

GRETEL & HANSEL

Featuring diphthongs, etc.

About The Author



Laura St. John is the creator of the *Act It Read It* series for young readers and President of *Play In A Book*. She has worked for nearly 20 years as a Teaching Artist in the Chicago Public Schools, utilizing drama as a framework to help young readers gain basic phonics skills, fluency, and comprehension on their way to becoming lifelong readers. Laura's writing is currently used in classrooms throughout Chicago and has been performed and enjoyed by thousands of students. In addition to her *Act It Read It* series, Laura collaborated on the educational reform book, *Through the Cracks* (Davis Publications). Laura is a member of Actors' Equity Association and lives with her husband and two daughters in Chicago, Illinois.



Suggestions for Actors

- Begin by reading the script at least two times without any action, just focusing on the text.
- Discuss simple actions or gestures that can be incorporated to help show the action of the script.
- Designate a stage area and an audience area.
- Try acting it out multiple times on stage, incorporating the actions and gestures.
- While acting it out, make sure to hold books at chest level so that faces can be seen and make sure to always face the audience.
- Use a loud, strong voice that can be heard by everyone on stage and in the audience.
- Repetition is the key to a successful performance. The more rehearsal, the better the performance will be. Rehearse as many times as possible!
- Remind the audience that they should be quiet and respectful.
- When performing, remember to tell the story and have a great time.

ACT IT

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Level 1

GRETEL & HANSEL

Act I

(featuring au/aw)



Lawson Dawes got his life off of “pause”
And put his life back on “play.”



But along came the step mama—



With all of her flaws



And sent his poor children away.

Act I

(featuring au/aw)

In the Dawes home. The Step Mama and Lawson talk. Gretel and Hansel listen in.



Where is my cell phone?



Um, aw...



Lawson Dawes, I want to call my mama. You know I call her every day. I like to hear what Granny Louise is up to.



Of course dear wife, but you have used up all of your minutes.



What did you just say to me?



Dear, dear wife. Times are hard. The auto body shop is not doing well. Your phone bill costs too much. I have to take care of my kids.



I don't care about those kids. I care about me.



But my dear, dear wife, my kids come first and—



Lawson Dawes, get rid of those little brats at once!



Now you listen here, wife, those are my kids and I will not allow you to—



AWWWWWWW! *She casts an evil spell that leaves Lawson completely frozen. She takes her phone and makes a call as she heads out the door.*



Hi Mama. I put him under a spell. I'm bringing the kids out to the empty high rise. They'll be lost forever. *She laughs.* How is Granny Louise?

In Gretel and Hansel's room. They have overheard everything.



She really is a witch.



Softly. It will be alright, Gretel.



I will not cry.



Louder. It will be alright, Gretel.



How can it be alright, Hansel? Our step mama is a witch. She is leaving us at an empty high rise. She says we will be lost forever. She put our father under a spell. How will anything ever be alright again? O woe is me!



Yelling. It will be alright, Gretel!



Hansel! You're talking! I was afraid you'd never talk again.



You have taken good care of me since Mama died, Gretel. Now I will take care of you. I will not let our step mama destroy this family. Don't worry, Gretel. I will come up with a plan!

Level 3

Act I*(featuring au/aw)***Scene 1**

Gretel Dawes looks at a photo of her Mama.

I will not cry ever again. I'll close my heart up like a vault because otherwise I will never stop crying. *She wipes away her last tear and speaks to the photo.* I love you to the moon and back.



That's what your Mama used to say to you and your brother.



I miss her, Dad.



So do I, Gretel. I've been so distraught, I haven't been able to work. I've had the auto body shop closed for six months now.



And Hansel has become so withdrawn.



He has stopped talking completely.



What are we going to do?



I think it is time to get our lives off of "pause" and back on "play." I'll start by opening the auto body shop back up...

Scene 2

At the auto body shop, Lawson Dawes rolls open the garage door.



It's another gray and gloomy autumn day here in the Lawndale neighborhood.



I'd say your day just got a little brighter.



