

THE SMALL PRINT

Thanks for your interest in this script. If you have any questions at all about technical issues, cast numbers, alternate versions with or without a dame, please e-mail me at ca.lane@familylane.plus.com .

If you like the script but it doesn't work for your stage or cast, then let me know and I will gladly tailor it to your needs at no extra cost.

As soon as you have decided that you love this script I will send you a normal Word version. You can then make your own adaptations to the local audience (and whatever is in the news at the time) **in the marked grey areas only** - the rest has been proved to work in successful performances (and any necessary changes already made) so just trust the script and don't try to 'improve' it. You CAN cut out some songs or dances if you need to save time. Once you have made the selections & adaptations then you can print as many as you want at no extra cost. You ARE allowed to print small sections of it, e.g. just bits that the chorus need, but these must still have a title and © **Chris Lane** on it somewhere.

If you have any questions at all at any time during production (such as 'How do Snow White's dwarfs juggle the sausages?') I will be very delighted to answer them; I have directed all of these pantos and can help you with just about anything!

Frequently Asked Questions:

QUESTION: Can we alter the script?

ANSWER: Certain bits only. It is designed to be adapted to make the local jokes work (there are specially highlighted grey bits with hints). Please do add 'Adapted for *** Drama Club by Fred Jones' or whoever did this. Also adapt it if you have to change the sex of a character (ideally not during the performances, but accidents do happen) but you cannot take chunks out of it and use it in 'your own' work: small legal thing called 'copyright'. Someone will 'dob' on you - they always do. And you cannot rewrite bits of it; though you may think it hilarious it may not be - and it will have my name on it!

QUESTION: Are there any other petty demands?

ANSWER: Yes: I need to know where and when performances would take place, which club would be performing them, and to what size audiences. In part this also alerts me if you are putting on the same show as another club nearby.

QUESTION: Is that all?

ANSWER: Almost - but you must put my name on all posters and programs and all copies of the script must have this somewhere: © **Chris Lane**

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NZ Writers Guild

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PANTO TITLES

CINDERELLA
DICK WHITTINGTON
HANSEL AND GRETEL
RED RIDING HOOD & THE THREE PIGS
ROBIN HOOD
SLEEPING BEAUTY
SNOW WHITE
THREE MEN IN A TUB

COMEDY NOVELS

***ALL TOP-TEN BESTSELLING COMEDY
E-BOOKS (some No 1 best-sellers)***

BLOODWRATH
MAKEOVER OF BLOOD
KILLED TO DEATH
SPLAT!
TROLLEY OF DOOM
SKY TOWER

THE 'FAIRY THE BLACKSMITH' SAGA

FAIRY & THE SHYTE WEASELS
AVALON
AT THE END OF THE WORLD
ARTHUR & MERLIN: The Idiot Years

AM DRAM 'HOW TO' BOOKS

HOW TO RUN A DRAMA GROUP.
CREATE AN AMATEUR SHOW.
JUNIOR DRAMA GROUPS: HOW TO
RUN THEM *and survive*
THE PERFECT PANTO SCRIPT.
COLLECTED PANTO SCRIPTS.
HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR E BOOK

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THE DAFF WAR
THE SWIPERS

*I live in Auckland with my wife, Norma
(Head of Operations, St John Ambulance,
New Zealand) and family
As well as writing scripts, film screenplays
and bestselling books I direct for the stage
and actively supports new writers in many
genres.*

*From 1953 to 2013 I lived in England, with
over 30 of those years spent in teaching,
until I worked out why I woke up
screaming.*

RED RIDING HOOD and the THREE PIGS

By Chris Lane

Directed for

by

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SCENES

ACT I: SCENE 1: GRANNY'S COTTAGE

OPENING SCENE

ACT I: SCENE 2: IN THE FOREST

MEETING THE PRINCE SCENE

ACT I: SCENE 3: A CLEARING IN THE FOREST

THE HUFF AND PUFF SCENE

ACT I: SCENE 4: IN THE FOREST

TAKING THE BASKET TO GRANNY SCENE

INTERVAL

ACT II: SCENE 5: GRANNY'S COTTAGE

GRANNY AND THE WOLF SCENE

ACT II: SCENE 6: AT THE PALACE

PIGS etc with PRINCE to the rescue!

ACT II: SCENE 7: GRANNY'S COTTAGE

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF SCENE

FINALE

ACT 1: SCENE 1: DINGLY DELL COTTAGE

This is a traditional interior of a fairy-tale cottage. Stable door and window with long curtains Stage Left. A sink with tap and a table Stage Right. A couple of wooden chairs. A small wooden table. At rear: door to cupboard. Space for bed (with secret flap in rear wall behind bed) It should be filled with children, washing-up, laundry, etc. Fit on as many people as possible, mostly children (optional: Chorus of adult delivery people.)

Onstage: 3 Pigs. Chorus. Children. Kids are stealing tools. Mate in cupboard.

SONG: (such as? 'THE HIPPO SONG'): CHORUS & Pigs.

GRANNY ENTERS

GRANNY: *(To Aud)* Welcome to Dingly Dell – my humble home in the country. I'm
Granny Hubbard *(gives aud a look)*

CHILD 1: We've finished cleaning, Granny Hubbard.

Child 2: It was fun!

CHILD 3: It was jolly hard work!

GRANNY: Ah! But you know what they say: 'Hard work never did anyone twice in the same place'!

GAMMO: Wise words, Granny, wise words! 'Hard work should never take place twice'!

CHILD 4: Right then, Granny; what's next on the list of jobs to do?

GRANNY: No idea *(Name of Clothes)*. Red Riding Hood has the list; where is she?

CHILD 5: BIG Red Riding Hood or LITTLE Red Riding Hood?

GRANNY: Er – BIG?

CHILD 6: She's in the garden. *(Opens top of door and calls)* BIG Red Riding Hood!

RED RIDING HOOD: *(Looks in)* What is it, *(Name of Clothes)*?

SPAMMO: Red Riding Hood! What is the next task on the list?

RED RIDING HOOD: *(Enters)* The list? Here it is, Spammo.

SPAMMO: *(CHECKS LIST)* Ooh! Oh yes! One – clean floor. *(Spits on floor and rubs with foot.)* Done! Two – do dusting! *(Flicks kids with duster)* Done! Three – err – can't read the handwriting. *(Covers one eye)* It looks like it says '**attack cyclists**'. Yes; attack cyclists.

RED RIDING HOOD: Attack cyclists?! Are you sure? It doesn't sound...

HAMMO: Attack cyclists: You two – outside – and if you see any cyclists – attack them! Go! It's a jolly good idea – they're a menace to road users!

Squeal of bicycle brakes, yell, breaking glass, cheers from kids. 2 kids reappear

with bicycle wheel. Cheering.

GAMMO: (*grabs list*) No – look! It doesn't say 'attack cyclists': it says, er: **'take out Red Socks Kid'**.

GRANNY: OK. Red Socks Kid?! (*Red Socks Kid looks alarmed*) There he is!

RED RIDING HOOD: Here! Put him down! Let me check that list. (*READS*) No – you silly pigs! What it actually says is: **'take out recycling'**!

GAMMO: Durr! Sorry Red Socks Kid.

RED SOCKS KID: (*Dazed*) No problem.

RED RIDING HOOD: OK – everyone – recycling OUT! Come on! (*exits*)
Some kids follow with recycling. Two are about to throw Child 7 out.

Mother enters, in business-suit and with clip-board, and is furious. KIDS FREEZE.

MOTHER: What on earth is going?! Why are you all here?!

CHILD 7: Hello Mother!

MOTHER: Put (*Name of Clothes*) down! (*Looks around*) Why are you all here?!
Granny) I left the children a clear memo of (*today's date*), saying 'clean the house': meaning OUR house, not yours and...! (*Looks around in disbelief*)

CHILD 3: Yes, Mother. We got your memo, of (*today's date*). We did OUR house – and it was such fun we decided to do Granny's house too!

MOTHER: Oh – well; that's acceptable then. But – if you've left OUR home in the same state as this one...!

GRANNY: This is fine! As long as we all have fun! Remember, dear: 'All work and no play makes a man healthy, wealthy and stinky'.

GAMMO: Yes – wise words yet again, Granny! 'All work and no pie makes a man Grumpy, Sneezzy and Dopey.

SPAMMO: Wrong panto. That's the one with the – you know (*indicates dwarf height. Gammo points at kids questioningly. Spammo shakes heads*) Bit like them, but with beards. (*to aud*) And quieter.

MOTHER: Having fun is NOT a lesson I want my children to learn, thank you. I want them to follow my example of hard work, not the pointless 'games' of a silly old woman!

Gran gets sympathy.

GRANNY: Well! At least I know the names of all my children! I don't have to call them by the clothes they're wearing!

MOTHER: You only had the one child! Me! Remember?

GRANNY: Vaguely.

MOTHER: Go on then; what am I called? (*Granny confused; child whispers to her*)

GRANNY: (*proudly*) Mother!

