PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE CINDERELLA

A One Act Play

**By Leon Kaye**

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**CHARACTERS**

**DANA** – Young woman, airhead. Can double as Duke’s wife.

**LANA** – Young woman, less of an airhead, but still…Can double as Earl's wife.

**CINDERELLA** – Smart girl, fundamentally good but turned a bit surly due to her situation.

**GROCER** – Good Man. Can double as Duke or Earl.

**ANASTASIA** – Self centered young woman. She has no interest in Norm or Zig.

**DRUSILLA** – Possibly more self centered, but the sisters are pretty interchangeable. They both agree that they treat Cinderella decently though it’s not the case.

**MANDY** – Peppy cheerleader type.

**RANDY** – Similar to Mandy.

**NORM** – Not very smart, stoner type.

**ZIG** – Similar to Norm. The two like the step sisters.

**DOUGLAS** – Decent, smart, young Prince.

**QUEEN** – Haughty yet decent.

**LADY TREMAINE** – Cruel, yet she doesn't think she is. Cinderella is a rebellious teen and doesn't always comply. Lady Tremaine whips the girl when her actions become too much to handle.

**YORKIE** – Really dumb comic figure. Looking for respect though it's undeserved.

**FRED** – Wise guy type and looking for work.

**JUDY** – Down to Earth, well-meaning older woman. Can double as a guest, or cross dress as Earl or Duke.

**HERALD** – Haughty and passive aggressive.

**SERVANT** – man or woman/ flex

**DUKE** – older man.

**DUTCHESS** – Older woman

**EARL** – older man

**EARLS** **WIFE** – older woman

**GUESTS** - optional

**SERVANTS** - optional

**PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE CINDERELLA**

*DANA and LANA shop with baskets in hand, assess vegetables as they talk. The GROCER****.*** *stands behind some large baskets or bins with vegetables inside.*

**DANA.** So he was like, “yeah?”. And I was like, “I don't think so”. And then he raised his eyebrows like, “what”? And my voice was like mean and dark, and I say, “you know what!”.

**LANA.** Your life is so much drama.

**DANA.** I know. It's like sometimes I just want to…. You know, turn the drama inside out so it turns into happiness. *(Cinderella enters holding a basket.)*

**CINDERELLA.** *(to Grocer)* These are yesterday's cucumbers. *(picks one up)*. They are looking very familiar. *(talks to cucumber)* This one says – *(wee voice).* Take me home, lady. I'm old but I make a nice salad. *(Other voice)* And this one says *(deep voice)* We need some new pickles around here.

**DANA.** Cinderella, I hear you talk to birds and mice and get them to do stuff.

**LANA.** Now you're talking to cucumbers.

**DANA.** I heard bats too. *(giggles)*

**CINDERELLA.** First of all, using the word “cinder” before my name is a bit pejorative.

**LANA.** Perjora-what?

**CINDERELLA.** My name is Ella.

**DANA.** Yeah. We know. I like calling you Cinderella better.

**CINDERELLA.** I don't call you ugly Dana, do I?

**DANA.** Yeah, but I'm not ugly. *(to Lana)*. I'm not ugly, right? *(Lana opens her mouth, can't answer. Dana let's out a cry, runs to exit.)*

**CINDERELLA.** I guess they don't have mirrors at her house.

**LANA.** That's just mean. *(She rushes off to help her friend, exits.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Mean, cruel, vicious, savage, merciless, heartless, sadistic, ruthless… I’ll take that over cinder.

**GROCER.** Have you heard about the Prince’s ball Friday night?

**CINDERELLA.** Do you have any tomatoes? It seems you double up on carrots and onions, but you never have tomatoes.

**GROCER.** Ella? The ball?

**CINDERELLA.** Now who's being mean? You know I can't go to those events.

**GROCER.** Everyone's invited.

**CINDERELLA.** I hear there's another grocer down the lane. One that doesn't ask so many questions.

**GROCER.** My wife has a dress she doesn't fit in anymore. If you want to use it… I'm just offering.

**CINDERELLA.** *(stares at the Grocer for a moment).* I'm all set. *(quietly).* Thanks for asking.

**GROCER.** What? It almost sounded like a “thank you”.

**CINDERELLA.** You heard me. Don't make a big deal. *(ANASTASIA and DRUSILLA enter and approach.)*

**ANASTASIA.** Cinderella, you should be home by now.

**CINDERELLA.** Just leaving.

**DRUSILLA.** You can't make dinner in less than an hour. You're late!

**ANASTASIA.** Mama does not like dinner past five.

**CINDERELLA.** I’m going. I’m going.

**ANASTASIA.** Well… hurry then. *(Cinderella takes a quick step. Drusilla puts her foot out to trip Cinderella. She falls and her vegetables fly.)*

**DRUSILLA.** Oh my. How clumsy you are. *(Cinderella reaches for her ankle, grimaces in pain.)*

**GROCER.** There was no reason for that. *(Drusilla and Anastasia exchange glances. They didn’t want her hurt.)*

**DRUSILLA.** Cinderella, I am sorry. It was an accident. I didn’t mean to trip you.

**CINDERELLA.** Yes, of course you didn’t. *(She stands, takes a limping step away. In too much pain, she sits, rubs her ankle, fights the tears. Drusilla feels bad).*

**DRUSILLA.** We’re going home. We'll carry your vegetables. (*She takes her basket.)*

**ANASTASIA.** Hurry home and get to work. Come on now. You just turned your ankle a little. *(Tries to help Cinderella)* Come now.

