

CINDERSTEIN

A Full-Length Comedy Play

by
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SCENE 1 – CINDERELLA’S HOME

SETTING: The stage is almost bare. There is only a fireplace made from cardboard boxes, which doesn’t look quite finished, that stands Stage Right and a table Center Left.

AT RISE: *STEPMOTHER enters from Left wearing a period dress and tennis shoes followed by CINDERELLA who wears all black and a white apron. Her face is pale with white make up and her eyes are darkened heavily.*

STEPMOTHER: I can’t believe that you were even thinking about going to the ball. You know that you have chores to do.

CINDERELLA: Yes, mother.

STEPMOTHER: I am not your mother, child. Call me what I told you to call me.

CINDERELLA: Yes, evil stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: That’s better.

CINDERELLA: I finished all my regular chores.

STEPMOTHER: Your regular chores? Child, your “regular” chores are anything I feel needs doing. And I feel that there are several other things which need doing. First, my own daughters need help dressing. They should be down in a moment. Next, I noticed some mouse poo poos in the kitchen. I want the critters caught before we return. Then I want you to sweep out. . .

(STEPSISTERS 1 & 2 enter from Left in their ball gowns but not quiet ready. They approach CINDERELLA.)

STEPSISTER 1: Cinderella, help me with my zipper!

STEPSISTER 2: Cinderella, I’m having trouble with my necklace, help me!

CINDERELLA: Yes, wicked stepsisters.

(CINDERELLA moves between the two of them trying to follow their commands.)

STEPSISTER 1: Mother, Cinderella’s not helping me fast enough.

STEPSISTER 2: Me, either. It’s like she’s moving in slow motion.

STEPMOTHER: Girls, let’s not argue over how Cinderella is a slow, dumb-witted servant or we will be here all night.

STEPSISTER 1: Hurry up, Cinderella. I’ve got to go to the Prince’s Ball.

STEPSISTER 2: Me too!

CINDERELLA: I wish I could go to the Prince’s Ball.

(The STEPSISTERS look at each other and then burst out laughing.)

STEPSISTER 1: Are you insane? Looking like that?

STEPSISTER 2: Yeah, look at your clothes. It’s a ball, not a soup kitchen.

STEPSISTER 1: Not to mention how ugly you are. Do you think the prince wants to look at that mug?

STEPSISTER 2: **(standing at attention as the court page)** Your royal highness, presenting Cinderella.

STEPSISTER 1: **(contorts her face to look ugly and walks like a freak to STEPSISTER 2 and speaks in a goofy voice)** Pleased to meet you, your majesty. I’m Dorkarella. **(STEPSISTERS laugh)**

STEPMOTHER: Very good, girls. But we need to be leaving. We don’t want to be late for the ball, and Cinderella has a lot of work to do. **(turning to CINDERELLA)** Before we return I want all of the *cinders* swept out of the fireplace.

STEPSISTER 2: Wait a second. Cinders? Oh, I get it. That’s how she got her name, Cinderella, from sweeping the cinders, right?

STEPSISTER 1: Yeah, we made it up.

STEPSISTER 2: Who did?

STEPSISTER 1: We did. Me and you, you idiot.

STEPSISTER 2: When?

STEPSISTER 1: I don’t know. Before. **(snottily)** Duh.

STEPSISTER 2: You don’t have to be so rude.

STEPSISTER 1: You don’t have to be so dumb.

(STEPSISTER 2 steps toward STEPSISTER 1 like SHE's going to deck her but STEPMOTHER steps between them.)

STPMOTHER: That's enough, girls. Let's go on, shall we? **(STEPSISTERS back off)** Yes, well, just make sure that before we return, I want all of the cinders swept out of the fireplace.

CINDERELLA: Yes, evil stepmother.

STPMOTHER: Let's go girls.

STEPSISTER 1: Goodbye Cinderella, we're off to dance with the prince.

STEPSISTER 2: Have fun with the cinders.

(STPMOTHER and the STEPSISTERS exit Right. CINDERELLA watches them leave. Her head falls and SHE stands looking dejected. SHE is almost in tears. Then SHE lifts her head and imagines that SHE is at the ball. SHE pantomimes. SHE is introduced to the prince. SHE flirts with him. SHE laughs. HE asks her to dance. SHE dances. As SHE dances SHE bumps into the table. Reality sets in. SHE sits and cries.)

VOICE OF FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: What? Who was that?

(A ruckus comes from the fireplace. The FAIRY GOSHMOTHER is backing through it on her knees. SHE's having problems and keeps getting caught. SHE struggles with the fireplace and gets all turned around. CINDERELLA just watches.)

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Cinderella! Ouch! Cinderella! **(finally gets out from the fireplace and turns around to see CINDERELLA)** Cinder. . . Oh, there you are.

CINDERELLA: Who are you?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Why don't you know?

(Suddenly the DIRECTOR stands up from the audience.)

DIRECTOR: No, no. Your emphasis is wrong. It's not "why don't you know," It's why, comma, don't you know? The question is "don't you know" not "why don't you know."

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Okay, I think I can make it work. **(to CINDERELLA)** Why the heck don't you know? **(to DIRECTOR)** Is that better?

DIRECTOR: No. But go on.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: I am your Fairy Goshmother.

DIRECTOR: Stop, stop. That's not right.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: What?

DIRECTOR: You called yourself her Fairy *Gosh*mother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Right, I'm the Fairy *Gosh*mother.

DIRECTOR: It's Fairy *God*mother. Not *Gosh*mother, *God*mother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: I know, but I was thinking, what about all the non-religious people in the audience? What if we offend them?

DIRECTOR: **(walking up on stage frustrated)** It won't offend them. Just say Godmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: I think *Gosh*mother sounds better.

CINDERELLA: **(now switching to CINDY the actress character)** Me too.

DIRECTOR: Well, that's not how I wrote it.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Please can't we change it?

DIRECTOR: Calling the Fairy Godmother the Fairy Goshmother is lame.

CINDERELLA: You're the writer and the director so you can make it as lame as you want.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Please?

DIRECTOR: No.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Please?

DIRECTOR: No.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Please? Please, please, please, please, please, please, please, please, pleeeeaassssee? **(SHE doesn't stop until the DIRECTOR gives in)**

DIRECTOR: **(frustrated)** Okay!!! Whatever! Now, let's just take it back from your entrance. No wait, let's go back to where the Stepfamily exits.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Stepfamily?

DIRECTOR: Yeah. . . the stepsisters? The stepmother? The step family.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Their last name is Step?

DIRECTOR: Stepmother! Stepsisters! Come back on!

(STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS come back on.)

STEPMOTHER: What?

DIRECTOR: Take it again.

STEPSISTER 1: Again?

STEPSISTER 2: Before the Fairy Godmother comes in?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother.

STEPSISTER 2: What?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: I'm your Fairy Goshmother.

STEPSISTER 2: You're my Fairy Goshmother?

STEPSISTER 1: No, you idiot. She's Cinderella's Fairy Godmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother.

STEPSISTER 1: But she wants to be called a Goshmother instead of Godmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: For the non-religious types.

STEPSISTER 2: What's a Goshmother?

STEPSISTER 1: You are so stupid.

STEPSISTER 2: I am just about fed with your lip.

STEPSISTER 1: And I'm about fed up with your brain.

(STEPSISTER 2 lunges at STEPSISTER 1. They grab each other's hair and start grappling. It goes to the ground .They roll around on the ground on top of each other screaming and flailing. The DIRECTOR jumps in and pulls them apart.)

DIRECTOR: Knock it off! Would you two just stop it?! It's like I'm directing a play in prison.

STEPSISTER 2: She started it!

STEPSISTER 1: She lunged at me!

DIRECTOR: Enough! Just start from your entrance.

(Before they can get into position STEPSISTER 3 enters.)

STEPSISTER 3: Hey, you guys, hi! Guess what ? I can be in the play!

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Really?

STEPSISTER 3: Yeah, the administration took me off the probation list cause I brought that "F" up to a "D."

STEPSISTER 1: "D-?" I always knew you were a genius.

STEPSISTER 2: Don't listen to her. She's just cranky cause someone took her ruby slippers.

