



The Fairy Tale Network

By John Woodard

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For preview only



This play is dedicated to one of my greatest teachers, Kathy Bullock, who taught with love, intelligence and humor.

THE FAIRY TALE NETWORK

BY JOHN WOODARD

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Speaking)

	<i># of lines</i>
CAT	C.E.O. of the Fairy Tale Network 22
FIRST MOUSE	crazy creative consultant for the F.T.N. 33
SECOND MOUSE.....	another 28
THIRD MOUSE.....	another 40
LITTLE YELLOW	
RIDING HOOD	girl who likes to wear yellow 26
WOLF	likes to eat girls who wear yellow 23
JIMMY	first little pig 24
DEAN	second 28
SAUSAGE.....	third 23
MOTHER PIG.....	wants the house to herself... finally 8
BIG BAD WOLF	commercial real estate developer 16
GOLDBLOCKS	prima donna with a big appetite 23
STUFFY WAITER.....	very stuffy 4
PAPA BEAR.....	ursine father 6
MAMA BEAR	ursine mother 4
BABY BEAR.....	techno-savvy kid bear 6
BUSY BEES (at least three) ..	they get the work done 2

SETTING

TIME: Modern day.

PLACE: The corporate offices of the Fairy Tale Network.

The play is played on a bare stage with minimal props. The Busy Bees are the sets and props ensemble. You can cast as many as you need. These Busy Bees “buzz” in and out as necessary, setting the stage with the appropriate set pieces, backdrops and props as the stories are enacted. They also act as set pieces themselves, becoming the trees and flowers in the forest, the sun in the morning and so on.

THE FAIRY TALE NETWORK

1 AT RISE: A large sign at CENTER reads “The Fairy Tale Network — All
fairy tales, all the time.”

CAT: (*ENTERS. To AUDIENCE.*) Hello, boys and girls, teens and tots,
ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to our play. The stories you are
5 about to hear are completely true. Only the names, places, times
and facts have been changed to protect the playwright.

MICE: (*Rush ON wearing dark sunglasses, panicking and bumping into
each other. Overlapping, to each other, but not noticing CAT. Ad lib.*)
What happened? Are we late? Did we miss our cue? (*Etc.*)

10 **CAT:** Excuse me. (*MICE, as if blind, turn to locate the source of the
voice.*)

FIRST MOUSE: Did someone say something?

SECOND MOUSE: Yeah. Is someone there?

CAT: Oh, my. Are you the three blind mice?

15 **THIRD MOUSE:** No. We’re just being cool. (*MICE remove their glasses,
smile, then realize he’s a cat and jump back in fear, cowering.*) A
cat!

CAT: Don’t worry, you fools. I won’t eat you.

MICE: You won’t?

20 **CAT:** No. I won’t. (*MICE relax.*)

FIRST MOUSE: (*Steps forward.*) Oh, really? Why not? What’s the
matter with us? Not good enough for you? I get it. You’re one of
those spoiled Meow Mix eatin’ cats, aren’t ya?

MICE: (*Sing.*) Meow, meow, meow, meow!

25 Meow, meow, meow, meow!

CAT: Cut that out! (*They stop.*) I’m not going to eat you, because I’m
your new boss!

MICE: Our new boss?! (*Jump back in fear again, cowering.*)

30 **SECOND MOUSE:** (*To the other MICE.*) I liked him better when he was
a cat!

THIRD MOUSE: Do you think this is a bad time to ask about a dental
plan? Look at my tooth in the back. I think it needs a crown.
(*Opens mouth wide and makes a long, loud “Ahhh!” sound. Other
MICE practically fall into his mouth looking.*)

35 **FIRST MOUSE:** Do you see anything?

SECOND MOUSE: No. But I smell something.

CAT: Stop it! (*MICE snap to attention.*) We’ve got work to do. (*SECOND
MOUSE timidly raises his hand. Impatient.*) Yes?

1 **SECOND MOUSE:** Before we start... *(Pulls a box of mints out of his pocket and opens it. Indicates THIRD MOUSE.)* May I offer him a mint?

THIRD MOUSE: Oh, I'd love one!

5 **FIRST MOUSE:** Me, too!

SECOND MOUSE: Take two. They're small! *(MICE pop mints into their mouths and exaggeratedly suck on them.)* Do you find them curiously strong?

THIRD MOUSE: Oh, no! I find them curiously delicious!

10 **FIRST MOUSE:** That's what I was going to say. You took the words right out of my mouth!

THIRD MOUSE: I took the words right out of your mouth?

FIRST MOUSE: You took the words right out of my mouth! Yet, you left my mint! You should be a magician!

15 **THIRD MOUSE:** Do you really think so?

FIRST MOUSE: Yes, I do!

THIRD MOUSE: Thank you very much!

FIRST MOUSE: You're very welcome! *(They shake hands.)*

CAT: *(Explodes.)* Get to work! *(MICE jolt to attention and cross to the*

20 *sign.)*

SECOND MOUSE: *(Aside to the other MICE.)* Who used his litter box?

CAT: Now, listen up. The Fairy Tale Network is in trouble.

MICE: Trouble?

CAT: Yes, trouble. Our ratings are low.

25 **MICE:** Low?

CAT: Yes, low. We need new programming.

MICE: New programming?

CAT: Yes, new programming. And I'm going to be real honest here. When you mice speak in unison it creeps me out. So would you

30 please stop it?

MICE: *(Nod their heads in agreement.)* Okay, boss!

