

## Scene 1 – Red Riding Hood’s house

(Patricia enters front of tabs carrying a picnic basket, skipping and singing)

**Patricia:** If you go down to the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise. (stops singing) Because I'll jump out of a tree and scare the life out of you! (chuckles, to audience) Oh, I love trees and bears and picnics! Don't you? (Awaits reaction) Do you know my name boys and girls? (Hopefully, someone will shout 'Little Red Riding Hood') No, it's Patricia. My mother *used* to call my 'Little Red Riding Hood' because back in the day, I was much smaller and I used to wear a red hoodie when I went skateboarding. I've got all the proper safety equipment now though so my mother should really change my name to *average-sized-for-my-age-green-crash-helmet*. Not very catchy as a nickname though. Anyway, enough about that, I'm off to the woods for a scrummy picnic! Hope there aren't any bears there! (looks pretend-afraid)

**Mother:** (Offstage, yelling) Patricia!

**Patricia:** Oh, there's mum. I bet she wants me to do some chores or something.

(Mother enters)

**Mother:** Ah, there you are. I've got a lovely long list of chores for you to do!

**Patricia:** (To audience) Told you

**Mother:** Who are you talking to?

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**Patricia:** All my lovely friends have come to have a picnic with me

**Mother:** (Looking out into the audience) Oh yes, so they have. Hello there! (Awaits reaction)

**Patricia:** So, you see, I couldn't *possibly* do all those chores if all my friends are here. (winks at the audience)

**Mother:** Hmm... well, there is *one* chore you can do on your way to having your picnic.

**Patricia:** I'm not de-fleaing the goat again.

**Mother:** No, you just need to deliver a note to your grandmother

**Patricia:** Oh, that's not so bad. I love going to see Granny, although, I wish she wouldn't insist on living in a spooky old wooden cottage right in the middle of a dark wood full of wolves. *None* of the local busses go there.

**Mother:** Yes, she does insist on living in a spooky wood; which is why I need you to deliver this letter, the postman won't go anywhere near the place.

(Mother hands Patricia an envelope which she takes.)

**Patricia:** OK, but then can I go on my picnic?

**Mother:** Of course dear, if you can find your way back out of the woods. **(Chuckles)** Only kidding. You can have your picnic even if you get lost forever. See you later! **(Waves to audience and exits)**

**Patricia:** **(Sarcastically)** Well that's not scary or anything. **(To audience)** Will you come with me, to the woods? Keep me company and stay on the lookout for wolves? **(Awaits reaction)** Oh, that's great. Thank you. Come on then, let's go.

**(Patricia exits. Wolf enters, rubbing his paws together and licking his lips)**

**Wolf:** **(Slyly)** Ah, I see that little girl is going for a picnic **(sinisterly to the audience)** in the woods! The dark, *scary* woods! **(To audience)** Which is right next to where I live! **(sinisterly)** And I bet she's got scotch eggs. **(To audience)** I love scotch eggs, don't you? **(Hopefully they'll say no, but Wolf should adlib around this)** You don't? Bit of egg, bit of sausage, all the breadcrumbs? No? Well, do any of you like cake? **(awaits reaction)** Yeah, we all love cake don't we? I bet she's got cake and I bet she won't share. **(Thinks. Sinisterly)** I've got a plan to get some of her cake and it's a sneaky as a weasel wearing camouflage. **(chuckles and sings to himself as he exits)** I'm the big bad wolf and I'm gonna get me some cake! I'm gonna get some cake! I'm gonna get some cake!

**(Wolf exits. Lights off.)**

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## Scene 2 - Granny's cottage

**(Lights up. Tabs open to Gran's cottage which is very homely. There is a wardrobe in the corner. Granny is in bed wearing a nightcap and nightgown. She snores loudly and wakes herself up with one particularly loud snore)**

**Granny:** Ooh, what happened? Was that a helicopter flying past? **(realises)** Oh, I think it was *me* snoring. **(chuckles)** Oh well, back to that scrummy dream about Werthers Originals! **(notices the audience)** Oh, hello, I didn't realise I had guests. You'll have to forgive me, I've not been well this week – touch of cold – so I'm just staying in bed today. I hope you don't mind. Help yourself to tea and biscuits. There's no Wi-Fi though I'm afraid.

