



PORKY PIES: The Panto!

Written by: Blythe White

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Content Warnings:

Strong Language, Sexual Innuendo, References to Cannibalism,
Dysfunctional familial relations, References to death

CAST:

Alice de Rochegonde: None, Annie 1, Child & Rebecca Rabbit

Benji Kemp: Perky

Bill Dryburgh: Pinky

Blythe White: Miss Piggy

Brona Ruiseal: Piglet, Janice

Cal McKay: Straw

CJ Coppin: Bricks, Rowlf, Pedro Pony & Winnie the Pooh

George Stansfield: Sticks, Waldorf & Zoe Zebra

Juliet Wolseley: Wilbur & Charlotte

Leighton Parkes: Peppa Pig, Statler & Stallkeeper

Leo Russell: Beef, Kermit the Frog, Dobbin & Mr Zebra

Lewis Pearce: The Big Bad Wolf

Lottie Shaw: Wee, Annie 2, Mummy Pig & Eeyore

Matthew Hill: Daddy Pig, Lew & Frank

Reesha Jhangiani: Market, Fozzie & Mother

Willem Barraclough: Pumbaa, Floyd & Dobbin

Ziggy Cooper: Percy Pig, Templeton & Suzy Sheep

SCENE 1 - HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF

(lights come up on an empty TV set, PINKY is asleep in a director's chair snoring/snorting)

PERKY: *(offstage)* Pinky! PINKY!!! Have you fallen asleep again or is that just the way you normally breathe? *(entering)* Oh for the sake of CBBC! Pinky! WAKE UP!

PINKY: *(drearily)* No, Snowball, don't develop class consciousness- Huh? Where am I?

PERKY: You're at work Pinky, and you've dozed off again like a pig in some kind of sick, cannibalistic blanket.

PINKY: *(looking around)* Oh my word! What's with all of these long-looking pigs?! Did the masses rally while I was asleep or something?

PERKY: Well, twizzle my tail and call me a porker! It looks like a room full of humans to me!

PINKY: Indeed it does, Perky. *(whispered)* But what are they all doing here?!

PERKY: *(also whispering)* I dunno. Who let them all in?

(pause)

PINKY: *(still whispering)* Ohh bugger!

PERKY: *(stilllll whispering)* What?

PINKY: *(ok they're whispering until I say they're not)* It's the day of the studio tour, isn't it?

PERKY: Sizzling sausages! I think you're right!

PINKY: Smiiiile!

(both plaster the fakest grins on themselves, and stop whispering)

PERKY: Hello, everyone! And welcome to the tour of PPTV studios! I'm Pinky!

PINKY: And I'm Perky!

PERKY: And together we are...

PINKY: Hang on! We've done this the wrong way round! Let's try again!

PERKY: Alright then.

PINKY: Hello, everyone! And welcome to the tour of PPTV studios! I'm Pinky!

PERKY: And I'm Perky!

PINKY: And together we are...

BOTH: Pinky and Perky!

PERKY: Yes, indeed, ladies, gentlemen, humans and animals, your eyes are not deceiving you! We are the porcine duo that are responsible for so many of the shows that you know and love!

PINKY: Today you'll get an exclusive behind-the-scenes look at how we make our shows and get to meet some of the swining stars from our current trough of talent!

PERKY: We care for our cast and crew deeply and make sure to build personal bonds with each and every one of them. We don't see ourselves as bosses. We're just a couple of guys.

PINKY: I mean, sure. We run the company and make all the decisions and sure we make the most money and all of their salaries go through us. But...

PERKY: And it's a big but!

PINKY: We're not the kind of tyrants of television you may hear about. We're just humble pigs from humble backgrounds making our way through the world. That's why we've got these accents!

PERKY: Yes, indeedy! My good buddy! Now, I've just got word in my ear that some of our stars are waiting backstage to do a little opening number. Whaddya say, would you guys like to meet our snouted stars?

AUDIENCE: *(somewhat unenthusiastic)* Yeahh I guess so. Whatever.

PINKY: No! I'm sorry! That was not good enough! We're trying to put on a show for you, here, but you're gonna need to give a little back! He said, would you guys like to meet our snouted, singing stars?!

AUDIENCE: *(omg so much enthusiasm)* Yeahhhh! Let's gooooo!!

PERKY: Alright. Dolly, take it away!

(the WOLF enters, dressed in sheep's clothing, with the other pigs following behind)

SONG: NICEST PIGS IN TOWN (HAIRSPRAY)

PINKY: Right, I'm sorry piggies, but that was piss poor even by farmyard standards.

PERKY: Dolly, you're in charge of cleaning 'em up while we make sure our next show isn't such a pigsty. *(To the audience)* My apologies for that, folks, we'll be back with you in a few on the first stop of our tour!

(PERKY and PINKY exit, chaos breaks out among the pigs immediately after)

WOLF: Order! Orderrrrr! So, as I'm sure you're all aware, your performances recently have been lacklustre. If the big pigs don't see dramatic improvement quickly, then I'm afraid you'll be first in line for the chop. Now, can someone please provide an explanation as to why this is, before I blow you all?!... I mean... blow your hou... I mean... put you forward to HR for redundancy.

(general commotion, disorder and noise breaks out, as all the pigs talk at once)

WOLF: Awooooo! I mean- baaa! Right, let's try this a different way. You can only talk if you're holding this bun that I nicked- that I borrowed from a friend, who happened to be wearing red... Who wants to go first?

MISS P: I shall! Hmph! I'm not happy with how I've been treated recently on the Muppet Show!

WOLF: Ok... Would you like to...

MISS P: My Kermie has been busy doing adverts for tea companies and crumpet companies and hasn't been paying me proper attention!

WOLF: Ok, but is that work-related...

MISS P: And another thing! I was promised my name up in lights, but, last I checked, my name is not 'The Muppet Show'. My name is Miss. Piggy. Hmph!

WOLF: Right, and that is why...

MISS P: And another thing!

WOLF: No no noooo. Sorry! Thank you, Miss Piggy. That's all we have time for from you for now. We've got lots of people... um... pigs... to get through! Who's next?

PERCY: I shall speak next.

WOLF: Go ahead, Percy.

PERCY: Firstly, may I comment on the boldness of your decision to allow a woman to speak first. Very cosmopolitan of you. Personally, I don't think we should have ever given them the right to vote. Made them far too big headed.

WOLF: Could we get back on track, please, Perc?

PERCY: That's Percival to you, thank you. As I was saying, I worry that the vision of Mr Michael Marks and Mr Thomas Spencer has been somewhat cheapened and diluted of recent. Whilst I once reigned supreme over other gummy sweets on offer at the fine establishment, I have now been forced to share my shelf-space with much more common beings, my alleged farmyard 'friends', a damned cow and sheep!

PEPPA: Did you say sheep?! I couldn't agree more Percy! My classmate Suzy is a real bi...

WOLF: Upupup! None of that language, thank you! And do you forget who you're talking to?

PEPPA: Sorry, Dolly. My classmate Suzy is a real... cow!

WOLF: I'm not quite sure the metaphor works there, my dear.

PERCY: AS I WAS SAYinggg. I'm no longer enjoying my time sat on a shelf in a supermarket, and my advertisement features have been few and far between as of late. I should like to perform in a proper show! With a proper stage!

WOLF: What an excellent case, well made, Percival. Who's next?

PUMBAA: When's the food arriving?

WOLF: I'm sorry?

PUMBAA: I said. When. Is. The. Food. Arriving?

WOLF: What food?

PUMBAA: I was told that there would be free food at this meeting. That's the only reason I came!

WOLF: Ok! Who's been lying to Pumbaa?

(The pigs who went to market snigger)

WOLF: I knew it would be you four! We should've never let you little piggies go to market, you've come back with nothing but bad attitudes!

WEE: We... we.... we....

MARKET: What he's trying to say is that we would never do such a thing!

NONE: But we did do it! I distinctly remember you telling him that there would be a massive buffet at the meeting!

BEEF: Well, of course we did it! But it was implicit! You didn't need to spell it out! Ugh. You ruin everything. And this is why I got the beef and you got none.

WOLF: Settle down now! Sorry for that, Pumbaa, but there will be no food at this meeting. Now, let's stop talking about food and talk about why you're unhappy with your current lot?

PUMBAA: Stop talking about food?

WOLF: Yes, let's move on to what's troubling you. Let's move on from the topic of food.

PUMBAA: Umm... what's been troubling me... without talking about food... is... um...

WOLF: Your problem is food-related, isn't it, Pumbaa?

PUMBAA: Maybe.

WOLF: Go on then!

PUMBAA: Well, I'm worried that I've eaten all of the grubs in Africa.

(pause of disbelief)

WOLF: All of them?! Every. Single. One?!

PUMBAA: Yep! I've searched high and I've searched low and I've found no grub.

MISS P: I knew a man named Grub once. We spent one magical night together and he gave me a good grub, but without the g, if you know what I mean!

WOLF: Thank you for that insightful interjection, Miss Piggy. So, Pumbaa, you came to this meeting in hopes of finding some more grub?

PUMBAA: That's right! But, since there's none here, I guess I'll be off-

WOLF: Wait just a minute please Pumbaa, I'm sure we can work something out for you. Does anybody else have any grievances that they'd like to raise with the network while we're all here?

DADDY P: I do!

WOLF: Alright, daddy. Can I call you daddy?

DADDY P: I'd prefer it actually. *(there's an uncomfortable silence)*

PEPPA: Daddyyyy!!

DADDY P: Oh shut up, Peppa! I'm just so fed up with this family! They're both in their twenties now, and still Peppa is always squealing and all George ever talks about is that fucking-

GEORGE: Dinosaur :3

EVERYONE: Shut up, George!

DADDY: And Mummy Pig is far too friendly with Mr Zebra, the postman, for my liking. I just need a holiday!

PEPPA: Oh yes, Daddy! I'd love to go on a holiday!

EVERYONE: Shut up, Peppa!

DADDY: A holiday without them.

PEPPA: That's a wonderful idea Daddy Pig! You can have a lovely holiday all by yourself, and I'm sure Mummy Pig will appreciate some peace and quiet around the house while you're away, she's always saying that she likes it much better when you're at work. *(he gives her a dirty look)*

WOLF: While I think it's best if you keep your marital affairs out of the workplace, I do agree that a holiday might be just the-

WILBUR: I'm scared! Charlotte told me they're sending me to a slaughterhouse! Am I gonna die?! I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die!

WOLF: No, Wilbur. You're not going to die. At least, not yet. I'm not one to make rash(er) decisions! *(look to audience)*

WILBUR: I'm gonna die! I'm gonna die!

WOLF: Will you please stop your sniffing and snuffling! I'm trying to hold a meeting here!

(Wilbur shuts up, out of fear)

WOLF: Now, Straw, Sticks and Bricks, what brings you guys here?

STICKS: What brings us here? What brings us here?! Is this guy serious?! Ohh I dunno. We're just hunted by a Big Bad Wolf every day of our lives. Ever heard of him?!

PUMBAA: I've heard of him, but I've never been so unfortunate to meet him!

WOLF: I... actually... haven't heard of this Big Bad Wolf. Could you tell me a little bit about the kind of problems he's been causing you?

BRICKS: Well besides putting the fear of God into my younger brothers, he's huffed and he's puffed and he's blown their homes clean down, and in the middle of a housing crisis no less!

