

INTO THE WOODS

Just one would be so boring.  
And look what you're ignoring . . .

*He gestures to the trees and flowers; Little Red Ridinghood looks around.*

*(To himself)*

Think of those crisp,  
Aging bones,  
Then something fresh on the palate.  
Think of that scrumptious carnality  
Twice in one day—!  
There's no possible way  
To describe what you feel  
When you're talking to your meal!

*The Baker enters, but hides behind a tree at the sight of the Wolf.*

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD:

Mother said  
Not to stray.  
Still, I suppose,  
A small delay . . .  
Granny might like  
A fresh bouquet . . .  
Goodbye, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF:

Goodbye, little girl.  
And hello . . .

*He howls and exits in the direction of the cottage.*

BAKER (*Horrified*): Is harm to come to that little girl . . . in the red cape!

*Witch surprises him as she hangs from a tree; music under.*

WITCH: Forget the little girl and get the cape!

BAKER (*Clutching his chest*): You frightened me.

WITCH (*Nasty*): That's the cape. Get it. Get it. Get it!

BAKER: How am I supposed to get it?

Sondheim & Lapine

WITCH: You go up to the little thing, and you take it.

BAKER: I can't just take a cloak from a little girl. Why don't you take it!

WITCH: If I could, I would! But I—

*We suddenly hear Rapunzel singing in the distance.*

*(Sweetly)* Ahh, my Rapunzel . . . listen to her beautiful music . . . *(Yelling)* Get me what I need. Get me what I need! *(She disappears back up into the tree)*

BAKER (*Distraught*): This is ridiculous. I'll never get that red cape, nor find a golden cow, or a yellow slipper—or was it a golden slipper and a yellow cow? Oh, no . . .

*Wife appears.*

WIFE:

The cow as white as milk,  
The cape as red as blood,  
The hair as yellow as corn,  
The slipper as pure as—

BAKER (*Overlapping*): What are you doing here?

WIFE (*Takes a scarf and tries to put it around his neck*): You forgot your scarf—

BAKER (*Taking scarf off*): You have no business being alone in the woods. And you have no idea what I've come upon here. You would be frightened for your life. Now go home immediately!

WIFE: I wish to help.

BAKER: No!

The spell is on *my* house—

WIFE:

*Our* house.

BAKER:

Only I can lift the spell,  
The spell is on *my* house—!

WIFE (*Overlapping*):

We must lift the spell together,  
The spell is on—