



MURRAY J. RIVETTE

A wacky adaptation of the children's classic, SNOW WHITE

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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**"Munchkins?
No self-respecting person
would be a munchkin,
for crying out loud!"**

~Grumpo

Adorabelle and the Silly Seven

CHILDREN'S COMEDY. In this wacky adaptation of "Snow White," a villainously vain Queen tries to kill her lovely stepdaughter, Adorabelle, with a poisonous hair scrunchie. But when the Silly Seven foil the evil plot, the Queen disguises herself as a Sacko Belle food vendor and convinces Adorabelle that she must try the new Sacko Belle chalupa—the new *poisoned* chalupa, that is! But luckily for Adorabelle, Prince Ethelbert Von Heimlich III, a stand-up comedian on his way to do a gig at Cinderella's palace, takes a wrong turn.

Performance Time: Approximately 60 minutes.

Characters

(2 m, 2 f, 8 flexible)

MAGIC MIRROR: Can't tell a lie; prima donna.

QUEEN: Adorabelle's villainously vain stepmother.

HUNTSMAN HALL: Tender-hearted and a bit cowardly; has Eagle Scout aspirations.

ADORABELLE: Oh, she's just too adorable!

DOCKO: Doctor and leader of the Silly Seven.

GRUMPO: Grumpy.

SNEEZO: Sneezes a lot.

SLEEPO: Sleepy.

BASHFO: Bashful.

HAPPO: Happy.

DOOFUS: *A real* Doofus.

PRINCE ETHELBERG VON HEIMLICH III OF THE DUCHY OF MURGULBLATZ: Stand-up comedian whose stage name is Chuck L. Cheese; tells really bad jokes.

Synopsis of Scenes

- SCENE 1:** Palace, Queen's bedroom.
SCENE 2: Queen's bedroom, the next day.
SCENE 3: The forest.
SCENE 4: Forest cottage.
SCENE 5: Queen's bedroom, the next day.
SCENE 6: Forest cottage, two days later.
SCENE 7: Queen's bedroom, the next day.
SCENE 8: Forest cottage, two days later.
SCENE 9: Queen's bedroom, the next day.
SCENE 10: Forest glen, the next day.

Props

Picnic blanket	Rubber gloves
Picnic basket	Sombrero
2 Peanut butter sandwiches	Serape
2 Apples	Large box
Small box	Huaraches, for Queen
Pig nose	Chalupa
Hair scrunchie	Glass coffin
Assorted magazines	Table and chairs

Sound Effects

"Jeopardy" theme song, or another song to denote passing of time	Game show theme music Rim shot (optional)
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Scene 1

(AT RISE: Palace, Queen's bedroom. Mirror enters.)

MIRROR: (To audience.) Hello! As you can plainly see, I...am a mirror. Not an ordinary mirror, mind you. Oh, no! I am a magic, talking mirror! That's right...a magic...talking...mirror. No, I don't do card tricks. My magic is...oh, but I'll tell you about that a little later on, okay? And did I mention that I'm the star of the play? I know the heroine in the play is Adorabelle, but I am the star. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. But seriously...do you remember the story of Adorabelle? It's a story about vanity, deep-rooted hostility, intrigue—oh dear, there I go again! Using big words when smaller ones will certainly do. I guess that's a "reflection" of my upbringing! Ha! That's a little mirror joke. Actually, it's a *big* mirror joke, 'cause I'm a *big* mirror! Get it? A "reflection...?" Never mind. Let's just say that the wicked stepmother, the Queen, wants to be the fairest in the entire land. And she is...that is, until her stepdaughter, Adorabelle, has her 16th birthday. On that day, the wicked stepmother finds out that *she* is not the fairest in...oh, but wait. I don't want to give the whole story away. Just sit back and listen, because I think...I hear...the Queen...coming...now...shhh! Here she is!

(Queen enters.)

QUEEN: Oh, what a lovely day this has been! Birds singing...the sweet fragrance of flowers in the air...who could ask for a better day than this? Of course, only one other thing could possibly make it all just perfect! Oh, Mirror? Oh, Mirror? Yoo-hoo.

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MIRROR: Yeah, yeah, yeah. *(To audience.)* Here it comes...the million dollar question...the same one she asks me day in and day out...

QUEEN: Mirror, mirror on the wall...who is the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: *(To Queen.)* Freeze! *(Queen freezes. To audience.)* You have just seen an example of my magic. All I have to do is say "freeze," and time stands still. Here's how to start time again. *(To Queen.)* Unfreeze! *(Queen unfreezes. To audience.)* See? Easy!

QUEEN: Come now, my magic mirror. Answer my question. It shouldn't be too difficult. Don't be shy.

MIRROR: *(To audience.)* Well, what did I tell you? Same question...every day...same doggone question. *(To Queen.)* I cannot tell a lie, my Queen, for you are the fairest I've ever seen.

QUEEN: Oh, you flatterer! But, of course, it's true! *(She does a little dance.)*

MIRROR: *(To audience.)* Look how happy she is. Smiling...prancing about like a little kid. *(To Queen.)* Freeze! *(Queen freezes. To audience.)* In fact, I can't remember ever seeing her as happy as this...ever! Oh, but that is about to change. Hey, don't old people look funny when they dance? Ha, ha, ha! Hold it...here comes Adorabelle. *(To Queen.)* Unfreeze! *(Queen unfreezes. To audience.)* I'll let her tell you.

(Adorabelle enters.)

ADORABELLE: Oh, Stepmother, dear!

QUEEN: What is it, Adorabelle, my precious?

ADORABELLE: Well, I was just wondering...as you know...tomorrow is my 16th birthday, and I know I don't have a lot of friends and all that, but I was wondering...

QUEEN: What?

ADORABELLE: Are you throwing me a surprise birthday party, or anything like that? 'Cause I haven't heard any

word around the palace. Even my good friend, the Huntsman, hasn't said a word to me. Is something going down that you're not telling me about?

QUEEN: What? A birthday party? Don't be silly. I don't have the time for any such nonsense. And the royal treasury is low on funds, too. If you behave yourself until tomorrow, maybe we can order in Chinese or pizza. How does that sound to you?

ADORABELLE: Well, I was kind of hoping for a Ferrari...or a Porsche.

QUEEN: A Ferrari? A Porsche? Ha! In your dreams!

ADORABELLE: How did you know?

QUEEN: I beg your pardon?

ADORABELLE: That's where I saw them...in my dreams!

QUEEN: Oh, really? Well, think Hot Wheels and maybe something can be done....Ferrari, ha! Porsche! Double ha! Hey, why not a Lamborghini?

ADORABELLE: A Lamborghini? What color?

QUEEN: What col-? Kid, you better just scram...you're getting me steamed!

