

PREVIEW

And The Crew Plays On...

(A chaotic, hilarious Cinderella parody where the stage crew takes the spotlight!)

By: Lauren Grove

To ask a question or inquire about rights, please contact Lauren Grove:

lauren@groveplays.com

717-317-4488

groveplays.com



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CHARACTERS

Director – The director of the production, very forceful. Becomes the narrator of the play. (Any gender)

Daisy – A sweet young woman, assistant to the costume designer. She is asked to play Cinderella.

Kevin – The soundboard operator. He is a nice young man who has a crush on Daisy. Plays the Prince.

Marge – The flamboyant costume designer and, eventually, the fairy godmother.

Steve – The bumbling lightboard operator who is responsible for the food poisoning of the cast. He is forced to play the wicked stepmother.

Rachel – A stagehand. She is asked to play Gertrude, one of the wicked stepsisters.

Tara – A stagehand. She is asked to play Olga, one of the wicked stepsisters.

Bernie – The only actor to avoid food poisoning. His immense acting ability is only in his head. He is asked to play the page, much to his chagrin.

Pam – The kind and faithful stage manager. She eventually has to play the queen.

Liz – The prop master. Can be changed to Larry if necessary.

SETTING

A modern-day theater on the opening night of Cinderella.

SET & COSTUMES

As the cast became ill all over the set and went to the hospital in their costumes, there is a lot of freedom when it comes to both. The set may be as bare and minimal as necessary or contain a few random set pieces. The costumes should be a funny, odd assortment of random articles of clothing, with the exception of Cinderella's ballgown.

Scene 1

(Scene opens with curtain closed. All are offstage. Director enters and stands in front of curtain.)

Director: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to welcome you to the La Marik Theatre. Tonight's presentation of the classic fairytale, Cinderella, is undoubtedly our finest...

Pam: *(She peeks her head out from between the curtains.)* Um, we have a problem.

Director: What are you doing? Get back! You're interrupting my curtain speech!

Pam: But, we've got a problem.

Director: It can wait! *(She turns back to audience)* As I was saying, ladies and gentlemen, this is sure to be the finest production...

Pam: Ok, I'll wait. Come find me when you want to talk about the fact that we have no actors... *(She exits.)*

Director: WHAT?? *(She pokes her head through curtain to call to Pam.)* Pam! Get back here! *(She removes her head from the curtain.)*

Pam: *(She pokes head back through.)* But you said it could wait.

Director: Forget that! What do you mean, we have no actors?

Pam: All the actors left.

Director: When?

Pam: Five minutes ago.

Director: Why?!

Pam: Well, Steve, the lightboard operator, brought in some food for the cast to celebrate opening night, and...

Director: And?

Pam: And, well, Steve isn't the greatest chef in the world, but the actors didn't know that, and...

Director: And!?

Pam: And the whole cast is on their way to the hospital with severe food poisoning.

Director: WHAT!

Pam: And they were already dressed for the show... so we have no actors AND no costumes.

Director: Well, this is just *perfect!*

Pam: Steve feels really bad about it! And the actors should be back in time for next week's performances.

Director: What are we going to do about *tonight's* performance? *Opening* night?

Pam: Cancel the show?

Director: But the audience is here... and they've already paid...

Pam: Um, give them a refund?

Director: Are you crazy? It's packed out there... And my beach house isn't going to pay for itself!

Pam: Well, other than having the untrained, unskilled stage crew perform the show, I really don't know what...

Director: Yes! We'll have the crew do the show!

Pam: I was kidding...

Director: No, it's perfect! Get everyone on stage. We're mounting this production one way or another! (*Pam salutes and ducks back behind the curtain. Director calls after her.*) And remind me to fire Steve! (*She turns back to the audience.*) I apologize, ladies and gentlemen, but these things do happen. (*She laughs nervously.*) If you would just be patient, we will be proud to present the *new* and *improved* version of Cinderella momentarily. Please feel free to get some refreshments or peruse our gift shop in the meantime.

