**Hansel and Gretel & Friends**

*Cast:*

**Narrator**

**Hansel (a child with a terrible accent)**

**Gretel (another child with an entirely separate terrible accent)**

**Woodcutter (a caring, but stupid, father)**

**Evil Stepmother (a murdering bitch)**

**Witch (a witch)**

Red riding hood (a precocious twat)  
Wolf (from Gladiators)

Frog Prince (a horny frog)

Sleepy (a narcoleptic dwarf)  
Grumpy (a belligerent alcoholic dwarf)

Jimmy Saville

A Snow White Bird (with a penchant for hiphop)

A Power Ranger

SCENE 1: WOOD CUTTERS COTTAGE

*[As Narrator says “Let me whish you away…” Hansel skips on from stage left and Gretel from stage right and meet in the middle]*

Narrator: Salutations, brave travellers of Bristol, it is I, Grimm Gregg. Prepare yourself tonight for a dark tale of intrigue and betrayal, more brazen then anything you have ever heard before. Let me whisk you away to a far off distant land in the times of yore, where lives a woodcutter, his second wife and their two beautif…*[looks toward actors]* and their two children.

Hansel: I’m Hansel!

Gretel: I’m Gretel!

Hansel: Ja! We’re Hansel and Gretel! We’re German!

Gretel: Ja, we sure are! That’s why we have these outrageous accents!

Hansel: Ja, even though I sound a little Dutch! We’re both definitely 10 year old children as well!

Gretel: Oh ja!…mein bruder.

*H+G skip off awkwardly to be off stage right, but still visible.*

*Chairs are brought on stage left and SM and WC are sitting together, door is on stage right in front of H+G*

Narrator: …anyway, the woodcutter and his family lived deep in the dark mysterious forest, and they were very poor and very hungry, as the mysterious forest was in the grip of its worst recession in over twenty years.

Woodcutter: Oh my second wife, who came to me so fortuitously when my first wife was killed in a freak felling accident that had **absolutely** nothing to do with you, this recession is destroying us. Nobody wants me to chop wood for them, and that week I spent re-training as an IT consultant was useless in this dark, mysterious forest.

Narrator: Times were very hard for the family, but despite being poor, they were happy. That is, all apart from their stepmother…

*H+G are talking in outrageous accents off stage, telling jokes and laughing loudly, but can still be seen and heard…*

*[*

Stepmother: *[Slaps the husband comically hard on arm]* HUSBAND! Your children are driving me crazy with their outrageous accents and constant prattling! I’m as German as they are, and I don’t sound like Boris Becker having a stroke.

Woodcutter: They get it from their natural mother my sweet, she also sounded like Mozart drowning in a well.

Stepmother: Well, it’s starting to get on my…schnitzel.

Narrator: The family passed their days in the forest with their food supplies dwindling and Hansel and Gretel’s stepmother getting more and more annoyed by the children’s faux German accents.

**<Interruption>**

*Frog Prince jumps on to stage with a loud “rebbit”*

Narrator: *[In a perturbed fashion]* Errr…can I help you?

Frog Prince: *[In a French accent]* Hello mon ami, ‘ave you seen a princess wandering around here ?

Narrator: No I certainly have not. We’re kind of in the middle of something here, and what makes you think a princess would be interested in a frog like you?

Frog Prince: Uhhh…It is just a hunch.

Narrator: Maybe try one of these riff raff, they clearly have no taste. Try him *[point to hapless audience member]*

*Frog Prince then searches crowd for a princess to kiss him*

*STAGE HANDS BRING BOO SIGN ON*

Narrator: *[Assetively]* Look, just clear off will you mate, you don’t belong in this story.