CINDERELLA: Well, what part is she gonna be?

STEPSISTER 3: How about Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: That's my part.

DIRECTOR: Look, Lisa, we are already half way through rehearsals. The whole play has already been cast. I can't just put you back in right in the middle of production. All the parts are taken.

STEPSISTER 3: **(SHE starts to cry, small at first but by the end of her line SHE has really let loose the water works.)** Okay. I understand. It's just that Cinderella was always my favorite. I always had my father read it to me at bed time. . . until he abandoned us and ran a way with his troglodytic 2nd cousin which caused my mother to have complete break down. But she was still good to us, until the day she freaked out and smashed my Cinderella lunch box with a tire iron and then ran over it with the car as she drove out of our life forever. I even cancelled this month's therapy for this. But that's okay, I need to go take my meds, anyway.

DIRECTOR: All right, you can be in the show.

STEPSISTER 3: **(suddenly very happy and perky)** Great. What part am I? Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: That's my part.

DIRECTOR: Well, you're just gonna have to be an extra.

(HEAD EXTRA comes storming out onstage from Right.)

HEAD EXTRA: No way! There's already like ten of us. You just keep throwing people in with us like we are not important. Well, forget it. We're putting our foot down. No more extras. It's bad enough to be called an extra, like, "oh, you're extra, we don't really need you," and then you wanna just give anyone and everyone our part? Well you can forget it!

DIRECTOR: Do you speak for all the extras?

HEAD EXTRA: That's right. Come on out guys!

(All the EXTRAS come out on stage and stand behind HEAD EXTRA in a tough guy pose. Some of them carry weapons like bats and crowbars.)

DIRECTOR: Great, they've formed an Extras' Union. **(EXTRA 2 nudges HEAD EXTRA.)**

HEAD EXTRA: Oh yeah, and we want donuts next rehearsal.

STEPMOTHER: I know. Why doesn't she be a Stepsister?

DIRECTOR: We already have the two stepsisters.

STEPMOTHER: Why can't there be three? Just give her a couple of the lines.

STEPSISTER 2: Yeah, I can't memorialize all my lines anyway.

STEPSISTER 1: It would make Cinderella have another obstacle to overcome. There would be four of us against her, instead of three. It makes more conflict. You always say the more conflict there is the more interesting it is.

STEPSISTER 3: Please.

DIRECTOR: All right, you're stepsister three. You guys just work it out and decide which lines you're gonna give her.

STEPSISTER 3: Yes! Oh, thank you. You won't regret this! You guys this is gonna be so fun. I can't believe I'm in the play! Oh, my gosh!

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Yes?

STEPSISTER 3: Huh?

STEPSISTER 2: Don't worry she's your Fairy Gooshmother.

STEPSISTER 1: Goshmother, you idiot.

STEPSISTER 2: That's it!

(Again SHE lunges at STEPSISTER 1 and they both go to the ground in a savage cat fight.)

DIRECTOR: Knock it off!!! **(STEPSISTER 3 and STEPMOTHER pull THEM apart and help them up.)** I feel like I'm going insane! **(pause)** Now, everyone off the stage and let's take it back from Cinderella and Stepmother's entrance. **(they all just stand and look at the DIRECTOR)** Now! **(Everyone runs off Left. The DIRECTOR goes back to his seat in the audience. The stage is empty.)** Okay, your entrance Cinderella, Action!

(Before CINDERELLA can make her entrance, from Right STEPSISTER 4 enters in a sweat suit and on crutches. Her foot is wrapped up in an ace bandage but is abnormally swollen.)

STEPSISTER 4: **(putting her hand over her eyes to shield the lights)** Coach? Hey coach?

DIRECTOR: What are you doing?

STEPSISTER 4: Oh, there you are, coach. Hey, good news. I broke my ankle so I can't be on the soccer team anymore.

DIRECTOR: Yeah, that is wonderful news. Why are you telling me?

STEPSISTER 4: Well, now I can be in the play cause I won't be playing soccer.

DIRECTOR: We are already mostly through the rehearsal process.

STEPSISTER 4: Well, I went mostly through soccer practice, so now I can go the rest of the way through play practice.

DIRECTOR: That doesn't make any sense.

STEPSISTER 4: Come on, coach. Give me a chance.

DIRECTOR: You're on crutches.

STEPSISTER 4: They won't get in the way! Come on! Please?

(All the EXTRAS come out onto stage again in their same stance. They all look at DIRECTOR shake their heads threateningly.)

DIRECTOR: Stepsisters! **(all the STEPSISTERS come on stage)** Here's some more conflict for Cinderella.

STEPSISTER 1: Welcome to the family.

(All the EXTRAS leave again. STEPSISTERS 1, 2 & 3 take STEPSISTER 4 offstage Left and the stage is again empty.)

DIRECTOR: All right, ready. . .

(STEPSISTER 5 comes running on from Right.)

STEPSISTER 5: Hey, guess what, my mom ungrounded me so I can be in the play! What do I do? Where do I go?

(The DIRECTOR, too tired to fight it, just points Off Left. STEPSISTER 3 steps out and meets her.)

STEPSISTER 3: We'll take care of you honey.

(They both exit Left and again the stage is empty.)

DIRECTOR: All right, go ahead.

(STEPMOTHER enters from Left followed by CINDERELLA.)

STEPMOTHER: I can't believe that you were even thinking about going to the ball. You know that you have chores to do.

CINDERELLA: Yes, mother.

STEPMOTHER: I am not your mother, child. Call me what I told you to call me.

CINDERELLA: Yes, evil stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: That's better.

CINDERELLA: I finished all my regular chores.

STEPMOTHER: Your regular chores?

(STEPSISTER 2 sticks her head out from the curtains.)

STEPSISTER 2: Wait, wait, wait. We've almost figured out all the lines. We should be ready in just a second. In fact, we should be ready as soon as you finish your line.

STEPMOTHER: Then why did you interrupt me?

STEPSISTER 2: ***(looking back behind the curtain then to STEPMOTHER)*** Okay, we're ready. ***(SHE disappears behind the curtain)***

STEPMOTHER: Let's see. . . Oh, yeahh. Next, I noticed some moose poo poos in the kitchen. ***(SHE starts laughing)*** Did you hear that? I said "moose poo poos." Oh, man can you imagine that? You have to clean up moose poop?

CINDERELLA: ***(as CINDY)*** Maybe we have a moose running around the house.

DIRECTOR: ***(impatient)*** Just go on and say it right.

STEPMOTHER: Okay, sorry. Next, I noticed some *mouse* poo poos in the kitchen. I want the critters caught before we return. Then I want you to sweep out. . .

(STEPSISTERS 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 enter from Left in their ball gowns but not quiet ready. They approach CINDERELLA.)

STEPSISTER 1: Cinderella, help me with my zipper!

STEPSISTER 2: Cinderella, I'm having trouble with my necklace, help me!

CINDERELLA: Yes, wicked stepsisters. ***(SHE goes to help them)***

STEPSISTER 3: Mother, Cinderella's not helping me fast enough.

STEPSISTER 4: Me either, it's like she's moving in. . .

STEPSISTER 5: . . . slow motion.

STEPMOTHER: Girls, let's not argue over how Cinderella is a slow, dumb-witted servant or we will be here all night.

STEPSISTER 1: Hurry up, Cinderella. I've got to go to the Prince's Ball.

STEPSISTERS 2, 3, 4 & 5: Me too!

CINDERELLA: I wish I could go to the Prince's Ball.

(The STEPSISTERS look at each other and then burst out laughing.)

STEPSISTER 1: Are you insane? Looking like that?

STEPSISTER 2: Yeah, look at your clothes.

STEPSISTER 3: It's a ball, not a soup kitchen.

STEPSISTER 4: Not to mention how ugly you are.

STEPSISTER 5: You think the prince wants to look at that mug?

