

CINDERELLA WORE COMBAT BOOTS

By Jerry Chase

Characters: Cinderella Godzella
King/ Fairy God-person Mazzarella
Prince

King: Hello! I am King Charming. This is a wonderful kingdom and I am a wonderful King. But I do have one big problem-my son! My son will be King one day but he won't settle down and take any responsibilities. All he does is hunt dragons. The only way we'll get him to the altar is by draggin' him there. Here, I'll let you meet him. Son! Prince Charming!

Prince: Hi, dad! Ready for the dragon hunt?

King: Knock it off, son. We've got to have a serious talk.

Prince: Okay...

King: You've got to think about taking over the kingdom someday. After all, I'm not going to last forever--someday I'll be gone and-

Prince: Dad! Don't talk like that!

King: No, son, it's true. One day you will wear this crown. Here, try it now-

Prince: No! Dad, that's yours. I couldn't-

King: Son, I command you to take it. (Prince takes crown and puts it on) Now, how does that feel?

Prince: Hey! That feels pretty good!

King: I'm not dead yet! You've got to start thinking about something besides dragons. It's time you settled down-

Prince: But dad, I'm only thirty-eight!

King: It's time! You've got to start a social life. Meet some girls...

Prince: Aw, dad, girls have cooties. -Right?

King: Oh shut up Prince. Now listen; I'm going to throw a ball...

Prince: Okay, dad, I'll catch it!

King: Not that kind of a ball, you doofus. A big party...with a band, lots of food ... dancing ... you'll meet lots of girls-

Prince: Aw, Dad, do I have to?

King: I proclaim a royal ball! All the maidens in the kingdom will be there. The Prince will dance with each and every one. And, the one he likes the best shall marry him and become the new Queen. I have spoken!

Godzella: Hi kids! I'm Godzella and I work hard at being beautiful. Of course you're wondering how I got this way. I don't blame you. Well, I'll tell you. It's the right clothes, the right deodorant, and, or course, you must eat in the right restaurants. I think I'll sit here and just be lovely.

Mazzarella: Hi, kids! I'm Mazzarella, and I know what your thinking...if she's that pretty, she must be dumb. But I'm not just pretty. Inside this head is just full of knowledge. I think I'll sit with my mirror and gaze at how beautiful I am.

Godzella: Oh! I dropped my comb.

Mazzarella: She dropped her comb!

Godzella & Mazzarella: Cinderella! Cinderella!

Cinderella: Yes, what can I do? I love to help.

Godzella: Cinderella, I dropped my comb. (looks at audience) She's so slow and stupid.

Mazzarella: She certainly is. Oh! I dropped my brush.

Godzella: She dropped her brush!

Mazzarella: Pick it up at once!

Godzella: Cinderella, you've fooled around enough cleaning the oven. Go clean the bathroom before you fix our lunch.

Cinderella: Yes, or course. Thank you.

Godzella: I wish I could have a new stepsister? Cinderella is so icky and skeevy.

Mazzarella: Me too. I want one that's slower and dumber than Cinderella because I love to nag and holler.

* knock knock knock *

Mazzarella, and Godzella: Someone's at the door! Cinderella! Cinderella!

Cinderella: It's a messenger from the King.

Godzella and Mazzarella: Squeal! Squeal! A messenger from the King! Squeal! Squeal!

Cinderella: (reading message) Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The King is having a ball.

Godzella and Mazzarella: Squeal! Squeal! Squeal! Squeal!

Cinderella: (still reading) All the maidens in the kingdom are summoned to the palace this very evening. Each and every maiden will dance with Prince Charming!

Godzella and Mazzarella: Squeal! Squeal!

Cinderella: (still reading) And the one he likes the best will marry him and become the new Queen!!

Godzella: I'm gonna marry the Prince!

Mazzarella: I'm gonna be the Queen! We must get ready-Cinderella! Get my gowns and wigs and stuff.

Godzella: Cinderella! I need a perm, a nose job, and...

Mazzarella: Get me my platform shoes, my smelliest perfume, and don't...

Godzella: I need my lifts, my props, my aids-

Cinderella: I hope I have time to get ready as well...

Godzella: (finally dressed and ready) Now I ask you...Could anyone resist?

Mazzarella: Put your money where your mouth is, Sister. You had to put more makeup on than a clown to look good.

Godzella and Mazzarella: Cinderella, call the carriage.

