

FRANK AND HARRY: A WALK IN THE WOODS

By Joseph Sorrentino

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FRANK AND HARRY: A WALK IN THE WOODS*A Ten Minute Comedy Skit***By Joseph Sorrentino**

SYNOPSIS: Frank and Harry have decided to get out of the city and explore the woods. When Frank realizes Harry has devoured all their cookies, which were supposed to be used to mark their trail, the real adventure begins. Just when all hope is lost, a house appears. Hilarity ensues when an Evil Witch, a gingerbread house, and food allergies cleverly mix into this modern take on *Hansel and Gretel*.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 female, 2 male)*

HARRY (m)..... He should be on the heavy side.
(70 lines)

FRANK (m) Several years younger than
Harry. He's on the skinny side.
(73 lines)

WITCH (f) Evil, lives in a gingerbread
house. *(48 lines)*

PROPS

- Small Brown Paper Bag
- Facade Representing a Gingerbread House
- Gingerbread or Other Cookie
- Kitchen Table and Counter
- Dining Room Table and Counter
- Carton of Milk
- Three Glasses
- Pitcher
- Small Bowl for Shrimp Cocktail
- Soup Bowl
- Two Soup Spoons
- Two Loaves Bread
- Butter Dish
- Butter Knife
- Stick of Butter
- Small Plastic Container with Lid

AT RISE: *FRANK and HARRY enter, HARRY carrying a small brown paper bag. The gingerbread house facade is dark and FRANK and HARRY can't see it.*

HARRY: Boy Frank, I'm tellin' ya...gettin' out into the woods like this was a great idea. Fresh air, trees, flowers...

FRANK: Dangerous wild animals.

HARRY: Where?

FRANK: Well, we haven't seen any—not yet, anyway—but you can bet they're out there. I can feel their hungry little eyes staring at me.

HARRY: They're not the only ones who are hungry. *(Takes a deep breath.)* All this fresh air really stimulates the ol' appetite. *(Looks into the bag, turns it over and shakes a couple of small crumbs into his hand and eats them.)*

FRANK: You know, it's getting late. We should probably head back.

HARRY: Good idea.

FRANK: Am I ever glad I thought of bringing that bag of cookies so we could drop crumbs as we walked. All we have to do is turn around, follow those crumbs and we'll be back home in a jiff. That was using the old noggin, eh?

HARRY looks guiltily away.

What?

HARRY: You're gonna get mad at me.

FRANK: No I won't.

HARRY: Oh, I think you will.

FRANK: I promise I won't. C'mon, Harry, we're best buds. Why would I ever get mad at you?

HARRY: I can think of a reason or two.

FRANK: Cross my heart, I won't get mad. What is it?

HARRY: I ate the cookies.

FRANK remains silent

Mad?

FRANK: Nope.

HARRY: Really?

FRANK: Uh-huh.

HARRY: Well, that certainly went a lot better than expected.

FRANK grabs HARRY'S collar and begins shaking him.

FRANK: I'm not mad! I'm furious!

HARRY: I knew this was gonna happen.

FRANK: Harry, that was our ticket out of the woods. Why did you eat them?

HARRY: It wasn't my fault.

FRANK: And how, exactly, do you figure that?

HARRY: It was all this fresh air. It made me hungry. We didn't bring nothin' else to eat. Besides, I'm not the one that suggested we go for a walk in the woods.

FRANK: Oh so now it's my fault.

HARRY: I'm just sayin'...

FRANK: I should have known better when you volunteered to carry that bag. That was so out of character.

HARRY: I was just trying to be helpful.

FRANK: Well you were about as far from helpful as you can get. Did you at least drop some crumbs?

HARRY: Not on purpose.

FRANK: Well this is just terrific. It's getting dark...what are we supposed to do now?

HARRY: You got any more cookies?

FRANK: No, Harry, I do not have any more cookies. I also have no water. But I do have one thing.

HARRY: What's that?

FRANK: I have no clue how to get out of here.

HARRY: Look, we're big boys. If we just put our heads together, we'll find our way out.

FRANK: You're absolutely right. All we have to do is head straight back in the direction we came. Let's see...we came in that way (*Points.*) if we walk back—

HARRY: Nuh-uh. We came in that way. (*Points in another direction.*)

FRANK: You sure?

HARRY: Yep.

FRANK: How come?

HARRY: That tree looks familiar.

FRANK: *(Incredulous.)* That tree looks...What about that tree, Harry?
(Points in a different direction.)

HARRY: Jeez. Ya know, that one looks kinda familiar, too.

FRANK: It's hopeless. We'll never get out.

*They sit, heads in hands. A light comes up on a gingerbread house.
HARRY notices it.*

HARRY: Hey Frank?

FRANK: What?

HARRY: Whaddya call it when you see somethin' that ain't really there?

FRANK: You mean a hallucination?

HARRY: Is that what it's called when you're in the desert and you see water that ain't there and you're seein' it mostly because you're thirsty?

FRANK: Well I've never been in the desert but I believe that's what they call that a mirage.

HARRY: And what would you call it when you see somethin' in the woods that ain't really there?

FRANK: Harry, is this some sort of IQ test? Because this is really not the time or place.

HARRY: No, it's just that I'm seein' somethin' that can't really be there and I think it's just 'cause I'm hungry. I was wonderin' what to call it.

FRANK: Call what?

HARRY: *(Pointing.)* That.

FRANK: *(Looks.)* I'd call it a gingerbread house.

Pause.

HARRY and FRANK: A gingerbread house!

They rush over to it.

FRANK: I don't think it's a mirage, Harry. (*Breaks off a piece and smells it.*) No, it's definitely not. (*Starts to take a bite, then stops. To himself.*) Wait...who knows if this is any good? Could make me sick. (*To HARRY.*) What am I thinking? After you, Harry. You're much hungrier than I am.

HARRY: What a thoughtful friend...don't mind if I do.

WITCH steps from behind the house but HARRY and FRANK can't see her yet.

WITCH: (*To herself.*) My, my, my. Aren't these two tasty looking morsels. Well, at least one of them is...all nice and plump and all ready for roasting. I'll have to fatten the other one up a bit. But that shouldn't take too much time.

FRANK: So what do you think...safe to eat? I mean, good to eat?

HARRY: You bet.

FRANK breaks off a piece, eats some. WITCH steps out from behind house.

WITCH: Who's that breaking off pieces of my lovely little house?

HARRY and FRANK freeze.

HARRY: That'd be him.

FRANK: Oh, thanks a lot.

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