

**“CINDY AND JULIE”
A Short One Act Comedy
By Bruce Kane**

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ISBN 978-0-557-88086-7

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WARNING No one shall make any changes to this play for the purpose of production. Publication of these plays does not imply its availability for production.

CINDY and JULIE

Time: One Upon A Time

Place: A Waiting Room

Characters:

Cinderella Charming: – Young, pretty, disappointed.

Juliet Montague (nee Capulet): - Younger than Cinderella. Pretty, hopeful.

Young Woman - Younger Than Cinderella

LIGHTS UP:

(Two young women sit nervously in a waiting room Juliet keeps glancing over at Cinderella. Finally, she gets up the nerve to speak.)

JULIET: Excuse me.

CINDERELLA: Yes?

JULIET: Have we met before?

CINDERELLA: I don't think so.

JULIET: You seem so familiar.

CINDERELLA: Sorry.

JULIET: You sure we haven't...

CINDERELLA: Yes, I'm sure.

JULIET: I feel I know you from somewhere.

CINDERELLA: It happens.

(Rebuffed, Juliet sits quietly for a moment then speaks again)

JULIET: Ohmygod... It's you, isn't it? *(Cinderella looks over but doesn't respond)*
I knew it. My name is Juliet. *(she extends her hand)* Juliet Montague.

CINDERELLA: *(responding reluctantly)* I'm...

JULIET: *(excited)* I know... Cinderella Charming. *(Cinderella nods)* I can't believe I'm actually talking to you.

CINDERELLA: *(world weary)* Believe it... You're talking to me.

JULIET: Ow wow.

CINDERELLA: Yeah... Oh wow. *(following another long pause)* Montague. Did you say Juliet Montague?

JULIET: Yes, that's me. Juliet Montague.

CINDERELLA: Is that your maiden name?

JULIET: No... But, I am thinking about going back to it.

CINDERELLA: I've thought about going back to mine. But it seems such a hassle. Besides Charming sounds a lot nicer than Schekendorff. ...What was your maiden name?

JULIET: Capulet.

CINDERELLA: Capulet... *(it hits her)* You're Juliet Capulet?

JULIET: *(shyly)* Yeah.

CINDERELLA: I thought you were dead.

JULIET: I thought you lived happily ever after.

(The ice has been broken. The two women start talking)

CINDERELLA: That was the plan.

JULIET: The best laid plans...

CINDERELLA: So, the suicide...?

JULIET: We faked it.

CINDERELLA: Faked your own suicide? Why?

JULIET: It was the only way we could think of to get away from all the craziness. His parents... My parents. The whole Capulet – Montague thing.

CINDERELLA: I gather it didn't work out. Between you and Romeo, I mean. Otherwise you wouldn't be here...

JULIET: We were so young. I was fourteen. I was in that rebellious period.

CINDERELLA: Tell me about it.

JULIET: My father said left, I went right. My mother said marry Paris, I picked Romeo. If she'd've said marry Romeo, I'd probably be divorced from Paris now.

CINDERELLA: I'm sorry.

JULIET: Live and learn. You and the Prince didn't work out, either?

CINDERELLA: It was doomed from the start.

JULIET: I'm beginning to wonder if they're all doomed from the start.

CINDERELLA: I'm not the one to ask.

JULIET: In the book you seemed so happy.

CINDERELLA: A fairy tale.

JULIET: None of it was true?

CINDERELLA: I was poor. That part was true.

JULIET: The fairy godmother? The pumpkin...?

CINDERELLA: Oh, please... A fairy godmother?

JULIET: Not even the carriage and the six white horses?

CINDERELLA: Rented.

JULIET: That was my favorite part. How disappointing.

CINDERELLA: No more so that finding out you didn't die.

JULIET: Excuse me.

CINDERELLA: I'm only speaking in literary terms. The whole dramatic arc of the story is predicated on you dying.

JULIET: Disappointed?

CINDERELLA: No... No... Well, in a way. I'm sorry.

JULIET: It's okay... The truth just isn't that romantic.

CINDERELLA: Sad... We're just the end result of a long tradition of romantic love as the answer to every woman's prayer.

JULIET: So Prince Charming...?

CINDERELLA: Wasn't that charming.

JULIET: I'm sorry to hear that.

CINDERELLA: He was an invention. Mostly my own invention. I had fantasized him to such a degree, it wasn't until we'd been married for two years that I realized what a total jerk he was.

JULIET: It took me five years. .

CINDERELLA: So Romeo wasn't...?

JULIET: He was Romeo, alright. No man was ever more suitably named.

CINDERELLA: He... uh...?

JULIET: Every chance he got.

CINDERELLA: I'm sorry.

JULIET: For years, I thought it was me. I wasn't attractive enough. I wasn't experienced enough.

CINDERELLA: Yeah.

JULIET: Was the Prince faithful? As long as we're baring our souls.

CINDERELLA: You know about him and Snow White?

JULIET: I did read something.

CINDERELLA: Did you know about him and Snow's wicked stepmother.