CAT: *(Tenses up. Looks for a moment as if he is about to explode, then relaxes and smiles.)* All righty, then. Movin' on. Here's the deal. As the new C.E.O. of this network, I'm ordering you mice to come

35 up with a new hit show. *(MICE stare blankly at CAT. FIRST MOUSE raises his hand.)* What?

FIRST MOUSE: What's a C.E.O.?

CAT: You don't know what a C.E.O. is? *(MICE shake their heads, "No.")* It means that I'm the big cheese!

1 **MICE:** *(Excited, they clap their hands and cheer.)* Big cheese! Big cheese! Big cheese!

SECOND MOUSE: *(Stops them.)* Hey, wait a minute. If you're the big cheese, shouldn't your name be Jack? *(MICE burst into laughter, falling against each other.)*

5 **THIRD MOUSE:** *(Suddenly, acts very sad.)* Hey, as long as he's not blue! *(MICE burst into laughter, falling against each other.)*

FIRST MOUSE: Ooh! *(Shivers dramatically.)* I cheddar the thought! *(They laugh again, but this time, when they go to fall against each other, they miss and land on the floor, laughing harder.)*

10 **SECOND MOUSE:** What a loser! He didn't even make Chief Executive Officer!

THIRD MOUSE: *(To CAT.)* Hey, got milk? *(MICE roll on the floor and laugh.)*

15 **CAT:** *(Boils.)* Stop it! *(MICE FREEZE like statues on the floor.)* Get... up! *(FIRST and SECOND MOUSE UNFREEZE and stand. THIRD MOUSE remains FROZEN.)* I said get up.

THIRD MOUSE: I can't. I'm stuck! *(OTHER MICE pick up THIRD MOUSE and put him on his feet. They look at his frozen outstretched arms and ponder, then take off their coats and hang them on his arms like a coat rack. They turn to CAT. Nonchalant,)*

20 **FIRST MOUSE:** You were saying?

CAT: *(With growing intensity.)* I was saying that if you three imbeciles don't come up with a new hit show by the end of the day, you'll never squeak in this town again! Because I will eat you! All three of you!

25 **SECOND MOUSE:** You can't do that! You'll go over your Weight Watchers points!

CAT: Aaaargh! *(Marches away, stops and turns back.)* 'Til the end of the day! Or... *(Points at MICE, points into his mouth, smiles, then whistles the Meow Mix theme as he dances OFF.)*

30 **FIRST MOUSE:** 'Til the end of the day. Did you hear that?

SECOND MOUSE: Yeah, I was standing right here.

FIRST MOUSE: We better get him unstuck. We're going to need all the help we can get. *(FIRST and SECOND MOUSE grab their coats from THIRD MOUSE'S outstretched arms, put them on, then stand behind THIRD MOUSE.)*

35 **FIRST MOUSE/SECOND MOUSE:** Mouse trap!

THIRD MOUSE: *(UNFREEZES and wildly hops around to avoid a mouse trap.)* Where? Where? Where? Where? Where? Where? *(Stops, exhausted.)*

40

1 **FIRST MOUSE:** Are you done?

THIRD MOUSE: (*Thinks about it, hops a bit more then stops. Even more exhausted.*) Now I'm done.

FIRST MOUSE: Good. Because we need to come up with a great show
5 fast! (*MICE walk in a circle, thinking. FIRST MOUSE stops with an idea.*) Hey, I've got an idea! Let's get a funny, kooky redhead to star in the Mother Goose stories. We'll call it *I Love Goosey!* (*Changes mind.*) Aw, never mind. It would never make it in syndication.

SECOND MOUSE: I know. How about a sitcom about a pig who's a
10 stand-up comedian with neurotic friends living in New York? We'll call it *Swinefeld!* (*Changes mind.*) Aw, never mind. That's all I got. Other than that, it's just a show about nothing.

THIRD MOUSE: I know. How about a reality show where animals battle
15 it out on an island for food and shelter? We'll call it "*Hey, people, this is what we do every day!*" (*Changes mind.*) Aw, never mind. People will just think we're making it up.

FIRST MOUSE: This is harder than I thought. 'Cause when you watch
TV, it just looks like they put anything on.

SECOND MOUSE: We better come up with something quick, or the
20 three of us are going to end up as Fancy Feast, if you know what I'm talking about.

THIRD MOUSE: You know what I miss? The classic fairy tales. The
tales my mother told my 11 brothers and sisters and me as she tucked us into bed.

25 **FIRST MOUSE:** Eleven?

THIRD MOUSE: (*Sad confession.*) Yes, eleven. Twelve including me.
Cheaper by the dozen? No. We had to move to a double-wide
Habitrail with cedar shaved floors and a wagon wheel out front.
(*Beat.*) Now you know. I was raised poor mice trash. (*Breaks into*
30 *tears. OTHER MICE comfort him.*)

SECOND MOUSE: But hey, now you're a television writer.

THIRD MOUSE: (*Stops crying.*) Exactly. (*To AUDIENCE.*) And that's why
you should stay in school.

FIRST MOUSE: You know what? That's not a bad idea. Let's do a
35 show that brings back our favorite fairy tales in a way kids today can relate to.

SECOND MOUSE: That's a great idea! Each week we'll tell a different
tale.

THIRD MOUSE: With a different cast.

40 **FIRST MOUSE:** Exactly. No series regulars. That way we never
have production shut down for some actor's outrageous salary
demands.

1 **SECOND MOUSE:** (To *FIRST MOUSE*.) You go first! Tell us your favorite fairy tale. (*MICE* cross *DOWN LEFT*.)