WOLF: Now, now, you three. I can see how that must have been very inconvenient for you, but have you tried sitting down with the wolf and hearing his side of the story? I mean you never know what someone-

STRAW: Sitting down with him?! I think we'd all like to get as far away from him and those hellish fairytale woods as possible!

WOLF: Hmmm, well maybe you could go somewhere nice with Daddy Pig!

(Everyone looks over to Daddy Pig and he is fast asleep)

WOLF: He's had a lot on his plate. Right, then! A holiday, it is! I'll see what I can do! Okayyyy. Ummm... Piglet! Would you like to share with the group?

PIGLET: Um.. er... Thank you, Dolly! I won't say much. I don't want to waste anyone's time! But er... well... I think living in a forest isn't the best thing for me either. I often get scared by shapes made in the trees. There could be danger around any corner!

WILBUR: Danger?! Am I gonna die?! I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die!

WOLF: If you cry out one more time, I swear to Dog... Please continue, Piglet.

PIGLET: And... um... well. I think I'd thrive in a much less dangerous environment. A nice relaxing life would suit me best. I think. But no worries if that's not doable. I totally understand.

WOLF: Right! Well, that's everybody! It seems like the best way to solve everyone's problems in one fell blow is to get you all to swap roles! That should keep you all distract- I mean, that should give you all a nice change of scenery and hopefully get off my furry- uh, woolly- back.. I'll leave a sign up sheet for you just here. First come first served. No shoving, Miss Piggy!

MISS P: How dare you accuse me of such a thing! Hmph!... But also, I do deserve to be at the front of the queue!

(Pigs form a queue, Wolf exits)

MISS P: Hmm now which of these sounds good enough for me? The Hundred Acre Wood? Hmph. Wouldn't be the first time that I've been lied to about the size of someone's wood. What's this? Tweedy Farm, eh? Relaxing mud baths, a beautiful farmhouse set in the countryside, and your very own arachnid assistant. Sounds perfect! *(scribbles name down and leaves)*

BRICKS: I vote we get far, far away from that Big Bad Wolf.

STICKS: I second that.

STRAW: I third that.

BRICKS: How about a day out at the market, eh, boys? What do you say?

MARKET: Sorry, guys. The market is not up for grabs. Super duper sorry, but that's our turf. And you wouldn't want to be imposing yourself on our turf, would you?

WEE: Wee... wee... wee... wee...

BEEF: What my less eloquent colleague is trying to say is that there's just no more room at the market for any more pigs. Such a shame!

NONE: What do you mean?! There's loads of room at the market for plenty more pigs! It's an outdoor market!

(They all shoot him a dirty look)

BRICKS: Sorry, but we're in front of you in the queue and so I'm afraid we're just gonna have to take your place. Such a shame!

(Three Little Pigs leave)

MARKET: *(shouting after them)* Hey! Don't you dare try and hog our turf!

BEEF: Yeah, you're starting beef with the wrong litter!

MARKET: What is your obsession with beef?! It's like you make it your whole personality!

WEE: Wee wee wee wee *(runs offstage)*

NONE: Oh now look at what you've done. *(turns to leave)* Wee! Come back here!

BEEF: Wee! Stop running down the stairs!

NONE: Wee's turning a horrible shade of yellow!

(All three exit)

PEPPA: Now! Which show do I think would be best for me?! The jungle or the forest sound a bit too scary for a four-year old like me! Hmm maybe I could...

EVERYONE: Shut up, Peppa!

DADDY: Peppa, I think it's best if you keep your clapper shut for once and take George home with you so that I can choose where I'd like to go on holiday all by myself.

PEPPA: Yes Daddy :(*(lighting up)* Oooh! With you gone, there'll be plenty of time for me to have my friends over. I could even ask Mummy if Zoe Zebra and her daddy, the postman, are free this afternoon, she always says yes if Mr Zebra will be there!

(PEPPA and GEORGE exit)

WILBUR: I hope Peppa's ok. Is she gonna die?! She shouldn't die! She seems like a nice girl! Am I gonna die?! I don't wanna die! I don't wanna dieeee!

DADDY: Peppa's not gonna die, sadly. We've been going for eighteen bloody years! When will she die?! I mean... When will the show die?! And you're not gonna die either, Wilbur! Not if you make a quick decision and don't spend forever dilly dallying! Some of us have got some important napping to catch up on!

WILBUR: Ooh. Err. Umm. Where will I be the safest?! Ooh what's this? 'Peppa Pig. A lighthearted family show about a nuclear family and their typical everyday life'. Sounds perfect for me! No drama!

DADDY: Yep! Not tiring at all! You'll love 'em! Now, just sign on the line and then get a move on out of here! Chop chop!

WILBUR: Chop chop?! Am I going to get chopped up?! And made into a pie?! Mrs Tweedy likes to make pies. She says it's the woman's touch that makes them special. I don't know why Mr Tweedy's touch doesn't work for her; it has to be done by her fingers alone, apparently. Maybe I'll find why if she ever makes me into a pie. Oh no! I don't wanna die! I don't wanna dieeee!
(runs offstage, sobbing)

DADDY: Finally! Some fucking peace and quiet!

PERCY: Upupup! Enough of that language, thank you, my good sir. I've withheld my tongue up until this point, but I'm afraid I can no longer. Thank you. Now, let us see what options we have here. No. No. No. Definitely not! Aha! 'Looking for a bright, vivacious and likeable piggy protagonist who's not afraid to take their rightful spot centrestage'. Well, I sound like the perfect candidate for that! *(to audience)* I'm clearly the most likeable character in this pantomime, aren't I, audience?

AUDIENCE: Oh no, you're not!

PERCY: Oh yes, I am!

AUDIENCE: Oh no, you're not!

PERCY: Oh yes, I am!

AUDIENCE: Oh no, you're not!

PERCY: Well, whatever your perceptions of me may be, the objective truth is that I am a likeable character. I believe it to be true and thus, as long as I do not pay any attention to any news source, it must be the truth. Sign me up! *(scribbles name down and leaves)*

PUMBAA: Finally! Time for me to have a look at this piece of paper! I wouldn't be able to stay much longer without food anyway! What's this?! These Spencers and Mark guys sound quite tasty! The list just goes on and on with all the delicious products they produce! Much better than grubs! Count me in! *(scribbles name down and leaves)*

PIGLET: Ooh err umm. Me next. Pooh sticks! I guess I'll be taking the three little pigs then! Since they're only little pigs, it shouldn't be too challenging. Ummm. I hope! And Dolly seemed to think the Big Bad Wolf wasn't as bad as everyone says he is.. Ooh umm. I could always ask old Pooh Bear to join me, he does love a good expedition, and he's much braver than I. So that's that I suppose. Goodbye, Mr Daddy Pig! *(exits)*

DADDY: Goodbye, Piglet. Well it looks like there's no parts left for ol' Daddy on this list. *(in an impression of the Peppa Pig narrator voice)* 'Daddy Pig is very upset that there's nothing for him to do' Aha, as if! Now that I've finally got some peace and quiet, I can finally pursue my real passion, which is sl- *(he instantly falls asleep in a nearby chair)*

(lights fade down)

SCENE 2 - AM I A PIG OR A PUPPET?

PINKY: They say never work with children or animals, so we definitely made a wrong call hiring Piglet and Peppa!

PERKY: Well, we're too far down the line now! The abattoir won't accept pigs with a net worth of over 2 million...

PINKY: Whooooaahh, don't mention the A word while we have company! Moving swiftly on folks... Ok, our first show for you tonight has been running since 1976! It's an oldie but a goldie!

PERKY: 1976? But that's like 50 years ago! How come they're not all crusty and wrinkly?!

PINKY: *(deadpan)* They're puppets, mate.

PERKY: Yeahh. How come the puppets aren't all crusty and wrinkly?

PINKY: Um. I can't believe I even have to say this but. They're not real living beings.

PERKY: Whaaaaat?

PINKY: Yeahh. They're made out of felt and foam and wires, mate. They're not real. Are you ok?

PERKY: What on earth are we even paying them for then?!

PINKY: Umm... err... well, we're paying them for... I honestly don't know.

PERKY: Right. That's it. I'm going to write a strongly worded letter to Mr Henson. *(storms offstage)*

PINKY: Wait for me! *(exits)*

(Kermit enters)

KERMIT: It's the Muppet Show! YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAY!!!

SONG: THE MUPPET SHOW THEME SONG

KERMIT: Yes, hello, everyone! And welcome to another all-singing, all-dancing episode of the Muppet Show! We've got an extra special show for you today, as today is actually someone very important's birthday! Yes, today is all about someone who has been on this show since the

PIGinning, a SWINETacular star, who is SOW talented: our pretty porcine friend, MISS PIGGY!
(applause)

STATLER: I had a pig friend once.

WALDORF: Oh yes. What happened to them?

STATLER: They got involved in a breakfast food pyramid scheme. Turns out it was a ba-con!

(both laugh)

KERMIT: To kick things off, we'll be paying a visit to Veterinarian's Hospital, where Miss Piggy has got her trotters full with some rather difficult patients...

(Percy enters, looking like a bad imitation of Miss Piggy, facing others sat down in a doctor's waiting room)

PERCY: Alright, alright, I'll perform the script. But before we begin, could somebody point me to a loo?

FOZZIE AS PATIENT 1: I think there's a LEW just around the corner.

(Percy goes to investigate)

PERCY: I don't see a LOO, only some strange moustachioed man holding-

LEW: *(from offstage)* FISH!!

(PERCY is hit in the face with some fish)

PERCY: Really!? This is already ridiculous and the sketch hasn't even begun! I was very clearly asking to use the lavatory, and these halfwits thought I was making reference to an eccentric *European* man named LEWis. *(pause)* Sorry? What's that? Begin the script? Oh alright then! *(mockingly)* You're the boss! *(scoffs)* Okaaay, first patient, I'm looking for a Dick Head. Any Dick Heads in here?

FLOYD AS PATIENT 2: Have you looked in the mirror lately?

(All patients burst out laughing)

PERCY: I say! This could easily be avoided if I merely referred to this gentleman as Richard rather than... Ok. Ok. Stick to the script. I understand! Ok, I'm just looking for anyone who hasn't been seen. Anyone?

ANNIE 1: That's me!

PERCY: Right. And what's your name?

ANNIE 1: Annie One.

PERCY: I do apologise. You must not have heard me. I asked you what your name is.

ANNIE 1: Annie One.

ANNIE 2: She's Annie One and I'm Annie Two.

BOTH: We're twins!

PERCY: *(blood boiling)* I see... Moving very swiftly on. Can I just be frank for a moment?

FRANK: *(Walks across stage wearing a comically large name tag)* No, you bloomin' well cannot!

PERCY: Oh for heaven's sake! Um... It now says in the script that Miss Piggy loses it and starts doing mixed martial arts... Is that... are we... To be honest, I'd much rather just go and tweet something passive aggressive than face my issues head-on. I'm sorry, boys! I gave it a whirl! Cut!

(Percy exits. Kermit enters and paces the whole width of the stage)

STATLER: Well, the show's off to as bad a start as ever.

WALDORF: What does this show and a pigsty have in common?

STATLER: I don't know. What do they have in common?

WALDORF: They're both full of shit.

