

PRODUCTION SCRIPT

# Your Worst **Kn**ightmare



*A CHAMELEONS MURDER MYSTERY*

by **Jim Christian**



Bucksport, Maine

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## **YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE**

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THE CHARACTERS (6M 4F)

**Queen Lavinia of Postlethwaite** -- elegant, gracious, the very picture of good breeding and refinement

**Princess Flicka, The Fair** -- demure, loving, all that is meant by “princess”

**Dortnelia of Quagmire Bog** -- eccentric hermit who resents the aristocracy

**Bobshot, The Jester** -- jolly, light-hearted court favorite with a nimble wit

**Jabberwacky, The Jester(ette)** -- Bobshot’s talkative sidekick and partner in revelry

**Sir Rogaine The Loyal of Altrusia** -- the epitome of virtue, trust and devotion

**Sir Leviathan The Mighty of Brawn** -- powerful knight, aggressive, purposeful, keen

**Sir Skiddlanthrepus The Loquacious of Windsock** -- romantic knight, filled with poetry and adoration

**Sir Mensa The Sagacious of Hightower** -- brilliant, insightful and quick

SETTING: The Grand Hall of the Castle Perfidious

OCCASION: The Engagement Banquet of Princess Flicka and Sir Rogaine

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**Characters: 6m 4w Synopsis:** The announcement of the betrothal of the crown princess to a loyal knight takes a deadly turn when rival suitors and sorcery arrive uninvited. Soon, everyone is under an evil spell and no one seems to be able to offer a way out. **(ORDER #3098)**

**THE SECRET CLUE --**

Copies of the **Royal Hedge Maze** (found at the back of the script) should be duplicated and handed out to each audience member. There are two copies of the maze -- one empty and one solved.

## 1 -- COCKTAILS

*(The Throne Room of The Castle Perfidious. A celebration is underway to honor the betrothal of Princess FLICKA and Sir ROGAINE. An air of jollity prevails due in large part to the antics of BOBSHOT & JABBERWACKY, jesters to Queen LAVINIA. Milling among the guests are four sinister characters, all robed and hooded. At length, a fanfare sounds as LAVINIA and FLICKA take their places at the thrones with ROGAINE in attendance. BOBSHOT and JABBERWACKY address the crowd.)*

**BOBSHOT:** *(in declamatory style)* Hear Ye, Hear Ye!

**JABBERWACKY:** *(echoing)* Hear Ye! Hear Ye

**BOBSHOT:** Attention one and all!

**JABBERWACKY:** Attention one and all!

**BOBSHOT:** Devoted subjects of Queen Lavinia of Postlethwaite!

**JABBERWACKY:** All of you wacky Postlethwaiters ...

**BOBSHOT:** And Postlethwaitresses!

**BOBSHOT & JABBERWACKY:** *(in a take toward each other)* Hah!

**BOBSHOT:** We are pleased ...

**JABBERWACKY:** As punch ...

**BOBSHOT:** To welcome you ...

**JABBERWACKY:** And yours ...

**BOBSHOT:** On this magnificent ...

**JABBERWACKY:** and pretentious...

**BOBSHOT:** Occasion ...

**BOBSHOT & JABBERWACKY:** *(with well-rehearsed staging)* The one ... the only ... Royal Betrothal Fete -- that's an engagement party to you lesser forms -- of Princess Flicka the Fair of Postlethwaite ... and Sir Rogaine the Loyal of Altrusia!!!

*(FANFARE as they pump up the audience into a frenzy of cheers.)*

**LAVINIA:** *(rising to address the crowd after the fanfare has sounded once again)* Thank you! Thank you! Thank you, beloved subjects! Thanks to you, good Bobshot.

*(BOBSHOT responds with a flourishing bow.)*

and thanks to you as well, dear Jabberwacky

*(JABBERWACKY responds with her own flourish.)*

What joy is in my heart on this day! My sweet, precious Flicka

*(FLICKA nods in deference to the crowd.)*

**BOBSHOT & JABBERWACKY:** Flicka ... Flicka ... Flicka ... Flicka ...

**LAVINIA:** *(Raising her hands to the subdue the revelry)* ... has found a man worthy of her hand ... Sir Rogaine the Loyal of Altrusia!

*(ROGAINE bows respectfully)*

**BOBSHOT:** *(splitting the crowd with JABBERWACKY)* Rogaine ...

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**JABBERWACKY:** *(pumping up her half of the crowd)* Flicka ...

