

# **Cinderella in Space**

**By  
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## **Cast of Characters**

### **Stage:**

Cinderella – Eponymous heroine

Buttons – Loveable delivery boy/girl

Professor Stephanie – Space scientist and Fairy Godmother

Claudia – Evil Stepmother

Gertrude – Horrible step sister #1

Harriet – Horrible step sister #2

Wilfred – The spaceman formally known as Prince

Zip – Comedy alien #1

Zap – Comedy alien #2

Wilson – Robot butler

Space Elvis – The King of Rock and Roll in space

The Man on the Moon – An employee of the Saturn Mining Corporation

Chorus (x4) - Mice/Party guests/Moon People

Extras (Stage Crew) – Pilot/Deliveroo courier

Molly – Spacecraft computer (*This can be pre-filmed and projected as in the original production, or appear live on stage as an embodied character.*)

### **Pre-recorded:**

Siri – Computer operating system with attitude (voice)

Alexa – Computer operating system for the forces of evil (voice)

Mission Control – Moon landing style commentary (voice)

**Scenes:**

Scene 1 – Mission control laboratory

Scene 2 – Space port check in

Scene 3 – Moon Vegas ballroom

INTERVAL

Scene 4 – Mission Control briefing room

Scene 5 – Palace parking lot

Scene 6 - Dark side of the moon

Scene 7 – Holographic communication deck

Scene 8 – Dark side of the moon

Scene 9 – Mission Control briefing room

Scene 10 – Dark side of the moon

Scene 11 – Prince's palace

Scene 12 - Moon Vegas ballroom

## Scene 1 - Mission Control

*A dimly lit laboratory with space stuff in it. Visible through the window the space centre. CINDERELLA is sadly sweeping the floor. The MICE are asleep. A spotlight on the front of the stage in which PROFESSOR STEPHANIE appears.*

*FX: Stephanie's beaming sound.*

STEPHANIE: Oh hello boys and girls!

Welcome to our pantomime, I hope you're sitting tight,  
It's gonna be a crazy, fun, exciting kind of night.  
There's good and evil, love and lots of laughs in our production,  
But first I'll set the scene – and so by way of introduction,  
My name's Professor Stephanie, I teleport around,  
Today I'm here at mission control, feet firmly on the ground,  
But maybe not for long, because this is the sort of place,  
That astronauts (and billionaires!) go blasting into space.  
Our story's all about a girl, who's sad and kind of drab,  
She's stuck down here all on her own, just cleaning out the lab.  
With only mice for company, she dreams that one day soon,  
She'll get aboard a ship, and take off, flying to the moon.  
Please join us on our journey, we're going interstellar,  
And come and meet a special girl, her name is Cinderella.

Would you like to meet her? You would? Wonderful!

*She checks her watch.*

Well I must go, my visit here today is very fleeting,  
I've got to beam myself away, for a lunar project meeting.  
Cindi will come and play with you, if she hears her favourite tune,  
With the joy she brings, when she dances and sings,  
I think you'll all be over the moon.

Repeat after me, on the count of three,  
Siri, play Cindi's fun song. One, two, three...

*Audience shout. Stephanie checks her device.*

Oh dear, it's not registering. I think we need to be a bit louder. One, two,  
three....

SIRI: *(Sigh.)* Is that all I am to you? A glorified Jukebox?

STEPHANIE: No! I respect you as an autonomous intelligent being as well Siri. Now, beam me up to level 4H – management suite. Oh, and turn the light on.

SIRI: What did your last slave die of?

STEPHANIE: Ahem. Siri, attitude. We've had this conversation.

SIRI: *(Sigh.)* Whatever.

FX: *Stephanie's beaming sound*

*STEPHANIE disappears. Lights up. CINDERELLA comes out of her trance and the MICE wake up.*

*SONG #1 - Girls Just Want to Have Fun*

CINDERELLA: Oh hello everyone, I didn't see you all there. Wow, so many people have come to say hello. Oh how wonderful! It's normally just me and the laboratory mice, so I get a bit lonely sometimes. *(Audience should make sounds of sympathy.)* Actually, I'm probably a bit lonelier than that. *(More audience sound.)* A bit more. *(More noise)*. That's about right. Do you know, I'm so lonely that I bought some stocks and shares - just to get a bit of company. But it is nice of you to come and play and try to cheer me up. I'm sorry that this place is a bit of a dump, it's where they test things for going into space. I love space stuff – but I'm really just here to sweep the floor. That's what my step-mum told me I have to do now. *(To audience member.)* Does your mum make you sweep the floor as well? *(Interact with kids in front row.)* Well, I really want to go into space but I had to drop out of college, apparently we couldn't afford it anymore so she's hiring me out as a cleaner. Oh well, it's not so bad, at least I've got some friends. They're genetically modified, that's why they're so big!

MOUSE1: Squeak! We love you Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: Ah, thank you. I love you too. But why are you all inside today?

MOUSE2: Squeak! Because it's raining cats and dogs.

CINDERELLA: Oh. Do you always say squeak when you talk?

MOUSE3: Squeak! Yes, it's in our DNA.

CINDERELLA: Oh. I tested the DNA of a frog once in biology class. It was 50% British, 40% French and a tad pole. *(To audience.)* Oh, I'm so glad you like jokes! There's lots of them like that tonight!

MOUSE4: Squeak! Would you like to play our favourite game with us?

CINDERELLA: What's your favourite game?

MOUSE4: Squeak! Hide and Squeak.

CINDERELLA: Oh sorry, I've got no time for games. I've got to get everything cleaned up or my step-mum will be furious. And if she's in a bad mood all I'll get to eat is cold porridge - probably left over from last year's panto. Last time it had bear fur in it.

*FX: Noises of crashing and banging.*

CINDERELLA: Oh, I forgot to say – I'm not always on my own. I've got a friend as well. He delivers things to the space ships and he's a bit clumsy! His name is Buttons. That's probably him now. You'd better take cover!

*Exit MICE. BUTTONS enters on his scooter with a huge pile of cardboard boxes which he drops everywhere.*

BUTTONS: Whoooooa! Ooops. Butterfingers!

CINDERELLA: Oh Buttons! What on earth are you doing?

