

Script: The Three Little Pigs

In a place neither near nor far, and a time neither now nor then, there lived three little pigs. Well, piglets to be precise.

These happy piglets lived happily in a happy home with their mum.

However, piglets don't stay piglets forever – they grow into pigs; just like you or I, one day, turn from kidlets into grown-ups.

Eventually, the time comes when little pigs need to find their own place to live. Their own home.

So one hazy summer morning, mummy pig squeezed her three pigs tight, kissed them on their foreheads and sent them on their way. Their curly tails bobbed up and down as they set off into the Big Wide World.

After a little while, the first little pig's legs began to feel a little weary. Finding a new home was tougher than he thought – he would much rather be relaxing in the sunshine.

All at once, he spotted a very large pile of straw.

“Aha!”, he grinned, “this will do for my house”

So he built his house out of straw. That's right, straw. A house. Made of straw.

On trundled the remaining two pigs, their curly tails bobbing up and down as they went further into the Big Wide World

After another little while, the second little pig began to feel altogether fed up with searching for a new house – he would much rather be sitting down with a nice cold drink.

At that very moment, he spied a large pile of sticks

“Aha!”, he beamed, “these will do for my house”

So he built his house out of sticks – a house made entirely of sticks.

On trotted the last little pig, deeper into the Big Wide World, his curly tail bobbing up and down as he went.

After a bit more of a little while, the third and final pig came across a very large pile of bricks – exactly what he had been looking for all this time.

“Aha!”, he smiled, “these are perfect for my house”

So he built his house out of bricks. Good old bricks.

Now, all the three little pigs wanted was the chance to live quietly in their own homes. To settle down, live a peaceful life and maybe have three little pigs of their own. But, unfortunately, there are some big bad creatures out there in the Big Wide World.

The biggest and baddest of those creatures was the Big Bad Wolf. And do you know what the Big Bad Wolf liked to eat more than anything in the Big Wide World?

That’s right, little pigs. Juicy little pigs.

So when the Big Bad Wolf happened upon the first little pig’s house his eyes grew large, a sly grin spread across his face and he licked his lips.

What foolish little piggy would build his house out of straw?

“Let me in, let me in little pig, or I’ll huff and then I’ll puff and then maybe I’ll huff a little more, and I’ll blow your house down”, snarled the Big Bad Wolf

“No chance!” the little pig shouted back, “Not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin!”

The Big Bad Wolf shrugged his shoulders before huffing, and then puffing, and huffing a little more. And he blew the little pig’s house down.

Look away now if you don't want to know what happened to that first little pig, but let's just say that the Big Bad Wolf was hungry for his favourite snack in all the Big Wide World.

Happy with his day's work so far, but not quite full up, the Big Bad Wolf prowled onward, looking for something else to satisfy his hunger.

Before long, he came across the second little pig's house of sticks. Once again, his eyes grew large, a sly grin spread across his face and he licked his lips.

What foolish little piggy would build his house out of sticks?

"Let me in, let me in little pig, or I'll huff and then I'll puff and then maybe I'll huff a little more, and I'll blow your house down", sneered the Big Bad Wolf

"No chance!" the second little pig bellowed back, "Not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin!"

So the Big Bad Wolf huffed and then puffed and then huffed again. And he blew the little pig's house down. Sticks were no match for his powerful lungs

Cover your eyes, readers, if you don't want to know what happened to the second little pig – because, just like the first, the Big Bad Wolf gobbled him right up.

Even happier with his day's work, but still not quite full up, the Big Bad Wolf crept further on, until eventually he discovered the third little pig's house of bricks.

His eyes grew slightly less large, a grin didn't spread across his face, but he still licked his lips – the thought of that juicy pig was too tempting

"Let me in, let me in little pig, or I'll huff and then I'll puff and then maybe I'll huff a little more, and I'll blow your house down", scowled the Big Bad Wolf

"No chance!" the third little pig roared back, "Not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin!"

So the Big Bad Wolf huffed and then he puffed and then he huffed again, and he puffed and then he huffed and then he puffed again. He huffed and puffed until he was blue in the face. He huffed and puffed until could huff and puff no more.

The brick house didn't budge. The wolf had no chance. Smiling from ear to ear, the third little pig watched from his window.

That smile soon turned upside down, however, when he saw the Big Bad Wolf get up from where he had crumpled on the floor and slowly make his way up side of the house towards the roof. He was heading for the little pig's chimney.

Little did he know that the little pig was in the middle of cooking a nice big pot of soup, which was steadily bubbling and boiling in his kitchen. As soon as he saw what the Big Bad Wolf's plan was, the little pig pushed the pot of soup into the fireplace beneath the chimney.

So when the not-so-clever-now wolf came hurtling down, he landed with a splish and a splash in the boiling broth, letting out a bone tingling screech.

Quick as a flash, the little pig placed the lid back on the pot and that was the last of the Big Bad Wolf.

The last little pig settled down to live peacefully, as safe and as sound as he could be in his brick house.