ADORABELLE: (*Pouting.*) Oh, all right. Sorry. (*Exits.*)

QUEEN: (*To Mirror.*) Can you imagine the nerve of that child? Why, I didn't get a Ferrari or a Porsche on my 16th birthday. I had to settle for a small 4-seater Lear jet!

MIRROR: Oh, yeah, I remember. The jet plane.

QUEEN: And it was such a waste of money on my father's part. I was supposed to pay for flying lessons with my *own* money! Can you believe that? Out of my *own* pocket? In *his* dreams!

MIRROR: Okay, so you compromised with him for a yacht. Not too shabby.

QUEEN: I loved that yacht! That is, until we went out on the ocean. I had big problems with all those high waves. Who knew one could possibly feel that bad!

MIRROR: Oh, I just love the ocean! I love riding the waves...up and down...up and down...up and—

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QUEEN: (*Feeling queasy.*) Stop! No more! Give it a rest, will you? That brings back so many memories, and they are not fond ones! I'll see you tomorrow. (*Exits.*)

MIRROR: Of course, of course. Same time, same place, same question! Never changes. Tomorrow's question? (*Imitates Queen.*) "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?" Ooooh! What a surprise! Not! Day in and day out, it's always the same darn question. But you know what? Tomorrow, she's not going to like the answer I give her. That's because tomorrow is Adorabelle's 16th birthday, and *she* becomes the fairest in the land! I know it for a fact...I read the book! Well, Queenie, tomorrow...have I got a surprise for you! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

(*Blackout.*)

Scene 2

(AT RISE: Queen's bedroom, the next day. "Jeopardy!" theme music or the like is heard to denote passing of time.)

MIRROR: (To audience.) Well, today is the big day, and I'm expecting big trouble when the Queen asks her usual question and I *have* to tell her the truth. You see, I'm programmed to never lie about anything! When the Queen hears what I have to say, she is gonna bust a gut! Uh-oh, here she comes now. Shhh!

(Queen enters.)

QUEEN: Oh, another lovely day today. Birds still singing, the sweet fragrance of flowers is still in the air...who could ask for a better day than this. Say, I wonder who could possibly be the fairest in the land today? Could it be... (Like "Miss Piggy") ...moi?

MIRROR: (To audience.) Yup. Here it comes...the big one...get ready for trouble!

QUEEN: Mirror, mirror on the wall...who is the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: Ahem. I cannot tell a lie, my queen, but you *were* the fairest I'd ever seen. Now there may be the devil to pay, for Adorabelle is fairer in every way.

QUEEN: Oh, you flatterer... (Screams.) What did you say?!

MIRROR: Freeze! (Queen freezes. To audience.) See? What did I tell you? Is she ready to spit nickels or what? Ah, well, it can't be helped now. (To Queen.) Unfreeze! (Queen unfreezes.) What I said was, "I cannot tell a lie, my queen, but you *were* the fairest I'd ever seen. Now there may be the devil to pay, for Adorabelle is fairer in every way."

QUEEN: Oh, really? You can't lie? Who do you think you are, George Washington?

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MIRROR: No, your majesty, but I'm a very expensive magic mirror – upper *glass*, you know! Ha, ha, ha!

QUEEN: How would you like me to break you into a million little pieces?

MIRROR: Careful! Seven years bad luck, your majesty!

QUEEN: Hmm. Yes, you're right. (*Pause.*) Aha! I've got it!

MIRROR: Have you seen a doctor? Maybe he can help you get rid of it.

QUEEN: What are you babbling on about? (*Shouts.*) Where is my huntsman, Hall? Huntsman Hall! Get in here!

(*Huntsman runs in.*)

HUNTSMAN: You screamed for me, your majesty?

QUEEN: Yes, I did. Huntsman, I have a little task for you.

HUNTSMAN: Yes, your majesty. Anything, your majesty.

QUEEN: Good, I'm glad you feel that way. I want you to kill Adorabelle for me.

HUNTSMAN: Yes, your majesty, I'll get right on it... (*Starts to exit and comes right back.*) Excuse me, but did I just hear you say...what I *thought* I heard you say?

QUEEN: What did you *think* I said?

HUNTSMAN: What you said.

QUEEN: And what was that?

HUNTSMAN: That you wanted me to kill Adorabelle. (*Starts to laugh.*) That's funny! I really thought you said you wanted me to kill Adorabelle. Ha-ha-ha-ha!

QUEEN: That's funny?

HUNTSMAN: Oh, yeah! Kill Adorabelle. You really had me going! For a minute there, I thought you were serious! Ha-ha-ha-ha!

QUEEN: Yes, well, I *am* serious, because that's *exactly* what I said.

HUNTSMAN: What?

QUEEN: Yes, that's right. I want you to kill her...*today*! I want her eliminated! Terminated! Kaput!

HUNTSMAN: Hey, do I look like one of the Sopranos [*or insert another reference*]!

QUEEN: I don't care if you're one of the Three Tenors! You'll do as you're told, or *you'll* wind up being eliminated yourself!

HUNTSMAN: But...your majesty...

QUEEN: No "buts." Do as I say, or you'll be the one taking a dirt nap! Is that clear?

HUNTSMAN: Yes, your majesty. Perfectly clear.

QUEEN: Good. Now here's what I want you to do. Today –

HUNTSMAN: Oooh! Today? Gee, I had this appointment to have my hair cut...

QUEEN: A haircut? Well, either you cancel *it*, or I will cancel *you*! Do you understand?

HUNTSMAN: Yes, your majesty.

QUEEN: Very good. *Today...understand, today...?* You will pack a picnic lunch and take Adorabelle into the forest. There, you will get rid of that little brat in a manner of your own choosing. And when she is dead, bring me her... (*Thinks.*) ...yes, bring me her nose as proof of what you have done. Do I make myself clear, Huntsman Hall?

HUNTSMAN: Yes, your majesty. Perfectly clear. And you want me to bring you her nose as proof that I have... (*Gulp.*) ...killed her.

QUEEN: That is correct. Now go!

(Huntsman exits as Adorabelle enters.)

ADORABELLE: Good day, Huntsman.

HUNTSMAN: I wouldn't count on it!

ADORABELLE: What?

HUNTSMAN: Nothing...nothing. (*Exits.*)

QUEEN: Ah, Adorabelle, my little...dahling!

ADORABELLE: Good morning, stepmother, dear.

QUEEN: You think so, do you?

ADORABELLE: What?

QUEEN: Never mind, dear, never mind. Happy birthday, Adorabelle, and may your remaining days... *(Aside.)* ...or portions thereof... *(To Adorabelle.)* ...be happy ones!

ADORABELLE: *(Excited.)* Oh, thank you, stepmother dear. You remembered my birthday!

QUEEN: Of course. And I have a little surprise for you.

