

SCENE 1

NOT FAR FROM THE SISTER'S HOUSE.

DORA ENTERS CARRYING TWO BUCKETS, ONE CONTAINING PIGSWILL, THE OTHER APPLES. SHE IS ON HER WAY TO FEED THE PIGS.

DORA: Pig, pig, pig, pig, pigs! Here pig, pig, pig, pig, pigs! **(SHE NOTICES THE AUDIENCE)** What a lot of people! Have you all come to watch me feed my pigs? You have? Funny lot you are, aren't you! To be honest, these pigs don't just belong to me - They belong to me and my older sisters, Flora and Nora - Oh, and I'm Dora, by the way - Yes, I know - Flora, Dora and Nora - it was my mum's idea. Anyway, I'm the one who always has to feed the pigs.

ENTER FLORA

FLORA: Dora!...Dora!!

DORA: Yes Flora?

FLORA: Have you fed those pigs yet, Dora?

DORA: I'm just going to feed them now.

FLORA: Well hurry up. I need your help in the kitchen.

DORA: Yes Flora.

EXIT FLORA

DORA: That's Flora. She's always too busy cooking to feed the pigs.

NORA:(OFF) Dora!

DORA: Yes Nora?

NORA:(OFF) Stop gossiping, and feed those pigs!

DORA: Yes Nora.

DORA: And that's Nora. Nora's always too busy doing her exercises to feed the pigs. - Well, I don't mind that much, 'cause I quite like the pigs really. Oh well, better find them I suppose. Here pig, pig, pig, pig, pig!

FANFARE, FOLLOWED BY MARSHALL MUSIC

DORA: Listen! What's that?

CAPTAIN CAREFUL OF THE KING'S OWN LOOKER-AFTERERS ENTERS.

CAREFUL: Captain Careful...Leeeft turn! Captain Careful....Quick march! Captain Careful...riiiiight turn! Captain Careful leeeft turn! Captain Careful eyes riiiiight! Captain Careful eyes leeeft! Eyes up! Eyes down! Eyes shut! Eyes open! Captain Careful...Halt! Make way! Make way! Make way! **(TO DORA)** Come on you - you can't stand there!

DORA: Just a minute, just a minute! What's all this "make way, make way", push, push, shove, shove? Who do you think you are?

CAREFUL: I'm Captain Careful of the King's Own Looker-Afterers.

DORA: King's Own Looker-Afterers? What do you do?

CAREFUL: I looker-after the King, of course.

DORA: How do you do that?

CAREFUL: I carry the King's umbrella in case it rains. I carry the King's sandwiches in case he gets hungry, I carry the King's map in case he gets lost and I carry the King's hanky in case he gets a runny nose. I also move people out of the way before the King arrives, so, make way, make way!

DORA: Is the King coming here?

CAREFUL: Of course! Why do you think all these people are here?

DORA: I thought they had come to watch me feed the pigs.

CAREFUL: Watch you feed the pigs? Don't be ridiculous!

DORA: Why's the King coming here?

CAREFUL: Because the King has been king for fifty years and he thought it was time for him to go around the country and meet the people.

DORA: Maybe he'd like to meet me!

CAREFUL: A smelly little pig farmer? Don't be silly.

DORA: I can juggle! Look! **(JUGGLES WITH APPLES)** Maybe he'd make me court jester?

CAREFUL: We already have a court jester.

DORA: I know some good jokes!

CAREFUL: Move!!

DORA: But

CAREFUL: Here he is! Now everyone shout "Long live the King, long live the King!"

KING ENTERS

CAREFUL: Captain Careful...Aaaaatten-tion! Captain Careful...Saaaalute!

KING: Careful? Captain Careful? Where the devil are you, Careful? Oh, there you are.

CAREFUL: Welcome, Your Majesty, welcome to Hogmore. As you see, your humble people salute you. Showing, as always, their devotion to Your Royal Person.

KING: That's enough of that boring nonsense, Careful. What do we do now?

CAREFUL: The royal wave, Your Highness.

KING: Eh?

CAREFUL: Wave to the people, Your Majesty.

KING: Oh yes.

KING WAVES TO THE AUDIENCE FOR A SHORT TIME.

KING: One is sick of waving. What else can one do?

CAREFUL: Might I suggest shaking hands?

KING: Oh yes, the Royal Walkabout. **(YAWNS)** What does one say to them?

CAREFUL: Oh ... um ... “How do you do?” “And what is your name?” “Is it pleasant being a peasant?” - that sort of thing.

KING: Righto - here one goes.

KING SHAKES HANDS WITH MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE AND ASKS INANE QUESTIONS.

KING: And what’s your name?...That’s a very nice name. You can call me “King”. We’re bored with this handshaking, Careful. What’s next?

CAREFUL: Your speech, Your Majesty.

KING: Speech? Oh no. One doesn’t have to make a boring old speech, does one?

CAREFUL: That’s why we are here, Your Majesty.

KING: Oh dear, dear, dear. We left our reading glasses in the carriage, Careful. Run and fetch them, would you?

CAREFUL: Yes, Your Majesty.

EXIT CAREFUL.

KING:(**TO AUDIENCE**) You don't want to listen to a boring old speech, do you? No - One doesn’t want to make one either. What ever is one to do?

DORA: I’ve got an idea, Your Majesty.

KING: What?? Who are you?

DORA: I’m Dora, Your Majesty.

KING: Oh - um - pleased to meet you, Dora.

DORA: When Captain Careful comes back we’ll all pretend that you have just finished your speech and we’ll start clapping. That way you won’t have to make a speech and we won’t have to listen to it.

KING: Capital idea, Dora! You won’t believe how boring it is being king.

DORA: Really?

KING: Oh yes, dreadfully boring.

DORA: Why's it so boring? I would have thought it was quite interesting.

KING: Interesting?? Huh! Listen, and I'll tell you what it's like. In fact, if you watch me and do exactly what I do, you'll get a real feeling of what it is like to be king.

KING'S SONG:

(with Dora)

KING: Being king is a terrible thing.
It's very, very boring!
I never do anything interesting,
Not even in the morning!

