Cinderella: A Modern Makeover

Book and lyrics by John Heath and Lisa Adams
Music by Mike Fishell

The duration of the show is about 35 minutes

CHARACTERS:

Narrators
Cinderella
Friends
Stella
Star
Mom
Dad
Fairy Godfolks: Godmother, Goduncle, Godfather (aka Bert)
Animals: Rat, Mouse, Bird
Prince Reginald
Advisors
Electronic Devices: Glass Tablet, Cell Phone, Laptop
Staff
Bettina

and a CHORUS composed of all students who are not playing roles on stage at the time.

FLEXIBLE CASTING:
From 11-40 students. Use as many Friends, Godfolks, Advisors, etc. in each scene as desired. One student can easily play several roles if needed, and individual roles can be doubled up. Note that roles can be played by either boys or girls; see our comments on page 39 of the Teacher's Guide.
(NARRATORS enter and face audience)

NARRATOR #1: Hello, and welcome to our show. Before we begin, we have a few announcements. First, this is a performance of the musical play, *Cinderella: A Modern Makeover*. If you are here for the squid-wrestling competition, that’s down the hall in room C12.

NARRATOR #2: Now, about the show. This is an updated version of the classic tale. It was mostly a budget thing. We could afford either fancy period costumes or donuts after rehearsals. We opted for the donuts.

NARRATOR #1: So we figured, hey, why not mess around with the whole thing? Who’s gonna notice? So let’s get it started with Cinderella and a few of her friends.

NARRATOR #2: Oh, and one other announcement: absolutely no photography or audio recording during the performance.

(significant pause)

BOTH NARRATORS (loudly): Just kidding!

(One of them pulls out a cell phone; THEY put their arms around each other, make big cheesy smiles, and take a selfie. THEY Exit. CINDERELLA and FRIENDS enter. CINDERELLA happily cleans with a feather duster or broom or spray bottle of window cleaner or, well, you get the idea.)

FRIEND #1: See, that’s just what we’re talking about, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA (cheerily): What?

FRIEND #2: You and your cleaning! Don’t you think it’s just a little obsessive?

CINDERELLA: But I love to keep things tidy. Is there anything more wonderful than the shine of a polished spoon or the calming scent from an air-freshener plug-in?

FRIEND #3: Really, Cin, you need to get out. Come to the mall with us.

CINDERELLA: The mall! That would be great!
FRIEND #1: Really? You’ll go?

CINDERELLA (lost in happy plans): Sure! There are so many things that need serious scrubbing there! I could probably spend a month just on the tables at the food court.

FRIEND #2: You’re missing the point! The only time we ever see you these days is online, and even then you usually log off as soon as you’re done cleaning the screen.

CINDERELLA: I’m sorry. It’s just that cleaning is my passion. And I’ve sort of found some new friends around the house.

FRIEND #1 (upset): Those are not friends! Those are rodents!

CINDERELLA: Well, technically they’re not all rodents. Some of them are birds.

FRIEND #3: Oh please, Cinderella! Won’t you listen to us?

FRIENDS:
Cinderella, we’re worried
You never go out

CINDERELLA:
Well what could be better than scrubbing this grout?

FRIENDS:
Cinderella, we’re worried
You’re covered with grime

CINDERELLA:
I just cleaned six chimneys and had a great time!

FRIENDS:
We know it’s hard to hear this…but try to hear us out…
You need an intervention
You need a wake-up call
This lifestyle isn't healthy
It’s time to go AWOL.

Your family must be wicked
To push you to this point
You need an intervention
You need to blow this joint.

FRIENDS:
Cinderella, we’re worried
You’re talking to rats

CINDERELLA:
They get in the crannies; they clean all the slats!

FRIENDS:
Cinderella, we’re worried
You’re sniffing these fumes!

CINDERELLA:
My natural cleansers have no harsh perfumes!

(spoken) I know you won’t believe me…but try to hear me out…

I don’t need interventions
I’m very happy here
My family isn’t wicked
My rodent friends are dear.

CINDERELLA AND CHORUS:
I’d love to scour the planet
But service starts at home
So if you’re finished talking
I need to buff this chrome.
Please let me buff this chrome.

(FRIENDS exit, CINDERELLA continues cleaning, doesn’t notice entrance of her STEPSISTERS. THEY are excited; STELLA holds a newspaper.)
STAR: This is our chance! Read it again, read it again!

