

Characters

Goldilocks (F)	-	A self-centred girl
Mother (F/M)	-	Goldilocks Mother
Daddy Bear (M)	-	A Grizzly Bear
Mummy Bear (F)	-	A Grizzly Bear
Baby Bear (M/F)	-	A Small Grizzly Bear
Narrator (M/F)	-	The Narrator
Hansel (M)	-	Gretel's brother
Gretel (F)	-	Hansel's Sister
Witch (M/F)	-	The Wicked Witch
Brian (M/F)	-	Witches Anonymous Inspector
Patricia (F)	-	Little Red Riding Hood
Mother (M/F)	-	Little Red Riding Hood's Mother
Wolf (M/F)	-	A big bad wolf
Granny (F)	-	Red Riding Hood's Grandmother
Princess (F)	-	A lazy Princess
King (M/F)	-	The Princess' Father
Goblin (M/F)	-	Rumpelstiltskin

Scene 1 – Goldilocks’ House

(Goldilocks enters front of tabs, holding a piece of cheese)

Goldilocks: Hello boys and girls. My name is Goldilocks. I got my name because of my lovely blonde hair. **(shows her cheese to the audience)** I'm just having some cheese. What are you having? **(awaits audience reaction)** Have you not brought anything? Shame! I've got cheese and it's all mine. It's all for me!!

Mother: **(yelling from offstage)** Argh! Who ate all my cheese?

(Mother enters)

Mother: Goldilocks, do you know -

(Mother pauses as she sees Goldilocks with some cheese in her hand)

Mother: Is that my cheese?

(Goldilocks shoves the cheese in her mouth)

Goldilocks: **(with her mouth full)** No.

Mother: It is! That cheese was for my dinner and you've eaten it all. Now I've got nothing to eat.

Goldilocks: You should have put your name on it. How am I supposed to know it was for your dinner? I was hungry.

Mother: What did *you* have for dinner?

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Goldilocks: Sausages, beans and chips with chocolate pudding to follow. Oh, and a bit of cheese.
(Points to her mouth)

Mother: A bit? You've eaten the whole block. I'm very disappointed in you. When are you going to learn that you're not to touch things that don't belong to you?

(Goldilocks looks sad)

Mother: Never mind. Look, you can make it up to me by going to the shop and buying me some more cheese. **(Mother hands Goldilocks some money)** And this is coming out of your pocket money this week.

Goldilocks: Alright mother. I'll go to the shop.

(Goldilocks rolls her eyes and exits)

Mother: **(to audience)** Let's hope this teaches Goldilocks not to take things that don't belong to her!

(Mother exits.)

Scene 2 – The Three Bears' House

(Tabs open to reveal a backdrop of trees and the three bears' house. The first section has a dining table with three chairs and three bowls. The next section has three beds. Goldilocks enters.)

Goldilocks: **(Skipping and Singing)** If you go down to the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise. **(halts and stops singing)** Ooh, look boys and girls - a house! What's a house like this doing so deep in the woods? **(thinks)** I wonder who lives here. **(she knocks on the door and waits)** There's nobody in. **(to audience)** I'm so curious as to who lives here. Do you think I should go in and take a look? **(awaits audience reaction)** But my mother said I should respect other people's property. I shouldn't go in unless I'm invited. **(thinks)** I'm so curious though. A little peek wouldn't hurt!

(Goldilocks opens the door slowly and looks inside)

Goldilocks: **(sniffs the air)** Ooooh, smell that! It's freshly cooked porridge! **(to audience)** my favourite. It's been ages since dinner time **(looks at watch)** well, ten minutes – and I'm starving. I wonder if I could have a little bit of porridge. **(looks around)** There's nobody here to ask... **(sees the bowls on the table)** Ooh, look, three bowls of porridge. Tell you what, I'll just have a little taste; nobody will know. I'll need to sit down though **(looks around and sees the chairs)** ah!

(Goldilocks sits on the biggest chair)

Goldilocks: Oh no, this chair is far too big. I'm not comfortable on here at all. **(she sits on the smallest chair)** Oh no, this one is far too small – I won't be able to reach the table. **(she sits on the medium sized chair)** ah, yes! This one is just the right size.

(Goldilocks takes the chair and positions it in front of the first bowl of porridge. She sits and takes a spoon of porridge and eats it)

Goldilocks: **(Yelps)** Aahh! Hot hot hot! Oooh! **(talking peculiarly)** That porridge is far too hot. I've hurt my tongue. **(she sticks her tongue out at the audience)**

(Goldilocks moves the chair to the next bowl and takes a spoonful of porridge and eats it)

Goldilocks: **(winces)** Eurgh! This one is too cold. I can't eat that – it tastes like wallpaper paste!

(Goldilocks takes the chair and positions it in front of the third bowl. She takes a spoonful of porridge and eats it)

Goldilocks: Ooooh yum! This one is just right. Ooh, Sweet Peppa Pig! It's delicious!

(She eats the whole bowl of porridge)

Goldilocks: **(A little guilty)** Oh – I was just going to have one spoon of porridge and I've gone and eaten the whole lot. Mother will be mad at me – but, she doesn't have to find out! **(yawns)** I'm tired after all that porridge and the shop is so far away, I'll just have a little sleep before I set off.

(Goldilocks moves into the bedroom and lies on the first bed)

Goldilocks: Oh this is awful. It's far too hard. It's like trying to get to sleep on an ironing board.

(Goldilocks goes to the next bed and lies down)

Goldilocks: Oh, this won't do either, it's too soft. It's like sleeping on a marshmallow!

(Goldilocks goes to the last bed and lies down)

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Goldilocks: Oh this is perfect. Just the right softness. I think I could fall asleep in – **(falls asleep instantly and begins to snore loudly. A few moments later she wakes up refreshed)** That was good. I'm all refreshed. I'm off to the shop! See you later boys and girls.

(Goldilocks exits on the same side she entered from. After a few moments Daddy, Mummy and Baby bear enter)

Daddy Bear: **(Growls)** That's the stuff! A lovely walk around the woods before dinner.

Mummy Bear: Yes and that's not all us bears do in the woods!

Baby Bear: I'm starving! What's for dinner?

Daddy Bear: Well, I made us some porridge before we went out and it should be just the right temperature for us to eat now.

(The three bears enter the house. Daddy Bear stops dead and sniffs the air)

Daddy Bear: Someone has been in here while we were gone.

Mummy Bear: Really? How can you tell?

Daddy Bear: Bears can smell up to three miles away. We've got very sensitive noses. I can tell something that wasn't a bear has been in here. Look **(he approaches the two chairs Goldilocks rejected)** Someone has been sitting in my chair!

Mummy Bear: **(approaches the chair next to Daddy Bear's chair)** And someone has been sitting in *my* chair!

