



Education Resource Pack

By Sarah Schofield

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How did Little Angel Theatre start?



John Wright, the founder of Little Angel Theatre, was born in South Africa in 1906. He travelled to England in 1935 and worked as an assistant stage manager for the Ballet Rambert while studying at the Central School of Art and Design. During this time he saw a puppet performance by Podrecca's Piccoli and became hooked. John made his very first puppet in 1938.

In 1961 John and his troupe found a derelict temperance hall in Islington and transformed it into a theatre, designed for the presentation of marionette shows. It opened on Saturday 24th November 1961. This was to be the first purpose built puppet theatre the country had seen for many years and the only one with a permanent long string marionette bridge constructed backstage. The bridge was designed for puppeteers to stand on while they manipulate long stringed puppets who perform on the stage below leaving the audience unable to see the puppeteers. The original bridge is used to this day. The theatre has a traditional 'proscenium arch' and seats 100 audience members.

John Wright died in 1991 but the work of the theatre continued apace with family, friends and supporters working tirelessly to continue in his footsteps to make sure John's legacy would delight generations to come.

“Over the next 30 years, the Little Angel team created and performed over 30 full-scale shows”

ABOUT: BIG BAD ME

Time for bed. Tuck yourself in. This is where Robyn's story begins.
How can they expect her to sleep at a time like this?

She takes a book and starts to read. But she can't relate to Red Riding Hood, sugar and spice and all things nice. There are two sides to every tale, and that is not how this one goes!

What if the Big Bad Wolf wasn't big or bad at all? What if they got it wrong?

Robyn wants to tell you what *really* happened through a world of homemade make-believe.

*And here is where our story starts.
A gentle wolf with a broken heart...*

*The Wolf is isn't big or bad, in fact he's rather shy.
He won't gobble up your Grandma, he's an all-round nice guy.*

How did it begin?

This production is based on a script by Jon Barton written as a narrative poem telling the story of Little Red Riding Hood, but with a twist!

“When Samantha Lane, Little Angel Theatre's Artistic Director, asked me to write a new version of Red Riding Hood, I leapt at the chance. But why alter the story? Why mess with a winning formula? Perhaps channelling the Wolf, I toyed with another viewpoint. What if I could breathe fresh life into the story, enhancing its power, the way my father enhanced it for me? It was also of course, an opportunity to vindicate the Wolf. After all, why was he alone in the wood, when wolves hunt in packs in the wild? Can *he* help the way he's been drawn in parables? “ - Jon Barton

The puppetry concept behind the show is the idea of play and storytelling. As well as giving our audience an enjoyable experience we would like to inspire children to tell stories of their own using whatever they can find to do so!

Jon has created a brand new story using the familiar tale of Little Red Riding Hood and the director Jimmy Grimes has brought it to life using the kind of objects found in most children's bedrooms!

Jon Barton's illustration of the **Wolf**



How our production of *BIG BAD ME* can link to your curriculum:

English

Narrative poetry. The tale is told in verse using poetic language.

English

An alternative version of a traditional fairy tale.



English

Looking at a story from an alternative viewpoint.

PHSE

Stereotypes and bullying. 'Don't judge a book by its cover'.

English

Rhyming words and rhymes in poetry.

Design and Technology

Designing and making puppets using everyday objects.

The full length version of the script can be found at the back of this pack

Writing An Alternative Fairy Tale

This version of Little Red Riding Hood follows the same basic storyline as the well known version, however we find out more about the Wolf. He becomes the main focus of the story and we learn more about why he's out in the woods by himself, what his background is and his motives for heading to Grandmas house.



Jon was inspired by Roald Dahl's Revolting Rhymes when he was writing his version of the story. He explains here how he approached writing an alternative version of this much loved tale.

“It is a cautionary tale for all time. A little girl in a red cloak, hoodwinked by a Big Bad Wolf. There are countless variations of Red Riding Hood. It has been told and retold all over the world. But my earliest memory of the story was not the traditional one. Picture if you will, a chubby little boy tucked into bed with dreams of staying up quashed, not by exhaustive attempts at doing so, but by the pleasure of Roald Dahl's Revolting Rhymes. It is one of my fondest memories of my father, relishing every word adopting the voice of the characters. It was pure Theatre in the making.