*[In a huff]* As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, the Woodcutters family really were very desperate…

Woodcutter: *[Standing up and talking as in deep thought]* Do you know what step wife? I am so hungry, I could eat the fifth leg off a magic donkey right now, and I am oh so cold. At least we have dear sweet Hansel and Gretel. They warm up my heart, I love them, oh soo much…*[Turns back to wife as she answers]*

Step mother: Fifth leg of a donkey? You really are stupid, aren’t you? I don’t know about donkeys, but we don’t have much bread left, and at this rate those horrible little kids of yours are gonna eat everything. We should do something about those kids…like eat them.

Woodcutter: I know what you mean! Those kids are so lovely I feel like I could eat them up, my little muffin top troopers.

Step Mother: No, I said eat them. Like, actually eat them. Like a sandwhich. Nom.

Woodcutter: *[In shock]* Whoa whoa whoa! You can’t eat my children you crazy stepmother, I love them too much!  
  
Step Mother: *[Stands up and walks toward front of stage, plotting!]* Alright then idiot, how about we take them into the forest and leave them there? You may have noticed our food is running very low; better that two of us live than all of us die, huh? We can always make new children with normal accents…

*[SM moves seductively closer]*

Remember that summer after your wife…sadly departed *[chuckles to herself]* . The kids were at Willywood cutters camp, and we had the woods all to ourselves?

*[WC and SM giggle in flirtatious manner]*

WC: …maybe you do have a point, it’s been a while since I had a good chop!

SM: Ok, so rather than eat them, we’ll take them deep into the forest with all the strange creatures, monsters, witches, and crabs, and leave them to die. Then we’ll have as much time as we like together…

Woodcutter: Well, I do love them kids, but you’ve sold me with your coquettish ways. We’ll give ‘em some bread, and leave them in the middle of nowhere tomorrow.

SM: Deal.

*SM and WC leave stage left and chairs are removed stage left, and H+G come on stage right with stage hand holding a dark cloud above their heads)*

Narrator: A dark cloud has befallen our heroes Hansel and Gretel. Whatever shall they do?

Gretel: Hansel, did you hear that?   
Hansel: I know! I didn’t realise donkeys had five legs

G: *[punches H on the arm]* NO you idiot, the part about our evil step mother wanting to eat us! I didn’t realise she was so evil!

H: Didn’t name ‘Evil stepmother’ give you a clue? Anyhow, it just sounds like they’re gonna chuck us out into the forest. That’s not too bad; we’ll just wander our merry way back.

G: Oh bruder, thou art truly a fool. Don’t you realise how big this forest is…is…is?

H: Well, dear schwester, fear not. I’m not as foolish as you think; I have a plan.

G: Does it involve magic beans? Cos I know this guy jack, and he had some magic beans and it turned into a right ordeal.

H: *[Accent fades out as talks]* No beans. My cunning plan is simply to take some of these convenient shiny stones and leave a trail as our parents lead us into forest. *[Little pause; as if to explain himself]* I saw Ray Mears do it once, before he punched a bear in the face. Then we can just follow the stones back home to our loving family, who have just tried to kill us.  
G: Wow, good plan Hans. What happened to your accent?

H: *[Reassumes accent]* Nothing.

SCENE 2: MYSTERIOUS FOREST

*[Stage hands are trees in background. Family walk in a line from stage left: WC, SN, H, G. When they reach the centre walk on the spot and stage hands start moving to left, when they reach the end of the stage run round and start again from the other side. Fairy lights off in foreground is possible to be H’s stones]*

Narrator: And so, the strange family gathered for what could be their last outing. They packed scraps of bread for everyone, and set off out into the dark mysterious forest. Hansel dropped his stones as they went, trying not to draw attention to himself…

*Hansel throws a stone massively obviously, and it makes a loud crash [stage hands all stamp!]*

G: Oh stepmother, this is such a good suggestion.

SM: What’s that you little wench?

G; This beautiful family outing

H: Oh, it really is lovely

SM: *[Stopping and turning round]*  Look, we’re just going to fell a tree, eat the bark off it, drag it home and then start a fire. It really isn’t that nice an outing.  
G: It’s better than, say, being murdered in a mysterious forest.  
H: It sure is!

