The true story of little red riding hood

(Christmas play for IT people)

Actors:

Narrator

The Happy Programmer

The Sad Scientist, named Scienty

The Assistant, named Scientina

The Christmas Spirit

Boy, named Red Hat

The Father of Red Hat

The mother of Red Hat

The Red Hat's grandmother

The Big Bad Wolf

The Three Piglets

The Hunter

The Fairy Hunter, named Brad Grimm

NARRATOR: - Good evening, wonderful audience! Today I will tell you the story of Little Red Riding Hood. If you were an audience of only children, I would ask Do you like fairy tales, children? And you in a choir would answer - YES! Well, yes, but it's not always clear. Some of you love fairy tales, others have loved them in the past. You have heard this story many times. You're tired of it already, maybe. However, every story has it's own true story. And usually people don't know them. Now I will tell you for the first time the true story of the tale. And not only the story, but also the story of something that interests many of you. And why am I telling it around Christmas? Because this is a real Christmas fairy tale, without the Christmas spirit the fairy tale wouldn't exist, as well as some things that occur everyday! Anyone who has not yet guessed will understand at the end of our story.

Children, - excuse me - ex-children, do you know who the main character in the fairy tale is? Do I hear Little Red Riding Hood? You are wrong! The main character in our story is the father of Little Red Riding Hood. Have you heard of the father? No. Now you will hear.

Our story begins about 25 years ago.

There was a programmer called the Happy Programmer. Because he works with jokes and banters, things worked out for him. However, on this December evening, just before the Christmas party, the Happy Programmer was just finishing a project. He was working on the final touch - what name should he to give it?. He wanted it to be something special! And funny, of course.

SCENE: The Happy Programmer in front of a computer

THE HAPPY PROGRAMMER: - What should it be? Look at DOS - dumb, very dumb, but everyone knows it. I want it to become popular like that! And related to me. Happy, Funny? No, it doesn't work. Lorelai? Why Lorelai? Ugh! I want to finish and go to the Christmas party! Let's look at family albums, Maybe an interesting family name will pop up. (digs through the albums, an old manuscript falls out of there)

THE HAPPY PROGRAMMER: - What is this? It was written by my great-great-great-grandfather Scienty!

NARRATOR: - We leave the HAPPY Programmer to read for now, then we will return to him again. Now let's see what he read in his grandfather's diary..

I'm taking you to the 18th century, to Grandpa Scienty's lab..

Then Scientye, called the Sad Scientist, was young and very sad. He was sad because he invented a lot of things, but he had no one and was alone every Christmas. As this Christmas too ...

SCENE: The sad scientist sits alone in the laboratory and experiments. There's a bottle and an unfinished glass next to him. Vapors and smoke are carried in the air.

THE SAD SCIENTIST: - Every Christmas is still the same. To finish that and this and the holiday is gone.

My assistant, Saintina, left a mess behind and said she was going to her family. In fact, I have no one to celebrate with. And what to celebrate? Dumb Christmas, just one day. Everyone is grinning, singing, eating... Dumb. I hate Christmas!.

(A light shines and the Spirit of Christmas appears. The sad scientist is shocked)

THE SAD SCIENTIST: - What's going on, did I die?

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT: - You called me. You said "I hate Christmas." This is my password. I appear to anyone who says "I hate Christmas". Do not be afraid, I am the Spirit of the UNFORGETTABLE Christmas. You have to come with me, believe me, it's important to you, it's important to other people!

(The spirit of Christmas takes the frightened Sad Scientist by the hand and they go out)

NARRATOR: Let's see where our Sad Scientist ended up. The spirit of Unforgettable Christmas took him to Story Book - the land of fairy tales. There are many tales in this country, some of them still untold. The ghost led the Sad Scientist over the Dark Forest and stopped at a bright house. A man, a woman and their boy lived there. The husband and wife reminded him of someone ... He listened to their conversation. Many of the words there were unknown and strange to him, but he remembered everything because he was still a scientist.

SCENE: House, mother, father and boy. The father is fixing something with a screwdriver in hand, the mother is cooking. The boy is playing a computer game. He was wearing a red hat low over the eyes.

MOTHER (stirring in a pot): Honey, did you upgrade the oven processor? This new software still doesn't work for me.

FATHER: Just to fix your mother's router firmware. She emailed me that her firewall was not working properly.

MOTHER: (turns to the boy) - Red Hat, my little administrator! Your grandmother needs help with the firewall. Leave this Minecraft game and take care of your grandmother's safety, you will just prepare for the exam.

RED HAT: I just built my new house, Mom! OK, go!

MOTHER: Take this TCP / IP package and bring it to your grandmother, hosted beyond the depths of the big dark net. But don't trust unknown routers and don't stop browsing along the way that for a long time the dangerous hacker Big Bad Wolf has been looking for a breakthrough in our security.

NARRATOR: - So, the boy named Red Hat took the package and went through the depths of the net - from router to router - to Grandma's hosting. But he felt bored.

DU-NN- sound of Viber message

RED HAT: Let's see if there's Wi-Fi here. Ha! It's not even locked. Wow, the Three Piglets is messaging me.

NARRATOR:. The Three Piglets got his nicknsme because he weighed 170 kg. and he couldn't get up from his chair without someone else's help, but everything was fine, because anyway his chair was positioned in the perfect place - in front of the computer, and it was also on wheels, so he could easily move to the refrigerator.

RED HAT: The Three Piglets brags to everyone about his new brick version of firewall, which, unlike previous straw and stick versions, was absolutely indestructible.

RedHat: Hi, roly-poly!

3pigs: Hiya!