**BOBSHOT:** Rogaine ...

**JABBERWACKY:** Flicka ...

*(They continue until a fevered pitch has been reached.)*

**FLICKA:** *(finally rising to accept the audience's praise ... she quiets them with a gesture)* My dear, sweet subjects! How favored I feel to be standing before you ...

*(Reaching for ROGAINE who steps forward to join her.)*

... hand in hand with the man I love ...

*(ROGAINE glances down in modesty.)*

... a man so good, so virtuous, so loving ...

**ROGAINE:** *(with simplicity)* Please ... offer no unwarranted praise in my behalf ... for it is you and you alone who are worthy of such tribute. It is beyond my wildest dreams to find that your favor has fallen upon me ...

**FLICKA:** Oh, Rogaine ...

**ROGAINE:** *(with a "don't speak" gesture)* Please ... suffice it to say that you are my very life and I am yours until the day I die.

*(FLICKA melts in adoration.)*

**FLICKA:** *(as he kneels and kisses her hands)* Oh, Rogaine, my love!

**LAVINIA:** *(bursting with pride)* My children! Bobshot! Jabberwacky! On with the festivities!

**BOBSHOT:** You want it? You got it!

**JABBERWACKY:** You want it? You...

*(BOBSHOT pulls her away before she can finish. MUSIC begins as BOBSHOT & JABBERWACKY prepare for what is obviously going to be an Olympian display of gymnastic skill.)*

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** *(flinging off his cloak and emerging from the crowd)* WAIT !!!!!!!!

*(He bounds to the stage.)*

Stop the music!

*(MUSIC stops as BOBSHOT & JABBERWACKY freeze in a particularly goofy pose.)*

I will not stand idly by while this charlatan heaps praise upon one who is worthy of deification!

**FLICKA:** *(obviously taken by such a display)* Oh, Skiddlanthrepus!

**ROGAINE:** *(thrown by FLICKA's response to the intruder)* What?

**LAVINIA:** *(taking absolute control)* Just a moment!

*(To SKIDDLANTHREPUS.)*

Whomever you may be, the rules of taste, good breeding and decorum MUST be observed and no one enters my castle without the proper amenities and introduction. Bobshot?!!

**BOBSHOT:** *(signaling the musicians)* Hit it, Tiny!

*(The FANFARE sounds once again as SKIDDLANTHREPUS bides his time impatiently)*

**LAVINIA:** *(as the music ends, she gestures toward SKIDDLANTHREPUS)* Now -- you may proceed ...

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** I am Sir Skiddlanthrepus the Loquacious of Windsock! From the very first moment in which my gaze fell upon this quintessence of resplendence, I have been enraptured by her grace, her delicacy, her rectitude ...

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**ROGAINE:** Now just wait a minute! No one talks about my fiancé like that!

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** I was speaking of her virtue!

**ROGAINE:** *(sheepishly)* Oh ...

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** And it should be apparent that you aren't fit to putrefy the air around her, let alone lay claim to her bridal bower.

**LAVINIA:** *(obviously impressed by his command of the language)* Just who are you?

**FLICKA:** Oh, mother ... this is the gentleman I told you of meeting on my travels through Lesser Thesauda last year.

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** And since that time, I have carried your visage in my bosom ... pondering ... ruminating ... reveling in your pulchritude!

**ROGAINE:** That tears it! Your language is vile!

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** She deserves to be exalted in expressions worthy of her resplendence.

**ROGAINE:** You're nothing but hot air!

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** *(showing off)* And you wouldn't know magniloquence if it was gnawing at your nether regions!

**ROGAINE:** I won't allow you to come in here and underline my marriage

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** The proper word is "undermine"!

**ROGAINE:** Actions speak louder than words!

**LEVIATHAN:** *(flinging off his robe and brandishing a weapon)* They certainly do!

**JABBERWACKY:** *(screaming and leaping into BOBSHOT's arms)* Aaiieeeee!!!!!!!

**FLICKA:** Leviathan!

**LEVIATHAN:** *(with intensity)* Flicka!

**FLICKA:** What are you doing here?

**LAVINIA:** Wait! Aren't you forgetting? The rules of taste, good breeding and decorum **MUST** be observed and no one enters my castle without the proper amenities and introduction. Bobshot!

