

# 2010 KIDS CLUB fairy Tales Script

CHAR	DIALOGUE / ACTION	MUSIC
	MC to introduce show, cut off by Giant	Overture
<b>Scene 0: Introduction</b>		
GIANT:	Fe Fi Fo Fum – I smell the blood of an Englishman!	JOSH on LW's mic (MC still on stage)
JACK:	Phew! That grimy giant nearly caught me by my pants. But in my hot little hands I still have the Giant Book of Fairytales. Oh I can't wait for all the adventures to begin. <i>(opens the first page)</i>	Harp :page open
	Jumping juniper beans . . . the page is glowing... If this book be stolen and placed in the wrong hands; it will mix, muddle & cafuddle all the fairy tale stories across the land. To the very end the thief must read; to solve the turmoil of his wayward deed. Is this some kind of trick? It's certainly not Halloween yet. Should I keep reading to find out? <i>(Audience: Yes)</i>	
	Alright but that means you guys are gonna have to help me solve the stories. Are you gonna help me? OK I'll turn to the first page . . . <i>(He turns the page)</i>	Harp :page open
<b>Sketch 1: SLEEPING UGLY</b>		
JACK:	Oh this looks like a familiar story – it's a story about a damsel in an enchanted sleep, who can only be awoken by a prince of pure heart and noble spirit! Whoah – here he comes now!  <i>(Enter the dashing idiot, Sir Frederick, exhausted yet victorious, running on after obviously some incredible adventure. Dame asleep at back, shrouded.)</i>	
FRED:	Ahah! The chamber of the Sleeping Beauty! At last! The long quest is at an end. I've slain dragons, scaled great mountains, and vanquished devilish sorcerers . And now look! The fair damsel yonder sleeps! Now watch, children – I shall awaken the sweet maiden with a princely kiss and the enchantment shall be broken! And look – she covers her beauty with a veil. <i>(To damsel)</i> How modest! <i>(Squirts himself with breath freshener)</i> Here I go! But wait, a parchment . . . with something written upon it, some instruction . . .! How . . . odd . . . it reads: "To awake the beauty, thy must read this first, Break the spell wrongly, shall be for the worse, Don't kiss the damsel, as the legend doth say, A raspberry thy must blow at a distance, with plenty of spray, The pure and virtuous of heart will not fail, <u>Terms and conditions apply, see the <a href="http://www.damsels.com">www.damsels.com</a> for detail"</u> A raspberry? But this isn't in the story! Whatever! <i>(Screws up note, throws over shoulder. He blows raspberry.)</i> Awaken fair princess! <i>(Nothing happens – so he blows raspberry again.)</i>	

Hey. Wakey, wakey fair princess! *(Shakes her)* Wakey! Wakey! Oi  
sleepy head! Wake up!

*(Enter 2<sup>nd</sup> Prince – Sir Robin)*

ROBIN: Sir Frederick, stand back!

FRED: Sir Robin!

ROB: Your heart musn't be pure or virtuous enough!

FRED: How dare you sir!? I'm as pure as a . . . pure thing.

ROB. You're not pure - you cheated last time we played monopoly! Stand back. I shall awaken the maiden!

*(He blows raspberry. Nothing happens.)*

FRED: Well done, nothing's happening for you either.

ROB: Oh dash it all!

FRED: You're not pure of heart either! No surprise, I'm told you haven't rung your mother in months, and the owner of the public swimming pool told me that he caught you peeing in the shallow end last thursday!

ROB: How dare you sir?!?

FRED: How dare *YOU* sir?!?

ROB: How dare *you* sir!

FRED: How dare- oh forget it! The fact is, neither of us are pure of heart! We need someone from the audience to awaken the fair damsel! Please can someone from the audience help us?! Someone pure of heart!

*(A dad/or a plant is chosen from the audience. He is encouraged to blow a raspberry. Musical sound, such as the caress of the strings of a harp, that denote the spell has been lifted)*

FRED: Look success, good sir! . . . the damsel is stirring. The damsel awakens!

*(SLEEPING UGLY rises up like the bride of Frankenstein, rips off the veil that covers her face, and reveals her hideous glory to all and sundry.)*

UGLY: *(She cackles hideously)*

Hello my darlings! I have awoken!!

FRED: *(to volunteer)*

Holey mother of moley!!

UGLY: Who's the lucky boy then? Who broke the enchantment?!

PRINCES: *(pointing to audience member)*

He did!

UGLY: 'Cor, what a stud-muffin!

FRED: *(stage whisper to ROB)*

	I thought she was supposed to be Sleeping Beauty! She looks like Bert Newton in a dress.
UGLY:	What was that?
FRED:	Nothing, nothing. Listen, we're confused – are you really <i>Sleeping Beauty</i> ?!
UGLY:	I'm not Sleeping Beauty – I'm Sleeping Ugly. Sleeping Beauty lives next door!!! Now, I want me kiss, boys!
	<i>(Ugly starts to chase the three)</i>
FRED:	<i>(to audience member)</i>
	Quick Sir, go back to your seat – or she'll give you a Frenchy!
UGLY:	<i>(to audience member)</i>
	I'll see you later dear, I'll be waiting down in the foyer after the show. Don't worry – I never forget a face!! And as for you two hotties – come and get me!
	<i>(The prince run round the bed escaping and overtake Ugly in their haste. She turns gasps in delight and lunges for a double hug, they duck)</i>
FRED:	Quick! Run for your life!
	<i>(They exit)</i>
UGLY:	<i>(chasing after them)</i>
	Stop playing hard to get!!
JACK:	That story went very strangely too ... Didn't it boys and girls? How does it usually go?! I'm sure it's supposed to be <i>Sleeping Beauty</i> – and from what I remember, it's meant to be a beautiful maiden who gets woken up by a charming Prince. But that maiden was a horrible old heffalump – and the Princes were complete dunces! No one would want to marry them – unless they were Paris Hilton or something.
	I wonder what other fairy stories might have changed ... I might just take a sneaky peak at the next one! ....
	<i>(He turns page).</i>