**CINDERELLA.** Don’t touch me!

**ANASTASIA.** *(to Grocer).* She’s always like this. You try to help out and she gets so nasty. *(RANDY and MANDY enter wearing medieval cheerleader outfits, holding pompoms.)*

**DRUSILLA.** I’ll take the basket. You had better hurry home. Come on. You don’t want to get Mama angry.

**RANDY.** Are any of you coming to the joust?

**DRUSILLA.** No way.

**ANASTASIA.** Those events are gross.

**DRUSILLA.** Did we win the last joust?

**RANDY.** Only one of our riders was impaled so we did win two to one.

**MANDY.** And he did live so… yea for him. *(The cheerleaders cross the stage, speak to others, or imaginary others, with much pep but no volume.)*

**DRUSILLA.** So, Cinderella, last chance for some help. *(She holds a hand out to Cinderella who only stares at her. ZIG and NORM approach, riding skateboards.)*

**ZIG.** Hey yo, all.

**NORM.** Yo, yo Anastasia.

**ANASTASIA.** Yes, yo to you.

**ZIG.** Yo, Drusilla.

**DRUSILLA.** What is your point?

**ZIG.** Ah… I don't have one.

**NORM.** Are you going to the ball Friday?

**ANASTASIA.** The ball is Saturday, you pumpkinhead.

**NORM.** Oh really? I guess I got my days confused.

**DRUSILLA.** I guess you did.

**ZIG.** Friday comes before Saturday, right?

**NORM.** Yeah.

**ZIG.** Awesome.

**ANASTASIA.** Cinderella received our invitations and gave them to us. They were from the Prince himself.

**NORM.** Wow. Ours were from,.. well, I’m thinking from the Prince.

**DRUSILLA.** Why would the Prince invite you two?

**NORM.** Yo, Buddy is a righteous dude. We're buds through thick and thin.

**ZIG.** Mostly thin.

**NORM.** Yeah, but some thick.

**ANASTASIA.** *(rolls her eyes, then continues to Cinderella).* If we see Mama, we will tell her you were hurt and she should not beat you. Alright then…

**DRUSILLA.** You are so good to her.

**ANASTASIA.** She appreciates nothing. *(They exit.)*

**ZIG.** So,… *(singing).* How do you handle a problem like Cinderella…

**CINDERELLA.** No, no.

**NORM.** *(sings). How do you turn a rat into a swan?*

**CINDERELLA.** No, stop! This is not a musical. What are you doing? Stop!

**ZIG.** Dude, she's not into music.

**NORM.** Hostile. *(The two jump on skateboards, Exit Right. The Grocer enters with a wet towel, hands it to Cinderella).*

**GROCER.** Here. It's cold and wet. It should help the ankle.

**CINDERELLA.** Thanks. That's two thank yous… an individual record.

**GROCER.** Come on. *(helps her to her feet)*. Don't put weight on it. Good. *(They exit. DOUGLAS Enters with the QUEEN following.)*

**QUEEN.** What is wrong with a ball?

**DOUGLAS.** Nothing, if a dance is the end game. There is no problem with a dance.

**QUEEN.** Do you know, you attract more flies with honey than you do with vinegar?

**DOUGLAS.** That's just it, mother… flies… parasites. You invite them to the Palace, and every maiden sees me as her escape to a better life. Parents throw their daughters at me like old women feeding pigeons in the park.

**QUEEN.** Well, perhaps if you… perhaps if you….

**DOUGLAS.** Yes?

**QUEEN.** Perhaps if you came to the ball as someone else…. You could pretend to be… an importer, or a tradesman.

**DOUGLAS.** No one would believe that.

**QUEEN.** Why not?

**DOUGLAS.** My manner of speech. I sound too educated.

**QUEEN.** You do not.

**DOUGLAS.** What?

**QUEEN.** I am just saying… if you were not wearing princely attire, you could pull off maybe… a chimney sweep?

**DOUGLAS.** Chimney sweep? Come now, what would I talk about?

**QUEEN.** Wood… fires… fire safety, parasites… in the wood. You might even speak out against the King’s decisions and see if the maiden agrees. We do not want a turncoat in our midst.

**DOUGLAS.** So…I could be Douglas, the chimney sweep. Fine. So who will impersonate me? Who will play the role of the Prince?

**QUEEN.** I will ask your cousin, Yorkie. I'm certain he has no other engagement and he —

**DOUGLAS.** But Yorkie is a drunken.

**QUEEN.** We will keep him reasonably sober.

**DOUGLAS.** And he's an idiot.

**QUEEN.** Come now, much of the royal family are idiots. As long as they dress properly and have nice teeth, that's all that counts. *(They exit Left. Cinderella rushes in, empty pots and a basket of greens in hand, limps as she sets the items down. She rushes back to grab a pot of water, sets it down and goes to the fireplace, kneels as she lights faux-kindling.* *LADY TREMAINE Enters.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** The fire is not yet lit.

**CINDERELLA.** No, Lady Tremaine. I am sorry I am so late.

**LADY TREMAINE.** Anastasia told me about your foot. Is it better?

**CINDERELLA.** Yes, thank you. *(stokes the fire)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** I would have let the girls help you with dinner but they are too busy. The seamstress will be here soon to hem the ball gowns. After dinner, you should help them with their baths.

**CINDERELLA.** All right.

**LADY TREMAINE.** The ball is tomorrow night.

**CINDERELLA.** Right.

**LADY TREMAINE.** That is the date on the invitation.

**CINDERELLA.** Yes.

**LADY TREMAINE.** *(Takes two steps to exit, but quickly returns, retrieving a hung dress just outside the door.)* You know my dear, I found a white dress in the back closet. Someone has been working on the dress.

