

The
Liberated
Cinderella
a one-act comedy by
**R. Rex Stephenson
& Ginny Smith Conrad**



Newport, Maine

© 1974 by R. Rex Stephenson and Ginny Smith Conrad

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION:

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

THE LIBERATED CINDERELLA

being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States Of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion Of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. Anyone presenting the play without the express written permission of the Copyright owners and/or their authorized agent will be liable to the penalties provided by law.

A requisite number of script and music copies must be purchased from the Publisher and Royalty must be paid to the publisher for each and every performance before an audience whether or not admission is charged. A performance license must first be obtained from the publisher prior to any performance(s).

Federal Copyright Law -- 17 U.S.C. section 504 -- allows for a recovery of a minimum of \$250 and a maximum of \$50,000 for each infringement, plus attorney fees.

The professional and amateur rights to the performance of this play along with the lecturing, recitation, and public reading rights, are administered exclusively through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be made. For all other rights inquiries may be made to the authors through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS Any adaptation or arrangement of this work without the author's written permission is an infringement of copyright. **Unauthorized duplication by any means is also an infringement.**

FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCE RIGHTS YOU MUST APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OR YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW!

The possession of this PERUSAL SCRIPT, whether bought or rented, does not constitute permission to perform the work herein contained, in public or in private, for gain or charity. Proper prior application must be made and license granted before a performance may be given. Copies of this PERUSAL SCRIPT and all other rehearsal materials may be bought and/or rented from:

LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS

PO BOX 536 Newport, Maine 04953

www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com

Printed in the United States Of America

Whenever this play is produced the following notice should appear in the program and on all advertisements under the producer's control: "Produced by special arrangement with Leicester Bay Theatricals, Newport, ME" In all programs and posters and in all advertisements under the producers control, the author's name shall be prominently featured under the title.

NOTE: Your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals limits you to making copies of this document for persons directly connected with your production. Do not distribute outside of your cast and crew. Following your performance run you must destroy all photocopies, preferably by shredding them. If we sent you the document in printed format, you must return that document to us. if we provided you with an electronic PDF file, simply trash that on your computer so that it cannot be recovered. The electronic document may only be on ONE computer -- it may NOT be duplicated. This is also a part of your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals.

COVER ART (SHOE): courtesy of getdrawings.com

THE LIBERATED CINDERELLA

This play was first performed at the Schulenburg High School Theatre Festival on March 28-29, 1974, with the following cast under the direction of Sandra Porter Ohnheiser:

Cinderella, a right-now girl—Carolyn Krischke

Aunt Mumsy Rumples, her stepmother—Linda Anders

Uncle Rumples, a mean fellow—Neal Richter

Griselda, the Rumples' selfish daughter—Sheryl Simpson

Smerldina, their dingbat daughter—Robin Clark

Fairy Godfather, a moonlighter—Greg Mikesky

Nell, his secretary—Debbie Bohlmann

The Wolf, an untouchable—Mike Olle

Prince Peter Pompous, Emperor of Inane—Jimmie Dieringer

King of Swing, an old square—Bernard Pavlas

Page One—Steven Kusy

***Wolfie's girl friends**—Nancy Brown, Sherrie Balcar, Kaye Janicek, Ginger Holub

The Magic Mirror—Jackie Machac

Stand-In—Ronnie Peschke

*The number of girlfriends may be reduced or increased

Place: The Rumples' living room

The action takes place in the home of Cinderella's wicked Aunt Mumsy Rumples. Furnish as desired, but include one fairly long table Up Left, a chair or love seat Right Center, and a Magic Mirror [one that can talk) Down Left.

