

HANSEL & GRETEL

By Michele L. Vacca

(Based on the Brothers Grimm fairy tale)

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CHARACTERS:

NARRATOR – a voice over role may be taped or performed live over a microphone

HANSEL

GRETEL

FATHER – a woodcutter

STEPMOTHER*

THE WITCH* – MISS HAGATHA GRUNDILLY SWEETBRIAR
Her broom, SHIBBOLETH** (SEE note**)

THE WITCH'S APPRENTICES –
RASPUTIN MACHIAVELLI VAMPIRO III
DIZZY WIERDEENA
Dizzy's pet broom, BOO-BOO** (SEE note**)

NOTE:* The stepmother and the witch roles were constructed so that they may be performed by the same actress.

NOTE:** BOO-BOO and SHIBBOLETH are not roles to be played by actors they are simply brooms with names.

HANSEL & GRETEL PRODUCTION NOTES:

COSTUMES:

Costuming this play is relatively simple and inexpensive. Even though the characters are supposed to be poor, bright colors should still be used – especially for the two children. The costumes should be simple, comfortable, and suggestive of the classic peasant style of clothing.

CHARACTERS:

HANSEL – a boy about twelve or thirteen. He is sturdy and brave, though at times a little greedy and too impulsive.

GRETEL – a girl about eleven or twelve, well behaved and sweet though at
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times rather bossy.

STEPMOTHER – a woman in her late twenties or early thirties. She is attractive, but also very hard and selfish.

HAGATHA GRUNDILLY SWEETBRIAR – a witch of indeterminate age.

FATHER – a man in his mid to late thirties or older. He is a gentle loving person, though not at all weak.

DIZZY – she is a very simple creature, not terribly bright, but basically kind hearted.

RASPUTIN – he is more intelligent than Dizzy, though he is not nearly as brilliant as he might hope to be. He, too, has a soft spot in his heart.

THE TWO BROOMS – Shibboleth and Boo-Boo can be specially constructed as props for the show, or commercial hearth brooms can be purchased and suitably decorated.

THE NARRATOR – can be taped or performed live over a microphone by one of the actors in the show.

SETTING:

Two basic settings are required for this play. For Act I – a forest area, a suggested cottage interior or exterior – either serves the purpose, and possibly a tree stump and/or a bench. For Act II – the exterior of the witch's candy house, an outdoor oven (large enough for the witch to fall into), some trees, a cage for Hansel, and whatever set decorations that may be desired.

SPECIAL NOTE:

The use of music, live or taped, greatly enhances the production of this play.

HANSEL & GRETEL

By Michele L. Vacca

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ACT I

(THE EDGE OF THE FOREST. A SMALL COTTAGE. MUSIC. AS THE NARRATOR SPEAKS, HANSEL AND GRETEL APPEAR. GRETEL SITS, HOLDING A BASKET OF MENDING. HANSEL CARRIES AN ARMFUL OF FIREWOOD, WHICH HE DROPS NEXT TO THE COTTAGE.)

NARRATOR: Once upon a time, not too long ago, there was a small cottage nestled quietly between tall trees on the edge of a huge dark forest. Two children, named Hansel and Gretel, lived in the cottage with their father, a woodcutter, and their stepmother. The family was very poor, but the woodcutter was a kindhearted, generous man, and he did the best he could to make his wife and children happy. But there was never enough food in the little house. Hansel and Gretel were always hungry. They tried not to complain, because they loved their father, and did not wish to make him unhappy. Their stepmother, however, complained all the time. Whenever the father went into the town to sell his wood, she forced Hansel and Gretel to work very hard all day long. The children did not really mind doing some of the work, but sometimes – sometimes they did wish they could be like other children, and just go outside and play . . .

(AS THE NARRATOR FINISHES SPEAKING, HANSEL SNEAKS UP BEHIND GRETEL. SHE IS ABSORBED IN HER SEWING AND DOES NOT SEE HIM. HE CREEPS UP BEHIND HER, AND SUDDENLY PUTS HIS HANDS OVER HER EYES.)

HANSEL: Boo!

GRETEL: (SCREAMS) Ohh! Oh, ouch! Oh, Hansel, you made me

prick my finger!

HANSEL: Did I scare you, Gretel? Did I? Did I? Did I?

GRETEL: Well, yes, a little.

HANSEL: A little? That's all? Uh – Gretel, I'm – uh – sorry about your finger.

