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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

The (Almost) Totally True Story of Hansel and Gretel

by Steph DeFerie

SAMUEL FRENCH

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THE (ALMOST) TOTALLY TRUE STORY OF HANSEL AND GRETEL was originally staged by the Chatham Middle School Drama Club at the Chatham High School on Cape Cod, Massachusetts on December 9, 2011. The performance was directed by Karen McPherson, with set design by Amy Middleton and Naomi Wallace, and costume design by Betty Marshall and Melissa Marshall. Kate Owen handled lighting design, sound design, and stage management. The cast was as follows:

STREPTOCOCCUS . . . . . Alena O'Connor
SNOW WHITE . . . . . Gabby Hurley
BRUNHILDA . . . . . Hannah Novotny
MAGIC MIRROR . . . . . Cierra Capitummino
INSPECTOR WOMBAT . . . . . Seamus Sartin
SERGEANT RINGWORM . . . . . Andrew Whittle
GRETEL. . . . . Anna Terrenzi
HANSEL. . . . . Ben Garside
WILHELM . . . . . Vaughn Yerkes
LILAH . . . . . Nevaeh DeCosta
MARTA . . . . . Rachel Wallace
AMANITA PHALLOIDES . . . . . Anastasia Elmendorf
RED RIDING HOOD . . . . . Kate Paxton
WOLF . . . . . Nick Russell
PAPA BEAR . . . . . Soleil Vowell
MAMA BEAR . . . . . Ashley Simmons
BABY BEAR . . . . . Nevaeh DeCosta
FLOPSY . . . . . Emily McIlvin
PORKCHOP . . . . . Madison Beaupre
FARGO . . . . . Lucy Ryan
GOLDILOCKS . . . . . Carolyn Hanrahan
JACK . . . . . Douglas Ulrich
BLOSSOM . . . . . Alana Tucker
PRINCE CHARMING. . . . . Jan Lapinski
FLITSY. . . . . Alana Tucker

CHARACTERS

GRETEL – a little girl
STREPTOCOCCUS – a fairy godmother
SNOW WHITE – an Ogre, yes, an Ogre
HANSEL – a little boy
INSPECTOR WOMBAT – an English police inspector
SERGEANT RINGWORM – an English police sergeant
BRUNHILDA – a wicked step-mother
MAGIC MIRROR – a magical mirror
LILAH – a loving mother
WILHELM – a weak-willed father
MARTA – an evil step-mother
AMANITA PHALLOIDES – a wicked witch
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD – a girl with treats
THE BIG BAD WOLF – a wolf who's big and bad
MOTHER BEAR – a bear
FATHER BEAR – a bear
BABY BEAR – a bear
PORK CHOP – a pig
FLOPSY – a pig
FARGO – a pig
GOLDILOCKS – a cookie seller
JACK – a poor boy who needs money
BLOSSOM – a cow
CHARMING – a prince
FLITSY – another fairy godmother

SETTING

Wherever fairy godmothers take us – on purpose
and (sometimes) by mistake...

PRODUCTION NOTE

The easiest way to stage the piece is to play everything before a drop curtain of a forest. Small set pieces representing the woodcutter's house (a curtain dividing the space in two), the witch's house (candy outside, normal inside) the bear's house (outside only) should be brought on and off as needed.

For Mrs. Drudge (who was there at the beginning)
– "Thanks, Audrey!"

(The forest. The sun is shining, the birds are singing. Lovely pastoral music plays. Ahhh…)

(a pause)

(nothing happens)

(Finally, a little girl appears at the back of the house or stage. It is **GRETEL,** *but we don't know that yet. She wears a traditional German folk dress and so looks out of place. She is also out of breath and nervously looks over her shoulder.)*

GRETEL. *(to an audience member)* 'Scuse me. Excuse me! What's going on here? *(waits for answer)* A what? A play? That's nice, that's real nice. *(casually)* I…uh… don't suppose you've seen any…oh, I don't know… policemen…around here, have you? *(waits for answer)* Good, that's good. If anyone asks, I've been here with you the whole time. Scoot over.