Roald Dahl has a knack for exploring *What If* questions. *What If* there was a giant peach, or witches were real and had no toes, or a giant blew dreams through your window? Because *Red Riding Hood* is synonymous with childhood, the question became, how do you stay faithful to the parable, but give it a mischievous spin? How do you make something expected *unexpected*? I'm inspired by stories with rascally heroes. The Roly-Poly Bird in *The Twits* springs to mind, and the Wolf has always been a rascal to me. Ultimately I was inspired to create a version I think I'd love to have seen when I was younger.

The genius of Revolting Rhymes is simple. What if there were other versions of known stories, where the seven dwarves bet on the horses and Miss Hood kept a pistol in her knickers? It is no coincidence that Dahl gave villains the driest wit, and my father performed the Wolf's dulcet drawing dialogue with aplomb. Perhaps it is why the Wolf has always stayed with me; not as a villain, but as unlikely hero to my father and me.

I have always loved stories. The good ones have ways of lodging themselves. Of wending into your mind and finding a quiet corner. Storytelling is transactional. That is what gives it potency. Stories *live* for the telling, and mean all things to all people in the moment of that telling. This is the reason we go to the Theatre: to bear witness to a live moment. The nature of its power rests, finally, in the audience beholding it.

Now imagine, if you will, a little girl who cannot relate to the kind sweet and perfect child that everyone loves in the fable. Instead she relates to the Wolf, maligned and misunderstood. The Wolf as Hero. The story of a misfit who, wanting to fit in, finds a kindred spirit in the Wolf. Devised from the contents of a little girl's bedroom, our show is a made-up world of make believe. Of storytelling and shadow puppetry. Of rhyming verse and mischief. A celebration of Fairy Tales, and our thirst for the formative experience they provide. Focusing on a relationship between a little girl and a gentle Wolf, our production explores the way we tell stories to understand the joys and horrors of the world. To discover the nature of empathy. Imagining what it is like to be

someone other than yourself is at the core of the stories we tell to each **other.”**

Write your *own* version of the story



Think about some things in the story that you could change. Once you've come up with some ideas pick out the ones you like best, or the ones you think will work best together to create your *own* version of the story. You don't have to use all of your ideas, and once you start writing your ideas might change, this is just to help you get started.

1. Change one of the main characters.

Character I want to change :



What I am going to change about them :

2. Change the setting.

Setting in the story I want to change :

What I am going to change about it :

3 Change the period in time the story is set.

Period in time I want the story to be set:



Write your *own* version of the story

4 Change a problem in the story

Problem I want to change :

What I am going to change about it:

5 Change an important item in the story.

Item I want to change :

What I am going to change about it:

6 Change the ending of the story

What about the end do I want to change:

What I am going to change it to:

"The Wolf as Hero is the beating heart of our new Little Red Riding Hood show at Little Angel Theatre."



Poetry and Rhymes

Stop me if you've heard this one.

The Tale of a certain someone

Dressed in red? By now you should

Know all about Red Riding Hood.

Of How she... thwarts... a wicked beast.

A big bad wolf to say the least.

But have you ever thought: what if

There's more to it than meets the myth?



Our story of *BIG BAD ME* is a narrative poem, told entirely in rhyming couplets.

Narrative Poem: A narrative poem tells the story of an event in the form of a poem. There is a strong sense of narration, characters, and plot.

Rhyming Couplet: A couplet is a pair of lines. A rhyming couplet is when the words at the end of the 2 lines rhyme. They usually make up a unit or complete thought.



So here is where *our* story starts!

A gentle wolf with a broken heart.

It's difficult to make a friend

When folk refuse to comprehend

He's actually a lovely gent

Who gave up wickedness for lent.

Here he comes! Now promise me

You're all behaving casually

And if you do, well then you'll see

This Wolf is not the enemy.

The full length version of the poem can be found at the back of this pack

Practice writing Rhyming Couplets

Example:

And when the Wolf looked down he found

Paw prints sunk into the ground.

