

PLEASE REMEMBER as you read the script that we **WILL ALLOW CHANGES**. This includes the title, line changes, and adding or combining characters. You must contact us for permission in advance, however.

This review script DOES NOT INCLUDE THE FINAL SCENE. There also may be minor text changes, and a difference in formatting and pagination. If you feel you cannot make an informed decision about producing without the final scene, please call us at 330-678-3893 or send us an email at: mysteriesbymoushey@gmail.com

There is no production packet or manual for this script.

Accessing this review script does NOT confer permission to produce, however you may print it for others to review and you may use any portion for audition purposes.

WOLF TALES

**LITTLE RED RIDGING HOOD
and
THE THREE LITTLE PIGS
You Decide The Fate Of The Wolf!**

**by
Eileen Moushey**

Original Art Work by John Fagan

Copyright 1989

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that WOLF TALES is subject to a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all the countries covered by the International Copyright Union.

The stock and amateur rights in WOLF TALES are controlled exclusively by the author. No stock or amateur performance of the work may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of Eileen Moushey and paying the requisite fee.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

STAN, THE STORYTELLER - The narrator. Any age. Can be played by a man or woman - in which case she is **STELLA THE STORYTELLER**. Dressed in maintenance worker garb and carrying a squeegee and rag. For his first entrance he also needs a cape and plumed hat. STAN/STELLA is a bit of a smart aleck.

LEO, THE HUNTER - Any age. Very devoted to his wife and actually a “pushover” though he tries to give the appearance of being very macho. Dressed in jerkin, tights, and hat with feather. Carries a hunting rifle (use a toy - realism is not what we’re going for here.)

CAROLINE, LEO'S WIFE - Similar age to LEO. Very maternal, but not exceedingly bright. Would fit in nicely in Mr. Rogers’ neighborhood. Dressed in peasant wear - long skirt, laced blouse, apron & cap.

The Three Little Pigs. These can be any age. They are dressed fifties style - poodle skirts, sweaters, bobby sox, and saddle oxfords. They wear pig ears and snouts over their own hair which can be ponytails, bouffants, etc. The Pig Sisters have very distinct personalities.

DARLA - Oldest Pig Sister. She is alternately protective and bossy with her sisters.

MARGE - The Middle Pig Sister. Marge would fit in nicely with any cheerleading squad and would no doubt prefer to spend her free time at the mall.

TIFFANY - The youngest Pig Sister and most definitely the “baby.”

ROSIE - Little Red Riding Hood. Petite girl or woman. ROSIE has “valley girl” syndrome yet remains oddly naive about things like “wolves.” Wears the junior version of peasant garb, but over it she has “the” cape. This should be as outrageous as possible, with feathers, sequins, ruffles, bows, etc. We even put battery operated twinkle lights on it. When she enters first she is wearing another plain cape over this one, completely hiding it.

BLANCHE, ROSIE'S GRANNY - Played by a woman, any age (with aging make-up.) She’s wearing a frilled cap, apron, and glasses (which will also be used by B.B.) GRANNY is no-nonsense, very independent and in charge. No sweet old lady, she.

B.B. (Big Bad) THE WOLF - Man, any age. Physically imposing in relation to the PIGS, ROSIE, and MAX. Big voice. Wears a loud plaid suit a size too small with furry mitts, ears, and tail. The tail is detachable and you should make multiples - figure one per performance as it is pulled off by an audience member and can be kept as a souvenir. B.B.'s snout is suggested by makeup. Overall, think of the stereotype of a used car salesman.

MAX - B.B.'s loyal "henchwolf", MAX is the perennial sidekick. Dressed similar to the "Boss", only not quite as loud. Should be significantly smaller than B.B. Can be played by a male or female. The action of WOLF TALES takes place at various locations within a deep and dark wood. We accomplished this by using easily moveable trees, bushes, and rocks which could be rearranged during scene changes to represent different parts of the forest. An exterior is needed for Granny's house. The three pigs houses were lightweight wooden frames, on rollers, with coverings attached and windows cut into each. For the stick house we used bamboo shades. For the straw house we used several layered grass skirts, found at costume shops. These were attached at the top only and rigged from behind so that the Pigs operated them. The brick house (of course) does not need to fall so it can be attached to the frame on all sides.

SCENE ONE

Note: Before the show, while the audience is arriving, being seated, etc., Stan is dusting, cleaning, and polishing in the lobby. While not mean, he may be a bit of a curmudgeon. He also will help seat the audience, reminding the children to use the bathroom, and, overall, being very visible.

SETTING: The forest. There is a stump SR. All is in darkness. Preshow music fades. A single spot appears center stage as a voice and fanfare announce the arrival of the Storyteller.

VOICE (ON TAPE): Good afternoon. We are happy to welcome you to our production of Wolf Tales. It is with great pride that we can now introduce our very own master storyteller to begin today's play. *(Fanfare)* Ladies and gentlemen. Children. Please join me now in giving a warm welcome to a man who can weave a bit of magic into every tale he tells. Stanford the Storyteller!! *(The spot wavers. Goes SR. Nothing. Goes SL. The STAGE MANAGER appears, in a headset and shrugs.)* Ahem. That teller of tales, that . . . yeller of yarns. *(Fanfare.)* Stanford the Storyteller! *(The spot moves frantically about. From backstage can be heard actors, technicians etc., yelling for STAN.)* Yessir. *(Loudly)* STANFORD THE STORYTELLER. That guy with a story up every sleeve . . . STANFORD THE STORYTELLER . . . Oh, for Pete's sake, this is ridiculous. Somebody get the old. *(STAN interrupts the "voice," entering down the SL aisle, with a tatty cape thrown hastily over his janitor clothes and a ridiculous plumed hat plunked on his head. He still has his dustrag and window squeegee, which he will give to a child on the aisle to hold for him as he moves to the stage.)*