MOTHER: I give in. (*Looks at clip-board*) For a start: 'Item one: clean floor'. Just look! (*Stands and looks down tutting and shaking her head. 3 pigs are lined up beside her doing same*) It looks like a herd of pigs have been 'dancing' on it! (*Pigs start simple dance moves. Mother slowly turns to look at them*) What?! (*Pigs slowly stop dancing*) Don't tell me you three are in here again!

HAMMO: Spammo, don't tell her we're in here again.

SPAMMO: Right. Gammo – don't tell her we're in here again.

GAMMO: I shall say nothing. I am the master of silence.

MOTHER: (*To pigs*) I cannot believe you three are in here AGAIN!

The pigs relax.

HAMMO: It's OK, Spammo; she can't believe we're in here again.

SPAMMO: Really? Gammo: She doesn't believe we're in here. Tee hee.

GAMMO: Tcha! She has only to look!

GRANNY: Should have gone to *Specsavers!* (*agreement from pigs.*) Remember: 'There are none so blind as those who don't have a pot to pee in'!

GAMMO: Indeed; wise words, Granny: 'Pull the blind before you pee on a nun!

MOTHER: (*crosser; to pigs*) Well? ARE you three in here again?!

HAMMO: Dunno. Bit confused now. (*aside*) Spammo; are we in here again?

SPAMMO: I'm not sure any more either. (*confused*) Gammo? Are we in here again?

GAMMO: (*Pompous*) Yes – I can definitely state – we ARE in here again.

MOTHER: OUT! OUT!!! Pigs in a domestic dwelling, despite the 2012 Health and Hygiene ruling on the matter!! Out! Get back in the pig-sty! OUT! OUT!

The pigs try to say something but are hustled out.

MOTHER: (*about to confront Granny*) And as for you... (*Granny looks alarmed*)

ROB (enters): Look here – misses! I'm trying to fix the plumbin' (*Shows large wrench on pipe above the sink*) but every time I put me tools down some little blighter nicks them!

The kids all look innocent and hide tools behind their backs.

MOTHER: Is that right? Now! Listen! You are all clearly in breach of Domestic

Regulation Number 326, namely: 'You shall not borrow without asking'. So, *who* has got Bob's tools?!

ROB: Rob.

MOTHER: What?

ROB: Rob – not Bob. ROB the Builder. Rrrrob.

MOTHER: Are you sure? Not 'Bob the Builder'? (*Looks disbelieving as he is dressed as Bob*) Hmm. Anyway. So, 'Rob', what do these missing tools look like?

ROB: (*unpleasantly sarcastic*) They look like tools – hammers, wrenches!!

MOTHER: Hammers, wrenches! Come on! Who has them?

Crowds hand over tools.)

ROB: You little perishers! (*Grabs tools*) And where's my mate gone?

MOTHER: Who?

ROB: My mate! He's gone too!

MOTHER: (*sighs*) What does he look like?

ROB: My mate? (*Describes him in a few words*) He's from (*place with strong dialect*)

MOTHER: OK. I am waiting! *If you remember from that incident? The one with the unfortunate person from Jehovah's Witness? I told you! Kidnapping is against Domestic Regulations 39 A, B AND C! (Guilty children release Mate from cupboard)*

MATE: *Complains at length in unintelligible regional dialect. No swearing!*

ROB: I know, I know! Now keep away from them kids like I told you!

MOTHER: That's it! I am now using an 'Emergency Evacuation Order': ALL OUT!
(*They groan and turn to leave*)

GRANNY: Off you go then, kids. Big thanks – and - remember – 'Children should be seen and not not live by bread alone'!

GAMMO: (pops head in to say:) Wise words: "Children are obscene and shouldn't be bred at home".

ROB: Hear, hear.

GRANNY: See you tomorrow kids!

MOTHER: (*To Granny*) And you! Out! Leave the workmen in peace.

GRANNY: Me? But I live here! And it's raining!

MOTHER: Then go with the pigs into the pigsty! (*Pushes them all out*)

GRANNY: (*making dignified exit*) Remember – 'People who live in glass houses

should put the toilet in the basement! I bid you farewell!

MOTHER: OUT! Right – that’s better. *(Sees Rob and Mate leaving, with tools still in sink)* I say! Bob!

ROB: Rob!

MOTHER: Whatever. Where are you off to?

ROB: Emergency Evacuation Order!

MOTHER: But you haven’t finished!

ROB: Can’t ignore an Emergency Evacuation Order! Come on! *(Mate and Rob EXIT)*

HAMMO rushes back in as the builders leave.

HAMMO: Raining out there!

MOTHER: Don’t care. *(ushers him out)*

SPAMMO: *(rushes in)* Cold out there!

MOTHER: Don’t care. *(ushers him out)*

GAMMO: *(rushes in)* No wi-fi out there!

MOTHER: Don’t care. *(ushers him out)*

GRANNY: *(rushes in)* No gin and tonic out there!

MOTHER: Don’t care. *(ushers her out)*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(rushes in with wicker basket)* Hello there!

MOTHER: Don’t care. *(ushers her out)*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: But...!

MOTHER: Oh, it’s you – er – Little Red Riding Hood. *(Lets her in)*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Are you getting stressed again, Mother?

Mother loudly bolts the top half of the stable door.

MOTHER: Not at all. Just following safety regulations. *(Checks door won’t open then looks at list)* Little Red Riding Hood: did you get the decorations for the party?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Here you are. *(Hands over basket)*

MOTHER: *(Ticks item off list)* And you’re sure they meet the Fire Safety Code?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Yep. Look.

They go over, to the side away from the door, to examine decorations. One by one Hammo, Spammo & Gammo then Granny knock at the door. Each time mother goes and opens the top half, they look pleading but Mother just says ‘NO!’ then shuts the door. As she walks away one at a time they crawl in through the bottom half, closing it behind them, then hide. Needs to be fast!

LAST KNOCK ON DOOR.

MOTHER: (*angrily opens top of door*) I told you ...! OH!
The WOLF is standing there. The pigs all give small screams.

MOTHER: Yes?

WOLF: Good morning, Madame. Can I interest you in *topical item*?

MOTHER: No, you can't. Sorry! (*shuts door*)

PIGS: *general panic and cries of 'a wolf'!*

MOTHER: (*Sees them all indoors and is shocked*) How?! What?! What 'wolf'?
There's no wolf! Look!

Mother opens top of door and Wolf is still standing there.

WOLF: (*slow & sleazy*) Hello.

PIGS: Wolf! (*in terror they point*)

GAMMO: (*To audience member*) You look sensible. It IS a wolf, right? (*Business*)

MOTHER: Hmm. (*Listens to business then looks closer*) Are you, in fact, a wolf?

WOLF: Me?! Ha-ha! No-no-no! Not at all.

GRANNY: He looks like a wolf to me. You know what they say: 'If the cap fits –
shepherds warning'!

WOLF: No, no, no! I am - er - a meerkat. (*Makes meerkat squeak*) (*Wolf opens
door and walks in to look at pigs*) My, what lovely children you have. So –
tender and juicy! (*Licks lips and wrings hands*)

Pigs hide behind LRRH.

MOTHER: Children?! *They - are pigs!! Rudeness! OUT!* Come on, I'm too busy for
this. (*Steers him to door*)

WOLF: (*Talking as walking*) But madam; can I interest you in double glazing?
Solar panels? Cheaper firewood? Faster broadband? Raffle tickets? Lucky
heather? Anything off TV. (*Starts to sing TV advert jingle. Door slammed in
his face.*)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: He did rather *look* like a wolf.

HAMMO: He

SPAMMO: certainly

GAMMO: did!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: What do you think, Granny?

Granny carries on singing the advert jingle.

MOTHER: I'm too busy to argue about mammalian classification. I've got a
birthday party to sort out.

GRANNY: Remind me. Whose birthday is it today? (*Little Red puts her hand up &*

waves but is not noticed)

MOTHER: No idea. Always one of them. Anyway; I'm going to collect the cake; I'll take whatshername... you know, the other one with the red riding hood, but taller.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Big Red Riding Hood. She's doing the recycling.

MOTHER: *(Ticks item off list)* OK. Did you get the balloons?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Here. *(Holds them up. Non-inflated.) (Mother ticks item off list)* I'm not very good at balloons though.

MOTHER: OK. No problem! You four *(pigs and granny)* – you can stay in here IF you help – er – LITTLE Red Riding Hood? get the balloons ready. *(Ticks item off list. She goes to door then turns)* But no mess!

GRANNY & PIGS: Got it! No mess! *(Mother exits)*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Now, if you're going to help you've got to stop messing around and get organised! *(They look outraged)* Hammo, you blow up the balloon; Spammo you tie it up; Gammo put the ribbon on it, Granny – you hang it up. *(She passes balloons and then checks party things in basket)*

HAMMO: Blow!

SPAMMO: Tie!

GAMMO: Ribbon!

