

## Girl in da Hoodie (Little Red Riding Hood) by Sid River

**Background** There have been many alternatives to the Little Red Riding story, and quite a few with a tough, no-nonsense main character. This one worked well in an end of year review and got lots of laughs. The Grandma and woodcutter characters worked really well.

Parts	Description
Little Red Hoodie (Clarabelle)	Not the traditional character, but a young girl with attitude and very street-wise. She thinks that she is Bruce-Lee-Spiderman-super-cool!! Likes to rap occasionally and does lots of funky dancing whenever possible. Wears skateboard shorts, Red Hoodie and shades.
Mrs Riding-Hood	Dressed for cleaning the cottage, she talks to Little Red Hoodie in a patronising voice and generally treats her like a 5 year old. Insists on calling her "Clarabelle" which, as everyone know, is Little Red Riding Hood's real name.
Mr Wolf	Typical pantomime baddie with evil laugh and delusions of world dominance. Dresses cool like the main character in the Matrix with long black coat and shades but has furry feet, hands and ears. Can be booed by the rest of cast upon entering.
The Woodcutter	Appears as a superhero with cape, mask and underpants worn over a lumberjack outfit. Pretends to be macho and tries to sound like Captain America but is really not up to the job of rescuing the not so helpless maiden.
Grandma	A female version of the Godfather. Head of the family and as tough as nails. Speaks in a husky Italian-American accent if possible. All in black with jacket draped on shoulders. Does wear granny slippers though. Looks better in the actor is the smallest member of the cast!
Little Pete	Smallest but toughest of the gang of Hoodies. Sneers a lot.
Speedy Joe	Fastest Hoodie. Should run on to the sound of screeching tyres and engine noises.
Hoodies 1 to 6	Red Hoodies gang of hoodlums (including the two above) Dress in hoodie (amazingly) with big trainers, skateboard shorts or tracksuits, jewellery and shades.
Grandma's 2 henchmen	Two big burly men in black suits (like bouncers) Best if they are the biggest actors that you can find. They don't speak, just look tough (most of the time)

### Notes

Music is suggested where appropriate and plays an important part in setting the scenes.

## Girls in da hood

*Scene is inside a small cottage kitchen. Mrs Riding-Hood is cleaning the kitchen. She packs a picnic basket with some cakes , a magazine, some milk, a bottle of stout, some bloomers etc. She calls out.*

Mrs R-Hood: Clarabelle! Clarabelle, Where are you. Come here please I'd like you to run an errand to Grandma's for me.

*Red Riding Hood burst in through the door wearing jeans and a red hoodie, dark glasses and big trainers. She strikes a macho pose, legs apart, arms folded.*

Red Hoodie: Yo, mother! Are you talking to me? ARE YOU TALI KI N' TO ME!!

Mrs R-Hood: *(Looking a little confused)* Err . . . Yes dear. I am talking to you. That is why I'm calling your name, Clarabelle darling.

Red Hoodie: Yo mother. That ain't my name no more. I'm Little Red Hoodie! I'm your worst nightmare buddy.

Mrs R-Hood: *(ignoring the outburst)* Well that's nice dear. Now be a good poppet Clarabelle and take this basket of goodies to your Grandma down at Wood Cottage.

Red Hoodie: Hey, be cool Mother. Sure, I can work this little favour for you, what's in it for the Hoodster. What degree of com-pen-sation are we talking about if I give you a hand on this job?

Mrs R-Hood: Well . . . I'll tell you what Cheeky chops. You run over to Grandma's and I'll make you a lovely meal of turkey twizzlers and chips, followed by some of those delicious pink icing fairy cakes that you love. How does that sound, my little munch-bucket. Are you . . . Err . . . Cool?

Red Hoodie: Hey, I'm cool. I'll see to it that Grandma's Stash makes it downtown dude. Don't you worry, your merchandise is safe in the hands of the Red Hoodie!

Mrs R-Hood: Lovely. Now be a good girl Clarabelle darling and stay on the path through the wood. You never know who's hanging about nowadays. *(aside towards audience)* Your Grandma had a double-glazing salesman at the door the other day and she lives in a one-windowed stone cottage in the middle of the woods. Mind you, it was strange that they found him later tied to that tree on the Island in the middle of that lake. The police said that he'd been forced to eat his own brochures.

