

INTO THE WOODS

Baker enters the house and timidly goes over to the bed, his knife stretched before him. He lets out a yelp when he sees the Wolf with his swollen belly.

Grandmother, hah! *(He draws the knife back, then stops)*
What is this red cloth in the corner of your mouth?
Looks to me to be a piece of—ah-hah! I'll get the cape
from within your stomach.

He slits the Wolf's stomach, then recoils in disgust.

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD *(Stepping out of the Wolf, bloodied)*: What a
fright! How dark and dank it was inside that wolf.

Granny emerges from Wolf.

GRANNY *(Wheezing)*: Kill the devil! Take that knife and cut his
evil head off! Let's see the demon sliced into a thou-
sand bits. Better yet, let the animal die a painful,
agonizing, hideous death.

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD *(Shocked)*: Granny!

GRANNY: Quiet, child. This evil needs to be destroyed. Fetch
me some great stones! We'll fill his belly with them,
then we'll watch him try to run away!

BAKER *(Faint)*: Well, I will leave you to your task.

GRANNY: Don't you want the skins?

BAKER: No. No! You keep them.

GRANNY *(With disdain)*: What kind of a hunter are you?

BAKER: I'm a baker!

*Granny pulls him into the house as Little Red
Ridinghood walks downstage, as if to gather
stones. Lights change; music.*

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD:

Mother said,

"Straight ahead,"

Not to delay

Or be misled.

I should have heeded

Her advice . . .

But he seemed so nice.