



Newport, Maine

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Cinderella's Miss-Adventures

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Characters: (3f 1m)

Cinderella — The classic fairy tale princess, she is very lonely and is convinced that once she meets her prince, everything will fall into place and she'll live happily ever after.

The Fairy Godmother — The magical fairy tasked to help Cinderella. She's a hipster who TOTALLY does not have time for this.

Little Red Riding Hood — A little girl on her way to her grandmother's house. She's full of energy, sarcasm, and in the words of her own mother "a little creepy."

Jack — From Jack and the Beanstalk - a very poor, VERY stupid young man. A bit of a yokel.

The Prince — The classic fairy tale prince.

Prerecorded Voice Overs:

Storyteller

Stepmother

Stepsister 1 and 2

Wolf

Giant

CINDERELLA'S ADVENTURES A Delightful TWIST by **Alexandra Grace Gaver (TYA) 3f 2m. Minimal settings, contemporary or period costumes. About 1 hour. (For professional, Educational an Amateur. Tours well)** Gather around young princes and princesses, for the story of Cinderella... but this isn't the fairy tale you remember! Due to a fairy godmother mix up, Cinderella's magical trip to the ball does not go as planned. Join one of your favorite princesses as she helps her friends (with some assistance from the audience) get their Happily Ever After and make it home before midnight. An exciting and interactive show that's great for boys and girls of all ages. The twists and updates to this classic will have your audiences in stitches, and yet learning all about themselves at the same time. *A Children's Theatre of Hampton Roads Playscript. ORDER # 3206*

Cinderella’s Miss-Adventures

STORYTELLER (VO): Once Upon A Time, in a far away land, lived a young girl with no living parents of her own. And though she was sweet and kind, her stepmother and stepsisters, with whom she lived, were cruel and hard-hearted. Her stepmother and stepsisters made her do all the cooking and the cleaning. They made her sleep by the fireplace every night, leaving her covered in soot. Her name was Cinderella. And what she wanted more than anything in the world was a perfect, happy ending. But you knew that already...

STEP SISTER 1 (VO): *(Laughing)* She thinks she can go to the ball with us?!

STEP SISTER 2 (VO): The prince’s ball?!

(Both STEP SISTERS laugh cruelly)

STEPMOTHER (VO): My darlings, show her exactly what happens to dirty little servant girls who forget their place.

(More laughter and the sounds of clothes ripping)

STEPMOTHER (VO): You will never meet the prince and you will never live happily ever after. Come girls! To The BALL!

BOTH STEPSISTERS (VO): *(Mockingly)* Bye Cinderella!

(CINDERELLA enters running onto the stage. She collapses crying.)

CINDERELLA: I just don’t understand. I try to be perfect and kind to them. Why do they treat me like this? Maybe they’re right about me. *(beat)* I know that if I could just meet the prince, we’d live happily ever after. I wish I could. More than anything else, that’s what I wish.

STORYTELLER (VO): And it was that wish that did it. In a flash of light, a gust of wind, and a swirl of magic, Cinderella’s Fairy Godmother appeared.

(Nothing Happens)

Er, ahem... Cinderella’s Fairy Godmother appeared.

(Still Nothing Happens)

CINDERELLA: Is something supposed to happen?

ARGH! Yes... Hold on.

(There is the sound of stomps, doors slamming, and arguing)

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: *(offstage)* Fine, fine!

STORYTELLER (VO): Ok, let’s try this again. Ahem. Cinderella’s Fairy Godmother appeared.

(THE FAIRY GODMOTHER enters. SHE is completely absorbed in her cell phone and not that interested in the story)

CINDERELLA: YOU’RE my Fairy Godmother?

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Yeah, obvi.

CINDERELLA: So, Fairy Godmother are you here to help me go to the ball?

(THE FAIRY GODMOTHER keeps texting)

Fairy Godmother?

(THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: holds up a finger to pause her)

STORYTELLER (VO): Fairy Godmother!

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Ugh, fine. I just can’t even with you.

CINDERELLA: I have no idea what that means.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: *(Sighing)* Well, what do you want?

CINDERELLA: I wish to go to the ball tonight so I can meet the prince, fall in love, and live happily ever after.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: That’s what you wish for? Not to turn back time and see your parents, or I don’t know, cure cancer, end all wars? You want to go to a fancy party. Girl, you need to check your privilege.

