

***Small Scarlett and the
Piggly-Bears***

by

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Setting:

The story happens at the home of the little pigs, in a forest, and at Grandmother's house. Only hints of set are needed (i.e. a tree cut-out for the forest). The houses of Grandmother and the three pigs can be small and unrealistic, but should provide a distinct barrier between inside and out.

Characters

BABA GOOSE: A wry old woman.

SMALL SCARLETT: A smart-ass young girl.

SPARE RIB: The youngest brother of the Three Pigs, who can't pronounce his aw's (r's).

KEVIN BACON The middle brother of the Three Pigs, who loves sweets.

HAM-LET The oldest of the pigs, and the only one who can read.

LARGE LOUSY WOLFA wolf that is Large and Lousy and eats children and bacon.

GRANDMAMA Small Scarlett's Grandmother.

Small SCARLETT and the Piggly Bears

BABA GOOSE:

Good day darlings. I am Baba Goose. Would you like to hear a tale? This is the story of Small Scarlett and the Piggly Bears.

Once upon a moon there lived a two piglets plus one, all brothers, who had narrowly escaped the farm and a certain future as various prepared meat products – but that’s peripheral to our story. Our tale begins in a field, where, fresh from their flight and enjoying their new life of leisure, the Piglets lazed all day in the warmth of the sun.

Spare-Rib was the smallest, and he loved to roll in the cool mud, then lay and let the sunlight bake him.

SPARE RIB:

My favowite things awe watew and diwt!
Stiw them ‘round and they make a shiwt of mud!

HAM HOCK:

Quiet! And go take a bath, you’re giving pigs a bad name.

BABA GOOSE

That’s Ham Hock, the eldest. He was always doing grown up things like reading and being a nincompoop. And last there was the middle pig brother – Kevin Bacon, who snacked on sugar cake from morning to moonlight.

KEVIN BACON:

(mouth full of cake, giggling)

Mmmmmmm I Love cake!!!

HAM HOCK:

Quiet fatty! I’m reading!

SPARE RIB:

You can’t wead, HamHock! What awe you weading?

HAM HOCK:

Don’t call me that! And Of course I can read.
“Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt and resolve itself into a sausage.”
This is Ham-let, the Scholastic Piglet edition. He’s the bravest, smartest pig who ever lived. He took revenge for his murdered father.

SPARE RIB:

What’s wevenge?

HAM HOCK:

Revenge is when someone you love dies and you hurt the person who killed them.

SPARE RIB:

I miss daddy and mommy.

HAM HOCK:

Oh you'll join them soon enough, Spare Rib. In that great stomach in the sky.

BABA GOOSE

Just then, a girl called Small Scarlett Sauntering Cape perambulated past the piggies to pay a visit to her Grandmama.

SCARLETT:

Hello there, you Two Small Piggies plus One!

KEVIN BACON:

Hu-hullo!

SPARE RIB:

Who awe you?

SCARLETT:

I'm Small Scarlett Sauntering Cape.

SPARE RIB:

Wow! What a pwetty name.

SCARLETT:

Oh thank you! Aren't you precious! That's not my real name. My friends call me that because I always wear my small Scarlet cape! And what's your name? I'm sure it's just as darling as you are!

SPARE RIB:

My name is Spare Rib, but friends call me ...um they call me... Baby Bwown Muddy-Butt.

KEVIN BACON:

And I am called Sweet-Tooth Swine!

HAM HOCK:

We call you no such thing!

SPARE RIB:

You've not a fwiend!

And who are *you*?

I am too old for silly nicknames.

Then what's your real name?

Ham Hock Ham Hock!!!

Don't call me that!

What shall I call you?

(pause)
Call me... Ham-Let.

You look rather warm, HamLet.

I am too much in the sun.

Whewe awe you widing, Small Scawlett?

I'm visiting my grandmama. I'm taking her brownies and bourbon. But it is about time for a rest. I wonder if I may stay with you a while?

Cewtainly!

Small Scarlett spent all afternoon with the piggies – throwing mud at Baby Brown, eating sweets with Sweet Tooth, and listening to Ham Ho – ahem – Ham-Let's public readings.

"I do not like green eggs and ham! I *do not* like them . . . Sam! I am!"

Oh Sam, that's wonderful!

SCARLETT:

Don't call me Sam!

HAM HOCK:

Towards evening, Small Scarlett said a sad goodbye: she had to get to Grandmama's before dark. But as she left she remembered that a wolf had been seen in the forest – a Large Lousy Wolf who loved nothing better than to eat children! And bacon!

