The True Story of the 3 Little Pigs! (1st ed. - 08.18.15) - 3littlepigsDlm
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Cast of Characters

The Intrepid Journalist:

LILLIAN MAGILL (AKA "NANCY"), a fast-talking, inquisitive reporter pig. A tough sow in a hog's world, seeker of truth and justice, and the audience's best friend in their hunt for the full story.

The Presiding Judge:

THE HONORABLE PRUDENCE, a thoroughly biased, hard-as-nails, utterly corrupt cog in the wheel of what passes for justice in Piggsylvania. Her chief weakness is a love of musical theatre.

The Defendant:

ALEXANDER T. WOLF, a soulful wolf with a rumpled suit and a toothy grin. Beneath the gruff image is a love for gourmet cooking and the fine arts. He's a charmer (perhaps a con artist?), but still a carnivore to the core: tough, strong, and territorial.

The Prosecuting Attorney:

JULIA, a dramatic, over-the-top firebrand of a lawyer pig; prone to speechifying. She will do or say anything to win a case, no matter how low or manipulative.

The Witnesses for the Prosecution:

MAXWELL, a clever pig, geeky and unassuming; a fancier of masonry and construction.

DR. ROBERT, a handsome, dashing doctor pig; a paid "expert" for the prosecution.

MARTHA, a matronly pig, unwilling witness to horrific acts of carnivorism.

With:

ROCKY, a big 'n' brutish civil-servant pig.

PIGS #1, 2, & 3, ensemble-type piggies.

Suggested Character Breakdown

Actor #1 (Male): Alexander T. Wolf

Actor #2 (Female): Magill

Actor #3 (Female): Prudence and Pig #1

Actor #4 (Female): Julia and Pig #2

Actor #5 (Female): Rocky, Dr. Robert, Martha, Maxwell, and Pig #3

The Songs

1. "Piggy World" (Magill, Pigs, and Alexander T. Wolf)

2. "Hogs Bless Piggsylvania" (Prudence, Julia, Rocky, and Magill)

3. "The Case for the Prosecution" (Julia, Magill, Prudence, and Rocky)

4. "Cheeseburgers Ain't Cute" (Alexander T. Wolf, Julia, Magill, and Prudence)

5. "The Pointy, Pointy Maneuver of Blame-osity" (Martha, Julia, and Prudence)

6. "Al's Side of the Story" (Alexander T. Wolf, Magill, Prudence, Julia, and Rocky)

7. "Hurrah! Hooray!" (Alexander T. Wolf, Magill, Prudence, Julia, and Rocky)

Acknowledgments

The True Story of the 3 Little Pigs! received its world premiere at Lifeline Theatre in Chicago, Illinois, on February 25, 2007. It was directed by Victoria DeIorio; scenic, prop, and puppet design was by Joanna Iwanicka; costume design was by Alison Heryer; lighting design was by Jenna Sjunneson McDanold; sound design was by Tim Hill; and the production stage manager was Stephanie Hurovitz. The cast was as follows:

ALEXANDER T. WOLF . . . . . Luke Hatton
MAGILL . . . . . Jasmin Cardenas
PRUDENCE, PIG #1 . . . . . Sienna Harris
JULIA, PIG #2 . . . . . Katie McLean
ROCKY, DR. ROBERT, MARTHA,
MAXWELL, PIG #3. . . . . Alanda Coon
Understudies . . . . . Amy Dunlap, Shole Milos,
Tiffany Joy Ross

All production groups performing this play are required to include the following credits on the title page of every program:

The True Story of the 3 Little Pigs! was originally produced by Lifeline Theatre, Chicago, Illinois, in 2007.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE 3 LITTLE PIGS!

book and lyrics by Robert Kauzlaric
music by Paul Gilvary and William Rush

BASED ON THE BOOK BY JON SCIESZKA AND LANE SMITH

(Lights rise on LILLIAN MAGILL, *a reporter pig wearing a trench coat and a fedora with a large "PRESS" card jutting from the band. She addresses the audience directly, speaking in the rapid-fire patter of the classic era of cinema.)*

MAGILL. Good day and good fortune, little piglets. The name's Magill, Lillian Magill. I'm just a plain, outspoken newspiggy with a hunger for *The Truth.* Sure, I've had offers to work for *The New Pork Times* and *The Slop-ington Post,* but I said, "No thanks," to those Bigwig Pigs. "I'm stayin' independent! This reporter's a-rootin' for the *Truth!*" And nowhere in Piggsylvania is the Truth more important than our criminal justice system. So, today I'm at the trial of the Big, Bad Wolf. Here outside the courthouse, a great crowd has gathered, hungry for slops…and *justice.*

*(*PIGS #1, 2, & 3 *enter with protest signs. One reads, "I'm afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf!" The second, "Protect our piglets! Cage the carnivore!" The final one, on exactly the same size sign as the others, reads, "In the name of all that is decent and holy, why, oh why, won't you end this waking nightmare and incarcerate the foul monster before he slays again?")*

SONG: PIGGY WORLD

MAGILL. As I look around me, I'm reminded of the words of my favorite philosopher: "Everywhere there's lotsa piggies, livin' piggy lives." Truer words were never spoke. This undeniably is a piggy world…

MAGILL.
WHEREVER YOUR HOOVES CARRY YOU,
WHEREVER YOUR SNOUT GOES,
WHEREVER YOU WANDER,
EVERYONE KNOWS…

PIG #1. YOU'LL SIGHT A SWINE,

PIG #2. YOU'LL EYE AN OINKER;

PIG #3. YOU'LL SEE A HOG

PIGS #1, 2, & 3. OR POR-CEIVE A PORKER.

MAGILL / PIGS #1, 2, & 3.
THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO MARKET;
THIS LITTLE PIGGY STAYED HOME;
THIS LITTLE PIGGY EATS STINKY CHEESE;
THIS LITTLE PIGGY WRITES POEMS.

IT'S A PIGGY, PIGGY, PIGGY, PIGGY,
PIGGY, PIGGY, PIGGY WORLD!
IT'S A PIGGY, PIGGY, PIGGY, PIGGY,
PIGGY, PIGGY, PIGGY WORLD!

