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SCRIPTS FOR SCHOOLS

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS



TEACHER SCRIPT/PRIMARY
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THE THREE LITTLE PIGS
A Readers Theater Re-telling in Rhyme

Written and Formatted by Lois Walker
For Primary Readers

VOCABULARY LIST:

manure: n. material that fertilizes land; *especially* refuse of stables and barnyards

forevermore: adv. forever

mortar: n. material used in building construction to bond brick, stone, tile, or concrete blocks into a structure

countryside: n. a rural area

culinary: adj. of or relating to the kitchen or cookery

bricks: n. a handy-sized unit of building or paving material typically being rectangular

This script is formatted as a read-aloud piece and contains simple Readers Theater staging. It has been written for a major narrator (teacher, parent, or older student), 8 solo "easy-reader" parts, a chorus (which might include the entire class, if desired) and for some selected class members to do a bit of miming (also if desired). NOTE: If your Primary Readers are ready to handle additional solo lines, take them from the narrator's longest section on page 4 and re-assign them.

To find the proper rhythm, first read-aloud and clap through the piece as you go. Each underlined word or word part falls directly on a beat. As you read, clap on each underlined word, keeping the rhythm steady. Be careful not to read too fast! This is a rehearsal technique and readers will not clap throughout the entire piece during performance. NOTE: There are a few times during the performance when readers do clap and these are clearly indicated below. Example: (clap, clap)

All readers enter and position themselves behind music stands or sit on either side of NARRATOR holding scripts in their laps. They face the audience. If music stands are used, readers will stand behind them

with scripts resting on stands so that readers' hands are free to clap as indicated below. NARRATOR begins the reading:

NARRATOR: I know a pig.

(clap clap)

ALL READERS: We know a pig.

(clap clap)

ALL GIRLS: You could call him little

ALL BOYS: Since he isn't very big.

READER 1: He built a small house

READER 2: Of straw and manure.

READER 3: It cost five pennies,

READER 4: Or maybe even fewer.

NARRATOR: Then he said,

**ALL READERS/
CHORUS:**

"Hey Wolf
Stay away from my door.
This house will keep me safe
Forevermore.

(clap clap)

And if it doesn't,
One way or the other,
I can always go and live
With my **brother!**"

NARRATOR: I know a pig.

(clap clap)

ALL READERS: We know a pig.

(clap clap)

ALL GIRLS: You could call her little

ALL BOYS: Since she isn't very big.

READER 5: She built a tall house

READER 6: Of mud and sticks.

READER 7: Paid ten thin dimes

READER 8: For the twiggy-mud mix.

NARRATOR: Then she said,

**ALL READERS/
CHORUS:** "Hey Wolf
Stay away from my door.
This house will keep me safe
Forevermore.

(clap clap)

And if it doesn't,
One way or the other,
I can always go and live
With my **brother!**"

NARRATOR: I know a pig.

(clap clap)

ALL READERS: We know a pig.

(clap clap)

ALL GIRLS: You could call him little

ALL BOYS: Since he isn't very big.

NARRATOR: He built a wide house
Of bricks and mortar.
The whole darn thing

Cost a dollar and a quarter.
Then he said,

**ALL READERS/
CHORUS:**

"Hey Wolf
Stay away from my door.
This house will keep me safe
Forevermore.

(clap clap)

And if it doesn't,
One way or the other,
I guess I'll go and live
With my **mother!**
(clap clap)

(While NARRATOR reads the following, members of the class may mime the story action, if desired. Three non-readers may play the part of the pigs whose homes are blown away. They run from house to house and are finally safe with pig # 3 in the brick house. Another non-reader may mime the wolf as he blows, chases, and ends up in the stew pot as the pigs stir the broth).

NARRATOR:

Then the wolf, big and bad,
Appeared on the scene.
He wasn't very friendly.
In fact, he was mean.

He huffed and he puffed
From town to town.
'Till he huffered and he puffered
Everything down.

He blew the straw house
Through the clouds on high.
Then blew the stick house
As far as sticks can fly.

And the only thing left
On the countryside.
Was a wide brick house,