

ALL THAT TWITTERS IS NOT GOLD

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By Ray Sheers

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(10 MEN, 17 WOMEN, FLEXIBLE)

- FITZWEISEL (M).....The court's satyr. His legs are covered with hair, as are his arms and chest. He has horns on his head. He has a very, very long thin beard. He is not overly fond of TWITTERING, his inventions, or his prophesies—and doesn't mind letting him know what he thinks of him. With a few changes in the script, he could become another mortal like COBWEBBERY and FANDANGLE, if you don't want him to be a satyr. (67 lines)
- COBWEBBERY (M/F).....The court's barber, who has had dealings with TWITTERING before and is wary of any encounter with him or his inventions. (65 lines)
- FANDANGLE (M/F).....Court jester. FANDANGLE is new to the court and is unacquainted with life there. She's not dumb, she's just in the dark about things. (63 lines)
- MESSENGERS 1-3 (M/F).....MESSENGERS 1 and 2 make Court announcements and pronouncements. MESSENGER 3, in particular, is completely unimpressed by TWITTERING and makes no attempt to hide his feelings about him. (MESSENGER 1: 9 lines; MESSENGER 2: 9 lines; MESSENGER 3: 7 lines)
- BIRDS (M/F).....The BIRDS' function is to comment on the actions in the kingdom and to warn, much like the chorus in Greek theater. Using multiple birds ensures that if they are using bird masks, they will be heard. Also, the BIRDS can interact nonverbally with each

other, creating humorous visual effects. This role may be reduced to one or increased to three or more (or eliminated altogether). See PRODUCTION NOTES. (36 lines)

QUEEN IRENE (F).....A regal type who must be able to seem commanding and even threatening at times, though she must also be convincingly sensitive about her daughter's plight at others. She is a powerful figure, but laughable. (60 lines)

PRINCESS COLLEEN (F)The cursed daughter. Throughout most of the play, she wears a pig mask. (6 lines)

TWITTERING (M)Court Inventor, Soothsayer, and Plumber. He is presently the pet of the QUEEN, inspiring others to dislike him. Also, his inventions don't always work, nor do his predictions always come true, causing others to ridicule him. However, he is as convinced of his own greatness as others are skeptical of it. He's a bit eccentric, and can be pompous at times, especially about his skills as Soothsayer and Inventor. He would love to lose the "Plumber" title, it being unworthy of his abilities. He can be portrayed as a grand sorcerer or an eccentric brown-nosing wizard of the Court. (114 lines)

TWITTERING'S ASSISTANT (M/F) ..This person should be rather bizarre in appearance, wearing tattered clothes or animal skins perhaps. It would be helpful if s/he were tall to assist TWITTERING in hanging the sheet for him. She/He also helps carry TWITTERING's invention. She/He needs to wear two large bells on a rope around his neck. (They'll have to be removed at times if they make too much noise.) This person should be visually interesting, but unobtrusive. (No lines)

ANGEL MALONEY (F).....Secretary to ELLIOT DEWANGLER and also his girlfriend. She's a trusting soul who hasn't had the greatest luck with men. Angel is attractive and naïve - and she's looking in earnest for a husband. She thinks she's found her dream man at last. (131 lines)

ANGEL'S FRIENDS

- PHOEBE (F).....(15 lines)
- TINA (F)(51 lines)
- CRYSTAL (F).....(25 lines)
- RUBY (F).....(19 lines)
- NAOMI (F).....(17 lines)

Friends of ANGEL's who are full of advice. They are skeptical and distrustful of men and try to pass their feelings and experiences on to ANGEL. They are very curious about ANGEL's new boyfriend and protective of her in a "big sister" kind of way. One gets the idea that they know how to take care of themselves, but think ANGEL incapable of doing the same. (One or more of the girls could be eliminated, if necessary. These actors, except for TINA, could double as the dragon.)

ELLIOT DEWANGLER (M).....Owner of DeWangler Pest Control and ANGEL's new boyfriend. He is a rather a ridiculous figure, a most unlikely candidate for dragon-slaying or goblin-terminating. He should be a gawky type - even nerdy. There is absolutely nothing heroic about him. He, however, is convinced he is a "ladies' man" and a "man about town." He likes to play the role of business tycoon, which makes him even more laughable. He shouldn't be obnoxious, just rather silly, unable to see himself as others see him - with the exception of ANGEL, of course, who wants nothing more than to become Mrs. ELLIOT DEWANGLER. (109 lines)

SIDEWINDER and

BLOOMSBURY (M/F).....Businessmen about to close a big deal with DEWANGLER. They are no-nonsense types with little patience for things not related to making money. (This could easily be

reduced to one role, if necessary.)
(SIDEWINDER: 15 lines; BLOOMSBURY:
19 lines)

CLEO (F)ANGEL's mother, who disapproves of her daughter's taste in men like ANGEL's friends. CLEO is well-meaning, but she always interferes when it comes to her daughter and men. She is crabby, cantankerous, and not about to be impressed by any exterminator as a future son-in-law. (51 lines)

MAGGIE (F)ANGEL's aunt. She and CLEO are from the same mold. She has foot problems and doesn't mind sharing her misery with others—in great detail. Neither she nor CLEO seem too fond of men in general. (58 lines)

WILLIE (M)MAGGIE's son. WILLIE is an odd fellow, obsessed with *The Wizard of Oz*, having seen it 72 times. He even owns a pair of ruby shoes, which he wears proudly. TINA, who once went on a blind date with him to see his favorite movie asks, "What grown man memorizes *The Wizard of Oz*?" That's WILLIE. MAGGIE thinks WILLIE is absolutely normal. The audience should think differently. (28 lines)

DRAGON (M/F)Played by two different groups of two or three, depending on the size of the dragon. The second "dragon" will be FITZWEISEL, FANDANGLE, and COBWEBBERY. (1 line)

GOBLIN (M/F)A nasty creature who's placed a curse on PRINCESS COLLEEN. She must be convincingly evil. (24 lines)

LADIES-IN-WAITING (F).....Optional extras. They accompany the QUEEN and PRINCESS. If the latter have trains on their gowns, they could hold them. One could also fan the QUEEN. Another could hold a brightly colored parasol over the PRINCESS. Though not necessary, they add a courtly “feel” to the Court scenes. (*No lines*)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- ACT ONE, SCENE 1:** THE KINGDOM
ACT ONE, SCENE 2: OFFICE OF DEWANGLER PEST CONTROL
(May be played in front of curtain.)
ACT TWO, SCENE 1: ANGEL’S APARTMENT
(May be played in front of curtain.)
ACT TWO, SCENE 2: THE FOREST
(May be played in front of curtain.)
ACT THREE, SCENE 1: THE KINGDOM
ACT THREE, SCENE 2: THE KINGDOM

