

BIGGITY BAD AND THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

By Edith Weiss

Copyright © MMXVI by Edith Weiss, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 978-1-61588-355-4

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 Heuer Publishing LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Heuer Publishing LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing 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 Heuer Publishing 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 Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. 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 Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing 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 Heuer Publishing LLC.

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406
TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

BIGGITY BAD AND THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

By Edith Weiss

SYNOPSIS: Higgelty and Piggelty are two devil-may-care pigs that take laziness to a new level. Lucky for them, they are joined in the pen by Hamlet, a Shakespeare-talking truffle pig with wit, brains and bravado to match. When Buzz the Turkey Buzzard and Rufus Rabbit convince Rolfie Wolf to capture the pigs, it's up to Hamlet to save the day. With an anti-gang message and run-for-your-life chase scenes, this new take will leave audiences with great biggity smiles!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 3 males, 9-16 either)

WING DING PUMPKINPATCH (m).....	A loud, prone to frustration rooster. <i>(19 lines)</i>
BLATTABILIA BLUEJAY (f).....	An annoying bird who thinks she's always right. <i>(15 lines)</i>
ROSIE RED HEN (f).....	A gentle and sweet hen. <i>(16 lines)</i>
LEE BEE (f/m).....	The leader of the little bee team. Energetic. <i>(4 lines)</i>
BREE BEE (f/m).....	The bee team: Positive, happy and hardworking. <i>(3 lines)</i>
DEE BEE (f/m).....	The bee team: Enthusiastic, diligent. <i>(3 lines)</i>
FRECKLES THE BULL (m).....	An easily angered, stomping, snorting, scary bull. <i>(12 lines)</i>
HIGGELTY (f/m).....	The oldest of the three pigs, the boss. Lazy. <i>(102 lines)</i>
PIGGELTY (f/m).....	She's the one most prone to make trouble; lazy, bratty, has an affinity for lying. <i>(113 lines)</i>
HAMLET (f/m).....	A hard-working truffle pig who speaks English with a Shakespearean flair. Doesn't fit in really well. <i>(112 lines)</i>

- BUZZ THE TURKEY BUZZARD (m)..... An unscrupulous turkey buzzard who tries to be extremely cool and gangsta. Can be dressed ‘Euro-trashy’.
(118 lines)
- RUFUS RABBIT (f/m)..... Full of nervous energy and fear, he is a hanger on to Buzz and copies what he does. (78 lines)
- MAGGIE THE FARMER’S WIFE (f) Short on patience, she’s trying to keep the farm going by herself. (47 lines)
- TAXMAN (f/m)..... Proper, has a job to do.
(24 lines)
- ROLFIE (f/m) Biggity Bad Wolf. A tender-hearted and lonely wolf who is desperate to get back in the wolf pack, and therefore easily manipulated. (100 lines)

EXTRAS:

THE WOLF PACK (f/m)..... (14 lines)

CASTING NOTE

The following characters can double as the WOLF PACK: Lee Bee, Bree Bee, Dee Bee, Blattabilia, Rosie, Wing Ding, Taxman, and Freckles the Bull.

SETTING

Pigpen is center stage. This can be a cloth disc, easily rolled up. Downstage left – some corn or grass. Downstage right – a cave leading to the WOLF’S home. Suggestion of the Farmer’s Wife’s house upstage left.

PROPS

- Gummy worms (for Blattabilia)
- Blankets for the pigpen
- Binoculars*
- Half eaten corn cob
- Other food detritus for pigsty*
- Bag of popcorn
- Nunchucks made of rolls of toilet paper held together by elastic
- Tube of sunblock
- Satchel for truffle – large enough to fit over wolf’s head
- Backpack for Buzz
- Affirmation book
- Bull nose ring (on necklace chain)
- Little Red Riding Hood* book
- Papers for offstage tearing*
- Another satchel or bag for truffles
- Sticks
- Deed to the house
- Piece of truffle in Wolf’s mouth*

**Denotes optional*

SOUNDS

- Birdsong
- Wolf’s howl
- Exploding blender
- Running footsteps
- Furniture getting overturned
- Night insects
- Glass crashing

SET DESIGN

The Farmer's Wife's house can be suggested upstage stage left. The Wolf's cave can also be suggested. The pigsty is only used in the beginning, once they go on their "Pigketeer" march the pigsty can be taken off at some point by the available actors. Two mounds—one of straw, and one of sticks—are needed so that actors can get under and hide.

NOTE: The house can be built with big blocks of cardboard or Styrofoam – one side painted to look like straw, one to look like sticks, and one to look like stones.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

- ♦ Commissioned by the Backstage Theater Breckenridge, CO (2011) under the title *The Three Little Pigs*
- ♦ Jesters Children's Theater, ME
- ♦ Holmes Community College, MS
- ♦ Carroll Community College, MD (2015)
- ♦ Twin Lakes Playhouse, Mountain Home, AR (2015)

AT RISE: *A farm. A pigpen with three sleeping pigs. We see the entrance of a house upstage left. Sounds of birdsong. Enter WING DING stage left, yawning. He crows. HIGGELTY, PIGGELTY, and HAMLET turn over, still asleep. WING DING crows again. Still ignored. Enter BLATTABILIA, stage right.*

WING DING: Good morning Blattabilia Bluejay! And you're welcome for the wake up call.

