

TO PLAY OR RE:PLAY,

THAT IS OUT OF THE: QUESTION

Revised Cast:

Royal Court Jester

Olivier (Actor) Gottfried (Actor) Wilhelm (Actor) Town Crier

Two Pages

Written and compiled by Paul Brandvik

Properties:

SETTING:

Wassail Bowl and Goblets Boar's Head

Bell

Kabonger

Large medieval wagon., full of props, costumes, etc.

Signs for audience (See Appendix) 1

The setting is the interior banquet hall of a medieval English castle by the name of "Deep Manor." There is a stage with a curved table for the Royal Court and space downstage for action of the Jester and other performers. Banners with heraldic emblems may decorate the hall. All tables are lit by candle light, where local laws allow. Raised platforms, disguised as stone towers (parapets), may rise on each side of the stage. Guests' tables in the hall may be arranged to create a winding path from the back of the room to the stage. Additional space around these tables is advisable to allow minstrels and others to gather near and entertain individual tables of guests.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES:

ROYAL COURT: The members of the Royal Court may give themselves names and adapt stage personalities. The speaking parts for the Royal Court may be taken by any member of the court. Since we do not know what names your actors will take, they are designated, "Courtier." Speaking parts should be distributed in such a way that the sounds of the voices come from various parts of the stage and also represent different actor/singers in the Royal Court must sit through the story night after night and look like they are having the time of their lives. They must be able to laugh on cue. They must be able to sit in hot costumes and silly hats for at least two hours at a time, then stand and sing a long concert on a full stomach! (Who said this was the easy job?) They are all wealthy Dukes and Duchesses, Counts and Countesses, and counting! Tights and tunics for the men, long flowing gowns for the ladies. One item the men would have worn during the sixteenth century would be Chains of State, an ornate necklace that would indicate their rank and importance. Copyright 1983 Paul Brandvik

KING: (Needs no introduction. If you do not know him, you are in the wrong story.) The King is a wise, benevolent person who cares very much for his kingdom and his people. He is also the King and has definite ideas of how things should go and how people should behave. He can be demanding and focused on his duties as King. He wears a gold crown, lots of jewels, purple robe like a typical Renaissance king. He might have a big gold Chain of State to signify his importance. If he's not the best dressed person here, heads will roll! The King sits in the center of the head table.

QUEEN: The Queen is a warm, kind woman who loves the King and the kingdom dearly. She carries herself regally, royally, yet is quick with a smile. Her attire should match the King's. She wears a slightly smaller crown or tiara and a robe. She should be the second best-dressed person in the cast. The Queen sits next to the King at the head table.

JESTER: (May be male or female.) The Jester is a quick thinking, witty person who finds himself (or herself) in the middle of everything that's going on. The person who plays the Jester should be very quick on his/her feet, be able to joke with the audience, and be comfortable being silly. The actor should not be bossy, pushy, or strident as the audience must listen to him or her throughout the entire evening. The Jester is a likeable character, full of life and enthusiasm. The Jester is the key Actor in the madrigal dinner and dressed in a traditional Jester's costume, a brightly patterned tunic with large diamond checks in contrasting colors. Make-up can be whole-face or minimal. A hood with limp horns with small bells attached to the ends is customary. Many Jesters of that era carried stick with a doll or puppet head on the end, usually made up to look like the Jester. (In our scripts it goes by the name, "Kabonger. ")

OLIVIER, GOTTFRIED, AND WILHELMINA, (Male or Female) These three wandering actors should be dressed in a motley collection of Renaissance tunics, full blousey laceup shirts, pants, waist sash ties hats, belts and boots. They are not noblemen, and should be dressed more like a blue collar class of journeyman actors. Their cart should be full of more clothes, props, etc. The colors of their clothes should not be too bright. But neither are they. They love acting and will do it at the drop of a hat, or a hat full of coins, which they would prefer, but do not always get. These are great roles with much room for invention.

MUSIC:

MINSTRELS, TROUBADOURS, and PEASANTS are possible names for quartets of singers. They will entertain the guests with music and occasional "Old English" repartee at the guests' tables. They will also join the Royal Court in any antiphonal music or music designated, "Cast." Each quartet should be dressed in unique coordinated

Renaissance costumes.