*(***GRETEL** *sits in the audience.)*

(Enter **STREPTOCOCCUS**, *a fairy godmother. She has an ill-fitting dress, wings and a fairy wand.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. *(Flitting about and waving her wand, she tugs at her dress and gives a black look to someone off.)* Hello! Hello! So sorry I'm late. There was a little problem backstage finding my dress. This isn't the right one, you can probably tell – it doesn't really fit properly here around my wings but we have to use it anyway since we can't find the right one. If only certain costume directors who shall remain nameless were more organized… Anyway, I'm here now and that's all that matters!

(She tosses a bit of glitter about.)

STREPTOCOCCUS. *(cont.)* Look at all the happy little children! Their bright and shining faces always make me feel so…

(She trips on her dress, sprains her wrist, bends her wand.)

Pickled frogs and rutabagas! *(She examines hem of dress.)* I told her this stupid thing was too long! *(She gets up.)* It's all right, I'm OK, don't get up! *(She is clearly in pain having sprained her wand-wrist but gamely carries on.)* Do you know what I am? Yes, I am a fairy godmother. My name is Streptococcus and I am full of… *(farts or burps loudly)* …magic! *(She waves the now-damaged wand, grimaces with pain.)* Ow! Do you know why I'm here? I'm here to tell you all some lovely fairy stories of wonderment and enchantment and delightment. Doesn't that sound fabulous? Of course it does, aren't you lucky to have me. Well, then, let's begin! *(tosses glitter)* Once upon a time, there was a beautiful girl named Snow White! *(She flourishes the wand grandly, aggravating her wrist and causing her to curse in pain).* Pop-Tarts®!

(Enter **SNOW WHITE***, an ogre.)*

(looking at **SNOW WHITE** *and shaking wand)*

What's the matter with this thing?

(As **STREPTOCOCCUS** *bangs and shakes her wand, a little boy enters from the back of the house. He is* **HANSEL** *but we don't know that yet. He is dressed in lederhosen and looks about.)*

GRETEL. *(standing and waving)* Psst! Psssst! Over here!

*(***HANSEL** *crosses to* **GRETEL.***)*

HANSEL. What're you doing?

GRETEL. Hiding out! Look at all these kids – it's the perfect cover! Sit down! *(to audience member)* Scoot over. *(threateningly, making a fist)* He's been here the whole time, too, get me?

*(***HANSEL** *sits next to* **GRETEL.***)*

SNOW WHITE. What's wrong?

STREPTOCOCCUS. You're supposed to be Snow White.

SNOW WHITE. I am Snow White.

STREPTOCOCCUS. You're an ogre.

SNOW WHITE. An ogre named Snow White.

STREPTOCOCCUS. You're an ogre and your name is Snow White.

SNOW WHITE. A fairy godmother named after a horrible bacteria has a problem with an ogre named Snow White?

STREPTOCOCCUS. You're supposed to be a beautiful girl.

SNOW WHITE. I am a beautiful girl. *(with dignity)* A beautiful girl ogre.

STREPTOCOCCUS. This is going to be one of those days, isn't it.

SNOW WHITE. Seems like a perfectly pleasant day to me.

STREPTOCOCCUS. First the dress, now the wand…what else could possibly go wrong?

(Someone off is making a noise like an British police siren!)

(Enter **INSPECTOR WOMBAT** *and his lieutenant* **SERGEANT RINGWORM**. *They are English.* **INSPECTOR WOMBAT** *wears a trench coat and a fedora.* **SERGEANT RINGWORM** *wears a blue uniform with a flashing red light on top of his "Bobby" helmet, and it is he who is making the siren noise.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. Oh, for heaven's sake!

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Sorry to interrupt but this is a police emergency. I am Inspector Wombat of Scotland Yard and this is Sergeant Ringworm. We are very important policemen who are on the trail of two most cunning and dangerous criminals. We are professional yet friendly. Wouldn't you say so, Sergeant?

SERGEANT RINGWORM. Oh, yes, sir, very friendly indeed, sir. You've invited me over to your home on numerous occasions.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. As I said, we are on the lookout for two most desperate and treacherous villains. Has anyone seen these children? *(He holds up a crayon drawing of two stick figures.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. Children? The dangerous villains are children?