'Found and 'ground' rhyme, so these 2 lines are a rhyming couplet.

Select 3 pairs of words from the word bank. Write rhyming couplets for

each set of words in the spaces below.

<u>WORD BANK</u>			
dog/frog	shoe/blue	bear/hair	like/bike
mean/green	night/light	make/cake	try/sky
bark/dark	bee/me	moon/tune	star/far

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____



Stereotypes

The overriding message of our production is *'don't judge a book by its cover'*.

It's important to get to know someone before you make judgement.

- If you can, before you see the show think about the characters of the Wolf and Red Riding Hood and write a description of their characters and personalities.
- Once you have seen the show write about the new things you have found out about them!

THE WOLF

Write some words and sentences that describe the Wolf.



Now that you've seen the show what do you know about him that breaks the stereotype?

RED RIDING HOOD

Write some words and sentences that describe Red Riding Hood.

Now that you've seen the show what do you know about her that breaks the stereotype?



Object Puppetry

In the show we see Robyn bring the toys and objects in her bedroom to life to tell her story.

If you use your imagination anything can be a puppet. A puppet is an inanimate object that is manipulated so as to appear animate, and this can apply to anything!

Apart from the wolf all of the other puppets in the show are made from objects. Red Riding Hood is a doll, Grandma is a pillow, the hunter is a mop and the mother is a teapot! Robyn creates a woodland setting in her bedroom using the sports sticks and racquets under her bed and uses her wardrobe door as a shadow screen.



Have a go at some object puppetry.

Create a collection of objects and make them come to life!

EXAMPLE:

1. Choose an object from the classroom
2. Look closely at the object and think about and have a go at the following:
 - What sort of personality does the object have (this might be influenced by the size and shape of the object, is it flowing and fluid or hard cornered and spiky?)
 - Which part of the object is it's face? Imagine where it's eyes are. Make your object look around at various things always remembering where it's eyes are.
 - Is your object a person, an animal or an imaginary creature?
 - Give your object a voice. Can it talk, or make sounds of some kind?
 - Make your object character move. How does it move? Is it fast, slow, smooth, jerky?
 - Do any of it's parts move? Use your other hand to move a separate part of the object if this is possible.
 - Allow your object character to interact with other object characters in the class. Is it shy or friendly? Don't forget to focus your characters 'eyes' on the other characters it is meeting.

Links and resources

About Little Angel Theatre

www.littleangeltheatre.com

More information about the history of the theatre and future puppet shows and workshops, including our school menu

http://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=little+angel+theatre&sm=3

Visit You Tube to watch trailers, clips and behind the scenes films of our shows past and present and see the puppets in action!

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p01147mm>

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p0114p6j>

Two short films featuring Little Angel Theatre about the process of putting on one of our shows.

Little Angel Theatre visual stories for children on the autistic spectrum

Visit our 'access needs' page on the website to find a general Little Angel Theatre visual story to prepare children for a visit to the theatre. This is also a useful resource for very young children who may not have visited a theatre before as it explains what happens when you visit a theatre and what you might see there.

<https://www.littleangeltheatre.com/for-schools/workshops/>

Book a Little Angel Theatre Workshop!

Little Angel Theatre hosts a variety of workshops available for schools. Head to our website to find out more.

www.facebook.com

Make friends with Little Angel Theatre to keep up to date with the latest news

<https://twitter.com/LittleATheatre>

Follow us on Twitter!

Contact: education@littleangeltheatre.com

BIG BAD ME

a new version by Jon Barton

For Educational Purposes Only

For Educational Purposes Only

BIG BAD ME
LITTLE ANGEL THEATRE



CHARACTER

ROBYN, *a girl of eight or nine*

SETTING

Robyn's bedroom.

Not far from here. Not far from now.

Her version of the story takes place in a large wood and Grandma's House, the details of which Robyn will discover as they emerge.

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Perhaps the lights will come up.

We are in a child's bedroom. Not far from here, not far from now.

It is full of cardboard boxes. Its occupant has just moved in.

A girl walks in. ROBYN. Our heroine. Wide awake and not yet ready for bed.

