

THE MAGIC PORTA POTTY

by Jon Jory

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THE MAGIC PORTA POTTY

A Comedic One Act

by Jon Jory

SYNOPSIS: Is it real? Or is it a fairy tale? Follow intrepid high school senior, Jenna, on her travels through the land of magic and fairytale characters which lead her and her new friends back to the best of all possible worlds. Punchy dialogue, quirky circumstances, nice blend of fantasy and reality. Best served with warm, homemade cookies!

DURATION: 35 minutes.

SETTING: Various locations in Fairyland, and a living room.

TIME: Present day.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(12 females, 4 males, 1 either)

JENNA (f).....	17, A high school senior. (103 lines)
MOM (f).....	Jenna's mom. Has a, pleasant, no nonsense manner. (14 lines)
HANSEL (m).....	(4 lines)
GRETEL (f).....	(7 lines)
WITCH (f).....	(15 lines)
ALICE IN WONDERLAND (f).....	(42 lines)
PRINCE CHARMING (m).....	(33 lines)
CINDERELLA (f).....	(99 lines)
RED RIDING HOOD (f).....	(18 line.)
DRUSILLA (f).....	(15 lines)
LADY TREMAINE (f).....	(19 lines)
ANASTASIA (f).....	(16 lines)
THE MAD HATTER (m).....	(4 lines)
FAIRY GODMOTHER (m/f).....	(24 lines)
SNOW WHITE (f).....	(12 lines)
TWIN 1 (f).....	(6 lines)
TWIN 2 (f).....	(6 lines)

PRINCE SORT OF CHARMING (m)..... Prince Charming's brother.
(11 lines)

SET: Bare stage with occasional furniture.

COSTUMES: Could be straight from a novelty store.

SOUND: Very simple.

COSTUMES

JENNA – wears jeans and a Hawaiian shirt over a t-shirt, running shoes.

TWIN 1 and TWIN 2 – wear ball gowns.

CINDERELLA – wearing a simple, smudged work dress.

SOUND EFFECTS

- a Viennese Waltz.
- a loud gong sound
- a vacuum

PROPS

- Microphone
- 4 Chairs
- Vacuum
- Stick horse
- 2 Newspapers

AT START: *JENNA is onstage alone and a bit confused.*

JENNA: Hello? Anybody here? Hello? (*Looks around. Nothing.*) Okay, this is really weird. Hello? Okay, breathe, Jenna. (*She breathes.*) Mom? Dad? (*Nothing.*) So, I'm scared now. (*Calls.*) Hello? (*Sings to herself.*) "When you walk through a storm hold your head up high and don't be afraid of the dark." Except it's not dark, it's like noon and I'm in the middle of some kind of forest. (*Looks around.*) A forest of purple trees. That's not good. Why is it not good, Jenna? Because there are no purple trees. Not in California anyway. (*Calls.*) Hello, anybody? Hello? All right, dad always says, "Calm panic with logic." Right. Let the logic roll.

HANSEL and GRETEL enter rushing on. They see JENNA and stop dead. They are terrified.

GRETEL: Are you a witch?

JENNA: (*Startled.*) Say what?

HANSEL gets in front.

HANSEL: We need to know if you're a witch.

JENNA: (*A little laugh.*) No, I'm Jenna Green. Have I somehow gotten into Disneyland?

GRETEL: What's Disneyland?

JENNA: (*Completely confused.*) What's Disneyland?

GRETEL: Can you hide us?

JENNA: Why?

HANSEL: The witch locked us in an iron cage and she was fattening us up for her dinner, but Gretel...

GRETEL: I managed to shove her into the hot oven and...

JENNA: (*Horried.*) You shoved someone into an oven?!

HANSEL: And then we ran out the door and...

GRETEL: She got out of the oven and she's chasing us!

JENNA: Really?

GRETEL: Yes!

HANSEL: And she'll eat us.

WITCH: (*Offstage.*) Yoo hoo, children? Come back. I'll give you a sweet bun!

GRETEL: Bye.

HANSEL and GRETEL race off exiting.

JENNA: Okay, that's weirding me out.

WITCH enters running and screeches to a halt when she sees JENNA.

WITCH: Strange one, are you from the moon?

JENNA: Me?

WITCH: You.

JENNA: (*Trying to figure it out.*) Ummmm. Yes, I'm a witch.

WITCH: Oh good. We can talk? But you're from the moon, right?

JENNA: Ummm. Yes. We all wear Hawaiian shirts up there.

WITCH: Whatever. So anyway, I was fattening up some village children, you know, for sandwiches and the little brats shoved me in an oven.

