TO BRING-
TO MAKE-
TO LIFT-
TO GO TO THE FESTIVAL-

INTO THE WOODS!
INTO THE WOODS!
INTO THE WOODS,
THEN OUT OF THE WOODS,
AND HOME BEFORE DARK!

(blackout)
END OF SCENE ONE

Act One, Scene 2

(the wood, late afternoon. The stage is filled by trees of all variety. Many twisted and gnarled—others going straight forward to the sky without a branch. Bright sunlight streams through, creating a wonderful light maze. As the scene progresses, the sunlight is gradually replaced by moonlight, and the stage gets alternately light and dark, suggesting a windly/ cloudy night. The foliage rustles in the breeze, with an occasional gust blowing about low-lying fog, giving an eerie foeling. CINDERELLA kneels before a tree filled with birds)

Narrator: Cinderella had planted a branch at the grave of her mother and she visited often, and wept so much, that her trees watered it until it had become a handsome tree.

(exits)

Cinderella: I'VE BEEN GOOD AND I'VE BEEN KIND, MOTHER,
DOING ONLY WHAT I LEARNED FROM YOU.
WHY THEN AM I LEFT BEHIND, MOTHER,
IS THERE SOMETHING MORE THAT I SHOULD DO?
WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME, MOTHER?
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG.
I WISH—

(suddenly, the ghost of CINDERELLA'S MOTHER appears within the tree. SHE is a collection of remembered mannerisms and sayings)

Cinderella's Mother: What, child? Specify. Opportunity is not a lengthy visitor and good fortune, though bad, can befall when least expected.

Cinderella: I wish...

Cinderella's Mother: DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WISH?
ARE YOU CERTAIN WHAT YOU WISH
IS WHAT YOU WANT?
IF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT,
THEN MAKE A WISH.
ASK THE TREE.
AND YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR WISH.

Cinderella: (rising) SHIVER AND QUIVER, LITTLE TREE,
SILVER AND GOLD THROWN DOWN ON ME.
(a gold and silver dress and fancy slippers drop down from the tree)
I'M OFF TO GET MY WISH.

(picks up the clothes and dashes offstage. JACK is walking through the woods, leading MILKY-WHITE. he stops and sits on a tree stump)

Jack: Quiet. Silence everywhere, Milky-White. Not to my liking...
Mysterious Man: (stepping from behind a tree) Hello, Jack.

Jack: (frightened) How did you know my name?


Jack: Say that again.

Mysterious Man: On your way to market? You might have been there long time ago. Taking your time, Jack?

Jack: No, sir.

Mysterious Man: Is that the truth?

Jack: Well, you see now I'm resting—

Mysterious Man: How much are you asking for the animal?

Jack: No less than five pounds, sir.

Mysterious Man: Oh now, Jack. Why such a sum?

Jack: My mother told me—

Mysterious Man: Your mother? A boy your age? Why you'd be lucky to exchange her for a sack of beans.

Jack: Well, I—

(before JACK can respond, the MYSTERIOUS MAN has disappeared)

Jack: Come along, Milky-White. There are spirits here...

(exits another part of the woods. LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD, skipping to the accompaniment of "Into the Woods," is surprised by the WOLF. MUSIC stops)

Wolf: Good day, young lady.

Little Red Ridinghood: Good day, Mr. Wolf.

(MUSIC resumes. LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD continues. WOLF stops her again. MUSIC stops)

Wolf: Whither away so huriedly?

Little Red Ridinghood: To my Grandmother's.

(MUSIC resumes. LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD continues briefly. WOLF stops her once more)

Wolf: And what might be in your basket?

(sniffs basket, then her torso)

Little Red Ridinghood: Bread and wine, so Grandmother will have something good to make her strong.

Wolf: And where might your grandmother live?
(BAKER appears behind a tree and eavesdrops)

Little Red Ridinghood: A good quarter of a league further in the woods; her house stands under three large oak trees.

