HAMTON

Our innocent patsy and 'straight man' piglet. He's good natured, gullible and naively optimistic. He is like a good little scout who tries to obey all the rules.

Hamton is a highly intelligent, anal-rententive pig with a food-fetish. He's a worrier who's scared of the world. Shy to a fault, he has low self-esteem. Every situation that requires a decision fills Hamton with dread. He's riddled with doubt, and waffles forever over even the smallest choices. POTENTIAL!

Hamton loves to eat. He is usually found in the cafeteria, pigging out, with an enormous tray of food in front of him. He is a neatness freak; his favorite pastime is dusting.

Hamton enjoys school, homework, the library, fitting in, and making a good impression. Turn-offs include sloppiness and people who believe the old stereotype of pigs as slovenly mudwallowers.

Hamton is a polite pig with a heart of gold. He really likes everybody and can't believe that anyone would take advantage of him or wish him ill. This makes him easy fodder for Plucky. CLIMAX!

Hamton is constantly being taken advantage of by his best friend, Plucky, who can talk him into just about anything. In the Plucky 'movie parodies', Hamton can invariably be found as the duck's sidekick. While Plucky fights big battles against enormous odds, Hamton takes on the annoying little battles of everyday life. For example, in his kitchen, the pig battles three singing roaches.

Hamton is intensely loyal. When a horrible monster has the Toons trapped, Hamton will step forward and try to reason with the beast. He always comes to the fore when his friends are in danger; though he is likely to faint after the fighting is over.

Hamton is square. He isn't up on the latest dances or music. He doesn't know the hip jargon. More likely to quote Shakespeare than Springsteen, he is a classicist. This, too, makes him the butt of Plucky's ruthless ribbing. Having two left hooves doesn't help much, either.

Hamton's home at the Acme Farm is a perfectly maintained little house, clean and pretty, with a few stepping stones leading from the edge of his tiny front lawn and garden across the larger, disgusting mud wallow.

QUOTABLES:

"When do we eat?"
"Cleanliness is next to hoggliness."
"When's lunch?"

AUDITION COPY

HAMTON: Let's see, I'd like a tub of popcorn, with extra butter, six orders of nachos, and a trough o' slop to go, please. Thank you very much. Mmmm, this is really going to hit the...
(suddenly screaming)
UH-OH! IT CAN'T BE! NOT THAT! ANYTHING BUT THAT! AHHHHHH!
(suddenly relieved)
Oh, excuse me. For a second there, I thought you forgot the extra butter. (laugh)
(singing "Swinging on a Star")
Would you like to swing on a star, carry moonbeams home in a jar. And be better off than you are. Or would you rather be a pig?