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Dramatic Publishing

Little Red Riding Hood and The Three Little Pigs

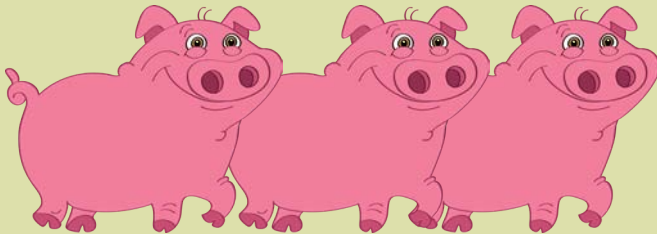
**Book and lyrics by
Moses Goldberg**

**Music by
Ewel Cornett**



Little Red Riding Hood and The Three Little Pigs

Musical. Book and lyrics by Moses Goldberg. Music by Ewel Cornett. Cast: 2m., 2w. This version of the beloved classic fairy tale is a participation play by the American master of the form. It is a delightful romp out of two well-known tales, united by a common enemy—the wolf. After a brief prologue introducing players and themes, the troupe acts out two wonderful cautionary tales—among the very first favorites of every child. Cheer for the industrious and clever third pig as she defends herself in a sturdy brick house, built with the aid of the audience. Then laugh with delight and squirm with suspense as Red Riding Hood almost allows her bravado and all-too-trusting nature to deliver her to a very hungry (and equally funny) wolf. Four simple songs by a master composer move the action along with great charm. *Simple scenery. Fairy tale costumes. Suitable for touring. Approximate running time: 50 minutes. Code: LG3.*



ISBN-13 978-0-87602-346-4



Little Red Riding Hood
and The Three Little Pigs



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Little Red Riding Hood and The Three Little Pigs

A participation play for children

Script and lyrics by
MOSES GOLDBERG

Music by
EWEL CORNETT



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(LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND THE THREE LITTLE PIGS)

ISBN: 978-0-87602-346-4

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Originally produced by **STAGE ONE: The Louisville Children's Theatre**, November 1990. Directed by Tom Schreier, with Scenery by Chuck Schmidt and costumes by Polly Byers. The Stage Manager was Leslie Kay Oberhausen and the actors were:

ZERO -- Tom Richter
WISTERIA -- Melanie Rey
MR. JONES -- David Lively
MS. DUPRES -- Mary Peterson

CAST

ZERO FITZGERALD PIG #1, Hunter
WISTERIA JONES Pig #2, Red Riding Hood
MR. JONES The Wolf
MS. DUPRES Pig #3, Mother/Granny

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD and THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

By Moses Goldberg

PROLOGUE

(A large square [or circular] playing area. The audience is seated all around the stage, with aisles marked out by bright ribbons at the four corners. As the audience comes in, the actors mingle with them, help them to their seats, talk about their school or family, warn them to keep their fingers away from the stage and aisles, generally establish rapport, etc. After the audience is seated, ZERO enters with a large, very luscious, piece of chocolate cake and a fork.)

ZERO: Oh boy! Oh boy! I am so hungry!

WISTERIA: *(Enters)* Zero Fitzgerald! What are you doing with that piece of cake?

ZERO: I am getting ready to eat it!

WISTERIA: Oh, no you're not! It's almost time for lunch.

ZERO: So what! This is my lunch.

WISTERIA: Zero! You can't eat a piece of chocolate cake for lunch. We're having a healthy salad. Raw carrots. Whole wheat toast. Maybe a bowl of vegetable soup.

ZERO: You eat the soup, I'm having chocolate cake.

WISTERIA: Oh, no you're not. *(She grabs the cake.)* You're going to eat a healthy lunch.

ZERO: I want my cake back!

WISTERIA: No! You can't have it - - it isn't good for you!

ZERO: Give me back my chocolate cake!

WISTERIA: No! Not till after you eat a proper lunch.

JONES: *(Entering)* What is all this commotion? I am in the kitchen making lunch, and you two are bickering again. Can't I leave you alone for five minutes?

ZERO: She took my chocolate cake!

WISTERIA: He wants to eat chocolate cake for lunch!