FIRST MOUSE: Okay. My favorite fairy tale was always “Little Red Riding Hood.”

5 **SECOND MOUSE:** Oh, I love that one!

THIRD MOUSE: Me too!

FIRST MOUSE: Great! Now, let’s see if I can remember it properly. (*SECOND* and *THIRD MOUSE* EXIT LEFT. *FIRST MOUSE* remains to narrate. He gestures to the STAGE, presenting our story.) Once upon
10 a time, there was this old woman who lived deep, deep, deep in the woods—I’m talking way out there—who made her granddaughter skip through it to visit her. (*Nothing happens. Yells out.*) I said, “deep, deep, deep in the woods!” (*BUSY BEES* run ON dressed as [or holding] trees, flowers, bushes, etc.)

15 **BUSY BEE TREE:** (*Dryly, to AUDIENCE.*) Look, Ma. I’m a tree. Aren’t so you proud?

FIRST MOUSE: And one day, her granddaughter, named Little Red Riding Hood, was skipping through the woods to visit her.

20 **LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** (*Skips ON, humming cheerfully, carrying a wicker basket and wearing a yellow riding hood. Stops and waves to AUDIENCE.*) Hi, boys and girls!

FIRST MOUSE: I said Little Red Riding Hood!

25 **LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** Excuuuuuse me, but red was, like, so last season! You like it? (*Twirls in a circle, then continues skipping around the STAGE.*)

FIRST MOUSE: Little Red... er... Yellow Riding Hood skipped through the forest.

WOLF: (*ENTERS. Impatient.*) Can we get to me, already?!

30 **FIRST MOUSE:** Where she met a wolf who was so hungry, he was too rude to wait for his cue.

WOLF: (*Watches her skip. To AUDIENCE.*) There’s nothing worse than skipping a meal. And nothing better than having it skip to you. (*Laughs.*)

35 **LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** (*Spots WOLF and stops, frightened.*) Oh, my! A wolf in wolf’s clothing!

WOLF: What did you expect? You’re the one in my hood.

LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD: (*Clings to her hood.*) This is my hood!

WOLF: You sure? Because I have a yellow hood exactly like that!

40 **LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** (*Pulls a small perfume bottle from her basket, points it at him.*) You stay away from me, or I’ll spray you!

WOLF: (*Smirks, unafraid.*) Spray me? Ha! With what?

- 1 **LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** With Grandma's perfume!
WOLF: (*Cowers.*) Wait a minute! Wait a minute!
LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD: That's right. You won't like it. It's for a girl!
- 5 **WOLF:** Okay! Okay! Okay! Please! Don't make me smell like my sister!
LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD: (*Puts away perfume.*) I'm sorry. I just don't usually talk to strangers, and usually they don't talk to me.
WOLF: They don't?
LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD: No, because skipping is very
10 annoying. (*Hums, skips in a circle, then stops.*) See? Annoying. So most people just leave me alone.
WOLF: You have a point there. You are on my nerves, but I'm willing to look past that. What can I say? I'm a giver. And it's such a lovely day deep, deep, deep in the woods. So let me introduce myself,
15 'cause I'm starving.
LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD: Well, it's nice to meet you, Starving. My name's Little Red... er... Yellow Riding Hood.
WOLF: Nice to meet you. Where were you going? I mean, are you going?
- 20 **LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** Over the river and through the woods. To Grandmother's house I go.
WOLF: Doesn't your horse know the way to carry the sleigh?
LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD: No. That's why I'm on foot. And as you can see, my grandmother doesn't exactly live a hop and a skip
25 away. I don't know what's worse, me risking my life every time I go through the woods alone, or my grandmother complaining that I don't visit enough. But I don't mind, as my poor old grandmother is all alone, sick and retired.
WOLF: Sorry to hear that. What's she sick of?
- 30 **LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** Being alone and retired. She likes to get out and party. But every time I get there, I'm too pooped to party. So we do fun things together like knitting socks and needlepoint.
WOLF: That sounds boring.
- 35 **LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** That's exactly what she says, but after a long skip through the woods, I really don't want to hear it. So make good with the socks, Grandma, 'cause I'm gonna need a new pair for the long skip home.
FIRST MOUSE: Then, the wolf got an idea. (*BUSY BEE runs ON, holds a light bulb over WOLF'S head. [NOTE: If possible, BUSY BEE can also turn it on.]*)
40

- 1 **WOLF:** Hey, I've got an idea. (*BUSY BEE runs OFF.*) Let me carry your basket for you to your grandmother's house. That way, you won't be so tired when you get there.
- LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** Don't think I don't know what you're
- 5 up to. I'm not stupid, Mister Starving! You are not going to go out and party with my grandmother!
- WOLF:** What? I'm not going to go out and party with your grandma! I know the woman. She can't drive at night. (*Licks his lips, fiendishly rubs his hands together and takes a step closer to her.*) It's just a
- 10 good old-fashioned lunch I'm after.
- LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** (*Gasps.*) Old-fashioned? Why, I am not going to take you to my grandmother's house so you can eat her!
- WOLF:** Um, actually, I was thinking about catching a bite to eat a little closer. Like you!
- 15 **LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** How about a sandwich instead?
- WOLF:** Whaddaya got? (*The following bit is done quickly. LITTLE YELLOW rummages through her basket for each item, pulling them out and returning them as quickly as possible.*)
- LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** Ham?
- 20 **WOLF:** No.
- LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** Turkey?
- WOLF:** No.
- LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** Corned beef?
- WOLF:** No.
- 25 **LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** Roast beef?
- WOLF:** No.
- LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** No beef?
- WOLF:** No. Wait a minute. What's no beef?
- LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** You should always have a vegetarian
- 30 option.
- WOLF:** Do I look like a vegetarian to you?
- LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** (*Frightened.*) If you move one step closer to me, I'll scare everything in these woods by screaming at the top of my lungs! (*WOLF tests her, slowly puts one foot out, barely taps the floor. Screams.*) At the top of my lungs! (*BUSY BEES run ON and race around, screaming and frightened. WOLF chases LITTLE YELLOW around and through them. It's total pandemonium until ALL except FIRST MOUSE eventually run OFF.*)
- 35
- FIRST MOUSE:** The wolf then chased Little Yellow Riding Hood all
- 40 the way to her grandmother's house. Where he was captured and

