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LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (AND THE POWER MUTANTS)

A COMEDY BY

Ed Monk

Playscripts, Inc.

Cast of Characters

LITTLE RED

OSWALD THE BIG-BAD WOLF

BORIS

GRANDMA

VERONICA ADELAIDE

TRIXIE

NORBERT

KILLER

BRAD

MERLE

EARL

RANGER RHONDA

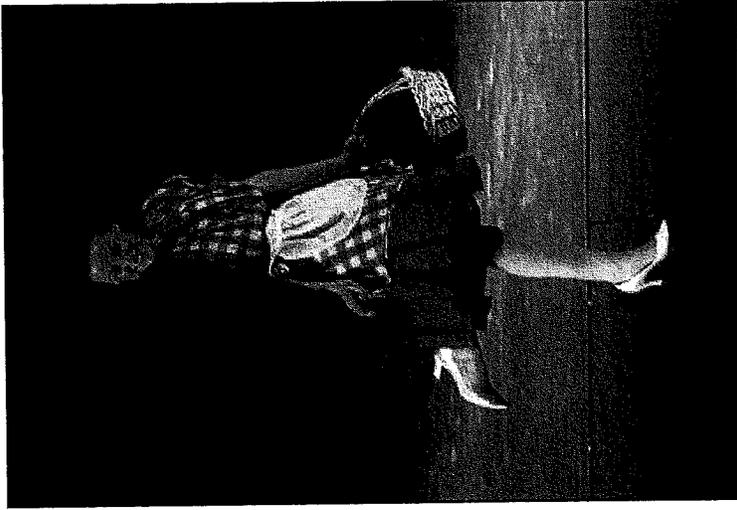
RANGER REBA

NERF MAN

THE BURPER

RUBBER CHICKEN GIRL

All parts are gender neutral.



*Little Red Riding Hood (mid The Power Mutants),
Chantilly High School, Chantilly, Virginia (2005).*

Production Notes

The set can be as simple or elaborate as desired. All that is really needed is a TV and rocking chair for Grandma and some bushes for the rangers and hunters to hide behind.

Rubber Chicken Girl should have rubber chickens for hands.

Every time The Power Mutants say "The Power Mutants," they do some goofy gesture and make a silly noise.

All references to pop culture may be updated as necessary.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (AND THE POWER MUTANTS)

by Ed Monk

(AT RISE:)

(The lights come up on RED. He is doing a TV commercial and is looking out at the audience as if he is on TV.)

RED. Hello. My name is Red. Or Little Red as my friends call me. Are you a hard-working business executive in an important position? Do you find that between work, the gym, trips to quaint little bed and breakfasts and waxing your Hummer, you don't have time for those silly little things like cooking food? Oh sure, you spent \$35,000 re-doing your kitchen, but why just get everything dirty with a bunch of food? That's why you need to call me, Little Red, of Little Red's Gourmet Catering and Home Delivery Service, 1-800-555-6262. I can have a piping hot, nutritionally balanced, organic, fat free, delicious, gourmet meal delivered to your home any time of the day or night for only \$234.99. So just lie back in your Jacuzzi or your tanning bed and let me, Little Red, do all of the work for you. That's Little Red's Gourmet Catering and Home Delivery Service 1-800-555-6262. Order by fax or e-mail! Visa and MasterCard gladly accepted.

(Lights out on RED as they come up on OSWALD and BORIS.)

OSWALD. Are you trapped in a boring, low paying, dead-end job? Then you need to consider a new and exciting career as a wolf! Hello, I'm Oswald the Big Bad Wolf, President and founder of Oswald's School for Wolves. At OSW you'll discover the wonderful world of wolfing. As a wolf, you work only the hours you want and you work for yourself. No boss to tell you what to do. You can earn as much or as little money as you like!! Just ask one of our satisfied students!

BORIS. I was stuck in a boring, low paying, dead end job as a high school teacher until I enrolled at Oswald's School for Wolves. Now I work for myself! Stealing baskets of food from little girls, blowing down pig's houses, wearing sheep's clothing and selling cars! Plus, the girls go crazy over carnivores! Thanks Oswald!

OSWALD. No problem Boris! Yes, you too can have a fantastic new life as a wolf. Here are just a few of the courses you'll be taking: Introduction to Devouring, Chicken Coops 101, Advanced Howling and Running For Political Office. In just a few short weeks you'll be feeling like a new person...er...wolf and you'll be earning big

bucks too! So call me, Oswald, of Oswald's School for Wolves at 1-800-CRY-WOLF! You won't be sorry!

(*Lights out on OSWALD and BORIS. Enter VERONICA and GRANDMA. GRANDMA is dialing a phone and watching TV.*)

VERONICA. (*Answering phone.*) Hello. This is Veronica Adelaide, Emmy-winning anchorperson of Eyewitness News Update At Five. How may I help you?

GRANDMA. Well, this is Katherine Adelaide, Mother of Veronica Adelaide who is too busy to ever call her mother and you can help me by sending me some money!

VERONICA. Mother! I can't talk to you now! I have to go on the air at five! It's 4:58 right now! Besides, why do you need money? Didn't you just get your social security check?!

GRANDMA. (*Talking to TV.*) No you silly goose! Buy a vowel! Buy a vowel!

VERONICA. What?

GRANDMA. Not you! The woman on TV on Wheel of Fortune! She didn't buy a vowel! How can she be so goofy!? Where do they get these people from?!

VERONICA. I don't know Mother! Now what happened to your social security money?!

GRANDMA. I lost it!

VERONICA. Have you looked under the kitchen table?

GRANDMA. BUTTE, MONTANA! BUTTE, MONTANA!

VERONICA. What?

