

THREE PIGGIES

Written by  
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Characters:  
Fifer  
Fiddler  
Practical  
Wolf

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EXT. PRACTICAL PIG'S BRICK HOUSE

FIFER PIG and FIDDLER PIG rush on stage, hurried and stressed.

FIFER  
The Big Bad Wolf is coming!

FIDDLER  
He already blew down our houses,  
but our Brother Pig will help us.

FIFER  
He just blew us right down!

FIDDLER  
Don't phrase it like that.  
(yelling) Brother Pig! Help us!

PRACTICAL PIG enters, meets Fifer and Fiddler at his door.

PRACTICAL  
What is it brothers?

FIFER  
The wolf! He blew us! Blew us down!

FIDDLER  
He blew our houses down.

PRACTICAL  
Oh no!

FIDDLER  
And he's coming soon! We need  
shelter.

PRACTICAL  
Of course! Come in.

Fifer and Fiddler enter, sit down consoling each other,  
eating Practical's food.

PRACTICAL (CONT'D)  
This wolf must be really big and  
bad! To blow down two houses? Made  
of brick and mortar?

Beat.

FIFER  
Well...

FIDDLER

Don't. Just eat your porridge.

PRACTICAL

Don't what? That wolf is really big and bad, right?

Beat.

FIFER

It's a normal wolf.

Beat.

PRACTICAL

Then how did it tear down your houses.

FIFER

Blow down.

FIDDLER

(to Fifer, through gritted teeth)  
Stop.

PRACTICAL

What was your house made of?

Beat.

FIFER

Sticks.

PRACTICAL

What?

FIFER

Sticks! Okay, I said it. I release it to the world. No more shame!

PRACTICAL

Of course your house fell down—

FIFER

Blow down.

FIDDLER

(to Fifer) Don't—

PRACTICAL

—It's a fucking Jenga set! The town just did inspections how did you get past that?

FIDDLER

We pretended to be regular pigs so they just marked it as abandoned.

Practical turns to Fiddler.

PRACTICAL

Hey.

FIDDLER

I nibbled at his foot to seal the deal.

PRACTICAL

Brother,

FIFER

And we pooped on his paperwork.

PRACTICAL

What is your house made out of.

FIDDLER

I didn't tell him to do that.

PRACTICAL

Brother,

FIFER

Yeah that was just a me thing.

PRACTICAL

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSE MADE OF!?

Long beat.

FIDDLER

Straw.

Practical bursts into rage.

PRACTICAL

WHAT THE HELL!

FIDDLER

I can explain—

PRACTICAL

He probably just walked by and the gust of him passing took it down! Why didn't you just build a regular home?

FIDDLER  
I can explain!

PRACTICAL  
Explain!

FIDDLER  
It was easier.

Beat.

FIFER  
*...Easier to blow down.*

FIDDLER  
Can you stop?

<p>FIDDLER (CONT'D) See brother pig this is what I'm talking about—</p>	<p>FIFER He took all my straws I wanted to have a smoothie—</p>
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A howling sound is heard, cutting the piggies off.

PRACTICAL  
Shut, up! I've been expecting  
company and now he's here—

FIFER  
That's him! That's literally the  
sound he makes!

PRACTICAL  
—I don't want my pork-for-brains  
relatives embarrassing me. Shut up.

The BIG BAD WOLF enters, confident and happy, until he sees  
Fifer and Fiddler.

PRACTICAL (CONT'D)  
Hello Beowolf!

WOLF  
Hi—

FIDDLER  
That's him! That's the wolf that  
tore down our houses!

FIFER  
Blow d—

FIDDLER  
Shut the hell up!

PRACTICAL

That's him?

WOLF

Okay, I didn't tear down anything.  
(points to Fifer) I did beat that  
guy in Jenga, though.

FIFER

Told you it was him.

FIDDLER

What you even doing here, why are  
you over our brother's

WOLF

Oh I'm here to blow him.

**BLACKOUT.**