

CINDERELLA'S FELLA

By Craig Sodaro

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ISBN: 1-60003-517-5

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CHARACTERS

(5 males, 9 females; As many extras as desired in Scene Five -The Dance.)

PRINCE HUMPHREY	Not exactly charming
CASPER	His butler
QUEEN	Humphrey's disappointed mother
LADY BUGG	A southern belle
LADY FINGERS	A genteel lady
LADY LUCK	A psychic lady
LULU	A fairy godmother
SIR TOM	A gentleman
SIR RICK	Another
SIR HARRY	Another
STEPMOTHER	
GISELLE	Her daughter
DAGMAR	Her other daughter
CINDERELLA	Her stepdaughter

SETTING

There are two simple scenes:

Throne Room of the Castle—all that's needed is a throne which is a large chair with a high back and arm rests, the richer looking the better. Perhaps spray it gold and decorate it with large jewels.

Cinderella's House—a small table or writing desk at center with a chair. The table and chair should look rather fancy, if possible. A bouquet of flowers on the table would add some color.

Other decorations for the two scenes can be used as desired. However, the scene changes should be very quick, so keep any other set pieces to a minimum.

PROPERTY LIST

Laptop (HUMPHREY)	Stack of clothing boxes and bags (CASPER)
Sports drink (HUMPHREY)	Small pocket mirror (HUMPHREY)
Small, wrapped presents (BUGG, LUCK, FINGERS)	Rolled up 5 ft. scroll (HUMPHREY)
Small crystal ball (LUCK)	Laptop (CASPER)
Scarf (LUCK)	Napkin (DAGMAR)
Small bottle (LUCK)	Donut (DAGMAR)
Tray set with tea cups and pot of tea (CASPER)	8 x 10 PHOTO (picture not seen) (CASPER)
Cell phone (QUEEN)	Towel (GISELLE)
Laptop (CINDERELLA)	Tray of hors d'oeuvres (CASPER)
Gift box containing a necklace (TOM)	Cell phone (CINDERELLA)
Gift box containing a bracelet (RICK)	First aid kit (CASPER)
Gift box containing a tiara (HARRY)	Cell phone (DAGMAR)
Bouquets of flowers (DAGMAR, GISELLE)	Cell phone (GISELLE)
Cell phone (STEPMOTHER)	Scrolls and pencil (CASPER)
	Key (STEPMOTHER)
	Plate of brownies (LULU)

SOUND EFFECTS

Thunder (as indicated in the script)	Crash offstage
Knocking (as indicated)	Triangle "tinkling" (as indicated)
Dance music of various styles such as jitterbug, tango, cha cha, 60's, and so on.	Clock striking midnight
	Cell phone ring

LIGHTING EFFECTS

Lights flash to simulate lightning, if desired.

COSTUMES

HUMPHREY—T-shirt, jeans, flip-flops, black plastic rimmed glasses, crown.
Fancy military-ish jacket with sash, dark pants, black boots, sword.

CINDERELLA—A beautiful dress, such as a long prom dress. T-shirt, jeans, flip-flops.

QUEEN—A long dress, a cape, and a crown.

GISELLE and DAGMAR—Bright, clashing long dresses obnoxiously colorful. If nothing unusual enough is available, add bows, sashes, and other accessories such as capes and aprons to make them look silly. They can wear bathrobes over their dresses in the last scene, if desired.

CASPER—A colorful tunic and sash over a long sleeve white shirt and dark pants. The tunic can bear a crest of some type.

STEPMOTHER—A very colorful and over-the-top dress like Giselle and Dagmar.

LADIES—Attractive long dresses, such as prom dresses—but none should look better than Cinderella's!

TOM, RICK, HARRY—Tunics and sashes over long sleeve white shirts and dark pants. Again, crests can be used to decorate the tunics.

LULU—Bright, patterned peasant-style skirt. Clashing blouse. Frizzy hair all over the place, and a cape, if desired.

SYNOPSIS OF THE SCENES

SCENE ONE The Throne Room of the Castle, afternoon.

SCENE TWO Cinderella's House, a short time later.

SCENE THREE The Throne Room, several hours later.

SCENE FOUR Cinderella's House, the following morning.

SCENE FIVE The Throne Room, that night at 11:45.

SCENE SIX Cinderella's House, the following day.

SYNOPSIS

The Queen has been badgering her only son Humphrey to find a wife. But Humphrey's heart belongs to his cyber girlfriend known only as "mybelle." The straw that breaks the Queen's back comes when Humphrey rejects—in no uncertain terms—Ladies Bugg, Fingers, and Luck. The Queen quickly calls "Godmamas, Inc." for help. Lulu, the top godmama, casts a powerful spell on Humphrey that will turn his slovenly self into a handsome prince.

Meanwhile, Stepmother is having her own problems with the beautiful Cinderella, who spends all her time e-mailing and texting her cyber boyfriend, mellafella. Stepmother's two daughters Grisella and Dagmar can't seem to find any boyfriends because Cinderella attracts all the attention, but rejects every suitor the moment she meets him. So Stepmother calls Godmamas, Inc. and buys a spell that will make Cinderella the plainest girl on the planet.

Humphrey turns into a dashing prince bent on finding a beautiful wife, while Cinderella turns into a shy wallflower who wouldn't merit a second glance. The prince decides to hold a ball and plans to meet every single girl in the kingdom to find his bride. Unfortunately as he dances with each girl he becomes more and more disillusioned. There's no one he likes. And, perhaps more importantly, though he now looks like Prince Charming, he isn't charming at all.

Aware the spells will be broken at midnight, the Queen and Stepmother try to rush the process, but when the prince rejects Grisella and Dagmar, all seems lost. Then Cinderella enters and she and Humphrey hit it off immediately for some odd reason. Unfortunately when the clock strikes twelve, Cinderella races off without telling the prince her name. But he's in luck! She dropped her cell phone. All he has to do now is find out who the cell phone belongs to! After a near miss, love wins out and the beautiful Cinderella falls for the nerdy prince proving that there is, indeed, someone for everyone.

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SCENE ONE

The Throne Room, evening. A throne sits center stage.

AT RISE, HUMPHREY sits on throne sideways, his legs dangling over one side, his back up against the other side. HE wears a T-shirt, jeans, flip-flops, black plastic frame glasses, and a crown sitting crookedly on his head. In his lap is his laptop, which HE's working on. On the floor so HE can reach down and pick it up is a sport drink bottle. CASPER stands at attention at right center.

HUMPHREY: Do you think she's a real looker, Casper?

CASPER: With a user name like "mybelle" she's probably ravishing, Prince Humphrey.

HUMPHREY: She doesn't sound ravaged when she e-mails and texts me.

CASPER: Ravishing, my dear boy. It means drop dead gorgeous.

HUMPHREY: Wow! And to think she's all that into me.

CASPER: Are you sure of that, your highness?

HUMPHREY: Listen to this: "How do I love thee? Let me count the gigabytes. I love thee to the quantum of ten and then some!" Wow. I've got to come up with something great in my reply.

CASPER: You could, perhaps, continue with the mathematical metaphor.

HUMPHREY: Such as?

CASPER: Five foot two, eyes of blue, can you do the hoochie coo?

(QUEEN enters right)

QUEEN: Humphrey!

(HUMPHREY is typing and doesn't respond.)

Humphrey!

(Ibid.)

Humphrey!

CASPER: Perhaps you ought to text him, your majesty.

QUEEN: Very funny! *(Snaps laptop shut.)*

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HUMPHREY: Hey! What'd you do that for?

QUEEN: You have guests.

HUMPHREY: I don't want any guests!

QUEEN: Well, they're here.

HUMPHREY: Who's they?

QUEEN: Lady Bugg, Lady Fingers, and Lady Luck.

HUMPHREY: Mother! You're not picking out my bride!

QUEEN: Since you're not doing it, someone has to!

HUMPHREY: I've already got somebody picked out.

QUEEN: (*Delighted*) Who? Who has he picked out, Casper?

CASPER: A cyber honey.

QUEEN: (*Deflated*) Humphrey! I've warned you about on-line romances. They never work out!

