

THREE FRACTURED PIGS

By Chris Stiles

Copyright © 2010 by Chris Stiles, All rights reserved.

ISBN: 1-60003-524-8

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

CHARACTERS

(14-21 actors possible)

NARRATOR 1	WOLF
NARRATOR 2	BIRD 1
BROWNIE (PIG 1)	BIRD 2
WHITEY (PIG 2)	BIRD 3
BLACKIE (PIG 3)	WITCH
PIG'S MOM	HOUSE PEOPLE (can be pre-
FIRE MARSHAL	cast actors or audience
DENTIST GENERAL	members), between three and
HEALTH INSPECTOR	seven

Gender flexible; all characters can be played by a male or female. If necessary, any gender references –he, she, brother, sister, etc. –can be changed to fit the gender of the actor.

SETTING

A bare stage.

PRODUCTION NOTES

The use of audience members: There are a few ways to approach the use of the audience to create the pig's houses:

If you have an excessive number of actors available, you can use actors to be planted "audience members." Not only would this allow you to incorporate more participants in the play, but these parts could be well-rehearsed, allowing this part of the play to move smoothly. It would also allow the possibility of adding "improvised" bits as the houses are being constructed by the narrators.

Another approach is to use real audience members, but have cast members select them before the show, and inform the participants what their role will be. This will allow the show to move along better.

However, probably the best approach would be to randomly select the audience members during the show, without any warning beforehand. It might be a bit chaotic, but will probably be very entertaining. Encourage your narrators to banter and joke with the audience as they select the participants.

PROPERTIES: Large assortment of candy bars. Three bowls with spoons.

COSTUMING: Costumes for this production can be as simple or as elaborate as the director chooses. With the bare stage, however, clever costuming would greatly benefit the production.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 3

THREE FRACTURED PIGS

by
Chris Stiles

SETTING: A bare stage.

AT RISE: NARRATOR 1 and NARRATOR 2, center stage.

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time...

NARRATOR 2: Once upon a time....

NARRATOR 1: There were three...

NARRATOR 2: There were three...

NARRATOR 1: Little pigs.

NARRATOR 2: Little pigs.

NARRATOR 1: Why are you doing that?

NARRATOR 2: Doing what?

NARRATOR 1: Repeating everything I say.

NARRATOR 2: You're the narrator, right?

NARRATOR 1: Right. Narrator 1.

NARRATOR 2: Yes! And I'm Narrator 2.

NARRATOR 1: Very well...so why are you repeating everything I say?

NARRATOR 2: Well, I just got the job.

NARRATOR 1: Okay...

NARRATOR 2: And I haven't had time to look over the script.

NARRATOR 1: Yeah...

NARRATOR 2: In fact, I don't know a thing about the show. Which makes me nervous, to say the least. But the stage manager backstage? He said, "Relax. Just go out there and follow the lead of Narrator 1." So that's what I'm doing.

NARRATOR 1: That's your idea of following my lead? Repeating everything I say?

NARRATOR 2: That's my idea of following your lead. Repeating everything you say.

NARRATOR 1: Will you stop it?

NARRATOR 2: I'm sorry! I don't know the script! I don't know the story!

NARRATOR 1: It's the Three Little Pigs, for Pete's sake. How can you not know the story?

NARRATOR 2: The Three Little Pigs?

NARRATOR 1: Yes.

NARRATOR 2: The one where three pigs set out on their own to build houses?

NARRATOR 1: Yes!

NARRATOR 2: And there's some bad construction technique, and poor choices of building materials.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 4

NARRATOR 1: That's the one.

NARRATOR 2: And there's some sort of large, evil coyote.

NARRATOR 1: A wolf!

NARRATOR 2: Right! A wolf! And lots of huffing and puffing.

NARRATOR 1: Exactly!

NARRATOR 2: I think I know this story.

NARRATOR 1: You do know this story.

NARRATOR 2: I believe I can pull this off!

NARRATOR 1: You can pull this off.

NARRATOR 2: I'm ready to do this!

NARRATOR 1: Ready to do this!

NARRATOR 2: Stop repeating me.

NARRATOR 1: Let's start the story.

NARRATOR 2: Let's start the story!

NARRATOR 1: Once there were three little pigs.

NARRATOR 2: And their names were Larry, Curly and Moe.

NARRATOR 1: No, that's not right.

NARRATOR 2: Really?

NARRATOR 1: Their names were Brownie, Whitey and Blackie.

NARRATOR 2: Get out of here.

NARRATOR 1: It's true.

NARRATOR 2: I've never heard of the three pigs being called Brownie, Whitey and Blackie.

NARRATOR 1: If you don't believe me, ask their mom.

NARRATOR 2: The pigs have a mom?

(PIG'S MOM enters.)

PIG'S MOM: Did someone call my name?

NARRATOR 2: Who are you?

PIG'S MOM: The Pig's Mom.

NARRATOR 2: Do you have another name?

PIG'S MOM: Nope. Just Pig's Mom.

NARRATOR 2: That doesn't seem right.

PIG'S MOM: What can I say? I'm just a flat character, with no purpose other than to shoo my children into the world to seek their fortunes. I'll be out of this play in five lines, tops.

NARRATOR 1: Before you go, could you tell him? That you named your children Brownie, Whitey and Blackie?

PIG'S MOM: It's true.

NARRATOR 2: Really? That's the best you could come up with?

PIG'S MOM: It's like I say. I'm a flat character. I don't have a creative bone in my body. One was brown, another white, the third one

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 5

black. It seemed like a logical choice. And it's better than First Pig, Second Pig and Third Pig. What's your name?

NARRATOR 2: Narrator 2.

PIG'S MOM: I rest my case.

NARRATOR 1: Mrs. Pig, if we could...

PIG'S MOM: (*flattered*) Mrs. Pig. Listen to you.

NARRATOR 1: If you could help get this story going...

PIG'S MOM: Oh sure...let's see...it was a cold morning, I remember, unusual for June.

NARRATOR 1: What are you doing?

PIG'S MOM: This is my monologue. Hush up. Anyway, it was a chilly morning. And I was cleaning house. And I thought to myself, it's time the kids moved out. I'm tired of picking up after them. My place is a sty.

NARRATOR 1: Go on.

PIG'S MOM: So I called the kids into the room.

(*The THREE PIGS enter.*)

PIG'S MOM: I said, "Brownie, Whitey, Blackie, I'm tired of cleaning up after you kids." And Brownie said...

BROWNIE: What are you trying to say, Mom?

PIG'S MOM: I'm saying you're a bunch of pigs. And besides that, it's time you moved out. Got jobs, found your own place to live.

WHITEY: Where will we go?

PIG'S MOM: Do I have to do everything for you? Just go, seek your fortunes. You'll do fine.

BLACKIE: Thanks, Mom. You're the best.