Harp :page open

**Sketch 2: MRS OLDYLOOKS**

JACK:	Now this is the story of... Oh hang on a minute – I just turned the page and the story has disappeared! All it says is ... you need to go on a bear hunt and rescue The Damsel. Does anyone know what that means? Isn't there a song about that? Hmmh looks like I'm gonna need some friends to help me sing this one... Does anyone wanna help me sing? All of you? Great! Now I might need some helpers from backstage?
	<i>(Cast enter)</i>
CAST1:	We'll help you Jack!
CAST2:	We like a good song!
JACK:	OK Great – let's get started then! Oh wait - we can't sing a song without the musicians. Loosely Woven – where are you? Great – now we are definitely ready to go! Everybody repeat after me...
	Hit it Wayne!

SONG: Going On a Bear Hunt

SONG

We're going on a bear hunt

repeat

We're gonna **find** a big one

repeat

We're not afraid

repeat

Look what's up ahead...

repeat

1. Uh-oh A river

A deep cold river

We can't go over it

We can't go under it

We can't go around it

We have to go through it!

Swim, Swim, Swim, Swim

2. Uh-oh Grass

Tall wavy grass

We can't go over it

We can't go under it

We can't go around it

We have to go through it!

Swoosh, Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh

3. Uh-oh Mud

Thick oozy mud

We can't go over it

We can't go under it

Oh no, we have to go through it!

Slosh, slosh, slosh, slosh

4. A cave

A dark gloomy cave –spider webs and with dripping water & all sorts of scary things!

We can't go over it

We can't go under it

We can't go around it

We have to go through it!

Tip toe, tip toe, tip toe, tip toe

Oh, I feel something! It has big [Em] hairy ears!

And a big, cold [Am] slimy wet nose!

And big sharp teeth! [B7] and a big hairy belly,

it's, it's ... it's the Damsel!

No, it's a, it's a bear!

Quick! Take your pictures!! –

Click, Click, Click, Click, Click!

Quick back through the cave

Tip toe, tip toe, tip toe

Back through the mud

Slosh, slosh, slosh, slosh, slosh

Back through the grass

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh, swoosh

Back through the river

Swim, swim, swim, swim, swim

Into the house Everybody! Run up the stairs  
 Oh we forgot to lock the door! Run back down and lock the door!  
 Run back up the stairs, hop into bed and get under the covers  
 See we weren't scared at all!

PAPA:  
 Rooaar!!  
*(everyone runs away – Jack runs back to book)*  
 Well I think that did the trick! I've had enough of all these tourists trying to get a photo with me... especially the paparazzi!! Anyway it's time for breakfast and I'm starving. Mama Bear! Baby Bear! It's breakfast time!

MAMA:  
*(Entering with three bowls on a tray)*  
 Good morning dear!

BABY:  
 Morning papa! What's for breakkie today Mama?

MAMA:  
 It's your favourite Baby Brer ... Brussell Sprout Stew!

BABY & PAPA:  
 Yuck - not again!!!

MAMA:  
 Come on Baby – open wide ...  
*(Mama tries to feed baby, baby holds mouth shut. Mama tries airplane/train spoonfuls to get him to eat. Baby falls for this one and once in mouth want's to gag).*

MAMA:  
 Oh Dear. Looks like Baby needs burping Papa. That's you dear.

PAPA:  
 Oh right!  
*(Papa goes to burp Baby, baby vomits all over him).*  
 There's goes my appetite. Well let's get going. The early bird gets the worm.

BABY:  
 Yippee! What are we gonna hunt for today Papa Bear?

PAPA:  
 My favourite Baby Bear... Rabbit!

BABY:  
 But Papa you know I'm a vegetarian!  
*(They all leave – putting on their coats).*

JACK:  
 Oh look the words are back on the page ... it reads: So the three bears set off for their day of hunting. Meanwhile unbeknownst to them, Mrs Oldylooks was walking through the forest.

MRS O:  
*(to audience)*  
 Hello dears – It's me – Mrs Oldylooks!

JACK:  
 She was a lovely old lady. But unfortunately, she was a bit frail and she had a terrible memory. Suddenly, in the middle of her walk – she came upon the Bears' house. She was so confused she thought it was her house so she went inside!

MRS O:  
 Ooh, what do we have here ... some brussell sprout stew! Somebody made me some – how kind!  
*(She tries Papa's bowl)*  
 Yuck too spicy!  
*(She tries Mama's bowl)*

	Oooh too stodgy ... that will give me constipation!
	I won't be able to poo for a week!
	<i>(Tries Baby Bowl)</i>
	Mmmh ... now that is perfect.
	<i>(She gobbles it down).</i>
	<i>(Lets out a big burp)</i>
	I might just find a comfy chair and put my feet up for awhile.
	<i>(She tries Papa's seat)</i>
	Ouch! Way too hard ... My arthritis will play up!
	<i>(Tries Mama's seat)</i>
	Oh too soft!
	<i>(Tries Baby's seat)</i>
	Hmmh ...this is just right!
	<i>(Leans to one side and lets out a fart ... takes a sniff)</i>
	Aaahh smells just like home now!
	<i>(Starts to yawn).</i>
	I'm feeling a tad sleepy. Maybe I'll have a little nanna nap ...
	<i>(She tries Papa's bed)</i>
	<i>Too hard!</i> This feels like sleeping on a bed of nails!
	<i>(Tries Mama's bed)</i>
	That's too soft – my false hip will go out of place.
	<i>(Tries Baby's bed)</i>
	Oh this is a Sealy Posturepedic! Superb!
	<i>(She jumps into bed with surprising athleticism and begins to snore loudly).</i>
JACK:	Unfortunately for Mrs Oldylooks, the three Bears just then arrived home from their very unsuccessful day of hunting!
PAPA:	<i>(continuing a conversation)</i>
	... and that Baby Bear, is why I was trying to tell you that the best way to catch a Rabbit isn't jumping up and down, yelling loudly: "look out, they're coming to eat you!"
BABY:	<i>(innocently)</i>
	I thought it was worth a try. A few dozen times.
MAMA:	And now we're going to have to eat <i>more</i> Brussel Sprout Stew.
PAPA:	But somebody's been eating <i>my</i> brussel sprout stew. Look, they've left a hair in it. A <i>grey</i> hair to be precise.
MAMA:	Yes, and somebody's been eating <i>my</i> brussel sprout stew!
BABY:	Somebody's scooped mine too, all of it!
PAPA:	Wait a minute, somebody's been sitting in <i>my</i> chair.
MAMA:	And somebody's been sitting in <i>my</i> chair!
BABY:	Somebody's been sitting in ... pewwwww!!! Somebody's farted on my chair!
	<i>(They hear loud snoring from the bedroom)</i>
MAMA:	Hang on. I hear something from the bedroom.
	<i>(They go into the bedroom)</i>

