

PLAYS FOR
New Audiences

A Division of Children's Theatre Company

***Little Red and the Big
Bad Wolf***

by Kevin Dyer

Music and Lyrics by Patrick Dineen

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Little Red

Characters.

Little Red

Little Red's Mum, who works in the forest.

Grandma

The Wolf

Two other wolves: Louie and Fang

Sheep

Cows

Tom Thumb's Mum

Hansel

Jack

The Princess with the Pea

Prince Charming

The Three Little Pigs

The Forest Spirits, who move the trees and make the path.

Locations.

Little Red's House

Grandma's house

The Forest in between – both on the path and off the path.

Little Red

The company run on. They sing:

Song One Spending The Day An Unusual Way
Sung by full company

Company Oh oh oh
 And off we go!
 Into the dark wood
 Off we go!

A1
Tie your shoes
Now hurry now hurry
Cos everyone's invited
Mister Wolf
Is ever so happy
I know he'll be delighted

He's very good company
Especially when he's serving tea
We're spending the day
An unusual away
In a wood with Mr Wolfie

Oh oh oh
And off we go
Into the dark wood
Oh oh oh....

A2
They say
He is sociable fellow
And ever so amusing
He says
'Oh please do come to dinner'
There's no point in refusing"
Oh what a lovely host!
(And) I never say no to tea and toast

We're spending the day
An unusual way
In a wood with Mister Wolfie

Oh oh oh!
And off we go!
Into the dark wood
Oh oh oh

A3
The day is done
And now I am weary
And now my head is spinning
But Mister Wolf
Says
oh don't be dreary
We're only just beginning
I don't even your name
But why don't we play a lovely game?
We're spending the day
An unusual way
In a wood with Mister Wolfie
Lalalalalala
lalalalalala
We're spending the day
An unusual way
In a wood with Mister Wolfie

C
Boys and girls come out to play
We're going to the wood today
Boys and girls come to play
Into the wood and far away

I'm spending the day
An unusual way
In a wood with Mister Wolfie!

Gran is not well. Mum is sharpening her axe. The three are in separate spaces – the forest, Little Red's house and Gran's cottage, but they still 'connect'.

LITTLE RED:

This is how it starts.

I'm at home, doing nothing much, when I hear a bird...

We hear a bird's wings. A bird flies over the space and the audience. She watches.

LITTLE RED: And tied to its leg is a note.

She produces the note, reads it.

LITTLE RED: Dear Little Red...

The bird flies overhead than away.

LITTLE RED: *(Reading the note.)* Ill... hungry... lonely... catastrophe... apple and
blackberry.
Mum! Gran's ill. We have to go round and take a pie.

MUM: *(Still sharpening.)* I can't, love, not today.

(Out) I've got a tree that needs chopping down.

GRAN: *(Planting the idea in Little Red's imagination)* All you need is...
(Giving her the bowl) ... one large bowl.

LITTLE RED: One large bowl.

GRAN: Flour.

LITTLE RED: Flour

GRAN: Butter.

LITTLE RED: Butter

GRAN: Sugar.

LITTLE RED: Sugar.

LITTLE RED: Gran's ill. In her cottage on her own. She's got a cough.

Gran coughs.

LITTLE RED: Got to go and see her.

MUM: *(Still sharpening)* Trees don't chop themselves, and we need logs
for winter.

LITTLE RED: Mum's in the forest cutting down trees and gran is dying.

MUM: She's not dying.

GRAN: How would she know?

LITTLE RED: All right: I'll go on my own.

MUM: *(Out)* No she won't.

LITTLE RED: Gran's hungry. She's ill. I'm making her a pie.

MUM: She doesn't need a pie.

GRAN: When you're as bad as I am *(She uses her inhaler)* you definitely need a pie. Now roll it in a ball.

Little Red rolls it in a ball.

MUM: She's too little.

LITTLE RED: Am not!

GRAN: She's making the pie now.

MUM: She can't go on her own.

GRAN: Her Mum did when she was her age. She went on her own.

MUM: Did I?

GRAN: Did I she says? You know full well you did.

MUM: But that was then, now is now. It's going to be the coldest winter ever they say.

GRAN: She'll wear a coat.

MUM: A coat! What good's a coat when... anything might happen.

GRAN: And if she leaves now, she can get here before dark - before the snow comes and traps a forgotten-about ill old lady in her cottage when she hasn't even got a crumb in her cupboard.
(To Little Red) Now roll it flat.

Little Red flattens the dough.

MUM: She's too young to go, especially on her own.

GRAN: I'll stand by my gate.
And when she gets here, I'll tell her a story.

LITTLE RED: Gran tells the best stories.

MUM: She's too old for stories

LITTLE RED: *(Out)* One minute I'm too young; next minute I'm too old.

MUM: There are bad things in the forest. Things with teeth. Things with claws.

GRAN: She'll stay on the path

LITTLE RED: I'll stay on the path. I promise. Double promise.

GRAN: Now put the nice things in the middle.

LITTLE RED: Apple. There's got to be apple.

Gran throws her an apple.

GRAN: And blackberries.

She hands her some blackberries.

GRAN: And five apricots.

Gran eats one.

LITTLE RED: Four apricots.

GRAN: Cinnamon.

And... add something surprising.

LITTLE RED: Um.... a toffee. Yes, a toffee.

GRAN: Put it in the oven.

Little Red leaves to put the mix in the oven.

GRAN: Nothing will happen to her.

MUM: How do you know?

GRAN: I know. Grans always know. She has to come one day.

MUM: But why today?

GRAN: Because if not today, it will have to be another day. And I might be dead another day.

MUM: You won't be dead. What about tomorrow?

GRAN: Well, these people (*The audience*) won't be here tomorrow.

MUM: But why does she have to come at all?

GRAN: Because she's not a baby. Is she a baby?
Are you keeping her a baby?

Beat.

MUM: She's not a baby.

GRAN: Let her go.

Mum thinks.

GRAN: And Grandma still in her cottage sews and sews.

MUM: And Mum thinks and thinks. About her child. And growing.
Growing up.

Mum sighs.

Little Red comes back with the pie.

LITTLE RED: I've changed my mind. It's all right, Mum, I'll stay here. We will eat the pie ourselves. Half for you, half for me. I'll just write gran a note and tell her how good it was. She'll understand.

GRAN: Oh no she won't.

MUM: (*She knows this is the time for little red to go*) Your mother is not very good at thinking, but she has been thinking, and... take my basket.

...

MUM: Go on. Take it.

LITTLE RED: You said there are really bad things in the forest. With teeth and claws.

MUM: That's just a story. Off you go, and I'll chop the tree and then come fetch you.

LITTLE RED: I don't want to go now.

MUM: It'll be safe if you stay on the path.
It will be safe if you stay on the path.

So, what do you have to do?

GRAN: What do you have to do?

LITTLE RED: I'll stay on the path.

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