

LITTLE RED RIDING BLOOD

BY

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Based on Charles Perrault's *Little Red Riding Hood*.

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EXT. FOREST - DAY

A bright summers day.

**LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD(14)** makes her way along the path through the woods. She wears a bright red hooded cloak and carries a large wicker basket. She stops occasionally to pick wildflowers.

Up ahead a **WOLF** emerges from the trees. Walking on two legs, seven feet tall and heavily muscled.

Little Red Riding Hood freezes when she sees him.

WOLF

No need to be frightened little one, I only wanted to say hello.

He gives her a very toothy grin.

WOLF (CONT'D)

Where are you off to on such a nice day?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

I'm visiting my sick Grandmother.

WOLF

That's very kind of you.

The wolf moves closer.

WOLF (CONT'D)

Tell me, would you mind if I had a closer look at that cloak of yours? It's such a beautiful color.

Little Red Hood tenses.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Well, I suppose that would be alright.

The wolf's grin grows even bigger as he leans down towards her. His eyes widen in shock as Little Red Riding Hood whips out a knife and slashes his throat. He falls to the ground, blood gushing. With a gurgle, he dies.

Little Red Riding Hood grins down at his body, takes off her cloak and begins to soak it in the wolf's blood.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (CONT'D)

Thank you mister wolf, my cloak needed a good freshening up.