1 put in a no-kill shelter and currently awaits adoption from a loving family. And remember, kids, whenever you have the energy, party with your grandmother.

SECOND MOUSE: (*ENTERS with THIRD MOUSE.*) Hey, that was great.

5 **THIRD MOUSE:** It sure was. It's important that kids know they shouldn't wander off alone. Especially in places they don't know. And if you do come across a wolf, make as much noise as possible to draw attention.

FIRST MOUSE: (*To SECOND MOUSE.*) Tell us your favorite!

10 **SECOND MOUSE:** Okay. (*BUSY BEES run ON and set up a table with food and three chairs CENTER. FIRST and THIRD MOUSE EXIT. To AUDIENCE.*) Once upon a time, there were three little pigs.

JIMMY: (*ENTERS and waves at AUDIENCE.*) Jimmy!

DEAN: (*ENTERS and waves.*) Dean!

15 **SAUSAGE:** (*ENTERS and waves.*) Sausage! (*LITTLE PIGS sit at the table and eat.*)

SECOND MOUSE: The three little pigs were very happy.

JIMMY: I'm very happy.

DEAN: I'm very happy.

20 **SAUSAGE:** I'm very happy, too!

SECOND MOUSE: See, I told ya! The three little pigs were very happy, because even though by pig standards they were all grown up, they still lived at home and sponged off their mother.

MOTHER PIG: (*ENTERS with her hair in curlers. Dryly, to AUDIENCE.*)

25 I'm not so happy. (*Smiles sweetly at her sons. Cheerful.*) Good morning, dear sons.

LITTLE PIGS: Good morning, dear mother.

MOTHER PIG: (*Cheerful.*) The sun is shining. The birds are singing. The flowers are in full bloom. It's such a beautiful day to... move out!

30 **JIMMY:** (*LITTLE PIGS jump from the table. Shocked.*) Move out?

DEAN: What did we do?

SAUSAGE: Yeah, we didn't do anything.

MOTHER PIG: (*Irritated.*) That's my point. You do nothing! Except eat me out of slop and home, lie around in the mud all day, and you always leave your room looking like a pig sty!

SAUSAGE: It is a pig sty!

MOTHER PIG: Don't get spicy with me, Sausage! I'll wrap a blanket around you and sell you to the International House of Pancakes!

40 **JIMMY:** Aren't you going to miss us?

1 **MOTHER PIG:** I won't know until you're gone. Now get out.
DEAN: I wish Dad were still here. He wouldn't make us move out.
MOTHER PIG: (*Sentimental.*) I wish he were still here, too. I was his
honey, and he was my baby. But if I told that hog once, I told him a
5 million times, "I don't care how poor we get. Don't ever take a job
at a Chili's Restaurant." (*Then, on the verge of tears, to AUDIENCE.*)
Oh! I want my baby back, baby back, baby back! (*Bursts into tears,*
falls across the table and cries louder and louder.)

JIMMY: (*Consoles her. With other PIGS.*) Don't cry, Mother.

10 **DEAN:** Yes, please don't cry.
SAUSAGE: A minute ago we were all very happy.
JIMMY: Yeah, you're ruining our buzz.
DEAN: Bringing us down.
SAUSAGE: Overacting. (*JIMMY and DEAN look at him, puzzled.*) Oh,
15 come on. Do you see one honest moment in that performance?
(*MOTHER PIG cries harder.*)

DEAN: He's got a point. She is kind of hamming it up.
JIMMY: (*Crosses DOWNSTAGE and huddles in a conference with the*
other LITTLE PIGS.) What are we going to do?

20 **DEAN:** I don't know. Is it too late to recast? Because I can't live
somewhere I'm not happy.
SAUSAGE: Very happy. (*LITTLE PIGS look over to MOTHER PIG, then*
resume the huddle.)

DEAN: (*Whispers.*) You know what? This might not be the time to break
25 it to her, but I think it's time we move out.

MOTHER PIG: (*Stops crying and looks up to AUDIENCE.*) Move out?
(*Runs toward LITTLE PIGS.*) What a horrible thing to tell your
mother at a time like this. But don't you worry about me, I'll be
just fine. Your bags are on the porch. (*Pushes all three of them*
30 *OFF, turns, crosses CENTER and looks around. To AUDIENCE.*) Oh,
no! What have I done? The house feels so empty. I hope I can find
something to do with all this extra time on my hooves! (*BUSY BEES*
scramble ON and take the table and chairs OFF. They REENTER with
a chair on wheels and various beauty products. BUSY BEES act as
35 *hairstylist, manicurist and beautician as MOTHER PIG jumps in the*
chair, laughs and reclines.)