MAGILL. Look at 'em: common, everyday sows, drawn together by the tragic tale of the Three Little Pigs, and their *fear* of the Big, Bad Wolf. And thanks to the media circus surrounding the Incident, no one's paying attention to what's *really* going on around here. The tail, as they say, is truly wagging the hog. So that's where *I* come in. Everyone says he's a vicious, guilty monster, but I don't know. Seems to me there's someone out there who's never had a chance to speak out.

*(*ALEXANDER T. WOLF *enters in a rumpled suit and tie, handcuffed and behind bars.)*

MAGILL. Inside the courthouse, a certain "Big, Bad Wolf" is waiting to tell *his* side of the story…

AL.
FOR THE GUY WITH FUR,
THE GUY WITH BITE,
THE GUY WHO'S DIFFERENT:
THE WORLD JUST AIN'T RIGHT.

IT'S A HARD PLACE;
A CAGE FOR THE SOUL.
A PLACE WITH NO RHYTHM,
NO ROCK 'N' ROLL.

AL / MAGILL / PIGS #1, 2, & 3.
IT'S A HOG-EAT-DOG WORLD
IN THIS STY OF A TOWN;
THE PIGS OWN THE BACON
AND RUN THE REST OF US DOWN.

MAGILL. Ever since this story broke, we've only heard the pigs' version of what happened. But to be *fair,* we need to hear from the wolf**.** Who *is* the "Big, Bad Wolf"? What *actually* happened? There's more than one side to every story…

MAGILL / PIGS #1, 2, & 3.
SHINY, HAPPY PIGGIES CLEAN THE CITY;
BIG, STRONG PIGGIES KEEP THE PEACE;
FAT-CAT PIGGIES WRITE THE LAWS
FOR A MILLION OTHER PIGGIES, AT LEAST!

AL.
THEY SAY THAT MY BITE
IS BAD AS MY BARK.
THEY SAY I'M TOO SCARY
TO WALK IN THE PARK.

MAGILL / PIGS #1, 2, & 3.
PIGGIES, PIGGIES, PIGGIES, PIGGIES, EVERYWHERE!
PIGGIES, PIGGIES, PIGGIES, ARE THE BEST!
PIGGIES, PIGGIES, PIGGIES, PIGGIES, RULE THE WORLD!
PIGGIES, PIGGIES, PIGGIES, PIGGIES, YES!

AL.
WHAT'S A WOLF TO DO? *(HOOOWWWWWWWL!)*
WHAT'S A WOLF TO DO? *(HOOOWWWWWWWL!)*
WHAT'S A WOLF TO DO? I DON'T KNOW, MAN…DO YOU?

(The song ends with the PIGS *in triumph and* AL *howling dejectedly in his cell. Lights fade on them and rise on* MAGILL.*)*

MAGILL. The mournful howlings of a hairy mammal denied the right to speak. Heartbreaking, isn't it? But now that the trial's about to start, I'm here to get some answers to the questions we've *all* been asking. *Did* he huff? *Did* he puff? *Did* he blow those houses down? Did he *really* eat the Two Little Pigs? I'm gonna get the Scoop of the Century, the side of the story we've never heard: the wolf's side. And *if I'm lucky* I'll get a chance to talk one-on-one, muzzle to snout with the most infamous carnivore of modern times.

ROCKY. *(Offstage:)* Hear ye! Hear ye! Take your seats, take your seats!

MAGILL. Ooo, here we go…!

*(*MAGILL *crosses into the audience as* ROCKY *facilitates the transition into the courtroom, which features a looming judge-type podium, a witness stand and seating for the defense and prosecution. The Piggsylvanian flag hangs above; it is reminiscent of the American flag, but with piggy-noir overtones. During the trial, the audience becomes the jury; they might be outfitted with little pig snouts or ears—'cuz that would be adorable.)*

MAGILL. Welcome to Piggsylvania's Courtroom One! This is the jury box itself. Yes, that's right: *you are the jury in this trial!* You get to decide what happens to the Big, Bad Wolf! And may I say,

you're a clever-looking bunch. I trust you piggies will take your responsibilities quite seriously. *(To one lucky adult:)* Except for that one. He/she looks like nothing but trouble.

*(*JULIA, *a self-important pig in a sharp suit, enters and takes her place.)*

MAGILL. The prosecutor has just entered the courtroom. That there's Julia; she'll be fighting to see the wolf locked up. She's an ace attorney who's never lost a case.

JULIA. *(To the audience:)* I *always* get my way.

MAGILL. Say, Julia, got any teasers for us? What do you think we'll see in the trial today?

JULIA. A little thing I like to call Justice…served up in 50 minutes or less with no intermission.

*(*THE HONORABLE PRUDENCE *enters dressed in black robes and an old-school curly white wig, armed with a gavel. She takes her position behind the podium with much judge-like pomp.)*

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* And here comes the judge.

JULIA / ROCKY / PRUDENCE. Here comes the judge. Here comes the judge.

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* Oh, no. Oh, my. That, my piggy friends, is the feared and dreaded Judge Prudence. She's a hard-headed hog; I don't know if the wolf can get a fair trial from her. But I'll letcha in on a little secret: Prudence *loves* musical theatre. Nothing melts her icy cold heart like the ol' five, six, seven, eight, shuffle ball change.

ROCKY. Hear ye! Hear ye! The Supremely Awesome Court of Piggsylvania is now in session. The Honorable Judge Juris Prudence presiding.

PRUDENCE. Thank you, Rocky. *(She bangs her gavel.)* Quiet in my courtroom, especially out there in the jury box. Before we start, let us first reaffirm our allegiance to this great land. Everybody rise and place your hooves over your hearts. *(To the audience:)* That means *you,* little piggies!

SONG: HOGS BLESS PIGGSYLVANIA

PRUDENCE / JULIA / ROCKY / MAGILL.
HOGS BLESS PIGGSYLVANIA!
STY THAT WE LOVE!
SQUEAL BESIDE HER AND GUIDE HER
THROUGH THE MUD WITH AN OINK AND A SHOVE.
(OINK! OINK!)

FROM THE BARNYARD TO THE SLOP TROUGH
WE MEANDER MOUTHS AFOAM!
HOGS BLESS PIGGSYLVANIA, OUR HOME SWEET HOME!
HOGS BLESS PIGGSYLVANIA, OUR HOME SWEET HOME!