STAN: I'm here, I'm here, already. Keep your pants on. Do you believe that guy? Like I don't have other things to do around here! *(Points to child in audience.)* Hey, you the kid that got fingerprints on the door? It's got a handle, you know? Did you wipe your feet when you came in? Somebody's got to clean up that mess. *(He ad-libs until he reaches the stage.)* Okay, okay. I'm Stan the Storyteller so *(pause, he looks around)*. . . You expected Mother Goose, maybe? Anyway, kids, sit up, close your mouths and I'll tell you about today's story, got it? Once upon a time . . . you got to start out like that or the union gets after you . . . So once upon a time there was this hunter named Leo and his wife, Caroline. *(They enter down SR aisle, cross front, and go on stage, chatting with children as they do.)*

LEO: Hello, children. I am Leo the Hunter and this is my wife,

Caroline. *(She gives a little wave.)*

CAROLINE: Hello, hello. Oh, Stan, aren't they just the sweetest, darlinest little things?

STAN: Yeah, yeah . . . Hey, you, how 'bout puttin' those feet on the floor . . .

LEO: Caroline and I want to make sure that all you children are not upset that I am a Hunter. We want to make one thing perfectly clear. I do not shoot helpless animals. I don't kill bunnies, or squirrels or raccoons.

CAROLINE: Or kangaroos, or parakeets, or sheep . . .

LEO: Um . . . right . . . none of those things. As a matter of fact, I only hunt one animal . . . the wolf.

CAROLINE: And there's a very good reason why. Do you want to hear it?

STAN: Do we have a choice?

LEO: I wasn't always Leo the Hunter and Caroline wasn't always Caroline the Hunter's Wife. We used to be just simple peasants. I was Leo the Simple Peasant and Caroline was Mrs. Simple Peasant. We didn't have a lot of money which is kind of a requirement for being a Simple Peasant, but we had a nice little cottage and a nice little garden and we had each other. *(He puts his arm around her and looks at her lovingly.)*

CAROLINE: Oh, Leo.

STAN: Do you two mind? So you were simple peasants . . . That isn't hard to picture . . .

LEO: Right! And we were very happy even though we didn't have children. I had the other peasant guys to work with and Caroline had our pet to keep her company. *(CAROLINE starts to sniff.)*

CAROLINE: Lucy. *(She starts to cry.)*

LEO: Ah, gee, honey, don't cry. I can't stand it when she cries. *(She gives a wail.)*

STAN: I'm not too crazy about it myself. So you had this pet dog

named Lucy . . .

CAROLINE: Lucy wasn't a dog. She was a.. a....a.....*(She wails again.)*

LEO: Actually, Stan, she was a chicken.

CAROLINE: But not just an ordinary chicken. She was good and clever . . . she could peck out her age. And she gave us things . . . eggs and feathers. And . . . milk . . .

LEO: Actually, sweetie, that was the cow. Remember . . . chicken-eggs . . . cow-milk . . .

CAROLINE: That's right, I forgot. I always get those two things all mixed up. But anyway, Lucy was my best friend, outside of Leo here, of course. We did everything together. I even used to sew her little dresses that matched my own . . .

LEO: My Caroline is quite a seamstress.

CAROLINE: Oh, you!

STAN: So what happened to the little clucker? *(CAROLINE starts to lose it again and is comforted by LEO.)*

LEO: There, there. It was one year ago today. Caroline and I were invited to a peasant party and since poultry wasn't invited, we had to leave Lucy at home.

CAROLINE: If only we'd taken her . . . I should have brought her anyway even if she wasn't exactly invited.

LEO: How could we have known what would happen? We stayed at the party pretty late, folk dancing and then we walked home in the dark . . .

CAROLINE: And we got there just in time to see two wolves. *(This is pronounced as two syllables.)*

LEO: I think it's wolves, darling.

CAROLINE: That's what I said. Wolves. Filthy things. Sitting around-- burping and making disgusting noises . . . and feathers all over the ground and no sign of Lucy.

LEO: It didn't take a genius to figure out what happened . . .

STAN: That's lucky.

CAROLINE: Those dirty beasts had eaten my Lucy.

LEO: Oh, they tried to deny it, of course. Claimed she'd gone off with some rooster.

CAROLINE: As if my poor baby would do something like that! No, they ate her, all right. And nothing was left but this. *(She takes a sunbonnet from her pocket.)* Her favorite hat. She looked so sweet in it. Especially with the little blue checkered sunsuit, remember, Leo . . .

LEO: Of course, dear. Well, my poor Caroline was simply destroyed, that's all, simply destroyed. And I vowed then and there to give up the pleasant peasant life and devote myself full-time toward the eradication of wolves from the earth.

CAROLINE: And we sold the cottage and what little we had so we could buy this gun and now we hunt wolves, full-time.

STAN: How many have you killed?

LEO: Well, um . . . it's kind of hard to keep track . . . but I guess a ball park figure, give or take a few, is right around . . . *(He consults briefly with CAROLINE. They ad-lib a moment "well, there was that one by the old stump. . .no, no, he got away". CAROLINE ends this.)*

CAROLINE: Well, we haven't actually killed any yet. But we've spotted a few and they took off running 'cause they know we mean business . . . And . . . *(suddenly she becomes alert and starts sniffing the air.)*

STAN: I bet all the wolves around here are shaking in their boots . . . What's with her . . .