H+G: How we do love our beautiful stepmother, who had no part in the death of our own dear mother.

SM: Yeah, well I’d say I love you too, but you both look a lot older than ten, and your accents sound like Jurgen Klinsman trying to swallow a bus. So I don’t. That was your real mothers job, but she got herself killed in a freak tree felling accident which had nothing to do with me. So, shut up and keep walking! SCHNELL!

*[Family start walking on the spot again, stage hands start moving and one prompts crowd with the BOO sign]*

N: Unfortunately, Hansel’s stone throwing was about as subtle as his dress sense…

*[Family stop again]*

SM; Boy, did you just drop a stone?

H: Hey, that is kind of you to say stepmother, I have been working out. Maybe you should try dropping a few stone?

G: Oh snap! He got you!

SM: Laugh it up boy, while you can…

G: What do you mean by that?

SM: Nothing!

*[SM/H/G all freeze; focus on woodcutter by himself. Stage hand holds torch over head WC and lights are dimmed]*

Woodcutter: *[Aside]* Oh my children, they are so kind to that wicked stepmother, and all she wants to do is get rid of them. Or eat them…which is a bit weird. *[As if coming to a realisation]* I never really thought about it, but it is strange how quickly she turned up after the untimely death of my first wife…

[*Family resume walking on spot but now facing stage left, trees move toward stage right]*

Narrator: Eventually they came to a large, dark clearing very far from the woodcutters house.

*[Stop in a clearing]*

SM: Right kids, here’s some bread for you. Start collecting some fallen wood for a fire, and I and your impressively bearded father will fell some trees.

WC: *(sounding upset and deflated)* Ok kids, you heard your stepmother, start building a fire.

H & G: Ok Dad, we’ll see you in a bit.

*[dad hugs kids]*

SM: *[Leaving stage]* Oh no you won’t (starts cackle)

*Prompt crowd for oh yes you will.*

*On last Oh no you won’t SM grabs WC who glances towards his children and is led off]*

N: When the children were far enough away the Stepmother hung a branch from a tree to catch the wind and sound like they were chopping wood. Alas, they were indeed fooled at first…

*[Sound effect: someone chopping tree, Narrator banging wood blocks together]*

H: Hey hey, Gretyl, why did the lion get lost in the jungle?

G: …I don’t know.

H: Cos jungle is massive! BOO YAH.

G: Nice one. Hey Hans, you know the whole plan to leave us here to get eaten and die?

H: Yes?

G: Well, why did we just let our parents walk off?

H: But I can here father chopping wood nearby.

G: Really? That doesn’t sound so real to me…come on!

*[They go exploring amongst the stage hand trees, with plenty of ‘Have you found it?’ ‘Where is that noise coming from?’ etc. Eventually come across narrator banging wood blocks who freezes and looks sheepish]*  
  
G: Oh schnitzel! They’ve gone mein bruder, and we are deep in the forest and all alone!

H: No fear, my outrageously accented sister. As soon as the moon comes up we’ll be able to see all those stones I so subtly distributed, and find our way home.

G: I sure hope this plan works Hans.

Narrator: Brother and sister huddled shivering in the dark mysterious forest for hours, as the noise of wolves and crabs echoed around them. Eventually, the moon rose bright in the sky and all Hansel’s stones were lit up like shiny 5 penny pieces.

[*Stage hand moves moon in arc to ‘high in the sky’. Cue turning on fairy lights, or just H+G and pointing at the stones]*

G: Wow, you are a genius Hans! You could take this on Dragons Den!

H: I often think that. Now let’s get home and sort out that evil step mother of ours before we get eaten by something nasty in this forest.

*[H+G begin to walk off stage right but bump into Little Red Riding Hood who enters stage right]*

LR: *[In a posh, precocious accent]*  And who are you two?

H: I’m Hansel. A german/dutch/jamaican child!

G: I’m Gretyl, also a German child. Who the schnitzel are you?

