

Sesame Street, Piper's Pickled Peppers Patch

Kermit (talking to off-stage person): That's the sound of the letter P. See the sign right there? See t

(he rubs mike on trench coat and looks into camera)

Oh, oh, hi ho there! This is Kermit the Frog and I'm speaking to you from the pickled pepper patch

(dumping bushel, here on known as a peck, of peppers at Kermit's flippers)

Porter: Nope. Nope, I'm his brother Porter Piper.

Kermit: Ah, ah, Porter Piper, ah, ah, I see, but you have also picked a peck of pickled peppers?

Porter: Well all we Piper's pick pickled peppers. We're pepper pickers.

Kermit: I see. Uh huh.

Porter: Pete gets the publicity.

Kermit: Oh.

Porter: Excuse me I gotta go pick a peck.

Kermit: Oh okay, alright.

Porter: Pardon.

Kermit: Yeah, okay, so ah, so that was Porter Piper. But...ah...oh, oh, Peter Piper I presume?

(dumps peck of peppers) Sorry pal I'm Potter Piper his other brother.

Kermit: Oh I see. Porter Piper and Potter Piper but no Peter Piper. Let's see um...what do you call t

Potter: Oh it's where we put the pickled peppers after picking. Yeah it's our pickled pepper pile. Ex

Kermit: A pickled pepper pile? I see. Oh ah ah...pardon me sir or madam I suppose. I guess you're

(dumps a peck of peppers) Oh positively, I'm his sister, Piper Piper.

Kermit: Piper Piper?

Piper: Is there an echo here?

Kermit: Ah but ah listen after you pick these pickled peppers, what do you do with them?

Piper: Oh we pack them.

Kermit: I see. So sometimes you're picking pickled peppers and sometimes you're packing peppers

Piper: Paper.

Kermit: I should have guessed. Ah well, let's see....ah....oh pardon me sir you, YOU must be Peter

(dumps a peck of peppers) Nope. Nope I'm his father Poppa Piper.

Kermit: Poppa Piper? Well you certainly have quite a family here.

Poppa: Oh yep, yep, yep. There's Peter Piper and Porter Piper and Potter Piper and Piper Piper.

Kermit: And who's this right here?

(dog has entered with pepper in his mouth which he deposits at Kermit's flippers)

Poppa: That's our dog, Pepper Popper. Ah....Pepper Piper, right.

Kermit: Pepper Piper, I thought that's what you meant. And who's this thing here?

Poppa: That's our pig, Porker Piper. Yep and we got a parrot.

Kermit: A parrot?

Poppa: Yep a parrot, called Polly Piper.

Kermit: Polly Piper I should have known uh huh.

Poppa: She pecks pickled peppers.

Kermit: She pecks them oh ho! Very good uh huh, uh huh.

Poppa: Well gotta go pick a peck.

Kermit: (indignant) Right! This is ridiculous!

(more peppers are piled on poor Kermit)

Now wait a second, pardon me, are YOU Peter Piper or what? No, no, don't tell me you're his nephew

Parker: No I'm his cousin, Parker Piper.

Kermit: Now wait a minute! I came here to meet Peter Piper! I've met Porter Piper, Potter Piper, Pip

Parker: Oh he's in Portland, pressing pants. (dumps peck on Kermit)

Kermit: Oh phooey. Well from the pickled pepper pile at Piper's Pickled Pepper Patch, this is Kermit

(ends with Kermit covered in peppers with empty peck basket on head)