BABA GOOSE

What will you do if you see him?

SCARLETT:

We'll give him sweet cakes and wun away!

SPARE RIB:

Not my cakes!!! We'll push him in the mud and run away!

KEVIN BACON:

Not my mud!

SPARE RIB:

You must protect yourselves somehow. Why don't you hide inside?

SCARLETT:

Inside where?

SWEET TOOTH:

Your house. D – Don't you have a house you can hide in?

SCARLETT:

Pre-pastas! We're Pigs!

HAM HOCK:

Yeah! That's cwazy! Piggies don't have houses!

KEVIN BACON and SPARE RIB:

(ad libs)

No house! Where do you have breakfast, and bedtime, and home-days?

SCARLETT:

Why – here in the sty, under the sky, it's where we live and where we'll die.

HAM HOCK:

SCARLETT:

But you don't want to die!

BABA GOOSE:

The Two Piglets Plus One thought very seriously for a moment.

SPARE RIB:

We could build a house?

HAM HOCK:

I've got it! We'll build houses!

SCARLETT:

Wonderful – then I can visit you on my way back.

BABA GOOSE

As she left, each piglet gave Small Scarlett a special gift for her trip: Sweet Tooth gave her a large candy cane.

KEVIN BACON:

In case you get hungry!

BABA GOOSE

And Ham Hock –

HAM HOCK:

Ham-Let!!

BABA GOOSE

Ham-Let gave her books for the journey.

HAM HOCK:

Here: Mansfield Pork; The Scarlet Heiffer; The Wizard of Hogs. In case you get bored!

BABA GOOSE

And Baby Brown tossed a big handful of warm wet mud into her basket.

SPARE RIB:

Have a vewy good evening! And Sweet Dweams!

SCARLETT:

Thank you, Baby Brown.

BABA GOOSE

And so, Small Scarlett continued on her way to Grandmama's house. When she got to the forest, the Large Lousy wolf stood waiting for her, dressed in sheep's clothes.

SCARLETT:

Hello little lamb! Why are you in the forest all alone?

WOLF:

I'm lost! Baaah!

BABA GOOSE

But Small Scarlett knew something was wrong!

SCARLETT:

Hmm, sheep don't talk, do they?!

BABA GOOSE

She had an idea. She pulled out Sweet Tooth's candy cane to trick the wolf:

SCARLETT:

I am Little Bo Peep! You must be one of my lost sheep!

BABA GOOSE

And she began to hit him over the head!

SCARLETT:

Now get out of this forest – and get back to my field before the Large Lousy wolf eats you alive!

WOLF:

But – I'm not afraid – stop hitting me! I'm not afraid of the Large – Lousy –

BABA GOOSE:

But as he ducked away from the cane, his sheepskin slipped off and Scarlett saw: The Wolf!

SCARLETT:

Wolf!!!!

BABA GOOSE:

And Small Scarlett shoved that candy cane down the wolf's throat and ran away!

BABA GOOSE

But the wolf did not give up; He raced away to Grandmama's house to get there first. Meanwhile, the two piglets plus one designed their new domiciles:

HAM HOCK:

I'll make a mansion of Papier-mache, with pages from my many books.

KEVIN BACON:

I'll build *my* house out of sugar cane sticks.

SPARE RIB:

I'm making mine fwom mud baked in the sun!

HAM HOCK:

A house made of Mud? Purprostrousness.

SPARE RIB:

It's pwehpostwous!

HAM HOCK:

I know, That's what *I* said.

BABA GOOSE

And they went three separate ways to build their homes.

The Large Lousy Wolf had just gotten to Grandmama's house. The wolf had put on a red bandana to fool her into thinking it was Small Scarlett.

He rapped on the door and called out, in his best "little girl" voice:

WOLF:

(in girl's voice)

Grandmother! Let me in!

GRANDMOTHER:

Is that you, Small Scarlett?

WOLF:

Yes, grandma, it's me! Hurry! The wolf is after me!

BABA GOOSE:

Grandmama was properly fooled, and she opened the door.

GRANDMA:

Come in! Oh, come in, my sweet.

WOLF:

I was terrified!

GRANDMOTHER:

Well don't be. You're safe here. Take your hood off, stay a while. That Large Lousy

wolf won't find you here.

BABA GOOSE:

Just then the wolf ripped off his costume and growled!

WOLF:

Raaawwwrrrr!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BABA GOOSE

And the wolf gobbled her right up.

The Large Lousy Wolf put on her bonnet, her glasses, and dress,

And he lay down in Grandmama's bed to fool Scarlett when she arrived. Soon enough, the girl came knocking at the door.

