

ACT I

Scene 1

ACT IScene 1

TOWN CRIER:

Lords and Ladies, one and all. Join us in this banquet hall. The path ahead is rather winding. But at the end thou wilt be finding, Pleasures aplenty for eye and for ear! So let us begin, come, with good cheer!

Town Crier calls out names and the guests are escorted to their tables.

FANFARE: THE WELCOME

JESTER:

Wes hale, Good Lords and Ladies fair, welcome to our Madrigal Feast that comes but once a year. And oh what a year we all have seen. So much has befallen the Year of Our Lord Two-thousand fourteen.

What once was bad now is good, for bad was only misunderstood. And this my friends is the story of ages, for what is good to some, others find outrageous!

But we are not here to argue and quarrel. Let us begin before our fowl spoils. Tonight is a night we put all differences aside. For here is where we celebrate the peace of Christmastide.

You find thyself at at a magical feast. Thou whilst be entertained to say the least. Recline thy self and enjoy the show, without further ado ere we go.

Hark and listen dost thou not hear? The festive parade is drawing near.

FANFARE-THE PROCESSIONAL

Enter all Choirs from Back:

SING: MASTER'S IN THIS HALL

Royal court standing at table

ROYAL COURT:

All you that are good lords, Come hearken to my song; I know ye do not hate good cheer, nor wassail that is strong.

(CONTINUED)

ROYAL COURT:

All you that are fair ladies, lift a cup to toast;
 Drink down the strong Wassail with cheer, that ye also
 boast.

ROYAL COURT:

And if ye have a wee babe on thy hip, lift up a cup for
 him to sip. For it is all in the spice that makes this
 Wassail very nice.

ROYAL COURT:

Come fill us of the strongest! Small drink is out of
 date! Methinks I shall fare like a prince and sit in
 gallant state.

ROYAL COURT:

I lift my glass of strongest Wassail to the founder of
 the feast. May the master nary a trouble and blessings
 to increase.

ROYAL COURT:

When thou hast given God the thanks, unto thy dainties
 fall! Heaven bless my master and my dame!

KING:

And blessing one and all!

PAGE:

Wassail, Wassail, Wassail!

ALL CHOIRS: WASSAIL

ROYAL COURT:

Lords and ladies , our gracious host, bids thee rise for our
 Wassail Toast!

KING:

Lords and ladies of this Kingdom, We Welcome you to Kentwood
 Manor. Now from the host of this castle, hear my toast.
 Drink it well! Here then I bid thee Wassail! Down with him
 who will not say Drink Hail!

ROYAL COURT: ALL

(and audience)

Drink Hail!

KING:

May the Peace and joy of Christmastide, within thy hearts
 this year abide.

(CONTINUED)

SING: AVE MARIA

ALL:

To the King and Queen! (repeat)

CHOIRS EXIT/ ROYAL COURT IS SEATED

JESTER:

Wes hale thou lovers of music and of mirth, enjoy the meal, without thought of thy girth. We shall entertain you with play and with song. What was that (to a guest) ..You are worried we'll keep you ere to long? (mumbles under breath: why you cad, I outta --there's always the stocks, there's always one in the crowd.)

KING:

Jester, Carry on.

JESTER:

Yes, sire.

Come, listen now, do be a sport, Let me introduce you to the Royal Court:

The King, his smile so alarming; is the King formally known as Prince Charming.

'Tis true that the Queen is topic of many novella; her beauty surpasses her name, Cinderella.

The others that sit on this Royal Court; are the Lords and Ladies.. of sort.

Lords and Ladies protest

Why dost thou protest, you are guests of the King and Queen. I suggest you stop this noise or be sent to the guillotine, or possibly the latrine, maybe a canteen, chopped up for soup and placed in a tureen, there is always the kerosene....

KING:

most authoritatively
Jester!

JESTER:

By the Order of King Charming and Queen Cinderella let festivities begin.

SOUP

(CONTINUED)

Improv as needed

FANFARE-THE BOAR'S HEAD

ROYAL COURT:

So many are here at the feast, it is Boar's Head that we eat!