**CINDERELLA.** Yes, well –

**LADY TREMAINE.** It is far nicer than the dress I was planning to wear. Beautiful stitching. But it would need to be let out just a little. I am not as young and thin –

**CINDERELLA.** No, you can’t!

**LADY TREMAINE.** I can't what?

**CINDERELLA.** I made that dress.

**LADY TREMAINE.** That’s very thoughtful of you, my dear.

**CINDERELLA.** I was going to wear—

**LADY TREMAINE.** Yes, you may.

**CINDERELLA.** I may?

**LADY TREMAINE.** You may wear the dress tomorrow night. *(Takes a card from a table near her, reads it)*. You are cordially invited to a ball held for the Prince on this Saturday. *(She looks at Cinderella.).* Saturday? It's funny that my friend Johanna received a different card. *(Pulls out a second card).* This card says the ball is Friday. So strange.

**CINDERELLA.** I… I was only trying—

**LADY TREMAINE.** Can you imagine the despair my two lovely daughters would have felt if they missed the ball? No. Because you have no feelings. I must say, good penmanship. Good use of color. It looks so authentic.

**CINDERELLA.** Lady Tremaine, I wanted to go to the ball. I saw no other way you would allow me –

**LADY TREMAINE.** I would normally switch your bare back for such a heinous act, but such ingenuity and craftsmanship must be respected. I'll just take the dress. No one can accuse me of being unkind. Get dinner ready. We must make haste. *(Exits.)* Drusilla? Anastasia?

*(Cinderella sits on the floor next to the fireplace.)*

**DRUSILLA.** *(OS).* She did what?!

**ANASTASIA.** *(OS).* Tonight?

**DRUSILLA.** *(OS).* When is the seamstress coming?! *(Cinderella limps across Right)*

**ANASTASIA.** *(OS).* Is Cinderella drawing our baths?!

**DRUSILLA.** *(OS).* Cinderella?! *(Cinderella exits, a moment and* ***HERALD.*** *enters Right)*

**HERALD.** I am pleased to announce the arrival of the Regent of Lancaster in the mud, and his…ah… Fred. *(While he speaks, Douglas enters. A moment and YORKIE and FRED enter, cross toward Douglas.)*

**DOUGLAS.** Cousin Yorkie. *(He extends his hand. Yorkie hands him a coin.)*

**YORKIE.** Prince Bugles.

**DOUGLAS.** My name is Douglas.

**YORKIE.** Good. You had it changed.

**DOUGLAS.** No, it was always Douglas.

**YORKIE.** Excellent. It sounds better. So, a ball, yeah? Good. Drinking, food… and party games…

**DOUGLAS.** Right, and who is this?

**FRED.** It's pronounced… Fred. *(shakes hands with Douglas).* I am in need of permanent employment so a word to the wise guy is sufficient.

**YORKIE.** Fred's my wingman. Where I go, he goes.

**DOUGLAS.** Yes, perhaps yes. Fred may come to the ball. Perhaps he can help.

**YORKIE.** You can walk people's dogs if they bring their--

**FRED.** There's no money in dogs. Besides, I'm afraid of them.

**YORKIE.** That's rough.

**FRED.** Big dogs especially. They make…oh… ruff. That's funny.

**DOUGLAS.** Yorkie, I actually need you to play a role.

**YORKIE.** I'm no good at gymnastics.

**DOUGLAS.** You misunderstand me. I mean—

**YORKIE.** I understand plenty of things. I'm not stupid.

**DOUGLAS.** *(smiles with frustration)* I meant playing a role as if you were in a play.

**FRED.** I thought this was a business proposition.

**DOUGLAS.** No, not this time.

**FRED.** I need to get into some kind of business.

**DOUGLAS.** Maybe some other time.

**FRED.** When? I'm not getting no younger.

**DOUGLAS.** We have a job opening for a javelin catcher.

**FRED.** The Prince has a dark sense of humor.

**DOUGLAS.** Listen, what I am asking today is, for you, Yorkie, to play the role of the Prince.

**YORKIE.** But you're already the Prince.

**DOUGLAS.** I will play the role of a commoner.

**FRED.** Oh, I get it. *(to Yorkie)* It's like when I owed the banker and you dressed like my Mom.

**DOUGLAS.** You act dignified. You dance with the young women. You speak calmly.

**YORKIE.** I was told I can only have six drinks.

**DOUGLAS.** No drinks.

**FRED.** It's a party. You gotta let him drink. It's embarrassing.

**DOUGLAS.** Fine. Two drinks only. Are we all in agreement?

**YORKIE.** Deal. *(spits on his hand, hold it out to Douglas, who smiles, closes Yorkie’s hand)*

**DOUGLAS.** *(To himself).* I hope this works. *(All three exit. Dressed in ball gowns, Lady Tremaine, Anastasia, and Drusilla enter. Cinderella enters.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** So, Cinderella, please take the opportunity of our being out of the house to clean up a bit. Bring in some cut firewood. We should be home after midnight so do not wait up for us.

**DRUSILLA.** Cinderella, who do you think looks prettier? *(She stands next to Anastasia, both smile.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Oh… words escape me at the moment.

**ANASTASIA.** *(to Drusilla).* What's that on your shoulder? It's like a powder. *(brushes it off)*

**DRUSILLA.** Baby powder. It keeps my skin soft. Cinderella gave me her bottle.

**ANASTASIA.** Well, no young man is touching your shoulder.

**DRUSILLA.** We’ll see about that— *(looks over to Lady Tremaine).* Yes, you are right. We are such good girls.

**ANASTASIA.** Pure as the snow. *(They exit, possibly through the front door. Lady Tremaine follows to exit.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** Goodbye, Cinderella dear. And thanks for the dress.

**CINDERELLA.** Goodbye. *(under her breath).* Goodbye Lady Witch and her two broomsticks. So…. What should I do with myself? I have the entire evening unengaged. *(looks to her side as is someone answered her).* You would like to dance with me? Truly? But you are just a rich banker. You are not of the royal family. *(waits).* Oh, you mustn’t be so forward. I am but a young girl. *(She holds her hand up as if someone was offering his. She takes the imaginary hand and courtesies.).* Not that I'm averse to the concept. *(She dances, then spins.).* Oh, such flattery will get you—Ow. Ow! Ow! *(reaches for her ankle, sits on the floor).* Owie, ow. *(A banging at the door, Right, and Cinderella turns her head with surprise. She gets to her feet and quickly hobbles to the door.).* Yes?

