

Little Red Riding Hood: Play Script

Characters



a younger sibling, eager for a story



an older sibling, and our animal narrator



a young girl who wears
a red, hooded cape



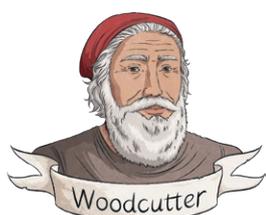
usually baking, she wears a floury apron and
carries a rolling pin



a very fine-looking gentleman with thick hair, bright eyes and very
big, white teeth, who turns out to be a trickster



a widow with a frail voice who lives alone in the forest,
and who loves to knit and bake



though he's getting on in years, he still feel flutters of affection
in his heart when he sees Granny's face

Scene 1 – Mother's Kitchen

Lights up. The narrators, Big Rabbit and Little Rabbit, stand downstage.

Little Rabbit: Big Rabbit, Big Rabbit, is it time for a story?

Big Rabbit: What story would you like?

Little Rabbit: Do you know the story of Little Red Riding Hood?

Big Rabbit: *(excited)* Of course I do! Let me just think how it begins. Ah yes, I remember!

Lights up on a cottage on the outskirts of a great forest. It is a spring day.

Big Rabbit: Once upon a time – and a very fine time it was – a girl called Red lived with her mother, in a cottage on the outskirts of a great forest.

Mother takes a batch of fresh cupcakes from the oven and places them on the table.

Mother: Little Red! *(bangs the rolling pin on the table)* Little Red! Time to get up.

Red: *(offstage)* Coming, Mother!

Mother looks up at the clock (it's noon) and taps her foot angrily. Red enters the kitchen in a red cape. Seeing the cupcakes, she reaches out to take one, but her hand stops as Mother turns to glare.

Red: These smell delicious. *(backing away)* You've been busy, Mother. Who are they for?

Mother: They're for Granny, so keep your mucky fingers off. I didn't raise you to steal from little old ladies. Why, your poor granny lives alone in the forest, surrounded by fearsome creatures. The least I can do is bake her a cupcake or two every now and then.

Red: *(rubbing her tummy)* I wouldn't dream of touching Granny's cupcakes.

Mother piles the cupcakes into a wicker basket, then puts her hands on her hips.

Mother: *(huffing)* Now, you're to take this basket straight to Granny's. No dilly-dallying, keep to the path, and never ever talk to strangers. Do you hear me?

Red: *(sighing)* Yes, Mother.

Red takes the basket and hurries from the kitchen.

Big Rabbit: And with that, Little Red Riding Hood hurried from the kitchen into the glorious spring sunshine.

Lights down.

Scene 2 – The Forest

Lights up on a sun-dappled forest. Red enters, skipping and singing.

Big Rabbit: As she skipped merrily through the sun-dappled forest, Little Red's hazel eyes sparkled and her bright red cape swung just above her ankles. Her red hair shone in the afternoon sun and her small, freckled nose wrinkled as she smiled cheerfully at her woodland friends: the rabbits and birds.

Red stops to smell some flowers.

Big Rabbit: The birds flitted about, carrying sticks for their nests, and the bluebells beside the path nodded contentedly to themselves. It was hard to believe that anything fearsome lived in these woods.

Red peeks into the basket and rubs her tummy. Wolf stalks onto stage behind Red and leans against a tree trunk.

Wolf: *(silky)* Hello, little girl.

Red jumps and gasps.

Red: Who are you?

Wolf: I'm Mr Wolf. My, what a fine day it is. Don't you just love the fragrant smell of the flowers? The twittering of the birds?

Red: *(tugs at the cape around her neck)* I didn't think that wolves would like birds and flowers.

Wolf: My dear, I simply adore them! I am a wolf of great taste, you know. Where might you be off to on this fine morning?

Red: *(flustered)* I'm visiting my granny.

Wolf: Oh, yes, I know your granny. Old woman? Stooped? Grey hair?

Red: *(sighing with relief)* That's her.

Wolf: Yes, she lives in a... *(waving a claw in the air)*

Red: Wooden cottage.

Wolf: That's right, next to the...

Red: Horse chestnut tree.

Wolf: Of course, not far from the...

Red: Stream.

Big Rabbit: Red was impressed. Mr Wolf must have visited Granny's many times to remember so much about it.

Wolf smirks.

Red: I'm meant to be bringing her this basket of cakes, but they do smell so delicious, and it's so hard not to simply gobble them all up.

Wolf: *(aside)* I know that feeling.

Red: After all, I haven't had any breakfast yet.

Wolf: Well, why don't you stop for a picnic? *(pointing offstage)* There's a lovely spot over there.

Red: But they're meant to be for Granny. Anyway, Mother told me not to dilly-dally, or to leave the path.

Wolf: Oh, that clearing is quite safe. I'm sure that your granny won't mind. Not if you pick her a big bunch of flowers to make up for it.

Red: Yes, you're right. Thank you, Mr Wolf. I never knew that wolves were so kind.

Wolf: *(bowing)* My pleasure.

Red skips off. As she leaves, Wolf licks his lips.

Wolf: That plump, foolish child fell for my trick. Now that she's out of sight, I'll race to the wooden cottage, next to the horse chestnut tree, not far from the stream. I'm getting double helpings today.

