

THE LITTLE GOOD WOLF

By Lavinia Roberts

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ISBN: 978-1-60003-991-1

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THE LITTLE GOOD WOLF

A One Act Comedy

by Lavinia Roberts

SYNOPSIS: Wolfgang is small, sensitive, and wants to be a chivalrous knight. Which is a problem, as he is a wolf. At school he struggles with his wolf lessons, such as building up his diaphragmatic breathing to be strong enough to blow down houses, growling menacingly, or learning cunning disguises such as how to pull off sheep's clothing to passing off as an innocent old granny. He enters the enchanted forest, in the hopes of doing good deeds. Can Wolfgang become a chivalrous knight and save all the big bad wolves from big bad trouble? Or will no one give him the chance to prove his valor?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4-5 females, 3-4 males, 4-9 either, 0-10 extras; gender flexible, doubling possible)

MR. /MRS. WOLF (m/f).....A big, bad wolf, teacher.
(55 lines)

WOLFGANG (m).....Student, a little good wolf.
(55 lines)

ULRICH (m).....Student; a bully wolf. (30 lines)

LUDWIG (m).....Student, a not too bright wolf.
(24 lines)

ADALWOLFA (f).....Student, a teacher's pet wolf.
(31 lines)

BRUNHILDA (f).....Student, Wolfgang's wolf friend. (23 lines)

GUDRUN (m/f).....Student, an always hungry wolf.
(4 lines)

BRUNE (m/f).....Student, sleepy wolf from too much hollowing at the moon.
(4 lines)

HUNTSMAN (m/f).....A woodcutter, out to stop the wolves. (21 lines)

FAIRY GODMOTHER (f).....A bit dippy and judgemental.
(11 lines)

- HANSEL (m).....A scared little boy. Gretel's brother. (8 lines)
- GRETEL (f).....A little girl, irritated at her brother Hansel. (8 lines)
- LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (f).....Brave and fierce little girl. (33 lines)
- THIEF 1 (m/f).....Leader of the thieves. (11 lines)
- THIEF 2 (m/f).....Wants to be the leader. (10 lines)
- THIEF 3 (m/f).....Wants the other thieves to be better investors. (4 lines)
- THIEF 4 (m/f).....Wants to be the most fearsome. (5 lines)
- THIEF 5 (m/f).....Tired of being a thief. (5 lines)
- EXTRAS (m/f).....Optional, more wolf students or thieves. (Non-Speaking)

CAST DOUBLING NOTE: Any Wolf character (except WOLFGANG) can also play THIEFS 1-5, HANSEL, and GRETEL.

DURATION: 35 minutes.

TIME: Once upon a time.

SETTING: The Enchanted Forest

PROPS

- ☐ Bone (ADALWOLFA)
- ☐ "Knightly Tales" book (WOLFGANG)
- ☐ Floral Handkerchief (MR. WOLF)
- ☐ Axe (HUNTSMAN)
- ☐ Basket (LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD)
- ☐ Slingshot (LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD)
- ☐ Wand (FAIRY GODMOTHER)
- ☐ Basket (HUNTSMAN)
- ☐ Plastic Cutlass (THIEF 1)
- ☐ Plastic Weapons (Swords, Knives, etc.) (THIEF 2-5)
- ☐ Bushes (SET PROP)

COSTUMES

WOLF STUDENTS – Can wear gray, white, tan, brown, black, or any "wolf" colored clothing. Consider letting young people create their own ears from felt that you can then hot glue on to headbands or "wolf" colored baseball caps. Make tails using felt or fur that you can attach to their pants with safety pins or that you attach to belts or strings that you tie around their waists. Hot glue fake claws made from cardboard painted black or black poster board to "wolf" colored knitted gloves.

WOLFGANG – Same costume as the other Wolf Students but wears glasses.

MR. WOLF –Grannie attire, such as a large floral nightgown, a night cap that has holes in it to let the ears stick out, or a grey wig.

HUNTSMAN – Hunting cameo if set in contemporary times. Or more traditional fairy tale garb. Think Robbin Hood. Students could even make a Robbin Hood hat from folded paper. Boots. You also need a red cape, and a female wig, for the disguise. Remember, it's an unconvincing, bad disguise, so make it as bad and hilarious as possible.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD – A red cape, a dress, a pair of dress shoes/boots. A red headband or ribbons for her hair, depending on how it's styled.

THIEFS – Shabbily attired. Head scarves, shabby cut off pants or skirts, shirts with patches, tied with sashes around the waist. Eye patches. Think pirate chic.

FAIRY GODMOTHER – A sparkling gown, a tiara, a glittery wand, lots of jewelry, a pair of wings, if possible. Students could make the crown and wand using poster board, a dow rod (for wand), metallic paint, fake jewels, metallic ribbons, and glitter.

