

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
or
Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

a panto
by
David Jacklin

FINAL

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The Characters

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

Little Red Riding Hood, *whose name is Lisa*

Peter, *a woodchopper*

The Wolf, *aka Big Bad, or Wolfie*

Mother Hood, *Red's mom*

Granny Smith, *Red's grandmother*

Inky |
| *two of the Three Little P.I.G.s*
Pinky |

A bear (*of the Three Bears*) (*played by the Narrator*)

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Scenes

Act One

Prologue	Neutral – fancy stars or such
1	Mother Hood's cottage
2	Granny Smith's Cottage
3	Mother Hood's Cottage
4	Granny Smith's Cottage
5	The Road Through The Woods
6	Mother Hood's Cottage
7	The Road Through The Woods

Act Two

Prologue	Neutral – as before
1	Mother Hood's Cottage
2	The Road Through The Woods 2
3	Inside Granny Smith's Cottage
4	A Forest Path
5	Inside Granny Smith's Cottage
5a	Neutral
6	Inside Granny Smith's Cottage
6a	Neutral
7	Inside Granny Smith's Cottage
8	Neutral – fancy stars or such

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MUSICAL CUES

Act One

#	Page	Title	Performers
1:	1	Overture	Instrumental
2:	1	Once Upon A Time	The Company
3:	6	How Can A Little Girl Be Good?	Little Red Riding Hood
3a:	7	Scene Change 1	Instrumental
3b:	10	Scene Change 2	Instrumental
3c:	14	Scene Change 3	Instrumental
4:	15	She Sells Sea Shells	Granny Smith/Company/Audience
4a:	16	Scene Change 4	Instrumental
5:	17	Over The River & Through The Woods	Little Red Riding Hood
5a:	18	Over The River, Redux	Little Red Riding Hood
6:	23	Over The River, 1 st reprise	Little Red Riding Hood/Inky/Pinky
6a:	24	Scene Change 5	Instrumental
7:	28	Over The River, 2 nd reprise	Little Red Riding Hood
7a:	31	Over The River, 3 rd reprise	The Big Bad Wolf
7b:	32	Intermission Playout	Instrumental

Act Two

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8:	33	Entr' Acte	Instrumental
9:	33	Once Upon A Time, reprise	The Narrator
9a:	39	Scene Change 7	Instrumental
10:	40	I Wore A Red Riding Hood	Little Red Riding Hood/Peter
10a:	43	Scene Change 8	Instrumental
11:	46	Spooky Music	Instrumental
11a:	51	Spooky Music 2	Instrumental
11b:	54	Romantic Fill 1	Instrumental
11c:	55	Spooky Music 3	Instrumental
11d:	59	Romantic Fill 2	Instrumental
11e:	60	Spooky Music 4	Instrumental
11f:	62	Romantic Fill 3	Instrumental
12:	66	Finale	The Company
13:	67	Bows & Finale Ultimo	Instrumental/The Company

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LITTLE LITTLE 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

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

ONCE UPON A TIME –
THAT’S WHERE OUR STORY WILL 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.)

LITTLE 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, right 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 been 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!

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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 was a beautiful young girl who lived on the edge of a large forest – oh, dear, this is going to be another "lost in the dark, scary 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 baby 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 stands, arms akimbo, and slaps his knee and smiles a handsome smile.)

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

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PETER: Hello. My name is Peter. I'm a wood-cutter. 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?

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GRANNY: Red *really* hadn't seen very many 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 look at me in that tone of voice! 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: *(To audience.)* Don't encourage her! *(To RED.)* 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.
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A PERFECT LITTLE
DAUGHTER. *(To audience: SHUTUP.)*

I'VE ALWAYS KEPT MY FEET UPON THE
NARROW WAY.
I'D SAY I'M JUST THE PICTURE OF A
PERFECT LITTLE GIRL. *(To audience: SHUTUP!)*

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

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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 GATHER THEM FOR HOURS.
HOW CAN A LITTLE GIRL BE GOOD?

I mean, it's not like I'm doing anything wrong. I'm just wandering away into the dark and evil forest where wolves and lions and tigers and woodcutters are lurking. Well, maybe not the lions and tigers. But, there are wolves. And there are woodcutters. Great, big, tall, sun-tanned woodcutters. *(A pause.)* What was I talking about?

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 GATHER THEM 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. After a moment, PETER steps back into the edge of the clearing. He gazes after RED.)

PETER: That's the most wonderful girl I've ever seen. One day, I'm going to marry her.

GRANNY: Peter hadn't seen very many young women, either.

