



Piggie Pie!

by Margie Palatini, et al

Readers: Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Gritch, Duck-Pig, Cow-Pig, Chicken-Pig, Farmer-Pig, Wolf

Characters should use facial expressions, expressive voices and limited movement to convey dramatic affect.

Characters are all seated in front of the audience. Can have name cards if deemed necessary. Need one poster prop of telephone book listing for Old MacDonald's farm.

Narrator 1: Gritch the Witch woke up grouchy, grumpy, and very hungry.

Narrator 2: Her belly grumbled for something delicious.

Narrator 1: Something delightful.

Narrator 2: Something special.

Narrator 1 and 2: But what?

Narrator 1: It wasn't purple mouse-tail stew.

Narrator 2: No, she ate that yesterday for lunch.

Narrator 1: Maybe some mashed dragon-tongue pudding?

Narrator 2: No. Gritch wasn't in the mood for anything quite that sweet.

Narrator 1: Perhaps a taste of boiled black buzzard feet?

Narrator 2: That always made her mouth water.

Narrator 1: No, not today. Today Gritch wanted something truly tasty.

Narrator 2: Something really yummy.

Narrator 1 and 2: Something SPECIAL!

Narrator 1: And that could only mean...

Narrator 1 and 2: PIGGIE PIE!!!

Gritch (smacking her lips): Yes, Yes, Piggie Pie!!! I can taste those plump, juicy pink piggies right now!!

Narrator 1: She hurried to the pantry and pulled down her Old Hag Cookbook from the top shelf. She picked off a spider, blew off the dust, and turned to the secret recipe on page 342.

Narrator 2: Gritch ran her bony finger with the long green nail down the list of ingredients.

Narrator 1: Gritch hurried to check the pantry shelves.

Narrator 2: One eye of fly

Gritch: No problem

Narrator 2: Two shakes of a rattlesnake's rattle

Gritch: No problem

Narrator 2: 3 belly hairs of a possum

Gritch: No problem

Narrator 2: 8 plump piggies

Gritch (screaming): PROBLEM!!! I don't have any piggies! How can I make Piggie Pie without even one puny pink pig?

Narrator 1: Gritch pulled her hair.
Narrator 2: She stomped her feet.
Narrator 1: She paced the floor.
Narrator 2: She wanted Piggie Pie.
Narrator 1: She wanted Piggie Pie very much!

Gritch: Hmm. Now where would I find eight plump pigs?

Narrator 1: Gritch thought.
Narrator 2: And thought.
Narrator 1: And thought.

Gritch: AHA!! The Circus! Yes, yes the circus! Narrator 1: The Circus?
Gritch: No, no, not the circus. You don't find pigs in the circus.
Narrator 2: She thought harder.

Gritch: AHA!! The zoo! Yes, yes, the zoo! Narrator 1: The zoo?
Gritch: No, no, not the zoo. You don't find pigs in the zoo.
Narrator 2: She thought much harder.

Gritch: The FARM? Yes! YES! THE FARM!! You find pigs on the farm.

Narrator 1: There was still just one teeny, tiny, little PROBLEM...
Narrator 2: Where to find a farm.
Gritch: WHERE ELSE?
Narrator 1: Gritch let her bony fingers do the walking and opened the Yellow Pages to F,
where she found a very large ad.
(Hold up AD)

While Narrator delivers the next line, Gritch writes in big letters on the chalkboard "Surrender Piggies".

Narrator 2: Gritch put her broomstick in gear and headed over the river and through the woods to Old MacDonald's farm.
Gritch (cackling): I've got you in my sights now you little porkers!!

(Piggies turn namecards over.)

Narrator 1: Gritch zoomed in for a landing.
Narrator 1, 2 and Gritch: THUMP-P-P! THUMP-P! EERRRRRCH-CH!
Narrator 1: There wasn't a pig in sight.

Gritch: Hey, duck, where did they all go?
Duck : Quack.
Gritch: Hey duck, I said, where are all the piggies? I need eight plump piggies for Piggie Pie.

Duck pantomines next scene.

Narrator 1: The duck quack-quacked here.
Narrator 2: It quack-quacked there.
Narrator 1: Here it quacked.
Narrator 2: There it quacked.

Narrator 1: Everywhere it quack-quacked.

Duck-Pig: No piggies.

