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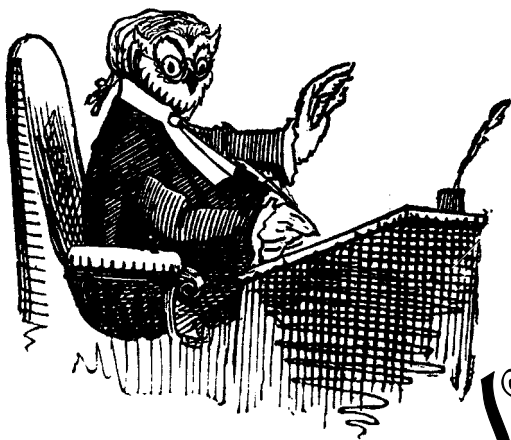
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Dramatic Publishing

The Trial of the



Big Bad Wolf

Fairy Tale Fantasy

by

Joseph Robinette



The Dramatic Publishing Company

The Trial of the Big Bad Wolf

Fairy Tale Fantasy. By Joseph Robinette.

Cast 16 to 22. Most roles may be played by m. or w. The Wolf: villain or victim? The Three Pigs: innocent or at fault? The Jurors (Miss Muffet, Bo Peep, Cinderella and Humpty-Dumpty, to name a few): solid citizens or characters with a past? And what about Judge Wise O. Al? Is justice on his side—or does he have a secret to hide? Then there's the media—a reporter, newscaster and town crier. Have they come to accurately report the proceedings—or to turn the courtroom into a media circus? And who is that surprise witness at the end? The answers to these profound questions and even more are revealed once and for all in this rollicking, fun-filled, action-packed trial-of-the-century (of course this century's nearly over, so look for a new trial-of -the-century in a couple of years). Just as he did in the widely produced *Trial of Goldilocks*, Joseph Robinette examines the guilt, or innocence, of the accused from different points of view and comes up with a surprising, yet eminently satisfying, conclusion in which no one escapes unscathed. And, as a bonus, a lesson or two is learned along the way. It all ends happily ever after, of course, with the newly bonded Wolf and Pigs along with the fairy-tale jury and all the others heading for a post-trial party at the castle of Old King Cole. The play may be performed by children, adults or a combination of both. A true ensemble piece, this delightful comedy, with its intriguing storyline and vivid characterizations, will appeal to audiences and performers of all ages. One simple set.

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THE TRIAL OF THE BIG BAD WOLF

A Fairy Tale Fantasy for All Ages

by

JOSEPH ROBINETTE



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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“Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois”

THE TRIAL OF THE BIG BAD WOLF

A Fairy Tale Fantasy in One Act
For 16-22 Actors*

CHARACTERS

REPORTER] members of the press
NEWSCASTER		
TOWN CRIER		
CLERK a court official	
AMADEUS PIG] the plaintiffs
MARCELLUS PIG		
BARTHOLOMEW PIG		
WALLINGTON WELLINGTON WOLF THE THIRD	 the defendant
LITTLE MISS MUFFET] members of the jury**
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD		
OLD KING COLE		
JACK		
JILL		
MISTRESS MARY		
LITTLE BO PEEP		
JACK SPRAT		
MRS. SPRAT		
TOM, TOM THE PIPER'S SON		
HUMPTY-DUMPTY		
CINDERELLA		
WISE O. AL the judge	
GIRL a surprise witness	

THE TIME: Today (with a touch of once-upon-a-time).

THE PLACE: A courtroom.

*Many roles may be played by male or female.

**The jury may be reduced to six if desired.

(see *Production Notes for details*)

Running time: Approximately 1 hour

THE TRIAL OF THE BIG BAD WOLF

AT RISE: A *REPORTER*, carrying a newspaper and portable telephone, a *NEWSCASTER*, holding a microphone, and a *TOWN CRIER*, wearing colonial attire and carrying a handbell, enter the auditorium—or in front of the curtain—one after the other.

REPORTER (holding up the newspaper).

Extra, extra! Read all about it!
I've got a story, and I'm here to shout it!

NEWSCASTER (into the microphone).

Bulletin, bulletin! Don't touch your dial!
I'm here to cover a great big trial!

TOWN CRIER (ringing the bell).

Hear ye, hear ye! You'll flip your wigs
When you hear of the Wolf and the Three Little Pigs!

