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Dramatic Publishing

Story Stew: A Fairy Tale Revue



Comedy
by
Stacey Lane

“Ms. Lane creates roles students can easily relate to and have a great time exploring. We loved featuring many beloved stories, and the wonderful takes on iconic characters.” —*Andy Falter, summer camp director, Broadway2LA Acting Studio*

Story Stew: A Fairy Tale Revue – Comedy. By Stacey Lane.

Cast: 4m., 11w., 5 either gender, extras possible. You know the old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do. But did you know that her children are Jack, Jill, Little Red Riding Hood, Goldilocks, Hansel, Gretel and that lamb-loving Mary? Joining this energetic romp through the enchanted forest are Little Miss Muffet, the Big Bad Wolf, the Gingerbread Man, Puss in Boots, and more of your fairy tale favorites. When all of their food vanishes, leaving the cupboard bare, Old Mother Hubbard and her children think things can't possibly get worse. Then along comes a wolf looking for pigs who huffs and puffs and blows their house down. Homeless and hungry, our young heroes set out on a quest to save their family—or at least find a snack. Familiar fables take on new twists as the mystery of the missing food leads the kids through the woods to Grandmother's house, up a beanstalk, and finally to the witch's gingerbread house. An outraged giant loses a shoe while chasing Jack. What do you do with a giant's shoe? The clever witch turns the huge shoe into a home for her grateful new friends. *Flexible set. Approximate running time: 1 hour. Code: S1H.*

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STORY STEW: A FAIRY TALE REVUE

A Children's Play
by
STACEY LANE



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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To Kyle R. Smith: My brother,
who inspires me to
“always look on the bright side of life.”

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Story Stew: A Fairy Tale Revue was first produced in June 2010 by Human Race Theatre Company's Summer Stock Kids in Dayton, Ohio, with artistic director Marsha Hanna. Jene Rebbin Shaw directed with assistant Rachel Ifft. The cast was as follows:

Gretel	Grace Lile
Hansel	Will Sommer
Old Mother Hubbard	Bridget Elder
Dog	Kylie Johnson
Goldilocks	Kati Meyer
Little Red Riding Hood	Teryn Barker
Jill	Gracie Jimison
Jack	Kelton Oaks
Lamb	Brenna Campbell
Mary	Sara Pierce
Cow	Allison Kordik
Wolf	Chloe Johnson
Little Miss Muffet	Maia Suchland
Witch	Christy Carson
Gingerbread Man	Sophie Arcusa
Puss in Boots	Rayya Uqdah
Grandmother	Kennedy Chase
Papa Bear	Sara Pierce
Baby Bear	Claudia VanZandt
Mama Bear	Katrina Fry
Giant	Allison Kordik

Story Stew: A Fairy Tale Revue

CHARACTERS

GRETEL
HANSEL
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
DOG
GOLDILOCKS
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
JILL
JACK
LAMB
MARY
COW
WOLF
LITTLE MISS MUFFET
WITCH
GINGERBREAD MAN
PUSS IN BOOTS
GRANDMOTHER
PAPA BEAR
BABY BEAR
MAMA BEAR
GIANT (voice-over)

TIME: Once upon a time.

PLACE: A fairy tale forest.

Story Stew: A Fairy Tale Revue

SETTING: *The woods. In the clearing, sits a small shack with a cupboard.*

AT RISE: *GRETEL, HANSEL, OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, the DOG, GOLDBLOCKS, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, JILL, JACK, the LAMB and MARY are crammed into the shack. The COW grazes outside.*

GRETEL. What's for dinner?

HANSEL. I'm so hungry I could eat a shoe.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Now you children know the rules. Nobody eats until I feed my dear old dog.

DOG. Wolf!

GOLDBLOCKS. It's not fair!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. Why should a dog eat before we do?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Because she is magical. That's why. And if we are especially nice to her, someday she might give us magical presents.

GRETEL. Like candy?

HANSEL. Or cookies?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Bigger!

HANSEL. Really big cookies!

JILL. For the last time, Mother, our dog is not magical.

DOG. Wolf!

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Yes, she is. I saw her playing the flute once.

JILL. You did not.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Yes, I most certainly did. Do not tell me what I did or did not see, young lady.

(The DOG begins to dance.)

DOG. Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Look! My old dog is dancing a jig!

(The children turn to look, but the DOG has stopped dancing.)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. I didn't see anything.

GRETTEL. Me neither. Dance again, please, pup!

JILL. The dog was not dancing.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. I know what I know and I saw what I saw. Now let's see if I have an extra-special bone in the cupboard for my extra-special pooch.

DOG. Wolf!

(OLD MOTHER HUBBARD opens the cupboard. It is empty.)

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Oh no! The cupboard is bare.