What? *There is a long pause as Lawson notices the awesomely beautiful woman who has just entered his shop.* May I help you?



Why, yes you may. I have an Audi out front with a dent the size of a watermelon in the door.



How did it happen?



I'd rather not say, Mr. Dawes—or can I call you Lawson?



How did you know my name?



I know lots of things, Lawson. So, can you fix my Audi?



I certainly can.



And after you fix up my car, you can fix me up with a lovely dinner at a very expensive restaurant.

Scene 3

A few weeks later, at the wedding.



To a silent Hansel. She's rooted herself into

our lives like dandelions on an unattended lawn. I can't believe Dad married her and she's going to be our new—



Don't you dare call me "Mama." I wouldn't want people thinking that you little brats are actually mine.



She may be beautiful on the outside, but inside she is as cruel and heartless as a witch.

Scene 4

A few months later, in the kitchen of the Dawes home. The wicked step mama and Lawson talk, while Gretel and Hansel listen in.



Husband? Dearest? Where is my cell phone?



Uh, well, uh, aw...



Lawson Dawes, I want to call my mother and my phone is nowhere to be seen. You know I call Mama every morning to hear what Granny Louise from down in the Bayou is up to. Now where is my phone?



Holding up the phone. Of course dear wife, it is just that you have used up all of your minutes and it is so terribly expensive when you go over.



What did you just say to me, husband dear?



Dear, dear wife. Times are hard. The auto body shop is not doing well and your phone

bill has been too expensive. I have to make sure the children have everything they need.



It doesn't matter what those two little brats need. It matters what I need. I will use all of the minutes I want, Lawson Dawes.



But my dear, dear wife, the children come first and—



Lawson Dawes, I command you to get rid of those little brats at once!



Now you listen here, wife, those are my children and I will not allow you to—



AWWWWWWW! *She moans, waving her arms about, and casts an evil spell that leaves Lawson completely frozen. She grabs her phone and places a call as she heads out the door.* Hello Mama. I put Lawson under a spell and I'm bringing the kids out to the abandoned high rise; they'll never find their way back, if you know what I mean. *She laughs cruelly.* Now, how is Granny Louise these days?

Scene 5

In Gretel and Hansel's room, where they have overheard everything that just happened.



She really is a witch.



Softly. It will be alright, Gretel.



I will not allow myself to cry.



Louder. It will be alright, Gretel.



How can it be alright, Hansel? Our wicked step mama is really a witch. She is planning to take us to an abandoned high rise and just leave us there. She says we will never find our way back again. She has put our father under a spell that has left him completely helpless to stop her. How will anything ever be alright again? O woe is me!



Yelling. It will be alright, Gretel!



Hansel! You're talking! I was afraid you'd never speak again.



You have taken good care of me since Mama died, Gretel. Now I will take care of you. I will not allow our wicked step mama to destroy this family. Don't worry, Gretel. I will come up with a plan!

Act II*(featuring oi/oy)*

Let's take Dad's Droid. We have no choice.



Hansel, I am so glad you found your voice.



Hide Gretel! I hear a noise!



We can hide behind our toys...



To get rid of those brats will be a joy!
Oh! Hello my darling girl and boy.

Act II*(featuring oi/oy)**In the kitchen.*

Our step mama knows that we are two kids who will never find their way home again. What she doesn't know is that we are two kids with our Dad's Droid.



What good is a phone going to do us, Hansel?



A simple phone will not help us at all. However, a Droid just might save us. Once I turn on the GPS, that is.



Oh Hansel! You are so smart! And Hansel? I am so glad that you have found your voice again. I really missed talking to you.



Thanks Gretel. Now let's get moving before our step mama comes back.



I bet she went to that coffee joint she loves so much.



You stay in the foyer. Create a decoy if she gets back before I've set up the Droid.

Gretel waits in the foyer while Hansel is busy at the computer. Gretel hears a noise.



Hurry Hansel! I hear a noise. I think she's coming! *The two children run into the bed-*



room and close the door.