LR: What the hell is up with your accents?

H: We’re not really sure…bad acting perhaps? Anyway, who are you?

LR: I’m Little Red Riding Hood, and I’m off to see my Grandmother for supper.

G: Must be nice to have a caring family…   
LR: Oh yes, I have the most delightful family, and we always get each other presents, and read each other stories, and bake cakes, and everything. Why, don’t you?

G: *[Deadpan]* Our step mother is trying to kill us.

LR: Oh gosh that is sooo awful. Is it anything to do with the accents?

N: Gretel did not care much for LR, not one bit...

LR: Your dress is a bit…adventurous, don’t you think?

G: Look, who the hell do you think you are with your nice dress, your red riding hood, and that kitsch little basket *[knock basket out of hands]*? Why don’t you just get the schnitzel out of here?

*LR gasps and storms off*

H: That was a bit mean Gretel, you shouldn’t have been so harsh. Just because she has things better than us, doesn’t mean we should be jealous.

N: Just as they finished their conversation who should pop up but a wise, old wolf.

W: Oh hey guys, I’m super hungry, and I love to chow down you little scruffy kids, what do ya say?

H: A…a…aren’t you from that show ‘Gladiators’?

W: You’re a sharp one aren’t you boy? Now how’s about I eat you all up?

N: Gretel was quick to respond, as one must be when encountering a lycra clad Wolf in the forest at night

G: A little girl just walked that way *[points off stage]*. She was plump and juicy, and had a plump juicy grandmother you could eat too.

W: And a grandmother you say? Sweet, nothing like a bit of old bird!

*[Wolf darts off]*

H: Whoah, whoah, whoah. That was a little dark wasn’t it?

G: Yes well it saved our skins. Lets just get home.

H: OK, scary Schwester.

*[Trees, fairy lights etc all off.]*

SCENE 3: WOODCUTTERS COTTAGE

*[WC and SM are together at the table. Door is on stage right. ‘Bed’ Blankets are on the floor in bedroom area]*

N: Thus our intrepid heroes followed Hansel’s path of shiny stones back through the dark, mysterious forest until they arrived home at their little cottage…

SM: *[Gets up as kids walk in. Flustered, but becoming more sure as sentence progresses]* Oh…wow…lovely children, where the hell have you been? We were…we were so worried about you, that you been eaten or something horrible like that. How the hell did you get back here?

N: The children replied in an angelic tone, as best not to give away their contempt, and knowledge of their stepmother’s devious plans

G: Oh, we were very scared, but now we are back with our darling stepmother we feel safe again  
WC: *[Beside himself with joy]* Oh kids, Oh kids, I was worried I’d never see you again. Apple of mine eye, sun in my day sky, tide on my shore, cool refreshing wind on a crisp autumn morning…  
H: Yeah, butter on my crumpet, peanuts in my snickers. Comprende, father.  
G: But Father why did you not come and find us?

*Father darts a stern glancing look at his evil wife*

WC: Your SM needed the toilet really badly, and we’d already chopped all the good trees down, and there were no good leaves, and…

N: Deep down the WC knew beheading that spiteful old step mother was the best course for everyone. There were plenty more ladies in the forest, and a chopper of his reputation could probably find himself a younger, better and considerably less evil damsel.

*[SM is glaring at WC and looks at narrator and looks shocked as he says “younger, better…”*

H & G: Oh…we understand.

SM: Now time for bed my pretties! You must be tired after your ordeal!

*[SM leads H+G by the ears to their room and obviously locks the door, and giggles to herself]*

G: We’re locked in! You can’t go and collect stones now. We’re screwed.  
H: Fear not, fair sister, the old bint hasn’t thwarted us yet. I’m sure to come up with another plan soon enough.

G: You’re very calm brother. Aren’t you bothered by someone having such a pathological hatred for you?

H: It’s you that she doesn’t like.

N: And so the kids went to sleep, awaiting possibly their last family outing and last day on earth.