BLATTABILIA: I don't need a wake-up call, Wing Ding. I have been up since four a.m.; unlike everybody else, who are still sleeping, I see! That's what happens when you get domesticated. And do you know why I have been up since four in the a.m.?

WING DING: The same reason you've been getting up at four every morning for years?

BLATTABILIA: *(Reaching into satchel and pulling out worms.)* You betcha it is. Because the early bird gets the worm. *(Eats a worm.)*

WING DING: They sure look delicious.

BLATTABILIA: You betcha they are. Dee-licious.

WING DING: Could I have one?

BLATTABILIA: No. You know these are for my baby Jays. *(Eating another worm.)* You wouldn't take food out of their mouths, would you?

WING DING: Of course not! I just want one. *(As BLATTABILIA raises another worm to her mouth.)* Maybe the next one you were going to eat – there- that one – instead of *you* eating it – you give it to me.

BLATTABILIA: *(Eating worm.)* Wing Ding, I have to keep my strength up. I've been up since four. Now off I go, my baby Jays are waiting for their breakfast!

Exit BLATTABILIA stage left.

WING DING: I'll just get my own worms, Blattabilia, how about that? I don't need your lousy juicy delicious worms. I am so hungry! Everybody wake up so I can get my breakfast. GET UP! Get up everybody it's five o' clock in the mornin'! This here's Wing Ding Pumpkinpatch with your daily wake-up call: GET UP!

Enter ROSIE THE HEN who scratches at the ground.

ROSIE: Good morning, Wing Ding. A little cranky this morning?

WING DING: I'm just hungry, that's all.

ROSIE: I've got a whole worm wheat bread back at the henhouse.

Why don't you finish waking everybody up and I'll give you some.

WING DING: Thank you, Rosie.

The BEES enter jogging.

LEE BEE: Bee knees high!

DEE BEE: Warm up to fly!

BREE BEE: Morning, Miss Rosie.

ROSIE: Morning, Lee, Dee, and Bree Bee.

BEES start calisthenics. BULL enters enraged.

ROSIE: Oh-oh. What's wrong, Freckles?

FRECKLES: I was having such a good dream and Wing Ding woke me up!

WING DING: Calm down now. It's my job. It's what I do.

FRECKLES: *(Pawing the ground angrily.)* I don't like it!

ROSIE: Now, now. He's a rooster, it's what he does. I appreciate being woke up. As do the bees. Am I right, Lee Bee?

LEE BEE: Right as rain, Rosie! I'm ready to start the day. Feeling good, Bree Bee?

BREE BEE: Yeah! We don't need motivation for the job of pollination. Am I right, Dee Bee?

DEE BEE: I love that you're so positive, Bree Bee! Team song!

LEE BEE, BREE BEE and DEE BEE: We're worker bees, a team of three. We're making honey for our good Queen Bee.

LEE BEE: Go, team, go! *(They do their team handshake, which ends in a loud.)* BUZZZZZZZZ!

Enter BLATTABILIA stage left, eating worms.

WING DING: The farm is awake! My work here is done. Now I can get some of that whole worm wheat bread.

BLATTABILIA: Wing Ding, look at those pigs. Sound asleep!

WING DING: Dang it!

DEE BEE: Maybe the Barnyard Team could help Wing Ding?

BLATTABILIA: I say no. It's not my job. I'm been up since four. I'm exhausted.

LEE BEE: There's no 'l' in team, Blattabilia. What do you say, Barnyard Team?

ALL ad-lib yes by buzzing or clucking, whatever is appropriate, and gather around the pigpen.

ALL: WAKE UP!

HAMLET: I'm awake, behold, I'm awake!

HIGGELTY: Be quiet, Hamlet! We're trying to sleep here. *(Back to sleep.)*

PIGGELTY: *(To HAMLET.)* You are so annoying! *(Back to sleep.)*

FRECKLES: Look at those pigs. Misfits! Three little misfit pigs!

HAMLET: Nay, I am awa-

FRECKLES: Again, Barnyard Team!

ALL: WAKE UP!!!!

HIGGELTY and PIGGELTY finally wake up.

ROSIE: It takes a barnyard to wake those pigs.

BLATTABILIA: So lazy!

PIGGELTY: Don't get crazy just 'cause we're lazy. That ain't no barnyard crime.

HIGGELTY: Yeah. Why don't you all just leave us alone? We want to sleep!

BLATTABILIA: If the Farmer's Wife didn't feed you you'd starve.

HIGGELTY: But she does feed us and gives us water, just like she oughtta.

HAMLET: Mayhaps we should do some work.

HIGGELTY and PIGGELTY: Be quiet Hamlet.

ROSIE: Come on, Wing Ding. Let's get you some breakfast.

ROSIE and WING DING exit stage left.

BLATTABILIA: (*As she exits.*) I'd love to join you. Did you make some of that whole worm bread? Hello? (*Exits stage left.*)

LEE BEE: Bees – off we go!

BEES: (*Exiting stage right.*) To the fields! Bzzzzzzz.

FRECKLES: I'll be in the pasture, if anyone needs me. (*Exit stage right.*)

HAMLET: (*Sighs.*) Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time—

HIGGELTY: You talk too much, Hamlet.