Boar's Head Carol: verse one

ROYAL COURT:

Let us serve with a song, we'll be eating Boar's Head ere too long!

Boar's Head Carol: verse two

ROYAL COURT:

In the Queen's Hall we shall eat, the rarest of the rarest treat!

Boar's Head Carol: verse three

MAIN COURSE

Improv as needed

JESTER:

jokes including audience

commercial regarding New York

thanking our sponsors

Royal Court members and/or Town Crier may participate

BARDS:

enter from the back singing

JESTER:

And who might you two be?

JACQUES:

We are "The Minstrels Three!"

JESTER:

But I only count two of you.

JACQUES:

Well yes, there's that. Let's just say the story is best left untold.

(CONTINUED)

OCTAVIUS:

Yes 'tis true, 'tis sadly true. But we are not here to tell a story.

JESTER:

What then art thou here for?

JACQUES:

We have heard there is a traveling theatrical troupe performing here this evening.

OCTAVIUS:

And we are here to check the competition.

JACQUES:

It's a bard eat bard world out there!

JESTER:

So thou art Bards?

JACQUES:

Why yes, yes we are.

JESTER:

Hmmm then show me thy "barding pass"

OCTAVIUS:

Oh a funny guy.. We'll sit here for a "Bard's" eye view.

JESTER:

Why I outta kick you out of here.

JACQUES:

Here now, Bard's of a feather must stick together. We won't even let out a peep.

OCTAVIUS:

No, not a peep but possibly a "BARD CALL" squawk.

KING:

Come now what of dances, of songs, of troupes? What shall the entertainment be?

ROYAL COURT:

Where is the Manager of Mirth?

ROYAL COURT:

The Pantaloon of the Party?

ROYAL COURT:

The Purveyor of Pranks?

(CONTINUED)

KING:

Call the Jester!

JESTER:

I am here your Majesty.

KING:

What comedic compendium do you have for us this evening?

ROYAL COURT:

How will we wile away the next hour or two?

ROYAL COURT:

With music?

ROYAL COURT:

With dance?

JESTER:

A Play is what is planned! A dramatic reenactment of King Charming and Queen Cinderella's steaming love affair! Specifically the night that thou Charming first looked upon the fair maiden, Cinderella.

JACQUES:

Was that before or after he looked upon the Fair Snow White?

OCTAVIUS:

And do not forget the slumberous Sleeping Beauty.

JESTER:

A delectable depiction entitled "The Night the Other Shoe Dropped."

OCTAVIUS:

Excuse me, Excuse me. Why didn't he just pick it up?

JESTER:

What are you talking about?

OCTAVIUS:

I'm talking about the Knight. Why didn't he just pick it up?

JESTER:

The Knight? Pick what up?

OCTAVIUS:

If the Knight dropped the shoe, why didn't he just pick it up? End of story!

(CONTINUED)

JESTER:

Why I outta

KING:

Jester, we are waiting.

JESTER:

Without further ado and little fanfare "The Saucy Maidens of Worcestershire!" in "The Night the Other Shoe Dropped!"

the page runs in and whispers into the Jester's ear

JESTER:

Clears throat

With much more ado, a bit of song and a bite of sweetness!

Jester begins directing Deck the Halls

DECK THE HALLS

DESERT

JACQUES:

Jester, over here, over here.

JESTER:

Yes.

JACQUES:

Knock Knock

JESTER:

Who's there?

JACQUES:

Ana

JESTER:

Ana who?

JACQUES:

Get "ana" with the show it's, getting late!

JESTER:

Why I outta (mumble, mumble)

OCTAVIUS:

I have to be in bed early tonight, big audition in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

JACQUES:

And you know what they say?

OCTAVIUS:

"The Early Bard catches the Worm."

JESTER:

Knock Knock

JACQUES:

Who's there?

JESTER:

Irish

JACQUES:

Irish who?

JESTER:

Irish you two would go away!

JACQUES:

Why I outta..

KING:

Jester, we are all most eager to see the adaptation you have prepared for us.