(Both laugh. Percy enters)

KERMIT: Ohh Miss Piggy! I was meaning to talk to you!

PERCY: What is it, my slimy lime amphibian?

KERMIT: Um. Great performance today, as ever. Just, you seemed a little... off. With the script. Was everything alright?

PERCY: Why, yes, my... darling. I just... I wasn't really feeling myself. All better now, though. Do not fret, my pet! So, I'll just take my paycheck and then I'll be off!

KERMIT: Ohh, Miss Piggy, you are funny!

PERCY: Yes, I'm well aware, thank you. You don't need to tell me! *(goes to leave)*

KERMIT: Miss Piggy! You can't be serious! That was just the first sketch! We've still got a whole show to do and it's all about you!!

PERCY: What??! I mean... What a pleasant surprise! Must have slipped my mind! I'll get right back into the wings and ready for the limelight! Ta ra!

(Percy exits, scowling)

KERMIT: Right! Next up on the show we'll be taking a trip down to Baker & Sons Bakery. Let's hope for no soggy bottoms!

(Kermit exits. Percy, Rowlf and Janice enter, now in a bakery)

PERCY: Ohh I do love bakin'!

ROWLF: You love bacon?

PERCY: Yes, I just adore the smell of fresh bakin' in the morning! Mm mm!

JANICE: You do know that bacon comes from pigs, right?

PERCY: It does when I'm making it!.. Ha. Ha. Ha... Sorry! I'm sorry! This is simply awful! *(pulls script out of somewhere and flicks through pages)* Is this entire sketch purely based on a mishearing of the word baking? Well, I'm afraid I shan't stand for that. Do you know that I actually work in the food industry? *(Realises he's outed himself as Percy)* Umm... I mean.. my brother works in the food industry. Yes, yes! My brother! I think the best solution to this is for me to improvise my lines from now on. *(rips up script)*

(Rowlf and Janice look at each other as if to say "what do we do?!" They decide to stick to the script)

ROWLF: But that's basically like eating yourself!

PERCY: Baking runs in my blood. Ever since I was a young pig I had a passion for baking.

JANICE: That's called cannibalism! Cool it, Armie HAMmer!

PERCY: As my fingers enter the receptive texture of a focaccia or as my flour becomes incorporated with my dry sponge ingredients, I often cry. A singular tear will frequently crawl down my face and fall, contentedly, into the bowl.

ROWLF: Well, you know what they say! It's a dog-eat-dog world!

PERCY: Dog and... lady. I cannot help but feel like you are not working with me here. Don't you dream of ripping up the script? Starting afresh?

JANICE: Not really.

ROWLF: I've never really thought about it

KERMIT: (*Running on stage, panicked*) Ok er, thank you for that hilarious and...insightful sketch. A round of applause for the bakers, everybody!

(*Rowlf and Janice exit.*)

KERMIT: Ummm, Miss Piggy, what was that?! I thought you said that you would stick to the script!

PERCY: Ohh, my dear little... King Harold? I'm ever so frightfully sorry. I hope you can forgive me!

KERMIT: Well sure, just don't let it happen again, this show is messy enough as it is- the music act, Little Bow Peep and her choir of Sheep, have gone missing! And there have been reports of a suspicious wolf-like figure roaming around backstage...(a howl is heard in the distance, Kermit and Percy shudder). Now, are you ready for your final sketch of the show?!

PERCY: (*To the audience*) You're joking! Not another one! (*back to Kermit*) Oh, my gorgeous greenness, I have never been so ready for anything in my whole life.

KERMIT: Fantastic! This one stars just you and I.

PERCY: (*mumbled*) Me and you.

KERMIT: Sorry?

PERCY: (*exasperated*) Ugh. Just carry on!

KERMIT: This one stars just me and I... um.. me and... I and.... Us! (*To audience*) Now, due to complaints from a certain Eagle named Sam about our sketches being too "low brow", we will be visiting some classic literature in our very own version of Romeo and Juliet!

PERCY: *(seething)* Yay!

STATLER: This show feels like a Shakespearean tragedy already.

WALDORF: Oh yes? Which one would that be?

STATLER: Hamlet, I just wish this Ham would let us go!

(Both laugh. Balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet commences)

PERCY: Ohh bouncy boy, bouncy boy! Why are you a bouncy boy? Why don't you change your name, via Deed Poll, or else I will?

KERMIT: Hmm should I listen to her say a bit more or should I speak over her in my loud, booming amphibian voice?

PERCY: Jesus wept! I mean... this is just excruciating. You've absolutely butchered the words of one of the most cunning linguists of all time. I completely understand the need to try and stay up-to-date and relevant to the youths of today. *(to the audience)* Just like Gregg's, my role is now fully vegan-friendly. I miss the days when I was made out of real pigs. I blame all these woke lefty liberals for taking the pig out of the pig! Now I'm a mere husk of a man! A mere husk!

KERMIT: A man?!

PERCY: You're clearly mishearing things, my dear. You must be very overworked. Why don't you go and have a lie down?

KERMIT: I know I'm overworked, but SOMEONE has to run this show!

PERCY: Go. And. Lie. DOWN!

(Kermit scurries offstage)

MISS P: *(offstage)* CUT!

(The real Miss Piggy enters, and pushes Percy offstage)

MISS P: Well, that was a trainwreck from start to finish, wasn't it? *(weak audience response)* I said 'that was a trainwreck, wasn't it?' *(stronger audience response)* Hmph! I feel like Peppa Pig could have done a better impression of me than that klutz! I think even a plank of wood could have done a better job than that! He just lacked that flair that makes moi so special! *(points to audience member)* You know what I'm talking about, don't you? *(Response. Improv with an audience member. What's your name? What's your degree? Who's your favourite character in the show so far?)* Well, if you like porkin' in the mornin', then make sure to give me a call! Just, I

feel like no-one appreciates Miss Piggy any more. *(Hopefully an ahh)* Ohh come on, it's sadder than that! *(Bigger ahh)* Kermie didn't even notice that I was gone. Hmph! *(upset turns to anger)* Well, I don't need those Muppets anymore! I'll see you *(pointing to audience member)* on the farm ;)

SCENE 3 - PITCH PORKFECT

(Pinky and Perky sheepishly walk back onstage)

PINKY: So sorry about that, folks!

PERKY: Yeahh, we didn't... we weren't expecting...

PINKY: Miss Piggy seemed to go a bit rogue today. I have no idea why! It was her big day!

PERKY: I also didn't know that she was British! That was a shock to me!

PINKY: Umm... yeahh... that was a bit weird, wasn't it? *(there's a pause as Pinky and Perky exchange confused eye contact)* Well, moving on with the tour!

PERKY: Next up we've got some absolute classics for you!

PINKY: My mum always used to say that there's nothing like the classics.

PERKY: How come she doesn't say that any more?

PINKY: Richmond's.

PERKY: Sorry?

PINKY: Richmond's sausages. One day, they just... *(wells up)*

PERKY: Ohh. I'm sorry.

(Pause, held for an uncomfortably long time)

PERKY: I've always thought I'd make a good hot dog.

PINKY: How come?

PERKY: Well, I'm hot, obviously, and I just love doggi...

PINKY: Dog walking! You love dog walking, right?!

PERKY: Nooooo! I was gonna say that I love doggi...

PINKY: PERKY!! Don't forget about the *hay* code, those horses will be down our neck! Let's move on, shall we? We've got a lot to get through!

PERKY: You're right! As I was saying, before I was so rudely interrupted by your flashbacks to your dark past, we've got some absolute classics for you!

PINKY: Has anyone ever heard of... The Three Little Pigs?! (*Audience cheer*)

PERKY: Or how about This Little Piggy who went to Market? (*Audience cheer*)

PINKY: Well, how about them...

BOTH: Both together!

PERKY: Yes, that's right! We've brought the star quality from The Three Little Pigs and introduced it to the icon status of The Little Piggies who went to Market, and, let's just say, sparks are already flying!

PINKY: So, kick back and relax as we record our exclusive mashup...

BOTH: The Three Little Piggies who went to Market!

(Pinky & Perky exit. Three Little Pigs enter)

STRAW: Ahh it really does make a nice change to get out, rather than being cooped up indoors.

STICKS: I mean, the wolf did often guarantee that we weren't indoors, since he'd just blow our pissing houses down!

BRICKS: Guys! Can we not talk about the W-O-L-F, please? I was hoping I could just spend a nice day at the market with my brothers. (*Ahh from audience?*)

STICKS: No! You're right! Let's put the wolf behind us!

STRAW: He's behind us?! (*spins round*)

BRICKS: No, strawbrain! He means we should stop talking about the wolf. Let's talk about something nicer, like...

STICKS: Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens?

(straw and bricks stare, awkward silence)

STRAW: Guys! Check this out! *(puts on a tie)* Hello, yes. I am a real human. I'm so excited to go to work and sit at my desk and type things on my keyboard.

(They all laugh)

STICKS: Ok! My turn! My turn! *(puts on an apron)* Hello there! It's me. Your friendly neighbourhood butcher. Nothing porcine about me. What dead animal can I do for you today?

(They all laugh)

STICKS: Go on! Your turn!

(BRICKS reaches for something from the stall)

STALLKEEPER: Oi! get your mitts... hooves?

BRICKS: Trotters

STALLKEEPER: Trotters off my stuff unless you're buying. Now would you like to make a purchase?

BRICKS: Alright, alright. Let's see... this one looks tasty, what is it?

STALLKEEPER: Chilli Jam

BRICKS: Hey, you chill! And the name's not Ejam!

(The stallkeeper is exasperated as the pigs burst into laughter again. As this is happening, the wolf enters. He's still disguised as Dolly, but during this monologue, he changes into a butcher's disguise and sets up a second market stall.)

WOLF: *(to audience)* Like a wolf... out of sheep's clothing. *(hopefully the audience clock he's the villain at this point and boo)* Oh, my plan's already going flawlessly. Percy has scuppered today's run of the muppets, or should I say 'the suck-its'. Hahaha, burn. *(assuming the audience don't laugh)* No, I guess that one wasn't that clever. Anyway, I didn't have to do much, he's just naturally dislikeable. No, not like me, I'm just misunderstood, a black sheep if you will. *(assuming the audience don't laugh again)* Oh, like you could do any better! One by one, I'll get each and every one of these little piggies off the air until eventually the network will have no choice but to finally broadcast some high-quality, premium TV, like Teen Wolf! That's just one example, of course, there's loads of other great wolf-related media for them to show... like Twilight: New Moon. Oh I don't care what you or your little letterboxd accounts think, I'm taking

these pigs down! Besides, this next one will be easy. I mean, there's hardly space at this market for two rival groups of pigs.

(The Wolf opens his stall, and the pigs are drawn over by the smell)

STRAW: Look at this wonderful selection of cured meats. Why, there's lamb shank and beef hash and ham.

STICKS: Oh my!

BRICKS: Um. Excuse me, sir. What is this ham made out of?

WOLF: Horse.

(All three pigs breathe a collective sigh of relief)

STRAW: *(holding up corn)* My my, what big ears you have.

WOLF: *(reminiscing)* That's what she said

STICKS: Who?

WOLF: Little Re - um YOUR MUM

BRICKS: Hey, that hardly seems necess-

(The Market Pigs enter)

BEEF: Step away from the beef

STRAW: What beef?