(*Director turns to the curtain; it opens to reveal the crew - except for Daisy, Marg, Pam, Bernie and Steve - all dressed in black, sitting on the very bare set.*)

Director: Where's the set?

Rachel: The actors got sick and ended up puking all over the place. We got it cleaned up off the floors, but the furniture had to go...

Director: That's disgusting... who are you?

Rachel: Rachel, stage crew. Shouldn't you know that by now?

Director: I'm a director. I'm far too busy and important to be bothered with trivial things like names.

Rachel: Right...

Director: Ok, listen up, people. We've got a show to put on. I know you've had no performance training whatsoever, but that usually doesn't seem to matter when it comes to actors.

Pam: *(She runs in, excited)* You guys! I have great news!

Director: What is it, Pam?

Kevin: You know *her* name...

Director: She's my stage manager, I'm forced to.

Pam: One of the cast members didn't eat any of the food! We have an actor!

Rachel: Yes!

Tara: Thank goodness.

Director: Who is it?

Pam: Bernie.

(All groan and hang their heads. It is obvious no one is too fond of Bernie.)

Bernie: *(He enters, always overly dramatic.)* Yes, my people! Have no fear! It is I, Bernard Dilitado! The show will go on!

Director: Um, great, Bernie... you can play the page.

Bernie: The page? But I was the Prince's understudy. Since Bob has fallen gravely ill, should not I, Bernard Dilitado, now play the Prince?

Director: Yeah, you see, the thing about that is... um... *(She looks around and grabs Kevin.)* Billy here is going to play the Prince.

Kevin: My name is Kevin...

Director: That's what I said.

Kevin: I can't play the Prince... I'm the soundboard operator.

Director: You'll do it, or you're fired!

Kevin: All right, all right.

Bernie: Well, young squire Kevin, it appears we will be working together.

Kevin: That's great, Bernie.

Director: Now we need your mother, the queen... *(She looks around.)* Pam!

Pam: Me? Wow, I've always wanted to be on the stage, under the bright lights, dancing up and down 42nd Street, singing the lullaby of Broadway...

Tara: We get it.

Director: And, of course, I'll narrate. And, you...

Tara: Tara

Director: Yes, Tara, you will be Olga, the ugly stepsister.

Tara: Are you trying to say I'm ugly?

Director: And you, Reba...

Rachel: Rachel

Director: ...will be the other stepsister, Gertrude.

Marge: *(She enters, running to the Director. Daisy trails behind her, carrying all of her things.)* Darling!

Director: Marge, dear! *(They "air kiss".)*

Marge: Pam called me and told me about your predicament, and I came right over. I heard they went to the hospital in their costumes.

Director: Yes.

Marge: Those beasts! I would love being a costume designer if it weren't for actors. Tell me what I can do to help.

Director: Well, for starters, you could be the Fairy Godmother.

Marge: Of course, darling. As I always say, actors are my favorite people. I would love to be one for a night.

Director: And see what you can rustle up in the basement for costumes.

Marge: Of course. Come along, Daisy, let's hurry. *(She begins to exit with Daisy.)*

Director: Wait! *(She points to Daisy.)* Who are you?

Daisy: Daisy.

Marge: She's my assistant.

Director: Those curls, those eyes, that face... you must be my Cinderella!

Kevin: *(He stands up abruptly.)* Yes! You must! *(Rachel and Tara giggle. Kevin gets embarrassed)* I mean, you know, if you want to...

Daisy: Well, sure.

Director: Excellent. Here, Marge, take this one.

Liz: My name is Liz.

Director: Whatever. Help Marge. And while you're down there, find us some props that haven't been barfed on.

Liz: You got it, boss.

(Marge and Liz exit.)

Director: Now I just need a Wicked Stepmother.

