

RED RIDING HOOD
or
Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

a panto
by
David Jacklin

3rd draught

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

© 2018/2019
David Jacklin
394 Keays Road, R.R. 1
Balderson, ON
K0G 1A0
Canada

613 267 1884
barndoorproductionstheatre@gmail.com
www.barndoorproductions.ca

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

The Characters

The Narrator, *who's just back from Baghdad*

Red Riding Hood, *whose name is Lisa*

Peter, *a woodsman*

The Wolf, *aka Big Bad*

Mother Hood, *Red's mom*

Granny Smith, *Red's grandmother*

Inky		
		<i>two of the Three Little P.I.G.s</i>
Pinky		

A bear *(of the Three Bears)*

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

Scenes

Act One

Prologue: (Song: Once Upon A Time)

- 1 Mother Hood's cottage (Song: How Can A Little Girl Be Good?)
- 2 Granny Smith's Cottage
- 3 Mother Hood's Cottage
- 4 Granny Smith's Cottage (Song: She Sells Sea Shells)
- 5 The Road Through The Woods (Song: Over The River)
- 6 Mother Hood's Cottage
- 7 The Road Through The Woods (Song: Over The River, reprise 1 & 2)

Act Two

- 1 Mother Hood's Cottage later that day
- 2 The Road Through The Woods
- 3 Inside Granny Smith's Cottage
- 5 A Forest Path
- 5 Inside Granny Smith's Cottage
- 6 Inside Granny Smith's Cottage
- 7 Inside Granny Smith's Cottage
- 8 Walk Down/Finale

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Prologue

*(MUSIC No. 1: Overture as the COMPANY assemble;
MUSIC No. 2: Once Upon A Time.)*

COMPANY: ONCE UPON A TIME –
THAT HOW GOOD STORIES ALL BEGIN.
ONCE UPON A TIME –
THAT’S HOW WE’LL START THE ONE WE’RE IN.

ONCE UPON A TIME!
AND ONCE UPON A DISTANT SHORE!
ONCE UPON A TIME!
YOU REALLY DON’T NEED ANY MORE!

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND,
(WE CAN’T BE MORE SPECIFIC)
A MAGIC FAIRY KINGLAND,
WHERE HEROES ARE PROLIFIC

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS
SOMETIME BACK YONDER,
WHEN CLOTHING WENT UNLAUNDERED,
AND PEASANTS DARE NOT WANDER
TOO FAR FROM THEIR HOMES.

ONCE UPON A TIME –
THAT HOW GOOD STORIES ALL BEGIN.
ONCE UPON A TIME –
NOW LET’S START THE ONE WE’RE IN.

ONCE UPON A TIME!
AND ONCE UPON A MISTY MORN!
ONCE UPON A TIME!
BACK WHEN RIDING HOODS WERE WORN!

SOMETIME BACK WHEN,
WHEN HAPPY PEASANTS FROLICKED,
FROM HOVEL TO PEN
WHERE HAPPY PIGGIES ROLLICKED.

ONCE UPON A TIME –
ONCE UPON A TIME –
ONCE UPON A TIME – IS NOW!

(All exit. Lights change; scene change.)

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act One

Scene 1 Mother Hood's cottage

(Enter GRANNY SMITH. She pats her hair, adjusts her specs, puffs her bosoms and speak to the audience.)

GRANNY: What-ho, you fresh-faced, lovely young children! What ho, you wrinkly old grown-ups! ... Oh, how wonderful to see you here today. All of the lovely good little boys and girls ... and that one, there. I'll be keeping an eye on *you*. I'm so happy to be here. Really, at my age, I'm happy to be anywhere. For those of you who don't know who I am, I'm the beautiful, young heroine of this play. Would you believe the young heroine of this play? All right, then, I'm the old cow who gets chased by a wolf. And it's decades since that happened. Anyway, I'm Granny ... Granny Smith. I was the apple of my mother's eye. No? Oh, well, please yourselves. Now, whenever I say "What ho, kiddies!", I want you all to say "What ho, Granny!" Can you do that for me? Ready? What ho, kiddies! ... I've heard more enthusiasm at a *(insert sports team who are perennially bad)* game. I'll go back out and come in again. *(She exits and returns.)* What ho, kiddies! ... Now, that's the old team spirit!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

I suppose you're wondering what I'm doing here, now, when I don't come into this story until Scene Four. Well, the Narrator's isn't here today and I have to do his job as well as my own. Really, I should just write the thing, too. Anyway ... !

Once upon a time – you knew I'd get 'round to it sooner or later, didn't you? – once upon a time, there once was a beautiful young girl who lived on the edge of a large forest – oh, this is going to be another "lost in the forest" story, isn't it? Oh, well – the edge of a large forest. *(RED enters at the back, picking flowers.)* There she is there. Not as "little" as the title implies, is she?

This beautiful young girl's grandmother – guess who? – had made her a lovely cloak for riding in the forest. It was a lovely red colour that set off her complexion and had a cute hood that framed up her hair and face very nicely. So nicely that she wore it all the bleeding time, morning, noon and night – she even wore it to bed, the vain little ... ANYWAY! Because of that, everyone called her Red Riding Hood.

RED: *(Valley Girl.)* My name is, like, Lisa!

GRANNY: So, Little Red Riding Hood lived at the edge of the forest in a cottage with her mother – who is my daughter, you see. Her maiden name was Smith, but she married a Hood and now Little Red just calls her Mother – Mother Hood. Red has a little brother, too: Baby Hood, but he doesn't appear in this story. One day, Little Red Riding Hood was ...

RED: Lisa!

GRANNY: Little Red Riding Hood was out picking flowers at the edge of the wood, when a shadow loomed over her.

RED: Aaah! A shadow!

GRANNY: And she looked up to see the most gorgeous young man she had ever seen – which, to be truthful, hadn't been that many.

(Enter PETER, with his woodsman's axe.)

He was tall, bronzed from the sun, with powerful arms and shoulders from chopping trees all day. His face was ruggedly handsome and eyes twinkled. Or least as close to all of that as this theatre can get – it's not like we can just call up the Central Casting office, you know!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

PETER: Hello. My name is Peter. I'm a woodsman. I was cutting trees nearby and saw you gathering flowers and wondered if I could trouble you for a drink of cool water.

RED: Wha...?

GRANNY: ... said Little Red Riding Hood, who hadn't seen very many eligible young men.

RED: Oh, yes! A tall drink of water. Of course. I live just over here.

PETER: And you're called Little Red Riding Hood.

RED: How did you know that?

PETER: It's written on your cape, right there.

RED: Actually, my name is Li...

GRANNY: ...ittle Red Riding Hood.

RED: ...ittle Red Riding Hood.

PETER: Because of the red riding hood you're wearing?

RED: Duh...

(She leads PETER to the cottage.)

Mother. Mother!

(MOTHER HOOD comes out of the cottage. She is an attractive mature woman.)

MOTHER: What is it, Litt...

RED: Lisa!

MOTHER: ...ittle Red Riding Hood?

RED: Could we get a – *(She puts her hand on PETER's sweat-glistening bicep as she gestures. She looks at her hand, then up at him.)* – a woodsman for this tall drink of water?

PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

GRANNY: Red really hadn't seen very many eligible young men, at all.

MOTHER: Where did he come from?

PETER: Well, as I was explaining to your daughter, I was chopping wood nearby and I ...

MOTHER: ... and you thought you could just force your way into the home of a lonely, mature, but still very attractive widow?

PETER: No! I just wanted a dipper of water.

MOTHER: *(Disappointed.)* Oh. Well, we have no water here, so on your way.

RED: Mother!

MOTHER: Go on! Hop it!

PETER: I'm very sorry, ma'am. I didn't think ...

MOTHER: Yes, well, next time, maybe you'd better. Push off!

(PETER exits and RED stares longingly after him.)

RED: Mother!

MOTHER: Now, you listen to me, young lady. Don't talk to strangers in the forest. They have evil intentions and mean you no good. I found that out the hard way with your father.

RED: He just wanted some water.

MOTHER: Yes, so did your father. First it's water and then, before you know it, he's off to Baghdad and you're left feeding a teenager and a baby and a cow.

RED: A cow? We don't have a cow.

MOTHER: Not any more! Now, listen, Little Red Riding Hood ...

RED: My name is, like, Lisa!

MOTHER: Don't take that attitude with me. No talking to strangers in the forest.

RED: But, Mother, how am I supposed to find someone to love if I can't talk to anyone? I might love them from afar, but I'll never find someone who loves me back.

MOTHER: 'Course you will, you've got a beautiful back.

RED: If only my father had stayed around, he could have protected me in the forest and I could meet someone.

MOTHER: Well, you know what fathers are like.

RED: No, I don't actually. (*Audience: Awww!*)

MOTHER: I'm baking some nice soft bread for your grandmother. The old cow's teeth can't handle anything else, these days.

GRANNY: Hey!

MOTHER: You can take it to her when it's cooled.

RED: Oh, mother!

MOTHER: Attitude!

*(She goes into the cottage. MUSIC No. 3: HOW CAN A
LITTLE GIRL BE GOOD.)*

RED: I ALWAYS TRIED TO DO JUST WHAT
MY MOTHER SAID TO DO. DON'T YOU?
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A PERFECT LITTLE
DAUGHTER.

I ALWAYS KEPT MY FEET UPON THE
NARROW WAY. I'D SAY
I'M JUST THE PICTURE OF A PERFECT LITTLE
GIRL.

THOUGH I NEVER MEAN TO BE A NAUGHTY GIRL,
I CAN'T STOP MY HEAD FROM BEING IN A WHIRL,
ALL MY BEST INTENTIONS SEEM TO MELT AWAY
EVERY TIME A PRETTY FLOWER COMES MY WAY.
NEVERTHELESS, I

TRY TO KEEP MY FOOTSTEPS ON THE NARROW PATH,
STILL THEY SEEM TO WANDER IN THE WOOD!
FOR WHEN THE WOOD'S SO FULL OF FLOWERS,
I COULD WANDER THERE FOR HOURS.
HOW CAN A LITTLE GIRL BE GOOD?

EVERY SPRING THEY COME BACK, ALL THE
PRETTIES I HAVE MISSED. SUCH BLISS!
I CAN'T RESIST THE URGE TO
GO AND WANDER.

THERE'S ANOTHER PRETTY, ALWAYS
JUST A STEP AWAY. WHY STAY
ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WHEN MY
JOY'S A STEP AWAY?

THOUGH I NEVER MEAN TO BE A NAUGHTY GIRL,
I CAN'T STOP MY HEAD FROM BEING IN A WHIRL,
ALL MY BEST INTENTIONS SEEM TO MELT AWAY
EVERY TIME A PRETTY FLOWER COMES MY WAY.
NEVERTHELESS, I

TRY TO KEEP MY FOOTSTEPS ON THE NARROW PATH,
STILL THEY SEEM TO WANDER IN THE WOOD!
FOR WHEN THE WOOD'S SO FULL OF FLOWERS,

PERUSAL COPY ONLY - CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

I COULD WANDER THERE FOR HOURS.
HOW CAN A LITTLE GIRL ...
A PRETTY BUT A LITTLE GIRL ...
HOW CAN A LITTLE GIRL BE GOOD?