GRETEL: Oh, that's all right. Hansel, you'd better finish your work.

HANSEL: I don't like to work all the time.

GRETEL: Shh! Stepmother will be back any moment.

HANSEL: I know. I know.

GRETEL: She said we must finish our work, or we won't have any supper.

HANSEL: There's no food anyway.

GRETEL: We have bread, Hansel.

HANSEL: Old dry bread. I'm tired of it. I'm hungry.

GRETEL: So am I. (SHE SIGHS)

HANSEL: (LEAPS UP SUDDENLY) I know! I'll find some food for us!

GRETEL: How?

HANSEL: You'll see. (PICKS UP A PIECE OF FIRE WOOD)

GRETEL: Hansel, what are you doing? Hansel, put down that log.

Hansel! Where are you going?

HANSEL: (CALMLY) I'm going into the forest.

GRETEL: No!

HANSEL: And find us some food.

GRETEL: You can't go into the forest alone!

HANSEL: I can too!

GRETEL: Father told you never to go into the forest alone. You know that.

HANSEL: (BRAVELY) Good-bye, Gretel.

GRETEL: (TEARFULLY) Hansel, please don't go! Hansel! What about the witch? What about the witch in the forest?

HANSEL: That's just an old story.

GRETEL: How do you know? She might catch you and bake you into gingerbread. (BURSTS INTO TEARS) And I don't want a gingerbread brother!

HANSEL: Oh, Gretel, don't cry. Come on, stop it.

GRETEL: (WITH A SNIFFLE) If you stay here.

HANSEL: (BRAGGING A LITTLE) Oh, if I met any old witch with straggly hair, and beady little eyes, and a big hooked nose, like this – (LEERS AT HER) and if she said anything to me – like – (SPEAKING IN A WITCH-LIKE VOICE) – “come here, little boy. Would you like some candy?”

GRETEL: (SHIVERS) Oh, Hansel, stop!
HANSEL: You know what I'd do? Guess? Guess!
GRETEL: No! I don't want to,
HANSEL: I'd say – no! I don't want any candy, you ugly old witch!
And then I'd chase her with my stick like this – (LIFTS HIS STICK THREATENINGLY, AND STARTS TO CHASE GRETEL) Bleah! Come here, witch!
GRETEL: (RUNS, LAUGHING, SCREAMING) Hansel! Stop! Help!
HANSEL: (GROWLING) Grrrrrr! Come here, you old witch! I'm going to break your nose!
GRETEL: (LAUGHING) I can't run any more, I'm laughing too hard.
HANSEL: (BRANDISHING HIS STICK) Do you surrender, witch?
GRETEL: (LAUGHING)
HANSEL: Well? Do you?
GRETEL: (PLAYING ALONG WITH HIM – ANSWERS IN A WITCH-LIKE VOICE) Yes, dearie, I surrender. I'll never bake gingerbread again. I promise.
HANSEL: (PUTS DOWN HIS STICK) There. You see? It's easy to conquer a witch.
GRETEL: But the witch in the forest has magic powers.
HANSEL: Phoohy!
GRETEL: She could turn you into a stone – or into a cookie – or –
HANSEL: Hmmmm, that would be nice.
GRETEL: And then she'd eat you up!
HANSEL: Well, that wouldn't be so nice.
GRETEL: They say she has hundreds and hundreds of jewels and gold pieces hidden in the forest. No one knows where they're hidden.
HANSEL: I wish I had some of them.
GRETEL: Oh, me too. Why must father be so poor?
HANSEL: We weren't always so poor. Father wasn't always a woodcutter, either. I'm older than you, and I remember when father used to have lots of gold pieces. I remember the food we used to have, too – and puddings, and different kinds of fruit, and milk, and cheeses, and –
GRETEL: Oh, Hansel, stop! You're making me even hungrier.
HANSEL: Me, too.