The music in the script is only a suggestion. Other music, appropriate for your singers, may be used. A list of suggested music and publishers appears in the appendix. I have always believed that simple music sung beautifully is far better than complicated music

sung poorly. The object of music in a Madrigal Dinner is not to impress, but rather to bring to the audience the experience of a sublimely beautiful performance.

If a good guitar player is available, he or she could accompany any of the quartets, or soloists from the quartets. If your dinner is done near Christmas, simple carols would be appropriate. The Oxford Book of Carols is a wonderful source for music for the quartets.

ACTION:

The action begins outside the hall in a gathering place for the guests. While they wait, they are entertained by the peasants selling roses and holly and by performances of the minstrels, recorders, troubadours, and the brass. At the appointed time, all action ceases; there is a short brass fanfare, or bell or drum, and the Town Crier announces the beginning of the Madrigal Dinner by proclaiming in a loud voice:

TOWN CRIER:

Lords and ladies, 'tis time to sup;

When thy name is called, please do come up.
The path ahead is steep and winding,
But at the summit thou wilt be finding

Pleasures aplenty for eye and for ear!
So let us be gone, then, with good cheer!
or:

Lords and ladies, one and all
Join us in the banquet hall.
The path ahead is exceedingly winding,
But at the end thou wilt be finding
Pleasures aplenty for eye and for ear!
So let us be gone, then, with good cheer!

Names of the guests are called by the Town Crier. (eg: Lord Lincoln and his party of seven, or Lord and Lady Bach) The guests are escorted to their tables by the servants. The servants should use "olde" English words, "thy, thee, thou, shalt, wilt, etc. Minstrels, Troubadours, Peasants, Recorders or other small ensembles entertain at the guests' tables as others are seated. When the quests have all been seated the Brass appear in the castle towers and play Fanfare /.

BRASS: FANFARE I- THE WELCOME:

JESTER:

Occurs after the guests are seated, but before the Royal Court has entered. Following FANFARE I, the JESTER: enters from the rear of the hall and proceeds to the stage, greeting the guests with "Wes Hale," which means "be thou whole." Various cast members greet him in return with "Wes Hale!" until he is well into the auditorium. The stage lights should go up as he reaches the stage:

Wes Hale, good lords and ladies fair,
We bid thee welcome, we bid thee share

Our feasting and our revelry,
Our music and our company.

What a year this has been, what a difficult year,
With political promises up to ... here. (Motions to neck.)
But we've heard them before and we'll hear them again
Like a two-hour prayer without an amen.

"I will save you from inflation" "I will save you from the dole!"

I will save you by creation Of a billion jobs or so!

Let me save you by a budgetary balance act I do!"

STOP! Just save me from these promises for another year or two. Tonight we promise
nothing ...

But our promise won't come true,
For we know we'll feed thy body, mind,
And soul before we're through.

So then, quit this year and come with us.

The best is yet to be.

I'll take thee back 500 years to England,
And we'll see a castle hall that's bursting
With the sounds of true delight.

We promise naught., but know

That you will not forget this night.

(Motioning and looking toward the Brass)

Trumpets blow thy clarion call,

And Singers, hie thee to the hall

FANFARE: I (Repeated) THE: PROCESSIONAL

(The ROYAL COURT enters from the back of the hall and sings NOWELL NOWELL TO
US IS BORN. They then proceed to the

head table singing MASTERS IN THE HALL. They are followed in

the procession by the Pages, Minstrels, Troubadours, Recorders, Servants, and

Peasants. The servants are carrying pitchers of wassail. The Royal Court proceeds to

the stage. The rest of the cast come to the front, then split and stand around the edges

of the room. They stand with their heads bowed as the Royal Court sings

SACERDOTES DOMINI (Byrd) with hands folded in the classical manner Immediately
following SACERDOTES DOMINI the BRASS begin Fanfare II.)

FANFARE: II: THE: WASSAIL

(The pages enter carrying the bowl of wassail. Minstrels, Troubadours, Recorders,
Peasants exit. Servants remain at attention until the bowl is placed on the head table.
As the bowl approaches, the members of the Royal Court in turn say:)

COURTIER A: jolly wassail-bowl, A wassail. of good ale.
Well fare the butler's soul
That setteth this to sale,

Our jolly wassail.