DORA: Not even in the morning?
KING: Not any time of day!
I sit alone on my golden throne,
And never go out to play.

KING: I'd love to kick a football
Around the palace yard,
But when I want to go and play
It's time to change the guard!

KING: The guardsmen march like this
DORA: Like this?
KING: And the trumpets play toot! toot!
DORA: Toot, toot!
KING: Then I have to stand and with my hand
Salute, salute, salute.

BOTH: Salute, salute, salute.
Salute, salute, salute.
KING: I have to stand and with my hand
Salute, salute, salute.

KING: Being king is a terrible thing.
It's very, very boring.
I never do anything interesting,
Not even in the morning.

KING: I'd like to have some roller-blades,
They look a load of fun!
But I have to ride in the royal coach

And wave to everyone.

KING: I raise my hand like this,
 DORA: Like this?
 KING: And I smile a silly smile,
 DORA: A smile.
 KING: Then wave my hand and nod my head.
 (That's waving royal style).

DORA: You raise your hand like this,
 KING: Like this.
 DORA: And you smile a silly smile,
 KING: I smile.
 DORA: Then wave your hand and nod your head,
 BOTH: (That's waving royal style).

KING: Being king is a terrible thing,
 etc.

KING: One day I asked my wife, the queen,
 "Why don't we buy a swing?"
 She said, "My dear, it's time for tea."
 "Remember, you're the king!"

KING: And the people bow like this,
 DORA: Like this?
 KING: And they wait in a long, long queue.
 DORA: A queue. (KING: Bless you)
 KING: And I shake, and shake, and shake their hands
 And say, "How do you do?"

DORA: And the people bow like this,
 KING: Like this.
 DORA: And they wait in a long, long queue.
 KING: A queue.
 DORA: And you shake and shake and shake their hands
 And say, "How do you do?"

KING: Being king is a terrible thing.
 It's very, very boring!
 I never do anything interesting,
 Not even in the morning!

DORA: Not even in the morning?

KING: Not any time of day!
I sit alone on my golden throne,

BOTH: And never go out to play.

DORA: It does sound a bit dull. I think I'd rather be the court jester.

KING: Yes, so would I - Much more fun. In fact, I think I've been king long enough. Why can't somebody else be king? Why do I have to do it all the time? It's not fair. I'm going to stop being king. Someone else can do it.

DORA: But Your Majesty, you are the King.

KING: I know. That's the trouble. Listen! We'll have a competition. Anyone who can stop me from being bored for three whole minutes gets to be the new king ... or queen. What do you think?

CAREFUL:(OFF) Captain Careful...leefft turn! Captain Careful...riiiiiight turn...

DORA: Uh-oh, here comes Captain Careful, Your Majesty!

KING: Right. Quick. Listen everybody - Pretend I have just finished making a long speech. Is everybody ready to clap? Good. Ahem ... "and that, ladies and gentlemen, is all one wants to say."

DORA: Everybody clap!

CAPTAIN CAREFUL ENTERS TO HEAR EVERYBODY CLAPPING.

CAREFUL: Here are your reading glasses, Your Majesty. I had to go all the way back to the palace.

KING: Oh, you're too late Careful, one has just finished making one's speech. Didn't you hear them clapping?

CAREFUL: Finished, Your Majesty?

KING: Quite finished. And Dora and I have decided to have a competition. Anyone who can stop me from being bored for three whole minutes will be the new king or queen. Got that?

CAREFUL: But Your Majesty, you're the king!

KING: We know that, Careful, but we're going to stop being king. Now run along and tell the whole country about the competition.

CAREFUL: But, Your Majesty.

KING: Don't "But Your Majesty", run along and make an announcement! What are you waiting for??

CAREFUL: Yes Your Majesty. I'm sorry Your Majesty. I'm going, Your Majesty - I'm going. Captain Careful...abooooout turn! Captain Careful, at the double quick march. Left, right; left, right; left, right! Come on Careful! Pick it up! Pick it up! Left, right! left, right! Left, right! Hup, hup, hup, hup, hup....!

EXIT CAREFUL.

KING: Well, it's been a pleasure meeting you all. Time for me to get back to the palace. They'll be changing the guard in ten minutes (**YAWNS**). Goodbye, and don't forget about the competition. Goodbye Dora.

DORA: Goodbye Your Majesty.

EXIT KING WAVING.

DORA: Wait 'till I tell Flora and Nora that I met the King! And wait 'till I tell them about the competition! Oh, I almost forgot, I haven't fed the pigs yet. Here pig, pig, pig, pig, pigs! Can you help me call them? Here pig, pig, pig, pig, pigs!

PIGS APPEAR ONE AT A TIME.

OINK: Oink!

DORA: Here's Oink.

GRUNT: Grunt!

DORA: Here's Grunt.

SQUEAL: Squeeeeeeeeeeal.

DORA: And that one's Squeal. All right piggies, before you can have your dinner you have to do your lessons.

PIGS MAKE DISAPPOINTED NOISES.

- DORA: We'll start with counting. **(HOLDING UP APPLES)** One apple ...
- PIGS: One apple.
- DORA: Two apples.
- PIGS: Two apples.
- DORA: Three apples.
- PIGS: Three apples.
- DORA: Very good. Now Oink ... If I give you one apple ...
- OINK: Oh goodie!
- DORA: And then I give you another apple. How many apples do you have?
- OINK: One.
- DORA: One? But I gave you two!
- OINK: I've eaten the first one.
- PIGS: Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!
- DORA: Very clever! All right Squeal, it's your turn. I give you one apple, and then I give you another apple, and then I give you three more apples. What have you got?
- SQUEAL: Tummy ache!
- PIGS: Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!
- GRUNT: Excuse me for asking, but, couldn't we try something more advanced?
- OINK: Yeah, like your sandwiches? Hee, hee, hee!
- DORA: If you're so smart, let's see if you can learn some new words. **(SHE HOLDS UP A STUFFED TOY PARROT)** A parrot.
- PIGS: A parrot.

