

HANSEL AND GRETEL

By Chris Lane

www.pantoscripts.me.uk

DIRECTED FOR

BY

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THE SMALL PRINT

Thanks for your interest in this script. If you have any questions at all about technical issues, cast numbers, alternate versions with or without a dame, please e-mail me at ca.lane@me.com or via my website. www.pantoscripts.me.uk

If you like the script but it doesn't work for your stage or cast, then let me know and I will gladly tailor it to your needs at no extra cost. Seriously – I just did one for 7 people, 6 of whom were restricted to sitting down. Anything is possible!

As soon as you have decided that you love this script I'll send you a normal Word version. You can then make your own adaptations to the local audience (and whatever is in the news at the time) **in the marked grey areas only** - the rest has been proved to work in successful performances (and any necessary changes already made) so just trust the script and don't try to 'improve' it. You CAN cut out some scenes, songs or dances if you need to save time. Once you have made the selections & adaptations then you can print as many as you want at no extra cost. You ARE allowed to print small sections of it, e.g. just bits that the chorus need, but these must still have a title and © Chris Lane on it somewhere.

If you have any questions at all at any time during production (such as "How do Snow White's dwarfs juggle the sausages?") **I will be very delighted to answer them; I have directed all of these pantos and can help you With just about anything!**

Happy reading! Chris Lane

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Frequently Asked Questions:

QUESTION: Can we alter the script?

ANSWER: Certain bits only. It is designed to be adapted to make the local jokes work (there are specially highlighted grey bits with hints). Please do add "*Adapted for *** Drama Club by Fred Jones*" or whoever did this. Also adapt it if you have to change the sex of a character (ideally not during the performances, but accidents do happen) but you cannot take chunks out of it and use it in "your own" work: small legal thing called 'copyright'. Someone will 'dob' on you - they always do. And you cannot rewrite bits of it; though you may think it hilarious it may not be - and it will have my name on it!

QUESTION: Are there any other petty demands?

ANSWER: Yes: I need to know where and when performances would take place, which club would be performing them, and to what size audiences. In part this also alerts me if you are putting on the same show as another club nearby.

QUESTION: Is that all?

ANSWER: Almost - but you must put my name on all posters and programs and all copies of the script must have this somewhere: © Chris Lane Aug-18

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August, 18

CHRIS LANE 2018

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I live in Auckland with my wife, Norma (Head of Operations, St John Ambulance, New Zealand) and family.

As well as writing scripts, film screenplays and bestselling books I direct for the stage and actively supports new writers in many genres.

From 1953 to 2013 I lived in England, with over 30 of those years spent in teaching, until I worked out why I woke up screaming.

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HANSEL AND GRETEL

BY Chris Lane

originally performed by Axminster Drama Club 2002. Updated August 18

ACT ONE

SCENE 1: FRONT OF TABS

Front of magnificent Hotel Western (Cloth or Flats)

Tripod camera stands to the side.

CAMERAMAN: Shake a leg you guys! This is only an ad for some hotel in the middle of Germany! It aint Gone With The Wind! (*All appear and form lines*)

CLAPPERBOY: Western Hotel - TAKE ONE!

CAMERAMAN: Right! Lights! Music! Action!

CHORUS NUMBER: (*Possibly:Go West -Village People*)

CAMERAMAN: That's a wrap! Strike the scenery! (*Cloth/cutout removed*) Get your costumes back to wardrobe! (*All exit except for HERR INMEIZOOP & GRETAH*) TABS open.

SCENE 2: THE HOTEL

Lobby of a very run-down German hotel.

Stage left: reception desk with secret panels in front.

Main door into hotel DR (no actual door needed). UPSTAGE: stairs up to 'first floor' (rostra across rear of stage OR steps going offstage) At rear: boiler-room door. Kitchen door UL.

Someone is sat in the lobby reading a paper.

Herr Inmeizoop: (*grey-haired German with accent*) Sssplediden! Das iss just der zing zat vill bring inn ze tooooritz! Soon ze name of der Hotel Vesten will be ont zer lips off peoples all over ze vorrrrrld!

Gretah Chewitt: (*orange mop of hair, red cheeks & glasses, bright clothes. Very dim*) Ooh, Herr Inmeizoop - I think I liked the old name better.

Herr Inmeizoop: Nonsense, Gretah! Nobody can remember the old name: Hotel Vestenpantzen-socksen! Hotel Vesten is much snappier!

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh, Herr Inmiezoop, I hope so! The last tourist we had here was.... Oooh ... It must have been that nice old gentleman from Sniffencoffen!

Herr Inmeizoop: Zat scoundrel! He nefer paid hisss bill!

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh, well - he **was** dead.

Herr Inmeizoop: Zat is no excuse!

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh.. But it **was** your fault.

Herr Inmeizoop: **MY FAULT!** Mein goot voman - it vas not I who killed him - it vas you! Vit your terrible **cooking!**

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh, Herr Inmeizoop - how can you say that? You put him in the **East Wing!** You know very well he died of fright. It was **the ghost!**

Herr Inmeizoop: Be quiet, voman! (*Looks around*) You know what walls have!

Gretah Chewitt: Ooh - yah! Ice cream!

Herr Inmeizoop: Not Valls ice cream! Valls haf EARS! Now listen to me! Ze East Ving iss not haunted! Zer are no ghosts in zis hotel! (*To aud*) You goot people! You can see! Is there a ghost in zis hotel?!

(The ghost puts down newspaper, gets out of chair, wanders around a bit and exits)

Oh no zer isn't! (*etc*) Pah! I vill not haf zis talk! Zer iss no ghost! Now - (*lights dim*) iffen you had said zat there vass a terrible, vicked, ugly vitch who liffed in ze forest!

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh.. a witch!?

Herr Inmeizoop: Yah - a vitch mit ze long nose - unt ze green skin - who lives in ze darkest depths of ze forest - and who catches little children - and turns zem into gingerbread !

(Flash & thunder; lights back up)

Nein - ve shall not talk of zeze thinks - zis talk iss vot sent all ze tourists away in ze first place! Say no more! You remember what walls have!

Gretah Chewitt: Ooh - yah! I do! Sausages!

Herr Inmeizoop: Not Valls sausages! Valls haf EARS! Now get back to your kitchen, you saggenbaggen-mitder-grossenrumpfenbotzen!

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh! I don't think I have never been so insulted!

Herr Inmeizoop: Ha! You should get out more! So - vy are you sstill sstadnink here viz zat face like der back of der tram?

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh - don't know really. Ooh yes! I have **two** messages for you.

Herr Inmeizoop: Vell?

Gretah Chewitt: First - the sewer is blocked, so none of the toilets can be used. OK then? *(Turns to go)*

Herr Inmeizoop: Vait! Vot is der SECONT vun?!

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh? Second one what?

Herr Inmeizoop: Der secont MESSAGE, you stroodlekopf!

Gretah Chewitt: Ooh arr ... ooh - I know! Second - there is no heating in any of the rooms - because there is a gas leak - and the hotel could explode at any moment.

Herr Inmeizoop: Pah! I know zat! You told me about ze gas last veek!

Gretah Chewitt: Ooh - did I?

Herr Inmeizoop: Yah – unt I haff it under **total** control!

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh! Have you?

Herr Inmeizoop: Yes. I haf put ze advertisement in ze vindow of ze post office - it says 'Vanted! Somevun who knows about gas leaks!'

Lady Aigz: *(appears at top of stairs)* Herr Inmeizoop! Herr Inmeizoop!!

Herr Inmeizoop: Ach no! Lady Aigs – our only resident guest! *(Turns to her)* Vot is it, my dear Lady Aigz?!

Lady Aigz: It is my poor cat - Mr Snookums! He is not in his basket and it is nearly time for his manicure! I insist that you find him!

Herr Inmeizoop: My good Lady Aigz - ve haf not seen Mr 'Snookums'!

Lady Aigz: I shall be VERY cross if I find that you have put him in the freezer again!

Herr Inmeizoop: Ve haf not seen your fluffy little pink pussycat ... not since yesterday ven ze armoured police brought him home!

Lady Aigz: Very well - but if you see the poor little creature do tell him his mumsy-wumsy is looking for him! *(exits)*

Lotta Bottle: *(enters excitedly DR)* Herr Inmeizoop! Herr Inmeizoop!

Herr Inmeizoop: Vat is it Lotta? Haf you found a boyfriend at last?

Lotta Bottle: No, Herr Inmeizoop.

Herr Inmeizoop: I tell you - you should try ze blind school! Give zeir dog a biscuit and you will haf a friend for life!

Lotta Bottle: Her Inmeizoop – you are always taking my leg and pulling the mickey! No - it is your grandchildren! Hansel and Gretel!

Herr Inmeizoop: *(happy & excited)* Vat - zey are here at last?!

Lotta Bottle: Yes - I have just seen them walking up the track! As bold as daylight and in broad brass!

Herr Inmeizoop: Quick! Quick! Get zem in off ze track before they are seen by the vi...

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh! By the witch?!

Lotta Bottle: A witch?! Don't tell me YOU believe that! It's a load of old tale and nothing but an old wife's cobblers! *(exits to get children)*

Herr Inmeizoop: Nein - nein - *laughs* - of course not.

Lotta Bottle: *(Lotta + H & G enter with small bags)*

Herr Inmeizoop: Come in children! Come in! Velcome back to the Hotel Vestenpantzensocksen!
(Hugs)

Hansel: Thank you, grandfather.

Gretal: It's lovely to see you again, grandfather!

Herr Inmeizoop: You remember our cook, Fraulein Chewitt.

Hansel: Of course. How are you, Fraulein Chewitt?

Gretah Chewitt: Ooh - oy don't know!

Herr Inmeizoop: Unt ze chambermaid, Lotta Bottle?

Gretal: Hello Lotta. How are you putting up with these two?

Lotta Bottle: Drive me round the planks – they're both as daft as two short bends! Did you have a nice journey?

Herr Inmeizoop: Pah - talk of these things later! Let us get you into your room!

Hansel: And then can we go and play with the other children in the village?

Sudden silence and funny looks.

Herr Inmeizoop: *(trying to be jolly again)* Ve shall see! Lotta - vich rrrroom shall ve put zem in?

Lotta Bottle: There's only one guest - Lady Aigz - in the West Wing.

Gretal: Does she still have that awful pink cat?

Lotta Bottle: Mr Snookems? I'm afraid she does.

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh ... the East Wing is empty!

Herr Inmeizoop: Are you totally mad, voman?! You cannot put zem in zer mit der gho... der gho ...
gho ... *(looks around)*

Gretah Chewitt: Ooh. The goldfish in the bed?

Herr Inmeizoop: No! You know! The gho - gho -

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh. The go-faster-stripes on the toilet?

Herr Inmeizoop: No! Shhh! You children can come upstairs and sleep int ze *North Ving!* Off you go!

Gretah and children exit up stairs

Hans 1: *(enters DR with Hans 2 & Hans 3)* Excuse me - my jolly landlord!

Herr Inmeizoop: Vot?

Hans 1: You put this advertisement in post-office window I believe? *(reads card)* Lonely hearts:
One-eyed goblin vith wooden leg vishes to meet similar, vith view to marriage?

Hans 2: *(snatches it back)* No - this one.

Hans 1: Embarrassing itching - cured by acupuncture - in the comfort of your own home, by former British Darts Champion?

Hans 3: *(snatches it back)* Not that one!