HUMPHREY: Yeah, yeah, yeah!

QUEEN: Humphrey, you're going to be king someday! Look at you! All you do is spend your day playing games, writing e-mails, and texting! You don't know anything about social graces. However will you conduct affairs of state?

HUMPHREY: By e-mail! Now, I've got a very important reply to write.

QUEEN: No! The three eligible young ladies are here for a visit. I'm sure you'll find one to your liking. (*Takes laptop.*)

HUMPHREY: Hey! You can't do that! It's against the law! Besides, I'm a prince!

QUEEN: Yes, well, I'm the Queen! Ladies! Prince Humphrey will receive you now.

(*LADIES BUGG, FINGERS, and LUCK enter right giggling. Each holds a present.*)

Allow me to present Prince Humphrey.

LADIES: Hi, Humphrey.

QUEEN: Say hello, Humphrey.

HUMPHREY: Hello Humphrey.

(*LADIES giggle.*)

QUEEN: This is Lady Bugg.

BUGG: (*Grabbing his hand, shaking it forcefully*) Howdy, Prince! I'm awful tickled to make your acquaintance.

QUEEN: This is Lady Fingers.

FINGERS: (*Curtsy*) I am deeply humbled to be in your presence, your highness.

QUEEN: And last, but not least, Lady Luck.

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LUCK: *(Spinning around him gracefully)* Oh, Prince Humphrey, you're emitting an aura so powerful I find it...irresistible.

QUEEN: Well, I'll leave you alone with the ladies, Humphrey. And, Casper, will you serve the refreshments?

HUMPHREY: *(Suddenly terrified)* Hey! Hey! I don't want to be left alone here.

BUGG: Gosh, your highness, there's nothin' to be feared of!

FINGERS: We just wish to become better acquainted.

LUCK: Perchance we'll find our stars aligned!

QUEEN: Tatal!

(QUEEN pushes CASPER off right.)

HUMPHREY: *(Jumping up on throne)* Casper, don't leave me here!
(After CASPER is gone) Traitor!

BUGG: Gee, your highness, it sure is a mouthful saying "your highness" all the time. How about me callin' you Dumplin'?

HUMPHREY: I hate dumplings!

BUGG: But just the way you say "Dumplin'" sets my heart on fire.

(BUGG moves to grab HUMPHREY who jumps down from the throne. SHE falls into the throne.)

HUMPHREY: You stay away from me!

(HUMPHREY turns smack into FINGERS.)

FINGERS: Don't mind her, your highness. She doesn't have any manners. Now, I, your highness, am full of manners. I never put my elbows on the table, chew with my mouth full, or butter my bread with a steak knife. But I've got one little flaw.

HUMPHREY: What's that?

FINGERS: I've been known to kiss on the first date.

(HUMPHREY screams, backs into LUCK.)

LUCK: Oh, your highness, your karma precedes you.

(LUCK pulls a small crystal ball from her pocket.)

HUMPHREY: What's that?

LUCK: My crystal ball. By looking into it, I can see our future.

HUMPHREY: Our future?

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LUCK: Yes! Let me see your palm? *(SHE grabs his wrist and turns his palm up.)*

HUMPHREY: Hey! That hurts, lady!

LUCK: A long, long, long lifeline!

HUMPHREY: Oh yeah?

LUCK: Yes, look here!

(HUMPHREY studies his palm.)

HUMPHREY: I never noticed that before. So what's this line?

LUCK: My line. Note how we intersect and then proceed as one into infinity.

HUMPHREY: That's not a line! My cat scratched me! Now go on, all of you, get out!

BUGG: But I got you a gift, Humphie!

HUMPHREY: Don't call me that!

BUGG: It's a branding iron!

HUMPHREY: That's disgusting! I'd never use that.

BUGG: Oh, the iron's for me, silly. The brand's for you!

(HUMPHREY screams and hides behind the throne.)

HUMPHREY: Go away, all of you!

FINGERS: You'll accept my gift, your highness. *(SHE pulls a small book from her pocket)* It's a copy of royal etiquette by Seemore Grief.

HUMPHREY: I don't want it! Get out of here!

(LUCK tosses a scarf around HUMPHREY's neck and pulls him to her.)

LUCK: My gift is the gift that keeps on giving.

HUMPHREY: What is it, a sinus infection?

(LUCK pulls a small bottle from her pocket.)

LUCK: It's a frog's gizzard... and it will bring you good luck.

HUMPHREY: Frogs don't have gizzards! And you're not having any luck! Now go on, all three of you! Get out or I'll have the guards throw you in the dungeon.

BUGG: Go on! You don't have no dungeon, Dumplin'.

HUMPHREY: You sure about that?

FINGERS: The kingdom's press would alert the entire world!

HUMPHREY: Ha! They're our corporate sponsor! They only print what we tell them to print!

LUCK: Oh, your highness, don't you want a lovely lady to wear on your arm?

HUMPHREY: No! I want a girl who can multitask on a Mac or an apple and bake brownies like a pro!

BUGG: You don't want a girl—you want a grocery store!

FINGERS: Yeah! C'mon, girls! This is a waste of our time.

LUCK: I feel our connection is lost.

HUMPHREY: Good! So hang up and get lost!

(Angrily, LADIES BUGG, FINGERS, and LUCK exit right just as QUEEN enters followed by CASPER holding a tray. QUEEN carries the laptop.)

QUEEN: Here we are! Tea and crum— *(SHE notices the LADIES are gone.)* --pets. Oh, Humphrey, not again!

HUMPHREY: *(Taking laptop)* They weren't my type!

QUEEN: Then what is your type?

HUMPHREY: Mybelle! *(HE resumes his position at the opening of the play and works on his laptop.)*

CASPER: *(To QUEEN)* What shall I do with the tea, your majesty?

QUEEN: *(Angrily)* Take a bath in it!

CASPER: If you say so, your majesty!

(CASPER bows slightly, exits right. QUEEN pulls out her cell phone and dials.)

QUEEN: Godmamas, Inc. *(pronounced "ink")*? This is the Queen. Yes, I'm afraid I'm going to need your services. No, it's not a war. No, it's not a plot. No, it's Humphrey! Yes, send your most powerful godmama ASAP. Thanks!

(LULU runs on left, almost tripping across the stage. SHE halts, then straightens up and pats her wild hair into place.)

LULU: ASAP enough for you, Queenie?

QUEEN: You're from Godmamas, Inc?

LULU: Who else? So, what's the trouble?

QUEEN: That!

(QUEEN points to HUMPHREY, obliviously typing away on his laptop.)

LULU: *(Walking around the throne)* Hmm... yes, I see... well, perhaps... no... that won't do... maybe I can... oh, dear!

QUEEN: Is it hopeless?

LULU: I think I can turn him into a lovely frog.

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QUEEN: I don't want him turned into a frog.

LULU: Oh, that's too bad. He's halfway there already.

QUEEN: I want him turned into a prince!

LULU: *(Incredulously)* A prince?

QUEEN: Well, he is one.

LULU: You're kidding!

QUEEN: My one and only. Someday the king.

LULU: I'd better update my passport!

QUEEN: Can you turn him into a gallant prince that the girls will fight over?

LULU: For a million blockets I can do gallant. For two million I can do a guy girls fight over.

QUEEN: Can't I get a package deal?

LULU: Look, since it's for you, Queenie, let's make it three and a half million for the whole job.

QUEEN: That sounds fair.

LULU: But there's just one catch. The deluxe package only lasts until midnight tomorrow. Still game?

QUEEN: When can you begin?

LULU: Just give me some elbow room and I'll take it from there!

(QUEEN backs up as LULU begins to walk around the throne casting her spell.)

LULU: Cats and dogs, pigs and whistles—

Roses, tulips, sticky thistles.

Take this youth and twist him well,

Whip him up, oh, powerful spell!

Make him what he surely isn't.

A gallant prince not a nerdy peasant!

(Thunder, lightning, blackout.)

SCENE TWO

Cinderella's House, a short time later. A small table and chair. A laptop sits on the table.

AT RISE, CINDERELLA, beautifully dressed, sits at the table typing lovingly on the laptop. SIRS TOM, RICK, and HARRY stand around her, each with a small gift box.