DORA:(**HOLDS UP A LARGE CARROT**) A carrot.

PIGS: A carrot.

DORA: Parrot.

PIGS: Parrot.

DORA: Carrot.

PIGS: Carrot.

DORA: Parrot.

PIGS: Parrot.

DORA: Carrot.

PIGS: Carrot.

DORA: Very good. Now: Here comes a parrot.

GRUNT: There goes a carrot.

DORA: No, no. Here comes a parrot.

GRUNT: No -There goes your carrot!

OINK AND SQUEAL FIGHT OVER POSSESSION OF CARROT

SQUEAL:(**EATING CARROT**) Yum, yum.

DORA: Hey! Give back that carrot!

SQUEAL: Sorry, Dora, I seem to have eaten it.

SQUEAL: Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!

DORA: All right you bad piggies, this is the last lesson for today, so I want you to pay full attention.

PIGS: Sorry Dora.

DORA: Good morning, I am a pig.

PIGS: Good morning, you are a pig. Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!

WOLF APPEARS DISGUISED AS A SHEEP

WOLF: Good morning, I am a sheep.

DORA: I say grunt, grunt.

PIGS: I say grunt, grunt.

WOLF: I say howoooooo!

ALL LOOK AT WOLF

WOLF: I mean baa, baa.

DORA: I like to eat apples.

PIGS: I like to eat apples.

WOLF: I like to eat piggies ... I mean ... grandmothers ... I mean grass.

PIGS: It's the wolf!!

WOLF: So, you recognized me! **(THROWS OFF DISGUISE)**

PIGS:(SING) He's the wolf, yeah, he's ferocious,
His behavior is atrocious,
Eating grannies all the time,
It's just not proper, it's a crime!
He's the wolf!

WOLF:(SINGS) I am the wolf!
I am the wolf!
I'm the one with the huff and puff,
Watch out piggies, I'm real tough!
I am the wolf!

PIGS: Run for it!

EXIT PIGS PURSUED BY WOLF

DORA: You get away from my pigs! Just wait till I catch you! Leave my pigs alone!

EXIT DORA AFTER WOLF**SCENE 2****DORA, FLORA AND NORA'S HOUSE.****FLORA ENTERS. SHE IS HOLDING A LARGE BOOK AND IS CLEARLY VERY EXCITED.**

FLORA: Nora! Nora! Nora, look what I've got! Nora, where are you?

NORA ENTERS. SHE IS ALSO HOLDING A LARGE BOOK AND IS ALSO VERY EXCITED.

NORA: Flora! Flora! Look, it's arrived! Flora? Flora? Where are you?

FLORA & NORA: Look what I've got!

FLORA: It came to day- I'm so excited!- "How to be the Greatest Cook in the World"!

NORA: My book came too! Look!- "How to be the Fastest Runner in the World"!

FLORA: When I learn how to cook all these dishes I'm going to be the best cook ever!

NORA: When I finish doing all these exercises I'm going to be the best runner ever!

FLORA: But I'll be really famous.

NORA: I'll be more famous than you.

FLORA: No you won't.

NORA: Yes, I will!

FLORA: I'll be really, really famous!

NORA: I'll be really really, really famous!

FORA: I'll be fantastically, really, really, really famous!

NORA: I'll be fantastically really really, really, really famous

FLORA: What's so good about your book, anyway?

NORA: What's so good about your book?

FLORA: Mine's full of all these amazing recipes for lots and lots of deliciously scrumptious food!

NORA: Well mine's got all these fantastically difficult exercises that make you really, really fit!

FLORA: Such as?

NORA: Such as?

FLORA: Well listen and I'll read it to you ...

NORA: You listen and I'll read you mine ...

COOKING/EXERCISING SONG

**(THEY SING ALTERNATE LINES, BUT OF COURSE THERE
COULD BE REPEATS WHERE THEY SING THEIR LINES OVER
EACH OTHER OR IN CANON)**

Exercise to make you fitter
How to cook an apple fritter

Run on the spot
Take a big pot
Reaching up
Measuring cup
Jump, two, three, halt!
Spoon of butter, pinch of salt.

Exercise to make you fitter
How to cook an apple fritter

Bend both legs
And beat the eggs
Shoulders lifted
Flour sifted
Swing the arms around, around
Half a nutmeg, finely ground

Exercise to make you fitter
How to cook an apple fritter

Lift your heel
Lemon peel
Twist the waist
Sweeten to taste
Stand up straight and tummy flatter
Dip the apple in the batter

Exercise to make you fitter
How to cook an apple fritter

Chopping
Hopping
Dipping
Skipping
Blending
Bending
Baking
Shaking

Put it in the oven
Ow! My legs are aching!

Exercise to make you fitter
That's how to cook an apple fritter.

FLORA: See what I mean?

NORA: See what I mean?

DORA ENTERS

DORA: What are you two arguing about?

FLORA & NORA: Who said we were arguing?

DORA: Well it sounded like you were arguing.

FLORA: Where have you been, anyway?

DORA: I've been feeding the pigs.

NORA: It doesn't take you all morning to feed the pigs.

DORA: I met the King.

NORA: She met the King!

FLORA: Oh yes, and pigs can fly, I suppose.

DORA: They can't fly, but I have taught them to talk.

NORA: She's taught the pigs how to talk!!

FLORA: And she met the King!!

NORA AND FLORA FALL ABOUT LAUGHING

DORA: It's true! I did meet the King - Honestly - Ask them.

FLORA:(**TO AUDIENCE**) Did she really meet the King? ... Really?

DORA: You see.

NORA: What did the King say?

DORA: He said that he's terribly bored with being King and so he's going to have a competition and the winner of the competition can be king or queen instead of him.

FLORA:(**TO AUDIENCE**) Is this true?

NORA: So what's the competition?

DORA: The winner of the competition will be whoever can stop the King from being bored for three whole minutes. (**OR SHE COULD GET THE AUDIENCE TO TELL THEM**)

FLORA: I can do that!

NORA: I can do that!

FLORA: Listen!