PRUDENCE. Well, that was just lovely**.** You may be seated. Today's matter is the State of Piggsylvania vs. A. T. Wolf. Rocky, bring forth the defendant!

*(*ROCKY *leads on* AL, *who wears handcuffs and leg irons.)*

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* And there he is, gentle piggies: the Big, Bad Wolf himself. The one with the secrets we *all* want to hear. Huh. What do you know? He doesn't look as scary as everyone says.

PRUDENCE. You may release the prisoner.

ROCKY. Uh, gee, boss. Are ya sure? This ain't no domesti-ma-cated doggy, ya know.

PRUDENCE. I'll be the judge of that. The defendant will rise.

*(*AL *stands.)*

PRUDENCE. Now…sit!

*(*AL *sits.)*

PRUDENCE. And…beg!

AL. *(Stoically stomaching the indignity, he begs:)* Pleeeeease…

PRUDENCE. Good doggy. *(To* ROCKY*:)* You may release him.

*(*ROCKY *removes* AL's *handcuffs and irons.)*

PRUDENCE. Mr. Wolf, you are charged with two counts of Cruel and Unusual Consumption, two counts of Wanton Destruction of Private Property by Illicit Huffing and Puffing, and one count of Attempted Pigslaughter.

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* That means he blew down the houses and ate the pigs.

PRUDENCE. How do you plead? Guilty or not guilty?

AL. Not guilty, Your Honor.

PRUDENCE. And where is your court-appointed attorney?

AL. I'm defending myself.

*(*PRUDENCE, JULIA, *and* ROCKY *snigger.)*

AL. Uh, I'm serious, Your Honor.

PRUDENCE. So be it. Take your seat, Mr. Wolf. *Take it…*

*(*AL *sits.)*

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* An unexpected move by the wolf! Looks like "Big 'n' Bad" here thinks he'll get a fairer trial by defending himself…and knowing how things are run in this courtroom, he may be right. I'm gonna keep my pig's eyes peeled for any shenanigans, and I urge you to do the same.

PRUDENCE. *(To the audience:)* Good citizens, thank you for sitting on this jury. Your job today is simple. There are two sides in this case: the Big, Bad Wolf—a filthy carnivore with a mean and hungry look…

AL. I'm sitting right here.

PRUDENCE. …and Counselor Julia—a well-dressed, razorback-sharp attorney whose judgment and principals are always above reproach.

JULIA. You're too kind, Your Honor. We still on for golf tomorrow?

PRUDENCE. Nine a.m.—wouldn't miss it for the world. *(To the audience:)* Both sides will present evidence: *their side of the story.* Then *you* will decide whether the Big, Bad Wolf goes free—perhaps to kill again—or if he'll spend the rest of his days in the cramped kennels of the Pig Penitentiary. Enough chit-chat. Counselor Julia, you may state the case for the prosecution.

JULIA. Thank you, Your Honor. Rocky, bring on Superspecial Exhibit Number A!

*(*ROCKY *presents a fancy puppet stage, labeled "Superspecial Exhibit #A." It features a street prominently labeled "Babyback Drive," large enough to be read by the audience. It allows for changes of location [to the Little Pigs' houses] and plenty of room for a large wolf puppet to interact with various pig puppets.)*

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* Belly up to the trough, piglets; we're in for a real treat today. Julia, see, is famous for her pigtastic, razz-a-ma-tazzy style.

JULIA. I require assistance for this presentation. Your Honor, if you please.

PRUDENCE. I'm not sure it's appropriate for me to participate…

JULIA. Oh, throw "appropriosity" to the wind! Your country needs you!

PRUDENCE. Well, I suppose it wouldn't really hurt…

JULIA. Delicious. And… *(She spies* MAGILL*)* Nancy! I'll need your assistance as well.

MAGILL. What a thrill! Part of the story for once, instead of just reporting on it!

JULIA. Yes, yes. Very thrilling. Now don't upstage me—I've got an opening statement to deliver. *(To the audience:)* Everyone knows the story of the Three Little Pigs, but you've never seen it the way *I* tell it. With chills, thrills…and *puppets!* Hit it!

(A spotlight rises on JULIA. *During the following song,* JULIA *and* PRUDENCE *use the puppets to enact the story in an over-the-top style designed to paint* AL *in the worst possible light and make the pigs seems like innocent victims.)*

SONG: THE CASE FOR THE PROSECUTION

JULIA. Once upon a time, good sows and fair swine, the Three Little Pigs were alive. But one fateful morn, Wolf-ish Evil was born, and terrorized Babyback Drive.

*(*MAGILL *introduces the Desmond puppet—he is a jolly and rotund pig, fond of his sweets, who carries a cinnamon bun and wears a red t-shirt with "Desmond" printed on it.)*

JULIA. Stout Desmond, the youngest, his belly humongous, lived in a house made of straw.

*(*PRUDENCE *introduces the wolf puppet—a grotesquely evil-looking monstrosity bristling with teeth and fangs. It wears a chef's apron depicting two hot dogs; large lettering reads "KILL! EAT PORK!" Wielding an oversized fork and knife, the puppet parades onto the scene like a vaudeville villain.)*

JULIA. But into this scene of sweet, munchy bliss, a wolf came a-prowling for food…

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
LITTLE PIG,
LITTLE PIGGY,
LET ME COME IN!

MAGILL. *(As Desmond:)*
NOT BY THE HAIR OF MY CHINNY-CHIN-CHIN!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
THEN I'LL HUFF!

MAGILL. *(As Desmond:)*
NO!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
AND I'LL PUFF!

MAGILL. *(As Desmond:)*
NO!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
AND I'LL BLOW,
I'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN!

JULIA.
SO HE HUFFED!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
(HUFF!)

JULIA.
AND HE PUFFED!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
(PUFF!)

JULIA.
AND HE BLEW,
HE BLEW THAT HOUSE IN.

JULIA / PRUDENCE / ROCKY.
THAT HOME MADE OF STRAW
IT PITCHED AND YAWED;
IT FELL IN…

MAGILL. *(As Desmond:)* MUCH TO MY CHAGRIN!

JULIA / PRUDENCE / ROCKY.
AND THE BIG, BAD WOLF
ATE UP THAT PIG,
AND HE DANCED AN UGLY JIG!

