

If the Shoe Fits ...

By Karen Woodford

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 **Pioneer**
DRAMA SERVICE

IF THE SHOE FITS

By KAREN WOODFORD

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

	<u># of lines</u>
TOWN CRIER	loves to hate his job 13
NICHOLAS	Prince Owen's best friend; loves to investigate 30
PRINCE OWEN	has a dream, and it isn't marriage 29
JESTER	always wants to cheer up the prince 19
THE ROYAL FAN CLUB	
IRENE	club president 12
CRYSTAL	not too bright 4
BRIDGET	enamored of Prince Owen... and herself 4
MILLICENT	club treasurer 5
ZELDA	club photographer 4
AGNES	shy one 5
KING RUPERT	ruler of Kravitz; a stickler for tradition 33
QUEEN CELESTE	loving wife and mother; slightly ditz 19
MISS SCHIFFERMAKER ..	royal Social Director extraordinaire 15
VALDA	royal Advisor 30
VARINA	Valda's "daughter" 15
THE FAKE PRINCE	looks just like the real thing 9
CINDERELLA	poor heroine, destined to marry the prince 18
DELLA	Cinderella's wicked stepsister 11
STELLA	Cinderella's other wicked stepsister 10
STEPMOM	Cinderella's wicked stepmother 8
FAIRY GODMOTHER	a no nonsense fairy, straight from the employment agency 13
THE PYTHON GANG	
PYTHON	leader of the gang 18
WEASEL	brains of the gang 7

GRUNGE	the one you hope stands upwind	5
SQUINT	always forgets his glasses	4
MUNCH	forever hungry	4
SCRAP	loves his teddy bear	4

SETTING

The main setting for the play is the throne room in a castle in the Kingdom of Kravitz. UPSTAGE is a platform that runs across the stage with a painted backdrop of a stone castle wall. There is a CENTER ENTRANCE on the platform, as well as STAGE LEFT and STAGE RIGHT ENTRANCES on the floor. UPSTAGE RIGHT are two thrones.

IF THE SHOE FITS

ACT ONE

Scene One

AT RISE: The Royal Throne Room, where the PRINCE sits on the KING'S throne. A SPOTLIGHT shines CENTER STAGE.

TOWN CRIER: (*RINGS A HAND BELL as he ENTERS STAGE RIGHT and comes into the SPOTLIGHT. To audience.*) Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, and all that town crier stuff. Let it be known in the Kingdom of Kravitz that His Royal Highness King Rupert and Her Royal Highness Queen Celeste cordially invite you to attend the Graduation Ball of His Royal Highness Prince Owen. All eligible young ladies are urged to attend, as the prince will be choosing a royal wife. Tickets are \$10 in advance, \$12 at the door, Master Card and Visa accepted. You didn't think it would be free, did you? (*As he EXITS STAGE LEFT.*) Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye.

NICHOLAS: (*ENTERS LEFT and crosses into the SPOTLIGHT as the STAGE LIGHTS COME UP to reveal an obviously depressed PRINCE, UPSTAGE on the throne. To audience.*) Did you hear that? Pretty exciting stuff, huh? We here in the Kingdom of Kravitz don't see this kind of celebration every day. My name is Nicholas, best friend of Prince Owen over there. Now, you would think that the prince would be thrilled—a ball thrown in his honor to choose the future queen—but he's not. As a matter of fact he's pretty down in the dumps these days because his father, King Rupert, just doesn't understand him, and... well, come see for yourself. (*He crosses to the PRINCE as the CENTER STAGE SPOTLIGHT FADES.*) Hey, Owen, what's up?

PRINCE: Hi, Nick. Nothing's up. Just this stupid ball Mom and Dad are throwing for me. I hate social events. I hate the idea of marrying someone just because my dad thinks it's time to. I hate my life.

NICHOLAS: (*Sits on the opposite throne.*) Cheer up, buddy. Everyone at Kingdom College is looking forward to the ball. It's all they talk about.

PRINCE: You are so lucky to be at Kingdom College. (*To audience.*) Nick and I used to be in school together, but then he graduated and went on to college. (*Back to NICHOLAS.*) How are your journalism classes going?