Hans 1: *(next one: bright red & tassles)* Naughty Nanny Natasha offers ... *(tries to snatch it back but Herr I. takes it and puts it in pocket)*

Hans 3: You wanted expert gas engineers!

Herr Inmeizoop: Yah!

Hans 1: Well - we are your men! We are the Twitzen Twins.

Lotta Bottle: Twins?

Hans 2: I know - identical!

Hans 3: Nobody can tell us apart!

Hans 1: I am Hans Twitzen, and this is Hans, and this is - Hans. *(they bow)*

Lotta Bottle: Hans, Hans and Hans. Your mother was a simple woman, was she?

Hans 2: It was our father who brought us up.

Hans 3: Sadly - we never knew our mother.

Hans 1: That's true: she left before we were born.

Lotta Bottle: How sad.

Herr Inmeizoop: But now - you men must find ze leaking gas pipe unt mend it!

Hans 1: Certainly sir! Where is this gas leak?

Herr Inmeizoop: If I knew zat, vy would I haf to pay YOU?! Unt also - der sewer is now blocked as vell - if you will unbung it vile you are here? Come - Lotta - let us prepare lunch! *(they exit to kitchen UL)*

Hans 1: *(pompous)* Don't you worry, Sir - rely on the Twitzen Twins! To work! Let us look around for the gas leak.

Hans 3: *(not too bright)* And the blocked sewer!

Hans 2: *(very enthusiastic)* We shall use our noses!

Hans 3: There's a man-hole over 'ere! It's got them **things** on it!

Hans 1: What things would that be, Hans?

Hans 3: You know - **them** things.

Hans 2: He's right. Its got **them things** on it.

Hans 1: So it has. It's those what-do-you-call-ems.

Hans 3: Words?

Hans 1: That's it! Words! Stand aside. I shall read out the letters for you!

Hans 2: Showin' off yer educations again, Hans!

Hans 1: S - E - W - E - R *(much thinking)*

Hans 3: GAS!!

Hans 1: Well done! Just waiting to see which of you got it first!

Hans 2: Let's open 'er up and have a look!

They lift the hatch and stick their heads down. They come up looking really ill.

Hans 3: What sort of gas do they have up here?

Hans 2: I dunno - but I wouldn't want to cook on it.

Hans 1: I don't think this IS the gas. I think someone unable to read has put the wrong label on it and that - in fact - in my opinion - this is the SEWER!

Check it out with another close inspection. Come up looking shaken

Hans 2: I think you're right!

Hans 3: These people - *(shakes head)* they don't have enough roughage.

Hans 1: Well, brother Hans (2)! Down you go then! Find that blockage!

Hans 2: Great! Right you are! *(Gets snorkel out of bag/pocket, puts it on, grabs a child's beach-spade and slithers down into sewer. Splashing sound)*

Hans 1: Hans?! Are you alright?!

Hans 2: *(echoing voice)* A bit dark down here. *(Big splash - up into their faces)*

Hans 3: Are you still alive Hans?

Hans 2: Never better, Hans! *(Sound of echoing splashing and topical singing.)*
They replace cover and look about.

Hans 3: What was the other thing?

Hans 1: Gas leak! Come on! Let's follow our noses again.

Lady Aigz: *(Enters on landing)* Mr Snookems! Coochie coo! Mr Snookems? I say! You men! Have you seen Mr Snookems?

Hans 2: What?

Lady Aigz: (*tersely*) I said - **have you seen Mr Snookums?!**

Hans 1: Mr Snookums? (*To brother*) Hans - have you seen anyone?

Hans 3: No. I haven't seen anyone at all! (*Louder*) What does he look like?

Lady Aigz: You can't mistake him: he is pale pink.

Hans 1: Well that's not much to go on. We're all pale pink, are we not, my good woman! Hans - even you're pale pink!

Hans 3: I am?

Hans 1: The bits you wash - aren't they pale pink?

Hans 3: Can't properly remember - been so long now.

Hans 1: Give us another clue - what was he wearing?

Lady Aigz: Wearing? Why - nothing of course!

Hans 3: Nothing?! Ooh!

Lady Aigz: Nothing except a small, diamond covered chain around his neck.

Hans 1: Have you seen anyone round here like that, Hans? Pale pink and wearing nothing but a small chain round his neck.

Hans 3: Hmmm there's Old Dan in the village of course - he likes that sort of thing - airing his differences as it were. But he don't have no chain round his neck; though I did hear last Halloween he tied a pumpkin to the end of his ..

Lady Aigz: Bah!! You are both perfect examples of rampant lunacy!!

Hans 1: Why, thank you kindly, Madam. (*bows*)

Hans 3: Very nice of you to say so. Come on, Hans. Let's look for the gas leak in here. (*exit into Boiler Room*).

Lady Aigz: (*To audience*) I say - you 'peasant folk'. Have you seen a pink cat anywhere? Don't mumble - speak up for goodness sake. **Have you seen my cat?!** What? No? Oh drat. Where **can** he be? I don't know why I stay in this place! I do have my own property, you know. A lovely little cottage in the country.

Phil de'Pottie: (*enters rapidly DR carrying cases*) Quick! **Customers!** I've found some **customers!**

Lady Aigz: My dear Mr Whatever-you're-called, do I look like somebody who cares?

Phil de'Pottie: They just arrived at the station! They were asking for the Hotel Happy Rest so I said I'd show them the way!

Lady Aigz: This certainly is **NOT** the Hotel 'Happy Rest'! Far from it!

Phil de'Pottie: Well - I didn't exactly say that it **WAS** the Hotel Happy Rest ... but Uncle does need some more customers!

Herr Inmeizoop: (*appears UL followed by Lotta. H & G also appear*) Cuzzztomers!! My dear nephew - where did you find cuzztomers?! Vere are they?!

Phil de'Pottie: Look - they think this is a **different hotel!** They'll never find out - and it won't do any harm!

Herr Inmeizoop: A different hotel? But vich hotel do they think...?

Phil de'Pottie: Shh! Here they are!

Trifle Family ENTER and look around confusedly. Mr., Mrs., & Cherie (20's)

Mr Trifle: (*very English: very prim & bossy*) Oh, I say! What a rush!

Mrs Trifle: That hill **was** rather steep! Someone should do something about that! For goodness sake, just remember to breathe, George. George!

Mr Trifle: Yes dear?

Mrs Trifle: Breathe, George!

Mr Trifle: Right dear; breathing dear.

Mrs Trifle: And - George.

Mr Trifle: Yes dear?

Mrs Trifle: Don't trail your new coat in the *dirt* in here.

Mr Trifle: Sorry dear. New coat being picked up, dear.

Mrs Trifle: (*Looks around*) I say! It's not like in the brochure!

Cherie Trifle: (*To Phil; she is very 'Public School'*) Golly! I don't know about you folks, but I really don't think that name outside is German for 'HAPPY REST'!

Phil de'Pottie: (*to Cherie*) You speak German?

Cherie Trifle: Mmm. A little.

Phil de'Pottie: How clever of you.

Lotta Bottle: I speak German too!

Phil de'Pottie: But you ARE German, Lotta.

Lotta Bottle: Hmm. (*Glares at Cherie*)

Herr Inmeizoop: Welcome dear people! Velcomen to the Hotel Hotel .. er ... Vot vas it?

Phil de'Pottie: (*stage whisper*) Happy Rest!

Herr Inmeizoop: Vot?

Phil de'Pottie: Doh! (*Starts to act out name behind their backs - smiles happily*)

Herr Inmeizoop: (*trying hard to guess*) Hotel False Teeth!

Mr Trifle: Hotel False Teeth?!

Herr Inmeizoop: No? Err - Hotel Loony? Hotel Completely Bonkers! No? Cheerful? Happy? Yes!! Yes!! Welcome to the Hotel Happy er

Mrs Trifle: Don't you know the name of your own hotel?

Herr Inmeizoop: Of course - it is the Hotel Happy ... Happy ...

Phil de'Pottie: (*crouches as if sitting and points behind him*)

Herr Inmeizoop: Right! Of course! Velcomen to the Hotel Happy Bottom!

Mr Trifle: Hotel Happy Bottom?!

Phil de'Pottie: No! (*Crouches lower and smiles, as if resting*)

Herr Inmeizoop: Ah! The Hotel Happy Visit To The Toilet!!

Mrs Trifle: George, I don't think I want to stay at a Hotel called the 'Hotel Happy Visit To The Toilet'. I mean - what would we put on the postcards?

Lotta Bottle: Welcome to the Hotel HAPPY REST!

Herr Inmeizoop: Yah! Velcome!

Mrs Trifle: George - where is your Mother?

Mr Trifle: Oh lor - I thought she was with us!

Lotta Bottle: Is this her?

Granny Trifle: (*enters dancing and scattering petals*) Ah - the Black Forest of Germany! Wild flowers, bubbling mountain streams, gateau, cuckoo clocks, - what romance! What freedom! Are you the manager? Do you have a cuckoo clock? I was promised you would have a cuckoo clock!

Herr Inmeizoop: Er - not vun cockoo clock!

Granny Trifle: Then how can you tell the time? This is disgraceful! How can this be the Black Forest if there is no cuckoo clock? It's like being in Italy and not having spaghetti! Or France and not having frogs' legs! Or Belgium and not having a ... what do they have in Belgium?... never mind - the point is this! I insist on a cuckoo clock. It must *cook* on the quarter hours and *oo* on the half hours and *cuckoo* on the full hours. Am I quite clear? CUCKOO! Don't you love that sound? CUCKOO! CUCKOO! (*Exits dancing up stairs, cuckooing and laughing*)

Mrs Trifle: She's HIS mother!

Mr Trifle: Perhaps I was adopted.

Mrs Trifle: Don't be silly, George. Who'd want you?

Herr Inmeizoop: Well - now zat ve are all here, let me introduce you - this is Lady Aigz - one of our valued residents! Lotta Bottle - our chambermaid. And you have met my nephew from France, Phil de'Pottie.

Cherie Trifle: Phil de'Pottie? I suppose you're the CHAMBER BOY?

Phil de'Pottie: Ah – one of your famous English jokes! I don't get it.

Mrs Trifle: Is this a QUIET hotel? We really want somewhere quiet. You see - *(takes them aside)* Mr Trifle suffers from his nerves.

Herr Inmeizoop: Hizz nerfs?

Mrs Trifle: Yes ... he needs total peace and calm! *(confidentially)* He's on medication!

Herr Inmeizoop: Vas is dis 'metrication'?

Mrs Trifle: Look - you've seen his mother. On his side of the family, she's the **normal one**. *(Louder)* Anyway - it seems quiet enough here.

Phil de'Pottie: I can assure you this place is so quiet you won't be disturbed by anything!

Hans 2: *(rises from sewer and blows water out of snorkel)*

Mr Trifle: Aargh!

Mrs Trifle: What in the name of Heaven is THAT?!

Hans 2: *(goes back down)*

Herr Inmeizoop: That is just Hans!

Hans 1: *(enters from boiler room)* I've found the gas leak.

Herr Inmeizoop: Well done, Hans!

Mr Trifle: Hans? But ? *(stares at sewer in confusion)*

Hans 3: *(appears from boiler room)* Good news!

Herr Inmeizoop: Vot iss zat, Hans?

Mr Trifle: Hans??!! Ooooo.....

Hans 3: You're lucky this place hasn't been blown clear off the mountain! Ha-Ha!

Mr Trifle: OooooOOooooOOOO *(starts to twitch)*

Mrs Trifle: Have one of your tablets, George. *(Pops it into his mouth & he calms)*

Mr Trifle: Tablet taken dear.