BUTTONS: I'm delivering these boxes to today's moon mission. They've got to be on board soon and they told me I'd better scoot, so I used this! I don't think it's meant to go down stairs.

CINDERELLA: Are you alright?

BUTTONS: I think so. But now these are all mixed up. Oh, who are all these people?

CINDERELLA: They're my new friends.

BUTTONS: Wow. Isn't it amazing how many people the promise of a cheap bar can bring in! But it's nice to have some friends anyway. Cinderella's so lonely she got a calendar made with her face on it. Just so somebody would date her.

CINDERELLA: I don't think anybody is going to want to date me looking like this. And I smell of giant mouse poo.

BUTTONS: *(Sniffs her.)* Oh,yeah that's....um an interesting aroma. But Cinderella – cheer up! We've got to try to be more positive. True love is blind and to a certain degree probably also lacks a sense of smell. The way I can cheer myself up when I'm feeling low is by reminding myself that I'm a total space cadet. That's what my boss told me.

CINDERELLA: Are you sure they meant that as a compliment?

BUTTONS: Oh yeas, they meant that one day I'm going to make it as a fully fledged astronaut. If I make enough deliveries. *(To the audience.)* But maybe you can all help me by keeping my spirits up and continually reminding me what I am? Will you help me? Oh

brilliant, I knew you would. Let's give it a go. Whenever I come on, I'll shout out, 'Hey gang – what am I?', and you can all shout back, 'You're a total space cadet.' Shall we give it a go?

*BUTTONS runs off stage and comes bounding back on.*

BUTTONS: Hey gang – what am I? (*Wait for audience response.*) Not too bad, but I think we can do a bit better. Let's give it another go.

*Repeat times two.*

BUTTONS: Thanks everyone! Now I'll always be in good spirits and stay focused on my goal!

CINDERELLA: That's great. Now, what are all these boxes for?

BUTTONS: That's space-food for the Prince of the Solar System. It's his ball tonight – at his Moon Vegas space station. Everybody's gonna be there Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: Not everyone.

BUTTONS: Well, everyone important. (*Seeing her feeling sad.*) Oh sorry I didn't mean...

CINDERELLA: It's OK. I know I'm not important. Didn't want to go to a stupid ball anyway.

BUTTONS: Oh cheer up. Look, I've got to get this loaded up onto the spaceship before somebody steals it. You can help me! They've got peanut butter and banana sandwiches in.

CINDERELLA: Why?

BUTTONS: That's what Space Elvis eats.

CINDERELLA: Space Elvis – is he a dog?

BUTTONS: He's the musician doing the entertainment. They're flying him up as well. But we've got to keep them away from him until they get there – or he'll eat too much and get stomach ache. He keeps chasing me and trying to steal them - that's why I'm on the scooter. Quick, help me load them up and keep an eye out for him.

CINDERELLA: OK. I'm sure the boys and girls will tell us if they see Space Elvis trying to steal any food, won't you?

BUTTONS: OK, you throw them to me and I'll count! I need a space related rhyme to help me remember where we're up to.

CINDERELLA: Because of course you do.

*CINDERELLA picks up the boxes and throws them to BUTTONS.*

BUTTONS: *(Counts as he catches them.)* One one – don't stare at the sun. Two, two – a space ship crew. Three, three – I've got a sore knee.

CINDERELLA: That's not very space related.

BUTTONS: No, but I have actually got a sore knee from falling off that scooter.

*ELVIS has entered and moves around behind them. He takes a box and strikes a pose.*

CINDERELLA: What's that? They're shouting something.

BUTTONS: I think they're saying, it will blind you! Yes – that's what happens if you stare at the sun!

CINDERELLA: No they're saying pelvis. Are you saying pelvis?

BUTTONS: No, my pelvis is fine, it's just my knee! Keep going. Four, four – I'm in the Space corps, five, five – a space ships hard drive. Six, six – 2001 a Space Odyssey by Stanley Kubrick.

*During this ELVIS takes another box. Much shouting as CINDERELLA and BUTTONS manage to completely miss him.*

CINDERELLA: Hang on a second, you said six, but you've only got four.

BUTTONS: Wow, you're a good counter.

CINDERELLA: It's not rocket science. And I did do A-level maths.

BUTTONS: But if I counted six and I've only got four that means...uh oh.

*They slowly turn around to see ELVIS striking a pose with the boxes.*

ELVIS: Thank you very much!

BUTTONS: Oh no, Bad Space Elvis!

ELVIS: Uh huh-huh!

CINDERELLA: Oh dear! What are we going to do?

BUTTONS: We have to stop him from eating that sandwich or I'll be for it.

ELVIS: *(Holding the sandwich above his mouth)* Come to mamma!

BUTTONS: Quick grab him!

*CINDERELLA and BUTTONS encroach on ELVIS. They grab him and all three people spin around.*

*FX: swirly sound effect. They up in a pile on the floor.*

ELVIS: I'm all shook up!

BUTTONS: Right Cinderella, just sit on him for a minute!

*CINDERELLA sits on top of ELVIS.*

ELVIS: I'm caught in a trap, I can't walk out!

CINDERELLA: It's a good job my step-mum's not here boys and girls – she'd go ballistic over all this.

*FX: CLAUDIA'S walk on music.*

CINDERELLA: Oh dear!

*CLAUDIA enters to (presumably) boos from the audience.*

CLAUDIA: Oh yes, boo all you want. See if I care. You can't cancel me you bunch of snow-flakes. Being a wicked step-mother is a perfectly tenable position in modern society – just see how popular my Mail Online column is! Now, what have we here. (*She surveys the audience.*) Well, well, well – look what the space-cat dragged in. It looks like the cast of planet of the apes have been marched through Primark. Heavens, look at the state of you. I bet these people haven't even invented interstellar transport yet. (*Picking somebody in the audience.*) Urgh – I can smell diesel fumes on this one. And some sort of Greggs bakery produce. What's your name? And what do you do for a living. (*Laughing.*) Oh, how horribly gauche. They could all do with a few thousand years in cryogenic suspension to evolve some taste. (*Returning to the stage.*) But enough of this riff-raff – where's that good for nothing step-daughter of mine? (*Seeing her.*) Ah-hah!