PAPA: Somebody's been sleeping in my bed.

MAMA: And somebody's been sleeping in *my* bed!

BABY: And somebody's been ... well, somebody *is* sleeping in my bed!!!

PAPA: Oh what a stroke of luck! We didn't need to waste all our time hunting rabbits after all!

BABY: What do you mean?

PAPA: We can make granny stew instead!  
*(Mama gets the fryingpan from the table and brings it to Papa)*

BABY: But you can't eat this dear old lady!

PAPA: Oh you're right she'd be too stringy and give me fur balls. But ... it would be better than more brussel sprout stew!

BABY: Papa No!

PAPA: Out of my way Baby - Nothing's going to stop me!  
*(Mrs O farts loudly)*

Apart from that!

MAMA: That's the most disgusting thing I've ever smelt!

BABY: Those brussell Sprouts are very effective.

PAPA: Quick, quick – it's too smelly! Let's get out of here!  
*(They leave, rapidly)*

MRS O: Aaahh peace at last!  
*(Whilst flapping the blanket)*

JACK: And the moral of the story is ...

MRS O: Kids eat your brussell sprouts.

JACK: And if you ever find yourself in a spot of bother ...

MRS O: *(farts)*  
Just let one of them go! He he he  
*(She runs off stage).*

JACK: The End!  
*(waves away smell).*

Good Golly – I don't think that story was quite right either - Ooh I can't remember who that story was meant to be about? Goldilocks – that's right!! Wow I think Goldilocks must have aged 50 years! This book *has* got a curse on it – the stories are all mixed, muddled and cafuddled just as it said in the beginning! Maybe I shouldn't read anymore or the fairy stories could be ruined forever! Oh maybe just one more ...

*(He turns the page) \*\*\**

Sketch 3:

JACK:	Here's another one! It's called the Three Wishes. Once there were two sisters, who lived alone in the woods. One was called Jocinda <i>(Jocinda enters)</i> – she was as beautiful as a rose, but alas, her personality was terrible. She was a horrible stuck up poo-face. The other sister's name was Bob. <i>(Bob enters)</i> Although she wasn't as pretty as Jocinda, she was a lovely person, you know, on the inside – where it really counts! In fact, she was as kind and sweet as Jocinda was sour.
BOB:	What a glorious autumn morning. I love this time of the year, the smell of the leaves, the crisp clean air and the delightful sound of ...
JOCINDA:	<i>(yelling over the top of her)</i> Bob, shutup! It's too early!
BOB:	Hello my darling sister Jocinda! You don't like mornings?
JOCINDA:	They make me want to puke. Like your face!
BOB:	Oh dear, Jocinda. Is something wrong? Oh that's right – it's your personality.
JOCINDA:	Brrrr! It's freezing in here! Go and chop some firewood!
BOB:	What, now?
JOCINDA:	We need firewood to get us through the winter. So get chopping. In the meantime, I've gotta put my face on and make myself look fab so I can land myself the next hunky Prince that comes riding through the woods.
BOB:	What Prince? Princes don't come through the woods anymore – not since they built the by-pass.
JOCINDA:	Oi! Get axe, missy, go chop-chop. I need to be in the zone if I'm gonna land Mr Right. <i>(to herself)</i> Let's see ... I need to polish my eyes, file my teeth, cut my nose hairs, and ... oh that's right ... I've got to make time for the do-it-yourself facelift! Busy, busy, busy!
BOB:	Well, I'll just go out and get some firewood.
JOCINDA:	Hurry up! Otherwise I won't need botox to freeze my lips!
BOB:	Okay, ta-ta, dear sister. <i>(She grabs an axe, then turns to the audience)</i> I wouldn't mind landing a fella of my own. Not a prince, of course. Only beautiful chicks like Jocinda become Princesses. But I've joined up RSVP.com and I'm gonna bag me a SNAG. <i>(She comes across a tree.)</i> Ah, this looks like a good tree. I'm not Princess material, but I know how to wield an axe ... <i>(She raises her axe to cut the bush down when suddenly there is a voice).</i>
PIXIE:	Please don't cut down my tree – Miss Woodcutter!
BOB:	What? Who said that?
PIXIE:	Me, I said it. Please don't cut down the tree. This is my home!