JULIET: Nooooo.

CINDERELLA: Yes.

JULIET: That's sick.

CINDERELLA: It turns out he had this weird thing for wicked stepmothers.

JULIET: That doesn't include your wicked.... Does it?

CINDERELLA: My stepmom is great.

JULIET: But in the story...

CINDERELLA: The whole idea was to make me sympathetic. It turned out the wicked stepmother was the part that turned him on.

JULIET: How creepy. (*she shivers*)

CINDERELLA: When he found out my stepmother was a kind and gentle... Well...

JULIET: You're better off without him.

CINDERELLA: Most of the fault was mine.

JULIET: You shouldn't say that.

CINDERELLA: I concocted the whole phoney baloney scenario.

JULIET: You just wanted something better out of life.

CINDERELLA: I suppose.

JULIET: We both did.

CINDERELLA: Happily ever after. What a load of crap.

JULIET: I can't believe that.

CINDERELLA: Can't or won't?

JULIET: I have to believe that there's someone out there...

CINDERELLA: Someday my prince will come... Is that it?

JULIET: I know it's silly.

CINDERELLA: Hope springs eternal.

JULIET: So, you've given up on ever finding someone?

CINDERELLA: Romeo... Romeo, where for art thou, Romeo?

JULIET: I never said that. He was late. I was pissed. But, "where for art thou?." That was all Shakespeare.

CINDERELLA: Really?

JULIET: Sorry, to disappoint... again.

CINDERELLA: It's my own fault.

JULIET: For wanting to believe?

CINDERELLA: God, it's so ingrained in us. Will we ever get past it?

JULIET: I don't know if I want to.

CINDERELLA: We all have to grow up sometime.

JULIET: If growing up means becoming cold and cynical, then maybe I should've killed myself when I had the chance.

CINDERELLA: I'm just being a downer. Don't listen to me. If I wasn't looking for some answers, would I be here?

JULIET: I guess not.

CINDERELLA: So, are you seeing anyone? If I'm not prying, that is.

JULIET: My life's an open book.

CINDERELLA: Tell me about it.

JULIET: I did meet this Danish guy a couple of weeks ago.

CINDERELLA: And...?

JULIET: I don't know... He seems to run hot and cold. One of those guys who can't make up his mind.

CINDERELLA: Mmmm. Commitment challenged. I know the type.

JULIET: How about you?

CINDERELLA: No... But I'm in no rush. I did okay in the settlement. I'm not a princess anymore... but who is?

JULIET: (*checks her watch*) Oh, look. It's time for me to go in.

CINDERELLA: It was nice meeting you, Juliet.

JULIET: Please, call me Julie.

CINDERELLA: Cindy.

JULIET: It was nice meeting you Cindy.

CINDERELLA: Good luck with the Danish guy.

JULIET: Thanks... Parting is such sweet sorrow...

CINDERELLA: Excuse me.

JULIET: Sorry... Force of habit.

(Juliet exits. A moment later a young woman enters. She sits down, thumbs through a magazine. The whole time she keeps glancing over at Cinderella)

YOUNG WOMAN: Ohmygod... It is you. Oh, like this is so cool... Could I have your autograph?

CINDERELLA: I guess.

(Cinderella signs an autograph)

YOUNG WOMAN: I can't believe I'm talking to Cinderella. You are my hero. I've read like everything about you.

CINDERELLA: Don't believe everything you read.

YOUNG WOMAN: Your story is sooooo inspiring.

CINDERELLA: *(suspiciously)* Really? Which part?

YOUNG WOMAN: The whole thing. The gown... The glass slippers... The carriage and the six white horses. Like I'd die for a carriage and six white horses.

CINDERELLA: It's not quite what it's made out...

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh... And the ball... The ball. Where you dance with Prince Charming and he doesn't know who you are? But he's falling in love with you?

CINDERELLA: He wasn't exactly falling in...

YOUNG WOMAN: And then you lose your shoe and he searches all over just to find you.

CINDERELLA: He didn't really...

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh that is sooooo romantic.

CINDERELLA: I suppose. But...

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh...Oh... Oh and then he finds you and he puts the slipper on your foot.

CINDERELLA: I'm familiar with the story.

YOUNG WOMAN: Someday my prince is going to come.

CINDERELLA: I hope you're Prince works out a lot...

YOUNG WOMAN: He's going to ride up a white horse and take off me to his castle with all the servants and the jewels and the clothes.

CINDERELLA: It doesn't quite work like...

YOUNG WOMAN: (*dreamily*) And we'll live happily ever after.

CINDERELLA: Are you here to see the therapist?

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh no... I just came to pick up a friend.

CINDERELLA: I have to go in and see mine now. His name is Dr. Peterson. He's very good. He specializes in disappointment. Here I'll write his name down for you. (*She writes the name for the Young Woman*)

YOUNG WOMAN: I don't need it.

CINDERELLA: You will. Trust me.

(*Cinderella exits. The Young Woman romantically hums "Some Day My Prince Will Come"*)

(*The lights fade*)

THE END