*(At the end of the song, RED sighs and goes into the house.
A shadow grows and THE WOLF enters, having been
watching from the woods.)*

THE WOLF: Hello ... breakfast.

(Lights down. MUSIC No. 3a: 1st Scene Change.)

END OF SCENE

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act One

Scene 2 Granny Smith's Cottage

GRANNY: Well, did you see what I saw? ... There *are* wolves in the forest! Who would have thought? Your mother might be right, after all. Well, here we are at ... wait a minute, that's *my* cottage! I'm not supposed to be in until scene four. Oh, well, get it over with – although what we'll do in scene four, I don't know. Bear with me, a moment. *(She pulls out a script and checks it.)* Oh, right.

(She goes into the cottage. The door closes, then immediately opens and GRANNY re-appears with a laundry basket. She puts it down.)

What ho, kiddies! ... Oh, dear! All right, everybody hold hands. That's it. Holds hands. Now, let's all concentrate and try to contact the living. What ho, kiddies! ... Like a *(Day of the week.)* tsunami, that was. I was just going to hang out my laundry. It's a wonderful day for it: no rain; no clouds; no wolves. I'll just put up my clothes-line. *(She pulls out a clothes-line and puts it up.)* I have to be careful, because there are wolves in the forest. You haven't seen any wolves, have you? ... No, I mean in this scene. That wolf was in the last scene and I wasn't supposed to be in that scene. I mean, I'm not supposed to be in *this* scene, but somebody pushed the wrong button in the booth. So, in *this* scene, have you seen any wolves? ... No? Well, that's good. Then I'm safe to put out my laundry. But, if you see any wolves, you let me know. You yell "Look out, granny!" and I will spring into action. Well, at my age, it's more like fall into action, but it's the best I can do. Let's practice. Oh, look, there's a wolf! ... No, not "Where?" "Look out, granny!" Have you never had to keep watch for ravenous, child-eating wolves before? ... Really? ... What *do* they teach kids, these days? Let's try again. Oh, look, there's a wolf! ... Well, these two here are ready, at least.

So, just a few things to hang up – all my unmentionables ... and a few mentionables. I've got a pillow case, and a tablecloth and ... *(Holding up at pair of polka-dot bloomers.)* oops, I shouldn't mention those ... *(The WOLF appears behind her. Kids: Look out, Granny!)* What? What's that? What are you shouting about? A wolf? *(The WOLF runs out.)* Oh, nonsense! Who ever heard of a wolf in a forest? You'll be saying the forest's full of trees, next.

(The WOLF re-appears.)

What's that? ... A wolf? ... Where? ... Back there? ... Really? ... *(The WOLF runs out.)* I don't see any wolf.

(She pulls items out of her laundry basket and throws them over the clothes-line without looking. The WOLF comes in and they land on the WOLF each time, covering him as he stands near the clothes-line.)

You help me, kids! Shout out the name of each thing I pick up. *(She reaches into the basket.)* Sheety-wheety! ... Pillowy-willow! ... Nighty-wighty! ... Knickersy-wickersy! ... Oops! Shouldn't have pulled those out! Capsy-wapsy! ... Blankety — blank. Oh, that blanket needs a good cleaning. *(She takes a pillow out of the basket.)* I'll just give it a few good whacks with this. *(She hits the blanket-covered WOLF several times.)* What do you think? One more? Yes? *(Another whack.)* No, that's no good. I need something stronger, so I can really give it a good thumping. I know. *(She opens the cottage door and pulls out a carpet-beater.)* That should do it. *(She hefts the carpet-beater and winds up, then turns to the audience.)* Do you know, I haven't seen my grand-daughter in donkey's years. I do hope she comes over soon. I'm too frail these days to make the walk through the woods to see her. Oh, well! *(She winds up again, then turns to the audience.)* You see, her mother (my daughter, you know) took up with a sailor when she was very young and I told her not to darken my door until she was through with him. She hasn't been back since. Oh, I do miss her so. *(She winds up again, then turns to the audience.)* Still, she always bakes me a basket-full of nice fresh bread and sends my grand-daughter to bring it to me. That's very nice of her, isn't it? You know, when she does come over here to visit, she'll find one very forgiving old woman. *(She winds up and wallops the blanket with the WOLF inside.)*

WOLF: Whoo-ooo-ooo-ooo!

GRANNY: *(Thinking the audience had spoken.)* Whoo-ooo-ooo-ooo? Me-ee-ee-ee!
That's whoo-ooo-ooo-ooo!

(The WOLF pulls off the laundry and stands behind her as she speak to the audience. Kids: Look out, Granny!)

What? ... Look out? ... Look out for what? ... A wolf? ... Where? ... Behind me? *(She turns and sees the WOLF.)* You might have told me sooner! *(She bops the WOLF with the carpet-beater, picks up her skirts and runs into the house, slamming the door.)*

WOLF: Whoo-ooo-ooo-ooo!

GRANNY: *(From inside the house.)* Mee-ee-ee-ee!

WOLF: Look out, Granny! I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blo-o-o-w your house down!

(The WOLF huffs and puffs, but can't blow down Granny's brick house.)

All right. I'll think of something else. Wait a minute! She mentioned a grand-daughter who brings her baskets of bread. That sounds ... delicious! I'm off to find me a grand-daughter sandwich! Whoo-ooo-ooo-ooo!

(He exits, howling. Lights down.)

END OF SCENE

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act One

Scene 3 Mother Hood's Cottage

(Outside MOTHER HOOD's cottage. MOTHER HOOD enters with a basket.)

MOTHER: Red! Little Red! Oh, where is that girl? Kids, these days. Always have their faces stuck in a bunch of flowers. Never pay any attention to the big world around them. Red! What a life I have. Two kids, no cow. My husband sailed off to Baghdad and never returned. My mother's a dotty old coot who insists on living on her own all the way on the other side of the forest. I told her we could fix up a lovely little granny suite in the barn for her, but she says it will cramp her style. Really, at her age. Red! And now I've got this teenage daughter with attitude the size of a barn who just pays no attention to what I say. Red! Little Red Riding Hood!

(RED enters, looking intently at a nosegay of flowers, exactly like she was texting.)

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

And, here she is, at last. Little Red Riding Hood.

RED: Mother, my name is Lisa! Honestly! You named me!

MOTHER: Yes, but I didn't write the script. I've baked some nice soft bread for your toothless, senile old grandmother.

GRANNY: *(OFF.)* Hey!

MOTHER: So, I want you to take this basket and go to your granny's cottage with it.

RED: Oh! *(She sighs and stomps her feet.)*

MOTHER: Attitude, young lady.

RED: Gah...!

MOTHER: You take this basket and go directly to granny's house.

RED: You can't go directly to granny's house. The path wanders all through the woods.

MOTHER: Then stay on the path.

RED: The forest is dangerous – there are wolves in there. And who knows what else?

MOTHER: Just take the basket through the woods to granny's house.

RED: Sounds like child endangerment to me. I don't see why you can't take it.

MOTHER: I can't go to your granny's house, anymore. You know that.

RED: Why?

MOTHER: It has to do with your dad, you know. The things I gave up for that man. I had a budding career as a chef. I once cooked a meal for the king and all of his cabinet ministers. The king had steak and cheese.

RED: And the vegetables?

MOTHER: They had fish and chips.

RED: I never knew my dad. He left before I was born.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

MOTHER: Yes, I remember. All he left me was you, our cow and your little brother.

RED: But, we don't have a cow!

MOTHER: Not any more.

RED: And about my little brother ...

MOTHER: Never mind that, now. Your granny never liked your dad and told me never to come back until I was through with him. And I'll never be through with him!

RED: Why didn't she like him?

MOTHER: Red, it's time you knew about your dad. Dad was a sailor, dad was.

RED: Was dad a sailor, was dad?

MOTHER: Dad was a sailor, dad was. Dad sailed to Baghdad, dad did.

RED: Did dad sail to Baghdad, did dad?

MOTHER: Dad did sail to Baghdad, dad did. Dad died in Baghdad, dad did.

RED: Did dad die in Baghdad, did dad?

MOTHER: Dad did die in Baghdad, dad did. Dad died of a dickie bladder in Baghdad, dad did.

RED: Did dad die of a dickie bladder in Baghdad, did dad?

MOTHER: Dad did die of a dickie bladder in Baghdad, dad did. Dad died in Baghdad, dad did.

RED: Did Dad die in Baghdad, did dad?

MOTHER: Dad did die in Baghdad, dad did.

RED: Dad died?

MOTHER: Dad died.

RED: Died?

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

MOTHER: Did.

RED: Did?

MOTHER: Died.

BOTH: *(Dancing.)* Oh! Di-dee-di-dee-di-dee-di-dee-di-dee-di-dee-doh!
Oh! Di-dee-di-dee-di-dee-di-dee-di-dee-di-dee-doh!

MOTHER: So, you see, I can't go to your granny's. So, you have to go, but be back for supper. I'm making sausage rolls.

RED: How do make a sausage roll?

MOTHER: Easy – give it a push. Now, off you go – through the woods to grandmother's house.

RED: Through the woods to grandmother's house?

MOTHER: To grandmother's house.

RED: To grandmother's house?

MOTHER: To grandmother's house.

RED: Should I go over the river, first?

MOTHER: That's right. Over the river and through the woods.

RED: Over the river and through the woods.

BOTH: Over the river and through the woods, to grandmother's house, I (you) go.

MOTHER: Take the basket and off you go.

RED: Over the river and through the woods, to grandmother's house, I go.

(She skips off. MOTHER watches her go.)

MOTHER: I remember when I was young and eager like that. *(Beat.)* Oh, the trouble that caused! *(She exits.)*

END OF SCENE

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act One

Scene 4 Granny Smith's Cottage

GRANNY: Here we are are at Scene Four! It's a lovely scene, isn't it? That's my cottage – but you've seen it before, haven't you? In fact, we've already done this scene. So, now I have to find out something to do in its place. Now, what shall we do? I know! What say we sing a song, eh? *(She reaches offstage and pulls out a small ukelele, begins to strum it, badly. Continues to strum. Eventually:)* Does anybody know any songs? Oh, wait, I know! Hang about a moment. Talk amongst yourselves, if you like. *(She exits and, after a moment, she returns pulling a board on which is a sheet with lyrics on it.)* It's a good thing we happened to have this hanging around backstage. Now! This one's easy! All you have to say is:

SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE.
THE SEA SHELLS SHE SELLS ARE SEA SHORE SHELLS.
FOR IF SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE,
EVERY SHELL SHE SELLS IS A SEA SHORE SHELL, I'M SURE.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

That's easy enough, isn't it? Everyone got their tongues wrapped around that? No? Doesn't matter. We'll sing it!