COURTIER B: Our wassail we do fill With apples and with spice,
Then grant us your good will
To taste here once or twice

Of our wassail.

COURTIER: If any maidens be
Here dwelling in this house, They kindly will agree
To take a full carouse
Of our wassail.

COURTIER: Much joy unto this hall With us is entered in;
Our master., first of all.,
We hope will now begin

Of our wassail.

COURTIER:
And after his good wife Our spiced bowl will try; The Lord prolong your life! Good
fortune we espy
For our wassail.

COURTIER: It is a noble part To bear a liberal mind.
God bless our master's heart For here we comfort find With our wassail.

PAGE: Wassail! wassail! wassail!

(The page sets the bowl on the table, bows subserviently, and exits. The servants distribute the wassail to the guests, while the ROYAL COURT, cast, and audience sings: GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL Goblets at the head table are filled by the King and Queen and are passed down to others

in the Royal Court as the song is sung. The Royal Court may sing the first part of each verse in unison and be joined in harmony by the rest.

COURTIER: Lords and ladies, our gracious host Bids thee rise for our Wassail Toast!

KING:Lords of the Kingdom!

We welcome thee to Deep Manor! Now, from the host
Of this castle, hear my toast. Drink it well!

Here then I bid thee all Wassail!
Down with him who will not say Drink Hail!

ROYAL COURT & AUDIENCE: Drink Hail!

KING: May the peace and joy of Christmastide
Within thy hearts this year abide.
(For performances at times other than Christmas the following may be used:)
May the love and joy of St. Valentine
This year thy heart and life define!

ROYAL COURT: The final verse of GLOUCESTERSHIRE WASSAIL is repeated. The first course is served by the servants. Minstrels, Troubadours, Peasants, Recorders and others entertain at the tables of the guests.

BRASS: FANFARE: III BOAR'S HEAD

(The Boar's Head is brought in by the page followed by the servants with platters of meat. The

servants form a line at the rear of the hall where they sing THE BOAR'S HEAD CAROL. If desired, the Royal Court may sing the carol. Each verse is preceded by the following:)

COURTIER: The Boar's head that we bring here, Betokeneth a Prince withouten peer
Is born this day to buy us dear.

SERVANTS: BOAR'S HEAD (Verse One)

COURTIER: A boar is a sovereign beast, And acceptable in every feast,
So might thy Lord be to most and least.

SERVANTS: BOAR'S HEAD (Verse Two)

COURTIER: The boar's head we bring with song, In worship of Him that thus sprung
Of a Virgin to redress all wrong.

SERVANTS: BOAR'S HEAD (Verse Three)

(The Royal Court leads the audience in applauding the Servants. The main course is distributed. The Minstrels, Recorders, Troubadours, and Peasants will entertain at the individual tables of the guests. Other short acts may appear. When the guests have finished the maincourse, Fanfare IV is performed.)

BRASS: FANFARE: IV THE: DE:SSE:RT

At the start of this fanfare, the pages and the servants bring in the flaming dessert. The pages proceed to the foot of the stairs leading to the stage. The servants form a line around the edge of the room. They remain standing while the Royal Court sings: DECK THE HALL. The Royal Court may remain seated for this song. At the conclusion of the song, the servants serve the dessert, and the cast resumes entertaining at the tables.

(At the end of the dessert course, Jester makes his appearance, attracting attention with his Kabonger.)

BEGIN WORKING HERE. THE ELEMENTS BEFORE THIS MIGHT CHANGE. NO NEED TO LEARN THEM NOW.

JESTER: *(Singing)* Wes hale good Queen!

QUEEN: *(Imitating the pitches)* Wes hale, more than adequate Jester.

JESTER: *(Looking somewhat taken aback, sings a greeting to the Queen)* Wes hale, fair Queen!

QUEEN: *(imitating singing)* Wes hale, thou unrepugnant Jester!

JESTER: Unrepugnant? Ow, that hurt. Wes hale, Royal Court!

COURTIER A: Wes hale, relatively flummoxed but not yet totally perplexed,

JESTER: *(Looking surprised)* Would'st thou but repeat that?

COURTIER B: Would'st that we couldst.