GRANNY: Hang! Got it!

HAMMO blows up balloon, passes to SPAMMO. POP! They all jump. Granny late.

HAMMO blows up balloon, passes to SPAMMO, passes to GAMMO. POP! Jump.

HAMMO blows up balloon, passes to SPAMMO, to GAMMO, GRANNY. POP! Jump.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: How are we doing?

GRANNY: Better than I expected to be honest.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh you! Try again.

They repeat very carefully with a long thin 'flying' balloon. – but don't tie it.

During this blowing up:

GRANNY: Reminds me of my Gerald. He'll be looking down on us now. He's not dead – just very condescending.

At the end Granny lets it go and it flies off into the audience. Ad lib with audience.

GAMMO: Almost perfect! Let's all be jolly careful. *(They manage to blow one up and tie ribbon.)* Excellent!

GRANNY: *(Carefully carries balloon to window while pigs each blow up and hold untied balloons.)* I'll hang this one up here. *(At the window it pops. Pigs shriek and let go of balloons.) (Granny rips the curtains down in alarm.)*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Granny! Your curtains!

(Granny hands curtain to Hammo who holds it up at the window.)

GRANNY: Not a problem! Just need a Hammer! *(Runs to sink.)* Saw one here! Yep!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: That's not a hammer!

GAMMO: That tool is, in fact, a wrench. *(Blows up balloon and hands to LRRH)*

GRANNY: Whatever. It'll do. *(Pulls it from sink. Water squirts. Shriek. She stops the flow with her hands.)*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Now what are you going to do?

GRANNY: Not a problem! *(Gets squirted again)* Can somebody get a cloth?

HAMMO: Here!

(Hammo takes curtain down & sees wolf looking in, licking lips.)

HAMMO: WOLF!! *(Hammo quickly REPLACES CURTAIN by hand)*

SPAMMO: What?! *(Hides behind mop handle)*

GAMMO: *(Who has found a bucket)* WOLF! Where?!_Let me see.

(Gammo pulls curtain in Hammo's hands aside. Looks. Turns back) Nothing there. *(Hammo lowers curtain to see MOTHER glaring in)* Waah! *(Hammo runs across room with curtain and hides under it.)*

(GAMMO sees MOTHER and puts empty bucket over head to hide.)

GRANNY: What's all the noise? *(She turns. Squirt.)* Aargh!

MOTHER: *(Enters carrying large cake)* What on earth is...?!!

(The pigs are standing under curtains or bucket. Granny is fighting the water. All freeze. Moment of silence. All balloons are released to fly off into audience. Mother watches it go in disbelief.)

MOTHER: Where is the Health and Safety in THAT?!

The pigs start to shuffle nervously away.

MOTHER: Stand still! Do not move!

Granny freezes but keeps getting squirted until she hits it with wrench. Mother carefully puts cake on a chair then moves to stand by open door. Without speaking she angrily points that they are to leave by the door.

HAMMO: But – the wolf!

MOTHER: Meerkat!

Hammo nervously exits.

SPAMMO: The rain!

MOTHER: It's stopped!

Spammo cautiously exits.

GAMMO: Where can we go? (*Glares at Gran*) Our sty is full of empty gin bottles!

MOTHER: Build your own houses!

Gammo sadly exits.

GRANNY: You can't throw them out! It's MY house! If they go – I go (*Mother opens door wider for her*) Very well. 'A nod's as good as a wink before they're hatched'! (*Exits with dignity*)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh my! Will they be alright?

MOTHER: It'll teach them a lesson. (*Locks door*) Peace at last: kids outside; pigs gone; no Granny. Perfect! A nice cup of tea and a relax, I think. Tcha! That builder has left his tools in the sink! (*Before LRRH can stop her MOTHER lifts the wrench. SQUIRT IN FACE. Yelping she retreats backwards, water in eyes, as far as chair then sits heavily on cake with a screech.*) **BLACKOUT**

SCENE 2: A CLEARING IN THE FOREST – tree profiles

Enter WOLF

WOLF: Look, before the next scene – can I just make one small complaint. Not normally one to complain – but I am, quite obviously, THE STAR OF THIS SHOW – and I have just been on-stage five minutes!! Five minutes!! And another thing! I bet you imagine my dressing room is, like, really posh – with a star on the door and my name: 'B.B. Wolf', and so on. NO! I have to, like, SHARE!! And – they haven't even fed me! Not even a bowl of peanuts! Starving I am. STARVING! (*Drools*) I could eat a whole... (*Scans front row of audience*) ...Hmmm. (*approaches looks hungrily*) No – you lot are safe. (*to aud*) Looks like the front row contains nuts. Allergic. OK – so (*shields eyes and scans*) Anyone here gluten free? So, anyway, before they come back – first I would like to sing a selection of hits by NAME. Music please...

Music starts. Some small children come on: juggle, dance, or unicycle then exit.

(We had a five-year old on a tiny bike with a small puppy in the basket.)

WOLF: What was THAT all about?! Not even part of the story!! That's it – I'm going to see the idiot they call the 'director' of this drivell! This is no way, no way to treat a star! *(Exits R)*

Enter L: Prince, Rob and the Builder's Mate.

PRINCE: Is this the place?

ROB: Indeed, your Highness. A perfect site for a palace, sir!

PRINCE: But it slopes and...

ROB: Split level palace: very modern. Interior - exterior flow. Entertainer's delight.

PRINCE: Isn't it a bit – boggy – I mean: the ground here is...

ROB: Perfect for water features! And soft soil – much easier for digging. Isn't it, Mate? Oy! Cloth ears *(Clips around ear)*

MATE: *replies.*

Nanny McSpreader enters.

NANNY: *(speaks as if he was still 5)* Watch out there! Mind where you're treading, , Highness. New shoes, remember!

Rob takes Prince aside.

ROB: And who exactly *is* she, sir?

PRINCE: That's my Personal Assistant. All Princes have one.

ROB: Seriously?

PRINCE: Well, she used to be my nanny and her contract says she's employed until I'm 21, so...

NANNY: I don't like this place, dear. Very damp: you'll catch your death of cold. And sloping: you could easily take a tumble and hurt your knees! *(She passes him a tissue for his nose)*

ROB: All easily solved, highness. AND I know the owner of this site – you can get it for next to nothing; all you have to do is sign here. *(Holds up papers & quill)*

PRINCE: Really? How much?

ROB: Just ten thousand gold coins.

PRINCE: Ten thousand?! That seems a lot!

ROB: Not at all. Not for *(name of posh area)* A bargain! *(Prince doesn't take it)*

PRINCE: Well... who *is* the owner?

ROB: Nobody you know, highness. *(Mate points at Rob & mumbles but is*

silenced)

PRINCE: Well, I don't know... *(Takes quill and Rob looks excited)*

MATE: *Sniggers and says something probably vulgar! They look at him.*

PRINCE: What did he say?

ROB: *(Glares at mate)* He was just saying, if he was you, he would stay in the Royal Palace with all those lovely young ladies - princesses and the like.

NANNY: That is exactly what I've been saying: stay where its warm and cosy.

PRINCE: Ha! Being at court is not what you'd think. Princesses are so boring! *(Mimics vain/'chav' girls) "I found this super new place that does my nails (examines nails).*

Have you see Alexandra's hair – what IS she going as? And who in their right mind voted for SOMEONE TOPICAL OFF TV SHOW?!" (shudders in horror)

Yuck! They might look OK but their heads are totally empty except for gossip and fashions and... and they are so NASTY to each other, the other day one of them...

ROB: Alright, alright! Chill! Sorry I mentioned it! Anyway: if you could just sign: here

PRINCE: Sorry. Get a bit worked up. *(About to sign then stops)* But it's awful! You know, I really believe if I found one girl that was ordinary and down to earth I'd marry her on the spot!

ROB: What spot?

PRINCE: Eh? It's just an expression: on the spot?

ROB: Ooh! I wouldn't marry someone with spots if I was you. No way. Might be measles: or the plague!

NANNY: Very true. You don't want any more spots again: you remember when you were fifteen you were one mass of...

PRINCE: Right. OK!

MATE: *mumbles and points to bum.*

ROB: Oh yeah! Mate here. He's got a HUGE spot! Ooh – nasty it is; as big as... *(Mate starts to pull down seat of pants)*

NANNY: No! *(Rushes Prince off)* Horrid! Come on. Time for your walk!

ROB: *(Clips Mate around ear)* Idiot! He didn't want to see it! *(Looks at it)* Yuck: it looks like *name!* Put it away!

Never mind about the Prince; he'll be back. That track just goes round in a

circle. *(to aud)* Perfect – ten thousand gold coins for this bit of waste-land!

MATE: *says something about a palace falling down*

ROB: What if the palace *does* fall down. You think I care? I'll be long gone! Plenty of dozy princes like that one; half a dozen in England alone!

OPTIONAL: song about money They EXIT right.