TOM: Oh, Cinderella, allow me to give you the most beautiful necklace in the world.

CINDERELLA: *(Not paying attention, but sweetly)* Sure.

(TOM puts the necklace on her.)

TOM: This is just a small token of my esteem.

RICK: But I have brought you a bracelet of diamonds and rubies. May I?

CINDERELLA: Sure, go ahead.

(RICK lifts CINDERELLA'S hand and puts the bracelet on while SHE types with one hand.)

RICK: It looks splendid on your beautiful wrist.

HARRY: The best is last, lovely lady. A tiara of the finest silver and jewels. You'll wear it in honor of me?

CINDERELLA: Okay.

(HARRY gently places the tiara on her head.)

HARRY: An angel couldn't have a more beautiful halo!

CINDERELLA: Excuse me, but can one of you tell me how to spell "unequivocally" as in "I unequivocally love you?"

(TOM, RICK, and HARRY look at one another, puzzled.)

TOM: Oh, why, you don't have to write a thank you to me right now.

RICK: Your presence is your thanks.

HARRY: You've got at least a month to put it in writing.

CINDERELLA: This is to mellafella.

TOM: Who's he?

RICK: Another suitor?

CINDERELLA: He's my cyber honey.

HARRY: And what are we? Chopped liver?

CINDERELLA: I hate liver, don't you?

(DAGMAR and GISELLE enter right, each with a bouquet of flowers.)

DAGMAR: Here, Cinderella!

GISELLE: These are from Count Rudolf.

DAGMAR: And these are from Duke Reindeer.

TOM: A count?

RICK: A duke?

DAGMAR: And she got one from an earl earlier.

HARRY: I fear our case is hopeless, men.

GISELLE: Well, now, hold on there, handsome!

DAGMAR: Yeah... no need to rush off just because she gave you the brush off.

GISELLE: Dagmar and me are always up for a good time!

DAGMAR: We can show you our thimble collection.

TOM: Really, I have an appointment with my lawyer that I'm late for already! *(Races off right.)*

RICK: I've got an appointment with my dentist. I've got a terrible toothache! Yow! *(Holding his jaw exits left.)*

DAGMAR: So where do you have to be?

HARRY: Anywhere but here!

(HARRY rushes right, almost bumping into STEPMOTHER.)

STPMOTHER: Going so soon, Harry?

HARRY: Don't call me! I'll call you! *(Exits left.)*

DAGMAR: *(Furiously)* Mother! Cinderella's done it again!

GISELLE: She got rid of them before we even got a chance!

STPMOTHER: Girls, girls! I'm sure you don't want Cinderella's scraps.

DAGMAR: Oh, yes we do!

GISELLE: They give mighty fine presents!

STPMOTHER: Cinderella, we've just about had enough.

DAGMAR: Yeah! Every time we walk down the street, all the guys look at you!

GISELLE: They all ask you to dance!

DAGMAR: And give you presents!

GISELLE: They don't look twice at us!

DAGMAR: Are you kidding? They don't look once!

STPMOTHER: What have you to say for yourself, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: Stepmother, does "devotedly" have one or two t's?

(STEPMOTHER shuts laptop.)

Stepmother! I didn't even finish my reply?

DAGMAR: *(Sarcastically)* To mellafella?

GISELLE: *(Sarcastically)* Your cyber honey?

STEPMOTHER: I have warned you, Cinderella, these on-line infatuations never work out! It's probably some golddigger wanting to cash in on your trust fund!

CINDERELLA: He doesn't even know I have a trust fund.

DAGMAR: What's this about a trust fund?

GISELLE: Do we have trust funds?

STEPMOTHER: We'll talk about that later!

CINDERELLA: Can I please have my laptop, Stepmother?

STEPMOTHER: Yes... after you order in Chinese for dinner and after you pick up your jewels and place them back in your jewelry box and then decide which three pairs of shoes you want to buy to go with your new wardrobe.

CINDERELLA: All I ever do is work, work, work! *(Runs off right.)*

DAGMAR: I wish she'd move out!

GISELLE: Yeah! She's ruining our chances.

STEPMOTHER: She's ruining everybody's chances. I've had six calls today begging me to keep Cinderella from attending the Nascar Races, the World Series, and the Winter Olympics. Every man falls head over heels for her! If only you girls were more like her...

DAGMAR: I found out what shampoo she uses, but it didn't do any good. I've still got split ends.

GISELLE: I use the same makeup as she does, but somehow I come off looking like a corpse.

STEPMOTHER: Maybe there's something we can do about her.

DAGMAR: What?

GISELLE: Buy her a one-way ticket to Siberia?

STEPMOTHER: *(Pulling out cell phone, dialing)* I saw an ad in the personals this morning. "Having problems? Let us help. Godmamas, Inc."

DAGMAR: Godmamas, Inc.?

STEPMOTHER: *(Into phone)* Hello, I saw your ad in this morning's paper and am very interested in your service. Our problem? Well, her name is Cinderella. No, no, she isn't plain. She doesn't have zits. No, her hair looks like spun gold. What's the problem? Why don't you come over and we'll explain. Oh, yes, immediately is fine. We're home!

(STEPMOTHER snaps her phone shut just as LULU races on left, screeching to a halt at STEPMOTHER.)

LULU: Is this immediate enough for you?

STEPMOTHER: Godmamas, Inc?

LULU: Call me Lulu.

DAGMAR: Are you really a godmama?

LULU: Not only a godmama, but a fairy godmama.

STEPMOTHER: And you solve problems?

LULU: And how. Your cat doesn't want to eat, I can give it an appetite.

Your servants not dusting right? I'll make sure they don't miss a dust ball. Your boss giving you grief? I'll set him straight!

STEPMOTHER: Well, it's none of those.

LULU: I was just citing references, lady. So what's your beef?

DAGMAR: Cinderella.

LULU: Cinderella? Why does that name sound familiar?

GISELLE: You've probably seen her around. She's gorgeous.

DAGMAR: And kind and generous and thrifty, patriotic, and trustworthy.

LULU: The Boy Scout syndrome, hmmm?

DAGMAR: Yeah! All the Boy Scouts fall in love with her.

GISELLE: There's not even a Cub Scout left for us.

STEPMOTHER: Can you help us?

LULU: Your wish is my command. So, whatdaya wish?

(STEPMOTHER, GISELLE, and DAGMAR huddle with LULU. A moment later, THEY break up the huddle.)

LULU: You want all that? It's gonna cost you a million blockets.

DAGMAR: That's okay!

GISELLE: Cinderella's got a trust fund!

LULU: Then stand back and give me some elbow room!

(Thunder, lightning, blackout.)

SCENE THREE

The Throne Room, several hours later.

AT RISE, QUEEN paces downstage. SHE's on her cell phone.

QUEEN: Godmamas, Inc.? Yes, this is the Queen. Is Lulu there?
She's on another job? Well, I... I'm worried about the prince. Lulu
cast her spell and he disappeared. I haven't been able to find him
anywhere. He will? You're sure? Well, I wish she'd have hung
around just to make sure the spell worked—

*(HUMPHREY, still wearing glasses, but now dashing in a new jacket with
his hair combed and his black boots polished, enters right. A sword
hangs at his side and his crown sits straight on his head. His chest is
puffed out and his chin is up.)*

(Suddenly very pleased) Oh, my! You can tell Lulu thank you for me!
Everything is coming up roses! *(Snaps her phone shut.)*

HUMPHREY: *(Speaking crisply and formally)* I say, mater, who's Lulu?

QUEEN: Humphrey? You... you look so... dashing!

HUMPHREY: I just had a haircut, a manicure, a pedicure, a waxing and
my teeth brightened. *(Smiles broadly.)*

QUEEN: And what's that wonderful scent?

HUMPHREY: Like it? It's called "Bring Out the Beast". *(Growls.)*

QUEEN: Oh, my! Why, Humphrey, what's gotten into you?

HUMPHREY: I don't know what you mean, mater.

*(CASPER enters right balancing a huge stack of clothing boxes and
several shopping bags stuffed to the brim.)*

Ah, Casper, old chap.

