The Search for Delicious adapted by Mark Frattaroli
from the novel by Natalie Babbitt

1M, 1F, 1 any
Comedy/Drama

MAYOR: People! People! Stop this! Stop! (A bellow:) Stoooop! (Quiet:) Now then. All you
people go home. And I will come around house to house and send you to the boy. And I
want complete silence while you’re going home. Silence, do you hear me?

(The CROWD begins to leave, grumbling.)

MAYOR: Silence!

(They leave quietly.)

MAYOR: They’re really a good lot, really, just a bit excitable. But this is all most upsetting, to say
the least. What on earth does the King want to go and stir up a lot of trouble for?

GAYLEN: Well, you see, the Prime Minister is writing a dictionary and he’s having a hard time
with a definition for Delicious. That’s all it is. I can’t see why everyone gets so excited about it.

MAYOR: Oh, people enjoy getting excited, you know. But all the same, there’s something in the
air this time. I had a report this morning that there’s a fellow riding about talking against the
King. I hope he doesn’t try to come here. By George, I do. But mark my words, in the end,
this could be the beginning of trouble!

(MEDLEY runs in.)

MEDLEY: Father! Father! They just told me what is going on. I want to give my Delicious
opinion.

MAYOR: Boy, this is my daughter, Medley.

GAYLEN: Gaylen. Nice to meet you.

(GAYLEN bows. MEDLEY curtsies.)

MEDLEY: Candy. It’s candy.

GAYLEN: Any particular kind?

MEDLEY: No. They’ll all do. Now, Father, I want you to tell me a story about the woldweller,
while Gaylen talks to people.

GAYLEN: What’s a woldweller?

MAYOR: Dear me! A great boy like you and you don’t know about woldwellers? Well, then.
A woldweller, so the legend goes, is a creature who lives all alone in a tree in the forest. A
little inmate of the great outdoors, you might say. He is very, very old and very, very wise,
and he answers questions. You have to get lost, they say, to find him. And somehow he
knows you’re coming to see him, for suddenly—BAM! There he is. You ask, he answers.
Downright uplifting!
MEDLEY: Will you go and ask him what he picks for Delicious?
GAYLEN: The King did tell me I was to ask everybody. Do you think I could find him, Medley?
MEDLEY: OH, yes! It’s easy! I found him all by myself last summer, and I wasn’t even looking for him.
MAYOR: Here there, Medley, you mustn’t tell stories.
MEDLEY: But I did, Papa! That day when we were playing hide-and-seek, and I went too far into the forest. Don’t you remember? I saw the woldweller while I was lost. He had a rabbit tied to his belt, and he was climbing a tree.
MAYOR: Medley, you know very well that a woldweller is just something in a story. Nobody lives for hundreds of years up in a tree! We’ll have to stop telling fairytales if you’re going to start believing them. (To GAYLEN:) Children get ideas into their heads sometimes. Of course, you’re only a child yourself, really.
GAYLEN: Oh, no! I’m twelve years old.
MAYOR: There was a time, I understand, when people really believed in things like woldwellers and dwarfs and the rest. Very little insight in their outlooks. But of course, we’re much too advanced for that sort of thing these days. We’ve overcome the underlying superstitions. Well, I’ll go get that first person for you.
(MAYOR exits.)
MEDLEY: It’s true just the same. I saw that woldweller just as clear as clear.
GAYLEN: If he’s really there, he’ll have to be found and registered. I have to go through the forest anyway to get to the next town. I’ll look for him.
MEDLEY: Come back some day and tell me what he chooses for delicious.

End of Scene.