

**The Real Story of
the Three Little
Pigs**

By

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The Real Story of the Three Little Pigs

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CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

- COURT REPORTER Loves his job and is efficient at it.
- BAILIFF Very business-like. Feels important.
- JUDGE Stern, but has a “human” side to him. No-nonsense sort of person. Fair.
- WOLF Personable, friendly, warm individual. Has good common sense and good intentions.
- MAMA PIG Diligent, caring mother who has spoiled her children and is now tired of having them around. At first she’s mild, but with the Wolf’s guidance, she becomes stronger.
- CURLY The youngest pig, who loves to watch TV and play jokes on others.
- HARRY The middle pig, who is lazy but means well. He’s flexible, and leans in the direction that will serve him best.
- JOE The oldest pig, who loves to read and learn. Has good knowledge about many things, as well as common sense. He’s more aware and sensitive to others and their needs.
- STRAW SALESPERSON A fast-talking con artist.
- STICK SALESPERSON A strong salesman – not as fast-talking or as much of a con artist as the first salesman.
- BRICK SALESPERSON A hard worker, rather timid and unsure of himself. Very honest.
- POLICEMAN A true upholder of the law, who wants to see justice served.
- RED RIDING HOOD Young girl who lives near-by, enroute to her grandmother’s home. She remembers the wolf from a previous encounter.
- NOTE: Females, as well as males, can be used for every role, and roles could be doubled – the JUDGE, BALIFF and REPORTER could also be the STRAW, STICK and BRICK SALESPEOPLE. as well as RED RIDING HOOD.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The Three Pigs mirror the Three Stooges, and some of the antics are incorporated in the script. However, the director of the pre-published play viewed several Three Stooges films with her cast, and developed additional bits.

In addition, she costumed the Three Pigs in suits and ties, in much the same fashion as the Three Stooges wore.

These adaptations showed that a director can do as much, or as little, as desired when it comes to using the Three Stooges material. This show allows for imagination and creativity.

PRODUCTION NOTES

1. COURT ROOM SET (Scenes 1 and 7)

The court room should be on STAGE RIGHT, in front of the curtain on the stage apron or an extended platform of the stage. If this is not possible, perhaps the set can be built on a platform that can be easily wheeled on and off the stage.

The set would require the Judge's bench, slightly elevated, a small table in front of the bench, a chair to the left of the bench, and a table and chair for the court Reporter.

2. THE FOREST SET (Scenes 2, 4, and 6)

One broad tree, located STAGE RIGHT, near the curtain line, with one or two smaller trees scattered on the perimeter of the stage area.

A small stump, off center, STAGE LEFT.

Center stage area clear for the building of the three homes.

3. THE HOME OF MRS. PIG SET (Scenes 3 and 5)

Set is STAGE LEFT.

The set should be simple – easy to set up. Or possibly on a platform that is on wheels and easy to pull and push on/off stage.

Set consists of a sofa, centered on the set, TV (angled slightly to the left of the sofa) an end table to the right of the sofa.

Two chairs – one on each side of the set.

The “door” would be STAGE LEFT

4. REGARDING THE BUILDING SUPPLIES

Depending upon how extensively the homes can be built, the salespeople can bring their materials in a wheelbarrow, cart, or wagon. With the straw and sticks, the materials can be bundled and carried by hand, or on the salesperson's back. A wheelbarrow would be most effective for the bricks.

5. REGARDING THE BUILDING OF THE HOMES

The houses can be built anywhere on the stage – what works best for the local production. A blackout at the end of each “construction” scene will allow for the removal of the home.

Straw and Stick Homes – Three narrow boards, covered with some of material, can lie on the ground or be flown. As the pigs build their homes, the

boards can be assembled by hooking them together, OR hooking them onto a frame, OR by using long strips of velcro. Another way might be to have the three boards already together by means of hinged braces, that the pigs could raise.

Brick Home – Similar to above, with bricks painted on, or use styro-foam or cardboard (play) bricks and actually construct a home.

NOTE: A completed brick home can be painted on the reverse side of the interior of Mrs. Pig's home. Joe's scene with the bricks can be played in front of the curtain, while the set is changed. When the curtain opens, the finished home is revealed.

