

ROMEO, JULIET, AND TOTO, TOO!

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By **Burton Bumgarner**

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CHARACTERS

(6 Males, 5 Females, 16 Either, Doubling Possible)

<u>ANTONIO (ANGELA) RAVIOLI</u>	A movie producer
<u>JACQUELINE (JACK) QUICHE</u>	A movie director
<u>HELGA (HENRY) SCHNITZEL</u>	A screenplay writer
<u>DOROTHY GALE</u>	Girl from Kansas
<u>TOTO</u>	Dorothy's dog
<u>GLENDA</u>	A good witch
<u>WICKED WITCH</u>	A bad witch
<u>ROMEO</u>	From Romeo & Juliet
<u>JULIET</u>	From Romeo & Juliet
<u>ROSENCRANTZ</u>	From Hamlet
<u>GUILDENSTERN</u>	From Hamlet
<u>NICK BOTTOM</u>	Needs a brain, from A Midsummer Night's Dream
<u>CALIBAN</u>	Needs a heart, from The Tempest
<u>HAMLET</u>	Needs courage, from Hamlet
<u>MACBETH</u>	From Macbeth
<u>BANQUO</u>	From Macbeth
<u>MISS PISH</u>	Works for an employment agency
<u>THE WIZARD OF WEIRD</u>	A famous writer
<u>WITCH 1</u>	From Macbeth
<u>WITCH 2</u>	From Macbeth
<u>WITCH 3</u>	From Macbeth

GROUCHKIN 1

From Grouchkin Land

GROUCHKIN 2

From Grouchkin Land

GROUCHKIN 3

From Grouchkin Land

GROUCHKIN 4

From Grouchkin Land

POLICEMAN 1

POLICEMAN 2

**Most roles are not gender specific.*

PRODUCTION NOTES

The play may be performed on a bare stage with a desk and chair downstage left. A seat in the audience may be reserved for Ravioli and house lights can go up and down as directed in the script. If this is not practical, Ravioli can enter left or right and house lights can remain down during the performance.

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An office desk, chair and phone are downstage left. A pile of folders are on the desk. RAVIOLI, the producer, is seated at the desk talking on the phone. House lights may remain up during this scene.

RAVIOLI: Let me get this straight. This movie studio pays you a ton of money and the best you can come up with is “Gladiator on Ice?” ... No, it doesn’t send a chill down my spine! It makes me wonder what you’re using for brains! It’s hard to imagine gladiators doing pirouettes while they fight.

(QUICHE and SCHNITZEL enter right and cross to the desk.)

You think up something fast or you’re gonna be back at the convenience store serving slushies! *(Hangs up phone. To QUICHE and SCHNITZEL.)*

QUICHE: Excuse me. Mr. Ravioli?

RAVIOLI: Yeah? What’d you want?

QUICHE: It’s time to screen the new film.

RAVIOLI: What new film?

QUICHE: The new version of “The Wizard of Oz.” Remember? You gave us a week to write, cast, and shoot it.

RAVIOLI: Oh yeah. You’re the woman with the funny French name. KEE-shay, right?

QUICHE: It’s pronounced “quiche.”

RAVIOLI: Who’s your friend?

QUICHE: This is Helga Schnitzel, the writer.

(RAVIOLI stands and crosses center.)

SCHNITZEL: I have written the greatest script since ... well ... since my last script.

RAVIOLI: And what was your last script?

SCHNITZEL: A horror classic: “Alien vs Godzilla vs Rocky vs King Kong on Friday the 13th Near Elm Street”. I am a master at combining styles.

RAVIOLI: It sounds like you’re a master at writing garbage.

SCHNITZEL: That too.

RAVIOLI: So tell me about this latest film.

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QUICHE: You wanted a different take on “The Wizard of Oz.” So we decided Dorothy and Toto should meet other characters.

RAVIOLI: What other characters?

SCHNITZEL: I am so brilliant!

RAVIOLI: I don't want brilliant. I want cheap.

QUICHE: This is definitely cheap.

RAVIOLI: Any big name stars?

QUICHE: Of course not.

RAVIOLI: Okay. Let's see what you got.

QUICHE: *(To audience.)* Ravioli Productions presents “The Wizard of Weird.”