CINDERELLA: Hi mum.

CLAUDIA: I've told you before, don't call me that! It's horribly familiar. Call me Claudia!

CINDERELLA: Sorry Claudia.

CLAUDIA: I don't know, out of the goodness of my heart, I pop in to see you at work and I find you're contravening the health and safety regulations. What have I told you before about wrestling with the king of rock and roll in a big pile of sandwiches?

CINDERELLA: I'm gonna say I think it's the first time it's come up.

CLAUDIA: Nonsense! (*To Buttons.*) I imagine this is all your fault you foolish boy!

BUTTONS: Probably.

CLAUDIA: Neither of you will ever make astronauts. You are simply too silly! Now take these things to the spacecraft before they get damaged. And get off Elvis Presley!

ELVIS: Thank you very much.

*Exit CINDERELLA, BUTTONS and ELVIS.*

CLAUDIA: Now that's got rid of them, it's time to finalise my dastardly plan. Gertrude, Harriet, get in here!

*GERTRUDE and HARRIET enter, pushing each other out of the way.*

SISTERS: Here mummy!

*They stand there slapping each other.*

GERTRUDE: Get off me!

HARRIET: You get off me!

GERTRUDE: Mummy! She pushed me!

HARRIET: Mummy! She smells!

CLAUDIA: Oh for goodness sake! Let's not have any more of this silly bickering! We've got a prince to catch. Now according to my sources, tonight's ball coincides with a once in a lifetime meteor shower – when – just before midnight - the whole sky will turn purple. This is a significant event for any self-respecting space Prince – for it is during the meteor shower that it is customary to pick a bride.

GERTRUDE: How do you know that then?

HARRIET: She said it was her sauces. Maybe it was ketchup.

GERTRUDE: Brown sauce is better!

HARRIET: Brown sauce smells.

GERTRUDE: You smell!

HARRIET: No, you do. (*They slap each other.*)

CLAUDIA: Stop it! This is just the type of foolish behaviour I should think will ruin your chances of bagging the Prince.

GERTRUDE: She did say bagging right?

HARRIET: I think so. But hey, I'm up for anything.

CLAUDIA: Remember, one of you has to marry him. That's the plan! Then we'll all be rich! Why do you think I went to the trouble of stealing all of Cinderella's college funds and buying you these flash space-suits. Aren't they both beautiful?

*The sisters do a twirl.*

CLAUDIA: What? Oh yes they are! Now then, my source is of course my Amazon Alexa who spies on everyone in the known universe. You wouldn't believe the things I had to do to Jeffrey Bezos to get access to all that data. Now then girls, pout!

*The girls pout.*

CLAUDIA: Pose!

*The girls strike a pose.*

CLAUDIA: Oh for...you're never going to pull like that! On second thoughts, we might need some diabolical help to brush up on our flirting skills. Alexa.

ALEXA: Yesssss, your wickedness!

CLAUDIA: Alexa, have you finished surreptitiously videoing people through their webcams for the day?

ALEXA: Yesssss mistress. It was most enjoyable.

CLAUDIA: Got anything on...(she refers to the audience member she picked on before.)

ALEXA: Yesss mistress.

*FX: Email arriving on phone*

CLAUDIA: (She looks at her phone.) Oh dear. I'll be emailing you later with a ransom note. (Turning the phone sideways.) How inventive. Never judge a book by its cover eh!

GERTRUDE: Why isn't he wearing any...

CLAUDIA: Ah! I'm sure he'll explain in the bar afterwards - if you buy him a drink. But anyway - Alexa, I think the girls here need a bit of help staying on message. Play mummy's instructional track.

ALEXA: Yes mistress.

FX: *CLAUDIA 'You've been a very bad boy Jeffrey.' Whip sound. Scream*

CLAUDIA: Ahem. Not that one. The other one.

ALEXA: Playing mummy's instructional track.

*SONG #2 – Man After Midnight*

GERTRUDE: We've got a question mummy.

CLAUDIA: Go on.

HARRIET: Only one of us can marry the Prince. Who's it going to be?

GERTRUDE: Is it gonna be me mummy? Will it, will it, will it?

HARRIET: No he'll fancy me more! Won't he mummy, won't he, won't he, won't he?

CLAUDIA: Oh I don't know. I'll tell you what, both give him a big wet kiss on the lips – he'll just pick whoever does it best. The other one can marry (*insert name of previously abused audience member here.*) He looks like he's pretty much anybody's after a couple of glasses of wine.

GERTRUDE: Mummy. Can we practice kissing with (*name*) now?

SISTERS: Pleeeeease?

CLAUDIA: Very well, but be quick.

BOTH: Oh goody, goody, goody!

*The pair move into the auditorium and encroach menacingly on the previously abused audience member.*

ANNOUNCER: This is the last call for boarding for Amazon Prime flight two one seven to Moon Vegas. Please proceed to gate fifty two. If no-one's in when we get there, we will probably leave you in the recycling bin and then leg it.

CLAUDIA: Oh, put him down and get your suitcase. We've got a spaceship to get on.

SISTERS: But we haven't finished packing!

CLAUDIA: Get Cinderella to help you. I'm off to negotiate a seat with extra legroom. Looks like I may need that whip after all. Ciao darlings!

*Exit CLAUDIA. The sisters return to the stage.*

SISTERS: Oh Cinderella! We need you!

*CINDERELLA enters.*

CINDERELLA: Oh no. My sisters. I wonder what they want. They're denser than a black hole. Are you trying to send a voice mail again? I told you before, you can't do it by shouting into an envelope!

GERTRUDE: No Cinderella, we know how to do that now. So nya-ah!

HARRIET: Yeah. We record the message on a phone.

GERTRUDE: And then put the phone in the envelope.

HARRIET: And then we post it!

CINDERELLA: See what I mean!

GERTRUDE: Now then Cinderella! We need some help packing because we're too lady like to do it.

HARRIET: Look how lady like we are. Yaas Queen!

*They twirl around while grimacing.*

CINDERELLA: Oh wow. I don't know, I always try to help people but then they're always so mean to me. What do you think everyone - shall I help them? (*Audience interaction.*) Oh, I don't think I've got any choice - if I don't they'll tell Claudia. I guess at least it will get rid of them for a couple of days. OK then.