NICHOLAS: Great. I'm learning so much. One day, I hope to be the best investigative reporter Kravitz has ever seen.

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PRINCE: At least you're doing what you love to do. I would love to go to college and study computers, but it looks like I'll be stuck ruling Kravitz exactly the way my father rules now. That's all he cares about... tradition.

NICHOLAS: Have you told your father how you feel?

PRINCE: I've tried to. But every time I bring up the subject of going to Kingdom College, my dad tells me I have to get married and learn to rule the kingdom. Yeah, right, rule the kingdom. Do you know that we're the only kingdom around not on the Internet? My dad is avoiding progress.

JESTER: (*ENTERS RIGHT, carrying some items for juggling.*) Prince Owen, your mom wants you to come in for a fitting for— say, you look terrible. What's the matter?

PRINCE: Same old stuff. This Graduation Ball is going to be the end of me.

JESTER: You need some cheering up. You want me to juggle for you? (*He attempts to juggle. PRINCE shakes his head.*) How about some acrobatics? (*He turns a cartwheel. PRINCE shakes his head.*) A brand new joke, you're gonna love this one. A lady and a Pekinese are on a boat—

NICHOLAS: Jester, do you mind?

TOWN CRIER: (*OFFSTAGE LEFT we hear a COMMOTION. GIRLS are screaming, and the TOWN CRIER is trying to keep the ROYAL FAN CLUB from entering. He ENTERS LEFT followed by the FAN CLUB. The GIRLS are carrying autograph books. ZELDA has a camera. He RINGS HIS HAND BELL.*) The Royal Fan Club. (*To the PRINCE.*) I told them they needed an appointment! (*He EXITS UP CENTER.*)

IRENE: There he is... Prince Owen! (*The GIRLS scream.*)

CRYSTAL: He's so cute, I could just die!

BRIDGET: (*Looks at herself in a mirror.*) Hey, Princey Baby, do you like my new lipstick?

MILLICENT: He doesn't care about lipstick, Bridget. He's too intelligent.

ZELDA: Smile, you cute little Royal Highness, you! (*She takes his picture.*)

PRINCE: Oh, great. The Royal Fan Club. Just what I need. (*The GIRLS encourage AGNES to go get his autograph. She walks over to him and*

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starts to ask but runs back to the FAN CLUB. They push her toward the PRINCE. She quietly says something.) What? (AGNES quietly says it again.)

PRINCE/NICHOLAS/JESTER: What?

FAN CLUB: She says she wants your autograph!

PRINCE: Oh, sure. No problem. *(He signs her autograph book. The FAN CLUB starts toward the PRINCE, asking for autographs, taking pictures, trying to talk to him. NICHOLAS, who has removed himself from the throne, and the JESTER get pushed aside.)*

TOWN CRIER: *(ENTERS UP CENTER, RINGING HIS HAND BELL.)* His Royal Highness King Rupert of Kravitz. *(To audience.)* I gotta get another job. *(He EXITS UP CENTER.)*

KING: *(ENTERS UP CENTER with a flourish. The FAN CLUB curtsies and bows.)* Ah, my Royal Fan Club. How nice of you girls to drop by. *(The GIRLS look at each other as if the KING was a little crazy.)* I'll sign one more autograph and then off with you. *(He grabs an autograph book and signs, then crosses to the PRINCE. The ROYAL FAN CLUB EXITS LEFT, looking bewildered.)* Well, Owen, are you all ready for the Graduation Ball? It's only two days away, you know.

PRINCE: *(At the urging of NICHOLAS.)* Um, Dad... I've been meaning to talk to you about this marriage thing. *(NICHOLAS and the JESTER quickly EXIT LEFT.)*

KING: *(Crosses to the thrones with the PRINCE and sits.)* Oh, it's nothing. I got married at the end of my twelfth year of tutelage. Your grandfather, King Otto, got married at the end of his twelfth year of tutelage. Your great-grandfather, King Sigfried, got married at the end of his twelfth year of tutelage. And you, my son, will get married at the end of your twelfth year of tutelage. It's a Kravitz tradition.

PRINCE: But, Dad, I'm not sure I'm ready to get married. I want to travel, to learn things, to go to college.

