

Fern and Mr. Arable

FERN: Where are you going with that ax?

ARABLE: Out to the hoghouse. Some pigs were born last night.

FERN: But I don't see why you need that ax.

ARABLE: Well, one of the pigs is a runt. It's very small and weak. I need to do away with it.

FERN: You can't kill it just because it's smaller than the others!

ARABLE: It's how things are done, Fern.

FERN: Papa, please don't kill that pig. It's unfair!

ARABLE: Fern, I know more about raising a litter of pigs than you do. A weakling makes trouble. Now run along!

FERN: But it's unfair. The pig couldn't help being born small, could it? This is the most terrible case of injustice I ever heard of.

ARABLE: Oh.... All right. I'll let you take care of it for a little while.

FERN: Thank you, Papa!

ARABLE: You can start him on a bottle, like a baby. I'll go look for one.

Goose and Gander

(Goose and Gander will both read from the lines of GOOSE.)

GOOSE: Hello, hello, hello.

WILBUR: Who are you?

GOOSE: The Goose.

WILBUR: Oh hi, Goose.

GOOSE: And this is my friend, the Gander, Gander, Gander.

WILBUR: But I only see one Gander. You introduced me to three.

GOOSE: No, no, no. We tend to repeat, repeat, repeat ourselves. Do you have a name... besides "pig?"

WILBUR: I'm Wilbur.

GOOSE: I see, see, see. Well, Wilbur, my eggs are about to hatch and I'm just as pleased as I can be, be, be.

WILBUR: You must be very excited to be a parent.

GOOSE: Certainly, -ertainly, -ertainly! There is no greater happiness.

Avery and Fern

AVERY: Mother sent me to get you. You're going to miss supper.

FERN: Coming. 'Bye everybody. And thank you, Charlotte, for whatever you're going to do to save Wilbur.

AVERY: Who's Charlotte?

FERN: That spider over there.

AVERY: It's tremenjus! *(he picks up a stick)*

FERN: Leave it alone.

AVERY: That's a fine spider and I'm going to capture it.

FERN: You stop it, Avery.

AVERY: I want that spider. Let go of my stick, Fern!

FERN: Stop it! Stop it, I say!

(The two of them wrestle over the stick until AVERY falls into the feeding trough onto a rotten egg.)

AVERY: Help!

FERN: I warned you, Avery!

AVERY: That's not fair. You and Wilbur ganged up on me.

FERN: What's that smell?

AVERY: I think we broke a rotten egg. Good night, what a stink! Let's get out of here!

Mr. and Mrs. Zuckerman

- EDITH: Homer Zuckerman, I want to know where you plan to keep that pig.
- HOMER: Right over here in the barn, Edith. Lurvy, go out there and patch up that piece of fence that's coming down. I'll slide this door back so he can't get in there where the cows are.
- EDITH: Well, I just hope this pig's not going to be more trouble than it's worth.
- HOMER: Now, I couldn't turn down Fern, could I? She seemed so desperate. Anyway, she only asked six dollars for it. When the pig gets big enough to slaughter, he'll be worth a lot more than six dollars.
- EDITH: (looking around the barn) Ugh. Dirt, spider webs...
- HOMER: Perfect for a pig.
- FERN: Uncle Homer! Aunt Edith! This is Wilbur!
- HOMER: Oh, he has a name, does he?
- EDITH: Fern, honey, I just opened a big can of peaches. You come in and have a dish with us.

LURVY

Here you go, pig, Breakfast. Leftover pancakes, half a doughnut, stale toast. Absolutely de... de... (*he sees the writing in the web.*) What's that?! I'm seeing things. Mr. Zuckerman! Mr. Zuckerman! I think you'd better come out to the pig pen quick!

Charlotte

What to do, what to do? I promised to save his life, and I am determined to keep that promise. But how? 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.... Of course! That's it! This will not be easy but it must be done.

(she begins her work)

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. Swing spinnerets. Let out the thread. The longer it gets, the better it's read. 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. The message is spun. I've come to the end. The job that I've done is all for my friend.

Wilbur

I am not scared. Whatever will happen, will happen. I may not live as long as I'd like, but I've lied very well. A good life is much more important than just having a long life. So starting now, I'm going to stop worrying about myself. There are more important things than just thinking about yourself all the time. Like you, Templeton. You didn't even notice that Charlotte has made an egg sac. She is going to become a mother. Bravery is just one of the many things I've learned from you, Charlotte... my friend.

Templeton

In person. Well, I will admit it's nice to have a pig around the place again. I haven't had delicious, leftover slops in an age.

I'm sure you'll find it in your charitable little heart to share your food with dear old Templeton. Especially if I make a nest right here beside your trough. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have piles of trash to raid.