

## ***Cinder Ella Phant Cast List***

**5 Males, 7 Females, 1 M/F, Extras**

**JESTER (M)** Professional funny man and a pretty “interesting” storyteller.

**PAGE (M)** a servant with an attitude. Please remember to tip.

**KING (M)** loves to have stories at his feasts.

**QUEEN (F)** prefers the Bard’s stories to the Jester’s jokes.

**STEPMOTHER (F)** Cinder Ella Phant’s wicked stepmother.

**STUPINA (F)** Stupendously pretty but not all that bright.

**SNOOTINA (F)** Arrogantly beautiful and . . . well, you get the idea.

**CINDERELLA (CINDER ELLA PHANT) (F)** a beautiful maiden with very big ears. We’re talking satellite dishes that can pick up stations from Tibet.

**FAIRY GODMOTHER (F)** a Mafiosa who demands respect. More comic possibilities if this role is played by a male.

**MOUSE (M/F)** We could afford only one coachman in the production.

**PRINCE FRANK (M)** He’s a nerd who lives in the shadow of his brother Prince Charming.

**PRINCE CHARMING (M)** He’s a cad, but he’s got looks, money, and power so everyone puts up with him.

**SCRUB (F)** a serving girl who believes that fairy tales can come true.

**EXTRAS (M/F)** Courtiers for the Royal Table (minimal lines), Guards, Servants, & Pages.

## **Sample Pages**

### **FANFARE AND WELCOME**

*(BRASS FANFARE will signal the entertainers to clear the hall. Enter JESTER, who greets guests as he makes his way to the main stage.)*

JESTER:

Welcome, good Lords and Ladies fair!  
Welcome to this night's affair!

PAGE: *(From side stage, in a stage whisper.)* Jester!

JESTER:

The hall is warm; the meat is plenty.  
The year is Fifteen Hundred Twenty.

PAGE: Jester!

JESTER: There's music here to calm what ails.  
And a bard to tell us magical tales.  
There's food for—

PAGE: Jester!

JESTER: *(Frustrated.)* What is it!?

PAGE: *(In stage whisper.)* Jester! *(Waves him side-stage.)* Jester, there's a problem.

JESTER: Can't it wait? I am welcoming the guests.

PAGE: No, it can't wait.

JESTER: *(Confused. To audience.)* Excuse me a moment. *(Crosses to PAGE.)* What's so important?

PAGE: The Bard is indisposed.

JESTER: So? He doesn't come before the court for a long time yet.

PAGE: He's very ill. Here, he sent you a message. *(Hands note to JESTER.)*

JESTER: *(Looks at note. PAGE turns it right-side-up.)* So, it says . . . uh . . .

PAGE: Need help? *(Takes note.)* It says, "Jester, what on earth was in that pie you shared with me?"

JESTER: *(Nervously to PAGE.)* Er, I gave him some of my prune and jalapeño pie. *(PAGE stares in disbelief.)* What?

PAGE: *(Reads more.)* "I am very allergic to jalapeños. My lips are the size of sausages."

JESTER: Oh, the King is not going to like this.

PAGE: *(Reads more.)* "The King is going to be furious. We have some very special guests tonight, and I will be unable to tell any stories."

JESTER: What does he mean "no stories"? The King always has stories at the feasts.

PAGE: *(Reads more.)* "The King always has stories at the feasts. And since you are to blame for this disaster, you must take my place reading the story."

JESTER: What? I can't do that! I juggle, I tell jokes, and I banter. But I don't read so good.

PAGE: *(Reads more.)* "Well. You don't read well. But anything is better than your juggling, joking, or bantering. Good luck."

JESTER: *(Grabs note and looks at it.)* That's it? "Good luck"? I can't do this!

PAGE: But you have to, Jester. Seeing that this is all your fault.

JESTER: My fault?

PAGE: Haven't you ever heard of apple pie? Or maybe cherry pie? Even boysenberry! You have to fix this.

JESTER: *(Nervously.)* Any ideas?

PAGE: Well, think of a fairy tale. How about "Goldie Locks and the Three Bears."

JESTER: I'm scared of bears.

PAGE: "The Three Little Pigs"?

JESTER: I'm scared of pigs.

PAGE: "The Magic Puppy"?

JESTER: Puppies make me very uneasy.

PAGE: Is there any animal that you are not scared of?

JESTER: Elephants.

PAGE: *(Beat.)* Elephants?

JESTER: Their ears are so cute.

PAGE: Great. I'll find the Bard's book. You can just pretend to read a story about big ears. Just improvise as you go along.

JESTER: Think it will work?

PAGE: It will have to work. Besides, you're quick on your feet. (*JESTER spies KING and begins to exit.*) Where are you going?

JESTER: Using my quick feet. (*BRASS FANFARE.*)

PAGE: (*Looks to the back of the hall.*) Ah, the King approaches.  
(*Clears his throat and announces loudly.*)

Ready the meal and heat the wassail!

Bring forth the meat and finest of ale!

Blow the clarion! Singers appear!

The King and his court are drawing near!

***After the first course is served, the action continues.***

KING: Oh, drat! Where is my cleaning wench? Scrub! (*SCRUB rushes in from off-stage.*) Scrub. (*SCRUB nods rapidly.*) Scrub. (*SCRUB nods rapidly.*) No, scrub. (*SCRUB looks bewildered. KING points to spill. SCRUB nods and rapidly scrubs the spill. KING refills his goblet. JESTER enters.*)

KING: Ah, good Jester, give us some mirth! Tell us a joke.