KING: Nonsense. No man is ever ready to get married, but it's something you must do to rule Kravitz. Everything you need to learn I can teach you. Just like my father taught me and his father taught him and so on and so forth. Ruling Kravitz is a big responsibility.

PRINCE: Yes, Dad, I know, I want to rule Kravitz, but there is so much more to learn to be a good ruler. Did you know that if we got our own web page our commodities would—

KING: (*Cuts the PRINCE off.*) Owen, I don't have time to talk about commodities. I have a ball to plan.

TOWN CRIER: (*ENTERS UP CENTER, RINGING HIS HAND BELL.*) Her Royal Highness, Queen Celeste accompanied by the Royal Social Director, Miss Sabrina Schiffermaker. (*He rolls his eyes and shakes his head as he EXITS UP CENTER.*)

QUEEN: (*ENTERS UP CENTER, carrying fabric swatches, with MISS SCHIFFERMAKER, who carries a clipboard. They cross to the KING, who rises, as does the PRINCE.*) Oh, there you are, Pookie. We must have your opinion. Do we want to decorate the royal ballroom in fuchsia or puce?

KING: What's wrong with royal blue? And how many times have I told you not to call me "Pookie" in front of our royal subjects?

MISS SCHIFFERMAKER: Royal blue hasn't been in vogue for years. I can get some beautiful tablecloths in a fabulous fuchsia. A little centerpiece of off-white candles with some fresh flowers will complement the royal china pattern, and we can—

KING: Fine, Miss Schiffermaker, whatever you say. Just make sure everything is ready by the day after tomorrow. Now, if everyone will excuse us, I would like to speak to Prince Owen alone. (*He and the PRINCE sit.*)

QUEEN: All right, Pook— Your Royal Highness. Come along, Miss Schiffermaker. We must check on the menu for the ball.

MISS SCHIFFERMAKER: I was thinking that a royal leg of lamb with mint jelly and... (*She EXITS LEFT with the QUEEN.*)

KING: Now, son, I want to have a little man-to-man talk about your future wife. You come from a long line of Kravitz royalty. The future queen must possess certain qualities.

PRINCE: Yes, Dad, I know. But I don't think I can choose a wife so quickly.

TOWN CRIER: (*ENTERS UP CENTER, RINGING HIS HAND BELL.*) The Royal Advisor, Valda. (*To audience.*) I'm going on break. (*He EXITS LEFT.*)

VALDA: (*ENTERS UP CENTER. With gushing sweetness.*) Your Highness, pardon me, but you said you needed to see me.

KING: (*Crosses to VALDA.*) Yes, Valda, being my Royal Advisor and general Sorceress for the Kingdom, you are the one in charge of

security for the ball. I will be depending on you to make sure everything runs smoothly and to make sure that rotten Python Gang doesn't cause any trouble.

VALDA: Of course, Your Highness. I'll take care of all the details. Don't worry, I'll handle the Python Gang. Now, Your Highness, there is someone I'd like you and particularly young Prince Owen to meet. (*Calls OFFSTAGE.*) Varina, Varina. Come here, dear. (*Back to KING.*) My lovely daughter, Varina, has been away at boarding school. And isn't it a coincidence that she has returned just in time to attend the Royal Graduation Ball? (*VARINA ENTERS UP CENTER. She is dressed in loud, tacky clothes and has an air of brashness about her. She is chewing gum loudly.*) King Rupert, Prince Owen, I would like you to meet my beautiful daughter, Varina. Say hello, Varina.

VARINA: (*In an annoying, loud voice.*) Your Royal Highness, it is such a great pleasure to meet you. (*She crosses to the PRINCE.*) And congratulations to you, Prince Owen, on your graduation and your upcoming wedding to some lucky girl who will be special enough to become queen of this wonderful kingdom. (*The PRINCE looks at the audience and shakes his head.*)

VALDA: (*To the KING.*) Isn't she charming?