What was that noise? Perhaps I am just being paranoid. *Throwing open their door.*
 Ahoy! Well aren't you two a disappointing sight? How about if I take you kids out for a little joyride? Here, take these coins. We'll be riding a bus and a train and another bus.



Our voyage begins.

They take a bus and a train and another bus and end up at the empty high rise.



It really has been a joy, kids. Alas, I have an appointment down the street. You two cute kids wait here. When I get back, I'll buy you a new toy. We'll take a cab home. *She leaves, never to be seen again.*



I have no idea where we are, Hansel. Do you?



No, but don't worry Gretel. I've got the Droid. We'll wait a few hours, and then we'll find our way home with the GPS.



Maybe we should try to get some rest. *A few hours later, the children wake. It is dark.*



I'm so hungry. We must have slept for a long time. I'll get the Droid. *He punches the screen over and over again.*



What's wrong, Hansel?



We don't have any bars, Gretel. We're not getting a signal. The phone is useless out here.



Hansel, where did all of these crows come from?



I don't know. Is that a light coming from the high rise?

The crows begin cawing loudly and beating their wings.



Why are they making that awful noise? Why are they beating their wings? Why are they looking at us like that?



RUN!!!

They run into the high rise. The doors slam shut behind them.

Act II*(featuring oi/oy)***Scene 1***In the kitchen.*

Our wicked step mama knows that we are two little kids who will never find their way home again once she leaves us at that abandoned high rise. What she doesn't know is that we are two little kids with our Dad's Droid.



What good is a phone going to do us, Hansel? There is no one we can call.



You are right, sister dear. A simple phone will not help us at all. However, a Droid just might save us. Once I activate the GPS, that is.



GPS?



GPS stands for Global Positioning System, Gretel. It is a satellite-based navigation system, originally set up by the Department of Defense.



That is a very interesting factoid, dear brother, but I'm not sure how the Department of Defense is going to help us.



GPS was made available for civilian use in the 1980s and is currently available on most smart phones, like Dad's Droid. Once I ac-

tivate the GPS, we could find our way home from an asteroid.



Oh Hansel! You are brilliant! And Hansel? I am so glad that you have found your voice again. I really missed talking to you.



Thanks Gretel. Now, let's get moving before our wicked step mama comes back from her little voyage.



I bet she went to that coffee joint she loves so much to order her soy latte and croissant.



You stay in the foyer. You can create a decoy if she gets back before I've set up the Droid.

Gretel waits in the foyer while Hansel is busy at the computer. Gretel hears a noise.



Hurry Hansel! I think she's coming! I hear a noise.

The two children run into the bedroom and close the door just as their wicked step mama enters.



What was that noise? Perhaps I am just being paranoid. *She stops and looks in the mirror.* Helen of Troy would be jealous.



Look at her! She's admiring herself in the mirror.



But she's as hideous as a gargoyle on the inside.



Throwing open their door. Ahoy kids! Well aren't you two a disappointing sight? You look like your mother just died and your father was frozen under a spell. How about if I take you kids out for a little joyride, just to take your mind off things? Here, take these coins. We'll be riding a bus and a train and another bus—just for fun.



And so, our voyage begins.

Scene 2

They take a bus and a train and another bus and end up at the abandoned high rise.



I have no idea where we are, Hansel. Do you?



No, but don't worry Gretel. I've got the Droid.



Well now, hasn't this been enjoyable? Alas, I just remembered I have an appointment to get my thyroid checked. My appointment is just down the street, so why don't you two cute kids wait here. When I get back, I'll buy you a new toy and we'll take a cab home. *She leaves, never to be seen again.*



Even though I know we have a plan in place, I feel such turmoil.



We'll wait a few hours and give her a good head start, and then we'll navigate our way home with the GPS.



Maybe we should try to get some rest.

Scene 3

A few hours later, the children awaken. It is dark.



I'm so hungry. We must have slept for a long time.



What is that noise?



It sounds like the fluttering of wings.