Cinderella: The carriage is called.

Godzella: What do you call that?

Cinderella: These are the clothes my real mother left me.

Mazzarella: And where do you think you're going?

Cinderella: Why, to the ball.

Godzella & Mazzarella: (laughing out loud)

Godzella: Cinderella, don't be ridiculous! You're too dirty and stupid to go to the ball. Suppose the Prince saw you and found out we knew you. You'd spoil our chances to marry the Prince.

Mazzarella: You must stay here and clean the fireplace, and beat the rugs and slop the pigs...or is it slop the rugs and beat the pigs? Oh, well, it doesn't matter...Come, sister, our carriage awaits.

*** Stepsisters leave. Cinderella starts crying, Fairy God-person appears ***

Fairy God-Person: Dear, what could possibly be wrong?

Cinderella: My stepsisters went to the ball without me. Who are you?

Fairy God-Person: I'm your fairy god-person. I'll always come to help you if you really need me.

Cinderella: But how you can you help me? I'm too dirty and ugly and dim-witted-I'd ruin my sister's chances to marry the Prince.

Fairy God-Person: Who told you those things?

Cinderella: My sisters.

Fairy God-Person: I think you should go to the King's party.

Cinderella: Oh, I couldn't do that. Not looking like this. I don't even have a dress to wear. Do you think a different dress would help?

Fairy God-Person: Bibbity bobbity boo!

Cinderella: Hey! What's happening! Wow! Look at this dress! I can go to the palace and see the people and everything...(looks at feet) oh, gee-

Fairy God-Person: What's the matter, dear?

Cinderella: I can't go without shoes, and all I have left are the combat boots my father left me.

Fairy God-Person: Then by all means wear them. You look great.

Cinderella: I don't know how to thank you.

Fairy God-Person: Your happy face is thanks enough. Go have a good time.

Cinderella: (starts-stops) Oh! (looks at floor)

Fairy God-Person: What's the matter, dear?

Cinderella: I'll need money for the bus.

Fairy God-Person: What's the matter with me? You can't go on the dirty, crowded bus in those clothes. Look out the window. What do you see?

Cinderella: You mean that pumpkin and those six white mice?

Fairy God-Person: Bibbity bobbity boo! Now what do you see?

Cinderella: Hey! It's a coach and six white horses!

Fairy God-Person: Now are you ready to go to the ball. Wait! Don't let me forget the most important thing! You must be home by midnight. That's the time that all the magic disappears. Promise me that you won't stay later.

Cinderella: Oh, I'll be home by then. I'm not going to dance or anything. I'm just going to look around, maybe take a few notes, and come right back.

Fairy God-Person: Don't forget the time! (now talking to audience) Well! I bet the ball is in full swing. I wonder if everyone is having a great time...

Prince: Parties are a drag.

King: (talking to random woman) All right, honey, I'll meet you by the buffet. (back to Prince) Hi, son. Isn't it a great party? Why aren't you dancing?

Prince: Hi dad. I was just taking a little break.

King: Are you meeting all the maidens?

Prince: I'm working up to it.

King: Hey! Here comes one now, son. She's a real beauty. Okay, now, cool and suave, remember. (to audience) You watch him kids-cool and suave.

Godzella: Wow! There's the Prince. I'll win him over. You just watch.

Prince: Hello.

Godzella: Hello? He said "hello." (laughs) You're funny. You wanna dance?

Prince: Yeah, sure.

Godzella: Hit it! (start awkwardly fast dancing) Do you like dragons?

Prince: Yes I do, I-

Godzella: Ohhhhhh! That's really funny. Don't you think I'm sort of awesome? All my friends say I'm awesome.

Prince: Yes, I could see maybe a sort of- Say, would you like a cup of hot chocolate? I'll get it for you. (leaves quickly)

Godzella: Hey! Wait for me.

King: (talking to another woman) Don't go away, sweetheart. I'll be right back. (back to Prince) Oh, there you are, son. How was she?

Prince: I found her a bit aggressive.

King: All right, now, son, listen to me. You can't give up-as long as you keep trying, you'll- Wait! There's another one. OK, don't forget. Suave and cool.

Cinderella: Oh! Just look at everything. The rooms are so huge-and the people-and dragon heads everywhere-I wonder-

Cinderella & Prince: (bump into each other) Oh! Excuse me. I didn't see...

Cinderella: Wow! I wonder who he is.

