, ewe. Baa, ram, ewe!
To your breed, your
fleece, your clan be true.
Sheep be true. Baa, ram, ewe.
What... what did you say?
Get yourself a dog, Hoggett.
There, there, Esme. It's
not the end of the world.
Is he just going to stand
there until his time runs out?
Or could this be some sort of protest?
Maybe we should line up an
interview with the sheep pig?
Or the sheep pig's trainer.
He's a lively sort of fellow
by the looks of things.
Good heavens!
- Hey!
- Shh.

It's Babe!

I-

I-

- It,

uh- - Hmm.

Oh, beautifully done! I can't tell
you how grateful I am to y'all.

Now, for one last favor.

If the three ladies with collars
would kindly walk out of the ring,
I'd be very much obliged.

And so it was that in
all the celebration,
in all the hubbub of
noise and excitement,
there were two figures who
stood silent and still...
side by side.

The pig did it! The perfect score!

Yippee! Yippee!

And though every single human in the
stands or in the commentary boxes...
was at a complete loss for words,
the man, who in his life had uttered
fewer words than any of them...

knew exactly what to say.

That'll do, Pig.

That'll do.

And a-one and a-two
and a-three. Hit it.