LEO: Shhh . . . What is it, honey? Do you have the scent? *(To STAN)* She smells a wolf . . . My Caroline can track a wolf better than a hound dog . . . *(To CAROLINE)* Where is it, honey? *(She gets down on all fours and "points" up the SL aisle. To STAN)* We have to go now, while the scent is fresh. Care to come along and watch? After today there'll be one less wolf in these woods . . .

STAN: Oh, why not? Beats doin' windows . . . *(They exit up SL aisle,*

with STAN picking up his cleaning tools on the way out. As they leave, B.B. enters and sits on the stump SR. A single spot hits him as he sits, cross-legged, with an unlit cigar butt in his mouth. B.B., like all the animals in this play, is made to look like a beast more through the use of makeup, rather than costume. He has fur showing on his hands and feet, and has the obligatory pointed ears, but he is also wearing a loud plaid suit that is one size too small.)

B.B.: (Watching them leave.) And they call us dumb animals . . . Hi kiddies. Guess who I am? Yeah, I'm one of them there wolves they were talking about. The name is B.B. as in Big Bad. Only I really ain't. I'm just an ordinary predator with a job to do. Okay, okay, so maybe I was the one who ate the chicken. I'm a wolf, eatin' chicken is like what I do . . . hey, it's not like I robbed a bank or something . . . Besides, I haven't eaten a chicken in months . . . A few sheep, maybe. Would youse guys quit lookin' at me like that . . . (MAX has entered down the SR aisle.)

MAX: Yoo hoo! B.B.!

B.B.: Enter Max, my faithful companion and partner in meal-hunting. Hey, Max, ya wanna keep it down? Leo and Caroline are on the prowl again. (To kids) Not that I'm afraid of them. I ain't scared of no one, am I, Max?

MAX: You, Boss, scared? Not of no one, no how. (To kids) He doesn't know the meaning of the word.

B.B.: So, Max, what are the prospects for dinner this evening?

MAX: (Reaching in his pockets) Well, I found some real juicy-looking berries, and I dug up a few roots here and I ran into some of the other packs and they said there's a yummy-lookin' patch of clover down in the meadow . . .

B.B.: I don't mean for salad, Max . . . I mean like entree. How about a nice chicken or sheep . . .

MAX: Oh, c'mon, Boss. You know we haven't had anything like that in months . . . (as B.B. pokes him) Oh, right, entree, I gotcha . . . Well, as a matter of fact, I did see something that might interest you.

B.B.: So . . . What is it?

MAX: You know the Pig family, that lives down that way? (Points up SR aisle. B.B. nods.) Well, today, as I was gathering er . . . salad .

. . I saw them having this big fight. Seems like Mr. and Mrs. Pig are sick and tired of the girls fighting and leaving their rooms a mess and all, so they've just kicked them out of the house. They just made the three of them pack their bags and set them off down the road.

B.B.: Wait a minute? Do you mean to tell me that while we stand here talking, there are three juicy little piglets on their own out there in the deep dark forest? Sometimes, Max, I wonder if you aren't part collie or something. You bring me roots and berries and all the time there's the smell of bacon in the air! Get movin'. You're a poor excuse for a carnivore, you are. *(They exit SR.)*

SCENE TWO

SETTING: The same part of the forest. The stage is dark as the three Pig Sisters enter down the SR aisle, squealing and snorting. They are definitely pigs, but are wearing dresses that reflect their personalities. They are carrying small train case type suitcases and are arguing as they enter. They squeal, snort, and ad-lib until they reach the stage.

DARLA: It's all your fault, Marge. You just had to play with Mom's makeup. And I can't believe you blamed me after you spilt nail polish all over the Oriental rug in the dining room.

TIFFANY: And if you'd cleaned up the rumpus room like you were s'posed to, . . .

MARGE: Oh, just be quiet, Tiffany. You're such a little tattler. Always running to Mommy when you don't get your own way, you big baby!

TIFFANY: I am not a baby . . .

DARLA: Yes, you are. Baby, baby, baby!!!! Nyah, nyah!!

TIFFANY: How'd you like a punch in the chops, Darla?

DARLA: Yeah? And whose gonna give it to me? You couldn't catch me if my feet were pickled. So there. *(Sticks out tongue. A general slapping hands match ensues, that only ceases when the howl of a wolf is heard.)*

TIFFANY: What's that??

DARLA: I think . . . Oh, dear, I think that might be a . . . wolf.

MARGE: A wolf! But don't wolves . . . you know? Don't they (*hushed voice*) eat piggies?

DARLA: I think so.

TIFFANY: I want my mommy!!!

DARLA: Fine time to think of that now! We'd still be at home if you two hadn't been such messy little pigs. Mom said if we didn't keep our room clean she was going to make us move out.

MARGE: But I didn't think she meant it. Besides, I hate cleaning.

TIFFANY: So do I. When I have my own house, I'm never gonna clean it.

MARGE: They don't call 'em sties for nothin' you know.

DARLA: Well, clean or not, we're going to have to find someplace to live. This forest is probably loaded with animals that prey on piggies like us . . .

TIFFANY: I wanna go home!

MARGE: Well, we can't so quit your sniveling, crybaby.

TIFFANY: I am not a crybaby!

MARGE: Are too.

TIFFANY: Am not.

MARGE: Are too.

TIFFANY: Am not. (*The slapping starts again, and only stops when the wolf's howl is heard again.*)

DARLA: Stop it! We've got to get busy and build a house before that animal gets any closer. I saw some bricks at the bottom of the hill. You two carry them up here and then . . .

MARGE: What's this "you carry bricks up here?" I'm not carrying any heavy old bricks up that big hill. I just did my nails.