PIGGELTY: I don't know what it was like where you're from, but nobody here talks like that.

HIGGELTY: I'm hot.

HAMLET: Mayhaps we could walk, and find a nice mud hole in the woods—

PIGGELTY: No time.

HIGGELTY: Too hard.

PIGGELTY: I know what we should do. Let's sneak into the house.

HAMLET: Piggelty, nay! We are expressly forbidden to enter yon house.

HIGGELTY: You scared?

PIGGELTY: Come on. The Farmer's Wife went to the market, let's hurry before she gets back.

HIGGELTY: There's so much cool stuff in the house. You wouldn't believe the delicious people food they have in there.

On 'delicious people food' BUZZ pops up upstage, watching with binoculars, unseen by pigs. RUFUS pops up next to him.

PIGGELTY: And they have this thing you roll around on, called a couch. And a big box with pictures that move! Right inside it! It's amazing!

HAMLET: I am tempted.

HIGGELTY: Then come on!

HAMLET: Let me just screw my courage to the sticking point.

HIGGELTY and PIGGELTY: What?

HAMLET: There. I'm screwed. Let's go.

They sneak into the house. We hear laughing, clattering, banging and things falling. RUFUS and BUZZ cross to pigpen and start rooting around for food, gnawing on corn cobs, etc.

BUZZ: *(To audience.)* What are you looking at?

RUFUS: *(To audience.)* You looking at him? You looking at me? You looking at him? You looking at him or me?

BUZZ: *(To audience.)* So I eat stuff I find. So?

RUFUS: Yeah, so? So what? He's a turkey buzzard. Right, boss?

BUZZ: It's what we do. We eat whatever we find. Like this. *(Picks up a half-eaten corn cob or other awful looking piece of food, takes a bite.)* Oh! That is disgusting. I can't eat this. I should be eating pig meat. I wish someone would get those pigs for me... Pig meat! So tasty. So darn yummy in my big buzzard tummy. Right, Rufus? Wouldn't that be great?

RUFUS: I'm a rabbit which means I'm a vegan, Buzz. Meat makes me sick.

HIGGELTY: *(Offstage.)* Piggelty, you can't put that in a blender!

BUZZ: A blender! I could make pork fat smoothies. Yum.

RUFUS: *(Stomach turning.)* Urp... Please stop, Buzz. I'm gettin' sick over here.

BUZZ: Someone's gotta get those pigs for me. Wait a minute! I have a great idea. I'm gonna pay a visit to the Big Bad Wolf. Let's go, Rufus. Stealthy and smooth.

RUFUS: Wait for me, boss! Stealthy and smooth.

Exit BUZZ, stealthy and smooth, followed by RUFUS, copying him. We hear the sound of a blender crunching stuff up and exploding.

HIGGELTY, PIGGELTY, and HAMLET: *(Running on.)* WHOAAAA!

HIGGELTY: What a mess!

PIGGELTY: That was so cool! Let's do it again! Come on!

HAMLET: Nay, 'tis wrong –

HIGGELTY: You scared?

HAMLET: *(Reluctant.)* No.

HIGGELTY: Come on!

HIGGELTY, PIGGELTY, and HAMLET go back in the house. We hear the creaking of a door opening.

HIGGELTY: *(Offstage.)* It's the farmer!

PIGGETLY: *(Offstage.)* Hide, hide!

SOUNDS of running, furniture getting overturned.

FARMER'S WIFE: *(Offstage.)* What is going on – oh lands sakes alive! Higgelty! Get out! Get out of this house, you darned pig!

HIGGELTY runs on from the house, oinking and squealing, runs downstage left trying to hide.

FARMER'S WIFE: *(Offstage.)* You too, Piggelty! No pigs in the house! Get out!

PIGGETLY seems to be pushed out, then walks, offended, to pigpen. She has a bag of popcorn, which she frantically eats, and two big rolls of toilet paper and sunblock, which she hides in the blankets of the pigpen.

FARMER'S WIFE: *(Offstage.)* Hamlet....get out from under the couch! I will not have pigs in the house!

HAMLET stumbles out, looking dazed, confused, and guilty.

HAMLET: Dink! What a rogue and peasant pig am I. Maggie the farmer is so full of anger, 'Out, out darn pig!' she cries. Forsooth, did I not say we were not allowed in yon house?

PIGGETLY: Stop talking like that, Hamlet. Just say 'I told you so' like any normal pig.

Enter FARMER'S WIFE and the TAXMAN from house upstage left.

FARMER'S WIFE: You darn pigs! Why don't you ever listen to anything I say? No pigs in the house! Higgelty, I know you're hiding in the corn! Get out of the corn! The house is wrecked!

HIGGELTY goes into the pigsty.

TAXMAN: Well of course it is! You shouldn't let pigs live in your house.

FARMER'S WIFE: I don't! How many times have I said, "No pigs in the house"? And today of all days, with the taxman here, they go into the house!

TAXMAN: They do have a perfectly good pigsty right here.

FARMER'S WIFE: All the toilet paper in the house is gone! Why? What have you done with my toilet paper? Well? What do you have to say for yourselves?

PIGGELTY: It wasn't us in the house. We were out here the whole time.