**BOBSHOT:** Yes, your majesty. Tiny!

*(Once again the FANFARE plays as LEVIATHAN ascends the stage.)*

**LEVIATHAN:** I am Sir Leviathan the Mighty of Brawn!

**LAVINIA:** *(admiringly)* You certainly are ...

**FLICKA:** Mother ... you remember Leviathan ... from across the river and down three castles ...

**LAVINIA:** Of course I do.

**LEVIATHAN:** *(bowing to Lavinia)* Your Majesty ... I have come here today to offer myself to Princess Flicka...

*(Kneeling)*

... to be what a lady's husband should truly be ... her knight, her protector, her champion.

**ROGAINE:** And you're saying I'm not?

**LEVIATHAN:** Silence, weakling! I alone am fit to stand as her sentinel, guarding and defending her throughout her life.

**ROGAINE:** And how do you justify that?

**FLICKA:** Well ... he single-handedly slaughtered over a hundred raging Korvlatzians during a midnight siege

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on his fortress.

*(LEVIATHAN strikes an arrogant posture.)*

**ROGAINE:** *(obviously impressed)* So?

**LEVIATHAN:** So the point is ... she must have a husband who can fend off the evils of the world.

**FLICKA:** True!

**ROGAINE:** She needs a man who is honorable.

**FLICKA:** Yes!

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** She needs a lover!

**FLICKA:** Oh!

**MENSA:** *(flinging off his robe)* She needs ...

*(All heads turn)*

... a King!

**FLICKA:** Sir Mensa!

*(ROGAINE, SKIDDLANTHREPUS and ROGAINE exchange glances.)*

**LAVINIA:** Hold! The rules of taste ...

**BOBSHOT:** *(instinctively)* Tiny!!!

*(FANFARE)*

**MENSA:** *(moves to the stage and kneels before LAVINIA)* Your Royal Highness ... I am Sir Mensa the Sagacious of Hightower. I have listened with great interest to the pompousness of these three knaves ...

**ROGAINE:** *(as LEVIATHAN brandishes his weapon)* What?

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** Insouciant scoundrel.

**MENSA:** Please ... the word you want in "insolent".

*(SKIDDLANTHREPUS is stunned and embarrassed.)*

If I may continue ... all of the bravado, devotion and passion in the world pales in comparison to what I could offer to the Princess.

*(They all look at him expectantly.)*

Genius.

*(BOBSHOT, JABBERWACKY and the KNIGHTS all scoff with derision.)*

Please, hear me out. A Queen's consort must be able to counsel, advise and assist in anticipating her enemies' every moves.

**LEVIATHAN:** But what if the situation calls for action and combat?

**MENSA:** *(completing the phrase with him)* ... situation calls for action and combat?

**ROGAINE:** She needs a man she can trust implicitly!

**MENSA:** *(doing the same to ROGAINE)* ... a man she can trust implicitly. See what I mean?

**LAVINIA:** *(aside to FLICKA)* He is good.

*(FLICKA nods.)*

**MENSA:** Who could possibly be better suited for Princess Flicka?

**DORTNELIA:** *(flinging off her robes)* I'll tell you!

*(TINY" immediately starts the FANFARE as the other characters look at one another aghast.)*

**LAVINIA:** (*madly signaling for "TINY" to turn off the music*) No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, NO!

**BOBSHOT:** (*after the music has ended*) It's Dortnelia!

**JABBERWACKY:** Of Quagmire Bog!

(*BOBSHOT & JABBERWACKY do an open-mouthed take to one another.*)

**LAVINIA:** What do you want here?

**BOBSHOT:** I hope she isn't hoping for a shot at the Princess, too!

(*BOBSHOT & JABBERWACKY do a contorted physical take*)

**DORTNELIA:** (*dramatically*) I have traveled over moor and fen, through darksome glen,

To find the one, so cruel but fair, of golden hair,

That bears the shame of heartless deed, whose heedless speed

Defiled my frock of fine brocade, by fingers made,

All gnarled and bent by years of toil, and heinous soil

Hath fouled the hem which ...

**LEVIATHAN:** Silence, hag! What means this prattle?

**DORTNELIA:** (*pouting and pointing at FLICKA*) This little brat's carriage splashed mud on my favorite dress.

**LAVINIA:** (*indignant*) Oh, really!

**DORTNELIA:** And I want her to buy me a new one!

**ROGAINE:** (*with a "casting out" gesture*) Be gone, harpy!

**DORTNELIA:** No!

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** Hie thee apace, thou odious, caterwauling harridan!

**DORTNELIA:** Not until she apologizes and gets me a new dress! She ruined this one.

**MENSA:** Let me remind you that you live in a swamp and spend your days rolling crazily in the muck and slime! Under the circumstances, a few blobs of mud hardly constitute this ludicrous display.