PROPS LIST

Living room chair	Vase
Sofa	Pitcher and glasses
End table, lamp, etc.	Paper bag
Office desk and three office chairs	Scroll
Barber's cloth (or sheet)	Large trunk* (<i>Optional</i>)
Newspapers and book	Well* (<i>Optional</i>)
Long thin beard (<i>Easily removable</i>)	Colorful parasol
Small tables*	Colorful large hand fan (<i>Optional</i>)
Bird masks*	Umbrella*
Pig mask	Dragon
King-sized sheet*	Scissors, shaving brush, comb, razor, shaving cream, nail file, etc.
Twittering Machine*	Horns (<i>Can also use drums or even kazoos</i>)
Three hats	Throne (<i>A love seat covered with regal fabric will suffice</i>)
Staff*	Several colorful shoestrings
Hand mirror	Objects for the Goblin (<i>The list may be amended as desired; not all of the objects need to be seen</i>)
Box of doughnuts	Purse or purses
Styrofoam cups	Platform for Princess to sleep on (<i>A large coffee table covered with fabric will suffice if she isn't too tall</i>)
Large plastic rat	Exterminator's outfit or equipment*
Telephone	Two large bells on a rope
Old computer monitor (<i>Optional</i>)	Bucket
Ruby shoes*	Overhead projector (<i>Standard type used in schools</i>)*
Briefcase (<i>Optional</i>)	Three crowns
Yellow Pages phone book	
Large playing cards	
Contract	
Large bowl	
Chocolate frosting	
Spoon	
Blue and green dye*	
Bouquet of plastic flowers	

*SEE PRODUCTION NOTES

PRODUCTION NOTES

(Approximate Running Time: 90 minutes)

SET REQUIREMENTS

The action of the play takes place in two worlds, a mythical kingdom and the real, present world. Three of the scenes may be played in front of the curtain, if desired. Those scenes require little in terms of scenery or furniture. The director may wish to be more elaborate in staging these scenes, but they were designed for limited stage area and to facilitate easy scene changes.

The kingdom set needn't fall into any particular time period, but rather it should be a fantastical place full of color and light. Hanging long panels of bright fabric and the use of many lights can be enough to create the desired effect. The director of the original production used Christmas lights extensively. About 1,000 mini-lights were hung from the ceiling in front of the stage. These lights were not turned on until the QUEEN's entrance and were only used for the Kingdom scenes. (At every performance, there was a gasp from the audience when the lights were turned on and the curtain opened in conjunction with the QUEEN's entrance.) Instead of using traditional colors, we used the dangling strands with purple, green, and orange bulbs (available very cheap after Halloween). Christmas lights of all sizes and colors add a great deal to many sets and are very economical, especially if purchased after-season.

There needn't be a great deal of furniture for the Kingdom scenes, just enough to hint that it's a very fantastical place - in contrast to the real world. Our set was more surreal and abstract, rather than attempting any kind of realism. To compensate for the lack of furniture on the set, we hung large light-weight objects that moved from time to time, mobile like. We also used balloon constructions (a tapered wall at the rear of the stage) and several balloon pillars strategically placed. There are many companies specializing in balloon decorations for parties, graduations, conventions, etc. They are fairly inexpensive and give a set unexpected color and a unique sense of space and form. (One drawback is that most balloons only last several days and can only be set up a day or so ahead of time.) Since all of the action in the Kingdom scenes takes place downstage, all stage

decorations were placed behind the line of action, thereby creating no interference with actors' movements. Several moving accent lights or disco balls placed in various positions can also do wonders for the set. (Ask around, many teens have such lights at home!)

SPECIAL EFFECTS

All the special effects in the play are extremely easy to execute. An overhead projector on a cart with wheels produces all of the "transformations." Put a piece of tape on the floor, so it's always in the proper position. Keep the overhead hidden from the audience at all times.

BIRDS:

The BIRDS are optional, but were a favorite with audiences. They add to the fantastical effect desired for the Kingdom scenes. Large latex bird masks that covered the entire head were purchased. (Cheap after Halloween!) The actors were dressed entirely in black and stood behind a music stand that was covered with black fabric. (The black clothes and fabric made them blend in with the stage curtain. Use whatever color your curtain is to achieve the same effect.) Make sure the fabric extends all the way to the floor so the actors' feet can't be seen. If the actors wear white gloves, they can make their hands look like the claws of birds on top of the music stand. The actors need to be reminded to use their upper bodies and move their heads around in a bird-like fashion. They should almost always be moving their heads, even when they have no lines. Covering the sleeves of a black sweatshirt with feathers from a feather duster will also add to the illusion. Large puppets could also be used instead of birds.

FITZWEISEL'S BEARD:

Many long strands from an old wig worked well. They could even be braided, if desired. Since he only wears it a short time before it is "cut off," it can be held on with tape. When COBWEBBERY "cuts" it, she simply pulls it from his face.

THE TWITTERING MACHINE:

The invention transforms humans into their silhouettes. This, like the set, can be very simple or extremely elaborate. We constructed a simple one using a tripod (from an old easel). We attached a small wooden base at the

top of it and affixed two 6-volt batteries to work a police beacon. The red light spun around, casting a bright light in every area of the auditorium. We used a zapping sound effect every time the light went on. The invention was lightweight and very effective to create the illusion of transforming the people into silhouettes. After turning on the light, TWITTERING used his staff to hit the floor three times as a signal for the stage lights to go out. (Try to achieve total darkness, if possible.) When the lights go out, the characters being “transformed” disappear behind the sheet. (The sheet has loops sewn into two of the corners. Curtain hooks were attached to the stage curtain. When the ASSISTANT has the sheet attached, the curtains are opened slowly to make the sheet taut.) When the blackout occurs, the actors being transformed slip behind the sheet and take the same pose. As soon as they’re in place, an overhead projector is turned on behind them. The closer they stand to the sheet, the sharper their silhouettes will be.

The effect can be made more dramatic by placing color overlays on the overhead. Colored cellophane works well, as do colored circular discs. (Translucent dinner plates work extremely well!) The first time the GOBLIN is “transformed,” two identical silhouettes made from cardboard placed on the overhead is a simple way to create the effect. If the GOBLIN is posing with her umbrella open, that’s enough to create the illusion that it’s really her. When she reappears elsewhere on the stage, the audience is really taken by surprise. (This can also be achieved by using a computer to make the silhouettes on an overhead transparency.)

The death of the GOBLIN is very easy. She is “transformed,” and her silhouette is visible on the sheet. Using a colored disc on the overhead, frames her nicely and is really effective. WILLIE carries an empty bucket and throws “water” at the sheet. Real water is messy. (You might want the actor playing WILLIE to practice carrying a bucket of water or rocks, so it actually looks like he’s carrying a full bucket for the show. He might even trip as he throws the “water.”) As the GOBLIN is dying, she should sink slowly to the floor, arms outstretched. It will actually appear as if she vanishes into the floor. To heighten the effect after she vanishes, as she’s saying her last words, move the overhead further and further back as she speaks. All that is visible on the sheet then is a colored disc that gets smaller and smaller. When it’s as small as you can make it, turn off the overhead. Optional: For her death scene, a fog machine with the fog near the overhead,

not the sheet, will add a great smoky effect. Music added to the scene makes it even more dramatic. The scene never failed to have the audience erupt in spontaneous applause. And it's deceptively simple to execute!

NOTE: If desired, the sheet could be mounted to a frame and carried in for the "transformation" scenes, rather than hanging it from the curtain.

