



Piggie Pie!

By Margie Palatini Illustrated by Howard Fine

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Gritch the Witch: Bad tempered and impatient, she wakes up wanting Piggie Pie.
Wanting Piggie Pie, very much!

Eight Plump Piggies: Do not want to be Piggie Pie.
Cleverly disguise themselves as animals, and Old McDonald.

Big Bad Wolf: . . . Enough said.

SUPPORTING CAST

Old MacDonald: This farmer was framed!

Circus Piggie: Tightrope-walking porker

Zoo Piggie: (piggies are not in the zoo! are they?)

Lion: accompanies 'zoo' piggie
mouse with purple tail

Narrator

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ACT I
SCENE 1

THE HOME OF GRITCH THE WITCH . . .

NARRATOR: Gritch the Witch woke up grouchy. Grumpy. And very hungry.
(gritch yawns. scowls. rubs tummy indicating she is hungry. NOTE: Gritch should be portrayed with comic flare. More silly, than scary.)

Her belly grumbled for something delicious. Something delightful.
Something special. But what?

(gritch thinks)

It wasn't purple mouse tail-stew.
No, she ate that yesterday for lunch.

(mouse w/purple tail sighs w/relief and scurries off. gritch looks in her refrigerator.)

Maybe some mashed dragon-tongue pudding?

(gritch shakes head.)

No. Gritch wasn't in the mood for anything quite that sweet.
Perhaps a taste of boiled black buzzard feet? That always made her mouth
water.

(gritch looks in pot ---- then shakes head again.)

No. Not today. Today Gritch wanted something truly tasty.
Something really yummy. Something SPECIAL! And that could only
mean . . .

GRITCH: PIGGIE PIE! Yes! Yes! Piggie Pie! I can taste those plump, juicy, pink
piggies right now.

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

GRITCH: 1 eye of a fly. . . (*gritch checks shelves.*) No problem.
2 shakes of a rattlesnake's rattle. . . (*checks again.*) No problem.
3 belly hairs of a possum. . . (*checks again.*) No problem.
8 plump piggies . . . (*checks. again. again. again.*) (*shouts:*) PROBLEM!
I don't have any piggies! How can I make Piggie Pie! without even one
puny pink pig?

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

GRITCH: Hmmmmm. (*taps wart on chin*) Now where would I find eight
plump piggies?

(*gritch thinks. and thinks. and thinks. has idea and shouts w/a jump*)

Aha! The circus! Yes, yes, the circus!

(*pig walks by as if on tightrope w/parasol in tutu*)

(*gritch to audience:*) The CIRCUS? No, no, not the circus.

(*pig pantomimes giggles to audience*) (*gritch thinks again*)

Aha! The zoo! Yes, yes, the zoo!

(*pig walks by holding bars like in cage w/lion by side*)

(*gritch to audience:*) The ZOO? No, no, not the zoo.

(*pig and lion pantomime giggles to audience*) (*gritch thinks again*) (*hard*)

(*hesitant*) . . . The . . . FARM?

(*gritch grins*)

Yes! Yes! The farm!

NARRATOR: There was just one teeny, tiny, little . . .

GRITCH: PROBLEM!

NARRATOR: Where to find a farm.

GRITCH: Where else? The Yellow Pages! I'll just let my bony fingers do the walking.
(*gritch holds up large page from yellow pages*)

Old MacDonald's Farm. Call EI-EI-O. We have ducks, chickens and . . .

(*gritch looks at audience and grins*)

Piggies!

NARRATOR: Gritch put her broomstick in gear and headed over the river and through the woods to Old MacDonald's farm.

(gritch flys off)

SCENE 2

OLD MACDONALD'S FARM . . .

WE SEE PIGGIES. WE HEAR GRITCH OFF STAGE . . .

GRITCH: I've got you in my sights now, you little porkers! Surrender Piggies!

(piggies dress in costume, then scatter off-stage) (gritch lands)

NARRATOR: Gritch zoomed in for a THUMP-P-P THUMP-P-P-P! ERRRRCH-CH! landing. She spit straw, fanned her still smoking tootsies, and lifted her goggles. There wasn't a pig in sight!

GRITCH: *(looks all around)* Where did they all go? *(sees duck)* Hey duck! I said, where are all the piggies? I need eight plump piggies for piggie pie.

NARRATOR: The duck went . . .

DUCK: Quack. Quack.

NARRATOR: Here. And . . .

DUCK: Quack. Quack.

NARRATOR: . . . There. Here it . . .

DUCK: Quacked.

NARRATOR: There it . . .

DUCK: Quacked.

NARRATOR: Everywhere it . . .

DUCK: Quack quacked . . . 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: No piggies.

NARRATOR: Gritch pulled her hair. She stomped her feet. She even threatened the duck with one of her most evil spells. The duck was not impressed. It wasn't even scared.

DUCK: *(stares at gritch. shrugs.)* Quack! *(waddles away)*

GRITCH: So, who needs a dumb duck.

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

(enter cow)

GRITCH: Yoo hoo!

COW: Moo?

GRITCH: You! Where are the piggies? I need eight plump piggies for piggie pie.

NARRATOR: The cow went . . .

COW: Moo-moo . . .

NARRATOR: Here. And . . .

COW: Moo-moo . . .

NARRATOR: There. Here it . . .

COW: Moo-ed.

