

PAT: Over my dead body!

[*Exits.*]

[*Blackout.*]

Cinderella

Jack Neary

Comic

BLANCHE: 7 to 15

WHITEY: 7 to 15

This is the opening scene from the play. WHITEY and BLANCHE, two doves, are in a graveyard.

BLANCHE: This is just . . . this is . . . this is too much . . . I mean the tension . . . the tension is . . . it's just . . . the tension . . . the tension is . . . You know what I'm talkin' about here?

WHITEY: You're talking about the tension.

BLANCHE: Exactly. I'm talkin' about the tension. It's just . . . the tension is just . . . it's just . . .

WHITEY: Unbearable?

BLANCHE: Exactly. Unbearable. The tension is unbearable.

WHITEY: Blanche, you gotta relax.

BLANCHE: Relax? Is that what you said? Relax? How can I relax? Tell me that. Go ahead, Whitey, tell me. How? How can I relax? Better yet, why? Why should I relax?

WHITEY: Because you're a dove. You're the symbol of peace and tranquility.

BLANCHE: Well, right now I'm the symbol of tension and irritability. I can't relax. Not until I find out who the Prince is going to pick to be his bride!

WHITEY: It's out of your hands. There's nothing you can do about it.

BLANCHE: Oh, yeah? Is that right, smartypants? Well, there *is* something I can do about it. I can pace and whine and kvetch! That's what I can do about it!

WHITEY: You're embarrassing yourself.

BLANCHE: In front of who? You? Big deal!

WHITEY: No. In front of them.

[*Indicates audience.*]

BLANCHE: Them who?

[*WHITEY points.*]

WHITEY: Them!

[*BLANCHE looks at audience.*]

BLANCHE: Aaaah! Who are they?

WHITEY: The people who want to know why you're so tense!

BLANCHE: Oh. Well. Maybe we should tell them.

WHITEY: Maybe we should.

BLANCHE: All right. You start.

WHITEY: No. You start. It'll get your mind off your problem.

BLANCHE: I don't have a problem! The Prince has a problem. That's who has a problem! And if he doesn't do something about his problem pretty soon, I'm . . . I'm . . . Oh, the tension . . . the tension . . .

WHITEY: Tell them the story! From the beginning!

BLANCHE: Oh, all right, all right, all right! It all started right here a few months ago. This is where Whitey and I live . . .

WHITEY: Perch.

BLANCHE: Whatever! This is where we perch. And one day, we were perching . . . minding our own business . . . [*They get into perching positions.*] . . . when this sweet young girl appeared, carrying flowers to her mother's grave . . .