BLUE AND GREEN DYE:

Blue food coloring was used to make the PRINCESS' hands blue. Since she's wearing shoes, it wasn't necessary to use green dye on her feet. We did, however, use the green dye on the soles of a pair of nylons for MAGGIE's feet. Putting the dye in splotches on the nylons works best. Be sure MAGGIE has something to put her feet on, a couch pillow or foot stool, so the audience can see her feet.

RUBY SHOES:

Use red spray paint on a pair of old gym shoes (make sure they will fit the person playing WILLIE). Then cover the shoes with red glitter.

LARGE TRUNK:

This is useful to put the parts of the invention in, and gives TWITTERING a place to sit at times. You may not need it, depending on the invention you use.

UMBRELLA:

A standard-sized umbrella was covered with scraps of old fabric. It should look tattered. The GOBLIN should always carry it, being afraid of water.

WELL:

We constructed a well from chicken wire covered with heavy gray fabric that was then painted to look like stones. It should be large enough to conceal the GOBLIN. Placing a blacklight at the bottom of the well for the GOBLIN's final words creates a nice effect if the underside of the umbrella is painted with Tide detergent or blacklight sensitive paint. Tide detergent works equally well. NOTE: The well can be eliminated from the scene if necessary. A large rock or tree could be used to conceal the GOBLIN from the other characters.

DRAGON:

We created a Chinese-style DRAGON about ten feet long. Bright, shimmering fabric was draped over two hula hoops. Two people were inside the body and one was inside the head. If they weave back and forth as they enter, the DRAGON is animated. The head was constructed of lightweight material (mainly cardboard that was painted in bright colors). The DRAGON is very theatrical, especially with younger audiences, but if a DRAGON is too elaborate to use, the DRAGON could be an ogre or a spirit instead. It should be large and threatening in appearance. When the DRAGON is “transformed,” use a silhouette made from cardboard on the overhead. (As with the GOBLIN.)

GOBLIN’S REQUIRED OBJECTS:

Amend the list to suit your production. Instead of having to memorize all of them, the GOBLIN can simply take out her list and read it.

EXTERMINATOR’S OUTFIT:

ELLIOT wore a spacesuit type outfit for his encounter with the GOBLIN. He was covered from head to toe in the type of outfit used in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. He even had a plastic hood with a clear face piece (found at a science surplus store). (Science surplus stores are great places for unusual props and costumes, and prices are usually very reasonable.) Instead of the costume, he could enter with a canister, the type used for spraying lawns if the outfit can’t be found or made. He should enter to music.

KINGDOM COSTUMES:

Like the set, any style may be used. We used Shakespearean-style costumes. (Fabric stores have period patterns if you’re lucky enough to have a seamstress on staff.) However, you may want to use something more Oz-like. The costuming should be very colorful in contrast to the clothes worn in the “real” world.

SUGGESTED MUSIC

The following are only suggestions. All are widely available at larger music stores or even public libraries.

Hornsmoke: Music of Peter Schicklele, Newport Classic, Ltd., (NCD 85638) is perfect to capture the mood and spirit of the play; especially Tracks 1 - 3 and 14 (for the Goblin's entrance into the Kingdom).

Wynton Marsalis: In Gabriel Garden, Sony Classical (SK66224), contains many suitable tracks for the Queen's and Princess' entrance.

Led Zeppelin, Atlantic (826-38-2), Track 2 makes a fine accompaniment for Elliot's Exterminator entrance in the last act.

Arvo Part: Alina, ECM New Series (1591 289449958-2) Tracks 1 or 3 are very dramatic for the Goblin's death scene. An instrumental version of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" also work well.

Passage: Empire Brass Quintet, Telarc (CD 80355), Track 2 works well for Dragon's entrance. (Repeat the first 20 seconds as many times as needed for the entrance.)

**ACT ONE, SCENE ONE
THE KINGDOM**

This scene is played in front of the curtain. The curtain opens with the QUEEN'S entrance. FITZWEISEL is getting his hair cut by COBWEBBERY. FITZWEISEL, covered with a barber's cloth, sits in a chair reading a newspaper or book. FITZWEISEL has a very long thick beard growing from his chin. To the side of the chair is a table on which FANDANGLE'S razor, hand mirror, bowl of shaving cream, and shaving brush are set. FANDANGLE sits on a stool, giving FITZWEISEL a manicure. On the other side of the chair are two large BIRDS sitting on a perch. Enter two MESSENGERS. Each messenger carries a horn to announce their arrivals and departures. They blow their horns. The BIRDS screech. COBWEBBERY, frightened by them, accidentally pokes FITZWEISEL with the scissors.

FITZWEISEL: Ow!

COBWEBBERY: Sorry, sir. *(Shouting to MESSENGER.)* Will you keep it down? Can't you see I'm cutting this man's throat? I mean hair.

BIRDS: Blood! Blood!

FITZWEISEL: What?! *(Feeling the back of his neck.)* Cobwebbery, am I bleeding?

COBWEBBERY: 'Tis nothing, sire. Go on with your reading. 'Tis, uh, barely a scratch. *(MESSENGERS approach and blow their horns again, loudly; BIRDS screech.)* We don't play favorites here! You'll have to wait your turn if it's a cut you need.

FANDANGLE: Right! So grab a magazine and pretend that you can read. *(FITZWEISEL goes back to his paper; COBWEBBERY continues clipping.)*

MESSENGER 2: *(Horns sound; he unrolls an official decree.)* Hark! Hark! The Queen has royal need of thee! *(They ignore him; MESSENGERS looks at each other, baffled. MESSENGER 2 motions to MESSENGER 1 to sound their horns again. Horns sound.)* I say, Hark! Hark! The Queen has royal need of thee!

FITZWEISEL: *(Rising and approaching them.)* And I say . . . *(Hitting MESSENGER with rolled paper.)* Hark! Hark, the dogs do bark and you're a royal pain in the neck! Did anybody ever tell you that? I'll bet they did.

COBWEBBERY: Can't you see we're busy? *(Leading FITZWEISEL back to the chair.)* This man's hair is a disgrace.

FANDANGLE: *(Examining his face.)* 'Tis a pity we can't improve his face.

FITZWEISEL: What? (*COBWEBBERY quickly lathers FITZWEISEL's face with shaving cream and starts to shave him.*)
Can't a man even get a shave and a haircut in peace? What's this kingdom coming to? The next thing you know, we'll be taking baths together.

ALL EXCEPT MESSENGERS: Ewww!

COBWEBBERY: And then they'll know the stuff of nightmares.

FITZWEISEL: What did you say?

BIRDS: Nightmares! Nightmares!

MESSENGER 1: The Queen commands that you obey . . .

MESSENGER 2: If you want to live to see another day.

COBWEBBERY: No, no, I don't do women's hair. It would be most unfair for me to cut a woman's hair. 'Tis against the union rule.

MESSENGER 2: Not to cut her hair, you fool.

FANDANGLE: Well, what use has the Queen of me? She bites her nails to the quick. Her hands are enough to make one sick!

MESSENGER 1: Not in need of a manicure is she!

FITZWEISEL: Oh, I see. The Queen has royal need of me. What is it this time? Has she lost her diamond pin?

FANDANGLE: Her royal marbles?

