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1. The full name of the play
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3. The following notice: “Produced by special arrangement with Pioneer Drama Service, Inc., Englewood, Colorado”
CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Appearance)

SYDNEY GRIMM .......................young, flashy reporter
for a cable news channel
24

FAIRY GODMOTHER ..............self-righteous old lawyer
with a sweet façade
76

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD ......spoiled brat
14

GRANDMOTHER HOOD ..........widow longing for a
pampered retirement
23

ONE .................................very stupid pig
15

TWO ....................................slightly less stupid pig
13

THREE ..............................highly intelligent pig
25

BILL WOODCUTTER ..............big, affable, self-obsessed
competitive lumberjack
21

SHEPHERD ..............................kind, elderly shepherd
14

BOY WHO CRIED WOLF ..............disrespectful little delinquent
18

BIG BAD WOLF ......................a.k.a., Mr. Wolf
18

JUDGE WISE OLD MAN ..............doddering old fool
73

EVIL STEPMOTHER ................high-powered, high-priced
young lawyer
100

MISS MUFFIT ......................neurotic psychiatrist and wolf
expert
16
SETTING

Time: Once upon a time...
Place: A courtroom in the Enchanted Forest.
The stage may be set up in whatever way makes the most sense for your space, as long as the AUDIENCE gets the impression that they are seated where the jury box should be. Whenever characters address the JURY, they speak to the AUDIENCE (who will decide the fate of the defendant).
For the audience to get the best perspective, a suggested set design is as follows: The judge’s bench is STAGE LEFT, angled toward the audience. The witness stand and chair are DOWN LEFT, the defendant’s table is RIGHT CENTER and the plaintiffs’ table is DOWNSTAGE of the defendant’s table (staggered just enough so that both tables are in clear view). There are at least eight chairs (or a couple of benches) set up in the gallery (behind the tables).
The STAGE RIGHT entrance is used by all characters except the JUDGE, who uses the STAGE LEFT entrance.

See set design on page 27.
BIG BAD

LIGHTS UP: The courtroom. GRIMM stands DOWN CENTER.

GRIMM: (Holds a microphone.) Hello! This is Sydney Grimm for EFN, Enchanted Forest News, reporting live from the scene of what is sure to be the trial of the century. In a matter of moments, we are about to see quite possibly the most impressive clash of legal minds this court or this country has seen since once upon a time. After years of delay, we’re finally about to witness the trial of the big bad wolf! As many know already, Mr. Wolf, the defendant, escaped a jail sentence when his criminal trial—for three counts of huffing and puffing with intent to destroy, two counts of attempted murder by ingestion, one count of grandmother impersonation, four counts of attempted sheep abduction and seventeen counts of lurking—ended in a mistrial, the result of a giant falling on the jury room while they were determining the verdict. Now, a number of parties have brought a class-action lawsuit against Mr. Wolf in an attempt to obtain some monetary compensation for what they feel has been an infringement on their rights by the now infamous defendant.

(The FAIRY GODMOTHER [FGM] ENTERS RIGHT carrying a briefcase. She is followed IN by both LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD [RED], carrying a basket, and GRANDMOTHER. They approach the plaintiffs’ table, and the FGM opens her briefcase and move some papers around.) Ahh! It seems the counsel for the plaintiffs, the unequalled Ms. Fairy Godmother, has entered, accompanied by one of her clients, Ms. Red Riding Hood, and the young client’s grandmother, Mrs. er... Grandmother. (Approaches them.) Hello, Ms. Godmother, any words for EFN?

FGM: Mr. Wolf is a depraved, cold, calculating killer, and it is only his celebrity status in this forest that has saved him from the hands of criminal justice. His behavior is reprehensible and has completely infringed upon my clients’ rights to live happily ever after. As you know, I have always fought to ensure that the good people of this forest get the ending they deserve.