TIFFANY: I'm not either. What do we need bricks for, anyway? There's a bunch of sticks right here. Why can't we just make a house out of them?

DARLA: I don't think a house made of sticks and twigs would be structurally sound.

MARGE: Now she's an architect? You want bricks, Darla, you better start hauling. Me and Tiffany are gonna make us a house out of sticks, aren't we, Tiff?

DARLA: Suit yourselves. *(She exits SL)*

TIFFANY: *(She lays down and puts her head on the suitcase)* I guess we told her, bossy old thing.

MARGE: What are you doing?

TIFFANY: I'm gonna take a nap while you build our house.

MARGE: Wrong, baby sister. I'm going to take a nap while you build our house.

TIFFANY: *(Whining.)* But I'm tired. And I don't know how to build a house. And I think you're mean.

MARGE: Look, you want to live in my house, you have to do what I tell you.

TIFFANY: Your house?? It was my idea to use sticks. And if I have to build a house it's going to be just for me and not some dumb old piggy big sister! Make your own house, swill breath. But I've got dibs on all the sticks and twigs around here so you better not touch any of 'em. *(She starts to rapidly gather them up.)*

MARGE: Who wants your old sticks anyway? I'll make my own house out of . . . out of . . . I know! I'll use straw. It's lightweight, but durable. Attractive, yet functional. *(She exits SR)*

DARLA: *(Entering from SL with an armload of bricks which she dumps.)* So where'd your roommate go?

TIFFANY: She's not my roommate anymore. I'm building my own house. All by myself.

DARLA: Sure you don't want to give me a hand?

TIFFANY: I'd rather not, thank you very much. You and Marge are always telling me what a baby I am, so I've decided to be grown-up and build my own house. I'm thinking maybe Dutch Colonial.

MARGE: *(Entering from SR with an armload of straw.)* Look at those ugly bricks. You don't really mean to use them, do you? *(DARLA nods.)* Well, there goes the neighborhood. *(All three sit, exhausted.)*

DARLA: I'm exhausted.

MARGE: Me too. *(The howl is heard again. All three jump up.)*

DARLA: Bricks! *(She exits running, SL)*

MARGE: Straw! *(She exits, running, SR)*

TIFFANY: I HAFTA GO TO THE BATHROOM!

SCENE THREE

SETTING: The same part of the forest, a short while later. The three houses are complete. Marge's house of straw is SR and has one window. Tiffany's house of sticks is SL and has two windows. Darla's house of bricks is SL and has three windows. Darla is still putting the final touches to her house. Marge is doing her nails and Tiffany is playing hopscotch.

MARGE: Aren't you done yet, Darla? Honestly, I could have made an entire straw city in the time it took you to make one lousy brick house.

TIFFANY: Yes, Darla, come on. I want you to play hopscotch with me.

DARLA: Almost done. I just want to finish putting up the mail box.

MARGE: Who's gonna send you mail? Hey, Tiffany, I'll play hopscotch with you.

TIFFANY: Don't wanna play with you. You cheat.

MARGE: I do not!

DARLA: Yes, you do.

MARGE: Do not!

TIFFANY: Do too!

MARGE: Do not!

DARLA: Do too! *(Another slapping match. A wolf's howl is heard. It comes from the back of the audience, SL aisle. On stage, all freeze.)* That . . . that . . . sounds awfully close . . .

MARGE: Maybe . . . maybe, we ought to go inside. *(They scatter into their respective houses. They will appear at windows. B.B. and MAX enter down SL aisle.)*

B.B.: So what do you feel like, Max? Pork chops or ham with raisin sauce?

MAX: Gee, Boss, I don't know. I'm kinda partial to pork and beans myself.

B.B.: Not if you're staying with me tonight, Maxie. *(They both laugh. They reach the stage.)* Ahh, look at that, Max. Ain't that cute? Three little piggy houses.

MAX: Whatcha gonna do, Boss, huh, whatcha gonna do?

B.B.: Well, let's see. I'd say this situation calls for a subtle approach. Hold this. *(He gives his unlit cigar butt to MAX. From his coat he takes out a hat that says "telegrams." He goes first to the straw house, and knocks on the door.)* Telegram for Miss Piglet!!!

TIFFANY: Go away! I know you, you're the big bad wolf!

B.B.: No, I'm not!

TIFFANY: Yes, you are.

B.B.: Look, sweetie, just let me in and I'll prove I'm not the big, bad wolf.

MAX: Oooh, you're good, Boss!

TIFFANY: I won't let you in! I won't let you in! Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin.

MAX and B.B.: Huh?

B.B.: Well, then, I am forced to use drastic measures, Piggy. I am gonna huff and puff and blow this cute little straw house down.

MAX: Can you do that, Boss? Wow, what a guy! This is going to be something!

B.B.: Stand back, Max, I don't want you to get caught in the crosswind. *(He takes a deep breath and blows, accompanied by the sound of a high wind. The straw house falls down around MARGE, in the window. B.B. has collapsed from the exertion and is being revived by MAX, giving MARGE an opportunity to run next door and be taken in by TIFFANY.)* I'm okay, I'm okay. Quit with the fanning. Where'd the little porker go?

MAX: She ran over there into that stick house!

B.B.: Hmmm . . . This could be tougher than I thought.

MAX: Whatcha gonna do, Boss? Huh, huh, what ya gonna do?

B.B.: Strategy. That's what I need here, Max. *(He reaches in his coat and pulls out a newsboy's cap and a newspaper.)* Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Porky Pig elected President. Petunia to serve as First Sow! *(He knocks on the door of the stick house.)* Open up here and get your paper, lady.

MARGE: How dumb do you think I am, Mr. Wolf? Go away. I won't let you in, I won't let you in! Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!