BUSY BEE BEAUTICIAN: Girl, we got work to do. To get rid of those
pineapple rings under your eyes, you need my honey-glazed facial.
(*Throws a towel over MOTHER PIG'S face. BUSY BEES simultaneously*
40 *snap their fingers with attitude, then roll her OFF in the chair.*)

SECOND MOUSE: The three little pigs were now out in the world
for the very first time... (*LITTLE PIGS ENTER and cross CENTER,*

- 1 *reading apartment and real estate ads.) ...where they were about to discover one of life's biggest challenges.*
- JIMMY:** I had no idea what it costs to buy a home.
- DEAN:** We can't afford any of these. And I'm reading the *Penny Saver!*
- 5 **SAUSAGE:** Well, we can't move back home now. Mother said she already turned our room into a sewing room.
- JIMMY:** A sewing room? Mother doesn't sew.
- DEAN:** That's what I told her. And she said... "So?"
- SAUSAGE:** *(Feels faint.)* I can't believe this! We're homeless!
- 10 **JIMMY:** I miss Mother. I wonder what she's doing now? *(BUSY BEES whiz ON UPSTAGE pushing MOTHER PIG in the chair.)*
- MOTHER PIG:** *(Now with tall bouffant hair, big red lips and sparkly nails.)* Weeeeeee! *(They continue across and OFF, unseen by LITTLE PIGS.)*
- 15 **DEAN:** I don't know, but I hope she's happy.
- JIMMY:** Wait a minute! I've got an idea. Since we can't afford to buy a home, let's build our own!
- DEAN:** That's a great idea!
- SAUSAGE:** Are you guys thinking what I'm thinking?
- 20 **LITTLE PIGS:** *(Turn simultaneously to AUDIENCE.)* Home Depot! *(EXIT.)*
- SECOND MOUSE:** So the three little pigs went to their local Home Depot store where they waited three days until someone helped them. Left alone with too many choices, the three little pigs couldn't agree on whose bad taste they should go with. So they
- 25 each decided to build a home of their own. *(BUSY BEES ENTER and set up the three houses. [See PRODUCTION NOTES.] LITTLE PIGS ENTER and stand by their houses.)* The three little pigs built their houses in a beautiful neighborhood with good curb appeal.
- LITTLE PIGS:** *(To the AUDIENCE.)* Location, location, location.
- 30 **SECOND MOUSE:** And once again, the three little pigs were happy.
- LITTLE PIGS:** Very happy.
- JIMMY:** I built my house out of straw.
- DEAN:** I built my house out of sticks.
- SAUSAGE:** I built my house out of bricks. It features four bedrooms,
- 35 three baths, two fireplaces, a formal dining room and an eat-in kitchen with stainless steel appliances.
- JIMMY/DEAN:** Show-off!
- SAUSAGE:** A north-south tennis court, full guest house and a black-bottom pool overlooking park-like grounds. *(LITTLE PIGS go into their homes.)*
- 40

- 1 **SECOND MOUSE:** Then one day, the Big Bad Wolf, who was a commercial real estate developer, blew into town.
- BIG BAD WOLF:** (*ENTERS and spots the houses.*) Wow! Look at these cute little homes. (*Conniving, to AUDIENCE.*) It's too bad they're
- 5 sitting on the perfect spot for me to build another Big Bad Shopping Mall! I'm sure that, for the right price, I can move them out in no time. (*Approaches JIMMY'S house and knocks on the door.*)
- JIMMY:** (*Steps out.*) Hello.
- BIG BAD WOLF:** Hello. My name is B.B. — B.B. Wolf.
- 10 **JIMMY:** My name is Jimmy. Jimmy Links. You might know my brothers, Dean and Sausage Links?
- BIG BAD WOLF:** Let's cut to the chase, Ham Hock. I want to buy your house.
- JIMMY:** I'm sorry, but this house is not for sale.
- 15 **BIG BAD WOLF:** Oh, yeah? Well, if you don't sell it to me, I'll huff and puff and blow it down!
- JIMMY:** You'll huff and puff and blow it down? Listen, mister, if you continue to act like that, you're going to have to take a time-out. (*BUSY BEE runs ON and places a small stool next to BIG BAD WOLF.*)
- 20 Is that what you want? You want a time-out?
- BIG BAD WOLF:** (*Explodes.*) I'm not going to take a time-out! (*BUSY BEE gasps, snatches the stool and storms OFF in a huff.*) Now, don't test me, Bacon Bits! I can do it. Stand back. I'll show you! (*Takes a deep breath.*) Well, aren't you going to run inside first?
- 25 **JIMMY:** No. I just had the carpets shampooed.
- BIG BAD WOLF:** Suit yourself. (*Takes another deep breath and blows. The house falls over. [See PRODUCTION NOTES.] JIMMY screams and runs into DEAN'S house. BIG BAD WOLF looks at AUDIENCE.*) Wow! I did it! And I was just bluffing! One down, two to go! (*Crosses to DEAN'S house and knocks.*)
- 30 **DEAN:** Who is it?
- BIG BAD WOLF:** Um... cable guy?
- DEAN:** We don't get cable. We switched to satellite. (*BIG BAD WOLF knocks again.*) Who is it?
- 35 **BIG BAD WOLF:** Um... exterminator?
- DEAN:** Don't need one. The only thing bugging us is you! (*BIG BAD WOLF knocks on the door again.*) Who is it?
- BIG BAD WOLF:** Um... pizza boy?
- JIMMY/DEAN:** (*Step out.*) Oooh, pizza! Pizza! Where? Where? (*Stop when they realize they've been tricked.*)
- 40

1 **DEAN:** Oh, it's you. Are you the wolf who blew down my brother's house?