PETER: Yes, I'll marry her and we'll have a little cottage of our own and we'll raise eleven children, no, fourteen children and we'll grow old together and die! *(He pauses.)* Maybe I should just take it one step at a time. First, I'll find a way to talk to her again.

(PETER exits. A shadow grows and THE WOLF enters, having been watching from the woods.)

THE WOLF: Oh, he wants to marry her and have children and grow old together, does he? I have a shorter term plan for her. I call it "Operation: Breakfast".

(He laughs evilly but begins to choke. He coughs up something.)

Furball.

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

END OF SCENE

LITTLE 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! Your mother might be right, after all. Who would have thought? Well, here we are at ... wait a minute, that's *my* cottage! That's not supposed to be 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 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? Look out? Look out for what? 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? ... Behind me? ... Back there? ... Really?

... *(The WOLF runs out.)* I don't see any wolf.

(During the next bit, 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! ... Ooops! 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 takes her basket into the cottage door and returns with 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 speaks to the audience. Kids: Look out, Granny!)

What? ... Look out? ... Look out for what? ... A wolf? ... Where? ... Behind me? *(She turns 360, but the WOLF turns with her.)* I don't believe you. Where was he? Behind me? *(She repeats the business.)* You know what happens to children who cry "wolf", don't you? They get ... turned into operettas by Prokofiev. *(The WOLF comes up behind her and taps her on the shoulder. She turns and sees him. To audience.)* 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! A nice P.B. and G.D. Peanut butter and grand-daughter. I'm off to find me a grand-daughter sandwich! Whoo-ooo-ooo-ooo!

(He exits, howling. Lights down. MUSIC: 3b Scene Change 2)

END OF SCENE

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LITTLE 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 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.)

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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. *(Audience: "Aww".)*

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MOTHER: Don't encourage her! *(To RED.)* Yes, I remember. Sixteen years, now. All he left me was you, our cow and your baby brother.

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

MOTHER: Not any more.

RED: And about my baby 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 dido in Baghdad, dad did.

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

MOTHER: Dad did die of a dickie dido 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.

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RED: Died?

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: Just give it a push. Now, off you go – through the woods 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.)*

(Lights down. MUSIC: No 3c - Scene Change 3.)

END OF SCENE

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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 Scene Four; no point in doing it again. I wonder what we can do in its place. 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. I won't be a tic. *(She exits and, after a moment, she returns pulling an easel 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 do is sing:

(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.

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

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.

Now, I'll sing a verse and then we'll all sing the chorus. But, we're going to do it 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 DAME,
SO I'M IN FOR A BEAUTIFUL TIME.

THE PANTO'S RED RIDING HOOD; I'M THE OLD GRAN,
THE ONE WHO GETS CHASED BY THE WOLF.
THE MANAGER SAYS I MUST GET A GOOD SONG,
A SONG THAT'S A REALLY GOOD SPOOF.

I'VE COMMISSIONED SOME AUTHORS TO
WRITE ME A SONG,
A VERY FINE CHORUS THEY'VE SENT ME ALONG:

Ready? 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. No? Oh, well, please yourselves.

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 LISHP, BUT I SHAY TO MYSELF,
THE SHONG'S SURE TO GO WITH A SHWING.

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I'M DREAMING OF SHEASHELLSH WHEN I AM IN BED!
I ONLY WISH SHE WOULD SHELL MATCHESH INSHTEAD:

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.

(Optionally, repeat chorus lightning fast before:) Bring it home!

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

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

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. MUSIC No 4a.)

END OF SCENE

LITTLE 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.

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

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

(She stops and looks around her.)

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD ... wait a minute. It's, uhm, this way. Right! This way!
OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH ... no, it must have been that way. Wait! No, it *has* to be that way!
OVER THE RIVER AND ... now, for heaven's sake, I've come this way a hundred times. If it's not that way, then it must be . . . WILL YOU STOP THAT STUPID MUSIC!

(End of music No. 5)

Thank you. 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? *(To the audience.)* Which way should I go? Should I go this way?... No? Maybe this way... No? Then, it has to be this way.

(The music starts again. MUSIC No. 5a:)

NARRATOR: So, having made up her mind which way to go, Red Riding Hood set out once more ...

RED: OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE ...

NARRATOR: ... when, suddenly ...

(Suddenly, ominous music. INKY and PINKY leap out into her path. They are armed with cooking pot helmets and barbecue poker swords. The music stops.)

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... she was confronted by two fearsome and ferocious warriors. Well, all right, they're pigs.

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

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

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

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

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: *(Putting her hands, with basket, 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?