(RAVIOLI, QUICHE and SCHNITZEL sit on the front row in the audience. Lights dim. DOROTHY and TOTO enter right. DOROTHY wears a wig with pigtails and carries a small basket. TOTO wears dog ears. THEY cross center.)

DOROTHY: *(Alarmed.)* Oh, Toto! Where are we?

TOTO: You got me. I was sniffing around the house, and the next thing I knew WHAMO! We're sailing through the air. Then it felt like the house dropped right out of the sky. *(Looking offstage right.)* By the way, I think you're gonna need a new house.

DOROTHY: This doesn't look like Kansas!

TOTO: My favorite doggie toy was under the sofa ... or maybe it was under the recliner. I know it was in the bonus room, which if you'll notice is no longer attached to the house. I'm gonna need a new toy.

(FOUR GROUCHKINS enter right.)

GROUCHKIN 1: How rude!

GROUCHKIN 2: *(To GROUCHKIN 1.)* If anyone knows about rude it's you!

GROUCHKIN 3: *(To GROUCHKIN 2.)* He means you're rude! Can't you process a simple declarative sentence?

GROUCHKIN 4: *(To GROUCHKIN 3.)* Actually, that's more of an exclamatory statement than a simple declarative sentence. Don't you know the difference between simple declarative and exclamatory?

GROUCHKIN 3: *(To GROUCHKIN 4.)* Who asked you?

GROUCHKIN 4: You asked a question: “Can't you process a simple declarative sentence?” All I did was clarify the facts.

GROUCHKIN 1: Would you two knock it off? I want to know who did it and what they're going to do about it!

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GROUCHKIN 2: You really don't want an answer. You're just mouthing off because you're so grouchy.

GROUCHKIN 1: I'm grouchy? What about them?

GROUCHKIN 2: They're grouchy, too.

DOROTHY: Excuse me.

GROUCHKINS: (*Whiny.*) What?

DOROTHY: Is there a problem?

GROUCHKIN 1: I'll say there's a problem! I just planted daisies in the town square and someone dropped a house right on top of all my hard work!

DOROTHY: Oh dear. I'm afraid that's my house.

GROUCHKIN 2: Well, you did us all a favor. We hate daisies.

GROUCHKIN 3: The only reason he plants them is to irritate us.

TOTO: I'm okay with daisies ... or trees or light poles. Fire hydrants are good too.

DOROTHY: I'm really sorry my house landed on your daisies.

GROUCHKIN 4: Actually, the daisies are the least of your problems.

Your house landed on the Wicked Witch of the East.

GROUCHKIN 1: She's more like the Wicked Witch of the Southeast.

GROUCHKIN 2: She's northeast, not southeast!

DOROTHY: Who are you?

GROUCHKIN 3: We're Grouchkins.

GROUCHKIN 4: We're like Munchkins, only we're grouchy.

GROUCHKIN 1: Don't worry about the daisies. I really don't like them either.

GROUCHKIN 2: We're glad you smashed the Wicked Witch of Wherever-she's from.

GROUCHKIN 3: Yeah, thanks.

GROUCHKIN 4: If we weren't in such a bad mood we'd probably give you a big parade and do a song and dance number.

(THEY shake hands with DOROTHY. GLENDA enters left and crosses center. SHE carries a wand with a star on the end.)

GLENDA: Hi there. Are you a good witch?

TOTO: I'm a dog.

GLENDA: I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to the girl with the funny hair.

DOROTHY: Why, I'm not a witch at all. Witches are mean and ugly.

GLENDA: Not all witches are mean and ugly. I'm a witch.

TOTO: I think you just made her point.

GLENDA: (*To TOTO.*) I could turn you into a can of cat food, Fido!

TOTO: (*Meekly.*) Sorry.

DOROTHY: I'm not a witch at all. I'm Dorothy Gale from Kansas.

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GROUCHKIN 4: She smashed the Wicked Witch of the East with her house.

GROUCHKIN 1: We're gonna go celebrate.

GROUCHKIN 2: And plant some more flowers.

GROUCHKIN 3: And sit around and complain.

(THEY wave and exit. GLENDA crosses right and looks offstage.)

GLENDA: Your house squished a bad witch.

DOROTHY: We didn't mean to squish anyone!

TOTO: A house is really hard to navigate. It's like a hot air balloon, only without the hot air.