HANSEL – Peasant garb. Overalls and a simple shirt. Dress shoes/boots.

GRETEL – Peasant garb. A very plain dress. An apron. Dress shoes/boots. Maybe a milkmaid braid or double braids with ribbons.

SPECIAL EFFECTS

- ☐ Creepy forest sounds
- ☐ Hunting horn
- ☐ Fairy godmother twinkle

AT RISE: *All Wolves are arriving for school in the enchanted forest. ADALWOLFA and BRUNHILDA enter. ADALWOLFA is carrying a bone.*

BRUNHILDA: Your fur is so well-styled today, Adalwolfa.

ADALWOLFA: Thanks, Brunhilda. I find if I roll in the mud, it gives my fur this dirty, mangy, kind of clumpy look.

BRUNHILDA: Wow, it so looks like you didn't do anything at all to your fur. That look is so natural.

ADALWOLFA: Thanks! I try to have a really simple early morning beauty routine. *(Sniffs loudly.)* That odor you rolled in is fantastic. It's new, right?

BRUNHILDA: Thanks, it's from a fresh pile of deer droppings I found.

ULRICH and LUDWIG enter. ULRICH takes ADALWOLFA'S bone.

BRUNHILDA: Hey!

ADALWOLFA: Ulrich, you mangy mutt! Give that back this instant! Or I will huff, and puff, and so help me, blow you who knows where.

ULRICH holds the bone out of ADALWOLFA'S reach. LUDWIG snickers at ADALWOLFA'S distress.

ULRICH: You couldn't blow down a butterfly, Adalwolfa!

WOLFGANG enters carrying "Knightly Tales" book and stands in front of ULRICH.

WOLFGANG: *(Pushes up glasses.)* Have no fear, fair damsel! 'Tis I, your brave knight.

ULRICH and LUDWIG laugh.

ADALWOLFA: Not again! Don't you have a book to be reading, Wolfgang?

WOLFGANG: I shall always fight unfairness, meanness and deceit, my lovely ladies!

ADALWOLFA: *(Aside to WOLFGANG.)* You're no match for them!

WOLFGANG: (*Aside to ADALWOLFA.*) Brave knights never turn their backs upon a foe! I will never refuse a challenge!

ADALWOLFA: Brunhilda and I can handle this.

BRUNHILDA: But we have enough on our plate without having to protect you too! Clear off! Go to the library or something!

WOLFGANG: Why don't you pick on someone your own size, Ulrich!

ULRICH: Like you, pipsqueak?

WOLFGANG: No, like bottomless pit over there, Ludwig. Your brainless lackey has an extra stomach where his brain should be.

LUDWIG stops laughing. LUDWIG and ULRICH tower over WOLFGANG and growl menacingly.

WOLFGANG: Now, you malicious misanthropes, give Adalwolfa back her bone! Or I'll drop this riveting read, *Knightly Tales*, on your toes! (*Holds "Knightly Tales" book over ULRICH'S feet.*)

LUDWIG: Knightly Tales? How can night time have a tail?

WOLFGANG: Tales are stories and they happen to knights, not at night!

LUDWIG: (*Confused.*) Huh?

WOLFGANG: Look the point is, book heavy. Drop, hurt paws. Got it? You have a brain the size of a flea.

LUDWIG: Thank you. I think?

ULRICH: Maybe I will give her back her bone. And eat you up instead, duckling!

LUDWIG laughs.

WOLFGANG: I said, give her the bone, Ulrich.

ULRICH: You and what pack?

ADALWOLFA: Me!

BRUNHILDA: And me!

BRUNHILDA and ADALWOLFA stand behind WOLFGANG. MR. WOLF enters.

MR. WOLF: (*As a granny.*) Hello dearies! 'Tis I, a dear, sweet old innocent granny!

BRUNHILDA: Good morning, Mr. Wolf.

MR. WOLF: Or am I! Behold students, it is I, Mr. Wolf! Just sporting my classic granny get up! Your dastardly and dangerous teacher, here to ignite your instincts, perfect your prowling, and hone in on your howling.

ADALWOLFA: (*Aside to BRUNHILDA and WOLFGANG.*) Only a completely brainless clod would fall for that disguise.

LUDWIG: Whoa! That was some disguise! I totally didn't recognize you, Mr. Wolf!

MR. WOLF: It was, wasn't it? Now, is a fight starting? Don't let me disturb you. Why, there isn't a better way to start the morning than with an early morning brawl, an invigorating battle to the death.

ULRICH: Wolfgang keeps trying to steal my bone Mr. Wolf.

ADALWOLFA: No, it's my bone! Ulrich stole it.

MR. WOLF: Now, now, cubs. What is the golden rule of school?

ULRICH, LUDWIG, ADALWOLFA, BRUNHILDA and WOLFGANG:
Whoever is the biggest and baddest makes the rules.