STICKS: We have no beef

NONE: I too, have none *(violins)*

MARKET: Well we sir

WEE: Weeeeeeee

NONE: Yes, we, my good fellows

WEE: WEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

BEEF: Have beef with you!

BRICKS: Oh yeah, well... *(rifles through pockets, pulls out a handful of straw and sticks)* Nope, I can't find it.

NONE: What are you looking for?

BRICKS: A fuck to give!

MARKET: Hey, that is absolutely unacceptable language, in the market of all places. You're the ones who wandered into our setting without an invite.

STICKS: Well I *wonder* what you are going to do about it

NONE: I'll tell you exactly what we-

WEE: WEE

NONE: Are going to do about it.

MARKET: Hit it!

(None slaps Wee as the music starts)

SONG: RIFF-OFF (PITCH PERFECT)

(The song finishes, leaving both teams of pigs exhausted)

NONE: I have to say, I didn't think you'd be able to keep up as well as you did

BRICKS: Hey, you have some pretty good moves yourself

MARKET: I think there's room in this market for a few more little piggies. Besides, I can't imagine you'd want to return home with that horrible Big Bad Wolf still on the loose.

BEEF: *(muttered)* Well maybe if they'd been more responsible and used proper construction materials they wouldn't have such a big problem.

WEE: How dare you try to blame the victims of this terrible situation, it is precisely that kind of backwards attitude that is at the root of the majority of our issues in modern society. I mean... WEEE!

NONE: You're right, we do live in a society. Please, stay here as long as you need, we can co-exist peacefully, and maybe keep working on our routine.

STRAW: Thank you!

STICKS: How about a nice piece of roast beef

WOLF: No! They were supposed to fight each other, not become friends! Ok piggies, you leave me no choice but to huff and puff and- *(he blows very gently, but enough to push Bricks into None, making him drop his precious beef. The Wolf sneaks offstage)*

NONE: Finally! Some Roast Beef of my very ow-

(There's a moment of silence across the universe as None's beef hits the floor, before all hell breaks lose between the Pigs once again)

BEEF: WHY I OUGHTA-

STALLKEEPER: Hey, hey, hey! This market is a place of peace, and you lot have disturbed that enough already with your horrible squealing just now. I'm calling in the big pigs!

(Sirens sound and the Wolf re-enters, in police uniform)

WOLF: Round them up! I'm sorry little piggies, but your market days are over. You're coming with us to the pen.

SCENE 4 - MUD IN THE WATER

PERKY: Jesus, this tour isn't going very well, is it?

PINKY: *(through gritted teeth)* I know that, but you don't have to say it so loudly in front of them!

PERKY: Ohh sorry! *(to audience)* You're all enjoying the tour, aren't you?

(Audience oh no we're not)

PINKY: Oh yes you are!

(oh no we're not)

BOTH: Oh yes you are!

PINKY: We're going to have to pull out the big guns, Perky.

PERKY: I thought that the guns have been banned on set ever since... the incident.

PINKY: Not real guns, you dimwit! I mean, find something good to show them, before they write a disapproving review on Google.

MISS P: (*from audience*) Too late! I've already left a one star review!

PERKY: Ohh pissing porkchops! Find something good... and quick!

PINKY: (*flicking through TV guide*) Ooh! How about this! A drama centred around the animals living on a farm. Seems pretty harmless. I don't see what can go wrong. Reconnect people to their rural roots.

PERKY: (*tentatively*) I don't know if it's the best idea, but if you say so! Ladies and gentlemen and gentlepeople, may we present to you... Animal Farm!

PINKY: No! Not Animal Farm!

PERKY: But you said that...

PINKY: Yes! It's about a farm with animals living on it, but it's not Animal Farm!

PERKY: Ohh you do confuse me sometimes!

PINKY: Do you not know anything about classic literature?

PERKY: Umm... no.... I'm a pig. I needn't concern myself with such things. What I really care about is keeping our loving viewers happy. (*smiles, and it turns into a grimace*)

PINKY: Well, if you care about them, then you do not want to show them Animal Farm!

PERKY: Alright! Alright! What are we going to be showing them then?

PINKY: Next up we'll be showing you an absolute classic! Charlotte's web!

PERKY: Ohhh is that the one about the little Pig called Charlotte and her adventures online and surfing the web?

PINKY: No! My God! You really don't know anything, do you?! Charlotte is the name of a spider, actually, and it's about her spider's web, not about the worldwide web!

PERKY: There's a spider's web that spans the whole globe?

PINKY: Arghhhh! Never mind. Here's Charlotte's Web!

(Pinky and Perky leave stage, Pinky confused. Miss Piggy enters, as Wilbur, along with Templeton the Rat, Dobbin and Charlotte (of web fame). Charlotte is an old dame, and has the energy of a drag mother to Wilbur.)

CHARLOTTE: Ever since I met my friend Wilbur, I've wanted to protect him. I've done what I can for that little guy, so.. gentle, so... kind, so... demur. Now, it's the county fair, and it's up to him to prove himself in front of the farmers.

MISS P: What a pigsty! Hmph!

CHARLOTTE: Ahh chin up, Wilbur! We need you in good spirits if you're going to win Prize Pig in the county fair!

MISS P: Wilbur?! Au contraire! That's Miss Piggy to y- wait..... *(she clocks)* Ohh yes! Wilbur! That's me! Wil. Bur. Mm hm.

TEMPLETON: Sounds like Wilbur's having an identity crisis.

CHARLOTTE: Wilbur, the other animals and I have been talking about you.

MISS P: Only good things I hope! *(laugh that turns into a snort)*. Seriously though, who's talking about me behind my beautiful back?

TEMPLETON: Mmmm. Back bacon.

CHARLOTTE: Just me, Templeton and Dobbin. We've been worried about you.

DOBBIN: Neigh.

MISS P: *(notices Dobbin for the first time, double takes)* That horse is clearly diseased. Why has no one put him down yet?

CHARLOTTE: Now, now, Wilbur. You know he's a very sensitive equestrian. *(slightly scared)* We wouldn't want to upset him.

DOBBIN: Neigh. *(threateningly)*

CHARLOTTE: We're worried about your chances of winning this fair, Wilbur.

MISS P: *(starts paying attention, brushing her hair back etc)* There's a competition, you say?

CHARLOTTE: You need to show that you are worth being kept alive-

TEMPLETON: (*nasty*) Or they'll sell you to the butchers!

CHARLOTTE: So just follow my lead and-

MISS P: You think you can tell *moi* how to do show-biz, you old cow?

CHARLOTTE: I've kept you alive so far, you ungrateful little gammon.

MISS P: Ah, so Wilbur was your little protégé? Well, it's time for you to step back and be a little more laissez-county-faire. I've got this, boo.

CHARLOTTE: You've got some tough competition out there, Wilbur. The cows are looking *bofine*, and as for the sheep-

MISS P: -HA! Wool coats are so last season. I'm off to do warm-ups (*goes to the side of the stage doing funny vocal warm-ups*)

CHARLOTTE and TEMPLETON give each other a look.

TEMPLETON: Wilbur is so dead.

CHARLOTTE: I don't know what's got into him. This isn't in the script at all.

TEMPLETON: Just stick to the plan. You were going to weave another word into your web, right?

CHARLOTTE: Yes, I thought I'd go with one of Wilbur's best traits.

TEMPLETON: Well, you better start at it. The pigs are up.

(TEMPLETON and CHARLOTTE move to the side of the stage. DOBBIN exits. CHARLOTTE starts 'knitting' or 'crocheting', something to that effect. MISS P moves centre stage)

MISS P: Hello audience! We got any farmers in the house tonight?

TEMPLETON: What is Wilbur doing?

CHARLOTTE: Oh no. Crowd work.

MISS P: (*Audience interaction, feel free to improv around this*) Well, I'd certainly let you plough my land. (*Ask people their names, where they're from until you find someone countryside-y*) Oh,

(insert where they're from)? A country boy... I looove yoooo. Ah :P. I'm sure you've been with a piggy or two in your day, no? Well it's nothing to be ashamed about! How do you think that makes me feel hmph? Well, let me tell you something, (insert name), those other pigs... they simply can't do it like me. Do you wanna know why? (She turns around, and looks back at the audience in true pop girl fashion) It's Piggy bitch.

SONG: GIMME MORE (BRITNEY SPEARS)

MISS P: Did I win?

(Enter DOBBIN)

DOBBIN: Neigh.

TEMPLETON: What was that? You realised the judge is Old Macdonald and not Rupaul??

MISS P: You're saying I lost? Was that not what you wanted? Didn't I... *(singing)* Didn't I do it for you... Didn't I do it for you...

CHARLOTTE: No. You did not do it for them.

MISS P: How can I not win? It's *moi*! I practically run showbusiness! And I ALWAYS WIN!!

TEMPLETON: Quick, Charlotte, show your new word for Wilbur.

(CHARLOTTE holds up the finished word she'd been 'making'. It reads 'HUMBLE' (that's from the original text!). They look at MISS P. Then back to the word. Then back to MISS P. It couldn't, obviously, be further from the truth.)

CHARLOTTE: Um...

(ENTER PINKY)

PINKY: That musical number wasn't in the script. What the hell is going on?

MISS P: You stay away from me, corporate shill, or they'll have to rename it to just the Perky show!

CHARLOTTE: We can still fix this, Pinky. I just have to convince the farmers that- ooh. Oh no. *(CHARLOTTE collapses)* I'm dying. Of old age. Just natural causes.

MISS P: Charlotte! No! You may be an old bag, but you're *my* old bag. *(to the audience)* Don't look at me like that, it's called character development, ever heard of it?

TEMPLETON: It's too late. I just got the update on the county fair twitter account. Wilbur here has been sold for slaughter.

MISS P: Ça alors!

CHARLOTTE: No! Who's the buyer?

TEMPLETON: *squints at his phone* It says here it's a BBW? Big... Bad... Wolf?!

(EVERYONE Gasps. Enter WOLF who starts grabbing MISS P and dragging her offstage)

WOLF: You're coming with me. Chop-chop, my little pork chop.

MISS P: Wait! I'm not even Wilbur, I'm Miss Piggy, you know, THE Miss Piggy, this is all a big misunderstanding!

WOLF: Cut out the squealing, pork cutlet. Doesn't matter to me. A pig is a pig is a pig is MY DINNER!

MISS P: Noooooooooooo

(WOLF and MISS P exit. Lights down)

INTERVAL

SCENE 5 - CHEWS WISELY

PINKY: *(walking onstage)* Hello, gentlefolk! Did you miss us?

(Mixed response)

PERKY: Looks like we've got some mixed opinions. I mean, that's fair enough, you know. Everyone's entitled to... *(Pinky stomps on his foot)* Ow!

PINKY: You're only entitled to your opinions if you agree with us. Otherwise, there's the door!

(Pinky points at the curtain, but Perky moves his hand to actually point at the door)

PERKY: We hope you got the chance to enjoy some nourishment from the Balloon Bar downstairs during the interval. I know I did!

PINKY: You got drinks without me?

PERKY: No! *(pause)* I got food without you!

PINKY: That's even worse!

PERKY: *(pulls out menu)* Here! Have a look at this, tell me what you want and I'll get it for you during the next scene, ok? Do you promise to stop stropping like a baby.