JESTER:

clears throat

With out further ado

looks around challenging each person to
interrupt
and little fanfare

one more challenge
give a rigorous robust round of rancorous applause for

BARDS:

The Saucy Maidens of Worcestershire

Bards whistle and carry on

4 women (Lady Tremaine, Anastasia, Drizella, Fairy God Mother

Anastasia has her eye on Octavius and flirts with him

LADY TREMAINE:

If it pleases the court our rendition of the night King
Charming an Cinderella met. We will require a
Narrator.... And a Prince.

ANASTASIA:

to Octavius
I've found a prince.

OCTAVIUS:

Me?

ANASTASIA:

Oh yes you'll do just fine. Stand here, hold this and
look Charming!

LADY TREMAINE:

Our tale will be told from the perspective of the
person who knew Cinderella the best, (that would be me)
who lived with her each day, who listened to her
infernal singing, answered her infernal questions, and
watched her sneaking ways.

QUEEN:

Wait just a minute.. you are..Lady Tremaine!

KING:

Lady Tremaine, I have heard that name before.

QUEEN:

through clenched teeth
My step-mother.

KING:

Your Step-mother!

QUEEN:

So that means they are..

ANASTASIA AND DRIZELLA:

Your step-sisters!

KING:

But I don't see any warts. You said your step-mother
had a big wart on the end of her nose.

QUEEN:

Nose job!

KING:

And you said they really BIG Feet!

QUEEN:

Liposuction.

KING:

Liposuction for feet?

QUEEN:

It could happen.

KING:

...and your sisters, you said they were crossed-eyed.

QUEEN:

You've never heard of Lasik?! They are just here to make me look foolish. They always tried to make me look foolish!

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Oh honey, they never needed to try.

QUEEN:

Fairy Godmother! What are you doing with..with them?

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Oh deary, don't be upset, it's a paying gig. Anywho, after you married Charming here, I was pretty much out of a job. My powers only work on mice and pumpkins and girls who like them both...you were the only one in the kingdom.

KING:

You really have a thing for mice?

QUEEN:

They were the only ones who would listen....

LADY TREMAINE:

Let us begin.

Anastasia will play Cinderella, Drizella will play step/sister, Lady Tremaine play herself and the narrator.

There was a young, unruly and undisciplined child named Ella. She loved to play in the ashes of the fireplace and talk to any critter that dare come near to her.

ANASTASIA:

panomining animals about her
and you my little birdy, I will call you Mathilde and I will teach you to sew, and you little mouse, I will
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANASTASIA: (cont'd)

call you George and I will teach you to mop the floors,
and we will sing songs while we work and never ever be
unhappy because we have each other.

she continues to pantomiming talking to creatures

QUEEN:

Wait a minute, those ... those creatures wanted to play
with me..

The royal court murmur and roll their eyes.

No, really they did.

KING:

Carry on Lady Tremaine, the story is fascinating.

LADY TREMAINE:

The young girl had a father but no mother, for she had
died when Ella was very young. Ella like to believe
that "On the day that she was born, the angels got
together and decided to create a dream come true."

QUEEN:

So the sprinkled moon dust in my hair and golden
starlight in my eyes a blue.

JESTER:

Is that why birds suddenly appear every time you are
near?

KING:

Just like me they long to be close to you.

LADY TREMAINE:

Who's telling the story, here?

JACQUES:

I think someones feathers are getting ruffled.

OCTAVIUS:

Is someone a little owly?

JESTER:

Would you two loony birds be quiet.

JACQUES:

That would be "loony bards." if you please.

DRIZELLA:

You're not loony! I find you quite pheasant.

JACQUES:

I might egret this later on.

ANASTASIA:

Oh yea, well toucan play at this game.

 Heads over to Octavius batting her eyes

LADY TREMAINE:

Girls, girls we must control ourselves. Places everyone we have a story to tell.

Try as he might the father could not get Ella's head out of the clouds.

JESTER:

I think you meant to say fireplace. She couldn't get her head out of the ashes so he called her "Cinder" Ella.