TAXMAN: That's a lie! I'm a taxman and we're trained to spot lies!

FARMER'S WIFE: Lying, little Piggelty, only makes things worse. I just chased you out of the house, remember? I won't abide it. Higgelty, why were you in the house?

HIGGELTY: It's cool in the house. It's so hot out here.

HAMLET: Indeed. And we have not sweat glands... mayhaps we were in danger most dire out here.

TAXMAN: What's a mayhaps?

FARMER'S WIFE: Don't make excuses, Hamlet, with your fancy talk. *Mayhaps* you could've used the water pump to make a puddle in the pigsty!

HAMLET: *(Ashamed.)* 'Tis so true. I am shamed.

TAXMAN: As well you should be.

PIGGELTY: You're nothing but a kiss-up, Hamlet.

FARMER'S WIFE: Higgelty and Piggelty? You couldn't of pumped some water?

HIGGELTY: No time.

PIGGELTY: Too hard.

HAMLET: *(Raising his hand, smarting from the 'kiss up' insult.)* If I may?

FARMER'S WIFE: Go ahead, Hamlet.

HAMLET: The food in yon house is fit for the gods. Begging your pardon, but the food out here is quite like slop.

FARMER'S WIFE: It *is* slop. You're pigs. Pigs eat pig slop.

HIGGELTY: There's corn chips, and caramel corn and popcorn in the house.

PIGGELTY: It's delicious. But I didn't eat any. (*Inadvertently holds up bag of popcorn.*)

FARMER'S WIFE: Give me that. *That* is people corn! (*Holds up a barely eaten ear of corn.*) *This* is pig corn! I feed you corn. There's corn right here! You've barely touched your corn.

HIGGELTY: We like your corn better.

FARMER'S WIFE: What am I going to do with you three darned pigs?

HIGGELTY: Why did we even get a third pig? Me and Piggelty were fine by ourselves. Now there's three pigs, and the pigpen's too crowded. So it's all Hamlet's fault.

PIGGELTY: Yeah. It's so crowded in here. Even if he is a runt, there's no room for him in here.

HIGGELTY: And what kind of a name is Hamlet?

PIGGELTY: Yeah! A pig named *Ham-let*? That's like naming me Baconette.

HAMLET: My previous owner named me. 'Tis a proud family name.

PIGGELTY: 'Tis? Who says 'tis? It's not normal.

HAMLET: Lo, my feelings have been wounded.

PIGGELTY: Lo?! See how he talks? Who can stand that all day long? Why'd you even bring him here?

TAXMAN: It was my idea. Maggie the farmer is two years behind in her taxes. She needs to make some money or she'll lose the farm. So she's going into the truffle business. And Hamlet is a truffle pig, and he can teach you how to dig for truffles and be true truffle pigs.

HIGGELTY: Truffles? What are truffles?

PIGGELTY: And why do we have to dig 'em? You're the one who wants them.

FARMER'S WIFE: Truffles are a mushroom that grow under the ground – (*HAMLET has raised his hand.*) Yes, Hamlet?

HAMLET: They're actually a fungus, not a mushroom.

FARMER'S WIFE: Thank you Hamlet. And since pigs have a great sense of smell, you smell where they are and dig 'em out with your snouts.

HIGGELTY: Fungus?! You want us to dig for fungus? That stuff you get on your feet?

PIGGELTY: With our noses?! Dig for foot fungus with our noses!? Methinks no way, as goofy Hamlet would say.

FARMER'S WIFE: It's not the same as foot fungus. It's people food - highly prized and expensive people food that I will sell.

TAXMAN: To pay the back taxes on the farm. It's about time you earned your keep around here!

HIGGELTY: Oh just turn me into a slab of bacon and get it over with.

HAMLET: Please don't. He speaks in haste.

FARMER'S WIFE: I would if I could but I can't. Were it up to me, you'd be bacon for breakfast, hot dogs for lunch, and pork chops for dinner.

TAXMAN: I love bacon. And hot dogs and pork chops. I love all those things.

FARMER'S WIFE: But I promised the Farmer - God rest his soul - that I would never do that. But you pigs have got to do some work around here! And pigs are made to snuffle in the dirt.

HIGGELTY and PIGGELTY: Ew.

HAMLET: *(Delighted.)* Yes!

TAXMAN: Sticking your snout in the ground and rooting around-

PIGGELTY: Bleeeecccchhh.

FARMER'S WIFE: *(Handing them a small bag.)* You worthless, useless, disrespectful pigs! Go and don't come back until you fill this bag with truffles!

FARMER'S WIFE and TAXMAN exit into house.

PIGGELTY: She's so mad! Why is the Farmer always so mad?

HIGGELTY: This day could not get any worse.

HAMLET: Let's do it, pigs, if it's to be done. Pigs are neither lazy nor dumb. What a piece of work is pig! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty, in form and moving, how express and admirable.

HIGGELTY: And my day just got worse.

PIGGELTY: *(Putting on lots of sunscreen.)* Look, I got me some sunblock.

HAMLET: You stole the farmer's sunblock?

PIGGELTY: I didn't steal it! I took it.

HAMLET: If you take something that isn't yours, 'tis the selfsame as stealing.