**JUDY.** *(OS) I* hear you dancing around in there. The ankle must be better.

**CINDERELLA.** Who is this?

**JUDY.** *(OS).*  My husband wanted me to look in on you. I've got something for you. *(Cinderella seems confused.)*

**JUDY.** *(OS)* My husband is the Grocer. He said—

**CINDERELLA.** Oh, Yes, yes. *(Opens the door. Judy Enters, holding a ball gown on a hanger.)*

**JUDY.** Your hair looks like a nest of birds. Love, how are you going to a ball looking like that?

**CINDERELLA.** You brought me a dress?

**JUDY.** I've seen you at the market, so I guessed your size. I took the dress in. Just a little, mind you. But I have no use for the dress, so I figured, why not make the poor plain girl happy?

**CINDERELLA.** Plain girl?

**JUDY.** *(looking at Cinderella up and down).* Ah, you’re okay. But fix that hair. *(Cinderella rushes off.)*

**JUDY.** The last time I wore that dress was my sisters’ wedding. I drank so much, I peed myself. But I washed the dress so never you mind. The smell is almost gone. *(A knock, OS, and Zig and Norm peek in. They are wearing faux-tuxedo shirts and sweatpants.)*

**ZIG.** Hey, yo.

**JUDY.** Yo – what?

**NORM.** You're not Drusilla.

**JUDY.** What?

**ZIG.** Are you the Mom? *(Judy pulls a knife from inside her sleeve, quickly raises it toward the boys.)*

**JUDY.** State your business.

**ZIG.** Yo old lady, don't kill me, please.

**NORM.** We just wanted to take the girls to the ball.

**JUDY.** Yeah? What girls? *(Cinderella enters. Her dress looks pretty and her hair is brushed.)*

**CINDERELLA.** What's with the knife?

**NORM.** Cinderella, is that really you? Whoa.

**JUDY.** *(Lowers her knife).* That old lady comment almost cost you your nose

**CINDERELLA.** *(to Judy)* You’re the grocer’s wife. I get it but who are you really? Are you my… my fairy…

**JUDY.** Watch it.

**CINDERELLA.** I don't know. Whatever you are. I just need a carriage, some coachmen and horses. Then I’m all set.

**JUDY.** *(laughs heartily).* Coachmen? Horses? Is that a joke?

**CINDERELLA.** No, I’m usually not very funny.

**JUDY.** Look, Dearie, you're looking for someone to swoop in and save you. Save yourself.

**CINDERELLA.** Save myself? Good slogan. So, you're saying no horses…. Okay, I guess we can walk to the ball.

**JUDY.** That's right. It's less than two miles away.

**CINDERELLA.** But my ankle. *(Judy shrugs.)* And I don't want my stepmother to see me.

**JUDY.** Boys? Listen up. You have to keep those two sisters you like away from Cinderella. Can you do that?

**ZIG.** Okay.

**NORM.** Yeah. That's cool.

**JUDY.** *(to Cinderella).* Will that work?

**CINDERELLA.** I just have to keep out of sight. I can't dance cause they’ll see me, even if my ankle improves. But I'll hear the music. I'll eat the food and maybe… I can meet someone that isn't fond of dancing.

**JUDY.** Sounds like a plan. Boys, you have your mission.

**CINDERELLA.** And do you want me home by midnight?

**JUDY.** *(Thinks)* Why?

**CINDERELLA.** Not sure.

**JUDY.** Just have a good time. And don't do anything I wouldn't do.

**CINDERELLA.** What does that mean? *(realizes).* Oh, I get it. Ew-w-w. *(All Exit. Scene change to: THE BALL: Quiet music plays in the background. Optional: periodically there might be couples dancing center stage, between the tables. Randy and Mandy Enter, approach the Herald.)*

**RANDY.** I am Randella Baretsky and this is—

**HERALD.** Excuse me, excuse me. Are you royalty?

**RANDY.** No, but my mother—

**HERALD.** Then nobody cares. Just go in and dance with some old guy.

*(Surprised, the two girls look at each other, shrug, and then enter. Downstage, the music swells for a moment and then quiets. Optional: some couples dance quietly.)*

**YORKIE.** *(to Queen)* So all you got is wine, huh?

**FRED.** Don’t complain.

**YORKIE.** I’m not complaining. Wine Is okay.

**QUEEN.** Remember, you must remain stately. We need you to be lucid.

**YORKIE.** You want me to be lucid?! I thought you wanted me to be sober! *(The Queen winces with this statement and moves away. Upstage Right stands Herald. Anastasia, Drusilla and Lady Tremaine enter, stand by Herald.)*

**HERALD.** Lady Tremaine, and her daughters -- Antissa,

**ANASTASIA.** Anastasia.

**HERALD.** Anastasia and Godzilla.

**DRUSILLA.** Drusilla.

**HERALD.** Right. *(Drusilla itches her shoulder. Lady Tremaine approaches the Queen, downstage left. Fred and Yorkie move Upstage left.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** Your majesty…. *(bows).* Such an honor.