Red Hoodie: Too right! No one tries to sell windows to the Grandmeister and gets away with it.

Mrs R-Hood: Quite, dear. Now off you pop puddikins!

*Both exit. Hoodie re-appears walking along a woodland path. She whips out a mobile phone and dials.*

Red Hoodie: Yo boys, Hoodie here. Meet me at the woodland clearing. I'm on a mission from Mum! Special delivery for the Grandmeister! Yeah I'm gonna take the short cut through the woods!

*Hoodie leaves the path and walks into the woods, rapping to herself. As she raps, Mr Wolf, all dressed in black appears and stands against a tree.*

Red Hoodie: Ooh! My name is . . . Ooh! My name is . . . Ooh! My name is . . . Little Red Hoodie! Ooh! My name is . . . Ooh! My name is . . . Ooh! My name is . . .

Mr Wolf: . . . Little Red Hoodie! At last we meet.

Red Hoodie: (*turning quickly*) Hey, who are you, dude? And what are you doing on **my** patch!

Mr Wolf: Well keep your hair on, if you have any underneath that jolly little bonnet you're wearing, that is! My name's . . . Mr Wolf!

Red Hoodie: Mr Wolf? Well, *Wolfie Wolfman*, you need to know that this is my territory that you're trespassin' on it.

Mr Wolf: Is that right? Your territory eh?

Red Hoodie: Yes Wolfie old son. Mine and the boys here!

Mr Wolf: (*laughing*) The boys? I don't see no boys around. I just see a sweet widdle gwirlie with a basket of goody-woodies for her sweet widdle gwanma-ma!

*Several hooded boys appear from the woods and creep up behind Mr Wolf.*

Hoodie 1: I think she might be referring to us, ugly mug!

Hoodie 2: That's right hairy face, us sweet widdle boys in the hoodie-woodie!

Hoodie 3: Now be a good doggie and find your way back home before Little Pete here puts you o a leash and drags you there!

Hoodie 4: Yeah, you don't want to mess with Little Pete, he got an ASBO

Hoodie 5: You've got an ASBO? Wow. What did you get that for?

Little Pete: Oh, feeding the squirrels in the Zoo!

Mr Wolf: (*laughing*) Feeding the squirrels! That doesn't sound very mean at all!

Little Pete: I was feeding them to the crocodiles!

Mr Wolf: Oh. . . Anyway, ladies . . . Gentlemen . . . There's no need for us to fall out like this. (*Wolf starts backing away*) I was just passing through and thought I'd drop by and pay my respects. Anyway, I must be off now. You did say you were heading for your Grandma's house, didn't you Miss . . . Err . . . Hoodie?

Red Hoodie: I don't believe I told you anything, Wolf-boy

Mr Wolf: Never mind. Oh, is that the time Mr Wolf. I really must be on my way!  
*The wolf runs away and Little Red Hoodie gathers the boys around her.*

Red Hoodie: Boys, let's keep an eye out for this Wolf character. I don't think we've seen the last of him. Where's Speedy Joe?

Speedy Joe: Right here Red leader!

Red Hoodie: Speedy Joe, leg it over to the Grandmeister's pad and inform her of the . . . Err . . . *situation* concerning our hairy-faced friend Mr Wolf.

Speedy Joe: (*saluting*) Roger Red Leader! Over and out! (*he dashes off the stage*)

Red Hoodie: Right boys, I think we need to make a few special preparations for our hairy friend. Here's what I want you to do . . .

*They all huddle round as they leave the stage. The scene switches to Grandma's house where there is a room with a bed. Wolf enters and approaches the front door. Instead of knocking, he fetches out a crow bar and forces an entry, closing the door behind him quietly.*

Mr Wolf: (*Putting on a mock little girl voice*) Hellooo? Coo-ee, Grand-ma-ma, I t is me, your sweet lickle Red Riding Hoodie, bringing you goodies and cuddles. (*pauses and listens but gets no response*) Hello? Granny dear, are you in. Are you baking cakes in the kitchen? (*begins to look around the cottage*) Are you hanging your bloomers out to dry?