**FLICKA:** (*pleading*) Rogaine, please get her out of here!

**ROGAINE:** (*going after Dortnelia*) Absolutely, my darling!

**LEVIATHAN:** (*also moving on Dortnelia*) Leave her to me, Princess!

**DORTNELIA:** (*backing away*) Don't touch me!

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** (*joining the attack*) Allow me to assist!

**MENSA:** (*without moving*) She's going to head for those doors.

**DORTNELIA:** (*leading them on a merry chase*) You'll never stop me!

**LAVINIA:** Bobshot! Jabberwacky! Do something!

(*BOBSHOT & JABBERWACKY look at one another and spontaneously break into a dance routine.*)

**DORTNELIA:** (*after being chased toward the front of the room*) Stop!!! If anyone comes one step closer, I'll cast a spell that will destroy you all!

(*After a "so what?" take, the four KNIGHTS advance on her.*)

Wait!

(*With grand gestures*)

"Parapet and ceiling tall!

Break asunder! Crush them all!



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*(Silence)*

**LAVINIA:** *(drily)* You really don't expect us to be afraid, do you?

**FLICKA:** Everyone knows you're nothing but a loony old crackpot who lives in the woods!

**DORTNELIA:** I am a witch!

**MENSA:** I think you should check your spelling on that!

**DORTNELIA:** A great and powerful enchantress!

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** More like a delusionary lunatic!

**BOBSHOT:** *(mocking)* Dortnelia, Sorceress of Swill Boo-oo-oo-oo!

*(He mimes casting a spell over JABBERWACKY who stiffens and falls into his arms -- then bursts into raucous laughter)*

**ROGAINE:** Now leave this place and let us get on with our feast!

**DORTNELIA:** I'll give you something to "feast" upon!

**BOBSHOT & JABBERWACKY:** *(rubbing their hands together)* Mmmmmmm!

**DORTNELIA:** *(incanting)* "Those with word and hate so free -

What they were, they ne'er shall be

And their hour of dread has come -

For what they're not, they shall become.

*(Silence)*

**LAVINIA:** *(lightly)* Dortnelia ?

*(DORTNELIA looks at her.)*

Let's be going, shall we?

**DORTNELIA:** *(beginning to wander off, beleaguered)* But ... I thought that one would work for sure ...

**LEVIATHAN:** Guess again.

**DORTNELIA:** The spellbook said, "Guaranteed" ...

**BOBSHOT:** Shut the door on your way out!

**JABBERWACKY:** It's been fun!

**DORTNELIA:** *(turning back hopefully)* Maybe I could try it just once more ...

**ROGAINE:** Go!!!!!!!

*(DORTNELIA sighs and continues off.)*

**FLICKA:** I'm glad that's over.

**ROGAINE:** Do not fret, my love. You're perfectly safe.

**MENSA:** Yes. Remember, Princess Flicka ... there is no power in heaven or earth which could make all the words she has spoken come true.

*(SFX: A resounding thunderclap and eerie music permeate the room.)*

**DORTNELIA:** *(wheeling around)* AHA! ... It worked! ... I did it!

**BOBSHOT:** *(dourly)* Don't be ridiculous. That was just thunder.

*(JABBERWACKY attempts to say "yeah" but nothing comes out ... she looks quizzically at BOBSHOT and keeps trying to say "yeah".)*

**LAVINIA:** *(gracelessly)* I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm starvin', Marvin ...

*(Exits through the curtains)*

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**ROGAINE:** (*prissily*) Yes! I suppose I should keep up my strength.  
(*He tosses his hair and goes.*)

**FLICKA:** (*crankily*) Hey! What about me?  
(*Storming after them.*)

**LEVIATHAN:** (*warily*) Did you see that?

**MENSA:** Uh-huh.

**LEVIATHAN:** Something has indeed overcome the royal family.  
(*Glances at Dortnelia who smiles smugly.*)

**BOBSHOT:** Like it matters.  
(*He goes -- JABBERWACKY follows gesturing madly in silence.*)

**MENSA:** Oh, look Charades!  
(*He hurries after them*)

**LEVIATHAN:** Skiddlanthrepus -- do you realize what's happening?

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** I sh-sh-sh-sure d-d-d-d-do.  
(*A look of horror spreads over his face*)

