

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 thousand 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.