BOB:	Who are you! <i>(A magical, elfin figure leaps out from behind the tree.)</i>
PIXIE:	A spirit of the forest!
BOB:	Stay back!
PIXIE:	I'm not going to hurt you! Just please don't cut down my home. I've lived here for thousands of years. Please, miss, please! I mean, it's not much, it's got a bit of wood rot and it's terribly old, but, oh dear, I wouldn't know what to do without it! <i>(It begins to cry.)</i>
BOB:	<i>(heart melting)</i> Oh, poor thing ... look, I wouldn't dream of wrecking someone's home, I'll leave you and your tree in peace.
PIXIE:	Oh thank you, sweet maiden.
BOB:	Here, duck, blow your nose.
PIXIE:	Thankyou. <i>(Huge, burbling, snotty blow)</i> Thankyou. <i>(Gives back hanky, to Bob's disgust.)</i> Since you have been so kind, I shall show you kindness in return. I will grant you three wishes. They are yours to change your life as you will. But choose carefully ... <i>(She pauses.)</i> Well, toodle-oo. <i>(She does a strange Lisa dance)</i>
BOB:	Three wishes. I'll let Jocinda decide! <i>(She returns home.)</i> Hello, Jocinda – where are you? <i>(Jocinda is smiling in a plastic fashion.)</i> What's so funny?
JOCINDA:	Nothing. I've had a facelift.
BOB:	It's ... lovely ...
JOCINDA:	You think so?
BOB:	It looks really good ... Now Jocinda, something amazing happened to me just then ...
JOCINDA:	Never mind that! Where's me wood!?
BOB:	Your wood?!
JOCINDA:	Yes, I'm sure the Prince'll be here any second – once he hears about how amazing my smile is! So stop lazing about Bob, and get busy – I need the carpet mowed, and the lawn vacuumed, then I want the extension built – come on, work, work, work!!
BOB:	Oh Jocinda – I wish you'd shut up! <i>(Suddenly Jocinda's mouth is frozen together)</i>

triangle bing

JOCINDA: Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

BOB: Oh dear! I've just used a wish! Jocinda! I meant to tell you, I met a wood spirit today who granted us three wishes because I promised I would not cut down her tree.

JOCINDA: Mmmmmmm!

BOB: What's that?! What did you say?!

JOCINDA: mmmmm!!!

BOB: *(reading her "mmmmmm"s!)*  
Make a wish for a handsome prince?

JOCINDA: *(nodding her head)*  
Mmmmmmm!

BOB: A handsome prince to help us get out of here?!

JOCINDA: Mmmmmmm!!!!

BOB: Okay. I wish for a handsome prince *(Enter Prince and his servant)*

PRINCE: Hello, there.

BOB: Are you a Prince?

PRINCE: Yes. I am a prince

BOB: Wow! Here's my sis! I think you'll be very happy together.

PRINCE: *(to Bob)*  
With her?

JOCINDA: Mmmmmmmmm!

PRINCE: What did she say?

BOB: She said, she's the gorgeous one – you're supposed to marry her!

PRINCE: But it's you I like!

JOCINDA: *(angry)*  
Mmmmmmm!

BOB: You see, she's the beautiful one! You were supposed to fall for her!

PRINCE: But I'm responding to your personal ad on RSVP ... wait, I have it here ..  
*(Servant produces a scrap of newspaper)*  
... you like long walks on the beach, your favourite band is Radiohead and ... you like to slay evil sorcerers on your day off – that's my perfect girl!

BOB: Oh dear! But you're the leading man! You're not supposed to fall for the supporting cast. It isn't right! Oh I wish everything was going right!

triangle bing

triangle bing

	<i>(She realises)</i>
	Oops!
PRINCE:	What have you done?!
BOB:	I wished everything was going right!
JOCINDA:	I can talk again!
BOB:	Oh thank goodness, Jocinda!
	<i>(To Prince)</i>
	Okay, Prince. I'll leave you two alone.
JOCINDA:	Thankyou, Bob.
	<i>(to Prince)</i>
	Sorry about that honey. Now where were we. Ah yes, you falling in love with me, marriage blah blah. Honey, you don't look well. Don't worry - we can take it slow if you prefer. Say, do you like diamond rings?
PRINCE:	<i>(to Bob)</i>
	Bob! Wait!
JOCINDA:	Hey, over here!
PRINCE:	Wait! Bob! Come back!
BOB:	Don't be silly, Prince. I said I wished everything would be right! Go marry her!
PRINCE:	Bob, will you go on a date with me?
BOB:	With me?
PRINCE:	Yes.
BOB:	Really? What's your name by the way?
PRINCE:	Prince Pimple-Head.
BOB:	Prince Pimple-Head. What an awful name. But it doesn't matter, Pimple-Head. I think I like you anyway! Let's go!
	<i>(They exit)</i>
JOCINDA:	<i>(to the audience)</i>
	And I was left all alone! It'd be nice if everyone went awwwww right now. One, two, three:
	<i>(she encourages everyone to go "awwww")</i>
	<i>(Jack returns with the book)</i>
JACK:	It says here that Bob and Pimple-Head lived happily ever after. But do you know what, boys and girls ? It says that Jocinda realized that she didn't want to be a princess at all!
JOCINDA:	No – I went and became a professional wrestler! And my wrestling name was the Skull-Crusher!!!!
	<i>(She begins doing some very macho warm-up exercises behind Jack.)</i>

JACK: Wow! So, even though things went wrong, they still worked out okay – perhaps better than if the story went how it would normally go. I guess that means never be satisfied with what role you are supposed to take!

JOCINDA: *(in a butch voice)*  
That's right – be yourself, and by that I mean, be true to yourself!  
*(to Jack)*  
Say I like you kid – do you wanna go on a date?!

JACK: Quick – I think I'd better turn the page and go to the next story!!!!  
*(He turns page)*

**\*\*\*\* MAGICIAN's set: 15 – 20 minutes \*\*\*\***

MC to thank magician and intro the story.

Harp :page open

**Sketch 4: SNOW WHITE**

JACK: It's now the story of Snow White and the Seven Dwarves, Oh I love this story! I hope this one isn't messed up! Let's see ... it begins ... Once upon a time there lived a beautiful Princess Snow White *(Snow White enters with bucket and brush)*. Her mother had passed away many years ago and she was now living with her wicked step mother, the Queen *(enter Queen)*. So far so good... The Queen was *so* wicked – she made Snow White do all the housework and cleaning...