KING: Yes, yes, quite charming. Now, if you will excuse us. Owen, the Royal Tailor is waiting for you. (*The PRINCE and the KING start to EXIT LEFT but are stopped by VARINA, who grabs the PRINCE'S hand and shakes it vigorously.*)

VARINA: Good-bye, Your Highness. It was so good to meet you. (*The PRINCE pulls his hand away and again starts to EXIT LEFT with the KING.*)

VALDA: (*As the PRINCE and the KING EXIT.*) Don't worry about a thing, Your Highness. Your trusty advisor Valda is on the job. (*As soon as the KING and PRINCE are OFFSTAGE.*) What an idiot! He actually bought the story that you were my daughter.

VARINA: (*No longer charming.*) All right, "Mommy dear," what's the plan? I had a really great scam going in the Kingdom of Ragnar, so this had better be good.

VALDA: It's better than good. It's brilliant. I've been working on this one for months, and I think I've finally found a way to take over the Kingdom of Kravitz and get rid of that bumbling fool Rupert and his dipstick son Owen. (*Builds with intensity.*) You, my dear, will be the one Owen chooses for his wife. Once you are Queen, we can take

over the kingdom and put Rupert and his whole family in the Tower of Degulon. *(She gives an evil laugh.)*

VARINA: How can you be so sure Owen will choose me?

VALDA: Because we will control everything Prince Owen says, including who he wants to marry. At midnight on the night of the Graduation Ball, Prince Owen will suddenly disappear and be replaced by a new Prince Owen. Watch this. *(She pulls a remote control out of her pocket and signals for the FAKE PRINCE to ENTER.)* Varina, meet the new and improved Prince Owen. *(A robot-like FAKE PRINCE ENTERS UP CENTER, walking with a mechanical gait. [NOTE: Of course, unless you have twins in your cast, the FAKE PRINCE should be played by the same actor as the real PRINCE.]*)

VARINA: *(Crosses to the FAKE PRINCE and examines it closely.)* It's amazing. He looks just like the real prince.

VALDA: And the best part is, I control everything he says and does. Listen. *(She pushes a few buttons on the control.)*

FAKE PRINCE: *(Moves his arms and speaks like a robot.)* I am in love with Varina. I want to marry Varina. I am in love with Varina. I want to marry Varina. I am in love... in love... in love... in love...

VALDA: *(Shakes the FAKE PRINCE back into working order.)* All right, so there are a few little bugs to work out. Now, let's go. I've got an appointment with the Python Gang to arrange a little prince-napping. *(She and VARINA EXIT RIGHT. The FAKE PRINCE starts to follow but keeps going in reverse, forward, reverse, forward. VALDA and VARINA ENTER RIGHT, disgusted, and pick up the FAKE PRINCE to carry him OFF RIGHT as LIGHTS FADE.)*

End of Scene One

ACT ONE

Scene Two

AT RISE: CINDERELLA'S house, which is played DOWNSTAGE LEFT in a SPOTLIGHT. A small sofa and two chairs are brought on by the actors before the LIGHTS COME UP. As the LIGHTS COME UP, CINDERELLA is on her hands and knees, scrubbing the floor.

CINDERELLA: *(To audience.)* Scrub and clean, scrub and clean. That's all I do, all day, every day. *(She rises.)* Wash the windows, Cinderella. Do the dishes, Cinderella. I know there is more to life, but somehow

I can't seem to figure out what I want to do. I wish I had the courage to leave my stepmother's house and get out and see the world. There is a great big wonderful world just outside my door, isn't there? I want to travel, to learn, to find out what I was meant to be. (*STELLA ENTERS LEFT with DELLA and the FAN CLUB. ALL are abuzz about the ball.*)

STELLA: Move it, Cinderella. We're having a Prince Owen Fan Club meeting here.

DELLA: Cinderella, go get the refreshments for the meeting. (*CINDERELLA EXITS LEFT as the FAN CLUB gets comfortable, some sitting on the sofa and chairs, the rest on the floor.*)

IRENE: All right, is there any new business? (*ZELDA holds up her hand.*) Yes, Zelda.

ZELDA: I'm proud to present a new pin-up of Prince Owen to add to our club scrapbook. (*She stands and shows the picture to the group, who "ooh" and "ahh."*) And I want you all to know that I will be snapping pictures at the ball all night.

IRENE: Thank you, Zelda. You are a fine club photographer. (*ZELDA beams and takes a picture of herself.*) Next, we have the treasurer's report.