Gritch: What do you mean, no piggies, you dizzy duck? I just saw a passel of piggies down here not a minute ago! Hand over those hogs you little quacker!

Duck-Pig: No piggies.

Narrator 1: Gritch pulled her hair.

Narrator 2: She stomped her feet.

Narrator 1: She even threatened the duck with one of her most evil spells.

Narrator 2: The duck was not impressed. It wasn't even scared.

Narrator 1: It gave Gritch another quack and waddled away.

Gritch (mumbling): So, who needs a dumb duck?

Cow pantomimes next scene.

Narrator 2: Being careful where she stepped, Gritch wandered across the meadow.

GritchL: Yoo hoo...

Cow-Pig: Moo?

Gritch: You! Where are the piggies? I need eight plump piggies for Piggie Pie.

Narrator 1: The cow moo-mooed here.

Narrator 2: It moo-mooed there.

Narrator 1: Here it mooed.

Narrator 2: There it mooed.

Narrator 1: Everywhere it moo-mooed.

Cow-Pig: No piggies.

Gritch: What do you mean, no piggies, you lumpy-looking cow! I need eight plump piggies for Piggie Pie! Fork over the pork, you walking milk machine, or I'll curdle your cream!

Cow-pig: No piggies.

Narrator 1: Gritch pulled her hair.

Narrator 2: She stomped her feet.

Narrator 1: She even threatened the cow with one of her most evil spells.

Narrator 2: The cow stared at Gritch, swatted a fly with its tail and lumbered away.

Gritch (mumbling): Cows! Who needs 'em?

Chicken pantomimes next scene.

Narrator 1: So she tried the barnyard, where she stopped a chicken in its tracks.

Gritch: Okay, birdbrain. Where are the piggies? I need eight plump piggies for Piggie Pie.

Narrator 1: You know what happened, right?

Narrator 2: The chicken cluck-clucked here.

Narrator 1: It cluck-clucked there.

Narrator 2: Here it clucked.

Narrator 1: There it clucked.

Narrator 2: Everywhere it cluck-clucked.

Chicken-Pig: No piggies.

Gritch: What do you mean, no piggies, you feathered drumstick? What's going on here? Where's the boss of this hay heap?

Narrator 1: The chicken flapped a wing toward Old MacDonald.

Farmer pantomimes next scene.

Narrator 2: Gritch looked him over once.
Narrator 1: Twice.

Gritch: You're Old MacDonald? Don't look much like your picture, do you?
Narrator 2: The farmer thumbed his suspenders and shrugged.
Gritch: Look, Shorty, I've been quack-quacked here, moo-mooed there and cluck-clucked everywhere all over this farm. I need eight plump piggies for Piggie Pie. Where are the piggies?

Narrator 1: The farmer looked here.
Narrator 2: He looked there.
Narrator 1: Here he looked.
Narrator 2: There he looked.
Narrator 1: Everywhere he looked and looked.
Farmer: No piggies.

Gritch: What do you mean, no piggies? You flea bitten seed spreader! You must have piggies!!!
Narrator 1: Gritch pulled her hair.
Narrator 2: She stomped her feet.
Narrator 1: She even threatened him with one of her most evil spells.
Farmer-Pig: No piggies.

Narrator 2: Her stomach growled.
Narrator 1: It grumbled.
Narrator 2: But there were no piggies.
Narrator 1: There would be no Piggie Pie.
Narrator 2: Now what was she going to eat?

Wolf: Psst...psst....PSST! Excuse me, little lady. Wolf's the name. Let me give you some advice. Forget about the pigs.
Gritch: Forget about the pigs?
Wolf: Yeh. They're too tricky. Trust me. I've been chasing three little pigs for days.

Narrator 1: He huffed and puffed.

Wolf: I'm starving. Look at me. I'm nothing but skin and bones!

Narrator 2: Gritch pinched his arm.
Narrator 1: She grinned.

Gritch (winking): Well, not quite. Mr. Wolf, I have the most wonderful idea. I was thinking, since you haven't eaten, and I haven't eaten, why don't you come home with me for lunch? I'm a very good cook.

Narrator 2: The wolf looked at Gritch and smacked his lips.

Wolf: Why, that does sound tempting. Are you sure it wouldn't be any problem?

Gritch: PROBLEM? No problem at all. I always enjoy having a wolf for lunch.

Reader's Theater by Bridget Scofinsky

Courtesy of www.readinglady.com