

*times, but second-guesses himself. Eventually, The QUEEN re-enters and interrupts him.*

QUEEN: Must I do everything myself? Just say: Once, in a world much older than this one, where magic still existed and true love conquered all, there lived a beautiful and slightly misunderstood QUEEN.

MIRROR: Umm-I don't think that's how the story goes, your highness.

QUEEN: Fine! There lived a beautiful and slightly conflicted Queen.

MIRROR: Not that way either, your highness.

QUEEN: A beautiful and mistreated Queen?

MIRROR: Nope.

QUEEN: A beautiful and misguided Queen?

MIRROR: I don't think so.

QUEEN: Fine! Fine! I thought we might try re-telling it from my point of view, but no! That's way too much to ask. I just want it stated that I am the victim here! You hear me!

MIRROR: Yes, Your Majesty.

QUEEN: Well, get on with it, then! And no more stalling or else!

MIRROR: Yes, Your Majesty.

*The QUEEN exits again.*

MIRROR: Once upon a time, in a world much older than this one, where magic still existed and true love conquered all, there lived a Queen, and although she was very beautiful she was also vain and spiteful, and her ambition for power was matched by no other.

Every day the Queen would enter her chamber and immediately go to her favorite object. A priceless, bejeweled, gold magic

FUNGI: If a mushroom talks in the woods and no one is there to hear him, did he speak?

FUNGAL: Whoa dude!

FUNGI: Right, dude?

FUNGAL: dude.

FUNGI: dude.

### **Scene 7 – Lost in the Wilderness 2.0**

*FLAPPER and SNOW re-enter the scene. FLAPPER is visibly tired.*

FLAPPER: *(Whining)* Snow. Snow we've been walking in the woods for days!

SNOW: It's been like 2 minutes. Literally, we walked from there to here.

*SNOW points from one part of the stage to another.*

FLAPPER: *(Still Whining)* Well, it feels like FOREVER!!! Look at me, I'm wasting away. And my feathers! Look they're practically molting.

SNOW: I think you're over-reacting just a little bit—

FLAPPER: Well, maybe I am, but can we please get out of the woods, I'm dying for some good birdseed and a warm bubble bird-bath. Which way?

SNOW: This way. No wait, I think we already went this way. It's this way. No...that tree looks familiar. This way? Maybe?

FLAPPER: Maybe? Maybe! As in you're not sure? As in you don't know the answer as in- WE'RE LOST! *(Crying)* We're lost!!! Lost! We're going to die out here, in the woods, alone, forsaken with no