(THEY SIT GLOOMILY FOR A MOMENT)

GRETEL: Hansel? What happened to all of father's gold pieces?
HANSEL: Can't you guess?
GRETEL: Tell me.
HANSEL: (LOOKING AROUND CAUTIOUSLY) Stepmother spent all of them.
GRETEL: All of them?
HANSEL: Down to the last copper piece.
GRETEL: Oh! Poor father.
HANSEL: Poor us.
GRETEL: Oh, Hansel, wouldn't it be wonderful if – if father came home from the town tonight with lots of gold in his pockets!
HANSEL: I guess it would be wonderful enough – but you can't eat gold, you know.
GRETEL: (LAUGHING) Oh, Hansel, can't you think of anything besides food?
HANSEL: What else should I think of?
GRETEL: Let's imagine what it would be like if we did have lots of gold.
HANSEL: We'd have lots of different kinds of food to eat!
GRETEL: And beautiful clothes to wear! Red satin! White lace! Velvet!
HANSEL: And jewels! Don't forget the jewels! Rubies and emeralds . . .
GRETEL: And diamonds, and –
HANSEL: And pearls!
GRETEL: Think of the parties we could have!
HANSEL: With all the food – cake and ice cream and peanut butter –
GRETEL: And the friends we could invite!
HANSEL: And the dancing! And the peanut butter!
GRETEL: And singing!
HANSEL: And peanut butter!
GRETEL: (LAUGHS)
HANSEL: My lady Gretel, would you care to dance?
GRETEL: (CURTSEYS TO HIM) If you like, Sir Hansel.

(THEY JOIN HANDS AND WHIRL EACH OTHER AROUND UNTIL BOTH OF THEM ARE SO DIZZY THEY FALL DOWN. THEY LAUGH HAPPILY. AT THAT MOMENT THEIR STEPMOTHER APPEARS FROM THE FOREST, CARRYING A BASKET ON HER ARM.)

HANSEL: Uh-oh.
GRETEL: Stepmother!
STEPMOTHER: So! This is how you do your work!
GRETEL: We were working.
HANSEL: We were. Yes, we were.
STEP: Wait until I tell your father how you obey me the minute he goes into town.
HANSEL: We have to play sometimes.
STEP: Nonsense! Do I ever play? I work my fingers to the bone trying to pick strawberries for our supper. And this is the thanks I get!
HANSEL: Don't tell father.
GRETEL: Please don't.
STEP: I don't know why I shouldn't. He thinks you're both so sweet and wonderful. It would certainly open his eyes if I told him you are both lazy and careless, shiftless, and selfish . . .
HANSEL: No, we're not!
GRETEL: Please don't tell father. It would make him so unhappy.
STEP: Well, perhaps I won't tell him if the two of you try to make up for your disobedience.
HANSEL: What do you want us to do?
STEP: Just a small thing. Take this basket and go into the forest and fill it with strawberries. I didn't have time to find very many myself.
GRETEL: Into the forest?
STEP: Of course. What's the matter with you?
GRETEL: Father never allows us to go into the forest alone.
STEP: Your father spoils you too much.
HANSEL: He does not!
GRETEL: Hansel! Shh!
STEP: All right. You don't have to go if you don't want to.
HANSEL: Good.
GRETEL: Hansel!
STEP: But if you don't go, you won't have any supper because there will be nothing to eat. And your precious father won't have any supper either.
GRETEL: Poor father.
HANSEL: Come on, Gretel. We'll go.
STEP: Good riddance – I mean – good-bye.
GRETEL: Could we have some bread to take with us, stepmother?

STEP: Bread? Greedy – that’s what you are!
HANSEL: We haven’t eaten anything all day.
GRETEL: Please.
STEP: Oh, all right. There. (SHE HANDS THEM TWO CRUSTS OF BREAD) Two crusts. Now go! Go! Go! And don’t come back until the basket is full.

(HANSEL AND GRETEL START OFF INTO THE FOREST, SLOWLY. STEPMOTHER MUTTERS TO HERSELF.)

STEP: What did I ever do to deserve such a lot? A husband who loses his money, and two lazy, greedy children. (SHE GOES OFF)

GRETEL: Hansel, I’m afraid.
HANSEL: Don’t be silly, Gretel. It’s all right.
GRETEL: But father always says we shouldn’t go into the forest. We might be lost.
HANSEL: No, we won’t. I have a plan. Let me have your bread, Gretel.
GRETEL: My bread? What for?
HANSEL: I’m going to drop crumbs of bread along the path, so we can find our way home. Don’t you think that’s a good idea?
GRETEL: I suppose so, Hansel. Of course, we won’t have any bread to eat.
HANSEL: We’ll have strawberries.
GRETEL: Well, yes, that’s true. Here’s my bread.
HANSEL: Come on, Gretel. Let’s go. I love strawberries!
GRETEL: Me, too. Oh, me too!

(HANSEL AND GRETEL GO OFF INTO THE FOREST. AS THEY GO, THE TWO WITCH APPRENTICES, DIZZY AND RASPUTIN, APPEAR.)

