

FAMOUS FAST PRODUCTIONS

present:

*based on a true legend,
inspired by an outrageous course meeting:*

Literary Detective Sister Grimm And the case of Little Red Riding Hood



SISTER GRIMM: The queen of investigative journalism, Sister Grimm, reporting live, from the scene of the crime. It is here, in quiet little Fairytellington, a nice suburb of Unilunia that a terrible tragedy occurred: A grizzly attempt at double murder in 2302, Forest Lane.

The outline of the crime is still very uncertain, and witnesses will have to be heard. Luckily, Sister Grimm is here to take care of that.

Our first witness to hear would in fact be the victim, if I'm not mistaken. Is that right, young Miss Woodstray? Or may I call you "Little Red Riding Hood"; I hear that's what you are more commonly referred to?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Actually, Sister Grimm, the name's Rubina. Little Red Riding Hood is just my stage name.

SISTER GRIMM: Oh, I'm sorry. But, your stage name? Are you an actress?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: No, I dance. It's a student job; my mother's too stingy to give me a decent allowance. After all a young girl must live a little, and quality clothes don't come cheap, you know.

SISTER GRIMM: Oh, of course. Surely you're dancing in a ballet?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Not quite. I think the politically correct term is "exotic dancer".

SISTER GRIMM: Oh... right... Okay, Rubina then. Please, Rubina, could you give us your account of how things happened? You were on your way to Granny's house, weren't you?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Yes, that is correct. But first of all, Sister Grimm, I would dearly love to thank you for the opportunity to express myself. Nobody ever listens to us so-called 'little girls'. But we have needs too! Not to mention rights!

SISTER GRIMM: Alright, you're welcome. Tell us though: what happened when your mother sent you to 2302, Forest Lane?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Yes, how inconsiderate of her. Even though I'd been working the night before. I was still awfully tired. But of course I know she couldn't have sent my brother...

SISTER GRIMM: Yes, we'll get to young Mr. James Adam in a minute. But go on, please.

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Why yes, so, I had my basket, with the wine and the bread and the pills and everything – not that I approve of the pills, you know. Okay, Granny is ill, but I think she's overdoing it. She has those huge pupils all the time! It's a bit scary at times.

GRANNY:
interjects You youngsters should worry about your own stuff! I know perfectly well what's good for me and what not!

SISTER GRIMM: Please, Mrs. Bonnet-Purple. Everybody can have his say, but would you kindly wait with your testimony until it's your turn? Thank you. Miss Rubina, I apologize for this outburst. Continue in your tale, please.

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Oh, you needn't apologize, Sister Grimm, she'll get eaten by the critics soon enough. Anyway, as I walked along the forest path, I saw this little forest meadow with beautiful forest flowers and I knew I just had to pick a few. So I strayed off the path.

SISTER GRIMM: And that's when you met Mr. Lupin ['lʊpɪn], I presume. Weren't you scared?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: No, no, actually Mr. Lupin [lʊ'pɛ̃n] was very charming.

SISTER GRIMM: Oh, Mr. *Lupin*, is it? Was he French?
Adapts pronunciation

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Oh, yes, and he had the most alluring accent, I can tell you. I almost fell for him right then and there.

SISTER GRIMM: Fell for him, you say? You mean, you were physically attracted to him?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Why, Sister Grimm, are you really such a wise-crack detective? I mean, you're awfully naive at times! How could I not be 'physically' attracted to the wolf, he's a family feeder! Look at his prominent jaw, the strong muscles, the...

CONSTANCE LUPIN: *Can you stop fantasizing about my husband; we've had a lucky marriage for ten years. You would not have stood a chance, salope!*
interjects

RUDOLPHE LUPIN: *Please, chérie, don't get agitated. Think about our cubs.*
pats her claw

CONSTANCE LUPIN: *Yes, mon amour, you are right. Now that you are gone, I need to be twice as good a mother to them.*

SISTER GRIMM: Oh, please, Mr. Lupin. I think our audience might be a bit puzzled to hear that you are actually dead and yet testifying here. A word of explanation maybe?
to audience

RUDOLPHE LUPIN: *Oh la la. But of course Sister Grimm. It is like dis: I have indeed been killed. But your show's sponsoring company, Binary Oppositions Ltd. was so kind as to temporarily revive me for this testimonial, so that now I can give you my view of the incidents.*

SISTER GRIMM: Thank you Mr. Lupin, I'm sure this will very much enlighten our audience. However, if you don't mind, I will get back to you later. For now, I'd like to continue my interrogation of Miss Rubina. You had ended your report at the forest meadow, where you picked a few daisies and met Mr. Lupin, is that right?
after break

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Yes, that's right.

SISTER GRIMM: And you said that you... "almost fell for him right then and there". But... nothing happened at that stage right?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: No, no, we chatted for a spell, I think he might have been trying to hit on me, but I pretended like I didn't care.