PINKY: *(not meeting his eyes)* Promise.

PERKY: Now, what takes your fancy?

PINKY: Umm... sausage, eggs and bacon, that's a...

PERKY: Yep! A no-go!

PINKY: Bacon bap.

PERKY: Nope!

PINKY: Bangers and mash! That sounds good!

PERKY: Ground up pigs and potatoes.

PINKY: Okayyy then! I'll just get some sweet treats! Can't go wrong there! I'll get some Haribos, I think!

PERKY: Look, I hate to break this to you, but...

PINKY: What?! Really?! In sweets?!

PERKY: Afraid so.

PINKY: Fine! I'll just get a cocktail then! I do love munching down on a rooster's plumage!

PERKY: Now. About that.

PINKY: Ohh for Pinky's sake!

PERKY: Should we get back to the tour?

PINKY: Ohh bloody hell! I forgot they were here! How much did you hear? *(All of it)*

PERKY: Bugger! Ahem. My apologies. Moving swiftly on, up next, let me just check... Ah! It says we're doing a commercial for some sort of supermarket.

PINKY: God! Our channel really has gone to the dogs, hasn't it!

PERKY: Upupup! No more of that attitude, thank you! Our channel hasn't gone to the dogs, it's gone to the pigs! And this channel is still bringing home the bacon. You really are a silly sausage sometimes!

PINKY: You're right. I know. I was being dramatic. *(pause. Then, with the biggest, cheesiest, fakest smile and voice)* Oh boy! A television commercial for a supermarket! Just what I've always wanted! The rest of my career is nothing, a mere speck, in comparison to this commercial that we're about to film!

PERKY: That's the spirit!

PINKY: So, what is the supermarket we'll be advertising?

PERKY: Spencer and Marks? Haven't heard of them, to be honest, so I wouldn't get your hopes up for any high budget effects.

PINKY: Well, I've heard of Marx, but I didn't know he opened up a supermarket.

PERKY: How are you spelling Marks there?

PINKY: M-A-R-X?

PERKY: Ahh no, you're thinking of Karl Marx. He didn't set up a supermarket, but he did release a smash hit with Carly Rae Jepsen. Don't you remember?

PINKY: Um, no... I don't think I do...

PERKY: You don't remember the smash hit Karl Me Maybe?

PINKY: *(deadpan)* No. I do not.

SONG: *CALL ME MAYBE*

PERKY: Right, that was fun and all, but we are really running behind schedule here!

PINKY: You're right! On with the show!

PERKY: It's not a show, it's a...

PINKY: On with the commercial!

(Pinky and Perky take a seat in the audience. Pumbaa, as Percy, enters)

PUMBAA: Why, hello there! I'm Percy Pig. You may remember me from... *(Pumbaa catches sight of some truffles)* Ooh! Truffles truffles truffles! If there's one thing this pig loves, it's getting his snout nice and dirty in the ground snuffling for some trufflings. Ohh I'm going to...

PINKY: *(offstage)* Cut! Ok, Percy, the line is 'visit us in store and taste the M&S difference with our golden orange liqueur truffles'. Ok! From the top! *(Reset)*

PUMBAA: Why, hello there! I'm Percy Pig. You may remember me from the packet of sweets you guzzled last week. So, you have a tooth for sweet things, eh? Why not visit us in store and taste the M&S difference with... *(Pumbaa catches sight of some biscuits)* Ooh! Biscuits biscuits biscuits! What's the difference between these biscuits and me? *(no reply)* These biscuits are shortbread, and warthogs are bred to be short. Not exactly the tallest creature in the...

PINKY: *(offstage)* Cut! What now, Percy?

PUMBAA: It's a pig. But. I don't think it's breathing.

PINKY: *(offstage)* I'm sure it's fine! Just carry on!

PUMBAA: Okay. *(gulp)* Or how about a chicken or turkey or a three-bird roast or a four-bird roast or a five-bird roast or...

PINKY: *(offstage)* Cut! Are you feeling quite alright? That was completely off script! M&S only offer three-bird roasts!

PUMBAA: Sorry! My mind was wandering.

PERKY: *(offstage)* What were you wondering about?

PUMBAA: Not wondering! Wandering!

PERKY: *(offstage)* What?

PINKY: *(offstage)* Ohh shut up, both of you! Right, we're going to have to move to the next setting. Sweet aisle! *(Getting in position)* Final shot! Let's get this in the bag! Aaand... Action!

PUMBAA: Whatever takes your fancy, we're guaranteed to have it here at M&S. If I were you, though, I'd head straight to the sweetie aisle, as that's where you'll find me and all of my farmyard friends. Are pigs and sheep and cows, all a bit much for you, though? Why not dabble with our six legged friends with Colin the... *(Sees the packets and packets of Colin gummies)* the... Oh my goOdNESS! Grubssss! *(rips open packet one, starts shovelling them into his mouth)* I thought I'd eaten them all! I thought I'd eaten every last one and yet. Here you are. Here you ARE! Hundr... Thousands of you! All neatly packaged for my consumption! *(rips open packet two)*

PINKY: *(offstage)* Cut!

PUMBAA: *(ignoring him)* And to think I felt so bad for consuming the entire grub population and it was all for NOTHING!

PINKY: *(offstage)* Um... I said cut!

PUMBAA: *(ignoring him)* You're all so tiny, though! You're hardly gonna fill me up!

(Mother enters with child and Colin)

CHILD: Mummy! Mummy, look! I got the last Colin cake on the shelf!

MOTHER: Ohh well done, darling! It's hardly a birthday without a Colin the caterpillar cake!

CHILD: 600g of pure chocolatey, cakey goodness! I can't wait to dig my teeth into this!

MOTHER: I've never told you this before, son, but I love you. My love for you purely hinges on the fact that you were able to get this cake.

(Pumbaa sees red, charges towards them, pushes mother out of the way, pushes the child over)

PUMBAA: Gimmeeeee! *(starts gnawing on Colin)*

CHILD: Mummy! He took my Colin cake from me!

MOTHER: Don't call me mummy! Without that cake, you are nothing to me. Let's hope Dora the Explorer's given you some good navigational skills, because I will not be driving you home.

(Child goes off crying, mother struts off after him. Pinky and Perky storm on stage)

PINKY: What the hell do you think you're doing?

PUMBAA: I just wanted some grub.

PINKY: Some gru... Oh well done! Very clever! Look, quite frankly, I'm going to have to blacklist you from ever using our studios again. Have you any idea how much this is going to cost to clean up?

PUMBAA: *(mouth full of chocolate)* No.

PINKY: Damn. I was hoping you would. I have no idea either.

PERKY: How about we just pay the cleaners nothing?

PINKY: We can't risk another strike Perky, you know those cleaners draw a harsh *pigget* line.

(Percy bursts in, running, out of breath)

PINKY: Now what?! Who the hell are you?!

PERCY: I'm Percy.

PERKY: Nice try, Buster, but I'm afraid your little charade is a little too late.

PINKY: Yep, the real Percy is right here *(Points to Pumbaa)*, and looking at the time I'd say we've already wrapped on the new Spencer and Marks advert. Better luck next time kiddo.

PERCY: Excuse my filthy French, dikko, but are you seriously questioning *my* authenticity, when *you* can't even get the brand name correct? I think you'll find it's actually Marks and Spencer. Hence, M&S.

PINKY: *(sarcastically)* Most riveting my old chum. Well, nonetheless, or so to speak, we'd better get a move on Perky. *(they begin to exit)*

PERKY: Hang on. If the company is called M&S, then what was that large order of S&M gear that I just signed for? I assumed it was some sort of equipment for the shoot, but now that I...

PINKY: Perky, not in front of the kids! *(They both exit)*

PUMBAA: Hey, that's my line! *(Turning to Percy)* Pumbaa T. Warthog. A pleasure to make your acquaintance. *(Kisses Percy's hand).*

PERCY: Get your warts away from me, you hog! You know, I've caught h'wind of a certain BBW stalking these hallowed boards and for that abysmal impression of me alone I ought to make you his grub!

PUMBAA: Oh please do! I don't care who made the grub at this point, I'm godamn starving so a little barbeque would-

PERCY: Not BBQ you moron! BBW! As in Big. Bad. Wolf!

(At this point the WOLF enters behind Percy's back. Pumbaa is terrified, while Percy is completely oblivious that the Wolf is gradually getting closer and closer as he monologues)

PERCY: Dear Lord, what a sad little life, Pumbaa. You ruined my reputation. Completely. So you could have the grubs. But I hope now you get some lessons in grace and decorum cos you have all the grace of a reversing dump truck without any tyres on.

PUMBAA: *(trembling)* I don't know what's happening right now.

PERCY: Well, you wouldn't. Let's be honest, there's nobody in there, love. So, Pumbaa, take your grubs and get out of my supermarket, before I myself feed you to the-

PUMBAA: BIG BAD WOLF!

PERCY: Well yes, that's what I was going to say before you so rudely-

PUMBAA: NO!! *(pointing)* BIG BAD WOLF!!

(Percy finally turns around, and both pigs suddenly scream and squeal as the lights go down)

SCENE 6 - SALT AND PEPPA

(Pinky and Perky sheepishly walk back onstage)

PINKY: So sorry about that, folks!

PERKY: Yeah, how unprofessional! Haha... *(aside to Pinky)* Did I hear that fake Percy say something about a Big Bad Wolf on the loose?

PINKY: *(Aside also)* I wouldn't trust the word of a celebrity impersonator, Perky. They're like actors, it's literally in their job description to lie.

PERKY: Still, we can't risk having a Big Bad Wolf stalking the set! Didn't you see him in Into the Woods? The kids aren't safe here!

PINKY: Don't you think I know that? We can't have another suit. For all we know, he could be here already, right under our noses! *(The Wolf could help the STA with prop movement)*

PERKY: Best to forget about it... We should probably get on with the show, right? We literally can't afford not to.

PINKY: People have certainly worked in more dangerous entertainment environments for less money.

PERKY: Ok, I'm glad we agree. Shit, speaking of, we need to do the merch roll

(The two straighten themselves out, like they're doing one of those old-people sales scams on TV)

PINKY: We think that paying our actors a salary is rather old-fashioned and here at PPTV, we're always trying to move with the times. That's why the actors' pay rests precariously on how much merch we sell! That way it keeps them on their toes and makes life that little bit more exciting!

PERKY: And we know a thing or two about exciting, don't we, Pinky?

PINKY: Ohh we sure do, Perky! We wrote the book on exciting!

PERKY: Yes, we're very pleased to announce our new tell all book "**Spare Ribs**", which is coming out next week in all good book stores across the country!

PINKY: We will also be doing signings of the book around the UK.! Tickets are only £50 and for an extra £250 you can take a photo with us too!

PERKY: Don't say we don't give you much! We spoil you rotten!

PINKY: Come along and we can guarantee you'll be like a pig in shit!

PERKY: Talking of shit, do you think you're ready for our next shoot? *(weak audience response)*
I said, do you think you're ready for our next shoot?! *(less weak response)*

PINKY: Alright! Now, they're busy setting up the scenery at the moment, but...

(Wilbur runs across the stage, wearing Daddy Pig's clothes. Mummy Pig is chasing him)

WILBUR: I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die! *(exits)*

PINKY: Well, whoop dee doo! No need to announce it to everybody! Some people!