RED: (Shoves her face into the microphone.) That wolf is gonna get it! We’re gonna string him up by his toes and shake him till all his money goes right here. (Holds up her basket.) And then me and Granny are gonna get ourselves a nice new condo with a pool and a—

GRANDMOTHER: (Tries to contain RED.) Now, dear, have a seat. That isn’t appropriate behavior for television, and we don’t want to waste anyone’s time. We can’t have this trial going on forever, you know. Ms. Godmother’s clerks all turn into mice after midnight tonight.
RED: Yeah, that’s lame. (To FGM.) You stink!

FGM: Well, I never!

GRANDMOTHER: Now, she didn’t— (GRIMM tries to sneak away from the conflict.)

FGM: Ungrateful little—

GRIMM: Well! Ha, ha! There you have it. Oh! (The THREE LITTLE PIGS—ONE, TWO and THREE—ENTER RIGHT, along with SHEPHERD, BOY WHO CRIED WOLF and WOODCUTTER.) Here come the other parties filing against Mr. Wolf!

ONE: Ooooooh! Telamavision! (Runs to GRIMM and tries to grab the microphone.)

TWO: Eeeeeeeh! I like microphones! They make my voice loud! Gimme! (Runs up to GRIMM and attempts to wrestle the microphone away from both GRIMM and ONE.)

THREE: Ahh! Yes, the press. Excellent! (Approaches GRIMM.) Yes, I, Pig Three, am a plaintiff in this case. I would be happy to provide an interview if need be.

GRIMM: Uhh... well... thanks, but—

THREE: Yes, of course, well, you see—

GRIMM: I didn’t say that—

WOODCUTTER: (Cuts in.) Say! You’re Sydney Grimm, aren’t ya? You remember me? You covered the Mr. World Lumberjack Pageant last year, didn’t you? Well, remember me? I won Best in Flannel and Most Ruggedly Handsome! Yeah! Bill Woodcutter! That’s right. Boy! Sure is good to see you again!

GRIMM: Uhh... yes, Mr. Woodcutter, nice to see you. Ready for this year’s pageant, are you?

WOODCUTTER: Sure am! (Slaps GRIMM on the back a little too hard, which sends GRIMM stumbling DOWNSTAGE.)

GRIMM: (Looks around a bit, trying to get out of the crowd. Sees his opportunity with the SHEPHERD and BOY, who have quietly taken their seats in the gallery just behind the plaintiffs’ table. They appear to be trying fairly hard not to be noticed. Approaches SHEPHERD and BOY.) Hello! Sydney Grimm, EFN. I believe you two are—

SHEPHERD: (Cuts him off.) I’m an old shepherd, and this here’s my boy. The boy don’t know his manners too well, and so we’re in a bit of a mess, you see? But we don’t want no trouble, just a little money for some sheep I lost and to pay the medical bill for the boy, here.
GRIMM: Right then. (To the BOY.) So you must be the Boy Who Cried—

BOY: Wolf! Yeah, that’s me. What’s it to you? Look, I was just havin’ a little fun, okay? You know, like frying ants with a magnifying glass or blowing up squirrels with homemade explosives.

SHEPHERD: (Elbows the BOY.) You shut your mouth, boy. (To GRIMM.) He don’t mean those things he says. He’s just a little—Well, boys will be boys, eh?

GRIMM: Right... (Begins to back away. At this moment, the BIG BAD WOLF ENTERS RIGHT and slouches down in his chair at the defendant's table. Everything stops. The OTHERS immediately take their seats either at the plaintiffs’ table or in the gallery except for GRIMM, who moves to roughly LEFT CENTER. The two sides simply stare at each other. After a long pause, GRIMM speaks, in a loud whisper.) Well, here he is! The infamous Big Bad Wolf himself! This is a very tense moment in the courtroom right now! Just feel that tension! (Takes a moment to feel the tension.)

WOLF: I can hear you over there, you know.

GRIMM: Oh! (Approaches WOLF.) My deepest apologies, Mr. Wolf. Sydney Grimm, EFN. I’m covering the trial today.

WOLF: Yeah, I guessed.