Another Approach – For all three, the pigs can go through the motions of construction – pantomime – and put the imagination to work.

6. When the pigs enter their homes, they can go around one of the boards (walls) or pantomime going inside, then lay down as if to nap. When they see the wolf, they can pantomime looking outside a window.

7. Throughout the script, ad libs are called for to help engage the audience as well as to occupy time while building the houses. It will be up to the actors to think of appropriate things to say, and not be bogged down by scripted words that might not "work."

8. REGARDING THE THREE STOOGES MATERIAL

In the original pre-published production, the director and Three Pigs viewed films of The Three Stooges, and incorporated some of the antics in the play. In addition, the director injected a Fifties appeal, dressing the Three Pigs in suits and ties (similar to the Three Stooges), and added Do-Wop back-up singers. This show allows a director great freedom in using the Three Stooges material, and for being imaginative and creative.

PROP AND SET LIST

SCENE 1 (Court room)

Several papers	Bailiff
Machine	For recorder to use (if a real machine can't be found, a tape recorder or similar machine could pass)
Gavel	Judge
Bible	Bailiff

SCENE 2 (Forest)

Tree stump
Trees

SCENE 3 (Mama Pig's home)

Sofa, TV, end table on the set	
Papers, magazines, food cartons, glasses or cans strewn around	
Magazine	Joe

SCENE 4 (Forest)

tree stump
Trees

SCENE 5 (Mama Pig's home)

Sofa, TV, end table on the set
Papers, magazines, food cartons, glass or cans strewn about
Magazine
Backpack/suitcase Curly
Teddy Bear Curly
Purse with money Mama

SCENE 6 (Forest)

Backpack/suitcase Curly
Teddy Bear Curly
Straw (in a cart, wheelbarrow, wagon or bundle) Salesperson
Money Curly
Big tree Wolf
Cell phone Wolf
Backpack/suitcase Harry
Sticks (in a cart, wheelbarrow, wagon or bundle) Salesperson
Money Harry

Backpack/suit/case Joe
Bricks (in a cart, wheelbarrow or wagon) Salesperson
Money Joe

Ladder (On the set)
Cell phone Joe
Handcuffs Policeman

Covered basket Red Riding Hood
Several pies In basket (NOTE: Pies can be
 aluminum pie pans filled with
 shaving cream)

SCENE 7 (Court room)

Papers Judge
Machine Recorder
Handcuffs Bailiff
Gavel Judge

THE REAL STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

SCENE 1: THE COURTROOM

(In front of the curtain, STAGE RIGHT, BAILIFF and COURT REPORTER are talking in front of the JUDGE'S bench.)

REPORTER: What's on the docket today?

BAILIFF: (Reviewing a piece of paper.) Some wolf who's been charged with destroying property and attempted pigicide.

REPORTER: Pigicide?

BALIFF: Yeah, pigicide. He also tried to eat the pigs who lived in the houses he destroyed.

REPORTER: Imagine that – wrecking homes and then trying to make a meal of the homeowners.

BALIFF: He must be a real “looney”.

REPORTER: I wonder how he did it? And why?

BALIFF: We'll find out soon enough. The Judge is coming now. (Turns to the audience.) All rise. (Encourages the audience to rise.) Now, help me announce the Judge's arrival. (He chants, and gestures to the audience to join him. REPORTER also joins in.) Here comes the Judge! Here comes the Judge!

JUDGE: (Appears STAGE LEFT, crosses to his bench looking glum. Motions to the audience.) You may be seated.

BAILIFF: (Loud whisper to JUDGE.) What's the matter, Judge? (MUSIC INTROS.)

JUDGE: Oh, I'm getting tired of being a judge – sitting day after day in a stuffy courtroom wearing this uncomfortable robe. (SINGS.)

JOB DESCRIPTIONS

JUDGE: It's no fun being a judge,
It's no fun being a judge.
Folks I send to jail
Soon are out on bail
And they carry a grudge.
If I had my way

I would rather stay
Home in bed and not budge--
It's no fun being a judge.

BAILIFF: (SPEAKS.) At least you get to do something, like making judgements and
pounding your gavel. (SINGS.)