Prince: Wow! I wonder who she is.

Cinderella: He seems so nice-and real.

Prince: She seems so real-and nice.

Cinderella: He probably didn't even notice me.

Prince: I doubt if she even noticed me.

Cinderella: I wonder if he's going to ask me to dance.

Prince: May I have a dance with you?

Cinderella: Nothing would please me more.

Prince: Hit it. (starts fast dancing awkwardly) Wow! I didn't know girls could be fun!

Cinderella: (same awkward dance) Oh! I've never been so happy!

Prince: We can communicate on so many levels.

Cinderella: He's so big and strong. I know he can take care of me.

Prince: She's so big and strong. I know she can take care of me-

Cinderella: Say, would you tell me who you are?

Prince: I-uh-sure-I'm-You know-Hey, those are great boots. Where did you get them?

Cinderella: From my dad. They're really comfortable. Here, take a look.

Prince: Yeah, these are good. (to audience) Oh my gosh, she's perfect. I don't think I have to look any more. (drops to one knee) Listen, I know that you're some Princess or something, and I'm just Prince Charming from this kingdom-

Cinderella: Oh! He's Prince Charming!

Prince: -but I love you, and I must ask you a very important question-

Cinderella: I didn't know he was the Prince. I thought he was just a wonderful man.

Prince: Will you marry me and be our Queen?

Cinderella: He loves me, but he doesn't even know who I am. What should I do? I love him, but what do I say?

Prince: Say yes!

Cinderella: Okay, my answer is-

Everyone else: (like a clock striking 12:00) Ding! Ding! Ding!

Cinderella: Oh! I can't stay-

Everyone else: Ding! Ding! Ding!

Prince: What's the matter?

Cinderella: I have to go. (runs off)

Prince: Wait! Where did she go? Wait!

Everyone else: Ding! Ding! Ding!

Cinderella: Oh, I've got to get home.

Prince: Wow! She's fast.

Cinderella: I can't stop now.

Everyone else: Ding! Ding! Ding!

Prince: I don't even know who she is. Wait!

King: What are you doing with the boot, son?

Prince: Dad! I found her! The one we were hoping for. She's fantastic-you should see her. I love her but-I don't know who or where she is. All I have left is this boot.

King: Wait a sec. You're telling me that the girl you love fits inside that boot?

Prince: Just her foot, dad. All we have is the boot-How can we find her?

King: I have it! A Charming Proclamation! Tomorrow we shall go to every house in the kingdom and try this boot on the foot of every maiden in the land until we find the Prince's love.

Godzella: (yawning, just waking up) Boy, what a night. I'd sure like to get hold of that twit who stole the Prince. If I had her here I'd shake her to pieces and kick her and stomp on her-but I don't know who she is or where she is.

Mazzarella: Yeah, if I had that strumpety hussy here, I'd punch her and push her and kick her until she couldn't get up. but I don't know who she is or where she is.

Godzella: Cinderella, go fix our breakfast. Then afterwards, scrape the furnace, fix the roof, dig a new cesspool, and clean the dishes.

Cinderella: Yes, of course. Have a nice day.

* **Knock, knock, knock** *

Godzella, and Mazzarella: Someone's at the door!

King: Make way for the King!

Godzella & Mazzarella: The King! (bows, holds)

Prince: Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The maiden whose foot fits this boot will marry my son, the Prince, and be our new Queen.

Godzella: It's me! It's me! Put it on. (tries it on, but doesn't fit)

Mazzarella: Ha! (takes boot) I knew it was me. Put it here. (tries it on, but doesn't fit)

King: That's it. We've lost.

Cinderella: Hey everybody! Come and see the new cesspool.

King: What is that? Is that a girl?

Mazzarella: No, that's Cinderella.

Godzella: She's nothing.

Mazzarella: Ignore it. She's our dumb stepsister.

King: Well, we said every maiden. I guess that includes her.

Godzella: Cinderella, go away.

Mazzarella: Don't embarrass us. What a jerk.

King: Look! It fits!

Godzella, and Mazzarella: (can't believe it) IT FITS?!

King: Son! Come here! Prince Charming!

Prince: It's no use, dad. We're never going to find her. We might as well...(gasps) It's you!

Cinderella: It's you.

Prince: It's us.

Cinderella: It's we.

Godzella: Great...now they're going to go live happily ever after or something.

Mazzarella: That's usually how these things go...