*[Lights off] SCENE CHANGE*

In the morning they were both given a smaller loaf than the day before, and promptly pushed out of the house

*H+G are gathered from their room and thrown out of the house by the SM*

*Stage hands remove house stuff sequentially from stage left and then start becoming trees from stage right moving toward stage left, family are walking toward stage right*

SM: Come on you ruddy bloody lovely kids. I was thinking we should take an extra long outing to NeverNever Land theme park.

H: NeverNever land! Holy moly!

G: *[Aside to H]*…have you forgotten she’s trying to kill us?

H: What?

WC: Oh I love NeverNever land! I so didn’t realise that’s where you were planning on going wife, oh how you surprise me with your bipolar approach to parenting

SM: *(under breath)* Idiot. Yes! It’s going to be lovely

N: So, on they pressed, further and further into the dark mysterious forest, and further and further off trail from Never Never land. Having no stones this time, the quick witted Hansel crumbled his bread into little pieces in his pocket and left a trail, as only a subtle German child can.

H: Eins! Zwei! Drei!

SM: *[All stop]* What are you doing child?

H: Oh just indulging in the standard ‘marching while shouting numbers’ that all us Germans do. Right Gretel?

G: Oh ja! EINS ZWEI DREI…err…QUATRE CINQO KUUSI…err

SM: *[In a serious, normal tone of voice, trying to ‘hide’ it from the audience a bit]* Look, seriously guys, can you just decide where you characters are from so we can get on with this play? I think the audience are getting tired of this joke…

*[Attempt to prompt ‘Oh no we’re not’…If it doesn’t happen make a joke out of it!]*

N: The SM led them once again to clearing much deeper in the forest, where the kids we once again told to build up a fire…

SM: Right then kids, we’re gonna just go and cut some more wood. You stay here rest your weary legs, and munch on that delicious bread we gave you.

G: *(Forlornly)* Okay then SM  
H: Father? Are you going too?

*[SM coquettishly entices the WC]*

WC: Yes, son. I am afraid I am…

*WC and SM exit stage left*

N; The WC and the SM set off quickly for a night of… umm woodcutting in their shack. H & G shared their last morsel of bread then fell into a deep, deep slumber…*[bird of the forest swoops on with a CAW and starts collecting the bread crumbs, then looks at the narrator, who looks at the bird, then the bird shouts CAW! And runs off.]…*right…yeah, a deep slumber, and they didn’t wake until the moon was high in the sky.

*[Moon goes high in the sky]*

*[Gretyl wakes up and stands]*

G: Hansel wake up, wake up!

H: *(wakes slowly and stands)* Ah balls. We really need to stop falling asleep at inappropriate times.

G: What are we going to do?

H: Don’t fret sister. I left a trail of breadcrumbs for us to follow back to our house!

G: You clever little schnitzel! Let’s find that trail and make our way back home!

N: Unfortunately for H+G the breadcrumb trail had been devoured by the birds of the forest, and they had no way of finding the way home.

G: [*looking around for breadcrumbs, and in a scared voice]* Where are all the breadcrumbs Hans?

H: I’m not sure Gretel, but a sneaky suspicion tells me the birds of the forest may have devoured them. We are really lost, what are we gonna do?

N: *[as dramatically as possible]* The duo were completely lost, and the further they walked, the hungrier they got, and the further they walked, the further they got from home. They walked from dawn until dusk to no avail. With weary legs they passed into a deep slumber once again… *[H+G quickly get up, walk and fall asleep again as the moon and sun move through the sky]* Three mornings passed since they were last at home, and when they woke they had not a clue where they were, not a crumb to eat, and a growing sense of defeat, despair and destitution.

G: Alright, chill out mate. Laying it on a bit thick aren’t we?