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?

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INKY: You got a problem with that?

RED: Nope. So, where's Steve?

PINKY: We're asking...

RED: ... the questions. You keep saying that, but nobody's asking any questions. So, ask away.

(INKY and PINKY look at each other; confused. They've never done this before.)

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.)

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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 he knew how to get a house made of something *much* better.

PINKY: Then a wolf came skulking out of the forest.

RED: A wolf? What happened?

PINKY: We ran to Inky's house. That big, bad wolf huffed and puffed ...

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

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

PINKY: No. He put away his vape stick and blew it down in one puff.

RED: What did you do?

INKY: We ran to Pinky's house.

RED: The one made of sticks. What happened?

PINKY: He blew it down in two puffs.

RED: Oh, goodness! What happened then?

INKY/PINKY: We ran to Steve's house. (*Running around RED.*) Whee-whee-whee-whee-whee! All the way to Steve's house.

RED: And when you got there?

INKY/PINKY: We didn't get there! We never found it.

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

RED: Find who?

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INKY/PINKY: Find whom?

RED: Find whom?

INKY: The one we were trying to find.

RED: And, whom was that?

PINKY: Who was that?

RED: Who was what?

INKY: What was that?

RED: I don't know anymore! Look! Was it the wolf you were trying to find or your brother, Steve?

PINKY: Oh, Steve! Definitely.

INKY: I thought we were looking for the wolf.

PINKY: Oh, no. Steve – why would we want to find the wolf?

INKY: *(With appropriate violent gestures.)* To slay him and cut off his head and feed him to the maggots!

RED: Wow! That's a little ... excessive.

PINKY: Take it easy, Inky. All he did was blow our houses down.

INKY: Oh, right. I forgot.

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: Say, what are you doing here, a little girl, all alone on a forest path?

RED: I am transporting this basket of fluffy white-flour bread to my aging maternal grandmother who lives on the far side of the forest, but some person has installed obfuscatory signage by the roadside and it would appear that I have inadvertently lost my way.

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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 to The Three P.I.G.'s sign.)* Well, you don't want to go that way.

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

INKY: There's three bears that way!

RED: Are they bad bears?

PINKY: Never met them.

INKY: But, hey, they're bears! They's got claws and fangs and bitey sharp teeth and ... *(He gets wrapped up in personification of the bears.)* ... and growlie and roar and bitey and ...

PINKY: Inky.

INKY: What?

PINKY: Chill.

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

INKY/PINKY: Oo! Who's species-ist, now? 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/PINKY: *(To audience.)* 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: **PERUSAL COPY ONLY - CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS** 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 Big Bad, we'll come back here.

RED: And, if you do find Big Bad?

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

NARRATOR: So, Red Riding Hood and the two Little Pi ... Porcine Identifying Guys went their separate ways . . .

(Music begins again: No. 6, Over The River 1st reprise.)

RED: | OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
| TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, I GO!

INKY/PINKY: | OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
| TO LOOK FOR OUR BROTHER, STEVE.

RED: | THIS MUST BE THE WAY; THE SIGNS ALL SAY,
| TO TAKE IT SAFE AND SLOW.

INKY/PINKY: | WE'LL FIGHT OFF THE WOLF, AND THEN WE'LL GO GOLF,

| AND BE SAFE, WE BOTH BELIEVE.

ALL THREE: OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD . . .

(They stop and look around, then go to different paths.)

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD ...

(They stop again and choose different paths.)

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
| TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I GO.
| TO LOOK FOR OUR BROTHER, STEVE.

(They all exit, RED one way, the P.I.G.'s another. After a moment, the WOLF enters.)

NARRATOR: . . . but the one thing that none of them noticed was the evil, vile, loathsome, smelly, flea-ridden ...

WOLF: Hey!

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NARRATOR: Sorry. . . . wolf, who was lurking behind them.

(The WOLF starts off after RED, then changes his mind and turns toward where the P.I.G.s exited.)

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

(The WOLF turns and follows RED off. MUSIC: No. 6a - Scene Change 5. Lights down.)

END OF SCENE

LITTLE 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: *(Standing arms akimbo, smiling handsomely.)* It's Peter, the wood-chopper. *(He slaps his knee.)*

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.

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

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

MOTHER: Don't 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 and lived happily-ever-after, 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 ... *(To audience:)* Shutup ... 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: A chef? That's impressive.

MOTHER: I'm a great cook. 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: Well, I sent her 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: You sent her into the forest!

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

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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 her for, anyway?

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

MOTHER: No! I forbid you to take her hand in marriage.