PIGGELTY: Taking and stealing are not the same thing. If they were, there wouldn't be two different words. Taking. Stealing. See? Different.

HAMLET: You speak with the logic of a block, a stone, a worse than senseless thing.

HIGGELTY: I've got an idea. Let's play Pigketeers! (*Raises right arm high.*)

PIGGELTY: Yeah! (*Raising arm high.*) One for all and all for me! Look – I made some numm chucks. (*The rolls of toilet paper attached by a piece of elastic.*) Aeeee-ya!

HAMLET: 'Tis *nunchucks*, Piggelty, not numm chucks.

PIGGELTY: 'Tis *num* chucks Hamlet cause I say so! (*Using nunchucks as weapons.*) Ya! Ya! Hayaa!

HIGGELTY: Let's go! Hup, one, two, three, file in. I'm the captain and we are the Three Pigketeers!

They start rolling up the pigpen, take it upstage so it is out of the way.

PIGGELTY: Why do you always get to be the captain?

HIGGELTY: Because I'm the oldest. Hup, one, two, three! Hup, one, two, three.

They start marching as they exit right.

HIGGELTY: We're marching left we're stepping high.

HAMLET and PIGGELTY: We're marching left we're stepping high.

HIGGELTY: We're three little pigs beneath the sky.

HAMLET and PIGGELTY: We're three little pigs beneath the sky.

HIGGELTY: Left, left, left–

HAMLET, HIGGELTY, and PIGGELTY exit marching upstage right. WOLF enters, downstage right, growls and tries to be scary and bad.

ROLFIE: Grrrrr. AOOOOOOOOO. I'm the wolf. A very bad wolf. I'm the big – the bad – the hear-me-howl wolf! (*Big inhalation in preparation for howling.*)

Enter BUZZ and RUFUS, fast. He surprises ROLFIE.

BUZZ: Rolfie! Rolfie!

ROLFIE: (*Jumps in fright.*) AHHHH! How many times, Buzz, have I told you not to swoop in behind me like that?

BUZZ: Rolfie, I'm a turkey buzzard, and we swoop fast and low, stealthy and smooth, looking for food.

RUFUS: It's his nature.

BUZZ: You weren't scared, were you?

ROLFIE: (*With bravado.*) No, of course I wasn't scared. I'm the big bad wolf.

RUFUS: And yet you screamed like a baby. Didn't he, boss.

ROLFIE: I couldn't help it. It just came out.

BUZZ: Rolfie, you really want to be part of that wolf pack, don't you?

ROLFIE: Yes. Wolves are supposed to be part of a pack.

BUZZ: I've invited the wolf pack here. Maybe they'll give you another chance.

ROLFIE: Really?

BUZZ: The wolf pack... a proud pack of hunters, howling in the night, running shoulder to shoulder, afraid of nothing... a team, a family.

WOLF PACK enters during BUZZ'S lines above.

ROLFIE: I want to be part of that family.

RUFUS: But they kicked you out. Didn't you?

WOLF PACK: Yeah.

BUZZ: Out of the pack, into your lonely life in the cave.

ROLFIE: All alone. In that cold, dark cave.

RUFUS: You're tearing up.

ROLFIE: Am not.

RUFUS: Yeah you are, isn't he, boss?

WOLF PACK'S lines are divided among the actors of the pack.

WOLF PACK: He is. He's crying! Look at him. Big wolves don't cry! This is hurtin' my eyes.

BUZZ: I don't blame you, Rolfie. I'd cry too if I was as unpopular as you.

ROLFIE: I'm unpopular?

RUFUS: Terribly unpopular. Do you guys like him?

WOLF PACK: Nooooo.

BUZZ: See?

RUFUS: We're your only friends.

BUZZ: So unpopular.

RUFUS: It's the worst thing. The very worst thing.

ROLFIE: The very worst?

BUZZ: Oh yes. (To *WOLF PACK*.) And what was it you said when you all kicked him out?

WOLF PACK: He's a disgrace. He's too nice. He's tender-hearted. It's shameful. Ridiculous. He gives big bad wolves a bad name.

RUFUS: Did you hear that, Rolfie?

ROLFIE: Of course I did they're standing right there.

BUZZ: Now listen up, Rolfie. What you gotta do is prove to them you're not tender-hearted.

RUFUS: Not tender-hearted at all.

BUZZ: You're the big bad wolf. You're a hard-hearted predator.

ROLFIE: But sometimes I feel a little tender-heart—

BUZZ: Listen up, yo! From here on out, in no way will you be tender.

RUFUS: No! Not tender! You're full of badness. Big bad badness.

BUZZ: You're the big badness defender.

RUFUS: Yeah you're a bad wolf—a big bad wolf—a big and very bad wolf.

BUZZ: You have to prove to them that you are bad.

RUFUS: So bad. Big and bad. Big and very bad.

ROLFIE: (*Tough*.) I'm a bad wolf. I'm a very bad wolf.

BUZZ: What do you think, Wolf Pack?

WOLF PACK: Yo I don't know. Talk is cheap. Yeah, talk's easy.

BUZZ: All right. He'll prove it to you.

ROLFIE: What? How, Buzz?

BUZZ: Now listen everybody. There's a farm on the other side of the woods, and on the farm are three little pigs.

RUFUS: We've been spying on 'em all stealthy like.