(WOLF grunts lasciviously to himself as he watches LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD skip off)

Wolf: MMMH...
(rubbing his thighs)
  UNHH...

  LOOK AT THAT FLESH,
  PINK AND PLUMP.
  HELLO LITTLE GIRL...

  TENDER AND FRESH,
  NOT ONE LUMP.
  HELLO LITTLE GIRL...

  THIS ONE'S ESPECIALLY LUSH,
  DELICIOUS...
  MMMH...
(smacks his lips, then runs over and pops up in front of LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD, holds her as for a tango. he begins moving like Fred Astaire. LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD leans with him, but doesn't move her feet)

  HELLO, LITTLE GIRL,
  WHAT'S YOUR RUSH?
  YOU'RE MISSING ALL THE FLOWERS.
  THE SUN WON'T SET FOR HOURS,
  TAKE YOUR TIME.

Little Red Ridinghood: (breaking away) MOTHER SAID,
  "STRAIGHT AHEAD,"
  NOT TO DELAY
  OR BE MISLED.

Wolf: BUT SLOW, LITTLE GIRL,
  HARK! AND HUSH--
  THE BIRDS ARE SINGING SWEETLY.
  YOU'LL MISS THE BIRDS COMPLETELY,
  YOU'RE TRAVELING SO FLEETLY.
(LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD stops to listen; WOLF devours her with his eyes, mutters to himself)

  GRANDMOTHER FIRST,
  THEN MISS PLUMP...
  WHAT A DELECTABLE COUPLE:
  UTTER PERFECTION--
  ONE BRITTLE, ONE SUPPLE--

(see LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD start to move off again)
  ONE MOMENT, MY DEAR--!
(LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD stops again)

Little Red Ridinghood: MOTHER SAID,
  "COME WHAT MAY,
FOLLOW THE PATH
AND NEVER STRAY."

Wolf: JUST SO, LITTLE GIRL—
ANY PATH.
SO MANY WORTH EXPLORING.
JUST ONE WOULD BE SO BORING.
AND LOOK WHAT YOU'RE IGNORING...
(gestures to the trees and flowers. LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD looks around)
(to himself): THINK OF THOSE CRISP, AGING BONES,
THEN SOMETHING FRESH ON THE PALATE,
THINK OF THAT SCRUMPtIOUS CARNALITY
TWICE IN ONE DAY—I
THERE'S NO POSSIBLE WAY
TO DESCRiBE WHAT YOU FEEL,
WHEN YOU'RE TALKING TO YOUR MEAL.

Little Red Ridinghood: MOTHER SAID
NOT TO STRAY.
STILL, I SUPPOSE A SMALL DELAY.
GRANNY MIGHT LIKE A FRESH BOUQUET...
GOODBYE MR. WOLF.

(she crosses to flowers, starts to pick them, then exits)

Wolf: GOODBYE, LITTLE GIRL.
(starts off)
AND HELLO...
(he howls and exits)

Baker: (entering, horrified) Is harm to come to that little girl... in the red cape?

(WITCH appears, MUSIC under)

Witch: Forget the little girl and get the cape!

Baker: (clutching his chest) You frightened me.

Witch: That's the cape. Get it. Get it. Get it!

Baker: How am I supposed to get it?

Witch: You go up to the little thing and you take it.

Baker: I can't just take a cloak from a little girl. Why don't you take it!

Witch: If I could, I would! But I... 

(we hear RAPUNZEL singing in the distance, sweetly. WITCH listens entranced)

—Ahhh, my Rapunzel... listen to her beautiful music... (yelling) Get me what I need. Get me what I need!

(she disappears back up into the tree)

Baker: (distracted) This is ridiculous. I'll never get that red cape, nor find a golden cow, or a yellow slipper—or was it a golden slipper and a yellow cow? Oh, no...
Baker's Wife: (softly, appearing behind the tree) THE COW AS WHITE AS MILK,
THE CAPE AS RED AS BLOOD,
THE HAIR AS YELLOW AS CORN,
THE SLIPPER AS PURE AS—

Baker: (overlapping) What are you doing here?