Time: Now - or any old time

THE LIBERATED CINDERELLA by R. Rex Stephenson and Ginny Smith Conrad. Cast: 5m, 9w. Set: the Rumples' living room. Time: now-or any time. About 30 minutes. This very popular one-act play spoofs just about everything-fairy tales, magic mirrors, actors, the Mafia and plays about Cinderella. It retells the Cinderella tale as it might happen today: A fairy godfather shows up because the fairy godmother can't get away from her job. It begins in the traditional Cinderella manner: the poor ragged little girl who is made to do all the undesirable housework while her socially ambitious stepmother and off-beat stepsisters preen themselves in preparation for a night of revelry. But it doesn't take long for this version of the story to rip out of the rut. Cinderella wants to go dancing, too. Suddenly there is a puff of smoke, and who should appear but her fairy ... godfather! He explains that the fairy godmother has her hands full of laundry and can't come around this time. The fairy godfather is full of tricks, but they don't seem to work out right. And when he introduces himself as "The Godfather," everyone thinks of another and more vicious type of godfather and exits in terror. Most of the ingredients of the Cinderella story are present: Prince Charming [only he's Prince Peter Pompous) and the magic slipper appear on cue ... but this doesn't turn out the way we expect, either. Ingredients from other fairy tales have a way of popping up—an enchanted frog, a magic mirror; and a wolf who wants to disguise himself as a grandma. *The Liberated Cinderella* is a light comedy, with good character roles. This delightful play can be produced very simply with a minimum of special costumes [most of the characters can wear modern clothes] and simple scenery. Or it can be given an elaborate production with skilled actors finding an extra challenge in the satire. Thus, it is suitable for all

groups: junior-high, high-school, college/university theatre and community groups. Children and adults enjoy it. It is perfect as comic relief in a night of one-act plays. **ORDER #3328.**

R. Rex Stephenson earned his Bachelor's degree in middle and secondary education at Ball State University. Upon graduation, Stephenson taught at Bayshore Middle School in Florida and Redkey High School in Indiana. He received his M.A. from Indiana State University in theatre and later accepted a position as drama professor at Ferrum College in Virginia. In 1984, he received his Ph.D. in educational theatre at New York University. Stephenson has had 13 plays for children and adults published: *The Jack Tales*, *The Liberated Cinderella*, *Treasure Island*, *Galileo: Man of Science*, *The Jungle Book*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Connecticut Yankee*, and *Glorious Son of York*. Stephenson has been a winner in two major playwriting contests: The American Alliance for Theatre and Education 1995 for *Too Free For Me* (Published by Encore), and he was awarded the IUPUI National Youth Theatre Playwriting Competition "Excellence in Playwriting" for *Jack's Adventures with the King's Girl*. In 1996, he received an Appalachian College Association, "Faculty Research Fellowship," to research and write *The World is My Parish*, a drama about the life of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. Stephenson lives in Ferrum, Virginia and he has three daughters, Janice, Jessica, and Juliet.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- THE LIBERATED CINDERELLA

by *R. Rex Stephenson and Ginny Smith Conrad*

THE LIBERATED CINDERELLA

Scene 1 -- At rise: AUNT MUMSY RUMPLE is center stage; she calls Cinderella, then crosses to mirror.

AUNT MUMSY RUMPLE: Cinderella! Cinderella! Where is that miserable, lazy wretch?

[Crosses past mirror; glances in, pats hair.]

Lovely! You lovely creature, you!

[Screams.]

CINDERELLA!

CINDERELLA: *[enters carrying mop.]* Yes, ma'am, you called me?

AUNT: I certainly did, you dreadful creature. Where have you been? Didn't you hear me calling you? Have you finished mopping all the floors in the house?

CINDERELLA: To answer your questions in order: In the kitchen. Yes. And, yes, all but this one.

AUNT: Very funny. Well, mop this one.

[Brief pause.]

What are you waiting for? Christmas?

CINDERELLA: Yes, ma'am. No, ma'am.

[Begins mopping.]

AUNT: Have you seen Griselda and Smerldina? Your Uncle Rumpel wants to take us all out to Papa Bear's Place tonight.

CINDERELLA: *[stops mopping]* Us all? To Papa Bear's Place? That swell new discotheque out on Highway 1?

AUNT: Yes, the new discotheque. No, not all of us. You're staying home. There are simply tons of laundry in the three bathrooms and several large baskets of hand washing as well.... And, Cinderella, in the future, please do the laundry after dark. I can't bear to have the neighbors see you hanging up clothes in that miserable looking dress. Mop!

CINDERELLA: *[starts to mop; stops]* Perhaps I could have one of Smerldina's old dresses....

AUNT: What? She just gave you that one last August... out of the goodness of her heart.

CINDERELLA: A year ago last August ... because she out-grew it.

AUNT: Well, I guess I could let you have one of Griselda.

GRISELDA: *[entering]* Griselda's what? Did I hear my name?