ALL STEPSISTERS: ***(standing at attention as the court Page and in unison)*** Your royal highness, presenting Cinderella. ***(All the STEPSISTERS contort their faces to look ugly and walk like freaks to STEPMOTHER and speak in a goofy voices.)*** Pleased to meet you, your majesty. I'm Dorkarella. ***(the STEPSISTERS laugh)***

STEPMOTHER: Very good, girls. But we need to be leaving. We don't want to be late for the ball, and Cinderella has a lot of work to do. ***(turning to CINDERELLA)*** Before we return I want all of the cinders swept out of the fireplace.

CINDERELLA: Yes, evil stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: Let's go girls.

ALL STEPSISTERS: Goodbye Cinderella, we're off to dance with the prince.

STEPSISTER 2: Have fun with the cinders.

(STEPMOTHER and the STEPSISTERS exit Right. CINDERELLA watches them leave. SHE starts her pantomime.)

DIRECTOR: We've wasted a lot of time. Speed up this part.

(CINDERELLA repeats her pantomime as before but in fast motion. As SHE finishes SHE goes back to normal speed and starts to cry. No voice of the FAIRY GOSHMOTHER. SHE cries louder. Still no voice. SHE screams her cry as loud as SHE can.)

DIRECTOR: Fairy Godmother!

VOICE OF FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother!

DIRECTOR: You're on!

VOICE OF FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Are the Stepsisters gone?

CINDERELLA: Yes.

VOICE OF FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Okay, here I go! Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: What? Who was that?

(A ruckus comes from the fireplace. The FAIRY GOSHMOTHER is backing through it on her knees. SHE'S having the same problems as before but worse. This time, when SHE stands up, the fireplace comes with her. SHE approaches CINDERELLA with the fireplace wrapped around her.)

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: Who are you?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Don't you know why? I am your Fairy Goshmother.

CINDERELLA: Oh, wow! My Fairy Godmother!

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother.

CINDERELLA: Sorry. Goshmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: I am here to help you go to the Prince's Ball. **(to DIRECTOR)** Isn't it the Prince that's throwing the ball?

DIRECTOR: Yes.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Are there going to be Princesses there?

DIRECTOR: **(a bit impatient)** No. That's why he's throwing the ball to find a wife who will become his princess.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Then why is it a Princess Ball and not a Prince Ball?

DIRECTOR: It isn't a Princess Ball.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: But that's my line. "I am here to help you go to the Prince's Ball."

DIRECTOR: **(pulling out his hair)** It's the Prince apostrophe essss's ball. Prince **(pause)** 's Ball.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Oh.

DIRECTOR: Now stop stopping the show. Just keep going. And put the fireplace back.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: **(putting the fireplace back)**. I am here to help you go to the *Prince (pause.)* 's ball.

CINDERELLA: It's like a dream come true.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Yes. Now, the first thing we must do is get you some transportation. You'll need a carriage and horses.

CINDERELLA: But how will you do that?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Let me see. What do you have around here that we can make use of?

(Crawling on from Left are EXTRAS 1, 2, 3 & 4. They all wear black or gray with makeshift mouse costumes just ears and whiskers. They crawl Down stage in a line.)

Oh, look, mice. You mice shall make a great team of horses!

(SHE waves her wand.) Bop, bop, bibbitty, bibbitty, bop!

(The EXTRAS stand up and get into horse positions. The four of them make two horses. EXTRAS 1 & 3 stand normal and then EXTRAS 2 & 4 stand behind 1 & 3, bend over and wrap their arms around 1 & 3's waists. 1 & 3, who are now the "head", make HORSE NOISES. Extra 1 makes more of a donkey noise Hee haw.)

Oops! I made donkey's instead.

DIRECTOR: No, no. Look, you guys have to morph. Don't just stand up into the horse position, you've got to do some magical change, move your arms mystically or something. And Jack, that was not a very good horse noise.

EXTRA 1: I don't want to be the head, I can't make the horse noise very well. I sound like a donkey. Will you switch with me?

EXTRA 2: You want me to be the head? No way, Jack.

EXTRA 1: Come on, just switch with me. You be the front and I'll be the back.

EXTRA 2: Forget it, Jack.

EXTRA 1: If you don't switch with me I'm gonna tell everyone who you like.

EXTRA 2: **(pause)** Fine, be a jackass. **(EXTRA 1 & 2 switch places.)**

DIRECTOR: Have we got that settled now? Just remember that you have to morph.

EXTRA 3: Hey, when do we get to sing that song?

EXTRA 4: What song?

EXTRA 3: You know, **(singing)** "Some day my prince will. . .

EXTRA 4: That's Snow White.

EXTRA 3: It is?

EXTRA 1: Yeah, you mean, **(singing)** "I know you, you've walked with me once upon a dream. . .

EXTRA 2: No, that's Sleeping Beauty.

EXTRA 3: Oh, yeah. No, no, I mean the song where the mice and birds all help her make her dress.

DIRECTOR: Stop it! Look, there is no song. There are no birds and the dress is made by the Fairy Godmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother.

EXTRA 3: I know there's a song, I've seen the movie. It's like, **(singing)** "Cinderelli, Cinderelli, **(EXTRAS 1, 2 & 4 sing with her)** night and day it's Cinderelli."

DIRECTOR: Shut up! Will you all just shut up?! You're talking about the cartoon. We are not doing the cartoon; we are doing the play. This play. The play that I wrote. And in my play, there is no song!

EXTRA 4: Isn't that against copyright or something?

DIRECTOR: The story of Cinderella has been around for a long, long time, way before the cartoon! If we did the song, that would be breaking the copyright law. Okay, take it from your morphing and I really want to see a magical Fairy Godmother - your line.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Gosh! Oh, look, mice. **(the EXTRAS drop back down into their mouse positions)** You mice shall make a great team of horses! **(SHE waves her wand)** Bop, bop, bibbitty, bibbitty, bop!

(The EXTRAS overdue their magical transformation by flailing their arms sounds until they are in their horse positions.)

DIRECTOR: A little much, but keep going.

CINDERELLA: This is perfect. My evil stepmother commanded me to get rid of the mice before they returned from the ball. So it's like you killed two birds with one stone.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Yes, isn't it? Now that we have the horses, we need a carriage. Perhaps you have something around here that I can change into a carriage, a pumpkin or other round vegetable perhaps?

CINDEDRELLA: Well, there is something. My evil stepmother said that before they return from the ball, I had to clean up all the mouse poo poos.

(EXTRAS 5, 6 & 7 run out from Right, stop Down Center, lie down and curl up into little balls.)

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Those must've been some big, hairy mice.

DIRECTOR: That's not the line.

CINDERELLA: Maybe we did have a moose running around the house.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Sorry. . . Perfect. These mouse droppings will do nicely.

EXTRA 5: **(breaking out of his position slightly)** Is it gonna say in the program that I play a mouse dropping?

EXTRA 6: Yeah, they're gonna announce it, too. **(using an announcers voice)** Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight the part of 'Piece of crap' will be played by. . .

DIRECTOR: Knock it off! Look, I know it seems weird to play a mouse dropping but you see, it symbolizes the tragic depths from which Cinderella comes. A pumpkin just isn't "poor" enough. She goes from rags to riches. And I want those riches to be enormous and those rags to be the lowest depths of human existence. You guys understand what a rags to riches story is?

EXTRA 7: I think so.

DIRECTOR: It's where someone makes a complete change in their life, going from one bad extreme to a good one.

EXTRA 7: Kind'a like a Cinderella Story!

DIRECTOR: Yes, yes. Just like a Cinderella Story. Please, go on.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: These mouse droppings will do nicely. Bop, bop, bibbitty bobbity poop!

(EXTRAS 5, 6 & 7 morph mystically out of their droppings positions and create the carriage. EXTRA 5 turns into the seat on his hands and knees with his head facing the audience, EXTRA 6 into the door, and the EXTRA 7 into the back of the carriage with his arms held up as the roof.)

CINDERELLA: Wow, my very own carriage! And you killed three birds with one stone!

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Now, what about the coachman? You must have a coachman. **(HEAD EXTRA comes out from Left crawling and meowing)** There we go, here kitty, kitty. **(HEAD EXTRA crawls over to the FAIRY GOSHMOTHER and then stretches like a cat)**

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Bop, bop, bibbity, bibbity, kibbity!