MILLCENT: (*Holds a ledger, pencil and calculator.*) I would like to report as club treasurer that we don't have enough money to rent a limousine to go to the ball, since we spent all of our money on the "I love Prince Owen" buttons. However, I have some fine ideas for a fund-raiser. Perhaps we could have a bake sale. (*The GIRLS voice agreement.*)

BRIDGET: (*Looks at herself in a small mirror.*) Or I could organize a kissing booth. I could probably make lots of money doing that. (*The rest of the GIRLS shake their heads and roll their eyes.*) I can't wait for the ball. I bought this cute little red lace number (*Or whatever kind of dress she has for the ball scene.*) at Nancy's for half off!

CRYSTAL: (*Speaks very innocently.*) Bridget, I'm surprised at you. Why would you buy half of a little red lace number?

STELLA: Well, our mother is having our dresses custom made. She said only the best for her daughters.

DELLA: That's right. And she's renting a limo. So we'll just have to meet you at the ball, girls. (*CINDERELLA ENTERS LEFT with a plate of cookies.*)

AGNES: What are you wearing, Cinderella? *(The FAN CLUB laughs.)*

STELLA: *(Grabs the plate from CINDERELLA.)* You must be kidding. Can you imagine Cinderella at the Graduation Ball?

DELLA: *(Takes a cookie and passes the plate to the rest of the GIRLS, who each take a cookie.)* Really. That dirty face of hers would scare Prince Owen away. *(The GIRLS laugh. CINDERELLA returns DOWNSTAGE to scrub the floor on her hands and knees. She is hurt and fights back tears.)*

IRENE: All right, girls. We have a lot to do to prepare for the ball, so I'd like to bring this meeting to an end. Let's thank Stella and Della for letting us have our meeting in their home. *(ALL applaud.)* Now, let's all sing our Prince Owen Pledge and adjourn the meeting.

FAN CLUB: *(Sings to the tune of "I've Been Working on the Railroad.")*
We will always love Prince Owen
All the live long day.
We will always love Prince Owen
In our hearts he'll stay.
We will treasure and respect him
And protect him, do or die!
We will always love Prince Owen
He's our special guy!

IRENE: *(At end of song.)* Meeting adjourned! *(The FAN CLUB EXITS RIGHT, talking about the ball and the PRINCE. STELLA, DELLA and CINDERELLA remain ONSTAGE.)*

STELLA: *(Takes a tiara out of a shopping bag marked "Nacy's." She puts it on her head.)* This tiara is going to look beautiful on me.

DELLA: Hey! Mom said I could wear the tiara to the ball. *(They begin to argue loudly and fight over the tiara.)*

STEPMOM: *(ENTERS LEFT wearing a bathrobe and with curlers in her hair.)* Girls, girls, what's all this fuss about? I was trying to catch a little catnap before "As the Kingdom Turns" comes on.

DELLA: Stella says that she is wearing the tiara to the ball. You said I could wear it.

STELLA: I want to wear it. It looks better on me.

STEPMOM: *(Grabs the tiara from STELLA and puts it on her own head.)*
Yeah, well, I'm wearing the tiara to the ball.

STELLA/DELLA: *(As whiny as can be.)* Mom!

STEPMOM: (*Crosses to both GIRLS.*) Never fear. I was planning on buying you both tiaras to match your dresses. This is a very special ball, and I want my precious little girls to look their best! Cinderella, haven't you finished the floors yet?

CINDERELLA: I'm almost done, Stepmother.

STEPMOM: Well, hurry up. You still need to wash the dishes, polish the silver, scrub the bathtub, empty the garbage, cut the grass, clean the cat box, do the laundry, oh, and of course, sweep the cinders from the fireplace. Come along, girls, it's time for your etiquette lesson. (*She EXITS LEFT followed closely by STELLA and DELLA, who continue bickering.*)

CINDERELLA: (*Yells after her STEPMOM.*) Carol Brady was never this mean! (*To audience.*) I wish I was going to the Graduation Ball. I never get to go anywhere. I know I was meant to do more than sweep cinders. I've never told anyone this before, but I would love to learn to play the cello, or the flute, or the French horn and someday play in the Kravitz Symphony Orchestra. I love music. But I don't have a cello. I don't even know how to read music. I wish someone would give me a chance to get out of here. (*The TOWN CRIER ENTERS LEFT, holding a portable door bell. FAIRY ENTERS LEFT and RINGS THE BELL. The TOWN CRIER EXITS UP CENTER. CINDERELLA answers the doorbell. FAIRY ENTERS the house, dressed in a smart suit and carrying an Avon bag.*)

FAIRY: Good afternoon, young lady. I'm your local Avon representative, and have I got some exciting things to show you.