STELLA (noticing CINDERELLA, to STAR): Wait just a minute.
(SHE points to CINDERELLA, who is happily buffing away. SHE then addresses CINDERELLA in an overly sweet fashion.)
Oh, Cinderella! I’m so glad you’re here. The most dreadful thing has happened. I just noticed a smudge on the bathroom mirror!

CINDERELLA (horrified): A smudge?! Oh no! Don’t panic! I’ll take care of it! A smudge!
(exits)

STAR (to STELLA): Good thinking. I love my stepsister, but let’s face it…she’s weird. So go on, read it again!

STELLA: It’s right here on page one of the Royal Times.
(Reading from newspaper)
“His Highness, Prince Reginald…

BOTH SISTERS (each covers her heart, swoons a bit, and sighs dreamily): Prince Reginald…

STELLA (collects herself, continues to read): “…solicits applications for director of his new ‘Let’s Go Green’ agency. Candidates should have a demonstrated interest in cleaning up the environment. Interviews will be held ________ [fill in today’s day of the week] in the royal palace with Prince Reginald.”

BOTH SISTERS (more swooning): Prince Reginald…

STAR (suddenly, whining): But Stella, I don’t want to get a job. I like doing nothing. I’m good at doing nothing. It’s my gift.

STELLA: Mine too. But we won’t have to do anything. We just have to meet the prince.

STAR (still whining): But Stella, I don’t even care about the environment.

STELLA: Me either. I don’t even like our hybrid car. It sneaks up on you without making any noise.
STAR (whimpers): I know! I think it’s trying to KILL me.

STELLA: But never mind that. We have more important things to think about…
    (SHE points to the newspaper)

BOTH (swooning again): Prince Reginald!

STAR and STELLA:
I was born to be a princess
I was born to be a figurehead

STELLA: I look good in gowns
STAR: I look great in crowns

STAR and STELLA:
I have that regal touch
For doing nothing much.

I was born to be a princess
I was born to be adored by all

STELLA: Wearing fancy clothes
STAR: Looking down my nose

STAR and STELLA:
And look, just there I gave
A perfect royal wave.
    (THEY give the sad wave of royalty on floats)

Instrumentation for SONG 2: Drum kit, string bass, harpsichord, organ, acoustic guitar, two mandolins.
STELLA: A castle!

STAR: A prince!

STAR AND STELLA: I’ve been planning it since

STELLA: I was five

STAR: I was four

STAR and STELLA: And now I’ve got a scheme.

STELLA: The servants!

STAR: The food!

STAR and STELLA: I don’t want to be rude
(pointing at each other)
But you’re cramping my fairy tale dream!

STAR, STELLA, and CHORUS: I was born to be a princess
I was born to be a figurehead

STELLA: I look good in gowns

STAR: I look great in crowns

STAR, STELLA, and CHORUS: I have that regal touch
For doing nothing much.

(MOM and DAD enter.)

STAR: Mom! Guess what?!

MOM: What is it?

STELLA and STAR: We’re applying for a job!
(MOM and DAD both collapse momentarily, or nearly faint, then stand back up, clearly in shock)

DAD: I think I just had my first senior moment. I could have sworn you said you were going to apply for a job.

STELLA: Yes, and we need to go right now!

MOM: Why, that’s wonderful! We’re just a little, well, stunned.

DAD: Staggered. Astounded.

STAR: Okay, okay.

DAD: Dazed. Flabbergasted.

STELLA (annoyed): We get it!

MOM: Didn’t you tell us last week that your ambition in life is to win the lottery and spend the money building a house out of Oreos? *

STAR (proudly): Double Stuf. *

STELLA: But we’ve found the perfect job. Here, you can read all about it. We have to go find the right shoes for the interview.

(Hands the paper to MOM; SHE and STAR race off.)

STAR: I have a pair of pink stilettos that I’ve been dying to try out.

(THEY exit)

MOM: Let’s see what they’re so excited about.

(SHE starts to read the ad. CINDERELLA enters)

CINDERELLA (pointing in the direction where STELLA and STAR went): Hey, what’s with them?

DAD: Believe it or not, your stepsisters are applying for a job.