(HEAD EXTRA transforms himself into coachman.)

HEAD EXTRA. Very good, Madame. Are you ready to get underway? CINDERELLA: Well, I would be, if it wasn't for this raggedy, old dress.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Oh yes, the dress. This is a good trick, watch. **(SHE goes back to the fireplace. SHE shows her hand opened.)** Nothing in my hand. And on the other hand you will notice five fingers. **(SHE starts laughing)** I wrote that part! That's a good one, huh? Can I keep that line?

DIRECTOR: No! Just say what you're supposed to.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Sounds like, to me, that someone's got a nasty case of the sposdas.

DIRECTOR: Go!

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Oh yes, the dress. **(SHE reaches into the fireplace and pulls out a gown and glass slippers)** Ding! Here it is!

CINDERELLA: Oh, Fairy Goshmother, it's beautiful. How can I ever repay you?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Well, how about \$75 down and then \$10 a month payments at 6.7% interest? **(SHE looks out at the DIRECTOR to see if HE liked that line. HE shakes his head no.)** Or how about you just go to the ball and have the time of your life.

CINDERELLA: Oh thank you, Fairy Goshmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: It's getting late, so you'd better change in the carriage.

HEAD EXTRA. **(opens EXTRA 6 who's playing the door)** Right this way, Madame. **(HE helps HER in)**

CINDERELLA: Why, thank you, kind sir. **(SHE sits on EXTRA 5's back and then looks up to see EXTRA 7 staring down at her.)**

EXTRA 7: **(HE nods)** How's it going?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: **(pushing EXTRA 6 down into a squatting position so that SHE can see and talk to Cinderella.)** One last thing before you leave. You must leave the ball before midnight. For on the twelfth stroke of the clock everything will transform back into its original state. So be careful, because when that happens you don't want to step in your carriage if you know what I mean.

HEAD EXTRA. **(stands and closes EXTRA 6 as the door)** Keep your arms and legs inside the ride at all times. Hold on tight and have fun. **(positions himself in between the horses and EXTRA 7 and grabs some imaginary reins)**

FAIRYGOSHMOTHER: Goodbye, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: Goodbye, Fairy Goshmother, and thank you.

HEAD EXTRA: Hiyaaa! **(HE whips the horses with an imaginary whip and EXTRAS 1, 2, 3, 4 make horse noises.)**

EXTRA 5: Wait, wait! **(to DIRECTOR)** We're exiting Right, right?

DIRECTOR: Right.

EXTRA 5: Well, everyone is in a position to be able to move that way, but if I'm facing the audience and with her on my back, I'll never be able to keep up, crawling sideways.

DIRECTOR: Well, turn so you're facing Stage Right then.

(EXTRA 5 turns to face Stage Right which turns CINDERELLA facing the rear of the stage.)

CINDERELLA: Now I'm facing backwards.

DIRECTOR: Turn so you're facing Right.

(CINDERELLA turns to face Stage Right but in order to do it SHE has to straddle EXTRA 5 like SHE's riding a horse.)

CINDERELLA: Like this?

DIRECTOR: Whatever, just go on, make your exit.

HEAD EXTRA. Hiyaaa!

(HE whips the horses with an imaginary whip and EXTRAS 1, 2, 3 & 4 make horse noises and rear up. They all move off Right trying to keep their formation. FAIRY GOSHMOTHER is left alone on the stage. SHE waves after them.)

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goodbye, Cinderella. Don't forget your curfew! **(SHE looks out at the DIRECTOR who jumps up on stage.)** How was that? I got some funny lines we could add.

DIRECTOR: No. Look, you have got to get through that fireplace faster! That's just taking way too long. Okay, everyone let's go on to the ballroom scene!

SCENE 2 – THE BALLROOM

(EVERYONE comes out from both sides to listen. DIRECTOR stands Center and speaks to them all.)

DIRECTOR: I know most of you don't have costumes yet, but if you do, wear it or wear what you have. Now remember, this is supposed to be an elegant ball. We want the feeling that every one here is elite and proper. So don't go too fast. Keep the scene moving but at a nice slow, steady pace. Elegance! Be elegant. All right, take it from the beginning of the scene. **(HE goes back to his seat in the audience. TECH, THE PRINCE and KING take the table off while the FAIRY GOSHMOTHER takes off the fireplace. EVERYONE else exits off which ever side they enter from.)** Music! **(Some kind of heavy acid rock tune is played.)** No! No! No! **(HE looks up to the sound booth. The music stops.)** That's not the song! **(TECH GUY enters from stage Left and walks up to the side of the DIRECTOR who is still looking up at the sound booth and hasn't seen the TECH GUY.)** Play that classical piece I gave you.

TECH GUY: I can't find it.

DIRECTOR: **(jumping, startled)** Oh! What the. . . weren't you just playing that music?

TECH GUY: Yeah.

DIRECTOR: Don't you have to play it from up there?

TECH GUY: Yeah.

DIRECTOR: Then how did you. . . ? Never mind. It's that classical piece. It's slow and elegant and soothing. The exact opposite of the music you just played. I gave you the CD.

TECH GUY: I know. I can't find it. I know it's up in the sound booth but it's kinda messy up there.

DIRECTOR: If you'd clean up your mess, maybe you could find stuff. Just go look for it and play it as soon as you find it.

TECH GUY: Aye, aye Captain. **(TECH GUY starts to exit Left.)**

DIRECTOR: Where are you going? Get up to the booth and find that music.

TECH GUY: I will. I'm just going around this way so I can stop at the drinking fountain.

DIRECTOR: Well, hurry up. I want that music playing ASAP.

TECH GUY: Okay, don't have a cow.

(HE exits Left. The second HE disappears behind the curtain the CLASSICAL MUSIC piece starts to play. The DIRECTOR turns around slowly to look at the sound booth. Then HE tries to see if the TECH GUY is still backstage. HE's puzzled.)

DIRECTOR: **(looking back up at the sound booth)** You found it?!

(The music stops.)

TECHGUY: **(stepping out from stage Left)** Yeah, I found it.

DIRECTOR: **(spinning around)** But you were. . . down here. . . and then. . . How did you play it? **(TECH GUY mimes pushing the play button. DIRECTOR is still confused.)** Okay, great. Thank you, let's go on. Will you start it again and dancers when you hear the music, start the scene!

(The TECH GUY goes off Left and immediately the music starts. The two GUARDS enter first and take their positions guarding the center entrance. The DANCERS enter next. Four males from the Right and two females from the left and entering just behind them from both sides are all the EXTAS now playing guests at the party. They stand back and watch the dance. The DANCERS start a choreographed dance but it doesn't get far at all because there are two missing females. DANCER 5 & 6 are dancing without partners.)

DIRECTOR: Cut! Stop the music. **(the music stops and the DIRECTOR goes up on stage)** Where are your partners?

DANCER 5: She said that she can't be in the play.

DIRECTOR: Why?

DANCER 5: Something about a spot opened up on the soccer team so she gets to play.

DIRECTOR: **(shaking his head with frustration)** And yours?

DANCER 6: I think she's grounded cause of bad grades. Hey, why don't we get those new stepsisters to be our partners?

DIRECTOR: This dance is complicated! We don't have time to re-teach it! Besides, one of them is in a cast.

DANCER 1: Well, we can't just have two couples!

DANCER 2: Yeah, that would look dumb.