ADORABELLE: Oh, goody! You got me a car! What kind? Ferrari? Porsche?

QUEEN: Picnic.

ADORABELLE: I never heard of that one. Does Honda make them? Is it a sports car? It's not a Korean make, is it?

QUEEN: No, no, no! It's *not* a car, Adorabelle. It's a picnic.

ADORABELLE: A picnic? You mean like with sandwiches and chips and ants and stuff like that?

QUEEN: Yes, that's exactly what I mean. All kinds of goodies for you to enjoy... *(Aside.)* ...for your last meal on earth.

ADORABELLE: What?

QUEEN: Nothing, nothing, my dear. Just enjoy your little picnic.

ADORABELLE: Who's going on the picnic with me?

QUEEN: Just you and your good friend, the Huntsman.

ADORABELLE: Aren't you coming too, Stepmother?

QUEEN: I don't think I can make it...pressing queenly business, you know. *(Aside.)* And I *hate* the sight of blood.

ADORABELLE: Excuse me?

QUEEN: I said...don't be *late*, go right to the woods! Yes, into the woods. Say hello to Stephen Sondheim for me!

ADORABELLE: Oh, we're going into the forest? That'll be fun! I love the woods. They're so beautiful!

QUEEN: *(Aside.)* I guess she never saw "The Blair Witch Project" [*or insert name of another scary movie!*]

ADORABELLE: What?

QUEEN: Nothing important, my dear. I just know you'll enjoy the beautiful woods. Now you go and run along...have a fun picnic. Who knows when you'll ever go on another one!

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ADORABELLE: Yes, Stepmother, dear. I'm off. Goodbye!
(*Exits.*)

QUEEN: Goodbye is right, you little brat! (*To Mirror.*) Well,
Mirror, I'll be back to see you tomorrow. Let's hope that
you can give me a different answer than you gave me today!

MIRROR: Perhaps things will be "looking up" for you
tomorrow.

QUEEN: They better be. They better be. (*Exits.*)

MIRROR: Old bat!

QUEEN: (*Offstage.*) What?

MIRROR: Nothing, nothing! I said, "It's old hat"! (*Pause.*) Oh,
dear, oh dear. Poor Adorabelle. What will happen to her?
The Huntsman is her very dear friend, but I'm afraid that he
fears for his life. The Queen commanded him to kill
Adorabelle, and he must obey. I wonder what will happen...

(*Fade to black.*)

Scene 3

(AT RISE: The Forest. Adorabelle and Huntsman enter.)

ADORABELLE: Oh my, Huntsman Hall, isn't it just beautiful out here in the forest with all the little creatures and the lovely trees? Do you smell that?

HUNTSMAN: I didn't do it, honest! Maybe something died!

ADORABELLE: No, silly! I meant the wonderful fragrance of the trees and flowers.

HUNTSMAN: Oh! The trees and flowers. I thought you meant...

ADORABELLE: I could spend the rest of my life here!

HUNTSMAN: That just might be arranged...

ADORABELLE: What?

HUNTSMAN: I said...oh, never mind what I said. Where shall I spread the picnic blanket?

ADORABELLE: How about over here?

HUNTSMAN: Okay. *(Spreads blanket.)*

ADORABELLE: No, wait! How about over here?

HUNTSMAN: Okay. *(Picks up the blanket and then spreads it out in a new spot.)*

ADORABELLE: Oh, no, wait...let's put it over here!

HUNTSMAN: Is that your final answer? *(Game show theme music from "Who Wants to be a Millionaire" or the like.)*

ADORABELLE: Yes. That will be perfect.

(Huntsman picks up the blanket and spreads it out in a new spot.)

HUNTSMAN: I'm glad we didn't bring any furniture.

ADORABELLE: Now let's open the picnic basket and see what there is for lunch. *(While she looks in the basket, Huntsman circles around in back of her – approaching her, then backing off, then approaching again, and backing off again. Adorabelle notices.)* Huntsman Hall, what are you doing?

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HUNTSMAN: Nothing...I wasn't doing anything. *(Pause.)*
Oh, Adorabelle, I cannot lie to you. *(On knees.)* I beg your forgiveness. Your stepmother, the Queen, sent me here today to kill you.

ADORABELLE: *(In disbelief.)* Get out of here!

HUNTSMAN: Okay. *(Rises, starts to go.)*

ADORABELLE: No, come back. She sent you to kill me?

HUNTSMAN: Yes.

ADORABELLE: *(In disbelief.)* Get out of here!

HUNTSMAN: Okay. *(Starts to go again.)*

ADORABELLE: No! Wait. Come back. So...how about that?

You're supposed to just...murder me?

HUNTSMAN: Well, yes, if you put it that way...

ADORABELLE: Get out...never mind. I mean...no kidding?

HUNTSMAN: No kidding. And I have to cut off your nose and bring it to her to prove I did it.

ADORABELLE: Wow.

HUNTSMAN: Wow is right.

ADORABELLE: But why would she ask you to do such a terrible thing?

HUNTSMAN: Well, you know how vain a person she is, and this morning I overheard the Magic Mirror tell her that she wasn't the fairest in the land anymore.

ADORABELLE: Is that right? Well, if she isn't the fairest in the land, then who is?

HUNTSMAN: The Mirror said that you were.

ADORABELLE: *(In disbelief.)* Get out of here!

HUNTSMAN: Okay. *(Starts to leave.)*

ADORABELLE: Stop! Don't go! Listen, when I say, "Get out of here," I don't mean "get out of here," I mean "Get out of here!"

HUNTSMAN: Oh. Okay. *(Starts to leave again.)*

ADORABELLE: Hold it! What we have here is a failure to communicate.

HUNTSMAN: Okay.

ADORABELLE: I don't want you to leave...under any circumstances. Got that?

HUNTSMAN: Okay. I got it.

ADORABELLE: Good. Then let's just sit here and relax and eat our picnic lunch while we figure out what to do.

HUNTSMAN: Okay, okay, I was getting kind of hungry anyway. And my mom always used to tell me, "Son, never kill anyone on an empty stomach. It ruins the digestion."

ADORABELLE: Moms always know best. So what's our plan? *(Offers.)* Sandwich?

HUNTSMAN: Okay... *(She hands him a sandwich. He unwraps it.)* Mmm...peanut butter. Oooh, I love peanut butter!

ADORABELLE: Oh, I love peanut butter, too! Even if it does stick to the roof of my mouth. *(Takes a bite.)*

HUNTSMAN: Yeah, mine too. *(Takes a bite. Peanut butter sticks to the roof of his mouth.)* Delithous!

ADORABELLE: *(Peanut butter sticks to the roof of her mouth.)* Yeph. Pho...waf our pran?

HUNTSMAN: Epsuse me?