**(SFX. Knock on the door)**

**Granny:** I wonder who that could be? **(shouts)** Who is it?

**Wolf:** **(offstage)** It's the bed inspector

**Granny:** The what-now?

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**Wolf:** **(offstage)** The bed inspector. I've been sent by the – erm – government, to inspect your bed to make sure it passes all the relevant health and safety laws and what not.

**Granny:** **(To audience)** Well, that sounds legit doesn't it boys and girls? I don't want to be breaking any rules by having an unsafe bed do I? **(shouts)** Come in!

**(Wolf enters wearing an official looking jacket, hat and sunglasses)**

**Wolf:** Right, let's take a look at the old divan shall we? **(To audience)** I shouldn't call her that should I? **(Chuckles to himself then realises the audience aren't laughing along)** Oh, please yourselves. **(To Granny)** It needs to pass my three point check to be deemed safe to sleep in!

**Granny:** Ooh, this is exciting.

**(Wolf measures the width of the bed with a tape measure)**

**Granny:** Ooh, what incredibly hairy hands you've got for a bed inspector.

**Wolf:** **(Thinks quickly)** Erm – It's cold work, this bed inspecting. My hands are the right level of hairy for this job.

**Granny:** Fair enough. I believe anything I'm told by someone an official looking uniform or a high-vis jacket.

**(Wolf measures the height of the bed)**

**Granny:** Ooh, what an incredibly hairy face you've got.

**Wolf:** Yes – it's because – I – haven't charged my electric razor today.

**Granny:** **(nodding)** Plausible. **(To audience)** He is wearing an official looking hat!

**Wolf:** OK, Mrs – **(Pauses for a surname)**

**Granny:** Yes?

**Wolf:** OK Mrs Yes. I'm afraid your bed has failed the standards test.

**Granny:** Oh dear. That's a pity isn't it?

**Wolf:** Yes, it's a real shame. Come on then, out you get. Can't have you lying in an unsafe bed.

**Granny:** Oh, what will I do? Where will I sleep?

**Wolf:** Well, the usual protocol is for you to give me your nightcap and granny glasses.

**Granny:** Okie dokie  
**(Granny gives Wolf her night cap and glasses)**

**Wolf:** Get out of bed –  
**(Granny gets out of bed)**

**Wolf:** – and await further instruction in my office.

**Granny:** Your office?  
**(Wolf opens the wardrobe door and ushers Granny inside. He notices a Nightgown hanging up so he takes it and closes the door behind Granny)**

**Wolf:** **(shouting so Granny can hear)** Just wait there and I'll let you know when I've made the bed safe and you can come out.  
**(Wolf puts on the nightgown, nightcap and glasses then gets into bed)**

**Wolf:** Amazing plan this. Can't fail. Look at me, I totally look like a frail old grandma!  
**(Excited)** My belly is going to be so full of cake!!  
**(SFX. Knock on the door)**

**Wolf:** **(Trying to do a croaky granny voice)** Who is it? **(Coughs as his voice breaks. Tries again.)** Who is it?

**Patricia:** It's me grandma! Patricia!

**Wolf:** **(Granny voice)** Come in dear and bring your lovely full picnic hamper with you!  
**(Patricia enters)**

**Patricia:** How did you know I had a picnic hamper?

**Wolf:** **(Granny voice)** Oh, because of these big eyes that I've got! All the better to see your picnic hamper with!

**Patricia:** You haven't got big eyes Granny **(looks closer)** Ooh, what big eyes you've got! When did you get those enlarged?

