

MOCK TRIAL SCRIPT

B. B. WOLF (a/k/a BIG BAD WOLF)

v.

CURLY PIG

(For Pre-School Children Through Primary Grades)

Prepared by

Carol White
Chicago, Illinois

PARTICIPANTS IN TRIAL:

Judge

B.B. Wolf

Curly Pig

Jack Smith

Plaintiff's Counsel

Defendant's Counsel

Jurors

Bailiff

SCENE: The Once upon a time Courthouse. The Bailiff enters the courtroom and calls the case of B.B. Wolf, also know as Big Bad Wolf, vs. Curly Pig. Wolf is seated with his attorney at the plaintiff's table, Pig with his counsel at the defendant's table.

JUDGE: This is the case of Wolf versus Pig. As I understand the pleadings, the charge against Pig is attempted Wolf cooking. Now, are there any opening statements?

ATTY FOR WOLF: Your honor, in this case, we will show that last August 19, the defendant, Mr. Pig, did indeed attempt to cook the plaintiff. We will show that he placed a steaming cauldron of boiling water in a spot where he was sure Mr. Wolf would show up, and that furthermore, his cookbook was found open to the recipe for Poached Wolf. Thank you your honor.

JUDGE: Does the attorney for Curly Pig have any opening statement?

ATTY FOR PIG: Your honor, Mr. Wolf's charge is ridiculous. We will show that the cauldron was inside Mr. Pig's home--a home Mr. Wolf was trying to forcibly enter. We will also show that Mr. Wolf's actions were just the latest in a long series of harassment of the Pig family --harassment that include the eating of Mr. Pig's two brothers, Larry and Hoe. We will show that Curly Pig was merely protecting his home and life.

JUDGE: Very well, call your first witness

ATTY FOR WOLF: I call B.B. Wolf as my first witness.

JUDGE: (B.B. Wolf gets up, goes forward to be sworn in.) Please raise your right paw.

(B.B. Wolf does so.)

JUDGE: Do you swear that the evidence you are about to give is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

WOLF: I do

JUDGE: Please be seated.

ATTY FOR WOLF: Please state your name.

WOLF: My name is Big B. Wolf. Most of my friends call me B.B.

ATTY FOR WOLF: Where do you live?

WOLF: Oh, I've got a nice little den in the woods outside (insert local city). You know it's got redwood paneling. I've got a pretty nice stereo.

ATTY FOR WOLF: A kitchen?

WOLF: Well, uh, I uh, eat out a lot, you might say

ATTY FOR WOLF: Ah, yes. Well, let's move on to the morning of August 19, 1981. Do you recall your whereabouts on that morning?

WOLF: Yes, I do. Quite clearly, actually. I was taking my usual morning stroll and I passed the house of my old pal, Curly Pig. I was admiring his house -- it's quite well built, you know -- and thought I'd pay good old Curly a visit and tell him just that -- what a fine job he'd done in building that place of his. Anyway, I knocked on the door and called out his name, but there was no answer. And so I knocked harder and called out louder, but still there was no answer. And then I sat down on the front porch to wait. I figured Curly was probably out at the store or something and would be back in a minute. You see I really did want to see my old buddy, and I don't get into that neighborhood all that often. And then it hit me; Curly is a real sound sleeper and was probably just sleeping in. I thought if I just left, he'd be sorry I hadn't woken him. So I tried to think of a way I could get into the house to wake him up. And I thought and I thought and finally it came to me -- I could climb down the chimney

ATTY FOR WOLF: And so did you?

WOLF: Well, yes and no. That is, I started to, but when I got almost all the way down, suddenly someone took the lid off this cauldron of water boiling down there. Someone who wanted me to fall into the kettle.

ATTY FOR PIG: Objection! The witness is guessing at my client's motives.

JUDGE: I agree. Objection sustained. Continue, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF: Well, lucky for me, the steam was so powerful that it just sort of whooshed me right up and out of the chimney. I took off like all get out and decided Curly Pig was no friend of mine.

ATTY FOR WOLF: Your honor, that is all of our evidence. The Wolf rests.