COBWEBBERY: Or are there warts upon the royal chin? (*They laugh; MESSENGERS are not amused.*)

MESSENGER 2: You may laugh and jest . . .

FANDANGLE: Well, I am the new Court Jester.

MESSENGER 2: . . . but deny the Queen's request and you know that within this very hour . . .

MESSENGER 1: . . . you'll feel the sting of her wrathful . . .
(*Thinking.*)

FANDANGLE: (*Suddenly.*) Cauliflower!

MESSENGER 1: No!

BIRDS: . . . Power! Power!

MESSENGER 1: Right. You'll feel the sting of her wrathful power.

FITZWEISEL: Oh, very well, what is this great **calamity** the Queen is having?

MESSENGER 2: A horrible curse has befallen the daughter of the queen.

COBWEBBERY/FITZWEISEL: Princess Colleen?!

MESSENGER 2: Is there any other Princess?

FANDANGLE: (*To COBWEBBERY.*) Well, is there?

COBWEBBERY: No.

MESSENGER 1: A terrible goblin has arrived in the city.

FANDANGLE: Really? What's a goblin?

MESSENGER 2: And she thought the princess far too pretty.

MESSENGER 1: So she took away her loveliness . . .

FANDANGLE: How'd she do that?

MESSENGER 2: And now, I must confess . . .

MESSENGER 1: . . . the poor thing looks a -

FANDANGLE: - let me guess.

BIRDS: A mess! A mess!

MESSENGER 1: Right. She looks a royal mess.

*MESSENGER 3 enters and all three sound their horns.
COBWEBBERY drags razor across FITZWEISEL chin sharply.*

FITZWEISEL: Ow!

COBWEBBERY: Oh! *(Shocked that she's cut off FITZWEISEL's beard.)* Sorry. *(She holds up the beard to examine it and shows it to FANDANGLE, but quickly conceals it from FITZWEISEL.)*

MESSENGER 3: Her Royal Highness, the Queen! *(Courtly music. The curtain opens revealing the kingdom set. All bow as she enters from rear of auditorium with great dignity and great fanfare. She sits on her throne and music stops.)* The Princess Colleen! *(Courtly music. She also enters from rear in similar manner. However, she has the face of a pig. She sits beside her mother.)*

TWITTERING: *(From rear of auditorium.)* Ahem! Ahem!

MESSENGER 3: *(MESSENGER blows horn halfheartedly.)* Oh, yeah, and—Twittering, *(Unimpressed.)* the Soothsayer and Plumber!

FITZWEISEL: Oh no! Not Twittering!

FANDANGLE: What's Twittering? What's a soothsayer?

COBWEBBERY: He thinks he can see the future.

TWITTERING: *(Entering with his ASSISTANT.)* Soothsayer, Plumber, and Inventor. How many times do I have to tell you? Twittering, Soothsayer, Plumber, and Inventor! Will you never learn?! I wear three hats! Look! Three of 'em! Count 'em! A plumber's hat, *(Throws it into air.)* a soothsayer's hat, *(Tossing it.)* and an inventors hat! *(Tossing it.)* That's three! How hard is that to remember? Three hats!

MESSENGER blows horn again.

MESSENGER 3: *(Dramatically.)* Twittering, a man with three hats! No, not two. Three. Are you happy?

TWITTERING: I'd be happier if you would fetch my latest invention. And make it snappy! Go! Go!

MESSENGER 3 reluctantly signals the other two MESSENGERS to accompany him/her to get the invention.

COBWEBBERY: Oh no! Not another invention!

QUEEN: As you have heard, a goblin has placed a curse on my only daughter, Princess Colleen. (*Cries.*)

TWITTERING: Her hands are blue, (*Holding up her blue hands*) (*QUEEN cries.*) her feet are green, (*Picking up her feet. QUEEN cries a little louder.*) and her face . . . (*QUEEN stops crying instantly and stands with PRINCESS COLLEEN glaring at him.*) I, uh, cannot mention.

BIRDS: Piglet! Piglet!

MESSENGERS bring in the "Twittering Machine." MESSENGERS 1 and 2 exit.

TWITTERING: But with the aid of my new invention, we'll reverse the terrible curse!

QUEEN: (*To FITZWEISEL, FANDANGLE, and COBWEBBERY.*) It is your sworn duty to restore my daughter's great beauty.

FITZWEISEL: Me?!

QUEEN: You three!

COBWEBBERY: Three?!

FANDANGLE: Me?!

QUEEN: Twittering, in his great wisdom, has chosen you three. And I quite agree.

FITZWEISEL: I wouldn't do that if I were you.

QUEEN and PRINCESS glare at FITZWEISEL.

FITZWEISEL: I'm sure you've given this a lot of thought.

QUEEN: You've been chosen to help Twittering reverse the curse! Twittering will demonstrate. (*She sits.*)

COBWEBBERY: Oh, great!

TWITTERING: After long consideration and much deliberation, exhausting and tremendous contemplation, and, of course, a great quantity of perspiration, inspiration, and . . .

BIRDS: Intoxication! Intoxication!

TWITTERING: No, no, not intoxication—imagination! I, myself, came upon just the right equation, and so, by my calculations, though I must say I've had some serious reservations, particularly about duration of the duplication, and, of course, the specifics of location, but, be that as it may . . .

QUEEN: (*Stands.*) Twittering! Get on with it!

TWITTERING: (*Bowing profusely.*) Yes, my Queen, my royal beauty, Your Highness, lovely Majesty -

QUEEN: (*Shouting.*) Today!

TWITTERING: (*Bowing.*) Right! So without further delay, I present to you the greatest invention in the entire Milky Way – the Twittering Machine! (*He unveils it with a flourish.*)

FANDANGLE: What's a Twittering Machine?

TWITTERING: 'Tis with this machine we'll rescue Princess Colleen. Why, it's the most incredible thing you've ever seen! (*Singing quite dramatically, yet in a silly fashion, and dancing a bit.*) It sputters, it spitters, it flutters and flitters, but most of all it . . .

BIRDS: Twitters!

TWITTERING: (*Spinning.*) Right, it twitters!

QUEEN rises and applauds, motioning the others to applaud. They do, halfheartedly.

QUEEN: Cobwebbery, Fitzweisel, and . . . (*To TWITTERING.*) the other one.

TWITTERING: Fandangle.

QUEEN: Fandangle?

FANDANGLE: (*Bowing.*) Fandangle, the new Court Jester!

QUEEN: The **new** Court Jester? What happened to the old one?

TWITTERING: You fired him. He wasn't much fun.

QUEEN: Oh. Anyway, into the well you four will go to travel to the Other Side.

COBWEBBERY: The well? Oh, swell!

FANDANGLE: The well? What well? Is that bad?

BIRDS: Tell! Tell! Tell about the well!

FANDANGLE: What? What about the well?

FITZWEISEL: Oh, anything but the well!

FANDANGLE: I'm out. Count me out.

ALL scowl at FANDANGLE.

FANDANGLE: Into the well we all shall go.

QUEEN: The horrible goblin must be destroyed. Twittering, the Soothsayer, (*He puts on his soothsayer hat.*) has found the one whose job it is to slay. (*Sits.*)

TWITTERING: Right you are, my Queen, for only he has the magic spray!