Rachel: Well, we all have parts

Tara: And you just sent Liz away.

Pam: So that just leaves...

Steve: *(He enters.)* Hey, guys.

All: STEVE!

Director: You! You are soooo fired! Get out of my theatre!

Steve: *(He shrugs and turns to walk out.)* Bye, guys.

Pam: Wait! Miss Director, ma'am, you still need a Stepmother... and Steve is the only crew member left.

Director: You have a point. Hey, Steve, you're not fired.

Steve: Cool.

Director. Instead, you have to wear a dress.

Steve: Whoa, not cool.

Director: Now, about lines...

Rachel: We've been watching you rehearse for weeks; we know this show front and back.

Tara: Inside and out.

Pam: Probably better than you do.

Director: Wonderful! *(She drags Steve with her.)* Come on, people, let's get you in costume and get this show on the road!

(All run off in different directions. Daisy and Kevin stay on stage and smile shyly at each other.)

Daisy: It's nice to see you again.

Kevin: Yeah, you too. *(There is a long, awkward pause.)* Your, uh, your hair looks good.

Daisy: *(She touches her hair self-consciously.)* Oh, thanks. I got it cut yesterday.

Kevin: It looks good.

Daisy: You already said that.

Kevin: Right... *(There is another long pause.)* Crazy that all the actors got sick, huh?

Daisy: Yeah, crazy. But at least we get to work together.

Kevin: Yeah, good. That's good. *(Pause.)* Hey, Daisy?

Daisy: *(She answers quickly, hopefully.)* Yes, Kevin?

Kevin: I was wondering if... well, if maybe sometime we could...

Director: *(She runs in.)* What are you two doing? Let's get a move on, people! Places! *(People run across stage to the opposite wing, Daisy and Kevin get caught up in the stampede and exit opposite sides. Director approaches the audience, holding a big book.)* I apologize for the delay, ladies and gentlemen, but we are now ready to begin. *(She goes to sit on a chair, far stage left, and opens a big, old book.)* Once upon a time in a kingdom far, far away, there lived a beloved queen and her son.

Bernie: *(He enters, overly dramatic as ever.)* Hear ye, hear ye! The great and honorable Queen Frances approaches! *(Pam enters, waving like a beauty queen, dressed in a bathrobe and a paper crown.)* The fairest queen in all the world! She puts the beauty of the stars to shame! She is fairer than the roses in springtime! Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright...!

Director: She's cute, we get it. Move it along.

Bernie: The great and honorable Prince Harold also approaches!

(Kevin enters, also dressed in anything the costume designer could find. Bernie bows deeply, falling to one knee.)

Pam: That will be all, page boy *(Bernie exits, bowing and groveling the entire time.)*

Kevin: You wanted to see me, Mother?

Pam: Um... *(She looks to the director.)*

Director: Yes, you did.

Pam: Oh, yes, I did. You are now a young man, Harold, and it's time you settled down. This kingdom will be yours to rule soon, and you need a queen by your side.

Kevin: But Mother, I am not in love.

Pam: Like Tina says, what's love got to do with it? As a man of royal birth, you will have an arranged marriage.

Kevin: An arranged marriage?

Pam: Yes, Harold. Your father and I had an arranged marriage, and we were happy for forty wonderful years, until he passed.

Kevin: You and Father were lucky, Mother. That is not always the case. I want to live happily ever after as all the fairy stories say. I want to know the glory of being in love. I want to find my bride, Mother, not have her selected for me. My one true love is out there, somewhere, I know it!

Pam: Wow, you're pretty good, Kevin.

Kevin: Thanks!

(Director clears her throat and glares.)

Pam: Son, my health is not what it used to be. This kingdom may be yours sooner than you think. I could die happy if I knew you had a wife to rule by your side. An arranged marriage could happen within the week.

Kevin: (He takes her hands.) Please, Mother.