(MUSIC No. 4: She Sells Sea Shells.)

SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE.
THE SEA SHELLS SHE SELLS ARE SEA SHORE SHELLS.
FOR IF SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE,
EVERY SHELL SHE SELLS IS A SEA SHORE SHELL, I'M SURE.

Faster next time!

I'VE JUST HAD A LETTER TO SAY I'M ENGAGED
TO PLAY IN A PANTOMIME.
THE PART I'M TO PLAY IS THE PRINCIPLE BOY,
SO I'M IN FOR A BEAUTIFUL TIME.

THE PANTO'S DICK WHITTINGTON; I'M DIRTY DICK,
THE FELLOW WHO ONCE RODE TO YORK.
THE MANAGER SAYS I MUST GET A GOOD SONG,
ABOUT WHICH THE PUBLIC WILL TALK.

I'VE COMMISSIONED SOME AUTHORS TO

WRITE ME A SONG,
A VERY FINE CHORUS THEY'VE SENT ME A LONG:

Faster this time!

SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE.
THE SEA SHELLS SHE SELLS ARE SEA SHORE SHELLS.
FOR IF SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE,
EVERY SHELL SHE SELLS IS A SEA SHORE SHELL, I'M SURE.

I've just had a thought! If those sea shells are from the Seychelles, they'd
be Seychelle sea shore shells.

THE SEA SHELLS SHE SELLS ARE A TERRIBLE SELL,
AND THE SONG IS A SELL, ALSO.
THE AUTHORS BOTH SAY IT WILL GO VERY BIG,
BUT I FEAR I AM ALL THAT WILL GO.

I'VE SUFFERED FROM LOCKJAW AND STICKJAW AS WELL,
IN TRYING THIS CHORUS TO SING

IT'S MAKING ME LISP, BUT I SHAY TO MYSHELE,
THE SONG'S SURE TO GO WITH A SHWING!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

I'M DREAMING OF SEASHELLS WHEN I AM IN BED!
I ONLY WISH SHE WOULD SELL MATCHES INSTEAD:

Faster!

SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE.
THE SEA SHELLS SHE SELLS ARE SEA SHORE SHELLS.
FOR IF SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE,
EVERY SHELL SHE SELLS IS A SEA SHORE SHELL, I'M SURE.

EVERY SHELL SHE SELLS IS A SEA SHORE SHELL, I'M SURE!

(End of music.)

Wasn't that lovely? Well, scene four was certainly a lot of fun, wasn't it? I
can't wait see what happens in scene five!

(GRANNY takes the song-board off. Lights down.)

END OF SCENE

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act One

Scene 5 The Road Through The Woods

(A path through a forest. The NARRATOR, in tuxedo, enters belatedly and opens his big Fairy Tales book.)

NARRATOR: Hello, children. We haven't met, yet, but I'm your narrator for the show. I'm terribly sorry I'm late. There was a big pileup on *(local main road)*. An aquarium truck and a potato truck collided – four tons of fish and chips all over the road! Anyway, I'm here at last. So, where have we got to? Have they sung the Once Upon A Time song, yet? ... Yes? ... And you've met Red Riding Hood? ... And her mother? ... And Peter The Woodsman? ... And Granny Smith? ... She was the apple of her mother's eye, you know. ... No? Oh, well, please yourselves. And, the Wolf's been in and out? ... So, then Red's on her way to Granny's house, is that it? Right.

(Reading from the Fairy Tales book.) So, Little Red Riding Hood set out in the bright sunshine for her grandmother's house. It was a lovely day for a stroll in the woods, so Red Riding Hood skipped along the path, singing. Being a teenager, she skipped and sang ironically.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

(RED enters skipping ironically. Music No. 5.)

RED: OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I GO.
THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY TO CARRY THE SLEIGH
THROUGH THE WHITE AND DRIFTED SNOW.
OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE AWAY.
I WOULD NOT STOP FOR DOLL OR TOP,
FOR 'TIS THANKSGIVING DAY.

(She stops and looks around her.)

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS ... wait a minute.
It's, uhm, this way.
OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH ... no, it must have been that way.
OVER THE RIVER AND ... now, for heaven's sake, I've come this way a
hundred times.

Let's see: over the river. Right. Through the woods. Right. *(She looks at a sign-post.)* To The Three Little P.I.G.'s? To The Three Bears? Well,

neither of those is the way to grandmother's place. Who put this sign up here?

Which way should I go? Should I go this way?... No? Maybe this way... No? Then, it has to be this way.

NARRATOR: So, having made up her mind which way to go, Red Riding Hood set out once more, when, suddenly, she was confronted by two fearsome and ferocious warriors. Well, all right, they're pigs.

(She heads off and suddenly INKY and PINKY leap out into her path. They are armed with cooking pot helmets and barbecue poker swords.)

INKY: Whee-whee-whee-whee-whee! Halt!

PINKY: Whee-whee-whee-whee-whee! Put your hands up!

INKY: Put the basket down! Whee-whee-whee-whee!

BOTH: And don't make any false moves! Whee-whee-whee-whee!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED: I can't put the basket down and keep my hands up.

INKY: All right. Just hands up! *(Feel free to interject porcine sounds below.)*

RED: *(Hands up.)* Who are you?

PINKY: We'll ask the questions!

INKY: Yeah, we'll ask the question!

PINKY: We're two of the Three Little P.I.G.'s.

RED: The ones on the sign?

PINKY: We'll ask the questions.

INKY: Yeah, the ones on the sign.

PINKY: Inky, we're supposed to be asking the questions!

INKY: Sorry, Pinky.

RED: So, you're Inky and Pinky? What's the third pig's name? Blinky?

PINKY: We're asking the questions!

INKY: Yeah! It's Steve.

RED: Steve?

PINKY: Yeah!

RED: Inky, Pinky and Steve?

INKY: You got a problem with that?

RED: Nope. So, where's Steve?

PINKY: We're asking...

RED: ... the questions. So, ask away.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY *(INKY and PINKY look at each other confused. They've never done this before.)* CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

THE PIGS: Oh...uhm...well...uhm...we

NARRATOR: A little faster, please. We have to get these kids home to bed *(Ed. "for supper", if it's a matinee)*.

PINKY: Oh! Oh, I've got one!

INKY: Go ahead, Pinky.

PINKY: *(To RED.)* All right, you! Where's Steve?

RED: I have no idea.

(INKY and PINKY throw down their make-shift weapons in disappointment.)

INKY: She doesn't know! We'll never find him.

PINKY: It's hopeless! Poor Steve!

(They lean on each other and cry – piggy-style.)

RED: 'Scuse me? 'Scuse me! Can I put my hands down, now?

INKY/PINKY: May I put my hands down, now.

RED: Really? Wow. May I put my hands down, now?

INKY/PINKY: Yes, you may.

(She does so and puts the basket down, too.)

RED: When was the last time you saw Steve?

PINKY: When he waved goodbye to us as he went off down the road.

INKY: You see, I was building my house of straw ...

PINKY: And, I was building my house of sticks ...

INKY: And he told us we were being foolish and that he knew how to get a house made of something *much* better.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED: And, did he?

PINKY: We don't know!

INKY: No sooner had we finished building our houses than a wolf came skulking out of the forest.

RED: No!

PINKY: Yes!

RED: A big wolf?

INKY: The biggest!

PINKY: Inky and me ran ...

INKY: Inky and I.

PINKY: That's what I said: me and Inky ran into his house of straw and we knew the wolf couldn't get us in there.

RED: The big wolf?

INKY: The big, bad wolf!

RED: And, what happened?

PINKY: That old wolf huffed and he puffed ...

INKY: ... and he huffed and he puffed.

INKY: Though, to be fair, it sounded more like smoker's cough.

RED: And he couldn't blow down your house of straw?

INKY: No. He put away his vaper and blew down the house in one puff.

RED: Oh, no!

PINKY: Oh, yes!

RED: What did you do?

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

INKY: We ran to Pinky's house.

RED: The one made of sticks.

PINKY: That's the one. Big, strong, powerful sticks.

RED: What happened?

INKY: He blew it down in two puffs.

RED: Oh, goodness! What happened then?

PINKY: We ran to Steve's house.

INKY/PINKY: Whee-whee-whee-whee-whee! To Steve's house.

RED: And when you got there?

INKY/PINKY: We didn't get there! We never found it and we've been running ever since.

INKY: So, we armed ourselves and set out to find him.

RED: But, why did you stop me on the pathway?

PINKY: We thought you might be the Big Bad Wolf.

RED: Really? You need to learn to distinguish facial features.

INKY: What are you doing here?

RED: I am taking this basket of fluffy white bread to my aging grandmother who lives on the far side of the forest, but it would appear that I have inadvertently lost my way.

NARRATOR: Who talks like that?

RED: Sorry, I didn't write it. Try again. I'm takin' some bread to my old granny but some idiot put up new signposts and I can't figure out which way to go.

INKY: *(Pointing at the sign to The Three P.I.G.'s.)* Well, you don't want to go that way.

PINKY: There's a Big Bad Wolf that way! And you don't want to go that way.
(Pointing to the sign to The Three Bears.)

INKY: There's three bears that way!

RED: Are they bad bears?

PINKY: Never met them.

INKY: But, hey, they're bears!

RED: That's rather species-ist of you. But, hey, I suppose you can't afford to trust anybody. I mean, you're pigs!

INKY/PINKY: We're not pigs! We're P.I.G.'s.

RED: P.I.G.s?

INKY/PINKY: Porcine Identifying Guys.

RED: Sorry. I didn't know that was a thing.

INKY: Everything's a thing.

PINKY: So, where is a red-riding-hood-wearing person like you going from here?

RED: Well, granny's is that way ... or maybe that way ... or maybe that way.

INKY: Tell you what, Red. We'll go this way; you go that way. If you don't find Granny, come back here. And, if we don't find either Steve or a Big Bad Wolf, we'll come back here.

RED: And, if you do find the Big Bad Wolf?

INKY/PINKY: *(Panicking.)* Whee, whee, whee, whee, whee!

NARRATOR: So, Red Riding Hood and the two Little Pi ... Porcine Identifying Guys went their separate ways, oblivious to the menacing shape that appeared behind them.

(They all exit, RED one way, the P.I.G.'s another. After a moment, the WOLF enters. He skulks then heads off after the P.I.G.'s.)

No, no, no! No snacking. You'll ruin your appetite.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

(The WOLF turns and follows RED off. Lights down.)

END OF SCENE

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act One

Scene 6 Mother Hood's Cottage

PETER: Mother Hood! Mother Hood!

MOTHER: *(OFF.)* Who's that?