SNOW WHITE. That's not a very good likeness.

SERGEANT RINGWORM. The police sketch artist is sick so his five year old daughter filled in for him.

SNOW WHITE. That's very good for five.

SERGEANT RINGWORM. Isn't it? Stayed in the lines almost all the way round and everything. I particularly like the purple hair there on the boy.

STREPTOCOCCUS. There's an awful lot of children here – this could be any of them.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Have any of you noticed any children in the immediate vicinity acting suspiciously?

SERGEANT RINGWORM. Come now, speak up, don't be shy. Anybody seen these two kiddies mucking about?

HANSEL & GRETEL. *(looking around, pretending to look for the wanted children)* No, no, I don't see them, not around here, there must be some mistake. *(etc)*

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Don't let the innocent faces fool you. These delinquents may be small but they are exceptionally vicious. They'd slit your throat as soon as look at you. No one is safe with them on the loose!

STREPTOCOCCUS. Inspector! You're scaring the children!

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. They should be scared. They should be very scared. Fear will keep them alive.

SERGEANT RINGWORM. You might want to dial it down a notch, sir.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Sorry. Sometimes my enthusiasm gets the best of me.

SERGEANT RINGWORM. Nothing to apologize for, sir. It's commendable that you feel so strongly about capturing these felons and insuring the public's well-being.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Nicely put, Sergeant. Thank you.

SERGEANT RINGWORM. Thank you, sir. They don't seem to be here, sir.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Right. Well, keep your eyes peeled, everyone. The police depend on the cooperation of you, the general public, to keep things safe for you, the general public.

SERGEANT RINGWORM. And remember that if you do spot them, do not attempt to take them into custody yourself. Rather, contact a law enforcement professional immediately.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Thank you and good day.

*(***INSPECTOR WOMBAT** *and* **SERGEANT RINGWORM** *exit,* **SERGEANT RINGWORM** *making the siren noise again.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS Oh, that's great. Just one more thing I have to worry about. *(to* **SNOW WHITE***)* What do you want?

SNOW WHITE. You called me.

STREPTOCOCCUS. I'm afraid that was a mistake. My wand appears to be malfunctioning.

SNOW WHITE. *(disappointed)* So I came all the way over here for nothing?

STREPTOCOCCUS. I'm really very sorry…

SNOW WHITE. I can be your Snow White, you know. Just try me!

STREPTOCOCCUS. Oh, I don't think…

SNOW WHITE. Oh, please! Give me a chance, I can do it, you'll see! If you don't like the job I'm doing, I'll leave, no hard feelings. Please, please?

STREPTOCOCCUS. It's just that you're not really what I had in mind…

SNOW WHITE. *(appealing to the audience with a very sad face)* You want to let me try, don't you? You don't mind that I'm an ogre!

*(***SNOW WHITE** *encourages the audience to speak up for her.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. Oh, very well. We'll start again from the beginning. Go off over there.

*(***SNOW WHITE** *exits.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. I'm sorry, this isn't going very well, is it. And I had such high hopes…but then I was late and this horrible dress and my stupid wand and then the police interrupting and dangerous delinquents lurking about and now an ogre playing Snow White…I'm sure this isn't what you were expecting when you came here today, was it, you'll probably want your money back and I don't blame you. *(sighs)* Very well, here we go. Once upon a time, there was a beautiful girl named Snow White.

*(***SNOW WHITE** *enters wearing a blond wig with a flower in it and a little short skirt.)*

She was a lovely child but her mother died and her father married an evil step-mother named Brunhilda. This woman hated the girl because everyone loved her more on account of she was so much prettier and lovelier and… *(looks at* **SNOW WHITE***, shrugs)*…well, it's theatre, use your imagination.

(Enter **BRUNHILDA***, the step-mother.)*

BRUNHILDA. *(She looks at* **SNOW WHITE***, falters.)* It is true Snow White is beautiful…uh, so very, very beautiful… *(She looks to* **STREPTOCOCCUS** *for help.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. *(quietly)* Just go on with it.