ADORABELLE: What? *(Takes another bite.)*

HUNTSMAN: I said, "Excuse me." *(Takes another bite.)*

ADORABELLE: I phed, "Waf our pran?"

HUNTSMAN: I tan unnerthtan you.

ADORABELLE: What? *(Takes another bite.)*

HUNTSMAN: I said, "I can't understand you." *(Takes another bite.)*

ADORABELLE: Oh, I toodin unnerthan you, ether.

HUNTSMAN: What?

ADORABELLE: I said, "I couldn't understand you either." *(Takes another bite.)*

HUNTSMAN: You know, maybe we should wait to eat our sandwiches until *after* we decide what to do about this terrible situation. *(Wraps up his sandwich and puts it back into the picnic basket.)*

ADORABELLE: Apha boo ibea.

HUNTSMAN: What?

ADORABELLE: I said, "That's a good idea." (*Wraps up her sandwich and puts it back into the picnic basket.*)

HUNTSMAN: Yes, it is. And I thought it up all by myself. (*Chuckles.*) I just thought of something else, too. It's kind of silly, though.

ADORABELLE: Oh? What?

HUNTSMAN: Got milk? (*Laughs at his own joke.*)

ADORABELLE: Cute! Okay, so...what's the plan?

HUNTSMAN: Well, I could find someone else, someone who's not a princess, some total stranger, and kill her.

ADORABELLE: Oh, dear, that's no good. You don't want to go around killing people...not a good idea.

HUNTSMAN: True. Things like that only happen in fairytales anyway. The Queen sends her servant out to kill someone! How ridiculous!

ADORABELLE: That's true. Thank goodness people don't go around killing other people in real life, right?

HUNTSMAN: Right!

ADORABELLE: Uh-oh! Wait a minute! People *do* go around doing that in real life. It only *seems* like a fairytale. Hmm...that's weird.

HUNTSMAN: Sure is. So...what do *we* do?

ADORABELLE: Well, let's see. You're a hunter, right?

HUNTSMAN: The best! Got the license to prove it, too!

ADORABELLE: So we find some forest creature to hunt down and kill...and we cut off *its* nose...

HUNTSMAN: To spite its face!

ADORABELLE: What?

HUNTSMAN: Nothing. Just an old expression I heard.

ADORABELLE: Ah. Okay, so let's finish our sandwiches and have an apple for dessert—I *love* apples—and then let's find a...a... (*Huntsman puts apple in mouth.*) ...I know! Let's find a pig!

HUNTSMAN: Is that kosher?

ADORABELLE: Of course not. But we need a nose. So it's either me or the pig.

HUNTSMAN: You're right. Look, you take off and hide somewhere, and I'll do the rest.

ADORABELLE: Where should I go?

HUNTSMAN: Las Vegas would be nice this time of the year. Do you have money for a plane ticket?

ADORABELLE: No, I didn't get this week's allowance. I don't have a cent.

HUNTSMAN: Okay, then, just go anywhere but the palace. Now get out of here! Hurry!

ADORABELLE: Goodbye, dear friend. And thank you. *(She exits.)*

HUNTSMAN: Okay, now to get down to business. *(Picks up picnic basket and blanket.)* Here piggie, piggie! Here piggie, piggie, piggie!

(Exits. Fade to black.)

Scene 4

(AT RISE: Forest cottage, the same day. Adorabelle enters.)

ADORABELLE: Oh dear, it seems as if I've been wandering about for hours, but it's still early in the day. Oh! What's this? Why, here's a pretty little cottage right here in the middle of the forest. I wonder if anyone's at home. *(Knocks on door.)* Hello? Is anyone there?

(Docko comes to the door. Grumpo is standing behind him in the doorway.)

DOCKO: Yes, who is it?

ADORABELLE: Hello. My name is Adorabelle.

DOCKO: Sorry, sweetheart. No soliciting allowed. We gave at the office!

ADORABELLE: Oh, I'm not selling anything.

GRUMPO: Then whadya want, sister?

ADORABELLE: I've been wandering around in the forest for so very long, and I need a place to stay.

GRUMPO: This ain't the Ramada Inn, kid, so scram.

ADORABELLE: Oh, please. My wicked stepmother, the Queen, wants to have me killed because she used to be the fairest in the land, but now I am, and so she's mad at me, and that's why she sent me off into the forest with the Huntsman, but he couldn't kill me because we are good friends, and we shared a picnic lunch of peanut butter sandwiches, and he was so silly—"Got milk" ha-ha-ha—and he has to find a piggie and cut off its nose to bring to the Queen, and I was forced to run away.

DOCKO: What?

ADORABELLE: My wicked stepmother, the Queen, wants to have me killed because she used to be the fairest in the land, but now I am, and so she's mad—

GRUMPO: Stop! Hold it! Geez! We heard you the first time!

DOCKO: The Queen, you say? She's a bad apple.

ADORABELLE: Oh, no, 'cause I love apples, even bad ones,
and I'm afraid I don't love her anymore. Especially today.
It's my 16th birthday.

DOCKO: Well, then happy birthday, and you just come right
on in.

*(Docko opens door for her and she enters. The rest of the Silly Seven
have gathered around by this time.)*

GRUMPO: The Queen, huh? I think we're asking for trouble!

DOCKO: Never mind that. *(To Adorabelle.)* Here, let me
introduce you to our little group. I'm Docko and this...Mr.
Merriment...is Grumpo.

GRUMPO: There's gonna be trouble. You just mark my
words!

DOCKO: Oh, hush! And this is Sleepo...

SLEEPO: Hello. Nice to... *(Yawn.)* ...meet you. And happy
birthday.

ADORABELLE: Thank you.

DOCKO: This is Sneezo...

SNEEZO: Ahhhhhhhh-choo!

ALL: Gesundheit!

SNEEZO: Thanks...a pleasure. Happy birthday to you.

ADORABELLE: Thank you.

DOCKO: And this is Happo...

HAPPO: Hi, there! Real nice to meet you. Happy sweet 16th.

ADORABELLE: Thank you.

DOCKO: And this is Bashfo...

BASHFO: Awwwww...gosh! Nice to make your
acquaintance. Happy birthday.

ADORABELLE: Thank you.

DOCKO: And last, but not least, this is Doofus.

DOOFUS: Hi! Glad to meet ya! And a big old happy
birthday to you!

ADORABELLE: Thank you, everyone! Oh my, now let me see if I remember all your names... *(Points to each one as she says the name.)* ...Docko, Grumpo, Sleepo, Sneezo, Happo, Bashfo, and...Doofus. Omigosh! Are you guys the Marx Brothers? Where's Groucho, Chico, Harpo, and Zeppo?

DOCKO: No, we are *not* the Marx Brothers. There were only five of them, and only four in the movies, but there are seven of us!