JONES: Chocolate cake for lunch! Zero, what is the matter with you?

ZERO: I WANT MY CAKE! *(He grabs it and runs, they chase him around for a few seconds, and then he darts out one of the aisles, but runs into MS. DUPRES who is entering.)*

MS. DUPRES: Well?

ZERO: Sorry, Ms. Dupres. I'll just get out of your way.

MS. DUPRES: Do you realize that we have an audience?

ZERO: Oops.

MS. DUPRES: This is becoming embarrassing.

WISTERIA: It's not my fault. He was eating . . .

MS. DUPRES: Do you want to discuss Zero's eating habits in front of all of . . . them?

WISTERIA: Sorry.

JONES: I'll just go back to the kitchen. . .

MS. DUPRES: I think it's time for the play.

ALL THREE: Right.

MS. DUPRES: And I will just hold on to that cake until after the play, and after our lunch. You can have it for dessert, if you share it with Wisteria.

ZERO: Oh, all right.

WISTERIA: I forgot. What's the play today?

MS. DUPRES: We're doing two stories today. First "The Three Little Pigs," and then . . .

JONES: I should think Zero would be good in that one - - he should have no trouble playing a pig!

ZERO: I can't help it if I'm hungry all the time!

MS. DUPRES: Quite! *(Sighs.)* Zero, please arrange the set.

ZERO: I'm doing it. *(The set can be as simple as a few ambiguously painted cubes, or something a bit more specific; but, in keeping with the Participation Theatre Style, it should be kept simple and leave something to the imagination of the audience. ZERO, with help from the others if necessary, arranges the locale during the following.)*

MS. DUPRES: And the rest of you, get on your costumes.

WISTERIA: Okay. *(Exits.)*

JONES: Oh, Ms. Dupres, there is one question . . .

MS. DUPRES: Yes?

JONES: I notice that I'm supposed to play the Wolf.

MS. DUPRES: Yes?

JONES: And the Wolf is mean and ugly and nasty and yucky and smelly and, . . . and so on.

MS. DUPRES: Yes?

JONES: I only wanted to ask you why I always get stuck playing . . . I mean, do you think I'm . . . That is, me? The Wolf? I mean - - me!

MS. DUPRES: Yes, what exactly was your question?

JONES: Oh, never mind. *(MS. DUPRES goes off and JONES helps ZERO finish with the set.)* Oh, Fitzgerald?

ZERO: Yes, Mr. Jones?

JONES: I want to ask your opinion, such as it is. Do you think I'm the right actor to play a big, ugly Wolf? I mean . . . Me?

ZERO: Sure. *(Exits.)*

JONES: Great.

(WISTERIA enters.)

WISTERIA: All set, Papa. Here's your Wolf costume. *(She hands him the wolf head, or whatever the most scary part of the costume is likely to be.)*

JONES: Wisteria! My own sweet child. Just one little question before we get started here.

WISTERIA: What, Papa?

JONES: Well, honey, it's just that Ms. Dupres keeps casting me in these weird parts. I mean I ought to play the Prince, or the King or something. Why am I always the Ogre or the Wolf?

WISTERIA: Papa, you're the best actor we have. You have to play the Wolf. You're the only one who can be . . . convincingly wolf-like.

JONES: Really? You think I'm a good actor?

WISTERIA: Try on the Wolf costume.

(He does, involving the AUDIENCE somehow: "DOES IT GO LIKE THIS?" or something like that.)

WISTERIA: Okay, now make a few wolfy noises.

JONES: All right, I'll try. *(He experiments with two or three wolf-like postures and voices.)* Hmm. I can't decide. Which one do you like better? *(Demonstrates two possible styles.)*

WISTERIA: *(During this sequence, she also gets into costume as PIG #2)* They're both wonderful, Papa. *(To audience)* Which one do you like best? This one . . . or this one? *(Get a response.)* See, Papa, everybody thinks you make a great Wolf.

JONES: Do you? *(Get an answer)* Okay, I'll play the Wolf. [Optional: But I'll play it this way, cause that's the one I like best.]

MS. DUPRES: *(Enters in her costume as PIG #3)* Everybody ready?