CINDERELLA: You must be here to see my wicked stepmother. She's the one with all the power in this house.

FAIRY: Nonsense! I'm here to see you. You're Cinderella, aren't you? Well, I'm your Fairy Godmother. (*She pulls out a notebook.*) Let's see here... Yes, Cinderella from the Kingdom of Kravitz, forced to live a mundane life of work and drudgery in the home of her wicked stepmother and obnoxious stepsisters, yet destined to marry Prince Owen and live happily ever after.

CINDERELLA: You must be kidding.

FAIRY: Listen, kid, I don't write this stuff. I just go where the employment agency sends me. And today they sent me to you. Look, if you'd rather have a Guardian Angel—

CINDERELLA: No, no, no, you're just fine. But I don't understand. How

can I be destined to marry Prince Owen when I'm not even going to the Graduation Ball? What if I'm not ready to get married at all?

FAIRY: Look, I'm here to help you out with the details. The rest is up to you. Now, take this gift certificate to Macy's and pick out something nice to wear. Get yourself a tiara while you're at it. At ten o'clock on the night of the ball, a limousine will be here to take you to the palace. Now, here's the important part. The limo has to be back in the garage at midnight... or else the driver gets time and a half.

CINDERELLA: But won't my wicked stepmother and stepsisters recognize me?

FAIRY: You're going to look so beautiful, they will never know it's you. *(To audience.)* Besides, this is a fairy tale. We don't worry about realism.

CINDERELLA: Oh, Fairy Godmother, thank you. This is the most exciting day of my life! I won't let you down.

FAIRY: No problem. I hope everything works out. I'll stop by the ball just to check up on you. *(She starts to EXIT RIGHT.)* Oh, I almost forgot. Here's a sample pack from our "Springtime in Kravitz" collection. Remember... midnight. Have a nice day! *(She EXITS RIGHT.)*

CINDERELLA: Yes! *(LIGHTS FADE. The house set is struck STAGE LEFT in the darkness.)*

End of Scene Two

ACT ONE

Scene Three

AT RISE: PYTHON'S alley, played DOWNSTAGE RIGHT in a RED SPOTLIGHT. In the darkness, the GANG brings on two beaten-up trash cans covered in graffiti, an old cooler, a few old wooden crates and a dilapidated lawn chair used as Python's throne. As the LIGHTS COME UP, we see the GANG lounging around the hang-out. WEASEL is sitting on the throne reading a book entitled "Crime Does Pay." GRUNGE is going through a garbage can. SQUINT is feeling around for his glasses, which are on his head. MUNCH is sitting on a garbage can eating candy bars and other such snacks. SCRAP is sitting on the floor, playing with his teddy bear.

PYTHON: *(ENTERS RIGHT. No one sees him coming.)* How come no

one is keeping watch here? I walked right in. (*The GANG moves quickly to get in a straight line and look official.*)

WEASEL: Sorry, boss.

PYTHON: Now listen up, gang. We have a very important business associate coming here, and I want all of you at your rotten best. (*Sits on his throne.*) Squint, go get my appointment book. (*SQUINT runs OFFSTAGE RIGHT, bumping into others as he goes.*) Munch, hand me some of those Little Debbie snack cakes. (*MUNCH does.*) Scrap, pop me a cold one. (*SCRAP gets a soda from the cooler and hands it to PYTHON, then puts the cooler under PYTHON'S feet as a footstool.*) Grunge, try to stand upwind. (*GRUNGE smells his shirt, then moves UPSTAGE. SQUINT returns with PYTHON'S appointment book.*) Weasel, what time was this Valda chick supposed to be here?

WEASEL: About ten minutes ago.

