

RALPH. My mother was more subtle.

MOTHER. Randy, how does the little piggy go?

RANDY (*suddenly full of life, grunts twice*). Snort! Snort!

MOTHER. That's right! That's right! *How does the little piggy go? (RANDY grunts again. MOTHER laughs and claps her hands. She turns back to the countertop, picks up another bowl and conceals it behind her back, moving toward RANDY.)* How does the little piggy go? (*RANDY grunts again. MOTHER laughs and, in one smooth balletic movement, replaces his oatmeal bowl with a new one.*) Now show me how the piggies eat! Here's a new trough! Go on, show me!

RANDY. Snort! (*He buries his nose in the fresh bowl and makes pig noises.*)

MOTHER. Mommy's little piggy! Good piggy! Eat it all up!

THE OLD MAN (*sorting through mail*). ... bill, bill, neckties by mail ... bill ... Ha! Look at this! (*Turns the envelope over, opens it.*)

MOTHER. What is it?

THE OLD MAN. Another contest! Fifty Thousand Dollar Giant Jackpot Puzzle! (*He sits at the table, takes a pencil from his pocket and begins writing.*)

RALPH. The Old Man was hooked on contests. He entered them all. Match the Baby Pictures. Find the Hidden Objects. And sports? The Old Man knew sports.

THE OLD MAN. "What National League team won the World Series in 1907?" Easy. Chicago Cubs. (*He writes.*)

RALPH. The Old Man never lost hope. He believed that awards would come to him who was faithful, persevering and mailed by deadline.

THE OLD MAN. "What's the name of the Lone Ranger's nephew's horse?" The Lone Ranger's *nephew*? His *horse*? Who could ...

MOTHER. Victor. His name is Victor



Ralph
Randy
Mother

The Old Man