We might hear:

MUM: Time for bed, Robyn.

ROBYN: But I want to stay up! Can I stay up? *Pleeease?*

MUM: It's past your bedtime. Lights out in ten minutes.

ROBYN looks hard done by.

She might walk around the room. Might even get into bed. It's no use. She's wide awake.

She has a lightbulb moment.

She opens a box full of books. Can't find the one she's looking for. Until at last –

She withdraws "Fairy Tales from the Brothers Grimm".

ROBYN: Mum? Can I read for a bit?

MUM: Ten minutes!

Good enough. ROBYN opens the book.

ROBYN: "Once Upon A Time" (*pulls a face*) "there was a little girl so kind and sweet that everyone loved her..." Wait! Wait. Stop the press. They expect me to believe this mess? If little girls are sickly sweet, it's *obvious* they're good to eat. They all adore Miss Hood, it's true. Consider Wolfie's point of view.

She clasps a hand to her mouth.

ROBYN: That rhymed.

ROBYN looks at us. To find her voice she finds the rhyme.

ROBYN: Stop me if you've heard this one.

The Tale of a certain someone

Dressed in red? By now you should

Know all about Red Riding Hood.

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Of How she... thwarts... a wicked beast.

A big bad wolf to say the least.

But can *he* help the way he looks

Or how he's drawn in storybooks?

Large ears and eyes and heavysset

Sharp claws; sly paws; and don't forget:

A silver tongue concealed beneath

Endless rows of sharp white teeth.

It's true, he's big at six feet tall

But on four legs he's naught at all.

Unless he's wearing Grandma's heels,

Imagine how the poor Wolf feels.

Wolfie has more bark than bite.

You mustn't think in black and white.

Consider *this* version of events

A point of view in Wolf's defence.

Perhaps we'll learn a thing or two:

Looks aren't everything. It's true.

Perhaps it is time for ROBYN to look through the boxes.

ROBYN: So here is where *our* story starts!

A gentle wolf with a broken heart.

It's difficult to make a friend

When folk refuse to comprehend

He's actually a lovely gent

Who gave up wickedness for lent.

Here he comes! Now promise me

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You're all behaving casually

And if you do, well then you'll see

This Wolf is not the enemy.

Perhaps ROBYN finds the Wolf – our hero.

Perhaps he doesn't want to come out.

Perhaps he needs encouragement.

When Wolf settles, ROBYN continues.

'Good day Wolf, why so glum?

Your drooping ears look wearisome.

You seem much thinner than before

You're skin and bone, not tooth and claw.

You're almost *always* sad these days

Won't you try and count the ways

It makes narration difficult

When your character is pivotal?

I think I must have caused offence

for now you see the consequence,

As Wolfie turns away in shame

To hide his tears from further blame.

Wolf come back! I didn't mean

To hit a nerve or act obscene.

Will you accept my apologies?

Tell us what the matter is.

'Woe is me!' The Wolf began.

'Help me please, do you think you can?'

'We'll try of course, what's on your mind?'

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'My family,' the poor Wolf sighed.

1. SONG: THE WOLF'S LAMENT

VERSE 1

When hunting in the woods last week

I came across a field of sheep.

And counting them to plan a meal

I shortly then began to feel

A consciousness you tend to lose

The moment just before a snooze.

So then I curled up for a doze

And felt my eyes begin to close.

CHORUS

So now you see, how hard it must be

For a lonesome wolf (such as me)

oft accused of villainy

to roam this forest tearfully.

VERSE 2

I woke to find my pack had gone

They must have thought I had moved on!

While sleeping through my brothers howlin'

They missed me when they came a-prowlin'

And ventured far and wide, you see

Presumably in search of me.

'And now I'm lost and in a bind

Most folk tend to avoid my kind.

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CHORUS

VERSE 3

A wicked wolf! I hear them yelp

Despite my asking for their help.

'Cos feral folk imagine me

Gobble-ling them up for tea,

And so they bolt into their dens

Before I try to make amends.

And making friends proves difficult

If most folk think you criminal.