Squinting to see in the dark. It's crows. We're surrounded. There must be at least a hundred. I don't like this one bit, Hansel. We've got to get out of here before it's too late.



I'll get the Droid. *He punches the screen over and over again.*



What's wrong, Hansel?



We don't have any bars, Gretel. We're not getting a signal. The phone is useless out here.



The crows are closing in.



There's a light coming from the high rise. *The crows begin cawing loudly.*



Why are they making that awful noise? Why are they beating their wings? Why are they looking at us like that?



RUN!!!

Scene 4

They run into the high rise. The doors slam shut behind them.



Look at those beautiful royal blue chairs.



And the embroidered pillows.



It doesn't look abandoned inside. Hey, is that an elevator?



Yeah, it is. Let's see where it goes. Maybe we'll find someone that can help us.

Act III

(featuring ou/ow)



Ow!



Ow.



Wow.



Wow!



It's like a rainbow of candy.



I know! I know!



Nibble, nibble, like a mouse.
Nibble, nibble at my house.

Act III

(featuring ou/ow)

The elevator bounces and stops on the 13th floor. Hansel is thrown into Gretel as the doors open.



Ow!



Ouch!



Wow!



Wow!



I'm blown away.



It is like a rainbow of food. It looks so good.



The ground is made of brownies.



...with powdered sugar.



...and the walls are made of gingerbread.
*Gretel and Hansel bound out of the elevator.
They eat their way down the hall.*



From behind door 13. Nibble, nibble, like a mouse. Nibble, nibble at my house. The

door opens, revealing a sweet old woman in a flowing gown. Houseguests! How many of you are there? My eyesight is a bit poor these days. Well, now, kids? Aren't you even going to say Howdy?



Howdy.



That's more like it, kids. Now come inside. You'll be my guests for the night.



How nice.



You look hungry. I have pizza and chicken wings and spaghetti and a big bowl of clam chowder and deep fried cauliflower. Chow down!



This is outstanding! I'll have another slice of pizza, please.



And I'll have some more chicken wings. Oh, and maybe a bit more of that cauliflower, too.



You are growing kids and there is plenty of food. You could both use a bit of fattening up. *They eat and eat and eat.* How about some hot chocolate?



YUM!!!



Oh you sweet little children. You look so

drowsy. *She hurries off and returns with pillows and blankets.*



Thank you. *They yawn and fall asleep.*

III



Scowling. They'll both need some more fattening up, without a doubt. *She goes to her kitchen and looks out at her large grill. I do love a cookout. She gets her recipe book. I know! Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue! My favorite!*

Act III

(featuring ou/ow)

Scene 1

The elevator bounces and stops on the 13th floor. Hansel is thrown into Gretel as the doors open.



Ow!



Ouch!



Wow!



Wow!



I'm blown away.



It's like a rainbow. The hallway is made of food. It looks delicious.



The ground is made of brownies with powdered sugar.



And the walls are made of gingerbread decorated with icing and all sorts of candy.



Look at that fountain. I think it is spouting hot chocolate.



My tummy is growling so loud.

Gretel and Hansel, eyes aglow, bound out of

the elevator and begin eating their way down the hall.



These brownies are almost as good as the ones Mama used to make.



Without a doubt. The powdered sugar is a nice touch.



From behind the door marked 13. Nibble, nibble, like a mouse. Nibble, nibble at my house. The door slowly creaks open, revealing a sweet old woman dressed in a long, flowing gown. She looks somehow familiar. House-guests! How many of you are there? My eyesight is a bit poor these days. Well, now, kids? Aren't you even going to say Howdy? Howdy.



That's more like it, kids. You'll be my guests for the night. There is a terrible downpour out there—it started at sundown with some storm clouds and then some light showers and now—a downpour.



I thought it was clear outside when we came in.



I thought so too.



I've been cooking all day. I have pizza and chicken wings and spaghetti and a big bowl of clam chowder and deep fried cauliflower. Are you kids hungry?



This is a comfortable couch.



And that is a mountain of mouthwatering food!



Chow down!