GRIMM: So, Mr. Wolf, who is your attorney today, and where is he?

WOLF: She. And I don’t know. Her name’s Evil Stepmother. You heard of her? Apparently she’s some big fancy high-priced lawyer who’s gotten pulled into pro-bono work she doesn’t want to do. I don’t blame her. Barring another giant, I don’t stand a chance today, I’m sure.

GRIMM: Yeah. I mean, hey! You never know. Do you have anything you’d like to tell viewers out there?

WOLF: I got nothing to say to the world. The world’s got nothing to say to me.

GRIMM: Oooohkay... well, then! (Moves DOWN LEFT.)

JUDGE’S VOICE: (From OFF LEFT, in a very grand voice.) All rise for the honorable Judge Wise Old Man! (There is a buzz in the courtroom as ALL stand.)

JUDGE: (ENTERS LEFT. He is a “wise old man” in judge’s robes. Stands in front of his chair.) Ladies and gentlemen, they say that justice is blind. Well, if justice is blind and bats are blind, then justice must be a bat, eh? (Sits. EVERYONE is confused.) You may be seated. (EVERYONE sits.)
The renowned Judge Wise Old Man is presiding over the case today. Judge Man is known for his... well, wisdom. He is known to frequently apply his gift as a philosopher to any case. He is also known for his taste for Magic Beans.

In this court today, we are here to try an individual accused of many heinous acts. (To JURY.) Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I will ask you all to keep in mind this important and difficult concept throughout the many grueling hours of this trial. This concept is that guilty is the opposite of not guilty and not guilty is the opposite of guilty. (Long pause.) That's it. Very well, shall we begin? (Long pause. EVERYONE looks around.)

JUDGE: (Whips out a bag of “Magic Beans” and begins munching on them.) In this court today, we are here to try an individual accused of many heinous acts. (To JURY.) Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I will ask you all to keep in mind this important and difficult concept throughout the many grueling hours of this trial. This concept is that guilty is the opposite of not guilty and not guilty is the opposite of guilty. (Long pause.) That's it. Very well, shall we begin? (Long pause. EVERYONE looks around.)

WOLF: (Timid, he raises his hand.) Your Honor, sir, I have no counsel.

JUDGE: What? Oh, yes, of course, counsel. Well, where is your counsel? Why is it not here? Did you lose it? Did you check in your pockets, under the seat cushions, behind the refrigerator?

WOLF: No, sir, I haven't, but—

JUDGE: What? You don't have a refrigerator?

WOLF: That's not what I—

JUDGE: How do you keep your milk fresh? (Long silence. FGM walks to the JUDGE and whispers something in his ear.) Ah! Your lawyer! Yes. Who is that? (Looks at papers in front of him.) Oh! (Chuckles.) She's a lot of fun! Ms. Evil Stepmother! (EVIL STEPMOTHER [ES] ENTERS RIGHT in a hurry, pulling MISS MUFFIT with her. MUFFIT seems distressed. ES lets go of MUFFIT in the gallery and hurries to the defendant's table.)

ES: I apologize, Your Honor, everyone, for my lateness. (Sits down, sighs and looks at MUFFIT, who is signaling her distress.) What? (To JUDGE.) Excuse me just a minute. (Walks up to MUFFIT. They whisper back and forth for a while, heatedly. Finally.) Well... just stand then! (Crosses back to the defendant's table and sits down huffily. MUFFIT moves to the back of the gallery and stands awkwardly.) Again, I apologize to everyone.

JUDGE: May I inquire as to why you are late, counselor?

ES: Ummm... (Distracted, opens her briefcase and sorts through papers.) You know what? I would come up with an excuse, but, really, forget it. I don’t do pro-bono work, so I’m not all that excited about this case, to be honest with you. Plus, I think it’s pretty much doomed to failure, so I didn’t really prepare a whole lot and I was kind of pulling some things together at the last minute... and I was up late last night yelling at my stepdaughter to clean the cinders.
out of the fireplace, so I thought I’d sleep in a little and treat myself to nice long breakfast with my colleague and witness over there. (Motions to MUDDIT, who curtsies nervously. Pause.) So, are we going to get this thing going? I’ve got a facial scheduled at five.