BRUNHILDA. But…

STREPTOCOCCUS. *(making a noise of frustrated encouragement)* Mph!

BRUNHILDA. But although she is indeed beautiful, she is certainly not as beautiful as I.

(Enter **MAGIC MIRROR.***)*

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR. *(looking at* **SNOW WHITE***)* Who's that?

BRUNHILDA. Snow White.

MIRROR. You're kidding.

BRUNHILDA. I'm not.

MIRROR. No, really, who is that?

STREPTOCOCCUS. It's Snow White! *(through gritted teeth)* Just keep going!

BRUNHILDA. Mirror, mirror, I command
Who's the fairest in the land?

MIRROR. *(looks at* **SNOW WHITE***, looks at* **BRUNHILDA***)* You are.

*(***MIRROR** *turns, starts to exit.)*

BRUNHILDA. Hooray!

STREPTOCOCCUS. Wait wait wait! That's not how it's supposed to go!

MIRROR. That's how it's going *this* time.

*(***MIRROR** *is almost off.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. Get back here!

BRUNHILDA. And everyone lived happily ever after, the end!

MIRROR. Good night!

*(***MIRROR** *exits.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. Stop! You're ruining everything!

MIRROR. *(poking head in)* Oh, really? *I'm* ruining everything? You give me a Snow White that looks like that and *I'm* ruining everything?

BRUNHILDA. *(dancing around* **SNOW WHITE***)* I'm the fairest in the land! I'm the fairest in the land!

*(***SNOW WHITE** *looks sad.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. *(to* **BRUNHILDA***)* No, you're not! *(to* **SNOW WHITE***)* Hang on a moment, dear, we'll get this sorted out. *(to* **BRUNHILDA** *who is still at it)* Stop that! *(to* **MIRROR***)* You! Do it right. Do it like you always do.

MIRROR. You want me to say that… *(indicating* **SNOW WHITE***)* …that…is the fairest in the land.

STREPTOCOCCUS. Yes, I do!

MIRROR. So you want me to lie.

STREPTOCOCCUS. Yes, I do! I mean, no! I mean, not exactly. The story can't end now – it's only just started!

MIRROR. But…look at her. What else can I say?

BRUNHILDA. Leave that mirror alone! Stop bullying it! It speaks the truth and you can't change the truth to fit the situation!

STREPTOCOCCUS. *(to* **BRUNHILDA***)* Hush! *(to* **MIRROR***)* Just… be tactful. Be…kind. *(an idea!)* Remember, beauty is in the eye of the beholder. There is outer beauty…and there is inner beauty.

BRUNHILDA. Don't confuse the stupid mirror! It finally got things right for once – leave it alone! *(to* **MIRROR***)* Say one more thing and I'll smash you!

SNOW WHITE. *(sadly)* It's all right. I don't mind, really. You have to tell the truth and it's obvious she's prettier than I am. She might as well win this one time.

STREPTOCOCCUS. Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR. Anyone can paint their face
To be the finest in the place.
A true, kind heart is much more rare
And valuable beyond compare.
So by that thought, you know I'm right –
The fairest one is this Snow White.

BRUNHILDA. No! You said it was me! You said I was the prettiest one this time!

STREPTOCOCCUS. But where does that leave the story?

BRUNHILDA. Who cares about the stupid old story? I have feelings too, you know. Don't *I* deserve some consideration?

STREPTOCOCCUS. But what about all the lovely children who've come to see our show?

(We hear the police siren again off.)

(Enter **INSPECTOR WOMBAT** *and* **SERGEANT RINGWORM** *as before.)*

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Excuse me for interrupting again but Sergeant Ringworm here has alerted me to the fact that I neglected to inform you of the names of the two devious criminals that we are presently pursuing.

SERGEANT RINGWORM. Just doing my job, sir.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. And a good job you're doing, too, Sergeant. Keep it up and I may well put you in for a commendation.

SERGEANT RINGWORM. It's nice of you to notice, sir, but there's no need to make a fuss.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. No fuss at all, Sergeant. Dedication should be rewarded.

STREPTOCOCCUS. So what are they?

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Hmmm?

