

HANDSOME AND GRIDDLE

a four minute comedy skit

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HANDSOME AND GRIDDLE

CAST: Narrator
Handsome
Griddle
Father
Stepmother
Witch

PROPS: Black cardboard cauldron, Bavarian costumes for Handsome, Griddle, Father & Stepmother, and Witch hat & dress

SETTING: Narrator stands at the podium, while Father, Stepmother, Handsome & Griddle stand together at Stage Right. Witch hides near Stage Left.

NARRATOR: *(with attitude)* Once upon a time... *(big sigh)* Why do stories *always* start that way?

STEPMOTHER: Never mind the commentary. Just stick with the script.

NARRATOR: Sheesh! What a grouch! *(pause)* As I was saying, once upon a time there lived a brother and sister named Handsome and Griddle.

GRIDDLE: No fair. I think it should be “Griddle and Handsome.”

HANDSOME: Put a lid on it.

NARRATOR: *(clears throat loudly)* They lived in a house in the woods with their father –

FATHER: That’s me.

NARRATOR: -- who loved them very much, and their stepmother –

STEPMOTHER: *(arms crossed, tapping fingers impatiently)* That’s me.

NARRATOR: -- who had her sanity to consider.

STEPMOTHER: Husband, your children drive me crazy! Take them into the woods and lose them.

FATHER: Duh. Whatever you say, Wife.

STEPMOTHER: And stop saying “Duh”.

FATHER: Duh. Whatever you say, Wife.

(Father, Handsome, and Griddle walk to Center Stage. Then Father returns alone to Stage Right)

NARRATOR: So the clueless father took Handsome and Griddle into the woods and left them. The children huddled together all night. Finally, morning came.

HANDSOME: I'm hungry. What's for breakfast?

(Witch walks to Center Stage)

WITCH: You are! *(evil laugh)*

GRIDDLE: Who are you?

WITCH: Why, I'm an evil-- er -- a nice old lady out for a stroll. Why don't you follow me?

NARRATOR: As you might expect, the old lady was really an evil witch. *(pauses & shakes her head)* Like maybe there's another kind...? Who writes this stuff anyway? *(big sigh)* Eventually, they arrived at her shack.

GRIDDLE: *(to witch)* Funny, I thought you'd have a gingerbread house.

WITCH: Not any more. The property taxes on that thing were KILLING me.

HANDSOME: *(pause)* So...what's for breakfast?

WITCH: Something yummy, but first you must wash up.

(Witch leads them to a large black cauldron)

WITCH: There you go. Scrub-a-dub-dub, into the tub!

GRIDDLE: Not till you explain the carrots and peas in there.