JUDGE: Yes, of course, right away.

FGM: Objection!

ES: The trial hasn’t even started yet!

FGM: Your Honor, I object to the counsel for the defense’s attitude. Clearly she is making a mockery of this courtroom, and you are allowing it.

JUDGE: Oh, I am? Oh, well, that’s not good. Ummm... Ms. Stepmother, ummm... a bit of wisdom for you. Being late is wrong. Wrong is the opposite of right. Right is the opposite of left. Therefore if you are late, I will have to ask you to leave. (Long pause. EVERYONE pretends to get it and nods in agreement.) Now, then, court is in session. (Long pause. FGM whispers in his ear.) Oh! Opening remarks! Ms. Godmother?

FGM: (Stands and addresses JURY.) Ladies and gentlemen, today we are going to correct a grave injustice. By chance, Mr. Wolf was spared the punishment he rightfully deserves. He is a depraved criminal. He has lurked in the forests for years, preying on innocent little girls...

RED: Yeah!

GRANDMOTHER: Shush, child! Behave yourself!

FGM: Innocent little girls, innocent little pigs, innocent little old women, innocent little boys and... (Pauses, pretends to hold back tears.) ...innocent little sheep. My clients have been frightened, threatened, tricked, eaten and robbed, and I am sure I am leaving something out. Because of a mere accident, this twisted fiend will not receive the punishment he deserves. So, we must take from him everything we can. (Indicates WOLF.) That beast over there must be left with nothing, because he has left my clients, hurt, frightened and homeless. Thank you. (PLAINTIFFS applaud.)

JUDGE: Thank you, Ms. Godmother. Ms. Stepmother?

ES: Oh. Um, no, I waive it.

WOLF: What?

ES: Yeah, you heard me. No statement. Thanks, though.

JUDGE: Very well, moving on...

WOLF: You’re not even going to try? You’re not going to do anything for me?
ES: Look, Wolfy, nobody's going to save you, and even if somebody were going to, it sure wouldn't be me.

WOLF: I'm doomed! I'm going to be robbed blind!

ES: Oh, come on! You did all of it, didn't you?

WOLF: Yes! But... but... why won't anybody understand?

JUDGE: Ms. Godmother, call your first witness.

ES: Understand what?

FGM: I would like to call Ms. Little Red Riding Hood. (RED gets up and crosses to the witness stand.)

WOLF: What it's like. What it's like to have everyone hate you.

JUDGE: (With an oversized book of fairy tales in hand.) Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you, Hans Christian Andersen?

ES: Oh.

RED: Yeah, sure!

ES: (Under her breath.) Maybe I do.

WOLF: What was that?

FGM: (Rises and crosses to RED.) Red, honey, how are you, dear?

RED: I'd be a whole lot better if I had that monster's cash!

FGM: Right, right. Well now, Red, sweetie, why don't you tell the nice people on the jury what exactly happened between you and Mr. Wolf on the day in question.

RED: Yeah, sure thing. (To JURY.) Well, you see, I was walking through the woods, minding my own business, trying to get to my granny's house to bring her some bread, 'cause she's old and sick and stuff, and then this horrible scary wolf jumps out and pretends to be all nice and stuff, but I know he's creepy and I'm like, "Back off, Wolf!" and he's like, "No, come on, I'm all nice and stuff, why don't you take this shortcut or whatever to get to your granny's house."

And I'm like, "Well, actually, shortcuts are good. I hate walking. It's for losers." I guess this wolf wouldn't just make up some shortcut or whatever. So I start walking. Turns out the freakin' wolf did make it up. He gave me like... a longcut or something, so that he could get to my granny's house and eat her.

FGM: My word! (To JURY.) He ate her grandmother! (To RED.) I'm so sorry for you, child. What happened next?

RED: Well, then he dressed up as my granny and got in her bed.