MR. WOLF: And who is the biggest and the baddest here?

ULRICH, LUDWIG, ADALWOLFA, BRUNHILDA and WOLFGANG:
You are, Mr. Wolf.

MR. WOLF: That's right! And don't you forget it runts! Now, give me that bone pipsqueak or I'll drink your blood and crush your bones!

ULRICH hands the bone to MR. WOLF.

MR. WOLF: Excellent! How thoughtful of you to bring something for me to steal! This will make for excellent chewing while I'm having my mid-morning coffee. I didn't go into teaching for the money. I pursued this calling to shape young minds and put them on the path to villainy and the perks- like ample bullying opportunities. Now, get into your places, all of you, before I turn you into cub sausage!

ULRICH, LUDWIG, ADALWOLFA, BRUNHILDA, WOLFGANG stand in two rows.

MR. WOLF: Time to get fearsome! Let me see your most formidable face. Claws up! Let me hear those growls!

ULRICH, LUDWIG, ADALWOLFA, BRUNHILDA, *growl, clawing with hands.* WOLFGANG *starts doing fencing moves.*

MR. WOLF: Really bare those fangs! Work those claws! Excellent, Ulrich! Wolfgang, what are you doing?

WOLFGANG: Looking fearsome.

MR. WOLF: By jumping around?

WOLFGANG: By practicing my fencing moves! My lunge! (*Lunges.*) Passata Sotto! (*Dropping his body beneath his imaginary opponent's weapon, placing his free hand on the ground for support and balance.*) Flunge! (*A flying leap.*)

ULRICH and LUDWIG *snicker, mimicking WOLFGANG'S flying leap.* ADALWOLFA *lightly hits ULRICH and LUDWIG, trying to get them to stop.* ULRICH and LUDWIG *snicker, pleased with themselves.*

MR. WOLF: Nonsense! Wolves don't fence. Stop this nonsense! Enough growling! Moving on to our daily breathing warm-ups...

GUDRUN and BRUNE *enter.* BRUNE *yawns.*

MR. WOLF: You crass canines! You're late to class! Speak!

GUDRUN: I stopped to eat this really irritating chicken who was squawking about how the sky was falling.

BRUNE: I slept in. I was up late last night howling to the full moon.

MR. WOLF: Excellent excuses. Now, what did these two wolves do wrong?

ULRICH: They made excuses. A big bad wolf never has to make excuses for any of his or her actions.

MR. WOLF: That's right, Ulrich! My, you are shaping up to be quite the vile villain! (*Gets a little teary-eyed.*) It's moments like this that make teaching all worthwhile. (*Takes out floral handkerchief and dabs eyes. Blows his nose and puts handkerchief away.*) Now, Brune, Gudrun, go join the other students you mangy mutts.

BRUNE and GUDRUN *go and stand with the other Wolf students.*

MR. WOLF: Now, it's time to work on our huffing and puffing. You don't want to exhaust yourself. Huffing and puffing takes, stamina, endurance. Take a deep breathe, really fill your diaphragm. Breathe in, now, huff and puff that right out. Breathe in again. Let's see some puffing as you blow the air out. Good. I want to see gust of at least 100 mph. Why, I use to be able to blow up to 140 mph. Back in my day, I could knock brick houses right down!

ADALWOLFA: (*Rolls her eyes. Aside to BRUNHILDA.*) Yeah right. I bet he could barely blow down a stick house!

WOLFGANG: Why would you want to blow down someone's home? Wouldn't you want to protect the weak and defenseless? A brave knight would assist the homeowners, in an act of selfless chivalry! Like painting the house, not blowing it down.

MR. WOLF: Nonsense! Don't so much as growl unless you are spoken to, you puny pup! Stop burdening us with your dastardly drive!

ULRICH: Wolves don't paint houses. Unless it's with the blood of our hapless victims!

MR. WOLF: Quite right, Ulrich! You interrupted me! How rude! Uncouth! Well done! Such a star pupil!

LUDWIG: Wolfgang couldn't even blow down a straw house!

WOLFGANG: I wouldn't blow down anyone's house! Besides, straw houses aggravate my hay fever.

LUDWIG: (*In a high pitch voice.*) I'm Wolfgang, I have hay fever like a little chicken!

ULRICH laughs. LUDWIG makes a chicken sneezing sound.

LUDWIG: Bak! Bak-choo! Bak! Bak-choo!

MR. WOLF: Keep your jaws together you carnivorous cubs! Now, let's breathe in, nice and deep, really huff and puff, now, blow with all your might. Good. Moving on. Let's continue our lessons on disguises. What disguises were we discussing last week?

ADALWOLFA raises her hand.

MR. WOLF: Adalwolfa?

ADALWOLFA: Being in sheep's clothing.

