

dungeon, and there's only so much zhuzzing you can do in a windowless room where the walls cry. Inspirational art doesn't help. Live, laugh, love is more hide, shriek, run. Anyway, there's a rule in good writing, which I learned in my 30 minute online master class. All good writing begins with show! Don't tell. So, I'm going to show you the life of Cinderella, who is at the very least an enabler, probably codependent, and vaguely put upon. I'll be back, but let's begin, shall we?

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Sequimingham, there lived a girl. Her home was grand, her stepmother was broke, and she lived in the basement. Cinderella spent her days in drudgery, helping everyone except herself. Our story opens in the kitchen.

Lights come up on a kitchen. Cinderella sits at a table, doing math. She mutters a lot. Mostly about New Math. "To subtract two simple numbers, put one behind a door. Place the other number in an egg carton. Provide profiles on a dating site for them both. If they are compatible, the answer is always 14." Then looks up and sees the audience.

We hear someone coming in, sighing. A girl, dressed in boy's clothing comes in.

DRUZELLA

Did you know I can disable you in fifty different ways with this spork?

(She holds her head out to be brushed.)

To be like the warrior, move like a warrior.

She moves like a warrior, then opens her mouth and points at it. Cinderella puts food in her mouth, and reminds her to chew.

DRUZELLA (CONT.)

Mother thinks I'm in elocution class. Learning to simper.

CINDERELLA

I took it last night for you, online.

(Looks at the audience, and proceeds to simper.)

Why Sir. The way you talk. You're so bad.

(Bats eyes, and gives a saucy wink. Looks at Druzella)

I've got you covered. Next week's class is "Curtsying, and Why You're Doing It Wrong."

DRUZELLA

Cool. I'm going to learn about archery in a high wind.

A fly buzzes by. Druzella catches it, then opens her palm and lets it out.

DRUZELLA (CONT.)

You're getting slower McFly. It's not even a challenge any more.

They fist bump, and the fly buzzes off. Druzella makes her noisy way outside.

Cinderella stands by the door. Counts backward from three. Hand comes out. Cinderella places a quiver of arrows in hand.

CINDERELLA

Let's see, I have bread to make, and goblets to clean. I can do those at noon, because I can hold them up to the light. To see that they're properly clean. Because there's nothing worse than hard water stains, Amirite? And the laundry... Speaking of... 3, 2, 1-

A woman comes in with an armload of laundry, reading a book.

ANASTASIA

The brown throated sloth sleeps for 15-18 hours a day. I need to meet or beat that.

CINDERELLA

Good morning stepsister!

Cinderella grabs her laundry, then moves things out of her way as she wanders languidly back and forth reading.

ANASTASIA

The three-toed sloth is still the laziest creature on the planet. I'm number two. I need to work harder.

Cinderella places a muffin in her hand.

CINDERELLA

Wouldn't that be less hard? And weren't you supposed to be at your riding lessons five minutes ago?

ANASTASIA

Sounds exhausting. Could you?

CINDERELLA

Way ahead of you.

She takes off her apron to reveal jodhpurs. Grabs helmet.

CINDERELLA (CONT.)

We're getting really good at side saddle.

ANASTASIA

Huzzah. Sounds athletic. I'm going for a nap.. Could you give me a piggy back ride back to my room?

CINDERELLA

No.

Anastasia wafts out, yawning.

ANASTASIA

Don't let mother see you in that getup.

CINDERELLA (CONT.)

I'll go around back. Well, I need to run. Side saddle waits for no girl! My work is never done.

SONG: "Work Song" by Rihanna, as Cinderella tidies up.

CINDERELLA (CONT.)

(Singing)

Work work work work work work
Sweeping up the dirt dirt dirt dirt dirt dirt
Where's that cat that lurk lurk lurk lurk lurk lurks
Stepmother's a jerk jerk jerk jerk jerk jerk
I'm not gonna lie lie lie lie lie lie.
I'd love to tell them bye bye bye bye bye

A horse neighs nearby

CINDERELLA (CONT.)

Oops. That's Sir Neigh! Must run. See you soon!

End scene

ACT I, SCENE 2

A HERALD enters with a horn. A cat (LUCIFUR) gets in his way, winding around him, tripping him up. The bit here is that every time he blows his horn, a different sound will emit. It will never sound like a horn.

HERALD