PETER: You do?

MOTHER: Right. It's all of her or none of her. And why would she marry you? You have literally spoken only seven lines to each other.

PETER: Yes, but we've been saying them all the way through rehearsal, so 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 will 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 *(current number of shopping days 'til Christmas)* 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. PETER exits. Lights down.)

END OF SCENE

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LITTLE 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 walking through the wood. *(A beat. He looks at the Fairy Tales book.)* Really, that's all I get? She's "walking through the wood." Not even "woods" – "wood", singular. Why am I even here? Oh, just do the song!

(Music No. 7: Over the River and Through the Woods, 2nd reprise)

RED: OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I GO.
THIS SONG IS A BORE, YOU'VE HEARD IT BEFORE,
BUT I DIDN'T WRITE THE SHOW!

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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!

I know, it's not May, it's *(number as before)* chopping days to Christmas,
but time is pretty fluid in panto.

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: (OFF.) Hey!

NARRATOR: ... wolf 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, but he steps in front of her each time.)

WOLF: Where are you 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 heard he was handsome, clever, terribly urbane, and of a high intellectual standard, that's what I heard.

RED: No, just an evil brute with a psychotic personality disorder. You're not him, are you?

WOLF: Of course not. Obviously. 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 huffed and puffed and blew their houses down.

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: *(To audience.)* 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.

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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 for a quadraped. My mother said not to stop to answer questions from anybody along the way.

WOLF: She's pretty well covered all the contingencies, hasn't she? What else did she say not to do?

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 path? 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.)* What was I talking about?

(MUSIC: No. 7a – Over The River, 3rd Reprise. 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,

I'm going to need a basket and a red riding hood. I wonder where I can get

those? That's all right; I've got the whole intermission to think about it.

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE I GO!

And, ain't she going to love me when I get there?

(End of MUSIC. He begins to laugh evilly, but ends up choking and coughing.)

A little more choke and that would have started.

(He exits.)

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 (being a wolf) knew 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 Poreme-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 and a cookie! See you in fifteen!

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(Lights down. MUSIC No. 7b: Intermission Payout.)

END OF ACT ONE

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 1

(MUSIC No. 8: Overture. NARRATOR enters and takes his station.)

NARRATOR: Welcome back. Had a good time in the intermission, did you? Had some hot cocoa, kids? Some apple cider, dads? How was the washroom lineup, moms? That's splendid! Now, where were we? *(MUSIC No. 9: Once Upon A Time, reprise.)* Oh, I remember! We were:

ONCE UPON A TIME –
TO HELP OUR STORY START AGAIN.
ONCE UPON A TIME –
THAT'S BETTER THAN A "WAY BACK WHEN".

ONCE UPON A TIME!
BACK WHEN YOUR PARENTS WERE JUST KIDS!

ONCE UPON A TIME!
BEFORE THE ROMANS HIT THE SKIDS!

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WE'RE STILL IN ENGLAND,
(WE CAN'T AFFORD A SET CHANGE.)
IN GOOD OLD MERRY ENGLAND,
WHERE STORIES OFTEN GET STRANGE.

OUR STORY'S SET TO GO,
WITH OLD CHARACTERS YOU KNOW,
AND OLD JOKES FROM OTHER SHOWS,
AND A HANDSOME NARRATOR.

LET'S GO BACK BACK WHEN,
AND LET'S GET ACT TWO ROLLING,
BACK TO THE FOREST THEN,
WHERE LITTLE RED IS STROLLING.

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's been gone a long time and her mother is worried. I mean, wouldn't you be? No? Callous bunch of kids.

So! Red's mother has personally been watching the forest 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 on with a large pie.)

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: *(Shrieking.)* RED! RED!

NARRATOR: What a beautiful, mellifluous voice.

MOTHER: Red Riding Hood! Well, she should have been back by now. If she's been annoying those wolves ... !

(She holds up the pie.)

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I've just baked this pie. Isn't it lovely? Such a lovely, fluffy crust. See all the fluffy bits? And it smells so good. I just 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? ... What, all of you? ... All right. Just keep an eye on this and don't let anyone come near it. If they do, you call me. 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, the NARRATOR eyes the pie. He sniffs and seems pleased with the smell. He looks around, then rises from his stool and walks toward the pie, whistling nonchalantly. As he gets near the pie, the kids should yell "Mother, come quick!" By the time MOTHER comes out, the NARRATOR is back on his stool, inspecting his nails or something.)