CASPER: *(Tiredly)* Where would you like these, Prince Humphrey?

HUMPHREY: Casper! It's your highness now, remember?

CASPER: Yes, Hum... yes, your highness.

QUEEN: What is all this?

HUMPHREY: I thought I needed a few new duds. The stuff hanging in
my closet just made me sick all of a sudden.

QUEEN: It's made me sick for years!

HUMPHREY: Then let's burn it all, Casper. Out with the old, in with the
new!

CASPER: Very good, Hum... your highness.

HUMPHREY: Good man! And here, take these... they make me look a bit too bookish, don't you think? *(Tosses the glasses into one of the bags.)*

CASPER: But, your highness, you've got an astigmatism.

HUMPHREY: And I can still lead a healthy and useful life, can't I, Mater?
Off with you, then, Casper, old chap.

CASPER: Very good, Hum... your highness. Shall I bring in your laptop?

HUMPHREY: Whatever for?

CASPER: I thought perhaps you might want to write to mybelle.

HUMPHREY: Oh, yes... well, I'm sure she can wait. I'd rather find out who Lulu is first.

(CASPER exits left.)

QUEEN: *(Suddenly nervous)* Lulu?

HUMPHREY: Yes, you mentioned her on the phone a few minutes ago.

QUEEN: *(Thinking quickly, covering)* Oh, that Lulu. Why she's... she's... a caterer.

HUMPHREY: A caterer?

QUEEN: Is that what I said?

HUMPHREY: Yes. Is she going to cater the ball tomorrow evening?

QUEEN: What ball is that, Humphrey?

HUMPHREY: Mater, from now on I'd prefer you to call me your highness.

QUEEN: That's my name.

HUMPHREY: But not forever!

QUEEN: Yes, your highness. And I'm afraid I don't remember any ball, your highness.

HUMPHREY: Of course not. I just thought of it while I was having my eyebrows waxed. *(Flashes his eyebrows up and down.)*

QUEEN: How... cute.

HUMPHREY: I've decided it's high time I fall in love and get married.

QUEEN: Oh, Humphrey... I mean your highness, that's music to my ears!

HUMPHREY: Since I'm going to rule this kingdom, I must find a girl who's at least as ravishing as me! *(Pulls out a small mirror and smiles into it.)*

QUEEN: I shall alert the royal caterers.

HUMPHREY: I thought Lulu is going to handle it all.

QUEEN: Yes, of course, your highness. And we'll have the royal orchestra...

HUMPHREY: Oh, Mater, how provincial! I'll have Casper line up Dr. Goo.

QUEEN: Who's Dr. Goo?

HUMPHREY: Just the hottest D.J. in *(Name of Town)*.

QUEEN: Well, as long as the music doesn't get so loud as to bother the neighbors.

HUMPHREY: Mater, I'm a prince! I can have music as loud as I like! Now, while I was getting my hair cut, I made a guest list.

(HUMPHREY pulls from his pocket a rolled up list. HE hands it to QUEEN, who allows it to unroll. Its five foot length trails to the floor.)

QUEEN: Oh, my! Why, your highness, these are all... single girls!

HUMPHREY: That's right! Every eligible girl in the kingdom. I intend to dance with each and every one until I find the one who sends that electric shock through me.

QUEEN: What electric shock?

HUMPHREY: You know... vavavavoom! Like when you first danced with daddy-o.

QUEEN: Oh, darling, it wasn't vavavavoom... it was more like "Ouch! You stepped on my toes."

HUMPHREY: No chance of that. I'm a dancing fool!

QUEEN: Since when?

HUMPHREY: Since my lessons at Arthur Murray Dance Studio this afternoon. Care to waltz?

(HUMPHREY moves to take QUEEN'S hand, but SHE backs away.)

QUEEN: I'd love to, but I'd better get this list to the Royal Under-Secretary of Invitations.

HUMPHREY: *(Taking QUEEN'S hand)* Then I bid you farewell, good lady! *(HUMPHREY kisses QUEEN'S hand.)*

QUEEN: *(Giggling)* Oh, why, Humphrey, you silly boy!

HUMPHREY: *(Admonishingly)* Mater.

QUEEN: I mean your highness!

(QUEEN hustles off right. CASPER enters left with laptop. It's open.)

CASPER: Humphrey... I mean, your highness, you have six messages from you-know-who.

HUMPHREY: The manicurist?

CASPER: Hardly.

HUMPHREY: The pedicurist?

CASPER: Really, your highness.

HUMPHREY: My partner at the dance studio?

CASPER: I'm afraid she's still getting her broken foot set.

HUMPHREY: Oh, yes... let's be sure to send her some flowers. So who's you-know-who?

CASPER: Mybelle.

HUMPHREY: Oh, her.

CASPER: But, your highness, you're in love with her.

HUMPHREY: All of a sudden I feel very fickle. Do you think she's as dazzling as me?

CASPER: I don't see how that makes a difference.

HUMPHREY: Of course it does! But what a fool I've been! If every girl in the kingdom is invited to the ball tomorrow, she'll be there, too! If she is The One, I'll get that electric shock I'm going to feel when I dance with her!

CASPER: Why don't you just stick your finger in a wall socket?

HUMPHREY: Oh, Casper, you are so funny! Any more jokes like that and I'll have your head!

CASPER: Very good, Hum... I mean your highness. Shall I set your laptop here?

HUMPHREY: You know what I'm going to do? Google myself! And while I'm doing that, line up Dr. Goo for the ball tomorrow.

CASPER: Dr. Who?

HUMPHREY: Who? Goo! Now go!

(Shaking his head, CASPER exits left. HUMPHREY sits on throne with his laptop.)

(Typing) Prince Humphrey... Hmm... Twitter... Facebook... Royal blog... .how about you! *(Dramatically clicks "enter." Reads)* Who knows anything about Prince Humphrey? Nobody ever sees him... he's always on his computer and playing video games. They say he isn't even looking for a bride! *(Laughs.)* Lots you know! *(Types.)* I've just heard that Prince Humphrey has hidden out all these years not because he's shy... but because he's the coolest thing since ice cubes and tomorrow night he's throwing a ball. Every girl in the kingdom will be there and Prince Humphrey will pick the hottest girl to be his bride! *(Sits back, satisfied.)* Am I a babe magnet or what?

(The curtain falls.)

SCENE FOUR

Cinderella's House, the following morning. The table and chair are in place.

AT RISE, the stage is empty. A knock off right is heard.

DAGMAR: *(Off left)* Hold your horses!

(Another loud knock is heard)

GISELLE: *(Off left)* Keep your pants on!

(A third knock is heard. DAGMAR and GISELLE enter left. DAGMAR wears a napkin tucked into her collar; SHE'S finishing a donut. GISELLE holds up her hands trying to dry her nail polish by blowing on her fingers. Another knock.)

DAGMAR: Gosh, can't a girl finish breakfast?

GISELLE: You go get it. I can't touch the doorknob!

DAGMAR: Do I look like a maid all of a sudden?

GISELLE: Hey! Where's Cinderella? It's probably for her anyway!

DAGMAR: Cinderella?

(Another knock, just as STEPMOTHER enters left.)

STPMOTHER: Girls, someone's knocking at the door.

GISELLE: Can't Cinderella get it? It's for her!

STPMOTHER: You haven't seen Cinderella this morning?

(GISELLE and DAGMAR shake their heads. STEPMOTHER smiles broadly.)

DAGMAR: She's probably trying on some new dresses and make-up and she'll just look gorgeous as always!

(Another knock.)

STPMOTHER: I bet you a million blockets you're wrong, my dear.

(Another knock.)

Answer the door, Dagmar.

DAGMAR: Why do I have to do everything around here? *(Exits right.)*

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GISELLE: Do you like my new nail polish, Mommy?

STEPMOTHER: Giselle, isn't that Cinderella's favorite color? Did you take her polish?

GISELLE: Just a little! She won't even miss it!

(DAGMAR enters with CASPER.)

DAGMAR: It's some guy from the palace.

STEPMOTHER: We are honored to have such a distinguished guest in the house.

CASPER: Yes, well... I have an announcement for all the unmarried ladies of the house.