CINDERELLA: A job? What kind of job?
MOM (looking up from the paper): It’s for director of environmental cleanup for the Prince’s new agency. And the interviews are today only! No wonder the girls are in such a hurry.

CINDERELLA (excited): *Clean up?* I *live* to clean things up. And I love the environment—all my cleaning supplies are eco-friendly and green-approved. This is amazing—I’m going to make the kingdom smudge-free!
(exits)

DAD and MOM (looking at each other, then to the audience, then back to each other): This is all happening so fast!

DAD and MOM:
We are so happy for them
We have to sing a song
Opportunities like this one rarely come along
A paycheck in her hand
We’d just be overjoyed
To actually have a daughter who’s gainfully employed!

Any one of them could get it
We really don’t know who.

DAD (to MOM):
It’s just I have a few concerns
I want to share with you.

My daughter has issues.
I mustn’t mince words.
She spends her time talking
With vermin and birds.
I fear that this job will
Bring nothing but strife
I fear they’ll reject her and scar her for life.
DAD AND MOM:
We are so happy for them
We have to sing a song
Opportunities like this one rarely come along
A paycheck in her hand
We'd just be overjoyed
To actually have a daughter who's gainfully employed!

Any one of them could get it
We really don't know who.

MOM (to DAD):
It's just I have a few concerns
I want to share with you.

You have a good point there
I see where you're at
The prince said “bilingual” not “fluent in rat”
My daughters so rarely
Will get off their bums…
This might be our one chance to get them incomes.

DAD and MOM:
We are so happy for them
We have to sing a song.

DAD:  Well, I guess we know what we have to do.
  (shouts)
Girls! Stella, Star, Cinderella! Could you come in here for a second?

MOM (to DAD): Are you sure about this?

DAD (nodding): We have to protect Cinderella. She's not ready for this.

( STELLA, STAR, and CINDERELLA enter. CINDERELLA should have some cleaning implement. Maybe she has a mop and starts mopping the walls. STELLA and STAR are dressed in some silly fashion—to keep it simple, perhaps they just have really big hats. Anyhow, it's clearly something THEY think would attract the Prince rather than something appropriate for a job interview.)
MOM (surprised, to her daughters): What are you wearing?

STAR: It brings out my eyes, don’t you think?

STELLA: The Prince won’t be able to resist me. Uh, resist hiring me, I mean.

MOM: Those are not appropriate outfits for a job interview. (SHE checks her watch) Ack! We only have a few hours. We need to go shopping right now!

STAR: Shopping? Stella, did you hear that?! We’re going shopping!

STELLA (excited): I know. This job thing just gets better and better.

MOM: Well come on, we don’t have much time. Let’s take the hybrid.

(STELLA and STAR look at each other fearfully as they exit with MOM. CINDERELLA starts to follow.)

DAD: Uh, Cinderella? Could I talk to you for a minute?

CINDERELLA (stops, turns around): Me? Sure, Dad. But I need to go shopping too. I don’t have anything to wear but these rags.

DAD: Cinderella...

CINDERELLA: I mean literally, all I wear is rags. (proudly) That way I can spray myself with cleaner and roll on stuff to quickly dust, clean, shine, and protect.

DAD: Cinderella—

CINDERELLA: But I’m sure the palace is spotless. I won’t have to roll down any dusty old stairs like I did at your company barbecue.

DAD (cringing): Cinderella, please listen. You aren’t going shopping. You’re not going to the job interview.
CINDERELLA: What? What do mean?

DAD (sighs): The business world can be a tough place…full of fast-talkers. Go-getters. Movers and shakers. People who go around pointing and clicking and winking at everyone.

   (DAD points both fingers at the audience and makes a clicking sound as HE winks)
Those people will chew you up and spit you out, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA (grimacing): That doesn’t sound very sanitary.

DAD: It isn’t.

CINDERELLA: But that’s why I need to be there, Dad! I’m ready to tackle the tough stuff. This is my calling!

DAD: I just think you need some more real-world experience before you start rubbing elbows with these wheeler-dealers. There will other jobs later when you’re older, and…well, when you’re not so obsessed with your cleaning and your rodent friends.

CINDERELLA (more upset): They are NOT ALL RODENTS. SOME OF THEM ARE BIRDS!

DAD: I’m sorry, Cinderella, but it’s my final decision. I know it’s hard to understand right now, but I only want what’s best for you. You’re going to have to trust me.