JESTER: As you wish. Knock, knock.

QUEEN: Who is there?

JESTER: The owl goes.

QUEEN: The owl goes who. (*JESTER laughs. COURT is silent.*)

JESTER: You see, the owl really does go –

QUEEN: We get the joke, Jester. It's just not funny. Well, at least the Bard will be here later with a story.

JESTER: Uh, about that. There's been a change of plans.

QUEEN: What? The Bard is not coming?

JESTER: Well, apparently he has food allergies. *(Beat.)* Not that anyone knew.

KING: Did someone feed him jalapeños? I'd better not find out who.

JESTER: *(Nervously.)* I'm sure whoever did had no idea. This is all one big, unfortunate incident.

QUEEN: *(Looks at JESTER suspiciously.)* Jester, you didn't!

JESTER: I didn't . . . know! Can't we just scrub the story for tonight? *(At "scrub" SCRUB nods vigorously and starts scrubbing JESTER.)* Hey, stop that.

KING: Don't stop, Scrub. The Jester has created quite the mess. In fact, go fetch your wire brush. *(SCRUB begins to exit but is stopped by JESTER.)*

JESTER: Not to worry, my King. I, your faithful Jester, have volunteered to take his place. *(COURT looks dumbfounded.)* I've got the Bard's book. *(COURT looks dumbfounded.)* Better me than no one, right? *(COURT looks dumbfounded. JESTER looks at SCRUB, who is still scrubbing him.)* Will you stop that?

KING: You can stop, Scrub, for now. *(SCRUB exits.)* I have a feeling we'll need your services later to help the Jester clean-up his act.

JESTER: *(Aside.)* Your vote of confidence is overwhelming. Let me just get the Bard's Big Book of Fairy Tales. *(Exits.)*

***After the main course, the Jester begins . . .***

KING: That was a wonderful meal. Now, where is our Jester who will be trying his hand at storytelling?

JESTER: *(Enters, struggling to carry the Bard's book.)* I am here, my King. How does the Bard lug this thing around? *(Takes his place at a lectern and begins to "read.")* Let's see. This looks like a good story. Once upon a time, in a galaxy far, far away . . . *(He is interrupted by the PAGE, who hands him a page.)* Page, what is this?

PAGE: Wrong page.

JESTER: But you're the only page we've got.

PAGE: *(Points to book.)* No, that's the wrong page.

JESTER: Ah. *(PAGE exits.)* Don't worry, sire. Just close your eyes and imagine what's happening as I read. Once upon a time, in a cottage far, far, away, lived a girl named—

STEPMOTHER: *(Enters, calling.)* Cinderella?

JESTER: Excuse me, but that was my line.

STEPMOTHER: Who are you?

JESTER: I'm the Jester.

STEPMOTHER: The Jester? Where's the Bard? Am I on some kind of reality show? "Extreme Makeover: Cottage Edition"?

JESTER: No, this is a fairy tale.

STEPMOTHER: Fairy tale? I'm in the middle of a campaign promise?

JESTER: Not that kind of fairy tale. In this fairy tale, a young woman finds her true love and lives happily ever after.

STEPMOTHER: That's a fairy tale all right.

JESTER: If I could continue?

STEPMOTHER: Be my guest.

JESTER: Once upon a time, in a cottage far, far away there was a young woman named Cinderella. She lived with her vicious Stepmother and her two dim stepsisters.

STEPMOTHER: Hey!

JESTER: She lived with her dim Stepmother and two vicious stepsisters?

SNOOTINA/STUPINA: *(Entering.)* Hey!

JESTER: She lived with some women who were nasty and brainless?

STEPMOTHER, SNOOTINA, STUPINA: Hey! *(They gather threateningly around JESTER.)*

STEPMOTHER: Are we not beautiful?

JESTER: Sure, in a liposuction and Botox kind of way.

SNOOTINA: And are we not dressed to kill?

JESTER: Sure, in a First and Second Degree Murder kind of way.

STUPINA: And are we not *People* worthy? (*ALL look at STUPINA.*) You know, the magazine.

JESTER: Yes, you'd fit right in. Glossy and two-dimensional.

STEPMOTHER: (*Glares at JESTER.*) How about, "Cinderella lived with her beautiful stepmother . . ."

SNOOTINA: "Her gorgeous step-sister . . ."

STUPINA: "And her, um, gorgeouser . . . other . . . stepsister."

JESTER: (*Looks at book.*) Well, that's not—

STEPMOTHER: How about "Cinderella lived with her attractive and generous step-family, who were charged, but not convicted, with the brutal assault of a reality show host"?

JESTER: But, I'm the Jester.

STEPMOTHER: Whatever. (*STEPMOTHER pulls out a pipe wrench. SNOOTINA pulls out a bat or club. STUPINA pulls out a pillow. STEPMOTHER and SNOOTINA look at the pillow and then at STUPINA.*)

SNOOTINA: A pillow?

STUPINA: It's real lumpy! (*STEPMOTHER & SNOOTINA shrug and turn attention back to the JESTER.*)

JESTER: As I was saying, Cinderella lived with her very stunning step-family. Real knock-outs.

STEPMOTHER: That's enough. Be quiet now.

JESTER: Yes ma'am.