GRANDMA. The puzzle on Wheel of Fortune! A two-year-old could solve it! But this ding dong couldn't guess her own name! (*Yelling at TV, hitting it with her cane.*) IT'S BUTTE, MONTANA YOU GOOF-BALL! Land's sake! She could win a car and a luxury cruise if she had half a brain!

VERONICA. Mother have you looked under the kitchen table?

GRANDMA. Why would I look under the kitchen table?

VERONICA. For your social security check!

GRANDMA. I already told you I lost it! Don't you even have time to listen to me?

VERONICA. I did listen to you! That's why I'm trying to think of places where it could be!

GRANDMA. Oh. I didn't lose it like that! I lost it on lottery tickets.

VERONICA. What? All \$500!?

GRANDMA. Well the pot was up to seven million dollars. I figured if I bought 500 tickets, I just had to win. Like they say, you have to play to win!

VERONICA. But \$500!?

GRANDMA. Oh don't be such a nag!! Now are you going to send me some money or not!? After all, I did give you life.

VERONICA. I will not send you any money!

GRANDMA. What! Why not?

VERONICA. What's the lottery jackpot up to now?

GRANDMA. Uhh... I don't know.

VERONICA. Mother!

GRANDMA. Oh all right! It's up to ten million dollars! I figure all I need to do is buy a couple hundred more tickets and I can't lose! Then I can get that Jet Ski I want and that you won't get for me!

VERONICA. Mother I will not send you a single penny. However, I will send you some food!

GRANDMA. FOOD! They won't give you lottery tickets for food. You need money!

VERONICA. Exactly. Now I'll have some food sent right over to you.

VERONICA. You're not going to cook it are you?

VERONICA. No. I'm afraid I don't have time. I have to interview Donald Trump's hairstylist.

GRANDMA. Good. You're a rotten cook. (*To TV.*) SPIN IT HARDER! SPIN IT HARDER!

VERONICA. What?

GRANDMA. That nincompoop couldn't spin a wheel if his life depended on it! KICK HIM OFF, VANNA! GET RID OF THE BUM!

VERONICA. Mother I have to go! I'll talk to you later.

GRANDMA. What?

VERONICA. GOODBYE!

GRANDMA. Oh. Goodbye. Hey, have them send over some lobster. And a couple of steaks. Hello? Hello? Line musta gone dead. NO YOU NINNY! PICK THE RED CAR! PICK THE RED CAR!

(GRANDMA exits.)

(Enter TRIXIE.)

VERONICA. Oh that's just great!

TRIXIE. What's wrong Ms. Adelaide?

VERONICA. I have to get my mother some food and I have three interviews to do and my water aerobics class is tonight! How am I ever going to get her food?

TRIXIE. What about Little Red?

VERONICA. Who?

TRIXIE. You know, Little Red, that short little guy who runs all of the commercials during the news. He'll deliver gourmet food to your mother in thirty minutes or less.

VERONICA. Is the food any good?

TRIXIE. Bob the cameraman had some of his Sushi Tacos and said that they were delicious!

VERONICA. Is it expensive?

TRIXIE. Well, you could always cook something yourself.

VERONICA. You're right. Money's no object! Let's go see this Little Red at once!

(VERONICA and TRIXIE move to LITTLE RED as he enters.)

VERONICA. Are you Little Red?

RED. Yes, yes I am. I am Little Red of Little Red's Gourmet Catering and Home Delivery Service 1-800-555-6262. How may I help you my good lady?

VERONICA. Could you deliver some food to my mother? She lives all alone in the forest and she has no food. I'd take her some, but I'm a little tied up this week. So can you do it?

RED. Certainly Madame. That's our specialty! Is there any particular type of food that she enjoys?

VERONICA. Do you have any specials today?

RED. Our chicken liver quiche is on sale for \$3.99 a pound.

VERONICA. That'll be fine. Give her three pounds of that. And some pork rinds and a pound of beef jerky. And some Dinty Moore Beef Stew. And a six pack of root beer.

RED. Very fine. Is there a message that goes with that?

VERONICA. Yes. NO MORE LOTTERY TICKETS! And stop making calls to Pat Sajak. He's going to call the police if you don't stop! Love Victoria. Her address is The Little Tiny Shack By The Big Old Oak Tree Next To The Creek In The Scary Dark Forest 90671.

RED. Excellent Madame. I'll have that delivered in thirty minutes! Fear not, your mother shall not starve or my name is not Little Red of Little Red's Gourmet Catering and Home Delivery Service 1-800-555-6262 and furthermore...

VERONICA. Right. Just delivery the goodies, OK?

(VERONICA and TRIXIE exit.)

RED. (To VERONICA.) Don't worry! At last! An important mission! A poor, sweet, kind, lovable old woman lies starving in the forest and I am the only one who can save her. Yes, I shall not fail! I will carry this basket of goodies over the hills and through the woods to grandmother's house I go! Or my name is not Little Red. Of Little Red's Gourmet Catering and Home Delivery Service 1-800-555-6262.

(Exit RED as WOLVES enter.)

OSWALD. All right! Line up!! My name is Oswald! Oswald the Big Bad Wolf. I'm President and Founder of OSW. Now before we start today's lesson, I'd like you all to introduce yourselves and tell us why you want to become a wolf. (To NORBERT.) You, the goofy looking one, you go first!

NORBERT. Who me?

OSWALD. I said the goofy looking one didn't I? Now what's your name and why do you want to be a wolf?

NORBERT. My name is Norbert T. Wagner. And I want to be a wolf because everybody always picks on me and pushes me around and steals my lunch money!

OSWALD. How old are you Norbert?

NORBERT. 37. I figure if I become a big, bad, horrible, awful, ferocious, mean, nasty wolf, people will want to be my friend.