**Wolf:** **(Granny voice)** Oh, they do all sorts at the clinic these days. Now, what have you brought me? **(sitting up, licking his lips and getting excited)**

**Patricia:** Just a letter from mum.

**(Patricia hands Wolf an envelope)**

**Wolf:** (normal voice) I don't want a stupid envelope I want scotch eggs and cake!

**Patricia:** Grandma, what a deep voice you've got **(looks to audience in concern)**

**Wolf:** **(Granny voice)** It's this cold, I can't shift it. I obviously need some buttercup syrup. **(coughs pathetically)** Could you get me some from the kitchen? Be a love. And leave your picnic basket here. I'll look after it and I definitely won't eat your cakes.

**Patricia:** No – I won't be leaving this anywhere, it's packed to the gills with seaside sandwiches! I couldn't get over it if someone stole those.

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**Wolf:** **(whimpers, to himself)** My favourite sandwich of all time!

**(Patricia goes to the kitchen)**

**Wolf:** **(To audience)** Seaside sandwiches? Cake? Scotch eggs? I need to get my hairy hands on that hamper!

**(Patricia enters with a bottle of medicine. She pours some onto a spoon and tries to feed Wolf)**

**Patricia:** Open wide!

**Wolf:** What? Urgh! I'm not drinking that stuff.

**Patricia:** You just told me to bring it, for your cold

**Wolf:** **(Remembering. Granny voice.)** Oh, yes. Silly me. **(Opens his mouth)**

**Patricia:** My, what big teeth you've got!

**Wolf:** All the better to eat your seaside sandwiches with!

**Patricia:** **(Suspiciously)** Hang on. There's something not right here. **(to audience)** I don't think that's my granny you know. Do you think that's my Granny? **(awaits response)** Well, if that's not my Granny, who is it? **(awaits response)** The big bad wolf?

**(Wolf leaps out of bed and tries to take the picnic basket off Patricia)**

**Wolf:** Gimme! Gimme! I want the picnic!

**(Patricia struggles and manages to pull the basket to safety)**

**Patricia:** Who are you, you naughty Granny impersonator?

**(Wolf removes his disguise)**

**Wolf:** It is I, the big bad wolf. **(To audience)** I told you I looked just like a granny!

**Patricia:** Why are you dressed like my grandma?

**Wolf:** It was all part of my master plan to get some cake!

**Patricia:** Master plan?

**Wolf:** Well, plan.

**Patricia:** If you wanted some cake why didn't you just ask?

**Wolf:** **(Huffily)** You'd have said no

**Patricia:** Not necessarily.

**Wolf:** **(Petulant)** Yes you would, you would have said I was a big hairy smelly wolf and you wouldn't have wanted me at your picnic and I wouldn't have been able to share your cake.

**Patricia:** You don't know that.

**Wolf:** I do. Everyone tells me I'm hairy and smelly.

**Patricia:** Go on then.

**Wolf:** What?

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**Patricia:** Ask if you can come on a picnic and have some cake.

**Wolf:** **(shyly)** Can I come on a picnic and have some cake?

**Patricia:** No

**Wolf:** See, I knew you'd say that. That's why I didn't ask.

**Patricia:** But only because you were a big *bad* wolf. If you say you're sorry and start being a big *good* wolf from now on, then tell me what you've done with my granny, I might let you come on a picnic.

**Wolf:** **(having an identity crisis)** Be a *good* wolf? But I've always been a *bad* wolf...

**Patricia:** No cake for you then

**Wolf:** **(desperately)** I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I'll be good from now on and your granny is in the wardrobe.

**Patricia:** **(to audience)** do you think we should forgive him boys and girls? **(awaits reaction)** All he wanted was a bit of cake and a friend to go on a picnic with. **(awaits audience reaction and tries to persuade them if they are adverse to the forgiveness)**

**Patricia:** **(To wolf)** Ok, you can come on the picnic and I'll share my cake.

**Wolf:** **(making a wolf noise)** awwooooo!! I'm so happy. Can we be BFF's?

**Patricia:** **(unsure)** Baby steps; let's see how this afternoon goes. **(to audience)** See you later boys and girls.

**(Wolf and Patricia exit. There is a short pause.)**

**Granny:** **(in the wardrobe)** Hello? Is my bed safe yet?

**(Lights off, tabs closed.)**