



# Red Riding Hood

by Bill Robertson

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Bitesize Theatre Co., 8 Green Meadows, New Broughton, Wrexham, LL11 6SG

## **cast**

|    |            |          |        |          |         |        |
|----|------------|----------|--------|----------|---------|--------|
| F1 | RRH        | Muma Pig | Witch  | Builder3 | Wolf2   | Farmer |
| F2 | Rapunzel   | Pig3(m)  | Mary   | Mother   | Grandma |        |
| F3 | Gretel     | Pig1(f)  |        |          |         |        |
| M1 | Wolf1      | Pig2(m)  | Hansel | Builder1 |         |        |
| M2 | Woodcutter | Wart Hog | Peter  | Builder2 | Wolf3   |        |

# *Red Riding Hood*

Synopsis 06/03/2001  
First Draft 01/04/2001  
This Draft 15/04/2008

Scene 1 Outside a small wooden house, at one end of a village close to a forest.

[ *RRH enters with a wolf doll. Singing and skipping*]

**[Song: Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf]**

RRH: **Who's afraid of the big bad wolf, big bad wolf, big bad wolf ?  
Who's afraid of the big bad wolf ? Na na na na na.  
Who's afraid of the.....**

[ *Woodcutter enters*]

Woodc: Ah, hello Red is your mother around ?

RRH: Yes, Mr. Woodcutter, she's in the kitchen baking bread.

Woodc: Mmmm! So that's what that delicious smell is ? [*Woodcutter exits into house*]

RRH: [*to doll*] That was the Woodcutter. [*sees audience*] Oh hello! I didn't see you there. In fact, I don't think I've seen any of you around here before and we weren't expecting visitors, were we Wolfie. My name's Katya, but everyone around here calls me Red, because of this Red cape I wear. They've done it since I was little, and it's sort of stuck... even my mother calls me....

Mother: [*off*] Red! Red!

RRH: See!

Mother: [*off*] Who are you talking to ?

RRH: No one.. [*to audience*] No offence...It's just.. you know... grown ups.

[ *Mother and Woodcutter enter*]

Mother: Now Red, [*smiles at Woodcutter*] Boris has brought some news of Grandma. She's not very well and feeling a bit sorry for herself. So, I want you to take this basket of groceries over to her. She'll be glad of the company.

RRH: Yes, Mumma.

Woodc: Are you sure you should let her go through the woods on her own ?

RRH: I'll be fine. I've been lots of times before.

Mother: She'll be fine. [*Woodcutter shrugs and exits*] But remember, Red, go straight to Grandma's.... and stay on the path, don't go wandering off anywhere.

RRH: Yes, Mumma

Mother: And don't talk to any strangers.

RRH: No, Mumma.

Mother: And remember to look out for the Wolves.

RRH: Yes Mumma. I'll remember. [*picks up basket & exits skipping. Mother closes house & exits*]

## Scene 2 Centre of the Village

[ *Hansel, Gretel and Peter enter playing shot em up. Hansel against other two.*  
[**song: Kid's Game/ Blood Brothers .**]

Gretel& Peter: **na na na na na na  
na na na na na**

Hansel: **I got y', I shot y'.**

Peter: **Y' never did, y' missed me.**

Hansel: **I got y', I shot y'**

Peter: You didn't!

Hansel: Did! **I shot y' thro' that oak tree.**

Peter: Aw! [*Mary joins them*]

ALL: **But y' know that if you cross your fingers  
And if you count from one to ten  
You can get up off the ground again  
It doesn't matter the whole thing's just a game.**

Hansel: **Come on! All you hunters gather round  
Those wolves are on the prowl.  
We'll search them out and when they're found  
Get them in your sights, blast them before they growl.  
But don't you miss or they'll eat you in one bound.**

ALL: **But y' know that if you cross your fingers  
And if you count from one to ten  
You can get up off the ground again  
It doesn't matter the whole thing's just a game.  
The whole thing's just a game.  
The whole thing's just a game.**

[ *RRH enters with her basket, skipping and humming or whistling "INTO THE WOODS"*]

Peter: Well, look who's here.

Hansel: Why.... if it isn't Red Riding Hood.

Gretel: Why do you call her that, Hansel ? You know it's not her name.

Mary: Her name's Katya.

Boys: [*boys together*] No, it isn't.

Girls: *[girls together]* Oh, yes it is.

Boys: Oh! No, it isn't.

Girls: Oh! Yes, it is.

Boys: Oh! No, it isn't.

RRH: Actually it is. I was named after my Grandma.

Peter: Owww! Hark at her.*[mocking]* I was named after my Grandma. *[laugh]*

Hansel: If she doesn't want to be called Red Riding Hood, why does she wear that stupid red cape all the time.

Peter: Maybe she thinks she's Wonder Woman? *[flies around like Superman]*

Hansel: Nah! I think it's because she's just a big baby, that's her "blankie". *[sucks his thumb]*

Boys: *[start chanting]* Red Riding Hood! Red Riding Hood! Red Riding Hood! *[over and over]*

RRH: I'll have you know I'm very proud of this red cape, my Grandma made it for me.

Peter: Ooooo! Grandma made a little red riding hood for Little Red Riding Hood.