NORA: No, you listen!

FLORA: I'll cook him an enormous feast of delicious food. So deliciously squishous he won't be able to resist eating it. Nobody can eat a feast in less than three minutes, so I'm sure to win!

NORA: No, no. I'm going to win! I'm going to wing! I'll lend him my new mountain bike. He can ride around the palace, even up and down the stairs. He'll never get bored with that!

FLORA: But I want to be the new queen!

NORA: I want to be queen!

FLORA: I want people to bow down and say "Yes. Queen Flora, your Majesty".

NORA: I want to be Queen Nora and have a crown and ride around in a golden carriage.

FLORA: Queen Nora? You can't have a Queen Nora!

NORA: Well what's wrong with that? It's not as silly as Queen Flora!

FLORA: Anyway, you can't lend him your mountain bike. Because I've used it.

NORA:q What do you mean, you've used it?

FLORA: I've used it to build my new sausage making machine.

NORA: I don't believe you Flora.

FLORA: All right Nora, I'll show you.

EXIT FLORA

NORA: If she's used my mountain bike I'll ... well ... I'll ... You know... I'm going to ...

DORA: What will you do Nora?

NORA: I'll put mustard in her custard! That's what I'll do!

FLORA RETURNS WITH SAUSAGE MAKING MACHINE, WHICH VERY OBVIOUSLY INVOLVES BITS OF BICYCLE

FLORA: Da-dah! Now watch.

SHE GIVES A QUICK DEMONSTRATION. WHEN SHE PEDDLES THE MACHINE PRODUCES STRINGS OF SAUSAGES

FLORA: Frankfurters, salami, saveloys, bangers!

NORA: You have! You've used it! You've used my bike to make that stupid machine!

FLORA: I told you.

NORA: You have to give my bike back, Flora.

FLORA: It's too late. I can't.

NORA: Then...then....Then I'm going to buy a new one.

FLORA: What with? You haven't got any money.

NORA: I'm going to sell the pigs to Mr Gristle the butcher, and buy a new bike with the money.

EXIT NORA

DORA: She can't sell the pigs! Flora, stop her! Flora, tell her she can't. Not to Mr Gristle the butcher.

FLORA: Don't worry, Dora, I won't let her sell the pigs.

DORA: Oh good.

FLORA: I'm going to cook them to make a feast for the King.

DORA: Cook them!

FLORA: Yes. Listen to this. **(READS FROM HER BOOK)** "Roast pig with apple in its mouth". That sounds pretty good. I think we'll start with that. Dora, go and kill the fattest of the pigs while I get the rest of the ingredients. And don't be all day about it!

DORA: I can't do that!

EXIT FLORA READING THE RECIPE FROM HER BOOK

DORA: Oh no, what am I going to do? Nora wants to sell the pigs to butcher and Flora wants to cook them. I'd better go and warn the pigs.

EXIT DORA CALLING PIGS

**SCENE 3
SOMEWHERE ELSE**

WOLF APPEARS WEARING A BERET, FALSE MOUSTASH AND SUNGLASSES

WOLF: Bonjour, leetle piggies. Eet is moi, le French pood-el. Do not be afryaid....Ha, ha, ha! Those pigs think that they're clever! They'll never recognize me in this disguise.

PIGS APPEAR - SINGING

PIGS: He's the wolf, yeah, he's real mean;
Busting up the piggies scene.
He's the terror of the woods;
He eats Little Red Riding Hoods!
He's the wolf!

WOLF: I am the wolf.
I am the wolf.
I'm the master of disguise

I pull the wool across their eyes
I am the wolf.

WOLF: 'ello, 'ello ma petit, juicy, leetle piggies.

PIGS: Who's afraid of the big bad wolf? Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!

EXIT PIGS

WOLF: Hey! They recognized me? How did they do that?

EXIT WOLF

SCENE 4

DORA ENTERS STILL CALLING PIGS

DORA: Pig, pig, pig, pig, pigs. Here pig, pig, pig, pig, pigs.

PIGS APPEAR GRUNTING, OINKING AND SQUEALING

DORA: Shhh, shhh, shhh. This is no time for oinking and grunting.

GRUNT: What's the problem?

DORA: I told my sisters about the King's competition and now my sister Nora wants to sell you all to the butcher (**MUCH GRUNTING AND SQUEALING FROM PIGS**) so that she can buy the King a mountain bike.

GRUNT: Mountain bike? What's a mountain bike.

OINK: What's a King?

SQUEAL: What's a competition?

DORA: Never mind that now. Listen. My other sister Flora wants me to kill one of you so that (**MUCH MORE GRUNTING**) so that she can roast you and feed you to the King. What are we going to do?

GRUNT: What do you mean, "we"? You got us into this mess!

FLORA:(**OFF**) Dora??

DORA: Oh no! Too late! Here comes Flora! Grunt.

GRUNT: What?
DORA: Pretend to be dead.
GRUNT: Dead?
DORA: Yes.
GRUNT: Then what?
DORA: I don't know - You'll just have to think of something.

FLORA ENTERS WITH APPLES

FLORA: What have you been up to?
DORA: Nothing
FLORA; Where's the pig?
DORA: Here it is.
FLORA Hmmm, seems nice and fat. All right, don't stand there gauping. Go and light the oven.
DORA; Yes Flora.

EXIT DORA

FLORA: Now ... "Roast pig with apple in its mouth" ... "Place a large apple in the open mouth of the pig".

SHE DOES

GRUNT DISAPPEARS WITH APPLE AND OINK TAKES HER PLACE, MOUTH OPEN.

FLORA: "Coat the pig with oil and honey ..." Hey! Where's the apple gone? Maybe it fell out. I'll use another one.

SHE PLACES AN APPLE IN OINK'S MOUTH. OINK DISAPPEARS AND SQUEAL TAKES HER PLACE

FLORA: Now, where was I ... It's gone again! There's something strange going on here. I'll try one more apple. "Place the apple in the pig's mouth".

SQUEAL: Mmmm. Thank you very much.

FLORA: Pardon?