QUEEN: *(pointing)*  
Snow White. Dirty Spot. Now.

SONG

**SONG: YAKETY YAK**

Take out the papers and the trash  
Or you don't get no spendin' cash  
If you don't scrub that kitchen floor  
You ain't gonna rock and roll no more  
Yakety yak (don't talk back)

Just finish cleanin' up your room  
Let's see that dust fly with that broom  
Get all that garbage out of sight  
Or you don't go out Friday night  
Yakety yak (don't talk back)

Chorus:  
Yakety yak, yakety yak  
Yakety yak, yakety yak  
Yakety yak, yakety yak  
Yakety yak, yakety yak  
(Instrumental)

You just put on your coat and hat  
And walk yourself to the laundromat  
And when you finish doin' that  
Bring in the dog and put out the cat  
Yakety yak (don't talk back)

Don't you give me no dirty looks  
Your Stepmum's hip; she knows what cooks

	Just tell your hoodlum friend outside
	You ain't got time to take a ride
	Yakety yak (don't talk back)
	Chorus.
WICKED QUEEN:	Oh what a glorious day – it is now only one more day until the grand final of Fairy Tales So You Think You Can Dance! And I am of course going to be the winner again! – And awarded the grand prize - A One Way trip to LA baby where I get to strut my stuff on every dance floor across the US of A!
	(She sings unaccompanied & dances) ...
	I am the dancing queen, young and sweet, only seventeen
	(she glares at audience)
	I am – well close anyway.
	Oh let me consult my mirror ball...
	Oh Mighty Magic Mirror Ball
	Who shakes their booty best of all?
MIRROR	With practice and a lot of hard work
	You might just win but you'll still be a jerk!
WICKED QUEEN:	Well - we shall see! Snow White - I don't want to see one tiny particle of dirt or dust when you have finished – so I expect you will keep cleaning for at least another (she checks watch) 12 hours!
	(she runs off in a huff)
JACK:	Snow White had finally had enough of the wicked queen and decided the best thing to do was run away. She ran to the woods in search of somewhere to stay...
	(She walks around searching for a place to stay - getting more and more upset)
SNOW WHITE:	Oh it's getting so dark and cold and I haven't found anywhere safe to sleep tonight - what on earth am I going to do?
	(She slumps and is close to tears - Just then she hears the singing/whistling of 7 jolly dwarfs who enter and are startled by her presence)
DOTTY:	Oh - Hello young lady ... what are you doing in this neck of the woods?
SW:	Hello. I've run away from home and now I'm lost and I've got nowhere to stay!
WIFFY:	Oh Dear – she is very upset.
EAGER:	No need to cry dear.
ROSY:	Why don't we sing her our favourite song to cheer her up!
EAGER:	Oh Yes - Let's let's!
ANGRY:	Oh do we have to – I just wanna go home!
DOTTY:	Oh come on Angry - think of others. Now there is only one rule to this song and that is that everyone has to repeat after me!

**SONG: HEIGH-HO**

drum beat box ?

*(Dwarves sing):*

Heigh Ho (repeat)

We got the moves to go (repeat)

Put your hands up in the air (repeat)

Wave 'em like you just don't care (repeat)

Swing your hips from side to side (repeat)

Now spin around and take a ride (repeat)

Heigh Ho (repeat)

We got the moves that flow (repeat)

Kick your legs first left then right (repeat)

Flap your arms like you're taking flight (repeat)

Twist on down on to the ground (repeat)

Now twist back up and turn around (repeat)

Heigh Ho (repeat)

We got the moves to show (repeat)

Roll your arms - this way and that

Now move your fingers like a disco cat

Kick your knees and go for a jog

Jump up and down like a leaping frog

Heigh Ho (repeat)

Heigh Ho (repeat)

Heigh Heigh Ho (repeat)

Heeeiiigghh HO!(repeat)

Now everyone together:

Heeeeeeeiiiiigggggghhhhhh HO!

SW: Wow! That was so much fun. My stepmother wouldn't let me dance at home.

WIFFY: Oh that is too sad – you are quite a natural.

ANGRY: Everyone should be allowed to dance miss...um miss?

SW: Oh how silly I haven't introduced myself. My name is Snow White. And who are all of you?

DWARVES: We are the Seven Dwarves!

SW: Oh how strange ... Forgive me if I sound rude but dwarves are usually shor... I mean vertically challenged.

ROSY: Oh dear – everyone always makes that mistake.

ANGRY: No of course we aren't dwarves.

DOTTY: Dwarves spells the first letter of our names. I'm Dotty, he he.

WIFFY: I'm Wiffy.

*(let's out a fart that everyone smells)*

DOTTY: *(Angry folds his arms and doesn't want to say his name)*

This one is .... Can anyone guess his name? That's right he's Angry.

ROSY: I'm Rosy. I'm very pleased to meet you.