OSWALD. It's not easy being a wolf Norbert! It's a tough, hard, miserable job. Do you think you're strong enough to be a wolf?

NORBERT. As long as I don't have to get my slacks dirty. They're brand new.

OSWALD. (To KILLER.) What about you?

KILLER. You can call me Killer and I'll tell you why I want to be a wolf! I want to scare people and blow down houses and steal food and have everyone be scared of me and I'll be able to do anything I want and no one will be able to stop me!! AAahahahahahahah!!

OSWALD. Great. (To BRAD:) What about you? Do you really want to be a wolf?

BRAD. Oh yes. Ever since I got laid off from the defense plant I've been researching possible career choices that would be beneficial in this ever-changing and rapidly expanding global economy. And I believe there is a very bright future in being a wolf. In fact, I entered all of the data into my computer and made a spreadsheet if you'd like to see it.

OSWALD. No I don't want to see it!! Now listen up! You are the most awful group of students I have ever seen! But that doesn't matter! I'm Oswald the Big Bad Wolf and I'm going to turn you all into wolves if it kills you! Now, I've just gotten word that a delivery guy is taking a basket of goodies through the forest. We are going into that forest and get those goodies!! And when we do, you'll be wolves!! NOW LET ME HEAR YOU HOWL LIKE WOLVES!

(A very pathetic chorus of wolf howls.)

Oh forget it! Let's go!

(WOLVES exit as MERLE and EARL enter.)

MERLE. Good morning Earl.

EARL. Morning Merle. Are ya ready to go a'huntin'?

MERLE. I surely am my good friend Earl.

EARL. What all type of weaponry did you commence to bring with upon this fine day my pal Merle?

MERLE. Earl my brother, I have on this truly good and fine day brunged with me a 554 semi-automatic double pump carbine with a graphite barrel and a camouflage velcro strap with pictures of bunnies on it. Pray tell, Earl my compadre, what fine hunting tools have you assembled this splendidous morn'?

EARL. Well Merle, good and faithful companion, I have today the Bammington 9000 single shot chromium bazooka. I have also brought

with me a fine selection of hand grenades and land mines for our hunting pleasure. Plus 15 cans of Dinty Moore beef stew for our lunch.

MERLE. I love Dinty Moore Earl!

EARL. I know you do Merle. That is why I brought it buddy pal of mine.

MERLE. I thank you kindly for your most generous and pleasing thoughtfulness on my behalf trusted and wise companion. But say Earl?

EARL. Yes Merle?

MERLE. What animal will be hunting today? Will it once again be that most dangerous and formidable creature of nature, THE SQUIRREL?

EARL. No, my constant sidekick, today we will not be pursuing the dreaded squirrel. Today, another prey awaits us. One more deadly, more intelligent, more elusive than the squirrel or even than bunnies. Today we will be hunting the wolf!

MERLE. THE WOLF! Earl, I gasp and shudder at the horror and awfulness of your proposal! Are you sure that you have not suffered a serious head injury?

EARL. MERLE! ARE WE NOT MEN?! Truly the wolf is a most cunning and naughty opponent! But we shall triumph over him with our superior skill, courage, and intellect! Now, let's have a quick cup of coffee and be on our way to adventure!

MERLE. Well spoken my friend! Yes, so shall it truly be! Say, Earl?

EARL. Yes Merle?

MERLE. How long have we been hunting together?

EARL. Seventeen glorious years my friend.

MERLE. Do you think today we might actually catch something?

EARL. You never know, Merle, you never know!

(MERLE and EARL exit as RANGER RHONDA and RANGER REBA enter.)

RANGER RHONDA. (Dragnet music plays underneath her lines:) This is the forest. Nice People. Nice Animals. Nice trees. It's when the forest isn't so nice that they call me in. My name is Rhonda. I'm a ranger.

(Music stops.)

NOW THAT YOU'RE IN THE MOOD, LET'S SEE YOUR MUTANT MOVE!

(They do a silly move and make a silly noise.)

NERF MAN. Quick Power Mutants! To the Mutantmobile!

(MUTANTS exit.)

(Enter WOLVES.)

OSWALD. Halt! All right, now according to my information, Little Red should be here any second.

KILLER. Who?

OSWALD. Little Red Riding Hood. The person we're gonna steal the basket from! Didn't you never read no fairy tales?

KILLER. Oh I can't read. I never went to college.

OSWALD. No duh. All right, now I needs one of you to volunteer to try and take away the basket of goodies from Little Red.

KILLER. I'll do it! I'll take it away and then I'll mash up it into a million billion pieces and stomp on it and crush it and shred and pulverize it and tear it with my teeth into a hundred million itty bitsy teeny weenie tiny little pieces until there's nothin' left of it except a tiny little piece of dust and then I'll stomp that too!

OSWALD. Yeah that's just great. Except if you did that then we wouldn't get nothing to eat! Get back in line! You, the goofy one!

NORBERT. Who me?

OSWALD. How many times do we have to go through this? Yes, you. When Little Red comes through there, you jump out and take away the basket of goodies before he knows what hit him. Got it?

NORBERT. Actually, I forgot my inhaler back home so maybe one of the other fellows should go first.

OSWALD. Forget it! You're going! Now let's hide over there until he comes.

(The WOLVES hide as RED enters wearing headphones and singing some really bad current pop song.)

RED. Whew, this is certainly hard work. I should have sent this lovely basket of goodies FedEx. Oh well, I must not tarry or that poor beloved grandmother could perish from malnutrition and also starve to death.

OSWALD. All right Dilbert, go ahead!

NORBERT. My name isn't Dilbert, it's Norbert!