PYTHON: I hate to be kept waiting. Doesn't she know I'm a busy man? (*VALDA and VARINA ENTER RIGHT.*)

VALDA: (*Sarcastic.*) Yes, I can see you have quite a tight schedule. (*To audience.*) And the king expects me to keep these scums away. Ha!

PYTHON: Enough with the sarcasm, Valda. What can we do for you?

VALDA: Allow me to introduce Varina. She is posing as my daughter and has one of the best criminal minds in the kingdom.

PYTHON: How ya doin', toots?

VARINA: (*Ignores PYTHON.*) Valda, can we hurry this up? I have better things to do than hang out in this dump. (*The GANG reacts to her comment.*)

VALDA: Anyway, as you know, the big Graduation Ball is in two days.

GRUNGE: (*In an affected voice.*) Oh, we know. We've been practicing the rumba for weeks! (*He does a dance step.*)

SQUINT: Right, and Scrap here is a shoe-in for the "win-a-prince" prize. (*Pats MUNCH on the shoulder.*)

MUNCH: I'm not Scrap, I'm Munch. Put your glasses on. (*He takes the glasses off SQUINT'S head and puts them on him.*)

SCRAP: (*Gets excited and hugs his teddy bear.*) I'm going to win a prize?

WEASEL: Knock it off, you guys! Let the boss talk! (*The GANG disperses, sitting on the garbage cans and crates.*)

PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES

ACT ONE

ON STAGE: ACT ONE, Scene One: Two thrones, platform.

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene One: Hand bell (TOWN CRIER); juggling items (JESTER); autograph books and pens (FAN CLUB); hand mirror (BRIDGET); camera (ZELDA); fabric swatches (QUEEN); clipboard (MISS SCHIFFERMAKER); remote control (VALDA); chewing gum (VARINA).

ON STAGE: ACT ONE, Scene Two: Small sofa, two chairs, “Nacy’s” bag with a tiara in it.

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Two: Camera, pin-up picture of Prince Owen (ZELDA); ledger, pencil and calculator (MILLICENT); hand mirror (BRIDGET); scrub brush, plate of cookies (CINDERELLA); portable door bell (TOWN CRIER); Avon bag, notebook, gift certificate, sample pack of make up (FAIRY).

ON STAGE: ACT ONE, Scene Three: Two beat up trash cans with junk in them, old cooler with a can of soda in it, a few old wooden crates, dilapidated lawn chair.

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Three: Book entitled “Crime Does Pay” (WEASEL); glasses (SQUINT); candy bars and/or other snack food, Little Debbie snack cakes (MUNCH); teddy bear (SCRAP).

ACT TWO

ON STAGE: ACT TWO, Scene One: The same as ACT ONE, Scene One. [Note: Festive decorations for a ball could be added.]

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene One: Camera (ZELDA, STEPMOM); fancy shoes or slippers (CINDERELLA); notebook and pen (PRINCE); rope and gag (PYTHON GANG).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Two: Remote control (VALDA).

ON STAGE: ACT TWO, Scene Four: The same as ACT TWO, Scene One but with any ball decorations removed.

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Four: Hand bell (TOWN CRIER); camera (MILLICENT, ZELDA).

ON STAGE: ACT TWO, Scene Five: Same as ACT ONE, Scene Two with

addition of a small television set.

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Five: Dust rag (CINDERELLA); chocolates (DELLA); hand bell, scroll (TOWN CRIER).

ON STAGE: ACT TWO, Scene Six: The same as ACT ONE, Scene Three.

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Six: Jewelry, gang-like finery, radios, (GANG); gold necklace, crown (PYTHON); bag of chips (MUNCH); rope (AGNES).

ON STAGE: ACT TWO, Scene Seven: The same as ACT ONE, Scene One.

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Seven: Roll of material (MISS SCHIFFERMAKER); gag (AGNES); nuts and bolts (JESTER); hand bell (TOWN CRIER); Cinderella's slipper (NICHOLAS); large book (FAIRY).

MISCELLANEOUS

SOUND: Hand bell, clock striking twelve.

CASTING: Because they never appear on stage at the same time, the PRINCE and FAKE PRINCE could be played by the same actor or by two different actors, though the two must look as much alike as possible.

We hope you've enjoyed this script sample.

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