PIG'S MOM: You always were my favorite, Blackie.

BROWNIE and WHITEY: What?

PIG'S MOM: You have such a sense of style, unlike your siblings.

BROWNIE and WHITEY: Hey!

PIG'S MOM: Well, it's true. I shudder to think what kind of shack you two will build. Now Blackie, he'll build something stylish.

BLACKIE: I always knew you had taste, mother.

WHITEY: Mom! How can you say such a thing?

PIG'S MOM: Oh, deal with it. And go! Head out into the world, build some houses and get this stupid story off the ground! (*To NARRATORS*) There. I did my job. Am I done now?

NARRATOR 1: You've done more than your share.

PIG'S MOM: Good. I think there's a buffet backstage. I hope I don't make a pig of myself. (*SHE exits.*)

NARRATOR 1: And now on with the story.

NARRATOR 2: Shouldn't the pigs disperse?

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 6

NARRATOR 1: What?

NARRATOR 2: Maybe I'm not remembering it right. But don't the three pigs go their separate ways, each building their own house?

NARRATOR 1: You do know this story. (*HE shoos the PIGS offstage.*)

NARRATOR 2: Parts of it, anyway.

NARRATOR 2: Oh sure. What have we got? A pig named Brownie?
Who wants to build his own house.

NARRATOR 1: And he builds it out of straw.

NARRATOR 2: Oh come on. Straw? You can't be serious.

(*BROWNIE enters.*)

BROWNIE: I am serious. A straw house. I read about it in Mother Earth News. It's very eco-friendly. I'm working hard to minimize my carbon hoof print.

NARRATOR 2: But will it work?

BROWNIE: Oh sure it will. See, you just take some straw and...there's no straw.

NARRATOR 1: All right, who was supposed to bring the straw?

NARRATOR 2: The birds!

NARRATOR 1: What birds?

NARRATOR 2: Every good fairy tale has a set of birds. Helpful birds.
Birds that might help you gather straw.

NARRATOR 1: There were no birds at the casting call.

BIRDS: (*from offstage*) Caw! Caw! Caw!

NARRATOR 2: And there they are.

(*BIRDS enter.*)

BIRD 1: So what's our purpose here?

NARRATOR 1: Your purpose?

BIRD 2: Yeah. Our literary purpose.

NARRATOR 1: Um...

BIRD 2: Are we the hero? The protagonist?

BIRD 3: The antagonist?

NARRATOR 2: We need you to get straw.

BIRD 1: Straw?

BROWNIE: Yeah. I'm building a straw house, and I need some straw.
Lots of straw.

(*FIRE MARSHAL enters.*)

FIRE MARSHAL: Straw? Are you kidding? Are you trying to create a hazard?

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 7

NARRATOR 2: Who are you?

FIRE MARSHAL: Why, I'm the guy who strikes fear into every theatre director, the one who keeps stage managers up at night, the source of every set designer's nightmares.

NARRATOR 2: You don't mean...

FIRE MARSHAL: Yes. I'm the Fire Marshal.

NARRATOR 1: And we can't have straw onstage?

FIRE MARSHAL: Are you out of your mind? Have you ever dropped a match into a stack of hay? FWOOMP! Frankly, I'm surprised you want to build a house out of such flammable material.

BROWNIE: Well, Mother Earth News said...

FIRE MARSHAL: Oh Mother Earth News. You believe everything Mother Earth News tells you?

BROWNIE: Well, I don't know...

BIRD 1: You know, as birds, we've built lots of houses with straw.

FIRE MARSHAL: Straw nests. It's an entirely different thing.

BIRD 2: It's still a house. We live there.

BIRD 3: Yeah. And not once have I ever set my house on fire.

BIRD 1: It's true. And she burns a lot of candles.

BIRD 3: I'm into aroma therapy.

FIRE MARSHAL: Anyway, you can't have real straw on the stage. Do with something else. Now, if you don't mind, I need to check out the steam tables on that buffet backstage. It would be a shame if some faulty wiring did in those delicious looking sausages...

BROWNIE: Sausages?!

(FIRE MARSHAL exits.)

NARRATOR 1: Never mind. Let's move on with the story. So we have Brownie, building his eco-friendly house with straw.

BROWNIE: Pretend straw, apparently.

NARRATOR 2: Oh, we can do better than that. Let's make some straw.

NARRATOR 1: Out of what?

NARRATOR 2: I don't know. The audience looks bored. Let's use them.

NARRATOR 1: You're going to make straw out of the audience?

NARRATOR 2: Why not? Birds? We're using audience members as straw. Go grab half a dozen of them.

BIRD 1: You want us to grab people from the audience?

NARRATOR 2: Sure. They'll be the straw.

BIRD 1: We can't do that.

NARRATOR 1: Why not?

BIRD 2: Union rules.

NARRATOR 2: Birds have a union?

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 8

BIRD 1: We'd be crazy not to.

BIRD 2: We'd be so overworked. And abused! First we'd be ask to carry tiny pieces of straw around, then next thing you know, the boss man wants us to haul full grown people around, calling them "straw." I don't think so. The union is where it's at.

BIRD 3: Actually, I've been thinking about leaving the union.

BIRD 1: What? Are you nuts?

BIRD 2: You can't leave the union!

BIRD 3: But it's become so expensive. Every year the dues go up.

BIRD 2: It is getting expensive.

BIRD 1: But it's the union!

BIRD 3: Seriously. What would happen if we left the union?

BIRD 1: What are you, some kind of communist?

NARRATOR 1: Ahem.

BIRD 1: What?

NARRATOR 1: Are you getting the straw from the audience or not?

BIRD 2: Are you kidding?

BIRD 1: Not unless you want a strike.

(BIRDS fly offstage.)

NARRATOR 1: They can't be serious. A bird strike?

NARRATOR 2: Don't worry about it. I'll get the straw. *(Goes out into audience)* Let's see...you sir. You could be straw. And you ma'am. Just come right onstage. And...you, and you, and you. Yes. You'll all do fine. Okay, here you go.

BROWNIE: This is my straw?

NARRATOR 2: This is your straw. Make your house.

BROWNIE: Okay then... *(HE manipulates the audience members to resemble some sort of structure,)*

(FIRE MARSHAL re-enters, carrying a door.)

FIRE MARSHAL: I found this backstage. You can use it as a door. It seems to be treated with chemicals to make it fire resistant.

BROWNIE: *(taking the door)* Chemicals?

FIRE MARSHAL: I held a lighter to it. It won't burn for anything.

BROWNIE: I'm not sure about chemical treatment. It doesn't sound earth friendly.

FIRE MARSHAL: Oh good grief. Will you get out of the sixties already?

(FIRE MARSHAL exits. BROWNIE starts to follow.)

BROWNIE: Hey, there's nothing wrong with loving Mother Earth...

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 9

NARRATOR 1: Can we move on with the story?