FITZWEISEL: Who is this person you require, if I may be so bold as to inquire?

TWITTERING: His name be Elliot DeWangler, Professional Exterminator!

FANDANGLE: A goblin terminator?

TWITTERING: Right you are!

FITZWEISEL: And how, may I ask, did you find this witch control specialist?

TWITTERING: She's not a witch, but a goblin, and a goblin's curse is ten times worse! His name I found in my magic yellow book. (*Holds up the yellow pages telephone book.*) Here, take a look.

FITZWEISEL: (*Reading.*) DeWangler Pest Control?

No matter how big or how small,

DeWangler gets them all.

DeWangler will succeed.

Your satisfaction's guaranteed.

(*Comtempuously.*) Elliot DeWangler, President.

COBWEBBERY: He's not local?

QUEEN: (*Standing impatient with them.*) No! Which is why you have to go into the well to travel to the Other Side. Or I fear my poor daughter (*Crying.*) will never be a bride. (*Holding her daughter.*)

BIRDS: The Other Side! The Other Side!

FANDANGLE: What's the Other Side?

TWITTERING: 'Tis not a pleasant place, 'tis a land of smog and smoke, where lives the lesser human race, the land of . . . Diet Coke!

FANDANGLE: What's Diet Coke?

BIRDS: Holy smoke! Holy smoke!

FANDANGLE: But I'm a Court Jester! Not a Court De-Pester!

COBWEBBERY: Isn't there some other way?

QUEEN: (*Furious.*) You will my decree obey! Tonight into the well you must climb!

FITZWEISEL: But remember what happened last time?

FANDANGLE: What? What happened last time?

QUEEN: Fear not, I say! Twittering here will aid you in your descent with his new implement! I leave you now to make your preparations. I'll await your return with great anticipation!

COBWEBBERY: But . . .

QUEEN: (*Angrily.*) Enough, I say! Enough of this idle chatter!

BIRDS: Enough! Enough!

QUEEN: Get on with this urgent matter! Do as I request or die! (*She exits with the messengers.*)

FANDANGLE: Die?

BIRDS: Or die! Or die!

COBWEBBERY: (To FITZWEISEL.) And you thought the Democrats were bad!

TWITTERING: The Queen's bark is worse than her bite!

QUEEN: (Returning suddenly.) Did you say something, Twittering? (They all bow.)

TWITTERING: (Bowing profusely; frightened.) I—I—I just said we must leave this very night!

BIRDS: He lies! He lies!

QUEEN starts to approach FITZWEISEL.

TWITTERING: (To BIRDS.) How'd you like to end up in a box of Meow Mix?

QUEEN: (Stopping in her tracks and turning.) What?!

TWITTERING: Not you!

QUEEN: (To FITZWEISEL.) Fitzweisel, you look . . . different in some way. (Shrugging.) Oh well, go now, without further delay to the Other Side! (QUEEN and PRINCESS exit. During the following, TWITTERING puts on his inventor's hat and adjusts his invention while his ASSISTANT sets up the sheet.)

FITZWEISEL: Different? How different? Where's the mirror, Cobwebbery? Before I risk life and limb, hand me the mirror.

COBWEBBERY: Mirror? It's, uh, broken, my lord.

FITZWEISEL: What?

BIRDS: He lies, he lies!

COBWEBBERY: (To BIRDS.) Meow Mix! (To FITZWEISEL.) The mirror, it's broken, just as I have spoken.

FITZWEISEL: Nonsense! (Holding it up.) It's right here, and it's just fine. Cobwebbery, have you been sipping wine? (Looking into it; he is shocked.) Aaaaooohh! (Rising.) My beard! What have you done to my beard?

COBWEBBERY cowers.

COBWEBBERY: Nothing, sire. It's fine.

FITZWEISEL: Fine?! Fine?! (Approaching her as COBWEBBERY moves away.) What do you mean, it's fine?! (Feeling his face.) It's gone, you swine!

COBWEBBERY: The Princess is the swine, you look fine!

COBWEBBERY tries to get everyone to agree. They circle the chair, COBWEBBERY trying to keep out of FITZWEISEL'S reach.

COBWEBBERY: No, no, it's fine. (*Holding it up and stroking it.*)
See, not a hair is out of place. It's merely . . . separated from your
face!

FITZWEISEL: (*Lunging for her.*) You cut it off, you numbskull!
(*Grabbing it.*) Do you know how long it took me to grow that
beard?

COBWEBBERY: There is no doubt about it. You look much better
without it.

BIRDS: You lie, you lie, you lie!

FITZWEISEL is about to explode in anger.

COBWEBBERY: If you wish, we can reattach it, sire. That's exactly
what we'll do.

FANDANGLE: That's right! With a little bit of glue, it'll be as good as
new.

FITZWEISEL: Glue! I'll glue you, you fool! That's what I'll do!
(*Grabbing COBWEBBERY.*) Why, when I'm through with you . . .
(*Dropping her.*) For this deed, I swear, you'll pay . . . you butcher,
you!

TWITTERING: The Twittering Machine is ready to transport you
three.

COBWEBBERY: Wait a minute. Wait a minute. What about you?

BIRDS: Fiddle-dee-dee! Fiddle-dee-dee!

TWITTERING: I'll be there, you'll see. But first I must transform you
three! (*Arranging them in front of the sheet.*)

BIRDS: Fiddle-dee-dee! Fiddle-dee-dee!

FANDANGLE: What about this well? I can't swim!

TWITTERING: The well is dry. You'll be on the Other Side in the
blink of an eye!

FITZWEISEL: Unless, of course, we die.

FANDANGLE: Die?!

BIRDS: You die! You die!

*TWITTERING turns on the invention, brief BLACKOUT. When lights
return, they are transformed into silhouettes. They stand motionless
for about five seconds, then become animated.*

FITZWEISEL: (*Looks around.*) Twittering! What's happening?!

FANDANGLE: Are we dead?

COBWEBBERY: Twittering! Confound it! What the devil have you
done to us?

FANDANGLE: (*Using her hands as if to find a way out.*) Help!

FITZWEISEL: Twittering. I demand an explanation! Where are you? Do you hear me?!

TWITTERING: *(Walking back and forth in front of them.)* 'Tis very simple, you see. You three have undergone a transformation to simplify our transportation. Relax. This'll be a piece of cake!

FANDANGLE: What does he mean, a piece of cake?

FITZWEISEL: If not, we'll have your head. Do you hear me, Twittering?!

TWITTERING: Have a little faith in me. After all, I do wear three hats!

FITZWEISEL: *(Sarcastically.)* I feel so much better now.

BLACKOUT and CURTAIN.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2 OFFICE OF DEWANGLER PEST CONTROL

The office scene is played in front of the curtain. There is a desk with a telephone on it center stage. A chair is behind it and two other chairs next to it. (Other office trimmings are optional. For example, there might be a computer on the desk, a file cabinet, etc.) ANGEL is sitting at the desk, absorbed in her newspaper, as RUBY, PHOEBE, TINA (carrying a purse), CRYSTAL, and NAOMI tiptoe in with a box of doughnuts and coffee. They sneak up behind ANGEL, giggling silently. CRYSTAL holds a rubber rat over ANGEL'S head and, holding it by its tail, slowly lowers it into ANGEL'S view. ANGEL screams and jumps. TINA sets her purse on the desk.