Hans 1: Hans - are you still down there?

Hans 2: Yes! I am still down here in the sewer!

Hans 1: Have you found out why none of the toilets will work?

Mr Trifle: None of the toilets work?! OooooOOooooo *(receives another tablet)*

Hans 2: Yes – I think I've found the blockage!

Hans 1: So why are you still down there?

Hans 2: *(pops up eating sandwich)* I've been having my lunch! *(All cringe)*

Hans 1: That is awful! While we are up here **working** ...!

Hans 2: Hang on!

Hans 1: What?

Hans 2: I've dropped my pickled onion. *(Bends down into hole to pick it up)* Here it is! *(All cringe again - but more)* *(Hans licks pickled onion)* *(All cringe again - but even more)* No - that's not it. *(Gasps of horror from all)* *(Picks up new object)* This is it! *(Goes to eat it)*

Hans 3: Hans! How could you?! Are you not civilised?!!

Hans 2: *(stops, thinks, looks at onion)* You're right, Hans. What am I thinking of. You have it! *(Pops it into Hans' mouth.) Much screaming, fainting, tablets, etc.*

Hans 1: Now, you finish up in there, then come and help mend this gas leak! And give me your torch - it's dark in there!

Hans 2: I do not have my torch *(proud grin)* but I have these matches!!

Hans 3: Perfect! (*Hans 1 & 3 go back into boiler room rattling matches*)

Mrs Trifle: You said this was a QUIET hotel!

Herr Inmeizoop: And so it iz - my good lady! Ah – can this be MORE guests?

Bandleader*: (*enters DR wearing coat over uniform*) Hello - have you got a family room for a couple of nights?

Herr Inmeizoop: Yes - yes - we haf a LOVELY family room!

Bandleader: Brill! Come in guys! (*Others enter - all with coats over uniforms/ instruments*) I can't tell you how relieved we are! Aren't we chaps! (*they agree*) We must have tried a dozen hotels round here but **not one** said they had room for us!

Lady Aigz: You have an awfully large family!

Bandleader: Well - we're not just an ordinary family.

Lotta Bottle: Then what are you?

Bandleader: We are the Von (*local name*) Family Equal Opportunity Marching Band/Singers

Cherie Trifle: Equal Opportunity?

Bandleader: Indeed - and proud of it! Everyone is treated the same - no matter who you are!

Show them, lads! (*Take off coats to show that they are ALL wearing vivid majorettes skirts, even the boys & men.*)

Loud and appalling music and even worse marching, with very dangerous baton twirling.

GrannyTrifle appears and joins in with loud cuckoo noises & marching.

Herr Inmeizoop: Shtoppen! Shtoppen!

Granny Trifle: Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Herr Inmeizoop: Sshhtop!!

Granny Trifle: CUCKOOooooooo ooo oo.

Bandleader: Hang on - wait for Klaus to do his twirl! You'll like this! Klaus throws the largest baton in the world!

Klaus has gigantic gold & red baton. Dramatic twirl then up into the air. Terrible crash; dust & plaster rains onto them. All look up, no baton . The trifles attempt to leave but are blocked.

Herr Inmeizoop: So - mein guests! I can guarantee it vill be VERY quiet from now on! Allow me to proudly velcome you all to

Hans 2: Look! (*Pops out of sewer*) I've found the blockage! **It's a cat!!** (*holds up very bedraggled cat*)

Lady Aigz: *Terrible blood-curdling scream. Mr Snookums!!!!*

Mr Trifle: Aaargh!!! what?!

Lady Aigz: What have you people done to him?! (*goes to take him but recoils at smell*) Here - you - give me that! (*Takes new coat from arm of Mr Trifle*)

Mr Trifle: My new coat!

Lady Aigz: Poor Snooky-wookums! (*Wraps cat in coat*)

Mr Trifle: My new coat!!

Herr Inmeizoop: Goot - a happy ending!! So - mein guests! Velcome to

PYRO. Explosion. Boiler Room doorflies off and falls flat. Smoke from doorway.Hans 3 appears. Face is black, clothes blown to shreds. Hair is on end. He staggers aside. Hans 1 appears wearing only the remains of trousers legs about his ankles, large burnt pants and top half of a burnt string vest. He is also rather black.

Herr Inmeizoop: Velcome to the Hotel ..

Phil de'Pottie / Lotta Bottle: Happy Rest!

* This could as easily be The Von Trapp Family Singers if you have many children, though with a local name rather than Trapp of course.

The band strikes up a rousing march.

Mrs Trifle: *Grabs bottle of tablets and empties them down her throat while using other hand to stop Mr Trifle running away. BLACKOUT. ALL EXIT*

SCENE 3

same set: LOBBY AT MIDNIGHT

Dramatic, evil music. *Slowly, one by one, ugly goblins appear from holes in the reception desk, down the stairs, etc etc With crouched and evil movements they hiss and cackle and giggle until they are all gathered wickedly in one ghastly green light centre stage.*

Goblin 1: The weather's been nice again.

Goblin 2: Very nice.

Goblin 3: You're right, can't complain about the weather.

Goblin 4: Bringing the flowers on lovely it is.

Goblin 5: Forecast is good for the rest of the week too!

Goblin 6: That's nice.

Goblin 7: Nice for people on holiday. I always think.

ALL: Yes.....

Unseen the witch appears – a very evil, menacing character.

Goblin 1: Going anywhere for your holiday this year?

Goblin 2: Not really. Staying at home. Do a bit of decorating.

Goblin 3: That's nice.

Goblin 4: I've just done my sitting room - Misty Pink the colour is.

Goblin 5: I like that. Or magnolia.

Goblin 6: You can't beat magnolia.

Goblin 7: Peach is nice, too. My spare room is peach.

ALL: Lovely.

During all this the witch has (unseen) crept up right behind them.

Witch: *(rising dramatically. Lightning & thunder) HAAAAA!!!! (The goblins throw themselves to the ground at her feet and grovel)* You are supposed to be GOBLINS!! You are supposed to be demons from the darkest depths of the underworld sent to the surface to torment mankind!! And what are you doing?! TALKING ABOUT ... **DECORATING!!!**

Goblin 1: Forgive us, oh mistress of foul smells!

Goblin 2: Do not be angry with us, oh really rather ugly one!

Witch: It is bad enough that I have to hide here **in disguise** - in this foul hotel - away from my beloved gingerbread house in the forest - but I have the most useless helpers in the history of wickedness! For badness sake - do something nasty!

Goblin 7: Certainly oh stinking one! Your breath is like the rear of a camel and your armpits like the scrapings from the bottom of a fishpond!

Witch: Flatterer! *Giggles* Anyway - you are lucky that tonight I am in a good mood. *(Sneers)* Tonight is a special night!

Goblin 3: *(to GOBLIN 4)* It's not tonight you're on *(name of TV show)*?

Goblin 4: No - that's next week.

Goblin 5: Are you excited?

Goblin 4: Mmm - a bit!

Goblin 6: Did you meet *(name of presenter)*

Goblin 4: Yeah, he's / she's not as tall/fat/hairy as on the telly.

Goblin 7: No?

Goblin 4: No.....he / she

Witch: Be silent! Can't you smell them?

Goblin 5: Don't apologise: probably something you ate.

Witch: What? No! CHILDREN!! (*Flash & crash*)

Goblin 6: Children?! Where?!

Witch: In this very building! And I am going to **catch them** - turn them into **GINGERBREAD** and **EAT THEM!!** HAHAAHAHAH!!! (*starts to search*)

Goblin 1: What about down **there**, (*to audience*) oh wicked one?

Goblin 2: I think I can see some **children** down there.

Witch: Yes - I think there may be one or two

Goblin 3: You wait until the matinee!

OR You should have been here this afternoon

OR One or two hundred!

Menacing advance on audience.

Cherie Trifle: (*offstage*) Yes – I can hear it too! I'll go and see if anyone is downstairs!

Witch: Quick! Hide! (*witch behind desk, goblins onto stage extension R or off*)

Cherie Trifle: Nobody here! I'll get you a drink myself! (*Comes down stairs*) Now - where is the kitchen? (*Exit into kitchen*) Hellooo?

Gretel: (*offstage*) Hansel! Wait for me!

Hansel: (*enters at top of stairs*) Come on, Gretel. I'm hungry!

Gretel: (*enters at top of stairs*) But Grandfather told us to stay in our room until daylight!

Hansel: I've got some chocolate in my bag. (*Finds bag on chair*) Let's have a look.

Gretel: Anything?

Hansel: Just the wrapper. Someone has eaten it! *Burp from Goblin 1.* And I'm still hungry.

Witch: There are wild strawberries growing in the forest.

Hansel: How do you know that?

Gretel: What?

Hansel: That there are wild strawberries in the forest.

Gretel: Are there?

Hansel: Girls! Let's see if there's anything left in here.

While they look in the bag the witch tries to creep up behind them but retreats when a floorboard creaks or if there is shouting!

Gretel: What was that? Did you hear something?

Hansel: This place is full of noises.

Repeat action.

Gretel: Hansel! I heard it again!

Hansel: Hang on - I think there are toffees in the side pocket!

Repeat action.

This time Witch is about to grab them when Hansel finds the toffees. With a cry of delight he throws the bag over his shoulder and hits the witch, who shrieks.

Hansel: I heard it that time!

They slowly turn and the witch circles to stay behind them. She rises to grab them but Cherie appears from the kitchen with a glass of water. Witch dives off into wings.

Cherie Trifle: Oh hello there! Just getting a little drinky for mumsy!

Phil de'Pottie: (*on stairs*) What is all the noise down here? Oh - it's you!

Cherie Trifle: Just getting a drink for mumsy!

Phil de'Pottie: Ah!

Gretel: Come on Hansel - let's have a look in the kitchen.

Hansel: Goodnight!

Phil de’Pottie: Bonne soir! (*H & G exit UL*)

Cherie Trifle: So - you work here do you?

Phil de’Pottie: Just for the Summer - then back home - to Paris.

Cherie Trifle: Paris! Golly-gosh! How jolly romantic!

Phil de’Pottie: And you - where are you from? London?

Cherie Trifle: Almost – LOCAL TOWN.

Phil de’Pottie: Is that near London?

Cherie Trifle: Pretty close actually! (*To audience if it’s not close*) Shhhh!

Phil de’Pottie: Is LOCAL TOWN the home of romance and love?

Cherie Trifle: Oh - well - sort of. Actually it’s the home of SOMETHING SUITABLEY BORING

Witch: (*to audience*) Bah! I can’t stand listening to any more of this drive! I’ll scare them away!

(*Creeps up to the couple and tries to scare them but they just look into each others eyes.*)

OK - that’s it - into gingerbread for you two!

Granny Trifle: (*appears in nightgown & cap*) Cuckoo!! Cuckoo!! Midnight! Cuckoo!

Witch curses and hides again.

Cherie Trifle: Granny - get back to bed! Stop that noise!

Granny Trifle: I can’t! It’s midnight, dear! Nine more to go! Cuckoo! Etc

Lotta Bottle: (*enters DL*) Is there a bird in here? Oh - I can see two LOVEbirds! (*Walks up to Philip*)

So –THIS is what goes on under my back, the minute I turn my nose!

Cherie Trifle: I’m sorry - this is my fault. I must take mother her drink. Come on, Gran.

Granny Trifle: Now I’ve lost count - I shall just have to start again. Cuckoo etc. (*exits*)

Phil de’Pottie: I wasn’t doing anything!