**QUEEN.** Yes. Thank you for coming.

**LADY TREMAINE.** I am Lady Tremaine and I have brought my two daughters. *(Anastasia and Drusilla approach and bow.)*

**QUEEN.** Yes. I heard them announced. Godzilla and—

**DRUSILLA.** Drusilla, your greatness. Highness greatness. *(She takes the Queen's hand, itches herself while holding it.)*

**QUEEN.** Drusilla. *(pulls her hand away)*

**DRUSILLA.** I'm sorry. Did I hurt your hand?

**QUEEN.** That's fine, my dear. No harm done.

**ANASTASIA.** Oh. *(takes the Queen's hand, shakes it heartily).* I didn't know it was okay to shake your hand.

**LADY TREMAINE.** *(sharply).* Anastasia.

**ANASTASIA.** *(unhands the Queen).* I guess not. I'm so sorry. *(She bows, itching herself as she does. The Queen smiles uneasily.)*

**QUEEN.** You may rise.

**ANASTASIA.** Thank you, oh Queen.

**DRUSILLA.** We are not married.

**ANASTASIA.** We are maidens.

**QUEEN.** *(A smile frozen on her face).* In all honesty, that is what I supposed. *(Queen moves away, itching her hand as she walks. Music swells. The Duke and Duchess enter, whisper to the Herald.)*

**HERALD.** The Lady Duchess of Wincaster on the Lake, and her husband, the duck.

**DUKE.** Duke.

**HERALD.** The Duke Next time, watch the lisp. *(They enter, nod to others as they walk past. Upstage left, Fred and Yorkie speak.)*

**FRED.** You know, you’re the Prince? You can talk to people. You can get them to give you stuff.

**YORKIE.** Yeah, like if you give the Prince a royal present, the Prince thinks of you when he's making royal edicts.

**FRED.** You're really making edicts?

**YORKIE.** Truthfully, I don't even know what they are. But if I made them, I would remember the gift. I'm no welcher. *(Cinderella Enters upstage, hides, looks about.)*

**HERALD.** Yes? How would you like to be announced?

**CINDERELLA.** No, no. Don't announce me.

**HERALD.** That's a first. People attending a ball like to be seen.

**CINDERELLA.** Well, I don't want to be seen. *(She turns her head away from the others, moves downstage Right. Douglas Enters Right, wears a gray toupee and fake mustache. Meanwhile, the Duke speaks to Randy, center.)*

**DUKE.** You seem like a nice young woman. What is it you do?

**RANDY.** Backflips. *(Lady Tremaine approaches Yorkie and Fred, upstage Left.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** Good evening, your highness. *(She bows. Next to her stand Anastasia and Drusilla. She prods them and they bow. As they bow, a lock of hair falls from Lady Tremaine’s head. Yorkie notices and speaks hesitantly.)*

**YORKIE.** Yes… good evening to you good ladies. *(Fred picks up the hair, throws it offstage. The ladies rise.)*

**FRED.** It is good manners to give a present to the Prince.

**DRUSILLA.** Ah. *(She reaches into her handbag, pulls out a coin. She hands it to Yorkie, who holds the coin as he and Fred look it over.)*

**YORKIE.** What the freak is this? *(Can substitute any funny word for freak)*

**ANASTASIA.** *(while itching herself).*  I have a coin as well. *(She and Lady Tremaine pull coins from purses and hand the coins to Yorkie, who holds his palm flat as he and Fred examine the coins.)*

**FRED.** You can probably buy a sandwich. *(Yorkie ponders this, reluctantly nods. Meanwhile the Duke and Duchess dance to the music. Cinderella watches.)*

**DOUGLAS.** *(to Cinderella).* I am sorry. I see that you're hiding from someone.

**CINDERELLA.** Well, I came to see the Prince. But who am I kidding? Me and the Prince – right? *(looks to Lady Tremaine).* Anyway, this can't work. The room is too small.

**DOUGLAS.** Too small?

**CINDERELLA.** She'll see me.

**DOUGLAS.** Why are you hiding?

**CINDERELLA.** Cause I'm not supposed to be here.

**DOUGLAS.** Why not? Didn’t I, I mean… didn't the Prince invite all of his subjects to the ball?

**CINDERELLA.** Yes, I'm sorry. My name is Ella.

**DOUGLAS.** I am Rolph. Rolph, the chimney sweep *(offers his hand and they shake)*

**CINDERELLA.** So Rolph, a chimney sweep? Your hands are too clean, Rolph. And your fake hair doesn't match your eyebrows. But don't worry, Rolph. Your secret's safe with me.

**DOUGLAS.** I see.

**CINDERELLA.** I guess we're all hiding from someone or something. But if you can, help me meet the Prince.

**DOUGLAS.** The Prince?

**CINDERELLA.** I don't know why it's so important to me. He's just a guy, like you're just a guy.

**DOUGLAS.** That's true.

**CINDERELLA.** Just some silly fantasy when any good decent person would actually be fine.

**DOUGLAS.** You want someone to rescue you from a bad situation. Don't worry, Ella, your secret's safe with me. *(Music swells. Zig and Norm enter, whisper to the Herald)*

**HERALD.** The totally excellent crowned Price of Denmark and the greatest magician in the world. *(Zig and Norm high five as they Enter the room. Anastasia and Drusilla rush over to them.)*

**DRUSILLA.** *(to Zig).* Can you scratch my back? *(Anastasia rubs her back against Norm)*

**NORM.** Oh wow. Second base.

**ANASTASIA.** Don't take this the wrong way.

**NORM.** I'll take it any way you say.

**ZIG.** See, I told you, dude. It's just a matter of time.

**ANASTASIA.** *(to Norm)* Can you scratch me, please?

**NORM.** You didn't buy me dinner first, but I'm game. *(She moves his hands to her shoulders.)*

**DRUSILLA.** Harder!

**ZIG.** Down, girl. The night is young. *(Music swells. In the meantime, Douglas has walked over to Yorkie and Fred.)*

**DOUGLAS.** Yorkie?

**YORKIE.** Who are you?

**DOUGLAS.** It's me, Douglas.

**FRED.** You got I.D.?

**DOUGLAS.** No, but I do have execution papers in my office.

**FRED.** Kidding. I was kidding.

**DOUGLAS.** Anyway, there is a nice young woman. I’d like you to meet her and kindly reject her. Let her down gently.

**YORKIE.** Did she bring me a gift?

**DOUGLAS.** Focus. She’s a nice girl that seems to have fallen on hard times. I don’t know her story, but it seems she is harshly treated.