DANCER 3: You know what though, four was too many.
DANCER 4: Yeah, Shaneequa kept bumping into me on that one turn anyway. I'm glad she's gone.
DANCER 1: Now we have just enough couples, this will be better anyway.
DANCER 2: Yeah, three couples are better than four.
DANCER 5 & 6: We're not a couple!
DANCER 3: They both know the dance real well.
DANCER 4: Yeah, make them a couple.
DANCER 5: I am a boy and. . .
DANCER 6: . . . I am a boy!
DIRECTOR: One of you is gonna have to play a girl.
DANCER 5: Not it!
DIRECTOR: Don't worry, it will just be for this scene.
DANCER 6: Oh, come on!
DANCER 1: You'll get to wear a dress.
DANCER 2: And a wig. It'll be fun.
DANCER 3: Robin Williams did it.
DANCER 4: Yeah, you can put a little padding here and there and presto, you're a girl.
DIRECTOR: It's just for this one scene. Then you can switch back to a man for the big chase scene.
DANCER 1: Think of the play.
DANCER 2: The show must go on.
DANCER 3: Think of the children.
DANCER 4: Please?
DANCER 5: I got the worse part. I have to dance with you.
DANCER 6: **(reluctant)** All right.
ALL DANCERS: Hurray!
DIRECTOR: All right, from your starting positions. **(DANCERS 1, 2, 3 & 4 immediately jump into their starting positions with the guys arm around the girls waist in a typical ballroom dance position. But DANCERS 5 & 6 are a little slow getting into position. They finally take their place but with grimaces on their faces.)** You're at a ball, try to look happy. **(DANCERS 5 & 6 put huge fake smiles on their faces.)** That's better. Music!

(The music starts and they begin the dance. The dance has several silly looking moves in it but is quite elegant. DANCERS 5 & 6 are still getting used to being partners but they are able to pull it off with elegance. The dance ends and everyone claps. The Royal PAGE enters from Up Center. As the PAGE speaks, everyone parts to make room for people to enter through the Center.)

PAGE: **(the PAGE always stomps his foot twice before introducing someone)** Ladies and Gentleman, presenting his majesty, the royal highness, King Uther Pendragon. . . **(the KING enters and stands Center)**. . . And her majesty, the royal highness, Queen Cynthia Pendragon. **(the QUEEN enters and takes the KING's hand)** Also joining us tonight is his highness, the prince!

(The PRINCE enters and stands by the QUEEN. All three acknowledge one another. Then they move to the Right.)

KING: Aren't I supposed to sit on my throne?

(TECH GUY comes running on with three chairs from Stage Left.)

TECH GUY: We haven't finished building it yet. **(HE sets the chairs in a row Stage Right)**

KING: Thank you.

(HE sits in the middle chair. Then the QUEEN sits in Left chair and the PRINCE in the Right chair. The TECH GUY stays on and joins the crowd.)

PRINCE: Smashing ball, father.

KING: Yes, quite so. Now remember son, this is your ball. We have invited all the eligible young ladies in the entire kingdom. So, tonight you must choose your bride.

PRINCE: As long as she's not ugly. I'm not marrying a dog.

KING: There are plenty of beautiful young ladies here. **(to QUEEN)** Don't you think so? **(SHE does not answer)** Don't you think so? **(still no answer)** Don't you think so?! **(the QUEEN does not move. The KING gets violent)** Hello! I said don't you think so?! **(the QUEEN still does not move)** It's your line, you idiot!

QUEEN: No it's not.

DIRECTOR: I'm afraid it is, Queeny. Your line is "Yes there are and. . ."

QUEEN: I know what *my* line is. I'm just waiting for him to finish *his*.

KING: I did! Don't you think so?!

QUEEN: No, I do not. **(SHE pulls out a script and turns to the right page and reads)** "As long as she's not ugly. I'm not marrying a dog. There are plenty of beautiful young ladies here, Don't you think so, *dear*?"

KING: Oh, my heck. What are you gonna do if I forget to say "dear" during the performance?

QUEEN: **(to the DIRECTOR)** What should I do?

KING: How about say your freakin' line!

QUEEN: How do I know when to say it? My cue word is "dear."

PRINCE: Holy Jumpin' Mexican Beans!

DIRECTOR: Just don't forget to say "dear."

KING: **(irritated)** Don't you think so, *DEAR*!?

QUEEN: Yes there are, and I'm sure one of these ladies is right for our son.

PRINCE: As long as she's pretty. She's gotta be pretty.

PAGE: **(stomps foot twice for each person)** Introducing, the Baroness Rodmilla De Step. **(STEPMOTHER enters from Up Center and walks Down Stage, curtsies then steps to the left to make room for the STEPSISTERS)** And her daughters, Lady Abigail Step. . . **(STEPSISTER 1 enters, curtsies and stands next to STEPMOTHER.)** And Lady Gristle Step. **(STEPSISTER 2 enters, curtsies and stands in line next to STEPSISTER1.)** And Stepsister 3. **(STEPSISTER 3 enters, curtsies and stands in line.)** And Stepsister 4. **(STEPSISTER 4 enters, curtsies and stands in line.)** And Stepsister 5 **(STEPSISTER 5 enters, curtsies and stands in line.)** **STEPMOTHER glides over to the KING, QUEEN and PRINCE and the STEPSISTERS follow in a line.)**

DIRECTOR: Make up names for them!

PAGE: Me?

DIRECTOR: Yeah, you can do it. Go on.

STEPMOTHER: Your Majesties, may I present my daughters. **(SHE glides Stage Left behind her daughters)**

STEPSISTER 1: **(steps forward and curtsies)** Good evening, your majesties.

KING: You look radiant, my dear.

QUEEN: Yes, how adorable.

PRINCE: You're hot!

STEPSISTER 1: Thank you, your highnesses. **(SHE circles behind the Throne Chairs and glides Stage Left and behind STEPMOTHER.)**

STEPSISTER 2: **(steps forward and curtsies)** Good evening, your majesties.

KING: Ah, how lovely you are, my dear.

QUEEN: Yes, how enchanting.

PRINCE: You're hot!

STEPSISTER 2: Thank you, your highnesses. **(SHE circles behind the Throne Chairs and glides Stage Left and behind STEPMOTHER.)**

STEPSISTER 3: **(steps forward and curtsies)** Good evening, your majesties.

KING: You look beautiful, my dear. **(Pause. Nothing from the QUEEN. The KING looks at her.)** You look beautiful, *my dear. (Still nothing.)* My dear! I think we've established a pattern here! **(HE turns to the PRINCE.)**

PRINCE: You're hot too!

STEPSISTER 3: Thank you, your highnesses. **(SHE circles behind the Throne Chairs and glides Stage Left and behind STEPMOTHER.)**

STEPSISTER 4: **(steps forward and curtsies)** Good evening, your majesties.

KING: **(now getting tired of this)** You look great, my dear. **(turning to the PRINCE)** She ain't gonna say anything.

PRINCE: **(also bored of this)** You're also hot.

STEPSISTER 4: Thank you, your highnesseseses. **(SHE circles behind the Throne Chairs and glides Stage Left and behind STEPMOTHER.)**

STEPSISTER 5: **(steps forward and curtsies)** Good evening, your majesties.

KING: You look good, my dear.

PRINCE: You're hot as well.

STEPSISTER 5: Thank you, my Lords. **(SHE circles behind the Throne Chairs and glides Stage Left and behind STEPMOTHER.)**

PAGE: **(stomps twice)** Presenting the Fairy Goshmother.

(FAIRY GOSHMOTHER enters.)

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Hello, everyone!

DIRECTOR: No! Stop! What are you doing?

PAGE: She told me to say it.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Well, I don't wanna be the only one who's not on in this scene. It's boring back there.

DIRECTOR: But the Fairy Godmother. . .

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother.

DIRECTOR: . . . does not go to the ball. Come on, that's ridiculous.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: But I don't even come on the rest of the play! Please? Please, please, please, please, please, please, please, please, etc.? **(SHE actually says "etc.")**

DIRECTOR: All right! You can be in this scene but not as the Fairy Godmother. You can be another guest at the ball. Just come in with everyone else.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: And can I be a mob member at the end, too?

DIRECTOR: Whatever.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Excellent. **(SHE does a little victory dance and chants)** I'm gonna be a mob member! I'm gonna be a mob member! **(singing her own melody)** And I'm a guest at the party!

DIRECTOR: All right, can we go on?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Sure. And it's Goshmother. **(SHE fades into the crowd)**

DIRECTOR: Okay, Page, go on with the right line.

PAGE: **(PAGE stomps twice. STEPSISTER 5 mouths the PAGE's Line)** Presenting the Baron Beaufort Von Frankenstein.

DIRECTOR: Stop! **(looking at STEPSISTER 5)** What are you doing?

STEPSISTER 5: Who, me?

DIRECTOR: Yes, you. You were mouthing the Page's line.