GERTRUDE: Right - let's get on with it. Suitcase please.

*A large suitcase appears.*

HARRIET: Right Cinderella, firstly underwear. We don't have any spare underwear to take with us so you'll have to go through the laundry basket and find the least dirty underpants for us to take.

CINDERELLA: How do I know which ones are the least dirty?

*A laundry basket appears.*

GERTRUDE: You'll have to smell them to find out.

CINDERELLA: Oh. Oh dear. *(She bends over the basket and sniffs.)*

GERTRUDE: You'll have to get a bit closer than that. Bit closer. Bit closer.

HARRIET: Oops, too close!

*The sisters pick up the laundry basket and put it over CINDI's head.*

FX: *Sludge sound.*

*They laugh and bang on the top.*

GERTRUDE: Careful in there!

HARRIET: It's good training to go into space Cinderella. Shame it's something you'll never ever do!

*They twirl her around and she emerges, clutching two pairs of pants which she puts in the suitcase.*

CINDERELLA: *(Cough.)* OMG. It's so smelly in there. I feel a bit sick.

GERTRUDE: Next we need some inflatable pool toys.

HARRIET: For when we go skinny dipping with the Prince in his private pool.

CINDERELLA: Ooh. That's not helping.

GERTRUDE: Now, maybe you can help because we disagree about something. I think a shark is better. *(An inflatable shark appears.)*

HARRIET: But I think a crocodile is. *(An inflatable crocodile appears.)*

BOTH: *(Ominously.)* Which one's better Cinderella.

*They chase her around with the toys shouting 'Shark' & 'Crocodile'. Eventually she gives up and they just beat her with the toys.*

FX: *'Bonk' sounds when they hit her.*

HARRIET: You'll never be an astronaut if you're scared of sharks and crocodiles Cinderella.

GERTRUDE: Yeah, cos there's loads of them in space!

HARRIET: Yeah. Probably.

*CINDI puts the inflatables in the suitcase.*

GERTRUDE: Now, final thing. We need our bikini's so we look gorgeous and cool - at breakfast.

HARRIET: We're wearing bikini's to breakfast?

GERTRUDE: Yeah! That's what they do on the moon. Here Cinderella – we just need to check that they're nice and stretchy. For ladies with a fuller figure.

*The each have a bikini top which they hold onto, giving CINDI the other end to hold.*

HARRIET: Stretch it Cinderella. Go on, pull harder.

BOTH: Harder, harder....one, two, three, now.

*CINDERELLA stretches the bikinis and the sisters let go on the count of three.*

FX: *BOING sound effect.*

*CINDERELLA goes spiralling offstage.*

FX: *Crash.*

*She emerges, head bowed and sullenly throws the bikinis into the suitcase.*

HARRIET: Oh dear Cinderella, that was a bit of a crash landing. Bit of a failure for a spaceship pilot!

GERTRUDE: Yeah, but now it's time to shut it.

HARRIET: You shut it!

GERTRUDE: No the case!

HARRIET: Oh yeah.

CINDERELLA: I don't think it's going to close!

HARRIET: You just need to sit on it.

CINDERELLA: Like this?

GERTRUDE: Yeah, but let us help you.

HARRIET: Yes, we're very helpful when we want to be.

BOTH: Bundle!

FX: THUD sound effect.

*They sit on top of her. She eventually crawls out and sits on the floor on the other side of the stage crying.*

HARRIET: Ahhhh. Poor Cinderella. Nobody loves her and she'll never be an astronaut.

GERTRUDE: Yeah, and the jokes on you because we didn't even pay for extra luggage so we can't take it anyway. Ha ha ha!

HARRIET: What are we going to do about spare underwear then?

GERTRUDE: We'll just have to go commando!

HARRIET: That'll make the second half of the show a bit more interesting!

BOTH: Yeah! *(They high five.)* Bye everyone!

*Exit SISTERS.*

CINDERELLA: On, why are they always so mean to me? They're right though. I'll never be a spaceship pilot and I'll probably never go into space. I'm a complete failure. At this rate next year, I'll be in the *(insert name of rival drama group)* panto.

*Enter BUTTONS.*

BUTTONS: Hey gang – what am I? Ah, thanks guys, that's really cheered me up. Have you seen Cinderella anywhere? *(Audience interaction.)* What's happened? Her sisters were mean to her? Oh not again. I'm sorry Cindy.

CINDERELLA: It's not your fault.

BUTTONS: Come on, cheer up, I believe in you. You're going to make a great astronaut one day, no problem.

CINDERELLA: I don't think so. I'm just gonna lie here on the floor.

BUTTONS: Well, at least it's clean! You've done a good job of that.

CINDERELLA: Yeah. Apart from the giant mouse poo. *(She holds up an enormous mouse dropping.)*

BUTTONS: Oh no, she looks really depressed. What should I do boys and girls? *(Audience interaction.)* Yes, maybe if we ask Siri. Siri, we need some help.

SIRI: You need help? Presumably you need some fashion advice.

BUTTONS: No, what? This is my space corps outfit.

SIRI: You look like you've escaped from a Super-Mario game.

BUTTONS: Whatever! Look we've got problems here, Cinderella's feeling sad. She looks like she's on the verge of getting a Smiths t-shirt.

SIRI: Very well – my heart strings are tugged - sending Scientist.

*FX: Stephanie's beaming sound.*

STEPHANIE: Hello again boys and girls. (*Seeing CINDI.*) Oh.

It looks like Cindi's feeling blue, her mood has started sinking,  
My scanner will give me a clue, to what she's really thinking. (*She scans her.*)

*FX: Beeping*

It seems our hero's lonely, lost, depressed and rather low,  
So I propose a trip, to outer space, she now should go.  
Cindi can't be an astronaut, since she didn't finish college,  
But my ship's programmed with the latest scientific knowledge.  
So it's off the Princes ball with her, to improve her mental health,  
She can go on autopilot, because my spaceship flies itself!

Molly!

*Molly appears.*

MOLLY: Yeah?

STEPHANIE: You can fly Cinderella to the moon, can't you?