**LEVIATHAN:** (*wheeling on DORTNELIA and attempting to fling an accusatory gesture, but his arms hang limply at his sides*) You did this! I demand that you ... you ...  
(*With a burst of dire realization*)

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** C-c-c-c-c-come on.  
(*He takes LEVIATHAN by one of his dangling hands and leads him off.*)

**LEVIATHAN:** (*over his shoulder as he is taken away*) You ... you ... WITCH!!!  
(*They leave.*)

**DORTNELIA:** (*to the crowd*) Hee-hee-hee-hee-hee! Did you hear that? He called me a "witch". A witch!!!  
(*She moves near the are where they have exited.*)

In all of my years living with spiders and newts and rat droppings it has finally come true! I am all-powerful!!! No more bowing and scraping! No more living in squalor! The reign of Dortnelia the Magnificent has begun!!!! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!!!!!!

(*A sinister figure in black robe and gloves reaches through the curtains, slips a scarf around DORTNELIA's neck and strangles her until she slumps dead to the ground ... the figure then drags her off through the curtains.*)

**BOBSHOT:** (*emerging with JABBERWACKY from another part of the curtains after a moment, he speaks without enthusiasm*) Hear Ye, Hear Ye ... go have dinner.  
(*He goes as JABBERWACKY remains hurling frantic signals for people to stand up, go to the buffet and eat.*)

## 2 -- DINNER

**Throughout dinner the effects of Dortnelia's spell are readily manifest as follows:**

1. Lavinia has turned into a crass, graceless slob with no sense of the occasion.
2. Flicka has become a total fishwife -- nagging, complaining, intolerant.
3. Rogaine is completely self-absorbed ... primping and preening endlessly.
4. Skiddlanthrepus is incapable of uttering even the simplest phrase without stuttering.
5. Leviathan's arms hang limp, leaving him totally ineffectual and frustrated.
6. Mensa has been reduced to a docile simpleton -- distracted and slow on the uptake.
7. Bobshot has lost all humor and responds to everything with deadpan dullness.
8. Jabberwacky is totally mute ... having to rely on pantomime for what she wants.

**As Dortnelia's death is reported, the reactions are as follows:**

1. Lavinia shrugs it off and goes on with her own agenda
2. Flicka turns it into a matter of personal martyrdom
3. Rogaine -- immediately turns the topic to himself whenever it is mentioned
4. Skiddlanthrepus -- tries to discuss it and gives up in frustration
5. Leviathan -- at first, expresses disbelief ... then leads the investigation
6. Mensa -- listens intently, then answers with non sequitur
7. Bobshot -- discusses it clinically and offers no impulse toward dealing with it
8. Jabberwacky -- reacts dramatically and tries to motivate Bobshot to action

**Also, a package is delivered to Rogaine during dinner, containing a decorative snuffbox.**

## 3 -- After Dinner

*(At length, LEVIATHAN gains the audience's attention and attempts to proceed.)*

**LEVIATHAN:** (trying without success to gain the audience's attention) Listen, everyone ... excuse me ... I wanted to ... hello?

*(Seeing JABBERWACKY.)*

You ...

*(JABBERWACKY gestures toward herself a la "who me?")*

Yes, you. Come here.

*(She does and, after LEVIATHAN whispers something into her ear, she gives him the "okay" signal and raises his arm to silence the crowd.)*

May I have your attention? Thank you.

*(Throughout this speech, JABBERWACKY provides gestures for LEVIATHAN becoming more and more creative and less appropriate to what he is saying.)*

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A great tragedy has befallen this castle. It is all too apparent that we have fallen under the curse of this evil woman who some say may be dead. If this rumor is false, then we must find the woman and force her to reverse the spell. If, on the other hand, she truly has been killed, then it is up to us to figure out a way to overcome this affliction, for surely we cannot live out our days under such dire conditions. We must rally our forces and ...

*(He slowly has become aware of the clowning that JABBERWACKY is performing at his expense.)*

Would you stop that?!!! Thank you. Now, where was I?

**MENSA:** Up there.

**LEVIATHAN:** I mean, what was I saying?

**MENSA:** Some words.

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** D-d-d-don't you s-s-s-see? We've all b-b-be-c-c-come wh-wh-what we're n-n-n-n-not.

**FLICKA:** Do you realize just how annoying that is? I'm supposed to be having my engagement party and all of you losers come in and wreck it!!!! Thanks a big fat ole hairy bunch!

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** S-s-s-see?

