

Little Red Rap



A Campy Fractured Fairy Tale Skit

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Little Red Rap

A campy skit for 8 or 9 players.

Cast: 3 babysitters, 3 babies, 2-3 pantomimes

Setting: bedroom with a bed large enough for 3 “babies” to sit on side by side
3 chairs.

Enter three babysitters.

BABYSITTER 1

Well, somebody’s gotta tell it!

BABYSITTER 2

Not me!

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

BABYSITTER 1

We won’t get away without it!

BABYSITTER 2

Not me!

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

BABYSITTER 1

(to babysitter 2) You could tell it

BABYSITTER 2

Not me!

BABYSITTER 1

(to babysitter 3) You could tell it.

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

BABYSITTER 1

All right, all right, I’ll tell it. Call them in here.



BABYSITTER r 2

Not me!

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

BABYSITTER 1

(Exasperated) Helpful! Very helpful! You expecting to get paid for this job?

(Calling off-stage) Dora! Dinky! Delilah! Bedtime!

Enter three diapered toddlers sucking their thumbs.

BABYSITTER 1

Okay, kids, get into bed.

(Toddlers start to cry).

All right, we'll tell you a bedtime story.

BABYSITTER 2

Not me!

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

BABYSITTER 1

(Sighing) I'll tell you a story.

(Toddlers lie down contentedly)

(Long thinking pause) Once upon a time-

(Toddlers immediately sit bolt upright. Two start rap rhythm, one recites rap verse.)

TODDLERS

So far this story is really borin'

It's got me snorin'.

Let's get on with the show

It's a-goin' too slow

You know-

It needs some punch

Some pizzazz and crunch

You know what I mean



It's extra lean!
C'mon now tell it
Let's really sell it!

(Toddlers lie down again in unison.)

BABYSITTER 1

(Chagrined) So...as I was saying...many eons ago before the dawn of Disney cartoons **(Pause)** A little girl named Little Red...

(Holds out cape first to Babysitter 2, then to Babysitter 3)

BABYSITTER 2

Not me!

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

BABYSITTER 1

(Resignedly puts on cape) ,...goes out into the forest with a basket of goodies to take to her grandma-because her mother told her she had to.

(Aside to Babysitter 2) You be mother.

BABYSITTER 2

Not me!

Babysitter 1 turns to Babysitter 3.

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

BABYSITTER 1

(Foiled again) Mother said

(Changing voice) Little Red, take this basket to Grandma. Okay, said Little Red.

(Toddlers sit bolt upright. Two start rap rhythm, one recites rap verse.)

TODDLERS

So far this story is really borin'

It's got me snorin'.

These people flat

That's not where it's at



Even Felix the Cat's
got more character than that!
It needs some punch
Some pizzazz and crunch
You know what I mean
It's extra lean!
C'mon now tell it
Let's really sell it!
Toddlers lie down.

BABYSITTER 1

Here we go again.

(To Babysitters 2 and 3)

Lookit. I can't do all these characters myself. You'll have to help.

BABYSITTER 2

Not me!

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

BABYSITTER 1

**(Looking like she could blow up, gestures toward them - suddenly turns away
throwing off the cape) I've got it! I'll just tell the story and you
(pointing at the toddlers)**

Make up the pictures in your collective imagination.

Toddlers sit bolt upright with open mouths. They pause, nod once emphatically,
put on imagination caps and lie down abruptly. Action is then pantomimed
behind the toddlers.

BABYSITTER 1

And so, Little Red, a stunningly sweet, fine-boned, golden-haired child with an
innocent trusting air, set out intrepidly on her mission of mercy to Grandma's
house. She marched determinedly down the walk, decisively opened the garden



gate and bravely set forth on her journey of compassion. Being a sensitive, nature-loving child, she stopped to smell the roses along the way.

Toddlers sit bolt upright. Two start rap rhythm, one recites rap verse.

TODDLERS

So far this story is really borin'
It's got me snorin'
Now where's the plot
There's nothin' hot
Give it some thought
Shakespeare it's not!
It needs some punch
Some pizzazz and crunch
You know what I mean
It's extra lean!
C'mon now tell it
Let's really sell it!

BABYSITTER 1

(To babysitters 2 and 3) Know any good plots?

BABYSITTER 2

Not me!

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

BABYSITTER 1

(Unconcerned) Well, do I have a story for you.

As I was saying, our hero fearlessly set out through the dark enchanted forest, despite the dangers lurking behind every whispering tree. Onward she trudged, treelimbs like long spiky fingers reaching out to grab at her hair and cloak as she passed. Suddenly, she stopped dead in her tracks. There before her stood a small well-kept cottage ringed by a miniature white picket fence. Being very tired from



her 10 minute trek and not overly concerned for others' privacy, she audaciously entered the cottage and made herself at home. Trying the porridge, the chairs and, finally, the beds, she found the smallest of each to be to her liking.