BUZZ: So what Rolfie will do is... Get the pigs! Bring them to you. Easy peasy!

ROLFIE: Get the pigs?

BUZZ: It'll prove you're a hard-hearted predator.

RUFUS: You do want to be back in the pack don't you?

ROLFIE: I do. I really, really, do. I'll do anything.

BUZZ: We have to change your name.

ROLFIE: What's wrong with my name?

WOLF PACK: You're kiddin' us, right? He better be. Your name is Rolfie, for crying out loud.

RUFUS: Yeah listen to the wolf pack. What kind of name is Rolfie for the leader of a pack? Not a good one, huh, boss.

BUZZ: No. Not good. So, we're changing your name to... let me see... Biggity Bad.

RUFUS: Biggity Bad! Yo!

WOLF PACK: Biggity Bad! That's cool. Yo! I like it.

ROLFIE: Okay, so I'm the Biggity Bad Wolf. Got it. But... three little pigs? That doesn't seem fair. What kind of—

BUZZ: You want to be the leader?

RUFUS: The leader of the pack?

ROLFIE: Yes.

WOLF PACK: Then get the pigs!

WOLF PACK: Put 'em in a sack! And bring 'em here.

WOLF PACK: Like an afternoon snack. For us.

WOLF PACK: Only then will you be back in—

WOLF PACK: And the leader of the pack in - no time.

ROLFIE: The leader of the pack?

BUZZ: Yes! That's what we've been saying. Right, Wolf Pack?

WOLF PACK: Yeah. Right. Sure. You got it. Now we gotta go. Later.

The WOLF PACK exits upstage right.

RUFUS: Did you hear that? If you get the pigs, they'll let you be the leader of the pack.

BUZZ: Now let's get out there and get those pigs. (*ROLFIE looks hesitant, BUZZ gives him an affirmation book.*) Affirmations! Affirmations!

ROLFIE: (*Reading.*) I'm a predator unparalleled, just look how big my chest is swelled—

RUFUS: Very impressive, huh Boss.

HIGGELTY: *(From offstage left.)* Left. Left. Left.

BUZZ: What is that? *(Looks through binoculars offstage left.)* It looks like the pigs are coming to us. How convenient. Let's go.

They exit right. HIGGELTY, HAMLET, and PIGGELTY enter left, marching. Military cadence.

HIGGELTY: Left. Left Left. With curly tails and piggy snout.

HAMLET and PIGGELTY: With curly tails and piggy snout.

HIGGELTY: We're rollin' and we're shoutin' out.

HAMLET and PIGGELTY: We're rollin' and we're shoutin' out.

HIGGELTY: We're huntin' for fungi today. Snuffling for truffles in the month of May

HAMLET and PIGGELTY: We're huntin' for fungi today. Snuffling for truffles in the month of May

ALL: That's our job we gotta do it. Can't come home and say we blew it

HIGGELTY: Let's oink!

ALL: Oink eda oink oink! Oink eda oink oink! Oink eda oink oink - oink oink!

HIGGELTY: We are three pigs from the farm

HAMLET and PIGGELTY: We are three pigs from the farm.

HIGGELTY: Who salute with the hooves at the end of our arm.

HAMLET and PIGGELTY: Who salute with the hooves at the end of our arm.

HIGGELTY: We're three pigs we're stepping high.

HAMLET and PIGGELTY: We're three pigs we're stepping high.

HIGGELTY: Can't hold us in no pigsty.

HAMLET and PIGGELTY: Can't hold us in no pigsty.

HIGGELTY: Let's oink!

ALL: Oink eda oink oink oink eda oink oink oink eda oink oink - Oink oink!

HIGGELTY: We're getting further into the woods.

The sound of a wolf's howl.

HIGGELTY: Look to the south!

Heads swivel stage left, as we see the WOLF, RUFUS and BUZZ stick heads out stage right. BUZZ is enthusiastic, WOLF is unsure.

HIGGELTY: Look to the west!

They look straight out. The WOLF, RUFUS, and BUZZ cross quickly upstage left, then cross right. The PIGS never see them.

HIGGELTY: About face and look East! Face North!

BUZZ, RUFUS, and WOLF end up downstage right with the PIGS facing upstage.

BUZZ: There they are, Biggity Bad. Get them!

HIGGELTY, PIGGELTY, and HAMLET: (*Turning, freeze.*) It's a wolf!

BUZZ: See? They're frozen with fear.

WOLF is frozen with indecision.

Cause you're Biggity the big bad wolf.

RUFUS: So scary. Go on, Biggity. Grab the runt!

HIGGELTY and PIGGELTY point at HAMLET.

BUZZ: DO IT! Pounce, leap, ATTACK!

HIGGELTY, PIGGELTY, and HAMLET: Run!

WOLF grabs HAMLET. HIGGELTY and PIGGELTY run off. BUZZ and RUFUS get out of the way.

HAMLET: Help! Alarum! Unhand me! Help! Alarum!

ROLFIE: (*Alarmed.*) What's an alarum?

HAMLET: 'Tis a green eyed monster!

ROLFIE: A monster?

BUZZ: There's no monster! Hold on to him!

ROLFIE: Hey – hold still!