*Mr Wolf walks to the front of the stage and addresses the audience.*

Mr Wolf: Well, it seems like the old bat is not at home. Still, that makes my evil task a lot easier. Now to set the trap for that rotten little hoodlum. Soon this place will be rid of 'Little Red Riding Hoodie' for goodie and the balance of power will shift to its rightful place, into the paws of the wonderful . . . MR WOLF!!

*Mr Wolf laughs like an evil genius from a film. He then proceeds to dress himself in a granny-style nightdress, bonnet and glasses. He also pops in some sharp vampire teeth. He gets into Grandma's bed and pulls the blanket up to his chin. Red hoodie approaches the stage/cottage doing a robotic dance and carrying the basket. She knock on the door in a drum beat pattern, opens the door and slides into the room.*

Red Hoodie: Greetings Grandmother. I t is I , your favourite little girl in the hood, come to pay her respects and bring you gifts.

Mr Wolf: (*Mock granny voice*) Ah, my dear , it's wonderful to see you. Come a little closer. I am feeling a little under the weather today and am bound to my bed!

*Red lifts her glasses and looks a little suspiciously at Granny. She approaches the bed, puts down the basket and folds her arms..*

Red Hoodie: Yo Grandma, those are some great big radar-scanning lug'oles that you've got going on there!

Mr Wolf: *(sounding confused and forgets grandma voice for a second)* Some what? . . . Oh, ears! Yes, well . . . *(recovers an evil granny voice)* ALL the better to HEAR you with my deario!

Red Hoodie: Yeah, right! And while we're rapping on the subject, those are some crazy ma-hoo-sive ogglers you've got behind those granny frames!

Mr Wolf: *(Wolf again looks confused)* . . . Ma-hoo.sive ogglers??  
*Red gestures by holding her fingers in circles in front of her eyes until Mr Wolf realises. What she is referring to.*

Mr Wolf: Oh . . . Eyes! Yes, well, ALL the better to SEE you with, my deario!  
*Mr Wolf begins to rise from the bed. As he sits he bares his teeth and starts gnashing them. He points to his teeth and grins at Red. She leans closer and as she speaks the wolf begins to raise his hands in readiness to grab Red.*

Red Hoodie: *(putting on a silly girl voice)* And oh, Grandma-ma, what . . . Very . . . Big . . . *(Mr Wolf is getting ready to strike)* . . . FEET, you have! *(she point down to his large feet sticking out the foot of the bed)*

Mr Wolf: *(roars)* HA HA! ALL THE BETTER TO EA . . . *(he stops dead and realises that something is not right)* What? Sorry. . . What did you say?

Red Hoodie: Feet, granny dear, feet. Those stinkin' hooves are a little larger than I remember. Do they give you much pain these days Granny dear?

Mr Wolf: What? . . . Pain. No! What are you talking about? You were supposed to say teeth! Teeth girl, are you dim!

Red Hoodie: *(she stands near his feet and put one hand on his toes)* It must be that peppermint foot oil that I bought you for Christmas! Here let me massage your aching joints!  
*She grabs his big toe and twists it violently. He screams in pain.*

Red Hoodie: How's that granny love? Does that feel better? *(she twists again, he screams again. She throws the blanket off with the other hand)* Let me help you out of bed!  
*She pulls him on to the floor. He rolls around in agony then jumps to his feet, getting really angry. He starts posing like a wrestler.*

Mr Wolf: Right! Now you've gone and done it. You've really made me angry. It's just you and me now hoodie it's time for a shown down. One of us is leaving here in a box!  
*Wolfie and Hoodie circle each other to the tune of "Good, the Bad and the ugly" music as though they are to take part in a gunfight. After a short amount of posturing they go to attack each other but a woodcutter rushes in through the door.*

Woodcutter: Stop! Never fear young maiden, your friendly neighbourhood wood-chopping chap superhero is here. Stand back and I will deal with this canine felon.

*Wolfie and Hood stop and stare at the intruder.*

Mr Wolf: Who the devil is this?

Red Hoodie: I have absolutely no idea. Are you selling double glazing?

Woodcutter: Double glazing? No innocent youngster, I am here to dispense justice with my trusty wood axe (*swings axe and acts macho*).