JENNA: That's terrible.

WITCH: Of course I'm fireproof, are you fireproof?

JENNA: Fire, water, all that stuff.

WITCH: Water melts me.

JENNA: I never liked water.

WITCH: Some little creepy girl melted my sister.

JENNA: I'm so sorry.

WITCH: It's okay, I couldn't stand her. So did the kids come by here?

JENNA: Ummm, yes.

WITCH: Fantastic! Which way did they go?

JENNA: The way you just came from.

WITCH: Didn't see them on the path.

JENNA: Maybe they climbed a tree.

WITCH: Hadn't thought of that. (*Starts off. Turns back.*) Listen, when I find them you must come over for lunch. What's your name?

JENNA: The Little Old Witch from Pasadena.

WITCH: What's your phone number?

JENNA: You have a phone?

WITCH: Yeah, but I get terrible, terrible service in the woods.

JENNA: Actually I lost my phone.

WITCH: No prob. I'll conjure you up. (*Looking around.*) I really want to eat these children, you know, on crackers. (*Starts off. Calling while she exits.*) Yoo hoo! Hansel, Gretel, it's lunch time! Badgers in cheese sauce! (*Exits.*)

JENNA: (*Looking after her.*) This is definitely Disneyland. But how did I get to Disneyland? All right, I'm at Dodge Stadium for a vaccination in my dad's old van, I get out because I need the porta potty. I go in, I shut the door. It immediately starts shaking like it's in a hurricane. There's like a voice that says, "Ready for take-off, please put your seat in its upright position." Then for like an hour I can't get out and when I can, I'm in the purple forest. I come out, the porta potty disappears and a witch invites me to lunch. Mom! I mean what, what, what?! Okay, okay, back in control, I am back in control. Ummm. Options: I'm crazy. But I wasn't crazy before the porta potty, actually I was kind of boring. I'm dreaming. Okay, nobody dreams in a porta potty. Nobody! Mom! All right, all right, think, Jenna, think. The porta potty got me here, so the porta potty can get me out. (*Looking around.*) Here, porta potty! Here, porta potty! Whoa. Hold on, Jenna. Where exactly am I? Yes. Right question. Where am I??

ALICE IN WONDERLAND enters.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Oh, hello.

JENNA: Who are you?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Who in the world am I? Ah, that's the great puzzle.

JENNA: Ummm. You're dressed like Alice in Wonderland.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Am I? I rather thought I was dressed like myself.

JENNA: You're Alice?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Oh yes. But I'm beginning to think I'm not in Wonderland. You see, I got to Wonderland by falling down a rabbit hole. I got back or so I thought, by finding a tree with a door in it. But when I opened it, I was here, wherever this is?

JENNA: You're sure it was a tree and not a porta potty?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: What, pray tell, is a porta potty?

JENNA: You don't want to know. (*Hands over her head.*) This is impossible!

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Why, sometimes I've believed six impossible things before breakfast.

PRINCE CHARMING enters galloping by on a stick horse.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Oh, sir. Sir!

He gallops over.

PRINCE CHARMING: Hey baby, what's happening?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Might you tell us, kind sir, where we are?

PRINCE CHARMING: I'd be delighted. You are twenty-three feet from a pine forest, sixteen feet from a ravine, and eight feet from me.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: And whom, may I ask, are you?

PRINCE CHARMING: Well, let's see. I'm delightful company, have radiant good looks, beautifully garbed, have a crown as you've no doubt noticed and I'm a little dense.

JENNA: (*Stunned.*) You're Prince Charming.

PRINCE CHARMING: (*Pleased.*) I am Prince Charming. Would you care to marry me?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Well, Prince, neither of us can marry you at the moment unfortunately, pleasant as that may be. Our mothers are quite strict with us and told us, in no uncertain terms, that we are not to marry when we have no idea where we are.

PRINCE CHARMING: Love is independent of place.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: But not independent of whom.

JENNA: My dad says you must never marry a man who you haven't seen floss.

PRINCE CHARMING: (*A tad irritated.*) Yes. Well. Never mind. (*Starts off. Returns.*) See here, I'm throwing a little ball next week and mother insists I marry a girl I dance with. I have to say she's a little off the wall. In any case, here are two tickets. I'm fairly sure I wouldn't pick either of you as you are very, very odd, but... it will irritate mother that you're there and I love it. Ta, ta! (*Rears his stick horse and gallops off exiting.*)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: I don't like to criticize, but he smells.

JENNA: And did you notice? He was riding a stick horse.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Curiouser and curiouser!