OSWALD. Whatever! Go get that basket!

(NORBERT moves to RED.)

NORBERT. Roar. Roar.

RED. Oh hello. How do you do sir?

NORBERT. I'm a WOLF! Roar!

RED. Well I'm very pleased to meet you. I am Little Red of Little Red's Gourmet Catering and Home Delivery Service 1-800-555-6262

NORBERT. We'll I'm an evil wolf and my name is Norbert the Evil Wolf and I'm here to take that basket of goodies from you! Oh, I forgot to roar. Roar!

RED. Well, I am indeed pleased to meet you, Norbert the Evil Wolf. Although I'm afraid I must confess that I do not find Norbert a terribly evil sounding name.

NORBERT. Well I am evil. Roar. Now gimmie that basket! Please.

RED. Alas and alack, I cannot. This basket is going to feed a poor starving and desperate grandmother, all alone in the woods. It is my sworn duty to get her this basket at all costs. You cannot have this basket.

NORBERT. Oh, OK. Thanks anyway.

(NORBERT moves back to OSWALD and the WOLVES, who come out of hiding.)

OSWALD. What are you doing?

NORBERT. Well, I asked him for the basket but he said I couldn't take it.

OSWALD. You don't ask him for it! You just take it! You're a wolf!

NORBERT. Is that allowed?

OSWALD. GO GET THAT BASKET!

NORBERT. What if he won't give it to me?

OSWALD. THEN EAT HIM!

NORBERT. Oh gross!

KILLER. Let me eat him! Please! I'll eat him good! I won't even need any ketchup or mustard or nothing! I'll eat him up raw! I'll chomp him and chew him and...

OSWALD. Knock it off! (To NORBERT:) Get moving!

NORBERT. Oh all right. (He goes back to RED.) Excuse me, but my teacher says you have to give me that basket or I have to... eat you. Oh gross.

RED. But if you take this basket, that poor old grandmother will surely perish.

NORBERT. Well, that's just too bad, now give me that basket!

RED. I cannot believe this horrible turn of events! I must fight with all of my might to defend my basket! But I am just a poor delivery type person! I am no match for this evil, awful, bad smelling wolf!

NORBERT. Hey!

RED. Oh is there no one to help me!?

(Enter THE MUTANTS.)

NERF MAN. Do not fear Little Red, for the POWER MUTANTS are here!

OSWALD. Hey, what's going on here!?

RED. Yes indeed, who are you heroic and unusual-looking creatures!

THE BURPER. We are THE POWER MUTANTS. Each of us was born with a strange and mysterious mutant power that we have sworn to use to help all mankind!

BRAD. So you're the X-Men?

RUBBER CHICKEN GIRL. Well...not actually, no.

NERF MAN. You see, although we were born with strange and mysterious mutant powers, they are rather silly mutant powers.

THE BURPER. Yes, The X-Men told us we were too goofy to be in the X-Men and to go away.

KILLER. So you guys are The Power Rangers?

NERF MAN. No, our grades weren't good enough to get us in the Power Rangers.

OSWALD. So basically you're just a bunch of silly nut cases dressed up in goofy outfits.

RUBBER CHICKEN GIRL. Yeah.

NERF MAN. NO! We are an elite crime-fighting unit dedicated to helping the helpless and the pathetic.

RED. Hey!

NERF MAN. Sorry Little Red. And now evil wolves, I must warn you to flee at once, else you face the fury of THE POWER MUTANTS!

OSWALD. Yeah, we're real scared. Norbert! Get that basket!

NERF MAN. Rubber Chicken girl! Protect that basket!

RUBBER CHICKEN GIRL. Stand back wolf, or face destruction!

NORBERT. I'm taking that basket!

RUBBER CHICKEN GIRL. Then you leave me no choice. Take that!

(She throws rubber chickens at NORBERT, but being rubber chickens, they bounce off. All the WOLVES laugh.)

NORBERT. Ha! That's like the worst super power I've ever seen. Now step aside.

(As NORBERT moves to get the basket, he trips over a rubber chicken and sprains his ankle.)

OOOOOWWW! My ankle! I sprained it real bad! Quick call 411! OW-
WWW it smarts! It smarts!

OSWALD. Oh for the love of Mike! You're an awful wolf! All right you two, grab him, we better take him to the school clinic.

(BRAD and KILLER drag NORBERT off by his hurt ankle.)

OSWALD. But listen up you Super Mutant weirdoes. As soon as we get back, we're taking that basket. And nothing and no one is going to stop us. Or my name aren't Oswald, The Big Bad Wolf!

(OSWALD begins to exit.)

Hey! Did you fill out your emergency care card!?

NERF MAN. Excellent work Rubber Chicken girl!

RED. Thank you, The Power Mutants, for saving me! And as a sign of my gratitude, let me present you with this coupon good for 10% off any of our day-old egg salad.

THE BURPER. Thanks Red, but we're not allowed to accept gifts. Plus, I hate egg salad.

RED. Be that as it may, I must quickly take these goodies to Grand-ma before tragedy strikes. I am certainly glad that I will now have you Power Mutants to protect me.

NERF MAN. Yes. As soon as we get back from our underwear meeting.

RED. Your what?

RUBBER CHICKEN GIRL. Our underwear meeting. They want to put pictures of us on underwear. Just like Spiderman and Batman and Barney!

THE BURPER. And if the underwear sells a lot, they want to put us on pillowcases and blankets and sipee cups and bibs and also evening wear.

RED. But who will protect me?

NERF MAN. We will! In about 45 minutes!

RED. But I can't wait that long! I must leave now if I am to save Grandma!

RUBBER CHICKEN GIRL. Well be careful Little Red, for those wolves looked real nasty!