B.B.: Again with the hairy chin? Okay, you little pork rinds, you wanna play hard ball? I'm gonna . . .

MAX: He's gonna huff and puff and . . .

B.B.: *(pokes him)* I'm gonna huff and puff and blow your house in. *(B.B. stops, concentrates--like a karate expert--and proceeds to blow, accompanied by high wind noises. The house of sticks falls over, and once again, while B.B. is recovering, the two pigs run into DARLA's house.)* Where'd they go? Where'd they go?

MAX: They ran into that house.

B.B.: *(Getting up.)* Okay, Max, that's it. If they aren't gonna be good little piggies and let themselves get gobbled up, then I don't feel bad about what I am about to do. *(He reaches in his coat, and pulls out a Girl Scout cap and box of cookies. He goes and knocks on the door and speaks in a falsetto.)* Hello, hello, would you like to buy some cookies today?

TIFFANY and MARGE: *(Appearing at windows.)* Cookies!

DARLA: Wait a minute! You aren't a cute little girl selling cookies. You're the big, bad wolf trying to get us to open the door. Forget it, buster. You're dealing with Big Sister now and let's just say I've been to the market a few times!

B.B.: Aren't you going to give me the line about your chinny, chin, chin?

DARLA: Are you going to do the huff, puff bit? *(He nods.)* Okay, okay. All together, girls.

ALL PIGS: We won't let you in, we won't let you in! Not by the hair of our chinny, chin, chin!

B.B.: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in. Okay? Get ready, Max. After this house goes, they have no place to run. Except into our waiting arms. And teeth. *(He grins.)*

MAX: Oh, B.B., it's a privilege to watch you. *(B.B. once again takes a big breath, and lets go with a huge blow, accompanied by the sound of high wind. Of course, the house remains untouched. He tries again with the same result. The third time a freight train noise is heard, but still the house remains standing.)*

MAX: Gee, Boss, what's wrong? How come the house ain't blown in, huh? Whatcha gonna do now? This is a tough one, huh, Boss? Maybe you oughta try something else. Betcha never had this happen before, eh, Boss? *(Sees the look on B.B.'s face.)* Oooh. Sorry.

B.B.: Merely a temporary setback, Max, just a..

DARLA: Hey, fleabag! When are you going to start with the huffing and puffing? *(Sounds of pigs squealing and laughing)*

B.B.: I have more than one trick up . . .

DARLA: Hey, Wolfie baby, do the cookie trick again . . . *(squeal, squeal).*

B.B.: What we need here . . .

DARLA: What you need, Furface, is a good shave. Like all over. *(Squeal, squeal, laugh, laugh)*

B.B.: Let me at 'em! I'll pull it down, brick by brick. Oooh, I hate pigs, Max! *(They start for the house, but in the meantime, LEO, CARLINE, and STAN have come down the SR aisle.)*

CAROLINE: There's two of them. Let's get them!

MAX: Look, Boss, it's that crazy lady with the chicken . . .

B.B.: Time to beat a hasty retreat, Max . . . This way . . . Not that I'm scared or anything . . . *(They exit SL just as CAROLINE etc. reach on stage.)*

LEO: Where'd they go?

CAROLINE: They disappeared into the woods behind this little brick house. (*The pigs slowly emerge from the house.*) Oh, look, dear li'l piggies. Were those mean and nasty ol' wolfes tryin' to eat you up?

TIFFANY: (*Going to her and laying her head on CAROLINE.*) Yes, they were and they blew down my house and Marge's. But my big sister, Darla, made a brick house and they couldn't knock it down.

CAROLINE: There, there . . . it's all right.

LEO: See what happens when you stick together. Good show, Piggies! Well, we must be off to catch the beasts. Ready, Caroline?Stan?

STAN: Why don't you go on ahead? I'm too old for this. I'll catch up later. (*CAROLINE and LEO leave in pursuit of the wolves.*) So, I'd say the score is Pig Sisters 1, Wolves ZIP.

MARGE: Gee, after I got over being scared, the whole thing was kinda fun.

DARLA: I know what you mean. I'd love to see those wolves after the Hunter catches them.

TIFFANY: Ooooh, me too. Gee, do you suppose if we all stuck together we could go watch?

DARLA: Well . . . If you promise to stay close behind me, I think we'd be safe . . . Mr. Storyteller, you're welcome to stay in my . . . our house and rest if you like . . . c'mon, little sisters. (*They exit in direction of LEO and CAROLINE.*)

STAN: (*Going toward the house.*) Actually, I wouldn't mind slipping inside for a little nap . . . (*He looks in the window and steps back aghast.*) WEEE-OOO! You would not believe how messy and dirty it is in there . . . I mean, they moved in, what. . . ten minutes ago? I'll take my chances out here. (*He lays down and goes to sleep.*)

SCENE FOUR

SETTING: Another part of the forest. ROSIE is entering down the SL aisle. She is obviously upset about something. She is wearing a long dark cape but from underneath we catch glimpses of color and hear the tinkle of bells.

ROSIE: *(As she comes down the SL aisle)* She'll be sorry! I'll just run away into the woods and never come back and everybody will hunt all over for me and the only thing they'll ever find will be my dumb old red cape covered in blood . . . that'll teach 'em. Oh, why me! Why couldn't I have a mother who makes cookies, or works in the garden, or sells real estate . . . It's not fair! It's just not fair! *(Onstage is now the other part of the forest, and MAX and B.B. run on from SR. During the next exchange by B.B. and MAX, ROSIE will cross front and sit on the SR aisle steps until MAX has exited.)*

MAX: I think we lost 'em, Boss. Gee, that was close. I was scared, Boss, were you?