(*He begins to cry. The REPORTER and NEWSCASTER continue shouting, "Extra, extra," and "Bulletin, bulletin," respectively for a moment, then realize the TOWN CRIER is crying.*)

REPORTER. Hey, pal, what's the matter?

NEWSCASTER. Yeah, what are you crying for?

TOWN CRIER. I *have* to cry. I'm the town crier.

REPORTER. Town crier? I thought that went out with the Revolutionary War.

NEWSCASTER. Yeah. Today, we've got radio.

REPORTER. Newspapers.

NEWSCASTER & REPORTER. TV.

TOWN CRIER. Not where I come from. My village is so far away from everything we don't even have telephones. So everybody depends on me—the town crier—to bring them the news. (*He cries again.*)

NEWSCASTER. Hey, hey, take it easy, pal.

REPORTER. Yeah. A town crier doesn't have to cry tears. His job is to *cry* out the *news*. That's all.

TOWN CRIER. You mean I won't lose my job if I don't cry?

NEWSCASTER. No... But we may *all* lose our jobs if we don't get to the courtroom and cover that trial.

REPORTER. You got a point, pal. Let's go. Our readers and listeners are depending on us. (*ALL exit in single file.*) Extra, extra, read all about it!

REPORTER.

I've got a story,
and I'm here to shout it!

NEWSCASTER.

Bulletin, bulletin!
Don't touch your dial!

REPORTER.

Extra, extra,
read all about it!

NEWSCASTER.

I'm here to cover
a great big trial!

TOWN CRIER.

Hear ye, hear ye,
you'll flip your wigs

I've got a story,
and I'm here to
shout it!

Bulletin, bulletin!
Don't touch your
dial!

When you hear of
the Wolf and the
Three Little Pigs!

(They continue shouting as they exit. A moment later the curtain opens to reveal a courtroom. The CLERK-OF-COURT enters—or is already onstage—and faces the audience.)

CLERK. Good morning (afternoon, evening), ladies and gentlemen—we welcome you to this long-awaited trial. A trial in which three porcine residents of jurisdiction “A” have filed charges against a *canis lupis* of jurisdiction “B.”

(THE REPORTER, NEWSCASTER and TOWN CRIER enter.)

REPORTER. Say what?

CLERK. Three pigs are suing a wolf.

REPORTER, NEWSCASTER & TOWN CRIER. Oh.

NEWSCASTER. Why didn’t you say so?

CLERK. I did—in so many words.

TOWN CRIER *(aside)*. Too many words if you ask me.

CLERK. As Clerk-of-Court, it is my duty to employ polysyllabic utterances... use big words.

REPORTER, NEWSCASTER & TOWN CRIER. Oh.

CLERK. Who are you people anyway?

REPORTER. I’m a reporter.

NEWSCASTER. I’m a newscaster.

TOWN CRIER. I’m a town crier.

REPORTER. We’re standing by to cover the trial.

CLERK. You may stand by, if you wish, but you’ll have to do it sitting down— *(Pointing to three chairs—or small tables—either together or in various spots at the periphery of the stage.)* —in the designated media repositories.

REPORTER, NEWSCASTER & TOWN CRIER. Say where?

CLERK. In the seats reserved for the press.

REPORTER, NEWSCASTER & TOWN CRIER. Oh.
(They go to the seats and sit.)

CLERK. And now, we will present the participants in today's trial. The introductions will begin with the jury. *(Taking several sheets of paper from a nearby table on which other objects are located.)* I have here a list of the jurors and a description of each. They will now enter the courtroom, introduce themselves, then take their places in the jury box. *(He checks off the "résumé" of each juror as he or she enters.)* We begin with Little Miss Muffet.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

Hi, I'm Little Miss Muffet.
I sit on a tuffet
Eating my curds and whey.
When a friend has spied me,
He sits down beside me,
Then we both go out and play.

(She goes into the jury box and sits as LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD enters.)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

I'm Little Red Riding Hood.
I'm always very good.
I'm kind to others,
Especially grandmothers
Whom I often visit, as I should.

(She sits in the jury box as OLD KING COLE enters.)

OLD KING COLE.

I'm Old King Cole,
A merry old soul,
A merry old soul, you see.
I called for my pipe,
I called for my bowl,
I called for my fiddlers three.

