Cinderella in the Kingdom of Magic Realism

By Trey Deason

CINDY

CHRIS

WITCH

(*Lights up on CHRIS getting ready to leave the castle. CINDY stands by watching dotingly*.)

 CHRIS

I’ll be selling tickets to an execution. So I’ll be very busy all evening. You may very well have the castle all to yourself tonight.

 CINDY

Who are you executing?

 CHRIS

A witch!

 CINDY

Really! Why is she being executed?

 CHRIS

(*Pause*.) Because she’s a witch. It’s kinda what I do. I burn witches and evildoers.

 CINDY

I wish you didn’t have to kill so many people because of your job. And to charge the peasants admission to watch! It’s so barbaric!

 CHRIS

The Kingdom needs the money. God forbid we raise the taxes again. Last time I did that, I had to hold a large ball to distract them.

 CINDY

Was that the ball where we first met?

 CHRIS

You know it was, Cindy. I’ll never how drawn I was to this mysterious stranger and her unusual pumpkin shaped carriage.

 CINDY

Speaking of I’ve noticed you’ve started growing pumpkins in the garden… and some nights I look out my window to see what appears to be… you leaving in a carriage and…

 CHRIS

What are you saying?

 CINDY

Where do you go at nights?

 CHRIS

To business! To attend to business! And other… business things. Why do you ask?

 CINDY

I don’t know. Perhaps I’m being silly.

 CHRIS

Yes, you are. I’m glad we agree. Oh, look at the time. Gotta go; must be back before midnight.

 CINDY

Why midnight?

 CHRIS

Uh… it’s a union thing.

 CINDY

Oh! Have fun at the execution.

(*CHRIS leaves* *heroically*.)

Oh, to be a princess. It’s everything I’ve ever dreamed of having. And yet… I still feel a yearning for other greater worlds.

(*Sings*) Where is the place that I long to be

The place that fulfills my fantasy.

I’m rich with a husband and perfect pitch.

Does this make me seem like a whiny…

(*Suddenly the WITCH enters in a frenzy on a broom without a handle*.)

 WITCH

Princess! Help me please!

 CINDY

Who are you? Why do you seek my assistance?

 WITCH

I am running for my life. The prince, your husband, is planning to have me burned in a public execution later this evening.

 CINDY

You’re the witch! Return to your prison cell and accept your punishment.

 WITCH

Do you not recognize me? Your very own fairy godmother!

 CINDY

Oh my goodness. It’s been years. Have you done something with your hair?

 WITH

Oh, yes. Thanks for noticing. I’ve been going for a darker look lately.

 CINDY

It’s quite fetching. But how have you sunk so low to become a witch?

 WITCH

After you lived happily ever after, there wasn’t much work left for me. I had to make a living somehow. And the spells and curses, they pay the bills. But that’s not why Prince Christopher is having me burned. I’ve been blackmailing him. I sold him a spell to turn pumpkins into carriages. He’s been using it to sneak out at night to meet up with his peasant floozies. He got tired of paying me off, so now he’s trying to off me.

 CINDY

What a horrible accusation! Why should I believe you?

 WITCH

Please, you’re the only one I can trust. After I escaped, I flew here as fast as I could. Look at my broom! The handle disintegrated in mid-air. You might say… I flew off the handle. (*Pause. Then to the audience*.) You get it? Flew OFF the handle. That took me an hour to think of that.

 CINDY

To whom are you speaking?

 WITCH

That’s right! You can’t see them, can you? Tell me, Princess… would you like me to take you to a magical place you’ve never thought of even in your wildest dreams?

 CINDY

Would I? Of course, I would. But what place is that?

 WITCH

It’s a place you’re already at. You just never knew it. Abra-cadabra-Beyonce-Knowles!

(*WITCH does some magical gesture. CINDY looks out into the audience shocked*.)

 CINDY

Oh, my goodness. There are people out there!

 WITCH

That’s right, Cinderella. You’re in the theatre!

 CINDY

How exciting. I’m on stage? In a play?

 WITCH

Well, you’re on stage. I’m not sure I’d call this a play.

 CINDY

Hello out there friends! You look so precious all of you. Where exactly in the world are we?

 WITCH

We’re at the Off Center, a theater in East Austin, Texas.

 CINDY

Wow. How hipster-chic.

 WITCH

Yeah. It’s not usually set-up like this, by the way.

 CINDY

Oh, so this must be a special night. I haven’t been this happy since arriving at the ball, lo those many years ago. I stepped out onto the top of the palace stairs and everyone looked at me in admiration. You know, I think I’m only truly happy when many strangers are bathing me with their attention.

