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Dramatic Publishing
Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle!

Script, music and lyrics by Chad Henry

Adapted from the books by Betty MacDonald

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Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle!

Musical. Script, music and lyrics by Chad Henry. Adapted from the books by Betty MacDonald. Cast: 4 to 6m., 4 to 6w. Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle! brings the uproarious stories of Betty MacDonald and her heroine, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle, to the musical stage. Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle lives on the outskirts of town with her parrot, Penelope, in an upside-down house built by her husband, a pirate—a house which is usually overrun with children playing, painting, digging in the yard, playing dress-up, and generally having a wonderful time. Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle loves children, and she especially loves helping children and families who are having such difficulties as fighting and quarreling, interrupting, displaying bad table manners, clumsiness, rudeness and problems with picking up their rooms or taking a bath. Mrs. P. understands kids in a way that no one else can, and her pirate’s chest of magical cures and her imaginative and slyly humorous ways to solve problems never fail to save the day. Rousing songs, dances, dream sequences and high comedy make this a family favorite—a show that appeals to parents almost as much as children. Your family will share laughter and music together and will surely recognize themselves in at least one of these hilarious episodes. Unit set. Approximate running time: 75 minutes. Code: HG5.

Cover design: Molly Germanotta.
Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle!

Book, music and lyrics by

CHAD HENRY

Based on the books by

BETTY MACDONALD

Dramatic Publishing Company
Woodstock, Illinois ● Australia ● New Zealand ● South Africa

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Book, music and lyrics by CHAD HENRY

Based upon the Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle books by Betty MacDonald

Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle’s Farm, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle’s Magic

and Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle

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(HELLO, MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE!)

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*Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle!* was commissioned and premiered at Seattle Children’s Theatre in 1989. Laura Kenney portrayed Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle, and the cast included Auston James, Peggy O’Connell and Kevin C. Loomis. The production was directed by Linda Hartzell. Sets were by Peggy Lupton.
Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle!

CHARACTERS

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE

Mary and Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle
  Mary O’Toole
  Penelope
  Witch

The Radish Cure
  Fetlock
  Patsy
  Mrs. Popover
  Mr. Popover
  Mrs. Broomrack

The Answer-Backer Cure
  Evelyn
  Mr. Crackle
  Penelope
  Fetlock
  Patsy

The Bad Table Manners Cure
  Mr. Brown
  Christopher Brown
  Dick Semicolon
  Lester the Pig

Treasure Hunt
  Fetlock
  Jimmy Gopher
  Patsy

Fraidy Cat Cure
  Forrest
  Mr. Jackstraw
  Mrs. Jackstraw
  Jeremy
  Friendly the Dog
  Monster

The Heedless Breaker
  Sharon Rogers
  Mr. Rogers
  Mrs. Rogers
  Mrs. Crankminor
  Dads I, II and III

The Slowpoke Cure
  Harbin Quadrangle
  Mrs. Quadrangle
  Mr. Quadrangle
  Sylvia
  Pirates

Add ENSEMBLE and CHORUS members as needed.
SCENES

ACT I
   Prologue
   Scene 1: Mary and Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle
   Scene 2: The Radish Cure
   Scene 3: The Answer-Backer Cure
   Scene 4: The Bad Table Manners Cure

ACT II
   Scene 1: Treasure Hunt
   Scene 2: Fraidy Cat Cure
   Scene 3: The Heedless Breaker
   Scene 4: The Slowpoke Cure
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Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle!

ACT I

Prologue


Four KIDS stand huddled in a little choir group, picked out by a pin spot. They sing in an eerie tone.)

(#1: “Prologue”)

KIDS.

WHEN THE RAIN COMES DOWN
AND YOU’RE ALL IN A MUDDLE
FIGHT THAT FROWN
GO AND LOOK IN A PUDDLE
YOU’LL SEE A FACE SMILING BACK AT YOU
LIKE MAGIC
MAGIC
MAGIC
MAGIC
MAGIC …

Scene 1: Mary and Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle

(#2: “Storm Opening”)

(Thunder, lightning, rain. MARY O’TOOLE appears and hurries to C. She carries a battered umbrella and a scuffed suitcase. She is crying bitterly, if we can hear her sobs or
see her tears in all this rain. A flash of lightning sends her dashing towards MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE’s front door. In the lightning flash, MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE flings open the door. She is backlit and looks terribly ominous. MARY hesitates for a moment.)

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Why, Mary O’Toole! What in the world?
MARY. Oh, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle! (She throws herself into MRS. P’s arms.)
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Where are you going in this terrible storm?
MARY. I … I … I waaahhhh! (She bursts into tears.)
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Oh, dear. Look at you! You’re soaking wet. Come in out of this awful rain!
MARY. Thank you, ma’am.
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Oh, “ma’am” your own self. Here, let’s get you dried off, then we’ll have ourselves some tea.
MARY. I—your house—your house is upside down!
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE (tossing MARY a towel). Yes, I know. Isn’t it marvelous?
MARY. Golly. Is the whole entire house upside down?

(MARY dries off and removes her coat and umbrella. MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE bustles about, hanging up MARY’s things, setting out tea things, pouring hot water into the teapot and checking the cookies in the oven.)