COURTIER A: It would require "Instant Replay," which in this point of time is neither plausible nor possible.

COURTIER B: We shan't because we cant.

COURTIER A: Like the setting sun that can not be reset, A play that is done we can not re-get.

COURTIER B: Regret, perhaps, but not regret.

JESTER: An idea has just invaded my mind.

COURTIER A : Don't worry, it's just a first offense. *(All Courtiers laugh at such cleverness.)*

COURTIER B: He should worry, That poor little idea might get lost in that vast empty space of his mind.

JESTER: Sticks and stones may break my bones. But a camel will never despoil my footpath.

COURTIER: That's obtuse!

JESTER: It is?

COURTIERS: Yes.

JESTER: Wow! I thought I could only speak English.

(From the back of the hall., three Actors enter with a medieval wagon filled with various costumes, props, etc. The wagon is fairly tall, but narrow enough to make its way between the tables. The Actors are all acting slightly larger than life, and deliver their lines as old-timey stage actors would.)

OLIVIER: *(Loudly, in quasi-Shakespearean tones)* To play or replay, that is the question!

JESTER: To play or replay, that is out of the question!

WILHELMINA: We ... are wandering Actors.

GOTTFRIED; Right now we are wandering if we are going to be able to get this playwagon to the stage. *(To audience as they move their wagon up to the stage.)* Coming through, watch your toes, there. Thank you and weshale, etc. Whoops. Sorry.

OLIVIER: Hark! The castle now appeareth in view. I shall climb this tree for a better look. *(Climbs on shoulders of Wilhemina)* Now, do I look better?

JESTER: Not to me!

WILHELMINA: *(To lady in audience)* Would'st thou mind holding my colleague for a minute? *(Carefully drops colleague)* No? Well, how about my hand? *(Kneels on one knee, and holds hand of lady. Check with the woman before the show starts to be sure she is agreeable to this and will not sue for harassment.)*

GOTTFRIED: *(Loudly to audience)* Has anyone seen the castle? Has anyone seen the castle?

OLIVIER: *(To audience)* Wes hale, good guests. We sorely need thy help. All you have to do is read the signs on the stage and read them loudly in unison. Let's try the first one: "Yea, verily, yea! We have witnessed its existence." Get it? ... Got it? . . . Good.

GOTTFRIED: Has anyone seen the castle?

AUDIENCE: *(Reading the sign held up by a page.)* Yea, verily, yea! We have witnessed its existence.

OLIVIER: Just a simple yes or no would suffice ... In which direction would'st one repair in order to locate its existence?

AUDIENCE: *(Reading the sign and pointing toward the stage)* That-away!

OLIVIER: *(To audience:)* Don't say "that-away!" That's gauche! And it's an especial affront to that world-famous acting coach, Lord Oscar Mayer, the Ham. If the coach asks again, thou shalt iterate: *(With a sweeping gesture)* "In the direction of the stage, coach." Now be ready for the replay.

WILHELMINA: Replay!

OLIVIER: In which direction would'st one repair in order to locate its existence?

AUDIENCE: In the direction of the stage Coach.

GOTTFRIED: My, that's quite good!

WILHELMINA: We are the "Instant Re-Actors!"

GOTTFRIED: Or, if the time is short, we are called the "Half-Act Actors."

OLIVIER: We can do any half-act play you desire.

WILHELMINA: Or we can put two half-acts together and make a real act of ourselves!

OLIVIER: *(Each Actor, in turn, draws himself up to full height on stage with the utmost pomposity and overblown gestures. He delivers his lines as if they were all in capital letters.)* Act not what the King can do for you, Act what you can do for the King!

(He smiles and makes a huge bow as the other two Actors encourage applause, bravos, etc. from the audience. They abruptly cut off the applause, then split the audience into two parts; each Actor taking one half and working them in competition. They might even try to get one side to do one big single clap.)

GOTTFRIED All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely ... *(Thinking, scratching his noggin.)* men and women! That's it! Yes! All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely men and women!

(Same routine with applause, only shorter.)

WILHELMINA: The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

(Same routine for applause. One Clap)

JESTER: Now, that's acting!

WILHELMINA No, that's Shakespeare!

JESTER: Well, then, give us acting.