What is it? Who yelled? Did you yell? No? Well, it certainly wasn't me. Why did you yell? *(The kids will yell something about the NARRATOR.)* Came over to the pie? Was going to eat it? My pie? This pie? This one, with the lovely fluffy crust? Who was it, then? Him? No! It was? I don't believe it! Here, you! Were you trying to pinch me fluffy crust?

NARRATOR: Madam, I assure you, I never laid hands on your fluffy crust.

MOTHER: I'll bet. I don't let just anybody pinch me crust, you know. I'm a respectable woman. And a mother. And a widow!

NARRATOR: Are you sure?

MOTHER: Just watch yourself, mate. Try laying hands on what don't belong to you again and I'll give you what for!

NARRATOR: "What for"?

MOTHER: Because you deserve it. That's what for!

NARRATOR: Fine! Who wants your dried up old fluffy bits, anyway?

(She enters the cottage. After a moment, the NARRATOR again begins to edge toward the pie but INKY and PINKY enter. The NARRATOR sits back down.)

PINKY: What did you do last night, Inky?

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

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PINKY: Roast beef? I had none. I went to market and then 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. The audience will yell "Mother, come quick!" MOTHER enters, running. INKY and PINKY hide. MOTHER, not seeing the P.I.G.'s, runs over to the NARRATOR and smacks him.)

NARRATOR: What was that for?

MOTHER: You're after me fluffy bits, again!

NARRATOR: Madam, I am not interested in your fluffy bits.

MOTHER: Oh, really? Better men than you have been interested in my fluffy bits.

NARRATOR: I've no doubt, but it wasn't me.

MOTHER: I don't see anybody else around here.

NARRATOR: There were two little pigs!

MOTHER: Sounds like a fairy tale to me!

NARRATOR: Have I ever lied to you?

MOTHER: Probably. Everybody else does. Just, hands off me fluffy bits.

(She exits into the cottage.)

NARRATOR: Whew! All that for a bit of fluff!

(After a moment, INKY and PINKY sneak back in.)

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You two keep away from that pie.

INKY: Says who?

PINKY: Yeah, who?

NARRATOR: You'll find out. Are you kids ready? Wait for it. Oh, they're going to get it!

(INKY and PINKY approach the pie.)

Not quite yet. *(The P.I.G.'s reach for the pie.)* NOW!

(The kids yell "Mother, come quick!" MOTHER runs in from the cottage, runs over and smacks the NARRATOR.)

NARRATOR: Hey, it wasn't me! It was them!

(By this time, INKY and PINKY have got the pie.)

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

INKY: How dare you!

PINKY: We are not pigs!

INKY/PINKY: We are Porcine-Identifying Guys.

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

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

MOTHER: Fine! What are you P.I.G.'s doing with my P-I-E?

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!

NARRATOR: You didn't offer me a piece.

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MOTHER: Shut your pie-hole.

PINKY: What kind of pie is it?

MOTHER: It's a pork pie.

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

MOTHER: Oh, stop being such hams. I was going to sprinkle some bacon bits on it.

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

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

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

MOTHER: Well, you two seem as happy as pigs in – say! You 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 see my daughter while you were in the wood?

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

MOTHER: Yes, that's her!

PINKY: No, didn't see her.

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 ...

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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 the wolf that blew down our houses 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.

INKY: Pinky, what's the weather going to be like tonight?

PINKY: *(Licks a finger and holds it up before answering.)* 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 signpost 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!

MOTHER: Please yourselves. *(She starts to exit, then comes back, picks up her pie and eyes the NARRATOR.)* I'm still watching you.

*(She goes into the cottage. Lights down. MUSIC No. 9a:
Scene Change 7.)*

END OF SCENE

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LITTLE 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. MUSIC No. 10: I WORE A RED RIDING HOOD)

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

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

WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND INNOCENT
MY LIFE WAS SIMPLE, TOO.
I'VE NEVER SAID OR DONE A THING
I OUGHTN'T. *(To audience: Shut up!)*

PETER: YOU FOUND A WHOLE NEW WORLD TODAY
WHILE WAND'RING IN THE WOOD.
THERE'S SEV'RAL OTHER THINGS I'D LIKE TO
SHOW YOU, IF I COULD.

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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 WILD FLOW'RS THERE IN THE WOOD –
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.

RED: I NEVER THOUGHT MY FEET WOULD STRAY FROM
OFF THE NARROW PATH.
I'VE NEVER DONE A THING I SHOULDN'T
DO. *(To audience: Shut up!)*

PETER: OH, THERE'S A BIG WORLD WAITS
WHEN YOU FORGET YOU SHOULD BE GOOD.