*(*PRUDENCE *makes the wolf puppet consume the Desmond puppet and dance a jig of pure evil.)*

AL. Come on**!** I don't even know how to do a jig. Square dancing is really more my "thing"…

JULIA. You'll have your chance to speak, wolfy. This is *my* turn.

*(*MAGILL *introduces the Jo-Jo puppet—he is a hyperactive party pig carrying a yo-yo and wearing a yellow "Jo-Jo" shirt.)*

JULIA. Now the middle pig, Jo-Jo, for giggles and kicks, built a crazy ol' home out of sticks. But into this scene of light-hearted bliss, a wolf came a-prowling for food…

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
LITTLE PIG,
LITTLE PIGGY,
LET ME COME IN!

MAGILL. *(As Jo-Jo:)*
NOT BY THE HAIR OF MY CHINNY-CHIN-CHIN!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
THEN I'LL HUFF!

MAGILL. *(As Jo-Jo:)*
NO!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
AND I'LL PUFF!

MAGILL. *(As Jo-Jo:)*
NO!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
AND I'LL BLOW,
I'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE DOWN.

JULIA.
SO HE HUFFED!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
(HUFF!)

JULIA.
AND HE PUFFED!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
(PUFF!)

JULIA.
AND HE BLEW,
HE BLEW THAT HOUSE DOWN.

JULIA / PRUDENCE / ROCKY.
THAT HOUSE MADE OF STICKS
COULDN'T TAKE ITS LICKS;
IT FELL DOWN…

MAGILL. *(As Jo-Jo:)* RIGHT TO THE GROUND!

JULIA / PRUDENCE / ROCKY.
AND THE BIG, BAD WOLF
ATE UP THAT PIG,
AND HE DANCED HIS UGLY JIG!

(Again, the wolf puppet eats the pig puppet and dances in a terrifying fashion.)

AL. This bears no resemblance to the truth!

JULIA. *No* resemblance? Or *total* resemblance? I think we'll leave that for the jury to decide. *(To the audience:)* But finally, the wolf came to the home of the smartest Little Pig: Maxwell.

*(*MAGILL *introduces the Maxwell puppet—he is a geeky-looking pig wearing glasses and a bright green "Maxwell" shirt, and clutching his signature hammer.* JULIA *crosses to* MAGILL *and forcibly takes the puppet.)*

JULIA. I'll take it from here.

MAGILL. But—

JULIA. Scram, missy. This little puppet show is *mine* now.

*(*MAGILL *is shoved to the background of the action as the song continues.)*

JULIA. Maxwell, our hero, grade average four-zero, built *his* home out of bricks…

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
LITTLE PIG,
LITTLE PIGGY,
LET ME COME IN!

JULIA. *(As Maxwell:)*
NOT BY THE HAIR OF MY CHINNY-CHIN-CHIN!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
WHY THEN I'LL HUFF!

JULIA. *(As Maxwell:)*
HA!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
AND I'LL PUFF!

JULIA. *(As Maxwell:)*
HEE!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
AND I'LL BLOW,
I'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN!

JULIA. *(As Maxwell:)*
THAT WON'T WORK.

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
WHAT?

JULIA. *(As Maxwell:)*
YA BIG JERK!

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
HUH?

JULIA. *(As Maxwell:)*
YOU'LL NEVER, NEVER
BLOW MY HOUSE IN.

PRUDENCE. *(As Al:)*
HE HUFFED AND HE PUFFED,
MY HOME WOULDN'T FALL DOWN.

JULIA *(As Maxwell)* **/ PRUDENCE / ROCKY.**
SO THE WOLF STOMPED ALL AROUND.

JULIA. Nasty screams he released, but soon the police arrived on the scene looking spiffy. They captured the rascal with a minimum of hassle and carted him off in a jiffy. And that, good sows and gentleswine, is the state's case.

*(*JULIA *bows as the song ends.* ROCKY *clears the puppet stage and exits.)*

PRUDENCE. Thank you, Julia. An excellent opening statement, one that the jury would be well-advised…to take under advisement.

(She gives the audience a significant look.)

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* Well, it wasn't fair for the *judge* to help the *prosecutor.* And Prudence sure made the wolf look like quite an animal. How will "Big 'n' Bad" respond to all this?

PRUDENCE. Mr. Wolf, you may now state your case.

AL. Thank you, Your Honor. *(To the audience:)* You all *think* you know the story of the Three Little Pigs. But I'll letcha in on a little secret: nobody knows the *real* story, 'cuz nobody's heard *my side* of the story. I'm Alexander T. Wolf—

JULIA. Also known as "The Big, Bad Wolf," isn't that correct?

AL. Since you asked—

JULIA. No need to answer. We all know I've made an excellent point.

AL. Please, just call me Al. Look, I don't know how this whole "Big, Bad Wolf" thing got started, but it's all wrong.

JULIA. Maybe it's because of your diet.

AL. Hey, it's not my fault wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies and sheep—

JULIA. And pigs.

AL. That's just how Nature made us. In fact—permission to break into song, Your Honor?

JULIA. Objection!

PRUDENCE. Another musical number? I'll allow it.

JULIA. Extremely Petulant Objection!

PRUDENCE. I said, overruled. You may proceed, Mr. Wolf. But keep it snappy.

SONG: CHEESEBURGERS AIN'T CUTE

AL.

THEY CALL ME THESE NAMES
LIKE VILLAIN AND CREEP;
THIS "BIG, BAD WOLF" THING
MAKES ME WANNA WEEP.

MAGILL / JULIA / PRUDENCE. WEEP, WEEP. WEEP, WEEP.

AL.

I CAN'T HELP MY URGES,
NO MORE THAN CAN YOU.
IF THEY SAID, "DON'T EAT CHEESEBURGERS,"
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

MAGILL / JULIA / PRUDENCE. DO, DO. DO, DO.

AL.

OOOOOH, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

IF CHEESEBURGERS WERE CUTE,
LIKE KITTENS OR FAWNS;
IF YOU KEPT 'EM AS PETS,
LET 'EM PLAY ON YOUR LAWNS;
IF CHEESEBURGERS WERE
"UNACCEPTABLE MEAT,"
YOU KNOW IT'S THE TRUTH:
YOU'D STILL HAVE 'EM TO EAT.