FGM: What? That is appalling. What sort of perverse reason could he have had for doing this?
RED: He wanted to trick me into thinking he was my granny, and then when I got close enough to the bed, he ate me!
FGM: Ate you, too! Consumption of a live human being is a felony, ladies and gentlemen, and an obvious deprivation of one’s basic rights!
RED: Oh! It was terrible. Until Mr. Woodcutter got us out. It was so dark and clammy and acidic in there.
FGM: It sounds horrible, dear.
RED: Oh! It was! Oh, I can’t take it. *(Starts to fake-cry.)*
FGM: There, there, dear. It’s all right. Why don’t you just go and sit back down.
RED: Okay. *(Starts to rise.)*
ES: Objection! I haven’t cross-examined the witness yet.
JUDGE: Oh, but she’s so sad.
FGM: Yes! Absolutely too sad to be questioned. I’m sorry.
ES: *(Quickly stands.)* Now wait a minute, here. You can’t do that. I have a right to cross-examine the witness.
RED: *(Forgets her tears and yells.)* I’m too sad, see!
FGM: Yes, according to clause A, section 12345 of the legal code 22F, “extreme sadness may excuse a witness from further testimony.”
JUDGE: Oh! Yes, well, if that’s the case, then—
ES: You just made that up!
JUDGE: The witness is excused.
ES: What?!
JUDGE: The witness is excused. *(RED walks back to her seat.)*
Please sit down, Ms. Stepmother.
FGM: Ha!
ES: *(Sits down.)* I can’t believe this!
JUDGE: Ms. Godmother, call your next witness, please!
FGM: Yes, I would like to call to the stand Mrs. Grandmother Hood.
GRANDMOTHER: *(Approaches the witness stand.)*
JUDGE: Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you, Hans Christian Andersen?
GRANDMOTHER: You betcha.
FGM: Thanks, Granny.
GRANDMOTHER: I’d prefer Mrs. Hood, please.
FGM: Yes, of course. Mrs. Hood, now, tell me something. Do these things belong to you? *(Opens up her briefcase and shows the contents to GRANDMOTHER and JURY. It contains a bonnet, nightgown and glasses.)*
GRANDMOTHER: Why, yes, those are my things.
FGM: Now, can you tell us, what were you wearing the day you encountered the defendant?
GRANDMOTHER: Those items.
FGM: Anything else?
GRANDMOTHER: Just my undies, dear, but that’s none of your business.
FGM: Yes, I see. Now, Mrs. Hood, is it correct that when your granddaughter encountered the defendant, he was wearing these same items?
GRANDMOTHER: Well, not all the exact same items. I had a spare nightgown and bonnet, but only one pair of glasses.
FGM: And at this point he had eaten you. Is that correct?
GRANDMOTHER: It most certainly is.
FGM: So, not only did the Big Bad Wolf eat you, but he made a dear old lady remove her glasses which she desperately needs in order to see, before he did so?
GRANDMOTHER: Yes! It was terrible!
FGM: Terrible! Yes, ladies and gentlemen, we’ve heard that word before, haven’t we? Mrs. Hood’s granddaughter described the events in the same way, and quite frankly, I think they are being kind, as it is in their nature to be. So, the defendant not only ate an old woman and her granddaughter, but insisted that the old woman remove her desperately needed eyeglasses. Without her ability to see, the kind of psychological strain Mrs. Hood must have endured would have been... unthinkable. That’s all, Mrs. Hood. (Turns to ES.) Your witness.
JUDGE: You may examine the witness, Mrs. Stepmother.
ES: (Stands.) Oh! I can examine this one? Thanks so much! Mrs. Hood, let me ask you this...
GRANDMOTHER: Yes?
ES: How did the defendant get you to remove your glasses?
GRANDMOTHER: Ummm... er...
ES: Did he just ask you? None of that is in the statement you gave the authorities. Your statement just jumps from... (Ruffles through some papers and reads.) “The wolf came in,” to “he ate me,” to “then I was joined by my granddaughter in the wolf’s stomach.” That’s all we get. Now, what happened?
GRANDMOTHER: Well, ummm, actually, I didn’t exactly...
ES: I see you’re not wearing glasses today. Do you own contact lenses, Mrs. Hood?