This is outstanding! I'll have another slice of pizza, please.



And I'll have some more chicken wings. Oh, and maybe a bit more of that tasty cauliflower, too.



You're growing children and there's plenty of food. You could both use a bit of fattening up. *They eat and eat and eat.* How about some hot chocolate?



YUM!!!



Oh you sweet little children. You look so drowsy. *She hurries off and returns with pillows and blankets.*



Thank you. *They yawn and fall asleep.*



Scowling. They'll both need some more fattening up, without a doubt. *She clears away the mound of bowls and plates and goes to her kitchen. She looks out on a large balcony with a large grill and a fabulous view of downtown stretched out below.* I do love a cookout.



Those two spoiled brats came just in time. After all, my powers are weakening—I can hardly see a thing—and nothing restores my powers like a good old-fashioned cookout. *She goes to a shelf full of recipe books and pulls one down.* I know! Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue! My favorite!

Level 1

Act IV

(featuring ou, ue, ui, ew)



Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue—
that's what is on my new menu.



How can this be true?



What are we to do?



There's no hope of rescue.



We must think this through.



Quiet you two.
Drink some of my brew!

IV

Act IV

(featuring ou, ue, ui, ew)

The old woman stands in the kitchen. She is really a cruel old witch. She grabs the two clueless kids when they enter. She throws Hansel into a cage.

IV



Tonight we're having a cookout. Would you like to know what's on the menu? YOU! Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue!

Gretel scoots close to Hansel's cage.



Oh Gretel! What are we going to do?



Don't worry Hansel. I'll think of something.



My Granny taught me to make this special fattening up juice. *She reads the spell as she works.* Eye of newt...



She is a witch.



Just like our step mama.



The juice is brewed. Make your brother drink a mug of this fattening up juice. In a few minutes, I'll feel his finger to make sure he is fat enough. As soon as he is fattened up, the barbecue begins.

Gretel takes the mug to Hansel along with a chicken wing bone from last night's dinner.



I've lost all hope of rescue. *He raises the mug to his lips.*



Don't drink it, Hansel!



What's going on over there?



I told my brother to drink it.



So I'm drinking it. *Hansel makes loud gulping noises as he pours the juice onto the floor.*



Now take this chicken wing bone. When the witch comes to see if you are fat enough, hold out the bone. When she feels the bone instead of your finger, she will think you are too thin to eat.



That is very clever.



Hold out your finger, boy. Let me feel if you are fat enough. *Hansel holds out the chicken wing bone. What!?! Better add another eye of newt or two to the brew. She goes back to her pot. She calls Gretel over. This should do the trick. Make your brother drink every drop. Gretel takes Hansel the juice. He pours it out just like before. Yoo hoo! Hold out your finger, boy. Let me feel if you are fat enough.*



Here is my finger. *He holds out the bone.*



What?!? Oh well. Tonight there has been a change on the menu. We will no longer be cooking Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue.



Whew!



Tonight we will be cooking up Low Fat Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue. Fuel up the grill. We've got a boy to barbecue!

Act IV

(featuring ou, ue, ui, ew)

Scene 1

The old woman stands in the kitchen. In the light of the new day it is obvious that she is really a cruel and ghoulish old witch. Her recipe book is opened to “Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue” and she stirs her special sauce. Gretel and Hansel enter.

IV



What are you making?



It smells like barbecue.

The wicked old witch freezes like a statue, then grabs the two clueless kids. She throws Hansel into a small cage.



Tonight we're having a cookout. Would you like to know what's on the menu? Tossed salad with croutons and YOU! Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue served on a bed of couscous—a special dish that will restore my powers and make my tired eyes as good as new. But first we will need to fatten the boy up a bit. Girl, you are recruited to help me since my eyesight is so poor these days. *Gretel scoots close to Hansel's cage.*



Oh Gretel! What are we going to do?



Don't worry Hansel. I'll think of something.



My Granny taught me to make this special fattening up juice. *She reads the spell as she works.* Eye of newt, and toe of frog, Wool of bat, and tongue of dog, Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting, Lizard's leg, and how-let's wing....