MAGILL / JULIA / PRUDENCE. EAT, EAT. EAT.

AL.

CHEESEBURGERS AIN'T CUTE!

SO, I'D EAT A BUNNY,
I'D SWALLOW A SHEEP,
I'D CHEW ON A CHICKEN,
DON'T CRY LIKE BO PEEP!

MAGILL / JULIA / PRUDENCE. PEEP, PEEP. PEEP, PEEP.

AL.

I CAN'T HELP MY URGES
NO MORE THAN CAN YOU.
IF THEY SAID, "DON'T EAT CHEESEBURGERS,"
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

MAGILL / JULIA / PRUDENCE. DO, DO. DO, DO.

AL.

OOOOOH, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

CHEESEBURGERS AIN'T CUTE;
BUT THAT'S WHY YOU EAT 'EM.
I'LL SAY IT AGAIN,
AND I'LL SAY IT VERBATIM:

PRUDENCE. Verbatim? What's that mean?

MAGILL. He's gonna say it again, word for word.

PRUDENCE. Oh!

JULIA. I knew that.

AL.

CHEESEBURGERS AIN'T CUTE;
BUT IF THEY WERE, YOU KNOW WHAT?
THEY'D CALL <u>YOU</u> "BIG AND BAD," TOO,
NO IFS, ANDS, OR BUTS.

MAGILL / JULIA / PRUDENCE. BUTS, BUTS. BUTS!

AL.

CHEESEBURGERS AIN'T CUTE!

WOO! CHEESEBURGERS AIN'T CUTE!
WOO! CHEESEBURGERS AIN'T CUTE!
WOO! CHEESEBURGERS AIN'T CUTE!
WOO! CHEESEBURGERS AIN'T CUTE!

AL. *(To the audience, during musical finale:)* Can I get a witness!?

*(*AL *returns to the witness stand at the end of the song.)*

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* A whizz-bang opening by Mr. Wolf—excuse me—*Al.* He tried to soften his image, make you jurypigs actually like him a little. I wonder if it worked. I'm not sure any of us are ready to believe in a kinder, gentler wolf.

PRUDENCE. Well, you've certainly got style, Mr. Wolf, and a healthy allotment of zazz—but believe me when I say Miss Piggy McJustice is immune to the lures of zazz. Zazz will not avail you here. Julia, you may call your first witness.

JULIA. With pleasure, Your Honor. The prosecution calls Dr. Robert Shears to the stand.

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* That's "Boffo Bobby" himself, Julia's favorite medical expert, and *Swine Magazine's* Most Eligible Bachelor five years running!

*(*DR. ROBERT *enters and takes the witness stand. He is a dashing M.D. with a white lab coat and doctor-y paraphernalia.)*

PRUDENCE. State your name, please.

DR. ROBERT. Robert William Shears…M.D.

PRUDENCE. Now, Dr. Robert—

DR. ROBERT. Please. Call me Bobby.

PRUDENCE. *(Holding forth a dog-eared copy of Orwell's* Animal Farm*:)* Dr. Bobby, do you swear on the sacred text to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you Hog?

DR. ROBERT. I do.

PRUDENCE. Your witness, counselor.

JULIA. Thank you. We'll keep this quick, Dr. Bobby; I know you have appointments to keep.

DR. ROBERT. Love it.

JULIA. Have you had a chance to examine the defendant?

DR. ROBERT. You know it.

JULIA. And would you care to share your discoveries with the court?

DR. ROBERT. Would I? Try and stop me.

JULIA. *(Snapping her fingers with lawyerly bravado:)* Hogs 'n' honeys, I give you Superspecial Exhibit Number B!

(A "medical diagram" of a wolf flies in. It would resemble a page from an anatomy/physiology textbook except that the drawing consists of little more than a huge mouth filled with teeth, and a

digestive system. It is titled "Caninus Maximus Viciousness." *The teeth are labeled "Pig-rending extrusions," the digestive tract, the "Tunnel of Doom," and the stomach, the "Acidic pork-processing sack, AKA 'stomach.'" There is a tiny brain indicated; it is labeled the "Havoc generator."*)

DR. ROBERT. The Big, Bad Wolf is of the genus *Caninus Maximus Viciousness,* as you can see from this snazzy diagram here. They are a murderous breed and impossible to control. All they do is hunt and eat. And eat and hunt. And *eat.*

JULIA. And what is the wolf's favorite food?

DR. ROBERT. Sad to say, Julia, the *Caninus Maximus Viciousness* prefers to eat pigs.

JULIA. Pigs?

DR. ROBERT. *Pigs.*

JULIA. You mean like you and me?

DR. ROBERT. *Exactly.*

JULIA. Judge Prudence here?

DR. ROBERT. Bingo.

JULIA. Like the jury, even?

DR. ROBERT. Yes. Live in fear, jurypigs. *Wolves are out to eat you.*

JULIA. And is it possible for a wolf to be nice? Or, say, civilized?

DR. ROBERT. Forget about it. Their tiny brains are hard-wired for hog-hunting. It's all they know…the poor savages.

JULIA. No further questions, Your Honor.

PRUDENCE. You may cross-examine the witness, Mr. Wolf.

AL. Thank you, Your Honor. Now, Doctor—

DR. ROBERT. I'm sorry, does anyone happen to have the time?

JULIA. Why, I do, Dr. Bobby. It's 11:22.

DR. ROBERT. 11:22!?

JULIA. 11:22!!

DR. ROBERT. Oh, my! So sorry, Your Honor, but I have an emergency porkendectomy at Veterinarian's Hospital. I really should run.

PRUDENCE. Of course. You're excused, Dr. Bobby.

DR. ROBERT. Thanks, Pru. Can I take you out to the pictures sometime?

PRUDENCE. Oh, you…

DR. ROBERT. Later, piggies.

*(*DR. ROBERT *exits.* JULIA *flashes a "thumbs up" to him on his way out.)*

AL. But Your Honor, don't I get to question him?

PRUDENCE. We don't want to keep the good doctor from saving lives, do we? *Do we?*

AL. Of course not.

PRUDENCE. That's what I thought.