GUDRUN: Did you say sheep? Mutton. With a little rosemary. Or maybe lamb chops. Is it almost snack time?

MR. WOLF: Ahhh yes. Why, I remember, back in my youth, there was this little shepherd boy who always cried wolf! Wonderful story! I'll have to tell you about it some time.

BRUNHILDA: (*To ADALWOLFA.*) Yeah, tell us the story of the boy who cried wolf. For the millionth time.

MR. WOLF: That story has an important moral about lying.

ADALWOLFA: To not always lie or eventually people wouldn't really believe you when you are telling the truth?

MR. WOLF: No. Lying makes the world a better place. For wolves

WOLFGANG: Why would we wear disguises? Isn't that deceptive?

MR. WOLF: Can someone spell out WOLF for me?

ADALWOLFA raises her hand.

MR. WOLF: Adalwolfa?

ADALWOLFA: WOLF. Wiliness, Obstinace, Loafing, and Feeding. That is what makes up a wolf.

MR. WOLF: That's right. It appears Wolfgang here doesn't comprehend the basic traits inherent to developing into a big bad wolf.

WOLFGANG: Wolves just don't seem particularly nice.

ULRICH: Of course we're not nice! That's the point of being a big bad wolf.

LUDWIG: Yeah. It's to be big. And bad. And not nice.

WOLFGANG: But knights rescue those in need! They battle evil foes! They help the needy and weak!

ULRICH: The needy and weak are for breakfast!

GUDRUN: Did someone say breakfast? I'm starving!

MR. WOLF: Now, let's move onto practicing our voice work. Disguising your voice is a vital component of any disguise. Let's all baa on the count of three. 1, 2 ,3...

ALL WOLVES: (*Except MR. WOLF.*) Baaaa!

BRUNE howls at the end of his baaaa.

MR. WOLF: Who was howling? No howling! Let's try it again!

ALL WOLVES: (*Except MR. WOLF.*) Baaaa!

BRUNE howls at the end of his baaaa.

MR. WOLF: Brune! No howling!

BRUNE: Sorry. I just get carried away!

MR. WOLF: Now, moving on to our old, harmless, senile granny routine. Let me hear, all of you say, "the better to eat you with, my dear," in your best granny voice. Starting with you, Adalwola.

ADALWOLFA: (*As a granny.*) The better to eat you with, my dear!

MR. WOLF: Brunhilda.

BRUNHILDA: (*As a granny.*) The better to eat you with, my dear!

MR. WOLF: Ulrich.

ULRICH: (*As a granny.*) The better to eat you with, my dear!

MR. WOLF: Ludwig. Now you.

LUDWIG: (*As a granny.*) The better to eat you with, my dear!

MR. WOLF: Brune.

BRUNE: (*As a granny.*) The better to eat you with, my dear! (*Howls.*)

MR. WOLF: No howling at the end Brune.

BRUNE: Sorry, it's instinct.

MR. WOLF: Gudrun, it's your turn.

GUDRUN: (*As a granny.*) The better to eat you with, my dear!

MR. WOLF: A good start. All of you can be a little slower. Maybe crack your voice a little more. Like this... "The better to eat you with, my dear!" Now, your turn, Wolfgang.

WOLFGANG: But I don't want to eat people! I want to save them! I'm a knight, not a killer!

MR. WOLF: Enough! You are a poor excuse for a wolf! You are a disgrace to wolves everywhere, you pathetic pup! You make me sick! You...

SFX: Hunting horn.

MR. WOLF: It's the Huntsman! Every wolf for himself! Pack disperse! Go on! Get!

ALL WOLVES except MR. WOLF scatter, howling, and whimpering with fear as they exit. MR. WOLF hides in the audience. HUNTSMAN enters, carrying an axe.

HUNTSMAN: Which way did those mangy mongrels go?

MR. WOLF: *(As a granny.)* They went that way! That way dearie-kins! If you hurry, you can catch them!

HUNTSMAN: Thank you sweet, silver-haired granny!

HUNTSMAN exits. MR. WOLF exits out the back of the theatre. HUNTSMAN enters.

HUNTSMAN: Wait a second...that voice sounds familiar...

HUNTSMAN exits in the same direction as MR. WOLF. WOLFGANG enters, carrying "Knightly Tales" book. BRUNHILDA and ADALWOLFA enter right behind WOLFGANG. All three are panting.

BRUNHILDA: You think we lost them?

ADALWOLFA: Yeah, I don't hear anything.

BRUNHILDA: That was close.

ADALWOLFA: You want to go raid a chicken coop?

BRUNHILDA: Sure! Wolfgang, you in?

WOLFGANG: Perhaps I'll take a moment to read my book. It's about the various virtues of a Knights Code of Chivalry. Faith, justice, charity, prudence, truth, hope, and valor! *(Opens up "Knightly Tales" book.)*

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