STEPSISTER 5: I was?

DIRECTOR: Yes. Look, this goes for everyone, sometimes when we know what line is coming up, we have the urge to mouth it, like singing along with the radio. You must resist that urge. Okay?

STEPSISTER 5: Okay.

DIRECTOR: Take it from your line again, Page.

PAGE: **(Stomps twice. This time all STEPSISTERS and STEPMOTHER mouth his line.)** Presenting the Baron Beaufort Von Frankenstein.

DIRECTOR: Whoa! Stop! Now all the Step Family did it!

ALL STEPSISTERS: Me?

DIRECTOR: Yes! You all mouthed his line!

ALL STEPSISTERS: We did?

DIRECTOR: Yes, now stop it! Again Page!

PAGE: **(Stomps twice. This time the entire cast mouths his line.)** Presenting the Baron Beaufort Von Frankenstein.

DIRECTOR: What are you all doing?

EVERYONE: Me?

DIRECTOR: Now you're all mouthing his line.

EVERYONE: We are?

DIRECTOR: Yes! DO NOT MOUTH HIS LINE! Last time and then go on with the play.

PAGE: **(This time EVERYONE stomps with him and mouths his line.)** Presenting the Baron Beaufort Von Frankenstein. **(The DIRECTOR stands up and puts his hands on his head in disbelief. Then sits down defeated. DR. FRANKENSTEIN enters and moves down Center and then moves Left to make room for his ASSISTANTS.)** And his assistants, Ingrid. . . **(INGRID enters. SHE's hideous. SHE curtsies and stands next to DR. FRANKENSTEIN.)** And Igor. **(IGOR enters, curtsies and stands next to DR. FRANKENSTEIN.)**

KING: Good evening Baron.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: **(approaching the KING, followed by INGRID and IGOR)** Good evening good king. Quite a party you throw.

KING: Yes, we're trying to find a bride for my son, the prince.

PRINCE: As long as she's hot.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: In that case, may I present my assistant, Ingrid.

INGRID: **(approaches the KING and curtsies. SHE smiles a huge ugly smile)** Good evening your majesties.

KING: Good heavens! Why, don't you look. . . lovely, my dear.

QUEEN: Yes, how radiant.

INGRID: **(putting the moves on the PRINCE)** And how are you tonight, sir Prince?

PRINCE: Holy crap! Get away from me!

INGRID: Would you like to dance with me, your Highness?

PRINCE: Guards! Help! I'm being assaulted! **(GUARD 1 & 2 rush to the PRINCE)**

GUARD 2: **(strong Cockney accent)** Yes, your Excellency?

GUARD 1: **(strong Southern accent)** What can we do for you?

PRINCE: Get this hideous creature out of my sight.

GUARD 1: **(seizing GUARD 2)** Right away, your supreme highness.

PRINCE: Not him, you idiot. That! **(Points at INGRID. The GUARDS look past INGRID to IGOR who's standing behind her. They seize IGOR.)**

GUARD 2: Come on, you.

IGOR: Hideous, me? You must be joking.

PRINCE: Not him! This one! **(Points again at INGRID. The GUARDS seize her.)**

GUARD 1: Got her!

GUARD 2: What should we do with her?

PRINCE: Off with her head!

IGOR: Yes, do us all a favor.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Your Highness, I really must protest.

KING: Yes, yes. Now son, don't you think you're overreacting a bit?

PRINCE: Yeah, okay. Just put her on the other side of the room.

GUARD 2: Come on, you.

GUARD 1: **(super strong Southern)** This side of the room is too good for the likes of you.
(The GUARDS start to drag her stage Left.)

DIRECTOR: Hold it. You're supposed to be Cockney. You're from London, not Louisiana.

GUARD 1: **(without any accent)** I thought I was doing a Cockney accent.

DIRECTOR: Not even close. Do it like this. **(thick Cockney)** This side of the room is too good for the likes of you.

GUARD 1: **(strong Southern accent)** This side of the room is too good for the likes of you.

GUARD 2: No. Like this, **(strong Cockney)** This side of the room is too good for the likes of you.

GUARD 1: **(strong Southern accent)** This side of the room is too good for the likes of you. **(everyone tries to do it)**

DIRECTOR: All right, all right. We'll have to work on it. Go on.

INGRID: **(calling back to the PRINCE)** You owe me a dance.

KING: Now, good doctor, how goes the experiments these days? You're not working on another monster are you?

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: No, no. That's all behind us. I believe I will leave the creation of life to God, from now on.

KING: Very good, wouldn't you say so, dear?

QUEEN: **(slow and Elegant)** Yes, quite. We've had enough monster business around here, for a lifetime.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Quite agreed, your highness.

KING: Well, please enjoy the ball and the wonderful refreshments.

PRINCE: Yeah, what's for dinner anyway?

KING: Well, I'll give you a hint. My archers shot it in the forest and it's also something I always call your mother.

PRINCE: **(gets a panicked look and stands up)** No one eat! They're serving frigid heartless witch! **(The QUEEN gives the KING a dirty look. The King puts his head in his hands.)**

PAGE: Presenting, Lady does not wish to be revealed at this time!

(Everyone turns to look. CINDERELLA enters. SHE walks gracefully to center. The PRINCE is stunned. Everyone marvels at her beauty. The PRINCE is drawn to her. HE puts his arms out to her to dance. SHE responds. NO MUSIC. They dance anyway.)

STEPMOTHER: Who is that?

STEPSISTER 1: I don't know, but she's hogging the prince.

STEPSISTER 2: She looks familiar.

STEPMOTHER: Yes, she does. I know I've seen her somewhere before.

STEPSISTER 1: She's so beautiful.

STEPSISTER 2: She's so elegant.

STEPSISTER 3: She's not a very good dancer.

(STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS 1 & 2 give her a look like SHE wasn't supposed to say that.)

STEPMOTHER: Look at the way she dances, she's so graceful.

STEPSISTER 1: Now we'll never have a shot at the Prince.

STEPSISTER 2: Yeah, she's got all his attention.

STEPMOTHER: He does seem quite taken with her.

DIRECTOR: Stop! **(everyone freezes and looks out at the DIRECTOR)** What are you doing? **(No one moves. No one knows who HE's taking to. Pause.)** There's supposed to be music playing for them to dance to.

TECH GUY: **(the TECH GUY unfreezes)** I just thought I could be in the play in this scene.

DIRECTOR: If you are in the play then who's gonna run the music? Get up there and play the music! **(TECH GUY scurries off Left. The music starts at a low volume.)** Okay, now everyone in the crowd has got to be stunned by looking at Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: Ouch!

DIRECTOR: What's wrong?

CINDERELLA: I gotta hang nail that's killing me.

STEPSISTER 3: **(quickly)** I can be Cinderella.

DIRECTOR: It's just a hang nail, she'll be fine.

STEPSISTER 3: What about her feet? Look at the size of those things. They're huge. Isn't Cinderella supposed to have small feet?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Now she's got the sposdas.

CINDERELLA: I'm only a size seven.

STEPSISTER 3: Seventeen is more like it. Why don't you just have the Page introduce her as Sasquatch?

DIRECTOR: That's enough.

STEPSISTER 3: It looks like she's getting ready to go scuba diving.

CINDERELLA: You're going down!

(CINDERELLA attacks STEPSISTER 3. They bump into STEPSISTER 1 and push her into STEPSISTER 2. This causes STEPSISTER 2 to lunge at STEPSISTER 1 and again they take their fight to the floor. This causes everyone to break into a brawl. They find the closest person next to them and start fighting.)

(The music stops. TECH GUY comes back on and joins the fight. This goes on for a few seconds until the director stops it.)

DIRECTOR: Knock it off!!! **(everyone freezes in their fighting position)** All right, take it from "He does seem quite taken with her."

(Everyone quickly jumps back into their positions for the scene.)

STEPMOTHER: He does seem quite taken with her.

STEPSISTER 4: Now what are we gonna do?

STEPSISTER 5: We're ruined.

(All the STEPSISTERS start crying. CINDERELLA and the PRINCE end their dance. Everyone claps and they go back to party mingling. CINDERELLA and the PRINCE walk Down stage to talk.)