N: *[Looks a little more cheerful]* Not everything was entirely glum however, as on the third day they came across a beautiful snow white bird (that looked a bit like a frog prince) who serenaded them with the most beautiful song ever written…

*[Beautiful bird comes out singing ‘I’ve got Hoes’, H+G join in, then stage hands, then all cast comes on stage and join in for about a minute. Then all other cast leave, and beautiful bird is just strumming the chords]*

H: Wow that’s the most beautiful song I ever did hear

G: Truly majestic

H: I’ve never heard anything quite like it in my life

G; Shall we follow it and see where it goes?

H: Maybe it will take us to NeverNeverland themepark?

G: *[Puts hand on Hansel’s shoulder]* Despite your earlier good ideas, mein bruder, I’m starting to think you are a bit of an idiot

*[Follow beautiful white bird winding around to stage right then back to stage left where they come across gingerbread cottage held by stage hands]*

N: And so through tree and hedge the duo stomped, following the birds dulcet tones, deeper and deeper into the mysterious forest. Suddenly, they came across a little cottage made entirely out of sweets! The walls made out of ginger bread and lollipops with liquorice pillars, the windows were pure sugar, and the door was some other sort of badly painted confectionary on some cardboard.

H & G: Wowzers!

G: Our dreams are answered Hans!

H: Yeah! Fill your boots schwester!

*H+G start devouring house*

N: They jumped on the building like a randy woodcutter on a voluptuous mahogany lady. Hansel tore a massive strip off the roof, while Gretyl ate a whole window.

G: Well, so much for being hungry, we struck gold! Are you okay?

H: *[bouncing up and down and shaking]* I think I am having the most intense sugar rush of my life.

Witches voice: Nibble, nibble, gnaw. Who is nibbling at my house?

H: Umm it’s the wind, the wind, the heaven born wind!

G: The wind? Yeah, nice one Hansel.

*[Hansel and Gretyl carry on eating the house]*

*[Wicked witch stumbles out of the door, banging her head on the way out]*

W: What the bloody hell is going on here? Are you eating my house?

H: *[With mouth full]* Er…the wind? The…wind?

W: Oh my dear sweet children, eat away! What terrible occurrences have brought you to my humble cottage? Please come in and rest yourself with me. I’m just a sweet old lady. Where are you two? *[gropes around for H+G, who dart out of way]*

H: Er…you look a little…witchy. Are you a witch?

W: A witch? Bless my bombaclaat no! I’m just one of those normal old ladies who lives on their own in a wood, in a house made out of sweets. Perfectly ordinary. And what’s up with your accents?

G: Don’t you start.

H: You’ve got red eyes and a pointy hat!

W: I just have conjunctivitis and an odd shaped head. Here, I can’t see too well, take my hands and we’ll go inside…

SCENE 4: INSIDE WITCHES COTTAGE

*Stage hands holding windows on stage sides, bed blankets and pillows prepared, table cage and chairs on stage right, oven being held up*

N: Despite Hansel’s reservations, our possibly German duo went into the house with lady, where she laid on a massive feast of milk, pancakes, nuts and apples. But unknown to the strangely accented pair, she really was a witch who liked to cook and eat children!

W: I’ll just go and get some cream to go with your pancakes, from TESCOs…

*[Boos]*

*[Witch leaves the room banging into a few things]*

H: Sister! I think our dear host is a witch! They notoriously have bad eye sight, and are the only beings on earth depraved enough to shop at Tesco!

G: Don’t be silly Hans, she’s just a friendly old lady who lives in a house that would give Jamie Oliver a heart attack. And what’s wrong with Tesco? Didn’t you know that it stands for Totally Ethical Stokes Croft Organisation?

H: What? Really? This whole time Tesco as been a LOCAL company! Oh schnitzel!

*[Witch re-enters and is buffeted by a drunk and narcoleptic dwarf that fall through the door]*

*[Panting and out of breath]*

Drunky: [*slurred]* Is he still chasing us?

Narcolepty: I think we lost him.

W: Who are you?

Na: My name is Narcolepty and my sozzled friend here is Drunky. We’re…*[falls asleep]*.