CINDERELLA: (*Offstage.*) Is he gone?

JENNA: Hello?

CINDERELLA: (*Offstage.*) Is the Prince gone?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Quite.

CINDERELLA enters wearing a simple, smudged work dress.

CINDERELLA: Oh. Hello.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Hello.

CINDERELLA: Hello. You're ever so strange.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Is that a version of "darling" because I'm always thought to be "darling"?

CINDERELLA: If you like. (*Turns to JENNA.*) And whatever are you wearing?

JENNA: These are jeans.

CINDERELLA: You borrowed them from "Jean"?

JENNA: Well, no, but...

CINDERELLA: But you needn't waste time with me. I am the simple servant girl, Cinderella. I sweep and cook and pick lint off my stepsisters' gowns. I sleep on the floor and steal cheese from the rats.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: How very terrible.

CINDERELLA: (*Getting into it.*) I'm almost completely undereducated and have a limited vocabulary. For instance, I have no idea what "rhinoceros" means.

JENNA: It's an animal.

CINDERELLA: No, I don't think so, I think it's a pie. When I was born I was already seventeen years old and I never get past nineteen when I try on a glass slipper. On the morning of my twentieth birthday I'm always seventeen again.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Do you know The Mad Hatter or The March Hare?

CINDERELLA: I don't think so.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: The Door Mouse?

CINDERELLA: No.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Surely The Cheshire Cat?

CINDERELLA: I can't say that I do.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Poor girl! You really need to fall down a rabbit hole.

CINDERELLA: Have you ever ridden in a pumpkin coach pulled by mice?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: (*Clapping her hands.*) How deliciously strange.

CINDERELLA: Well, I'm awfully glad to meet you both. My life is quite repetitive and there's never anything new. I live with my nasty stepsisters, Drusilla and Anastasia, meet a Fairy Godmother, go to a ball, dance with a Prince who smells, and run away leaving a glass slipper on the steps. Then I marry the Prince and the next moment I'm back sweeping cinders and it starts all over again. It's quite unfair. I never get to do princess things like bossing people around or doing the princess wave in parades. I was thinking of making a film and calling it *Groundhog Day*, but I don't know what "a film" is so I can't.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: I once met a groundhog who found me quite attractive but nothing came of it. Life is so strange. Someone once told me I'm not really alive, but a character in a book.

CINDERELLA: Do you know, I've been told the same thing! (*Turns to JENNA.*) You?

JENNA: I thought I was alive, but now I'm not sure.

CINDERELLA: It's so boring to be in the same story all the time. (*To ALICE.*) We should exchange books. You'd be in mine and I'd be in yours. (*To JENNA.*) What's your book like?

JENNA: I'm not in a book.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: I'm afraid you're quite wrong. We're all books. Unless of course, you're in a television series or a movie.

JENNA: But I would have seen myself.

CINDERELLA: Then you're absolutely in a play.

JENNA: Wouldn't I know if I was in a play?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: The pity is that the characters never do.

JENNA: (*Looking around.*) But wouldn't there be an audience?

CINDERELLA: I don't see anyone.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Then perhaps you're in a rehearsal.

JENNA: I'm quite sure I have a world of my own.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: In a world of my own everything would be nonsense, nothing would be what it is because everything would be what it isn't, and contrary wise: what it is it wouldn't be and what it wouldn't be it would. You see?

A pause.

JENNA: Does anyone have a Twizzlers? I'm dying for a Twizzlers.

CINDERELLA: Is that a pet?

JENNA: No, it's a snack.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: I met a Twizzlers once, but she was inedible.

A pause.

JENNA: Well, here we are, The Three Musketeers.

CINDERELLA: Are they gender neutral?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Yes, but I believe they're called "Mousketeers".

CINDERELLA: Really? They were mice?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Oh yes, they were eaten by the Jabberwocky.

MAD HATTER enters.

MAD HATTER: Pray excuse I'm either an interruption or an eruption, I'm not sure which. (*Bows.*) Many regrettables, for my interruptible.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: I beg your pardon?

MAD HATTER: Ah, as I've comeable is your nameable, "Alice"?

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: In the main.

MAD HATTER: How delightful! You have a reservation for one at the Mad Hatter's Tea Party and we are ready to pour.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Dear me, is it time?

MAD HATTER: No, no, no, time is not invited. Time passes. So either come or come not, you still won't be coming. (*Exits.*)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: Dear me, I must go. T comes before U.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND exits. RED RIDING HOOD enters.

RED RIDING HOOD: Excuse me, has anyone seen my wolf?

CINDERELLA: Oh, Red, hi!