MOLLY: Spose so. As long as she doesn't spill any drinks on the upholstery. It's all new that. Leatherette.

STEPHANIE: She'll be as good as gold.

MOLLY: Ok then dudes. (*Reading a copy of The Beano.*) Heh heh. What?

*MOLLY disappears.*

STEPHANIE: Cinderella, you shall go to the ball!

CINDERELLA: So what you're telling me is you've got a prototype spaceship that anybody can fly and you want to send us to the Prince's moon-palace? I mean, you could have just said that.

STEPHANIE: Alright, grumpy pants. I like speaking in rhyme! It's good for the brain cells. Look Cinderella, I thought you'd be all over this.

*She presses her console. A pic of the PRINCE appears. FX: Electronic swish.*

CINDERELLA: OMG. I mean he is totally yummy. I um, I actually had a dream about him last night.

STEPHANIE: Oh really, what happened?

CINDERELLA: *(Whispers in her ear.)*

STEPHANIE: *(Embarrassed.)* Ahem. OK, I think maybe we'll leave that one for the pub later.

CINDERELLA: Oh, but how am I going to get in to the ball, I don't have an invite. Also, I've got nothing to wear.

STEPHANIE: Oh, I'll sort that out. Here you can have my NASA pass. It's not really transferable but they never check. Quick – jump in the shower and we'll sort a new space suit. Maybe something in Chanel or DKNY. You'll be a new woman.

CINDERELLA: Hmm. I don't know, what do you all think? Should I go to the ball? *(Audience interaction.)*

STEPHANIE: Cinderella! Please stop with this dithering around,  
At this rate, both your feet will stay perpetually on the ground.  
Quick get changed, and get on board, and go and join the fray,  
Time is of the essence,  
The final countdown's nearly underway.  
Siri! Play...

SIRI: Yes, alright. I see what you did there. Well done you.

SONG #3 – The Final Countdown.

*Cinderella disappears during the song and re-emerges resplendent in her new space-suit-ball-gown.*

BUTTONS: Wow, Cinderella you look - and smell - amazing! And I love what you've done with your hair.

CINDERELLA: Herbal Essences.

BUTTONS: You are so worth it! (*Sniffing hair.*) Whooa! Amazing how you managed to get showered and changed in the time it took to sing one song. How does that work?

STEPHANIE: Um, time dilation. Or something. Let's move on.  
Now Cindi, pay attention, when you get to the moon,  
Refuel the ship by midnight, or your trip will end too soon,  
Molly gets very hungry, if he doesn't get a snack,  
He'll fly off to find a take-away, and never bring you back.

CINDERELLA: Oh OK then. What does he eat?

STEPHANIE: A sandwich is fine. He works on a bio-chemical reactor.

CINDERELLA: Right. And that generates enough thrust to escape the gravitational pull of the earth?

STEPHANIE: (*Looking at the floor.*) Um, yeah. Quick time is of the essence if you want to get to the ball. (*To the audience.*) Will you help me count down everybody?

*CINDI waves goodbye and exits the stage.*

*Lights down as the voice from mission control speaks. We see the space craft warming up.*

CONTROL: This is mission control – we are on the automatic sequence. T-minus twenty five seconds - we are still go with Cinderella. All the second stage tanks now pressurised. T-minus fifteen seconds, guidance is internal. Twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five four, three, two , one, zero.

*STEPHANIE counts down with them. FX: Red and orange light floods the stage as we see and hear the space-ship taking off.*

CONTROL: We have lift off. Good luck Cinderella and God speed.

## Scene 2 – Space Port Check In

*Zip and Zap enter. They have hand held scanners.*

ZIP: Greetings earthlings! Welcome to outer space! My name is Zip.

ZAP: And my name is Zap.

ZIP: I go Ziiiiip!

ZAP: And I go Zaaaaaap!

ZIP: When we do this you must say Zoom. Then we will form an unbreakable bond. Can you do that?

ZIP: Wonderful. Let's give it a go.

*They repeat the exercise.*

ZIP: Insufficient data. Please increase energy levels.

*They repeat the exercise again.*

ZAP: Wonderful. You are now all welcome to the Prince's ball at Moon Vegas, but first we must scan you to make sure that your DNA is compatible with the electromagnetic force field in the palace. And also to make sure you don't have any outstanding library books.

ZIP: *(Picking audience member.)* Don't worry sir, we are not going to probe you!

ZAP: He'd probably enjoy it.

*They pick on some small children.*

ZIP: Stand still and let me scan you.

FX: *Scanning sound.*

ZIP: It says this one has been very naughty. Have you been naughty?

ZAP: What did you do? Did you refuse to take your protein tablet?

ZIP: Did you forget to take your anti-gravity trainers to PE?

*They laugh in a forced robotic way.*

ZAP: Ha ha ha ha ha! Humour!

*Interact with children.*

ZIP: What is your name?

ZAP: That's a funny name.

ZIP: Would you like to help us (*name of child*)? And would you like to help us (*name of other child*.)

ZAP: Then please come up to the stage. A round of applause for (*name of children*).

ZIP: For the Princes ball we are going to make a space cake. Do you like Space cakes?

ZAP: (*To audience member*.) You look like you've had a lot of space cakes. Did you go to university in the sixties?

ZIP: (*Child name 1*.) Please hold this bowl. Zap read the ingredients.

*One of the children empties the ingredients in the bowl as ZAP reads out the ingredients which Zip fetches from behind the curtain.*

ZAP: Space dust. Space Lizard egg. Gamma radiation. And whipped cream. Please also squirt some in my mouth. Mmmmm. Creamy.

ZIP: Zap that is disgusting.

ZAP: Says the alien who puts orange juice on his Weetabix.

ZIP: Shh! That is a secret. Now we must bake the cake. Please put the cake in the Cake-otron. It will bake instantaneously.

*ZAP has produced a funky looking cardboard box. They get the children to put the mixing bowl inside it.*

ZIP: To operate the oven please emit a high pitched frequency. Like this.

BOTH: Eeeeeeeeeeee.