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* Yowza. Judge Prudence should have let Al ask some questions. But Boffo Bobby's testimony sure was powerful. I can hear what you're all thinking: "If Nature Herself designed wolves to hunt pigs, how could Al be innocent?" It's hard for anyone to resist a Call of Nature.

PRUDENCE. Julia, you may call your next witness.

JULIA. Thank you. And she is, without a doubt, the witness-y-est witness this jury will ever witness. The prosecution calls Martha to the stand!

*(*MARTHA *enters and takes the witness stand. She is a matronly pig in glasses who clutches a handbag to her chest.)*

PRUDENCE. If you would state your name for the record, ma'am.

MARTHA. Martha Henderson, Your Honor.

PRUDENCE. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you Hog?

MARTHA. I do.

PRUDENCE. Your witness, counselor.

JULIA. Thank you, Your Honor. And thank *you* for testifying today, Martha. I know this has been a very scary time for you.

MARTHA. Yes, it's been quite a trial.

PRUDENCE. *(Stifling a giggle:)* "Quite a *trial?*" *(She pulls herself together.)* …Please continue.

JULIA. Why don't you tell the court how you came to be involved in these proceedings.

MARTHA. Well, I live on Babyback Drive, right down the street from the Three Little Pigs, don'tcha know. And on the morning of—

JULIA. The murders, yes…

MARTHA. I was walking home from dropping off my youngest piglet, sweet Loretta, at kindergarten when I saw the whole thing with my own eyes.

JULIA. *(To the audience:)* That's right, good friends, a pig's eye witness to the crimes!

MARTHA. As I was passing Desmond's house—

JULIA. Desmond, the First Little Pig, you mean?

MARTHA. Yes, the big-boned boy with the straw house. Well, my heart went buh-boom, buh-boom because Dezzy's front door was *gone* and there, in front of the house, was a big, nasty wolf! He was wearing a chef's apron and had metal utensils in his paws.

JULIA. Could you read his apron? What did it say?

MARTHA. It appeared to be… *(With sorrowful revulsion:)* barbeque-themed.

JULIA. And the metal objects he was carrying? Were they sharp and shiny? Like knives?

MARTHA. Well, they were definitely shiny, but I didn't get the closest look, don'tcha know—

JULIA. *(Plowing over* MARTHA's *less-than-precise statement:)* Fine, fine. What did the beast do?

MARTHA. Well, when I got there, he was yelling and carrying on something fierce. And then, before I knew it, the horrible creature… he…he…

(Overcome with emotion, she is unable to continue.)

JULIA. Take your time. I know this is very hard for you. Martha, did the wolf huff?

*(*MARTHA *nods through her sobs.)*

JULIA. I see. And what then? Did he, perhaps…puff?

MARTHA. *(Weakly:)* He did. He did puff. There was definitely puffing.

JULIA. And then?

*(*MARTHA *shakes her head; she can't continue.)*

JULIA. Hold your head up, Martha. I know you can do it.

MARTHA. He blew down the house and ate Dezzy!

JULIA. *(To the audience:)* Wearing a chef's apron, wielding a knife and fork, *he ate Desmond in cold blood.*

MARTHA. Then he went to Jo-Jo's house. He yelled, "Let me in, let me in! I wanna eat you…all covered in sugar," or something like that. But Jo-Jo was so brave. "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!" he said.

JULIA. Bold words…

MARTHA. Then the wolf blew *Jo-Jo's* house in. It was so awful! There were sticks everywhere, up and down the whole street! But did that dirty doggy care? No! He ate Jo-Jo, too! Right there for anyone to see! I ran for the police station as fast as I could.

JULIA. Now, before you left the scene, did anything else happen?

MARTHA. Oh, right. When I was running away, I took a peek over my shoulder, don'tcha know. And *at that very moment,* the wolf looked up.

JULIA. Could you see his face? Well enough to identify him?

MARTHA. Yes, m'am.

JULIA. Take a good look around you**.** Is that wolf in this courtroom today?

*(*MARTHA *nods.)*

JULIA. Now, Martha, I must ask you to execute the Pointy, Pointy Maneuver of Blame-osity and indicate the wolf you saw eat the Two Little Pigs.

SONG: THE POINTY, POINTY MANEUVER OF BLAME-OSITY

MARTHA.
THAT BEAST!
IT WAS HIM, IT WAS HIM!

JULIA. THAT BEAST?

MARTHA. IT WAS HIM, IT WAS HIM!

PRUDENCE. THAT BEAST?

MARTHA. IT WAS HIM, IT WAS HIM!

MARTHA / JULIA / PRUDENCE.
THAT BEAST!
IT WAS HIM, IT WAS HIM!

JULIA. IT WAS THE BIG, BAD WOLF!

MARTHA. IT WAS HIM; DON'TCHA KNOW IT?

JULIA. HE'S A MANGY OL' CUR!

MARTHA. WITH PIGS IN HIS GULLET!

JULIA. HE DID THE DEED!

PRUDENCE. HE'S WITHOUT REMORSE!

MARTHA. YOU GOTTA LOCK HIM UP!

JULIA & PRUDENCE. OF COURSE, OF COURSE!

MARTHA / JULIA / PRUDENCE.
THAT BEAST!
IT WAS HIM, IT WAS HIM!
THAT BEAST!
IT WAS HIM, IT WAS HIM!

THAT BEAST!
IT WAS HIM, IT WAS HIM!
THAT BEAST!
IT WAS HIM, IT WAS HIM!

MARTHA. IT WAS HIM, RIGHT THERE!

JULIA & PRUDENCE. WE SEE HIM! WE SEE HIM!

MARTHA. THAT HORRIBLE WOLF!

JULIA & PRUDENCE. SEND HIM TO THE MAUSOLEUM!

MARTHA / JULIA / PRUDENCE.
HE'S A BEASTIE! A TERROR!
A HORROR! A SCARE-ER!

A STALKER! A CROOKSTER!
A HUNTER! A MONSTER!

A CRITTER! A MONGREL!
HE SURE DON'T BELONG-REL!

A STRANGER! A DANGER!
A DOG IN THE MANGER!

A BIG, BIG, BAD, BAD,
NO GOOD, TERRIBLE, AWFUL,
NASTY OL', SCUZZY OL'…

JULIA. *(Spoken:)* Let the record reflect that the witness has indicated the defendant.

