

CINDERELLA: THE REMIX

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OPENING

Lights up and, on three TV screens, we see classic Hollywood footage and images from the past to the present. Performers enter and they physicalize classic Hollywood (walking a red carpet and taking pictures, putting their hands in cement on the Walk of Fame, shooting movies, etc.). Next, on the screens, we see classic Hip-Hop footage and images from the past to the present. The performers render this world by physicalizing rapping, dj'ing, graffiti, and break-dancing. Then, on the TV screens, we see the "Hollywood" sign and the word "Hip-Hop" in graffiti. We see the two images merge and become a sign that reads "Hip-Hop Hollywood". This sign is a stylistic hybrid of graffiti and the old Hollywood sign. On stage the performers physicalize this hybrid (rapping down a red carpet, spray painting their names on a "Wall of Fame", paparazzi stalking with Hip-Hop movement, etc.). Finally, on the TV screens, we see the words "The basement... of a house... in Hip-Hop Hollywood"

SCENE 1

We are in Cinderella's room, a basement packed with albums. Some albums are in milk crates. Makeshift furniture is created out of the crates, records, and album covers. There is a washer and dryer. We see Cinderella standing behind DJ equipment, which includes two turntables. She tenderly kisses and hugs her equipment. She then gets two albums and puts the records on the turntables. She puts on her headphones then speaks to the audience, accenting her words with scratching.

CINDERELLA

Are y'all ready to party!!!

(Audience responds)

Are you sure!!!

(Audience responds)

Then let's JAM!!!

The lights now bring to mind a stadium-style Hip-Hop concert as Cinderella plays a selection of high energy beats. Her DJ style is graceful, stylish, and highly physical. She doesn't just play music, she embodies it. The turntables seem to be an extension of her very being. During Cinderella's "DJ set", **Bad Ma'amajama** and **Chocolate Ice** enter. Swept up in the music, Cinderella does not notice them. Cinderella is in the midst of her "signature DJ move" as Bad Ma'amajama goes over to the turntable cord and pulls the plug. The music stops...

CINDERELLA (CONT'D)

(Startled)

Oh. Bad Ma'amajama, Chocolate Ice.

I didn't see you standing there.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA
Of course you didn't, Cinderella.
And do you want to know why?

CINDERELLA
Because I was playing music.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA
I didn't ask you if you were
playing music! I asked you if you
wanted to know why you didn't see
us standing there.

CINDERELLA
(Confused)
Oh. Yes, why didn't I see you
standing there?

BAD MA'AMAJAMA
Because you were playing music!

CINDERELLA
I'm sorry.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA
You're always sorry.
(Mimicking Cinderella)
I'm sorry I didn't spray paint the
attic quick enough Bad Ma'amajama.

CHOCOLATE ICE
I'm sorry I forgot to shine your
shelltops Chocolate Ice.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA
And my favorite...

BAD MA'AMAJAMA AND CHOCOLATE ICE
I'm sorry I only have two hands.

CINDERELLA
I am.

CHOCOLATE ICE
Why?

CINDERELLA
Because if I had more than two
hands I'd be able to do more
chores.

CHOCOLATE ICE
That's true.

CINDERELLA

And just imagine what I'd be able to do on the turntables.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA

Let's get this straight: he's the boy, so he's the DJ. You're the girl, so you're his assistant. When I was your age I had dreams and aspirations too. But this is Hip-Hop Hollywood and there are certain things that girls do not do, and DJ'ing is one of them. Remember your place. I did. So, you pass him the ball and he dunks it. You open the door and he walks through it. You bring the water and he drinks it. That being said, I have a project for you.

CINDERELLA

What's that Bad Ma'amajama?

BAD MA'AMAJAMA

I want you to give my darling sweet son a few of your beats.

CINDERELLA

Sure, no problem.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA

He's got a very important audition tonight and I want him to be prepared.

CINDERELLA

What's the audition for?

CHOCOLATE ICE

I'm auditioning to be the DJ at J Prince's Jam.

CINDERELLA

The J Prince?!

CHOCOLATE ICE

Yup.

CINDERELLA

That's next level.

CHOCOLATE ICE

I know.

CINDERELLA

So, what time do we audition?

BAD MA'AMAJAMA

Not we. He.

CHOCOLATE ICE

Me.

CINDERELLA

But I'm his assistant. We usually do gigs together.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA

Not this time. The audition notice explicitly says, "Only solo DJs need apply." I wouldn't want J Prince to see you and think the two of you were a team or something. That would ruin his chances. No, you stay far away from that audition. Besides, this will be a very exclusive event. Only the who's who of Hip-Hop Hollywood will be there.

CHOCOLATE ICE

Who?

BAD MA'AMAJAMA

The who's who.

CHOCOLATE ICE

Like who?

BAD MA'AMAJAMA

Like me and you, that's who. Any who, the security is going to be extra tight at this Jam. There's been an epidemic of Fronting in Hip-Hop Hollywood. Lots of people pretending to be something they are not. Scaredy-cats pretending to be gangsters. Broke folks pretending to be rich. Fools pretending to be wise. It's getting out of hand.

CHOCOLATE ICE

You'd think the consequences for Fronting would stop them.

CINDERELLA

What are the consequences?

CHOCOLATE ICE
 You don't know the consequences of
 Fronting?

Cinderella shakes her head "no".

CHOCOLATE ICE (CONT'D)
 (To Bad Ma'amajama)
 Maybe we should let her out of the
 basement more.