(BROWNIE returns, manipulates audience members into holding door.)

NARRATOR 2: Right! So Brownie went about building his eco-friendly...

FIRE MARSHAL: *(from offstage)* But highly flammable!

NARRATOR 2: ...his eco-friendly but highly flammable house of straw...
(to ACTORS playing the house) You're not getting tired, are you?

(The NARRATORS banter with the "HOUSE ACTORS" while BROWNIE arranges his house.)

BROWNIE: This will be great. I'm going to grow organic strawberries in my garden...

NARRATOR 2: He even got to the point where he was decorating...

BROWNIE: I'll put my Grateful Dead poster over here.

NARRATOR 2: And was quite satisfied with the results.

BROWNIE: There. My house is done. I can live my life in peace for the rest of my days.

NARRATOR 1: Or so you thought.

BROWNIE: What?

NARRATOR 1: Come on. This is a story. A story needs conflict. We've had no conflict.

BROWNIE: Are you kidding? I just had to build a house with human straw. It wasn't easy.

NARRATOR 1: Perhaps. But it makes a boring story. What we need is...

(WOLF enters.)

WOLF: Am I on?

NARRATOR 1: You're on.

WOLF: Because I would hate to enter on the wrong cue. How embarrassing!

NARRATOR 1: It's your cue.

WOLF: Are you sure?

NARRATOR 2: You got a wolf with insecurity issues?

NARRATOR 1: It's very hard to get a wolf these days. They're endangered, you know.

WOLF: Tell me about it. Ever try to get a date when you're on the endangered list? Not a lot of options.

NARRATOR 1: Right. Anyway, this is where you knock on the pig's door.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 10

WOLF: Oh. Right. Okay. Let's see, is this the house?

NARRATOR 1: That's the house.

NARRATOR 2: Seriously. That's the only wolf available?

WOLF: Okay. So I knock?

NARRATORS 1 & 2: Knock!

(The WOLF taps very lightly. BROWNIE does not react.)

NARRATOR 1: You have to knock louder.

WOLF: Well, I didn't want to be rude. What if someone is taking a nap?

NARRATOR 2: You're a wolf. You eat live pigs. I think it's your right to be rude.

WOLF: You have a point. Okay. Let me try again. *(Knocks louder)*

NARRATOR 1: Much better.

BROWNIE: Who's there?

WOLF: Um...oh darn. I knew this would happen. I study my lines all night, and still I freeze up.

NARRATOR 1: Little pig, little pig...

WOLF: Oh right! *(Clears throat.)* Little pig, little pig, let me in.

BROWNIE: I'm supposed to be afraid of that?

NARRATOR 1: Just go with it.

BROWNIE: Fine. Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

WOLF: Um...oh! Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down. Actually, I'm not sure how hard I'll be huffing. I forgot my inhaler.

NARRATOR 2: *(to NARRATOR 1)* Give me a costume. I'll do the wolf.

WOLF: Okay! Okay. *(Blows weakly.)*

BROWNIE: My house of straw is looking better all the time.

NARRATOR 2: Seriously. I can do the part.

NARRATOR 1: No you can't. We can make this work. We'll just give The Wolf a little help.

WOLF: Oh, that would be great. If it wasn't for my allergies...

NARRATOR 1: *(to audience)* I'm going to ask for your help. When The Wolf says, "I'll blow the house down," everybody needs to blow as hard as they can.

WOLF: Hey, I like this idea.

NARRATOR 1: Come here Wolf.

(WOLF crosses to NARRATOR 1)

We'll practice. Give them the cue, Wolf.

WOLF: This is so exciting. Okay. "I'll huff, and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down."

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 11

(The audience, hopefully, let's out a mighty force of wind. If they don't, improvise and make them re-do it until it is satisfactory.)

NARRATOR 1: Very nice!

WOLF: I've got goosebumps!

BROWNIE: Is this really fair? I mean, doesn't this violate the natural order of the whole predator versus prey concept? Shouldn't the whole thing just play out like it was meant to be?

NARRATOR 2: You really are stuck in the sixties, aren't you?

NARRATOR 1: Let's get this story moving. Wolf, back to the pig's door. Audience, be ready.

WOLF: Okay...ahem. Little pig, little pig, let me in.

BROWNIE: I tell you, I'm not happy about this. Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin!

WOLF: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down.

(The WOLF blows, along with the audience.)

NARRATOR 1: Okay, straw. Fall down!

(The people playing the straw collapse –and if they don't, NARRATOR 1 will need to encourage them until they do. BROWNIE is left standing amongst the ruins.)

WOLF: Wow! That has never happened.

BROWNIE: Life is so unfair. All I ever dreamed of was building an earth friendly house in the country, living out my life in peace...

NARRATOR 2: You're going to be bacon in a minute. If I were you, I'd run.

NARRATOR 1: And if I were you, I'd go after the pig.

WOLF: Oh right. *(Runs after BROWNIE.)*

BROWNIE: *(running off stage)* AAAAAA!

NARRATOR 1: And off goes the wolf in pursuit of Brownie the pig.

NARRATOR 2: And where does Brownie go?

NARRATOR 1: You don't know this story at all, do you?

NARRATOR 2: I told you, they just hired me.

NARRATOR 1: Right. So Brownie...

NARRATOR 2: Which one is Brownie?

NARRATOR 1: The first pig.

NARRATOR 2: The one with the straw.

NARRATOR 1: Yes.

NARRATOR 2: And speaking of straw, can the audience volunteers leave now? They've been lying so patiently.

NARRATOR 1: Of course. Thank you all for your help.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 12

(Audience volunteers return to seats.)

Can we go on?

(NARRATOR 2 shrugs.)

Fine. So Brownie goes looking for his sister, Whitey, in hopes that she has built a better house. More wolf proof, if you will.

FIRE MARSHAL: *(From offstage)* And fire proof!

NARRATOR 1: Sure. And so Brownie runs through the woods.

(BROWNIE re-enters, running in place.)

NARRATOR 2: Oh! Wait a minute! I think I'm remembering this.

NARRATOR 1: Okay...

NARRATOR 2: The pig –Brownie –goes deep into the woods. Deep into the dark, scary woods.

NARRATOR 1: Well, the woods don't have to be dark and scary. We already have a big scary wolf.

NARRATOR 2: Sure. But the woods are dark and scary. And Brownie is worried about getting lost. So he leaves a trail of bread crumbs...
(HE gives BROWNIE a loaf of bread.) ...to help him find his way.

NARRATOR 1: This doesn't sound right. And where did you get that bread?

NARRATOR 2: Never mind that. But the birds come...

(Enter BIRDS.)

BIRDS: Caw! Caw! Caw!

NARRATOR 2: ...and eat all the bread crumbs.

BIRD 1: What is this, rye? The last time I had rye, I got a caraway seed stuck in my beak. Was there for a week. Drove me nuts.