(ZERO also enters, dressed as PIG #1 with instruments.)

ALL: Okay.

MS. DUPRES: Then let's get set up for the Overture.

(They arrange themselves to play.)

(The company plays a simple Overture featuring selections from the musical in the play.)

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

(After quickly putting away their instruments, the THREE PIGS enter.)

PIG #1: Well, here we are.

PIG #2: Yes, here we are.

PIG #3: It looks like a nice place.
(They look around.)

PIG #1: I hope there's plenty to eat here.

PIG #2: Me, too. And a lot of nice mud holes.

PIG #1: Cabbages! That's what I hope for. I hope for lots of cabbages, and stale bread, and maybe some mushroom gravy.

PIG #2: As long as it's squishy and wet and not too cold.

PIG #1: I'm getting hungry. *(Starts to root around in AUDIENCE.)*

PIG #2: Hey, don't mess up any good mud puddles. I want to roll around in them before you get them all messed up with leftover cabbage leaves.

PIG #1: I don't smell any cabbage; in fact I don't smell anything to eat.

PIG #2: And I don't smell any mud.

PIG #1: Why did we ever come here, anyway?

PIG #2: Yeah, whose idea was it, anyway?

PIG #3: It was Mama's idea. Don't you remember. She said it was time for us to be on our own. Remember?

PIG #2: On our own!

PIG #1: I remember. I like that. We get to eat whatever we want. Whenever we want it.

PIG #2: Yeah. We get to decide when to sleep, when to take a mud bath. Everything.

- PIG #1: Yeah. If we can find any cabbages.
- PIG #2: Or any mud holes.
- PIG #3: Well, I'm sure we can find what we're looking for. It may take a little work, that's all.
- PIG #1: Well, I don't want to work very hard.
- PIG #2: Me neither.
- PIG #3: Well, you may not have a choice.
- PIG #1: Of course we have a choice. Mama says you always have a choice.
- PIG #3: Yes, but when Mama said that she meant you always have a choice if you are willing to work for it.
- PIG #2: I wish you would stop talking about Mama. It makes me feel kind of . . . funny.
- PIG #1: Yeah.
- PIG #3: I know. Me, too.

SONG: - - MAMA PIG

(Like everything else in the play, the music should be kept quite simple. The offstage actors, in this case it is only the WOLF, can accompany on a piano or electronic keyboard, or the PIGS can even play guitars. If absolutely necessary, the sound track can be on tape; but keep it light, a full orchestration is not desirable.)

- ALL: Mama Pig, Mama Pig
A kiss and a cuddle.
- PIG #1: Sweet as a garbage dump
- PIG #2: Soft like a mud puddle.

ALL: Since we were piglets
She was our guard-er

PIG #1: Filled us with crunchy treats

PIG #2: Slurped muddy water

PIG #3: Then came the awful day
Mama said, "Goodbye,
You're getting awfully big.
It's time for birds to fly."

ALL: So off on our own we went
Fortunes to try.
Hope that we've learned enough
To get us by.
We'll make her proud of us.
Mama don't cry.

Mama Pig, Mama Pig.
I hope we can always
Remember her face.
(End song)

PIG #1: It makes me too sad to sing that. I want to find
something to eat. Right now!

PIG #3: We better find a place to live first. What if the Wolf
comes before we find a safe place?

PIG #2: A place to live? That'll take too long. I want a mud bath.
Now!

PIG #1: And I want supper!

PIG #3: But let's be practical . . .

PIG #1: No. You be practical if you want. We're on our own,
now. We can do whatever we want.

PIG #2: That's right. Whatever we want.

PIG #3: But if we wait until we have a nice safe house, then . . .

PIG #1: I'm not waiting. I'm going to look for food. *(Exits.)*

PIG #2: And I'm looking for a squishy mud hole. *(Exits)*

PIG #3: Wait! Don't run away! Stop! *(Pause)* Oh, dear. I hope they . . .

SONG - - MAMA PIG (REPRISE)

PIG #3: Hope that we've learned enough
To get us by.
We'll make her proud of us.
Mama don't cry.

Mama Pig, Mama Pig.
I hope I can always
Remember your face.
(End song)

(Exits. After a short pause, PIG #1 enters with the makings of a straw house.)