We hear Higgelty and Piggelty call “Hamlet!” from offstage. HIGGELTY and PIGGELTY re-enter.

HIGGELTY: Hamlet! He’s got Hamlet!

PIGGELTY, toilet paper nunchuks swinging, crosses to the WOLF. PIGGELTY nunchuks WOLF with rolls.

ROLFIE: Ow! Hey! Ow! That is so annoying!

WOLF lets HAMLET go.

HIGGELTY: Come on, Pigketeers, let’s get out of here!

HAMLET and HIGGELTY run LEFT. WOLF grabs PIGGELTY. BUZZ lifts head, then decides not to help.

ROLFIE: Got ya!

PIGGELTY: You’re stepping on my foot!

ROLFIE: Oh, sorry—

HAMLET and HIGGELTY enter from RIGHT, put the truffle bag over the WOLF’S face.

Hey – you slippery pig – quit wriggling! Buzz! Help!

BUZZ: I have to do everything.

BUZZ crosses to help ROLFIE. PIGGELTY slips from his grasp as BUZZ gets there. WOLF, who still has a bag over his head, grabs BUZZ. PIGS run offstage left.

ROLFIE: Got you!

BUZZ: No, Biggity! Biggity Bad! Rolfie! Let go!

RUFUS: Oh, no!

ROLFIE: *(Holding onto BUZZ, growling.)* I’m the Biggity Bad Wolf!
Do not mess with the Biggity Bad! Grrrrrr. RRRarrrr.

BUZZ: It’s me! Stop flinging me around! Take the bag off of your head you big dope!

RUFUS: Take the bag off your head, Biggity!

ROLFIE: (*Taking bag off.*) Buzz! Oh. I thought you were one of the pigs. Did you see how I was being rough and tough? I had 'em. I don't know how they got away.

BUZZ: 'You're stepping on my foot. Sorry.' You fell for that?

ROLFIE: I'm sorry.

BUZZ: Is that how you think the Biggity Bad should act?!

RUFUS: I don't think so, boss.

ROLFIE: (*Tiny voice.*) I'm the worst wolf ever. And I'm a little bit afraid of the dark so when that bag was on my head I panicked.

BUZZ: Afraid of the dark? What kind of a big bad wolf are you?

ROLFIE: Not a very good one.

RUFUS: They will never let you join the pack with this attitude!

ROLFIE: I'm sorry.

BUZZ: Stop being polite! Predators are not polite!

ROLFIE: Sorry.

BUZZ: Stop it! No apologies. Only nice creatures do that.

RUFUS: You can't be nice and be the leader of the pack, am I right, boss?

BUZZ: (*Getting book from backpack.*) Affirmation time! I'm going back to the cave to work on Plan B.

Exit BUZZ right.

RUFUS: Wait for me, boss.

Exit RUFUS right.

ROLFIE: (*Reading.*) I'm big, I'm bad, and everyone's afraid of me. I'm big, I'm bad, I'm a bully. I'm rough and I'm tough. I've got the stuff to get those pigs. I'm the big, the bad, the biggity bad wolf. (*Looking at truffle bag.*) This is a very nice bag.

Exit WOLF downstage right into cave. Lights down and up. Scene change to farm. ROSIE is pecking in the dirt; BLATTABILIA is eating worms. PIGGELTY, HIGGELTY, and HAMLET enter from right running and breathless.

PIGGELTY: Help! Help!

HAMLET: Alarum!

HIGGELTY: Run, Pigketeers, run! Into the house!

As they run to the door, enter WING DING stage left; BULL and BEES stage right. They stand upstage.

HAMLET: 'Tis locked!

WING DING: The Farmer's Wife locked it.

BLATTABILIA: She's still mad.

HAMLET: Ope the door! Prithee, ope the door!

FARMER'S WIFE: (*Offstage.*) No pigs in the house!

HIGGELTY: It's an emergency!

PIGGELTY: Let us in! There's a wolf following us! A big bad wolf and he's mad!

WING DING: Just for the record, I do not see a wolf.

BREE BEE: This bee sees no wolf either.

DEE BEE: Unseen as well by Dee Bee.

LEE BEE: The bees see no wolf.

HIGGELTY: There is a wolf!

ROSIE: Oh, Higgelty. Really?

HIGGELTY: A big hairy scary wolf. He grabbed Piggelty and we saved her.

FRECKLES: (*Looking off right.*) Still no wolf.

PIGGELTY: The wolf grabbed me! But I had sunblock on so I wriggled away!

FARMER'S WIFE: (*Entering through door with TAXMAN.*) So that's where the sunblock went.

HAMLET: Prithee, he's right behind us!

FARMER'S WIFE: I don't see a wolf.

BARNYARD ANIMALS: We don't either.

HIGGELTY, PIGGELTY, and HAMLET: But—

TAXMAN: And where are the truffles?

HAMLET: We scarce had time, when yon wolf came upon us, all fangs and claws and toothy maw—

FARMER'S WIFE: Toothy maw, huh.

TAXMAN: What's a toothy maw? Is it like a mayhaps?

HAMLET: It doth mean his mouth.

FARMER'S WIFE: I don't believe you pigs.

BLATTABILIA: They have lied before.

WING DING: I think you all just want to get into the house.

TAXMAN: And I think all this is just an excuse because they didn't even look for truffles!