RedHat: Now I don't have time to chat because I'm in a hurry to deliver a package to my grandmother

3pigs: Whatever …

RedHat: Btw, everything to stay with us, OK?

3pigs: Whatever, I'll post it on the net. ▯

RedHat: LOL. C U.

*** RedHat has left # ****

NARRATOR: Unfortunately their conversation was overheard by the dangerous hacker nicknamed the Big Bad Wolf, who immediately started spamming the Red Hat to slow him down.

THE WOLF: This administrator fell in my Wi-Fi. Now to hack the grandmother

NARRATOR: The wolf hurried to Grandma's hosting and overcame her firewall, masking his IP through Red Hat's proxy. He entered Grandma's hosting, copied all the classified information, improved her Minecraft record, and archived her.

NARRATOR: At that time, the Red Hat, who had already managed to redirect the flood to Microsoft's server, reached Grandma's hosting and logged in.

Scene: Grandma's house, The Wolf is waiting inside, masked as the grandmother, opened his mouth wide to archive the Red Hat. The boy floods him with questions and does not leave the grandmother, ie. The wolf, to say more.

RED HAT: Hi, Granny!

RED HAT: - Grandma, grandma, why do you use Windows 3.11?

THE WOLF: - To ....

RED HAT: - Grandma, grandma, why do you use QZERTY and not QWERT keyboard layout?

THE WOLF: - To ....

RED HAT: - Grandma, grandma, why is your firewall so crazy?

THE WOLF: - To ....

RED HAT: Grandma, Grandma, how did you make such a good Minecraft record?

(Wolf growls and roars)

THE WOLF: Shut up, I'm hungry!

(archives the RED HAD)

NARRATOR: At that moment, the HUNTER appeared, who was already retired and had been playing GTA all day. From time to time he and his grandmother jumped to the neighborhood club to play. The wolf tried to archive him too, but he got an error message - he didn't have enough RAM. At that time, the Hunter, without much thought, pulled out

a code for a special operating system LUPUS, applied it on the wolf and pulled out the HAT and the grandmother.

RED HAT (exhausted): Grandma, I suspect we're infected with a virus. I only have 1% vitality left. Do you have candy?

GRANDMOTHER: I have something much better. With the last pension I ordered the full version of McAfee and it is just delivered to me!

(The hunter brings two COFFEEs and both recover)

RED HAT: Now let's fix your firewall, Grandma! Safety first!

THE HUNTER: Great, then we can play.

GRANDMA: I will beat you, of course

THE HUNTER: Just try not to cheat!

(The three go out chatting and laughing)

SCENE: The Sad Scientist's Room. He has covered his face on the desk. He gets up and looks around.

THE SAD SCIENTIST: (relieved) Ha, I've overdosed on alcohol and a joint. Or it will be from the laboratory vapors. Thank God it was a dream! I thought I was going crazy. And I dreamed of some strange people and strange words. Strange, but they were very happy, they were together. And why do I think they were somehow familiar to me!

(There is a knock on the door)

THE SAD SCIENTIST: No one has knocked on this door for a long time. Especially at Christmas. Who is it? Is it the next ghost?

(opens the door. Assistant Scientina is on the doorstep)

THE SAD SCIENTIST: Scientina! Didn't you have to travel with your family?

SAINTINA: Merry Christmas, Scienty! In fact, I ... (Santina looks down and steps from foot to foot) - ... I don't have a family. I say this so that you do not feel sorry for me.

NARRATOR: Now the Sad Scientist remembered where he knew the people from his dream - the father looked like himself and the mother of Red Hat was strikingly similar to Scientina! He knew immediately what to do.

THE SAD SCIENTIST: (Grabs a wire from the table, squeezes it into a ring and falls to his knees) Scientina, will you marry me?

(The assistant starts nodding and they both hug awkwardly)

NARRATOR: The Sad Scientist was no longer sad because he was not alone, in honor of the Christmas dream that changed his life. A year later, he named his daughter Little Red Riding Hood, or RedHat for short. "And they lived happily ever after." You think this is the end of the story. No, not at all! Listen to the most important part.

SCENE: The Sad Scientist writes.

THE SAD SCIENTIST: I memorized and recorded everything, no matter that the words are unknown to me. This story sounds crazy, but I have to share it. People will

think I'm sick, so let someone else tell it. I will keep this manuscript in the family album.

SAINTINA: Honey, I have an idea. I realized that Brad Grimm, a fairy-tale hunter, was walking around. You can share it.

(Brad Grimm enters, strikingly resembling the HUNTER from the dream)

THE SAD SCIENTIST: Haven't I seen you somewhere?

BRAD GRIMM: (laughs) I don't think so. It's just that my face is standard.

(The Sad Scientist begins to tell the story and asked Brad Grimm at the end to retell the story in a more popular manner…)

BRAD GRIMM: (begins to write the tale as we know it now): "Once upon a time there was a little girl called Little Red Riding Hood. One day her mother asked her to bring food to his sick grandmother ….."

(ends the story and turns to the Sad Scientist) Boy, what about your fee?

THE SAD SCIENTIST: A fee? No, "Little Red Riding Hood" will always be FREE!

SCENE: Again nowadays, the HAPPY Programmer is on his desk, closing the grandfather's manuscript and jumps!

THE HAPPY PROGRAMMER: THIS IS IT! EUREKA! I found the name! My great-grandfather wrote this for me. The operating system will be called LUPUS ...

NARRATOR (inserts): ... I don't know why LUPUS became LINUX later ...

THE HAPPY PROGRAMMER:... and my project will be called RED HAT! And it will be FREE!

--- The End ----