PETER: It's Peter, the wood-chopper.

MOTHER: *(OFF.)* Peter, the wood-chopper? *(She enters from the cottage.)* Oh, the tall drink of water. What do you want here? I told you we have no water.

PETER: That's all right. I'm not thirsty. I've come to see Lisa.

MOTHER: Lisa?

PETER: Your daughter.

MOTHER: Oh! Red Riding Hood. She's not home. Shove off.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

PETER: Mother Hood, I get the impression that you don't like me.

MOTHER: Not like you? Of course I don't like you. That's my job.

PETER: Your job?

MOTHER: I'm a fairy tale parent. I'm required to automatically dislike anyone my child likes.

PETER: Why?

MOTHER: It wouldn't be much of a story if two kids met, held hands, kissed a bit, got married and raised a nice little family, would it? You've got to go through all kinds of terrible difficulties to get to the happily-ever-after part.

PETER: That doesn't seem fair.

MOTHER: You want fair? Look at me. Married a sailor at eighteen. He sailed away and here I am. Not even forty yet and stuck here on the edge of a forest raising two kids with no cow and no husband. I could have been somebody, you know. I gave up a budding career as a chef for the sake of my husband.

PETER: Did you? A chef? That's impressive.

MOTHER: I was a great cook. I still am. Last week, I made flaming shish kebab for the whole town. They set the place on fire.

PETER: Everybody liked them?

MOTHER: No, they just set the place on fire.

PETER: Anyway, will Red be long?

MOTHER: Possibly. She's gone into the dangerous forest to take a completely unnecessary basket of bread to her grandmother, facing death and dismemberment at every step. So, half an hour or so.

PETER: Into the forest? Why would she do that?

MOTHER: I sent her.

PETER: You what? You sent her into the forest?

PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

MOTHER: Hey, it gets her teenage moods out of the house. I need a break.

PETER: So, you sent her to the other side of the forest.

MOTHER: I sent her to the other side of the forest.

PETER: You know there are wolves in there?

MOTHER: I know there are wolves in there.

PETER: You don't see a problem with that?

MOTHER: It might seem cruel, but those wolves will just have to take their chances like everybody else. What do you want to see her for, anyway?

PETER: I want to ask for her hand in marriage.

MOTHER: You cannot have her hand in marriage.

PETER: I can't?

MOTHER: No. It's all of her or none of her. And why would she marry you? You have literally only spoken seven lines to each other.

PETER: Yes, but we've been saying them all the way through rehearsal, so, you know, it's like we've known each other a long time. Anyway, we have to get married. (*MOTHER does a double take.*) It's part of the story.

MOTHER: (*Suspiciously.*) All right. And would you be able to keep my daughter in the style to which I'd like to be become accustomed?

PETER: Oh, yes, ma'am. I'm a hard-worker. I'm out chopping wood every day – right up until Christmas.

MOTHER: Well, sharpen your axe. There are only thirty more chopping days until Christmas.

PETER: I'm going into the woods after her. How do I find Red's Granny's house?

MOTHER: On the other side of the forest; just follow the path. You can't miss it. It's made of brick and has a real storybook quality to it. Good luck. I'd love to stay here and chat with you but ... I'm not going to.

(She exits abruptly. Lights down.)

PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

END OF SCENE

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act One

Scene 7

(The Road Through The Woods. RED enters with her basket.)

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, Red Riding Hood is still walking through the wood. *(A beat. He looks at the Fairy Tales book.)* Really, that's all I get? "She's been walking through the wood." Why am I even here? Oh, just do the song!

(Music No. 4: OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS, reprise)

RED: OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I GO.
I SHOULD KNOW THE WAY, I WENT YESTERDAY,
THOUGH THE WOODS ARE FRIGHTENING SO!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, AWAY!
I WILL NOT STOP TO PLAY OR TALK
OR GATHER BUDS IN MAY!

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
OH, HOW THE WIND DOES BLOW.
IT STINGS THE TOES AND BITES THE NOSE,
AS THROUGH THE DEEP WOODS I GO!

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
OH, WHERE IS THE CLEAR BLUE SKY?
THE WOLVES DO HOWL, WAS THAT AN OWL?, AS
I GO CREEPING BY.

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
OH, GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE IS FAR!
ALL ALONE IN THE WILD UNKNOWN,
WHERE THE CREEPY CRAWLIES ARE!
ALL ALONE IN THE WILD UNKNOWN,
WHERE THE CREEPY CRAWLIES ARE!

NARRATOR: As Red finished the song, thunderous applause resounded throughout the

wood ... I said “thunderous applause”... Thank you. Suddenly, a wicked, vicious, evil, murderous, lying, mendacious, treacherous wolf ...

WOLF: *(OFF.)* Hey!

NARRATOR: ... leaped from his hiding spot and confronted Red.

(As RED is about to exit, the WOLF confronts her.)

RED: Ahh! A wolf!

WOLF: Hello, little girl.

RED: AHH! A talking wolf!

(RED tries to step around the WOLF who steps in front of her again.)

WOLF: Where are youse off to, toots?

RED: I am going to my granny's. ... wait a minute! My mother told me never to talk to strangers in the woods. The two little Porcine Identifying Guys told me there was a Big Bad Wolf out here.

WOLF: A Big Bad Wolf?

RED: Yes. A nasty, mean, vile killer!

WOLF: Really? I'd heard he was handsome, clever and terribly urbane and of a high intellectual standard, that's what I heard.

RED: No! Just an evil brute with a psychotic personality disorder. Why, do you know him?

WOLF: Obviously a different animal. I'd never associate with that sort.

RED: No. You certainly are a charming and engaging specimen of *canis lupis*.

WOLF: T'anks. You're kinda temptin' yerself.

RED: Thank you. The two little Porcine Identifying Guys told me the Big Bad Wolf had huffed and puffed and blown down their houses.

WOLF: One straw house and one stick house?

RED: That's right. Have you seen them?

WOLF: Nope. Never laid eyes on them.

RED: And, then he was going to do the same to their brother Steve's house.

WOLF: Steve?

RED: The third of the three Porcine Identifying Guys.

WOLF: I didn't know that was a thing.

RED: Everything's a thing.

WOLF: So! You're going to your granny's?

RED: Yes, she lives on the other side of the wood.

WOLF: Which other side? *That* other side?

RED: No, *that* other side. **PERUSAL COPY ONLY - CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS**

WOLF: Oh, *that* other side. How are you planning to get there?

RED: I'm going to walk.

WOLF: Which way is it?

RED: You ask a lot of questions. My mother said not to stop to answer questions from anybody along the way.

WOLF: Oh, well, if she said that – ! What else did she say?

RED: Not to stray off the path for any reason.

WOLF: What? Any reason?

RED: Any reason.

WOLF: Say, if you wanted to lie down and have a rest and saw a nice comfy spot not too far away?

RED: Nope. I'm to just keep on walking.

WOLF: Or if there was a nice cool stream just over that hill with nice clear water.

RED: Nope. I can get a drink at granny's house.

WOLF: Or some tasty strawberries growing on the other side of those trees?

RED: Nope.

WOLF: How about ... ?

RED: What part of “nope” don't you get? Nope! I just keep walking.

WOLF: How about if there was some really nice wild flowers, just over there?

RED: Nope. I ... wait. Wild flowers? I love wild flowers.

WOLF: Just over there. Wouldn't take more than a minute to gather 'em and wouldn't yer granny love 'em?

RED: Oh, I don't know. *(To audience.)* What do you think? Should I stay on the road? Or should I go gather flowers? *(Back and forth with audience.)* All right. I'm gathering flowers.

WOLF: And which way did you say your granny's was from here?

RED: Just down that way. Bye, Mr. Wolf! Have fun!

(She disappears with her basket to gather flowers.)

WOLF: Oh, I'll have fun, all right. You gather flowers, Red. I'll gather granny! *(An evil laugh that grows.)* Mwhah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! AH-HA-HA-HA-HA! *(He stops suddenly.)* A little more choke and that would have started.

(He heads down the road to Granny's place.)

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I GO.
I'LL GIVE HER A FRIGHT AND HAVE A QUICK BITE –
BEFORE SHE CAN SAY HELLO.
OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I GO!

NARRATOR: And so, Red strayed from the path to pick flowers while the evil, vicious, callous, deceitful ...

WOLF: *(OFF.)* Hey!

NARRATOR: ... wolf took a short cut that he knew (being a wolf) led to Granny's house. What will happen? Will Red make it to her Granny's? Will Granny ever get to eat her bread? Will the two little Porcine Identifying Guys find their brother Steve? Will Mother Hood ever realize that her husband the sailor didn't die in Baghdad? Will the Wolf eat Red? Who cares? It's intermission; time for some hot cocoa! See you in fifteen!

END OF ACT ONE

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 1

*(NARRATOR enters and takes his station. MUSIC No. 9:
Once Upon A Time, reprise.)*

NARRATOR: Welcome back. Had a good time, did you? Had some hot cocoa, kids? Some apple cider, dads? How was the washroom lineup, moms? That's splendid! Now, where were we? Oh, I remember! We were:

ONCE UPON A TIME –
THAT HOW GOOD STORIES ALL BEGIN.
ONCE UPON A TIME –
THAT'S HOW WE'LL START THE ONE WE'RE IN.

ONCE UPON A TIME!
AND ONCE UPON A DISTANT SHORE!
ONCE UPON A TIME!
YOU REALLY DON'T NEED ANY MORE!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND,
(WE CAN'T BE MORE SPECIFIC)
A MAGIC FAIRY KINGLAND,
WHERE HEROES ARE PROLIFIC

SOMETIME BACK YONDER,
WHEN CLOTHING WENT UNLAUNDERED,
AND PEASANTS DARE NOT WANDER
TOO FAR FROM THEIR HOMES.

SOMETIME BACK WHEN,
WHEN HAPPY PEASANTS FROLICKED,
FROM HOVEL TO PEN
WHERE HAPPY PIGGIES ROLLICKED.

ONCE UPON A TIME –
ONCE UPON A TIME –
ONCE UPON A TIME – IS NOW!

*(MUSIC ends. He opens his book of Fairy Tales. Lights
come up on MOTHER HOOD's cottage.)*

Now, it's getting later in the day. Red has been gone a long time and her mother is beginning to get worried. I mean, wouldn't you be? No? Callous bunch of kids.

So! Red's mother has been watching the forest very carefully for any sign of Red Riding Hood's return. Oh, that's a good title for the sequel: Red Riding Hood's Return – This Time, It's Personal.

(MOTHER HOOD comes out of her cottage.)

And, there's Red's mother. My, she's a handsome woman, isn't she? If I weren't the narrator ... Hark! She speaks!

MOTHER: RED! RED!

NARRATOR: What a beautiful, mellifluous voice.

MOTHER: Red Riding Hood! Well, she should have been back by now. What is going on out there? If she's been annoying those wolves ... !

PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

(She holds up a large pie.)

I've just finished baking this pie and I need to let it cool. If Red were here, I'd have her watch it, but she's not. Who could I get to watch it for me? ... Oh, would you do it? ... Just keep an eye on this and don't let anyone come near it. You call me if they do. Just yell "Mother, come quick!" Can you do that? Let's try. I put the pie here and someone comes near it and you yell – That's it. I'm going back inside, now.

(MOTHER goes into the cottage, leaving the pie. After a moment, INKY and PINKY enter.)

PINKY: What did you do last night, Inky?

INKY: Not much. Stayed home; had roast beef.

PINKY: Roast beef? I had none. I went to market and had to go whee-whee-whee-whee all the way home.

INKY: And when you got home?

PINKY: I finally had a chance to go whee-whee-whee-whee!

INKY: Oh, look, Pinky!

PINKY: What is it, Inky?

INKY/PINKY: A pie! Mmmm! I'm starving!

(They approach the pie. With luck, the audience will yell "Mother, come quick!" MOTHER enters, running.)

MOTHER: Here, now! What are you pigs doing with my pie?

INKY: We are not pigs!

PINKY: We are Porcine-Identifying Guys.

MOTHER: I didn't know that was a thing.

INKY/PINKY: *(With audience.)* Everything's a thing!

MOTHER: Nevertheless, what are you doing with my pie?

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

INKY: Nothing.

PINKY: Nothing.

INKY/PINKY: Not a thing! *(They put it back.)*

MOTHER: Well, all right, then. If you're nice, I might offer you a piece.

INKY: Oh, thank you!

PINKY: What kind of pie is it?

MOTHER: It's a pork pie.

INKY/PINKY: Whee-whee-whee-whee!

MOTHER: Oh, stop being such hams. I was just coming out to sprinkle some bacon bits on the pie.

INKY/PINKY: Whee-whee-whee-whee!

MOTHER: Stop hogging the spotlight. This isn't my best pie, but you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

INKY/PINKY: Whee-whee-whee-whee!

MOTHER: I'd invite you inside, but the place is an absolute sty.

INKY/PINKY: Whee-whee-whee-whee!

MOTHER: Well, you two seem as happy as a pig in ... say! You two just came out of the woods, did you?

PINKY: Yes, we've been in the woods. There's a big, bad ...

MOTHER: That's terrific. Did you happen to see my daughter while you were in the wood?

INKY: Girl about this tall, in a red riding hood, carrying a basket of bread for her granny?

MOTHER: Yes, that's her!

PINKY: No, didn't see her.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

MOTHER: Oh, dear! I hope she hasn't run into a wolf in the woods.

INKY: That's what Pinky was trying to tell you. We're looking for a wolf, too! He's a home-wrecker!

MOTHER: He broke up your family?

INKY: No, he broke up our homes! He huffed ...

PINKY: ...and he puffed...

INKY/PINKY: ...and he blewww our houses down!

MOTHER: That was cheeky. I wonder if it could be the same wolf?

INKY: I don't know. Having the wolf in the woods be the same wolf as our wolf would be far too much of a coincidence for dramatic plausibility. The writer wouldn't be that lazy.

MOTHER: It's a panto, dear, not Hamilton. Perhaps someone should search for Red.

INKY: We're heading back into the wood.

PINKY: We'll look for her.

MOTHER: Oh, thank you!

INKY: Don't mention it. Pinky, what's the weather going to be like tonight?

PINKY: Well, it'll be dark.

INKY: Perfect! I'll go south -- you go north. Shall we both, say, meet at the signpost at sunset?

PINKY: Very well.

INKY/PINKY: Meet at the signppost at sunset.

(They shake hands (trotters) and head into the woods.)

MOTHER: Wait! You want some pork rinds to munch on along the way?

INKY/PINKY: *(Running off.)* Whee-whee-whee-whee-whee!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

MOTHER: Please yourselves.

*(She picks up her pie and goes into the cottage. Lights down.
MUSIC.)*

END OF SCENE

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 2 The Road Through The Woods

(Enter RED, with her basket, now full of flowers as well as bread. She skips (ironically) through the forest. After a moment, PETER enters and they meet.)

PETER: Oh, it's you! My forest flower.

RED: Oh, it's you! My tall drink of water.

(MUSIC No. 3: I WORE A RED RIDING HOOD)

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND INNOCENT,
YOU STOLE INTO MY HEART.
YOU TAUGHT ME THINGS I NOW REGRET
WHENEVER WE'RE APART.

PETER: YOU TAUGHT ME THAT THE WORLD WAS WIDE
A BIT TOO WIDE FOR ME,
AND NOW I AM NOT SATISFIED
WITH JUST A CUP OF TEA.

BOTH: I (YOU) WORE A RED RIDING HOOD, WHEN I MET YOU.
MY (YOUR) MOTHER SAID TO BE GOOD – THEN I MET YOU!
THERE'S DAISIES THERE TO BE PICKED –
AND WILD OATS, TOO!
I (YOU) WORE A RED RIDING HOOD, WHEN I MET YOU.

PETER: Odd, that music being here. You don't often find an invisible full orchestra
in the woods.

I NEVER STAYED OUT LATE AT NIGHT,
WELL, NEVER AFTER TEN.
TO MEN, I WAS INDIFF'RENT QUITE,
UNTIL YOU CAME AND THEN
YOU TOOK ME WALKING IN THE PARK,
YOU TALKED LIKE ROMEO,
AND WHEN YOU KISSED ME IN THE DARK,
POOR ME! I DID NOT KNOW.

BOTH: I (YOU) WORE A RED RIDING HOOD, WHEN I MET YOU.

MY (YOUR) MOTHER SAID TO BE GOOD – THEN I MET YOU!
THERE’S DAISIES THERE TO BE PICKED –
AND WILD OATS, TOO!
I (YOU) WORE A RED RIDING HOOD, WHEN I MET YOU.

(The music continues under the dialogue.)

PETER: Red ... do you mind if I call you Red?

RED: Why not? After all, my name is Lisa.

PETER: It’s just that Red is a much better name for you. It’s the colour of your ...
(He searches for something red on her other than her hood.) ... the colour
of your ... eyes!

RED: My eyes aren’t red!

PETER: Oh, it’s just the bloodshot, then.

RED: If you’re trying to woo me, you’re going about it all wrong.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

PETER: Oh? Have you been wooed before?

RED: Oh, yes. I’ve been vewy wude. Now, listen. Put your arms around me.

PETER: All right, I’m putting.

RED: Now, look deep into my eyes.

PETER: All right, I’m looking.

RED: Now, what do you see there?

PETER: Glaucoma.

RED: Peter, that’s not glaucoma!

PETER: Oh, that’s love! Well, I never.

RED: Neither have I. *(Ed. alternative line: Not yet.)*

I NEVER STAYED OUT LATE AT NIGHT;
WELL, NEVER AFTER TEN.

PETER: TO MEN YOU WERE INDIFFERENT QUITE,
UNTIL I CAME AND THEN

RED: YOU TOOK ME WALKING IN THE PARK.
YOU TALKED LIKE ROMEO.

BOTH: AND WHEN YOU KISSED ME IN THE DARK,
POOR ME!, I DID NOT KNOW –

I (YOU) WORE A RED RIDING HOOD, WHEN I MET YOU.
MY (YOUR) MOTHER SAID TO BE GOOD – THEN I MET YOU!
THERE'S DAISIES THERE TO BE PICKED –
AND WILD OATS, TOO!

I (YOU) WORE A RED RIDING HOOD, WHEN I MET YOU.
I (YOU) WORE A RED RIDING HOOD, WHEN I MET YOU.

(Music ends.)

PETER: Why have you been so long getting to your Granny's? Your mother is
worried sick.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED: You've been talking to my mother?

PETER: I stopped by there – looking for you. She told me to go find you and bring
you safely home.

RED: Oh, you think I need your help?

PETER: Well, obviously. You're lost in the woods, aren't you?

RED: I AM NOT LOST!

PETER: Looks like it to me.

RED: I am ... exploring alternative directions.

PETER: That's lost, isn't it? Here. Let's get back on the right path. Give me your
basket.

RED: Don't you tell me what to do.

PETER: I'm not. I just wanted to help you ...

RED: I don't need any help. Especially not from a sweaty, muscular, tanned, tall – woodcutter!

PETER: *(A beat.)* Huh? Look, we just had a moment, there, with the song and everything ...

RED: Just because we sang a song together doesn't mean I'm ready to run off with you and get married and raise children and live happily ever after!

PETER: *(A beat.)* Huh?

RED: So don't even think about it – especially after what you've gone and done and did!

PETER: What did I go and did and do?

RED: You know perfectly well.

PETER: Can I have a clue, please?

RED: Ha!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

PETER: Can I use a lifeline? Phone a friend?

RED: Ha-ha!

PETER: Can I at least buy a vowel?

RED: Ha-ha-ha! Goodbye! And, don't talk to me again!

(She flounces out, ironically. PETER turns to the audience.)

PETER: Feisty. I've half a mind to just let her go off on her own and get lost in the forest.

RED: *(Stomping back in.)* I know my way to Granny's! I don't need your help.

PETER: I never said you did.

RED: Ha-ha-ha-ha!

(She again flounces out, again ironically. PETER again turns to the audience.)

PETER: What do you think? Should I just let her go get lost in the forest? ... I should? ... I shouldn't? ... etc. ... Well, all right, if you think so. I'll just go back to my part of the forest, alone, and never see Red again. *(He starts to leave. The audience should react.)* What? ... What do you mean "go after her"? You just said ... ! Well, make up your minds!
(He picks up his axe and runs out after RED. Lights down. MUSIC.)

END OF SCENE

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 3 Inside Granny Smith's Cottage

GRANNY: What ho, kiddies! ... You remembered!

(There is a (silent) knock at the door.)

Hark! Do you hear that? ... You don't hear that? You're not harking. Hark properly. *(Another knock at the door.)* Here! Did you hark that? It's someone at the door. Who is it?

WOLF: *(Off. Gruffly.)* It's Little Red Riding Hood.

GRANNY: It's who?

WOLF: *(Off. Gruffly.)* It's Little Red ... *(He clears his throat and continues in a high voice.)* ... It's Little Red Riding Hood.

GRANNY: Really?

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

WOLF: *(Off.)* Yes, it is.

GRANNY: Oh, no, it isn't!

WOLF: *(Off.)* Oh, yes, it is.

GRANNY: *(With audience.)* Oh, no, it isn't!

WOLF: *(Off.)* Oh, yes, it is.

GRANNY: *(With audience.)* Oh, no, it isn't!

WOLF: *(Off. Gruffly.)* Listen, just open the door and find out! *(In a high voice.)* I mean: "Oh, dear Granny. Open the door and find out!"