BIG BAD WOLF: Yeah, and it cracked open easier than a piggy bank. Now, sell me your house, you little pork rind, or I'll huff and puff

5 and blow your house down!

DEAN: I'd like to see you try. My brother's house was made of straw, but mine is made of sticks.

BIG BAD WOLF: And your point?

DEAN: I just thought it was valuable information.

10 **BIG BAD WOLF:** Suit yourself. *(Takes a deep breath and blows. The house falls down.)*

DEAN: *(Looks at BIG BAD WOLF, shocked, then casually.)* So... How much did you say you wanted to buy it for?

BIG BAD WOLF: *(Growls. JIMMY and DEAN scream and run to SAUSAGE'S house. To AUDIENCE.)* Wow! I'm on a roll! *(Crosses to SAUSAGE'S house and knocks.)*

15 **SAUSAGE:** Who is it?

BIG BAD WOLF: Oh, for crying out loud. You know who it is!

SAUSAGE: Well, save your breath and don't get huffy with me, because

20 I'm not talking to you!

BIG BAD WOLF: Not talking to me? Giving me the cold pork shoulder, huh?

SAUSAGE: I'm not going to sell. This is my paradise!

BIG BAD WOLF: Then I'm going to huff and puff and blow your house

25 down! *(Puts his hand to his ear, listens and waits for a response. Silence.)* Suit yourself. *(Takes a deep breath and blows, but this time the house does not fall down. Tries several times until he is completely exhausted and out of breath. Gasps.)* This one is harder than I thought, but I can't leave it. I need to pave paradise and put

30 up a parking lot. *(With his mightiest breath yet, tries to blow the house down one last time. Then clutches his chest.)* Oh, my heart! *(Collapses.)*

SAUSAGE: I heard a thump at the door. I think the newspaper finally arrived. *(LITTLE PIGS look out.)*

35 **JIMMY:** Look, it's B.B. Wolf!

SAUSAGE: What's he doing?

DEAN: He looks dead.

JIMMY: Check his pulse.

DEAN: *(Checks WOLF'S pulse.)* Nothing.

40 **JIMMY:** You sure?



1 **DEAN:** Yeah. I can count to zero.
SAUSAGE: Great. Now you can check for my newspaper.
DEAN: What do you think killed him?
SAUSAGE: I don't know. I was hoping I'd read it in the paper.

5 **JIMMY:** I bet it was the swine flu. He just exposed himself three times.
DEAN: See what happens when you don't take your time-outs?
(*Puzzled. LITTLE PIGS look at AUDIENCE, shrug their shoulders, and EXIT.*)

10 **FIRST MOUSE:** (*ENTERS with THIRD MOUSE.*) Well, I have to say, that's a good lesson on why you should never open the door to strangers.
THIRD MOUSE: Or go to Home Depot on a weekend. (*BUSY BEES ENTER, strike little pigs' houses, then slowly drag BIG BAD WOLF OFF.*)

15 **SECOND MOUSE:** I feel sorry for the big bad wolf. Look at him now. He's such a drag.
FIRST MOUSE: (*To THIRD MOUSE.*) Well, you're next. What tale are you going to tell?
THIRD MOUSE: I'm going to tell the tale of "Goldilocks and the Three Bears," as I think we've had enough wolf bashing for one day. (*FIRST and SECOND MOUSE EXIT.*)

20 **GOLDILOCKS:** (*ENTERS, wearing a backpack and carrying a cell phone.*) Oh, my! Where am I? I've been lost for hours. I shouldn't have left the posted hiking trail signs. And I can't get a signal on my cell phone. What am I going to do? I'm so terribly tired and so
25 horribly hungry.
LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD: (*ENTERS holding a sandwich and her basket.*) Did you learn nothing from the first story? (*Takes a bite of the sandwich, savors it and taunts GOLDILOCKS.*) Mmmmm... This
30 is soooo delicious! (*Smiles and EXITS.*)
GOLDILOCKS: (*Yells after her.*) You could've at least tossed me a sandwich!
THIRD MOUSE: And then Goldilocks died of starvation. The end. (*Bows.*)

35 **GOLDILOCKS:** (*Looks at THIRD MOUSE, shocked.*) What?!
THIRD MOUSE: Serves you right. There were signs posted everywhere. But noooo! Little Miss Smarty-locks had to go pokin' her nose where it didn't belong. Did you learn nothing from the first story?
GOLDILOCKS: This is ridiculous. I'm calling my agent! (*Makes a call from her cell phone.*) Aha! I'm getting a signal! (*Sticks her tongue out at THIRD MOUSE. SOUND EFFECT: RINGTONE.*)