GRANDMOTHER: Yes, that’s correct.

ES: And isn’t it true you were, in fact, wearing your contact lenses at the time Mr. Wolf entered your cottage?

GRANDMOTHER: Well... yes! It’s true.

ES: Ahhh! So, you were able to see just fine, weren’t you?

GRANDMOTHER: Yes. Yes, I was.

ES: That is very interesting, Mrs. Hood. I think I’m just about done, but... you know, I have one more question.

GRANDMOTHER: Yes?

ES: What sort of carpet do you have on your floor, Mrs. Hood?

GRANDMOTHER: In what room?

ES: In your bedroom, of course.

GRANDMOTHER: Ummm, wolf skin.

ES: Wolf skin. Well, that is fascinating. Who made that carpet, Mrs. Hood?

GRANDMOTHER: My late husband and myself.

ES: I see. No further questions, Your Honor. (Sits.)

WOLF: Where did that come from?

ES: Hey, baby, I said I didn’t work too hard on this case. Doesn’t mean I’m still not the best there is. Besides, maybe I like you a little bit all of a sudden.

GRIMM: (Crosses to CENTER.) Well! That was a stunning turn of events! This case may prove more of a battle for Ms. Fairy Godmother than she had planned!

FGM: Oh, shut up! (GRIMM crosses back to DOWN LEFT.)

JUDGE: The witness is excused. (GRANDMOTHER crosses to her seat.) Would you care to call another witness, Ms. Godmother?

FGM: (Stands.) Yes. Yes, I would. I call to the stand Mr. Bill Woodcutter. (WOODCUTTER approaches the witness stand.)

JUDGE: Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you, Hans Christian Andersen?

WOODCUTTER: I do indeedy!

FGM: Mr. Woodcutter, what do you do for a living?

WOODCUTTER: I’m a woodcutter. I cut wood. I also compete in lumberjack pageants. I just won Best in Flannel and...

FGM: Yes, yes... so as part of your job you carry an axe, is that correct?
WOODCUTTER: Yes, I certainly do.

FGM: And you are licensed to use that axe in cases of emergency, are you not?

WOODCUTTER: I am.

FGM: In fact, is it not part of the woodcutters’ code that you must always respond to innocent people in need?

WOODCUTTER: It is part of the code, and I uphold that part of the code.

FGM: So, in other words, when you encounter an emergency in the woods, you are obligated to respond quickly and courageously.

WOODCUTTER: Yes, I am.

FGM: And so you did, sir! You are a true hero, sir.

WOODCUTTER: Well, thank you, ma’am.

FGM: No further questions, Your Honor. (Sits.)

JUDGE: Your witness, Ms. Stepmother.

ES: (Stands.) Thank you. Now, Mr. Woodcutter, let’s talk about this woodcutter’s code, shall we?

WOODCUTTER: Okay.

ES: How do you know when there’s an emergency in the woods that you need to respond to?

WOODCUTTER: Well, it depends, but usually if I see something that looks wrong, I respond to it.

ES: I see. You see it, then, do you? Well, now, Mr. Woodcutter, would you care to tell me what prompted you to go into Mrs. Hood’s cottage that day? There seems to be nothing in the police report about why you went into the house. Did you hear a scream?

WOODCUTTER: Well, uh... no, not exactly... ES: Did you see the defendant enter the house and become suspicious?

WOODCUTTER: No... I uh... okay! I was snoopin’ around the house.

ES: Snooping? Whatever for?

WOODCUTTER: (A long pause. Guilty.) I was lookin’ for a pie to steal off the windowsill.

ES: Ahhh... I see. And why ever would you do that? I thought you were a hero!

WOODCUTTER: Cutting wood don’t pay so good. That’s why I do the pageants. But you only make the big money if you win first prize... I haven’t done that yet. I was hungry.