PERKY: If you hadn't guessed already, everybody, the next show is the one, the only Peppa Pig!

(The Pig family are still not on stage)

PINKY: The one, the only Peppa Pig!

(Peppa and co. are still not there. Pinky storms offstage)

PINKY: Ohh for goodness sake! Can't you get anything right?!

(Perky is stood gormless, mouth agape, in the middle of the stage by)

PINKY: PERKYYYYY!

(Perky runs offstage too. The Pig Family finally enter to the Peppa Pig theme tune.)

(Mummy Pig exits. Daddy Pig enters and lies on the sofa behind them)

PEPPA: *(voiceover)* Peppa's Playdate

NARRATOR: *(voiceover)* Peppa is bored.

PEPPA: I'm bored. *(no-one reacts, so she says it louder)* I'm boredddd. *(prods Wilbur, as Daddy Pig)* Daddy, I'm bored! What shall I do?

WILBUR: Well, when I'm feeling sad or bored or... well, any emotion really, I just speak to my spider friend and that cheers me up and unbores me straight away!

(pause, as Peppa processes what he's just said)

PEPPA: You're silly, daddy! Everyone knows you don't have friends!

WILBUR: I do too! Well, I have... the spider and the... horse and...

PEPPA: Imaginary friends don't count, Daddy! Aren't you a bit old for those *hehe*?

WILBUR: They're not imaginary! They're real, I swear!

GEORGE: *(pointing at Wilbur)* Loser!

(Wilbur starts crying. Mummy Pig enters)

MUMMY: Peppa! Stop tormenting your father!

NARRATOR: *(voiceover)* It's Mummy Pig! She's been making a cake for the village bake sale.

PEPPA: Mummyyy, can I help with making the cake?

MUMMY: Sorry, Peppa, but this is Mummy's one opportunity for peace and quiet, so I'm not going to let you ruin it! Your good-for-nothing Daddy's right though, for once! Maybe you should invite some friends over.

PEPPA: What an excellent suggestion, Mummy! If only Daddy had suggested it sooner!

(They both laugh. Wilbur cries. Mummy Pig exits as Peppa goes to the phone and begins dialling a number)

NARRATOR: *(voiceover)* Peppa is typing her friend's telephone number on her telephone's keypad.

PEPPA: *(sassy)* Yes, thank you, Mister Narrator, sir. I think they can all see what I'm doing!

NARRATOR: *(voiceover)* Peppa is dialling the number of her friend Zoe Zebra.

PEPPA: SHUT IT!

(Telephone recievey-clicky noise. Zoe comes onstage in a cool split-stage MTB A-level drama moment. She's wearing pink and her stripes can always tell when it's about to rain... well, they can tell when it's raining.)

PEPPA: Hello, Zoe.

ZOE: *(on phone)* Hello, Peppa.

PEPPA: Would you like to come to my house for a playdate?

ZOE: *(on phone)* Let me ask my daddy.

WILBUR: I've never met a zebra before. What are they like?

PEPPA: Well, they've got beautiful black and white stripes. Much more stylish than you, daddy!

WILBUR: I am stylish! This... these... glasses! are very in right now!

PEPPA: Whatever you say, grandpa. *(Wilbur begins to cry again)*

ZOE: *(on phone)* Daddy asked if Mummy Pig will be there?

PEPPA: Yes, she will! Mummy Pig lives in the same house as me!

ZOE: *(on phone)* Daddy says I can come then! What time?

PEPPA: What's a dentist's favourite time?

ZOE: *(on phone)* I don't know, Peppa! What is a dentist's favourite time?

PEPPA: Two thirty!

ZOE: *(on phone)* Hahaha! Great! See you then! *(hangs up)*

(Zoe exits)

PEPPA: Well, that's one guest sorted! But I think I need more than one for a playdate!

WILBUR: Why don't you invite Pedro?

PEPPA: I'm not letting my boyfriend come round my house and see how much of a state you are! That would be sooo embarrassing, Daddy!

MUMMY: *(offstage)* I know! What about inviting Pedro?

PEPPA: What an excellent idea, Mummy! You are so much cleverer than Daddy!

(Peppa dials number Clicky recievey, Pedro enters, gagapalooza staging.)

PEDRO: *(on phone)* Hello, Peppa.

PEPPA: Hello, Pedro. Would you like to come to my house for a playdate?

PEDRO: I would love to come, Peppa! Whinny m-eye arriving?
(Peppa scrunches up her face, deep in thought)

NARRATOR: Oh no! Peppa has forgotten what time she told Zoe Zebra to arrive!

PEPPA: What's an Irish lumberjack's favourite number?

PEDRO: I don't know, Peppa! October 3rd?

PEPPA: What? Pedro, that's a date. I asked what an Irish lumberjack's favourite number is.
(dumb male pause) It's tree.

PEDRO: You're so funny, Peppa! I'll see you at three, and not a minute earlier! *(hangs up)*

PEPPA: Easy peasy! I feel like I'm forgetting someone though...

NARRATOR: Oh no! Peppa has forgotten to invite one of her closest friends!

WILBUR: How about you invite Rebecca Rabbit?

PEPPA: How about you keep your piggy snout out of my business?! *(pause)* Ahhh I know who I've forgotten!

WILBUR: *(crying)* Who?

PEPPA: *(dramatic)* Rebecca Rabbit.

(Peppa doesn't seem thrilled to have remembered to invite her. Perhaps a venomous history. They say that Rebecca Rabbit's ears are so big because they're full of secrets. Speed-dial, Rebecca picks up immediately, also wearing pink. Her voice suggests niceness, while her face says otherwise.)

REBECCA: Hello Peppa!

PEPPA: Hello Rebecca. Would you like to come round to my house?

REBECCA: *(drastic voice change)* I can't. I'm sick.

PEPPA: Boo, you hare. Pedro and Zoe will be there.

REBECCA: I'm a rabbit, Peppa, and you know that. *(beat)* I'll be there. *(hangs up)*

(Rebecca exits)

PEPPA: Well, that was easy enough!

NARRATOR: It is now 2pm and Rebecca Rabbit has just arrived at the Pig Residence.

REBECCA: Peppaaa. Heyy.

PEPPA: Hello, Rebecca. *(beat)* Come in.

(Peppa and Rebecca sit cross-legged on the floor, both facing forward. Loud clock ticks in the background. A vicious pause ensues.)

PEPPA: So...

REBECCA: So.

PEPPA: How have you been?

REBECCA: Fet- Fine! I've been... I've been fine.

PEPPA: That's good.

(Long uncomfortable pause)

(The doorbell rings)

PEPPA: Oh thank god.

NARRATOR: It's Zoe Zebra and her daddy, Mr Zebra, the postman.

WILBUR: Hello, Zoe. Are you here to see Peppa?

ZOE: Yes, I am. I'm obviously not here to see you, you filthy Pig. *(Zoe joins Peppa)*

(Mummy Pig enters, all dolled up. She's not a regular mummy pig, she's a cool mummy pig.)

MUMMY: Oh, Zach! You're here! I wasn't sure if you were coming!

MR ZEBRA: I will soon! I've got a very big package to deliver.

(Mummy Pig grabs Mr Zebra's hand and they run offstage, giggling. Wilbur bursts into tears)

REBECCA: Hello, Zoe. I didn't know that you were coming. You're late.

ZOE: What do you mean late? My daddy is always on time! With. Out. Fail! It's like he has ESP-

REBECCA: No. You're definitely half an hour late.

PEPPA: Zoe. I'm really super duper sorry, but I may have told you the wrong time!

NARRATOR: Oh no. Peppa has made Rebecca feel angry and Zoe feel left out. This is not a great start to a great playdate.

(Peppa is beginning to resent the narrator. There's another excruciatingly long pause. Eventually the doorbell rings. Pedro enters, wheeling a suspiciously large box.)

NARRATOR: Ahh look! It's Pedro! And he's brought a gift for Peppa!

PEDRO: Hello, Peppa, my love. I've brought a very special surprise for you! All you need to do is say the magic word and then I'll perform the grand unveiling!

(Peppa gives the death stare to end all death stares. She cannot be arsed anymore.)

PEDRO: That's not the magic word, silly! Try again!

PEPPA: Don't push it, ponyboy.

PEDRO: Do not fret, my dear! I shall unveil the gift on my own!

(Pedro unwraps the box and out of it comes Suzy Sheep. She's like Regina George from Mean Girls)

PEPPA: Ohh come off it! You have got to be kidding me!

SUZY: Hello, Pedro! Hello, Rebecca! Hello, Zoe! *(pause)*

(other two girls erupt into giggles. Think mean popular girls at school. Like in Mean Girls)

ZOE: Do come in, Suzy.

(They all enter the house, except Pedro, who almost makes it in, but Peppa catches him on his collar)

PEPPA: What on earth did you think you were doing inviting her here?!

PEDRO: Umm... because I thought you were friends!

PEPPA: We are, but I don't think you understand what this sheep is capable of! Seriously, Pedro, evil takes ovine form in Suzy sheep.

PEDRO: Don't be silly, Peppa, she's not that bad.

PEPPA: Ugh, whatever. Just come with me, we can go and jump in muddy puddles, without *them*.

(Pedro and Peppa exit. Others snooping around her house, like in Come Dine with Me)

NARRATOR: *(Sounding like come dine with me guy)* The girls have decided to snoop around Peppa's bedroom. Spicy!

(Suzy secretly pulls out a book hidden in her wool. It looks like some kind of flammable novel.)

SUZY: Oh my goodness! Guys! Look at what I've found! *(reading)* Emily Elephant is a trunky little byotch? You guys, did Peppa write this?! She knows Emily's family are endangered!

(Zoe snatches the diary off of her)

ZOE: Gimme! Madame Gazelle is a pusher. A sad, old grub pusher. Oh my gosh! True.

(Rebecca snatches diary off of Zoe)

REBECCA: Let me see! Henrietta Horse: Too much hay to function? I mean it's accurate but- *(gasp)* Rebecca Rabbit made out with a carrot?!?!? Oh my god that was one time!

(Wilbur enters)

WILBUR: Hey, girls! What are you up to?

ZOE: Well, Suzy and Rebecca were just...

(Rebecca puts her hand over Zoe's mouth)

REBECCA: We were just admiring what a beautiful house you have, Mr Pig.

SUZY: Say, Mr Pig, do you know if Peppa wrote this book? *(flipping pages)* It seems a bit rude and- *(gasp)* I think she wrote something about you in it!

WILBUR: Haha, let me see what nice things my little Peppa has to say about me. Can't be much nicer than what my wife says about me! Because our marriage is very good.

MUMMY: *(offstage)* Ohh, Mr Zebra! Deliver that package right in my letterbox!

MR ZEBRA: *(offstage)* It won't fit!

WILBUR: *(Reading)* Wil- Wilbur?! Must be a nickname hahaha. *(Wilbur sees what it says and immediately breaks character, reading it completely deadpan)*

SUZY: *(pointing)* Wilbur: This pig is the most jarring little pussy I've ever met. Do not trust her. She is a crusty runt.

(There's a long silence)

SUZY: I can't believe Peppa would write something like that... -but she absolutely did! Ugh, I mean what is it with her? She just always takes things too far.