GLENDA: Unfortunately for you, the bad witch has a sister who is just as wicked as she was.

DOROTHY: But it was an accident!

GLENDA: The Wicked Witch is really gonna be ticked when she finds her sister flat as a pancake on a yellow brick griddle.

TOTO: What will she do?

GLENDA: My guess is revenge.

DOROTHY: Oh dear! What are we going to do, Toto?

TOTO: I'm going to look for a new owner.

(TOTO turns to exit. DOROTHY grabs his collar.)

DOROTHY: Oh no you don't!

TOTO: Help! Animal cruelty!

DOROTHY: I just want to go back to Kansas. And see my Aunt Em and Uncle Henry, and those jolly farm workers.

GLENDA: You and your pesky little dog should follow the yellow brick road to the Emerald City and meet the Wizard of Weird. If anyone can help you out, it's him. By the way, you're wearing the Wicked Witch's ruby slippers.

DOROTHY: I'm wearing green *(Or other color.)* Crocs. *(Or other popular shoes.)*

GLENDA: Hmm. I wonder what happened to those ruby slippers. Oh well. You'd better go to the Emerald City before the Wicked Witch finds you. Bye now. *(Exits left.)*

DOROTHY: Oh, Toto! Our house squished a wicked witch! We're really in trouble!

TOTO: What do you mean WE? I'm just a dog. I had nothing to do with it.

DOROTHY: Maybe this Wizard of Weird can help us get back home.

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TOTO: Dogs aren't capable of formulating cohesive speculations. We merely react to stimuli. There's no way I could be held accountable for a wanton act of witch smashing.

DOROTHY: This wizard must be a very powerful and intelligent man.

TOTO: Dogs are capable of affection, but this is due entirely to our co-dependence which is the result of the domestication of our species by humans.

DOROTHY: This will be a quest that tests our loyalty and friendship.

TOTO: Some of our species remain wild and undomesticated. Coyotes for example.

DOROTHY: I wonder who we'll meet along the yellow brick road? I hope some of the people are friendly.

TOTO: As a species we've done our share for humans. We've pulled sleds across the arctic tundra. We've rescued people trapped in collapsed buildings. We've been good and faithful companions.

DOROTHY: Toto, I wish you'd stop talking.

TOTO: That's right. Take out your frustrations and insecurities on a poor little dog.

DOROTHY: That's enough, Toto! Let's go see this wizard and get back to Kansas.

(THEY cross right. ROMEO enters right.)

ROMEO: But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

DOROTHY: Uh ... excuse me?

ROMEO: *(Kneels before DOROTHY.)* Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, who is already sick and pale with grief.

DOROTHY: Mister, you're kind of creeping me out.

ROMEO: *(Takes DOROTHY's hand.)* It is my lady, O, it is my love!

(DOROTHY pulls away horrified.)

DOROTHY: You sick-o! Bite him, Toto!

TOTO: I don't bite people. They don't taste all that great, plus when people get bitten dogs get put to sleep.

DOROTHY: *(To ROMEO.)* You're horrible!

ROMEO: *(Standing.)* But I thought you wanted to be my girlfriend.

DOROTHY: In your dreams, buster!

(ROMEO takes a pair of glasses from his pocket and puts them on.)

ROMEO: I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else. You haven't seen a girl *(Quickly.)* as glorious to this night as is a winged

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messenger of heaven unto the white-upturned wondering eyes of mortals that fall back to gaze on him when he bestrides the lazy puffing clouds and sails upon the bosom of the air ... have you?

DOROTHY: Mister, I don't know what you're talking about!

ROMEO: Sorry. My mistake.

(JULIET enters left and crosses to TOTO. SHE carries a flashlight.)

JULIET: O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

TOTO: Excuse me?

JULIET: My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.

TOTO: You seem to have me confused with someone else.

JULIET: Really? *(SHE shines the flashlight on TOTO.)* You're a dog!

TOTO: Bow-wow. Now would you get the light out of my eyes?

(SHE shines the light on DOROTHY.)

JULIET: Who are you?

DOROTHY: I'm Dorothy Gale from Kansas. Please don't shine the light in my eyes.

JULIET: Where is Romeo?

ROMEO: Over here, dear.

(SHE shines the light on ROMEO.)