GOLDILOCKS. A bear? Where is a bear? In there?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. What? No, of course not. I meant there is nothing in here.

HANSEL. No bones for your dog?

DOG. Wolf!

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. No food at all.

HANSEL & GRETEL. Oh no!

GOLDBLOCKS. Well, at least there is no bear. There's nothing I hate more than bears.

JILL. What about starvation?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. What will we do?

GRETEL. What will we eat?

JILL. This is poor planning.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. There was food in there yesterday.

JACK. Well, where did all the food go then?

LAMB. Baa! Baa! Baa!

MARY (*to the LAMB*). Shhhhh! (*To OLD MOTHER HUBBARD*.) I don't know where the food could have gone, Mother, dear. It is most peculiar.

HANSEL. I'm so hungry!

GRETEL. Me too!

JILL. We can milk the cow and at least have something to drink.

HANSEL. I want more than milk. My tummy is rumbling something fierce.

JILL. Or we can sell the cow and then we will have some money to buy food.

GRETEL. Let's buy cookies!

JACK. No, I don't want to sell my cow!

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. It's settled then. Jack, go sell the cow and hurry back.

JACK. Why can't Mary sell her lamb?

MARY. No, never!

LAMB. Baa! Baa!

JILL. Jack makes a good point. You can't milk a lamb.

LAMB. Baa!

MARY. No, I won't do it and you can't make me!

LAMB. Baa! Baa! Baa!

(MARY clutches the LAMB and begins to cry.)

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Shame on you, kids. Now you know Mary and that lamb are inseparable, just like me and my fine canine.

DOG. Wolf!

JACK. But, Mother—

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. No buts about it. Now go sell that cow, Jack.

JILL. I'll go too.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. No, you won't, Jill. You need to stay here and give my poor dog a bath. Go fetch a pail of water.

JILL. But, Mother—

JACK. Can't I go with Jill to fetch the water?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, JILL, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, GOLDBLOCKS, HANSEL & GRETEL. No!

GOLDBLOCKS. We all remember what happened last time you went up that hill.

JACK. Breaking my crown is better than selling my cow.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Jack, stop your complaining and go sell that cow.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. The family needs you.

JACK. But—

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. There are far too many buts around here and too many mouths to feed. Now go, Jack.

JACK. Yes, Mother.

(JACK goes outside and gets the COW.)

JACK. Come on. We have to go on a journey.

COW. Moo! Moo! Moo!

JACK. I know. I know. I don't want to go either.

COW. Moo! Moo! Moo! Moo! Mooooooooo!

JACK. I feel exactly the same way. *(He hugs the COW and they exit.)*

HANSEL. I'm so hungry I could eat a house.

JILL. No, Hansel. The saying goes, "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse."

HANSEL. Yuck. I'd rather eat a cookie.

GRETEL. Me too!

HANSEL. I'd rather eat a whole house made of cookies.

GRETEL. Yum.

JILL. There is no such thing as a house made of cookies.

HANSEL. Well, I wish there was.

GRETEL. Me too.

(The DOG does a headstand.)

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Look! Look at my magical dog!

(The children turn to look, but the DOG is now lying on the floor.)

JILL. Mother, that is just an ordinary boring dog.

DOG. Wolf! Wolf!

(The WOLF enters.)

WOLF. Little pig, little pig, let me come in.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Who on earth could that be?

DOG. Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!

GOLDBLOCKS. It sounds like a bear! I'm scared.

(GOLDBLOCKS hides in the cupboard. The LAMB hides behind MARY.)

JILL. Everyone stay really quiet and maybe he will go away.

DOG. Wolf! Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!

HANSEL & GRETEL. Shhhhh!

WOLF. I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. What'd he just say?

(The WOLF huffs and puffs and the walls of the house fall down.)

DOG. Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!

WOLF. What are you doing here?

JILL. We live here.

WOLF. Oh. Pardon me. I thought this was where the three little pigs lived.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. No, the pigs live a little further down the path. Make a left at the big oak tree. Then you'll come upon a house made of straw, a house made of sticks, and a house made of bricks.

WOLF. Oh, thank you. Terribly sorry to bother you. Have a good day.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. You too.

(The WOLF exits.)

GRETEL. Why were you so nice to that wolf after he blew our house down?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. It is never a good idea to be mean to wolves.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. What are we going to do now?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. See, I told you my dog was magical. She knew that a wolf was coming. That's why she said "wolf."

DOG. Wolf!

JILL. If your dog is so magical, how come she can't talk, like that wolf?

LAMB. Baa!

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. She can talk. She is just especially fond of the word "wolf."

DOG. Wolf! Wolf! Wolf!

GOLDBLOCKS *(from inside the cupboard)*. Is he gone?

JILL. Yes and so is our house.

(GOLDBLOCKS crawls out of the cupboard.)

