
**Narrator:** I suppose you are wondering why you are here
On a cold and dark Midwinter’s night,
Well I feel it my duty to inform you all
Of such things that could make you go white.
There is evil you see that can lurk in the woods
And will prey on a nice bit of meat,
And if you continue to be unaware
You could well be the next thing they’ll eat.
These terrible beasts that I talk of are wolves
And they pose a significant threat,
If you’re out on your own and you bump into one
Then for god’s sake don’t think it’s a pet.
You should run like the wind and don’t stop to catch breath
‘Cause the wolf will be hot at your heel,
If you pause for a second there deep in the woods
You’ll become the wolf’s next tasty meal.

A wolf is by nature a true carnivore
And he craves for the taste of raw flesh,
So he hides in the shadows to wait for live meat
‘Cause at least then he knows that it’s fresh.
All you’ll see of the wolf if you travel at night
Is the moonlight reflect in his eyes,
And it’s then that you know that you’re in the wolf’s sights
And that no-one will hear your vain cries.
The only sound people will hear late at night
Is the hungry wolf’s wavering call,
And the townspeople pray that it’s no-one they know
That has just met their gory downfall.

So I urge you my friends to beware of the woods
For a wolf might be lying in wait,
And whatever you do don’t be tempted by shortcuts
Not even if you’re running late.
Always stick to the path if you must go at all
And don’t dawdle or stray for a minute,
For a wolf’s stomach never completely fills up
And he always wants meat to put in it.
You would also do well to take further advice:
Make sure you and your family have knives,
Then if ever you come face to snout with a wolf
It could help to save all of your lives.
But by far the most frightening thing about wolves
And the thing generating such fear,
Is the fact that they are such mysterious beasts
That are never quite what they appear.

THERE IS AN UNCOMFORTABLE MOMENT AS THE NARRATOR STARES INTO THE AUDIENCE MENACINGLY. THIS BRIEF PAUSE IS BROKEN BY A SUDDEN CHANGE OF TONE.

“I think he’s gone mad” you are probably thinking
“What can this man possibly mean?
Surely wolves are just wolves and not anything more
How can they not be all that they seem?”
Well I tell you my friends, of a story I’ve heard
Of a hunter who tracked down a beast
That had eaten some sheep and a crazy old man,
Which had not filled him up in the least.
So the wolf carried on 'til he found a young girl
Tending goats on the side of a hill,
If she hadn’t have screamed and attracted attention
She’d surely have been the next kill.
The hunter decided to set up a trap
So the wolf could not cause further harm;
He intended to slay this most bloodthirsty beast
To assuage the townspeople’s alarm.
So he dug a deep hole and then threw in a duck
Placing dung covered straw on the top,
Then he hid in a bush 'til the wolf came along
And he saw the immense creature drop.
Showing no sign of fear, the man leapt from the bush
And he took the huge wolf by surprise.
By beheading the beast he had killed it stone dead
And he hacked off its paws for a prize.
As the hunter looked down to survey his brave deed
Which had all gone according to plan,
He observed that the headless and footless remains
Were not of a wolf, but a man.

THE NARRATOR PAUSES AND LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE AGAIN. THERE IS A PAUSE BEFORE THE MOOD IS SUDDENLY LIGHTENED ONCE MORE.

There’s another tale told of a man from the Village
Who vanished on his wedding night,
He had only popped out to relieve his full bladder
Away from his pretty bride’s sight.
So she waited and waited wrapped warm in the bed
‘Til her husband saw fit to return,
But a long chilling howl floated in from the night
And the girl’s stomach started to churn.
'Cause she knew that the sound meant the end for her man
And she wept for the loss of her groom,
And although searches failed to find his remains
She was certain that he'd met his doom.
But my life must continue, the pretty bride thought
As she dried off the tears that she'd cried,
And she went out to find someone else who would not
Be ashamed to pass water inside.
So she found a new man and they soon had two kids
And continued to live without fear,
‘Til they were paid a visit the night of the solstice -
The longest night of the whole year.
As the Mum stirred the soup for her man and the children
A loud knock was heard at the door,
So she opened it slowly to see who it was
And was terrified of what she saw.
Stood there on the step dressed in rags and bedraggled
Was the husband she thought was deceased,
She could still recognise him although he was covered
In lice and resembled a beast.

(Beast):
“Here I am missus, now get me some cabbage,
And be quick about it!”, he said,
But when the girls husband and children appeared
He promptly began to see red.

THE NARRATOR SUDDENLY BECOMES FRANTIC AS HE CONTINUES THE STORY.

(Beast):
“My wife is unfaithful” the first husband cried
“Now I wish I were wolf once again.”
And at that the intruder tore off all his clothes,
And a wolf the man quickly became.
In his anger the fiend sought to wreak his revenge
In a flurry of vicious attacks,
And as the beast tore off the eldest boy’s left foot
The father emerged with an axe.
The hatchet crashed down on the wolf’s skinny frame
And it instantly hacked him to death.
As the family came round to survey this vile creature
They watched as he drew his last breath.
And as soon as the life had drained out of the wolf,
Its blood-soaked pelt peeled back to show
The stark naked corpse of the young girl’s first husband
Exactly as he’d been years ago.
So beware of the wolf is the thing that is taught
To both adults and children alike,
For he’s cunning and fierce and can change his disguise
So you’ll never know when he will strike.

