

NARRATOR: His name is - well, actually, he doesn't have a name, yet. For the moment, he's still just a little pig. But as you'll see, he isn't just an ordinary pig. The new pig has been born here at the Arables' farm. Before long, you'll meet the Arables. You'll also meet the others - people *and* animals - who will play an important part in the little pig's life. Now, where should we start? Wait a minute. We've already started. It's early morning. We're at the Arables' farm. Some pigs were born during the night. For now, that's all you need to know.

CHARLOTTE: Good night. What to do. What to do. I promise 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. 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 its' reads.

HOMER: A miracle has happened on the farm. It is clear we have no ordinary pig. Oh, no, it's the pig that's unusual. Edith, call the minister and tell him about the miracle. Then call the arables. Hurry. You know, Lurvy, I've thought all along that pig of ours was an extra good one. I'd say he's..."some pig." Well, let's hurry and get the chores done. I'm sure we'll have lots of visitors when word of this leaks out.

LURVY: Sorry, pig, but I got so excited, I forgot to leave your slops this morning. Mrs. Zuckerman even threw a whole fresh piece of apple strudel she's baking for visitors. That's what you get for being a terrific pig. Oh yes. And Mr. Zuckerman's even talking about taking you to the County Fair if all this excitement continues.

TEMPLETON: Well, here's your order. "Humble" H-u-m-b-l-e. Well, I hope you're satisfied. I'm not going to spend all my time delivering papers. I came to this Fair to enjoy myself. I'm going to make a night of it. The old sheep was right. This Fair is a rat's paradise. What eating! What drinking! 'Bye, 'bye, my humble Wilbur. Fare thee well, Charlotte, you old schemer! This will be a night to remember in a rat's life.

FERN: My very own pig. Now, I have to name you. A perfect name for a perfect pig. Fred. That's a good name...but not for you. Clarence...no, you don't look like a Clarence...Maximilian. Because you're worth a million to me. Maybe I'm trying too hard. Let's see...Barney, Herman, Lawrence, Newton, Morris, Warren, Willie, Wilbur, William... Wait a minute. Wilbur. Willll - bur. Wilbure! What a beautiful name! I'm coming! I mean we're coming. Fern and Wilbur!

SHEEP: Did you see the message in the web? It was a big deal to Zuckerman. And now Charlotte needs new ideas. When you go to the dump, bring back a clipping from a magazine. Charlotte can copy the words. It will help save Wilbur's life. If you don't, you'll worry next winter when Wilbur is dead and nobody comes down here with a nice pail of slop.

GOOSE/GANDER: Hello, hello, hello. I'm the Goose. And this is my friend, the Gander, Gander, Gander. No, No, No. We tend to repeat, repeat, repeat ourselves. Do you have a name besides "pig?" Well, nobody, nobody, nobody asked you. His name is Wilbur. Now, now, now, old sheep. He'll learn soon enough.

WILBUR: What did he see? There's nothing here but me. That's it! He saw me! He saw that I'm big and healthy 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? 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. But, first, a little sustenance. Now, I'm ready. I'm breaking out of this prison. They'll never take me alive! What am I saying? I've got to get out of here. Chaaarrge!