MARTHA / JULIA / PRUDENCE. WOLF!

JULIA. No further questions, Your Honor.

PRUDENCE. Thank you, Julia. You may cross-examine the witness, Mr. Wolf.

AL. I haven't done this before, so I'm not sure how it works. Can I ask anything I want?

PRUDENCE. Anything I allow.

JULIA. And to which I don't object.

PRUDENCE. And no leading questions.

JULIA. Or rhetorical questions.

PRUDENCE. Or hyperbolical questions.

JULIA. Or ludicrously lupine questions.

AL. Okay, then. *(With irony:)* Piece of cake. *(To* MARTHA*:)* Mrs. Martha, ma'am—

JULIA. Objection!

AL. I haven't asked anything yet.

JULIA. Just warming up.

PRUDENCE. Continue, Mr. Wolf.

AL. *(To* MARTHA*:)* This apron you say you saw me wearing on the morning of the Incident, could you describe it more clearly?

MARTHA. Well, it was white, don'tcha know. And there were two hot dogs on it, all plump and cooked.

AL. You're sure they were hot dogs?

MARTHA. It *looked* like there were hot dogs on it. I couldn't see it perfectly, but—

AL. You couldn't see it perfectly. I see. And was there writing on the apron?

MARTHA. Yes. I believe it said "Kill! Eat Pork!"

AL. You *believe* it said that? Is it possible it could have said something else?

MARTHA. Well, I suppose anything's possible…

AL. And there were shiny things in my paws, you say?

MARTHA. I think so, yes—

AL. It sounds to me like you aren't certain about *anything* you saw that morning. How close *were* you when you first saw me? The next yard over?

MARTHA. Not quite.

AL. Two yards? Three and a half?

MARTHA. Well… It was more like…well, like a block, actually.

AL. You were a *block* away. Huh. No wonder you aren't very sure of what you saw.

JULIA. Your Honor, really!

PRUDENCE. Mr. Wolf, we're not going to accomplish anything here if you keep expressing your opinions. You need a "time-out" to think about what you've done. Sit! You are excused, Martha.

MARTHA. Thank you, Your Honor.

(She exits.)

MAGILL.*(To the audience:)* Yeouch. Well, the evidence against Al is sure piling up, friends! Hot-dog-y aprons, slice-y knives…should we believe what Martha said about him? And how do you think Al did? He wanted to make us doubt Martha; did it work? Maybe she *couldn't* see so well from where she was watching.

PRUDENCE. Call your next witness, Julia.

JULIA. My next and *final* witness, actually.

PRUDENCE. Ah, excellent! Perhaps we'll make it to the cafeteria before they clear away the luncheon slop trough.

JULIA. My thoughts precisely.

JULIA & PRUDENCE. Mmmmmm…lunch…

*(*AL *breaks their fugue state of delicious lunchy ponderings by clearing his throat.)*

JULIA. The state calls Maxwell, the Third Little Pig, to the stand.

*(*MAXWELL *enters and takes the witness stand, clutching his signature hammer. He looks exactly like the puppet version of him seen in The Case for the Prosecution.)*

PRUDENCE. Please state your full name for the record.

MAXWELL. Maxwell Edison Rigby. You may recall the puppet version of me from Julia's song.

PRUDENCE. Of course! Excellent! Anyhoo, do you swear to tell the whole truth, blah blah blah?

MAXWELL. I swear.

PRUDENCE. Your witness, counsel.

JULIA. Thank you, Your Honor. Max, why don't you tell us a little bit about yourself.

MAXWELL. Not much to tell, really. I enjoy construction and masonry. I like reading.

JULIA. *(To the audience:)* Who doesn't?

MAXWELL. And I like shiny things, too. *(He indicates his hammer.)* I kinda collect them.

JULIA. Yes, yes, all very interesting. But what I think the jury would be most interested in learning about is your *feelings.*

MAXWELL. My feelings?

JULIA. Your feelings. Everyone here knows you just lost your two baby brothers. How does that make you *feel?* Does it make you feel sad?

MAXWELL. Of course it does…

JULIA. Mmm-hmmm, mmm-hmmm. And does it make you feel a little…morbidly depressed? Don't be shy, now. We'd all understand if you felt that way.

MAXWELL. It does.

JULIA. And does it make you feel like your guts have been morphed into gnashing tendrils of gnawing hunger that may—*at any moment*—rip your heart to shreds, robbing you of the ability to *Ever. Feel. Happiness. Again?*

MAXWELL. Yes!

(He cries.)

JULIA. Gosh, I don't know, Your Honor. Maxwell sure seems torn up about this…

PRUDENCE. Yes, we can all hear his Mournful Moans of Weepitude. Jurypigs, you are hereby instructed to be very nice to Max and *especially* believe everything he has to say.

AL. Your Honor, that is entirely unfair!

PRUDENCE. Mr. Wolf, if you're looking for "fairness" and "rules that benefit all parties equally," I suggest you go to a soccer match or a spelling bee. We dispense *justice* in this courtroom, not fairness, do you understand me?

AL. Uh…yeah.

(He slumps back into his chair.)

JULIA. Max, now that we fully appreciate how sad you are, we're ready to hear what happened at your house on that terrible morning.

MAXWELL. I was sitting on my sofa, organizing my tinsel collection, when I heard a knock at the door—

JULIA. Evil? Did it sound like an *evil* knock?

MAXWELL. Very evil. I looked through the peephole and there was a wolf standing on the front porch.

JULIA. And do you see that wolf in the courtroom today?

MAXWELL. Yes. *(Pointing at* AL:*)* That beast: it was him; it was him.

PRUDENCE. *(With a chuckle:)* I really enjoyed that number…

JULIA. Go on, Max.

MAXWELL. He said, "Little Pig, Little Pig, let me come in." I swore by my stubble that I wouldn't open the door for him. He totally freaked out and threatened to kill me. He got madder and madder and was screaming and howling and huffing and snuffing but he couldn't get in.

JULIA. How scary! What a brave little hero you are, Max.

MAXWELL. The *real* hero is the ancient craft of masonry. Nothing, but nothing, can stand up to the power of bricks. Then finally the police showed up and hauled him away.