GRUNT: Shhh! You're meant to be dead!

SQUEAL: Am I?

GRUNT: Yes, you stupid pig!

FLORA: I thought as much! This pig isn't dead!

PIGS: Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!

PIGS RUN OFF

FLORA: Come back here you pigs! Right! It's the sausage machine for you!

**EXIT FLORA
ENTER DORA**

PIGS: Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!

DORA: I wouldn't laugh if I were you. Nora's on her way here with Mr Gristle the butcher and she's going to sell you to him.

GRUNT: Mr Gristle!

SQUEAL: Eeeeeeeeee!

GRUNT: What'll we do. Dora?

DORA: I've got a plan.

PIGS: A plan? What is it?

DORA: You pretend to be sick.

GRUNT: Sick?

SQUEAL: But we're not sick.

DORA: You have to pretend! Pretend you've got swinefever or ... or measles, or something. If Mr Gristle thinks you're sick, he won't buy you. Butchers don't make pork chops out of sick pigs.

GRUNT: Pork chops! Don't mention pork chops.

DORA; Right. Start pretending to be sick. I'll be back in a minute.

SQUEAL: Oy! Where are you going?

DORA: I'm going to dress up as a vet. You just start pretending to be sick.

**PIGS PRETEND TO BE SICK
NORA AND MR GRISTLE ENTER**

GRISTLE: Well, let's see these pigs then.

NORA: Here they are, Mr Gristle.

GRISTLE: Hmm - Not what you'd call big pigs, are they.

NORA: They're nice and fat, Mr Gristle.

GRISTLE: If they're too fat they don't make good bacon.

NORA: Oh they're not too fat ...

GRISTLE: I hope they're healthy.

NORA: Of course they are!

GRUNT: Ahhh-chooo!

GRISTLE: That pig just sneezed.

OINK Ahhh-chooo!

GRISTLE: So did that one.

SQUEAL: Ahhh-chooo!

GRISTLE: And that one! I thought you said these pigs were healthy.

NORA: Nothing to worry about. Just a slight cold.

PIGS ALL START COUGHING

GRISTLE Now they're coughing!

NORA: It doesn't mean anything. Pigs often do that.

DORA: Plenty of rest and peace and quiet.

GRISTLE: Thank you Dr McGerbil. I must be getting back to my butcher's shop.

NORA: Don't you want to buy the pigs?

PIGS: Bllleeeeeer!!

EXIT PIGS

GRISTLE: Don't be silly! I'm not buying pigs with Mad Pig Disease.

**GRISTLE BEGINS TO LEAVE
NORA FOLLOWS HIM**

NORA: Oh please, Mr Gristle. I'll make them very cheap!

GRISTLE: No.

NORA: Half price?

GRISTLE: No.

GRISTLE AND NORA EXIT

NORA: Quarter price?

GRISTLE: No.

NORA: Please Mr Gristle.

DORA TAKES OFF DR MCGERBIL DISGUISE

DORA: **(TO AUDIENCE)** Did you see Nora's face!? "I'm Dr. McGerbil the well known vet" She really thought I was the vet, didn't she! Did you know it was me?...Of course you did. Now, I wonder what Flora's up to?

SOUND OF FLORA SINGING "Pork sausage, just the thing..."

DORA: Oh no - here she comes. I'd better get rid of this disguise.

EXIT DORA

ENTER FLORA WITH SAUSAGE MACHINE

FLORA: Pork sausage, just the thing
To set before a hungry king.
Hot dog - it's a winner
Making bangers for the royal dinner!

FLORA: Now, I've got the pepper ... the pickle ... some mustard ... and bread
crumbs ... all we need is the pigs. Here pig, pig, pig, pig, pigs! I've
brought you some nice piggy food.

PIGS APPEAR

PIGS: Yum, yum, yum.

FLORA: Right, pigs, into the sausage machine.

PIGS: No. Please - We don't want to be sausages.

FLORA: Too bad. In you go.

PIGS AND FLORA SING SAUSAGE SONG

PIGS:
Oh please, please don't hurt us,
We don't want to be frankfurters.
You are surely mistaken
If you think we want to be bacon.
Don't you know, no pig enjoys
Being turned into saveloys?
Can't you see, it makes us sick
To think of being stuck on a cocktail stick?

FLORA:

Pork sausage, just the thing
To set before a hungry king.
Hot dog - it's a winner
Making bangers for the royal dinner!

PIGS:

We don't want to be sausages!
Save us from the butcher's shops.
Yeah we declare
Our ribs aren't spare
And we don't want to be pork chops!

FLORA: Don't make such a fuss. You can be first. In you go.

GRUNT (SINGS): Oh please, please don't harm me,
I don't want to be salami.
Please, someone tell her,
I don't want to be mortadella.
I'm quite happy as I am,
Please don't turn me into spam.
Please, don't be rash;
Don't want to be the banger in the bangers and mash!

FLORA:

Pork sausage, just the thing
To set before a hungry king.
Hot dog - it's a winner
Making bangers for the royal dinner!

PIGS:

We don't want to be sausages!
Save us from the butcher's shops.
Yeah, we declare
Our ribs aren't spare
And we don't want to be pork chops!

REPEAT SINGING PARTS OVER EACH OTHER

FLORA: That's enough messing about. Into the machine.

GRUNT: But we're shy.

OINK: Yeah, yeah, we're very shy.

SQUEAL: Are we?

OINK: Shhh!

FLORA: What do you mean, you're shy?

GRUNT: We'll get into the sausage machine, but only if you promise not to look.

OINK: Yeah, if you promise not to look.

SQUEAL: Will we?

OINK: Shhh!

FLORA: Well ...

PIGS: Go on.

FLORA: Mmmmm ...

PIGS: Please.

FLORA: I don't know ...

GRUNT: We'll each shout when we've gone in.

FLORA: Oh ... All right.

GRUNT: No peeping.

FLORA: I promise.

GRUNT: Close your eyes and count to ten.

FLORA: 1 2 3

GRUNT: Quick. Where's the pepper?

OINK: Here it is.