There she snoozed, oblivious to the fact that while she was on her mission of mercy, her wicked step-mother and two mega-ugly sisters were primping in front of the mirror saying: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?" Well, this spelled mega-trouble for Little Red because, of course, we all know the mirror's answer. Mommy was not pleased, and so she disguised herself and the mega-ugly sisters as bears and they all went to the cottage in the woods.

When Little Red woke up to the fact that the three bears were home, she thought better of her rude intrusion and fled post-haste with her basket and continued on toward grandma's house. Little did Little know that step-mama bear had put a very special apple in the basket, knowing Red's penchant for munching while on missions of mercy.

True to form, Little Red soon peered into the basket with only slight twinges of guilt and took the shiniest red apple as if it had her name on it!

No sooner had she picked it up, however, than she yelped in mild discomfort as a thorn implanted in the apple pricked her dainty baby finger. The poison coursed through her veins sending her into a deep, dark, dreamless sleep! There she lay for several days, dewdrops forming daily on her dormant brow - when along came seven dwarfish fellows heading home after an uplifting day's work in the local mine. "She's mine!" Said the seeming leader of this unlikely bunch, but after some thought about relative sizes, decided she'd have to belong to all of them. And so, they hoisted her dew-laden body onto their shoulders and merrily carried their new-found pet off to a high tower where she stayed for many years - a sleeping beauty with nary a snore.



Eventually the poison wore off and Little Red awoke to see two bulging green eyes staring at her from a suspiciously frog-like face. “Eeeeeeww yuk!” She said, “I hate frogs! Get away, get away, get away!” With that, the frog turned to go, glancing back with a tear in his eye, a sniff and a badly-bruised ego. Realizing she had hurt his feelings, and being of a gentle nature, Little Red threw caution to the wind, and, in a weak moment of remorse, plucked the frog from the floor and kissed him right on the nose! With that, she heard a shplopff! And there before her stood the handsomest prince she had ever seen. Not that there were too many in her immediate peer group. Nonetheless, he was better than a frog. Now you do realize that during her lengthy years of sleep, Little Red managed to grow quite a lengthy crop of hair which inspired her handsome prince one day to say: “Little Red, Little Red, let down your hair and we’ll be outta here!” So down the hair ladder they climbed to freedom.

Toddlers sit bolt upright. Two start rap rhythm, one recites rap verse.

TODDLERS

So far this story is really borin’
It’s got me snorin’
I hate to grumble
But ev’ry word you mumble
Makes the storyline crumble
Little Red’s in a jumble!
It needs some punch
Some pizzazz and crunch
You know what I mean
It’s extra lean!
C’mon now tell it
Let’s really sell it!

BABYSITTER 1

(To Babysitters 2 and 3) You lost?



BABYSITTER 2

Not me!

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

BABYSITTER 1

Good!

(To Toddlers)

Hmph!

Toddlers lie down.

BABYSITTER 1

Okay, so, having an excellent memory, and being a conscientious doer of good deeds, Little red - prince in tow- set off again through the woods to grandma's house. Suddenly, from behind a tree leapt a menacing-looking wolf. Displaying his ferocious fangs, he demanded to know what Little Red was carrying in her basket. Coyly, she replied, "Mostly rotten fruit by now, I suppose!" Not believing for an instant that anyone would carry such a thing through his forest, the wolf tried to pry more information from Little Red.

He was most impressed when he heard her story and was especially touched by the part about her Grandma. The wolf said, "You're a Beauty!" Little Red, not taken in by his compliments, said, "And you're a Beast!"

With such a cruel remark tossed so cavalierly in his direction, the poor wolf was plunged into despair and wept uncontrollably with a great many "alases" and "woe-is-me's". You guessed it! Little red's soft-hearted nature took over again. Not having learned her lesson the first time, she kissed the wailing wolf right on the nose!

Fawump! There he stood- a gorgeous bearded prince, ready to be devoted to Red for the rest of her life.



“Oh woe is me!” Cried Little Red. “what shall I do with two handsome princes?”

Just then her two mega-ugly sisters came to the rescue. “We’ll each take one,” they suggested, and as they strolled away, princes in hand, they called back: “By the way, there’s a strong, burly woodsman waiting to save you at Grandma’s house. Isn’t it about time you got there?”

Toddlers sit bolt upright. Two start rap rhythm, one recites rap verse.

TODDLERS

So far this story is really borin’
It’s got us snorin’...

BABYSITTER 1 and PANTOMIMES

(Exasperated and raising their voices) Well that’s the point!
Say goodnight!

TODDLERS

Goodnight.

BABYSITTER 2

Not me!

BABYSITTER 3

No way, man!

Babysitter 1 flops in chair.

THE END



Notes

Babysitter 1 could also read the story from a large storybook if it is not possible to memorize the entire story.

Babysitters 2 and 3 should be relatively “uninvolved” during the entire play except for speaking lines. They could be stone-faced or reading or playing hand held electronic games or just bored.

Thinking or imagination caps could be three separate caps or one large cap.

The Toddlers do not actually see the pantomime as the actors are behind them in their imaginations. The pantomime should be suitably “hammy”.