The Large Lousy Wolf, dressed as Grandmama, did his best to mimic her voice:

WOLF

(in Grandmother's voice):

Who is it?

SCARLETT:

Grandmama? It's Small Scarlett!

WOLF:

Come in, my sweet!

BABA GOOSE

They had dinner and talked, but Scarlett knew something wasn't right: Grandmama had hardly eaten a bite. Ha! That rhymes!

SCARLETT:

Are you feeling all right, Grandmama?

WOLF:

What? Yes, dear. It's just I've had a big lunch. BRAAP!

BABA GOOSE:

Scarlett was sharp as a shiv and didn't trust this excuse or that belch. She began to suspect this was not her Grandmama. She thought of a test:

SCARLETT:

I'm so tired from travelling, Grandmama. Would you read me this story?

WOLF:

Of course.

BABA GOOSE

Small Scarlett knew that her grandmama could read – and the Large Lousy Wolf could NOT.

WOLF:

What's it called?

SCARLETT:

It's called Hairy Porker and the Sorceror's Bone-In Chops. It's about a piggie who becomes a magician!

WOLF:

Yes, how lovely. "Once . . . upon a time . . ."

SCARLETT:

It doesn't say that, Grandmama! See? It says "Mr. and Mrs. Dursley of number 4, Piglet Drive"

WOLF:

If you're so smart why don't you read the story yourself?

SCARLETT:

But I want you to read to me Grandmama. I'm getting tired. You've got such a deep voice.

WOLF:

The better to soothe you with, Scarlett.

SCARLETT:

And such rough hands.

WOLF:

The better to ... brush the dead skin off your feet, my dear. Braap!

SCARLETT:

And that breath! Even your breath smells like Grandmama.

BABA GOOSE:

Just then Grandmama called out from inside the wolf's belly!

GRANDMAMA:

Scarlett back off – it's the wolf! He'll eat you up!

SCARLETT:

The Wolf!!!!

BABA GOOSE

But as the Wolf came towards her, Scarlett pulled out her secret weapon:

SMALL SCARLETT:

Eat mud, wolf!!!!

BABA GOOSE

And she threw it down his throat!

And the wolf swallowed the mud!

And he wheezed . . . and he sneezed . . . and he died.

And so Small Scarlett took out her machete – which she took everywhere – and cut open the wolf, and Grandmama spilled out.

GRANDMAMA:

You saved me! You saved me!

SCARLETT:

Are you all right, Grandmama?

GRANDMAMA:

Yes, Dearie, though I feel like a bit digested.

SCARLETT:

Let's get you cleaned up.

BABA GOOSE:

So Grandmama took a nice hot bath – for it's quite messy in a wolf's stomach! They spent the evening eating shortcake and wolf pie. And Grandmama stitched the wolfskin to Scarlett 's hood so it would be warm for the winter (Grandmama's name was Louise Vuitton).

The next day, as Scarlett went home, she had an idea – a mean, sly game to play upon the pigs.

SCARLETT:

With this wolfskin hood over my head, I'll visit the piglets and pretend to be the wolf!

BABA GOOSE

And she did just that – She said goodbye to Grandmama and skipped down the path. The first house belonged to Ham-Let. She crept up and knocked on the papier-mâché door.

And her fist went right thru!

HAM HOCK:

Quiet! I'm reading!

BABA GOOSE:

Scarlett poked her wolf face thru the hole in the door and said, in her fiercest wolf voice:

SCARLETT:

Knock Knock?

HAM HOCK

Ah! Who is it?

SCARLETT:

(in gruff Wolf voice)

Your old pal Small Scarlett!

HAM HOCK:

I don't believe you, Wolf!

SCARLETT:

Let me in! Or I'll wheeze and I'll sneeze and recycle your house!

HAM HOCK:

Not by the fuzzle on my muzzy-muzz-muzzle!

BABA GOOSE:

Scarlett wheezed and Scarlett sneezed, and then the house fell over all by itself. And Small Scarlett stared at Hamlet and Hamlet stared back. She growled like a wolf!

SCARLETT:

Raaargh!!!!

BABA GOOSE:

And Ham-Let screamed like a girl!

HAM HOCK:

Aiiii!

BABA GOOSE:

And he ran away, scattering books everywhere. Small Scarlett, enjoying the joke she played, chuckled to herself.

SCARLETT:

Ha ha ha! That was fun! I'll try this trick on Sweet Tooth!