Lotta Bottle: I’ll find out what’s been going on here – I’ll get to the nose of this – and in the meantime you keep your bottom clean! (*They exit*)

Hansel & Gretel reappear from kitchen.

Gretel: Nothing! Now what?

Hansel: Wild strawberries. There are some growing not far off!

Gretel: What - in the dark forest?

Hansel: Don’t be a sissy - it’s a full moon tonight. It won’t be dark!

Gretel: Well - I am hungry.

Hansel: And we’ll pick enough for Grandfather’s breakfast! He’ll be so surprised!

Gretel: I’m still not sure.

Hansel: (*to audience*) What do you think? Shall Gretel and I go into the dark, evil forest all alone tonight to pick strawberries? What? Shall we go?

Gretel: What did they say?

Hansel: Didn’t you hear? They were shouting - GO! GO! Thanks! See you!

They exit. The witch cackles evilly then follows them off.

Herr Inmeizoop: (*enters at top of stairs*) All zis shouting! So much noise! (*to audience*) Please! Not wiz the shouting so much! You vill wake ze Trifles! Now - I am looking for Hansel and Gretel - zey are not in zeir room. (*to aud*) Are zey down here? Are zey in the kitchen? So vere ARE zey zen? Vere? VERE?? ZE FOREST?! (*look of horror*) No - not ZE FOREST! Ach! Gottensihimmel! ZE FOREST!! (*runs out of door*) HANSEL!! GRETEL!!

BLACKOUT

If time is needed add: GOBLIN SONG, possibly: Blue Moon

SCENE 4: THE DARK FOREST

FRONT CLOTH/GAUZE On stage: large, black rock; witch is next to it, curled in ball, facing away from audience - very still!

Hansel: *(Enters DR.)* I'm sure this is the way. *(He takes a stone from his pocket and places it carefully on the ground.)*

Gretel: I see what you're doing!

Hansel: What then?

Gretel: You're leaving a trail of stones so we can find our way back!

Hansel: Clever, eh?

Gretel: But how will you know which stones are which? There are loads of stones all over the place!

Hansel: Look - these are all **white** stones - I picked them up outside the hotel.

Gretel: You are just too clever.

Hansel: You said it! Look! Over here! Strawberries!

They run level with the witch and start to pick and eat strawberries.

Gretel: Delicious!

Hansel: Mmmmm!

Gretel: Can we go back now? It's a bit cold out here.

Hansel: Just a few more.

The witch slowly rises behind them and turns to loom over them.

Gretel: Urgh – this ones mouldy! *(throws over shoulder into witch's face)*

Hansel: They're all a bit manky! *(same)* Let's look over there! *(They exit SL)*

Herr Inmeizoop: *(offstage)* Hansel! HANSEL!! *(enters SR. Witch curls up again)* They haf come zis vay - zere are more of ze vite stones from ze hotel. He is a smart boy zis Hansel - but ven I find him I will take my slipper to his bumbenbotzen!

Phil de'Pottie: *(enters DR)* Her Inmeizoop!

Herr Inmeizoop: Philip! What ...?

Phil de'Pottie: I saw you leave the hotel - in your nightclothes! Something's wrong!

Herr Inmeizoop: Ze children! Hansel und Gretel - are out here somevhere!

Phil de'Pottie: In the forest!

Herr Inmeizoop: Ya!

Phil de'Pottie: Oh no!

Herr Inmeizoop: The stones go zis vay! Quickly! *(They exit DL)*

Witch: Drat and double drat! These meddlers will – ooo!*(curls up again)*

Cherie Trifle: *(enters DR)* I know I saw that rather nice boy - Phillip - run out into the forest! There must be a bit of a problem! Oh my - I hope it isn't serious! Golly gosh!

Phil de'Pottie: *(reappears, listening)* What does that mean – 'Golly gosh'? How very English!

Cherie Trifle: Thanks! And you're French, are you? You don't SOUND French.

Phil de'Pottie: My dad is – *zat is why I haf ze French name* - Phillippe Francois Louis de'Pottie.

Cherie Trifle: So - you're called Phil de'Pottie. *Giggles*

Phil de'Pottie: Yes – what's funny about that?

Cherie Trifle: You're not related to the rap singer - M.T. de'Pottie? *Giggles*

Phil de'Pottie: I don't think so. Why are you still giggling at my name?

Cherie Trifle: I think it's a lovely name.

Phil de'Pottie: I think Cherie Trifle is a lovely name. *(they could sing here?)* But - we can't stay here: I'm following my uncle! Come on! This way!

Cherie Trifle: An adventure! How jolly! *(Both exit SL)*

Witch: This place is getting so busy that -

Lotta Bottle: (*enters SR*) I saw that girl running after **my Phillip!** That girl is under her mind if she thinks she's going to steal him from out of my nose! Oooh! (*exits SL*)

Witch: I don't believe these people! Whose forest do they think this is?! Oh no!

Granny Trifle: Toowit-toowoo! (*enters DR*) Toowit-toowoo! Toowit-toowoo! Whooooo!
Whooooo! Where are you, my beloved feathered friends of the night?! Speak to me!
Toowit-toowoo! Toowit-toowoo!! Nothing! Silence! Why do my little friends of the starry sky not talk to me? I must sit, alone - in the moonlight - and be sad. (*She sits on real rock.*)
OOOOh – that's bloomin' cold! (*Sits on witch.*) That's much better! Towoo – towooo!

Witch: Owoooo!

Granny Trifle: Toowoo-toowoo!

Witch: Owoooo!

Granny Trifle: At last! They speak to me! Toowoo! Toowoo!

Witch: Owoooo!

Granny Trifle: (*excited*) Again! Speak little owlies! Toowoo-toowoo!

Witch: Owoooo!

Granny Trifle: Oh – If only I could understand what you are trying to say to me! If only you could talk to me! I beg you - speak to me NOW!

Mrs Trifle: (*standing DR*) What on Earth are you doing here in the forest?!

Granny Trifle: Yes! That's it - little birdies - I can understand you! Speak to me! Speak to me!!

Mrs Trifle: Why are you out here in the cold?

Granny Trifle: Birdies - I am out here to find you! Oh joy - oh rapture - at last to speak to my little, feathered friends! Talk on, oh beaky ones – reveal to me some great and wonderful and magical secret of nature!

Mrs Trifle: You'll get piles if you sit on cold rocks!

Granny Trifle: Oh! Is that it? Never mind! Speak on, my little twittering cousins! What else?

Mrs Trifle: You get back to hotel at once - you dopey old bat!

Granny Trifle: Well - that's not very polite for a little birdy!

Mrs Trifle: When you've got a sore bottom in the morning, don't say I didn't warn you!

Granny Trifle: Very well - but I shall never forget this magic moment. Farewell little birdies - farewell!!! (*exits DL*)

Mrs Trifle: Oh no – now where has she gone? Come back, you silly old coot! (*exits DL*)

Witch: That's it. My bones aren't up to this. (*To audience*) Look - I'm going back to the hotel for a bath. I'm too tired for all this - if you want to boo that's fine (*Exits DR*)

Hansel & Gretel enter DL

Gretel: Here's another stone! Soon be back now!

Hansel: And look at all these strawberries! Grandfather will be so pleased!

Herr Inmeizoop: (*enters DL*) Oh no he von't! Vat are you doink out here? I haf looked eferывere!

Hansel: But look at these strawberries!

Herr Inmeizoop: Don't you know zat in zis forest lives a vicked, ugly, spiteful old..

Mrs Trifle: (*enters DL*) My word - is everyone out here?

Gretel: What were you saying, Grandfather?

Herr Inmeizoop: (*looks nervously at Mrs T*) Nothing, children. These voods are perfectly safe!

Phil de'Pottie: (*enters DL*) There they are!

Cherie Trifle: (*enters DL*) I say – is this a party game?

Lotta Bottle: (*enters DL*) Here you all are! And WHAT is going on?!

Mrs Trifle: I don't know about you - but I find these woods rather CREEPY!
(*All look round nervously*)

Herr Inmeizoop: (*not really convinced*) Nonsense! Zere is nothing here to be

Terrible evil laughter. All flee off stage in panic

Granny Trifle: *(enter DL laughing madly) Oh I say - I seem to have sat on an ants' nest! (Terrible screams and laughing. Exits SR) BLACKOUT*

Or you could have the GOBLIN SONG here

SCENE 5: THE HOTEL DINING ROOM

There is an open window UL. A table with a large cloth runs across the DR edge of the stage, touching the flat/arch. A low bench or box is DL, with an old cloth over it.

There is a stepladder, rolls of odd wallpaper and on the table buckets of paste/water. There is a compressor near the bench and rolls of tubing. One roll of paper has already been applied, very badly, to the wall, DL. There is the clear shape of a cat pasted beneath it.

Hans 3 is busy up the ladder, fixing the sagging, creased top of the wallpaper with a staple gun.

Hans 2 is mixing paste in a bucket on table so audience can see it is real.

Hans 3: There - finished!

Hans 2: Hans - you are a perfectionist! *(Takes bucket of paste across and places at bottom of ladder)*

Hans 3: I like to think so. Right - next roll! *(Jumps down ladder but puts feet either side of bucket)*

Hans 2: Look at the lovely colours on this roll! Don't you think it will look wonderful!

Hans 1: *(enters DR carrying more paper)* Right then you two! Let's show we can do a good job and get this finished today! *(Looks at the hanging paper)* Is it straight at the top?

Hans 2: Let me see! *(Runs up ladder)* Yeah - perfect! *(Jumps down & again misses bucket)*

Hans 1: Hmm - I'm not so sure. Stand aside - let **ME** have a look! *(Climbs ladder, adjusts paper, jumps down - one foot in bucket)*

Hans 3: Oooh - Hans: you shouldn't have done that!

Hans 2: No - Hans; I don't think I'd have done that.

Hans 1: *(slowly removes foot and lets paste drip off)* Aah - I meant to do that. Just to test it. Yes - perfect - well-mixed, you two!

Hans 2: We've mixed plenty of paste! *(gets bucket 2 - just water)*

Hans 3: Right - next roll!

He tries to paste roll of paper but it keeps rolling up. Three attempts.

Hans 2: Let me try! *(Repeat)*

Hans 1: No-no-no! You two! Look, let me show you! All you have to do is get someone to hold it down!

He stretches across table, lying flat to hold both ends. The other Hanses start to paste (only water) at his finger tips, work up his arms and meet at his face. He stands and wipes paste off.

Hans 3: Oooh - Hans: you shouldn't have done that!

Hans 2: No - Hans; I don't think I'd have done that.

Hans 1: Stand aside! *(He goes to hold one end of the roll. Hans 2 pastes and slaps brush up into Hans 1's face.)* No! *(Changes ends)* Let HANS do the pasting! *(Repeat, other way round)*

Hand 3 & 2 cower as he wipes face. He gets two paste brushes, dunks them slowly wipes them up the others from chest to forehead

Hans 1: Now get on with it!

Hans 3: Do you think there is enough paste on the paper now, Hans?

Hans 2: I think so, Hans.

Hans 3 picks up paper, carries in front of him toward ladder, lays paper on steps of ladder and walks up it, wrecking it. At the top he is surprised to see only a tiny piece left in his hand.

Hans 3: Did you measure this properly, Hans? I think it might be a bit short.

Mrs Trifle: *(enters DR)* Come along, George. You must have something to eat before your next tablet.

Mr Trifle: But I'm not really very hungry, dear.