AUNT: I told Cinderella she could have one of your old dresses.

GRISELDA: Sure, she can have one of my dresses. As soon as she gets done painting my room, cleaning my rug, washing my windows, and manicuring my already lovely fingernails.

[Admires them.]

CINDERELLA: Then can I go to Papa Bear's?

GRISELDA: Most assuredly not, creep! You don't think I want my friends to see my clothes on the likes of you? Besides, the Prince is going to be there tonight, and you'd be a bad reflection on our family.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- THE LIBERATED CINDERELLA

by R. Rex Stephenson and Ginny Smith Conrad

CINDERELLA: *[aside to audience]* Yecch! Who cares about Puny Prince Pimple, Emperor of Acne, anyway?

[Exits.]

SMERLDINA: *[enters, passes Griselda]* Mumsy! Mumsy, dear!

[To Griselda.]

Hi!

[To Aunt.]

Mumsy, have you seen Griselda?

[GRISELDA taps her on shoulder.]

Oh, there you are.

GRISELDA: You probably didn't recognize me because I have this fantastic new wig on.

SMERLDINA: No, I didn't recognize you because I don't have my glasses on.

[GRISELDA reaches up and pulls glasses down onto her nose from top of her head.]

Griselda, that wasn't very nice of you to hide my glasses.

GRISELDA: O.K. O.K., dingbat, why were you looking for me?

SMERLDINA: I wanted to know if you've seen my glasses?

AUNT: Speaking of glasses ... what does our charming looking glass have to say today?

[Sweeping cross to Magic Mirror.]

Mirror, Mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest of us all?

MIRROR: It sure ain't you ... you're scrawny and pale... and on top of that ... that's another fairy tale.

AUNT: That's the last time I buy anything from a crooked-nosed witch who sells poisoned apples.

[Haughty crosses to center.]

CINDERELLA: *[enters, busily mops toward center. She has a bucket which she moves along with her. To Aunt]* Excuse me, ma'am.

AUNT: Cinderella, you make me nervous with that "ma'am" business. People will think I'm hard and cruel.

You may call me Auntie Rumpel ... in public.

GRISELDA: Good grief, Mother, that sounds terrible....

AUNT: And YOU, you are to call me Mumsy ... it's so sweet ... so folksy....

SMERLDINA: Auntie Mumsy Rumpel.

[Giggles idiotically and begins to sway to the rhythm of her own voice.]

Auntie Mumsy Rumpel ... Auntie Mumsy Rumpel

GRISELDA: Shut the dingbat up, Mother

AUNT: Mumsy to you. Shut up, dingbat. Listen now, girls, you're probably wondering why I called you together...

CINDERELLA: *[still madly mopping around the room]* Excuse me, ma'am, I mean, Auntie Rumpel....

AUNT: Girls, your father is taking us all out tonight!

SMERLDINA: All of us?

GRISELDA: No, dingbat, not all of us. Cinderella is staying home.

SMERLDINA: Why?

GRISELDA: Because she has work to do.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- THE LIBERATED CINDERELLA

by R. Rex Stephenson and Ginny Smith Conrad

SMERLDINA: We could help her hurry up and get it all done....

GRISELDA: As a mean step-person, Smerldina, you're strictly second-rate.

AUNT: And, girls, the Prince is going to be there.

GRISELDA: You mean, Prince Pimple the Perfect?

CINDERELLA: [*aside, to the audience*] Well, that's not exactly how I'd have phrased it.

SMERLDINA: Oh, you mean that poor little fellow with the acne?

GRISELDA: Smerldina, bite your tongue! Can't you just see it all now? I'm dancing with the Prince.
Around and around and around.

[*She dances around and ends up with her foot in the mop bucket.*]

AUNT: [*starts off*] Come on, girls, let's get ready.... Get your foot out of the mop bucket, Griselda.

[*Exits.*]

SMERLDINA: Yes, Griselda, and you'd better dry it off, you might catch cold.

[*Exits.*]

GRISELDA: Cinderella, you idiot, I'll get you for that.

[*Exits.*]

CINDERELLA: Oh, how I wish some handsome prince would just drop by and casually invite me out to Papa Bear's tonight.

[*Leans dreamily on mop.*]

Or a duke, even. Come to think of it, I'd settle for the kid that delivers groceries on his Honda 350.