Wolf stalks off.

Little Rabbit: Wait, it was all a trick?

Big Rabbit: Of course it was a trick.

Little Rabbit: He's not a nice wolf after all?

Big Rabbit: No, he's the Big Bad Wolf!

Little Rabbit: Oh no!

Lights down.

Scene 3 – Granny's Cottage

Lights up on Granny's cottage in the woods. Granny sits in the rocking chair, knitting.

Big Rabbit: As the wolf raced along the path to the wooden cottage, next to the horse chestnut tree, not far from the stream, his belly rumbled greedily.

Wolf scurries up to the cottage door on tiptoes and knocks three times.

Granny: *(quavering)* Who is it?

Wolf: *(in a high, squeaking voice)* It's me, Granny! It's your granddaughter.

Granny: The door's unlocked, dear.

Wolf lifts the latch, throws open the door and leaps at Granny. Wolf chases her offstage and makes satisfied gobbling sounds. Then, he saunters back on stage.

Little Rabbit: Did he really eat her?

Big Rabbit: He really ate her.

Wolf pulls on the nightcap and nightgown. He leaps into bed and pulls the quilt over his snout.

Big Rabbit: After polishing off three cupcakes, Red had gathered a huge bunch of flowers, tucked them into her basket and carried on down the path. Soon, she skidded to a stop outside the door.

Red runs to the door and knocks three times.

Wolf: *(in a frail voice)* Who is it?

Red: It's me, Granny! It's your granddaughter.

Wolf: The door's unlocked, dear.

Red: *(lifting the latch and hurrying in)* Granny! You're sick.

Wolf: Terribly sick! Come closer, my dear, and kiss your poor old granny.

Red puts down her basket and approaches the bed. She leans down to kiss the wolf's cheek, but pulls back suddenly.

Red: Oh, Granny, what big eyes you have!

Wolf: *(croaking)* All the better to see you with, my dear.

An ear pokes out of the nightcap.

Red: Oh, Granny, what big ears you have!

Wolf: *(croaking)* All the better to hear you with, my dear.

Wolf's quilt slips further to reveal long, sharp teeth.

Red: *(trembling)* Oh, Granny, what big teeth you have!

Wolf: *(no longer pretending)* All the better to eat you with!

Wolf roars and leaps out of bed. Red shrieks as Wolf chases her offstage. Offstage, he makes satisfied gobbling noises. Wolf waddles back on stage, patting his full belly. He yawns and lies down to sleep on Granny's bed.

Big Rabbit: In the woods lived a woodcutter who was getting on in years. Although he wasn't as spry as he once was and his joints creaked as he walked, he could still swing an axe, still whistle a tune, and still feel flutters of affection in his heart when he saw a pretty face. There was one pretty face that made his heart flutter more than any other. The lovely lady in question was Granny.

The woodcutter stands outside Granny's cottage. He straightens his shirt, shoulders his axe and steps up to the cottage door. He knocks three times and waits. He looks worriedly at his watch. He lifts the latch and opens the door.

Woodcutter: *(loudly)* Anyone home? It's only me, the woodcutter!

The woodcutter stares around the room and sees the wolf laying in bed, wearing Granny's nightgown and cap.

Big Rabbit: It only took the woodcutter a moment to work out what had happened.

Woodcutter: *(angrily bellows)* You beast!

The woodcutter raises his axe. Wolf wakes up. They run offstage. The wolf roars, there's a thud and a whimper.

Little Rabbit: What was that thudding sound?

Big Rabbit: The woodcutter swished down his axe and sliced the wolf's belly open. Once Red and Granny were free, they filled his belly with heavy rocks and sewed him up.

Little Rabbit: *(outraged)* Rocks?

Big Rabbit: Well, they had to make sure that he wouldn't try to gobble up anybody else!

The woodcutter enters the cottage with Granny and Red.

Granny & Red: You saved us!

Red and Granny throw their arms around the woodcutter. Granny kisses him on the cheek. Wolf limps back onto the stage, rubbing his filled belly. The stones rattle inside the wolf.

Wolf: How am I supposed to eat? The whole forest will hear me coming!

Granny: That'll teach you to eat an old lady. Now, be off with you, and don't come back.

Wolf hurries to the door and hobbles out of the cottage without a second glance.

Woodcutter: *(cleaning his axe)* What I want to know is, how on earth did he find you?

Red: I met him in the forest.

Granny: *(shocked)* But, Red, hasn't your mother ever told you not to speak to strangers?

Red: Oh, mother tells me all sorts of things. Not to dilly-dally... not to leave the path... I don't know what she thinks might happen.

Woodcutter: Perhaps she thinks that you'll be eaten by a wolf.

Red: *(realising)* Oh! I suppose she might have a point. Oh, Granny, I almost forgot! Mother sent you a basket of cupcakes.

Red fetches the basket of cupcakes.

Big Rabbit: So, Granny boiled the kettle and between them, Red, Granny and the woodcutter ate up the delicious cupcakes that Red's mother had baked. And they all lived happily ever after.

Red, Granny and the woodcutter eat the cupcakes and sip tea inside the cottage. The lights fade.

The End