



**B.B. WOLF**

**V.**

**CURLY PIG**



Utah Law-Related Education Project  
645 South 200 East  
SLC, Utah 84111

# **B.B. Wolf v. Curly Pig Mock Trial**

B.B. Wolf (a/k/a/Big Bad Wolf)  
v.  
Curly Pig

Prepared by: Carol White

## Participants in Trial

Judge  
B.B. Wolf  
Curly Pig  
Jack Smith  
Plaintiff's Attorney (Plaintiff)  
Defendant's Attorney (Defense)  
Jurors  
Bailiff

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

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

Defense Attorney: 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 an opening statement?

Plaintiff Attorney: 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 harassments of the Pig family -- harassments that include the eating of Mr. Pig's two brothers, Larry and Moe. We will show that Curly Pig was merely protecting his home and life.

Judge: Very well, call your first witness.

Defense Attorney: I call B.B. Wolf as my first witness.

(B.B. Wolf gets up and goes forward to be sworn in.)

Judge: 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?

B.B. Wolf: I do.

Judge: Please be seated.

Defense Attorney: Please state your name.

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

Defense Attorney: Where do you live?

B.B. 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.

Defense Attorney: A kitchen?

B.B. Wolf: Well, uh, I uh, eat out a lot, you might say.

Defense Attorney: Well, let's move on to the morning of August 19. Do you recall your whereabouts on that morning?

B.B. 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 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!

Defense Attorney: And so did you?

B.B. 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.

Plaintiff Attorney: Objection! The witness is guessing at my client's motives.

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

B.B. 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 Curley Pig was no friend of mine.

Defense Attorney: Your honor, that is all of our evidence. The Wolf rests.

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

Plaintiff Attorney: 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 oath. Smith sits down.)

Plaintiff Attorney: What is your name?

Jack Smith: My name is Jack Smith.

Plaintiff Attorney: What is your occupation?

Jack Smith: I run the J. Smith Building and Supply Company.

Plaintiff Attorney: Mr. Smith, are you familiar with the Pig family?

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

Plaintiff Attorney: Then let me be more specific. Are you familiar with the Three Little Pigs -- Larry, Moe and Curly?

Jack Smith: Ah, yes. Now there's a sad story for you.

Defense Attorney: Just how is it you came to know the Three Little Pigs then?

Jack Smith: Well, when their poor mother sent them out into the world to make their own way, 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.

Defense Attorney: Do you know if that house ever got built?

Jack Smith: Oh, it got build all right. But it didn't last long.

Defense Attorney: Just what do you mean by that?

Jack 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 he was over on the other side of the forest making trouble for Little Red Riding

Hood and her poor Granny.

Defense Attorney: 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 the track.

Jack 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, not 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?

Jack Smith: Yes indeed, your Honor. We're talking major porkocide.

Defense Attorney: 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.

Defense Attorney: Mr. Smith, did you not also sell building materials to Curly Pig's other brother, Moe?

Jack 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.

Defense Attorney: And can you tell the court the present state of that house?

Jack Smith: I guess you'd call its present state gone. Pretty much as soon as Moe had that cabin finished, old B.B. -- noticed how he didn't want to mention that middle B. stands for Bad -- stopped by with his "Little Pig, Little Pig! Let me come in!" routine. And Moe said, "Oh no!, not 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.

Defense Attorney: 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.

Defense Attorney: 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.)

Defense Attorney: Please state your name.

Curly Pig: Curly Pig.

Defense Attorney: What is your address, Mr. Pig?

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

Defense Attorney: 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?

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

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

Curly Pig: He's just trying to look innocent. But he's not, let me tell you!

Judge: Gentleanimals, 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.

Defense Attorney: Going back a bit, then, Mr. Pig. How did you first come to know Mr. Wolf?

Curly 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.

Defense Attorney: When did you come to know Mr. Wolf personally?

Curly 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 this 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 T.V. "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.

Defense Attorney: And that was the last you ever saw of Mr. Wolf?

Curly 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's 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 this dinner. And I knew just who he had in mind for the main course.

Defense Attorney: And so you didn't go?

Curly 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.

Defense Attorney: What was Mr. Wolf's reaction to this?

Curly 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.

Defense Attorney: And back home eating apple pie at five?

Curly 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.

Defense Attorney: So what did you do?

Curly 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 away that I was practically home by the time he found it.

Defense Attorney: And that was the last time you saw Mr. Wolf before August 19?

Curly 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.

Defense Attorney: What happened then?

Curly 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 me rolling down the hill in a butter churn. I think it might've been right about then that he decided to eat me up.

Defense Attorney: How did you know this?

Curly 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?

Plaintiff Attorney: Thank you, Mr. Pig. That's all the questions I have.

Defense Attorney: I'd like to cross examine the witness, if I may. (S/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 was true?

Curly 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?

Defense Attorney: 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?

Curly Pig: Yes, but it's 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.

Defense Attorney: You expect the court to believe that?

Curly Pig: Well, it's the truth, by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

Defense Attorney: All right, Mr. Pig. Thank you. You may step down. (Pig steps down.)

Judge: Are there any summaries?

Defense Attorney: 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.

Plaintiff Attorney: 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 the 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 opened 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?

Both Attorneys: 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 .....