Enter RED RIDING HOOD and LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: stage left

RED RIDING HOOD: *(to aud)* Hello again. Alright?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(to aud)* We've got this basket of food for Granny but she's wandered off again; have you seen her at all? No?

Enter 3 PIGS and GRANNY Stage Right.

RED RIDING HOOD: Ah – there you are!

GAMMO: Indeed we are!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: We've got some supplies for you!

GRANNY: Very thoughtful, love.

SPAMMO: Lovely. We're starving!

HAMMO: Yum!

GAMMO: Food! We have been forced to live off what nature provides.

SPAMMO: Berries and stuff.

GAMMO: Like in those 'survival-in-the-wild' TV programs – Ray Meers, Bear Bum...

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Bare bum?!

RED RIDING HOOD: Bear Grylls. Grylls!

GRANNY: No – no grills out in the wilderness; no ovens or barbecues of any sort! All you have to cook with is just ... a handful of dry twigs. *(mimes rubbing sticks together)*

SPAMMO: No house! Just ... a handful of dry twigs to shelter under. *(mimes)*

GAMMO: No furniture! Just ... a handful of dry twigs to sit on. *(mimes)*

HAMMO: *(sees it's his turn and thinks. Suddenly-)* No toilet paper! Just a handful of dry twigs to w..... er... well, maybe some toilet paper.

RED RIDING HOOD: Grand Designs! Seen that? You can build a shelter from things you find: rocks, mud, straw bales, and ...

GRANNY: Indeed! Build your own! Remember – *(she strikes a noble pose)* 'Rome wasn't built – ah - on the cart before the horse'!

GAMMO: Wise words, Granny. Must remember that one: *(noble pose)* 'Aromas should be blamed on a fart from a horse.' *They all look at him.*

HAMMO: She's right! We will be pig-survivors! I'll make a house of... I know! That field back there was full of left-over straw – I'll make a house out of that!

RED RIDING HOOD: That's the attitude! What about you, Spammo?

SPAMMO: Ah... yes! I shall make a house of – worms!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Worms?

SPAMMO: Yep. Worms. Bigguns. (*Shows size with hands*)

RED RIDING HOOD: Don't you think that worms might just - wriggle away?

SPAMMO: Ha! But I will use specially *trained* worms!

RED RIDING HOOD: OK. But - what if birds *eat* the worms?

GRANNY: You can be so *negative* at times, dear.

SPAMMO: No; she's right... I know! I shall use twigs! Big, solid twigs.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: That's a *much* better idea!

RED RIDING HOOD: But - how will you join the twigs together?

SPAMMO: I shall *tie* them together! With worms! (*Acts out the tying*)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Brilliant!

GRANNY: Sorted! Gammo? Your house?

GAMMO: Quite traditional me. Happen to know where there's a pile of bricks been thrown away, so...

RED RIDING HOOD: *That* sounds sensible; but straw, twigs, worms?! They sound rather 'flimsy' to me! I suggest you choose more appropriate materials? And maybe ...

GRANNY: Nonsense; positive attitude! Just start building! Remember: 'Never put off tomorrow - until the fat lady sings'!

(*Marches them off*)

GAMMO: (*as he exits*) Wise words, Granny; wise words. Must remember that one: 'Never pull off tomatoes until ... when was it?' (*Runs off confused*)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh no! They've forgotten the basket! (*Runs off*)
Granny!

RED RIDING HOOD: Granny is so thoughtful, wanting to help those silly pigs build their own houses. *Sighs*. Sometimes I think it would be nice to have a little place of my own.

SONG: Such as: WOULDN'T IT BE LOVELY (My Fair Lady).

Prince enters

PRINCE: Hello? Are you lost?

RED RIDING HOOD: Lost? No – I know exactly where I am. Do you?

PRINCE: Ah – no; not really. I was with some people, but I'm not sure...

RED RIDING HOOD: Well – *(she looks at his shoes)*. Bit muddy here. Your shoes ... well not very 'sensible' for walking in the forest, really?

PRINCE: Ah – right. *(smiles & looks at feet)* No. Suppose not. More for wandering around palaces, really. *(to aud)* Nanny will go mental!

RED RIDING HOOD: Sorry?

PRINCE: Ah.... nothing

RED RIDING HOOD: *(awkward pause)* So; I guess you're The Prince?

PRINCE: Yes. Good guess! And you're called...?

RED RIDING HOOD: My name? Well, I'm usually called 'Red Riding Hood'.

PRINCE: Red Riding Hood? Well, I can see you're wearing one, but, do you have a *real* name?

RED RIDING HOOD: Yes, thank you. Do you?

PRINCE: Er – yes, of course. I'm The...

RED RIDING HOOD: I know you're 'The Prince'. But that's not a REAL name either.

PRINCE: I suppose not. *(smiles again)* You are very 'practical' aren't you. So... *your* real name first...

RED RIDING HOOD: Charlotte Emily Louise. But my friends call me Lottie.

PRINCE: Charmed *(bows)*. And my name is Maximillian Alphonse Ludovico Horatio, the Tenth. *(sees her raised eyebrows)* Max.

RED RIDING HOOD: Pleased to meet you, Max.

PRINCE: And I am very pleased to meet you, Lottie. *(bows)* Actually we might be neighbours soon. I'm here to plan a new building! A palace!

RED RIDING HOOD: Really? Lovely. Well, don't use worms

PRINCE: Worms? Er – any special reason why not?

RED RIDING HOOD: Birds, of course! Eat them!

PRINCE: Gosh! You seem to know a lot about building. *(thoughtful)* Is your father a builder?

RED RIDING HOOD: Not all. He climbs beanstalks for a living. *(pause for this to sink in)* Hel just worked it out for myself.

PRINCE: Do you often work things out for yourself?

RED RIDING HOOD: Of course. Don't you?

PRINCE: Er no; I have people to do that sort of thing for me. Perhaps you could help me – you know - with ideas for the new palace?

RED RIDING HOOD: Help you? Palace? Well...

SONG: duet: such as duet from Frozen

They both get closer. Nanny enters L.

NANNY: Ah! There you are, you young scamp? *(She separates them and wipes his face and hands with a tissue.)* Don't touch the peasants, dear. You've no idea where they've been. *(smiles nicely at RRH)* Now: nearly time for your nap! Off we go! *(start to exit)* I'm sure she's a lovely girl, but I suspect she's just after your crown jewels. **BOTH EXIT R.**

RED RIDING HOOD: OK. Not sure what happened then. I need time to absorb this. *(Exits R)*

WOLF: *(Enters down steps)* Thank goodness they've gone. Now – let's notch the quality up. First I would like to sing you a...

ROB ENTERS L

ROB: Ah! There you are. Been looking all over.

WOLF: Yes – here I am. And getting hungry! Do you have anything...?

ROB: I might have something here...

WOLF: *(To aud)* Some lovely, juicy, pork chops would be... What's this?

ROB: Closest I could get.

WOLF: Smokey bacon crisps?!

ROB: Like it or lump it. Anyway: I have another job for you.

WOLF: *(shovelling crisps in)* Go on.

ROB: The Prince wants to build himself a new palace, and I have the perfect site for it – HERE. Now, 'coincidentally', I happen to own it but I am prepared to sell it: for ten thousand gold coins! But - there's one, small problem...

WOLF: *(shovelling crisps in)* Mmm?

ROB: There's an old cottage on the site already. *(Indicates)* Over that way. Dingly Dell. Owned by an old Grandmother with an awful family.

WOLF: *(checking empty bag for crumbs)* So? Kick her out!

ROB: You know the law: I can't just throw people off! At least, not while *(looks around furtively, speaks meaningfully)* not while the owner is still ... alive.

WOLF: So... ?

ROB: So... she has to go.

WOLF: And you want me to...?

ROB: To do *whatever it takes* to get rid of her.

WOLF: Like – ask her to leave?

ROB: Ah. Tried that.

WOLF: Pay her to move?

ROB: Tried that too. The old boot won't go.

WOLF: (*inspired idea*) What if someone should - *accidentally* - tip her into a big cooking pot and make her into a delicious stew with red wine - and herbs - and little baby onions! And... then – by *mistake* of course – accidentally ... eat her!

ROB: How terrible! Ha! Whatever it takes! (*Gives him bag of gold coins*) And more when the job is done. Just get it sorted! (*Exits*)

WOLF: Splendid. (*Checks coins*) Now: for a feast! Ha ha!!!! (*Call that booing?! Evil exit*)

SCENE 3: CLEARING IN THE FOREST

THE HUFF AND PUFF SCENE

Houses slide onstage: straw, twigs and bricks. They are very badly built.

The straw & twig houses need not be more than cut-outs, one on either side to be pulled off-stage later, but the central brick house needs a door that works.

SONG: Pigs & Granny plus the Riding Hoods & Junior Chorus: such as OUR HOUSE.

ALL EXIT except Granny and pigs.

HAMMO: There – finished!

RED RIDING HOOD: They don't look very – er – solid. Shouldn't you have used – I don't know – concrete and nails and stuff?