GRANNY: I don't know. *(To audience.)* What do you think? Should I open the door? ... Yes? ... No? ... Yes? ... I suppose I'd better or the second act's going to be pretty short.

(She opens the door – the WOLF stands outside it, holding a basket with flowers in it and wearing a checked tablecloth as a cape and hood.)

Oh, Little Red Riding Hood ...

WOLF: My name is Lisa!

GRANNY: Little Red Lisa Hood, you made it all the way through the forest to my cottage. Come in, dear, come in!

WOLF: Thanks, Gran. *(He walks in past her, tossing the flowers at her as he goes.)*
I brung ya some posies.

GRANNY: Oh, thank you. I'll put them in some water.

WOLF: Yeah, don't worry. They'll outlast you. Nice jernt, Granny.

GRANNY: Uh ... thank you?

WOLF: I mean, I like what you done with the place since I bin here last.

GRANNY: Oh, you know. Fresh curtains, a lick of paint ...

WOLF: So, uh, my mudder give me a basket of nice fresh, fluffy bread fer youse to have. Here youse go. *(He losses the basket on the table.)*

GRANNY: Oh, lovely! Fresh bread. Now, where did I put my dentures?

WOLF: Dentures? You won't need no stinking dentures.

GRANNY: Red, you've certainly grown since the last time you were here.

WOLF: Yeah, I hit a growth spurt.

GRANNY: And you've matured a lot as well.

WOLF: Yeah, real mature.

GRANNY: Oh, you're face has changed so much.

WOLF: You t'ink so?

GRANNY: Oh, Red, I hardly know you!

WOLF: I'm still yer little sweet grand-daughter, though.

GRANNY: Oh, Red, what big ears you have.

WOLF: All da bedder ta hear youse wid, Granny.

GRANNY: Oh, Red, what big eyes you have.

WOLF: All da bedder ta see youse wid, Granny.

GRANNY: Oh, Red, what big teeth you have!

WOLF: All da bedder ta eatchyas wid, Granny!

GRANNY: Eat me? Oh-oh!

WOLF: Ow-ooo! (*A wolf howl.*)

GRANNY: A wolf!

WOLF: Yup.

GRANNY: A big, bad wolf!

WOLF: Typical lefty media bias. First, label him a Big BAD Wolf, then only tell the story from one point of view. I have a valid point of view, too, you know!

GRANNY: What's your point of view?

WOLF; I'm going to eatcha!

GRANNY: Well, that escalated quickly. Ahh! Please don't eat me! I'm too young to die!

WOLF: You've got to be a hundred at least!

GRANNY: I'm too old to die!

WOLF: Come here!

GRANNY: Oh, no! Don't swallow me! I'm afraid of the dark.

WOLF: Youse won't feels a t'ing.

(GRANNY grabs a mop.)

GRANNY: Come on, then. I'll wipe the floor with you!

WOLF: *(To audience.)* Feisty! *(To GRANNY.)* All right, granny. Prepare to be breakfast!

(The WOLF chases GRANNY, who drops the mop, picks up her nightgown hem and runs. They go through the house and back up on stage. The WOLF finally corners GRANNY again on stage.)

WOLF: *(To audience.)* Youse might wanna go to anudder scene right now. Dis ain't gonna be pretty.

(Quick blackout; GRANNY screams in the dark. MUSIC.)

END OF SCENE

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 4 A Forest Path

(There is silence at the sign-post in the forest. The post reads “To the Three Little P.I.G.’s; To Granny’s House; To the Three Bears.”)

(After a moment, INKY comes through warily, backing across the stage, watching for Big Bad Wolves, and exits.)

(Another moment passes in silence. PETER comes through warily, backing across the stage, watching for Big Bad Wolves, and exits.)

(Another moment passes in silence. PINKY comes through warily, backing across the stage, watching for Big Bad Wolves, and exits.)

PERUSAL COPY ONLY - CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

(PETER comes through warily, sneaking on tip-toe across the stage, watching for Big Bad Wolves, and exits.)

(INKY and PINKY come through warily, sneaking on tip-toe across the stage, watching for Big Bad Wolves. They back to centre, turn without seeing each other and exit.)

(PETER comes through quickly, sneaking on tip-toe across the stage, and exits. INKY comes through quickly, sneaking on tip-toe across the stage, and exits. PINKY comes through quickly, sneaking on tip-toe across the stage, and exits.)

(All three enter, sneaking backward, and collide centre stage. Much panic.)

INKY/PINKY: Whee! Whee! Whee! Whee!

PETER: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

(There is a little slap-fight between the three, before they settle down. INKY and PINKY recognize each other.)

PINKY: *(Embracing his brother.)* Inky!

INKY: *(Embracing his brother.)* Pinky!

INKY/PINKY: Steve! *(They start to embrace PETER.)*

PETER: No! I'm Peter, the wood chopper. Who are you guys?

PINKY: We're Inky...

INKY: ...and Pinky!

INKY/PINKY: We're two of the three little P.I.G.'s.

PETER: Porcine Identifying Guys?

INKY/PINKY: You're the first one who's got that.

PETER: Well, you have to be pretty open-minded to be a wood-chopper. What are you doing here?

INKY: We're looking for the Big Bad Wolf.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY-- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

PETER: Really? So am I!

PINKY: AND we're looking for Little Red Riding Hood.

PETER: What a coincidence! So am I! So have you seen either of them?

INKY/PINKY: Not a glimmer. But we're ready for them!

PINKY: Especially that wolf!

INKY: Oh, when we catch him! We'll ... *(mimes various violent things.)*

PETER: Is that really necessary?

PINKY: Oh, he's dangerous!

PETER: How?

INKY: He bit my hand off!

PETER: He bit your hand off? It looks all right to me.

INKY: Yeah, well, I had a transplant. That hand cost me an arm and a leg.

PINKY: And, he blew our houses down!

PETER: Really! I didn't know that wolves had any sort of extraordinary lung capacity.

INKY: I had a lovely house of straw and he huffed and puffed and blew it down.

PINKY: And I had a lovely house of sticks and he huffed and puffed and huffed and blew it down.

PETER: Huffed and puffed and huffed?

PINKY: Yeah, he didn't even bother puffing the second time.

INKY: And, we've no idea what's happened to our brother, Steve!

PETER: Well, that wolf sounds dangerous. And, you're also looking for Red Riding Hood?

INKY: Little Red Riding Hood.

PETER: **PERUSAL COPY ONLY - CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS** She's not that little anymore.

PINKY: Watch it – family show.

PETER: I mean, that's the girl I intend to marry.

INKY/PINKY: Oh, really? Oh... *(They each toss away a bundle of flowers they've had stuck in their belts.)*

PETER: So how do we find her and keep the Big Bad Wolf away?

INKY: We've each been walking backward through the woods, keeping an eye out for any signs.

PETER: Find anything?

PINKY: Of course not. How much can you see walking backward through the woods? Have you found anything?

PETER: I haven't seen any sign of her or even how to get to her granny's.

INKY: No sign?

PETER: No sign.

PINKY: No sign at all?

PETER: No sign of any description.

(By now the audience should be shouting "Behind you!")

What? What are you shouting about? ... Behind me? What's behind me?

INKY: It's Little Red Riding Hood!

PINKY: It's the wolf!

ALL THREE: It's a sign!

PETER: Let's see. "To the Three Little P.I.G.'s."

INKY/PINKY: No point in going that way.

PETER: "To the Three Bears."

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

INKY/PINKY: Don't know them. They sound nice.

PETER: "To Granny's." To Granny's! We've found Red!

INKY: I don't know. The chances of that granny being the granny you're looking for would be too unlikely for dramatic plausibility.

PINKY: Even in a panto.

PETER: I'll tell you what: let's kill two birds with one stone.

INKY: Ohhh!, that's cruel, that is.

PINKY: Shame on you!

PETER: No! I mean, you guys go that way, to the Three Bears and ask them if they've seen Red –

INKY/PINKY: Or the wolf.

PETER: – or the wolf, and I'll go this way to Granny's and see if it's the same granny. If I find Red, I'll ask her to marry me.

PINKY: And, if we find the wolf?

INKY: I say we cut off its head!

PINKY: Yeah! And throw its rotting carcass to the vultures! What do you say, kids?

(Audience reaction.)

PETER: Look, kids, you're supposed to be horrified at that; not cheerin'! What are kids coming to, these days? So, I'm off to Granny's! Goodbye!

(PETER exits "to Granny's".)

INKY: And, we're off to the Three Bears.

PINKY: I wonder if they'll be nice?

(They exit "to the Three Bears". The stage is empty for a moment, then INKY and PINKY come running on.)

PERUSAL COPY ONLY - CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

INKY/PINKY: Whee! Whee! Whee! Whee! Whee!

(They run off "to Granny's". After another moment, a bear comes running on after them and exits "to the Three Little Pigs". Lights down. MUSIC.)

END OF SCENE

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 5 Inside Granny Smith's Cottage

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, back at Granny Smith's cottage, the Big Bad Wolf has been up to no good ... one line, again! I don't know why I bother coming on.

WOLF: *(Entering and speaking in a GRANNY voice.)* What ho, kiddies! ... What's the matter with you? It's me! Granny Smith ... Oh, yes, I am! ... Oh, yes, I am! ... Look, I can eat more than Grannies and girls in riding hoods, you know.

(There is a knock at the door.)

Oh! Someone's knocking. I wonder who that could be. As if I didn't know. *(Another knock at the door.)* What do you think, boys and girls? Should I answer it? ... Who asked you? Who is it?

RED: *(Off.)* It's Lisa!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

WOLF: It's who?

RED: *(Off.)* It's Lis ... It's Little Red Riding Hood.

WOLF: Really?

RED: *(Off.)* Yes, it is.

WOLF: Oh, no, it isn't!

RED: *(Off. With audience.)* Oh, yes, it is.

WOLF: Oh, no, it isn't!

RED: *(Off. With audience.)* Oh, yes, it is.

WOLF: How do I know you're not the Big Bad Wolf?

RED: *(Off.)* Just open the door and find out!

WOLF: All right. I'll open the door. But, please, don't eat me!

(The WOLF opens the door. RED stands outside it, holding

her basket, in cape and hood.)

Oh, Little Red Riding Hood ...

RED: My name is Lisa!

WOLF: Little Red Lisa Hood, you made it all the way through the forest to my cottage. Come in, dear, come in!

RED: Thanks, Gran. *(She hands the flowers to the WOLF.)* I picked you some wild-flowers on the way.

WOLF: Oh, thank you. *(The WOLF sneezes violently.)*

RED: You getting a cold, Granny?

WOLF: Listen, you little brat! I ... I mean, just a touch of hay-fever. *(The WOLF sneezes violently.)* I'll just put these in water. *(He tosses them off.)* That's better.

