

SCENE ONE: Cinderella's House

Enter Stepmother and the two uglies

Uglies: 'Ere, I thought you said this was a posh place we're coming to.

Stepmother: I did.

Ugly 2: So what are all these 'orrible kids doing 'ere then, Ma?

Stepmother: Oh!

Ugly 1: Oh, indeed!
(To one of the kids in the audience)
Where you from then?

Ugly 2: He says he's from Wimbledon.
That's posh enough, 'ent it?

Stepmother: Take no notice of these oiks girls. Soon we'll be inside our palatial home. I'm really looking forward to it.

Ugly1: Looks lovely from here.

Ugly 2: Better than that old dump we've just come from, eh?

Stepmother: Yeah, lovely, indeed.
My clever little plan to marry a rich man has paid off so handsomely.
We should all be able to live in the lap of luxury for ever.

Both Uglies: Hurray! Well done muvver!

Stepmother: Thanks girls but less of the muvver. You've got to poshen up your accents or you'll give the game away.
Baron Niceguy thinks I come from a wealthy background. I've really fooled him.
From this point on girls, we will be mixing with the rich and famous. So we'll all have to speak like the queen.

Ugly 1: I can speak posh, Mother!

Ugly: And so can I.

Stepmother: And so you can my beauties. Now! When we enter our new home, no more Cockney. All right?

Ugly 1: Absolutely, Mama!

Ugly 2: Tickety boo!

Stepmother: Now there's one little problem that I haven't mentioned.

Ugly 1: What is it Ma?

Stepmother: Baron Niceguy, my newly wedded and very rich husband, has a daughter of his own.

Uglies 2: Ah no! I bet she's a spoiled little brat.

Ugly: You said no more sharing, muvver.

Stepmother: I did and I meant it.

Ugly 1: Where's she gonna go?

Stepmother: She'll stay in the kitchen where she belongs and she'll wait on us hand and foot.

Ugly 2: Won't her dad be upset about that.

Stepmother: He would if he was here. But he's not. He's away for a month on business.

Uglies: Oooh!

Stepmother: Making money business!

Uglies: Ooooh luvverly jubberly!

Ugly 1: Money! Now wouldn't that be lovely?
All I want... No that's another show 'ent it?
(*To kids*) 'Ere, do you like Christmas?

Children all say yes

See! I knew you would.

Ugly 2: I bet you get lots of presents, don't you?

Children all say yes

Stepmother: Spoiled! That's what they are.

Ugly 1: (*To kids*) Do you know what?
I hate Christmas. Don't I, Sis?

Ugly 2: Yeah! And so do I.

Stepmother: I'm not keen on it either!

S/M & Uglies: D'ya know why?

SONG: I HATE CHRISTMAS

We hate Christmas!
We never had a Christmas as a kid.
We hate Christmas!
'Cos everyone around us always did.

They had stockings,
A lovely Christmas stocking on their bed.
We had nothing,
Just a glass of water and some bread.

Chorus
We never had decorations on the wall.
No tree in the hall. No! Nothing at all!
We never had stuffed turkey as a young kid should
No Chrissy pud,
Why? We never understood.

They were just sad, deprived, little kids.
They never knew how to smile.
It's not surprising that little kids like that
Should turn out to be so vile.

We hate Christmas!
We never pulled a cracker with a friend.
We hate Christmas!
Every year it drove us round the bend.

No one came around
And wished us Merry Christmas as a girl.
We just sat there,
Never had a toy, Our life was hell

Chorus
We never had decorations on the wall.
No tree in the hall. No! Nothing at all!
We never had stuffed turkey as a young kid should
No Chrissy pud,
Why? We never understood.

They were just sad, deprived, little kids.
They never knew how to smile.
It's not surprising that little kids like that,
Should turn out to be so vile.

Ugly 1: (*Dabbing her eyes*) Oooh! That's made me feel right sad, that has.

Ugly 2 (*Dabbing her eyes*) Me too!
What were you saying about your rich husband Muvver?

Stepmother: (*Dabbing her eyes*) I was saying that by the time he gets back. I will be in charge and he'll do as he's told.

Enter Cinderella

Cinders: Oh hello! Oh dear! You all look upset, are you ok?

S/M & Uglies regain their composure.

Stepmother: Yes, we're fine!

] Cinderella: You must be Baroness Niceguy, my father's new wife. I'm so sorry I missed the wedding, I was ill. Pleased to meet you.
(*Holds out her hand to shake but is declined*)

Stepmother: (*Posh voice*) And you my girl must be Cinderella, my husband's daughter.

Cinders: Ye es..ss

The Uglies laugh at her name

Stepmother: And these two handsome women are **MY** daughters and they, along with myself, will have the finest bedrooms in the house now we are living here.

Cinders: Bu...uu. t my fa..a..ther!

Stepmother: Your father isn't here, girl and from now on you will take orders from me. Is that clear?

Cinders: Oh! But....

Ugly 1: No buts. Does my muvver make herself clear?

Stepmother: (*aside*) Mother!

Ugly 1: Mother make herself clear, or shall I repeat it for you.

Cinders: I...I...t's clear.

Ugly 2: Good. So perhaps you'd like to make yourself useful as we've had a long journey and are completely knackered.

Stepmother: *(Aside)* Tired, dear! Tired!

Ugly 2: Tired. You could get the kettle on and brew up a nice cuppa.

Stepmother: *(Aside)* Bring in the fine china and make us some English Tea

Ugly: Bring in the fine china and make us some English Tea

Cinders: Oooh! All right.

Stepmother: It **will** be all right and **you'll** be quick about it.

Cinders starts to exit

Stepmother whistles through her teeth

Stepmother: Oy! Where you going?
Get the servants to bring in our bags.

Pushes Cinders out of the way.
Ladies first!

Uglies: Ladies first!

Stepmother and Uglies exit.