

ACT I, SCENE 1

Front of castle - nighttime

A bird sprints out, waving, fist bumping, blowing kisses

BONES

Hello, hello, hello! My name is Bones. I'm called that on account of, I have them. I bet you haven't heard of me, yet. I'm not in any of the storybooks, but I will be damn it! I'm Cinderella's best friend, and she's mine. Oh, have you heard of Cinderella? What have you heard? What's the matter, cat got your tongue? I know a thing or two about that. My cousin Peepers... well, let's just say we were all sad to read the morning papers at the bottom of our cage. Anyway, you realize we are all in the same room, right? When I talk, you can hear me. And when you don't, I can judge. So, when I ask you a question, I want you to answer me, capeesh? Do-you-understand? So, let's try this again. What have you heard about Cindy?

(interacts with the audience)

Well, that's a lot. Most of that is wrong, but don't feel bad! I'm wrong all the time! Let's turn those frowns upside down.

(points to audience member)

Especially you. You look like you've had a lot of practice. I mean I've had a lot of experience being jolly. But I'm not a miracle worker. It's all in how you tell the story, right? I mean, what I'm getting from you guys is that Cinderella is a sad little girl, forced to work as a scullery maid for her domineering stepmother and spoiled stepsisters? Longing for her prince to ride in on a pure white charger to take her away from a life of drudgery and pain? Did I get that right?

(checks in with audience)

I mean, I don't like to brag, but I have been taking an online masterclass in novel writing. I have a book in me, all I have to do is find it! Cinderella's story is more layered and complex than all the things you've been telling me. She's... I mean, she's a little bit too helpful, is our Cin. The twins, Druzella and Anastasia aren't bad. Self involved? Sure. Entitled? Definitely. Living in a dream world. Well, they're rich, so definitely. But they're not bad, per se. Just... one track minded-esque. Her stepmother... is definitely bad news. I mean, she took Cin's room for her hats, because they needed to breathe. And Cin took the

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.