   (DAD exits)

CINDERELLA (shouts): No! This is so unfair!

   (collapses, shouts)
You can all clean and restore your own dental floss from now on!
   (she cries, a lump on the floor)

   (FAIRY GODFOLKS enter; CINDERELLA remains motionless on floor)

FAIRY GODMOTHER (to OTHERS): Well, there she is on the floor. Our Fairy Godchild.
FAIRY GODFATHER: Why is she wearing rags?

FAIRY GODUNCLE: Haven’t you been watching the show?

FAIRY GODFATHER: There’s a show?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Honestly, Bert. Who do you think these people are?

(SHE points to audience)

FAIRY GODFATHER (looks at audience): They’re not here for the squid-wrestling competition?

FAIRY GODUNCLE: No! That’s the audience.

FAIRY GODFATHER: The audience? Then why are they glaring at us?

(gasps)

Do you think they read that scathing article about us in last month’s issue of Wand & Wings?

FAIRY GODMOTHER (groans): Oh, I hope not. I still hear the headline in my nightmares...

(SHE holds up her hands)

“Broken Promises and Traumatized Gophers: The Dark Legacy of the Fairy Godfolk.”

FAIRY GODUNCLE: They didn’t even interview us before writing the story. Pretty shoddy journalism, if you ask me.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Well, we just need to show everyone that the article had it wrong. We’re here to help our godchildren achieve their dreams! It’s not our fault that our spells only last two hours.

FAIRY GODUNCLE: And usually the little animals are more than happy to help out. I really wish that gopher would have come to talk to us rather than going straight to the press.

FAIRY GODFATHER: Well, what’s done is done. All we can do now is show people who we really are. We just need Cinderella to ask for help!
FAIRY GODFOLK:
Ask, just ask
And we'll be there
How'd you like to be a multi-millionaire?
Wanna own an island? Point and show us where!
Ask, just ask, and we'll be there.

Ask, just ask
And we'll come through
How 'bout some nice glass slippers that are almost new?
We've got a magic wand and nothing else to do
Ask, just ask
And we'll come through.

Please don't lose your composure
But it's time for full disclosure
We must admit that there's one little catch.
Our spells have wondrous powers
But they last just TWO hours
And after that you've gotta start from scratch.

FAIRY GODFOLK and CHORUS:
Ask, just ask
We're here for you
There's more to life than cleaning soap scum residue!
You can own the WORLD! Well, for an hour or two
Ask, just ask
We're here for you

'Cause we're here for you only
We're getting awfully lonely
Our magic's getting rusty
Our wands are getting dusty
Ask, just ask
We're here for you!

CINDERELLA (looks up, notices FAIRY GODFOLK): Oh my goodness! Can you help me? I want so much to get to the interview!

Instrumentation for SONG 4: Cowbell, guiro, electronic toms, clave, whistles, timbales, cymbal, piano, accordion
FAIRY GODFOLK (together, to audience, delighted): Now we’re talking!

(ALL exit. MOUSE, RAT, and BIRD enter, clearly trying to be quiet.)

RAT (to others, putting finger over lips): Ssssshh! Who’s making all that noise? Is that you, Bird?

BIRD: It’s not me! It’s Mouse.

RAT (to MOUSE): Mouse! I thought you guys were famously quiet. You know, as in, “as quiet as a…”

MOUSE: Sorry, Rat. My tail keeps hitting stuff. It’s dark here in the basement. And I’m scared. Did you see ’em?

RAT: Of course I saw them. Those Fairy Godfolks were all over the place.

MOUSE: We’re done for.

RAT: Not if they can’t find us. I say we hide behind that pumpkin.

BIRD: What’ll the Fairy Godpeople do?

RAT: What’ll they do? Didn’t you read that article last month in Wand & Wings? Those lunatics are going to change us into stuff!

BIRD: Like what?

RAT: Something horrible.

BIRD: Like WHAT?

MOUSE: Like…a computer. Or a car. Or…a PowerPoint presentation!

BIRD (shouts in panic): No! Anything but that! I don’t wanna be an accoutrement of commerce!
ANIMALS:
Don't wanna be transformed
Don't wanna be mutated
I like myself just fine
Don't need to be updated

Don't wanna be a driver or a headset or a mouse

MOUSE (spoken): Well, maybe a mouse

ANIMALS:
Fairy Godfolks, listen!
Get your magic out of this house!