Mrs Trifle: Nonsense. I have ordered you a large bowl of very thin, vegetable soup. Now sit here. *(He sits)* Oh - I say. What IS going on in here?

Hans 1: Don't you mind us, madam. I assure you we will be as quiet as little mices!

Lotta Bottle: *(enters DL)* Here is your soup, Sir.

Mr Trifle: Thank you. *(The soup is placed before him, next to a paste bucket)*

Lotta Bottle: Is the soup all right, sir?

Mr Trifle: Lovely – thank you. Are these locally grown vegetables?

Lotta Bottle: Yes, sir – one of every sort goes into it! The cook puts in a carrot and an onion and a potato! But the special flavour comes from her having a leek in the pot! Will there be anything else?

Mrs Trifle: I will have a full, **English** breakfast please! *(Lotta exits DL)* Do you think she knows what that means, George - I don't want any of that flakey bread and hot chocolate nonsense! I'd better go and make sure. *(exits after Lotta)*

While they are away, Hans 2 dips his paste brush in the soup, & looks down at his mistake in horror! Mr Trifle is reading paper and does not see.

Hans 2: What's the matter, Hans?

Hans 3: The soup - I put the glue brush in the SOUP!

They look in horror as Mr T spoons up his soup. This horror grows, as Mr T is unable to remove the spoon from his mouth.*

Hans 1: What's going on?

Hans 2: Hans put wallpaper glue in the soup - now he's stuck!

Hans 1: Let me deal with this. *(He holds spoon and tries to pull it out. He puts one hand to Mr T's forehead and tries again; then he puts a foot on his chest. No luck. Hans 3 goes round the back and holds Mr T's ears, Hans 2 pulls on the waist of Hans 1. No luck.)*

Hans 1: Look out! *(Mrs T returns DL. Quickly they put a dustsheet over Mr T's head.)*

Mrs Trifle: Hello? Where has Mr Trifle gone?

Hans 1: He just left! Something about .. er ..

Hans 2: His pants were on fire!

Hans 1: What? That's right - his pants had caught fire! Smoke everywhere!

Mrs Trifle: His pants were on fire! My word!! *(she exits rapidly DR)*

Lotta Bottle: *(enters DL)* Here we are - full English breakfast! *(exits)*

Hans 1: Smashing!

Hans 2: Lovely. *(They eat it, forgetting about Mr T under the cloth)*

Lady Aigz: *(enters DR)* Mr Snookums! Cooee! Coochecoo! *(Sound of distant cat)*

Mumsy can hear you! Where are you hiding?! *(she looks around, looks under Mr Trifle's dustcloth)* Good morning Mr Trifle! Lovely morning! *(He nods back, still with spoon in mouth. She replaces the cloth)* Where are - you naughty cat - have you been begging for tit-bits again? *(Suddenly sees cat-shaped lump under wallpaper)* Aaargh! Mr Snookums!! Is that you?! *(She carefully pokes it and it wails)* You fiends! You monsters!! How could you do such a thing?!

Hans 3: What?

Lady Aigz: What?!! Just look at THIS!!

Hans 3: Oh yeah - Hans, look!

* This is easier if it is a wooden spoon

Hans 1: What?

Hans 3: You've got a bubble under the paper!

Hans 1: Not me – I don't get bubbles! But - I can get rid of it! Here! *(Goes to flatten it with large wooden mallet)*

Lady Aigz: Stop! How DARE you?! *(She rips off the paper and releases the cat)* Poor Mr Snookums. Look at him - he can hardly breath! I must fetch a vet! Here - you workers! Yes - you! I will leave him in your care until the vet arrives! Make sure that NOTHING happens to him, do you hear me? *(She places him on the bench, on top of the compressed air tubing, then exits DR)*

Mrs Trifle: *(enters DR)* I couldn't find George anywhere! He'll have to sort himself out - I'm starving! Oh! *(Holds up empty plate in horror)*

Lotta Bottle: *(enters DR)* Everything alright?

Mrs Trifle: I want a FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST!

Lotta Bottle: Wow - you've got an appetite! *(Exits)*

Hans 1: Back to work! Tell you what we need - we need a plank to work on! Get that one over there!

Hans 3 gets plank, swings it just as Mrs T sits down, but catches Hans 1 with it.

Hans 1: *(bangs Hans 3 on head with mallet)* ! Just put it down! *(They lay it on the table in front of Mrs T)* Don't worry, madam - it is but for a moment!

Gretah Chewitt: *(enters DL)* Who ordered this? A FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST! *(She places it on the plank)*

Mrs Trifle: Oh - and I want a pot of tea and three slices of toast and some strawberry jam please etc.... *(While she is turning to give her order the men put the free end of the plank on the edge of a paste bucket. The plate slides down it into the bucket. They stare down at it then quickly wipe it off and return it, empty.)* Now then - I'm ready for this..... *(She looks around for the food but the others are all looking very innocent)*

Gretah Chewitt: Anything else?

Mrs Trifle: Yes - I WANT A FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST!!

Gretah Chewitt: Ooh! My word alive – they warned me you was a big eater! *(Exits DL)*

Hans 1: Now bring the plank over here! Hang on! I'm getting out of the way! *(He moves back and sits on window sill)*

As soon as Hans 1 picks up plank again the Marching Band/Singers enter, in full costume, marching & playing. They duck and weave around the room and all avoid being hit by the swinging plank. They remain.

Hans 3: Phew!

Hans 2: Hans - you are a master of the plank!

Hans 3: You're right there, Hans! *(Lays plank on ground, one end by Hans 1's feet. Hans 3 lifts plank upright on end against window, knocking Hans 1 out of it.)* Don't you think I'm the master of the plank, Hans? Hans? Now where is he hiding? Hans!?

Hans 2: Come on now, brother! Stop messing about - there's work to do!

Hans 3: We don't need him! Let's get one more roll of paper up on the wall!

They unroll a length of paper along the chests of the standing band-members, who hold it for them. The twins get two brushes and madly paste the paper, slapping faces as they go along. Band throws down roll & exits complaining.

Hans 2: Perfect! Pass it up! *(He climbs up the ladder, now by the window.)*

Hans 1: *(leaning in through window)* Grrrrrr!

Hans 3: What was that?

Hans 2: It sounded like Hans!

Hans 1: Grrrrrr!!

Hans 3: No - nothing like him. Come on! *(They lift the paper right over the window, straight across the opening and Hans' face. The lump of his face is visible - in fact it is a wooden replica held in place)*

Hans 2: How is that?

Hans 3: You have a large bubble in the paper! *(Presses it around face)*

Hans 1: Grrrrrr

Hans 3: It's that noise again!

Hans 2: Never mind that - let's get rid of the bubble. *(Gets mallet, swings and hits lump)*

Hans 1: OwOOOO!!!!

Hans 3: Did you hear that?

Hans 2: What was it?

Hans 3: Don't know.

Hans 2: One more try *(hits lump)*

Hans 1: OwOOOO!!!!

Hans 3: This is spooky! It sounded like the bubble was talking!

Hans 2: Here - let me have a go. *(Hits lump)*

Hans 1: OwOOOO!!!!

Hans 2: You're right!

Hans 3: Give it a really hard bash!

Hans 2: OK! *(Takes a run at it, swinging like mad. Hans 1 rips paper and pushes face through. At last moment the mallet is stopped)*

Hans 3: Oooh - Hans: you shouldn't have done that!

Hans 2: No - Hans; I don't think I'd have done that.

Hans 1: You idiots! *(They help him climb in. He taps both of them on the head with the mallet. There is a hollow echo)* Now, get another bit of wallpaper and do it properly!

Greta Chewitt: *(enters with plate)* Oooh – another full English breakfast, madam! *(Puts it down)*

Mrs Trifle: About time! Oh no - now I've dropped my fork! *(While she reaches down for it, helped by Lotta, the twins lay a length of wallpaper over the table, covering the food)* I'm certainly ready for this arrgh!! Gone!

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh! Whatever is the matter, Madam?

Mrs Trifle: Just get me a FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST!!

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh – how **do** you stay so thin?! *(exits DL)*

Hans 1: While you finish the papering I'm going to use the paint sprayer!

Hans 2: What paint sprayer?

Hans 1: This thing! *(Shows them machine)* Look - this pumps air down this tube and into the paint sprayer! I'll show you!

Hans 2: Hang on, Hans! That cat is asleep on the tubing!

Hans 1: Then move it!

Hans 2: Ooh no! Hans - **you** move the cat!

Hans 1: Hans (3) **YOU** move the cat!

Hans 3: But - but - I *(they push him forward)*

Lotta Bottle: *(DL)* Another FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST! I hope you enjoy it!

Mrs Trifle: I hope I EAT IT! Oh - there's no fried egg! I knew they'd get it wrong! Excuse me - Miss? Miss! *(turns to talk to Lotta)*

Hans 1: That's it - now put the cat somewhere else!

Hans 2: Over on that table should do.

(Hans 3 puts the sleeping cat on the plate of food) Lotta exits DL

Mrs Trifle: Oh – and Miss?! Oh never mind - I'm too hungry to wai... eEEEE!!!

Hans 1: What appears to be the trouble, Madame?

Mrs Trifle: This is NOT what we eat for breakfast in England! Take it away!

Hans 1: Hans - put it over there by the bench. That's right.

Hans 3: What, on the tube for your paint machine again?

Hans 1: Yes - that'll do. Now put a cloth over it so it stays asleep. Perfect!

Hans 2: (*eying up sat-on plate*) Do you want that?

Mrs Trifle: I certainly do NOT!

Hans 2: You don't mind if (*he takes it & eats it*)

Lotta Bottle: (*enters with Gretah and Herr I, plus Hansel & Gretel*) This lady here!

Herr Inmeizoop: Oh yes! Mrs Trifle! I am afraid zat you haf eaten nearly all ze food in ze kitchen!
There is nothing left for these poor children!

Mrs Trifle: But I haven't eaten **anything** yet!

Herr Inmeizoop: It iss all gone - except for **one bowl of soup!**

Mrs Trifle: Right! If soup it is - soup it will be! Stand aside!! (*exits angrily*)

Hans 1: Ah! Herr Inmeizoop! Just in time. Let me show you our new paint sprayer!

Herr Inmeizoop: Vas is das?

Hans 1: You watch! Turn her on! (*Compressor starts*) Nothing is coming out! (*The four examine the nozzle. While they do this the cloth by the bench starts to rise.*) Nothing - turn her off. (*The shape goes down.*) Try again! (*Repeat*) Still not working. See if that's any better. Turn her on again. (*Repeat - this time Hans 3 sees the shape and gets afraid. He tugs at nearest sleeve*)

Hans 3: G - g - g - g (*Twins turn and see rising white shape*) GHOST!!

Herr Inmeizoop: Zer is no ghost in my hoteAAHHH GHOST!!

Hans 1: Wait a moment! Look! (*He adjusts compressor down and up twice - the objects falls and rises accordingly*) It's not a ghost - it's something on the air hose!

Hans 2: But what? What can it be?

Lady Aigz: (*enters DR*) Mr Snookums! Ooee! Mr Snookums! I say you workmen - what have you done with my little pussycat?

Hans 1: Your pussycat ooooooh no!

Lady Aigz: What do you mean 'Oh no'? Where is Mr Snookums?

Hansel & Gretel: There!

Hans 1: (*cautiously approaches inflated shape and pulls cloth off. It is a very large, round, pink cat with a bulging, startled expression.*) All scream.