Being a bailiff is boring,
Being a bailiff is boring.
I stand this way
Eight hours a day--
It looks like I'm stuck to the flooring.
The way I keep
From falling asleep
Is hearing the sound of my snoring.
Being a bailiff is boring.

COURT REPORTER: (SPEAKS.) You think you've got it bad? I have to work harder than
both of you put together. (SINGS.)

The poor, court reporter,
The poor, court reporter;
It really is an awful job,
I write until my fingers throb,
I'm treated like a human tape recorder.
I try so very hard to please--
I even write down when they sneeze--
But there is no appreciation for
The poor, court reporter.

During the musical interlude JUDGE, BAILIFF and COURT REPORTER ad lib about how
their jobs are no fun/boring/difficult. Then they repeat their solos in counterpoint.

JUDGE: (Sits down behind his bench and bangs his gavel.) This court is now in session.
Bailiff, present the first case.

BAILIFF: Your honor, the Commonwealth of (name of local commonwealth) in the State of
(name of State) vs the Wolf, criminal act number 435, dated (today's date).

JUDGE: What's the charge?

BAILIFF: The charge is destruction of property of Mr. Harry and Curly Pig, and attempted
pigidicide.

REPORTER: (To audience.) That means he tried to eat the pigs.

JUDGE: Call the accused to the bench.

BALIFF: Will the wolf approach the bench? (WOLF walks to a chair to the left of the bench, and stands in front it.) Raise your right hand – er, I mean paw. (WOLF does.) Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

WOLF: I do.

JUDGE: Where is your legal representation?

WOLF: My what?

JUDGE: Your lawyer. Who is going to speak on your behalf?

WOLF: I don't need anyone to speak for me, Your Honor. I can speak for myself. My story is simple, and I'm innocent.

JUDGE: Yeah, that's what they all say. Very well, then. State your full name.

WOLF: My name is Wilbur C. Wolf.

JUDGE: What's the "C" stand for?

WOLF: Aw, Judge, you don't need to know that, do you?

JUDGE: I certainly do. I asked for your full name, not your initials. So, what does the "C" stand for?

WOLF: (Mumbling something.)

JUDGE: Speak up, man – I mean Wolf. I can't understand you.

WOLF: My Momma gave it to me.

JUDGE: (Obviously exasperated) Gave what to you?

WOLF: My middle name.

JUDGE: Well, what is it? Come on, Wolf, I don't have all day to spend finding out what your middle name is. This is ridiculous.

WOLF: It sure is.

JUDGE: Is what?

WOLF: My middle name is ridiculous. (Gulps, obviously struggling with the name.) It's Cutie-Pie.

JUDGE: Did I hear you right? Your middle name is Cutie-Pie? (JUDGE laughs.) That's a good one. What made your mama give you that name?

WOLF: When I was born, my mama said I was sooo cute – so she gave me Cutie-Pie as my middle name.

JUDGE: Very well, be that as it may. We'll just call you Wilbur Wolf. (Pauses, as though thinking of something.) Hmm. That name sounds familiar to me. Yes. I remember now. I read something in the paper a couple of years ago about a Wilbur Wolf who tried to trick a little girl – Red Riding Hood, her name was – and her grandmother. Tried to eat them both, as I recall. Was that you?

WOLF: Yes and no, Judge.

JUDGE: What do you mean, “yes and no?”

WOLF: Well, yes, it was me you read about in the paper, and “no” I didn't try to eat either one of them. Granny helped me plan to teach Red a lesson. She was a real brat, Your Highness. . .

JUDGE: Your Honor –

WOLF: Your Honor - but the plan backfired, Red wrongly accused me of trying to eat her up, and wouldn't let Granny tell the real story. So I . . .

JUDGE: Hold on, Wilbur. We're not here to listen to that story – we're here to listen to why and how you blew down two houses that were owned by . . . (he shuffles through his papers) two poor little pigs. Now, what do you have to say about that?

WOLF: Well, Your Holiness. . .

JUDGE: (Becoming agitated) – YOUR HONOR –

WOLF: Your Honor - let me tell you the whole story. It all began last Spring. It was a Sunday – no, I think it was Saturday. (Pauses, obviously thinking.) Nooo, it definitely was a Sunday. I remember now because I slept late, and I always sleep in on Sundays.