PIG #1: Well, I'm stuffed. I found a big garbage dump and I ate seven yummy rotten cabbage heads, and four loaves of stale bread, and a bucket of mushroom gravy, and six pieces of chocolate cake. *(Burps.)* Delicious. Now maybe I'll think about a house to live in. I suppose there could be a wolf around here someplace. Mama did say . . . No, I'm not going to think about that. It's just too sad. Forget Mama. I'm on my own. I just had a huge dinner. I'll build a house out of this straw and stuff I found just lying around; and then I'll go get something for a mid-night snack; and then I'll have a nice long snooze. *(He arranges the straw house and crawls inside it.)* This is pretty comfy! I'm a terrific house builder - - if I do say so myself. Maybe I'll just take a snooze right now, before my midnight snack. Then I can take another one afterwards. *(Sleeps.)*

WOLF: *(Enters, stalking the unseen PIG.)* Food! I smell food! It

smells like . . . piggy. There haven't been any piggies around here since I ate that scrawny little - - oh, years ago. Oh, I get weak just thinking about it. Oh, he tasted good. Oh, I can't stand it. I'm getting dizzy! Food! I have to eat! (*Sees the house*) Oh! It isn't possible! Yes! It is! It definitely is! It's a piggy! Oh, I'm too nervous. Calm down! I'll get indigestion. I'll just go slowly up to the house. Okay? And I'll casually knock on the door. All right? And I'll introduce myself, oh so politely, and he'll invite me in for a little supper, and I'll say "No, I'm not really that hungry," and he'll insist. "I insist," he'll say. And finally I'll give in and say, "Okay, if you insist," and we'll go into the kitchen and he'll open the pantry and we'll look at all the food and then I'll grab the piggy and I'll bite him, and I'll chew, and I'll chew, and I'll munch, and I'll munch, and I'll stuff myself, and more, and more, and stuffing, and munching, and stuffing, and stuffing, and I'll . . . No, no. Stop! Calm down. Deep breath! (*Calms down a bit, then approaches and knocks on the house.*)

PIG #1: I'm trying to sleep. Do you mind?

(*WOLF knocks again.*)

Come back later, please. I'm taking a nap.

(*WOLF knocks again.*)

Oh, who is it?

WOLF: Just me.

PIG #1: Well, who is "me?"

WOLF: (*Mumbles something.*)

PIG #1: I can't hear you. Who is it?

WOLF: (*Mumbles again.*)

PIG #1: Speak up - - who's there?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

(LITTLE RED enters, crawling along as if she were watching the activities of a very small bug.)

RED: *(Including the AUDIENCE)* It's a crawly bug. I love to watch crawly bugs. Some little girls are scared of bugs, but not me. Nothing scares me! Not spiders, or snakes, or bugs, or anything. There are so many different kinds of bugs. Did you know that? There are bugs with big scaly wings, and some with lots of legs - - all different kinds. If you had to be a bug, what kind would you be. Can you show me what kind of a bug you would be? Use your whole body and show me a bug. *[Optional: When I count to three, everybody be a different kind of bug. Ready? One, two, three.]* Oh, those are great. I like that one. Oh, there's a good one, etc.

MOTHER: *(Offstage)* Little Red Riding Hood! What are you doing?

RED: Oops. It's my Mama. Thanks for playing bugs with me. *(Make sure the audience has returned to their seats, then, to MOTHER.)* Nothing, Mama.

MOTHER: I hope you aren't getting your new hood dirty. *(Enters, carrying a basket covered with a cloth.)* Oh, Little Red Riding Hood! Look at that! You have been crawling around in the dirt again.

RED: It doesn't hurt it, Mama. It's a riding hood. Riding hoods are always getting dirty. Then you just shake them out and they're clean again.

MOTHER: I don't understand why you're always getting dirty. When I was a little girl, I was always afraid of getting dirty.

RED: I'm not! I'm not afraid of anything.

MOTHER: Well, I suppose that's a good thing. OH! (*Jumps.*) I thought I saw a bug.

RED: I hope you didn't step on it.