BABA GOOSE

The next house was the sugar cane house built by Sweet-Tooth Swine. But Ham-Let had already run to his brother to tell him of the Large Lousy wolf. The sugar-cane house was in bad shape. Sweet-Tooth had eaten the eaves, licked the linoleum, and suckled on the stairs.

HAM HOCK:

This is what they mean by "eat you out of house and home."

BABA GOOSE

When Small Scarlett arrived, dressed as the wolf, the house was crumbling.

SCARLETT:

Hello?

HAM HOCK and KEVIN BACON:

Who's there?

SCARLETT:

Why, it's your friend, Small Scarlett.

KEVIN BACON:

(whispered)

Do you think it's the wolf?

HAM HOCK

(whispered)

Of course it's the wolf!

KEVIN BACON:

Go away wolf!

SCARLETT:

Let me in, or I'll wheeze and I'll sneeze and I'll eat your house for dessert!

KEVIN BACON:

No!! Not my sugar!

BABA GOOSE:

Ham-Let shoved a sweet roll into sweet tooth's hole.

HAM-HOCK

Will you hush!

KEVIN BACON:

Humphsgher

BABA GOOSE:

And the Small Scarlett Wolf knocked on the door one more time.

And then the sugar cane casa caved in.

And the two pig brothers held each other, and – like statues on the first day of winter tremor under a new skin of snow – they trembled, covered in sugar dust, at the sight of the wolf. And the wolf howled!

SCARLETT:

Raaaarg!!!!!!!!!!

BABA GOOSE:

And the brothers squealed and ran away.

SCARLETT:

Scaring Two is twice as fun! I'll try two plus one! Ooh – cinnamon bun! Dee-lish!

BABA GOOSE

Scarlett hop-scotched to the last house – Baby Brown's home, which he built with bricks of mud. It stood strong and sturdy on the hill top. The older pigs had run to Baby Brown's to hide.

HAM HOCK:

What'll we do?

KEVIN BACON:

(mouth full of cake)
I'm so scared! And hungry!

SPARE RIB:

We'll sca-aw him back!

KEVIN BACON:

How do you scare a wolf?

HAM HOCK:

A large, lousy wolf!

KEVIN BACON:

You can't scare a wolf!

SPARE RIB:

They'we afwaid of Beaws! We'll pwetend! We'll dwess like Beaws to scawe the wolf
and weap wevenge!

BABA GOOSE:

And so the thwee bwothew pigs wowe beaw masks – WORE BEAR masks. They
cooked dinner, then went for a walk in the woods. And that's when Small Scarlett
showed up in her costume. She went to the window of the big brick house and
looked in, but she saw no one. She tried the door. It opened. She went inside.
There sat three bowls of porridge, cooling for the pigs to eat. Scarlett tasted the big
bowl first:

SCARLETT:

Yech! Bland! That puts the “dish” in “dishgusting”

BABA GOOSE

And she spat it out.

Then she tried the medium-sized bowl.

SCARLETT:

Ew! Too sweet!

BABA GOOSE

And she spat that out too. Then she tried the tiny one.

SCARLETT:

Mmm. Scrumptious!

BABA GOOSE

She gulped the whole bowl down and sat with the remote control to watch TV –

SCARLETT:

(to GOOSE)

Excuse me, Baba Goose, but Pigs don't watch TV.

BABA GOOSE

(to SCARLETT):

She sat with the remote –

SCARLETT:

And they *don't* use remote controls.

BABA GOOSE

Scarlett sat down *quietly* and –

They don't even have fingers!

SCARLETT:

BABA GOOSE

Scarlett sat in the living room watching TV and she shut her silly mouth about it if she wanted to make it out alive! But when she sat down on the big LaZBoy from Craigslist:

SCARLETT:

Ugh – too big and soft!!

BABA GOOSE

And a sofa from Bernie and Phil's–

SCARLETT:

Ugh – too new and stiff!

BABA GOOSE

And a little tiny wee wee chair from Ikea.

SCARLETT:

Oh, just right. Those Swedes know their stuff.

BABA GOOSE

SCARLETT was worn out from walking and playing pretend all day. She went up to the bedroom, where there were two beds plus one: a water bed. . .

SCARLETT:

Too swishy!

BABA GOOSE

. . . and a goosefeather bed.

SCARLETT:

Too soft.

BABA GOOSE

And a small bunk bed.

SCARLETT:

(yawning)

Just . . . right . . .
(snores)

BABA GOOSE

And so she went to sleep. The three little pigs soon returned, costumed as bears.