ADORABELLE: Oh. *(Pause.)* Oh! Are you the Miami Dolphins?

GRUMPO: Of course not! There aren't seven players on a football team!

SLEEPO: *(Yawns.)* That's right. There's only five.

SNEEZO: *(Sneezes.)* Ahhhhh-choo!

ALL: Gesundheit!

SNEEZO: Thank you. No, there's five players on a *basketball* team! There's *nine* on a football team!

HAPPO: Wrong! There's nine on a *baseball* team. The pitcher, the catcher—

BASHFO: Excuse me! I'm really sorry to tell you this, but that's a hockey team...

(They have an ad-lib argument with raised voices.)

DOOFUS: Ahem! *(Silence.)* Excuse me, but I feel that I must enlighten you. *(Docko and the others follow along by counting on their fingers.)* First, there are five players on a basketball team, six on a hockey team counting the goalie, nine on a baseball team, and 11 on a football team. That is, 11 on offense, 11 on defense, and a whole bunch of extras—substitutes—in case someone gets tired or hurt.

DOCKO: Omigosh! How do you know all that?

ALL: Yeah, yeah, tell us!

DOOFUS: Actually...I don't! I just took a wild guess! I made it all up! Nyah, nyah, I fooled you. *(Laughs.)*

(All begin laughing and ad-libbing. The following lines run together.)

DOCKO: Well, I'll be darned!

GRUMPO: Oh, boy, you really had us going.

SLEEPO: Imagine Doofus knowing anything. *(Yawn.)*

SNEEZO: *(Sneezes.)* Ahhhh...choo!

ALL: Gesundheit!

SNEEZO: Thanks.

HAPPO: He sure had us fooled.

BASHFO: That's sure one on us!

(All laugh.)

DOOFUS: Sorry. It really was just a guess. As my old Uncle Bill always used to say about guessing, "Even if you're wrong, you can always fix it later!"

ADORABELLE: *(Counting on her fingers.)* Yes, but you know something? He's absolutely right!

ALL: *(Ad-lib.)* Huh? He's right? Doofus is right?

DOOFUS: I was right?

ADORABELLE: Yes, you were!

ALL: *(Ad-lib.)* Well, how about that? Doofus was right. That must be a first for him. I'll be darned. *(High-fives all around.)*
Way to go, Doofus!

DOOFUS: Awwww. It was nothing.

DOCKO: Nothing...?

GRUMPO: Nothing but dumb luck! That's what it was!

ADORABELLE: Oh, come now. He admitted he was guessing, but he guessed right!

ALL: That's true.

ADORABELLE: Yep, he was right! *(Pause.)* So, are you guys related?

DOCKO: Oh, no. We're just friends.

ADORABELLE: Oh, wow! I've never met any Quakers before! Are you from Pennsylvania?

DOCKO: No, no, no...we're not Quakers...never mind. Let's just drop it.

ADORABELLE: Okay. Say, listen! How would you like me to make you guys a great supper? Lasagna!

SILLY SEVEN: Ooooh, sounds wonderful!

GRUMPO: It'll probably be loaded with fat and cholesterol.

ALL: Quiet!

ADORABELLE: You're gonna love my lasagna, and you don't have to worry about it being unhealthy. I use only organic stuff.

DOCKO: Great. We have some things to do—a whole bunch of errands to run—but we'll be back before it's too late.

ADORABELLE: That's fine. You do what you have to do, and supper will be all ready for you by the time you get back...all piping hot and ready to serve!

SILLY SEVEN: Terrific!

ADORABELLE: Bye, bye! See you all later. And have a nice day!

GRUMPO: I had other plans!

(Silly Seven exit.)

ADORABELLE: Okay, time to get to work!

(Fade to black.)

Scene 5

(AT RISE: Queen's bedroom, the next day.)

QUEEN: Huntsman, get in here! *(Huntsman enters, carrying a small box.)* Now, have you done as I asked you to?

HUNTSMAN: Yes, your majesty.

QUEEN: And did you bring me her nose?

HUNTSMAN: Yes, your highness, it's right here.

(Huntsman shows her a small box. Queen looks inside the box.)

QUEEN: Huntsman, something smells around here, and it's *not* this nose.

HUNTSMAN: Why, what's wrong, your majesty?

(Queen pulls out the pig nose and examines it.)

QUEEN: This looks exactly like a... *(Thinks.)* Huntsman, this is a pig's nose!

HUNTSMAN: No, it isn't.

QUEEN: Yes, it is.

HUNTSMAN: No, it isn't.

QUEEN: In a pig's eye, it isn't! It's a pig's nose, I tell you!

HUNTSMAN: No, it isn't...look, I'll show you. *(Turns away, takes nose, holds it to face, turns back to Queen and talks in a falsetto voice.)* Hello, Stepmother, dear, it's me Adorabelle.

QUEEN: Nah, I'm not buying that! Hey, wait a minute! Are we on "Punk'd"?

HUNTSMAN: What? *(Puts nose in box.)*

QUEEN: That's it! I'm being "Punk'd"!

HUNTSMAN: I don't think so.

QUEEN: Oh. Well, this nose is definitely *not* Adorabelle's! If anything, it's the *other* white meat! Huntsman, you lied to me, didn't you?

HUNTSMAN: Of course not. Why would I do a thing like that?

QUEEN: Oh, no? Well, we'll find out in a minute. *(To Mirror.)* Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

HUNTSMAN: *(Behind hand.)* You are! I swear, you are!

QUEEN: Huntsman Hall, shut up! Well, Mirror?

MIRROR: I know you won't think this is funny, but Adorabelle is *still* the fairest, honey.

QUEEN: I knew it! Well, Huntsman, what do you have to say for yourself?

HUNTSMAN: I...I... *(Crying.)* Oh, your majesty, I just couldn't do it! I couldn't do it. I'm up for Eagle Scout, and if I killed someone now, I'd lose my good standing with the Boy Scouts!

QUEEN: Oh, boo-hoo, boo-hoo! So, you didn't kill her as I commanded you to?

HUNTSMAN: I thought about it, really I did, but I didn't want to get blood and guts all over my brand-new hunting knife, so I took my razor instead.

QUEEN: Well, why didn't you use the razor?

HUNTSMAN: I couldn't find a place to plug it in!

QUEEN: You took an *electric* razor?

HUNTSMAN: Well...

QUEEN: What were you planning to do? Shave her to death? If I didn't need you around here to fetch my coffee and rub my feet when they hurt me, I'd have you thrown to the lions...if I had lions to throw you to! Oh, just go punish yourself, you incompetent nincompoop!