Red Hoodie: No way mate. If anyone's going to dispense justice here it's going to be me!

Woodcutter: But you don't understand young lady, this is work for a superhero, not a fragile young girl like you. Might I suggest that you stand back and allow me to do my wo . . . (*Hoodie kicks him hard in the shin*) Ouch! (*he starts sobbing*) OW! OW! OW! That really, really came sharp you know!

Mr Wolf: Take a hike buster!

*The woodcutter limps out with his axe and rubbing his shin.*

Red Hoodie: Now, where were we!

*They start to circle again to the showdown music. Just as they are about to attack, in runs one of the hoodies.*

Stop!

Mr Wolf: Oh what now! Can't a Wolf have a duel in peace.

Red Hoodie: What's the matter.

Hoodie 6: It's Grandmother! She's on her way up the garden path and she's not best pleased. She had to leave the bingo halfway through the grand jackpot hour, and she only needed 3 numbers!

*Wolf and Hoodie freeze and gasp loudly. Some sinister music plays and in step two burly looking bodyguards dressed in black suits and dark glasses. The door then opens and in comes a tiny Grandma, all in black with dark glasses, a gangster hat and a black jacket draped over her shoulders. She looks the wolf up and down, then turn to Red and offers out a hand with a large diamond ring. Hoodie bends down on one knee and kisses the ring. Grandma gestures for her to stand up and she embraces her in a 'Godfather hug'. She faces the wolf and delivers a speech in a husky voice. She speaks like an Italian Mafia Don.*

Grandma: You come here . . . to my home . . . on the eve . . . of my bingo night . . . and knitting circle Tupperware party! . . . You break down the door . . . Put muddy footprints on the lino . . . And on top of all that . . . You have disrespected my home . . . And you have disrespected my family! All this . . . I could forgive . . . But then . . . You left hairs on the bed sheets . . . And they're almost impossible to get clean! . . . This . . . I cannot forgive!

*Grandma clicks her fingers and the two bodyguards remove her jacket from her shoulders. She walks towards Mr Wolf, flexes her fingers then stamps down hard on his foot. As he bends double, she kung fu chops him on the back of the neck and he falls down on the floor and lies still. As everyone stares, the woodcutter runs back in, on shin bandaged*

Woodcutter: Look, I really must insist that you leave all the rough stuff to me, after all I am highly trained in the art of self-defen . . . (*Grandma kicks his other shin*) Ow Ow Ow. (*He limps back off the stage*)

Red Hoodie: Well thanks Grandma-ma. We really are in your debt now.

Grandma: Hey . . . This is a matter for the family . . . What else could I do? Just make sure that you send some err . . . extra nice ginger biscuits over for the weekend . . . (*she clicks her fingers and the henchmen drape her jacket over her shoulders and she turns to leave*) Oh, and you can get rid of him as well! Capiche?

Red Hoodie: No, probermo, Granny dear. He did say that one of us was going to leave here in a box, so we've arranged a long holiday for Mr Wolf here in nice compact and bijou accommodation. Wheel it in boys!

*Some of the hoodies bring in a crate/box/basket on wheels, pick up Mr Wolf and place him in it. One slaps a label for 'SIBERIA' on the side and they wheel him away.*

Hoodie 7: Well I hope he enjoys his little holiday. He'll definitely need his fur coat where he's going!

Grandma: Come on kids, Let's go to the local supermarket and . . . demand some cream cakes with menaces!

2 Bodyguards: (*cracking their faces into smiles for the first time and clapping their hands together rapidly*) Oh Goody!

*Granny gives the bodyguards a harsh look and they snap back to being serious bodyguards. All exit laughing to granny's entrance music. As the last one leaves the stage, the woodcutter limps in again, both shins bandaged.*

Woodcutter: Look I'm not going to take no for an answer, I really am the most qualified to deal with all this . . .! Where did everyone go? Oh, that's right! All go off and have a party and leave me to pick up the pieces. I didn't have to do this you know! I could have gone to college and become a fully qualified turnip farmer! You know where you stand with root vegetables! It's just not fair . . . Not fair at all (*he leaves the stage muttering*)

**The End**