BIRD 2: I'll trade you.

BIRD 1: Whaddya got? Whole wheat?

BIRD 2: I think it's whole grain.

BIRD 1: Right. Whole wheat.

BIRD 2: No. Whole grain.

BIRD 1: What's the difference?

BIRD 3: I think whole grain uses the wheat bran.

BIRD 2: Where'd you get that?

BIRD 3: I don't know. Probably Mother Earth News.

BIRD 1: That doesn't sound right. Wheat is wheat.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 13

NARRATOR 2: But despite the whole grain/whole wheat debate, the birds eat all the bread crumbs, and Brownie is lost.

(BIRDS exit.)

BROWNIE: I'm so lost!

NARRATOR 2: He becomes afraid...

BROWNIE: I'm so afraid!

NARRATOR 2: And full of despair...

BROWNIE: I'm so full of despair!

NARRATOR 2: But just when all hope appears to be gone, Brownie finds...

NARRATOR 1: His sister's house?

NARRATOR 2: A house of candy!

NARRATOR 1: What?

NARRATOR 2: A house of candy.

BROWNIE: Oooh...I like candy.

NARRATOR 2: Of course you do. Who doesn't like candy?

NARRATOR 1: This isn't right.

NARRATOR 2: Indeed. We need an actual house of candy.

NARRATOR 1: We don't need a house of candy.

BROWNIE: I want a house of candy!

NARRATOR 2: Of course you do. And we'll get you a house of candy.

(To NARRATOR 1) Go get more audience members.

NARRATOR 1: Um...

NARRATOR 2: Just do it!

(NARRATOR 1 goes into the audience, procures volunteers, brings them on to stage.)

Now, here's how we'll do it.

(NARRATOR 2 arranges the audience like a house.)

NARRATOR 1: I'll go get the door.

NARRATOR 2: Now, to simulate a house of candy, I want your all to hold these. *(HE pulls out a bag of candy, begins distributing to the volunteers.)* Here, you take this licorice. You can have this Twix Bar. *(Reacting to a repugnant smell)* Whoa! I think you need the Tic Tacs. And you can have these gumdrops.

NARRATOR 1: And this is your idea of a candy house?

NARRATOR 2: It's as good as your house of straw.

NARRATOR 1: At least there's supposed to be a house of straw.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 14

NARRATOR 2: Well, regardless of whether there's supposed to be a house of candy or not, we have one, and so it's here to stay.

(The DENTIST GENERAL enters.)

DENTIST GENERAL: Don't be so sure about that.

NARRATORS 1 & 2: Who are you?

DENTIST GENERAL: Why, I'm the Dentist General.

NARRATORS 1 & 2: The what?

DENTIST GENERAL: The Dentist General.

NARRATOR 2: I've never heard of the Dentist General.

DENTIST GENERAL: There's a Dentist General.

NARRATOR 2: Have you ever heard of a Dentist General?

NARRATOR 1: Can't say as I have.

NARRATOR 2: Have you?

BROWNIE: No, but I'm just a pig.

NARRATOR 2: Sorry. Nobody has heard of the Dentist General.

DENTIST GENERAL: Have you heard of the Surgeon General?

NARRATOR 1: Um...

DENTIST GENERAL: C. Everett Koop?

NARRATOR 2: You know C. Everett Koop?

DENTIST GENERAL: Well, not exactly...

NARRATOR 1: Who's C. Everett Koop?

NARRATOR 2: Only the greatest surgeon general to serve this country.

NARRATOR 1: Never heard of him.

NARRATOR 2: Oh come on. Older guy. Wears a beard, Abe Lincoln style.

NARRATOR 1: Um...

NARRATOR 2: Does those late night commercials for medical alert beepers...

NARRATOR 1: Oh! I love that guy!

NARRATOR 2: Who doesn't?

NARRATOR 1: You know him?

DENTIST GENERAL: No, I don't but...

NARRATOR 1: So what's your point?

DENTIST GENERAL: My point is that there's a surgeon general...

NARRATOR 2: Like C. Everett Koop!

DENTIST GENERAL: Like C. Everett Koop, who is in charge of all the doctors in the country...

NARRATOR 1: Okay...

DENTIST GENERAL: And I am the Dentist General. I am in charge of all dentists.

NARRATOR 2: Wow.

DENTIST GENERAL: Yes.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 15

NARRATOR 1: That's a big responsibility.

DENTIST GENERAL: Yes it is.

NARRATOR 2: Do you do any late night commercials?

DENTIST GENERAL: No, I don't do any late night commercials.

NARRATOR 1: So what's your point?

DENTIST GENERAL: My point?

NARRATOR 1: Yes. What's your purpose here?

DENTIST GENERAL: My purpose is to tell you that as Dentist General, I cannot condone the use of a candy house.

NARRATOR 2: Why not?

DENTIST GENERAL: Why not? Are you serious? It's a house made of candy! It's pure sugar! It's a house of tooth decay! It's a giant festering root canal waiting to happen!

NARRATOR 2: What are you saying?

DENTIST GENERAL: I'm saying this house of candy sends a bad message about dental health.

(BROWNIE grabs a box of Milk Duds from one of the audience members on stage.)

NARRATOR 2: It does not. You're overreacting.

DENTIST GENERAL: Am I? Look at that pig over there. His mouth is stuffed with Milk Duds!

BROWNIE: In my defense, pigs will eat most anything. That's why we're called pigs.

NARRATOR 2: And it's just a story...

DENTIST GENERAL: It's a message. A bad message. A message that tells the youth of our country that candy is something to be enjoyed in vast quantities. That it's okay to coat your teeth in sticky sugar. It's okay to let your molars rot in your mouth. It's fine that we will become a nation of toothless sugar addicts with stinking breath! This house of candy must go! This house of candy...

NARRATOR 2: Mr. Dentist General?

DENTIST GENERAL: What?

NARRATOR 2: Did you get a chance to enjoy our backstage buffet?

DENTIST GENERAL: I don't have time to...

NARRATOR 2: And right now, I'm guessing the producers of this fine show are filling their plates.

DENTIST GENERAL: So?

NARRATOR 2: Did you know that besides productions like this, our producers also do late night commercials?

DENTIST GENERAL: Commercials?

NARRATOR 2: And when this show is done, they're going to start taping a commercial for the Dental Beeper.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 16

DENTIST GENERAL: Dental Beeper.

NARRATOR 2: Yes. You wear it on your belt. If you get a toothache, or you chip a tooth, or you get an apple peel stuck between your teeth, you push the button and your dentist is notified.

DENTIST GENERAL: I could do that commercial.

NARRATOR 2: Of course you could! And they're casting today! Hurry! Go find them at the buffet!

DENTIST GENERAL: I'll be a star...

NARRATOR 2: Like C. Everett Koop.

DENTIST GENERAL: Like C. Everett Koop!