HUNTSMAN: Incompetent nincompoop? Hmm... Incompetent nincompoop. Bet you can't say that three times fast. *(Tries.)* Incompetent nincompoop, incompetent nincom –

QUEEN: Stop that this minute! I am in no mood for games!

HUNTSMAN: Sorry.

QUEEN: Get out of my sight!

HUNTSMAN: Yes, your royal wretchedness... *(Exits, slapping himself on the wrist and muttering, "Bad boy, bad boy, watcha gonna do, bad boy, bad boy.")*

QUEEN: Looks like I'll have to do this myself. I wonder where she could be hiding? Hmm. *(To Mirror.)* Mirror, mirror, on the wall, where can I find the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: Out in the forest by the babbling brook, a little white cottage is where you should look.

QUEEN: Aha! Thank you, Magic Mirror. Let's see, I'll disguise myself as...as a magazine salesperson, and when she refuses to buy any, 'cause no one ever buys magazines from door-to-door salespeople, I'll just give her a little parting gift of...a poisoned comb? Nah. Poisoned milkshake? Nah. Poisoned scrunchie! That's it! A poisoned scrunchie! He-he-he-he-he-he-he! A pretty scrunchie for her hair...won't that be a nice gift? He-he-he-he-he-he-he! And now to do my dirty work. Here I come, Adorabelle, here I come!

(Exits. Blackout.)

Scene 6

(AT RISE: Forest cottage, two days later. Queen enters disguised as a door-to-door magazine salesperson. She knocks on the door.)

QUEEN: Yoo-hoo. Hello, is anyone at home?

(Docko comes to the door.)

DOCKO: Who is it?

QUEEN: Good day. I'm selling magazine subscriptions and I—

DOCKO: Magazine subscriptions? Oh, no! Everyone run for your lives! It's a magazine salesperson! Hurry!

(The Silly Seven exit the front door screaming "Agggggghhhhhhhh!")

QUEEN: Oh, dear! *(Yells after them.)* I'm sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you! *(Aside.)* Not!

(Adorabelle comes to the front door.)

ADORABELLE: Hello? May I help you?

QUEEN: Ah! Ador—...oh...oh, yes. You certainly may help me. I seem to have frightened your little friends.

ADORABELLE: Well, they are somewhat afraid of strangers. Would you like to come in? *(Queen enters cottage.)* Now...what can I do for you?

QUEEN: Do for me? Well, you can help me by taking some magazine subscriptions, so that I can earn points toward a scholarship. You see, I'm working my way through...uh...cosmetics school...yes, that's it...cosmetics school. I want to become a...a cosmetics...ologist. You know, hair...nails...that sort of thing.

ADORABELLE: Oh, I guess I must be very fortunate. I have no need of those things. I have natural beauty.

QUEEN: Don't rub it in!

ADORABELLE: Excuse me?

QUEEN: Nothing, nothing. So, would you be interested in a subscription to one of my magazines? *TV Guide, Cosmopolitan, Soap Opera Digest...*?

ADORABELLE: Oh, dear, I really don't think so.

QUEEN: Oh? No magazines for you...and your...friends?

ADORABELLE: I don't think so. We don't even have a TV and, even if we did, I certainly wouldn't be watching soap operas. They are so silly! Maybe Cartoon Network, but definitely not soap operas.

QUEEN: Well, you must get lonely way out here in the...suburbs. You should get a TV just to relax. A nice big 50-inch projection TV.

ADORABELLE: No, I just enjoy doing the cooking, the mending, the ironing and cleaning the house. They're like children and I get such pleasure in doing things for others. We had a wonderful karaoke sing-along the other night...what fun!

QUEEN: Karaoke? How nice for you...and your friends.

ADORABELLE: You should have been here. Doofus did his Elvis impersonation. *(She does Elvis.)* "Than you, than you bery much." He was a riot. More fun than any TV, I'm sure.

QUEEN: I'm sure.

ADORABELLE: And there's lots of games we play, too— Monopoly, Scrabble, Go-Fish, Hide-and-Go-Seek—

QUEEN: Yes, yes, yes. I'm sure it's just tons of fun. Well, since I can't seem to tempt you with any of my magazines, I do have a little parting gift for you to show my appreciation because I took up some of your time.

(Queen hands Adorabelle the hair scrunchie.)

ADORABELLE: Oooh! That's pretty. What is it?

QUEEN: It's called a scrunchie. And it holds your hair back out of your face so you can see the things that you're doing—you know, the cooking, the mending, the ironing, and cleaning the house. Keeps those stray wisps away. Here, let me show you.

(She quickly puts on rubber gloves, pulls Adorabelle's hair back into ponytail, and puts on the scrunchie.)

ADORABELLE: Oh, dear. I feel...I feel...oooh, boy! I don't feel good at all! *(She falls down.)*

QUEEN: Oh my, oh my! I wonder what could possibly have happened? *(To audience.)* Do you think it might be because the scrunchie was...poisoned? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! *(Hears the Silly Seven returning.)* Uh, oh! I hear her friends returning! I better get out of here! Sweet dreams, Adorabelle, sweet dreams! Not! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

(Queen drops the rubber gloves on the floor and exits. As the Silly Seven enter the cottage, they see Adorabelle on the floor.)

DOCKO: Hey, Adorabelle! Why are you resting? Did you finish your chores? Is supper ready yet?

GRUMPO: What difference does it make? Her cooking stinks!

ALL: *(Ad-lib.)* It does not! She's a good cook! I love her lasagna! Me, too! *(Etc.)*

DOCKO: Hey, Adorabelle. Get up!

DOOFUS: You know, I think something is definitely wrong here. I've never known Adorabelle to take naps in the middle of the day.

SLEEPO: Yeah. *(Yawn.)* She's always doing something.

SNEEZO: Ahhhh-choo!

ALL: Gesundheit!

SNEEZO: Thanks. Yeah, you know, she's always cooking...

HAPPO: Or mending...or ironing...or cleaning.

BASHFO: I didn't want to say anything, but she does do an awful lot around here. We should be grateful.

DOCKO: You're absolutely right. *(Pause.)* So then why is she laying on the floor?

GRUMPO: I'll bet that magazine salesperson had something to do with it!

DOOFUS: Maybe she had a little too much Kool-Aid to drink. You know, I can't exactly put my finger on it, but there's something different about her.

ALL: Oh?

DOOFUS: Yep. I don't know why, but she looks different!

ALL: How?

DOOFUS: Like I said, I can't... *(Spots scrunchie.)* Whoa! Hold the phone here! I don't remember ever seeing her with this thing in her hair. Does anyone else remember seeing this thing before?

SLEEPO: I don't remember seeing it. *(Yawn.)*

SNEEZO: Ahhhh-choo!

ALL: Gesundheit!

SNEEZO: Thanks. No, I've never seen it before.

HAPPO: Me neither. That's really strange!