RED RIDING HOOD: Cindy! Long time no see, babe.

CINDERELLA: (*Introducing JENNA.*) This is someone or other.

JENNA: Jenna.

RED RIDING HOOD: I don't know your fairy tale.

JENNA: I haven't one.

RED RIDING HOOD: You could be Rapunzel, she's retired.

CINDERELLA: How's it going in the forest?

RED RIDING HOOD: Oh, I'm so into the woods. It's a little off today though. We're right up to the part where the wolf eats both me and my grandmother and that nice Woodcutter slashes open the wolf's stomach and pulls us out alive, but I seem to have lost my wolf.

CINDERELLA: You mean he just walked off set?

RED RIDING HOOD: Gone with the wind.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: That's so unprofessional.

RED RIDING HOOD: Well, I think he's been missing his pack.

CINDERELLA: He was cute actually. I kind of wish he'd invited me to the ball.

RED RIDING HOOD: I don't know, Cindy, he's a little rough around the edges. I'd date him, but I wouldn't marry him.

CINDERELLA: All that howling.

RED RIDING HOOD: (*To JENNA.*) Did I catch your name?

JENNA: Jenna. You haven't by any chance seen my porta potty?

RED RIDING HOOD: Is that your horse? Mine's called Gallup, New Mexico.

CINDERELLA: Jenna, this is Little Red Riding Hood. She's a big star in horror movies.

JENNA: Hi.

RED RIDING HOOD: Hi.

CINDERELLA: Jenna's from what she calls, "The Real World".

RED RIDING HOOD: I think I've read about that in *National Geographic*. A primitive society, right? No magic, no witches, no talking animals. They just all sit around and hoard gold.

JENNA: Well...

CINDERELLA: Plus, they only live around eighty years and then they put them in boxes and store them!

RED RIDING HOOD: Scary. I just had my two hundred and twenty-third birthday.

JENNA: You look so young!

RED RIDING HOOD: Botox.

CINDERELLA: If we had some pajamas we could have a pajama party.

RED RIDING HOOD: What are pajamas?

CINDERELLA: I think they're like llamas, only shorter.

RED RIDING HOOD: Well, girls, I have to run down that darn wolf or they'll cancel my fairy tale. *(To JENNA.)* Good luck in the real world. *(To CINDERELLA.)* Good luck at the ball.

CINDERELLA: I hate that ball, there's nothing but mean girls.

RED RIDING HOOD: Hey, it's better than spending several hours in a wolf's stomach.

CINDERELLA: Later, Red.

RED RIDING HOOD: Y'all have a real good time now. *(Exits.)*

CINDERELLA: She's from Southern Fairyland.

CINDERELLA and JENNA exit. At the same time, from the other side, LADY TREMAINE, ANASTASIA, and DRUSILLA enter carrying chairs. They sit.

DRUSILLA: Mother...

LADY TREMAINE: Quiet.

ANASTASIA: Mother...

LADY TREMAINE: Quiet! Young ladies should be seen and not heard. *(Yells.)* Cinderella!! Where is that girl?

DRUSILLA: Perhaps she's upstairs killing cockroaches with her bare hands.

ANASTASIA: Or downstairs spitting in our goblets.

LADY TREMAINE: *(Horried.)* She does that?

ANASTASIA: Mother, haven't you ever been to a restaurant?

LADY TREMAINE: You know she's gotten an invitation to the ball?

DRUSILLA and ANASTASIA: Of course she has.

LADY TREMAINE: I didn't get one, you didn't get one, only Cinderella got one. How is that possible?

DRUSILLA: *(Annoyed.)* Have you read the fairy tale, Mother?

LADY TREMAINE: What fairy tale?

ANASTASIA: The one we're in, you dodobunny!

LADY TREMAINE: Do not call your mother a dodobunny!

DRUSILLA: You're just so bougie!

ANASTASIA: In the fairy tale, Mother, Cinderella goes to the ball, the Prince dances only with her. At midnight, Cinderella runs away, but in her flight loses one of her glass slippers. The Prince goes to every house trying the slipper on young girls, finds Cinderella and marries her!

LADY TREMAINE: What a horror story! Surely it can't be true. Our servant marries the Prince?! We'll be driven from society!

There's a knock on the door.

LADY TREMAINE: Who can that be?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: *(Enters.)* I let myself in.

LADY TREMAINE: *(Stands. Horrified.)* Who on earth are you?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: First name Fairy, last name Godmother. I'm Cinderella's agent, is she in?