(Exit GENERAL.)

NARRATOR 1: Is there really such a thing as a dental beeper?

NARRATOR 2: Are you kidding? This show doesn't even have producers. But I had to get rid of him somehow.

BROWNIE: So do I get to go into the candy house now? Because I'm thinking there might be chocolate inside.

NARRATOR 1: What about your sister?

BROWNIE: Who?

NARRATOR 1: Your sister, Whitey. You left the ruins of your last house in pursuit of your sister, in hopes that she could protect you.

BROWNIE: Oh yeah. Is this her house? Because I thought there was supposed to be a house of sticks somewhere.

NARRATOR 1: Well, I'm a little confused myself, but...

NARRATOR 2: Of course it's her house. This is Whitey's house of candy. Go inside, Brownie, and greet your sister.

(WHITEY enters, places herself inside the house of candy. Immediately, SHE helps herself to some of the candy inside.)

BROWNIE: Whitey!

WHITEY: *(maniacally chomping on candy)* What?

BROWNIE: This house of candy. Is it yours? Is this the house you built?

WHITEY: *(with more maniacal eating)* Oh my gosh. I wish. Isn't this incredible?

BROWNIE: Sure it is. I mean, these gumdrops here...

WHITEY: Don't touch those! They're mine! I was going to eat them!

BROWNIE: Sorry. I just thought...

WHITEY: That's the problem! You didn't think! If you had thought, you might have realized your sister might want those gumdrops. Your sister needs those gumdrops. Your sister has to have those

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 17

gumdrops. She has to have the whole, delicious and delightful house of candy!

BROWNIE: Um, Whitey?

WHITEY: *(with continued frenzied eating)* What?!

BROWNIE: I think we need an intervention.

WHITEY: Why? It's just candy. I can stop any time I want. Gummy bears!

BROWNIE: I don't know. This whole house of candy thing seems a little too weird. A house made entirely of candy –by whom we don't know –out in the middle of the forest, just waiting for us. It's suspicious. Like maybe it's a trap. And who would want to trap us? The wolf, of course.

WHITEY: Wolf? What wolf?

BROWNIE: The Big Bad Wolf. He blew my house down, tried to eat me. I got away, but that doesn't mean he's going to give up. I think he has something to do with this house of candy.

(WOLF enters.)

WOLF: Excuse me.

BROWNIE: The wolf! I told you.

WOLF: I'm not supposed to be on until later this scene, but I felt that I had to tell you that I had nothing to do with this house of candy.

BROWNIE: You didn't?

WOLF: This is way too clever for me. I'm more of a brute force kind of guy. You know, huffing and puffing. But I admire whoever did this. A house of candy? How do people come up with this stuff? Oooh. Licorice. *(Grabs a chunk of licorice.)* I'll be back.

(WOLF exits.)

BROWNIE: Okay, Whitey. Whitey?

WHITEY: You gotta love the Twix bar. I mean, it's a cookie and a candy bar!

BROWNIE: Whitey! Will you stop eating for a second? This could be serious! We don't know who built this house of candy. It could be dangerous! It could be a trap! It could be pure evil.

(DENTIST GENERAL enters.)

DENTIST GENERAL: Of course it's pure evil. It's nothing but sugar! It's...

NARRATOR 2: Is that C. Everett Koop?

DENTIST GENERAL: Where?

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 18

(DENTIST GENERAL exits.)

BROWNIE: So if it's not your house, and the wolf has nothing to do with it, then whose house is this?

WHITEY: Who cares? It's made of candy! *(More maniacal eating.)*

BROWNIE: You gotta get a grip, Whitey. And we should go. This isn't our house. The wolf could come back. We should go find our brother, Blackie.

(WITCH enters.)

WITCH: Don't go.

BROWNIE: Who are you?

WITCH: Who said that?

BROWNIE: I said that.

WITCH: Where are you?

WHITEY: Oh yeah. I forgot. There's this witch that lives here.

WITCH: There you are. Let me feel your face.

WHITEY: And she's blind as a bat.

WITCH: Oh, you are a handsome thing. Though a little skinny. Come with me.

BROWNIE: You forgot to mention the house belongs to a blind witch.

WHITEY: Hey, she gives you candy. What's the problem?

WITCH: Step in here, please.

(The WITCH manipulates audience "HOUSE-PEOPLE" into a cage like position around BROWNIE.)

BROWNIE: The problem is she seems to be putting me into a cage, and for what I don't know.

WHITEY: She probably wants to fatten you up.

WITCH: It's true. I want to fatten you up.

BROWNIE: Fatten me up? There's only one reason to fatten up a pig!

WITCH: You're a pig? Well, son of a gun. You might even taste better than a small child.

BROWNIE: Whitey! Aren't you going to do anything?

WHITEY: Why? She's giving us free candy.

WITCH: Here. Eat something. You're all skin and bones. Doesn't your mother feed you?

BROWNIE: Actually, I've been living on my own.

WITCH: Oh, you poor thing. Let me make you supper.

BROWNIE: Do you have any tofu? See, I'm a vegetarian.

WITCH: I'll feed you anything you like, sweetie.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 19

NARRATOR 1: This doesn't look good.

NARRATOR 2: Relax.

NARRATOR 1: Seriously. This witch is going to fatten up Brownie so she can eat him. And Whitey, in the desperate throes of a sugar addiction, stands by indifferent.

NARRATOR 2: The witch is not going to eat them.

NARRATOR 1: She's not?

NARRATOR 2: No, because this isn't her story. You see, just as it all looks hopeless...

WITCH: Hold out your hand. Let me see if you're fat enough to cook.

NARRATOR 1: Don't do it, Brownie! Don't hold out your hand! Hold out a skinny old bone or something, so she won't think you're fat enough!

WITCH: Who said that?

NARRATOR 2: Now you've done it.

NARRATOR 1: I got caught up in the story!

WITCH: What's this about a bone? That's it. I wasn't born yesterday. I'm eating the pig.

NARRATOR 2: Way to go.

NARRATOR 1: I feel terrible.

NARRATOR 2: You should.

NARRATOR 1: Is there anything we can do?

NARRATOR 2: You better hope you-know-who shows up.

NARRATOR 1: Who?

WOLF: Excuse me, would this be a good time for me to enter?

NARRATOR 2: The wolf! This would be a perfect time for you to enter. You see, this blind witch...

WITCH: Visually challenged!

NARRATOR 2: Visually challenged witch is about to eat Brownie.

WOLF: I'm supposed to eat Brownie!

NARRATOR 2: I know! Which is why you need to get in there, do your huff and puff bit and set things right.

WOLF: I am so there!

NARRATOR 1: I am so confused.

NARRATOR 2: Trust me, we're almost back on track.

NARRATOR 1: Trust you? It was my trust that got us to a candy house in the first place.

