

AUDITION SCENE FOUR: Witch, Wicked Queen

WITCH: It's alright! I can fix everything! I called the guy who sold me the magic mirror! He says it got knocked out of adjustment during shipping. You just gotta smack it on the lower right-hand side with your hand. Bam! A quick thump and it's as good as new!

QUEEN: It doesn't matter about the mirror anymore. I want Snow White locked up in my dungeons forever!

WITCH: I can do better than that! (*Produces an apple.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

QUEEN: You're an idiot. (*Takes apple, casually bites it.*) What's your plan?

WITCH: (*Uneasily, not sure how to break the news.*) To... uh... give her a poisoned apple?

QUEEN: Exce... (*Truth lands in her head. She panics and spits the apple out of her mouth.*) You could've said something!

WITCH: I was thinking of something else. (*Looks away and mouths a silent "Dang it!" to think that she missed her opportunity to let the QUEEN just eat the apple.*) One bite and Snow White will fall into an enchanted sleep for a thousand years!

QUEEN: That's all? Then what'll we do?

WITCH: After snoozing that long, her morning breath will be so bad she'll be brushing her teeth for the next two centuries!

QUEEN: Alright. How do we get her to eat it? We need a stratagem! No one's going to just take an apple from a wicked witch and eat it!

WITCH: Yep, only a moron would do that! I can work my charms on her once I disguise myself as a haggard old hag!

QUEEN: "Disguise yourself"? I think *you* need a magic mirror! I'm not going to let you do another botch job! I'll take care of this personally!

WITCH: Oh, right! The Wicked Queen walks up to her and says, "I'm not evil anymore. I'm just delivering fruit for a living!"

QUEEN: I'll wear a disguise, you buffoon!

WITCH: Hey! You want me to turn *you* into the haggard old hag? A wrinkle here, a few missing teeth, a crook in your back.

QUEEN: Can you change me back?

WITCH: I said I'll put a crook in your back.

QUEEN: No! Can you put me back the way I currently am?

WITCH: Oh, right. I thought you were doing a cockney thing. "Can you change me back, gov'nor?"
Yeah, I can fix ya.

QUEEN: Good. When it's all done, I want to be beautiful again.

WITCH: "Again"? Oh! You mean like you are now! Yeah. I can manage that. No problem. (*Puts a tape mark on the floor.*) OK, find your mark! (*Dramatically.*) Storms that blow the winter cold / and winds that make the mountains old / Hear the spell I utter smugly / Make her wretched, sick and ugly!