GISELLE: Cinderella! Cinderella!

STEPMOTHER: I'm afraid Cinderella is indisposed.

CASPER: Then under pain of diabolical death, you must relay this invitation to her.

DAGMAR: Invitation!

GISELLE: We get to go somewhere?

STEPMOTHER: Girls, let our distinguished guest read the invitation. Go ahead, sir.

CASPER: *(Clearing his throat)* Whereas Prince Humphrey has begun a search for a bride, all eligible single ladies are commanded to be present this evening at a ball at the palace beginning sharply at nine o'clock. The Prince will select one lady to be his bride, so dress accordingly and be sure to wear your dancing shoes.

DAGMAR: What if we don't go?

CASPER: You will be ground into cat food.

DAGMAR and GISELLE: Ewwwww!

STEPMOTHER: I'm afraid I must be honest with you, sir, but all the blogs and Twitter and Facebook say the same thing. Prince Humphrey is... well, hardly the most dashing of figures and not a good specimen for marriage.

CASPER: I am commanded to show all ladies of the kingdom the prince's most recent picture.

(CASPER holds out a full-page photo. DAGMAR and GISELLE look on from behind him so that the audience doesn't see the picture.)

DAGMAR: That's the prince?

GISELLE: If he got any hotter he'd set off the fire alarms!

STEPMOTHER: My, my, my... and a prince to boot.

DAGMAR: I get to dance with him first!

GISELLE: Why? I'm prettier!

DAGMAR: You are not!

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GISELLE: I am, too! Ask anybody!

DAGMAR: *(To CASPER)* Is she prettier than me?

CASPER: I find you both equally... devastating.

DAGMAR: *(To GISELLE, smugly)* There, you see!

STEPMOTHER: Well, sir, please tell his highness, Prince Humphrey, that my daughters will be at the palace at nine sharp!

CASPER: Very good, Madam. And please remember to tell the other young lady of the house. Farewell. *(Bows, exits right.)*

DAGMAR: Oh, my gosh! We get to meet the Prince of Hotness!

GISELLE: He might even marry me!

DAGMAR: Or me! What's wrong with me?

GISELLE: I'm going to blind him with my beauty!

DAGMAR: Why you! Then he won't be able to see me!

STEPMOTHER: Girls! Girls! I'm sure you'll both be absolutely enchanting... but only if you get to work immediately. I'll order cucumber wraps and mustard plasters!

DAGMAR: We don't have time for lunch! We've got to get ready!

GISELLE: I call the bathroom first!

DAGMAR: Then you'd better move fast!

(DAGMAR races off left with GISELLE in hot pursuit. THEY almost knock CINDERELLA over as SHE enters left. CINDERELLA is now dressed the way HUMPHREY was in Scene One—an old T-shirt, jeans, flip flops. Her hair is unkempt and SHE's wearing the same glasses that HUMPHREY wore.)

CINDERELLA: Stepmother? What's all the excitement?

STEPMOTHER: The Prince has commanded all single young ladies to be present at a ball at the palace tonight.

CINDERELLA: A ball? You mean like a dance?

STEPMOTHER: That's right.

CINDERELLA: I don't have to go, do I?

STEPMOTHER: Of course you do, my dear.

CINDERELLA: Why?

STEPMOTHER: Because you're a single young lady.

CINDERELLA: Of all the rotten luck!

STEPMOTHER: Why, Cinderella, I like your new glasses. I didn't know your eyesight is failing.

CINDERELLA: It's not. I just got the craziest urge to wear them.

STEPMOTHER: And I see that you've got some new... clothes.

CINDERELLA: Yeah... I got tired of all those dresses and stuff.

STEPMOTHER: You'll need something positively enchanting for the ball.

CINDERELLA: Why? I'm not going!

STEPMOTHER: The order is under pain of... how did the messenger put it?... diabolical death.

CINDERELLA: I'd rather die diabolically than go to a ball. All you do is stand around and gossip about everybody and your feet end up killing you!

STEPMOTHER: Cinderella, there will be no argument. You are going to the ball!

CINDERELLA: But I'm not changing!

STEPMOTHER: You'll do as you're told, young lady.

CINDERELLA: Look, if the prince is looking for a bride, he'll want to know what she's really like, right? Well, this is it. This is Cinderella, and I'm not going to look like some phony beauty queen just to get him to wink at me. He's probably just a stuck-up snob anyway.

STEPMOTHER: Your stepsisters went gaga over his photo.

CINDERELLA: They go gaga over a picture of a baby hippo.

STEPMOTHER: At least the Prince isn't as nerdy as... what's his name? Mellafella?

CINDERELLA: *(Sighing)* Oh, him.

STEPMOTHER: You can't honestly say that you'd choose your internet whatever over the prince of the kingdom.

CINDERELLA: You're right about one thing. I don't think mellafella was ever all that into me. He hasn't written in hours. I've just decided to give up on men. Let Dagmar and Giselle have the prince.

STEPMOTHER: I can't tell you how happy you've made me.

CINDERELLA: *(Sighing)* Whatever.

(CINDERELLA exits right. LULU enters left and taps STEPMOTHER on the shoulder. STEPMOTHER screams.)

LULU: Lady! Whatdaya wanna do, call out the National Guard?

STEPMOTHER: Didn't anybody tell you not to sneak up behind people?

LULU: I'm a fairy godmama! I do what I like. So, you satisfied with the job?

STEPMOTHER: Extremely. Everything is working out better than I could have hoped for!

LULU: Good! I forgot to give you this yesterday.

STEPMOTHER: What is it?

LULU: Coupon for ten percent off on your next job.

STEPMOTHER: Thanks, Lulu, but if my girls play their cards right tonight, we should be sitting very pretty!

LULU: Yeah, well, just remember, pretty is in the eye of the beholder. Oh, and I almost forgot: the spell only lasts until midnight.

(DAGMAR races on, her face covered with cream. GISELLE follows her on, her hair up in a towel.)

DAGMAR: Mommy! Giselle said I look like the Pillsbury Doughboy!

GISELLE: Well, you do!

DAGMAR: Well, you look like a ...

STEPMOTHER: Girls, behave yourselves! We have company.

DAGMAR: Oh, yeah! The fairy godmama.

GISELLE: *(An idea)* A fairy godmama!

DAGMAR: *(The same idea)* Oh, my gosh! Oh, my gosh! Can you make me beautiful?

GISELLE: No, me first! Me first!

LULU: I'm afraid that would be a mighty big job.

DAGMAR: You can do it!

GISELLE: You can do anything!

(LULU races off right, DAGMAR and GISELLE following on their lines.)

DAGMAR: I wanna be a fashion model!

GISELLE: I wanna be a runway star!

(THEY'RE gone.)

STEPMOTHER: *(Proudly)* And I want a little princess!

(The curtain falls.)

SCENE FIVE

The Throne Room that night at 11:45.

AT RISE, LADIES BUGG and LUCK stand upstage visiting with SIRs TOM, RICK, and HARRY. STEPMOTHER stands with DAGMAR and GISELLE. CASPER, holding a tray, serves hors d'oeuvres to the guests. QUEEN paces down right. EXTRAS, as desired, stand or dance. HUMPHREY and LADY FINGERS dance on left crossing to right. (NOTE: Each time HUMPHREY dances across the stage with a different lady, it would be funny to have the couple do different dance moves—jitterbug, tango, '60s, and so on. Appropriate music should be used). QUEEN waves at HUMPHREY as he goes by. CASPER moves to QUEEN.

CASPER: Canape, your majesty?

QUEEN: *(Distractedly)* Can I pay for what?

CASPER: A hors d'oeuvre?

QUEEN: Oh, no thank you, Casper. How do you think it's going?

CASPER: The prince is having a very good time, your majesty.

QUEEN: Do you think he's found anyone?

(HUMPHREY and FINGERS dance on right. HE spins FINGERS around, much to her dismay, and SHE spins offstage left. We hear a crash.)

HUMPHREY: Next!

CASPER: *(To QUEEN)* I don't think so, your majesty.

(TOM, RICK, and HARRY push BUGG forward.)

