

Piggie Pie!

by Margie Palatini, et al

Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Gritch Duck-Pig Cow-Pig
Chicken-Pig Farmer-Pig Wolf

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 (screeching): 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.

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!!

Narrator 1: Gritch zoomed in for a landing.

Narrator 1, 2 and Gritch: THUMP-P-P! THUMP-P!
EERRRRRRCH-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.

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?

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

Gritch: 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?

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.

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.