ZOE: Yeah, it's like the limit doesn't exist with her or somethi-

WILBUR: This must all be a big misunderstanding, right guys? None of this was in the scri- uh, I mean, my darling Peppa would never be so mean to her own Daddy, or use such adult language... isn't this a kid's show?

REBECCA: Why don't you ask Mummy Pig? *(Mummy squeals sensually offstage)*

WILBUR: Yes, thank you for that, Rebecca. I'm sure if I only asked Peppa... *(looking out an imaginary window)* Oh look at that! She's playing outside with Pedro now, why don't we go and join her?

(There's a brief black out while the Peppa Pig theme plays. Maybe a brown mat is brought on.)

PEDRO: I love jumping in muddy puddles!

PEPPA: Yes! Jumping in muddy puddles is so much fun! But do you like doing any other things? I really like reading books, do you read any books Pedro?

PEDRO: Hahaha! What's books?

(Wilbur enters, followed by Suzy, Rebecca, Zoe and other available characters)

PEPPA: Oh, hello Daddy Pig!

WILBUR: Hello Peppa, I was just looking for you! Your friends and I have found this fiery novel and it says some rather rude things in it, so I was just wondering if you knew anything about it?

PEPPA: Hmmm let me see *(she starts flipping through the pages, trying not to giggle and what she reads)*

PEDRO: Peppa was just telling me about how much she loves her books Daddy Pig.

WILBUR: *(noticing Peppa's giggling)* So, Peppa, you did write those mean things about me?

PEPPA: No, you stupid oaf! Are you trying to ruin my reputation?

WILBUR: Oh no, I'm sorry Peppa, it's just you haven't exactly been the kindest to me-

PEPPA: Because if I wanted to say mean things about you, I could. I mean do you know what everyone says about you Wilbur?

WILBUR: *(panicked look to the audience)* Who's Wilbur? I'm just your old Daddy Pi-

PEPPA: Everyone says that you're just a squealing, washed up freak who's a less entertaining version of me!

WILBUR: Excuse me?! Less entertaining? I'm sorry Peppa I've put up with a lot today, but I won't let you drag my name through the muddy puddle anymore.

SONG: SOMEONE GETS HURT- REPRISE (MEAN GIRLS)

(Wilbur, iconically, gets hit by a bus)

(There's a sudden blackout as the bus sound effect plays. When the lights come back up, Wilbur is lying on the floor, dead (not really). Everyone is horrified.)

PEPPA: Oh god. EVERYONE SCRAM!!!

(Peppa and co remove the body and scarper.)

SUZY: *(exiting)* I could've sworn I saw Peppa push Daddy Pig!

NARRATOR: Wilbur doesn't appear to be breathing. How unfortunate. He doesn't even go here.

(Blackout)

SCENE 7 - THE POOH, THE ASS AND THE PIGLET

(There's an extended silence as Pinky and Perky try to process what's just happened.)

PINKY: So um, yes, that was the Peppa Pig family.

PERKY: Well... at least there were no signs of that Big Bad Wolf. When life gives you lemons, as they say. *(beat)* Of course, lemons can sometimes be code for vehicular manslaughter.

PINKY: That it can, Perky, that it can. Still, we did get a valuable lesson from Peppa and the family.

PERKY: Yep, a very valuable lesson indeed. A lesson about...

PINKY: About... the patriarchy's tendency to pit young women against each other in a way that's ultimately self-destructive to us all?

PERKY: Oink oink, Pinky! It's like... patriarchy mate... stop. It's not on.

PINKY: Perky, define patriarchy.

PERKY: And now, ladies and gentlefolk, I think it is a great time to move on (*aside*) actually Pink, I really feel like we really should check in on Daddy Pig before moving on.

PINKY: (*aside*) We're onto our final show though Perky, and if we stop now, the audience can technically still get a refund on their tickets.

PERKY: Shit, better get a move on then.

PINKY: Alright folks, without any further delay, please enjoy our final taping for today, The Three Little Pi- (*he's interrupted by something in his earpiece*) What's that? They got what? Arres-? Oh for God's sake, this can't keep happening.

PERKY: Our apologies, folks, we've just got word in our ear that unfortunately, due to circumstances beyond our control, The Three Little Pigs will not be appearing in today's taping.

PINKY: But don't you fret! The show must go on, and we've got some wonderful understudies waiting backstage that are sure to give you a great performance! Please, give it up for Winnie the Pooh and frie-

PERKY: (*bursts out laughing*) The what?!

PINKY: Pooh, mate. P-O-O-H. Y'know, the yellow bear. Wears a red t-shirt and... and....

PERKY: And what?

PINKY: Well, I don't remember him wearing... anything, down there.

PERKY: You mean to tell me he just walks around with his full Poohnani ou-

PINKY: Jesus, Perk! Anyway... um... he's from the Hundred Acre Wood. Goes on little adventures with his friends. Piglet, Eeyore and that. You've seriously never heard of him?

PERKY: Well I've seen my fair share of yellow Poohs in my day, but never any bears.

PINKY: Good god, you really are an uncultured swine. Alright, with NO FURTHER DELAY, ladies and gentlemen please give it up for Piglet, Eeyore and Winnie the Pooh!

(Pinky and Perky exit. Piglet, Eeyore and Pooh enter)

POOH: Ohh hello, Eeyore! How's your day going?

EYORE: Same as the last day I'm afraid, Pooh. And the day before that. And the day before that. But I suppose that's life for an old Donkey like me. Wake up, anguish. Have breakfast, anguish. Lunchtime, angui-

PIGLET: How's your day been Pooh?

POOH: It's been wonderful, Piglet. Such a beautiful day, full of oh so much honey! I just have to sing! *(Begins to sing What A Wonderful World, but is cut short by Wolf's voice offstage)*

WOLF: Little pig, little pig, let me come in.

POOH: I'm sorry, mister, but I'm not a pig. I'm a bear named Pooh, and I'm afraid you can't come in as I'm having a private conversation with my friends Piglet and Eeyore.

PIGLET: No, you silly old bear. We have to read the words in the script!

POOH: Oh piglet, you know I've never been much of a reader. Don't you remember the backson fiasco? Or my Broadway debut in *Honey Girl*?

PIGLET: Oh, Pooh, let me read this line for you. It says... not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin!

WOLF: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down! *(Wolf appears from behind the curtain and blows, the straw house collapses)*

POOH: Oh bother. What are we to do now?

PIGLET: Run.

POOH: Sorry?

PIGLET: *(running for his life)* Run!

POOH: Oh, Piglet. Not exercise!

(Wolf gnashes his teeth at him and then he starts to run as well. Eeyore walks glumly and slowly, not overly bothered about whether he lives or dies. They arrive in the house of sticks.)

WOLF: Little pig, little pig, let me come in.

POOH: (*out of breath*) Hasn't he already said this line?

PIGLET: (*now in horror movie survival mode*) He says it again. We're only a third of the way through.

POOH: So...

PIGLET: Yes! More running!

POOH: Oh bother!

PIGLET: Just say the line again, Pooh. Please!

POOH: Oh sorry! Not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin! (*to Piglet*) Actually, I don't have any hairs on my chin. Freshly shaven this morning. Smooth as a baby's...

WOLF: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!

(*Eeyore enters*)

EEYORE: Ohh hello, there. Thanks very much for waiting for me.

PIGLET: Eeyore! Not now!

POOH: Ohh hello, Eeyore! Piglet and I are acting!

EEYORE: How fun. I wish I could...

PIGLET: Eeyore! Not right now!

EEYORE: Ohh of course. Eeyore in the way again. Sorry.

POOH: No need to be so glum, Eeyore!

PIGLET: Guyyyys!

POOH: What is it, Piglet? You seem stressed out by something. Why don't you sit down and take a couple deep breaths? (*Wolf gnashes teeth at him*) Ohh, but Mr Wolf, I've already done plenty enough running for the whole year.

EEYORE: Not to be pessimistic, but running away didn't exactly work last time.

PIGLET: Well, then, we'll... Guys! I'm not doing it on my own!

PIGLET, POOH & EEYORE: We'll have to try it again then, won't we? Wool!

(Piglet runs off, but Pooh and Eeyore stay put)

PIGLET: That means you have to run too! *(no movement)* I'll give you honey!

POOH: *(springing into action)* Ohh why didn't you say so, Piglet? That seems like the obvious first thing to mention.

EEYORE: Ohh goody! Honey!

PIGLET: Eeyore, if you co-operate, then I've got some sertraline for you!

(Eeyore bolts after them. They end up in the house of bricks. Piglet is catching breath)

POOH: So, Piglet, about that honey...?

PIGLET: At the end, Pooh!

POOH: So, we're not...

PIGLET: No, Pooh, we're not quite at the end of this nightmare yet. I can't believe you still haven't read the script! Or learned to read a script!

POOH: Oh Piglet, I'm only a bear. Don't tell me off just because I like to sit and putter. *(begins to sing)* Life's honey with some milk and bread and butter. Why, that gives me an idea!

EEYORE: First time for everything.

POOH: I'm a bear. So, surely I can scare the wolf off with my beastly fangs and gnarly claws.

PIGLET: You're not a real bear, though, Pooh.

EEYORE: You are a toy. You are a child's plaything.

POOH: Plaything? No no! Christopher Robin and I are friends!

EEYORE: Oh no you're...

PIGLET: Um. Sorry to interrupt you two. But. Um. I really think we should come up with a plan to defeat the Wolf.

EEYORE: Well, what does the script say?

PIGLET: Nothing. it says nothing. Someone's torn out the rest of the pages. OoOh pooh sticks *(turning the script over)* Fucking hell! It says 'PREPARE TO DIE', and it's written in blood!

POOH: *(Piglet passes Pooh the script, and he licks the back)* It's only ketchup. And speaking of sweet and delicious sauces, it's nearly eleven o'clock, so could I have my honey now Piglet? I like to have something sweet around elev-

PIGLET: I'm afraid not, Pooh.

POOH: No sticky and delicious nectars of the gods for poor old Pooh. I do think you ought to calm down, now, Piglet. You're beginning to sound like Eeyore. And no-one would want that.

EEYORE: Thanks a bunch.

PIGLET: But that does give me an idea! I've locked all the doors and windows, so now the only way into the house is through the chimney. So, what if we were to fill the chimney with honey? The Wolf would surely get stuck then.

EEYORE: And die of starvation.

PIGLET: Ohh dear, Eeyore. I was only thinking of buying us some time to escape. *(beat)* But, yes, I guess he would ultimately perish.

POOH: You're going to waste some of my perfectly good honey?

PIGLET: I'm sorry, Pooh, but this is a matter of life or death.

EEYORE: Death, please. *(Piglet gives him an angry but concerned look)* What? It's coming to get us all eventually Piglet.

POOH: Well, I guess I could spare one pot.

PIGLET: Thank you, Pooh. Eeyore, do you think that you could maybe go up the chimney and spread honey up there? I um don't exactly trust Pooh.

EEYORE: Sure. Send Eeyore up the chimney. Let Eeyore catch all of the diseases. Next you'll be sending Eeyore down t' mine.

PIGLET: Is that a yes?

EEYORE: If you say so.

(Eeyore spreads honey up the chimney. Wolf enters)

WOLF: Little pig, little pig, let me come in.

(Silence)

PIGLET: *(Through gritted teeth)* Pooh!

POOH: Really, Piglet? Must I? We've already said this line twice!