JUDGE: (Annoyed.) Please, spare me the details and go on with your story.

WOLF: Right. Well, like I said, it was a beautiful Sunday morning in the spring, and I had just gotten up. I had a good night's sleep, felt rested, and decided to take a brisk walk before having breakfast.

JUDGE: (Annoyed.) Does all that really have a bearing on this case?

WOLF: Most definitely, sir. You have to understand who I am and what I'm all about.

JUDGE: Very well. (To the REPORTER.) Please read that last part back.

REPORTER: (Reading.) Most definitely, sir. You have to understand who I ...

JUDGE: Not that part. The one before, where he's telling us his morning routine.

REPORTER: (Scanning paper and reading again.) I had a good night's sleep, felt rested, and decided to take a brisk walk before having breakfast.

JUDGE: (To WOLF.) Continue.

WOLF: I hadn't gone too far into the forest when I heard a strange sound. It sounded like a cross between a squeal and a cry. I followed the sound and discovered a pig – sitting on a log – crying her heart out. It was quite disturbing to me, so, being the nice guy that I am, I approached her to see if I could be of any help.

(As the WOLF recites the last few lines, the lights dim to black, as the curtain opens on

SCENE 2. THE FOREST

(WOLF, JUDGE, BAILIFF, and REPORTER exit in the blackness STAGE RIGHT.)

(MAMA PIG sits on a tree stump, crying/squealing. After a few moments she sings:

MAMA PIG'S LAMENT

Oh me, oh my, oh me!

How sad can a mama pig be?

My sons are all grown up but they

Just sit around the house all day;

Will they stay indefinitely?

Oh me, oh my, oh me!

Oh my, oh me, oh my!

I can't seem to understand why

Those boys of mine have never shown

Ambition to be on their own –

They won't even give it a try!

Oh my, oh me, oh my!

By now they should have a home of their own,

A wife, some kids, a career.

The only time I'm ever alone

Is when I need help – they disappear!

(Sobs a few times)

ALACK, alas, alack!

They go but they always come back.
They take a little trip each year;
It's wonderful when they're not here
But they always return and unpack;
And then can you guess who
Has a mountain of laundry to do?
(Points to herself and nods head 'yes')
Just one more reason to cry:
Oh my, oh me – oh my!

(WOLF enters STAGE RIGHT, walks to MAMA.)

WOLF: (Clears his throat.) Ahem. Excuse me, Mrs. Pig. Why are you crying? Is there anything I can do?

MAMA: (Looks up, sees the WOLF standing over her and panics.) Oh, my – You're a wolf! I didn't realize I'd gone so deep into the forest. (Pleadingly) Please, Mr. Wolf, don't eat me.

WOLF: Eat you? You don't have to worry about that, M'am. I'm a vegetarian, and I don't eat meat.

MAMA: Whew! That's a relief.

WOLF: May I ask why you're in the forest, so far from your home? I assume you live on a farm of some sort.

MAMA: Yes, I do. But I just had to get away.

WOLF: But why? Why would you want to come into the forest, of all places? I think living on a farm would be great.

MAMA: Believe me, it's not that great. I have three children who . . .

WOLF: Three children? Really? You look too young to have three children. What do you have?

MAMA: All boys.

WOLF: How nice to have three little boys running around.

MAMA: That's just it, it's not so nice. Those "boys" are not little anymore – they're all grown up. But they're still home – and they're driving me crazy.

WOLF: If they're now grownups, then why don't you tell them to leave home? Find their own place to live?

MAMA: I've been trying to get them to leave for years. But they won't budge. I stopped cooking their favorite foods and gave them basic pig slop. I washed their clothes only once a week, instead of every day. I cut their allowance in half. And I even stopped talking to them. Nothing worked.

WOLF: Aha! But you didn't tell them how you feel, and what you want. You have to tell them that even though you love them, it's time they leave and begin lives of their own.

MAMA: You're right, Mr. Wolf. I'll be much more open and honest with them. Why, I don't think they even realized why I did those things. (MAMA stands up.) I'm going home right now and tell them how I feel and what I need and want. Thank you for your advice, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF: Certainly – my pleasure. And, uh, you can call me Wilbur. Well, good luck, and let me know what happens.