- 1 **THIRD MOUSE:** *(Takes out his cell phone, answers it.)* Hello?
- GOLDILOCKS:** It's you! Oh, I haven't booked a gig in so long. I forgot you were my agent! What do you want from me?
- THIRD MOUSE:** Forty percent.
- 5 **GOLDILOCKS:** Forty percent?!
- THIRD MOUSE:** Do you know what it took me to get you this job? I'm going to be honest with you, kid. They wanted to go younger.
- GOLDILOCKS:** But that's four times what you get now!
- THIRD MOUSE:** You wanna live?
- 10 **GOLDILOCKS:** Thirty percent.
- THIRD MOUSE:** Forty-five.
- GOLDILOCKS:** Thirty-five.
- THIRD MOUSE:** Fifty.
- GOLDILOCKS:** Forty.
- 15 **THIRD MOUSE:** Done. Forty percent. And don't say I never do you any favors. *(BOTH put their cell phones away.)* And suddenly a house appeared, where Goldilocks could find food and rest her tired career... er... bones. *(BUSY BEES run ON and set up the BEARS' house with a table, three chairs of various sizes and three beds.*
- 20 *They place a framed photograph on the table, then EXIT.)*
- GOLDILOCKS:** Oh, looky! A quaint little house out of nowhere! *(Shoots THIRD MOUSE a mean look.)* I certainly hope it's worth 40 percent! *(Crosses to the beds and looks around.)* Hello? Is anyone home? *(Realizes, then giggles.)* Oh, of course not. I'm the star and this is
- 25 all about me. *(Looks to THIRD MOUSE, gives him a thumbs-up and mouths, "Thank you." Looks around and discovers a picture on the table.)* Oh, look at this adorable, high-quality framed portrait of three bears. A mama bear, a father bear and a baby bear. I bet they live here. That, or someone else has really strange taste in art.
- 30 **THIRD MOUSE:** Then, Goldilocks went into the kitchen to find something to eat. Sadly, there was nothing.
- GOLDILOCKS:** *(To THIRD MOUSE.)* Hey, you could've at least thrown me a little salmon. After all, we are talking bears here, pal!
- THIRD MOUSE:** *(Smiles back. Mischievous.)* Nope. There was nothing
- 35 to eat. Nothing. Zilch. Nada.
- GOLDILOCKS:** Forty-five percent!
- THIRD MOUSE:** Except three steak and lobster dinners. *(BUSY BEES ENTER with three plates of steak and lobster and place them on the table, then EXIT.)*
- 40 **GOLDILOCKS:** Oh, goody! Surf and turf. My favorite! *(Excited.)* Hmm... Now, what chair should I sit in? That one is too big, this one is too

1 small, and that one is... Oh, whatever, I'll just sit in this one. It's
closest. (*Sits in the smallest chair.*) Now, which steak and lobster
dinner should I eat? This steak is too well done, this steak is too
rare, but this steak is just right! (*To THIRD MOUSE.*) Hey, can you
5 send a waiter over so I can send these other two steaks back?

STUFFY WAITER: (*ENTERS.*) May I help you?

GOLDILOCKS: Yeah, tell Chef Snore-yar-dee to wake up in the kitchen
and get these babies medium. I could go for an iced tea, and when
I'm done, roll over the dessert cart. Goldie's hungry.

10 **STUFFY WAITER:** Anything else, madam?

GOLDILOCKS: Yeah. Don't give me attitude, or you can kiss your tip
goodbye. Now scram! (*STUFFY WAITER EXITS.*)

THIRD MOUSE: And after three complete steak and lobster dinners,
two servings of baked Alaska and a double nonfat cappuccino,
15 Goldilocks broke the chair she was sitting in.

GOLDILOCKS: (*Falls to the floor, groans in pain from stuffing herself.
Wobbles back and forth on her back, then gives up.*) I need an Alka-
Seltzer! (*Burps.*) Oh, that was good. Much better. (*Rolls to her side
and gets to her hands and knees as the STUFFY WAITER ENTERS.*
20 *Looks at him.*) How are things up there?

STUFFY WAITER: Your check, madam. (*Hands her the bill.*)

GOLDILOCKS: (*Looks at it, points out a charge.*) Hey, what's this charge
here for?

STUFFY WAITER: (*Dry.*) The chair. (*EXITS.*)

25 **GOLDILOCKS:** (*Holds her stomach in pain.*) Ugh! I'm too full to get
up. I'll just crawl to one of those beds over there and rest awhile.
(*Crawls to beds.*)

THIRD MOUSE: And once Goldilocks reached the three beds, she
faced yet another dilemma.

30 **GOLDILOCKS:** I wonder if the sheets are clean?

THIRD MOUSE: While deciding what bed to sleep in—

GOLDILOCKS: There's no deciding, rat boy, I'm gonna barf any minute.
I'm just taking the closest one to me. (*Rolls onto a bed.*) Ooh, this
is nice. (*Instantly passes out and begins to snore.*)

35 **THIRD MOUSE:** Yes, Goldilocks fell fast asleep, as gluttons often do.
As she slept, the three bears—who are also my clients—came
home from a full day of grocery shopping. (*THREE BEARS ENTER
carrying grocery bags. They spot the eaten dinners.*)

PAPA BEAR: Hey, someone ate my steak and lobster dinner!

40 **MAMA BEAR:** Someone ate my steak and lobster dinner!