B.B.: Shhh . . . look, Max . . .

MAX: It's a little girl. So?

B.B.: You know what's even tastier than piggies, Max?

MAX: Ah, gee, Boss . . . You don't wanta eat no kid . . . C'mon, I mean, look, ya oughta really give roots and berries a try . . . They ain't bad, honest.

MAX: Are you kidding? After just being humiliated by three hamhocks? I want revenge! Not to mention dinner. You're going soft, Maxie.

MAX: Nah, I ain't, Boss, it's just . . .

B.B.: It's just nothin . . . , are you with me or not?

MAX: Ah, gee, don't put it like that, B.B....

B.B.: Either youse is on my side or ya ain't. What's it gonna be, Maxie?

MAX: *(Making a decision.)* No. I think ya got to draw the line somewhere. I don't eat no kids. Sorry, Boss, but a wolf's gotta do

what a wolf's gotta do. *(They shake hands. MAX exits SL as he calls.)*
Good luck, Boss.

B.B.: *(After he's gone.)* That's okay, I didn't need him anyway! Big sissy. Probably late for his French horn lesson or something. *(To offstage.)* When you're starving and chewing on tree bark, don't come crying to me! *(ROSIE has gotten up and come curiously up to B.B.)*

ROSIE: Excuse me, but were you talking . . . Oh my gosh, you're a wolf!! *(She turns to run.)*

B.B.: Um, no I'm not! I'm a.. a, yeah, that's it, a dog . . . I'm just a big ol' floppy dog . . . Arf, arf . . . pant,pant . . .

ROSIE: Really? What kind of dog are you?

B.B.: I'm a . . . I'm a . . .I'm a poodle . . . Yeah, yeah, a big old lovable, harmless poodle. But enough about me . . . Tell me why you, a helpless, unprotected, luscious . . . I mean lovely little girl is wandering all alone through these big dark woods. You are alone, aren't you?

ROSIE: Yes, I am . . . because I'm running away from home!

B.B.: No!!!

ROSIE: Yes, I'm going to my Granny Blanche's house. It's in the middle of this forest. And I've never gone there alone before. But there simply isn't any other way. My mother has left me no choice. Look what she's done to me!!! *(Dramatically she drops the outer, larger cape to reveal what has to be the ugliest, gaudiest red cape in existence. It has feathers, ruffles, bows, bells, sequins, and is electrified with twinkle lights, if possible.)*

B.B.: Wheee--oooh. That is some coat ya got there, kid.

ROSIE: Isn't it awful? My mother made it for me. I mean, I had a perfectly good blue coat with a velvet collar and this sweet little muff made of wolf fur . . .

B.B.: Grrrr . . .

ROSIE: Did you say something?

B.B.: No, no. Go on, dear, . . . you had this lovely little coat and

your mother made you this . . . this . . .

ROSIE: She made me this awful thing . . . called it an "original" and said I'd start a new trend and it was her way of making a fashion statement . . . All I know is that I look ridiculous and I feel ridiculous and I don't want to wear it!!!!

B.B.: So why don't I just help you take it off and then . . .

ROSIE: No! I mean, she told me I had to wear it until I could, this is the way she talks . . . "You don't have to wear it, Rosie, if you can think of a proper reason not to . . ." Evidently, the fact that I look like a deranged Christmas tree is not a good enough reason. So I'm going to see my Granny Blanche . . .

B.B.: ...in the middle of the forest . . .

ROSIE: Right. I'm hoping she can help me think of a reason for not wearing the stupid thing . . .

B.B.: (*Starting to circle her . . .*) Tell me, Rosie, is Grandma Blanche expecting you? (*She shakes head.*) Will she notice if you're . . . a little late?

ROSIE: I suppose not. Though I don't want my cookies and cupcakes and brownies to get stale. I made 'em all by myself to take to Granny. Mom's idea of goodies is tofu and bean curd. Would you like to try one?

B.B.: Maybe for dessert. I don't want to spoil my ape . . . (*From down SL aisle can be heard the sounds of LEO, CAROLINE and the PIG SISTERS.*)

B.B.: Uh . . . I gotta be running along now . . . It's time for my frisbee lesson. Catch you later, Rosie . . . Middle of the forest, huh?

ROSIE: Bye, doggie. Gee, I sure wish I had a nice puppy like that. (*LEO et al have arrived on stage.*)

CAROLINE: Leo, look, a little girl! Honey, are you lost? Poor baby! (*She attempts to embrace ROSIE.*)

ROSIE: Hey, lemme go. My Mom told me not to talk to strangers.

DARLA: Hey, kid, nice cape . . . (*The PIG SISTERS are squealing and giggling.*)

CAROLINE: Now, you three stop that right now! It's a very . . . unusual cape. Very original. Very different. You don't see many like that . . .

MARGE: But you can see that one all right . . .

TIFFANY: From about a mile away! (*Squeal, squeal . . .*)

LEO: Little girl, I am a hunter. A hunter of wolves. I used to be a Simple Peasant but that's a long story which I've already told once today and so I will simply ask you if you have seen any wolves.

ROSIE: No, the only animal I've met today was this really nice poodle. See I'm on my way to my Granny Blanche's house.

CAROLINE: (*Sniffing the air*) I smell something . . . sniff,sniff . . .

DARLA: Maybe it's her coat . . . (*Squeal, squeal*)

CAROLINE: Wolfes. I smell wolfes.

LEO: Hush, you piggies. Where is it coming from, Caroline? (*She points down SR aisle.*) Little girl, I think maybe you should come with us. It's not safe in these woods for a child alone.