GRANNY: Nonsense! (*Taps one and it wobbles*) Why waste money? Remember: 'Take care! A penny earned is thicker than water'!

GAMMO: Wise words, Granny. Take care when you spend a penny if it might be more than water! (*Exits into his house*)

HAMMO: Better get the furniture now.

(The pigs exit)

RED RIDING HOOD: (*secretly*) Granny! Psst! PSST (*To one side*)

GRANNY: No I'm not! Eh? What is it? You can tell your Granny.

No – hang on – let me guess: you met a really handsome chap in the woods and you have both fallen madly in love with each other BUT he is a fabulously rich Prince and you're a just a poor girl from a poor family:

"Scaramouche, Scaramouche will you do the fandango'

RED RIDING HOOD: *(pause)* NO.

GRANNY: What do you mean 'No'?

RED RIDING HOOD: Sorry? *(laughs)* I meant 'Yes'! Silly me!

GRANNY: Good grief.

RED RIDING HOOD: So: in love with a prince. What can I do, Granny?

GRANNY: I shouldn't worry, dear – after all, this is only a panto. Just wait and see.

(Quoting with deadpan expression:) "I'm sure the writer will think of something".

RED RIDING HOOD: "Yes, he's a very clever fellow".

GRANNY: *(To wings)* So, what's he written next for us?

PERSON: *(stagehand looks at script)* It says: 'They exit to have cup of tea'.

GRANNY: G and T! Perfect! Come on! *(They exit LEFT together)*

ROB Enters RIGHT with Mate, Prince & Nanny

ROB: So that's agreed then.

PRINCE: I think it's a lovely spot: lovely views of the forest.

NANNY: Squirrels.

ROB: Sorry?

NANNY: Squirrels. He's afraid of squirrels.

PRINCE: No I'm not! Apparently one jumped in my pram and I cried!

ROB: Recently?

PRINCE: No! It doesn't mean I'm still afraid now!

NANNY: We shall see. We shall see. Don't blame me if you open the window of your shiny new palace and there, on the lawn, is a huge squirrel with blood dripping from its fangs and - in its claws - a dead badger.

MATE: *sounds of agreement and fear*

PRINCE: Shall we just sign it?

Rob eagerly gives contract and quill. Mate sneezes.

NANNY: What was that noise?!

ROB: I think it was a squirrel!

Nanny panics and runs off, dragging Prince.

PRINCE: Sign it later! *(Exits)*

ROB: So: soon I shall have ten thousand gold coins. As soon as that old woman is gone and her cottage is pulled down and... *(looks around and sees new houses)* What?! WHAT?! Where did these come from?!

MATE: *Explains what straw and twigs are, briefly.*

ROB: Yes, you idiot, I know what straw and twigs are! *(Hits)* But who built them?!

GAMMO: *(Enters LEFT)* Hello! Oh: I know you from somewhere, don't I?

ROB: Er – ah – maybe. Perhaps you've seen us on the telly!

GAMMO: Telly? Are you *someone on TV yet very unlikely or very unpopular?*

MATE: *abusive tirade against that person with odd recognizable words slotted in.*

ROB: No – no – we're ah ... we're filming these houses - for a TV program!

GAMMO: What program?

ROB: It's – er – 'Grand Escape Homes Designed Under the Sun'!

GAMMO: Oh? *(Suddenly gets suspicious)* So where's the camera?

ROB: Er... it's up there. *(Points out into back of audience)*

GAMMO: Ooh. *(Turns and stands grinning moronically toward 'camera')*

MATE: *mutters something then does the same, by his side.*

ROB: *(to aud.)* I have to destroy these houses, or those gold coins are gone!

Gone! (He touches huts) Pathetic structures! (To aud) Look! These two are only made of straw and twigs: you could almost blow them down! Ah-ha! I know! Matches!! Tee hee! (searches pockets & finds a box)

SPAMMO: *(Enters)* Hello! Who's this then?

GAMMO: Ohh! They're from Grand Escape Homes Designed Under the Sun! Here to film our houses! The camera is up there. *(Both stand grinning with Mate)*

ROB: These matches are useless, have you got...? Here, stop that, you twerp!
(Clips mate round ear) Have you got any matches?

Mate finds a box and passes it to Rob, who takes it, giggling, & tries burning houses again. The others watch him with apparent lack of understanding/concern.

HAMMO: *(Enters)* Ooh, hello! Here: haven't we met that bloke with the matches before?

GAMMO: He's off the telly?

HAMMO: The telly?

GAMMO: Yeah! Grand Escape Homes Designed Under the Sun!

HAMMO: No!

GAMMO: Yo! The camera ... is ... *(points)* *(They turn and stand still, grinning moronically toward 'camera'; Mate & Spammo join them in a line)*

ROB: These aren't even matches – they're stale Twiglets! *(or similar stick-like*

sweet or nibble) How long have you been carrying these around?!

MATE: *mutter*

ROB: Since your fifth birthday?! (*Disbelief; Clips around ear*) Are you mental?!

MATE: (*produces certificate proudly*) Yes!

ROB: Grr. I know! I'll rub these two sticks together. (*Breaks off house and rubs*)

GRANNY: (*Enters*) I bought you some cushions for your new homes; no – don't go all shy; as I always say: 'It is better to give than to arrive'! Here you go. (*Looks around*) Don't I know these two from somewhere?

GAMMO: Off the telly! Here to film us for Grand Escape Homes Designed Under the Sun!

GRANNY: Get away! (*Preens*) So, where's the – you know... (*many hands point (all except Rob, one by one, turn and stand still, grinning moronically toward 'camera', ignoring the frantic stick rubbing and muttering from Rob)*)

ROB: These sticks are damp. I need some kindling. (*Looks at them all*) What's the matter with these people? Here! Does any of you have any scraps of paper, for starting a fire?

They all look in pockets etc.

GRANNY: Here's a receipt from *local shop* for gin (*Huge long list*)

GAMMO: I've got a newspaper clipping: *something silly, topical or old-fashioned.*

SPAMMO: I've just got my birth certificate, passport and baby photos!

ROB: They'll do. (*Takes them*) How about you?

HAMMO: Nothing. Though according to the labels these *local shop* clothes are highly flammable!

ROB: OK. (*Rips significant clothes off Hammo*) Thank you. (*Starts to build fire by straw hut, watched by others*)

GAMMO: (*Getting suspicious*) Have any of you seen this TV program before?

HAMMO: Oh yes; this is what they do every week. *They still just watch.*

BIG RED RIDING HOOD: (*Enters*) Hello.

All shush her.

GRANNY: On the telly. (*Nods at 'camera'*) Grand Escape Homes Designed Under the Sun! (*all except Rob, turn and stand still, grinning toward 'camera'*)

WOLF: (*Enters*) It's no good – I've looked everywhere but I can't find Granny's cottage. What on earth...

GRANNY: Shh! Telly!

(Wolf joins the line of posing idiots)

ROB: Nothing is going to light. I give up. I ... ooh; what's happening? *(Joins the line)*

MOTHER: *(Enters with clipboard)* Ah! So – this is where you're all hiding! I knew you wouldn't have gone far from..... what *are* you all doing?

ALL: Shhh! We're on the TV!

MOTHER: No. No you're not. That's Bob the Builder and his mate. Come on! Things to do! *(She exits with LRRH)*

ROB: Rob! Rob the Builder! Oops!

PIGS & GRANNY: Ah! What a con! Etc....

They all EXIT L & R except Rob & Wolf and Mate.

WOLF: Listen – I can't find that Granny's cottage anywhere.

ROB: Ha! There are *four* buildings to get rid of now!

WOLF: What? Four?! *(Holds up 3 fingers)*

ROB: Grah! Four! *(Mate shows 6 fingers)* These three and Granny's cottage!

WOLF: These? These?! They're made of – junk! You just need to blow hard!

ROB: Then do it! I don't care if you blow them DOWN or blow them UP! Just get rid of them! Come on! *(Drags Mate off RIGHT – still grinning at camera.)*

The 3 pigs reappear LEFT. Wolf sees pigs coming and exits RIGHT.

Pigs do intro into brief song:

SPAMMO: I hope that wolf isn't around anymore!

HAMMO: Hah! Are we afraid! No!

PIGS: SONG: 'Whose afraid of the big bad wolf?' *(Chorus: only!)*

Wolf appears and joins in. One by one HAMMO & SPAMMO notice the wolf and dive into their houses until it is just Gammo & Wolf dancing. Gammo finally realizes.

WOLF: Well: *that* little piggy went to market, and *that* little piggy stayed at home – is this little piggy going to go 'wee wee wee' all the way home? *(Evil smile.)*

GAMMO: Er: I think I've started already, actually. *(Shakes leg)* Oh dear! *(into house.)*

WOLF: So – little piggies. Where to start? Hmm. The house of straw I think; just to warm up. Hellooo? Anybody home in there?

HAMMO: *(through small window)* No! Go away!