JUDGE: Very well. We will now hear Curly Pig's side of case.

ATTY FOR PIG: Your honor, as my first witness, I will call Mr. Jack Smith. (Jack Smith, a middle-aged man in his business suit, gets up, comes forward,

and raises his right hand to be sworn. Judge administers the oath. Smith sits down.)

ATTY FOR PIG: What is your name?

SMITH: My name is Jack Smith.

ATTY FOR PIG: What is your occupation?

SMITH: I run the J. Smith Building Supply Company.

ATTY FOR PIG: Mr. Smith, are you familiar with the Pig family?

SMITH: Well, I've got quite a few Pigs among my customers. There's Porky Pig. And Higgeldy Piggeldy. And of course, Miss Piggy.

ATTY FOR PIG: Then let me be more specific. Are you familiar the Three Little Pigs -- Larry, Moe and Curly?

SMITH: Ah yes. Now there 5 a sad story for you.

ATTY FOR PIG: Just how is it you came to know the Three Little Pigs then?

SMITH: Well, when their poor mother sent them out into the world to make their own ways, they each came to me for building materials for their houses. The first brother, Larry, came to me and asked for a bundle of straw to build a house. I told him, Kid this isn't going to give you the tightest security, but he insisted on straw, and so I sold him a bundle.

ATTY FOR PIG: Do you know if that house ever got built?

SMITH: Oh, it got built all right. But it didn't last long.

ATTY FOR PIG: Just what do you mean by that?

SMITH: Well, right after he got it built -- I think it was the day after that nice little house-warming party he had -- that old wolf over there (points at plaintiff) -- he's always up to no good. Why it wasn't a week before that that he was over on the other side of the forest making trouble for Little Red Riding Hood and her poor Granny.

ATTY FOR WOLF: Objection! This testimony about Little Red Riding Hood is completely irrelevant to the case at hand.

JUDGE: Objection sustained. Mr. Wolf's attorney is correct. Proceed, Mr. Smith, but try to stay on track.

SMITH: Harumph. Well, the wolf came over to the Little Pig's house and said, "Little Pig! Little Pig! Let me come in! And the pig said, "Oh no, by the hair on my chinny chin chin." So the wolf got mad and said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in." So he huffed and he puffed and down came the house and he ate up the little pig.

JUDGE: Did I hear you correctly, Mr. Smith? Did you say he ate the pig up?

SMITH: Yes indeed, your honor. We're talking major porkocide.

ATTY FOR WOLF: Objection! I don't think we need that kind of uncalled for character assassination from the witness.

JUDGE: Sustained. Mr. Wolf's attorney is correct

ATTY FOR PIG: Mr. Smith, did you not also sell-building materials to Curly Pig's other brother, Moe?

SMITH: Sure did. He wanted to build with sticks. I tried to talk him out of it. I said, you know, kiddo, you're going to have a lot of draft problems with a twig house, not to mention wolf problems. But he was set on a twig cabin, and so I sold him a load.

ATTY FOR PIG: And can you tell the court the present state of that house?

SMITH: I guess you'd call its present state gone. Pretty much as soon as Moe had that cabin finished, old B.B. -- notice how he didn't want to mention that that middle B stands for Bad -- stopped by with his "Little Pig! Little Pig! Let me come in!" routine. And Moe said, "Oh no! By the hair on my chinny chin chin." And the wolf said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in." And he did just that, and ate up poor little Moe same as he did Larry. At this point, everyone was beginning to get the picture that B.B. didn't have any good intentions toward those Little Pigs. And so I for one was glad when Curly came to me and wanted to build his place out of bricks - - a nice little Colonial was just what he had in mind...

ATTY'FOR WOLF: I really must object to this entire line of questioning, your honor. The witness' testimony is pure hearsay. He never actually **saw** any of these things happen.

JUDGE: Sustained. Perhaps, solicitor, you could move to another line of questioning.

ATTY FOR PIG: Actually, your honor, I'm through with this witness. If Mr. Smith could step down, I'd like to call my client, Curly Pig to the stand. (Curly Pig rises, comes to stand, is sworn in, and sits down.)