(He sits in the jury box as JACK and JILL, carrying a pail, enter.)

JACK.

I'm Jack.

JILL.

I'm Jill.

BOTH.

We went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.

JILL.

Jack fell down
And broke his crown.

JACK.

And Jill came tumbling after.

(They sit in the jury box as MISTRESS MARY enters.)

MISTRESS MARY.

I'm Mistress Mary.
I'm quite, uh—quite *merry*.
I have a garden in which I grow
Silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row.

(She sits in the jury box as LITTLE BO PEEP enters.)

LITTLE BO PEEP.

I'm Little Bo Peep.
I tend my sheep,
Keeping them safe and sound.
If I leave them alone
They'll come home,
And to me they'll gather round.

(She sits in the jury box as JACK SPRAT and MRS. SPRAT enter.)

JACK SPRAT.

I'm Jack Sprat.
I eat no fat.

MRS. SPRAT.

I'm his wife.
I eat no lean.

JACK SPRAT.

And so—

MRS. SPRAT.

Between us both—

BOTH.

We eat the platter clean.

(They sit in the jury box as TOM—the piper's son—enters.)

TOM.

I'm Tom, Tom, the piper's son.
I had a pig, and away I run.

(He sits in the jury box as HUMPTY-DUMPTY enters.)

HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

I'm Humpty-Dumpty.
I sat on a wall.
I enjoyed the view from there,
All winter, spring and fall.

(He sits in the jury box as CINDERELLA, wearing a patched-up dress, enters.)

CINDERELLA.

I'm Cinderella, a poor serving-maid.
My clothes are quite shabby, I'm afraid.
They're not very nice,
But they'll have to suffice
Since I never, ever seem to get paid.

(She sits in the jury box.)

CLERK. Thank you, jurors all. Next, we present the plaintiffs—those who filed the charges—Amadeus, Marcellus and Bartholomew Pig.

(The three PIGS enter.)

PIGS.

Three little pigs are we,
And very soon you'll see
How shamefully and painfully
Our lives have come to be.

CLERK. Thank you, gentlemen. If you will please be seated. *(They sit.)* Next we call the defendant—the one who stands accused—Wallington Wellington Wolf the Third.

(The WOLF enters.)

WOLF. Hi, everybody. Just call me Wally. *(Going quickly to the jury box.)* My card. *(Handing cards to several JURORS.)* Wally's my name. Entertainment's my game—parties, weddings, special occasions. I also do singing telegrams. Would you like to hear a few bars of—

CLERK. Mr. Wolf! Please enter your plea.

WOLF. Oh, yeah. Sorry. *(Somewhat melodramatically.)*

I'm innocent, I say.
Not guilty in any way.
When the facts are clear,
I'm outta here.
I'll be free this very day!

JUDGE'S VOICE (*from offstage*). I'll be the judge of that!
WOLF. Who was that?

CLERK. The final—and most important—member of our court today. Judge Wise O. Al! All rise—all rise!

(*ALL stand as the JUDGE enters. He strides to the judge's stand, at the back of which he hangs—or pulls down—a shade-like sign which reads: "THE JUDGE, WISE O. AL, IS IN." The WOLF rushes up to him.*)

WOLF. Hi ya, judge, old pal. Wallington Wellington Wolf the Third here, but all my friends just call me Wally. My card— (*Handing the JUDGE a card.*) Special bargains for members of the bar, bar mitzvahs and barbecues. Also singing telegrams. Would you like to hear a few—"bars"? (*He laughs heartily.*)

JUDGE. Order in the court! Order in the court! Let's get on with the trial.

CLERK. All may be seated as we begin the proceedings with a wise saying from Judge Wise O. Al. (*ALL sit.*)

JUDGE. "He who is without transgression has no need for a transmission." (*ALL are puzzled.*)

CLERK. Uh, excuse me, Your Honor— (*He quickly goes to the JUDGE and whispers into his ear.*)

JUDGE. Oh, yes. "He who is without transgression has no need for a confession." (*ALL nod and murmur in agreement.*)

JUROR. Very wise, Your Honor.

JUDGE. Of course it's wise. What else would you expect from Judge Wise O. Al? All my sayings are now available in my new book—*Wise Sayings* by Judge Wise O. Al

—on sale outside the courtroom. All proceeds go to charity ... And now, let the trial begin!

