

THE TRUE STORIES OF THE SO-CALLED BIG BAD WOLVES

By Richard Gremel

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SYNOPSIS: Little Red Riding Hood, The Boy Who Cried Wolf, and the Three Little Pigs had it all wrong when they accused the wolves of being bad. And now the wolves have gone on strike until they can tell *their* side of the story. Enjoy these classic tales re-imagined in a new and comical way by (mostly) kind and sweet-hearted wolves.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(SIX MEN, SIX WOMEN, DOUBLING POSSIBLE)

JACK WOLFE, P.I. (m)..... The Wolf from Little Red Riding Hood. *(58 lines)*

HARRIET HOWLS (f)..... The Wolf from The Boy Who Cried Wolf. *(46 lines)*

B.B. WOLFINGTON (m)..... The Wolf from The Three Little Pigs. *(48 lines)*

RED RIDING HOOD (f)..... Wears a red cape. *(29 lines)*

GRANNY (f)..... Red's Grandmother. *(17 lines)*

THE WOODSMAN (m)..... Red and Granny's rescuer. *(8 lines)*

FATHER (m)..... Timmy's father. *(15 lines)*

MOTHER (f)..... Timmy's mother. *(14 lines)*

TIMMY (m)..... The boy who cried wolf. *(39 lines)*

PINKY PIG (f)..... Built her house of bricks. *(25 lines)*

HAMMY PIG (m)..... Built his house of sticks. *(12 lines)*

PENELOPE PIG (f) Built her house of straw. (*17 lines*)

CAST WITH DOUBLING
(*THREE MEN, THREE WOMEN*)

JACK WOLFE P.I. (m)

HARRIET HOWL (f)

B.B. WOLFINGTON (m)

RED RIDING HOOD/MOTHER/PENELOPE (f)

GRANNY/FATHER/PINKY (f)

THE WOODSMAN/TIMMY/HAMMY (m)

PRODUCTION NOTES

The story and setting of each scene change very quickly and should be staged in a way to avoid any scenery changes. All spaces should be suggested and leave a lot to the imagination of the audience. In the original production, the pigs houses were made out of painted cardboard and the pigs wore them like sandwich boards.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT ONE, SCENE 1: Bare stage.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2: The story of Little Red Riding Hood.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3: The story of the Boy Who Cried Wolf.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4: The story of the Three Little Pigs.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The Three Bad Wolves (title changed at publication to *The True Stories of the So-Called Big Bad Wolves*) was first performed on June 10, 2011 at Live Theatre Workshop in Tucson, Arizona. The original cast was as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------|
| Jack Wolfe P.I. | Michael Martinez |
| Harriet Howl | Lucielle Petty |
| B.B. Wolfington | Richard Gremel |
| Red Riding Hood/Mother/Penelope | Amanda Gremel |
| Granny/Father/Pinky | Kristi Loera |
| Woodsman/Timmy/Hammy | Emilio Zweig |
| Director | Leslie J. Miller |

Do Not Copy

ACT ONE, SCENE 1**AT RISE:**

A bare stage.

RED RIDING HOOD: Hello everyone and welcome to our show. Let me introduce myself, I am Little Red Riding Hood and I am here to tell you about my run-in with the big bad wolf.

TIMMY: And I am Timmy. You may know me better as the boy who cried wolf and I am here to tell you about our tragic family story about how I tricked the town into thinking there was a wolf only to have an encounter with a big bad wolf in the end.

PINKY: I am Pinky, the third little pig who made my house out of bricks and I am going to tell you about the time my siblings and I dealt with a big bad wolf of our own.

RED RIDING HOOD: And the title of our show is...

ALL: The Three Bad Wolves!

B. B. WOLFINGTON: Hold it, hold it, hold it right there. I've heard enough. *(Yelling offstage.)* Come on guys.

The other WOLVES enter with picket signs.

WOLVES: We're on strike until you tell it right. We're on strike until you tell it right.

RED RIDING HOOD: *(Trying to yell over the wolves.)* What are you three doing? We are in the middle of the show right now. You aren't supposed to enter until we begin telling the part about the big bad wolf.

HARRIET: That's just it. We are tired of being known as the big bad wolves. Just because we are all hairy...

JACK: Or have big eyes, ears, and teeth...

B.B Wolfington: Or because we have large lungs that allow us to blow things down or howl loud... *(The three wolves let off a loud howl!)*

JACK: Doesn't mean that we are BIG...

HARRIET: BAD...

B.B. WOLFINGTON: WOLVES!

PINKY: But those reasons are exactly why you are big bad wolves. You all are big, mean, ugly, horrible, stinky, smelly, bad wolves.