IV



She is a witch, dear brother.



Just like our wicked step mama, sister dear.



Just a few more eyes of newt.



Did she just put one of those eyes of newt into her mouth?



Surely not.



These newt eyes are chewy!



Ooooo.



The juice is brewed. My sweet little honeydew, make your brother drink a mug of my special fattening up juice. In a few minutes, I'll feel his finger to make sure he is fat enough. As soon as he is fattened up, the barbecue begins.

Gretel takes the mug along with a chicken wing bone from last night's dinner.



Taking the pewter mug from his sister. It's no use, Gretel. I've lost all hope of rescue and can only see my own ruin! He raises the mug to his lips.



Don't drink it, Hansel!



What's going on over there, my little soufflés?



I told my brother to drink it.



So I'm drinking it. Hansel makes loud gulping noises as he pours the juice onto the floor.



Now take this chicken wing bone, brother dear. When the Wicked Old Witch comes to see if you are fat enough, hold out the bone instead of your finger. When she feels the bone, she will think you are too thin to eat. You are very clever, dear sister.



Hold out your finger, my little pan fried grouper, and let me feel if you are fat enough. Hansel holds out the chicken wing bone. What!?! You are as skinny as a half starved caribou. Better add another eye of newt or two to the brew. She goes back to her cauldron and then calls Gretel over. This

should do the trick. My sweet little cantaloupe, make your brother drink every drop of this. I'll check him in another hour or two. *Gretel takes Hansel the juice and he pours it out just like before.*



Oh, Gretel. What are we going to do? The chicken wing bone was a great idea, but it won't hold her off forever.



I know Hansel.

Scene 2

A few hours later. Gretel and Hansel continue to stew over what they should do.



Yoo hoo! Hold out your finger, you little plate of cashew chicken, and let me feel if you are fat enough.



Here is my finger. *He holds out the bone.*



What?!? Still not fat enough? How can this be? I'll try adding another eye of newt and giving it a few more hours.



I know we'll come up with something Hansel.

Scene 3

The end of the day.



She looks very discouraged at the fact that her fattening up juice doesn't seem to be working on me.



But it is definitely working on that mouse that keeps drinking up the juice you pour out. Did you see that thing?



I think she is going to give up and set us free.



Here she comes to check you again.



Hold out your finger and let me feel if you are fat enough. *Hansel holds out the bone.*

Oh well. Tonight there has been a change on the menu. We will no longer be cooking Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue.

IV



Whew!



Tonight we will be cooking up Low Fat Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue. Fuel up the grill, my little fondue pot. We've got a boy to barbecue!

Level 1

Act V

(featuring oo)



I took a look in my recipe book—
Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue is what I'm going
to cook.



Doomed! I'm doomed!
Goodbye, sister. I'm doomed.



BOOM! Too bad for her she was a fool
and climbed up on that stool.



OOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Level 2

Act V

(featuring oo)

Hansel is about to be barbecued. He swoons in his cage.



I'm doomed! All is lost Gretel.



Aside. What am I going to do?



Fuel up that grill! What a hoot!



Doomed I say! O woe is me!



I'm going to lose my brother too—I just can't think of what to do.



She roots around the kitchen. She pulls out a spoon. Now here is a real heirloom. This spoon belonged to Granny Louise.



Granny Louise? Could it be? It all makes perfect sense. She looks just like our wicked step mama.



What a goon. How could we have been so foolish as not to notice how much they look like one another? Ooo! What am I going to do?



Yoohoo! Boost up that grill. Let's get this boy cooked!



She's drooling. I have to look away.





Gretel hooks up the grill. This grill is big enough for two kids or one adult. That's it! I know what to do!



What's all of the hullabaloo?



Something must be loose.



Looks good to me. I'm in no mood for games.



You'll have to look closer. I'll get you a stool. *Gretel grabs the step stool. She scoots herself behind the Witch and looks at Hansel.*



Maybe I'm not doomed after all. *Whispering.* You can do it Gretel!