CINDERELLA: I sleep in a fireplace.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Oh, right.

CINDERELLA: Yep.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Sorry

CINDERELLA: No problem.

(Awkward Pause)

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: And no one’s called CPS?

CINDERELLA: Nope.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: That’s horrible.

CINDERELLA: I know.

(Awkward Pause)

CINDERELLA: So, are you going to do some magic or something?

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Right! Yes, magic!

(THE FAIRY GODMOTHER’S cell phone dings)

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Can I just text my friend back first?

CINDERELLA AND STORYTELLER (VO): C’mon!

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Ok, ok!

(SHE puts her phone down reluctantly)

Magic, magic, right. Now are you sure that’s what you wish for?

CINDERELLA: Yes, I wish to go to the ball. I just know that if I meet the prince, it’ll all be perfect.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: All right. Close your eyes and imagine the most beautiful gown you can think of.

CINDERELLA: Ok got it.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now, twirl around.

CINDERELLA: *(Opening her eyes)* Twirl around?

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Hey, keep your eyes closed! Do you know magic? No! You don’t. Don’t question my methods. TWIRL AROUND!

(CINDERELLA twirls around. Music plays and her rags are transformed into a beautiful ball gown)

CINDERELLA: It’s perfect!

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Check out the shoes!

CINDERELLA: Glass slippers?!

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: *DESIGNER* glass slippers. Last season, but still.

CINDERELLA: It’s all so beautiful. Thank you Fairy Godmother.

(CINDERELLA twirls around admiring her dress until she realizes that THE FAIRY GODMOTHER is taking a selfie on her phone with CINDERELLA in the background)

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: WHAT?! It’s for my Instagram.

(Typing)

Hashtag Magic. Hashtag Fairytale. Hashtag Living My Best Life.

CINDERELLA: But how will I get to the ball?

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: *(Twirling her wand)* Luckily for you, I aced pumpkin to vehicle transformation.

CINDERELLA: *(Looking offstage)* The pumpkin...it’s becoming a carriage!

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: The mice horses, the rats coachmen, and the lizards footmen. It’s very eco-friendly magic. Very farm to carriage. Just remember to leave by the last stroke of midnight. After that, all these things, the carriage, the horses, the gown, will return to what they were.

CINDERELLA: I promise. Thank you again, Fairy Godmother!

(CINDERELLA exits)

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Goodbye! Off you go!

(SHE waves her wand to complete here spell but is distracted by a text from her phone. SHE laughs at the text.)

That fairy is just so BAD!

(THE FAIRY GODMOTHER exits)

STORYTELLER (VO): But, The Fairy Godmother did not complete her spell on the carriage. She was distracted by a text from her friend Becky, who can’t even either. Unfortunately for Cinderella, halfway to the palace, the carriage’s axel snapped, a wheel dropped off, and there was well ...

(Sound of a crash)

an accident. And Cinderella was left alone in the woods determined to complete the journey to the palace and meet her prince.

(CINDERELLA enters)

CINDERELLA: The palace is so far away. And it seems to be getting farther away.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(offstage)* HAHA, that’s because you’re going the wrong way!

CINDERELLA: Who said that?!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(offstage)* I bet you’re really regretting that silly dress now.

CINDERELLA: It’s not silly, it’s gorgeous.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(offstage)* Pfft. I guess. If you like that frilly stuff.

(CINDERELLA keeps her talking in order to find where LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD is hiding)

CINDERELLA: Well, what do you like then?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(offstage)* KNIVES! And and pie and karate chopping stuff and candy and picking my nose and hiding boogers where my mom won’t find them and hamburgers and –

(CINDERELLA has found LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD and pulls her onstage)

CINDERELLA: A-Ha! Found you!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: AH! You stay back, BACK!

(LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD tries to fend off CINDERELLA with really bad karate)

CINDERELLA: WOAHA! Calm down kid!

(CINDERELLA grabs LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD’S basket, they struggle over the basket until they come to an understanding. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD plops down and pulls two donuts out of the basket.)

CINDERELLA: Why do you have two donuts?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: (*Rolling her eyes, SHE speaks as if explaining to a slow child*) This is my now donut, and THIS is my later donut. It just so happens that later also happens to be now.