GRISELDA: [*enters, carrying a frog*] Oh, Cinderella, I have something for you. Close your eyes and hold out your hand.

[*She puts the frog in Cinderella's hand.*]

CINDERELLA: [*aside*] I'm not really this dumb ... the script says I have to do it, and it keeps the plot moving.

GRISELDA: It's not a real frog.

CINDERELLA: You coulda fooled me.

GRISELDA: Naw, really, it's an enchanted prince. You kiss the frog and poof! A prince appears!

CINDERELLA: Handsome?

GRISELDA: Certainly. Well, ta-ta, dear!

[*Aside.*]

I'd like to be here to see this; all she's gonna get outta that kiss is muddy lips.

[*Exit.*]

CINDERELLA: Well, here goes! Star light, star bright, let this frog I kiss be a Prince tonight!

[*Poof! FAIRY GODFATHER appears in a puff of smoke.*]

CINDERELLA: Good grief, I've created a monster! Are you my Prince Charming, who used to be a frog?

GODFATHER: Naw, you're in the wrong fairy tale.

[*Crosses to Cinderella, carrying a book.*]

See, in my red fairy book, on page 72, the girl kisses the frog; and he turns into a prince. Now then, we're not in that story. We're back on page 195 where Cinderella-that's you-wishes she could go out and

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- THE LIBERATED CINDERELLA

by R. Rex Stephenson and Ginny Smith Conrad

the fairy godmother appears and grants her wish. Now, I'm making the rounds for her while she takes care of the laundry. This isn't my regular line of work, you understand ... not enough money in it. I paint

CINDERELLA: Lovely! Have you ever had any of your work exhibited?

GODFATHER: Yeah, right out on Highway I there's three ... four barns I painted just last summer.

CINDERELLA: Oh.

GODFATHER: You shouldn't be disappointed. Don't worry, my dear, my capable assistant and I will fill the bill... now what was that wish?

CINDERELLA: *[looking around]* What assistant?

GODFATHER: Huh?

[Looks around.]

Why right here...uh ... oh, sorry!

[Another Poof! Enter NELL, with pencil and note pad.]

NELL: There you are! I thought you wanted help with this jingle.

CINDERELLA: Jingle?

GODFATHER: Yeah, you know, "I like Bun Rab Soap because..." in twenty-five words or less.

CINDERELLA: But what for?

GODFATHER: For money, my dear!

NELL: The jingle, Wilbur.

CINDERELLA: Wilbur?

GODFATHER: Certainly, even fairy godfathers have names. What would you expect my name to be?

CINDERELLA: I did expect something more Italian... from a godfather.

NELL: Wilbur, the jingle has to be mailed by midnight tonight.

CINDERELLA: But what about my wish?

GODFATHER: There are priorities, my dear. But I'll tell you what, you go help my secretary with the soap jingle, and I'll whip you up a quick little number to wear ... do you have something of yours? I'll need it to cast the spell.

CINDERELLA: *[hands him a worn hanky]* Will this do?

GODFATHER: *[holding it up]* Well, it's not all there, but I guess it'll work.

[Mumbles, searches pockets for fairy dust.]

CINDERELLA: *[to Nell]* I just thought of a great jingle.

[On her way out with Nell.]

"Bun Rab Soap is the soap for me. Gets me clean as I can be!

[They exit.]

GODFATHER: *[to audience]* I forgot to tell her Bun Rab Soap is flea soap for magicians' rabbits. Now what was that spell? Ummm...

[Checks little black book; chants:]

"Sally 398-4453..." Oops, wrong page. Here! "Spirits below and Spirits above, Make this frog to fall in love." Naw, wrong spell. Ah, Ha! "Double, Double, Toil and Stress... Materialize a party dress."

Hmmm, that's pretty good, but I think I left something out.

[Imagination gives free rein to the executing of above spells.]

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- THE LIBERATED CINDERELLA

by R. Rex Stephenson and Ginny Smith Conrad

UNCLE RUMPLE: *[enters]* Who are you? What are you doing in my house? What business have you....

GODFATHER: *[dramatically]* I'm the GODFATHER!