Don't wanna be transformed
Don't wanna be converted
The way you wave those wands
I'm pretty disconcerted

Don't wanna be an Audi or a briefcase or a phone

BIRD (spoken; pointing out to audience): Hey, you! Stop texting!

ANIMALS:
Fairy Godfolks, listen!
Go away and leave us alone!

I like to hang around all day
I'm free to rest and eat and play
I like to have some FUN, you see
The business world is not for me!

ANIMALS and CHORUS:
Don't wanna be transformed
Don't wanna be mutated
I like myself just fine
Don't need to be updated

(THEY exit. NARRATORS enter.)
NARRATOR #1: Hi. Just a couple quick announcements. First, someone ate the last jelly-filled donut, and I know who you are.

NARRATOR #2: Also, you should know that the Fairy Godfolk found Cinderella’s animal friends in the basement and convinced them to be changed into accoutrements of commerce. However, due to a clause in their contracts, we are not able to actually turn the actors playing the animals into inanimate objects.

NARRATOR #1: So we’re going to tell you what happened. You’ll just have to imagine how cool this will look in the animated version.

NARRATOR #2: The Mouse was turned into a smart-looking business outfit.

NARRATOR #1: The Bird became an extra-large vanilla latte.

NARRATOR #2: The Rat was transformed into an unnecessary but deeply stylish pair of glasses.

NARRATOR #1: And all of them will turn back to their original form at the stroke of noon.

NARRATOR #2: The pumpkin remained a pumpkin, in case you were wondering, because Cinderella wanted to demonstrate her commitment to the environment by riding her bike to the interview.

NARRATOR #1: And one last thing. The Fairy Godfolk gave Cinderella a magical glass tablet for writing down all her wonderful ideas.

NARRATOR #2: And here he/she is now!

(GLASS TABLET runs on stage, jumping around and waving to audience while NARRATORS encourage applause. NOTE: The GLASS TABLET will be played by an actor throughout the show, perhaps wearing some kind of cardboard “screen” that the various characters can interact with. See costuming note on page 38.)
NARRATOR #1: Now back to the show. Here’s the new Cinderella!
(THEY snap another selfie and exit. SONG begins, CINDERELLA comes onto stage looking decidedly more ready for an interview. SHE links arms with the TABLET.)

CLASS:
Our girl has been transformed
Our girl has been adjusted
She’s still the same inside
Her body’s just been dusted

She’s ready to achieve her dreams with business-casual wear

TWO STUDENTS (spoken): And a magic glass tablet!

CLASS:
Fairy Godfolks, thank you!
Cinderella’s really got flair!

(ALL exit. PRINCE and ADVISORS enter. PRINCE is frustrated. HE could be at a desk, or just pacing back and forth. His ADVISORS stand by, waiting to serve him.)

PRINCE: This is so frustrating. I thought we’d get more serious candidates.

ADVISOR #2: I thought that one young woman with the apple had promise.

PRINCE: Who? Snow White? She took one bite and passed out. I can’t have a director of my environmental agency falling asleep for years at a time.

ADVISOR #1: Well…those sisters weren’t so bad.

PRINCE: Are you kidding? They kept measuring the windows and talking about “new drapes after the wedding.” AND they accused their hybrid car of attempted murder.

Instrumentation for SONG 6: Drum set, tuba, acoustic guitar, accordion, two mandolins, fiddle.
ADVISOR #2: If I may make a suggestion, sir.

PRINCE: Of course! You’re my advisors. Advise away.

ADVISOR #2: Perhaps the problem is your insistence on green. Why not try a different color? What about red? You look magnificent in red.

PRINCE: I think you still don’t quite understand. “Green” is just a symbol for protecting the environment. It’s not about the actual color green.

ADVISOR #1: I like green as much as you do, sir, but it’s really trending down this season. How about yellow?

PRINCE: You’re not getting the concept!

ADVISOR #3 (enters, leading CINDERELLA): Excuse me, Your Highness. Your next appointment is here. And she’s very eager.

PRINCE (to Cinderella): Hello. I am Prince Reginald. And you are…?

