

## LITTLE RED WALKING HOOD

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Music by Franz Lehar *The Merry Widow*

Little Red - soprano

Mom - mezzo

Dad - tenor

Wolf - baritone

Mrs. Wolf -mezzo

Vilia – tenor

Granny - mezzo

Set-woods/grandma's

Props: basket, "Beware" sign, umbrella stroller, stuffed animals, flowers, false teeth, plunger

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EXCERPT:

Wolf: Well, hello there.

Red: (quietly) Hello.

Wolf: You must be a long way from home.

Red: Er...not really...I mean, if I screamed really loudly they would probably hear me.

Wolf: (Sarcastic aside to audience) Yeah, right. (To her, sweetly) Oh, no need to be frightened my dear....I wouldn't hurt a fly...(to audience) Little girl, maybe, but not a fly.

Red: Aren't you a wild animal?

Wolf: Oh, that hurts. That really hurts.

Red: You mean you're not?

Wolf: My dear, there are schoolteachers that are wilder than I am. (gestures to teachers) I'm in bed by eight, don't drink, don't smoke, don't eat meat...(to audience) on Sunday...don't gamble, don't cut in line, don't ...

Red: What do you do?

Waltz music starts.

Wolf: I frolic in the woods. I enjoy the flowers, the trees, the simple life. And (to audience) when I'm not eating children,... (to her).. I love to dance.

Red: You dance?

Wolf: Ballroom is big, these days. I am Wolf Waltzer, the Waltz King.

HEAR THE MUSIC, LET THE MUSIC CAST ITS SPELL,  
I KNOW YOU COULD, I KNOW YOU WOULD WALTZ SO WELL!

Red: I CAN FEEL THE MUSIC, MAKES ME WANT TO SWAY!

Wolf: I CAN FEEL IT, TOO! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY!

Red: OH, WHAT WOULD GRANNY DO?  
SHE WOULDN'T DANCE WITH YOU.  
SHE WOULDN'T DANCE OR SING,  
BUT SHE'S NOT HERE, SHE'S NOT HERE NOW!  
THE WOLF SEEMS SO VERY NICE,  
I GUESS I'LL TAKE MY OWN ADVICE,  
HOW COULD IT HURT TO DANCE?  
JUST TELL ME HOW?

(waltz)

Both: MUSIC IS SO LOVELY, WHAT A WONDROUS TREAT!

Red: I FEEL LIGHT AND HAPPY, 'CAUSE YOU ARE SO SWEET!

Wolf: I FEEL LIGHT AND HAPPY, CAUSE YOU'LL TASTE SO SWEET!

Red: (picking up basket) Well, I'd better get going.

Wolf: (casually blocking her way) Going where?

Red: To Granny's.

Wolf: Oh? Are you taking her some goodies?

Red: (nodding) Hot tea and blueberry muffins.

Wolf: Oh, that sounds yummy. (aside) Not as yummy as little girls. (to Red) Does your Granny live with....Grandpa? Grampy? A significant other?

Red: No, she lives alone.

Wolf: Hmm. A delightful girl now....or a delightful girl and her delicious granny later. Two for the price of one. With blueberry muffins for dessert! (to Red) Do you know the way?

Red: Yup. Right down that path.

Wolf: Well, that path is nice, but there is a shortcut through those trees.

Red: A shortcut?

Wolf: It's not only shorter, but you will walk by some beautiful wildflowers. I'm sure your Granny would love a colorful bouquet of flowers.

Red: Oh, she would! Thank you so much for the lovely idea. (runs off) And thanks for the dance!

Wolf: That may have been your last dance, Little Red Walking Hood. It certainly won't be mine. I'm going to boogie on down the path straight to Granny's house. I sent the girl the long way, so I may be having Granny for lunch and Little Red for supper. But I'll have them both either way!

I'LL HAVE DINNER! TRA LA LA LA LA!

I'M THE WINNER! TRA LA LA LA LA!

(pointing) AND THAT WAS NOT THE WAY TO GO,

'CAUSE THAT WAY IS TOO SLOW!

HO, HO, HO, HO, HO, HO, HO...

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What would Granny do? Well, she wouldn't have gotten lost in the first place. She wouldn't have listened to the wolf...but I did, and now...(starts to whimper..then looks up) I know! I'll follow the stream...(runs around)...There's no stream! If only I had a compass...if only I had a grown up...someone to help me...Granny used to sing a song about a fairly woodland sprite that lives in the forest...if only she were real, she could probably help me...(Vilia peeks out from back stage) I used to believe in her, but I'm a big girl now. I don't believe in things like that...(Vilia puts hands on hip, disgusted) (to audience) What do you think? Do you think she's real? Do you think she could help? I guess it's worth a try.

VILIA, OH, VILIA, THE WILD WOODLAND SPRITE,  
IF YOU ARE REAL, PLEASE PAY HEED TO MY PLIGHT,  
VILIA, OH, VILIA, SO LONELY AM I,  
COME TO ME, PLEASE HEAR MY CRY!

VILIA, OH, VILIA, THE WILD WOODLAND SPRITE,  
IF YOU ARE REAL, PLEASE PAY HEED TO MY PLIGHT!

(during preceding part of song, Vilia should be hamming it up as a ballerina upstage from Little Red)

VILIA, OH, VILIA (this octave jump should result from Little Red's shock at finally seeing Vilia face to face)

Vilia: I'M VILIA, MY DEAR,  
DON'T WORRY NOW, I AM HERE!

Red: (In disbelief) You're Vilia???

Vilia: Ta da!!

Red: Aren't you awfully large for a fairy sprite??

Vilia: Aren't you awfully rude for someone who's lost in the woods?

Red: Sorry.