Lady Aigz: Mr Snookums!!

Hans 1: Oh no - he was sitting on the end of the air hose!!

Lady Aigz: (*distressed cat sound*) Well - do something!

Hans 1: (*he carefully reaches cat and turns it to show tube stuck in rear*) Oh dear!

Hans 3: This is a catas ...

Hans 2: Hans!

Hans 3: But it's a catas...!

Hans 1: We know what it is, Hans! Shh! This is a children's show!!

Hans 3: No - it's a **catas-trophe!**

Hans 1: I'll have to pull it out! Here goes! (*He quickly pulls out the tube. Sound of escaping air and wailing cat. The cat flies off with Hans 1 holding on [really he is guiding it with a long thin rod as its tail] and it crosses the room . Everyone ducks. It circles back, past the window*)

Mrs Trifle: (*enters DL with bowl of soup*) Now - I have my soup and nobody is going to ..(*they all duck, except her, as the cat flies back. It rises under the soup and tips it into her face.*)

Waah!!

The cat now soars back across the room with them all in pursuit. At the window it suddenly flies out. The watchers look up higher and higher into the sky through the window. Sound of wailing cat gets dimmer. Escaping gas stops. Sound of wailing cat gets louder, with whistling sound of rapid falling. All heads move downwards. Terrible serious of cat-screches, crashes, breaking glass, twangs, ending with slow and dwindling tinkle as of hub-cap coming to rest. Silence.

Lady Aigz: *Mr Snookums! (Exits rapidly DL)*

Mrs Trifle: *This is the worst hotel I have EVER been in! AND WHERE IS MY HUSBAND?!*

Hans 1: *Ah - I think we can help you there, madam! (Points to cloth at table)*

Mrs Trifle: *George?! George - what on Earth are you playing at?*

Mr Trifle: *(appears at window covered in wreckage) Yes dear. Did you call? (All heads turn to him - he has the cat on his head.) I was just taking a quiet walk in the garden when this came crashing down out of the sky!*

Herr Inmeizoop: *Iffen you are int ze garden - zen who is under ... (All heads slowly turn back.*

Removes cloth but it is not George - it is now the the ghost)

Much screaming - Ghost!!! They fight to get out of door leaving Hans 1. He is frozen until the ghost waves at him, then he runs shrieking straight through the wall, centre left (or down the theatre or out the window) Crash! BLACKOUT

SCENE 6: THE FOREST – front GAUZE/CLOTH again

you could have the goblin song here

Hansel & Gretel ENTER

Hansel: Yes - I **have** got some white stones!

Gretel: But it's so muddy here. Will they still show?

Hansel: Of course! I don't know – you girls worry about everything!

Gretel: Hmm. AND - we promised not to come into the forest again.

Hansel: We promised not to go into the forest again AT NIGHT! Remember? It's not night - it's the middle of the morning! What can happen in broad daylight?! And we're both really hungry after that stupid woman ate all the food!

Witch: *(offstage) Cackle!*

Hansel: What was that?

Gretel: Don't start that - trying to frighten me! Let's find these strawberries!

They exit SL

Phil de'Pottie: *(enters DR)* It's alright - I'm following the children - they can't get into any trouble!

Goblins: *Giggle*

Phil de'Pottie: Who was that?

Goblin 1: It was me!

Phil de'Pottie: Wow! Someone's been busy with the ugly stick!

Goblin 2: We're goblins.

Phil de'Pottie: I would never have guessed.

Goblin 3: Aren't you afraid? WooOOOooooOOOoo!!

Phil de'Pottie: Not really.

Goblin 4: We work for the witch!

Phil de'Pottie: That's nice!

Witch: *(enters and stands behind him)*

Goblin 5: Are you afraid of the witch?

Phil de'Pottie: Don't really know - never met her before.

Goblin 6: Before now.

Phil de'Pottie: What do you mean - before now? Silly little people! *(To audience)* Can you see a witch? Really? Where? This way? That way? Where is she? Where?

Witch: Here!

Goblin 7: Well - frightened now?

Phil de'Pottie: Mildly hysterical.

Witch: What are you doing here in my forest, Mr DePottie?

Phil de'Pottie: I - er - I oh dear!

Witch: Well - ?

Phil de'Pottie: Well what?

Witch: Shouldn't you be doing this? *(Runs, flapping arms and shrieking)*

Phil de'Pottie: I think that is my very next step. *(Does it - exits SL)*

Witch: Now - to find those children! *(Exits SL laughing)*

Lotta Bottle: *(enters DR)* Phillip! Phillip!! I don't know why I'm worried about him – he's always as cool as a lion and as brave as a cucumber! Now where is he?

Goblin 1: We know here he is!

Lotta Bottle: Urgh! Goblins! Get away!

Goblin 2: Your boyfriend has run away with a beautiful girl - to get married!

Lotta Bottle: Married? Beautiful girl but that's Grrrr! Is it that English girl?! I bet it is!

Goblin 3: That's right - English!

Lotta Bottle: We'll see about THAT! *(Moves off SL. Lights dim on her)*

Cherie Trifle: (*enters DR*) Phillip! Phillip? I'm pretty certain he came this way!

Goblin 4: He's run off with that other girl!

Goblin 5: To get married! (*they giggle*)

Cherie Trifle: Urgh – I say! Who are you horrid little people? Are you from UNPOPULAR LOCAL PLACE?

Goblin 6: Stick to the plot! Your boyfriend has gone to get married!

Cherie Trifle: Married?! You mean to Lotta Bottle!! The girl from the hotel?

Goblin 7: Yeah - that's the one!

Cherie Trifle: Grrr!

They all exit at opposite sides.

Hansel: (*enter from auditorium & up steps*) I'm sure this IS the way back!

Gretel: But what about the trail? Where are the stones?

Hansel: I - er - I can't see them!

Gretel: I knew it was a bad idea.

Hansel: Never mind - it can't be much farther.

Evil cackle

Gretel: I told you to stop doing that!

Hansel: But it's not ...!

Gretel: Listen! (*Music starts softly*) Beautiful music! There must be a house nearby!

Hansel: I hear it! It's coming from this way!

Gretel: No - this way!

They split either side of stage. Front curtains open(or gauze backlit) to show: Gingerbread house.

Music grows. Rest of stage is black.

Gretel: Oh – Hansel! Look! A beautiful little house!

Hansel: Whoever can live in such a funny place!

Children start to walk toward it. Music becomes more threatening.

Gretel: Look - it's made of sweets! And I'm so hungry.

Hansel: No - Gretel - there's something wrong about this.

Gretel: But aren't you hungry?

Hansel: Well - yes - but -

Gretel: Come on then - it can't possibly hurt!

Hansel: Oh - alright - just one tiny nibble.

They inch toward house as music gets louder. Evil laughing

Hansel: Gretel! Look at all those sweets!

Gretel: But – they're not ours!

Hansel: Don't be such a girl! Here - have a bit of chocolate. Mmmm - this is delicious.

Witch: (*unseen*) Nibble, nibble, mousekin; whose nibbling at my housekin?

Gretel: Did you hear that?

Hansel: What?

Gretel: I don't know.

Hansel: Come on - try some of this strawberry sugar icing!

Witch: (*unseen*) Nibble, nibble, mousekin; who's nibbling at my housekin?

Gretel: There it is again!

Hansel: What?

Gretel: It's like a voice.

Hansel: A voice? Saying what?

Gretel: I can't really hear. Perhaps it's just the wind. Pass me down a bit of that barley sugar, will you?

Witch: (*unseen*) Nibble, nibble, mousekin; whose nibbling at my housekin?

Hansel: I heard it that time!

Gretel: Ooer! What is it?

Hansel: I don't know ... where did it come from .. (*as they look back toward the audience the house behind them splits open down the centre to show Witch, raised on low block looming horribly over them as they back toward her*) Dramatic music. BLACKOUT / CURTAIN

INTERVAL

ACT TWO: SCENE 7: in the Forest (ideally a side stage or corner of theatre)

Witch: Ah-ha! So - two horrible little children eating my house?! I'll show you what I do to children like you! **Bring me the cage!** (*Goblins wheel on or open the cage*) In you go! (*Pushes Hansel in & locks it.*)

Gretel: Let us go!

Witch: I don't THINK so!

Hansel: What will you do with us?!

Witch: I'm so very glad that you asked me that. **This** is what I am going to do to you - normally I turn naughty little brats like you into gingerbread then EAT THEM! But I am sick of gingerbread. I can't even finish all the ones I have! So - I am going to fatten up this horrible little boy - and when he is nice, and plump, and juicy - I am going to put him in my oven - and cook him! Hahahahaha!!!!!! (*She drags Gretel away. More laughing.*)

GOBLIN SONG *Always look on the bright side.* BLACKOUT

SCENE 8: The Haunted Bedroom

There is a four-poster bed central upstage and two doors either side of it, marked as MEN bathroom and toilet RIGHT; Ladies bathroom and toilet LEFT). There is a cupboard door by the bed, rear L, and the main door to the room is DR. DL is a chest of drawers with a small, wooden box standing on top of it.

Herr Inmeizoop: Zis way! Come in dear guests! Come in.

Mrs Trifle: Well - this room certainly looks a lot better than the last one - but is it quieter?!

Lotta Bottle: (*carrying cases*) You can't put people in HERE! What about the - you-know-what?! You've seen it yourself now, so don't say it's not real!

Herr Inmeizoop: SSSHHH!! Lotta - don't say it out loud - you know what walls have!

Lotta Bottle: Ears?

Herr Inmeizoop: No - sausages - ICE CREAM - yes! Ears! Ze walls have ears! (*to Trifles*) My dear Frau Trifle - I am sure zat you vill not hear that dreadful marching band up here!

Lotta Bottle: Are you going to tell them about it?

Mr Trifle: About what? (*Gets worries & searches upwards*) It's not that cat again - is it?!

Herr Inmeizoop: Nein, nein, nein! (*Ushers Lotta out DR*)

Mr Trifle: Nine-nine-nine! What is it - Police? Fire?! Ambulance?!!

Mrs Trifle: Get a grip, Gerald. This is my holiday and I'm not having you spoil it. Now - what are all these doors? There seem an awful lot of them?

Herr Inmeizoop: Zis side of ze room iss for ze lady, zat fur ze gentleman.

Mrs Trifle: What is this sign: is it in German?

Herr Inmeizoop: Ya - it is German for 'lady's bathink room'.

Mrs Trifle: What does it say?

Herr Inmeizoop: It says: 'splash-unt-spray-und-get-ze-move-on-or-ve'll-be-laten'

Mrs Trifle: And this door?

Herr Inmeizoop: The lady's vater-closet? In German it is the 'tinklen-sprinklen-hausen' which in English is ...

Mrs Trifle: Thank you very much. I can work it out for myself.

Mr Trifle: How wonderful to learn another language! How about the men's rooms?

Herr Inmeizoop: For ze washing - it iss ze: 'scratch-unt-sniff-und-spray-ze-pitzen' and ze toilet, in German, is ze: 'grossen-tinklen-und-shake-zer-drippzenoffen'.

Mrs Trifle: Lovely. And a four-poster bed too! How romantic, George. Hmm. Smells a bit - but as long as it's quiet in here.

Herr Inmeizoop: Guaranteed, my dear lady! Guten-nacht to you! *(Exits DR)*

Mr Trifle: Seems very nice, dear.