MOTHER: No. It just startled me, that's all.

RED: Well, be careful. Some of these bugs are my friends, you know.

MOTHER: I just don't always understand you, Little Red Riding Hood.

RED: I'm just very brave, that's all.

MOTHER: Yes, I suppose you are. Are you brave enough to walk through the woods and take a basket of goodies to Granny?

RED: Sure, but aren't you going to go with me?

MOTHER: Not today, I have some things in the oven.

RED: Is Granny still sick?

MOTHER: Well, she's a lot better, but she's still in bed.

RED: I'm glad she's better. My Granny loves me.

MOTHER: I know she does. That's why she gave you that new riding hood.

RED: I know! She must love me a lot.

MOTHER: She does. You know, I love you, too, Little Red Riding Hood. Even if I don't always understand you.

RED: I love you, Mama. And I don't understand you all the time, either. What's in the basket?

MOTHER: A jar of jam, a loaf of bread, a dozen cookies, and a red apple.

RED: That's almost a song, isn't it?

MOTHER: I suppose it could be one.

SONG - - THE BASKET SONG

MOTHER: What goes into the basket?
What have I made for today?

RED: Oh, Granny, dear Granny, I love you,
So, look what I brought you today.

TOGETHER: A jar of jam
A loaf of bread,
A dozen cookies,
And an apple red.
(Repeat the chorus as desired.)

MOTHER: Well, here it is. Do you remember the way through the woods?

RED: Of course, I do.

MOTHER: Now be sure to stay on the path, and don't talk to any strangers.

RED: Oh, Mother, I know all that stuff. I tell you I'm not afraid.

MOTHER: I know. But it's still important that you do what I say. No straying, no straggling, and no exploring. Promise?

RED: Okay. No straying, no straggling, and no exploring.
Don't be worried. I'll be sure to give Granny a big hug
for you, too.

MOTHER: Thanks. Take care, now. Bye!

(RED exits with the basket. Sings.)

SONG - - BASKET SONG (REPRISE)

Dear Lord above,
Please, if you would,
Protect my love - -
Red Riding Hood.
(Exits.)

(The scene changes to the path in the woods. [Perhaps the HUNTER makes the change, sniffs the air and exits.] WOLF enters. He also sniffs around for a few seconds, then quickly hides offstage. After a few seconds HUNTER enters, stalking the WOLF.)

HUNTER: I'm sure of it. The wolf has come this way. I've been
after that old sinner for a long time. This time, I think I
have him. Shh! Stop bragging, you young fool. You
don't have him yet. Shh!

(He exits, and the WOLF comes out of hiding.)

WOLF: Nyah, nyah, nyah! You'll never get me! I'm always the
winner!

SONG - - WHAT I WANT

I want what I want when I want it.
And I mean to get it,
Right away.

I crave what I crave when I crave it
And I have to have it,
Yesterday.

WOLF:

I want food in the sun
A bed in a cave,
Some rain when it's hot,
No rain when it's not.
Fresh strawberries in the wintertime,
And a cool breeze in the sweltry summertime,
A rich, rich mama to give me lots of things
Like fancy clothes and real expensive rings.

I need what I need when I need it.
And I need it now,
Without delay.

I want what I want when I want it.
And I mean to get it,
Right away.

(After the song, he hears the HUNTER coming back, and runs off. The HUNTER returns.)

HUNTER:

Not that way. Maybe this way? Don't worry, you old sinner, I'll never give up! *(Exits. After a moment, RED enters.)*

RED:

No straying, no straggling, no exploring. Don't leave the path. Don't talk to strangers. I don't think my Mama understands just how big and brave I am. Sometimes I think she thinks I'm still a baby. My Granny treats me like a grownup. She got me this very expensive riding hood. I like to take goodies to my Granny. *(Hums and sings a chorus of the Basket song.)*

A jar of jam
A loaf of bread,
A dozen cookies,
And an apple red.

It doesn't seem like much. Maybe I could find some other neat stuff for Granny. Granny likes interesting rocks, and funny looking flowers, and twigs, and stuff like that. Let's see. *(To AUDIENCE)* Can you help me? Think of something unusual you might find in the woods.