Bad Ma'amajama considers it.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA AND CHOCOLATE ICE
 Nahhhh.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA
 (To Cinderella)
 If someone is caught Fronting, they
 get one year in prison, solitary
 confinement, with the music of
 Kenny G on constant loop.

CINDERELLA
 That's so cruel.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA
 Serves them right. Now give
 Chocolate Ice a few of your little
 beats. The best ones. Not that your
 music is any good, it's mostly
 awful.

CHOCOLATE ICE
 Terrible.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA
 Atrocious. And remember, music is
 just a reflection of the artist who
 created it. But it's always wise to
 have back-up beats. For...

CHOCOLATE ICE
 Variety.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA
 And insurance. And if J Prince
 likes what he hears, I don't see
 any reason why he wouldn't choose
 Chocolate Ice to be his next DJ.
 Now, give my favorite child some
 beats. And take our clothes out of
 the dryer, fold them, and bring
 them upstairs.

(MORE)

BAD MA'AMAJAMA (CONT'D)
 And have all of these records
 dusted by the morning.

CINDERELLA
 But I dusted them last week.

BAD MA'AMAJAMA
 Dust 'em again!

CINDERELLA
 Yes Bad Ma'amajama.

Bad Ma'amajama exits. Cinderella begins folding the clothes in the laundry basket. Chocolate Ice motions for her to go to her equipment and she does. Chocolate Ice begins trying on various feminine clothes from the basket and puts on a scarf and hat.

CINDERELLA (CONT'D)
 I'm going to play you a few beats
 and you tell me which ones you
 like, okay?

CHOCOLATE ICE
 Just give me your best ones.

CINDERELLA
 It doesn't really work like that.
 All beats are created equal. Best
 or worst just depends on the
 situation you play them in. One
 beat may sound like the best, but
 at another time and place, that
 same beat will sound like the
 worst.

CHOCOLATE ICE
 What?

CINDERELLA
 Just listen...
 (Cinderella plays a beat
 and begins to rhyme)
 When you do this for the love
 Then you fly like a dove
 So high in the sky

If it fits like a glove
 There's no need to push and shove
 And no need to question why

But if you ain't got the gift
 To be present in the present
 Then yo' Jam is gonna be unpleasant
 (MORE)

CINDERELLA (CONT'D)

So take heed
 And learn as I proceed
 If you're smart
 You'll get the beats you need
 This is supersonic
 Artistry
 And to think
 You get this all for free!

CHOCOLATE ICE

For free?

CINDERELLA

For free.
 (Scratching)
 For f-f-f-f-free.

But since I'm a girl
 In Hip-Hop Hollywood
 I cannot DJ
 Even if I got the goods

Even if they call me Grand Canyon
 'Cause I rock the party
 Even if all my beats
 Make the people move their bodies

They still wouldn't let
 Me play a Jam
 Simply because of the fact
 I am not a man

But I guess that's the way
 Things are and always will be
 Cuz things haven't changed so far
 In Hip-Hop history

So take heed
 And learn as I proceed
 If you're smart
 You'll get the beats you need
 This is supersonic
 Artistry
 And to think
 You get this all for free!

CHOCOLATE ICE

So take heed
 And learn as I proceed
 If you're smart
 You'll get the beats you need
 This is supersonic
 Artistry

(MORE)

CHOCOLATE ICE (CONT'D)

And to think
You get this all for free!

CINDERELLA

For free!

CINDERELLA & CHOCOLATE ICE

For free.
(Scratching)
For f-f-f-f-free!
(The track stops)
See?

CHOCOLATE ICE

Whatever.

Chocolate Ice takes the headphones, puts them on and hastily presses some buttons on the Sampler next to the turntables.

CHOCOLATE ICE (CONT'D)

(Referring to beats in the
Sampler)
I'll take this one, that one, and
that one.

CINDERELLA

Are you sure?

CHOCOLATE ICE

Yeah I'm sure. Put them on a file
and leave it on the kitchen table
upstairs.

CINDERELLA

Okay.

Chocolate Ice removes the scarf and hat, puts them back in the basket, and begins to exit. He notices the scarf around Cinderella's neck. He re-wraps it on her with flamboyant flair.

CHOCOLATE ICE

There. That's better.

Chocolate Ice exits. Cinderella returns the scarf to its original position, puts on the headphones and begins to put the beats on a file. **Chin Chilla**, a chinchilla, enters through a compartment in the basement wall. She is angry. She walks up to Cinderella and taps her on the shoulder.

CINDERELLA

(Startled)
Oh! Chin Chilla, you scared me.

CHIN CHILLA
That really clips my fur!

CINDERELLA
What?

CHIN CHILLA
Bad Ma'amajama and Chocolate Ice
using your beats for the audition.

CINDERELLA
How did you know about that?

CHIN CHILLA
I was eavesdropping, sorry. But
that's foul. Besides, Chocolate
Ice's DJ skills are wik-wik wack.

CINDERELLA
He's not that bad.

CHIN CHILLA
Yes, he is. He DJs like he has two
left hands. He DJs like he has no
hands. He DJs like he has no brain!

CINDERELLA
You're right. He is pretty bad.

CHIN CHILLA
Chocolate Ice has no chance of
becoming J Prince's dj. Zero.
Zilch. A snowball has a better
chance in-

CINDERELLA
I get it.

CHIN CHILLA
But you know whose chances I love?

CINDERELLA
Whose?

CHIN CHILLA
(Stares at Cinderella)
I'm looking at her.

CINDERELLA
(Looks behind herself)
Where is she?