**YORKIE.** What about me? I only had three glasses of wine.

**DOUGLAS.** You’re on a pitch count. *(Meanwhile, Lady Tremaine dances with the Duke. Upstage right, the Earl and Earl’s wife have entered. They speak to the herald.)*

**HERALD.** *(translating as the Earls wife whispers).* Lady Des…mond —ee—no, ahh – gold—no, old—ooo—ver. And her husband, Earl. *(she whispers).* I'm not doing it again. No. *(Moving on, the Earl takes the Earl’s wife’s hand and pulls her into the room. Lady Tremaine dances with the Duke. She dances well, seems to delight in those that watch her.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** You are a fine dancer, Duke.

**DUKE.** Thank you, Madam.

**LADY TREMAINE.** When I turn, hold the back of my head. *(She leans back with arms raised. The Duke expertly turns her. She stands straight, a big smile on her face, oblivious that the Duke now holds a handful of her hair. He looks at the hair with surprise, holds it. When onlookers gasp. Lady Tremaine turns to the Duke who holds the hair, quickly flings it away as if it were a hot potato. Embarrassed beyond conception, Lady Tremaine runs from the room and by the Herald.)*

**HERALD.** Departing is… I didn’t get the bald woman’s name. *(Randy and Mandy whisper to him.)*

**HERALD.** Lady Tremaine has left the building. *(He claps. All look to him questioningly. He stops his clapping. Meanwhile, Drusilla and Anastasia stand close to each other, itch each other.)*

**DRUSILLA.** You smell like cayenne peppers.

**ANASTASIA.** You smell like baby powder mixed with cayenne peppers.

**DRUSILLA.** Who would do this to us?!

**ANASTASIA.** Cinderella! The wretch!

**DRUSILLA.** Ungrateful…. I have to go! I can't stand it!

**ANASTASIA.** Me too! *(They run from the room, exit right.)*

**HERALD.** Exiting are… Godzilla, was it? *(SERVANT enters Right, holding the girls two dresses.)*

**SERVANT.** There are two unclothed young ladies running down the castle stairs.*(Mandy whispers to Herald.)*

**HERALD.** Ah, yes. Exiting are the naked Anastasia and Drusilla.

*(The Duke and Earl run in pursuit exit right.)*

**DUKE’S WIFE.** *(to Earl’s Wife).* Oh, let them have their fun. They won't live that long.*(Yorkie approaches Cinderella as Douglas looks on.)*

**YORKIE.** Hello, young lady. I was told you were wishing to meet me.

**CINDERELLA.** Hello, your Highness. *(Curtsies)* I am sorry that my dress is not as attractive as that of the other guests.

**YORKIE.** Oh, you’re not bad.. *(to Fred).* What would you say -- 6 out of 10?

**FRED.** Seven, maybe. *(Yorkie looks at her hands.)*

**YORKIE.** So, you clean chimneys, is that it?

**CINDERELLA.** Yes, your majesty, just our own chimney. The soot is hard to completely erase. My hands are dry so the soot stays in the cracked skin.

**YORKIE.** Your face is a little dry too. Your hair needs some work. And you smell like pee. But anyway, do you have any gold? A gift, you know?

**FRED.** Yorkie, she isn’t gonna have gold. Look at her. She’s a peasant.

*(Fred and Yorkie nod. Cinderella stands, disgraced, holding back tears.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Your Highness, I would dance only I hurt my ankle.

**YORKIE.** I didn’t ask you to dance. I don’t dance with lowlife.

**DOUGLAS.** Your majesty, may I have a word? *(He pulls Yorkie to the side.)*

**DOUGLAS.** I told you to let her down gently, not humiliate her.

**YORKIE.** She’s a country peasant. Why do you care? *(The Queen approaches Cinderella.)*

**DOUGLAS.** I don’t like that the first time I invite people to the palace, that they come away feeling abused and disheartened. *(Zig approaches Yorkie, holds the hand of Randy. Norm holds hands with Mandy.)*

**ZIG.** Excuse me, your majesty, great party. But we’re cutting out.

**NORM.** We’re taking our leave.

**YORKIE.** Oh well, thank you for coming.

**RANDY.** *(To Mandy,).* We were supposed to find rich old men that want young wives.

**MANDY.** I got us invited to two parties next week.

**RANDY.** Perfect. *(Zig, Norm, Randy, and Mandy exit Right.)*

**QUEEN.** So, your stepmother and her daughters treat you badly. I saw them itching themselves red, and running from the ball. Did you put something inside their dresses? *(Douglas approaches.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Yes, but I’m sorry. It was—

**QUEEN.** Also, your stepmother.

**CINDERELLA.** You have no idea what she does.

**QUEEN.** Her hair was falling from her head.

**CINDERELLA.** It'll grow back. Probably.

**FRED.** The girl’s got guts.

**QUEEN.** There is no reason for this behavior. And look at our ball-- it's ruined.

**CINDERELLA.** Oh, boo-hoo. What a terrible life you have. *(All look at Cinderella with shock.)*

**DOUGLAS.** Ella, it doesn't matter what others have done. You cannot lash out at the world.

**CINDERELLA.** Thank you, Rolph. I will always remember the words of the philosopher chimney sweep.

**DOUGLAS.** If people see only this side of you, they will not sympathize with your plight.

**CINDERELLA.** I don’t want people's sympathy. I just want people to leave me alone. *(heads for the exit)*

**DOUGLAS.** No. You cannot leave. *(He tries to take her arm. She pulls away.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Get away from me!