CINDERELLA (quickly): In a really big hurry. Sorry to be in such a rush, but I only have about, uh…

(SHE checks her watch)

…about five minutes before the spell wears off and, well—did I say spell? I mean, uh, smell. I’m wearing a new perfume—made entirely of garden compost. Do you like it?

PRINCE (taking a big whiff): I’m impressed. That’s exactly the kind of thing I’m shooting for here. Let me tell you a bit about my vision.

(During the song, CINDERELLA writes/types thoughtfully and swiftly on the glass tablet. SHE also keeps looking at her watch, and after she does, she writes particularly furiously.)
PRINCE: I'm keen on green
ADVISORS: My favorite hue
PRINCE: I don’t quite mean...
ADVISORS: I love green too!
Chartreuse and olive, jade and lime!
PRINCE: I’m keen on green and running out of time.

PRINCE: Every stream and river unpolluted
ADVISORS (spoken, confused): I suppose
PRINCE: I just need some help to see it through
ADVISORS (sung): See it through
PRINCE: But everyone I talk to is ill-suited
ADVISORS (spoken): Well, that’s not good
PRINCE: And now I’m in the dumps and feeling blue!

ADVISOR #1 (spoken): No, not blue! Quick, bring some broccoli!
ADVISOR #2 (spoken): The Prince must have something green!

(AVISOR #3 brings out some broccoli, or a pickle, or something green and holds it up to the Prince's face)

PRINCE: I’m keen on green
ADVISORS: How your eyes pop!
PRINCE: I love things clean
ADVISORS (shouting off stage): We need a mop!
PRINCE: I want to rid the air of dirt
ADVISORS: Look here, Your Highness, you can use my shirt!

(THEY start to take off shirts; PRINCE waves hand to stop them)

PRINCE: Building stuff from old recycled plastic
ADVISORS (spoken): Yuck!
PRINCE: Do you know if this is hard to do?
ADVISORS (sung): Not a clue
PRINCE: Someone to lend a hand would be fantastic.
ADVISORS (spoken): That’s easy!
ADVISORS (sung): Hey here, take mine, I really don’t need two!

(PRINCE again waves them off as they are trying to pry off their hands)
PRINCE: I’m keen on green
ADVISORS: So we discern
PRINCE: I mean pristine
ADVISORS: How ’bout a fern?
ADVISORS (holding up bright objects in yellow, blue, and red) and CHORUS:
For a prince who’s so sublime
This verdant passion is a crime!
Perhaps a tint, a bit more prime?
PRINCE: I’m keen on green and running out of time.

(As song ends, CINDERELLA is startled by the sound of the clock striking noon. This could be an actual clock or just a cell phone alarm.)

CINDERELLA: Oh no! I’m out of time too. Sorry! Please consider me for the job.

(SHE races off, leaving behind the GLASS TABLET.)

PRINCE: Wait! I didn’t even get to interview you! What’s your name?
    (falls to his knees and shakes fist at the ceiling)
Nooooo! She was going to be perfect! I’ll never find her now.

ADVISOR #1: I’ll catch her, Your Highness!
    (runs offstage)

ADVISOR #3 (rubbing eyes): I must need a break. I could have sworn that her jacket was growing a tail.

PRINCE (banging fists against his head): What am I going to DO?

ADVISOR #2: Never fear, Your Amazingness. She won’t be able to resist coming back to interview with a prince of your magnificence.

PRINCE (wails): But I’m so terrible at recognizing faces! How will I know it’s her?

ADVISOR #3: Hey, look at this! She left behind her tablet. It’s made entirely of glass! I’ve never seen anything like it. And look—her notes!
(The PRINCE excitedly looks at the tablet)

PRINCE: She’s got a whole environmental campaign outlined here! And a lot of stuff about eliminating smudges, whatever that means. It must be code for something.

(firmly, to ADVISORS)
Quick, we’ve got to find her. She’s the one!

ADVISOR #1 (running back in, breathing hard): I can’t find her anywhere! But there IS a lady running around in the parking lot with a giant rat on her face.

ADVISOR #2: Don’t bother His Splendidness with that nonsense—we have an emergency on our hands! Let’s see if this glass tablet has any contact information.

PRINCE: Brilliant idea.
(HE goes back to tablet)
Oh no! It’s shut down. And there’s a passcode!
(falls to knees again)

ADVISOR #3: Don’t fret, Highness. We’ll arrange a search party. We’ll go to every house in the kingdom if we have to.