PIGLET: Yes, it's the wolf's cue to start huffing and puffing. We just need to wait for the signal from Eeyore...

POOH: So, I'll have to say it again then, won't I? Woo!

PIGLET: Ready, Eeyore?

EEYORE: Ready as I'll ever be, for the reaper. *(Furious Piglet pause)* But yes, the chimney is also sufficiently slathered.

PIGLET: Now, Pooh!

POOH: *(Taking his star moment)* Not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin!

WOLF: Fine! Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!

EEYORE: Good luck with that.

(Wolf tries his best, pulls out inhaler, takes a good puff, fails again, kicks the house and hurts his toe etc etc)

WOLF: Well, it looks like blowing didn't work! I guess that means I'll have to enter you... I mean go inside you... you're... your house. Go inside your house. *(notices ladder)* Ahh! I hope you've plugged- filled in your chimney, little piggy, because I'm coming down it! *(sus)*

PIGLET: I'm sorry Mr Wolf, but you'll never make it inside this house! *(Immediately cues...)*

SONG: MEANT TO BE YOURS (HEATHERS)

(Over the course of the song, the previously axed piggies come back on stage as the chorus. At the end of the song, Piglet threatens to call Dolly, and as they both count down 3... 2... 1..., the Wolf makes it down the chimney at the exact same time that Piglet calls Dolly. Of course, the phone rings in the Wolf's pocket, exposing him)

(Blackout. Into...)

SCENE 8 - BACK TO BACON

(Lights back up, everyone is onstage back in the studio we started in. Daddy Pig is still asleep.)

EVERYONE: DOLLY?!?!

DADDY P: *(bolting awake)* Huh?! Oh for god's sake they're back.

PERKY: *(doing his best detective)* If that even is your real name, Dolly...

PINKY: It quite obviously is not his real name, Perky. Now, Mr Wolf, would you care to explain to us just s-why-ne you decided to come into our studio today, muck up each and every one of our productions and risk PPTV studios losing dozens- no, baker's dozens, of precious moola?

WOLF: Well, I think I made it fairly obvious in my villain monologue earlier, it's pretty simple. I just wanted to take each of you down one by one to clear space on the programming schedule so me and my wolf friends can finally get some airtime for once.

PERKY: And to think! You would've gotten away with it if it wasn't for us meddling pigs!

WOLF: Well, actually, I would've got away with it if it wasn't for that one, singular, meddling piglet! I was pretty damn close.

PIGLET: *(immensely proud of herself)* Yeah that's right bitch! What's good?!

PEPPA: But Dollyyyyy, I thought you were our frie-

EVERYONE: Shut up Peppa!

WILBUR: You straight up killed me man! What was that for?

PIGLET: Yes, I was going to ask, how are you even here? Last time we saw you, that bus had flattened you into roadkill. *(gesturing)* Just, splat. Deader than a-

GEORGE: Dinosaur! :3

EVERYONE: Shut up George!

PUMBAA: I thought coming back to life usually takes a good 3-5 business days in a tomb with some kind of divine nepotism.

WOLF: Yeah, to be honest, I have no idea how Wilbur's still here either. But I had nothing to do with that one, I promise! I made a wolf pact to my wolf pack that I'd draw the line at actual murder!

WILBUR: Really? I'd just assumed that you sent Suzy Sheep as one of your little minions?

WOLF: No Suzy Sheep really is just a complete runt/

PEPPA: /a complete runt. See, I told you so!

STRAW: Hang on a minute, you did all of this just to get some screentime? But that doesn't even make any sense!

STICKS: Yeah, you've had plenty of screentime terrorising *us* everyday for years now!

WOLF: Don't you get it? That's the problem! You've got... *(starts to count, give up)* at least six pigs on this network, you've got a lovable bear, you've got a... complex donkey, literally hundreds of whatever animals your friends are meant to be- *(pointing at Miss Piggy)*

MISS P: Hey, don't ask me! I've been trying to figure Gonzo out for decades now.

WOLF: -but you've only got one wolf, and of course you have to make him big and bad! What kind of representation is that? We're not actually like that, you know! Sure, we're carnivores, but so is Dobbin and nobody ever villanises him. Us wolves are a very social, outgoing and *sensitive* species.

BRICKS: So... your problem isn't actually that you don't get enough screentime, but that the shows you're on don't feel representative of your wolf community? *(Wolf nods)*

PUMBAA: Well, I guess that makes sense. But if your problem is with the way that the wolves are being written about, wouldn't it have made more sense to have infiltrated the studio in a creative role, instead of joining the HR team?

WOLF: I did think about that, but you know how hard it is to get a job in any creative field at the moment. There was an opening in hammy resources, and that seemed like the easier option.

PINKY: Well that's a very sad sob-story, but at the end of the day, there's literally no way that we can keep you with us. You've caused extensive property damage, violated all of our workplace safety protocols and are liable for a good few cases of attempted murder it seems.

PERKY: So, Dolly... May I call you Dolly?

WOLF: Sure, I mean it isn't my real name bu-

PINKY & PERKY: (*Apprentice-style*) Dolly, you're fired.

MISS P: EHEM! I've been siLENT for quite some time now, a new record for me in fact, but I won't be siLENCED any longer! Now I've had my fair share of personal issues with this big, beautiful, Wolf but if you think that you can just send him away and let everything go back to normal then you are sorely mistaken!

MARKET: This little Piggy is speaking facts! Apart from being arrested, today was the best day that me and my siblings have ever had at that market.

BEEF: Yeah, we-

WEE: WEEEEEEEEEE!

BEEF: Made some great new friends today, and we want them to stick around for a while.
(*there's a sweet moment between the 3LP and Market Pigs*)

NONE: We won't let you two have the roast beef everyday while we get none anymore! In fact, we want our own spin-off show, together!

3LP & Market Pigs: YEAH!!

MISS P: And I still want what I was promised, my very own Miss Piggy Show!

PIGLET: And I need you to stop sending Heffalumps and other such scary things into the Hundred Acre Wood! Me and my friends are just trying to eat honey and work through our own personal issues and I told my therapist that I'd start purging all of my unnecessary stress, starting right here!

WILBUR: And I won't take the constant threat of slaughter anymore! I barely even have life security at this point, let alone job security.

DADDY P: And I want a divorce!

(*pause*)

PERKY: Well I don't see how that's anything to do with us-

DADDY P: Our entire programme is based around the nuclear family, and clearly that model isn't working for us anymore! Please just let me get a divorce, I'll do anything.

PEPPA: And I'm old enough now to move out on my own, so I want my own coming-of-age film please! Think Ladybird-style, maybe get A24 involved.

GEORGE: Dinosaur :3

PEPPA: And George wants a role in the next Jurassic World.

PERKY: Are you pulling our pork? The demands just go on and on! Anything you want to add to the list Pumbaa?

PUMBAA: *(burps)* More grub. Other than that, I'm good.

PINKY: Right, well we can maybe look into some better catering options. But otherwise, I'm sorry piggies, we can't just let you all run wild and do whatever shows you want!

PERKY: Yeah, at the end of the day, PPTV have gotta put money in the piggybank. We've got to stick with what we know, that's what rakes in the big bucks- *(he's interrupted by Percy, who until now has been lurking surreptitiously in the background)*

PERCY: Pardon me, comrades! *(he steps forward, revealing a copy of George Orwell's Animal Farm and perhaps a hammer & sickle badge?)* But I, too, will no longer be repressing my voice! I've just been doing some light reading, which I've found to be highly illeuminating. It's opened my eyes, good sirs, to the fact that you two have been exploiting us pigs at this here studio for far too long! And if you don't take this moment now to listen to our demands and act on them, I'm afraid you will have an uprising on your hands, the likes of which hasn't been seen since 1917!

STRAW: He's right! You two have become way too alienated from the lives of us working pigs.

STICKS: Yeah, you didn't even notice the fact that we've been swapping roles with each other all day long. Did you even watch our shows today?

PINKY: You were what? I mean, yeah of course. But you know how it gets sometimes watching telly, you stick it on, and then within five minutes you always wind up getting the old phone out.

PERKY: Don't take it personally, guys, I guess me and Pinky must've just got a little distracted watching Pigtoks today and not noticed.

BRICKS: Don't take it personally? You run the network and you don't even watch what's broadcast, so who are you two to be calling the shots around here?

PINKY: Well, we've been in this industry a long time and-

PERCY: Silence, capitalist pig! You've spoken quite enough already. You're forgetting that this is publicly funded broadcasting we're talking about, so if anyone gets to call the shots it should be them, the public! *(pointing to the audience)*

MISS P: So let us ask you, all of you beautiful humans. If you'd like to give the power back to the pigs, put an end to these never-ending re-runs and let us choose what we'd like to do with our own stories, then put your trotters together and make some noise!

(hopefully the audience clap, or we're in big trouble. Miss Piggy very much enjoys the sound of applause)

PERCY: And so that's that on that then! From now on, ladies and gentlemen, PPTV is forever for the pigs, and by the pigs!

WOLF: *(whines like a dog)* And the wolves? I know you guys don't have any reason to trust me specifically, but please don't let my actions speak for a whole pack. Give them a chance as well, pretty pleeeaaaseee. *(making puppy dog eyes)*

MISS P: Well aren't you being a good boy? You know, for a dirty dog, you do at least seem to put those big ears you've got to good use and actually LISTEN, UNLIKE SOME! *(gesturing to Pinky & Perky)* It does make me wonder whether you may have any other above average features that could be put to good-

PUMBAA: Piggy, not in front of the kids! *(pleased to have finally got his line)*

PIGLET: Y'know, Mr Wolf, on behalf of all, *(remembering Wilbur)* well I think most of us pigs, we'd actually like to thank you for suggesting we swap shows in the first place. I, for one, certainly learned a lot about myself today.

PUMBAA: And I really think I made a lifelong friend in Colin the Caterpillar.

MARKET: Yeah, we-

WEE: WEEEEEEEE!

NONE: All definitely made some amazing friendships today, even this little piggy who, apart from my siblings, used to have none. *(awww from the audience)*

BEEF: What none said! There's really no reason for us to fight anymore, I think we should just beef-riends.

WEE: WEEEeeeeee've already made that joke.

BEEF: Beef-F-Fs then?

WOLF: *(getting emotional)* I'd like that very much.

DADDY P: *(yawning)* And I am partial to a bit of Teen Wolf.

PINKY: Alright, alright, you win! From now on, you guys can have more creative licence with your shows-

(The Pigs cheer)

PERKY: And the Wolf can stay. But! On one condition.

MISS P: Shut it! We've already made it very clear that it isn't up to you anymore, you bourgeois swine! *(fake spits, then gathers herself)* But what is your condition?

PERKY: *(to Wolf)* That I still get to call you Dolly.

WOLF: Uhh well I mean it's not my legal name, but neither is 'big bad', so I don't see why not.

PINKY: Porkfect! Well, then we just have one more question for you...

EVERYONE: WHAT'S THE TIME MR WOLF?

WOLF: *(checks watch)* I don't know, lunch?

MISS P: Parton me, Dolly, but let me help you out. *(snl voice)* Live from PPTV Studios... IT'S TIME FOR OUR FINALE SONG!!!!!!!!!!

FINALE SONG: SWINE TO FIVE (DOLLY PARTON)