

Title: The True Story of the Three Little Pig's script

Content: literature

Arts: Drama

Grade: K-5

Description: A script to the play The True Story of the Three Little Pigs.

The True Story of the 3 Little Pigs!

by A. Wolf

as told to Jon Scieszka

Reader's Theater by Bridget Scofinsky

Characters: Wolf, Officer 1, Officer 2, Officer 3, Narrator 1, Narrator 2, Narrator 3,

Narrator 4, Second Pig, Third Pig, Reporter 1 and Reporter 2

Scene 1

Wolf: Everybody knows the story of the Three Little Pigs. Or at least they think they do.

But I'll let you in on a little secret. Nobody knows the real story, because nobody has ever heard my side of the story.

Officer #1: Name?

Wolf: I'm the wolf. Alexander T. Wolf. You can call me Al. I don't know how this whole Big

Bad Wolf thing got started, but it's all wrong.

Officer #2: I see. And what makes you so sure?

Wolf: Maybe it's because of our diet. Hey, it's not my fault wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies, sheep and pigs. That's just the way we are.

Officer #3: Can we stick to the story, please?

Wolf: If cheeseburgers were cute, folks would probably think you were Big and Bad, too. But like I was saying, the whole Big Bad Wolf thing is wrong. The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar.

Scene 2

Narrator #1: Way back in Once Upon a Time time, A. Wolf was making a birthday cake for his dear old granny.

Wolf: I had a terrible sneezing cold.

Narrator # 2 : He ran out of sugar.

Wolf: So I walked down the street to ask my neighbor for a cup of sugar.

Narrator #3: Now this neighbor was a pig.

Wolf: And he wasn't too bright either.

Narrator #4: He had built his whole house out of straw.

Wolf: Can you believe it? I mean who in his right mind would build a house of straw?

Narrator #1: So of course the minute he knocked on the door, it fell right in. He claimed he didn't want to just walk into someone else's house.

Wolf: So I called, "Little Pig, Little Pig, are you in?"

Narrator #2: No answer.

Narrator #3: He was just about to go home without the cup of sugar for his dear old granny's birthday cake.

Wolf: That's when my nose started to itch. I felt a sneeze coming on. Well I huffed. And I snuffed. And I sneezed a great sneeze.

Narrator #4: The whole darn straw house fell down. And right in the middle of the pile of straw was the First Little Pig-dead as a doornail.

Wolf: He had been home the whole time.

Narrator #1: It seemed like a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in

the straw.

Wolf: So I ate it up. Think of it as a big cheeseburger just lying there.

Narrator #2: He was feeling a little better.

Wolf: But I still didn't have my cup of sugar.

Narrator #3: So he went to the next neighbor's house.

Narrator #4: This neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother.

Wolf: He was a little smarter, but not much.

Narrator #1: He had built his house of sticks.

Wolf: I rang the bell on the stick house.

Narrator#2: Nobody answered.

Wolf: Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?

Mr. Pig: Go away wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the hairs on my chinny chin chin."

Narrator #3: He has just grabbed the doorknob when he felt another sneeze coming on.

Wolf: I huffed. And I snuffed. An I tried to cover my mouth, but I sneezed a great sneeze.

Narrator #4: You're not going to believe it, but this guy's house fell down just like his brother's.

Wolf: When the dust cleared, there was the Second Little Pig-dead as a doornail. Wolf's honor.

Narrator #1: Now you know food will spoil if you just leave it out in the open.

Wolf: So I did the only thing there was to do.

Narrator #2: He had dinner again.

Wolf: Think of it as a second helping.

Narrator #3: He was getting awfully full.

Narrator #4: But his cold was feeling a little better.

Wolf: But I still didn't have that cup of sugar for my dear old granny's birthday cake.

Narrator #1: So he went to the next house.

Narrator #2: This guy was the First and Second Little Pig's brother.

Wolf: He must have been the brains in the family.

Narrator #3: He had built his house of bricks.

Wolf: I knocked on the brick house.

Narrator #4: No answer.

Wolf: I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in? And do you know what that rude little porker

answered?

Third Pig: "Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again."

Wolf: Talk about impolite! He probably had a whole sackful of sugar.

Narrator #1: And he wouldn't give him even one little cup for dear sweet old granny's birthday cake.

Wolf: What a pig!

Narrator #2: He was just about to go home and maybe make a nice birthday card instead of a cake, when he felt his cold coming on.

Wolf: I huffed. And I snuffed. And I sneezed once again.

Narrator #3: Then the Third Little Pig yelled,

Third Pig: And your old granny can sit on a pin!

Wolf: Now I'm usually a pretty calm fellow. But when somebody talks about my granny
lie

that, I go a little crazy.

Officer #1: When we drove up, of course he was trying to break down this Pig's door.

Officer #2: And the whole time he was huffing and puffing and sneezing and making a
real

scene.

Wolf: The rest, as they say, is history.

Reporter #1: My partner and I found out about the two pigs he ate for dinner.

Reporter #2: We figured a sick guy going to borrow a cup of sugar didn't sound very
exciting.

Wolf: So they jazzed up the story with all of that "Huff and puff and blow your house
down." And they made me the Big Bad Wolf.

Narrator #4: That's it.

Narrator #1: The real story.

Narrator #2: He was framed.

Wolf: But maybe you could loan me a cup of sugar.

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