WOLF: Let me in, little pig, let me in; or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your

house in!

HAMMO: *(in window)* Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin! I won't let you in!

WOLF: 'Not by the hair of your chinny-chin-chin'? I'm here to eat you! Not shave your 'chinny-chin-chin'! What on earth are you talking about?

HAMMO: *(opening window)* I don't know; it's traditional. Now clear off!

WOLF: *(To aud)* Now I'm getting cross. I'm going to huff – and puff – and BLOW this house in. *(So he does)*

The house 'blows' offstage exposing Hammo who shrieks and runs into Spammo's twig house. The WOLF goes to Spammo's twig house.

WOLF: This seems to be held together by – yuck! – worms! Never mind. OK: Let me in, little pig, let me in; or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!

SPAMMO: *(out window)* Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin! I won't let you in!

WOLF: 'Not by the hair of your chinny-chin-chin'? What is it with you pigs and your 'chinny-chin-chins'?!

SPAMMO: *(out window)* It's what pigs say to drive off the big bad wolf!

WOLF: Well it doesn't work! I am now going to huff and puff and blow your house in! *(He does)* *The house goes exposing Hammo and Spammo who shriek and run into Gammo's brick house.*

WOLF: Hahaha! Too easy; one more to blow in, then off to sort out Granny! Right! Let me in, little pig, let me in; or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!

GAMMO: *(Opens door and looks out)* Bog off *(or similar)*!

WOLF: *(Stunned shock)* What?! 'Bog off?!' Hang on; that's not right. You're supposed to say: "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!"?!

GAMMO: What?

WOLF: "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin!"

GAMMO: I have no idea what you're talking about. I don't HAVE a hair on my – what was it? – "chinny-chinny-chinny"?!

WOLF: 'Chinny-chin-chin'!

GAMMO: Whatever. Bog off! *(Slams door)*

WOLF: I have never been so Right here goes. I will huff ... and puff And huff ... and - phew – puff ... and huff ... hang on. *Gasps.* Need to rethink this plan. *(Thinks.)* Aha! If I can't blow it down... *(Runs into wings and returns with bomb: black ball with indoor sparkler in it)* ...I'll blow it up! Oy – let me

in!

PIGS: No!

WOLF: Let me in NOW!

PIGS: Oh – alright then!

The pigs run out of the door. The wolf then runs inside, laughing triumphantly. Gammo pulls door shut. The pigs retreat across the stage and watch as the laughing from inside changes from manic to unsure.

WOLF: “Oh no! Little pigs! Let me out! Let me out!”

PIGS: Not by the hair on your bummy-bum-bum!

Explosion. House lights brightly from inside; sound fx; smoke.

Door slowly opens and smoke billows out. Wolf staggers out with torn, black, smoking clothes and hat.

GAMMO: Quick – off to Granny’s house! *(The pigs exit)*

WOLF: Granny’s house! Yes! All I have to do is follow them! Ha ha! Then ALL the houses will be destroyed. And very soon I shall be enjoying Granny casserole for my dinner. Yum-yum! HAHAHA! *EXITS L*

BIG RED RIDING HOOD enters R carrying cushions.

BIG RED RIDING HOOD: I’ve got some more cushions for the pigs so that – OH! What happened here? *Business with kids in audience.*

That’s terrible I must get help! I know – the Prince. Look – it’ll take a while to get there and I am NOT going there like this! I know – why don’t you all have a break – and I’ll meet you at the palace in – oh about twenty minutes? Great! See you later!

INTERVAL

ACT II: SCENE 4: IN THE FOREST – tree profiles / cloth

TAKING THE BASKET TO GRANNY SCENE

Optional Jr CHORUS NUMBER dance. (Fairies? Elves? Mice?) Chorus EXIT

MOTHER and LRRH enter.

MOTHER: Right – this is where the path splits in two. Now: I’ve still got a birthday party to organize *(Checks clipboard)* – though I must say I can’t remember which one of you it’s for. *(LRRH tries to indicate that it is her, but is not noticed)* I’ll be glad when your father gets back down from that beanstalk. So: *you’ll* have to take this basket of food to Granny’s house.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: OK.

MOTHER: And be sure to stick to *this* path *(indicates)* It’s the quickest and

safest.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Right. (*Is not looking – instead is peering into basket*)

MOTHER: And – if there IS a wolf about – not that I'm saying there is – then he'll be hiding in the *dark* parts of the forest, so avoid them. Have you got all that?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Yes! Yes! Yes; of course. I'll be perfectly fine.

MOTHER: Off you go then. Oh: first ... sign here to confirm I warned you about the wolf. And the date. OK. Remember what I said! The safe path! (*Exits*)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: (*to aud*) Hello again! Enjoy the interval? OK: so - I've got *another* basket of goodies to take to Granny. And I'm going to go through the forest this way (*points wrong way*) so I can pick some wild flowers for her. She'll like that!

But – this way is a bit dark and gloomy. Do you think it'll be safe? What do you think?

This way, or that way? Well – there are no wild flowers that way. Look: if I go this way I won't be afraid, not with you all here.

BUT! If you see a wolf will you shout and warn me? You will; thanks.

I've got loads here in my basket; I've got ... bread, cheese, gin, butter, more gin, tonic, lemon, gin, ...

As she discusses the contents the wolf appears, fleeing offstage when shouted at. Each time LRRH stops, looks around, sees nothing, continues. This happens 3 times then LRRH sees him

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Ha! So – Mr Wolf. Trying to creep up on me! (*To aud*) Thank you for the shouting! (*Approaches and slaps his hand*) You are a wild and wicked wolf!

WOLF: Meerkat? *Squeek*.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Get real. (*Taps foot & folds arms*) What is it you're up to, you mangy, malevolent mammal?

WOLF: Me? Nothing at all! What is it *you're* up to!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Me? I am taking this basket of food to my granny. And NO (*pokes again*) you can't have ANY of it! Now I'm going and YOU cannot even think about following me, you loathsome lupine!

WOLF: (*sarcastic*) Oooh!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: (*To aud*) And if he tries to follow me – will you all shout and warn me? Yes? Thanks then; see you later! (*Exits*)

Wolf tries to follow, hopefully shouting, then...

WOLF: Alright! Enough with the shouting! I don't need to follow that little brat!
This trail only goes to one place – and it's not the quickest way. If I go this
(*points*) way, I'll get there long before that – that 'scarlet squirt'! See –
she's not the only one who can do alliteration! Ha-ha! (*Exits laughing*)

ACT II: SCENE 5: GRANNY'S COTTAGE

GRANNY AND THE WOLF SCENE Full stage

Interior of Granny's cottage. There is now a short bed with its head against the rear wall and blankets that reach the floor (secured in place). At its foot is a large, top-opening linen chest (with no back so that cast can crawl out of it, under the bed and off stage) The bottom of the chest is well-padded! The front stable-door and a cupboard as before. There is a large broom.

ALTERNATIVE: INSTEAD OF THE LINEN CHEST HAVE A SECOND CUPBOARD

**An activity is taking place such aerobics with chorus, led by berserk Granny.
Chorus exits.**

GRANNY: Same time next week! *Granny is wearing glasses, a shawl and a 'mop cap'. Still humming / singing to herself she folds up 'things' and puts them in the linen chest, to show how the lid works. Suddenly Gammo bursts in.*
NB: a second cupboard can be used instead. E mail for help!

GRANNY: Oh my!

GAMMO: Granny Hubbard!

GRANNY: What on earth is it, Gammo?

GAMMO: It's the wolf!

GRANNY: No! Where?! (*Looks outside, either door or window*)

GAMMO: He just blew down Spammo and Hammo's houses then blew mine *up!*

GRANNY: My word! Are the others safe?

GAMMO: I think so! They ran off. I came here to warn you!

GRANNY: Right! What to do? Think-think-think... Ah-ha! A wolf trap!

GAMMO: A trap?

GRANNY: A trap!

GAMMO: A trap! How?

GRANNY: Ahhhh.... Breadcrumbs! A trail of breadcrumbs to this cupboard, then
we push him in, with this broom! Trapped! (*Sits on chest triumphantly*)

GAMMO: Brilliant! Er ... do wolves eat breadcrumbs?

GRANNY: Ah. See your point. *(Thinks. To aud)* 'The best laid plans of mice from little acorns grow'!

What we need is some proper bait! *(Looks about)* So – what DO wolves eat? *(Slowly turns to look at unsuspecting Gammo)*

GAMMO: *(Eventually understands)* What? Me?! No way! *(Heads for door)*

GRANNY: *(intercepting him)* You'll be fine. Look: you get in the bed. That's it. *(She opens cupboard door ready for the wolf)* I'll hide behind the curtain with the broom. *(Acts)* 'wolf-wolf-wolf-broom-broom-push-slam'. Sorted.

Now: safety goggles! *(Puts on old style flying goggles or similar)* What can go wrong? *(feels her way around blindly)* Come on – remember: 'Faint heart never one way to skin a cat'! Shhh! I can hear him coming!