GOTTFRIED: Right! Yes. Well, for acting we must have remuneration.

COURTIER: Remuneration?

WILHELMINA Remuneration is the Latin word for "three farthings."

COURTIER: You want to be paid to act?

OLIVIER: Right, me lady. Outside of politicians, we are the best actors money can buy.

GOTTFRIED: For three farthings, we will do a complete play. Perhaps the ODDYSEY, the DIVINE COMEDY, the CANTERBURY TALES, or the condensed version of the BIBLE, with all the long words and the begats left out.

WILHELMINA: For five farthings we will do a half-act job on ANY play you desire perhaps LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, or little "Little Red Cap" as we theatre folk like to call it.

OLIVIER: And for a special one-time price of eight farthings, we will do no play, but merely leave you ... sans play ... sans boredom, and sans eight farthings. Thou wilt be left to wonder what we might have done. Imagine that ... literally imagine that and only for eight farthings.

COURTIER: I, for one, would like to see the CANTERBURY TALES. Something of substance.

JESTER: Good choice. But, let's ask our guests which play they would prefer: *(There are two signs for the audience to read. One has in very small letters: CANTERBURY TALES The other sign has in very large letters: LITTLE RED CAP. Encourage them to speak loudly and clearly. Make sure they pick the one with the biggest letters.)*

GOTTFRIED: We will take your choice up with the play selection committee. *(The three actors huddle together. If the guests pick Canterbury Tales, the following should be said:)*

WILHELMINA: A truly worthy selection of a play. Thank you for your input. But we will not do it. We prefer ... LITTLE RED CAP.

(If the guests pick Little Red, the following should be said:)

WILHELMINA: A truly worthy selection of a play. Thank you for your input. You have such good taste. We will do LITTLE RED CAP.

COURTIER: *(A bit pouty, upset, and arrogantly flaunting her English major.)* Why wiltst thou not perform the play of the Royal Court's choice?

GOTTFRIED: 'tis not ready.

OLIVIER: We shall sell no play before its time. Now the characters in order of their appearance or . . . disappearance, as it were. First, playing the title role of Little Red Cap, The darling of the airwaves, and everybody's little girl, the amazing and amusing, Baroness Brunhilde von Schicklgruber

(Applause as before.)

LITTLE RED: *(With ugly fake cigar, spitting out the piece of cigar in her teeth, and whining and saying in falsetto)* What ... really, whatever!

WILHELMINA: Next, the Wolf, as portrayed by England's finest, and also an actor of no mean degree, the renowned and late Ingeborg of Eberhard, who lived from 1324 to 1404, this very evening staging a long-awaited comeback. You will witness what others have been dying to hear.

(With mock seriousness)

WOLF: Ohhhh, could you view the melody of every grace And music of her face? You'd drop a tear seeing more harmony in her bright eye than now you hear. =

OLIVIER: Grandmama * *(Slaps face to stop mama)*, will not be played by the normal actor tonight. Instead, Irmmergehrd Elfriede Dirbenshire will grace us with her talents.

GOTTFRIED: The Woodsman, whose lines are relatively simple and few, matching the ability of tonight's actor, will be played by Krebs Muckenfuss.

OLIVIER: Not appearing in tonight's play is Arnold the Falconer. Perhaps next year.

WILHELMINA: Now, on with the play. First, we will need assistance from our guests. Those of you who are over 40 raise your hands. Good, keep them up.

GOTTFRIED: Now, those who are under 40 and those who lied about not being over 40, raise your hands.

WILHELMINA: I need volunteers to be the woods. Thank you very much for raising your hands. *(If they don't raise their hands, say: This is Little Red Riding Hood, not Little House on the Prairie.)* Trees, not prairie!

OLIVIER: When Little Red, walks through the woods, raise your little limbs and "leaf" them there. Get it? "Leaf" them there? Oh, is there no end to my cleverness?

GOTTFRIED: Now, the wind was blowing. Please swallow what is in your mouth, take a little sip of water, swallow, and blow gently. Please no rain.

WILHELMINA: And when the wind blew, the trees swayed. Hold your arms above your heads and move them back and forth or to and fro., whichever is easiest. Wonderful! You have no idea how silly you look.