RED: Mother baked you a basket full of nice fresh, fluffy bread because your teeth can't handle anything else these days, she says. *(She puts the basket on the table.)*

WOLF: Oh, lovely! Fresh bread. Just what I was hoping for. *(He tosses the basket of bread off.)* You didn't stop along the way, did you, Red?

RED: Oh, no. Mother told me to come directly here.

WOLF: I see. You didn't talk to anyone on the way?

RED: Oh, no. Mother told me not to talk to anyone I meet in the woods.

WOLF: No wolves?

RED: Nope.

WOLF: No woodsmen with sharp axes?

RED: Nope.

WOLF: So, nobody knows you were on your way here?

RED: Nope. 'Cept Mother, of course.

WOLF: Of course. *(To himself.)* I'll take care of her, later.

RED: What was that?

WOLF: Come closer, so I can see you better, my dear.

RED: Oh, Granny, what ... ooh, Granny, you need a shave!

WOLF: Stick to the script!

RED: Oh, Granny, what big ears you have.

WOLF: All da bedder ta hear youse wid, my dear.

RED: Oh, Granny, what big eyes you have.

WOLF: All da bedder ta see youse wid, my dear.

RED: Oh, Granny, what big teeth you have!

WOLF: All da better ta eatchyas wid' my dear!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED: Oh-oh!

WOLF: Ow-ooo! *(A wolf howl.)*

RED: Oh-OH!

WOLF: *(Chasing RED.)* Ow-ooo!

RED: That escalated quickly! Ahh! Please don't eat me! I'm too young to die!

WOLF: Oh, quit complaining. Come here!

RED: Oh, no! Don't swallow me! I'm afraid of the dark.

WOLF: Youse won't feels a t'ing.

(The WOLF chases RED, who runs through the house and back up on stage. The WOLF finally corners her on stage and backs her OFF. The sound of a terrible struggle OFF, then a huge burp and the WOLF enters with a toothpick.)

NARRATOR: And, so, the Big Bad Wolf gobbled up Little Red Riding Hood, hood and

all, and went off into the forest where he lived happily ever after. (*Closing his Book of Fairy Tales.*) The end. Good night, kiddies! Good night!

(*The lights start to come down. MUSIC.*)

PETER: (*Running in.*) Wait! You can't end the story like that! (*Lights up. MUSIC stops.*) That's a horrible ending. There are kids out here and everything!

NARRATOR: Exactly. It's for the kids – a stark warning for kids about not doing what you're told. Do as you mother says and don't wander into the woods. That last doesn't apply quite so much in this urbanized century, but the author wanted to stay with the original intent to give it a feeling of authenticity.

PETER: The author? This turkey has an author? I thought we were just making it up as we went along.

NARRATOR: Well, some of us are. Uhm ... (*Reading the cover of the script.*) David Jacklin, whoever that is. Local theatre, probably. This story has a very long history and the original can be traced back to 10th century France; also to Norse mythology and even to ancient Rome and Greece. In fact, there's a Taiwanese tale from the 16th century that bears a striking resemblance.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

MOTHER: (*Coming out onto the stage.*) It doesn't matter! You can't end a panto like that! They want a happy ending and a song and a walk-down. Right? (*To the audience.*) That's what you want, isn't it? (*Audience reaction.*)

NARRATOR: Well, that's not what's written down here. (*He happens to see the title page.*) Wait a minute. There's a phone number. (*He pulls out a cell phone and taps in a number.*) ... It's ringing. ... Hello! ... Listen, we're doing your Red Riding Hood panto here and we have a problem with the ending ... Well, yes, it's very authentic, but there are some objections to the, uhm, shall we say, abrupt ending to the story ... Really? ... The Taiwanese had *what* happen to her? ... Wow! Well, those Taiwanese, they sure know how to end a story. It's just that we were hoping there might be an alternate ending available ... There is! (*He gives a thumbs-up to the others; by now, RED and the WOLF have also entered.*) ... That's very nice of you. ... Right. 'Bye. (*He ends the call.*) He's sending it by text. (*A moment later and the phone dings.*) There it is! (*They all crowd around and read the text.*) Everyone got that? Reset! (*All but the NARRATOR exit. He points to the booth.*) Can we back up a few cues and do it again? Thanks.

(*Lights down. Music cue is repeated.*)

END OF SCENE

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 6 Inside Granny Smith's Cottage

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, back at Granny Smith's cottage, the Big Bad Wolf has been up to no good ...

WOLF: *(Entering and speaking in a GRANNY voice.)* What ho, kiddies! ... Yeah, I know, it's me, Wolfie, but play along. It's me, Granny Smith ... Oh, yes, I am! ... Oh, yes, I am! ... Okay, do you want to keep this up or do you want to get to the new ending?

(There is a knock at the door.)

Oh! Someone's knocking. I wonder who that could be. As if you didn't know. *(Another knock at the door.)* What do you think, boys and girls? Should I answer it? ... You know I'm going to, right? We just did this scene! Weren't you paying attention? *(In a Granny voice.)* Who is it?

RED: *(Off.)* The same person it was five minutes ago!

WOLF: Who?

RED: *(Off.)* It's Lis ... It's Little Red Riding Hood.

WOLF: Really?

RED: *(Off.)* Really.

WOLF: Oh, no, it isn't!

RED: *(Off.)* Oh, get on with it!

WOLF: How do I know you're not the Big Bad Wolf?

RED: *(Off.)* Open the door and you'll find out!

WOLF: All right. I'll open the door. But, please, don't eat me!

(The WOLF opens the door. RED stands outside it, holding her basket, in cape and hood.)

Oh, Little Red Riding Hood ...

RED: Yeah, yeah, Red Riding Hood! I picked you some wild-flowers on the way.

WOLF: Little Red Lisa Hood, you made it all the way through the forest to my cottage. Come in, dear, come in!

(She enters, throwing the flowers at the WOLF as she does.)

WOLF: Oh, thank you. *(The WOLF sneezes violently.)*

RED: You got hay-fever, Granny?

WOLF: No, no! Just a touch of ... hay-fever. *(The WOLF sneezes violently.)* I'll just put these in water. *(He tosses them off.)* That's better.

RED: Mother baked you a basket full of nice fresh, fluffy bread because you're too old and decrepit and disease-ridden to eat anything else these days – she says. *(She puts the basket on the table.)*

WOLF: Oh, lovely! Fresh bread. Just what I was hoping for. *(He tosses the basket of bread off.)* You didn't stop along the way, did you, Red?

RED: **PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS** Oh, no. Mother told me to come directly here.

WOLF: I see. You didn't talk to anyone on the way?

RED: Oh, no. Mother told me not to talk to anyone I meet in the woods.

WOLF: No narrators?

RED: Nope.

WOLF: No wolves with sharp axes?

RED: Nope.

WOLF: So, nobody knows you were on your way here?

RED: Nope. 'Cept the woodsman, of course.

WOLF: Of course. *(To himself.)* I'll take care of her, later.

RED: No, you'll take care of *him*, later.

WOLF: Stick to the script. *(Aloud.)* Come closer, so I can see you better, my dear.

RED: *(Flatly.)* Oh, Granny, what big ears you have.

WOLF: All da bedder ta hear youse wid, my dear.

RED: And why do you wear that cap on your head?

WOLF: *(Scrambling for a reply.)* Uhm ... to keep my ears warm, my dear.

RED: But, your ears stick out of the top of it.

WOLF: *(A beat.)* I didn't think it through.

RED: *(Flatly.)* Oh, Granny, what big eyes you have.

WOLF: All da bedder ta see youse wid, my dear.

RED: *(Flatly.)* Oh, Granny, what big teeth you have! And what a lot of grey fur and what a long tail. I mean, you're clearly a wolf; I'm not stupid, you know.

WOLF: Ain't dat swell fer youse? It ain't gonna help youse none 'cause now I'm gonna eatchas.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED: Oh-oh!

WOLF: Oh, we're back to the script, are we? Ow-ooo! *(A wolf howl.)*

RED: Oh-OH!

WOLF: *(Chasing RED.)* Ow-ooo!

RED: Oh, my god! He really is going to eat me! Please don't eat me! I'm too young to die!

WOLF: Just right, by me! Come here!

RED: Oh, no! Don't swallow me! I'm afraid of the dark.

WOLF: Youse won't feels a t'ing.

(The WOLF chases RED, who runs through the house and back up on stage. The WOLF finally corners her on stage, then, just when it looks like the WOLF will eat her, PETER suddenly bursts through the door with his axe.)

PETER: Ah-ha! Unhand that girl, villain!

WOLF: Ow-oooh!

(The WOLF runs OFF. PETER follows him. There is the sound of a terrible struggle OFF, then a huge chopping sound. The WOLF's howls are cut off suddenly.)

NARRATOR: And, so, the handsome, viral and dead sexy Woodsman saved Little Red Riding Hood just in the nick of time. He cut off the Big Bad Wolf's head ... *(Another chopping sound from OFF.)* ... and cut him open and Red's granny, very much alive, came hopping out of the Big Bad Wolf's stomach where she had been sitting, tied up and gagged, in the dark!

(GRANNY and PETER enter. RED runs to untie and ungag GRANNY, who holds the gag up to the audience.)

GRANNY: This is the best gag in the show. Oh, it was terrible! The wolf threw milk and cream and yogurt at me. I thought, "How dare 'e!"

(RED runs into GRANNY's arms, then embraces PETER.)

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

NARRATOR: And Red and the woodsman married and lived happily ever after. The end. Good night, kiddies! Good night!

(The lights start to go down. MUSIC.)

INKY/PINKY: *(Running in.)* Wait! *(The lights come back up. The music stops.)* You can't end the story like that! That was just cruel.

THE OTHERS: What!

INKY: Animals have rights, you know!

PINKY: He was only being a wolf.

INKY: He was going about his own business.

INKY/PINKY: He was hungry!

PINKY: If a little girl comes into the forest and invades his natural habitat, a wolf has the right to eat her.

INKY: Nay, he has a duty to eat her!

INKY/PINKY: Red and Granny had no business being where they were!

NARRATOR: Seriously?

INKY/PINKY: *(Pulling out a cell phone.)* Shall we call PETA? You can deal with *them*, if you like.

NARRATOR: No, no, no! Don't call PETA! That's fine. I'll make another call.

(He pulls out his cell phone and taps in the number.)

RED: Oh, and while you've got this guy, see what you can do about the sexism.

NARRATOR: Sexism?

RED: Helpless little female needs a great big male to rescue her? Come on, this is the 21st century! Hashtag: I am woman, hear me roar.

NARRATOR: Do you really think you can out-wrestle a wolf?

RED: Can you?

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

NARRATOR: *(Into the phone.)* Hi! Dave, how ya doin', buddy? Listen, it's us again and there's a couple more problems ... yep, with the ending ... Well, yes, the new one is more in line with the expected resolution, but we have some objections from some cast members. Well, the first is over, well, animal cruelty. Yeah, the P.I.G.'s don't like the treatment of the wolf. And secondly, Red is a little concerned ...