Baker's Wife: (Coming forward, takes a scarf and tries to put it around his neck) You forgot your scarf—

Baker: (taking scarf off) You have no business being alone in the wood. And you have no idea what I've come upon here. You would be frightened for your life. Now go home immediately!

Baker's Wife: I wish to help.

Baker: NO! THE SPELL IS ON MY HOUSE—

Baker's Wife: OUR HOUSE.

(JACK enters dragging the COW by a rope on its neck)

Baker: ONLY I CAN LIFT THE SPELL,
THE SPELL IS ON MY HOUSE—!

Baker's Wife: (overlapping) WE MUST LIFT THE SPELL TOGETHER THE SPELL IS ON—
(puts hand across BAKER'S mouth, we see JACK at other side of stage)

A COW AS WHITE AS—

Baker: (takes WIFE'S hand away) —milk.

(BAKER'S WIFE pushes BAKER in JACK'S direction, follows)

Baker: Hello there, young man.

Jack: (looks at BAKER, scared) Hello, sir.

Baker: What might you be doing with a cow in the middle of the forest?

Jack: I was heading to market—but I seem to have lost my way.

Baker's Wife: (coaching the BAKER) And what are you planning to do there—?

Baker: And what are you planning to do there?

Jack: Sell my cow, sir. No less than five pounds.

Baker: Five pounds! (to WIFE) Where am I to get five pounds?

Baker's Wife: She must be generous of milk to fetch five pounds?

Jack: (hesitant) Yes Ma'am.

Baker's Wife: And if you can't fetch that sum? Then what are you to do?

Jack: I hadn't thought of that. I suppose my mother and I will have no food to eat.

(BAKER has emptied his pockets. He has a few coins and the beans in hand)
Baker: (to WIFE) This is the sum total.

Baker's Wife: (loudly) BEANS! We mustn't give up our beans! Well...if you feel we must.

Baker: Huh!

Baker's Wife: (to JACK) Beans will bring you food, son.

Jack: Beans in exchange for my cow?

Baker's Wife: Oh, these are no ordinary beans, son. These beans carry magic.

Jack: Magic? What kind of magic?

Baker's Wife: (to BAKER) Tell him.

(MYSTERIOUS MAN enters behind a tree)

Baker: (nervous) Magic that defies description.

Jack: My mum would--

Mysterious Man: ...you'd be lucky to exchange her for a sack of beans.

(BAKER'S WIFE and BAKER hug. Frightened by MYSTERIOUS MAN'S voice. MYSTERIOUS MAN exits)

Jack: How many beans?

Baker: Six.

Baker's Wife: Fine! We can't part with all of them. We must leave one for ourselves. Besides I'd say they're worth a pound each, at the very least.

Jack: Could I buy my cow back someday?

Baker: (Uneasy) Well...possibly.

(hands JACK the beans, counting out five and keeping one for his pocket; BAKER'S WIFE then takes the cow)

Good luck there, young lad.

Jack: (tearful, to the cow) I GUESS THIS IS GOODBYE, OLD PAL;
      YOU'VE BEEN A PERFECT FRIEND.
      I HATE TO SEE US PART, OLD PAL,
      SOMEDAY I'LL BUY YOU BACK.
      I'LL SEE YOU SOON AGAIN.
      I HOPE THAT WHEN I DO,
      IT WON'T BE ON A PLATE.

(overcome with emotion. J ACK exits. MUSIC continues under)

Baker: (angry) Take the cow and go home!

Baker's Wife: I was trying to be helpful.

Baker: Magic beans! We've no reason to believe they're magic! Are we going to dispel this curse through deceit?

Baker's Wife: No one would have given him more for that creature. We did him a favor. At least they'll have some food.