(*SHE alternates eating between the two donuts. CINDERELLA comes over and sits down near LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*)

CINDERELLA: You’re so young, what are you doing all the way out here alone?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: I’m not young. I’m 8!

CINDERELLA: Ah, I was mistaken. What’s your name, then, not-so-young child?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: It’s Little Red Riding Hood.

CINDERELLA: Little Red Riding Hood? That’s a little...

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Weird? Yeah, I know. It’s a family name. I’m actually Red Riding Hood the fourth.

CINDERELLA: And the little is because?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Because I’m younger than the other Red Riding Hoods, duh.

(*BEAT.*)

What’s your name? Is it something terrible like Augusta, or Bertha, or Del-thon-a-mew?

CINDERELLA: It’s Cinderella.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: (*A bit dejected*) Oh, I was hoping it was something terrible.

CINDERELLA: Sorry to disappoint.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: That’s ok.

CINDERELLA: Little Red Riding Hood, what are you doing all the way out here in the woods by yourself?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: My grandmother lives out here. I used to visit grandmother a lot, but she’s been sick, so I haven’t been to see her in a while. I asked my mom, and she said no, you don’t want to disturb grandma when she’s sick. I begged and I pleaded, and mom said no, you’re too

(*SHE makes finger quotes*)

“energetic” and “rambunctious” and “occasionally creepy”.

CINDERELLA: So you ran away to your grandmother’s house? Your mom doesn’t know that you’re gone?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh no, she knows. Her boyfriend Steve is coming over and apparently he’s

(*she makes finger quotes again*)

“still weirded out by my behavior last week”. So she told me I could go to grandmother’s house.

CINDERELLA: (*Taking it all in*) Ah. But why does your grandmother live all the way out here in the woods. That’s not very ladylike.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Ugh, who cares about being “ladylike”. After grandfather died, my grandmother decided that she had enough just sitting around, knitting, having tea, being a –

CINDERELLA: -lady?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Exactly! She decided to be awesome! Everyone in town thought she was crazy, but she wanted to live out here alone, and so she did! She hunts, fishes, canoes down river rapids – once, she even had a knife fight with a bear!

(*SHE reenacts the fight*)

CINDERELLA: Did she win?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: I guess. She and the bear are friends now. They go out for sushi every Friday.

(*SHE starts packing up her things*)

Well, come on.

CINDERELLA: Where are we going?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Well I’m going to my grandmother’s house, and luckily for you, it’s on the way to the palace. So, COME ON.

CINDERELLA: That’s very kind of you.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Don’t tell anyone.

(BEAT.)

What’s so great about the palace anyway?

CINDERELLA: The king is throwing a ball. There’ll be food, drink, fireworks, and dancing. But most of all, the prince will be there.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: So?

CINDERELLA: SO?! The prince is kind, and handsome, and, and, and I just KNOW that once we meet we’ll fall in love. It’ll be that kind of everlasting, pure love and we’ll get married and once I meet him I won’t be alone anymore and I can be finally be happy again.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: UGH, what is wrong with you? He’s just a stupid boy. Boys are so gross and boring. Mom likes Steve and he’s horrible.

CINDERELLA: Oh, I’m sure they’re just in love.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: No! He’s the worst! He loves acapella music and hates cheese.

CINDERELLA: No, you’re right he’s clearly the worst.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(Pointing offstage)* There it is! There’s grandmother’s house!

(Quickly)

Just continue along this path and it’ll take you all the way to the palace.

(BEAT.)

You know, you’re pretty girly, you’re not all that bad.

CINDERELLA: That’s very kind of you.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Don’t tell anyone. Yeah, you’re alright, definitely better to walk with than that old wolf.

(LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD starts to exit but CINDERELLA grabs her arm to stop her)

CINDERELLA: What wolf?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(Trying to get away)* Oh, just this wolf I met on the way here. He was really friendly and wanted to know all about me, and my grandmother, and what my grandmother is like, and what my grandmother wears, and EXACTLY how to get to her house.

CINDERELLA: Wait, what?!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(Getting away)* BYE!

(LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD exits)

CINDERELLA: A wolf who wanted to know

(SHE turns to exit)

...never mind

(SHE turns back)

but why would the wolf want to know all that...

(SHE starts to exit again)

No, no I’m sure it’s fine *(Stops again)* But maybe...