She hides with broom. Gammo hides under blanket: ears & hat still visible.

SPAMMO: *(Enters quickly and sees Gammo)* Gammo!

With a battle-cry Granny charges with the broom, pushing Spammo into cupboard.

GRANNY: Got him!

GAMMO: *(Reappears)* Are you sure?

SPAMMO: *(echoing)* Help! Help! Let me out!

GRANNY: Listen! Hear that wolf wail!

GAMMO: That's not the wolf! That's Spammo!

GRANNY: Are you sure?

Nervously she opens door. Spammo pops out angrily. They jump back in alarm.

SPAMMO: You silly old woman; pushing me in there and... *(knocking at the door)*

GRANNY & GAMMO: The wolf!

Granny pushes confused Spammo into the linen chest and waits as before.

HAMMO: *(Enters quickly and sees Gammo)* Gammo!

Granny charges, pushing Hammo into cupboard, slams shut.

GRANNY: Got him!

GAMMO: Where is he? *(Granny indicates)* In there?!

GRANNY: Look!

Gammo jumps out of bed and Spammo leaves linen box and together they nervously open the door. Hammo pops out angrily, making them shriek again!

HAMMO: What did you do that for?!

GRANNY: We thought you were ... *(loud knocking at the door)*

ALL: Aaargh!

WOLF: *(Offstage; slimy voice)* Hello – anybody at home?

ALL: The wolf!

GRANNY: Quick – hide in there!

She rushes Hammo and Spammo into the linen chest. Gammo has had enough.

GAMMO: I've had enough. Not doing that again! *(Gammo gets into chest with others but lifts two safety blocks to keep lid partly open)*

The door starts to open a crack.

GRANNY: You have to be in the bed! *(Tries to get him out of the box)*

WOLF: *(Voice)* Hello? Hello? Anyone at home?

GRANNY: Too late!

Granny closes the lid but Gammo's arm is still hanging out (arm-sized cut-out to avoid injury!) Granny goes to tuck the arm in but the door opens too soon and she is forced to sit on the box. The arm is now hanging between her legs.

WOLF: *(Enters)* Ah; so you are at home, Granny Hubbard. *(Looks around suspiciously)* I am very pleased to meet you again.

Wolf walks across with hand held out for shaking. Gammo's arm comes up from beneath Granny's skirt. Wolf shakes it as if normal.

WOLF: How do you do. What a very nice cottage you have here.

Wolf walks away as he talks, then suddenly realizes what happened and spins back but by now Granny has jumped up, pushed the arm back in and returned to lie provocatively on the box. (Pigs now escapes unseen from back of box and off under the bed to get into cupboard.)

WOLF: Yes – a very nice cottage. A shame it's built in the wrong place.

GRANNY: Built in the wrong place? What do you mean?

WOLF: Very simple, my dear woman, this land is owned by Rob the Builder – and he plans to build the new palace for the Prince here. But, sadly, your cottage is in the way – and will have to go. *(He goes facing away from cupboard and examines wall.)* Shouldn't take much to knock it down: just like those horrid little sheds those pigs built.

The pigs make offstage shouts of angry protest and try to come out of cupboard.

GRANNY: What? How did you get in ... never mind! Get back in!

Granny pushes them back in the cupboard. Wolf hears but turns late.

WOLF: What's going on in here? Are you trying to make a fool of me?

GRANNY: Not at all! You're doing a very good job of that yourself.

WOLF: Thank you; how kind. But this seems suspicious. (*Business as he circles and Granny tries to hide the cupboard from him*) Stand aside – what is in there?

GRANNY: Nothing. Nothing at all! Ooer.

Wolf pushes her aside, flings open cupboard door. He sticks his head in and looks. She gets broom and is about to push him in when he turns: she strokes him with broom: he likes that. He turns and she brushes under his tail, in disgust. He likes that too. He looks in cupboard and shuts door.

WOLF: Hmm. Empty.

GRANNY:?!

Pushes him aside and leans in. She then looks at audience in amazement then starts to secretly searching, including under the wolf or his cloak. Wolf starts to prowl around, looking in the bed etc. Finally, Granny opens the linen box and a pig pops up but Wolf is looking around. He is suspicious and hurries to look in the box. Empty. A pig appears in cupboard as door swings open. Gran rushes across, slams the cupboard door and stands against it.

WOLF: This is most peculiar. (*He sees her hiding the cupboard*) Stand aside! *He pushes her aside, dramatically opens door to show empty wardrobe. Granny is shocked. Wolf steps inside the cupboard to search and Granny slams door on him, wedging it with the broom under the handle.*

GRANNY: Psst. (*Stage whisper as she looks around for the pigs*) Where are you?! (*She looks in most unlikely places, including under blankets, in coat pockets, in jugs. Finally, she checks the linen chest again and the pigs pop up, making her shriek*) Get out of there. Quick now! (*they get out*) *Gammo is carrying a large chamber-pot (potty)*

GAMMO: Where's the wolf?

GRANNY: In there. (*Sees potty*) Oh – thank goodness you found that! I'm desperate! (*She goes across to potty and gets bottle of gin out; sips: looks at it*) Oh: must have taken the wrong one to the doctors. (*Finishes it anyway*)

HAMMO: What will you do with him?

GRANNY: No idea. OK! I need you three to run to the palace and get help.

SPAMMO: Why don't you come with us?

GRANNY: Me run? Ha! 'You can't teach an old dog to suck eggs'.

GAMMO: Well... *(uncertain)*

GRANNY: Run along. I'll be fine! *(They exit and run off.)*

Granny goes and listens at the cupboard door but hears nothing. She checks the broom securing the door then adds a wooden chair. While she is doing this, behind her back, the lid of the chest slowly opens and the wolf appears. He climbs slowly out, gesturing to the audience to be quiet. He creeps to stand beside Granny.

GRANNY: *(she glances at the wolf but is confused)* Here; you help. *(She grabs him so he is helping her lean against the door)* That should do it. *(She walks away then suddenly realizes her mistake)* Oops!

WOLF: Haha! Now – what to do with a tough old bird like you? If I had a big slow-cooker perhaps...

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(Offstage)* Granny! Granny!

GRANNY: Little Red Riding Hood!

WOLF: Ha! A much tastier snack! *(Grabs Granny and bustles her into cupboard)*

You – Granny – will have to wait! In here you go!

He pushes her in, slams the door, and then uses the broom to block the door. Quickly he finds spare glasses, shawl and mop-cap, pulls window curtains (dim lights) and climbs into the bed, pulling blankets up under his chin. He giggles and signals the audience to be quiet.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(Offstage)* Granny! Granny! Are you home?

WOLF: *(Granny voice)* Why yes, my dear. Just open the door and come on in! *The door starts to open and Little Red Riding Hood is seen standing there.*

BLACKOUT

SCENE 6: AT THE PALACE Throne and guards with flags.

PAGE: *(Enters with RRH)* In here, Madame. The Prince will be with you shortly.

RED RIDING HOOD: Wow. Super. Thank you. *(Page bows and exits)* This is jolly posh here. It must be a bit like NAME'S house.

Page returns and bows, followed by the Prince.

PAGE: His Royal Highness, Prince Maximillian of Tintinabula. *(Stays on stage)*

PRINCE: Ah ha! Lottie, I was hoping it would be you.

RED RIDING HOOD: *(Curtseys)* I wasn't sure you would remember me.

PRINCE: Oh yes – I certainly remember you. Would you like tea? Coffee?
(Gestures to Page who steps forward) Perhaps we could sing another duet?

RED RIDING HOOD: Oh no; no thank you. Perhaps later? No – I came here for help!

PRINCE: Help? Why – of course. Help with what?

RED RIDING HOOD: Well, it seems a bit petty really, but we're having some trouble with a wolf.

PRINCE: At your house?

RED RIDING HOOD: No. My friends, the Three Pigs, have built houses – on that land where I met you? *(He nods)* But for some reason a great, hairy wolf has been and destroyed their houses and now he's off to my Granny's house to destroy that!

PRINCE: Wolves don't normally do that sort of thing. *(To Page)* Get the Chief of the Guards and his best men; assemble them in the courtyard.
(PAGE bows and exits)

RED RIDING HOOD: Wow. That's really kind of you, I mean...

PRINCE: It's the least I can do, and when that's done perhaps...

PAGE: *(Enters in a rush; quick bow)*

PRINCE: What is it?

PAGE: There are three – er – 'pigs' outside, your Highness. They seem very 'agitated' and want to 'speak' to you.

PRINCE: Will that be your friends?

RED RIDING HOOD: I expect so. Talking pigs aren't really that common.

PRINCE: Send them in. *(Page exits)* I hope it doesn't mean worse trouble!

RED RIDING HOOD: Granny!

PRINCE: Don't panic – we'll sort things out. Here they are.
But NANNY enters.

NANNY: My word: still up at this time of night? Whatever next? Visitors?

PRINCE: Ah...