Baby Bear: Look, my chair is at the table.

Daddy Bear: **(goes to the table)** Someone has been eating my porridge!

Mummy Bear: **(goes to her bowl)** Someone has been eating *my* porridge too!

Baby Bear: Somebody has eaten *all* my porridge. Look, there's none left!

Daddy Bear: Who would go into someone else's house, sit on their chairs and eat their food without asking?

Mummy Bear: Someone who was very naughty. Very naughty indeed.

(Baby Bear goes into the bedroom)

Baby Bear: Someone has been sleeping in my bed!

(Daddy Bear and Mummy Bear enter the bedroom)

Daddy Bear: Someone has been sleeping in *my* bed too!

Mummy Bear: And mine! What shall we do?

Daddy Bear: Well, I think we should teach them a lesson about respecting other people's property.

Baby Bear: How will you do that Daddy bear?

Daddy Bear: I'll bet they enjoyed my porridge so much, they'll come back for more tomorrow. I'll set up a trap to catch them and teach them a lesson!

(Tabs close.)

Scene 3 – Goldilocks’ House

(Goldilocks enters front of tabs holding a piece of cheese)

Goldilocks: **(shouting)** Mother!

(Mother enters)

Mother: Ah, Goldilocks there you are. Did you get lost? It's half seven at night. You left at lunch time.

Goldilocks: Oh, yes. I got lost in the woods and stuff. I got your cheese!

(Goldilocks hands Mother the cheese)

Mother: This is Gorgonzola. I don't like this, it's too smelly.

Goldilocks: Well, by the time I got to the shop, this was all they had left.

Mother: **(reads the label)** and it's out of date by two weeks.

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(Goldilocks shrugs)

Mother: I want you to go back to the shop tomorrow – early – and get me my favourite cheese. The one with the chives.

Goldilocks: **(languidly)** Yes mother. **(aside)** Ooh, I could have some more of that porridge I found in that house! **(to mother)** yes, I'll set off nice and early!

(Goldilocks exits)

Mother: That was weird.

(Mother exits.)

Scene 4 – The Three Bears’ House

(Tabs open to the woods and 3 bear's house scene. The chairs are back in their starting positions, there are three bowls of porridge and the beds are made. Goldilocks enters)

Goldilocks: I hope there's nobody home again today. That porridge was delicious. **(She knocks on the door and waits)** Nope! Nobody home! **(thinks)** But my mother said – **(has an attack of conscience for a moment before overcoming it easily)** – nah, the porridge was too nice.

(Goldilocks enters the house)

Goldilocks: Ah, there are the bowls! Yum yum! Right, I need to get the middle sized chair.

(Goldilocks goes to the mid-sized chair and sits down. SFX. Flatulence. Goldilocks looks embarrassed)

Goldilocks: **(To audience)** That wasn't me! Honest!

(Goldilocks inspects the chair and takes out a whoopee cushion.)

Goldilocks: What was this doing there? Never mind.

(Goldilocks takes the chair over to the table and positions it in front of the third bowl as she did in the previous scene. She takes a spoonful of porridge and eats it)

Goldilocks: **(yelling)** Argh! Hot hot! **(wafting her mouth with her hand)** It's not hot hot – it's spicy hot! Oh, I can't eat spicy food!

(Goldilocks sees a glass of water on the table and takes a drink)

Goldilocks: Ahh, that's better! **(calms down)** Oh boys and girls, after all that excitement I need a lie down.

(Goldilocks goes into the bedroom and pulls back the sheets on the comfy bed. She sees a big fake spider. If possible, it should be on a string and jump up and dance about in the air in front of Goldilocks)

Goldilocks: **(Screaming)** Ahhh! A big hairy spider! Help! Help!

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(Mummy Bear enters either from offstage or from out of a wardrobe)

Mummy Bear: I'll get it for you!

Goldilocks: **(Screaming more)** Ahhhh! A big hairy spider *and* a huge grizzly bear! Aaahh!! I don't know which one to be more scared of! Arrrghh!

Mummy Bear: **(Picking up the fake spider)** Look, there's nothing to worry about – it's not real!

Goldilocks: **(Immediately calm)** Oh! **(screams once more)** Aaahhrrgh! Help! Help! A huge grizzly bear. One that can talk! Aarggh!

Mummy Bear: Calm down, I'm not going to hurt you!

(Daddy Bear enters)

Daddy Bear: We're not going to hurt you. We're friendly bears and we don't mind sharing our porridge when people ask politely. We don't like sharing with people who come into our house uninvited and take without asking.

Goldilocks: **(Ashamed)** Oh. Yes – that was me. It was just that there was nobody in and I was curious to who lived here.

Mummy Bear: That's no excuse. You shouldn't have entered our house at all. You should have waited until we were here and asked politely. Then of course we would have shared our porridge with you.

(Baby Bear enters)

Baby Bear: We just wanted to teach you a lesson so I put the whoopee cushion on the chair and put chilli powder in the porridge and the fake spider in the bed.

Goldilocks: Well, I can say it certainly *did* teach me a lesson. My mother told me about not taking things that don't belong to me and I'll certainly never go into someone's home without being invited again. I'm sorry Mr and Mrs Bear; and little bear.

(Goldilocks exits)

Mummy Bear: (To audience) Remember boys and girls, if it's not yours, don't touch it. You wouldn't want people taking something that belongs to you, would you?

Daddy Bear: Right, who's for some lovely porridge?

Baby Bear: Me!

(Baby Bear takes a spoonful of porridge, forgetting about the chilli powder)

Baby Bear: **(yelling)** Aarrghh!! **(wafting his mouth)** I forgot about the chilli powder.

(Baby Bear drinks some water whilst Mummy Bear and Daddy Bear laugh. Tabs closed.)

Scene 5 – Goldilocks’ House

(Goldilocks enters with a shopping bag filled with items)

Goldilocks: **(Shouting)** Mother!

(Mother enters)

Mother: Yes Goldilocks?

Goldilocks: Here you go. I got you *all* the cheese.

Mother: **(taking the shopping bag)** Yes – it seems you have got me *all* the cheese.

Goldilocks: I got you the one with the chives in, the weird one with the bits of dried apricot and the one that comes in a tube which probably isn't cheese.

Mother: Oh, thank you Goldilocks. But what has made you so considerate and generous all of a sudden.

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Goldilocks: Oh nothing – I just realised that you should respect other people and that when I took your cheese I was being selfish because you ended up with no dinner. I'm sorry mother.

Mother: That's ok Goldilocks, as long as you learned your lesson.

(Daddy Bear enters)

Daddy Bear: She certainly did!

(Mother screams in fright. Lights off.)