(Suggestion: On each of the insults, the wolves can react accordingly. For example, they can nod yes with **BIG**; shake their heads no on **MEAN**; smell themselves on **STINKY**; and smell each other on **SMELLY**.)

B.B. WOLFINGTON: You all are just judging a book by its cover.

TIMMY: No we are not. We are judging you by the fur on your bodies, your big sharp teeth, and your large lungs that allow you to howl loud.

The WOLVES howl loud.

JACK: B.B. didn't mean a real book. He meant that just by looking at us, you think we are big and bad.

TIMMY: Oh. Well that's true. We are doing that.

B.B. WOLFINGTON: Exactly, but once you get to know the real us, you would easily see that we are nice and kind wolves.

JACK: (*Shaking HARRIET'S hand.*) Hello. How are you today?

HARRIET: Very well. Thank you so much for asking.

B.B. WOLFINGTON: See?! And these stories that we are performing keep giving all wolves a bad name.

JACK: So, we have joined the Union of Misrepresented Wolves in a fight to stop the negative representation of wolves everywhere.

PINKY: But how can we tell the story of *The Three Little Pigs* without a big bad wolf?

TIMMY: Or *The Boy Who Cried Wolf*? It has wolf right in the title!

RED RIDING HOOD: Or *Little Red Riding Hood*? It just wouldn't be the same.

HARRIET: Too bad, we refuse to perform your lies anymore and we demand that the stories be told our way.

TIMMY: These stories aren't lies. They are the stories that have been passed down from generation to generation. My mom told me the story of the boy who cried wolf...and her mom before that...and her mom before that...and even her mom before that!

HARRIET: Well, we have heard the *other* side of the story from generation to generation.

RED RIDING HOOD: Look wolves, like it or not these people paid to see our play...

TIMMY: Actually Red, they had to come to our play because they are our parents and if they didn't show up, we would feel neglected and emotionally damaged. Hi Mom! (*Timmy waves*)

RED RIDING HOOD: Well, either way they are here and want to see a show, so we are going to perform the plays with you as the big bad wolves.

B.B. WOLFINGTON: You heard 'em guys. You know what to do.

WOLVES: We're on strike until you tell it right. We're on strike until you tell it right.

As the WOLVES continue to picket, the other three characters speak.

RED RIDING HOOD: Oh no what do we do? These wolves just won't give up.

TIMMY: Yeah, and how can we perform the plays without their help? I mean, all these people came to see a play, but we have nothing to show them. Guess we are going to just have to send them home.

PINKY: Wait a minute, I know a way we can do the plays for the audience and make the wolves happy.

RED RIDING HOOD: How do we do that?

PINKY: Maybe just this once, we let the wolves tell their stories. I mean, what could it hurt?

TIMMY: It could hurt us! Have you seen their teeth and claws?

RED RIDING HOOD: I agree with Pinky. If we let the wolves tell their side of the story this one time, then they will stop complaining.

TIMMY: Will the audience like it?

PINKY: What do they care? They came to see a show and they will see a show. It just might not be the show that they came to see when they came to see a show. You know?

RED RIDING HOOD/TIMMY: Huh?

PINKY: Just tell the wolves they can tell their stories.

TIMMY: Alright. Wolves? Wolves? Excuse me...QUIET!

The WOLVES stop their picketing.

JACK: Sorry, we always get a little carried away with our picketing.

TIMMY: That's alright. Now I guess that for today, and today only, you can go ahead and tell your sides of the stories.

HARRIET: Really?

RED RIDING HOOD: Yes. But it is for this *one* time only.

HARRIET: Alright!

The WOLVES howl.

RED RIDING HOOD: And we will help you act out the stories. After all, we were judging you by what we saw, so let's get to know the true stories about you.

JACK: Cool!

B.B. WOLFINGTON: How about you all go backstage and get ready and I will introduce the first of our three stories.

ALL: Yeah. Okay. Sounds great!

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

B.B. WOLFINGTON: So, let's start off with the story of Little Red Riding Hood. Now you probably all know the classic tale of Little Red Riding Hood. But just in case you don't, here is a re-cap of the story. *(Pulls out a book titled "Little Red Riding Hood.")* Once upon a time there was a girl named Little Red Riding Hood. She was named that because she always wore a red cape with a hood. So one day, Little Red's mom told her to take some goodies to her Granny, because her Granny was a little under the weather. Now, why a mother would ever send her daughter into the forest alone is beyond me...but, I am getting off topic. Sorry, back to the story. *(As he continues to read, the ACTORS and JACK act out the scene on the stage.)* Anyways, Little Red left her house and skipped down a path, in the forest, towards her Granny's house. On the way, she ran into a wolf standing on the side of the path. The wolf stopped Little Red and said:

JACK: Little girl, who are you and what is in that basket you carry? It smells delicious.