UNCLE RUMPLE: *[thinking of another, more deadly Godfather]* Sir! What can I do for you, sir? Are you looking for someone? There aren't any Italians here, sir. My name is Simon Rumples, sir; now does that sound Italian? No, sir, not a bit. I'm Portuguese ... that's it ... Portuguese. That's a long way from Italy, sir. Isn't it, sir? You do believe me, don't you?

[GODFATHER inadvertently hits Uncle in the nose with hanky as part of the spell.]

UNCLE RUMPLE: Thank you, sir. I needed that.

GODFATHER: *[to self]* Let's try this: "With this kiss...

[Kisses hanky.]

UNCLE RUMPLE: Kiss! Oh, no, not that! There must be some mistake.

GODFATHER: *[continuing spell]* Like a shot...

UNCLE RUMPLE: Mercy, sir, I beg you. No shooting, please. It's not good ... for the walls. Puts big holes in them...

GODFATHER: *[quickly, triumphantly finishing spell]* ...Change her dress into something it's not!

[Crash is heard offstage. UNCLE RUMPLE flees in terror.]

CINDERELLA: *[rushes on from right, very angry. She has on a cute dress, but it only has one sleeve (for stage purposes, it is only loosely basted on)]* What is the meaning of this? How do you expect me to go to Papa Bear's dressed like this?

GODFATHER: I was afraid of that. See, the handkerchief wasn't all there, so naturally the dress....

CINDERELLA: Never mind the explanations ... DO SOMETHING!

GODFATHER: Well, all right. Nell, see to it.

[NELL immediately and violently rips off the sleeve.]

CINDERELLA: Not bad at all. Let% see what the mirror thinks. "Mirror, Mirror, pokey and slow, Is Cinderella ready to go?"

MIRROR: Don't fall for Wilbur's shady deals; to go anywhere, you gotta have wheels. Now, little girl, go away ... this is ALL I'm going to say.

CINDERELLA: Well?

GODFATHER: Smart aleck mirror. Never should have let magic mirrors into the Magicians' Union. All right, now, wheels.... Hark!

[Hand to ear.]

Do I hear the purr of a Corvette Stingray engine?

[SFX: car engine.]

NELL: I don't hear anything.

CINDERELLA: Engine?

GODFATHER: Holy Smokes! It's not just an engine, it's a whole automobile. Quick! Will that do?

CINDERELLA: Sure! Beggars can't be choosers!

GODFATHER: Very well then!

[Waves wand; immediately doorbell or knock. NELL answers the door.]

WOLF: *[enters]* Hello there, chickie!

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- THE LIBERATED CINDERELLA

by R. Rex Stephenson and Ginny Smith Conrad

NELL: Who are you?

WOLF: I'm the wolf, honey, can't ya tell? Which one of youse is Little Red Riding Hood?

[Looks them all over. To Godfather.]

Oooo! Ain't youse a be-oo-ti-ful chickie!

CINDERELLA: What are you doing here?

[WOLF goes to her.]

WOLF: *[whips a bonnet out of his pocket, jams it on his head, and leers at Cinderella]* Yer supposed to squeal, "Oooo! Granny, what big eyes you got!"

GODFATHER: Naw, you're in the wrong fairy tale. This is Cinderella.

[To Nell.]

What is he doing here?

[She shrugs.]

Wait a minute!

[To Wolf.]

Do you drive a Corvette Stingray?

WOLF: Yeah, man, how'd ya know?

GODFATHER: *[dramatically]* This is your escort, Cinderella!

NELL: WHAT?

WOLF: Huh?

CINDERELLA: HIM!

GODFATHER: Sure; remember a while ago...I heard his car, waved my wand, and here he is! Don't worry, I can fender him harmless...until midnight, that is.

CINDERELLA: Well, if you're sure ... totally harmless?

GODFATHER: Beggars can't be choosers.

WOLF: Ya wanna boogie?

[He dances circles around Nell and Cinderella.]

One, two, three! One, two, three!

CINDERELLA: Zap him quick!

GODFATHER: O.K.! Poof!

WOLF: *[immediate change: becomes a gentleman]* Shall we go, my dear?

[Offers arm; they start right.]

CINDERELLA: *[takes his arm]* Wow! It's a miracle!

[WOLF looks at audience over shoulder; very big wink to show he hasn't changed all that much. They exit together.]

BLACKOUT

SCENE TWO comprises four additional pages