**DOUGLAS.** Ella!

**CINDERELLA.** *(Pulls off his fake hair).* You phony! What are you hiding from?!

**DOUGLAS.** I am speaking to you! You insolent—

**CINDERELLA.** Leave me alone. *(Pulls off her shoe, throws it at Douglas’s chest. He catches it. She exits.)*

**SERVANT.** Your highness?

**DOUGLAS.** Leave her. Let her go. *(looks inside the shoe).* Size seven and a half. Everyone's a seven and a half.

**YORKIE.** Can I have that?

**DOUGLAS.** No. *(Servants may remove the tables and bring in items associated with Lady Tremaine’s house. Servants exit. Lady Tremaine Enters right wearing a handkerchief wrapped around her head. She holds two dresses.)*

**ANASTASIA.** *(OS)* Hurry, mother. I am very cold. *(Lady Tremaine crosses to left, hands the dresses to a protruding hand.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** Here. Give the other dress to your sister.

**ANASTASIA.** *(OS).* Just wait till that Cinderella gets home.

**DRUSILLA.** *(OS).* The whole town saw me. Now, I will never get a husband.

**LADY TREMAINE.** That's not true. I had three proposals for both of you in the last half hour. *(Drusilla and Anastasia enter wearing regular dresses.)*

**DRUSILLA.** Really?

**LADY TREMAINE.** A farmer, a merchant, and a man of dubious intentions. Never mind him. *(A banging and Lady Tremaine heads across to open the door, Right. Judy is there, enters.)*

**JUDY.** Has Cinderella returned?

**LADY TREMAINE.** No. Who are you?

**JUDY.** I’m Judy, the grocer’s wife. The Prince is looking for her. He has a group of servants and guards going door to door.

**LADY TREMAINE.** Good. I'm going to wring her neck when I get hold of her.

**JUDY.** The Prince wants to see you as well.

**LADY TREMAINE.** Me? Did he mention Drusilla or Anastasia?

**JUDY.** What?

**LADY TREMAINE.** Who did he have his eye on?

**JUDY.** Perhaps on your balding skull, the way it shines in the moonlight? *(Lady Tremaine looks surprised. Cinderella rushes through the door and enters. She looks out as if to see if she got away.)*

**CINDERELLA.** They're looking for me. I ruined the Prince’s ball and he must be pissed. *(Lady Tremaine grabs Cinderella by her side hairs, pulls her to the room center.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** You put hair remover in my shampoo, didn’t you?! Didn’t you?!

**CINDERELLA.** Oh. You didn't like that look? *(Lady Tremaine pulls on Cinderella's hair.)* Ow. Ow. Ow.

**JUDY.** *(pulls out a knife, points to Lady Tremaine).* Let the girl go.

**LADY TREMAINE.** *(Lets go).* You have no right to interfere.

**JUDY.** I've seen the girl’s back and arms. You aren't a mother. You’re a criminal. *(The main door opens. Douglas, Herald, and Servant enter.)*

**HERALD.** All bow to the Prince. *(All bow except Cinderella who just stares in surprise.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Rolph? What are you doing?

**HERALD.** Bow, if you please. *(Lady Tremaine’s scarf falls off, revealing her bald head. She quickly retrieves it, drapes it over her skull. Cinderella bows.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** Your majesty, I had no idea you were coming. Welcome to our humble home.

**DOUGLAS.** Thank you. You may rise. *(All stand. Douglas puts his hand out. Servant places Cinderella's shoe in his hand. He holds it out to her.)*

**DOUGLAS.** You threw this at me.

**CINDERELLA.** *(still reeling, she takes the shoe).* You’re going to get into trouble. Where's the real prince? *(Drusilla and Anastasia enter, followed by Randy, Mandy, Zig and Norm.)*

**DOUGLAS.** The person impersonating me was my cousin, Yorkie. I needed to be anonymous. Sometimes, it's hard to be Prince. *(Cinderella laughs.)*

**CINDERELLA.** Hard to be Prince? Get real.

**DOUGLAS.** You believe I'm insincere?

**CINDERELLA.** No, no, Rolph, your highness, I shouldn't be doubting you. I just always feel that no one has it as bad as I do.

**ANASTASIA.** Cinderella!

**DRUSILLA.** Cinderella, we treat you so kindly.

**LADY TREMAINE.** The girl has an attitude problem, your highness.

*(Judy pulls off Lady Tremaine’s scarf. She grabs for it but Judy holds it behind her back.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** Give it back.

**JUDY.** When you tell the Prince the truth.

**DOUGLAS.** The truth? What is the truth?

**LADY TREMAINE.** It is very difficult raising a rebellious child. Sometimes you must be strict. It's for her own good.

**ZIG.** Sometimes Ella is coughing cause they make her stand in the chimney and sweep the soot down.

**NORM.** It gets all over her hair and she breathes it in.

**ZIG.** I saw black stuff on her handkerchief.

**ANASTASIA.** Cause we don't have long brushes. What else could we do?

**NORM.** Our parents hire a chimney sweep.

**DRUSILLA.** Chimney sweeps cost money!

**ANASTASIA.** We don't have that much.

**MANDY.** Come on, Anastasia, you just got a new dress for the ball.

**RANDY.** And Drusilla has new shoes.

**DRUSILLA.** I gave my old shoes to Cinderella.

**ANASTASIA.** So ungrateful.

**DOUGLAS.** Lady Tremaine, I don't know what has gone on in the past, but I am going to have my servant monitor the situation. I won't stand for harsh treatment. *(Servant bows.)*

**LADY TREMAINE.** Yes, of course, your highness.

**ZIG.** Drusilla, if you need money, Norm and me could always loan you a few shillings.

**DRUSILLA.** You two don't have money.

**NORM.** Actually, we do.

**ZIG.** *(picks up a skateboard).* We had the idea of putting wheels on these boards. They've been selling like crab cakes.