HAMLET and HIGGELTY: No, no—

PIGGETLY: We're telling the truth!

FARMER'S WIFE: Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me. "No time! Too hard! A wolf!" ...excuses! Now I mean it – get out there and don't come back till you bring me some truffles.

HAMLET and HIGGELTY: No, no—

PIGGETLY: We're telling the truth!

TAXMAN: I can't wait forever for the taxes to be paid.

PIGGETLY: What if the wolf—

FARMER'S WIFE: No 'ifs'.

TAXMAN: Ifs are unacceptable.

HIGGELTY: But he's—

FARMER'S WIFE: No buts.

TAXMAN: Buts are inappropriate.

HAMLET: His toothy maw—

TAXMAN: I still don't know what that is.

FARMER'S WIFE: Enough with the toothy maws! Now get out there or I swear we'll have pork chops with chicken gravy for dinner tonight.

HIGGELTY, PIGGETLY, and HAMLET: What?!

ROSIE: What?!

TAXMAN: That sounds delicious.

ROSIE: No it does not!

FARMER'S WIFE: (*Handing them another truffle bag.*) Do we understand each other?

PIGS nod. Exit FARMER'S WIFE and TAXMAN into house.

LEE BEE: You heard them, pigs.

DEE BEE: Yeah! Get busy, like us.

BREE BEE: Come on bees, break time is over. To the hive!

ALL farm animals off the way they entered.

PIGGELTY: I'm too scared to go back into the woods.

HIGGELTY: Oh, this is bad.

HAMLET: Zounds.

PIGGELTY: This is all your fault, Hamlet.

HAMLET: Mine? How, pray tell?

PIGGELTY: She was buying everything up to the 'toothy maw'.

HAMLET: Mayhaps 'twas gilding the lily, but nonetheless still true!

PIGGELTY: Nobody understands a word you say!

HIGGELTY: Stop arguing! We're in danger here.

PIGGELTY: Yeah. All because of the farmer's wife! I'll tell you one thing: I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more!

HAMLET: We have never actually worked on Maggie's farm—

PIGGELTY: Keep quiet Hamlet, I'm thinking.

HAMLET: Piggelty is thinking. This bodes some strange eruption to our pigpen.

PIGGELTY: Bleeeecccchhh!

HIGGELTY: Stop it! The wolf could come any second. And all you two do is bicker. Just bicker, bicker, bicker to our doom. (*Gets teary.*)

PIGGELTY: We're three little pigs who have no shelter. We're three little pigs who are done for. (*Gets teary, wipes eyes with nunchucks.*)

HAMLET: Why could we not build our own house?

HIGGELTY: Us? Build a house?

PIGGELTY: Too hard.

HIGGELTY: No time.

HAMLET: We'll gather rocks and stones, and build the walls—

HIGGELTY: *Stones?* Too heavy.

PIGGELTY: Too hard. We could make our house out of straw!
Straw's light.

HAMLET: And therefore not strong!

PIGGELTY: I like straw. Straw is soft.

HAMLET: Hence it would not serve as a good shelter!

HIGGELTY: I think he's right, Piggelty. If soft were good for building houses, people would build their houses out of soft-boiled eggs.

ROSIE: (*Offstage.*) WHAT?!

HAMLET: And now we hath offended Rosie the Red Hen. (*Yelling offstage.*) Sorry!

PIGGELTY: Are you taking his side, Higgelty?

HIGGELTY: No, I'm not taking sides. I just think Hamlet's right, that's all.

PIGGELTY: He's not right. I'm right. There's a bale of straw by the side of the house, and I'm using it to build a house!

HAMLET: 'Tis the farmer's straw for Freckles the Bull.

PIGGELTY: You know what you are? You're a goody four-hooves, Hamlet. Hamlet's a goody four-hooves.

HAMLET: A goody four-hooves? Hurtful, Piggelty.

PIGGELTY: Higgelty? Are you with me or not?

HIGGELTY: I don't know... straw is kinda flimsy—

HAMLET: Very flimsy! As weak as water!

PIGGELTY: But stone is so heavy! And it will take too long!

HIGGELTY: Yes, too long. We'll build a house of straw! Are you with us?

PIGGELTY: Are we the two Pigketeers or the three Pigketeers?

HAMLET: (*Resigned.*) We're the three Pigketeers! One for all and all for one!

HIGGELTY: Let's go, Pigketeers! To the straw.

They exit left to get straw. BUZZ and RUFUS appear.

BUZZ: Did you hear that?

RUFUS: I heard that.

BUZZ: A house made out of straw! Can you believe it?

RUFUS: I cannot believe it!

BUZZ: That is delicious! Deliciously stupid... It won't stand up against a huff and a puff. Easy peasy. Pig meat. Yum. Pig Meat. Delicious! Pig meat. Tasty. My mouth is watering.

RUFUS: I'm getting sick to my stomach here, Buzz.

BUZZ: Am I slobbering? Off I swoop to tell Biggity Bad. Stealthy and smooth.

RUFUS: Wait for me, boss!

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from
BIGGITY BAD AND THE THREE LITTLE PIGS by Edith
Weiss. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of
the script, please contact us at:*

Heuer Publishing LLC

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

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

HEUERPUB.COM