Pam: A compromise, then, Harold. We will hold a ball this evening and invite all the ladies in the kingdom. If you find your love tonight, so be it. If not, I will find a bride for you.

Kevin: Yes, Mother, that seems fair. Thank you.

Pam: Page boy!

Bernie: (He enters, bounding in.) Yes, your majesty, I am here! How may I be of service? *(He falls into a deep bow.)*

Pam: Go into the towns and villages and find all the eligible maidens in the land. Invite them to a grand ball at the palace this evening.

Bernie: Your wish is my command! It shall be done! *(He bows and exits.)*

Pam: Come, Harold, there is much to do.

Kevin: (Pam and Kevin begin to exit.) You know, you're pretty good too, Pam.

Pam: Thanks! I've been taking classes in the basement of this lady's house, and... *(They exit.)*

Director: And so, word spread throughout the land that the queen was hosting a ball in order to find the prince a wife. In the same kingdom, not far from the castle, lived a young girl named Cinderella (*Daisy enters, dressed in black clothing and an apron, sweeping the stage with a broom.*) She was as lovely and kind as they come. Unfortunately, her father had died when she was twelve, leaving her in the care of her wicked stepmother and her dreadful stepsisters.

(Tara and Rachel enter together in awful 80's prom dresses.)

Tara/Rachel: Cinderella!

Daisy: Yes, Gertrude? Yes, Olga?

Rachel: We are leaving for the ball. Make sure you finish sweeping out the rooms while we're gone.

Daisy: Yes, Gertrude.

Tara: And finish the laundry. Oh, and make the beds! And while you're at it, wash the windows.

Daisy: Yes, Olga.

Rachel: Good. We should go, sister. The sooner we get there, the sooner one of us can become a princess!

Tara: You mean, the sooner *I* can become a princess.

Rachel: As if! One look at me and the prince will forget any other girl exists.

Tara: (*She shoves Rachel.*) You wish!

Rachel: Don't shove me! (*She pulls Tara's hair.*)

Tara: Don't pull my hair! (*She starts kicking Rachel.*)

Rachel: Ow, stop it!

Rachel/Tara: MOTHER!!

(Steve enters in a dress, lipstick and heels – no wig)

Steve: Girls, girls! Settle down! No fighting!

(Daisy, Rachel and Tara turn to see Steve and start giggling.)

Steve: Stop laughing!

Tara: You look so pretty, Steve!

Rachel: Better than I've ever seen you look!

Daisy: Wait, are those MY shoes?

Steve: Marge made me wear them.

Tara: Be careful your giant feet don't stretch them out!

Steve: *(He stomps over to director, tripping on the high heels)* This is ridiculous! Find someone else to be your stupid stepmother.

Director: It's this or unemployment!

Steve: Ugh, fine! *(He stumbles back towards the girls.)*

Director: Walk like you mean it!

(Steve starts to sway his hips.)

Steve: As I was saying, no fighting, girls! You'll ruin your pretty dresses!

Tara: But Momsy! Sister said...

Steve: I don't care what she said. It's time to go. We don't want to be late. Now remember what I told you. Chew with your mouth closed, don't burp in public, smile every time the prince looks at you, and... *(He looks to Tara.)* Sit with your legs crossed, Olga, you're a lady, not a linebacker.

Rachel/Tara: Yes, Mother.

Steve: Good, now let's go, the carriage is waiting.

(The girls flip their hair in unison and exit. Steve turns his attention to Daisy.)

Steve: Goodbye, Cinderella. Do try to finish the chores by the time we return, or I may get upset. And you know what happens when I get upset...

Daisy: Yes, Stepmother.

Steve: And we don't want that, do we?

Daisy: No, Stepmother.

Steve: (He nods and turns to leave.) Goodbye, Cinderella.

Daisy: Wait, Stepmother?

Steve: What is it? We're going to be late... and this dress is making me itch...
(He starts scratching.)

