

TEMPLETON. My beloved egg! (He gathers up the egg and the rest of his belongings and exits.)

CHARLOTTE. I'm glad that's over. I'm sure the smell will go away soon. (A pause.)

WILBUR. Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE. Yes.

WILBUR. Were you serious when you promised you would keep them from killing me?

CHARLOTTE. I've never been more serious in my life.

WILBUR. How are you going to save me?

CHARLOTTE. Well, I really don't know. But I want you to get plenty of sleep and stop worrying. (WILBUR stretches out on the straw as the lights begin to dim.)

WILBUR. Okay. Good night, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE. Good night, Wilbur. (A pause.)

WILBUR. Thank you, Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE. Good night. (The barn is now in shadows.

WILBUR falls asleep.) What to do. What to do. I promised to save his life, and I am determined to keep that promise. But how? (A pause.) Wait a minute. The way to save Wilbur is to play a trick on Zuckerman. If I can fool a bug, I can surely fool a man. People are not as smart as bugs. (A beat.) Of course. That's it. This will not be easy, but it must be done. (She turns her back on the audience.) First, I tear a section out of the web and leave an open space in the middle. Now, I shall weave new threads to take the place of the ones I removed. (She chants slightly.) Swing spinners. Let out the thread. The longer it gets, the better it's read. (She begins to "write" with elaborate movements, though her actions are deliberately indistinguishable.) Atta girl. Attach. Pay out line. Descend. Complete the curve. Easy now. That's it. Back up.

Take your time. Now tie it off. Good. (She chants.) The message is spun. I've come to the end. The job that I've done is all for my friend. (She steps aside as a special light reveals the words "Some Pig" written in the web. *The center part of the web may be affixed with velcro to the rest of the web. It can then be pulled off and discreetly discarded by Charlotte. Underneath would be the now-exposed writing which should be similarly velcroed over the next writing and so on.* She reads aloud.) Some pig. (She smiles.) Not bad, old girl, for the first time around. But it was quite exhausting. I'd better catch a little nap before daybreak. (She exits behind the web. The lights begin to brighten and a rooster crows. WILBUR stirs. He is having a bad dream.)

WILBUR. No, no. Please don't. Stop! (He wakes up.) Oh, my goodness. That was a terrible dream. There were men with guns and knives coming out here to take me away.

(LURVY enters with a bucket. WILBUR retreats slightly.)

LURVY. Here you go, pig. Breakfast. Leftover pancakes, half a doughnut, stale toast. (He sets the bucket down.) Absolutely de . . . de . . . (He sees the writing in the web.) What's that? I'm seeing things. (He calls offstage.) Mr. Zuckerman! Mr. Zuckerman! I think you'd better come out to the pig pen quick! (He exits hurriedly.)

WILBUR (unaware of the writing in the web). What did he see? There's nothing here but me. (He feels himself.) That's it! He saw me! He saw that I'm big and healthy and . . . and ready to be made into . . . ham. They're coming out here right now with guns and knives. I just know it. What can I do? (A beat.)

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Wait! The fence that Lurvy patched up. Maybe it's loose again. I have to get out. I have no choice. It's either freedom . . . or the frying pan. (He spots the bucket.) But, first, a little sustenance. (He drinks from the bucket.) Now, I'm ready. I'm breaking out of this prison. They'll never take me alive! (A beat.) What am I saying? I've got to get out of here. (He starts to rush offstage.) Chaaarrge! (He runs off. A crash is heard offstage.)

(CHARLOTTE enters, yawning.)

CHARLOTTE. What was that? Wilbur, where are you?

WILBUR (from offstage). I'm free!

HOMER (from offstage). Now, Lurvy, what could be so important that you had to drag me out here before I've finished — LURVY (from offstage). You'll see, Mr. Zuckerman. You'll see.

(HOMER and LURVY enter.)

HOMER. All I can see is . . . the pig's not here!

LURVY. What?

HOMER. Look out there in the chicken yard. (He points offstage.) He's escaped. Edith's out there gathering eggs. Maybe she can head him off. Let's go!

LURVY. But . . . look at the spider web, Mr. Zuckerman.

HOMER. No time right now. Gotta catch that pig. (He and LURVY exit. From offstage.) Edith! The pig's out! Run him back this way! Pig's out!

CHARLOTTE. Oh, no.

END

(SHEEP and LAMB enter.)

SHEEP. What's all the fuss?

LAMB. This racket is killing my ears.

(GOOSE and GANDER enter.)

GOOSE. There's so much noise, noise, noise.

GANDER. The Goslings can't sleep. (Offstage noises are heard.)

(WILBUR enters, chased by EDITH, HOMER and LURVY. The ANIMALS cheer WILBUR.)

ANIMALS. Go, Wilbur, go! Don't let them catch you! Run, run, run! (WILBUR does a U-turn and exits, eluding the OTHERS. They exit behind WILBUR. The chase is heard offstage.)

CHARLOTTE. Now stop this! Don't encourage him. If Wilbur does escape, he'll never stand a chance in the outside world. So, if he runs through here again, we've got to stop him. (The chase is heard coming closer.) Get set! Here he comes.

(WILBUR runs in.)

WILBUR. I'll make it this time! I saw an open gate that leads to the woods. Thank you, everybody, for all your — (The ANIMALS tackle him and hold him down.) What is this? Even my friends have turned against me! (The OTHERS are heard offstage. WILBUR squirms as he is held down.) I'll not go down without a fight! I'll struggle all the way to the butcher block!