BASHFO: She always wears her hair down, as I recall.

GRUMPO: Hair up, hair down! What's the difference?

DOCKO: The difference is that maybe...just maybe...that this...thing has something to do with it.

DOOFUS: I say we try getting rid of it. You know what my old Uncle Bill used to say? "Even if you're wrong, you can fix it later."

DOCKO: Hold it! These gloves aren't Adorabelle's! I have a feeling about this. Doofus, put on the gloves!

DOOFUS: I think you're right, Docko. *(Puts on the gloves and takes the scrunchie out of Adorabelle's hair.)* There. What do you make of this, Docko?

(Doofus gives Docko the scrunchie.)

ADORABELLE: (*Moaning.*) Oh, my...what happened? Why am I on the floor? (*They help her up.*) Ooooh. I don't think I'm in Kansas anymore!

SLEEPO: Kansas? (*Yawns.*) What's a Kansas?

SNEEZO: Ahhhhh-choo!

ALL: Gesundheit!

SNEEZO: Thanks. I've never heard of Kansas.

HAPPO: I think it's a suburb of New York.

BASHFO: I read about it somewhere.

ADORABELLE: Are you munchkins?

GRUMPO: Munchkins? No self-respecting person would be a munchkin, for crying out loud!

ADORABELLE: Well, am I a good witch...or a bad witch?

DOCKO: Oh, Adorabelle, you're not a witch at all.

DOOFUS: No, of course not! You're our good friend, and housekeeper, Adorabelle...the princess.

ADORABELLE: Oh, dear. Yes, of course. Now I remember. Oh, I am so sorry. Did I drink a little too much Kool-Aid?

DOCKO: No, my dear. It wasn't the Kool-Aid. That's fine stuff! But it seems as if this... (*Indicates scrunchie.*) ...thing...

ADORABELLE: Scrunchie.

DOCKO: Excuse me? What?

ADORABELLE: Scrunchie. That's what it's called. It's for the hair. Here, let me show you—

DOOFUS: No! Don't touch it!

ADORABELLE: What's the matter?

DOCKO: Doofus is right, Adorabelle. I'm afraid this...

ADORABELLE: Scrunchie.

DOCKO: Scrunchie...I'm afraid this thing is lethal.

ADORABELLE: Oh, and I thought it was just plain old cotton!

DOCKO: No, no, my dear. I mean it's...fatal...deadly.

ADORABELLE: I don't understand.

GRUMPO: He means it's poisoned!

ALL: Poisoned!

ADORABELLE: Poisoned?

GRUMPO: Geez, what do they teach you kids in school today? Wow!

ADORABELLE: But poison is no good, is it?

DOCKO: Absolutely not!

ADORABELLE: But if it was poisoned, why would that nice magazine salesperson give it to me as a gift?

DOOFUS: Well, it's just a wild guess, but I bet that magazine salesperson was your wicked stepmother, the Queen...in disguise!

ALL: He's right!

ADORABELLE: Oh, Doofus! I'm sure you're right. It must have been the Queen. She's so vain, and she's upset that I'm the fairest in the land now and she isn't. I'll just bet that she did this to me...out of spite!

GRUMPO: And I thought I was nasty! Ha!

ALL: You *are*!

(Blackout.)

Scene 7

(AT RISE: Queen's bedroom, the next day. Narrator paces back and forth.)

MIRROR: (To audience.) Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! This is terrible! Adorabelle is still alive! No, wait! That's good! Hold it! No, it's not! Okay, let me stop and think a minute. It's good for you and me...and the Huntsman...and the Silly Seven...because we all love Adorabelle. But the Queen is gonna throw a hissy fit! What do I dare tell her today when she asks her *usual* question, hmmm? I can't lie to her because it's not in my program, and she's just liable to be mad enough to want to break me into a million pieces! I really would like to stay in one piece, thank you. But when I tell her that she *still* isn't the fairest in the land...oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! I am *so* confused!

(Huntsman enters.)

MIRROR: Oh, Huntsman...Huntsman?

HUNTSMAN: Oh, good day to you, Magic Mirror.

MIRROR: You won't think it's such a good day when I tell you the bad news.

HUNTSMAN: What bad news?

MIRROR: Adorabelle is alive!

HUNTSMAN: No!

MIRROR: Yes! She is alive and well and living in the forest!

HUNTSMAN: No!

MIRROR: Yes! Adorabelle didn't die!

HUNTSMAN: But you already knew that. I didn't kill her! Remember?

MIRROR: Yes, yes, yes. But that was the *first* time!

HUNTSMAN: No!

MIRROR: Yes! The Queen tried it herself the second time.

HUNTSMAN: No!

MIRROR: Yes...and will you please stop saying "no"? It's very annoying.

HUNTSMAN: Sorry. What do you mean by "the second time"?

MIRROR: What I mean is that the Queen tried to kill Adorabelle with a poisoned hair scrunchie.

HUNTSMAN: Ooooooh! That *is* bad news. No, wait...it's good news if Adorabelle is still alive.

MIRROR: Yes, it's good news for those of us who love Adorabelle, but imagine how upset the Queen is going to be when she finds out. I need your help.

HUNTSMAN: You need my help? What for?

MIRROR: I need your help to keep the Queen off my back when I tell her.

HUNTSMAN: Off *your* back? Hey, I'm the one who couldn't kill Adorabelle in the first place, so how do you think she's gonna act toward me? Oh, boy. She's gonna kill me! You know something? I think I'm gonna leave town.

MIRROR: That might be a good idea.

HUNTSMAN: Yeah...no! Wait a minute! What am I afraid of? I'm a man!

MIRROR: Right!

HUNTSMAN: I'm tough!

MIRROR: Right!

HUNTSMAN: I'm mean!

MIRROR: Right!

HUNTSMAN: I'm nasty!

MIRROR: Right!

HUNTSMAN: I'm bad!

MIRROR: Here she comes!

HUNTSMAN: (*Almost in tears.*) I'm afraid!

MIRROR: Hey, don't chicken out now! Stand up for your rights!

HUNTSMAN: Some other time maybe! Right now, I think I'd better hide!

(Huntsman hides behind person in audience as Queen enters.)

QUEEN: Ah, there you are, my magic mirror.

MIRROR: Where else would I be?

QUEEN: Yes, of course. Mirror, mirror, on the wall...

MIRROR: Freeze! *(Queen freezes. To audience.)* Here it comes!

The dreaded question, "Who's the fairest?" Oh, well, I'd better face up to it. *(To Queen.)* Unfreeze!

QUEEN: *(Unfreezes.)* ...who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: Well, my queen, I really hate to say, but Adorabelle is still the fairest one today!

QUEEN: Ah, that's nice... *(Pause.)* What?! Adorabelle lives?