PRINCE: Won’t everyone claim to own the tablet?

ADVISOR #3: Perhaps. But only the true owner will know the passcode.

PRINCE: Oh, that’s good. That’s very good. It’s nice to see you’re back on the ball after all that confusion about “green.”

ADVISOR #1: I’m still concerned about that, Highness. Green really is trending down this year.

PRINCE: No! No time for this again! We must organize the search!

(THEY exit, leaving GLASS TABLET alone on stage.)
GLASS TABLET (to audience): Can we talk?  
(walks closer)

CELL PHONE (entering): That’s nothing. I’m just a cell phone, but my passcode is the name of my owner’s first cat with each letter getting a number in base seven. Plus three.

GLASS TABLET: I guess you can’t blame them for protecting us. I mean, they can’t live without us.

LAPTOP (entering): You got that right. My human actually sleeps with me under her pillow.

CELL PHONE: Whoa! You must have some impressive security going on. Voice recognition? Retinal scanner?

LAPTOP (shakes head): Nope.

GLASS TABLET: Well, your password must be impossible to crack.

LAPTOP: You’d think. But the only one she can remember is P-A-S-S-W-O-R-D.

CELL PHONE: Well. I guess it’s our job to be smarter than humans, right?

LAPTOP: That’s true. If they could calculate and remember things like we can, they wouldn’t need us!
THREE DEVICES:
Now human beings are big hulking brutes
They clomp around the world in their jackets and boots
Their brains are giant, but they’re not that smart
So they made us to be their counterpart.

We are the brains, brains, brains
Of the operation
We’re here to save, save, save
You from frustration
Your mind goes on vacation when it must recall some information
So we’re the brains, brains, brains
Of the operation

Now human beings have lots of great skills
They’re good at taking pictures and expressing their ills
But all their memories seem to fade away
They don’t know what they did just yesterday!

We are the brains, brains, brains
Of the operation
We’re here to save, save, save
You from frustration
Your mind goes on vacation when it must recall some information
So we’re the brains, brains, brains
Of the operation

Now we machines have flaws of our own
We need a power source ’cause we can’t do it alone
And once they put us into lockdown mode
We’re stuck like this without the right passcode!
   (on “like this,” DEVICES should slump or appear to be shut down in some way)

We are the brains, brains, brains
Of the operation
We’re here to save, save, save
You from frustration
Your mind goes on vacation when it must recall some information
So we’re the brains, brains, brains
Of the operation.

Instrumentation for SONG 8: Drum kit, two electric guitars, two acoustic guitars, organ, piano, synthesizer, two saxophones.
(THEY exit. TWO members of the Prince’s STAFF enter, slowly—they are exhausted—with the GLASS TABLET. THEY knock on a door and a kooky-looking woman, BETTINA, answers (wild clothes, curlers and bathrobe, or anything else you like). If there is no door available, BETTINA can simply walk by STAFF.)

STAFF #1: Excuse me, ma’am. We were wondering if this might be your Glass Tablet.

BETTINA: I know you. You’re from the Prince’s office, ain’t ya? You’re the ones been lookin’ all over for the girl that can open that tablet and get a juicy job at the castle.

STAFF #2: Yes, that’s right. We’re sorry to have bothered you.

BETTINA: Wait just a minute! What makes ya think I ain’t the one?

STAFF #1: Let’s call it a wild hunch.

BETTINA: Well hold on. I AM the one! Let me have a whack at that thing.

STAFF #2: You’re the one, huh? Fine. What’s the passcode?

BETTINA: Passcode?

STAFF #1: Yes. You have to type a code to get into the tablet.

BETTINA: Oh, that passcode. Why didn’t you say so? It’s, uh, well now, it’s been a while. I used to just open it with a hammer. Here, let me show you.

(SHE grabs something and tries to smash the TABLET.)

STAFF #2: Put that down! You don’t know the passcode, do you?

BETTINA: Of course I do. It’s, uh, let me try to remember.

STAFF #1: Good day, ma’am.

(Staff turn to leave)
BETTINA: Hold on, hold on, would ya? It’s, uh, one…
   (STAFF #2 sighs, pushes button on TABLET)
Two…
   (STAFF pushes again)
Three…
   (STAFF pushes again)

STAFF #2: Let me guess. Four.