Baker: Five beans!
Baker’s Wife: IF YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT,
THEN YOU GO AND YOU FIND IT AND YOU GET IT—

Baker: (pointing off) HOME.

Baker’s Wife: Do we want a child or not?
--AND YOU GIVE AND YOU TAKE
AND YOU BID AND YOU BARGAIN
OR YOU LIVE TO REGRET IT.

Baker: Will you please go home.

Baker’s Wife: THERE ARE RIGHTS AND WRONGS AND IN-BETWEENS--
NO ONE WAITS WHEN FORTUNE INTERVENES.
AND MAYBE THEY'RE REALLY MAGIC. WHO KNOWS?

WHY YOU DO WHAT YOU DO. THAT'S THE POINT;
ALL THE REST OF IT IS CHATTER.

Baker: (looking over at MILKY-WHITE) Look at her she's crying.

Baker’s Wife: IF THE THING YOU DO IS PURE IN INTENT,
IF IT'S MEANT,
AND IT'S JUST A LITTLE BENT,
DOES IT MATTER?

Baker: YES.

Baker’s Wife: NO. WHAT MATTERS IS THAT EVERYONE TELLS TINY LIES.
WHAT'S IMPORTANT, REALLY, IS THE SIZE.

(pause: no response)
ONLY THREE MORE TRIES AND WE'LL HAVE OUR PRIZE.
WHEN THE END'S IN SIGHT, YOU'LL REALIZE:
IF THE END IS RIGHT, IT JUSTIFIES THE BEANS!

Baker: Take the cow and go home. I will carry this out in my own fashion!

(BAKER and BAKER’S WIFE exit in different directions. NARRATOR enters, RAPUNZEL singing off in the distance. RAPUNZEL’S tower appears)

Narrator: And so the Baker continued his search for the cape as red as blood.

(WITCH enters)
As for Rapunzel, the Witch was careful not to lose this beauty to the outside world and so shut her up within a doorless tower that lay deep within the forest. And when the old enchantress paid a visit, she called forth:

(NARRATOR exits as WITCH crosses to tower, RAPUNZEL’S PRINCE enters, kneels to hide from WITCH)

Witch: Rapunzel. Rapunzel. Let down your to me.

(RAPUNZEL stops singing and her hair descends. The WITCH climbs up struggling as RAPUNZEL leans forward in pain. RAPUNZEL’S PRINCE comes from around a tree)

Rapunzel’s Prince: (to himself) Rapunzel, Rapunzel. What a strange name. Strange but beautiful and fit for a prince! Tomorrow, before that horrible witch arrives, I will stand before her window and ask her to let down her hair to me.

(Baker steps into LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD’s path; the girl is eating a sweet as she enters)
Baker: Hello there, little one.

Little Red Ridinghood: Hello.

Baker: Have you saved some of those sweets for Granny?  
(he holds on to the edge of LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD'S cape)

Little Red Ridinghood: I ate all of the sweets, and half the loaf of bread.

Baker: Where did you get that beautiful cape? I so admire it.

Little Red Ridinghood: My Granny made it for me.

Baker: Is that right? I would love a red cloak like that.  
(examines the cape)

Little Red Ridinghood: You'd look pretty foolish.

(Baker goes to her and takes her cape)

Baker: May I take a look at it?

Little Red Ridinghood: I don't like to be without my cape. Please give it back!

Baker: (frustrated) I want it badly.

Little Red Ridinghood: Give it back please.

Witch's Voice: Forget the little girl and get the cape!

(BAKER suddenly dashes away with the cape under his arm. LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD stands numb for a moment, then lets out a blood-curdling scream, followed by hysterical weeping)

Baker: (returning with the cape and placing it on LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD'S shoulders) I just wanted to make certain that you really loved this cape. Now you go to your Granny's--and you be careful that no wolf comes your way.