SISTER GRIMM: Oh really? But nevertheless, no action taken? I mean, you said earlier that you "almost fell for him then and there", didn't you?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Who do you take me for? I'm an exotic dancer but that doesn't mean I don't have class! I would never have let him bag me right then and there! Sheesh! Had he come to my place, all dressed up nice and stuff, that would have been different...

SISTER GRIMM: I see. So at that moment you left the clearing and resumed your path to Granny's place, I presume. And nothing extraordinary happened there?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: I thought I heard something move in the undergrowth off the path, but I'm not sure about that now anymore.

SISTER GRIMM: Sounds in the undergrowth, very interesting! Evidence of a prowler?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Well I did have a sneaking suspicion at that time, that it might have been that Rudolphe character. But I didn't give much thought to it. I mean, he obviously fancied me, and I can very well live with that!

RUDOLPHE LUPIN: *Don't listen to a word she says, chérie. She's a liar!*

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: He might just as well admit it. Oh, well, what is a girl to do? Anyway, so, I arrived at granny's house and went in. I wanted to give her the stuff in the basket real quick and be over and done with it.

SISTER GRIMM: How so? Don't you like your granny?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Oh, no, she's okay mostly. She can be a real pal. But since she's taken to those pills she can talk real nonsense at times, and I was too tired for that crap. Remember: I had to work the night before! And in that line of business you never get home early, I can tell you that much.

SISTER GRIMM: I hear you. So, when you gave the basket to your grandmother, didn't you notice anything was wrong with her?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: No. Should I've?

SISTER GRIMM: But... I mean: she must've been kind of hairy all over, since it was actually Mr. Lupin in disguise. Didn't you notice that?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Oh, granny always was a natural. And you know, old people are always hairy all over aren't they?

SISTER GRIMM: Oh my! But what about... I... Well, I've heard rumours that actually there was something about eyes involved in your undoing. The wolf's big eyes?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Oh, sure! Thanks for bringing it up, I almost forgot. My mum always used to tell me: "Rubie, whenever will you reduce this giddy head of yours to something like order?" Well, yes, I did notice that granny's eyes seemed kind of big, but I didn't pay it no attention, you know. I just scolded her for taking too many of the wrong pills again. And when I told her to open her mouth and let me see... well she obeyed, but she took my orders a little too literally.

SISTER GRIMM: I see! And that's how you got swallowed! By Mr. Lupin right? Because it wasn't your granny in the bed, was it? I mean, you keep referring to the person in the bed as 'she'. You're not trying to hint at the possibility that Mr. Lupin was actually a transsexual, are you?

CONSTANCE LUPIN: *Sister Grimm! I must object!*

RUDOLPHE LUPIN: *Indeed! It was a ruse, nothing more! I never crossdress! To even think of it, Mon Dieu!*

CONSTANCE LUPIN: *Yes, yes, my husband is very masculine. I mean, come on! He is a wolf after all!*

SISTER GRIMM: Alright already, I apologize, I shouldn't have said that. Maybe Mrs. Frilly, the venerable night cap of Mrs. Bonnet-Purple can enlighten us on this aspect of Mr. Lupin's psychology later on.

For now, let us move to something far more interesting. The media are of course always greedy to find out who the culprit is, but in this case, that question seems to be pretty clear, isn't that right, Mr. Lupin?

However, the media are just as well a sucker for heroes and *that* question is not at all clear here, right? I mean there seems to be an ongoing debate between leading criminologists on who actually saved young Miss Woodstray.

Of the two leading theories one claims that it was a hunter who shot the Mr. Lupin and who afterwards saved Rubina and the Granny from his belly.

According to the other leading theory the hero in question was a woodcutter, who came along and who saved the two damsels in distress. Now, with the hearing of the victim we can hopefully ascertain the truth: Miss Rubina, can you please tell us who saved you? Was it Mr. Sureshot, the hunter? Or was it Mr. Chainsaw, the woodcutter?

RUBINA WOODSTRAY: Oh, I'm so sorry Sister Grimm. I'm afraid I have to disappoint you. Actually Granny was the first one to get out of Mr. Lupin's belly. Also, there was all that gore, just imagine what a mess it makes if you cut a hole big enough for two people out of a wolf. So, I really can't tell you, who actually *is* the hero. When I could see clearly again, they were both there.

SISTER GRIMM: Ah, that's disappointing. But we should not give up too fast. After all there are many more witnesses that we can interrogate on this issue.

Anyway, Miss Rubina, I thank you dearly for your testimony, you've been very helpful in bringing some more light into this intriguing puzzle. Maybe we should now make a little break, so that our consumer society does not suffer. After that break, we will have a little chat with the antagonist party of this case. Stay tuned to see Mr. Lupin in the witness stand.