

## The TRUE Story of Cinderella

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time, there was a beautiful girl named Cinderella. She had two wicked stepsisters who—

STEPSISTER 1: “Wicked” stepsisters? Really? What a lie. Cinderella was the one who was wicked.

STEPSISTER 2: And saying Cinderella was beautiful isn’t even fair. She got a magical makeover from a fairy godmother!

STEPSISTER 1: If you want to know the true story of Cinderella, then listen up.

NARRATOR 2: One day, Cinderella was eating breakfast with her stepmother and her two stepsisters, Anastasia and Drizella.

STEPMOTHER: Cinderella, dear, would you please pass the tea?

CINDERELLA: No. I might chip a nail.

STEPSISTER 1: Cinderella, would you help me clean Oliver’s cage this morning?

CINDERELLA: Are you kidding me, Anastasia? I’m not touching guinea-pig poo. You know I can’t stand your oversized, rodent fluff-balls!

STEPSISTER 2: Cinderella, I have to weed the pumpkin patch before I get ready for the ball. Would you mind lending a hand after lunch?

CINDERELLA: No-can-do, Drizella. The pumpkins clash with my outfit.

NARRATOR 3: No matter how nice Cinderella’s stepmother and stepsisters tried to be. Cinderella only cared about one thing—

ALL: Herself.

CINDERELLA: I haven’t been shopping for, like, almost twenty-four hours. I don’t have anything to wear to the ball!

STEPMOTHER: Well—

ALL: ZAP! SIZZLE! POOF!

NARRATOR 4: There was a flash of light.

NARRATOR 1: A crackle of noise.

NARRATOR 2: A billowing burst of grey smoke.

NARRATOR 3: A woman in a sparkling purple pantsuit appeared in the middle of the dining room table.

GODMOTHER: Bibbity-bobbity-boo! What do you need me to do?

STEPSISTERS 1&2: Who in the world are you?

GODMOTHER: Cinderella’s fairy godmother. Don’t you recognize my wand?

CINDERELLA: Who cares about your wand? You’ve ruined my breakfast!

GODMOTHER: Oh, my zap-sizzle poof entrance makes it hard to see where I'm landing.

CINDERELLA: Whatever. Just don't let it happen again. Now get to work. I need a dress.

ALL: WHOOSH!

NARRATOR 2: The fairy godmother waved her wand, forming a high waisted, pale-blue gown.

CINDERELLA: Do you expect me to go barefoot?

ALL: FOOSH!

NARRATOR 3: Crystal-clear glass slippers suddenly sparkled like diamonds on Cinderella's dainty feet.

CINDERELLA: Now how am I going to get to the ball? I can't walk in these things!

GODMOTHER: Bibbity-bobbity-boo! All of this stuff is for you!

ALL: SUH-PAH! CHING! PFFF!

NARRATOR 4: Within a few magical minutes, Cinderella was ready for the prince's grand ball.

CINDERELLA: OH MY GOD! This dress is so disgusting.

GODMOTHER: Well try this one then.

NARRATOR 1: Within another few magical minutes, Cinderella becomes the most sexy girl in the world.

CINDERELLA: God! My hips are huge!!!!

GODMOTHER: Who cares...

NARRATOR 2: That evening, Cinderella climbed into her pumpkin coach.

NARRATOR 3: Just as the coach was about to pull away from the house, Cinderella's fairy godmother reappeared like a rabbit from a magician's hat.

ALL: ZAP! SIZZLE! POOF!

GODMOTHER: Oh, Cinderella Dearie. The magical makeover ends at midnight. If you don't leave on time you will turn ugly.

CINDERELLA: Duh. I'm not, like, stupid you know.

NARRATOR 1: As the coach faded from sight, the fairy godmother shook her head and disappeared. Cinderella's stepmother turned to Anastasia and Drizella.

STEMPMOTHER: Could you girls keep an eye on Cinderella at the ball? I'm not sure she paid attention to the spell-ends-at-midnight thing. . . .

STEPSISTERS 1&2: Sure, Mom, we can help.

NARRATOR 3: As soon as Cinderella arrived, the prince was smitten and asked her to dance. . . .

NARRATOR 4: They danced together all night long. . . .

NARRATOR 1: Cinderella lost track of time. . . .

ALL: BONG!

STEPSISTER 1: Cinderella, it's almost midnight!

STEPSISTER 2: You need to leave!

STEPSISTERS 1&2: Quick! Before the spell wears off!

ALL: BONG!

NARRATOR 2: Naturally, Cinderella ignored her stepsisters' advice.

CINDERELLA: Leave? Are you kidding? You know this is my only chance!!!!

NARRATOR 1: By the tenth chime, her makeover started to fade...

PRINCE: What is going on?

ALL: OWWW!

NARRATOR 2: Two angry guinea pigs scampered up the prince's suit and chomped down on his royal nose like a pair of miniature T-rexes.

CINDERELLA: Noooo!

STEPSISTERS 1&2: Run, Cinderella, run!

NARRATOR 3: On the eleventh chime, Cinderella sprinted from the ballroom. The prince followed after her.

PRINCE: Wait! Come back! The palace doesn't usually have rats!

NARRATOR 4: Cinderella kept running.

NARRATOR 1: As Cinderella stumbled down the palace stairs, one of the glass slippers dropped from her foot, but she didn't stop to retrieve it.

NARRATOR 2: The prince bent and picked up the slipper, hoping he could use it to find Cinderella.

ALL: But . . .

ALL: BONG!

NARRATOR 1: The clock's strikes twelfth and final chime reverberated into the night.

PRINCE: Huh?

NARRATOR 4: The glass slipper melted away, dripping through the prince's fingers and making a puddle on the palace stairs.

NARRATOR 1: The last thing the prince saw was Cinderella running naked down the dusty road . . .

CINDERELLA: oh... it's so embarrassing.

NARRATOR2: Suddenly godmother appeared.

Godmother: I've warned you before, but you never listen. Now here's what you deserve, you ask for it. DISILLUSIONMENT!!

NARRATOR3: Then godmother turned Cinderella into a toad as ugly as you can ever see.

CIDERELLA: Oh no ...How can you do this to me...

ALL: But at least some of us still lived happily ever after!