LADY TREMAINE: She has an agent?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: She does now. I heard she got an invitation to the ball. That's a breakout moment. I've been keeping an eye on her. She's got the look, y'know? Fragile, but slightly neurotic. I got this feeling that Disney would flip out for her. She in?

LADY TREMAINE: She is the servant in our home.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Hey, I know. Rags to riches story, right?

DRUSILLA: Pray excuse me, but I myself am looking for representation.

ANASTASIA: Me.

DRUSILLA: Me.

ANASTASIA: Me!

DRUSILLA: Me!

ANASTASIA: Me!!

DRUSILLA: Me!!

LADY TREMAINE: Girls!

They stop.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: So, uh, how do you see yourselves?

DRUSILLA: Well, I believe I would play shy, sweet roles with just a dash of sexy. I could see myself, for instance, playing Mulan.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Don't think that's going to happen.

DRUSILLA: Or going another direction, I definitely could do The Snow Queen. You know, the ambivalence there, it's right in my wheelhouse.

ANASTASIA: I, on the other hand, would go full witch. The Wicked Witch of the West, but without the green makeup. I would definitely play into the evil. Just a sample: "Going so soon? Why my little party's just beginning."

FAIRY GODMOTHER: That's like an imitation of The Wicked Witch of the West.

ANASTASIA: Good, huh?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: If I wanted it done that way, why wouldn't I just get The Wicked Witch of the West?

ANASTASIA: Oh.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Look, you seem like nice girls from a good family. You're going to have a fairy tale life, but the thing with the Prince just isn't going to happen and you're, let's face it, supporting characters. Here's the secret: moderate your ambition and live in the moment. You have money, you have position. Don't keep going for the brass ring. Seek simple pleasures.

LADY TREMAINE: We are the Tremaine Family, part of the King's inner circle. We don't do, "simple pleasures".

FAIRY GODMOTHER: What can I tell you? Go shopping. So, where's Cinderella?

LADY TREMAINE: Probably scrubbing something. What precisely is it you're wanting?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: So, as a Fairy Godmother, I basically make dreams come true for select clients. However, I occasionally do some pro bono work which is my relationship to Cinderella. We got a very short time frame before the ball. She has the two things a Prince can't resist, honesty and dimples. You gotta understand that never in a Prince's life does anyone tell them the truth. I mean, start at the top, he's called Prince Charming and he's not charming. He's being given the most expensive ball ever thrown in Fairyland and he can't dance. His only real friend is a rubber ducky. When he meets a girl, he shows her his extensive collection of boogers that

look like dragons. He is perceptive in only one way, he senses like a bloodhound that every girl he meets is after his money. Cinderella will rock his world, know why? She has an actual soul. Not knowing what that is but perceiving its radiance, he will follow her to the ends of the earth. It's a done deal. However, she needs to be presented to him in a way he can understand. That is what a Fairy Godmother is for. She needs to make an entrance—big time. I'm moving toward a pumpkin coach. She needs to have a dress that turns every head in the room. Something all these "somebodies" have never, ever, never seen before—plain cotton, homemade. But! Ya gotta have a gimmick so I'm going with glass slippers! She needs to be able to talk to him about what is most important to him—maps. I gotta sleep expert to give her some tips. Now, my advice to you, Lady Tremaine is to support this girl that you perceive only as a cinder-sweeper. I'm talking emotional support here, because, and I would listen very carefully—I am never wrong about this stuff—if he marries her, you and your two girls, Drusilla and Anastasia, will become powerful at the court and richer than you have ever imagined. How's that sound?

A pause.

LADY TREMAINE: I like it.

DRUSILLA: Will we have boyfriends?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: The richest, slickest, handsomest, and nastiest boys in the kingdom.

DRUSILLA and ANASTASIA: Oh yeah!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Are we all on the same page here? Show of hands?

LADY TREMAINE, DRUSILLA and ANASTASIA raise their hands.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Good. Bibbety-bobbity-boo!

ANASTASIA: What are you doing?

CINDERELLA and JENNA enter. CINDERELLA curtsies.

CINDERELLA: Hello, everyone.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Am I good or what?

CINDERELLA: This is my friend Jenna, she's from a magical country, LA where everyone jaywalks.

LADY TREMAINE, DRUSILLA and ANASTASIA all do the "Princess wave".

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Hi, Cindy. I'm your Fairy Godmother, which also happens to be my name. Call me Fairy. We need to have a little talk.

The lights change. LADY TREMAINE, DRUSILLA and ANASTASIA exit in three different ways. Any furniture is cleared. CINDERELLA and FAIRY GODMOTHER circle the stage talking. JENNA stands watching.

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