**LEVIATHAN:** I fear you're right. I, the mightiest warrior in creation, have lost the use of my legendary arms. You have lost your gift of speech. Princess Flicka has lost the sweetness and gentility which has won all of our hearts.

**FLICKA:** What kind of a crack is that? And where do you get off telling me I'M NOT SWEET!

**MENSA:** *(raising his hand)* Do we get cookies?

**LAVINIA:** Get 'em yourself.

**LEVIATHAN:** Do you hear this? Sir Mensa's brilliant mind and Queen Lavinia's hospitality and benevolence have also been eradicated.

**BOBSHOT:** Yeah, and Jabberwacky's a mute and this is all boring the kibble right out of me -- what's your point?

**LEVIATHAN:** That unless we are able to break this spell, each of us is doomed to a life of squalor and frustration.

**ROGAINE:** Why should I be concerned? I look fabulous.

**LEVIATHAN:** But you've lost your humility, selflessness and devotion.

**ROGAINE:** *(after a moment's consideration)* Small price to pay.

*(He goes back to primping)*

**LAVINIA:** So what you're telling us is that we all need to change back to what we were.

**LEVIATHAN:** Yes.

**LAVINIA:** And we've all got to get busy and help out?

**LEVIATHAN:** Exactly.

**LAVINIA:** Fine. As soon as I finish this *(piece of cake)* I'll be right with you.

**LEVIATHAN:** *(in frustration)* Arrrggghhh !

**FLICKA:** I hope that you're not expecting ME to get involved with this. After all, this is MY engagement, MY party, and I've already got a million things to worry about. What with the invitations, the flowers, my gown,

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the butter mints, and don't even get me started on thank you notes ...

**MENSA:** *(moving to LEVIATHAN's side)* Hey, don't worry we're gonna be fine ... all we have to do is ... is get ... boy, there's a lot of people here.

**LEVIATHAN:** *(trying to maintain his composure)* Bobshot ! Jabberwacky ! Skiddlanthrepus!  
*(They assemble as Mensa joins the huddle.)*

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** Y-y-y-y -- what?

**LEVIATHAN:** This is worse than I thought. The others have been effected emotionally and intellectually and are completely useless in assisting us with our plight.

**MENSA:** Great!

**LEVIATHAN:** No ... not great.

**MENSA:** *(cheerily)* Okay.

**LEVIATHAN:** First things first. We must find out whether or not that woman ... uh, what's her name?

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** D-d-d-d-d-d-d ...

*(Meanwhile, JABBERWACKY tries to act out "Dortnelia" charades-style)*

**LEVIATHAN:** Whatever. Anyway, we must find out whether or not she's really dead. Spread out and look for any traces of what might have happened to her.

**MENSA:** Right!

*(JABBERWACKY immediately begins searching behind the curtains as MENSA and SKIDDLANTHREPUS head off in other directions. BOBSHOT sits in one of the thrones and glances half-heartedly around. LEVIATHAN attempts to search various places, but is frustrated by his inability to open or lift things. LAVINIA crosses and sits in the other throne.)*

**LAVINIA:** *(to BOBSHOT)* What's up?

**BOBSHOT:** Looking for a body.

**LAVINIA:** The Witch?

**BOBSHOT:** Yup.

**LAVINIA:** Any luck?

**BOBSHOT:** Nope.

*(Meanwhile, JABBERWACKY has located DORTNELIA and is attempting to drag her from behind the curtains, but to no avail.)*

**LAVINIA:** Did you try the chicken? *(Or whatever the main dish is.)*

**BOBSHOT:** Yup.

**LAVINIA:** Pretty good.

**BOBSHOT:** Yup.

*(Finally, JABBERWACKY runs in front of BOBSHOT and LAVINIA and pantomimes that she has found the body.)*

**BOBSHOT:** Hey!

*(All stop in their searches and turn to BOBSHOT)*

Body!