Hansel and Gretel

Scene 1 – Hansel and Gretel's house

(Narrator enters front of tabs, reading from a large book)

Narrator: This is a story about two children who lived in a small cottage in a peaceful valley. One called Gretel –

(Gretel enters speaking into her mobile phone)

Gretel: Oh, that sounds great! Where did you get it from?

Narrator: – and the other was called Hansel

Hansel: **(Carrying a book and jumping about all excited)** Gretel! Gretel!

Narrator: Gretel was a clever young girl but her brother Hansel wasn't so clever.

(She shushes Hansel and speaks into her phone)

Gretel: Oh, I'd love to come and see your new puppy, when – **(She looks at her phone)** Drat! The battery has run out!

Hansel: Gretel! Gretel!

Gretel: What is it Hansel?

Hansel: My new I-spy book has just arrived in the post!

Gretel: I-spy book? What's that?

Hansel: It's a book with pictures of things and you've got to go out and see if you can spot them in real life.

Gretel: Why don't you just look at the pictures in the book? Then you don't even need to leave the house.

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Hansel: Where's the fun in that? It's much more exciting trying to spot the things in the book. Look, this edition is the 'I-spy book of haunted forests!' We could go into the Black Forest and try it out!

Gretel: Hansel, we can't go in there, it's full of dangerous creatures.

Hansel: **(Opens the book)** Look, hobgoblins, pixies, witches –

Gretel: Hansel, we can't go in the forest. Remember what our Mother said?

Hansel: (Confused) No - oh, hang on I remember, she said – 'stop doing that it's disgusting'

Gretel: No, remember what she said after we went into that spooky castle? She told us not to go wandering off on our own, especially to spooky castles and haunted forests!

Hansel: You worry too much. The spooky castle was ok; apart from that vampire.

Gretel: –and the big bad wolf.

Hansel: Well yes, he was big, but he wasn't bad; he was just in a bit of a funny mood

Gretel: He tried to eat us.

Hansel: No he didn't.

Gretel: Well why did he sprinkle salt and pepper on us?

Hansel: Look, it won't be like last time. We'll be careful. We'll only go into the forest a little way, mark off a few of the pictures from the book and come home. Mother won't even know we're gone! Look, I'll go and get my coat and meet you by the back gate.

(Hansel leaves)

Gretel: (To audience) Do you think I should go into the haunted forest with Hansel without telling my mother? (Audience say no). I agree but he won't take no for an answer, I'd better go with him to look after him otherwise he'll just go in there by himself; I won't be able to stop him. I'd better think of a plan to make sure we don't get lost.

(Gretel exits)

Narrator: And so Gretel reluctantly met Hansel by the back gate for their journey into the haunted forest.

(Tabs open to reveal a backdrop representing a haunted forest. Hansel and Gretel enter.)

Hansel: Right, I've got my book and my pen. Did you manage to sneak out without Mother seeing you?

Gretel: I did. You know I don't approve of this at all?

Hansel: Come on, it'll be fun! Where's your sense of adventure?

(Gretel shakes her head. Hansel sets off slowly downstage, looking around and checking his book frequently. Gretel follows behind, every now and then dipping her hand in her pocket and sprinkling something on the ground behind her. Each time Hansel looks back at Gretel to find out what she is doing, she looks around with an intrigued expression, feigning interest in her surroundings and looking innocent. Hansel finally works out that Gretel is doing something behind his back)

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Hansel: What are you up to Gretel?

Gretel: Look! A unicorn!

Hansel: **(Distracted)** Oh yes! Must tick it off! That's five things I've seen already! See, I told you this was going to be exciting.

Gretel: I think that's enough for one day Hansel. I think we should be getting back; Mother will be worried about us.

Hansel: Nah, she's just bought a box set of her favourite TV program. She'll be occupied for hours. Now, **(flicking through his book)** have you seen a Leprechaun yet?

Narrator: Hansel and Gretel walked deeper and deeper into the forest until Gretel was sure they'd gone far enough.

Gretel: Hansel, I think we should turn back. I think we're lost.

Hansel: Don't be silly, we're not lost.

Gretel: Well where are we then?

Hansel: I don't know do I?

Gretel: Well, do you know what it's called when you don't know where you are?

Hansel: No, what?

Gretel: It's called 'being lost'. We're lost Hansel!

Hansel: Oh, stop being a panicky-pants. We'll just go back the way we came and... **(Pauses and looks around)** which way did we come in again?

Gretel: Well it's a good job I've got more than one brain cell isn't it?

Hansel: **(Confused)** I don't follow.

Gretel: Well, all the way here I've been dropping breadcrumbs; I knew we'd get lost so I've left a trail behind us we can follow and get back home!

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Hansel: **(Pointing off stage)** Oh, is that why that flock of crows has been following us? I thought they were just being creepy.

Gretel: What? **(Turns to look behind her)** Oh no, they've eaten all of the breadcrumbs I was leaving. We really *are* completely and utterly lost now. Why did I let you bring me into this horrible forest? We'll never find our way home now.

Hansel: You're such a stressy Jessie; there's a map on the back of my book here look. **(He shows Gretel the book)** We just go this way and then up there and **(looks around)** hmm; why do all these trees have to look the same?

(Hansel and Gretel study the book stage right talking inaudibly to each other. The witch enters stage left.)

Witch: I smell a familiar smell. I smell something to eat. Ah, what's that over there? It seems a couple of children have wandered into my forest and got lost! They'll both fit into my cooking pot nicely and it'll be children stew for tea! **(Pats her pockets)** Drat! I've left my butterfly net at home. I'll have to sneak up on them. **(To audience)** Quiet you lot!

(The audience might call out to try and warn Hansel and Gretel. Each time Hansel turns round to face the witch, she freezes. Hansel shrugs his shoulders, turns back and talks to Gretel once more. The witch sneaks up once more until Hansel turns to face her. She freezes again. This happens a few times until Hansel speaks.)

Hansel: Is it just me or is there a decidedly *witchy* feel about the place all of a sudden?

Gretel: Yes, I'm sensing a warty green-face vibe all of a sudden.

Hansel: Never mind. Before we try and find our way home, I'm just going to check off what we've seen so far.

(Hansel passes some items on the back drop, walking towards the witch as he does so)

Hansel: Blackthorn bush, check. **(He ticks the book)** Buttercups, check. **(He ticks the book once more.)**

(Hansel and Gretel reach the Witch who is still frozen in a 'sneaking up' pose)

Hansel: Wicked witch, check. **(He ticks the book)**

(Hansel and Gretel move on)

Hansel: Elm tree

Gretel: Hang on... what did you say?

Hansel: Elm tree?

Gretel: No before that

Hansel: Wicked witch?

Gretel: Right I thought so.