ROSIE: I'll be fine. Granny Blanche doesn't live that far away. (*They exit up SR aisle, and ROSIE skips off SR.*)

SCENE FIVE

SETTING: The exterior of GRANNY BLANCHE'S house. There is a wooden chair SL of the house. GRANNY BLANCHE is puttering in her garden and talking to herself.

GRANNY: Well, well, well. And just what are you doing in my garden? How about a little salt on that lettuce leaf you're eating? Ooooh, goodbye, Mr. Slug. Now what did I do with my glasses? (*As she's looking for them, B.B. enters and tiptoes from tree to tree.*) Honestly, I'd probably lose my head if it wasn't attached. (*She finds them just in time to come face to face with the wolf.*) AAAAH! Oh my goodness, you certainly startled me.

B.B.: Hello, Granny Blanche, it's a beautiful day for working in the garden, isn't it? And you certainly are growing some beautiful

vegetables there. That lettuce is simply huge. How do you get them to grow that big?

GRANNY: Well, now, I use lots of compost and manure and I . . . Wait a minute! There's something going on here. In all my years I have yet to run across a wolf who was interested in gardening . . .

B.B.: Oh, but I'm not a wolf. I'm a dog. A poodle.

GRANNY: Right. And I'm Ann-Margaret (*or Michelle Puh-Fifer, or Drew Barrymore or someone of that style.*) What's up, wolf? Start talking before I get my 12 gauge.

B.B.: Up? Nothing's up, Granny Blanche. I was just taking a stroll through the forest and . . .

GRANNY: How did you know my name? There's only one person who calls me that! Did you see my granddaughter, Rosie? What have you done with her, you big hairball! Wait til I get my shotgun . . . (*She runs into the house, followed closely by B.B. She shouts the following from in there, enabling B.B. to get dressed.*) Get away from me, you animal! What are you doing? Get your filthy paws off me. Don't you dare tie me up! Ouch! OW! I am not going in that closet . . . OH. Oh . . . Ow . . . (*A door slams and there is silence. B.B. appears at the door, dressed like GRANNY and holding a blanket. And none too soon, as ROSIE appears, entering down the SR aisle. She is skipping and singing. B.B. hurries to the chair and arranges himself with the blanket over his legs*)

ROSIE: Granny Blanche! Granny Blanche! It's me, Rosie. I ran away from home and I've got a terrible problem to figure out and . . . Why, Granny, are you sick?

B.B.: Ah-choo.

ROSIE: Oh, you have a cold? (*B.B. nods. ROSIE backs away.*) Then I'd better not get too close or I'll catch it. (*B.B. shakes his head "no" and gestures with his head for her to come back.*) Well, I must say, Granny, you don't look well at all. (*She starts to come closer.*) And your ears. I don't think I've ever noticed them before . . . My oh my, what big ears you have, Granny!

B.B.: The better to hear you, my dear.

ROSIE: (*As she moves closer.*) And, oh Granny, something's different about your eyes. Oh, what big eyes you have!

B.B.: The better to see you, my dear.

ROSIE: *(Getting very close to him.)* And, Granny, oh, Granny, what very big, sharp, pointy teeth you have!

B.B.: *(Standing up and throwing off the blanket.)* The better to eat you up, my dear!!

ROSIE: *(Screaming)* But you're a poodle!

B.B.: No! A wolf, a very hungry wolf!! *(He goes after her, there is the sound of a door being smashed down, and GRANNY appears in the doorway, dressed as a Ninja)*

GRANNY: *(Circling and doing karate hand movements.)* I'm a black belt, furball. Touch my granddaughter and you'll end up in my den. On the wall. *(She does a karate yell and kicks.)*

B.B.: Hey, Granny, chill out. *(LEO, CAROLINE, and the PIG SISTERS enter noisily down the SL aisle.)* Okay, so look, no one's hurt here, so let's just call it a draw and I'll be on my way . . . You win some, you lose some . . . *(He exits rapidly SL as the hunting group arrives on stage.)*

LEO: Wolf? *(GRANNY and ROSIE point SL and LEO etc. go after him. GRANNY and ROSIE wait a moment then join the chase. What follows here is a comic chase scene, at first on stage--using GRANNY's house. Use music to enhance the action of the chase. MAX appears, carrying a tree or branch which he hides behind. He motions B.B. to hide too, and they do, until someone notices their tails hanging out. MAX is now involved in the chase which moves into the aisles, enabling another part of the forest to be set on stage. In the aisles, both wolves will attempt to hide in front of a child.)*

LEO: Where are they? Do you see them? *(The children will immediately point them out, despite their pleading.)* Grab their tails! Grab their tails! *(This can be said by all in the hunting party to be heard above the general mayhem that will ensue. As they hold onto the tails, B.B.'s tail will come off in their hands and he will be able to escape. MAX will be held firm and will be taken "into custody" by LEO. All will reassemble on stage with MAX as prisoner, tied up.)*

LEO: Well, the big one got away, but we've still got you.

CAROLINE: He doesn't look too scary at all. Wolfes look different up close. What are we gonna do?

LEO: Since we couldn't kill the big one, I say we shoot his little pal here. That's a clear message to anyone who's listening that we don't want wolves in this forest.

B.B.: *(Entering down SL aisle.)* Ahh, let the little guy go . . . Yeah, it's me. Max didn't do nothin . . . He wouldn't hurt a bug. I'm the guy you're after. If I turn myself in, would'ya let him go? I promise to do whatever ya say. *(There is a consultation.)*

LEO: All right, Mr. Wolf, you've got a deal. *(They untie MAX, who just stands there. As B.B. comes on stage, they immediately surround and tie him to a tree.)*

MAX: B.B.?