**NORM.** Hot cakes.

**ZIG.** We make four shillings for each board.

**ANASTASIA.** Four shillings?! How many do you make each day?

**NORM.** Four or five. *(Anastasia and Drusilla look at each other with smiles of surprise.)*

**RANDY.** Your highness, Norm and I are engaged. *(hold hands with Norm)*

**ANASTASIA.** What? When was this?

**NORM.** Last night, actually.

**MANDY.** Your highness, we are engaged as well. *(Hold hands with Zig. Drusilla let's out a low squeal.)*

**ANASTASIA.** What? No! *(Servant puts a finger to his mouth. All shush.)*

**DOUGLAS.** Congratulations. We are done then. *(turns to leave, remembers, turns back).* Oh, Ella, I do have a question for you…

**CINDERELLA.** Oh*. (stares at him for a moment).* You’re not going to ask me to marry you, are you?

**DOUGLAS.** Heavens, no*.* You barely know me. Why would you marry me?

**CINDERELLA.** Agreed.

**DOUGLAS.** Yeah. I just met you. I wouldn't marry someone I spoke to for ten minutes. Besides, you throw shoes at people. Look what you did to your poor mother's hair. I can only imagine what goes on in that twisted brain of yours.

**CINDERELLA.** Thanks. You do my self-esteem so much good.

**DOUGLAS.** Anytime… Gooday to you all.

**ALL.** Gooday.*(3 Royals, 2 cheerleaders and 2 skateboarders Exit.)*

**DRUSILLA.** How can you feel we’re mean to you?

**ANASTASIA.** I didn’t eat my third banana so you can have one.

**DRUSILLA.** You’re too good.

**ANASTASIA.** I know. *(They exit. Lady Tremaine stares daggers at Cinderella. Cinderella hugs her.)*

**CINDERELLA.** How about a truce? We can be friends. What do you say?

**LADY TREMAINE.** Friends? With you? *(ponders).* No tricks.

*(Cinderella looks slyly at Lady Tremaine who seems suddenly afraid, rushes Left and Exits.)*

**CINDERELLA.** *(to Judy)* So you’re not my fairy godmother. And you’re not magical. So, what are you exactly?

**JUDY.** I’m enchanting, my dear.

**CINDERELLA.** I’m guessing you want the dress back?

**JUDY.** Oh, keep it. It looks better on you than it does on me.

**CINDERELLA.** I just have to get used to the idea that a Prince isn’t going to whisk me away and save me from my lot in life.

**JUDY.** Ella, save yourself.

**CINDERELLA.** Great advice. And how do I do that? *(Judy smiles, pats Cinderella on the back, heads for the door when comes a Banging. Judy opens the door, let's in Fred and Yorkie who rush in, point at Cinderella.)*

**FRED.** There she is!

**YORKIE.** Okay, I'm part of the royal family so I can't be involved in the operations part.

**FRED.** But you had a good idea

**YORKIE.** And Fred isn't afraid of heights.

**FRED.** Well, not that high.

**YORKIE.** I can buy the brushes and the cart with a horse.

**JUDY.** Whoa, whoa, whoa. Who are you?

**CINDERELLA.** I know them… slightly.

**YORKIE.** I'm the Prince’s cousin twice removed.

**FRED.** Removed from the Palace.

**YORKIE.** Only two times.

**CINDERELLA.** What is…what is this?

**YORKIE.** You can be a partner. Fred gets 50% because he’s doing all the work.

**CINDERELLA.** What business?

**YORKIE/FRED.** Cleaning chimneys.

**YORKIE.** I need to show them I can do something productive. I can be a leader. I'm not just some idiot drunk—

**FRED.** Sometimes you’re not drunk.

**YORKIE.** Right. Exactly.

**FRED.** I clean the chimneys.

**YORKIE.** I buy all the supplies.

**CINDERELLA.** And what do I do?

**YORKIE.** You get us the customers.

**FRED.** You’re young. You look nice and everybody seems to like you.

**YORKIE.** And you’re authentic.

**FRED.** They know you've cleaned chimneys before.

**YORKIE.** You get us the orders, collect money and make the schedule-

**FRED.** And you got guts.

**YORKIE.** When you collect money from late payers, you need guts. What do you say? *(Cinderella looks to Judy for help.)*

**JUDY.** Don't look at me. Save yourself.

**CINDERELLA.** What’s…what's the name of the company?

**YORKIE.** Yorkies’ chimney sweeps L-L-C.

**FRED.** That doesn’t work for me.

**YORKIE.** You want an L-L-C in case you kill somebody.

**CINDERELLA.** As a member of the royal family, wouldn't you prefer to be a silent partner?

**FRED.** The more silent, the better.*(They all head toward the exit.)*

**CINDERELLA.** A better name would be “Royal chimney sweeps.”

**FRED.** I like that. I told you she would be good.

**YORKIE.** Right. I hire only good people.

**CINDERELLA.** I want 50%. *(Cinderella opens the door for them to leave.)*

**YORKIE.** Okay, she gets 50%, you get 50%, and what does that leave me?

**FRED.** I'll do the math when we get back to the office. *(They exit.)*

**YORKIE.** *(OS)* That's good. Just remember what I always say.

**FRED.** *(OS)* What's that?

**YORKIE.** *(OS)* I don't know. I told you to remember. *(Cinderella smiles at Judy as she closes the door.)*

**JUDY.** Looks like you’re doing it. A start up business.

**CINDERELLA.** I might go into the dry-cleaning business too. When he said he wasn’t Rolph, but he’s really the prince… *(whispers)* I peed the dress a little. *(They hug)*

**THE END**