BOTH: THERE'S LOTS OF THINGS WE COULD EXPLORE
WHILE WAND'RING IN THE WOOD!

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 WILD FLOW'RS THERE IN THE WOOD –
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 must be allergies, then.

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

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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!

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

RED: Neither have I.

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 WILD FLOW'RS THERE IN THE WOOD –
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. They nearly kiss, then PETER breaks away.)

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

RED: You've been talking to my mother?

PETER: I stopped by there – looking for you. I'm to find you and bring you 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! I am ... exploring alternative directions.

PETER: Yeah, well, that's lost, isn't it? Here. 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 help. Especially not from a sweaty, muscular, tanned, tall – woodcutter!

PETER: *(A beat.)* Huh? Look, I thought we had something. I mean, we just sang a duet and everything.

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

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 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.)

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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: No 10a - Scene Change 8.)*

END OF SCENE

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 3 Inside Granny Smith's Cottage

(GRANNY enters in nightgown and cap.)

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

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

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

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

GRANNY: Oh, no, it isn't!

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

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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: *(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, with a basket, flowers, and a tablecloth as a riding hood.)

Wait a minute! You're not Little Red Riding Hood!

WOLF: *(With teenage resentment.)* My name is, like, Lisa!

GRANNY: Oh, it is you! 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. *(Throws them off.)*

WOLF: Don't bother. They'll outlast you. I mean, uh – mummy gave me a basket of nice fresh, fluffy bread for you to have. Here you go. *(He tosses the basket on the table.)*

GRANNY: Oh, lovely! Fresh bread. *(She looks in the basket.)* There's no bread.

WOLF: I got hungry on the way.

GRANNY: *(Tossing basket off.)* Red, you've grown since the last time you were here.

WOLF: Yeah, I hit a growth spurt.

GRANNY: And your face has changed so much.

WOLF: I'm still your little sweet grand-daughter. *(He does a cute leg-pop.)*

GRANNY: *(With audience.)* Oh, Red, what big ears you have. **PERUSAL COPY ONLY - CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS**

WOLF: All the better to hear you with, Granny.

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

WOLF: All the better to see you with, Granny.

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

WOLF: All the better to – eatchyas with, Granny!

GRANNY: Eat me? Oh-oh!

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

GRANNY: A wolf! A big, bad wolf!

WOLF: *(To audience.)* 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!

GRANNY: What's your point of view?

WOLF; I'm gonna eatcha!

GRANNY: *(To audience.)* Well, that escalated quickly. *(To WOLF.)* Ahh! 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! You won't feel a thing – much!

(GRANNY grabs a mop.)

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

WOLF: Feisty! 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.)

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(To audience.) You might want to go to another scene right now. This isn't going to be ... pretty.

(Quick blackout; GRANNY screams in the dark. MUSIC No. 11: Spooky Music. MOTHER HOOD clears the stage of the props from this scene and sets the sign-post centre.)

END OF SCENE

LITTLE 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. (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. There is a little slap-fight between them.)

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

PETER: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

(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: You have to be open-minded to be a wood-chopper. What are you doing?

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

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

PETER: So am I! Have you seen either of them?

INKY/PINKY: No, but we're ready for them!

PINKY: Especially that wolf! 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.

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PINKY: And, he blew our houses down!

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

PINKY: I had a house of sticks and he huffed and puffed and huffed ...

PETER: Huffed and puffed and huffed?

PINKY: Yeah, he didn't even bother puffing the second time. He just blew it down.

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

INKY: Little Red Riding Hood.

PETER: 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 flowers they've had in their belts.)*

PINKY: So, we've been walking backward through the woods, watching for any signs.

PETER: *(Leaning on the sign-post.)* 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.

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!

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PINKY: It's the wolf!

ALL THREE: *(They turn and look.)* 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."

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 vanishingly small. Far 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! Poor little birdies!

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

INKY/PINKY: Or the wolf.

PETER: – or the wolf, and I'll go to Granny's. If I find Red, I'll marry her.

PINKY: And, if we find the wolf?

INKY: I'm not marrying him! I say we cut off his head!

PINKY: Yeah! Cut off his head!

INKY: And skin him!

PINKY: Yeah, skin him!

INKY: And throw his rotting carcass to the vultures!

PINKY: Yeah! To the vultures!

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INKY/PINKY: What do you say, kids? (*Audience reaction.*)

PETER: (*To audience.*) What are you cheering for? You're supposed to be horrified! 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.)

