



Bruno: "No, no. I love my children. I couldn't. I just couldn't."

Narrator 5: said Bruno. The very next night both Hansel and Gretel heard the Widow Brown talking.

Widow: "Take them to the woods, I tell you! Make some excuse and leave them there. Someone will find and care for them. Not to worry."

Narrator 6: Bruno said nothing. But Hansel and Gretel started to—guess what? Worry!

Gretl: "We need a plan,"

Narrator 1: said Gretel. Hansel agreed.

Narrator 2: Remember the beans from before? Well, early the next morning Hansel and Gretel filled their pockets with dry beans to drop along the path. Those beans would help them find their way home.

Widow: "Children, we are going on a picnic in the woods,"

Narrator 3: said the Widow Brown. They started walking. Hansel and Gretel lagged behind dropping beans along the way. Soon they were deep in the woods.

Widow: "Let's have our picnic here. You children rest. Your father and I will get some firewood."

Narrator 4: said the Widow Brown. And they left. Hansel and Gretel caught each other's eye. They were alone. Alone! Oh my!

Narrator 5: It got so quiet they could hear the crickets chirping and the leaves rustling. Why, they could even hear a dewdrop drop!

Gretl: "Don't worry. We've got a plan. We'll find our way back. We'll just follow our trail of beans."

Narrator 6: said Gretel. They started home, but most of the beans had been eaten by squirrels, rabbits, and who know what else!

Hansel: "Our bean trail has been eaten! Oh, what to do?"

Narrator 1: cried Hansel. They both sat down and had a good cry...that is, if a cry can be good.

Gretl: "Wait, Hansel! I smell cookies baking."

Narrator 2: said Gretel.

Hansel: "It's coming from over here!"

Narrator 3: cried Hansel. They climbed a small hill and came to a fence that was made of gum drops, lollipops, lady fingers, glazed donuts, and a giant chocolate covered pretzel gate. The gingerbread house was full of junk food. It had a cholesterol count of 888, which is high, even for a house. The children were so hungry. They started to eat.

Gretl: "This lady finger fence is absolutely delicious!"

Hansel: "Yum! Have some chocolate windowsill."

Narrator 4: Suddenly the cupcake doorknob turned, the door flew open, and there stood Glut Annie Stout, a woman as wide as she was tall.

Glut Annie: "Who's eating my house?"

Narrator 5: she called.

Gretl: "Oh, we're lost,"

Narrator 6: said Gretel.

Glut Annie: "Lost? Don't worry; I'll take good care of you. Come in. I'm making some sweet apple and blueberry pies. Come in!"

Narrator 1: said Annie.

Narrator 2: Glut Annie gave them strawberry malteds, apple pie a la mode with chocolate sauce, banana cream pie, and a big piece of chocolate, not five--not six--, but seven-layer cake. Well, the children ate and ate. They were very tired, so they said their prayers, wished each other

Hansel and Gretl: "Sweet Dreams,"

Narrator 2: put their heads on marshmallow pillows, and fell fast asleep.

Narrator 3: Early the next day the butterfly gently woke the children.

Hansel and Gretl: "Good morning,"

Narrator 4: said Hansel and Gretel. Glut Annie Stout served them a very big breakfast of eggs Benedict, bacon, ham, sausage, pancakes, and French toast, all smothered in butter and maple syrup. A calorie counter she wasn't. Hansel and Gretel couldn't finish their food. Glut Annie, however, tasted everything twice.

Narrator 5: After breakfast, the children said good-bye and started to leave, but the door was locked.

Glut Annie: "And just where do you good-for-nothings think you're going?"

Narrator 6: asked Glut Annie.

Hansel and Gretl: "Home, we want to go home,"

Narrator 1: said the children.

Glut Annie: "Home? Ha, ha. Never! You'll live here and help me make puddings, cakes, and pies.

Narrator 2: The children trembled. It was clear that Miss Glut Annie Stout was (a) completely unaware of how unhealthy all that fat and sugar is! And (b) not very nice...not very nice, indeed! So the children worked as hard as they could helping Glut Annie while she cooked and cooked...and cooked.

Narrator 3: Later that night the children gathered some fireflies from the open window and had a family meeting under the blanket. What to do? What to do? Glut Annie

was so disagreeable, so mean and so cruel. The children made a plan—a plan to run away!