BUGG: Oh, please, your highness, I've got a cold. Ahhh choo!

HUMPHREY: Then you can use my hanky! *(Flourishes a handkerchief.)*
Maestro!

(Music begins. HUMPHREY and BUGG dance off left, crossing FINGERS as SHE enters. LUCK rushes to FINGERS.)

LUCK: Are you all right?

FINGERS: I think he broke my big toe!

LUCK: Oh, no! What's going to happen to Lady Bugg?

FINGERS: You'd think by now he'd be worn out!

TOM: You ladies are the only ones left!

RICK: One of you will probably have to marry him!

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FINGERS: Don't say that!

HARRY: There are always those two over there!

(TOM, RICK, and HARRY look at DAGMAR and GISELLE, who wave coyly. TOM, RICK, and HARRY turn away, trying to control their laughter.)

TOM: He can have them both!

FINGERS: It'll take two of them to listen to all his bragging!

(HUMPHREY and BUGG dance on left, crossing to right.)

HUMPHREY: I do have bright blue *(or whatever color)* eyes, don't I?

BUGG: Oh, yes, your highness!

HUMPHREY: And I've got big muscles everywhere!

BUGG: You must lift a lot of weights!

HUMPHREY: I make sure my mirror is extra heavy!

(THEY dance off right. QUEEN moves to BUGG, FINGERS, and SIRs.)

QUEEN: Enjoying yourselves?

TOM: Oh, immensely, your majesty!

RICK: We were honored to be invited.

QUEEN: Well, the prince felt it would be nice to have a few men here and there for decoration.

HARRY: I've always wanted to be a knickknack.

(HUMPHREY and BUGG dance on right. As before, HUMPHREY finishes by spinning BUGG about. SHE falls into TOM'S arms.)

HUMPHREY: You can have her, Sir Tom. She's not my type!

QUEEN: Your highness, what is your type?

HUMPHREY: *(To LUCK)* How about you?

LUCK: Oh, your highness, I've got two left feet!

HUMPHREY: Then with my two right feet we'll have a matched set!

(HUMPHREY and LUCK dance off left.)

QUEEN: My son says he's a regular dancing fool.

(QUEEN moves to STEPMOTHER.)

BUGG: *(Smoothing her dress and hair)* He's half right!

TOM: Why don't we get you some punch, Lady Bugg.

FINGERS: At least he didn't break your toe!

BUGG: No, but I think he cracked a rib!

(HUMPHREY and LUCK dance on left moving to right.)

HUMPHREY: And what do you find most charming about me?

LUCK: Your palace is lovely!

HUMPHREY: My mother decorated it!

LUCK: The hors d'oeuvres are delicious.

HUMPHREY: Lulu made those.

LUCK: You've invited very nice guests.

(HUMPHREY and LUCK dance off right.)

TOM: Not a lot of chemistry there.

FINGERS: She's going to get the boot.

BUGG: And somehow I think we'll have escaped with our lives!

RICK: Just as soon as their dance finishes, what say we all go get some pancakes?

HARRY: They won't be half as flat as this party!

(HUMPHREY and LUCK dance on right. Again, HUMPHREY finishes by spinning LUCK around. This time SHE ends up back in his arms. HE pauses for a moment. SHE looks terrified.)

HUMPHREY: Sorry! Not my cup of tea! *(Releases LUCK.)*

LUCK: I like coffee anyway!

(QUEEN rushes over to HUMPHREY.)

QUEEN: Your highness, any news?

HUMPHREY: Aren't there any other girls in this kingdom?

QUEEN: Three more, and I'm sure you'll just love one of them. Just one of them. Please? Is that too much for a mother to ask?

TOM: Thanks for a lovely time, your highness.

HUMPHREY: Off so soon?

FINGERS: We've got to stop at the emergency room.

(TOM, RICK, and HARRY escort LADIES BUGG, FINGERS, and LUCK off right. CASPER escorts DAGMAR and GISELLE to HUMPHREY, STEPMOTHER moving down to QUEEN.)

CASPER: Allow me to present Ladies Dagmar—

(DAGMAR waves coyly.)

Giselle—

(GISELLE blows HUMPHREY a kiss.)

And Cinderella.

(ALL look around for CINDERELLA.)

STEPMOTHER: Oh, dear, well, to be perfectly honest, she's nothing to look at.

HUMPHREY: Well, you know what they say, beauty is only skin deep.

(HUMPHREY laughs, as do the OTHERS. HE pulls out his mirror and checks his teeth.)

DAGMAR: You've got the most perfect teeth I've ever seen, your highness!

GISELLE: And your hair! It practically glows!

STEPMOTHER: Girls, girls! You're embarrassing the Prince.

HUMPHREY: So how about we cut the rug?

DAGMAR: Oh, it's too beautiful to cut up!

QUEEN: He means dance!

DAGMAR: Well, why didn't you say so?

(DAGMAR grabs HUMPHREY. SHE now leads the dance. After a number of measures, GISELLE jumps in and begins dancing crazily with DAGMAR and HUMPHREY. STEPMOTHER and QUEEN jive to the music, as THEY hope HUMPHREY has found a bride. Soon HUMPHREY tires and staggers up to his throne where HE flops down.)

DAGMAR: C'mon, Princy! Let's boogie!

GISELLE: The night's young!

HUMPHREY: But it's almost midnight!

(STEPMOTHER and QUEEN suddenly look terrified.)

STEPMOTHER and QUEEN: Midnight!

DAGMAR: I could dance all night!

GISELLE: *(Grabbing HUMPHREY)* Let's tango, Big Boy!

HUMPHREY: Enough! I'm too pooped to boogie another bop!

(CASPER enters with laptop.)

CASPER: Your highness, you have a number of messages here....

HUMPHREY: From who?

CASPER: Video game companies, lobbyists, politicians, various heads of state...

HUMPHREY: Mybelle?

CASPER: I'm afraid not, your highness.

HUMPHREY: Yeah, well, she was probably here and just didn't flip my switch.

QUEEN: Casper, take that infernal thing away! The Prince is surrounded by beauty beyond price.

(DAGMAR and GISELLE mug for HUMPHREY who has begun to read his text messages.)

Either one of these treasures would make a... a... wonderful... wife.

DAGMAR: Pick me and you'll never have a dull moment!

GISELLE: Pick me and I'll treat you like a king even if you are just a prince.

DAGMAR: I'll polish your medals.

GISELLE: I'll sharpen your swords!

DAGMAR: Oh, yeah? Well, I'll saddle your horse!

GISELLE: I'll put his shoes on!

STEPMOTHER: Girls!

DAGMAR: Look, sis, this is my big chance!

GISELLE: Your big chance? What about me!

DAGMAR: You don't want to marry her, do you?

GISELLE: She'll give you cooties!

DAGMAR: Why you!

(DAGMAR dives at GISELLE and almost catches her. GISELLE darts off left.)

STEPMOTHER: Girls! Girls! Behave yourselves!

DAGMAR: I'm going to tear you ribbon from ribbon you overgrown Chihuahua!

(DAGMAR races off left, with STEPMOTHER following.)

QUEEN: Casper, the first aid kit, if you please.

CASPER: *(Bowing slightly)* Very good, your majesty. *(Exits right.)*

QUEEN: Your highness, it's nearly midnight! Whom are you going to choose as your bride? Humphrey?

(No response from HUMPHREY.)

You're... you're... impossible! Just like your father!

(QUEEN rushes off right as CINDERELLA enters right. SHE's texting, but halts when SHE sees HUMPHREY.)

CINDERELLA: Excuse me, I was looking for my mother and two sisters.

HUMPHREY: Oh, they're outside fighting over me.

CINDERELLA: Are you... are you the Prince?

HUMPHREY: Sure am! I wish people would finish their text messages.

CINDERELLA: Oh, do you like to send messages?

HUMPHREY: I used to. Say, where have you been all evening? I didn't dance with you.

CINDERELLA: I don't know how to dance.

HUMPHREY: That didn't stop me!

CINDERELLA: Have you picked a girl to marry?

HUMPHREY: You've got to be kidding! The ones I think are hot think I'm not. And the ones I think are duds think I'm hunkalicious.