(WOLF exits STAGE RIGHT, with MAMA behind him as the curtain closes. She crosses in front of the curtain, to STAGE LEFT, paces back and forth, practicing what she's going to say to her three sons.)

MAMA: (In a sweet, motherly voice. Almost sickening.) Boys, you have all been a joy to me, and I've loved you all very much. I've taken pleasure in seeing you grow from wee little piglets to nice plump pigs. Now I think you're all big enough, and old enough, to have homes of your own. So, boys, I'll help you pack your things, then you can find new places to live. (She changes her attitude, speaking normally, obviously pleased with herself.) Yes, that's good. I'll do it. (She exits STAGE LEFT, as the curtain opens on SCENE 3.)

SCENE 3: THE PIGS' HOME

(HARRY is sleeping on the sofa, CURLY sits on the floor, looking at TV, and JOE is reading a magazine. The room is a mess, with papers and magazines strewn around, empty food cartons and glasses on the floor and end table. HARRY wakes up, stands and stretches. Music intros. HARRY surveys the mess, smiles and sings:)

THE LAZY LIFE

HARRY: It's the lazy life for me;
No responsibility.
When there's no job to fill your day.
There's lots of time to run and play
Time passes happily –
It's the lazy life for me!

CURLY: Oh, the lazy life is fun,
But it's not for ev'ryone.
It takes a lot of talent to
Get out of work the way I do;
If there's a job I run –
Oh, the lazy life is fun!

JOE: When Mama has a chore for me,
I never quite get to it.
If I wait long enough there'll be
Somebody else to do it!

HARRY: I can very proudly say
I have never worked a day.
I've never earned an honest cent,
I've never paid for food or rent;
I eat and sleep for free –
It's the lazy life for me!

CURLY: I have a great ability
To work, don't be mistaken,
But I don't think a pig should be
Bringing home the bacon!

JOE: (to audience)
If the lazy life's for you,
Here is what you gotta do:
Avoid all work – it's very bad;
The best job is one you've never had.
If on this we can agree,
Some day
You may
Be lazy

Like me –

CURLY: Like me –

HARRY: Like me!

(HARRY plops down on the sofa and promptly falls asleep. CURLY dozes off in a chair.
JOE returns to his magazine.)

MAMA: (Enters from STAGE LEFT and sings out.) Hello, boys. Mama's home.

JOE: (without looking at her.) ПИ, МАМА.

MAMA: (Looks around the room. Shakes her head.) My, my. This room certainly looks like a people-pen. Let's straighten it up, shall we? (The PIGS continue doing what they were doing and say nothing.) Boys, I want to talk with all of you. Please stop what you're doing and listen to me.

(CURLY and JOE look at her. She shakes HARRY, waking him up. He sits up rubs his eyes and stretches.)

HARRY: Huh? Why'd you wake me up? Is dinner ready?

MAMA: No, I just want to talk with you.

JOE: What about, Mama?

MAMA: About you moving away from here. Ever since your Papa was taken for a pig roast, I've raised you boys alone. But now you're all grown up and it's time you each had your own home. Maybe find a nice little sow, settle down, and raise your own litter of piglets who will call me Grandma.

CURLY: (Shocked.) Move away? But if we moved, who would cook for us?

HARRY: (Concerned.) Who would wash our clothes?

JOE: (Worried.) Who would make our beds and keep our rooms neat and clean?

MAMA: That's just it. I've been doing all those things for you for many years and I need a rest. I need to have my own space, and a little peace and quiet.

HARRY: That's ridiculous, Mama. You can go anywhere in the house you want to.

CURLY: And you have your own bedroom – you can always go there if you want to be alone.

JOE: Forget it, Mama. We're not leaving.

MAMA: Well, if you won't leave, then I will!

JOE: We'll miss you, Mama. (He returns to reading his magazine.)

CURLY: You can come back any time you feel the need to fix a good dinner to pig out on. (He laughs at his own pun.) Yoink, yoink, yoink. (He returns to watching the TV.)

HARRY: You gotta do what you gotta do. (Yawns, and lies back down on the sofa.)

MAMA: (Stamps her feet and squeals, then runs OFF STAGE LEFT.)