Narrator 4: The next day the children licked a hole in one of the lollipop windows. Gretel boosted Hansel up to unlock the latch. They climbed out, jumped down, and started to run. But Glut Annie Stout was waiting and swooped Hansel and Gretel up in a sticky net made of cotton candy, which clung to their arms, legs, and hair. Glut Annie washed them off in the pond and brought them back into the house. She put Hansel in the kitchen pantry.

Glut Annie: "That ought to keep you,"

Narrator 5: she said as she locked the gate. She put the key in her apron pocket and said to Gretel,

Glut Annie: "You won't run away again. You won't leave your brother here, locked up. Now get back to work!"

Narrator 6: Oh, she was so-o-o-o mean!! Gretel worked and pondered. She needed another plan.

Gretel: "Oh, the key! The key is the key!"

Narrator 1: thought Gretel. Days went by. Unhappy days. Nights went by. Unhappy nights. Gretel helped the wretched woman cook, and thought about ways to get that key. Every day Glut Annie sat down to a fat-filled feast.

Narrator 2: And every night Gretel had all those dishes, pots, and pans to clean. Glut Annie baked and baked...and baked, using lots of cream and butter and eggs, oh my! Then one day came the straw that broke the camel's back—Glut Annie burped so loud it stopped the clock, and she didn't even say, "Excuse me!"

Narrator 3: Well, Gretel knew it was time to set her plan in motion. So the very next day she took all the sugar and hid it in a picture of the Good Ship Lollipop—almost sinking it.

Narrator 4: Later, when Glut Annie Stout was ready to make her cakes and pies, she shouted,

Glut Annie: "Sugar! There's no more sugar."

Narrator 5: She took the key and unlocked the gate. Gretel's plan was working! As Glut Annie entered the pantry, Gretel signaled Hansel to step to one side. She picked up the broom, swung it wa-a-a-a-ay back, and with all her might let Glut Annie have it right on her rump roast. Ba-rump-bump!

Narrator 6: Oh, what a loud thump she made. Hansel ran out. Gretel slammed the gate shut.

Glut Annie: "Why, you little—"

Narrator 1: Glut Annie snarled. Oh! But the key was inside. What to do? What to do?

Narrator 2: Just then, as if by magic, the butterfly picked up the key from the floor of the pantry and flew to Gretel, who took it and locked the gate just in time. Hansel and Gretel hugged and kissed each other.

Narrator 3: Using the key, Gretel opened the front door, and they ran through the woods to a recently installed public telephone. Thank goodness Alexander Graham Bell lived

in the neighborhood. They called 911.

Narrator 4: The police soon came and took Glut Annie Stout into custody. She was charged with kidnapping, being mean to children, and eating an entire smorgasbord without a license.

Narrator 5: Now, months before, Bruno, realizing he had made a mistake, had sent the Widow Brown packing. She was never heard from again. Good riddance! So when the police told Bruno that Hansel and Gretel had been found and were safe, he cried,

Bruno: "My dream has come true!"

Narrator 6: And oh, how happy he was to see Hansel and Gretel, his children that he loved so much.

Bruno: "I'll never let you out of my sight again! I'll always be your loving father."

Narrator 1: he said. This was music to the children's ears.

Hansel/Gretl: "Oh, thank you, Father, thank you! We love you so. We are so glad to be home!"

Narrator 2: said Hansel and Gretel.

Bruno: "This calls for a celebration. Let's have apple pie a la mode with chocolate sauce."

Narrator 3: said Bruno. The children turned green at the thought.

Hansel/Gretl: "No thanks, Dad, just a plain banana would be fine."

Narrator 4: Just then the beautiful butterfly appeared.

Hansel/Gretl: "She's our guardian angel,"

Narrator 5: said Hansel and Gretel.

Bruno: "Oh, I thought it was a butterfly."

Narrator 6: said Bruno. The children laughed as they all had some fat-free chicken soup.

Narrator 1: Their loving father opened a very successful health food store called "Bruno's Golden Dream." He took excellent care of his children for many years, and every night they all wished each other not sweet, but golden dreams (fewer calories). They were a family again. A loving, fat-free, healthy family who lived happily ever after.

Scripted by Jill Jauquet