SQUEAL: What's that for?

GRUNT: Pour it all in the machine.

OINK: There it goes.

FLORA: ... 8 9

GRUNT: I'm in!!

GRUNT HIDES

FLORA: 10. Good. Next one.

OINK: Count to ten again.

FLORA: 1 2 3

OINK: Get the hot pickles.

SQUEAL: Here they are Oink.

OINK: Now pour the pickles in the machine.

SQUEAL: So we're not getting into the machine?

OINK: Shhh! Of course not you stupid pig!

FLORA: ... 8 9

OINK: I'm in!

OINK HIDES LEAVING ONLY SQUEAL IN VIEW

FLORA: 10. Good. Right, in you go.

SQUEAL: Start counting.

FLORA: 1 2 3

GRUNT: Put the mustard in.

SQUEAL: The what?

GRUNT: The mustard!

SQUEAL POURS MUSTARD INTO THE MACHINE

GRUNT: Is it in?

SQUEAL: Yes

GRUNT: Then hide - quickly!

SQUEAL: Pardon?

GRUNT DRAGS SQUEAL OUT OF SIGHT

FLORA: ... 8 9 10

SQUEAL: I'm in!

FLORA; That's it then. All the pigs in the machine. All I have to do now is start it up. It'll make lots of lovely pork sausages. Let's start with frankfurters. Here we go ... look at all those frankfurters. Now let's make saveloys ... Look at them! And now bangers! There! What lovely sausages! The king won't be able to resist them - and it'll take him much longer than three minutes to eat this lot. So I'm sure to win! I'm going to win! I'm going to win! Just think of it! I'm going to be Queen Flora the first!

**EXIT FLORA WITH PILE OF SAUSAGES AND MACHINE
ENTER DORA**

DORA: Grunt? ... Oink? ... Squeal? ... (VERY UPSET) Oh no - Flora's turned them into sausages. Oh poor little pigs. And it's all my fault. If I hadn't told my sisters about the King's competition this would never have happened.

PIGS: Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!

DORA: You escaped! You're not sausages! You clever pigs, how did you do it?

GRUNT: We filled the sausages up with pepper ...

OINK: And hot pickle ...

SQUEAL; And mustard!

DORA: Just wait till the King tastes them!

GRUNT: The king? You still haven't told us what this is all about. What's this competition?

DORA: Who ever can stop the King from being bored for three whole minutes will become the new king or queen.

GRUNT: What is a king?

DORA: Can anyone tell Grunt what a king is?

GRUNT: So a king or a queen is very rich, does whatever they like, and tells everyone else what to do?

DORA: Yes. More or less.

GRUNT: So if you won the competition you would become Queen.

DORA: Well, yes.

GRUNT: And you could stop anyone from cooking us or selling us to the butcher?

DORA: I suppose so.

GRUNT: That's it then. You'll have to win the competition and become Queen.

DORA: How am I going to do that?

GRUNT: We'll help you.

DORA: How?

GRUNT: Pig circus. Oink, Squeal and I will each do a little act. The King is sure to like watching performing pigs.

DORA: But what can you do?

GRUNT: Mind reading.

DORA: Mind reading?

GRUNT: You put a blindfold over my eyes and then I guess peoples' ages or - you know - tell you what people are thinking.

DORA: All right Grunt, you can do mind reading. But what can Oink do?

OINK: I'm a strong pig. I'll do weight lifting.

DORA: What about Squeal?

SQUEAL: Can I do magic? Please, please, please! I want to do magic. Can I please? Can I please?

OINK: She can make apples disappear. I've seen her.

DORA: All right I'll teach you some magic.

SQUEAL: Oh goodie, goodie, goodie!

DORA: Shhh! Watch. You take a scarf, like this **(TAKES OFF HER SCARF)** and you place it like so. Then you say:
 Abra-cadabra
 Isn't it funny
 Under my scarf **(WHIPS SCARF AWAY)**
 I found a big bunny!

SURE ENOUGH THERE IS A RABBIT

SQUEAL: Let me try! Let my try!

DORA: Here's the scarf.

SQUEAL: Abra-cadabra
 Um ... Look underneath

WHIPS SCARF AWAY REVEALING WOLF WITH BUNNY EARS STRAPPED TO HIS HEAD

WOLF: I am a bunny
 With very sharp teeth!

PIGS: It's the wolf!

WOLF: They guessed again. How do they do it?

GRUNT: Run for it!

WOLF: Come back lunch!

DORA: You get away from my pigs!

EXIT PIGS PURSUED BY WOLF PURSUED BY DORA

ENTER NORA WITH LARGE LIDDED BASKET OR BOX OUT OF WHICH SHE TAKES VARIOUS PIECES OF SPORTS AND EXERCISE EQUIPMENT.

NORA: I can't sell those pigs, so I can't buy a mountain bike, but the King's sure to like some of these.

SHE TRIES SOME OF THEM OUT

NORA: I could teach him tennis ... or skipping ... or ... or maybe he'd like to play with my skateboard. Where is my skateboard? Any of you seen my skateboard? I bet that Flora's got it. If Flora's done anything to my skateboard, I'm going to ... I'll ... I'll I'll put Spam in her jam! I'll put noodles in her strudel! I'll put soup in her Fruit Loops!. That's what I'll do.

**EXIT NORA
ENTER DORA**

DORA: Where's that wolf? You seen the wolf? Just wait till I catch him.

**EXIT DORA
ENTER WOLF**

WOLF: Got to find somewhere to hide. Where can I hide? Where can I hide? (SEES BASKET) Ah-ha! Perfect. I'll hide in here.

**WOLF GETS INTO BASKET
ENTER NORA ON SKATEBOARD**

NORA: Found my skateboard. It was in the bedroom. Don't know how it got in there. Well, I'm ready to see the King now. Soon I'll be Queen Nora. Just think of that!

SHE TOSSES THE SKATEBOARD INTO THE BASKET

WOLF: (IN BASKET) Ow!

**EXIT NORA WITH BASKET
ENTER DORA WITH BATH**

DORA: Pig, pig, pig, pig, pigs! It's me, Dora!