VAGUE:	Duh my name is umm duh... oh what is it again?
	<i>(Eager whispers It to him)</i>
	Oh that's right it's Vague huh huh.
EAGER:	Oh why do I have to come after vague? I'm Eager - Hi!
SCRATCHY:	<i>(busy scratching himself – realizes it's his turn)</i>
	Oh hi – I'm scratchy.
SW:	I'm pleased to meet you all too. And what is it you all do – out here in the woods?
DOTTY:	Oh we run an all night disco. Because the other thing Dwarves stands for is: <b>Dancing With</b>
ALL DWARVES:	Yeah!!
EAGER:	Come on Snow White why don't you come and have fun at our place and we can teach you a dance step or two!
JACK:	So Snow White stayed with the seven dwarves and they danced all through the night. Meanwhile
QUEEN:	Oh I just know this time I will reign queen of the dance floor!
	<i>(She address mirror)</i>
	Oh Mighty Magic Mirror Ball
	Who shakes their booty best of all?
MIRROR:	Enthusiasm counts for a lot
	But groovy moves you aint got.
	Look to the one who's white as snow
	and soon to win the dancing show.
WICKED QUEEN:	What is this! First Snow White leaves my house in utter disarray and now she is trying to take my dancing crown!!! Well we shall see about that. I might have to pay Snow White a little visit!!!
	<i>(She exits)</i>
	<i>(Back in the forest Snow White is practicing dance moves)</i>
DOTTY:	That's looking great Snow White. You are definitely going to be a contender for the Fairy Tales So You Think You Can Dance!! I've got to go back to work now so keep practicing.
SNOW WHITE:	OK - Thanks Dotty.
	<i>(Wicked Queen enters putting on an old ladies costume and cape – she signals to the audience to keep quiet)</i>
WICKED QUEEN:	Oh excuse me young lady – I couldn't help but over hear that you are entering the So you think you can dance competition – is that true?
SNOW WHITE:	Why yes – The Seven Dwarves have taught me how to dance!
QUEEN:	Oh why that is <i>very</i> good to hear but it looks like you don't have any shoes to wear?
SNOW WHITE:	No I don't – all I own are the clothes on my back.

QUEEN:	You know I used to be a dancer when I was young like you and I would be so grateful if you would wear my ballet shoes <i>(she hands her a pair of black ballet shoes).</i>
SNOW WHITE:	Oh no really I couldn't.
QUEEN:	Oh yes you could. <i>(the following dialogue is to encourage audience to say lines as you say them...)</i>
SNOW WHITE:	Oh no I couldn't.
QUEEN:	Oh Yes you could
SNOW WHITE:	Oh no I couldn't
QUEEN:	OH YES YOU COULD!!
SNOW WHITE:	OH NO I COULDN'T!! Honestly!
QUEEN:	Oh Yes yo – Oh just take the shoes and stop being so modest!!!
SNOW WHITE:	Oh Ok – Thank you. Excuse me I must get going now! <i>(Snow White Exits)</i> <i>(Dotty enters and listens upstage)</i>
QUEEN:	<i>(Takes off robes)</i> Ha ha – Snow White won't win now! Because I put a tiny wee spell on those shoes – Whoever wears those shoes of black Will look like a goose and dance like a yak Ha ha ha ha!!! <i>(She Exits)</i>
DOTTY:	Oh dear – Snow White's in trouble. I better come up with a plan and quick!!! <i>(Everyone enters)</i> We still have two more contenders for the show so everyone put your hands together and make them feel welcome to the stage...
SNOW WHITE:	Well everyone – wish me luck! Oh I nearly forgot my ballet shoes! <i>(She is about to get her shoes out of her bag).</i>
DOTTY:	Snow White we've got a little surprise for you.
ROSY:	We've all put our money together and bought you a new pair of pink ballet shoes!
SNOW WHITE:	Oh guys that is so kind! But you know you didn't need to because a kind old lady has given me her pair – now where are they? I'm sure I put them in this bag?
DOTTY:	Oh don't worry about them – I've returned them to their rightful owner <i>(She gives everyone a wink and points to shoes Wicked Queen wears)!</i>
ANNOUNCER:	OK - Give it up folks for our reigning champion... Wicked Queen...!!



*(Dance track over speakers "Dancing Queen". Wicked Queen tries to dance but keeps falling*

ANNOUNCER: OK – I think someone may have had a little case of nerves. Alright – go wild everyone for our late entry Snow White!

*(Dance track over speakers "Princess Tutu")*

ANNOUNCER: Well folks – I think it's unanimous. Our winner is . . . Snow White!

EVERYONE: Hooray!!

SNOW WHITE (Snow White beckons an angry Queen to celebrate with them)

Come on everyone lets celebrate!

**BALLROOM BLITZ**

SONG

Are you ready Dotty? Uh-huh

Angry? Yeah

Rosy? Okay

Alright fellas - let's go!

Oh it's been getting so hard

Living without dancing's just not me

Well things are getting so strange

I've just got so much curiosity

Oh, I see a dwarf at the back as a matter of fact

His hair is as red as the sun

And the faery in the corner let no one ignore her

Cause I see she is having the fun!

Oh Yeah! It was like lightning

Everybody was frightening

And the music was soothing

And they all started grooving

CHORUS

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah-Yeah-Yeah

And the Prince in the back said everyone attack

And it turned into a ballroom blitz

And the fairy in the corner said dwarf I want to warn you

It'll turn into a ballroom blitz

Ballroom blitz, ballroom blitz, ballroom blitz, ballroom blitz

Oh reaching out for something

Touching nothing's all I ever do

Oh I softly call you over

When you appear there's nothing left of you

And the Prince in the back is ready to crack

As he raises his hands to the sky

And the pixie with the bell has us under her spell
we'll be dancing in the wink of an eye
Oh Yeah! It was electric
So frantically hectic
And the band started leaving
Cause they all stopped breathing
CHORUS Repeat
Guitar Solo
Oh Yeah! It was like lightning
Everybody was frightening
And the music was soothing
And they all started grooving
CHORUS Repeat
It's it's ballroom blitz
It's it's ballroom blitz
It's it's ballroom blitz
Yeah, a ballroom blitz
<b>****INTERVAL****</b>