DIZZY: (POINTING IN THE DIRECTION HANSEL AND GRETEL TOOK.) Pssst! Look at them! Rasputin!
RASPUTIN: I can see them perfectly well.
DIZZY: Let’s follow them. Come on, Boo-Boo! (GIGGLES)
RASPUTIN: But of course. Follow me.
DIZZY: Why do I always have to follow you? Why can’t I be the leader?

RASPUTIN: Because very simply I do not wish to be led by one whose intelligence is so remarkably less than my own.

DIZZY: Huh?

RASPUTIN: I lead because I'm smarter.

DIZZY: Oh. (GIGGLES)

RASPUTIN: We must begone.

DIZZY: (GIGGLES) We'd better leave, too.

RASPUTIN: (TO HIMSELF) Oh, brother. (TO DIZZY) We must also inform her.

DIZZY: (GIGGLES) You mean tell the witch?

RASPUTIN: Who else?

DIZZY: What are we going to tell her? What? What?

RASPUTIN: That two little children are lost in the deep, dark forest.

DIZZY: They are?

RASPUTIN: They will be.

DIZZY: (GIGGLES) That's right. They will be.

(THEY START OFF, RASPUTIN IN THE LEAD. THEN HE STOPS SUDDENLY, AND DIZZY BUMPS INTO HIM.)

RASPUTIN: You must watch where you are going.

DIZZY: Boo-Boo did it.

RASPUTIN: Why did you have to bring that stupid broom along?

DIZZY: Boo-Boo goes where I go.

RASPUTIN: Utterly and completely ridiculous.

DIZZY: Besides, why did you stop? Huh? Huh?

RASPUTIN: Aha! Look!

DIZZY: Where?

RASPUTIN: There.

DIZZY: So?

RASPUTIN: So. Bread crumbs, correct?

DIZZY: Oh. (GIGGLES.) Bread crumbs.

RASPUTIN: Well, pick them up.

DIZZY: What for?

RASPUTIN: You are completely and utterly without intelligence.

DIZZY: Huh?

RASPUTIN: In other words, you're dumb.

DIZZY: (GIGGLES.) I am not.

RASPUTIN: We shall pick up the crumbs so those two children won't be able to find their way home.

DIZZY: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!

RASPUTIN: Now you comprehend?
DIZZY: (GIGGLES.) Sure. I get it.
RASPUTIN: I doubt it. Come along.
DIZZY: (GIGGLES.) Come on, Boo-Boo!

(THE TWO APPRENTICES GO OUT, PICKING UP THE BREAD CRUMBS AS THEY GO. AS THEY GO, THE FATHER APPEARS ON HIS WAY HOME FROM TOWN. HE WHISTLES, AND SEEMS VERY HAPPY. THE STEPMOTHER APPEARS AT THE SAME TIME. SHE STANDS NEXT TO THE HOUSE, HER ARMS FOLDED, WITH A FROWN ON HER FACE.)

FATHER: (CALLS OUT.) Wife! Wife! (TO HIMSELF.) What a beautiful evening this is. (SEES HER.) Come, come, wife, stop frowning.
STEP: What is there for you to be so happy about? We're poor, and we have no food.
FATHER: Perhaps we won't be poor much longer. I've sold a great amount of wood today. There is a possibility that some of the merchants in town will help me so I can start to earn my fortune back.
STEP: How much gold did you make today?
FATHER: About twenty pieces.
STEP: Let me see them.
FATHER: Well, I don't have them all at the moment, wife.
STEP: Why not?
FATHER: I met my friend, Peter, on the road, and, as you know, he's been having trouble with his farm . . .
STEP: And you gave him your money!
FATHER: Not all of it.
STEP: How much is left?
FATHER: This. (HE PUTS A FEW OF THE GOLD PIECES IN HER HAND)
STEP: You'll never earn your fortune back. We're all starving, and you give your money away.
FATHER: Peter has helped us in the past. I was glad to be able to help him.
STEP: Even if your wife and children starve? Oh, when I think of all you promised me when I married you! I haven't had a decent meal or a new dress, or even a handkerchief for months!

FATHER: None of us has had anything new, wife.
STEP: I don't care. You promised me jewels and velvets.
Servants. A big house. A big house, indeed!
FATHER: You had all those things. We won't be poor much longer,
wife. And you'll have them again.
STEP: When? When I'm a hundred years old?
FATHER: As soon as possible.
STEP: Well, that's not soon enough. In the meantime we have
only a handful of gold pieces, and your two lazy children
eat us out of house and home.
FATHER: Where are the children? I don't hear them. Where are
they?