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. No, of course not. The staircase, the bedroom and the kitchen are all right side up. They’re more convenient that way. I couldn’t cook in an upside down stove, or wash dishes in an upside down sink! Or
Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle

walk up upside-down stairs! My stars and garters. *(Carries
teapot to the table.)* Tea’s ready! Now, Mary, why don’t you
pour while I take the cookies out of the oven!

*(MARY notices MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE’s hump and points
fearfully.)*

PENELOPE. Cookies, cookies, cookies!
MARY. Oh, a parrot!
PENELOPE. “Oh, a PARrot.” Buh-rilliant.
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. You hush up, Penelope. *(Gives
PENELOPE a cookie.)* Now, then. Sugar. Three lumps
please! Well now, suppose you tell me where you’re off to,
my dear?
MARY. I’m running away from home.
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Ahhhh. Don’t tell me—let me
guess. Trolls invaded your house? A wizard turned your
brother into a gerbil?
MARY. No, ma’am. It’s the dishes.
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Oh, the dishes. Yes. Tell me more.
MARY. My mother makes me wash dishes all the time! It’s
not fair! I hate to wash dishes! She just treats me like a
servant!
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. A servant! Goodness!
PENELOPE. Gracious!
MARY. Yes! A servant! Wash, dry, put away! That’s all I do.
I don’t think my mother loves me at all. I bet she’s not my
real mother anyway. She probably got me out of some old
orphanage just to wash her old dishes.
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Not your real mother?
MARY. She SAYS she is, but no REAL mother would make
you wash dishes every single day!
PENELOPE. Oh, boo hoo hoo!

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Penelope—shush! Mary, I’ll tell you a secret. It makes perfect sense that your mother has you wash dishes. I bet she knows just how magical dishwashing can be!

MARY. My dad says there’s no such thing as magic.

(#3: “Magic”)

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Oh, but there IS, Mary! Oh, yes indeedy, there is!

WHEN THE RAIN FALLS DOWN
AND YOU’RE ALL IN A MUDDLE
FIGHT THAT FROWN
GO AND LOOK IN A PUDDLE
YOU’LL SEE A FACE SMILING BACK AT YOU—
LIKE MAGIC!

WHEN THE CLOUDS BLOW BY
AND THE SUN MAKES THE RAIN GO—
WAY UP HIGH
THERE’S A BEAUTEFUL RAINBOW
SHIMMERING THERE AWAY OFF IN THE BLUE—
LIKE MAGIC!

WHEN YOU’RE RIDING YOUR BICYCLE
TEARS IN YOUR EYES
AND YOUR HEART’S FULL OF RAIN AND THUNDER
A WISH AND A WORD
TURNS YOUR BIKE INTO A BIRD
AND YOU’RE OFF TO THE WILD BLUE YONDER

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE & PENELOPE.

SO REMEMBER WHEN
EVERYTHING’S IN A TANGLE
LIFE’S MORE FUN
FROM A MAGICAL ANGLE
YOU’LL CHANGE YOUR BLUES
INTO HAPPIER HUES
DOUBLE QUICK! OOH, SHAZAM!
I’LL TELL YOU WHAT YA DO—

MARY.
WHAT?

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE & PENEOPE.
JUST CHANGE YOUR POINT OF VIEW

MARY.
YEAH??

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE & PENEOPE.
WITH MAGIC

MARY.
MAGIC?

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE.
MAGIC!

MARY.
MAGIC!

MARY & MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE.
MAGIC!

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Magic is very helpful stuff, Mary. Take washing dishes. It’s very strange you hate to wash dishes so much, because you know, I LOVE it! I wish I had MORE dishes to wash!

MARY. What?? How could ANYbody like washing greasy old dishes?
(Underscore the following.)

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE (looking around to make sure nobody is listening in). That’s easy, Mary! When I wash dishes, I turn myself into a beautiful princess with gorgeous long hair—(She gestures.) Whoosh! (She stirs up the water in the dishpan with a spoon. Enormous glittering bubbles immediately froth up.) Yes, I’m a princess who’s been captured by an evil witch, who makes me wash every single dish sparkling clean before the clock strikes 13! If she finds even one teeny-tiny little smudge on a glass, that awful old witch will lock me back up in her tower for a whole ’nother year! So, I put on my magic cleaning gloves— (She picks up beautiful rubber gloves.) and get to work! (She holds out the gloves to MARY, who puts them on.)

(Music continues, and the clock slowly and ominously begins to BONNGGG. MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE tops up the dishpan with more hot water.)

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Hurry, Princess, it’s 10 minutes to 13, and the witch will be here any minute! Hark—do you hear the thumping of the witch’s blackthorn stick? Here she comes, up the basement stairs! I’d better go and try to chase her away!

(MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE hurries through a secret panel and disappears. MARY scurries around, washing the cups and putting them away. We hear heavy footsteps, a wicked cackle and the thumping of a cane.)

PENELOPE. Hurry, Mary! Here comes that ol’ witch now!! MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE (off). No, no, you evil witch! Stay away! You leave my poor princess alone! Stay a—eeeeeek!
PENELOPE. Get a move on, Mary!