NARRATOR: There it . . .

COW: Moo-ed.

NARRATOR: Everywhere it . . .

COW: Moo-mooed. 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: No piggies.

NARRATOR: Gritch pulled her hair. She stomped her feet. She even threatened the cow with one of her most evil spells.

(Cow stares at witch. swings tail and exits.)

GRITCH: Cows! Who needs 'em?

NARRATOR: So she tried the barnyard. (*'stage hands' come in w/backdrops of chicken coop*) (*'chickens' gather around. gritch walks up to one.*) Where she stopped a chicken right in it's tracks.

GRITCH: Okay, birdbrain. Where are the piggies? I need eight plump piggies for piggie pie.

NARRATOR: The chicken went . . .

CHICKEN: Cluck. Cluck.

NARRATOR: Here. And . . .

CHICKEN: Cluck. Cluck.

NARRATOR: There. Here it . . .

CHICKEN: Clucked.

NARRATOR: There it . . .

CHICKEN: Clucked.

NARRATOR: Everywhere it . . .

CHICKEN: Cluck-clucked. No piggies.

GRITCH: What do you mean NO PIGGIES, you feathered drumstick? (*stares chicken in the face*) What's going on here? Who's the boss of this heap of hay?

(*chicken flaps wing in direction of 'Old MacDonald'. enter O.M., thumbs in suspenders, straw in teeth.*) (*gritch looks him over.*)

GRITCH: You're Old MacDonald?

enter actor as old macdonald a la Grant Woods' American Gothic portrait: Holding pitchfork, etc. Two 'stagehands' can be holding 'picture frame' around him.

Don't look much like your picture, do you?

(*'pig' farmer shrugs, 'framed' farmer exits*)

GRITCH: Look, Shorty, I've been quack-quacked here, and moo-mooed there and cluck-clucked everywhere all over this farm. I need eight plump piggies for Piggie Pie. Where are the piggies?

(*farmer pantomimes as narrator describes*)

NARRATOR: The farmer looked here. And looked there. Here he looked. There he looked. Everywhere he look-looked.

FARMER: No piggies.

GRITCH: What do you mean, no piggies --- you flea-bitten seed spreader? You must have piggies!

NARRATOR: Gritch pulled her hair. She stomped her feet. She even threatened him
with one of her most evil spells.

FARMER: No piggies.

(gritch dejected.)

NARRATOR: Gritch's stomach growled. It grumbled. But . . . there were no piggies.

There would be no Piggie Pie. . . . **Now** what was she going to eat?

(from behind a bush, barrel, or some other prop) . . .

WOLF: Psst. Psst. Psst. *(shows himself. He's bandaged and bruised)* Excuseme, little lady. Wolf's the name. Let me give you some advice. . . Forget the pigs.

GRITCH: *(eyes wolf)* Forget about the pigs?

WOLF: *(nods)* They're too tricky. Trust me. I've been chasing three little pigs for days. *(huffs and puffs, exhausted.)* I'm starving. Look at me. I'm nothing but -- skin and bones!

GRITCH: *(pinches wolf's arm to test his meatiness.)* Not quite.
(she looks at audience and grins)

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.

WOLF: *(looks over at gritch. looks to audience. smacks lips and grins.)*
Why that does sound tempting. . . Are you sure it wouldn't be any problem?

GRITCH: PROBLEM? (*she looks at audience. winks. grins.*) No problem at all.

(*Gritch and the Wolf begin to walk off, arm in arm.*) (*piggies behind bushes giggling*)

GRITCH: (*a little cackle*) I always enjoy having a wolf --- for **lunch**.

NARRATOR: The End?

COSTUME SUGGESTIONS:

piggies: x-large pink t-shirts. twisted pipecleaners attached on lower back for tails.
pig noses. (can be bought inexpensively, or made by painting small paper cups and attaching with rubber bands. Pig ears (use inexpensive hairbands, and glue pink felt ears. Black sneakers. Pink socks. Pink shorts, or tights.

piggies in disguise:

duck: white felt 'poncho'. (easily slipped over 'piggie') Large orange felt feet, or large orange sneakers.

cow: white felt poncho with black circles, four strips for 'legs', black felt tail.
add cow ears to headband.

chicken: yellow poncho with feathers added. orange sneakers.

farmer: denim poncho. bandana. straw hat. white beard (can be made of felt that slips over ears, add cotton pom poms.

wolf: grey or black pants, turtleneck. arm in sling. bandages all over.
'paint' blackened nose, whiskers. attach 'bushy' tail, and ears.

'circus' piggie: add 'tutu' and parasol

'zoo' piggie: make 'cage' that actor can slip over actor's head. he holds 'bars'.
(create out of cardboard or foam core and paint black)

'lion': construction paper 'mane'. paint nose, whiskers.

gritch: simple bright blue poncho (use lining material), blue or black tights.
black shoes. black wig. green fingernails.

PROPS:

'bed' for gritch.

opened 'refrigerator door' (paint inside of refrig. with gritch's leftovers)

pantry: (paint 'pantry' shelves on large sheet of foam core)

broom: add 'eyes'

large 'yellow pages'

SET SUGGESTIONS:

Use several large pieces of foam core, each for: trees, bushes, cornstalks, fences, barn, etc., students not participating as 'actors' can be 'stage hands' holding up scenery.