JULIET: So, I confess my unerring love and devotion to you, a sworn enemy of my family, and as soon as I turn my back you go after a funny looking girl with bad hair and an ugly little dog!

DOROTHY / TOTO: *(Insulted.)* Bad hair? / Ugly little dog?

ROMEO: It's not my fault! I didn't have my glasses!

JULIET: Forget it, buster!

(SHE exits left. ROMEO follows her.)

ROMEO: Wait! Juliet! I'm nearsighted! *(Exits.)*

DOROTHY: That was kind of strange.

TOTO: And rather insulting.

DOROTHY: Let's find that wizard and get out of this place.

(DOROTHY and TOTO exit left. TWO POLICEMEN and WICKED WITCH enter right. POLICEMAN 2 is making notes in note pad.)

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WICKED WITCH: So you're saying my sister was squished by a flying house?

POLICEMAN 1: That's what our early investigation shows.

WICKED WITCH: Isn't that unusual?

POLICEMAN 1: I'd say it's unusual. *(To POLICEMAN 2.)* What'd you think?

POLICEMAN 2: It's unusual alright. Flying houses don't just fall out of the sky every day.

WICKED WITCH: Do you know who owns the house?

POLICEMAN 1: *(To POLICEMAN 2.)* Do we know who owns the house?

POLICEMAN 2: We haven't looked into that yet.

POLICEMAN 1: *(To WICKED WITCH.)* No.

WICKED WITCH: Do you know where the house came from?

POLICEMAN 1: *(To POLICEMAN 2.)* Do we know where the house came from?

POLICEMAN 2: It fell out of the sky.

POLICEMAN 1: *(To WICKED WITCH.)* That would be another negative.

WICKED WITCH: Do you have any idea why a house would be falling out of the sky in the first place?

POLICEMAN 1: *(To POLICEMAN 2.)* Any idea how the house got airborne?

POLICEMAN 2: Nope.

POLICEMAN 1: *(To WICKED WITCH.)* Uh ... that's another negative.

WICKED WITCH: My sister was wearing a lovely pair of ruby slippers which are now missing. Is there any chance you can locate those shoes? I'd like to get a hold of 'em ... I mean, keep them in the family.

POLICEMAN 1: *(To POLICEMAN 2.)* Know anything about ruby slippers?

POLICEMAN 1: Nope.

WICKED WITCH: You guys aren't very good policemen, are you?

POLICEMAN 1: *(To POLICEMAN 2.)* Are we good policemen?

POLICEMAN 2: Not really.

POLICEMAN 1: *(To WICKED WITCH.)* Looks like you got that one right, ma'am. We'll keep you posted as the investigation continues. *(To POLICEMAN 2.)* Is it time for a donut?

POLICEMAN 2: Yep.

(POLICEMEN quickly exit left.)

WICKED WITCH: Well, this is just great! My flying monkeys walked out on me ... actually they flew out ... and now my sister is squished by a flying a house. I could really use a little professional assistance here.

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(Exits right. GLENDA and the TWO POLICEMEN enter left. Each of the POLICEMEN are eating a donut and sipping on coffee.)

POLICEMAN 1: *(To POLICEMAN 2.)* What kind of donut did you get?

POLICEMAN 2: Chocolate glazed with sprinkles.

POLICEMAN 1: Oh, man! I wish I had one of those. I got a plain glazed.

POLICEMAN 2: The sprinkles make the donut.

GLENDA: Are you two listening to me?

POLICEMEN: *(Mouths full.)* Uh huh. *(Quickly chew.)*

POLICEMAN 1: Missing persons report.

GLENDA: A person and a dog.

(POLICEMAN 2 finishes donut, hands GLENDA coffee cup, takes note pad and pen from pocket and makes notes.)

POLICEMAN 2: Description of person.

GLENDA: Funny looking.

POLICEMAN 2: Description of dog.

GLENDA: Funny looking. And kind of a smart aleck.

POLICEMAN 2: The dog talks?

GLENDA: Is that unusual?

(POLICEMEN look at each other and shrug shoulders.)

POLICEMAN 1: I guess not.

GLENDA: They were supposed to have been in the Emerald City by now. I wonder where they could be. They must have taken the wrong fork in the road.

POLICEMAN 1: The wrong fork is out of our jurisdiction.