REPORTER (*into phone*). Hello, chief. We're underway.

The pigs have blood in their eyes!

PIGS. What?

REPORTER. Hey, it's my job to sell newspapers.

NEWSCASTER (*into the microphone*). Bulletin from the court! The wolf is drooling like a madman.

WOLF. Huh?

NEWSCASTER. It's my job to get listeners.

TOWN CRIER (*ringing his bell*). Hear ye, hear ye! The wolf and pigs are ready for the trial.

REPORTER. That's all?

TOWN CRIER (*a bit piously*). It is my job to tell the truth.

NEWSCASTER (*to the REPORTER*). He's got a lot to learn in this business.

CLERK (*taking a stack of typed pages from the table*).

First, we shall hear the pigs' side of the story. I will now pass out the affidavits—meaning the sworn statements—of Amadeus, Marcellus and Bartholomew Pig. (*He hands out the sheets to ALL, then crosses to the table.*) On this table are exhibits which are to be used in the testimonies. And we will ask the jurors to assist us in presenting each side. In the margins of the affidavits you will find what you are to do—and when. Now—let us begin. The testimony of the pigs. (*Reading from his copy of the affidavit.*) “Once upon a time there were three little pigs.”

JUDGE. I get the feeling I may have heard this story before. (*The PIGS stand.*)

CLERK. “The pigs lived together in a comfortable little cottage. But before long, it was time for them to go out and seek their fortunes ... On the day they were to leave,

their mother—" (*Looking over at the jury box.*) "Their mother—" (*Going to the jury box.*) Mrs. Sprat, you'll play the part of the mother—as it says in the margin of your affidavit.

MRS. SPRAT. Oh, yes. I'm sorry.

(She enters the "playing area.")

CLERK. "On the day they were to leave, their mother came out and kissed them goodbye." (*MRS. SPRAT, as the MOTHER, becomes very melodramatic.*)

MOTHER. Goodbye, my dears. Since our cottage is so small, it is time for you to build homes of your own. Good fortune to all of you. (*She cries loudly as the CLERK quickly goes to her and points to her affidavit.*)

CLERK (*whispering*). Exhibit "A."

MRS. SPRAT. Oh, yes—I'm sorry. (*As the MOTHER.*) But before you go— (*She goes to the table and gets three "packs"—large neckerchiefs tied in bundles at the ends of wooden sticks—and brings them to the PIGS.*) Here's a little food and a bit of money for each of you.

PIGS. Thank you, Mother, dear.

MOTHER. And finally, I will leave you each with a little piece of advice. (*Melodramatically.*) Beware of the big bad wolf! (*The PIGS react in horror as the MOTHER cries.*)

WOLF. I object, Your Honor. That woman is trying to prejudice the jury.

JUDGE. Overruled. You'll have a chance to tell your side of the story when this one is over. Proceed.

MOTHER. And now, goodbye, my darlings. And don't forget your dear, old mother. (*Melodramatically she begins*

to weep and make her way back to the jury box, becoming MRS. SPRAT again. She addresses the jury members.) I was in my high school drama club.

CLERK. "And so the three little pigs set off to seek their fortunes." (*The PIGS begin to walk in a circle about the stage.*) "Before long, they met a peddler selling straw." (*Whispering toward the jury box.*) Tom, that's you.

TOM (*looking at his affidavit*). Oh, yeah.

CLERK. Exhibit "B."

TOM. Right. (*He hurries toward the table and picks up some straw.*)

CLERK. "Before long, they met a peddler selling straw."

(TOM, as the 1st PEDDLER, enters the "playing area" holding the straw.)

1st PEDDLER. Yo, straw here! Straw here! I got straw for sale.

AMADEUS. Hello, good sir. Do you think I might build a house out of that straw?

TOM. Build a house out of this straw? In a New York second. And you'll have enough left over to put up a scarecrow in that new garden of yours.

AMADEUS. That's delightful. Thank you. (*He pays the 1st PEDDLER and takes the straw.*)

CLERK (*to the jury box*). Psst! Straw house people.

(LITTLE MISS MUFFET, MISTRESS MARY and MRS. SPRAT quickly join TOM in the "playing area" and begin to form a house—with arms upraised and stretched out—as AMADEUS mimes building the house.)