

Gingerbread

HANSEL and his sister Gretel have wandered into the forest near their home. They suddenly realise that they are lost. As it is getting very late, they settle down to spend the night in the forest – hoping that they will be able to find their way out in the morning, or that someone will come to look for them.

HANSEL: *(Waking up and looking across at his sister)* Gretel... Gretel...are you awake yet? *(Shaking her)* No... still fast asleep. You were very tired yesterday and I know how scared you were.

(Looking around him) It's still very dark in here, and the trees seem so tall... like giants' fingers pointing to the sky.

(Standing up slowly and stretching) I'm so stiff! I ache all over!
(listening to the silence) It's so quiet too. I can hear you breathing, Gretel... and the odd rustle of leaves in the trees... but, nothing else at all. That seems so strange. I always expected forests to be full of insects, birds and animals. Father says that wolves live in the darkest, deepest part of the forest but I'm not afraid.

(Moving around the clearing) Now which way should we go?
(Noticing a small pathway) There's a little track just ahead. *(Looking back to Gretel)* Still sleeping? Well, I won't be long.

(HANSEL tentatively pushes his way through the grass) This is not easy to follow. It's very overgrown but... *(stopping abruptly)* what an amazing smell! Where is it coming from? I can smell chocolate, liquorice, marzipan, peppermint, treacle and, best of all, gingerbread! I must be imagining things.

(He suddenly sees a small cottage made out of gingerbread in a clearing ahead, and runs towards it, calling out) Gretel... Gretel... come on! Over here! I've discovered a house! It's amazing! It's incredible! It's made of gingerbread!

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(He kneels down and greedily starts to break off part of a window frame and stuffs it into his mouth) Mmm! This tastes so good! It's gingerbread! The whole house is made of gingerbread! I'm not dreaming. It's true. I can smell it! I can taste it! Mmm! I was so hungry.

(Looking up, he sees an old lady peering down at him. Hansel quickly jumps to his feet)

Oh! Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to start eating your house. It smelt so good... I just started to eat.

Traditional, adapted by LAMDA