GLENDA: Why don't you go look for them?

POLICEMAN 1: We're not supposed to work outside of our district.

GLENDA: How would you like to be turned into a giant donut?

POLICEMAN 2: Okay. Let's go find the kid and the dog.

POLICEMAN 1: Can we stop at the donut shop first? I wanna get a donut with sprinkles.

POLICEMAN 2: *(To GLENDA.)* Would you like a donut, ma'am?

GLENDA: NO! Find the kid and the dog and make sure they get to the Emerald City!

POLICEMEN: Okay.

(POLICEMEN exit left. GLENDA exits left. WICKED WITCH enters right. SHE carries a broom and dials on a cell phone. MISS PISH enters left and sits at the desk.)

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PISH: Acme Employment Agency. Miss Pish speaking. How may I help you?

WICKED WITCH: I used your agency last week and ... well ... it just isn't working out.

PISH: Your name please?

WICKED WITCH: West. W.W. West.

(PISH looks through folders.)

PISH: Is that Walter W. West?

WICKED WITCH: No.

PISH: William W. West?

WICKED WITCH: No.

PISH: Wanda W. West?

WICKED WITCH: I use my initials. W.W.

PISH: Here is it. Wild Wild West.

WICKED WITCH: It's Wicked Witch of the West!

PISH: Oh, I remember you. Black hat. Green skin. You were looking for flying monkeys.

WICKED WITCH: I asked your agency for an army of something scary.

PISH: And I told you flying monkeys don't just fall out of trees. I guess they could fly out of trees.

WICKED WITCH: I am a witch and I need to frighten people, especially Grouchkins.

PISH: It looks like we sent you a couple of guys named Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. So what's wrong with them?

WICKED WITCH: Where to begin? For one thing, I can't understand what they're saying.

(ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN enter right and stand on either side of WICKED WITCH.)

ROSENCRANTZ: By the sovereign power you have us, put your dread pleasures more into command than to entreaty.

GUILDENSTERN: But we both obey, and here give up ourselves in the full bent to lay our service freely at your feet, to be commanded.

(THEY kneel.)

WICKED WITCH: *(To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.)* Would you two knock it off! *(On phone.)* They're just too weird. I'm not having a good day. A house fell on my sister and she had this pair of ruby slippers I really wanted, but they ended up on the feet of a girl with bad hair and a talking dog.

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PISH: (*Aside.*) And you think Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are weird.

(*On phone.*) You said you're a witch, right?

WICKED WITCH: Yes.

PISH: Why don't you cast a spell on them and make them what you want?

WICKED WITCH: Why should I use up a perfectly good spell? I paid you for something scary! These guys are about as scary as a diet soda!

PISH: Look, Miss West. Or should I call you Wicked Old Green-Faced Hag?

WICKED WITCH: (*Annoyed.*) Miss West will be fine.

PISH: You really should give them a chance. Try a spell or two. If it doesn't work we'll send over somebody else. (*SHE hangs up the phone.*) Time for a donut. (*Exits left.*)

WICKED WITCH: She hung up on me!

(*ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN stand.*)

ROSENCRANTZ: Dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

GUILDENSTERN: O, there has been much throwing about of brains!

WICKED WITCH: Stop it! You're driving me crazy!

(*DOROTHY and TOTO enter left and freeze.*)

There you are! Give me those ruby slippers!

DOROTHY: They're green crocs!

WICKED WITCH: (*To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*) Bring me those shoes!

ROSENCRANTZ: Good madame, vouchsafe me a word with you.

GUILDENSTERN: If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer. If not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

WICKED WITCH: Would you speak so I can understand what you're saying!

ROSENCRANTZ: We don't like other people's shoes.

(*BOTH turn and quickly exit right.*)

WICKED WITCH: (*To DOROTHY.*) I'll get you and your little dog, too!

(*Aside.*) This never happened when I had those flying monkeys.

(*Exits right.*)

TOTO: Did she say "and your little dog, too?"

DOROTHY: Oh, Toto! She's really scary!

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TOTO: Was there something about flying monkeys? What kind of place is this?

(NICK BOTTOM enters right and crosses to DOROTHY and TOTO. HE wears donkey ears.)

NICK: *(In character.)* The raging rocks and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates ... *(To DOROTHY.)* Excuse me. Would you happen to know where I could find a few oats and maybe someone to kick?