ROBYN: 'But Wolf, don't cowl' you might remark.

'Your howl is louder than your bark.

Why not call your brothers back

And find your place within the pack?'

'No, no, no, you've got it wrong.

The problem is I've lost my strong

the inner strength to howl along!'

(You heard that right, *this* one's a chicken)

A shame to meet a chap so stricken.

Let's keep it to ourselves for now,

And find a way to help somehow.

And so it was Wolf came to find

A little girl, so sweet and kind

Do please note, the hood she wears

To compliment her golden hair.

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And sporting it most presently
Is how she got her name, you see.
Travelling along a path that wound
Through flowers covering the ground.
And by gum *she* didn't flee
At a Wolf in need of sympathy.
Red Riding Hood was sweet and kind
(remember that old party line?).
And if this Wolf *had* broken bad
It would have proven barking mad
to cross this child with huff and puff;
For this one's made of stronger stuff.

And now that we're all up to speed
On that point we're all agreed
So once again if reason rhyme
We'll start with...

Once Upon a Time,
There was a girl so sweet and kind
That everyone would shriek and shout
'Red Riding Hood we have no doubt
You were Heaven sent to charm us
We think you're the cat's pyjamas!'
But coming home from work one day
Her Mum began to rant and rave.
'We're stony broke!' Her mother said.

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'So much for selling gingerbread!'

2. SONG: MUM'S ADVICE

VERSE 1

*Grandma's not been feeling well
I've no more cakes nor bread to sell.
She's out of stock, and furthermore
She's not had time to bake some more.
I have a plan, it's not too late
To remedy her sorry state.
We ought to send her chicken soup
Because she's absolutely pooped.'*

VERSE 2

*'Listen up,' I say in haste:
'Take this loot to Grandma's place.
Be polite when you walk inside,
Or else I'll be dissatisfied.
Be sure to say Good Morning Gran
And wish her well ad nauseam.
But here's the most important bit
So listen up you little twit.
Don't leave the path for goodness sake.
Or what a sorry mess you'd make!*

ROBYN: So off she went, Red Riding Hood

And as she ventured through the wood

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She came across a sorry sight
A Wolf that lost his appetite.
The saddest beast she'd ever seen
(Now hide with me and watch the scene).

'A friendly face at last!' Wolf cried.

'Good day!' Miss Hood replied.

'Is it?' the Wolf dismayed.

'I've been sat here since yesterday!

But never mind: I hear you're nice

How about a girl's advice?'

'Okey-doke, let's make a deal'.

Red Riding Hood began to feel

There might be an opportunity

To end old Wolfie's misery.

And so she turned to gaze at him

Though tried to hide her wicked grin

Said: 'My darling wolf, of course I'll help

I can see you're quite beside yourself.

Which way did they go? North or South?

I'm on my way to Grandma's House.

She's not feeling very well, you see

So I'm taking soup and plonk for tea.'

The Wolf had no idea which way

His family went in disarray.

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‘Goodness me,’ Miss Hood began.

‘What a silly girl I am.

I know exactly what to do

Let’s check the ground to look for clues!’

And when the Wolf looked down he found

Paw prints sunk into the ground.

That led between a copse of trees

And through a bed of peonies.

‘Oh happy day!’ the Wolf cheered.

‘It’s not as grim as I first feared!

They must have travelled over there

Miss Hood: you’ve helped me fair and square.

How can I repay your kindness please?’

But then the Wolf began to sneeze!

He coughed and spluttered and began to fret

He was not out of the woods just yet.

Red Riding Hood said: ‘it’s plain to see

That you, dear wolf, have allergies

To flowers (such as peonies).’

‘What a wicked joke!’ Wolf wailed.

‘Now I cannot walk the trail.

Unless Miss Hood could scout ahead

And find out where my brothers went?’

But Miss Hood planned to eat this chump

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Hoping she would come up trumps.
So when Wolf asked if she could see
Where his family might be,
Red Riding Hood looked sad at once
And cried 'But what about my Granny's lunch?
My mother said to go straight there
And not to be caught unawares.
Nor to leave the path we're on
I must reach Granny's House anon!'
And then the girl began to squeal:
'I know!' she said 'Let's make a deal!'
Red Riding Hood began to grin,
and said: 'I'll find your next-of-kin;
If you could take this food and race
all the way to Granny's place.
Four legs ought to do the trick.
I bet you'll get there double-quick.'