(Starts to exit again)

NO! It’s fine!

(A scream is heard offstage followed by a howl)

OH NO!

(Pointing offstage)

The wolf was there the whole time! It was dressed as her grandmother. And it just ATE Little Red Riding Hood! WHAT DO I DO?! If only I could stop that wolf, or find a knight, or turn back time- WAIT!

(Calling)

Fairy Godmother?! Hello?! FAIRY GODMOTHER I NEED YOU!

(THE FAIRY GODMOTHER enters reluctantly while playing on her phone)

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: WHAT?! What do you want? I was catching Pokémon!

CINDERELLA: I need your help! You said that you could turn back time, right?

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: Yeah, so?

(goes back to HER phone)

CINDERELLA: Well, I need you to turn back time! I need to go back to before that wolf ate Little Red Riding Hood.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: I’m sorry I was just catching a Jigglypuff, I’m not sure I heard you correctly. You want to turn back time?!

CINDERELLA: This isn’t right. This isn’t how her story is supposed to end. This isn’t what I want.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: But–

CINDERELLA: I wish for it. I wish for you to turn back time to before she went into the house.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: FINE! But I don’t like it.

(THE FAIRY GODMOTHER turns back time and LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD is once again onstage)

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: *(Grumpily)* There you go!

CINDERELLA: Thank you.

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER: I have a Pikachu to catch.

(THE FAIRY GODMOTHER exits)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(Trying to exit)* BYE!

CINDERELLA: *(Grabbing LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD’S hand)* WAIT!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: What are you doing?

CINDERELLA: I’m, um, helping you get a...a...present, YES! A present for your grandmother!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: What?

CINDERELLA: Get her a present, from the palace. Yeah, the palace. Something she’s never had before.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: But there’s only, stupid girly stuff at the palace. She wouldn’t want any of that!

CINDERELLA: I’m sure there’s something there she would like –

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: WAIT! There are those ceremonial guards at the palace, right?

CINDERELLA: I’ve never been there, but I want you to come with me, so yes, there are.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: YES, and they have those big sword, speary things –

CINDERELLA: Halberds?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Yeah, I’ll knock out one of those guards, BAM! POW! And then I’ll take their speary thing!

CINDERELLA: That’s not very nice–

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Let’s go!

(CINDERELLA and LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD exit)

STORYTELLER (VO): And so, Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood headed towards the palace forgetting all about the wolf who had been watching their every move from the window.

(A howl echoes from offstage)

Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood walked on through the woods until they came across a very poor, small village.

(CINDERELLA and LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD enter, CINDERELLA is in the middle of talking, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD isn’t listening)

CINDERELLA: And then we’ll fall in love and he’ll ask me to marry him, and we’ll have a beautiful wedding with roses, and lace, and –

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Are you STILL talking about that? The more you talk, the more I want to punch you in the mouth.

CINDERELLA: *(Sarcastically)* It’s OK, I was only talking about my lifelong hopes and dreams.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: To be married off to some guy you’ve never met?

CINDERELLA: It’ll be perfect and we’ll be so happy.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: How do you know that?

CINDERELLA: Well, I just know–

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: I know what I WANT – to be feared for my tremendous awesomeness. All will tremble at my name! AHAHAHAHA!

(BEAT.)

Or be a veterinarian, I haven’t decided yet.

CINDERELLA: What’s that over there?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Is that a–

CINDERELLA: –beanstalk? Growing all the way up–

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: –to the clouds?

(THEY hurry to the beanstalk and find JACK chopping at it)

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Hey there Paul Bunyan? You got a problem with vegetables?

JACK: Jack

CINDERELLA: What?

JACK: My name ain’t Paul Funyon. It’s Jack.

CINDERELLA: Well, yes obviously you aren’t Paul Bunyan, she was referring to–

JACK: You uppity city folk is all the same! Always coming here, thinking you know best, thinking you can do whatever you like. I’m gonna not eat gluten I’m gonna name my kid Apple, I’m gonna only listen to the Hamilton Soundtrack.

CINDERELLA: Um no, I think you’re mistaken–

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Cinderella, don’t even try to reason with him, I’ve seen this before, I know

what going on.

(Pause)

He’s dumb, like REALLY dumb. Probably from a long, long line of dumb townspeople. If there was a guidebook description of this town it’d probably only say – “Has one mailbox and a guy who burps when you point at him.”