Leaning in. Looks good to me.



Scooting closer. Look closer.



There's no room to goof up.



Leaning in closer. Still looks good. Oops! I've lost my footing on this stool.



Gretel pushes the witch. OOMPH!



OO!



Swoop in Gretel! Push her again!

Act V

(featuring oo)

Scene 1

In the witch's kitchen. Hansel is about to be barbecued. He swoons in his cage.



I'm doomed! All is lost Gretel. Goodbye, sister dear.



Aside. What is this? Hot tears are pooling up in my eyes and threatening to break loose. I have not allowed myself a single tear since Mama died and I'm not going to start crying now.



Did you hear me, my sweet macaroon? Fuel up that grill! Let the barbecue begin! What a hoot!



Doomed I say! O woe is me!



What am I going to do? I'm going to lose my brother too. I feel locked up, paralyzed, unable to move—I just can't think of what to do.



Rooting around the kitchen and pulling out a silver serving spoon. Now here is a real heirloom. Perfect for serving up Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue—even the Low Fat kind. This spoon belonged to Granny Louise down in the Bayou.



Granny Louise? The Bayou? Could it be? It all makes perfect sense. She looks just like our wicked step mama.



What a terrible goon. How could we have been so foolish as not to notice the resemblance at once? O! I don't know what to do—I just can't think.



Yoo-hoo, my little chocolate chip cookie! Boost up that grill and let's get this boy cooked!



She's drooling. I have to look away.



She is so terrible in the fading light. *Gretel bursts into tears as she begins to hook up the grill.* It is like a monsoon in the desert. This sudden flood of emotion has blown open the sealed vault of my heart and I have a new outlook. I feel hope again. I believe in myself again. I won't give up. *She lights the grill.* This grill is big enough for two kids or one adult. That's it!



What's all of the hullabaloo, my little steaming plate of noodles?



It appears that the fuel tank is not hooked up properly. Something must be loose. I'm afraid you're going to have undercooked Low Fat Extra Spicy Boy Barbecue if we can't get this figured out.





Looks good to me. I'm in no mood for games, my little stuffed mushroom. Go get your brother and put him on the grill.



You'll have to look a bit closer to see where the connection is loose. I'll get you a stool so you can really get a good look. *Gretel grabs the stepstool that is next to the door and then scoots herself behind the witch and looks at Hansel.*

V



Maybe I'm not doomed after all. You can do it Gretel!



Leaning in. Looks good to me.



Scooting closer to the witch. Look closer.



There's no room to goof up.



Leaning in closer. Still looks good.



Scooting closer. Look closer.



Choose your moment carefully Gretel.



Oops. I've lost my footing on this stool.



Gretel pushes the witch. OOOOMPH!



Why you little nincompoop—how dare you try to bamboozle me!



Swoop in Gretel! Push her again!



BOOM! *Gretel gives the witch a final push into the grill and slams the lid shut.*



OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!



Her goose is cooked.



Overcooked in fact. *Gretel frees Hansel from the cage.*



YAHOO! *They run away.*

Scene 2

On the roof of the high rise.



I hope it was a good idea to come up here on the roof.



Do you hear that WHOOSH, WHOOSH, WHOOSH?



Is that a helicopter zooming into view?



FATHER!

Lawson Dawes waves at them from the helicopter. He jumps out and runs to his children. Scooping them both into his arms, he hugs them like he will never let them go again.



Father, how did you ever find us?

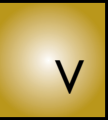


How did you escape our wicked step ma-ma's spell?





There was a loud ‘Poof!’ and your wicked step mama went up in a puff of smoke breaking the spell. All that was left was her Droid. I discovered the route she had mapped out to bring you here, and called for Search and Rescue. I’m sorry I brought that wicked woman into our lives. I let her come between us and I nearly lost you. You kids mean more to me than anything else in the world, and I promise I’ll never let you down again. I love you both—
To the moon and back!



THE END