HARRY: Do you think she's going to her room to pack?

JOE: Nah, she'd never leave her home. She likes it here.

CURLY: She's probably going into the kitchen to pig out! Yoink, yoink, yoink.

HARRY: Knock it off, Curly.

CURLY: Don't tell me what to do. (Points his hands at HARRY and wiggles his fingers rapidly like a sorcerer, while making a high pitched sound.)

HARRY: (Gets up from sofa, walks to CURLY, stands nose to nose with him, looking into his eyes. Then he chucks CURLY under the chin.) Take that!

CURLY: And you take that! (He bops HARRY on top of the head with his fist.)

JOE: Hey you two. Stop it. I can't concentrate on my reading.

CURLY: (Leans toward JOE and barks.) Ruff, ruff, ruff – Grrrrr.

JOE: (Crosses to Curly and tweaks his nose.)

CURLY: (Grabbing his nose.) Owwww.

(At this point, all three of the boys are making a lot of noise and confusion, and the curtain closes on the pandemonium. As the curtain closes, MAMA enters STAGE LEFT, crossing in front of the curtain toward STAGE RIGHT.)

MAMA: (To the audience.) Did you see how they ignored me? See how noisy they are? What can I do to make them leave? (Encourage suggestions from the audience and ad lib appropriate responses.) Your ideas are all good ones, and I'll definitely think about them. Right now, though, I want to visit Mr. Wolf and see what he might suggest. (She exits STAGE RIGHT, as the curtain opens on the forest.)

SCENE 4: THE FOREST

MAMA: (Calling from OFF STAGE RIGHT) Mr. Wolf. Wilbur. Where are you, Wilbur Wolf?

WOLF: (Sticks his head out from behind a tree.) Is someone calling me?

MAMA: (ENTERING STAGE RIGHT) Yes, I am.

WOLF: (Steps out from behind the tree and approaches Mrs. Pig.) Why, Mrs. Pig, I didn't expect to see you so soon. Were you successful in getting your sons to move out?

MAMA: No. That's why I'm here. I tried to be nice and explain how I felt and that I needed to be alone, but they didn't pay any attention to me. Each of them refused to leave.

WOLF: (Thinking.) Hmmm. Since being nice didn't work, maybe you need to try another approach.

MAMA: What do you mean?

WOLF: (sings:) **YOU GOTTA BE NASTY!**

You gotta be nasty!
You gotta be mean!
Just raise your voice
And make a noisy scene.
You won't get anywhere by being nice;
Sometimes it takes
A scream to break the ice.
You gotta be nasty
To show how you feel
Instead of words
Try one blood curd'ling squeal!
I know they are your sons, but they've been jerks;
You want them out?
See if some shouting works.

If you want to be an empty-nester
You must do much more than poke and pester.

You gotta be nasty!
Don't wanna be meek!
Suck in some air
And be prepared to shriek!
You may have some apprehension
But if you want their attention,
Take these words of advice –
You asked me –
I won't work if you're nice,
So be nasty!

MAMA: But I don't know how to be nasty.

WOLF: Then it's time for your first nasty, mean lesson. Be firm. Say in no uncertain terms that you want them to leave. Try it.

MAMA: (In a meek voice.) I want you to leave home.

WOLF: No, no, no. That will never do. Be more forceful! More dramatic! Ham it up!

MAMA: (Gasps, goes into tears.)

WOLF: What's the matter?

MAMA: You said, 'Ham'!

WOLF: Whoops! I guess you're a bit sensitive about that word, huh?

MAMA: (Nods her head.) Yes, ever since my father became one.

WOLF: Sorry. I'll try to be more careful in my choice of words. Now, try it like this.

(He raises his voice and sounds very stern.) Boys, I've reached the end of my rope with you and I want you to leave this house – now!

MAMA: Wow! You really know how to be forceful, don't you? Let me try it again. (She clears her throat, stands up tall, and speaks forcefully.) Boys, I've reached the end of my rope with you and I want you to leave this house – now!

WOLF: I think you've got it! That was great. Now all you have to do is think about what you want to say, then go home and say it – just like you did. Do you think you can?