(As MARY finishes, the basement door is flung open, and a really awful WITCH appears.)

WITCH (who may or may not be MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE in disguise). So, my lazy little princess! I s’pose you’ve been lying around, eating chocolates and letting the dinner dishes get all moldy.

MARY. No, ma’am!

WITCH. Oh, ma’am your own self.

MARY. Well, I mean—I—I—I’ve cleaned everything perfect! I think!

WITCH. Ha! What about this cup! See! It’s—no, well, it’s perfect. Never mind! Ha! That spoon that spoon that spoon is—EEE! It’s perfect TOO! That POT! Hold that pot up so I can take a REALLY CLOSE LOOK at it! (Removes her glass eye and holds it at arm’s length to inspect the pot more closely.) It’s perfect! (Replaces eye with a sickening “thwack” sound.) Bings, bongs, hammer and tongs, it’s (Foiled again.) all PERFECT! I guess I have to let you go this time, Princess, but the MINUTE you slip up, I’ll GETCHA, never fear!

(With a horrid cackle, shriek and thunder clap, she is gone! MARY twirls around the kitchen in a fit of joy.)

MARY. GAW-LEE!! Woowww!! Yowweee!!

LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA!

PENELOPE. Zoweeeee!!

(MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE reappears.)
PENELLOPE (cont’d). Awwwwk!!
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Well, what do you think, Mary?
MARY. Oh, boy!! Gaw-LEE, I can see why you like to wash those ol’ dishes so much! This is the most fun I ever had! *(She impulsively hugs MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE.)*
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. And of course, YOU can have much more fun than I can because you have so many more dishes to wash!
MARY. Yeah! Whoo-ee. I got a MILLION of ’em!
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. And just think of all the other children in the world who could change their chores into cheers, if they only knew how!

*(KIDS appear one by one in isolated areas. DICK SEMICOLON appears in a pin spot by a bed.)*

(#4: “Magic” [Reprise])

MARY & KIDS.
LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA!

KIDS. Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle! Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle!
DICK. Hello, Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle! My worst trouble is making beds. I just can’t get them smooth enough to suit my mother.
MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Ha! That’s nothing. A cruel queen sleeps in *my* bed every night, like this! *(She throws on a robe and crown and flings herself onto the bed, messing it all up.)* And then every morning, she inspects it to see if I’ve made it up properly. And if she finds even one tiny little wrinkle, she throws me into the dungeon!
DICK. Cruel queen! All right! I’ll make that bed so good you could bounce a elephant off it!

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PATSY. I can’t stand to mow the lawn!
FETLOCK. I hate taking out the trash!
HARBIN. I hate washing the dog!
PATSY. I hate washing PERIOD!

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE. Children, with a little imagination, you can go from one amazing adventure to the next, with barely time to catch your breath!

(As she speaks, perhaps she snaps her fingers and gold glitter rains down on the cast. PENELope squawks. Another gesture, and there’s a big poof of purple smoke then MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE throws open a trunk and starts distributing outrageous costume pieces to every kid. They join in her song.)

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE (cont’d).

LIFE CAN BE SUCH FUN
YES, THE WORST SITUATION
CAN BE UNDONE
WITH YOUR OWN IMAGINATION
TURN ALL YOUR CHORES
INTO A CRAZY GAME—
LIKE MAGIC!

CHORUS.

MAGIC

MRS. PIGGLE-WIGGLE & MARY.

HOLLER “BING BANG-GA BOO”

+ DICK.

AND MAKE A MYSTIC MOTION

+ PATSY.

AND ZING ZANG-GAZOO

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FETLOCK.
LIKE YOU DRANK A MAGIC POTION
ALL.
YOU’LL FIND YOUR LIFE
WILL NEVER BE THE SAME
WITH MAGIC!
WITH OUR MIND’S MAGIC WINGS, EVEN HORRIBLE
THINGS
NEVER SHALL NEVER WILL PROVOKE US
THE GLOOMIEST GRAY CAN BECOME A SUNNY DAY!
WITH JUST A LITTLE HOCUS POCUS!

(Fantasy ballet: For instance, one kid has to take out a big
bag of stinky garbage. Kapow, magic—garbage can either
reveals robbers inside, and it turns into a shootout or cops
and robbers chase, or it turns into a knight, and they have a
swordfight or several knights and swordfight. A girl comes
on with a vacuum cleaner and a pout. Vacuum cleaner
turns into a dragon or a dinosaur, and she goes riding off
or attacks Klingons or something. Or a black light effect
where a kid, with his baseball hat and mitt or bat, has to
peel potatoes, and the potatoes fly around and turn into
space ships, or a bunch of people become black light-lit.
Then when dance is done, everybody sings.)

WOMEN.
SO REMEMBER WHEN
EVERYTHING’S IN A TANGLE
ALL.
LIFE’S MORE FUN FROM A MAGICAL ANGLE
YOU’LL CHANGE YOUR BLUES INTO HAPPIER HUES
DOUBLE QUICK—OOH, SHAZAM!