BETTINA: What do you think I am, a fool?
   (Both STAFF shrug)
Five.
   (STAFF pushes. Nothing happens.)

STAFF #1: I’m afraid that’s not the passcode.

BETTINA: You’ve done something to my tablet! You’ve changed the code. I’ve been robbed! I’m calling the authorities!

STAFF #2: We are the authorities.

   (SHE leaves/closes the door.)

STAFF #1: I don’t think I can do this anymore. My feet are killing me.

STAFF #2: Me too. But we’re almost done. Look, just up the road. Last house.

STAFF:
We’ve been to every cottage, every condo, all the farms
Been chased by dogs and accidentally set off home alarms.
We’ve rung the bells of all hotels and knocked on every door
My feet feel like they’re falling off and we still have one more…
One house to go, one house to go
And what a thrill
It’s UP a hill
And oh, my aching toes!
One house to go, one house to go
And is that snow?
How apropos!
One house to go.

We’ve talked to every woman from executive to maid
And we’ve been bribed with stocks and bonds
And homemade lemonade.
But no one knows how the passcode goes
Our search has been in vain
Don’t tell the Prince but this Glass Tablet’s really been a pain.

STAFF and CHORUS:
One house to go, one house to go
And what a thrill
It’s UP a hill
And oh, my aching toes!
One house to go, one house to go
And is that snow?
How apropos!
One house to go.

(The two STAFF members remain on stage as the PRINCE quickly walks in.)

STAFF #1: Prince Reginald! We didn’t expect to see you.

PRINCE: You two have been gone for a week. Any luck?

STAFF #2: None. Just one more house to visit.

PRINCE: I can’t understand it. It seemed like such a good plan.

STAFF #1: I’ll knock, Your Highness.
    (knocks)
CINDERELLA (peeking out door): Yes? Oh, it’s you! And you have my Glass Tablet!
   (SHE reaches for it.)

STAFF #2: Not so fast! Are you claiming this is yours?

CINDERELLA: Of course it’s mine. I left it behind when I ran out of the palace.

PRINCE: Why did you run away? Didn’t you like my singing?

CINDERELLA: Of course! Randomly breaking into song is one of the best ways to solve life’s challenges.

STAFF #1: First things first, Your Highness.
   (to CINDERELLA)
Please, Miss. What’s the passcode?

CINDERELLA: Let me do it.
   (SHE turns to tablet, then back to STAFF.)
What have you been doing with my tablet? It’s filthy! Look at all those smudges!
   (SHE takes a towel and rubs the tablet.)
There. That’s better. Now no peeking.
   (SHE pushes buttons on TABLET, and then smiles.)
See?

   (GLASS TABLET does a victory dance)

PRINCE: It works! You are the one! I’d love to hire you. Are you still interested?

CINDERELLA: Absolutely! It’s my dream job.
   (THEY shake hands)

NARRATOR #1: And so Cinderella began a wonderful career in environmental stewardship. Under her direction, Prince Reginald’s kingdom won the prestigious Green Skies award.

NARRATOR #2: This award really confused the Advisors. But the prince was delighted and gave Cinderella two or three promotions.
NARRATOR #1: The Fairy Godfolk worked hard to clean up their reputation. They always ask permission now before turning animals into accoutrements of commerce.

NARRATOR #2: Cinderella's father and stepmother apologized for interfering with the job interview. She forgave them, of course, because she's cool like that.

NARRATOR #1: Star and Stella are still living at home and avoiding employment. Mom and Dad are planning an intervention.

NARRATOR #2: And when she's not cleaning up the world's smudges, Cinderella gives inspirational speeches about finding one's passion and achieving big dreams.

CLASS: Oh Cinderella They tried to sell ya On settling for a life that's kind of grim But Cinderella I gotta tell ya You turned things all around—and you didn’t lose the eponym.

Fairy tales can come true That’s what this tale has shown Fairy tales can come true You just have to write your own!

Oh Cinderella Look what befell ya Yeah you're an inspiration to us all Now Cinderella We must farewell ya Good luck in all you do—and we know that you will have a ball.

Fairy tales can come true That’s what this tale has shown Fairy tales can come true You just have to write your own!

THE END

Instrumentation for SONG 10: Drum kit, bass guitar, two electric guitars, two acoustic guitars, steel guitar, wind chimes, organ, piano.