MC to lead kids to interval

<b>ACT TWO:</b>		CD to play in foyer and
<b>Radio Play: The Quest</b>		
	Second act starts with this radio play. It goes for about five minutes.	
<b>Sketch 5 Evil Management</b>		
JACK:	We're nearly at end of the book! My grandmother used to say "A job finished is a job well done"... what I'm really trying to say is – let's read on to the end of the Giant Book just as it said to do!	
	<i>(He turns page) ***</i>	Harp :page open
	<i>(Wolf enters)</i>	
WOLF:	Help! Help! Somebody help me!	
JACK:	It's the big bad wolf! And what sneaky plan are you up to, buster?	
WOLF:	Sneaky plan? I beg your pardon! I've just been minding my own business – pruning my roses, when-	
JACK:	Pruning your roses! You were hunting out the three little pigs I'm sure!	
WOLF:	Certainly not! Since you stole the book my life has changed. I've started enjoying the finer things in life – like flower arranging, writing poetry and knitting-	
JACK:	But you're a mean old sly wolf who eats people!	
WOLF:	Me? I'm a vegetarian. Anyway, stop interrupting As I was saying - I was minding my own business ... when, that girl ... that nasty girl ...	
JACK:	What are you afraid of?	
WOLF:		
JACK:		
WOLF:	<i>(spelling it out)</i>	
JACK:	L.R.R.H	
WOLF:	huh?	
JACK:	Red Riding Hood!	
WOLF:	<i>(gulp!)</i>	
JACK:	Red Riding Hood?!	
WOLF:	She's wicked I tell you! She's gone bad! Be afraid. Be very, very afraid.	
JACK:	I don't believe you! Red Riding Hood wouldn't hurt a flea on your back.	
WITCH:	<i>(Wicked Witch &amp; Rumpelstilkskin enter)</i>	
WITCH:	Oh Wolfy! Thank goodness you're OK! I've never felt so outraged in all my life!	
JACK:	Not you too!	
WITCH:	Yes! Rumpy and I were just having a nice quiet picnic by the lake when who should gate crash our party but that Little ... Red Riding Hood!	
JACK:	You - the wicked witch - having a picnic?! This is all too strange!	

RUMP:	She ate all our food then tried to catch us with her big net! She said she wanted to bake us in her oven!
WOLF:	She's gone mad! Only this arvo, she told me she was gonna turn me into a wolf's skin coat!
JACK:	Wait a minute! You guys are meant to be the bad guys! What's a good fairy tale without a <i>wicked</i> witch or <i>big bad</i> wolf or
	<i>(looks at Rumpy)</i>
	a <i>nasty</i> short guy?
RUMP:	Rumpelstiltskin and at least <i>I'm</i> not short on manners!
JACK:	You don't get it – if all the villains have turned <i>nice</i> then there will be no fairy tales to tell.
	<i>(Little Red Riding Hood enters)</i>
RED:	A-hah! There you all are!
JACK:	Red riding hood!
WOLF:	Quick – everyone run for your life!
	<i>(Wolf, Witch and Rump run off screaming as Red enters.)</i>
JACK:	Red Riding Hood – what are you up to?
RED:	Jack? From Jack And The Beanstalk?
JACK:	Yes. You've frightened everyone away.
RED:	Oh dear did I? –what did I say?
JACK:	It's strange. They are all scared of you! I can't think why?
RED:	They're crazy, Jack. I'm just cute, innocent widdle Wed Widing Hood!
JACK:	<i>(perturbed)</i>
	You don't need to tell me, Red.
RED:	A poor, innocent child-
	<i>(She sees Jack's book and trails off)</i>
JACK:	I know, I know the story!
RED:	What's that!
JACK:	This? It's nothing. It's just a book I got from the library.
RED:	Let me see.
JACK:	No I don't think you should.
RED:	That's the Giant Book Of Fairy Tales, isn't it! The most powerful thing in Fairy Land!
JACK:	Yes, I suppose so!

RED:	Let me have it! <i>(She grabs it)</i> Wow!
JACK:	Be careful, Little Red Riding Hood – the Giant Book Of Fairy Tales can be very dangerous in the wrong hands. What’s wrong, Little Red Riding Hood? You look, different ...
RED:	Actually, I’m not Little Red Riding Hood anymore, Jack... I’m Big Red! And I’m the biggest, baddest bully Fairytale Land has ever known! You fool!
JACK:	Oh no – the Big Bad Wolf was telling the truth! You have turned wicked!
RED:	And now I have the magical book, I will have control over fairy land! Just think! Rumpelstiltskin can weave me all the gold I want! I’ll have cooler hair than Rapunzil and the three little pigs will turn up for breakfast when I want my eggs and bacon!
	<i>(She laughs maniacally)</i>
JACK:	Not if I can help it!
	<i>(He rushes at her.)</i>
RED:	Stay there!
JACK:	<i>(stopping still)</i>
	My feet – they won’t move!
RED:	I’ve cast a spell on you! Now that the fairy tales are muddled up – I’ve got magical powers!
JACK:	You’ve stuck me fast!
RED:	Yes! You’ve stuck! And guess what? I’ve also told the Giant that you stole his book of fairy tales – and where to find you. So he’s coming to get you. And when he catches you – he will squish you like a snail!! Farewell Jack – I’m afraid you won’t be living happily ever after!
	<i>(She leaves, with a due sense of general evil and stinkiness.)</i>
JACK:	Oh no! I can’t budge an inch! What am I gonna do?
PIG:	<i>(enters whistling)</i>
	What are you up to Jack – lazing about as usual?
JACK:	Actually Mr Pig, I’m a bit stuck at the moment.
PIG:	Indigestion? – I have that problem– sometimes I make a real pig of myself at the dinner table!
JACK:	No, I’ve had a spell cast on me! I can’t move my legs!
	<i>(Booming footsteps of Giant getting closer).</i>
JACK:	Oh no! That sounds like giant footsteps!
PIG:	Look! It’s the Giant – coming our way!
JACK:	He’s looking for me!
GIANT:	Fee, fi, fo, fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!
JACK:	<i>I still can’t move!</i>