NARRATOR  PAUSES AND SMILES AT THE AUDIENCE. ONCE MORE HE SUDDENLY CHANGES HIS TONE TO A MUCH LIGHTER ONE.

One day long ago on a cold Christmas Eve
A young girl got it into her head,
That she’d visit her granny who lived far away
And was strictly confined to her bed.
So the girl packed a basket with oatcakes and jam
Which would fill her old granny with cheer,
And she also remembered to pack a huge knife
Because wolves were rife this time of year.
And although granny’s house was a bit of a trek
The young girl wrapped up warm and prepared,
‘Cause the two hour walk took her right through the woods
Though wasn’t the slightest bit scared.
She’d been sheltered through life by her Mum and her Gran
And was always protected from harm,
And she looked like a doll in her blood coloured shawl
With the basket of food on her arm.
So the girl started off on her journey to granny’s
And entered the woods without fear,
As she skipped through the trees the young girl was in awe
Of the things she could see and could hear.
There were rabbits and deer and a great deal of birds
That appeared to be too cold to sing,
But whilst wearing her shawl she was safe from the cold
And the young girl could not feel a thing.

Then out of the trees came a wavering howl
And the young girl’s hand sprung to her knife,
There were wolves in these woods and she had to be
Extra alert if she valued her life.
So she kept her eyes open for signs of a wolf
Or a stark naked man in the least,
Because legend says men always take off their clothes
Before turning into such a beast.
But the girl saw no wolves and no men without clothes
Just a man who’d been out hunting pheasant,
As he sprang from the bushes he made her a bow
And she soon thought that he was quite pleasant.
He was handsome and young, dressed in green and quite smart
And he had such a beautiful smile
That she didn’t object when the young man decided
To walk alongside her a while.

So they went on their way and they talked and they joked
As if they had been friends all their life,
And the man kindly offered to carry the basket
Although it contained the girl’s knife.
She consented because the young man had a gun
Which could kill off a wolf with great ease,
And they soon came within half a mile of Gran’s house
Which was good ‘cause they’d started to freeze.
The man pulled a compass from out of his pocket
The young girl observed it with awe,
As he told her it helped him find shortcuts through forests
And had never failed him before.

The man said they’d get home fifteen minutes early
If they went away from the path,
But the girl said she’d rather they stayed on this route
Which caused her new acquaintance to laugh.

(Young man):  “Tell you what” said the man, “I will give you a race,
And if I win you give me a prize.”

When she asked what he’d like, the young man said “A kiss.”
And she blushed as she lowered her eyes.
So the young man raced off and the girl took her time
Making sure that the man won the bet,
And although he had taken the basket which carried her knife
The young girl didn’t fret.

As she dawdled along, the young man had arrived
At the Gran’s house just outside the woods,
As the girl wasn’t there yet he thought he’d deliver
The basket of Grandmother’s goods.

So he strode to the door and he knocked hard and loud
Making sure the old woman could hear,
And adopting a falsetto voice he called out

(Young man):  “It’s your Granddaughter, Grandmother dear.”

Now the young girl’s Grandmother was frail and old
And had grown unbelievably thin,
But she relished a visit from family and called out

(Granny):  “Please lift up the latch and come in.”
So the young man consented to lift up the latch
And walked into the Grandmother’s room,
Her eyesight was poor but she knew that it wasn’t
Her Granddaughter there in the gloom.
As she peered through the darkness towards her intruder
Imagine poor Granny’s surprise,
When the only thing she could see of the young man
Was the evil in his blood red eyes.
It was then that she knew that her guest was a wolf
And her fear quickly started to grow,
As she frantically looked round the room of her house
For a suitable object to throw.
She picked up a bible and threw it with force
But her efforts were to no avail,
As the young man stripped off she could see he was wolf
And she quickly began to turn pale.
As a last ditch attempt to preserve her own life
Grandma picked up her apron to throw,
‘Cause she still clung on tight to the adage:
“The clothes make the man” that she’d heard long ago.
But the wolf was unhindered and still he advanced
Despite all that the Grandmother tried,
And the last thing she saw in this world
Was the wolf man approaching just before she died.

THE NARRATOR SUDDENLY BECOMES WOLF-LIKE AND MIMES MESSILY EATING BITS OF GRANDMOTHER OFF THE FLOOR. AFTER A MOMENT HE NOTICES THAT THE AUDIENCE ARE WATCHING HIM, REMEMBERS WHERE HE IS AND APOLOGETICALLY CONTINUES WHERE HE LEFT OFF.