B.B.: Get outta here, Max. Tell mom I said "Bye." *(MAX exits reluctantly.)*

CAROLINE: Did you hear that, Leo? He's got a Mom.

GRANNY: He's also got sharp, pointy teeth which he was ready to use on my granddaughter!

ALL: Yeah, yeah! Let's string him up! Death to wolves!

SCENE SIX

SETTING: Same as end of last scene. Stan enters.

STAN: I see you caught him. Congratulations, hunters.

DARLA: Yeah! And you're just in time to see us blow him away!

MARGE: Yes! One less wolf to eat piggies.

TIFFANY: Pig power!!!

LEO: This is an historic occasion! Back when we were simple peasants we would not let a moment like this pass without commemorating it in some way. Usually with a folk dance.

CAROLINE: Oh, what fun! Let's do a celebration dance.

ALL: Yes, oh yes, let's.

DARLA: Then we can kill the wolf.

CAROLINE: Will you play for us, Leo. *(To others.)* My Leo is quite a musician.

LEO: I'll be happy to. I just happened to bring my oboe along.

STAN: Always an important item on a wolf hunt. I'll sit this one out, if you don't mind. *(As LEO brings the oboe to his lips, we hear the familiar strains of Peter and the Wolf. To the audience.)* What did you expect? The Beer Barrel Polka? *(All but STAN, and B.B., of course, dance. Toward the end of it, CAROLINE drops out and stands looking pensively at B.B. who is hanging his head. The dance ends.)*

CAROLINE: Leo, Blanche, Rosie, Piggies. I don't think we should kill him. I mean, look at him. He looks so sad. Maybe he's sorry for all those awful things he did . . .

B.B.: Oh, I am, Ma'am, I am. You have all taught me the error of my ways. I've been a wicked, wicked wolf and I am sore ashamed.

DARLA: It's a trick. He just wants to get loose so he can gobble something, somewhere.

GRANNY: The pig's right. The only good wolf is a dead wolf!

ROSIE: But he was really nice when he was a poodle . . .

TIFFANY: And he did turn himself in so his little buddy could go free. Maybe he's not all bad.

LEO: Now wait a minute, here, we can't just let him go. He's bound to go after something . . . he can't help it . . .

B.B.: I'm an animal! I am not a human being!

CAROLINE: (*She strokes his fur.*) Actually, if he was cleaned up and combed, he might make a nice pet for somebody.

STAN: That's an idea.

GRANNY: Or he could stay in the forest, if you always knew where he was. So he couldn't sneak up on unsuspecting little girls. We could make him wear bells or something . . .

TIFFANY: Or the kid's cape . . .

STAN: That's an idea.

LEO: Or if he had a job. Something to keep him busy and so he could earn his keep.

DARLA: Like being our housekeeper. That's a full-time job.

STAN: Now that's an idea! How about it, B.B.? They won't kill you if you promise to go along with whatever we decide.

B.B.: I promise, I promise!! (*LEO unties B.B. and leads him offstage. He returns and stands with CAROLINE.*)

STAN: (*During this scene, the stage manager may enter with cards marked "A", "B", and "C", and hold them up at the appropriate time near the choice being described.*) So here's the deal. You get to decide what happens to the big bad wolf. Does he go and live with Leo and Caroline and be their pet? That's Choice A.

Or does he get set free in the forest wearing Little Rosie's red riding hood. So he can't sneak up on anyone and they'll always know where he is. That's Choice B.

Or does the wolf become the housekeeper for the three messy Pig Sisters. This will keep him out of the woods and out of trouble.

That's Choice C.

To insure a fair vote I'm going to ask all of you to wait offstage. (*All exit.*) Now when I say the choice you want to vote for, raise your hand. You can only vote once. Oh, and, by the way--this is for kids only. I don't wanta see any grown-up's voting, understand. What? You want a vote? Where were you when Bob Dole (*or some recently defeated politician*) needed ya? Just kids.

Choice A--Life as the pet of Caroline and Leo. Raise your hands.

Choice B--Life in the forest wearing Little Rosie's Red Riding Hood. Raise your hands.

Choice C--Life as the housekeepers of the Pig Sisters. Raise your hands.

(The ending of the play will be determined by the choice the children make. The three possible endings follow. The stage manager signals offstage unobtrusively which ending will be played so that B.B. has time to change. We used the music from Jeopardy for this part.)

THE FINAL SCENES ARE NOT INCLUDED IN REVIEW SCRIPTS. IF YOU ABSOLUTELY MUST HAVE THE ENTIRE ACTING COPY BEFORE MAKING A DECISION ABOUT PRODUCING, PLEASE CONTACT US:

330-678-3893

mysteriesbymoushey@gmail.com

PROPS/COSTUME NOTES

Broom, squeegee, rag (STAN)
Toy hunting rifle (LEO)
Oboe or flutophone (LEO)
Lucy the Chicken's tiny sunbonnet (CAROLINE)
3 little suitcases (PIG SISTERS)
Basket with goodies (ROSIE)
Unlit cigar (B.B.)
Roots and berries (MAX)
Telegram and telegram deliverer hat (B.B.)
Newspaper and newsboy cap (B.B.)
Girl Scout cap and cookie box (B.B.)
Several real bricks (DARLA)
Loose straw (MARGE)
Loose twigs (TIFFANY)
Rope to tie B.B.
Ninja outfit (GRANNY)
Detachable tails for B.B - enough for each performance
Sailor suit, tie and hat, leash (B.B.)
Wash woman outfit, apron, and broom (B.B.)
Chair for exterior of GRANNY BLANCHE'S house
Blanket (B.B. as Granny)
Large "A", "B", "C" cards