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Oh what to do. What to do.

HANSEL. We could use some of that dog's magic right about now.

DOG. Wolf!

JILL. I'll go to Grandma's house to ask if we can stay with her.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. No, Jill. My dog still needs her bath. *(To GOLDBLOCKS and LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.)* You two go.

GOLDDILOCKS. But there are bears in the woods. I don't want to go.

HANSEL. I want to go.

GRETEL. Me too! I bet Grandma has food!

HANSEL. I bet she baked cookies!

GRETEL. Yum!

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. No, Hansel and Gretel. You are too little to go anywhere. Why don't you go outside and play?

JILL. We are already outside. We have no house, remember?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Why haven't you left yet to fetch that pail of water, Jill?

GRETEL. And when you are at the wishing well, could you please wish for a big new house and lots and lots of food?

JILL. It's not a wishing well, Gretel. It's just a regular ugly old well. Besides, wishes don't come true. Look around.
(*She exits.*)

HANSEL. Mother, may I go to Grandma's house? Please!

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. No. I already told you, the only ones going are— (*Gesturing to GOLDDILOCKS.*) um, Blondie over there, and—

GOLDDILOCKS. For the millionth time, Mother, my name is Gwendolyn.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Gwendolyn? What kind of a name is that? Who would name you something like that?

GOLDDILOCKS. You did!

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Oh. Then in that case, I can call you whatever I want. So look here, Goldilocks, go to—

GOLDDILOCKS. Goldilocks—you have got to be kidding me! That doesn't even make any sense.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Sure it does. You have locks of hair and they are gold-colored.

GOLDDILOCKS. But my name is Gwendolyn, Mother.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. How am I supposed to remember the names of so many children? Oh, I have so many children I don't know what to do!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. You only have seven kids. That's not that many.

GOLDDILOCKS. Snow White lives with seven dwarves and I'm sure she can remember all of their names.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. If only you had a simple name like Jack or Jill. I should have named you Jill.

GOLDDILOCKS. You already named Jill Jill.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Enough of this chitchat. To Grandmother's house you go! Here. Take this basket. Pick some flowers along the way for your dear old granny.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. Yes, Mother.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. And make sure you wear that little red cape that Grandma made you for your birthday.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. But, Mother, I hate that thing. When I wore it to school all the kids called me Little Red Riding Hood.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. There are worse things to be called.

GOLDDILOCKS. Like Goldilocks.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Or Old Mother Hubbard. I'm not that old. Your grandmother is much older than me.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. I should hope so.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. You two get going.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD & GOLDBLOCKS. Yes, Mother. (*LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD grabs the cape and basket, and she and GOLDBLOCKS exit.*)

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Hansel and Gretel, you go play.

GRETTEL. But what about Mary and her lamb?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. Mary can do whatever she likes.

GRETTEL. Mary always gets to do whatever she likes.

MARY. Thank you, Mother, dear. I'll be ever so good. Follow me, little lamb.

LAMB. Baa!

(MARY and the LAMB exit.)

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. What a mess! What a mess!

(OLD MOTHER HUBBARD and the DOG carry the pieces of the house and the cupboard offstage. LITTLE MISS MUFFET enters. She carries a tuffet and a bowl of curds and whey.)

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. Wow! What happened to your ugly old shack?

GRETTEL. A big bad wolf blew it down.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. Oh, yeah. Him. He stopped by and tried to blow my house down too, but he couldn't huff and puff hard enough to harm my big beautiful brick home. Too bad your shack was so shabby.

HANSEL. But that's not even the worst part. We have nothing to eat.

GRETEL. Can we please have some of your food, Little Miss Muffet?

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. Oh no! I never share. I'm an only child.

HANSEL & GRETEL. But we're starving!

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. I'll tell you a secret.

GRETEL. Oh, goodie! I love secrets.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. But I will only tell you this top-secret secret under one condition.

GRETEL. Anything!

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. You have to bring me back a gingerbread cookie.

HANSEL. Where are we going to get a gingerbread cookie? We just told you that we have no food.

GRETEL. Not a crumb.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. That's what the secret is about. Little Boy Blue told me that Little Bo Peep told him that when she was out looking for her lost sheep, she found a house made of gingerbread and candy and lots of other delicious deserts.

GRETEL. A house you can eat?

HANSEL & GRETEL. Yummy!

HANSEL. How do we get there?

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. Oh, it's really quite simple. (*Rapidly.*) Walk past three trees. Then take a left at a rock. Follow the river to a bigger rock. Turn left. Turn right at the small tree and then take a left at the big tree. Then you'll see a log. Turn right at the log. Walk straight until you see some red flowers. Turn right at the flowers and keep walking until you see a bunch of bushes. Across from the bushes, there are some trees.