(They look at each other for a moment before they both yell out in a panic)

Hansel: Wicked witch!!

Gretel: Quick!

Hansel: What?

Gretel: I don't know!

Witch: **(Unfreezing from her pose)** Woah woah woah! Calm down dears, I'm not a wicked witch.

Hansel: Yes you are.

Witch: How do you know? Have you ever seen a witch before?

Hansel: There's a picture of one here in my book.

(Hansel holds the book up towards the audience next to the Witch's face. The witch copies the pose in the photograph so she looks exactly the same as her photo in the book)

Hansel: See?

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Witch: That looks nothing like me. **(Aside)** Look, I'm not proud of that photo, I was young and I needed the money **(To Hansel)** Look, my chin is much hairier and my nose has loads more warts than the woman in your book. It's not me. I'm not a wicked witch.

Gretel: Prove it.

Witch: Alright, I will. Come back to my cottage with me and I'll show you.

Hansel: It says here in my book that you eat children. Are you going to eat us if we come back to your cottage?

Witch: Eat you? Or course not - well, not straight away - I mean, I will give you lots and lots of sweets!

Hansel: Sweets? Well why didn't you say? Come on Gretel!

Gretel: I don't know about this Hansel. Mother always told us not to take sweets off strangers.

Hansel: Look, if I hadn't been reckless and wandered this deep into the haunted forest we never would have got lost and met this wicked witch and had the offer of lots and lots of sweets! **(To witch)** I'm starving!

Gretel: You only had dinner an hour ago.

Hansel: **(Stage whisper to Gretel)** Don't tell **(Indicates the witch)** her that!

Gretel: Hansel, I think we should go home. This woman looks an awful lot like the wicked witch in your book.

Witch: If you come back with me I will give you all the sweets you can eat. And wait until you see my house; it's made of... wait for it... **(Excitedly)** Gingerbread!!

Gretel: Yak! I hate ginger bread.

Hansel: **(To Gretel)** Shush! **(To Witch)** Yummy! That sounds good. What else?

Witch: Cola cubes and fizzy cola bottles!

Hansel: **(To Gretel)** Are you getting all this? All the cola cubes we can eat!

Gretel: You don't know who she is Hansel. She could be anyone. I don't trust her. We should go home.

Hansel: She has a gingerbread house.

Gretel: I hate gingerbread. It gives me heartburn.

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Hansel: She'll have chocolate.

Witch: Yes, I have chocolate, loads of it in fact.

Gretel: I'm on a diet.

Hansel: Gretel, can you stop thinking about your five-a-day vegan diet for one minute and get on board with the whole 'free sweets' thing we've got going on. What could possibly go wrong?

Gretel: I'm not going to be able to talk you out of this am I?

Hansel: Nope.

Gretel: You do know this is all going to end very badly don't you?

Witch: Come along then; my house is just over here.

Gretel: That's the trouble with you Hansel. You never see the bigger picture. You never plan ahead. She's only going to give you loads of sweets to fatten you up so she's got more of you to eat.

Hansel: **(Distracted)** Sorry, were you saying something?

(They arrive stage left where part of the gingerbread house is visible, represented on the backdrop or scenery)

Witch: Here we are. What did i tell you? Magnificent isn't it? **(Speaking in a weird spooky voice)** Higgledy-piggledy, wiggly worms, I call on the power of night and day - cast a spell to stop these children from ever running away!

(SFX. flash of light and the sound of thunder.)

Witch: Ha ha ha! Now to fatten you up so I can eat you! Ha ha ha!

(The witch exits. Hansel glances over at Gretel gingerly)

Hansel: You're going to say it aren't you

Gretel: **(Smugly)** I don't know what you mean

Hansel: Go on say it

Gretel: I don't need to

Hansel: You know you're bursting to say it.

Gretel: Yeah, you're right - I can't hold it in... **(Mockingly)** I told you so.

Hansel: **(Told off)** Feel better now?

Gretel: Well, first I got completely lost in a haunted forest, couple that little nugget of misfortune with the fact I'm going to get eaten by a wicked witch and that just about sums it up.

Hansel: So, not great then?

Gretel: Not really, no. well, admittedly it's not as bad as that day we had to have that pink custard for school dinner, but it's not far off.

(The witch enters with a checked napkin tied around her neck carrying a knife and fork and a bottle of tomato ketchup in one hand and a big bag of sweets in the other.)

Witch: **(To Hansel)** Right you, get munching on these jelly babies; and hurry up, I'm starving and I need you to be as fat as possible.

(The witch hands the bag of sweets to Hansel)

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Gretel: (Patronisingly) Excuse me.

Witch: What do you want?

Gretel: If you're so hungry, why don't you just eat the sweets?

Witch: I'm sick of sweets, eating them all day every day. I've got tonnes of them. I can't give them away! They've rotted all my teeth (**She bares her rotten teeth**) and you don't want to see what I'm like when I get a sugar rush! (**To Hansel**) Come on you, get munching!

Brian: (**Off stage**) Edna? Edna?

Witch: Uh oh... this isn't good.

(**Brian enters carrying a notepad and pen. He is dressed in an official looking uniform. He is an inspector from the organisation 'witches anonymous' which could be printed on his hat or jacket**)

Brian: Ah Edna, there you are. My name is Brian and I'm from 'Witches anonymous' to give you your monthly review. I can see things aren't going at all well?

Witch: I don't know what you mean?

Brian: Can you explain to me please why there are two frightened children in your garden, one with a large bag of sweets?

Witch: They wandered in; they're sweets salesmen and they're trying to get me to buy them - or something.

Brian: Quite; and can you explain why you're holding a knife and fork?

Witch: I was... (**Unconvincingly**) emptying the dishwasher.

Brian: – and the napkin around your neck?

Witch: I was... a bit chilly?

Gretel: Please save us Mr. Inspector man. She was trying to fatten us up so she could eat us!

(**The witch grins as innocently as she can at Brian**)

Brian: Is this true? Are you still a wicked witch?

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Witch: What, just because I'm a crazy old woman with green skin who lives in the woods by herself in a house made out of gingerbread, you automatically jump to the conclusion that I'm a witch. That's discrimination that is.

Brian: But, you *are* a wicked witch though, aren't you?

Witch: **(Conceding)** Yeah. It's a fair cop. I've been trying really hard to give up being a witch. It's really hard you know! I've only cackled four times in the last two weeks. I've had my black cat adopted, I only use my cauldron for making jelly baby stew and I've been gradually reducing the number of spells I cast a day. In fact, those magic patches you gave me have really helped. Every time I feel like casting a spell, I use the patches. I stick them over my eyes so I can't find my spell book.

Brian: I'm afraid you're going to have to come with me.