PRINCE: You sure are hot.

CINDERELLA: Thank you. You're not bad yourself.

PRINCE: I've never seen someone as hot as you.

CINDERELLA: Yes, well, I also have a personality.

(INGRID steps up behind the PRINCE.)

PRINCE: I've never danced with someone as hot as you.

CINDERELLA: I can also think.

PRINCE: Wow, a personality, brains, and you're hot.

CINDERELLA: Well, tell me about yourself, your highness.

PRINCE: Well, I like hot chicks. And you certainly are hot.

CINDERELLA: You've said that.

PRINCE: Well, you are.

INGRID: Can I have that dance now, Princypoo? **(PRINCE turns around)**

PRINCE: Ah! Guards! **(The GUARDS come running over. The PRINCE hides behind CINDERELLA.)**

GUARD 1: Yes?

GUARD 2: How may we serve thee, my Liege?

PRINCE: Kill that hideous creature! **(HE points past CINDERELLA to INGRID. The GUARDS look at each other, shrug and then raise their spears to stab CINDERELLA.)** Not her! She's hot! Her! **(HE runs right up to INGRID'S face and points at it. IGOR steps in between INGRID and the GUARDS.)**

IGOR: Come along, Ingrid. We must be going. Sorry, Prince. We have to shove off.

(HE takes INGRID by the arm and meets DR. FRANKENSTEIN at the center and they all exit. The GUARDS return to their post.)

PRINCE: Well, that was unpleasant. Now where were we?

CINDERELLA: Well, you we're going to find out about some of my other qualities.

PRINCE: Oh yes, like you have really hot eyes.

(Suddenly the clock strikes the first BONG of twelve! It sounds like a GONG.)

CINDERELLA: Oh, no! Is it that late already? I must go! (*SHE tries to leave but the PRINCE grabs her hand*)

PRINCE: But you just got here. (*2nd BONG*)

CINDERELLA: Sorry, gotta go.

PRINCE: But you're so hot. (*3rd BONG*)

CINDERELLA: Sorry about this. (*SHE kicks him in the groin. And her glass slipper comes off. The PRINCE doubles over in pain. HE grabs the slipper. CINDERELLA runs out the Center.*)

PRINCE: Party's over. (*4th BONG*)

GUARD 1: (*strong Southern*) You heard the Prince. Ya'll come back now, ya hear?

GUARD 2: Get a move on you putrid scabs. (*The GUARDS use their spears to force the guests out the exit. 5th BONG.*)

KING: It was a wonderful ball, eh dear?

(*"Eh dear" is the QUEEN's cue to stand up and approach the PRINCE. TECH GUY takes the three chairs off Right. The QUEEN helps the PRINCE up. 6th BONG.*)

QUEEN: Don't worry son, there's more fish in the sea. (*SHE exits*)

KING: (*approaches the PRINCE*) Well son, did you find your bride?

(*7th BONG.*)

PRINCE: Yes. Yes I did father.

KING: What was her name?

PRINCE: I don't know.

(*8th BONG.*)

KING: What *do* you know?

PRINCE: She was hot. And this is her slipper. I swear by my crown that I will marry the girl whose foot fits this slipper!

(*9th BONG.*)

KING: So be it! I will put forth a Royal decree throughout all the land that every eligible young maiden must try on this slipper. And the one who it fits shall become your bride and princess over all the land. (*takes the slipper and examines it*) You don't suppose there could be more than one girl out there with a size 7 foot, do you?

(*They exit, the PRINCE still hurting. The stage is empty. 10th BONG.*)

SCENE 3 – THE ACCIDENT

DIRECTOR: Come on, where's the carriage? (*11th BONG. The carriage comes out from the Right and makes it to center stage. 12th BONG.*) That was the 12th stroke of midnight, transform and crash!

HEAD EXTRA: We've never practiced this transformation.

EXTRA 1: Or crash.

EXTRA 2: How do we transform and crash at the same time.

EXTRA 3: Why do we crash?

DIRECTOR: Because the coach is moving so fast that when everyone transforms back to their original state you fly out of control and wipe out.

EXTRA 4: Cool. And we all die?

EXTRA 5: Not us. We just turn back into mouse poop again.

EXTRA 6: We have to be poop again?

EXTRA 7: I hate being poop.

DIRECTOR: All right, we'll figure the crash out later. For now just morph back into your original states and lay on the ground where you are. Cinderella, just fall right there. Go.

(*The EXTRAS really take their time morphing back into their original states, making it an extravagant performance. CINDERELLA just lies on the ground. Everyone is silent and still for a moment. Then from the Left enter DR. FRANKENSTEIN, IGOR, and INGRID.*)

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: What is this? (*they carefully walk through the EXTRAS*) Dead mice?

IGOR: There's a cat over here.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Careful, Ingrid. Don't step in that.

INGRID: Dr. Frankenstein, look, it's a girl.

(DR. FRANKENSTEIN bends to check CINDERELLA.)

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: So it is. It looks as though she's been in some sort of accident.

INGRID: Is she. . . ?

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Yes. I'm afraid she's dead. Quick, let's get her back to my laboratory. Maybe it's not too late.

(INGRID helps DR. FRANKENSTEIN lift CINDERELLA up onto his shoulder so HE can carry her off.)

IGOR: The cat is still alive.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Bring it along.

(INGRID goes to help IGOR. They both grab an arm.)

IGOR: And the mice, master?

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: They're beyond our help now. Come, to the castle!

IGOR: Yes, master.

(DR. FRANKENSTEIN carries CINDERELLA off Left and IGOR and INGRID follow him dragging HEAD EXTRA.)

DIRECTOR: Good!

(The other EXTRAS move a bit like they're going to get up and exit but DR. FRANKENSTEIN comes back on. IGOR, INGRID, and HEAD EXTRA follow him back on. HE puts CINDERELLA down and SHE stands next to him.)

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Wait a second. I have a question.

DIRECTOR: What?

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: In the next scene, we're gonna bring her back to life right?

DIRECTOR: Yeah.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: And we're gonna switch her brain with another one right?

DIRECTOR: Yes.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Well, why do we switch her brain? Why don't we just bring her back to life using her own brain?

CINDERELLA: Because with a new brain my personality changes for the ending.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: I know that, but it has to make logical sense that we would switch brains.

DIRECTOR: Yeah, you're right. I didn't think about that. **(they all pause to think)** Okay, how about this? Her brain was damaged during the accident, so you can't use it.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: But how would we know that?

EXTRA 7: When you switch brains you'll see it's damaged.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: But we have to know that it's damaged before we switch brains. Otherwise we wouldn't switch 'em. **(they all pause to think)**

EXTRA 6: How about her skull gets bashed open in the accident and you can see inside?

EXTRA 5: That works. It's logical

EXTRA 4: It's kind of violent.

EXTRA 3: They're gonna switch brains anyway. That's not violent?

EXTRA 2: It's not like the audience is gonna see the brains gushing out all over the floor.

EXTRA 1: I'm hungry. I feel like spaghetti-Os.

DIRECTOR: All right then, just add in a line about how you can see her brains and they're damaged.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Okay. Now what if we switched Cinderella's brains with Ingrid's brains?

INGRID: What? My brains? No way, then I would have to be dead and I wouldn't be in the play anymore.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: But then Cinderella's personality would be inside Ingrid's body. And then in the end the Prince would marry Cinderella for her mind even though she was inside an ugly body. That would be a great theme for the play.

INGRID: No way, I don't wanna die and be out of the play.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: Don't you see? You wouldn't be out of the play because Cinderella's brain would be in your body. So you'd be Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: What happens to me?

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: You'd be dead and out of the play.

INGRID: I'm good with that.

CINDERELLA: I'm not.

DIRECTOR: Forget it. Just keep the play as written.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN: **(a little disappointed)** All right. Hey, I have another idea. Why don't we change the name of the play from Cinderstein to Frankenrella?

HEAD EXTRA: Hey, I like that. Frankenrella.

CINDERELLA: I like Cinderstein.

INGRID: How about Ingridrella?

IGOR: Or Frankengor?