LADY TREMAINE:

Yes that is true. Ella was always dirty, covered with black soot and cinders so her Father took to calling her Cinderella.

QUEEN:

That is not true. The name Cinderella has been in the family for generations. The women in my family were dreamers...

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

She's right you know. I knew her family quite well..some of them were what nightmares were made of..

QUEEN:

Godmother!

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

I meant to say..dreamy..they were all quite dreamy!

LADY TREMAINE:

Cinderella's father became concerned his daughter might be a bit delusional, he believed she needed the influence of a woman.

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

So that's when he made the biggest mistake of his life and married Lady Tremaine, who brought along her two Jackanapes, whippersnappers, impudent..

DRIZELLA:

Mother.. She 's calling us names again!

LADY TREMAINE:

Remember Fairy Godmother, I sign your pay checks.

LADY TREMAINE:

Cinderella's father wanted his daughter to be lady-like and delicate just like Lady Tremaine's two daughters.

DRIZELLA:

But there is only one of me and you said two step-sister's.

LADY TREMAINE:

This is a dramatic reinactment now go over there do it just the way we practiced.

Drizella goes over to Anastasia and pantomines curtsies.

OCTAVIUS:

This ought to be good, what is she teaching her?

JESTER:

It looks like she's teaching her to ride a horse.

JACQUES:

Well, you win (Whinny)some, you lose some.

OCTAVIUS:

You are such a neigh-sayer. Give her a chance.

Anastasia winks and waves at Octavius

LADY TREMAINE:

But try as they might, they could not teach Cinderella a thing about being a lady. Eventually they left her to her mice her birds and her dreams.

JESTER:

You could say it was Cinderella's "dream" job.

The Bards and Jester laugh

LADY TREMAINE:

As the years went by Anastasia and Drezella grew more and more refine and beautiful. They were intellegent, self-reliant and very capiable. They could sing, dance, recite, illustrate as well as any maiden in the kingdom. They were sought after by many a beau.

Cinderella, on the other hand, could stoke a fire, grow very large pumpkins and stitch very small clothing.

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Well, to her credit she did win a fine ribbon for the largest gourd at the fair.

JACQUES:

You could say she "squashed" the competition.

DRIZELLA:

Oh, Jacques, you are so funny.

JACQUES:

And you my dear, are "gourdgeous."

Drezella giggles

LADY TREMAINE:

Drezella, would you please control yourself.

One day there came a knock at the door, it was a messenger from the palace with an invitation. Cinderella answered the door.

JESTER:

Here ye, here ye I have come to deliver an invitation to all the fair maidens in the land to attend a ball given in honor of Prince Charming.

ANASTASIA:

(as Cinderella)

A ball, at the palace. Oh how lovely.

DREZELLA:

You cannot not go to the ball! The invitation says fair maidens, and besides you can't dance.

ANASTASIA:

Oh but I can dance.

attempt a twirl and stumbles

LADY TREMAINE:

Ah alas, it was true. Cinderella had shown no interest in learning to dance, or personal hygiene for that matter, she would not be able to attend the celebration. But the family would be represented at the ball by the her lovely and accomplished sisters.

DREZELLA:

That's me, lovely and accomplished.

ANASTASIA:

I'm lovely and accomplished too.

DREZELLA:

If you were as lovely and as accomplished as I, mother wouldn't have chosen you to play Cinderella. But she did, so therefore I must be more lovely and accomplished.

ANASTASIA:

You are not!

DREZELLA:

Am too!

ANASTASIA:

Are not!

LADY TREMAINE:

Girls, Girls get a hold of yourselves.

JESTER:

Now THAT would be an accomplishment!

LADY TREMAINE:

Cinderella looked on in anguish while her sisters prepared themselves for the party.

DREZELLA:

I will be the most beautiful at the ball. My natural beauty will distract the Prince and my charm will win Charming's heart.

ANASTASIA:

Oh, step-sister you are so beautiful and graceful, if only I could be more like you, oh if only I would have tried harder to learn the ways of ladydom.

DREZELLA:

It would take a magical miracle to turn you into any kind of lady. I guess you'll just have to stay home and be entertained by your mice.