Mrs Trifle: We shall see, Gerald. Time to brush your teeth; off you go. *(They go into their bathrooms: men R, ladies L)*

(Twitzen Twins enter DR)

Hans 3: And you're sure that we can stay here tonight?

Hans 1: I'm not going home in the dark! I'm staying here where it's safe!

Hans 2: Me Too!

Hans 3: Perhaps we should check with Herr Inmeizoop first?

Hans 1: No - no - no - they said he NEVER uses this room. It'll be fine! Right - busy day tomorrow! Let's get sorted!

Hans 3: But - there's only one bed! And it's a funny looking one at that!

Hans 2: You're right there, Hans! What sort of bed do you think that is?

Hans 1: You two are so stupid! The daftest idiot in the world knows what sort of bed that is!

Hans 2: You do?

Hans 1: Yes - I do! Its called - a BUNK bed! One of you sleeps on the top!

Hans 2: Ooh - can I sleep on the top?

Hans 3: Fine by me!

Hans 1: Here - I'll give you a leg up. *(He cups his hands and Hans 2 puts foot in them, but presses them down onto the floor and stands on them) Hnnnn!*

Hans 2: No - still can't reach!

Hans 1: Gdddfrrrrr..!!!

Hans 2: What?

Hans 1: Getoffmefingers!

Hans 3: Come on - I'll help. *(Between then they get him onto the top of the bed)*

Hans 2: This is very nice! *(He settles down on the canopy so the soles of his boots are seen)*

Hans 1: Right then - first things first! *(goes R to Men's loo)*

Hans 3: But - this is the ladies'! *(L ladie's loo)*

Hans 1: Get in there! Nobody's going to know! *(Hans 3 goes in ladies loo L; Hans 1 mens loo R)*

Mr Trifle: *(reappears in pj's and dressing gown from bathroom R) Teeth cleaned dear! Now - where can I hang these clothes? (Looks around, sees cupboard; opens door. The ghost is standing there. Hands clothes to ghost who takes them. He shuts the door. Stops. Thinks. Creeps back to door but cupboard is now empty. He looks inside.)*

Hans 1: *(enters from mens loo R. He sees open cupboard; goes UL, closing cupboard door on Mr T. Exits mens Bathroom R)*

Mrs Trifle: *(enters from ladies bathroom L, goes to put clothes in cupboard) Aaah!! George! What on Earth are you doing in there? Stop playing silly fellows! Come out at once!*

Cherie Trifle: *(enters DR) All comfy in here? My room's rather grotty I'm afraid.*

Mrs Trifle: It'll have to do! And do put on a brave face, dear, we **are** supposed to be on holiday.

(Mr T sees toothbrush still in hand and goes back into mens loo RIGHT. Mrs T sits in the bed.) I am exhausted! (then flops back)

Cherie Trifle: I'll hang these up for you. *(Puts clothes in cupboard)*

Hans 1: *(enters from bathroom R. Closes cupboard door again. Walks past Mrs T without them seeing each other and sits on bottom of the bed.)*

Mrs Trifle: *(without looking) Be a dear and put the main light out for me.*

Hans 1: *Without thinking goes across to light switch by door, turns it off, then freezes. In this time Mrs T gets up and goes into the bathroom UL. Hans 1 slowly turns and creeps back to the bed, pounces at it. Nobody. He searches then lies down. Starts to snore.*

Cherie Trifle: *(Opens cupboard door and comes out. Sees Hans' boots sticking out of end of bed.) Oh, father - shoes on in bed! What will mother say? (Pulls boots off) Good night! She exits.*

Ghost comes out of cupboard and lies on bed by Hans 1.

Hans 3 appears from ladies loo L, struggling to get shirt over head. Mr T appears from mens loo R with soap suds over eyes, by the foot of the bed they turn back to back, almost bump but don't; revolve round each other then cross room. Hans 3 goes round bed and into LEFT side (ghost still in middle); Mr T into R mens bath to wash off soap.

Hans 1: Here – who took my shoes off?!

Hans 3: Not me, Hans!

Hans 1: Well who else is in the room?! You twerp! You know I can't sleep with my shoes off! *Goes to put boots on. Gets right foot on but ghost has swung leg over his. Puts other boot on ghost's leg. Looks at spare leg. Confused.*

Hans 1: Hans?

Hans 3: What?

Hans 1: How many legs do people have?

Hans 3: Er TWO – two legs! Why?

Hans 1: Nothing. *(thinks) Hans?*

Hans 3: What now?

Hans 1: You're good at Maths: what is – one – and one – and one?

Hans 3: Er One and one and one is TWO!

Hans 1: Two eh? *(thinks) Bother and drat!*

Hans 3: What's the matter?

Hans 1: I think I've lost a boot! *(sighs) Ah well - Goodnight, Hans!*

Hans 3: Goodnight, Hans!

Ghost: *Sits up and moans. Lies down*

Hans 3: *Sits up.* Now what's wrong with you?

Hans 1: *Sits up.* Me? Nothing!

Hans 3: So get to sleep! *(Both lie down)*

Ghost: *Sits up and moans. Lies down*

Hans 1: Stop doing that!

Hans 3: It's not me!

Hans 1: Well - don't do it again!

Ghost: *Sits up and moans. Stays up*

Hans 1 & Hans 3: I told you ... *(see ghost sitting up between them) Waaahhhh!!! (run off - Hans1 DL ladies loo, Hans 3 DR mens loo)*

Mrs Trifle: *(enters from UL ladies bath)*

Mr Trifle: *(enters from UR mens bath) (They go to the bed and get in.) Good night!*

Ghost: *Sits up and moans.*

Mrs Trifle: Not tonight, George - I've had a very stressful day.

Ghost: *Sits up and moans.*

Mrs Trifle: I told you, George! I'm not in the mood! Have one of your tablets - but NOT one of those dreadful blue ones you got off the Internet!

Ghost: *Sits up and moans.*

Mrs Trifle: That is quite enough! I'll take a wet flannel to you again if ... *(sees ghost)* Waaaahhh!!
(runs to UL ladies bath)

Mr Trifle: What on earth is going on now? What is the matter with Wah! *(Exits UR mens bathroom)*

Ghost: *Sits up and exits to cupboard, clomping single boot.*

Hans 3: *(enters DR mens loo and tiptoes into room, holding loo brush for defence)* Hans - where are you?! Where are you hiding?

Hans 1: *(after a moment he appears from DL leadies loo - closely followed by the ghost. In silence they creep up behind Hans 3 and tap him on shoulder)*

Hans 3: Waahh! *(Runs and dives into bed, hiding under cover)*

Hans 1: You big softy! Afraid of some silly ghost! *(Turns and laughs at ghost)* What a wimp, eh?
(Double take) Waah!! *(dives into bed)* Ghost exits into cupboard again

Bandleader: Shhhh! This is it! This is the haunted bedroom!

Musician: Will we see the ghost?

Bandleader: If we're very quiet! *(all band/singers enter – plus Gran Trifle - and tiptoe round room. At the UR bathroom Mr T comes out. Silently they all tiptoe close behind him. He stops nervously when Gran Trifle goes CUCKOO. They try to gag her.)*

Mr Trifle: *turns & sees them. Shrieks and dives into centre of bed.*

The twins sit up, look at the surrounding band, and scream. Mr T sits up looks at the Twins and screams. Mrs T comes in - sees Mr T in bed with the Twins & screams. The ghost enters and tries to tiptoe across the front of the stage to escape. They all see it and scream. The ghost screams.

Mrs Trifle: OUT-OUT-OUT-OUT!!!! EVERYBODY OUT!! *(They all leave any way they can as she shrieks at them)* To ghost: And you. Out! *(get sympathy from audience)* OUT! There - the door is now LOCKED! Now stop dribbling, George. Have another tablet and get to sleep. I want total peace and quiet! Not one more disturbance! *(She gets in and they settle to sleep)*

Hans 2: *(sits up on top of bed and yawns and stretches)* What's all the noise? What's going on? *(He rolls to centre of bed and falls through canopy to land between Mr & Mrs T. False front of bed collapses and they both fall out.)*

BLACKOUT

SCENE 9: THE FOREST – area with cage

Hansel is still in the cage. Gretel enters carrying armfuls of giant sweets.

Gretel: Hansel - are you alright?

Hansel: Yes - quick! Can you open this cage?!

Gretel: *(tries)* No – she's locked it! Stand back. *(She tries to smash it with a big walking stick of striped candy)* It's too strong.

Witch: *(Enters)* What is this noise? Hmm- playing with your food? Give him the sweets, girl - I want him plump and tender! *(To audience)* I'm getting hungry - perhaps he's fat enough already? Boy! Stick out your finger so I can see how **succulent** you are!

Gretel: Hansel! Here - use this stick - pretend it's your finger!

Hansel: Right!

Witch: Out of my way, girl! Stand aside! Well, boy - hold out your finger! Hmmm - you are nothing but skin and bone! Your finger has no more meat on it than a dry stick! EAT MORE SWEETS! (*To audience*) And that goes for ALL of you!! Eat more sweets! Get fat - and spotty! Oh - I see many of have started already! Hahahahaha!!!! (*exits DL*)

Hansel: Gretel - you must get back to the hotel and get help!

Gretel: I already tried! But there are no stones for me to follow! They've sunk in the mud and I don't know the way! And there are goblins everywhere - spying on me!

Hansel: I really hate goblins! Ugly little things!

Goblin 1: Well - that's nice!

Goblin 2: Charming!

Goblin 3: And look at him - with his little stubby nose.

Goblin 4: And his disgusting pink skin.

Goblin 5: And revolting brown hair!

Goblin 6: Yuck - yuck - yuckyuck YUCK!

Goblin 7: I think he's quite cute!

Goblin 1: Pah!

Goblin 2: Why is he in the cage?

Goblin 3: He's waiting for the witch to eat him.

Goblin 4: What's he doing that for?

Goblin 5: Seems an odd sort of hobby, if you ask me.

Gretel: He's not doing it for fun!

Goblin 1: He's not?!

Goblin 2: Well what's he doing in there then?

Hansel: I'm trapped!! I cannot get OUT!

Goblins: OooooOOHH!!

Gretel: Can you get him out?

Goblin 3: Oooh no!

Goblin 4: Union rules!

Goblin 5: Can't do anything NICE!

Goblin 6: No - if we do something nice ...

Goblin 7: ... then we can't work for the Great Witch any more!

Goblin 1: (*thinking*) and we wouldn't have to do what she says.

Goblin 2: We could go where we like! We would be FREE!

Gretel: So - if you want to be free of the witch - do a good deed! Open the cage!

Goblin 3: Can't do that!

Gretel: Why?!

Goblin 4: Cos we've not got the KEY!

Goblins: OooooOOH!

Goblin 5: Ooh - I wish I knew how it feels to be FREE!

Goblins: FREE!!

Hansel: Excuse me - I wish I knew how it feels to be free to!

Goblin 6: Don't interrupt!

Goblin 7: Cos we're going to SING now!

SONG: possibly:

I WISH I KNEW HOW IT FEELS TO BE FREE (LIGHTHOUSE FAMILY)

If not adapt last few lines to fit.

SCENE 10

Somewhere in the hotel: possibly the bedroom again, or the dining room, or a tab scene if practical.

Phil de’Pottie and Lotta Bottle are there.

Lotta Bottle: See – I always said there was a ghost in this place!

Phil de’Pottie: That’s nothing – I’ve seen a witch in the forest! I’ve seen her! Why won’t anyone believe me?!