 WITCH

Yep, you really must be an actress.

 CINDY

Oh, how happy I am to be in the magical land of the theatre!

(*CINDY dances around the stage. CHRIS re-enters dressed like an ass*.)

 CHRIS

What the hell! I’ve been turned into a donkey!

 WITCH

No, you’ve been turned into an ass. Way to ruin the visual metaphor.

 CHRIS

You! I should of known you’d be behind this. I was with some sweet, young peasant and she suddenly shrieked in terror, running off. You vicious, little…

 WITCH

Watch what you say Prince Charming. You have company (points out the audience.)

 CHRIS

Wha… where did these people come from?

 CINDY

We’re in the world of the theatre!

 WITCH

Specifically, we’re in the land of magic realism.

 CHRIS

Magic realism? What’s that?

 WITCH

What’s magic realism? Why I’m glad you asked! (*Long awkward pause; actors look confused*.)

 CINDY

Anyway…Chris! She told me all about your shenanigans with the pumpkins. How could you?

 CHRIS

I’m sorry, Cindy. It’s just… the magic’s been missing from our marriage for a long time.

 CINDY

You think it’s been perfect living with you? You snore, you belch at the dinner table, and you have that weird obsession with feet.

 CHRIS

Okay, we don’t need to go into that in front of…

 CINDY

Seriously, it’s intense.

 WITCH

Really? You’re into feet, huh? So… that time you searched the entire kingdom for Cindy… having every maiden in the village try on that glass slipper. That must have been the greatest week of your life.

 CHRIS

It was pretty awesome, yes. (*CINDY huffs*.) Sorry. Look baby, all we need is some romance. We’re in the theatre now, right? Where anything is possible? Let’s create a moment. Remind each other why we fell in love in the first place.

 CINDY

I would like that a lot.

 CHRIS

Alright. First we need some music.

 WITCH

I’ll take care of that. (*She goes off stage to fetch a guitar*.)

 CHRIS

Great. Let’s get some props some stuff to make a memory.

(*They grab a bunch of shit. I don’t care what. Just a bunch of shit. The Witch returns with the guitar*.)

 CINDY

Do you play?

 WITCH

No, do either of you?

 CHRIS

No, we don’t.

 CINDY

I know. (*Goes to the audience*.) Is there a proper minstrel here you can play us a romantic tune? (*Maybe someone volunteers. If not, drag some poor bastard onto the stage*.) Yes, kind sir, you shall play a part in our scene. You shall play a lad by the name of Cycle. Play us a song so we may fall in love, oh dear minstrel Cycle. If you succeed, you will be the hero of our play. If you fail, you will be humiliated in front of a bunch of strangers. God speed to you.

(*CYCLE plays. CINDY and CHRIS dance with the props. The WITCH does some vocalizing. It is what it is. CINDY backs into CHRIS*.)

What’s that in your pants, Chris?

 CHRIS

That’s all donkey, baby.

 WITCH

You’re welcome for that.

 CINDY

And now for the big finish!

(*And it ends*.)

 WITCH

The music capital of the world, folks. (*If CYCLE is good, this can be said sincerely. If he is not, then it’s dripping with sarcasm*.)

 CHRIS

Did it work? Are you in love again?

 CINDY

Yes, Chris, I am! With the good minstrel Cycle!

 CHRIS

What!

 CINDY

What can I say? I have a thing for musicians.

(*She goes into the audience with CYCLE*.)

 CHRIS

No, Cindy; don’t go into the audience. It’s a dark, scary… unfulfilling place!

 WITCH

Bibbity-bobbity-Barbra-Streisand (*Throws a spell*.)

 CHRIS

Where… where did they go?

 WITCH

We’re back at your castle, Prince Charming. The fourth wall has been reinstated.

 CHRIS

Curses! This was your plan all along!

 WITCH

Truly it wasn’t. You screwed this pooch all by yourself.

 CHRIS

You know, I can still have you burned.

 WITCH

Not if I have anything to say about it. Willy-billy-Whitney-Houston (*Throws a spell at him*.)

 CHRIS

What’s this? I can’t move.

 WITCH

Just relax, baby cakes. I’m about to perform my final magic trick. I’m going to make everything in this world of ours disappear. It’ll be just a memory for the few that came to see it.

 CHRIS

God, I could use a drink!

 WITCH

If you can wait til after the show ends, I think they have a keg outside.

 CHRIS

Really? That sounds great.

 WITCH

Yeah… so just… stay calm and focused. This may sting a little, but it’ll be worth it in the end. Trust me.

(*She waves her hands about in a great flourish. There’s a sound effect and lights go to black*.)