LADY TREMAINE:

So off the girls went to meet the Prince Charming, leaving the sad pathetic Cinderella behind to dream about the ball.

JESTER:

You do know why Cinderella couldn't dance don't you?

JACQUES:

No why?

JESTER:

Because her coach was a pumpkin!

Bards, and Jester laugh

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Oh goody this is where I come in and make the magical miracle. I really am the hero of this story. I take a poor wretched creature and turn her into a beautiful damsel.

ANASTASIA:

It really isn't fair! If you hadn't meddled, I wouldn't be playing Cinderella, I would be up there on the royal court as Queen.

DREZELLA:

Anastasia, I am sure you are entirely wrong. I would be sitting up there by Prince Charming. He was so taken by my wit and whimsy.

ANASTASIA:

He was blinded by my beauty.

DREZELLA:

He was paralyzed by my dance moves.

ANASTASIA:

He was paralyzed because you danced all over his feet!

DREZELLA:

I did not!

ANASTASIA:

Did too!

QUEEN:

Stop, all of you just stop. This is ridiculous. I am the Queen, I am married to Charming. He chose me.

KING:

Dear, do sit down this reenactment is terribly entertaining.

ANASTASIA:

If it weren't for trickery you would have chosen me.

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Yoo-woo over here, this is my big scene. This is where I turn pumpkins into coaches, mice into footmen, I created the glass slippers for goodness sake.

KING:

Godmother, about that glass slipper, that really wasn't one of your better "magical miracles". The shoe could have broken, shattered, I could have lost my true love for ever.

LADY TREMAINE:

And that my King is why we have come. To show you how you were tricked by magic and sorcery by this inept Fairy and this sniveling, ungrateful..

KING:

Enough! Lady Tremaine you are speaking of the Queen. The woman I have chosen to be my wife, and she is also the woman who chose me to be her husband. It is no matter to me how we met, under what circumstances we came together, I have come to love and appreciate Cinderella... and all her idiosyncrasies. Unless you have something more uplifting to say of our "steaming love affair" I suggest we bring this reenactment to an end.

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

We can't quit now, we haven't done my scene. I am the hero you know! Oh, bibbity, bobbity boo hoo hoo!

OCTAVIUS:

What about me, I was to play Charming, I've never been charming..

DREZELLA:

You could practice being charming with me, Gus gus.

ANASTASIA:

Mother, I've had enough of playing Cinderella. I have experience the spotlight and I must have more.

JACQUES:

Anastasia, Join our troupe, we could once again be "The Minstrels Three."

ANASTASIA:

Oh, I could, I will.

LADY TREMAINE:

Girls, Girls, We are the "Saucy Maidens of Wochestershire" I forbid you to leave! We must spread the truth of Cinderella's deception.

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Lady Tremaine, it's time to let it go. It looks as if they have found their true loves.

JESTER:

I think they have found their two "doves", looney birds, dodo's. Let them go.

FAIRY GODMOTHER:

Come on Lady we have enough sauce between the two of us to keep this show on the road. I have an idea about a "makeover" show. We could call it "Say Yes to the Dress." We will go all over the kingdom finding maidens that have no fashion style, and we dress them in beautiful dresses and ill-fitting shoes, send them off to parties, then have them run away at mid-night leaving only their slipper behind

KING:

To the Queen, Cinderella, may every dream she wishes come true.

QUEEN:

To Charming, ... just stay that way!

JESTER:

To some, the story turns out just the way it should be, to other the story is a tragedy. We must learn to look at life through the eyes of the beholder or maybe we should gaze into the eyes of the one who causes our heart to smolder.

Please indulge me, on this festive yule, and remind yourself why you are still with that dear fool. Turn and raise your cup to thy soul mate, and say the words your heart navigates.

I will give thee a moment but no longer for we must conclude this evening with music and song..ger. Oh my fine people bare with me for in all sincerity we have come to the end of our entertaining parody. Even as I speak the choirs gather and so I end my constant blather with a wish of good will and merry laughter to carry you through yuletide hereafter!