Little Red Ridinghood: I'd rather a wolf than you, any day.  
(she stomps on BAKER's foot and exits)

Baker: (in pain) IF YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU NEED,  
THEN YOU GO  
AND YOU FIND IT  
AND YOU TAKE IT.  
DO I WANT A CHILD OR NOT?  
IT'S A CLOAK,  
WHAT'S A CLOAK?  
IT'S A JOKE,  
IT'S A STUPID LITTLE CLOAK,  
AND A CLOAK IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT.  
(nods, convincing himself)  
SO YOU TAKE IT.  
(with resolve) THINGS ARE ONLY WHAT YOU NEED THEM FOR,  
WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS WHO NEEDS THEM MORE—

(MUSIC continues under as BAKER exits. NARRATOR enters)
Narrator: And so the Baker, with new-found determination, went after the red cape. As for the little girl, she was surprised to find her grandmother's cottage door standing open.

(we see GRANNY's cottage with WOLF, dressed as GRANNY, in bed, covers up and hands near his mouth. the walls of the cottage are made of scrim. LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD enters)

Little Red Ridinghood: (to herself) Oh dear. How uneasy I feel. Perhaps it's all the sweets. (towards the bed) Good day, Grandmother. (moves to the bed) My, Grandmother, you're looking very strange. What big ears you have!

Wolf: The better to hear you with, my dear.

Little Red Ridinghood: But Grandmother, what big eyes you have!

Wolf: The better to see you with, my dear.

Little Red Ridinghood: But Grandmother, what large hands you have!

Wolf: The better to hug you with, my dear.

Little Red Ridinghood: Oh, Grandmother. What a terrible, big, wet mouth you have!

Wolf: The better to eat you with!

(bloodcurdling scream from LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD who disappears)

Narrator: And scarcely had the wolf said this, then with a single bound he was devouring the little girl. Well, it was a full day of eating for the both. And with his appetite appeased, the Wolf took to bed for a nice long nap.

(WOLF snoring. BAKER is outside cottage. Narrator exits)

Baker: That Grandmother has a mighty snore.
(goes up to the window and looks in)

Odd. Where is the little one? Eating no doubt.
(turns to walk away. WOLF belches. BAKER suddenly stops)

Or eaten!
(enters the house and timidly goes over to the bed. his knife stretched before him. he lets out a yelp when he sees the WOLF)

Grandmother, ha!
(BAKER draws the knife back, then stops)

What is that red cloth in the corner of your mouth? Looks to me to be a piece of...ah ha! I'll get that cape from within your stomach.

(he slits the WOLF's stomach, then recoils in disgust)

Little Red Ridinghood: (stepping out of the WOLF, bloodied) What a fright! How dark and dank it was inside that wolf.

(GRANNY emerges from WOLF, also bloodied)

Granny: (wheezing, tries to strangle WOLF, who reacts in pain) Kill the devil. Take that knife and cut his evil head off. Let's see the demon sliced into a thousand bits. Better yet, let the animal die a painful, agonizing, hideous death.

Little Red Ridinghood: (Shocked) GRANNY!

Granny: Quiet, child. This evil must be destroyed. Fetch me some great stones! We'll fill his belly with them, then we'll watch him try to run away!

Baker: (faint)! Well, I will leave you to your task.

Granny: Don't ya want the skins?

Granny: What kind of hunter are you?

Baker: I'm a baker!

(Granny pulls him into the house as Little Red Ridinghood walks downstage. Lights change)

Little Red Ridinghood: Mother said
"Straight ahead!"
Not to delay
Or be misled.
I should have heeded
Her advice...
But he seemed so nice.

And he showed me things,
Many beautiful things,
That I hadn't thought to explore.
They were off my path,
So I never had dared.
I had been so careful,
I never had cared.
And he made me feel excited--
Well, excited and scared.