STREPTOCOCCUS. What are their names?

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. The names of what?

SERGEANT RINGWORM. She means the villains we're after, sir.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Oh, yes! *(He takes out a small notebook, opens it, reads.)* The names of the two young treacherous miscreants are…Hansel and Gretel!

STREPTOCOCCUS. Well, that can't be right.

BRUNHILDA. Really? Those two innocent little kids who keep getting lost in the forest?

MIRROR. There must be a mistake.

SNOW WHITE. I don't believe it.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. *(checking his notes again)* It says so right here – wanted for attempted murder, property damage, malicious mischief and aggravated assault with a dangerous weapon…Hansel and Gretel. I am right, aren't I, Sergeant?

SERGEANT RINGWORM. Right as rain, sir.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Again, sorry for the interruption. Didn't mean to spoil the fun by reminding you that two dangerous, wicked, nasty children are lurking nearby and could strike again at any moment.

SERGEANT RINGWORM. Oh, I don't think you've spoiled anything, sir.

INSPECTOR WOMBAT. Thank you, Sergeant. Afternoon, all.

*(***INSPECTOR WOMBAT** *and* **SERGEANT RINGWORM** *exit as before.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. Something's not right here.

BRUNHILDA. I don't know – I always thought those kids were a little too good to be true.

SNOW WHITE. We shouldn't judge them before we've heard their side of the story and gotten all the facts.

MIRROR. Those policemen are mixed up is all. Everyone knows Hansel and Gretel are the *victims*, not the *criminals*. Everyone's heard their story.

GRETEL. *(from her seat in the audience)* Tell it again, tell it again!

HANSEL. *(from his seat in the audience)* Yeah, tell it again! Tell us the story of Hansel and Gretel!

STREPTOCOCCUS. Sorry, we're not scheduled for that one today, I'm afraid. We're doing "Snow White."

GRETEL. But that story's all finished.

HANSEL. And we want another!

BRUNHILDA. The mirror said I'm the fairest in the land so that's it, the end. *(She puts her fingers in her ears and sings)* La la la la…I can't hear you…la la la la…I can't hear you!

MIRROR. You realize you're not going to be able to do anything else with her today.

SNOW WHITE. You may as well move on and tell another story.

HANSEL AND GRETEL. *(chanting from their seats)* We want… Hansel and Gretel! We want…Hansel and Gretel! We want…Hansel and Gretel!

STREPTOCOCCUS. Stop, stop! Even if I wanted to, I can't. We're not set up for it.

MIRROR. Can't you just use your magic wand?

SNOW WHITE. That's how she ended up with me.

MIRROR. Oh.

HANSEL. Oh, please?

GRETEL. Please, please, please?

MIRROR. Pretty please…

SNOW WHITE. …with sugar on top?

STREPTOCOCCUS. But who will play them?

HANSEL AND GRETEL. *(getting up from their seats and climbing up on the stage)* We will!

STREPTOCOCCUS. You know the story?

HANSEL. Oh, yes.

GRETEL. *Very* well.

STREPTOCOCCUS. *(to* **SNOW WHITE**, **BRUNHILDA**, **MIRROR***)* I guess we're all done with you lot, then.

BRUNHILDA. *(with her fingers still in her ears)* What?

SNOW WHITE. *(loudly, taking* **BRUNHILDA***'s fingers from her ears)* She's done with us!

BRUNHILDA. You don't have to shout.

STREPTOCOCCUS. Thank you very much, you were all marvelous, thank you.

MIRROR, **SNOW WHITE**, **BRUNHILDA**. *(exiting)* No trouble, our pleasure, let's do it again sometime…*(etc.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. You were wonderful, Snow White. I was wrong. I'm sorry I doubted you.

SNOW WHITE. Feel free to conjure me up again anytime!

*(***MIRROR, SNOW WHITE** *and* **BRUNHILDA** *exit)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. *(to* **HANSEL** *and* **GRETEL***)* Now, then. Where should we start?

GRETEL. *(sweetly)* At the beginning, of course.

HANSEL. *(even more sweetly)* At "Once upon a time."