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END OF FIRST OF E-MAIL SEGMENT

– (Continued action of play to
end of Act One) –

**SECOND E-MAIL SEGMENT STARTS AT
“TOP” OF ACT TWO ON NEXT “PAGE.”**

ACT II

(MUSIC. THE NEXT DAY. THE WITCH'S GINGERBREAD COTTAGE IS SEEN. IT IS COVERED BY ALL TYPES OF CANDY AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT. THERE ARE LOLLIPOP TREES AND GIANT CANDY CANES SCATTERED ABOUT. THE LIGHTS FLICKER AND FLASH, AND STRANGE LAUGHTER, AND SCREAMS ARE HEARD FROM BACK STAGE. SUDDENLY THE NOISES STOP. THE MUSIC IS MORE PLEASANT, AND THE LIGHTS SUGGEST A BRIGHT SUNNY DAY. DIZZY RUSHES ON STAGE, CARRYING BOO-BOO. SHE IS PLAYING TAG. RASPUTIN WALKS SLOWLY IN BEHIND HER, EVIDENTLY NOT INTERESTED IN PLAYING TAG AT ALL.)

- DIZZY: (AS SHE RUNS IN) Rasputin, you're it! You're it!
- RASPUTIN: Ridiculous. Utterly ridiculous.
- DIZZY: Can't catch me! Can't catch me!
- RASPUTIN: Ridiculous.
- DIZZY: Then Boo-Boo's it! (GIGGLES) Come on, Boo-Boo. Try to catch me!
- RASPUTIN: Utterly and completely ridiculous.
- DIZZY: (BOO-BOO CANNOT RUN BY HIMSELF, SO NATURALLY HE IS NOW LYING ON THE GROUND) Boo-Boo, what's the matter with you?
- RASPUTIN: It appears that Boo-Boo does not care to cooperate with your nonsense.
- DIZZY: (VERY UPSET) Boo-Boo, sweetie, what's wrong? Come on, you can tell me. It's all right. If you don't want to play, you don't have to – but don't just – just lie there like a – like a – like a – –
- RASPUTIN: Like a broom, for example?
- DIZZY: Shhhhhh! Rasputin! You know Boo-Boo doesn't like to be called a broom!
- RASPUTIN: Whysoever why not? Boo-Boo is a broom. Ergo, Boo-Boo must face the realities of Boo-Boo's existence. As a contribution to Boo-Boo's psychological development, we must call Boo-Boo a broom.
- DIZZY: Huh? I never know what he's talking about. (GIGGLES)
- RASPUTIN: Cease babbling, plebian! Hark! The acquisitive harpy

approaches, accompanied by the splintered wonder.

DIZZY: What? (GIGGLES)

RASPUTIN: Somebody's coming.

DIZZY: But who? Who? Who?

RASPUTIN: Who else? Our great leader, our ideal, our professor, the paragon, the lord of life!

DIZZY: I don't get it!

RASPUTIN: She's coming.

DIZZY: She?

RASPUTIN: The boss.

DIZZY: Who?

RASPUTIN: The witch, stupid.

DIZZY: Ohhhhh! (GIGGLES)

RASPUTIN: Prostrate yourself in homage.

DIZZY: Huh?

RASPUTIN: Fall down!

DIZZY: Oh. Come on, Boo-Boo!

(DIZZY AND RASPUTIN THROW THEMSELVES ON THE GROUND. HAGATHA ENTERS, ACCOMPANIED BY HER BROOM, SHIBBOLETH. THE SOUND OF WILD, SCREAMING LAUGHTER IS HEARD. HAGATHA IS DRESSED IN BLACK, AND WEARS A POINTED HAT. SHE ALSO HAS AN ENORMOUS HOOKED NOSE, WHICH MAKES HER EXCESSIVELY UGLY.)