WOLF: Do you mind? I'm trying to do my line.

NARRATOR 2: Go ahead.

WOLF: Ahem. Little pig, little pig, let me in.

(Silence.)

NARRATOR 2: I think someone is supposed to get that.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 20

BROWNIE: Not me. I did it the last time.

WHITEY: I would, but I just stuffed my mouth with Gummy Bears.

WITCH: Well, it is my house. (*SHE moves in the opposite direction of the door.*)

BROWNIE: The door's that way.

WITCH: I knew that.

WOLF: Is anyone going to answer the door?

NARRATOR 2: They will.

WOLF: Because I'm thinking maybe it's me. Like they don't like me or something.

NARRATOR 1: Of course they don't like you. You're a big bad wolf.

WOLF: Big? Do I look fat to you?

NARRATOR 2: He means "big" as in "Prodigious."

WOLF: "Prodigious." I like that word.

NARRATOR 1: Will you just try the door again?

WOLF: Right. Of course. Ahem. Little pig, little pig, let me in.

WITCH: Who's there?

WOLF: It's me, the Big...the Prodigious Bad Wolf.

WITCH: How do I know it's you, and not some person who wants to do something terrible?

WOLF: I do want to do something terrible. I want to eat you. Well, maybe not you, because you're a Witch, and you probably taste like evil. But I will eat the pigs, and I probably won't be very nice to you.

WITCH: Well, why didn't you say so?

NARRATOR 1: That's not the line! She's ruining the story.

NARRATOR 2: I think it's too late for that.

NARRATOR 1: It is too late, thanks to your dubious narration. A candy house. Give me a break! The least this witch can do is get us back on track. Hey Witch!

WITCH: Who said that?

NARRATOR 1: Me, the narrator. Over here.

WITCH: This story has a narrator?

NARRATOR 2: Two narrators.

WITCH: Who said that?

NARRATOR 1: Look Witch. This story is completely messed up. We need you to get it back on track. Don't let the wolf in. When he asked you to let him in, just say, "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

WITCH: Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

NARRATOR 1: Right.

WITCH: I suppose I could do that.

NARRATOR 2: What's sad is that she actually has hair on her chin.

WITCH: Hey. I'm a witch! I'm not here to win any beauty contests.

WOLF: Can we get on with this? I'm starving.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 21

BROWNIE: There's plenty of candy.

WHITEY: But leave the Milk Duds alone. They're mine. You hear me?
Mine!

BROWNIE: Boy, you've got a problem.

NARRATOR 1: Please. Get on with the story.

WOLF: Excellent. Okay...Little pig, little pig –or witch, as the case may be....let me in.

WITCH: Not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin!

NARRATOR 2: You could do wonders with electrolysis.

WOLF: Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow the house down.

WITCH: Blow down a house of candy? I'd like to see you try.

NARRATOR 1: Ready audience? So the wolf huffed (*audience and WOLF huffs*), and puffed (*audience and WOLF puff*), and blew down the witch's house of candy.

(The audience members playing the house fall.)

WITCH: Well, son of a gun.

NARRATOR 2: And Brownie, having been through this before, said...

BROWNIE: I'm getting out of here. Come on, Whitey!

NARRATOR 2: And Whitey, in the throes of a hopeless addiction to sugar, said...

WHITEY: Just a minute. I need some Laffy Taffy.

BROWNIE: Now, Whitey!

NARRATOR 2: And Brownie grabbed his sister, and off they ran into the woods.

(BROWNIE and WHITEY exit.)

WOLF: I guess that just leaves you and me.

WITCH: So? You wouldn't eat a witch, would you?

WOLF: Are you kidding? I haven't eaten in days. Stupid pigs. Who knew they could run so fast? No, right now, an old blind witch...

WITCH: Visually challenged.

WOLF: Visually challenged witch is starting to look pretty good about now. You got any ketchup?

WITCH: Sure I do. Right here in the ruined remains of my kitchen. Wait right here.

NARRATOR 2: And the witch, knowing she didn't stand a chance against the wolf, took off running into the woods.

(WITCH exits.)

WOLF: Why does this always happen to me?

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 22

NARRATOR 1: At least the story's back on track. This is right where we're supposed to be. House people, you can go back to your seats.

(HOUSE PEOPLE get up and leave.)

NARRATOR 1: So Brownie and Whitey are running to their brother's house, seeking safety from the big bad wolf.

WITCH: *(from offstage)* Hey pigs! Wait for me.

NARRATOR 2: And a blind witch in tow.

NARRATOR 1: Hey, I can live with the witch, if the rest of the story goes right.

NARRATOR 2: You have lofty expectations, don't you?

NARRATOR 1: Anyway...

NARRATOR 2: Anyway, they ran and ran until they reached...

NARRATOR 1: Wait a minute. I'll take over.

NARRATOR 2: Why?

NARRATOR 1: Because you'll mess it up.

NARRATOR 2: What do you mean?

NARRATOR 1: I mean you took over earlier in the story and suddenly there was a house of candy and a blind witch...

WITCH: *(from offstage)* Visually challenged!

NARRATOR 1: And a Dentist General.

NARRATOR 2: Hey. I didn't have anything to do with that. He just happened.

NARRATOR 1: He happened because of your stupid house of candy, so I'm going to narrate this part of the story to get back on track.

NARRATOR 2: On track to what?

NARRATOR 1: Back to the traditional Three Little Pigs.

NARRATOR 2: I had no idea you were such a purist.

NARRATOR 1: Well, I am. So anyway...then Brownie and Whitey ran from the candy house, ran from the wolf...

(BROWNIE, WHITEY and WITCH enter.)

WITCH: Wait for me!

NARRATOR 1: And the witch...

WITCH: Take me with you!

BROWNIE: Why should we? You tried to eat us.

WITCH: Yeah. About that. I feel really bad.

BROWNIE: I don't know.

WHITEY: Oh come on, Brownie. She's not that bad. And she's blind.

WITCH: Visually challenged.

WHITEY: And besides, she might be able to get us more candy.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 23

WITCH: It's true! I can get you candy! I know people in wholesale.

BROWNIE: Oh, all right.

NARRATOR 1: And so Brownie and Whitey and the witch escaped from the wolf and journeyed to their brother Blackie's house, hoping to finally find safety and shelter.

BROWNIE: How will we know when find Blackie's house?

WHITEY: You know it will be nice. Blackie is very stylish.

NARRATOR 1: *(to NARRATOR 2)* It looks like we need another house.

NARRATOR 2: And a stylish one at that. I'll take care of this.

(NARRATOR 2 goes into audience, selects audience members for next house, bantering about who looks stylish and who doesn't. Audience members come on stage, and the NARRATORS arrange them into a stylish house.)

NARRATOR 1: Not bad.

NARRATOR 2: And just in time. Here come our wayward refugees.

BROWNIE: Is this it? It looks stylish.