MAMA: Yes, Mr. Wolf - I mean, Wilbur - I'm sure I can. Thank you for your help.

WOLF: No problem. (They both turn to leave, then Wolf turns back to Mrs. Pig.) Mrs. Pig, before you leave, may I offer another idea?

MAMA: Of course. What is it?

WOLF: Suggest to the boys that they each build a home in the forest – where it is peaceful, beautiful and perfect for a new home. Then, when they build their homes, I'll (WOLF whispers into MAMA's ear. Every now and then she laughs, her eyes open wide, and she reacts favorably to his idea.)

MAMA: Mr. Wolf, you are a genius! I never would have thought of that. I'll go home right now and get the ball rolling.

WOLF: Remember, I'll call to keep you posted on the progress, and let you know when to return.

MAMA: (Kisses WOLF on the cheek.) You're not only smart, but you're considerate, too. I'm glad you've become my friend.

WOLF: (A bit shyly.) Shucks. What are friends for? 'Til later. (They wave to each other. WOLF watches MAMA exit STAGE RIGHT.)

WOLF: (Looks out at audience.) I was going to say something like how Mama's boys have been living high on the hog for too long, but I didn't think that would be such a good idea. (He walks to his tree and hides behind it, as the curtain closes.)

MAMA: (Crosses to STAGE LEFT in front of the curtain. She looks at audience.) That Wolf has a marvellous plan, and I'm quite excited. I'm sure you'll like it too, but please, don't let my boys know what's going to happen. Oh, I just realized – you don't even know what that clever Wolf told me he was going to do, do you? Well, then, you'll be surprised too. Now I must get home and be the new, mean, me! (She begins to practice her "mean" voice.) Alright, boys, it's time to pack your belongings and go! (Back to her own voice.) Yes, that's exactly how I'll say it. Hey, I'm getting pretty good at this, aren't I?

(As MAMA reaches STAGE LEFT, the curtain opens on the pigs' home.)

SCENE 5: THE PIGS' HOME

(As the curtain opens, CURLY sings (and pantomimes what he's singing):

YOINK, YOINK, YOINK!

CURLY: (to HARRY) Yoink, yoink, yoink!

I'll give your head a boink! (he does)

You shouldn't be a bit surprised

If you get hit between the eyes! (CURLY feigns poking HARRY with the two fingers to the forehead.)

Yoink, yoink, yoink!

(At this point JOE and HARRY join CURLY, singing the song as a round. As they get into the song their 'fighting' becomes more agitated. MAMA enters from STAGE LEFT)

MAMA: (Yelling above the noise.) Stop it right now! (They don't respond. MAMA yells louder.) I SAID, STOP IT RIGHT NOW! (They stop, and look at her. MAMA glares at them all.) What do you think you're doing?

MAMA: (Using her new stern voice.) You boys should be ashamed of yourselves, carrying on this way. You still haven't cleaned up this mess – it looks more and more like a people-pen, and I won't have it. Do you understand me? I won't tolerate this any more. Not for a day, or even a minute.

JOE: Gee, Mama, we didn't mean to make you get so mad. Chill out. Go outside and get a breath of fresh air.

MAMA: No, you go outside – all of you. Pack your bags and be out of this house immediately. You're too old to be hanging around the house, living off your mama. You should've been out on your own long ago.

HARRY: Where will we go, Mama?

MAMA: Go to the forest and build a house of your own. Just get out of my sight!

JOE: Then what, Mama?

MAMA: Then see what happens. Now, start packing. (The boys freeze and don't move.) Boys, did you hear me? I said **GO TO YOUR ROOMS AND START PACKING – NOW!** (They look at each other with confused looks, but still don't move. MAMA begins to count) ONE (pause) TWO (pause) THREEEEE! (The boys scurry around the room in a haphazard fashion while she is counting, bumping into each other and finally, as she says 'Three', they exit **STAGE LEFT**. After their exit she puts her hands over her mouth worriedly and then removes them.) Oh, what have I done? (Sings:) **DID I DRIVE THEM FROM MY LIFE?**

Was I too harsh?
Was I too strong?
Will what I did
To my kids
Prove right or wrong?
I drove them from my house – I knew I should,
But did I drive them from my life for good?