CINDERELLA: That's very confusing.

HUMPHREY: I know. I really, really, really need some advice.

CINDERELLA: Maybe just a friend.

HUMPHREY: I don't have any of those. I'm the Prince, after all. What do I need a friend for?

CINDERELLA: Just to talk to, to be with, to laugh and cry with.

HUMPHREY: Really? Well, I used to have one friend. I talked to her all the time by e-mail and texting... but I've never met her.

CINDERELLA: You, too?

HUMPHREY: You've got a friend like that?

CINDERELLA: Ah ha! He must be the cleverest, most wonderful person in the world. He loves all the things I do.

HUMPHREY: He's probably a geek who wears old T-shirts, flip flops, and jeans and has big, thick glasses!

CINDERELLA: I wouldn't mind. I suppose your friend is beautiful and smart and very, very rich.

HUMPHREY: I wouldn't hold that against her. You know something?

You're the first person I've talked to tonight. I mean really talked to.

And you haven't tried to get me to pick you. Wouldn't you want to be a princess?

CINDERELLA: Oh, your highness, there are thousands of girls better than me.

HUMPHREY: But you're the only one I haven't danced with. Let's give it a try. (HE holds out his arms.)

CINDERELLA: Well, if your feet won't mind getting bruised.

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(SHE takes his hand as his arm reaches around her waist. THEY begin to dance. We hear a tinkling sound like a triangle. As if an electric shock has gone through them both, THEY separate.)

HUMPHREY: Oh, wow!

CINDERELLA: What was that?

HUMPHREY: Static electricity. That's all.

(HE holds out his hands. THEY resume dancing. The tinkling is heard again. THEY break apart as before.)

CINDERELLA: Gosh, I don't know what to say.

HUMPHREY: I do. Vavavavoom!

(The clock begins to strike midnight.)

Whoa! I feel kind of funny!

CINDERELLA: Me, too... I'd better get home!

(HUMPHREY and CINDERELLA become dizzy.)

HUMPHREY: Wait a second! You didn't tell me your name!

CINDERELLA: Oh, your highness, it's... oh!

(CINDERELLA drops her phone and races off right. HUMPHREY picks up the phone and staggers off right as the clock finishes its tolling.)

HUMPHREY: *(Exiting)* Wait a second! You forgot... you forgot...

(STEPMOTHER enters right between the fuming DAGMAR and GISELLE. QUEEN follows them on.)

STEPMOTHER: Where's your stepsister?

DAGMAR: Who cares?

GISELLE: When we get home, you're dead meat, Dagmar!

DAGMAR: Oh, you are so wrong about that!

STEPMOTHER: Thanks for a lovely time, your majesty.

QUEEN: Glad you enjoyed it.

(STEPMOTHER hustles DAGMAR and GISELLE off right. QUEEN collapses on throne, sadly. CASPER enters left with the first aid kit.)

CASPER: You won't be needing any more bandages, your majesty?

QUEEN: (*Angrily*) Humphrey will need a few when I get finished with him!

(*HUMPHREY staggers on right.*)

HUMPHREY: Casper! Casper!

QUEEN: Your highness? Where have you been?

HUMPHREY: Chasing the girl of my dreams!

QUEEN: You've chosen someone?

CASPER: Does she have a name, your highness?

HUMPHREY: What's with the "your highness" stuff, Casper? It makes me sound responsible or something.

CASPER: Humphrey, does this girl have a name?

HUMPHREY: Well... no! But I've got her phone! She was texting me when she walked in here.

QUEEN: Oh, Humphrey, how are you ever going to find her?

HUMPHREY: Casper and I will go to every house in the kingdom... and whoever this phone belongs to, that's her! Hey, I can't see a thing... where are my glasses?

(*The curtain falls.*)

Do Not Copy

SCENE SIX

Cinderella's House, the following afternoon.

AT RISE, DAGMAR is on her cell phone.

DAGMAR: (*Scratching awkwardly*) Yes, I am calling again! Has the Prince said who the lucky girl is yet? I know, I know, but this waiting is giving me hives!

(*GISELLE enters left on her cell phone.*)

GISELLE: A busy signal again! (*Noticing DAGMAR*) Who are you calling?

DAGMAR: The Palace, if it's any of your business!

GISELLE: No wonder I keep getting a busy signal!

DAGMAR: There's no need for you to call the Palace, Giselle. I'm sure you're not in the top five.

GISELLE: At least I'm not in the bottom five like you!

DAGMAR: You take that back!

GISELLE: You take what you said back!

(*STEPMOTHER enters right.*)

STEPMOTHER: Girls! Girls! Stop this fighting!

GISELLE: I've been trying to call the Palace but Dagmar has been tying the phone up!

DAGMAR: I just want to be ready when the Prince chooses me!

STEPMOTHER: We may have a slight problem. Word on the street is that the Prince has chosen a nobody who ran off at midnight.

GISELLE: What nobody?

STEPMOTHER: Giselle, if she's a nobody, nobody knows who she is! But she was dressed in a T-shirt and jeans and she was wearing glasses.

DAGMAR: Boy, he's got taste in his shoes!

STEPMOTHER: You're missing the point, Dagmar.

GISELLE: Cinderella was dressed like that!

DAGMAR: Oh, my gosh! He couldn't have... he wouldn't have...

GISELLE: He sure shouldn't have!

STEPMOTHER: But it's possible he did!

DAGMAR: I never even saw her at the ball!

GISELLE: She spent the whole time in the library!

STEPMOTHER: The Prince might have gone up there looking for a mirror or something. However they did it, whenever it happened, Cinderella and the Prince may have met!

DAGMAR: But if she's a nobody, then he doesn't know who she is!

STEPMOTHER: Precisely! And we're going to keep it that way.

GISELLE: How?

STEPMOTHER: They say the Prince is visiting the house of every eligible girl today. Whoever this girl is, she apparently dropped something and he's got it.

DAGMAR: I wonder what she dropped?

GISELLE: Maybe her shoe! Wouldn't that be romantic? Whoever fits the shoe is the girl of his dreams.

STEPMOTHER: Don't be ridiculous! Do you know how many size sixes, sevens, and eights there are around here? No... it's something more personal.

DAGMAR: We could ask Cinderella if she dropped anything.

STEPMOTHER: She'd get suspicious... especially if she did! Now, here's what we're going to do.

(STEPMOTHER, DAGMAR, and GISELLE huddle animatedly.)

DAGMAR: Oh, gosh!

GISELLE: Won't that hurt?

DAGMAR: Will it really work?

(CINDERELLA, now dressed beautifully as in Scene 2, enters left, unseen by the OTHERS.)

GISELLE: She'll never know what happened!

(CINDERELLA taps DAGMAR on the shoulder.)

DAGMAR: *(Obliviously)* Just a sec, we're planning—

STEPMOTHER: *(Sugary)* Cinderella! Don't you look lovely!

CINDERELLA: *(Sighing)* I wish I felt lovely.

DAGMAR: Didn't you have a good time at the ball last night?

CINDERELLA: I think I did, but it's all as if I was in a dream.

GISELLE: That's because—

STEPMOTHER: You were so excited about meeting the Prince.

CINDERELLA: I don't think I did... If you'll excuse me, I'm going out for a walk.

DAGMAR: Oh, but you can't!

CINDERELLA: Why not?

STEPMOTHER: Dagmar means not without a wrap. I want you to run downstairs and get that nice wool cape. You'll look stunning in it!

CINDERELLA: I think it'll be a little hot.

GISELLE: The weatherman said it's going to snow.

CINDERELLA: In July?

DAGMAR: Global warming's messed everything up!

CINDERELLA: Is the cape in the old cedar chest?

STEPMOTHER: Yes, the far one at the end of the cellar.

GISELLE: Past all those old computers and books and kitchen stuff.

(CINDERELLA exits left.)

STEPMOTHER: All right, you two...you know what to do?

DAGMAR: Lock her up down there!

(DAGMAR and GISELLE laugh wickedly as THEY exit left with exaggerated high steps.)

STEPMOTHER: Oh, aren't they just the sweetest things since gumdrops?

(A knock is heard right.)

Yes, I'm coming!