ATTY FOR PIG: Please state your name

PIG: Curly Pig.

ATTY FOR PIG: What is your address, Mr. Pig?

PIG: I live at 283 Sty Lane, just off Mud Avenue.

ATTY FOR PIG: Now, Mr. Pig, are you familiar with the plaintiff in this case, Mr. B.B. Wolf? Are you, as he has testified, a good old pal of Mr. Wolf's?

PIG: Are you kidding? That wolf in sheep's clothing?

WOLF: Now wait a minute. Just because I'm wearing my shearling suit. Is there some law against that?

PIG: He's just trying to look innocent. But he's not! Let me tell you!

JUDGE: Gentle animals, please. If you don't stop this bickering, I'll have to hold you both in contempt of court. Let's proceed with the questioning.

ATTY FOR PIG: Going back a bit, then, Mr. Pig -- how did you first come to know Mr. Wolf?

PIG: Well, not under the friendliest of circumstances. I started knowing of him when he huffed and puffed and blew in the houses of my brothers, Larry and Moe. I mean talk about excessive! Nobody told this guy breaking and entering doesn't mean breaking the whole house and then entering it.

ATTY FOR PIG: When did you come to know Mr. Wolf personally?

PIG: After he'd done in my brothers, I guess B.B. thought I'd be easy pickings. What he hadn't counted on was that I'd built my house out of bricks. And so when he came over one morning with his cheap "Little Pig! Little Pig! Let me in!" trick, I just told him no way, by the hair of my chinny chin chin, and kept right on watching TV. "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," he said, and I laughed. I just went into the kitchen to make myself a snack. Just a small one. I don't like to make a wolf of myself. Anyway, all the while I was in the kitchen; I could hear him out there huffing and puffing. When I went to bed that night, he was still huffing and puffing, but he wasn't going to get in. I made sure of that

when I built that house with bricks.

ATTY FOR PIG: And that was the last you ever saw of Mr. Wolf?

PIG: Are you kidding? That was only the first I saw of him. About a week later, he came by and said -- real sweetly -- "Oh Little Pig, I know where to find the loveliest sweet turnips. He must've known pigs are fools for turnips. Anyway, I asked him where. "Oh," he said, "In Farmer Brown 5 farm. If you're ready tomorrow morning at six, I'll come by for you and we can go there together and get some for our dinner." Boy, that wolf must think I'm dumb. I knew that those turnips were only going to be the side dish in his dinner. And I knew just whom he had in mind for the main course.

ATTY FOR PIG: And so you didn't

PIG: And so I got up at five, picked my turnips and was back home having turnip stew by the time he came by at six.

ATTY FOR PIG: What was Mr. Wolf's reaction to this?

PIG: Oh, he was fuming all right. But he didn't show it. That wolf is one cool cucumber. He just watched me eating my stew and said, through the window, real sweetly, "Oh Little Pig, I know where you can get the juiciest red apples. I know where there is a tree just full of them." Being a curious fellow, I asked him where "Oh, in Farmer Green's garden. If you're ready at five o'clock tomorrow morning, I'll take you there." I said fine. Of course, the next morning, I was up and off to Farmer Green's garden at four.

ATTY FOR PIG: And back home eating apple pie at five?

PIG: Nope. Old Wolfie is pretty smart. He had me figured out by then. So he got up at four, too. I had just finished my picking and was about to come down out of the tree with a big bag of red apples when I looked down and saw old B.B. looking up at me, grinning with those rather largish choppers of his.

ATTY FOR PIG: So what did you do?

PIG: Well, I tried to do some fast thinking. He said, "Good morning Curly. My, but you're up early. How are the apples?" A real cool cucumber, like I told you. But I can be cool, too. I said, "They're delicious, wait a moment and I'll throw one down to you." And I threw it so far that I was practically home by the time he found it.

ATTY FOR PIG: And that was the last time you saw Mr. Wolf before August 10.