So they shook on it there and then.
And thanking Miss Hood once again
Wolf took the food and drink,
And before the little girl could blink,
Wolf sped off through the trees
And Miss Hood laughed triumphantly.
She cried: 'That wolf has had his chips!
And in the spirit of one-upmanship

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I ought at least pretend I tried
To find his family besides.'
So she trampled on the flowerbeds
To look as though she'd gone ahead
And then she took her mobile phone
To call her Grandmamma at home.

'Heads up Gran,' Miss Hood said.
'Never mind your cake and bread.
When Wolf comes knocking at your door
Finish him off! And furthermore,
Throw him in a boiling stew
Or put him on the barbeque.
We'll dine on chargrilled Wolf tonight
With poppadums and egg fried rice!'

And salivating Grandmamma
Licked her lips and shrieked: *hurrah!*

And soon thereafter Grandma saw
A Wolf come knocking at her door.
She quickly climbed back into bed
And (in a sickly sort of voice) she said:
'Who's knocking on my door today?
Step inside without delay!
O woe is me, I'm at death's door
I've never felt like this before.

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Come on in to care for me,
I'm gagging for some sympathy.'
But the Wolf did not walk inside.
Because just then, he realised
'In times like this when strangers call
Wolves are likely to appal.
If Granny sees a wicked beast
She'll spoil the sheets to say the least!'
He said: 'It's me! Red Riding Hood!
Open the door, do you think you could?
I've got some soup and wine for tea
Open the door and then you'll see!'
Of course how could Wolfie know
Grandma saw him at the window.
'The game's afoot!' Grandma shrieked.
'That Wolf's a cunning little sneak.
To think he can outsmart me
with make believe tomfoolery.'

So Grandma hid a rolling pin
Underneath the bed linen.
She slipped between the sheets herself
Then (in a sickly sort of voice) she yelped:
'Just lift the latch and come inside.
I'm afraid I'm far too frail' (she lied),
'To leave the comfort of my bed,

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So come and find me here instead.’
So Wolf did as he was told
But knew he could not play the role
Of Red Riding Hood for very long
He’d sneak inside, and whereupon
Grandma would see through his disguise
A big bad Wolf she’d recognise!

So Wolf lingered in the corridor
And said ‘Before your jaw can hit the floor
Expecting to see Miss Riding Hood
I’m afraid we’re both misunderstood.
I confess I fibbed to you before
To get a paw in through the door.
But give a knackered Wolf a break!
I brought you wine for heaven’s sake!’

Grandma squawked: ‘you’re having a laugh!
I’ve heard about the aftermath!
You’d eat me whole in one big bite
Miss Hood as well, try as you might.
You won’t be eating me for starters.
I plan to have your guts for garters!
I’m afraid you’ve been had, old bean.
A victim of a wicked scheme
To bash you with this rolling pin
Now come here for a wallop!’

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She swung the weapon to and fro,
But Wolf was fast (and she was slow).
'Let's talk this through!' the poor Wolf cried.
'Fat chance!' the crone replied.
Then Grandma gasped and clutched her chest
And gaping, tried to catch her breath.
'Call an ambulance!' she wheezed.
Wolf did so, and instantly
Heard sirens blaring through the trees
To herald the emergency.

With Grandma whisked to hospital
Wolf cried: 'What a miracle!
I very nearly snuffed it there
Though Grandma's now the worse for wear.
It is a gullible Wolf that could
Have believed Red Riding Hood!
But never mind the ballyhoo
I've *still* no clue where my pack got to'.

But when Wolf went back inside
His mouth fell open horrified.
For having been distracted by
A mad Granny up his backside
Wolf completely went to pot
And in so doing lost the plot.