CINDERELLA: Now, that’s not very nice.

JACK: No, it’s true, his name is Ed. He charges you a nickel a burp. I’ve lost all my nickels to him.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Oh, this is too good.

JACK: All 3 Nickels!

CINDERELLA: Nickels aside, what are you doing chopping down this giant beanstalk?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Way to bury the lead there Cinderella. I think the real question is WHY IS THERE A GIANT BEANSTALK?

JACK: Oh! Well, you see, me and my momma is very poor.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: I never would have guessed.

JACK: All we had left in the whole, wide world was one cow.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: *(In the mocking tone of a child)* Ooooh. I bet you love that cow. I bet you want to *marry* that cow.

JACK: Hey!

CINDERELLA: Ssshhh!

JACK: So one day my Momma says to me

(As his Momma)

Jack, you need to take the cow to market and sell it for the best price you can.

(As himself)

And I said, but why Momma, we’ve had this cow forever, she’s like family. And Momma said

(As Momma)

Jack it’s a cow. We have no money, no food, no work. We will soon starve to death. Take the cow to market and sell it so we can buy some food to eat.

(As himself)

And I said, what food Momma? And Momma said,

(as Momma, getting more frustrated)

it doesn’t matter Jack, just get the money.

(As himself)

And I said, wait, what money Momma? And Momma, well, she just sighed, put her hands in her head like this and said

(as Momma, now fully exasperated)

Jack you need to take the cow to market and sell it for the best price you can.

(As himself once more)

Well, we went back and forth over that for a long time, til I finally understood that cow equals money equals food.

CINDERELLA: So you sold the cow for money?

JACK: No.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: (*Mockingly*) Ooooh. I bet you looove your Mama. I bet you want to marry your Mama.

CINDERELLA: Ugh.

JACK: Hey! My Momma is the most beautiful and most smartest Momma in the whole wide world. One time she caught a flying squirrel, tied it to a string, and made herself a statement necklace.

(*He struts around as if showing off fashionable clothes*)

CINDERELLA: That’s horrifying.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: I want one.

JACK: All the ladies in the village were so jealous.

(*BEAT.*)

Until the squirrel chewed through the string and ran away.

CINDERELLA: (*Trying to get back to her original question*) And the beanstalk?

JACK: Oh, right! So I took the cow to market and on the way I met this fella who said he would trade me magic beans for my cow. I had never in all my life heard of such an amazing deal, so I took him up on his offer right away!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Of course you did.

JACK: But when I got home, my Momma was SO mad at me. She said,

(*As Momma*)

I told you to sell the cow for money!

(*As himself*)

But Momma, I said.

(*As Momma*)

And what did you do instead Jack? What did you bring home Jack?

(*As himself*)

Beans, Momma.

(*As Momma*)

Beans, Jack! What are we going to do with a handful of beans Jack?! What am I going to do with YOU?!

(*As himself*)

She was so mad; she threw the beans right out the window. And you know what? The very next morning they had grown into something amazing! Can you guess what it was?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: A Volkswagen?

JACK: A beanstalk!

(*HE pauses expecting a big reaction but gets none*)

CINDERELLA: So the beans grew into a beanstalk?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: How surprising.

JACK: But it’s a GIANT beanstalk!

(*Again HE pauses for a bigger reaction and still get nothing*)

CINDERELLA: Yes, we can see that.

JACK: NO! They were magic beans, and when I climbed to the top of the stalk, you’ll never guess what is up there!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Clouds?

JACK: GIANTS!

(Now there’s a BIG reaction)

CINDERELLA AND LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: GIANTS?!

JACK: Yeah! A whole kingdom of them up there! And I found a bunch of gold, and a talking harp, and even a goose that lays golden eggs!

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: That’s incredible!

JACK: I know! We’ll be able to buy all the food we can eat and my Momma won’t have to spend all her time working just to put food on the table. She can enjoy herself instead of worrying about me all the time. I won’t be a burden any longer.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: What’s this I’m feeling inside? I’m feeling

(she searches for the word)

SAD for someone?

CINDERELLA: It’s called being sympathetic.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD: Don’t you dare tell anyone about this!

SEVEN MORE PAGES OF TWISTED BLISS!