NERF MAN. We shall return as soon as mutantly possible. Quick POWER MUTANTS! To the mutant mobile.

(MUTANTS exit.)

RED. GADZOOKS! What a strange turn of events! I must get this basket to Grandma before it is too late, a pack of desperate wolves is out to stop me, and the only ones who can help me are going to an underwear meeting! Am I having a bad day or what? Oh well, duty calls! To Grandmother's house I go!

(RED exits as EARL and RANGER RHONDA enter from opposite sides of the stage with their backs to each other, when they reach center stage, they do a circle with their backs to each other and exit the opposite of the stage. Enter MERLE and RANGER REBA.)

MERLE. Uh, excuse me ma'am, I'ma looking for me bestest friend. Would you all to have happened to have seen her?

RANGER REBA. What's he a look like?

MERLE. Well, he's all dressed up in his hunting clothes and he's carrying this here big huge hunting gun. Have y all seen him hereabouts?

RANGER REBA. Nope can't say that I have. But say, I'm also looking for my best friend. Have you seen her?

MERLE. What's she look like?

RANGER REBA. Well, she's all dressed up in her ranger outfit and she's probably talking to the audience all about the plants and the trees and all.

MERLE. Who's she talking to?

RANGER REBA. You know, the audience. (Points to the audience:) All them people out there.

MERLE. Oh yeah, I forgot about them. Nope ma'am, I'm sorry to say that I ain't seen your friend. We'll, have a nice day!

RANGER REBA. You too! Hope you find your friend.

(RANGER REBA and MERLE exit, enter VERONICA and GRANDMA. GRANDMA calls on phone as VERONICA answers.)

GRANDMA. Hey! I thought you were going to send me something to eat!

VERONICA. Mother, do you mean to tell me that Little Red hasn't arrived at your house yet?

GRANDMA. Little Who? What are you talking about!?

VERONICA. I hired Little Red's gourmet catering service to deliver a basket of goodies to you. But he should have been there by now.

GRANDMA. Well all I've got so far is a basket of nothing! And it's almost time for Oprah! I can't watch Oprah on an empty stomach, it makes me palpitate! Where's my food!?

VERONICA. This is very strange. Little Red should have been there long ago. Don't worry mother, I'll find out what happened to Little Red.

GRANDMA. I don't care what happened to Little Red! I just want my food! Oh say, isn't that Donny Osmond just the cutest little homiey! I LOVE YOU DONNY! I WANT TO MARRY YOU!

(GRANDMA exits as TRIXIE enters.)

TRIXIE. Ms. Adelaide! Ms. Adelaide!

VERONICA. What is it Trixie. You seem more overly excited than normal.

TRIXIE. Ms. Adelaide. We're receiving all kinds of reports about strange goings on in the forest!

VERONICA. What sorts of goings on?

TRIXIE. Wolves attacking, hunters hunting, rangers ranging and mutants mutating. Oh Ms. Adelaide, what can it all mean?

VERONICA. It means that there's a story brewing. I have a feeling that this has something to do with Little Red! Quick Trixie, get the camera, we're going out to the forest and find out what's going on. We'll put the story on the news tonight. And I will become even more famous than I am now!

TRIXIE. Can I help report the story Ms. Adelaide?

VERONICA. You have an even more important job than that Trixie!

TRIXIE. What is it?

VERONICA. Quick! Get me my hairspray!

(*VERONICA and TRIXIE exit. Enter RED reading map.*)

RED. I knew I should have taken a left at the skunk cabbage. I'm afraid that I am now hopelessly lost. I fear that I will never be found and die here. (*Pulls out cellular phone.*) Unless I am able to reach AAA. Can you hear me now?

(*Enter WOLVES.*)

OSWALD. All right Brainiac, now tell me again what all of this junk you have is supposed to do?

BRAD. Actually, my name isn't Brainiac, it's Brad.

OSWALD. Get on with it!

BRAD. Oh, yes, well this device is a mutant detector. It will signal an alarm whenever it detects mutant rays. And this is a mutant paralyzer ray that I developed for the Department of Defense for 18 billion dollars. It will paralyze any mutant so that he will be unable to move.

OSWALD. And all of this stuff really works?

BRAD. Of course it does. It was designed and developed by government contractors.

KILLER. This is goofy! We're wolves! We shouldn't use machines to steal baskets from helpless little delivery persons! We should just rip 'em apart with our bare teeth and gobble 'em down for breakfast or perhaps a late brunch!

OSWALD. Knock it off! We wolves have to adapt to the new technologies of the 21st century if we are to remain competitive. OK Einstein, go get that basket!

BRAD. Very well. (*Moves towards RED.*) Excuse me sir. Hi, I'm Brad Davis of Oswald's School for Wolves, how do you do?

RED. Very fine, thank you. My name is Little Red of Little Red's Gourmet Catering and Home Delivery Service 1-800-555-6262. How may I help you on this lovely day?

BRAD. Well as part of a project I have for wolf school, I am supposed to take your basket of goodies and return it to my fellow school chums.

RED. Well I certainly would like to help you with your homework but alas, I cannot give you this basket of goodies as they belong to a poor suffering old grandma. And I should warn you, that the Power Mutants will protect me should you attempt to take my goodies.

BRAD. Unfortunately for you, there does not appear to be any Power Mutants around right now.

(*The mutant alarm begins sounding.*)

Oh. Well apparently there is a Power Mutant nearby. But we will see how powerful he is when I use this on him!

RED. What is that evil looking device?

BRAD. You'll find out!

(*Enter THE BURPER.*)

THE BURPER. Never fear! I am here! For I am a POWER MUTANT!

RED. I thought you were at your underwear meeting.