HAGATHA: (SHE ENTERS, PAUSING TO "TAKE" STAGE, LAUGHS MORE QUIETLY) Heh-heh-heh . . . (SEES AUDIENCE) Heh-heh-heh. Well, well, well. Look at all the sweet little children. Aren't they precious! Heh-heh-heh. Hello, dearies. Hello, hello, hello. Heh-heh-heh. Would you like some candy, little girl? How about you, little boy? Heh-heh. Yes? No? Would anyone like to have some gingerbread? Heh-heh. (TO A CHILD) I have some lovely pickled crow feathers. Want a bite? Heh-heh. (TO ANOTHER CHILD) The toadstools are delicious, too. Want to try one? No? You? What about you? Heh-heh-heh. Well, I'll see all of you later, dearies. Come Shibboleth. It's time for us to be running along. (SHE CROSSES TO DIZZY AND RASPUTIN, WHO ARE STILL PROSTRATED IN HOMAGE) Aha! My

little family. How nice. Why are you wasting time wallowing on the ground? Answer me!

RASPUTIN: We wanted to greet you with the proper respect, Madame.

HAGATHA: (PACIFIED) Oh? Well, then, go ahead.

DIZZY AND RASPUTIN: (WHILE DIZZY AND RASPUTIN GO THROUGH CHEERLEADER MOTIONS) Bibbity-Bam, Bibbity-Boo, We are fine, and how are you? (THEY LAUGH, DELIGHTED WITH THEIR CLEVERNESS)

HAGATHA: (SHOUTS) Are you finished???

DIZZY AND RASPUTIN: Yes, oh, leader.

HAGATHA: Then get up! We have more important things to do.

DIZZY AND RASPUTIN: Oh, good! I can hardly wait! What? What? What?

HAGATHA: (PARADING ABOUT LIKE A FASHION MODEL) Ahem! Do you – ah – notice anything? Hmm?

DIZZY: Huh? (GIGGLES)

RASPUTIN: That visage!

DIZZY: Huh?

RASPUTIN: Her face:

DIZZY: Oh! Look at that big nose! (GIGGLES)

RASPUTIN: Miss, Hagatha, it's amazing!

DIZZY: Look at the wart on that big nose!

RASPUTIN! You look beautiful!

HAGATHA: Why thank you, dear.

RASPUTIN: What an imagination!

HAGATHA: Do you really like it?

RASPUTIN: It's fantastical! So creative. It's really you.

DIZZY: (GIGGLES) Right!

HAGATHA: Why, thank, you, dears. It's just a little something I put together to go haunting in last night. I caused a lot of nightmares, let me tell you! Heh-heh-heh!

DIZZY AND RASPUTIN: (APPLAUSE, CHEERS) Bravo! Hurray! Bravo:

HAGATHA: Thank you, my dears, thank you. Let's not over – do it. Rasputin!

RASPUTIN: Yes, Madame.

HAGATHA: Now what about those two adorable little children in the forest?

DIZZY: They're still asleep. (GIGGLES)

HAGATHA: Good, good. Now, I want you two to go wake them up, and bring them here. But don't let them see you. Just lure them here. We don't want them to suspect anything until

—
DIZZY AND RASPUTIN: Until????

HAGATHA: Until it's too late! Heh-heh-heh.

DIZZY AND RASPUTIN: (LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE)

HAGATHA: Now! Go!

RASPUTIN: Excellent.

DIZZY: Oh, good! Come on, Boo-Boo! (THEY GO OFF)

HAGATHA: (ALONE) Heh-heh-heh. (CROSSES TO CANDY TREES) Prepare yourselves, my pretties, we have some sweet little children on the way. Come, Shibbleth, my dear broom, we have some work to do before our little guests arrive. (GOES TO HER WORKTABLE, WHICH IS COVERED WITH A MESS OF BOTTLES AND JARS, AND A BOOK OF SPELLS) Now, let's see. The face. I have to change my face. Heh-heh-heh. I don't want to frighten them too much. At least not right away. (LOOKS THROUGH HER BOOK) Hmmmm. (SHE GIGGLES, SHOWS BOOK TO SHIBBOLETH) What about this one? Lovely, isn't it? I thought you liked pointed teeth. Oh, you're right. They might frighten the children too much. That's true. Heh-heh. A pity. I adore frightening children. (LOOKS THROUGH BOOK AGAIN) What about this face? (SHOWS IT TO SHIBBOLETH) You like it? I hate it. It looks almost human. That's probably why I hate it. But – you're right! It's perfect! The silly little children will think I'm just a sweet little old lady. Heh-heh-heh . . . Very clever dear. That's the one.

(DIZZY AND RASPUTIN RUSH BACK ON STAGE BOTH
SPEAKING AT ONCE)

— END OF TOTAL E-MAIL “SAMPLE” —

There are 43 pages in the complete *ON STAGE!*
HANSEL & GRETEL.