RRH: *[puts down her basket]* Being called Red Riding Hood is one thing, but don't you ever call me Little..... Aaaarhah! *[RRH takes up a Kung Fu stance with suitable movements and noises. The other two girls fall in behind her and take up a similar stance. Gretel rushes forward and kicks Hansel in the shins.]*

Hansel: Owww! Gretel! What d'ya do that for ? *[He hops around holding his leg, the Girls laugh]* I'll get you for that. *[Hansel chases Gretel. ]*

Gretel: Leave me alone. *[They both exit. Peter gives a nervous, half-hearted laugh. More bravado than humour ]*

RRH: So are you feeling lucky... Punk? *[Peter shuffles uneasily]* No. I thought not. *[They turn away]* Huh! Boys!

Peter: Yeh, well... I'm not scared of you...

[ *RRH and Mary turn slowly to face Peter again. Behind the girls, unseen by them, but in clear sight of Peter and the audience, Wolf1 enters but stays close to the wings.]*

RRH: Go on make my day.

Peter: Argh! *[turns tail and exits. Wolf1 is scared by the noise and exits.]*

Mary: Huh! Boys are so stupid.*[laugh.]*.... So!.. Where are you going, Red ?

RRH: I'm off to visit my Grandma, she's not very well.... so I'm taking her some bread and eggs and milk and sausages.....

Mary: Mmmm! Lovely sizzling sausages, my favourite. *[she looks at the audience.]* ....and we know a song about sausages....

RRH: Sorry. No Time to sing the sausage song.....

Mary: Awwwww!

RRH: .....Maybe later. But for now I must get these groceries to Grandma.

Mary: But doesn't she live on the other side of the woods. [RRH nods] And aren't you afraid of going through the woods all on your own ?.... I would be.

RRH: Nah! I'm not afraid of anything.

Mary: Aren't you ? What about creepy crawlies ?

RRH: No.

Mary: But what about strangers?

RRH: Well.... Mother says I'll be ok as long as I don't talk to strangers... or go anywhere with one.... or take sweets from one. So I'm not scared of strangers, I just make sure I stay well clear of them.

Mary: What about Wolves ? Aren't you at least scared of Wolves ? There are Wolves in the Woods. Lots of Wolves. Big hungry Wolves, with great big hairy arms, and huge sharp teeth, who'll eat you as soon as look at you...

[ **Song: Into the Woods/Into the Woods**]

RRH: Yes, but Mother says I'll be alright as long as I "stick to the path, go straight to Grandma's and don't go wandering off".  
So it's **Into the Woods it's time to go,  
I hate to leave, I have to, though.  
Into the Woods it's time, and so  
I must begin my journey.  
Into the Woods and through the trees  
To where I can attend my Gran.  
Into the Woods to Grandmother's house.  
Into the Woods to Grandmother's house.  
The way is clear, the light is good,  
I have no fear, nor no one should.  
The woods are just trees  
The trees are just wood.**

Mary: **You're sure you won't be scared now ?  
With all those Wolves out there, now ?**

RRH: **NO! Into the Woods and down the dell,  
The path is straight, I know it well.**

Mary: **Into the Woods, but who can tell  
What's waiting on your journey ?**

RRH: **Into the Woods to take some bread  
To Granny who is sick in bed.**

Mary: **Never can tell what lies ahead**

RRH: **But nothing's there that truly I dread.  
So into the Woods, Into the Woods,  
Into the Woods to Grandmother's house,  
And home before dark!**

[ *RRH curtsies to audience, turns, picks up her basket and exits, waving & skipping. Mary waves back and exits*]

Scene 3            A Farm in another part of the village

[ *Enter Wart Hog.*]

Wart:            Little Pigs! Little Pigs! Where are you ?

[ *Pig1 and Pig2 enter . {pig1(f)/Sniff ÀMiss Piggy, pig2(m)/Snort À Army grunt}*]

Pigs:            Here we are Father!

Wart:            Ah! Good.... Now children, there comes a time in every man's life when.... Wait a minute... Didn't there used to be more of you. [*counts*] One...two.....Two! Where's the other one? There should be three.

Pig1:            He's just coming, Papa. He was discussing the property market with Muma Pig, again!

Wart:            Really ! [*shakes his head and sighs*]

[ *Enter Pig3 and Muma Pig (pregnant) {pig3(m)/Hampton À clever pig}* ]

Pig3:            Yes Muma I'm really rather concerned about the effect of the current economic downturn on property prices.

Wart:            Ah! There you are, pig. Now, as I was saying....The time was.... Hang on! I'd better check that you're all here! Grunt-off!

Pig2:            Snort!....

Pig1:            Sniff!....

Pig3:            and Hampton!

Wart:            [*counts on his fingers*] Snort, Sniff and Hampton. Good! You're all here. Now pigs, I need you to listen very carefully to me. There was a time, not so long ago, when pigs were afforded no respect... except by other pigs of course... they lived their whole lives in a cruel and sunless world. In those days pigs believed that the sooner they grew large and fat, the sooner they'd be taken into Pig Paradise, a place so wonderful that no pig had ever thought to come back..... But unfortunately those days are gone. And so the time has come for you three to leave home. And though we will, of course, be very sad to see you go... [*Muma nods, wipes her eyes with her apron and blows her nose*] quite frankly we need the space for Muma's next litter and besides... you three are eating us out of house and sty.

Muma:            [*shaking her head*] I've never known three.. well two such greedy piglets and one who's ...well, a bit ... different. [*pats Pig3 on the head*]

Pig2:            I can't help being hungry, Muma.