

COCKY LOCKY. DJ Ugly in the House!

SONG: DJ UGLY IN THE HOUSE

UGLY.

YOU MIGHT THINK I'M JUST AN UGLY DUCK
 BUT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED I'VE GOT A LOT OF
 PLUCK
 CUZ I'VE GOT MY PRIDE
 IT'S A COUNTRY MILE WIDE
 I CANNOT BE DENIED OR DECRIED OR DERIDED
 ALL THOSE INSULTS FROM THE RUBES ARE COMPLETELY
 MISGUIDED
 SO IF YOU DIS ME IT'S JUST WATER OFF MY BACK
 'CAUSE YOU HOMELY HOMO SAPIENS ARE A BUNCHA
 WACK QUACKS!
 QUACK QUACK QUACK QUACK (*Etc.*)

(*Spoken:*)

Word to your mallard.

(*CINDERELLA has watched this with something less than amusement. UGLY DUCK gives her a duckish rapper sign and then exits with his posse. CINDERELLA takes a breath and begins her story.*)

CINDERELLA. The story of Cinderumpelstiltskin, or, the girl who really blew it. Here I am, cleaning house again while my wicked step-mother and two ugly stepsisters are out somewhere having a ball.

(*STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS enter.*)

STEPMOTHER. No, no, no. We're not having the ball, doofus. The prince is having the ball.

1ST STEPSISTER. We rehearsed this thing for weeks, you ought'a know the story by now.

CINDERELLA. Did I mention they were wicked? And ugly?

2ND STEPSISTER. The prince is having a ball, and everyone's invited.

1ST STEPSISTER. Even you're invited, Cinderella. But, too bad, you have to clean the house.

STEPMOTHER. Come on, girls, let's go get dressed up in our ball gowns. Hey Cincinnati, don't forget to clean the inside of the chimney with your toothbrush. And if you let those mice in here again I'm gonna marinate 'em in motor oil and throw 'em on the barbecue. Especially that fat goofy one.

(STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS exit, laughing.)

CINDERELLA. Oh boo hoo. I guess it's another night of crying my eyes out.

(JACK appears, clutched tightly in the GIANT's hand.)

JACK. The Really Emotional Crying Song.

(Really bouncy disco music starts up. JACK cuts it off quickly.)

(To the booth:)

It's a ballad. A sad ballad.

("Jingle Bell" Christmas intro.)

No. Sad. Very sad.

(A Sousa march.)

No!

("Greensleeves.")

Thank you.

(The GIANT pulls JACK back off again.)

SONG: BOO HOO

CINDERELLA.

BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO,
BOO HOO, BOO HOO, I'M WEEPING
BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO,
BOO HOO, BOO HOO, I'M WEEPING.

SOB. SOB.

SNIFE, SNIFF, SNIFF, SNIFF
WANH WANH, WANH WANH
CHOKO CHOKO, SNIFF SIGH.

SOB. SOB.

SNIFE, SNIFF, SNIFF, SNIFF
WANH WANH.

BOO HOO.

I CRY.

BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO,
BOO HOO, BOO HOO, I'M WAILING
BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO,
BOO HOO, BOO HOO, BOO HOO.

(The song probably gets cut off somewhere in the middle, by the entrance of the COW PATTY BOY, who surprises CINDERELLA by shouting:)

COW PATTY BOY. Cow patty!!!

(She has her little heart attack, and the boy exits laughing as RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Do I hear someone crying?

(Actually he doesn't, because CINDERELLA is still trying to breathe after her scare.)

Psst. You're supposed to be crying. My line doesn't make any sense if you aren't, uh— Oh, don't cry, girlie. No, do not cry. Because: I can help you spin straw into gold.

CINDERELLA. I beg your pardon.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. I can help you spin straw into gold.

CINDERELLA. That won't do me any good. I need a fancy dress, glass slippers and a coach.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Would you like to try to guess my name?

CINDERELLA. Not really.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Come on, give it a try. Do you think it's... "Chester"?

CINDERELLA. Look, if you don't have a dress, it doesn't really matter.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. Oh, just guess a name, any name.

CINDERELLA. I'm not supposed to talk to strangers.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. But I'm a mysterious little man, aren't you the least bit curious?

CINDERELLA. *(Escorting him off:)* Maybe you should come back when my stepmother is here.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. No, you don't underst—

CINDERELLA. Bye now.

(She pushes him offstage.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. *(Offstage:)* IT'S RUMPELSTILTSKIN! RUMPELSTILTSKIN, RUMPELSTILTSKIN, RUMPELSTILTSKIN!

(STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS enter.)

2ND STEPSISTER. Who is that odd little man out there?

CINDERELLA. I think he said his name was Chester.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. RUMPELSTILTSKIN!

CINDERELLA. I don't know who he was, but somehow I feel he has changed my life. It's kind of a Cinderella story, really, if you think about it.

STEPMOTHER. Yeah, except you're still wearing rags and you still have to clean the house.

1ST STEPSISTER. And we're changing your name to Cinderumpelstiltskin.

CINDERELLA. Why?

2ND STEPSISTER. Because we're mean. Come on, let's go find Chester and pluck his nose hairs.

(They exit, leaving CINDERELLA with her broom. A TORTOISE enters.)

CINDERELLA. Who are you supposed to be?

TORTOISE / JACK. I'm the tortoise.

CINDERELLA. No, you aren't, you're Jack, the loser narrator.

TORTOISE / JACK. *(With desperate gesticulations:)* Ixnay on the Ack-Jay!

CINDERELLA. I don't speak Turkish. Anyway, I thought you'd be bone bread by now.

TORTOISE / JACK. *(Dropping character:)* I found this costume backstage and used it to fool the giant. I'm going to lose myself in this next story and he'll never find me.

CINDERELLA. You better hope he doesn't like turtle soup.

TORTOISE / JACK. *(Very slowly:)* Once upon a time there was a tortoise who was very slow but very dependable.

CINDERELLA. I have toilets to clean.

(She exits.)

TORTOISE / JACK. I always get where I set out to go. It just takes me longer than most people.

(RABBIT tears on and screeches to a halt.)

RABBIT. *(Fast:)* Tortoise, you are so slow, I could probably grow hair faster than you run.

TORTOISE / JACK. Oh yeah?

RABBIT. That's why the story is called "The Tortoise and the Hair."

TORTOISE / JACK. *(Very slowly:)* Then I—