

(then)

Who told you that?

CHACHI. My cousin Fonzie. I'm Chachi Arcola.

PINKY. (taken aback) Oh. How is Arthur?

CHACHI. Fabulous-a-mundo. He knows you're back in town. He's gonna...

PINKY. (interrupting) That is not why I'm here. But if you happen to bump into him, say, "Hello."

CHACHI. You got it.

PINKY. (flirting) Oh, and Chachi, I think yoyos are sexy.

CHACHI. Thanks.

PINKY. (to JOANIE) Oh, Shortcake, I brought your mom a souvenir shot glass from Cincinnati. I'll stop by and drop it off.

JOANIE. (excited) You're coming to my house? Holy Cow!

(JOANIE hops off on one foot and exits back of Arnolds.)

ARNOLD. Come on, Pinky. Let's go over my schedule... with your approval, of course.

PINKY. (to Pinkettes) Girls, make some friends...I'll be back.

(PINKY exits with ARNOLD offstage to kitchen. Pinkettes start flirting with boys.)

JOANIE. (reenters and runs to RICHIE) Somebody call Fonzie.

The Malachis are coming!

(JOANIE is followed by a threatening JUMPY MALACHI, who is very jumpy.)

RICHIE. (wary) You must be Jumpy Malachi.

JUMPY MALACHI. Yeah. I don't know why they call me that.

RICHIE. Where's your brother?

JUMPY MALACHI. I enter first to make sure it's safe.

(JUMPY MALACHI cuts string on CHACHI's yoyo.)

CHACHI. My yoyo!

JUMPY MALACHI. Now it's safe. You know it's thrillin' being a villain. I need a booth.

(He scares off CHACHI and POTSIE and RALPH from the booth.)

JUMPY MALACHI. I'd like to order the child's portion of the steak tartare.

COUNT MALACHI. (offstage) Jumpy! Hurry up!  
JUMPY MALACHI. That's my brother. May I present the caucasian conquistador...

COUNT MALACHI. (offstage) Courageous!

JUMPY MALACHI. (correcting) ...um...courageous conquistador Count Don Juan Malachi...Everybody claps...

(In comes the other brother dressed in a cape as Mariachi music plays.)

COUNT MALACHI. Olal

(He looks at KIDS.)

Buenos dias, peasants.

JUMPY MALACHI. Myron took an attitude adjustment when he read 'Don Quixote.'

(COUNT MALACHI grabs JUMPY MALACHI.)

COUNT MALACHI. (threateningly) What did I tell you about calling me Myron?

JUMPY MALACHI. I'm sorry, Count, Count Malachi.

(to RICHIE)

He makes me call him Count. We're brothers, you know.

COUNT MALACHI. We have different mothers.

JUMPY MALACHI. Same father.

RICHIE. I get it. You're related.

COUNT MALACHI AND JUMPY MALACHI. We're family. Olé!

(Note: they sing song as comedic villains but not over the top clowns.)

"MALACHIS"

JUMPY MALACHI.

WHEN WE WAS ONLY KIDS

OUR MORALS HIT THE SKIDS

WE NEVER LEARNED THE MEANING OF RIGHT AND WRONG