triangle bing

PIG:		<i>(pulling on them)</i>
	They won't budge!	
JACK:	Ssssh! Everybody, be quiet or he'll hear you! The giant is just outside the New Theatre! He must be right on King Street!	
GIANT:	Fee fi fo fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!... and a pig ...	
PIG:	I don't want to ham it up – but this is a crisis! We're gonna get squished!!!!.	
GIANT:	Where's that human that stole my book! I know he's called Jack! I know he's a little kid! But which one?	
JACK:	What are we going to do?	
PIG:	I've got a great idea – let's panic! Aaaaaaagh! I don't wanna die!	
JACK:	Gosh, I wish I hadn't stolen that book!	
	<i>(FGM appears and waves her wand with music cue and pig freezes in scare pose)</i>	harp BING
FGM:	Oh my dear Jack, I knew you could do it!	
JACK:	Who are you? And what did you just do?	
FGM:	Oh I've just frozen everything so we can sort out what's going on... I am Cinderella's Fairy Godmother, well I was until Mr Prince Charming took her away and left me all on my own.. not even a phone call – so anyway I've been looking for another job to do and here I am!	
JACK:	So – now you're <i>my</i> Fairy God Mother?	
FGM:	Yes. Now, stealing that book was a cowardly game but you've picked up your courage and turned yourself in. The apology you gave has proven that you are as honest and trustworthy as .... well, me.	
JACK:	Oh I never never want to take what's not mine ever again! I thought fairy tales were a parade of fun, but now, I'm afraid it's just a jumbled, old, dancin prancin pile of brussell sprouts that smells like... like a hundred and one FARTS!	
FGM:	We need to fix up this peculiar little muddle before it's too late. I'll just wave my wand and release your footsteps!	
	<i>(FGM waves her wand and a dull bing is heard)</i>	drum fail: tom, tom, ryde
	<i>She tries again with the same result.</i>	drum fail: tom, tom, ryde
	<i>She extends her telescoping wand</i>	slide whistle UP
	<i>and a big proper BING is heard on the wave)</i>	drum success: ba-dum-chii
JACK:	<i>(He moves his legs)</i>	
	Cool, I can move again.	
FGM:	Now what was the other problem	slide whistle DOWN
JACK:	The giant!	
FGM:	Oh I don't do giants. You're on your own there!	

JACK:	But / can't defeat the Giant!
FGM:	Well why don't you try talking to him and apologizing?
	<i>(She waves her wand)</i>
	Unfreeze.
PIG:	<i>(continues his panic)</i>
	aaggh!
GIANT:	<i>(more footsteps)</i>
	Where is Jack?
PIG:	Oh dear make a spell, please!
JACK:	I'm here Mr ... Mr ... sorry, what's your name ...?
GIANT:	Herbert.
JACK:	Hello Herbert, pleased to meet you.
GIANT:	You stole my Fairy Stories!
JACK:	I'm sorry, I won't do it again!
PIG:	Please don't eat us!
GIANT:	I'm not going to eat you! I just want my book back. I've nothing to read at bed time!
	<i>(Enter Red Riding Hood held by the ear by Mrs Oldylooks, who is her Gran!)</i>
GRAN:	Hello everybody, presenting - Red Riding Hood!!!!
PIG:	The evil one!
GRAN:	She's not the evil one, but she's a very naughty girl!
JACK:	You're Mrs Oldylooks!
GRAN:	Yep that's right!
JACK:	So you're the one who ...
GRAN:	Farts a lot, yes that's right. I'm also Little Red Riding Hood's Grandmother – you know.
RED:	Let me go Gran!
GRAN:	You stop all this nonsense! Silly girl – I caught her trying to rewrite the fairy tales! Imagine that!
JACK:	But how do we put things to right?
FGM:	It's easy Jack. First we need to break the curse with a spell. I need everyone to repeat after
	Bippity boppity boo....
	Yabba Dabba Doo
	Jibber Jabberoo

slide whistle UP+down  
Big BING

	Inky Stinky Poo	
	Wakka wakka wing wang woo	
	A Whop Bop a lula Whop Bamboo!	musical sting
FGM:	Excellent! We are nearly there - now there are just three questions to be solved.	
JACK:	Three Questions? Okay - that sounds easy! Ask me the questions.	
FGM :	Are you ready for them? Right now?	
JACK:	Yeah. Hit me	
PIG:	Really? Where do you want it – in the face or in the stomach?!	
JACK:	No no, I mean ask me the questions (acknowledging the audience) me and my friends here are getting very good at this.	
FGM:	Okay. Question number 1. What does the ugly duckling turn into?	
JACK:	I told you they were good	
FGM:	2. What piece of fruit does snow white eat?	
JACK:	Super! One more	
FGM:	3. Is Shrek an ogre or a jellyfish?	
	*** Magic harp sound	Harp: magical spell chords
FGM:	The Giant Fairy Tale Book is now as it was! You can now return it to Herbert the Giant. Now get those boot-scootin Dwarves and Faery Tale creatures, we need to celebrate with victory dance!!	
	<u>SONG: C'mon Everybody [new lyrics]</u>	SONG
	Well c'mon everybody and let's get together all right	
	Dancin' shoes on my feet and I'm gonna kick my heels up tonight	
	Well I been reading these fairy tales all night long	
	And now the giant's happy we can sing this song	
	Ooo C'mon everybody	
	Red Riding Hood tried to bake the wolf in her lair.	
	And we all hate brussel sprouts just like Papa Bear.	
	Well When you hear this music you just can't sit still	
	If a dwarf won't rock then a pixie will	
	Ooo C'mon everybody	
	Oh well we'll really have a party but we gotta put a guard outside	
	And If the giant comes home I'm afraid he's gonna have our hide	
	There'd be no fairy-tales for me or you	
	But now you're runnin' 'round with the Kids Club crew	
	Oh Yeah! C'mon everybody	
	C'mon Everybody (x4)	
		music resumes as cast exits
	encore bow TBC	
	MC tells kids to come again at Halloween, 30 October	