

# THE BIG BAD WOLF GETS BUSTED!

By Bobby Keniston

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# THE BIG BAD WOLF GETS BUSTED!

*A Ten Minute Fractured Fairy Tale Duet*

**By Bobby Keniston**

**SYNOPSIS:** When the Big Bad Wolf spies innocent Little Red Riding Hood on her way to her grandmother's house, he gets a whole lot more than he bargained for! After being mistaken for a genetically mutated squirrel, the Wolf can't seem to strike any fear into the heart of our heroine. Does Red have some secrets of her own? Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf? Find out in this delightful ten minute fractured fairy tale!

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female, 1 male)*

RED (f) ..... A young lady wearing a red hood, or red hooded sweatshirt, with a basket of “goodies”. She seems very sweet and innocent and naïve, but may also have a secret. *(54 lines)*

WOLF (m) ..... A charming, friendly, but ultimately sinister creature of the forest. Despite the fact that he wants to eat Red, he's really very amiable. *(53 lines)*

## PROPS

- Basket, covered by a cloth – RED
- Pair of Handcuffs, inside the basket – RED

**SETTING:** A path in the woods, on the way to Grandmother's house.

**COSTUME SUGGESTIONS**

RED – Could be dressed in a traditional Little Red Riding Hood outfit, dress and Red Cloak, or, you could have a more modern flair with her wearing a red hooded sweatshirt.

WOLF – Can be hairy, but should be dressed pretty sharp. Perhaps some fake wolf ears, if the director so chooses.

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**DEDICATION**

*This play is dedicated to Tracy Sue*

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**AT RISE:** *RED, who wears a red hood and carries a basket, is on the path, at first talking to herself. The WOLF is hiding on the opposite side of the stage watching her, unnoticed (or is he?) for the time being.*

**RED:** *(To herself, a little over-dramatically.)* Oh, my! These woods sure are dark and spooky. I better stay on this path! I hope I don't run into any wild animals on my way to Gram's house! After all, I'm just a little girl! How could I ever protect myself?

*RED takes a few steps, when the WOLF steps out, blocking the path.*

**WOLF:** Greetings and salutations, girlie. What's up?

*RED gasps, also a bit over-dramatically.*

**RED:** Oh, my! You startled me!

**WOLF:** I can see that. I humbly apologize. *(He bows to her.)*

**RED:** Goodness gracious! Oh my, oh my, oh my!

**WOLF:** All right, all right. Why don't you turn the dramatics down a notch, what do you say?

**RED:** Who are you?

**WOLF:** Why do you ask? You writing a book?

**RED:** No, I...

**WOLF:** Then what do you care? What possible difference could it make? After years of inward struggle and evaluation, I have come to terms with who I am. I hardly think, after all of that work, that I could distill each facet of my personality into a simple answer for your question.

**RED:** *(Confused.)* I was just curious.

**WOLF:** Oh, in that case, why don't you guess who I am? That could be fun.

**RED:** All right! *(Pause. She thinks a moment.)* You're a wolf!

**WOLF:** No I'm not.

**RED:** *(Even more confused.)* You're not?

**WOLF:** Nope.

**RED:** Are you sure?

**WOLF:** I ought to be, don't you think?

**RED:** I am almost one hundred percent certain that you're a wolf.

**WOLF:** My dear young lady, have you ever seen a wolf before?

**RED:** Well... no, but...

**WOLF:** Have you read a number of scholarly texts about identifying wolves in nature?

**RED:** Studying makes my brain hurt.

**WOLF:** I rest my case. You admit that you have no knowledge on the subject of wolves. You clearly don't know what you are talking about.

**RED:** I'm sorry. I guess you're right. I shouldn't jump to conclusions.

**WOLF:** No biggie. Skip it.

**RED:** So if you're not a wolf, does that mean you're some kind of genetically mutated squirrel?

**WOLF:** (*Offended.*) Squirrel? Are you honestly saying that I look like...

**RED:** No! I mean... well... kinda. A little.

**WOLF:** I do NOT look like a squirrel!

**RED:** I didn't mean anything by it! You just sort of look... squirrel-esque. In the face.

**WOLF:** Stop! All right, fine, you got me! I'm a wolf! Happy? You want some kind of a medal?

**RED:** But you just said...

**WOLF:** I know what I said! I like to play around with the truth a little bit. Sue me. But I honestly am a Wolf. Listen: (*He howls.*) AAAAHHHH-OOOOHHH! See?

**RED:** I believe you. (*Beat.*) I should probably get going. My mother told me not to talk to animals. People will think I'm weird and need to be put on medication.

**WOLF:** I don't think you're weird.

**RED:** Thanks. I guess.

**WOLF:** Don't mention it. So where are you off to, Red-Hood girl? Maybe I know a shortcut.

**RED:** My Gram isn't feeling so hot, so I'm bringing her some goodies and some cough syrup. (*Beat.*) She sure does love her cough syrup.

**WOLF:** (*Nonchalant.*) So you're out here in the woods? All by yourself?

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**RED:** *(Dramatically, to the audience.)* Yes. Here I am--- a poor little girl, out all by herself in this dark and scary forest. I don't even have a weapon to use in self-defense if some cruel creature were to attack me. I am completely and utterly vulnerable, depending solely on the kindness of the Universe.

*Beat. The WOLF stares at her a moment. RED faces him, no longer talking to the audience.*

What? Why are you staring at me?

**WOLF:** Huh? Oh, nothing, I'm not staring. That's just a whole lot of interesting information to share with someone who might want to eat you in one gulp.

**RED:** What?

**WOLF:** Nothing.

**RED:** Who would want to eat me in one gulp?

**WOLF:** I don't know. It was a hypothetical observation.

**RED:** Is that so? Because it sounded more like a threat.

**WOLF:** A threat? Pshaw! I was just making conversation.

**RED:** That's a strange way to make conversation if you ask me.

*(Beat.)* So you're not saying that you would eat me in one gulp?

**WOLF:** How could you even suggest such a thing?

**RED:** You're the one who brought it up.

**WOLF:** I'm hurt. Really. I am. *(Beat.)* Look at my teeth! Do I look like someone who swallows things whole? I happen to chew my food, thank you very much.

*RED looks at his teeth, impressed.*

**RED:** Oh, my! What big teeth you have!

**WOLF:** *(Proudly.)* Exactly! The better to...

**RED:** *(Cutting him off.)* Are they supposed to be this big? Maybe you should see a dentist.

**WOLF:** *(Suddenly self-conscious.)* What do you mean? There's nothing wrong with my teeth!

BY BOBBY KENISTON

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