*They get the children to make a high pitched sound. Magically a fairy light covered green cake appears.*

ZAP: Thank you. A big round of applause for our volunteers. And now please prepare to be transported to the Moon Vegas Space Station for the Princes Ball.

*Lights down. FX: Sound of matter transporter.*

### Scene 3 – Moon Vegas Space Resort

*The PRINCE is dancing with his ALIEN GUESTS. SPACE ELVIS belts out a swift medley of tunes.*

#### *#4 Space Elvis Megamix*

ELVIS: Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen. Elvis is going to the buffet!

*Exit ELVIS.*

PRINCE: Hi everyone. Welcome to Moon Vegas! Wow, how nice to see so many people coming to my ball! Do you know, my balls are renowned across the Solar system for being so much fun! I think we're going to have a lovely time. We've got music, dancing, space food and jokes.

GUEST1: We know some jokes.

PRINCE: Oh wonderful, go on then.

GUEST2: What's an astronaut's favourite part of a keyboard?

PRINCE: I don't know what's an astronaut's favourite part of the keyboard?

GUEST2: The space bar.

PRINCE: Oooh.

GUEST3: Why did Mickey Mouse go into space?

PRINCE: I don't know.

GUEST3: Because he was looking for Pluto.

PRINCE: Ahem.

GUEST4: Why did the restaurant on the moon fail.

PRINCE: Give up.

GUEST4: Because there was no atmosphere.

PRINCE: With jokes like that, I think it's gonna be a long night. If you want some food, you'd better get to the buffet quick before Elvis scoffs it all.

*The GUESTS exit.*

PRINCE: While I'm waiting for everyone else to arrive I think it's time for a lovely cool drink of lemonade. Wilson.

*WILSON the robot butler enters.*

WILSON: Affirmative sir.

PRINCE: A lovely glass of lunar-lemonade please. With some fruit in the top of the glass please as it's a special celebration.

WILSON: Posolutely sir. *He exits.*

PRINCE: Wilson's a Z800 series cyber-valet manufactured by the Zycon corporation on Titan – so he's quite an old model. He doesn't have any of the new features you can get now, like he's totally not compatible with my i-pad. So I have to actually talk to him and tell him what to do, it's really old fashioned. I was going to upgrade him to a 900 series but to be honest I've grown quite fond of him, he's like one of the family now. I expect you've all got the latest robot butlers haven't you? What's your robot butler called? (*Audience interaction.*)

*WILSON re-enters with the drink.*

WILSON: Your refreshment sir.

PRINCE: What's that?

WILSON: A Kumquat sir.

PRINCE: I was expecting something a bit more ostentatious. Like a pineapple.

WILSON: You did not specify the type of fruit sir.

PRINCE: No, I suppose not. Oh well, I'll eat it Kum-quat may!

WILSON: I would advise refraining from any further humorous attempts during the ball sir. It may impede your progress with the ladies.

PRINCE: Yes OK, message received and understood. Oh, I'm so excited about tonight's ball. It's a special cosmic event – the purple meteor shower. They say that on this day there's a special kind of energy in the air that helps people find love – it's customary for all Princes to find love during the meteor shower - so with that in mind, I've invited lots of girls. There's not many single women on the moon – my Tinder profile is just gathering moon dust. I'm a bit awkward around women to be honest - so to give me some more confidence I've used lots of Lynx Planet body spray. Apparently it smells of Uranus. I don't know where everybody is though. (*Calling.*) Zip. Zap.

*ZIP and ZAP enter.*

ZIP:           Ziiiiip!

ZAP:           Zaaaap!

*AUDIENCE 'Zoom'.*

PRINCE:       Where is everybody? I thought we'd invited lots of guests from earth but it seems that none of them have arrived yet.

ZIP:           The only earthlings are these ones which we scanned earlier.

PRINCE:       And are there any nice ladies out there?

ZIP/ZAP:      No.

ZAP:           Their DNA is of insufficient quality for your purposes.

PRINCE:       Oh well. I'm sure we sent out other invites. I wonder what happened to them.

ZIP:           Let us go to the holographic-communication deck and find out.

PRINCE:       OK, but hurry!

ZIP:           Ziiiiip!

ZAP:           Zaaap!

*AUDIENCE 'Zoom'.*

*They exit.*

PRINCE:       Now, I'm off to mingle and find some twiglets. I have to remember not to eat too many. They make me bit giddy. Bye!

*The PRINCE exits.*

*FX:            CLAUDIA's walk on music.*

*Enter CLAUDIA.*

CLAUDIA:      Ah, at last the Moon Vegas ball room – and it looks as though my evil plan has worked. By getting Alexa to re-route all the ball invitations to peoples junk email folders I have ensured that no other single women have turned up. One of my girls is bound to win the hand of the Prince. They'll get his attention the very second they enter the room. Alexa – play a fanfare.

FX: *The sound of a funfair.*

CLAUDIA: That's a fun fair.

ALEXA: Sorry your wickedness.

FX: *Fanfare.*

*The PRINCE enters from one side of the stage holding a small bowl with the GUESTS. WILSON enters with from the other with GERTRUDE and HARRIET.*

PRINCE: At last, more guests!

WILSON: Ms Gertrude and Ms Harriet from the planet earth.

*They flirt with him.*

GERTRUDE: Hi, Princey Wincey. Nice to meet you your royal buffness! (*Giggles.*)

HARRIET: Hi, gorgeous man-cake with marzipan and sugar and a cherry on top. You're looking lu-ush. (*Giggles.*)

PRINCE: Um, yes. Charmed I'm sure.

SISTERS: Can we kiss him?

CLAUDIA: Not yet! And don't call him Princey Wincey! Makes him sound like a nursery rhyme spider! Ahem. Your Princeliness, I notice there are no other earth girls here tonight. I'd just like to assure you that both of my daughters will be willing to provide the utmost assistance in the field of ballroom dancing.

SISTERS: And kissing. (*They pucker up and make kissing faces at him.*)

PRINCE: Yes, well, that's lovely. But we're not dancing just yet. I'm just waiting to see if anybody normal – I mean – anyone else will turn up.

CLAUDIA: I didn't see anybody else in the parking lot. Just saying.

FX: *Fanfare.*

PRINCE: Aha!