ANGEL: Ahhh! *(Frightened, she bats it away, the others laugh.)* Oh! You guys, I'm going to kill you! Scaring me like that! What are you doing here?

PHOEBE: We brought doughnuts!

ANGEL: *(Still trying to get over her scare.)* You scared me to death!

PHOEBE: You sure were engrossed in your newspaper. You never even heard us come in.

TINA: Even Bigfoot here. *(Indicating CRYSTAL.)*

NAOMI: What's so fascinating in the paper today?

ANGEL: I was just reading about the Shoestring Strangler and then you sneak up on me like that! Are you trying to give me a heart attack?

PHOEBE: You're lucky we weren't the Shoestring Strangler, or you'd have been *(Makes a strangling motion.)* dead.

TINA: Fortunately for you, our motives aren't so sinister.

CRYSTAL: We had a craving for doughnuts and decided to share them with you.

ANGEL: Doughnuts?!

RUBY: The truth is, we wanted to get a look at your exterminator boyfriend. Where is the bug-fighting hunk?

NAOMI: *(Looking around.)* Is he here?

CRYSTAL: Where are you hiding him? *(Looks under ANGEL's desk.)*

ANGEL: No, he's not in.

RUBY: Just our luck.

CRYSTAL: Did he have a late night killing rats?

ANGEL: Very funny. I'll have you know he owns the company. He doesn't do the actual exterminating himself. He has people who work for him.

NAOMI: *(To ANGEL.)* Don't mind Crystal.

PHOEBE: She's just the "teensiest" bit jealous.

CRYSTAL: I am not!

RUBY: She's never dated an exterminator.

PHOEBE: Everything but an exterminator.

CRYSTAL: I'll have you know I'm very particular about the men I date.

RUBY: She may have to extend her search to other galaxies.

ANGEL: Actually, Elliot's having lunch with some very important clients. He might be closing a really big deal today.

TINA: I thought they already cleared all the rats out of the White House!

CRYSTAL: You know how it is, you get one pack of rats out and another pack's already moved in.

RUBY: Oh, let's not talk politics. Pass the doughnuts. I'm starving. *(Takes one and offers ANGEL the box.)* Here, have one. They're from that new bakery that just opened up.

ANGEL: Now, you know I can't have a doughnut. I've told you I'm on a diet.

NAOMI: Oh, you're always on a diet.

PHOEBE: Well, don't worry, they won't go to waste with Crystal around.

RUBY: Have some caffeine then. *(Handing her a coffee.)* It'll do your body good. *(She takes a doughnut and starts eating it.)*

TINA: *(Taking paper.)* So he got another one last night, huh?

ANGEL: Number six.

NAOMI: When are they going to catch this maniac? I'm afraid to leave the house alone.

CRYSTAL: Not me. Just let him try and mess with me. I'll show him a thing or two.

NAOMI: How do you know it's a **him**, Crystal? After all, nobody's ever seen him . . .

RUBY: Or her!

TINA: Yeah, Crystal. That's right. For all we know, it could be you.

CRYSTAL: I don't have the time.

NAOMI: *(To CRYSTAL.)* Social butterfly.

ANGEL: I wouldn't have the energy.

CRYSTAL: That new boyfriend keeping you up too late, Angel?

RUBY: Oh, let's talk about something else besides these gruesome murders.

ANGEL: Yeah, the whole subject gives me the willies.

NAOMI: Speaking of willies, how's your cousin Willie, Angel?

TINA: Oh, don't mention that name! I'm eating!

RUBY: Now there's a man who gives me the heebie jeebies, and I don't frighten easily.

CRYSTAL: Where was he on the nights of the murders? Has anybody checked that out?

TINA: I can't believe you tried to fix me up with that weirdo! You should have warned me insanity runs in your family.

ANGEL: Oh, he's not that bad!

TINA: Not that bad! Have you ever dated him?

ANGEL: Of course not! He's my cousin!

TINA: Your crazy cousin! Do you know where he took me on a date?

ANGEL: To a movie, wasn't it?

TINA: Oh, not just any movie. No, Weird Willie took me to see his favorite movie: *The Wizard of Oz*, for Pete's sake. *(CRYSTAL begins singing "Somewhere Over The Rainbow." To CRYSTAL.)* How'd you like to wear this doughnut? I hate that movie!

CRYSTAL: What about poor Dorothy?

TINA: I can't stand that whimpering, whining little -

NAOMI: - Tina liked the witch with the flying monkeys.

TINA: Now she had style. Do you know that man has memorized the entire movie? He recited the entire movie word for word right there in the theater! He knew the words to every song! He even sang along! It was spooky. What grown man memorizes *The Wizard of Oz*?

OPTIONAL: Male teacher/principal/coach enters singing, "Follow The Yellow Brick Road" and sits down. TINA exclaims:

TINA: Well, except for "Mr. Smith," of course. *(Identify individual.)*

NAOMI: And Willie.

TINA: You should have been there! He even barked when Toto barked. (*PHOEBE barks.*) When Dorothy closed her eyes and clicked her heels together, what do you think he did?

PHOEBE: Don't tell me.

CRYSTAL: (*Eyes closed, clicking her heels together.*) There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

TINA: I was never so humiliated in my whole life! I'm surprised he didn't buy a pair of ruby slippers for the occasion.

ANGEL: I think he's bought some since.

TINA: You're not serious. (*Looks at ANGEL.*) You are serious. Your cousin Willie is wacky! I still have nightmares. Do you know I haven't gone on a blind date since? And you're supposed to be my friend!

ANGEL: I was just trying to help. (*Peeking in the box.*) What kind did you get?

CRYSTAL: Here's a double chocolate, peanut butter, sugared jelly roll.

ANGEL: Fat free, right? (*Sniffing them.*)

CRYSTAL: Of course.

ANGEL: Oh, they smell delicious. I'll just have one. That's it. (*Grabs it and takes a bite.*) Oh, this is heavenly. Why were such things ever invented?

CRYSTAL: To torture us!

ANGEL: I'm sure it was a man who invented the recipe for doughnuts.

CRYSTAL: Men are such beasts that way!

NAOMI: From what you've told us, your Mr. DeWangler is an exception.

ANGEL: He is not **my** Mr. DeWangler, Naomi.

NAOMI: (*Sniffing.*) Is that a new perfume?

ANGEL: Do you like it? (*Conspiratorially.*) It's called Lovetrap.

PHOEBE: (*Laughing.*) Lovetrap?

RUBY: Well, it's better than Mousetrap, I suppose.

NAOMI: Mousetrap? (*Laughing.*) Oh, I get it. He's an exterminator . . . mousetrap . . . (*Laughs.*) Yeah, I get it.

PHOEBE: Are you trying to tell us you haven't got a little trap set to snare Mr. DeWangler?

ANGEL: Oh, Phoebe, stop! You make me sound so—so—devious.

RUBY: Planning to trap a man is not devious, my dear, it's smart.