RED RIDING HOOD: This is a basket of goodies that I am taking to my Granny who is under the weather today.

JACK: Do you think I could have just one treat? I am so very hungry and I have not eaten for days.

RED RIDING HOOD: Sorry, Mr. Wolf. I must get going, besides, my mom said not to talk to strangers or wolves.

B.B. WOLFINGTON: So Little Red continued on her way towards Granny's house. Meanwhile, the wolf had a plan to get those treats and Little Red. So, he took a short cut to Granny's house. Once he got there he knocked on the door and Granny, who was too sick to get up and answer the door said:

GRANNY: Come in dearie.

B.B. WOLFINGTON: The wolf noticed that the Granny had horrible eye sight so he took a sheet and covered himself with it.

GRANNY: Come here Little Red, let Granny get a good look at you.

JACK: Okay Granny (*Clears throat and then in high voice.*) I mean, okay.

GRANNY: My, what big eyes and ears you have.

JACK: The better to see and hear you with.

GRANNY: What big teeth you have.

JACK: The better to eat you with.

B.B. WOLFINGTON: Granny was so scared that she jumped out of bed and ran out of the house before the wolf could catch her. So the wolf put on some Granny-type clothes...

JACK: What?

B.B. WOLFINGTON: You put on some Granny-type clothes.

JACK: Umm...I'm not doing that.

B.B. WOLFINGTON: You have to. It says right here in the book that you put on some granny-type clothes.

JACK: Let me see that! (*He grabs the book and reads.*) Fine.

B.B. WOLFINGTON: So, he put on some Granny-type clothes, hopped into bed, and decided to wait for Little Red to come with the basket of treats. Little Red finally arrived at the house and came over to the wolf disguised as her Granny. She said:

RED RIDING HOOD: My-oh-my Granny, you do not look good.

JACK: I am just so sick dearie.

RED RIDING HOOD: You don't sound good either. And what big eyes and ears you have.

JACK: The better to see and hear you with.

RED RIDING HOOD: What big teeth you have.

JACK: The better to eat you with!

B.B. WOLFINGTON: The wolf began to chase Little Red around the house. Meanwhile, Granny had run into a woodsman cutting down wood in the forest.

GRANNY: Hey you, woodsman?

WOODSMAN: Are you talking to me?

GRANNY: I got a wolf in my house.

WOODSMAN: What?

GRANNY: There is a big bad wolf in my house. He tried to eat me but I got out of there just in time. But he is there now and my granddaughter is on her way to my house as we speak.

WOODSMAN: Well, that's not good. Let's get over there quick and I will chase him off with my rugged good looks and this ax.

B.B. WOLFINGTON: So, they ran to the house to chase off the wolf. They arrived just in time to stop the wolf from hurting Little Red and the woodsman chased the wolf right out the door and far away, never to be seen or heard from again. The woodsman turned to Little Red and Granny and said:

WOODSMAN: I don't think you will ever have to deal with that Big Bad Wolf ever again.

RED/GRANNY: Our hero!

B.B. WOLFINGTON: *(Makes a thumbs-up that turns into a thumbs-down while making a farting noise with his mouth.)* What a terrible story, they didn't get it right at all. Jack, get out here.

JACK: *(Entering.)* Yeah?

B.B. WOLFINGTON: Why don't you tell these people the true story of Little Red Riding Hood.

JACK: You got it. *(Film noir music begins to underscore the next part. To audience.)* It was a dark, stormy night. I was sitting in my office reading the funny pages like I usually do on a Friday night. Suddenly, a woman entered the place, I knew she was someone's granny. The smell of chocolate chip cookies and arthritis cream gave that away. But I could also tell she was in trouble and in need of my help, so I asked her: *(To GRANNY.)* How can I help?

GRANNY: Are you Jack Wolfe, the best private investigator around?

JACK: Yes to the name and yes to being the best. Now, what do you need with me?

GRANNY: Well you see, I think that my granddaughter Little Red Riding Hood, sweet and innocent as she may be, has been stealing the goodies from the basket that her mother has her bring to me every week.

JACK: Why do you think that?

GRANNY: Well, every week there are more and more brownies missing from the basket and she always has chocolate on her cheeks.

JACK: So you want me to spy on Little Red and see if I can catch her in the act?

GRANNY: You got it.

JACK: What's in it for me?