- 1 **BABY BEAR:** Someone ate my steak and lobster dinner, sat in my chair and broke it with their big tooshie (*GOLDILOCKS snores loudly, catching their attention.*) Look! And there's her big tooshie now, sleeping in my bed! (*BEARS approach GOLDILOCKS as she*
- 5 *snores louder.*)
- PAPA BEAR:** Thank goodness she's not a bear. Who could hibernate through all that noise?
- MAMA BEAR:** Maybe we should wake her? She's drooling like an animal!
- 10 **BABY BEAR:** I know! It's hilarious! I'm going to put her on YouTube! (*Pulls out a cell phone.*)
- PAPA BEAR:** Put that away. It's not nice to make fun of people.
- BABY BEAR:** But she ate my dinner, broke my chair and now she's drooling all over my pillow cases.
- 15 **PAPA BEAR:** Okay. Hurry up and post it, and then mum's the word.
- BABY BEAR:** (*Hits a button on his phone.*) Sent.
- PAPA BEAR:** (*Gently shakes GOLDILOCKS.*) Excuse me, little girl.
- MAMA BEAR:** (*Gently shakes GOLDILOCKS.*) Excuse me, little girl.
- BABY BEAR:** (*Reaches to shake her, stops, and abruptly yells.*) Hey, get
- 20 your tooshie out of my bed!
- GOLDILOCKS:** (*Wakes up. Startled.*) Is it time for the breakfast buffet already? (*Beat.*) I could have a little nosh.
- PAPA BEAR:** So could we, but someone ate our dinner.
- MAMA BEAR:** And I'm too tired to cook. (*BEARS get an idea, shake*
- 25 *their heads in agreement.*)
- BABY BEAR:** (*Calls OFFSTAGE.*) Oh, waiter!
- THIRD MOUSE:** So, the three little bears killed Goldilocks and ordered her for dinner.
- GOLDILOCKS:** (*To THIRD MOUSE.*) What?!
- 30 **THIRD MOUSE:** That's right, sister. The only thing 45 percent buys you in my story is time. (*GOLDILOCKS screams and makes a break for it as BEARS chase her OFF. BUSY BEES run ON to take all set pieces OFF except the Fairy Tale Network sign.*)
- FIRST MOUSE:** (*ENTERS with SECOND MOUSE.*) Wow, we did it!
- 35 **SECOND MOUSE:** And just in time!
- CAT:** (*ENTERS.*) Well, I've got good news and bad news.
- THIRD MOUSE:** (*MICE look at each other. Are they doomed?*) Go ahead. Give us the bad news first.
- CAT:** The bad news is... the network loved your shows.



- 1 **MICE:** (*Jump for joy.*) Yeah, they liked our show! They liked our show!
(*Suddenly stop, puzzled, and look at CAT.*)
- FIRST MOUSE:** Why is that the bad news?
- CAT:** Because now I have to work with you.
- 5 **SECOND MOUSE:** What's the good news?
- CAT:** The good news is I don't have to eat you!
- LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD:** (*ENTERS with WOLF on a leash and still carrying her basket of sandwiches.*) Hey, look what I just adopted at my local animal shelter. Isn't he adorable? (*Feeds WOLF a sandwich. LITTLE PIGS ENTER.*)
- 10
- JIMMY:** You know, I'm thinking about building my next house in Hawaii. I hear they throw these great parties called luaus, and whoever wins the bobbing for apples contest gets invited for dinner. (*Pandemonium ensues as BUSY BEES drag BIG BAD WOLF ON, the beautician BUSY BEES wheel ON MOTHER PIG, who yells "Weee!" GOLDILOCKS runs ON screaming, chased by BEARS.*)
- 15
- CAT:** (*To AUDIENCE.*) And that, boys and girls, teens and tots, ladies and gentlemen, concludes our programming until you tune in again! Unless, of course, we get canceled.

END OF PLAY

PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES ONSTAGE

Large sign that reads, “The Fairy Tale Network – All fairy tales, all the time.”

PROPERTIES BROUGHT ON

Box of mints (SECOND MOUSE)

FIRST MOUSE’S STORY:

Wicker basket with sandwiches and perfume bottle (LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD)

Trees, flowers, bushes, light bulb (BUSY BEES)

SECOND MOUSE’S STORY:

Table with food and three chairs, rolling chair, beauty products, white towel, stool, pigs’ houses (BUSY BEES)

Newspaper (LITTLE PIGS)

THIRD MOUSE’S STORY:

Three bears’ chairs of various sizes, table, framed photograph, plates with steak and lobster, three cots (BUSY BEES)

Backpack, cell phone (GOLDILOCKS)

Cell phone (THIRD MOUSE, BABY BEAR)

Bill (STUFFY WAITER)

Grocery bags (BEARS)

Wicker basket with sandwiches, leash (LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD)

COSTUME NOTES

The THREE MICE wear dark sunglasses and coats.

LITTLE YELLOW RIDING HOOD wears—you guessed it—a yellow hood.

MOTHER PIG wears her hair in curlers at her first entrance. Later, she wears a large bouffant wig with red lipstick and sparkly nail polish.

SOUND EFFECTS

Cell phone ringtone.

SET NOTES

The set is easily adaptable to nearly any facility, as it is completely movable and changes constantly. The director may create a set that is elaborate or simple, and it is all set up and rearranged by the BUSY BEES.

The THREE LITTLE PIGS’ houses can be simple cutouts. Foamboard would be the best material to work with as it is lightweight and rigid,

allowing the house cutouts to be freestanding. It's also an easy and safe material to make fall over when WOLF blows the houses down. The BUSY BEES can simply hold them in place until it's time for them to fall, at which point, the BUSY BEE can quickly run off.

So that they can be set up quickly, three cots are used for the THREE BEARS' beds.

FLEXIBLE CASTING

Many characters can be played as either male or female. These parts include CAT, MICE, LITTLE PIGS, WOLF, BIG BAD WOLF, BABY BEAR, STUFFY WAITER and all the BUSY BEES.

There are lots of options for doubling as well. WOLF can double as BIG BAD WOLF. PIGS can double as BEARS. Adjustments may be made to the entrances at the end of the play to accommodate doubling.

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