JULIA. Thank goodness they did, before he killed again. And thank *you,* Max, for sharing your story with us today.

PRUDENCE. You may question the witness, Mr. Wolf.

JULIA. And try not to *eat* him, if you can help it.

AL. Max, when you looked at me through the peephole, did you notice anything funny about my face?

MAXWELL. Well, your eyes were all watery and leaky. You looked deranged!

AL. Watery eyes. Anything else? What about my beard? Was there any…stuff in it? Gooey stuff?

MAXWELL. Yeah, now that you mention it, it was all gunked up. Probably with blood.

AL. Are you sure it was blood? Let me remind you that you're under oath, which means you have to tell the truth.

MAXWELL. It was *probably* blood, you…you…carnivore!

(He cries again.)

JULIA. Your Honor, I object to this hostile line of questioning!

PRUDENCE. That's enough, Mr. Wolf. I will no longer allow you to hound this witness. *(She snickers.)* "Hound." Heh…

AL. Your Honor—

PRUDENCE. Sit! *(To* MAXWELL*:)* You may be excused, brave little piglet.

*(*MAXWELL *exits.)*

MAGILL. Unbelievable! I assure you, friends—things like this don't happen in *other* judges' courtrooms. When's Al gonna get a real chance to talk?

JULIA. The state rests its case, Your Honor.

PRUDENCE. Well, that's that. We will now proceed to sentencing—

AL & MAGILL. Sentencing?!?

AL. What about *my* side of the story?

PRUDENCE. Fine. If you must. Knock yourself out.

AL. *(He takes the stand.)* So, uh… How does this work, with me representing myself? Do I just talk? Or does there have to be somebody asking me questions?

PRUDENCE. Huh. I've never actually had this happen before. I suppose *I* could ask you questions.

JULIA. Or me! It should be me, right?

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* Did she say "questions"?

JULIA. Me, me, me!

MAGILL. *(To the audience:)* If someone gets to ask him questions, it should be—

JULIA. Me! Why isn't everyone listening to me?!

MAGILL. *(Assuming a position of journalistic prominence:)* I can do it!

PRUDENCE. Who is that?

MAGILL. Lil' Magill, Your Honor, up 'n' coming reporter.

PRUDENCE. Ah, Nancy, of course!

MAGILL. I'm the perfect pig for the job. I've been chasing this story from day one and I won't rest 'til I hear Al's side of the story. Plus, the jury wants me up there—right, little piggies? *(She encourages the audience to applaud her.)* See? They want me to question the wolf. You won't stand in the way of what the *jury* wants, will you, Judge Prudence?

PRUDENCE. Well, this is highly irregular, but if the defendant has no objections…

AL. None, Your Honor.

PRUDENCE. …then I guess that'll be fine.

MAGILL. Aces! I finally get my interview! *(To the audience:)* Wish me luck, little piggies! *(She takes the stage.)* So, Mr. Wolf…I mean, *Al*—why don't we start at the beginning.

AL. *(With a soupçon of poetical grandeur:)* It all began back in Once-Upon-A-Time time…

JULIA. Objection, Your Honor. "Once-Upon-A-Time time"? Is this "story hour" or sworn testimony in a court of law?

AL. I was just trying to set a certain tone.

PRUDENCE. Get to the point, Mr. Wolf.

AL. I got up, rolled out of bed, dragged a comb across my head, and right away I could tell my day was gonna be a major drag, 'cuz I had a terrible sneezing cold. It was *awful.* You know the kind: stuffy head, watery eyes, snot stuck in gobs all over your fur. Well, maybe you pigs don't know about the fur part, but—

MAGILL. Hold your horses, now—was that why you asked Max about gooey stuff in your beard?

AL. Let me tell ya: nothing's worse than a snotty snout when you're all furry like me. So, after blowing my nose, like, three hundred times, I went down to the kitchen. I had a big project to get working on.

MAGILL. What sort of project?

JULIA. A *murder* project?

AL. You don't know me.

JULIA. Objection! I know *everything!*

PRUDENCE. Just answer the question, Mr. Wolf. What was this "project" of yours?

AL. Well, it's a little embarrassing. I don't want to undermine my rugged image…

MAGILL. Go on. Whatever you were doing, we need to hear the whole story.

AL. The truth is… *(Deep breath.)* I was baking a cake.

MAGILL / PRUDENCE / JULIA / ROCKY. *A cake?*

AL. A fabulous cake, as a matter of fact, for my Granny Eleanor. She turned sixty-four that day and I wanted to make her favorite: red velvet cake with a chocolate ganache.

MAGILL. But if you were baking a cake, how did you end up at the Little Pigs' houses?

AL. Well, I threw on my apron and gathered up all my ingredients. But, wouldn't you know it: I lacked one cup of sugar.

MAGILL. No!

AL. Yes**!** There I was, trying to do a nice thing for a sweet little old wolfy and I didn't have the necessary supplies! But then I remembered my new neighbors, the Three Little Pigs. I thought one of them might be willing to share a cup of sugar with me. *(To the audience:)* I love to share, by the way; it's one of the things that makes being a neighbor so rewarding.

PRUDENCE. Stick to the facts, Mr. Wolf.

AL. So, I hit the road—

MAGILL. And were you still wearing your apron when you left the house?

AL. Yes. That's how I roll.

MAGILL. Was it "barbeque-themed," like Martha said?

AL. Of course not! It said "Kiss the Cook," which could maybe *look* like "Kill! Eat Pork!" if you saw it from a distance…and you wore big, thick old-piggy-lady glasses.

MAGILL. And the shiny objects Martha saw in your paws? Were they knives?

AL. It was a wire whisk and a measuring cup. I don't even own any knives. Who needs knives with teeth like these?

MAGILL. So what happened when you got to Babyback Drive? Can you lay it all out for us?

PRUDENCE. Perhaps with musical accompaniment…?

AL. It would be my pleasure. *(To* MAGILL*:)* But I'm gonna need your help.

MAGILL. I helped Julia, so I guess that's fair.

AL. Now then, this is the *real* story…

> *(*MAGILL *ties an apron around* AL *that depicts a pair of red lips and reads "KISS THE COOK!" as* AL *grabs a whisk and a measuring cup.* MAGILL *brings back Superspecial Exhibit #A for a reprise appearance.)*

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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