WHITEY: It's very stylish.

WITCH: I'll say. I can't see a blessed thing, and I can tell it's stylish.

BROWNIE: Hello? I'm not sure anyone is home.

WHITEY: I wonder if he has anything to eat. I'm starving.

BROWNIE: Starving? You just ate ten pounds of candy.

WHITEY: Empty calories.

WITCH: I smell something delicious.

(The NARRATORS arrange the house people into something resembling a table, and from offstage, bring three bowls with spoons. The HOUSE PEOPLE hold the bowls.)

BROWNIE: Look. It's three bowls on the table.

WHITEY: Like they were set out just for us. What is it?

WITCH: Smells like porridge.

BROWNIE: Porridge?

WITCH: Porridge.

WHITEY: Porridge?

WITCH: That's what I said.

WHITEY: Well, I say we eat while we wait for Blackie.

BROWNIE: I am kind of hungry. All that running from wolves built up an appetite.

WITCH: And I never got dinner. Which was supposed to be you.

BROWNIE: Hey.

WHITEY: This smells delicious. But it's way too hot. And it needs sugar. Lots of sugar.

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 24

BROWNIE: Mine is ice cold. Trade?

WHITEY: Does it have sugar?

WITCH: Mine is just right. And it's fantastic. Oh my gosh. Who knew porridge could be so delicious?

(BLACKIE enters.)

BLACKIE: Oh, there you are.

BROWNIE: Blackie!

BLACKIE: It's all over town. My siblings living in low rent straw houses, tacky candy houses, associating with blind witches...

WITCH: Visually challenged!

BLACKIE: Being chased all over the woods by a ravenous wolf...do you have any idea how embarrassing this is? And now you're eating my food?

BROWNIE: Three bowls, sitting out, we figured...

WHITEY: It's not like we asked the wolf to chase us.

BLACKIE: *(sighing)* And it's not like I can choose my family, either. This witch, however...

BROWNIE: She's not that bad once you get to know her.

WITCH: That's the kindest thing anyone has ever said to me. Come to think of it, it's the only kind thing anyone's ever said to me. Boy, it bites being a witch.

BROWNIE: See? She's got a soft spot.

BLACKIE: I doubt there's a soft spot anywhere on this hag.

WITCH: Hey! And I was just about to compliment you on your porridge.

BLACKIE: It's not porridge. It's farine d'avoine

WITCH: Say what?

BLACKIE: Farine d'avoine. It's a French delicacy.

WITCH: Whatever. It's delicious.

BLACKIE: Okay. The witch likes my gourmet cooking. She can stay.

WHITEY: So, brother, is this place safe? From wolves?

BLACKIE: Of course it is. You know me. Only the best. Stylish and sturdy.

WHITEY: That's good, because...

(HEALTH INSPECTOR enters, Knocks on door.)

WHITEY: Oh no. Could it be...

BROWNIE: Do you think...

WITCH: It surely isn't....

(More knocking.)

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 25

HEALTH INSPECTOR: Health Inspector!

BLACKIE: Health Inspector! What in heaven's name would a health inspector want at my stylish and I might add very clean home?

(HEALTH INSPECTOR enters through the door.)

HEALTH INSPECTOR: I'll tell you what. I've had reports of improperly stored porridge at this residence!

BLACKIE: First off, it's not porridge. It's farine d'avoine.

HEALTH INSPECTOR: Faring divine?

BLACKIE: Farine d'avoine! Oh forget it. It's French, it's stylish and it's not improperly stored.

HEALTH INSPECTOR: I've had reports of it being too hot, I've had reports of it being too cold. And only one report of being just right.

BLACKIE: So what are you saying?

HEALTH INSPECTOR: I'm saying you're getting a citation.

(WOLF enters.)

BLACKIE: Citation! Why you...

WOLF: Little pig, little pig, let me in...

BROWNIE: Oh man.

WHITEY: He found us.

WOLF: Little pig, little pig, let me in.

BLACKIE: Why does he keep saying that?

WHITEY: It's this weird game he likes to play. He wants you to say, "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

BLACKIE: Like you'd find hair on my chin? I'm very stylish, you know.

WITCH: *(touching BLACKIE)* It's very smooth.

BLACKIE: And your hand is covered in warts. Please don't touch me anymore.

WOLF: Little pig, little pig, let me in.

BLACKIE: For heaven's sake. Won't he just leave?

WHITEY: Not until he gets what he wants. Are you sure this house is secure?

BLACKIE: I'm telling you...

WOLF: I'll huff...

BLACKIE: I settle only for the best.

WOLF: And I'll puff...

BLACKIE: The house is sturdy as a rock. There's only one way an unwanted intruder could get in.

WOLF: And I'll blow the house down! *(With the help of the audience, the WOLF attempts to blow down house.)*

BLACKIE: See? What did I tell you?

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 26

(WOLF and audience try again. And again and again...)

NARRATOR 2: *(sighing)* And the wolf huffed and puffed, but much to his surprise, the house did not blow down.

WOLF: Who knew a pig could build such a sturdy house?

NARRATOR 1: And everyone inside was safe.

ALL: Hooray!

NARRATOR 2: But wait...

NARRATOR 1: Now what?

NARRATOR 2: That can't be the end.

NARRATOR 1: Why not?

NARRATOR 2: Well, it doesn't make sense. The Wolf has been relentlessly pursuing the pigs for days and days. Why, after one failed attempt at blowing down the house, would the Wolf just give up?

WOLF: It's true. I am a ruthless predator.

NARRATOR 1: Okay. So the Wolf doesn't give up quite yet.

WOLF: There's still hope! I do so want pork chops for dinner.

BLACKIE: Will we ever get rid of this tacky wolf?

BROWNIE: Will we ever be safe?

WHITEY: What could possibly save us from this relentless predator?

NARRATOR 1: Well...

NARRATOR 2: The birds!

(BIRDS enter.)

NARRATOR 1: The birds?

BIRDS: Caw! Caw! Caw!

NARRATOR 2: The birds come to save the day!

BLACKIE: Okay. We're not stupid. How are three little birds going to get rid of a big...

WOLF: Prodigious!

BLACKIE: ...wolf?

NARRATOR 2: Simple. They'll peck his eyes out.

BIRD 1: Whoa, whoa, whoa!

BIRD 2: We can't do that.

BIRD 3: What do you think we are, a bunch of magpies?

BIRD 2: We're a much classier outfit of birds.

BIRD 1: What did the wolf ever do to us?

NARRATOR 2: He's a predator.

BIRD 2: And that's a reason?

NARRATOR 2: Well...

BIRD 3: Hey. My cousin Lenny, who lives in Florida?

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 27

BIRD 1: Yeah?

BIRD 3: He cleans the teeth of alligators.

BIRD 2: Get out of here.

