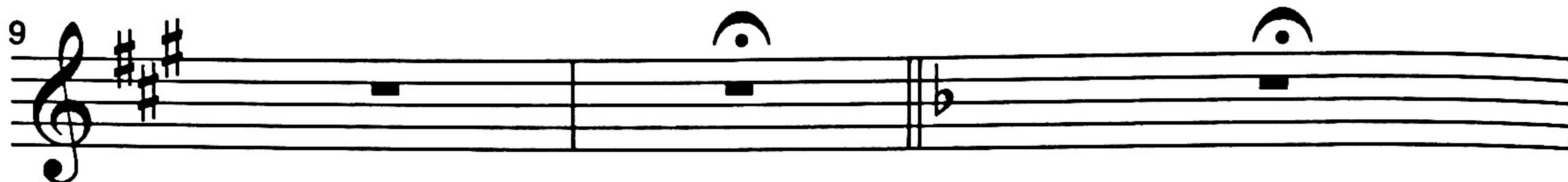


(LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD continues briefly. WOLF stops her once more.)

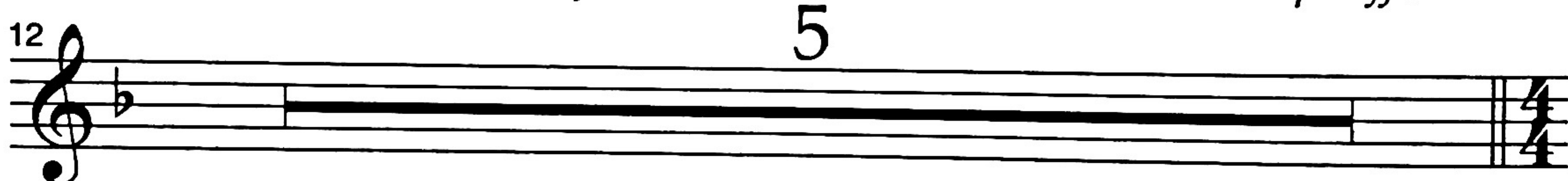
WOLF: And what might be in your basket?

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD: Bread and wine, so Grandmother will have something good to make her strong.

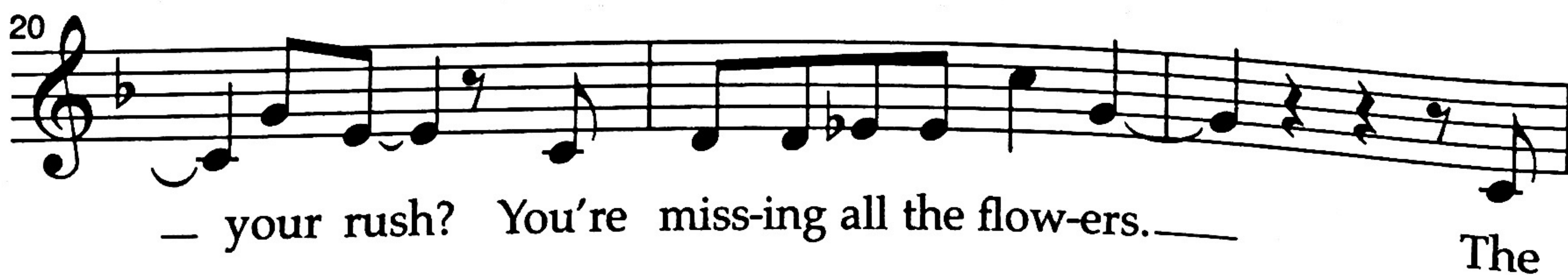
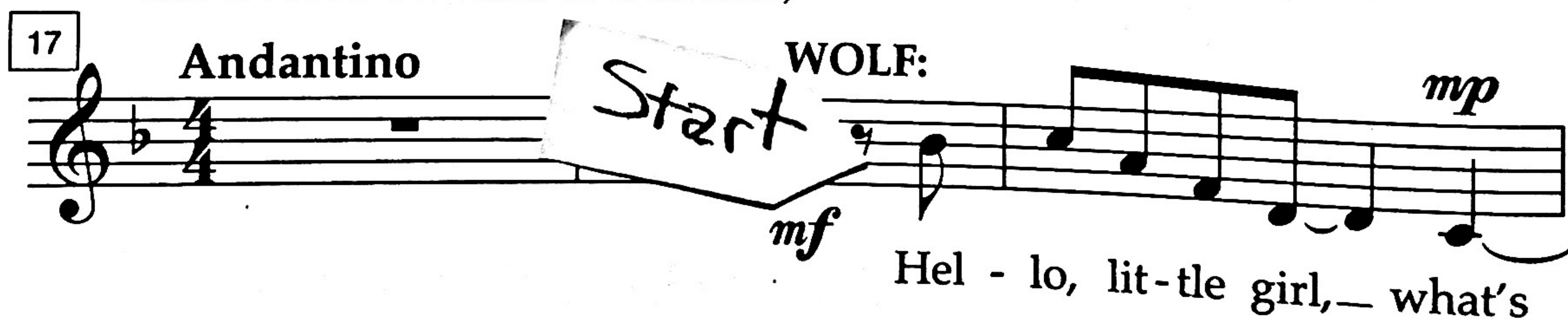