(Brian puts handcuffs on the witch)

Brian: Off we go then. Come on kids, I'll show you the way out of the forest. I hope you've learned something from all this?

Hansel: Yes sir. I learned never to take sweets off strangers.

Gretel: And we'll never go wandering off on our own again.

Narrator: And so the inspector led Hansel and Gretel back home where they lived happily ever after.

(Brian, the witch, Hansel and Gretel exit. Tabs close.)

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Red Riding Hood

Scene 1 – Red Riding Hood's house

(Patricia enters front of tabs carrying a picnic basket, skipping and singing)

Patricia: If you go down to the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise. (stops singing)
Because I'll jump out of a tree and scare the life out of you! (chuckles, to audience)
Oh, I love trees and bears and picnics! Don't you? (Awaits reaction) Do you know
my name boys and girls? (Hopefully, someone will shout 'Little Red Riding
Hood') No, it's Patricia. My mother *used* to call my 'Little Red Riding Hood' because
back in the day, I was much smaller and I used to wear a red hoodie when I went
skateboarding. I've got all the proper safety equipment now though so my mother
should really change my name to *average-sized-for-my-age-green-crash-helmet*. Not
very catchy as a nickname though. Anyway, enough about that, I'm off to the woods
for a scrummy picnic! Hope there aren't any bears there! (looks pretend-afraid)

Mother: (Offstage, yelling) Patricia!

Patricia: Oh, there's mum. I bet she wants me to do some chores or something.

(Mother enters)

Mother: Ah, there you are. I've got a lovely long list of chores for you to do!

Patricia: (To audience) Told you

Mother: Who are you talking to?

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Patricia: All my lovely friends have come to have a picnic with me

Mother: (Looking out into the audience) Oh yes, so they have. Hello there! (Awaits reaction)

Patricia: So, you see, I couldn't *possibly* do all those chores if all my friends are here. (winks at the audience)

Mother: Hmm... well, there is *one* chore you can do on your way to having your picnic.

Patricia: I'm not de-fleaing the goat again.

Mother: No, you just need to deliver a note to your grandmother

Patricia: Oh, that's not so bad. I love going to see Granny, although, I wish she wouldn't insist on living in a spooky old wooden cottage right in the middle of a dark wood full of wolves. *None* of the local busses go there.

Mother: Yes, she does insist on living in a spooky wood; which is why I need you to deliver this letter, the postman won't go anywhere near the place.

(Mother hands Patricia an envelope which she takes.)

Patricia: OK, but then can I go on my picnic?

Mother: Of course dear, if you can find your way back out of the woods. **(Chuckles)** Only kidding. You can have your picnic even if you get lost forever. See you later! **(Waves to audience and exits)**

Patricia: **(Sarcastically)** Well that's not scary or anything. **(To audience)** Will you come with me, to the woods? Keep me company and stay on the lookout for wolves? **(Awaits reaction)** Oh, that's great. Thank you. Come on then, let's go.

(Patricia exits. Wolf enters, rubbing his paws together and licking his lips)

Wolf: **(Slyly)** Ah, I see that little girl is going for a picnic **(sinisterly to the audience)** in the woods! The dark, *scary* woods! **(To audience)** Which is right next to where I live! **(sinisterly)** And I bet she's got scotch eggs. **(To audience)** I love scotch eggs, don't you? **(Hopefully they'll say no, but Wolf should adlib around this)** You don't? Bit of egg, bit of sausage, all the breadcrumbs? No? Well, do any of you like cake? **(awaits reaction)** Yeah, we all love cake don't we? I bet she's got cake and I bet she won't share. **(Thinks. Sinisterly)** I've got a plan to get some of her cake and it's a sneaky as a weasel wearing camouflage. **(chuckles and sings to himself as he exits)** I'm the big bad wolf and I'm gonna get me some cake! I'm gonna get some cake! I'm gonna get some cake!

(Wolf exits. Lights off.)

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Scene 2 - Granny's cottage

(Lights up. Tabs open to Gran's cottage which is very homely. There is a wardrobe in the corner. Granny is in bed wearing a nightcap and nightgown. She snores loudly and wakes herself up with one particularly loud snore)

Granny: Ooh, what happened? Was that a helicopter flying past? **(realises)** Oh, I think it was *me* snoring. **(chuckles)** Oh well, back to that scrummy dream about Werthers Originals! **(notices the audience)** Oh, hello, I didn't realise I had guests. You'll have to forgive me, I've not been well this week – touch of cold – so I'm just staying in bed today. I hope you don't mind. Help yourself to tea and biscuits. There's no Wi-Fi though I'm afraid.

(SFX. Knock on the door)

Granny: I wonder who that could be? **(shouts)** Who is it?

Wolf: **(offstage)** It's the bed inspector

Granny: The what-now?

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Wolf: **(offstage)** The bed inspector. I've been sent by the – erm – government, to inspect your bed to make sure it passes all the relevant health and safety laws and what not.

Granny: **(To audience)** Well, that sounds legit doesn't it boys and girls? I don't want to be breaking any rules by having an unsafe bed do I? **(shouts)** Come in!

(Wolf enters wearing an official looking jacket, hat and sunglasses)

Wolf: Right, let's take a look at the old divan shall we? **(To audience)** I shouldn't call her that should I? **(Chuckles to himself then realises the audience aren't laughing along)** Oh, please yourselves. **(To Granny)** It needs to pass my three point check to be deemed safe to sleep in!

Granny: Ooh, this is exciting.

(Wolf measures the width of the bed with a tape measure)

Granny: Ooh, what incredibly hairy hands you've got for a bed inspector.

Wolf: **(Thinks quickly)** Erm – It's cold work, this bed inspecting. My hands are the right level of hairy for this job.

Granny: Fair enough. I believe anything I'm told by someone in an official looking uniform or a high-vis jacket.

(Wolf measures the height of the bed)

Granny: Ooh, what an incredibly hairy face you've got.

Wolf: Yes – it's because – I – haven't charged my electric razor today.

Granny: **(nodding)** Plausible. **(To audience)** He is wearing an official looking hat!

Wolf: OK, Mrs – **(Pauses for a surname)**

Granny: Yes?

Wolf: OK Mrs Yes. I'm afraid your bed has failed the standards test.

Granny: Oh dear. That's a pity isn't it?

Wolf: Yes, it's a real shame. Come on then, out you get. Can't have you lying in an unsafe bed.

Granny: Oh, what will I do? Where will I sleep?

Wolf: Well, the usual protocol is for you to give me your nightcap and granny glasses.

Granny: Okie dokie
(Granny gives Wolf her night cap and glasses)

Wolf: Get out of bed –
(Granny gets out of bed)

Wolf: – and await further instruction in my office.