BIRD 3: Seriously. The alligator opens his jaws real wide, and just holds it open, and my cousin, he just wanders in there and pecks the teeth clean.

BIRD 1: That is way cool. Why doesn't the alligator just chomp down on your cousin?

BIRD 3: Because it's all sym...sym...

BIRD 2: Symbiotic?

BIRD 3: Yeah. Symbiotic. So if my cousin's doing that with alligators, why should we be pecking the eyes of this poor wolf?

BIRD 1: That's true...

BIRD 2: Very true.

WOLF: Profoundly true.

BIRD 3: Let's get out of here.

BIRD 2: Let's go to Florida!

BIRD 1: I bet standing in the jaws of an alligator is a total rush.

(The BIRDS exit.)

NARRATOR 1: Okay. So now we have to do something else. Let's see... the Wolf attempts to get in Blackie's house by...

NARRATOR 2: Opening the door!

NARRATOR 1: What?

NARRATOR 2: Yes! It's brilliant! The sheer simplicity of the solution... so obvious.

WOLF: I like the idea. *(Tries door; it opens.)* Hey...

BLACKIE: The door! The door!

NARRATOR 2: And everyone raced to the door to hold back the Wolf.

(ALL are leaned up against the door, trying to hold back the WOLF, who is pushing from the other side.)

BLACKIE: Okay. Who forgot to lock the door? Who failed to turn the latch?

(A general murmur among the others.)

It's a simple concept. You walk into a house. You remember, "Oh yeah. I'm being hunted by a wolf." AND YOU LOCK THE DOOR!

WOLF: Little pig, little pig, let me in.

BLACKIE: Not by the...oh, for crying out loud. Who didn't lock the door? Who was the last one in?

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 28

WHITEY: Not me.

BROWNIE: Not me.

WITCH: Not me.

NARRATOR 2: And they all looked at the last person remaining...

BROWNIE, WHITEY, BLACKIE & WITCH: The Health Inspector!

HEALTH INSPECTOR: Hey! No one told me I was supposed to lock the door. I've got more important things to worry about, like salmonella outbreaks. And e coli! Did you ever think of that? If it wasn't for me, you'd all be struck down with e coli!

NARRATOR 1: And the pig pondered the irony of worrying about e coli...

NARRATOR 2: ...when there was a very hungry wolf, just on the other side of the door.

NARRATOR 1: And the witch, who was somewhat heartless herself, said...

WITCH: Let's give the health inspector to the wolf.

HEALTH INSPECTOR: What!?

BROWNIE: Yeah!

WHITEY: Good idea!

BLACKIE: Works for me.

NARRATOR 1: And the pigs and the witch grabbed the health inspector, opened the door and tossed him to the wolf.

NARRATOR 2: Who instantly seized the opportunity for a quick snack.

HEALTH INSPECTOR: You can't eat me! I just went to the bathroom and didn't wash my hands!

NARRATOR 1: But the wolf didn't care, and he opened his mighty jaws and...and...I can't do it.

NARRATOR 2: Now what?

NARRATOR 1: I can't go through with this ending.

NARRATOR 2: But we're so close...and the buffet backstage is waiting....

NARRATOR 1: Well, while I like the twist in the story, still maintaining the integrity of the happy ending, I can't....I mean...it's just...

NARRATOR 2: What is it?

NARRATOR 1: My mother was a health inspector! *(HE breaks down crying.)*

WITCH: I didn't see that one coming!

NARRATOR 2: Hey, it's okay...stop crying...we can change this...we'll go to a more traditional ending.

WOLF: Oh come on! I wanted to eat the health inspector!

NARRATOR 2: No, I'm sorry, Mr. Wolf. Let's go back. Everybody back inside Blackie's house.

WITCH: Even the health inspector?

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 29

NARRATOR 2: Even the health inspector. Okay. The wolf's outside.

(To WOLF) You just got through huffing and puffing...

WOLF: Who knew a pig could build such a sturdy house?

NARRATOR 2: And the pigs say...

BROWNIE, WHITEY and BLACKIE: Hooray! We're safe!

NARRATOR 2: But the wolf spies the chimney...

WITCH: So now we're playing I Spy? Because I have to say, being visually challenged, I'm not too good at that game.

WOLF: Oh! I get it! I climb down the chimney allowing myself access to all the pigs...though I sense something will be amiss...

NARRATOR 2: Indeed! Because as you climb down the chimney, you discover...

(The WOLF climbs through the HOUSE PEOPLE.)

WHITEY: A hot fire!

NARRATOR 2: No, a scalding pot of...

WITCH: Witch's brew!

NARRATOR 2: No! A big hot scalding pot of...

NARRATOR 1: Porridge!

BLACKIE: It's not porridge, it's farine d'avoine!

NARRATOR 2: Exactly. And the wolf lands in the scalding pot of porridge.

BLACKIE: It's farine...

HEALTH INSPECTOR: Oh, this can't be sanitary.

NARRATOR 2: And he is boiled to his demise.

(The WOLF pantomimes swimming in porridge.)

WOLF: Aaaaagh! I'm perishing in a perilous pot of porridge!

BLACKIE: Farine d'avoine!

NARRATOR 1: No! No more perishing!

NARRATOR 2: But you wanted the traditional ending.

NARRATOR 1: I know! But the near demise of the health inspector has opened my eyes. Thinking about the health inspector made me think, what if that was my mother? And it made me think of all the pain and suffering and injustice in the world, and now...I just can't take any more injury or death, even if it is the wolf.

WOLF: I like this guy.

NARRATOR 2: What do you suggest?

NARRATOR 1: Well, the wolf climbs down the chimney...

WOLF: Here we go again.

(The WOLF goes through the actions again.)

Three Fractured Pigs – Page 30

NARRATOR 1: And when the wolf gets to the bottom, where the scalding pot of farine whatever awaits...

NARRATOR 2: He touches the farine d'avoine ever so lightly with his pinky toe...

WOLF: Ouch!

NARRATOR 1: More pain?

NARRATOR 2: Just a little. Bear with me. The wolf touches the scalding farine d'avoine with his pinky toe and says...

WOLF: Um...man, that porridge is hot?

NARRATOR 2: No! You scream in pain...

WOLF: I already did that.

NARRATOR 2: And you climb back up the chimney, and run away, never to be heard from again.

WOLF: Really? I don't get to eat?

NARRATOR 2: There's still the buffet backstage.

WOLF: I can live with that. Thanks for everything, guys.

BROWNIE, ET AL: Sure. Yeah. Whatever.

WOLF: And thank you, kind audience, for helping me huff and puff. The ol' lungs just ain't what they used to be. Well, I'm out of here.

(WOLF exits.)

NARRATOR 1: Well, I must say I like that ending. It follows the happy ending rule, and there was no unnecessary violence. But what happens to the three pigs?

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from THREE FRACTURED PIGS by Chris Stiles. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com