NAOMI: It's called using your head.

ANGEL: What are you talking about?

CRYSTAL: Look, it's very simple. Either a woman traps a man or man traps a woman. That's how it works, my dear Angel.

RUBY: It boils down to this. Do you want to be the hunter or the hunted?

ANGEL: Oh, you make it sound so dreadful—hunter and hunted! Like we're all just animals in the jungle just waiting to pounce. Don't you have a romantic bone in your body, any of you?

CRYSTAL: I certainly hope not.

TINA: Not me!

NAOMI: Nah!

PHOEBE: Nope!

RUBY: If I did, I'd have it surgically removed.

ANGEL: I should have known, you're all lawyers.

TINA: Ahem.

ANGEL: And starving artists.

PHOEBE: So what's this guy look like?

ANGEL: Well, he's very attractive, and he's so brilliant! (*Getting lost in her description of him.*) You should see him when he's working. He's so intense. His eyes are so, so deep, and he has such . . . such manly hands.

CRYSTAL: Well, deep eyes and manly hands are all fine and good. But from that description, he could be a gorilla.

ANGEL: Elliot most certainly is not a gorilla!

RUBY: (*Coming up behind PHOEBE.*) You know, I think I read somewhere that Jack the Ripper had deep eyes and (*Placing her hands around PHOEBE's throat, who pretends to be choking.*) manly hands . . .

ANGEL: (*Laughing and pulling away.*) Oh, will you stop? I assure you, Elliot DeWangler is no Jack the Ripper. (*Picking up TINA's purse.*) Oh, I just love your purse, Tina.

TINA: (*Proudly.*) Garage sale. Three bucks! Which is more money than I have in it right now!

RUBY: (*Looking at her watch.*) Speaking of money, we've got to get going.

ANGEL: (*Setting the purse on the desk.*) Oh, take the morning off.

CRYSTAL: Yeah right. Not with this law firm.

TINA: I've got to get going, too.

CRYSTAL: Grab those doughnuts, Phoebe.

PHOEBE: Maybe we can meet for lunch sometime soon, Angel.

ANGEL: Lunch? What's that?

RUBY: Don't tell me you're not eating lunch?

ANGEL: I told you, I'm on a diet.

PHOEBE: (*Teasingly.*) You have a little chocolate on your lip, Angel, right there. (*Pointing.*)

ANGEL: Thanks, that was my mid-morning snack.

RUBY: See you, Angel. We want to meet your mystery man soon.

CRYSTAL: Give us a call some time.

PHOEBE: You can't keep your Elliot a secret forever, you know.

ANGEL: You'll meet him soon. I promise.

RUBY: Do we have to make an appointment to meet this new Romeo?

ANGEL: You'll meet him soon, I promise.

ELLIOT enters with SIDEWINDER and BLOOMSBURY. They remain off to the side, unnoticed by the girls.

TINA: *(Teasingly.)* Oh, El-liot, you have such deep eyes!

CRYSTAL: Oh, El-liot, you have such manly hands! *(ELLIOT looks at his hands.)*

PHOEBE: Oh, El-liot, hold me with your manly hands -

NAOMI: - and look at me with your deep, deep eyeballs - *(Grins in a silly way.)*

CRYSTAL: - and kiss me! *(Makes kissing sounds. ELLIOT is flattered; SIDEWINDER and BLOOMSBURY are disgusted.)*

ANGEL: *(Suddenly seeing him.)* Oh, Elli-, I mean Mr. DeWangler, I didn't hear you come in.

ANGEL's friends are embarrassed, but curious about ELLIOT. They all look him over as they file out.

CRYSTAL: We'll see you, Angel.

NAOMI: Bye. *(They exit.)*

RUBY: Call me.

TINA: Take care! *(Unknowingly, TINA has left her purse on the desk.)*

ELLIOT: We've got a little paperwork to take care of, Miss Maloney.

SIDEWINDER and BLOOMSBURY sit.

ANGEL: I'll be in the outer office if you need me. Can I get you gentlemen anything? Coffee? Tea?

BLOOMSBURY: No, thanks. I'm fine.

SIDEWINDER: Nothing for me, thanks.

ANGEL: All right, then. *(Exits.)*

BLOOMSBURY: Well, the contract looks good, DeWangler, but of course, we'll have to run it by our lawyers for final approval.

SIDEWINDER: You know how lawyers are about contracts, have to go over everything with a fine-toothed comb.

BLOOMSBURY: This contract could mean big bucks to you, DeaWangler, big, big bucks, and I don't mind telling you I know

some pretty important people, some very, very important people, and I could throw a little more business your way if you treat me right. You know what I mean?

SIDEWINDER: One hand washes the other in this world. You know what we mean?

ELLIOT: Yes, I know what you mean, but -

Enter TWITTERING, FITZWEISEL, FANDANGLE, and COBWEBBERY. TWITTERING carries a yellow phone book.

BLOOMSBURY: What in the world?

ANGEL: (*Rushing in.*) I'm sorry, Mr. DeWangler, but they just pushed right past me. They asked for you, and when I told them you were busy they pushed right by me. Of all the nerve! And dressed like that, too!

ELLIOT: It's all right, they . . .

BLOOMSBURY: You know these . . . uh, people?

ELLIOT: They probably have the wrong office . . . you see, there's a psychiatrist right down the hall, Dr. Woo. He has some very . . . unusual . . . patients. They sometimes wander into the wrong office.

TWITTERING: (*Holding open his phone book.*) Elliot DeWangler?

ELLIOT: (*Confused.*) Yes . . . ?

COBWEBBERY: The Elliot DeWangler?

SIDEWINDER: They seem to want you, Mr. DeWangler.

BLOOMSBURY: Who are these loony toons?

ELLIOT: I don't know.

FITZWEISEL: Professional exterminator?

ELLIOT: (*Cautiously.*) Yes . . . ?

ANGEL: (*To ELLIOT.*) Did you see his legs? Look at his legs! And horns, he's got horns!

ELLIOT: (*Reaching out to touch FITZWEISEL's horns.*) Are those real?

FITZWEISEL: Hey, don't touch the horns!

ELLIOT: Okay, okay. Sorry. Got it! The horns are private property. Very, very private.

SIDEWINDER: (*To ANGEL.*) Don't you have any security in this building? They could be national terrorists.

ANGEL: (*Afraid.*) Terrorists?

BLOOMSBURY: Terrorists? Don't be ridiculous! Look at their clothes! Terrorists don't dress like that!

COBWEBBERY: Elliot DeWangler? Killer of vermin and pests?

ELLIOT: Yes, I'm owner and president of DeWangler Pest Control.

TWITTERING: (*Reading from ad.*) No matter how big or how small, DeWangler gets 'em all! DeWangler will succeed, your satisfaction's guaranteed! That you?

ELLIOT: Yep, that's me. Kinda gives you goosebumps, doesn't it? (*To SIDEWINDER and BLOOMSBURY.*) I wrote that, you know.

COBWEBBERY: It's a great honor to meet you, sire. Cobwebbery at your service! (*Bows deeply.*)

FITZWEISEL: (*Bowing.*) Such a tremendous honor, sire. Fitzweisel at your service.