GRUNT AND OINK APPEAR

GRUNT: What's this thing?

OINK: Yeah, what's that?

DORA: It's a bath.

GRUNT: A bath? What's a bath for?

DORA: (TO AUDIENCE) Tell them what a bath is ... You wash in it to get clean.

OINK: Wash? What's wash?

GRUNT: What's clean.

DORA: Well, you know. Not so dirty.

GRUNT: What's dirty?

DORA: You're dirty. You can't go to see the King looking like that.

OINK: Like what?

DORA: All smelly and covered in mud.

OINK: Can't we?

GRUNT: How do we get clean?

DORA: You get into the bath ... Oooo, it's hot! .. And then you wash. Come on. In you get.

OINK: Do you think we should?

GRUNT: Here I come!

DIVES INTO BATH

OINK: Me too.

DIVES IN

OINK: Hey! It's wet!

DORA: Where's Squeal? Squeal!

SQUEAL APPEARS

SQUEAL: Hey. What are you all doing?
 GRUNT: We're getting clean.
 OINK: Not so dirty.
 SQUEAL: Wait for me. (DIVES IN)
 GRUNT: Ow! What are you doing?
 DORA: I'm washing you.
 GRUNT: Don't be so rough.
 OINK: Yeah, use something softer.

DORA AND PIGS SING WASHING SONG

If you want to get clean you get
 into the bathtub
 You wash off the dirt with a
 scrub, scrub, scrub
 You wash between your toes with a
 rub-a-dub dub.
 Washing from top to bottom

What else do you wash? ... Your knees.

If you want to get clean you get
 into the bathtub
 You wash off the dirt with a
 scrub, scrub, scrub
 You wash your knees with a
 rub-a-dub dub.
 Washing from top to bottom

What else do you wash? ... Your ears.

If you want to get clean you get
 into the bathtub
 You wash off the dirt with a
 scrub, scrub, scrub
 You wash your ears with a
 rub-a-dub dub.
 Washing from top to bottom

What else do you wash? ... Your hair.

If you want to get clean you get
into the bathtub
You wash off the dirt with a
scrub, scrub, scrub
You wash your hair with a
rub-a-dub dub.
Washing from top to bottom

(And so on.
You can ask for parts of the body at random, or you could start at
the top and work down, or the bottom and work up.)

DORA: There. Now I'll just rinse you off.

**SHE PUSHES THEM UNDER THE WATER. THEY MAKE A LOT
OF SPLUTTERING NOISES**

DORA: And you're all clean!

PIGS RE-APPEAR SPARKLING CLEAN

OINK: So this is "clean"?

DORA: That's right.

OINK: I prefer "dirty".

DORA: (TO AUDIENCE) Do you think they're clean enough to meet the
King? ... Come on then. Let's go and see the King.

EXIT DORA PIGS AND BATH

SCENE 5

THE PALACE

**THE KING ENTERS
TAKES OUT A LIST**

KING: Let's see. Waving ... done that. Shaking hands ... done that ...
Changing the guard ... Have I changed the guard? Oh yes, did that
this morning. Well ... that's it I suppose ... nothing else to do ... I'll

just have to sit on the jolly old throne for a few hours. (SITS) It's not even very comfortable.

FLORA: (OFF) I got here first!

NORA: (OFF) I was here first!

FLORA: I was here ages before you.

NORA: No you were not!

FLORA: I was so!

NORA: Wasn't!

FLORA: Was!

NORA: Wasn't!

FLORA: Was!

KING: Captain Careful!

CAREFUL: (OFF) Yes Your Majesty?

KING: What's all that noise?

CAREFUL: Two people here to see you, Your Majesty.

KING: Well, send them in, send them in.

CAREFUL: Yes, Your Majesty.

FLORA AND NORA BURST INTO THE ROOM. FLORA IS CARRYING A LARGE PLATE OF SAUSAGES AND NORA IS DRAGGING HER BASKET..

FLORA: I'm Flora ...

NORA: I'm Nora ...

FLORA: I was here first.

NORA: She's lying, 'cause I was.

FLORA: Well I'm the oldest.

NORA: Doesn't matter.

KING: Be quiet, both of you.

TOGETHER: Yes Your Majesty. Sorry Your Majesty.

KING: What are doing in the palace with such a large plate of sausages?

FLORA: They're for you, Your Majesty. I heard you were having a little competition and I thought I know what His Majesty would really like, His Majesty would like some of my pork sausages. They're so delicious, Your Majesty, one taste and you'll want to eat them all! And I'm sure Your Majesty won't even get a teensiest bit bored while you're eating them.

KING: They do look rather good. (TO NORA) And what, may I ask, have you got in that basket?

NORA: Well, Your Majesty, I'm training to be the fastest runner in the world, so naturally I know all about games and exercise. And in here, in this basket, I have got some very special equipment.

FLORA: Such as?

NORA: Such as my skateboard

FLORA: Your skateboard!

NORA: And my skipping rope!

FLORA: Skipping rope!

KING: That sounds very interesting. We will start with the sausages and then we will try the skateboard. Put the sausages here and the basket over here.

FLORA: Yes Your Majesty.

NORA: Here you are, Your Majesty.

FLORA: (TO HERSELF) Queen Flora.

NORA: (TO HERSELF) Queen Nora.

KING: This looks like a tasty sausage. We do like a nice saveloy. But remember, I mustn't be bored for three whole minutes. We shall begin timing now.

KING TAKES A BITE OF THE SAUSAGE

KING: Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

FLORA: What's wrong, Your Majesty?

KING: This sausage is full of mustard! Water! Water! She's trying to poison me! Help! My tongue's on fire!

WOLF POKES HIS HEAD OUT OF BASKET AND SEES THE SAUSAGES THAT THE KING IS STILL HOLDING

WOLF: Mmmm sausages!

WOLF GRABS SAUSAGES

KING: Yaaaaaaah! A wolf! Help! Help! Wolf! Wolf!

KING JUMPS UP ON HIS THRONE

FLORA: Look what you've done! You've ruined everything!

