STEPMOTHER SCENE

SNOW WHITE

(not understanding)

Oh ho!

(then)

I'm Snow.

PRINCE ERUDITE

What an unusual name! Snow…

SNOW WHITE

Whi—

(off CINDERELLA's elbow)

… tenstein. Von… Hoofle Poofle.

PRINCE ERUDITE

Aren't you charming.

SNOW WHITE

No, I'm Snow. I just said that.

PRINCE ERUDITE

… speaking of Charming, *wait* till you see him in his new epaulettes. So hot.

(quickly)

In here! It is very hot. Because: so many hot girls! In tight corsets! Ah, I love girls!

CINDERELLA

("ok…")

I'm going to go find—

BEGIN

She turns and runs into her surprised STEPMOTHER.

STEPMOTHER

What are you doing here? You don't ruin all my hopes and dreams for another ten minutes.

CINDERELLA

I want that book back. It's mine.

STEPMOTHER

A "book", is that what it's called? Noted. And no.

She hands the volume to BELINDA.

BELINDA

(exiting, thrilled)

The toast! Mom!

STEPMOTHER

(watching BELINDA go)

Should I have educated her? Motherhood is such a series of difficult decisions...

(back to CINDERELLA)

I'm sure a trade could be arranged. You can have that "book" back... if you reject the Prince.

CINDERELLA

I can't "reject the Prince"! Charming?!? You know we can't change our stories!

STEPMOTHER

Cinderella. Why do you think I do this? Night after night? If I didn't think *someday* there might be a different outcome? If I didn't think at SOME point the Narrator might be "persuaded" to have the Prince choose either of my perfect—

(noticing BETANY)

Betany! No fluids! You bloat, and it's instant!

(back to CINDERELLA)

Sweetheart—if the Narrator *deigns* to make an adjustment, that's what the Great Quill is for! He wears that key for a reason.

CINDERELLA

But he never uses it...

STEPMOTHER

Sure he does. Sparingly. Remember how *dark* our tale used to be? My daughters' eyes used to get pecked out in the finale! And I used to chop Belinda's toes off, sever Betany's Achilles tendon— remember how it used to curl up, like a hound on a winter's hearth? Oh, the lengths I'd go to.

(a wink)

(STEPMOTHER)

Or take away, am I right? But those changes? *My* ideas. My *quiet* influence…

CINDERELLA

So what, I just tell the Narrator I want—

STEPMOTHER

"Tell him"? Ha! No. You get him to think the idea is his. Play to his vanity.

(She spies the NARRATOR and rushes to him.)

Oh, Narrator, I wanted to ask about that idea *you* had for spotlighting my daughters' entrance— I'm sorry, *how* do you not age??!

NARRATOR

(blushing)

None of us age.

STEPMOTHER

I know, but *still.* To be so once upon a timeless! "Who's the fairest?" I think it's an open question…

END

NARRATOR

What was my, um, idea, for their (entrance)—

(The quill begins pulsing.)

We have a reader! Ok! From Charming's entrance, ladies, give me shock and awe! The *Prince* has ENTERED THE BUILDING!

#6 — *Circus*

Trumpets sound. Charming? Is here. And his entrance is INSANE.

PRINCE CHARMING

THERE'S ONLY TWO TYPES OF PEOPLE IN THE WORLD:
THE ONES THAT ENTERTAIN AND THE ONES THAT OBSERVE.
OH BABY, I NEED A PUT-ON-A-SHOW KINDA GIRL.
A GIRL WHO CHARMS ME, WHO PUTS ME FIRST.

PRINCE CHARMING

I'M LIKE THE RINGLEADER,
I CALL THE SHOTS.

PRINCES

OH, OH

Fire!

PRINCI

ALL EYES
IN THE CI
JUST LIKE

WHEN I C
EV'RYBOI
JUST LIKE

PRINCE C

JUST LIKE