PIG: Oh no. He came by one morning later that week. This time he had a new trick. "How would you like to go to the fair, Curly?" he asked me. I said sure, just to see what he had up his sleeve. "Well then," he said, "be ready at three this afternoon and I'll come by for you." Well, I went to the fair by myself around noon and was on my way back with a butter churn I'd bought when who did I see coming up the hill toward me but old Wolfie himself.

ATTY FOR PIG: What happened then?

PIG: I got inside the churn to hide. But I tipped it over getting in and it started rolling down the hill with me inside it. I guess the strange sight of a churn on the loose like that scared the living daylights out of him. At any rate, he took off like a shot. The next day, he came to my house and told me he was sorry he had missed me the day before, but that just as he was coming for me, something strange had come rolling down the hill and frightened him so much that he had run straight home. Well, I had to laugh and tell him that what had frightened the big bad wolf so much was just I rolling down the hill in a butter churn. I think it might've been right about then that he decided to eat me up.

ATTY FOR PIG: How did you know this?

PIG: Well, I didn't know it, but he had this look in his eye -- a nasty glint -- and then he started climbing up the side of the house. At first I couldn't imagine what he was doing, and then it came to me -- the chimney! And so I rushed to the fireplace -- I already had a big pot of water on the boil for my tea -- and took the lid off. I only wanted to warn him off. How was I to know he was already climbing down the chimney?

ATTY FOR PIG: Thank you, Mr. Pig. That's all the questions I have.

ATTY FOR WOLF: I'd like to cross-examine the witness if I may. (He steps forward to witness stand.) Mr. Pig, I've been listening to this account of your dealings with Mr. Wolf, and it seems to me that you were doing an awful lot of teasing and baiting of my client. Wouldn't you say that's true?

PIG: Well, maybe I was having a little fun with the old boy, but seeing as he was trying to eat me, that doesn't seem like such a great crime, does it?

ATTY FOR WOLF: I'll ask the questions here, if you please. What about the reports that the cookbook next to your fireplace was found open to the recipe for

Poached Wolf? Is this true?

PIG: Yes, but its not how it seems. I had it open to Warm Apple Pie. I was going to bake one with my extra apples. But then, when I took that lid off that cauldron, I guess that shot of steam must've flipped a few pages forward to Wolf, Poached.

ATTY FOR WOLF: You expect the court to believe that?

PIG: Well, it's the truth, by the hair on my chinny chin chin.

ATTY FOR WOLF: All right, Mr. Pig. Thank you. You may step down. steps down.)

JUDGE: Are there any summaries?

ATTY FOR WOLF: Your honor, we have shown that Mr. Pig did, on several occasions, taunt and tease Mr. Wolf, that he did lift the lid on the cauldron just as Mr. Wolf was coming down the chimney to pay him a visit, and that his cookbook and let the fact speak for itself -- was open to the recipe for Poached Wolf. I'm sure the jury agrees that he was attempting to do harm to Mr. Wolf.

ATTY FOR PIG: Your honor, we have shown that Mr. Wolf had it in for the Pig family. Clearly, he was up to no good any of the times he came over to Curly Pig's house. Mr. Pig is a law-abiding citizen who was minding his own business when Mr. Wolf began harassing him. If he teased Wolf, well, he 'certainly was egged on to it. I'm sure the jury will agree that his lifting the lid off the kettle and his cookbook opening to the wolf recipe just as Mr. Wolf came down the chimney were mere coincidences. He did not mean any real harm to come to Mr. Wolf.

JUDGE: Thank you. Does that conclude the evidence?

ATTORNEYS: (both) Yes it does

(Judge turns to jury.)

JUDGE: You now have heard the evidence. Now it is your job to decide whether Mr. Pig was trying to poach Mr. Wolf. Will you please go with the Bailiff to the jury room and after you have decided, would you please come back and inform the Court whether Curly Pig was trying to do in Mr. B.B. Wolf by lifting the lid off the cauldron of boiling water just as Mr. Wolf was coming down his chimney?

(Bailiff takes the jurors to the jury room. After a while, jurors come back with a verdict.)

JUDGE: Have you reached a verdict?

JUROR: Yes, we have, your honor.

JUDGE: What is the verdict?

JUROR: The jury has voted and has determined that. . .