When he said "Come in!"
With that sickening grin,
How could I know what was in store?
Once his teeth were bared,
Though, I really got scared--
Well, excited and scared--
But he drew me close
And he swallowed me down,
Down a dark slimy path
Where lie secrets that I never want to know,
And when everything familiar
Seemed to disappear forever,
At the end of the path
Was Granny once again.
So we wait in the dark
Until someone let us free,
And we're brought into the light,
And we're back at the start.

And I know things now,
Many valuable things,
That I hadn't known before.
Do not put your faith
In a cape and a hood,
They will not protect you
The way that they should.
And take extra care with strangers,
Even flowers have their dangers.
AND THOUGH SCARY IS EXCITING,
NICE IS DIFFERENT THAN GOOD.

NOW I KNOW:
DON'T BE SCARED.
GRANNY IS RIGHT,
JUST BE PREPARED.

ISN'T NICE TO KNOW A LOT!
AND A LITTLE BIT NOT...

(BAKER appears, dejected)

Little Red Ridinghood: Mr. Baker, you saved our lives. Here.
(she hands him her cape)

Baker: Are you certain?

Little Red Ridinghood: Yes. Maybe Granny will make me another with the skins of that wolf.

Baker: Thank you!

(dancing with joy, kisses her cheek and EXITS as LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD watches. disgusted LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD EXITS. NARRATOR enters)

Narrator: And so the Baker, with the second article in hand, feeling braver and more satisfied than he had ever felt, ran back through the woods.
(a cut of Jack's house rises)
As for the lad Jack—

Jack's Mother: Only a dolt would exchange a cow for beans!
(she throws the beans to the ground)

Jack: Mother, no—

Jack's Mother: To bed without supper for you!
(she marches the boy back into the house)

Narrator: Little did they know those beans would grow into an enormous stalk that would stretch into the heavens.

(NARRATOR exits. BAKER'S WIFE enters upstage tugging at MILKY-WHITE, lantern hangs from the cow's horn; house cut out descends ball music in the distance, growing louder. CINDERELLA dashes onstage looking over her shoulder, she falls and music stops)

Baker's Wife: (leaves MILKY-WHITE to help) Are you alright, miss?

Cinderella: (breathless) Yes. I just need to catch my breath.

Baker's Wife: What a beautiful gown you are wearing. Were you at the king's festival?

Cinderella: (preoccupied) Yes.

Baker's Wife: Aren't you the lucky one. Why ever are you in the woods at this hour?

(ball music in the distance, growing louder. we hear MEN'S VOICES offstage. CINDERELLA signals to BAKER'S WIFE to keep quiet, then ducks behind a tree. fanfare: CINDERELLA'S PRINCE runs onstage, followed by his STEWARD. They look about for a moment, notice BAKER'S WIFE, who is curtseying deeply)
Cinderella's Prince: Have you seen a beautiful young woman in a ball gown pass through?

Baker's Wife: I don't think so, sir.

Steward: I think I see her over there.

(CINDERELLA'S PRINCE signals STEWARD off in that direction; then takes another look at BAKER'S WIFE before following. music continues under)

Baker's Wife: I've never lied to royalty before. I've never anything to royalty before.

Cinderella: (comes out) Thank you.

Baker's Wife: If a prince were looking for me, I certainly wouldn't hide.

Cinderella: What brings you here—and with a cow?

Baker's Wife: Oh, my husband's somewhere in the woods. (proud) He is undoing a spell.

Cinderella: (impressed) Oh?

Baker's Wife: Oh, yes. Now, the Prince, what was he like?

Cinderella: HE'S A VERY NICE PRINCE.

Baker's Wife: And--?

Cinderella: And-- IT'S A VERY NICE BALL.

Baker's Wife: And--?

Cinderella: And-- WHEN I ENTERED, THEY TRUMPETED.

Baker's Wife: And--? The Prince--?

Cinderella: Oh, the Prince...

Baker's Wife: Yes, the Prince!