THE BURPER. They said that we were too silly for underwear! No one would want to wear us. So I hurried ahead because I sensed you were in danger. But I don't think that this puny little excuse for a wolf can pose much danger to me, for I am a POWER MUTANT!

BRAD. Hey! Who you calling puny! Take that!

(*He shoots THE BURPER with ray.*)

THE BURPER. Hey what was that? What's wrong?! I can't move!!! I'm paralyzed!

BRAD. Just watch who you're calling puny next time! Now Red hand over your goodies. This ray works on delivery persons as well as mutants.

THE BURPER. You fiend!! Stop this at once! It is both naughty and wrong and also bad!

BRAD. But I am a wolf!! So it's OK. Besides, this will get me an A on my project! Now give me your basket!

RED, EGAD!! All is lost! The wolves will have the goodies and poor Grandma will be doomed! Is there no way out!?

THE BURPER. Not so fast wolfy boy! You have made one fatal mistake!

BRAD. Impossible! The ray has you completely paralyzed!! You can't move an inch!

THE BURPER. True enough Sherlock! But you forgot what my special mutant power is! Quick Red! Cover your ears!

(THE BURPER lets out an enormous burp that causes all WOLVES to fall down holding their ears. THE BURPER is now able to move.)

Ah ha! I am free!

NORBERT. I thought he was supposed to be paralyzed!

BRAD. Apparently the sonic waves of her enormous belch shattered the paralyzing beams! Quick, we must retreat before she makes that disgusting sound again!

OSWALD. You know, I am really getting sick of you mutants. Next time we come back, we're going to finish you for good!! Come on boneheads!

(WOLVES exit.)

RED. Thank you, The Burper, for your help. Even though it was really, really, gross and very poor manners!

THE BURPER. Excuse me Little Red, but a mutant's gotta do what a mutant's gotta do! But these wolves seem more deadly than ever. I must summon all of the Power Mutants to come to our aid or I fear next time you'll be toast. Also I must go drink 37 cans of Pepsi and eat some radishes to replenish my amazing mutant powers! Take care until we return! And remember, danger lurks at every point!

(Exit THE BURPER as TRIXIE enters.)

TRIXIE. Little Red! There you are! We have been looking all over for you!

RED. Who is we and who are you?

TRIXIE. I am Trixie McTrickster, personal executive assistant secretary to Victoria Adelaide, Anchorwoman on Eyewitness News

Center Live at Five. She is the one who hired you to take that basket of goodies to her grandmother's house. But when you did not arrive we became worried and started an exclusive news investigation to bust open the story. What's been happening?

RED. Well I have been attacked by wolves and rescued by mutants, but I have no time to talk now! I must get to Grandmother's house immediately or I am afraid she will breathe her last. I have lost my way, can you take me there?

TRIXIE. I would love to but I have to look for Ms. Adelaide, I lost her in the woods when I was looking for a hairspray store. I will tell you how to get to her grandmother's house and then we will meet you there and you can tell us this amazing story of heroic bravery in time for the eleven o'clock news!

RED. Yes!

TRIXIE. Do you see the old rotten dead tree next to the boulder that looks like a troll?

RED. Yes.

TRIXIE. OK, take that exit and then stay on the path until you see the castle on the hill, that will be the turnpike. Take that to exit 35, it'll say "to Grandma's house," take your first right after the exit. It's the house with the really, really big TV antenna.

RED. Thank you strange woman! I will meet you and Ms. Adelaide at Grandma's house. I only hope I am not too late!

(Exit RED and TRIXIE. Enter EARL and MERLE.)

EARL. Well, here we are Merle.

MERLE. Where's that Earl?

EARL. At Grandma's house.

MERLE. What are we doing at Grandma's house Earl?

EARL. Everybody knows that in fairy tales, the wolves always wind up at Grandma's house. Plus, I read the script. So, all we have to do, is hide here in these bushes until the wolfs show up and blam! We got ourselves dinner!

MERLE. Earl, I must say that how your mind works is a mystery to me!

EARL. Why thank you Merle. Now, let's go hide in yonder bushes!

(They hide in the bushes as RANGER RHONDA and RANGER REBA enter.)

RANGER RHONDA. Well, here we are, at Grandma's house!

RANGER REBA. Are we going to arrest Grandma, Ranger Rhonda?

RANGER RHONDA. NO! We are not going to arrest Grandma! We are going to arrest the hunters!

RANGER REBA. Oh. Good. Where are they?

RANGER RHONDA. Well they're not here yet. They won't get here until the wolves get here.

RANGER REBA. What wolves?

RANGER RHONDA. Everyone knows that in a fairy tale, the wolves always wind up at grandma's house. And where there are wolves, there our hunters will be.

RANGER REBA. I thought we were in a play, not a fairy tale.

RANGER RHONDA. It's exactly the same thing, only different. Now come on, we got to hide in the bushes until the hunters come.

RANGER REBA. You know what Ranger Rhonda?

RANGER RHONDA. What Ranger Reba?

RANGER REBA. Hiding in the bushes is my favorite part of this job!

(They hide in the bushes as WOLVES enter.)

OSWALD. All right, here we are at Grandma's house. Now, Little Red will be here any moment, so we got to work fast. Killer, it's your turn, only this time, we're going to use a little strategy.

KILLER. I can't eat no strategy, it make my skin break out.

OSWALD. NO! Strategy isn't something you eat! It means a plan. We're going to use a plan.

KILLER. Oh good, plans don't make my skin break out.

OSWALD. OK, first, you go down to the house,

KILLER. RIGHT!

OSWALD. Then, you knock on the door.

KILLER. Right!

OSWALD. Then when she opens the door...

KILLER. I grab her and eat her in a billion pieces!