WOLF: And where might your grandmother live?
(BAKER appears behind a tree and eavesdrops.)

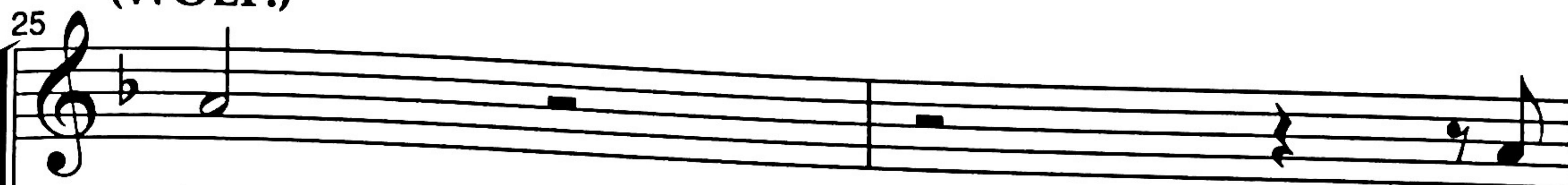
LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD: Further in the Woods; her house stands under three large oak trees.
(WOLF grunts to himself as LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD skips off.)



(WOLF runs over, pops in front of LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD and holds her as in a tango. LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD leans in with him.)



(WOLF:)



time.

But

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD:

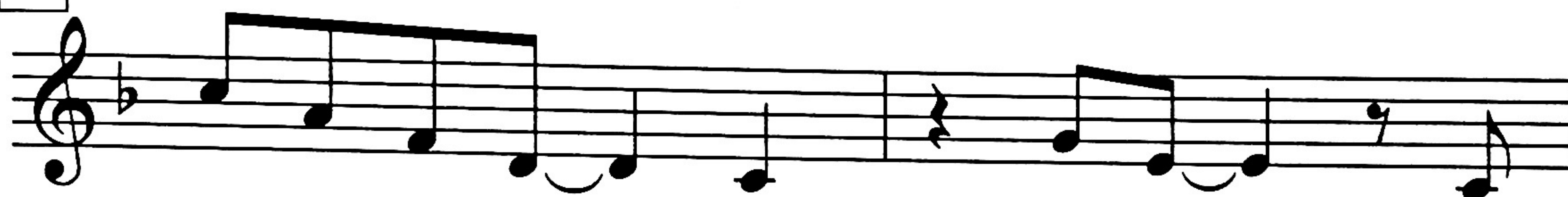
(breaking away)



mf

Moth-er said, "Straight a-head," not to de-lay or be mis-led.

27 (WOLF:)



slow, lit - tle girl,— Hark! And hush— the

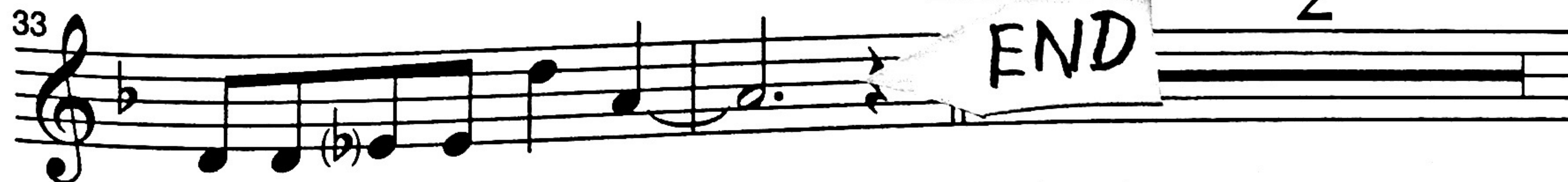


birds are sing - ing sweet - ly.—— You'll



miss the birds com - plete - ly,—— you're

35



trav-el - ing so fleet-ly.——

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD: (stops)



mp

Moth-er said not to stray. Still, I sup-pose, a small de - lay...