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

(They go "to Granny's". After another moment, a bear comes running on after them and exits "to the Three Little Pigs", taking the sign with him. Lights down. MUSIC: No 11a: Spooky Music 2.)

END OF SCENE

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

or Her Eyes Were Bigger Than Her Teeth

Act Two

Scene 5 Inside Granny Smith's Cottage

NARRATOR: *(Entering in the bear costume, carrying the head-piece under his arm.)*
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. *(He exits.)*

WOLF: *(Entering in a nightgown and cap 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.)

Hark! Did you hear that? *(Kids will answer affirmatively.)* Oh, now, you're harking properly. 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? *(Sweetly.)* Who is it?

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

WOLF: It's who?

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

WOLF: Oh, no, it isn't!

RED: *(Off.)* Oh, 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.)

Wait a minute! You're not Little Red Riding Hood!

RED: My name is, like, Lisa!

WOLF: Oh, it is you! 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 inhales the flower scent and 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.)* I'll just put these in water. *(He tosses them off.)* That's better.

RED: **PERUSAL COPY ONLY – CONTACT AUTHOR FOR RIGHTS** Mother baked you a basket of nice, 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: Didn't meet any wolves?

RED: Nope.

WOLF: 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: *(Sotto voce.)* Stick to the script!

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

WOLF: All the better to hear you with, my dear.

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

WOLF: All the better to see you with, my dear.

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

WOLF: All the better to ... eat you with, my dear! Ow-ooo! *(A wolf howl.)*

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RED: OH! *(To audience.)* That escalated quickly! 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: You won't feel any more than your granny did! *(Chasing RED.)* Ow-ooo!

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

NARRATOR: And, so, the 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 down. MUSIC: No 11b: Romantic Fill 1.)

PETER: *(Running in.)* Wait! You can't end the story like that! *(Lights up. MUSIC stops.)* That's a horrible ending. This story's for kids, for my sake!

NARRATOR: Exactly. It's for kids. Traditionally, fairy tales are stark warnings for children about what happens if they don't do what they're told. Don't take candy from strangers; don't wish for things you can't have; don't wander into the woods. Well, that last doesn't apply quite so much in this urbanized century, but, apparently, the author stayed with the original ending to give it a feeling of authenticity.

PETER: There's an author? I thought we were making it up as we went along.

NARRATOR: 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. It goes back to 10th century France and even to ancient Rome and Greece. In fact, there's a Taiwanese tale from the 16th century that bears a striking resemblance ...

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 the author's intent. He probably thinks he's an artist or something. *(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, there are some objections to the, uhm, shall we say, abrupt ending ... Really? ... The Taiwanese had *what* happen to her? ... Wow! Those Taiwanese 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; by now, the others have entered.)* ... That's very nice of you. ... Right. 'Bye. *(He ends the call.)* He's sending it by text. *(The phone dings.)* Here 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: No 11c – Spooky Music 3.)

END OF SCENE

LITTLE 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's, the Big Bad Wolf has been up to no good ...

WOLF: *(Entering, speaking in a GRANNY voice.)* What ho, kiddies! ... It's me, Granny Smith ... 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! I wonder who that could be. As if you didn't know. *(Another knock.)* What do you think, boys and girls? Should I answer it? ... You know I'm going to, right? We just did this scene! *(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: 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 find out!

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

(The WOLF opens the door. RED stands outside.)

Wait a minute! You're...

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!

(RED enters, throwing 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. 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 to 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?

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

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

WOLF: All the better to hear you with 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 but with audience.)* Oh, Granny, what big eyes you have.

WOLF: Oh, we're back to the script, are we? All the better to see you with, 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: Yeah? Well, it won't help you, 'cause now I'm gonna – eatcha! Ow-ooo! *(A wolf howl.)*

RED: OH! He really *is* going to eat me! Please don't eat me! I'm too little to die!

WOLF: You're not that little! Come here!

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

WOLF: You won't feel a thing – again.

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(The WOLF chases RED through the house and back on stage. He corners her on stage, then, PETER suddenly bursts through the door with his axe.)

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

WOLF: Ow-oooh!

(The WOLF and PETER run OFF. There is a terrible struggle, then a huge chop. The WOLF's howls cut off.)

NARRATOR: And, so, the handsome, virile 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. No? All right, I'll give you that one. Oh, it was terrible! The wolf threw milk and cream and yogurt at me. I thought, "How dare 'e!" *(To audience.)* Oh, come on! That one was funny!

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

NARRATOR: And Red and the woodsman married and lived happily ever after. The end.

(The lights go down. MUSIC No. 11d: Romantic Fill 2.)