OSWALD. NO! You grab her and tie her up and lock her in the closet!

KILLER. Right!

OSWALD. And then you put on her dress!

KILLER. Ri...say what?

OSWALD. You put on her dress and pretend to be her.

KILLER. Couldn't I just eat her instead?

OSWALD. No! You have to put on her dress!

KILLER. Maybe Norbert should be the one to wear the dress.

NORBERT. Hey!

OSWALD. No! It's your turn. You put on the dress and pretend to be Grandma. Then, when Little Red shows up, he'll give you the basket and the goodies will be ours! Now get moving!

KILLER. I knew I should have gone to dental school!

(KILLER knocks on the door.)

GRANDMA. Who is it?

KILLER. It's a wolf, I'm here to tie you up.

OSWALD. NO! Use some strategy!

KILLER. Oh. Right. Uh...it's Alex Irebek from Jeopardy.

GRANDMA. *(Opening door:)* ALEX!! I love you! I love your show! I...never knew you were so hairy!

KILLER. HA! I fooled you! I am really a wolf. And I don't normally wear dresses. Just remember that. Now come on, the play's almost over.

(GRANDMA and KILLER go inside as RED enters.)

RED. At long last, I have arrived at Grandma's house. And I am only 12 hours late. Guess that does it for the tip. Oh well. *(Knocking on door:)* Hello? Hello? It is I, Little Red of Little Red's Gourmet Catering and Home Delivery Service 1-800-555-6262. I have brought you a basket of goodies. Hopefully, you have not starved to death or even worse.

(KILLER opens the door dressed as Grandma.)

KILLER. Whatya want? I mean...hello my dear little man how are you today?

RED. I am just fine Grandma, despite almost being eaten several times by evil wolves. I wish your daughter had told me a little more about you, then I would have brought some shaving cream and razor blades for your rather hairy nose, also some Visine for your bloodshot eyes and some Crest Tarter Control toothpaste for your big nasty teeth.

KILLER. The better to eat you with buster! HAHHAHAHAHAH!
RED. Shazam! You are not a kindly grandmother! You are a wolf!

KILLER. That's right! And I don't normally wear a dress, it was part of our stage. So don't go making any jokes. Now hand over that basket or I'll be...uh...I'll be...uh...I'll be doing bad stuff to you!

RED. Do what you will, but I will never give up this basket except to its rightful owner!

KILLER. Well that's too bad for you.

(Enter THE MUTANTS.)

NERF MAN. No, it's too bad for you evildoing wolf creature! The POWER MUTANTS are here to save the day!

OSWALD. All right that's it! I've had enough of you guys.

NERF MAN. Very well Oswald, it's you and me!

RED. I think you mean it's you and I.

NERF MAN. Why would I want to fight you?

RED. No, it's poor grammar to say you and me, you should have said to Oswald, it's you and I.

NERF MAN. You are correct Little Red. Sometimes in the heat of battle, we can forget how important correct grammar is. Thanks. Thanks a lot. And now Oswald, it is you and I!

OSWALD. Whatever you say foam boy!

(EARL and MERLE pop up from behind bushes.)

MERLE. LOOK EARL! IT'S WOLVES! WOLVES I TELL YOU!

EARL. Yes Merle! At long last, our dream come true! And not just one wolf, but four! Oh glorious and wondrous day!!! Now let's blast 'em!

EARL and MERLE. READY! AIM! FL.....

(RANGERS pop up from behind bushes.)

RANGER RHONDA. FREEZE! I AM A RANGER AND YOU'RE BUSTED!

RANGER REBA. IT'S THE SLAMMER FOR BOTH OF YOU!

RANGER RHONDA. Hey! I'm supposed to say that! Oh never mind! We have been chasing you two for seventeen years and at last we've got you! You'll have to come with us!

RANGER REBA. To the hooscow!

EARL. Well Ranger Rhonda, you may have caught us at long last. But before you take us to our just and deserving punishment. We aim to bag ourselves some wolves!

MERLE. What he said!

EARL and MERLE. READY!!! AIM!!! FL.....

(Enter VERONICA and TRIXIE with a TV camera.)

VERONICA. WAIT! DON'T SHOOT! THE TV CAMERA ISN'T HERE YET!

NERF MAN. Who are you?

TRIXIE. This is Victoria Adelaide, Emmy award-winning anchor-woman and top ace TV journalist. And she is here to cover this fast-breaking story live on national network coverage! Right now, over 300,000,000 people around the world are watching us.

BRAD. You mean we're on TV right now?

VERONICA. Yes!

EVERYBODY BUT VERONICA AND TRIXIE. (Waving at camera.) HI MOM!

VERONICA. Now, can someone tell me how this all started?

(EVERYBODY starts talking at once.)

TRIXIE. Please! One at a time! Now who started all of the trouble?

EVERYBODY. (Pointing at each other.) THEY DID!!

NERF MAN. Perhaps I can explain, beautiful and stiff-haired lady. We are the POWER MUTANTS! Sworn to protect the lowly and the pathetic...

RED. Hey!

NERF MAN. ...and in the course of protecting this poor delivery person's basket of goodies he was taking to a poor, kindly starving

grandmother, these mean, awful, unhygienic wolves tried to abscond with said goodies.

OSWALD. It's a dirty lie! Whatever he said! Furthermore we are going to take those goodies and you had better get out of our way!

NERF MAN. Never! And if you try, it will surely lead to violence.

OSWALD. Violence is my middle name!

NORBERT. I thought your middle name was Merwin?

OSWALD. Be quiet. Well students, now is your chance to prove that you are wolves!

NERF MAN. POWER MUTANTS! Now is your chance to see that justice is done!