Granny: Your office?
(Wolf opens the wardrobe door and ushers Granny inside. He notices a Nightgown hanging up so he takes it and closes the door behind Granny)

Wolf: (shouting so Granny can hear) Just wait there and I'll let you know when I've made the bed safe and you can come out.
(Wolf puts on the nightgown, nightcap and glasses then gets into bed)

Wolf: Amazing plan this. Can't fail. Look at me, I totally look like a frail old grandma!
(Excited) My belly is going to be so full of cake!!
(SFX. Knock on the door)

Wolf: (Trying to do a croaky granny voice) Who is it? (Coughs as his voice breaks. Tries again.) Who is it?

Patricia: It's me grandma! Patricia!

Wolf: (Granny voice) Come in dear and bring your lovely full picnic hamper with you!
(Patricia enters)

Patricia: How did you know I had a picnic hamper?

Wolf: (Granny voice) Oh, because of these big eyes that I've got! All the better to see your picnic hamper with!

Patricia: You haven't got big eyes Granny (looks closer) Ooh, what big eyes you've got! When did you get those enlarged?

Wolf: (Granny voice) Oh, they do all sorts at the clinic these days. Now, what have you brought me? (sitting up, licking his lips and getting excited)

Patricia: Just a letter from mum.
(Patricia hands Wolf an envelope)

Wolf: (normal voice) I don't want a stupid envelope I want scotch eggs and cake!

Patricia: Grandma, what a deep voice you've got (looks to audience in concern)

Wolf: (Granny voice) It's this cold, I can't shift it. I obviously need some buttercup syrup. (coughs pathetically) Could you get me some from the kitchen? Be a love. And leave your picnic basket here. I'll look after it and I definitely won't eat your cakes.

Patricia: No – I won't be leaving this anywhere, it's packed to the gills with seaside sandwiches! I couldn't get over it if someone stole those.

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Wolf: (whimpers, to himself) My favourite sandwich of all time!

(Patricia goes to the kitchen)

Wolf: (To audience) Seaside sandwiches? Cake? Scotch eggs? I need to get my hairy hands on that hamper!

(Patricia enters with a bottle of medicine. She pours some onto a spoon and tries to feed Wolf)

Patricia: Open wide!

Wolf: What? Urgh! I'm not drinking that stuff.

Patricia: You just told me to bring it, for your cold

Wolf: (Remembering. Granny voice.) Oh, yes. Silly me. (Opens his mouth)

Patricia: My, what big teeth you've got!

Wolf: All the better to eat your seaside sandwiches with!

Patricia: (Suspiciously) Hang on. There's something not right here. (to audience) I don't think that's my granny you know. Do you think that's my Granny? (awaits response) Well, if that's not my Granny, who is it? (awaits response) The big bad wolf?

(Wolf leaps out of bed and tries to take the picnic basket off Patricia)

Wolf: Gimme! Gimme! I want the picnic!

(Patricia struggles and manages to pull the basket to safety)

Patricia: Who are you, you naughty Granny impersonator?

(Wolf removes his disguise)

Wolf: It is I, the big bad wolf. (To audience) I told you I looked just like a granny!

Patricia: Why are you dressed like my grandma?

Wolf: It was all part of my master plan to get some cake!

Patricia: Master plan?

Wolf: Well, plan.

Patricia: If you wanted some cake why didn't you just ask?

Wolf: **(Huffily)** You'd have said no

Patricia: Not necessarily.

Wolf: **(Petulant)** Yes you would, you would have said I was a big hairy smelly wolf and you wouldn't have wanted me at your picnic and I wouldn't have been able to share your cake.

Patricia: You don't know that.

Wolf: I do. Everyone tells me I'm hairy and smelly.

Patricia: Go on then.

Wolf: What?

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Patricia: Ask if you can come on a picnic and have some cake.

Wolf: **(shyly)** Can I come on a picnic and have some cake?

Patricia: No

Wolf: See, I knew you'd say that. That's why I didn't ask.

Patricia: But only because you were a big *bad* wolf. If you say you're sorry and start being a big *good* wolf from now on, then tell me what you've done with my granny, I might let you come on a picnic.

Wolf: **(having an identity crisis)** Be a *good* wolf? But I've always been a *bad* wolf...

Patricia: No cake for you then

Wolf: **(desperately)** I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I'll be good from now on and your granny is in the wardrobe.

Patricia: **(to audience)** do you think we should forgive him boys and girls? **(awaits reaction)** All he wanted was a bit of cake and a friend to go on a picnic with. **(awaits audience reaction and tries to persuade them if they are adverse to the forgiveness)**

Patricia: **(To wolf)** Ok, you can come on the picnic and I'll share my cake.

Wolf: **(making a wolf noise)** awwooooo!! I'm so happy. Can we be BFF's?

Patricia: **(unsure)** Baby steps; let's see how this afternoon goes. **(to audience)** See you later boys and girls.

(Wolf and Patricia exit. There is a short pause.)

Granny: **(in the wardrobe)** Hello? Is my bed safe yet?

(Lights off, tabs closed.)

Rumpelstiltskin

Scene 1 – Front of Tabs

Princess: (Offstage) Daddy! (enters) Daddy? (to audience) Hello boys and girls! (Awaits reaction) Have you seen my father anywhere? You'd know him. He's got a huge beard, a huge red velvet cape and a big gold crown! He's the King you see; my name is Princess Penelope! I need to ask him if I can get a dog. I really really want a dog. Do you like dogs? (awaits reaction) He never lets me have anything though so I'm going to have to practice saying please. Could you help me practice boys and girls? (awaits reaction) Ok, after three I want you all to say *please* really loudly like this. (loudly and drawn out) Plleeeaaasseeeee! (to audience) Can you do that? OK, after three. One. Two. Three. (Princess encourages the audience to say please in a loud drawn out comic manner. After a few of these, the King enters)

King: What's all this noise about?

Princess: (Fawning) Ah, there you are Daddy, the most handsome King that there ever was!

King: (Suspiciously) What do you want?

Princess: Nothing

King: Nothing? Are you sure?

Princess: Yes. (pauses) A dog.

King: (walking away shaking his head) Nope! Not on my watch!

Princess: (to audience) Help me out here, after three. One. Two. Three. (with audience) PLEASE!

King: No. You're not getting another pet

Princess: Another pet? I haven't had *any* pets.

King: You've had *loads* of pets and you never looked after *any* of them.

Princess: (confused) That's not true.

King: OK, what about that Hamster I bought you?

Princess: What Hamster?

King: Exactly!

Princess: I don't remember a Hamster. I don't even know what a Hamster is!

King: The one I bought you after you said "I want a hamster and I'll look after it" every day for a month and then you *didn't* look after it and *I* had to. *That* hamster.