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But now he could plainly see
Grandma's gruesome library.
Of stuffed animals upon the wall
And mounted heads that line the hall.
Pelts of Lynx and Grizzly Bears
Of Weasel heads and stuffed March Hares
But worse than anything he saw
A wolf-skin rug upon the floor.
And a kitchen lined with evidence
Of stuffed ancestral ornaments.
But never fear, Wolf did *not* see,
The remnants of his family.

Wolf hung his head and miserably,
Said: 'I think by now it's plain to see,
That Miss Hood plans to slaughter me.
What a horrid fate that would be.'

'The little creep!' Wolf growled in rage
'Miss Hood must be quite depraved
To send me on this merry chase.
Oh what an absolute disgrace!
And now that I have been waylaid
My family must be miles away!
By gum, I'll show her what becomes
Of little girls who have their fun
By telling strangers fibs and lies

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Led astray with porkie-pies.
It's high time she changed her tune!'
So Wolfie went to Grandma's room.
And finding spare a set of clothes:
Grandma's gown and pantyhose;
A nightcap and a pair of slippers
(He didn't bother with her knickers).
And clambered into Grandma's bed
He pulled the curtains taught, and –

MUM: Robyn!

*ROBYN jumps into bed, turns the lamps off.
The hallway light comes on.*

MUM: *(Off)* What's going on up there?

ROBYN: *(Beneath sheets)* Nothing!
The light goes out.

ROBYN: Let Red Riding Hood appear.
Don't say a word or interfere
And when she looks for me within
She'll jump right out of her skin!
Then she'll know just how it feels
To be treated like an imbecile.'
Meanwhile Miss Red Riding Hood
Had been distracted in the wood.
She'd been so proud of her clever con
She'd lost the path that she was on
And plucking flowers from the ground

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Thought: 'Blimey, I must turn around.'

But Miss Hood could not find her way

And looked around in disarray.

Yet as she wept upon the floor,

Red Riding Hood thought she saw

The paw prints made by Wolfie's pack

To follow them would lead her back

They led between a copse of trees

Back through the bed of peonies.

And when she found the path again

She said: 'What a lucky girl I am!

Next time I'll know not to stray

Off the path and lose my way.'

And so it was Red Riding Hood

Came bounding presently through the wood.

With a bunch of flowers for Grandmamma,

She stopped to find the door ajar.

Red Riding Hood grew quite afraid

But entered the House anyway.

'Good morning Gran,' Miss Hood called out

But nothing moved, not even a mouse.

'She must be fast asleep,' she said,

And made her way to Grandma's bed.

And when she drew the curtains open

She found that Granny had not woken.

For Educational Purposes Only

But why the hairy hands and feet?

Why hide her face beneath the sheet?

‘Why Granny, what big ears you have’.

‘All the better to hear you with’.

‘And what big eyes you have’.

‘All the better to see you with’.

‘And such big hands!’

‘All the better to hold you with’.

And now here comes the tricky part;

It all ends well, before you start.

‘Oh Granny, what big teeth you’ve got!’

‘All the better to *eat* you with!’

And then he leapt right out of bed

And pulled the nightcap off his head!

‘You cunning little cheat!’ he shrieked.

‘You rotter. You toad! You vile sneak!

Let’s step outside, just me and you.

Let’s see what little girls can do!’

Miss Hood cocked her head appalled.

And answered ‘this won’t do at all!

Why are you in Granny’s skirts?

You ought to eat these flowers first!’

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And faster than your heart can race
She threw the flowers in his face!
Wolf coughed and puffed and sneezed
Until recovering from his allergies
He realised Miss Hood had fled
She scarpered in a flash of red.
'I gave Miss Hood a chance
To profit from the circumstance.'
Then Wolf bellowed angrily:
'She's done a runner, hasn't she!
Oh what a shifty little twerp.
I'll catch up and go berserk.'
So Wolf pursued Red Riding Hood
Who legged it deep into the wood.
He sought her high; he sought her low;
He sought afar and to and fro...