PIGS:

(to the tune of California Gurls by Katy Perry¹)

I know a place
Where the bears are really piggies
Who's still afraid
Of the lousy lardy wolfhound
All my piggy bears, we're unforgettable
Hot pork chops with grizzlies on top
Bacon skin so hot we'll melt your popsicle.
Oink oink oink oink!

BABA GOOSE:

But as they came upon their house they saw the door had been left open.

HAM HOCK:

The door's open!

KEVIN BACON:

Do you think it's the wolf!

HAM HOCK:

Of course it's the wolf!

SPARE RIB:

It's not the wolf. Thewe awen't any wolf twacks.

BABA GOOSE

And with that, Baby Brown shored them up and they slowly crept inside, where they found someone had disturbed their food!

HAM HOCK:

Someone's been partaking of my pottage!

KEVIN BACON:

Someone's been gobbling my grits!

SPARE RIB:

Someone's been poking my powwidge! And it's all gone!

¹ See pg 22 for alternate ideas for songs.

Do you think it's the wolf?

KEVIN BACON:

Of course it's the wolf!

HAM HOCK:

It's not the wolf. Wolves don't even eat powwidge! They eat piggies and people.

SPARE RIB:

They looked in the den, and saw that someone had sat in all of their chairs and watched the telly!

BABA GOOSE

Someone was sitting in my LaZBoy.

HAM HOCK:

And my sofa too!

KEVIN BACON:

Somebody sat in my Neferdel! And took my wemote contwol!

SPARE RIB:

Do you think it's the wolf?

KEVIN BACON:

Of course it's the wolf!

HAM HOCK:

Wolves don't use wemote contwols!

SPARE RIB:

The brother bears – pigs – stared at him.

BABA GOOSE:

They don't even have fing-ohs!

SPARE RIB:

They heard snoring upstairs...

BABA GOOSE

and they quietly crept up.

KEVIN BACON:
(whispered)

Do you think it's the wolf!

Of course it's The wolf!
Listen to that snore – what a beast!

HAM HOCK:

Wolves don't sleep in beds.

SPARE RIB:

And so they crept closer and closer. Ham Let and Sweet Tooth were very quiet and careful. But Spare Rib continued to speak normally, completely unafraid.

BABA GOOSE

See what little eyes it has.

SPARE RIB:

Shhhh!

HAM HOCK:

And what a little mouth it has?

SPARE RIB:

Shhh!

KEVIN BACON:

And what little eaws?

SPARE RIB:

SHHHHHH!!! Quiet!

KEVIN BACON:
and HAM HOCK:

Then the wolf woke up. And the pigs dressed as bears stared at the wolf. And Small Scarlett, dressed like a wolf, stared at the bears. And the fake wolf growled:

BABA GOOSE

Raaar!

SCARLETT:

And the fake bears Grrr'ed!

BABA GOOSE

RAAAAAAWR!!!!!!!!!!!!

PIGS:

And the wolf screamed and ran around the room!

BABA GOOSE

SCARLETT:

AAAIAlAlAlIIIIII!!!!!!!!!!!!

BABA GOOSE

And the bears squealed ran around the room!

PIGS:

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BABA GOOSE

And as they all ran around the room, the wolf-skin fell off of Small Scarlett, and the bear masks fell off the two pigs plus one. And slowly . . . very slowly . . . they stopped screaming, and they stopped running.

HAM HOCK: and KEVIN BACON:

You're not the wolf?!

SPARE RIB:

I told you!

SCARLETT:

You're not bears!

SPARE RIB:

Small Scawlett!

SCARLETT:

Little pigs!

BABA GOOSE

And so they all recognized their friend. And they had a big long hug. They went downstairs for dinner, laughing. And the next day they all made a new bunk bed – just like Baby Brown's – and a brand new Nefurdel from Ikea (just like Baby Brown's), and Scarlett stayed with her friends, the two piggly bears plus one, forever.

ALTERNATIVE SONG OPTIONS:

(OR to TWO WEEKS by Grizzly Bear?)

Who is still afraid
Of large lousy wolfs
Tra la la la la
Virginia Freaking Woolf
Would you always?
Be my brother?
Be a piggy?
Eggs and ham...

OR:

(sung to tune of BORN THIS WAY by lady gaga)

it doesn't matter if you're pig, or capital PIG
just put your hooves up
cuz baby you were born this way

I'm not afraid of them wolfs
Cuz I got four sharp hooves
I'm on the right track baby
I was born to be pig

Me and my brothers and me
We scare that wolf till he pees
I'm a piggy bear ma'am
I wasn't born to be ham

Ooh there ain't no other point
Baby I was born to oink
Baby I was born to oink