Princess: (Looks blankly at the audience as if she can't remember such a hamster)

King: I'm the King. I've got Kingy things to do. I can't be looking after your pets.

Princess: (Desperately) But I really really really want a dog.

King: You really really *really* wanted that Rabbit as well though didn't you?

Princess: What Rabbit?

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King: (sighing and rolling his eyes) You're not getting a dog.

Princess: (to audience) One. Two. Three. (with audience) PLEASE!

King: No

Princess: (with audience) Please!

King: (Flustered) OK, you win. You can have a dog but there is *one* condition.

Princess: (Exited) What? Anything!

King: You'll have to *earn* it.

Princess: *Earn* it? But I'm a Princess. I live off the taxpayer. I've never had to earn anything in my life!

King: Well, that's about to change young lady. You will work to earn the money to buy the dog and then you might learn responsibility!

Princess: Oh, it's so unfair. A Princess working to earn something – who ever heard of something so weird.

King: You're going to do what people call *a job*.

Princess: Sounds awful!

King: Yes, it *is* awful. It's *meant* to be awful so that you can appreciate all the things you can do with the money you earn!

Princess: OK, what do you want me to do? Wash the dishes? Mop the floors? Make dinner?

King: No, I want you to spin.

Princess: That doesn't sound like a job. Spin? For how long? I'll get dizzy!

King: No, I mean spin some wool on the spinning wheel.

Princess: Oh. (confused) What?

King: Come on, I'll show you.

Scene 2 – Castle Room

(Tabs open to reveal a castle room with a spinning wheel and stool centre stage)

King: Sit here

(King indicates the stool. Princess sits)

King: Press that pedal to spin the wool. I will pay you £1 a tonne. A dog is £50 so I'll let you work out how much you need to spin!

Princess: (To herself) £1 a tonne and I need £50. (Counts on her fingers. Shocked) That's nearly eight tonnes!

King: It's a lot more than that. Get spinning and I'll be back soon to check on you.

(King Exits)

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Princess: (To audience) Well this isn't fair. Or if it *is* fair, I don't like it very much.

(Princess begins to spin. The prop could be immobile but with a ball of wool hidden inside so when Princess pulls at the wool, it comes out of the 'wheel' as if being spun)

Princess: (To audience) Look, I've been spinning for almost eight seconds and I've only made this little strand. It's going to take forever to earn a dog!

(SFX. Magical music plays. Lights off and back on. Goblin appears on stage as if by magic)

Goblin: What do we, what do we, what do we have here? Somebody in trouble, in trouble I fear!

Princess: (Shocked. Staggering back from her stool) Who are you!? Where did you come from?

Goblin: Be not so curious of whence I came, nor shall you ever know my name!

Princess: You like poetry though I take it?

Goblin: I am not a poet, I don't have time, it's a coincidence that my words always rhyme!

Princess: (Looks to audience) Right! (To Goblin) I'm a bit busy here at the moment so if you'd like to just make your way downstairs one of the servants will throw you out.

Goblin: Ah but I'm here and here, and here about, to help you spin, to help you out!

Princess: (Suspicious) And what's in it for you?

Goblin: I get the sense that you are reckless so I'll name my price as your diamond necklace.

Princess: What? It's priceless this! You can't have this!

Goblin: I shall then leave you to your slog, and never shall you get your dog!

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- Princess:** Hang on. You're saying you can help me spin enough wool to get a dog?
- Goblin:** Finally you realise what makes me tick, my my, my Princess you catch on quick!
- Princess:** Yes I do. **(To audience)** Very intelligent me you know!
- Goblin:** Your necklace Princess and then I'll begin. Just tell me how many tonnes you want me to spin!
- (Princess takes off her necklace and gives it to Goblin.)**
- Princess:** Oh, I need you to spin eight – no – nine tonnes. Better make it nine just to be sure.
- Goblin:** Leave it to me, I need not be beckoned, to spin nine tonnes will take less than a second.
- (Goblin sits at the wheel. Lights off. Lights back up and Goblin produces a box of wool which was hidden behind the wheel into the view of the audience)**
- Princess:** Wow! I'm definitely getting a dog now!
- Goblin:** It was a pleasure to help a Princess in need, for a Princess in need can fuel my greed!
- (Goblin wiggles his eyebrows at the audience in a sinister manner and then exits. The King enters.)**
- King:** How are you getting along Penelope?
- Princess:** I'm finished! Can I have my dog now?
- King:** **(Picking up the box of wool)** There's only nine tonnes here
- Princess:** What do you mean, only?
- King:** A dog is £50. You've only made £9's worth.
- Princess:** Me and my maths skills! I needed to make at least another twenty tonnes!
- King:** I'll leave you to it – **(notices the missing necklace)** – where is your priceless necklace?
- Princess:** **(Feeling her neck)** Oh, it must have fell off during all that furious spinning! It'll be on the floor somewhere.
- King:** Well you better find it or your mother will go spare! It's her grandmothers; irreplaceable that. Been in the family years. I don't know what she'd do if that went missing!
- Princess:** **(nervously)** I'll find it Daddy!
- King:** You'd better. I'll be back shortly to see how you're getting on.
- (King exits)**
- Princess:** **(To audience)** Oh boys and girls what am I going to do? I've lost the necklace and I didn't even get that funny looking man to spin enough wool for me!

(SFX,, Magical music. Lights off and back on again. Goblin appears as if by magic)

Goblin: Trouble my Princess? Your worry bowl is full – I take it you would like me to spin you more wool?

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Princess: Yes. At least another twenty tonnes! Actually, make that 25 just to make sure!

Goblin: This I can do to help save your day but tell me my Princess, how will you pay?

Princess: I don't know. **(thinks)** What about this bracelet?

Goblin: That my lady is the piece I would pick, now if you'll excuse me, I'll just be a tick!

(Lights off, lights back on. Goblin is holding a bigger box full of wool.)

Princess: Oh, that's wonderful, here.

(Princess gives Goblin her bracelet. Goblin takes it, nods and skips from the stage. King enters.)

Princess: Hello Daddy! Here! Here's another twenty five tonnes. Can I have my dog now?

King: Twenty five?

Princess: Yes

King: You made nine before

Princess: Yes! Can I have my dog?

King: What is nine plus twenty five?

Princess: **(Looks scared and tries to work it out. She can't so turns to the audience)** Quick, what is nine plus twenty five? **(awaits reaction. To King)** 34!

King: Yes. And how much is a dog?

Princess: **(Excited)** Fifty!

King: Is 34 less or more than 50?

Princess: Less

King: How much less?

Princess: **(looks scared. To audience.)** What is fifty take away thirty four? **(awaits reaction. To king.)** 16!

King: So how many more tonnes of wool do you need to get a dog?

Princess: **(Excited and then sad)** sixteen!