Will they be safe?
Will they be warm?
Will they stay well
And find shelter
From the storm?
Will what I've done be so misunderstood
That they'll be driven from my life for good?

This is tough love,
When parents make demands

Kids don't understand

Are for their own good.

(spoken:) I wish they would. (sung:)

It won't make you popular,

But that shouldn't stop you

If you're tough enough

To love enough.

Will they work hard?

Will they succeed?

And will they learn

They must earn

The things they need?

But if they fail,

Would I be blamed? I prob'ly would;

And that could drive them from my life for good.

Please don't let this drive them from my life for good.

MAMA: What if they think I don't love them any more? (She calls out.) Boys, wait a minute. Come back.

CURLY: (rushing in from STAGE LEFT.) Did you change your mind, Mama? You're not going to make us leave?

HARRY: (Right behind CURLY.) I knew you were only foolin', Mama. You wouldn't send us out on our own.

JOE: (Right behind HARRY.) That was quite a scare you gave us, Mama. For a minute I thought you really meant it!

MAMA: I do mean it, and you are going to go. But I want to make sure you understand that I'm not making you leave because I no longer love you. Just the opposite – I love you all very much and want the best for you. I'll expect each of you to let me know where your new homes are so I can come and visit you. And of course I'll have you over for family dinners.

CURLY: When, Mama?

HARRY: Tonight?

JOE: How about tomorrow night, too?

MAMA: I don't know when it will be, but after I know where you all are, I'll be in touch with you. I'll say my good-byes now, then when you're finished packing, you can leave. (She touches each one lovingly as she says) Good luck to all of you. (She steps back to look at them all.) Don't forget to be in touch with me. Now, get packing. (Again they don't

MOVE.) BOYS, MOVE IT! (They fall off STAGE LEFT, but as JOE heads off, she calls him back.)

MAMA: Joe, wait a minute. Before you get started, I want you to promise me something.

JOE: Sure, Mama, anything.

MAMA: Keep an eye on your brothers. You're the oldest.

JOE: I know.

MAMA: And a lot wiser than your brothers.

JOE: That's true.

MAMA: Sometimes I don't think they have any sense at all.

JOE: They don't.

MAMA: So I want you to check on them. Promise me you will?

JOE: Sure, Mama. I'll find out where they live and check on them from time to time.

MAMA: And help them if they get in trouble?

JOE: Yes, I'll help them if they need it.

MAMA: You're a good piglet, Joe. Thank you, dear. (She takes a purse from her apron pocket, opens it, takes out some money, and hands it to JOE.) Here. Divide this among you and your brothers so you'll all have some money to get started on. (JOE takes the money.) Off with you now, you need to pack your things, too. (JOE exits STAGE LEFT.) (MAMA lets out a big sigh.) Whew! This has taken a lot out of me! I'm drained. I think I'll take a nap while the boys pack. (She lays down on the couch, closes her eyes just as CURLY enters STAGE LEFT.)

CURLY: (Carrying a backpack or suitcase and a Teddy Bear.) Well, I'm all set and ready to go, Mama.

MAMA: Do you have everything you need?

CURLY: I think so – (thinks) I even have my Teddy Bear. It'll be nice to have Teddy to keep me company when I'm in a strange new home.

MAMA: That's a good idea. Take good care of yourself, Curly, and always keep that pretty curl in your pig tail.

CURLY: I'll do my best. (He stands still, looking at the door.)

MAMA: (Opens the door, gets behind CURLY and gives him a gentle shove.) Get going, Curly.

CURLY: (Propels himself through the door.) 'Bye, Mama. (MAMA closes the door behind him, with a satisfied smile on her face. CURTAIN CLOSES.)

CURLY: (Enters STAGE LEFT, crosses in front of the curtain. Talks to audience.) Hi, there. I'm going to build myself a fine home in the forest, and I'm going to live there all by myself! Of course I don't know yet exactly where I'll build my house, or even how I'll build it. But I imagine I'll figure out something. Do you know the way to the forest? (Encourage audience to respond, and appropriately ad lib.) How will I know when I get there that it's the forest? (More ad libs and responses.) Thank you. You've been very helpful. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'd better get going. (He exits STAGE RIGHT as the curtain opens on the forest.)

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