MERLE. EARL! Now is our chance to get a wolf!

RANGER REBA. RANGER RHONDA! Now is our chance to get the hunters!

TRIXIE. MS. ADELAIDE! Now is our chance to get the greatest story in the history of TV news!

KILLER. Then let the battle begin!

NERF MAN. WAIT! We should not expose the little children to scenes of excessive violence! Lights!

(Blackout.)

POWER MUTANTS TO THE RESCUE!!

(There is a total blackout with sounds of horrible battle going on. Every so often the lights go on and we see a frozen picture of battle. Then lights go out and sounds of battle resume. This goes on for a while until sounds suddenly stop and lights slowly fade up to reveal everybody collapsed in huge pile on floor. Enter GRANDMA.)

GRANDMA. ALEX?! ALEX HONEY, WHERE ARE YOU?! What in tarnation is going on here?

RED. *(Crawling over to GRANDMA.)* Madame, I am Little Red of Little Red's Gourmet Catering and Home Delivery Service, 1-800-555-6262. Here is your basket of goodies.

(RED collapses.)

GRANDMA. Well it's about time, I plum near starved to death! Say, who are all of these other people?

RED. Well, there are some wolves that tried to eat me, and some Power Mutants that saved me and some hunters and rangers and your mother and a strange woman.

GRANDMA. Well what do they want!? Tell 'em to get off my property! They're ruining my lawn! And those mutant people better not be mutating my prize flowers, I spent all month fertilizing them. And if even one of those wolves leaves his nasty fleas in my yard, I'll sick the dog catcher on 'em! And I don't allow no hunting on my property, so tell those two macho dingleberries to take a hike!! And if Smokey the Bear over there and his silly sidekick don't have a warrant, they can leave too. And as for that Trixie person, she told me three months ago she was going to get me a picture of Pat Sajak and she hasn't done it yet! So she can scram! And as for my daughter, she can stay. If she brought me some money for lottery tickets. And as for you Little Red of Little Red's Gourmet Catering and Home Delivery Service, this root beer is warm, the beef jerky is cold, the pork rinds are crumbled and there's no steak and no lobster! So, as far as I'm concerned, you can take your basket of goodies and take a long walk off a short pier!

NERF MAN. Say Oswald, are you thinking what I'm thinking?

OSWALD. If you mean what I think you mean, foam boy, then I'm with you.

RED. I couldn't agree with you more gentlemen!

OSWALD. YO! Everybody! Huddle up!

(Everybody but Grandma huddles up.)

GRANDMA. What's going on?

(Everybody breaks out of huddle.)

NERF MAN. Quickly my friends!! Before she gets away!

(Everybody surrounds Grandma and ties her up.)

GRANDMA. Unhand me you whippersnappers! It's almost time for Desperate Housewives!

NERF MAN. I'm afraid not Grandma, you've been watching too much TV. It has turned you into a rude, complaining social donut! There's only one place where you can go to once again become a lovable old grandma! POWER MUTANTS! TO THE LIBRARY!

GRANDMA. NO! NO! NOT THE LIBRARY! I NEED MY TV! I NEED MY WHEEL OF FORTUNE! I NEED MY ALEX TREBEK! HELP!

(POWER MUTANTS, VERONICA and TRIXIE carry GRAND-MA off to library.)

EARL. Say Merle, do you know what I think?

MERLE. No Earl my compadre, what is on that tiny little mind of yours?

EARL. I was just thinking that I know where we could find a whole herd of that most cunning and dangerous of animals! The COW!

MERLE. THE COW! Earl, I fear you will put our lives in most grievous peril. Nonetheless I will follow you even unto the ends of the earth. Unfortunately you seem to forget that we are under arrest!

EARL. I can deal with that! Oh Ranger Rhonda!

RANGER RHONDA. Yes, you lawbreaking bad people?

EARL. Isn't that the rare and endangered silver throated moose over there?

RANGER RHONDA and REBA. WHERE?! WHERE?!

EARL. Quick Merle, head for the hills!

(EARL and MERLE exit.)

RANGER REBA. Oh for goodness sakes, we fell for the oldest trick in the world, the old silver throated moose trick! What do we do now Ranger Rhonda?

RANGER RHONDA. What good forest rangers always do Ranger Reba, we'll get our men! Let's go get 'em!

RANGER REBA. Can we stop and get something to eat first? I'm hungry!

RANGER RHONDA. Stop whining!

RANGER REBA. I'm not whining!

(RANGERS exit.)

KILLER. Hey we got ripped off! We didn't get to eat any goodies or even a grandma! What kind of wolf school is this?!

BRAD. Yeah! Even air conditioning repair school was better than this! I want my money back!

NORBERT. Yeah! And you're gonna have to pay for my slacks! Or else I'll tell!

BRAD. I'm going to sue you for forty-five million dollars! Come on guys, let's go get some pizza!

(WOLVES except for Oswald exit.)

OSWALD. Well that's just peachy! After 15 years, Oswald's School for Wolves is going out of business!! Now what am I going to do for a job?

RED. Well actually, I have an opening for a delivery person.

OSWALD. What? You mean me work for you? As a delivery person?

RED. Yes. I've decided that it's too dangerous for me and that I'll find some other sucker...er...person to make my deliveries for me. Leaving me free to concentrate on my gourmet cooking and floral arrangements. But you must promise not to eat me or the goodies!

OSWALD. Oh sure I won't! You can trust me Mr. Little Red.

RED. Very well my new wolf friend! Lets us walk off together into the sunset of a happy ending!

OSWALD. Sure thing boss! Say, uh, how much do you weigh?

RED. Why do you want to know?

OSWALD. Just curious boss, just curious!

(OSWALD and RED exit.)

End of Play