

Babes in the wood 2026 – Audtion piece

Griselda **(To audience)** I do hope you're ready to boo, you vile, pitiful creatures. I am Griselda the Wicked Witch, the darkest, foulest force this side of the cauldron. Oh go on, boo louder... it warms my wicked little heart. **(Pointing at the audience)** Look at you... a whole room full of weak, wobbling simpletons, aren't you? **(“Oh yes you are” / “Oh no we are not”)** Honestly, I've seen stronger backbones in overcooked spaghetti. And you children... goodness me... you smell like you've been rolled in old cabbage **(She pinches her nose dramatically)** Disgusting. You must be the ugliest audience in the history of pantomime; it's like a gargoyle's convention out there

Sheriff Griselda... always with the lightning, the thunder, the insults. Honestly, it's exhausting. Now kindly stop terrifying the children. That's my department, thank you very much

Pudding **(Peering out from behind Pickle)** Er... Sheriff... who's the scary lady with the lightning?

Sheriff This is my friend, Griselda. She lives in the wild part of Sherwood

Griselda **(Simmering with resentment)** Lord Goodheart banished me... to the forest. He thought he could hide me away out there, like a secret he didn't want whispered. But the forest does not forget... and neither do I.

Pudding In the forest? Why the forest? Nobody goes in there unless they're lost, mad, or looking for mushrooms. And you don't look like a mushroom hunter

Griselda Ohhh, it was just a tiny misunderstanding... Honestly... you mortals do love to make a fuss. I simply borrowed a village child... WellI may have accidentally popped her into a large cooking pot, and...well...one thing led to another! She turned into a delightful stew with red wine, herbs, and the cutest little onions. **(Matter of fact)** Then I accidentally ate it. And suddenly I'm the villain. Honestly, such sensitive little creatures!

Pickle **(Sounding very concerned)** You ate a child from the village?????!!

Griselda Ohhh, don't start gasping like that. Honestly, you'd think I'd committed some terrible crime... just because I happened to eat a child. **(She shrugs, utterly unbothered)** Really, you'd think people would be flattered. I don't eat just anyone, you know....Hmmmmmm - then Lord Goodheart stuck his nose in and captured me... Oh, talking of children, I can smell some **(She sniffs the air)** Are there some out there? **(She points into the audience)**