(STEPMOTHER exits right, returns a moment later with CASPER, HUMPHREY, and QUEEN. HUMPHREY is dressed as in Scene One.)

QUEEN: We're sooooo sorry to disturb you.

STEPMOTHER: Your majesty, it is an honor! And who is this?

QUEEN: My son, Prince Humphrey.

STEPMOTHER: Oh, my! But last night... you were so dashing.

HUMPHREY: Why does everybody keep saying that?

QUEEN: *(Rolling her eyes)* Casper?

CASPER: *(Unrolling a scroll, reading)* Whereas Prince Humphrey found the girl of his dreams, and whereas said girl exited the royal ball last night upon the stroke of midnight, and whereas she failed to give the Prince her name before she left, and whereas the Prince's heart is torn asunder, and whereas he has one means of identification, it is proclaimed now and henceforth that Prince Humphrey visit the house of every eligible young lady in the kingdom in order to find said love of his life. Whereas he will then be restored to happiness.

QUEEN: Personally I feel it is a wild goose chase.

HUMPHREY: Well, she's my goose! According to the census, you have eligible girls living in this house.

CASPER: May we meet with them?

STEPMOTHER: But of course! I'll go fetch my darling daughters. *(Exits left.)*

QUEEN: Honestly, your highness!

HUMPHREY: What's with the "your highness" stuff?

QUEEN: You insisted on that title yesterday.

HUMPHREY: Yesterday's a fog to me. I couldn't shake the feeling that I was somebody else until midnight... and then it was too late. *(Sadly sits at the desk.)*

CASPER: You don't remember the ball last evening?

QUEEN: You danced with every young woman in the kingdom!

HUMPHREY: No wonder my feet are killing me!

QUEEN: You really have no idea who this mystery girl is?

HUMPHREY: She didn't tell me her name! And for some reason I couldn't see her very clearly. I must have lost my glasses or something.

QUEEN: But there were so many beautiful ladies at the ball. Lady Bugg is cute.

HUMPHREY: You know I hate bugs.

QUEEN: What about Lady Fingers?

HUMPHREY: She's way too sweet for me.

QUEEN: Surely Lady Luck would make a wonderful princess.

HUMPHREY: Yeah, until she runs out.

QUEEN: But you don't know this girl!

HUMPHREY: I know her better than anybody else.

QUEEN: You and your ridiculous e-mails and texts. From the way you described her, I'll need to send her to the Complete Make-Over Spa.

HUMPHREY: Ma, looks don't mean a thing!

QUEEN: Ma? I'm "Ma" now?

(STEPMOTHER enters left followed by DAGMAR and GISELLE, who are coyly shy. QUEEN prompts HUMPHREY to stand.)

STEPMOTHER: I hope that you remember my daughters Dagmar and Giselle at the ball last night, your highness?

DAGMAR: You swept me off my feet, your highness!

GISELLE: You swept me higher off my feet, your highness!

HUMPHREY: To be honest, I don't remember much about last night.

DAGMAR: We danced!

GISELLE: Just like this!

(DAGMAR and GISELLE do a few of the wild steps THEY did in the previous scene.)

HUMPHREY: I am so embarrassed.

STEPMOTHER: Girls!

(DAGMAR and GISELLE stop dancing.)

QUEEN: Casper?

CASPER: His royal highness has a questionnaire for each of you to fill out. Ladies?

(CASPER hands DAGMAR and GISELLE a scroll and a pencil.)

DAGMAR: We've got to answer questions?

GISELLE: And write something?

STEPMOTHER: Girls, I'm sure there's a good reason.

DAGMAR: I hate writing!

GISELLE: Don't you just want to know our shoe size?

CASPER: If you don't wish to be considered for the position of princess, you may return the scrolls with questions unanswered.

STEPMOTHER: Get cracking, girls!

(DAGMAR and GISELLE lick the tips of their pencils. DAGMAR sits primly at the desk. GISELLE gestures CASPER to come to her. SHE makes him bend over so SHE can use his back. HE rolls his eyes.)

HUMPHREY: Hey, I've gotta call the DVD Den and see if the Terminator game came in. *(To DAGMAR)* Can I borrow your cell phone?

DAGMAR: Yeah, sure!

(DAGMAR hands him her cell phone. HE opens it, punches in a number.)

HUMPHREY: Your battery is low. *(HE hands phone back to DAGMAR.)*

DAGMAR: I just charged it!

HUMPHREY: *(To GISELLE)* You got a phone?

GISELLE: Who doesn't? *(GISELLE hands him her phone.)*

HUMPHREY: Thanks.

DAGMAR: Hey! My battery is fine! Use mine!

CASPER: May I stand up now, Prince Humphrey?

HUMPHREY: Yeah, this well's dry.

STEPMOTHER: What are you talking about?

QUEEN: Oh, Humphrey! He's been playing this trick all day. The girl of his dreams dropped her cell phone last night.

DAGMAR: That must be mine! I've got two!

GISELLE: No, it's mine! I've got three!

CASPER: Perhaps the young ladies can describe the missing phone?

DAGMAR: Mine's a... a... Nokia?

HUMPHREY: Sorry.

DAGMAR: No, I mean a Motorola.

HUMPHREY: Not even close.

GISELLE: Mine's blue!

HUMPHREY: Let's go, Casper.

GISELLE: Red?

QUEEN: Sorry to have troubled you.

DAGMAR: You mean... we're not going to be---

GISELLE: Princesses?

HUMPHREY: Not in this kingdom!

(DAGMAR and GISELLE let out a huge wail. STEPMOTHER embraces them.)

STPMOTHER: There, there, girls. This isn't the only kingdom around.

HUMPHREY: C'mon, Casper. Where to next?

CASPER: I'm afraid this is the last house.

HUMPHREY: It can't be!

CASPER: But it is!

(Cell phone rings.)

QUEEN: Is that mine?

DAGMAR: It's not mine!

HUMPHREY: It's mine. It's an e-mail. *(Pulls out his phone and opens it.)* Mybelle! It's mybelle! She says she's locked in the basement of 1234 Perrault Lane! She wants me to call 911!

CASPER: Prince Humphrey?

HUMPHREY: Just a minute, I've got to text her back.

CASPER: Prince Humphrey?

HUMPHREY: *(Texting)* Help is on the way!

CASPER: This is 1234 Perrault Lane.

QUEEN: What?

HUMPHREY: Hey, what's going on here?

STPMOTHER: There... there must be some mistake.

DAGMAR: We don't even have a basement.

GISELLE: And Cinderella's not down there anyway!

STPMOTHER: Giselle!

HUMPHREY: Who's this... Cinderella? *(Begins sending a text message on his phone.)*

STEPMOTHER: My stepdaughter. Nobody you'd be interested in, your highness.

QUEEN: Casper, go see if there's a basement.

CASPER: Very good, your majesty. *(Moves right.)*

DAGMAR: It's that way, Dodo!

STEPMOTHER and GISELLE: Dagmar!

(CASPER holds out his hand in front of STEPMOTHER and GISELLE.)

STEPMOTHER: What's that for?

CASPER: The key, Madam.

STEPMOTHER: Oh, why... I'm afraid it's lost.

DAGMAR: No, it's not! It's right here!

STEPMOTHER and GISELLE: Dagmar!

(CASPER moves to DAGMAR quickly, but SHE tosses the key to GISELLE who catches it.)

STEPMOTHER: Run, Giselle! Run!

(GISELLE runs to right, but HUMPHREY, still texting, blocks her way. As SHE feints upstage and downstage, HUMPHREY blocks her movements.)

DAGMAR: Giselle! Over here!

GISELLE: Can you catch it?

DAGMAR: Yeah!

GISELLE: You sure?

DAGMAR: Yeah, I'm sure!

(GISELLE tosses the key, but it falls short. Just as DAGMAR is about to scoop up the key, QUEEN steps on it.)

DAGMAR: Ah, your majesty?

QUEEN: What is it?

DAGMAR: The royal foot is standing on something that belongs to me.

QUEEN: And what would you have the royal foot do?

DAGMAR: *(Viciously)* Move, lady!

QUEEN: Well!

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