NORA: It wasn't my fault. It was your stupid sausages!

KING: Out! Out! Get Out! And get that wolf out of the palace!

FLORA: We're sorry Your Majesty.

NORA: We're going Your Majesty.

KING: Out!

FLORA & NORA: Yes, Your Majesty.

EXIT FLORA, NORA AND WOLF

KING: Sausages full of mustard ... Wolves ... I think I'd rather be bored!

DORA PUTS HER HEAD AROUND THE CORNER

DORA: Excuse me, Your Majesty.

KING: Who is it?

DORA: It's me, Dora, Your Majesty.

KING: You haven't brought me any wolves or sausages have you?

DORA: No, Your Majesty.

KING: Oh good.

NORA: I've brought you some pigs.

KING: Pigs???

DORA: Performing pigs, Your Majesty. To stop you from being bored.

KING: (WEAKLY) Oh yes ... yes. How silly of me not to realise.

DORA: Shall I bring them in?

KING: (RESIGNED) Yes, yes. Bring them in, bring them in. Oh! Almost forgot! Have to time three minutes. Righto, go ahead.

DORA BLOWS A WHISTLE AND THE PIGS COME IN SINGING AND DANCING. THEY ARE VERY CLEAN AND WEARING CIRCUS COSTUMES

PERFORMING PIGS:

Time for us to take the floor
 Hope you won't think we're a bore
 When we finish shout "Encore"!
 For more performing pigs!

Wee, wee, wee, are here to please you,
 Wee, wee, wee will make you laugh,
 Wee, wee, wee will entertain you;
 And we've even had a bath.

Wee, wee hope that you will like us
 When wee, wee, wee do our show.
 Hope that wee, wee keep you smiling
 Until wee, wee have to go.

Time for us to take the floor
 Hope you won't think we're a bore
 When we finish shout "Encore"!

For more performing pigs!

DORA:

This little piggy's a magician
We call her Piggalletta the Incredible.
She pulls rabbits out of hats, and in addition
She can make things disappear, if they're edible.

**SQUEAL PERFORMS MAGIC TRICK WITH SCARF. THIS TIME
PRODUCING A RABBIT. EXIT SQUEAL**

DORA:

This little piggy is a strong pig.
She can lift a half a ton with just her snout.
If you want to pick a fight, she's the wrong pig,
Cause she's the one that knocked Frank Bruno out!

**OINK (WHO IS WEARING A LEOPARD SKIN) PERFORMS
STRONG PIG ACT. EXIT OINK**

DORA:

This little piggy is a smart pig.
Swami of Salami is her name.
Part fortuneteller and a part pig,
By reading minds she gained enormous fame.

**GRUNT PERFORMS MIND READING ACT. THIS INVOLVES
GRUNT BEING BLINDFOLDED. SHE THEN GUESSES
PEOPLES' AGES AND/OR IDENTIFIES OBJECTS FROM
PEOPLES' POCKETS THAT DORA HOLDS UP. EXIT GRUNT.**

DORA: And that, Your Majesty, is the end of our act.

KING: Three minutes! Three minutes! Good gracious you've done it!
You've stopped me being bored for three whole minutes!

DORA: Hurrah!! We've won!

KING: Congratulations Dora. But tell me, whose brilliant idea was it to
have performing pigs?

DORA: Well, actually, it was Grunt's idea.

KING: Grunt?

DORA: The mind reading pig.

KING: Really.

FLORA AND NORA RUSH IN

FLORA: We were just passing the door and we couldn't help overhearing what happened.

NORA: Congratulations, Dora.

FLORA: I hope you'll remember what kind sisters we've always been to you.

NORA: You can always borrow my skateboard, Dora.

KING: Ladies and gentlemen, the time has come to announce the winner of the royal competition ...

FLORA: Isn't this exciting?

KING: ... The winner will, of course, take my place on the throne and be the new Queen ...

NORA: Dora, we're so pleased for you.

KING: ... And the winner is ... Grunt the pig.

ALL: The pig!!!

FLORA: A pig can't be queen!

KING: Why not?

FLORA: They're so greedy.

NORA: And dirty!

KING: But the pigs won the competition.

NORA: What about us?

KING: You? Well, Flora likes cooking. She can be the palace cook.

FLORA: And cook pigswill!?

KING: Nora likes running. She can be palace messenger.

NORA: For the pigs?

KING: And Dora can be the Pigs' Own Looker Afterer.

DORA: Couldn't I be the court jester, Your Majesty?

KING: Oh, very well Dora, you can be court jester.

DORA; 'raaaay! I always wanted to be court jester!

KING: All rise please for Queen Grunt the first.

ANTHEM

NORA & FLORA: A pig shall be queen of the land
 A pig shall be the queen
 It's not exactly what we planned
 A pig shall be the queen
 Let every piglet now rejoice
 Sing every porker with one voice
 No more pork chops or saveloys
 A pig shall be the queen.

Now every pig may live in peace
 A pig shall be the queen
 Plant orchards with sweet apple trees
 A pig shall be the queen
 Raise the piggies' banner high
 For every pig an apple pie
 Fresh straw for all in every sty
 A pig shall be the queen.

Lift up your snouts, be of good cheer
 A pig shall be the queen
 At last the time for pigs is here
 A pig shall be the queen
 And people of the human race
 Who always take up so much space
 Remember, you don't own the place
 A pig shall be the queen.

PIGS: God save our ba-acon!

We-we-we are here to
 please you.
 We-we hope you liked
 our show!

DURING THE ANTHEM GRUNT ENTERS AND TAKES HER PLACE ON THE THRONE. THE CORONATION THEN TAKES PLACE. THE KING TAKES OFF HIS CROWN AND PLACES A CROWN ON GRUNT'S HEAD. KING, DORA, FLORA AND NORA FILE OUT AT THE END OF ANTHEM. SQUEAL AND OINK ENTER.

OINK: What'll we do now, Grunt?

GRUNT: Um ... I know! Let's go and roll in the mud!

PIGS: Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!