EXTRA 1: Horsenmouserella?

EXTRA 5: Frankenpoop?

EXTRA 6: Cindercrap?

DIRECTOR: **(jumping up on stage)** Thank you for the suggestions but the name is Cinderstein. Okay, let's call it for tonight. **(everyone enters from both sides to listen to the DIRECTOR)** Everyone listen! We only have one week before opening night. Everyone needs to get their costumes and props. Also, I want that ballroom scene slow and elegant. Slow and elegant. Everyone say it with me. How do we do the ballroom scene?

EVERYONE: Slow and elegant.

DIRECTOR: Very Good. All right everyone, have a good night.

(Everyone starts to exit. Grand Curtain Closes. Black out.)

SCENE 4 – OPENING DAY

(STEPMOTHER, FAIRY GOSHMOTHER, STEPSISTERS 1 & 2, KING, PRINCE, HEAD EXTRA & DANCER 6 are having lunch in front of the curtain.)

STEPSISTER 1: I love having lunch on the stage. Especially on opening day.

STEPMOTHER: Yeah, it gets you hyped up for the show.

(In walks CINDERELLA carrying a lunch tray and wearing all black. Her shirt reads, "I ♥ Demons" in masking tape.)

HEAD EXTRA: Hey Cindy, how's that hang nail?

CINDERELLA: It's been a whole week, it's all healed up.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: That's good. I wish I had real Fairy Goshmother powers.

HEAD EXTRA: Me too. Then you could make that carriage crash look good.

CINDERELLA: I know, we never fixed it.

KING: They haven't finished the throne either.

STEPMOTHER: Hey Cindy, have you even been told what kind of make up you're supposed to wear?

CINDERELLA: No. I guess I'll just do some rosy cheeks.

KING: Don't forget to take off all that white make up.

CINDERELLA: What white make up? **(they all just look at her)**

STEPSISTER 1: I'm not sure we're totally ready for this play.

STEPSISTER 2: I know, the announcer guy hasn't even made up names for the other Stepsisters yet.

(TECH GUY enters.)

TECH GUY: Hey you guys, I can't find the gong.

KING: What gong?

TECH GUY: The one I use to make the "bong" noises for the clock to strike midnight. Have you guys seen it? **(They all answer negatively. TECH GUY exits.)**

DANCER 6: You guys, I have a huge problem.

KING: What's up?

DANCER 6: Well, you know how I have to play a girl for the dance?

STEPSISTER 2: I think that's hilarious.

PRINCE: Yeah, it's pretty funny.

DANCER 6: That it may be. But I got serious problems. If my dad knew I was playing a girl he would freak out?

STEPMOTHER: What do you mean freak out?

DANCER 6: Pull me out of the play.

STEPSISTER 1: You're kidding.

DANCER 6: No. He thinks plays are for sissies. I had to tell him the play was Frankenstein or he wouldn't have let me be in it. I didn't even dare mention the Cinderella part.

KING: Let me guess. He really likes sports.

DANCER 6: Yeah, he's a sports fanatic.

PRINCE: Well you like sports too.

DANCER 6: Sports are the *only* thing that's important to him. He thinks that if you're an actor you must be some kind of weirdo, girly-man.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Does he like movies?

DANCER 6: He loves movies.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Does he know there're actors in them?

DANCER 6: I dunno. Anyway, when he sees me up here dancing, as a girl, that'll be the end of my acting carrier.

KING: Maybe he won't recognize you?

DANCER 6: He'll be watching for me.

PRINCE: Then why did you take that part in the first place?

DANCER 6: Well, my dad is very precise. He doesn't get off work until Seven O'clock. Every night he pulls into the driveway at exactly 7:35. Now, the play starts at seven but he won't take off work for the play but he'll come straight here from work. And I timed the drive over here. He'll be walking through that door at exactly 7:25. I thought we'd make it. I thought we'd be done with the dance scene before he got here. But I've been timing it in practice. We finish the ballroom scene at exactly 7:30.

KING: Five minutes.

DANCER 6: All I need is five minutes.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: What if we started the play five minutes early?

PRINCE: We can't do that. You know, how people are still in line, they'd miss the first part of the show.

STEPMOTHER: I'll bet we can cut five minutes off that ballroom scene if we just speed it up.

STEPSISTER 1: Speed it up?

STEPSISTER 2: What about slow and elegant?

CINDERELLA: You mean slow and boring.

KING: Yeah, it drags. We need to pick up the pace anyway.

DANCER 6: You guys would do that for me?

STEPSISTER 1: Sure.

STEPSISTER 2: Why not?

PRINCE: We better tell everyone.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: But not Mr. Director, he'd freak.

KING: Yes, we've got to keep this a secret. Let's find everyone we can and tell them the plan. And remember, mums the word.

STEPSISTER 2: Bums the word?

STEPSISTER 1: Not bums you idiot, mums.

STEPSISTER 2: That does it!

(SHE lunges at STEPSISTER 1 and they are locked in another catfight. They roll around on the ground until they disappear under the curtain and are gone.)

KING: Let's get moving.

DANCER 6: Thanks, you guys. ***(They all exit off both directions.)***

(BLACK OUT.)

SCENE 5 – THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS

(Lights up. Curtains are still closed. The curtains move as some one is trying to find the middle opening. DIRECTOR steps out down center.)

DIRECTOR: Ladies and Gentlemen, I would like to welcome you to our production of Cinderstein. We've spent a long 8 weeks in rehearsals to make this the best performance we possibly could. The play was written by myself as my first attempt at actually writing a play. I would like to remind everyone of some basic theatre educate. Please turn off all cell phones or pagers at this time. Please do not yell out the names of the actors, you know like, "go Lisa!" That's not appropriate. And we welcome the little ones to our theatre but if they start to cry please take them out, don't just stand back there by the door with them because the acoustics in this place just amplify the sound causing the crying baby to echo throughout the audience driving everyone crazy. Also, if you need to exit for any reason please do so in a quiet manner as not to disturb those around you and then next time remember to go potty before the show starts. And finally, please refrain from putting your gum in the hair of the person in front of you. ***(TECH GUY steps out and whispers something in DIRECTORS ear. The DIRECTOR whispers loudly back to him.)*** Well, find it! ***(TECH***

GUY whispers in his ear again.) Then use something else! **(Turns back to audience.)** Thank you, and enjoy the show. **(HE exits between the curtains. The lights Black Out.)**

(The curtain opens and then the lights come up on the room with the fireplace and table. STEPMOTHER enters from Left wearing a period dress and period shoes followed by CINDERELLA who wears a ragged old dress with black patches on it and the white apron. Her face has smudge marks on it.)

STPMOTHER: I can't believe that you were even thinking about going to the ball. You know that you have chores to do.

CINDERELLA: Yes, mother.

STPMOTHER: I am not your mother, child. Call me what I told you to call me.

CINDERELLA: Yes, evil stepmother.

STPMOTHER: That's better.

CINDERELLA: I finished all my regular chores.

STPMOTHER: Your regular chores? Child, your "regular" chores are anything I feel needs doing. And I feel that there are several other things which need doing. First, my own daughters need help dressing - they should be down in a moment. Next, I noticed some mouse poo poos in kitchen. I want the critters caught before we return. Then I want you to sweep out. . .

(STEPSISTERS 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 enter from Left in their ball gowns but not quiet ready. They approach CINDERELLA.)

STEPSISTER 1: Cinderella, help me with my zipper!

STEPSISTER 2: Cinderella, I'm having trouble with my necklace, help me!

CINDERELLA: Yes, wicked stepsisters. **(SHE goes to help them)**

STEPSISTER 3: Mother, Cinderella's not helping me fast enough.

STEPSISTER 4: Me either, it's like she's moving in. . .

STEPSISTER 5: . . .slow motion.

STPMOTHER: Girls, let's not argue over how Cinderella is a slow slothful servant or we will be here all night.

STEPSISTER 1: Hurry up, Cinderella. I've got to go to the Prince's Ball.

STEPSISTERS 2, 3, 4 & 5: Me too!

CINDERELLA: I wish I could go to the Prince's Ball.

END OF FREE PREVIEW