PIGS enter in panic.

GAMMO: Your royalness! There's a ... Red Riding Hood! You're here!

RED RIDING HOOD: What is it? *(Alarmed)* Is it Granny?!

SPAMMO: Yes! That wolf! He's at her house!

NANNY: A wolf?! Oh my! *(She faints: Hammo catches her and lowers her into sitting position, holding her upright.)*

HAMMO: It's alright – she has him trapped in a cupboard! *(He steps away from Nanny and she rotates to fall back with legs in the air. Hammo is oblivious. Others look at raised bloomer's, point, and Hammo realises and presses feet down to rotate her back sitting upright)*

PRINCE: In a cupboard!

GAMMO: But she needs help to deal with it.

PRINCE: This is the mystery wolf? The one that knocks houses down for no reason?

SPAMMO: Yes! But he does have a reason!

HAMMO: He's doing it for Rob the Builder.

GAMMO: He's got the wolf clearing everybody off the land!

SPAMMO: Rob wants to sell the land for ten thousand gold coins to some dopey Prince! *Awkward moment.*

PRINCE: Now it makes sense! The cad! We must get there fast! Can you ride a horse?

GAMMO: *(raised eyebrows and a sarcastic response)* I'm a pig.

PRINCE: OK – yes, right; then follow us as quick as you can!

NANNY: What? It's freezing out there! Ride – in the dark! I mean...

PRINCE: I'll be fine! You get some nice, hot cocoa *(or similar)* ready for when I get back.

NANNY: Cocoa? Yes – cocoa!

PRINCE: Quick! Granny's cottage! *(to aud)* I hope we'll not be too late!

ALL EXIT except Nanny.

NANNY: Cocoa, cocoa *(she dithers then hurries through the audience muttering)*

SCENE 7: GRANNY'S COTTAGE

THE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE WOLF IN THE COTTAGE SCENE

Knocking on door.

WOLF: Come in my dear. I'm not feeling too well - *cough, cough!* Having a bit of a lie-down.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(Enters)* Oh dear. Well, I've got a lovely basket of goodies for you Granny.

WOLF: How very kind. Bring it a little closer, my dear.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: It's only the usual stuff; gin, cheese, gin, bread, gin. I'll put it over here for you.

As she turns her back to put the goodies down the wolf starts to crawl from the bed toward her. As she starts to turn back he dives back under the blanket. If the audience make a noise LRRH will have to ignore them, though the wolf can pull faces and wave angrily.

WOLF: Come closer so I can see you, my dear.

LRRH moves a tiny bit closer but stops and stands looking at the bed.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: You do seem unwell, Granny. You're not looking yourself!

WOLF: I'm not?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: No. I mean – *(Squints at him)* What big EYES you have, Granny.

WOLF: Tee hee. All the better to SEE you with, my dear.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh. *(Thinks)* And – what big EARS you have, Granny.

WOLF: Tee hee. All the better to HEAR you with, my dear.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh. *(Thinks)* And – what a big NOSE you have, Granny.

WOLF: Tee hee. All the better to SMELL you with, my dear. *(To aud)* Here it comes, folks – *(points to teeth and mouths 'teeth')*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh. *(Thinks)* And – what big EYEBROWS you have, Granny.

WOLF: Tee hee. Eh? What? Eyebrows?! Err... All the better to LOOK SURPRISED with, my dear. *(Looks surprised)* Anything else? *(Shows teeth)* Mmm?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh. *(Thinks)* Yes! What big WHISKERS you have, Granny.

WOLF: Eh? What? Whiskers? Whiskers?! What is she talking about? This isn't in the script! Err... Whiskers ah ... All the better to ... to ...? Look – all Grannies have whiskers; just get over it, eh?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: OK. I'll be off now then.

WOLF: What?! Hang about! Hang-a-bout! Haven't you *forgotten* something?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Forgotten? Don't think so. Cheese, bread, gin. All here. Ta ta!

WOLF: No! Oy! OY!! Teeth! Don't forget Granny's teeth!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh yes! Silly me! *Laughs*. You want me to get your teeth for you, Granny! Are they in this glass? *(Goes to shelf/table)*

WOLF: No! Look! Look at my BIG teeth! Are they not *huge*?! What do you have to

say about THAT, eh? Eh?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh yes; now you mention it they do look a bit different? *(Thinks)* My...

WOLF: Here it comes!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: My, Granny, what big TEETH you have!

WOLF: *(leaping up and throwing off glasses and hat)* Ha! Yes! ALL THE BETTER TO EAT YOU WITH!!

The door bursts open. The Prince!!

PRINCE: Not so fast, Mister Wolf!

Strides in with Red Riding Hood, Page, 3 Pigs and armed soldiers/vigilantes.

WOLF: What?! You cannot be serious! This is my big moment!!

Granny wails and rattles cupboard door.

The pigs rush to let Granny out of the cupboard.

GRANNY: Something wrong with the toilet in there: the flush doesn't work.

PRINCE: That animal ... belongs in a zoo! *(Wolf wails and hides back under blanket)*

GRANNY: *(flustered but composes herself when she sees the Prince)* Ooh. Your majesty. *(Wobbly curtsey)* Er – could I trouble you to just pass me my handbag?

PRINCE: Er – your handbag? Why, certainly... *(It is passed to him)* Here.

GRANNY: Thanks.

She gets more composed then turns and batters the living daylights out of the wolf with her handbag. Wolf flees yelping and howling – Granny does battle cry then pursues Wolf off. Maybe through audience?

MOTHER ENTERS (with Little RRH if no scene between)

MOTHER: I don't understand any of it. So, start again; there was a *wolf* in Granny's bed.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Yes!

MOTHER: And this is really the Prince?! *(He bows)* And you're here because?

PRINCE: I'm here, because I want to ask permission - to marry your daughter.

NANNY: This is so emotional!

MOTHER: Marry my daughter? Certainly. Which one? I seem to have several.

PRINCE: Lottie.

MOTHER: Lottie? Oh. Ah. Which one's that?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Red Riding Hood. (*Mother looks surprised*) No – the old one – I’m LITTLE Red Riding Hood.

RED RIDING HOOD: Me! (*Looks lovingly at Prince*)

MOTHER: Right. Got all that. Wolf. Prince. But why are we all here?

GRANNY: It’s one of your children’s birthday! Remember?

MOTHER: Oh yeah. Which one is it again? (*She checks her clipboard*)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Me!! I am AGE today! Look (*shows large birthday cake*)

Knock at the door.

GAMMO: I’ll get it!

ROB is at the door. Granny hides.

ROB: Ah! They said the Prince was down here! (*Goes straight to Prince, with Mate following*) Been looking all over for you, Highness. Here are the documents for the sale of that land that you signed. A few minor obstacles have been ... ‘removed’. I just need the ten thousand gold coins and the land is yours.

PRINCE: OK. Just ONE little thing...

ROB: Mmm? What’s that then?

PRINCE: What about the house that’s already on the site? A cottage I believe? In fact – this one!?

MATE: *unintelligible words agreeing.*

ROB: Oh that! (*Hits mate then gets smarmy again*) Not a problem. I understand that – tragically – the old woman who lived here has had a terrible accident. So – your majesty; if you’ll just sign HERE.

RED RIDING HOOD: A terrible accident?

ROB: Mmm. Yes.

Granny comes and stands behind him.

GRANNY: Eaten by a wolf.

ROB: Yes. (*Looks around at her and nods*) Eaten by a ... (*double take*) YOU!

GRANNY: Yes – me. So – NOT eaten by a wolf, after all.

PRINCE: And I will NOT be buying any land off YOU. (*Rips up contract & hands back*) As all these good people are very soon to be my in-laws, they will be living in the new palace – which will be built right here! (*Indicates cottage*)

ROB: OK – that’s a plan. But it’ll take years! Where will all these horrible little

brats and stinky pigs live while I knock this cottage down and build the new palace?

MOTHER: They will all be staying with you, at your house! *(Kids swarm around Rob; he wails)*

PRINCE: And! **You** will NOT be building the palace for me! I am promoting your Mate here to be the new Royal Builder.

MATE: Oh – how jolly kind of you! Super!

ROB: What?! What about ME?!

GAMMO: You – are going to be the new ‘builder’s mate’!

MATE: Ah-ha! Revenge! *(Clips Rob around ear who yelps)*

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(Walks up to Rob, smiling)* Happy birthday, Bob the Builder’s Mate.

ROB: It’s ROB! ROB the Builder’s Mate. I am sick and tired of telling you stupid people! ROB!! And it’s NOT my birthday!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: I think you’ll find it is! *(Points over Rob’s shoulder.) Others move back. Rob turns just as Granny splats the birthday cake in his face. Cheering as he is led off.*

GRANNY: Ha! ‘He who laughs last –farts longest!

ALL: Wise words, Granny! Wise words.

ON-STAGE BOWS

SONG: something like extract from ‘FLASH BANG WALLOP WHAT A PICTURE?’

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