Meanwhile Miss Hood escaped unseen
And winding through the evergreen
She saw a Huntsman pass her by
Who wondered what had gone awry.
'A wicked wolf! Oh help me please!
The shaggy cad is after me!'
The Huntsman stroked his massive beard
And vowed therefore, when Wolfie neared
He'd catch the blighter in his sights

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'I'll kill the beast – bang to rights!'
And as the Wolf dashed through the wood
Pursuing Miss Red Riding Hood,
The Huntsman raised his loaded gun
And aimed it in Wolf's direction.

'Stop right there you hairy brute!
don't make a move or I will shoot!
I hope you're feeling lucky punk,
Talkin' to me? I've told you once,
This town's too small for both of us
You've met your match, so stick 'em up!'
The Wolf fell to his knees
And stammered: 'P-p-p-please!
Don't do me in I've so much to do
Oh what a mess I've got into.'

3. SONG: THE WOLF'S LAMENT (REPRISE)

VERSE 1

*Then Wolfie felt a feeling rise
Up his toes and through his thighs
Rising up from gut to breast
Wolfie felt himself possessed!
'At last!' he roared. 'I've found my strong!'
And so he sang a strange wild song
He barked and brayed and yapped and yowled*

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He raised his head up high and howled:

CHORUS (WOLF)

*So now you see, how hard it must be
For a lonesome wolf (such as me)
oft accused of villainy
to roam this forest tearfully.*

VERSE 2

*The song echoed through the wood
Until it found his brotherhood.
They were searching for him this whole time
(No Wolf ever gets left behind).
He heard them howl and whoop and cheer
And answered with: 'I'm over here!'
Then hearing him, they came at last
A dozen creatures thick and fast.*

CHORUS (ALL)

ROBYN: And as the wolves surround Miss Hood
She cries: 'there goes the neighbourhood!
I was certain there was a happier ending
The storyteller was intending.
We've made a right pig's ear of this!
The Huntsman said: 'Now listen kid:
One Wolf at large? That's realistic.
But *twelve* at once? That takes the biscuit.

For Educational Purposes Only

Then the Wolf leapt in to say:

‘Wait lads, there’s another way.

If we munch on these two cads

The villagers will call us bad

And say we’re full of huff and puff

They’d hunt us down. Enough’s enough!’

We don’t want to fight with you.

So let me help you with a clue:

When Wolfie got to Grandma’s gaff

She sought to write his epitaph.

Forgive me if it sounds dramatic,

Turns out Granny is asthmatic.

Granny’s fine! It’s not too late.

He sent her to recuperate.

You were wrong to go on the attack.

‘I only sought to find my pack’.

Come on now! It’s hardly fair

To judge his teeth and claws and hair.

Attack someone for how they look?

Or what you’ve read in storybooks?

It doesn’t have to be like this.

Disregard the prejudice.

Let’s agree to live and let live

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It is much better to forgive
We're sorry Wolf. We shouldn't have
Alleged that you were big or bad.
We see you now for what you are.
Thanks for saving Grandmamma.
'Don't fret', Wolf said. 'It's all good.
Now I've found my brotherhood.
And as for me I've found my strong.
So now I'm back where I belong'.
So, a happy ending has prevailed
And now's the time to end this tale.

Perhaps it is time for bed.

Perhaps ROBYN is packing the story back up again.

ROBYN: The Huntsman chose to change his ways

(He's into gardening nowadays).
And true to form the clever chap
Sold his hunting gun for scrap.
Later Grandma felt much better
And returned to work in finer fetter.
She made a hundred cakes a week
And opened up her own boutique.
As for Miss Red Riding Hood,
Now, when travelling through the wood
She's reminded of a thing or two:
'Stick to the path, that's what I'll do.'

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Also you must never judge a creature
Based on look or foreign feature.
You might fall foul of things you hear
Devised to make you shrink in fear.
That's why every year she bakes
A multi-coloured birthday cake
And sets it down beneath a tree
For the Wolf to guzzle for his tea.
As for Wolf, he found his strong
So to call him cowardly was wrong.
The truth is: he had it all along.

ROBYN looks at the Wolf – her best friend in the world.

Perhaps there is an embrace. A thank you for playing with me.

Perhaps ROBYN will climb into bed. And perhaps the Wolf will go with her.

And perhaps the lights will come down.

The End.