*(They all rush to the stage as SKIDDLANTHREPUS drags DORTNELIA into view --*

**Your Worst Nightmare** *A CHAMELEONS MURDER MYSTERY* by Jim Christian

*SKIDDLANTHREPUS, MENSA, LEVIATHAN and JABBERWACKY examine the body.)*

**LAVINIA:** *(from her throne)* Yeah ... that's her all right.

**BOBSHOT:** *(from his throne)* Dead?

**LAVINIA:** *(after JABBERWACKY mimes opening a door and biting her nails)* As a doornail.

**BOBSHOT:** Oh.

**LEVIATHAN:** Now what do we do? Without her alive to break the spell, we're doomed!

**BOBSHOT:** Swell.

**FLICKA:** Who invited her anyway? That was a stupid idea.

**ROGAINE:** No one invited her.

**FLICKA:** *(turning on him)* Oh! So now you're saying it's my fault because she wasn't invited. Is that it?

**ROGAINE:** Could you yell in that direction, please. You're mussing my hair.

**FLICKA:** I hate your hair

**ROGAINE:** Jealous.

**LEVIATHAN:** Maybe there's something here that could help us.

*(He kneels to begin searching the body but can only let his hands flop uselessly about the body. JABBERWACKY pushes him aside and begins searching the body.)*

**MENSA:** I've got dibs on yum-yums.

*(JABBERWACKY extracts Dortnelia's pouch which she holds aloft.)*

**LEVIATHAN:** Excellent!

*(He attempts to grab it with the usual ineffective results.)*

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** H-h-here.

*(He takes the bag and begins removing items one at a time, the first of which is a gummi rat.)*

**MENSA:** Mine!

*(He grabs it and begins munching)*

**FLICKA:** *(aghast)* MOTHER!!!!!!!

**LAVINIA:** Don't worry, darling ... I'm sure there's one for you.

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** *(holding up a handful of beads)* Uh-h-h-h ...

**ROGAINE:** *(gasping)* Let me see those ...

**LEVIATHAN:** What are they?

**ROGAINE:** I'm not sure, but with my scarlet tabard these could be fabulous!

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** *(extracting a giant matted wad of who-knows-what)* Any t-t-takers?

**LAVINIA:** *(as the others are repulsed)* Just drop it anywhere.

**BOBSHOT:** Is that it?

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** J-j-j-j-j

*(Holds up a finger to indicate "just a minute")*

**BOBSHOT:** *(to LEVIATHAN)* You're right. We are pretty obnoxious, aren't we?

**LEVIATHAN:** You're catching on.

**SKIDDLANTHREPUS:** *(as he produces Dortnelia's spellbook)* It's a b-b-b-b-b ...

**MENSA:** Bunny?

*(Chagrined looks from the others.)*

**FLICKA:** It's a book!

*(She snatches it away from SKIDDLANTHREPUS and waves it in MENSA's face)*

A book, dummy!

*(Opens it and reads)*

"My First Big Book of Spells, Charms and Incantations". Satisfied?

**LEVIATHAN:** *(rushing to FLICKA in eager anticipation)* Give me that!

*(She hands it to him and it, of course, drops to the floor.)*

**FLICKA:** Oh, that was nice! Pick it up, stupid

**LEVIATHAN:** *(jumping up and down in frustration)* This is making me crazy!

**BOBSHOT:** That's the idea. It wouldn't be very punishing if it was fun.

**LEVIATHAN:** Would somebody please hold up the spellbook for me?

*(JABBERWACKY obliges.)*

Let's see ...

*(Reading.)*

'Collapse building' ... no ... 'Plague of Noxious Wind' ... no ... 'Levitate Goat' ...

**MENSA:** Ooh! Can we see that one?

**LEVIATHAN:** Aha! 'Reverse Spell' ... this is it!

**MENSA:** Lemme see!

**LEVIATHAN:** Don't bother. There aren't any pictures.

**BOBSHOT:** So what do we have to do?

**LEVIATHAN:** There's a recipe for a potion:

"Within a vessel, small of size

Combine these things to earn your prize:

A single broom that sweeps the lens;

A bit of shield protecting tens;

A pulpy patch that bears your name;

A magic stick for making flame; ...

This list goes on forever!

**FLICKA:** I THINK you're exaggerating!

**LEVIATHAN:** *(JABBERWACKY skips to the bottom of the list)* Listen ...

"When all these things are met as one,

The hex's time on earth is done."

**2 PAGES MORE**

## **4 -- RAMBLES**

## **5 -- RESOLUTION**

*4.5 PAGES*

## **6 -- CURTAIN CALL**

## **7 -- ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE MASTER DETECTIVE**



Invitation to the Engagement Party

*Queen Lavinia of Postlethwaite*

*Welcomes you*

*to The Castle Perfidious*

*on the Joyous Occasion*

*of the*

*Celebration of the Betrothal*

*of her daughter*

*Flicka the Fair*

*to*

*Sir Rogain the Loyal of Altrusia*

*Entertainment provided*

*courtesy of*

*the Royal Court Jesters*

*Bobshot*

*&*

*Jabberwacky*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

## **Sleuthing Sheet -- Your Worst Nightmare**

1 - Who killed Dortnelia?