OLIVIER: When we say "woods" or "wind" or "swaying" you know what to do.

WILHELMINA: Let's try it. Wood, wind, woods, woods, swaying, wind, etc.

GOTTFRIED: STOP! So ... the play begins to commence or commences its beginning.

COURTIER A: Sorry, but thy time is nearly up. Can'st thou finish quickly?

GOTTFRIED: My lady, we are not called the "Half-Act Actors" for nothing! (Very quickly, in one breath) If we are not finished by the time the sands of the hour glass have descended indicating my three minute egg is done, may the lips of the oxen, the breath of the dragon, and the horns of the newt pursue me until Mother Earth gently or not so gently draws me once again to her bosom. (Takes big, really big breath.)

COURTIER B: That's easy for you to say.

GOTTFRIED: Not really. I've worked on that for a fortnight. I thought I'd never get it right. Wow! I did it! (Looking into the audience. Spies his mother and gives her a thumbs-up) Hey, mom, I did it!

OLIVIER: Once upon a time or even less, there was a big woods, WOODS! on the side of which lived Little Red Riding Hood, hereafter called Little Red.

LITTLE RED. Little Red-?

OLIVIER: Yeah, Little Red-.

LITTLE RED. Isn't it Little Red Riding Hood?

OLIVIER: Okay, first of all, you're not a hood, you're just delivering cookies not robbing the rich? And second, your name is super long and we got to get to dessert, so you're Little Red.

LITTLE RED. Fine. . . lumpish rump-fed scut

OLIVIER: What?

LITTLE RED. I didn't say anything.

GOTTFRIED: So, Little Red-Cap was on her way

LITTLE RED: Well I'm off to my grandmother's house to give her these sweets I made.

WILHELMINA: You see, Little Red's grandmother was kind of a lout.

GRANDMA: Oh Little Red, Little Red. Grandma needs some sweets. Why aren't you here with Grandma's sweets? I guess Grandma will have to starve to death and it will be all your fault. If only you loved your Grandma enough to bring sweets I'd still be alive. I'm dying. Ack.

LITTLE RED: Boy Grandma really knows how to turn on the guilt. I guess I'll just have to go into the dark and scary woods alone.

NARRATORS: WOODS!

LITTLE RED: Although that doesn't sound like a very good idea. NARRATORS: WOODS! WIND!

LITTLE RED. I'm frightened.

OLIVIER: Little Red set immediately through the woods. WOODS! The wind was blowing. WIND! The trees were swaying. SWAYING! And the audience was looking sillier by the minute. In the midst of the woods, WOODS!

WILHELMINA: Little Red encountered the wolf, who had in the back of his mind and also a bit to the left center of his mind, to eat Little Red and then have her Granny's sweets for dessert!

LITTLE RED. Wait!

(AUDIENCE is quiet. Suddenly, LITTLE RED kicks backward, nailing THE WOLF in the groin.)

THE WOLF. Ohhhhh!

(THE WOLF falls over. LITTLE RED puts her foot on his throat and pulls a mace out of her basket.)

LITTLE RED: Make one move and I'll smash your furry brains all over the forest floor you villainous onion-eyed gudgeon!

THE WOLF: ...help...me.

LITTLE RED: Give me your money!

THE WOLF: I'm...a wolf...I don't have money.

OLIVIER: Wow, maybe she really is a Hood, Robin would be proud.

LITTLE RED: Well then you need to get out of my woods!

NARRATORS: WOODS!

LITTLE RED: I don't even want to smell you on the wind!

NARRATORS: WOODS! WIND!

THE WOLF: Please don't kill me. Can't we just get along?

LITTLE RED: You're not worth it.

(THE WOLF escapes, whimpering.)

LITTLE RED: Tra la la.

(LITTLE RED skips off in the other direction.)

WILHELMINA: Meanwhile, at Grandmother's house.

GRANDMA: Ooooh, the Prince is having a ball and I'm invited. . . where's my fairy god mother, hehehe.

(THE WOLF knocks on the door.)

GRANDMA: Maybe that's her now! Oh. I'm excited. *(Calling out)* Hello? *(She opens the door.)*

THE WOLF: Hi. I would like to speak to you about my religion. May I come in?