GRANNY: All the brownies you can eat.

JACK: You got yourself a deal. (*GRANNY exits and JACK talks to audience.*) I could never turn down a brownie. Besides, how hard could it be to tail a little girl.

RED RIDING HOOD enters skipping across stage and eating a brownie.

JACK: Hey little girl, what are you eating?

RED RIDING HOOD: (*Hides brownie behind back.*) Oh nothing.

JACK: What's in the basket? It smells delicious.

RED RIDING HOOD: It's just some treats for my Granny. I am taking them to her right now.

JACK: Do you think I could see inside the basket?

RED RIDING HOOD: No way! Besides, my mom said not to talk to wolves in the forest so...see you later.

JACK: (*To audience.*) I guess it was going to be harder than I thought. So I decided to go with a different approach. I went to go pay that Granny a visit.

GRANNY enters.

GRANNY: You want to do what?

JACK: I want to do some undercover work and get Little Red to confess to eating the brownies. I will disguise myself as you, and get her to tell the truth about the brownies. And I will get it all recorded on tape because I will be wearing a wire.

GRANNY: Sounds like a great idea. I will take this time to go run some much needed errands. Here is a nightgown and cap. Good luck.

JACK: Thanks Granny, but I don't need luck, I am Jack Wolfe P.I.

GRANNY: Whatever you say dearie.

JACK: *(To audience.)* The nightgown wasn't too flattering, but I will do anything to get my man...or girl, in this case. *(He gets into the bed and Red Riding Hood enters finishing a brownie and talking with her mouth full.)*

RED RIDING HOOD: Hello Granny. I brought you some fresh baked treats.

JACK: *(With a Granny voice.)* Oh my dear Little Red Riding Hood how sweet you are. Are you sure that all the treats are still in the basket?

RED RIDING HOOD: Of course, where else would they be.

JACK: In your stomach perhaps?

RED RIDING HOOD: Why Granny, how dare you accuse me of eating your goodies. Can't you see by the smile on my face and the twinkle in my eye that I am too sweet and innocent to steal any of your brownies?

JACK: *(To audience.)* This girl was good! I was going to have to step up my game. *(To RED.)* Come close to me Little Red so I may have a treat.

RED RIDING HOOD: Okay. Here is the basket of treats Granny. *(Gives basket to JACK and then speaks to audience.)* I could tell that this was clearly not my Granny. I mean, my Granny has never been that hairy.

JACK: Hey, I am the only one that can talk to the audience like that. This is my story. So can we get on with it?

RED RIDING HOOD: Sorry. Oh Granny, what big teeth you have.

JACK: The better to eat these goodies with.

RED RIDING HOOD: What a big nose you have.

JACK: The better to smell the brownies on your breath with.

RED RIDING HOOD: What big eyes you have.

JACK: The better to see the crumbs on your face with. Because you have eaten all the brownies! Caught you chocolate handed, Little Red!

RED RIDING HOOD: All right, you caught me. I am the one who—
(There is a doorbell sound.) Um...are you going to answer that?

JACK: Fine. *(With Granny voice.)* Come in.

WOODSMAN: Hello there Little Red. Hello there Granny.

JACK: Who are you?

WOODSMAN: Why Granny, I am the woodsman who cuts down wood in the forest and you invited me over for brownies and milk. You should know that.

JACK: Oh, yeah I must have forgotten.

RED RIDING HOOD: You forgot because you are not my real Granny, you are a wolf! *(She rips off the granny outfit.)*

WOODSMAN: You are a wolf! What did you do with Granny?

JACK: I uhh...got to go - *(Starts to run offstage, then turns to the audience.)* you would do the same thing if you were in my shoes. *(He exits and GRANNY enters.)*

GRANNY: Oh dear, I hurried back as fast as I could because I remembered that I had invited the woodsman for brownies and milk. Oh, I see you are here already. Guess I was too late. Too bad, that wolf was so polite and kind and did the job that I asked him to do. What a great wolf he was.

RED RIDING HOOD: I am sorry that I ate some of your brownies Granny and that you had to hire someone to spy on me.

WOODSMAN: And I am sorry that I scared that kind wolf away.

JACK: *(Enters.)* Well, I solved the case and Granny paid me with lots of brownies that I ate at her house with Little Red and the woodsman every Sunday.

B.B. WOLFINGTON: What a great story, it truly showed how hard we wolves work and how nice and kind we can be. That is how the story should be told all the time. Well, if you enjoyed that one, I know that you will enjoy this next one. Hey Harriet, are we about ready?

HARRIET: *(Pokes head in from curtain.)* Almost.

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