Lotta Bottle: Witch! Don’t try that silly story on me! I know why you were out in the woods – it was with that ‘girl’! You’re not pulling my eyes on me – you’re not pulling the wool over a fast one!*(exits DR)*

Phil de’Pottie: Brr - that terrible witch. *(To aud)* And nobody believes me! What about you; did you see the witch? Did you? So - I’m right. I’m not imagining things. And people round here says that she eats horrible things - like worms and bats! I wonder if that’s true? *(to aud)* Do you know what she eats? What is it she eats? What? She eats CHILDREN?! Why - that’s TERRIBLE! You can’t eat children - not one of them washes!
At least I’m glad that Hansel and Gretel are safe in the hotel! They are safe in the hotel, aren’t they?! What?! Where are they?! The witch has got them?! NO! That’s awful! We must go and get them!

Goblin 1: *(from suitable secret opening)* Pssst!

Phil de’Pottie: *(looks around)* What was that? Did you hear that? *(to aud member)* Was it you?!

What was it then? A what? A goblin! No! So - where is it now?

(Goes to look but another goblin appears at another place)

Well make your minds up. Where is it now?

(Goes to look but another appears elsewhere)

What? Over here?

(Goblin appears and follows close behind him as he searches; other 2 join in.)

What? Where is this goblin now? Down here?

(Looks under bed/table. Goblins look with him. He kneels up, so do they, he looks at them – double take)

Waah!

Goblin 1: Chill out, dude!

Goblin 2: Yeah - like, we’re doing a ‘Good Deed’.

Phil de’Pottie: A good deed?

Goblin 3: We are born-again goblins, here to do a good deed.

Goblin 1: We have come to tell you that Hansel and Gretel are being held captive - in the forest - by the witch. There - that’s that done.

Goblin 2: Not so hard, was it!

Goblin 3: Piece of cake! OK – that’s it then. We’re off!

Phil de’Pottie: No! We must go to the forest and rescue them!

Goblin 1: Who?

Phil de’Pottie: Hansel & Gretel!!

Goblin 2: Don’t need to go to the forest!

Phil de’Pottie: Why not?

Goblin 3: Because - the witch actually lives **here** - in this hotel - in disguise as an ordinary person!

Phil de’Pottie: But who IS she? Which person?!

Goblin 3: Oh - I don’t know that! Ha! - it might even be YOU! Hahah...

Goblins: *Realise what he has just said. Scream & flee.*

Phil de’Pottie: So - the witch lives HERE - in disguise! If only we knew who it was? Hey - you know a lot! Who do you think is the witch? Who? Well, I don’t know. What if we’re wrong?! Shh shh – someone’s coming!

Lotta Bottle: *(enters with a ‘witch’s’ broom & starts to sweep)*

Phil de’Pottie: Look! She’s got a broom! Do you think Lotta is the witch?!

Gretah Chewitt: *(enters with a small cauldron)* Ooooh! My cooker’s packed up again. I’ll just put this by the fire!

Phil de’Pottie: Look! She’s got a cauldron! All witches have pots like that for mixing spells! Do you think Gretah is the witch?

Mrs Trifle: *(enters with a toad & Mr Trifle)* Look what I found in the forest - a poor old toad!

Phil de’Pottie: A toad! All witches have pets like toads! Do you think that Mrs Trifle is the witch?!

Cherie Trifle: *(enters with bunch of herbs)* I picked these lovely herb in the forest! We can use then in our cooking!

Phil de’Pottie: Look! HERBS! All witches use herbs for magic spells! Do you think Cherie is the witch? No?

Granny Trifle: *(enters making bird noises)* Where are you, my feathered friends? Speak to your earth mother!

Phil de’Pottie: Of course! She can speak to animals. Witches can do that! Do you think its Grandma Trifle? Are you sure? Who else is there?

Lady Aigz: *(enters angrily)* Where is that cat - he has got himself lost again!

Phil de’Pottie: Aaaahh!! A cat! All witches have cats! Do you think that Lady Aigz is the witch?!
..... But if we get this wrong - what will happen to Hansel and Gretel?!

Rest of hotel staff & guests arrive chattering.

Phil de’Pottie: STOP!!

Herr Inmeizoop: Vas is dis Shhtoppp?!

Mr Trifle: Does he **have** to shout like that?

Lady Aigz: Get on with it, young man!

Phil de’Pottie: Well - I must tell you that - that ... one of you is ... the Great Witch!
Gasps and denials.

Herr Inmeizoop: Ze vitch?! But WHO?!

Phil de’Pottie: It is It is the cook! Gretah Chewitt!

More gasps and denials

Gretah Chewitt: Oooh?

Phil de’Pottie: Yes! You had us all fooled into thinking it was Lady Aigz, but in the forest the Witch called me Mr DePottie – Lady Aixz doesn’t even know my name! AND if you mix around the letters of her name L-A-D-Y-A-I-G-Z you just get ZGATLYAD

Mrs Trifle: What on earth does ZGATLYAD mean?

Phil de’Pottie: Nothing! Exactly. But if you mix around the letters of Gretah Chewitt: G-R-E-T-A-H-C-H-E-W-I-T-T what do you get?!

Much thinking and doodling

Mr Trifle: *topical or local name*

Lotta Bottle: No - you get Hatgr-wi-teech

Gretah Chewitt: You simpletons - you don’t get **Hatgr-wi-teech**, you get ...
Pyro in front of her. Quick swap. ‘Witch’ leaps forward:

Witch: ... THE GREAT WITCH!!!! Hahahahahahahah!! *(exits dramatically)*

Phil de’Pottie: Quick - everybody - after her!

Herr Inmeizoop: But – ze foerest is enormous – who knows the way?!

Goblins: Here! We know the way! *(general discomfort)* Come on! Follow us! *(exit)*

Cherie Trifle: Come on then – don't just stand there! Follow them!

(All exit leaving Mr Trifle gibbering)

Mrs Trifle: *(return to get him)* Come on, dear, the fresh air will be good for you!

BLACKOUT

CHRIS LANE 2018

SCENE ELEVEN

FOREST front cloth or black curtains with gap in.

The witch rushes across to side opposite the cage. While she speaks she is in spotlight. In the darkness the cage is wheeled on stage. Hans is in the cage, Gretel beside it

Witch: Oh - boo - yourselves!! Don't think that just because those fools can do crosswords they will be able to defeat me! I am the GREAT witch! And when I have finished eating all the little children here - I think I might pay a visit to TOWN/VILLAGE! *(Advances menacingly, laughing)* But first - GOBLINS! Come to me! GOBLINS! Here NOW!!

Where are those filthy little creatures? Are they down there in the darkness with you? Shall I come down and find out?!!

It can wait! First - I think I am getting HUNGRY!! *(She looks across stage wickedly then crosses to the cage. Spotlight follows)*

Gretel: Quick Hansel - the stick!

Hansel: I can't find it - I think I've dropped it!

Gretel: Leave him alone - he's not fat enough yet!

Witch: Well I can't wait any longer! *(She opens the cage and drags him out)*

Gretel: What are you going to do to him?

Witch: Do? Why, child, I told you what I'm going to do! I'm going to cook him in my magic FIRE! *(At this the witches fire roars into life behind the gauze. It is a lighting, fan & silk effect, with a hint of smoke, in an evil rocky surround amongst black drapes. Standing beside the fire COULD BE the cut-out, life-size gingerbread shapes of children)*

Gretel: Let him go!

Witch: That, I will NOT do!

Gretel: But ... but *(gauze opens if possible; witch drags them closer to fire)* .. but .. you have to preheat the oven!

Witch: What? What are you talking about?

Gretel: Yes - you have to get the oven really hot before you put anything in it!

Witch: Really?

Gretel: Really - and if you ask me, that oven doesn't look nearly hot enough!

Witch: Hmm. *(She approaches the fire. She bends to look and Gretel creeps up behind her to push, but Witch suddenly turns back.)* No! This is hot enough!

Gretel: No - no! Really - if it's not hot - it will spoil the cooking!

Witch: Who told you about this hot oven business?

Gretel: Er...

Hansel: current cooking notable

Witch: current cooking notable?

Gretel: Yes! In his/her book 'How to Cook ...'

Hansel: ... for witches!

Witch: 'How to cook for witches', eh? I haven't got that one! Perhaps, one last check.

(She approaches the fire again & bends to look. Gretel creeps up behind her to push, but..)

Bah! That is as hot as I usually have it! Now - where is the boy?!

Hansel: I think the fire is going it! You haven't put enough wood on!

Witch: Nonsense - *(goes to check)* There looks to be plenty of wood.

She bends to look and Gretel creeps up behind her to push - but this time in she goes, with a scream and a puff of smoke.

PYRO?

The gingerbread figures change into/enter children who look dazed and surprised.

Hansel: Gretel! Look! The spell is broken!

Child 1: What happened to us?

Child 2: Where are we?

Gretel: Not now - we must get you all back to the village - to your families!

Herr Inmeizoop: (*enters in posh clothes under a cloak*) Hansel! Gretel! You are safe! But - I know zese odder children! Zey - zey are from the village!

Child 3: I don't like it here. It's dark & frightening!

Herr Inmeizoop: Do not worry! As ve march through ze forest ve vill all sing a jolly marching-through-ze-forest song! Look - here is (somebody suitable) ... zey vill help us sing!

BUSINESS WITH CHILDREN / COMMUNITY SONG

SCENE TWELVE - FINALE

The LOBBY of the Hotel

Hans 1,2 & 3; the Trifles and all hotel staff are there in best clothes.

HANS 1: There – all done! (*They look at the decorations*)

HANS 2: Yep! And nobody died!

Herr Inmeizoop: (*ENTERS excitedly*) Great news everybody!

HANS 1: Oh – don't tell me – I've been to these things before "there is going to be a wedding"!

HANS 2: and some prince or other and some servant girl will live happily ever after!

HANS 3: Lovely!

Herr Inmeizoop: Vell – not this time; at least I don't think so. (*looks round*) Phillip? Are you going to marry anyone? Mm?

Phil de'Pottie: Well ... (*looks at the two girls who glare at each other*)

Mrs Trifle: Oh I say! Good idea! Which one of you is going to be known as – Mrs DePottie?

BOTH Girls: MISSES de Potty?! Oh no! You're welcome! No thanks – after you!

Herr Inmeizoop: No – zat iss not my goot news! Now zat the vicked vitch is gone - I have filled ze hotel with guests!

Lotta Bottle: So how did you get all these new guests?

Herr Inmeizoop: Vell, it is no longer going to be a hotel! It is going to be something new!

Mr Trifle: So what will it be now?

Herr Inmeizoop: It is going to become a school for training young mice!

Cherie Trifle: Training young mice? Training them to do what?

Herr Inmeizoop: Training zem to paddle tiny little canoes! It vill be an ACADEMY!

Lady Aigz: An academy for training young mice to paddle canoes?

Herr Inmeizoop: Yah! It vill be called ze Young Mouse Canoeing Academy!

Phil de'Pottie: The Y.M.C.A.

Herr Inmeizoop: Yah! Zat is right! So ve must make ANOTHER advertisement for ze television! If only ve had a good song!

Mr Trifle: What sort of song?

Herr Inmeizoop: I don't know - a song zat vill tell people zat it is fun to stay at ze Vy-M-C-A! (*All look thoughtful*)

Phil de'Pottie: How about this? *Song: YMCA: "YOUNG MOUSE*

during which large mouse wearing lifejacket and carrying paddle enters & joins in

BLACKOUT

WALKDOWN

FINALE NUMBER