RED: A lot concerned.

NARRATOR: ... a lot concerned about sexism. Well, helpless little girl – great big man has to come to the rescue – you know. Is there an *alternate* alternate ending we could use? ... Great! Really appreciate this! *(He ends the call. By now, the entire cast has assembled.)* It's coming. *(A moment later, the phone dings.)* Here we are! *(They all crowd around and read the text.)* All good? Reset! *(Everyone but the NARRATOR exits. He points to the booth.)* One more time, please!

(Lights down. Music cue is repeated.)

END OF SCENE

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 7 Inside Granny Smith's Cottage

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, back at Granny Smith's cottage, the Big Bad Wolf has been up to no good ...

WOLF: *(Entering and speaking in a GRANNY voice.)* What ho, kiddies! *(Before the audience can react:)* And, moving right along –

(There is a knock at the door.)

Oh! Someone's knocking. I wonder who that could be. *(Another knock at the door.)* Should I answer it, boys and girls? ... I should be thinking well think so. Who is it?

RED: *(Off.)* Little Red Riding Hood and I'm here with flour and a bread-basket.

WOLF: Oh, no, it isn't!

RED: *(Off.)* Oh, yes, it is!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

(RED kicks the door open, holding her basket.)

WOLF: Oh, Little Red Riding Hood ...

RED: Yeah, here's the flowers; here's the bread. *(Chucking both at the WOLF.)*

WOLF: Come in, dear, come in!

(Throws the flowers and bread OFF. RED puts the basket on the table.)

RED: How's the hay-fever, Granny?

WOLF: I ... what? ... oh! Atchoo!*(He uses RED's cloak to wipe his nose.)* That's better.

RED: Mother baked you some bread, you decrepit, toothless old crone, and I came straight here, 'cept I stopped to talk to a handsome woodsman and a Big Bad Wolf and two of the Three Little P.I.G.'s on the way.

WOLF: Okay. So ... right! Come closer, so I can see you better, my dear.

RED: *(Flatly.)* Oh, Granny, what four big paws you have.

WOLF: All da bedder ta hear youse wid, my dear.

RED: *(Flatly.)* Oh, Granny, what a long furry tail you have.

WOLF: All da bedder ta see youse wid, my dear.

RED: *(Flatly.)* Oh, Granny, what large predacious teeth you have. Oh, oh, oh. Please don't eat me.

WOLF: *(Searching for a line.)* I ... uhm ... Ow-ooo! *(A wolf howl.)*

RED: *(Flatly.)* Oh, oh, oh. What terrible fear I am in.

(The WOLF chases RED, who runs ironically through the house and back up on stage. The WOLF finally corners her on stage, then, just when it looks like the WOLF will eat her, PETER suddenly bursts through the door with his axe.)

PETER: Ah-ha! Unvillain that hand, girl!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

WOLF: Ow-oooh!

(The WOLF springs on PETER, who drops his axe and faints. The WOLF looks like he is going to eat PETER, when RED pulls out a tranquillizer gun from her basket and darts the WOLF.)

OW! That bleeding hurt!

(The WOLF suddenly collapses from the tranquillizer dart. RED helps PETER to his feet.)

NARRATOR: And, so, Red Riding Hood humanely saved the handsome, viral and dead sexy Woodsman just in the nick of time. They gently placed the wolf in a humane transportation device ... *(PETER rolls a cage on and they push the WOLF into it.)* ... and notified the proper responsible authority so they could humanely relocate him to a safe, non-invasive location, where he lived happily ever after with others of his kind.

(GRANNY enters with her arms full of shopping bags. RED runs to GRANNY.)

RED: Oh, Granny! We've been so worried! We thought the wolf had eaten you!
Where have you been?

GRANNY: It's senior's day at Giant Tiger *(Ed. Or similar local store.)*

(RED goes to PETER and they embrace.)

NARRATOR: And Little Red Riding Hood and Peter The Woodsman married and lived
happily ever after. The end.

(Lights down. MUSIC.)

END OF SCENE

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 8 Walk Down/Finale

(Enter RED and PETER. They hold hands shyly.)

PETER: Oh, Red! How can I ever thank you?

RED: We'll think of something.

PETER: Maybe, we could start with a kiss.

RED: A kiss? But we've barely spoken fifteen lines to each other.

PETER: And then – I want to ask for your hand in marriage!

RED: You're easily satisfied.

(She throws her arms around him and they kiss. MOTHER and GRANNY enter.)

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

GRANNY: Aww! *(She turns to the audience.)* Oh, come on, you bunch of wet-blankets! AWWWWW!

MOTHER: Red! Red!

PETER: *(Breaking from the kiss.)* Do you mind? Having a bit of a snog, here. Could you come back later?

RED: Yes, could you... *(She turns and sees who it is.)* Crikey, it's me Mum!

MOTHER: What's going on here, young woman?

GRANNY: I remember saying that exact same thing to you when you were her age.

RED: And, besides, we're getting married, Mummy.

MOTHER: And I said that exact same thing to you, Mummy. Look how that turned out. Mother, am I forgiven for running away from home when I was just a sweet and innocent ... *(To audience.)* Shutup! ... Eighteen year old and marrying a wandering sailor?

GRANNY: I'm going to go for ... "Yes"? Life is too short to worry about the past.

Besides, I was just as young and innocent when I ran away from home ...
(*To audience.*) ... Shutup!

MOTHER: Red and I want you to move in with us. Don't we, Red?

RED: I'm going to go for ... "Yes"?

GRANNY: Well, that's what I've been wanting to tell you. I'm going to *have* to move in with you. I've sold my beautiful brick cottage.

MOTHER/RED: Sold it? To whom?

GRANNY: To a sweet little P.I.G named Steve.

INKY/PINKY: Steve! Whee! Whee! Whee! Whee!

NARRATOR: (*Slowly closing his big fairy book.*) And so, everyone was joyful and there were no more problems in the forest and everyone lived happily ...

GRANNY: Wait a minute! Just who *are* you?

PERUSAL COPY ONLY - CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

NARRATOR: I'm the narrator. I narrate the story.

GRANNY: Isn't that nice? How'd you get that, then?

NARRATOR: Well, I'm a professional panto narrator. I go from panto to panto. I've actually been doing that for sixteen years, now, working my way home from Baghdad.

MOTHER/RED: Baghdad?

NARRATOR: Yes. I was a sailor and I got stranded there sixteen years ago. I've been slowly working my way back home.

GRANNY: How come it took you sixteen years?

NARRATOR: I'm a panto narrator. You can only work three weeks a year.

MOTHER: So, did you sail to Baghdad, did you?

NARRATOR: I did sail to Baghdad, I did.

RED: Did you have a dickie bladder in Baghdad, did you?

NARRATOR: I did have a dickie bladder in Baghdad, I did.

MOTHER: Didn't you die from a dickie bladder in Baghdad, didn't you?

NARRATOR: I didn't die from a dickie bladder in Baghdad, I didn't.

MOTHER: Didn't die?

NARRATOR: Didn't die.

MOTHER: Did?

NARRATOR: Didn't.

MOTHER: Didn't?

NARRATOR: Did.

RED: Dad?

NARRATOR: *(He consults the script.)* That's right! I'm your Dad!

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

(A beat. MOTHER takes a wild swing at him. RED restrains her.)

MOTHER: Sixteen years and you couldn't pick up the phone!

NARRATOR: Well, I didn't know I was your husband until just now. I hadn't got to the last page of the script yet.

MOTHER: I've been here all alone with no cow and a teenage daughter from h-e-double-hockey-sticks ...

RED: Hey!

MOTHER: ... and a baby boy!

NARRATOR: I'm sorry, I've been trying to get ... Wait. A baby what?

MOTHER: *(A beat. Innocently.)* Never mind. *(She hugs him.)* Welcome home! What will you do now that you're home?

NARRATOR: I don't know. I've had to do a lot of awful things over the years. I've shovelled up after cows and horses and elephants. I've swept the streets and picked up garbage to earn a living. I've even been forced to be an actor.

MOTHER: You ought to run for Parliament.

NARRATOR: I'll never sink *that* low.

GRANNY: Well, now, isn't this lovely? I've got my daughter, I've got my son-in-law, I've got my grand-daughter. What should we do, now?

RED: Let's eat granny! *(They all look at RED, who goes to the NARRATOR's stand and checks the script.)* Oh! Let's eat, granny!

GRANNY: *(To the audience.)* You see, children? Punctuation saves lives. *(She looks closely at the audience. To the cast:)* I think we should end it here. Some of them are getting their coats on. So, we need a moral for this story.

MOTHER: "Your mother knows more than you think she does."

ALL: No!

RED: "Always give wolves bad directions."

ALL: No!

PETER: "Never stop to speak with a talking wolf. That's just weird."

GRANNY: Not bad. Also, learn to differentiate facial features before you head ... over the river and through the wood!

(MUSIC No. 14: Over The River And Through The Woods.)

ALL: OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE WE GO.
WE SHOULD KNOW THE WAY, WE WENT YESTERDAY,
THOUGH THE WOODS ARE FRIGHTENING SO!

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, AWAY!
WE WILL NOT STOP TO PLAY OR TALK
OR GATHER BUDS IN MAY!

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
OH, HOW THE WIND DOES BLOW.
IT STINGS THE TOES AND BITES THE NOSE,

AS THROUGH THE DEEP WOODS WEGO!

RED/PETER: I (YOU) WORE A RED RIDING HOOD, WHEN I MET YOU.
MY (YOUR) MOTHER SAID TO BE GOOD – THEN I MET YOU!
THERE’S DAISIES THERE TO BE PICKED –
AND WILD OATS, TOO!
I (YOU) WORE A RED RIDING HOOD, WHEN I MET YOU.

ALL: OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
OH, WHERE IS THE CLEAR BLUE SKY?
THE WOLVES DO HOWL, WAS THAT AN OWL?, AS
WE GO CREEPING BY.

GRANNY/
MOTHER SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE.
THE SEA SHELLS SHE SELLS ARE SEA SHORE SHELLS.
FOR IF SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE,
EVERY SHELL SHE SELLS IS A SEA SHORE SHELL, I'M SURE.

INKY/PINKY/WOLFIE: SOMETIME BACK WHEN,
WHEN HAPPY PEASANTS FROLICKED,
FROM HOVEL TO PEN
WHERE HAPPY PIGGIES ROLLICKED.

PERUSAL COPY ONLY -- CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS

ALL: ONCE UPON A TIME –
ONCE UPON A TIME –

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
OH, GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE IS FAR!
ALL ALONE IN THE WILD UNKNOWN,
WHERE THE CREEPY CRAWLIES ARE!
ALL ALONE IN THE WILD UNKNOWN,
WHERE THE CREEPY CRAWLIES ARE!

(Lights down.)

END OF PLAY