Huey, much to Aldo's amazement, is stuck on the witch and unable to accept the love of the princess. What's a bud to do?
Well, I should probably let you discover that for yourself. Suffice it to say that gunshots are fired, tears cried, bromides uttered, and plans undone, pretty much ideally. It's not deep, but it's enormous fun, especially with Romagnoli's supremely visual staging emphasizing fantasy elements at every turn. When Huey's ex-wife is revealed at the beginning of Act 2, she's quite literally shrouded in mystery, and as the shrouds come unwrapped, revealing her in a funereal robe over a shimmering blood-red gown, it's clear that naturalism isn't what's intended.

Designer Matt Soule's candelit shrine and upside-down Greek columns place the events in a pleasantly imprecise New York City of the imagination, even as the acting locates us more exactly in sitcom territory. Sutton's garrulous, ingratiatingly grating Aldo is the evening's crowd pleaser, but all the others are terrific. Kellogg and Makraker are appealingly passionate and wide-eyed as the two lovers who are so clearly made for each other that they're fated to break up early and often. Biancosino imbues Huey's angry ex with enormous pain, somehow managing to make an alienating character intriguing. And Suzanne Richard is a delight as Aunt May, adding a welcome shot of vinegar to her delivery whenever the author requires her to mouth platitudes about love and devotion that would choke an archbishop.