DOROTHY: It's a talking donkey!

NICK: Actually, I'm an actor.

TOTO: Same difference.

NICK: Watch it! My name is Nick Bottom. My friends and I were in the forest rehearsing a drama for the wedding of the Duke of Athens. I took a little nap, woke up and voila! I'm a donkey. How weird is that? If I only had half a brain maybe I could figure this thing out. *(To TOTO.)* Say, could you scratch my back? I'm really itchy.

(TOTO scratches NICK's back.)

TOTO: I know what you mean. Sometimes I get so itchy I just have to roll in stuff.

(NICK sighs and hee-haws.)

DOROTHY: If you travel with us to the Emerald City, maybe the wizard can give you a new brain. It's obvious you aren't very smart.

NICK: *(Insulted.)* It was just an expression!

TOTO: What kind of drama are you rehearsing?

NICK: It's called "Pyramus and Thisbe," a tale of true love. My friend Frances Flute is playing Thisbe. Snug, the carpenter, is a hungry lion. Tom Snout, the tinker, is a wall. And Robin Starveling, the tailor, is Moonshine.

TOTO: *(Sarcastic.)* Sounds like a dream.

NICK: Now that you mention it, I WAS dreaming. I was dreaming about a beautiful princess named Titania, and I think she liked me. What are you two doing out in the forest on a midsummer night like this?

DOROTHY: Actually, this is a yellow brick road, and it's day time.

NICK: Hmm. I'm definitely experiencing some dizziness. And a desire to be stubborn.

DOROTHY: I still think you could use a brain. Why don't you travel with us to the Emerald City?

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NICK: Okay. I could probably pick up some oats. And maybe I'll run into those sorry actors who left me out in the woods.

(THEY cross center. CALIBAN enters right wearing a cape. HE's hunched over and walks with a limp.)

CALIBAN: As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed with raven's feather from unwholesome fen drop on you all!

TOTO: What an unpleasant little person.

DOROTHY: Who are you?

CALIBAN: Who wants to know?

DOROTHY: I do. I'm Dorothy. This is my little dog, Toto, and our friend, Nick. What's your name?

CALIBAN: Caliban. And I can't do anything right! I'm savage, I'm deformed and I hack people off. And I'm really angry!

DOROTHY: Why are you so angry?

CALIBAN: There was this girl, Miranda, and I really liked her. But she thought I was trash and ... well ... she's right. Then there's the whole thing about Prospero. He's my boss, and he cooked up a really big storm.

NICK: Storm?

CALIBAN: He called it "The Tempest." Big deal. It was a little wind, a little rain ... and some rather large waves that sent a ship crashing to shore. Prospero makes me work for really low wages. I can't stand him! Then there's the whole thing with my mother. She was a witch.

DOROTHY: A wicked witch?

CALIBAN: Well ... she wasn't very nice. But neither am I! I don't like people ... or yappy little dogs!

DOROTHY: I bet he'd be a lot happier if you had a heart.

TOTO: Or you just avoided people ... and dogs.

CALIBAN: A heart? You think I'd be happy if I had a heart?

DOROTHY: Yes. Happiness comes from the heart. And it's obvious you're not a very happy little ... uh ...

TOTO: Troll?

NICK: Evil spirit?

TOTO: Ugly little man?

NICK: Foul tempered monster?

CALIBAN: Alright! Enough already! How do I get one of these heart things?

DOROTHY: We're on our way to see the Wizard of Weird. He's going to give Nick a brain and get Toto and me back to Kansas. He should be able to manage a heart for you.

TOTO: And maybe a new wardrobe.

NICK: And some cosmetic surgery.

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CALIBAN: Okay. Let's go. And if he can't help me I'll grind his bones to dust, peel the skin from his feet, remove his fingernails one at a time ... and then I'll really hurt him!

DOROTHY: You need to be nice!

CALIBAN: Uh ... I'll try.

(THEY cross right. HAMLET enters right, walking backwards, cowering.)

HAMLET: To be, or not to be: that IS the question ... isn't it? *(HE walks into CALIBAN.)*

CALIBAN: Watch it, Bozo!

(HAMLET screams. ALL jump.)

HAMLET: Don't hurt me! Please! I'll give you anything you want!

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