Daisy: Well, I was wondering if maybe, just maybe, I too could go to the ball?

Steve: You? Go to the ball?

Daisy: Oh please, Stepmother! To go to a ball, to wear a pretty dress, to see the castle. Why, that would be like a dream come true! *(She spins dreamily.)*

Steve: That is out of the question.

Daisy: But, why?

Steve: (With each reason he gets more in her face.) Because you are nothing but a lowly servant-girl. Because the prince would not want anything to do with the likes of you. And because I said so!

Daisy: (She sits, dejected.) Yes, Stepmother.

(Steve walks normally towards the wing.)

Director: Steve...

(Steve sways his hips and exits.)

Director: Atta boy!

(Daisy puts her head in her hands and begins to cry.)

Director: Cinderella thought all was lost. But even as the tears fell from her eyes...

Kevin: (He runs in and puts his arm around Daisy.) What is it, Daisy? Are you ok?

Director: Get off the stage, Billy!

Liz/Pam: (Peeking their heads out) Kevin!

Director: Kevin!

Daisy: It's ok, Kevin. I'm just acting.

Kevin: (He exits, embarrassed.) Oh. Well, you're really good...

Director: As I was saying, Cinderella thought all was lost, but even as the tears fell from her eyes, an answer to her troubles floated in.

(Marge walks in, with crazy angel wings and a sparkly boa.)

Marge: Why are you crying, child?

Director: Why aren't you floating, Marge?

Marge: Well, you have the entire crew performing. There's no one left to do the special effects.

Director: Great.

Marge: As I was saying...

Director: Wait, where's your wand?

Marge: Um.

Director: Prop girl! Wand!

Liz: (She runs in.) On it, boss! *(She slaps a banana into Marge's hand and runs out. Marge stares at the banana in shock.)*

Director: Just go with it.

Marge: As I was saying, why are you crying child?

Daisy: Who... who are you?

Marge: Why, I'm your fairy godmother, darling! Aren't I fabulous?

Daisy: I have a fairy godmother?

Marge: Of course, darling! And I'm here to help. What seems to be the trouble?

Daisy: Well, there's this ball. And I would love to attend, but I have no dress and no coach. And my stepmother said I couldn't go.

Marge: There's a boy, isn't there?

Daisy: Well, the ball is being held so the prince can find his future queen, but that's not why...

Marge: There's always a boy. Is he cute?

Daisy: I hear he is very handsome.

Marge: Well, then, let's get you to this ball! For starters, you need a gown. Stand up, darling. *(Daisy stands and Marge waves the banana around)* Abra cadabra! *(Nothing happens.)* Ala kazam! *(Nothing happens.)* Open sesame! *(Nothing happens. Marge looks to Director. Director shrugs. Marge digs into her pocket for her wallet.)* Here's fifty bucks. See what you can find down at the mall.

Daisy: Um, thank you so very much, Fairy Godmother.

Marge: Anytime.

Daisy: And what about the pumpkin that will be turned into a coach?

Marge: Uh, here's a bus pass.

Daisy: You're too kind...

Marge: One last thing before you go; you must return home by the time the clock strikes twelve midnight. That is when the magic runs out. Or, in this case, when the last bus leaves from the castle. Now go, quickly! Goodbye, darling, and good luck!

Daisy: Thank you for everything, Fairy Godmother! *(She exits, waving.)*

Marge: *(She calls after Daisy.)* And remember, midnight! Oh, and don't cut the tags off the dress! I'm going to want to return it for a full refund! *(She exits in the other direction, eating the banana.)*

Director: Meanwhile, at the ball...

(Liz enters, throwing basketballs, dodge balls, beach balls and volleyballs all over the place.)

Director: What are you doing?!

Liz: It's a ball, right? And we're short on sets, right? So, I figured I'd use a little symbolism and...

Director: Get rid of it!

Liz: Yes, boss. (She collects the balls and exits.)

END PREVIEW

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