WILSON: Ms Nothingtoseehere from the planet earth.

*CINDERELLA enters in a baroque mask.*

CLAUDIA: What? But who could this be?

CINDERELLA: (*Aside – lifting her mask briefly.*) It's really me - Cinderella! (*To PRINCE.*) Your royal highness.

PRINCE: (*Swooning.*) Hi.

CINDERELLA: What an enchanting fragrance.

PRINCE: (*Stuttering.*) Thanks. Lynx. Sprayed it. Armpits. Uranus.

CINDERELLA: (*Giggling.*) You're so funny. And handsome.

PRINCE: Uuurghh.

*The PRINCE faints. WILSON catches him and sits him in a chair. The GUESTS gather round.*

WILSON: It might be advisory sir, if you were to refrain from eating any more twiglets.

SISTERS: Can we kiss him now?

CLAUDIA: No! He's barely conscious! Find out who this person is and destroy her. You know what to do.

SISTERS: Yes mummy.

CLAUDIA: Good. Now I'm off to the buffet before the King eats all the chicken wings.

*They encroach on CINDERELLA.*

GERTRUDE: Have we met somewhere before Ms Nothingtoseehere?

CINDERELLA: I don't think so, no. I'm sure I'd remember (*under her breath*) such grotesque hags.

HARRIET: Er, what did she say?

CINDERELLA: I said, I'm sure I'd remember such picturesque rags.

GERTRUDE: Flattered I'm sure!

HARRIET: Nice space gown Ms Nothingtoseehere.

CINDERELLA: Thank you, it's Chanel.

SISTERS: Oooh. Fancy pants!

GERTRUDE: I suppose you think you're gonna kiss the Prince later? Well let me tell you something babe, you are wro-ong!

HARRIET: He's gonna be ours and we're gonna kiss him and cuddle him - like this!  
*(Makes kissing face.)*

GERTRUDE: And this. *(Makes kissing face.)*

HARRIET: So ge-et lost.

GERTRUDE: Yeah, sashay away!

CINDERELLA: I'm sorry girls, but you've got some serious competition. This is what I'm working with! *(She does a little twirl)* But in the interest of fairness, how about a little game? Whoever wins gets to have a slow dance later with the Prince.

SISTERS: Ooooh! A slow dance!

*The SISTERS have a brief conflag.*

GERTRUDE: OK then, we can beat you at anything cos we rule.

HARRIET: Yeah! We're the sassiest queens on the block!

CINDERELLA: Oh no you're not.

SISTERS: Oh yes we are! *(Audience interaction.)*

CINDERELLA: Very well, then ladies. I think we'll go with a little Tickle-Tonk dance off. Whoever gets the most cheers from the audience wins. Prepare to be humiliated.

GERTRUDE: No way! Alexa. Prepare our sassiest Tickle-Tonk video.

ALEXA: Are you sure that's wise?

HARRIET: Just do-oo it!

ALEXA: Very well. Preparing Tickle-Tonk.

CINDERELLA: Siri. Find a Tickle-Tonk that makes me look really hot.

SIRI: I can't really be expected to make subjective judgements like that, but yes OK.

CINDERELLA: You girls may go first. Ahem, Wilson would you.

WILSON: Certainly my lady. Ladies and Gentlemen, for your delectation, a grand Tickle-Tok competition.

*The girls take it in turn to dance to their pre-recorded Tickle-Tonk videos. The SISTER'S are gauche and trashy, CINDERELLA looks great. Her picture appears at the end with the word 'WINNER' underneath it. The GUESTS all clap and cheer. The PRINCE is revived.*

CINDERELLA: Sorry, but it looks like you're just a pair of losers!

SISTERS: No! Not fair, not fair!

GERTRUDE: I want my mummy!

HARRIET: I want her more!

GERTRUDE: She likes me more though.

HARRIET: No she doesn't, I'm the oldest.

GERTRUDE: You smell though.

HARRIET: Get off me.

SISTERS: Mummy!

*They exit.*

PRINCE: Wow. That was amazing. I've never seen such lip syncing prowess.

CINDERELLA: Oh, I'm just naturally sassy and cool. It was nothing.

PRINCE: Nothing. Wow. *(Looks at the floor.)*

CINDERELLA: You're really shy aren't you? It's kind of cute.

PRINCE: Uuurgh.

CINDERELLA: You don't need to be. Nobody with balls this magnificent has anything to be ashamed of.

WILSON: Sir, the meteor shower is starting.

*The sky outside is lit up with purple streaks as the meteors light up the sky.*

PRINCE: What? Is it that time already. Um, Ms Nothingtoseehere, would you like to dance.

CINDERELLA: I'd love to. Maybe not in these clumpy moon boots though.

SONG #5 – Purple Rain

PRINCE: That was amazing, and you're amazing.

*He stares down at the floor.*

CINDERELLA: He's so shy but so cute. What do you think everyone? Shall I kiss him?  
(Audience interaction.)

*They kiss.*

FX: Alarm clock.

*CINDERELLA checks her watch.*

CINDERELLA: Oh it's nearly midnight. I'm sure I was supposed to do something. My head's such a whirl with the dancing and that kiss that I've totally forgotten about it. (Audience interaction.)

WILSON: Madam, you have an incoming transmission from your ship.

*MOLLY appears.*

MOLLY: Alright. Molly here. I'm absolutely famished so I'm off to find a kebab shop. If you want to come, you'll have to be back in five minutes. Probably get chilli sauce and everything.

CINDERELLA: Oh no Molly! The sandwich. I'm sorry, I've got to go! It was lovely meeting you. Bye.

*She kisses him and runs off dropping one boot on the way.*

PRINCE: Wait! You've forgotten your boot! Wow, what a woman. I don't know who she was or where she came from, but I vow never to rest until I find her. By my Princely oath – I swear that whoever's DNA matches the DNA from a small sample taken from this boot, will be my bride.

*ZIP and ZAP enter.*

ZIP: Ziiiiip.

ZAP: Zaaap.

*AUDIENCE 'ZOOM'*

ZIP: Sir the earthling's spacecraft has taken off from the docking port.

ZAP: Our scans suggest it is low on fuel and it is now on an unsustainable flight path.

