

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

By Felicia Pfluger

Cast:		Props:
Narrator	either	Red Cloak
Red Riding Hood	female	Wolf mask or ears
Mom	female	Basket with water and fruit
Grandma	female	Mini wheeled bed
Wolf	male	Bed sleeping cap
Lumberjack	male	Granny Glasses

At Rise:

Sound Cue - Little Red Riding Hood by Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, plays in the back ground. Narrator starts Stage Right. Red Riding Hood Jumps out behind the Narrator to Stage Center. On "One Day", Mom comes out Stage Left with the basket.

Narrator: There once was a young person named,

Red: RED.RIDING! HOOD!

Narrator: Who lived with her mother on the edge of a large wood. One day her mother asked...

Mom: Can you please take this basket of fresh organic fruit and mineral water to Grandma's house?

Red: Of course I will, mother.

(Both freeze in a warm embrace. Narrator Moves Stage Right)

Narrator: Not because this was (makes large air quotes) "woman's work", mind you, but because the deed was generous and helped engender a feeling of community. *Furthermore*, her grandmother was not sick, but rather fully was in full physical and mental health and was *fully capable* of taking care of herself as a *mature* adult.

(Both unfreeze and pantomime out actions, Red Moves Center Stage, skipping almost in place. Narrator crosses in front of Red Riding Hood swiftly and continues to monologue energetically with a box step cross)

Narrator: So Red Riding Hood set off with her basket through the woods. Many people believed that the forest was a *foreboding* and *dangerous place* and never set foot in it.

(Red stops center stage and looks apprehensive for a moment, then overcomes her fear with courage. Narrator speaks warmly and enthusiastically. His voice grows ominous concerning the wolf.)

Narrator: Red Riding Hood, however, was confident enough in her own budding sexuality that such obvious Freudian imagery did not intimidate her. On the way to Grandma's house, Red Riding Hood *was accosted by... a wolf.*

(The Wolf steps out Stage Right and looks Little Red Riding Hood up and down, then holds his fingers together plottingly and leers at her. A low rumble and howl ensues.)

Wolf: Hel - lo there... may I ask what is in the basket?.)

(Red draws herself up to her full height and answers school teacher style.)

Red: Some healthful snacks my grandmother, who is *certainly* capable of taking care of herself as a *mature - adult.*

(Red backs up a few steps towards Center Stage as Wolf starts to circle her in a somewhat predatory manner.)

Wolf: *(Huskily)* You know, *my dear*, it isn't safe for a *little girl* to walk through these woods *alone.*

(Drawing herself up to her full height, and pulling the basket up closer to her chest as a barrier between them. She sounds arrogant and somewhat perturbed. Then she becomes exasperated and condescending.)

Red: I find your sexist remark *offensive* in the extreme, *but* I will ignore it because of your traditional status as *an outcast* from society, the stress of which has caused you to develop your own, entirely valid, worldview. Now, if you'll excuse me, I must be on my way. *She waves him off like a bothersome fly.)*

(High pantomime ensues, overly dramatic. Red goes slightly SR and Grandma is moved on SL on a mini-wheeled bed)

Narrator: Red Riding Hood walked...

(Red looks at him in a correcting manner, and the Narrator looks chided, and clears throat)

“Skipped” along the main path. *Buuuut*, because of his status outside society has freed him from slavish adherence to linear, Western-style thought - the wolf knew a quicker route to Grandma’s house.

The Wolf winks to the audience)

He **burst** into the house and ate Grandma, (*professorial*) an entirely valid course of action for a carnivore such as himself. *Then*, unhampered by traditionalist notions of what was masculine and feminine, he put on Grandma’s night clothes and crawled into bed.

(Wolf mock eats Grandma and uses her as a pillow as he gets in bed. Fluid movement with huge action. Red Riding Hood moves from SL to SR backwards meandering through this.

Red: Grandma, I have brought you some fat-free, sodium-free snacks to salute you in your role of a wise and nurturing matriarch.

Wolf: (*Licks Lip, Talking in falsetto as Grandma*) Come closer child, so that I might see you.

Red: Oh, I forgot you are as optically challenged as a bat. Grandma, what big eyes you have!

Wolf: (*Feigns innocence “granniness”*) They have seen much, and forgiven much, *my dear*.

Red: (*Looking at Grandma for the first time*) Grandma, what a big nose you have - (*shrugs quizzically*) only relatively, of course, (*desperately trying to recover*) and certainly attractive in its own way.

Wolf: It has smelled much, and forgiven much.

Red: (*Cocks head to other side*) Grandma, what big teeth you have!

Wolf: (*Strikes an innocent pose*) I am happy with who I am... and... (*GROWLS in Transformation*) What I am!

(Wolf leaps out and tries to eat Red. She Screams).

Narrator: Red Riding Hood screamed. (*There is another scream off stage, Red and all looks around, takes a beat, then continues*)

Narrator: Not out of alarm at the wolf’s tendency toward cross-dressing,

(Wolf looks at his clothing, then does an appreciative double take seeing himself in it)

Narrator: But of his willful invasion of her personal space.

(Wolf takes this as a cue to re-advance on Red, making a suggestive, but menacing growl, Red screams.)

Narrator: Her screams were heard by a passing wood-chopper-person, or *log-fuel technician*, as he preferred to be called. When he burst into the cottage and saw the melee and tried to intervene.

(Lumberjack enters Stage Right and starts to attack the Wolf)

Red: And just what do you think you're doing here? *(paused in distain)*.
Bursting in here like a... Neanderthal!!! Trusting your weapon to do your **thinking** for you! **Sexist! Speciesist!**

How dare you assume that women and wolves can't solve their own problems without a **man's** help!

Narrator: When she heard Red Riding Hood's impassioned speech, Grandma jumped out of the wolf's mouth, seized the woodchopper-person's axe, and cut his head off. After this ordeal, Red Riding Hood, Grandma, and the wolf felt a certain commonality of purpose. They decided to set up an alternative household based on mutual respect and cooperation, and they lived together in the woods happily ever after.

The End