FANDANGLE: (*Bowing.*) So great an honor, sire. (*Knocks telephone or briefcase off desk.*) Oh, I am so sorry.

FITZWEISEL: Fandangle's a little nervous.

FANDANGLE: (*Picking phone up.*) Fandangle, sire, at your service.

ANGEL: Creepy.

ELLIOT: How about you? Who are you?

FITZWEISEL: Oh, don't ask.

TWITTERING: (*Dramatically. TWITTERING might jump up onto the desk if it is large and sturdy enough.*) I am Twittering. Soothsayer, Plumber, and Inventor! (*Jumping down.*)

FANDANGLE: He wears three hats.

BLOOMSBURY: Do you think your little fan club could come back a little later?

ANGEL: Do you want me to call security, Mr. DeWangler?

ELLIOT: Yes, I mean no, I mean, what is it you folks . . . want?

COBWEBBERY: Our Queen has royal need of thee.

ELLIOT: The Queen?

SIDEWINDER: I'll bet we're not talking the Queen of England here.

FITZWEISEL: Who?

ELLIOT: Which . . . uh, queen do you . . . represent?

COBWEBBERY: It's a personal matter, sire, one best discussed in (*Looking around and pulling him aside.*) private.

ANGEL: Look at this outfit! Have you ever heard of The Gap? (*Name popular clothing store.*)

SIDEWINDER: We're definitely talking loony toons here.

FANDANGLE: What's a loony toon?

BLOOMSBURY: Call security. We don't have all day.

ANGEL looks to ELLIOT and he motions for her to get security. She backs out of the office.

ELLIOT: Are you sure you're not looking for Dr. Woo's office? It's Suite 200, right down the hall. This is . . .

TWITTERING: No, no it's your name I drew.

FANDANGLE: Not Woo!

ELLIOT: As you can see, I'm, uh, a little busy right now. Closing a big deal here. Why don't you leave your name and number with my Angel - I mean, my secretary.

COBWEBBERY: The Queen has royal need of an exterminator!

ELLIOT: I see. She needs an exterminator. Well, that's my job, exterminating.

TWITTERING: We know. You're in the yellow pages.

ELLIOT: You know what they charge for an ad that size? But look, I'll have to get back to you later. Just leave your name and number and we'll set up an appointment. Do you have a card? *(ANGEL enters.)*

FITZWEISEL: Give the man a card, Fandangle! *(FANDANGLE pulls out a deck of cards and offers ELLIOT one. He takes it and gives it to ANGEL, who looks at it, confused.)*

TWITTERING: For shame! We have no time for card games, Fandangle.

FITZWEISEL: Right! Give me that card! *(Taking it from the secretary.)* You don't understand! This can't wait.

FANDANGLE: The fate of the kingdom is at stake. *(Throws cards in air, then picks them up.)*

ELLIOT: The kingdom?

SIDEWINDER: You heard the man. Listen to them, DeWangler. They're wackos – throw them out.

ELLIOT: How big is this kingdom?

COBWEBBERY: We've traveled far for your services.

FITZWEISEL: In all the universe, we've come to you . . .

FANDANGLE: . . . to remove the curse.

ELLIOT: *(Flattered.)* Me, huh?

SIDEWINDER: Tell me, what planet are you people from?

BLOOMSBURY: That's it. We don't have time to play games with you and your intergalactic friends, DeWangler. *(Tears up contract and throws it onto the desk.)*

ELLIOT: But Mr. Bloomsbury.

BLOOMSBURY: DeWangler, you'll be far too busy removing the poor Queen's curse to service our company.

SIDEWINDER: Yeah, we'll find a company that limits its business to the planet Earth.

ELLIOT: But -

BLOOMSBURY: Now, I'm sure your friends here are in a hurry to take you back to the asylum they've escaped from.

COBWEBBERY: Right! We've arranged your transportation.

BLOOMSBURY: See, they've already arranged your transportation.

ELLIOT: Mr. Bloomsbury, I'm sure there's an explanation . . .

SIDEWINDER: Their spaceship is probably parked right outside.

TWITTERING: In a spaceship we do not ride! 'Tis the Twittering Machine that's parked outside!

BLOOMSBURY: Of course, I should have known, the Twittering Machine. The Twittering Machine?

ANGEL: What's a Twittering Machine?

FITZWEISEL: Oh nooo!

TWITTERING: I'm glad you asked! (*Jumping up on desk again, singing.*) It sputters, it spitters, it flutters, it flitters, but most of all, it . . .

FANDANGLE: Twitters!

TWITTERING: Right! (*Spinning.*) It twitters! (*Jumps off desk.*)

BLOOMSBURY: (*Packing up his briefcase.*) Well, you'd better hurry. You don't want to be late for the Queen.

FITZWEISEL: You're right, that's not a good idea.

SIDEWINDER: Twitter away to the imaginary castle full of imaginary rats in a galaxy far, far away.

FITZWEISEL: Not rats, sir.

SIDEWINDER: No rats?

FITZWEISEL: For goodness' sake. Rats are a piece of cake.

SIDEWINDER: Roaches, then!

FITZWEISEL: No! Roaches are child's play.

FANDANGLE: 'Tis a goblin he needs to slay.

TWITTERING: Fandangle!

FANDANGLE: Sorry.

BLOOMSBURY: A goblin, eh? Well, that is serious business. And you've obviously come to the right man. Elliot DeWangler, Goblin Slayer!

SIDEWINDER: (*To ELLIOT.*) Do you think you'll get to wear a pretty costume, too, when you kill the nasty goblin?

BLOOMSBURY: (*To COBWEBBERY.*) Do you have something in pink? Pink would look great on him.

COBWEBBERY: If you're partial to pink, that could be arranged, I think.

ELLIOT: Now look . . .

BLOOMSBURY: You know what I think? I think you all need a shrink! Oh no, it's contagious.

FANDANGLE: What's a shrink?

BLOOMSBURY: Let's get out of here, Sidewinder, before we all end up in the nuthouse.

BLOOMSBURY and SIDEWINDER exit.

ELLIOT: Do you know what you've done?! You've just cost me the biggest deal I've ever had!

COBWEBBERY: Let's go this very hour! Bring with you your exterminator's power.

ELLIOT: OUT! OUT! OUT! (*Trying to shoo them out the door.*) Go on, get out! Out, out, out! And don't come back!

COBWEBBERY: Oh, we'll be back.

FITZWEISEL: You can count on that!

TWITTERING: You have a big mouth, Fandangle, you know that? A big mouth!

They exit.

ANGEL: Boy, and I thought working for an exterminator was going to be boring!

ELLIOT: (*Gets his coat and hat.*) I've got to try and salvage this deal! This is the biggest contract of my life. I'm not going to let a few nuts ruin it for me.

ANGEL: Don't forget you're coming over for dinner tonight, Elliot.

ELLIOT: I didn't forget. I'll be there. I'll be there.

ANGEL: You sure you have the address, Elliot?

ELLIOT: Yeah, I got it. I'll be there. (*Exits.*)

ANGEL: (*Dreamily.*) Mrs. Elliot DeWangler. (*Sighs.*) Angel DeWangler.

BLACKOUT.

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