(Princess slumps down on the spinning stool looking sad)

King: Don't worry, the speed you got this other wool, it'll not be long before you've got your dog! You're learning some wonderful lessons about taking responsibility for your actions! **(notices her wrist)** Where is your priceless bracelet?

Princess: Eh? Oh - it must have flown off with all the spinning. It'll be under the settee or something. I'll get it later.

King: You'd better! It was your great great great grandmother's! It's been in the family hundreds of years. Irreplaceable that is!

Princess: Yeah yeah! I'll get back to spinning!

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(King exits shaking his head)

Princess: **(To audience)** Oh boys and girls, I'm in so much trouble!! I don't have enough wool. I haven't spun any of it myself so I haven't learned anything about being a responsible dog owner and I've given away two family heirlooms to a creepy stranger. If only I had the chance to make it all right again!

(SFX. Magical music. Lights off and on again. Goblin appears as if by magic)

Goblin: Still a sad Princess I see? Tell me what you want from me!

Princess: Oh, it's you again. You've tricked me! You've taken my jewellery and you've tricked me.

Goblin: There is no trick, you can't blame my elfishness, the only problem here is with your own selfishness.

Princess: I'm not selfish. **(doubting)** Am I?

Goblin: You traded things which were not yours, to help, to aid your selfish cause. Given away, things you did not own, all to be able to give your dog a bone!

Princess: Yes, but I really really want a dog!

Goblin: Not a pick of work I've seen you do and nothing you told your father is true. Help you one last time I will but you'll pay a high price when comes the bill.

Princess: What are you on about?

(Goblin sits on the stool. Lights off. Lights on. Goblin has a tray of wool which he hands to Princess)

Goblin: And now my price for helping you out, the highest price as if you'd any doubt. There's only one thing I want from your catalogue, when you've earned your heart's desire I shall take your dog!

Princess: What? You can't. That's the whole point of me spinning this wool. If you take my dog then I might as well have spun it all myself! **(realises)** Oh! You're clever. You're saying that if I'd done all the work myself and used the money to buy the dog, I'd appreciate it more, look after it and treat it kindly!

Goblin: Round and round, then your mind, it stops. I love the look on the face when the penny drops!

Princess: Well, I think I've learned my lesson. Can't you just accept that I'm going to be a good girl from now on and start acting with some responsibility?

Goblin: A chance I will give you, a chance to reclaim, a way to take back, a merry old game, the necklace and bracelet and dog the same, all will be yours if you can guess my name!

Princess: Guess your name?

(Goblin nods)

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Princess: That doesn't seem so hard.

Goblin: Be careful for you only get three tries, wrong three times and we say our goodbyes.

Princess: Three? But there are hundreds of things your name could be!

Goblin: Tomorrow I will return and my name you will guess, otherwise you'll be left to clear up your mess. No necklace, no bracelet and no little dog, all will disappear with me into fog.

(Lights off. Goblin exits. Lights on)

Princess: **(To audience)** Oh, this isn't fair. Guess his name? It could be Brian. Alan. Anything. **(thoughtful)** He looks like a Clive doesn't he? **(desperate)** Oh, if I don't guess it correctly, I'll lose the family heirlooms and I can't even get the dog because he'll just take it the moment I get it. What a pickle.

(King enters)

King: How are you getting on Princess Penelope?

Princess: **(nervously)** Oh, you know. I've finished and what not.

King: **(Taking the box of wool)** Ah, so you have. Here you go –

(King gives Princess £50)

King: You can go down to the pet shop and get your dog! **(indicating the wool)** I'm off to turn this little lot into socks!

(King exits)

Princess: **(To audience)** Oh boys and girls. I wonder if I could just give that little man this £50 for my necklace and bracelet and pretend none of this ever happened? I really *have* learned my lesson. I should have just spun the wool myself and I wouldn't be in this trouble. **(thinks)** Maybe I can bargain with him? I've no idea how I'm supposed to guess his name. **(thinks)** Norman? Looks like a Norman I reckon.

(King enters)

King: **(Stern)** Penelope...

Princess: (Scared) Yes father?

King: (Showing Princess his phone) Please tell me this isn't the missing necklace and bracelet?

Princess: Argh! They're for sale on E-bay!

King: What happened? How did they get on E-bay? They're priceless!

Princess: Hang on (looks closer) if he's selling them on e-bay, what's his username? (reads) Rumpelstiltskin2000. That's it! That's his name! Oh, when he comes tomorrow, I'll get the necklace, the bracelet and the dog!

(She hugs the King who looks bemused)

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Princess: Don't worry, everything will be ok. Come back this time tomorrow and all will be well. I promise.

King: (Confused) It better be!

(King exits. Princess sits on the spinning stool. Lights off. SFX. Magical music. Goblin appears as if by magic. Lights up.)

Goblin: Returned have I for a final time, to close our bargain and keep what's mine. Unless of course you win our game by standing up and yelling my name!

Princess: I've got three guesses you say?

(Goblin nods)

Princess: (to audience, pretending to be stumped) I wonder what it could be. There are thousands of names and I've only got three guesses. (thinks) I think your name is (pauses. yells) Barry!

Goblin: One guess down, that's incorrect. You'll get it wrong again I suspect!

Princess: Hmm... (thinks) I think your name is (pauses. Yells.) Derek!

Goblin: (Skipping about the stage) Two guesses gone and both are wrong, one more until I sing my victory song!

Princess: Oh well, looks like you're going to win, (pauses. Sinisterly.) Rumpelstiltskin!

Goblin: (stops dancing in shock. Stares at Princess open mouthed) What did you say?

Princess: Rumpelstiltskin! That's your name isn't it?

Goblin: What? How could you possibly have known? (frantically) There are witches at work here! Devils! Demons have shown!

Princess: Nah - just e-bay.

Goblin: What? What?

Princess: You really need to sort out your digital footprint. Anyone could steal your identity!

Goblin: This is outrageous. **(thinks)** It's really – erm – contagious!

Princess: Looks like we've both learned something today. I'll have my jewellery back and I'll be going to get my dog!

Goblin: **(Huffily hands back the necklace and bracelet)** You outsmarted me so you can buy your hound but you won't be so lucky next time around!

(SFX. Magical music. Lights off. Goblin exits. Lights on. King enters with a puppy, a real one on a lead or a stuffed one)

Princess: Oh, my very own dog! **(to dog)** After what I've been through, I'll make sure I look after you and love you and feed you and I shall call you **(pauses)** Rumpelstiltskin!

King: Odd name for a dog. Why Rumpelstiltskin?

Princess: You wouldn't believe me if I told you!

(Princess smiles at the audience, wiggles her eyebrows and smiles. Lights off. Tabs closed.)

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