Dr: Oh schnitzel not again. We’re dwarfs. You got a problem with that pal? Ey? EY?

G: Aren’t dwarves normally a bit more…dwarfy? *[does hand signs for small]*

Dr: Calling me short are you? We’re big dwarves. Cripes there he is!

*[Drunky drags Narcolpety up and the dwarves run out of the room. They are then followed by someone dressed a Jimmy Saville, muttering ’now then, now then’ who chases them off stage]*

G: Did that really just happen?

W: You must be tired my prettys. Why not rest awhile in my clean soft beds?

G: Oh that would be lovely!

H: You won’t do anything to us while we’re asleep, will you?

W: Of course not my boy *[looks to audience and rubs hands/cackles]*

N: Hansel and Gretyl lay down in the comfortable, vertical beds, and though Hansel was still troubled by the witches appearance, they drifted off to sleep with full bellies and in soft beds for the first time in their lives. But they weren’t at peace for long…

W: *[Now in full witchy mode grabs Hansel out of bed]* AHAAA! Your suspicions were correct my young little bratwurst, I am an evil witch! And I’m going to lock you in a cage and fatten you up before I eat you! AHAAAA!!

H: OH SWEET HASSELHOFF NO!!! GRETEL HELP!

*[Witch drags Hans out of bed and toward the cage, while he keeps crying out ‘GRETEL!’]*

N: But the wicked witch had put tramadol into Gretel’s milk and she slept peacefully, despite Hansel’s wailings.

[*Hansel is dragged outside and put into a cage]*

H: Aaah…I bloody told her! And I’m the stupid one?

W: You stay in there and shut your noise, little boy, and once I’ve fattened you up a bit I’m going to eat you.

H: Oh holy schnitzel.

[*Witch walks back inside the house and shakes Gretyl violently awake]*

W: Get up, lazy thing, fetch some water, and cook something good for your brother, he is in the cage outside, and is to be made fat. When he is fat, I will eat him.

G: Oh no, Hansel was right! You really are a mean old witch with red eyes and poor eye sight.

W: Yep! Suckers! I’m going to eat you all, and then maybe start on some of these tasty morsels down here…*[lears down at kids]* YUM YUM YUM!! Where’s my mustard?

*[Witch exits stage left]*

N: Gretel cried for her brother that she did love so...[*looks at G*] I said Gretel CRIED for her brother *[Gretel breaks down and cries HAAANSSEELLL]*, thank you, and was forced to cook the finest meals to fatten him up, while all Gretel got dog food mixed with pot noodle.

G: *[To Hansel in cage]* Oh mein bruder, sometimes I think it would have been better if we had died together in that deep, mysterious wood, amongst the crabs; at least we would have been together! As soon as this witch has fattened you up she plans to eat you, and me also!

H: Don’t worry sis, I have a plan.

G: Another plan? Is it as good as the one with the bread?

*[Witch walks out to the cage]*

W: Scoot off you, and catch me some crabs…Now Hansel my boy, hold out your finger so I can feel you fattening up for my tea!

N: But clever Hansel, instead of holding up his finger, held up a skinny bone for the witch to feel.

W: Ach! You’re still so skinny! I’ll try again in a week. Girl! Bake me some pie!

[*Witch starts running back and forth and feeding him up, but Hansel keeps holding up the bone]*

N: But though the witch did feed Hansel loads of fatty goods, lager, curry and pies, all he did was hold out the bone and the witch was none the wiser to his porkiness.

W: Ach! I can’t wait any longer! Gretel, today I am going to eat your brother, whether he be fat or lean or covered in Bovril; I’m ‘avin him.

G: Oh no! I wish we had never followed that beautiful song!

W: Ahaa no one can resist the dulcet tones of Ludicrous. Now, let us bake!

G: What?

W: Yes bake! Nothing like a good baking to get you in the mood for eating children. That’s why you should always be wary of bakers. Now, I have already heated the oven and kneaded the dough, and I want you to climb inside and check the oven temperature for me.