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: Yeah! He was only being a wolf.

INKY: Going about his own business.

INKY/PINKY: He was hungry!

PINKY: If a little girl invades his natural habitat, a wolf has a right to eat her.

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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: *(With 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: *(Cell phone to his ear.)* Sexism?

RED: Helpless little female needs a great big male to rescue her? Come on, this is the 21st century! Hashtag: I am woman; don't make me roar.

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

RED: Can you?

NARRATOR: *(He speaks 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 ... yes, the new one is more in line with the expected resolution, but we have some objections from cast members over, well, animal cruelty. 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, Dave! You're a mensch. *(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: No. 11e – Spooky Music 4.)

END OF SCENE

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LITTLE 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's, 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! I wonder who that could be. *(Another knock at the door.)* Should I answer it, boys and girls? ... I should bleedin' 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!

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

WOLF: Oh, Little Red Riding Hood ...

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RED: Yeah, here's the flour; here's the basket. *(Chucks a bag of flour and the basket at the WOLF.)*

WOLF: *(Throws the flour OFF but puts basket on table.)* Come in, dear, come in!

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

WOLF: I..what?...oh! Atchoo!

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 but with audience.)* Oh, Granny, what ... four big paws you have!

WOLF: All the better to hear you with, my dear.

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

WOLF: All the better to see you with, my dear.

RED: *(Flatly.)* Oh, Granny, what large predacious teeth you have.

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

RED: *(Flatly.)* Oh, oh, oh. Please don't eat me. What terrible fear I am in.

(The WOLF chases RED, who runs ironically through the house and back up on stage. The WOLF corners her then PETER suddenly bursts through the door.)

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

WOLF: Ow-oooh!

(The WOLF springs on PETER, who faints. RED pulls out a tranquilizer gun from her basket and darts the WOLF.)

OW! That bleeding hurt!

RED: Stop whining.

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(The WOLF collapses from the tranquilizer. RED helps PETER up.)

NARRATOR: So, Red Riding Hood humanely saved the handsome, virile and dead sexy Woodsman. 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 responsible authority who had him humanely relocated to a safe new home, where he lived happily ever after with others of his kind.

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

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

GRANNY: It's senior's day at *(Insert name of local low end retail chain 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: No. 11f – Romantic Fill 3.)

END OF SCENE

LITTLE 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! You saved my life. How can I ever thank you?

RED: You can start by calling me Lisa.

PETER: All right, Lisa. Maybe, we could also ... I dunno ... try 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.

(They kiss. GRANNY enters. INKY and PINKY drift on.)

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

MOTHER: *(Entering.)* Red! Red!

PETER: Could you come back later? Having a bit of a snog, here.

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 thing to you when you were her age.

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

MOTHER: And I said the 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?

GRANNY: I'm going to go for ... "Yes"? Besides, I was just as sweet 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: (*Running around.*) 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?

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

GRANNY: Really? How come you weren't at any of the rehearsals?

NARRATOR: I just do the shows. I'm a professional panto narrator. I go from panto to panto. 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.

GRANNY: How come it took you sixteen years to work your way home?

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 dido in Baghdad, did you?

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

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

NARRATOR: I didn't die from a dickie dido 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!

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

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

NARRATOR: Well, I didn't know I was your husband. It's on the last page of the script!

MOTHER: Here 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. What? 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 swept the streets and picked up garbage.

THE OTHERS: Ohhh ...

NARRATOR: I've shovelled up behind cows and horses and elephants.

THE OTHERS: Yuck!

NARRATOR: I've even been forced to be an actor.

OTHERS: OOOOOH!

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.

THE GROUP: *(Coming together for a group hug.)* Awww!

(The WOLF comes in and joins the hug.)

WOLF: *(To audience.)* Shutup.

GRANNY: *(As the hug breaks up.)* What should we do, now?

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

GRANNY: *(To the audience.)* You see, children? Punctuation saves lives. *(She looks closely at them.)* We'd better finish up. Some of them are getting their coats on. So, we need a moral for this story.

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

ALL: No!

RED: "Always give wolves bad directions."

ALL: No!

PETER: "Never speak to 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. 12: Over The River And Through The Woods.)

ALL: OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE WE GO.
WE'LL SOON LEARN THE WAY, WE'LL GO EV'RY DAY,
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 WOODS WE GO!

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 WILD FLOW'RS THERE IN THE WOOD –
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/
NARRATOR: 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.

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

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD,
OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOOD —
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE WE GO!

(Lights down. MUSIC: No. 13: Curtain Call & Playout.)

END OF PLAY