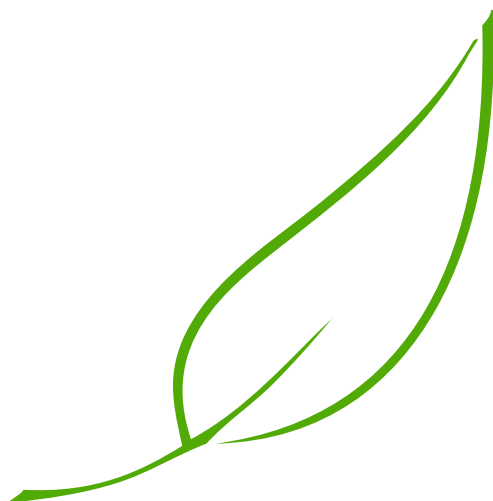


WOLF AT THE DOOR

by Ken Bradbury



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A play for three pigs, one wolf, and a policeman:
Hamlet, Shoatsy, Swinet, Wolfie, and Sgt. Bane.

(The scene: The home of the three little pigs. At center is a table and hiding behind that, Wolfie. He is currently in a pot of water. When he speaks, he reaches up and puts his hands on the table, raising his head above table level. Shoatsy and Hamlet are looking into "the pot.")

HAMLET: *(a rather irritable hog)* You think he's done?

SHOATSY: How should I know? I've never cooked one before.

SWINET: *(a highly excitable pig, running in)* So what're we gonna do?

HAMLET: *(still looking in the pot, ignoring Swinet)* Maybe if we add salt ...

SWINET: What're we gonna do?

HAMLET: *(looking in the pot)* I told ya we should have used the microwave.

SWINET: Would you guys listen to me? What if somebody finds out? What if we get caught? What if somebody saw us? What if ...

HAMLET: What if you hand me the meat tenderizer over there?

SWINET: Would somebody please listen to me?

SHOATSY: Look, it's your fault. If you had called the cops when he came do your door, we wouldn't be in this mess.

SWINET: I couldn't help it! He said, "Little pig! Little pig! Please let me come in!" I thought he was a census taker!

HAMLET: Are you kidding? With that hair on his chinny chin chin? *(reaching down into the pot and bringing up the Wolf's head, his tongue hanging out, his eyes closed)* Does this look like a census taker to you?

SWINET: *(recoiling)* Oh that's horrible! Put him back! Put him back!

HAMLET: Whatever. (*and he drops the Wolf back into the pot*) Look, he's almost done. Don't worry. One good meal and the evidence will be gone.

SWINET: I can't eat that!

SHOATSY: We're all in this together, Swinet. He came to your house and blew it down, then mine. If Hamlet here hadn't built this place of bricks we'd all be pork chops now.

HAMLET: Did I tell you? Don't buy the pre-fab stuff. Brick ... only brick is Wolf-resistant. You wanna go cheap, that's your problem.

SWINET: But this is murder! We've killed a Wolf!

HAMLET: Self-defense. No court would convict us.

SWINET: But you're destroying the evidence! They're gonna think we're covering something up! What're we going to do?

HAMLET: (*looking into the pot*) I'd say add onions.

SHOATSY: Relax, Swinet. Nobody even knows we're here. (*A knock at the door.*) Oops.

SWINET: (*throwing an absolute pig fit*) I knew it! I knew it! They're here! They found out!

HAMLET: Cool it! He's boilin'!

SWINET: And we're gonna fry! I'm hyperventilating! I mean it! I can't catch my breath! You know how I get when I'm upset!

HAMLET: Irritating is how you get! Now shut your snout and see who's at the door!

SWINET: Me?

HAMLET: You rather stir the Wolf?

SWINET: (*recoils*) Ooo. I'll get the door. (*Swinet moves to the door, opens it. Sees Sgt. Bane.*)

BANE: Hi there.

SWINET: We're not at home! (*slams the door shut*)

SHOATSY: You idiot! (*another knock*)

SWINET: Oh no! Somebody else!

SHOATSY: I'll get it. (*goes to the door and opens it*) Hi. We're about to eat. Could you come back later?

BANE: You one of the pigs?

SHOATSEY: Swine. We're swine. The pigs live across the tracks. Could I help you?

BANE: My names' Sgt. Bane. Bureau of Missing Wolves.

HAMLET: (*to himself*) You've got to be kidding.

BANE: We got a report of a missin' Wolf. Wonder if you could answer a few questions.

SWINET: (*faints*)

BANE: What's with him?

SHOATSY: Men in uniform. His father was sent to an Army base for a Christmas dinner.

BANE: Oh. So ... you seen a Wolf around here? (*sniffing the air*) Smells good.

SHOATSY: Chicken. Boiled chicken.

BANE: Smells like chicken.

SHOATSY: (*a nervous laugh*) Everything smells like chicken, right Captain?

BANE: Sergeant. Sgt. Bane.

HAMLET: (*still stirring the pot*) No Wolf around here, Sergeant.

BANE: His wife reported him missing this morning.

SWINET: (*rising to a sitting position, crying out*) He had a wife?!!

SHOATSY: Shut up, Swinet! (*pushes Swinet back down*)

BANE: Huh?

SHOATSY: He hyperventilates. Out of his head.

BANE: Yeh, she said he kissed his kids goodbye and left about

...

SWINET: (*again raising up*) Kids! Oh my gosh! He had kids!

SHOATSY: (*pushes Swinet down again*) Hallucinating. Too much cable TV. Happens a lot.

BANE: So you see a Wolf?

HAMLET: You see so many wolves nowadays, Sergeant. I mean, how's one to know? When I moved here it was swine. Swine only. Then the wolves started coming in and ... well, it's just hard to know, Sergeant, it's hard to know.

BANE: This one was easy to spot. A little bit daffy. He knocked on doors and asked strange questions.



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