STREPTOCOCCUS. Once upon a time, there was a happy family who lived deep in the forest. *(She flourishes her wand.)* Ow! Milk Duds®!

(The wood-cutter's house is revealed. There is a main area with a fireplace or large oven containing a cooking pot. There is a smaller area separated by a hanging curtain. This is the bedroom – there are blankets and pillows.)

(Enter **LILAH** *and* **WILHELM**. **LILAH** *is wearing man's clothes and* **WILHELM** *is wearing lady's clothes. They look at each other, surprised and then look pleadingly to* **STREPTOCOCCUS**.*)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. *(ineffectually flourishing her wand at them to fix things)* Ow, ow, ow! Sorry, the wand's acting up today. *(to audience)* They were…

WILHELM. Wilhelm…

LILAH. …and Lilah…

HANSEL. …and Hansel…

GRETEL. …and Gretel.

*(***HANSEL** *and* **GRETEL** *run to* **WILHELM** *and* **LILAH** *who open their arms and hug them.)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. Wilhelm was a wood-cutter so they were as poor as church mice.

LILAH. But very happy.

*(***HANSEL** *and* **GRETEL** *chase each other, shouting and laughing.)*

WILHELM. Children, children! What's gotten into you today?

LILAH. Such wild little animals I have! I'm going to have to turn you out into the forest if this keeps up.

GRETEL. Hansel pinched me and called me a wicked old witch!

LILAH. Hansel, that's not very nice!

HANSEL. I was only teasing!

LILAH. How lucky we are, my love.

WILHELM. I wish I could give you fine things, my dear. I'm afraid you made a poor bargain when you married me.

LILAH. Love is never a poor bargain.

STREPTOCOCCUS. But their happiness was not to last. One day, the mother fell ill…and died.

*(***LILAH** *coughs, exits)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. The father and children were left all alone.

WILHELM. *(holding out his arms)* Oh, my poor, dear, motherless children. You are so poor and dear.

*(***HANSEL** *and* **GRETEL** *run into his arms for a hug)*

HANSEL. And motherless. Don't forget motherless.

WILHELM. It's a good thing your poor, dear mother isn't here to see how sad our lives are – it would kill her.

HANSEL. Poor Mother. Poor us.

GRETEL. What's for dinner, Father?

WILHELM. I'm afraid it's corn mush again, my loves. I can't afford anything finer.

HANSEL. *(making a face, to* **GRETEL***)* Maybe you can make it into something better.

GRETEL. Nobody could make corn mush into something better.

WILHELM. Your poor, dear mother could. She could take scrips and scraps of whatever was around and turn it into the most wonderful, delicious meal you ever tasted.

HANSEL. Mmmmm, I remember.

WILHELM. Just think of her stews and sauces! I would happily eat grass and grubs if they were covered in one of Mother's special gravies.

HANSEL. Stop – you're killing me!

GRETEL. Nobody in the whole world could cook as well as her!

WILHELM. Just one piece of her soft, warm bread topped with elderberry jam would be enough to fill me up from morning to noon. *(getting an idea)* Children! I have a marvelous idea! Tomorrow, I am going into town and when I return, I shall have a wonderful surprise for you!

HANSEL. Lovely chocolate sweeties?

GRETEL. A baby sister?

HANSEL. A bag of puppies?

GRETEL. A pony?

HANSEL. A bag of ponies?

WILHELM. Better than any of those! Wait and see!

*(***WILHELM** *exits)*

STREPTOCOCCUS. So Wilhelm went into town and when he returned home, he was not alone.

(Enter **WILHELM** *and* **MARTA**. **WILHELM** *is wearing man's clothing.)*

WILHELM. Children, this is your new mother!

*(***HANSEL** *and* **GRETEL** *run to* **MARTA** *for a hug but she folds her arms.)*

MARTA. *Step*-mother.

WILHELM. I remembered how much better and more delicious things were when there was a woman to take charge of the house so I thought it was high time we had another.

HANSEL & GRETEL. Hooray!

*(***HANSEL**, **GRETEL** *and* **WILHELM** *look at* **MARTA**. *She pointedly says nothing.)*

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