End of Script Sample
PRODUCTION NOTES

*Big Bad* was written with the idea in mind that the only completely essential components of theatre are the audience and the actors. Therefore, it requires a single set, no essential lighting changes and no essential sound cues. Any of these things may be added in places a director deems appropriate (such as lighting for the slow motion moment behind GRIMM’S narration toward the end of the play), but the spirit of simplicity can also be carried out to the fullest.

PROPERTIES

ONSTAGE: Plaintiff’s table, defendant’s table, several chairs (two for each table, at least eight for the gallery [unless benches are used], one for the witness stand), witness stand, judge’s bench (which holds an oversized fairy tale book, gavel, papers and pen)

BROUGHT ON:
- Microphone (GRIMM)
- Briefcase with papers, bonnet, glasses, nightgown (FGM)
- Basket (RED)
- Bag of “Magic Beans” (JUDGE)
- Briefcase with papers (ES)
- Bowl (MUFFIT)

COSTUMES

The costumes need only present us with enough information to recognize the characters.

- GRIMM wears a flashy suit.
- FAIRY GODMOTHER can have a magic wand or fairy wings to depict her “fairy” status but should also be easily identified as a lawyer.
- RED wears a red cape.
- GRANDMOTHER should wear a bonnet and a grandmotherly dress, but no glasses.
- ONE, TWO and THREE should dress as pigs with pig noses and ears. They could wear pale pink T-shirts.
- BILL WOODCUTTER should wear a flannel shirt and jeans.
- SHEPHERD wears a shepherd’s robe and holds a staff.
- BOY wears “delinquent-style” clothes, like a ripped T-shirt and jeans.
- BIG BAD WOLF dresses as a wolf with pointed ears and nose and patches of hair on his hands and arms.
- JUDGE wears a judge’s robe.
- EVIL STEPMOTHER is dressed to the nines in a suit.
- MISS MUFFIT wears a frilly dress.
THE VOTE
At the end of the play, the JUDGE invites the AUDIENCE (JURY) to vote by applause to determine the guilt or innocence of the WOLF. To carry this out, all three alternate endings (Guilty, Innocent and Hung J ury) should be rehearsed and the actors should be prepared to perform any of the three. The JUDGE raises his gavel one time to hear the audience members who think the WOLF is guilty, and another to hear those who think he is innocent. Then, he must decide which ending to choose based on the audience reaction. If the director does not wish for the JUDGE to decide, the JUDGE can EXIT briefly after the audience has voted and can receive instructions OFFSTAGE about which ending to choose. When the JUDGE lets out the first line of the chosen ending, the other actors will know which ending to act out. The action will continue to the close of that ending, and the play will be over. The other two endings will not be seen in that performance.

FLEXIBLE CASTING
Big Bad is written with gender-flexibility in mind. The cast is comprised of three males (WOLF, BOY and WOODCUTTER), five females (FGM, RED, GRANDMOTHER, ES and MUFFIT), and six gender-neutral roles (GRIMM, ONE, TWO, THREE, SHEPHERD and JUDGE). For ease in writing and reading, all of the gender-neutral roles are referred to with male pronouns, however these may be changed depending on the gender of the actor. Furthermore, the JUDGE may be referred to as ‘Wise Old Woman,” and the SHEPHERD may be referred to as a SHEPHERDESS.

FINAL NOTE
Perhaps you noticed that both the guilty and the innocent endings introduce a shadow of doubt as to whether it truly was the right verdict. It is the playwright’s intent to leave audiences, no matter what ending they choose, with the lesson that the Evil Stepmother verbalizes in the hung jury conclusion: ‘Justice is a complicated thing. It’s not easy. And it’s not black and white.” In a fairy tale perfect world, this play would launch further discussions about how difficult it is to judge another person fairly without knowing the entire story and how every story has more than one perspective. So, take note of the more mature theme hidden in this not quite happily-ever-after romp… and have fun!
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

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