G: There is surely an easier way to check the temperature than climbing inside??

N: Gretel smelled a rat; the witch wanted to lock her in the oven and eat her too! Roasted to death! [*Aside to actors off stage]* This story really is pretty dark isn’t it, are we sure this is alright for kids… *[looks to prompter/director who mumbles something]* yeah, sod em. But Gretel had a cunning plan...

G: Urm…yeah sorry, I don’t know how doors work. Never figured them out for myself.

W: Silly goose, you can’t use a door? Look, it’s just like this, then you put your head in like thi…waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!

*[Gretel shoves the witch into the oven and she screams HORRIBLY]*

*[Witches face appears in flames picture]*

N: *[Awkwardly trying to cover the bad acting/props]* Wow! Did you see that folks? Gretel just launched her into the over, and the witch was miserably burnt to DEATH.

*[Witch squeals aaaah it’s really hot!]*

*[Gretel races outside and frees Hansel]*

H: Sweet sister, you have saved me you wonderful bratwurst. What happened?

G: I pushed that old bint in the oven and she burned to death. Hahaha.

H: …okay. Fine. Remind me never to cross you.

G: Yeah! Now let’s trash her house! ANARCHY!!!

*[Hansel looks at Gretel funnily and they start looting the house, where they come across gems]*

H: Wow look at all these precious gems and pearls! Let’s rob em all!

G: Yeah!

N: Hansel and Gretel took part in some opportunistic looting, and let’s face it who can blame them? They were young, and were probably expressing the dissatisfaction with the job prospects in the dark mysterious forest, or something. Whatever the motivation, the mischievous duo filled their pockets with as many gems and pearls as they could fit.

G: Let’s get out of this horrible place Hans, I’ve had just about enough of all this.

H: It weren’t so bad. I just sat in a cage and ate food solidly for 4 weeks, but let’s go back and find the parents who so sweetly tried to kill us twice, and started this whole ordeal…

N: Off they traipsed, for hours and hours…

*[start walking and then freeze frame]*

**Meanwhile back in the cottage** sign

*SM sitting on chair drinking and drunk and ordering the WC around*

SM: Now rub my feet (does it for a bit), now boil me some water, and get me some bark! And be quick about it. Schnitzel I’m glad those stupid kids of your aren’t around anymore…now change my bedpan and clean my shoes…and give me a massage, and… and…

*WC is seen getting more a more agitated and eventually pulls out his axe, checks the sharpness and swings it toward SM. As he checks sharpess whole cast start going “ee ee ee eee” like in psycho*

SCENE 5: FINAL FOREST SCENE

N: Whoa. Now, back to our heroes who have come across a massive river…

G: Oh my, a massive river! I don’t remember this!

H: And no bridge or ferry either. But a white duck is swimming over there, maybe we should ask him?

G: Really? Ask a duck? Did you eat some bad gingerbread?

H: Come on, let’s sing our duck-river-crossing song.

Little duck, little duck, dost thou see,

Hansel and Gretel are waiting for thee.

There's never a plank, or bridge in sight,

take us across on thy back so white."

N: Wow, that was…just great. So the duck carried them across to the other side one at a time, because they were both pretty heavy. After they had been walking for a while, the forest started to look more familiar to them…

H+G: Hey, this forest looks a lot more familiar to me!

N: And so it was that they back in their neck of the mysterious wood. Their dozy father *[who is burying the body of the stepmother]* had not known one happy hour since their leaving, was ecstatic with happiness. Their evil stepmother had inexplicably disappeared, which obviously the WC knew nothing about it. And they all lived happily ever after on the precious things they had stolen from the witch, along with their good friend the power ranger…

*[Family dance around with the power ranger]*

And now, my tale is done, there runs a mouse, whosoever catches it, may make himself a big fur cap out of it.

I’VE GOT HOES REPRIEVE for whole cast…/WE’VE GOT SNOW