2 - Why?

3 - Who killed Sir Rogaine?

4 - Why ?

5 - For whom was the poisoned snuffbox intended?

6 - What is the relationship between Bobshot and Jabberwacky?

7 - Which of her suitors would Princess Flicka most like to marry?

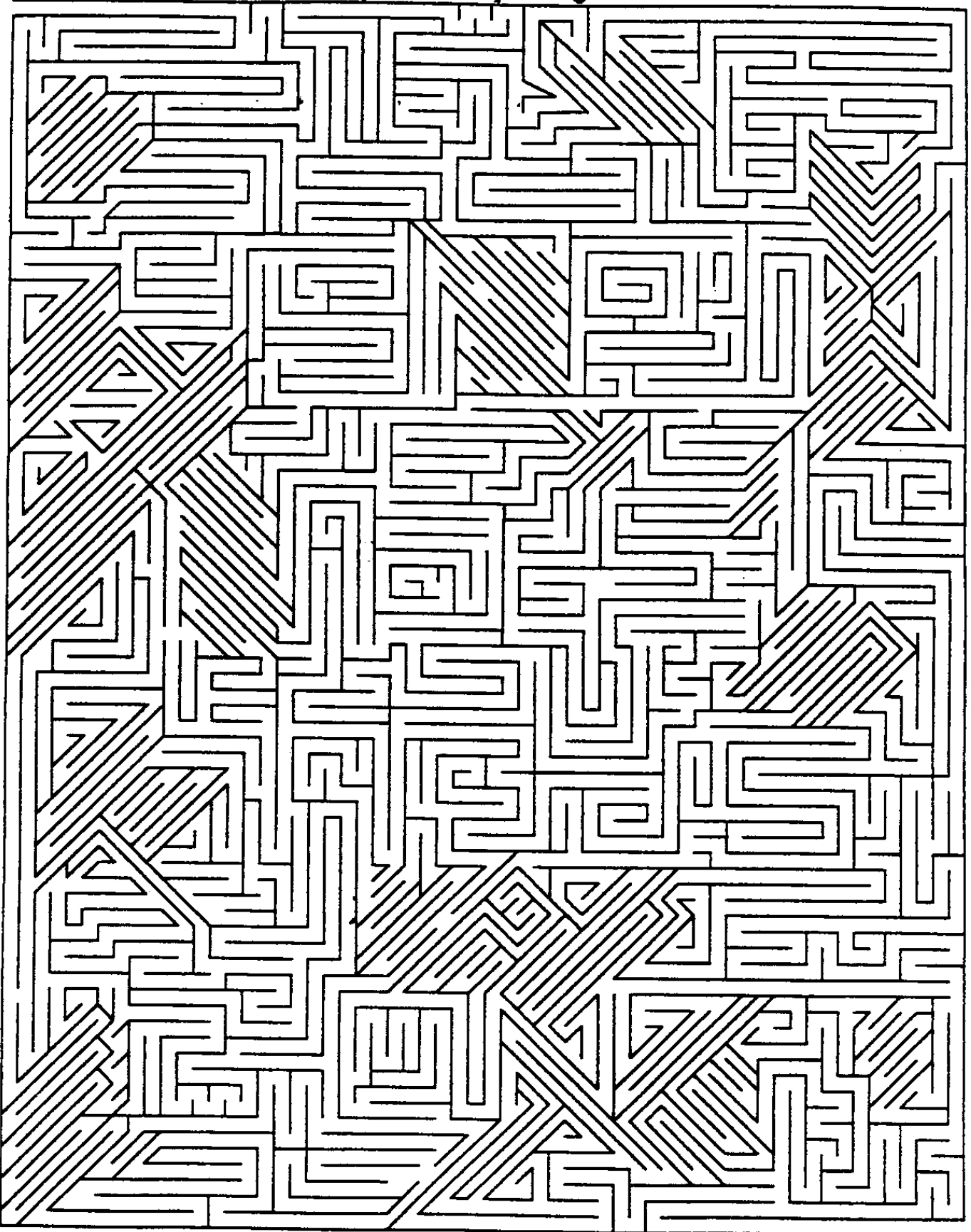
8 - Did Dortnelia cast the spell?

9 - Rank the four knights in order of trustworthiness.

10 - What was tonight's Secret Clue?

START

THE ROYAL HEDGE MAZE



FINISH