MIRROR: Well, yes, you might say that.

QUEEN: Mirror, just how is it that you know all these things before anyone else knows them?

MIRROR: I get home delivery of the *New York Times* every morning.

QUEEN: Aha! So that's it! Perhaps I'm the one who should be getting the paper instead of you!

MIRROR: Oh, please don't cancel my subscription! I can't live without the crossword section!

QUEEN: If I don't start getting some better answers from you, I'm going to do it! Now, how did she escape the poisoned scrunchie?

MIRROR: The story wasn't too clear on that. You know what the *New York Times* says, "All the news that will fit in print," or something like that, but it seems that one of her little friends noticed that something was different about her and removed it from her hair.

QUEEN: So, they think they're in the clear, eh? Well, I haven't given up yet. I'll be the fairest in the land if it kills me! Hold it! Make that...even if it kills *her*! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

MIRROR: Yes, your majesty.

QUEEN: I'll just have to come up with a new angle...and a different disguise. I may need your help.

MIRROR: Yes, your majesty.

QUEEN: And I may also need the Huntsman. Have you seen him?

MIRROR: Well...yes, I believe he's around somewhere.

HUNTSMAN: *(From audience, trying to hide.)* No, he's not.

QUEEN: Who said that?

HUNTSMAN: No one. There's an echo in here.

QUEEN: Huntsman? Is that you?

HUNTSMAN: No. He left town.

QUEEN: Mirror, I know you'll tell me the truth. Is that the Huntsman?

MIRROR: Ummm...yes, it is, your majesty!

QUEEN: Huntsman! Come here immediately!

HUNTSMAN: Yes, your majesty. *(Enters. To Mirror.)* Snitch!

QUEEN: Never mind that! Tell me, why were you hiding?

HUNTSMAN: I was afraid that you'd hurt me because I failed to kill Adorabelle and she is still alive.

QUEEN: Oh. Well, I need your help to create a new disguise, so all is forgiven...

HUNTSMAN: Oh, thank you, your majesty!

QUEEN: For now.

HUNTSMAN: Oh.

QUEEN: So let's get to work. *(Exits.)*

HUNTSMAN: Yes, your majesty. Let's get to work. *(To Mirror.)* Snitch, snitch, snitch!

(Huntsman exits. Blackout.)

Scene 8

(AT RISE: Forest cottage, two days later. Queen wears a sombrero and serape to disguise herself as a "Sacko Belle" home delivery person. She carries a large box and approaches the front of the cottage and knocks on the door.)

QUEEN: (*Phony Mexican accent.*) Holá! Holá, amigos and amigas! Enchiladas, tacos, burritos, chimichangas, chalupas. Get your free samples! Authentic south-of-the-border foods! Come and get it! Hot and delicious! Get your free samples here! Holá! Holá!

(Adorabelle answers the door.)

ADORABELLE: Hello? Excuse me?

QUEEN: Ah! Sí, sí, señorita. And how are you today?

ADORABELLE: I'm fine, thank you. I couldn't help but hear you saying, "free samples." What is it you have?

QUEEN: Ah, yes. I have free samples of a variety of wonderful Mexican foods from Sacko Belle: tacos, chalupas, enchiladas, chalupas, burritos, chalupas, chimichangas, chalupas... Did I mention I had chalupas?

ADORABELLE: I believe you did.

QUEEN: Ah. Say, would you mind very much if I came in and rested a few minutes. I've been walking around all day, giving away free samples, and my feet are killing me. New huaraches!

ADORABELLE: Oh, you poor thing. Please, come in and rest a bit.

QUEEN: Thank you for your hospitality, lovely señorita.
(Sits.)

ADORABELLE: You're welcome. Now, did you say you had free samples?

QUEEN: That's right. One hundred percent free. A special introductory offer from Sacko Belle.

ADORABELLE: I don't think I've ever heard of them.

QUEEN: Yes, well, we're brand new to the area. We're opening up a fast-food drive-in restaurant over on the other side of the forest.

ADORABELLE: But no one lives on the other side of the forest. It's practically a desert.

QUEEN: Uh...right...but if we had a restaurant over here on *this* side of the forest, no one would drive to it. They would walk to it, and then we wouldn't be able to call it a drive-in...we'd have to call the place a walk-in.

ADORABELLE: Oh. Well, that makes sense.

QUEEN: It does? Oh, okay, in that case, are you interested?

ADORABELLE: Oh, yes. Let's see...how about a taco?

(Queen rummages around in the box.)

QUEEN: Oh, dear. Fresh out of tacos. Sorry. How about a chalupa?

ADORABELLE: No, I think I'd like a burrito.

(Queen rummages around in the box.)

QUEEN: I don't seem to have any of those left. So sorry. Maybe a chalupa?

ADORABELLE: No. How about an enchilada?

(Queen does not rummage around in the box.)

QUEEN: Nope. None of those, either. Chalupa?

ADORABELLE: But you didn't even look.

(Queen pushes stuff around in the box without looking.)

QUEEN: (*Annoyed.*) There. See? No enchiladas. How about a chalupa?

ADORABELLE: Do you have any chimichangas?

QUEEN: (*Annoyed.*) No! Oh, wait. (*Pushes stuff around again.*) Nope, didn't think so. Wouldn't you like a chalupa?

ADORABELLE: Darn! Well, let's see...do you have any chalupas?

QUEEN: Gee, I'm not sure. (*Rummages around in the box and pulls out a chalupa.*) Well, well, well. Will you look at that? I just happen to have one left! What luck!

ADORABELLE: It sure is! May I have one, please?

QUEEN: Absolutely! (*Hands her the chalupa.*) Here you go!

ADORABELLE: It looks yummy. What's in it?

QUEEN: What?

ADORABELLE: What's in it? Is it fattening?

QUEEN: Fattening? Oh, no! Only the finest...fat reduction ingredients go into it. Vegetables and...stuff...and even more vegetables...and more stuff. And cheese! Try it...you'll like it.

ADORABELLE: Well, it sure looks good.

QUEEN: Good enough to eat. Go ahead, take a bite!

(*Adorabelle bites into the chalupa.*)

ADORABELLE: Mmmm...that does taste good. (*Starts to choke.*) Oh, dear...I seem to be having a problem...oh, my...

QUEEN: How about a Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic to wash that down?

ADORABELLE: I don't...I don't... (*Choking.*) I...can't...breathe! (*Falls down.*)

QUEEN: Can't breathe, my dear? Aye, caramba! That's terrible! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Terrible! (*Hears noises offstage.*) Oh, rats! Here come her pesky friends again! (*Checks Adorabelle.*) But it seems as if my chalupa has done its work. I'd better go. (*To Adorabelle.*) I hate to eat and run...sorry!

[End of Freeview]