Cinderella: WELL, HE'S TALL.


Cinderella: WE DID NOTHING BUT DANCE.

Baker's Wife: Yes--? And--?

Cinderella: AND IT MADE A NICE CHANGE.

Baker's Wife: No, the Prince!

Cinderella: Oh, the Prince...

Baker's Wife: Yes, the Prince.

Cinderella: HE HAS CHARM FOR A PRINCE, I GUESS...

Baker's Wife: Guess?
Cinderella: I DON'T MEET A WIDE RANGE. AND IT'S ALL VERY STRANGE.

Baker's Wife: Are you to return to the festival tomorrow eve?

Cinderella: Perhaps.

Baker's Wife: Perhaps? Oh, to be pursued by a Prince. All that pursues me is tomorrow's bread.

(We hear the first chime of midnight)

What I wouldn't give to be in your shoes.

(a second chime, chimes continue under)

Cinderella: Will you look over there.

(MILKY-WHITE stands and looks)

An enormous vine growing next to that little cottage.

Baker's Wife: (looking down at Cinderella's feet) ...I mean slippers.

Cinderella: It looks like a giant beanstalk rising into the sky.

Baker's Wife: As pure as gold?

Cinderella: I must get home.

(she begins to leave)

Baker's Wife: Wait!

(CINDERELLA exits)

I need your shoes!

(BAKER'S WIFE starts off after CINDERELLA; MILKY-WHITE lets out a "MOO!" and takes off in the other direction; BAKER'S WIFE stops, torn between MILKY-WHITE and CINDERELLA. To CINDERELLA)

Hey!

(to MILKY-WHITE)

Come back here!

(takes off after MILKY-WHITE. final chime of midnight. music continues under. One by one each of the characters appears moving through the woods, darting in and out of trees and paths, pursuing their errands, mostly oblivious to the others. The night turns gradually into dawn. the following lines are spoken rhythmically as each character appears and disappears)

Baker: One midnight gone...

Mysterious Man: No knot unties itself.

Witch: Sometimes the things you most wish for

Are not to be touched.

Cinderella's Prince, Rapunzel's Prince: The harder to get, the better to have...

Cinderella's Prince: Agreed?

Rapunzel's Prince: Agreed.

Florinda: Never wear mauve at a ball...

Lucinda: Or pink...

Stepmother: (to FLORINDA and LUCINDA) Or open your mouth...
Jack: (looking up and off at the beanstalk) The difference between a cow and a bean
Is a bean can begin an adventure...

Jack's Mother: (looking off in JACK's direction) Slotted spoons don't hold much soup...

Little Red Ridinghood: The prettier the flower, the farther from the path...

Cinderella's Father: The closer to the family, the closer to the wine...

Rapunzel: (offstage) AHHH...

Witch: (reappearing suddenly) One midnight gone!

Granny: The mouth of a wolf's not the end of the world...

Steward: A servant is not just a dog, to a Prince...

Cinderella: Opportunity is not a lengthy visitor...

Baker's Wife: You may know what you need,
But to get what you want,
Better see that you keep what you have...

(all singing overlapping)

Baker: One midnight gone...

Witch: Sometimes the things you most wish for
Are not to be touched...

Cinderella's Prince, Rapunzel's Prince: The harder to get, the better to have...

Cinderella's Prince: Agreed?

Rapunzel's Prince: Agreed...

Baker: One midnight gone...one midnight gone...

Florinda: Never wear mauve at a ball...

Lucinda: Or pink...

Jack's Mother: Slotted spoons don't hold much soup...

Baker's Wife: To get what you want
Better see that you keep what you have...

Little Red Ridinghood: The prettier the flower...

All: One midnight, one midnight, one midnight gone!
INTO THE WOODS,
INTO THE WOODS,
INTO THE WOODS,
THEN OUT OF THE WOODS
AND HOME BEFORE—

(blackout)

END OF SCENE TWO