GRANDMA: No. *(She walks away. The WOLF knocks again.)*

GRANDMA: What is it this time?

THE WOLF: I'm selling sonnets to get myself out of the shire. You see, I had a hard cubhood. And I did some things I'm not proud of. But now I'm trying to make it better by —

GRANDMA: I don't care.

(She walks away again. The WOLF knocks a third time.)

THE WOLF: I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll—

NARRATORS: Wrong story. *(The WOLF knocks again.)*

GRANDMA: Yes? *(The WOLF jumps in.)*

THE WOLF: Die die die!

(THE WOLF jumps at GRANDMA, who tries to run. She grabs a bowling pin and hits him with it. THE WOLF scrambles over everything, knocking over walls, pulling on GRANDMA's hair, tugging at her arms, she keeps beating him down. GRANDMA knocks down THE WOLF and starts kicking him in the head.)

THE WOLF: Time out! Time out!

GRANDMA: Puking pox-marked pig nut! I will destroy you!
(GRANDMA gets THE WOLF in a sleeper hold and starts choking the life out of him. Pause.)

GOTTFRIED: And the wolf ate her.
(GRANDMA looks down at the broken body of THE WOLF.)

GRANDMA: No he didn't. I just totally kicked his wayward weather-bitten wagtail!

WILHELMINA: No the wolf ate her.

GRANDMA: Fine.

(She exits.)

OLIVIER: And because this wolf was a mewling common-kissing dewberry, he decided to put on Grandma's clothes

(GRANDMA re-enters, takes off her wig, tosses it on the still unconscious body of THE WOLF and throws a dress on him. THE WOLF woozily gets up and puts on the outfit.)

OLIVIER: And he lay in wait for Little Red.

(LITTLE RED enters shouting off-stage in the other direction.)

LITTLE RED: That's right you better keep on walking! If I catch you looking at me again I'll embarrass your children's children! *(LITTLE RED enters her GRANDMA's house.)*

LITTLE RED: Grandma? *(She comes closer.)*

THE WOLF: Come closer so Grandma can see you.

LITTLE RED: I brought the sweets you ordered. Low-Fat, just like you said. Say, you look a little weird.

THE WOLF: Most old people look weird. Please come closer.

LITTLE RED: Why is there gore and piles of putrescence all over the floor?

THE WOLF: Grandma had an accident with a battle axe. Please come closer.

LITTLE RED: What big eyes you have! Is your glaucoma acting up!

THE WOLF: All the better to see you with. Come Closer!

LITTLE RED: What big teeth you have! Did you put in grandpa's dentures again!

THE WOLF: All the better to eat you with!

WILHELMINA: And just right then. *(Everyone freezes.)*

OLIVIER: The Wolf ate her. *(The WOLF eats LITTLE RED.)*

THE WOLF: Mmm... Tasty. Well, there goes my diet. Grandma was a little stringy. If only I had a house made out of candy I could fatten her up first but—uh-oh...

GOTTFRIED: And just then there happened to be a woodcutter passing through—
(WOODCUTTER enters.)

WOODCUTTER: A wolf!

THE WOLF: A woodcutter!

OLVIER: *(To audience)* The following scene may contain material that is objectionable to wolf lovers. Please bear in mind that it is just a play, and that nobody will get hurt, not even the wolf.

THE WOLF: A hit! A palpable hit! Arrrgh. *(He slumps over.)*

WOODCUTTER: Well, let me just slice open his stomach like I do to every wolf I kill. What in the name of Shakespeare's ghost!

GRANDMA: Boy it was dark in there. Luckily I had my torch.

LITTLE RED: Oh Grandma you're so funny and you're alive! How extraordinary! There must be a moral here somewhere. *(To Audience)* Does anyone have any morals?

NARRATORS: Don't look at us, this is the Renaissance!

OLIVIER: But the audience who pretended to be trees ...TREES ... prospered throughout the new year. Their houses were warm, their babies were fat, their cattle were lowing, and their grades were above average.

GOTTFRIED: ANNNNNND! the moral of our story is:

WILHELMINA: It is far safer . . .

OLIVIER: . . . to pretend you are tree,

GOTTFRIED: Than to pretend you are a grandmother! *(Actors exit, bowing greatly in exaggerated gestures.)*