Vilia: That's okay. You speak your mind just like your Granny.

Red: You know my Granny??

Vilia: Girl, she and I go way back. We were friends when she was younger than you.

Red: Wow. I should have paid more attention to those stories.

Vilia: Maybe you will from now on. So, do you want to get to your Granny's?

Red: I sure do.

Vilia: It'll cost you a blueberry muffin. (Red looks shocked.) Just kidding, but really, why does everyone expect fairy sprites to do everything out of the kindness of their hearts?

Red: Well, because you're good...

Vilia: Yeah, yeah, whatever. Anyway, follow me, Little Red. I'll get you to Granny's.

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Wolf: Come on in, dear. I'm too weak to make it to the door.

Red enters.

Red: Poor Granny. You look awful. I didn't know you were that sick.

Wolf: (to audience) What is it with these people and awful? I am awful. I look awful. Well, I'll show them, won't I? (to Red) Come closer to the bed, my dear.

Red: (chattering) I brought you your favorite...blueberry muffins and a thermos of hot tea. I know you'll love the muffins. They're nice and fresh. (Stops suddenly and looks closer at Granny, now that she is by the bed.) Really, Granny, you look terrible. You must really be sick.

Wolf: I'm sure I'll be feeling better very soon, dear. Especially after I eat.

Red: I don't know if the muffins will make that swelling go down. What big ears you have, Granny.

Wolf: Just a slight inflammation, but I can hear fine.

Red: Even your eyes are bigger...and they're filled with ugly little broken veins...

Wolf: (insulted) Ugly little...why you little...I mean...these old tired eyes can still see how pretty you are, my dear.

Red: And your facial hair...Whoa...sorry, Granny...I don't mean to stare, but have you looked in the mirror lately? Do you want me to bring you a shaver or the tweezers from the bathroom? (heads off toward bathroom)

Wolf: Don't go in there!! (Grabs her.)

Red: And your hands! Oh, Granny, they're hairy, too!

Wolf: So????

Red: Your teeth!!! Granny, they've gotten big and yellow and sharp....Wait a minute.  
(pulls cover off bowl by bed, showing set of false teeth) Here are Granny's teeth!!!

Wolf: My teeth are much better for eating bigmouth little girls like you! (pulls off covers)

Red: Help!!!! Granny!!!!

Granny: I'm coming! Wait, the bathroom door's locked! Help!!!!

Red unlocks it and out comes Granny with plunger as weapon. She gets between Red and Wolf.

Granny: Don't come any closer to my granddaughter, buster!

Wolf: What are you going to do, old woman, plunge me?

EXAMPLE

# WALTZ

Valse moderato.

Viol. *pp* Cello

Handwritten '3' on the left margin.

WOLF:  
108  
Danilo.

Hear the mu-sic, Let the mu-sic cast

Dan. its spell I know you could I know you would waltz

Redi:

Dan. so well! I can feel the mu-sic, Makes me

(They waltz a few steps.)

CRASH →

Viol.  
Cello  
Bass

*p animato*

ANNA: Both

Danilo.

MU-SIC IS SO love-ly, What a won-drous

MU-SIC IS SO love-ly, What a won-drous

Red

An.

Waltz

Dan.

treat I feel light and hap-py 'cause you are

treat I feel light and hap-py 'cause you'll taste

Allegro.

An.

Dan.

so sweet

so sweet

Allegro.

Fl. Tutti

# I'LL HAVE DINNER

*molto allegro.*

An.

Dan.

*Molto allegro.*

*ff*

**94** *Vivace.*

An.

I'll have din-ner! tra la la la la la, I'm the

Harfe *mf* Viol.

Fl. Picc.

*mf* Viol.

An.

win-ner, tra la la la la la And that was not the way to

Fl. Picc.

H'ns.

*cresc.*

An.

go, 'Cause that way is too slow ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,



Wolf

An. *Red Backstay*

ho, ho, ho, ho. ho! la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Valencienne.

La la la la la la la la la

Sylviane.

*Mezzo*  
*Tenor*  
*Backstay*

Olga.

He'll have din-ner! tra la la la la la.

He's the

Praskowia.

He'll have din-ner! tra la la la la la.

He's the

Camille.

tra la la la la la.

Zeta.

tra la la la la la.

Bogdanowitsch.

tra la la la la la.

Kromow.

tra la la la la la.

Pritschitsch.

tra la la la la la.

tra la la la la la.

tra la la la la la.

CHOR.

*f* Tutti.

*p* Fl. Picc.

Tutti.

*Red*

*Red*

An. *la la la la la la*

*Cause that way is too*

Vol. *la la la la la la la la*

*Mzzo*

win-ner! *tra la la la la la* *And that was not the way to go* *Cause that way is too*

Ol. *tra la la la la la*

Pras. *tra la la la la la*

*Tenor*

win-ner! *tra la la la la la* *And that was not the way to go, cause that way is too*

Ze. *tra la la la la la*

*Wolf*  
*either*

*tra la la la la la* *And that was not the way to go* *'Cause that way is too*

Kro. *tra la la la la la*

Prit. *tra la la la la la*

*tra la la la la la* *not the way to go,*

*tra la la la la la* *not the way to go,*

*p Fl. Picc.* *Tutti. cresc.*

An.  
 Val.  
 Me.  
 Ol.  
 Pras.  
 Osm.  
 Ze.  
 Bug.  
 Kro.  
 Prit.

no, by no no.  
 no, by no no.  
 no, by no no.  
 no, by no no.  
 no, by no no.  
 no, by no no.  
 no, by no no.  
 no, by no no.  
 no, by no no.

slow off  
 slow ho ho  
 slow by ho ho ho  
 slow by no no

EXAMPLE

ff  
 curtain

long