The wolf ate his fill and discarded the bones and the hair
Which were not good to eat,
Then he changed all the bed linen covered in blood
And prepared for his next tasty treat.
As expected the young girl arrived at the house
As the knock on the door did announce,
And the wolf called out loudly in Grandmother’s voice

(Young man):  “Who is there?” and got ready to pounce.
(Young girl): “It is me, your Granddaughter”, the young girl replied
As she stood on the step in the cold,

(Young man): “Well you’d better come in then my dear” the wolf mimicked
Trying hard to sound suitably old.
So the young girl walked in and she looked round the room
For the hunter she’d met on her way,
‘Cause she owed him a kiss for the wager they had
And right now was the moment to pay.
As she looked round the room she was quite disappointed
The young man was clearly not there,
But at least her Grandmother was here and was safe
As she sat by the fire in her chair.

THE NARRATOR SITS DOWN IN THE ROCKING CHAIR WITH HIS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE. HE SLOWLY STOPS ROCKING, STANDS UP AND, WITH A SUDDEN BURST OF ENERGY, LEAPS OVER THE CHAIR AND TURNS TO FACE THE AUDIENCE WITH A CRAZED LOOK IN HIS EYE.

At that moment the wolf leapt up out of his seat
And he filled up the door with his shape,
It was then that girl realised it was a wolf
That was blocking her means of escape.
The girl scanned the room for the knife in her basket
She could reach it but she didn’t dare,
‘Cause the wolf’s eyes continued to be fixed upon her
In such an intensely cold stare.

(Young girl): “What big eyes you have got”, said the girl to the wolf
(Young man): “All the better to see you with dear!”
Then the girl saw a tuft of her grandmother’s hair
On the floor and it filled her with fear.
(Young girl): “Where is my Granny?” the young girl demanded
But deep down inside her she knew
And the wolf just replied with a sickening smile

(Young man): “There is nobody here but we two.”
It was then that a howl came from outside the door
That was instantly joined by another,
Soon a vast multitude of fierce wolves sat outside
As they all serenaded their brother.
When she peered out the window the young girl observed
That as far as her own eyes could see,
There were wolves sat in wait and no possible way
For the young girl to get out and flee.

WE HEAR THE FAINT SOUND OF WOLVES HOWLING IN THE DISTANCE.

(Young man): “Ah, I do love the company of wolves”, said the wolf
As they sat by the window and bayed,
And since fear was of no use at all to the young girl
She quickly stopped being afraid.
So she took off the shawl that her Granny had made and said

(Young girl): “What shall I do with my cloak?”

(Young man): “Well you’ll need it no more, throw it down on the fire.”
So she did and it went up in smoke.
Next she took off her blouse and the rest of her clothes
And they soon followed suit in the blaze,
And she stood there as naked as when she was born
Being held in the wolf’s hungry gaze.
As her body reflected the light from the fire
It seemed ripe as a cherry and pert,
And the young girl then stepped forward on her tiptoes
To undo the top of his shirt.

(Young girl): “What big arms you have”, said the girl to the wolf

(Young man): “All the better to hug you my dear”
And she gave him the kiss that she owed from their wager
By pulling his slavering face near.

(Young girl): “What big teeth you have”, the girl also observed
And the wolf knew the next thing to say;

(Young man): “All the better to eat you with my little girl!”
But she didn’t try getting away,
She just laughed in his face as she ripped off his shirt
‘Cause she knew she was nobody’s meat,
As she threw all his clothes in the fire with hers
And she realised she couldn’t be beat.
‘Cause the only thing that can appease any wolf
Is the sight of immaculate flesh,
And the young girl was safe as she stripped off her clothes
With her body so young and so fresh.

THE NARRATOR SITS BACK IN THE ROCKING CHAIR. THE LIGHTS ARE BROUGHT DOWN UNTIL THERE IS ONLY THE SINGLE SPOTLIGHT ON HIM.

As the company of wolves howled outside in the snow
The girl knew that she’d come to no harm,
And she carefully laid the wolf’s head on her lap
As he fell for her virginal charm.
And she picked out the lice from the pelt of her wolf
She would eat them all as was his will,
And the blizzard outside slowly faded away
Leaving everything perfectly still.
Then the clock signalled midnight, which meant Christmas day
And the door to the house opened wide.
It’s the werewolves’ birthday and a young girl is seen
In the paws of the wolf - as his bride.
So this girl knew the right way to handle a wolf
And her tale didn’t end in defeat,
But not everyone has such immaculate flesh
And most people would be tasty meat.
So don’t get complacent or think you are safe
You should always be watching your back,
Because no-one can tell who is wolf, or who’s not
‘Til the moment they start to attack.

THE NARRATOR SMILES, STANDS UP FROM HIS CHAIR AND SURVEYS THE AUDIENCE - VIEWING THEM AS POTENTIAL MEALS. HIS EYES REST UPON A GIRL IN THE FRONT ROW, WHO LOOKS AROUND FRANTICALLY FOR AN ESCAPE AS THE NARRATOR CLOSES IN, LICKING HIS LIPS. HE LUNGES AT HER, HOISTS HER OVER HIS SHOULDER AND RUNS OFF STAGE WITH HER AS SHE SCREAMS.

The End