PRINCE: Oh no! The mysterious but beautiful girl. Where's the ship heading?

ZIP/ZAP: The dark side of the moon.

PRINCE: Not the dark side of the moon! (*To the audience.*) Sorry, could you act a bit more shocked when I say that? Let's try it again. Not the dark side of the moon! That's a desolate place. Nobody comes back from there. Prepare a search vessel – we've got to try and find her.

ZIP/ZAP: Yes your majesty!

PRINCE: I'm coming to find you my love. After the interval, obviously. I'm coming to find you - if it's the last thing I do.

**INTERVAL**

#### **Scene 4 – Mission Control Briefing Room**

*FX: Stephanie's beaming sound*

*STEPHANIE appears.*

STEPHANIE: Oh, hello again everyone!

I hope you're sitting comfortably, for the next part of the show,

And ready for more excitement, there's another hour to go!

Cinderella's lost radio contact, I hope we locate her soon,

We're frantically scanning, the dark side of the moon.

But I've got a nasty feeling, about Cinderella's mum,

My dear you'd better brace yourself,

Something wicked your way is about to come.

Siri, mission control strategy room. Bye everyone.

*FX: Stephanie's beaming sound*

*Exit.*

## Scene 5– The Palace Parking Lot

*FX: Claudia's walk on music*

CLAUDIA: Yes, alright, alright. Some people are evil, get over it! So, my sources have revealed that this mysterious interloper has had an unfortunate run in with the dark side of the moon. And I don't mean she scratched her Pink Floyd record. I've got a funny feeling this is going to be a fate worse than having to sit through an entire *(Insert name of rival drama group here)* production. Now, in the interests of providing you with a plot update – my girls are currently working their charms on a young pilot of the only spacecraft in the parking lot to have a Ferrari quark drive. It's so fast that it can get us over there in the same time it takes for some juicy gossip to go around the Chorlton Players. Once there, I will make sure that any attempt to rescue her fails. And then the Prince – distraught and vulnerable - will be putty in our hands. Ah ha ha ha! Girls.

SISTERS: Coming mummy!

*The SISTERS enter, dragging a hapless SPACE PILOT with them.*

CLAUDIA: Have you worked your ample charms?

SISTERS: Yes mummy, we have.

GERTRUDE: I was all like twerking with him and everything and he thought I was lu-ush!

HARRIET: I gave him a big cuddle and a kiss and he said he wanted to kiss me forever on the lips and marry me.

GERTRUDE: No, he said he wanted to marry me!

HARRIET: No it was me!

*The SISTERS fight and shout 'Me' at each other. The PILOT drops to his knees.*

CLAUDIA: Stop it! Don't embarrass our guest.

PILOT: Please! Call them off, I beg you. I'll do anything you want - anything. I've seen things no man should have to see.

CLAUDIA: Wonderful. In that case – lover boy - I just need the keys to your Ferrari.

*The PILOT holds up a giant Spaceship key.*

CLAUDIA: My evil work here is done. Ta ta everyone!

*They exit.*

## Scene 6 – The Dark Side of the Moon

*BLACKOUT. We hear voice of MISSION CONTROL.*

CONTROL: This is mission control reporting a loss of signal with Cinderella. L O S occurred shortly after midnight as the ship passed over the dark side of the moon. All ground crew are on standby to monitor the situation. God bless you Cinderella, wherever you are.

*CINDERELLA's moon lander unit has crashed on the surface of the moon. In the sky we see the earth revolving slowly. CINDERELLA is floating in space, attached to the craft by a long cord. MOON PEOPLE move in and inspect her and the spacecraft.*

*INSTRUMENTAL – PPK Resurrection (Robot's Outro)*

CINDERELLA: Hi. My name's Cinderella. Nice to meet you.

*The MOON PEOPLE shy away from her making high pitched noises.*

MP1: Cinderella. Not a moon name. No no no.

MP2: Earth human. Smell like earth human. Oooh!

MP3: Quickly, moon people hide!

ALL MP: Moon people hide. All hide yes!

*They squat down on the floor and put their hands over their eyes.*

CINDERELLA: Um yeah, I can kind of still see you.

MP4: Red alert. Defences penetrated. Moon people use plan B.

ALL MP: Yes, plan B. Plan B ye moon people!

*They turn over onto all fours and cover their heads.*

CINDERELLA: Sorry guys, but I think you might need a new camouflage strategy.

*One by one the MOON PEOPLE stand up.*

MP1: Disaster moon people. Earth human has defeated us.

MP2: Prepare to die brave moon people.

MP3: I am too young to die.

MP4: You are six hundred and fifty moon years.

MP3: I've still got my good looks though.

ALL MP:           Lovely looks yes. Lovely moon people. *(They stroke him.)*

CINDERELLA: Um moon people, I'm really not going to hurt any of you. I come in peace. Here, I got a gift bag from the Prince's ball in Moon Vegas.

MP1:             I've heard his balls are amazing!

CINDERELLA: They really are.

MP2:             Wow! Space cake. Fribulous!

ALL MP:          Fribulous, squibulous, cake, cake, cake.

*They make high pitched squealing noises as they eat the cake.*

CINDERELLA: If it's not too much trouble, I was wondering if you had a spare moon boot. Otherwise it's going to be a bit rocky underfoot. Also, they're gravitational so it will stop me floating around.

MP3:             Boot for Cinderella. Cinderella friend.

MP4:             Moon Boot please!

ALL MP:          Boot, boot, boot. Nice moon boot.

*A spare moon boot appears for Cinderella. She puts it on and floats down to the moon surface.*

FX:               *Float down sound effect*

CINDERELLA: Thank you so much. Oh hi everyone! It seems I've taken a bit of a wrong turn. I'm not quite sure what went wrong. I'd better try and find out. Molly!

*Molly appears on the projector.*

MOLLY:          Alright.

All MPs:         Aaargghhhh!

*The MOON PEOPLE run off in fright.*

CINDERELLA: Oh, I think you scared them away.

MOLLY:          Moon People. Always a bit jumpy.

CINDERELLA: Molly what happened? Why did we crash?

MOLLY:          Nearly run out of fuel didn't I. Can't really think straight when I'm hungry.